



# Lost Child Support Group

*The heavens smiled, the moon danced in the sky and all the stars turned into diamonds, all because of you.*

*We offer support, hope and understanding to parents who have lost a child through miscarriage, stillbirth, during pregnancy or in early infancy. We invite anyone who has suffered a loss to contact us. There are no fees.*

## PHONE /E-MAIL SUPPORT

We welcome your calls and e-mails. If you would like to talk to someone who has experienced a loss similar to yours, we offer this list.

### Preterm Labor

Sumita Chakraborty, [sumita@cherion.tzo.com](mailto:sumita@cherion.tzo.com)  
614/431-5761

### Surviving Multiple Support

Laurie Clouse, [lclouse@earthlink.net](mailto:lclouse@earthlink.net)  
614/888-9651

Sara Middleton, [smiddlet@columbus.rr.com](mailto:smiddlet@columbus.rr.com)  
614/893-1229

### Dad to Dad Support

Ric Clouse, [ric@gcellc.com](mailto:ric@gcellc.com)  
614/888/9651

Gary Paul, [gpaul@columbus.rr.com](mailto:gpaul@columbus.rr.com)  
614/841-0782

### Twin Loss

Melissa Fast, [mfast@columbus.rr.com](mailto:mfast@columbus.rr.com)  
740/852-1495

### Cord Accident (Mt. Vernon)

Mary Lou Jacklin, [maryloujacklin@hotmail.com](mailto:maryloujacklin@hotmail.com)  
740/393-3115

### Early Infant Loss

Jodie Kinney, [kgcd@hotmail.com](mailto:kgcd@hotmail.com)  
614/793-1852

### Early Infant Loss/Single Parent Support

Roxane Mackey, [realroxane@hotmail.com](mailto:realroxane@hotmail.com)  
614/261-6922

### Loss Due to Birth Defects/Subsequent Birth

Cari Palmer, [cari\\_palmer@yahoo.com](mailto:cari_palmer@yahoo.com)  
614/262-1450

### Mid-Pregnancy Loss

Sarah Paul, [spaul@columbus.rr.com](mailto:spaul@columbus.rr.com)  
614/841-0782

### Multiple Losses/Surviving Twin

Rona Shapiro, *No e-mail*  
614/834-0200

### Miscarriage/Young Mom Support

Amanda Schlaegel, [angelbabymom\\_6@hotmail.com](mailto:angelbabymom_6@hotmail.com)

### Same Sex Partner Support

Laurel Murphy, [MsLMurphy@aol.com](mailto:MsLMurphy@aol.com)  
614/ 418-9844

## ADMINISTRATIVE TEAM

**Treasurer** 614/457-5250

Stephany Spencer, [sasccc@aol.com](mailto:sasccc@aol.com)

**Librarian** 614/235-0304

Lori Carpenter-Elizondo, [eelizondo@wideopenwest.com](mailto:eelizondo@wideopenwest.com)

**Director/Newsletter Editor** 614/870-3318

Marcy Gifford, [marcy@tmgdesigns.com](mailto:marcy@tmgdesigns.com)

*If you feel you are at a place in your grief that you want to reach out to other parents, please contact us at [info@lostchildoh.org](mailto:info@lostchildoh.org)*

[www.lostchildoh.org](http://www.lostchildoh.org)

May/June, 2005

May 16

### Leaders' Meeting\*

Location to be determined, 7:00 p.m.  
R.S.V.P. to Marcy Gifford at 614/870-3318

May 24

### Surviving Multiples Support Group\*

Contact Laurie Clouse at 614/888-9651 for location

June

### Lost Child Community Garage Sale\*

Exact date, time and location to be determined  
Contact Barbie and Jason Buck at 614/921-1479 for information

June 15

### Submissions for newsletter due

Send to: Marcy Gifford, [marcy@tmgdesigns.com](mailto:marcy@tmgdesigns.com) or  
P.O. Box 362, Galloway, Ohio 43119

June 28

### Surviving Multiples Support Group\*

Contact Laurie Clouse at 614/888-9651 for location

\* See newsletter for further details

## LOST CHILD GARAGE SALE

Have you done your Spring cleaning and found things you do not use anymore or things that are collecting dust in you attic, closets, or basement?

**\*\*\* WE WANT YOUR STUFF!! \*\*\***

In an effort to raise funds for Lost Child Support Group and to possibly send someone from our group to the World Gathering on Bereavement in August, we are planning a community garage sale and we need your help.

**\*\*\* WE NEED YOUR HELP!! \*\*\***



We would like to have our sale in June. The exact date, time, and place are yet to be determined. If you know of a building or church that may let us use their facility, please call Barbie Buck as soon as possible! We are also in need of helping hands to collect and price items, set up, help the day of the sale or clean up. We welcome parents, grandparents, friends, high schoolers who need volunteer hours and anyone else interested in helping to make this a huge success. If you would like to donate your unwanted items for the garage sale or volunteer your help, please contact Barbie and Jason Buck at 614-921-1479 or at Barbie's e-mail address: [bsb523@wideopenwest.com](mailto:bsb523@wideopenwest.com).

