
LAMENTATIONS

Issue 102

middle

June, 2006

I asked you fathers to write your thoughts on Father's Day and I didn't hear from anyone except my dear husband, Jim. He writes:

My wife asked me how I now feel about the passing of our precious son. Of course, our grief will always be present. We will always miss him, yet when I think of our son's valiant struggle with allergies and headaches, I'm comforted to know he no longer has to experience those difficulties.

When I think of all the scholarship assistance (we have given 52 scholarships as of May) as well as major gifts to buildings (at the college) that have been given in Young Jim's name, I know Jim didn't live in vain. He enriched the lives of others immeasurably.

In God's plan, each person has been given marching orders, a specific assignment on earth which no one else can fulfill. It is a God-given assignment assigned to no one else.

With all the good which has come about as a result of our son's life, the world is a much better place in which to live.

His contribution continues to be multiplied and magnified many times over in many ways, yet we still miss him, and always will.

But, we will remember him always as a healthy, vibrant 18-year-old. This, in itself, is somewhat of a consolation as our hair turns grey, our eyes dim and our hearing becomes less acute.

Only God knows "Why?" Yet, I believe in heaven we will understand in the great by-and-by.

On this Father's Day, I reflect on our son's smiling face and sense of humor which brightened our days. For some reason I'm thinking of the day our neighbor (also our nephew) brought home a puppy. Of course, our son had to have a puppy of his own. So off we went to deliver the pup to our son.

Shortly after the puppy's arrival, I saw our son, perhaps 6 years old at the time out with his puppy and his cousin who was \about 5 years old at the time.

Soon, our son came into the house to say to me that his cousin had named his dog "Colonel" but our son had named his puppy "Sergeant." Out son said to me, "Dad, a Sergeant out ranks a Colonel doesn't he?" I said, "son, I'm sorry to say, no a Colonel out ranks a Sergeant

Grief Grafts

These mothers share their Mothers' Day:

Gary & Angela Wilkins' son, Kyle (3-1-78), died from an unknown viral infection, 1-7-96.

God Bless each of us on this Mother's Day. My mother's day gift from husband Gary and son Sean is a real **Lemon Tree plant** from CA. Since life does give **lemons**, I'm growing my own!

Kyle's symbols are musical notes around him.

Howard & Sandy Graham's son, Scott (10-24-77), took his own life, 4-28-95.

Sandy wrote the following note:

Dear Dinah,

I think of you every year when I turn the calendar to May. I know it is a difficult month.

I worked in my flower garden on Mother's day and thought of you and was hoping you could have a peaceful day. We all have heavy hearts on that day.

We have a new grandson. He is a handsome fella. We were touched that he has two middle names, one of which is Scott. Kip Eli Scott Graham. Our granddaughter (almost 4 then) said "My brother has 2 middle names, one of them, 'Scott' because he was so special."

My grandmother died in March. We were very close and was able to spend her last few days and hours with her. I miss her, but the deep pain isn't there like it is with Scott's death.

Peace and Love to you,

Sandy

(Again, thanks for not forgetting Scott, that means so much)

Scott's symbols are a dolphin and an F 16.

**Marge Semons' son, Robert III (2-9-67), was murdered,
7-29-00.**

Dinah,

Oh thank you for your Newsletter--this is such a hard month for me -- Mothers' Day and my Birthday May 18--the last time I saw my son Robert he came home for my birthday and Mothers' Day--and in July he was killed--so it all comes back --the pain I try and keep busy but I do let the pain come and sometimes I scream like in the beginning when he first died--I walk around the yard and look at the vines I planted that first year and I call them my screaming vines--it helped me to plant them and scream--just to get out some of that pain. They have grown into the heavens and it will take your breath away they are so beautiful--nothing like this one I have seen before so it is a sign from God that Robert has sent me flowers --instead of bringing them in person he sent them to me thru the vines and rose bushes I have planted.

