

Beauty of the Slow Drip

a journey
of loss, grief, and healing

Angel K Will



Beauty of the Slow Drip:
a journey of loss, grief, and healing

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Dedication

This book is written as a memorial
for those who have gone before us
and a hope for those still here,
both of whom are held tight
in God's loving arms.

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Yet I

My heart is broken
yet I rejoice
for it is only
from loving so deep
that grief
can pierce so intense.

Prologue
we all grieve

The death of a loved one changes you.
It changes how you view the world.
It causes a seismic shift.

The world you once knew is different
and forever will be.

Whether you saw it coming or it caught you off guard,
there's nothing you can do to change the fact—
the death of a loved one changes you.

How it changes you?

That's up to you.

Healing Space

Time doesn't heal;
time gives you
the space needed
to heal yourself.

I sit, writing this, under the shade of a tree and watch a white butterfly flutter around me. I've seen many white butterflies as of late. It feels symbolic—like a kiss from heaven.

White Butterflies

the beauty; the purity
floating here and there
fluttering to and fro
reminding me to relax
take it easy
be light; be graceful
enjoy the simplicity
be still; be free

Peace is what I find when I'm in nature.
My pain subsides as I focus on the surrounding beauty.
It's enough to take my breath away.

I continue watching the butterfly flit and flutter against
the pale blue sky. Clouds like stretched taffy linger in the air.

A cardinal flies low and across the yard.

Hymns

The cardinal sings
hymns from Heaven; speaking love
to my broken heart.

A squirrel scampers up a tree and looks back
as if to entice me to a game of chase.

I'll pass.

Sitting in solitude, I enjoy the tranquility.
My mind at ease even as my heart is breaking.

I know healing is a process. And right now, it feels like a...

Slow Drip

Grief is like a slow drip.

drip

drip



People deal with it differently.

differently

differently

What am I supposed to say
when asked “how are you doing?”

doing

doing

My standard reply is “good.”

good

good

I know I’ll get by.

by

by

The sun will shine again tomorrow.

tomorrow

tomorrow

I choose to believe that’s true.

true

true

But for now,
grief feels like a slow drip...

drip

This is my story of loss, grief, and healing.

It started like a gushing flood.

Then the drips began.

Quick at first. And powerful.

But eventually space distanced the drips.

It is within this space there appears a place for healing.

It doesn't happen all at once; it's incremental.

And God met me here—in the midst of my pain.

By being willing to deal, God has been able to heal.

If you picked up this book, you likely have your own story of loss,
and though our stories won't be the same, we share a commonality.

We all grieve.

We all lose people we love.

We all ache for what we've lost.

And by sharing our varied experiences,
we begin to understand, we are not alone,
and we will get through.



Foggy Mourn

The fog sitting stale over the rolling hills
after a treacherous rain
mirrors my bleak and muted heart,
still in disbelief that you were taken away.

But hope, buried deep,
knows in time the fog will rise and dissipate;
a day of sunlight will shine once more
though now I sit in my foggy mourn.

My faith clings to God's promise,
that in due time, hope will resurrect
my heart of sorrow into life once again.

floodwaters
of grief

For me...

It was sudden. Unexpected.
And the second time to happen this way.

It's a collapsing moment—
when life ends.

The floodwaters of grief open, and there's nothing to stop its flow.
Waves of disbelief and confusion crashed over me.
A fog quickly set in.

Flooding

memories flooding
my mind; remembering you,
a piece of me gone

Separation from the ones you love will always bring heartache and pain. And you never forget where you were when you got the news. It's etched into your heart and mind.

Strong emotions do that.

Our greatest joys and greatest pains etch deeply.
Loss leaves a wound that needs healing.

Glimmer of Hope

As you sit in the darkness
let the tears stream down your face;
let the anger burst forth and release it,
but cling to the glimmer,
cling to the glimmer of light
for it is your hope.

As you wait in the darkness
let time pass by;
grieve for how your life will now be different,
and cling to the glimmer,
cling to the glimmer of light
for it is your hope.

As you stand in the darkness
growing tall in the midst of your pain,
you will find a strength you never knew you had;
so cling to the glimmer,
cling to the glimmer of light
for it is your hope.

As you sit, as you wait, as you stand,
this glimmer of light will become brighter and stronger,
engulfing the darkness until the light fully shines over you again.

But until then,
cling to the glimmer,
cling to the glimmer of light
for it is your hope.

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showering those in her midst with love, peace, and joy.

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May my story of loss, grief, and healing help you
navigate your own—your story, too, is one worth exploring.

I hope you felt God's presence as you read the pages of this
PDF excerpt from ***Beauty of the Slow Drip: a journey of loss,
grief, and healing***. Feel free to share it with others and/or
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Life's a Sacred Adventure:
open your mind, rise above, shine your light