

THE PARENT

Journey

a *Grief Haven* newsletter for grieving parents and those who support them

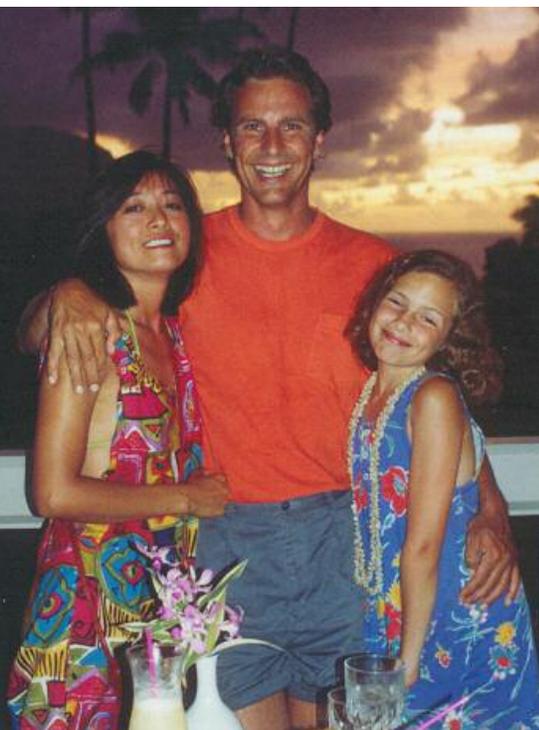
april - june 2013

the gift

by marc & violet klaas

Life

In our cocoon, life was perfect. Or so it seemed. Then suddenly, and without warning, one night it all came unraveled. For sixty-five days thereafter we endured our own personal 9/11, only the Twin Towers wouldn't collapse for another seven years and eleven months. Contrary to the declaration that kidnapping is a parent's worst nightmare, we became unknowing witnesses to the unspeakable acts of a nightmare that we did not yet realize had occurred. That we ultimately emerged with reason, sanity, and purpose is a testament to love, sacrifice, and the unpredictable nature of life itself.



Violet, Marc, and Polly in Kauai

Let's back up for a minute. After a decade of sputters and starts, the three of us were coming together as a family unit. We laughed, played, and vacationed together. We worked, planned, and faced adversity together. We would sit on the couch on Sunday evening; Violet on one side, Polly on the other, and me in the middle. We would watch *The Simpsons* and laugh hysterically. Violet would take Polly shopping and teach her about fashion and style. I taught her how to swim and play baseball. We were planning the future.

Polly, our twelve-year-old daughter, lived with her mom Eve, 30 miles north in Petaluma, but spent weekends and holidays with us. After a decade, she seemed comfortable living here and there. Honestly, as time passed she felt more comfortable here than there because we provided stability. I volunteered at her school as a teacher's aid from the time Polly was in kindergarten until she entered middle school—when it wasn't cool anymore for Dad to be there. Polly was a good student, she played the piano and clarinet, and she loved performing on the stage. She took pride in her accomplishments and was working very hard to overcome her shy nature. She also had fears. Polly slept with a nightlight and with her door ajar to lessen her fear of the bogeyman and the dark. Polly was a beautiful girl and, like all beautiful girls,



where hope resides

reading between the leaves

by susan whitmore

We have a hummingbird nest in the Ficus tree next to our front door. It has been amazing, week after week, watching the mother bird make the nest. Each day I have carefully approached the tree and gently peeked around the leaves, watching the mother bird nesting in her trance state. And then...this



Hummingbird outside the Whitmore's door

one day arrived when I peeked around the leaves, and there they were: two little beaks

bobbing up and down from inside the nest (I took these photos, and this is exactly what I saw.) As I moved in just a teensy bit closer to ensure that my eyes were seeing correctly, the mother bird suddenly came screeching around the corner, her teeny little body hovering in the air, her wings fluttering so madly they sounded like giant fans moving at high speed. She began chirping and shrieking at me! "Oh my God, little mother bird," I said, "I know just how you feel." I apologized and moved away.

A mother hummingbird. A mother

continued on page 8

she attracted the attention of others. Beautiful girls who attract the attention of the right people can be rewarded with happiness, fame, or fortune. But beautiful girls who attract the attention of the wrong people can be maimed, murdered, or otherwise victimized.

