

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 60

Middle

September, 1997

Monday, September 1st, is Labor Day - a day set aside for special recognition of working people. We, as bereaved parents, are working people not only in our jobs but in our labor of movement through our grief. Labor is defined as an exertion of one's power of body or mind especially with painful or strenuous effort. I do feel like I have labored these past five years since the deaths of our sons. It has been painful. It has required strenuous effort, but I have made tremendous progress as I look back.

For those of you early in your grief, I can say that those first few months were the hardest. It took all my strength to just get out of bed, to raise my arms, to try to eat when I just couldn't. I labored to understand the *why's* and *what if's* of our loss. I read absolutely every book on the loss of a child that I could get my hands on. After a suggestion from Dinah, I began a journal to my sons. Just expressing my thoughts to them in written form released so many pent up emotions. I could tell them all those things left unsaid with their sudden deaths. Many of you have experienced the same sudden loss that our family has. What were our final words? Did we tell them how much we loved them? We didn't get to tell them goodbye. I was able to do all of this and more as I filled journal after journal.

Contacting other bereaved parents was another form of labor that I have felt compelled to perform as I work through my grief. Like Dinah, I

feel that each of us can share a portion of the burden of grief of others. Since I first read Charlie Walton's book, I realized that our mountain of grief is lessened by each prayer, hug, card, phone call, and visit from others. Suddenly, it seemed so clear to me that all my family and mends had indeed chipped away at my grief so many of you have been so supportive of our family. Hopefully, we have been able to give some of that love and support back.

September has another holiday- Grandparents Day on Sunday, September 7th. Often, grandparents are the forgotten ones as we struggle to face the loss of a child. The anguish I have heard when talking to grandparents runs deep. They have lost a cherished grandchild and feel so helpless watching *their* child try to deal with that loss. The loss of a child touches so many people, not just their parents. Each of us should reach out to a special grandparent this month who has lost a grandchild. Let them know that child has not been forgotten.

I will close with my favorite from Richard Bach, "*What the caterpillar calls the end of the world -the Master calls a butterfly.*" Our special

angels are butterflies. None of them will ever be forgotten. They live in each of our hearts.



Grief Grafts

Daniel and Chris Hensley lost their daughter, Crystal Jo (3-3-73) in a automobile accident on April 26, 1996. Chris wanted to share the following poem written by her mother, Florence C. Shafer:

Ode To An Angel

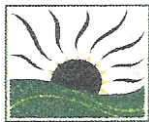
*Fly, sweet angel
Fly wild & free*

*You've made the world a better place
for all of us to see.*

*'Tho why you had to leave so soon
We can't quite comprehend
You've left a hole within our hearts
Not even time will mend*

*Fly, beloved angel
Fly wild - - - -Fly free!*

Crystal Jo's symbol is a Mountain range with a sunrise behind.



Rhonda Barger (3-24-75), daughter of Ron and Louise Barger died five years ago on September 5, 1992. Her mother Louise shared her thoughts on this anniversary:

It's been 5 years since Rhonda died. I have so many different feelings about the ordeal, it's hard to put words to my feelings. Our daughter Renae got married on July 19, 1997, and I really didn't cry. I thought only happy thoughts that day. That's an accomplishment for me.

Rhonda's symbols are balloons and a white rose.



Fuzzy and Anita McCarty's son, Eric (6-15-78) was shot and killed by a twelve year old on October 10, 1993. Anita wrote of her pain after losing most of their possessions in a flood this March:

We had to move after the flood in March. We lost most everything, but did try to save most of Eric's stuff. The hardest part was packing Eric's room. It had to be done because of the flood, but not this way with all the water. I know things will get better. I hope it is soon.

The family has chosen the sun and water to symbolize Eric. Remember Anita and Fuzzy as they battle their grief and the loss of their home.



