

NEVER ALONE

By: Mary Helen Robinson



Never Alone is a title that could lead us in many different directions. Some of us look at those words and think of their religious faith implications. I do, most certainly. Others think of spiritual ideas, in that our loved ones are always with us. I think of that as well. They don't call me "Mrs. Muir" (as in *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*) for nothing. There are some grievors, I don't know many, but there are some, who said that in the immediate aftermath of their loss that they wished people would just let them be. They were never alone.

Today I want to consider "never alone" from a different angle. As an example, a group of the new friends I made in my new hometown, here in the Low Country of the Carolinas, joined together to write my first book. *The Widow or Widower Next Door*.

All of us had been widowed but a short time, only a few years. All of us, to the person, thought that we were the only ones, that we were alone in this awful experience. Intellectually, of course, we knew better, but it sure felt that way. We sure felt alone. Meeting other widows and widowers helped all of us a great deal to come to terms with some aspects of loss. We were not alone; we were not the only ones. Somehow, seeing evidence of that, meeting other grievors, made the whole road a little less scary. We knew we would survive, we would begin to heal, and we would continue to achieve. Never quite in the same way, but we would move forward.

Is it a case of "misery loves company"? Or is it just that knowing we are never alone makes the awfulness less debilitating? Or is it that it gives us hope, kind of an "if he or she can do it, maybe I can too" hope. You can find that hope in making new friends and in grief groups.