## Dear family of the late

We have all lost someone dear to us. And we remember them in different ways that are unique to us.

I was 22, when I received news that mum was taken to the hospital, while she was on a holiday. Five days later, she passed away in a foreign land. I still remember how the news came like a tsunami wave - it swept across, hard and cruel. I recall feeling lost and stunned. No words could describe my feelings then.

During the first year after mum passed away, I remember talking about her every day to my friends, almost as if she was still alive. Most of my friends did not even realise that I had been talking about mum, who had already passed away.

Mum never allowed me into the kitchen when I was young. But I remember that she used to make good and yummy traditional kueh kuehs and was the best cook amongst her siblings. Many years later, I began to learn the art of making kuehs – those that she used to make for us. While the kuehs taste different from hers, the ritual of kueh-making soothed my heart. Through kueh-making, I felt connected with mum and that brought me great joy.

I used to wonder if there was an end point to grief. But it eventually dawned on me that we grief because we love. And since there is no end point to love, grief too, does not have any end point. The memories that mum and I shared continues to remain fresh in my mind and my tears still roll down when I think of her. But I have come to realise that it is OK.

How I connected with mum took different forms and shapes as the years went by. I hope that you too, will find different and new ways to connect with your loved one in time.

Love has no end point. While the journey ahead may be hard, let us remember the love for our loved one. Let our love for them live on in our hearts and bring us forward. Step by step, I got here, many years after. You will get there too. Stay strong and jiayou\*!

Regards fei fei

\*Translated to mean "Keep Going

\*Feifei, who prefers to remain anonymous, is an ex-colleague and friend of HCA Hospice.



HCA CARES Connecting and Remembering Experiences with you

## Chapter 2. Remembering

On days you need a listening ear, you can email pss@hcahospicecare.org.sg or call / WhatsApp to 9789 9217 to connect with a staff from HCA.

## (Mondays to Fridays, 9am to 5pm. Except public holidays.)



Please let us know via this QR code how best to reach out to you (e.g. prefer to change to soft copy via WhatsApp or email), or to unsubscribe from this service.





"Grieving is a journey that teaches us how to love in a new way now that our loved one is no longer with us. Consciously remembering those who have died is the key that opens the heart, that allows us to love them in new ways."

- Tom Attig, author & philosopher



We continue to love, remember and honour our loved one in different ways, even though they are no longer with us.

## My favourite word of advice/joke / catchphrase of my loved one is



Share this memory with your family or a friend





"Memories are a lot tougher than you might think. Just like the hearts that hold them... Even if they fade, something remains. Like tiny seeds that might germinate again if the rain falls. And even if a memory disappears completely, the heart retains something. A slight tremor or pain, some bit of joy, a tear."

- Yōko Ogawa, Japanese writer

Rituals of Remembering

Rituals can be helpful and may bring comfort when planning for a special occasion, even without your loved one.



On special days when the one who passed is going to be especially missed, light a candle and dedicate it to your loved one.

You may want to say a prayer or tell a story about a favourite memory as you light the candle. \*(Electronic candles are safer for repeated use.)



Plant something: a pot of plant, flower or tree, in memory of the one who passed.

You may wish to invite close friends and family members to attend the planting ceremony. Take time to share memories of your loved one, have a light reception or gather annually to celebrate the ways in which this person lives on in your lives.