We phoned Polly on those evenings that she was not with us, or she would phone us. Sometimes there was very little to talk about, but we did it anyway. I called her at 6:00 p.m. on Friday, October 1, 1993. Polly was happy and excited. She was preparing to host a slumber party with two of her girlfriends. The next day she was going to stay with us while Eve went on a job interview in Monterey. I told Polly I loved her and then hung up the phone. After that, Polly was no more.

One Second Changed Everything

The ringing phone woke Violet at 11:30 p.m. She answered and then pushed the receiver away with a horrified look on her face. The alarm in Violet's voice broke my slumber, so I took the phone and was told, "Polly has been kidnapped, and the police don't want a distraught father coming to Petaluma to trample evidence." The caller was Polly's estranged stepfather. We spent the rest of the night confirming the dreaded message and coming to terms with total disbelief. At 6:00 a.m. the next morning, we heard KCBS News radio confirm that, *Polly Klaas was kidnapped from her bedroom in Petaluma at approximately 10:30 p.m. last night.*

It's strange how each person responds differently to trauma. As alarming as the initial phone call was, for me it was the news report that exposed the significance of what had happened. We then engaged the incredibly difficult task of calling our families, one after

another, to inform them that our child had been kidnapped. I remember that one of my three sisters responded like Violet. I could almost see her pushing the phone away in disgust and disbelief. Another sister whimpered quietly. My third sister said, "Don't do anything until I get there." After she arrived thirty minutes later, the three of us drove to Petaluma and did not return to our home until the hideous truth was finally revealed.

We had stepped out of a life that would never be revisited. We could not have predicted the anguish or the alien environment that awaited us in Petaluma, because a user manual for responding to such tragedy did not exist.

The scene at Polly's house unfolded like an episodic cop show. The police were pacing purposefully in Polly's yard, which was surrounded by yellow crime scene tape. We crossed over that barrier as television news crews, neighbors, and curiosity seekers milled around its perimeter. We were told that the kidnapper had a beard. Everybody with a beard was an immediate suspect. We were also told that Polly's last words, as she was being stolen into the night, were, "Please don't hurt my mother and sister." Even then Polly worried about others and what would happen to them.

After a second sleepless night without resolution, from a cramped, crowded motel room, I stepped out into the early morning darkness. I crossed the street, walked to the middle of an empty supermarket parking lot, got down on my knees, and screamed at God. Violet came shortly thereafter and gently and quietly led me back to the motel. It only got worse from there, as Violet and I became



Marc and Polly (age 1)

objects of curiosity in a frightening, surrealistic dream. Everybody watched, but nobody could understand what we were enduring as the minutes passed into hours, the hours into days, the days into weeks, and the weeks into months. Fear controlled our emotions, and hunger and insomnia wracked us physically. We lost touch with reason, we lost weight, and we became wan.

Two constants guided us. We were always there for each other. Whenever I fell, Violet would lift me up; when she could not go on, I would lead her forward one step at a time. Also, every day would begin around 4:00 a.m. and end in despair after 1:00 a.m. The two of us were in the middle of a storm with everyone and everything swirling around us, and we had no control whatsoever.

On December 4, 1993, the hideous truth was finally revealed. First, the police told Eve and me that our beloved daughter had been found dead. Eve cried; I didn't. We then told our relatives and the volunteers who had stood by us during the ordeal. Finally, as the media went live with the story, Violet and I gathered our families and returned to Sausalito in a solemn caravan of grief. I thought that I had no tears left, but two hours later a rush of comprehension slammed me like an erupting volcano. The other men in our home had to restrain me to ensure that my exploding rage and pain did not cascade into a physical and psychological lava flow. Again, emotional awareness lagged behind intellectual understanding.

