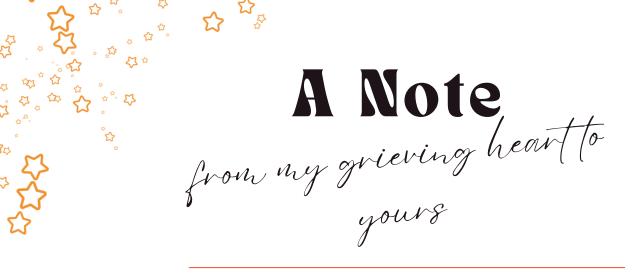


THE LIGHT I CARRY

Grief journal for the soul

For when your world breaks, and something sacred begins.





Dear Soul,

If these pages are in your hands, I want to begin by saying: I see you. I honour the ache that brought you here.

This is not a "get over it" journal. This is sacred ground.

A space to lay your sorrow. To speak with your loss. To let your soul gently begin to piece itself back together.

You don't need to be okay to begin. You just need to begin.

I created this journal from the ache of losing my mother—the woman who shaped my soul. Her death in 2017 broke me open. Grief felt like moving through water, heavy and wordless. I didn't want platitudes. I wanted her. So I wrote. Not to be wise—just to breathe.

I cried in carparks. Lit candles. Spoke to feathers. Let the waves take me. And somehow, through that sacred unraveling, I found a quiet flame whispering: **keep going**.

That flame became my memoir, *Seeker of Light*. It became this journal. It became the path back to myself.

If you're here now, know this: You are not alone. Let this be your companion. A space to fall apart, to remember, and one day—to rise again.

With fierce compassion,

Nelia

One grieving heart to another

The moment everything changed...

There is a before and

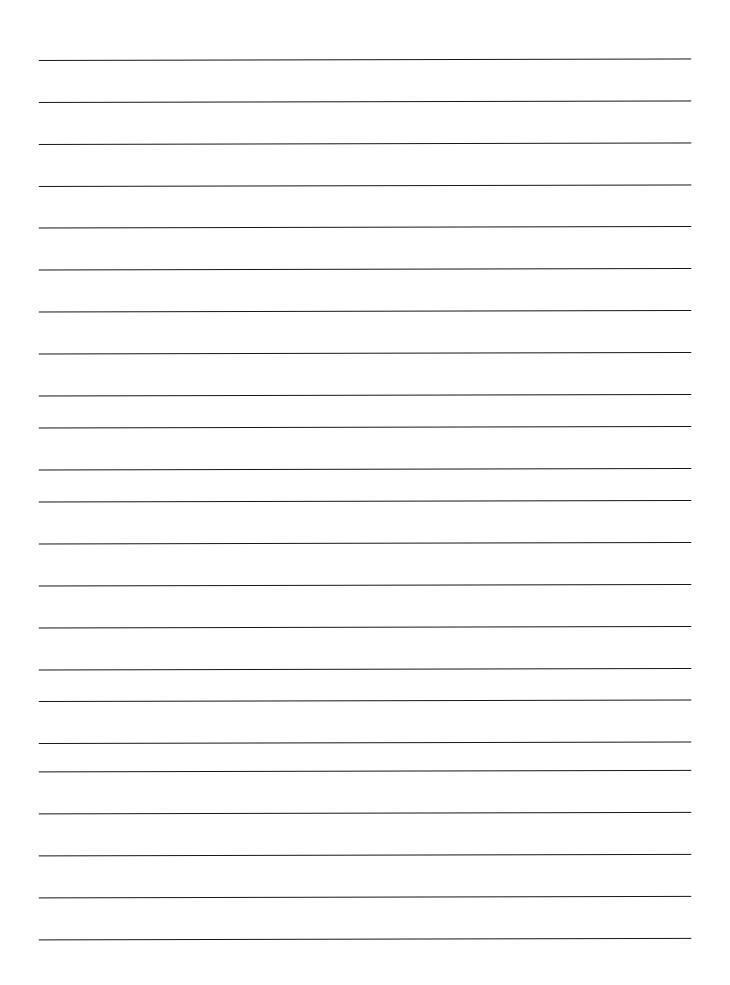
after carved into your life now. And yet,

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your breath still rises. That's where we begin.

What do you remember about the moment your world changed?

Close your eyes and return to that moment—not to relive the pain, but to honour the shift. Where were you? What did your body feel? What changed in the air, your breath, your knowing? Let this be a space to name what broke... and what awakened. There is no right way to begin—only your way.



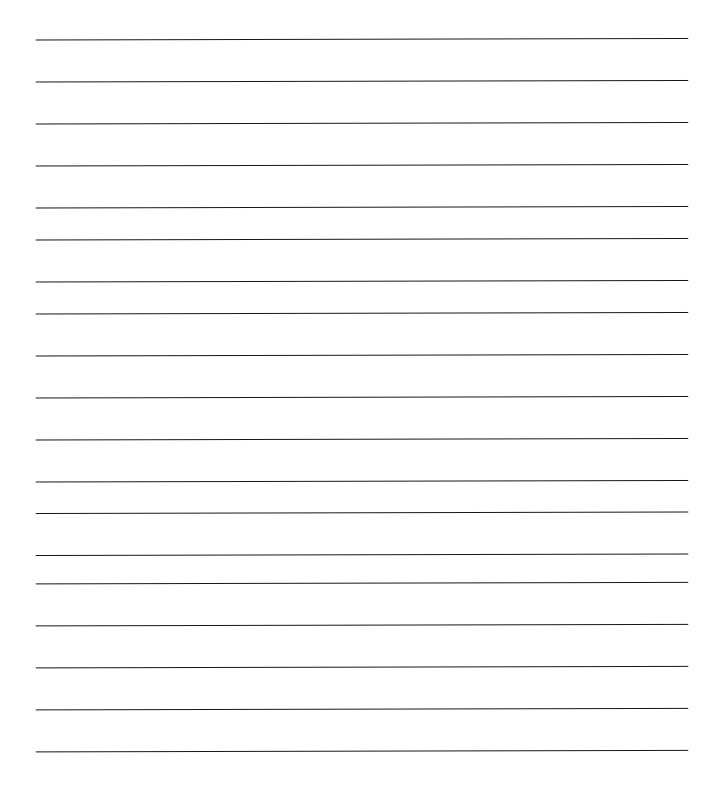
The things left unsaid...

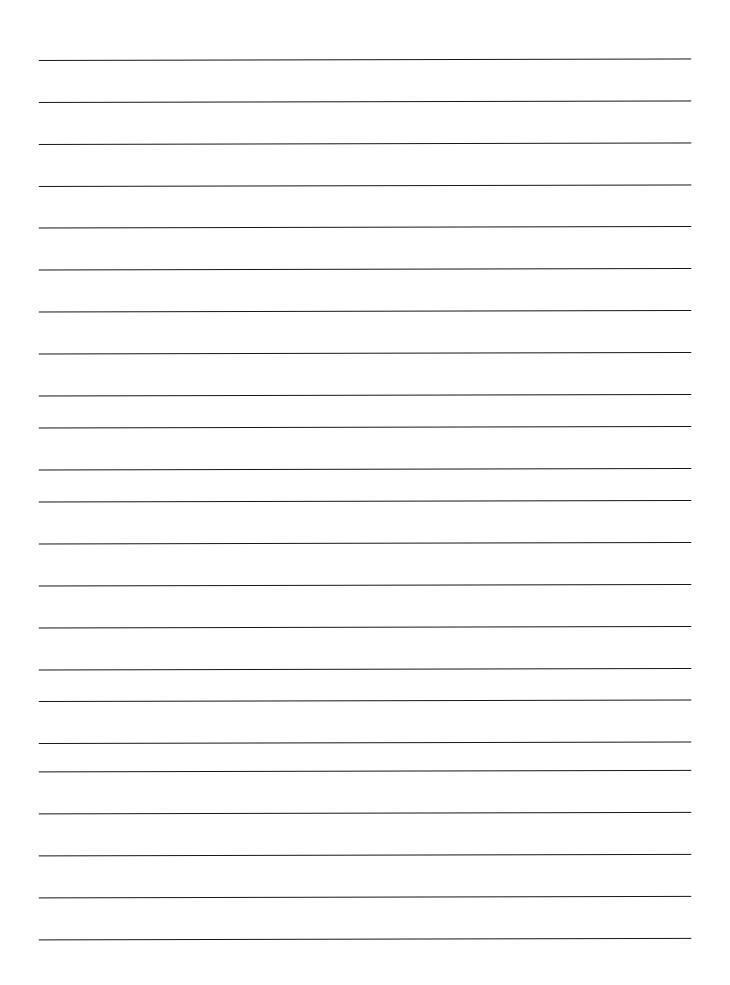
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Grief is a love letter with nowhere to go.

What would you say if they could hear you now?

Let your heart speak—without filters, without fear. Would you ask them something? Tell them you miss them? Say the words you never had the chance to say? This is your space. Speak to them as if they are listening...because maybe, just maybe, they are.





