

treetops



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

TREETOPS is the Child Bereavement Group of the Corrymeela Community

Sarah's
Brother



Ayeisha's
Dad

Priscilla's
Dad



John's
Brother

David's
Dad



Claire's
Nana

Louise's
Sister

Erin's
Dad

Joshua's
Granda



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,

It's hard to believe this is the fifth edition of our newsletter. A big thankyou to everyone who has contributed. Between us we are touching a lot of lives! Do keep your letters, stories, poems and pictures coming our way, as we wouldn't have a Newsletter without you. We particularly need more drawings to add colour to our pages, and of course to make our front cover! So I'm challenging all our readers to write and draw something for our next issue. Let's make it a bumper one!

Maybe you would like to write or draw your story for us. It is always lovely to get your letters.

Barbara

(The Editor)



P.S. Special thanks to Josie Henley for our cover drawing, which represents her thinking about Heaven.

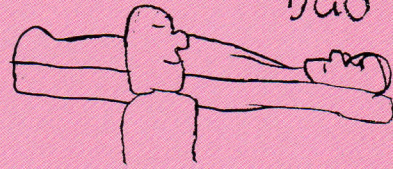
P.P.S. Phone 028 9032 5008 if you know of someone who might like a copy of the Treetops Newsletter and we will put them on our mailing list.

Come in for dinner

I thought it was a bad dream
I thought he was in the house sometimes
Neighbours coming in all the time
My Mum always crying
And my gran as well
No more letters for him
And if there are my mum gets upset sometimes
I haven't been doing homeworks as well as I used to do
And him doing jobs around the house
And him going out the back and smoking
I miss him shouting at me
And going to church
And going to Linfield matches and Arsenal as well

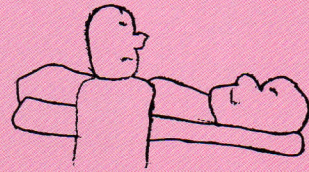
Good bye

Dad



good bye

David



David Flack (14)

My Story

Some people say they hate their dad and they hope he will die. I used to say that about my dad, but when my dad died I wanted to say sorry for what I have done over the years. My dad was 41 years old. My dad was sick for 6 months and then he died of cancer at 1:35pm on 20th December 1998. My dad went 'into' a coma at 8:00am on the 19th December. I stayed with him to 4:00pm then the nurse gave us the Red Cross Room so some of us could go up and down when we felt like it. I went to the room my dad was in and stayed there till 6:00am and then my aunt took me to her house so I could sleep. I slept until 2:00pm, then my aunt told me my dad had died. I just burst into tears. Then I remember the last words dad said, they were "if I die I don't care".

The last thing I said to him was "see you tomorrow". On the day of the funeral I read from Psalm 23. Twelve red roses were thrown into the grave. I really miss my dad. I cry at every picture I see of him and me together.

So never fall out with your dad or hope that he will die because you would wish you never said it when he does die.

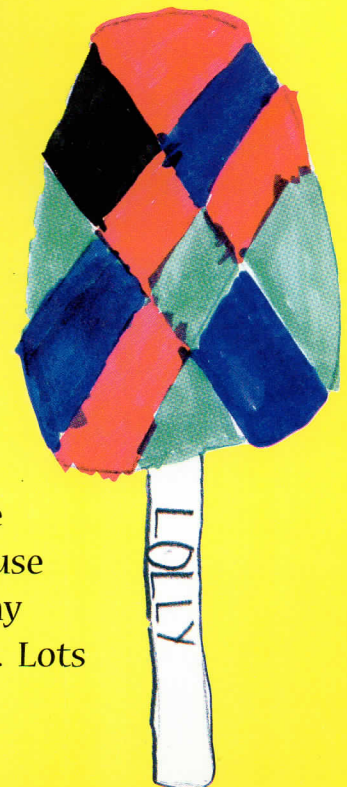
Priscilla Lafferty (13)

Ayeisha's Father died 2 years ago whilst on a family holiday.

