



My Favorite Quotes

FAVORITE QUOTES

- [About the Author](#)
- [Order](#)
- [About the Book](#)
- [Reviews](#)
- [Readers' Comments](#)
- [News & Events](#)
- [A Prayer for the Day](#)
- [Things To Shout Out!](#)
- [Things to Ponder](#)
- [My Favorite Quotes](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Contact](#)
- [Home](#)

NOVEMBER

The quotes for this month are about GRIEF . Hope you will find them inspirational and helpful.

“There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.”

—Washington Irving

“Grief is the price we pay for love.”

—Queen Elizabeth II

“Grief can’t be shared. Everyone carries it alone. His own burden in his own way.”

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh



“What we have once enjoyed deeply we can never lose. All that we love deeply becomes a part of us.”

—Helen Keller

“I think faith is incredibly important because you will become overwhelmed with what’s happening and you will have waves of grief, but when you turn to your faith, I believe God will give you waves of grace to get through it.”

—Joel Osteen

“Grief, no matter where it comes from, can only be resolved by connecting to other people.”

—Thomas Horn



“Don’t grieve. Anything you lose comes round in another form.”

—Jalaluddin Rumi

“No matter how bad your heart is broken, the world doesn’t stop for your grief.”

—Faraaz Kazi

“The reality is that you will grieve forever. You will not ‘get over’ the loss of a loved one; you will learn to live with it. You will heal and you will rebuild yourself around the loss you have suffered. You will be whole again but you will never be the same. Nor should you be the same nor would you want to.”

— Elisabeth Kübler-Ross



The Dark Side of War

“And so I am thrust into this hellish wilderness,
Afraid and cold and filled with great bitterness.
Yet, this is all so senseless: In my mind I scream!
I should not be a part of this foreign scheme.

Why am I so far away from home anyway?
Is it because I am young, strong, or maybe gay,
Or could it be because of the color of my skin,
Or maybe it’s retribution from my father’s sin?

Damn the governments who control our lives,
Who put us to fight and ignore our cries!
Through glazed, confused, and saddened eyes,
I look around me and my broken body sighs.

Please, dear God, stop this endless carnage.
Mama! Oh, Mama, I need your gentle touch on this bandage—
So much blood dripping, wasting on stark white stones,
Dead skin entwined and tangled with broken bones.

Suddenly, I am caressed in a beautifully bright light,
And someone in white takes my hand and all is so quiet.
“Is that you, Mama?” I ask as I tremble and weakly smile
Yes, my son, my hero, my love, my one and only dying child.”

Felicita “Terry” Robinson



“Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am in a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
I am in the morning hush,
I am in the graceful rush
Of beautiful birds in circling flight,
I am the starshine of the night.
I am in the flowers that bloom,
I am in a quiet room.
I am in the birds that sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave bereft
I am not there. I have not left.”



“There is much asked and only so much I think I can or should answer, and so, in this post I would like to give a few thoughts on what seemed to be the overwhelming question:

“WHY?”

And here is the best answer I can give: Because.

Because sometimes, life is damned unfair.

Because sometimes, we lose people we love and it hurts deeply.

Because sometimes, as the writer, you have to put your characters in harm’s way and be willing to go

there if it is the right thing for your book, even if it grieves you to do it.

Because sometimes there aren’t really answers to our questions except for what we discover, the

meaning we assign them over time.

Because acceptance is yet another of life’s “here’s a side of hurt” lessons and it is never truly acceptance

unless it has cost us something to arrive there.

Why, you ask? Because, I answer.

Inadequate yet true.”

—Libba Bray

“But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,

If I am dead, as dead I well may be,

You’ll come and find the place where I am lying,

And kneel and say Ave there for me,

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,

And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,

For you will bend and tell me that you love me,

And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.”

—Frederick Weatherly



“You can not die of grief, though it feels as if you can. A heart does not actually break, though sometimes your chest aches as if it is breaking. Grief dims with time. It is the way of things. There comes a day when you smile again, and you feel like a traitor. How dare I feel happy. How dare I be glad in a world where my father is no more. And then you cry fresh tears, because you do not miss him as much as you once did, and giving up your grief is another kind of death.”

—Laurell K. Hamilton

“Only people who are capable of loving strongly can also suffer great sorrow, but this same necessity of loving serves to counteract their grief and heals them.”

—Leo Tolstoy

“Well every one can master a grief but he that has it.”

—William Shakespeare



