

WHAT IS NORMAL AFTER YOUR CHILD DIES?

Normal is having tears waiting behind every smile when you realize someone important is missing from all the important events in your family's life.

Normal is feeling like you can't sit another minute without getting up and screaming, because you just don't like to sit through anything anymore.

Normal is not sleeping very well because a thousand "what if's & why didn't I's" go through your head constantly.

Normal is having the TV on the minute you walk into the house to have noise, because the silence is deafening.

Normal is staring at every child who looks like (s)he is my child's age. And then thinking of the age s/he would be now. Then wondering why it is even important to imagine it, because it will never happen.

Normal is every happy event in your life always being backed up with sadness lurking close behind, because of the hole in your heart.

Normal is telling the story of your child's death as if it were an everyday, commonplace activity, and then seeing the horror in someone's eyes at how awful it sounds. And yet realizing it has become a part of your "normal."

Normal is each year coming up with the task of how to honor your child's memory and their birthdays and survive these days.

Normal is having some people afraid to mention my child. Normal is making sure that others remember him/her.

Normal is everyone else going on with their lives, but we continue to grieve our loss forever.

Normal is not listening to people compare anything in their life to this loss, unless they too have lost a child. Nothing compares. NOTHING.

Normal is realizing you do cry everyday.

Normal is being impatient with everything and everyone except others stricken with grief over the loss of their child.

Normal is being too tired to care if you paid the bills, cleaned the house, did the laundry or if there is any food.

Normal is wondering whether you are going to say you have two children or one child, because you will never see this person again and it is not worth explaining that he/she is dead. And yet when you say you have one child to avoid that problem, you feel horrible as if you have betrayed the dead child.

Normal is asking God why he took *your* child's life.

Normal is knowing you will never "get over" this loss, not in a day nor a million years.