

SERIES 1

系列一

# THE PATH TO HEALING

WALKING  
THROUGH  
GRIEF  
WITH YOU

疗  
愈  
之  
路

走过  
悲  
伤  
陪



Assisi Hospice sincerely extends its heartfelt gratitude to the five clients in this book – Eileen, Patrick, Pei Pei, Jing En, and Xiao Rong – for generously sharing their personal experiences and, together with the counsellors, transforming their journeys into written stories. To protect the privacy of our clients, all details have been adjusted and names have been changed.

雅西西慈怀病院谨此衷心感谢本书中五位案主 – 艾琳、Patrick、佩佩、敬恩、小蓉 – 慷慨分享他们的亲身经历，并与辅导员携手，将点滴心路化为文字。为保护案主的隐私，本书已对相关细节作出调整，姓名亦已更改。

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# FOREWORD

Grief is a pervasive human condition that everyone will experience at some point in our lives. However, it can evolve into one of the most isolating human experiences if left unacknowledged.

It is just four years since we started our fourth pillar of service, the Grief and Bereavement Care Service at Assisi Hospice in 2021. In these four years, our Grief and Bereavement Care team have journeyed with various family members and caregivers of our deceased patients at Assisi Hospice in addition to referred members of the public through intensive counselling, group support programmes, grief cafes, psycho-education talks and collaterals. We recognise that majority of people who grieve will not need intensive support to work through their grief.

We hope that a book that contains the precious stories of grief that our bereaved clients have experienced and emerged from, supplemented with reflections from our Grief and Bereavement counsellors, will have the power to bring some meaning, connection and hope to others who need affirmation that what they are experiencing need not be a lonely one.

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Each story is a testament to the resilience of the human spirit. These are stories of moving forward, of learning to carry grief, and of how love continues even after loss.

As you read, you may find echoes of your own experiences in these pages. You may also find comfort. These stories invite you to sit with your grief, to honour it, and to know that you are not alone.

We hope that this book becomes more than a collection; that it becomes a companion. May it offer comfort, understanding, and – perhaps most of all – connection.

**MS JACINTA PHOON**  
*Head, Psychosocial Support Services*

# ABOUT US

## GRIEF AND BEREAVEMENT CARE AT ASSISI HOSPICE

Grief is a deeply personal and often overwhelming experience, varying greatly from one individual to another. At Assisi Hospice, our team of grief and bereavement counsellors are professionally trained in grief and loss, offering a safe and supportive space for story sharing, emotional regulation, and the search for comfort and healing.

Our grief and bereavement care services are complimentary for all. If you would like to support the meaningful work of Assisi Hospice, kindly scan the QR code or contact us for more details.



SCAN TO  
SUPPORT

You are welcome to reach out to us at any time, no matter how long it has been since your loss.

## WE OFFER

- Grief and Bereavement Counselling – One-on-one sessions tailored to your needs
- Bereavement Support Group – Process your grief in a group setting
- Grief Café – A gentle space to share about grief and coping

## HOW TO REACH US

✉ bereavementcare@assisihospice.org.sg

📞 9787 9890

*Monday to Friday, from 9am to 4pm,  
except Public Holidays*



SCAN TO  
REACH OUT

# 关于 我 们

## 雅西西慈怀病院悲伤与丧亲关怀

悲伤是一段极其个人化的旅程,往往也让人感到无比沉重。每个人走过的悲伤之路都不一样。在雅西西慈怀病院,我们的悲伤与丧亲关怀辅导员接受过专业的培训,愿意陪伴您,在安全而充满关怀的空间里,倾听您的故事、帮助您调适情绪,并协助您逐步找回安慰与力量。

我们的悲伤与丧亲关怀服务向所有人免费开放。若您愿意支持雅西西慈怀病院这份充满意义的工作,欢迎扫描二维码或与我们联系以获取更多详情。



扫描二维码  
支持雅西西  
慈怀病院

无论您经历失去已有多久,  
我们都欢迎您随时与我们联系。

### 我们的服务

- 悲伤与丧亲辅导 – 根据您的个人需求,提供一对一专业的  
    咨商辅导
- 丧亲支援小组 – 在共情与支持的团体中,一同走过悲伤之路
- 悲伤咖啡馆 – 一个温柔开放的空间,欢迎您叙述悲伤、  
    分享经验、学习应对方法

### 如何联络我们

✉ bereavementcare@assisihospice.org.sg

📞 9787 9890

星期一至五, 上午9时至下午4时,  
公众假期除外



扫描二维码  
与我们联系

# LOVE NEVER CEASES

COUNSELLOR  
OOI YINN SHAN



## Unfinished business

During our first counselling session, Eileen sat across from me, her body trembling as she sobbed. Overwhelmed by emotion, she struggled to speak. She was filled with grief, but it was guilt that weighed heaviest. With tears streaming down her face, she whispered, "Why didn't I speak kindly to my mother when she was alive? Now that she's gone, I don't even have the chance to apologise."

Eileen's mother passed away at the age of 85, on Christmas Eve. A sudden stroke struck during a physiotherapy session at the hospital. At the time, Eileen was traveling abroad with her sister, who was back from America. She rushed back to Singapore, but by the time she reached the hospital, her mother had already slipped into a coma. Sitting by her bedside, Eileen held her mother's frail hand and murmured, "I am sorry. I should not have lost my temper at you." She made a quiet promise – to better manage her anger and to preserve the peace at home. A few days later, her mother passed away without regaining consciousness.

In the subsequent weeks, Eileen spiralled into deep self-blame.

## Now that she's gone, I don't even have the chance to apologise.

She could not forgive herself for the harsh words she had spoken to her mother when she was alive. The suddenness of her mother's death made it even harder to bear. She also felt anger towards her husband, believing he did not treat her mother well and may have made her feel unwelcome in their home – something Eileen thought contributed to her mother choosing to rotate stays among her other children's homes. Grief consumed her days; insomnia and emotional turmoil took a toll on her physical health and daily functioning.

Aware of Eileen's long-standing anxiety disorder, her daughter, who was deeply worried for Eileen, reached out to Assisi's Grief and Bereavement Counselling Service.



### *Pendulum*

In our first session, Eileen held on to a notebook and asked for a “secret formula” to rid herself of the pain that haunted her, so that she could move on. She described days when she felt relatively fine, followed by others when grief hit so hard that she could barely function. I gently reminded her that grief is deeply personal and there is no secret formula to “fix” it, but we can process it together. While some experience sadness, others may feel anger, guilt, or longing. For many, including Eileen, grief follows what Stroebe and Schut describe as the Dual Process Model – the swings between confronting the pain of loss and adjusting to a new life without the person, symbolised by a swinging pendulum.

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Guilt would hit her each time she remembered it, a painful reminder of how her love had sometimes been expressed through frustration.

At times, Eileen found peace in believing her mother had gone to a better place. On other days, a familiar scent from her mother's favourite dish or passing by a shared space would unravel her all over again. It felt like riding an emotional roller coaster – predictable in its unpredictability.

Eileen grappled with secondary losses – the absence of shared routines and the presence of memories embedded in every corner of the home. Her longing surfaced through photos, recollections, and imagined conversations. Though it brought comfort, it also brought more guilt. An incident from years ago stood out vividly – Eileen had scolded her mother harshly for attempting to retrieve a worn-out shoe that had fallen off a window ledge. “Why are you risking your life for a broken shoe?” she had shouted. Though the outburst came from concern, guilt would hit her each time she remembered it, a painful reminder of how her love had sometimes been expressed through frustration.

Through Narrative Therapy, we began gently re-authoring her story. I asked her to reflect on what lay beneath that moment –

what had driven her to respond so strongly. With time, Eileen came to recognise the deep concern and fear of losing her mother that had fuelled her words. We externalised her guilt and frustration, allowing her to see these emotions not as flaws in her character, but as reflections of her love and vulnerability. In time, she found space for self-forgiveness and began to honour their bond with compassion.

In one session, I asked her, “If you could go back to that moment, what would you do differently?” She paused, then said softly, “I would be more patient. I would speak more gently.” We practiced role-playing those imagined conversations, giving voice to the compassion she wished she had shown. These exercises reminded Eileen that her capacity for love and kindness had not vanished – she still held them, and she could still express them in her present relationships.

### *Root Cause*

As we delved further, we noticed that Eileen’s grief did not begin with her mother’s passing – it started much earlier, in her childhood. When she was in Primary Four, her father died suddenly of a heart attack, leaving

behind a 30-year-old widow and four young children. Her mother, once a homemaker, had to work as a domestic helper to support the family due to her limited education, leaving Eileen and her elder brother at home to care for their younger siblings. Although Eileen had an elder brother, it was her who stepped up to care for her younger siblings and shield her mother from further distress.

According to Bowen's Family Systems Theory, Eileen became what is known as a parentified child – one who assumes adult responsibilities too early in life to maintain stability within a disrupted family system. Beneath her strong sense of duty was a young girl's tender desire to protect the mother she so deeply loved.

Eileen learned to suppress her own emotions, to "stay strong", and to carry burdens quietly. Over time, this survival mode became her default way of being. While her emotional resilience was admirable, it came at a cost – a persistent inner tension and frustration that she had to do everything, because if she didn't, no one else would. These patterns eventually spilled over into her adult life and marriage.

After her mother's death, the long-maintained façade began to crack. Decades of emotional suppression came rushing to the surface, colliding with intense grief and guilt. Eileen had long believed she had to manage everything alone – that no one else could truly understand or help. This belief left her feeling exhausted, isolated, and overwhelmed. When she felt frustrated, she would lose her temper and later feel guilty, but her emotions were easily triggered, creating a vicious cycle.

In our sessions, we revisited these childhood patterns and gently traced the roots of her emotional world. As Eileen started to see her story in a bigger picture, something changed. She began to soften – not because she was weak, but because she was starting to see things more clearly and with kindness. When she looked back on her past, she began to understand why she had often felt angry or frustrated. She no longer saw herself as a bad or impatient daughter, but as someone who had done her best with what she knew at the time.

Her attempts to do everything on her own, her need for control,

and her short temper were all survival strategies. In the absence of others whom she can depend on, she carried the weight alone – until now.

### *Flashback Memories*

In our sixth session, Eileen had just returned from a family trip to Italy. She looked visibly weary. During the trip, memories of her mother were never far away. She often imagined her mother walking the same cobbled streets during her own visit to Italy years ago. “Did she enjoy the gelato?” Eileen wondered. “Was she ever here?” Even after returning home, she found herself wandering through her neighbourhood, scanning for elderly women who resembled her mother – hoping, somehow, to catch a glimpse of her again.

That session was heavy with regret. To help Eileen access the emotions beneath her words, I gently invited her to draw her mother. She hesitated. “I’m not artistic...can I skip this?” she asked. I reassured her that this was not about artistic skill, but about giving form to feelings that words often cannot hold. As soft music played in the background, she slowly picked up a colour pencil. Though she was reluctant

at first, her hand eventually began to move. As she drew, tears dropped silently onto the paper.

When she finished, Eileen gazed at the drawing in quiet disbelief, tears streaming down her face. She said, “I can’t believe it. This is so her – wearing her favourite blouse and holding a Bible, just like she used to when sharing the gospel.”

In her drawing, her mother was surrounded by red lanterns, traditional New Year delicacies, and the comforting warmth of a reunion dinner. It was as if her mother had come alive on the page. This was a recollection of memories filled with love.

