

# **I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M ALIVE ALONE GRIEF OF A SINGLE PARENT**

Ruth , OH

If you were to ask me what it's like being a single parent, by reason of the death of my husband at a very young age, and the mother of an only child, who was instantly killed, I'll take a deep breath and try to hold back the tears. I will try not to reveal the heartache that is constantly a part of me. I am so thankful, for friends and their caring, but often I feel as though I'm alive alone.

My son, Doug, was thirty-nine years old but still my child. We had a great mother-son relationship, but it ended so abruptly. My memories of him will never fade. I cherish them in my heart. Time will heal the deep wound, but when a loved one dies, we lose a part of our very selves.

When I realize I have no descendants, no grandchildren, to cuddle and sing lullabies to, and be able to watch run and play, and to take pride in their accomplishments, it tears at my heart. However, I realize also, that I was blessed beyond measure when God loaned us our son. In spite of the grief I am going through because of Doug's death I am glad he lived and I had the privilege of being his mother. The joys he brought into my life can never be taken away from me. You see, he was my most treasured possession on this earth!

His hugs aren't mine anymore and I can't cook his favorite meals or look into his smiling face. The tools that he used over many years in his hobby of restoring old cars hang idle. He loved music and his guitar is a special keepsake.

My daily need as I awaken each morning is to ask the Lord for strength and courage for the day, and to help me to be a source of comfort for someone else. I don't ever want to be a victim of self-pity and I desire to be able to reach out to others, and offer compassion. I feel I have begun to learn the true meaning of compassion, YOUR PAIN IN MY HEART.

A task remains for me – to reflect on those qualities in Doug's life that I want to emulate. He had a gentle spirit, a caring attitude, a great love for people, a zest for life, and most of all, he gave of himself.

If I take time God will mend my broken heart. He must first have all the pieces. He knows me better than I know myself.

Hopefully I'll be a better person as I journey through life, knowing that He is in control. I can look to Him for guidance at any time. MY prayer is that I can be used by Him to comfort others. We all need each other, and if my smile brightens someone else's day, perhaps I can help by sharing their burden. My life will then continue to have greater meaning.

We need to look for life's little sparkles even in the midst of life's most crippling sorrows. Pain is inevitable, but joy is optional. I want to choose to be joyful. "A merry heart doest good, like medicine."