

## **Thoughts Surrounding the Loss of a Loved One**

### **Martha G.**

It is very difficult to come up with appropriate words of consolation and support to soften the pain felt when a loved one passes. Most of what well-meaning people often express is usually received as just empty words. Often the bereaver just wants to die to rejoin their beloved.

It was a cold and cloudy day in January a few years ago when my husband went to take a nap. It was the last nap he would ever take. He never woke up. For him it was just the way he wanted to go. For me, it was the beginning of the worst time in my life.

Trying to describe the sensations and thoughts that I experienced after my beloved left so unexpectedly is like trying to explain the unknowable. The passing of my husband was the most awkward sensation that I ever felt: it was like the feeling of not having my right arm attached to my body. For months I felt a vacuum on that side of my body.

There is a reason that we often refer to the most significant person in our life as “the other half”. After so many years of close togetherness, there is such an intense exchange of energy, a way of anticipating your partner’s needs and desires, sharing your joys and sorrows that is so intimate and so private. When that person passes suddenly and without warning, it creates a void so deep and profound that it defies description and understanding. It is truly the “darkest night of the soul”. The more aware we are of our emotions, the deeper our loss is felt.

Now I find myself alone. Regardless of how many people were around me, I questioned how deep the connection I had really was with those people. I could not escape the feeling of being all alone and lost. With whom could I possibly share my thoughts, my emotions and daily experiences? Who could really understand what I was experiencing? Who would know what was on my mind before I spoke it? Who would take care of me and look after me the way he did? Who would give me advice, support and comfort me when I needed it? Who would be there to just listen?

My nights were long and scary. My best friends and the joy in my life besides my spouse were my three dogs. They loved me unconditionally. I

only had one left now to console me. The other two were up in years and had passed away before my husband's death and one of those only within one month before my husband's passing.

For a month after the second dog passed, my husband was there and together we shared the pain of losing two of our babies. My attachment to my last remaining doggie grew more and more. It was the only living thing I had at home, the only thing I could really relate to was my last doggie. She and I would crawl into bed at night and I would try to catch a few hours of sleep. And so it was for the several months until she also passed away 5 months later.

And now what? What shall I do? Where am I going from here? Who can I trust with all the issues associated with my husband's passing? In addition to my grief, I was overwhelmed by all the lawyers, accountants, family and all the other innumerable duties that had suddenly fallen upon me. Not having any experience on these matters was scary in itself. I questioned myself continuously, "Am I doing the right things?" What are the right decisions I should be making? It was all so cloudy to me. I felt like I was in such a fog.

But there is God. I held tightly to the idea that I was not alone. I, like most people, know this intuitively at the very core of my being although many of us often dismiss or bury this feeling. But, yet, from the very depths of my being, I knew. All my years of studying and learning about spirituality, about something much bigger than me and about life's true meaning and purpose started to come into focus. Now, a few years later, with the benefit of hindsight I can say with an open heart that things of the spirit kept me afloat through those difficult times.

I started to meditate more than ever before. I began to look for answers that came from places we often tend to ignore because of all the clutter in our ordinary daily thinking. I reached out to all my friends whose interests were in spiritual matters and, along the way, I made several new ones. I became obsessed with the subject of the afterlife. I read everything I could on the subject and went to many conferences and workshops. I reviewed the ancient spiritual teachings on the subject. The more I learned, the more I was convinced that the afterlife is real and beyond what our mere mortal minds fully comprehend.

I also spoke to mediums. Eventually, through them, I made contact with my husband from the other side. My experience with mediums has since convinced me that they are genuine intermediaries to the other side. I know it is true because so many times only very specific and personal things that my husband and I knew or shared between us were brought up in these sessions.

Eventually, my sense of calm began to come back to me. I knew that things were the way they are supposed to be. I also sensed that my husband Stan needed to know that I was doing okay. This would be my way of helping his consciousness continue its progression in the other realms of existence.

Through this ordeal, I have begun to reinvent myself. Like a butterfly I have gone through a metamorphosis. A “new me” has been born. Looking back, I now realize that I have grown by leaps and bounds. In many ways I am no longer the person I was before my husband’s passing.

The realization that this level of existence (e.g. physical reality) is not the end of existence has opened me and inspired me to want to learn even more. I also want to be of service to others that have gone through similar situations, comfort them and let them know that the present moment is the only moment we have. The past is gone and can’t be changed, and the future is full of infinite possibilities that have not yet come to fruition. We must always remember that “now” is the only moment we have to say “I love you”, or “I forgive you”, to the ones we have not said those words to before. And we must believe that at some tomorrow we will all meet again in a much better place...