When the world kept spinning...

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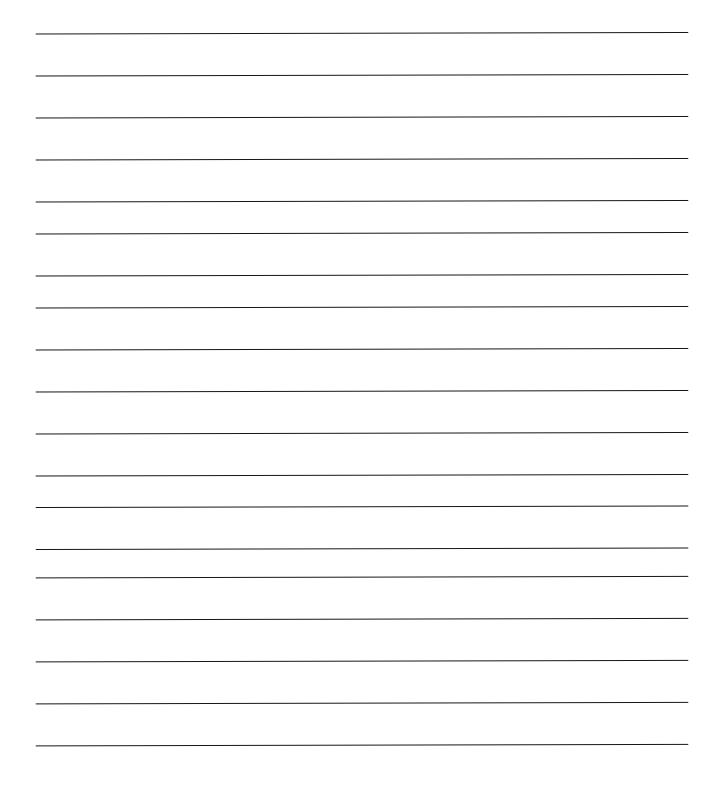
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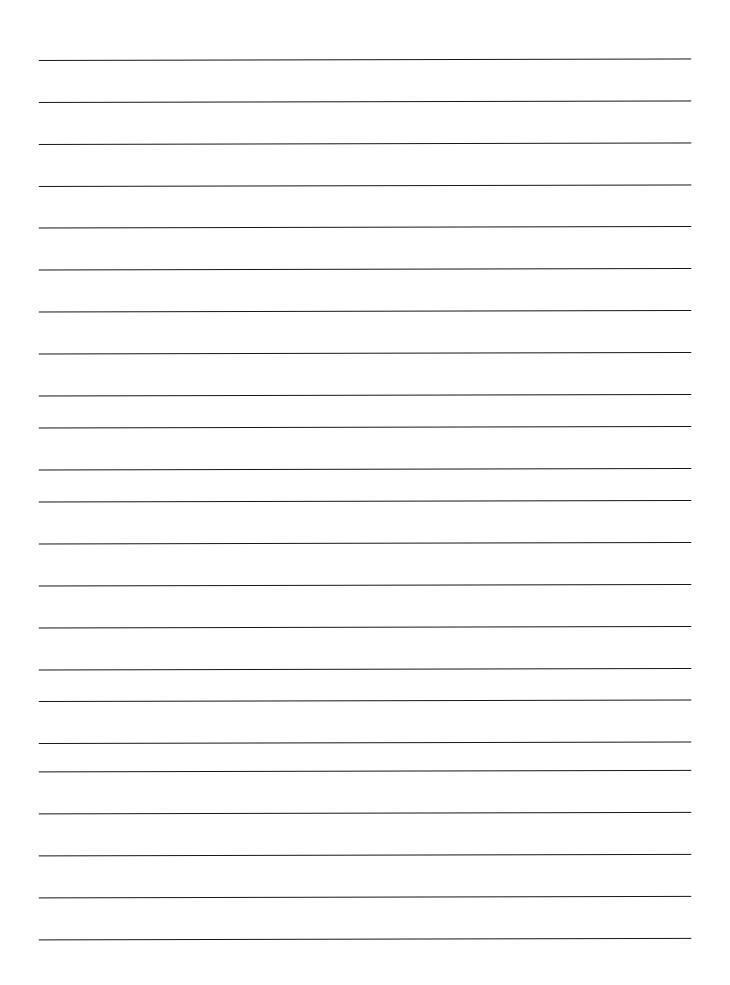
It is a strange kind of ache-to stand still while everything else

moves on.

What did you want the world to understand about your pain?

Grief can be invisible to the outside world—yet it changes everything within. What did you wish others could see, feel, or hold with you? What parts of your pain were misunderstood, unseen, or silenced? Let your truth rise here. Your pain deserves to be witnessed.





The quiet between tears...

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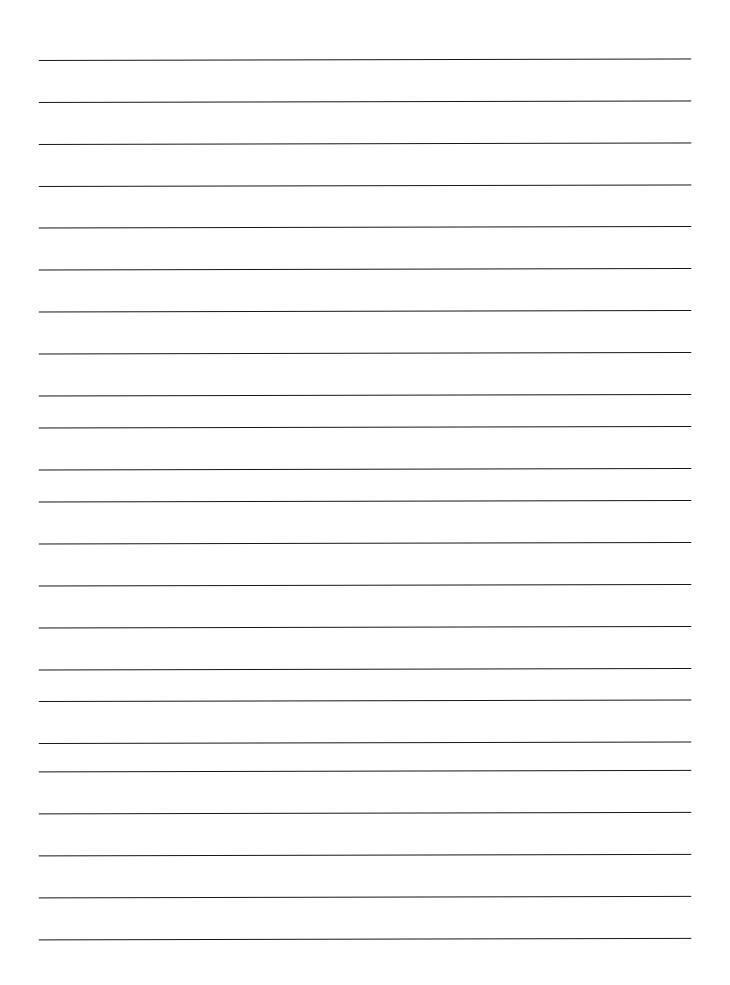
Sometimes the most

honest thing you can do is breathe.

What emotions live in your silence?

Beneath the words unspoken—what lingers? Is it sorrow? Rage? Regret? Love that had nowhere to go? Let your silence speak now. Let the quiet have a voice. There is power in what you've held in. Give it space to breathe.





Carrying their memory...

