## Writing to Find Comfort

A way for elders to reflect on our lives



Created by Bill Zimmerman Art by Tom Bloom

# This book of reflections belongs to:

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#### Writing to Find Comfort

A way for elders to reflect on our lives



And featuring the poem, "Tree of Life (A Testament)"

Created by Bill Zimmerman
Art by Tom Bloom

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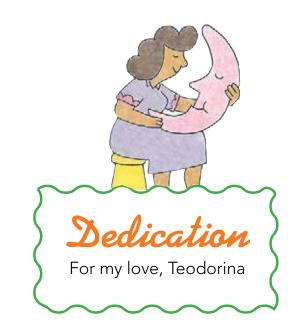
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#### Dear reader,

The other day I came across the expression "full of life" and it rang so true to me.

You see, some time ago I was diagnosed with advanced liver cancer and given a prognosis of seven months of life. Drug therapy so far has extended my life and I am so very grateful to have more time. I look upon each new day as a blessing and take nothing for granted.

I tell myself that there still is so much life in me, that there are many things I want to accomplish, to say and to experience. I use my precious time to imagine and hope, to dream and work. Each day I strive to write and create new things to keep busy and productive. From my illness comes this book of writing prompts which I hope will encourage you to write personal truths and reflect on from your deepest self your life.

In developing this to create a book and inspire hope for dealing with difficult interactive journal I wanted that would provide comfort those like me who are aging or health issues; but it is also for

those of us who are just bewildered by life's events and seek clarity. Its purpose is to help readers assess and articulate the important things in their hearts. **Despite the hard times each of us faces, we also are filled with life.** We never stop having hopes or dreams just because we grow older or more frail.

This book encourages you to pause for a moment to take stock and provides you with a place to record your written reflections that come from deep within you. Writing prompts appear on each page to spark your thoughts. Think of these prompts as "friends" who seek to elicit your deepest feelings and concerns. These "friends" want to know you better. They encourage you to write about what you have learned on your life's journey and reveal your acquired wisdom and deepest thinking—even the tears and frustrations. All this is part of the rich tapestry

By writing in this book you can get in close touch with yourself and help ease some of the pain or discomfort you may feel at times. For me, writing is a form of prayer and provides peace and comfort. I hope it will be that way for you, too.

which makes you, you.

In this book, too, you also will find a poem I have written—"
Tree of Life (A Testament)"—in which I share with you what
has been most important in my life and where I express my
wish to cling to life, rather than let go. It, too, is a prayer which
I desperately needed to express. Perhaps there are thoughts
in it that will resonate with your own love of life.

Full disclosure now: I finished writing the poem in the early part of 2020 when I was making good progress in my chemotherapy. But, then, things changed abruptly and I started to suffer severe side effects from the chemical infusions and felt beset by family problems; by midyear I was deeply depressed and felt I could not continue living. It was at that point, feeling overwhelmed, that I tried to take my life and was rushed to hospital where I was revived and given a second chance. With good treatment I am feeling much better now and have resumed my life and changed my medical

treatment. I do not know what the future will hold for me, but I still cling to life with full passion and hope you will accept my poem in that same spirit. I try to live fully. I ask myself if I can get on with my life. Can I overcome myself?

Can I make amends to my wife and daughter for my selfish action? Can I make it up to God and gain His/Her forgiveness? Can I find it in my own heart to forgive me? I am so grateful to still be alive.

I try to convey a sense of hope with my book. Whether we are old or young, ill or healthy, we always have hopes and dreams—they travel with us. We have things we wish to achieve. Each day brings with it the chance to find joy if we look carefully—there is always a tiny miracle to be experienced, whether a kind deed extended to us or the sighting of the morning star. This book's writing prompts encourage you to write about such joys. They also will help you recall some of your buried hopes and some of the laughter you experienced over the years. Feel free to write about your memories, happy as well as sad ones.

Taking time to reflect on our lives can be healing and comforting. Perhaps this book with your written thoughts will become a legacy gift you want to pass on to someone you love. Your words, reflecting your life experiences, will have value for future generations. This book will help preserve them.

I also created this book for elders as a way to try and calm my own fears, to tell myself that there is still time for me to partake of life, that I am still here, not gone, and that if I work at it, I can squeeze even more richness from my days. I know that if I can keep creating new things, then I am well and alive. I know, too, that I must learn to live more fully, with more purpose. That way I can continue growing in what time is left for me. I want to be as full of life as possible.

Do you feel that way, too?

Sincerely,

Bel Zimmernon

Bill Zimmerman



P.S. To get your own copy of the book, you first need to download it from the website. You can fill in the answers to the questions on each page by typing on your computer screen and saving the file, or you can print out any pages and fill in the answers by hand. If you wish to share all your special thoughts in the completed digital book with someone, you can email the file to them.

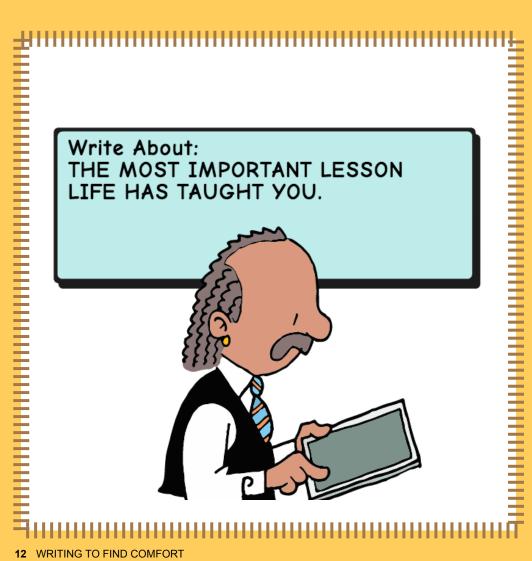
### Take Your First Steps To Find Comfort

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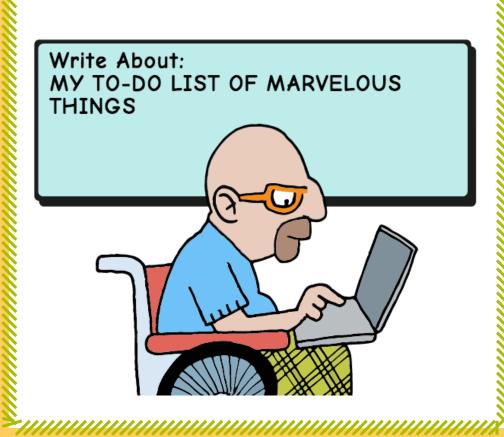




