



PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH



Dear Compassionate Friends:

A Friend recently made a comment at our meeting that even though she still has her husband and other children she is so lonely without her son. This is such a profound statement it really resonates with me. Although some of us are blessed to have spouses and/or surviving children, whom we love so deeply, there is a huge hole in our hearts and lives without the child we have lost. Not only can we not touch them, hug them or talk with them, we have lost past and future memories we share with them. I'm very sad for my other children that they never got to really know their brother. One son was very young when Aaron died (17 mos.) and my other son had not been born yet. They could not create their own memories with their brother.

I've heard the loneliest place is in a crowd. We are surrounded by people, but those people around us keep on with their lives, the world keeps spinning, the sun rises and sets every day, but we are stuck in our own time warp. Our life was not supposed to go like this-our children are not supposed to die before we do!

Eventually we can learn to go on existing with our broken hearts, but we are forever changed. We cling tighter to our loved ones, and we are afraid. Our trust in ourselves and the world has been shaken. We have learned a harsh lesson-life is not fair, and death does not discriminate. All we can do is cherish and honor the memories of our children, grandchildren and siblings and reach out to others who grieve so that none of us feel alone in our pain and loneliness.

I wish you comfort and healing, and that you are always able to remember you do not walk this path of grief alone.

In friendship,
Nadine

