

# REMEMBERING OUR CHILDREN



## 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

## Remembering Our Children

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

October 15, 2009  
November 19, 2009

## Location

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

## Date and 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:

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

For information about the meetings  
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

October 7, 2009  
November 4, 2009

## 2009 OCTOBER/NOVEMBER

### AS FALL APPROACHES....

As I type this newsletter, there is a suggestion of fall in the air. If this is your first fall without your child, and you have been having a few “good” days, but you seem to be slipping, know that this is normal. If this is your first seasonal change, this unexpected mood swing may seem frightening. Change of seasons can be very difficult; even before the tragedy, our bodies reacted to seasonal changes. The psychiatrists call it “seasonal blue.” Add grief, and it compounds it.

If it is not your first, but you are still affected don’t be discouraged. That, too, is normal. It takes quite a few before they can be handled better. In addition to how our body is affected, each season has its own set of memories with which we have to deal. With fall, there is the beginning of school. No matter what the age of our child, our thoughts can turn to the start of school. If they were very young, we may think missing the fun of picking our clothes, lunch box, notebooks, etc. If they are still in school, a pattern is broken in mid-sentence. If they were older, and the school years were finished, the memory of those years are still there, and we are taken wistfully back to those days.

Fall also means the holidays are coming closer and it is easy to slip into anticipating them. Try your best not to. Take it one day at a time; don’t look ahead, particularly if you are in your first year. Today is what you should try to handle at this time. The tomorrows you will handle when they get here.

*By Mary Ehmann, TCF, Valley Forge, PA  
Another Year of Healing*

## A SEASON OF MANY FEELINGS

Fall is a season of many feelings  
Autumn is here once again  
as it comes every year.  
And with the leaves  
My falling tears.  
This time of the year is the hardest of all  
My heart is still breaking  
Once again it is fall  
Memories once so vivid  
are seeming to fade.  
My time spent with you  
seems some other age.  
This season reminds me  
of grief and pain.  
But yet teaches hope  
and of joy once again.  
For the trees are still living  
beneath their gray bark,  
And you, my sweet child  
are alive in my heart!

*By Cinda Schlake, TCF, Butler, PA  
October 1991*

### LESSONS LEARNED

They’ll come to the door in make-up  
and masks, “Trick or Treat”, they will  
say;

I’ll smile and give them candy, on this  
joyous, sorrowful day.

I’ll celebrate this day with joy in my  
heart and a tear in my eye;  
It is the day my Johnny was born  
and with joy and sorrow I’ll cry.

I’ll remember the first time I held  
him, my sweet baby boy;  
I’ll think about our four years  
together with all of the love and joy.

I’ll think about what was lost, the  
future that might have been;  
But then I’ll remember what we had  
and I’ll smile once again.

The sorrow I can't deny, the pain his  
death has brought;  
But on this day I choose to  
remember the lessons of love  
he taught.

*By Tom Wyatt  
A Journey Together Fall 2003*

## **JAMES' GIFTS**

After the miscarriage of our fourth child on July 27, 1991, I felt as if I were watching everything happen from a distance – as if I was not really a participant in what was taking place, just an observer in a series of events that weren't supposed to be happening. These feelings went on for the better part of that first year.

Things had been going along just fine during the eighteen weeks of my pregnancy, but on one of my regular doctor visits they discovered there was no longer any heartbeat. My husband had accompanied to the doctor on that particular day so he could hear the heartbeat, but that was not to be. An ultrasound confirmed that the baby was dead. As we left the doctor's office, both Charley and I were in a state of shock, disbelief and denial. We weren't ready for the news that had just been abruptly handed to us. We had both been excited about the baby, and since it was our fourth, I think we took it for granted that everything would go just fine. We looked forward to having one more beautiful child to add to our wonderful family.

There was nothing anyone could say that could mend by shattered heart. Even though everyone tried to be nice and to say the right things, nothing was going to fix this but loving support, hard work, and a lot of time.

I remember driving through the cemetery gates I had gone through so

many times before for loved ones, but this time I didn't feel sad as we drove down that winding, tree lined, quiet road. I felt numb from so much pain that I could barely take a deep breath. "No! We are not supposed to be here at the cemetery. Something is wrong with this picture. Something is terribly wrong! Can't someone fix it?"

Now, almost seven years later, I am able to look back at all of it more objectively. They say pain can be the catalyst for personal growth, and I have found that to be true for myself. I have grown more than I even dreamed possible. Certainly, I would have preferred to hold and snuggled by little James, but in our loss, I feel he is always present with us – our own little angel looking out for us. Through our pain, I feel we as a family have been given a tremendous amount of spiritual grace.

We had a small funeral for our baby after he was christened. At the cemetery, we all encircled the little blue casket, and the priest led us in prayer. When the service was over, Charley and I and our three children each had balloons to release. We had a balloon for each of us and one for James. When Father finished, we solemnly released all six balloons, our own first, and then James'. We started upward as each balloon rose in its ascent into the beautiful blue sky that day.

