

Listening Hearts



A GATHERING FOR BEREAVED MOMS...

Volume I, Issue 2

March 2009

April Meeting

As the budding flowers are warmed by the spring sunshine we are warmed by friendship and love. In keeping with this theme, we will be having a ceremony entitled "One Earth, One Journey" to celebrate renewal and the remembrance of our children. Please join us as we bring "scoops" of soil from special places that represent precious memories with, or of your child. These places may be ball fields, camps, vacation spots, or even your own



back yard. We will take these "scoops" and blend together our hearts and love in which we will plant new life. Please keep in mind that soil is not necessary for you to join us as we remember and renew. Bring a small picture of your child for our garden of memories.

Ruby will be providing our craft activity for this meeting and we will also be having refreshments. I am very excited about our April Meeting!

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I hear the birds sing, see the flowers of spring, and feel the
sunshine on my face.

I work to find ways to allow the sunshine within me to shine
again.

Just as I trust the sun to be in its place on a cloudy day, I trust
that I will find the sunshine of my soul behind the dark clouds
of grief.



Other Listening News

Our application for our 501(c)(3) status was filed in February. Once approved, this status will grant us exemption as a non-profit organization. This type of exemption applies to organizations that are operated exclusively for religious, charitable, educational purposes, etc. According to the IRS, individuals who give to applicable 501(c)(3) organizations may deduct contributions up to 50% of their adjusted gross income when they itemize. Because we are filing this year, donations given prior to our certification may still be deducted for 2009.

Love Gifts

Thank you to the following families for their gift given in memory of their precious children

- ♥ Janice Clay
mother of Byron Clay
(5/14/83 - 9/20/06)
- ♥ Anonymous donation

Their generous donations make it possible to reach out to other hurting mothers through this newsletter, group sessions and the web site.

...Thank you!!!

Listening Hearts

Be Still and Know that I am God, Psalm 46:10

By: A. Katie Helms

Its so hard to be still
With computers and cable
And cell phones and internet
Blackberries and iPods
And video gaming and audio
gadgets
And youTube and MySpace...
Things that consume us
And take up our time
And distract us from things
That are very important...
Like caring for loved ones
And helping our neighbors
And sitting and thinking
And quietly praying
And listening deeply
For things that have meaning
And take us to Heaven...
Its hard to be still
And to know that He's there
And He's love and He's peace
And to Know that He's God
But He IS.....
He is lovingly waiting
Patiently craving
Hoping and longing
Searching and seeking
For all of His children
His special creations
His blood bought and purchased
His dear precious children
The loved ones He Loves So...
To be still and to Know that He's
there...
And He's love and He's peace
And to know that He's God
But He IS.... He IS... He IS.....

January 12, 2009

Calendar

Children's Birthdays



Colt Porterfield, 4/17



Thomas Wade Buchanan, 4/21



Gabriel John Miller, 4/22

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Calendar

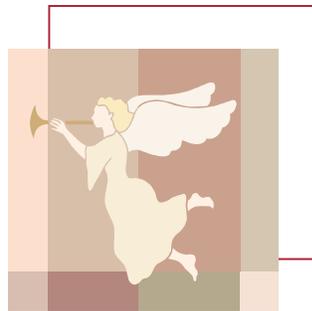
Children's Death Dates



Sean Austin Powell, 3/10



Sean's grave marker



Mom's Birthdays

Reneau Howard, 3/7



Listening Hearts

“SMALL
COMFORTS
COME FROM
UNLIKELY PLACES
UNUSUAL
CIRCUMSTANCES,
UNFAMILIAR
FACES...”



Silence and Absence

By: Sean Fewer

Her heart bleeds eternally, the smile gone from her eyes,
When child leaves mother...a part of her dies
An unimaginable pain has taken it's toll
It will continue to take, even when she grows old
Small comforts come from unlikely places
Unusual circumstances, unfamiliar faces
Closer to her, the silence remains
They don't share their stories, they don't speak his name
Like the scar on a tree that the growth rings will hide
The hurt doesn't show, but lies latent inside
Do they wait for her lead? Do they think that they've tried?
But their silence and absence create a divide
It's a time of great need, don't expect her to ask
She bears the weight, she wears the mask
She knows change is unlikely as it comes from the heart
It appears as though apathy's been there from the start
They don't know what to say, they give her some space
Then the guilt they might feel is gone with no trace
Take time and make effort to bring a smile to her face
Hold her hand while she cries, give a loving embrace
There are no special words, it's just you that she needs
But their silence and absence is hurtful indeed.

In loving memory of Damon Fewer,
11/23/95 – 5/22/07



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Sibling News

After months of visiting colleges in Tennessee and Kentucky, Jarvis has committed to attend and play football at Bethel College. Bethel is a Cumberland Presbyterian College that is located in McKenzie, TN (40 miles east of Jackson). He officially signed on Wednesday, 02/04/2009 @ 2:00 P.M. @ Central High School.



Listening Hearts

“WHY DON’T I
FEEL
GRATEFUL?
WHY DO I FEEL
ANGER ABOVE
EVERYTHING
ELSE?”



A VALENTINE POEM TO ERIC - FEBRUARY 14, 2009

by Mom

Every time we think of you we miss your effervescence,

Right away you fill our hearts with smiles of happy joy.

In an instant we feel a thousand happy memories.

Can you see our joy? And then the pain that took away our precious, loving boy?

Always we will cry for the emptiness present in the holes of our hearts.

Why? ... Why? ... Why can we never know WHY?

One hundred times a day we almost can touch you, in pictures ... and in crowds

Looking like you are frozen in time

For eternity.

We, your mom and dad, love you, our Son. You must feel the intense pain and loss from your sister and brothers; your grandmother; your aunts and uncles and cousins; the incredible number of your friends. We, and they, were blessed to have you for your short 28 years.

A MOM'S QUESTIONS FOR ETERNITY:

Why don't I feel grateful? Why do I feel anger above everything else? Why did he have to fight SO HARD to live those 28 years and then be taken by something his body could not fight because of his compromised immune system?

Was it not enough to make him ... and all those who loved and fought for and with him ... so hopeful that he might beat the history of his disease and actually have a normal, happy adult life? So that you had to devastate him and us, with our hopes brutally and hopelessly gone?

Were there so many good, positive, thoughtful, loving, giving, people on earth that one more could not be tolerated? Did you not need his joy-giving humor that uplifted everyone with whom he came in contact? Did you not need a man who could make such positive contributions to his world and ours?

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No. I do feel blessed. I do not feel grateful. I feel betrayed by a "God" who gave us this beautiful person (inside and out) and then snatched him away as soon as he felt he just might have a chance at adulthood and happiness.

No. Eric does not belong dead at this young age.

No. Eric does not belong in a cemetery identified by only a small, cement marker.

No. Anger, betrayal and bereft of faith I once had is what I feel now. Do not speak to me of how lucky I was to have him for as long as I did. Speak, instead, of why I don't have him now. Tell me how to fill my heart and soul with all the places he occupied and that now are only memories. Tell me where I go because the places I always went with Eric have too many memories and I cannot bear the pain of seeing them. Any golf course, baseball games, football games, Norris Dam State Park, the house where we live now, where Eric used to come with us to visit his Grandma and Grandpa, places in Houston too numerous to mention. These places, these activities, just break my heart.

So tell me.

