

# treetops



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

TREETOPS is the Child Bereavement Group of the Corrymeela Community

Ellen's Mum  
& Brother

Rhiannon's  
Daddy

Gemma's  
Mummy

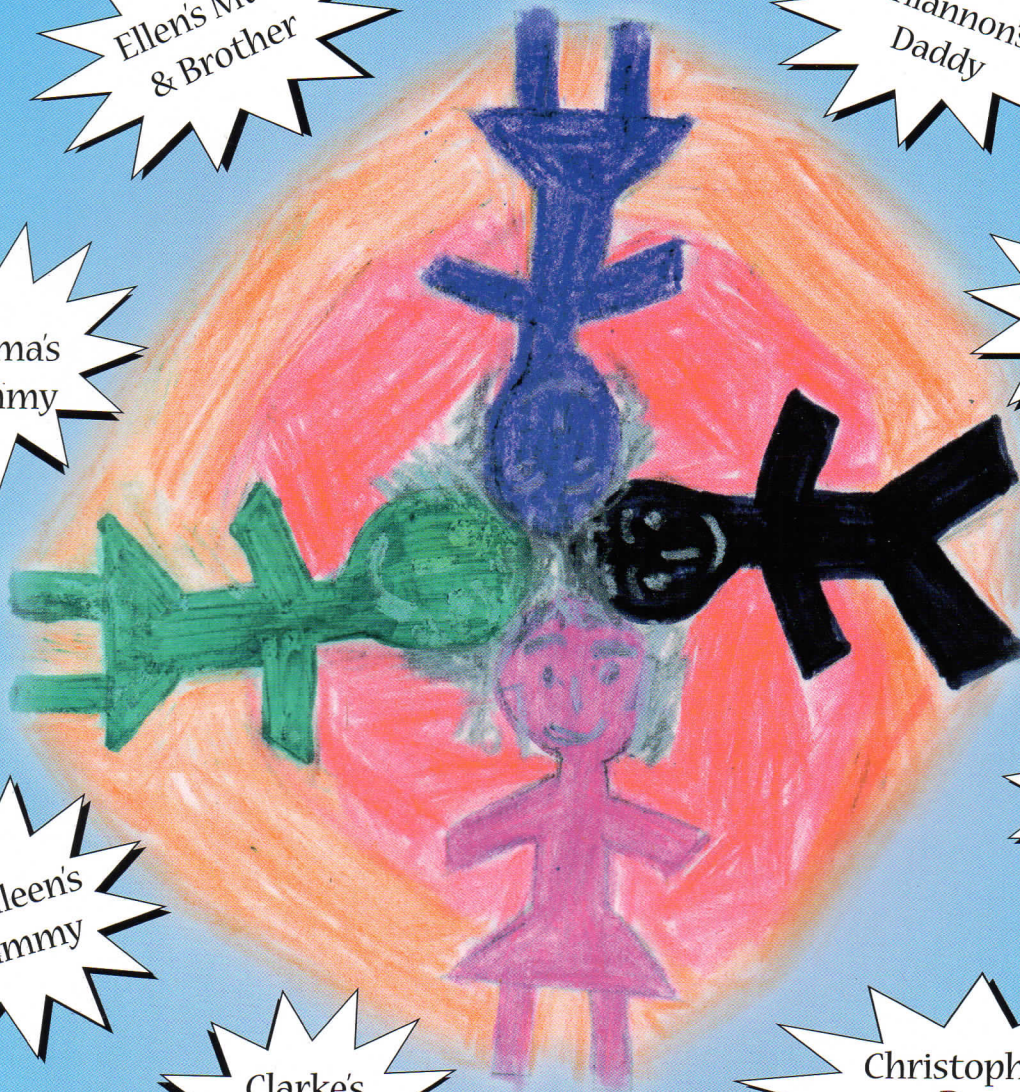
Stewart's  
Daddy

Kathleen's  
Mummy

David's  
Dad

Clark's  
Mummy

Christopher's  
Dog



On our front cover this time is a drawing by Amanda Chimwaza (15yrs old). The picture portrays her family as they are now without her youngest sister (Amanda's sister was 19 months old when she drowned in Sept 2001 in Zimbabwe). Amanda feels that the family are all closer together than they were before. The graded colours in the drawing represent healing.