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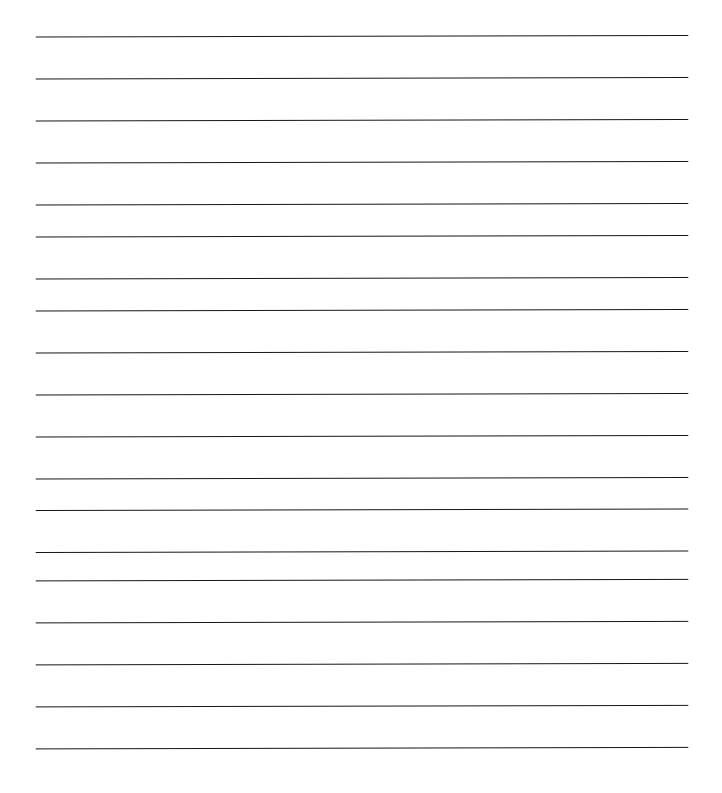
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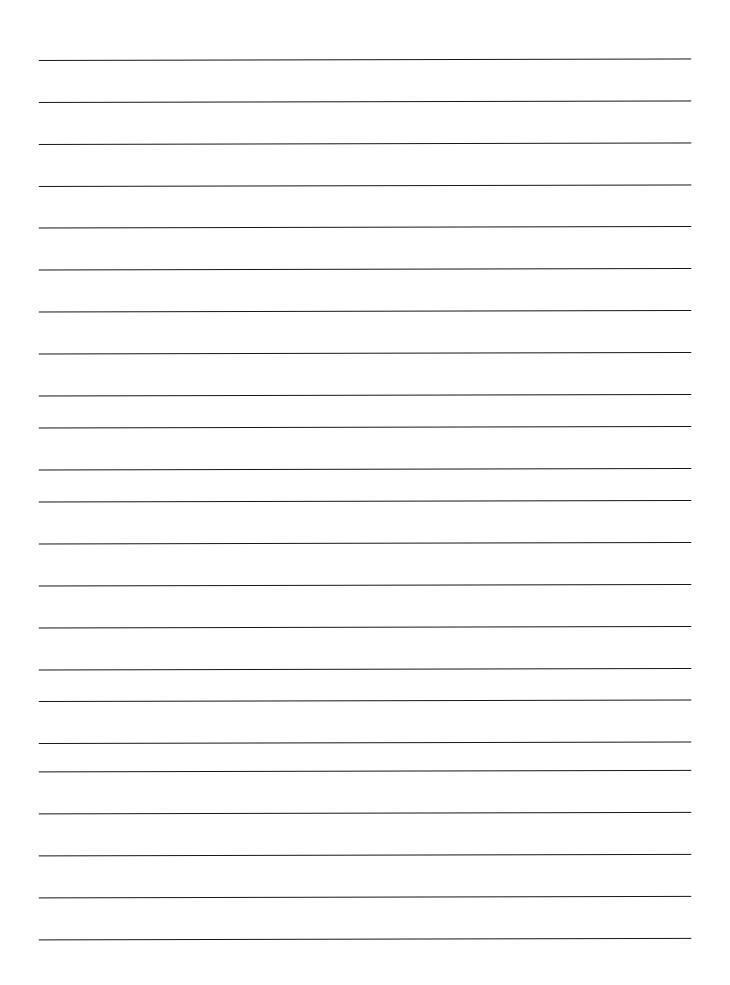
Jou never stopped loving them. You just started loving them differently.

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How do you carry them with you now?

In what ways do they still live within your days? Is it a ritual, a scent, a whisper in the wind? Do they appear in dreams, in feathers, in moments of stillness? You are the keeper of their memory. Let this be your space to honour how love endures.





Rage, regret & rawness...

Grief is not only

sonnow. His nage.

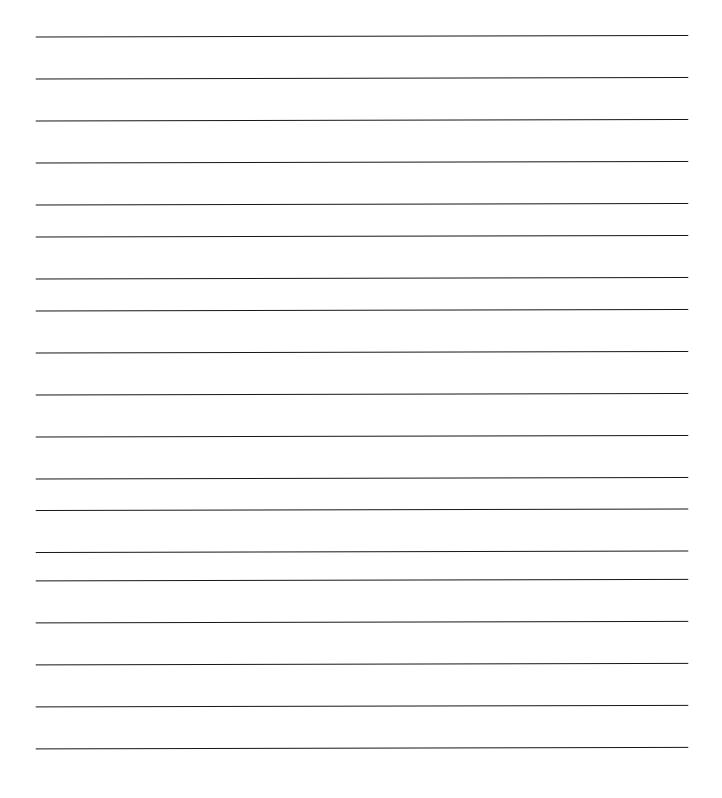
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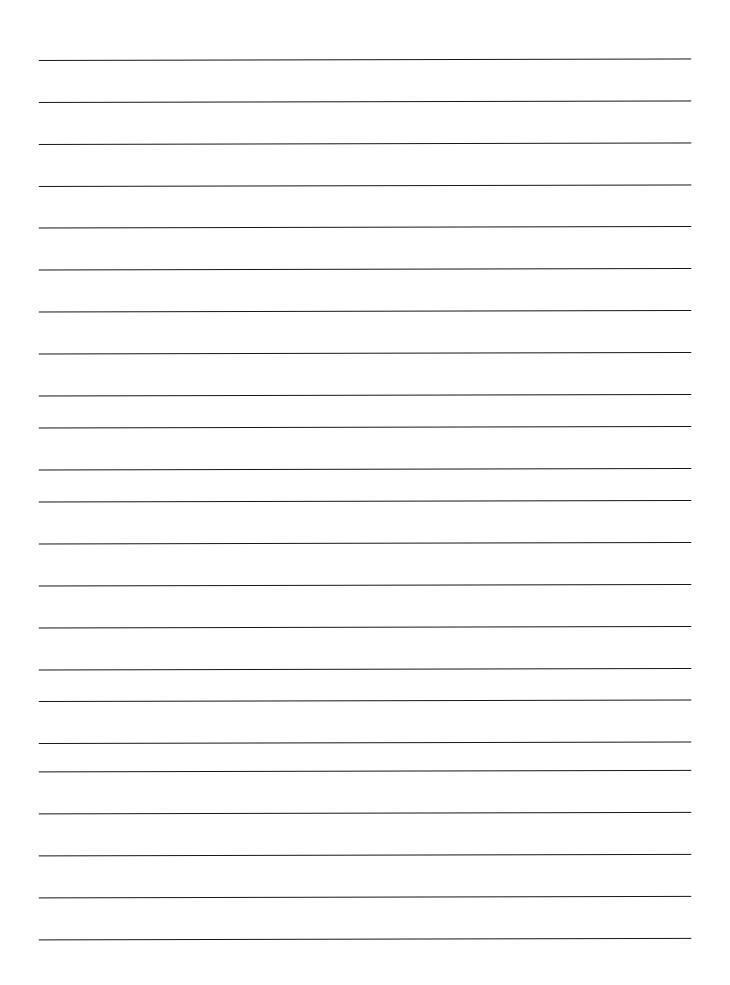
Regnet. The storm of everything that couldn't stay.

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What emotions feel too big to name? Try naming them here.

Grief doesn't fit into neat words. Some feelings roar. Others ache in silence. Are you holding rage? Guilt? Longing? Relief? Confusion? All of it at once? There's no need to get it right—only real. Let this be your place to name the unnameable.



