

Listening Hearts



A GATHERING FOR BEREAVED MOMS...

Volume II, Issue 3

May/June 2010

Lullabyland

You strain your ears to hear a note
That drifts in cadence soft and low,
From out the heaven land remote,
Where all the little children go.

And often in your dreams you hear
In echoes gently, sweetly flung,
Some simple song, in accents clear
Your little one has often sung.



And so from out the shadow shore,
God hands to you the Golden key
With which you may unlock the door
Of sacred, hallowed memory.

And from within a smiling face
Before your eager vision stands,
And you may feel the glad embrace
Of dimpled, loving baby hands.

~E. A. Brininstool

Warm Summer Sun

by Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens)

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.



In this issue:

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Love Gifts

Deborah & Larry Griffin in
memory of Zachary Griffin

Ruby & Mack Buchanan in
memory of Wade Buchanan

Karen & Dana Archer in
memory of Colt Porterfield

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

Dedicated to My Son, Evan by his mom, Sacha:

Different

by Sacha Kunard-Cueto



The sun still rises – but to me it looks different
The flowers still bloom – but to me they smell different
The sun still shines on my face – but to me it feels different
The birds still sing – but to me they sound different
The stars still shine – but to me they shine different
My life, my world, still offers me earthly beauty –
but it's all so different to me without you in it.

Dedicated to my son,
Evan Jacob Cueto
3/12/1992 – 3/18/2009



In Memory of Joey, with love from his mom, Linda:



Joey Scarpa
September 1971 - March 1995

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Oh, The Memories are too Hard to Bear With all our love, Mom (Deb Griffin)

“Mom you’re an awesome mom.”

Oh, the memories

“Daddy, I love you. Bye mom, I love you.”

Oh, the memories

The motorcycle going down Emory Road.

Hitting the car; Hearing the sirens

Oh, the memories are too hard to bear.

“Are you Zach’s mom? He has been in a wreck.”

Steve praying, Jesus was the last word he heard.

Oh, the memories

UT hospital; doctors report; I couldn’t hardly walk.

Seeing Eric’s face, oh, the pain in our hearts

We wanted to die; We wanted the world to end

Oh, the memories are too hard to bear.

“Why Zach, Lord? Why us?”

Pain and bitterness, “Why my beautiful son?”

The grave, simply irreplaceable

Oh, the memories are too hard to bear.

Oh, the memories!

“We love and miss you, Zach”

Jesus tell him we love him

Jesus tell him we miss him

Jesus tell him we will see him one day soon

“Some people live all their lives and don't do things because of fear, but Zach lived his life to the fullest.”

Words spoken by the pastor at Zach’s funeral.



Zach Griffin
11/22/1983-5/26/2006

Listening Hearts

May 2010

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1 Karen's Birthday
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9 Mother's Day	10	11	12 Julian Preciado's Death Date 2005	13	14 Byron's Birthday	15 Michael Dionne's Death Date 2001 Clint's Birthday
16	17	18	19	20	21	22 Damon Fewer's Death Date 2007
23	24	25	26 Zach Griffen's Death Date 2006	27	28	29
30	31 Memorial Day					



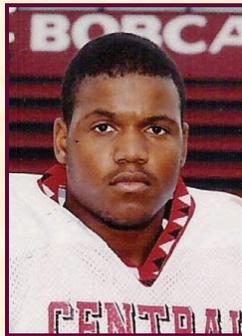
Julian Preciado
3/22/1987 - 5/12/2005



Clint Reagan
5/15/1985 - 8/6/2005



Zach Griffin
11/22/1983 - 5/26/2006



Bryon Clay
5/14/1983 - 9/20/2006



Damon Fewer
11/23/1995 - 5/22/2007

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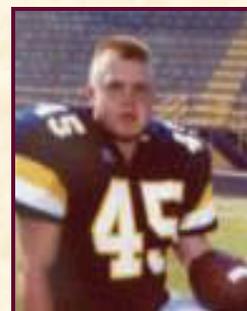
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3 Jim Coniglio's Birthday	4	5 Meeting 3:00-5:00
6	7	8	9	10	11 July's newsletter items needed	12
13	14	15	16	17 Ryan Griffin's Birthday	18	19
20 Colt's Death Date 2006	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			



Jim Coniglio
6/3/1983 - 3/6/2009



Ryan Griffin
6/17/1986 - 4/28/2007



Colt Porterfield
4/17/1984 - 6/20/2006

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

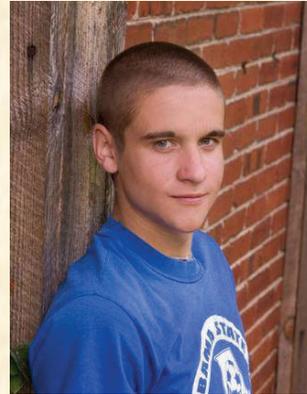
Listening Hearts

What Moms Are Doing

A Mom's Loving Promise Fulfilled:

Deb Prosis fulfilled a promise she had made to her son, Bradley and his friend. Deb had promised to take them to Mardi Gras when they turned 21. Bradley died in November 2005 at the age of 17 before Deb could fulfill this promise to him, but she did keep her promise to his friend.

