

Different Kind of Parenting

A 'zine for Parents
whose children have died

The Wrestle

Incomplete &
Complete
Creation

Okay or not:
jealousy & envy

Coming Full Circle

Recommended
Books

Art Ideas

Give Yourself
Permission

and more...

a publication from

Kō.ta'
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Notes from the Editor

Sometimes, I feel like I'm endlessly repeating myself. Rehashing the same old, same old in my writings about grief and this odd journey we all take after the death of a child. But I realize that in reality, I'm not just repeating myself. It isn't the same old thing over and over again. Instead, it is more like a spiral staircase. I come round and round to the same issues, but always at a level up or down from the last time round.

At least that's what I tell myself. And I hope you, as the reader, feel that way. I hope the works here in this zine and on our website's Loss Journal feel that way. I hope these resources continue to be of some small comfort or help as you explore your own path.

This issue we cover several topics: Rest vs. Unrest or the Wrestle; Jealousy & Envy; Permission; Art; and a couple of book recommendations. In several places I've quoted from movies or books I've seen/read recently. Tried to give full notation of how you might find them yourselves if you are so moved.

In other KotaPress news, we are still on hiatus with updates to the online journals at www.kotapress.com including the Loss Journal. This is because we are behind the scenes working on a redesign of the site. Hope to launch that in January 2006. In the meantime, we will also bring out one more issue of this Different Kind of Parenting zine sometime around the beginning of the "holiday" in October. Till then...

Remembering them,

Kara L.C. Jones
editor@kotapress.com

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The Wrestle

By Kara L.C. Jones

*"The rest, of those who've gone before us
cannot steady the unrest, of those to follow."
-Finding Forrester written by Mike Rich, film by Gus van Sant*

You've probably heard it, too. "May they *rest* in peace." Or how about, "At least she's at *rest* now, no longer suffering." I believe this is what Kubler-Ross meant when she first wrote about the "stages" of grief. She wrote about those "stages" in regards to the person who would be dead. Of course, for them, the last stage is closure. Of course, for them, there is rest. This is because they are dead. But NONE of that has anything to do with what the living go through after a loved one has died. Those things do not address our *unrest*. Kubler-Ross knew that. She did NOT originally write those "stages" for us, but the professional, care-giving world used what she wrote for us because apparently there was a lack of materials directly addressing grief.

Fine. But Kubler-Ross knew — and spent much of the balance of her career trying to show all of us — that there is so much more to the grief experience for those who are left living. Those who wrestle with unrest. Those who do not find closure — because closure is for the dead. Those who must move through grief and find our way back to something, to a new normal — not the same normal as others, not the pre-death normal, but to something resembling life and living.

While those of us here, top-side, earth-bound, still alive, may indeed feel glad that our deceased are at rest, may hold beliefs that they have found comfort on the other side, it is not helpful in the least as an antidote to our unrest. At least it is not helpful to me. Not in my experience anyway.

For me, before, during and after my pregnancy, I had many hypno-therapy sessions and meditation times, when I could see my child Dakota on "the other side", at rest, at play, as a being who was already part of the landscape of my spiritual life or imagination or whatever you wish to call it. For this I am indeed grateful. But that does not in anyway serve to negate the facts, the traumas, and dramas of having given birth to death, of having my life shaken to the core by death, of being forever changed in my temperament as well as my actions and reactions while living out my life.

Death pummels us. The living are left bruised, exhausted, overwhelmed, scattered, unfathomably sad, and full of shock that we are still here, still breathing breath after breath, still feeling hunger rumbling in our stomachs, still alive. My unrest in all this has never been steadied by the idea that my Dakota is resting comfortably on the other side — or however you wish to word that so it makes sense to your belief system. My unrest is mine. Not Dakota's. It was all that was left to me after Dakota's body was burned into a marble jar of ashes.

The unrest of a mother whose child is physically gone.

This is not to say that every single day for the last 6 years, 5 months, 13 days, and 9 hours has been made up only of unrest. This is not to say I haven't done a lot of hard work and

The Wrestle...con't

soul searching in this time to come to a place that is very different than the trauma of hearing the words, "This baby has no heartbeat," on Thursday, March 11, 1999, at 4:47pm. But it is to say that the clichés about "rest" and "closure" are not things that have been at all helpful to me in my journey.