I will remember your family in my prayers I am sorry to hear about your brother in law--I try and reach out to others and in this I find the pain is a little less--Oh Dinah I know God never makes mistakes in my life and you have been such a big help in helping the pain ---God is so wise--the Roses I have planted for Robert the bushes are hugh and the smell of them it is like he is saying Happy Mothers' Day and Happy Birthday Mother to me when I go out on my Patio. God is good but I must look for the signs that he

sends me and remember Robert is only away but he is really still here with me in so many things I feel and see.

Love, Marge

Robert's symbol is a butterfly.

Bob & Maureen Digan's son, Bobby (3-23-73), died from complications, 5-23-91.

Dear Dinah

I forgot to tell you how we will spend Mother's Day. First by going to Mass, where Father will give a blessing to all Mother-- he remembers "us" Mothers who have lost children. Then we all receive a flower. Bob and I will bring my flower the cemetery and leave it with Bobby. Then we come home and have a very nice day alone and dinner at home....I don't like going out to dinner that day.

Bob and Maureen

I asked Maureen how Bobby had passed:

Bobby was a special needs child and also had seizures. He was doing fairly well until his scoliosis went to 75 % and he needed surgery. He was able to walk some and used a wheelchair some, he could eat everything, control his bladder and bowel before surgery. After his 9-10 hour spine surgery he could not move from above his waist down...his intestine stopped working so he could not eat or drink....he could not even have a drop of water....he had a J and G tubes in his stomach and was feed through a Central line into his heart....he lived like this for 1 year and 8 months...then his little body just shut down. His bedroom at home looked like an ICU room. But he was always happy and smiling and a joy to be with. Kids loved to come and play computer games with him. Like I said, not even a drop of water went through his lips for 1 year and 8 months. I don't know how you want to write this upyou may just want to say complication due to his illness....I don't know...as you can tell by the way I have written this I get very emotional...just being a mom.

Love Maureen

Bobby's symbols are a Cheshire Cat smile and puppy dog eyes.

Diane Craddock's son, JJ Wade (9-22-72), died from carbon monoxide, 1-26-05, and her daughter, Michele Wade (12-31-76), died in an auto accident, 5-20-04 (the same angel date as Young Jim).

Diane wrote:

"Live to Remember and Remember to Live"

May is a special month for me; some reasons are blessings, while others are bittersweet. Family has always been and always will be one of the most important aspects in my life. Over the years, the good Lord blessed me with two bundles of joy. William James Wade, Jr. ("J.J."), my bouncing baby boy was born on September 22, 1972 and four years later on December 31, 1976, a beautiful baby girl, Diane Michele Wade completed our family. January 26, 2004 was the beginning of unimaginable changes to my world.....drafted into an exclusive club a parent never imagines becoming a member of..... overnight I became a bereaved parent.

For some of the newer grieving parents that may not know me....a little of my story. My beloved JJ died suddenly on January 26, 2004 from carbon monoxide poisoning and Michele moved in to help me raise his traumatized sons, Brandon--11 and Jamie--10 (ages on 1/26/04). She enjoyed doing things with them and her four children.... Jeremy--11, Trent--8, Morgan--6, & Michael--3 (ages on 1/26/04). She took them to church, fishing, swimming, to the skating rink (even roller skating with them...LOL) and helped with homework too. Mother's Day 2004 was difficult without JJ here but Michele lifted my spirits with love and caring.... unaware of the unimaginable tragedy to strike our grieving family within two weeks. On May 20, 2004 Michele was killed instantly in a car crash when a woman crossed the centerline.

Coping with the emotional upheaval that comes with the losses is overwhelming in itself but I try to focus on the positive aspects in my life. I never imagined I would be raising children (grandchildren) at my age but I will always do my best to provide a safe, loving, Christian home for them. We have suffered tragedies in our lives and we must learn to live with the

sadness. Even though my whole being (heart, mind, body, and soul) will always feel the ache of missing JJ and Michele, I will continue to follow where God and my heart leads me.