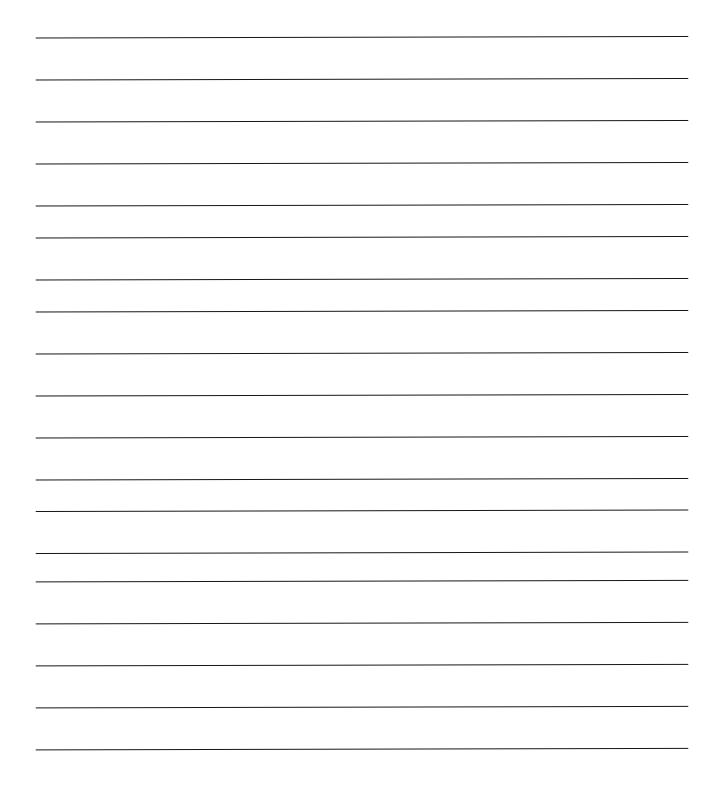


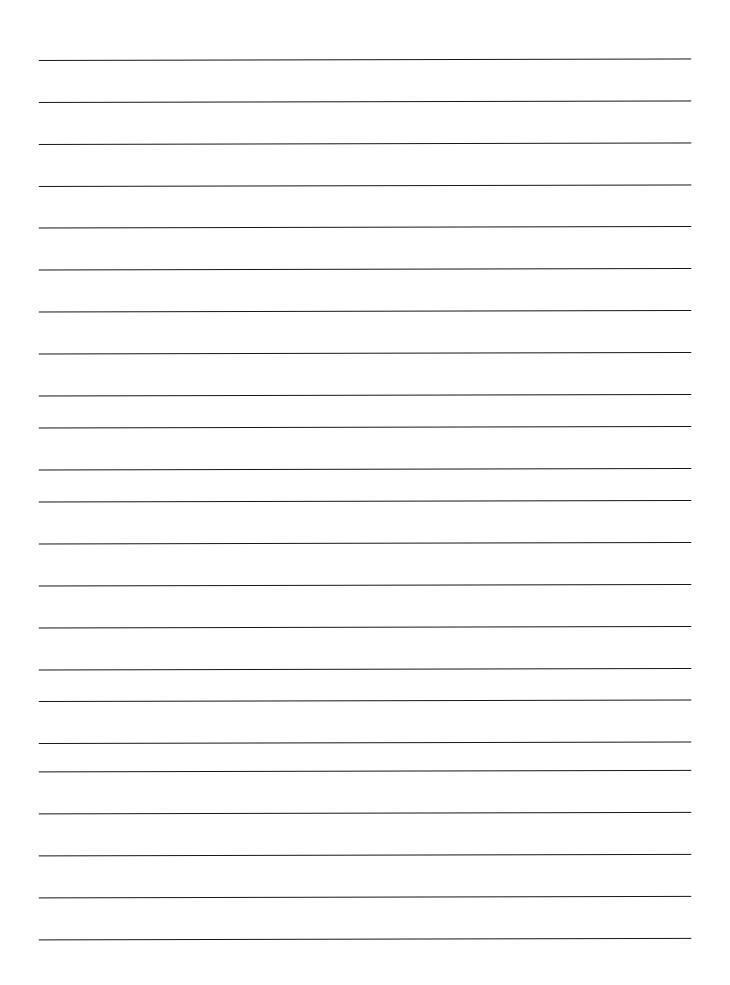
Grief & the body...

., , , , , , , , , , , , , , , Ny chest became the place where grief curled up and slept.

Where does your grief live in your body? What does it need?

Close your eyes. Breathe. Listen inward. Does it sit in your chest? Your throat? Your belly? Is it heavy, tight, hollow, burning? Let your body speak. What is your grief asking for—rest, movement, release, gentleness? This is an invitation to feel, not fix.





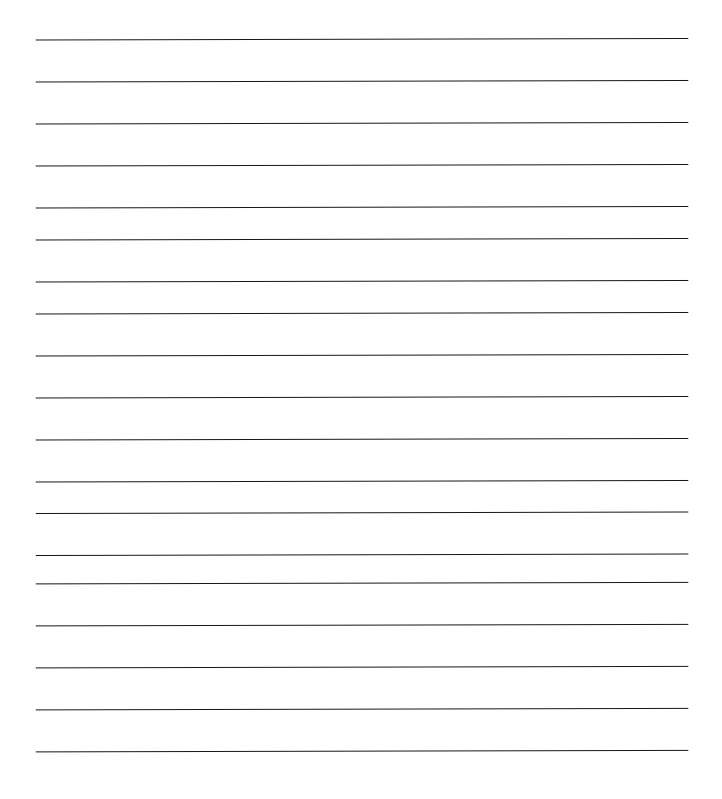
The weight of loneliness...

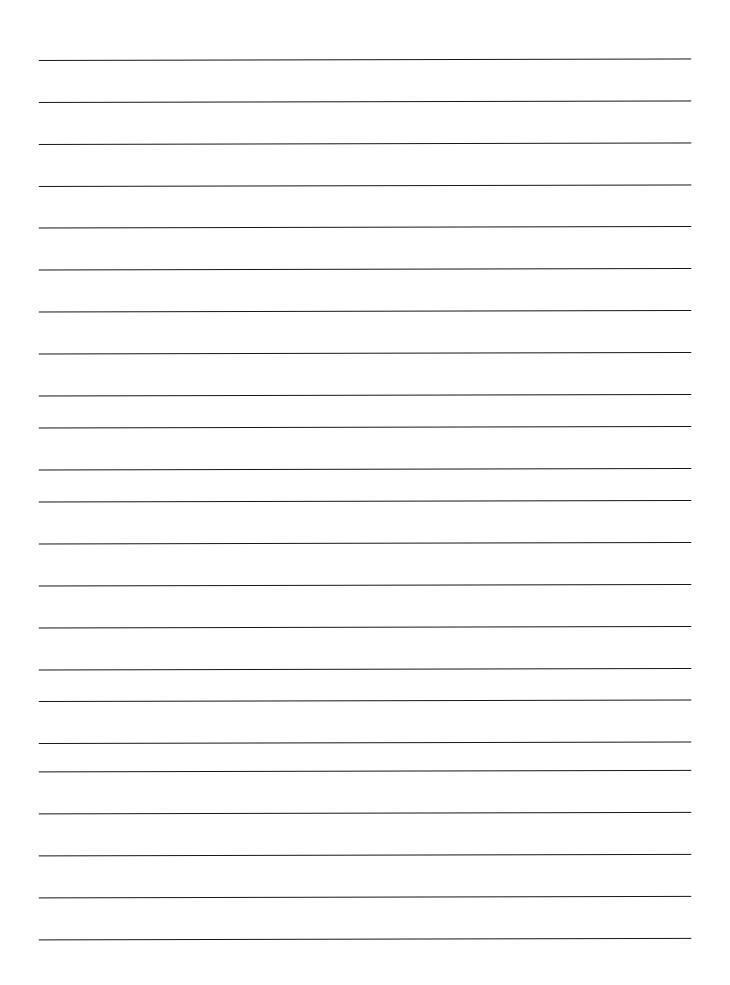
Grief isolates. But even here, you are not

alone.

When do you feel most alone in your grief? Who or what helps you feel seen?

Are there moments when the silence feels loudest? Certain times of day, anniversaries, memories that ache? Who holds space for you—or what comforts you when no one else can? Let this be where you name both the loneliness and the lifelines.





Dreams, signs, & spirit...

