

Through Grief **by Ivy Pate Estrada**

Grief can be profound. It can consume you, take you to depths you never knew were there and cause you to see things you never thought existed. It can cause you to rethink what you thought you knew. Hopelessness is worse. Feeling it's too much of a bother to try; and that you are too good for this planet anyway are hard to recover from. How do people recover?

For some, I'm sure it's health tactics such as exercise, meditation, eating wholesome foods, transferring one's feelings into wholesome activities and hobbies that consume; and for some, it's a focus on God or recovery motivated by another person's encouraging focus on them.

When we were young, we talked, laughed, told secrets. Eyes and hearts were wide open. In mid-life, we were always on our way to something; and in our later years we get a different view. In later years, a big retrospective view appears... a view that if tinged with grief, may include feeling that one has no more tools to craft solutions or too little energy to do anymore "heavy lifting." By then, we have passed through, orchestrated, hidden from, recovered from and been exuberant over an array of life's events.

In retrospect, we can see what we thought we were doing when hoping the good results would last a lifetime, while also feeling hopeful that any bad results would be remedied. I think if I compare a retrospective to an array of colors and choose purple, I have learned that some of those things I thought to be purple may actually have been yellow. And then I ask, which is more important...my assessment of whether they were purple and not yellow or the reasons they now seem yellow? Then, the question also becomes: wherein lies the illusion? Is there an illusion or is it truth, unseen?

It almost seems that a life is like a house that needs pampering, clutter removal, cleaning, toxic waste removal, beautification, reinforcement and a utilitarian purpose to keep it standing. Lights can be bright and some can flicker dimly.

Experiences are unique and ever evolving to the next experiences, repositioning our thoughts and feelings as they occur. So if overwhelmed by grief, and that grief affects the way we feel about ourselves in the world and about the rest of the world as an entity unto itself, I say observe: all feelings will change. The joys and even the grief that will likely remain will take on new dimensions; and strengths will surface in unexpected ways.

All can remind us that many feelings come, go, come again and transform.