Bradley was in their hearts as they celebrated a mom's love for her son.



We extend our condolences to Kate due to the death of her grandmother and to Pam J. due to the death of her mother.



Since the death of her son, Gabe, Kate has been learning to play the bagpipes. Recently, she marched in the Festival of Nations parade at Dollywood. Kate Helms in the middle row, third from the left.

Excerpt from *Do We Ever Get Over the Death of a Child?* by Anne Dionne

"Yes, I have joy in my life again. Yes, my life and relationships are stable and I function normally again. I've come a long way since the days of lying on the cemetery grass near my son's gravesite in tears while talking and singing to him. Yes, I hope that I am graced with a long and healthy life. Am I over it? The clear answer is, "No."

I will never be over it, nor would I want to be over it. I keep my son's memory alive in my heart and soul. I believe that his body died, but his spirit lives on, and that gives me peace and purpose for living. His picture is still on my bedroom wall, and I occasionally wear his sweats."

Excerpt from *Do We Ever Get Over the Death of a Child?* by Anne Dionne. The full article can be seen on the Open To Hope website:

<http://opentohope.com/dealing-with-loss/death-of-a-child/do-we-ever-get-over-the-death-of-a-child/>



Anne Dionne has been actively involved with The Compassionate Friends (TCF) organization since the death of her son, Michael, in 2001.

She co-authored the grief book, *Every Step of the Way: How Four Mothers Coped with Child Loss*, and was a guest presenter on the web-radio series, "Healing the Grieving Heart."

www.voiceamericapd.com/health/010157/horsley090706.mp3

Listening Hearts

What Moms Are Doing cont.

The behavioral health agency where I work and my family have launched a public awareness campaign to educate young people and parents in a four county area on the trends and dangers of prescription pain reliever abuse. The campaign consists of trainings being planned for the fall school year (w/ professionals from my agency and the DEA!); billboards, posters and radio ads. Our daughter recorded the radio ad and it will run all year on several stations. We feel compelled to do something and his memorial funds were matched by my employer.

Tammie Wolf
in memory of her son, Alex
10/24/85-8/7/09

WE SINCERELY HOPE
THIS PRESCRIPTION
MISUSE CAMPAIGN
IN ALEX'S MEMORY
WILL MAKE A
DIFFERENCE AND
THAT IT WILL
PREVENT ANOTHER
TRAGEDY.

Alex Left Family & Friends Behind

Alex Wolf was funny, sensitive and caring.
On August 7, 2009, Alex died because of an accidental intoxication of Oxycodone.

if you or a friend are abusing prescription drugs

get help

 **SINNISSIPPI FOUNDATION**  **SINNISSIPPI CENTERS**

Call Sinnissippi Centers at 1-800-242-7642.
prescription abuse - a prescription for disaster!

Give sorrow words;
the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart
and bids it break.

— *William Shakespeare, in Macbeth, Act IV,
Scene III*



Janice is celebrating with Byron's sister, LaShundra, at the Zeta Phi Beta Probate. We are so proud of Shundra. She is now a Zeta Phi Beta.

"They say that time in heaven is compared to 'the blink of an eye' for us on this earth. Sometimes it helps me to think of my child running ahead of me through a beautiful field of wildflowers and butterflies; so happy and completely caught up in what he/she is doing that when he/she looks behind him, I'll already be there."

~Author Unknown



Listening Hearts

From the Ashes of Grief

by Lana Golembeski
Mom to Alicia

From the Ashes of Grief

In the early morning fog of a spring day

The sunlight drifts slowly across the lake

Lifting the dark shadows of night.

The honking geese frolic in the early morning rays
of sunshine

While the birds sing of promises yet to come.
Through the dark clouds of grief,

Slivers of sunlight filter down.

The pain and fear residing in my heart

Is starting to give way

To the hope of finding joy once again in my life.
The warmth of the sun flows through my body
And I now feel and see flickers of that joy.

