



HOSPICE LIGHT



Summer Edition



from the office ...



When the song lyrics are sung ... “Summertime and the living is easy ...” do you think they were talking about one of our heat wave periods? Man-oh-man, it is so hot I’m having visions of tall glasses of ice tea with LOTS of ice.

The other day I heard a bit on MPR about the sounds of summer & I started thinking about the sounds of my early summer days. Sounds like the water lapping on the shoreline of Sebec Lake; squirrels running across the roof slanting over my bed; the buzz, buzz, buzz of insects as they flew around my head; the sound of the car as Daddy came back from town or of the boat as he returned from a fishing trip up on the big part of the lake; and the quiet of the dark night when “my loons” sang strange songs to me. Wouldn’t it be wonderful to be back there, just for awhile? It was so simple & so easy!

Back to today ... we are gearing up for the 2011-2012 year. Who knows what will come to us: we still haven’t heard of any changes because of the Amedisys buyout of Beacon; we are still getting referrals to go to people during their final days; even another training class will be starting in pretty short order.

I hope you are all having a good summer; store up a lot of sun to remember this time late in the Fall.

Love, *Dee*

Shared Thoughts from the President

HAPPY SUMMER, HOSPICE PEOPLE!

One of my favorite quotes is from Mark Twain and it goes something like this: ***“There have been a lot of terrible things in my life and SOME of them actually happened.”***

What I like about this very modern-day thought-process is that it is so right on. Do we invent problems and then pretend they are real? I daresay we do it every day and I will share one I had the other night.

During the sweltering heat I am lucky enough to have a couple of air conditioners and it’s so nice to have a good night’s sleep in my climate-controlled house. This is a great thing, right? I’m sure you all would agree; however, I woke up in the middle of the night thinking, “Wow, if someone broke into my house right now, I would never hear them!” I started trying to hear any sort of noise in case it was happening, then I got up and looked around the house just to double-check to make sure I was safe. In the end I went back to bed to catch up on the sleep I was missing because of all the drama I just created.

Don’t we have enough real situations that need attending to without making some up? I certainly do and when faced with real problems I’m quite resourceful at taking care of them in the moment. I will never be able to take care of “made-up” troubles because there is nothing to resolve.

If you are afflicted with this type of thinking from time to time, then join with me in identifying this useless waste of angst. When you discover you are lamenting over a ghost of a problem, keep in mind you made it up and release it. I found this can be done if you take a look around, pay attention to the present moment and ask yourself, “Is this happening? You’ll know what to do if the answer is NO.

Part of having a wonderful life is knowing that the “monsters in your head” are just THAT. They cannot reach out and change reality no matter how real they sound.

I’m wishing everyone peaceful thoughts that inspire and keep you in a state of contentment.

Love, *Julie Perreault*



It's a good thing ...

Tears are the language of the heart;
hard to know what will make them
start.

They say what can't be said
in any other way:
Tears of joy and laughter;
yes, tears will have their say.

Some tears are salty. All are wet.
But is that really true?
Many tears remain un-shed
inside of me and you.

If we gathered all the teardrops
that were shed throughout the years:
tears of sadness, grief, deep sorrow,
tears of joyous hopes and fears ...

... we'd have an ocean of humanity,
contributed to by all
and greater understanding:
It's a good thing that tears fall.

hannah B. rothermel



I Wish You Enough

I wish you enough sun
to keep your attitude bright.

I wish you enough rain
to appreciate the sun more.

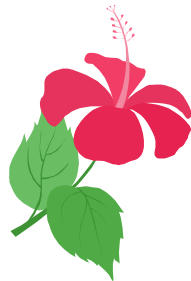
I wish you enough happiness
to keep your spirit alive.

I wish you enough pain so that
the smallest joys in life appear much bigger.

I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting.

I wish you enough loss
to appreciate all that you possess.

I wish you enough Hello's
to get you through the final Good-bye.



This is The Lord's Prayer translated from English into Maori (the language of the New Zealand native people), then translated back into English again. I think it has a real universal "feel".

Eternal Spirit,
Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
Source of all that is and that shall be,
Father and Mother of us all,
Loving God, in whom is heaven:

The hallowing of your name echo
through the universe!
The way of your justice be followed by the
peoples of the world!
Your heavenly will be done by
all created beings!
Your commonwealth of peace and free-
dom sustain our hope and come on earth.

With the bread we need for today, feed us.
In the hurts we absorb
from one another, forgive us.
In times of temptation and test,
strengthen us.
From trials too great to endure, spare us.
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.

