



things no one tells you about grief

quiet heals you most. some of the deepest mending happens in stillness, not in doing.

it can feel heavy. some days the weight is physical, and carrying it is enough of an achievement.

the admin is relentless. paperwork, estates, accounts, slow, draining tasks that arrive at the worst time.

it can feel slow. healing moves in its own time, and “slow” is not the same as “stuck.”

it changes, not ends. grief softens over time but doesn’t fully leave, you grow around it.

it’s not linear. it loops, circles back, and surprises you long after you thought you’d moved on.

it is exhausting. carrying it takes real energy, every day.

it can feel messy. grief rarely arrives in order, tangled, contradictory feelings are normal.

missing them is okay. longing isn’t a setback, it’s love still looking for somewhere to go.

you can feel guilty experiencing joy. but laughter doesn’t betray them, joy and grief can live in the same heart.

secondary losses. you grieve routines, roles, the future you’d imagined, not only the person.

“grief brain” is real. fog, forgetfulness, losing your thread mid-sentence, it can last a long while.

anger is grief too. fury, blame and resentment are part of mourning, not a detour from it.

you learn who shows up. some people lean in, others quietly disappear.

good days can scare you. feeling okay can stir up guilt, as if lightness means forgetting.

everyone grieves differently. there’s no right pace, no right way, no template to measure yourself against.

it lives in the body. sleep, appetite, illness, weight, especially early on, grief is deeply physical.

*none of this means you’re grieving wrongly. it means
you loved.*