

Michelle D. Alexander



Grief-stricken
My Emotional Journey
A Devotion of Truth and Hope

A glimpse of my journey, the raw & transparent feelings after losing one of the best parts of me, My Daddy! Take a ride with me as I process this new normal, and encourage you to process your feelings related to the loss you have suffered as well. I encourage to hold on to your memories like precious jewels.

Grief-Stricken:

My Emotional Journey

A Devotion of Truth and Hope

by Michelle D. Alexander

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YOU LEFT WITHOUT MY PERMISSION

I wasn't ready to say goodbye.

I often ask the question, Lord, Why?

You left without my permission, you knew I wouldn't let you go.

I have so many questions and many more things I need to know.

A little more time is what I often wish for,

But God saw fit to call you home, so you wouldn't have to suffer anymore.

I'll cherish your last words to me. "I love you, sweetheart."

Nothing can rob me of that moment, not even us being apart.

I'll hold on tight to every moment that we had,

I'll love you for the rest of my days, MY PROTECTOR, MY HERO,
MY DAD!

Confused: (of a person) unable to think clearly; bewildered.

I couldn't understand what was happening. Dad was doing okay just seven hours ago. As I got ready to leave the hospital just seven short hours ago, I had no idea, "I love you, sweetheart", would be the last words I would ever hear him say. Bittersweet. Those are the sweetest words ever spoken, and I'd never hear him say them again. My emotions are deeper than just words. I know for a fact that my daddy loved me, and I love him. I knew my dad's love for me was without limitation. He would've given me the world. Well actually, he did. To me, he was my world! He gave me so much, taught me so much, and instilled so much wisdom in me.

My transparent moment: I don't understand what just happened. How did this happen? Why so suddenly? Why now? How do I keep going without one of the greatest influences in my life? I'm dumbfounded. What's next? As I try to make sense of what has happened and try to

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process this flood of emotions, I look to God. Lord help me understand the journey...

Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord: give me understanding according to thy word. Psalms 119:169

A Prayer For Today: Lord when I'm confused and lack understanding, help me to understand your word and your perfect plan for my life. Amen.

Broken Hearted: overcome by grief or despair

The most painful thing I've ever had to experience. My heart literally shattered as I stood in the Intensive Care Unit waiting room at the Veterans Affairs Hospital talking to the head surgeon. Her words to our family were, "Have you all ever discussed with your dad what measures should be taken to preserve his life?" As I felt what was coming next, my lips began to quiver. Instinctively, I responded to her question in the only way possible for me. "He would want everything to be done to save his life". The doctor looked at me with despair in her eyes and said, "We are JUST ABOUT AT EVERYTHING". The strength in my legs wanted to leave me, but somehow, I stayed upright. It felt like, within minutes, the announcement came overhead "Code Blue".

Tears run hot as I cry and pray to God to not let it be true. Not my daddy. It is true. Dad is GONE! Attempting to make my way to his

ICU room, the strength in my legs left me. I lay in the hospital hallway screaming at the top of my lungs. My hero, my dad, my protector, my everything is GONE! I feel as though my heart is being ripped clean from my body. Shattering like glass.

My transparent moment: Grief-stricken, I can't breathe. Lord, how am I supposed to go on from here?

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Psalms 34:18

The journey begins...

Prayer For Today: Lord you know what I need, my world is shattered, and my heart is broken. Wrap your loving arms around me, I need your comfort and strength more than ever. Please be with me during this difficult journey. Amen.

Shock: a sudden or violent mental or emotional disturbance

This is sudden and unexpected. Just a few hours ago, my dad was telling me he loved me.

September 14, 2017. I hear the doctor declare: “time of death 4:22 a.m.”. I am in total and complete shock. Again, my legs can’t hold me, and I collapse to the floor. My world has been completely shattered. I can’t bring myself to believe this is really happening. When I finally get up, I still cannot accept what I heard. As I’m looking at Daddy lying in that hospital bed, lifeless, I beg him to get up. “Daddy please, wake up.” I plead with him for several minutes to please get up, hoping the doctor made a mistake. When I don’t get the response I want, it feels like a huge boulder slams into my chest and I can’t breathe. This is the worst day of my life. I see my family’s reaction to this devastating news, and it crushes me even more. Somebody, anybody, please tell me this is not real. Please tell me my Daddy is not gone.

My transparent moment: As my emotions spin out of control, I realize that I'm not speaking. I can't even verbalize what I'm feeling. Standing here, my body shakes and my heart stops. This is surreal. Everything seems to move in slow motion. Why Lord, why? The only thing I'm sure of is that we need the Lord to help and give us comfort. We can't do this alone.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Matthew 5:4

The journey continues...

Prayer For Today: Lord, I am at a loss for words. The tears won't stop flowing, but I know you're able to comfort me. Do it for me Lord! Amen.

Grief-stricken: overcome with deep sorrow.

On September 14, 2017, my life changed. I experienced a sorrow I've never felt. The loss massive and the impact gut-wrenching. Words cannot adequately describe the depth of my pain.

I have zero control over my emotions. At this moment, I am not capable of holding it together. I don't even know what to do next. I wait for someone to tell me there's been a mistake, and my dad is not gone. That doesn't happen. My world, as I know it, has been flipped completely upside down.

In the most unthinkable agony, I sit and wonder if it will ever end? There seems to be a never-ending well of tears. I cry until I don't even have the strength to lift my head.

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My transparent moment: I hope that God can hear my heart's prayer through its shattered pieces. I wouldn't wish this pain on anyone. Words escape me, and all I can think is Lord, you know.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. Revelation 21:4

The journey continues...

Prayer For Today: Lord, you KNOW! Amen.

Helpless: lacking protection or support; unable to do something to make a situation, task, etc., better or easier

What do I do now? Despite my education, background, and relationship with God, there is nothing I can personally do to make this situation better. My go-to person is gone.

Daddy was MY EVERYTHING! Protector, supporter, mentor, and provider, all gone in the blink of an eye. I know that death is a part of life, but you can never be prepared for it. It hits you like a ton of bricks and breaks you from the inside. I found myself feeling helpless. What do I do now? Who do I call? Where do I turn? So many questions, but no real answers or solutions in my very limited view.

In every situation, I reached out to my dad. To me, his absence is the same as saying I have no one left. I feel like I'm five years old again, and I just want Daddy. He'll know what to do. Try telling this 5-year-old that her daddy can't fix any and everything, Impossible.

Before September 14, 2017, there was never a day I had to live without my daddy, I can barely breathe realizing this is my reality every day from here on out. Sure, I know he's in my heart, but I want him here; plain and simple!

My transparent moment: Truth is, I can't see past my pain. If help was staring me in the face, I wouldn't know it. As I search for answers and help, I enlist the help of my heavenly Father. I close my eyes and I can hear my mom singing the old familiar hymn by Charles Wesley, "Father, I stretch my hands to thee. No other help I know".

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

Psalms 121:1-2

This painful journey continues...

Prayer For Today: Lord I stretch out my hands to you.

Please help me in my time of need. Amen.

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