

## In Memory of Carla Palomba continued from Page 4

*"She's in a better place." I think not. "You still have other children." Yes, I do, but I raised 3, not 2 and I need each of them. What did that person mean when he said we must go to other bereaved parents because we **know** what to say or do?*

*It's simple, Carla, all I wanted or needed was to be held, to be hugged. Nothing more, no words. He was right, I do know what other bereaved parents need. In Carla's name and in honor of my 3 daughters, I offer everyone in TCF hugs. We can hold each other, nothing more need be said or done. We can hold each other and simply be in our own place, or own space.*

*Carla, I miss you so much. From infancy, I hugged you. That is the universal language. If you were here right now, I would hold you so tight and I would never let you go. But I can't do that, so those same hugs, I warmly give to everyone in TCF and for the moment, I hope while in my arms, it is a safe place.*

I was in the cemetery after I made my discovery and saw a parent that I knew had recently lost a child. I didn't hesitate but went directly to her and held her tight while she cried. She needed no words, only hugs. So when a bereaved parent tells you that we should go to other bereaved parents, that we **know** what to say, yes, we do, we hold them and for a moment, give them a peaceful place to grieve.

By Judy Palomba, Editor



## New Year

The New Year Comes  
When all the world is ready  
For changes, resolutions –  
Great beginnings.

For us, whom  
That stroke of midnight means  
A missing child remembered,  
For us the new year comes  
More like another darkness.

But let us not forget  
That this may be the year  
When love and hope and courage  
Find each other somewhere  
In the darkness  
To lift their voice and speak;  
Let there be light

By Sascha

Reprinted from TCF Flint, MI newsletter, Jan 1999



## The Afterloss Credo

I need to talk about my loss.  
I may often need to tell you what happened –  
or to ask why it happened.  
Each time I discuss my loss, I am helping myself face  
the reality of the death of my loved one.

I need to know that you care about me.  
I need to feel your touch, your hugs,  
I need you just to be with me.  
(And I need to be with you.)  
I need to know you believe in me and in my ability  
to get through my grief in my own way,  
(And in my own time.)

Please don't judge me now –  
or think that I'm behaving strangely.  
Remember I'm grieving,  
I may even be in shock,  
I may feel afraid,  
I may feel deep rage,  
I may even feel guilty,  
But, above all, I hurt.  
I'm experiencing a pain unlike any I've ever felt  
before.

Don't worry if you think I'm getting better and then  
suddenly I seem to slip backward,  
Grief makes me behave this way at times.  
And please don't tell me you know how I feel,  
or that it's time for me to get on with my life.  
(I am probably already saying this to myself.)  
What I need now is time to grieve and to recover.

Most of all, thank you, for being my friend.  
Thank you for your patience,  
Thank you for caring,  
Thank you for helping,  
for understanding.  
Thank you for praying for me,  
And remember, in the days or years ahead,  
after your loss –  
when you need me  
as I have needed you –  
I will understand.  
And then I will come and be with you.

By Barbara Hills LesStrang from the book, *Afterloss, a Recovery Companion for Those Who Are Grieving*  
Reprinted from TCF NorthShore/Boston Newsletter, Nov 1993