Even more than that, the unrest has been a downright necessity for me to find my way. Grief is a NORMAL reaction to death. It is not pathological to experience grief after the death of a child. It is not abnormal to experience a complete change in your view of life, in your priorities, in your sense of what is fulfilling and what is frivolous. The complete re-building of your life, the complete re-creation of who you are, the complete re-definition of what it means to be a woman, a man, a mother, a father, a partner, a lover, a contributing member of society or a monk on a mountainside. ALL NORMAL.

In my unrest, I have co-founded one company. Founded another. Participated in many artistic endeavors. Been homeless. Had to go to the food bank to eat some weeks. Had to ask for help. Written many articles. Published a few books. Tried to reach out and connect with others who are in grief's grasp. Lived in a trailer, lived with friends, lived in the city, lived in the woods.

As much as I wanted life to just stop after Dakota died, it did not stop. As much as I stopped living, quit working, stopped paying bills, became homeless, lived in our car, life went on around me. And as much as people around me may have wanted to pathologize my choices — and as much as I would hope that other bereaved people don't have to go through so much additional trauma — *for me* NONE of that was pathological or abnormal. It was part of my journey. Did I need to ask for help to come back to have a stable roof above my head? Yes. But there is nothing wrong with asking for help. I wish we had been able to articulate the help we needed before we became homeless. BUT for me, it was part of the journey. The wrestle. The unrest.

It's okay. Grief does this kind of thing to us. Death pummels us. Forces its way in and causes change whether we like it or not. It isn't easy. It isn't pretty. It isn't simple. It isn't the same for everyone. We all walk our own version of the journey.

And after all this, if you are wondering if I'm "at rest" now, having done a lot of hard work, the answer is NO!! I will be in a state of unrest until the day I die — at which point in time someone will inevitably point out to someone else that they hope I can now "rest in peace." But until then, the unrest is part of the journey. The refusal to be complacent. The ability to find solitude when I need it, to be social when I need it, to ask for help when I need it — all of this is part of the unrest and ever-changing facets of still being alive.

The rest my child may have in some afterlife does not steady my unrest in this life. Clichés do not soothe me at all. The "stages" are not written in stone and may not apply to those left living. If you are bereaved, too, or if you are worried about someone who is bereaved, be willing to accept the unrest. Be willing to view the unrest as part of the wrestle we all do when alive.

And know that you aren't alone.

Incomplete & Complete Creation

By Kara L.C. Jones

"I realized that no matter what happened, I had lost...No matter what happened, it would always be incomplete. The next day, I could have all my fondest dreams come true...have my dream of dreams, and even if I did get it, I lost already. There's no way I could ever have a complete experience, because there will always be that part of me missing."

- Francis Ford Coppola, after the death of his son Gio, quoted in the book "Francis Ford Coppola: A Filmmaker's Life" by Michael Schumacher, 1999, Chapter Fourteen: Warm Nostalgia, Unbearable Grief

I sobbed as I read this quote out loud to my husband over dinner at the local pizzeria. Having just checked out a few biography books about Coppola from the library, I went straight for the chapters addressing how the death of his son had affected his life and effected change in his eye as a filmmaker. For me, this was the most important piece of information about this artist because I know that after my son Dakota died, everything about me, my art, my artistic view, my artistic goals was changed.

Part of my sobs came from a profound recognition of the truth in his words. It isn't that grief consumes me 24/7 like it did in the beginning. It isn't that I stopped making art. It isn't that I don't love and cherish our surviving children and grandchildren. But my sobs came from a realization that it is so very true of my own experience that no matter what happens, it is never really a complete experience.

It isn't that when our grandson looks at me and says, "Grandma make gog-gogs!" [that means hot dogs in kid-speak], that I don't cherish every single moment and celebrate it in every cell of my being. But it means that at the same moment I also have a profound sense of loss realizing that I will never hear my son ask me for anything. It isn't that I don't appreciate every reader who tells me how one of my books has been tremendously helpful to them. But it means that at the very same moment I also wish I never had reason to write that book and that they never had reason to read it.

Even when doing the art I enjoy the most, henna, I experience this incomplete feeling. I might henna a bride for her wedding and have the greatest time doing it, giving her an awesome design, having fun communicating with her during the session. And at the same time, I feel a sense of mourning in my gut for the innocent view I had on my honeymoon when I got pregnant with my son who is now dead.

You see?

