

IS HOPE POSSIBLE AFTER LOSS?

Grief had stolen the technicolor from life

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I was asked today how I wake up every morning with hope in my heart. I paused for a moment, searching for words, and then it came:

I fought for it.

One morning after our daughter Aly died, I was laying in bed when I realized that grief had stolen the technicolor from my world, robbing me of the ability to appreciate much of anything. Still in my forties, I had a choice to make: either find a way to begin living or live my remaining years robbed of all joy.

Because hope and happiness are intertwined like peanut butter and jelly, in order to restore happiness, I had to find hope.

From that moment forward, I made the effort to appreciate life's beauty.

**Although not every day is
beautiful, there is beauty in
every day if you look for it.**

At first it was very, very hard to allow my heart to see or feel anything besides the deep anguish of loss, but determined, I forged on.

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I fought hard.

It took time. Patience. And great effort.

But it paid off.

My world began to fill with hope, beauty, and gratitude.

There are no good analogies when it comes to grief, but if you're lost in the middle of nowhere, you can wait for help or start walking toward civilization. It's okay to cry along the way and rest when you need to, but keep walking.

**Keep fighting. Hope and
happiness are on the horizon.**

And they're both worth fighting for.

