

treetops



stories, poems, drawings and letters from children who have lost someone they loved

TREETOPS is the Child Bereavement Group of the Corrymeela Community

Emma, Alan
& Diane's Dad

Baby
Kevin

Jade and
Colin's Dad

TREETOPS BRANCHES HAVE

Rochelle's
Granny



GIVEN ME



Sarah's
Brother

Susan's
Brother

SUPPORT

Joshua and
Aaron's
Brother

Mary's
Dad



FREE TEDDY...
SEE INSIDE !!

You can have YOUR own story, poem,
drawing or letter published in Treetops !
Tell us about the very special person
in your life who died... and help other
children understand how you feel...
Just send it to The Editor...

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issue
no





From THE Editor

Hello everyone,

Thankyou for all your wonderful letters, poems and drawings; they contain some lovely memories.

Writing stories and poems and drawing pictures is a really great way of remembering the person you lost, and an easy way to express some of the feelings it's often hard to express. Sharing your stories and memories through the newsletter takes courage, and by doing so you are reaching out and helping someone else going through something similar. You are all supporting each other - what a great gift. We will be sending the gift of your newsletter to New York, where around 10,000 children were bereaved on September 11th 2001.



Barbara

(The Editor)

We would like to acknowledge the kind donations from Black Santa, Victoria Homes & Northern Health & Social Services Trust, which have made this edition possible.

P.S. Phone (028) 9050 8080 if you know of someone who might like a copy of the Treetops Newsletter and we will put them on our mailing list.

My Story

I thought it was a bad dream when I was told about my brother Barry. People were telling me it would be O.K., but when my cousin told me he was dead, I fell to the ground and cried. Everyone round me was screaming. Barry was just a young, 11 year old boy who got into everything. Sometimes I think he is going to walk in from school but then I realise he won't.

That day Barry died a part of me died as well. If Barry was here today I would tell him how much I love him. I lay in my bed at night and cry over him. If I had my own way to get up to heaven I would go and bring him back home to my mummy and daddy. But I know he would not come back because heaven is a far better place than this and he knows one day we will all meet again. I loved him so much and love him even more. Even though he is dead he knows how much I love and miss him because he's with me every day. I miss you so much Barry - will always love you. Night night wee angel.

Susan (16)

My Dad

My dad is the best dad in the whole world. I have about 5 reasons.

Reason 1, is I miss when we used to play and watch football, especially Rangers.

Reason 2, is I will miss him when Christmas and my birthday come.

Reason 3, I miss him helping me with my homework.

Reason 4, I miss how he moaned at me when I got a punishment exercise.

Reason 5, I miss him always taking me places and to Rangers games.

--- and a lot more but I can't name them all.

Alan Currie (13)



My Dad

My dad was the best dad in the world. He took me places and bought me things. The three main things I miss about my dad are, (1) going to sleep beside him when he came home from work and football, (2) I miss his company, and (3) it may sound weird but I miss rowing with him. Another thing I miss is when I come in from school and he isn't on the computer. When I do my homework (German- English) he isn't there saying "this isn't right", "do this", "change that", "rub that out". I miss him so much.

Diane Currie (11)

Kevin : The Death of a Baby Brother.

He died slowly and painfully,
It came to me quickly and painfully.
The stones and soil rolled on his
coffin, just as
The tears rolled down my face.

It was hard on my brother.
He had been away having fun.
For ten minutes what seemed like an
agony but was a blessing,
He said nothing.
He was neither himself nor not
himself,
What could he say?

Now the hole in my heart is almost
mended.
Five more stitches
This poem is one of these.

(Editor's note! Someone sent me this beautiful poem, sadly
the name of the writer is unknown.)

A Poem for Samuel

It was on a Monday... The 20th of November
A night that we will always remember,
For God he took you to his home,
We know you'll never be alone.

We feel at ease ... Just to know,
God thought it was time for you to go,
No more sickness... No more pain,
God's love ... Dear Samuel ... Is what you'll gain.

Our love for you will never die,
Though still we hurt as we give a sigh,
We comfort each other,
We miss you Samuel ... A special brother.

Now that you have gone to God,
No more with us you'll play on the quad,
Though Samuel we still play,
And think of you each given day.

Still we see your upturned thumb,
This you did to everyone,
But we know it was just your way,
To wish us all a happy day.

On God's face ... There's a look of joy,
He's gained our Samuel ... A little boy,
So all of us ... Who are left behind,
Keep God and Samuel always in your mind.

(Editor's note! Joshua and Aaron's Mum wrote this poem about
their brother Samuel, and the boys read it at a memorial service)

I remember so much.!

