

Grief is a journey  
we all have to take...  
at some stage or another.

Unknown duration,  
unknown destination.



**CITTAMANI**  
HOSPICE SERVICE LTD

[www.cittamanihospice.com.au](http://www.cittamanihospice.com.au)

# LET ME SHARE THE MEMORIES

*It makes me feel warm inside...*





In 2006 Cittamani Hospice Service received a grant from the Department of Health and Aging for the project — *Building Supportive Communities: education, information and support for grief, psychosocial and spiritual needs.*

Part of this project involved workshops exploring participants' experiences of loss and grief.

The metaphors in this booklet are a record of their actual words spoken in the workshops. As such they represent a capturing of community knowledge about loss and grief.

Thanks to everyone who was involved.

Cittamani Hospice Service acknowledges the Traditional Owners of the land, and pays respect to Elders past, present and emerging.



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at some stage or another ...

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*Grief invites us  
to remember...*

You might lose the person, but not the memories ...

*Enrich my life by letting  
me hear your stories.*





*Grief can start early...*

**ANTICIPATING**

To be there without memory or desire  
when someone is dying.

To be simply present

To allow the real life force to come up.

**GRIEF STRIPS YOU BARE ...**

**AND FROM THAT  
YOU FIND NEW MEANING  
AND HEALING**

Grief is a personal thing  
depends on different factors in life  
... permeates everything.



## **DENIAL**

A defence mechanism, a cotton wool coating ...

Comfort from the curiosity

Comfort from the denial.

There's a little bit of hope in everyone's denial ...

## **HOPE**

A puff of air, an energy, a lightness ...

A feather, blown about by the wind and storms ...

Another zephyr comes and picks it up  
another gust of wind ...

Loss is no longer having  
something that you had...

Even if it's an expectation.





You can lose a purse, a breast, a loved one ...

Loss of relationship

Memories

Future lives ...

Your partner

Your child.

All the things they would have achieved ...

Separation of what gives meaning in your life.

Permission to experience and be what needs to be.  
Grief gives me permission to be forgetful ...  
gives me permission to not be the expert.

The reaction to the loss,  
sadness, anger, disbelief, denial, acceptance ...

Stages of grief ...  
not one after the other.  
They jump all over the place  
they overlap,  
don't necessarily follow an order.

Grief is a ticking time bomb... never sure when  
going to explode. Grief is falling down a well  
never sure when you'll hit the bottom. Grief is  
a desert... hot and dry, no relief no soft spots,  
easy going. A deep hurt, a buried treasure. A  
security blanket. Going crazy, can't think, can't  
feel... a cardboard cutout. Grief is a ticking time  
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treasure. A lost security blanket. Going crazy  
can't think, can't feel... a cardboard cutout. Grief is





Grief is a bushfire ... Dry tinder in the bush  
from the prolonged drought of illness.  
Carers exhausted, carers are tinder dry ...  
drained, physically and emotionally.  
A bushfire sparks, rages and burns out of control ...  
It owns you.  
Hard to breathe, that choked feeling.  
The fire dies down, then sparks fly off ...  
you go down in a heap again.

When it's ready to let go, it burns itself out  
and then there's green re-growth.  
Some Australian natives require fire  
for their seeds to germinate.  
  
Some people are like that too ...  
You can grow as a person after a loss.  
Challenging, but wouldn't change anything,  
challenging to sit back and let it unfold.



**RED** like the raw emotion  
anger, pain.

**BLACK** charred, despair,  
hopelessness.

**GREEN** calmness,  
colour of the heart.

*Grief is a palette...*

**NEVER SURE**

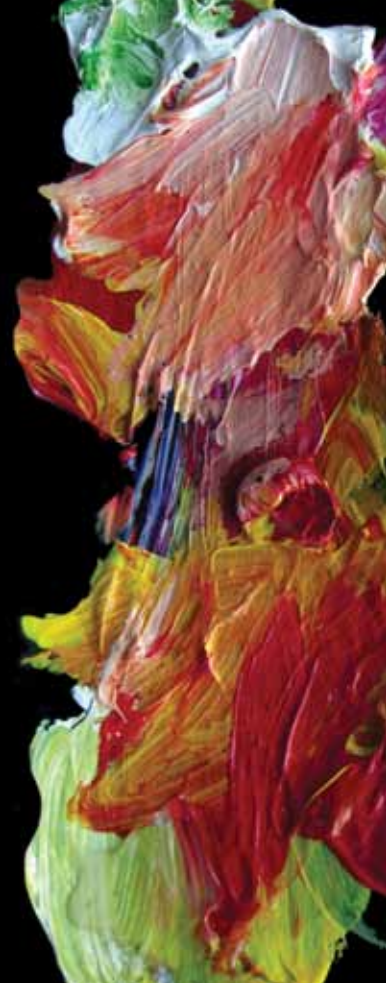
**WHAT THE COLOURS WILL BE**

Some days are black ...  
some days you like being dark.

Expectation that grief is black  
depression is blue ...

And then there are windows of pink.  
Guilt, when there's a window

of pink ... or yellow.