We spent time reflecting on the emotions evoked during the drawing process and what the image meant to her. Through this, Eileen arrived at a powerful realisation – she didn’t need to “let go” of her mother to heal. Instead, she could carry her forward – through the values her mother had lived and passed on – values of love, unity, forgiveness, and faith.

### *Self-discovery*

In our final session, Eileen looked at me with calm clarity. “Thank

She could carry her forward – through the values her mother had lived and passed on – values of love, unity, forgiveness, and faith.

you." she said. "I used to hate myself for being frustrated, and I did not even understand why. These sessions helped me discover parts of myself I never noticed before. I always thought something was wrong with me for feeling this way – but now I have come to understand it wasn't my fault. It was shaped by how I grew up and the environment I lived in. I now know that my mother's love has never left me. Her death was never something I wanted, but it made me realise how short life is. I should treasure what I have and never allow myself to live with regret. She taught me what love truly meant. And I will continue to pass it on."

The pain of loss never fully leaves us. But neither does love. Through understanding, acceptance, and expression, we learn not only how to say goodbye – but how to carry those we love with us. In how we live. In how we love. And in how we remember. Love never ceases.



爱，永不止息！

辅导员  
黄韵姗



可是这样的日子，只能算是生存，不是生活。  
每一天，像行尸走肉，看不见悲伤的尽头。

## 未解开的结

第一次看到艾琳时，她的眼睛布满了泪水，声音颤抖地说：“为什么妈妈在世时我不对她好言相待，现在她不在了，我连跟她道歉的机会都没有了……”

艾琳85岁的妈妈在2023年的圣诞前夕过世了。妈妈在医院做物理治疗时突然中风，接到消息时，艾琳正和从美国回来的妹妹到邻国游玩。当她赶到医院时，妈妈已经陷入昏迷状态。艾琳握着妈妈的手，在耳边向她忏悔：“对不起，我不应该时常对你发脾气。”她答应妈妈会控制自己的情绪，维持家庭的和谐。然而，几天后，妈妈离开了人世。

艾琳无法接受妈妈的突然离世，陷入了无止境的自责和懊悔。她自责自己平时没有好好对待妈妈，也把怒气转移到她的先生身上，认为他平时对妈妈的态度不够友好，导致妈妈在他们家住得不自在，而得到其他的兄弟姐妹家轮流居住。

艾琳每天过着行尸走肉的日子，无法入眠。艾琳的焦虑症病史让女儿为她丧亲后的状况倍感担忧，从而在网上找到我们——雅西西悲伤与丧亲辅导服务。

## “摆荡”的过程

第一次见到艾琳时，她迫不及待地拿出笔记本，眼泪盈眶，求我告诉她如何抹去脑海里的重播画面，希望能找到从悲伤中走出来的“秘方”。我向她解释了心理辅导的模式，并与她建立了共识的辅导目标。我提供了一个安全的空间让艾琳叙述她的情绪与困扰，并进行全面的评估，包括她的身体、心理、社会和精神状况，以及她的成长背景和目前的情绪管理应对策略。

失去亲人时，家属最初的情绪反应往往是充满惊讶、悲伤、内疚和生气等，但每个人的悲伤反应并不完全相同。大多数人会经历“双重过程”，这与Stroebe和Schut提出的“应对丧亲之痛的双重过程模型”(The Dual Process Model) 中的“摆荡”相契合。Stroebe认为丧



亲者的悲伤过程可分为丧失导向和恢复导向。丧亲者不得不面对失去至亲后丧失导向的挑战,比如处理哀伤情绪;同时,也须要面对恢复导向以调整与适应失去至亲后的新生活和改变,这包括专注于生活上的事务,甚至回避悲伤。丧亲者往往在这两个导向——面对与逃避之间,来回摆动。如此来回摆荡具有适应性的调节功能,让丧亲者得以应付丧亲后的各种挑战。

艾琳也不例外,她的情绪反反复复,时好时坏。有些时候,她可以理智地认清她要继续好好活下去,并认定妈妈去了更好的地方(天国)。但有些时候,重访妈妈去过的地方、吃过的东西时,她又会情不自禁地悲伤起来。

### 无尽愧疚

在接下来的几次辅导中,艾琳的情绪总围绕着对妈妈的无尽愧疚。她叙述了其中一个经常困扰她的闪回画面——几年前,妈妈把

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每次回想起来,艾琳都责怪自己平时对妈妈总是呼呼喝喝,不好好说话。

一双破旧的鞋子放在窗台上晒，一不小心掉了一只。妈妈爬上窗台去捡，艾琳看到后，第一反应是大喊：“你为什么要这么做？鞋子已经破烂不堪，为什么还要捡起来？”然后还把妈妈骂了一顿。虽然艾琳的初衷是为妈妈好，但妈妈离世后，这个画面不停地在她脑海中重播。每次回想起来，艾琳都责怪自己平时对妈妈总是呼呼喝喝，不好好说话。

辅导艾琳的过程中，我采用了叙事疗法 (Narrative Therapy) 来帮助她重新构建她的故事，找到新的意义和应对悲伤的方式。“外化问题”是一项对艾琳帮助甚大的干预方案。过程中，艾琳学会将问题与自我区分开来，减轻自我责备的倾向及心理负担，并认知她的悲伤情绪，如内疚、自责与哀伤，并不代表她的全部。外化“烦躁”(frustrated) 和“悲伤阴影”的过程也协助艾琳将问题外化，认识到它们仅是她生活中的一部分，而不是她人格的全部。

聆听了艾琳的描述，我问她：“如果可以重来，你会怎么做？”

她回答：“如果可以重来，我会好好对待妈妈，不再发脾气。”

我们还尝试用了“角色扮演”让她与妈妈进行对话。在这过程中，

艾琳发现，她除了用不耐烦的语气交流之外，其实可以选择好好表达自己。她也发现到自己接下来想要的改变是好好跟身边的人相处，不再有遗憾。

## 原因 - “父母化的孩子”

艾琳的爸爸在她小学四年级时因心脏病突发离世，留下了年仅三十岁的妈妈和四个年幼的孩子。当时艾琳的妹妹才三岁。在这之前，妈妈是全职家庭主妇，爸爸的离世迫使她不得不出外当帮佣，留下艾琳和哥哥在家中承担照顾弟弟妹妹的责任。

根据Bowen家庭系统理论，小小年纪的艾琳为了减轻妈妈的负担，不知不觉中成了“父母化的孩子”。在她成长过程中，哥哥不顾家，为了保护弟弟妹妹，她必须表现得很凶悍，久而久之形成了强势的个性。由于从小就担起照顾家庭的重任，艾琳学会了压抑自己的情绪，做一个乖孩子，让妈妈可以放心工作。她的强势和情绪控制的个性，是为了应对家庭中的压力和责任。母亲去世后，艾琳所有的坚强和长期被压抑的情绪一瞬间土崩瓦解，翻江倒海地失控了。

艾琳一直强迫性地把所有事情和责任揽在自己身上，总觉得没有人比她更能胜任一切事情。与此同

时,这样的压力让她透不过气,如同孤军作战。为了寻求一丝安慰,有时,她甚至到社区俱乐部,与跟母亲年龄相仿的老人亲近,感受彷彿还拥有妈妈的温暖。

Bowen理论还提到,家庭成员之间未解决的情感问题会影响个体的心理健康和人际关系。艾琳对母亲的内疚和自责,明显源于她与母亲之间的“未完成的情结”。在母亲去世后,这些未了的情结变得格外突出和难以承受,使艾琳的悲伤处理变得更艰难与复杂。通过理解这些背景因素,我们可以更有效地帮助艾琳找到应对悲伤的途径。

通过逐步的引导和支持,艾琳对自己的成长背景以及个性的形成有了更多的认知,她感到释怀,并学习接纳自己的情绪,理解自己的行为,逐渐从自责中走出来。

她终于明白,妈妈的爱和包容一直在她心中,虽然不能重来,但她可以用更好的方式缅怀妈妈,继续前行。

## 回忆的吞噬

还记得,在我们第六次的辅导时,艾琳看起来十分烦躁。她刚从意大利旅游回来,去了妈妈曾经踏过的土地。整个旅途,她脑海中不时会想:“当年妈妈来此地游玩

时,是什么样的感受?妈妈有没有吃冰淇淋?”

当天,我邀请艾琳把脑海里的画面画出来。一开始,艾琳非常排斥,觉得用叙述的方式进行辅导就好,没必要画画。我鼓励她尝试,并告诉她这不是考画工,而是抒发情绪的方式之一。过程中,我播放轻柔的音乐,给予她足够的时间与空间。艾琳从一开始的排斥,到尝试抓起画笔,边画边泣不成声。我默默地在旁给她支持。完作后,艾琳注视着自己的画,感受前所未有的感动。画中的妈妈穿着平时最爱的衬衫,手里捧着圣经,如同以往传播福音时的她。艾琳在妈妈的身边画满了红彤彤的新年装饰,红包和团圆饭。看着画中栩栩如生的母亲,艾琳被震撼了。

在接下来的情绪消化,反思和处理工作中,艾琳深刻地领悟到,母亲传承给下一代的母爱和家庭观,甚至她与母亲间的精神联系,是母亲留给她最好的资粮,丰盈她下一段人生旅途。

## 自我探索

在最后一次辅导结束前,艾琳对我说:“谢谢你,让我更了解自己。过去我总是讨厌自己太过浮躁,现在我终于释怀了。那并不是

我的错，而是成长的环境和经历所造成的。我也明白了，妈妈的爱从未离开过，无论她是否还在我身边。她教会了我什么是爱，而我会继续把这份爱传递下去。”

虽然失去亲人的痛苦难以避免，但爱永不止息。通过理解、接纳和表达情感，我们将找到与悲伤的共处之道。正如艾琳所体会到的，妈妈的爱将永远伴随她，成为她前行的动力和勇气。



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母亲传承给下一代的母爱和家庭观，甚至她与母亲间的精神联系，是母亲留给她最好的资粮，丰盈她下一段人生旅途。



# LOVE BEYOND A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

COUNSELLOR  
OOI YINN SHAN

### *The unacknowledged love*

Patrick, a 55-year-old Chinese man from East Malaysia, had worked in Singapore for over two decades. It was here that he met Amy, a colleague who was 10 years younger. Their relationship began with conflict, and neither of them imagined they would one day be together. Their relationship lasted for more than a decade.

Although their relationship was openly known at work, it remained unacknowledged by Amy's family due to their strong disapproval. Despite the lack of familial acceptance, Patrick and Amy considered each other as life partners, affectionately referring to one another as 'husband' and 'wife' in private.

For ten years, they spent nearly every evening together over simple meals and heartfelt conversations. Amy, who was gentle and soft-spoken, gave Patrick the sense of home he had longed for, having been orphaned since secondary school.

But life took a cruel turn. When Amy was diagnosed with late-stage breast cancer, their love was put through a heart-wrenching test. One night, when

Amy was rushed to the hospital in a crisis, Patrick found himself barred from seeing her – he had no legal standing as her next of kin. The pain of being separated from her in that critical moment devastated him.

Still, Patrick remained steadfast. He reached out to Amy's family, who eventually gave their consent for him to move into her home and care for her full-time. His unwavering devotion in her final days moved her family, and in a quiet inpatient ward, they held a simple tea ceremony – an intimate ritual, supported by a medical social worker, that affirmed the bond Patrick and Amy had long shared. It was their way of fulfilling a shared wish to be recognised as life partners.

