

Listening Hearts



A GATHERING FOR BEREAVED MOMS...

Volume IV, Issue 2

March/April 2012

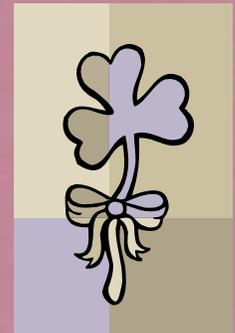
Searching

Closing my eyes, I search for you.
I breathe in the light of love
and release the tensions of this physical existence.
I reach with my mind to the spirit land,
while you watch with an amused smile.
Groping thru the fog and clutter, I feel for the physical
warmth of you.....
And "see" you laugh
*"Mom," you say, "you can't feel love with your hand.
You have to feel it with your heart."*
Okay, I think. I can do that...
And once again I breathe....in with love....out with
the physical....
in with love....out with the physical.
"MOM!!" Stop trying so hard. Just listen...."
My reply to him pounds in my head-
"I AM TRYING! I want so much to hear you. I miss
your laugh, your smile. It has been so long...."
In with love...out with the physical....In with love....
out with the physical....
"mom....I'm here."
I feel his smile...I hear him laugh....
"Who did you THINK you were talking?"
Silence....
Warmth fills my heart as an unanticipated smile
touches my lips.
My mind sends the words-
"Well.....I THOUGHT I was talking to a part of myself...."
and a soft whisper replies-
"and who more than your son is a part of you?"
Breathe...in with love....out with the physical....
in with love...out with the physical...
Sandy Goodman, 1999

Love Never Dies
A Mother's Journey from Loss to Love

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Love Gifts

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

Anonymous Cash

A special thank you to all of those that support our bereaved moms in so many ways.

...Thank you!!!

Listening Hearts

March 2012 Listening Hearts Local Children

These cherished children have birthdays this month:

27th Stacy McElhaney mom, Clarabelle



These cherished children have anniversary dates this month:

5th Donald Ray Lauderdale mom, Rose
10th Sean Powell mom, Scarlett
15th Joseph Stevens mom, Jeanette
16th Chad Raby mom, Jane
22nd Carlos Santos-Silva mom, Monika
29th Caleb Norris mom, Becky



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

March 2012 More Beautiful Children

These adored children have birthdays this month:

5th	Krystal Long-Duss	mom, JoAnn
12th	Evan Cueto	mom, Sacha
17th	Brian Brush	mom, Donita
22nd	Julian Preciado	mom, Veronica
27th	Hannah Card	mom, Helena
30th	Michael Dionne	mom, Anne



These adored children have anniversary dates this month:

1st	Travis Kress	mom, Diana
6th	Jim Coniglio	mom, Lori
13th	Joey Hernandez	mom, Gina
13th	Nicholas White	mom, Dianne
18th	Evan Cueto	mom, Sacha
20th	Joey Scarpa	mom, Linda
21st	Leo McPhee	mom, Rose
27th	Hannah Card	mom, Helena



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

Listening Hearts

April 2012 Listening Hearts Local Children

These precious children have birthdays this month:

2nd	Bradley Prorise	mom, Deb
6th	Corbin Weaver	mom, Deanna
10th	Lewis Carl Balogh	mom, Carol
17th	Colt Porterfield	mom, Karen
19th	Cindy Allen	mom, Barbara
21st	Wade Buchanan	mom, Ruby
22nd	Gabriel Miller	mom, Katie
26th	Caleb Norris	mom, Becky



These precious children have anniversary dates this month:

20th	Stacy McElhaney	mom, Clarabelle
24th	Paul Sanders	mom, Diane
28th	Steven Anderson	mom, Sue



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

April 2012 Other Beautiful Children

These adored children have birthdays this month:

16th Tyler Strawn	mom, Elane
23rd Timothy VanWinkle	mom, Jan
27th Andrew Smith	mom, Rosemary



These adored children have anniversary dates this month:

21st David Giraud	mom, Cathy
24th Alexis Goudelock	grandmother, Bonnie
26th Brandon Arms	mom, Connie
28th Ryan Griffin	mom, Kim
29th Scott Ward	mom, Lorna
30th David Alan Lewis	mom, Nancy



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

Listening Hearts

Sean's Story by Scarlett



My son, Sean, fifth anniversary will be March 10, 2012 so I wanted to write a summary of my emotions this past five heart breaking years. In the first few weeks, I listened to the news and tried to find answers but only found myself with more questions. My son, Sean, was a victim of homicide – murdered at eighteen,

The first year I was buried with Sean causing me to be detached from the world and being covered with grief and shocked which numbed me to the core of my soul. By the end of the first year, I felt like I was walking dead instead of buried alive.

