A Memo For My Child
When Grieving the Loss of Me

Writers have declared that we grieve because we have loved… because the person who died mattered to us.

In spite of my flaws and irritating quirks, I'm pretty sure I mattered to you… you, who were such a pivotal axis of my life and probably to a significant extent, as I was of yours, too.

In anticipation of this milestone in your life, my maternal instincts have kicked in. When this monumental passage becomes your reality, I want you to feel caressed by my caring… guided by words of wisdom coming from my voice of experience.

The intensity of emotional turbulence may surprise you.

Right after my mother died, I remember thinking irrationally that everyone's rhythm of life should come to a climactic halt or at least a temporary pause to acknowledge the cataclysmic occurrence. I irrationally questioned how life in the outside world could go on when such a seismic disruption had just come to pass.

But it goes on as usual, detached from and obviously unfazed by someone's loss. So it's up to you to apply the brakes, to give yourself time to heal. It's up to you to treat yourself with compassion, allowing for your wheels of motion to be taken out of commission for repairs.

Look to nature to appreciate how what has happened aligns with universal purpose according to the cycles of life.

Immerse yourself in the great outdoors where there is beauty and wonder to observe. Study the natural showpieces that surround you. Sequestered sanctuaries of nature may offer magnificent harbors for your aching soul. Recognize the seasonal changes that are awe-inspiring. Take deep breaths to refresh your spirit.

Expect to be tossed onto an emotional roller-coaster ride during your bereavement journey.

As you wend your way through the tentacles of grief, you will likely be teased by hints of happiness only to subsequently plunge back into a well of despair. Consider those assuaging moments like subtle rays of sunshine that attempt to break through clouds on an overcast day. They are signals that there will be a brighter horizon…you just need to be patient.

Time will soften the blow and allow you to breathe freely again.

My death will change you in some way, possibly altering your perceptions or actions. Because of that potential reality, your life may veer in a different direction along an unexpected course. After whatever period of bereavement serves one's needs, loss has a way of contributing to personal growth. Maybe sensitivity to others' sorrow from a similar sense of devastating deprivation will be heightened. Maybe bonds of camaraderie will be formed. Maybe you'll think

about the trajectory your own life is taking and whether its direction is fulfilling or if it needs an adjustment in course.

Know that my love for you is permanent. It is embedded in memory. It cannot be dislodged.

Now in absentia I ask you to think about our connections during life, peppered with moments when it was clear by my actions that you were dear to me. Recall experiences we shared that you cherished and created ties that bind. Close your eyes. Let visions of times spent together remind you of the goodness that came from the intersecting of our lives. Talk to me, if inclined. Let reminiscent thoughts flow freely, even if they trigger tears. They will help you heal.

Your senses readily perceive that I am gone from earthly existence. But in the harbor of your mind I endure, maybe even as a vividly conspicuous presence. I can still be a source of consolation and even enrichment. In the cocoon of your thoughts I will linger for as long as you are alive, metaphorically cuddling you, my precious child, as you carry me with you.

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Mary Ellen Markant

Signature Sunsets

ponderingleaves@gmail.com