

I'm still grieving.

I feel a lot of guilt that, try as I may, I just cannot shake off. I also feel guilty for not grieving "enough", whatever that means.

Replaying conversations in my mind, searching for moments where I could have been kinder, more understanding, made more of an effort.

I still feel it isn't fair that she was taken away from me so soon.

Mom and I were not very close. We weren't estranged or anything, but it certainly wasn't the ideal mother-daughter relationship.

Emotionally, she was a little closed off, although in the years leading up to her death, as I moved out of the home I grew up in, she softened up a little.

I guess I used to blame her for being somewhat distant, but I've come to realize that she had her fair share of trauma that she never quite opened up about.

Very few things in life are as difficult as losing a parent. I'd say the last thing my mom did for me was giving me perspective.

There are problems I sort of create for myself, like working overtime in a career that I don't find fulfilling, and then there are real problems like watching helplessly as the woman who gave birth to you slips away.

My mom passed away last month, about a year after she was officially diagnosed.

This didn't come as a complete surprise. In fact, I can probably say that I've been preparing and holding my breath for her body to finally succumb to the illness.

I read countless books and articles about how people dealt with a parent's death. I thought I was ready. But of course I wasn't.

There are no quick remedies for loss.

I miss her.

It gnaws at your ankles like an animal and it demands to be processed. But if my mom taught me anything, it's how to be brave.

So I will tackle it head on because that is what she would have wanted of me.

Mom

I hope she's proud of me.