

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 82

M.I.D.D.L.E.

April-May 2003

Hayley Bridwell (8-26-80), daughter of Keith and Beverly Owen died in an auto accident 8-28-00. Keith and Beverly attended JIM's Picnic in 2002 these were their comments:

Thanks for a wonderful J.I.M.'s Picnic!

The conference sessions were great! I'll share with you an article I submitted to the Archdiocese of Louisville Catholic newspaper, The Record. The topic was "God in Nature". These reflections are simply like so many of our "stories" -- the "blessings" we receive that offer us so much comfort, strength and inspiration to continue our lives with much gratitude and grace despite our sufferings -- each of us carrying the Cross with our Lord. I've had so many other spiritual and private revelations -- I knew very early on that God had never abandoned me!

I'll also take this opportunity (which is highly unusual for me) to share with you just one personal/religious aspect very dear to me -- Mary, the Mother of Jesus. What a comfort she has been to me in many 'intercessory prayers' to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Mary shares most deeply our role as a bereaved mother! Most non-Catholics have a grave misunderstanding about the "honor" Catholics give Mary, not to be seen as "worship", which is only to be given to the Triune God. The Catholic Church is hurting deeply right now, but our faith remains. I ask anyone who can find it in their heart to offer a little prayer -- for all faiths -- to do so, especially in times of crisis.

Hayley's symbol is a sunflower.

Courtney Burrell (5-20-95), daughter of Yvette Norton, was killed in an auto accident 9-16-01.

My daughter is Courtney Elizabeth Burrell. She was killed in an automobile accident on September 16, 2001. It feels as if my life has just been spinning. It is the worst hurt ever. I know she is in a better place. Yet it still feels really bad. I will have to send you a picture of Courtney as you requested in the first letter you mailed me. I am still trying to figure out what I can do to help someone. Maybe something simple. Monday, May 20, was her birthday, she would have been 7. I went to her class and read her favorite book, and had the kids tell me something funny that they remember about her.

John Joshua "Jack" (10-18-79), son of Jackie Poland, completed suicide 4-12-00.

Jackie contacted me in January, she laments;

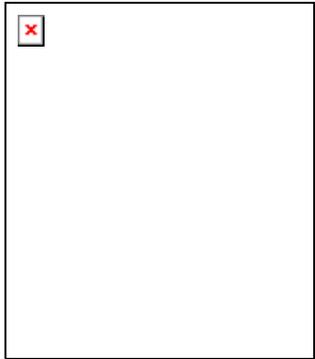
My son was born the third of four children (John Joshua Poland....lovingly called "Jack" on October 18, 1979) He was born in Norfolk, VA (at the time he had an older sister, Angel aged 5; a big brother, Michael aged 15 months, and when he was four came his youngest sister, Mary. I always called Jack my "low maintenance kid." He was all goodness, love and laughter. Always willing to give of himself without question. He loved to draw, loved the young ladies, was quiet...but had a smile that would light up the room and everyone in it. He was diagnosed with having schizophrenia at the age of 18. The medication caused terrible side effects and he would take it off and on. We are a very tight knit family (along with his grandma and grandpa)...everyone thought he was doing "ok"...but on the night of April 11, 2000, I was in his room at 12:30 a.m. to say goodnight...he was going to have lunch with me the next day at my work (his dad had heart problems and couldn't work...so stayed at home). The last words I said to him were "Love you, little boy" (just a phrase I said to my boys every night) and I left his room. The next thing I remember was my husband waking me at 3:30.... just a few short hours later. He took me into Jack's room. My beautiful, brown eyed, loving son had taken a gun to end his life. Every hour of every day I feel such guilt about the loss of my son. I didn't know he had a gun.... I didn't know he thought about ending his life...I didn't know or would never guess that he wouldn't talk to me about those sorts of feelings.

