

RESOURCES: GRIEF 101 Supporting Others in Grief

Books

- Option B: Facing Adversity, Building Resilience, and Finding Joy ~Adam Grant & Elisa Donovan
- It's OK That YOU're Not OK: Meeting Grief and Loss in a Culture That Doesn't Understand ~Megan Devine
- The Grief Recovery Handbook ~John James & Russell Friedman
- Bearing the Unbearable: Love, Loss, and the Heartbreaking Path of Grief~ Joanne Cacciatore
- A Grace Disguised: How the Soul Grows Through Loss ~Jerry Sittser
- A Grief Observed ~C.S. Lewis

Online

- WhatsYourGrief.com- great overall resource for all grief-related topics
- Judi's House <http://judishouse.com/> (Support for families and children)
- MastersinCounseling.org/Guide/Loss-Grief-Bereavement
- JCMH (Jefferson Center)- local agency with various groups, counseling, mental health support
- Support groups
 - (Facebook has a lot of info)
 - Heartlight Center
 - Denver Hospice

Mindfulness/Grounding Activities

- Guided Meditation and Visualization for Stress Relief: A Forest Walk
https://youtu.be/lgSbF_xH9LU
- Jon Kabat-Zinn, PhD – Guided Mindfulness Meditation Series
<https://youtu.be/8HYLyJZKno>
- Various meditations and body scans
<https://www.tarabrach.com/ten-minute-basic-meditation/>
<https://www.tarabrach.com/guided-meditation-body-scan-living-presence-11-min/>
<https://www.tarabrach.com/guided-meditations/>
- Deep belly breathing (in through your nose, out through your mouth)
- 5 Senses- practice noticing all that you can with each sense, one at a time

Quotes

- Anne Lamott:
“You will lose someone you can't live without, and your heart will be badly broken, and the bad news is that you never completely get over the loss of your beloved. But this is also the good news. They live forever in your broken heart that doesn't seal back up. And you come through. It's like having a broken leg that never heals perfectly—that still hurts when the weather gets cold, but you learn to dance with the limp.”



- C.S. Lewis (A Grief Observed):
"No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear. I am not afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid. The same fluttering in the stomach, the same restlessness, the yawning. I keep on swallowing. At other times it feels like being mildly drunk, or concussed. There is a sort of invisible blanket between the world and me. I find it hard to take in what anyone says. Or perhaps, hard to want to take it in. It is so uninteresting. Yet I want the others to be about me. I dread the moments when the house is empty. If only they would talk to one another and not to me."

- Waves of Grief (unknown, from a thread on Reddit)
https://www.reddit.com/r/Assistance/comments/hax0t/my_friend_just_died_i_dont_know_what_to_do/c1u0rx2/

I wish I could say you get used to people dying. I never did. I don't want to. It tears a hole through me whenever somebody I love dies, no matter the circumstances. But I don't want it to "not matter". I don't want it to be something that just passes. My scars are a testament to the love and the relationship that I had for and with that person. And if the scar is deep, so was the love. So be it. Scars are a testament to life. Scars are a testament that I can love deeply and live deeply and be cut, or even gouged, and that I can heal and continue to live and continue to love. And the scar tissue is stronger than the original flesh ever was. Scars are a testament to life. Scars are only ugly to people who can't see.

As for grief, you'll find it comes in waves. When the ship is first wrecked, you're drowning, with wreckage all around you. Everything floating around you reminds you of the beauty and the magnificence of the ship that was, and is no more. And all you can do is float. You find some piece of the wreckage and you hang on for a while. Maybe it's some physical thing. Maybe it's a happy memory or a photograph. Maybe it's a person who is also floating. For a while, all you can do is float. Stay alive.

In the beginning, the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart and don't even give you time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float. After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart. When they come, they still crash all over you and wipe you out. But in between, you can breathe, you can function. You never know what's going to trigger the grief. It might be a song, a picture, a street intersection, the smell of a cup of coffee. It can be just about anything...and the wave comes crashing. But in between waves, there is life.

Somewhere down the line, and it's different for everybody, you find that the waves are only 80 feet tall. Or 50 feet tall. And while they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming. An anniversary, a birthday, or Christmas, or landing at O'Hare. You can see it coming, for the most part, and prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will, again, come out the other side. Soaking wet, sputtering, still hanging on to some tiny piece of the wreckage, but you'll come out.

Take it from an old guy. The waves never stop coming, and somehow you don't really want them to. But you learn that you'll survive them. And other waves will come. And you'll survive them too. If you're lucky, you'll have lots of scars from lots of loves. And lots of shipwrecks.

