

Hi Robert, I just wanted to extend a thank you, even as I'm grieving at the loss of my father. I'd like to tell you that through years of meditation, reading spiritual texts (classics to the modern) inquiry, and all serving me well in their own way and time. But in this grieving I find what resonates to the simplicity of your message - just this, no need to change or alter, just my grief, pure and simple. I don't want to ask a guru's opinion on what happens after death, or to imagine him in any better place (of which I can never be certain of existence) I just sit with my grief and allow, what's present is what's present, no denial, no imagination or projection.

Of course there is a deep wish for his continuation, thoughts of rebirth (in Zen fashion of a new becoming) and even heaven. But these are just momentary thoughts. No need to be real, providing no real comfort. I keep returning to just this, whatever's happening in this one and present moment. Ache and all. This template served me well through his long and slow decline (until it wasn't in its suddenness) So I thank you for your words through your books, FB, and our conversations here. They've helped. You've helped. This is my post on grieving. I'd like to share it as a deep bow at how grateful I am. Thank you.

Eric Mccarty

Through grief:

Through grief is our connection, and with this, we touch more truly, deeply healed of any sense of separation. I have no wish to lose this present pain, its sharp ache, tears that seem ever on the edge of falling. Yes, in time this will fade, memories viewed in fondness rather than the anguish of a fresh loss. But not now, not yet – this grief is our connection.

The urge is to push this pain away, to gather happier thoughts that bear little of this hurt, hoping for relinquishment through momentary distraction. Or to be stoic, to hold my sadness well, strong, and carry

onward. There are many paths through pain, some not even options but the only way we know to grieve.

For me, right now, I think of Rumi's guest house, my grief a new arrival and I place no limit on its stay. This honored guest is free of any expectations, allowed to express itself as any moment calls for it to do. I cry without restraint, welcoming a tears release and silent fall.

Through this grief I feel my father's nearness, his presence growing in my heart even as we prepare for the burial of his body. His true place is found now, not in memories, but this moment, now, every bit alive within me, this very life that I've been blessed with. The ache of his death serves as a reminder of this, showing me that our real relationship was always of the heart, untouched by distance, always present and alive.

So I sit with this, unwilling to change a single moment of my grief. Everything belongs, both ache and denial, tears as well as a smile to the fond memories that appear. There is no wrong way to grieve, no plan to follow. Every moment is different, hurt arriving fresh, ever sharp, and can only be accepted. My father shows me the way even now, still guiding, providing me his love. Through this grief . . . we come to our connection.

Peace, Eric