

**Chapter 1 : Gone From My Sight by Henry Van Dyke - Famous poems, famous poets. - All Poetry**

*Gone From My Sight has been shown to significantly improve family survey results, meets Medicare requirements for consistent family education, and is a powerful marketing resource when branded with an agency logo or sticker.*

It was entitled, "Gone From My Sight: It epitomized what dying is. I used this poem as my inspiration. Photographing family is difficult. I decided to photograph my father, David Lyman, dealing with the death of his father William Lyman. I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says: She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear the load of living freight to her destined port. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says: A contact sheet of photos of my grandfather, William Bill Lyman, and his two brothers. A photo of my grandfather, William Lyman. My father, David Lyman, is quiet as he places a rose on the Lyman tombstone during the burial of his father on December 11th Dear Old Dad Turns 70! A photo of my father David Lyman and my grandfather Bill Lyman. He had a long week, having lost his last living parent. He was ready to head home on December h I listened to Jazz, his favorite genre of music, the whole time. My Grandfather, William Lyman, is my hero. I photographed him for his last Thanksgiving with us. No one told me that he was as sick as he was. I will always be grateful that I had this time with him. He passed away on December 5, He was 93 years old. My father, David Lyman, helps my year-old grandfather, William Lyman, off of the couch for Thanksgiving dinner on November 27th, My father, David Lyman, helps my 93 year old grandfather, William Lyman, off of the couch for Thanksgiving dinner on November 27th, William Lyman smiles on Thanksgiving day, November 27th My grandfather falls asleep on the couch after Thanksgiving dinner on November 27th His oxygen tube is wrapped around his hand. Stella Lyman, 96, watches television with my grandfather on Thanksgiving day November 27th The Thanksgiving dinner table November 27th My grandfather falls asleep on the couch following our big dinner on Thanksgiving day, November 27th The snowy view from his bedroom window on Thanksgiving day, November 27th

*"Gone From My Sight" is literature used to reduce fear and uncertainty; to neutralize the fear associated with dying. It is designed to help people understand dying, their own or someone else's. Read more Read less.*

You can order a copy online from [gonefrommysight.com](http://gonefrommysight.com). When speaking with local support group members, I often refer to sleeping plus hours a day as a sign that death is getting closer. And I note that family members who are dying often start to withdraw from the ones they are closest to. One conversation I have had many times with local support group members is the anxiety and terror they feel when their family member stops eating or drinking. It is available on youtube. Note that you may need a handkerchief nearby when you are watching this. Robin *Gone from my sight: Dying is really the last act of living or the final challenge of living. Dying is part of life. Two stereotypes we all get from TV and movies: We approach a normal experience of our lives unprepared. There are only 2 ways to die – fast and gradual. Gradual death comes in two forms – old age and disease. This talk focuses on gradual death. When it gets down to days, hours, and minutes, we all die the same, even fast death. When it gets down to weeks, someone dying of disease may look a certain way. Someone dying of old age may have these same signs for months before death. This body is not who we are. All this body is is a vehicle to get around in on this planet. We can get out of this vehicle just as easily as we can get out of our car. There are lots of similarities between birth and death. Most people dying from disease and old age do certain things at certain times. We have limited control over the time that we die. Beware of anyone that would put a number on how long we have to live. They are asking us to do the impossible. The closest you can get to determining to prognosis is months, weeks, days, or hours. For others of us, it will be our scariest, most terrifying work. It will depend on how we deal with other challenges in living. I will have my obituary written. It would be intolerable for an A-type personality to be in bed for 3 months. We can use manipulation in our dying also. If you are with someone when they die, it is because they wanted you there. I am really scared about from right now until I am dead. I would relax if I knew the date of my death and the manner of death. All their energy goes into this disease and dying. We want to live the best we can within the confines that our body and disease have put us in. If dying from old age, add more time to these guidelines. They are going to stop eating meat beef, chicken, and fish. Then, soft things only are consumed. Americans can do ice cream almost up until the end. Then, Ensure-type supplements only are consumed. This is a normal, natural progression. The family often thinks the person is going to starve to death. Most people dying from disease or old age starve to death. That is part of the normal, natural way that we die. We socialize over food. All by itself, the body will cut back and stop eating. When you are weeks from death, nothing works right. The body starts to shut down. People often talk about a feeding tube at this time. If you start pouring in protein supplement, you are going to have more complications than benefit. Diarrhea, constipation, aspiration pneumonia. Mom will get dehydrated, and that would be a terrible death of suffering. Someone not taking in enough fluids for hydration is days or a week or so from death. The water builds up and up, resulting in drowning to death. This is not a gentle way to die. Very painful as the skin stretches to accommodate the water. People feel like they are buried in concrete. Fill the sponge with water. Now the sponge is heavy. What is your death of choice? Most of us would say: When you become dehydrated, your electrolytes get out of whack and your calcium goes up. When your calcium goes up high enough, you close your eyes, you go to sleep, and you do not wake up. God gives us an anesthetic to get us from this world to the next. We now have research behind this view. A person will start taking an afternoon nap. Then they are sleeping in the evening in front of the TV. Then they sleep more than they are awake. When a person sleeps more than they are awake, their reality changes. The dream world becomes their reality. In the weeks before death, our loved ones who have died before us, come to help us get to the next world. We do not die alone. There is a symbolic language of the dying. People who are dying are a window to the other world. It starts far away, and then it includes family members. They go completely within. They are letting go of their hold on this world, and they are building their place in the other world. Some dying people actually start pushing people away. We can deal with just about anything if we think that the outcome is a positive one. In our society, death is viewed as a*

