

# No Regrets

## The WAR ON GRIEF IS FINISHED

**Grief** is: a heavy, deep emotional pain from a loss, the cause of sorrow or mental pain, and distress,

During the *Journey* of every life

A *Storm* against the GoodWill of God

A *Battle* of Trust In the Grace and Truth of Jesus and His Already Completed Work

A *Wrestling Match* of uncertainty to Belief In the Grace and Truth of Jesus and His Already Completed Work

A *Process* to go through doubt and unbelief and on into Faith in Jesus and His Already Completed Work to be who He says He is, that He really did what He said He did, and to believe “all is, or will be, well”.

The *Healing Balm is: reception of Jesus* being who He says He is, and believing He did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

### *Graceful Trust*

in Jesus to be who He says He is, and did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

### *Graceful Belief*

in Jesus to be who He says He is, and did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

### *Graceful Faith*

in Jesus to be who He says He is, and did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

### *Graceful Acceptance*

in Jesus to be who He says He is, and did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

### *Graceful Thanksgiving*

in Jesus to be who He says He is, and did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

Thankful also for help, friends and family that understand, support group friends, new friends, new strengths, new opportunities, maturity, freedom, joys, new loves, a new life

### *Graceful Courage* to walk on with Jesus to a new section of life and find His

### *Graceful Joy* is with us

in Jesus to be who He says He is, and did already what He said He did and “all is well, and will be well” because of His fullness of Grace, Truth and Love towards us who choose to believe

I put “graceful” each time, because except for the grace of Jesus imparted to us, we would not come through life’s losses with grief and be healthy, strong, joyful, alive, and positively courageous enough to walk on and love deeply again.

The whole *War* is finished because of Jesus and The Already Completed Work of His Cross. He said “It is finished.” Jesus Already “bore our grief” (bore here meaning He carried it away from us) 2000+ years ago, Isa. 53:4. Jesus already covered us in all seven main areas of our life here on earth, as listed in Isa.53. This particular area of Battling with Grief is second on the list in scripture and can be over for you too.

The main War is over and finished because of Jesus, but the personal squirmishes, or battles, will present themselves in many faces of different types of losses from childhood on. At these times, we will each personally be given opportunities to “battle”, or to come to the place we choose to believe and receive and learn that it is true that Jesus is who He says He is, and did what was said in the Bible, that He did for us. It takes each individual a different amount of time to agree and believe Jesus did what the Bible says He did. This graceful application of believing and receiving the Truth of Jesus by faith will bring renewing of your mind and emotions to be able to pick up and walk on with Jesus for a new section of your life. You will remember your loss, but not be dominated by the deep emotional trauma of it.

Grief is a nasty opponent and will knock you off if you let it keep you pinned to the mat, so to speak, and poison you. It’s a killer. Through the *journey* of life there are losses, and in the *battle* of these anticipated or known losses are

severances in which we *wrestle* with a deep pain as the *process* of the healing balm of *graceful acceptance* is realized and a sincere *thanksgiving* is actually activated.

Say this in faith with me... "To all my beloved family in heaven, I love you all, and we will see each other again, but I don't wish you were back here anymore, and I don't wish I was there. By the fullness of Grace and Truth of Jesus Christ shared with and in me, I will live in His Love, Joy and Peace here on earth for now, as God has decided, and be the best loving, encouraging Blessing I can be to Him and all people, in Jesus Name. I choose to be happy and to live again."

**Regret:** to *grieve* over (heavy, deep emotional pain from a loss, the cause of sorrow or mental pain, and distress),  
to *lament* ( cries of sorrow, to bemoan, an audible expression of grief, to wail),  
to feel *remorse* (desire to bite back—at yourself or others because of real or imagined guilt)

*Webster's Encyclopedia of Dictionaries (and author's addition inside parenthesis)*

I did not start out this way. I wanted to change what is past; what was forever over and done, like it or not. Once my loved ones were gone, nothing could be added or subtracted, fixed or changed to their life experiences. That is what my soul was trying to do, go back and make changes or improvements. The same was true for any loss, or big change in life, such as of a church, pastor, residence, city, pet, job, etc. Even the loss of youth as menopause, and empty nest syndrome arrived. Divorce, any friend moving away, or even a friend who decides not to be friends anymore within the same city or church.

