

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NON BEREAVED

By: Pat Moser
Bereaved Mother
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Dear Friends, Co-Workers, Church Family, Extended family and “General Public,”

I am a bereaved parent. My child died. My world has been “turned upside down” and I have been “thrown” into a world of pain and grief that I never even imagined could exist.

The absolute “worst” has happened to me and my family. Our child, grandchild, brother or sister has died. Close your eyes for a minute and just try to imagine your world as you know and love it being totally and forever changed in one split second. Imagine that one of your beloved children that you kissed goodnight last night, talked to on the phone yesterday or said “I love you” today as they walked out the door to go to their every day regular activities DID NOT return home. Not today, not tomorrow or not ever! Just try to imagine getting a phone call or a knock on the door from the hospital, Highway Patrol, Sheriff Department or anyone telling you that your child is DEAD. I am sure that you can not even begin to imagine the horror of it.

It did happen to me and my world that I knew and loved is no longer, I am no longer the same me that you once knew. I am no longer the same “me” that I once knew. I am faced with trying to learn to go on without my precious child. Where do I start, what do I do? Where do I turn?

The pain is unbearable, the pain is constant in the first days, weeks, and months and, I am told even years. I am consumed with this pain my every awakening minute. I can not sleep at night; I can not function at home, work or anyplace. I may put on a “good face” and tell you “I am fine or OK” but this is far far from the truth. I am NOT OK or fine. Quite frankly, I do not even have the energy to tell you how I really am and there are really no words in any language to adequately explain the horrendous pain, grief or longing for my child that I am feeling.

I am told by other more “seasoned grievers” who have also had a child die that “one day” I will not feel this constant all consuming pain, that I will find joy in my life again but that it is a very long and hard journey of grief to reach that point. I am on that long and hard grief journey right now. I am trying and please believe me when I say I want to see the day when I can breathe and not feel just this over powering grief and pain.

I tell you all of this because you can help me so much by just trying to put yourself in my place and understanding what I and my family are now faced with. You don’t have to have the “right words” to help me, for there are no “right words.” But you can give me your hugs, your understanding, and your support by knowing that this “grief journey” takes a long long time and is not something that I can “get over” (I don’t have the measles) or “move on” from.....I have to go through this grief to get to the “other side” of it.

Thank you so much for understanding.

A broken hearted bereaved parent

By: Pat Moser, Ocala, FL
National President BP/USA