



MID HUDSON NEW YORK CHAPTER

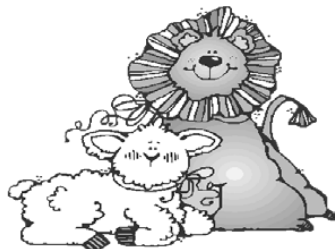
Newsletter

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

Ginger Doulos & Kathy Corrigan Chapter Co-leaders

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

MARCH/APRIL 2013



Please join us for our next meetings
Thursday, March 7th -- Topic: "How Many Children Do You Have?"
Thursday, April 4th -- Topic: TBA
7:00 at the D.C. Mental Health Center, 230 North Road, Poughkeepsie, NY
Call Kathy (845) 462-2825 or Ginger (845) 227-4423 for information



Excerpt from WHAT IS THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS by Neale Donald Walsch

Sadness is emotional evidence of your deep humanity. If you did not love, if you did not care, if you did not feel deep compassion, you would be truly sad about very little. Sadness is a badge of honor. Wear it proudly. You have earned it with the wounds of your heart.

Pain is a psychological or physiological response to exterior stimuli. The fact that you experience it is evidence of the generosity of your Soul in taking on the human condition. When you bear it with courage and with strength, you demonstrate the nobility of your Sacred Journey.

Suffering is the Mind's response to sadness or pain. If you suffer while experiencing sadness or pain, you have clearly made a decision that you should not now be experiencing it. It is this decision, not the sadness or pain itself, that is the cause of your suffering.

Sadness and physical or emotional pain is what's arising. Suffering is your announcement that you may not fully understand why it is arising, and how it all fits into the Agenda of the Soul.

When you fully comprehend exactly what is taking place in your life, as well as the Process of Life Itself, then your suffering ends, even if the pain continues. Nothing changes, but everything is different.

The biggest difference is that you no longer feel that you are the victim in any life situation. And with the end of victimization comes the end of struggle and suffering.

There even come times in the experience of many when one's struggle and pain can actually be celebrated (believe it or not), even as it is being

experienced, changing its very definition from suffering to joy.

Anyone who has had an aching tooth pulled and endured the endless machinations of the dentist and the unpleasant injection of Novocain knows exactly what this is about.

More profoundly, anyone who has experienced the pain of the death of a loved one, all the while knowing that their dear one's next experience is a gloriously happy reuniting with all whom they have ever loved, and with Divinity Itself, knows exactly what this is all about.

And any woman who has given birth to a long-awaited and cherished child knows exactly what a pain that turns to joy—even as the pain is experienced—is all about.

It is when you make this shift with regard to everything in your life that you switch from suffering to joy in the expressions and experiences of your life. From then on, nothing can touch you in a way that causes you abject suffering—even though you will not be immune to sadness or pain.



All that has happened to you in your life awakens and unfolds your individuality. All that has hurt you, gladdened you, deepened you, and challenged you tells you who you are. ♥ ~ John O' Donohue

There is a calmness
that comes over you
when you release
those things that you
cannot change and
find *hope and peace*
with those that you
can change.

FB/Treasured Sentiments©

And the Great Mother said:

*Come my child and give me all that you are.
I am not afraid of your strength and darkness, of
your fear and pain.
Give me your tears. They will be my rushing rivers
and roaring oceans.
Give me your rage. It will erupt into my molten
volcanoes and rolling thunder.
Give me your tired spirit. I will lay it to rest in my
soft meadows.
Give me your hopes and dreams. I will plant a field
of sunflowers and arch rainbows in the sky.
You are not too much for me. My arms and heart
welcome your true fullness.
There is room in my world for all of you,
all that you are.
I will cradle you in the boughs of my ancient
redwoods and the valleys of my gentle rolling hills.
My soft winds will sing you lullabies and soothe your
burdened heart.
Release your deep pain. You are not alone and you
have never been alone.*

-LINDA REUTHER, from Homecoming

WHEN DOES GRIEF END?

Grief hits us like a ton of bricks,
flattens us like a steamroller,
hurls us into the depths of despair.
We know in a flash when grief hits,
but when does it end?

Like the month of March,
grief rushes in like a lion
and tiptoes out like a lamb.
Sometimes, we don't know when grief leaves,
because we won't let go of the lion's tail.
Why do we hold on so long?

Grief offers us safety,
protection from the world.
We don't want to let go
because we secretly fear
that we'll forget our loved ones,
and we don't want to forget - ever.

We don't want to let go
because we fear the future
and having to face life without our loved ones.

We don't want to let go
because we make the mistake
of measuring our grief with the depth of our love,
when neither has anything to do with the other.

How do we know when grief has run its course?
How do we know when we've grieved enough?
Cried enough?
"Died" enough?

How do we know when it's time to let go of the
tail?
We know when we feel joy again, in something or
someone.
Joy in living. Joy in life.

We know when we wake up in the morning
and our first thought is on something other than
our loss.

We know when we look ahead with a smile
and back with fond memories,
and when we no longer dread the nights.

