

My Mother

By

Raymond M. Fox GC-C, SMC-C

I've written about my whole family thus far and how they've helped me adjust with my handicap and how they've helped with my overall grief. It's hard losing what I lost but there is hope and help from those around you. My Mother was very instrumental in my becoming the person that I am, the person she knew I could be. I derive strength from her, in no small part, even now.

After my accident when I was 7, tears were shed. Tears were shed together and in private. Grief being a personal and communal thing, this was a necessary aspect of our path through the initial shock of the ordeal. Being a child, I suppose I probably would have continued my grief and shock over what had happened but Mom wouldn't let that happen. She might of continued the grief herself but there was a fundamental shift that altered her course.

Mom has spoken of this which is how I know of it. I was still in the ICU, stable but still in a critical state when the nurses asked my Mother if she would like to do a small aspect of my care. Something very routine. She immediately answered no, stating that she could never do that. It was overwhelming to her, a sweet 37 year old woman whom had never been around anything medical. Mom was just interested in getting her son home at that point.

The nurse very succinctly explained to her that I would never be allowed to go home unless there was a caregiver there. Someone other than a nurse. That was the fundamental shift, Mom knew then, whether consciously or subconsciously, that the time for grief and tears had be altered. It was time to channel those energies into something productive and positive.

I've discussed before how grief must, at some point, be directed into a positive energy on something. Learning how to take care of me was how my Mother achieved that. Here's the

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wisdom of my Mother though, she knew that I was still grieving, still distraught with nothing to channel my energies into. So it became a team effort. I was to learn my care along with her. We both were using that grief energy and turning it into something that would be a positive for my whole life.

Don't get me wrong, the tears were still there, grieving was still being facilitated but we were progressing. Progressing together. Individual grief and our own communal grief was being soothed while achieving the positive aspects of learning how to take care of me. There was still more to be done though and we found other outlets for our grief.

In particular, we turned to our Faith. Faith is an important aspect to overcoming grief, achieving acceptance and giving hope. It's been said that Faith, in whatever God you worship, is a rock for you to lean upon when you weary. That's a very true statement. Faith helps to restore one who is grieving. In particular, Faith gives one hope of something better in the future. Whether its lost abilities or lost loved ones, Faith acts as an anchor that says that this is only temporary. A hardship that must be endured, but not forever. For me personally it says, "You will walk again... but not yet."

The grief didn't just stop there, it's in ever and ongoing thing. Throughout the years Mom was always there for me. But in the ways I needed. Mom understood also, perhaps as Dad did, that I must be given my freedom as well. She wouldn't allow herself, or encourage me, to be coddled. I was encouraged to do what I would do. This was a good thing also, it allowed me to become an individual and to dictate to the world in which I lived what I wanted. I never really thought about that until some gentlemen

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said to me, “You’re the most independent quadriplegic I’ve ever met.” I take that as high praise to my Mother.

The grief is still there, it never fully goes away. Perhaps that’s the human condition. I manage though during those times. How? Knowing what I went through before, knowing how I got through that and knowing that I can do so again. I did it because of the wisdom of my Mother. What a person she is. She’s quite possibly super woman.

Again, she gives me strength and she doesn’t even know it. Along with my Faith, she is my rock. Always has been, always will be.

You mean more to me than I think you’ll ever know, Mom. I can’t thank you enough for giving me a life WORTH being lived.

I love you...

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