

June 6, 2021

An After Loss Creed

Dear Friends,

My sister, whose husband died suddenly and unexpectedly one year ago yesterday has decided to move closer to her daughters, and so I have been popping by to help with whatever I can. Yesterday, she handed me a stack of books about grief that family and friends have given to her over the past year (including me). I was thrilled to hear her say that she wanted to read about other things (she is a voracious reader) and that she has gotten back to her historical fiction that she loves so much. I am thrilled because, despite the fact that she is still very much grieving and mourning (their wedding anniversary is tomorrow), I am seeing such strength and progress in her big and small decisions and choices that help her to continue to live and find solace and eventually joy in her life.

As I walked to my car with the stack of grief books, a bookmark with a picture of a butterfly on it fell to the ground and begged me to read it. It touched me so deeply that I felt it was a sign that I should share with all of you this week:

Please Be Gentle- An After Loss Creed

Please be gentle with me for I am grieving.

*The sea I swim in is a lonely one
and the shore seems miles away.*

*Waves of despair numb my soul
as I struggle through the day.*

My heart is heavy with sorrow.

I want to shout and scream

And repeatedly ask "Why?"

At times my grief overwhelms me

And I weep bitterly,

So great is my loss.

Please don't turn away

or tell me to move on with my life.

I must embrace my pain

before I can begin to heal.

*Companion me through tears
and sit with me in loving silence.
Honor where I am in my journey,
not where you think I should be.*

*Listen patiently to my story;
I may need to tell it over and over again.
It's how I begin to grasp the enormity of my loss.*

*Nurture me through weeks and months ahead.
Forgive me when I seem distant and inconsolable.
A small flame still burns within my heart
and shared memories may trigger
both laughter and tears.*

*I need your support and understanding.
There is no right or wrong way to grieve.
I must find my own path.
Please, will you walk beside me?*

- Jill B. Englar -

Peace and Serenity, Kevin