

GRIEF IS A SOLITARY JOURNEY

A father's journey

James' 21-year-old daughter Lauren was killed by a drunk driver in 2008

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Self care articles for the bereaved

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Quiet time has become my friend

At first the quiet time was extremely painful. That is when the realization that my lovely daughter was not here with me anymore became a reality. The painful thoughts were easier to dismiss during busier periods of the day, but the nights were mine and mine alone.

My wife was not willing to discuss our mutual loss or share any feelings. She retreated to her mother and siblings. I had no other living family member other than my younger daughter, who was away at school. It was during these days when I discovered that as comforting as other caring people may be, grief is a solitary journey.

My quiet time began to include more and more reading. I discovered many wonderful authors who guided me to meditation as well as manifestation practices, which ultimately led me from the depths of depression to the wonderful life I have at this time.

To this date, I will often awaken at the same time of night when I received the call from the hospital. In the beginning, I would experience the same fear and panic I felt in my heart the night of

the accident, and would be awake for the balance of the night. Now when I awaken and see 3:45 a.m. on the digital clock, I just smile and send loving thoughts to my daughter.



The quiet time has become my friend rather than my foe. When I now encounter times of stillness, I utilize the time to send my departed family loving thoughts and open myself up to feel their love in return. We are all here for but a limited time, but the love that we brought onto this planet remains with us forever.