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Sometimes they visit in dreams, in feathers,

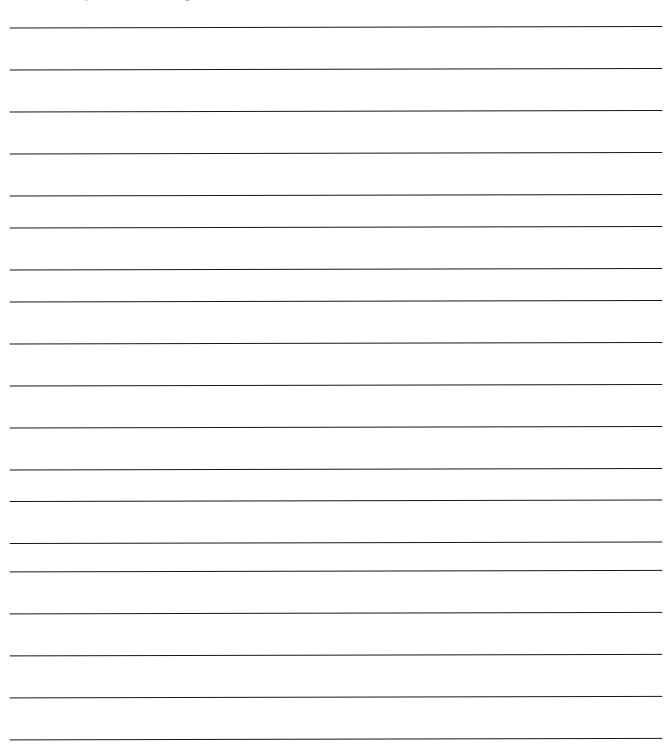
in winds that know

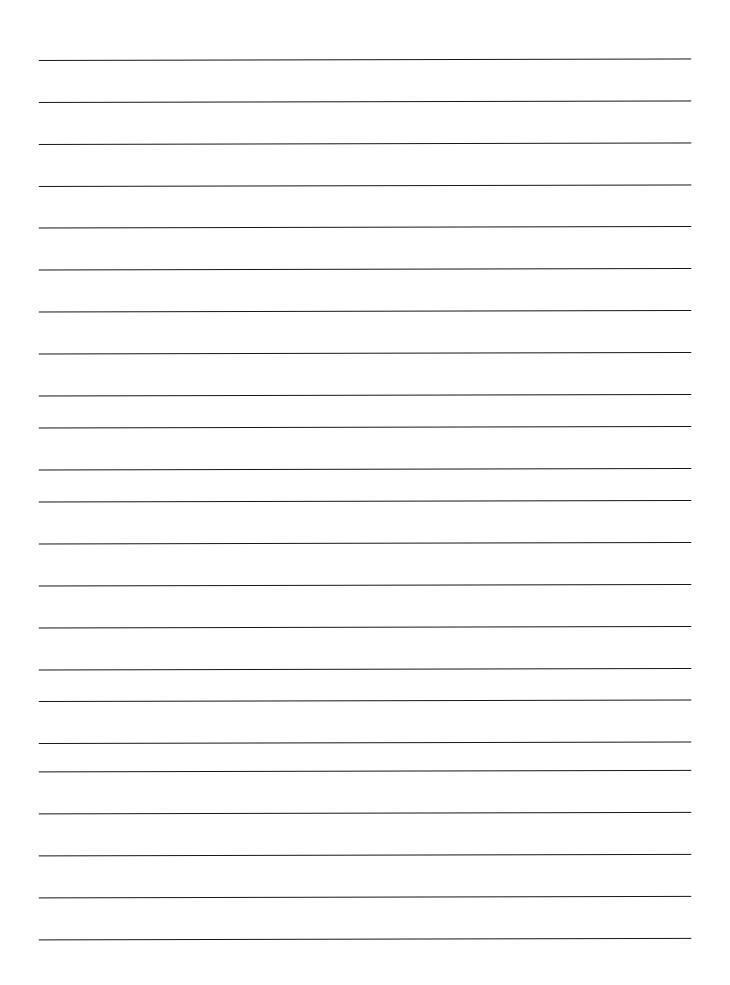
your name.

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Have you received any signs or messages from them? What do you believe they meant?

A feather, a song, a dream, a whisper in the wind—have you felt their presence in unexpected ways? What stirred in your soul when it happened? What do you think they were trying to tell you? Trust what you felt. Let it speak here.





The day you smiled again...

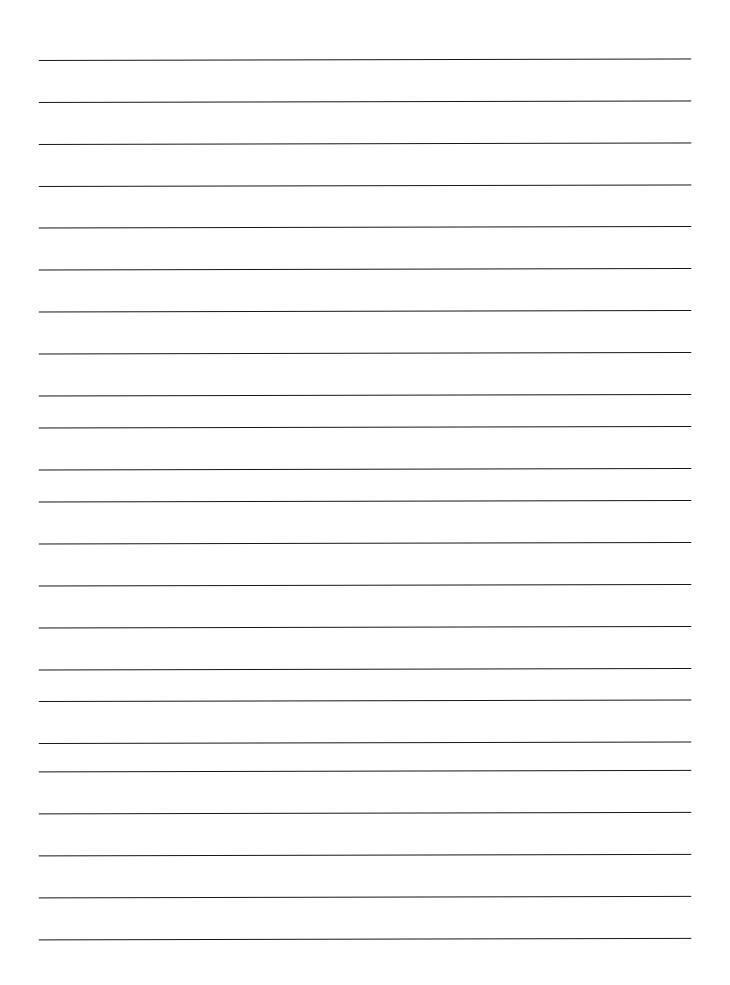
.` ∲` Smiling doesn't mean forgetting. It means

you cannied the memory into the light.

Can you remember a moment of joy since they passed? How did it feel?

Grief and joy can live side by side. Was there a moment—unexpected, quiet, or radiant—where light broke through the ache? What were you doing? Who were you with? Did it surprise you? Let yourself remember that joy, even if it came with tears. Both are allowed.





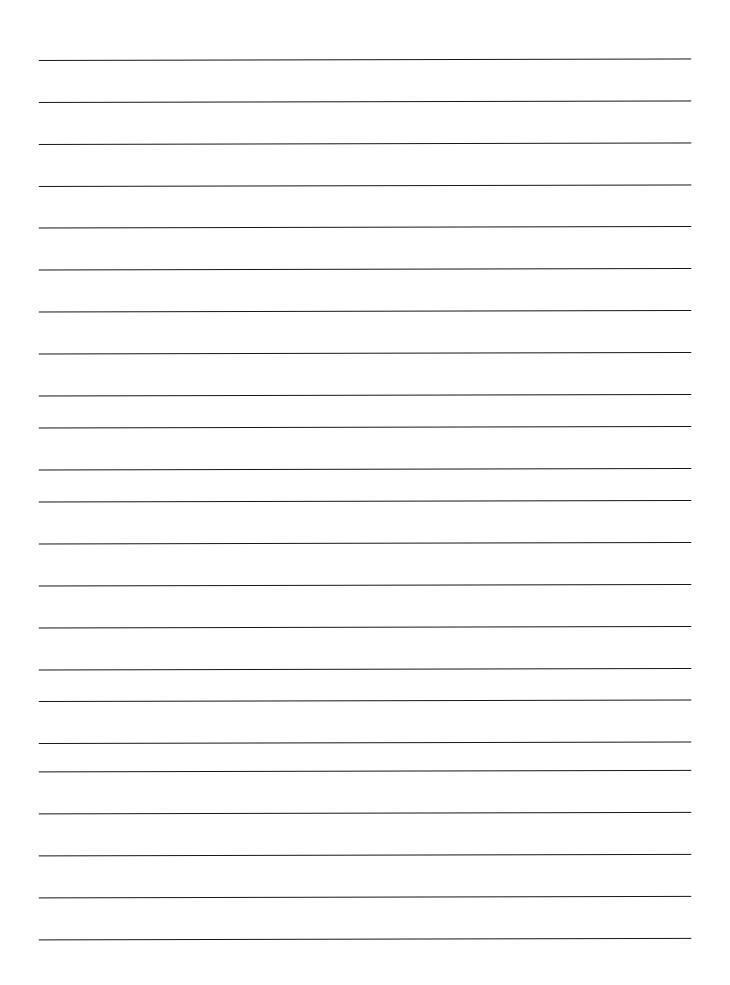
When guilt creeps in...

., . . ★ Jou are not meantlo suffer forever to prove

your love.

What do you feel guilty about? What might your loved one say in response?