Our own balloons spiraled upward, gracefully and swiftly, but shortly after takeoff, James' balloon caught in a small lone tree that was near the grave site. What a coincidence that his balloon would be the one that got stuck. However, with the help of a fairly brisk breeze, it broke loose and again began its upward ascent.

On that day my outlook was grim, and my heart was broken. I had a deep

feeling of being lost, really lost, for the first time in my life. This was the beginning of a journey that was starting out with an incredible amount of pain and confusion. It would move on to visit anger, anxiety, and depression. Little did I know at that time that I would eventually be led to incredibly beautiful, rewarding places. For through my journey of grieving the loss of our little boy, I myself was reborn.

Through much work, prayer and support from family, friends, and other people, my journey has taken me to places I could not imagine in my life prior to this loss. This journey of suffering brought me to places I could not imagine in my life prior to this loss. This journey of suffering brought me on a quest for peace, understanding, wisdom and happiness, things I had known only artificially before. While I had had a seemingly happy, peaceful life, the death of James made me realize the fragility of my state of happiness. Much of my previous satisfaction was based on my ability to manipulate and control my surrounding and to suit my needs at the moment. There is an old saying that, "you must lose yourself before you can find yourself." Well, I was definitely lost, a very uncomfortable place to be for someone who had most things worked out quite well.

The journey to find myself has been most interesting. I have come to a place I could have only dreamed of before. A place of having great faith and trust in God. A place of feeling tremendous peace within, no matter what the external environment may bring. I have learned to be quiet, to have moments of solitude, to listen to my inner voice for direction. My journey has taught me that I have very little control over what happens to me in this life, but I have also

learned that I can control how I react to what happens to me. What an empowering discovery! In losing my little James, I gained so much.

Though I do not have him here physically to share each day, I feel he shares my life more intimately than he ever could have on this earth. I know he is one of God's little angels, shining down on our family constantly. I can feel his presence with us.

Time heals, but the depth of my healing and my interpersonal growth has depended greatly on my willingness to humbly and honestly look at myself and to slowly integrate the changes necessary to help me become a healthier and more fully alive person.

I was thirty-nine when I had my miscarriage, and though I was in no state to get pregnant again for awhile, we were hopeful that eventually we could conceive another child. This was not to be, and that left us with another loss.

I have come to realize that each day is a gift, and within each day there are many miracles. I have always found great joy in our three children, but I have learned not to take my time for granted.

When I look back, I realize even more what a miracle it was that each of them arrived safely in our arms at their births.

Life really is a miracle not to be taken for granted. We are given no guarantees in this life; we are only given one day at a time. This is my life; these are the gifts I have been given, so I continue on my journey trying to live each day fully, but with a gentle simplicity. I am so blessed. In my role as a nurse, my journey through grief has brought me to working with cancer patients. This was not something I had planned, it just happened, and I have found it tremendously gratifying work.

Thank you, James, for all you have helped me to become and in helping me to realize so many wonderful truths in this life and in the next.

*By James S. Meyer  
Bereavement Magazine Nov/Dec 1999  
5125 North Union Boulevard  
Colorado Springs, CO 80918*

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

### **OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS**

EMILY HERTING	10-08-1985
LUCAS SAATHOFF	10-26-1993
KENDRA SEMMLER	10-03-1984

### **OCTOBER ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES**

KELLY DELP	10-06-2007
LAURA SCHMIDT	10-18-2003

### **NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS**

### **NOVEMBER ANNUAL REMEMBRANCES**

BRIAN 'BJ' BRINKER	11-17-2002
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**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 @ 402-673-5395 or [trish\\_schuster@yahoo.com](mailto:trish_schuster@yahoo.com)**

### **TELL HIM FOR ME**

As I sit in his little bedroom  
It still looks the same,  
Why, there's even little Pooh  
The deafening silence is so painful to bear  
My aching heart for him longing to be near.  
Just one more time, his face, I wish I could see  
To tell him how much his life has meant to me.  
Through eyes of faith, right now, is all that I can see  
So for now, Lord, please tell him for me..

*Words by John Wessells  
Bereaved Parents Share, August/Sept 1997*

### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

***WORLD WIDE CANDLE LIGHTING***  
**Bryan College of Health Sciences**  
**Sunday, December**  
**6:45 PM**

### ***ON THIS THANKSGIVING DAY***

*Let us remember those  
Who are not with us today.  
Echoes of their voices  
Filter down to us to say  
Be thankful for the blessings  
God brings to us each day.  
Our voices once blended with yours  
Around the holiday table.  
Cheer and laughter did much abound,  
Expressing thanks as we are able.  
Those of us who today remain  
As our Thanksgiving table dwindles,  
Let us give heartfelt thanks to Him above  
And a greater love be kindled.*

*By C. Ed Blackman  
Bereaved Parents Share, Nov. 1997*