

It Comes in Waves



The pain and the emotions from losing a parent comes in waves. It has been three and a half weeks since my mommy went to heaven. I felt ok last week and didn't think about it as often because I stayed busy. This week? It has been as hard this week as the day we said goodbye to her and put her in the ground. My aunt described what I feel perfectly. It's as if she has been on vacation the past few weeks and now is the time when I would talk to her; yet I can't. So then it becomes even more real, I just can't talk to her at all. Well, I can talk to her but I can't hear her sweet voice back. I think it has finally sank in this week, in the pit of my stomach, in all of my brain and it's been very hard. All I want to do is lock myself in a bathroom and cry until I can't anymore, and I would have to go into a bathroom because as soon as my kids see one tear fall down my cheek they start crying too. I want them to know its ok to feel this, it's ok to be sad but gosh it breaks my heart to see them cry.

This week it all started at work on Tuesday. I am teaching a 3-year-old class this year with a sweet woman Miss Kellie. We have 12 three-year olds and half of them have never been to preschool before so they ask for mommy and daddy a lot during the day. There's this one girl in my class and she had a rough time the first week. She's had much better days lately. Well, on Tuesday I was sitting at the table with her playing with puzzles. I looked at her with her beautiful smile and told her

“your mommy is going to be so proud of you!” She looked back at me and pointed while saying “well, I think you mom is so proud of you!” I found myself staring into space for a minute picturing my mom. Then I started missing her all over again and wanted to just lay down and cry. I wish I could touch her and hear her voice so bad it physically and mentally hurts me more than you’ll ever know. I need her to tell me it’s going to be ok, I just need her so bad right now.

My littles are supposed to go three days a week this year. Tuesday’s, Wednesday’s and Thursday’s. I’m off on Wednesdays so I can have “me time”. Well today I just kept them home. I ended up crying all night last night and just didn’t want to move when I woke up this morning. So I told the babies we would stay home and have fun. I did the usual; laundry, dishes, filled orders for my etsy shop and ect. Trying to take my mind off of it but I found myself wanting to break down all.day.long. Then I finally sat down on the couch with the twins to put our new photos in our photo album. I order 85 prints a month from the app Freeprints and this is a thing we all like to do together. I had forgotten that I ordered more up to date photos this past time and most of them included my dear mom. I saw her face on those pictures and the tears just rolled down. I couldn’t control them like I usually can, it was like I just needed to cry. I kept looking through the photos thinking I am never going to take another photo of her again, I’m never going to see her again, or touch and hear her. It just all hit me like a damn tidal wave. The twins then joined in with me saying they wanted their moomoo and they missed her so bad. So what was a bonding moment turned into a crying cuddle session. I think we all needed it. I know I did. I’m usually good about holding back the emotions but it has just been different this week. I can’t control them. Maybe next week will be a better week.

I pray that you never feel the pain of losing your mom or dad at such a young age. Those of you who have, I am so sorry.

This pain is indescribable. It hurts, it is destroying me. It's so unfair and I hate every second of this. I thank god for my kids because they along with my husband keep me going.

I know a lot of people are tired of hearing my hurt and my anger on here and my Instagram. Just bare with me, pray for me and my family. If you have already just know that I am truly appreciative for everything. I am ready to get back blogging for things I love to do. Like crafts with my babies, recipes and more. But for now, please just bare with me and pray for me. Love to you all.

