

# Healing with Haven

April 2008

## *How Night Came Into Being*

*A Hindu Tale told by D.M. Kartha ©2001*

Once upon a time only a twin brother and sister lived upon the earth. Their names were Yama and Yami and they loved each other dearly. They roamed the earth enjoying its smells and tastes, its sounds and sights, the touches of the breezes and the feel of the grass beneath their feet.

Where Yama and Yami lived, it was always day and the season was always spring. The sun never set and the moon and stars lay hidden behind its bright, golden light. Time stood still and there was neither yesterday nor tomorrow. The flowers never wilted or died. Beehives overflowed with honey and it was never dry or cold. The birds never became tired of flying, and the trees were never empty of plump, ripe fruits. In this sea of the eternal, happy moment, Yama and Yami swam peacefully like twin swans.

One time, when Yami returned from a solitary walk, she found Yama lying under a tree as if he was asleep. She whispered his name, but he did not answer. She cried out his name in a loud voice, but still there was no answer. Then she shook him gently, but he did not move. She could see no sign that he was breathing and his body felt cold and still.

Yami knew suddenly that she was alone in the world. Her brother Yama was dead. Yami's sorrow, deeper than the ocean, began to flow out of her heart and through her eyes. It emerged as tears. The river of her tears swelled and began to flood the world. Her sobbing shook the earth and sky, and


her grieving heart sent forth an intense fire that started to heat everything up. The gods and goddesses of the elements became worried about the welfare of the earth and all its creatures. They were afraid that Yami's mourning would bring about the destruction of the world. The gods and goddesses

left in despair. They went to a hillside and sat in silence. Then a thought occurred to them. Yami's sorrow was perpetuated not just by her love for her brother. In her life, she had known only today. There was no yesterday and no tomorrow. For the pain of Yama's death to become easier for her to bear, today must end and tomorrow must begin.

The gods and goddesses summoned their powers of creation. First they created the sunset. Then, slowly, a gentle blanket of night enveloped the world. Under the soothing, dark sky of the first night, Yami fell asleep, just as the birds and the animals did, for the first time. When she awoke, the sun was rising in a glorious dance of colors in the eastern sky.

Yami said to herself, "Ah, Yama died yesterday."

The following day, the gods and goddesses heard Yami say, "Ah, Yama died the day before yesterday."

As time went by, Yami's grief began to lessen as the merciful hands of the night dissolved the pain of Yama's death. Although she never forgot her dear brother, her pain lost its power to haunt her. Her sadness became less fiery, her tears dried up, and the danger her sorrow posed to the world began to fade away. 





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presence really is the healing touch. No words need to be spoken between friends and family when love is the weaver of the threads.

*"He's in a better place."*

(I thought right next to me was a pretty good place.)

*"At least you have other children."*

(Yes, but I really loved that one, too.)

*"She's better off now...not in any pain."*

(She may be out of pain, but I am not!)

*"Where's your faith? You should be happy for him."*

(My faith may help my heart feel better, but it's my arms that are empty and aching.)

*"God needed another flower in His garden."*

(What about MY garden?!)

*"You can have another baby."*

(Maybe, but no one can replace someone.)

*"You were so happy together. Be grateful for that."*

(I am grateful, but I want more!)

*"At least he didn't suffer."*

(Yes, that's true, but I am suffering now.)

*"She was so young. You didn't really get to know her that well."*

(Since when does age have anything to do with how much someone is loved?)

*"Time heals all things."*

(Time does nothing except pass. It is what you do with the time that might change things.)

*"You'll be better tomorrow."*

(Perhaps, but what about today?)

*"You can't stay sad the rest of your life."*

(Oh yes I can.)

*"Your loved one wouldn't want you to be so sad."*

(How do you know? I have told my loved ones that I expect at least three days of heavy grieving. After that, they can do whatever they wish. But I do want them to be sad...at least a little bit!)

*"Be happy she's healed now."*

(That may be true, but it is still my heart that is broken...my arms that are empty. What about me?)

*"Why are you so sad?"*

(Oh, I don't know...maybe it's because someone I loved has died.)

