

Meadowlark Notes

Meadowlark Hospice (785) 632-2225

Special Interest Articles:

- Some Things Still Remain
- Stress
- Grandpa's Hands
- Two Wolves

Issue Highlights:

- Cookbooks for Sale
- Calendar of Events
- Our Thoughts
- Memorial Gifts
- Our Staff

"Sometimes your joy is the source of your smile, but sometimes your smile can be the source of your joy."

- Thich Nhat Hanh

"Some Things Still Remain"

We called him "Pappy." He was grey-haired, tan-skinned and wrinkled from working in the fields. He had a large tummy, just right for grandchildren to pounce on.

He wore old, faded well-worn overalls that were sometimes "hitched up" with baling wire after a suspender broke. He is remembered for "fixing" grandchildren's bee and wasp stings with tobacco juice.

It was not unusual on a hot day for Pappy to come in from the hot fields in Tennessee and lay on the floor in the kitchen, using the back of a chair that he had turned up-side-down as a diagonal rest for his back.

Pappy was my granddaddy, a man adored by all his grandchildren. His death was my first up-close experience with death as a child. When he died, I thought my heart would break. I realized that death was permanent—that I would never see him again on this earth.

My cousins and I cried until our eyes were red. The funeral home brought the casket with Pappy in it back to the "home place"

for the equivalent of today's respect calls, and people "sat up" with him until he was taken to the church for the funeral and burial.

Pappy seldom dressed up, and he would not win any prizes for how he looked when he worked around the farm. But to a child, looks meant nothing. What mattered was *who* Pappy was.

The grandchildren liked being around him and found sheer delight in jumping on his soft round tummy. We knew he loved us, and we loved him!

Looking back, I was blessed to have Pappy as my granddaddy. He died at the age of seventy-four of a heart attack while fixing fences. Even though he physically left us that day, he left some valuable gifts behind for our family, three gifts in particular.

First, he left behind **the gift of relationships**—with his children and grandchildren. I believe he took his love for us, his relationships, with him to the Hereafter when he died, but he also left the gift of relationships behind for us.

Pappy also left us **the gift of memories**, memories of good times with him, and

what wonderful memories they are! Fun memories, loving memories. Memories of him sitting in the front yard in a big pile of yellow, red and orange leaves—grandchildren in the leaves around Pappy and a baby on his lap.

The third gift he left us is **the gift of lessons-learned**. He taught us what a relationship with a grandfather should be like. He taught us how to love, to laugh, to romp.

He taught us the lesson of hard work, honesty and integrity. He taught us that outward appearance is not as important as what is inside a person.

When he died, we had to learn to grieve, to experience the pain of loss as children, with cousins leaning on cousins. But he also taught us to remember the happy times, to cherish our fun memories.

If you have lost a loved one through death perhaps they too left you these gifts—the gifts of relationship, of memories, and lessons-learned.

Yes, even though our loved ones leave us and move to the Other Side, some things still remain behind.

— Dawn Phelps, RN, LMSW

STRESS

A lecturer, when explaining stress management to an audience, raised a glass of water and asked, "How heavy is this glass of water?"

Answers called out ranged from 20g to 500g.

The lecturer replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long you try to hold it. If I hold it for a minute, that's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my right arm. If I hold it for a day, you'll have to call an ambulance. In each case, it's the same weight, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes."

He continued, "And that's the way it is with stress management. If we carry our burdens all the time, sooner or later, as the burden becomes increasingly heavy, we won't be able to carry on. "

"As with the glass of water, you have to put it down for a while and rest before holding it again. When we're refreshed, we can carry on with the burden."

"So, before you return home tonight, put the burden of work down. Don't carry it home. You can pick it up tomorrow. Whatever burdens you're carrying now, let them down for a moment if you can."

So, my friend, put down anything that may be a burden to you right now. Don't pick it up again until after you've rested a while.

Here are some great ways of dealing with the burdens of life:

- * Accept that some days you're the pigeon, and some days you're the statue.
 - * Always keep your words soft and sweet, just in case you have to eat them.
 - * Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it.
 - * Drive carefully. It's not only cars that can be recalled by their maker.
 - * If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague.
 - * If you lend someone \$20 and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.
 - * It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply to be kind to others.
 - * Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time, because then you won't have a leg to stand on.
 - * Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.
 - * Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late.
 - * The second mouse gets the cheese.
 - * When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.
 - * Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.
 - * You may be only one person in the world, but you may also be the world to one person.
 - * Some mistakes are too much fun to only make once.
 - * We could learn a lot from crayons... Some are sharp, some are pretty and some are dull. Some have weird names, and all are different colors, but they all have to live in the same box.
 - * A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.
-



Grandpa's Hands

Author Unknown

Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking, he said in a clear strong voice.