It is but a fleeting moment in my thoughts.

But it fills me with the hope of perhaps

Finding peace once again.

The forever tears cleanse my heart and my pain.
They pave the way for love and laughter once
again in my life.



Alicia Golembeski
8/1/1979 - 7/22/2006

“My heart will forever be empty from the loss of my precious child. But the sparkling sunlight spreads light around that hole in my heart. Gentle healing is beginning; springing anew from the ashes of grief. “

Lana Golembeski

Remembering Nick:

“March 13th marked seven months since my beautiful son passed away. Nickolas was such a wonderful young man. He died at Johns Hopkins hospital on August 13th, 2009 after a fifteen month battle with leukemia.

Nick had undergone a bone marrow transplant and his leukemia was gone at the time of his death. However, he suffered severe complications in his lungs, that I assume were a result of the bone marrow transplant.

I do not know what caused the problem, but my son had to go through so much. He was in hospital for 70 days before we finally had to make the decision to withdraw life support (even though there was nothing wrong with his mind, he was fully functioning). It was just horrible. So these past few days have been very rough.

Some days it seems like I am going backwards in my grief instead of forwards. I wish I had a group of fellow Moms to meet with around here. I thought I would send you a picture of Nickolas. His birthday is September 11, 1982. He did not live to celebrate his 27th birthday. Thank you again. “ - Nick’s mom, Diane Pippen

Nick
9/11/1982 - 8/13/2009



Mother's Day

I don't want anyone to ever forget him.....

"Really, do we have to have another Mothers Day? The first one was so soon after Jim died it was a blur. Sometimes I feel like I just need to go on like nothing happened, but that is not the way to be.

When we go to family functions and no one mentions his name, it makes me feel bad and I am compelled to bring him up somehow in conversation. I don't want anyone to ever forget the we had him.

Attached is the note that I wrote to my son, Jim. it was right around the first anniversary March 6th."



Jim Coniglio
6/3/1983-3/6/2009

I call out to you

I call out to you, Jim, I wish you could answer me.

I talk to you and tell you things. Like, wow, can you believe it is the year 2010, as I write it down some where?

I say, Jim, can you see this beautiful sunrise, or do you see the moon tonight it is huge.? Just like in Joe vs. the Volcano.

We talk to you everyday, Can you hear us... I hope you can. I look for signs, I always will .

Love, Mom (Lori Coniglio)



Memories of Cassmark Cards



Cassie Taylor
9/29/1988-7/23/2007

"I read your email and immediately my thoughts went to the cards that Cassie made for my husband and I. She did this every year for our birthday and on Mother's Day and Father's Day. She would draw a picture using lots of bright colors and write something wonderful. She did this without fail. When she was older, she would even put the "Cassmark" on the back of the cards. She would spend a lot of time on those cards. They were, and still are, the most wonderful cards.

I also have a plaque she made when she was in elementary school. She said that I made the best brownies in the world. Russ and I would laugh about this, and she did later on too, because my brownies are from a box. I love sharing Cass with others."

Jayne Taylor



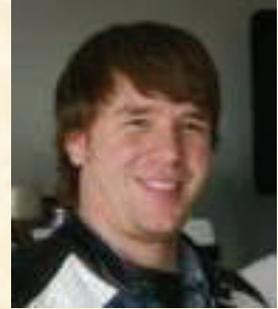
Listening Hearts

Memories Are Everywhere

“The Mother's Day before Zach died he asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted him to build me some shelves in my hall closet. So while I was gone to visit my mother-in-law, he put two shelves in that closet. Every time I open that closet I think about Zach.

Thanks for letting me share.”

Love, Deb (Griffin)



Zach Griffin
11/22/1983-5/26/2006



Clint drew this picture of me as a Mother's Day gift in school one year. I will cherish it always. Debra

PUEBLO BLESSING



Hold on to what is good
Even if it is a handful of earth.
Hold on to what you believe
Even if it is a tree which stands by itself.

Hold on to what you must do
Even if it is a long way from here.
Hold on to life
Even when it is easier letting go.
Hold on to my hand
Even when I have gone away from you.

She is the one that taught me to “mother”....

My daughter read this at her Grandmother's (My mother's) Funeral in March. It's not about me being a mother to my children or my mother's days before or after losing my boy, but she is the one I learned to "mother" from...

My Grandma was a caregiver, that was her role for her entire life. After all, care giving is what mothers do. My Grandma lived the role of caregiver everyday of her life. That was her title, that was her life's career. Each of us grew up knowing that she loved us, cared about how we were doing and wanted us to have health, happiness and success. But when it comes to my Grandma that is a very simplified story. You know what I mean....She worried about each of us and believed she was responsible for how we would get healthy, or get happy or reach success. She lived and loved as though it was up to her to make us healthy, get us happy or make us successful. That's the Grandma I'm talking about! My Grandma the Worrier!

