

Listening Hearts



A GATHERING FOR BEREAVED MOMS...

Volume II, Issue 4

July/August 2010

Just For Today

Just for today, I will try to live through the next 24 hours and not expect to get over my child's death, but instead learn to live with it, just one day at a time.

Just for today, I will remember my child's life, not his death and bask in the comfort of all those treasured days and moments we share.

Just for today, I will forgive all the family and friends who didn't help or comfort me the way I needed them to. They truly did not know how.

Just for today, I will smile no matter how much I hurt on the inside, for maybe if I smile a little my heart will soften and I will begin to heal.

Just for today, I will free myself from my self-inflicted burden of guilt, for deep in my heart I know if there was anything in this world I could have done to save my child from death, I would have done it.

Just for today, I will honor my child's memory by doing something with another child, be it my own, or someone else, because I know that would make my child proud.

Just for today, I will offer my hand in friendship to another bereaved parent, for I do know how they feel.

Just for today, I will allow myself to be happy and enjoy myself, for I know that I am not deserting him by living on.

Just for today, I will remember that even death cannot take away the special love we shared.

And just for today, I will accept I did not die when my child did; my life did go on and I am the only one who can make life worthwhile once more.

Submitted by Karen Archer in memory of her son,
Porterfield (April 17, 1984-June 20, 2006)

Forever loved and missed by his family and friends.



Colt.

In this issue:

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Love Gifts

Karen & Dana Archer in memory of Colt Porterfield

Anonymous cash

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

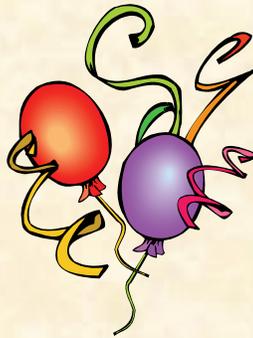
...Thank you!!!

Listening Hearts

Happy Birthday to Malachi (Alan Armstrong's son and the joy to his grandmother, Pam.)



This is a picture of Malachi (Alan's son). He was 3 on June 6th. He is on his first bike. Happy Birthday Malachi!! Your dad loves you and he is watching over you always.



Submitted by Pam Johnson, mom to Alan Armstrong and grandmother to Malachi

Submitted by Pam Johnson

SUDDEN DEATH (Written By: Don and Ron Williams)

As one deals with a sudden, unanticipated death, the ability to cope with the death is diminished because of the nature of the loss. Grievers are shocked and stunned by the sudden loss of their beloved. Recovery is complicated, because one is overwhelmed, not only by the death, but by the how and why of the loss.

In sudden loss, there may be extreme feelings of shock, bewilderment, and anxiety. One has to try to face the massive gap between the way things are (my loved one has died) and the way things ought to be (they should be alive). After a sudden death, the loss does not make sense. Grieving survivors may find themselves telling the story of how their loved one died over and over again. This does two things: it validates the reality of the loss, as well as enabling them to help make some sense of the loss. One may find himself becoming a sort of detective, looking back and trying to see if there were any clues left behind by the deceased. Did they do or say anything that might suggest they were sick or were thinking about their own mortality?

Because there is less factual information to go on, grievers in sudden losses will take longer to work through grief phases and stages. Shock and numbness often persists longer, because one is not equipped to deal with the sudden death of loved ones. Whereas survivors can successfully work through their grief, dealing with questions about the nature of their beloved's loss, they need to be aware that it "will take longer and demand more from them and from those who seek to comfort them."



Alan Armstrong
11/22/82-2/25/07



Listening Hearts

July 2010

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4 Anniversary of Kassie's death 2009	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17 Austin's birthday 2007
18 Anniversary of Wade's death 2005	19	20	22 Anniversary of Alicia's death 206	22 Anniversary of Eric's death 2004	23 Anniversary of Cassie's death 2007	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS



Kassie Hall
8/10/90-7/4/06



Austin Hatcher
7/17/07-5/7/10



Wade Buchanan
4/21/83-7/18/05



Eric Wolf
11/19/75-7/22/04



Cassie Taylor
9/29/88-7/23/07

August 2010

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1 Alicia's birthday 1979	2	3	4	5	6 Anniversary of Clint's death 2005	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14 Anniversary of Gabe's death 2006
15	16 Anniversary of Tony's death 2006	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