*"We have gathered here to not mourn the loss of...but rather to celebrate his life."*

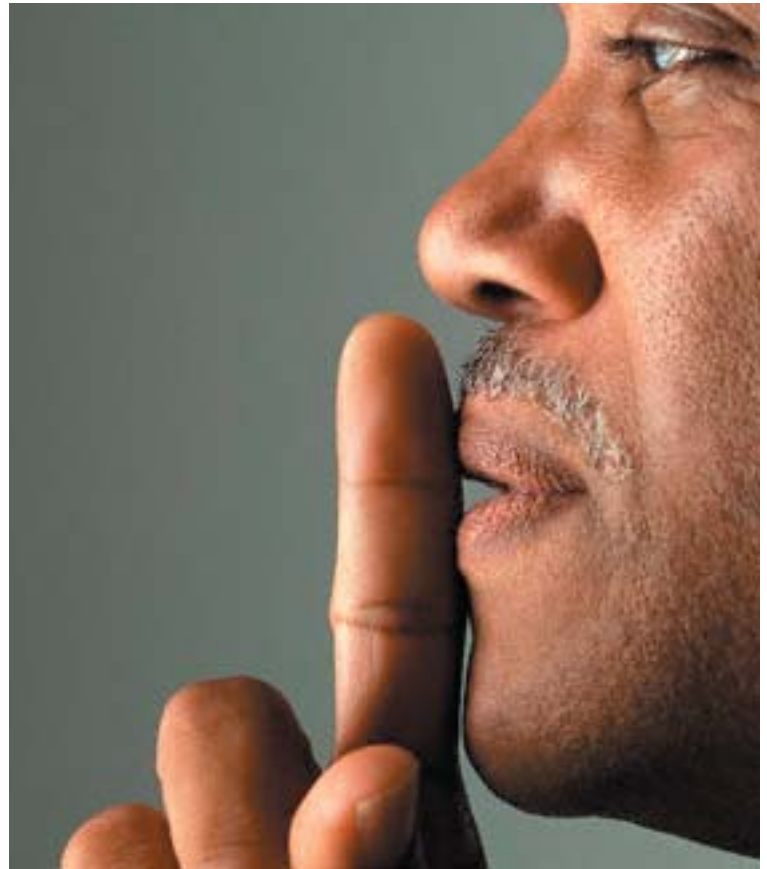
(The thought here is nice, but the timing seems a bit "off." I am not quite ready to celebrate. I think I need some grieving time, too.)

Words. Just words. Let them fall to the wayside when you hear words that do not quite touch the pain or hit the mark. Realize that someone is trying to reach you, soothe you, comfort you. So what if their choice of words falls short of the goal or even brings a moment or two of pain? At least someone cares enough to keep trying! And the sounds of silence are even worse than the words that come wrapped in good intentions and tied with a silly looking bow.

I'll take your comfort any way you can share it with me. But maybe the best words to say are simply, "I'm here and I don't have a clue as to how to help, but I'm here, and together we'll

figure this thing out."

Come. Bring your gifts of memories, your arms with chocolates and your presence. Leave the words behind and just come. I'll hear what you mean, not what you say. 📺



## *A New Normal*

I wanted my life to return to normal.  
Then I realized that what I wanted  
was for my life to return to what it  
once was.

A year ago I found hope one night when I heard my wife  
and my youngest son laughing in our bedroom.  
I thought my life was returning to normal.

I played cards with our youngest son  
after supper, with much fun and laughter. After a few  
cartoons, he and my wife were off to bed. It was then  
that I realized my life was not returning to the normal that  
it was when Greg was alive, but changing to a new normal.

I cannot return to what I once was, because all of the  
parts are no longer there. I have the choice, consciously,  
and subconsciously to carry on with my life, thus creating  
a new normal. Hope lies in accepting what you now have-  
looking with joy, not sorrow, looking ahead with optimism  
not pessimism.

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## *Grief & Loss Seminar Series*

The monthly Healing with Haven seminar-support group is currently taking a break and will start up again in the fall of 2008.

## *Individual/Group Support*

The Bereavement Department of Haven Hospice offers individual support. For more information or to make an appointment for an individual meeting please contact our Bereavement Coordinator, Tina Stephenitch at (562) 426-7500 ext 406.

## *Volunteers*

Are you ready to become a Haven Hospice Volunteer? If you are interested in this rewarding opportunity, or you know anyone who is looking to volunteer his or her time, please contact Tina Stephenitch, Volunteer Coordinator (562) 426-7500 406.

## *Help us keep our mailing list current!*

If you no longer wish to receive our monthly newsletter or if the address that appears is not current, please email Tina Stephenitch at [tstephen@havenhealth.org](mailto:tstephen@havenhealth.org) or call the office at (562) 426-7500 ext 406. Thank you for your assistance.



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