Ralphie Coomer (7-24-74) was the only son of Ralph and Dana Coomer. He died in an automobile accident on June 11, 1994. Dana shared the following poem that appeared with a picture of Ralphie in their local paper for the third anniversary of his death:

Dear Family & Friends:

*Don't look for me as before,
I am not here anymore.*

Don't mourn for me where I lie, I am not there, I did not die. I went to my Father on high.

Look for me in the soft spring rain, or in the flowers of spring.

Listen for me in the birds that sing.

See me in the clear blue sky or in an eagle soaring high. I am these things and many more, and I shall live forevermore.

*So dear ones, please don't mourn, For I walk with He who For the world was born.
A place where we will never part.*

*We are together as never before,
I wait for you on God's bright shore.
If you grieve, don't grieve for me,
Grieve for those who will never be with our
Father for eternity.*

Ralph's symbols are praying hands and an Eagle.



Joe and Gail Friedmann's daughter, Jaci (4-10-84) was hit and killed by a school bus on June 8, 1995. A wonderful article was written about Gail and the work she does promoting bicycle safety. The article is as follows:

Almont -- Riding safely will be the message this Saturday (June 7) when the Almont Police Department and resident Gail Friedmann again support the annual Jaci Friedmann Memorial Bike Rodeo.

The bike safety program will begin at 10 a.m. at Almont Jr./Sr. High School, 4701 Howland Road.

This is the second year the police department and Mrs. Friedmann have collaborated to educate young people about proper bicycle riding techniques and rules.

Over 160 children and parents took part in last year's event despite a steady rain that forced organizers to take the program inside the school.

Mrs. Friedmann first became involved in promoting bicycle safety awareness following the death of her 11-year-old daughter, Jaci, in a biking accident in June 1995.

She also helped organize the Bike/Roller Blade Safety Day held in Imlay City on May 31.

Mrs. Friedmann said numerous prizes will be awarded to participants at the rodeo including four new bicycles, two U.S. savings bonds and 40 safety helmets.

The bicycles were donated by the Almont Area Chamber of Commerce, Ligon Brothers Manufacturing, Tri-County Bank and the Tri-City Times. The savings bonds were donated by Village Barn Carpets and First of America Bank.

Jaci's symbol is Mickey Mouse.



Darin Jerome (1969-1992) was the son of Jeri and Jerry Jerome. Jeri wrote the following poem to Darin this year and she said that she thinks he wrote the poem through her. Jeri said that this poem says "just what happened that day."

Darin Jerome
1969-1992

I was feeling so blue, how could it be true?

How was I to live without you?

I was in need of help, I needed you near.

My heart was in pain and my soul was in fear.

Oh God help me see, Why you took him from me!

It was a cooled gray day when I sat down to pray.

I stared at the river when I heard a voice say

"Get a pencil right now and a paper too

I have something to say and it's just for you!"

He was never really mine, he was on loan from God for a short time.

And had I known from the start of his weak sick heart,

I would never have changed one little part.

So full of love this young child grew, to be a man who knew who was really who.

His zest for life and his words sometimes outspoken, made him loved by most and left all hearts broken,

He is with me today, and he guides my words.

I can feel his love in the sounds of the birds,

As the breeze hits my face like his warm sweet embrace

the love in my soul will never grow old.

From this child on loan from God I have learned, that leaving this body is of no concern.

For when freed from our limiting and sickly shells,

we are able to be our real self.

We are spirits of God on this earth for awhile

and we leave to go home cause we're really God's Child!

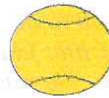
A weight was lifted from my heart that day, that day I

wrote down what my Son had to say.

Karen Holder's son, Ryan (4-6-78) was killed in an automobile accident on January 14, 1995. Ryan was a championship high school tennis player with pro aspirations. Karen sent pictures and wrote the following.

The dedication of the Ryan C. Holder Center Courts was held on August 3, 1997. These center courts are located in Lexington, Kentucky on the University of Kentucky campus, part of the Hilary J. Boone Varsity Tennis Center. It was a beautiful ceremony and Ryan was with us, too. Ryan's doubles partner, Spencer Wilcox, spoke to the crowd in attendance.