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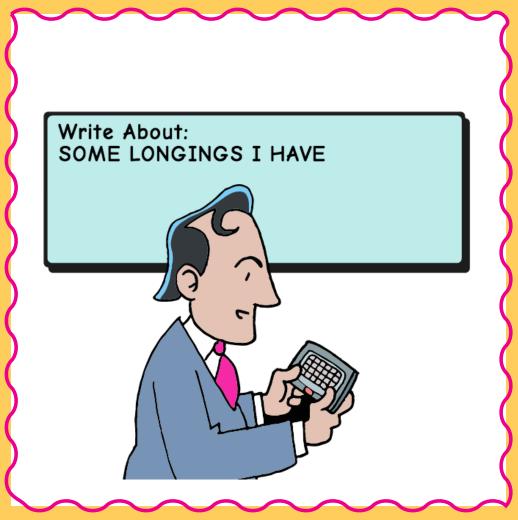
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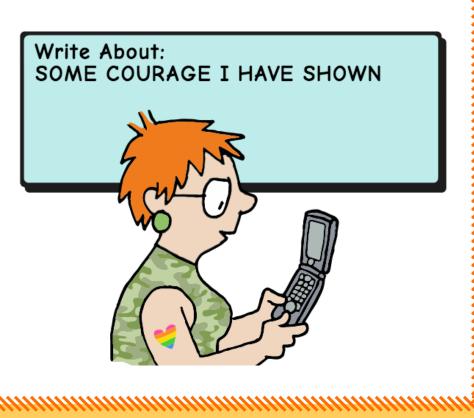
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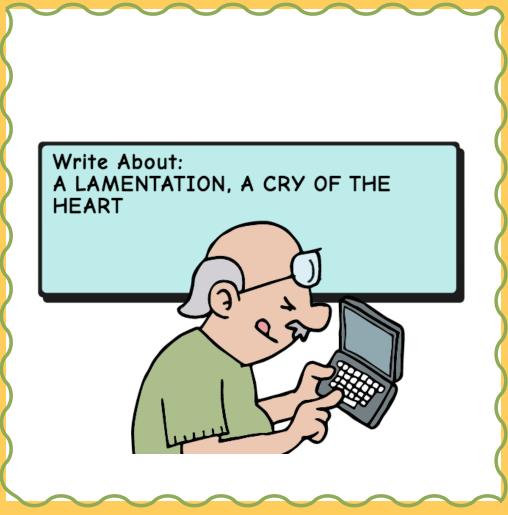
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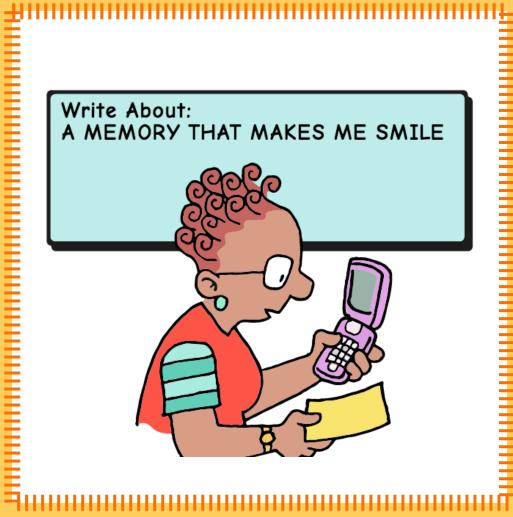
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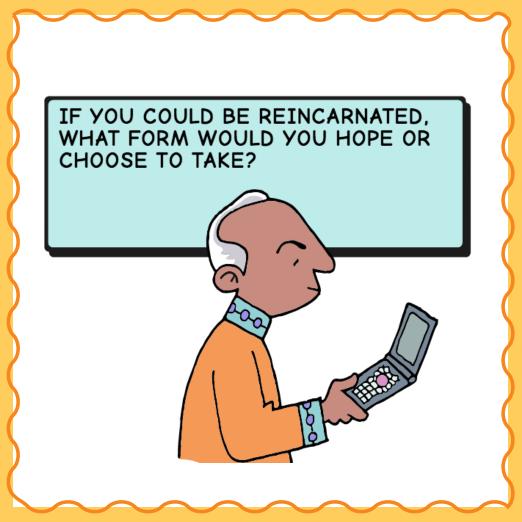
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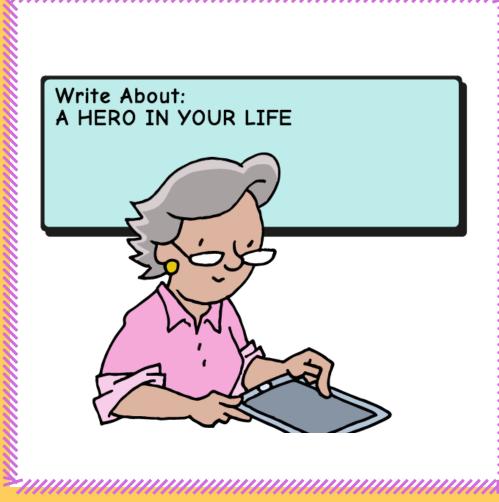
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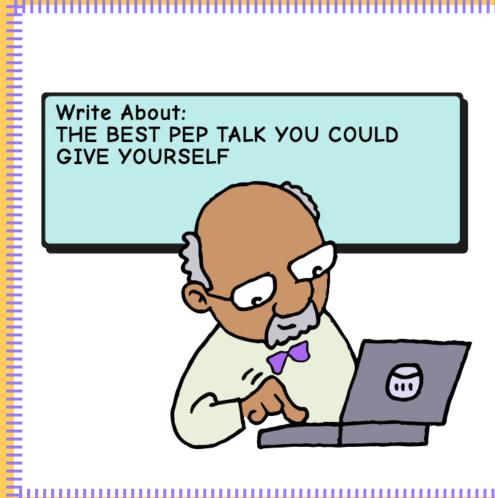
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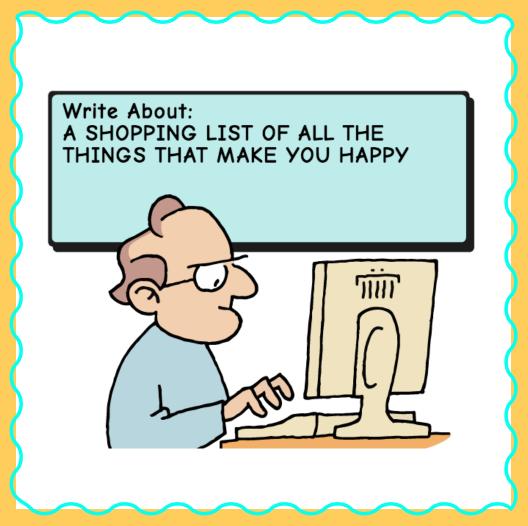
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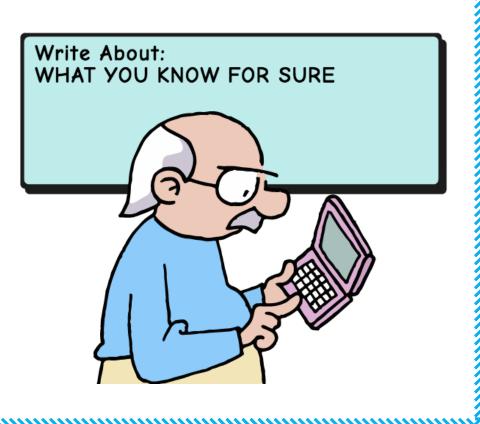
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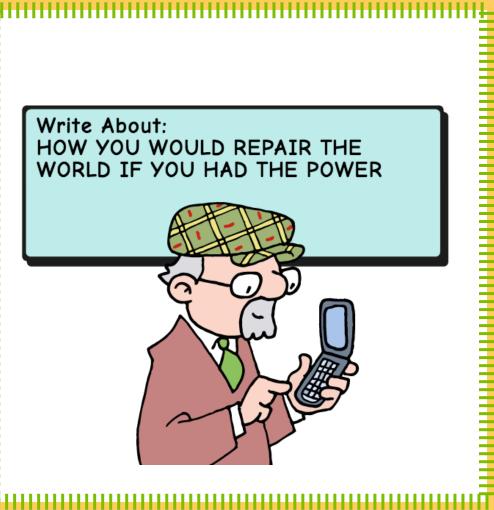
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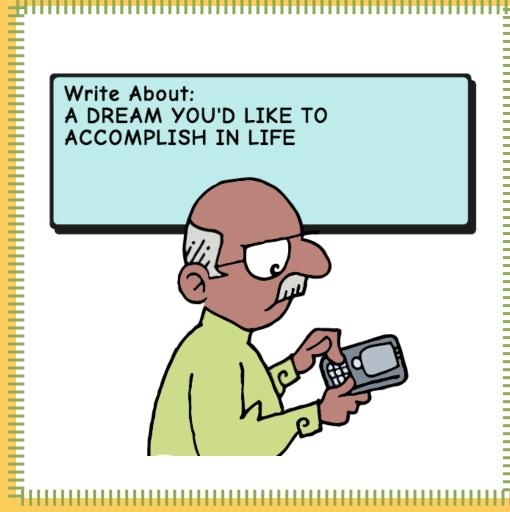
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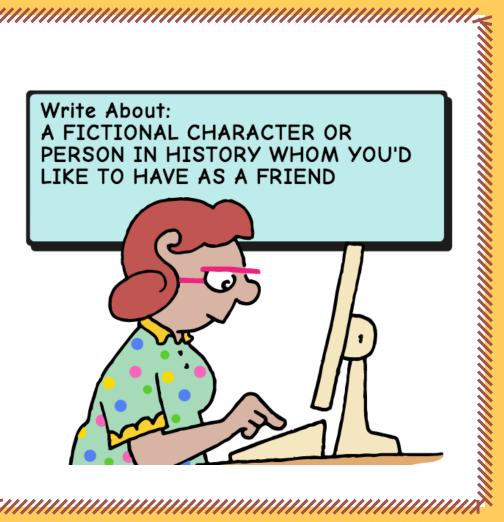
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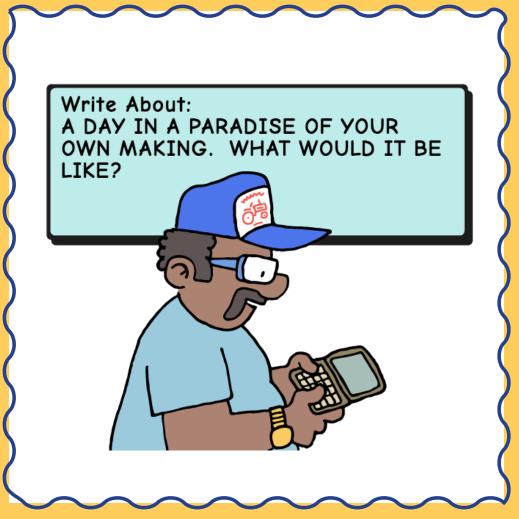
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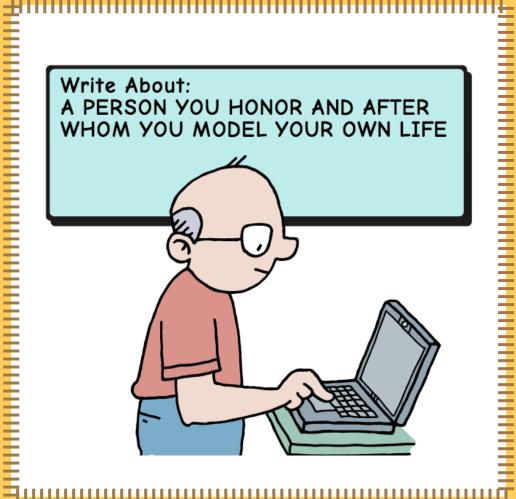
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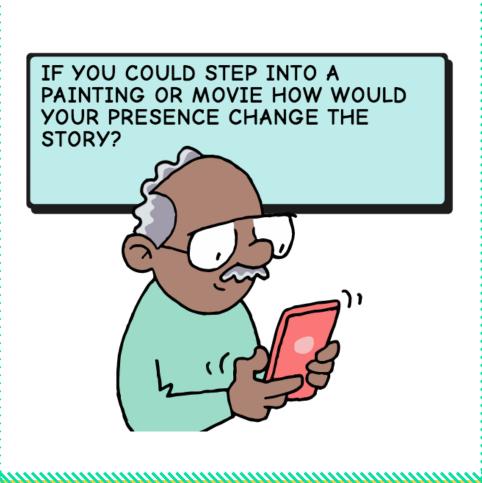
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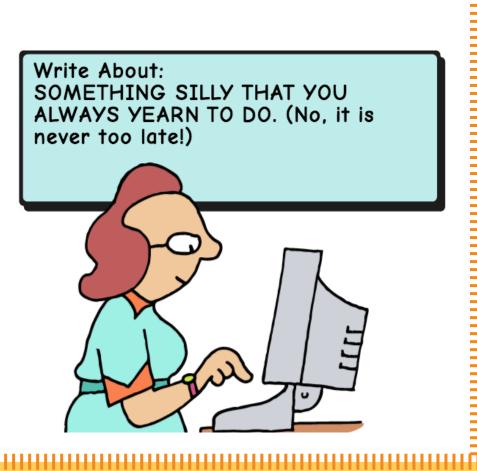
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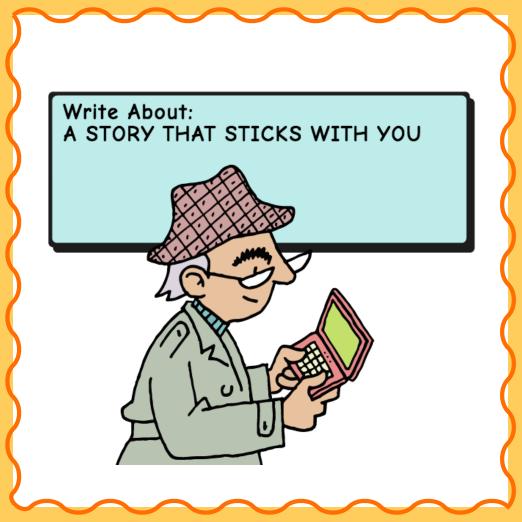
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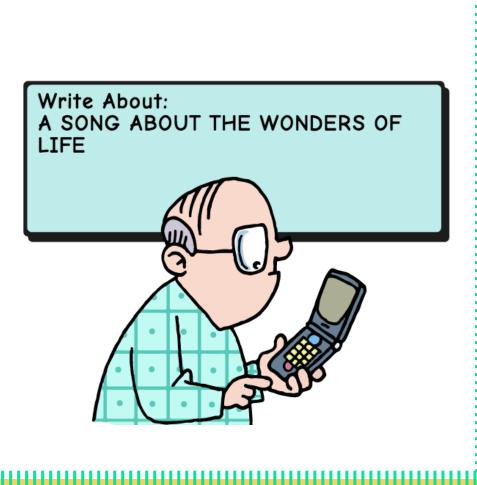
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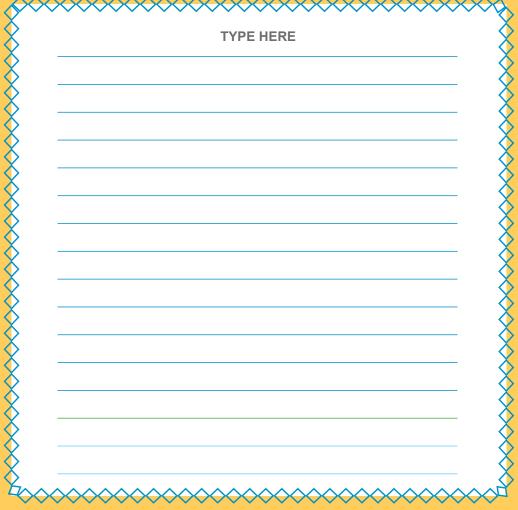
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MAKE BELIEVE YOU COULD PUT A SPECIAL MEMORY IN A LOCKET AND OPEN IT FROM TIME TO TIME. WHAT MEMORY DO YOU WANT TO SAVE?