## LEADERS' MEETING

A Leaders' meeting will be held on **Monday, May 16, 2005** at 7:00 p.m. The agenda will include the Garage Sale and other fundraising ideas, a community education project, the Lost Child Support Group brochure and planning for the future. If you are interested in serving as a leader and putting your energies into helping our group, please feel free to attend.

**VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED TO KEEP THE GROUP GOING!**

## SUPPORT GROUP RESOURCES

The Lost Child Support Group does not hold regular monthly meetings. However, there are other meetings held around Central Ohio:

### HomeReach Hospice, OhioHealth

*Pregnancy/Infant Loss Group*

First Tuesday of every Month, 7:00 p.m.

Kobacker House, 3595 Olentangy River Road

614/566-5377

### Mount Carmel

*Pregnancy and Infant Loss Support Group*

Fourth Tuesday of every Month, 6:30-8:00 p.m.

Mount Carmel St. Ann's, Women's Health Center, 477 Cooper Rd.

614/234-5999 (Pre-registration required)

**The Mount Carmel Coping With Pregnancy and Infant Loss**

series is conducted 4 times per year. The next series will be held on May 3, May 10 and May 17, 2005. Meetings are for those who have recently had a pregnancy loss or whose newborn baby has recently died. You will learn about grief and how to cope with loss along side other mothers and fathers who share a similar journey. Please call the pregnancy and infant loss care line for registration or more information at 614-234-5999 or email at [infantloss@mchs.com](mailto:infantloss@mchs.com)

### Compassionate Friends

*For the loss of a child at any age*

2nd and 4th Tuesday of every Month, 7:30 p.m.

Ascension Church, 1479 Morse Rd.

614/882-8986

Other support groups for your families are offered through Hospice at Riverside and Grant, Community Grief Program:

### Pre-school Program

*A story hour for parents and children (ages 3 to 5) about coping with loss.*

Kobacker House, 3595 Olentangy River Rd.

614/566-4509 for information or to register

### Stepping Stones

*A grief support program for children (ages 6 to 14) who have lost a loved one. Discussion through activities.*

One Saturday per month from 9:00-11:30 a.m. (Call for schedule)

Kobacker House, 3595 Olentangy River Rd.

614/566-4509

## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS



# Welcome!

If you are receiving this newsletter for the first time, it is because someone has told us that you might find the material helpful. You are invited to contact any of our leaders by e-mail or phone for individual support. It is always hard to say "Welcome" to persons

joining our group because we are so very sorry for the reason you became eligible for membership. Please know that you are not alone, we are here to support you.

*The printing for this newsletter is generously provided by:*



## SURVIVING MULTIPLES SUPPORT

There is a support group for parents who have experienced the death of one twin or one or more of a higher order multiple birth and have a surviving child or children. They are scheduled to meet on Tuesday, May 24 and Tuesday, June 28 to discuss and provide support about issues unique to the loss of one or more children while parenting surviving multiples. For information and the location, please contact Laurie Clouse at (614)888-9651 or [lclouse@earthlink.net](mailto:lclouse@earthlink.net).

## SUPPORTING OUR MISSION

There are no dues or fees to belong to Lost Child. Our mission is carried on entirely by contributions. Donations go directly to help in the sending of the Newsletter to more than 300 families and area professionals and to help with our yearly memorial events. Parents, family or friends often give donations on their child's birthday or anniversary dates or in lieu of flowers when someone has died. We extend a heartfelt thank you to all those who contribute.

We gratefully accept these gifts with the knowledge that our children are warmly remembered. Checks should be made payable to Lost Child Support Group.

Please mail your donations to:

Stephany Spencer  
4345 Stinson Drive West  
Columbus, Ohio 43214

## BEAR HUGS

A lot of our parents donate bears to local hospitals so that newly grieving parents do not have to go home with empty arms. To find out more about Bear Hugs, check out the Jan/Feb, 2005 newsletter on our website at [www.lostchildoh.org](http://www.lostchildoh.org).

Lost Child has been notified that the following hospitals welcome your donations of bears:

**Riverside Hospital:** Anne Money, Pastoral Care, 566-3012 or Kelly Belcher, Social Services, 566-3118

**The Ohio State University Medical Center:** Wendy Rodenberger, 293-7276 or Chaplin Joan Maynard 293-4800 (confidential voice mail).

If your baby was born at another hospital, you are encouraged to contact that hospital to see if they would be interested in accepting bears for their parents.

