

# REFLECTION...

## HEALING AFTER LOSS

*I will be gentle with myself, accepting these storms of the psyche as part of my passage on the road to recovery...*

*Can we read in the flow of life, in the return of songbirds and roses and blueberries, some reassurance that it is life's intention to waste nothing, but to keep the basic substance of life itself going? And if this is true for the smaller, less complex works of creation, surely it must be true for the intricate and wondrous creation which is a human being.*

*Death helps to define our life, to give it some framework and the urge to do and be what we can because an end to life as we know it will come.*

*And then what? None of us knows. But we can take some clues from what we do know from the rest of creation. The clues lead us to hope, as do the stories of dying persons whose faces become suffused with joy and wonder. Not all dying persons have such an experience. We don't need a hundred percent validation, any more than we need to add up all the columns of figures in the world to know that two plus two equals four – every time.*