People think I won't remember my brother and my Dad who died when I was a baby, but they're wrong. I can't remember everything, but I remember the way Peter (my brother) used to hug me and do everything for me. I remember one time he was crying and I didn't know what to do. I sat and comforted him for a while and soon he had that big friendly smile spread across his face. I remember the way my Dad used to carry me on his shoulders. And I remember one night we all sneaked out to watch some fireworks and we left him in bed. I remember the way he tickled me, cuddled me, played with me, hugged me, but most of all loved me!

Sarah O'Brien (13)



My Granny

My Gran's name was Irene. She was gentle and kind. She loved makeup and she loved, I mean LOVED big long earrings like my Mum. She liked clothes with sparkles and diamonds. She had loads of makeup: she had 52 lipsticks, 81 blushers and lots more, but if I keep telling you I would fill the whole book. Anyhow her earrings were no longer than shoulder length. Everybody knew my Granny and if you don't, you will soon because this book holds information and secrets that have never been revealed. So here we go. It all started when I was at home in my Spice Girls office when the phone rang. My Mum answered it but I went into the kitchen. First I thought she was laughing, but when I walked out of the kitchen I saw that she was crying. She told us that Granny had spuds on and my cousin Kenny who used to live there smelled something burning. He walked in to say "Granny, your spuds are burning", but it was too late, she had tried to put the fire on. But the Doctor said that she died happy and in peace because when she was lying dead with coal everywhere she had a smile on her face, as she always had.

Rochelle Dale (7)



My Dad

My dad was the most wonderful dad in the world. I can remember him always being there for me when I needed him. I can remember him by 4 things. They are, going to play football, helping me with my homework every night after school, helping him with the computer. Also when I got knocked down, he came to see me every day. The best Christmas or birthday that anyone could give me is for my dad to come back because I miss so much. I think about my dad every day.

Emma Currie (15)



What's Daddy doing?

It has been six years since our daddy went to heaven. We wish he was still alive. Nowadays we have been wondering what he is doing in heaven. He was the best daddy in the whole world. We think that our dad is up in heaven with our uncle Damien. They might be playing football, watching TV and having fun.

Jade (9) & Colin (7) Walsh

My Daddy



Angel



My Uncle Damien



Problem Page



W. My Mum told me that my Granny just died in her sleep, and now I'm terrified to go to bed at night. Is death like sleeping?

A. No. When we sleep our bodies are resting so we will have lots of energy for the next day. When we die our bodies stop working completely. Your Granny went to sleep to get rest but then her body just stopped working; it could just as easily have stopped working while she was awake. Please don't be afraid to go to bed, you need your sleep!

You have shared a few of your worries and questions that maybe all of you would like an answer to. Don't be afraid to ask- we may just be of some help. Here are a few of the worries you've told us about.

