

## Renewing a Mother's Purpose for Life

Dear W.C.,

Eighteen months ago my whole world came crashing down. I had to quit my job after my youngest child, my daughter, was diagnosed with cancer and became so sick. She was only five years old. She was the light of my life and now she is gone for the past three months. She died after many months of surgery, chemo and we even tried some alternative medicine. Even when she was so sick she would always try to smile and tell me she was okay. I was able to stay strong for her until the very end but I seem to have fallen apart since then. I lost my car when I couldn't keep up with the payments. I haven't been able to buy good food or clothes for my son in a long time. I have been really struggling to keep up with all my bills but now I am so far behind in my rent and utilities I am on the verge of eviction. I know I need to return to work but I have been struggling with depression. There is no one that seems to understand how hard it is to care for a child that is so sick and then the total devastation you feel when you lose your child. The only thing keeping me going right now is my nine year old son. He needs me now more than ever. My children's father has been nonexistent in their lives and is years behind in his child support. He did not even bother to visit his daughter when she was so sick. I even paid for her funeral by selling my furniture. A nurse at the hospital told me how you helped people in situations like mine. I have always been a strong person but losing my daughter has taken me to my knees.

Dear Readers,

The loss of a child is one of the hardest things anyone can endure. When I first began The Time Is Now to Help I used to help many homeless women and children in the Chicago suburbs. One of our clients lost their child in a home fire caused by a space heater they used when their utilities were disconnected. The mother asked me to attend the baby's funeral and I will remember that day for the rest of my life. The unspeakable pain I felt from that mother has been shared with me many more times over the years. No matter the cause, the loss of a child can be unbearable. What concerned me most in this letter was the fact there is another child that needed his mother and not only her love but also her ability to shelter and feed him.

I went to the address listed on the letter requesting our assistance. When I knocked on the door it was answered by who assumed was the son. He questioned who I was and called out to his mother. I was not surprised by the appearance of the woman that came to the door. I have seen the appearance of people in the throes of depression before, disheveled hair, dark circles under her eyes and bedraggled clothing. When the woman introduced herself as the mother and confirmed she had written the letter I saw the embarrassment on her face. She apologized for her appearance and the state of her small rental home. It looked like it had not been straightened up in sometime, but again this is what I would consider normal for someone that had recently lost a child and was suffering with depression. After I showed my identification she invited me inside.

The son stayed close, as if he felt he may need to protect his mother. I talked to him and tried to explain I was there to talk to his mother and help out if I could. I did not want to go into details with a child that was already feeling he had to be the strong one in the household. He too had suffered the loss of a sister and also the loss of his childhood innocence towards the painful loss of death. I'm sure it had been very difficult for him over the past eighteen months. After he was sure I was not there to hurt his mother in any way he said he was going to his room so we could talk, but I noticed he still kept his door open and knew he would be listening.

The mother was stooped and shuffled her feet as she moved to clear off a spot at the kitchen table where we could talk. I asked her to gather her bills, a budget if she had one and other items I would need to verify her financial state. I watched as she went through stacks of papers on her counters and tried to gather up these items. She again apologized for the state of things in her home and her lack of organization. I replied, "I know you have been through a lot lately, more than most people, but that's why I'm here. I am here to help you get your life back on track. Are you ready for that?" I watched as the mother stopped what she was doing and looked distant for a moment. Then I saw the tears start to stream down her face as she said, "I don't know if I will ever feel normal again. How do I go on without my daughter?" I answered, "You go on for your son. At first you just make the motions for him. Then you will see each day gets just a little easier. It won't be like before but you will be able to smile and laugh again someday." The mother shook her head saying, "I don't think I will ever smile again."

