

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 21

S.U.C.C.E.S.S

June, 1994



a month that represents many new beginnings, one of which is graduation. A graduate is embarking on a new life which will bring new adventures and challenges. A graduate has finished a course of study and receives a diploma. It may take 4 or 5 years (college education) or 12 years (high school), but it is an accomplishment that brings satisfaction and comfort in knowing that there is completion. You are also given a certificate to prove that you have completed what was required. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we, as grievers, were given a course of "study," and when completed, would be finished with our grief; would graduate into a new life filled with new adventures and challenges? If you are like I am, you keep asking yourself if this grief will ever end. After three years, I know my grief has lessened, and I know there are many new adventures which I am enjoying, but I am still unsure as to whether it will ever totally end. I will keep you posted. If you are further than I, this diploma is for you.



June 19 is Father's Day, a day we honor our Fathers. It is also a difficult time in dealing with grief. In the book, *Hope for Bereaved*, Owen Peltier described his grief when his son was killed in an automobile accident. He described how men are perceived: *Men should be strong -- "big boys don't cry;" the male*

is the protector of the family, the provider, the problem solver and he should be self sufficient and able to handle everything on his own; displays of emotion are taboo, even among close friends and family. When a man loses his child, these expectations are unrealistic and superhuman.

Peltier learned a great deal about grief. He found that it was much healthier to admit to and talk about feelings than to try to deny them. He discovered that suppressed or unresolved grief surfaces in one way or another. It may be physical ailments such as high blood pressure, stomach disorders and heart complications, or problems with drug or alcohol dependency or marital problems. He realized that admitting we all need help and support, that we don't have all the answers, that our power is limited and that we are in emotional pain is hard, especially for fathers.

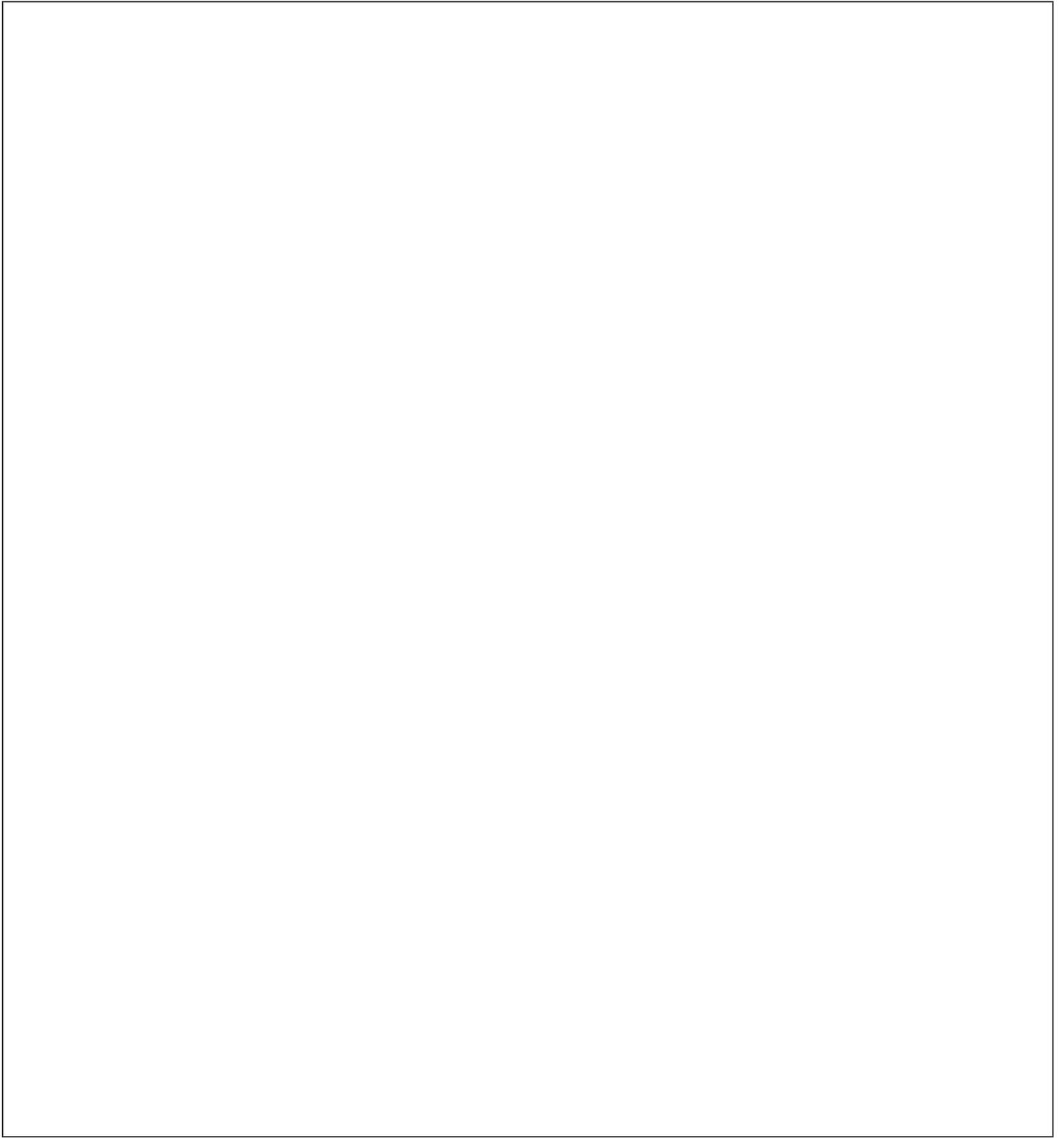
The grieving process is exhausting and frightening, but must be faced at a time when all physical and emotional resources are at an all time low. Most men feel that they are in control of their own lives and their children's destiny, and it is a terrible realization when they find out they are not. Peltier concludes: *I don't understand how, but in some way letting in others pain enables you to let your own out. With the help of some very good friends, I have been able to get to the place where I can spend more time thinking about what I have left than focusing on what I have lost. I still feel cheated at times*

