



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



We need not walk alone.

Volume 15, Issue 8

Tyler, Texas

August 2014

Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

3rd Monday of Each Month
1901 Rickett Ln., Tyler

Contact

Phone: (903) 258-2547

www.TylerTCF.org • info@TylerTCF.org
P.O. Box 9714 • Tyler, TX 75711

Chapter LeaderTina Loper
SecretaryPat Settle
Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
Tyler Meeting Facilitators: Leslie & Don Dixon

Steering Committee: Pat Settle, Sam Smith, David & Teresa Terrell, Carol Thompson, Carol Johnson, Mary Lingle, Lisa Schoonover, Cheri Zucca, Ellen Jenkins, Pam Pickett, Don & Leslie Dixon, Janet Majors, Margaret Hall, Robin Mitchell, Jancy Lovelace, Stuart Gilpin, MaryAnn Girard, Trisha Mann Taylor

Joan & Bill Campbell, Regional Coordinators: (972) 935-0673
TCF National: (877) 969-0010
www.compassionatefriends.org

The Meeting Agenda

6:30 p.m. - Meeting will begin with refreshments followed by announcement of birthdays and anniversaries and reading of the Credo. We will then have open discussion.

8:00 p.m. - Meeting will close by recognizing our childrens' names. Feel free to visit after the meeting or check out books from our library.

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Life is a Cycle—Part of a Whole and Death is Part of Life

Nature can be very healing for our spirits and souls. Many of us have had experiences that draw us closer to nature for healing. It seems so much easier to feel closer to God in the great outdoors. In the days after my son's death, I found myself drawn to the outdoors by digging and cleaning the flowerbeds and feeling the moist fragrant earth beneath my fingers. It seemed to ease my intense pain and shock. Others viewed my behavior as strange, but at this point I realized that my healing would come from Nature. I needed the assurance that life does renew itself even in the face of death.

That summer I found myself hiking on the Colorado Monument every chance that I had. I would lie on the rocks and feel the heat come up through my body and warm me. That winter I would cross-country ski on the top of the grand Mesa. The quietness was almost deafening and the only sound was the singing of the birds as they perched on the bare branches of the trees. The snow glistened in the sun and felt crisp beneath our skis. The stillness and openness would work its magic on my tortured soul and a peace would fill me.

When we moved from Colorado to North Carolina, my black lab and I took many enjoyable walks in the numerous rural parks. Having always lived in the West with its desert terrain and scarcity of trees and greenery, the abundance of trees and greenness was overwhelming and stifling until we became accustomed to it. While walking through a dense ceiling of branches, we came upon an area where the trees had been cleared. On one side was a fenced area and as we approached, I saw many graves. Some had headstones and many just had large rocks with writing on them. On closer inspection, I realized that this was a cemetery for the children of two families in the 1800s. The ages ranged from infants to 18 years of age and there were over a dozen. I remember that it gave me such a feeling of sadness and grief, but also of being connected, as I felt such a bond with these parents who had also suffered the loss of children. This somehow lessened my own loneliness and I realized that life was indeed a cycle and that we are all part of the whole. Life does keep renewing itself. Think of all the children who had been born since these had died.

Life is constantly renewing itself. The tender new leaves on the barren trees, the crocus, tulips and daffodils poking up through the earth represent new life and Springtime. My son died in the Spring, but it is still my favorite time of year and in the succeeding years I have learned that Life does indeed renew itself each Spring regardless of how dead and lifeless I may be feeling.

Renée Little ~ TCF, SLC

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.



We need not walk alone.

“Although our greatest wish can’t come true, there are many things that we can do to honor our children’s lives. We can still hold them close to our hearts. As the keepers of their memory, we can guarantee that, by sharing their lives with others, our children will never be forgotten.” —Cathy L. Seehuetter

Welcome

We extend a warm welcome to those who attended their first TCF meeting last month.

We deeply regret the circumstances that brought you to our TCF Chapter. The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance, not-for-profit, self-help organization that offers support and understanding to families who have experienced the death of a child. You are cordially invited to attend our monthly meeting (held the third Monday of the month). The meeting is open to everyone and free of charge. You are free to talk, cry or to sit in silence; we respect the individuality of mourning. Comments shared in the meetings remain confidential.

Our chapter is operated entirely by volunteers dedicated to furthering the work of TCF. Your voluntary, tax deductible donations honor your loved one(s) in a meaningful way by enabling us to print and mail this newsletter and meet other expenses involved in reaching out to other grieving families (100% of funds are used for this outreach). Donations, along with the name of the person being honored, may be sent to:

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler
P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, Texas 75711

To Our New Members

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But, you have nothing to lose and much to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. The second, third or fourth meeting might be the time you will find the right person—or just the right words spoken that will help you in your grief work.

