

*The*  
*LIGHTHOUSE*

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**Batten Disease Support and Research Association**

## **FROM THE EDITOR**

Greetings to each and every one of you in the spirit of the season that is upon us. “Happy Thanksgiving, Happy Holidays, Greetings for the Winter Solstice, Happy Hanukkah, Merry Christmas, Happy Kwanzaa and Happy New Year!! These are familiar phrases this year, however they may fall on deaf ears, or even irritate or bring great feelings of sadness to parents who are in grief and mourning for a child who has died. It is only natural, because holidays, especially these, are special in the lives of children and their families. Many families center most of the celebration around children, but now there is a missing child from the family group. Every one in the family unit will be affected in some way by that child’s death and will have their own individual reactions now. Holidays are persistent in returning and will create new feelings, especially sadness, or increased sadness rather than joy with each person.

Although it is natural, it brings up questions of how to deal with these feelings. We each, in our own way, must find the most comfortable way to handle them. The ways that you react is as individualistic as you are as a person, and within the family structure. There is no right or wrong way, no timeline, no guideline or rules that you must follow. Remember that next year at this time you probably will be experiencing some different feelings, or perhaps this year they are different from last year. This is to be expected as you travel the journey of grief.

In this issue I am including some suggestions that you might want to incorporate in your holiday traditions now that will replace other traditions which you find unable to carry on, or are more painful to keep at this particular time in your life. Since many people find writing, or keeping a journal during their journey, is cathartic and helpful in expressing these deep feelings, we have been privileged to have parents send us some writings to share. Some of these are poems written by the parent and some are selections that have had special meaning and comfort for those who have submitted them. I would encourage you to try putting some of your thoughts, memories and things helpful to you in writing, or even some ideas that you have found helpful to you during these holidays. I will be happy to share them with others in the hope that it will bring comfort to them.

Send them to me marked for *THE LIGHTHOUSE* at [bdsra1@bdsra.org](mailto:bdsra1@bdsra.org) and I will receive them. My special thanks to those who have submitted things for this issue. It is my heartfelt wish that each of you may experience some moments of peace and inner joy, no matter how brief, during this holiday time.

Although my daughter, Victoria, died from Battens at the age of 6 ½, over 30 years ago, an example of a memory becoming a joyful experience, rather than evoking sadness, happened to me very recently. Once just seeing another child brought on uncontrolled tears, no longer. The experience was totally unexpected and took me several days to realize exactly what had happened in my life. I have always remembered Victoria as a little girl, never a teen, young woman, wife or mother.

I was fortunate in becoming friends with a special young woman, full of energy and life, intelligent and beautiful. I was fortunate to be able to help her with some small preparations for her wedding. During this time we became better acquainted and I felt honored, excited and strangely happy that she was letting me do these preparations for her. At the reception I watched her moving graciously, and efficiently among her guests and relating to her new husband. I suddenly became aware of her dark hair and a strange unexplained connection was made in my mind. This radiant, happy, laughing bride created in my mind a picture of what my daughter might have been. I was so filled with joy and happiness for the bride and her groom that any sadness that I had not been able to experience Victoria's wedding was out of the realm of possibility. Unknowingly this bride had given me a gift beyond expectation, to allow me to share in her wedding preparation in a way I had been denied with my own child. Although I shed a few tears, they were not in sorrow or sadness for what I did not have, but in happiness and thanksgiving for this new couple and what they had unknowingly given to me. Not realizing what she had done this young woman has somehow, through allowing me to participate in her special day, filled an empty spot that I've had hidden all these years and was never aware of. How can I thank her for that wonderful gift that she was unaware of giving, a moment of peace and inner joy, in being happy for her, rather than sad for myself. How long has it been in making its awareness to me? We can never predict or tell how long our grief will last.

## REFLECTIONS-----from CONNIE JACKSON

### Reflections: A Tale of Two Trees

When the holiday season rolls around, for us who have lost a child to Batten Disease, there can be a cloud of sadness. Someone is missing! Karen (1952-1968), Jon (1958-1984) and David (1967-1996), had been healthy, would be bursting the seams of my ranch-house with their burgeoning families. How can we include the loved ones no longer with us in our holiday celebration? May I share from my own experience a meaningful tradition?

In the corner of the living room is a five foot tree aglow with bright lights and pearl garlands. Nestled in its branches are gold and white handmade Chrismons, each a sacred symbol. Included are three Stryfoam hearts, sparkling with sequins and beads, one for each of my missing children. Jon's smiling face peaks out, caught in a vivid photo. There are Karen and Davy shining through the branches. It warms my heart to remember them.

