

Chapter 04

The Person Who Helped Me Carry It

Grief is a road that no one can walk for you.

There are moments when the pain is so personal, so deep, that even the people who love you most cannot fully understand what is happening inside your heart.

But sometimes God sends someone who does not try to fix what cannot be fixed.

Sometimes He sends someone who simply stays.

For me, that person was Carlo.

Carlo never tried to erase my grief. He never told me to “move on” or made me feel like I should be done hurting. He understood that losing Anthony was not something I would simply get over. It was something I would learn to carry.

He loved me in the middle of my brokenness.

He saw the tears I cried when memories came rushing back. He saw the moments when grief caught me off guard. He understood that some days were harder than others, and he gave me space to feel everything I needed to feel.

There is a special kind of love in someone who can sit beside your pain without trying to run from it.

Carlo became my safe place.

He reminded me that even though my heart had been shattered by loss, I was still worthy of love, laughter, and a future. He helped me see that continuing to live did not mean I was leaving Anthony behind.

That was something I had to learn.

For a long time, happiness could feel like guilt. A smile could feel wrong. A good day could feel like I was somehow forgetting the son I loved so deeply.

But Carlo helped me understand something important:

Honoring Anthony does not mean I have to stop living.

Anthony’s life was a gift. The love we shared is a gift. And allowing myself to love again, laugh again, and experience joy again does not take anything away from him.

It simply means that love is bigger than loss.

Carlo walked with me through some of the hardest parts of my life. He held my hand when I felt weak. He reminded me that I was still here, still needed, still loved.

I believe God knew I would need someone who understood compassion, because Carlo’s own heart has always been drawn toward caring for others.

He came into my life not to take away my scars, but to love me with them.

And sometimes that is the greatest gift someone can give another person:

Not fixing the pain.

Just refusing to leave you alone in it.

[<<< PREVIOUS](#) --- [NEXT >>>](#)