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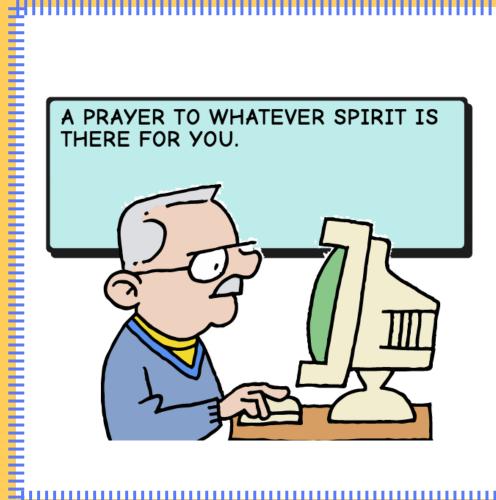
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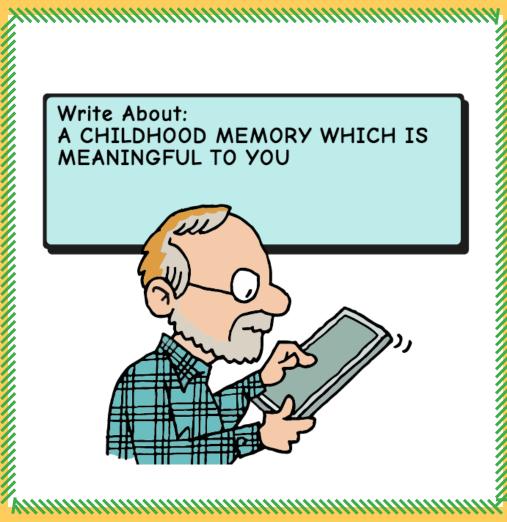