Dear My Daddy

My daddy buys me lots of lollies, he buys ice cream, he even buys me piggy ice lollies, daddy loves me and Chayenne very much. He even likes us two thousand and knows we are very good to mummy. We are very very very very good to mummy.

Daddy is up in Gods house nows and he can hear and see us. If only I had one wish it would be to have my daddy back cause I love & miss him very much. I cry and be sad sometimes cause daddy isn't here any more to buy lollies. Lots of love and kisses.

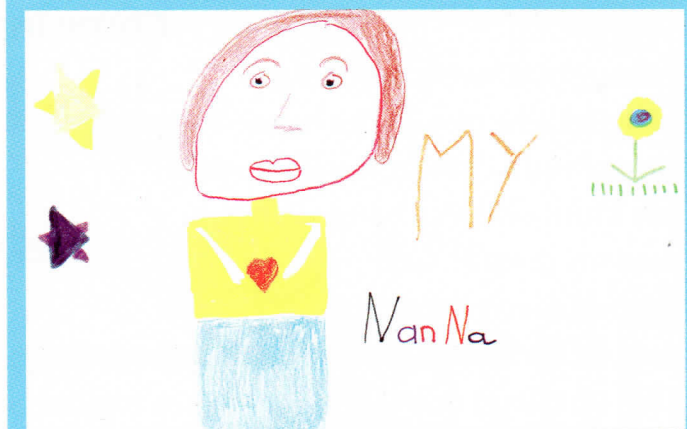


Ayeisha Lavery (5)

When my Grandad died.

One morning when I got up I heard about my Grandad. When he was in hospital we went to give him some flowers. I remember my brother and my Grandad sitting on the summer seat with me one day. I loved him and I loved sitting on the summer seat with him.

William McIlhatton (8)



My Nana

My Nana was the best Nana in the world. She always took me on treats. But that's not what I miss. I miss her company. She always had something to talk about. When I was sad she made me happy. My Nana taught me how to sew and knit and she taught me some French. I miss having her around at Christmas, so does my mum. When I see photographs, I just want to cry.

Claire Sibbald (9)

**Dear God,
I miss my
Nana very
much.**

**Please look
after her for
me.**

Love, Susy.

A Message

"I really miss
you and love
you. I hope you
miss me too
and love me."
xxx ooo from
your sister.

Lisa Marie

Letter to My Brother

Dear Jack,

I never let anyone know this but I was so Jealous of you when you were alive. Sometimes I actually hated you. Even now I can still have twinges of jealousy when Mum and Dad talk about you in that certain tone of voice. They think of you as totally wonderful and here I am still being shouted at and getting into trouble. Sometimes I feel quite alone and left out when Mum and Dad are talking about you and dad is away in England. I really wanted you to be my wee brother but everybody else wanted to be in on the act and I hardly got a look in. Everybody was always worried about you and how you were doing. It felt like I didn't exist and nobody seemed to care how I felt. Everything revolved around you. I wanted to shout out loud "HEY! WHAT ABOUT ME!" But I didn't. Once, I was even sent to stay with uncle Bill and auntie Liz and the boys. It was OK but I wanted to go home. I kept thinking about you and wondering what you were doing. I MISSED you and wanted to be with you and Mum and Dad. But I couldn't tell anyone so I kicked the cat instead and fought with my cousins.