Alicia Golembeski
8/1/79-7/22/06



Clint Reagan
5/15/85-8/6/05



Alex Wolf
10/24/85-8/7/09



Gabriel Miller
4/21/81-8/14/06



Tony Kovacs
-8/15/06



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What Moms Are Doing

"The Oro Valley Optimist Club is doing some great things on drug education in Oro Valley and the Northwest School Districts. They informed me that this new venture all stems from Evan. They just had a drug education for all 5th graders, with 800 kids/parents showing and they read a letter I wrote to about 100 parents. Evan continues to touch people and teach people."

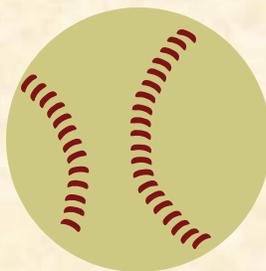
Sacha Kunard-Cueto



Evan Cueto
3/12/92-3/18/09



Cassie Taylor
9/29/88-7/23/07



We spent our summers at the ball park and state parks. Cass loved to play softball and was very good at it. As you know after Cassie died, my family started Cassie's Cause. This year, in honor of Cass, we sponsored a softball team. As of last week, they were the only undefeated team in that league. I am sure she has something to do with that :) She would love it! Over the Memorial Day weekend, Russ and I went to a couple of the kids' favorite parks and spent the whole day remembering all of the wonderful times we had had together. We did some hiking and had a very good time. It is nice just to get away.

Jayne

(I felt this is a summer memory and a "What Moms Are Doing" item. Debra)

What Moms Are Doing



This picture is from the queens staircase which symbolizes the freedom that the Bahamas were given from France. They walked up the staircase to freedom.



This picture was taken outside the Paradise Island Hotel which was Michael Jackson's favorite hotel in the world. A floor is named after him. He paid \$250,000 per night whenever he stayed there. A regular person like you or I would pay 500 per night.

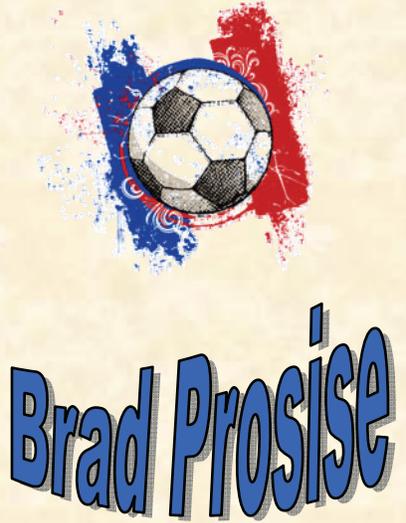


The only courage that matters
is the kind that gets you
from one moment to the next.



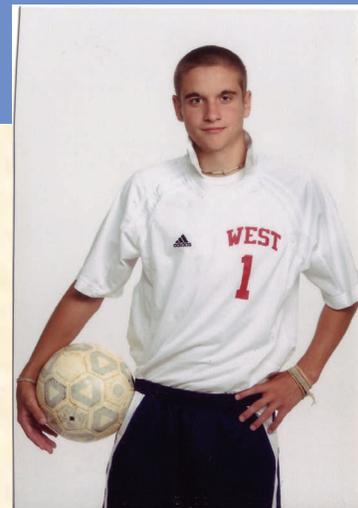
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Summer Memories



This picture of Brad is in honor of the upcoming Cup.....Soccer Cup.....World Cup which starts June 11th. I know he is there...cheering for USA and Brazil his two favorite teams.....Soccer was his passion and he had a scholarship to play at King College! He did go to Nashville to qualify for semi-pro team, he was the only 17 year old that was invited to return the following day...It was a two day try out...and he got to play with all the big, big boys on day two...I sure do miss him.. Love you, Deb"-)

They retired his number ...it was a beautiful ceremony.... and his jersey hangs in the soccer house.





