



daily GOOD

Grief is the language that love speaks after loss --John Mark Green

Griefhouse

"When my father died, I began making weekly visits to a public grief house. I mean greenhouse. For seven Mondays, I rode the streetcar across town to warm myself in a glass building full of plants. No one had warned me that hard-hitting losses sometimes take the form of ordinary problems such as temperature-related discomfort. I had not seen this play out in stories, so I was not prepared for the cold current that entered my body and spread like ice through my veins. I did not know ski gloves and wool fleece would be my mourning vestments. For seven Mondays, I sat with leaves the size of airplane wings under a glistening dome..." Kyle Maclear writes about the slow, green cycle of mourning in this thoughtful piece.

Be The Change:

For more inspiration, check out this Meditation on Grief by the team at gratefulness.org.