## A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR...

If you wish to contribute articles, poems, etc., please send them to:

Marcy Gifford  
Lost Child Support Group  
P.O. Box 362  
Galloway, OH 43119

Or, send them via e-mail to [marcy@tmgdesigns.com](mailto:marcy@tmgdesigns.com)

*Be involved in our newsletter. We want to keep it interesting for everyone.*

## ADDRESS CHANGES

If you know someone who would be helped by our newsletter or have friends and family that you would like to be on our mailing list, please let us know. If you receive the newsletter from a hospital or support group or are moving and would like to continue to receive the newsletter, please send your address to:



**The Lost Child Support Group**, P.O. Box 362, Galloway, Ohio  
43119 or [marcy@tmgdesigns.com](mailto:marcy@tmgdesigns.com)

*If you no longer wish to be on our mailing list, please let us know.*



## HELP US SAVE MONEY!

To help us save on printing and postage, you can receive the newsletter via e-mail. Simply send us an e-mail at [newsletter@lostchildoh.org](mailto:newsletter@lostchildoh.org) to subscribe to our online version.

## WHAT I NEED

**TIME** ~ Time alone; and time with others whom I can trust and who will listen when I need to talk. Months and years of time to feel and understand the feelings which go along with loss.

**REST** ~ I may need extra amounts of things I needed before. Relaxation, exercise, nourishment, diversion, hot baths, afternoon naps, a trip, a cause to work for, to help others, any of these may give me a lift. Grief is an emotionally exhausting process. I need to replenish myself – to follow what feels healing and what connects me to the people and things I love.

**SECURITY** ~ I need to reduce, or find help for financial or other stresses in my life. I need to allow myself to be close to ones I can trust. It helps when I allow myself to get back into a routine, and to do things at my own pace.

**HOPE** ~ I find hope and comfort from those who have experienced a similar loss. Knowing some things that helped them, and realizing that they have recovered and that time does help, gives me hope that sometime in the future my grief will be less raw and less painful.

**CARING** ~ I try to allow myself to accept the expressions of caring from others, even though they may be uneasy and awkward. Helping a friend or relative also suffering from the same loss often brings me a feeling of closeness with that person.

**GOALS** ~ It often feels that much of life is without meaning. At times like these, small goals are helpful.

Something to look forward to, like playing tennis with a friend next week, a movie tomorrow night, a trip next month, helps me get through the time in the immediate future. Living one day at a time is a good rule of thumb. At first, my enjoyment of these things just isn't the same. I know this is normal. As time passes, I will need to work on some longer range goals to give some structure and direction to my life. It is OK to get some guidance or counseling to help with this.

**SMALL PLEASURES** ~ I no longer underestimate the healing effects of small pleasures. Sunsets, a walk in the woods, a favorite food - all are small steps toward regaining my pleasure in life itself.

**BACK-SLIDING** ~ Sometimes after a period of feeling good, I find myself back in the old feelings of extreme sadness, despair or anger. Intellectually, I know this is often the nature of grief, up and down, and it may happen over and over for a time. I'm told, this is because as humans, we cannot take in all of the pain and the meaning of death all at once. So, I give myself permission to let it in a little at a time.

**DRUGS?** ~ Drugs are not always helpful. Sometimes, even medication intended to help me get through periods of shock may prolong and delay the necessary process of grieving. I cannot prevent or cure grief. The only way OUT is THROUGH.

*~Adapted by Alan Taplow from Judy Tatelbaum's book, The Courage to Grieve*

## NEWLY BEREAVED ... BURDEN OF GRIEF

As I struggle with words to find answers  
Reading and writing my pain  
The pages grow blurred before eyes that are tired  
From this crushing emotional drain.  
The relief that comes from the writing  
Parallels what I feel when I read—  
To open myself to the torture of loss  
Seems to soothe this unbearable need.  
There's no pleasure in life at this moment  
It's an effort to get through the day  
And I labor to stay above water...  
But the shoreline is so far away.  
So I pick up a pen or a book about grief  
And it serves as a raft for a while.  
And I hope, as my tears fall on pages of pain  
That I'll learn once again how to smile.  
As I swim toward the shore of acceptance  
I pray for the peace of belief  
That heaven's your home and you're waiting for me  
Then I'll finally be free of this grief.

*~ Sally Migliaccio*

## THE GATE TO TOMORROW

There is a gate that each of us has unknowingly passed through. This gate opens only one way..... once we have passed through this gate we cannot return to the other side. Each of us stepped through the gate at a different time and in a different way. This gate opens to the world of parents whose children have died; it is their gate to every tomorrow.

There is no other place that compares to life in this world beyond the gate; there is no sorrow like the sorrow inside this gate. The numbing pain and perpetual agony we experience when first stepping through this gate are so overwhelming that we often don't immediately realize that there will be no return. But we will never return to life before the gate.

The new world inside the gate is populated with friends who are strangers and strangers who are friends. Our perspective on life has changed forever. Few of our friends from life before the gate will linger with us now; these people are now the strangers. Our pain is all encompassing; they have lives to live, things to do, plans to make, happiness to capture. We are no longer a part of their picture. Rare is the friend who stands by us in the gate..... stands by us until one of us dies inside the gate.

The strangers who are now friends live inside the gate with us. Some have just come through the gate; others have been here a long, long time. But these strangers who are now our friends share our experience; they understand our need to talk about our children, each life and each death. They applaud our tiny advances toward acceptance and serenity and peace. Although we can never go back to life before the gate, we now have our new friends. They listen carefully to stories about our children. They know our child's name better than they know our name. And that's how we want it to be.... Remember our children. Remember with us.

