

# GRIEF SUPPORT NEWSLETTER

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH 2010

SPONSORED BY PRAIRIE DU CHIEN HOSPICE

The "Grief Support Newsletter" is printed quarterly as a reminder of the bereavement services available through the Prairie du Chien Hospice. We realize some of you do not wish to attend a support group, but appreciate receiving our newsletter. You will receive the newsletter for six months after requesting it. If you feel you need to receive it after the six months, please call us toll free at 1-888-439-6680, or locally at 357-2000, Ext. 2264. If you do not want to be on our mailing list please let us know immediately. It is only meant for those of you who feel you can benefit from it.

## HOSPICE GRIEF SUPPORT GROUPS

*The Grief Support Groups are for those of us who are going through the grieving process of losing a loved one. The meetings have a planned program, but are flexible according to the needs of those in the group. The support groups allow one the opportunity to share feelings and experiences. If you do not wish to say anything, we will respect your privacy.*

*For more information, please feel free to contact the Prairie du Chien Hospice through our toll free number 1-888-439-6680 during office hours.*

### Locations:

Prairie du Chien, WI:  
PDC Memorial Hospital  
1st Thursday of the Month – 7:00 PM  
3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of the Month – 5:00 PM

**PDC:** Facilitator - Barb Stagman, SW  
JANUARY 7, 2010 – 7:00 PM  
FEBRUARY 4, 2010 – 7:00 PM  
MARCH 4, 2010 – 7:00 PM

**PDC:** Facilitator – Donna Lund, SW  
JANUARY 19, 2010 – 5:00 PM  
FEBRUARY 16, 2010 – 5:00 PM  
MARCH 16, 2010 – 5:00 PM

**EVERYONE IS WELCOME!**

Dear Friends,

**By the time we see each other again, we will have greeted a new year. We have traveled some tough roads. Many of us have cried together and, at times, laughed together. For many, this holiday season will be difficult. But remember, you are not alone. During difficult times, this story can be a comforting one:**

### *FOOTPRINTS*

*One night a man had a dream, and in his dream he reviewed the footsteps he had taken in his life. He looked and noticed that all over the mountains and difficult places that he had traveled there was one set of footprints...but over the plains and down the hills, there were two sets of footprints, as if someone had walked by his side. He turned to Christ and said, "There is something I don't understand. Why is it that down the hills and over the smooth and easy places you have walked by my side; but here over the tough and difficult places I have walked alone, for I see in those areas there is just one set of footprints." Christ turned to the man and said, "It is that while your life was easy I walked along your side; but here, where the walking was hard and paths were difficult, was the time you needed Me most, and that is why I carried you."*

**You remain in our thoughts and prayers and forever in our hearts.**

**Peace and Love,  
Prairie du Chien Hospice Staff**

# HOSPICE UPDATE

By Marsha Konicheck, RN  
Hospice Director

Dear Friends of Hospice,

I am hearing so much about the Internet as being the information highway. So many people are using the Internet and are staying "connected". Even the Christmas season is being changed because so many people are buying their presents via the Internet. I thought I should go "online" to see what I could find on grief that would be helpful. I was amazed at how many sites there are on grief, over 32 million! One of the sites states, "Grief should not be prevented because it is a healthy response to loss, it should be respected. Those who are grieving should have support to help them through the process." I feel this is so true. If we have the support we can get through the loss, but we should never try to avoid grief. That is when our grief can become complicated.

But the holidays can be difficult and make it more complicated to deal with your loss. Here are some tips for you to cope during the holidays:

- There is no right or wrong way to handle the holidays. Some may wish to follow family traditions, while others may choose to change.
- Recognize that holidays won't be the same. If you try to keep everything as it was, you'll be disappointed. Doing things a bit differently can acknowledge the change while preserving continuity with the past.
- Include the deceased in your celebrations. Some people put an ornament on the tree in memory of their loved one. Others hang a stocking for their loved one in which people can put notes or mementos that express their feelings.
- Remember the anticipation of any holiday is so much worse than the actual holiday.
- Donate a gift or money in your loved one's name.
- Be careful not to isolate yourself. It's all right to take time for yourself but don't cut yourself off from the support of others close to you.
- Avoid additional stress. Decide what is right for you to do and what can be avoided. Get enough rest.
- It is also important to express your feelings. Allow people to comfort you. They need to feel they are helping in some way.