Clint Reagan



Clint loved summer camp. This is a picture of him working in the lunch



"I wrote your name on the sand...
but the waves washed it away.
I wrote your name on the sky...
but the wind blew it away.
I wrote your name in my heart...
and forever it'll stay."



Author Unknown

Listening Hearts

Summer Memories of Damon

This is a picture of Damon walking our dog Barney while camping in a provincial park here in Ontario. Older brother Aaron is seen walking in the background with his friend. Camping was a huge deal in the Fewer family and all 3 children began camping in the first year of their lives. Damon was 5 when this photo was taken. He loved camping and especially loved the evening campfire. Every summer he would look forward to the summer asking when we would be going. Our family, Kim's brother's family and her parents would all set out on two different week long adventures each summer and have many beautiful memories we will always cherish.

Our love and friendship always,
Sean & Kim

Damon Fewer





Eric Wolf



Eric Wolf
11/19/75-7/22/04

"Laughter and tears are neighbors," he said, just before performing on Sunday at 6th Avenue Church of Christ. "They don't have to live on opposite ends of the street." Alan Pedersen "We're here today because a child has died. But really, we're here today because they lived," he said. "They might have lived for just a little while, but in that time, they left an impression that should be celebrated," he said.

Alan Pedersen has been performing for more than 25 years. An accomplished singer and award winning songwriter, he spent several years writing and recording music in Nashville, Tennessee. Alan has had several songs recorded by other artists.



In August of 2001 Alan's life took a tragic turn, his 18-year-old and only daughter Ashley was killed in an automobile accident.

In July of 2003, Alan released a CD of songs he had written about his walk through the valley of grief, titled Ashley's Songbook. In 2006, he released a follow up CD titled "A Little Farther Down The Road." Alan now helps others by sharing his story of faith and hope. His message is simple; grief and loss offer the opportunity for ordinary people to accomplish extraordinary things. He believes that healing begins when we once again give of ourselves by helping others.

www.EverAshleyMusic.Com
www.angelsacrossthe USA.com

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Indian Legend submitted by Sean Fewer in memory of Damon

Do you know the legend of the Cherokee Indian youth's rite of Passage?

His father takes him into the forest, blindfolds him and leaves him alone. He is required to sit on a stump the whole night and not remove the blindfold until the rays of the morning sun shine through it. He cannot cry out for help to anyone.

Once he survives the night, he is a MAN.

He cannot tell the other boys of this experience, because each lad must come into manhood on his own.

The boy is naturally terrified. He can hear all kinds of noises. Wild beasts must surely be all around him. Maybe even some human might do him harm. The wind blew the grass and earth, and shook his stump, but he sat stoically, never removing the blindfold. It would be the only way he could become a man!

Finally, after a horrific night the sun appeared and he removed his blindfold.

It was then that he discovered his father sitting on the stump next to him.

He had been at watch the entire night, protecting his son from harm.

We, too, are never alone. Even when we don't know it, God is watching over us, Sitting on the stump beside us. When trouble comes, all we have to do is reach out to Him.

Moral of the story:

Just because you can't see God,
doesn't mean He is not there.
"For we walk by faith, not by sight."

