

A sprinkling of what is in this book

The part of grief that is anger

Now, I said I didn't cry about Dad for three years. But— I was in a mood. I remember the night Dad died. I was having dinner with some friends, and had been returning to their place after having given Dad my Christmas card. When I got to my friends' place that they greeted me with the news that Dad had just died— my elder sister had called them and left the message. I remember that night I was unusually pissed off with everything and everyone. And I wasn't an angry sort of person, well, back then, anyway.

Leaky tears

I remember after my brother had killed himself, I started to get leaky tears. It was so weird. I'd be going along, reasonably OK, and all of a sudden, tears would come out of my eyes, and I'd think to myself, "Where did they come from? I'm not especially sad right now!"

These renegade tears would turn up quite regularly and it frustrated me that they did, especially at those times when I was not feeling especially down.

Getting the news

I remember the day I got the news. It was a Monday, January 6, and it was hot. I had just arrived home and dragged myself up the stairs to my room. Peeking out from under my door was a scrap of paper. It was laying in a shaft of light, as though the universe was saying, "Look! See! A message for you!"

Bottled up emotions – grief as physical symptoms

So, about seven months after Pete had died, I started experiencing sore throats. One after another. I couldn't shake them. I'd recently moved to the other side of the city and decided to find myself a new GP. A short walk up the road from where I then living was a two-storey house which had been converted into a place where physicians saw patients, and people attended yoga classes. I remember the first day I tried them out. I wandered in and said, "I'd like to see a doctor."