



Stories from Under the Umbrella

"Do you ever..." she searched for words, "... *get* it? Do you ever understand? How do you make sense of it?" She shook her head, and the tears came.

"It's just so unthinkable."

Unthinkable. That's the right way to describe it.

Losing your child is unthinkable. You could never imagine what it's like. And if your child has died...

It's no less unthinkable.

Grief and guilt rush in to fill the spaces which used to be occupied by a thousand daily tasks of love. You are left idle, bewildered with your pain. You'd do anything to unburden yourself of the torture... except the one thing that would relieve you:
stop loving your absent child.

It's a new, harrowing, chaotic world, and it's unthinkable.

What can be trusted, now? What is there in the world, on which to hold fast?

Only one security exists. It is the way out, it's rock-solid, and it's the last thing you want to hold fast to. But you ignore it at your peril.

It's Reality.

Reality is the highest ground there is. From there, you can see what's coming. Although you might not *like* reality, you can trust it.

View your shattered world with as much objectivity as you can muster. Objectively, the universe hasn't got it in for you. Objectively, you're not being punished for something you did wrong. Objectively, brutal, senseless injustice exists. And worst of all, objectively, there are still good things in your life. Strive to recognise them, even dully, even without pleasure, at first. Because gratitude is necessary for wisdom. And wisdom is necessary for trust.

Objectively, you're broken.

But that's how the light gets in.

To talk to someone who has also experienced the loss of a child, contact the Ladybird Care Foundation on 1800 954 224 or mentoring@ladybirdcare.org.au