I did not know this was “regrets”. I thought regret was if I did something I wish I hadn’t, or I neglected someone, was cruel or selfish. I wanted a more joyful life for my birth family, marriage family, and friends than I know they had. I did not want my loved ones to be so sick and die young. My Mom was the only one that told me, “Amy, if this happened to me at 19, I’d be mad, but at 92, I’m ok with this. We’ve had lots of miracles in our lives.” She knew I wanted one more. Even if it was time for her to leave, I did not want her to die sick and hurting. I did find Peace with her leaving because she accepted her situation and had Peace. For the others my mind was trying a thousand different sneaky ways to try to ask for them to stay, or come back and change their life plans and outcomes.

I am very thankful for the grief group at our local Hospice and its bereavement coordinators who head it up each week. Hearing many share their experiences as they journey through their process of grief was very helpful to relate and see in them what I too was experiencing. I did not always know it until I heard their spoken thoughts, feelings, fears, disappointments, hopes, experiences, and expectations.

Regret had some surprise meanings. I thought I knew what regret meant. As I journeyed through the grief process of losing my youngest child, Mother, husband, and three close friends in close proximity, I did not have time to follow the grief process through with one when the next happened, and the next, and the next... The accumulative affect on me was devastating. I thought they had all gone to Heaven and left me in hell. I was so confused and disorientated I got lost on my way home from Walmart and two other places I’ve known and been to for years! I thought I had lost a permanent marble and would not ever find it again. Thank God He lead me to go to the Grief Group before my husband even left this world. I found help there and books to read

about grief and its consequences, to see and know I was not alone in this devastating process. There were people who wanted to listen, comfort me, let me freely cry and not infer I should be strong and over this already, help direct my viewpoint and attitude, to know I am not a burden to them or depressing.

I was free to progress at my own pace with no condemnation when I seemed to be “stuck” at times. There was a lot to learn about this Battle with Grief and how to go through it. It came with so many faces of similar yet different issues to realize and face them head on with the Grace of God, holding fast to Jesus’ Hand right through the middle of it. I could not go under, or over, or around it, but right through the middle with the Lord and His Grace and Truth. I could not hide, nor eat comfort or junk foods, excessively shop, sleep, ignore, watch TV, read, exercise, do good works for others, write, listen to music, to get through this Battle. If I did for a time, when I slowed down, it caught me up in its grip again, knocking me down and pinning me harder than ever to the mat.

Jesus already bore our grief away, and He promised His yoke is lite and easy. We make it heavy and hard.

## **GOODBYE, MY LOVE**

### **Finding Joy again when a sacred Love is torn from you**

Private help for healing grief even when you do not know how much  
you need it

ALEXANDRIA

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Our youngest child, Aaron, 17, died within 12 hours after a car accident in a storm when the car hydroplaned at 35mph and hit two telephone poles. The first pole hit our middle son, who was sitting in the front passenger seat. The second pole crushed Aaron, who was sitting in the back passenger seat. Our good friend who is like another son to us, was driving and unhurt. Airbags in the front had helped somewhat. The CRV had crushed in like a tin can. 1  
(1 PUT FOOTNOTE AT BOTTOM THIS PAGE)

Upon leaving the hospital, in the doorway I stopped and realized that 17 years ago, we came into the hospital for delivery and carried our sweet child out the door happily to go home. Now, only 17 years later at midnight we were brought to the hospital during a dark serious storm, by a kind policeman. Only a few hours later we are going out the door with empty arms, never to hold our son again, or enjoy him in our home. The beginning and the end. Such a short time to have had him in between.

“Jesus already bore all this grief 2000+ years ago,” I kept praying, declaring, and believing in the Already Completed Work of Jesus’ Cross of Isa.53. He had taught me this the year before Aaron died and I had written a book about it. I thought I believed it fully and in faith. It was tested plenty and even stood up under the pressure of the day Aaron died and the details of the death. Jesus’

Peace was reigning. All was well in spite of this horror. Aaron's room had a blanket of Peace in it that covered and comforted everyone who entered. Everyone entering recognized it and marveled at its intensity. The Peace of God was so real you could feel it around you. I held fast to that Peace that did pass my understanding.

