



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 pm to 8:30 pm
There is no fee for attendance

Supported by:

Bryan LGH Medical Center
St. Elizabeth Regional Medical Center
Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital

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

Community Friends

A support group for bereaved parents.
This group offers support & networking
to promote healthy grieving and healing for
those who have experienced
the death of a child.

Future Meeting Schedule

June 18, 2009
July 16, 2009

Location

Bryan Medical Plaza • (East)
1500 S. 48th Street
Lincoln, NE

Date & Time of Meetings:

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

Supported by:

Bryan LGH Medical Center
St. Elizabeth Regional Medical Center
Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital

For information about the meeting
Call: 402-477-0857

H.O.P.E

(Helping Other Parents Endure)
A support group for those who have
experienced the loss of a baby due to
miscarriage, stillbirth, or newborn death.
Promoting healthy grieving & healing.

Future Meeting Schedule

June 3, 2009
July 1, 2009

2009 JUNE/JULY

BROOKE ROBERTS 06-04-1996

OWEN SHANE SAMUELSON 06-21-2008

SOMETIMES.....

*"Sometimes, I still don't believe it,"
My husband said to me.
We had gone to bed, said our goodnights
And were resting comfortably.
My reply was short and to the point.
I simply said, "I know,"
Though it's been eight years since you
have died
Chip, we miss you so.
The memories of our life with you
Are treasures that we share.
For nineteen years we loved you well
While you were in our care.
So once again we said goodnight.
But before this we did pray.
This was a very poignant night.
This night was Father's Day.*

In loving memory of my son, Chip
Nancy McKeane, 6/16/96
TCF, North Penn Chapter, PA

***Sometimes Love is for a moment,
Sometimes Love is for a lifetime.
Sometimes a Moment is a lifetime.***

BIRTHDAYS AND ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES –

Can be difficult days for bereaved parents and siblings. Perhaps you would like to life these families up in thought and prayer as these difficult days approach for them.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

JOHNA JAYE BERNER KOZAK 06-21-1975

BROOKE ROBERTS 06-30-1978

OWEN SHANE SAMUELSON 06-21-2008

JUNE ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES

MICHELLE BECKER 06-25-2005

CHRISTOPHER CICOTELLO 06-23-2006

MORGAN BROOKE HOHNBAUM 06-10-2007

JULY BIRTHDAYS

MORGAN BROOKE HOHNBAUM 06-10-2007

JULY ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES

In remembering our precious children, there may be errors or omissions for which I am deeply sorry. If there are any errors, please contact Trish Schuster at 402-673-5395 or trish_schuster@yahoo.com. If you have attended a meeting, or received a newsletter, and have not filled our a database giving us permission to print your child's birthday and annual remembrance date, please let Trish know.

DEAR PARENTS

We share an agony of life – a child's death. My daughter, Linda, age 3 died over 40 years ago, and in my memory feelings it was only yesterday. I have always wanted to be a wisdom person, learning the lessons that come through life's encounters with the passages of time. You have heard, "Time will heal your grief." Neat sayings like that really got under my skin 40 years ago. There were others: "It was God's will." "At least she didn't have to suffer long." "I admire how strong you are." Oh, how I hated being strong, crying within, holding my screams, taking care of everyone else! I thought this was my task. I would grow to resent the questions, "How is your wife?" No one asked, "How are you?"!!? Now, years later, I know that awkward questions and neat sayings are a product of awkward times for relatives and friends. Such good intentions do not penetrate the barriers we build to protect ourselves from ruin during our pain. I hope you receive support that opens the gate of healing rather than well-intentioned babble that misses your heart. When Linda died I did what a man did then. I

was strong, took care of my family, and went back to work. My granite was polished, smooth and strong. For a man it was three days off, then back to work. I have met other fathers who suffered their grief in a dark secret place, appearing as if nothing had happened. Fifteen years later I opened the valve that kept my "Linda grief" tightly shut within me. I discovered it was not the lack of words or understanding from other people that inhibited my grieving, it was my unwillingness to risk expressing my own feelings. I discovered it is not TIME that heals; the healing was within me, waiting for release, to talk and share my feelings, risk opening myself to another person, to face the truth and that would let me be free to grieve. This was not a good experience or a bad experience; for me it was a rich experience which enabled me to face life with the confidence that living is rich and meaningful. My wish for you is that you will find your own time, your own courage to face your grief. When you hear someone say, "Give yourself time," remember time is there for you to grasp – or it will pass you by. When you hear, "Get over your grief," or "Work it through," remember the death of your child is not something to get over or work through. Linda will always be a very special part of me, in my memory and feelings. She remains my three year old. She touched my life for three beautiful years and I cherish her and am delighted for the time we shared. My life has been richer because I had the privilege of being her father. My wish for you, dear parent, is that you will take your grief for your own, knowing you will always cherish your child – in your memory and your heart.

Reprinted with permission

Written by Linda's father

TCF Omaha Chapter, June/July 2004

HEAVEN NOW HAS A FACE

Two young women were both preparing for the births of their two children. They were across from each other in the same hospital. The one mother-to-be so looked forward to and had planned for this blessed event. She and her husband had prepared a nursery, bought lots of tiny baby clothes, soft blankets, diapers and everything else that a new arrival could possibly need. Regardless of all of this though, the baby was stillborn. The doctor conveyed to her his heart-felt sympathy.

But the young woman was crushed, broken, and bitter! "Why?" she cried.