Ryan's symbol is a tennis ball.



Mike and Vada Barnes' son, Daryl (11 -1-76) was killed in an automobile accident on April 16, 1995. Vada shared her sorrow that she had missed the picnic in June and the following:

I have opened my barber shop beside my house and named it after Daryl. It's called D.B. Family Barber Shop. I think I have tried to drown myself in my work, but that doesn't always work.

I still have three more children and two beautiful grandchildren to live for, but sometimes I still get so sad and discouraged. I miss Lil Daryl so badly. I guess I need to stay on my knees more and pray. I remember someone telling me that God has a plan for all of us. We will know it in time. Please keep praying for our family.

Daryl's symbols are a buck deer and stars.



Leslie Tietsort's son, Jeremy (6-20-77) completed suicide on April 25, 1994. she gives us all insight into her pain:

We lost our son, Jeremy 3 years ago to suicide. It has been a devastating experience. He was 16. It has shattered our family. It has changed our family. We have left Angie (22), a new grandchild, Ivy (6 mo), Amber (almost 18), and Ryan (16). We're so paranoid because Ryan is the same age (16).

Suicide has so much guilt and unanswered questions. It leaves the family numb. We were always close and still are. We have so much anger, pain, and guilt.

Jeremy's birthday was on June 20th. What would he be? What would he look like? Would he be okay? Well, we are left to pick up the pieces and go on and in our journey not to question, but to accept what has happened. It is not easy. We have survived and we are stronger, but the pain isn't gone. It hurts so bad.

Kurtis Jon (10-3 -72), the only child of Terri Charleson was killed in a car/train accident on April 12, 1995. Terri tells us about her son:

We lost our beloved son, Kurtis Jon on April 12, 1995, to a train/car accident. The train was not paying attention and there were no markings. The train was traveling 70 mph when the collision happened. Kurtis Jon's car was dragged over one and one-half miles before coming to a stop. He died instantly.

Kurtis Jon had just left play practice at his college and was on his way to work at the hospital. He was studying to be a pharmacist. He was a wonderful, bright, cheerful, witty person. He brought 22 years of joy to our lives. He never gave us any problems. He was our only child.

I had just lost my mom the month earlier to cancer and had not gotten over that. Kurtis Jon loved to scuba dive, be in theater, play with his Irish setter, fish, listen to music, and help needy children. He had a wonderful girlfriend, Jessica, and they were happy. He had a fish aquarium that he adored. He had always wanted one so he got it after he moved into his own apartment. His nickname was Rooster

because of his red head! He is missed very much and a day never goes without thinking of his memories.

Kurtis Jon's symbols are fish, old cars, and a theater.



John and Sandy Moses lost their son, Mike, (6-20-67) in an automobile accident on April 14, 1997. Mike was a recent graduate of Cumberland College. His father, John tells of his grieving process:

It seems like we've drowned in activity and work since the funeral, and only now are getting our heads above water. Just last week did I open the package on past issues of Lamentations and started reading. We had been given or loaned numerous books on grief and it's been hard to keep up. But in reading yours, I realized that my heavy crying every day till just recently, is OK, especially for a man. We were back down there for the first time since the funeral for a few days this past weekend. It was an emotional, yet healing time.

Michael (6-30-76), the son of Michael and Linda Miller died as a result of an automobile accident on February 15, 1995.

Linda wrote to share a letter a dear friend wrote about Michael. This friend, Kay Curtis, is a lay person who has received training as a Stephen Minister from the church the Millers attend. Stephen Ministers are placed with a person in the church who is dealing with some sort of crisis. Linda considers herself so fortunate to have had Kay come into her life. Kay visits the Millers each week for a couple of hours and shares their loss of Michael. She had helped them deal with his death in a spiritual way. The following is Kay's letter:

Although I have never met Michael Duncan Miller, I grieve his death. I do

feel I know him from the dear and precious memories his mother, Linda has shared with me. You see, I am Linda's Stephen Minister and we have been talking and sharing with each other for several months.

