

Broken Branches

“Take courage! God has healing in store for you; so take courage” (Tb. 5:10)

Issue 127 – Dec/Jan 2018/19

R. I. P. My Son Mark **Entered eternal life Sept. 2018**

Dear friends,

You have followed my life from the very beginning of this work which began in 1996 what seems a long time.

I have shared with you not only my work, information about post abortion grief, its very real existence, the change in woman because of her “choice” to abort her child and the echo of pain throughout her life.

We have watched together as laws have changed over 25 years from abortion to 12 weeks at most and especially to save the life of the woman to out and out abortion to full term and now beginning talk of “post birth abortion.”

I’m told in utero killing of a child is called child destruction and out of utero its infanticide and infanticide is now making noises and gathering momentum. We have even manipulated the language to accommodate the differences, though you and I know that it’s the same child, in utero and out of utero.

I have spoken about my involvement with the sexual abuse issue and the similarities in the sufferings, which speaks of wounded sexuality and lifelong pain. Indeed as you know I’ve written two books on both topics, Redeeming Grief and Hidden (\$20 each) which I would love to sell all.

This last issue of the newsletter for the year I always speaks about the “Year that was” where I tell you about the work which I have done (with your support) this past year. The counselling, the writings, articles, newsletters, and the talks I’ve given, the conferences I’ve gone to, where I either was a speaker or went for my own personal learning. Usually these have been seminars/conferences/workshops on trauma. I have now behind me nearly 200 hours of trauma

studies (education) which of course helps me understand and see it when a client shows all the signs and symptoms and able to apply both what I have learnt and what I have come to understand myself and then create a programme which I believe is very good

I have shared with you my journey through breast cancer, husband’s pulmonary embolism, my epilepsy diagnoses and many other issues and have asked for prayers for me and clients.

As you know we have been in middle of moving to west Australia to be close to grandchildren and large family.

I have intended to re-open Victims of Abortion in Perth and have looked for a post box number and an office. I will continue with these in January. An office near home where I can walk to and don’t have to depend of public transport or lifts. Just legs.

I already have a client from Melbourne who wishes to continue with me and will come to Perth once a month and we will have a day of counselling (with walks and breaks) “Angie” doesn’t want to be referred to elsewhere and believes I can help her where psychiatrists and psychologists haven’t. She says she is more peaceful since coming to me. Her spirit has been sorely abused.

I still have much I want to do in regard to abortion. Not only counselling, but other ideas to put forward to help in this awful horrific act that woman has chosen. I believe we are dealing with this wrong, wrong, wrong we need to take a different tack the one we are pursuing is not working and indeed is getting worse so much so that in the nearest future we will be seeing children created for experimentation only.

I also want to work and do much in the area of sexual abuse of children in family where they then take this horror, pain, into their own life and self-mutilate, including multiple abortions. “zero tolerance” will do nothing to stop this other heinous crime.

So there is still much to be done.

There are things done at the moment with the hope stopping abortions which I don’t think are helpful though I suppose all things should be tried.

Bi-monthly newsletter of **Victims of Abortion**

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The last issue of my newsletter for the year also includes my one and only financial appeal. It's the only official one I do and the rest of the year I generally tell you when the "tin is empty" and leave it to you.

This year I do same. the post box number won't change for a while (about 6 months) and I will have mail redirected until I take the new PO box number in Perth and of course new office address which I will tell you about as soon as I can find the right one and one I can afford.

We hope to be in our new home by 1-2 week in December. I hope some will continue to support me as I fight against this monster called abortion, and its monstrous relative sexual abuse. By the time I start again in late January early February I hope my heart feels less pained though I know the pain won't ever leave.

Dear friends this newsletter is a different one, I don't want to write about post abortion grief or sexual abuse grief but I would like to write a little about my son Mark. Indeed if you will indulge me I would like to print for you the eulogy which my youngest son Nic (some of you remember him) gave at his brother's memorial service. It had to be a memorial service because body not available.

