

Forever Angels



Hello Everyone,

The 127th issue of Forever Angels!

Multiple Births Canada has been providing support to bereaved Canadian (and beyond) multiple-birth families since 1994 and this is our 127th issue! Initially *Forever Angels* was a quarterly production and mailed to homes. When e-mail became the way of the world, we transferred over to the electronic version, as so many other organizations were doing, and increased our production to a minimum of once a month. In addition, we have expanded our original support from parents losing young infants, to include grandparents and surviving co-multiples. The loss of any child is a travesty and the loss of a one, more or all multiple-birth babies, toddlers, children or adults presents its own unique challenges for those left behind. We have not shied away from any of the challenges and are here to offer you the support you need, when you need it most.

That Family time of the year has arrived again and for those whom are bereaved, it can be a very challenging. There are some things we can do, change, face or share that will help us through this time, to the other side. If you have something that worked for you, do write in and let us know about it.

We spoke a little last issue of writing from a set beginning and there were a few responses. Thank you. So many find writing or journalling very cathartic and if this worked for you, I thought it might be worth exploring a little further. You can write in at any time. There is no deadline.

If ever you wish to reach us, you can do so at loss@multiplebirthscanada.org

May the holidays, whether you celebrate this time of year or not, be gentle, caring, safe and healing for you and your family.

Further, may 2010 be a rewarding, healing, healthy, comforting, special year for you and your family. We here at MBC wouldn't have it any other way.

*Thinking of you,
Lynda*

Writings Explored.....

Here are some samples received after Issue #09-11 of *Forever Angels*. Thank you to those who felt brave enough to take on the task. Here's our sentence: *I thought the rain would never stop.....*

I thought the rain would never stop.....

it sort of felt like when my father died. I never thought my tears would stop then either. It was more than knowing I would miss my Dad. After all, for the years leading to his death I knew he was not in fact enjoying his final days on earth. As he said to me, "if I can't even shovel the driveway or bring in wood for the fireplace, then what's the point?" So, even though I knew I was going to miss him, it was more than that. Dealing with the reality of his death meant that I had to ask myself questions like - what will I ever do when I lost my Mom? - should I have children and put them through this pain too? His death forced me to reflect on my relationships with those I loved and with that reflection came the realization that there is nothing more important than family.

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*I thought the rain would never stop...but it did. And when it did the grass was greener and the sun was brighter than it has been, in a very long time. I was happy to just sit and take in the blue sky and the warmth upon my face. It has been a long time since that warmth had touched my skin. I noticed that day that my mood had changed, I was happier and I looked forward to the rest of the week in hope that the sun would stay for at least the next few days. I was delighted to see that it did and with it came more warmth, more happiness and more desire to spend time just for me, outside, relaxing and enjoying free time.*

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I thought the rain would never stop.....

October was supposed to be a wonderful fall month, full of sunshine and bright colours. This October was dreary and cold and it was all I could do to get out of bed each morning. Coffee became my new best friend and walking to the mailbox was my only form of exercise.

Thanksgiving came and went with a small chicken for my husband and I. Family was too far away to partake in the usual Turkey and fixings surrounded by aunts, uncles and cousins. The weeks tick-tocked by. Every day the same except for the amount of wet piles of leaves on the front walkway that grew exponentially each day.

Christmas countdowns soon began and gradually I noticed that the bright red and greens had replaced the gray of late fall. Neighbours had decorated with bright lights and there seemed to be an ethereal glow through my window blinds as I closed my eyes to sleep.....

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***I thought the rain would never stop as I peered through the glass. I smooshed my nose against the glass and tried to focus on the view but it was obscured by the rain (bet my nose looks funny from the other side!). Mom would not be happy seeing me fog up the window, making a mess, but I couldn't resist and blew my warm breath on the glass. I began to make patterns, faces and flowers. I made the spot bigger and bigger enjoying not only my new space to draw, but also that I was pushing the limits.***

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I felt the rain would never stop... but I knew it had to come to an end at some point. Bad weather doesn't last forever and neither does sunshine. Why do we feel so bad about the rain, why does it make us depressed, why do we complain so much about it when we have no other topic for our small-talk? After all, we wouldn't appreciate the sun if it wasn't for rain, nothing would ever grow and vegetation wouldn't even exist. There truly are days when we feel it'll never end, and clouds move in not only above in the sky but also into our hearts.

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Do you think you might want to try another? Write whatever comes to your mind, but only for 3 minutes:

I ran to catch the bus.....

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*Start by starting.* Meryl Streep

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GETTING THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS.....

Shop early.  
Do only what you can.  
Take a holiday.  
Communicate what you need.  
Go with what works.  
Celebrate on a different date.  
Try to enjoy what happens, especially if there are other children around.  
Light a candle.  
Make a donation.  
Spend less.  
Try to smile.  
Hug someone you Love and tell them you love them.

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Time may hide the sadness  
Like a smile may hide the tears,  
But memories will hold  
him close to us  
And will throughout the years.

*~from an Obituary*

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*Do or do not. There is no "try."* Yoda, The Empire Strikes Back