2023, Engulfed in darkness and pain,

with

no escape in sight

My world came to a standstill at noon on June 28, 2023. That day, my amazing, beautiful 4-month-old grandson left this world. He had the most incredible smile and big eyes that melted my heart every time he looked at me. He was truly amazing! He left an indelible mark on us in such a short time.

After his birth, my daughter moved back home. Her relationship with the father was unhealthy for both her and the baby, so we—my husband, our 16-year-old, and I—welcomed them with open arms. We bought everything they needed and wanted and decorated her room with an elephant theme. She stayed home with him for seven weeks of maternity leave.

Even though his father wasn't welcome in our home, she allowed visits to his house. On one of those visits, he hit her while she was holding the baby. I thought that would be the end of those visits. But on June 27th, she allowed another visit. This time, she dropped him off and when she went back to pick him up, the father insisted he could handle one night without her. Thinking it was just for the night, she came home. I heard her return around midnight and thought she was moving fast for having a baby with her. I regret not getting up to check on her.

The next morning, at 8 a.m., I asked her, “The baby isn’t with you, is he?” She said no and explained where he was and why. I was extremely upset, but as I am known to be very controlling, I didn't press the matter further.

By 11 a.m., I received a call that there was a problem, and an ambulance was at the father's home working on the baby. By noon, he was gone. We still haven’t received a cause of death as the investigation continues.

Since the day this baby was born, I had asked God to protect him and bring him home safely every day. I lost all of my faith. It was my sole prayer for almost five months. Now, I wonder, what’s the point in praying? I constantly worried about him. When he wasn't with me, I worried. Did my worry somehow lead to his death?

The pain is unbearable. I don’t understand how God could pull me out of one deep depression only to throw me into an even deeper one. I am thankful for the time I had with him, but why would God take him from me?

I cry an average of three times a day:

1. Missing him and not knowing if he suffered

2. Feeling sad for my daughter and angry at her for leaving him there

3. Feeling angry at God

I can’t focus, I can’t eat, and I can’t sleep without aid. I don’t want to go to work. My husband and I own our company, but our bills are now behind. While my husband is able to work through the grief and pain, I can barely manage to brush my teeth each day. Some days I make it to work, but I am not functional and end up doing a disservice to our clients. My husband says he is drowning without me there.

Since September 2021, I have lost my uncle, grandmother, aunt, my 13-year-old dog, my niece in May of 2023, and now my grandson. It's just too much to bear.

As August arrived, I felt the weight of everyone expecting me to be better. But I saw no light at the end of the tunnel. I knew I would never breathe the same again. I was not okay.

However**, 2024, I am happy to report that**, through prayer and unwavering faith, the Lord was indeed close to the broken-hearted. He healed me, turned my mourning into dancing, renewed my youth, gave me a crown of beauty instead of ashes, and released me from darkness. Now, I am sent to provide for those who grieve and to give them crowns instead of ashes.

**God is Good! And All the time God is good!**

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