Yet, after Amy's passing, Patrick was consumed by profound disenfranchised grief – a term used by grief professionals to describe culturally unacknowledged grief. Without a legal marriage certificate or formal acknowledgment, he felt invisible in his mourning. "She died because of me," he said, burdened by guilt as he was convinced their love – dismissed by others as illegitimate – was karmically punished. The weight

“She died because of me,” he said, burdened by guilt as he was convinced their love – dismissed by others as illegitimate – was karmically punished.



of sorrow and self-blame engulfed him, leaving him emotionally paralysed.

### *The numbness*

In our first counselling session, Patrick’s voice trembled as he said, “Amy is gone...her funeral is over...but I don’t know where she is now. Can you tell me where she is?” His tone revealed a deep sorrow he was trying hard to suppress.

His breath and body were engulfed by a strong cigarette-smoke stench. I gently asked how he coped with his pain, if he had relied on smoking, alcohol or medication to cope. He shared honestly, “I did not take drug or alcohol to harm myself. But the person I loved most is gone! Only smoking can temporarily ease my pain. Pain constantly hits me; I can’t control my smoking.”

During that counselling session, he sobbed, “I’ve never felt so much pain.” Since Amy’s death, he feared being alone. Any moment of stillness would unleash a flood of memories. He kept himself busy – frantically, endlessly. “The more I try to let go,” he choked, “The more it hurts.”

I softly asked, “Patrick, has this

numbness really brought you peace?"

He stared at the floor for a long time. Finally, he whispered, "No... the more I avoid it, the more it hurts."

I continued, "Do you feel like there are two voices inside you? One telling you to let go, and another that simply cannot?"

He nodded and gave a bitter smile. "I think I'm going crazy...I talk about Amy to everyone. People are starting to avoid me."

Gently, I said, "We are human, you shared ten years of love with Amy. It's only natural to grieve. You don't need to force yourself to move on."

Tears quietly rolled down his cheeks. It seemed, for the first time, someone had acknowledged the love he had kept hidden so long.

### *Reframing Love and Loss*

In the next session, we explored the guilt that weighed on Patrick's heart.

"I go to the temple every day," he told me. Patrick tried to occupy himself with activities such as visiting the temple, voluntary

work and chanting for Amy. "I volunteer, chant sutras, trying to let go. The Diamond Sutra (Vajracchedika Prajnaparamita Sutra) says we must 'let go of all attachments' – and I just can't."

He looked anguished. "I never gave her a proper title; we did not register the marriage. I did not earn her family's blessing. I failed her."

I asked gently, "Patrick, a marriage certificate is a formality – but your love was real. You stood by her side for ten years and never left. Isn't that deeper than a piece of paper?"

He paused, visibly moved.

I continued, "Some marriages have a certificate, but lack love and commitment. You and Amy had no formal title, but you supported each other, cared for each other – till the very end. Which one do you think truly reflects the meaning of being husband and wife?"

His gaze softened. "But...without that certificate, I have no official identity. I don't even have the right to grieve."

I asked, "Do you feel that only legally recognised relationships

grant you the right to love and mourn?"

He fell silent, as if something long buried had been unearthed. I reassured him, "But what made you her partner wasn't a document – it was your choices, your presence, your love. Amy chose you. You chose her. That is a sacred bond, even without legal recognition."

Patrick wept again. The fortress of guilt he had built around himself began to show cracks.

### *Claiming the Right to Grieve*

In our third session, we addressed Patrick's fixation on marital status and recognition. He gradually realised that he had entrusted his love and self-worth to external validation.

"They looked down on me," he said. "I had no education, no social standing. I couldn't give Amy a proper home." Patrick's words were filled with a deep sense of helplessness.

I replied, "But Amy chose you because of your heart, your sense of responsibility. You don't need others to define your worth or the validity of your love."

He asked quietly, "So...do I have

the right to mourn her? As her husband?"

I reassured him, "Yes. Your relationship was real and valid. You have the right to grieve. That right comes from the life you shared – not a piece of paper. You were there for her, day after day, tending to her needs with love and care – more than some husbands might have done."

Think about the tea ceremony, what did it truly mean to you? If her family hadn't accepted you, would they have agreed to hold it at her bedside before she passed?"

A glimmer of light flickered in his eyes. In that moment, he began to understand that love, in its truest form, is built on presence, commitment, and care. While it may not always fit into the expectations of society, it can still be deeply meaningful and worthy of respect. Their bond, quietly nurtured through the years, left a lasting imprint on both their lives – and on his heart.

### *Living With the Loss*

Patrick showed significant growth in how he coped emotionally. He no longer forced himself to "let go" Instead, he began to learn

how to live with his grief.

"Can you teach me – how do I live with pain? If I don't avoid it, how do I face it?" he asked softly.

We explored a mindfulness-based therapeutic approach that encourages coexisting with grief through awareness and non-judgment. I introduced simple grounding techniques to help anchor him when emotions became overwhelming. One core practice he adopted was the body scan meditation – systematically bringing attention to different parts of the body and noticing sensations, tension, or discomfort without attempting to change them.

Each day, he set aside time to practise – breathing, scanning his body, and connecting inwardly. Gradually, he allowed himself to sit with his emotions rather than resist them. He stopped forcing himself to "move on" or distracting himself with busyness to avoid the pain. Instead, he made space to feel, to reflect, and to begin healing – one grounded breath at a time.

He practiced observing his emotions as they surfaced, acknowledging them gently and without judgment. Focusing on

his breath became a steady anchor. When waves of grief hit, he no longer avoided them or criticised himself for being "too weak". Instead, he would gently remind himself, "I am here, and this is the emotion of sadness."

Over time, he learned to coexist with his emotions without being overwhelmed by them. He stopped avoiding and denying his pain. Slowly, he began to talk about Amy again – not with shame or hesitation, but with quiet courage. He no longer downplayed their relationship or felt the need to explain that they were never legally married.

He found tender ways to honour her by visiting the temple to pray for her, volunteering in her memory, and spreading her kindness to others. These rituals became acts of love rather than expressions of guilt.

"Her death isn't punishment," he said one day. "It's just the impermanence of life. I used to think it was my fault. But now I know – I loved her as best I could. And she knew that too."

He smiled faintly. "I'll keep volunteering. But this time, not to numb myself. This time, it's to carry forward her love – to live

with meaning."

I replied, "That's the best tribute to her love – continuing your life with compassion and purpose."

### *A New Beginning*

By the final counselling session, Patrick was no longer as heavy-hearted as when we first met. His eyes reflected relief and determination. Though the longing was still profound, the pain no longer dominated his life.

"Her departure was not our fault, not a punishment, but the impermanence of life," Patrick said, his eyes softening. "I used to think I wasn't good enough, that's why her family never accepted me. She had longed for marriage, but I never married her. She left with regrets...I always thought I was the one who hurt her."

I gently asked, "Do you think Amy knew that you loved her?"

He paused for a moment, and shared, "Now I understand. I loved her with all my heart and accompanied her. We supported each other through those years. I believe she always knew my love towards her."

He was finally at peace and came to terms with the loss of Amy.

He was no longer overwhelmed with guilt and entrapped with self-blame and regret but had started to understand the deeper meaning of their love. The value of this journey wasn't in a marriage certificate, but in the unspoken understanding and commitment between two of them. "Her departure was not a punishment, it was just an end of her life," he said softly, his tone both gentle and strong. "And I will continue on with her love."

Some people, even with a marriage certificate, fail to fulfil the promises of marriage. But some, without a formal certificate, express deep love through their actions.

True love is not authenticated by a piece of paper, but in the unwavering companionship and choices made for the good of the partner.

As counsellors, we listen and understand without judgment, accompanying our clients as they find their voices again from brokenness, giving new meaning to their experiences, and lighting the way forward.

Patrick's shadow was bathed in the gentle glow of sunlight. Love had never left. It had only changed

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“Her death isn’t punishment,” he said one day. “It’s just the impermanence of life...I loved her as best I could. And she knew that too.”

in form – now a quiet strength guiding him forward.

Patrick continues to stay in touch with Amy’s family. As a way of honouring her love and memory, he now cares for Amy’s elderly parents – choosing to carry forward the bond they once shared in a different, yet deeply meaningful way.





爱, 不限于  
一纸婚书

辅导员  
黄韵姗

——

他把Amy的死归咎于自己，从此困于悔恨与内疚的漩涡之中，使他情绪麻木、无力前行。

## 不被家人祝福的爱

Patrick是一位来自东马的五十五岁华裔男性，在新加坡工作已超过20年。他与比他年幼十岁的同事Amy因工作相识。他们的关系从最初的充满冲突到成为恋人，谁也没想到他们会走到一起，而且这段感情持续了十多年。

因他们的关系遭到Amy家人的反对，这段感情始终未被承认，只能藏于办公室角落、生活缝隙之间。尽管如此，他们视彼此为终身伴侣，甚至私下以“夫妻”自称。

十年来，深夜加班的办公室成了他们的避风港。他们一同吃饭、交谈、互相陪伴，度过了无数平凡却温暖的日子。Amy是个温柔善良、内敛沉静的女人，她的存在让从中学时期就成为孤儿的Patrick感受到久违的家的温度。

然而，命运却无情地设下考验。当Amy被诊断患上晚期乳腺癌，这段关系也走向了无法逆转的尽头。一次突发的病情，她被紧急送往医

院，Patrick却因没有“家属”身份而无法探视。这种撕心裂肺的无力与悲伤，使他仿佛整个人都崩塌了。

尽管如此，Patrick没有离开。他联系Amy的家人，并得到他们的允许，成为Amy最坚定的照顾者，陪她走完人生最后的路。直到生命尽头，在慈怀病院医疗社工的协助下，Amy的家人终于接纳了Patrick。他们见证了这对“地下伴侣”以一场简单的“茶礼”正式认定彼此，完成了彼此最深的心愿。

然而，Amy的离世，却让Patrick陷入了深深的“未被认可的哀伤”/“被剥夺的哀伤”(disenfranchised grief)——心理学中用来描述社会文化上未被认可的哀悼。没有结婚证、没有正式的身份，他在悲伤中感到自己“隐形”了。他无法停止自责，甚至认为Amy的离去是他们“非法关系”所带来的因果报应。他深信他们未婚却在一起的关系导致Amy有罪，果报报在Amy身上。他把Amy的死归咎于自己，从此困于悔恨与内疚的漩涡之中，使他情绪麻木、无力前行。

## 麻木之中

在第一次辅导会谈中, Patrick的声音颤抖着说:“Amy走了……她的丧礼也办完了……但我不知道她现在在哪里。你能告诉我, 她在哪里吗?”他的语气透露着一股难以压抑的悲伤。

第一次见面时, Patrick浑身弥漫着烟味。我轻声问他是否靠酒精或药物排解痛苦, 他说:“我没有喝酒或吃药。我最爱的人不在了, 只有抽烟能让我稍微喘口气, 我一觉得痛苦, 就控制不了自己。”

在那节辅导里, 他泪流满面:“从小到大, 我从没这么伤心过。”自Amy离世后, 他害怕独处, 一空闲下来, 过往的点点滴滴就不停涌现。他只能不停让自己忙碌。Patrick哽咽道:“我越逼自己放下, 就越痛。”

我轻声问他:“Patrick, 这种麻木真的带来安宁了吗?”

