



# Newsletter

of Cache Valley,  
Preston & Box Elder

April Support Meeting:

Getting to know and explore grief.

Thursday, April 10, 2014

7:00 p.m. Logan Regional Hospital Classroom #7

Come spend the evening with us, explore and get to know what grief is all about, in a fun game learn how others are surviving the grief process. If you are struggling with this process and need to talk and express your grief or just want to listen to learn about how others cope. This meeting is for you. Always remember both husbands and wives are welcome in our group. We can only help you if you come! We look forward to seeing you there

### Upcoming Events:

April 10	Getting to know Grief
May 8	Mother's Tea
June 12	Family Picnic
July	no meeting held



Mark The Date  
And Celebrate!

Thursday, May 8, 2014



**Plan on attending our Mother's Tea Party!**

**a night to enjoy, dress up and be in the company of those who understand why this time of year is very difficult.**

### Missing You

© Claudia Lee

I awake each morning to start a new day  
But the pain of losing you never goes away.  
I go about the things I have to do  
And as the hours pass I think again of you.  
I want to call you and just hear your voice  
Then I remember that I have no choice  
For you are not there and now my heart cries  
Just to see you again to tell you goodbye  
To say Baby, I love you and I always will  
And hope that much of you, in me still there.  
The day that you left I just didn't know  
That you were going where I couldn't go.  
And now all my memories of you are so dear  
But gosh, how I miss you and wish you were here.  
Someday I know all will be well  
And I'll see you again with stories to tell  
Of how you were missed and how we have grown  
And how good it is to finally be home.  
Until then my memories of you I'll keep near  
And I'll pass them on to those who are dear.



### One Year Less

© Cheryl McDonald

There is no word, no label, no identifying moniker,  
I am not a widow, not an orphan, not childless,  
But one child less.  
One less open laugh and little boy giggle,  
One less challenging tete-a-tete;  
One less artful, winking manipulation,  
One less word of comfort, one less grateful hug.  
One less chance to embrace a daughter;  
One less new life to carry your eyes, your chin, your grin, your name,  
No one word for the pain, the longing, the brevity  
Of a life meant for living; an old soul meant to grow older than mine;  
Would there be any one price too high, any sacrifice too great,  
For one more moment, one more breath, one more warm touch;  
I grasp desperately and sense the closeness –  
the ONE just at the fingertips of my heart and mind,  
Only to realize again and again and again,  
There is no "One" – you are gone and I am – less.



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