One person can't tell another how to handle their own grieving process because each parent and each child are unique.... which makes each and every loss unique. I pray by all of us sharing our different ways of working through our personal grief, we will be able to piece together parts to continue helping ourselves and each other with one of the most difficult things life will ever throw our way.....the death of our child/children. If we refuse to remember our beloved children because the memories hurt, then we would miss some of the wonderful moments we shared with them over the years they blessed our lives.

A few of the ways I share their treasured memories are: starting yearly scholarships, in loving memory of each of them, at a local college they attended; starting a Celebration of Life Ceremony for loved ones from around the world to be held each New Year's Eve; and the grandchildren and I clean a section of road in their memory (six times a year). Also, I started writing poetry to put some of my emotions onto paper and possibly help others when they are faced with the turmoil and pain of burying a child. I have written poems about the memories we shared, the painful heartache of missing them, and the unrealistic views from people that haven't endured the loss of a child/children.

Mother's Day was May 14th this year and I continue to thank God for JJ and Michele blessing our lives for the years they were here, the hard part is not being able to spend time with them except through the cherished memories they left behind and spending time with their beloved children. I loved them so deeply and I will always deeply miss them but I have faith in the Lord to continuously provide the strength needed to survive this and anything else the world sends my way.

Faith, Family, and Friends

*Always remember to extend a caring hand
To the grieving loved ones around our land
Take time to cry, laugh, or reminisce with them
And realize they will forever need a true friend*

*Angels' time on earth, whether short or long
Yesterday's treasured memories to us belong
After they have gone to their heavenly homes
Our hearts beat as one, until our time comes*

*God will continuously provide for you
Spiritual, physical, and emotional too
Strength from faith, family, and friends
Provides peace and comfort until the end*

*The wonderful gifts the good Lord gives
Sharing the lives our beloved angels lived
Counting our precious blessings is easy to do
When prayers to God, end with "Thank You"*

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JJ's symbols are a Cheshire Harley and a boy angel; Michele's symbols are a Harley and a girl angel.

Faye Martin's daughter, Lisa Membourne (923-65), died from a self-inflicted gunshot, 4-22-91.

"On Mother's Day this year I did not get to see either of my children, but that night I had an incredible dream that provided great comfort. Mother's Day is hard to "celebrate" because my youngest daughter, Lisa, is not here to celebrate with me. I miss her early morning phone calls when she would shout "Happy Mother's Day" at the top of her voice. I still have the last Mother's Day gift she gave me. The scripture below will serve as a reference point for the dream."

*Faye Martin
May 14, 2006*

"Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God; trust also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I am going there to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am. You know the way to the place where I am going."

John 14:1-4

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*Preface: I lost my mother when I was only 30 years old. I have never stopped missing her. She did not get to see my three children grow up, and they missed out on having a loving grandmother.*

### **The Dream:**

*In my dream, I had just gone to live with my mother. I was confused about where I was and how I got there. Mama's house was sort of like a condominium building where other people were living in what seemed to be rooms or apartments like ours.*

*"Now we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands."*  
*2 Corinthians 5:1 NIV*

*When I walked in I felt estranged from the happy people there. My mother greeted me warmly with her lovely smile, and suggested I get ready for a surprise. I didn't think I wanted a surprise; I wasn't sure what I wanted. Mainly I just wanted to be alone to get used to this new place. I did not know how I had gotten there; it just seemed to be the natural order of things. I could not remember passing from one world to the next. I was just there. I knew my loved ones well and was not surprised to see them. It was as if they had never "died."*

*"You know the way to the place where I am going." John 14:4*

*As I looked around, I began walking from room to room. My movement was without conscious effort. I soon began to realize that one of these rooms was to be mine and that I needed to make a selection. I worried about where all my furniture and other earthly things were. It was just me, no bags or baggage. I tried hard to remember where my furniture was, but a kind of cloud kept that memory from me.*

*When I first started walking into the rooms, they seemed small, boxy and plain. I was turning up my earthly nose at them. But, as I walked, they became larger and more beautiful, almost "changing" in front of my eyes to suit my needs and tastes. That's when I found the perfect room. I began to see all kinds of beauty that I had not noticed at first. Each room was different. I found one large room that had a pretty sitting area, and stunning architectural features. I was surprised to see that it had no clothes closet, but then realized that I needed no closet. There were no bathrooms either.*

