



Bereavement Newsletter

June 2011

200 Fourth Circle • Dodge City, KS

Tel: (620) 227-7209 • Fax: (620) 227-7429

A Father's Day Story

By Bobbie Crabill

One day, before I was born, I was just minding my own business. There came a call that God wanted to see me in his office. Most people don't realize that God owns a baseball team, and the stadium where they play. His office is huge, full of photos of the people in the bible and the like. His office is inside his baseball stadium. I think maybe he owns the Angels.

I got sat down in the chair in front of his big desk. He said to me, "Bobby. It is nearly time for you to go and spend your time on earth. I am giving you an opportunity that I do not give many people. I am going to allow you to choose the Father you want from a group of candidates. They are all seated in the ballpark right now, and we will go out and let you choose one." God must have known I had some special needs to let me pick one instead of assigning me one from the mass. What a concept!

We stepped from his office out into the stands. An incredible sight. There were 58,121 prospective Fathers at the game that day. The two teams were warming up, waiting for the game to start. I was at a complete loss as to what to do. I wanted to choose the best Father I could, but did not know how to proceed. I said to God, "I am overwhelmed. Such a privilege I have been given, to select my very own Father. But so many to choose from, and probably all qualified. I am scared God. Please guide me."

God said, "Let's go back to the office and discuss this." We sat down again, and he said to me, "Bobby, just what will you need in a Father? We can narrow it down some and then let you make your choice." My reply was, "God, are you sure? There are many things I need my Father to be." God waited for me to continue.

"Well, God I need a Father who will be proud of me when I am born. I want him to show me off, be glad the name continues on, and tells his friends, 'Want to see George?' I need him to protect me and provide for me when I am young. And take me places and show me things. He will need to be there for me and my Mother,

and anyone else in the family. (Man, I was crossing my fingers hoping I would have a cool brother or two, but sisters would be all right, too.) He needs to love me and the rest of the family. And take me to Church and Sunday School so I can learn the way.

"I need to be the youngest in the family. And my Dad should control that by telling my Mother the day I walk across the street to kindergarten, 'We can't just keep pumping them out every five years,' in answer to her request to have another. He will need to be interested in my school years and attend my events. I will want him to hand me my Grade School diploma. When one of my first girlfriends breaks up with me, I hope he tells me, 'There are plenty of fish in the pond.' And move me to
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Hospice of the Prairie invites you and your family to a

REMEMBRANCE CEREMONY

June 7, 2011 at 7:00 p.m.

First United Methodist Church

210 Soule, Dodge City

in the Parlor Room

(please use the east entrance)

A reception will follow the ceremony

Please RSVP by Friday, June 3

By calling 227-7209 or 1-800-466-7209



A Father's Day Story

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college in the old black El Camino. And attend my games and events and graduations all throughout.

"I want my Father to introduce me to his family, and take me to the place he grew up and share his memories with me. I want to share trips with him to see his Mother in the rest home and stop at Stuckeys and show me what a chocolate malt is all about. I will want him to share his love of baseball with me, and take me to games, and sit with me in the old green chart and watch game after game on television. I hope he will coach me for a few summers and come to all my games. He will be allowed to miss one game, probably the one I will hit a home run in. My Dad will probably surprise me by taking me to an All-Star game and we will take several trips together to see big league games. We can watch baseball all our lives together.

God stopped me for a minute. He got up and went out the door for a short time. He came back after a while and sat down, and said, "Continue."

"I may want to work with my Father for several years. I will need him to show me the right way, let me make my mistakes without judgement and give me advice when I need it.

"When I marry, I will need him to accept my wife into our family and love and enjoy her and his grandchildren. If I have daughters, he will have to 'dance like a lady' upon their command and if I have a son, he will have to go out and buy a baseball and sign it to him when he is born. I want him to see them in their events and be there for birthdays and

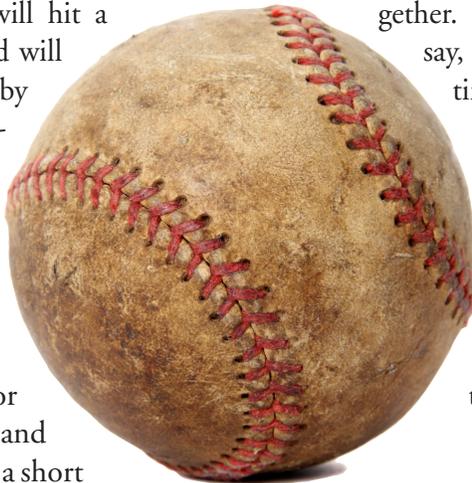
Christmas, and all the holidays and pop in visits along the way.

"God, my Father should have a sense of humor. He should have a way about him that says that everything will be all right. He should have patience. And always be kind to all. He should be my role model. I will want to be like him."

God held up his hand and stopped me again. He got up from his chair and went out the door again. What is he doing? Back in he came and said, "Go on."

"Well, my Father and I need to share time together. We need to go for rides and play cribbage together. I can hear him say, after I beat him

time after time at the game, 'Some-day my luck is going to turn around. How do you get so lucky?' My dad will need to be my hero.



The one I look up to. The one proud in what I become. And I will let him know many times just how I feel about him. And when we part, I will have no regrets.

