

I Know I am Moving Along in My Grief Journey When . . .

- I want to do more with my life than “just survive”.
- I can laugh without feeling guilty.
- I’m not afraid anymore of losing the memory of my loved one. I know it will always be with me.
- I’ve come to realize that doing little things for myself is okay.
- I’m not as much afraid of the future.
- I don’t find myself “searching” for my loved one as much as before.
- I can get through the holidays, birthdays, and anniversaries more easily than I used to.
- I can reach out to help other people.
- I can engage in some activities I had given up after the death.
- It doesn’t hurt as much as it used to.
- I can see the memory of my loved one as “less saintly” i.e., not perfect.
- I can put away or give away some of my loved one’s belongings and feel okay about it.
- I can experience the reminders as more positive than negative.
- I can look back and see my progress.

Calendar of Upcoming Events

June 1	Remembrance Service, 7:00 p.m., First United Methodist Church, 210 Soule, Dodge City
June 10	Thursday Night Grief Support Group, 6:30 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie Meeting Room; Jerry Hodges, facilitator
June 12	Kids Camp, 9 a.m. – 3 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie office
June 14	Compassionate Friends Support Group-for families who have experienced the death of a child, 7 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie; Nancy Renner, facilitator
June 16	Bereavement Luncheon, 12 noon, Inn Pancake House, 1610 W. Wyatt Earp, Dodge City; Dick Robbins, host
June 24	Thursday Night Grief Support Group, 6:30 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie Meeting Room; Jerry Hodges, facilitator

BEREAVEMENT NEWSLETTER is a publication of Hospice of the Prairie, Inc., 200 Fourth Circle., Dodge City, KS 67801, (620) 227-7209, www.hospiceoftheprairie.com. Please help us keep our printing and mailing costs down by notifying us if your address has changed or you no longer wish to be on our newsletter list.



Bereavement Newsletter

June 2010

200 Fourth Circle • Dodge City, KS

Tel: (620) 227-7209 • Fax: (620) 227-7429

A Father’s Hands

My Dad, some 90-plus years now, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn’t move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. I sat down beside him. He didn’t acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if he was okay.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was okay. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled.

Yes, I’m fine, thank you for asking, he said in a clear strong voice. I didn’t mean to disturb you, Dad, but you were just sitting there staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were alright.

“Have you ever looked at your hands?” he asked. “I mean really looked at your hands?”

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making.

Dad smiled and related this story: “Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life.

“They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and

pulled on my boots. They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life. They wiped my tears when my son went off to war.

“They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold you as a newborn daughter. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special.

“They wrote the letters home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn’t understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, washed and cleansed the rest of my body.

“They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else on

me works real well these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I’ve been and the ruggedness of my life.

“But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when He leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ.”

After that day, I will never look at my hands the same again.

But I remember when God reached out and took my Dad’s hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt of sore or when I stroke the face of my children and husband I think of Dad. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God.

Coming Soon!

Hospice of the Prairie’s

4th Annual Kids Day Camp

Saturday, June 12, 2010

9 am – 3 pm

Hospice of the Prairie office

Children, age 7-12 who have experienced the death of a loved one, are invited for a day of summertime fun, crafts and games!

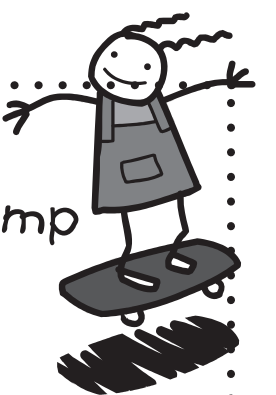
Kids will also learn about the journey of grief and take home meaningful craft projects.

Lunch and snacks are provided.

Our Day Camp is offered at no cost

and trained hospice staff and volunteers will be facilitating the camp.

Pre-register your child by calling Nancy Renner at 227-7209 or 1-800-466-7209.



NONPROFIT
ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
DODGE CITY, KS
PERMIT NO. 424

Hospice of the Prairie, Inc.
200 Fourth Circle
P.O. Box 1298
Dodge City, KS 67801

