

Sascha



Sascha Daniel Frazier
14 July 1997 – 14 February 2000

Before Kendra Frazier moved to Singapore in 2004 with her family, they lived and worked in India. Sascha was the beloved youngest of four children. Their happy lives were shattered when three-year-old Sascha suddenly died, going into shock from the side effects of what seemed like a normal cold. Kendra describes how she has struggled to find meaning in the midst of the agony.

Written by Kendra Frazier, Sascha's mother

To tell Sascha's story would take a lifetime, because it was a lifetime—a short but precious one. And what is “short” or “long” in terms of all eternity? His lifetime was an entire lifetime, just like anyone else's. I knew him from the moment of his conception deep inside me, I witnessed his first breath on planet Earth and held his hand when the last breath escaped his lips, releasing him to other realms. His life touched mine uniquely and profoundly. My life was changed irrevocably when he was born and irrevocably, yet again, when he died. So, when I think of what to say about his life (and mine) I wonder what I can write in just a few words that could do justice to the relationship of a lifetime.

Farewell, My Child

The details of his death, I realise in retrospect, are not as significant as the fact that he lived and that he died. But, at the time, these details consumed my thoughts and energies: he had had a cough for a few days, but was doing better when we put him to bed that night. Later we heard him crying and coughing, and when we went to him he seemed to be choking on his own phlegm. Apparently a piece of mucus then lodged itself in his lung like a plug, and in that moment his lung collapsed. He went into shock and stopped breathing... It was sudden and unexpected, a simple cold gone wrong, no real explanation, a lack of air, a heart stopped beating, the world came to an end. That's what it felt like: I remember the terror, the horror, the unbearable sorrow and despair that sent me falling into an emotional abyss. I stayed down there a long time, wishing my own breath would fail me and that my own heart would cease its painful beating. Stop! Stop! Stop! I cannot bear this! No parent can bear this! Not this!!!!!!!!!! Not my Sascha!!!!!!

One of the first people I called after Sascha died told me, "He has given you a great gift." For a second, before I plunged back into bottomless depths of sadness, those words spoke to me and made me think. Could losing a child bring anything other than despair? I revisited this question again and again and again over the years and, slowly, with time, I began to understand the inherent wisdom of my friend's words. To witness the birth of a child is a wondrous event, but to view his or her lifeless body (a body one has nurtured and loved unconditionally) is an event of such magnitude that one cannot comprehend it. Or, rather, one can spend a lifetime trying to make sense of it, learning to live with it, discovering new aspects of what it means to spend a little time (whether it's five years or 95 years) doing this thing called "living". A child's death propels you on the journey of a lifetime. You find yourself, against your will, on a path you never knew existed. You make your way in darkness and, somehow, as if by magic, you slowly make your way forward. Dare I believe that Sascha's little hand is pulling me along? Sometimes I can almost hear him whispering in my ear, "Come on Mama, I know you can do this. Yes you can. I love you and I want you to find happiness again. You can do this. You can do it for me. Come on Mama I want you to be happy." He has the sweetest voice. I listen and I take small gentle steps forward. It takes a looooooong time to learn to trust one's feet again.

You start with teeny-tiny baby steps, just as your child did when he first learned to walk. You learn to wake up again, you learn to buy groceries and run errands, you learn to interact with other people and, one miraculous day, you even learn to laugh again. Then, the fact that you have smiled or laughed horrifies you and you have to take two steps back again before you can proceed again. The path of healing is long and winding and one stumbles most of the way.

Farewell, My Child

When you lose a child, you start from the beginning. Everything you thought was true, you discover is questionable. Things you valued, you realise are meaningless. Things you took for granted you realise are miraculous gifts for which you must be profoundly grateful. You see, for the first time, the shallowness of things. Likewise, you see beauty in mundane things you would have neglected in the past. What is real and what is not are concepts you must reconsider. Your life has been shattered and your spirit annihilated. But, cruelly, your heart still beats. You have no choice but to rise from the ashes. People will call you brave, but the truth is you had no other choice. And since you're forced to stick around, you discover that your perception changes, that your life changes, that you change. In this, you have no choice. It is, if nothing else, a humbling experience. I know Sascha loved me and I know he would never have done anything to hurt me. And so, I believe, he must have broken me for a reason. I will spend a lifetime trying to find that reason. I work hard to find positive outcomes. I experience new loves, new motivations, new ways of being; I try to make my life a life worth living. He would have wanted that. He has filled my life with great love and great sorrow and, therefore, also great meaning. The music of my life continues, but the score is immensely richer for having loved and lost a little angel of my heart.

The Saddest Sound

The saddest sound I
ever heard
was the silence that
met my ear when I
rested it softly on
your sweet chest.

