

A MESSAGE

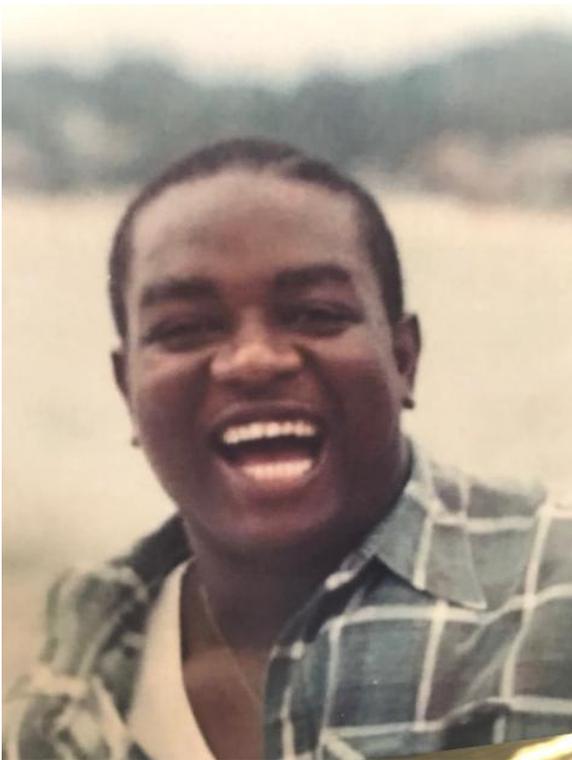
BOULK

EMILY C FOWLER



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In memory of my Daddy, a man who loved God, family, and Twizzlers. Who always knew what to say with or without a filter, and who practically invented the phrases “Way-Go,” “Woo woo woo,” and “Put’em on ice!” But most importantly in memory of a man who lived life in servitude.



CLARITY

Please understand Boulk is not designed to stop you from grieving but give you peace during the process.

There is a time for everything including our need to mourn. If we rob ourselves of that process it may significantly impact certain aspects of our life; So grieve, for healing and purpose are in it.



LOSING SOMEONE
YOU LOVE IS
HARD; VERY HARD

Losing a loved one is difficult. But we won't live on this Earth forever. So, what happens when the person we love goes before us? What happens when our Cousin, Brother, Grandmother, Aunty, Father, Sister, Mother or Friend, leaves us behind without our permission and we are left only with "Why?"

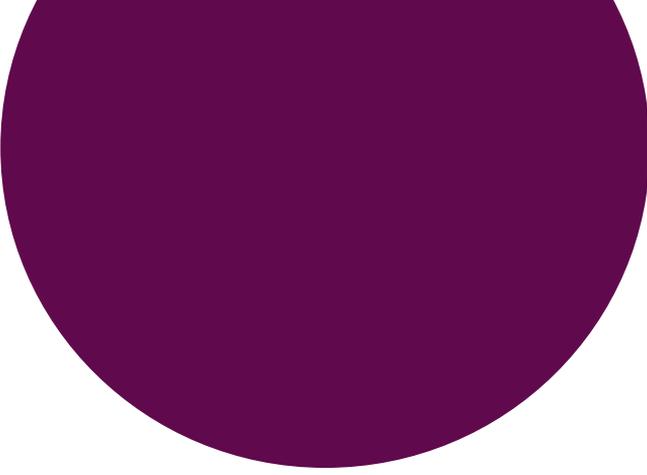
The answers to these questions are different for each of us. We all have our own unique circumstances, personalities, beliefs, and responsibilities that shape how we actively live out our responses. Understand that the purpose of Boulk is not to answer those questions. It's simply to affirm that life may change after goodbye and see you later; Yet hope, peace, purpose, and freedom are readily available, even after a goodbye.



DEATH, ALL OF A
SUDDEN

When someone in your life dies suddenly it may feel as though you're being hit by a 40-foot wave while standing on the beach. You become trapped in the current of your own thoughts and emotions; Frantically struggling for an understanding, while desperately reaching out for the life of someone who no longer lives.