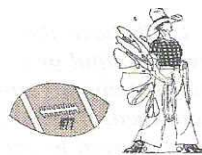
I have seen Michael, pictures and visited his room. From the pictures I see a smiling joy in his eyes and from the things he treasured I know something about his personality.

Michael Duncan will never be able to attend college, but others who receive scholarships in his name will be enabled to continue their studies and go on to bless and to contribute to our world. He will not accumulate property anymore or have children of his own, but some of his possessions have been lovingly given to relatives and friends who will find meaning and joy in having them.

I know he was a blessing to his parents and to all who knew him. He was full of life, laughter, kindness and integrity. He was gifted, He was a good friend and a good son. His presence lives on in the hearts of his relatives and friends. His goodness remains with us in ways we can see and in ways we will never know or understand.

Although I am not a relation I feel related to Michael as a brother in Christ. Although I have never talked to him, I feel he has spoken to me through the memories he left with others. And although I will never have the opportunity and privilege to know him, I know that in the life to come I will meet him as a dear friend.

Michael's symbols are a cowboy angel, a football, and the #77.



Cathy Edelen's son, Richard (5-3-78) died on April 8, 1997, after having an automobile accident three days earlier. She laments her loss:

Saturday, May 3rd, was Richard's 19th birthday. It was a difficult day. I seem to be able to "deal" fairly well

with the "technical stuff" - thank you's, insurance, etc. But when the loss hits emotionally, I find myself curling up, fighting the reality. I simply am afraid of it. In time, I will.

Richard was a fun-loving, witty, very personable young man. Richard was adopted by Gus and I at age 5 weeks. The day we picked him up was very exciting. I will never forget my first look into his big brown eyes. Richard was a very intelligent young man. He was especially gifted in the area of mathematics. He became very bored with school mid-way through his junior year and quit. After a few months, he realized his mistake however. He enrolled again, repeated his junior year, and would have graduated this May from high school. The career I remember him talking about most recently was pharmacy. He had plans to attend UK. in the fall.

He loved heavy-metal music, but was especially fond of Jim Morrison's music also. He played drums from grades 6-9 in the school band, but preferred his own set at home.

He loved cars and girls and had many friends--his age, older, younger. He had a part-time job with a farmer here in Washington Co. They mostly grew tomatoes. This winter they built an addition to the man's home and were working on a greenhouse. He loved to be outside. He loved spring and summer and detested winter.

There is so much I could say, but I'll stop for now. Whenever Richard was leaving the house, I always got a hug and a "love you Mom ". That has been my strength since the accident on April 5th and his death on April 8th.

Thomas and Anna Aker's son, Joey George (6-22-76) died from complications from Muscular Dystrophy on October 31, 1993. He would have had his 21st birthday this past June. In honor of their son, the family placed the following poem, along with Joey's picture, in their local newspaper:

*In Loving Memory of Joey George
6/22/76 -10/31/93*

*According to law you would have been
free.*

but God freed you before 21.

*Your little crippled body held in a giant
of a man that I was very proud of*

*Wish you were here,
wish we were there.
Until we meet again.*



Joey George's symbol is a single red candle.

Steve and Janice Tully's son, Todd, (5-8-78) died in an automobile accident on October 12, 1996, Linda wrote about Todd's birthday this past May:

The evening of Todd's birthday. I met Steve at the cemetery and we put the musical notes and crescent moon sprinkles on the mulch were my Dad planted purple and white pansies.

Nancy Hannon a Fellow Traveler called me in June. We talked almost two hours. I have a few friends I can talk to but this was special because of the grief we share over losing our sons. We also had a lot of things in common, such as she told me she had Michael's picture engraved on his headstone (so is Todd's), Michael's stone is black (so is Todd's) and I told her that Todd is buried beside a high school football field and. you guessed it so is Michael. I enjoyed talking to her and we plan on keeping in touch.