negative outcome. There are similarities between birth and death. We go through labor to enter the world and we go through labor to leave it. The difference is that the labor to leave this world is harder on us, the watchers, than it is on the person that is in the labor. The death in this world is a birth in the other world. There are three things that affect the length of our labor: This creates a tension that locks us into our body. This is why the hospice philosophy is to medicate until death. The key to getting out of the body is to relax. If you are in pain, you are not relaxed. Religion often does a number on us in regard to fear. If your religion teaches heaven and hell, and you think you are going to go to hell, you are afraid. Hospice is focused on letting the family have a sacred memory rather than a frightened memory. A woman died as soon as the unfinished business was addressed. There is no perfect family. We are all walking wounded. There is no perfect anything. We are all dysfunctional. Hospice can help us stand up again and use our coping skills.

Chapter 3 : Gone from My Sight: The Dying Experience - Barbara Karnes - Google Books

*Gone From My sight was an important and informative read that educated readers concerning the dying experience. Gone From My Sight contained nothing but the facts from a Registered Nurse who had probably witnessed many deaths.*

I am an author, mentor and speaker who helps others to raise their consciousness so they can thrive from the inside out. Contributors control their own work and posted freely to our site. If you need to flag this entry as abusive, send us an email. For some of us, that is a major source of anxiety. Furthermore, we live in a society that has kept us in the dark about what to expect when we, or someone we love, dies. This absence of knowledge not only makes us ill-prepared to face death, but it feeds our fear of death, which in turn diminishes our enjoyment of life. It is perfectly normal to have some anxiety or fear about death, and in fact, most death-related anxiety is actually about the process of dying rather than about being dead. So why not reach for that comfort sooner rather than later? Why live with death anxiety on autopilot in the background of your mind? Why wait and find yourself called to the bedside of a dying loved one unprepared for what you will encounter and not knowing what to do? Most people working in the field of dying, death, and grieving know about "the little blue book," as it has come to be known. Many hospice and palliative care organizations around the country give this book to their dying patients and their loved ones to ease them through the dying experience. It is entitled *Gone From My Sight: The Dying Experience* and is written by Barbara Karnes, RN, who was one of the pioneers of the hospice movement in this country in the early s. To learn more about Barbara and her work, visit her website at <https://www.livingwithalife-threateningillness.com>. All are available on her website. This blog is not meant to be an advertisement for Barbara and her work, but rather I am shouting from the rooftops to spread the word that each and every one of us has the opportunity to prevent the needless suffering that our fundamental ignorance about the dying process brings. Not knowing what is normal and what the signs of the end of life are, we often cling desperately to life, relying on physicians to come up with a pill or procedure that will prolong our lives. Sometimes this is reasonable, but often the dying and their loved ones simply lack the understanding of the dying process that would enable them to consider the relative wisdom of further medical interventions or the timing of opening the door to palliative care. Those of us who work in the field of dying, death, and grieving have satchels of stories about the ways people suffer unnecessarily through their own death or at the bedside of a loved one. Not knowing what to expect, what is normal, and how to support and comfort a loved one who is dying makes us ill at ease which detracts from a tranquil environment for the dying. As someone who writes often about dying, death, and grieving, I am quite passionate about the need for a basic education of the general public about this topic. In this case, a little knowledge is a very powerful, wise, and comforting thing. Please feel free to leave a comment below. To learn more about Judith Johnson, visit [website](https://www.judithjohnson.com). For more by Judith Johnson, [click here](#). Suggest a correction **MORE:**

**Chapter 4 : Gone From My Sight: The Dying Experience by Barbara Karnes**

*On the day on the burial, I found a pamphlet in my Aunt and Uncle's house. It was entitled, "Gone From My Sight: The Dying Experience." The last page had a poem by Henry Van Dyke.*

