

Homicide Grief is.....

What are your thoughts & experiences? Let this be a chain letter with links of love & healing. Please join Carrie Freitag, Dan Levey and Gail Leland by adding your thoughts to “Homicide Grief is.....” Writing can be very healing and surely helps survivors who find comfort in the words of others. I’ve thought about “writing a book”, we all have enough to write about, however writing that much seems overwhelming. Having an opportunity to add to this very meaningful expose is wonderful!

You can e-mail to homicide.survivors@pcao.pima.gov , or mail to Homicide Survivors, 32 N. Stone Suite 1408, Tucson, AZ 85701

The aftermath of murder takes us straight through hell where we stand eye to eye with the evil that hides behind human faces, and what we do in the face of that evil--- defines for us what lies behind our own face.

Homicide Grief is.....

Homicide Grief is the yearning to say one last good-bye. Grief is clenching your teeth until you have a headache that won’t go away. Grief is a field of fog and distance where we wander lost and aimless. Grief is dreaming about our loved one and not being able to think of anything else. Grief is wondering why fate chose them and not me. Grief is the fear of living with the loss, and fear of losing more. Grief is the identity crisis that ensues when we lose those who help define who we are, how we live, and how we relate to one another. Grief is panning through memories over and over searching for jewels. It is looking at old family pictures and yearning for that day so long ago in the past. Homicide grief is a guttural sound, a moan so deep, so loud that you think can be heard for miles. Grief is tears streaming down your face, being afraid to really let yourself cry, for fear you’ll never stop. Grief is wearing a mask; smiling on the outside but crying on the inside.

Grief is wondering where your loved one really is, and if they can see you, hear you, or read your mind. Grief is waving or calling to them just in case. Grief is hearing their voice...then being afraid you’ll forget what their voice sounded like. Grief is forging signs and symbols to replace the words you can no longer share. Grief is knowing the rainbow that shouldn’t scientifically exist on a cloudy day is a message to you saying “I DO EXIST”.

Grief is hearing that special song on the radio and knowing your loved one is with you. Grief is having to look into your nine-year old nieces eyes and try to explain why her daddy is never coming home. Grief is sitting in bed crying in the middle of the night saying “God I miss you bro.” Grief is discovering pieces of what was lost, in places you don’t expect. Grief is grasping opportunities to connect, to share, to care that you might have otherwise left for tomorrow, because you are ever mindful now that there may be no tomorrow. Grief is being able to better distinguish what is really important and meaningful after all is said and done, and choosing to do more of it. Grief is smiling when I remember his big smile, and then vowing to smile twice as

often, once for me and once for him. Grief is the yearning, the reaching, the unrequited love that hides behind our losses. Grief truly is a tribute to the depth of your love.

The great Nobel prize winning author and holocaust survivor Ellie Weissel said "*We must take sides. Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented.*"

Originally written by Carrie Freitag with continued thoughts by:
Dan Levey
Gail Leland