Walking Dead

**Moving forward without any grace or clarity
I'm stomping forward with anger and a bad attitude**

Will the rage ever let up or am I predestined to carry this load of crap?

The sins of mankind are worn by everyone even myself, but God

My anger is so loud it covers my entire nervous system.

When will I allow you to heal me or is my stubbornness too strong to break me

Or am I so mad at myself; no peace will I allow myself?

**Screams and tears can't cover my scars,
But I continue to stand fast at trying to prove**

**My hurt and anger is too much to release
So I hide it with a fake hello and goodbye**

And close my door to the outside

Remaining in the dark and closing out the light

Echo of lies fill my head and harden my soul

Taking me further away from forgiving myself

The second year it was the trial and the realization of the injustice of this world. Boy, then the anger was truly released. I wasn't satisfied with the justice system.

By the end of the second year, I found myself lost and wanting the answers and refusing to accept the death of my son, Sean. How could this be? My son, Sean, was only eighteen.



Sean

Scarlett's Reflections

Eighteen should be the beginning – Not the Ending /
Scarlett Powell (mom), in remembrance of my son,
Sean Austin Powell, October 24, 1988-March 10,
2007

**God, I'm trying to understand
I hear your words stating
Inspiration is a word of action
Held at a level of great magnitude
Asking me to provide compassion
& seek forgiveness
Begging me to climb out of this state of
depression
But I can't get you to understand now inspiration
is
Only located up above the eastern sky
Where only angels fly
I listen to your voice telling me to close my eyes
so I can see the place
Where our son, Sean, lives today
In a mansion with double-doors
Above and among his earthly peers
Telling me Sean's existence is very present
Without a doubt he is very happy
Surrounded by you, our heavenly father
You keep telling me Sean's life is eternal &
Sean is no longer out of step with reality
Now he's finding truth in every word spoken
Walking in the light & singing in the right key
I listen to your voice asking me the question:
So why do you cry with such sadness and
scream in such anguish?
Please listen with compassion and understanding
as I give you my answer:
The promises I made to our son, Sean, were in
vain
The world would make a place for Sean to grow
into a man
Allowing him to make mistakes and be given a
second chance
Sean would be allowed a life with opportunities
A future filled with great achievements
Now I have to accept our son's earthly life ended
too soon for those words to rang true
Forcing me to live among the people who
cheered for the release of my son's murderer
while I try to keep myself from coming unglued.**

The third year I was trapped in madness and
replaying the death, cause and effect, and "what
ifs" in my mind over and over. I had lost it totally
and the fear of everything being taken from me
was overwhelming. I had to understand why this
had happened. The appeal was over.

Sean was right when he said, at eight years old
as a foster child in our home, "I feel like the
world has thrown me away." I tried to prove
Sean wrong but no matter how much I tried to
believe it wasn't true I now know some children
and people are truly thrown away.

The numbness had worn off and no person,
words, song, or moment gave me any comfort. I
almost went crazy the third year. Now when I
look back, Sean did accomplish something I
never thought he would ever do – he trusted
and loved someone. The problem – he trusted
and loved the wrong person, but is it ever wrong
to love someone? I would have to say –yes. In
this situation and in many, it is sad to say yes –
but when it is real unconditional love without
jealousy and insanity it is so worth it. For Sean,
it was worth the risk, but for the loved ones we
were left behind crying in the night.

Listening Hearts

Scarlett's Reflections Continued

The fourth year I felt like I was shocked back to life. I had a health scare when a nurse practitioner informed me I had cancer. I was relieved I faxed the doctor a note stating if it was stage three or four that I wouldn't fight it. I was hopeful I would be gone from this broken place very soon. The doctor called me and didn't understand since I didn't have cancer only precancerous cells. The nurse practitioner was wrong.

My husband was happy along with my children, but now I had to make a decision to make. Part of me wanted to die because honestly I was pretty much dead so I had to answer the question should I start dying or start living.

