

LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY

Darcie D. Sims

"Why does it hurt so much? Why is this grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren't so crushing." Sound familiar? All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous "ouchies" can compare with the hurt we feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying a child. Yet most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have, so—we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely we can't live like **THIS forever!**

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable—some day. **TIME**—the longest work in our grief. We used to measure **TIME** by the steps of our child: the first word, first tooth, first date, first car—now we don't have that measure any more. All we have is **TIME**, and it only seems to make the hurt worse.

So what do we do? Give ourselves

TIME—to hurt, to grieve, to cry,

TIME—to choke, to scream.

TIME—to be "crazy" and

TIME—to remember.



Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D. was a bereaved parent, grief management specialist and nationally recognized grief expert. She died un-expectedly in 2014. Many had the pleasure of hearing her speak at Gatherings and those who have read her books.

Austin's "Big A's" Mom

Be nice to yourself! Don't measure your progress through grief against anyone else's. Be your own timekeeper.

Don't push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and then moments—but don't expect them to go away. We will always hurt. You don't get over grief—it only becomes tolerable and livable. Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost, try thinking of how much you had. Try letting good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn't lose our child—HE / SHE DIED.

We don't lose the love that flowed between us—it still flows, but differently now.

Does it help to know that if we didn't love so very much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I'm very glad I loved. Don't let death cast ugly shadows, but rather warm memories of the loving times you shared. Even though death comes,

Love never goes away!