Yes, I have re-created a life for myself. Yes, I am still an artist. Yes, my life is pretty full. I even have moments of laughter and joy again. But the wild abandon of pre-death experiences is gone. My experiences now are tempered. And that is okay. It is part and parcel of being a different kind of parent. Though on the one hand, these experiences are "incomplete" because my son is dead — they are also *fully felt*: joy and sadness, giggles and tears, all at the same time. And in that, my son's legacy is very much alive, my role as his mother is very much fulfilled.

Okay or not: jealousy & envy

by Kara L.C. Jones

Life after the death of a child is challenging at best. When we are early in our grief, we cannot fathom how life will continue. When we hear others laughing, all we think is, "Hey! Shut the h*ll up!" We may feel jealous of the laugh or envious or we may downright hate anyone with ability to still laugh. This is normal.

When our child first dies, one of our biggest fears is that our child will be forgotten, that he or she will somehow be lost in the details of everyday life, somehow replaced. That laughing threatens the legacy and memory of our children. Many things feel threatening.

The birth of another child feels threatening. Like that child may somehow overthrow the place our child had in this world. We may even feel envy and jealousy to the point of losing any sense of joy or hope for our own future children because we fear subsequently born children will replace the child who died in the minds and hearts of everyone around us.

Again. All normal.

Not to say any of it is easy. It's not easy to recognize. Not easy to vocalize. Not easy to admit. But it is normal. Something that most — maybe even all — bereaved parents feel at one time or another after the death of a child.

For me the envy and jealousy built up over time. I had downright spite in my veins when it came to parents in coffeehouses with their children in baby seats or strollers. I desperately wanted to wrap the marble jar of ashes I had in the baby blue embroidered blanket and carry it into the coffeeshop with me. I wanted to gingerly put my dead son's ashes on the table for all to coo and fuss over like they did for all those other children. I wanted this because I feared that my son, my child, my motherhood, my experiences were being subsumed and negated by the lives of others.

It was not until three years after my son died that I found some kind of resolution to this. Our daughter was pregnant with her first child. A boy. Our first grandchild. I felt impossibly wrenched into pieces. I wanted to be there for her, but I was emotionally unavailable. I could not stand the idea of another boy being born. I did not attend her shower. I refused to go to the hospital. I barely looked at the photos.

And then I could not escape it anymore and was faced with being in the same room with this new baby. And there he was. His name is Colel. He is beautiful. And his mother said to me, "Kara, I think Dakota was with me when Colel was born." And suddenly, right there in the same room was our grandson Colel and his uncle Dakota. Existing at the same time. Equally important in our family dialogue. Loved and recognized. Both of them. At that moment, the envy and jealousy were released.

There are still difficult situations for me. When wearing my "henna artist" hat and a pregnant woman walks in to have her belly henna'd. She knows nothing of me, my story, my son. The session is going to entirely be about her pregnancy, her baby, her belly. There will be no discussion of my son. I breathe. I realize in most other henna sessions when decorating a hand or foot, there is no discussion of my son. And I can step back a bit and see her as just another client. But I also have to do some serious grounding and releasing work after the session because tinges of envy are definitely still there. *cont'...*

Okay or not: jealousy & envy...cont'

Yet for the most part, the envy and jealousy were released when I became consciously aware of the fact that my child can exist at the same time, in the same space, in parallel with every other child. There is room for all of us.

This not to say it will happen easily nor quickly. Remember it took three whole years for me to discover this. For others it may happen more quickly or take much longer. There was a lot of very difficult and strained communication in our families. For others they may or may not be able to weather this kind of communication within their immediate family. I was also doing a lot of hard work in conjunction with this communication. I was doing various kinds of self-care like therapy and meditation. Most of all, I had to fess up to actually being envious and jealous which causes shame and guilt. It was a messy trail for sure.

But it took ALL of that for me to really understand — not just intellectually, but also experientially — that my son cannot ever be replaced or forgotten. It took all of that for me to really KNOW it in my heart and feel it in my bones. And you know what? That is okay. It is a normal part of the process.

Coming full circle

By Kara L.C. Jones

About a week after Dakota died, my husband wrote a song he titled “Kota’s Song.” I remember at the time, not being able to write anything myself yet, I was overwhelmed with the emotional rawness of my husband’s words and music. But it was more than special to have this creation in our house. It felt like a small piece of our son that we could hold onto, feel, share with others.

