

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 4

G.R.I.E.F

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Will this be a year of emancipation for you? May we be freed from the restraint, the control, the power and bondage of grief I hope that you will make Emancipation of Grief one of your New Years resolutions.



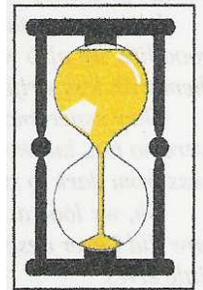
People who have not suffered a great loss such as we, consider surgery analogous with the grief we suffer. They assume that our grief is like the first day of surgery and that each day that proceeds finds us healing. As you well know, this is not true!

I read, again, a wonderful article by Carlene Vester Eneroth and she said that surgery is an orderly recovery where you improve each .day and you see steady progress. Our grief, however, is the opposite of surgery. Probably one of our best days for many, many months was the day of the funeral. All of our friends and family members were there to honor the person we lost and to give us support. When they returned to their routine lives and family members, we were and are left with the realization of our overwhelming loss.

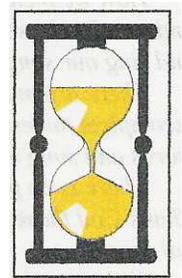
It seems that our grief gets worse and worse for a very long time. There are so many days that we take one step forward and two steps backward.

And, there are days that we take two steps forward and one step backward and those are the days we are to celebrate. But you must know and understand that tomorrow may bring only one step forward and two steps backward. Each day we work on our grief will bring us closer to recovery.

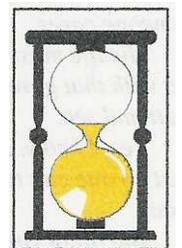
Hourglasses are instruments used for measuring time, consisting of two chambers where sand or water (our grief) runs from an upper chamber into a lower chamber. It is a measurement of time. Try to imagine your grief in stages as these three hourglasses. The first hourglass is our grief in the very beginning. We are so consumed with grief that there is no room for anything else.



The second hour glass shows us working with and through our grief having time not only for grieving, but for other things. One may be remembering wonderful memories and being able to think about our loved one without "pouring" tears.



The third hour glass, or the third stage of our grief is the completion of grieving. The purpose of grief is to help us recover our capacity for life. Robert Williams in *Journey Through Grief* said that grief is a journey to give us time to regain a renewed vision of purpose, meaning, and excitement about life. We must sooner or later convince ourselves that our love for the deceased is not in any way proven by the time endurance of our grief. Our grief is like the sand, it not only clings to us, but we feel the need to cling to it.



Grief Grafts

Luther and Rosemary Smith sent me this beautiful poem that was written to them by a dear friend soon after their two sons, Jeremiah and Drew were killed in an automobile accident July 23, 1992.

We have no promise in this life that secures us a safe journey. He said He would be with us from now until eternity.

This faith does sustain us we live by it day by day. As for hope of a tomorrow He said, "I am with you all the way."

So we give birth to our children with love, hope, and a great plan that they will grow and develop into a kind woman or a happy man.

In nurturing these precious angels, in the rules for a good life, we also work long hours and study how to raise them with less strife.

They experience chicken pox and measles- those mumps were no fun but we grew closer and closer while nursing illness from dark to sun.

Oh, we look at them so often as we think to ourselves how did I ever deserve this child- seems a fillItasyjust like little elves.

But sometimes these things will happen; we cannot, but do try, to understand. To lose the precious jewels is like taking a drummer from a band.

How we then come to realize that our life must go on and on- that he sent us all for a reason; we must reach out and sing our song.

There are many who need to hear it, their life here is incomplete, unless we are there and willing with our own word" and sung to our beat.

There is no place to stop it, our march must go on. Thank God those jewels will be waiting when we sing our final song.

You must show strength to Jordan whose love for them was shared. He also lost abundantly- he needs to know someone cares.

His life must go on normal or as a teenage life should be, with that glow he always carries he'll soothe your pain - wait and see.

Yes. I know, I have children, and yes, I'm also aware that no one can take their places- not anyone can fill their chair.

But all of you can pull together; in hidden discreet form and can fill your longing for those guys who have gone on.

You can help those who are struggling, who try to reach a higher goal by teaching them the values you taught those darling souls.

Now the fact that your children will be there when you someday arrive should always make you celebrate when reminded of those precious eyes Joyce Porter Hammers

The Smiths have also erected an obelisk at their sons' graves with the inscription:

*A rose once grew where all could see,
sheltered beside a garden wall,
And. as the days passed swiftly by,
And it spread its branches, straight and tall.
One day, a beam of light shone through
a crevice that had opened wide
The rose bent gently toward its warmth
then passed beyond to the other side.
Now, you who deeply feel its loss,
be comforted- the rose blooms there.
Its beauty even greater now,
nurtured by God's own loving care.*

The night before Christmas, a young lady who often serves us at a local restaurant came by our home with a mirror and this poem:

*As we walk through the corridors of life we meet
All of God's creations so dear and most unique.
Though our lives are different in so many ways,
Still many a night I've prayed for the Lord to hold you as you
lay.
My life is still so young with many mountains yet to climb,
Though rough the road I often pray "Lord don't let me lag
behind."
In my mind's eye I often see someone ahead much braver than
me,
So as I climb on I sometimes seem to say,
"There's nothing I'd hold more dearer,
Than to be like the woman in the mirror.
Tanya Pierson*

Have any of you written poetry, etc.? I hope you will share them with us. I would love to print them. It is amazing to me how poetry and music can reach my innermost thoughts and emotions and can totally consume me, and can erupt emotions that I did not know I possessed.

We all have a choice. At times we will have the first face, and hopefully, in time we will be able to incorporate the second face into our lives. I have the second face when I think of Young Jim and all the wonderful memories we made.



or

