

Holding On

Loss is an inevitable part of life. And with it of course, comes grief.

Grief can feel like a deep, dark hole that we will never climb out of, but when it all feels hopeless, I like to remember that it works just like love.

Because, when we first fall in love, it is intense.

It is overwhelming and consuming and loud. We cannot think of anything else, and we constantly crave the one we love.

After a while it becomes less intense, but it grows.

It grows deeper, more comfortable. It settles down and settles in for the long haul, knowing that it is not fleeting or superficial. It is less consuming. Quieter. An undercurrent of our every day without overwhelming our every thought.

Sometimes something will happen to bring that overwhelming love back to the surface; moments of pride or surprise or nostalgia that remind us just how much we love someone. Moments where our love is once again intense and loud.

And then it settles back into our heart where it knows it will stay.

Grief is the same.

At first it is loud and consuming, intense and overwhelming.

We constantly crave the one we grieve.

Then it becomes less intense, less consuming. An undercurrent of our every day without overwhelming our every thought.

And sometimes something will happen to bring our grief bubbling right back to the surface. Moments where our grief is once again intense and loud.

And then it settles back into our heart where it knows it will stay.

Because great grief is born of great love.

So where grief remains, where grief rests, it often helps to remember that love is there too.

Sitting with her arm around grief and holding it tight.