The Aftermath and the Mission

The immediate aftermath of Polly's tragedy was pure torture. It was even worse than not knowing because hope, too, was dead, and we

“That we ultimately emerged with reason, sanity, and purpose is a testament to love, sacrifice, and the unpredictable nature of life itself.”

were again faced with choices that life had not prepared us to make. We both wanted to die. We could have easily succumbed to depression, alcoholism, or drug addiction, as crawling into an emotional cave suggested a possible solution. We could have chosen another path that so many before us had taken and turned our backs on the entire ordeal. However, denial was not a viable option for us. Instead, we looked beyond our

could see the vultures circling before we had even cremated our daughter, and she felt that it was nothing more than blood money. I believed that if we were going to give meaning to Polly's death, it would require a dedicated pursuit of meaningful legislation.

Life without Polly was alien and strange. We were no longer living in a cocoon. Instead, we were publicly trying to make a difference in the lives of others. It was apparent that little

in a bill signing. We had worked very hard on the Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994. The largest crime bill in America's history put 100,000 police on the streets, provided \$10 billion for prevention programs, and promoted truth in sentencing. Violet had to work, so I attended the bill signing with my sister. The President invited me on stage and presented me with the pen that he used to sign the new law. It



Marc and Polly (age 4)

own agony and decided to fight back against evil. Although time blended and the days were indistinguishable from each other, I remember telling Violet that I would pursue an aggressive child safety agenda if I had to do so living out of a cardboard box by the side of the railroad track. She agreed that we would pursue this mission together—a mission easier defined than carried out.

No longer fearful or stuck in time, anger dominated our emotions as profoundly as uncertainty dominated our future. We were emotionally needy and overwhelmed with pain. Violet and I were not independently wealthy, and there were forces pulling at us that we did not understand. I sought help in professional counseling, while Violet preferred the counsel of family. I pursued a frantic agenda, trying to use my anger in positive ways, while Violet returned to a job that provided nothing more than a paycheck. The one thing that we agreed upon was that the work we had chosen was helping us in some way to cope with our pain.

We calculated that we had 90 days to achieve any cause-related accomplishments. After that, we would be on borrowed time, as then the next "cause de jour" would dominate the news cycles and another victim would grab the headlines. To that end, we did not seriously consider book deals, TV movies, or the other pop entertainment offers being made. Violet

had been done to protect children from the very evil that victimized Polly. It was obvious to both of us that no single approach to the issue would fix the problem. We knew that in order to piece this maddening puzzle together we would have to take a holistic approach to child safety.

We began with baby steps: I was the front man, giving voice to a joint vision, just as Violet organized, scheduled, and helped to make that vision a reality. Where we had been intellectually lazy, we were now precise and confident. Violet and I were convinced that real change required intelligence, determination, and the singular pursuit of a clear vision.

Both of us were working seven days a week, eighteen hours a day. Fortunately, doors opened for us as the public, media, and politicians supported, or at least were sympathetic toward, our mission. On September 13, 1994, President Clinton invited us to the White House to participate

“Polly demonstrated a courage and resolve that we can only hope to emulate as we continue our mission to stop crimes against children.”

was a huge moment. Later, my sister and I went back to the hotel and cried for hours because we were overwhelmed by grief. Everything was now so bittersweet.

And Today...

Nineteen years later, Violet and I no longer work 18-hour days. We are no longer driven by overwhelming anger, and we no longer want to die. Instead, we have re-integrated into society, and we take time to appreciate the beautiful things that life has to offer. Polly was the most important person that ever touched our lives, and she will be sorely missed until we take our dying breaths. When she looked the devil in the eye, faced her own worst fears, and sacrificed her life so that others might live, she provided us with clarity and gave meaning to our lives. Polly demonstrated a courage and resolve that we can only hope to emulate as we continue our mission to stop crimes against children. Her light did not shine for long, but it shined brightly.

Marc and Violet's daughter, 12-year-old Polly Hannah Klaas, was murdered in 1993 in what turned out to be a high-profile case that circled the globe. Polly's murderer was convicted and awaits judgment in San Quentin on Death Row. Marc and Violet are the founders of Klaas Kids, a nonprofit organization advocating for and providing means to increase child safety through legislation, media, community events, and actual child search and rescues. The Klaas' work has saved thousands of young lives. Visit www.klaaskids.org. Marc and Violet Klaas also serve on the griefHaven Board of Advisors.

thursday morning with the dads

by stephen allen

In November 2012, many of us received an email from Susan Whitmore, the founder and president of griefHaven, who is also a grieving parent. Susan extended her best wishes for all us parents as the holidays approached. I was very appreciative of that message and sent Susan a reply email extending the same kindness to her. I also mentioned that I am part of a group of dads who meet every Thursday at 7:00 a.m. for breakfast. Each dad in this group has lost a child.

