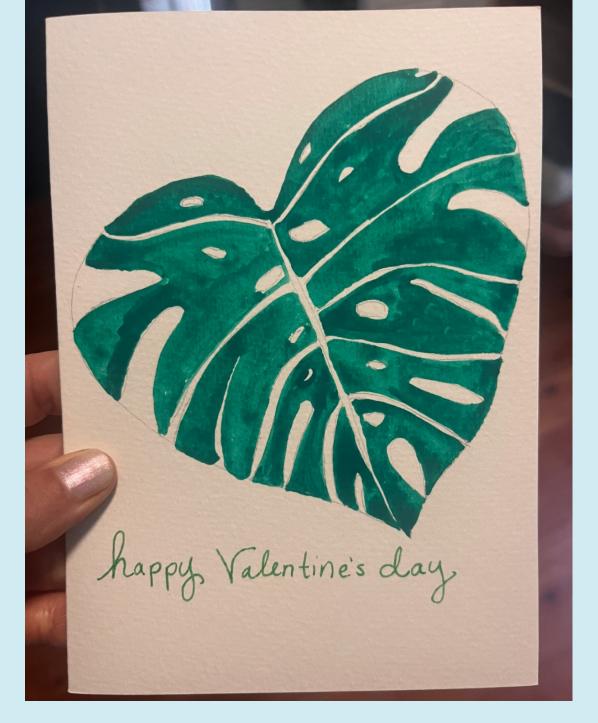
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# Navigating Loss and Love on Valentine's Day

My dad loved Valentine's Day. He didn't subscribe to the Hallmark version of any holidays, and Valentine's was no exception. His version of Valentine's included handmade cards and homemade treats and hilarious poems. Despite my sister and I begging him to buy the "normal" Valentine sets the other kids handed out at school with heart-shaped chocolates attached, he insisted we make our own.

"You gotta put your heart into it, girls!" He would say as he spread out scissors, Elmer's glue, and construction paper on the dining room table transforming it into our afternoon art studio. With Fats Waller's "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself A Letter" playing, we pasted irregularly shaped hearts onto uneven paper, the antithesis of the perfectly uniform store-bought ones that I coveted. Instead of buying chocolates, we made them, melting baker's semi-sweet and pouring it over mounts of roasted nuts and globs of peanut butter. They were far from heart shaped, more akin to deformed, unidentifiable organs. His secret ingredient was a sprinkle of sea salt over the top. And despite my desire for the daintily wrapped delights my friends bought, the salty-sweet mystery mounds were undeniably better - downright delicious.

