

-continued from page 6

(Siblings)

It tasted wonderful and awful at the same time – I could chew it but swallowing would take a miracle amount of effort. I looked up at Vikki again.

“Good job,” she said, smiled slightly and walked away.

I took a couple more bites of the chicken wing, grabbed half a biscuit and headed back down to the basement, cigarettes in hand.

The next day I managed to eat half a sandwich, the day after that, two slices of pizza. Food got even easier when I left my parents’ house and went back to NY. I didn’t see Emily everywhere – didn’t have my parents constantly asked me to talk about it. My stomach began to recover. I smoked a little less and managed to eat 3 meals a day... most of the time.

I don’t remember exactly when my love of food returned. Probably years later when I was pregnant – something about growing a baby inside me – I wanted to nurture that baby, feed that baby so it could grow and live happily. I still sit at the dinner table sometimes and think of Emily. And in my mind, there’s an empty spot set for her. But it does help to look around and see the other chairs so full of life. Full of life and waiting for me to feed them.

By Kim Hammer who serves regularly on panels at TCF National Conferences and so-founded a surviving sibling group in her hometown.
Reprinted from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, Winter/Spring, 2009-2010

The Loud Silence

The silence is so loud,
As now I walk alone,
The sun’s screened by a shroud,
I sigh and softly moan.

As now I walk alone,
I reach out for your hand,
I sigh and softly moan,
Then try to understand.
I reach out for your hand,
Yet there is no one there,
Then try to understand,
We always were a pair.

It yet has not occurred,
The time to me allowed,
Without your loving word,
The silence is so loud.



By Ann Paschall, *Thanatos* Winter 1993
Reprinted from TCF NorthShore/Boston, Apr/May 1994



In Loving Memory of **Nancy Bednarski** 7/20/63 – 4/20/04

Written by: Cheryl McDonald (Sister)

When I think about our times growing up together,
I get a warm feeling in my heart.
I'm grateful for all of it: the secrets, the arguments,
the competitions, and the accomplishments.
My memories of experiences we've shared comfort me.

When life seems complicated, I drift back to a time
when we enjoyed simple pleasures
that I'm sure we didn't appreciate at the time.
Now I see all our childhood adventures as
irreplaceable links
in a chain that will hold you close to my heart
forever.

No matter how many years pass,
no matter how many miles separate us,
those times we've shared have made our
relationship
a priceless gift that I will treasure forever.
Thank you for being such an important part of my
life.

I am blessed to call you my sister.
I love you and miss you so much, Nan.

You are... and will always be forever in my heart,

Love Eternally
Cheryl