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If you could choose one  
keepsake of your loved  
one, what would it be?

### Please read our ELetter and pass it on!

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## MY FIRST DEATH

Written by Bob Baugher on Sunday, July 23, 2017

His name was Donald and I first met him when he was 9 and I was 12. His was the first Black family to move into our Seattle neighborhood back in the late 1950s. I remember a man and his wife who had recently moved to our neighborhood from Mississippi—a nice couple—or so I thought until they put up a Confederate flag in their living room window a couple days after Donald and his parents moved in. I remember Donald as a gentle, sometimes sickly boy who worked hard at fitting in with the neighborhood children. After a year, he joined the local Cub Scout group where I assisted the Den Mother at the weekly meetings.

One summer day a few months after the Cub Scout meetings had begun, my family and I had just returned from a long drive to see our grandfather in Ohio when my mother shared some sad news that she had gotten from a neighbor: Donald had died. He had been sick and quickly succumbed to something called double pneumonia. Of course, we were all shocked. The next day, I was told there would be a funeral and that the Cub Scouts were invited. Only one of us had ever been to a funeral.

Two days later, six of us boys crammed into the back of a station wagon, and as kids often do, we nudged one another attempting to reduce our anxiety by joking

and laughing. One kid yelled out, "Who's going to sit next to Donald." And we all responded, "Not me. You do it!" When we arrived at the church, we were met with loud organ music and adult voices chatting softly. The smell of flowers was overwhelming. One of the wreaths said, "Beloved Donald."

We were escorted in and seated in the front row with Donald's open casket not more than a few feet away! There he was, the lifeless body of a young boy in a small casket. Needless to say, the joking had ceased the moment we left the station wagon. The sermon was long, punctuated at times with sudden loud exclamations of wailing and crying—something that sent chills through six wide-eyed Cub Scouts. The service ended with Donald's casket carried out of the building and into what I later realized was a hearse.

I don't remember much else of the service, but I do know that this first encounter with death as a young person provided me with lifelong lessons:

1. Kids can die—that means my other friends and me as well! Scary!
2. Dead bodies don't move. And, they look different from a sleep state.

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## MY FIRST DEATH...

*Continued from page 1*

3. There are cultural differences in expressions of grief.

4. Prior to attending a funeral, children need to be sat down and informed exactly what will happen—what they will see, hear, and smell. The explanation should be descriptive to the extent that there will be no surprises.

5. Following the funeral, there should be a debriefing so that each child can process what had transpired.

6. Discussion could include any feelings of guilt (“I regret teasing him so much”) or anger (“I’m mad at his parents. Didn’t they know he was sick?”).

7. In an ideal setting, it would have been helpful at the next Cub Scout meeting for each of us to write a note to Donald’s parents (I never spoke to them again—they moved a couple months later). Or perhaps the group could have made something to give to the family.

None of #4-7 took place for us bewildered kids. Of course, as they say, “That was then. This is now.” We now know much more about how to help a child cope with a death. My first experience, although sudden and personal, was not a traumatic event that has affected me



long term. I wonder how many children have grown to adulthood and are walking around today having never had the chance to work through an earlier death.

Several years ago, I volunteered once a week at a prison teaching inmates a number of psychology-related topics. I remember the evening I lectured on Death and Loss when I asked, “What kinds of loss have you experienced?” Hands went up all over the room as they shared powerful stories of childhood trauma: “My father killed my mother. I was in my bed when it happened. I heard it.” “My sister died of a drug overdose.” “My little

sister was run over by a car. I saw it.” “My mother died of cancer when I was 11. For years, I thought it was my fault.”

Looking back, I have never been in a room with so much loss. And I often wonder: Is it any coincidence that these guys ended up in prison?

I think of the millions of children throughout the world who will experience a significant, traumatic death this year. I hope that the adults around them will use the knowledge we now have to help a young person cope with death. Otherwise, we are still back in the 1950s.

