

# Remembering Our Children

Bi-Monthly Newsletter

January/February 2014



## Location

Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital  
5400 South Street, Lincoln, Nebraska  
*(Meeting held in the Lancaster room)*

## Date and Time

Meetings are held on the third Thursday each month.  
7:00 pm to 8:30 pm

*There is NO fee to attend!*

## Supported by:

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

## Remembering Our Children

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

## FUTURE MEETING SCHEDULE

January 16/2014  
February 20/2014  
March 20/2014  
April 17/2014

*For more information about  
future meetings  
Please call 402-477-0847*



## Location

Bryan East Medical Plaza  
1500 South 48th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska

## Date and Time

Meetings held on the first Wednesday each month.  
7:30 pm to 8:30 pm

*There is NO fee to attend!*

## Supported by:

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

## H.O.P.E

is a support group for bereaved parents who have experienced the loss of a baby due to miscarriage, stillbirth, or newborn death. Promoting healthy grieving and healing.

## FUTURE MEETING SCHEDULE

January--NO MEETING  
February 5/2014  
March 5/2014  
April 2/2014

*For more information about  
future meetings  
Please call 402-477-0847*

## ROC Contact Information

Remembering our Children, Inc.  
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## News and Events

No upcoming events!



### *Carrying Memories Into the New Year* by: Alice J. Wisler

With the church bells' ringing  
the new year enters,  
echoing the days of yesteryear.  
Memories of happiness,  
the smiles of our children,  
the sunlight within each face.  
Who will remember these dear ones  
far from our yearning arms?  
Who remembers all they were,  
the way she danced, the hat he wore?  
With the old year gone, will they  
no longer be known?  
We will remember them, each one.  
We will hold them in our hearts  
as we carry memories  
into this new year.  
We will allow the memories  
to make us laugh, to make us sing.  
Their lives will fill the air  
as the church bells ring.

*Keep the smile, leave the tears.  
Think of Joy and forget your fears.  
Wishing you a very*



# WE REMEMBER YOU

## Annual Birthday's and Rememberances

### January Birthdays

<i>Baby Johnson</i>	01/01/2012
<i>Karen Emily Mraz</i>	01/03/1972
<i>Alexa Kinnison</i>	01/04/2003
<i>Christopher Cicotello</i>	01/14/1976
<i>Calleigh Joy Belew</i>	01/18/2011
<i>Ryan Lamberty</i>	01/26/1972
<i>Jailani Lashay Peterson</i>	01/27/2010
<i>Vera LaVern Long</i>	01/29/2009

### January Memorials

<i>Baby Johnson</i>	01/01/2012
<i>Izak Kane Gressley</i>	01/01/2013
<i>Alexa Kinnison</i>	01/04/2003
<i>Lucas John Saathoff</i>	01/04/2007
<i>Hope Harper Palik</i>	01/07/2011
<i>Chase Gabriel Strader</i>	01/18/2010
<i>Calleigh Joy Belew</i>	01/18/2011
<i>Elise LaRue Byler</i>	01/20/1998
<i>Karen Emily Mraz</i>	01/21/2012
<i>Jailani Lashay Peterson</i>	01/27/2010
<i>Vera LaVern Long</i>	01/29/2009
<i>Greggory Bayless</i>	01/31/2006

### February Birthdays

<i>Phoebe Frerichs</i>	02/01/2007
<i>Reagin Lee Rixstine</i>	02/04/2010
<i>Jordan Riley Boon</i>	02/05/2011
<i>Reagan Aliviah Turner</i>	02/08/2011
<i>Gage Lee Hale</i>	02/09/2009
<i>Jeffery S. Hale</i>	02/12/1966
<i>Cody Muir</i>	02/18/1994
<i>Adam James Hansen</i>	02/22/1987

### February Memorials

<i>Phoebe Frerichs</i>	02/01/2007
<i>Reagin Lee Rixstine</i>	02/04/2010
<i>Jordan Riley Boon</i>	02/05/2011
<i>Gage Lee Hale</i>	02/09/2009

• Please know that if there are any errors in  
• names or dates in the upcoming newsletters  
• then please email me at [r4j2c@yahoo.com](mailto:r4j2c@yahoo.com) or  
• send me a snail mail at 4647 Meredeth St.,  
• Lincoln, Ne, 68506...and I will correct it in  
• the new database. Once again please accept  
• my appology.

