

My New Normal

Author Unknown

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 trying to decide what to take to the cemetery for Birthdays, Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Years, Valentine's Day, July 4th.

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 and why didn't I's go through your head constantly.

Normal is reliving that day continuously through your eyes and mind, holding your head to make it go away.

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

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

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

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

Normal is having some people afraid to mention my child.

Normal is making sure that others remember her.

Normal is weeks, months, and years after the initial shock, the grieving gets worse sometimes, not better.

Normal is not listening to people compare anything in their life to this loss, unless they too have lost a child. Nothing — even if your child is in the remotest part of the earth away from you — it doesn't compare. Losing a parent is horrible, but having to bury your own child is unnatural.

Normal is sitting at the computer crying, sharing how you feel with chat buddies who have also lost a child.

Normal is feeling a common bond with friends on the computer in the UK or US but yet never having met any of them face to face.

Normal is a new friendship with another grieving mother, talking and crying together over our children and our new lives.

Normal is not listening to people make excuses for God. "God may have done this because..." I know that my child is in heaven, but hearing people trying to think up excuses as to why my child was taken from this earth is not appreciated and makes absolutely no sense to this grieving mother.

Normal is wondering this time whether you are going to say you have two children, because you will never see this person again and it is not worth explaining that my eldest child is in heaven. And yet when you say you have only two children to avoid that problem, you feel horrible as if you have betrayed your child.

Normal is asking God why he took your child's life and asking if there even is a God.

Normal is knowing I will never get over this loss, in a day or a million years.

And last of all, **Normal** is hiding all the things that have become "normal" for you to feel, so that everyone around you will think that you are "normal."

Provided by www.GPSHope.org