

Today, I want to talk about loss.

The kind that pulls the floor out from under you — whether it's the death of a loved one, or the death of a marriage.

Because the truth is...

**Loss is loss.**

And it doesn't always come wrapped in a casket or a courtroom.

Sometimes, it's an unraveling so slow you don't realize how broken you are until you're standing there — surrounded by pieces.

### **The End is in Sight — But the Heart Hangs On**

Even when you know the ending is coming — when it's clear, maybe even inevitable — there's still this strange, wild part of you that clings.

You think being prepared will soften the blow.  
But I promise you, it does not.

The end arrives like a sudden gust of wind slamming a door shut.

And you're left standing there... hearing the echo of everything that used to be.

## The Rollercoaster of Grief

If you know, you know: Grief is not linear.  
It's a rollercoaster that doesn't follow a schedule or a plan.

There are moments when you let go.  
Moments when you clutch it all back again — grabbing for every memory, every shared glance, every “what if.”

There's the **parade of memories** —  
The smell of their coffee cup,  
The sound of a key in the door that will never turn again,  
The inside jokes you still catch yourself smiling at... until the ache rises up and steals your breath.

And there are the **unexpected stabs of pain** that come out of nowhere —  
A song, a season, a shadow —  
And you find yourself doubled over, mourning not just what was, but what will never be again.

## The Throbbing Empty Space

Sometimes the ending is a shock.  
Sometimes it's been dragging behind you for months or even years.

Either way, there's always this **throbbing emptiness** that loss leaves behind.

A place where love used to live.

A space that feels so loud and hollow at the same time.

It doesn't matter if you saw it coming.

It still catches you unaware.

And it breaks you.

## **The Necessity to Rebuild**

But here's the part we don't talk about enough:

After the breaking, there is rebuilding.

Not right away.

Not on a schedule.

Not neatly or perfectly with precise steps.

But the secret to healing and rebuilding is inside of you, your human spirit — your own stubborn soul — is resilient, courageous, and magical.

It wants to live. It wants to love again. Even after the devastation.

And it will, if you let it.

## The Wisdom of Kintsugi

There's an ancient Japanese art called **Kintsugi** —  
When a piece of pottery breaks, it isn't thrown away or  
hidden.

It's carefully, lovingly repaired — not with super glue,  
but with veins of liquid gold.

The cracks are not covered up.  
They are celebrated.  
Made visible.  
Made beautiful.

The piece is more valuable *because* it was broken — not  
despite it.  
It carries its history like a badge of honor.

Kintsugi reminds us:  
**Nothing stays the same forever.**  
Not love, not loss, not even pain.  
Everything is fragile.  
Everything is precious.

And you?  
You are allowed to be precious and fragile, too.

***Your brokenness does not disqualify you from beauty.  
It makes you a work of art.***

## **Steps to Mend and Begin Again**

- **Honor the loss.**

- Don't minimize it. Don't tell yourself to "just move on."
- Grief is proof that love existed. It's sacred. Treat it that way.

- **Let yourself be messy.**

- Healing is not linear.
- Some days you'll feel okay. Some days you'll break down over a can of soup.
- Both are normal. Both are healing.

- **Create rituals of remembrance.**

- Light a candle.
- Write a letter.
- Frame a photo or memory not as a tombstone, but as a touchstone.

- **Begin tiny, deliberate repairs.**

- One kind act for yourself today.
- One small brave choice tomorrow.
- Gold seams take time and require the Refiner's Fire. Allow for the process.

- **Allow life to fill the empty spaces.**

- You will not "move on" — you will move forward.
- You carry the love with you, always. And the pain can be left behind; sometimes as a hard lesson, other times as the scar that love leaves when it's gone.
- There is a sacredness in the empty spaces, but you have to look for it.

- **See yourself through the eyes of Kintsugi.**
  - You are not broken beyond repair.
  - You are being remade — stronger, wiser, more breathtaking than before.

### **A Couple of Closing Thoughts:**

Loss cracks us open. Every time. It's ruthless, it's painful, and it's inevitable.

But it is the crack that breaks us free.

But you are not here to stay shattered.

You are here to rise — piece by golden piece — into something even more beautiful.

And you will when you surrender to the sacred empty space—and allow it to transform you.