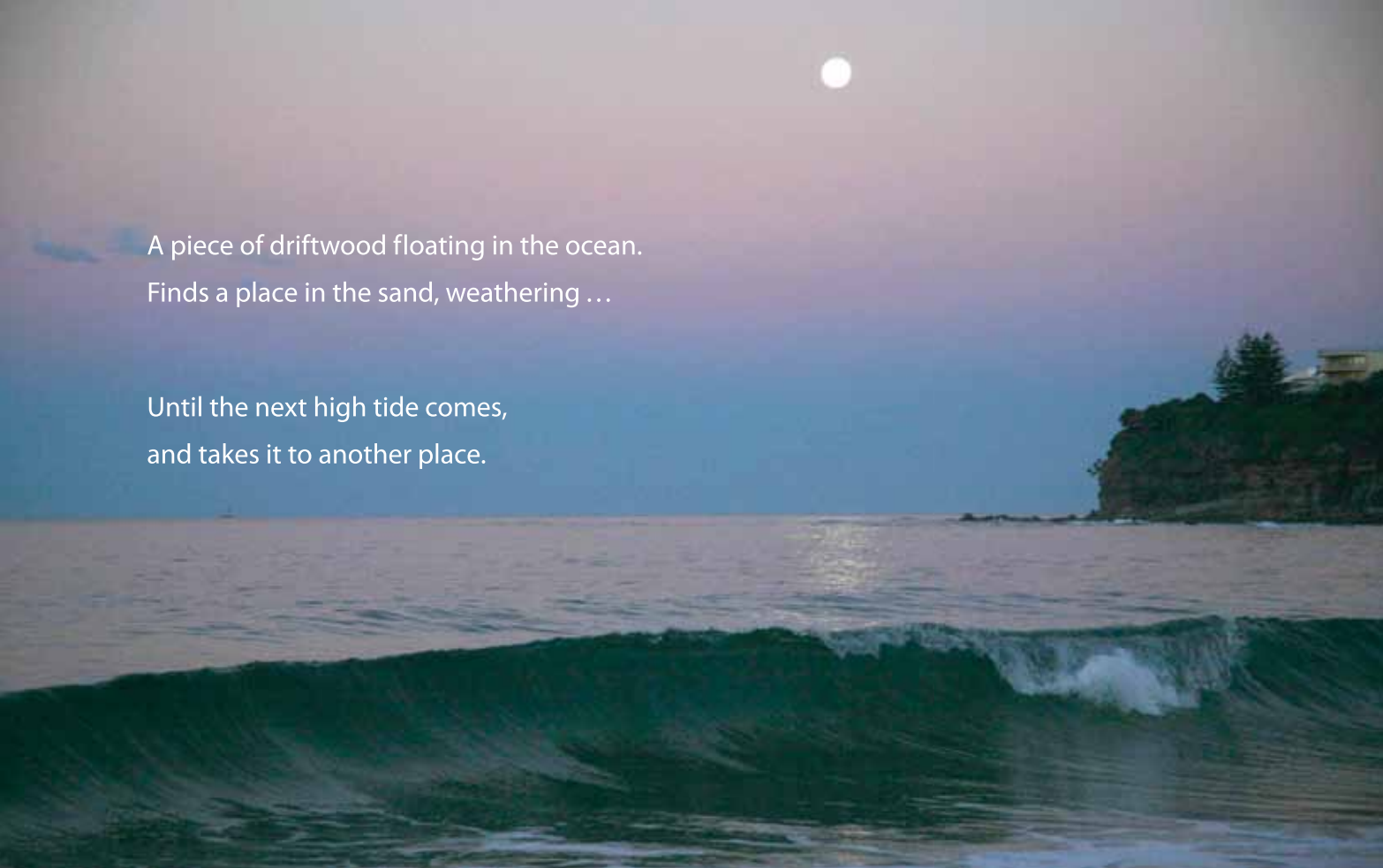
Grief is a tree  
in a storm.

Stripped bare  
but deeply rooted  
and stable.

If you stay rigid,  
you SNAP ...





A full moon hangs in a twilight sky over the ocean. A wave is breaking in the foreground. On the right, a cliff with trees and a house is visible.

A piece of driftwood floating in the ocean.  
Finds a place in the sand, weathering ...

Until the next high tide comes,  
and takes it to another place.

Hope for change ...  
Acceptance ...  
of things I cannot change.

Hope without attachment.

Waiting for the right  
opportunity ...





## REGENERATION

Like a seed

Potential that's sitting there at the back of the mind.

A bud ... tightly closed in the dark,  
alone in the dark,

awaits the light to return

This could be viable,  
if the conditions are good.

It could blossom ...

Even without rain, the growth can come ...  
all the new leaves are pink.

*Sway with the wind...  
birds nest in your leaves.*

*Fertilising...  
feathering your nest.*





Uplifting ... a sense of hope.  
A new landscape ... different and changed.

It goes back to what it was before ...  
A new normal, a new landscape, a new meaning.





Grief brings an awareness about meaning.  
Stronger for surviving ... wiser, kinder.

*Cittamani Hospice Service is a specialist palliative care service established in 1996 on the Sunshine Coast, Queensland.*

*In addition to the provision of comprehensive in-home care, Cittamani is committed to fostering a supportive community for people facing terminal illness and their families — where death and bereavement are accepted as part of our shared experience. We hope that the production of this booklet will contribute to that vision.*



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