— Kendra Frazier

2004

No Title

Hollow, sad

He's gone

Live now

With broken heart

Not like in the movies

Or the songs

No happy end

No lovely tune

Just sad

Just gone

Live broken

Forever

The end

In Loving Memory of a Very Big Spirit



*I hear the wind call my name
The sound that leads me home
It sparks up the fire - a flame that still burns
To you I'll always return
I know the road is long but where you are is home
Wherever you stay - I'll find a way
I'll run like a river - I'll follow the sun
I'll fly like an eagle - to where I belong*

*I can't stand the distance - I can't dream alone
I can't wait to see you - Yes I'm on my way home*

*Now I know it's true
My every road leads to you
And in the hour of darkness darlin'
Your light gets me through*

*You run like a river - you shine like the sun
You fly like an eagle
You are the one - I've seen every sunset
And with all that I've learned
Oh it's to you - I will always return*

2006

Sascha Daniel
14 July 1997 – 14 February 2000



LITTLE BOY BLUE

*The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.*

*Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.*

*"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!" So,
toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;*

*And, as he was dreaming, an angels song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue --
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!*

*Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place --
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;*

*And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
since he kissed them and put them there.*

By Eugene Field

Valentine's Day 2007



In the middle of the night
I go walking in my sleep
From the mountains of faith
To the river so deep
I must be looking for something
Something sacred I lost
But the river is wide
And it's too hard to cross

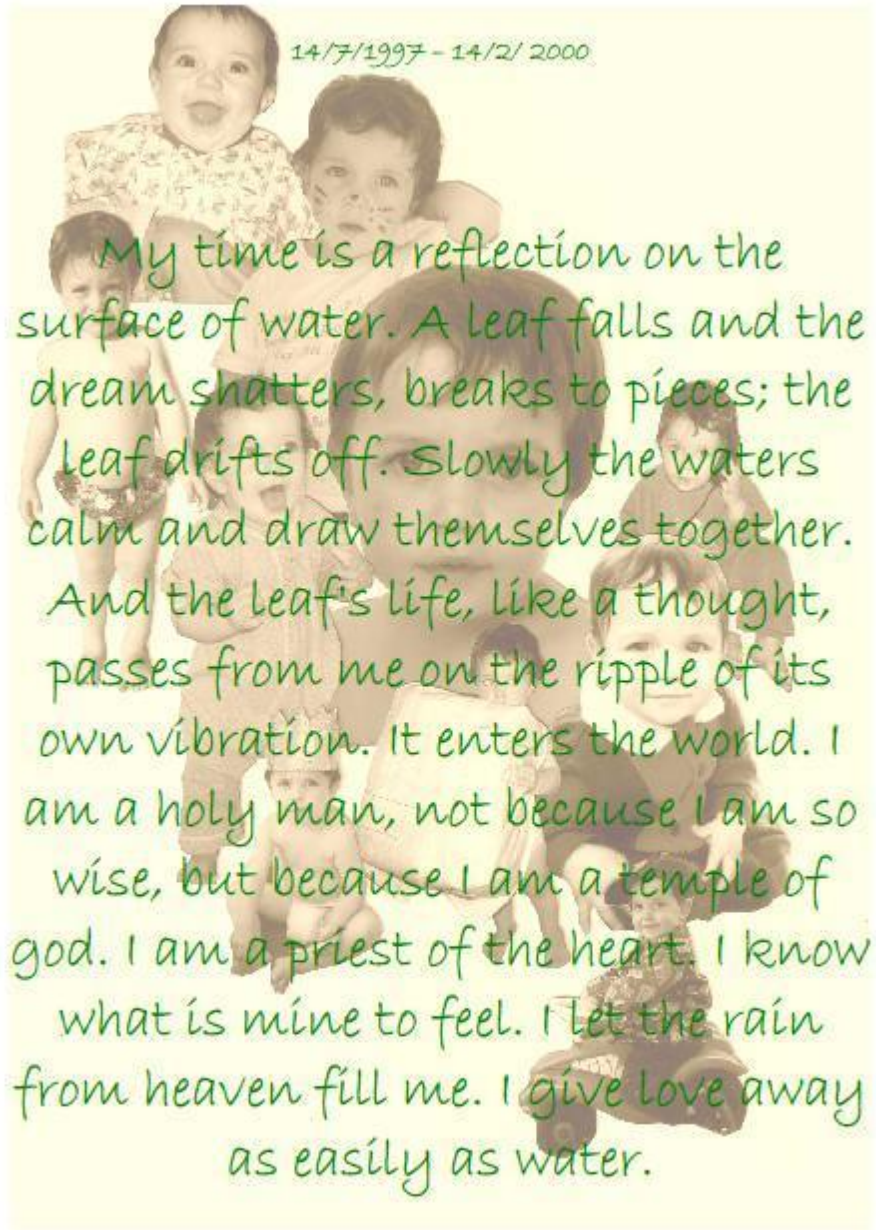
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In the middle of the night
I go walking in my sleep
Through the desert of truth
To the river so deep
We all end in the ocean
We all start in the streams
We're all carried along
By the river of dreams
In the middle of the night

-- from *River of Dreams* (Billy Joel)

Sascha Daniel

14/7/1997 - 14/2/2000



My time is a reflection on the surface of water. A leaf falls and the dream shatters, breaks to pieces; the leaf drifts off. Slowly the waters calm and draw themselves together. And the leaf's life, like a thought, passes from me on the ripple of its own vibration. It enters the world. I am a holy man, not because I am so wise, but because I am a temple of god. I am a priest of the heart. I know what is mine to feel. I let the rain from heaven fill me. I give love away as easily as water.