*But I was glad to see that there was a kitchen! It was as though this room was prepared just for me. It had all the things I loved. Down a short flight of stairs another large room opened up that was like a family room. I knew this other room would be for me, too; and began to feel happy and very pleased with my new surroundings.*

*I heard singing outside and walked over to peer out a big window. Just outside the family room was a gathering of people. Singers and musicians were setting up their musical instruments and equipment. I worried that it would be loud, offensive music since it was so close to my new home. But, then I looked at the crowd. There were people of all races there. Couples picnicked with their little children. Others milled around talking amiably with each other. It was a beautifully peaceful scene, and when the music began, it was so joyous it made me want to dance. I knew at once that this musical event would be a blessing, and not an annoyance. "In that day a song of praise will be sung in the land of Judah..." Isaiah 26:1*

*"Sing for joy to God our strength; shout aloud to the God of Jacob! Begin the music, strike the tambourine, play the melodious harp and lyre."*  
*Psalm 81:2*

*I continued walking around the rooms in my mother's building admiring the beauty. People I did not know lived in close proximity, but this was no threat. I felt that I would get to know them.*

*"Consequently, you are no longer foreigners and aliens, but fellow citizens with God's people and members of God's household, built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, with Christ Jesus himself as the chief cornerstone. Ephesians 2:19, 20*

*"In him the whole building is joined together and rises to become a holy temple in the Lord. And in him, you too are being built together to become a dwelling in which God lives by his Spirit." Ephesians 2:22*  
*At one point, my daughter, Lisa, appeared. It seemed natural that she would be there. She looked just as she did at age twenty-five when she left the earth... still so very beautiful. I was so happy to see her. I realized that she, too, lived with my mother and that one of the rooms was her's. This started to help my apprehension about where I was. It was unbelievable that I was once again with my mother and daughter and that I would live in the same house with them! I began to be filled with peace. Old pain and sorrows started to melt away.*

*My mother came to me again, smiling her bright smile, and reminded me to get ready for the "surprise." I wasn't sure I wanted a surprise because I wasn't yet acclimated to my new surroundings; but, I decided to go into a bathroom and get ready. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I was shocked to see that my hair was no longer white. It was the dark brown with reddish blonde highlights that it was when I was young. And, oh, my*

goodness, I looked so young! I stared at my reflection for a long time, marveling at this change.

I walked towards the kitchen where my mother was happily making preparations for a visitor. The front door opened and my father walked in. I was shocked to see him. He had led the kind of life that would never make me expect to see him again. But, there he was with a big smile on his face. He, too, looked young and handsome. He put his arms around me and hugged me close. I found that I no longer resented him, and that the things he had done in the past to hurt me no longer mattered. I hugged him back with genuine love and acceptance. It seemed a miracle that he was there, and I could see why my mother was excited about his visit. She was thrilled to show me that my father had made it to this special place, too. He did not live with us, but I felt that he had a home elsewhere similar to ours.

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My ringing telephone awoke me and the dream was gone. But, I lay there and thought about the vivid dream and its meaning. Maybe I was "transported" to Heaven for a little while. It wouldn't be too surprising that I was confused at first, not understanding what had happened and where I was. I needed some time with those new surroundings to figure it out. Maybe this is how it will be.

When the telephone awoke me from the dream I realized that I was still at home with my husband, Rob. He had not been in my dream, and I believe that is because I will go before him. I'll be in that beautiful house with many rooms to welcome him and to give him my love and many happy surprises.

Faye Martin, mother of Lisa forever, Atlanta, GA

<http://www.lisalamb3.com/> (Please visit!)

Lisalamb3@aol.com (Please write!)

Lisa's symbol is a lamb.

