



# MID HUDSON NEW YORK CHAPTER

## Newsletter

together we remember... together we heal...

Kathy Corrigan Chapter Leader

[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2013

### Please join us for our next meetings

Thursday, September 5<sup>th</sup>, 7:00 -- Topic: What Has Helped Me Heal

Thursday, October 3<sup>rd</sup>, 7:00 – Topic: Changing with the Seasons

7:00 at the D.C. The Children's Home 10 Children's Way, Poughkeepsie, NY

Call Kathy (845) 462-2825 for information



**Editor's note:** This is a story about one woman's journey through grief and the hope and healing she found along the way. May the newly bereaved find validation that the intense emotions you are feeling are normal and simply a part of the grieving process... May those who are further along in their grief journey honor their perseverance and commitment to healing that has allowed hope, peace and, yes, even joy to re-enter their lives!

### A MOTHER'S HOPE

When my son died I hoped it was a mistake.  
It was not.  
I hoped it was a dream.  
... It was not.

Before my son died, I hoped for enough time in that day to clean my house, provide my family with clean laundry, taxi service and healthy meals.  
I loved dinner time with my family.

After my son died, I did not know what day it was, cleaning our home or doing laundry were things I no longer thought of.

I did not cook.  
I did not shop for food.  
I did not eat.

I hoped he would come back.  
He did not.  
I hoped I would gain understanding.  
I did not.

I could not understand how I could wake up on a perfectly normal morning and my son was gone from his room, gone from our home and gone from our lives.

I hoped for acceptance.  
I found none.

I hoped those around me would understand me.  
They did not.  
How could my beautiful, vibrant, healthy son be gone?

I hoped for peace.  
I had none.  
I hoped for sleep.  
I had none.  
I hoped for courage to resume my daily life. My life was out of my control.

The only thing I was sure of in the early days of my grief was that I knew my life would never be the same again.

I hoped this empty feeling would go away.  
It did not.  
I hoped that some day my family would be normal again.  
We were not.  
I hoped I could stop looking for our son in every young man I saw that was tall, slim and had sandy colored curly hair.  
I could not.

I hoped I could become the parent to my surviving children that I knew they deserved.  
I could not.

I knew how much they were hurting but I could not help myself and I could not help my children.  
My younger son needed my comfort.  
My daughter, expecting her own child needed my comfort.

I was their mother but there was no comfort in me to give.

I hoped I could be a wife to my husband.  
I could not.  
I never hoped for laughter.  
How could I laugh when my son was dead?

I hoped the feelings that consumed my every waking moment would somehow change so I did not feel as though I could never again be in a public place without crying.

At 6 months after my son died  
I hoped for a reprieve.  
I no longer could stand the pain and I saw my doctor.  
I knew he must have an answer to my question  
"how long will I feel like this".  
He did not.

I had begun attending Bereaved Parents meetings  
and hardly spoke a word at the first meeting.  
I could not stop talking at the second meeting.  
I had found the glimmer of hope that I had been  
searching for.

I hoped this all consuming grief would never again  
happen to my family.  
But it did!  
When my daughter-in-law was 6 months pregnant  
my son told me their baby had died.

How I grieved for my son.  
I knew what he was feeling.  
I hoped to be able to help him and his wife.  
I could not.

I then realized that all of the things I had hoped for  
had begun to come about but had taken a lot of time.  
I hoped my son and his wife could hold on long  
enough for time to help and heal.  
They have.

When my son died, I never hoped for joy.  
I could not imagine joy as part of our lives ever again  
but there is joy.

When my son was a baby, a toddler, a young child, a  
teenager and a young man, I watched over him.  
I thought I would watch over him for my entire life.  
I was wrong.

I hope with all my heart  
that he is watching over me.  
I now have the understanding I hoped for.  
I have peace.  
I finally sleep.

I find joy every time I see a tall, slim young man with  
sandy colored curly hair.  
I do not cry as often.  
So there is hope.

We all have a future  
We have memories.  
No matter how long our children were part of our lives  
we have memories.

The first time I realized that joy would one day be part

of my life was the day I remembered a trick my son  
played on his little brother.

He gave him a glass of buttermilk instead of regular  
milk and pretended it was a mistake.  
We have laughed so many times about this little  
story.  
I can still see the twinkle in his eye.  
I can hear my son and daughter as he made up  
names for her to tease her.