submitted by Sean Fewer



Remembering Joe



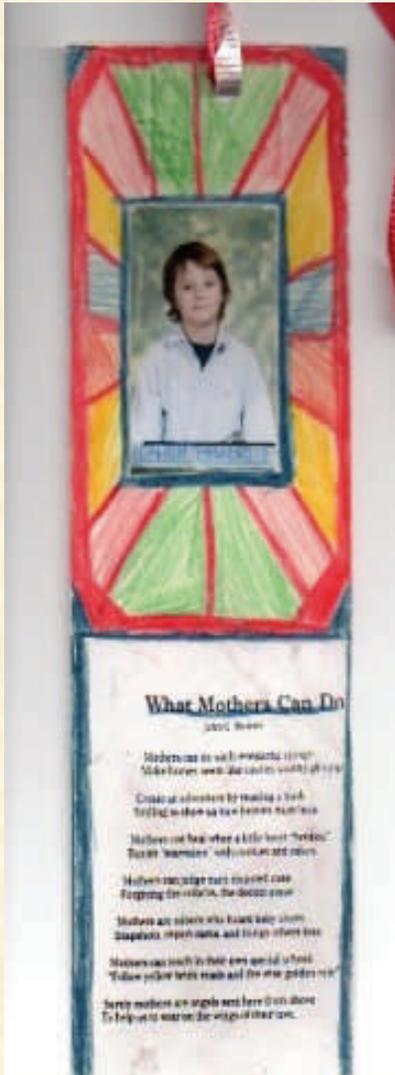
Joe Torma
Joe Torma

Joe Torma
5/23/80-9/30/06



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Poem on Bookmark by Damon



Damon Fewer
9/23/95-5/22/07

Submitted by Sean Fewer:

What Mothers Can Do

Mothers can do such wonderful things
Make homes seem like castles worthy
of kings

Create an adventure by reading a book.
Smiling to show us how heaven must look.

Mothers can heal when a little
heart "breaks."
Banish "starvations" with cookies and cakes.

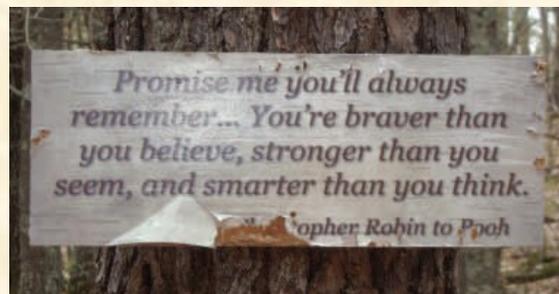
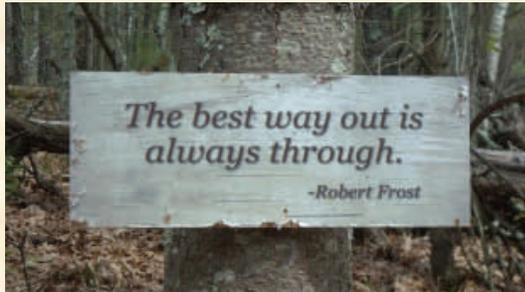
Mothers can judge each disputed case.
Forgiving the culprits, the docket erase.

Mothers are misers who hoard baby shoes.
Snapshots, report cards, and things
others lose.

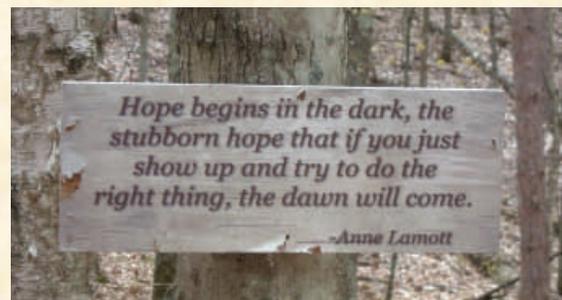
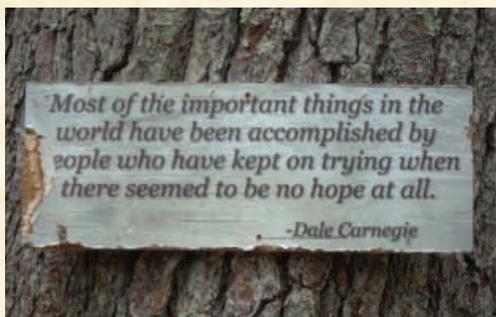
Mothers can teach in their own
special school.
"Follow yellow brick roads and the wise
golden rule."

Surely mothers are angels sent here
from above
To help us to soar on the wings of their love.

Quotes



Quotes lovingly lifted from the Facebook page of Alan Pedersen's Angels Across the USA tour.



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Memories of Kassie



Kassie Hall
8/10/90-7/4/06

This poem has a special meaning to Kassie's mom, Karen. Kassie had an auto accident and was in the hospital for 6 days before she died. Karen felt during that time she had to watch Kassie go.

