

Everyone Needs a Secret Place!

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Do you have a secret place? I only recently realized how often I go to my secret place and how important it is to have my own secret place to remember my daughter.

When my daughter Debbie first died, I did not have a secret place. My grief was 24/7 and exposed for the whole world to see. There was no secret to my grief!

Now further along my grief path I know I can decide to go to my secret place where and when I choose. Sometimes on purpose; sometimes when I least expect it!

Perhaps it is at an Airport people watching and remembering our times traveling back and forth during her illness.

Possibly it is at a shopping mall looking at clothes that Debbie would have loved to wear.

Perhaps it is watching my Grandchildren playing and remembering when Debbie was that age and had so much fun.

Maybe it is at a Cocktail party where no one even knows I had a daughter that died.

I love my secret place where I can go to remember my daughter and others have no idea just how far away I am!

Shhh! It is my secret!!