A catholic funeral will be held for him when body is released to us. As I write this I am heartbroken, numb, in disbelief, it's not real, he won't call again, he won't argue with me again about politics, or other large matters. He won't ring me at 11.30pm (he kept forgetting time difference) at night just because he wanted to talk to mum.

The horrific way of his death brings terrible images to my mind and the comments of coroner have imprinted deeply. **Depression and broken heart are monstrous** and mental health services and those who work within them are appalling.

These so called "specialists" are textbook characters only who purport to know "better" and don't listen to those who surround the wounded person. They think they know better yet they don't.

Over the years of my work I have heard of the deficits and incompetency of psychiatrists, psychologists, and other mental health practitioners, but this time I have experienced it first-hand. The incompetence the appalling neglect and dereliction of duty. The looking after their own backs to the detriment of patients.

Anyway, I will act on that in due course. This death need not have happened except for "professionals" who wouldn't listen to his parents when they said to the so called "specialist" to keep him in hospital as he is not well and in starvation mode and will self-harm. They wouldn't listen when I spoke to the so called "specialist" I will see if he will listen now or hide behind doors.



Eulogy for Mark

Verbatim

Good morning my name is Nic and I am Mark's youngest brother. On behalf of our family, I'd like to thank you for coming to join us to remember Mark.

Mark was born in Perth 8th May 1967, the first born of our mum Anne. As a young boy Mum and my Dad remember Mark being happy and healthy little boy and were proud of the boy who would eventually be the eldest of 4 sons. Mum was definitely Mark's favourite person though.

One of Mum's favourite memories of young Mark in wintertime lying of the couch in his pyjamas under a warm blanket with his head safe on mum's lap and falling asleep peacefully, as she read or watched TV resting her hand gently on his head.

Growing up with his young brother Jon the inseparable pair would get up to all forms of fun and mischief and ferociously argue with each other as all good brothers should. This bond later formed into a solid friendship with both of the boys venturing out at night together and continuing this mischief, one getting into trouble and the other (Mark) sorting it out.

One of Jon's favourite memories is of himself getting into trouble and being able to point over to Mark and say with a grin from ear to ear "that's my lawyer" Mark of course would resolve the issue much to Jon's amusement.

As an older brother to my brother (Luc) and me, Mark cared for us and shared his passions as a typical older brother would, taking us to soccer and football games, giving us basketball cards, talking to us about serious matters like "girls" and always showing genuine interest in what was happening in our lives.

As I was a teenager living in Melbourne with mum and dad Mark would call from Perth almost every week and talk to mum first about all things intellectual and serious adult stuff and after that I would get to have a long conversation about everything going on in our lives and the not so intellectual stuff.

We'd discuss my school, his work. East Perth football club, West Coast Eagles. We'd discuss clothes, books, movies and his cat Jemma Kedy (kedy being the Turkish name for cat) that Mark happily listed as an occupant in his house in the last census and whose occupation was to keep Mark happy.

Mark would often talk of his passions, his intense knowledge of WWII, his love of Russia, his library books, obscure movies and nostalgic films, sports and all things collectables.

Mark graduated from University of Western Australia in 1989 with a Bachelor of Jurisprudence and a Bachelor of

Laws, and in 1990 Mark was admitted to the Bar as a legal practitioner by the Supreme Court of West Australia. He came to be head of litigation. For the next 28 years Mark practised Law a career which he loved and at times managing cases up to and including trial. Mark held a wealth of experience in litigation across a variety of matters in Magistrates, District, Supreme, federal, Industrial and Administrative courts.

When speaking with some of Mark's colleagues the same words were spoken about him from a variety of colleagues and ex colleagues when describing Mark. Fierce, loyal, persistent, stubborn, highly intelligent and trusted.