Susan asked if I would write an article for a griefHaven newsletter about our group, how I came to be a part of it, and how the group helps dads who have lost a child. I consider it a great honor to tell you about this courageous group of grieving dads. I am also proud to share with you our beautiful daughter, Lindsay, whom we lost on December 14, 2003.

Lindsay was 18 years old when she died instantly in an auto accident. She was returning home with her boyfriend after she attended her first Indianapolis Colts football game. I wish words could express her excitement the whole week before the game. She borrowed my Colts' jersey to wear it. My wife Tracey and I shared in her joy and knew she would love the experience of the game.

I sat at home with my brother, Bob, and my brother-in-law, Tim, and watched the game on television, the whole time anxious to hear from Lindsay on how much she enjoyed the game. The game ended around 4:00 p.m., and I knew she should be home around 5:00 p.m.

Time marched on with no word from Lindsay. It was approaching 6:00 p.m. when Tracey told me there was a police car pulling into our driveway. When I went to see what was going on, I noticed one of the two police officers was almost to the front door. As soon as I saw his eyes I knew something terrible had happened. The other officer was about 15 feet away and walking toward us. He was surprised to see me standing there. He quickly put a purse on the ground behind a shrub thinking I hadn't seen it. It was pink. It was Lindsay's purse. And then I knew. How do you describe the feelings that course through your being knowing the words that are about to be spoken?

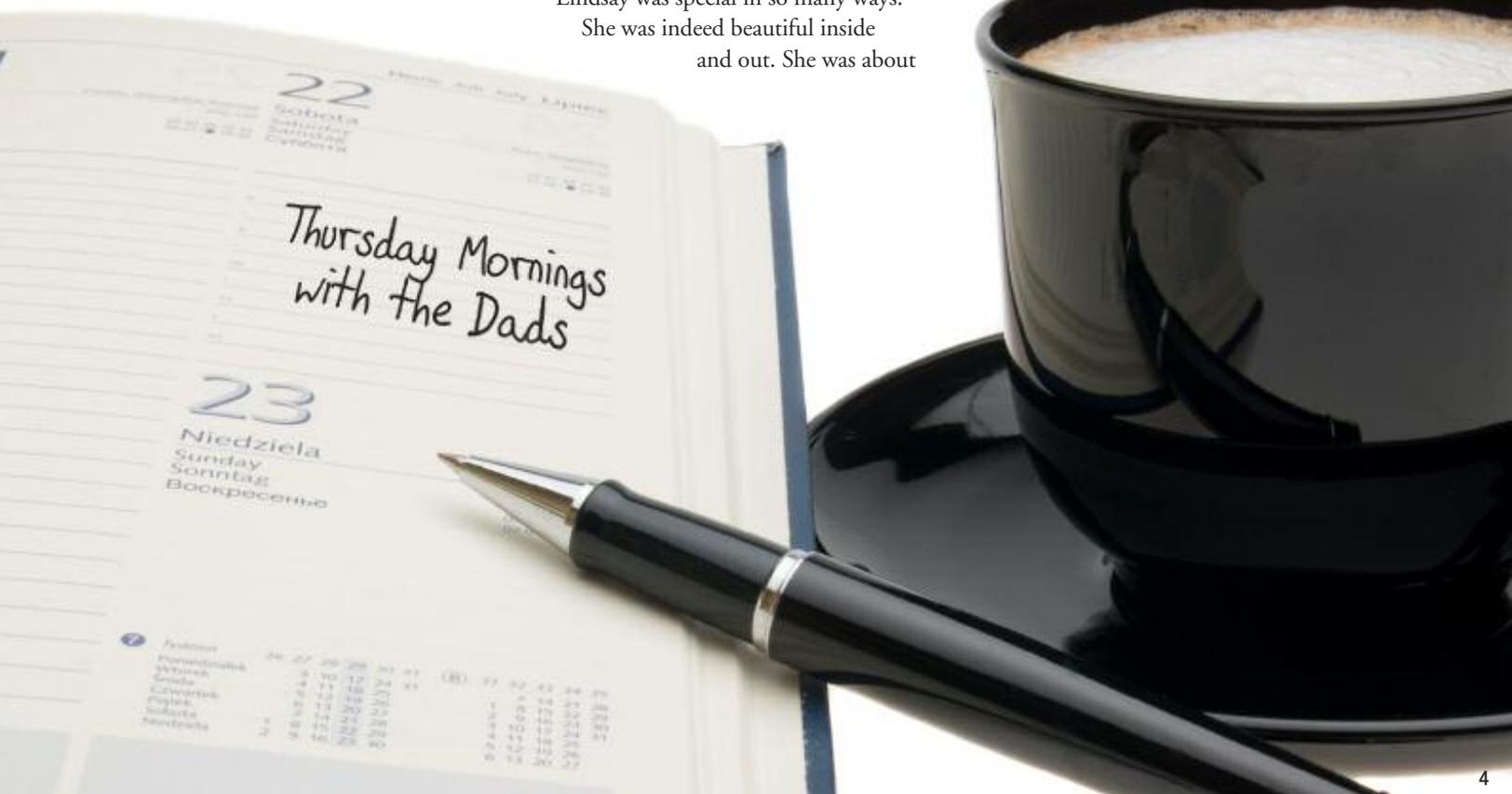
The police entered our home and asked us all to be seated. The unspeakable words were spoken, and in that instant, I knew our lives would never be the same again. We went from joyful expectation of hearing Lindsay share her experience of the game to never seeing her again.