because I don't have my son, but life is worth living again

Wayne Loder wrote a wonderful article entitled: *There's no Law Against Grieving-Even for Men*. Loder was thankful that he grew up in a family where it was okay to show feelings. He has "given" himself permission to let go and cry. He states: *The only thing bad about men grieving is that society looks down on us because we are not "strong" A losing both my children, I really don't care what society thinks. Less than one percent of them have had a child die and that one percent understands my feelings'. The rest of them don't, And, God willing, they never will. If you are a man and having a hard time allowing yourself to grieve, look at your inner being Are you better because you haven't grieved? Or are you worse? Have your feelings' of frustration from not grieving affected your relationship with your spouse or your remaining children? Our deceased children would, no doubt, want us to accomplish something meaningful with our lives. They would want us to go on living maybe if is time to grieve so that we can move on with our lives.*

June 14 is Flag Day and I challenge all Fathers to **declare war** on your grief by fighting for the right to work through your grief and to make peace with your grief. Only then will you have the freedom of expressing your grief in the way you would like. We support you!!!





Grief Grafts

In 1980 my Mother wrote the following poem to my Father for Father's Day:

A Special Kind of Father

*It takes a special kind of father
to be a "Daddy" to his kids!*

*It takes a lot of loving care,
A lot of patience, too,
A whole big bunch of understanding,
Time and energy to use
On small things, big to children,
Selflessness while having fun,
Quick to see things from kid's standpoint,
Ready to help to get things done.*

*Strong and brave when strength is needed
To help live over mistakes they've made.
Showing them how to make fewer of them.
Once they know the debt's all paid*

*Available at all times,
Even when the day's hard spent,
To hear their pleas for attention.
And giving it to them, one hundred percent!*

*Looking out into the future,
Seeing now what they can be,
And bending every effort possible
To afford them the opportunity.*

*Hand in hand to travel upward,
Together all the way'
Leading kids to know the Savior,
Teaching them to pray.*

*You've been that ,special kind of Father,
Lee,
You've been a "Daddy" to your kids.*

Lee Lynch
10/2/07 - 12/14/92

John, the 15-year-old son of Bill and Beverly Donan, died as the result of an automobile accident, 10-2-93. The family has chosen a hawk as John's symbol because they started seeing hawks the day after John's death. Indians believe that any large birds of prey, when seen, are bringing messages from God. The family continues to see hawks on a regular basis.