他盯着地板沉默许久, 最终轻声说:“没有……我越是逃避, 越是痛。”

我继续说:“你是否感觉内心有两个声音, 一个告诉你该放下了, 另一个却怎么也做不到?”

他点点头, 苦笑着说:“我快疯了……我逢人就讲Amy的事, 大家都开始

避开我了。”

我轻声回应:“人非草木, 岂能无情。你和Amy十年的感情深厚, 自然悲伤, 不需要强迫自己放下。”

Patrick沉默了, 眼泪悄然滑落, 似乎内心深处一直渴望被理解的声音被听见了。

## 重新诠释爱与失去的意义

在接下来的辅导中, 我们一起探讨了他内心深处的罪疚感。

“我每天都去佛堂里,”他告诉我。他努力通过到佛堂做义工和为Amy念经来排解内心的痛楚。“我念《金刚经》, 试图放下。经里说‘放下’, 可是我做不到。”

他一脸痛苦地说:“我从来没有给她一个正式的身份。我们没有注册结婚, 我也没得到她家人的祝福。我辜负了她。”

我轻轻地问他:“Patrick, 结婚证是一种形式, 但你们的爱是真实的。你陪伴了她十年, 从未离开, 这难道不比一纸证书更有意义吗?”

他顿了一下, 明显被触动了。

我继续说:“有些婚姻虽然有证书, 但缺乏真爱和承诺。你和Amy虽然没有法律上的头衔, 却在生活中相互扶持、彼此照顾, 一直到最后一刻。”

你觉得哪一个更能体现‘夫妻’的意义？”

他的神情开始缓和。“但是……没有那张纸，我没有正式的身份。连悲伤的权利都没有。”

我轻声问他：“你觉得，只有法律承认的关系，才有权利去爱、去哀悼吗？”

他沉默了，像是某种长期压抑的情感终于被挖掘了出来。我安慰他说：“但真正让你成为她伴侣的，不是法律文件，而是你们之间的选择、陪伴与爱。Amy选择了你，你也选择了她。这就是一种神圣的连结，就算没有法律承认，也依然成立。”

Patrick再次泪流满面。他筑起的内疚与自责的高墙，终于出现了裂痕。

## 拥抱哀悼的权利

第三次辅导中，我们继续讨论他对“婚姻身份”的执着。他逐渐意识到，自己将爱的价值和自我认同寄托在他人眼光和社会规范上。

“他们看不起我，”他说，“我没有学历，没有地位，给不了Amy一个像样的家。”他的语气充满了无力感。

我回应他：“但Amy选择了你，是因为你的心和你的责任感。你不需要别人来定义你的价值，也不需要别人来验证你们的爱。”

他轻声问：“那……我有资格哀悼她吗？以她的丈夫的身份？”

我坚定地回答：“有。你们的关系是真实，而且有价值的。你有权利悲伤。这份权利源自你们共同生活的点点滴滴，而不光是那张结婚证。你每天照顾她、陪伴她、用爱呵护她——这份深情，甚至胜过一些‘名正言顺’的丈夫。”

我继续说：“回想一下那场敬茶仪式，对你来说意味着什么？若不是她的家人接受了你，他们会同意在她离世前举办那场仪式吗？”

他的眼神里闪过一丝光亮。在那一刻，他开始明白，真正的爱，源于陪伴、承诺与照顾。虽然不一定符合社会期待，但依然深刻、有意义，值得尊重。他们的爱，在岁月中默默灌溉，已深深地烙印在彼此的生命里。

## 与失落共存

Patrick在情绪应对方面出现了明显成长。他不再强迫自己“放下/前进”，而是开始学习如何与哀伤共存。

“你能教我……如何和痛共处吗？如果我不逃避，那我该如何面对它？”他轻声问道。

我们尝试了正念为本的心理治疗

法, 通过觉察和不评判的态度来与悲伤共处。我介绍了一些简单的“察觉当下”(grounding)练习, 帮助他在情绪汹涌时稳定自己。其中一个他坚持练习的核心技巧是“身体扫描” — 有系统地将注意力带到身体的不同部位, 觉察感觉、紧张或不适, 而不试图改变它们。

每天, 他都会留出时间练习呼吸、扫描身体、向内连接。渐渐地, 他开始允许自己面对情绪, 而不是抗拒。他不再强迫自己“放下(前进)”, 也不再用忙碌来麻醉自己, 而是愿意腾出空间去感受、反思、疗愈 — 一呼一吸之间, 慢慢修复。

他学会在情绪浮现时温柔地觉察它们, 不再评判自己。呼吸成了他稳定的锚点。当悲伤袭来, 他不再逃避或自责为“太软弱”, 而是温柔地对自己说: “我在这里, 这是一种悲伤的情绪。”

随着时间过去, 他学会了与情绪共处, 不再被其吞噬。他不再逃避或否认自己的痛。他也慢慢能够重新谈起Amy — 不再羞愧、不再解释他们未婚的关系, 而是以平静坚定的态度去回忆。

他也找到了纪念Amy的温柔方式 — 他还是会去佛堂为她念经祈福、以她的名义做义工、将她的善意延续给他人。这些举动, 不再是出于愧

疚, 而是出于爱。

他说: “她的离开不是惩罚, 而是生命的无常。我曾以为那是我的错。但现在我知道, 我尽全力爱她, 她也知道的。”

他淡淡地笑了: “我会继续当义工, 但这次, 不是为了麻痹自己, 而是为了延续她的爱, 继续好好活下去。”

我回应道: “那就是对她最美的致敬 — 以慈悲和目标继续前行。”

## 一个新的开始

在最后一次辅导时, Patrick已不像初见那般沉重。他的眼神中多了一份释然与坚定。虽然思念仍在, 但痛苦不再主导他的生活。

他眼神温柔地诉说: “我曾以为是自己不够好, 才让她的家人不接受我。她曾渴望婚姻, 但我始终没娶她。她带着遗憾离开……我一直以为是我伤害了她。”

我轻声问他: “你觉得, Amy知道你爱她吗?”

他停顿了一下, 说: “现在我明白了。我用尽全力去爱她, 陪伴她。我们彼此扶持走过那些年。我相信, 她一直都知道。”

他终于与Amy的离开和解了。他不再深陷于自责与悔恨, 而是开始理

他说：“她的离开不是惩罚，而是生命的无常。我曾以为那是我的错。但现在我知道，我尽全力爱她，她也知道的。”

解他们爱情背后的深意。他们关系的价值，不在一纸结婚证，而是在彼此之间那种默契与承诺。“她的离开不是惩罚，而是生命的结束。”他说，语气温柔却坚定。“我会带着她的爱，继续走下去。”

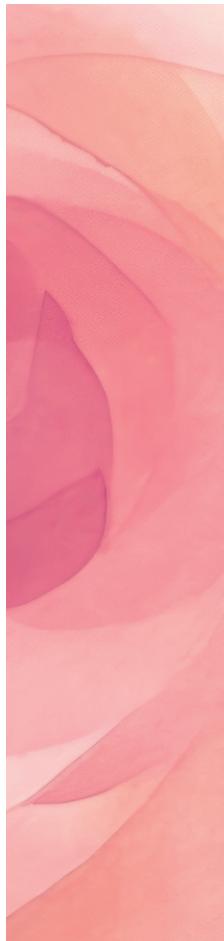
有些人即便持有结婚证，也未必履行婚姻的承诺；而有些人，哪怕没有形式上的婚姻，却用行动表达了深沉的爱。

真正的爱，不靠证书认证，而体现在为对方所作的坚持与选择。

作为辅导员，我们不带评判地倾听和理解，陪伴来访者从破碎中找回声音，为他们的经历赋予新的意义，照亮他们前行的方向。

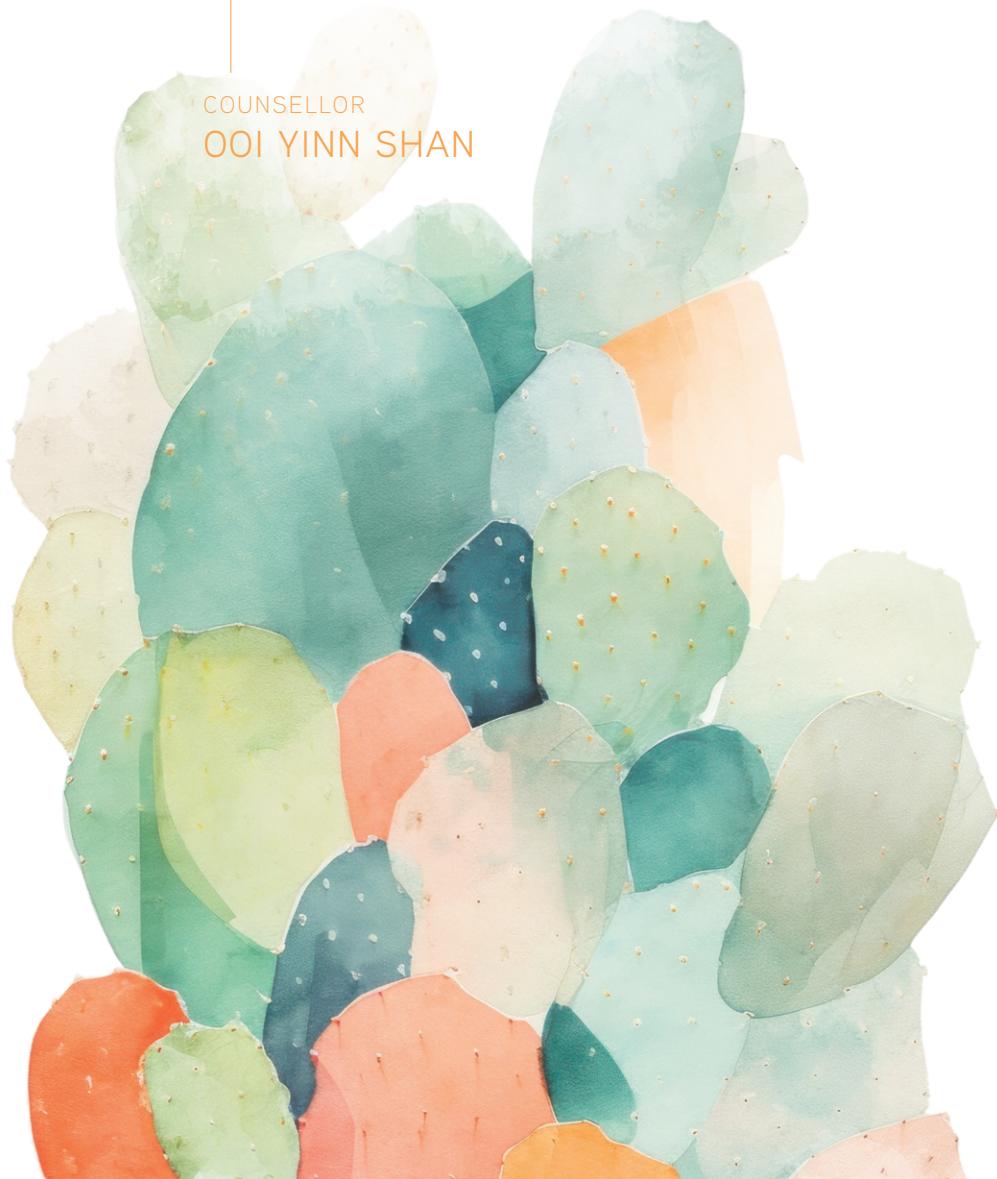
Patrick的身影，在阳光下被柔和照亮。爱从未离开，它只是换了一种形式——如今，成为他内心安定的力量，指引他走向未来。

Amy的家人如今仍与Patrick保持联系。为了纪念她的爱，Patrick决定代替Amy照顾年迈的父母，让这段未尽的深情，以另一种方式延续。



# THE PAIN OF SUDDEN LOSS: A MOTHER'S GRIEF OVER LOSING HER DAUGHTER

COUNSELLOR  
OOI YINN SHAN



## *Anger, Regret, and the Continuation of Love*

Mdm Pei Pei met her first husband when she was fifteen and married him at the age of nineteen, believing their marriage would last a lifetime. They had a son and a daughter. However, reality took a different turn when she discovered that her husband had an extramarital affair. This betrayal led to their divorce, and Pei Pei was granted sole custody of their children.

