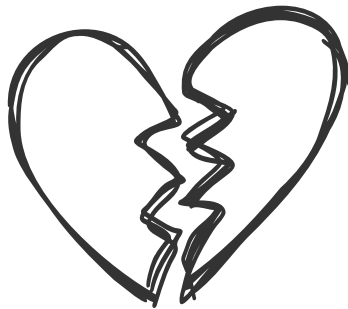


Mom, Your
Heart Still
Beats in
Mine

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Introduction

Sometimes a book finds its way into our hands without us really knowing why. Maybe it was a coincidence. Maybe a quiet inner nudge. Or maybe it was simply the desire to find something that remains when so much seems to have been lost.

If you've opened this book, chances are you have lost your mom. The person who has been part of your life from the very beginning. The one who shaped your world long before you had words for it. And who has made it quieter since she's been gone.

Maybe it's only been a few days since she passed away. Maybe it's been weeks or years. Maybe you've been carrying this loss for a long time, and yet it still feels as raw as ever. You may have simply been hoping to find words that make you feel understood in a silence that feels so different from any other after losing your mom.

This book is not meant to be a guide that tells you how to grieve the loss of your mom. It won't tell you when you should "move on" or how you can "let go." It won't map out a path for you or set deadlines. Because grieving the loss of a mother cannot be planned.

It is messy. Contradictory. Loud and quiet at the same time. It comes in waves, and sometimes even in the middle of the night, when all should be quiet.

Grief is not weakness. It is love with nowhere to go. It is the echo of a bond that has been with you your entire life. Of what was and what remains. And it's okay for it to be there. Even when it hurts. Especially because it hurts.

In the following chapters, you'll find writings that come straight from the heart. They speak of the loss of your mom, of memories, of pain, and of everything that changes when the person who has meant "home" to so many is no longer there. The writings are relatable, sometimes raw, sometimes tender. And above all, they want to tell you one thing: You are not alone.

At the end of each chapter, you'll find some questions. There's no test. No goal. They're meant to invite you to reflect, not with your head, but with your heart. Sometimes you'll have answers. Sometimes you'll simply feel something shifting inside you. That, too, is enough.

You may read this book at your own pace. You may set it aside if it becomes too much. You may leave pages blank, cross out words, turn back to earlier pages, or linger over a single sentence. It is not about achieving anything. It is about holding yourself during a time when so much has been shaken by the loss of your mom.

When you eventually close it again, don't take every sentence with you. Not every line has to be written just for you. But maybe a feeling will remain. A reminder that you're allowed to feel. That there's room for your grief. And that, with everything that was, you are allowed to keep breathing. Not because it's easy. But because you love. And that love remains.

There are losses that divide your life into a "before" and an "after." The death of your mom is often one of them. These are the moments when the world keeps turning for everyone else, while your own stands still. You sit there, breathing, maybe even functioning, but inside, everything is different.

No mother ever truly disappears from her child's life. Something remains. In your gaze. In your heartbeat. In those moments when you stare absently into space and suddenly feel how much you miss her. And even if no one else sees it, you carry her with you. In memories that pop up out of nowhere. In questions that remain unanswered. In moments you want to share, and then realize you no longer can.

And yet, life goes on. Differently. No less painful, but sometimes gentler. With time. With small steps. With breaths that become a little easier again. This book accompanies you on this journey. Without pressure. Without expectations. Knowing that you are not alone.

„From the outside, you seem the same as always. You laugh at the right moments. You take care of the things you need to do.

But inside, your foundation has shifted. When you lose your mom, the ground beneath your feet gives way in a way no one else can see.

She was the beginning of your story. And now you have to learn to keep writing that story on your own. It feels as though you're learning to walk all over again while everyone else only sees you standing.“

Chapter 1

The Day Mom Left

Nothing in this world can truly prepare you for it. Not the long conversations around the kitchen table. Not the books about letting go. Not even the knowledge that it's the natural order of things for children to outlive their parents. No one is ever ready for the moment when their own mother passes away. Even if you sense it coming because she was ill. Even if you know it's coming because old age has taken its toll. Even then, the moment she leaves feels like an earthquake that shakes your inner foundation.

When your mom dies, a bond that has existed since your very first breath is broken. And suddenly, time stands still.

Your breathing grows heavier, and the sounds around you become muffled. Everything suddenly seems unfamiliar, as if someone had stripped the colors from your world. Even the sky above you no longer seems the same now that she is no longer beneath it. The things that seemed so important just a moment ago, appointments, responsibilities, everyday worries, dissolve into utter insignificance. It's as if your life were splitting into two parts: the time when she was there, and the strange, cold "after."



Maybe you held her hand one last time, the hand that used to guide you, comfort you, and hold you when you were little. Maybe you couldn't say anything anymore. You could only be there. You may have been by her side as she took her last breath. Or maybe the news came suddenly over the phone, and the ground beneath your feet seemed to give way. No matter how the farewell took place, when a mother dies, she doesn't just leave a gap. She leaves a silence in the place that used to be your beginning. A void that no other love in the world can fill.

And yet, and this is what feels so incomprehensible, the world outside just keeps going. The birds are singing as if nothing had happened. Cars drive to work. The news is on. For everyone else, it's just another ordinary day. But for you, your entire universe has been turned upside down. You stand in the midst of the hustle and bustle and wonder how the world can keep turning when your center is missing. Maybe you'll find yourself thinking back over the next few days. About the smell of her apartment. About the way she called your name. About the advice that used to annoy you but that you now miss. About her hands. None of it is gone, but everything is different now.

You're going to feel a lot of things in the days ahead. A whirlwind of emotions that will overwhelm you. Maybe anger at having been abandoned. Or guilt because things were left unsaid or because you think you should have done more.

You may just feel numb. You may hardly cry at all because the shock has paralyzed you. Or you may not be able to stop crying because the pain feels so physical. You may wake up in the morning and, for a second, everything will be okay, until reality hits you again and you realize: I'll never hear that voice again.

The first few days after saying goodbye often feel like living in a fog. You keep going because you have to. You settle the estate, pick out clothes, and accept condolences. You're the "grown-up daughter" or "grown-up son" who has everything under control. But deep inside, there may be that little child again, simply calling out for her mom. You're surrounded by people. You're hugged. You hear words of comfort. But you feel infinitely alone. Because no one else had exactly this mother except you. No one knows your story, your language, your bond the way you do.

And that's exactly what this book is about. It's not about giving you clever advice on how to grieve "properly" or "let go." It's about giving you the space to experience your grief in a way that reflects your relationship with your mom. In the way you need right now. Because there's no roadmap for losing a mother. There's only your own journey.

Maybe you'd like to talk about her, to keep her stories alive. Or maybe you'd like to stay silent and withdraw.

Maybe you want to look back on memories, to hold on to the little moments that used to be taken for granted: the smell in her kitchen. The way she said your name. A glance that understood everything without words. A hug that made you feel safe. None of it was a given. It was all a gift. And now you're allowed to miss it all deeply.

Her passing isn't just the end of her life's journey. It's the beginning of a new, often rocky path for you. A path where you'll have to learn to find your own sense of security within yourself, now that your first anchor is gone. A path through pain, through gratitude, and through a new kind of love. Maybe you can't see it today. Maybe not even tomorrow. But someday, there will be a day when you look in the mirror and realize how much of her lives on in you. In your eyes. In your smile. In the way you love. She is no longer physically here, but she remains an inseparable part of you.

If you're still a long way from feeling that way, that's perfectly okay. You don't have to be strong right now. You're allowed to be sad, angry, or desperate. It's okay to simply be yourself. And if you'd like, keep turning the pages. Let the next few pages give you a little space. Not for quick answers to the "why." But for gently holding on to what was.

Exercise 1

The Last Moment with Her

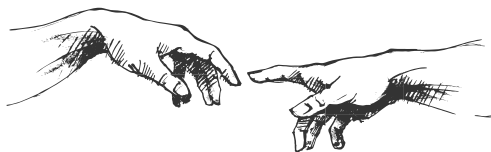
Close your eyes for a moment and take a few calm breaths. Try to remember the last conscious moment you shared with your mother. It doesn't have to be the moment she died. Maybe it was the last visit, the last phone call, or a quiet moment at her bedside.

Maybe it was just a small gesture: the way she squeezed your hand, the way she looked at you, or the way she breathed. Let that image slowly come to mind. It's the moment when she was still there and you were still a "child with a mother."

When you're ready, write freely and without pressure about this moment. Take your time. You don't have to live up to anyone's expectations. You only have to be true to yourself and your memory of her.

Guiding Questions (optional):

- Where were you? What did it smell like there?
- Did you touch each other? Did you hold her hand?
- What were the last words? Or was it a silent understanding?
- What did the "child" inside you feel in that moment?
- Is there anything you'd like to quietly add to that moment today?



This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

At what moment did it truly sink in for you that "Mom isn't coming back"?

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

What thoughts or words went through your mind at that moment?

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.