*~ Annette Mennen Baldwin*



## A BEREAVED GRANDPARENT

I am powerless. I am helpless. I am frustrated. I sit here with her and cry with her. She cries for her daughter, and I cry for mine. I can't help her. I can't reach inside and mend her broken heart. I must watch her suffer day after day and see her desolate.

I listen to her tell me over and over how she misses Emily, how she wants her back. I can't bring Emily back for her. I can't even buy her a better Emily than she had, like I could buy her a better toy when she was a child. I can't kiss the hurt and make it go away. I can't even kiss a small part of it away. There's no Band-Aid large enough to cover her bleeding heart.

There was a time I could listen to her talk about a fickle boyfriend and tell her it would be okay, and know in my heart that in two weeks she wouldn't even think of him. Can I tell her it'll be okay in two years when I know it will never be okay, that she will carry this pain of "what might have been" in her deepest heart for the rest of her life?

I see this young woman, my child, who was once carefree and fun loving and bubbling with life, slumped in a chair with her eyes full of agony. Where is my power now? Where is my mother's bag of tricks that will make it all better?

Why can't I join in the aloneness of her grief? As tight as my arms wrap around her, I can't reach that aloneness. Where are the magic words that will give comfort? What chapter in Dr. Spock tells me how to do this? He has told me everything else I needed to know. Where are the answers? I should have them. I am her mother. What can I give her to make her better? A cold wet wash cloth will ease that swelling of her crying eyes, but it won't stop the reason for her tears. What treat will bring joy back to her? What prize will bring that "happy child" smile back again?

I know that someday she'll find happiness again, that her life will have meaning again. I can hold out hope for her someday, but what about now? This hour? This day? I can give her my love and prayers and my care and my concern. I would give her my life. But even that won't help.

*~ Margaret Gerner*

## MOTHER'S DAY

As I write this, I am very much aware that Mother's Day is coming soon. That will be a doubly difficult day in countless homes. For all the thousands of mothers who will be glowing with a radiant kind of pride and happiness on that day, there will also be those of you whose hearts are aching for that phone call that will never come, that special visit, that one Mother's Day card that will not arrive.

How does a mother face a lifetime of silence on "her day?" Ask those of us who have "been there" already, and we will tell you of lonely Mother's Day visits to spring-green cemeteries where the sweet, clear notes of a single spring bird, perched nearby, float over our head and seem surely to have been intended as divine comfort for a heart full to breaking. You will hear of yellow roses being sent to a small church – "In memory of ..." – and a cherished story of a kind and sensitive friend who sent a single rose that first Mother's Day, "In remembrance..."

Always we struggle with the eternal question – how does life in fairness exact from us the life of a beloved child in exchange for a clear bird call in a spring-green cemetery, a slender vase of yellow rosebuds or even the kindness and sensitivity of a friend who remembered our loneliness and pain on that day? Where is the fairness and justice of such a barter?

The answer comes back again and again – life does not always bargain fairly. We are surrounded from birth to death by those things which we cannot keep, but which enrich, ennoble, and endow our lives with a foretaste of Heaven because we have been privileged to behold, to experience, to wrap our arms around the joyous and beautiful.

Can we bottle the fragrance of an April morning or the splendor of a winter's sunset and take it home with us to place on our fireplace mantle? Can we grasp and hold the blithesome charm of childhood's laughter? Can we capture with cupped hands the beauty and richness of a rainbow? Can we pluck the glitter of a million stars on a summer night or place in an alabaster box the glow and tenderness of love?

No, we cannot. But to those who have been given the splendor, the blithesome charm, the glory, the glitter, the tenderness and the love of a child who has departed, someday the pain will speak to you of enlightenment, of compassion for others, of deeper sensitivity to the world about you, of a deeper joy for having known a deeper pain. Your child will not have left you completely, as you thought, but rather you will find him in that first clear, sweet bird call, in those yellow rose buds, in giving and receiving and in the tissue-wrapped memories that you hold forever in your heart.



## I AM A MOTHER

Even in my sorrow, I feel special. For I know the true meaning of the word-Mother. I have reached the ultimate -from the joy of birth to the sorrow of death. I belong to a special group who truly know the meaning of the word-Mother.

Would I have not accepted the gift, if I had known the terrible loss I would feel by having it taken away from me?

I would still hold out my hands and accept such a precious gift, since to love and to cherish, even for a short while, is worth every tear.

This year on Mother's Day, I'll shed my tears, but let them be as soft as summer's rain. A rain that nourishes the earth, tears that heal and cleanse my heart.

~ Author Unknown

*However time or circumstance may come  
between a mother and her child,  
Their lives are interwoven forever.*

~ Pam Brown

## A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...

**A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...**...someone who stands at a grave wondering how she is going to live the rest of her life without this child.

**A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...**...someone who thinks she will spend the rest of her life with this horrendous feeling inside.

