When The Bough Breaks: Forever After The Death Of A Son Or Daughter

Judith R. Bernstein, Ph.D.
**Synopsis**

"For every parent who loses a child, when one life ends another life is forever changed."--from When the Bough Breaks

When the Bough Breaks presents a breakthrough concept of mourning, documenting the process of evolution from initial grief to an altered outlook on life. Excerpts from interviews with 50 parents who lost a child from five to forty-five trace the road from utter devastation to a revised view of life, resulting in a work that is a tribute to resilience and the indomitable human spirit. Author Judith R. Bernstein, Ph.D., speaks from the dual perspectives of bereaved parent and psychologist. She weaves keen psychological insight with the voices of parents to achieve an intelligent volume that is at once heartbreaking and heartwarming. The wisdom of her science and her heart combine to result in a book that teaches the psychology of bereavement with profound tenderness.

**Book Information**

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Average Customer Review: 4.5 out of 5 stars Â· See all reviews Â· (86 customer reviews)  
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**Customer Reviews**

I purchased this book for my parents when my brother died at the age of 29 in an auto accident. I felt helpless and knew we needed help to face the life ahead that seemed unappealing now. We needed people who would come around and really lend support and look to us for what our needs might be instead of suggesting those quick fixes in short "feel good quips" by extending a genuine offer of support which is more about being physically there, willing to help, or just sit near while we talk, rail, cry incessantly until our heads throb- those people usually number only in single digits. What we didn't need was our misery to be compounded by seeing reactions all too easy to read or being told directly that we're somehow not handling this in a healthy or normal way. As if there is
one right way to grieve or a time at which "poof" you are healed? No, that always surprises me how little time we’re given. As the author says, we will always carry this with us but over time will learn to adapt and as the author says she frequently heard, the second year for us was even harder. Now we are early into the third year and I am not surprised how many days or moments are still raw, as he was such an important part of my life from my earliest recollections until I was 33 and awoke to find he died alone in a ditch while I slept snug in my bed. Like seeing how much my three children have changed, knowing he has missed that, knowing how much joy he would bring to their lives were he here and the joy they would bring him, how hard he would laugh at the things they say and how proud he would be of them like he was when he was alive, how hard it is knowing that only through my stories will they remember him or know that he was so involved with them, that great brother of mine who was a great uncle.

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