

2025/07/29 Sleep, Grief, and Nemo's Dreamscapes

I've been sleeping really well lately. After struggling with sleep most of my life, these last few years have been a blessing. I was still tossing and turning most nights. But I usually feel rested when I wake. I found great peace in Fall of 2021. So almost 4 years now. Since I still had a tendency to toss all night like a hotdog in one of those heat rollers at a convenience store, I decided I wanted to try something new. The homeopathic medicine I take on occasion for allergies is made by a brand that also makes a homeopathic sleep aid called "SleepCalm." It's design to target a restless mind. I thought my problem was more physical, though. I thought I was good in the peace department... LOL Yet, here I am suddenly sleeping like I haven't a care in the world for the first time since I was like 5... LOL Something I discovered during this health journey I'm on is that physical, mental, and spiritual health is all connected ~~with me~~, That seems like common sense now. But I was blind to it until 2023... hehehe The physical struggles I have while sleeping must have been impacted by something mental? I thought my constantly waking through the night was physical because it often happened when I had some sort of pain. Perhaps it has been a physical manifestation of something troubling

me? I honestly don't know. But so far, this sleep aid is helping me remain asleep throughout the night. The exception is when I need to use the bathroom... LOL But I've been going right back to sleep.

Here's how grief works...

- end of my marriage with Jennifer?
- other things I grieve?
- should I have posted this? Yep ♥

I've been thinking about grief again. There are so many things to grieve in a lifetime. We lose jobs, opportunities, and of course loved ones. We can even grieve things we never had in the first place. Unfulfilled hope is a type of loss ~~as well~~. All of us grieve differently. Each of the things we grieve can also cause different kinds of pain and loss. Each experience is unique. There really isn't a right or wrong way to grieve. And I'm not so sure anymore that there is a set of steps I can go through to process it. The sadness I feel means there was love. Happiness comes back because the love is still there. Behind every tear is a fond memory that brings a smile to my heart.



It's a never ending process. I'm not sure it is supposed to end, actually, It's more like a cycle of seasons I must go through. I grow through this experience, I learn to love and how to love. That makes my heart happy. Here's how grief works... well... I have to fill in the blank everytime. It's nothing and everything at the same time. It's silent and it's loud. It's tears and laughter. Grief is love and love is grief. A few things that triggered these thoughts... I'm in the annual reminder that I lost Lindsay to cancer 26 years ago. 4 years ago around this time, I lost a marriage and a family I love. And I continue to struggle through hope lost. None of it is truly gone, though. I still of the memories. I still have love in my heart. Although, that love isn't attached to what or who I lost. My love is attached to memory. And it's attached to who and what I still have. And my love is holding on to God. My grief helps me love and show love. It reminds me to keep loving. I don't love the grief. But I do love what grief has taught me. It taught me to love. It taught me to trust and love God. And God teaches me to love through a transformed heart ♡

It has been a tad noisy around the apartment complex lately. So, I'm back to listening to music while I work. Sometimes it's random stuff on Apple Music. But these last few days, it has been Nemo's Dreamscapes. I love those because they blend old fashion radio music with ambient nature sounds. It's perfect for my vibe. I listen to a variety of genres. But I "vibe" with music "from another room" and the various sounds of God's creation. It takes me back to some of my favorite memories of my great grandmother, Lucille. Frozen strawberries from the patch we grew together, the sunflowers that grew next to her Trash and Treasures store, and the garden she tended in her backyard. Ooh! And that swing tied to the old tree. Not to mention the trains that came rolling through not twenty yards from her house. She was my best friend in some of my most formative years. She lives today in my memories, in a short story I wrote, and in Nemo's Dreamscapes.