

TOMORROW IS YOUR BIRTHDAY

But I wish it were yesterday

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Dear Lovey,

Tomorrow is your birthday. Just yesterday I could hear your voice, smell your hair, touch your skin. It's been nine years but the pain still runs deep. So very, very deep.

They say the pain changes with time. It hasn't. But I have. My coping skills are stronger. I am stronger.

**I'm a better person with more
compassion. And a
heightened awareness of a
world in need of kindness.**

But tonight the pain runs deep. So very, very deep.

When the tears fall, I need to retreat from time to time to the Wailing Tent where I'm among sisters who speak my loss language. I suppose I'll always need them when the pain runs this deep.

Most days the sun shines gloriously bright and I am grateful. Today is not one of those days, though.

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I want to tell you happy birthday but the words just won't come. I know I'm a few hours early anyway, so maybe the words will come tomorrow.

It feels like yesterday when I could hear your voice, smell your hair, and touch your skin.

I wish it were yesterday.

Happy birthday, Lovey. I love you. XOXO

Love,

Mom