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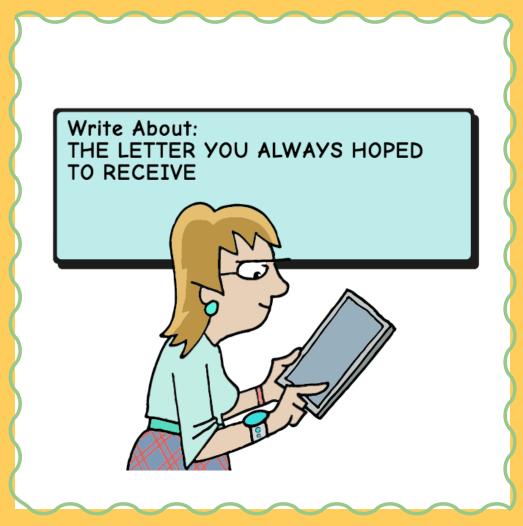




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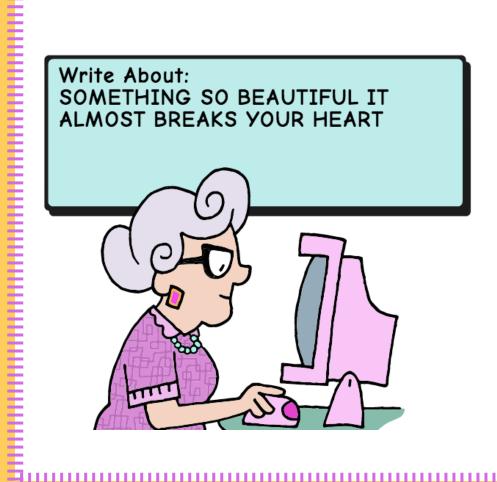
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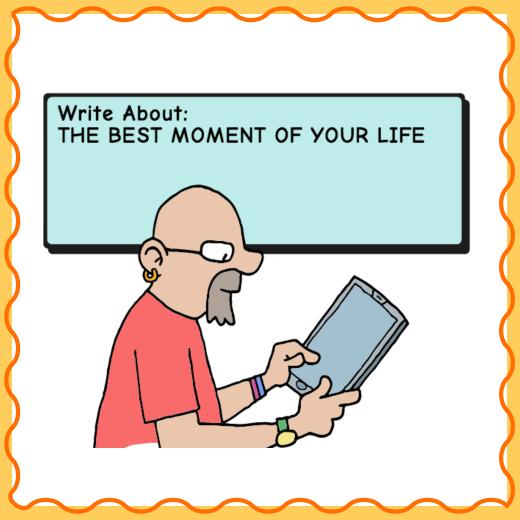


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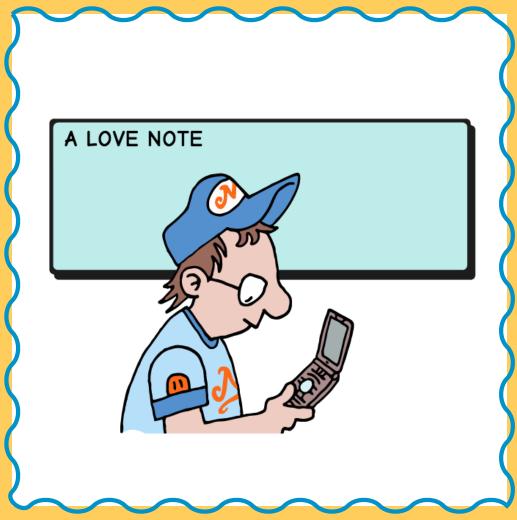
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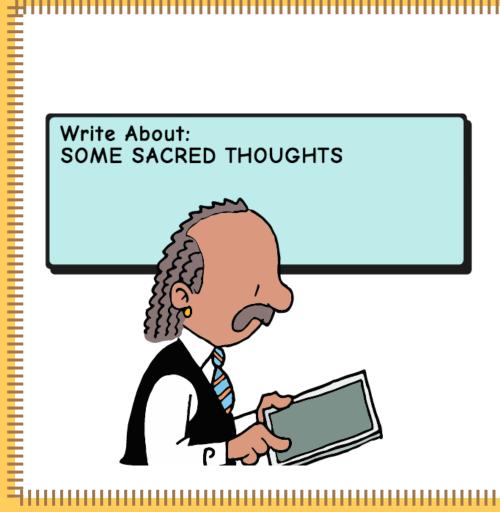
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MAKE BELIEVE YOU KNOW THE SPECIAL WORDS TO HELP HEAL THE WORLD AND RESOLVE CONFLICT. WHAT ARE THESE SIMPLE, PROFOUND WORDS?



