

Chapter Twelve

Love Never Ends

If there is one thing I have learned through losing Anthony, it is this:

Love is stronger than loss.

I used to think that losing someone meant losing everything connected to them. I thought the empty space they left behind would only ever be a reminder of what was missing.

But over time, I learned something different.

The people we love never truly leave the places they have touched.

Anthony is still part of me.

He is in my memories.

He is in my heart.

He is in the compassion I carry for others.

He is in the way I love my family.

He is in the purpose I found after walking through the deepest pain I have ever known.

I would give anything for one more conversation with him. One more hug. One more ordinary day.

That longing will always be there because a mother's love does not have an ending.

But neither does the love we shared.

To the mother who is reading this and knows this pain — the mother who has looked at an empty chair, held a photograph, or whispered her child's name when no one else was around — I want you to know something:

You are not alone.

Your grief is not a sign that you are weak.

Your tears are not a sign that you have failed to heal.

Your love for your child is a reflection of the incredible gift you were given: the chance to love someone so deeply.

There will be hard days.

There will be unexpected moments when a memory takes your breath away.

There will be times when you wish the world understood that a part of your heart is somewhere else.

But there will also be moments of beauty again.

There will be laughter.

There will be love.

There will be reasons to keep going.

And when those moments come, you do not have to feel guilty.

Joy does not mean you have forgotten.

Living does not mean you have left them behind.

It means the love they gave you is still doing what love does — changing you.

Anthony's life was a gift.

My children are a gift.

Carlo is a gift.

My granddaughter Celeste is a gift.

Every person God places in my life is a reminder that even after heartbreak, there can still be purpose.

There can still be hope.

There can still be love.

My story is not only the story of losing my son.

It is the story of being his mother.

It is the story of a love that continues.

It is the story of a heart that broke but chose to keep loving anyway.

Anthony, you will always be my son.

I will carry you with me until the day I see you again.

And until then, I will keep loving.

I will keep serving.

I will keep showing up.

Because your life mattered.

Your love mattered, and I know now, with all my heart:

Love never ends.

Closing

If you've made it to the end of this book, thank you for allowing me to walk beside you.

Although our stories are different, our hearts understand a language only grief can teach. I wish neither of us had learned it. Yet here we are—still breathing, still loving, and somehow still finding the strength to keep going.

Anthony will always be my son. Death changed his address, but it could never change our love. I carry him with me every single day, and I always will.

If you're grieving someone you love, I pray you never feel pressured to "move on." Instead, may you find a way to move forward while carrying their love with you. There is a difference.

There will still be hard days. There will still be tears. There will still be moments when a song, a smell, or a memory catches you off guard. That's not weakness. That's love with nowhere to go.

My prayer is that, in time, your grief will no longer be the loudest voice in your life. May love become louder. May hope become stronger. And may God remind you, over and over again, that He has never left your side.

Until the day we are reunited with those we love, may we honor them by loving deeply, living faithfully, and bringing comfort to others who walk this difficult road.

With love, understanding, and hope,

Amy

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