After the divorce, Pei Pei remained single for a long time, worried that remarriage would negatively impact her children. It was not until her younger daughter, Mei Qi, married at the age of twenty, that Pei Pei began to consider her own personal life. At the age of forty-five, she remarried and moved to the United States (U.S.) with her second husband, who was an American. After relocating to the U.S., Pei Pei worked as a marketing assistant.

Even though she lived abroad, Pei Pei remained concerned about her children and grandchildren. She even took no pay leave to support Mei Qi's postpartum confinement in Singapore, hoping to fulfil her role as a mother. She

also returned to Singapore twice a year for one to two months each time to spend quality time with Mei Qi's two children.

Mei Qi's marriage fell apart after a few years. After the divorce, her ex-husband gained custody of the children, but Pei Pei continued to work hard to maintain a relationship with her grandchildren and kept good communication with her former son-in-law. She always kept in touch via video calls, sharing in her grandchildren's growth and eagerly awaiting each opportunity to reunite.

Yet, an unexpected tragedy shattered the warmth of the family and their connection.

## *The Sudden News of Tragedy*

In February 2024, Pei Pei suspected that Mei Qi may be involved in drug abuse, as she noticed Mei Qi was often disoriented and incoherent during video calls. Mei Qi had been working at her father's company but often skipped work. Upon learning this, Pei Pei became extremely anxious. Although she was reluctant to involve her ex-husband, she reached out to him for help. Despite her distance, she even contacted the police and

tried to gather more information on getting a rehabilitation centre to prevent her daughter's condition from worsening.

However, fate did not grant her much time. Mei Qi eventually died from a suspected drug overdose while Pei Pei was still in the U.S. When she received the devastating phone call from her eldest son, her world completely collapsed.

“Why didn’t she answer my video call?” Pei Pei choked up as she recalled the moment.

Her eldest son had always treated Mei Qi’s two children as his own. When he couldn’t reach Mei Qi, he took the children to visit her and found her lying in the bathroom, foaming at the mouth. She had already passed on. The coroner’s report revealed that Mei Qi had died four days ago.

Pei Pei had planned to return to Singapore two months later to spend the holidays with her children and grandchildren. She could not accept that she had not been there with her daughter in her final moments, that she had not been able to say goodbye. Guilt, regret, and pain overwhelmed her, and she even lost the will to continue living.

## *Anger and Self-Blame Entangled*

When I first met Pei Pei in mid-June 2024, she appeared composed – but the moment she began speaking about her daughter, her tears flowed uncontrollably. Her emotions were tangled; sorrow interlaced with deep anger. “How could a father be so useless? Why didn’t he do more?!” she cried. Beneath the anguish lay simmering resentment towards her ex-husband, whom she blamed for failing to stop Mei Qi’s drug use and for never taking decisive action – such as calling the police or sending her for rehabilitation.

She also held him responsible for spoiling Mei Qi in her younger years, which, in her view, contributed to Mei Qi’s decision to drop out of school and downward spiral. “He spoiled her, and in the end, he ruined her!” she exclaimed, her voice shaking. “That mistress ruined our family – if not for her (the mistress), maybe Mei Qi wouldn’t have died.”

I responded, “What I hear is how deeply you wish Mei Qi was still alive, how desperately you wish this had never happened. I sense

how helpless you feel – and how much you had hoped your ex-husband could have stopped this tragedy."

It took several sessions for Pei Pei to begin unpacking her layers of resentment, especially toward those around her – resentment that had accumulated towards her ex-husband and the extramarital affairs over the years. While her anger toward her ex-husband was intense and immediate, it eventually became clear that it masked something even more painful – self-blame.

As our conversations deepened, Pei Pei began to confront the guilt that had long haunted her. "I missed too many chances," she choked. "She must have thought I didn't love her enough."

Beneath her fury was a mother heartbroken by regret – regret that she hadn't recognised Mei Qi's suffering sooner or found the right way to support her. The anger that erupted like a volcano was fuelled, in part, by the unbearable weight of not being able to save her child.

### *The Obsession with Seeking Justice*

Pei Pei harboured deep and

persistent resentment – not only towards her ex-husband but also towards Mei Qi's boyfriend, whom she perceived as playing a significant role in the tragic aftermath of Mei Qi's death. "In the surveillance footage of the condo, he just walked away!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with a mix of disbelief and rage. "He found Mei Qi dead and didn't even call the police. She wasn't discovered until four days later. Shouldn't he be held responsible for that?"

Her anger was fuelled by a profound sense of injustice and betrayal. She was angry and perceived that Mei Qi's drug abuse had been influenced by her boyfriend. At the time of our sessions, Mei Qi's boyfriend was undergoing court proceedings, facing charges related to the concealment of Mei Qi's body. This ongoing legal case became a focal point for Pei Pei's grief – a tangible outlet for her overwhelming emotions and her desperate need for accountability.

"As long as he's not convicted, I will never find peace," Pei Pei said. Behind her anger was a profound sense of helplessness and a desperate need to make sense of her daughter's death.

“No one knows how much I wanted to be there. If I had been, I could have stopped it. She must have been so lonely and cold, dying like that.”

“You want justice for Mei Qi,” I gently reflected. “I hear how deeply you wished someone could have prevented this. I also hear how you tried reaching out to your ex-husband. You were fighting for her.”

At that, Pei Pei broke down and screamed, “No one knows how much I wanted to be there. If I had been, I could have stopped it. She must have been so lonely and cold, dying like that.” Her sobs were raw, her hands soaked in tears.

“If he’s convicted, would that bring you peace?” I asked softly. She paused, then whispered, “Maybe. At least she’ll have some justice.” I responded, “You want the world to acknowledge that Mei Qi’s life mattered. That desire speaks to your love as her mother. But even then, you’ve said the guilt won’t leave you?”

Pei Pei nodded, “Yes. I’ll still wonder if I could have done more.”

### *Dealing with guilt*

In subsequent sessions, we continued to explore the emotions beneath her rage.

I gently reminded her, “Anger protects us. But it’s also love in disguise. What if that love could build something meaningful in Mei Qi’s memory?”

We turned to the past and began working through her memories of Mei Qi. At first, Pei Pei was hesitant. “She was rebellious,” she said. “Always skipped school, went against my advice, so temperamental. I can’t think of anything good.”

I gently encouraged her to stay with the memories, to go deeper. In time, Pei Pei began to uncover more than just frustration. She allowed herself to express not only her anger, but also the quiet affection she had long buried.

“Only Mei Qi could catch my heart,” she eventually admitted. “No matter how rebellious she

was, she always said nice things about me. She knew how to say sweet words. She was a good child – I knew that, deep down.”

As Pei Pei began to reconnect with the softer memories of her daughter, a shift started to emerge.

I offered, “Maybe you could carry forward her kindness, her story. Something that keeps her alive.”

Pei Pei nodded slowly, the weight of grief still present, but accompanied now by the first glimmers of healing. “I never thought of that. Maybe I can do something, not just stay angry.”

### *Memories of Anger*

After returning to the U.S., Pei Pei’s life did not return to normal as she had hoped. There was an emotional gap between her work and Mei Qi’s passing that she could not bridge. Whenever she tried to focus on her work, memories would flood in, like unspoken words, unexpressed care, and missed opportunities, all of which tightly bound her heart.

On her first day back at work, Pei Pei had a confrontation with a colleague. The verbal confrontation wasn’t just

about work disagreements; it seemed like a release for her inner anger and helplessness. She felt misunderstood and unsupported in her job, as though all her efforts and sacrifices had become meaningless after losing her daughter. And when the night fell quiet, Pei Pei would lie in bed, her thoughts inevitably pulled back into the painful memories of Mei Qi’s rebelliousness, smoking, skipping school, and even self-harming.

“Why didn’t I do more?” Pei Pei often asked herself. Guilt and self-blame followed her like shadows, and memories always brought sharp pain.

Through our discussions, we gradually uncovered that her emotional fluctuations were often triggered by specific events. These triggers pulled her emotions deep into pain and memories. Pei Pei began to recognise that feelings of injustice or anger – especially when she perceived something as unfair – often reignited unresolved emotions about Mei Qi’s death. Thoughts of Mei Qi’s boyfriend walking away from her daughter’s lifeless body triggered the relentless sadness of not having been there for her.

Through this process of identifying emotional triggers and practicing mindfulness, Pei Pei gradually became more aware of when she was entering these emotional states. She began to learn how to prepare herself – emotionally and mentally – before the wave hit. She adopted coping strategies like deep breathing, shifting her focus, or engaging more with other family members when emotions intensified, helping her avoid sinking too deeply into anger or sorrow.

Over time, Pei Pei came to understand that while triggers may never fully disappear, she could reduce their impact through self-awareness and intentional response. With each step, she moved closer to healing.

### *A Healing Step*

During our sessions, Pei Pei began to consider whether there might be a way to honour Mei Qi's memory. She knew that grief does not end with time, and that there is no such thing as "simple closure". Yet with each attempt to understand and face her loss, she was taking a small step closer to inner peace.

She came to realise that this journey was not just about

enduring the pain of losing her beloved daughter, it was also about carrying out what Mei Qi might have hoped for. By caring for her grandchildren, Pei Pei continued the legacy of a mother's love. Every moment spent with them brought a sense of comfort and healing, allowing her to believe that Mei Qi's life, in some way, still carried on.

This shift gave her a renewed purpose and direction. In nurturing the next generation, Pei Pei not only discovered new meaning in her own life but also learned to gradually let go and accept that Mei Qi had found rest. Her love had not disappeared, it had simply transformed, taking on a more resilient and quietly devoted form.

Perhaps the loss of a loved one will always remain a wound that never fully heals. But Pei Pei was slowly learning that grief need not be hidden, nor rushed away.

For true love never ends with death. It flows on – in memories, in actions, and in the gentle care passed from one generation to the next – continuing to grow, continuing to live.

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For true love never ends with death. It flows on – in memories, in actions, and in the gentle care passed from one generation to the next – continuing to grow, continuing to live.



