



# ONE WAVE AT A TIME

A STORY ABOUT GRIEF AND HEALING

HOLLY THOMPSON

PICTURES BY  
ASHLEY CROWLEY



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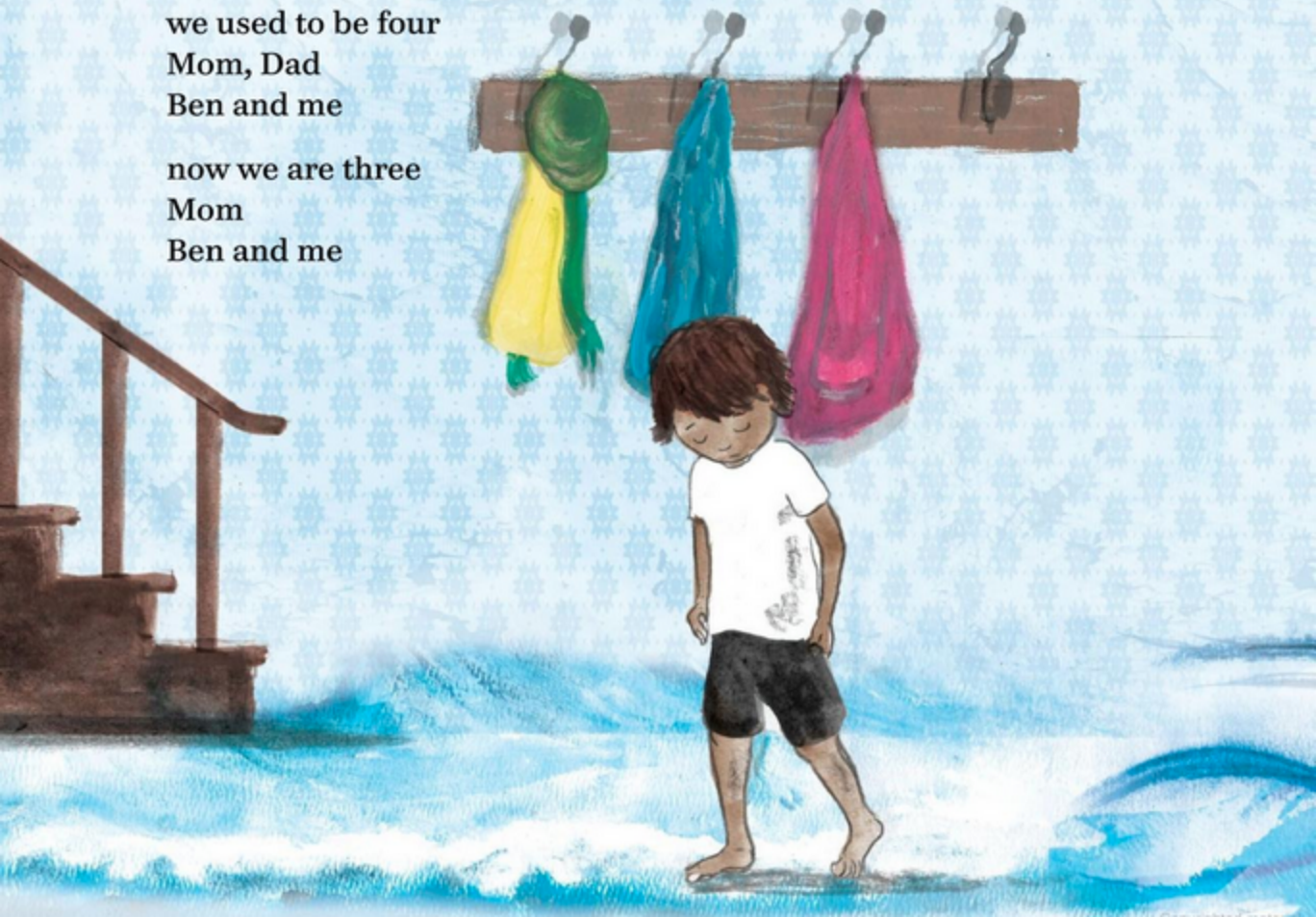
HOLLY THOMPSON

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Albert Whitman & Company  
Chicago, Illinois

we used to be four  
Mom, Dad  
Ben and me

now we are three  
Mom  
Ben and me



sadness  
comes and goes  
in waves



there are places  
where Dad  
used to be

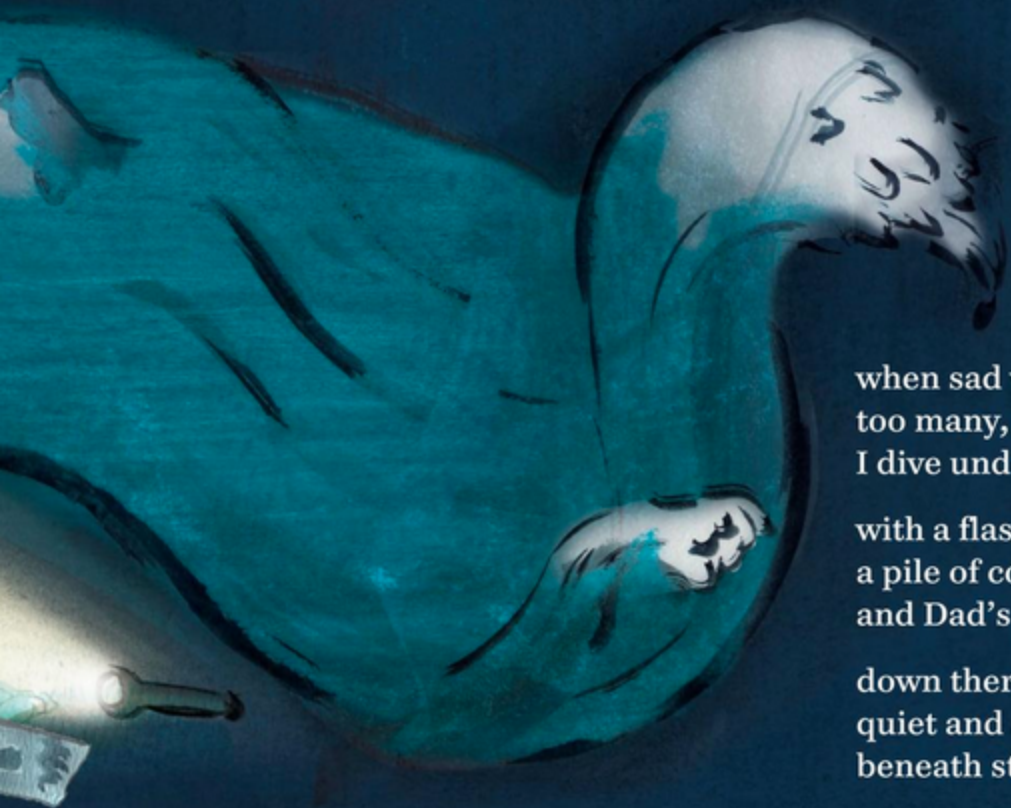


at the table for dinner  
on the sofa napping  
on the stoop with his guitar



in the car next to Mom  
on the sidelines at games  
or waiting with Ben





when sad waves roll in  
too many, too fast  
I dive under my bed

with a flashlight  
a pile of comics  
and Dad's green shirt

down there it's a submarine  
quiet and safe  
beneath stormy waves



along with sad waves  
come mad waves  
towering and strong

cresting  
like tsunamis  
and crashing ashore—

