

Edward Hopper, *Morning Sun*, 1952



****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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Death feels unreal. How can someone so important to us be here one moment and gone the next? Even though we may have witnessed their last breath leave their body, our entire being may resist, reject, or just numb to this shocking truth. And if we were **not** able to be with our loved one in their last days or moments? This unreality of death can then saturate our grief. Not being able to sit with his dead body, kiss her forehead, allow our broken hearts their due while our minds catch up with this shock of goodbye. Not holding his hand. Seeing him there in front of us, so our soul can simultaneously recognize his spirit has left his empty shell.

When we cannot have these final experiences in person, when we cannot accompany our beloved through this great transition from life to death, grief can feel amorphous, completely without shape or substance. In this time of covid so many of us are experiencing grieving from a distance. We might feel even more alone, without the communal release of sorrow and face-to-face acknowledgement.

We wake up to our morning routine every day feeling a nagging lowness that something in our universe is just not right. Oh yeah, she's dead. I will never see him again.

Q.) Are you mourning from a distance? Spend time writing about who you have lost and what they've meant to you in your life. Write down stories, details, descriptions of your loved one. Be with them as you write. Feel their presence as you say thank you and goodbye.