



**Location**

Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital  
5401 South Street, Lincoln, NE  
(Lancaster Room)

**Date & Time of Meetings:**

Meetings are held on the  
Third Thursday of each month  
7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.  
There is no fee for attendance

**Supported by:**

BryanLGH Medical Center  
St. Elizabeth Regional Medical Center  
Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital

For Information about the meetings  
Call: 481-3068 or 477-0857

**Community Friends**

A self-help program facilitated by  
qualified volunteers and professionals.  
This group offers support & networking  
to promote healthy grieving and  
recovery for those who have experienced  
the death of a child.

These monthly on-going meetings are  
based on the process of sharing  
experiences, seeking information, and  
offering support.

**Future Meeting Schedule:**

August 21, 2008  
September 18, 2008

**Location**

BryanLGH Medical Center East  
1600 South Street, Lincoln, NE  
(Conf. Rm. #2, in the Medical Plaza)

**Date & Time of Meetings:**

Meetings are held on the  
First Wednesday of each month  
7:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.  
There is no fee for attendance

**Supported by:**

BryanLGH Medical Center  
St. Elizabeth Regional Medical Center  
Sharon's Support System

For Information about the meetings  
Call : 402-477-0857

**H.O.P.E.**

(Helping Other Parents Endure)  
A self-help program facilitated by  
qualified volunteers and professionals.  
This group offers support for parents  
who have lost their baby due to  
miscarriage, stillbirth, or death of a  
newborn. These monthly on-going  
meetings are based on the process of  
sharing experiences, seeking  
information, and offering support

**Future Meeting Schedule:**

August 6, 2008  
September 3, 2008

## 2008 AUGUST/SEPTEMBER

### YOUR FIRST DAY

Your first day at school.  
You waved from your door  
All dressed in you No. 12 T-shirt  
    surrounded by stars  
And you Scooby Doo lunch box held  
    Tightly in your hand  
You seemed so little  
And the world seemed so large.

All day I worried & watched the clock  
At 3:00 I was waiting in front of your  
    School

You came running and couldn't stop  
You had so much to tell-  
You'd made so many friends,  
Done lots of new and fun things,  
And, you WANTED to go back again!

All my worry –for nothing!  
You were happy, and so was I.

Your First Day in Heaven  
I wonder how it went  
You still seemed so little  
And heaven seemed so far.  
Each day I wonder and watch the sky  
Have you made many friends?  
Are you still having fun?  
Would you WANT to go back again?  
And then I sigh.

If only you could come running and tell  
me about Your First Day.

By Naomi Holzman, TCF, Volusia/Fla  
*TCF Cape Cod Chapter Newsletter*  
*August/September 2001*

**BIRTHDAYS AND ANNUAL**  
**REMEMBRANCES** – can be difficult  
days for bereaved parents and  
siblings. Perhaps you would like to lift  
these families up in thought and

prayer as these difficult days  
approach for them.

### AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

Charlie Boden	08-25-2003
Tyler R. Clabo	08-27-1986
Colson "Cole" McCoy Dirrium	08-02-1998
Zak Epke	08-07-1989
Madelyn R. Marshall	08-09-2006
Brandon Staley	08-08-2006
Elizabeth Anne Tlamka	08-02-2002

### AUGUST ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES

Chandra Blood	08-25-2002
Jeffrey S. Hale	08-21-2004
Rebekkah Jo Lee	08-28-2004
Madelyn R. Marshal	08-09-2006
Forrest Reents	08-15-2004
Brandon Thomas Staley	08-08-2006
Elizabeth Anne Tlamka	08-02-2002
Jonathan Michael Young	08-09-2006
Josh Vanis	08-19-2004

### SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Greggy Bayless	09-30-2003
Clint James Eckhout	09-22-1981
Delaney Anne Fuehrer	09-26-2006
Michael T. Haeffner	09-25-1970
Corina Marie Krieser	09-29-1979
Jessica Marie Luhring	09-11-1990
Tracey K. Luzum	09-19-198

Austyn McFadden	09-12-2003
Joshua James Milana	09-26-1986
Isabelle Rigatuso	09-06-2002
Patrick Stinson	09-22-1961

**SEPTEMBER ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES**

Jennifer L. Dorsey Howley	09-11-2001
Delaney Anne Fuehrer	09-26-2006
Jessica Marie Luhring	09-11-1990
Shayna Mary Kowarsky	09-01-1998
Lacy Pittman	09-06-2005
Isabelle Rigatuso	09-06-2002

In remembering our precious children there may be errors or omissions for which we are deeply sorry. If there are errors, please contact Trish Schuster at 673-5395 or trish\_schuster@yahoo.com. If you have attended a meeting, and have not filled out a database giving us permission to print your child's birthday and annual remembrance please let Trish know. Please remember when it is your child's birthday/and his remembrance date, you are welcome to bring their picture, a poem, a keepsake, a candle to that month's Hope or Community of Friends meeting.