By the double window in the dining room is another small spruce, lit up with colored lights. It's an angel tree, inspired by the collection of heavenly beings given me from Batten conferences over the years. Perched on branches, wings spread or shyly turning in the light, they are wonderful reminders of where my children are now.

"This world is not conclusion:  
A sequel stands beyond,  
Invisible as music,  
Yet positive as sound".

---Emily Dickenson

Karen, Jon, and David are experiencing the joy of heaven in a place beautiful beyond imagination. As you prepare for the holidays, may you too find creative ways to celebrate your loved ones. -----Best wishes, Connie Jackson

### SUGGESTIONS TO HELP COPE WITH THE HOLIDAYS

The Reverend Carleton Schaller, Jr., served in the U.S. Army in World War II and in the Korean War. He graduated from the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, VA in 1957. He has served in the Episcopal Church in New York City, and in New Hampshire. He and his wife, Mary-Ly live in Littleton, NH. They have two children, two grandchildren, and one great grandchild. My special thanks to a wonderful friend and advisor over the years for his contribution to this issue. ----- *Editor*

“Are you ready for the holidays?” Our culture has determined that this question is commonly asked by many of us as the season moves towards Christmas and the New Year, or other cherished days of celebration. Sometimes a negative response to the question comes about because of the loss of a loved one, or the illness of a friend. Is it possible to derive the maximum amount of joy when the season is encompassed about by sorrow? I would share a couple of thoughts with the reader.

To weep is not to be condemned, because to weep affords an emotion which can help to release our inner pain. Eliminate pain? No, but to release some of this emotion? Yes. And then if we are believers, holding however tenuously to a belief in a life yet to come, there can be a spark of inner strength to sustain our own life during our remaining days on earth. To make this effort we need all the help we can get from family, friends, and religious faith. Learn to be honest when asked “How are you?” Most of us will become aware of what seems impossible at first. For it is true that the inexorable passage of time does help to heal the hurt.

And then take the bold step! Spend some time doing the good works of an organization in your neighborhood which exists to help others. Start with reasonable short-term goals. You may learn that you are needed. Yes, YOU! You may gradually feel the warmth produced in yourself in recognizing that in serving others you yourself are better able to live with your own loss and sadness.

## **GETTING THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS WHEN YOU’VE LOST A LOVED ONE**

***(with permission from Abbey Press: Excerpts from the article by  
Darcie D. Sims)***

The Holidays are coming and I’m not sure I’m ready. I’m not sure I’ll ever be ready again. I tried making out my gift list today, but the tears kept getting in the way. It is so hard to think about gifts and fun and the holidays when a loved one has died.

As I get out the dishes and count the silverware, I am acutely aware of the empty place at the family table. I’m trying to find the holiday spirit, but when the family circle has been broken by death, the only things that sparkle this season are my tears.

## WORKING YOUR WAY THROUGH

When you've lost a loved one, the holiday season can be a painful reminder of the terrible loss you are feeling – instead of bringing warmth, love, and excitement. The first few years are perhaps the most difficult, but even years later, the holidays may lack the joy they once held for you. There are steps you can take however, to help give the holidays a new meaning. The holidays can become a time of peace and reflection, a time to cherish the gift your loved one has been-and continues to be-in the life of your family. Here are a few ideas that may help you begin the journey.

- **BE PATIENT AND REALISTIC.** Sometimes our own high expectations of the holidays make the pain and frustration more acute. We have a mental picture of how things ought to be, based more on fantasy than reality. Remember you are grieving. Be kind, gentle and realistic with yourself. Leave *OUGHT* out of the holiday season this year. It is difficult to be realistic while you are grieving, but it is also an important strategy for health and well-being. Plan ahead so that you are not overwhelmed by responsibilities at the last moment. When you are grieving it is difficult to concentrate, so make lists. Prioritize things. Decide what is important to YOU this season. Scratch the rest of the list this year and add them back on in years to come.
- **LISTEN TO YOUR HEART AND ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR LIMITS.** Spend some quiet time before the rush of the holidays listening to your heart. Become aware of your needs and express them to family members and friends sharing the holidays with you.
- **REMEMBER THAT IT IS O.K. TO SAY NO.** You do not have to accept every invitation or fulfill every responsibility that comes your way this holiday season. Accept things only as you have the energy and desire to do so. Do what you can and let that be sufficient.
- **TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF PHYSICALLY.** Grieving is hard on the body and is a great source of stress. Eat well and wisely. Avoid overindulgence in the season's many culinary delights. However do not deny yourself the pleasures of good food and companionship out of a sense of obligation to the deceased. Remember that your loved one would want to see you smiling, happy, and surrounded by those whom you hold dear. If you are alone this year as a result of your loss, find a way to share a part of the holidays with others. You may find yourself forging new bonds out of shared losses.