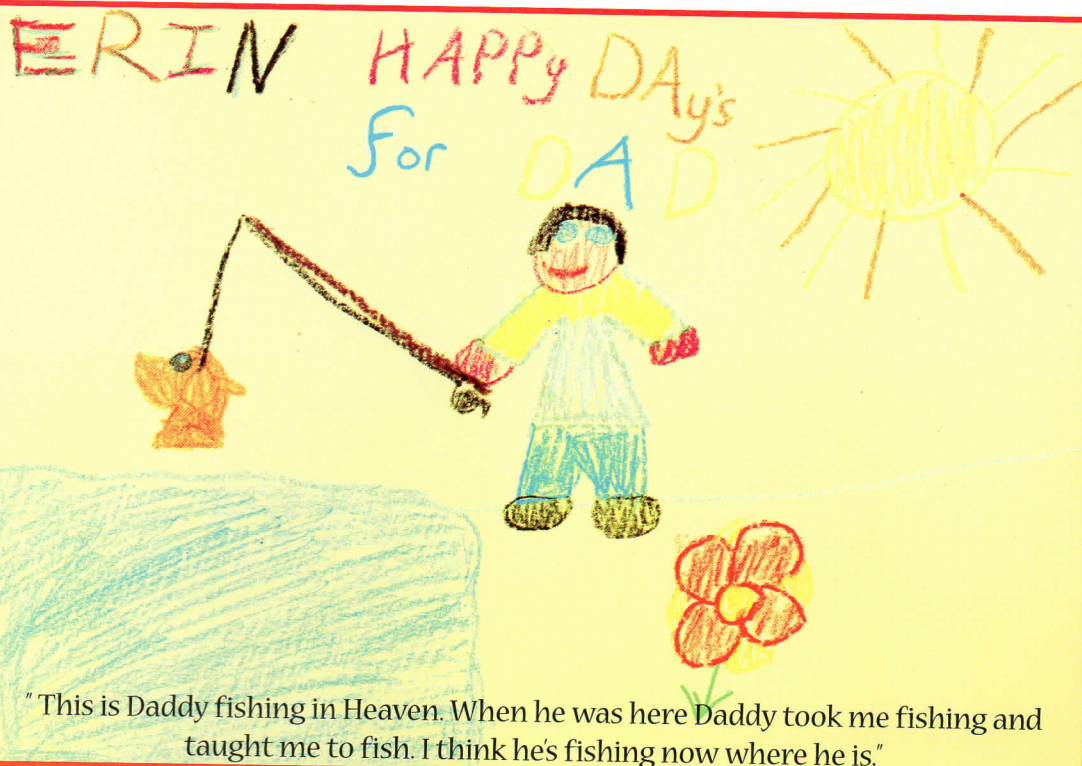
Its taken me a long long time to write this and it helps to tell you. I wonder too ...were you ever jealous of me for not having Leukaemia?

Being jealous is horrible. Its nasty and like a big rock in my chest. I just blurted it out to Mum the other day and she says that when you really love somebody its OK to share even your worst thoughts and feelings.

I don't know how this letter helps but it does. That rock in my chest seems to be melting and I am finding out how much I loved you and still do. I'm glad you're my brother, Jacko

TAKE FIVE!

John



"This is Daddy fishing in Heaven. When he was here Daddy took me fishing and taught me to fish. I think he's fishing now where he is."

**Why?
Why did Dad
have to
leave me?
Why did he
have to go?
Why did Dad
have to
leave me?
Why I do not
know.**

**Erin Taggart
(8 1/2)**

**The following letters were
written by children from
Beechgrove School in Ballymena
after a classmate died**

Claire was my friend.

When I heard that Claire had died

I was SAD.

Ben Brown (8)

I miss Claire. I hope Claire will be wearing
a white dress. I liked her. She wore nice
clothes. We were friends.

Alan McCandless (8)

We came back to school after the
summer holidays and we heard that
Claire had died. I was sad.

Angela Kirkpatrick. (8)

When my friend Claire died I felt sad. I
cried my eyes out and my mum came up
and sat on the bed and cuddled me. Then
she put me back into the bed. I started to
cry again and my other friend Clare came
into the room and hugged me.

Rebecca Craig (8)

My playful Granda.

My Granda's name is Michael Murray.
My Granda played with me all the
time, until he had cancer. A few days
later he had to go to hospital because
he was sick. A few days later he wasn't
better but I did help him to get his
nebulizer and I looked after him. Then
he died and we had a funeral for him
and I prayed for him. My Nanny was
very sad, who was his wife.

By Joshua Murray
I love you Granda.



