

Sadness

Find a reason to live and you will learn to live again.

Sadness flows like a river. Sometimes it is raging, other times it flows steadily along, and occasionally it looks still. But the stillness never lasts forever, for our river is constantly fed by the stirring of our feelings as we look back, look ahead, and view where we are right now.

We are full of memories. Memories and events can bring up feelings not only related to the present but also to the past. Sometimes, others' sad feelings touch ours and it is hard to know where our feelings related to their sadness end, and our own begin.



A Daughter's Sadness

The fourth month following my mother's death brought forth a flood of sadness. Sadness as I watched my father struggle with his own increased feelings of sadness. Sadness for my son when I would see another young boy basking in the glow of his grandmother's love. Sadness for friends who lost their beloved eighteen-year-old son. Sadness that my mother missed out on the most beautiful spring I can ever remember. Then there was my own sadness for the lost opportunity to share stories and laughs with her about my own delightful seven-year-old child, her grandson.

My feelings of sadness needed to be expressed. I could not stop the sadness, nor should I have tried, but there came a time when I knew I needed to find some respite from it. I could not stop the river's flow, but I could slow it a little by embracing life, friends, family, nature's beauty, the sun's warmth, and helping others. All of these are powerful life-renewing experiences. They are just as necessary to finding comfort and healing as my expression of pain and sorrow .

*Persons who avoid grieving
can wander through life without
knowing they are lost.*