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The 'How, What, When and Where' is found in the particulars of the circumstance that have seized your child. Whether their life ends by illness or accident, suicide, murder or miscarriage, or any other manner the circumstances are not identical but they are the same separation. They are the unique fingerprints of finality. All of us have fingerprints none of us have the same ones. Bereaved parents own the saddest of realities for now and forever. Separation and finality team up to devour your life and make you cry in the oddest of places, at the strangest of times. You know why even if the world is mystified.

At first it is impossible to have thoughts of death and our child together in any conceivable fashion. It makes no sense to the new Moms and Dads who have been drafted into the army of the bereaved parent. It makes no sense to veterans. Perhaps angry or questioning logic fades as Love takes hold and lights our world. Would it be better to not hurt at all but not have had a child? You hurt so much because you Love so much. You are crazy with grief because you are crazy with Love. The determined desire to go beyond simple survival, to travel beyond death's details, holds great power over death and depression. The bad news is, it isn't easy. The good news is, it can-and has-been done.

It is the 'Why' that remains elusive. The 'Why' that escapes practical evaluation resulting in concrete conclusions. The 'why' that is sought for answers. The 'why' that is often concealed in confusion that pretends to hide a nonexistent solution. What answer? How can there be an answer to the questions: Why Him? Why her? Why me? Why us? Normal thinking does not work. The way we use to do things does not work. Logic has been stripped from our evaluation process. We are lost since there are no answers to 'why' this happened. "It" happens to others. Why have we lost our immunity? Is it our fault? Could we have taken some other course of action? Inaction? Should we have made different plans? Thoughts float in and out of our mind taunting our Souls with unanswerable questions.

At some fork in the grief trail we travel we can let go of the 'why' issue. There is no drum roll to announce the

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arrival of Hope. Nor are there triumphant trumpets signaling the departure of the tortuous unanswerable 'why'.

The saddest and most frustrating of questions is allowed to disintegrate and be replaced by a fuzzy, vague presence

of HOPE. God, himself, describes the reason for our hope in Hebrews, Chapter 6:17-20:

"Because God wanted to

make the unchanging nature of his purpose very clear to the heirs of what was promised, he confirmed it with an

oath. 18 God did this so that, by two unchangeable things in which it is impossible for God to lie, we who have

pled to take hold of the hope offered to us may be greatly encouraged. 19 We have this hope as an anchor for the

soul, firm and secure. It enters the inner sanctuary behind the curtain, 20 where Jesus, who went before us,

has entered on our behalf."

For Christians, the Holy Spirit intercedes for us and confirms the presence of that hope. One morning you wake

and a whole minute goes by before you remember. Hope is not the shallow, cheery optimism that the bereaved

wear for worldly consumption. It is the deepest and most glorious of productive inspirations that the Hope of an

eternity with Christ and reunion with our children in His presence can bring. It is the Hope that all is not lost.

It isn't easy to see through curtains of tears so often pulled tightly shut by overwhelming love exposes finality as

an illusion. Hope and Love can make eternal death disappear. There will still be hurt, it will still be intense,

it will not fill every waking moment as time changes from enemy to ally. Our Love for the child that is not here

the way we want will always be with us and eventually replace all else. Our children fill our lives through others

that are still here. They do it every day. We just have to keep looking for the place that Love calls home.