

Welcome

If you're holding this book, there's a good chance your heart has been broken.

Maybe you've lost a son or daughter. Maybe you've lost someone whose absence has changed everything. Or maybe you're walking beside someone you love and don't know how to help. Whatever brought you here, I want you to know this before you read another page: you are not alone.

This isn't a book written by someone who has all the answers. It's written by a mother whose life changed forever the day her son, Anthony, unexpectedly left this earth. In a single moment, my world became divided into "before" and "after."

Grief has a way of changing everything. It changes the way you wake up, the way you laugh, the way you celebrate holidays, and even the way you look toward tomorrow. But I've also learned that even in the deepest sorrow, God can gently carry us one breath, one step, and one day at a time.

These pages are pieces of my heart. They contain tears, questions, memories, hope, and the lessons I've learned while walking a road I never wanted to travel. My prayer is that somewhere within these chapters, you'll find comfort, understanding, and permission to grieve without shame.

If this book helps even one grieving heart feel a little less alone, then Anthony's life continues to touch this world in a beautiful way.

This journey begins with love... because love is why grief hurts so deeply.

May you discover hope and comfort,

Sincerely,

Amy Griseta

Dedication

For Anthony, my beloved son

I wrote this book because sometimes putting our grief into words is the first step toward healing.

They say that giving birth to a child is one of the greatest pains a mother can endure. But I have learned that there is another pain that words struggle to describe:

Burying your child.

No parent should ever have to know that kind of heartbreak.

Anthony was only 31 years old when his life was suddenly taken from us by a brain abscess. His passing was unexpected and heartbreaking, leaving behind a family who loved him deeply and a future that we thought we would still get to share with him.

But Anthony's story is not defined by the way he left this world.

It is defined by the way he lived.

He was funny, handsome, kind — oh, so kind — and generous in ways that touched the lives of everyone around him.

He was my son.

He was loved beyond words.

This book is dedicated not only to Anthony, but to every grieving family who has had to say goodbye too soon.

To the mothers who carry an ache in their hearts that never completely goes away.

To the fathers who grieve quietly and carry a pain that is sometimes unseen.

To the grandparents who mourn the loss of a grandchild and the dreams they held for their future.

To the brothers, sisters, spouses, children, and loved ones left behind.

I know the depth of this pain because I have lived it.

I know what it feels like to wake up and realize the person you love is no longer here. I know the

questions, the tears, the emptiness, and the moments when grief feels too heavy to carry.

But I have also learned that love continues.

This book is my way of reaching out a hand to other grieving families and reminding them:

You are not alone.

Your grief matters.

Your love matters.

And the person you lost will always be a part of your story.

My hope is that these words bring comfort to someone who feels lost in their pain, and that they remind every grieving heart that even in the darkest moments, love remains.

For Anthony.

For every family who grieves.

For every heart learning how to carry love after loss.

Chapter 01

The Day Everything Changed

No mother ever expects to receive the news that will change her life forever.

I never imagined that a terrible migraine would be the beginning of a journey that would take my son away from me.

Anthony had started experiencing severe migraines. They were frightening and unlike anything we had seen before. We searched for answers. We trusted that someone would find out what was happening.

But no one knew.

Then an MRI revealed what was happening — Anthony had a brain abscess.

The news came like a storm.

I was living in another state when I received the call. Suddenly, I had to leave everything behind and fly to be with my son.

But by the time I arrived, Anthony was already in a coma.

There are moments in life when your heart cannot accept what your eyes are seeing. A mother wants to run to her child, hold him, fix it, make it better.

But I could not wake him.

I could only sit beside him.

So I did what any mother would do.

I sang to him.

I sang, “You Are My Sunshine,” believing somehow that my voice might reach him. I wanted him to hear me. I wanted some part of him to know his mom was there.

I wanted him to know he was loved.

Just one week before all of this happened, Carlo and I had gone to see Anthony during our vacation.

At the time, it was simply a visit.

A beautiful time together.

A chance to spend time with my son.

We had no idea it would be the last time we would see him awake.

No idea that one week later, we would be fighting for his life.

Looking back, I thank the Lord for that gift.

I thank Him that I got to see Anthony, hug him, talk with him, and spend those precious moments together.

Because I know my heart.

I know that if I had not had that time with him, I would have carried a different kind of pain. I think I would have struggled with wondering if I should have been there, if I should have gone, if I had missed my chance.

But God gave me that time.

A gift I will forever treasure.

After the MRI, everything moved quickly. Anthony underwent surgery, and we were told it had gone well. We held onto hope. We believed we were moving toward healing.

But the next morning, Anthony woke up still suffering from pain in his head.

Then the unimaginable happened.

He suffered three brain strokes.

Those strokes put Anthony into a coma.

We prayed.

We waited.

We hoped.

For days, we held onto every possibility that our son would come back to us.

But eventually, the doctors told us the devastating news — Anthony would not come out of the coma.

No parent should ever have to face that decision.

The decision to remove life support is not a decision made because love ends.

It is made because love is so deep that you cannot bear to see your child suffer.

Anthony was only 31 years old.

He was funny, handsome, kind — oh, so kind — and generous.

His life was so much more than the way it ended.

And this book is not only about the day I lost my son.

It is about the love that remains.

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