Todd's symbols are Yin-Yang symbol, a computer, a crescent moon and musical notes.



Evelyn Davidson's son, Chris (8-10-76) died on November 22, 1993 of a massive heart attack. Her letter rings so true to those of us who are not so newly bereaved and surrounded by family and friends who still talk about our children:

I know it's been awhile since I have written. I have been trying to keep myself busy with work and grandkids. It helps some but not enough. It's been 3 years and 9 months since I lost Chris. It still seems like yesterday. I've really had a bad year. I am missing Chris so much and I can't find anyone to talk about him. I bring him up, but they change the subject. I just can't reach the Middle. I try to go to his grave site once a week to make sure his marker is clean and to keep flowers on his grave. His birthday is August 10th which will probably be another hard day. If you or anyone else could say a prayer, I really could use it.

Evelyn, we will have you in our prayers.

Chris' symbols are a basketball and balloons.



Becky Kirkwood's son, Eddie, (10-21-64) was killed in an automobile accident on North 1-65 near Park City, Kentucky, on November 8, 1996. She shared this short biography of her beloved son:

Eddie was married to Cammie. They have a daughter who is four years old. Eddie worked as a Physical Respiratory Therapist. He was a very outgoing person loved by everyone. He and I were very close.

J.E. and Harriet Thomas suffered a double loss when their oldest son, Don (34) and his only child, Becky (10) were killed in an auto accident on the evening of April 6, 1997. Harriet shared the following letter about their loss:

My oldest son Don and his only child Becky were killed in an auto accident on April 6, 1997. Another van traveling at a high rate of speed crossed the center line and hit them head on. Don must have seen her coming (so the trooper said) because his right wheels were already on the shoulder of the road. His wife survived the accident

but was pretty badly bruised. The lady that hit them was also killed. This happened on a Sunday evening at 8:50 PM and we were not notified until 12:45 PM the next day. They tracked me down through Becky's school where I was listed to call in case of an emergency. They had just moved back to Arkansas from Oklahoma on Thanksgiving Day and were just getting settled in here.

Another son had a daughter born on Christmas Day of 1989 and she contracted bacterial meningitis and died on 6/26/91. She was 18 months and 1 day old. I thought that was the most pain I would ever know in my entire life. Little did I know there was more to bear. God must think I am really a Hercules for all I have been given to carry.



Don's symbol is a hummingbird.

Harriet collects them and Don was always bringing her a new one every time he came over.

John (3-8-80), the son of Walter and Jeanie Revell died on June 19, 1993, as a result of a hit and run accident while on his bicycle. Jeanie wrote the following note telling why she had not been in touch:

Dinah, you have been a wonderful blessing to us and we do indeed appreciate and depend on your helpful newsletter. You probably know by now that when there is silence on one end there's an interruption in life. My husband's father has been ill for the past year slowly declining at the age of 80 (sort of the way it should be). The month of May he became worse and was hospitalized for almost three weeks. We found ourselves running up and down the road constantly. My husband a surgeon had a hard time letting go of a dad who couldn't get well. He died on the 23rd. While his death was expected somewhat planned and desired it has been difficult to accept another death-finality! I just hope our son, John is showing him around in heaven and they are celebrating the new life. Five days before Dad's death, our house flooded due to a worn out

washing machine hose. So, our lives have been hectic and traumatic. The house has to wait as Walter and I are taking 14 senior highs from our church on a mission trip to the inner city Toronto on Monday. Then we'll tackle home.