**Brandon & Amanda Drummond's son, Preston (8-4-03), died
from Sudden Unexplained Death in Childhood (SUDC),
5-23-05.**

I was just reading the Bereaved Mothers newsletter this morning...I seem to always be behind reading all the newsletters but I get through them eventually. I have found such comfort in every one of them since loosing my son Preston almost 1 year ago (5/23/05). I just wanted to see what the heart notes were you mentioned in the end of your note. I don't think I have seen them and was curious about them

You asked how we spent our Mother's Day. This was my 1st Mother's Day without our middle child, Preston. I can remember so clearly every detail of last year on Mother's Day I was a proud mommy of 3 beautiful children. Two boys and a girl, who at the time, was just 6 weeks old. I was still very sleep-deprived and we were celebrating at my sister's house. Having no idea that in 2 short weeks my life was forever going to change. Now fast forward to Sunday May 14, 2006 my 1st Mother's Day with out my 3 children. I didn't want to celebrate the day at all.

This was the last of my 1st Holidays with out him. I decided to let my heart lead and I think I did the best thing ever. I put together a photo album of my beautiful boy. Only from October 2004 to May 2005 which included Mother's Day and I don't think I have smiled so much as I did Sunday looking at his face taking in every detail. I have looked at these pictures before of course but it was different now just taking in all the joy that his life gave me in every photo. I could recall exactly why he was doing this or that and I actually was happy something I haven't been in a long time. We ate lunch out on our deck as well and the wind just blew around us. The week he passed away it was so windy which is unusual for GA and I remember that week sitting on our deck and closing my eyes and letting the wind hit my face and feeling such comfort in it as though my son was wrapping his arms around me and letting me know that he was ok. As we sat on our deck Sunday the wind was there and I knew I was sitting with my 3 children and my husband and it was nice. His blue butterfly flag just blowing in the breeze in that moment I felt peace again.

My son is always with us in every thing we do. In fact his little sister that he only was able to be with for 7 short weeks is the spitting image of him and just as active she was meant to be here to help us on this long journey and remind us there is still good in this world. And one day we will be together again. We are fast approaching his 1 year Angel day and I can't believe it nor can I stop this date from coming and blowing me over.

*Take care,
Amanda Drummond
mom to 3*

We associate a blue butterfly with Preston, really any butterfly makes me think of Preston. Also, his nickname was "Moose" because he was such a chunky boy. Our oldest son Dakota (he will be 7 yrs 8/24) and Preston are almost 4 years apart but they were almost the same size because Preston was such a moose. Alivia, our daughter, (now almost 14 months) and Preston are only 19 months apart. She was our big surprise baby and ironically she was born on Easter Sunday which makes me shutter with the meaning of Easter and then to loose Preston 7 weeks later. Plus, the birthstone for March and the meaning. And really how often does Easter come in March so many interesting things when you sit back and look at the events in our life.

Huge hugs,

Amanda Drummond

Preston Jack Drummond 8/4/03-5/23/05 SUDC (Sudden Unexplained Death in Childhood) <http://preston-drummond.memory-of.com>

Preston's symbol is a blue butterfly.

Karen Jenkins' son, Geoff Edwards (5-6-84), died from an overdose of Heroin, 5-22-02.

I "celebrated" Mothers' Day and was comforted by a small thing that happened the day before. My husband and I had gone out - no where fun since I have a broken foot and have been laid up for 6 weeks now. When we got home, however, on the welcome mat was a small rock, shaped like a heart, a really true heart shaped rock. My Geoff knew I collected them down at the beach and I'd never found one in our yard. My Geoff said he loved me on Mothers' Day and knew I was in grief and despair. That brightened my day so much!! May Geoff continue to send me signs of his presence. I desperately need them.

Love to you, friend,

Karen Lyn Jenkins

Mother of an Angel with Pink Wings ^i^Geoffrey P. Edwards^i^

Geoff's symbol is an angel with pink wings.

**Terry Dixon's son, John Quick (8-9-83), died from cancer,
3-14-02.**

Dear Dinah,

I want to thank you for the beautiful card and sentiments sent to me in March (on the 4th anniversary of John's passing). When I opened the card and the dragonflies fluttered out, I was moved beyond words.