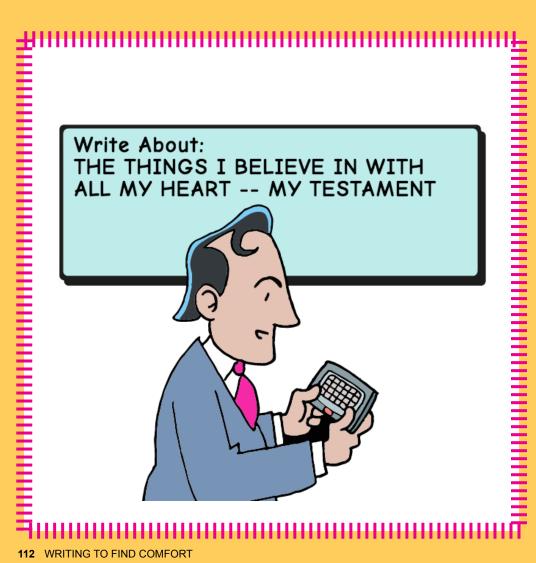
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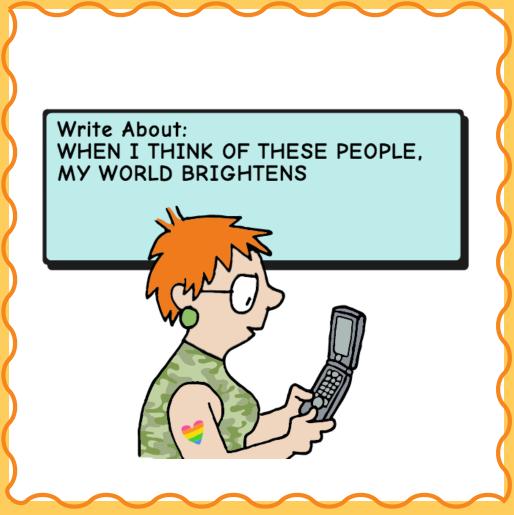
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Write About; I MEET A GUARDIAN ANGEL AND THIS IS WHAT WE TALK ABOUT...

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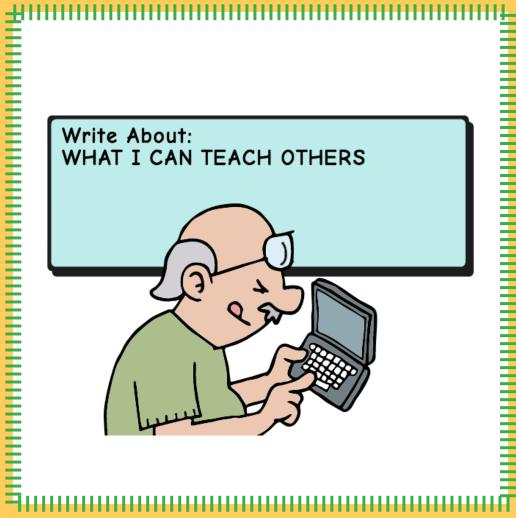
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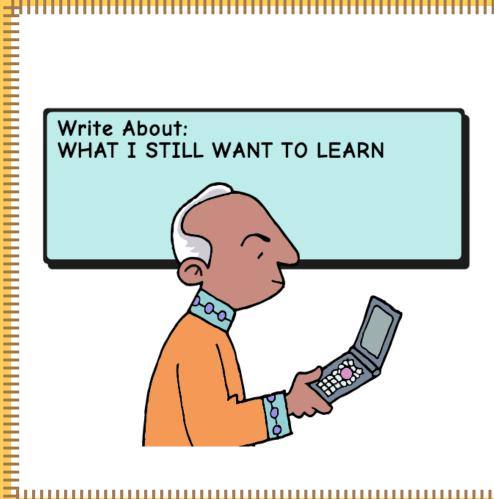
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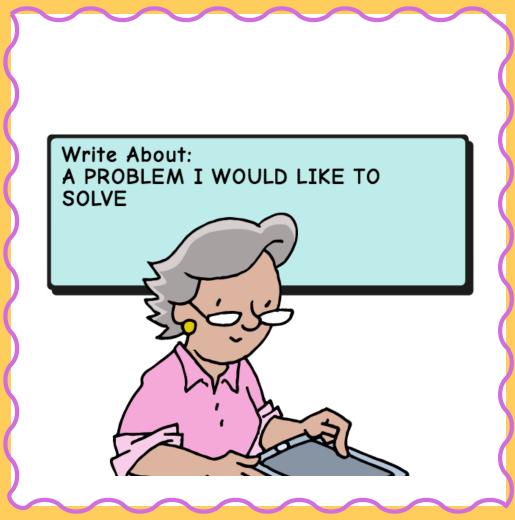
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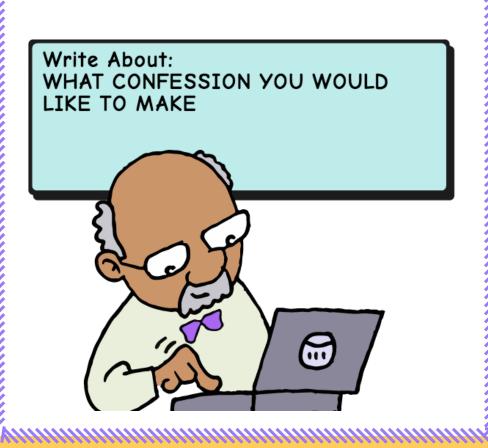
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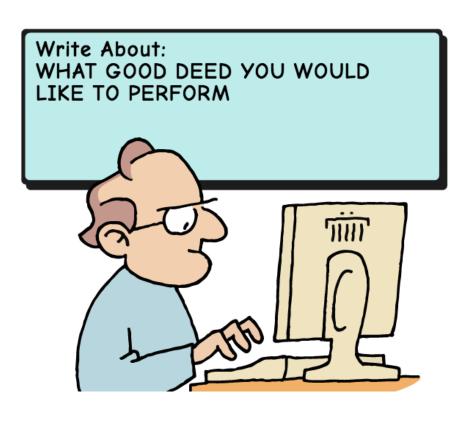
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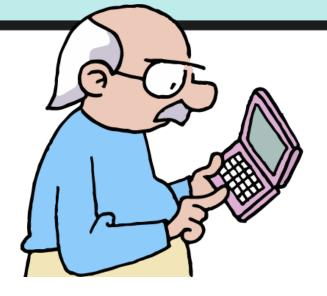


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MAKE BELIEVE YOU COULD CHANGE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD YOU WANT TO MAKE IT A LITTLE BETTER. WHAT SIMPLE THINGS WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO DO?



