

# PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH

By Nadine Boyd



Dear Compassionate Friends:

This month we celebrate the gift of fathers and I would like to celebrate the gift of all the special men in our lives- fathers, stepfathers, foster and adoptive fathers, uncles, brothers, sons and friends. I think sometimes that men are not given enough credit for the roles they play as providers, caretakers and mentors. I am glad to see that in the last few decades men have been encouraged to take a more active role in their children's care and nurturing. Traditionally providing for your children's physical and emotional needs was seen as the mother's role; and unfortunately, the discipline was usually left up to the dad. Dads were not really encouraged to hug and praise their children, especially their sons. Boys were taught to be strong and not show emotions. Boys were told "big boys don't cry", "man up", "put up or shut up", take it like a man" and "take care of your business". The strong silent type of man was held up as an example to achieve.

I believe this led to many men feeling they are not encouraged to show sadness, pain or grief. I heard a comment recently from a man going through a rough emotional time that "counseling is for weak people". My thought upon hearing this was "so only weak people have problems?" We know that it takes a strong person to reach out and admit you need help, but it is so rewarding to know there is help and you don't have to go through this alone. You don't have to feel helpless and isolated in your pain. This pain and grief often manifests itself as anger in men- a more "socially acceptable" role for men. A few years ago a wonderful family therapist (also a bereaved foster mom) gave me an incredible insight. She said often a mad child is a sad child, but because they feel they cannot express their sadness it comes out as behavior issues (thank you, Lee Oldenburg!) I'm sure this also happens with adults who are not encouraged to express their pain. I know in my work I often run across people who have been medicating their grief and pain with alcohol, drugs or reckless behavior. They often don't realize it until they get into counseling or therapy.

I know men who feel there is not a lot of support for grieving men. Often well meaning people encountering grieving men will ask "how's your wife doing?"-not "how are YOU doing?" My husband has a friend from college who hurt him very badly when he was not there for him when Aaron died. This friend had a lot of painful childhood issues to deal with, marital problems and the like and Ken felt as though he had always been there for his friend, but when the time came he needed support the friend just disappeared. Years later when I ran into him again I told him that Ken had been very hurt by his behavior and he apologized, but said he just "couldn't deal" with Ken's grief and pain.

Because men and women often deal with their grief in different ways and are often at different levels in their grief, be gentle with each other. Respect each other's needs and reach out to each other, physically and emotionally. Be a "safe place" for your spouse to express each other's feelings. There are no good or bad feelings-you feel what you feel. Perhaps a support group is not for you-you don't feel comfortable sharing with others face to face, but there are other options for Compassionate Friends. There are "Phone Friends" you can call to speak with who are listed in the newsletter. There are a number of chat rooms on the internet or the Compassionate Friends website. Sometimes you just need a good Friend to just listen, give you a hug and help you cry, or just help you breathe. Don't be ashamed to reach out. This is too big for us to deal with alone. If none of these options work for you find a good counselor or therapist, your minister or priest or physician. They can help you sort through your feelings without judging you, and find what works to help you heal.

I wish you a "safe place" that respects your feelings and gives you strength; a safe place that gives you comfort and healing.

In friendship,

*Nadine*