So in closing I want to wish comfort and peace during this holiday season and remember you are not alone in your grief. Others are there to help you.

## Volunteer Spotlight



My name is Jeannine Schreck. "Hospice"...the word was always in the back of my mind, like one of those things you will look into some day when you have time. "Hospice" moved to the front of my mind when my brother, who lived out of state, needed help. When we could not be there, "Hospice" was. When I retired and the "Hospice" classes were offered, I knew now was the time. I have been involved with Hospice since October, 2008.

### I AM THE NEW YEAR

I am an unspoiled page in your book of time.

I am your opportunity to practice what you have learned during the last 12 months about life.

All that you sought the last year and failed to find is hidden in me; I am waiting for you to search it out again and with more determination.

In me lies the potential of all that you dreamed but didn't dare do, all that you hoped but did not perform, all that you prayed for, but did not yet experience.

These dreams slumber lightly, waiting to be awakened by the touch of an enduring purpose. I am the New Year.

### A VALENTINE WAITING FOR YOU

There's a valentine waiting for you  
That's different from all the others.  
It's there every month at our meetings  
For father, mother, sisters and brothers.

It's envelope is made of caring,  
The glue of understanding seals it tight.  
This non-judgemental group who've been there,  
Help to take away our fear and fright.

So, come join with us together,  
Read your loving message printed clear,  
In not only this month's valentine,  
But in all those throughout the year.

--Mary Cleckley

"WE CANNOT CONTROL THE WINDS,  
BUT WE CAN SET OUR SAILS!"

Someone sent us the above phrase saying,  
"After her father died, she planned to grieve forever." Then at the funeral, her pastor used this phrase which helped her "set her sails" in a positive direction.

### *On A March Wind*

*A March wind, bitter and cold,  
Held the sounds in it's vicious grip.  
Letting them go with precision.  
Cruel, splitting our hearts in two.*

*The twenty-one gun salute  
Heralded homage and mournful taps  
Signaled praise to a soldier's valor,  
In war and in peace.*

*As his body is laid to rest,  
My Father's suffering is over.  
The mystery of it all will come back to haunt us  
In harsh realities and fond memories.*

*A man of honor, faith and trust  
will forever be loved and revered  
in an everlasting family bond.*

*By Sharon L Schroeder  
Largo, Florida*

**MARCH IS  
NATIONAL SOCIAL  
WORKERS MONTH!**

# *There's no Comfort in a Carrot*

Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., CHT, CT, GMS

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I know, I know, I shouldn't seek comfort from the refrigerator; food is not the solution. But at times it sure seems to ease the pain. Maybe it simply masks the moment, but it also gives me something to do later as I sweat off that extra cookie.

I know about food and nutrition and self-esteem. I know, too, that comfort does not come in bottles, boxes or bags of chips (except for Oreos). I know that food is only a temporary source of solace that will turn into a long-term battle of the bulge. But there are some days when all that knowledge simply leaves me aching and wishing for some chocolate.

I've been on this journey through grief more than once and I've learned a lot about coping skills, healthy choices and positive affirmations. I've also learned that sometimes what I really want is a cookie. There's no comfort in a carrot, but when there are no words left to say, when the pain is overwhelming and the helplessness sweeps over us, there is always chocolate!

Some days are worse than others. Some are not worth remembering and some should not have been allowed to happen. I don't know who is in charge of those days, but I sure would like to speak with that person someday.

Some days are just not worth having. They move so slowly that even the sun gets bored and simply falls from the sky in a rush of despair. Some days the sun is smarter than I am, and it just doesn't get up. Some days are rain-filled while others are shrouded in gloom. Some days are painful, while others just seem empty.