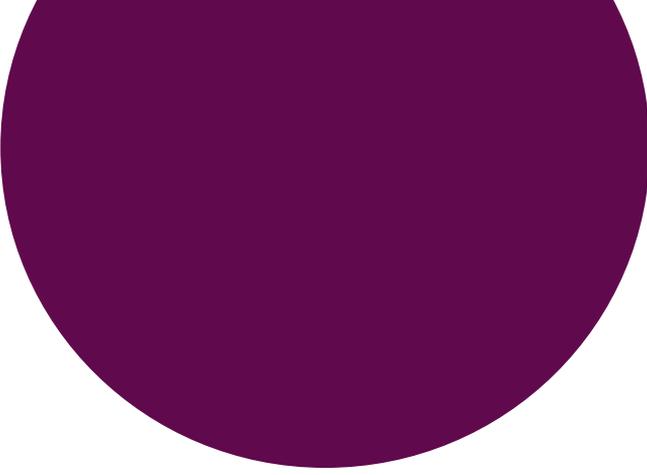
If your loved one committed suicide, the waves of disbelief, hurt, and shock is often met by the heaviness of guilt and many times blame; You wrestle within the depths of unanswered questions and fragmented thoughts until you are thrown back to the sands of reality, only to be met with a throbbing disbelief.



DEATH, THE
EXPECTATION

To know death is approaching the life of someone you love is a slow agonizing torment, accompanied by an optimistic silver lining. It leaves you in a paralyzing state of limbo in which you mentally, physically, and emotionally plan and prepare for a death that hasn't happened.

So you wait helplessly and anxiously, while thoughts of hope and ballooning despair war within you. And when the eyes of the ones you love close for the final time, you are slowly released from the tournament of limbo but left juggling with the “Why’s?”, “It was time” or “ But Lord I prayed.”



ADJECTIVES OF
DEATH

There are many words or phrases used to describe death.

Tragic

Unexpected/Sudden

Surreal

Peaceful

Unfair

Beautiful

Messed Up

Sad

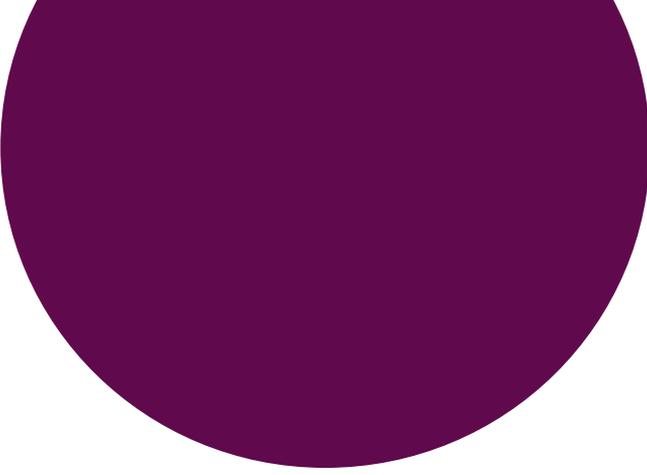
In Timing/ God's Timing

Too Soon

Words used to describe death are subjective to the individual experiencing the loss.

They are descriptions created by the heart whether the loss was sudden or anticipated.

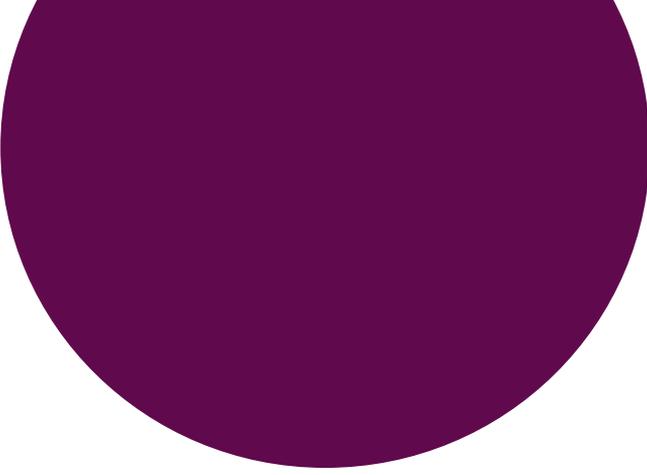
This means that though you collectively experienced someone's death, you may process it differently than others. And that's ok.



UNDERSTANDING
BOULK

Boulk is titled after me, Emily Fowler; It's the nickname my daddy had given me as a baby. He faithfully called me Boulk until he suddenly passed on January 15, 2014. Experiencing his passing was beyond difficult. I had to learn to function without him. My brain had to literally adjust to the fact that I could no longer see, touch, smell, or engage with him.

When you go through loss, your entire world transitions from living with your loved one, to living without them; This process can leave you feeling hopeless, lost, and trapped. And that is why Boulk exists, to share a message that brings you hope, freedom, and the peace God desires you to have after a loss.



THE MESSAGE

CLARITY

My Daddy, Gregory D. Coopwood Sr., was a Bible-believing Christian who had an intimate relationship with the Lord. Through this relationship, my dad shared with me a simple message I would like to share with you. This message brought me hope, the strength to continue in purpose, and the freedom to move forward. It is my prayer it inspires you the same way.