For you reign in the glory
of the power that is love,
now and forever.

Amen.



The Annual MAINE HOSPICE COUNCIL RETREAT

Will be held at Sugarloaf USA
Grand Hotel & Conference Center
September 23, 24 & 25, 2011

This year's theme is:

"YES, IT IS ALL ABOUT YOU!"

Registration forms and information have been sent out in the mail, and you should have received yours by now. This is a really fun and relaxing weekend, and it fulfills the total continuing education requirement for volunteers. Hospice of York always has a large group attending, and we hope this will continue.

Hope to see you there!



32nd ANNUAL MEETING

Hospice of York held its 32nd Annual Meeting at J. S. Pelkey's Funeral Home in Kittery on June 28th. The business meeting was preceded by a short Service of Remembrance for Don Simard, who was a long-time member and previous President of the Board. Attended by some 50 members, the meeting was highlighted by the presentation of the Director's Award of Appreciation to Ken and Tammy Hill, our husband and wife team who are our "1st Vigil Sitters". Nikki Hopewill, our Bereavement Coordinator and Director of our new children's bereavement program, The Hope Project, gave a short presentation.

The newly elected Board of Directors for 2011-2012 consists of:

President Julie Perreault, Eliot.

Vice President Barbara Boschert, York

Secretary Judy Kimball, Kittery

Treasurer Kathy Schmigle, York

Members-at-Large:

Lisa Aubin, Kennebunk; Judy Doe, Lynne Tocci and Gene Glick, York; Kate Hatem, Portsmouth; and Mick Cooper, Exeter.

Community Representative:

Henry Guertin-Ouellette

Dinner was served by J. M B. Catering Co.



You are cordially invited to attend

FESTIVAL OF HOPE

A Fundraising Event

When: October 13, 2011

Where: American Legion, 9 Hannaford Drive, York ME

Time: 6:00—9:00 pm

Cover Charge: \$10.00

*There will be Hors D'oeuvres, Live Music, a Silent Auction, and a 50/50 Raffle, with all proceeds going to
HOSPICE OF YORK*

If you are unable to attend, but would still like to make a contribution, please send it to

Hospice of York, 15 Hospital Drive, York, ME 03909

Phone: 207-363-7000

Your ongoing support throughout the year allows Hospice of York to bring comfort and peace to many families.

In "The End-of-Life Memoir", Cristina Nehring, mother of an infant who has survived acute myeloid leukemia, reviews **The Long Goodbye**, Meghan O'Rourke's book about the death of her 55-year-old mother. Nehring says that conventional wisdom hold that those grieving after a death should "let go" and "move on", but she disagrees. She says, "I'm with O'Rourke when it comes to 'outing' death, lingering with it, feeling it, and failing to minimize its violence. I'm with her when she bristles at the facile way people say that 'at least my mother [is] no longer suffering' - as though illnesses were never cured, nor accidents averted. I salute her when she rails against 'a world where there were so few rituals to guide me through this loss'. I endorse her call for ceremony, discussion, indignation—her resistance to that false idol of modernity called closure. For what is closure but another way of telling the departed 'I'm through with you'? The package is sealed, shelved and forgotten. We owe our dead, and ourselves, better than that." (*The New York Times*, 5/1, nymag.com/arts/books/reviews/the-long-goodbye-meghan-orourke-2011-5/)

Can a Horse Really Fly? (*The possible dream*)



by Nan Zastrow, Wausau, Wisconsin ~ www.wingsofgrief.org

When I was a kid, I remember a gas station on a busy street in our town that always fascinated me. It was a quaint cottage-looking building with a fieldstone front; and it sat cross-wise on a corner lot. But even more interesting than the station itself, was the sign that branded their fuel. It was a symbol of a magnificent flying red horse. Aside from the red suckers the owner gave the neighborhood kids with the same symbol, I wasn't sure what the symbol meant.

The symbol stuck with me just as much as the cliché my mother repeated to me every time I started a sentence with the words, "I wish ..."

She would respond, "If wishes were horses then beggars would ride." That cliché was a mystery to me just like imagining that a horse could fly. What kind of an answer was that?

Today, in the adult world, the cliché takes on a whole new meaning and maybe the flying red horse does too. Perhaps, both were meant to be illusions of "hope". Without hope, beggars wouldn't be wishing for a ride ... and horsepower couldn't be magically transformed from ordinary fuel to extraordinary power to soar.

