

## **A Poem for Deb Trueheart**

Deb  
Letting us know  
To celebrate with her  
The beauty of her life  
Left,

She, a loving friend  
Has taught us to live  
Fully in this life.

As her life is dimming  
She has circle danced  
holding hands

With so many  
Others in places  
Far into narrow  
And wide  
Open spaces.

But yet don't be surprised  
To see her dancing  
On a seaside boardwalk—

Carrying her oxygen  
Beside her,

Or making one of  
her famous meals  
With her baked bread.

She asks for our  
Thoughts,  
Our prayers but  
Not to weep—

She will have a  
basket of roses  
On her desk she is painting.

Come join her  
She says.

So much to be said  
For a daring Deb  
Who says yes  
To life,

Gathering herself  
Together

With  
her painted basket  
Of roses,  
She tends to herself  
Preparing.

**By Gayle Bluebird**