One fall morning in the year 2013, my dad and I were cleaning outside our home in Triangle Virginia. When I say cleaning, I mean my dad was cleaning and I was doing most of the chatting. It's too far back to remember exactly what we were talking about, our chats always seemed to dance around. One moment we would be talking about the state of the world, and the next how my dad had long hair in college (which is still debatable). Our chat trailed, then took a brief pause, breaking the silence my daddy looked at me and said: "Hey Boulk, did you know that I don't belong to you, and you don't belong to me?" I was puzzled. His statement was random and misplaced in our conversation and required what I thought to be intense processing. Mainly because my dad and I were close.

He was my first date when I was in elementary school, my unofficial track coach in middle school, and my official party pooper in high school. He was the person I went to about all my life questions, circumstances, and difficulties. I was his daughter and he was my Daddy! He must have read my need for clarity through my unresponsiveness. He responded to my silence “Nope, I'm loaned to you and you're loaned to me. And we belong to God.” I remember nodding my head to his clarification and replying, "yep that's true" because it was true. Not knowing that my knowledge of that truth would unroll before me in a couple of months. My daddy responded, "Yep, we belong to God First.” The conversation blurred...

Little did I know our conversation would act as a sounding board for my hurt and pain. It would echo when his heart suddenly stopped and as we drove to the hospital. It would reverberate when we prayed for God to revive him; and when God answered no. It would bellow out while planning his home going (funeral), and as we watched the snow gently fall on his casket. It would ring deep, long, and loud as we drove away from the burial site. It would whisper continuously in sleepless nights, old pictures, dancing memories, and in the reality that was ...

"We Belong to God first," "I'm loaned to you and you are loaned to me."

What did his words mean? I knew the answer but never needed the answer until I realized I've always needed it.

His words simply meant this, God knew us before we were formed in our Mother's womb. We are his design, molded by Him; sent by Him to play a part in a greater purpose. And when the time comes, we are brought back to Him who loved us first, and whose thoughts for us are as numerous as each grain of sand.

Understanding and Receiving that truth was uncomfortable for my selfish heart, for he was my Daddy. But there was also peace in knowing that he was first God's child. Although I loved him deeply, it's incomparable to the love that the Creator has for his creation.



TWO LESSONS OF
FAITH

01

When someone in our life commits suicide our hurt and confusion are often paired with guilt, shame, and regret. We question if we could have prevented it; stopped them from making that choice; We question if their decision is one that sends them to hell; We question "why?" We question a lot, and that's ok. Questions are a part of the grieving process. However, we shouldn't be finalizing that person's heaven or hell that's not biblical. That's not up to us! We shouldn't make it our fault!

It's not your fault!

The guilt and shame you may carry associated with a suicide, release it! The regret, reconcile it.

02

Death is a part of life and may at times feel unfair. But know death was never originally designed for us; Death was an original consequence for Adam's sin.

“ ...but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall surely die.”

(Gen 2:17)

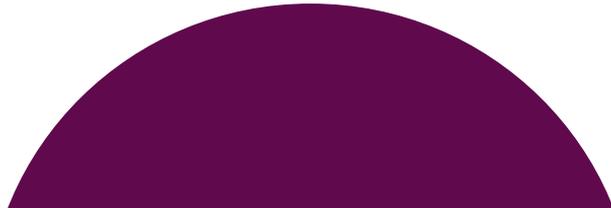
Because Adam disobeyed God all of mankind was subjected to the consequence of death. However, because of His love for us, God sent His only begotten son Jesus Christ to take on the weight and consequence of our sin. Through the death and resurrection of Christ (John 3:16), death became a time of transition into eternal life with God or eternal separation from God. With true death being eternal separation from God.

CLARITY

So as we grieve the loss of the ones we love, know that we belong to our creator first. His love for us is so perfect and so purposeful that even in someone's passing, life can be lived.



PERSONAL QUOTES
WRITTEN AS I
JOURNEYED
THROUGH THE
REALITY OF
BOULK.



"Late nights when I think of you and my heart is full of your memory, I cry not because I'm supposed to, but because I need to."

"Time is not healer, but reconciliation is powerful medicine"

"My joy feels different without you, but there is still joy."

"Anger, frustration, hurt, disappointment, and brokenness are normal, healing is also normal."

"It's Your Responsibility to mourn."

" Mourn, but not only in isolation."

"Tears are the soul taking a breath."

"Don't allow the death of a loved one to stop you from the Life God intended. Live!"



About the Author

I'm Emily Fowler, I'm a believer, wife, mother, and someone who knows the hurt associated with losing someone you love.

Boulk is simply a nickname transformed into a message.

This message is meant to bring peace during loss and fuel the courage of those still here.

I hope it impacts you in that way



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