Recently, my cousin Elissa passed away from COVID-19. She was a single mother of a six year-old boy. Her parents have taken guardianship of her son, and her younger sister will assist in taking care of him as well. He’s dealing with the loss of his mom in a way that tugs at everyone’s heartstrings.

At any given day or time he asks to be excused, goes to another room, lets out a few screams, then returns.

My aunt recently told us that while clearing out Elissa’s apartment, her son expressed that he could smell his mom there.

Her scent still lingers throughout their home.

I’m heartbroken that she’s left behind a young child. As a mother, I can’t imagine my kids going through life without me. The thought is haunting.

Grief is a tricky thing. One day you feel fine, and other days you don’t. On the hard days, I think about thriving in life on behalf of Elissa. I know she’d want us to find peace.