

Almost 4 Years

January 10, 2026

Dear Reader,

I am so thankful for you. For the attention, the time. I wonder how many of you have Grief, of the same nature as mine? And though I actually work not to do “comparative suffering” (thank you, Nora) I will always feel especially connected to others who have lost their partners, especially when they were, such as in my case, their best friends, their favorite person. It is a very particular flavor of grief.

Tonight I will see my friend, Kathy. She is one of a couple of good friends I’ve made, these last years, who have lost a grown child. Both friends lost daughters who were in their 40s, not much difference in age from Bunny (who was 44 at death). I cannot pretend to know that specific strand of pain. Kathy is having a hard time lately, she tells me. I really wish she had more supports, more community. But I’m glad we will see each other tonight...

I’m trying to digest the fact that it has been almost 4 years. It sounds like such a long time; it’s nearly twice the time I had with her... My friend Christina remarked that it feels more like two and a half years. I agree, except that I remember the first couple of years were a blur of numbing and survival.

I don't necessarily think about death every day, but I do think about life beyond this material plane. I commune with Bunny daily. She is my primary guide on my “Team of Light” as Laura Lynn Jackson calls this mix of ancestors, loved ones who’ve passed, and other guides. My spiritual quest and seeking has only grown since her death and I understand it will continue until I die. I recognize that same "knowing" in others who have lost loved ones—that sense of being witnessed and guided.

And yet, many days are still just about getting through. I feel overwhelmed, frustrated that my connection to her doesn't always make the physical day easier. I still question my purpose. I suspect my path is to grow, to share honestly, and perhaps to help others heal—or at least to make the space where healing can occur through love and a lack of judgment.

It is a strange, new experience to be on a journey with a new/old partner. I find myself wanting guidance here, too. I feel a kinship with every widow who has dared to begin again. It is unlike any other "new" relationship because Bunny is still in it—at least for me. It feels almost polyamorous. There is a bittersweet irony there: I had concluded I was polyamorous just before I met Bunny, a topic that was tricky for us until her diagnosis turned it into a “nothing burger.” When we understood how little time we were likely going to have.

I’ve noticed those of us who’ve acted as death doulas for a partner’s “transition” often share that we become no longer afraid of death. However, I am still afraid of not *living*. I am still learning how to fully show up. I understand now we are all interconnected in ways we cannot even comprehend.

So, today: one foot in front of the other. For Bunny.