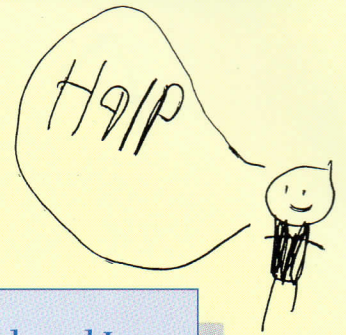
To Treetops

My Brother was crossing at a Zebra
crossing one day and a driver wasn't looking
at what he was doing and knocked him over
and he died. Also my dad died of a heart
attack. Even though I was only 2 then and
I'm eleven now, I still remember both the
deaths clearly and miss them both lots. I
still wish that they would come walking in
through the door, but I know that they are
watching me in heaven.

Sarah O'Brien (11)

PROBLEM PAGE

You have shared a few of your worries and questions that maybe all of you would like an answer to. So this issue we're introducing our "Problem Page". Don't be afraid to ask - we just might be of some help. Here are a few of the worries you've told us about:



W. I had a big row with my mother the night before she died and I was so cross I wished she was dead. She had a heart attack the next day, so I killed her, didn't I?

A. No, you certainly didn't kill your mother. It is perfectly normal for children and parents to row and disagree, it happens in every family. But remember, even though you were very angry with your mother, you still deep down loved her, and she loved you. You, probably for a moment, wished your mother was dead; but a wish can't kill someone. Something was wrong with your mother's heart and it just stopped working, that's what killed her. Please try not to dwell on your row and instead focus on all the happy times you had together

W. My Mum died from lung cancer. She smoked all the time. Now I am really worried about the rest of my family dying as they all smoke too. Are they all going to die like my mum?

A. This is a very understandable worry, but it is highly unlikely that all the rest of your family will die from lung cancer like your mum. While smoking is known to affect your health in many ways, not everyone gets lung cancer. I think you should talk to your family and tell them how worried you are. They are probably worried too after the shock and sadness of your mum's death. Perhaps you could find some information about smoking and health and ways of giving up smoking and share it with your family. With your help and encouragement maybe a few of your relatives will be able to stop smoking.

ACTIVITY PAGE

Ladderword

Write the answers to these clues in the grid, reading across. If you do this correctly, the letters in the yellow column will spell out something most of us have a hard time talking about!

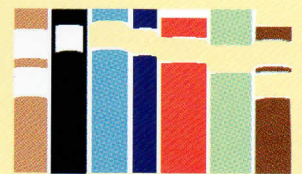
1					C				
2	T								
3				P					
4	C								
	5				S				
6				G					
7								E	
8		I							

CLUES

1. A place where people go to work.
2. The number of months in a year.
3. A boy/girl dance band and something you climb.
4. In the past a King or Queen lived in one.
5. Homer, Marge, Bart, Lisa and Maggie.
6. Angels and birds have them.
7. They shield your eyes from the sun.
8. A referee likes to blow one.

Book review.

AARVY AARDVARK FINDS HOPE. By Donna O'Toole.
Illustrated by Kore Loy McWhirter. Published by Mountain Rainbow Publications



Aarvy is left all alone after his mother and brother are taken to a zoo. His animal friends try to cheer him up, but Aarvy feels just awful.

It is a rabbit called Ralphy who helps Aarvy understand what he is feeling about his loss and helps him heal and grow. As their friendship develops Aarvy learns to play and whistle again and can finally enjoy the happy memories of the time he had with his mother Clarice and his brother Varky.

This is a wonderful, gentle story to read aloud to people of all ages. Adults and children alike will be touched by the words and illustrations as they follow Aarvy on his journey through grief. It is a story about loving and losing, about friendship and hope.

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

Why do people have to die?

I really want people to know how I feel ; but I can't explain it properly.

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

Does it hurt when you die?

Will I recognise Gran when I get to heaven?

I worry about people blaming me for what happened!

I thought only cowboys and Indians died.

The subscription is £3.00 for 3 issues