

Staying the Course through Grief

January 30

I shared with friends how I maintained my sobriety when my husband succumbed to cancer many years ago. My thoughts were not about drinking, but rather how I was going to live without him.

When my only child passed, the question became not how I would live but rather, what was the *point* of living? I was swathed in survivor's guilt. I was the home-wrecker, addicted wife, and absent mother.

Why I wondered, am I here? Am I being punished?

Miracles of sobriety bring new challenges. In order to live a serene and loving life and provide meaningful help to others, we must first become an unwavering warrior for ourselves.

Some of us find the gift of grief-absorption. Neither minimizing nor wallowing in our pain, we allow tears to fall in honor of those gone before us.

Recovery teaches us to walk through life's most horrific losses with a dignity and integrity we never knew we possessed. As we give ourselves permission to grieve with the same intensity we bring to laughter, we see no difference now in our emotions.

No longer do we deny celebrating them equally. We are entitled to both tears and laughter.

Many are comforted by the acceptance that unanswered questions belong to our Higher Power and are none of our business. Our business is to embrace acceptance and ask, "What is Your Will for me just for today?"

As warriors in recovery, our only choice must always be to stay the course no matter the cost. We honor those we have lost and we honor our vulnerability as we remain in the middle of our fellowship and welcome the gentle nurturing of others with healing hope.

As we remember to pray, *thy will be done*, we accept what is, right here right now. We look down at our feet, acknowledge our presence in this moment, and become a newcomer to recovery all over again.

In our grief, we do everything for our recovery we've always done—and more, as our disease nudges our thinking closer to the hallway of doubt.

We grieve and let go, often repeating this process until the light of acceptance heals our woundedness. Continued practice opens our hearts to gentleness and a loving compassion for ourselves and others.

We remember that everything passes. Grief becomes a constant lesson to love ourselves with tender, gentle care, as we stay the course and help others.

TODAY'S MEDITATION

Today, God, help me to remember that my emotions belong to me without the judgment of good or bad. This Too, Shall Pass.

“There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power... They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.”—Washington Irving