**Continued . . .**

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Oh, there are some good days, too. In fact, there are some pretty wonderful days, but we don't seem to remember them as well as we recall the awful ones. Somehow, the tough days get relived more often in our memories and the hours of darkness seem longer than the hours of light. Some days I need chocolate.

If I am lucky enough to only suffer from an occasional "down" day, then my usual coping techniques of sleeping late, eating a real egg and watching a good movie (while consuming semi-indecent amounts of popcorn) generally suffice. I've read enough and lived long enough to realize that those days will eventually pass, especially if I do not ignore them. And so, I have learned to cope with those days that simply should not have happened.

But, once in a while, once in a great while, one of those days turns into one of those weeks and maybe even into one of those months, and suddenly I can't remember anything decent, lovely, worthwhile or fun. It is as if my memory banks have been erased of all joy, and the sun only casts shadows of sorrow. Those days, when we can't remember his smell, the sound of her voice or the touch of his hand, are the days we fear the most. Those days, when pain sweeps over us like searing flames, are the days we lose even the light, and then hope seems an empty place.

Those are the days that are meant for chocolate. On those days, we may discover we need more than a good book, a bowl full of popcorn and a box of tissues. On those days, what we need is comfort, companionship, courage—and chocolate. Surviving an attack of those days can test the wit and wisdom of even the best of us. All the tricks of the trade just don't seem to touch the emptiness, and that's when we have to call in the reinforcements. On those days, there is no comfort in a carrot.

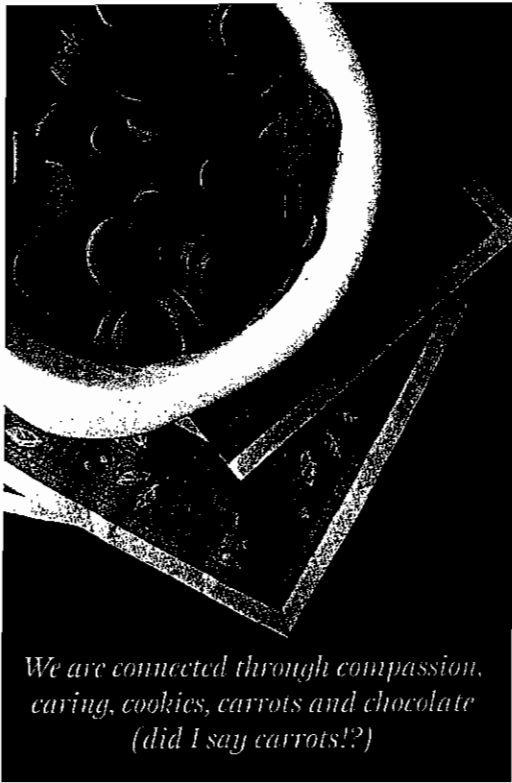
But, oh, the caring compassion of a friend bearing chocolate! I'm not sure if it's the chocolate or the friend that lifts the gloom, but I do know the silent blessing of a phone call from a concerned and loving friend, the gentle touch of a companion, and best of all, the shared joy of a warm, chocolate-chip cookie. This journey is simply too much to endure alone, and blessed are they who dare to walk with us. It is the knock at the door that draws me away from my silent suffering and gently nudges me forward. It is the phone call that comes to shake off the emptiness that keeps me moving forward. It is the hand reaching out across the darkness that becomes my lifeline when I am lost in despair. It is the gift of friendship that helps me hold on through those days.

We cannot stagger and stumble across the rocky path of grief alone. We need all the help we can get. Some of us need a friend to talk with into the long hours of night. Others need a card or a note in the mail to remind them of their support systems. Tuna casseroles and meals sealed in foil help ease us through those days when we cannot remember where the kitchen is. There is nothing better than a warm, chocolaty something brought in the arms of a loving friend.

