

## MY SHIKSHA STORY



Diksha, Mission Education Center - Darjeeling, West Bengal

“When a parent passes away, life changes. Two years ago, I lost my mother. Last year, I lost my father in a road accident. I felt a huge empty space in my heart. It’s painful and uncomfortable. Since then, I have started to question life and our purpose here. Being with parents is a happy place that I can still see so clearly when I close my eyes. There was always so much laughter and love that filled our home every time we were together.

I sometimes envy other people who have parents—and when they complain about something their mom or dad did, I choke down my tears in silence. I keep thinking, if only I could have one last moment. I think about the things I would have said, and seek forgiveness for the things I failed to do for them.

In witnessing my parents die before turning 50, suddenly life felt very short, and each moment became incredibly important. It is heartbreaking – not having them in a world where I am growing, learning, and accomplishing little goals. I love them and miss them. Grief is just love with no place to go.”