Lindsay was special in so many ways.
She was indeed beautiful inside
and out. She was about

to begin college and go into nursing. Lindsay loved helping those less fortunate, and she had an amazing sense of humor.

I did not know how to survive such pain in my heart. I had lost my parents and my only sisters earlier in life, but this was different. The abyss of losing my child began. The fog,

"I felt as the dad that I had to be strong for my family. I tried to put up a strong front, yet behind closed doors my wife was holding me together."



the relentless crying, the overwhelming sadness seemed to go on and on.

I got trapped re-living the day Lindsay died. Even in the grip of her own grief, my wife somehow gave me comfort. I felt as the dad that I had to be strong for my family. I tried to put up a strong front, yet behind closed doors my wife was holding me together. Of course, that was so hard for her, and time alone was not healing our pain. She went to counseling. I never did because I couldn't imagine how anyone who had never lost a child could relate to the way I felt. In time the pain eased some, but I still struggled.

As the seventh anniversary of Lindsay's death approached, my wife told me she spoke to a man at her work who knew she had lost a child. He told her of a group of dads who got together once a week just to talk about their grief and children. She had also received a phone call right after that from her grief counselor at our church who told her about the same group of dads. Tracey was very excited to share the information with me. I thought this might be something I could do, but I needed to think about it.

About a month after Tracey told me about the group, I was still struggling and becoming more and more reclusive. Through tears, Tracey sat me down and told me that I had to do something to get help. She was right. At that moment I promised her I would try hard to get myself together. I began to take better care of myself, both physically and mentally. Tracey often asked me to consider going to this dad's group. After about a year of gentle pushing, it finally happened.

In January 2011, I nervously walked into the restaurant where the dads met each week. I knew a few of them already, and that



(back row) Henry Pawlick, Jim Nathan, Rick Rhoads, Marv Habicht, Zack Orma, Mark Fritz
(front row) Jim Oxley, John Longworth, Dave Cook, Don Buxton, Stephen Allen

helped, but I was still very nervous. Each dad introduced himself, and we chatted for a while. One of the dads who started the group stated, "Let's begin."

When a new dad comes for the first time to a meeting, each dad shares his story, and so it was for my first meeting. Each dad spoke of his child and the circumstances that led to the child's death. He spoke of the joy their child gave them. As each dad spoke, most cried as he shared his journey. One after another. Then they offered me the same opportunity. They made it clear I did not have to speak at all.

I felt amazing courage from these men at that first meeting, and I knew I had to speak to honor them, but mostly to honor Lindsay. I spoke about 30 seconds and broke down crying. Even as the tears came, I knew this was something special for me. I felt this strength I hadn't had for seven years, and I knew then that these men would be a part of my journey forever.