I have acquaintances who love vegetables and have tried for years to convince me of the merits and joys of broccoli. I know people who actually jog and who think early morning is best enjoyed from a bicycle seat. (I love them anyway.) I have had my share of advice-giving friends, friends who shared their own thoughts and experiences with me and friends who didn't know what to do, but came over anyway.

Some of my friends specialize in specific activities. I have a bowling friend, a walking friend, a friend who will shop with me for bathing suits (and not laugh) and a friend who will mow the lawn. I have friends who will travel with me, some who will loan me their beds and several who have even done my laundry. I have my sensible friends, my psychic friends and my chocolate friends. I have friends who understand my love and battle with cookies and who never actually offer me a brownie, but who send me chocolate thoughts instead! I have friends everywhere and I need them all!

I have friends who will cry with me, laugh with me, sing with me. I have friends who know my secrets and others who think I am still thirty years old. I have friends who know my story and some who can't



*We are connected through compassion,  
caring, cookies, carrots and chocolate  
(did I say carrots!?)*

remember where we met. I have friends who share my passion for living and several who are even crazier than I am.

All of us have had our share of struggles and some have endured more than any one should have to. We've danced in the moonlight, cried in the firelight and healed in the sunlight. We're old, young, tall, short, fat and thin (but not too many!) We're moms and dads, brothers and sisters, parents, spouses, grandparents and friends. There are some strangers, too. (Some who are stranger than others!) Some do like carrots, most love chocolate, and all know the hurt and pain of grief. Some love winter, while others dream only of basking on a beach somewhere. Fall is the favorite of some, and some love the challenge of spring and tax season.

All of us have birthdays, and mostly we don't remember them except with cakes and hugs. We know other dates bring heavy thoughts, and the mailbox and the phone lines are choked with hugs and prayers sent lovingly to ease the pain of those days.

Friends are our security, our insurance policies against loneliness and despair. Food tastes better when shared with friends, and the very best of friends know exactly what to bring!

Some send flowers, others order pizza. Some come toting homemade lasagna and some bring fruit. A good friend will not bring tuna, licorice or carrots! A true friend comes with hope, a listening heart, an extra roll of toilet paper (to more efficiently sop up tears) and a bag of Oreos.

It is hard enough to survive those days, but without a friend, those days are glum, indeed. Friends know when to talk and when to listen. They know they cannot erase the guilt we carry or talk us out of our despair. They do not try to cheer us up, but neither do they drag us down. They know when to call, when to come and when to just stand silently close, trusting.

They offer prayers, poems and pastries. A friend will go jogging for us (HA!) and will always say how nice our hair looks! The gift of friendship goes beyond the mere exchange of gifts and into the magical space created by love. A friend doesn't have to bring food—doesn't even have to come! We can simply feel a friend's caring, even when it comes from thousands of miles away. We are connected through compassion, caring, cookies, carrots and chocolate (did I say carrots!?) A friend helps us remember and helps us to heal.

I wish Hallmark had a "Friends Day," but maybe I won't wait for one to be created. I'll just start one myself. Stamps would be free that day and so would phone calls. We could all go outside, open up our arms and reach around the world to each other. We'd shed a tear and share a smile. We'd sing and laugh and hold on tight. Since we cannot do this alone, I'm mighty glad God invented friends!

So make this day your own National Friends Day and send a card, a cookie, a casserole or a carrot (it could be a chocolate carrot) to say, "Thanks for being my friend! Thanks for caring, for calling, for cooking, for cleaning, for coming. Thanks for being a part of my circle, for being a part of me. Thanks for helping me skip the cookie and embrace the moment. Thanks for jogging with me, for believing in me and for loving me. Thanks for not sending chocolate but for visualizing it instead!

Thanks for you, my friends. Someday there will be calorie-free chocolate! But by then, I won't need it anymore, because I have finally learned it is the gift of you that gives me the greatest comfort!

There's no comfort in a carrot, but, oh, the magic of you sharing it with me!