Over time, the song was played for our other children, at solstice events, at memorial gatherings, in performances like our community talent show, and more. It was an amazing way to have our son’s legacy honored even as the years passed and we met new people who were not around during his birth and death. They got to “meet” him anyway.

Now, over six years later, Dakota’s big brother Peter is singing in an ensemble group called Groove For Thought (see grooveforthought.com for more information), and we hoped to have a recording of “Kota’s Song” to share at the 2005 MISS Conference. We approached the group and asked if they’d be interested in recording it. To our delight, they said yes.

When the recorded cd was delivered back to us, I was again overwhelmed. Not only is it a stunning rendition of the song with all the Groove guys singing and Shota on guitar, but it is also uniquely arranged by Kelly Kuntz and the lead singer on the song is none other than Dakota’s big brother Peter. Six years after this overwhelming trauma hit our family, it has been an unbelievable gift to see our family come together on a project like this. I cannot begin to tell you how much this meant to us.

We hope to tell you soon that “Kota’s Song” will be available on the upcoming Groove For Thought self-titled cd. Not sure on that yet. If not, it may be made available online in some other way. You can check into the next issue of this zine for more or you can always find out about the latest Groove news directly at www.GrooveForThought.com. Our thanks to the Groove guys for all their hard work and sharing their talents in this way!!

Two New Book Recommendations

from Kara L.C. Jones



**Forgotten Tears:
A Grandmother's Journey Through Grief**
By Nina Bennett
ISBN 1-59113-764-0
available at www.booklocker.com/books/2081.html

This is an amazing resource for bereaved grandparents, but also for anyone touched by the death of a child. Bennett has taken us through her own experience of grief after the stillbirth of her granddaughter Maddy by sharing journal excerpts *and* her thorough research into grief support sources. She offers ideas and quotes from so many, both paper and electronic resources! She covers every topic you can imagine, including ones you'd never realized needed to be covered. For instance, even me, as a bereaved parent myself, never even thought to address the ambiguous and difficult feelings bereaved grandparents might feel with surviving grandchildren. But Bennett covers the topic with honesty and skill. She addresses the obvious dual stress for grandparents: worry about their own children (now bereaved parents) and grief for the dead grandchild. She also offers insight into the needs for self-care as grandparents move through all this. Just very well done. Highly recommended!

When a Child Dies...a resource for families
by Trina Charles & Heidi Ciepielinski
www.freewebs.com/whenachilddies

I so wish this book had been handed to me when my son died. Charles & Ciepielinski are both bereaved parents and facilitators for the MISS Foundation. Their collaboration on this book shows the breadth and depth of the work they've done over the years in their own families and in working with others. The 56 pages are worth their weight in gold. They cover everything from funeral/memorial planning to helping surviving siblings; from announcements to thank you cards; from support for parents to tips on how family, friends, caregivers can actually be helpful! Wonderful, thorough resource! Totally recommend it for every caregiver on the planet so that every bereaved family can have this in hand at the moment of crisis.

Art Ideas

from Kara L.C. Jones

Consider keeping an art journal. Get one of those spiral bound sketch pads. Each day open it and consider, not only writing words inside it, but also sketching, painting, collaging photos and articles you find along the way. Find a flyer of a workshop you really want to attend but think there is no way you have the time, money, energy, etc to do it? Glue it into your art journal. Write an entry next to it about what it FEELS like to attend and participate — pretend time, money, and energy are no object — just FEEL it like it is happening right now. Someone send you a note that really affects you? Glue it into the journal and make art around it to express how it affected you. Feeling a lack of abundance lately? Get a stack of Monopoly money and collage an entire spread of pages with it! Really missing your child? Write a letter, glue in little things you want to share with him or her. Feeling angry at the world? Tear one of the page in your journal in half and create something on the half that remains. Destruction and creation at its finest. Whatever you feel: play with it, make art, get to know yourself.

Give Yourself Permission

By Kara L.C. Jones

"I'm like that character in Yojimbo. He's beaten, he's lost everything, so he lies low and gathers his strength until he's able to be a warrior again."