### We Do Not Need A Special Day by: Connie Dyer, Springfield, IL

We do not need a special day  
To bring you to our minds.  
The days we do not think of you  
Are very hard to find.  
Each morning when we awake,  
We know that you are gone.  
And no one knows the heartache  
As we try to carry on.  
Our hearts still ache with sadness  
And secret tears still flow.  
What it meant to lose you  
No one will ever know.  
Our thoughts are always with you,  
Your place no one can fill.  
In life we loved you dearly;  
In death we love you still.  
There will always be a heartache,  
And often a silent tear.  
But always a precious memory  
Of the days when you were here.  
If tears could make a staircase,  
And heartaches make a lane,  
We'd walk the path to heaven  
And bring you home again.  
We hold you close within our hearts;  
And there you will remain,  
To walk with us throughout our lives  
Until we meet again.  
Our family chain is broken now,  
And nothing seems the same,  
But as GOD calls us one by one,  
The chain will link again.



## Presidents Grieve Too

*In 1813 John Adams learned of the death of his granddaughter Louisa Catherine Adams, who had been born while her father John Quincy Adams was in Russia one year earlier. He wrote this letter to help console his son during his grief:*

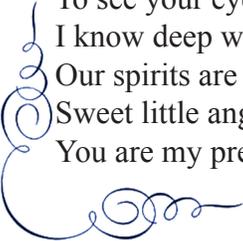
While you and I believe that the whole system is under the constant and vigilant direction of wisdom infinitely more discerning than ours and a benevolence of whole and to us in particular greater even than our own self love, we have the highest consolation that reason can suggest or imagination conceive. The same general laws that times afflict us are in your neighborhood bereaving millions of fathers, brothers, and sons and million more of their food and shelter. In our own country of how many deprivation do we read and how many savage cruelties? What ground have we to expect or hope to be excepted from general lot...Sorrow can make no alternative, afford no relief to the departed, to survivors or to ourselves.



### Little Valentine

by: Jane Oja

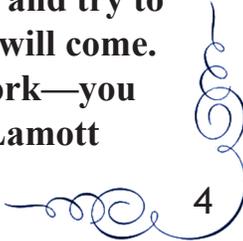
Sweet little angel of mine  
You are my precious Valentine  
In Heaven, you now reside  
Save my place at your side  
For at all of Eternity we shall gaze  
I'll count the blessing of my life  
At your side I'll feel no strife  
I cherish you, oh child of mine  
For I love my little Valentine  
I won't be sad, I've memories sweet  
So full and rich death can't defeat  
I look forward with much delight  
To see your eyes shining bright  
I know deep within my heart  
Our spirits are never apart  
Sweet little angel of mine  
You are my precious Valentine

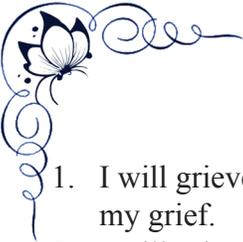


## Siblings Corner

I was shocked and stunned when I received the news that my brother Scott had died in a car accident. I thought my brother was going to be in my life forever. We grew up together, experienced a shared history, and knew things about each other that no one else will ever know. I always assumed we'd raise kids together, grow old together, and share many more holidays together. So how did I not only survive the holidays but eventually learn how to enjoy them again without my brother? It was a rocky, painful journey, with pain that hit like waves, sometimes when I least expected it. The holidays brought back so many memories; every song, smell, and tradition was bittersweet. Initially, joy made me feel guilty. I worried that if I let go of the pain, I would be letting go of my brother's memory. It felt disloyal to experience positive feelings when I missed my brother so much. Well-meaning friends told me that my brother would want me to have a happy holiday, and while I knew this on an intellectual level, my heart wasn't ready to accept it yet. There were some relatives who tried to recreate a typical Christmas, with family traditions, as if my brother had never died. Not acknowledging my brother was the worst thing anyone could do. The pretense was that everything needed to return back to normal. However, things in my life were forever changed and I needed to figure out how to create a new holiday "normal." For me, this meant finding a way to honor the memory of my brother while at the same time investing in my new life. Here are some of the things that have helped me during the holidays. I hope they will help you as well. However, everybody who is grieving must decide what works best.

**“Hope begins in the dark, the stubborn hope that if you just show up and try to do the right thing, the dawn will come. You wait and watch and work—you don't give up.” —Anne Lamott**