In his personal life Mark's proudest moment was the birth of his daughter Breanna and whilst the relationship with Breanna's mother did not last, his love for his daughter never ceased. This we know because in Mark's final hours

his thoughts were of her and a picture of her was found next to him in death.

In his personal life Mark always felt challenged and this caused him much pain.

Mark had many facets and was many things to different people. Mark the son of whom mum and dad always spoke of with pride. Mark the brother who filled our lives with funny stories and made us laugh loud. Mark the father, a loving dad, doing all he could. Mark the friend, loyal to a fault.

Mark the colleague generous with his knowledge.
Mark the fanatic sports fan.
Mark the poet (he loved poetry)
Mark the scholar
Mark the honest man.

No matter which relationship Mark had with you it was always the same Mark. Intelligent, stubborn, funny, loyal, caring, honest, fierce, persistent, true. Mark would give his whole self to listening to a person and talking to them and be able to talk about all topics intelligently and with pure enjoyment found in rich conversation, seeded with the driest of humour, quirky wit and excited laugh known to those close to him.

Whilst we understood parts of Mark, we knew Mark's mind worked differently with a unique perspective on life and unquenchable curiosity for history, Art, literature and sports and this combined with a drink or two. In fact one of my favourite memories of my brother Mark is the two of us walking back to his house after a Perth Glory (soccer) game, Mark soaked in alcohol and hoarse from cheering and jumping and enjoying having watched one of his



favourite games as only a true fanatic does...drunk and loving it.

Mark walked these streets of Perth for the last 31 years with a can of coke and a scratchy in his hand on his way to buy a tea or coffee from his favourite café near his home and chat and engage with the people he met, and truly enjoy the simple things in life.

I have no doubt that even if he ended up with angel wings he would probably still choose to walk around heaven rather than fly.

Mark lived 51 years the majority in his house where would eventually be the place he came to his final rest. And whilst his life ended earlier than expected we are grateful for the time we had with him.

Grateful for the conversations, the laughs we shared. For the drinks we downed together. For the walks we went on.

Grateful for the nights out we enjoyed. For the intellectual battles we fought, and for the less than intellectual stubborn arguments we had.

Grateful for the dinners we shared, the San Churros Mum and he loved. For the times we saw you happy, for the times we heard your voice.

For the intense knowledge you had and shared with us and for the way you made us feel safe with the advice you shared.

Grateful for the love you had to offer. For the time you spent with us and for the times you weren't with us but we wished you were.

We will forever miss our Mark, son, brother, father, friend. So my dear brother rest your weary head and throw away all your worries and in paradise wait for us till we get to see you again.

Till we meet again big brother, we love you always and forever, Mum, Dad, Jon, Luc, and me Nicholas.

Dear friends please forgive me if I am unable to complete newsletter and I will need a little time to tend to me as I have tended to others.

I am sure that by the time we all return from Christmas New year break I hope to have regained just a little of my own self back. Though grief has its own course and time to take.

For the Mark we knew there was always a pained side. A side which eventually he could not bear any longer.

Weakened mental health is destructive and our system is not handling this area well at all.

Since Mark's death I have been told other families who have experienced the same and those of us who are left behind are left with the biggest of questions. What more

could we have done? What did we miss? How did we not catch on that he was close to this?

Was he in pain at the end? This hurts me most. He must have been so lonely at the end the last moments alone.

I am reminded that this past year two post abortive women committed suicide. I now know the feelings of those left behind.

And yet to have known them one would have thought that they had a charmed and happy life but behind that laughter, and friendship, what appeared happiness there lurked a depression monster who enticed with promises of all that is good.

Suicide is a liar and cheat. It convinces that it is good friend. A friend who knows them well and remove all pain. It has been a liar and cheat from all time.

May I please ask my priest friends to offer a Holy Mass for Mark and my non Catholic friends many prayers for the repose of his generous and kind soul and my women and male religious to pray much for Mark and our family.