Tom and Jayne Fisher's daughter, Katie (10-31-77), died on December 2, 1995, from Burkitt's lymphoma. Katie was a senior at Madison-Plains High School near Columbus, Ohio. She had played varsity volleyball, basketball and softball. She had also played volleyball in the Ohio Games and had been accepted to Heidelberg College in Tiffin, where she was to play softball. Jayne sent us this inspiring article featuring Katie from Readers Digest:

HEROES FOR TODAY

Bidding From The Heart

Katie Fisher, 17, pulled her unruly lamb into the arena of the Madison County (Ohio) Junior Livestock Sale last July. With luck the Lamb would fetch some spending money--and she wouldn't collapse as she had during another livestock show the day before.

Fisher had been battling Burldtt's lymphoma a fast-growing malignancy, since February. She had endured many hospitalizations and months of chemotherapy. "Sometimes, in the beginning, it hurt so bad all she could do was pace," said her 12-year-old sister Jessica.

Selling the lamb did raise pin money for Fisher.

"We sort of let folks know that Katie had a situation that wasn't too pleasant," said auctioneer Roger Wilson, who hoped his introduction would push the price above the average of \$2. It did--and then some.

The lamb sold for \$11.50 per pound. Then the buyer gave it back "The first sale is the only one I remember. After that, I was crying too hard," said Katie's mother Jayne Fisher. "Everyone kept saying, 'Re-sell, Re-sell!'"

"We sold that Lamb 36 times," said Wilson. And the last buyer gave back the Lamb for good. The effort raised more than \$16,000 which went into a fund to help pay Katie's medical expenses.



Katie's symbol is a cat.

Alf and Valerie Watson suffered a double loss on November 11, 1994, when their daughter, Debbie (8-7-65), and Debbie's son, Nicholas (1-13-94), were killed in an automobile accident. Valerie lamented their loss in the following letter:

I have appreciated the monthly newsletters that were sent to me. I'm relieved you didn't give up on me, when it has taken so long for me to write you. I seem to spend every minute blocking my feelings and sadness. I almost have it down to a fine art. I have learned to switch my thoughts to control my emotions. To write to you I had to allow myself to 'give-in' and think about my devastating loss. I find it very hard to concentrate on anything it's impossible, my thoughts jump about irrationally. I think about ten different things in the space of a minute. I go to look for something to do then half an hour later I remember what I originally intended to do. It worries me, I suppose I will get better. As soon as I wake. I can't bear to lay in bed and think. I'm up doing and going, exhaust myself all day. At least I sleep now. It was terrible before. I'd be up through the night, drinking tea, smoking cigarettes, looking around the living room. I'd talk to her, ask her to give me a sign that she was with me. I'd imagine every noise was her. I'd finally go back to bed.

When I forget then suddenly remember, I suffer waves of nausea. Your newsletter helps, knowing that there are so many who are suffering this horror. I don't feel so alone. I don't know how we are all staying sane how we carry on with our daily lives, telling people we are fine, looking and acting normal when we are dying inside. I'm hoping with time I will feel happy again, and actually looking forward to something. instead of this zombie day to day

existence of sadness--of not caring about anything or anybody. I can't even go to lunch with friends anymore, hearing talk of meaningless hair problems, shopping, their day to day little problems! I feel like I want to shout--to tell them they don't know how lucky they are, If that's the extent of their problems!

My two remaining children, of course, mean everything to me. I'm slowly relaxing my fears when my youngest daughter is out of the house. It's terrible when she's out driving and I hear an ambulance siren--of course my imagination goes haywire. I cannot rest until she is home. I feel so vulnerable and afraid.

Debbie and Nicholas were on their way to my house for lunch--as they did Monday through Friday every week. The crash happened just half a mile away, on a quiet country road We don't know what happened, she was hit by a man in a truck who still hasn't had the decency to talk to us and tell us what happened. They were killed outright, the car ending up in a ditch.

We are told we have 'intuition' not true in my case. I was outside my house talking to the bug man, when he heard the loud bang. I remarked that there must have been an explosion somewhere. No intuition told me that there had been an accident and that my daughter and grandchild had been killed. As a mother I find that hard to believe.