***A NOTE FROM HEAVEN***

*If I could write from Heaven,  
This is what I'd say,  
Please don't miss me too much,  
I'm with you throughout your day.  
You may not see or hear me,  
But if you're quiet and still,  
You may just feel my presence,  
Because, in Heaven, there is free will.  
Don't worry for the day,  
It will come and go as planned,  
Enjoy each moment you are given,  
Keep worry from your hand.  
Keep sorrow to a minimum;  
For if Heaven you could see,  
You'd know I'm safe and happy,*

*I did not cease to be.  
Moments in time are brief,  
Until we'll be together again,  
As Eternity lasts forever,  
Our lives, they have no end.*

Shared by Claudette Poplau  
In memory of her daughter, AUBREA  
CARMEN, 12-09-86 to 05-27-1987

**A YEAR GONE BY**

I sit on the porch today,  
At times I sit and look out my window,  
But today I sit where you sat,  
Meditating on the year gone by  
Since you've gone to rest  
I remember the first few days,  
My body numb, my eyes filled with tears  
My heart ached with unbearable pain,  
I felt withdrawn from the world.  
I felt alone and lost all hope.  
But then, when I silently cried in agony,  
He came to me and loved me still.  
Since that day He's been my friend,  
He's my comforter and my strength.  
In Him I found what I needed to survive.  
Today I am stronger,  
My faith continues to grow,  
And I now have hope.  
Holidays without you have come and  
gone,  
Your birthday, although you were not  
there,  
Was not forgotten but celebrated the  
love you left behind.  
A year has passed, a year with out you,  
I still do not understand but I am now  
able to move on.  
I try to remember your face,  
I try to remember the sound of your  
voice,  
I still replay your last words spoken to  
me,  
I can still see you smile.  
I continue to treasure the memories.  
I dream of you often and who you'd be  
today.  
You will be many more years to come

Many more holidays and birthdays,  
But in my heart you will always stay.  
There will always be tears and pain.  
But through Him I will begin again.  
As for today and days to come,  
I will quietly sit on my porch,  
I will reflect and remember,  
I will look for joy in what I still have,  
I will look for joy in what I still have.  
I will accept the things I cannot change.  
I will become strong and share the hope  
He gave to me.  
I will continue to look to the heavens,  
Knowing that someday I shall see your  
face once more.  
A year has passed and I have never  
stopped loving you,  
And I never will.

*By Cindy Vorderstrasse  
In loving memory of her son,  
Jonathan Michael Young  
04-22-1987 to 08-09-2006*

#### **APPLE TREES AND MEMORIES**

I stand beneath a sky of blue, the August sun warming my back. Apple perfume is in the air, and my grand children, can't resist plucking the golden globes from my backyard tree. It's one of those "firsts" that children of 3 and 5 share with us older folks. We're learning anew that the best apples don't come from a supermarket.

Apple juice drips to the glass beneath bare feet. Giggles float skyward. I close my eyes, lost in the memory of my mother transporting me and 6 siblings down a country lane to the local orchard, where we eagerly fill baskets, then collect 5 cents for each bushel of hand-picked apples. At the end of the day, we are rewarded with ice cream cones all around.

Even at that young age, before I knew that life isn't all apple pie and ice cream, I was learning about change. The orchard ritual meant summer was

shutting down, autumn was just around the corner, the school bell would ring, and like would change – whether I liked it or not.

I can't say that growing up with this knowledge of change prepared me for that September when my son died. His death can never be anything less than an unacceptable tragedy. Rather, I learned that the unexpected can and does happen. And when something truly terrible happens, we shut down like the end of summer vacation. I fear there will be no more apples and ice cream for as long as I live. There is no fun in being present for any more "firsts". Fall has always been my favorite season. Now the calendar is cluttered with remembrance dates. I resist the forward movement from the days when he lived the days after death—as life goes on, but he does not. My life has forever changed. My feelings about life and death have changed. I have changed. With each leaf that falls to the ground, I feel a loss so deep that, finally, I am empty like the barren trees. When he died, I expected the empty feeling to last for the rest of my life, I had forgotten my childhood lesson; Seasons change. While I grieved, I watched 6 years worth of seasons come and go. For me, there is not closure. I'm not prepared to say goodbye to the past. But slowly, I've begun to allow change to happen. If there's anything I suggest to those who are "less seasoned" in grieving, it is to remain open to the present. Be awake and aware as grief changes the way you and who you are. Seasons change, and the seasons of the heart change. As I peer into the future, I no longer see only emptiness. Sometimes, I smile at memories of seasons past. Sometimes, I see blue skies and apple trees.

*By Carol Clum, TCF, Medford, Oregon  
TCF Newsletter, Los Angeles, CA Sept.2005*