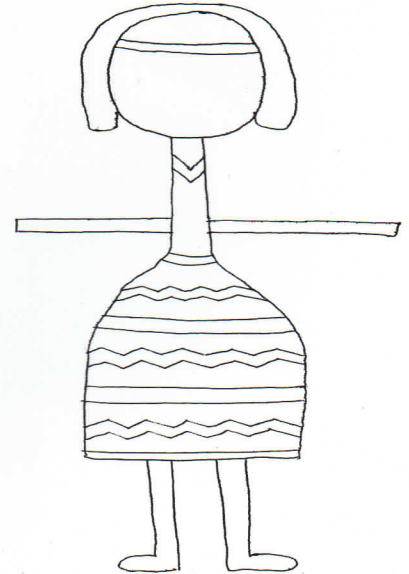
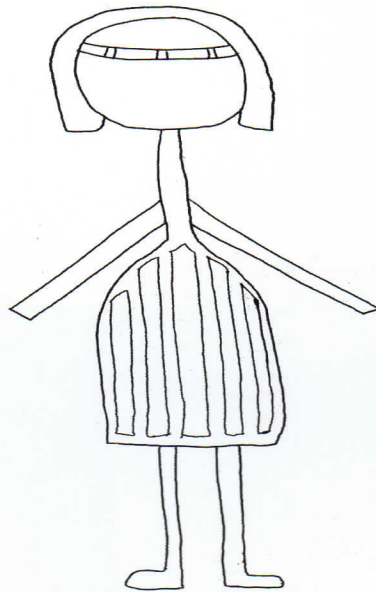
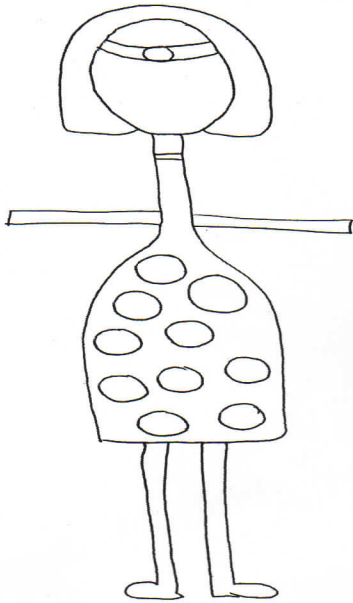
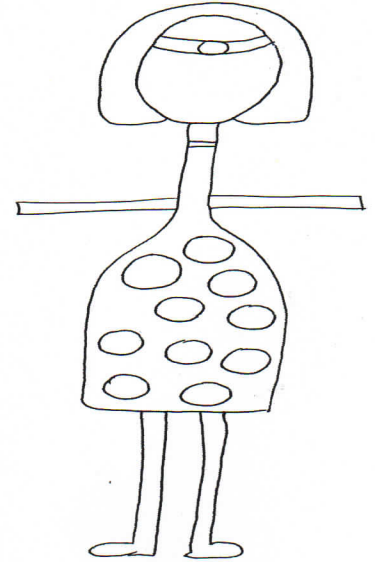
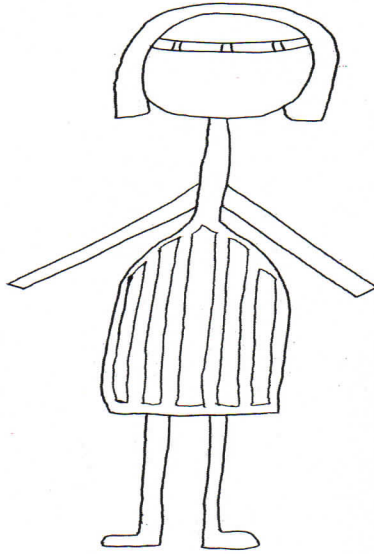
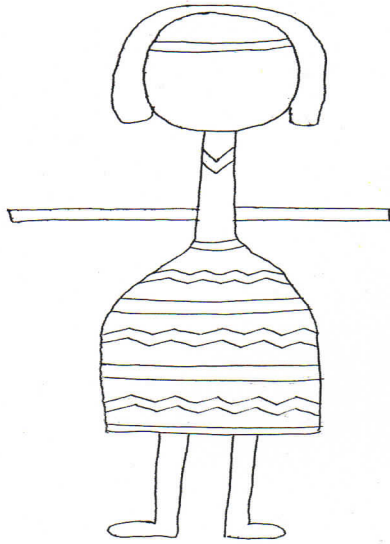
W. I'm really angry that the Doctors at the hospital couldn't make my Mum better. Why can't they stop people from dying?

A. Many times Doctors are able to stop someone dying. Sometimes however, even though they have tried their best, a person dies. This is because they were too badly hurt or ill and important parts of their bodies couldn't be fixed and just stopped working. Doctors also help people live long, healthy lives. There are new discoveries in medicine everyday, which means Doctors can help people live much longer than they did when your grandparents were children. You feel angry at the moment. Just remember the Doctors tried very hard to help your Mum.

ACTIVITY PAGE

The Indian people of Guatemala in South America believe it is best to share your worries. To help them do this they often use worry dolls which are kept in a little pouch or a special box. They remove one doll for each worry, tell the doll their trouble and put it under their pillows. They believe that while they are sleeping the dolls will try to solve the problem.

Below are your very own worry dolls. Colour and decorate them, then cut them out ~ they're waiting! As there are only six dolls, you are only allowed six worries a day! Sleep well.

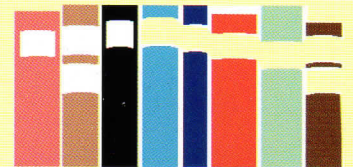


Book Review

Grandma's Bill

by Martin Waddell

£4.99 Published by Macdonald Young Books



Young Bill visits his Grandma and together they look through an old photograph album, full of photos of his Grandpa Bill, as a baby, as a boy, and grown up. Bill and his Grandma look at the pictures of the past and the present, and discover the reassuring sense of continuity and security they bring.

Written with warmth and beautifully illustrated, this is a lovely book.

The

BACKPAGE

'Treetops' is a support programme for small groups of children who have experienced a sudden death in the family. It provides the opportunity to meet and share with other children who have had a similar experience. We use art, drama, puppets, games, songs and stories during our time together.

'Treetops' groups are for children between 8 and 12 years old. Parents are asked to come too and meet separately. Groups meet for six consecutive weeks.

If you think you would like to attend one of our groups or just find out more, please send for our leaflet and application form to 'Treetops', Corrymeela House, 8 Upper Crescent, Belfast BT7 1NT

I can't explain how I feel.

I'm really angry with the hospital for not making him better.

Everything I look at reminds me of Mum.

Will I forget what Daddy looked like?

Do people think I'm stupid for crying so much?

Where does the body go?

I'm worried about Christmas.

The subscription is £3.00 for 3 issues