



Sharing Our Stories

I Miss You My Family

It is hard to know where to begin with my story of grief and tragedy. My first loss occurred when my fourth child died one week after he was born. I got to hold him one time, I kissed him and told him I loved him before he was taken away. At that moment I felt my heart would burst with anger and sadness and that nothing would ever be worse. Little did I know how much worse my tragedies would become.

As the years went by, I would have five living children. Lily was my first, and through the years we were very close. Then one day in a split second, she was in a car crash that destroyed her body, and she was put on Oxycodone. The addiction would lead to other forms of drugs. Then one morning I got the call that she had died. She had just been with me two days before and I had no way of knowing I had said goodbye for the last time.

As I was trying to cope, my husband Richard of 43 years who had been ill, died just six months after my granddaughter Maggie. We buried Maggie and Richard the same day.

Shortly after the funeral my son John was diagnosed with cancer. We buried him eight months ago.

I survive these losses through my website and newsletters, lectures and guest speaking on grief, hoping to help others to get through the dark clouds that surround us.

God has been my salvation.

Warmest regards,
Linda



Grief Support



Linda McDonald, GC-C, CIC-CSp

Inspirational Quotes

Without you in my arms I feel an emptiness in my soul. I find myself searching the crowds for your face - I know it's an impossibility, but I cannot help myself.

Nicholas Sparks

A light went out of my life, darkness was everywhere. The morning eventually came. The brightness was never the same.

Contact me if you would like to share your story with me.
Send email to
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