Oh, how he loved to laugh.  
I remember the look on his face when I discovered  
the snake he put in my garden terrarium.  
I know the joy I feel every time I think of my son,  
share a memory with someone or look at pictures of  
him, will never change.

My hope as a mother is that we all will find peace  
and cherish the joy our children have brought to our  
lives.

~ Betty Lineberger (Bereaved Mother, Ocala, FL)

## ***LIFE CHANGED***

### ***Life Changed...***

***Life changed when he was born.***

***He was full of energy, happiness and love.***

***He was so active...***

***running, climbing, biking, swimming, skateboarding,  
playing baseball and soccer..... always doing  
something.***

***I tried to keep up with him, but often***

***I had to learn to let him run and just enjoy his spirit.***

***He taught me to laugh and find joy in life...***

***he loved to play jokes, and his laugh was infectious.***

***He taught me to expect the unexpected...***

***broken bones, straight A's, class president,***

***high school letters, poetry, drug rehab,***

***a mural at school, car wrecks,***

***quitting high school,***

***calls in the middle of the night,***

***a rose on my windshield.***

***He taught me to face adversity with a strong spirit...***

***just as he fought alcohol and drug addiction, and***

***buried two of his best friends during high school.***

***He loved his family and friends.***

***When he was around you felt his energy and love.***

***He wanted everyone to be happy***

***and know peace in their lives.***

***He gave me the best gift a mother can get...***

***another little boy to love and cherish.***

***Then he suddenly died...***

***And life changed.***

~ Carol Tomaszewski, BP/USA

*ALL IS WELL*

*Death is nothing at all  
I have only slipped away into the next room  
I am I, and you are you  
Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.*

*Call me by my old familiar name  
speak to me in the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference in your tone,  
wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.*

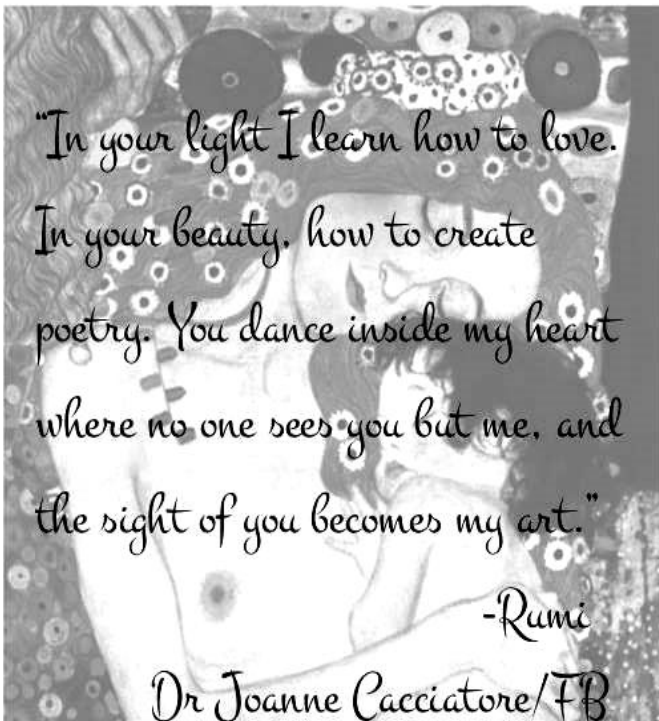
*Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we  
enjoyed together  
Smile when you think of me  
Let my name be ever the household word that it  
always was,  
let it be spoken without effect,  
without the trace of a shadow on it.*

*Life means all that it ever meant  
It is the same as it ever was  
There is unbroken continuity.*

*Why should I be out of mind because I am out of  
sight?  
I am waiting for you,  
somewhere just round the corner.*

*All is well.*

*~ Henry Scott Holland*



*I LIVE ON*

*You may not be able to see me,  
Though you think that I am gone.  
Inside your heart you carry me,  
So I live on, I live on.*

*I know you feel an emptiness,  
Of words we left unsaid.  
Release your pain, forgive yourself,  
For I already did.*

*The love you gave, I took with me,  
And left my love for you.  
So now I know some time has passed,  
Here is what I ask of you.*

*Share my life and remember me,  
To those you love out loud.  
And I will become part of them,  
For that would make me proud.*

*Those little quirks, the quips I said,  
Please share those memories.  
For there is no plaque or stone,  
That would better honor me.*

*I loved you then, and love you still,  
And will forevermore.  
So take my love and pass it down,  
That's what my legacy is for.*