The origin of this group started with a few dads on the North side of Indianapolis in 2004. That

group grew and grew. The original dads even wrote a book entitled "Tuesday Mornings With the Dads."

Thanks to a couple of dads from the North group, a

separate group started on the South side of Indianapolis. I have been part of this group for over two years. We call ourselves, "Thursday Morning With the Dads." We meet each week, and we have no rules. We always go around the table and share our stories when a new dad comes.



Lindsay Ann Allen (5/14/85-12/14/03)

We all understand how hard it is to be a part of this group. We meet at a local restaurant where we have been given a semi-secluded area. Many of us, on that first day, sat in the parking lot trying to find the courage to walk in and see a bunch of guys sitting there and not really knowing what to expect.

When we have a week where there is no new dad, we just talk sports, politics, and even laugh! If a dad is having a tough week, we talk about it and offer encouragement. Two of our dads are pastors. They come not to share their religion, but just to be a dad who has lost a child. We have a dad who lost his only two children when the vehicle they were in was hit by a train. We understand each other's pain and the common trials and tribulations that can overcome us as we deal with the loss of our child.

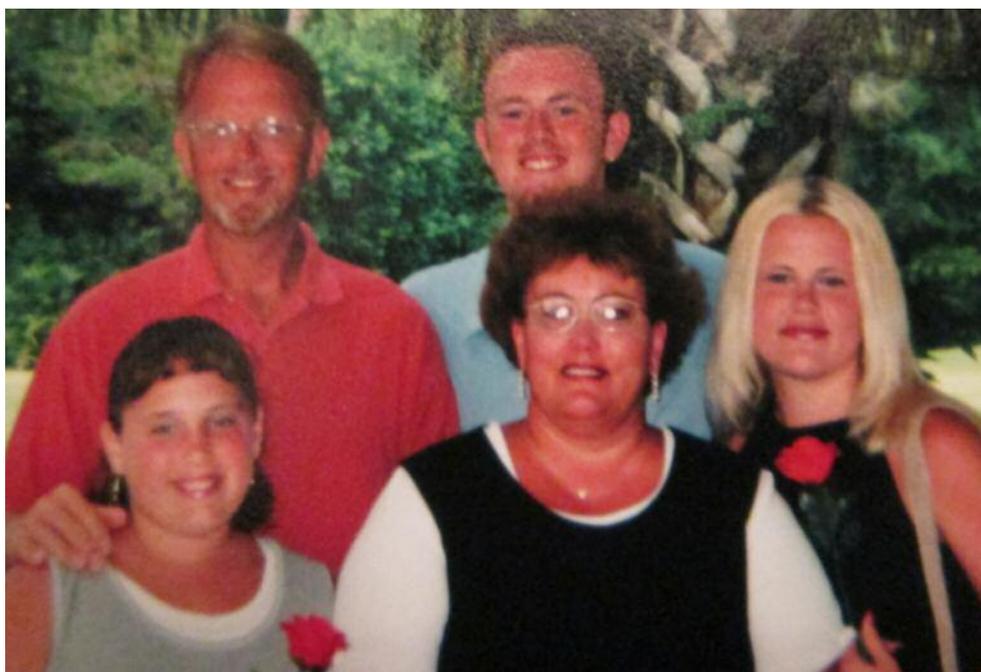
I felt amazing courage from
these men at that first meeting, and
I knew I had to speak to honor them,
but mostly to honor Lindsay."

In August of last year, one of the dads died suddenly. We attended his funeral as a group and shared some stories for his family. We email and call each other often. We truly have become brothers. Most of the dads have had some counseling and have benefited, yet it seems that being a part of this group has helped us all to make great strides on our grief journeys.

We have come to know each other's children through pictures and stories. I believe by sharing each other's burden we become stronger. Many of our children died in tragic accidents. Some from violence. Some took their own lives. Some from illness. We just recently had two new dads who came in together. Their children were married to each other, and both died when a neighbor's house exploded, destroying their house and many others' homes. We will help these dads, as their journeys are just beginning. We know more dads will come in the future, and we will do our best to be there for them. We refer to ourselves as "the group no one wants to belong to."