**A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...**...someone who has to learn how to live all over again.

**A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...**...someone who wishes they would take Mother's Day out of the calendar.

**A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...**...someone who has to learn to accept the loss of her beloved child and uses what she has learned to help others.

**A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...**...someone who can again learn to smile, to look forward to the future and get excited again because her friends were there when she needed them.

~ Zel Hester

## MOTHER'S DAY WITHOUT YOU

Even in the fleeting time that the two of us were three, you taught us the purest form of love that there could be of a mother for her baby, for the new life that she bore, for the miracle love created, could anyone ask for more? Short-lived was my chance at motherhood, because you could not stay, and I would give almost anything, to see you smile today.

~ Sharon S. O'Keefe

## MOTHER

Mother, please don't mourn for me  
I'm still here, though you don't see  
I'm right by your side each night a day  
and with in your heart I long to stay.  
My body is gone but I'm always near  
I'm everything you feel, see or hear  
My spirit is free, but I'll never depart  
as long as you keep me alive in my heart.  
I'll never wander out of your sight,  
I'm the brightest star on a summer night.  
I'll never be beyond your reach  
I'm the warm moist sand when you're at the beach.  
I'm the colorful leaves when fall comes around  
and the pure white snow that blankets the ground.  
I'm the beautiful flowers of which you're so fond  
The clear cool water in a quiet pond.  
I'm the first bright blossom you'll see in the spring;  
the first warm raindrop that April will bring.  
I'm the first ray of light when the sun starts to shine,  
And you'll see that the face in the moon is mine.  
When you start thinking there's no one to love you,  
you can talk to me through the Lord above you.  
I'll whisper my answer through the leaves on the trees,  
and you'll feel my presence in the soft summer breeze.  
I'm the hot salty tears that flow when you weep  
and the beautiful dreams that come while you sleep.  
I'm the smile you see on a baby's face.  
Just look for me, MOMMY, I'm everywhere!

~ Author Unknown



"There is a gravitational pull, an endless current which we do not recognize which draws us beyond all things and people, but at the same time more deeply and freely into them."

~ Edward J Farrell

## FREEDOM IS NOT FREE

I watched the flag pass by one day, it fluttered in the breeze  
 A young Marine saluted it, and then he stood at ease.  
 I looked at him in uniform, so young, so tall, so proud  
 With hair cut square and eyes alert, he'd stand out in a crowd.  
 I thought how many men like him had fallen through the years.  
 How many died on foreign soil? How many mothers' tears?  
 How many pilot's planes shot down? How many died at sea?  
 How many foxholes were soldier's graves? No freedom is not free.  
 I heard the sound of taps one night when everything was still  
 I listened to the bugler play and felt a sudden chill.  
 I wondered just how many times that taps had meant "Amen"  
 When a flag had draped a coffin of a brother or a friend.  
 I thought of all the children, of the mothers and the wives,  
 Of the fathers, sons and husbands with interrupted lives.  
 I thought about a graveyard at the bottom of the sea  
 Of unmarked graves in Arlington.  
 NO FREEDOM IS NOT FREE

~ Cadet Major Kelly Strong

## CAN I SAY SOMETHING?

Do you hear the music playing?  
 Are you hearing what I'm saying?  
 I haven't left, I'm over here  
 can't you feel my presence near?  
 You cannot see me, but I am fine,  
 don't ignore the subtle signs,  
 Friends, you know I can't disappear;  
 I am not gone, I am quite near.

I hear your words and feel embraces;  
 I see the sadness on your faces.  
 You try to smile through pouring tears,  
 but I am not far, I am right here.  
 You just don't think the pain can stop,  
 but every mountain has a top,  
 And climb you must to pass this fear;  
 I'm at the peak, I'm waiting here.

How can I help you say goodbye,  
 to tell you it's OK to cry?  
 Life is cloudy and no answer's clear,  
 but know in thought I am right here.  
 I see you suffering in your grief,  
 but my spirit's free, you must believe.  
 You cannot see beyond this pain,  
 but the sun will shine after the rain.

Smile and laugh every chance you get,  
 for you haven't finished living yet.  
 Be honest with your friends and kin,  
 for you won't have this life again.  
 Don't waste a day on past regrets,  
 and cast away troubles and all frets.

Quickly dry that runaway tear,  
 then close your eyes and see me near.

Like the colors in every beautiful dawn,  
 I am not faded, I am not gone.  
 Listen to words in your favorite song,  
 the message is there, I am not gone.  
 Time helps heal, and with every year,  
 your memories of me won't disappear;

In your quiet thoughts and a random tear,  
 know I'm not gone, I am quite near.  
 In your hearts I'm happy, I'm loved,  
 I'm free; I'm safely home in eternity.  
 ~ Melanie Boyes



## TO BEREAVED FATHERS

Who ache but feel that they must carry on.  
 Who are frightened but can't show their fear.  
 Who are angry but can't strike out.  
 Who are lonely but have to smile.  
 Who grieve but must be strong.  
 Who love but are afraid to show their love.  
 Whose tears can't fall...