### *How to Connect with Wings:*

- Email: [nanwings1@gmail.com](mailto:nanwings1@gmail.com) • Postal: P.O. Box 1051, Wausau, WI 54401 • Ph: 715.845.4159
- Follow the EVENTS calendar posted at the website [wingsgrief.org](http://wingsgrief.org)
- Subscribe to the free online ELetter sent quarterly.
- Order a Free copy of Grief Digest at [www.centeringcorp.com](http://www.centeringcorp.com)
- Visit Wings on Facebook





**NAN ZASTROW**

Co-Founder,  
Wings – A Grief Education Ministry

In my journey through grief, I'm always amazed at how Gary and I continue to grow. And, how many times and in how many ways God has reinforced our Wings ministry as our mission in this life.

In our support groups, we are often asked: "Do you believe that our loved ones can communicate with us after death? Can unusual "happenings" be signs or messages?"

Some people will never accept that our loved ones can provide us messages after death. Others believe and hold tightly to the signs and messages that may appear coincidental, but typically provide a beautiful, confirming message that love lives on.

The subject of after death communications (ADCs) has been scrutinized, hypothesized, and factualized for many, many years. There will always be skeptics, and there will always be advocates. Our newsletters have shared experiences over the years. We've invited people like Lou LaGrand to our annual Spring Seminar to share his research. And, inevitably such seminars are hugely popular. Perhaps the reassurance that life continues is exactly what we need to know when someone loved dies.

I've had my share of messages over the years...but it's been a few years since I've

## MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

had one so emotional and moving as an occurrence this September which was epic to me.

For over 20 years, Gary and I treasured this large 20 inch "milk" bottle that belonged to Chad. He deposited his loose change in it. After his death, we took the bottle and put it in the back of our closet on the floor. We've moved it about a half dozen times since his death, as we relocated from one new house to another.



But we never had the heart to empty the jar. It was as though its presence was a "message" that Chad was with us always.

This time, as we began packing the boxes for yet another move, I lifted the seriously heavy jar from its hiding corner on the floor of our closet. I talked to Gary about "giving it up", emptying the contents, and

letting it go---the fact is: "It was about time." We agreed to take it to the bank and cash it in.

Perhaps this jar was just another linking object that bound us to the memory of our son. After all, he touched the jar and coins almost every day. No matter how long we hang on to something that was a precious reminder of our loved one, at some point the decision must be made to relinquish the treasured piece. I reasoned that if we didn't do it...someone else would. Someone else would have no idea what the jar represented. Someone else wouldn't understand how the message of this jar gave us a sense of peace! It's not as though it was growing monetary interest in its hiding place. Every time I vacuumed the floor, the head of the vacuum cleaner clunked into the heavy jar. And I would say, "Hello, Chad." I finally justified our decision. I chuckled as I thought Chad was probably wondering what the heck we were doing hanging on to the jar since 1993!

Gary carried the heavy glass milk bottle into the bank and began dumping the change into the automated coin counter. The sound of metal clinking and clanging as it swirled around in the machine was almost unnerving. Finally, it quit, but the attendant tried just a couple more swirls as there were a number of coins that didn't count or pass through the machine. She removed the orphan coins. One was a quarter with a hole drilled through it. There were several Canadian coins, but most amazing was a lead token. Gary scooped it into his hand.

*Continued on page 5*

# ON A WING AND A PRAYER

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## *Reprinted from the column:* **Dear Annie**     7-1-2017

Dear Annie:

On Dec. 13, 1995, my 20-year old son was killed in an accident at work. I was devastated. I had started putting up Christmas decorations before his death. But after his death, I had no desire to put any more up, so I decided to give the tree away.

The weekend after his memorial service found me back at work, delivering newspapers. While delivering papers, I heard a voice say "If you don't put up the tree, you dishonor Danny". I spent hours trying to understand but finally let it go. Later that day, when I had finished my chores, I sat down in the recliner. I picked up the pad of paper and pencil beside it to do some sketching. but instead I watched in amazement as my hand seemed to have it's own mind. I was multiplying numbers. I came up with a huge number and followed it by a colon and the number 1. I wasn't sure what the number meant at first. Then it dawned on me.

Life or death only occurs when the soul arrives or leaves the body. It happens in the blink of an eye. The 1 in my equation stood for the one second it took for Danny's soul to leave. The huge number to the left was the number of seconds he lived. And no matter how horrible, how painful that one second of his death

was, it was nothing compared with the millions of joyous seconds of his life.