A few hours later we took him by ambulance to another hospital 60 miles away where there was a neurosurgeon. The storm was too intense for a helicopter to take us. I rode up front with the driver and prayed the Already Completed Work of the Cross to hold my Peace. The sounds from the back and the storm crashing around us were frightening. No one else was on the road. The driver rode in silence with me praying aloud, not caring what he thought.

Until a few days later when my husband carried in the small box of ashes wrapped in red velvet... I was instantly resistant and nauseous. Oh, NO! How could a whole person of 17 years be in only a small box like that? I was so upset I did not want the box in the house. I could not walk past our fireplace and see the wood ashes in it. How could a whole healthy boy reduce to a hand full of ashes in that box? I was frightened and without Peace. I walked around aware of having a head but seemingly no other awareness of any other body parts. I was just a floating, foggy, disoriented, head. But I could not think of what I had to do or where to go. I got lost twice in the car trying to find my way home. Family members started driving me so I would not get so frustrated trying to find my way to and from where I was going. I had lived here for many years. It scared me that I had maybe crossed the line and had lost a marble permanently.



Doubts arose in my heart. Was it just beginners luck with the previous applications of the Already Completed Work of Jesus' Cross? Was it my vanity, imagination, or really SonLight revelation from the Holy Spirit as I had thought? Were there lessons I still needed to learn before sharing with the public? Was my understanding too simplified? Was it not operable when generally used so simply? The deficiency was surely in me, not Jesus. Did I need more details? What was the matter with me? This was an unknown, dark, raw, desolate place I had never been to before that I was aware of, and I did not want to stay there. My child had passed on to Heaven. There was a chasm in my heart where he had been alive and abiding. Part of me as his mother, was cut off instantly. I fussed at God about His my being chosen to be his mother, then how come I was not consulted when he was taken out of this world? Is being a mom only a temporary job that uses me up and spits me out with no consideration or thanks? Oh, how I hurt. I had known the Holy Spirit to be so very kind and considerate of me until now. So why is this happening this way?

Oh for the Grace to walk through this... After the hometown memorial service, we were on our way to the burial site in North Carolina where he had been born, and we started crossing the bridge near our house, and an Eagle flew up from sitting on a rail of the bridge out in front of our car as if leading us. It flew in front of us across the bridge, up and away. My husband and I were astonished but comforted. We knew the Holy Spirit and Aaron were letting us know all was well and that they were with us and leading. We rode silently in Peace for a long time.

After the service, my husband returned home but I stayed on there for three more weeks. I did not plan to go home at all. I even looked at houses in North Carolina. Then I stepped out of the shower one morning and clearly Aaron

spoke to me and told me it was time to go home. There was something there I had to go finish.

Ok. No argument because I had asked him to pray for us from the higher viewpoint of seeing God's Will, so I left the next day.

At home the next day I was at the top of our stairway and called downstairs, "Aaron, are you down there?" And I happily bounded down the stairs in search of him. I opened the door at the bottom and stuck my head around to look, when reality hit me – OH NO! of course he's not down here! How could I have forgotten? I had felt gloriously free of the pain of our reality for those few moments coming down the steps. That fleeting moment of forgetting had felt so good and whole and strong like nothing had happened and he would be there again as usual. I cried and cried and felt so stupid. I wanted to be whole like that again. I wanted my Aaron back.

One evening, Aaron appeared, came into my room and laid down on his stomach on the other side of the bed. He was talking to me as he had done many times before he had gone to Heaven. I stared and practically held my breath so he would not leave – in case he was only my imagination. But he kept talking and I relaxed in the sheer wonder and pleasure of his sweet voice confiding in me again, and this time comforting his own mother. One thing he said was he would help with Elijah. He needed help maturing.

Aaron also came in the night to speak with his brother Elijah. To instruct and comfort him. Even though he was the younger, Aaron had a clearer viewpoint of what was best now. Eli and Nate were so distraught they were very open to instruction. He wanted them to know he was alright where he was now and it was no fault of theirs.

Weeks later one evening I was soaking in the tub and the Holy Spirit told me *He was going to take me to a place that I not only would accept and agree, but be thankful for Aaron's death.* I started howling so loudly they probably heard me outside down the street. I thought, Holy Spirit! This is like asking a naked, penniless woman, with nothing and no one – no transportation, power, friends or influence, to find her way from America to Europe! I cried out some more. I got out of the tub thinking, Naaaah, *I can't.* I don't even want to hear this, much less do it. Lord, *you* will have to do this if you want it done. I know our family scripture is "In all things give thanks" but this is going tooooooo far!

