



BOS Monthly Letter of Hope

July 2018

Volume I, No. 5

Ma, You're Stronger Than This

By: Tracey M. Ross

I will never forget the day I heard my son's voice say to me "Ma, you're stronger than this." It was a few days after my son's funeral. Everyone had returned to their normal lives; my husband was at work and my 5 yr. old daughter was watching her favorite television program "Peppa Pig". I remember feeling like my heart had been ripped from my chest and broken into a million pieces. My mind was flooded with regret, confusion, disbelief and the feeling of abandonment. As I removed myself from my daughter's presence to be alone, I found myself in the bathroom crying as quietly as I could so I wouldn't scare her.

As a mother whose children are twenty years apart and someone who found great love, joy and happiness in being a mother, it was very difficult for me to process the tragedy of my son's passing and still be fully present for my daughter who needed her mother. I was a tangled ball of emotions and for the first time in my life, I felt like I was about to lose my mind. As I sat there in the bathroom with a million and one things going through my head, I felt my mind slipping. It felt as if I was falling into a black hole. As my mind was going into this black hole, I heard my son Lamont's voice say, "Ma, you're stronger than this." Instantly, I felt my mind return and I was no longer in that black hole, I was back. I began to cry and thank Jesus for bringing me back because I had a daughter who needed her mother.

I began attending Christian counseling shortly after that to get the help I needed to survive. That was the best thing I could have ever done for myself and my family. For a parent, grieving the loss of a child, regardless if it happened inside the womb or outside the womb, is very devastating and affects every area of your life. Seeking help from a trained, licensed grief counselor, grief support group or both is a wise decision and it is a sign of strength not weakness.

After spending a year and a half in Christian counseling, seeing how it help me where I could finally breathe again, I wanted to be able to do the same to help other parents. However, I still had a long way to go. I knew that if I was going to be at a place of helping others, I had to be able to talk about my son and the events of that day without crying and breaking down. I knew I had to be completely honest with God about my feelings and how much I was hurting. I had to come to grips with the fact that, it was just Lamont's time to go. I had to be honest with myself.

Seven years after the passing of my son, the Lord birthed, from my pain, a support group for parents who have suffered the loss of a child called Bridge of Support, Inc. It still amazes me that the Lord is using everything I went through and my experience in seeking professional help to enable me to be a conduit to help others.

June 12, 2018 marked the eighth year anniversary that my 25 yr. old son went home to be with Jesus. During these past eight years, the Lord has become more real to me than ever before. He is more than the Comforter of broken relationships, lost jobs and broken promises. He is, the Comforter of my soul, who walks with me as I move forward helping others. And on those days when my heart gets heavy because I'm missing my son, I can still hear his voice saying "Ma, you're stronger than this."