

THE DEMONS

Life was full of hope when my husband and I said our marriage vows.

We didn't realize that our years would soon come for us to part.

You answered our prayers, Lord, and gave us two loving daughters,

Four years separated but close in heart.

Our children grew up and made us proud of your creation.

As time passed, the demons fell upon our family formation.

The once happy, stay at home dad lost his way,

He walked from his family and kept us at bay.

The bottle was his friend that broke our unity,

No love or begging brought him back to reality.

My loving husband became a stranger,

As I watched the terrible disease put his life in danger.

There were bitter years when he walked out of our lives,

And he struggled to survive but lost his fight.

The demons had reached for this loving man,

And they made him blind to the telltale signs.

I gave him back to you God with tears and heartbreak

Knowing that I had lost him from the very start,

I struggled through the years with a painful, empty heart,

And I kept my daughters close so that we'd never part.

Life is unfair as the demons returned.

They were not happy with just my man.

They grabbed my daughter and tore her in two,

Separation from her children and family was something new.

She thought the bottle became her friend,
The same thinking her father had way back then.
Family and friends pledged with prayer,
For her to see that the demons were there.
She entered three rehabs with hope and belief,
Thinking with each visit she'd be back on her feet.

The demons weakened her confidence and made her think
That there was no real harm in just another drink.
The years of counseling were pushed aside
And her dreams were washed away like a receding tide.

There were too many shared moments with friends to drink
And her traveling had her back on the road only to sink.
I gave her back to you God with tears and heartbreak,
Knowing I had lost her from the very start.

I pray Lord that she is at peace with her dad
And I can go on sleeping and stop being so sad.

Crush these demons and put them in hell,
So the alcoholics are released, free to get well.
Open their eyes to God's presence and Our Lady's
So they won't feel alone when their strength is fading.

by Alberta H. Sequeira