

Matthew Hallam

By Dzintra Hallam, in memory of her son

DEAR MATTHEW

I'm doing my appointment diary, and am going through the 2004 diary, year of death. Came across an entry which had – Matty at death weighed 67 kgs and was 5 feet 6 ½ inches tall.

I am missing you today. What a gap, what a void, what a big cavern. A hole that never can and will never be filled. A longing, a desire. Feelings are bitter-sweet, emotions all tangled up. Like the waves at the beach, going in, going out, never still and never to be stilled. When will there ever be calm and normalcy. It's a mystery that never ever will nor can be worked out as I am human, I'm alive. My feelings are for the living. They know I have lost my son, Matthew. You try to forget but it's in the waking moments of my day that my heart aches, my soul craves for the living Matthew.

The bond of a mother and child. Talking, eating, laughing, loving and being annoyed sometimes. But always loving, unconditional love. I love you because you are my child, you were my child. Memories of you undimmed by the years of separation from you. My beautiful, soft spoken Matthew. Rest my child.

I love you,
Mum

Lovingly submitted by Matthew's Mum, Dzintra Hallam, TCF Qld