Roger and Marsha Garner's 16-year-old son, Dale, was killed in an automobile accident with 6 of his friends, 12-15-93, The Garners have submitted a poem, which was written by a relative of Marsha's father, in memory of the seven young men:

*And the seven rode, . .
Into our hearts, into our souls
And the pain of their leaving
Only God Himself knows.*

*Seven young men
Out for a brief ride
Seven gone forever
A whole town cries.*

*Seven friends and comrades
Seven boys in all
Seven times the grief we feel
When Heaven made the call*

*All the boys were workers
All strong and able men
A call came down from Heaven
And took all seven friends.*

*Must be these days in Heaven There's a
shortage of boys to work Ones to bear the
burdens
When others try to shirk.*

*But what of us left here on Earth What of
the tears we've shed
Our seven friends leaving,
Seven young men dead?*

*Cry no more, the call came in Seven angels
ride
Together they're in Heaven now Working
side by side,*

*Look to Heaven carefully
Look and you might see
Seven friends a riding
Into immortality.*

Jan Wilkins Herzoy

In memory of Dale Garner, Jeremy Gordon, David Lawrence, Jesse Lawrence, Patrick Perry, Joey Rogers and Steven Wallace.



David's symbol is a deer. Dale's symbol is a fish.



Mary Kate Gach wrote a letter describing what few of us can really understand, but I wanted to share it with you so you may support her and others who have lost their children by murder. She wrote: *I am still bedraggled and bleeding from the courtroom experience-sitting near the monster who still lives-while my daughter (Stephanie) lies in the ground, was beyond human endurance. I remained composed with some measure of dignity-never looked at him. When I read my victim impact statement (10 minutes), as the jury passed around 5 different poses of pictures of Stephanie, I never referred to him-to murder. Instead, I spoke of the beauty of her life-her promise and potential-our relationship-the suffering I have experienced-how my life is shattered and future is empty-how her grandparents and friends have suffered Not once did I make any reference or allusion to him, Not once did I falter-I was determined to read that without losing control, and (most important) to not feed the monster. (He gets off on inflicting pain and suffering and thrives on attention) The closure I have is for that part of the nightmare. Now I look toward the next parts-sentencing- appeals court- etc.*

Stephanie was murdered by a stalker, 10-9-92. Her symbol is a brown rabbit.



Anna Beth Burnett, the 8-year-old daughter of Chaps and LuAnn, died 5-9-93. The following poem was written by her Primary classmates shortly after her death.

Memorial to Anna Beth

*We really appreciated you,
We loved everything we did with you,
Anna Beth was really sweet.
She always wore clothes that were really neat.
She often wore socks that were different colors.*

And mostly talked about her older brothers.
 Her death was such a shock.
 We wanted our memories other blocked.
 But now it doesn't hurt as much,
 We think about her a bunch.
 She touched our lives in a special way.
 We think about her every day.
 We hope and pray.
 Until we see Anna Beth again some day.
 Mrs. Melody Newton's Class

She goes free of the earth
 The sun of her last day sets clear in the
 sweetness of her liberty

Radiance know her
 Grown lighter than breath
 She is set free in our remembering

Grown brighter than vision
 She goes into the life of the earth that
 holds her peace

She's hidden among all that is and can not
 be lost. Wendell Berry

LuAnn described Mayas the "re-
 birth of the earth" and that this
 spring season will help us to re-
 member that our loved ones are near
 and that life is eternal.

Anna Beth's symbol is a
 rainbow cat.