# From THE Editor

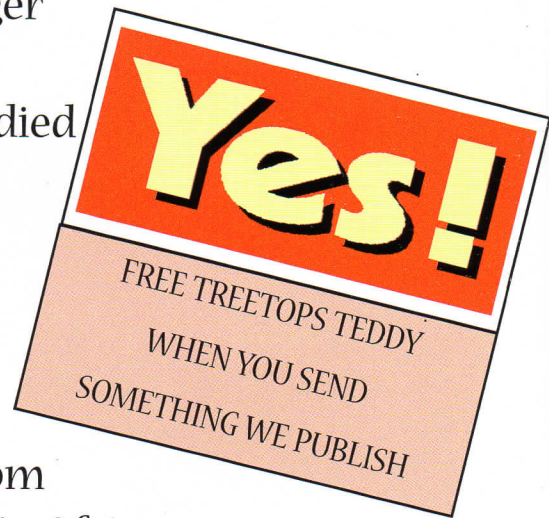
## Hello everyone,

Easter and spring constantly remind us of new life and hope. Eggs (even yummy chocolate ones), budding trees and flowers, bright sunshine (sometimes!) and the days getting longer tell us that winter is past.

But, the sadness of missing the person who has died is still with us.

In reading our very own magazine, written by kids for kids we realise that others feel as we do.

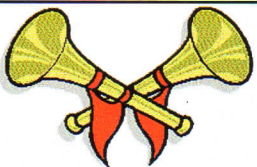
Thank you all for sharing your stories poems, pictures, questions or worries which are so special. Our front cover this month has come from Amanda Chimwaza all the way from Zimbabwe in Africa. Children all around the world feel as we do.



## Carol

(The Editor)

P.S. A big thank you to Barbara our editor who has put together all your items in the previous 7 issues. As a team (there are now 4 of us) we aim to carry on her excellent work so keep those contributions coming. Without you we would not have a Treetops magazine. Thank you Barbara.



FREE TEDDY...  
SEE ABOVE !!

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





# My mum and brother

My mum and brother are the best in the world.

They were on their way to a scrambling meeting when a tree fell on them killing my mum and brother but my friend Glen was lucky to be alive. I miss my brother the most because I have no-one to play with. I was sad when it happened but now I am happy but I still miss them.

Ellen Wallace, Age 9  
Carrickfergus

# My Mummy

My mum died and the ambulance came. They tried to help but she still went.

Why will she not come down? I miss her but I still remember she loves me and she is always round me.

Gemma Holbeach, Age 8  
Lurgan





# The Sweet

The sweetie wrapper's  
gone now  
Down in the earth below  
But the taste still lives  
inside me  
I know it will never go

I miss it's loving sweetness  
And the way it made me feel  
Although I know it's gone now  
I know the feeling's real

That sweet, it is my daddy  
The one I cherish and love  
I hold him dearly in my heart  
As he holds me from above.

Rhiannon McBay-Doherty (12)



To Kerry  
(Granny and Grandad's dog)

Where are you now Kerry?  
Up in the sky?  
Wolfing down biscuits  
or Granny's meat pie?

What are you doing Kerry?  
Up in the sky?  
Running through bushes  
To chase butterflies?

Your gold hair is glistening  
Your blind eye can see  
Your deaf ears are listening  
To the sound of the sea

Where are you now Kerry?  
You're right here with me  
I'll never forget you  
My best memory.



Christopher  
Curry  
Lisburn

# MY MUM

My mum was beautiful and here are  
two reasons why I did not want my mum  
to die.

Reason 1: My mum used to help me with my  
homework and help with reading my book when  
I was little.

Reason 2: Because mum won't see the girls

grow up and be there for us, when we need  
her and when they wonder where she is because  
the girls won't see her around anymore.

Clarke Morris (11)

MY  
MUM  
IS  
AN  
ANGEL





**He took his big candle**

**And went into another  
room**

**I cannot find him**

**But I know he was here**

**Because of all the  
happiness**

**He left behind**

(source unknown)

## **My Daddy**

Dad you are the best.  
Always in a hurry, driving  
lorries was your job  
Diet coke 2 litres a day.  
Dad you were the best here  
and there  
You are still the best no  
matter what.