- Francis Ford Coppola, after the death of his son Gio, quoted in the book "Francis Ford Coppola: A Filmmaker's Life" by Michael Schumacher, 1999, Chapter Fourteen: Warm Nostalgia, Unbearable Grief

When grief bullied its way into our lives, we were shattered into a million pieces. We lost everything. Slowly we re-built and re-connected to each other, to the world at large. But even in our return to our "new normal," I have found that I go through cycles in my energy levels. Maybe I was always this way and grief just made it more pronounced. Maybe it is a new iteration of being that comes after a child dies. I'm not sure. But it is something so obvious to me that I sometimes discount or forget about why and how it happens and what it means.

When we were first devastated, of course we were expected to lie low, recoup, recover, and then come back. People gave us time and space to do this. And we even expected of ourselves that we would "come back to normal" eventually. We tried. We went back to work, we worked hard, we volunteered, we published books, and a million other things.

And then we burned out, really lost everything, wound up homeless in our car. Friends let us lie low with them, rebuild slowly, rediscover new places to live like the islands of Puget Sound. And still then, maybe, we even expected to "come back to normal" and so we tried. Built up steam, working full force again, and then we burned out.

At some point in this game of life, I realized it is a cycle of my energy levels. It seems to be a new thing that came along with grief. My times of "burn out" can either come by choosing to take some time out for me or by working till I hit the wall and am forced to "lie low" and lick my wounds. The earlier I was in my grief, the more I had to be "forced" to take this time because I feared facing the overwhelming silence, the unending sadness, the reality of my life after the death of my child. The further out I am from the date of my son's death, the more I actually choose to take time out for self-care.

I need the "low end" of the cycle in order to get work done throughout the balance of the cycle. In my "low end" I may sleep a bit more, read a bit more, cancel or not make social appointments, lighten the work load as much as possible, stock up on things like salad-in-a-bag so we can still eat somewhat decently. If I choose to take the time, structure it (or unstructured it as the case may be), really acknowledge and feel it — then most of the time, the recharge comes a bit more quickly, with a bit more gusto. When I try to ignore it or deny it or delay it, the demand gets louder and louder till I can't see straight and my body aches.

So the hard lesson in all this is kind of obvious: Give myself permission to do what I need to do when I need to do it. Permit myself to have good self-care systems in place.

It's obvious, but not always easy. When the silence does deafen and the sadness does overwhelm, the self-care has to expand to include doing some work in group or therapy or even with a very trusted friend. And I don't always want to go there. But it is necessary.

In order to fully re-create our lives after grief bullies in, we must give ourselves permission. Trust me, you are worthy of it!!

Memorials

For all who were lost on December 26, 2004 in the tsunami disasters...

For all who are lost in any natural disaster or man-made war...

For Dakota Jones, born & died March 11, 1999 at 4:47 p.m.

For Joel Albert Grayson, August 27 - October 8, 1999, Son of Nancy & Peter

For Charles Christopher Irby, born & died November 6, 1999, Son of Katie

For Nora Elizabeth, born & died June 3, 2001, Daughter of Christine & Bear

For Andrew Joseph, born & died October 22, 2001 and his sister Ally, miscarried on
March 15, 2002, Children of Mike & Angie

For Adam, born & died March 13, 2000, Son of Nisa & Eric

For Peanut and for Allen Robert, January 19 - February 4, 2002, Children of Laura & James

For Baby Bean and for Amanda Joy, born & died March 2, 2000, Children of Steph & Chuck

For Lily, born & died April 16, 2003, Daughter of Melanie & Rob

For Adin, born & died April 10, 2002, Son of Josie

For Cheyenne, born & died July 27, 1994, Daughter of Joanne

For Blake, September 12, 1998 - February 18, 2000, Son of Katie

For Tyler, born & died January 11, 1996, Son of Kim & Theo

For Madison Elaine, March 13 - March 15, 2002, Daughter of Krista & Brian

For Olivia, born & died July 27, 2003, Daughter of Amaila & Joe

For MIRAcle, born & died, July 23, 2003, Daughter of Kahlilia

For Samantha Paige, born & died July 23, 1999, Daughter of Poppy

For Cadin, born & died November 6, 2004, Son of Melissa

For Kylie Noelle Southworth, born 8-21-2000, died 1-18-2004, Daughter of Dana

For Isaac Craig George, born 12-19-02, died 12-21-02, Son of Janet & Eric

For Finnley Sage Butler, born & died August 6, 2004, brother of Reese Lily, son of Marika & Parker

We miss you all so very much...

