

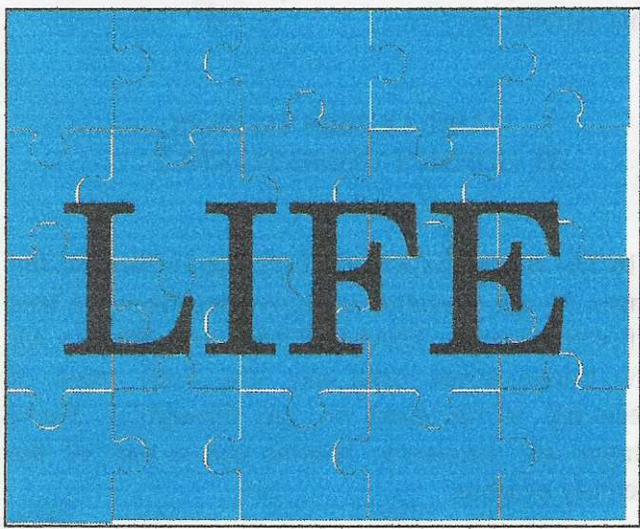
LAMENTATIONS

Issue 1

G.R.I.E.F

October 1992

To *lament* means to express sorrow or mourning for, often demonstratively; a crying out in grief; expressing grief Thus I have decided to name this newsletter **LAMENTATIONS**, for this is truly an expression of grief---grief we all have to bear each day. But there are ways that we may work through our grief.

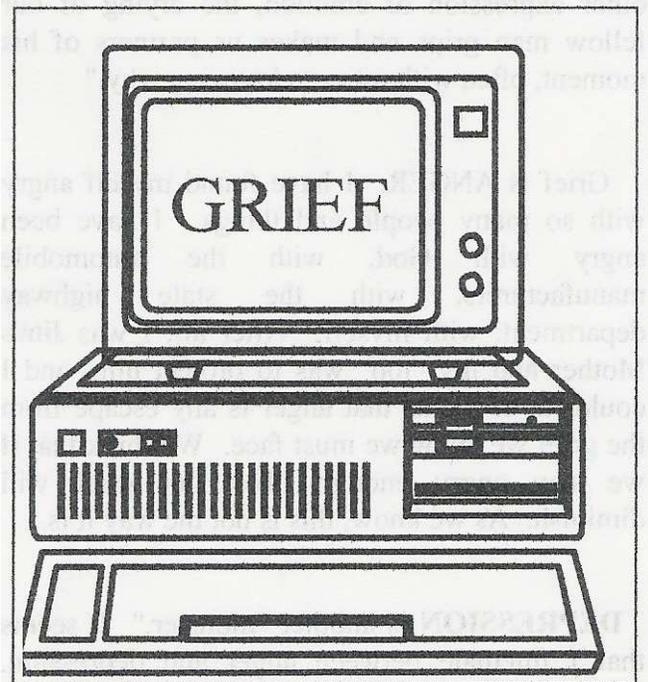


Our grief is like a puzzle. There are so many "pieces" which are different sizes, shapes and colors, and we have to take them and try to assemble them into a "whole picture." Some days we may be able to "fit" two pieces together, the next day we may have a piece removed. We may receive help with a few of the pieces, but we must complete this puzzle alone. No one can "work" it (grieve) for us, we must continue to "work" at assembling this puzzle, for the finished product will be our new life; a life without our child, but a life where we will be able to "remember" without our "lamentations."

There are many verses of scripture about weeping and tears. David wrote: "*Record my lament; list my tears on your scroll--are they not*

in your record?'" (Ps. 56:8, NIV). It seems to be an outcry for God to **observe, preserve, and reserve** them, and maybe even heal them. We have a right to grieve and Ida Fisher said it so well: "Grief is not a sign of weakness, but a tribute to the loved one and a healthy response to our heartache. Avoiding grief postpones recovery. Clinging to grief prolongs pain. Neither approach helps us heal"

I am enjoying a new computer with many new programs; and in learning to use the many functions, I have found myself relating it to my life. How I wish I could PASTE and COPY the wonderful moments, and what I wouldn't give to DELETE the terrible moments. And, if all else fails, I could ESC (escape). Another analogy; if I didn't like the program I am using now (My life), I could use another program and DRAW in the perfect life. When I become frustrated with



being unable to complete the necessary functions in order to complete a task- I CTRL (control), ALT (alternate), Delete, and the "mess" is gone and I have the opportunity to begin again. There is also a term GIGO- Garbage in- Garbage out. If you fill your mind with "garbage" your output will also be garbage. If all else fails, I play a computer game - a great way to escape! Do you feel like your life is a computer?

We all grieve differently, but there are several stages we must all "work" through. The first stage is **SHOCK**. Shock is like an anesthetic, it deadens our senses. But when shock wears off our **PAIN** begins. Our pain is so intense that we truly believe it will tear us in two. It affects us in so many different ways: emotionally, physically, and spiritually. I read a wonderful statement:

**GRIEF CANNOT BE DRY CLEANED AWAY;
IT MUST BE WASHED IN TEARS.**

How long a person's pain lasts is different in each of us. There is no time limit. It has helped me to talk with others who are not troubled by my tears, and who can share their memories of Young Jim with me, and if we both cry- that's okay. Helmuth Pleaser said, "More forcefully than any other expression or emotion, the crying of our fellow man grips and makes us partners of his moment, often without even knowing why."

Grief is **ANGER**. I have found myself angry with so many people and things. I have been angry with God, with the automobile manufacturers, with the state highway department, with myself. After all, I was Jim's Mother and my "job" was to protect him, and I couldn't. It seems that anger is any escape from the grief we know we must face. We think that if we stay angry enough, then our grief will diminish. As we know, this is not the way it is.

DEPRESSION is another "monster." It seems that I fluctuate between anger and depression.

They must be parallel. I have found that when I am the lowest, I "look down" and realize that the only way is up- and that boosts my spirit. Also during those times I enjoy writing. As you know, I began keeping a journal six weeks after Young Jim was killed. That was July 1, 1991. I am now writing in my eighth journal. It not only is a record of the highlights of my day, but includes the many thoughts I have of Jim that day, the many memories that were triggered and is a way that I may "share" my day with him. It also includes a prayer.

UNDERSTANDING and **ACCEPTANCE** are the last stages. How we all yearn for that. I love this statement:

**GRIEF COMES TO PASS;
IT DOESN'T COME TO STAY**

In *The Widow's Guide to Life*, Ida Fisher says the three T's are essential to recovering from the loss of a loved one: **TEARS**, **TALK** and **TIME**. All the books about grief say that each stage of recovery is necessary to "go through". These stages are necessary, natural and a part of the healing process.

Dr. Laurence Peter and Bill Dana wrote a book entitled: *The Laughter Prescription*. In it they say that laughter helps control pain in four ways: (1) by distracting attention, (2) by reducing tension, (3) by changing expectations and (4) by increasing the production of endorphins, the body's natural pain killers. Barbara Johnson said, "Laughter is like a shock absorber that eases the blows of life."

So - try to find something
funny today - and
LAUGH!!!