I Watch you Go

I see your eyes,
one final glance as you look back at me,
and we both know it is time.
Although I swore
I would never have to let you go
It's a promise I cannot keep.
I need to live
and you need to grow.
My heart folds back onto itself
And I just bend my knees and lower my center
To withstand the buffet of the winds
That will blow by me,
and through me
Without you standing there to shelter me.
The tether is cut,
and you are free to fly
and I lose an anchor,
and my cheeks burn,
from the icy wind
and the few tears that sneak past the wall
That I am leaning on
so that I can stand
and watch you go.
And someday soon I think
I will find a haven
Where I can cry the tears
And let the salt water cleanse the wounds
So they can begin to heal
But now is not the time.
One hand raised
I salute you
With a wave of good-bye
Wishing you all the blessings of this earth
And when we meet again
it won't be the same
But we will always know
How much we loved
and trusted
and shared
Victories, losses, adventures
and just the passage of time.
Look back no more
Eyes to the future
And I will just stand here
and watch you go.

© Susannah Thompson, 1996
submitted by Karen Hall

I Saw Your Face Today



I Saw Your Face Today

I saw your face today, in the sparkle of the morning sun.
And then I heard the angel say, "His work on earth is done."

I heard your voice today, then laugh your hearty laugh.
And then I heard the angel say, "There's peace dear one at last."

I felt your touch today, in the breeze that rustled by.
And then I heard the angel say, "he's always by your side."
I thought I saw my broken heart, in the crescent of the moon.
And then I heard the angel say, "You'll be together soon."

I thought that you had left me, for the stars so far above.
And then I heard the angel say, "he left you with his love."
I thought that I would miss you so, and never find my way.
And then I heard the angel say, "Be strong, you'll be ok."

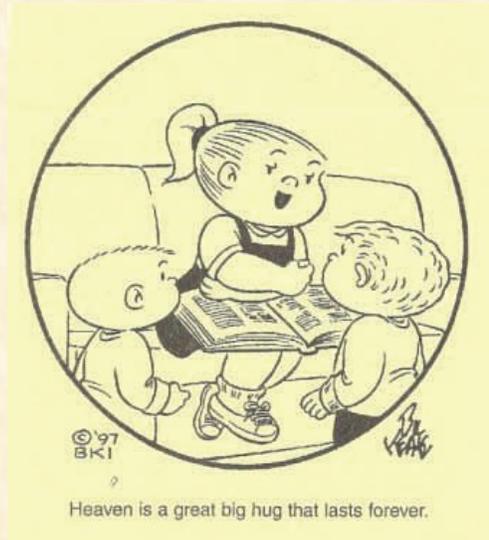
The sun, the wind, the moon, the stars, will forever be around,

Reminding me of the love we shared, and the peace you've finally found.



Listening Hearts

"There are times when explanations, no matter how reasonable, just don't seem to help...When the day turns into night, And you're way beyond my sight, I think of you".....Fred Rogers



Submitted by Kate Helms.



"Slowly but surely, changes will take place, and you will find yourself once again able to enjoy the small blessings in life. Day by day, the sun will begin to shine once again, and you will find yourself able to face the day with renewed hope and strength!" - Clara Hinton

LISTENING HEARTS

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<http://listeninghearts.net>



We're on

facebook



Listening Hearts, a 501 (c) (3) nonprofit organization, is a self-help gathering of bereaved mothers from all walks of life. It does not matter the age of the child or the cause of death. Nor does it matter the length of time since the child's death. No one should travel this journey alone. Join us as we help each other find ways to carry the pain of this loss and the joy of the love for our child in the same heart.

Contributors this issue:

**Karen Archer
Pam Johnson
Sacha Kunard-Cueto
Sean Fewer
Deb Prorise
Karen Hall
Linda Torma
Kate Helms**

Listening Hearts 2010 Meeting Schedule

All meetings are held on Saturdays

- ♥February 6th
- ♥April 3rd
- ♥June 5th
- ♥August 7th
- ♥October 2nd
- ♥December 4th

Editors:

**Debra Reagan
Heather Reagan**

**Deadline for submissions for our
September/October newsletter is Friday,
Thank you to everyone.**

**Unless otherwise noted by the
contributors, the submissions will also**