I didn't mean to disturb you, grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK, I explained to him.

Have you ever looked at your hands, he asked. I mean really looked at your hands? I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making.

Grandpa smiled and related this story: Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak, have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back.

As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life. They held my rifle and wiped my tears when I went off to war. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote the letters home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle. Yet, they were strong and sure when I dug my buddy out of a foxhole and lifted a plow off of my best friend's foot. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. "But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."

"Tension is who you think you should be. Relaxation is who you are."
- Chinese Proverb



COOKBOOKS ARE STILL AVAILABLE! \$10 Each

Meadowlark Hospice Cookbooks are still available. If you have not picked up your copy you may do so at the Meadowlark Hospice Office and Cutting Edge and Massage in Clifton. Proceeds go toward serving patients with the inability to pay for hospice services.

The Two Wolves

One evening an old Sioux told his grandson about a battle that goes on inside people. He said, "My son, the battle inside is between two 'wolves' inside us all."

"One is Evil. It is anger, envy, jealousy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego."

"The other is Good. It is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith."

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather: "Which wolf wins?"

The old Sioux simply replied, "The one you feed."

Calendar of Events

- Apr. 01:** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Meadowlark Hospice Office in Clay Center
08 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Cloud County Health Center in Concordia
15 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Library in Belleville
22 4:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- *Community Physicians Clinic* in Marysville
There will be no Volunteer In-Services in April due to the Volunteer Appreciation
- May 06** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Meadowlark Hospice Office in Clay Center
10 1:00 p.m. Concordia Volunteer Continuing Education
3:00 p.m. Belleville and Republic Volunteer Continuing Education at Belleville
13 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Cloud County Health Center in Concordia
17 Noon Clay Center Volunteer Continuing Education
18 9:30 a.m. Washington Volunteer Continuing Education
Noon Marysville Volunteer Continuing Education
2:00 p.m. Frankfort Volunteer Continuing Education
20 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Library in Belleville
27 4:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- *Community Physicians Clinic* in Marysville
- June 03** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- *Maury's Restaurant* in Clay Center
10 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Cloud County Health Center in Concordia
14 1:00 p.m. Concordia Volunteer Continuing Education
3:00 p.m. Belleville and Republic Volunteer Continuing Education at Belleville
17 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Library in Belleville
21 Noon Clay Center Volunteer Continuing Education
22 9:30 a.m. Washington Volunteer Continuing Education
Noon Marysville Volunteer Continuing Education
2:00 p.m. Frankfort Volunteer Continuing Education
24 4:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- *Community Physicians Clinic* in Marysville

Mark Your Calendars for a Volunteer Training in Concordia!

When: Monday, April 12th from 9:00 am – 12:00 noon

Where: Cloud County Health Center Room 106

If interested, please contact Brett at Meadowlark Hospice (785) 632-2225

*Nothing worth doing is completed in our lifetime,
Therefore, we are saved by hope.*

*Nothing true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history;
Therefore, we are saved by faith.*

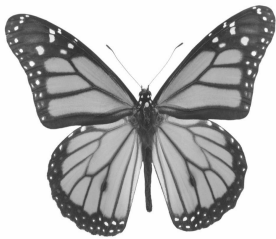
*Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone.
Therefore, we are saved by love.*

*No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of our friend or foe as from our own;
Therefore, we are saved by the final form of love, which is forgiveness."*

- Reinhold Niebuhr

Our thoughts are with the families of Meadowlark Hospice patients we have served.

Your memorial gifts honor your loved ones and help others



HOSPICE GIFTS:

Richard Blackwell
David & Judith Bridges
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"Leave nothing for
tomorrow which can
be done today."

-Abraham Lincoln

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Brad C. Wohler

"The time is always
right to do what is
right."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

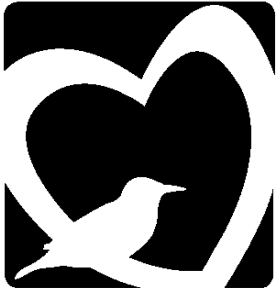
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mhospice@cmcks.org



MEADOWLARK HOSPICE

We're on the Web!
See us at:
www.cmcks.org

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