Bereaved fathers are often desperately tragic people caught in the trap of society's expectations. Our coworkers, friends and family expect that we will, indeed be strong— that we will do all in our power to ensure that life carries on. They expect that our behavior and temperament will remain consistent and that through our attitudes and actions others will be able to observe our will to survive despite the enormity of our loss. Unfortunately, the world doesn't always work the way we want. Bereaved fathers do ache. They are afraid and angry. They are lonely and they cry in silent places. They question their sanity and their will to survive. They want to run and hide from their sorrow. And they carry a heavy burden of guilt for not "living up" to society's expectations. As difficult as it may be, take the risks and develop the courage to express the way you feel.

~ Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Roadhouse

Tears are the safety valve of the heart when too  
 much pressure is laid on it.

~ Albert Smith

## FATHER'S DAY

Warm and sunny day in June  
 Father's Day  
 Children, small and grown  
 Give gifts to father  
 Say thanks to father  
 Say I Love You.  
 But there are fathers  
 Whose children are not here  
 To give gifts and say thanks  
 And say I Love You.  
 Remember the fathers  
 Whose children are gone,  
 Because they will always be  
 Fathers at heart.  
 ~Sascha

## AN UNEVENTFUL PREGNANCY

They said her birth defects were a surprise  
 after an "uneventful" pregnancy.  
 was it uneventful the day we knew  
 she was there inside—growing?  
 How about the day we saw her little body  
 on the ultrasound screen  
 and fell in love with her?  
 Was it uneventful the first time  
 I felt her kick?  
 Or the second?  
 What about the day we chose her name—Meg?  
 All those days we dreamed and hoped and loved her.  
 Those were the happiest days of our life with her.  
 Don't tell me it was uneventful. Please.



~ Felise Freeley-O'Brien



If you have built castles in the sky, your work need not be lost; that is where  
 they should be. Now put foundations under them.  
 ~ Henry David Thoreau

## AM I STILL A PARENT?

With Mother's Day and Father's Day just around the corner, we are again facing some days that may be difficult for some of us. The reminders of these two special days are everywhere so we couldn't avoid them even if we wanted to. It may be my imagination, but it seems as well that during this time of year we are more likely to be asked questions like: "Do you have any children?" or, "How many children do you have?" What happens in the pit of your stomach when someone you have recently met asks you these questions - the same questions that gave you such feelings of pride to answer before your child died? Do you stumble over your words as most of us have (or still do from time to time)? Do you feel as if you have to say more than you want to? Or do you feel as if you aren't saying enough? If you have another child he may ask you, as he works through his own grief, "Am I still a brother?" Does this kind of question prompt you to ask, "Am I still a parent?" How do we make it through Mother's Day and Father's Day with difficult questions such as these and all the emotions we are feeling in our grief?

All I can suggest are a few things that have worked for me. I think that it helps to realize that many of us have strong feelings we have attached to Mother's Day and Father's Day stemming from our past experiences - some perhaps even bittersweet - that were created well before our children died. Many of us have also established some traditions associated with these days that we may feel we must continue. Know that it is perfectly okay to give different answers to different people to the same question. Even a question as simple as "How many children do you have?" results in my answering differently depending on who asks. Frankly, some people matter more in my life than others. Those that matter more, get more complete answers, those that matter less, get less complete answers. The most important thing is that I decide ahead of time how I will answer. It makes the answering much easier. I give varying answers to these kinds of questions without any feelings of guilt, or any sense that I am not telling the truth. The important thing is that I am telling the truth. It's just that I don't feel an obligation to share with everyone I meet that my son, Bobby, has died. Even if Bobby were my only son, I would answer the question "Am I still a parent?" the same way I would answer my son Jimmy's question "Am I still a brother?" Yes, of course! I come to this answer quite easily by thinking of how I view my relationship to my father. Though my father died some years ago, I am still my father's daughter and I always will be. I will always be the parent of both my sons - Bobby and Jimmy. And Jimmy will always be Bobby's brother. Death does not, no matter what else we may think, change our precious relationship to our parents, our children, or even to any of those who we love. I am still a parent!

~ Pat Akery



## HURTING ON FATHER'S DAY

As the day approaches, I wonder how I will react  
am I still a Father?

I will sit quietly never allowing  
friends and family to see how I feel.  
I miss my child, but I can't allow myself to "break".  
I must remain strong and always be the "rock".  
I wish I could just let someone know  
how much I miss my little Angel.  
How much I cry and how much I wish  
I could hear "Dad, I love you."  
I am a father but I wonder will I just pretend  
as usual that "It doesn't bother me."

Remember me.

For I hurt too on this special day!

~ Author Unknown

## MEN DO CRY

I heard quite often "men don't cry"  
Though no one ever told me why  
So when I fell and skinned a knee  
No one came to comfort me.  
And when some bully boy at school  
Would pull a prank so mean or cruel  
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip  
"It doesn't hurt" and bite my lip.  
So as I grew to reasoned years  
I learned to stifle any tears.  
Though "Be a big boy" it began  
Quite soon I learned to "Be a man."  
And I could play that stoic role  
While storm and tempest wracked my soul.  
No pain nor setback could there be  
Could wrest one single tear from me.  
Then one long night I stood nearby  
And helplessly watched my son die  
And quickly found to my surprise  
That all that tearless talk was lies.  
And still I cry and have no shame  
I cannot play that "big boy" game.