# 骤逝之痛： 母亲的失女之殇

辅导员  
黄韵姗



## 愤怒、遗憾与爱的延续

佩佩女士在十五岁时结识了第一任丈夫，并于十九岁步入婚姻殿堂。婚后，他们育有一对子女。她曾以为丈夫会相伴一生，然而，现实却并不如愿。第一任丈夫婚内出轨，令她毅然选择离婚，并获得了孩子们的抚养权，独自抚养子女成长。

离婚后，佩佩女士长期单身，担心再婚会对孩子们产生负面影响。直到小女儿美琪在二十岁时结婚，她才开始考虑自己的感情生活。四十五岁那年，她接受了第二任丈夫——一位美国人的求婚，并远赴美国定居。定居美国后，佩佩在美国担任行销助理。

虽然身处异国他乡，佩佩对孩子和孙子女们的牵挂从未减少。为了尽一位母亲的责任，她甚至向公司请无薪假，回到新加坡陪伴美琪坐月子，照顾她的起居。

尽管相隔千里，她始终与子女保持紧密联系，每年都会回新加坡两次，每次停留一至两个月，与美琪的两个孩子（她心爱的外孙）共度温馨时光。

美琪的婚姻在结婚几年后也走向破裂。离婚后，孩子的抚养权由前夫取得，然而佩佩依然努力维系与外孙们的感情，并与前女婿保持良

好的沟通。她透过视讯持续与孙子女们联系，关注他们的成长，分享他们的点滴变化，满心期待每一次相聚的机会。

然而，一场突如其来的意外，彻底打碎了这个家庭的温暖与连结。

## 突如其来的噩耗

2024年的二月，佩佩怀疑美琪染上了滥用药物的恶习，因为她在视频通讯时发现美琪有时神智不清，语无伦次。美琪在她爸爸的公司就职，但时常没去上班。佩佩得知后焦虑万分，虽然万般不愿与前夫再有交集，但为了挽救女儿，还是鼓起勇气主动联系前夫寻求协助。她甚至报警，并尝试了解更多讯息，联络戒毒中心，希望自己虽然身在国外，仍能阻止女儿的状况继续恶化。

然而，命运未给予她多余的时间。美琪最终因疑似毒品过量而不幸身亡，而这一切发生时，佩佩远在美国。接到她大儿子的来电，透过电话得知噩耗的那一刻，她的世界彻底崩塌。

“为什么她没接我的视频通话？”佩佩哽咽地回忆道。

大儿子一直把美琪的两个孩子视如己出。当他几日联系不上美琪时，便带着两个孩子上门探访，才发现

她倒在浴室中，口吐白沫，早已气绝身亡。法医验尸结果显示，美琪已去世四天。

佩佩原定两个月后返新，与女儿及孙子们共度假期。她无法接受自己竟未能在女儿生命的最后一刻陪伴在侧，未能送她最后一程。愧疚、自责、痛苦如潮水般将她淹没，她甚至一度失去了继续生活的意志。

### 愤怒与自责交织

2024年六月中佩佩与我初次见面时，表面显得镇定，但一谈到女儿，她的泪水就止不住地流下。她的情绪充满矛盾 — 悲伤之中夹杂着强烈的愤怒。

“一个当父亲的怎么可以这么没用？他为什么不多做一点？！”她哭喊着。她的悲伤更多是掺杂了对前夫的怨恨，责怪他未能阻止美琪吸毒，也从未采取果断行动 — 例如报警或强制送她去戒毒。

她同样指责前夫在美琪年少时一味纵容，导致她辍学，最终走上歧途。“是他宠坏了她，最后也毁了她！”她声嘶力竭地说道。“那个女人（第三者）毁了我们的家 — 如果没有她，也许美琪就不会死。”

我回应道：“我听到的，是你多么希望美琪还活着，是你多么不愿这一切发生。我感受到你的无助，也感受到你

多么希望前夫能阻止这场悲剧。”

几次会谈后，佩佩才慢慢开始理清心中层叠的怨恨 — 那些埋藏多年的情绪，特别是对身边人（如前夫与第三者）的愤怒。尽管她对前夫的怒火最为强烈且直接，但逐渐浮现的是一个更深层的情绪 — 对自己的自责。

随着对话的深入，佩佩开始直面那个长期困扰她的内疚感。“我错过太多机会了，”她哽咽地说，“她一定觉得我不够爱她。”

### 寻找正义的执念

佩佩心中积压着深重而持久的怨恨 — 不仅是对前夫，还有对美琪的男朋友。在她眼中，对方在美琪的死中扮演了关键的角色。“监控录像里他就这样走掉了！”她带着难以置信与愤怒的语气说道。“他发现美琪已经没了，却连报警都不做。她就这样过了四天才被人发现。他难道不该为此负责吗？”

她的愤怒源自一种深深的不公与背叛感。她认为美琪会染上毒瘾，很大程度是受到男友的影响。在我们会谈期间，美琪的男友正面临法院审讯，被控隐瞒尸体等相关罪名。这场持续的法律诉讼，成为佩佩宣泄悲伤的出口，也是她强烈渴望“有人负责”的寄托。

没有人知道我有多想在她身边。  
如果我在，也许还能阻止一切……  
她一个人死去，该有多孤独、多冷啊。”

“只要他没被定罪，我一辈子都不会释怀。”佩佩说。在她愤怒的背后，是深深的无力感与对女儿死亡强烈的无法理解。“你想要为美琪讨回一个公道。”我轻声回应。“我听见你多么希望这一切有人能阻止。我也知道你曾主动联系前夫 — 你一直在为她努力。”

听到这里，佩终于崩溃大哭，哭喊着：“没有人知道我有多想在她身边。如果我在，也许还能阻止一切……她一个人死去，该有多孤独、多冷啊。”她哭得撕心裂肺，泪水打湿了双手。

我轻声问她：“如果他被定罪，你会感到释怀吗？”她沉默了一会儿，然后低语：“也许吧……至少她能有个交代。”我回应说：“你想要这个世界知道，美琪的生命是重要的。你这种渴望，本身就是你深爱她的体现。但你也曾说过 — 即使那样，你的内疚也不会消失？”

佩佩点头：“是的……我还是会想，我是不是还能做得更多。”

### 面对内疚

真正的折磨，并非全来自外在的不公，而是内心那个不断质疑自己是否辜负了女儿的声音。

我轻声提醒她：“愤怒有时是在保护我们。但愤怒的底层，其实是爱的伪装。若这份爱能转化成某种纪念美琪的力量，会是怎样的呢？”

她抬起头，悲伤中浮现出一丝好奇：“你的意思是？”

我们于是回到过去，开始一起梳理她与美琪的回忆。起初，佩佩显得迟疑。“她很叛逆。”她说。“总是逃学、唱反调，脾气又坏。我想不到她有什么好的地方。”

我轻声鼓励她继续留在这些记忆中，深入一点。慢慢地，佩佩不再只是看到挫败与冲突，她开始触碰那曾被埋藏已久的柔情与牵挂。

“只有美琪能抓住我的心。”她终于坦白道。“不管她多叛逆，她总会说一些让我开心的话。她真的很会讲好听的话……她是个好孩子 — 我其

实一直知道。”

当佩佩开始重新连结起关于女儿柔软的记忆时, 某种转变悄然发生。

我提出: “也许, 你可以把她的善良、她的故事延续下去。让她以另一种方式活着。”

佩佩缓缓点头, 虽然悲伤仍在, 但她的眼神里首次浮现出一丝愈合的光芒。“我从没这么想过……也许我真的可以做点什么, 而不是一直停留在愤怒里。”

## 回忆与愤怒的应对

回到美国后, 佩佩的生活并未如她所期待般恢复正常。她发现, 工作与女儿美琪的离世之间, 存在一道她无法跨越的情感鸿沟。每当她尝试专注于工作时, 记忆便如潮水般涌来——那些未曾说出口的话语、未曾表达的关心、错过的陪伴机会, 全都紧紧束缚着她的内心。

重返工作的第一天, 佩佩便与同事发生了冲突。这场争执不仅是工作上的分歧, 更像是她内在怒火与无力感的宣泄。她感到在工作中被误解、缺乏支持, 仿佛失去女儿后, 自己所有的努力与牺牲都变得毫无意义。

而当夜晚降临、四周安静时, 佩佩躺在床上, 思绪总会回到那些痛苦

的回忆——美琪的叛逆、抽烟、逃学, 甚至自残的画面一一浮现。

“我为什么没有多做一点?”佩佩常常自责。内疚与自我责备如影随形, 而回忆, 总是伴随着锥心刺骨的疼痛。

在我们的对谈中, 我们逐渐发现, 她的情绪波动往往是由特定事件引发的。这些触发点会将她的情绪深深拉进痛苦与回忆之中。佩佩开始察觉, 每当她觉得某件事情不公平、或感受到愤怒时, 这些情绪往往唤起她对美琪死亡的未解之痛。想到美琪男友在公寓监控中“走开”的画面, 这不仅是对死亡本身的记忆, 更是那份深沉、无力的悲伤——她未能陪在女儿身边。

透过识别这些情绪触发点, 并练习正念觉察, 佩佩逐渐提升了对自己情绪状态的敏感度。她开始学习如何在情绪来袭前做好心理准备。她采用了如深呼吸、转移注意力、或是增强与家人互动等策略, 帮助自己在情绪升温时不被愤怒或悲伤淹没。

时间一天天过去, 佩佩渐渐明白: 虽然这些触发点可能不会完全消失, 但透过自我觉察与有意的回应, 她可以减轻它们对情绪的影响。每迈出一步, 她便离疗愈更近。

## 疗愈的一步

在辅导的过程中，佩佩逐渐考虑她是否可以用某种方式来纪念美琪。她知道，哀伤不会因为时间而结束，也没有所谓“简单的释怀”，但每一次对失落的理解与面对，都是她朝内在平静迈进的一步。

她深知，这个过渡不仅仅是面对失去爱女的痛苦，更是对美琪遗愿的传承。通过照顾她的孙子孙女，佩佩将这份母爱的火种继续传递下去。每一次与孩子们共度的时光，都让她感受到一种疗愈和安慰，也让她相信，美琪的生命依然以另一种方式延续着。

通过这样的转变，佩佩找到了一个新的目标和方向 — 在照顾下一代的过程中，她不仅为自己找到了新的生命意义，也在这一过程中学会了放手并且接受美琪已安息的事实。她的爱没有消失，反而以更坚韧和富有责任感的方式继续存在。

或许，失去所爱之人永远是一道难以愈合的伤口，但佩佩渐渐学会，不必将哀伤藏起，也无需急于忘记。

因为真正的爱，从来不会随着生命的终止而消逝。它会以另一种形式，在记忆中、在行动中、在代代相传的温柔与守护中，继续流动，继续生长。

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# THE LONG-AWAITED DAWN AFTER LOSS

COUNSELLOR  
IVEE TEE

*“I am Jing En.*

*In October 2021, I experienced the most heartbreak moment of my life. My husband left us suddenly without warning, without a final word or even a goodbye.*

*Over three consecutive days for his wake, funeral, cremation, and placing his ashes to rest, it felt like a nightmare – utterly surreal.”*

Encouraged by friends, Jing En reached out to Assisi Hospice Grief and Bereavement Care Service.

Forty years ago, she and her husband moved to Singapore. To care for their children and family here, Jing En resolutely gave up her nursing career to become a full-time homemaker. With a devoted husband, a happy marriage, and a loving family, she once believed this bliss would last forever.

In July 2021, her mother passed away in her hometown. Before she could process her grief, her husband collapsed right before her eyes three months later, leaving this world abruptly.

She then realised – nothing lasts forever, and life does not follow a script.