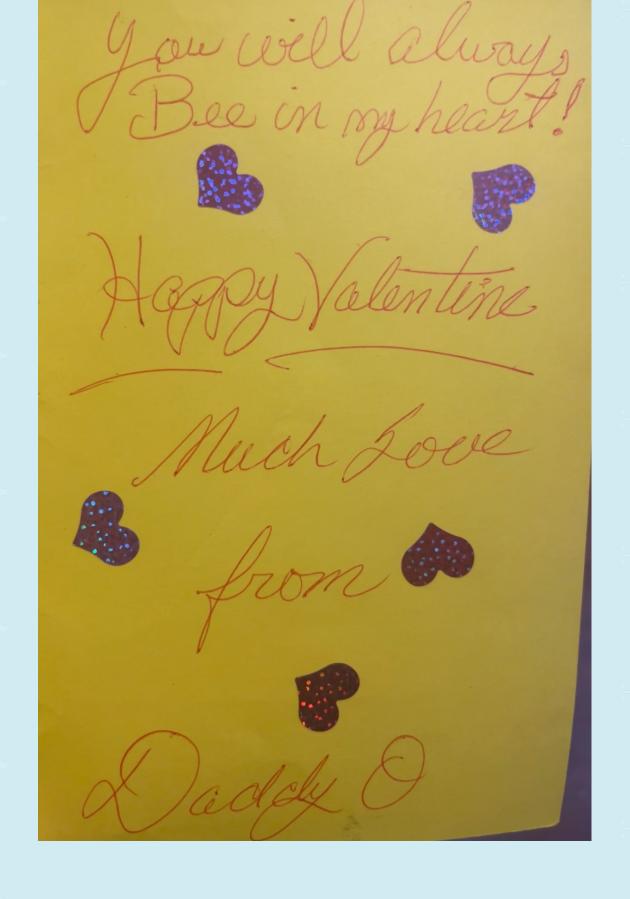


When it came time to pass Valentine's out at school, inevitably my teachers and classmates always thought ours were the coolest. They stood out against the cliche collections featuring cartoon hearts with arrows flying through them. Year after year, Valentine's proved that being different and unique was good and that salt did indeed make everything taste better. Ever since my dad died, Valentine's brings heartbreak - the grief like the glue we used to construct our cards, sticky and spilling all over the place. I miss his funny homemade heartfelt cards. I miss the way he called me and my sister Big Sug and Little Sug. I miss his strong arms wrapped around me and the warmth of his rough calloused hand in mine.

In the heart of the hard, I find ways to reconnect to his spirit, infusing the holiday with his exuberant energy. I tell my kids Captain Scott B stories in the kitchen as we make sunbutter truffles. I impersonate him outrageously objecting to the school policy only allowing store-bought candy for Valentine's Day. I listen to Fats Waller. I marvel at the purple cauliflower

getting bigger each day and wish I could show my dad that I've grown to love gardening despite my incessant whining about it as a child. I find a sunny spot in the backyard and close my eyes, breathing deeply in and out, listening to my heart that keeps beating even in its brokenness. I let the grief guide me deeper into the depths of the heart, healing through feeling. I let this holiday remind me that the depth of my grief is the depth of my love. I dive into the sadness, knowing it's actually love, the love that never dies.

With love and gratitude, Betsy



**The Grief Digest** 

### **Grieve Leave**



I discovered Grieve Leave this month and instantly connected with founder Rebecca Feinglos. Learn more about them and look forward to an exciting online event collaboration with Grieve Leave coming soon.

Grieve Leave is on a mission to make grief a normal thing to talk about. Together, they are building a world where everyone's grief is seen and heard, and it's no longer something to avoid because it's scary to talk about. By bringing people together, both virtually and in person, Grieve Leave provides a platform to share experiences of loss and reduce the sense of isolation. Grieve Leave shares resources, stories, and a healthy dose of humor, ensuring that people have the support and insights they need for their grief journey.

Join the Grieve Leave community by connecting with us on Instagram (@grieveleave) and visiting our website at grieveleave.com."

# Sign up for Betsy's Embracing Death and Dying Workshop

Join me for this 4-week online workshop Thursday evenings from 7pm-8:15pm EST February 29th - March 31st

As we move through life, there is nothing more certain and no better teacher than death, yet our culture denies this sacred transition, limiting our capacity to live an awakened life. This workshop series is designed to empower people to purposefully align their end-of-life plans with their values.

Throughout four sessions, we will explore our relationship to death and dying, discover what matters most in the end, write celebration of life plans, draft letters to loved ones, and gain clarity on how we want to spend our precious time. Definitive plans lead to clarity instead of conflict, consciousness instead of confusion, and unity instead of disconnection. Preparing for the end of your life with intention will fortify your spirit and generate stability for your loved ones. No matter your age or stage of life, having plans in place creates inner and outer peace for yourself and everyone in your orbit, making this workshop not only practical but potent inner work.

Learn more and sign up here.

Are you interested in the class?

Yes! Heading to the website to learn more.

Not this time, but I might forward it to a friend.

#### Things I am loving right now

- Homemade Golden Milk Lattes
- Collaging
- Gardening
- Reiki (Book a Reiki session with Betsy **here.**)
- All Creatures Great and Small on PBS
- Mary Oliver's Devotions
- Kate O'Donnell's Ayurvedic Cookbooks explore the Ayurveda Retreat Betsy is co-leading with Ivy Ingram in Beaufort in April

With love and gratitude, Betsy



## **Book a Screening**

Captain Scott B and the Great Adventure's universal message around grief, loss and resilience brings people together in a collective, healing experience that reminds us to seek the wonder in the present moment. Bring the film to your community or organization for an inperson or virtual viewing experience through one of our screening packages customized to your audience. Explore our unique screening packages <a href="https://example.com/heres/beauto-screening-new-mail

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Have you seen the film yet?



# **Follow The Journey**

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