Walking with Grief
Do not hurry as you walk with your grief; it does not help the journey.
Walk slowly, pausing often: do not hurry as you walk with your grief.

Be not disturbed by memories that come unbidden.
Swiftly forgive; and let Christ speak for you unspoken words.
Unfinished conversation will be resolved in him.
Be not disturbed.

Be gentle with the one who walks with grief.
If it is you be gentle with yourself.
Swiftly forgive; walk slowly, pausing often.
Take time, be gentle as you walk with grief.

He Did Not Say
By Julian of Norwich

He did not say, 'You shall not be tempest-tossed, you shall not be work-weary, you shall not be discomforted.' But he said, 'You shall not be overcome.' God wants us to heed these words so that we shall always be strong in trust, both in sorrow and in joy.

Useful Contacts

Clergy
The Rev’d Canon James Blandford-Baker
Tel: 01223 320425
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The Rev’d Kieran Douglass
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Hope Again
Hope Again is a six week course for the bereaved run regularly in Histon and Impington. For more information call: 0770 7263353 or email: habg1@icloud.com

CRUSE
Cruse Bereavement Care
Future Business Centre
The Hive
Kings Hedges Road
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CB4 2HY
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Website: www.cruse.org.uk
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The Samaritans
4 Emmanuel Road
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AgeUK
County Office
2 Victoria Street
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PE16 6AP
Tel: 01354 686650 (Info line 696677)
Website: www.ageuk.org.uk
Introduction
Bereavement produces many emotions: you may feel shock, numbness, denial, yearning, searching, anxiety, anger, guilt, loneliness, depression, apathy, loss of identity. These are all part of grieving. You may experience some of these feelings, or none of them. Everyone grieves in their own way. To love someone is to risk the pain of parting. Not to have loved is never to have lived. The grief which we now experience is the honouring of our love.

The Death of a Partner
From 'The Enduring Melody' by Michael Mayne:

‘Until death us do part.’ If, within that closest of friendships, one should die, there is no greater anguish, no more lonely experience, than that of the one flesh being wrenched in two, with no one now to share the intimacies of your life, the private jokes and references. It’s the heavy price we pay for loving, and our reason tells us that we would not have it otherwise, so that perhaps in time we may come to see that the grief we have to live with is the final, and most costly, gift we have to offer to the other who has died. But reason is not uppermost in periods of grief.

The End
By Tessa Wilkinson

‘When an adult dies, it feels like the end of our past. But when a child dies it feel like the end of our future.’

The Christian Hope
There are a lot of myths around about what Christians believe about ‘life after death.’ Sometimes people talk as though the ultimate goal of life is to go to heaven when you die but that’s not what Christian hope is all about. The Christian understanding is actually of a two stage process after death. The first (you might want to call it ‘life after death’) is described in the Bible by words like ‘rest’ and ‘sleep.’ Rest is a powerful idea, especially when life has been a struggle or a battle against illness; it is good to know that we can rest in the presence of the God who loves us and cares for us.

But the really important Christian hope is in the second part of the story (what one might call ‘life after life after death’). This hope is that God will raise us up from rest, we will receive a new body and we will be part of God’s renewal of the world and of the whole of creation. We will be able to be part of God’s great project of bringing all people together in perfect relationship with Him and with one another, enjoying to the full all that He has wonderfully made.

Romans 8.38,39

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

John 11.25,26

Adrift
By Tessa Wilkinson

My anchor has lost its hold
I am adrift
My boat is going where it will
The sails are tattered and torn
The sea seems enormous and uncharted
It throws me hither and thither
Into the deepest, darkest trough of despair
Then back up again into the darkness
Will my little craft be overwhelmed?
As the huge waves of grief engulf it, will it come up again?
And again and again?
They say ‘time heals...’
Can my little boat be trimmed out with new sails?
Can it sail again into a calm harbour and put down its anchor?
Can the navigation system be mended, so I know where I am going?
In time, in time...