Nate, Eli, and Aaron would walk down our lower hallway and they would "lean" on Aaron to be funny, because the other two boys were at least a head taller. Nate had a dream about 2 months after Aaron died of the three of them walking together along the hallway and they were "leaning" on Aaron. This time he knew they were not joking about his being shorter, but really "leaning" on him from now on, in a greater way. He told he loved them, regardless of what happened.

Aarons Joyunspaekablell in store

My close friend, Bev, thought she had a hernia, but found she had cancer and died within 6 months after Aaron. My family lived in the same town she did, but chose not tell me because it would so upset me. Somehow, the day she was being buried, I found out and was so distressed I could not get to the funeral! My friend knew who I was in Christ and had been my constant encouragement and goading to go to the finish line with the Will of God for me in this area. I would miss her dreadfully. She knew how to kindly adjust my attitude and thinking when I got impatient or unkind. She was my second big hole cut in the fabric of my soul and life in quick succession.

Words of lost– misplaced, forgotten, my fault?, bereavement–robbed, widow–empty

Again, another round came 7 years later when my Mother and Husband passed on to Heaven about 6 weeks apart.

This EMPTYNG of self to being FULL of God Samurai story is from Tom Steele, bereavement Chaplain Professor, Grief Counselor, Grief Group Leader at the Hospice of La Grange. Tom said he read a story of a Samurai asking a monk to teach him all about God. The monk offered tea first. He poured the water into the cup, kept pouring and it went over into the saucer; kept pouring and it went over again onto the table top. The Samurai said stop, it's already filled, why are you doing this? and the monk replied, "I cannot teach you anymore about God while you are already overflowing with yourself." God can use these losses for opportunities to empty ourselves of reliances on those we loved and the good things they did for us, or gifts they shared or gave us. It is a time to let God be God and fill us with Himself. He is our family, our friend, our spouse. He is the root of the gifts our loved ones gave to us. He is the Joy of Children, the Peace of friendship, the love of a spouse, for example. He is our security, our compass, our map, our grounding wire, our satisfaction, purpose, wisdom, understanding, counsel, might, knowledge, reverence, power, riches, strength, honor, glory, and blessing..... He will now be those things directly in us, rather than us depending upon our loved one to supply. The loved one taught us by words, examples and deeds, and planted the seeds of their gifts from God into us. In our empty places these seeds will sprout to establish their foothold in new and exciting ways. One gift can manifest in many ways. This is that scripture in us. Another is we receive the "blessings in us to a thousand generations".

Sacred Love was torn from me. The Child was part of my very flesh. Friend Bev T. encouragement. Mother a positive pillar of support. Husband of 39 years to learn how to be one, now what without the other half?

People say a new loss can open the wound of another previous loss—Penny.

1 Further details and points made about *Aaron's Story* are written on our website, [www.fullness.org](http://www.fullness.org)

## ACCEPTANCE

ACCEPT: to take, receive, admit, believe

ACCEPTANCE: the act of accepting

RESIGNATION: to unseal, patience and endurance, yield, to give up, surrender

SURRENDER: to yield or hand over to power of another

The first step of acceptance was when Aaron was still on the machines. I walked into his room and held his hand and told him I loved him and I knew that he could hear me. I said now you can pray from a higher viewpoint of seeing God's Will for each of us. I named you Aaron after Aaron the high priest of prayer in scripture. Please be faithful to pray. We will always be family.

Old school was to be polite and not speak of the dead. Ignore it, repress it, resign yourself to it coldly and unmercifully, and it will go away in time. Get over it by yourself and go on idea. No education for families, teachers, church folks, or counseling, or groups about death, dying, grief, to help be prepared for when your time came to wrestle with it, or how to receive help and healing

in the raw face of loss. An occasional tranquilizer or sleeping pill for the extreme need, or a bottle of liquor to cover it up or drown it out temporarily. Only to have it hit with a vengeance later on when you least expect it. But no gentle truthful healing comfort with the power to help accept, mend and live on in Joy again. This will help you to find you are whole again and enabled to finish what you are still here on earth for.