As I conclude thank you to those who have sent me some dollar help to continue my work and I apologise I haven't been able to acknowledge it personally this time. If you would like me to continue this work I ask two things just a break so that I may grieve quietly for my son and as we enter into a new year that you show your support in the usual way.

Have a safe Christmas and please give your family, loved ones, an extra huge hug this year. I won't be able to hug Mark. So please hug yours.

Until that time and for six months thereafter it's the usual **PO Box number PO Box 6094, Vermont South, Victoria Australia. 3133.** The mobile number remains the same The name **Victims of abortion** remains the same and email will remain the same.

**Bank details: Commonwealth Bank
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Love and hugs to all.



Anne Lastman

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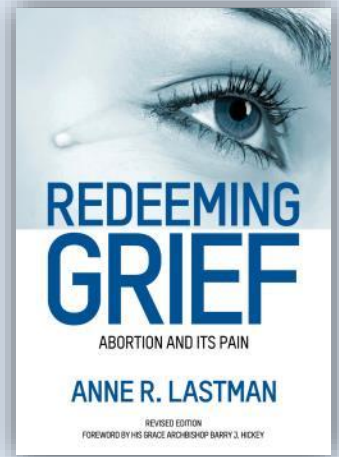
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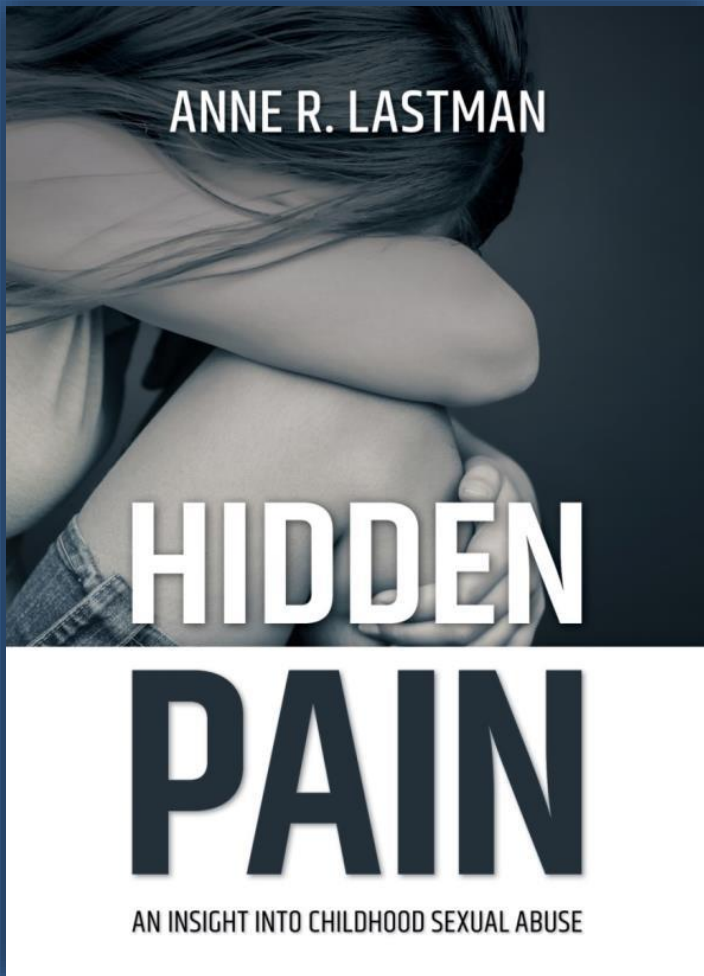
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This is not a step by step guide to dealing with abuse. It is the result of my engagement with those who have come to me originally for post abortion counselling and on further investigation it was found that abuse (especially in cases of multiple abortions) existed in their history. It is my hope that *HIDDEN PAIN* can be of help to those who read it and more so be vigilant and not to turn away when a child is suffering.

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