

Family, Friends,

Last night Griffin went to be with Jesus. Our sadness is deep and heavy, but mixed with real thankfulness for the six weeks we have had with him. Even now, we are grateful for the treasure Griffin has been in our lives.

The love and kindness we have received from you through this difficult time has been overwhelming; it's precious beyond words. It helps, to bear the unbearable. During Griffin's brief life here you have loved us well. Thank you sounds so inadequate. We still need your love and support.

It definitely hurts to live through things in this life that are not as they should be. Your constant care and concern in the midst of this sorrow is a reminder to us that unspeakable loss does not get the last word. We know that love is real and powerful, and we still believe that it will prevail. This gives us great hope.

"Today, in this thin place, where heaven and earth are but a heartbeat apart - where knowledge loses its stubborn useless grip, and life, so precious and fragile, slips, unfinished, past the veil into eternity - here, we can only hold on to what we know to be true." - Chief

Our love for Griffin is lasting and deep, and your love toward us has been substantial - we are convinced that such love is far greater and stronger than anything, even death. Our certainty of this affirms every hope we have for this life.

Our precious Griffin's life was such a mist, as is ours, but we expect to see him again. Though our minds recoil in unknowing agony, our hearts still trust in Love that cannot fail; Love that promises more. This rugged and reasonable hope, nourished by your love towards us, brings great comfort in this moment of great loss.

Today, our love for Griffin is nearly unbearable. The steady hope that lives in us to see him again is entirely the hope offered to us here by Jesus. He has secured our hope within the course of history and given us evidence that what we already know in our deepest hearts about love and life is also trustworthy and true about God Himself. It's as if He has put it in our hearts. Our hope is built on nothing less.

Please thank God with us for Griffin's precious vapor of a life; he has changed us all forever. With each of his 41 days he taught us the importance of living intentionally in every moment, because the next isn't guaranteed. It is as if, he asked us "what really matters today?" and in time, we learned the importance of answering that question daily.

Love you all,

Dirk, Brittany & Tessa

For Griffin
(by Chief)

What to give to God for Lent:
These neurons, bent and broken
Technology and science spent
Your diagnosis spoken

Our family's Easter vigil
Round your life-supporting bed
Held fear in awkward silence
With a grim and hopeless dread

Good Friday never felt so black
"Oh, why have You forsaken?"
Whispered in the darkness here
By hearts, adrift and breaking

What to give to God for Lent?
Perhaps this little child
Perhaps this desperate, grasping fear
This imagining gone wild...

What more is left to contemplate?
What path will gain a step?
What brilliant consolation
Lights this mortal helplessness?

What words can heal the searing
Loss of happiness and joy?
What act repairs the broken dreams
For you, our baby boy?

But you soothe us with your presence
Our hearts cheer every breath
An open eye, a tiny grip
Your life inspires our best

On earth, this fallen human place,
No one here has a plan
But the One who holds tomorrow
Loves you, here, in our hands

And so, we set aside our hope
For this world's dying race
Our hope for you is Jesus
Who has died to take our place

We'll look to every Easter now
And trust the Risen Son
Then weep hot tears of loss for here
With joy for what's to come

And in the time we have with you
We'll share this unsolved pain
Your fragile body struggling
To live with broken brain

This world may never know you
As your soul will one day be
But Griff, what you began with us
Will know Eternity