So I allowed myself to grieve, but not for long. I wasn't being fair to Danny by letting that one second overcome the rest. The day of his death means nothing. The day of his birth means everything.

Every year, starting on the day after his birthday, I begin collecting stuffed animals. On his birthday, I take these animals to the childrens

hospital for the children who are patients there. I also ask the hospital staff to take some home for their own children because of the care they gave my son.

-- Sandy

Dear Sandy:

I'm so moved; I'm at a loss for words. All I can say is thank you for sharing your beautiful, powerful story with the world.



## MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

*Continued from page 2*

In the car, he retrieved the token and handed it to me. The message on that token in the bottle was mind boggling. After all this time, there was one more message we shared with Chad.

I was unprepared for the impact of the token that Gary held. Chad got this token from somewhere. I don't remember giving it to him. He deposited it in the bottle along with other loose coins. And on this particular day, bridging the gap between the past and the present, it brought us joy!

During those 20+ years (since Chad's death), we formed a non-profit organization named "Wings". We selected the name based on a verse that I once cross-stitched and framed. It hung on our wall during the growing years. The verse simply stated: "To gifts we should give our children. One is roots and the

other is wings." When Chad died, we found comfort in believing he "spread his wings" leaving this life for something greater. We, in turn, spread our wings to help ourselves and others cope with grief through our organization which educates the bereaved about grief and finding hope to live again.

I rolled the token over in the palm of my hand and read the inscription with tears streaming down my face. Beneath a set of embossed wings on the token, it read "Spread Your Wings".

For just a few moments, I felt a resounding sense of peace. And I thought:

"I'm not sure, Chad, if the inscription on that token was meant for you or for Gary and me, but I believe we both accomplished this sacred goal!"



**KEEP  
CALM  
AND  
WRITE  
POETRY**

*Would you like to share  
your story or poem?*

If you would like to submit a short story, poem, or article, we welcome it. The material does not need to be original, but if it isn't, please include the author or credits that can be printed along with the material. We are looking for articles that inspire the bereaved, teach, and offer hope which is the focus of our ministry of Wings-a Grief Education Ministry. Poems or material may be submitted In memory of your special loved one.

## READER POEM

### FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

— Author unknown, from a Christmas card

One white and wintry Christmas Eve

In a village, long ago.

A young child took a journey

Leaving footprints in the snow.

Clutched within her tiny hand

She carried a small tattered heart

Fashioned from some scraps of cloth

Wrapped in the charm of childlike art.

A manger scene of wood and straw

Was the child's destination.

Her only Christmas wish

To join Christ's birthday celebration.

She placed her precious handmade gift

Upon the straw with care,

And before she turned to leave,

Whispered a simple prayer.

The villagers who stood nearby

Recall the night with awe.

Retelling every detail

Of the miracle they saw.

A second set of footprints

Appeared next to the girl's own,

They seemed to walk right by her side,

To see her safely home.

But there's no mystery in the presence

Of this unseen Friend—

For once God's touched your heart,

You'll never walk alone again.

### *25th Anniversary Celebration...*

#### **WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!**

We are looking for Feedback for the 25th Anniversary of our non-profit organization: Wings—a Grief Education Ministry!

In 2018, Wings will be celebrating a milestone anniversary. We invite you to be a part of our journey. We will be producing a Tribute booklet with interesting information, the history of Wings, and testimonials from those who have entered into our lives either briefly or for many years.

Please submit a few short paragraphs of your experience. Through your submission, you will be giving us permission to print your response, your name, city, and state. Some gentle editing may take place.

#### **Tell us:**

- What programs of Wings (seminars, support groups, holiday program, presentations) have helped you, and in what way?
- Or, how were you directed to the services of Wings? How has it helped you?
- If you have sponsored a program with your donation(s), tell us why you chose to donate your charitable dollars to this organization.

If you would like to submit your feedback “In Loving Memory of ...”, please feel free to include that statement and we will print it along with your feedback.

Submit your feedback in writing to Wings, P.O. Box 1051, Wausau, WI 54402-1051 or email your response to [nan-wings1@gmail.com](mailto:nan-wings1@gmail.com). Deadline is December 1, 2017.

Although 2018 seems far away, it takes time to collect, assemble responses, and create our Tribute book.