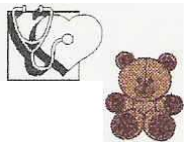
Thank God I had them for five days before burial. I was able to visit a lot, talk to them kiss them and touch them. I remembered to snip some hair and to look and feel all over. I remembered to thank her for loving me and for being a wonderful daughter.

I have all her card" letters and gifts she gave me over the years. She was a romantic, warm, loving, emotional caring woman. The cards were written with love, always having kisses and hearts and long heartwarming verses. She'd say, "Mum, it's all in the verse what I feel and think, you're wonderful parents and I love you madly."

I have been writing this letter off and on for about four months, getting upset, putting it away. I think I have rambled

on enough. Dinah, I consider you a life line and a friend. Take care-say hello to your husband for me.

Debbie's symbols are a stethoscope and a heart. Nicholas' symbol is a teddy bear.



Janet Marts' son, Marc (7-30-75), was accidentally shot and killed on March 22, 1993. Janet shared how her life had been directed since the death of her son in the following letter:

Wow, what a lifetime the last twelve months have been! At this time last year, I was preparing to move to South Bend, very excited about a fresh start in new surroundings. Six months into this great adventure. I was miserable. I can truly say I was more unhappy than I have ever been.

I barely got through Thanksgiving and Christmas when the entire world seemed to be a part of a couple and/or loving family and I felt totally alone. Finally realizing that I had given up every form of support system I had worked so hard to build over twenty five years, I knew I had to come home.

Another wow, when I realized I had finally reached a position of true strength in admitting (and respecting) my weakness and need for friends and family. About that time, Jason decided it was not working out with his father, but still did not feel ready to attempt full time college life away from family, and chose to come to South Bend.

An amazing thing occurred with his move here. He began to get to know me as an adult person, rather than only as his mother. We have had the most wonderful time together; respecting each other as the best of friend. Blessed is not enough to describe how I feel in having the privilege of watching Jason become a man.

I think I told you that my mother feels Marc and Jason's souls merged after Marc's death. Shortly after Marc's death, Jason remarked how he had experienced such an incredible year in school, sports and socially. His belief was that it took two to manage one life so perfectly. Recently Jason told me that he knows Marc is with him when he drives his Jeep.

The last wow is really the reason for this letter. On the Anniversary of Marc's death, I was In Louisville for a KODA volunteer appreciation and to attend the speech of Dr. Clive Callender, a noted transplant surgeon. The Education Coordinator for the western district of Kentucky pulled me aside, announced her husband had been transferred out of state, she would be leaving her position in May and would I be interested?

I started my employment with Kentucky Organ Donor Affiliates on May 13. Not only did I get to "come home," but I have been blessed (once again) with an incredible opportunity.

Most people have dreams of what they would choose to do if given the opportunity, but many never realize these. Some of us just don't know what might fulfill the dream. Literally, because of Marc's life and death, I have been directed.

As you know very well, a child adds dimension to us that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. And as you also know very well, the death of a child expands that dimension until we feel we will break. But break we do not, for it would not honor that incredible gift of the few years we were given with that child. You and I, we do. Sometimes we do too much and maybe in the wrong direction but, eventually, we find the honor for the child's life and therefore the peace.

I'm not sorry I came to South Bend. I'm sure it had several purposes, but I

cannot tell you how excited I am to come back to the land of green trees, grass and flowers for most of the year.

The Community Grief Support Group in London, Kentucky will be starting a new series of meetings:

**Monday, September 8, 1997
First Baptist Church of
London 6:30pm to 8:00pm**

The group will then meet every second and fourth Monday in the months of **September, October** and **November**.

If you need more information on this Support Group call:

**Sharon Kidd
606-864-7051**

Thanks for each of you allowing me to get to know your precious children as I have written the newsletter this month. I never fully understood the emotion expended by Dinah each month as she brought the lives of our children alive for all of us, her devoted readers. Look for Dinah to return next month. We all miss you dear, dear friend.