~ Ken Falk



## OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW

Since the astonishment of your leaving,  
I've spent so many days and hours  
dodging reality while looking back and hoping  
to catch a sudden glimpse of your face  
shining in a forgotten corner of memory's maze.  
I've wept early and late over photographs,  
yellowing mementos packed away in boxes  
and so many remembered points of happiness.  
I've even sat and held your clothing close,  
trying to recapture your living scent.  
With a glimmer of wisdom born of distance,  
I recognize the futility of the mystical expectation  
to find you hidden in yesterday's embers.  
Emerging truth tells me you are running on ahead  
already out there on the other side of tomorrow.  
I see you afar, bemused at the spectacle  
of my searches through all the wrong places,  
the welling tears as if you didn't exist anymore;  
the unending game of celestial hide-and-seek  
while you watched serenely from a place of peace.

The fabric of my grief must have seemed strange to you,  
spun as it was from the compelling pull of yesterday.  
Your transformation blessed you with a wondrous knowing  
that eternity can only be found in the sparkle of a moment  
and yesterday and tomorrow do not exist.

I now understand that remaining mired in grief  
neither honors my life nor enhances your memory.

Honor of either estate comes  
only in the act of living fully,  
calling forth from within the energy  
and joy of simply being,  
willfully scattering seeds of love across every field.

Time now to look ahead,  
down the path you marked so clearly;  
time to follow your crumbs of sizzling joy,  
and hear them erupting into the helpless laughter of innocence,  
feel them emerging in the warm smiles of strangers,  
see them gilding the wings of hawks and eagles along the way.

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## OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

*As Spring gives way to summer  
and the days become longer...  
we remember them.*



### May Anniversaries

Kelly and Tom Bell's daughter **Kassidy Anne** was born still on 5/20/03  
 Lisa and Dennis Byrnes' son **Matthew Joseph** was born still on 5/14/00  
 Heith and Pam Good's twins **Samantha Grace and Faith Adrienne** were born and died on 5/21/01  
 Michael and Becky Hoy's son **Matthew** was born on 5/27/92 and died on 5/28/92  
 Rita and Ed Kincaid's daughter **Elizabeth Ann (Bethanny)** died on 5/27/01 and was born still on 5/28/01  
 Stu and Jodie Kinney's daughter **Audrey Elizabeth** died on 5/21/00  
 Mark and Jill Koren's daughter **Claire Francis** was born still on 5/13/98  
 Rona Shapiro and Alec Land's son **Alexander Phillip** was born still on 5/8/89  
 Courtney and Phillip Mahovic's daughter **Maliyah Cherie** was born on 5/9/03 and died on 5/10/03  
 Cheri and Brian Meyers' son **Jacob William Riley** was born and died on 5/15/98  
 Dan and Kristen Nelles' twins **James David and Luke Daniel** were born and died on 5/26/01  
 Necole Netter's daughter **Carolynn Nickette Moken Blount-Netter** died on 5/6/00  
 Amanda and Scott Parrott's daughter **Lauren Audrey** was born on 5/30/02  
 Richard and Marlene Pomerantz' daughter **Sarah Rebecca** was born and died on 5/6/98  
 Jeanne and Jerry Rudolph's daughter **Toby Elizabeth** was born and died on 5/12/00  
 Karen Truex' son **Clinton Harry** was born still on 5/10/84  
 Darren and Lori Wightman's son **Caleb Daniel** was born still on 5/20/99  
 Tammy and John Williams' **Baby** was miscarried on 5/1/02

### June Anniversaries

Bill and Lisa Bendler's son **Jordan Nicholas** was born on 6/15/85  
 Stephanie Brooks' daughter **Cyndi** was born and died on 6/18/98  
 Lisa and Dennis Byrnes' **Twin** died on 6/3/99  
 Jerry and Michelle Cornell's son **Aaron William** was born and died on 6/28/99  
 Emily Durbin's **Baby** was born and died on 6/9/04  
 Greg Heskett and Julie Giany's daughter **Claire Elizabeth Giany-Heskett** was born on 6/24/91  
 Jennifer and Michael Haugh's daughter **Emily** was born on 6/5/01  
 Mary and David Kirwin's son **Daniel McCabe** was born and died on 6/25/93  
 Julie and Tom Lather's daughter **Carrington Grace** was born and died on 6/30/99  
 Chelsea Klosterman and Derek Mosley's son **Isaiah Lamont** died on 6/21/03 and was born still on 6/23/03  
 Chris and Laura Neely's son **Jonas Allen** was born still on 6/10/01  
 Amanda and Scott Parrott's daughter **Lauren Audrey** died on 6/10/02  
 Julie and Don Prince's daughter **Alyssa Marie** was born and died on 6/10/92  
 David and Lamira Rogers' son **Trevor Lee** died on 6/02/96 and was born still on 6/4/96  
 Terri Shank's daughter **Laura Jane** was born still on 6/9/99  
 Christina and Steven Sinfeld's daughter **Emma Grace** was born still on 6/29/04  
 Heidi Stenson's daughter **Emily Ann** was born still on 6/13/99  
 James Whisman's daughter **Cyndi** was born and died on 6/18/98  
 Scott and Pauline Whited's twins **Andrew and Joseph** were born and died on 6/15/02