Stewart Hanna (11)  
Annalong

## **No-one understands like a Mummy can**

When my mummy died I thought my life has just ended. My mummy died of cancer that she had for about two and a half years. My daddy died on 21.2.97, it was a few months after she found out that she had cancer. From then on I got very close to mummy and we did everything together and went everywhere together. We were never parted. The only time we weren't together was when my mummy was in hospital. Even then I went up to see her. My mummy was a kind person, she just wasn't kind to my family, she was kind to everyone.

When mummy died, I was so shocked. I thought it was all a dream., but then I realised it wasn't, it was for real and I

didn't want it to be. For a few months after I was very sad. Everyone was doing their best to help me, but they didn't understand how I felt. I still get very sad because this is a hard year and I wish my mummy was here. I really want her to be here to cuddle me when I'm sad and laugh with me when I'm happy. No-one can understand like a mummy can. Everyone is so lucky to have a mummy. They don't know how lucky they are until their mummy has gone. I really want my mummy and daddy back because I really miss them and I really love them both.

My mummy is the best and she will always be in my heart and so will daddy. My mummy was called Eilish and my daddy was called Cecil. I took my mummy's names at my confirmation. My name is now Kathleen Mary Eilish Teggart.

**Kathleen Teggart,**  
**Age 13**



# Death changes everything

When I'm upset pain comes into a corner of my body. I believe that pain never goes away after someone you love dies. At night, sometimes it wakes up and comes out of it's corner. It irritates me and makes me cry.

People say "get over it" or "ten years on the pain shouldn't be there" but it is. I feel that when I get this pain it's a different cry than when I cut myself. It's a different pain, a different cry, more upsetting. It's not a dry cry but a wet cry that runs through my whole body and out of my eyes. And afterwards it's still not OK. I look round at people playing, "why are you playing?" Then I can cope more as the pain goes back into it's corner until next time.

When the pain comes out of it's corner again it's sometimes less painful, it still attacks me when I'm not expecting it but I can feel I can cope more. The pain attacks me like somebody grabbing me and throwing me down. It's a sad attack. Over a time the attacks get less often but the pain never goes away - it sits in a corner and can come out again. Even if a person starts

a new life the pain sits in the corner and can still come out.

Death changes everything. I don't believe a new relationship can be like the relationship with the person I loved and lost. I will still want to go to heaven, maybe just for an hour, once a week to see my dad. I miss his love, his enjoyment of me, of going out together, of our family together. I feel OK just now, the pain is in the sleeping corner. I don't know when it will wake up and attack me. I like remembering my dad, it helps to ease my pain. The pain which grows at me and traps me like a tiger.

Sometimes I try and swallow the pain when it comes out of it's corner, but it forces back at me and comes out sometimes worse because I've tried to keep it back. It's important to let it out. It feels better when I've cried. My dad wants me to cry - to let my upset inside come out.

**This was written by David, age 14, from Manchester, 9 months after his father died.**

## Problem Page



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. Was it my fault that Mummy died?

No, it was not your fault that your mummy died. Most of us feel a bit guilty sometimes when someone in our family dies. We wonder if there was anything that we could have said or done, or not said or not done to stop them dying. Its normal to feel this way and we need to realise that any death is outside our control. Your mummy's death had nothing at all to do with anything you thought, did or said.

So, every time you start to blame yourself, just stop, remind yourself that it was not your fault that your mum died and say to yourself over and over, lots of times 'Its not my fault'.