*Give my memories, my love as gifts,  
And do not mourn that I have gone.  
Just place my love in your children's hearts,  
And you will know that I live on.*

*~ Nicole Jamieson*

*"it is the act of allowing good things  
to come that lives are transformed."*

*~ terri st.cloud*

*Always...*

*Remember you still have a child.  
He is no longer with you.  
He is simply in a different place.  
But you will always be his mother or father,  
And he will always be your child.  
Nothing can change that.*

*~ Author Unknown*

*When we think that something is going to bring us pleasure, we don't know what's really going to happen. When we think something is going to give us misery, we don't know. Letting there be room for not knowing is the most important thing of all. We try to do what we think is going to help. But we don't know. We never know if we're going to fall flat or sit up tall. When there's a big disappointment, we don't know if that's the end of the story. It may be just the beginning of a great adventure. Life is like that. We don't know anything. We call something bad; we call it good. But really we just don't know.  
~Pema Chodron*

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*Dear Mom and Dad*

*When you wonder the meaning of life and love know that I am with you.  
Close your eyes and feel me kissing you in the gentle breeze across your cheek.*

*When you begin to doubt that you shall never see me again, quiet your mind and hear me.  
I am in the whisper of the heavens speaking of your love*

*When you lose your identity  
When you question who you are  
Where you are going  
Open your heart and see me*

*I am the twinkle in the stars  
Smiling down upon you*

*Lighting the path for your journey*

*When you awaken each morning,  
Not remembering your dreams  
But feeling content and serene  
Know that I was with you  
Filling your night with thoughts of me*

*When you linger in the remnant pain  
Wholeness seeming so unfamiliar  
Think of me  
Know that I am with you  
Touching you through the shared tears of a gentle friend easing the pain*

*As the sunrise illuminates the desert sky  
As that breathtaking brilliance awakens your spirit  
Think of our time together  
All too brief but ever brilliant*

*I am with you always*

*~ Author Unknown*



### **A LITTLE FARTHER DOWN THE ROAD**

***I know those tears you're crying  
I've been in your shoes  
You feel like there's no use trying  
... Like there's nothing left to lose***

***You take one step forward  
Move two steps back  
You may not see it now  
But it won't always be like that***

***A little farther down the road  
You'll see the sun again  
A little farther down the road  
You'll look back at where you've been***

***You'll see how far you've come  
And you'll find the strength to go  
A little farther down the road***

***~ Alan Pederson***

## A Grief Blessing

May the sun bring you new  
energy every day, bringing  
light into the darkness of your soul  
May the moon softly restore you  
by night bathing you in the glow  
of restful sleep and peaceful dreams  
May the rain wash away your worries,  
and cleanse the hurt that sits in your heart  
May the breeze blow new strength into  
your being, and may you believe in the  
courage of yourself May you walk gently  
through the world, keeping your loved  
one with you always Knowing that you are  
never parted in the beating of your heart.

Native Apache Blessing

fb/wingsofhopelivingforward

## GIVE ME WORDS

**Give me words  
to speak my pain**

**Give me words  
for that sweet refrain  
That was your life,  
That was life with you.**

Monica Hofer

## **FORGIVE**

By Samantha Reynolds

*You imagine it will dismantle you  
to shed the rage*

*as though it is the supporting beam  
the fuel  
the thing that pushes back  
against the sorrow*

*but it is not an ally  
it is a sack of rocks  
you wear as a coat  
making you grey  
and small*

*you don't have to do it publicly  
at first*

*test it on a tree  
write it down  
say it out loud  
under water*

*but don't let your hands drag the memories  
into another year  
like a corpse  
you won't bury*

*unfurl those fingers  
forgive*

*you will see that the pain will not drown you  
with your hands empty  
finally  
you will float.*

## ♥ LOVE GIFTS ♥

A Love Gift is a donation given in memory of your child. These donations help the Mid Hudson Chapter of BPUSA meet expenses and, more importantly, reach out to those in need. A donation can take the form of a book for our library, stamps for the newsletter, time on a committee, refreshments for a meeting or a check. If you wish to contribute, e-mail Kathy (kjc@verizon.net) or send your donation to: Patti Tucker, 11 Trails End, Hopewell Junction, NY 12533

♥ Special Thanks to Charlie and Janet Powers for their donation in memory of **Michael Corrigan**  
Every year on Michael's anniversary, our dear friends remember Michael with a contribution to MHBPUA.