So please don't delay. Help us make this a wonderful collection of feedback from all those who have encouraged us, supported us, and given us the “wings” to continue our work.



### *Notification to our Facebook Friends*

#### **Wings-a Grief Education Ministry**

now has a public group page on Facebook which is primarily for posting the quarterly ELetter, Education Events, Support Group dates, and public speaking events. We recommend you join this group for appropriate announcements to stay in touch. Additionally, our regular Wings-a Grief Education FB page continues.

Look for Wings-Grief Education Events & Eletter on Facebook—and join the group!

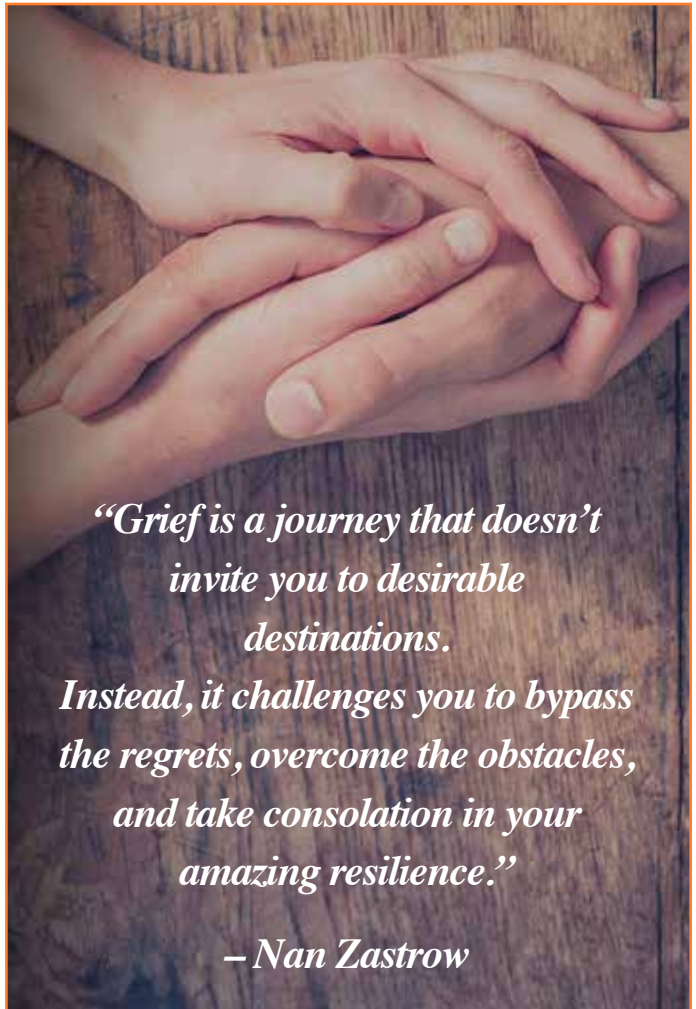


### *On the lighter side...*

#### **The Mechanic and The Cardiologist**

A Lexus mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of a LS460 when he spotted a well-known cardiologist in his shop. The cardiologist was there waiting for the service manager to come and take a look at his car when the mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey Doc, want to take a look at this?" The cardiologist, a bit surprised, walked over to where the mechanic was working. The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked, "So Doc, look at this engine. I opened its heart, took the valves out, repaired or replaced anything damaged, and then put everything back in, and when I finished, it worked just like new. So how is it that I make \$48,000 a year and you make \$1.7M when you and I are doing basically the same work?"

