

A Collection of Thoughts on Sorrow

I do not ask the wounded person how he feels. I myself become the wounded person.

~Walt Whitman—'Song of Myself'

When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives means the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving much advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a gentle and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.

~Henri Nouwen

Sorrow makes us all children again—destroys all differences of intellect. The wisest know nothing.

~Ralph Waldo Emerson

And can it be that in a world so full and busy, the loss of one weak creature makes a void in any heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width and depth of vast eternity can fill it up!

~Charles Dickens

Sometimes when one person is missing, the whole world seems depopulated.

~Alphonse De Lamartine

While grief is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates.

~Samuel Johnson

Joy is a partnership,
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one.

~Frederick Lawrence Knowles