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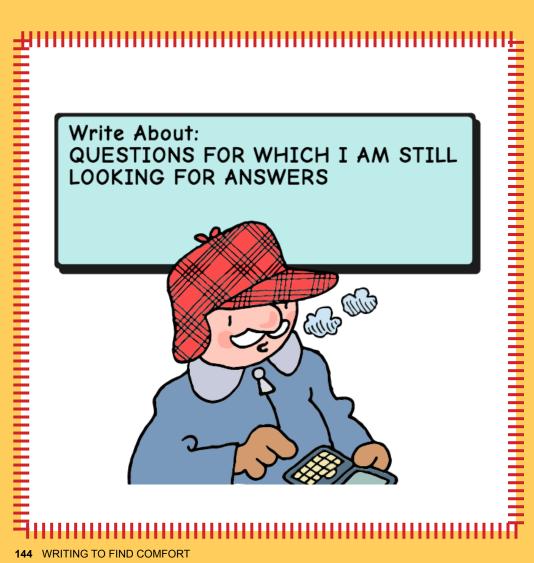
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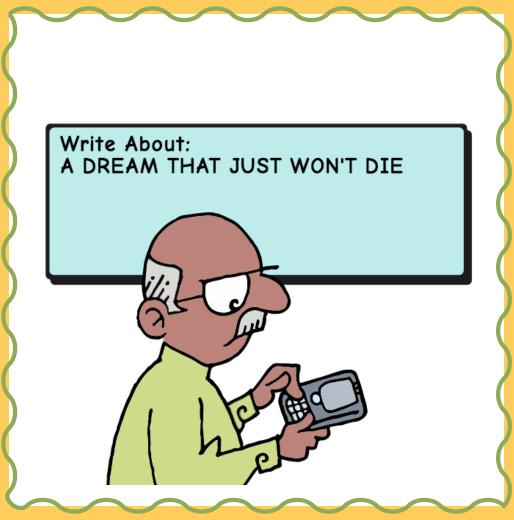
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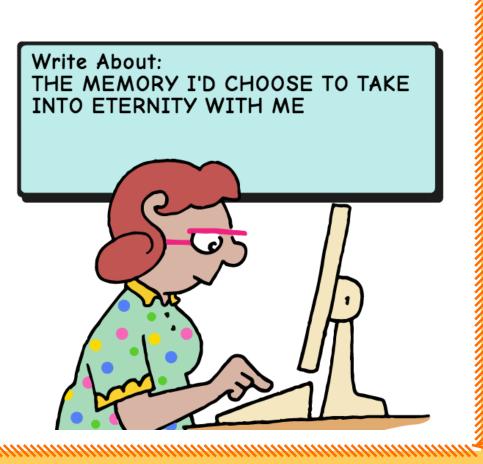
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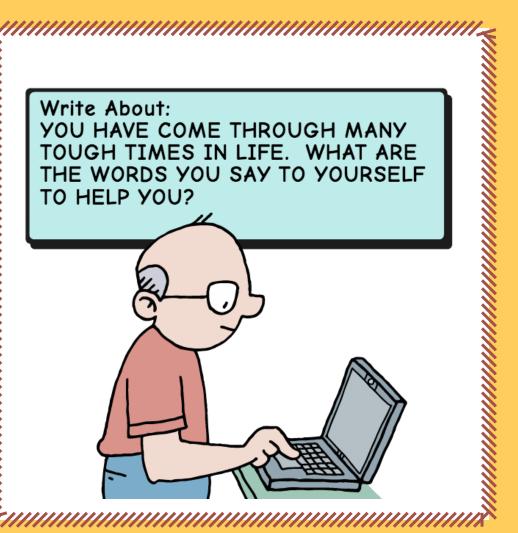
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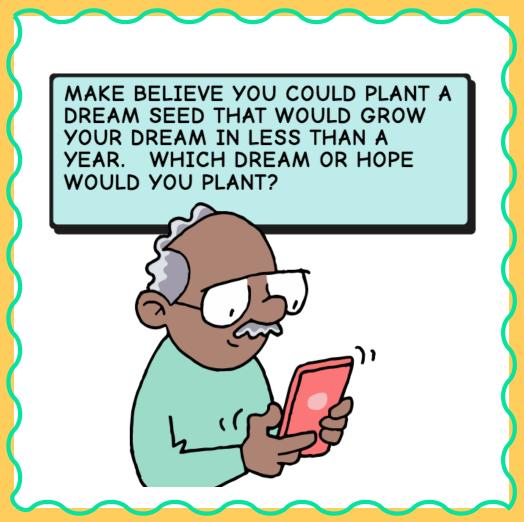
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YOU'RE WRITING SOME FORTUNES FOR COOKIES YOU INTEND TO GIVE TO LOVED ONES AND FRIENDS. WHAT DO THEY SAY?



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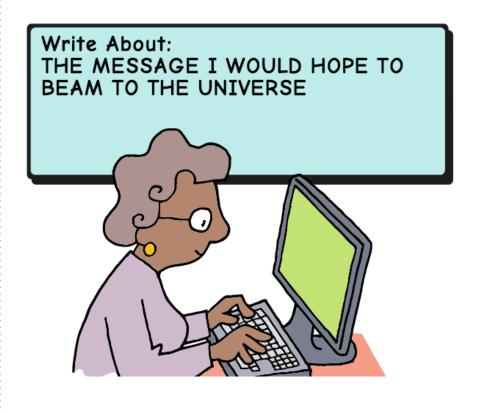
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Write About: WHAT COULD I SAY I HAVE ACHIEVED WITH MY LIFE WERE IT TO END TODAY?

