



A Widow's Tale

Rebuild a Healthy Life After Your Loss
www.donnamarietodd.com/blog



Hello my friend,

I am sorry we had to meet this way but I am glad that you are reading this.

When the one we have been wedded to for years upon end dies, our world implodes. We collapse from the top down. We survive the rash of immediate decisions (What should the obituary say; when should the funeral be; do I want viewing hours or a reception? How many copies of the death certificate do I need? Who needs to be notified? What tax returns have to be filed?) We go from "he's dead" to "he's gone." And gone lasts a really long time.

I felt like one of those old skyscrapers in a big city that has explosives planted in its stairwells and then, when all the charges go off, collapses down upon itself, one floor at a time.

That's what grief was like for me. I know it's different for everyone, but that's what it was like for me. The loss hit me in stages as my predictable world became utter chaos and collapsed around me, one reality at a time. As we grieve, our brains can only handle so much information at a time, so we grieve in stages that are as unpredictable as death itself.

As you may have discovered, wandering around the rubble of a collapsed life is a lonely process. The people around you go about their business, like nothing's happened. Often, they can tell you are in a deep place and wish they could help, but since they don't know how to help you, they just leave you alone. Or they say the wrong things with alarming regularity. After a few months, friends stop calling and invitations to join festivities stop. You may refer to yourself (or hear yourself being referred to) in the past tense: "I was," "We were," "We used to..." It didn't take me long to figure out that a widow's world was built on past-tense statements.

But I wasn't okay with living in the past. It just didn't feel right to me. I was relatively young (55), had a son (16 at the time) and wasn't dead. But "not dead" was about as flattering as it got because I was overweight, borderline diabetic, had high blood pressure and was an emotional mess. If you've cared for someone as they died, you know their illness extracts a high price from you. I didn't want to be the 2nd victim of my husband's strokes so I decided to fight back. I worked hard to get my health back, heal my emotional wounds and find a new way of being. Along the way I found out that it IS possible to rebuild your life.

Actually, it's rather exciting once you take that first step! When you open yourself to new possibilities, you WILL discover who you are without the other. And you will be stronger, happier and more resilient than you every thought possible! I want to help you as you journey through this time! I know it's tough but you can do it!

I hope you'll find the stories from my journey (in my blog) helpful, comforting or at least amusing! Some times it's really nice to know that we're not the only ones who have been through something hard! You'll find written resources here and podcasts, too, all designed to help you move away from "I was..." toward "I AM..."

With deep love and understanding...

Donna Marie