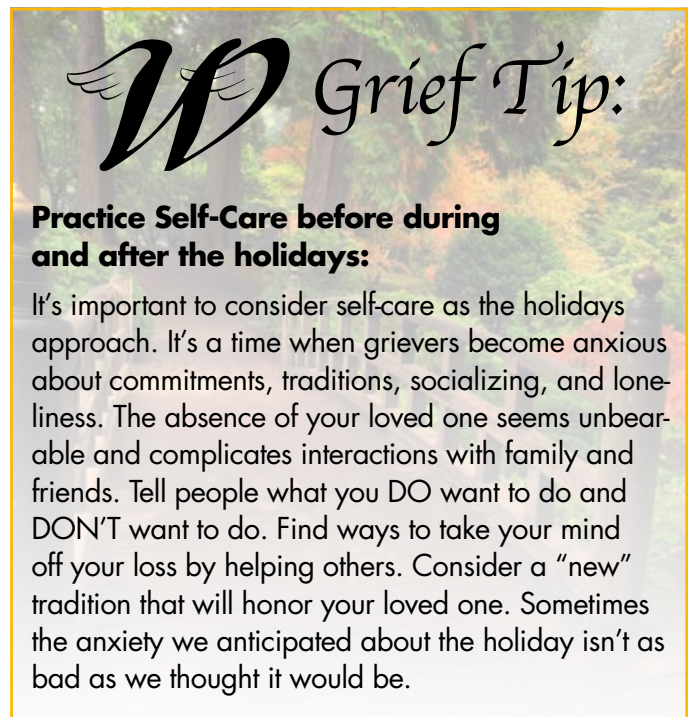
The cardiologist paused, leaned over, and then whispered to the mechanic..."Try doing it with the engine running."



*"Grief is a journey that doesn't invite you to desirable destinations.*

*Instead, it challenges you to bypass the regrets, overcome the obstacles, and take consolation in your amazing resilience."*

*– Nan Zastrow*



**Wings-a Grief Tip:**

**Practice Self-Care before during and after the holidays:**

It's important to consider self-care as the holidays approach. It's a time when griever's become anxious about commitments, traditions, socializing, and loneliness. The absence of your loved one seems unbearable and complicates interactions with family and friends. Tell people what you DO want to do and DON'T want to do. Find ways to take your mind off your loss by helping others. Consider a "new" tradition that will honor your loved one. Sometimes the anxiety we anticipated about the holiday isn't as bad as we thought it would be.

# Reader Feedback



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

LINKING OBJECTS ARE ITEMS THAT BELONGED TO OUR LOVED ONE WHICH ARE VERY PRECIOUS TO US EITHER FOR THE STORY CONNECTED WITH THEM OR FOR OUR EMOTIONAL CONNECTION TO THEM. IF YOU COULD CHOOSE ONE KEEPSAKE OF YOUR LOVED ONE, WHAT WOULD IT BE AND WHY WOULD YOU CHOOSE THAT?

My husband died in January 2012. I kept many of his personal items, photos, scrimshaw, antique valuables of many kinds but if I had to choose, I would choose his banjo.

He loved to play his banjo. He bought the banjo at a “hock shop” in his late teens and worked his way through university playing on street corners and coffee clubs strumming that old banjo. After retirement, we moved to Ireland for a year so that we could “follow the music”, playing at sessions all over Southern Ireland. The best music however was when the pubs closed and the musicians stayed and played for one another. He shared his love of life and music with me and it continues, as the music lives on.

Gail, Ontario, Canada

I still have the last purse that my wife carried on a chair in my bedroom. My wife thoroughly enjoyed her purses. She had many of them, and they were all distinctly representative of her personality. After she died, her close friends collected all of her purses and held an auction to see who got what purse. After two and one half years, I still receive comments about my wife and her purses.

David, Wausau, WI

The linking object I would choose would be what my son calls a “daddy truck.” The daddy truck is a semi truck. My husband used to drive a semi; and every time we see a daddy truck my son lights up.

Jen, Wausau WI

I kept a few of his favorite clothes and a pair of his boots. Those items brought a smile and warm fuzzy feelings to me. I plan on giving those items to my grandchildren when they are older and understand their grandfathers death.

Suzanne, Wausau, WI

I chose the cedar chest that I was with her when she purchased. She was so excited and thrilled. I keep my bed blankets in it. So when I look at the chest or use a blanket from within I am literally wrapped in good memories of mom.

Micheline, Wausau, WI

I have kept a particular shirt that my husband really liked to wear. It was something that he found comfort in wearing; and I have found comfort in touching and wearing myself. It was a shirt that he wore often so others also identify it with him. I also wear a teardrop rose memorial necklace every day that provides me with a “whenever needed” connection, the solace with touching the teardrop rose has been a God send. It has been 5 years and

I still use my teardrop necklace connection often.