♥ Thank you to Joanne Dakin for her donation in memory of her son **Daniel Dakin**



***IN LOVING MEMORY***  
***BRIAN SCOTT ARENA***

*February 3, 1975 ~ October 21, 1995*



*I wrote your name into the sky,  
but the wind blew it away.  
I wrote your name into the sand,  
but the waves washed it away.  
I wrote your name into my heart,  
and forever it will stay.*

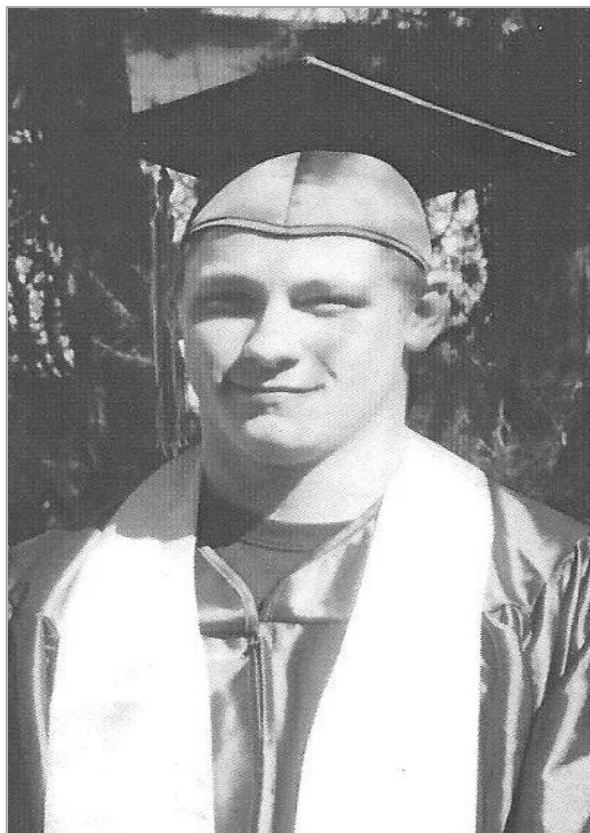
*~ Jason Graham*

*Love, Mom*

*The mention of Brian's name may bring tears  
to my eyes but it never fails to  
bring music to my ears.*

*If you are really my friend let me hear the  
beautiful music of Brian's name.  
It soothes my broken heart  
and sings to my soul.*

***IN LOVING MEMORY OF***

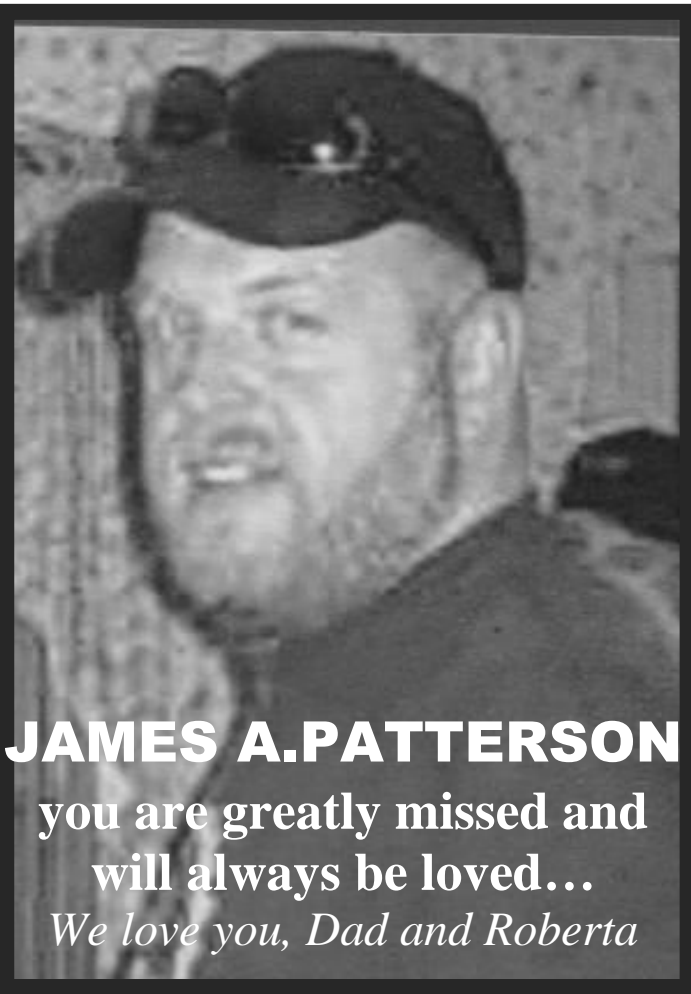


***SHANE L. SMITH***

***Our pain is deep and  
forever lingering. Nothing  
is the same without our  
Shane nor will it ever be.  
You are in our hearts and  
our thoughts each and  
every day. We love you  
until the end of time.***