My brother died in a house fire in early December and I had to make a flying trip to Washington State. I also am administrator of his estate--so I have been very busy handling his affairs. Then I had another surgery in February (my hip this time) and was laid up for about a month.

I hope to find time to sit down and write out my story about the dragonfly and will send a picture of John along with other information.

Unfortunately the website his friends had started is no longer up--so that has been a disappointment to me. We are working on maintaining a campground in John's memory and that will be nice if it all goes through. I want you to know I am thinking of you this week--and will be especially on Saturday. I hope it is a peaceful day full of wonderful memories of times with Young Jim.

I am so thankful for your labor of love that has brought hope and peace to me during some very difficult times.

Much love from a fellow traveler,

Terry Dixon

(John "Tito" Quick's mother)

John's symbol is a dragonfly.

Wesley and Carolyn Looker's daughter, Debbie Webb (1-21-65), died in an auto accident, 1-21-01.

Dinah,

We plan to go to church and then we are invited to a Mother's Day meal with the minister that married us 45 years ago and his family that have become like parents and extended family. Our Son and his wife were just here to visit and celebrate Wesley's retirement, so we won't be going to visit them in Tennessee. We also spent Christmas Day with this family and never felt out of place or that we didn't belong there with them. Holidays are still

*very difficult and I'm sure that never goes away. We just try to do something different than what we always did when Debbie was living. God Bless you.
A Fellow Traveler,
Carolyn Looker*

Debbie's symbols are a teddy bear and teacup.

**Paul & Nancy Hudak's daughter, Mary Beth Connor
(4-10-58), died from melano, 9-24-01.**

Mary Beth's scholarship is always awarded the Thursday before Mother's day. I had a lovely note from the recipient, a nurse who had served under Mary Beth in the Mother-baby unit as an RN. The scholarship will enable her to get her BS and she is so happy about that. It helps to know that Mary Beth is still making a difference in her beloved nursing profession.

Mary Beth died of melanoma. When she died, a very quick and admittedly, merciful death, her five children were 12, 10, 8, and twins, 6. It has been very difficult for the children, particularly her oldest, Kelly, her only daughter. Kelly and Mary Beth were so close.

Her five children will be joining the rest of our family the first week of June. We are now 34 in number so it should be a lively reunion.

As always, my thanks for all that you do. You certainly ease the pain for many.

*Love and prayers,
Nancy Hudak*

Mary Beth's parents call her "our Star."

**Patty Gregory's son, Justin Dickson (1-23-82), died in an auto
accident, 4-7-00.**

Patty shares her experience:

Dinah,

How are you? I thought about you on the 20th of May... Hope all is well with you. I am recovering from kidney transplant surgery. I received a

kidney from my sister. This has been a struggle, along with all of the other struggles brought on by this life...

Someday it will all be alright...You take care, and are in my thoughts...

*Much love,
Patty*

Justin's symbol is a car.

Dr. John Clarke's daughter, Lynn Griffiths (8-9-52), died from acute leukemia, 6-9-97, and his wife Lynn, died 4-17-05.

John is keeping himself busy since his wife's death:

Thanks for staying in touch with all of us. Your letters are always so reassuring.

I am staying busy and now back to what I enjoy most, seeing patients in their rooms at the independent and assisted living homes, in which they now live This allows them to stay at home and not have to depend on the bus or friend to help them to their doctor. Most of these are confined to the walker or wheel chair. Anyway, it is something for me to do. It is still lonely at nite when I am alone but it is getting easier.

Hope all is going well for you.

*Thanks again,
John*

Lynn's symbol is a rainbow.

Alice Owens-Gatlin's son, P.J. (9-2-98), died from meningitis 4-25-99.

You are such an extraordinary individual that I would be remised if I failed to tell you so even if only occasionally. It seems like such a very long time has elapsed since I meet you in the Davis Kidd book store in Nashville, TN. My husband and I very recently divorced and so I have a new address.