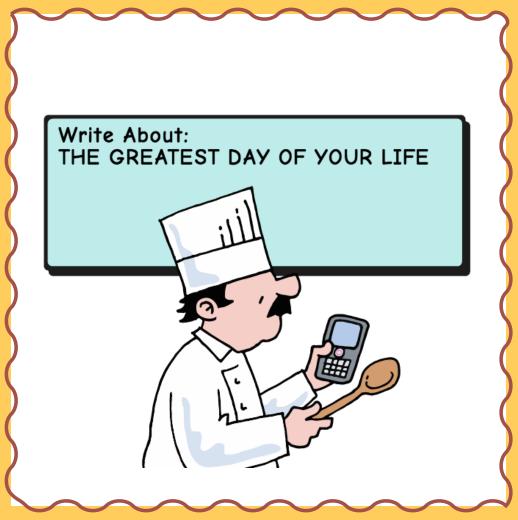




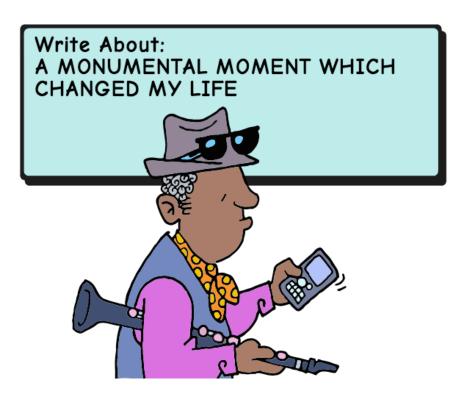
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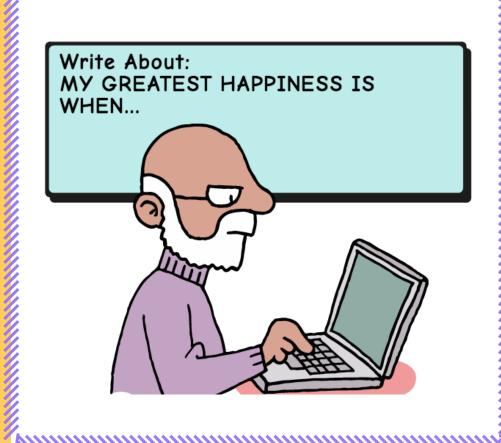
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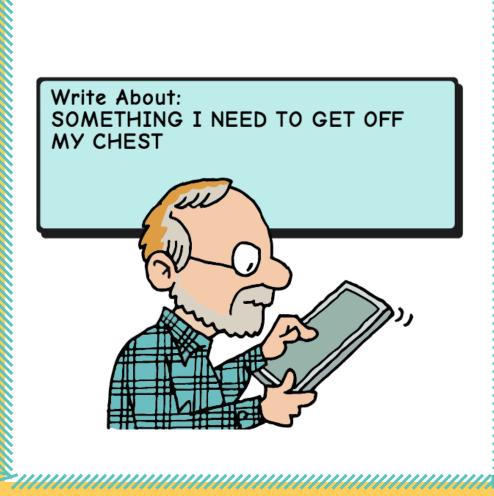
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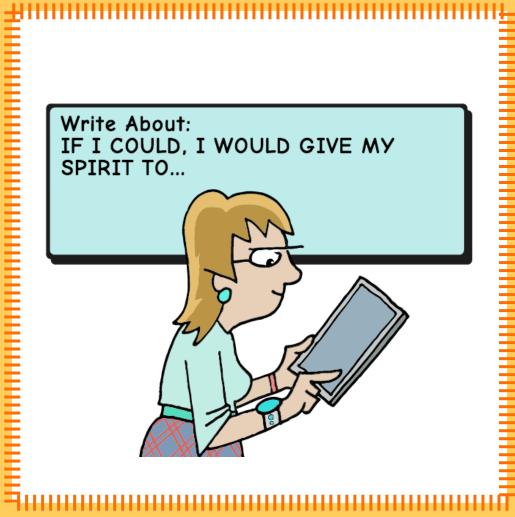
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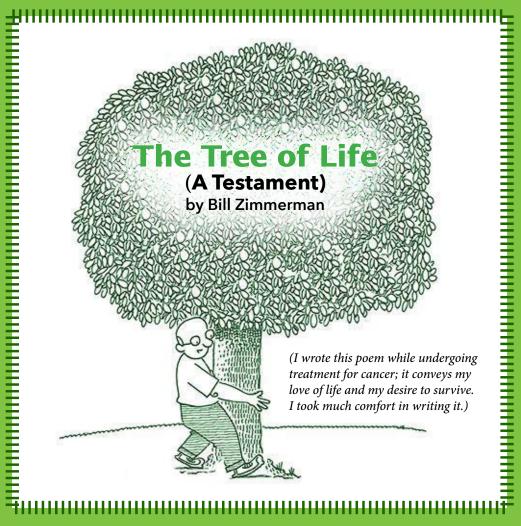
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# I cling to the Tree of Life

I don't want to let go
—so much do I want to remain on this earth
and partake of life and what the world offers.
This blessed Tree of Life, and all trees which protect us
and save the world from our folly, they shelter us and
inspire us to be our best selves; they bring beauty and

Oh, precious tree, I adore you. Protect me, I beg you!

## Hear me out, my tree:

I have tried not to be just a taker, squeezing life for my selfish end, Instead I have tried, when able, to repair the world and to help those in need I have offered love and caring to others

nurturing to our lives. They offer us sanctuary.

I, too, have nurtured, and in my own quiet way have tried to shore up the Tree of Life and water it with my tears I now find myself so afraid of dying and being no longer here.

In living my last days I ask big questions:
Have I used my precious time well?
Did I do a good job?
Was I a responsible person?
Was I a good husband?
A loving father?
Was I kind to others?
Did I help in some way to heal the world?
God gave me the gift of life. But did I live a deserving one for Him? Was I worthy of His love?
It all comes down to this question: What could I say I achieved with my life were it to end today?
I want my answers to be pleasing to God.
I want, too, to be proud of what I answer.

# What makes the Tree of Life so important?

Its branches protect and shelter us, Its trunk anchors us, Its roots steady and sustain us and other creatures. It brings beauty to our lives.

# The Tree's Branches

I look up at the tree's branches. I want to climb to the top to touch the sky, embrace the clouds and sing, "'Hallelujah!"

I wish to signify that I have been here on Earth, that I have seen its beauties and experienced its wonders, that I am alive.

What a great gift from God! I revel in Life's munificence

"Holy, holy, holy," I sing "Holy!"

Oh, what a wonderful life this is. Sing Hallelujah! I climb the tree branch by branch to review my life, to replenish my soul.

I hug the tree to pray and sing to the angels. I climb the branches to see the heavens,

to reach for God although I know

He is within me, too.

From the top I look to the sky and stars, I enjoy the mystery of the universe.



I talk to the birds and ask where have they been. "China," sings one. "Africa" says another. "America," another tweets. I wish that I knew how to fly, too, but I would always want to return

to my beautiful Tree of Life.

I want my spirit to soar and yet I cling tearfully to the tree's branches.

I put my hands around the tree's trunk and hold on with all my might.

I whisper, "Let me live."

"Let me be."

I want the branches to display the entirety of my life. I want to remember my steps where I have journeyed. It has been a wonderful adventure that I wish would never end.



The highest branch is dedicated to my wife

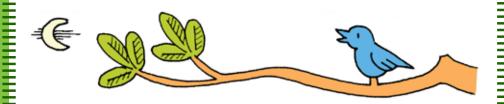
who has loved and comforted me throughout our many years together. Like a little bird perched in the branch, she sweetly croons as the branches sway in the wind.

To ease her pain she sings for me the song, "I Remember Sky." So beautiful, with so much feeling

and sweetness.

She makes my heart weep with love.



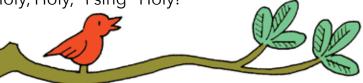


**The next branch** is for my daughter; it is adorned with all the dreams and hopes I had for her when she was born—she was my future.

Seeing her arrive, holding her tiny hand were the greatest experiences of my life. I tried to be the best father I could be, but I wonder if somehow I failed her. Can one ever love too much? I am no longer sure. Her restless spirit stirs the leaves.

Her restiess spirit stirs the leaves. I pray that life will be kind to her. **On this limb** are vessels holding the tears I have shed over the sadness and pain that came with the years. This is a branch where I have wailed many times.

**The underlying branch** holds some of my smiles and laughter for the pleasures which are always part of life, too. I can hear my laughter echo in the leaves. "Holy, Holy," I sing "Holy!"