Sharon, Wausau, WI

Pearls have been valued by people across the globe for centuries, often with special significance. I treasure my mother’s pearls and love to wear them. It is said that wearing pearls soothes the heart, and indeed I find it is true. They have lustrous beauty as my mother had. They may symbolize higher consciousness that many have sought, and my mother and I have been among such seekers. And the beauty and strength of pearls has been formed with sandy irritation just as my mother and I grew from adversity.

I wear my mother’s pearl earrings when going into professional meetings where I need to be aware, strong, and a good leader, and yet heart-centered. Just knowing they are there seems to orient me in the best direction. And when there is a special occasion when I wish my mother could be present, like a graduation or wedding of one of her grandchildren, I wear her pearl necklace and feel the lovely smooth, coolness of her pearls on my collarbone, and it feels like she is right there, able to see what I am seeing.

Val, Honolulu, Hawaii

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## WHAT DO YOU THINK...

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I kept a ring from my mom, my dad, and from my husband as well. I sometimes wear them as a necklace or on a finger where it fits. I touch the rings when I wear them and feel close to them. I don't wear them all at once, unless I wear them on a necklace. Rings will last a lifetime and can be passed on to other family members.

Karen, Wausau, WI

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Choosing just one link treasure is very difficult. He had many treasures, each one so special. I gave all his tools to a close friend who will treasure them. Gave other items to family and friends but whittling this list to one is challenging. Perhaps one of his antique clocks...clocks he would take apart and clean and then set to precision. His father's compass was important to him because his father was so special. Then there are the blue shirts with two pockets vented for our hikes in Colorado's incredible San Juan Mountains. His wedding ring is still on my finger next to mine. I put it there a couple of nights before he died in my arms. His hand was swelling. We picked them out for their open weave, a symbol of the open and honest communication we had in our marriage.

But all that aside, his ( and my) collection of all of Gustav Mahler's symphonies is the keeper. Mahler's 5th symphony brought us together. Every chance we got, we attended the Chicago Symphony or Colorado Symphony or yes, Madison Symphony performance of Mahler (and other classical music). We wept through many together at home stretched out on the floor with our heads between the

speakers and arms wrapping us together. Tears flow when I remember these moments...cherish them.

I fell in love with a kind and sensitive man and miracle of miracles he fell in love with me....and it all started with Mahler's 5th. We learned shortly before we married that previous to knowing each other existed he and I had the same season package to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and for 10 years he sat just beyond arm's reach of me as the orchestra brought both of us to tears as they played Mahler's 5th...or any Mahler. It has been 7 years since Bill died in my arms and I have yet to be able to listen to an entire Mahler piece. Someday perhaps....

Mary, Spring Green, WI

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I have a audio cassette of my wife who passed away 3 years ago September 23rd, singing folk songs that was made in a professional sound studio back in 1973. It had sat up in a heated attic cubby almost too many summers by the time I took it to someone I trusted to make a group of cd's from it, to give to each of my family members and extended family and close friends, who knew her well.

Every time I play that cd, which sounds great, I feel very close to her, and a form of closure happens that somehow continues the healing process for me. This most often includes tears and sometimes sobs of joy to hear her singing, "I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog, a Big Blue Frog Loves Me".

Craig, Wausau, WI

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For a happy memory: I would say I never threw away anything with my Mom's handwriting on it. Notes she took, lists she made. She had beautiful handwriting. I have a collection of masking tape written on from the canning and freezing that she did. I think I save these specifically because it reminds me that she never let anything go to waste from the garden and would create the most delicious meals from almost nothing.

For a sad memory: I would say the book "My Stroke of Insight" by Jill Bolte Taylor, Ph.D. This book was about a daughter who was a brain scientist that had a stroke at a young age and her Mother stopped everything and nursed her back to health, it took 8 years. Mom heard this booked reviewed or heard the author interviewed on Wisconsin Public Radio and she really connected with it. She was already having trouble communicating and knew something was wrong - but somehow she gave us enough information to find this book and order it. I had the book at my house when my sisters arrived from out of state for a family meal. Mom took the book and passionately kept pointing to it over and over. She wanted us or one of us to take care of her the way Jill's Mom did for her. That was 10 years ago - I wasn't in a position to give that level of care at that point in my life and do that for her. I'm very sad I didn't take the opportunity. I'll never throw the book away.