Grief often carries guilt—what you did, didn't do, wish you'd said, or couldn't change. Name it here, without judgment. Then, close your eyes and imagine their response. What might they say with love, with truth, with the understanding only they could offer? Let their voice meet yours in this space.

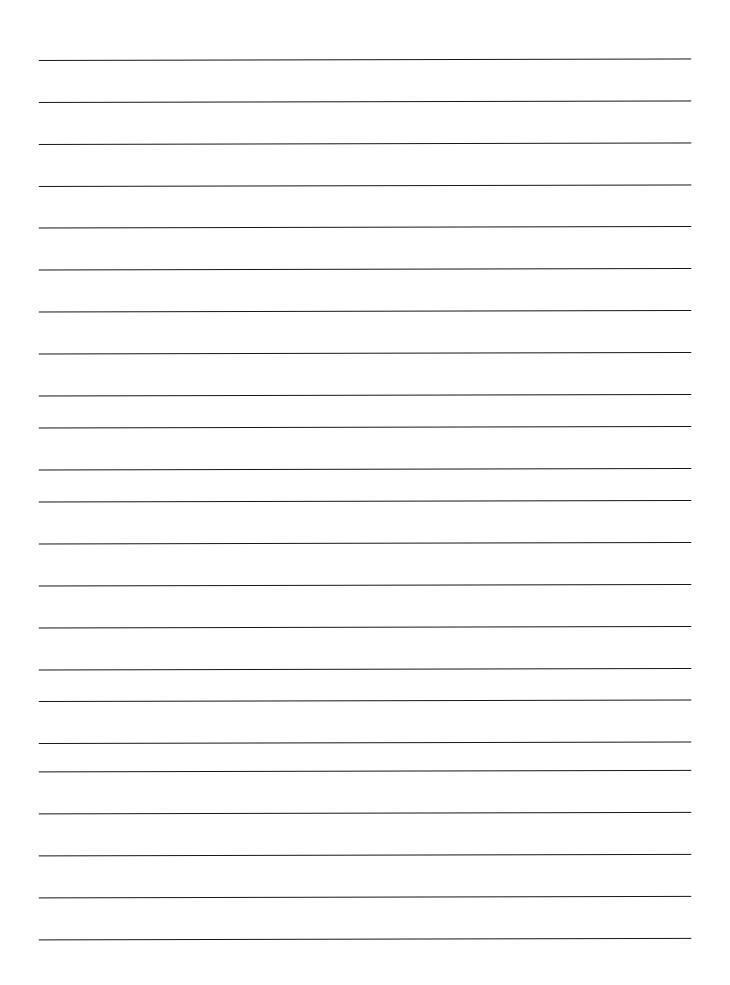


The year of firsts...

•. ↓ ↓ The first time doing anything without them is a quietkind of war.

What "firsts" have been hardest? What gave you strength to move through them?

The first birthday. The first holiday. The first time you laughed without them. Which "firsts" reopened the ache? And in those moments—what held you? A ritual, a memory, a person, your own resilience? Name both the pain and the power. Both belong.



The sacredness of grief...

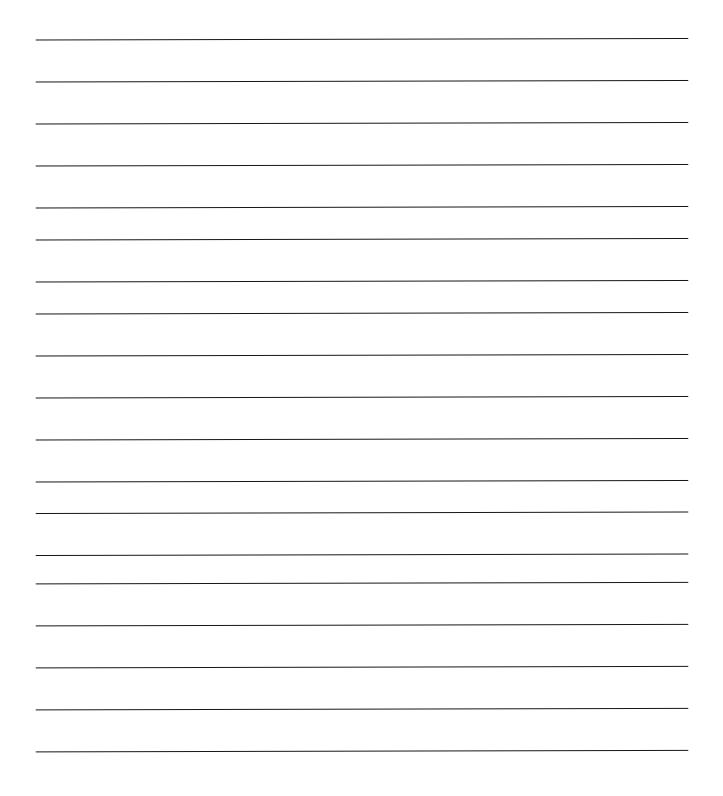
., ∳ ;¥ Grief broke you open and through that

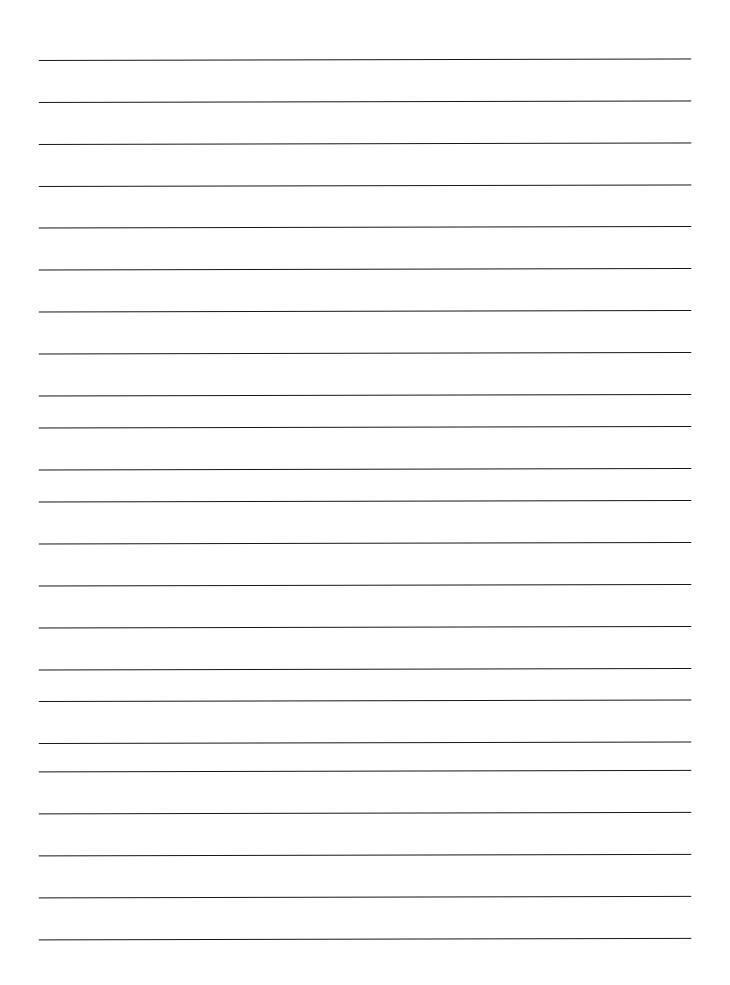
fracture, something divine slipped in.

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Has grief changed your view of life, death, or spirit?

What do you believe now that you didn't before? Has grief opened you to signs, to the unseen, to something beyond this world? Or has it deepened your understanding of what it means to truly live? Let your truth unfold here—raw, evolving, and sacred.





Who am I becoming...

