

Take nothing for granted

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My oldest son passed away in December.

Everyone grieves in their own way. Some like to be surrounded by loved ones. Some like to be left alone. Some escape into their work. Some shutdown completely.

I have always dealt with life by writing about it – so I thought I'd share some of my current thoughts and feelings. You may or may not be able to relate.

First, if you've never lost a child, you can't possibly understand the hurt it brings. All you can do is try to imagine what it's like.

Losing my parents to cancer was devastating. But it was kind of the natural order of things. In both cases I had time to prepare for what eventually became inevitable.

Losing a son or daughter is infinitely more excruciating. This isn't supposed to happen; you're never prepared and you know instinctively you'll never fully adjust.

I am still able to function, but it's always there. When I'm talking to someone, when I'm teaching class, when I'm in a meeting, when I'm running or working out, when I'm out with family and friends, when I'm watching TV, when I'm asleep.

I am always acutely aware of how much I miss him and how things will never be the same. I am constantly reminded life isn't what it should be and will never be again.

As many have noted, there really are no words that can alleviate the pain accompanying this kind of surreal loss. Truth. Still, reaching out is a very human thing to do.

So we want to thank everyone for all the prayers, phone calls, messages, emails, comments on Facebook, cards and other expressions of empathy we've received during this extremely difficult time.

Tell your kids how much you love them. And take nothing for granted.

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