



A Grief Box for Bereaved Black Women

Healing. Practical. Yours.

Black women are rarely given permission to grieve out loud. We swallow it — tucking loss beneath duty, beneath strength, beneath the needs of everyone else in the room.

Swallowed Grief is what happens when Black women internalize self-disregard so deeply that even our grief gets buried beneath the weight of race, gender, and a world that was never built to hold us in our pain.

This box is an act of resistance against that silence. It is for her — the one who is tired of being strong. And if you love her, it is for you too. A guide for what to gather, what to offer, and what to simply place in her hands and let her decide.

◆ SOMETHING TO HOLD HER BODY

A Wooden Memory Box

A place to put the things that are too sacred to lose and too painful to look at every day. Letters. Photos. A piece of fabric. Something that smells like him. Like her. Let her fill it in her own time.

Whipped Shea Body Butter

Unscented, or something grounding — sandalwood, frankincense, lavender, or her favorite if you know it. Grief lives in the body. She needs to be reminded that her skin is still worth tending.

A Weighted Blanket

Because sometimes what the body needs is to feel held when no one is there.

A Silk Eye Mask, Bonnet, or Scarf

Because she is still a Black woman, even in her grief. Her hair, her rest, her softness matter.

A Cervical Pillow

Grief disrupts sleep in ways people don't talk about. This one, quietly, helps.

◆ SOMETHING TO HELP HER REST

Herbal Sleep Tea

Chamomile, lemon balm, valerian, lavender. Make it a ritual, not a remedy.

Essential Oil

Lavender for sleep. Vetiver or frankincense for grounding. Something citrus for the mornings when she needs to remember there is still light.

Epsom Salt Bath

With a small handwritten ritual invitation tucked inside:

"You are allowed to dissolve. The water will hold what you cannot."

❖ SOMETHING TO TEND HER SPIRIT**A Beeswax or Soy Candle**

To light when words fail. Fire is its own kind of prayer.

Incense

Copal, frankincense, nag champa, or whatever speaks to her tradition. Let the smoke carry what she cannot say.

A Blank Journal

Not prompted. Not structured. Just space. She will write when she is ready.

❖ SOMETHING TO SAY WHAT YOU CANNOT**A Written Note**

If you don't know what to write, start here: say his name. Say her name. Say what you loved about the person they lost. Tell her you are not going anywhere. Tell her you will still be calling in six months when everyone else has moved on. That note may be the most sacred thing in the entire box.

❖ SOMETHING TO FREE HER**A Weekend Away**

Give it to her — or give it to yourself, sis. Both are holy. Grief needs a change of air sometimes. A different ceiling to stare at. Permission to be anonymous for 48 hours. If someone offers it, receive it. If no one does, give it to yourself without apology.

❖ SOMETHING TO MOVE THROUGH HER**Music**

Some of my personal go-to's are Donnie Hathaway and Phyllis Hyman. Find what makes your body remember it's alive — whether that's a good cry, a slow sway, or something that moves your feet when you didn't think they'd move again.

Books

Toni Morrison is my forever anchor. I read poetry when prose feels like too much. But find whatever works for you — something that makes you laugh, cry, or disappear for a little while. No grief curriculum required. Just words that remind you that you are not alone in being human.

Grief is not a problem to be solved. It is a process of becoming — a slow, sacred reorientation of self in a world that has been rearranged by loss. You are not behind. You are not broken. You are a Black woman, doing one of the hardest things a human being can do.

Be held.