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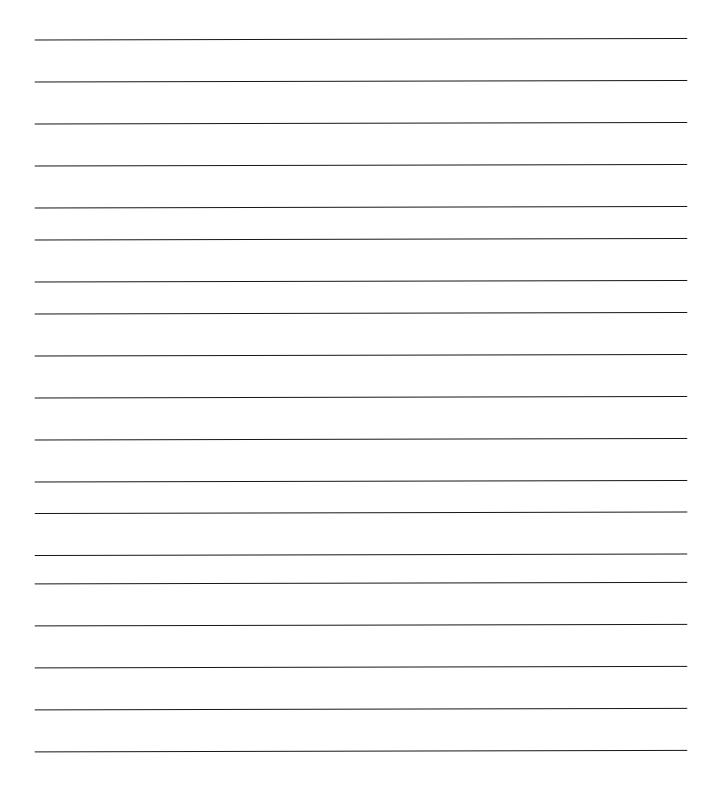
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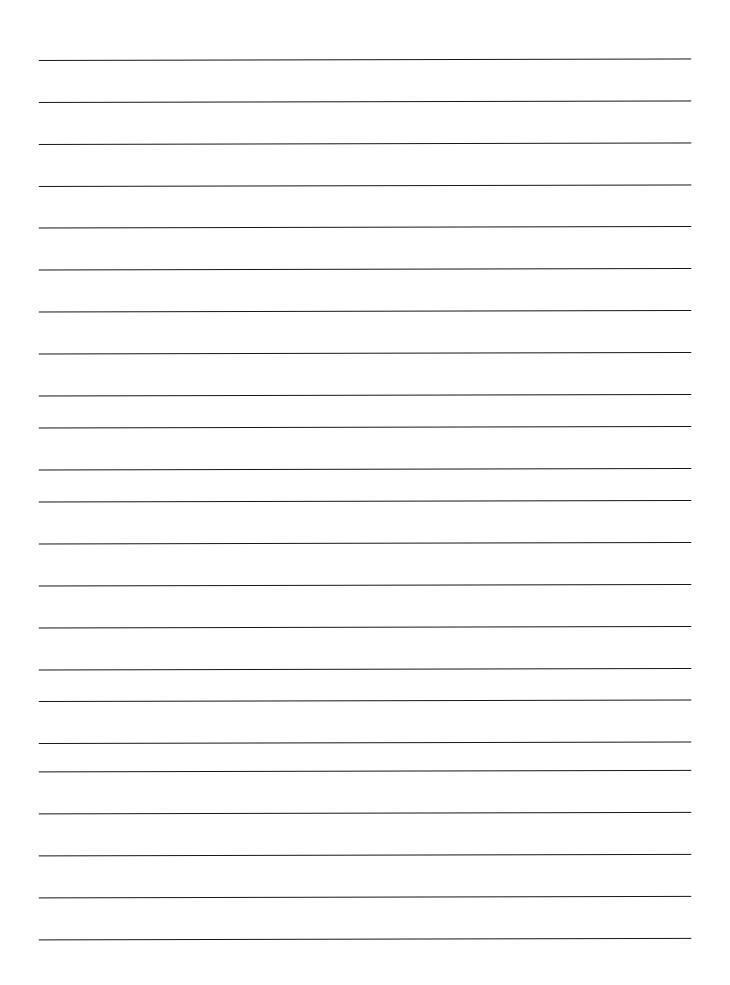
Jou are not who you were before the loss

and that's okay.

Who are you becoming as a result of this journey?

Grief reshapes us—not into someone new, but into someone truer. What parts of you are awakening, softening, strengthening? What truths are emerging from the ashes? Let this be a space to honour your becoming—messy, sacred, and real.





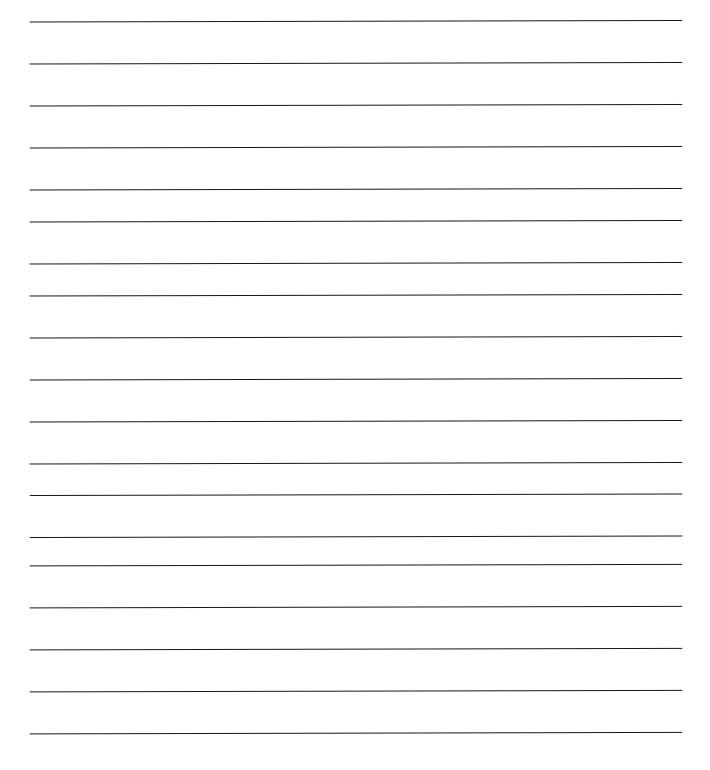
A letter to them...

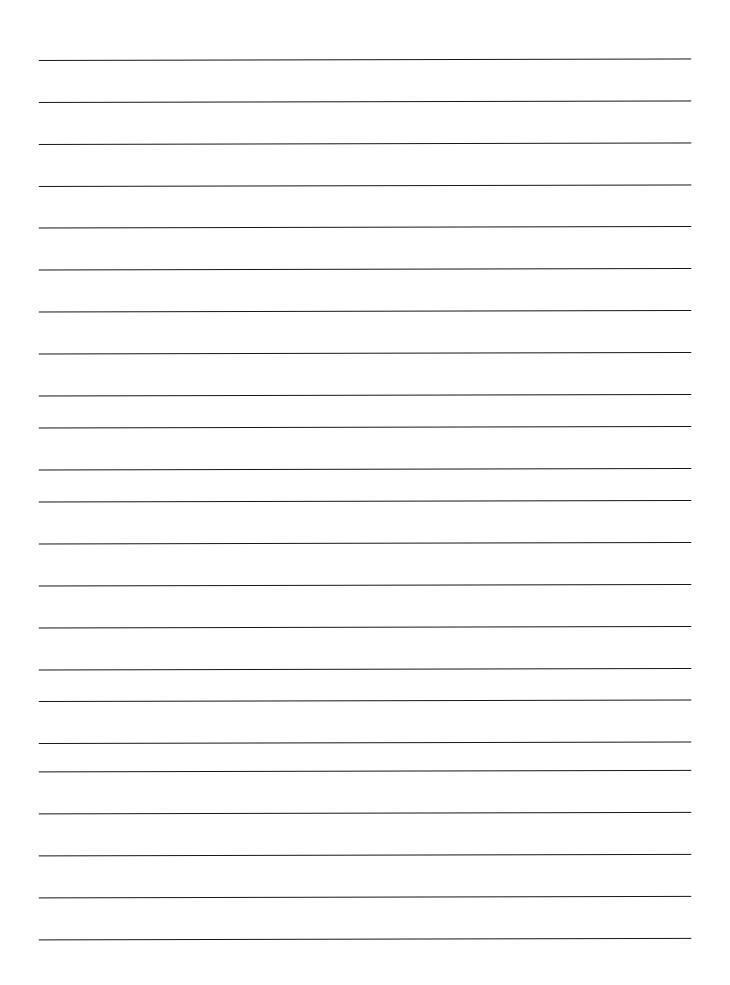
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They may be gone, but your fore still writes to them.

Write a letter to your loved one, as if they were listening.

Speak to them as if they can hear you—because maybe they can. What do you need to say? What's been left unspoken? Tell them about your days, your pain, your love, your memories. Say the things you didn't get to say—or the things you say to them in your heart every day. This is your moment. Let your love, your grief, your truth pour onto the page.





A letter from them...

