

Each person's grief is unique and profound to them, making it the 'worst' simply because it is the most deeply felt and intimately experienced.

People always ask me which is "the worst grief." I always say your grief. Your grief is the worst grief.
DAVID KESSLER | GRIEF.COM

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PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH

By Nadine Boyd.....

Dear Compassionate Friends,

Do you wonder if there are "worst" kinds of grief? Do you wonder if it is more painful to lose a very young child to a long term illness or very unexpectedly in a sudden accident? Do you believe it is more painful for a grandparent to suffer the loss of their grandchild and have to go through the grief of their own child in addition to their own? Or suffer the loss of a child at the hands of another? Or suffer the loss of a much beloved and anticipated baby before or at birth before you are able to look into their eyes and imagine all the possibilities of dreams and memories you hope to make with them?

Just as there is no "time frame" to heal from grief, there is no "worse" way to lose your beloved child, grandchild or sibling. It is all devastating to the survivors, and as David Kessler states above, the worst grief is our grief, because we feel it so deeply and profoundly.

Our grief becomes part of us forever. We cannot outrun it, or refuse to deal with it. It's always there, waiting to knock us down at unexpected times or places, like the worst kind of relentless bully. We can only trudge forward through the valley of darkness and pain, sometimes sliding backward, sometimes having to reach out for a hand to help us climb the hills of despair.

There is hope for us to get through this valley on the path to healing and comfort. Remember you are not alone. Remember you are on a journey unique to you, and you are absolutely entitled to feel the feelings you do. Remember you will absolutely have times you backslide or struggle to get up the hills on the path of your journey, but also remember your Compassionate Friends are on the path with you. If you fall or slip, we are there to pick you up, dust you off, and fight off the bully of your despair and grief, because we know you will do the same for us when we fall.

I wish you comfort and healing, and the peace that passes all understanding.

In friendship,

Nadine.....

