

WHEN GRIEF STEALS OUR TECHNICOLOR

Years after losing my daughter, I was asked one day how I wake every morning with hope in my heart. I paused for a moment, searching for words, and then it came:

I fought for it.

You see, one morning after her death, while lying in bed I was engaged in the daily struggle of wanting to pull the covers over my head but knowing I needed to get up for my own good.

For a brief moment I allowed myself to simply lay there and listen to the birds sing outside my bedroom window. This was something I used to love to do, yet up until that moment, my daughter's death had robbed me of all joy.

The world continued on around me yet I failed to engage.

It was then when I realized that my whole world had become 50 shades of grey.

Grief had stolen the technicolor from my world, robbing me of the ability to appreciate much of anything.

Still in my forties, I realized that morning while lying in bed that 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 incredibly hard to allow my heart to see or feel anything besides my anguish, but determined, I forged on.

I fought hard.

It took time. Patience.

And great effort.

But it paid off.

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

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

Hope and happiness are on the horizon.

And they're both worth fighting for.

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