

**Reflection Read by Brian Palmer –  
Supporter of Primrose Hospice & Family Support Centre.**



In the beginning the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart and don't even give you time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float.

After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart. When they come, they still crash over you and wipe you out. But in between, you can breathe, you can function.

You never know what's going to trigger the grief. It might be a song, a picture, a street you go down, the smell of coffee. It can be just about anything...and the waves come crashing. But in between waves there is life.

Somewhere down the line, and its different for everybody, you'll find the waves are only 80 feet tall, or even 50 feet tall. And while they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming, an Anniversary, a birthday, Christmas or a holiday. You can see it coming, for the most part, and prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will again, come out the other side soaking wet, spluttering, still hanging on to some tiny piece of the wreckage, but you will come out.

Take it from me, the waves never stop coming and somehow you don't really want them to. You will however learn that you will survive them. And other waves will come and you will survive them too. If you're lucky, you will have lots of scars from lots of loves and lots of shipwrecks. It will show how much you loved and how loved you were.