Everybody should have a copy and read it. But no one wants to. Neither does it, because it uses metaphoric language, ignore the spirituality of dying and death, of fearing and preparing for the last moments with a loved one. Or for the first moments without that loved one. What do you get besides the childlike drawing of a boat on the front cover and a nice poem on the inside? In simple, honest language Karnes shared what to expect when someone dies. Though most hospice professionals are aware of this book, it was never written for the hospice medical insider. Nearly all of us avoid talking about death. Nearly all of us, and rightly so, want to delay death as long as we can. A soldier is killed on the battlefield. But the United States is a nation of gunslingers compared to the rest of the world, with high rates of gun ownership and thousands of U. Yes, some death is quick. Most death will not be quick. The breathing ebbs and flows and finally, slowly, stops. What will breathing be like? What happens to the skin? What if she stops eating? Why is he making those odd hand gestures? Will medication keep her pain-free? Can he hear me? Trust me, this may be the one book you want to read as you help with a loved one who is dying. Understanding trumps ignorance every time. Any names used are fictitious. Pamphlet picture from [here](#); Battle of Somme pictures from [here](#).

**Chapter 5 : Do You Have 'The Little Blue Book' in Your House? | HuffPost Life**

*Karnes, B. Gone from My Sight: the Dying Experience, Barbara Karnes Books Inc: Kansas. 10th ed. Kinast, Robert. When A Person Dies. Crossroad: New York.*

February 19, Author: On a morning in which the thunderstorm woke up my favorite girl , and her hungry little piggy , at 5 a. The last thing I expected on this rainy day was to be blindsided by grief. It happened innocently enough, as it tends to after several years of loss. After the sun rose and the handfishing concluded, I was searching through the cupboards in the game room for a small paintbrush to touch up some paint. For those of you who have been initiated in this dreadful state, you know. You know exactly how grief comes out of nowhere to blindside you. The hospice people were wonderful, providing much more than just care for my dying mama. They had care packages for my two young kids and for my niece and nephew. How ironic to be living The Dying Experience. This is the one thing I know for sure: This is simply a guideline, a road map. Like any map, there are many roads arriving at the same destination, many ways to enter the same city. My own life as a mother had barely started, with a 3-year-old wild animal disguised as a very creative and outside-of-the-box little girl, and a headstrong 6-year-old boy who would astound me in the years to come with the memories he retained of his YaYa. How could my sweet mama be leaving me just as I was starting to learn to navigate this not-always-tranquil motherhood? How could she be leaving me? Reading on, I learned another truth: Being told that the only thing left to do is call hospice is rather concrete as well. No bitching or moaning, no complaining, no ranting or shaking her fists at the heavens for being dealt such a rotten hand. She gathered herself and without shedding one tear or divulging her true feelings, she thanked the docs for trying so hard to save her. And she went home to plan her funeral. At a time when she could have stuck her head in the sand and said to hell with it all, she buckled down and spent her remaining strength on making things easier for her family. A bright and precious light went out when she died. I thought I was prepared. Watching her go from a vivacious, outgoing Nosey Rosey who never met a stranger to a wisp of herself should have prepared me. Seeing the life slowly fade from her immensely bright soul should have eased the transition from her being the center of our lives to her being gone. And yet, none of those things happened. As *Gone From My Sight*: There is no preparing for that. There is no transition, no steeling. Although I knew it was happening and had accepted the fact that my beloved mother was dying, I was not prepared. Just as I was not prepared for the onslaught of grief that hit me today as I came across the hospice booklet. In the middle of a perfectly normal day, while searching through a cupboard for a paintbrush, I was instantly transported back to the awful, wrenching reality of her death. I had no idea the booklet was in that cupboard. More importantly, I had no idea that the magnitude of grief, the bottomless pit of despair, could come back so quickly. In an instant, the swirling eddy of loss surrounded me, as heavy today as it was 6 years ago. You never stop needing your mum. I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says: She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear the load of living freight to her destined port. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says:

**Chapter 6 : Gone From My Sight | Family. Life.**

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**Chapter 7 : The Little Blue Book - Hospice Matters**

*There is a great booklet about the dying experience that we use in our hospice for families. The booklet is called "Gone*

## DOWNLOAD PDF GONE FROM MY SIGHT THE DYING EXPERIENCE

*From My Sight," and it's helped many families through these difficult and unknowing times.*

### Chapter 8 : Gone from My Sight : The Dying Experience by Karnes (, Hardcover) | eBay

*Many hospice organizations distribute the blue booklet "Gone From My Sight: The Dying Experience" by Barbara Karnes, a hospice nurse. (You can order a copy online from [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com)) It's a terrific booklet.*

### Chapter 9 : Gone From My Sight | Hospice Physician's Blog

*We have given thousands of copies of "Gone From My Sight" at Tucson medical Center Hospice over the 27 years I have been medical director. It is a brilliantly clear, simple description of the last weeks of life, normalizing the dying process for loved ones.*