Go to a grief group in your area or associated with your area Hospice for you will find it like going to a sewing circle of the old days where ladies got together and sewed quilts and were supportive and helped each other as they sewed. You will find you did not know how much help you needed in sewing the hole in your soul until you get there. You will find in the days following a healing transpiring.

Perception of Love shattered.

Ed came to tell me I had received the wisdom gift he had shared and taught me and it was released in my soul and remained planted. I did not need to rely on him anymore.

Also appeared to tell me he was proud of me and to buy myself some flowers from him– that he should have bought me more while he was here.

Two kinds of time. Now and the seemingly real mind and heart video repeats full impact as if they are fresh today, of the death experiences.

Faith without doubt isn't faith– Tom S.

I went to the grocery store and in entering I saw the healthy lively kids Aaron's age bagging groceries. I got nauseated wondering how come my child, Lord? Why did you take mine? How come these are so healthy and mine is ashes? I did not want to cry in the store, but the nausea was overcoming me. I realized, I can stuff the grief and not cry, but I probably will get sick and throw up in the store. Or, I can just let it out and cry. I chose to cry rather than be sick. So I cried all through the store collecting groceries. Then I needed to check out and could not face the kids again. I did not wish one of them dead, I just wanted mine back. I went to the middle aisle and the card section was there. So I stood there and read all the encouragement cards, pretending someone sent each one to me. Ah, I actually felt better and turned to face the checkout and the nice young kids. God had strengthened me enough to pass by, be glad for them, and pray that they do God's Will for their lives, and for their parents and them to love each other dearly. God gave a heart to love and pray that for teens wherever I went after that. It was part of His healing process.

Experience of when Aaron was hit at crash site

# AGREEMENT

AGREE: to be of one mind, resembling, to pleasing

AGREEMENT: agreeing

Eternal Love does not die. Bracelet, poem.

With/In Christ. If you believe, then when the person is out of body– not out of Christ. Is still alive and with you. Just not in flesh.

Circle of Life. All things and people temporary.

Child is a permanent Gift Poem

All Things do work together for the good. Eventually.

# THANKFUL

THANK: to express gratitude

Thankful for how faithful Jesus, the Holy Spirit, and our Father in Heaven are when you are watching and listening. Their Great Loving Comfort is real.

Their faithfulness to pull you along little by little to the place they know you will be better off. All the words they speak, little comforts, experiences to help understand, pieces of music and memories to help you go forward and as they say onward and upward to be whole again and continuing growing and finishing what you have come to earth to learn, be and do. Grace has Mercy on you, Loves you, and Peace keeps gently holding your hand, guiding you along home to Joy again.



Small joys. Joy in the small things of life. Hold fast and rock with them in your remembrance as in a rocking chair as it continually comforts you.

It is strength.

Grace to be thankful in face of death. A Greater Grace to be thankful for the death and their new life.

Redemption Ed. Mom's insistent positive thinking faith seeds sprouting in others.

Aaron's Joy unspeakable full of Glory . I saw him so joyful I could hardly recognize his face. Laughed and cried in grocery store. At first did not want him to be so happy away from me. Then , yes I guess I do and I am thankful he is so very happy. Greater Grace of Love filling and pulling me through to being more happy for him than my selfish wanting him here for me to enjoy. His Joy there more important than mine here.

Aaron's better ministry word

Going to college and has Christian friends experience

Out of every death there comes a life.

I was sure that I had been taught that God does not give us more than we can bear. I no longer believed or agreed with that one. That is not true! Platitudes like that can give God a bad name. These are intended to make you feel better at first, but then later you realize it was false hot air made up by someone who did not know the damage that would be done to your faith. He did give me, or allow me more than I could bear! He sure did. But I can testify now to this fact—Jesus faithfully sent apertures of Light into my dark understanding until I saw He was walking with me by the Holy Spirit in me moment to moment, day by day with me until I knew I was so overloaded and trying to get over this myself...I had to give the load over into Him and His Already Completed Work...and to my great joy, found He had ALREADY BORE ALL MY GRIEF 2000+ years ago, as He said He had in the Word of God, our Bible. I was feeling lighter and able to focus a bit more. This is a process of healing. Even though Jesus already did bear all the grief for you, the Holy Spirit in you faithfully assists you little by little, in your whole realization of this fact, strength of that belief, and resulting soundness healing.

