

Great Joys Among Great Sorrows

By Louise Lagerman

I have just been sitting here thinking about life. It is so strange. Everyone who has lost a child has been through such great sorrows, but we have also been through great joys in our lives. There was a time after Keren died that I never thought I would feel joy again. I really didn't for a long time. I was dead inside, empty and numb, but then after a while, a little bit of light started peaking its head into my life. So faint at first I couldn't see it, it was barely there. I was so numb inside.

But still it grew. It came as little twinges, a new puppy, my son's smile, my husband's embrace, being able to enjoy the company of friends, my mother's phone calls, and the little light inside of me started growing. I didn't know how this could be possible. How could I feel any kind of joy or light or happiness with my beloved daughter departed?

But then I started thinking, she is really not gone. *I feel her all around me.* I know she still lives on and in fact is watching over me. Life is sorrows and joys living with each other side by side. We have to find a way to exist with both in our lives.

Today I had an angel fall asleep in my arms: my two-year-old goddaughter. She just crawled up in my lap and fell asleep. She felt that safe with me. She knows me that well. I felt so privileged that this beautiful little girl in my life.

In my arms she slept for 20 minutes, and as I was stroking her golden hair and taking in the perfect beauty of her face, I felt great joy, something I never thought I would feel again, but there it was, the light inside of me burning bright. The radiance of the light glowing at least for those 20 minutes when I had an angel fall asleep in my arms.

Great Joys along with Great Sorrows. Life is indeed strange.

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