**Every night, the room felt empty, yet every corner was crowded with memories and shadows of him.**

*“During the grieving process, what pained me the most was the overwhelming loneliness and sense of loss, especially on important occasions like our wedding anniversary, birthdays, Christmas, and Lunar New Year. Weekends and nights were equally unbearable. Every night, the room felt empty, yet every corner was crowded with memories and shadows of him.*

*It was an indescribable pain.”*

In the counseling room, Jing En tearfully recounted that particular day. There had been no warning sign of what was going to happen. Her husband was

Feeling accepted, understood, and free from judgment was like having an invisible yet warm and strong hand supporting me.

having dinner with the family as usual, felt slightly unwell but did not pay much attention to it. When he left the dining table and walked toward the living room, he suddenly collapsed and was unconscious. Amid the family's panic, paramedics arrived, they performed CPR and rushed him to the nearest hospital. That very night, he passed away.

Sudden death is a loss that leaves one with no time to prepare. Shock is a natural reaction to such an unexpected event. When people are in shock, the anticipated flood of emotions is temporarily held at bay. Though they may feel detached or numb, this mechanism allows them to continue handling the practical matters that must be addressed. Generally, people do not remain in shock for long. Once the body adjusts and gains enough capacity to process more emotions, the initial shock and denial gradually fade, making way for other grief-related emotions – anger, emptiness, guilt, and self-blame – to surface at a stronger intensity. A small number of people who cannot move past the shock may face greater challenges in their grief journeys.

*“Looking back on my first counseling session at Assisi Hospice, I shared about the day my husband passed away and how COVID-19 restrictions prevented me from staying by his side afterward, leaving me with unbearable regret. The counsellor listened quietly and gently acknowledged my reluctance to let him go. I broke down in tears instantly.*

*Feeling accepted, understood, and free from judgment was like having an invisible yet warm and strong hand supporting me.”*

The multiple losses in such a short time left Jing En feeling lost and helpless. Her health suddenly took a downturn, with numerous physical symptoms emerging one after another. Doctors could not diagnose any serious health issues, suggesting instead that these symptoms were psychosomatic – physical conditions triggered by psychological, environmental, or social factors.

Over several counselling sessions, I worked with Jing En using a body-oriented approach to grief, guiding her to recognise how her body responded to emotions and trauma, teaching

her to observe without judgment, accept, and then regulate those responses. Grief counselling must address not only emotional and spiritual dimensions but also the body's experience. The brain is not the only organ that remembers experiences; the body silently stores many details of our emotional journeys. As such, we might find ourselves unconsciously repeating certain narratives or reacting with heightened or dull alertness to specific situations, manifesting as psychosomatic symptoms.

*“Grief is a long process. During this process, my emotions fluctuated wildly, like a rollercoaster. I noticed that others I knew seemed to avoid me. At first, I was confused and deeply hurt, even doubting our friendships and feeling they were too cold. Later, I read a book on grief and realised it wasn't that they didn't care – my sorrow and tears made them unsure how to respond, so they kept their distance. In the past, I acted the same way too. Not knowing how to comfort the bereaved, I chose to pray silently for them rather than offer condolences directly.”*

Jing En's grief journey was full of stumbles, ups and downs, but

## Being brave does not mean without fear, it means moving forward even when afraid.



also profound realisations. Losing a loved one is never a single loss – it sets off a chain reaction. Jing En felt this deeply. After her husband's passing, everything at home changed. Even her interactions with her children required adjustment.

*"Along the way, I held tightly to the reminder to be kind to myself, to care for my body, mind, and spirit. As a Catholic, I pray every morning. Then, I do light exercises, soak in sunlight, and connect with nature.*

*Reading books and newspapers, listening to music, attending talks, journaling, watching dramas, meeting friends, trying new activities like drawing Zentangle, even writing letters to my late husband to share my thoughts – all became ways to nurture myself through grief.*

*I am grateful that grief counselling and support groups reminded me to tap into my inner resources and learn new ways to cope with loneliness with more courage."*

Jing En is a woman full of positive energy. Even in grief, she finds hope and inspiration in every small detail in life. This stems from her faith and her innate resilience.

*"Whenever I think of the resources I have, I tell myself: Jing En, you've got this!"*

*Though sometimes I still fall into despair, I cling to hope. Because God has promised to be with me until the end of the world.*

*'Do not be afraid; just believe.'*

*This strength and courage carry me through life's storms."*

Being brave does not mean without fear, it means moving forward even when afraid.





失落后  
久违的曙光

辅导员  
郑欣珏

“我是敬恩。

2021年10月，有我人生中最悲痛的记忆。我的先生突然离开这个世界，毫无预警，没有遗言也没有再见。连续三天的吊唁，丧礼，火化到安放骨灰，我像发了一场恶梦，丝毫不真实。”

通过朋友的鼓励，敬恩联络上雅西西悲伤与丧亲关怀服务。

四十年前，敬恩陪同先生移居到新加坡。为了照顾孩子和家庭，她毅然辞去了护士的岗位，当起了全职主妇。体贴的先生，美满的婚姻，幸福的家庭，敬恩一度以为这一切的美好会永远持续下去。

2021年7月，远在故乡的母亲病故了。还来不及回神，三个月后的一个傍晚，先生在敬恩的眼前倒下，猝然与世长别。

原来，世间没有永远，生命也不按理出牌。

“在哀伤的过程中，令我最痛苦的是孤独和失落的感觉，尤其在重要的节日，如我们的结婚纪念日、生日、圣诞节、农历新年等。每逢周末和夜晚，我同样难过。每个夜晚，房里空荡荡的，每一个角落却又挤满他的回忆和影子。

每个夜晚，房里空荡荡的，每一个角落却又挤满他的回忆和影子。

那是一种说不出口的痛。”

在辅导室内，敬恩声泪俱下叙述当天的情景。一切毫无前兆，先生如平日般与家人共进晚餐，虽略感不适，但不以为意。当他离开饭桌走向客厅时，突然倒地，昏迷过去。在全家人的惊慌失措中，救护人员抵达，为先生进行抢救并送往邻近的医院。就在当晚，先生回天乏术。

猝死，或突然死亡，是一种令人措手不及的失落。震惊是面临突发事件时的其中一种自然反应。当人们处在震惊的模式里时，预期中排山倒海的情绪暂时被隔开，虽感觉抽离或不真实，但却志在让我们能够继续运作，处理现

## 勇敢，不是没有害怕， 而是虽然害怕，却依然前进。

实中必须完成的事务。一般上，人们不会呆在震惊的模式里太久，一旦身体调节至拥有比较足够的能力去承载更多的情绪时，震惊和否定的情绪会逐渐转淡，而其他悲伤情绪，包括愤怒、空虚、自责、内疚等感受将更清晰地浮现。而一小部分长时间无法从震惊里走出来的人们，很可能会在接下来处理悲伤的工作里面对较多的挑战。

“回想第一天到雅西西慈怀病院接受辅导，我诉说当天先生出事的情景以及当时因新冠疫情措施使我无法在事发后一直陪伴着他而让我感到锥心的遗憾。辅导员默默聆听，并一语道出我对先生的不舍。我瞬间泪崩了。

被接纳，被明白和不被批判的感受，像是一双无形且温暖有力的手支撑着我。”

在短期中多重的失落让敬恩感到十分彷徨无助，她的健康突然亮起了红灯，许多大大小小的

身体症状陆续找上她。医生无法诊断敬恩有任何令人担忧的健康问题，而这些身体症状更似身心症 (Psychosomatic symptom) ——这是一种由心理、环境、社会因素所引起的身体状况。

在几次的辅导中，我采用以身体感官经验为主的模式协助敬恩进行悲伤工作，引导她去熟悉身体对情绪和创伤的反应，学习不去批判它，接纳它，随之调节它。悲伤与创伤辅导不只需在情绪和灵性的层面里工作，更不能遗忘我们的身体经验。大脑不是记忆事情经过的唯一器官，身体其实更是默默记忆许多我们心路历程的细节。所以，很多时候，我们会不自觉地重复叙述某件事，某个过程，或不自觉地对某种境界产生过高或过低的警觉，甚至引发身心症。

“悲伤是个漫长的过程。期间心情起起落落，犹如过山车般。这段日子里，我发现身边的人似乎刻意回避我。一开始，我很不解并深感难过，我甚至怀疑彼此昔日的情谊，

觉得他们很冷漠。后来从一本有关悲伤的书籍中，我了解到亲友们不是不关心，而是我的哀伤和眼泪让他们不知所措，所以不敢亲近我。其实，这样的情况也曾发生在以前的我身上。由于不知如何关怀丧亲者，我选择默默为他们祈祷，而非上前给予慰问。”

敬恩这一条悲伤的路走得跌跌撞撞，起起落落，但也充满启发。失去一位至亲从来不是单一的失落；牵一发而动全身，敬恩着实地感受到这个道理。先生去世后，家中的一切不再一样，就连与孩子的互动也需要重新调整、适应。

“这一路上，我紧紧地记得，要善待自己，希望能有身心灵的照顾。我是一位天主教徒，每天早上我必祈祷。接着，我会做简单的运动，晒晒太阳，与大自然接触。

看书、看报纸、听音乐、听讲座、写日记、看看电视剧，与朋友聚会，尝试新活动比如画禅绕图，甚至通过写信向已故的先生倾述心事，都成了我哀伤旅程中善待自己的方式。

我很感恩，悲伤辅导与小组支援提醒我找回内在的资源，并学习新的方法，让自己在孤独的面前，感到多一些许的舒坦和勇气。”

敬恩是个充满正能量的女子，在悲伤中，她能在生活的细节里发现希望和鼓舞。这来自她对信仰的坚持，更是来自本身的内在资源。

“每每想起我所拥有的资源时，我都会对自己说：敬恩，加油啊！”

虽然有时又会跌到谷底，但每次我都怀着希望。因为天主曾许诺与我同在，直到世界的终结。

‘不要怕，只要信。’

这股力量和勇气为我撑得起人生的大风浪。”

勇敢，不是没有害怕，而是虽然害怕，却依然前进。



The background of the image is a vibrant, abstract composition of overlapping rectangles in various colors. The colors transition through a full spectrum, including shades of pink, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple. The rectangles are layered and overlap in a way that creates a sense of depth and movement, resembling a rainbow or a stained-glass window.

I BELIEVE  
I WOULD SEE  
THE RAINBOW

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COUNSELLOR  
IVEE TEE

## Each day felt like walking through a fog of numbness, with no end in the path of sorrow.

In April 2022, Xiao Rong bid farewell to her beloved husband.

In November 2023, she lost her dearest mother.

Xiao Rong's world plunged into darkness. Time seemed to freeze.

Through a referral from her late mother's medical social worker, Xiao Rong stepped into the counselling room at Assisi Hospice.

*"My last pillar of support – my mom – is gone. I'm completely alone in this world now."*

*"I feel trapped in a pitch-black tunnel, with no light or blue sky in sight. Just utter loneliness and helplessness."*

*"Every day, I survive on biscuits and bread. I eat only to stay alive. I don't know what I am living for."*

Like many grieving individuals seeking counselling, Xiao Rong saw no future, no hope. Each day brought only emptiness and tears.

If not for her faith and her furry companions at home, she confessed, she might have given up.

But this existence was mere survival, not life. Each day felt like walking through a fog of numbness, with no end in the path of sorrow.

In the counselling room, Xiao Rong was allowed to weep freely and deeply, unburdened by societal expectations. With me, a stranger, she could pour out her grief without fear of judgment or becoming a burden. I guided her to confront the darkness within her – through memories and storytelling, we revisited the beautiful moments she shared with her husband and mother. These recollections, though bittersweet, helped her reclaim the warmth of her past, reshape it, and transform it into a reservoir of strength.