If you would like the name and birth/death dates of your child added here, please email editor@kotapress.com and put "DIFFERENT KIND OF PARENTING MEMORIAL LISTING" in the subject line of your note. Thank you.

Submission Guidelines

If you know of a grief resource for parents, a quote that inspires you on those dark, painful nights, or have a one page article about grief & healing, or a short poem you've written in memory of your child, write to us. We'd like to hear from you. Send your work via email— cut and paste directly into the email, please. No attachments will be opened. Include a few lines of a bio along with your submission, too. And in the subject line of your email, please type, "DIFFERENT KIND OF PARENTING SUBMISSION."

Email: editor@kotapress.com

URL: www.KotaPress.com

Phone: 206-251-6706 (Please leave a voice mail and we'll get back to you as soon as possible.)

KotaPress Books and Services

Title & Description	Price per copy	Quantity wanted	Price x Quantity = Total per item
<p>Mrs. Duck & The Woman (English Language)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>"I was very moved by Mrs. Duck; what a wonderful gift for not only grieving parents, but for ANYONE who's mourning a loss."</i> -Rev. Joan M. McCabe</p> <p>A story about the loss of a child and how to start over again after that loss. Through a dialogue between Mrs. Duck and Mrs. Woman, we find the beginning clues of how to start healing the grief. For anyone who has suffered a loss and is learning to live life after the death of a child.</p>	\$5		
<p>La Senora Pato y La Mujer (Spanish Language)</p>	\$5		
<p>Flash of Life (English Language)</p> <p>This second edition includes the full, original narrative plus 2002 Foreword, updated Resource guide for online & offline bereavement support, and information about The Mrs. Duck Project and Friends of Mrs. Duck. The narrative is one family's experience of pregnancy and still-birth showing how the death of a child affects a woman, a marriage, a family, and a community.</p>	\$15		
<p>Father Son Holy Ghost (English Language)</p> <p>This follow up collection to Flash Of Life was a year in the making, and tracks the authors path as she heals from the death of her first born son. These writings take a critical look at familial relationships before and after the death, and share some solid step toward healing. It's a story of survival, and if you found Flash Of Life compelling or important in your life, this collection, too, is a must-read!</p>	\$10		
<p>1 Yr PRINT Subscription Different Kind of Parenting (4 issues)</p> <p>When you are the parent of a child who has died, traditional parenting magazines cease to be helpful. All the publications you might voraciously read while pregnant end up meaning nothing in the face of miscarriage, stillbirth, neonatal death, SIDS, or fatal childhood diseases. For this reason, we at KotaPress now offer you an alternative print resource in the form of a 'zine specifically written for parents enduring the death of a child.</p>	\$8		
<p>EMAIL PDF Subscription to Different Kind of Parenting (4 issues/yr)</p> <p>The same print zine described above, available free in PDF format via email. Just send email to editor@kotapress.com with "DIFF KIND OF PARENT" in the subject line of your note. You'll immediately get the most recent issues and be put on the email list for future issues.</p>	FREE		
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KotaPress Mission Statement

This press was started as a safe haven where we could publish our grief and healing artworks. Since its inception, KotaPress has extended this safe haven to other bereaved parents, artists, and poets around the world. We aim to continue offering a home for artworks created by artists who are on a healing path regardless of the tragedy that put them on the path in the first place.

Mrs. Duck Project Update

Our Mrs. Duck & The Woman book has been in print since 1999. Over 1,000 print copies have reached the hands of bereaved parents, and the ebook version has been viewed thousands of times on our website. In 2004, the Mrs. Duck book was released in the Spanish language version available from KotaPress.

Our animation version and documentary for caregivers and parents is still in the works. Funding, as always, is a challenge when it concerns matters of grief. It isn't a topic sponsors and foundations get "excited" about — in fact, many would rather not hear about it at all, so it's been a hard pitch for the project. But we have not given up.

We are still hoping to get raw documentary footage captured at the 2006 MISS Conference and have discussed possibilities with an indie filmmaker who will be in attendance next year. Options for the animation may include farming out the work to a team of animators who could support the vision and mission of this project. The plan for distribution continues to be offering the finished product thru the MISS Foundation to local chapters and to the REACH trainees as that program proliferates nationally and internationally.

Many thanks to all of you who have held the vision. May the journey continue to unfold!

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**You will always be a parent.
Nothing, not even death can change that.
-Nanna Memoo
Dakota's Grandma**

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