Rebecca, Merrill, WI

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*Continued on page 10*

## WHAT DO YOU THINK...

*Continued from page 9*

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I keep a picture of my husband in my purse. It shows my husband in his best health with a great smile----reminds me of our good years together and all our blessings.

Ann, Wausau, WI.

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Choosing only one linking object for my sweet son Jonathon could be difficult. I still wear the T-shirt he wore on his last birthday, and made a quilt from others. However, the one thing that I wear every day and have since he died is his high school class ring. He appreciated my input when he was designing his ring and even though he hated his childhood nickname as he got older, he surprised us when he had it engraved inside.

For his Dad, it would be the 1985 Ford Ranger that Jon bought himself and wanted to restore. They enjoyed going to car shows together and someday we hope to finish the project and show in his memory.

Tara, Antigo, WI

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Choosing one is very hard. I had to decide between my father's navy baseball cap and a small carved wooden dog. But, in the end the dog wins. My father and I were both huge dog lovers. It was a special bond between us. He grew up with a beloved dog so he understood my strong desire for one. Eventually, at 15, I was granted that wish and we got a puppy and later on another dog.

Following my Dad's stroke in 2003, my dog Morgan played a big part in his recovery. We'd often bring her to the nursing home while my father was recovering. Those visits were a bright spot in an otherwise scary and depressing time. When my father got better and came home, we often walked Morgan and had fun park "visits" every week for many years. My sister and I went to the county fair (that my dad loved) and I spotted a small wooden carved dog that looked just like Morgan. I knew right away it was a gift just for me from my Dad. It's a keepsake that I will always treasure.

Marjorie, Clarence Center, NY

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There are two things that I keep close. The first is his favorite Hawaiian shirt (yes he had several). He wore it as often as he could, once during the week and usually once on the weekend. My memory is that he always felt good in it. And he looked so handsome in it. It is hanging in the closet so I can see it easily. The other items are his pipes. They are by the front door and I can still smell them sometimes. It seems I can smell them when I need it most. He always smoked when we talked, discussing events, or just the day. I can picture him talking to our son and his friends and smoking that pipe, like a great philosopher with his students.

Donna, Merrill, WI



### ***FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE: What do you think?***

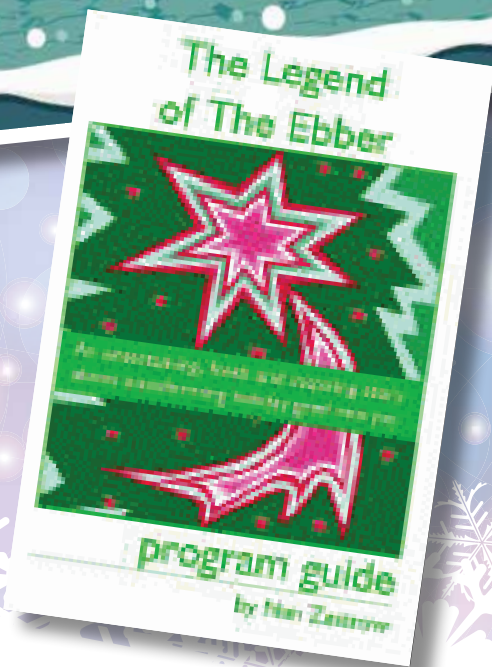
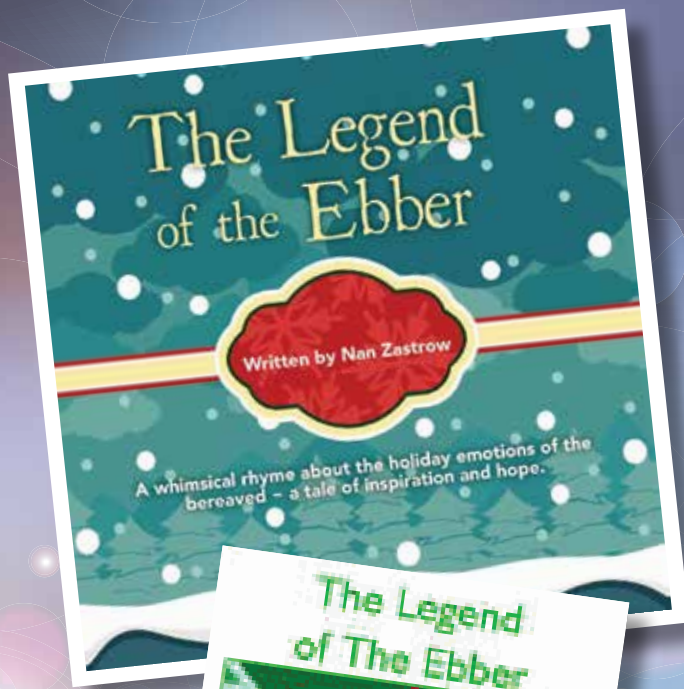
Watch for our "What do you think?" question for our next issue in your email in about six weeks. Our readers input is very valuable to our readers; and we welcome your response.

