

For Siblings



A Meaningful Location

For Those Who Give and Grieve is a newsletter for organ donor families, the donors and the recipients. In this issue, they suggest that the donor's loss is many times associated with a particular place, sometimes where an event might have occurred with our loved one. Two siblings shared their "places."

My younger sister died in a car accident. At first, I was drawn to the spot where the accident happened and my heart would race. Overwhelming sadness would grip me and I would just cry. Then one day, as I was approaching the area, I remember how my sister used to make these funny sounds and, in particular, as a car would pass, she would make the sound like in "The Jetsons" as the cars passed each other. I laughed as I remembered her silly sense of humor and, in that moment, I knew I could pass by this spot and remember how she could make me laugh. I held onto that and it made it a little easier each time.

By Denise Nathan
After my younger brother, Shane, was suddenly killed in 2003, I journaled every night after climbing into bed. It usually was telling him about my day, kids, thoughts or feelings. My journal wouldn't mean much to anyone else, but I treasure it. It gave me so much comfort when I needed it the most. I miss my baby brother daily, but knowing that he saved five people (an organ donor) he lives on.

By Jennifer Webb Turnage

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The Room Across the Hall

The room across the hall is dark and empty now.
All of the things that once filled it have been removed somehow.
The clothes that were once in the closet have all been given away.
The occupant won't be needing them, for he died in the month of May.

The room across the hall was filled with a young man's things:
Guns, and knives, and video games, and rocks from many springs.
All of these have been locked away inside a small square chest.
Just like the room's occupant, they have been laid to rest.

The room across the hall arouses feelings such as pain.
The fact that it is empty can make tears fall like rain.
I cry because the occupant was very much like me.
The occupant was my brother, whom now I cannot see.

The room across the hall belonged to a normal boy.
He could bring you heartache and lots of sorrow, but he could also bring
you joy.
He was not another Socrates, for he wasn't quite that clever.
But the memories he left me will be with me forever.

By Melissa Broadway, TCF, Atlanta, GA
Reprinted from *This Healing Journey*



Unanswered Questions

You left us so quickly that I think most of us just felt shock. Did you know of everyone's love for you? We used to have lots of fun playing basketball, talking about diesel trucks and dragsters, and playing videos. You lived for scouting, you lived for animals and nature – you lived for us all. I got to know your corny jokes, your adolescent fears (although for you they were understandably real,) the simplest way with which you saw life, the joy you placed in others' hearts.

How could it be that you're gone now while others seemingly less deserving live on? I'm not sure. Life isn't fair – everyone has said it – but why? Why does the sun rise? Why are we here? What is the purpose of life? I haven't been alive very long, but the only response I can come up with is love. Love has to be the answer to this question.

I love you. We all love you. We shall meet again some day, and that day will be a day of joy for me – a day that we shall again be companions. By that time, we'll have a lot to share. It already seems a lifetime since you've gone. So it goes.

We live, we love, we learn. Our biggest task to learn is to let you go and never forget.

By Scott. T. Anderson, Omaha, NE
Reprinted from *This Healing Journey*