Karen Lacy shared a
 revelation since the death of her 8-
 year-old daughter, Mary; She
 explained being in school and
 learning a new trade: . . . is the first
 time in 2 1/2 years that I've been
 excited about any kind of work. The
 first 2 years I wasn't able to work.
 Over the last 6 months the Lord has
 done a lot of healing in me
 physically and in every way. I actu-
 ally am looking forward to going to
 work. I feel like "somebody" again.
 Karen has found that life is worth
 living again. Much S.U.C.C.E.S.S.
 to you, Karen!!
 Mary's symbols are
 hearts and rainbows.



Ronnie, the 23-
 year-old son of Shorty and Wanda
 Willis, was

killed in a motorcycle accident, 5-
 22-93. Wanda lovingly wrote: *I
 especially look forward to the cover
 page of "our" newsletter. I say ours
 because you are so gracious to
 include our thoughts, our Poems,
 our fears, our pain, our growth in
our grief and our expressions of our
 love for our precious children.
 There are days that I re-read
 Lamentations and I am amazed at
 how we can find joy and peace in
 the midst of our pain. I think it
 comes from the very Word of God.
 To be able to regain strength and
 hope to laugh and enjoy life again,
 can only be the work of the Holy
 Spirit in us.*

The Willis' older daughter, Bar-
 bara, was married April 30, and she
 showed a slide presentation of Ron-
 nie set to music. Wanda said that
 the event was a wonderful day for
 all, but also a time of sadness since
 they all greatly missed Ronnie in
 this celebration. Ronnie's symbol is a
 smiley face.



Darrell and Shirley Grisham's 14-
 year-old daughter, Lisa, was killed
 in an explosion 7-2-93. The family
 described Lisa as a special person
 who was sensitive to other's
 feelings. She cared about people
 and did everything she could to help
 those who needed her help. She al-
 ways tried to befriend those who
 had no friends. She loved riding
 horses. (That makes Lisa extra spe-
 cial to us.) She had many talents.
 She could cook, write songs, and
 Sing.

The family has chosen a horse
 for one of her symbols because Lisa
 loved them so much. The rainbow
 was chosen because of
 her name, which means
 "God's
 Promise."



Ron and Lena Partin's 2 1/2 year
 old daughter, Alisha, died of

cerebral palsy, 4-9-79. Lena ex-
 plained that this precious little child
 invoked in her a love that cannot be
 explained. Lena wrote: *She has her
 place in my heart and as long as I
 keep her there, I have her, but God
 has given her a place of peace and
 rest and I will join her on that day
 that God as prepared.*

Lena wrote the following song:

HOW FAR IS HEAVEN

1

A Mommy and Daddy waited one day.
 To see the doctor and hear what he
 would say. He said, "I'm sorry parents,
 your little baby died." Then looking up
 to Heaven, they both replied.

CHORUS

"How far is Heaven, when can we go,
 to hold our baby we love her so. How
 far is Heaven, let's go tonight to see
 sweet baby and hold her tight. "

2

But I have no fear my Jesus she is
 with; she is free and happy in heavenly
 bliss. We're so glad she's whole now
 and suffers no pain. We love you so
 much they sang this refrain.

3

Oh, Mommy and Daddy, miss baby
 dear but with sweet Jesus we'll be ever
 near. He said He would comfort us and
 never leave us too. Someday we'll be in
 heaven, oh won't you come too?

Alisha's symbol is a
 newborn baby, and a
 color that the family
 has chosen is white,
 for purity.



Lois Sawyers' son, Keith, died of
 Good Pasture's Disease, 2-18-94.
 This loving tribute was written by
 his cousin, Christian Powers, for a
 class paper.

Forever, Keithy

Almost everyday of our lives things
 have happened without any explanation
 or reason. When something extremely
 harsh happens. instead of feeling pain

or sorrow, for awhile the feeling is shock. This happened to me on February 15, 1994, when someone I thought would always be here left me and his family suddenly with hardly any explanation.