**This limb** honors the people whom I have loved and lost as Time came for them; their spirits linger forever in my heart. The sparrows nestling there signify all those who have departed. The branch carries memories of my mother, my father and brother—all lost to me now, but still in my heart. I can never give them up. I miss them so.

On this branch below are placed the shoes
I walked in to discover the beauty and magnificence of our
world. I have also felt great loneliness throughout my journeys.



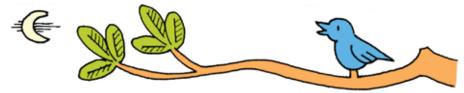
On another branch I store some of my life force which has sustained me through days of woe and loss. I will need my strength for the remaining days ahead. And what may be left I offer to those whom I love.

This next branch carries my hopes and dreams, many of which came true—to have a wife, a child; to do good work; to write and publish; to travel; to find happiness; to overcome my many fears; to have good health; to make a better world; to help young people find their way and realize their potential.

And on this small branch is a resting place for the spirits of my beloved dogs who comforted me.

**The leaves on this limb** are heart-shaped, signifying the love I have felt toward others and the love which was granted to me, too. The leaves turn color, blaze and surrender their beauty. Nothing seems to last forever.

**This is a branch** of consciousness, signifying my being able to navigate the world and my attempt to comprehend its wonder and immensity.



And here is a branch that celebrates my life's work of writing and creating new, wondrous things. Without my imagination I would never have survived—it has sustained me. I have been blessed with my need to create new things.

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**On this branch** are shards of glass. They represent some of the sadness I have felt in seeing inequality among people in the world and the terrible sufferings of others. How do we awaken ourselves to others in need? How do we make life fairer to all?

And on this branch rest the kindnesses of most people who want to do the right thing. These are the people who know we must come together and that we share a common humanity. It is not hard to love others, is it, if only we will look fully into one another's eyes and hearts? If only we will feel for one another?

These lower branches are set aside for the people who have shown me great generosity and friendship and who helped me survive. I will never forget their good spirits. I have tried to honor them by offering kindness to others, too.

**Another branch** holds some of my secrets, my dreams, my hopes, my stories, my prayers, my blessings, my misery, my lamentations and joys. They are what I am made of.



**This sturdy, encompassing branch** is dedicated to Bach who has been my savior over the years. He is the highest of humans. His music has seen me through my terrible times of need.

He offers me succor.





On this other branch I place some of my books. They comforted me as a frightened boy and also brought pleasure and wonder to me when I was grown. Without the written word all is lost. The books have fed my hunger to learn and experience new things. I bless them.

When I was a child I never thought that one day I would write books, too.

**And on this branch** hang colorful flags signifying the moments of ecstasy which are always present in our lives as we share the pleasures of life and this world. Would you like a turn now? If so, then answer me:

What are the important things that you would place on your branches of the Tree of Life? Are they so different from mine? Name them.



# How do we nurture the Tree of Life?

We do so by offering our love, with our tears of hope and sadness.

We and the tree are bound to each other for some time until we are called to let go.

What is our responsibility to life?

To live well

To do no harm

To love, to care, to help others

To repair what is worn and torn.

Meanwhile, I cling tightly to this tree of life

I embrace and hug it

I give it all my gentle kisses.

I want to embrace the tree with all my passion as long as I can, but I know, most unwillingly, that the time will come when my hands and arms will weaken as they encircle the trunk and I will need to let go and rest under its branches. I beseech Thee, my God:
Do not pry my hands loose from
this tree until I am ready to let go.
I ask now whether something of me
will live on when I am gone. Will my spirit, my body
mix with all other things and be part of the universe?
I just want to hold on a little longer! How can I let go?
When do you know life is over?

 $\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond\diamond$ 

# Why I don't want to let go of the Tree of Life:

I want to be with my loving wife and care for her till the end of her time.

I want to see my child lead a fulfilling life.

I still want to create so many new things.

I want to experience more days—they are all so beautiful, even when it rains.

I want to keep my fierce spirit.

I want to experience joy and happiness, even if that means I must also suffer pain and illness and loss because they are also part of life.

I am so afraid of Death and yet, somehow I must learn to accept humankind's fate, to let go at last. I am thankful for the time, the so precious time, which I did have living under the Tree of Life.

Oh, precious tree, I adore you.

I bless my God who has given me life.

Never, not ever, have I taken my time here for granted.

There never is enough time, is there?

I thank God for my life. But why, oh why, does

our time here have to be so short?

I stubbornly, selfishly pray for more days to come.

I come to rest under the tree's branches.

"Let me live. Let me live," I cry.

Let me stay. Shelter me, tree.

Nurture me, tree.

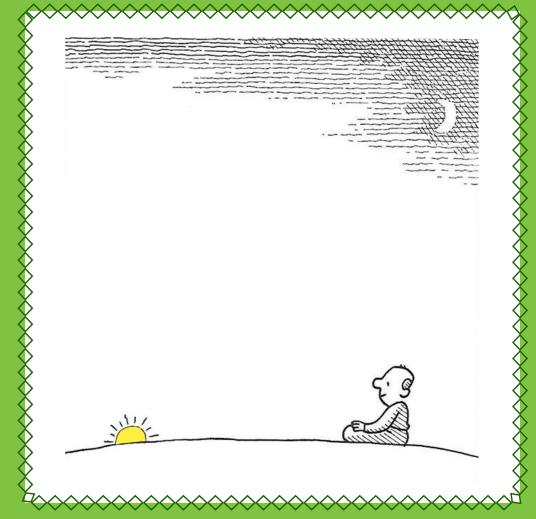
Comfort me, tree.

How does one know when to let go?

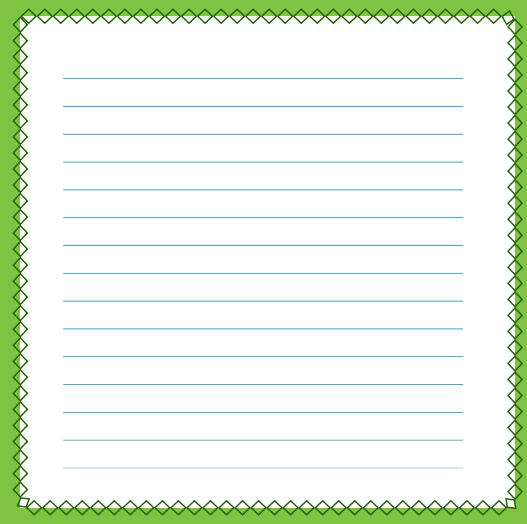
For never have I loved life more.

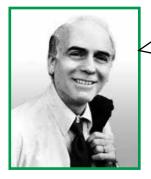
Thank You, my God, for what You have given me. I say Amen.

-Written in the years 2019-2020



Here is your ow	space for you n testament to	to write your life:
	TYPE HERE	





May each day provide a new beginning for you. Be reborn!

In his many books as well in his work as a newspaper editor, **Bill Zimmerman** has pioneered innovative writing techniques to help people express all the important things within them. His books and web sites are used in literacy

and English Language Learning programs around the world and to encourage creative thinking and expression.

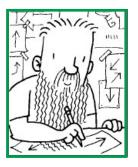
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