

Death Grief Bereavement is difficult to handle on your own.

How to Cope With the Grief of Losing a Loved One

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How to cope with the grief of losing a loved one.

“The Death and Birth of my child”

“Nine months to labor and recovery.”

By Cheryline Lawson

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CHAPTER 1 The Story Line

It was 1989, a pivotal year in my life. Death and Birth took place in that very same year. It doesn't sound possible, but yes, it happened to me. Each year I am reminded of how close I came to insanity. I was afforded a miracle between two extremes that still captivate my mind and sustain my heart. It keeps me thankful for my journey of nine months to labor and recovery.

As I retrace my steps mentally, I am taken back to that crucial day, March 22, 1989. It was a day that would change my life forever. As I enter again into that once dark world, my mind captures the pain instantly and envelope the thick grief of longing to retrieve what I had lost. My wishes are still the same today, but I am grateful for the gift that was presented to me that same year December 9th 1989.

I want to take you back to the day my son died. March 22, 1989 was the day that he drowned in a lake nearby. He was two years old and full of life. I had great plans for him. He was so smart and fun to be around. He was my only child. I love him dearly.

I miss his sweet smile and the way he said my name in his little baby voice. I see him standing at the doorway asking for something he knows he is not supposed to have. He tugs at my heart and persuades me until I give in. I want to hold him again in my arms. I want to tell him how much I love

him . I want him to meet his brothers . I want to hear his laughter . I want to see him once again . Can you feel my pain ? Can you please tell me that I am dreaming ? My emotions have started to run wild again . I feel like I am losing control . Please don't take me back there . I don't know if I can handle it .

Stop ! What just happened ? No ! I cried with a screeching , blood-piercing wail . This is not happening to me . What is the meaning of this all ? Can someone please remind me ? Open your eyes ; it is just a dream . A crisp clear voice broke through my thoughts . No , it is not a dream . It did happen to you . Your son has been declared dead upon arrival .

I heard those words seventeen years ago , but they meant nothing to me . I was numb . A part of my heart died that day . I could feel it dying . I yearned for someone to change the outcome , but no one hastened to provide me with such comfort . My thoughts were scattered . I could not assemble my thoughts . What do I do next ?

I could not go on . My life was frozen in time . The pain is too much . I can't hear my own breathing . Where are you son ? Come back to me – mommy needs you . Why did you leave me ? Have you really gone ?

My hands began to shake uncontrollably . I suddenly felt a gentle touch . I had forgotten that my mother was with me . I was so glad to see her , seemingly for the first time . I knew she would tell me the truth – that I was just dreaming . I looked into her eyes for the right answer ; the one I yearn to

hear. I found none. Without words, she held me tight as I continued to shake. I wait to feel the tears, but they refused to succumb to my pain. There were no tears.

I wanted to take back the hands of time. I wish I could erase the present. What could I have done differently? Where did I go wrong? I felt like I was sinking into a deep dark dungeon. How do I handle the pain? No one understands my pain. It is too much to bear. I feel alone, empty and lost. I need to find my way back from this dark place of sorrow. Will you help me, please? I cried out to God, but He did not hear me. I asked Him why he allowed it to occur. He would not listen. He kept silent through my pain. I felt like I was carrying this burden alone.

It was about six weeks later that I realized that God was working on me all this time. He had kept silent because he was busy. He was creating a gift inside my pain. He was giving me life and hope again. He had heard my cry for help. I was nine months to labor and recovery.

I was pregnant with another son.

I was afraid to be hopeful. I was too sad to feel joy. I was too timid to think that I was given another chance. Those nine months were fretful and still filled with grief. I did not want to hope for something I had not yet seen. My heart was in turmoil. I tried very hard, but because of the grief, I couldn't find a place in my heart for this unborn child. My pain was interfering with the joy that every mother should

feel, but I just did not know how to separate the two. Can you help me, please?

I cried and I cried; every day of the week, every week of the month and all nine months. No one existed. My husband was not talking. I was always crying. What a sad case it was. I needed help, but did not know where to find it. I was torn between my unborn son, who needed me more and my dead son who I could no longer help.

Do you feel my pain? I wanted to stay in the past, back to where my son was still alive. I was not ready to embrace the future even though I could not control it. Yet I knew I had to let go of the past and get ready for the miracle that was about to unfold in my life in nine months time. That is easy to say, but not easy to do. I tried and I tried, but could not get rid of the gloom. I was still in that deep dark dungeon of hurt and pain. I needed help to get out and get past my pain. There was no help in sight and no one wanted to talk about it. No one wanted to acknowledge my pain.

Do you feel my pain? Are you willing to listen to my story as I tell you how I got in and out of this cave filled with the darkness of yesterday and the sweet reality of today?

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