

## For Siblings



### Teen Sharing

A rush of pure, intense pain and sorrow invaded my body shattering my heart. I no longer felt my body and had no reason to keep on living. Through swollen eyes, I saw nothing and the only thing I could screech was, "I want my sister." But, she had died. I loved my sister so much that words aren't nearly enough, but I will try to share with you the pain my family experienced through her death, some memories, and how I feel today.

It happened on October 9, 1993, early one morning when my sister, Jennifer, was on her way to school. On the road going to and from my house there is an awful uphill curve where she struck another vehicle head on. She was the only one injured. A sheriff awoke my mother and me to inform us of the wreck. He suggested we rush to the hospital but gave us no details. At that moment I did not know what profound effect this event would have on my life because I thought she was alright. I prayed to God she was alright.

However, her funeral was October 12, what would have been her 19<sup>th</sup> birthday. By now, I was a complete and total waste, nothing but a zombie. Swarms of people surrounded my family for a week and I felt as if they were all strangers to me. People kept saying, "I'm sorry," because they felt so awkward, but I was the one who felt awkward! Some told me to quit holding back and to just cry. You know how people say, "I'm so happy I could cry," well, sometimes you are so sad you can't. I was in a state of mental shock. I had to be strong for my mom and dad; it hit them so hard I literally watched them age.



It doesn't seem fair, today I have lived over a year longer than Jennifer, and she was originally three years older than me. I wonder where we would be now, if we would both still live at home, decided to move out and into an apartment together, or perhaps she would have married and started a family.

Sometimes I feel like I'm forgetting, but then her favorite song will play or a friend, to both Jennifer and I, will tell a story of a time we spent together.

The memories are still alive and my family still lives in the same house – a house that I have grown to appreciate because I can look down the hallway and see the two of us racing cars or sit on our back porch

and picture all the fun we had making mud pies. She never escapes my mind. The simplicity of a cloud in the sky can bring her presence upon me. Friends and family have told us they have home movies of us but I still can't watch them. If I actually heard her voice, I would lose it. But, with time, it does get easier.

Nothing is comparable to losing a sibling who once lived in your house right in the next room. Today, my family is still hanging in there. We realize how precious her time with us was and try to make our time here last. We are together and hold Jennifer's memory strong. I know it was God's plan even though it seems so unfair. I realize that nothing could have changed it and that she is happier now watching over us giving us strength. She inspired me to be my unique individual self and I am proud of who I am today. The sorrow my family felt can never be described, though the memories we hold and the bonds that connect us, I believe that we will always return to our roots. I know through God this isn't the end; we will meet again.

By Jennifer Logsdon

Reprinted from *For Those Who Give and Grieve*, Vol. 9, No. 4



### Remember Me

Remember me in quiet days  
When raindrops whisper on your pane,  
But in your memories have not grief  
Let just the joy we knew remain.

Remember me when evening starts  
Look down on you with steadfast eyes;  
Remember me if once you wake  
To catch a glimpse of a red sunrise.

And when your thoughts to turn to me,  
Know what I would not have you cry;  
But live for me and laugh for me –  
When you are happy, so am I.

Remember an old joke we shared;  
Remember me when spring walks by;  
Think of me when your are glad,  
And while you live, I shall not die.

By Lyn Bryant, TCF Baytown, TX  
Reprinted from TCF NorthShore Boston, Mar 1999