Here are the names of the dads—who belong to "Thursday Mornings With the Dads:" Mark Fritz, Jim Nathan, Dave Cook, Chuck Findley, Greg Brown, Rick Rhoads, Henry Pawlick, Marv Habicht, Terry Pavlack, Jim Oxley, Zack Ortman, Ken Holsclaw, Kurt Kriese, Daniel Short, Don Buxton, John Longworth, Stephen Allen, and finally Jerry Braun (JB), who passed away last year. I would like to add that many of our wives have also been meeting once a month, and, on occasion, we will meet as couples.

I hope my wife Tracey, my son Kyle, and my daughter Katelin see a better husband and father as a result of my involvement with these men. My family has been amazing and



(back row) Stephen, Kyle (bottom row) Katelin, Tracey, Lindsay

patient with my struggles. Now I am finding some peace. It has been almost ten years since Lindsay died, I still have a void in my heart, and the tears still come on occasion, but I have survived and continue to be inspired by my beautiful daughter Lindsay, as well as all of the dads who I now call my brothers.

I strongly encourage dads to consider doing what we have—sharing with other men who understand. You will most likely find, as I did, great strength by sharing your heartache, because, as you share, you also give hope to those fathers who have no idea where to turn. As we slowly begin to heal from this unimaginable torment in our hearts, we honor our child and our family as we reach out to others. In fact, one of our dads who lost both

of his sons moved to Arizona where he has already met with grieving dads. He hopes to expand and create a dad's group there.

Our group does not make all the pain go away, but it has allowed me to manage my heartache and channel it, as well as help those just beginning this difficult journey, giving my life meaning.

Tracey and I were given this very appropriate saying, which is framed and hanging in our family room: "Our family is a circle of love and strength. With every birth and every union the circle grows. Every joy shared adds more love. Every crisis faced together makes the circle stronger."

This applies to my family and my brothers in grief. I hope through your tears and time, you will also see the wisdom of those words.

So here I am almost ten years later. I can still feel the pain of losing Lindsay. That doesn't go away. But it does and has changed. It isn't at all like it was ten years ago. The group of men with whom I have shared my painful journey have helped me find my way, and because of them, Tracey, my family, and friends, I have been able to pick up the pieces of my life and create something worthwhile. Being a part of the men's group and helping others has also given my life meaning, as I know I am honoring Lindsay and the life she led. This is the journey no parent ever wants to take, but sometimes it becomes a reality, as it has for us. When it does, it's nice to know that there are others out there who will hold you up until you can stand on your own. Thanks, guys! I couldn't have done it without you.

I strongly encourage dads
to consider doing what we have—
sharing with other men who
understand.”

be loved pillow

by katey furgason

My husband Scot and I, both artists living in Santa Fe, New Mexico, designed the Be Loved Pillow. It is a comforting, huggable cotton denim pillow with a deep soft flannel interior to hold your cherished items. These items can be anything that fits inside and has meaning to you, such as memorabilia, photos, journals, letters, drawings, etc. If you can think of it, you can put it into your Be Loved Pillow. The Be Loved Pillow is a pillow that transforms objects and emotions into physical comfort when we need it.

The inspiration for designing the Be Loved Pillow came some years back when I volunteered at a workshop held for children who had experienced the death of someone very close to them. The weeks preceding the workshop, I spent my time researching the trauma of experiencing the death of a loved one and the long and unique grieving process that follows. I wanted to give something to the children that would both recognize and address the tremendous emotional loss and the aching pain of enduring a physical loss. The goal was to make something that would be emotionally cathartic and physically comforting.

The children needed a special, safe, and physically comforting place to express their vast array of changing, evolving, and, at times, overwhelming thoughts and feelings, whether written, drawn, or collected. It was at this point that the basic design of the Be Loved Pillow emerged: a small soft pillow begging to be held and offering a nice safe place to put cherished things.

The day of the workshop arrived, and I handed out the first incarnation of the Be Loved Pillow to each of the children attending. I presented the pillow, very briefly, as a place they could put their special treasures, drawings, letters (anything they wanted), and it was completely up to them



Katey and Scot

when, whether or not, and with whom, they wanted to share the contents.

