



## The Empty Chair

***Something's missing—and not just physically. Let's give  
grief a place to speak without needing to fix it.***

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Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Weather: \_\_\_\_\_ Attitude: A.M. \_\_\_\_\_ P.M. \_\_\_\_\_

1. What did I feel the absence of today—someone, something, some version of life?

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2. What triggered that awareness—was it a sound, silence, memory, or moment?

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3. Did I try to fill the space, avoid it, or let it speak? \_\_\_\_\_

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4. What did it say, or what do I wish I could say to it? \_\_\_\_\_

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5. Where did it land in my body—tight throat, aching chest, blank stare? \_\_\_\_\_

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6. What part of me still needs permission to grieve, even quietly? \_\_\_\_\_

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7. Do I judge myself for still hurting, or for not hurting enough? \_\_\_\_\_

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8. If the missing piece could speak back, what would it say to me? \_\_\_\_\_

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9. What do I want to remember, honor, or forgive today? \_\_\_\_\_

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10. What's one way I can carry both memory and momentum, without guilt? \_\_\_\_\_

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