

Wayne's Blast from the Past:

How Appreciation Saved Me

In today's culture, we are taught to mourn the loss of a loved one. This is the way it has been for thousands of years and probably will be for many more. I was one of those that bought into the whole idea that when a loved one passes there is that period of mourning. It could be for days, weeks, months or years and in some cases a lifetime of showing your sorrow for that person.

Please, everyone reading, I am not here to preach what you should do but to give an account from personal experience what worked for me and still does to this day. Certain readers may have ways of handling their own grief that has worked or maybe they have strong heritage or religious beliefs that feel good on how to handle their loss – that's all good and as it should be. I can only speak from my experience.



Now that all the legal stuff is out of the way, here is my story.

I was living what I deemed a good life through the latter half of the 1980's with my partner at the time, Micheline and her daughter Shannon. We had a nice home, car, jobs, a good neighborhood, friends, family etc. Without going into a lot of details, since it is not relevant, let it be said that we cared deeply for each other and had plans of growing old together.

On a typical day like any other, Micheline had some acute pains in her abdominal area appear that after further examination, it was discovered that she had to have her gal bladder removed immediately. A few days of pain and hospital recovery and she was sent home for extended healing before going back to her normal day to day stuff.

About 5 days later just as I was finishing the dishes, she came upstairs saying she was not feeling very well at all. I held her and slowly walked her down the hall where she collapsed to the floor. This was not right at all and since I lived around the corner from the hospital,

her daughter and I quickly drove her to emergency. Less than 2-3 minutes had passed and they had her in a room in an instant. As quick as I arrived with her, I was taken out of the room to a waiting area.

Time passed ever so slow.... It was somewhere around 20-30 minutes and then the doctor came into the room and relayed news to Shannon and me that made time stand still. Micheline had died. I collapsed back into the chair and reached out and held her daughter tightly in my arms and did not let go. The tears, the confusion, the anger, what the hell just happened here, a wide gambit of emotions rose to a fevered pitch. I suddenly turned into what others might have pleasantly called a zombie state. If it were not for being held by this 11 year old girl, I probably would have gone bonkers right then and there.

I had to compose myself as I was taught to do and take care of the next steps of the whole ordeal. Did I read a manual on this somewhere, or was it just what I had seen others do over time that lead me through the next steps of the situation?

Skip ahead through all the phone calls, the arrangements, the condolences, the funeral and getting to what was next. After all of the rituals and obligations since her daughter was spending a lot of time with her grandparents, I found myself alone. Not that the families and friends were not supportive in all aspects but I just did not wish for anyone to be around.

My life had dramatically changed in an instant. I know it is an old phrase to use but I now know what it really means. I went back to work and everyone wanted to support me. The phone kept ringing offering up more support, I was constantly having visitors and or being asked to get out and visit others. I realize now that all these people had wonderful intentions but what I truly wanted at the time was to be alone. Looking back now, this was not a good path but it was what felt good to me in that moment.

The sudden loneliness, the sleepless nights, the hundreds of details to look after and within weeks I was in a downward spiral. A prescription here to sleep, another one to wake up, a drink or two or ten to feel good and I was back in the game. Or was I????

Bags under my eyes, glassy eyes most days and surviving the only way I knew how. What I finally came realized was that I was angry that she left me so soon in life and the only way I could cope was to

beat the daylights out of myself rather than to accept the cards that were dealt to me in those late summer days of 1990.

Hell, I went to support groups, listened to advice from friends and family and I was still digging myself deeper into a hole. I can honestly admit today, that was the lowest point of my life. It took almost 6 months but there I was one Friday evening, getting ready for my pity party with myself and as I walked into the house I said to myself, 'this is not me at all and now is the time for a change.'

You all must remember that this was way before Law of Attraction came into my life, way before the Secret Movie was even thought of and eons before I really got into the personal growth of me.

The direction I went in next was one of appreciation and gratitude for Micheline rather than one of, 'why did she pass away and leave me and her daughter alone?' You would not believe the almost instant change at that point for me. Maybe there is something to be said for the Irish and the rip roaring wakes they love to have in celebration of ones life.

I grabbed a piece of paper and wrote down all the stuff I appreciated about her and suddenly that Friday evening was history. I remember the next day doing the same thing and again, my whole attitude had changed. I actually had a smile on my face for the first time in many months.

The showing of gratitude and appreciate was something I really knew in my regular life but given this particular situation, it was no where to be found inside of me until I was ready to let go of my anger and head in a new self-empowering direction. I fell into the trap of doing what I was taught by our culture rather than what I knew felt good for me. I held on to anger, fear, the 'what will become of me?' and 'my life is over.'



It took a while but I realized that this was not about me and where I was heading. It had really nothing to do with me in that moment.

Micheline was here for a purpose and she fulfilled her time in the physical world and she would continue her journey energetically. She touched many people including me and even though it took many months of bottoming out over the situation, I finally came to the realization that this is the way it was supposed to be and why not celebrate her life in all aspects.

There is a saying that I love by comedian Steven Wright. He said "The older you get, the more you learn to see what you've been taught to see. When you're a kid, you see what's there". I choose now to be that kid forever and see what there is.



Let it be known that I have the greatest appreciation for being a part of a lovely lady's life and her daughter, Shannon. This event almost 18 years ago has taught me to first off, be blessed in what I do each and every single day. Appreciate the moment(s) we are in right now and finally, love ones self to the fullest. Giving appreciation and gratitude everyday has expanded my awareness, opened my eyes to all the greatness that is around me each day. My focus is usually on the positive rather than the

negative in life. Sure I have contrast as we all do but this is also an appreciation as it points to where I do not desire to be.

My life is made of daily choices, does this feel good or does this not feel good to me. Gratitude and appreciation will be a part of who I am for as long as I walk this earth because without it I may slip into what others desire me to do and be. That just does not jive very well with me.

Thank you Micheline for your energies while we were physically together and for your continued energetic influx as my journey on this path moves forward. You are appreciated, with loads of great love attached to it.

This is just my experience and wanted you all to know how Appreciation really did save my life.

Can a daily dose of appreciation help bring you to a better place inside of yourself????

Peace and Love

Wayne

[Email Me](#)