

Where Do I Go From Here?

By: Traci Morlock
BP/USA Bereaved Sibling
St. Louis, MO

All of my life, I have known what I wanted from life. I wanted to be a mommy, a wife, and a singer. I always took for granted that I was already a daughter and a sister. Those things were the “understood” part of my life. Then one tragic January day, my brother died.

When my brother died, I felt I was spinning helplessly out of control. I went through so many emotions. Anger, guilt, overwhelming sadness. I felt as though I was no longer a sister to a brother. I began to fear death. At night, I would say my prayers, hoping it was all a horrible nightmare. I thought that no one could ever feel as badly as I was or know how I was feeling. I felt as though my life had stopped.

One year after my brother died I went to a meeting. I met a girl who was about my age and she was feeling the same things that I was. Boy, I really wasn't crazy! After that night, she and I started a sibling and friends group. That was not part of my plan.

Who would come to our group? A grief support group is not exactly a group most people would want to join. Though our attendance has been up and down, I feel as if I am actually doing something worthwhile.

So, where do I go from here? I feel that, after five years, my life is finally getting back on track. I am a wife and a mommy. I still sing. And I will always be a sister to my brother.