

Remembering

ETHAN

By Lesléa Newman

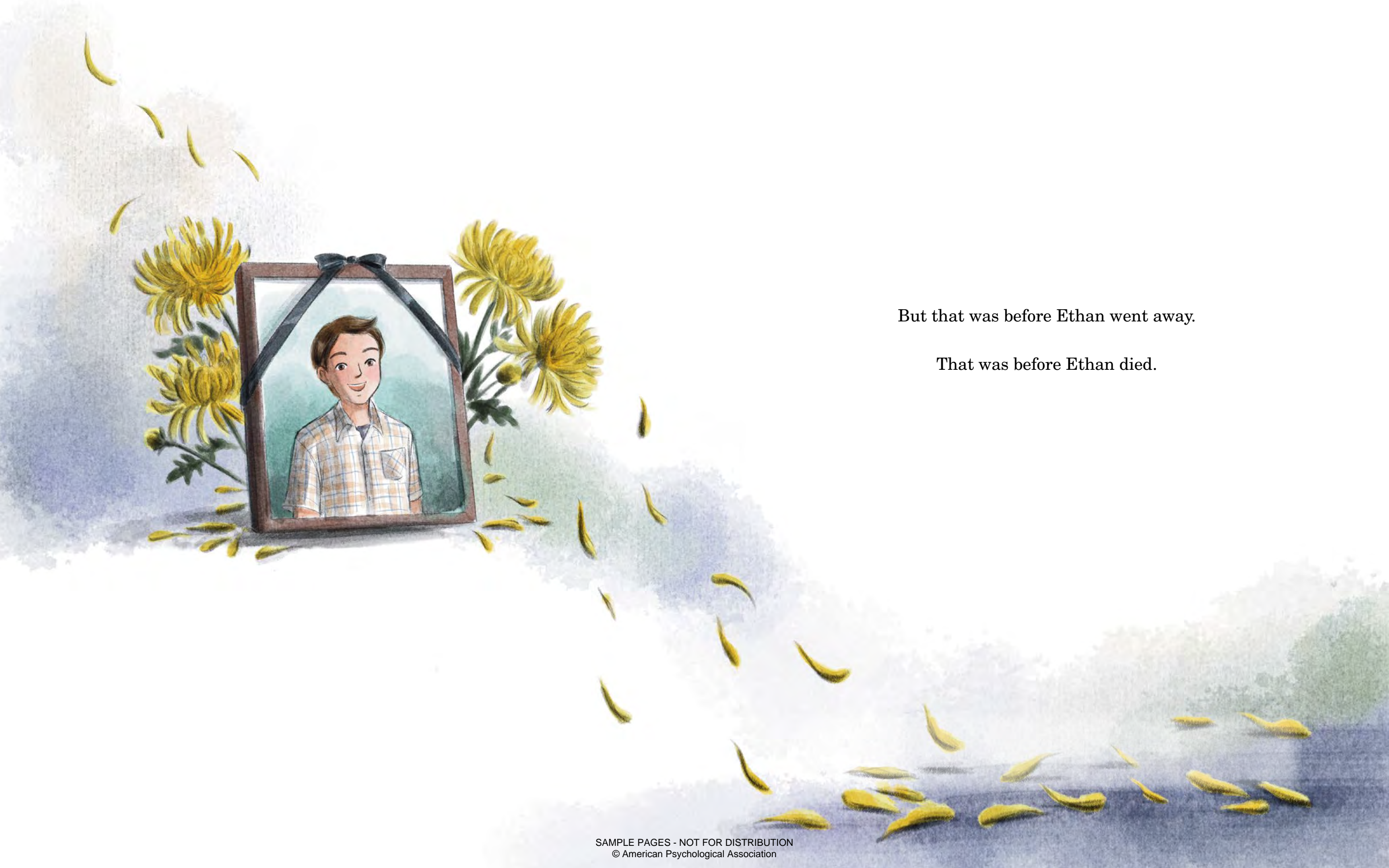
Illustrated by
Tracy Nishimura Bishop



My big brother Ethan was so tall, he had to duck his head when he walked through the front door.
My big brother Ethan was so handsome, somebody once thought he was a movie star and asked for his autograph.



My big brother Ethan was so strong, he could carry me under one arm and Buttons under the other arm just like we were two big bags of groceries.



But that was before Ethan went away.

That was before Ethan died.



Mommy won't talk about Ethan. As soon as I say his name, she says, "Sarah, don't," and turns her head away.



Daddy won't talk about Ethan either. As soon as I say his name, he says, "Sarah, please," and folds his arms and sighs.

Buttons is the only one who misses Ethan as much as I do. Buttons carries one of Ethan's socks around in her mouth and kneads it with her paws. Buttons sleeps curled up in a circle on Ethan's bed with her whiskers resting on her tail. Sometimes I sleep there, too.



Ethan is gone, but he won't be forgotten as his sister rallies her family to never forget.



Includes a note with recommendations of what to say and how to help children after the death of a loved one.

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