Part of the problem with grief is wanting life to be like it was before. Death disrupts our lives. Grief disrupts our lives. Both force us to change. Our life becomes different. We become different than we were. Nobody likes change when it's forced on them. Change is hard work. We become angry, but angry at what or who? "I must not be a very nice person if I get angry with a person who is dead."

"What kind of a person would be angry with God?" Yet that is exactly what happens.

Death makes us angry and it questions our faith. We're angry that we are alone, angry that we are forced to change and angry that the person we care about is gone from us. We feel guilty and depressed because we don't realize that anger is a natural emotion. If we don't feel comfortable directing our anger at someone or something, we'll settle for being angry with ourselves.

Grief has physical sensations. Our heart is screaming: it physically hurts. There is a knot in our stomach and a sinking feeling happens when we think about the person who is gone. When we think, we feel and when we feel, we hurt.

Grief brings with it fear. When someone around us dies, we are reminded that we can also die. We are reminded of how little control we seem to have over our lives. The illusion that other people die, but not me, is taken away. It makes us afraid. We don't realize we're afraid. We just know we are uncomfortable and we hurt inside.

Most of us have a belief in some kind of an afterlife; an afterlife of peace, love and beauty. Even a belief in nothingness brings peace from suffering, confusion and the hard work of living. If we believe that the person who is dead is in a "better place," why do we hurt so badly? Why do we feel so miserable?