There is a personal power, born from hope, that is far greater than any we could manufacture or harness in any living beast. The potential and the accomplishments of ordinary people in uncertain situations are transformed and hope becomes the "possible dream." It is this kind of hope that gives griever's a triumphant kind of "super" strength to overcome, reach out, and move forward. Dale Carnegie said: "Most of the important things in the world have been accomplished by people who have kept on trying when there seemed to be no hope at all."

Choosing to Live Beyond ~ In my journey through grief, I realized that little glimmers of hope continued to lead my husband, Gary, and me forward, like the carrot dangling in front of the burro. I couldn't name what those glimmers of hope were specifically, but I am certain they were the underlying efforts of family, faith and friends who visibly and invisibly provided support every day.

Many years have passed since I had these initial thoughts about my grief. Sometimes, it feels like yesterday, and at other times, it seems so long ago. Nothing could have prepared me for the impact of grief and the evolution of a "new me". The quality of life after such an experience is not determined by the experience itself, but rather how one responds to that experience. We had to make the choice to either grow from our experience or slowly let it drain our spirit and destroy the rest of our lives.

That choice—to survive—is the most important choice we ever made. The word "survive" comes from the Latin: SUR meaning "live" and VIVE meaning "beyond". To live beyond. I wanted to live beyond, live through, and live above this tragedy that threatened to destroy. This was an unplanned trip in the journey of life. Unplanned trips are those inconveniences that happen when you thought things were running smoothly. Sometimes those inconveniences are so traumatic that they become life-changing events. Accepting the "ride" is about making choices, taking risks and allowing your heart and your head to work in unison.

My Wishes Become Horses ~ Over time, my wishes became horses, and I learned how to ride. I wished for a day without tears and the endless hours began to accumulate until there was a whole day without tears. I wished that God would take away my pain, and I found that when I allowed Him to share the burden of my loss, the load became lighter. I wished I didn't have to grieve alone, and I found many others who also suffered the death of a loved one. I wished for an easier time facing each working day, and my co-workers began to accept my pain and talk to me without judging my situation. I wished my husband would grieve like me, and I found that even though we grieved differently, we each had feelings that shared the same depth of pain. I wished for a way to express my feelings and God inspired me to write. So I published the *Wings* magazine for ten years and then kept on writing. I wished for renewed meaning in life and found meaning and purpose are rooted in helping others through grief. I wished for a day of sunshine, and the clouds would break letting the glorious stream of light chase away the gloom.

Like other great journeys in life, a journey begins with a single step. (continued on next page)

Suggestions to prepare yourself for the “ride”:

Begin with “baby steps” ~ In grief, the first step is small. It is called “accepting the pain.” Test yourself in the world that demands that you “forget” and “move on.” Gradually, return to work, school, church and social events that require mingling with others and answering difficult questions. Adjust your tolerance for those who discount your grief. You control what you say and how much you are willing to share.

You are special. You have loved and lost. The pain you feel is because you have loved deeply. No one can take away your relationship with your loved one who died.

Evaluate Your Priorities ~ What really matters most to you now? Will it make a difference tomorrow if you do something or not? Does your choice have a direct, lasting effect on your personal spiritual growth? Consider things in life that have greater value than ever before, such as relationships, personal time, family, spirituality, health, etc. Choose which is most important to you and work to preserve things that matter.

Do Something That Makes You Feel Good ~ You have been hurt. This means taking time to do something because you really want to do it. Redirect your energy to accomplish things that give you personal satisfaction. Do what you love to do—as long as it enriches your life and feeds your spirit with positive energy.

Think About Options ~ What can you do that’s different than you did before? Is there something you have always wanted to accomplish that you never did “just because”. Think about ways to change events or situations that are uncomfortable. It doesn’t mean you have to quit having family gatherings; you might just have to change how or where you do them.

Don’t Sweat the Small Stuff ~ It’s easy to get “lost” in all the things we can’t change. The “shoudda, woudda, coudda” thoughts can bring you down to the level of feeling like a victim. When that feeling comes over you, change your focus almost immediately.

Discover Support ~ Seek out people who care, people who will listen. Form a stronger relationship with your spiritual self and God.

Take Care of Today—Today ~ Live one day at a time. Don’t set your expectations so high that you have to struggle to meet them. Focus on what you can reasonably get done today and be patient with yourself. Each day you will get stronger and smarter about your grief.

I believe in the power of hope. I believe that hope, like faith, is not seen but dwells deep within the human soul and feeds the spirit of optimism, which is soul food. I also believe that given the right circumstances, a horse could really fly. There is a parable about two men sentenced to death by the Emperor of Persia, many, many years ago.