From the Egyptian Book of the Dead

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i carry your heart with me



*i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)*

*i fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you*

*here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart*

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

by e.e cummings

Mama 2009

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Toward All That is Unsolved in Your Heart

Be Patient.

Try to love the questions.

Do not seek the answers which cannot be given;

You would not be able to live with them.

Live everything.

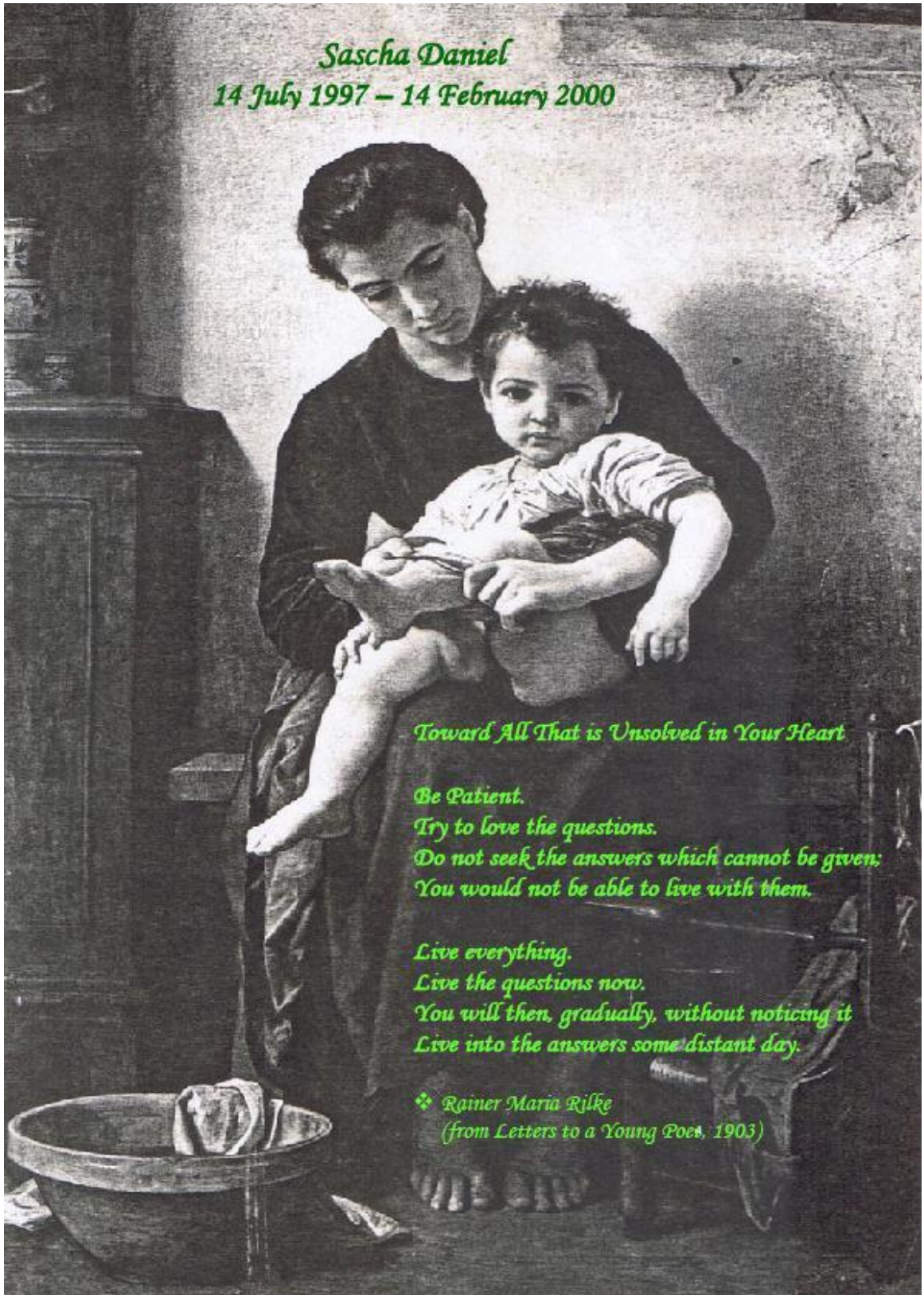
Live the questions now.

You will then, gradually, without noticing it

Live into the answers some distant day.

❖ *Rainer Maria Rilke*

(from Letters to a Young Poet, 1903)



Valentines 2010

Ten years ago
Someone pushed me
Kicking and screaming
Into a world too harsh
To survive
A raw, painful place
Where beauty dies and
Innocence gets taken
But then I found
My love for you, resting
Still safe within, filling
Me with courage, opening
Me to life
Again,
In a new way,
You and I, together
In a timeless, more gentle space
No longer mother and child
Simply two souls entwined
In love.