Upon reflection, I have decided to think of Grandma, not as a worrier, but as a Warrior! I like the sound of that...My Grandma-the Warrior! That suits her because she seemed to believe that by loving us fiercely, we would feel loved and be happy. She believed that by caring deeply, we would know that she was in our corner, and we could succeed! When we were sick or facing some life crisis, she prayed and worried ferociously and by sheer force of will, she believed that we would conquer our illness, face whatever trial we were facing and come through it a better person.

I believe that she "loved" each of us into the arms of the people we love. She "prayed" and guided each of us, with God's help, into the lives that we are living. I feel good knowing that she literally "worried" each of us through every illness, divorce, job change, college course or new job. She "worried" some of us through cancer, some of us through loss, and some of us through serious illness and surgeries. But she also "worried" us through happy times, like childbirth, weddings, and graduations and journeys home for family celebrations. My Grandma, the Warrior, gave care to each of us and now we walk in our shoes ,on our own journeys, with our own families, knowing that she loved us and cared deeply like the great care giver and the Great Warrior she was. And now that she is in heaven, with a renewed strength, reunited with loved ones we have lost...I am sure she will continue to try to care for each of us, rather than be cared for as she deserves. God will have a struggle on his hands because it will be hard, no doubt, for this care giver to relinquish her role. We love you, Grandma, just rest and be peaceful.



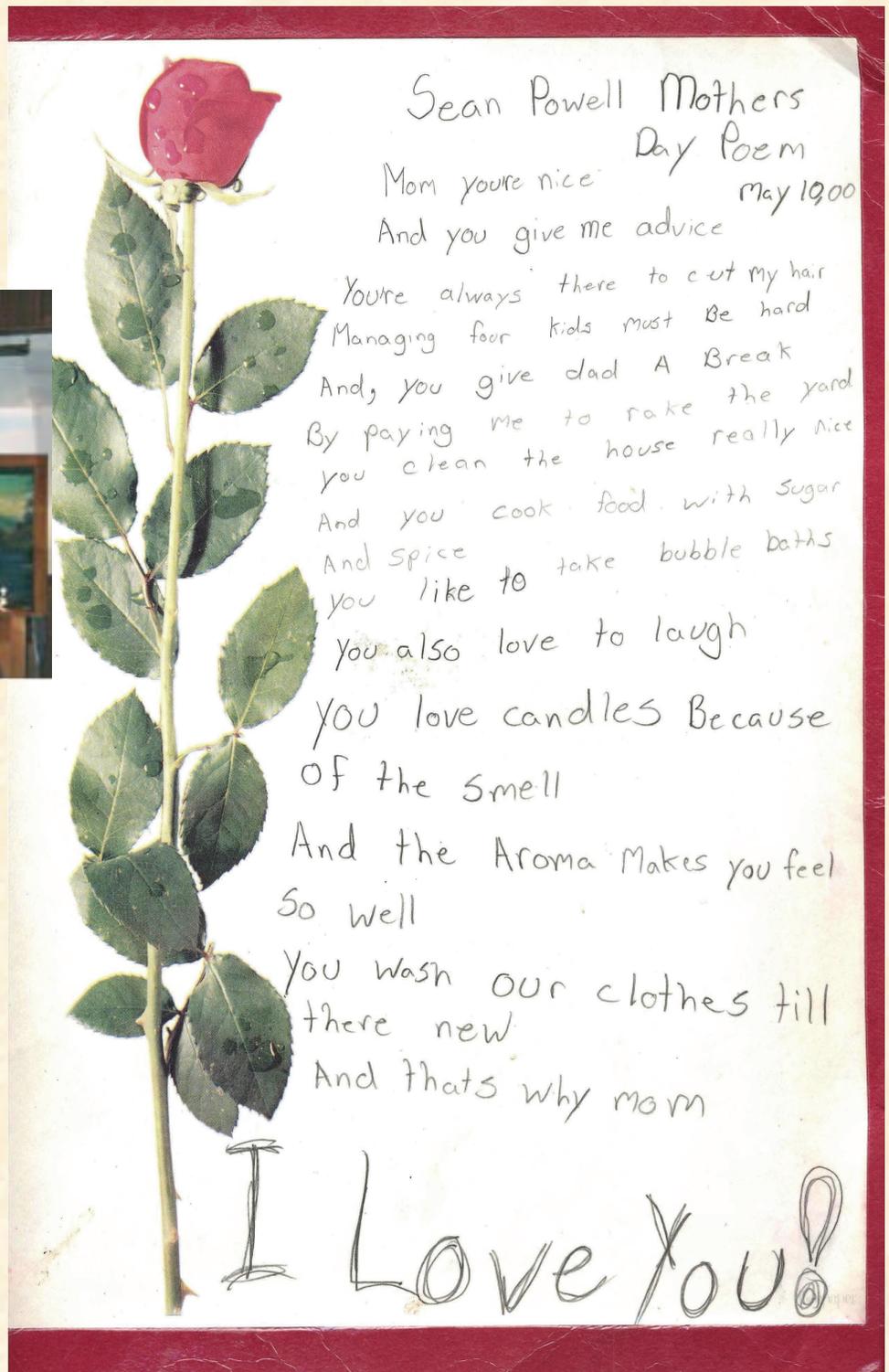
Tammie Wolf, Mom to Alex
(Tammie's son, Alex, died in August 2009 and her mother died March 2010.)