- ADAPT CHERISHED TRADITIONS. When loss and grief overwhelm us at the holidays, we are sometimes tempted to scrap the whole thing, to do absolutely nothing. But you can keep traditions alive in ways that make sense given the new reality of your life. Purchase a gift that your loved one would've liked and give it to a charity in that person's name. Hang the stocking, or not, place a wreath or balloon, toy or memento on the grave if it seems appropriate. Try a new twist on old traditions. Have Christmas dinner or open presents on Christmas Eve, New Year's Day or the Sixth of January. Do whatever feels right for you and your family. If you are alone this year as a result of your loss, find a way to share a part of the holidays with others.
  
- ALLOW THE TEARS TO COME, BUT LOOK FOR JOY AMIDST THE PAIN. As you unpack the holiday decorations along with the warm loving memories, you will be unpacking some heartaches as well. Don't deny yourself the gift of healing tears. Try to remember all the wonderful moments of your loved one's life. Write all the gifts your loved one has given you on strips of paper—joy, laughter, affection, companionship. Put the strips of paper in a stocking, a gift box, a memory book, a private drawer or use them to decorate the tree. You are celebrating the joy your loved one has brought in to your life.
  
- FOCUS ON THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSION OF THE HOLIDAYS. When you are ready, and it feels right, one way to refashion the holidays is to focus on the underlying religious meaning. In the Christian tradition, Advent can be a time of quiet reflection and spiritual preparation. In this season of light, remember the light your loved one has brought to your life. Light a special candle—not in memory of a death, but in celebration of a life and a love shared. Give thanks for having loved and been loved by this person.
  
- TAKE HEART. Right now, you may feel like the scattered pieces of a broken puzzle. Honor that feeling, but take comfort in knowing that the pieces of the puzzle can be reshuffled, re-arranged and pieced together to form a new picture. As you learn to create a new reality for yourself, temper your expectations with compassion and gentleness. You will heal, but only as you allow yourself to experience the full range of emotion on your journey through grief. Try to focus on your loved one's life—not the death—and that can make all the difference. May love be what you, too, remember the most.

## **SHARED THOUGHTS FROM PARENTS**

### **Time Passes By**



Time passes by without you by my side  
If only you had not died  
My life is empty without you  
Each memory I've held onto  
Please wake me, tell me it's not true  
A pain so deep, I feel so blue  
Someday I know that I'll see you  
Saying again, Mommy, I love you, too  
Eternally bonded we'll always be  
Stay my angel, show me the way  
Beautiful Angel, time passes by  
Yearning to have you by my side

Written for Brianna Aaron by her mom, Kayce Barnes

### **A MESSAGE SENT BY SABRINA'S MOM, JULIE TOURJIE**

*You can shed tears that he is gone  
Or-you can smile because he has lived.  
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all he has left.  
Your heart can be empty because you can't see  
Or you can be full of the love you shared  
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday  
You can remember him and only that he is gone  
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.  
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back  
Or you can do what he'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

Thanks to Judy Briggs who has passed along a beautiful poem and song lyrics that were especially comforting to her.

**LOVE IS A CHILD**

**By Daniel Hooks**



Love was a child, so meek and so mild,  
Love was a child who smiled  
Love was a child who played with a toy train  
Love was a child who jumped in puddles in the rain  
Love was a child who laughed and played  
Love was a child God lovingly made  
Love is a child that God now holds  
Love is a child who will never grow old  
Love is a child we dearly miss  
Love is a child that angels now kiss  
Love is a child.