# Seasons of Grief

By Deb Kosmer, Oshkosh, Wisconsin  
debkosmer@new.rr.com

## Fall

I am not quite certain where I am. I seem to be caught up in someone else's horrible dream. Surely this cannot be my life. Soon someone will wake me up, and you will walk into the room and smile at me like you always do.

People keep coming and going and hovering around me. I don't understand why or what it is they want. Won't somebody please tell them this is just a dream, a really, really awful dream. Won't you tell them, Shawn, please? You didn't really die.

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## Winter

My heart is cold and crusty like the ground. I don't feel anything; no emotion remains. My soul is a black hole, and my heart like ice. Nothing and no one penetrates.

I am completely alone, engulfed in my inexplicable anguish in a place I have never been before. There is no light, no door, only the desolation of a mother's broken heart.

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## Spring

Yesterday I heard a robin chirping, and I almost smiled. Just before it could quite caress my face, I was struck again with the memory that life was different now since you died. I didn't smile anymore, or laugh, or sing or skip—or a lot of other things I used to do.

A moment later the sun came out and for just a second I felt its warmth, before my memories of you came crashing down. I started to cry for what seemed like the millionth time, but then I saw your face again. You were smiling at me with love.

Suddenly I was flooded with a feeling of peace and the knowledge that I, too, could and would smile again. I would also laugh again, sing again, skip again, and do a whole lot of other old things—and maybe some new ones too.

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## Summer

One morning I woke up and I knew something had changed. Something was different; I could sense it; I could feel it. I could almost even smell it. As I lay back and listened, I heard the sounds of children's laughter outside my window.

For a second, I felt the faint stirrings of disappointment, thinking that's all it is—school is out. But then I knew that it was much more than that. From inside of me I felt the flood of feelings from long ago. Wonderful feelings I had thought I'd never feel again. But there they were not just one, but many: Passion, excitement, enthusiasm, peace, glee, thankfulness that I was alive and there was still a world out there that I wanted to be part of in the midst of all of this. Somehow I knew my summer had arrived.

# Ten Hard Truths About Grief

By Thom Dennis

At first glance, this list of ten hard truths of grief won't offer much comfort. It might even feel like pouring salt into an open wound. You may be wondering, "What's the value in reminding me that grief is hard? That point has already been made abundantly clear!"

At the risk of re-stating the obvious, I suggest that giving voice to the groaning of the heart can promote healing. You've heard the saying, "The truth hurts." No doubt you've also heard, "The truth can set you free." By naming these truths you have got the first tool to start dealing with your heartaches creatively. By naming them, you can also enter into a dialogue with others and learn some new strategies to cope.

## 1. Some things are beyond our control.

We would all prefer to live with the illusion that we are in control of our own lives, but a sudden change in the weather, an un-welcome diagnosis or a random act of violence reminds us that no one is the master of their fate. The truth is: In this life there is very little of real consequence that we can control. The challenge is to accept this reality and refocus attention on what is within our power to change. We can acknowledge our feelings and choose how we will respond to whatever life has thrown in our direction.

## 2. There are consequences to being mortal.

In our office there is a beautifully illustrated book called, *Lifetimes*, by Bryan Mellonie and Robert Ingpen. We use it to explain death to children. When it comes to grief, we are all little children needing comfort, reassurance and gentle age-appropriate explanations. The sad truth is that people die. In fact, everything dies. Death is a natural part of life. As much as we would like to believe our parent, spouse, sibling, child, friend or loved one will live forever, they will eventually die. In the end, even you and I will die. It's not fair, but it's part of being mortal.

## 3. It's supposed to hurt!

Leo Buscaglia, the "Love Doctor," once said, "the opposite of love is not hate: the opposite of love is apathy." To say it another way, apathy means, "I don't care." The reason grief hurts so much is because we care deeply for the person who died. If we didn't care, it wouldn't hurt so much. The more we love, the more it will hurt. The two seem to be unalterably linked. To look at it in a slightly different way, the pain we feel is love's testament to the bond we shared. Should we guard our hearts against the depths of loss, we would never have the opportunity to experience the lofty heights of love.