What inspired me was Xiao Rong's courage to grieve. She allowed herself to dwell and flow in the waves of her grief, neither rushing to escape it nor

judging herself for it. Unlike many who frantically avoid sorrow, she understood that grief is the most natural response to loss.

Despite enduring dual losses, her childlike heart remained unbroken. She believed in time's power to heal through tears, trusted she would rise again, and held onto the faith that her loved ones had become guardian angels. She trusts that even without their physical presence, she would be able to fulfil the promises they had made together.

Two years has passed, and Xiao Rong's tears would still flow. She once promised to take her husband and mother to Japan to see cherry blossoms after their recovery from illness. Now, though they are gone, those vows remain vivid.

The timid, introverted Xiao Rong embarked on her first solo backpacking trip – from Singapore to Japan – to honour their unfulfilled wishes. She met the snow and greeted the cherry blossoms in Japan. With tears in her eyes, she compressed all these moments and brought them home. At a bereavement support group in Assisi Hospice, she shared how she would

always hide behind her husband, too afraid to navigate life alone. Yet, her solo journeys after losing her loved ones became a breakthrough. Under the group's admiring gazes, she discovered untapped inner resilience and felt pride in herself.

In December 2024, Xiao Rong revisited an Ang Mo Kio supermarket – a place steeped in memories of her husband. She had avoided it since his passing. Every Christmas Eve, they had shopped there for gifts to donate to low-income families through a local charity. To carry on his legacy of love, she mustered the courage to return. Though her heart raced as she walked along the aisles, she gradually found peace. By the final section, she smiled, "I'll keep his spirit of compassion alive."

In January 2025, Xiao Rong will embark on her third solo trip to Japan. This time, she'll carry not only her loved ones' wishes but also her own dreams. Her transformation, though gradual, is unwavering. She no longer hurries her healing, knowing the depth of love matches the depth of pain.

Though her journey through

grief continues, Xiao Rong has learned to embrace her emotions with tenderness. From self-abandonment to reclaiming her dreams, from despair to gratitude for the love she once had, she now catches glimpses of the sunlight ahead...

And I, too, imagine her standing at the edge of sorrow – where the rainbow begins to rise.



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She no longer hurries her healing, knowing the depth of love matches the depth of pain.



深信，

我会看到彩虹

辅导员  
郑欣珏

## 可是这样的日子，只能算是生存，不是生活。 每一天，像行尸走肉，看不见悲伤的尽头。

2022年4月，送走了挚爱的先生。

2023年11月，送走了最爱的妈妈。

小蓉的世界彻底沉到了谷底。  
时间停止前进。

经过妈妈生前的医疗社工转介，  
小蓉踏进了雅西西慈怀病院的辅导室。

“我最后的精神支柱（妈妈）也走了。在这个世界上，就剩下我一个人。”

“我像是活在黑漆漆的隧道里，看不到光明和蓝天，完完全全的孤独与无助。”

“我每天只吃些饼干和面包果腹。吃，只是为了继续活着。活着，却不知为了什么。”

与很多寻求辅导的丧亲者一样，  
小蓉看不到未来和希望，每天迎接她的只有空虚和泪水。

若不是为了坚持信仰和家里的毛小孩，小蓉说她也不想活了。

可是这样的日子，只能算是生存，  
不是生活。每一天，像行尸走肉，  
看不见悲伤的尽头。

在辅导室里，小蓉被允许不顾世俗的眼光大哭一场；面对我这个外人，她可以完全放心地倾诉心里的悲痛，不必担心因此成为任何人的负担或话柄。我引导小蓉靠近她心里的黑暗隧道，透过回忆和叙述，重温与先生及妈妈的美好记忆，并把这份感觉具体化，有意识地成为她的内在资源。叙述过去的美好回忆可能令丧亲者感到悲伤，但同时也帮助他们重拾生命中的温暖，去肯定它，重组它，诠释它，从而把它转化为前行的力量。

小蓉与众不同的地方是，她允许自己为失落哀悼，宽容却有意识地允许自己停留在悲伤里舔伤，不躁动，不批判，也不急着逃离悲伤。这与许多丧亲者不一样。很

多丧亲者无法忍受自己哀悼的需求，慌忙地想逃离，回归“正常”。殊不知，悲伤是对失落最正常的反应。

虽然承受双重失落，小蓉的赤子心并不曾被击倒。她坚信自己需要时间用眼泪洗涤悲伤，坚信自己有一天会再站起来，坚信离开了的亲人已化成了她的守护天使陪伴左右，更坚信没有了亲爱的人，她仍然可以独自完成与他们说好了的约定。

两年了，小蓉的眼泪仍然流着。小蓉说她曾答应等妈妈和先生病好后带他们再游一趟日本，看一遍樱花。如今人已逝，信誓旦旦的话语仍然历历在目。

胆小内向的小蓉为了履行对亲人的承诺及圆满他们来不及完成的愿望，决定人生中第一次背包旅行孤独上路。从新加坡一路到日本，小蓉终于把原本承诺要送给先生和妈妈的白雪及樱花装进自己的泪水里，带回家。在雅西西慈怀病院的丧亲支援小组里，小蓉坦言自己一直是个躲在先生背后胆怯的女人，没有方向感也不曾独自远行。失去至亲与挚爱后的两次独自旅行，是她一大突破。在小组同伴们佩服与欣赏的眼光中，小蓉发现了自己未发掘的内

在资源，并为自己感到骄傲。

2024年12月，小蓉自先生去世后，第一次踏入位于宏茂桥的某个超市，一个充满她和先生的共同回忆的地方。自他去世后，小蓉一直不敢再回到这个地方，因为每一年圣诞节前夕，两人总会到这家超市购买圣诞礼物，通过本地一间慈善机构把礼物捐送给低收入家庭。这次，为了继承先生这份爱心，小蓉鼓足勇气回到这个令她怯步的伤心地。从强烈的心理挣扎，到踏入超市，忐忑地走在一排排货架之间，直到来到了最后的货品区，她开始把心安定下来；小蓉惊喜地发现自己终于做到了。她微笑地说：“先生所体现出的大爱，我会一直秉承下去。”

2025年1月，将是小蓉第三次的孤独背包旅行。这一次还是去日本。小蓉说，这是她对自己的承诺，要走透日本。不一样的是，这次小蓉将把自己和自己的梦想带上。这不仅仅是为她的至亲与挚爱履行的约定，也是她爱自己的表现。小蓉的蜕变虽缓慢但坚决，她从不着急，因为她知道有多深刻的爱，就会留下多深刻的痛。

虽然悲伤的路还没有走完，小蓉

已学会给自己的情绪更多的包容与呵护。从自暴自弃到现在逐渐重拾自己的梦想和存在感，从彷徨无助一路走到感恩曾经拥有，小蓉隐约看到了前方的太阳……

我也似乎看到她站在悲伤的尽头，彩虹升起的地方。



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小蓉的蜕变虽缓慢但坚决，她从不着急，因为她知道有多深刻的爱，就会留下多深刻的痛。

# ABOUT AUTHORS

## IVEE TEE

*Lead Medical Social Worker & Counsellor  
Grief and Bereavement Care Team, Assisi Hospice*

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“Braveness is not the absence of fear but rather the strength to keep on going forward despite the fear” – Paulo Coelho

Ivee Tee, graduated from Master of Arts (Counselling Psychology), The National University of Malaysia (Universiti Kebangsaan Malaysia) in 2005. She joined Assisi Hospice in 2013 and is currently serving as Lead Medical Social Worker cum Counsellor. She is also a registered counsellor with Singapore Association for Counselling (SAC) and a registered social worker with Singapore Association of Social Workers (SASW). Ivee was a winner for Healthcare Humanity Award in 2019 for the work she did. In 2020, she was actively involved in setting up the Grief and Bereavement Care Service in Assisi Hospice and leads the Service to date.

As a person, Ivee is deeply inspired by how people in grief thrive, grow and live out of it. As a clinician for almost two decades, she witnesses how counselling and therapeutic work facilitate changes in people's coping with challenges. With faith in it, her passion and compassion for what she is doing has never been faded. She enjoys her work and feels enriched by the life stories of people she has journeyed with.

# 作 者 简 介

## 郑欣珏

首席医疗社工兼辅导员  
雅西西慈怀病院 · 悲伤与丧亲关怀团队

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“勇敢不是不害怕，而是尽管害怕，仍有力量继续前进” — Paulo Coelho

郑欣珏，2005年毕业自马来西亚国立大学，心理咨商辅导硕士课程。她于2013年加入雅西西慈怀病院的工作团队，目前担任首席医疗社工兼辅导员一职。同时，她也是新加坡辅导协会(SAC)的注册临床辅导员以及新加坡社会工作者协会 (SASW) 的注册社会工作者。欣珏曾在2019年获取“仁心奖”，为所付出的受到肯定。2020年，她积极投入雅西西慈怀病院悲伤与丧亲关怀服务的创立工作，并领导该服务单位至今。作为一个人，欣珏深受在悲痛中但依然蓬勃成长、活出精彩的人们所启发。

作为一名拥有近二十年经验的临床工作者，她见证辅导与疗愈工作如何启发在面对挑战中的人们创造改变。这个信念使她对自己的工作始终充满热情。她享受自己的工作，并从她所协助过的人们的生命历练中获得了丰富的滋养。

# ABOUT AUTHORS

## OOI YINN SHAN

*Senior Medical Social Worker & Counsellor  
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Ooi Yinn Shan is a healthcare professional with a unique cross-disciplinary background, having practiced for 10 years in nursing and 7 years in medical social work and counselling. She holds a Master of Arts in Counselling and Guidance (2014) from NTU and is professionally trained and registered in three disciplines: as a nurse (SNB), a social worker (SASW), and a provisional counsellor (SAC). Her combined experience across clinical and psychosocial domains allows her to support patients and families with depth, empathy, and holistic care.

With over 17 years of healthcare experience, she has extensive experience supporting individuals and families through grief, including traumatic bereavement. Her current focus is on counselling work that integrates trauma-informed care, mindfulness, and cultural sensitivity. Yinn Shan pays close attention to how unresolved past experiences, as well as cultural and family dynamics, influence the grieving process.

To raise awareness and deepen understanding of grief, Yinn Shan shares insights through public talks, professional training sessions, and other initiatives to enhance support for those experiencing loss.

# 作 者 简 介

## 黄韵姗

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韵姗是一位拥有独特跨领域背景的医疗专业人员，具备10年护理临床经验和7年医疗社会工作及辅导经验。她于2024年获得新加坡南洋理工大学心理咨询辅导硕士学位，且具备三项专业领域培训并取得注册资格：注册护士 (SNB)、注册社会工作者 (SASW) 及新加坡辅导协会 (SAC) 注册辅导员。她跨越护理临床与心理社会领域的丰富经验，使她能够以深度、同理心和整体关怀的方式支持患者及其家庭。

凭借超过17年的医疗服务经验，韵姗在支持个人及家庭面对悲伤，尤其是创伤性丧亲方面积累了丰富的实践经验。她目前专注于将创伤知情护理、正念辅导治疗与文化敏感性相结合，关注未解的过去经历及家庭动力如何影响哀伤过程。

为提升社会对悲伤的认知与理解，韵姗积极举办公众讲座、专业培训及其他相关活动，分享专业见解，致力于加强对经历失落者的支持。





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