We know when our life starts filling up with new
interests and people, and we start reaching for
the stars
Grief ends when we let go of the tail.

~ Margareet Brownley in Bereavement Magazine,
January/February 2002

❖ IMPORTANT ❖
PLEASE READ
WE HAVE A NEW HOME!

March 7th will be the LAST meeting to be held at our current meeting place (230 North Road, Poughkeepsie).

Beginning Thursday, April 4th we will be meeting at the CHILDREN'S HOME of POUGHKEEPSIE
185 Fulton Street
Poughkeepsie, NY 12601

Call Kathy 845-462-2825
or Ginger 845-227-4423
for more information

forgiveness

“she reached as deep as she could inside her pain. somewhere in there was a piece of herself she needed to forgive. and only then could her healing be complete.”

Bone Sigh Arts

SPECIAL THANKS

Once again we extend our thanks to **KARI GIORDANO**, bereaved sibling of Kevin Tucker, who previously designed our beautiful brochures and most recently came up with our Holiday Card fundraiser idea, which netted us a \$100 profit! She donated all of her time and energy to design the card layouts, process our orders and deliver the cards. Kari, we appreciate your ongoing support of MHBPUA.

We Will See You Again Someday

*When we lose someone we love it seems that time stands still.
What moves through us is a silence, a quiet sadness,
A longing for one more day, one more word, one more touch.*

*We may not understand why you left this earth so soon,
or why you left before we were ready to say good-bye,
but little by little, we begin to remember not just that you
died, but that you lived.*

*And that your life gave us memories too beautiful to forget.
We will see you again someday, in a heavenly place
where there is no parting.*

A place where there are no words that mean goodbye.

~ Irish Poem



I am a parent twice bereaved. In one thirteen-month period I lost my oldest son to suicide and my youngest son to leukemia.

Grief has taught me many things about the fragility of life... and the finality of death. To lose that which means the most to us is a lesson in helplessness and humility and survival.

After being stripped of any illusions of control I might have harbored, I had to decide what questions were still worth asking. I quickly realized that the most obvious ones Why my sons? Why me? were as pointless as they were inevitable.

Any appeal to fairness was absurd. I was led by my fellow sufferers, those I loved and those who had also endured irredeemable losses, to find reasons to go on.

Like all who mourn, I learned an abiding hatred for the word "closure," with its comforting implications that grief is a time-limited process from which we will all recover.

The idea that I could reach a point when I would no longer miss my children was obscene to me

and I dismissed it. I had to accept the reality that I would never be the same person, that some part of my heart, perhaps the best part, had been cut out and buried with my sons.

What was left? Now there was a question worth contemplating.

~ Gordon Livingston, MD (*Too Soon Old, Too Late Smart: Thirty True Things You Need to Know Now*)



I DON'T KNOW WHY

From My Son, My Son by Iris M. Bolton

*I don't know why...
I'll never know why...
I don't have to know why...
I don't like it...
I don't have to like it...*

*What I do have to do is
make a choice about my living.
What I do want to do is
to accept it and go on living.
The choice is mine.*

*I can go on living, valuing every moment
in a way I never did before,
or I can be destroyed by it
and in turn, destroy others.*

*I thought I was immortal,
that my children and my family were also,
that tragedy happened only to others...
But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.*

*And I choose to go on living,
making the most of the time I have,
valuing my family and friends in a way
never possible before.*

MY WISH FOR YOU

*Comfort on difficult days,
Smiles when sadness intrudes,
Rainbows to follow the clouds,
Laughter to kiss your lips,
Sunsets to warm your heart,
Hugs when spirits sag,
Beauty for your eyes to see,
Friendships to brighten your being,
Faith so that you can believe,
Confidence for when you doubt,
Courage to know yourself,
Patience to accept the truth,
Love to complete your life.*

~ Theodore Roethke



The soul still sings in the darkness telling of the beauty she found there; and daring us not to think that because she passed through such tortures of anguish, doubt, dread, and horror, as has been said, she ran any the more danger of being lost in the night.

*Nay, in the darkness did she,
rather, find herself.*

--St. John, Dark Night of the Soul



2013 NATIONAL GATHERING
FOR THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA | JULY 25-28, 2013



2013

For more information: www.bereavedparentsusa.org



IN LOVING MEMORY
BRIAN SCOTT ARENA
February 3, 1975 ~ October 21, 1995

TO HONOR YOU

By Connie F. Kiefer Byrd

To honor you, I get up every day and take a breath.
And start another day without you in it.

To honor you, I laugh and love with those
who knew your smile

And the way your eyes twinkled with
mischief and secret knowledge.

To honor you, I take the time to appreciate everyone I love,
I know now there is no guarantee of days
or hours spent in their presence.

To honor you, I listen to music you would have liked,
And sing at the top of my lungs,
with the windows rolled down.

