

# THE OTHERS

## I didn't know her name yet I knew her pain

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### Self care articles for the bereaved

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Her body sank to the floor, her shoulders heaving with sobs. I knelt down, wrapped my arms around her and rested my cheek on her soft hair.

I didn't know her name, yet I knew her pain.

I saw her again the next day, yesterday, at the top of the escalator. When our eyes met, sobs once again overtook her body.

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**I couldn't stop her tears,  
but I did know the power of  
a hug from one bereaved  
mother to another.**

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I held her right there on the spot, oblivious to others coming and going at the grief conference. Because, in that moment, nothing else mattered.

Nothing else but her grief. And my love for her, for a stranger.

I didn't know her name, yet I knew her pain.

Some wonder why those of us who are years down the road attend grief conferences. Don't they remind us of the darkest moment of our lives? Why would we want to revisit such pain?

Because when we help others, we help our own hearts to heal.

These conferences remind us how far we've come.

They remind us how much we've changed for the better.

That we're the hero of our own story by holding the light of hope for those who have none.

Grief conferences recharge our batteries in ways nothing else can.

We meet others who speak our loss language, and become lifelong friends based on that alone. Politics, religion, nor socioeconomic backgrounds do not matter here. What matters is that hope is ignited, shared, and protected.

I'm home now, having climbed into bed next to my dear sweet hubby before daybreak this morning. My body is weary but my heart is content. Physically I didn't do much at this conference, but spiritually I gave all I had. And I'll do it again next week, next month and next year.

I may not know all their names but I know their pain. When we lose a child we become The Others. And when I hold another Other in her darkest hour, all is right with my world.