You asked about words that reminded me.... well, each of my children bring me something special to make me "whole".... My oldest daughter keeps me on my toes and makes me think.... my "rational" side; my son, Michael, is my "conscience and soul searching child"; my youngest daughter, Mary, is my "energy"...but Jack is my love and my laughter...and for some reason, that seemed like the most important part of my life.....the hole will never be filled. He was "just Jack"---only giving never asking for anything in return and I feel that my spirit is with him and only my shell lives on this earth. I pray that your packet will be of some sort of help.

"LIFE & LAUGHTER" is Jack's symbol.

Pictured below is:

Kenneth Moritsugo, MD, Surgeon General of the US, presenting the "VOLUNTEER BEYOND EXCELLENCE AWARD" from the New York Organ Donor Network to fellow traveler, Claudia Grammatico, mom of organ donor, Paul Grammatico.



Paul's symbol is a butterfly.

Michael Shultz (8-5-98), son of John and Beth died as a result of osteogenesis and stomatocytosis 4-3-99.
The following poem came from his website: <http://www.miraclemichael.org/>

What do you say about a baby whose
world revolved around managing pain?
If you were his parents how do you
guard from going insane?

Why were they chosen to bear this cross?
The heartfelt loss of an extension of oneself.

With parent's unyielding devotion,
how do you keep from touching, or holding
the child you love?
I question this to the father above.

Who sometimes in my anger, I curse at him
and hold him accountable.
"Life isn't fair!
This child should be laughing."

You could tell in Michael's eyes he
was an old soul.
Unable to speak,
He had wisdom untold.

Although he delicate, Michael taught us

about strength and hope.
To hold on to life and live it.
Our existence is short,
no matter how much time we have.

Struggling day by day until he knew,
he would find comfort in a world
bigger than our own.

Rest little one.
You don't have to fight.
I will see you smiling brightly
in the stars at night.

by Angel Staub

Michael's symbols are an angel, cherub and a halo.

[Paul Hickey \(1-1-73 \), son of Al and Sandy was killed in an auto accident 11-21-99.](#)

The following article was posted on Monday, Nov. 18, 2002

Amidst death, there is life
ORGAN TRANSPLANTS TELL UPLIFTING STORIES
By Laura Yuen
HERALD-LEADER STAFF WRITER

Sandy Hickey quietly began to negotiate with God as her husband sped them to a North Carolina hospital. She had already scribbled down the words doctors had used to describe their son who was injured in a car accident: severe head trauma, punctured lung, and coma, very serious.

Paul Hickey's mother prayed all the promises: Lord, I'll do whatever it takes, I'll quit my job, and I'll take care of him. Just please don't take him away.

On that same day, an ailing 60-year-old minister in Randleman, N.C., was pacing in his backyard. Larry McEntire felt a calling that soon he'd be getting the heart he needed so badly -- but at the expense of another family's grief. He prayed for that family.

That was nearly three years ago, a week before Thanksgiving.

What happened next is the perhaps the most comforting ending to a story in which someone must die.

Sadder, quieter endings -- about 16 nationwide -- unfold every day, as patients die waiting to hear their pagers

beep, signaling a possible match.

Larry McEntire heard his. Paul Hickey died but his heart now beats in McEntire's chest.

Over this past weekend faith communities around the country encouraged their followers to speak frankly about death, and to seriously ponder organ and tissue donation. The annual National Donor Sabbath Weekend was promoted by Kentucky Organ Donor Affiliates, the agency here that arranges organ donations.

Many people choose not to donate their organs because of "religious misunderstandings," but various religions actually endorse parting with the corporeal in death, said Charlotte Wong, an educator with the Kentucky organ donor agency.

"We know that to be absent with the body is to be present with the Lord," Sandy Hickey of Georgetown said. "We knew Paul was in heaven."

Paul's heart was given to McEntire, his liver to a 61-year-old woman in North Carolina, his pancreas to a 38-year-old single father in Tennessee, one kidney to a father in Tennessee, and the other to a woman in California. That's five families who can celebrate Thanksgiving this year, Sandy Hickey said.