*Please let us know if you would like your baby's name to appear on this list during his/her birth and death months. If we have made any errors, we sincerely apologize and ask you to let us know so that we can correct our records.*

## THINK OF ME

Think of me and know I am with you,  
 Think of me and smile.  
 Think of me and know that our parting  
 Is only for a while.  
 On the days that you feel so desperate  
 To see my smiling face.  
 Just believe in your heart I am with you,  
 And that I'm in a beautiful place.  
 So think of me and remember,  
 All the memories in your heart,  
 And believe and know that this is true,  
 We are never really apart.

~ Joy Cumult

## YOU WOULD'VE BEEN THREE

Walking, talking, and asking "why?"...  
 You would've been three today.  
 Running, jumping and trying to fly...  
 You would've been three today.  
 Saying hello and waving goodbye...  
 You would've been three today.  
 Playing house and baking mud pies...  
 You would've been three today.  
 Going to bed with a protest and a sigh...  
 You would've been three today.  
 You would've been three  
 You would've been three  
 If only you hadn't died.  
 I wish you were three  
 You'd be here with me  
 But instead I can only cry.  
 And so I remember you  
 And wish you were here.  
 I'd hold you close  
 And sing "Happy Birthday" my dear.  
 I would've been set free  
 From the pain inside me  
 If only you'd been three today.

~ Nancy Bruabaker



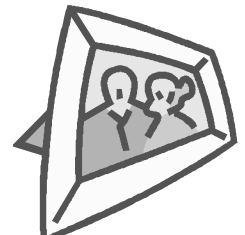
"No one can tell you about grief, about its limitless boundaries, its unfathomable depths. No one can tell you about the crater that is created in the center of your body, the one nothing can fill. No matter how many times you hear the word final, it means nothing until it is actually final."

~R. Coughlin



## OUR FAMILY PORTRAIT

Having our family portrait taken now  
 Is a bittersweet experience.  
 We are proud of our family,  
 Especially of our new baby son.  
 But you see only three of us in the picture,  
 And we are a family of four.  
 Our first baby son, you never see,  
 But he is there with us in our hearts.  
 The camera is limited and cruel,  
 It only takes a picture of what it sees.  
 It cannot see our absent son  
 Or all the love we have for him, or our  
 Memories, our pain, our longing.  
 I wish the camera could take a portrait of the heart,  
 Then other people would see Jonathan Andrew there.  
 You only see one precious son-we always see two.



~ Lose Ann Tennant

## **To MOTHERS EVERYWHERE**

It's time again to celebrate another Mother's Day,  
a reminder that it's spring and the merry month of May.

But, oh, the sadness this day imparts...  
for the child that is missing bringing an ache within our hearts.  
But wouldn't it be sadder yet had not that child been born...

Our life being unfilled as a rose without a thorn.  
So remember only funny times that bring a happy smile  
And be grateful that we had them if only for a while.

For if we had not had the, Mothers we'd not be  
So fill your hearts with gladness and treasure each precious memory.

~ Myra Kruse



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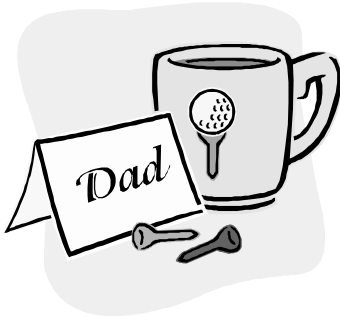
## **THOUGHTS ON FATHER'S DAY**

Father's Day .. Not as big holiday like Christmas or Thanksgiving, but one that holds a lot of meaning for those to whom it applies. For first time fathers, that Sunday in June brings a feeling of joy and pride. For a long time dad, it's a reminder of the fulfillment, which children have brought into his life.

For those men who have lost a child, no matter what the child's age, Father's Day can be a painful time. It can be a horror for those who must endure their pain in secret and silence due either to their desire for that approach or societies expectations that they be strong and controlled.

We wish to acknowledge the day because the death of a child does not negate the parenthood of a dad who loves him or her. Love for one's offspring does not die when the body dies and death does not succeed in robbing us of any of our parental identity. We wish all bereaved fathers a day of peace. In the midst of the grief and loss, may you experience a taste of good memories and remembered love for your child.

~ Betty Roehm



## **Lost Child Support Group**

P.O. Box 362

Galloway, Ohio 43119



*Our lives are shaped as much  
by those who leave us as  
they are by those who stay.*

~ Hope Edelman