Their pillow was ALL theirs. ALL their feelings were welcome inside, and there were no right or wrong things to put/keep inside. The children loved their pillows and immediately started to talk about what they were going to put inside and why. The drawings and collages they made that day went directly inside the pillow, which they carried with them snugly in their arms.

Because of the way the children responded,

I decided I needed to make more. I made the next bunch of pillows for children and teens in a foster program, and they loved them too! For the foster kids it became a safe, warm, and reliable place to put their most cherished items during their

frequent times of transition.

When my father died last year, I made a pillow for my mother and me. I asked my mother recently what the pillow meant to her. This is what she said: "Since I was widowed a

"The children loved their pillows and immediately started to talk about what they were going to put inside and why."



DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR SOMEONE GRIEVING? Give them a Be Loved Pillow!

year ago, my Be Loved Pillow has helped me cope with my loss. My husband and I were together for 52 years, so his physical absence from my life is devastating. My pillow is a tangible memory of him, which I hold close. I have written him letters and put them inside my pillow, and I keep letters and poems other people have sent to me when he died inside of it. I keep his reading glasses and his last address book inside my pillow. Sometimes the contents change. I add things. I exchange things. It evolves. Words are not adequate to describe the physical and emotional comfort this little pillow provides and the cherished memories it evokes—it moves with me through my grief—through my life."

The Be Loved Pillow is a reminder that the deep connection is never lost, even though we always miss them. Our grief and memories can also be comforting, and even though our hearts can break, they are also still full of love.

When I met Scot two years ago, I told him about the little pillow I made for the children and how meaningful it felt to provide the children with such a special gift—to see how much they loved their pillow. Scot helped me see that this pillow needed to be made for and available to the millions of others who would benefit from it. Scot improved and refined the design of the Be Loved Pillow and joined me in getting it launched into the public arena.

Years ago the Be Loved Pillow was a project born out of my heart. Now, fittingly so, it has been brought back because of loves' encouragement.

Be Loved Pillows may be ordered in the [griefHaven store](#) or by clicking [here](#) for a link to our online Etsy store.

bear. A mother seal. A mother dog. A mother anything! Get close to its offspring, and it will fiercely protect, even if it means its own death. Don't we all understand THAT mission?

Yesterday morning I peeked around the corner, and guess what? The nest was empty. All three birds had flown...just like that... somewhere...to begin their new lives. But while here, they gave me tremendous joy every time I saw them. And once again I was reminded that there are moments of true joy after our child dies. Many of them. Sometimes we have to look for them. Sometimes we have to recall what they were. But they are always there. Perhaps all we have to do is simply peek into the places where they might be—hidden, just waiting for someone to enjoy their wonder.



Mommy hummingbird and babies outside the Whitmore's door



“But while here, they gave me tremendous joy every time I saw them. And once again I was reminded that there are moments of true joy after our child dies. Many of them.”

griefHaven receives grant from the Pacific Palisades woman's club

by pam solomon

On March 5, 2013, griefHaven received a grant from the Pacific Palisades Woman's Club. The grant was in support of griefHaven's excellent grief support and in providing grief group counseling to parents and siblings.

Throughout the year, the Pacific Palisades Woman's Club raises money through its "Home Holiday Tour and Boutique" and distributes the funds to organizations the membership feels has made a significant impact in the community. This year the Club



Wendell and Susan Whitmore, Grant Award Evening

awarded grants totaling \$63,000 to 39 organizations.

The grant award evening was casual, warm, and often emotional as the various grant recipients talked about their nonprofit work and expressed gratitude to the Woman's Club for their financial support. Susan Whitmore accepted the grant award on behalf of griefHaven and shared with the group how important the grief groups continue to be in helping parents and siblings on their grief journeys.

This was the second year in a row that griefHaven has received a Woman's Club grant.

search the web and make \$ for griefHaven
just make **goodsearch** your search engine and
name griefHaven as your foundation of choice!

We make money just by your searching!
Look below and see how much we have made since January!
\$219.47



It's SO easy. All you need to do is go to www.goodsearch.com, name griefHaven as charity of choice, and the website will walk you through the rest!