

resting gently on my forearm. The last time we would eat together, laugh together and lastly, cry together. As I was leaving that weekend, we stood in her garage, embraced for the last time with tears steaming down both our faces. In good motherly fashion, she composed herself and rushed me out, to be sure I wouldn't be driving in the dark. My safety was still her priority, 56 years later.

They say that grief is the price we pay for love. They also say that we grieve as deeply as we love. My Mom was my best person. I was lucky to have her as my mother, my mentor and my very good friend. She wasn't perfect and she wasn't worried a bit about that. Her imperfections gave me permission to have mine and I always knew I was loved, despite them all. My mother taught me that I would be good – no matter what happened in my life, and she was right. I am good.

Many years ago, I had a client tell me how she couldn't comprehend how the world was continuing on like nothing had happened, the morning her mother died. She sat at a red light in complete disbelief that people were still functioning and carrying on with their lives, when the most remarkable woman literally had disappeared from the face of the earth. I can totally relate to her now.

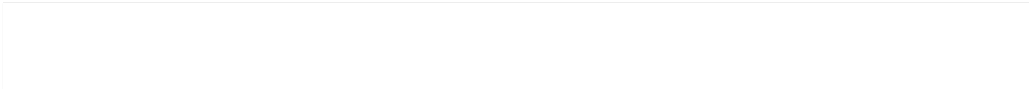
I suppose we would be lucky if just one person felt that way about us, when we die. And, we will – die, that is. (I hope that's not a newsflash for anyone reading this)

These two picture stand still in my heart. The last time.....

By Pam Smith

You can read more about Jean here:<https://www.kawartha411.ca/2020/03/28/wife-of-pinecrest-nursing-home-resident-dies-of-coronavirus/>

You can read more about Ted here:<https://www.kawartha411.ca/2020/04/04/pinecrest-resident-who-died-of-coronavirus-loved-sports-the-outdoors-and-his-community-but-loved-his-family-even-more/>



411 Staff