## 4. Life will never be the same.

The death of a loved one not only leaves a hole in our hearts that can't be filled, it also impacts practically every other aspect of our lives. Widows and widowers report changes in their social relationships. Adults whose parents have died say they also lost their best friend or most trusted advisor. Family dynamics invariably shift when one person in the equation is taken away. The economic impact of a death can also have lasting effects. Even when we feel like we've adjusted to an environment without the deceased and life has returned to some degree of "normal," life will never be the same again. Living always requires adapting to some sort of change, so finding a reason to embrace life after the death of a loved one may be challenging. Acknowledging that life will never be the same doesn't mean that the future will be all bad.

## 5. The rest of the world doesn't share our grief.

Beyond the circle of our acquaintances, the rest of the world won't know our loved one has died. The people we encounter on a daily basis will be focused on their own wants, oblivious to our needs and concerns. Our creditors will still require us to meet our financial obligations. Our bosses and customers will still require a certain level of job performance. Our neighbors will still be annoying. Our children will still need every ounce of what remains of our patience and praise. On the flip side, it's a good thing that the stock market, oil prices, and the weather do not depend on the rise and fall of our moods. Even though we are grieving, it's good news that babies are being born, and the sun will rise tomorrow morning.

## **6. People will say dumb things.**

My list of the top ten most shocking and outrageous things people say to the newly bereaved is worthy of the David Letterman Show. Except, in this case the response would be gasps not laughs. From coworkers suggesting that "things could be worse," to neighbors wondering if you plan to sell your house, I've come to the conclusion that most people simply don't think before they open their mouths. People just don't know what to say, so they try to "wing it." Either they say something inappropriate or they err on the side of not saying anything at all. (I'm not sure which is worse.) We have the right to educate them about the comments they make but if we can see these blunders as fumbled attempts to offer comfort, then it is easier to experience the sympathy that underlies their misspoken comments.

## **7. Friends and family will disappoint us.**

If you have friends and family who love and support you, consider yourself blessed. There are lots of folks who don't have a built-in support network and when their loved one dies, they have to start from scratch. One of the most common laments I hear in support groups is the failure of family and friends to offer the kind of support that we need. I encourage people to consider the temperament of each of the people in their circle of support. Are they generally a good listener? If not, is it fair to expect them change now? Remember that each family member had a different relationship with the deceased. Consequently, their grief will look different than yours. If your spouse hasn't lost a parent, they may not "get it" when your parent dies. Best friends may not know how to react, so they might pull away. You may feel like a third wheel at social gatherings. You may need to be more direct when it comes to expressing your needs. It may also take some time, but you will gravitate toward people who have experienced a similar type of loss. You will find additional sources of support. You will hear from old friends, or an acquaintance may step forward to fill the void.

## **8. We have to be assertive.**

It's not easy to ask for help, but that is exactly what we have to do if we want our needs to be met. Whether it's legal, financial or cooking, we have to ask for advice. Whether its respect, intimacy needs or driving directions, we have to be more assertive. What is the alternative? Also, we will have to mention our loved one's name at the family or holiday gathering, because most people will be afraid to say it out of fear that it might upset us. Little do they know that our departed loved one's name is sweeter to us than our own.

## **9. Decisions still have to be made.**

Immediately following a death in the family, certain decisions have to be made. Hopefully there are people around to share the burden, but more often than not, the sole responsibility falls on our shoulders. As time passes the business of life requires that other decisions be made. Our loved one may have been our most trusted advisor or decision-making partner; and yet we still have to make important decisions. We will make some mistakes, but we will learn from them. If we choose to accept the challenge, we will grow from this experience and become stronger and wiser.

## **10. There is no time frame and no road map for grief.**

If grief were on a time clock, we could punch in and punch out at our own convenience. That way we could schedule our tears to fit neatly into daily life. If someone offered a roadmap for grief, we could take a short cut or bypass the tricky spots. Everyone grieves in their own way and at their own pace, so don't let other people project their discomfort with grief onto you. Stop and take a break when you need it. This is not a race. Linger along the back roads of memory; it is there that treasures will be found.