***Your Loving Family***





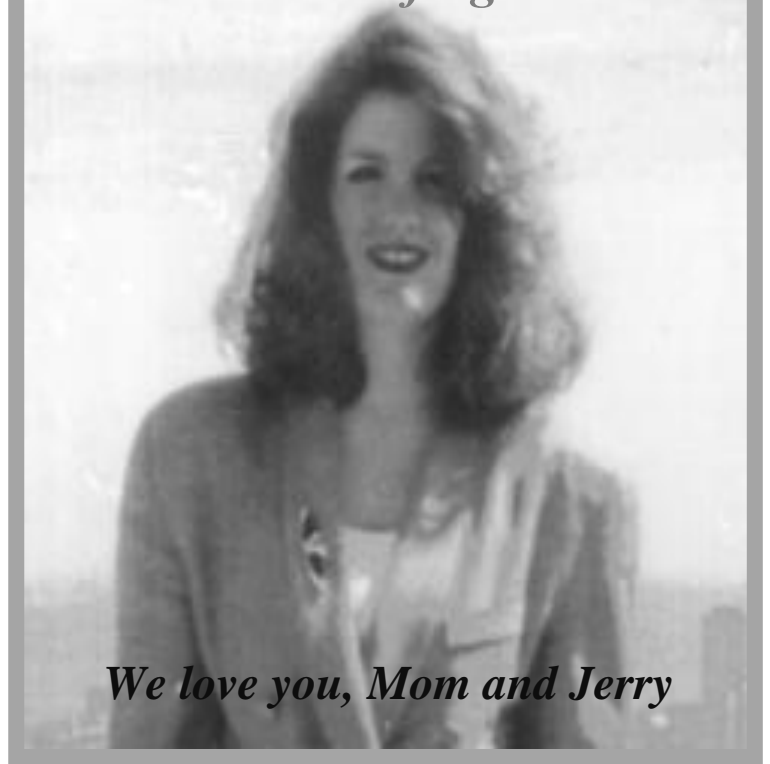
**JAMES A. PATTERSON**

*you are greatly missed and  
will always be loved...*

*We love you, Dad and Roberta*

**MARA TUPPER BURK**

*you are forever loved and  
will never be forgotten...*



*We love you, Mom and Jerry*

*In Loving Memory of*

*Kevin Tucker*

*May 31, 1989 ~ August 28, 2009*

*Always on my mind,  
Forever in my heart*





**HAPPY 45<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY  
EDWARD J. MAIER**

August 10, 1968 ~ July 18, 2002

~~~~~

A beautiful life that came to an end,  
He died as he lived, everyone's friend.  
In our hearts a memory will always be kept,  
Of one we loved and will never forget.



*In memory...*

*His laugh still echoes,  
his life still inspires,  
his light still shines...  
and always will.*

**In Loving Memory  
RAVEN AMANDA MEDNICK**

June 2, 1993 ~ October 13, 1012



To my Precious Baby Bird Raven,

A year has passed since you have left me... devastated, broken hearted, completely and utterly lost. Not a moment goes by that I don't think of you, my beautiful girl with broken wings.

There are a thousand things I would have done differently: protected you from the monsters that walk among us, saw through the façade you wore so well that had everyone fooled, paid closer attention to the red flags that now in hindsight were so obvious.

I pray every day that you are at peace. I pray every day that the pain you endured during your entirely too short time with us is gone and you finally know peace. I pray for strength to continue on without you.

There are no words that can adequately express how much I miss you and I love you and what I wouldn't do to see your beautiful smile and be able to hug you again and never let go.

Until we meet again... I love you forevermore, Mom

*"Give Unto Me" by Evanescence*

*Fear not the flame of my love's candle  
Let it be the sun in your world of darkness  
Give unto me all that frightens you  
I'll have your nightmares for you, if you sleep soundly.*

*Give unto me your troubles; I'll endure your suffering  
Place onto me your burden; I'll drink your deadly poison.*