Tragedy to Triumph In Christ. Because of the fullness of Grace and Eternal Love of Jesus, the Holy Spirit and Our Heavenly Father. We cannot add or subtract our sacrifices to what Jesus already did *once, for all* people for all time, but we can put our losses into His Already Completed Work in faith by prayer and receive and release the Joy unspeakable full of Glory He sent to us 2007 + years ago. My daughter sent me a copy of the drawing of St. John of the Cross' Jesus by S. Dali for a gift I had wanted. I thought it was so beautiful. The viewpoint is looking down from the top of Jesus' head and down to His toes as He is upon the Cross. He almost appears as a flying eagle. As I looked at it, the Lord said, "It was not a good day for me." I gasped and thought, "You mean you don't like this picture? Should I not put it up?" and the Holy Spirit gave me Light in my

understanding... He compared the idea of would I put up a picture of my son Aaron as I last saw him in the hospital...head smashed, broken, and bleeding profusely ...over my fireplace to remember and immortalize the horror of that day? I started sobbing, “No, No, No,” deeply in empathy of Our Father looking down upon His Beloved Son knowing He was doing this in obedience for all humanity for all time. No wonder He was silent and likely turned away when Jesus called to Him, “Father, Father why have you forsaken me?” Our Father did not really need or want this....we did. So we never forget that Love and Obedience is better than sin and sacrifice. I understood again as the Holy Spirit defined more, that *to make every day a good day* for our Lord is to remember, receive, release, and share with others, the testimony of Jesus and His Already Completed Work of loving, obedient Sacrifice. Receiving what He already did for us and the help He already sent us, *makes His Day!* So, go ahead....RECEIVE... AND MAKE HIS DAY!!!!!!

#### AFTERWORD:

#### BIBLIOTHERAPY:

This is a person reading materials/books about grief in between times of group or individual sessions to accelerate healing.

A time of Journaling

A list of grief reactions

## COMMON SIGNS OF GRIEF RESPONSE

PHYSICAL	EMOTIONAL	COGNITIVE/ SPIRITUAL	BEHAVIORAL
Back/Neck/Muscle Pain	Shock/Emotional Numbness	Disbelief/unreality – “a fog”	Sleep Disturbance
Stomach upset/diarrhea /constipation	Sadness/sorrow/despair	Confusion/disorientation	Change in appetite
Weight Loss	Anger/protest/irritability/resentment	Memory/Concentration problems	Searching for the deceased
Feelings of weakness/fatigue	Self-reproach/guilt/regret	Need to make sense of the death – Why?	Sighing/crying/”weepiness”
Feelings of emptiness/heaviness	Anxiety- general or specific	Rumination about deceased or death	Carrying objects/visiting places linking with the deceased
Restlessness/”nerves”/ hyper-activity/”wired”	Fear of “going crazy”	Idealization of deceased and lowered self-esteem	Social Withdrawal
Headaches	Helplessness/”out of control”/overwhelmed	Visions/contact with deceased	Avoidance of reminders of deceased or the loss
Chills/sweats/”cold hands”	Mood swings/emotional “roller coaster”	Difficulty with decisions	Change in sexual desire (increase or decrease)
Chest pain/tightness /difficulty breathing	Peace/calm/heightened awareness	Dreams or nightmares of deceased or death	Increased use of alcohol and other drugs
Dry Mouth	Relief	Absent-mindedness	Telling the story, over & over
Startle response	Feelings of presence	Feelings of meaninglessness	Clinging/difficulty with separations
	Loneliness	Depersonalization – sense of unreality	
	Yearning/pining	Denial – “not really dead, just gone”	
	Apathy/lack of pleasure in anything	Assumptive world changes	
	Agitation		

From: Jordan, John R., Working with Grief, Loss and Complicated Mourning: Guidelines for the Professional Caregiver.

There are many other books to help in healing:

*The Torn Fabric*

*See You Later* booklet

*Gentle Closings*

*The Healing Quilt* (a novel based on a true experience) by Lorraine

*Motherless Daughters*

*May I Walk you Home?*

Dr. Bernie Siegel Book *Love and Miracles*

*Handbook For The Hardtimes*

*90 Minutes In Heaven*

*Heaven is REAL*

*Heaven*