

# Mom's Voice

by Cheri Boyle<sup>1</sup>

I won't be able to speak for long.

But there are some things I need to have an audible voice for today.

A voice for my son,

and a voice for you, our family and friends.

To all of you, and so many more, we have been blessed by and are so grateful for your love, support and especially your prayers. We have felt it all, and it's a wonderful comfort. Thank you for everything you have done, and will continue to do, to help see us through this unimaginable sorrow. A very special Thank You to Dan, Ruth and LauraAnne Kinch, who availed themselves to us immediately, to love and support us, despite being so fresh from the loss of their Joseph. God bless you.

I want you all to know what an amazing kid and young man Christopher was, how much we loved him, and how special he was to us,

to his friends,

and so many others.

I want you to know that addiction is a cruel and insidious disease that Christopher courageously continued to fight, despite his setbacks, and despite his exhaustion. It will steal everything that is good from a life.

I want you to know he wanted nothing more than to be free from it, and to live his life.

To my beautiful Son,

I know the world has more than one dimension, and despite you not being here physically and visually, you will always be with me.

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<sup>1</sup> Delivered by Cheri Boyle at a memorial service for her 21 year old son at Lynn Haven United Methodist Church in Lynn Haven, Florida on March 29, 2016.

While my hope remained that God had a plan for you in THIS world, I know your loss doesn't mean there isn't a plan. I will forever honor you by working toward figuring out what that plan is, and just like Cayleigh, using it for good; for something meaningful.

My precious Christopher – You are so very loved. I know you did the best you could, and you never stopped trying. I know you didn't mean for this to happen. I know you never wanted to hurt us. And just in case you think you need to be forgiven by us, for not being able to slay this monster -

I forgive you, Fer. Your Dad, Cayleigh Bug and I forgive you. We love you completely. Let your spirit be at peace.

Through my faith in God, I believe your dimension is now heaven. And because you won't be here with me physically, I will miss you with a depth I cannot even describe. But with God's grace and mercy, I will somehow make this adjustment and endure. The hole in my heart your loss has left will stay with me until I cross over to that heavenly dimension, and can hold you in my arms again.

Then we will both be at peace.

I love you, Fer