**THE PROMISE**

**Lyrics by Joy Saunders Lundberg, Music by Janice Kapp Perry**

**From a CD called FAR DIFFERENT PLACES**

“This song was originally written to offer comfort and hope to parents of children with disabilities, however the words seem to take on added meaning for me as I reflect on Mitchell’s life and death and try to understand his purpose and illness”...Judy Briggs

**THE PROMISE**

IN THE PLACE BEFORE OUR BIRTH  
DID YOU VOLUNTEER TO COME TO EARTH  
WITH MANY SPECIAL TRIALS TO OVERCOME  
AND WHEN THAT CHOICE WAS MADE  
DID I RAISE MY ARM IN PERFECT FAITH  
AND PLEAD TO HAVE AND HOLD YOU AS MY OWN  
DID I PROMISE I WOULD LEAD YOU SAFELY HOME

BACK HOME TO LOVE AND LIGHT  
WHERE HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ARE ASSURED  
BACK HOME TO WALK WITH ANGELS  
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD  
NOW WE STRUGGLE HERE ON EARTH  
TRYING HARD TO HEAR GOD'S GUIDING WORD  
AND WONDER IF HE LEFT US ON OUR OWN  
THEN SOFTLY THROUGH THE VEIL  
COMES A FEELING THAT I KNOW SO WELL  
BECAUSE I KNEW YOU COULD NOT WALK ALONE  
I PROMISED I WOULD LEAD YOU SAFELY HOME

BACK HOME TO LOVE AND LIGHT  
WHERE HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ARE ASSURED  
BACK HOME TO WALK WITH ANGELS  
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD

THEN ON SOME BRIGHT FUTURE DAY  
WILL I SEE THINGS IN A DIFFERENT WAY  
WHEN I REMEMBER WHO YOU REALLY ARE  
AND WILL I COME TO SEE THAT YOU  
PAVED THE WAY TO HEAVEN FOR ME  
BY HELPING ME TO GROW AND OVERCOME  
DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU WERE LEADING ME BACK HOME

BACK HOME TO LOVE AND LIGHT  
WHERE HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ARE ASSURED  
BACK HOME TO WALK WITH ANGELS  
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD  
WHERE WE CAN BE TOGETHER IN GLORY YET UNKNOWN....  
BECAUSE WE LEAD EACH OTHER SAFELY HOME.

**DIANE DRAPER WROTE THE FOLLOWING POEM FOR HER  
SON'S EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY**

*"It was one of the hardest things I have ever written, but it gave me a sense of peace and comfort when I finally finished it and it appeared in our local paper. I guess it was therapy for me in a weird sort of way. It is my hope that maybe someone else will find comfort too in the words I have written"... Diane Draper*

***Aaron Matthew Draper***

***August 1, 1990-January 1, 1999***

*As time has passed*

*And the days have faded to years, I still sit here wondering*

*And my eyes fill with tears*

*Why little children have to suffer*

*And why we had to let you go,*

*Still so many questions*

*With answers we will never know*

*I grieve for all the milestones*

*That terrible disease has taken from you,*

*From dating, driving and graduating*

*Just to name a few.*

*Today we should be together*

*To celebrate your special day, but instead I am sadly remembering*

*When the angels came and lead you away.*

*I remember holding you tightly Aaron*

*And telling you it would be alright,*

*To take the angels hand*

*And begin your heavenly flight*

*But I never really knew*

*The pain would hurt so much,*

*The emptiness surrounding me*

*Longing for your touch*

*Then a few short weeks later*

*When brother Andy, left us too,*

*The only comfort I could find was knowing he joined you*

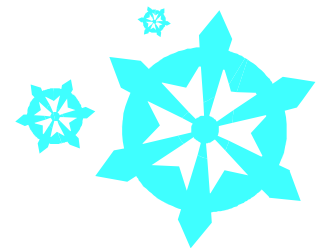
*to walk and run in Heaven*

*In a world far from pain,  
To singing songs with Jesus  
And playing with your trains  
I will always long to hold you Son  
And see your smiling face,  
But I know deep in my heart  
You are in a better place.  
Aaron Matthew, my beautiful boy  
And that you'll always be,  
For I will carry on your life  
Deep in the heart of me.  
So please give a hug to Andy  
And Mamau and Harold too,  
Have a great Birthday Aaron  
And remember I love you*

*Forever in Our Hearts..  
Love, Mom, Amanda and Avery*

**The Ohio Chapter held a 20<sup>th</sup> Reunion in September. Brenda Boer brought the following Edgar Guest poem to share. The title is simply: "TO ALL PARENTS"**

*I'll lend you for a little time a Child of Mine, He said,  
For you to love the while he lives, and mourn for  
When he's dead  
It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,  
But will you till I call him back, take care of him for Me?  
He'll bring his charms to gladden you,  
And shall his stay be brief,  
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.  
I cannot promise he will stay since all from earth return,  
But there are lessons taught down there I want  
This child to learn.  
I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,  
And from the throngs that crowd lifes lanes*



