

IF ONLY I WOULD GIVE CHURCH A CHANCE

A widow's journey

Diane's 31-year-old husband Pat was murdered in 1995

BY DIANE MCMINN, adapted from the book, *Grief Diaries: Through the Eyes of a Widow*
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I keep it between me and God

Prior to Pat's death, I was already a Christian but wasn't going to church. After Pat was murdered, I irrationally thought God was somehow punishing me for poor choices I had made in life and for not turning to and seeking Him. At the time of Pat's death, I turned to and sought Him out in my time of need.

Over the years, my faith has been challenged many times. To this day, I still struggle with my faith. I feel so distant from God and from the people who serve Him. I feel so inadequate and unworthy, as if I just don't know Him and never will. Without Pat, nothing and no one makes much sense at all. I do believe in God and know that without Him I would be utterly lost.

My social anxiety keeps me from going to church on a regular basis. I have tried numerous times since Pat's death to go back, to fit in, but I always end up drifting away and keeping it between me and God.

When I did attend, the church I was attending is absolutely amazing. I love it, and yet it makes me incredibly sad at the same time. What may

sound like a lame excuse to most is very real to me. I go to church, but I come home each time and cry. The preacher at this church is, hands down, one of the most passionate human beings to ever preach the word of God. He hits home more than any of us would probably like him to sometimes, but he is spot on! I love his passion and love what he preaches.

On another level, there are many wonderful young couples there but all I see is the past I lost.

**All I see are memories.
Although treasured
memories, I am now a widow
who feels old and alone.**

I feel like the best part of my life is over. In my rational mind, I know that's not true. But in my depressed state of mind, it's truly how I feel. Don't get me wrong, my grandchildren are my joy. But let's face it, they're only going to be babies for so long, and will eventually need me less and less. I am certain that church would most gladly offer the support that I need if only I could stay long enough to give it a chance.