### **Your personal hard truths:**

This list of the ten hard truths of grief is certainly not exhaustive. There must be other truths that you have learned on your own grief journey. I invite you to add to this list or create your own list of hard truths. What are the truths that have helped you cope with your loss, make decisions and enter into this new phase of your life?

## TO ALL, SPECIAL FRIEND

By Elsie Glass  
Blue River, WI

Life is like a train  
It goes up and down the hills  
and valleys of life.  
It will rock and roll your life to no end.  
We sometimes wish it would stand still  
Just a minute but it never does.  
Life goes on.  
And we wonder how we made it this far  
Up and down the hills and valleys of life  
With the laughter and tears and  
Pain of it all, but somehow we do.  
The wheels fall off and  
We must put them back on  
To go up and down  
The hills and valleys of life.  
We ride the Jesus Christ train  
Up and down the hills and valleys.  
We must pull this train  
Because life goes on  
No matter what the cause or costs  
The laughter and tears.  
We fall down only to pick ourselves  
Back up and start all over again  
With the wheel of life, Jesus Christ.  
Laughter and tears come and go,  
Like the train ride of life.

If you have any ideas for topics for the Hospice newsletter or know someone who may enjoy receiving it, please call us at 608-357-2000, Ext. 2264, or toll free at 888-439-6680.

Some articles in this newsletter were reprinted with permission from the following publications:

Grief Digest  
Centering Corporation  
Omaha, NE 68104  
402-553-1200

One day a mother died.  
And on that clear, cold morning,  
In the warmth of her bedroom,  
The daughter was struck with  
The pain of learning that sometimes  
There isn't any more.  
No more hugs,  
No more lucky moments to celebrate together,  
No more phone calls just to chat,  
No more "just one minute".

Sometimes what we care about  
the most goes away.  
Never to return before we can say good-bye.  
Say "I Love You".  
So while we have it...it's best we love it...  
And care for it and fix it when it's broken  
And take good care of it when it's sick.

This is true for marriage...and friendships.  
And children with bad report cards,  
And dogs with bad hips,  
And aging parents and grandparents.  
We keep them because they are worth it,  
Because we cherish them!

Some things we keep...  
Like a best friend who moved away  
Or a classmate we grew up with.  
There are just some things that  
Make us happy, No matter what...