Listening Hearts

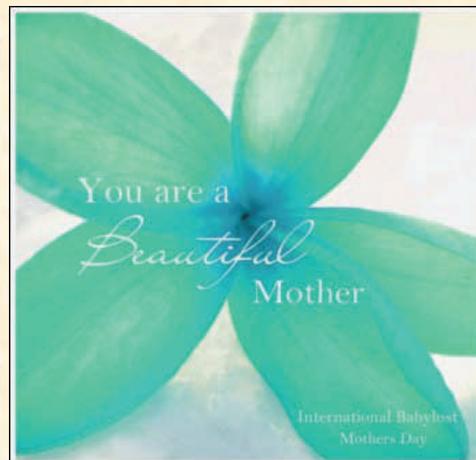
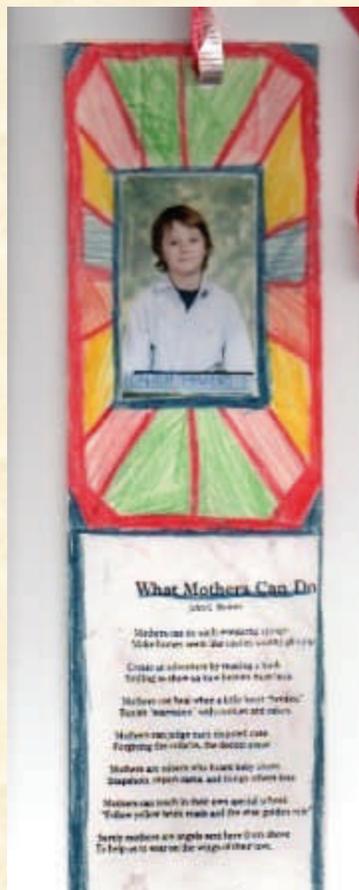
Sean's Mother's Day Poem



Sean Powell
10/24/1988-3/10/2007



Damon's gifts to his mom, Kim Fewer



.....So now you see
What makes a Mother
It's the feeling in your heart
It's the love you had so much of
Right from the very start
Though some on earth
May not realize
Until their time is done
Remember all the love you have
And know that you are
A Special Mom

Mother's Day

Listening Hearts

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road,
And the sun has set for me.
I want no rights in the gloom-filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free.
Miss me a little but not too long,
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me but let me go.
For this is a journey we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends you know.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
Miss me- but let me go.

Submitted by Pam Quade
In memory of her son, Tony Kovacs



Tony Kovacs
August 15, 2006

In Memory of Precious Calvin Lewis Medicus



"Little Footprints"

How very softly
you tiptoed into my world.
Almost silently,
only a moment you stayed.
But what an imprint
your footprints have left
upon my heart.

-Author Unknown

LISTENING HEARTS

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Seymour, TN 37865

E-mail: listeninghearts@yahoo.com

Website:

<http://listeninghearts.net>



We're on

facebook



Listening Hearts 2010 Meeting Schedule

All meetings are held on Saturdays

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

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:

Sacha Kunard-Cueto
Deb Griffin
Deb Prosis
Anne Dionne
Lana Golembeski
Linda Schiro
Diane Phippen
Lori Coniglio
Debra Reagan
Jayne Taylor
Tammie Wolf
Pam Quade
Scarlett Powell
Sean Fewer

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Debra Reagan
Heather Reagan

Deadline for submissions for our July/August newsletter is Friday, June 11th.
Thank you to everyone.