*I have selected you.*

*Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labor vain,*

*Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again?*

*I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord thy*

*Will be done,"*

*For all the joy the child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.*

*We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him*

*While we may,*

*And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay;*

*But shall the angels call for him much sooner than*

*We've planned,*

*We'll brave the bitter grief that comes,*

*And try to understand.*

## **HOLIDAYS ARE A TIME FOR GIVING, A TIME FOR SHARING AND A TIME TO REMEMBER**

Last year at this time I made some suggestions for gift giving. Yes, you can even give a gift to yourself. A book is an especially nice gift because it can be given in memory of the child to the parent and can provide quiet moments in the parents' lives far beyond the holidays. Time for therapeutic tears and recalling happy memories. Books are also useful for siblings who have their own grief and need ways to help handle it. Books provide information and allow for expression of feelings that may be hidden.

The Ohio Hospice & Palliative Care Organization is located in Dublin, Ohio. "Bobby's Books" is a growing program that has been piloted in early childhood classrooms, elementary, middle and high schools, hospice, grief support programs, churches, and other community agencies. It seeks to improve the situations of children coping with loss by expanding the knowledge, skills and tools of those adults working with them.

There will be more on “Bobby’s Books” in future issues of *THE LIGHTHOUSE*, however for now I would like to suggest as gifts to children, siblings or friends of your loved one who has died, one of the following books that are part of the “Bobby’s Books” program. A book will not only help them feel good about themselves but can help them deal with coping skills. Please contact “Bobby’s Books” at (614) 763-0036, (Toll Free: 800-776-9513) to find out more about their books or ordering one. I will suggest a few that I’ve read.

### **THE KISSING HAND**

**By: Audrey Penn--Illustrations by Ruth E. Harper and Nancy M. Leak**

This charming book, illustrated with brightly colored, full page illustrations, is for the early childhood group. It has larger print and reassures the young child of the mother’s love any time. The book centers around a raccoon family and is the story of the youngest child confronting a difficult situation in his life (in this case starting kindergarten). The mother raccoon shares a little family secret with him to ease a scary separation. The book was a New York Times #1 Bestseller.

### **THE JESTER HAS LOST HIS JINGLE**

**Story and Pictures by David Saltzman**

Another beautiful book for the early elementary child, this book features full page, very colorful illustrations and large print with only a few lines to the page. It is written in rhyme and is the story of a court jester who suddenly finds laughter missing in the kingdom. He goes on a quest to find it and ultimately discovers that not only can laughter redeem a weary world, it also can provide the best tonic for anyone facing seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

This inspirational book was written by a young artist-author, a 1989 Yale University graduate, who was diagnosed with Hodgkin’s disease in his senior year at Yale. In his journal, kept during the following year and a half, David wrote, “The best we can do is live life, enjoy it and know it is meant to be enjoyed..know how important and special every time..every moment..person is. And at the end of the day say, ‘I have enjoyed it, I have really lived the

moment’ “ His character, the Jester, came to him after entering a classroom where everyone was in a horrible mood, caught up in their own problems, lives, and work. The Jester returned to him in his own time of need, and he hopes that, if you will let him, he will come alive within the pages to help you. David died 11 days before his 23<sup>rd</sup> birthday, March 2, 1990.

## **WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU DO WHEN SOMEONE DIES? By Trevor Romain**

A paperback book of 71 pages that describes the overwhelming emotions involved in dealing with the death of a loved one and discusses how to cope with such a situation. It would be appropriate for a child from about 3<sup>rd</sup> grade on. Although the sibling has already experienced some of the immediate happenings that follow the death, this book addresses questions that can still be lingering and confusing in his/her mind. The author describes the strong, confusing feelings the child might have and suggests ways to feel better. He tells them it is OK to cry, talk about the death, grieve....and go on with their life.