Curtis Keith Moellmann was the 24-year-old son of my Dad's sister. He was about 6 feet tall with sandy colored hair and a bulky build. To some people, he seemed like the type of person to stay away from, but I never saw him that way. He was my protector in strange places, one of my many bleacher coaches during several sports activities, and my shoulder when I needed a friend or someone on my side. I always expected him to be there as I grew up-to see me play high school sports, to be at my graduation, and to spoil my children the way he spoiled me, but I took his continuous presence for granted.

Keith always seemed healthy to me, so when I heard he was in the hospital with kidney and blood problems. I was a bit shocked. On February 17, 1994, Keith's heart started beating extremely fast and his blood pressure dropped drastically. Having seen these signs before, doctors sadly prepared the family for the worst. Finally, on February 18, 1994, after all his pain and suffering, my Keithy passed away peacefully at 9:30 p.m. Although his struggle was over his family still had a lot to face in the upcoming days, weeks, months, and years without Keith.

During the next few days, my emotions were numb and confused. I don't think I really believed that Keith was gone because I couldn't have made myself cry if I had wanted to the day we received the phone call from my aunt. The only feelings I had was nervousness and fight.

Slowly, I am getting over Keith's death. Although I love him and miss him a lot, I know he will watch over me in heaven like he did on Earth. I'll just have to take one step at a time and

have faith that God will take care of Keith like Keith took care of me .

Christian

In memory of Curtis Keith Moellmann, gone but not forgotten and forever in my heart.

Gary and Kathy Kegley's 17-year-old son, Kevin, was killed 10-21-93 when hit by a tractor trailer. The accident was within sight of where Kathy was working. She stated: *It seems like a nightmare that just won't end.* Kathy described Kevin as a very good student who didn't have to study very much. He loved to hunt and had bought his own camper for camping when deer hunting, fishing, swimming and water skiing. He was the best water skier on the Ohio River around Vanceburg. He also enjoyed country music and driving around.

Kathy put in writing what we all have felt, or continue to feel. *People just don't understand, but someone who has gone through this like we have. I have turned to God praying for ability to cope, but at times I just get so angry Seems like people forget so easily . . . It seems to get worse instead of 'better. At first I was shocked, after the shock wore off now reality has set in. I need to hear from those who have faced losing their only child.* (Kathy's address is: HC 73, Box 2945, Vanceburg, KY 41179.

Water skis are Kevin's symbol.



Evelyn Davidson's 17-year-old son, Chris Arnold, died of a massive heart attack, 11-22-93. Chris was loved by all his classmates, and Evelyn shared some of their expressions of love. I include a few of them:

Chris was a funny, sweet guy who loved to draw. He had drawn me

several pictures over these two years. He was a person who could always make you laugh and could always lift your spirits up. I will miss Chris dearly, but will never forget him.
Kelli Powell

I wish I had known him longer than two years. It seems like we have been friends forever. He was an awesome artist and a great friend. I know that I always keep him with me and always remember him and his saggy pants.
Mike Fitzgerald

Chris was one of the coolest guys I had known. But something tragic had taken his life. It's really not jail' for a seventeen year old guy to die that early. I'm going to really miss him walking down the hall with his pants sagging a hat on, and saying, "What's up?" I just want to tell him one more thing . . . I love him and will always remember him.
Shawn Love

He was the kind of brother that everyone wants. Chris was the kind of friend we all need and would be a true friend. It didn't matter to him, what color you were, where you came from, or even how you look he was there for anyone. Chris, even though you are gone, you will always be with me and always be my special little brother. I will always keep your faith with me. I know that you are listening and I want you to know we all miss and love you very much.

Love your brother, Shawn Arnold

Chris, I love and miss you. I think of you every day. If only you were with me, there would be so much to say. I'd tell you that I love you, I'd show you how much I care. I'd put my arms around you, If only you were there. I'd tell you that I miss you and wish you could be here. I'd hug and kiss you, if only you were near. But since I can't be with you, for you I'll say a prayer, if only I could be with you, if only I could be there. I love you.

Your loving Mother.