"Gee, God, I guess that is all. Sorry if I went on too long. What do we do from here?" I thought to myself, all those men out there in the stands, how will I know which one of them fits the bill I have just presented God? One more time God rose from his seat and walked outside his office. He came back before very long and said, "You presented quite a challenge for even me. But I think if you will go out into the stadium, you will find it quite easy to make your choice."

I thanked him and left. I went outside his office, down the ramp and entered the stadium. There was only one man left in the stands. Section 112, Row K, Seat 2. He waved at me and hollered, "Come on up here. I've saved you a seat. The game is about to start."

To my Dad, R.L. Crabill on Father's Day 2010. I miss you.

Coming Soon!

HOSPICE OF THE PRAIRIE'S

5th Annual Kids Day Camp

Saturday, June 11, 2011

9 am – 3 pm

Hospice of the Prairie office

Children, age 7-12 who have experienced the death of a loved one, are invited for a day of summertime fun, crafts and games! Kids will also learn about the journey of grief and take home meaningful craft projects. Lunch and snacks are provided.

Our Day Camp is offered at no cost and trained hospice staff and volunteers will be facilitating the camp. Pre-register your child by calling Nancy Renner at 227-7209 or 1-800-466-7209.



The Wrapper

Following the death and the funeral services of her father, a woman's four-year-old son came to her and asked, "Where is Grandpa?" Gently, she told him that "Grandpa died."

The young boy looked at her even more intently and asked again, "Where is Grandpa?"

Suddenly aware of her helpless condition, the young mother responded, "Grandpa is in Heaven." A look of satisfaction crossed the young boy's face and he quietly went for the night.

The next morning, the family members drove to the cemetery to see the grave. Everyone got out of the car and walked to the edge of the grave, which was completely covered with flowers. The four-year-old boy approached the mound of flowers, turned to his Mother and asked, "Is this Heaven?"

The mother felt helpless for an answer to the young boy's question. How could she explain to him the difference between Grandpa being in Heaven, and visiting Grandpa's grave?

That evening, as she sat on the edge of her young son's bed, she took a candy bar from her pocket. The boy's eyes lit up as she opened the wrapper to reveal the chocolate treat inside. Breaking off a chunk of the candy bar, she handed it to the boy and said, "Let's talk about Grandpa. What good memories do you have of Grandpa?"

The excitement was obvious as he told how Grandpa had taken him fishing, they had gone to the zoo together, they had even gone to a baseball game together! All the time he was sharing these happy memories, he was enjoying more and more of the candy bar.

As the good memories and the candy bar were finished, the young mother snuggled up close to the boy, gave him a big hug and said, "You know son, Grandpa is a lot like this candy bar. The good, delicious, wonderful and enjoyable part of Grandpa that you remember, that's the part of Grandpa that's in Heaven." Then, holding up the empty candy wrapper, she said, "This is part of Grandpa that's buried in the ground...just Grandpa's wrapper."

A look of delight swept over the young boy's face as he realized the enjoyable part of people is never forgotten. What seemed like a puzzle hours before had become a clear picture of the new relationship possible with those who die."

by Bob Willis, Oklahoma City, OK
Bereavement Mag. 1998



New in Our Library . . . Come and Check It Out



Choosing to SEE: A Journey of Struggle and Hope by Mary Beth Chapman, Steven Curtis Chapman and Ellen Vaughn (Sep 1, 2010)

When Your Pet Dies: A Guide to Mourning, Remembering and Healing by Alan D. Wolfelt PhD

Healing After Job Loss: 100 Practical Ideas (Healing Your Grieving Heart series) by Alan D. Wolfelt PhD and Kirby J. Duvall MD

*The risk of love is loss,
and the price of loss is grief -
But the pain of grief is
only a shadow when compared
with the pain of never risking love.
--Hilary Stanton Zunin*

Calendar of Upcoming Events

- June 7 Remembrance Service, 7:00 p.m., First United Methodist Church, 210 Soule, Dodge City
- June 9 Thursday Night Grief Support Group, 6:30 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie Meeting Room; Jerry Hodges, facilitator
- June 11 Kids Camp, 9 a.m. – 3 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie office
- June 13 Compassionate Friends Support Group-for families who have experienced the death of a child, 7 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie; Nancy Renner, facilitator
- June 15 Bereavement Luncheon, 12 noon, Inn Pancake House, 1610 W. Wyatt Earp, Dodge City; Dick Robbins, host
- June 23 Thursday Night Grief Support Group, 6:30 p.m., Hospice of the Prairie Meeting Room; Jerry Hodges, facilitator

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The Elephant in the Room By Terry Kettering

There's an elephant in the room.
It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it.
Yet we squeeze by with, "How are you?" and "I'm fine" . . .
And a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.
We talk about the weather.
We talk about work.
We talk about everything else –
Except the elephant in the room.

There's an elephant in the room.
We all know it is there.
We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together.
It is constantly on our minds.

For, you see, it is a very big elephant.
It has hurt us all.
But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.
Oh, please, say her name.
Oh, please, say "Barbara" again.
Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.
For if we talk about her death, perhaps we can talk about her life?
Can I say "Barbara" to you and not have you look away?
For if I cannot, then you are leaving me
Alone . . .
In a room . . .
With an elephant.



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200 Fourth Circle
P.O. Box 1298
Dodge City, KS 67801