My sweet daughter, Tiara and I went on a spiritual journey to start a new life, in a new place. The transition was difficult enough but even more so when leaving a part (Patrick Sr.) of our precious PJ (Patrick Jr.) behind. You know some say that a marriage is either strengthened by the lost of a child or destroyed. I always found my answers in my walk with the Lord. However, Patrick Sr. blamed the Lord for PJ's death and therein was the beginning of the end. I just received your card in the mail today because it went to the old address first. I so appreciate all you do for so many – you are truly a blessing! Thank you.

I will end by answering your question of whether I have chosen a symbol for my boy – the answer is I have not. When I think of him I can only see him in God's loving arms for I know that absence from the body is presence with the Lord. I haven't been able to utilize a symbol to represent him maybe with more time. Tiara and I (and others) refer to him as our angel boy. On my patio is a statute of an angel boy which I surrounded with pots of beautiful flowers. There is a pond. This place is my personal sanctuary where I spend quiet moments with my Lord and thoughts of my angel boy. Thanks again for all you do. May God Bless You and Yours.

*Very Best Regards,
Alice*

P.J.'s symbol is an angel boy.

Donna Carr Smith's son, Clyde Matthew Carr (8-9-82), died from Leukemia, 6-27-93.

Donna's Mother's Day:

I just want to share that Mother's Day came the day before my husband's birthday this year. His birthday is May 13th. When we joined in marriage in 2001, he had two sons to share and I had two daughters. That was perfect for me as we are both close to 50 and not really excited about childbirth anymore. (smile) My mother's day was special for me because when I asked my husband what he wanted for his birthday, he said he would like all of his children to sing him happy birthday. With two in college in Alabama, one married in her home with her husband and children and the other single, no children and no telling where you'll find her next, I was

able, with modern technology that I learned that day, to get all the kids on the phone at the same time and they sang him happy birthday. The look on his face was priceless for me and that made my "Mother's Day"!

On Mother's Day, when I arrived home from church, there were two small Teddy Bear gift cards in my hallway. Handwritten they said: (First card) On behalf of your children, your presence has been requested at 416 St. John Ct., at your earliest convenience. At this gathering, you may sit back, kick your feet up, and relax! It will be a great (Please see next bear!) honor to grace us with your presence on this 14th day of May, the year 2006. Love, your daughters.

Unbeknown to me, my husband was aware of the gala affair. Outside of the two sons that are in Alabama, my entire family (my offspring and all that that entails) were there. They cooked a wonderful dinner and we played family games afterward. It was among one of the best Mother's Days I've had. I was able to share my time with my 2 daughters, my son-in-law, my 4 grandchildren and my husband.

Donna and her husband have a tape ministry:

I have included one sample flyer for a tape series, "Prayer." I don't know how you feel about it, however, my husband and I have a tape ministry. We are working on getting the name and logo legal. (Jesus is Lord and Christ Ministries) I'm working on the logo. My husband has drawn it and I'm to take it from there! I would love to offer our tape ministry to anyone. That is also one of my ministries. That is one of the avenues in which I love to spread the word. There are several series and also individual. If you'd like, I can send you more information for that.

Also, I would love to add anyone else to my email ministry if desired.

My "Fruit of the Spirit" fellowship is going well. It's been exciting sharing what we have learned as individuals. And more fun finding fruit facts that we can match up with the "fruit of the spirit." For instance, this coming Saturday will be Peace/Pineapple. We have to find a fact about pineapples that we can incorporate with Peace. And also we have to bring something to eat in reference to pineapples. I think I plan to take a pineapple upside down cake. The last one was a little hard. It was Joy/Peaches. I actually found some peach sherbet ice cream. I don't cook with peaches!

My weekly fellowship on "Forgiveness" has been ever more of a blessing to me. In studying to take information to the table, I'm being taught more myself. I have learned the importance of forgiveness to others. The

awesome truth that we receive forgiveness in the degree that we forgive is quite an eye opener. As I search the Scriptures, it is heart warming to learn the degree that we have been forgiven, in spite of ourselves.

