

HOW CAN I SURVIVE THE LOSS OF MY CHILD – Personal Tail

If you are reading this as a bereaved parent, like me, then you know the feeling of having your entire world torn apart. There are moments you look deep into your soul and wonder: *how can I go on?* How do you survive each moment of every day without your child here? Your heart is shattered in a way you never imagined possible. A black hole has opened inside you, and nothing can fill the emptiness that's left behind.

I write this as a father who lost his son. I don't have all the answers—only questions. *Why us? Why my child?* In my darkest times, I felt completely alone, lost, not knowing where to turn or if anyone could truly understand. Of course, my wife was there, but she carried the same unbearable weight. How could I burden her with even more pain? She had lost our baby too.

And yet, it was my wife who pulled me back from the edge. She has been my rock, holding the family together when I could not. I am so grateful for her strength, though I often wonder—who is there for her? Who keeps her from falling? I try my best, even when I say the wrong things or stumble in how I show support. I can only hope she knows I'm trying.

When we lose a child, part of us dies with them. It doesn't matter how old they were, or whether we even got the chance to hold them—the pain is just as deep. Our future changes forever. We are left behind in a personal hell, broken and searching for a way to live with this emptiness. We will always miss our children with wings. That ache never goes away.

It is unnatural for a child to die before a parent, and so we are left questioning life itself. We ask if there is any meaning left, and how we can possibly endure this pain. Many of us blame ourselves—*if only I had...* or *I should have seen...* Sometimes, in our grief, we even turn against those closest to us. Anger can lash out toward doctors, hospitals, or even God, especially when people tell us “It's part of God's plan” or “There's a reason.” Those words can cut like knives.

The truth is, bereaved parents often feel painfully alone. Society does not know what to say to us. Friends and family avoid the subject, afraid of saying the wrong thing, but their silence makes the isolation even worse. That's why it's so important to talk to people who do understand. This could be family, close friends, clergy, or a grief counsellor. Support groups can also be a lifeline.

Please, don't hide behind false smiles and pretend you're okay. None of us are okay—we've lost our child. And there is no “right” way to grieve. Each of us carries our pain differently, and that doesn't mean one parent loves or misses their child any less.

This grief can put enormous strain on a marriage or relationship. Both parents are grieving the same child, but in different ways. One may need to cry and talk, while the other may withdraw. This doesn't mean the love is gone—it just means we are broken in different ways. Conflicts can happen, especially in the storm of anger, guilt, or depression that follows. Words spoken in pain can leave lifelong scars.

But if there is one thing I've learned, it's that being there for each other matters most. We have already been through the most devastating loss any parent can face. We need to listen to each other, even when it's uncomfortable. We need patience, forgiveness, and love. Sometimes it's as simple as holding your partner while they cry. Sometimes it's stepping back when they can't face the world. And sometimes, it's about rediscovering each other—finding again the person you first fell in love with, even as you both change.

The death of a child shakes your entire being. It brings denial, guilt, sleepless nights, exhaustion, anxiety, despair—feelings that may be completely out of character. It can shake your faith, your sense of reality, your very identity. For some, grief deepens into depression. There is no time limit to bereavement. No “normal” path. We each must find our own way through.

For me, writing has helped. I began a blog, putting down my thoughts, my questions, my pain. Sometimes I share stories about my son, George. It hurts, but speaking his name also helps keep him close. My wife has found strength in bringing the family together, creating moments of stability in a world that feels broken. We've also turned to grief counsellors, and I have begun working on a support group for dads—because fathers grieve too, though we don't always show it.

I know I am not the same person I was before my son died. None of us are. But I try, each day, to keep going. I miss my baby boy with every breath, and the pain of his absence never leaves me. Still, I hope that in sharing my story, I can offer some comfort to others walking this same unbearable path.

We will never stop loving our children. We will never stop missing them. But together, somehow, we learn to live again—carrying them with us always.