I asked the woman if she wanted to talk about her daughter and she said she could not yet. Again I saw the pain and tears fill her eyes. I did not need to know all the details of what they went through as I have heard this already numerous times from other people we have helped in the past that have suffered this pain. I've been told it is a loss you never recover from; you just learn how to live with it. Instead of talking about the circumstances that got her to the place she was financially we focused on putting together a budget and going over her bills. I could see they were living very frugally but there was no way they could continue on without her returning to work. I asked about the children's father and she looked away in disgust. She told me how he had no relationship with his children and failed to pay his child support on a regular basis since they were infants. The mother told me, "He moved out of state and never felt any sense of responsibility towards his children. He showed up for his daughters funeral and left again immediately afterwards. He just stayed long enough to upset us even further."

I asked where she would like to see her son and herself in a year's time. She looked surprised when I asked this as I was sure she was only living in her pain and not even considering the future. I pointed to her son's room and asked, "What are your hopes and dreams for your son? Do you have any?" At first she seemed almost offended I asked that question but then I think she realized what I was trying to do. I was trying to get her from living just in her own pain and grief and thinking about her future with her son. She finally answered me, "I thought I lost all my hopes and dreams when my daughter died. That's all I've been thinking about. How could I have been so selfish? My son still has his life and we must go on." I liked the more positive turn in our conversation. We talked about the ways she could start moving on, not forgetting her daughter but just thinking about her beautiful happy spirit and what she

would have wanted for her mother and brother, not dwelling on the last pain filled eighteen months of her life. The mother began to cry again saying, “One of the last things my daughter told me was she wanted to see me smile again. I guess it’s not wrong for us to smile again, right?” I assured her, from what she had told me about her daughter, it was exactly what her daughter wanted.

The mother looked around the small messy room and said, “I guess I can start right here by making this a home again for my son. Maybe he can have a friend over or go to a friend’s house again without feeling like it would be too much for me. If I clean up in here and maybe clean myself up too, comb my hair and actually put on more than sweats, I might feel more energetic.” I encouraged both ideas and we added a few more ideas to her list of ways to feel better. I included having a volunteer stop by with some food, not just any volunteer but one that had also lost a child and knows what she is going through. I knew this volunteer would be easy to talk to and give her some advice on ways to make her days easier.

Once I saw this mother was now motivated to try and help their situation, we went over her bills. Her rent and utilities were both behind. Her car had been repossessed so she did not have any transportation. I asked when she would be ready to return to work. The mother said, “I haven’t even thought about it much until today. I see now that I must return to work. We can’t live like this forever. It is time I find another job.” I looked over her resume she had prepared but not sent out. She had good job skills and when she told me about her job in the past she spoke about it with the first semblance of strength I had seen. I asked if she would be able to return to her past employer but she again shook her head no, saying, “I can’t go back there. Everyone knows about my daughter and looks at me with sympathy. I know they can’t help it but it just makes me sadder. When I’m ready I would like to start some place new.” I knew with her skills and the excellent reference she assured me her past employer would provide she should not have any problem finding a job. I told the mother we would be willing to provide a car when she gave me proof of employment. We have so many requests for cars at this time that we are only able to provide them to people that are employed and need that car for their job security. The mother told me she would be sending out her resume and filling out applications as soon as possible. I looked at the mother and said, “You look like a completely different person from the one I met just a few hours ago.” She answered, “I feel like a completely different person. I needed you to come in here and show me I still have something to live for. I know now that just sitting here crying everyday is not going to bring my daughter back. She would not want me to be that kind of Mom to her brother. She loved him as much as I do so I have to make sure he knows I will be there for him now.”

When I was through analyzing their financial situation I came up with a plan to get them caught up if the mother could get a job. “We” together would provide the overdue rent and the present month’s rent to stop the pending eviction. “We” also would bring their utilities up to date and provide some nutritious food. I handed the mother several gift cards for clothing so she could get a few work appropriate outfits for herself and school clothes for her son. Just as I thought, the volunteer I had sent over became not only a mentor but a friend. She gave the mother needed advice and referred her to her support group for grieving parents that met monthly at her church. Within a few weeks the mother provided me with the information about her new job and we were able to purchase a reliable used car to ensure safe

transportation for her and her son. After all “We” did together to help this mother and son their lives have been renewed. The mother confessed she stills cries every day because she misses her daughter but she does not let it take over her whole day. She is enjoying her new job and how it has given her purpose to get up every morning and dress for the day. She is showing her son how to positively get through your grief and they are now talking openly about his grief as well. One visit, one volunteer and all of “Us” have done this together. Thank you and God Bless “You” for your support that makes our good works possible.