*Thanks for listening. And thank you for always thinking of others.
Donna*

[..\..\www\Smithministry.html](http://www.Smithministry.html)

Clyde's symbol is a teddy bear.

Paul & Claudia Grammatico's son, Paul (4-20-73), was killed by a drunk driver, 5-16-99.

Attached is the add that is in the "Times Herald" which is the Hudson Valley Paper. It is also in all the local papers. It runs half a page and is in color.

This is the Parental Grief Group that I started. The hospital backed me all the way. Our first meeting had 35 parents! Another Miracle for Paul and for healing.

Peace, Claudia

**ST. ANTHONY COMMUNITY HOSPITAL
MOUNT ALVERNO CENTER - SCHERVIER PAVILION**

Bon Secours Charity Health System
15 Maple Avenue, Warwick, NY • www.StAnthonyCommunityHosp.org

The Loss of a Child.

A journey you don't have to walk alone.

Introducing a Parental Bereavement Group

for anyone who has lost a child to any cause:

vehicle crash, injury, illness, suicide, miscarriage, etc.

This group will meet monthly to:

GRIEVE: with others who have experienced a loss as we have

GIVE: to each other the emotional and spiritual

support needed to survive this journey

GROW: into the new role that has been cast for us

with the support of those who can assist us

Fourth Monday of every month

6:00 - 7:30pm

Mount Alverno Center, Greenbrier Room

20 Grand Street, Warwick, NY

For information, please call 845-987-5107

Program facilitated by the group members

and sponsored by St. Anthony Community Hospital

Paul's symbol is a butterfly.

Nancy Knight's son, Chris (1-16-68), was killed in an auto accident, 4-29-01.

Dear Dinah,

Thank you for always remembering Chris, he was my precious first born and every April 29th and Jan. 16th is so rough, then I get the lovely rose (sprinkle) and a note from you and, I have to admit, it helps. Every rose you have sent has been saved, each has place on a picture or album. It has been six years and I learn something new every day on how to cope,

I also have two very dear friends who have lost their children tragically and we find refuge and strength in knowing we can survive this and solace in the Lord that he knows what he is doing. May God bless and keep you and thank you again for REMEMBERING, love to you and yours, Nancy Knight

Chris' symbol is a single red rose.

Esther Fitch's son, David (10-20-56), died in an auto accident, 3-28-04.

Dear Dinah,

It is so nice hearing from you again.

I have enclosed a picture of David with his pet dog. He loved animals and things of nature.

He was a computer analyst and was co-founder of a successful establishment. He hated dressing up for business, so when he wasn't traveling for work, this is how he "hung out" at home.

Thank you, Dinah for reaching out to me. You are working through your own grief and yet you are helping others. We are strangers but we share the same feelings. God is helping us to heal. I wonder if your Jim and my David have met each other in the spirit world? I know it must give you a warm feeling when your lights turn on, your Jim is there with you. My David comes to me through the birds when I'm outside.

I'll close for now and hope to keep in touch.

*Love,
Esther*

David's symbols are birds.

Martha Lynn's daughter-in-law, Rhonda (5-30-68), and her granddaughter, Heather (7-5-91) died in an auto accident, 3-27-94.

Dear Dinah,

Thank you for the card and message. I enjoyed hearing from you. You are a blessing to many people.

Rhonda Sue was a blessing to our family. She married our son, Michael, in August 1987. We loved her as our own daughter. Michael and Rhonda met at Campbellsville College in 1985, their first year. They married in 1987 and continued their education.

Little Heather was born on July 5, 1991. They were a perfect little family. We all loved them dearly. God took them March 27, 1994. Rhonda and little Heather had gone to visit her parents and were on their way home. Michael was waiting for them. It was raining very hard.

I appreciate your Christian testimony. I thank God for your ministry. May God continue to bless and use you.

Again, I appreciate your kindness and you thinking of me. God Bless you.

*Sincerely yours,
Martha Lynn*



Beauty is skin deep.
But chocolate goes all the way through.

My email address is: dinah@ucumberlands.edu

The website's address is <http://www.ucumberlands.edu/lamentations/>