

Grief and Healing?

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Why are the words 'Grief' and 'Healing' always put together? Why is it that the whole grief process with all its warts and endless cavities associated with a word that seems completely opposite? It would be great to come up with some fabulous alternative, but seeing as this is a newsletter article, the use of expletives is somewhat frowned upon. Lets just say that I associate the word grief with something completely different to healing.

I am coming up to the five year mark now. It's been such a long time. I have no idea where some of the time has gone and am completely aware of certain minutes, hours and days. Very strange. But am I healed? No. Am I healing? Perhaps, but unlikely. Am I angry? Definitely.

How can I heal such a loss? Ok, in my own way I have, and continue to deal with living without my son, but is that healing? I am now able to hold myself back from the screaming woman scenario when I look at the small photos on my walls, I can also coo away at little newborn baby boys and best of all can now sing Happy Birthday all the way through (this is somewhat of an achievement for me) but does that mean I am healed?

Having this whole grief thing tag along with me every day is something that I have just got used to. Somewhat like a spider, sometimes we just live together doing our own thing in our own ways trying not to disturb each other, but on some days those cob-webs need to be brushed out, and pity anyone or anything that gets in the way. But I must say, that on other days the whole thing is a little comfortable. I cringe using that word, but it's hard to describe. Grief is now a part of me, of who I am, of who I will be in the future.

So, I guess in all of this it has to be said that healing isn't as simple as a band-aid over a sore, (we all know that there aren't band aids big enough for this!) It's not something that will just happen just because time passes, and it won't happen just because the rest of the world seems to think that it should. What has happened for me is that there is some sort of a process going on, but I'm not that inclined to call it healing. But before I get a barrage of Psychiatrists knocking on my door citing Freudian associations, I do have to say that I have met people who seem to be 'healed' and have a completely different perspective to me about this whole grief and healing process. Hey, that's great, but at the moment, Fred (the spider) and I are doing just fine.