One man knew the Emperor loved his white stallion and, in exchange for his life, he promised that he could make the horse fly within one year. The Emperor wished to be healthy and famous and pictured himself as the only man in the world who would own a flying horse. So he agreed to the stay of execution for twelve months.

The second prisoner looked at his friend in disbelief and wanted to know why he would agree to such a crazy scheme. “Even if your greatest wish was granted, you know you can’t make a horse fly. Why would you ask for your anguish to continue when you know that a year from now you will be put to death anyhow?”

The wise prisoner answered, “I have actually given myself four chances for freedom. First, the Emperor might die in the next twelve months. Second, I might die. Third, the horse might die. Or fourth, I might just teach the horse to fly.”

Hope can turn your troubles into triumphs. There will be both challenges and opportunities. You may step back two steps and forward only one step. One door may close and another may open. You will laugh and you will cry. You will be humbled by memories and challenged by the task of overcoming personal sadness and fears. But you will move forward. When you take “baby steps”, you give yourself the gift of hope.

Who knows? You might even teach a horse how to fly. ~ From *Grief Digest*, January 2007





THE HOPE PROJECT

It's finally happening ... after many years of **WANTING** to start a grief support group for children now we are **DOING** it!

On July 23, along with Board member Kate Hatem and Dwyer Vessey, I will be attending a weeklong program at the Dougy Center in Portland, Oregon.

This training is designed for folks who are just starting a program and will teach us about training volunteers as well as setting up and running peer support groups. The training also covers policy writing and fundraising ... truly a comprehensive experience.

When we return, the date for the first training for volunteers will be set. It is looking like a late September event.

If you are interested in being part of this exciting project in any way, please call me at 207-475-7308 or email me at: nikkihopewill@yahoo.com

Wishing you all a wonderful summer,

Nikki Hopewill

CLEAN OUT YOUR ATTICS—CELLARS—BARNs!!

On August 20, GENTIQUES, 240 US Route 1 in Kittery, Maine will be having an all-day

yard sale with the proceeds to go to **THE HOPE PROJECT**. Please bring your donations to the store ahead of time and bring them to Kellan's attention. Some of the donated items will go in the yard sale, and some of them will go in the store, but a part of the proceeds for all of them will go to us. For more information, call Nikki at 207-475-7308 or Kellan at 207-438-0421. Your help and generosity in making this fundraiser a success is greatly appreciated!





A Caregiver's Blessing

You are needed as a caregiver.

You have been called upon to help another,
a call you have accepted.

You now hold a caring responsibility for someone else,
someone who depends upon you.

May you bring life-giving energy to what you do, aware that
energy flows more easily at some times than at others.

May you find kind acceptance in your time together, along with
good humor, clear understanding, and wise judgment.

May you always be open to receive that which will help:
the wisdom of others, their kindness and their support.

May you be responsible for your own ongoing care,
knowing that you cannot share what you do not have.

May you be anchored in the moment, alert to what is around
you and within you, and in touch with that
which surrounds and binds you all.

May you be comfortable with silence as well as conversation,
with simply being as with actively doing.

May you always stay open to the possibilities as they evolve:
growing closeness, widened perspective, deepened meaning.

In the midst of all that is happening,
may you recognize signs of the Sacred as they appear,
while allowing yourself to be held in that quiet embrace.

Through it all, may you know blessing while sharing blessing,
remembering that it is through your act of giving
that you richly receive.

May humble gratitude continually mark your journey—
a journey that you have chosen, even as it has chosen you.

From This Time of Caregiving—Words of Encouragement & Hope
by James E. Miller with Christen Pettit Miller



A BIG "THANK YOU" TO
OUR SPONSOR:

HOSPICE OF YORK

15 Hospital Drive
York, Maine 03909
Phone: 207-363-7000
Fax: 207-351-2126
Email: dbickmore@yorkhospital.com
Website: www.hospiceofyork.com

JEFF CLARK, ATTORNEY
YORK LAW, LLC
P. O. BOX 545
YORK, ME 03909

"We'll always be there for you!"

Your donation is greatly appreciated!

----- (cut here) -----

PLEASE ACCEPT MY GIFT TO HOSPICE OF YORK

___ \$10 ___ \$25 ___ \$50 ___ \$100 ___ \$250 _____ OTHER

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____ EMAIL _____

PLEASE DESIGNATE MY DONATION AS A ___ MEMORIAL ___ TRIBUTE TO _____

MAIL AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT CARD TO

THANK YOU! ALL GIFTS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE