

Claude Monet, *A Path in the Garden at Giverny*, 1902



****First Question First****

What is *your* immediate reaction to this artwork?

Trust it. Write about it. Use the guide sheet for help.

Continue reading for another perspective and journal questions.

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Excerpt from my journal:

Everything feels changed with Daddy gone and turning 60. And everything is still the same. My proclivities have me fiddling with isolation, fear, numbing through food. I'm experiencing utter disbelief that my time on this earth is growing shorter. I am crying right now for me! I felt it just now, the wave of grief for my own death, having to [one day] say goodbye to this life I love in all its amazing, beautiful detail . . . everyone, everything, every place, every sky. Endless. I am in the process of Acceptance. I feel in my gut that crying from my heart is a release, a good thing. Having faith in grief. And with Daddy's death, then turning 60, the basket of mortality has been filling to the brim. Staying home has been and continues to be my way of allowing space to arise so that I have a chance of making contact with the ocean of grief I'm living in these days . . . just like now, a release of some existential grief through tears. And I know it's also time to re-emerge more, re-connect more with loved ones, life outside our home. Just a bit. R. and I planted bulbs in the altar, mixed with Daddy's ashes, promising Spring. Plant the Bulbs!

Q.) Have you been visited by thoughts of your own mortality since losing your loved one? Enter Monet's path and take a stroll into the flower garden, where we're gently reminded of nature's cycles, life follows death follows life. . . . Write whatever comes up for you.