## **TEAR SOUP**

**By Pat Schwiebert & Chuck DeKlyen, Illustrated by Taylor Bills**  
**A Recipe for Healing After Loss**

This lovely book is appropriate for the older child and could also touch the hearts of some adults. It affirms the bereaved, educates the unbereaved and is a building block for children. In the story an older lady, Grandy, has just suffered a big loss in her life and is cooking up her own unique batch of “tear soup”. “What’s true about soup making is also good about grieving” is her theory as you see her blending different *ingredients* into her own grief process. Her tear soup will help to bring her comfort and ultimately help to fill the void in her life that was created by her loss. A portion of her recipe follows:

- \*A pot full of tears
- \*One heart willing to be broken open
- \*A variety of helpful reading material
- \*Many handfuls of comfort food
- \*Buckets of water to replace the tears
- \*A bunch of good friends
- \*(Optional); one good therapist and/or support group
- \*A lot of patience
- \*A dash of bitters
- \*Enough self care
- \*Plenty of exercise
- \*Season with memories

For adults on your giving and sharing list:

## **MY BEAUTIFUL BROKEN SHELL**

**By Carol Hamblet Adams--Illustrated with Paintings by Doris Morgan**

Harvest House Publishers, Eugene, OR ISBN 0-7369-0870-6

This is a beautifully illustrated book of only about 45 pages. It takes the reader on a quiet walk on a beach one day. She is gathering sea shells for her collection. After throwing back one that is broken she picks it up and reflects on how it represents herself, also broken at the time. She takes us along the walk pointing out the beauty and goodness she sees and the message she is getting from God as she walks, observing the surroundings. A reflection on hurt, hope and comfort.

“I am reminded that broken shells don’t stand alone”.....”Lord, may I be strong enough to show my pain and brokenness like this shell....give myself permission to hurt...to cry...to be human.” “.....help me realize that I am not the only one hurting.. we all have pain in our lives.” ”Somehow, here at the ocean, I receive so many gifts.”

## ***THE CHRISTMAS BOX BY: Richard Paul Evans***

*A special story for adults and young adults, my all time favorite, is part of a trilogy which includes THE MIRACLE OF THE CHRISTMAS BOX and TIMEPIECE. Mr. Evans resides in Salt Lake City, UT and has a new book released in October. It is also available in a Spanish-language edition, EL REGALO de NAVIDAD. This short book is the story of a young family who moves in with an elderly widow. The living arrangement in her huge home aids both parties and a close friendship develops. As the story continues the father discovers a carved box in the attic, and its contents. “Together they discover the first gift of Christmas and learn what Christmas is really all about”. The book should be available or able to be ordered at your local bookseller.*

**YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE AN ANGEL WATCHING OVER YOU**  
**From a Blue Mountain Arts Collection, Edited by Douglas Pagels, Blue**  
**Mountain Press**

SPS Studios, Inc., P.O. Box 4549, Boulder, CO 80306

ISBN 0-88396-588-7

**A gift filled with inspiration, insight and beautiful blessings**

A collection of poems, quotations, and maxims from 85 authors including Mr. Pagels. Among authors included are: The Bible, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lao-Tzu, William Shakespeare, David Ben Gurion, Walt Whitman, C. S. Lewis and George Sands.

*Examples:*

“Angels exist in almost every culture and religion. Not only do people of various social, cultural, and economic backgrounds believe in angels, many of them have had angelic experiences. The different cultures may not always categorize them as angels, but they do believe in real spirits that guard and aid people in times of need.”.....Constance Victoria Briggs

“Angels appear in classical myth and philosophy, in the vision of Shamans, in Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, and Islam, as well as in Judaism and Christianity. In all traditions, angels serve as messengers of God and are said to hover between heaven and earth:.....Gail Harvey

“Make yourself familiar with angels, and behold them frequently in spirit; for, without being seen, they are present with you.”.....St. Francis deSales

“Individual guardian, guiding angels attend at least some of our ways and hover protectively over our lives.”.....Billy Graham

“..celestial visitants...pure thoughts of God, winged with Truth and Love.”.....Mary Baker Eddy

I wish you a Holiday Season filled with memories, new beginnings, Hope, Peace, Faith and Joy. Let us remember our beloved children and words from the Traditional Carol: **AWAY IN A MANGER:**

**“Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask thee to stay’  
Close by me forever, and love me I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven to live with thee there.”**

**Editor**



*In Memory of these children who died in 2008*

*Brooke Mulvaney*

*Daniel Rodgers*

*Bryce Butenhoff*

*Hunter Watkins*

*Andrea Sparkes*

*Travis Witt*

*Mitchell Briggs*

*Lulu Calderon*

*Craig Johnston*

*Travis Carter*

*Lucie Bennett*

*Ana Laura de Freitas*

*Lucas Mitzschke*

*Joseph Gutierrez*

*Sara Schwartz*

*France Pichette*

*Peyton Foy*

*Kari Anderson*

*Brianna Aaron*

*Noah Hardy*

*Nikki Davis*

*Emily MacDonald*

*Kotie Fraser*

*Melissa Tarailo*

*Michelle Newell*