

Chapter 10

The Anniversary of a Day I Never Wanted to Remember

There is a day on the calendar that I never wanted to know.

A day that changed my life forever.

Before that day, it was just another date. A normal day. A day I never imagined would become a day I would carry with me for the rest of my life.

But after Anthony died, that date became something different.

It became a marker of the moment my world changed.

The first anniversary was one of the hardest things I ever faced. There was something about knowing I had made it an entire year without him that felt impossible.

A year without hearing his voice.

A year without seeing his smile.

A year of waking up every morning knowing I could not change what happened.

People sometimes think that as time passes, grief becomes smaller. And in some ways, it changes. You learn how to carry it. You learn how to breathe through the moments that once felt unbearable.

But love does not become smaller.

And that is why certain days still matter.

Anniversaries, birthdays, holidays, and special moments can bring a wave of emotion that feels just as real as it did in the beginning.

Sometimes I think, “How can it have been this long?”

And other times I think, “How has it only been this long?”

Time is a strange thing in grief. The world keeps moving forward, but a part of your heart stays connected to the moment you lost someone you love.

Over the years, I have learned that I do not have to fear these days.

I can honor them.

I can remember Anthony.

I can allow myself to feel the sadness without letting it take away all the beauty that still exists in my life.

Because that day was not the only day that defined Anthony’s story.

The day I lost him matters.

But so do all the days I had him.

The memories.

The laughter.

The conversations.

The moments that made him my son and made me his mother.

I don't want Anthony's story to only be about the day he left.

I want it to be about the life he lived.

The love he gave.

The impact he made.

The person he was.

So when that anniversary comes, I allow myself to grieve. I allow myself to miss him. I allow myself to wish things had been different.

But I also choose to remember that love is still here.

It is in my heart.

It is in my family.

It is in the compassion I have for others.

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