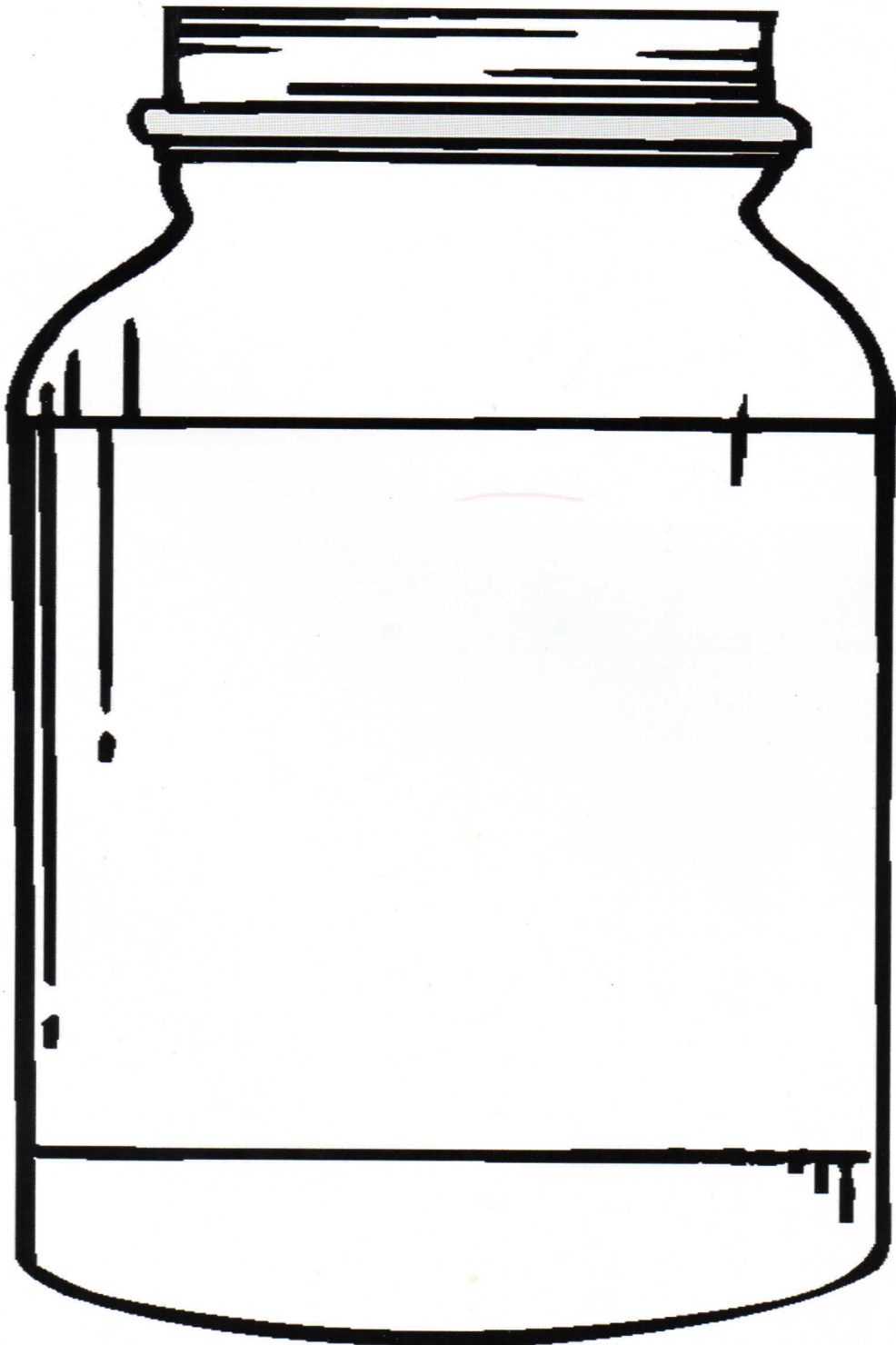


# ACTIVITY PAGE

Some people worry that when their loved one dies they will forget them. Others find it hard to remember the happy times or memories because of the sadness they feel. One way to help can be to make a 'memory jar'.

To do this you will need different coloured sands (or salt coloured with chalk rubbed in works as well) and a glass jar. Fill in the jar with different layers of colours that remind you of the person. For example if you enjoyed going to the beach with them you might choose blue, if they supported a particular team you might choose the team colours for your jar.

Below is a jar to fill. Colour in each level a different colour that reminds you of, or helps you think about the person who has died. You can put in as many layers and colours as you want.





'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

Is he  
happy in  
heaven?

It feels like a  
piece of my  
life has gone  
too.

When will all  
this pain get  
better?

Will I forget  
what Daddy  
looked like?

Where does  
the body go?

So - she'll  
never, never,  
never come  
back?

This all  
feels like a  
bad dream.

The subscription is £3.00 for 3 issues