



healing the world one book at a time

Village of Care Press

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David Jenkins invites us to travel with him on a profound journey that begins in the depths of grief and moves not toward solutions or resolutions but toward a deeper connection with love, gratitude, and our shared humanity. He invites us to sit with our emotions, to bear witness to one another's pain, and to honor the complexity of the human heart.

Amy Lane, Spiritual Director and Pastoral Counselor

Emotions, once tangled, begin to turn. . . .

After the numbness of loss releases its grip, we come face-to-face with the emptiness, despair, and loneliness of grief. We struggle with conflicting emotions—love and anger, gratitude and guilt or regret. Friends return to their daily lives, unaware that we are not fine and unprepared to help us untangle our complex feelings.

Healing Grief's Tangled Emotions speaks to these intense emotions, validating the depth of our feelings and the realities of the grief journey. Not just for those in mourning, this book is a resource for grief counselors, therapists, clergy, and spiritual companions working with individuals, families, or groups. This book is a powerful reminder of hope's healing power.

Grief Grows Stronger

Pain deepens as the months grow longer

“Time heals” is a bold-faced lie

Night after night grief seems stronger

No solace as the seasons pass by.

“Time heals” is a bold-faced lie

Lonely flies the solitary dove

No solace as the seasons pass by

There is no end to my deepening love.

Lonely flies the solitary dove

Struggling, it tries to make its way

There is no end to my deepening love

Harder it is with each passing day.

Struggling, it tries to make its way

Night after night grief seems stronger

Harder it is with each passing day

Pain deepens as the months grow longer.

Cool September Nights

*On a cool September night such as this
A full moon soft and bright
Quiet sounds of night reminisce
Reminders of two young lover's flight.*

*A full moon soft and bright
A quiet walk summons yesterday's afterglow
Reminders of two young lover's flight
Out of this, the rest of life would grow.*

*A quiet walk summons yesterday's afterglow
Forty-three Septembers past
Out of this, the rest of life would grow
In such joy the future was cast.*

*Forty-three Septembers past
Quiet sounds of night reminisce
In such joy the future was cast
On a cool September night such as this.*