## ***Resolutions For A Bereaved Parent***

**by: Nancy Mower, TCF Hawaii**

1. I will grieve as much and for as long as I feel like grieving, and I will not let others put a timetable on my grief.
  2. I will grieve in whatever way I feel like grieving, and I will ignore those who try to tell me what I should or should not be feeling and how I should or should not be behaving.
  3. I will cry whenever and wherever I feel like crying, and I will not hold back my tears just because someone else feels I should be “brave” or “getting better” or “healing by now”.
  4. I will talk about my child as often as I want to, and I will not let others turn me off just because they can’t deal with their own feelings.
  5. I will not expect family and friends to know how I feel, understanding that one who has not lost a child cannot possibly know how it feels.
  6. I will not blame myself for my child’s death, and I will constantly remind myself that I did the best job of parenting I could possibly have done.
  7. I will commune with my child at least once a day in whatever way feels comfortable and natural to me, and I won’t feel compelled to explain this communication to others or to justify or even discuss it with them.
  8. I will try to eat, sleep and exercise every day in order to give my body strength it will need to help me cope with my grief.
  9. I will know that I am not losing my mind and I will remind myself that loss of memory, feelings of disorientation, lack of energy and a sense of vulnerability are all normal parts of the grief process.
  10. I know that I will heal, even though it will take a long time and I will let myself heal and not feel guilty about feeling better.
  11. I will remind myself that the grief process is circuitous—that is, I will not make steady upward progress. And when I find myself slipping back into the old moods of despair and depression, I will tell myself that “slipping backward” is also a normal part of the grief process and these moods, too, will pass.
  12. I will try to be happy about something for some part of every day, knowing that at first, I may have to force myself to think cheerful thoughts so eventually they can become a habit. I will reach out at times and try to help someone else, knowing that helping others will help me to get over my depression.
- 



### ***A Valentine Message***

**by: Annette Baldwin**

**I send this message to my child who no longer walks this plane,  
A message filled with love yet also filled with pain.  
My heart continues to skip a beat when I ponder your early death  
As I think of times we’ll never share I must stop to catch my breath.  
Valentine’s Day is for those who love and for those who receive love, too  
For a parent the perfect love in life is the love I’ve given you.  
I’m thinking of you this day, my child, with a sadness that is unspoken  
As I mark another Valentine’s Day with a heart that is forever broken.**



## ***When Someone Takes His Own Life***

Excerpt from THE HEALING OF SORROW

By: Norman Vincent Peale

In many ways, this seems the most tragic form of death. Certainly it can entail more shock and grief for those who are left behind than any other. And often the stigma of suicide is what rests most heavily on those left behind.

Suicide is often judged to be essentially a selfish act. Perhaps it is. But the Bible warns us not to judge, if we ourselves hope to escape judgment. And I believe this is one area where that Biblical command especially should be heeded.

I think our reaction should be one of love and pity, not of condemnation. Perhaps the person was not thinking clearly in his final moments; perhaps he was so driven by emotional whirlwinds that he was incapable of thinking at all. This is terribly sad. But surely it is understandable. All of us have moments when we lost control of ourselves, flashes of temper, or irritation, of selfishness that we later regret. Each one of us, probably, has a final breaking point--or would have if our faith did not sustain us. Life puts more pressure on some of us than it does on others. Some people have more stamina than others. When I see in the paper, as I do all too often, that dark despair has rolled over some lonely soul, so much so that for him life seemed unendurable, my reaction is not one of condemnation. It is, rather, "There but for the grace of God..."

And my heart goes out to those who are left behind, because I know that they suffer terribly. Children in particular are left under a cloud of "differentness" all the more terrifying because it can never be fully explained or lifted. The immediate family of the victim is left wide open to tidal waves of guilt "What did I fail to do that I should have done? What did I do that was wrong?"

To such grieving persons I can only say, "Lift up your heads and hearts. Surely you did your best. And surely the loved one who is gone did his best, for as long as he could. Remember, now, that his battles and torments are over. Do not judge him, and do not presume to fathom the mind of God where this one of His children is concerned."

A few days ago, when a young man died by his own hand, a service for him was conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Warren Stevens. What he said that day expresses, far more eloquently than I can, the message that I'm trying to convey. Here are some of his words:

"Our friend died on his own battlefield. He was killed in action fighting a civil war. He fought against adversaries that were as real to him as his casket is real to us. They were powerful adversaries. They took toll of his energies and endurance. They exhausted the last vestiges of his courage and strength. At last these adversaries overwhelmed him. And it appeared that he lost the war. But did he? I see a host of victories that he has won!

For one thing -- he has won our admiration -- because even if he lost the war, we give him credit for his bravery on the battlefield. And we give him credit for the courage and pride and hope that he used as his weapons as long as he could. We shall remember not his death, but his daily victories gained through his kindnesses and thoughtfulness, through his love for family and friends, for animals and books and music, for all things beautiful, lovely and honorable. We shall remember the many days that he was victorious over overwhelming odds. We shall remember not the years we thought he had left, but the intensity with which he lived the years he had!

***Only God knows what this child of His suffered in the silent skirmishes that took place in his soul. But our consolation is that God does know and understands!"***