



Visiting Mom's Grave

August 15, 2022 By [Shawn Decker](#)

Over the weekend I attended a bridal shower. I've seen a lot of family this summer due to all of the memorial services. So it was nice to experience familial love and bonding in a different emotional venue. I can assure you, laughter could be heard at both. One thing that seems to bond my immediate and extended family is a sense of humor... a deep understanding of the importance of making light of, nay, the importance of letting a little light into the darkness.

I met young and older relatives for the first time. And my dad got to hang out with his sister. Since my mom didn't want a memorial service, these adjacent family gatherings have been nice for him.

Nice for us.

I thought of Mom as I have at all of these gatherings... what would she think of this speech? Would she cry when her cousins sang a beautiful song in tribute of their mother, or would she be miffed that she wasn't invited to play the piano or add a harmony? I've noticed my favorite aspects of mom's spirit in so many members of my family. So in quite a few different ways I've felt like she was there, kind of letting me know what she thought at times.

Usually a hilariously hot take.

That's kind of why I didn't think I'd need to head to her grave site. At least not this soon. I know a lot of people gain peace by visiting grave sites, I guess I didn't know I was one of them, too. But the day after the bridal shower kind of went off the rails emotionally, and a song with the word "cemetery" in it helped me figure out where I needed to be. I went over by myself, and bawled most of the way there... and then again once I arrived. As confident as I am in my feeling that our energy continues forward past this "physical phase", to put it lightly, I'm equally as confident that I am not going to see my mother here, ever again.

You don't know that, Son.

Oh quiet down, Mom.

It sure would be a hoot, wouldn't it?

For you it would be! Oh, if you are intent on trying this out then get your granddaughter. You'll know which one. She's way into horror movies and would think it was kind of cool and tell me about it for sure. Anyone else would soil themselves so please, no.

Thanks.

At her site, as I was bawlin', I thought of her and didn't really hear a word. I thought that she might see this as kind of dramatic. But no one else was around. Just me. Surrounded by the physically dead. As I cried, I considered the countless tears shed where I sat, walked and looked to the sky. Before I left, I set up some flowers that had tilted over on stranger's grave. They were 30 when they passed in 1991. I put the rainbow-colored pinwheel into the ground and it twirled a beautiful twirl for about ten seconds, recatching the wind for the first time since the wind had momentarily won their little tug of war... twirling just enough before slowing to a full stop.

When I thought my tears had come to a full stop, I said aloud: "There, Mom. I'm done, I'm okay." Then just as I was about to stand up I cried. I sat down. And I fully understood that she had absolutely no problem and no judgement on my emotional outburst. During her time here, being tough was important because it was a necessity early. Appearing tough became more important over time, too. But I knew her, I knew how big her heart was... it needed some protecting.

In my last wave of tears for the day I felt like I know her. Know her in the present. Those old self-defense mechanisms? They are no longer needed where she is. In feeling that, I felt undoubtedly better and relieved that I didn't turn back home halfway to the site, as I felt an urge to do at one exit... part of being younger is doing things you don't really want to but know you "have to". Part of getting older- and it feels like fucking magical privilege to me- is doing things you don't want to but know you have to.

Anyhoo, it's been helpful to write out all of these feelings. We all grieve differently through our own filters, and we do our best to make sense of it all, even if our best is avoiding it all entirely. Mom taught me very early in life that death as we know it isn't to be feared. It happens to all of us and she believed in something beyond this. When I was first learning this, I was probably 5 or 6. Around the same time she lost her grandmother. I like the thought of mom being reunited with the lights of her life, and I like the thought of that kind of "ending" to all of this for everyone.

Well written, Pookie.

Thanks, I wasn't sure how to end this.

Obviously.

Alright, let's not push our luck with the reader. Ah, thanks Mom- more tears and more laughs. Happy now? ... I know you are.

Positively Yours,

Shawn