Even though my other son were expecting a child, my grandson, it was a hard decision to make. People who have lost a child can understand because the hurt, shame, guilt, and all the other emotions can't be explained, erased, or replaced with the birth of another child. The emptiness is so large and deep nothing or no one can fill it, but could I be responsible in giving this pain to my family members. Was it fair to continue to be this mad lady? Was it possible for me to be wonderful, caring, loving, and giving wife, mother and Grandmother which God wanted me to be? I had to make the decision.

As the fourth year ends, I recall the candle I light at the Christmas ceremony and this poem I read.

As I light this candle in honor of my son, Sean Powell, I light it for the grief, courage, memories and love which carry me each day. The pain of losing Sean is and will always be intense but it reminds me of the depth of our love for one another. The courage to confront my sorrow, to comfort others, and to change my life for the better in some small way shows honor for Sean's life and hope for my own. The memories are times we laughed, the times we cried, the times we were angry with each other, the silly things Sean did, the caring and joy he gave me. As I enter this holiday season day by day I cherish the special place in my heart that will always be reserved for Sean. I thank Sean for the gift his living brought to me and I love you, Sean.

I will continue to hold on to the memories that were given to me and show appreciation for the time I had with Sean. I know life is precious and our love ones are truly a gift worth holding on to with both arms even when you feel you have lost all strength and hope – please keep the faith that tomorrow will be a better day. For I am grateful I have selected to live and embrace life and I know Sean is happy for me too.

Scarlett Powell, mom and biggest fan of son, Sean Austin Powell, Written for Sean Austin Powell on January 9, 2012, Anniversary Date: March 10, 2007, Birth Date: October 24th, 1988

In Memory of Jim Coniglio

Jim Coniglio 6/03/1983 - 3/06/2009

Three years that we have been missing you, missing your smiles, your laugh and your

It seems like an oxymoron to me when we say. "We celebrate the anniversary of our child's death". Yes, in a way it is a celebration for those of faith to know that our child is in heaven now, safe in the arms of the Lord, that they are free from pain and the struggles that they may have had in their life on earth.

But it is also just a painful reminder that they are not here. A painful reminder of those awful days surrounding the time they left us. So we remember our child with smiles of memories and pain of loss. And each day we go on to live another day to honor our child.



Jim Coniglio



Listening Hearts

What Moms Are Doing



Katie shared a beautiful and peaceful picture of her playing the bagpipes on the beach at Tybee Island. Katie started learning the bagpipes after her son, Gabriel, died in 2006.



Gabriel Miller

Quotes and Excerpts

1. "I will not always feel as I do now."
2. "I am doing okay. Grief will not destroy me."
3. "I will make it through this experience just as others have before me."

Taken from the book, *Life After Loss*, by Bob Deits

"Brief is life, but love is long."

Alfred Lord Tennyson, English poet

Listening Hearts

Morristown Meeting Information

Listening Hearts is a gathering of bereaved moms. We wish every day that there was no need for such a group. Since we can't change things that are out of our control, we work to help ourselves and each other to process this devastating and life altering loss. We work to find ways to carry the loss and love in the same heart.

Our group meets every other month in Knoxville at the Eye Institute Conference Room located at 2020 Kay Street, Knoxville, TN 37920. The dates and times can be found on the last page and at our website: www.listening-hearts.memory-of.com.

We also have a second meeting place in Morristown. See below.

Listening Hearts A Gathering of Bereaved Mothers

***....now has a second meeting
place.....***

***Hillcrest Baptist Church
410 S. Liberty Hill Rd.
Morristown, TN 37813***

***All bereaved moms are
invited.***

2012 Morristown Meeting Dates:

***Saturday, January 7th
Saturday, March 3rd
Saturday, May 5th
Saturday, July 7th
Saturday, September 1st
Saturday, November 3rd***



***Meeting Time:
10:00 a.m. to 12 noon***

LISTENING HEARTS

Donations may be mailed to
Listening Hearts
P.O. Box 51674
Knoxville, TN 37950

E-mail: listeninghearts@live.com

Website:

<http://listeninghearts.net>



We're on

facebook



Listening Hearts Knoxville 2012 Meeting Schedule

All meetings are held on Saturdays 3:00 – 5:00 pm.

- ♥February 4th
- ♥April 7th
- ♥June 2nd
- ♥August 4th
- ♥October 6th
- ♥December 1st

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:

Scarlett Powell
Lori Coniglio
Katie Helms

Editors:
Debra Reagan
Heather Reagan

Thank you to everyone. We are honored to share the love and memories of your precious child.

Unless otherwise noted by the contributors, the submissions may also appear on the website.