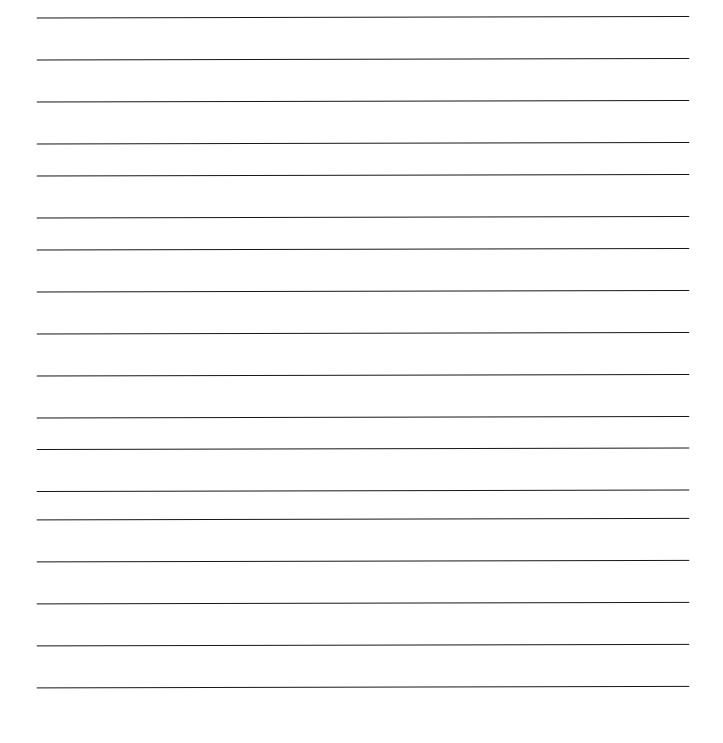
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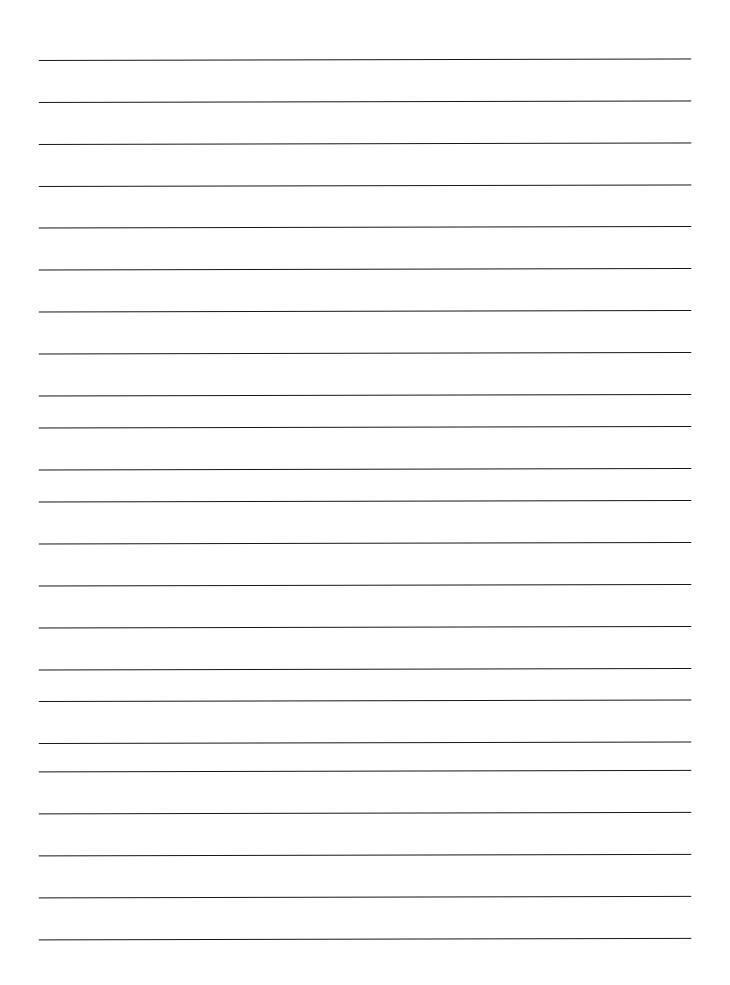
.' . * Close your eyes. Imagine what they

would say if they could.

Write a letter from your loved one to you. Let it flow.

Close your eyes. Feel them near. Their voice. Their presence. The essence of who they were—and still are. If they could sit beside you now, hand on your heart, what would they say? Would they remind you of your strength? Your light? Would they whisper that they're proud of you? That they've never truly left? That love—real love—doesn't end with goodbye? Let it flow. Don't overthink it. Let them speak through you. Let your soul listen. This is a space for connection beyond words, beyond time.



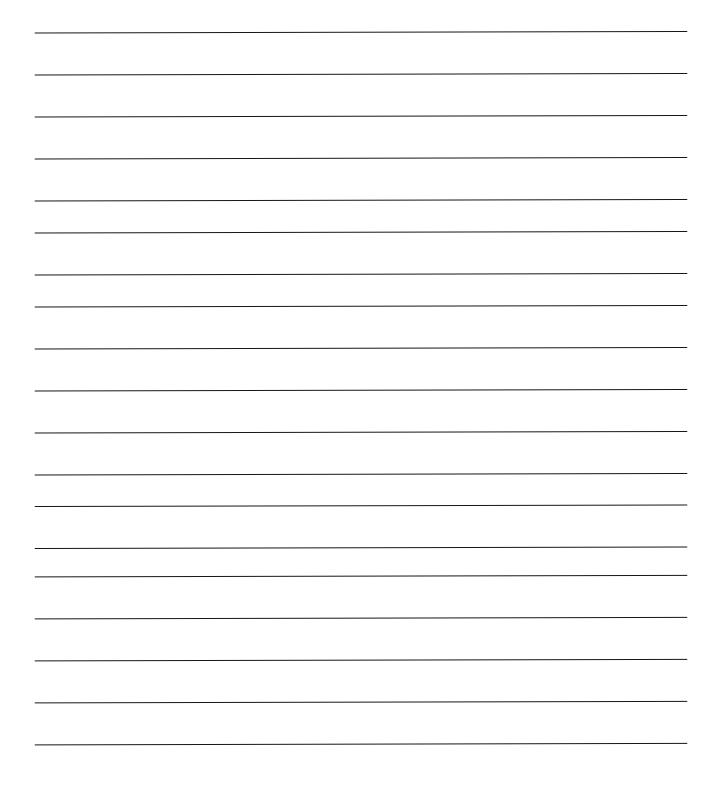


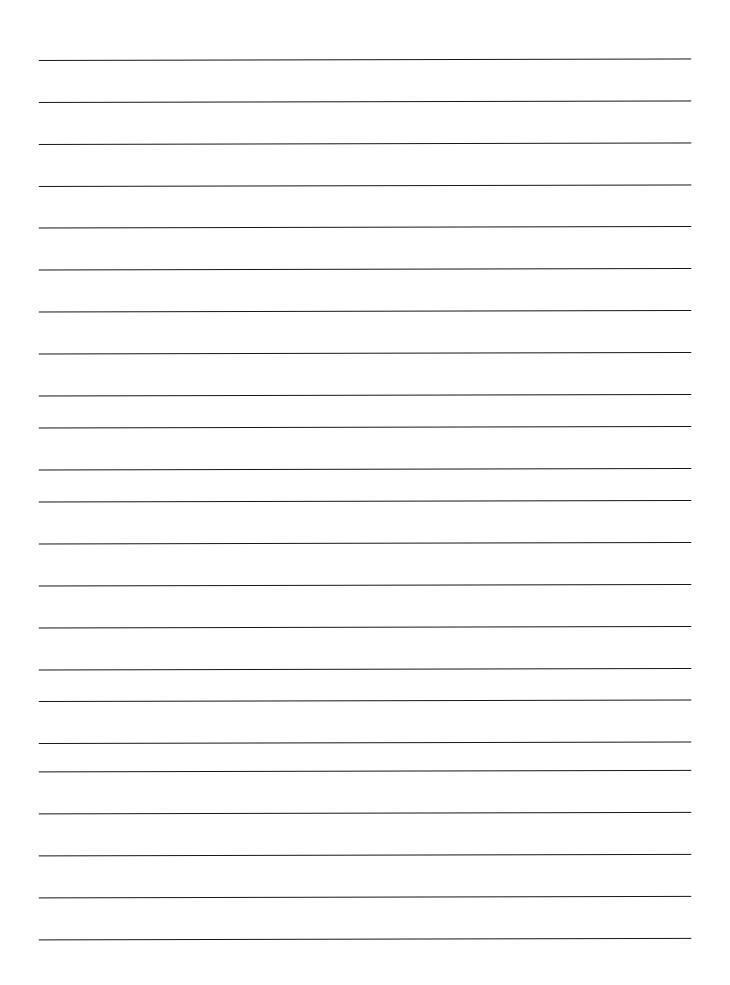
The light I carry...

., ∳ ;∳ Grief carved a space. Love filled it with light.

What light have you found through this darkness? How has your love evolved?

Grief can hollow us—and somehow, illuminate us. What have you discovered within yourself through the pain? Has love taken a new form—quieter, deeper, eternal? Reflect on the light that found its way in... and the way love continues to grow, even in their absence.







Grief is a sacred, winding path—one that takes time, tenderness, and courage. If at any point your pain feels too heavy to carry alone, please know: You don't have to.

There is no weakness in reaching out. There is strength in seeking support—through a counsellor, therapist, grief group, or someone you trust.

You are worthy of being held in your sorrow. You are not alone in your healing.

May this journal have offered a light in the dark, a breath in the heaviness, and a reminder that even in the ache, your story still matters.

Your grief is sacred. Your story matters. And though it may not feel like it today—healing is happening. You are still becoming. Keep writing. Keep remembering. And when you're ready—keep living.



Book: <u>Seeker of Light</u> Shop: <u>Carnelian Heart Etsy Store – Prints, Journals & More</u>
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 Website: <u>carnelianheart.com</u>