

PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH

By Nadine Boyd

Dear Compassionate Friends:

Several members of our Compassionate Friends chapter were sharing some of our thoughts and feelings at the first meeting we attended, and it was really interesting how similar in some ways our thoughts were, and in some ways how we differed. Some of us felt intense anger that we were bereaved parents and were “eligible” to attend a group like this. We wanted to blame someone and make them hurt like we were hurting. Some of us felt hopeless despair—we wanted someone to give us the magical answer to make our lives whole again. We all shared that we were astonished that some members of the group who were further along in their grief could laugh and smile again, despite losing a child. Having lost such a young child and facing a seemingly endless rest of my life without him, I know it gave me great hope to see other members who were 2, 5, even 10 years down the line and they were still breathing and walking around.

We also shared that we all had seemingly “crazy” thoughts and were convinced that we were losing our minds. It was so comforting to go to a meeting, share these “crazy” feelings and others in the group would nod their heads and say “I felt like that too!” Nowhere else could we express these feelings and have the understanding and acceptance we needed so desperately. Nowhere else could we express our pain and laugh and cry over hurtful comments well-meaning “the others” (as one dear member refers to non-bereaved or non-understanding people) had made to us.

Many of us cried so hard and felt such pain we swore we would never go back again. Somehow the next month, and the next and next we blindly made our way back. Maybe now “the others” were suggesting it was time to “move on” or “get over it”, and we were so NOT ready to move on. Now the group was so helpful in providing suggestions how to preserve memories of your child, how to grieve as a family or allow your spouse to grieve in their own way, how to help your surviving children express their grief at losing their sibling, and how to educate “the others” of our community as to our special needs. Maybe now the holidays or a special occasion in your family was approaching, and we were in real distress over how we would make it through those days without falling apart. Again, our Friends were there for us, with helpful suggestions or just listening.

We all shared that this group made the difference and kept us from falling apart. Grieving and healing can be a long journey we all must go through, but because someone was there for us, then we are there for another now. WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE on this journey to healing.

I wish you comfort and healing, and many helpful hands and hearts to guide you along the path of healing.
In friendship,

Nadine