We have nearly matched the Family Foundation 2017 \$30,000 Matching Grant. Please continue to donate now knowing every dollar will be matched, doubling your donation. We have many people coming to us in desperate need, living in fear trying to survive without the necessities of life. Many volunteers and I work very hard verifying the genuine need of good people. Together “We” need to continue to do our good works that make our mission for God a success. Together “We” make a big difference removing the pains of poverty for our fellow creations. Thank you and God Bless you.

*Health & Happiness, Love & God Bless Everyone, W.C./Sal*

**Please Help:** There are many coming to us in desperation. Our good fellow creations need our compassion. Together we make a big difference. Make checks payable to: The Time Is Now to Help, P.O. Box 1, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. The Time Is Now to Help is a federally recognized 501(c)3 charitable organization licensed in the states of Wisconsin and Illinois. You will receive a tax deductible, itemized thank you receipt showing how your donation provided assistance for the poverty stricken.

**A Very Special Thank You:** The Gallo Family Fund, Family Foundation, Fox Charities, Richard H. Driehaus Charitable Lead Trust, Martin Business, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Schuberth, Unilock, Rhoades Foundation, Freedom Plastics Foundation, Petco Foundation, Lake Geneva Petco, Community Foundation of Southern Wisconsin, Grunow Family Fund, St. Joseph's Congregation Souper Bowl of Caring, St. Charles Congregation, Joyce Popera, James & Marilynn Dyer, Leo & Mary Ann Kmiec, George & Leah Rozhon, Orval & Jane Volbrecht, Judy Dishneau, Dorothy Tookey, William & Jean Isaacson, Russo Drywall, Mary Jo Milazzo, Michael & Sally Anne Chier, Robert & Patricia Davis, Sandra Chinn, Rita's Wells Street Salon, Shari & James Loback, Patricia Jankowski, Church of Jesus Christ LDS, Walter & Florence Strumpf, Michael & Kathe Beach, Beth & Jody Rendall, David & Shirley Heigl, Mark & Cynthia Brower, Albert & Ellen Burnell, Melinda Haak, June Davidsen, Marvin & Audrey Hersko, our anonymous donors and ALL of you who support The Time Is Now to Help donation boxes, and the businesses that allow our donation boxes. Anyone who would like a Time Is Now donation box in your business, please call (262) 249-7000.

**Prayer Chain:** A big “thank you” for all of your prayers and good thoughts. We have received phone calls and letters from those that have gotten well. Some of our loved ones have had their cancer go into remission, some have had their enormous anguish of pain physically healed. The power of prayer and positive thoughts comes from the true healer, our Lord answering our prayers. Please pray for healing for the following people: Mike, Caroline, Susan, Jennifer, Clarence, Jayden, Santana, Alex, Lily, Kaitlyn, Kynesha, Brandi's Grandma, Marilyn & Lois.

**Inspiration Ministries Resale Shop:** Please donate your gently used household items

and furniture to the Inspiration Ministries Resale Shop. For local pick up of major items or collection appointments please call (262) 275-2264. Inspiration Ministries Resale Shop is located at N2270 State Rd. 67, Walworth, WI 53184. Hours: Monday – Saturday 8 a.m. - 4 p.m. Closed Sundays. Please visit often knowing your support will provide life changing assistance for the fellow creations in their care. Inspiration Ministries is home for up to 80 residents that live with multiple physical and mental challenges. I thank all of you for helping. For more information visit [www.inspirationministries.org](http://www.inspirationministries.org).

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