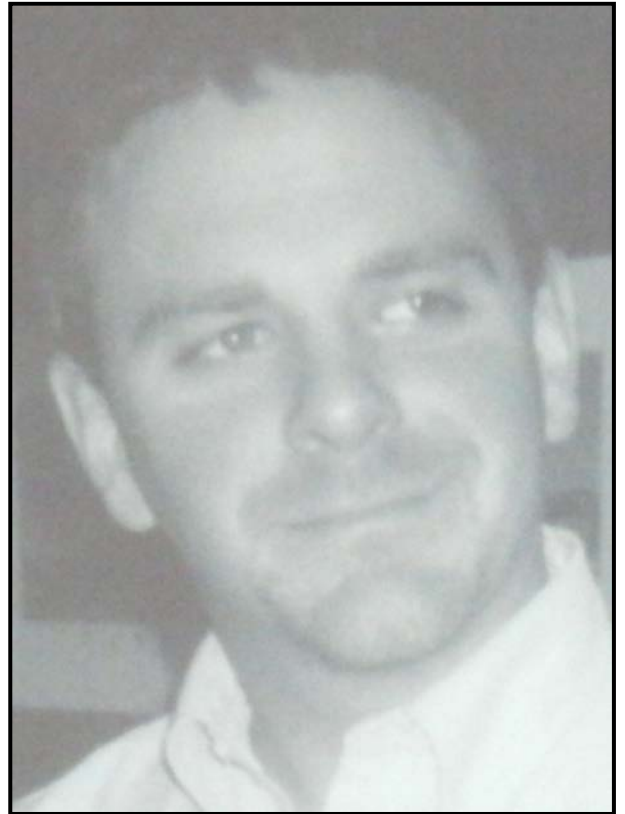
To honor you, I take chances, say what I feel,
hold nothing back,

Risk making a fool of myself, dance every dance.
You were my light, my heart, my gift of love,
from the very highest source.

So every day, I vow to make a difference,
share a smile, live, laugh and love.

Now I live for us both, so all I do, I do to honor you.

Love, Mom



CLOUDS

Written by Jonathan T. Kormondy

Look at the clouds and how they mesmerize my senses
Creating such illusions in my brain, that I feel an

ultimate surge of energy

Flow through my veins

Pillow sculptures of air,

Mellowing out 21,000 feet above

in a sea of tranquility,

Forever they shall remain embedded in my memory.

As I lie down between the tall blades of grass,

My eyes venture into the vast beauty of the horizon,

Where the sun begins to gently slip away

as one more day comes to a close.

The stars have rotated into view and the clouds have
settled themselves upon the last rays of golden light,
shooting through the snow-capped mountain tops.

I close my eyes, and for one second,

I feel a unified peace within myself

and it is hard to believe,

That the world and all its problems still go on.

In Loving Memory of

JONATHAN T. KORMONDY

(J5)

on his 42nd Birthday - March 17th

I love you Jon and miss you

and your wonderful hugs every day.....

Mom

“There is no coming to consciousness without pain. People will do anything, no matter how absurd, in order to avoid facing their own soul. One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious.”

~ Carl Gustav Jung

Hope is a rare gift that, if we are lucky, comes to us with the power to heal our lives. I've come to know that the deepest sense of hope often springs from the hardest lessons in life. It is in the darkest skies that stars are best seen -- perhaps it is divine irony that within the darkest moments we are capable of revealing the greatest light, demonstrating what is best with humanity. ~ From Timepiece by Richard Paul Evans

What to expect at your first meeting...

If you are considering attending your first meeting, we extend our hearts and loving thoughts to you. You may be thinking: "What will it be like? Who will be there? What do they do? Will it make me worse? Will it make me cry? What will people think of me? As the day approaches you may even look for reasons why you're not able to make it to your first meeting. Please know that all of this is normal.

We are all bereaved parents and, like you, we found it difficult to attend our first meeting too. We invite first time attendees to arrive 30 minutes early so that you can enter the room and find a place to sit before it is filled with people. One of our members will be there to welcome you and put you at ease. She will hand you a welcome package and answer any questions you may have.

As other members arrive, you may have all kinds of reactions; you may even think that these people can't possibly have lost a child! They're smiling and talking about trivial things; the women are wearing makeup and there are men here – my husband doesn't want to talk about it. I won't be able to say a word about my child without crying and embarrassing myself. I hate this! I don't belong here! It's too hard! I'm definitely not coming back!

Once the meeting begins, we typically present a topic and then invite others to share their thoughts and experiences relevant to the topic. If the group is large we may move into smaller sharing groups so that everyone has a chance to participate if they choose to do so. You do not have to speak; we encourage you to reach out in your own time and in your own way. It may not be easy, as feelings may be overwhelming but we've all been there and we understand. It can be a great comfort to be in the company of other parents who have been through a similar experience; parents who understand and can offer support to help you find your way through this very difficult time. You will feel a great relief as you talk about your child – the way he or she died, his or her place in the life of the family, feelings you may find difficult to express elsewhere. Furthermore, you will hear about how others are learning to cope and survive after the death of their child. And remember all that is said in our meetings is totally confidential – you are free to share your true feelings.

Even though it may take several regular meetings before you find something of value for you, we know you will eventually reach a comfort level within the group and come to treasure the strong bonds you will form with your fellow grievers as **together we remember... together we heal.**