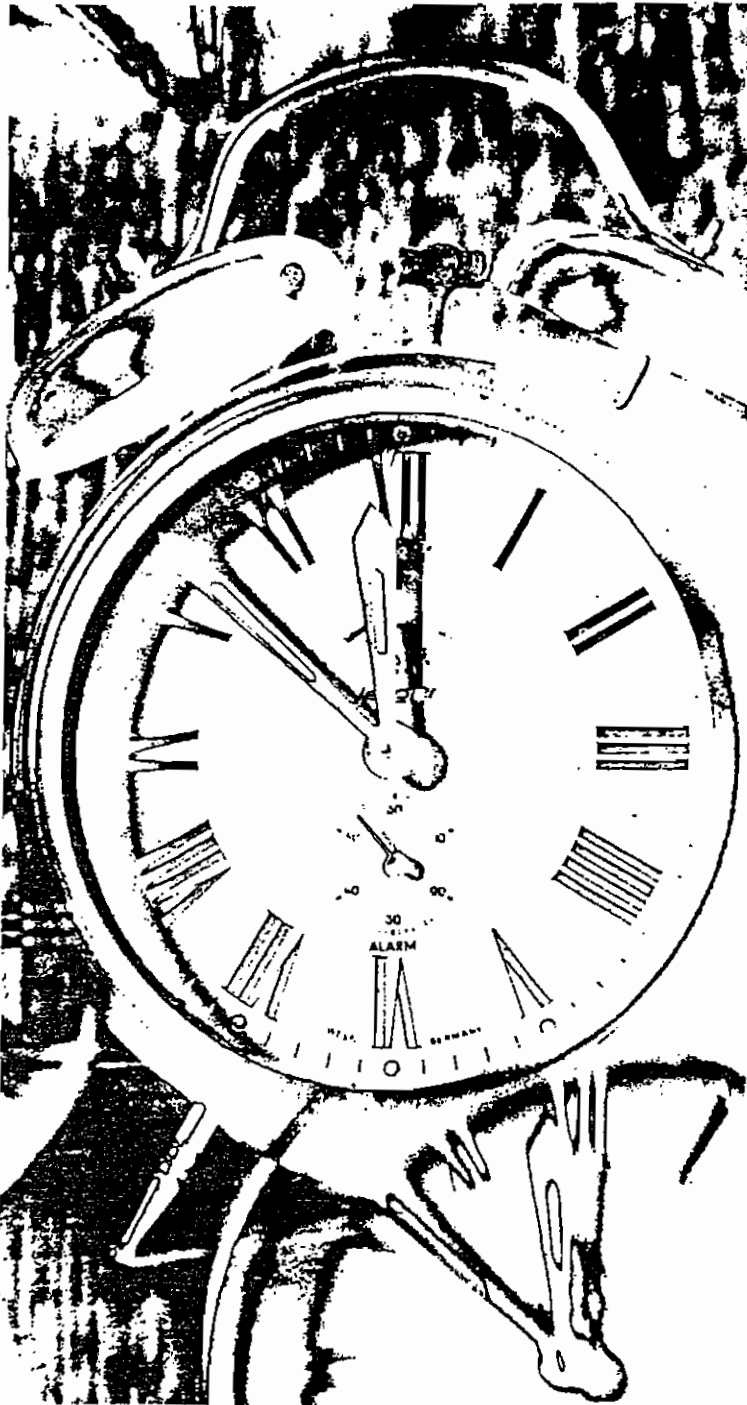
Life is important,  
And so are the people we know  
And so, we keep them close!

Be kinder than necessary,  
For everyone you meet  
Is fighting some kind of battle.

---Author Unknown

# Time Can Help

By Jeanne Losey  
Shelbyville, Indiana



You get so tired of hearing people say,  
"Just give it time; the pain will go away.  
I know you'll manage fine; you'll learn to cope.  
It isn't good for you to sit around and mope."

You think they don't know what you're going through;  
They don't know what this loss has meant to you.  
You know your life will never be the same.  
Without the one who once gave you his name.

You're right. Things won't be like they used to be;  
Your life has changed, but someday you will see  
That time has passed and made you strong once more.  
And though things won't be like they were before,

You'll find that you can manage on your own.  
You've learned to cope since you have been alone,  
And suddenly, you'll note (to your surprise)  
That tears less often well up in your eyes.

You won't know when it happened, but it will,  
And it won't mean that you don't miss him still.  
Time's simply healed the pain and brought you through  
And you can face a world that waits for you.

You've got the strength and courage, and I know  
That you can hang in there and make it so.  
I know that this is how it's going to be  
For I've been there. That's how it was for me.

I thought that I was weak, but I was wrong,  
So just have faith and time will make you strong.  
You've got the stuff it takes to see you through  
And lots of friends are standing by for you.

Accept their help; believe in you. You'll see  
That time can help—the way it did for me.

There is no charge for this newsletter or for attending a grief support group, but donations are accepted to help defray the cost of the newsletter, postage, and other resource materials in an effort to better serve those who grieve the loss of a loved one. Please help by returning this form:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

I would like a memorial printed in the newsletter:

\_\_\_\_\_ yes \_\_\_\_\_ no

Name of Deceased: \_\_\_\_\_

Special Date/Special Message: \_\_\_\_\_

Poem/Message/Other: \_\_\_\_\_

Please make check payable to: Prairie du Chien Hospice  
705 East Taylor Street  
Prairie du Chien, WI 53821