Send your response to [nanwings1@gmail.com](mailto:nanwings1@gmail.com). Please limit your feedback to about 250-300 words.

# The Legend of the Ebber

## an Inspirational Holiday Story of Hope for the Bereaved

Download the story  
or order the  
Program Guide



The Legend of the Ebber (pronounced E..burr) is a whimsical story written in rhyme. This inspiration story offers hope for the bereaved during the holidays and special days when emotions are delicate and the loss of a loved one seems unbearable.

The Ebber is a nickname for a “grief burst”— the sudden, unexpected emotional response to a thought, event or memory that often creates a moment of sadness. Mr. Ebber plans to destroy Christmas for families who have experienced loss. Entering homes, he finds no decorations, gathering feasts, or singing and joy. The Ebber thinks he’s won! But his plan fails when a miracle unfolds and he learns what heals a griever’s heart.

Originally, this story was written for a community holiday program and read by someone who could raise goose bumps and delight the audience with mystical charm. The Legend has become a traditional holiday program for support groups and organizations, year-after-year, as a symbol of hope for the bereaved. The story includes a Memory Ritual that can be shared among families or groups.

Share the memory and experience the love that never ends. Now available by download in an E-book format or order the complete Program Guide that includes all the components such as Script, Verse, and Ritual. This legend serves as a delightful holiday story to comfort family and friends.

Download Format           \$5   Pay Pal  
Story & Program Guide   \$10   Pay Pal or Mail Order

Wings-a Grief Education Ministry  
P.O. Box 1051, Wausau, Wi 54402-1051

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*Wings*<sup>™</sup>  
A Grief Education Ministry

# When the Holidays Hurt

*Two opportunities for helping you through the holidays*

## Then Sings My Soul

### Living River Concert

Holidays for the bereaved reveal a time of the “wounded soul.” Holiday gaiety fills the air, but



for some this creates complex emotions about relationships and people in our lives who have died. *Then Sings My Soul*

provides the spirit that speaks to the soul and offers peace and joy during difficult times. Our program gives you permission to remember your loved one through the beauty of music. The Living River Christian Quartet offers joy with a blended combination of spiritual songs, feel-good music and traditional Christmas music. Sometimes things that hurt can soothe us when we listen to music that says the words we want to hear.

**Saturday, December 2, 2017**  
**4:00 – 6:00 pm**

Plaza Hotel and Suites  
201 N. 17th Ave,  
Wausau, WI

***Public is welcome. Free admission.***  
***Registration not required.***

### For information, contact:

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*Wings – A Grief Education Ministry at 715.845.4159*

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*Aspirus Comfort Care and Hospice Services at 715.847.2703*

## What's Under Your Tree?

### Healing Gifts or Pandora's Box

Holiday grief may be wrapped up in a variety of boxes this year. Some come with healing gifts and some with unexpected surprises and obstacles. The best way to be prepared to manage your anxiety and your fragile emotions is to understand what's inside each box.



Come to our workshop and unwrap 10 reasons “why” you should celebrate the holidays. Learn how to deal with the emotions of each box that may be under your tree, and turn painful reminders and those wrapped with possibilities into inspiration and hope!

**Thursday, December 7, 2017**  
**6:00 – 7:30 pm**

Aspirus Wausau Hospital  
Medallion Room  
Wausau, WI



### **Other sponsors**

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