

Thoughts around a **SAD** Death

Sudden - no warning. One minute life seems so ordinary; your child is fit, healthy and happy.

The next they have died, they crossed that fragile line in seconds. Shock - the dry mouth, the shaking limbs, the hour upon hour of screaming helplessness, the months of endless questioning. Sorrow - beyond description starts to become part of the fabric of your being.

Searching - for your child's face in every crowd, yearning to glimpse them. Looking for answers to questions no-one should ever have to ask

And - you've nurtured and cared for them, done everything you can to protect them from any danger. Anger - Why my child who never hurt a soul? Why my family? Where did we go

wrong? What have we done to deserve such hell? Anguish - Moments beyond sadness. You do not recognise the tortured face in the mirror, bloated, tear-stained, bereft and defeated.

Alienation - and loneliness. You feel like you come from a different planet. The world moves on in ordinary ways that are meaningless now. Time has stopped for you

Death - is not what you expect when your beloved child or spouse was perfectly fit and well beforehand. Denial - it just cannot be true. Such things don't just happen. This is a

nightmare. Soon I will wake up to find everything the way it was. But you don't... Depression - is not far behind. Why bother to get out of bed? What for - more of the same, day after day. There

is now no meaning to life, no purpose. But somehow you can't stop looking - Darkness - is where you are; you ask how can this ever change...

Solace - but then you begin to meet others who are in this same dreadful place. Your story is their story. You are alone in your grief but there are others who are also alone. They

offer the hand of compassion and understanding. This is real Friendship and Solidarity - with others and a depth of compassion that no amount of superficial living can provide.

Assistance - You cannot bring their child back. They cannot bring your child back. But you can be friends at a level which many people will never understand. Action - then

becomes important. Not to waste precious time and energy on things that really don't

matter much. We are ordinary people who have suffered the ultimate hurt so what is there to fear? We now speak from the heart and are braver than most. This is the gift from our

precious children who have gone before us. Along with the

Decision - That perhaps it is possible to live with this. Not as before certainly but with a sense of Determination - To live as fully as our children would want us to. To carry them

on with us. To make sure their name is known by helping others. Their beautiful

Spirit - will always be with us. That is no consolation when we yearn to see and hold them, but it is an

Assurance - in a very different way, that they will always love us as we love them, that they continue in ways we cannot even imagine, that their lives were meaningful and that

through us they have really made a

Difference - in the world.