

# Heart of a Caregiver

By Glenn Currier

What colors are the heart of a caregiver?  
Are they grays for the clouds hanging there?  
Or red for the anger you wish you wouldn't feel?  
Shades of maroon to bruising black and blue?  
The dirty browns of needless guilt -  
guilt for indulgence when s/he's the one with the wound?  
Heavy shades of sadness and pain?  
The strained purple of anxiety  
or its magenta cousin, fear  
do you feel on the edge of a foggy frontier?  
dullness from muscle-exhaustion that beckons you into sleep?  
Do you pray for twilight,  
to make it through this journey into night?

Are you grateful for the early morning light  
where shades of sadness fade and the frights of the night are past  
and are you keen for the peaceful shades of green?

Be red with the oxygen of Grace,  
thank the Spirit who sorted your dreams and sewed up the seams  
to make whole your soul and renew your heart.

A caregiver's journey can be tortured and tiring  
but giving can be inspiring,  
a smile can take you to a brighter place and bathe you in the sweet light of grace.  
Prayer can help too  
or just the right song when all seems so wrong.

Seek out nurturance and love for yourself and bathe on that shore.  
Open a window or a door  
and let the freshness abide and envelop you in its tide.

All the colors of darkness and light  
will enter your heart by and by.  
So do not fall prey to sadness or fright  
and when you are about to cry  
let go and know the fullness of soul that comes from sharing.  
Know the full sweet precious gifts of caring.