

A Mother's Love Never Ends

People often say that time heals. But for a parent who has lost a child, time does not erase the pain—it simply teaches you how to carry it.

Five years ago, my world changed forever. My son was diagnosed with brain cancer. Three months later, he was gone.

Three months. That was all the time we had between hearing the devastating diagnosis and saying goodbye to the person I loved more than life itself.

Nothing prepares a parent for watching their child become seriously ill. Every instinct is to protect them, to take away their pain and somehow make everything better. But there are some battles that love alone cannot win. All I could do was stay by his side, hold his hand and love him until his final breath.

My son was a wonderful man—handsome, kind, caring and generous. He always put other people before himself. He had a warm smile that made everyone feel welcome, and a heart that never stopped giving. He was a devoted husband to his beautiful wife and a loving father to his two children.

His death changed every one of us. I have watched his wife carry an unimaginable burden. In just five years, grief seems to have aged her beyond her years. She continues with courage for their children, but I know how deeply she misses the love of her life.

Their children have changed too. They have become much quieter. Losing a father at such a young age has left an emptiness that no child should ever have to experience. They continue to grow, carrying memories of a father who loved them completely.

Not a day passes without me thinking about my son. I miss his voice, his laughter, his kindness and the comfort of simply knowing he was here.

Every year we celebrate his birthday because love does not end when someone dies. This year he would have been 34 years old. We will buy him a birthday cake, gather together as a family and remember the wonderful man he was. This year we will also release 34 balloons, one for every year he should have lived. Each balloon will carry our love, our memories and our promise that he will never be forgotten.

People sometimes ask why we still celebrate. The answer is simple. He is still our son, still our father, still our husband and still deeply loved. His life continues in the memories he created, in the values he passed on and in the family who speak his name with pride.

At the Dil Sey Dil Tak Bereavement Café, I have found people who understand that remembering is part of healing. Speaking his name, sharing his story and celebrating his birthday keeps his love alive in our hearts.

He will always be my son. He will always be celebrated. He will always be loved.