

Take time to talk

It is very important to be able to speak with someone freely, without judgment, about your child, your feelings and about your child's death. It took me almost a year before I could really manage my grief. You take it one day at a time and one day you will realize you have gone a couple of hours or a half day and then a day without breaking down.

I would have nightmares of my son being shot in the head over and over and I would pray that God did not let him suffer. Even after eighteen months, I still have a hard time accepting that my child is dead and he will not be coming home anymore. In a way I think that is how I chose to deal with Phillip's death, just never accept it.

For the first several months you cannot control your crying, it's going to happen and you have no control over the place or time. I took medication to help me sleep and for panic attacks. I developed a fear of being out by myself. My husband drives everywhere. This has been the case until recently and I am trying to conquer this fear.

Your life has changed; your mind is occupied only with thoughts of your child. You probably will not have the energy or the interest in activities. You cannot stand the thought of enjoying anything; your child has been murdered.

I can not stress the importance of having someone to talk openly with.

I searched and saved every article that was in the paper. I needed to know every detail that surrounded my son's death. I posted my child's picture in every memorial I could find. For the first several months all my husband and I talked about was "how did this happen"? Why was this man out on probation when he should have been serving a 10 year sentence? How did he get his gun with a felony record? I wanted everyone (and still do) from the Judge, who gave the probation, to the murderer who committed the crime, to the detectives that gave out false reports to the newspapers that it was a professional hit, it was drug related etc. to pay for the death of my son

I have yet to go one day without guilt, not necessarily guilt from what happened to my son but just guilt for anything over the years. Maybe I feel guilt over being too strict or maybe guilt over spending more on his brother etc. etc. Things will come back to me and I will think why I didn't handle that differently. Only parent who has lost a child understands. To have a day without guilt is a good day.

This hurts terribly when people you have known for years avoid you because you have lost a child. What are you suppose to do act like you never had a child. I am very proud of my child and always will be even if he is no longer on this earth.

I found that true friends listen to you no matter how often you talk about your child, because they understand and they care about you.