The lady across the hall didn't want her baby, had made no plans and would end up giving the baby away. Knowing this only further embittered the mother whose baby had died. She went home depressed and so very angry at God, the doctors, the hospital, and everyone!

"Why did my baby have to die?" she cried.

As time passed, one day she picked up a Sunday school paper. In it she read a little story of a shepherd and his sheep and of his efforts to get them to cross a stream of water.

The frustrated shepherd tried repeatedly to lead them across, but always to no avail. The sheep were fearful of the swift water so they wouldn't follow. He then tried to drive them across, but this failed as well.

Finally, the shepherd picked up a small lamb in his arms and with the little lamb held tight, he waded across the water. The mother, hearing the bleating of her little lamb on the other side of the stream walked into the water and on to the other side of the stream, walked into the water and on to the other side. The other sheep quickly followed.

This young mother who had lost her child, who had grown so bitter, began to see a reason for his own loss. She began to see that the Lord, the Great Shepherd, had taken her lamb and had placed it on the other side. Her reason and resolve to follow Him was all the greater than before. The baby was in heaven. She knew it. For her, heaven was no longer some strange hazy place – her baby was there. Heaven was no longer far off and removed – her baby was there. Heaven now had substance – a face, some she knew and loved – her baby was there.

*Donated by Denny & Trudy Russell
In loving memory of their Daughter*

THANKS TO ALL OF YOU!!

Thanks to all of you who took time to fill out the evaluations forms that were sent out to you with the newsletter earlier this year!! Many of you will receive the newsletter by e-mail now, thanks to responding to how you prefer to receive the newsletter in the future!!

The recommendations for the newsletter are appreciated and will be taken seriously!! The Remembering Our Children Board will take them seriously and try to make the recommendations as best we can in the near future.

FIREWORKS ARE LIKE THE LOVE IN OUR HEARTS

The 4th of July in Oregon is a celebration, complete with the grand fireworks finale bolting from the top of Pilot Butte. This was one of my son's favorite holidays. When he was six I asked him why fireworks were so special to him. He said, "The lights explode in the dark and make the whole sky light up!" That was obvious. I said "Hum?" He gave me one of his "Oh mom" looks, and then went on to say. "The fireworks

are like the love in our hearts, we should always try to spread our love out to others." I knew then and I still am aware today that profound wisdom comes from the lips of children. From that summer on, in my minds, fireworks have been a triumphant testament of love's enduring power and wonder. I miss my son Joshua terribly. I comfort myself knowing that his wisdom and kindness were precious gifts in my life.

Wherever you are on the Fourth of July, I hope that the splendor of sparkling fireworks might comfort you as you acknowledge that the love you hold dear for your child is the light that is able to shine through you. We all have known grief well, yet as compassionate friends we need not walk alone in the darkness. We can lighten up the path for others.

Grief can cripple and destroy us, but as we gather to share each other's burden, we are able to gain strength. Love for our children is our common flame, sharing and caring keeps the flame afire.

*Enid TCF Newsletter, summer 2008
Jane Oja, TCF Central Oregon Chapter*

"The tears....streamed down, and I let them flow as freely as they would, making of them a pillow for my heart. On them it rested.

ANGEL OF HOPE

UPCOMING EVENTS

NATIONAL TCF CONFERENCE

**Portland, Oregon
August 7-9, 2009**

www.thecompassionatefriends.org

To register

NATIONAL WALK TO REMEMBER

Just because you may not be able to attend the conference and participate in the Walk does not mean that your child cannot be remembered during this event. Last year the names of more than 10,000 special children being remembered by our friends across the country were carried by volunteers during the Walk. This is a special act of love freely given by those participating in the Walk. If you have a child whose name you'd like carried during the Walk, there is no charge. For more information and to submit a child's name, learn more and fill out a form from the 'Submit a Child's Name page, at the web site of the compassionate friends.

BUTTERFLY RELEASE

**August 16, 2009
1:00PM Potluck at Madonna Hospital
Sheridan Room
2:00 PM Program in Chapel
Followed by Butterfly Release
on the grounds.**

THANK YOU TO TIM ECKHOUT
Thank you to Tim for doing the newsletters in Feb/March 2009 and for April/May 2009.
Congratulations Tim on your High School Graduation!!

OBSERVATIONS

A little boy skipping down the grocery store aisle, carrying a box of B00-Berry cereal, thinking of how to convince his mom that it is really good for you.
And there is a mother with tears in her eyes.

A little girl with long brown hair held back by pretty barrettes, squirming impatiently on the church pew, smiling shyly at the people in back of her.
And there sits a mother with tears in her eyes.

Three little children riding brightly painted horses that go round and round for 25 cents outside the discount store, pretending they're cowboys or circus stars.
And there sits a grandmother with tears in her eyes.

A little blond-haired boy picking out a Care Bear lunch box, excitedly telling his mom that soon he will get to ride the big yellow school bus with his friends.
And there sits a mother with tears in her eyes.

Its' so hard to observe these simple childhood acts after you loose a little one!

By Betty George, bereaved grandmother of Timothy, Montgomery, AL

THE PRICE

Within the next few weeks we will celebrate America's Birthday!! This birthday comes with the ultimate price of the sacrifice of life for the freedoms we enjoy in this country!

So remember to give thanks to our servicemen and their families and take a moment to remember those who are fighting for our freedom and for those who have given the *ultimate sacrifice!!*

"Whatever the heart has once owned it can never lose."