Paul Hickey, who sold calendars to small-town sheriff's departments, was on a business trip in Virginia when he was killed at age 26. Two things made it possible for his death to save other lives. He had registered to become an organ donor, and he spoke to his sister about that decision.

His mother has already followed his example. When her church began praying that a kidney would be found for Bill Gosney, a church member she had never met, she told her husband she thought she should be the one to donate one of hers.

Gosney of Frankfort, was diagnosed with polycystic kidney disease and was being treated with home dialysis. Doctors advised it was too risky for his wife to donate because she had high blood pressure. Their four children had a 50 percent chance of inheriting the disease, so they, too, were ruled out.

Turns out, Sandy Hickey's left kidney was a "sister match" for Gosney.

Yesterday Sandy and Al Hickey sang and prayed in their Franklin County church beside Bill and Sandy Gosney. The kidney recipient, 54, said he's often contemplated how he can repay Hickey.

"But the reality is, there's no comparison to that generosity," he said. "There's no way, other than to make a friendship, and that's what we've done."

The Hickeys now also consider McEntire, the heart recipient, a good friend who can't explain why he suddenly has a penchant for salsa. (Paul Hickey craved spicy foods.)

Three years ago, when Sandy Hickey heard her son's heart was going to a 60-year-old, she privately wondered, "Why couldn't Paul's heart go to a younger man?"

But when she met McEntire two years ago, she started to weep.

As she hugged him, "I felt his heart beat.

"Once I met him, I knew he was destined to have Paul's heart."

Paul's symbol is a white butterfly.

Michelle Place (11-2-68), daughter of Bob and Mary completed suicide 1-28-96. They shared the following in their Holiday Season letter 2002:

The calendar tells us that it has been three years since we wrote our last Christmas letter. Our hearts tell us that you are actively present in our lives whether or not we have had contacts with you.

As this holiday season approaches, we are reminded of workbook lesson 293 in "A Course in Miracles," A fear is the past and only love is here. As the world today presents us with myriads of opportunities to be consumed by fear, we hold the image of the Christ within and among us and recall that holy night 2002 years ago when light overcame darkness forever.

Wonderful memories and gratitude keep us from being consumed by that which we have no control. I (Mary) continue to find power in "sitting quiet" and I try to do that for an hour regularly. My days are full with work at Ohio State University Neuropsychiatric hospital where, as a psychiatric social worker, I have the opportunity to try to help inpatients and families deal with the impact of mental illness in their lives. Being in a clinical teaching setting is energizing and I try to stop off at the athletic club on the way home or walk with Bob on most days to let go of the day's tension before I enter my many evening activities. We both continue to facilitate the meetings of the Central Ohio Compassionate Friends. We are involved with our couple's bridge group, Survivors of Suicide, a "Course in Miracles" study group, a church meditation group, labyrinth walks and our church's bell choir (a memorial to Michelle). I also enjoy my women's bridge group and a book group, both meeting monthly. Bob adds choir, numerous church projects, an Otterbein spirituality group, and presidency of the housing association where we live. Otterbein College continues to enjoy high rankings for colleges of its kind, and Bob is especially enjoying the vitality the younger faculty members are bringing to the institution. He is taking a sabbatical leave this coming spring to study science and spirituality.

Our daughter, Lisa, is a joy. Her many activities and experiences have broadened our perspectives greatly, and we are grateful she keeps us involved in her life. For the past year and a half, she has been honing her skills as a healer at Life University's Chiropractic school in Marietta, GA. Frustratingly, the school's accreditation application has just been unexpectedly denied and packing up to go elsewhere is complicated by her home ownership and her rich circle of close friends in Atlanta. She asked Mary recently to pray for clarity and patience for her. This seems to be a wise prayer request for all of us, given our world unrest and uncertainties.

Michelle is still so much a part of us that at times it is hard to believe that she is no longer in her body form. Remembering her commitment to being totally present in this world while she was living with the hidden handicap of depression challenges us to live our lives to the fullest.

Michelle's symbol is a red rose.

If you are a bereaved parent and would like more information about Lamentations email:

[Lamentations info](#)