To Our Old Members

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting we have new parents. Think back—what would it have been like for you if there had not been any “oldies” to welcome you, share your grief and encourage you? It was from them you heard, “Your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer.”

Grief Resources

Note: Some resources are based on individual opinion and experience and are not officially endorsed by the organization. The hope is that you may find a grief resource helpful to you and your family. We will continue to build on our resources column. Please let us know of any of your personal recommendations. Thank you.

Compassionate Friends (national home page)

Also offers grief support for **siblings** and **grandparents**
www.compassionatefriends.org

Children Are A Gift Foundation: www.childrenareagift.com

GriefShare: www.griefshare.org

MADD East Texas (Mothers Against Drunk Driving)
www.madd.org/local-offices/tx/east-texas

Smith County Victim Services Division
www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs/counties/smith.html

The Hospice of East Texas: www.hospiceofeasttexas.org

Victim Services Division - Texas Department of Criminal Justice - Online Resource Directory
www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs

Survivors of Suicide: www.allianceofhope.org

Samaritan Counseling of Tyler: www.scctyler.org

Tyler Counseling & Assessment, LLP: www.tyler-counseling.com

Angel Layettes brings comfort to families grieving over the loss of an infant from miscarriage, stillbirth or death shortly after birth, and honor and dignity to the memory of the precious baby. Angel Layettes provides without charge custom designed burial layettes and keepsakes.
www.angellayettes.org • 903-534-5212

University of Texas at Tyler Psychology and Counseling and Training Clinic: 903-593-2348

The Cope Foundation: www.copefoundation.org

Grief Camps for Kids: www.moyerfoundation.org/programs



Notice About Our Annual Butterfly Release, May, 2015!

After holding our Annual Release at the same location for the last 11 years, we are looking at a new location. The Shriner’s have offered to let us hold our Release starting next year, located at 10027 St., Hwy. 31 in Tyler. We’ll provide more details in future newsletters.





We need not walk alone.

“You can’t start healing until you’ve allowed yourself to feel the hurt of the loss of someone you loved better than yourself. So, if you have reached that place in your grief, see it as a positive, for it means you have forsaken unproductive things and have made a giant step forward in your journey to a place where your pain eases and you learn to live with your loss more comfortably.” —*Mary Cleckley*

Love Gifts

See more love gifts on page 7.



Thanks to the following people who make a MONTHLY LOVE GIFT to TCF of Tyler:

(For monthly donors we will post photos of your children on their Birthday and Anniversary dates.)

Merri Walsh in memory of Chris O’Leary - rent

Martha Lewis in memory of Burke - rent

Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah - rent

Carol & Shane Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets - rent

Danny & Pat Settle in memory of Stephanie - rent

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Wayne - rent

Sue Roberts in memory of Jake Schoonover - rent

Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad - newsletter

Tina, Johnathan & Heather Loper
in memory of Christopher - TCF Phone

David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy -
use of a storage building



See more love gifts on page 7.

Newsletter Submissions

TCF Tyler welcomes all submissions to our newsletter. Send articles, poetry, love messages and scanned photos to: TCF Tyler, 5401 Hollytree Drive, 1204, Tyler, Texas 75703. Or e-mail text and photos to: info@TylerTCF.org; We reserve the right to edit for space and/or content.

Deadline for submissions is the 5th of each month. TCF Chapters may copy articles from this publication provided credit is given to the author and the original source.

Errors and Omissions: We try very hard to be sure that all of the names and dates of our children are correct. If you see an error in the newsletter, please contact TCF at 903-258-2547. We want to get it right and will correct the information for future use. Thanks very much.

Email Addresses: If we do not have your email address or it has changed, please email it to Tina or Pat so that we may email you announcements and updates about TCF of Tyler. Tina’s email: lil-bluebutterfly6@gmail.com ~ Pat’s email: beachbum2201@gmail.com

**Save the date! The 38th National
Compassionate Friends Conference will be
July 10-12, 2015 in Dallas.**

Announcements

Tyler TCF Meeting: The meeting in Tyler is held on the third Monday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at 1901 Ricketty Lane in Tyler. For more information, please call 903-258-2547.

Steering Committee Meeting: If you are interested in participating in our chapter by serving on the steering committee, please plan to attend a steering committee meeting. Anyone who would like to become more involved in TCF and serve on the steering committee is welcome to come! For more information about our next meeting, call 903-258-2547.

MADD Heart meets 2nd Tuesday of the month at the MADD office, 215 Winchester Dr. Ste., 100, Tyler, TX 75701. For more info call 888-665-6233 or email Melissa at melissa.granberry@madd.org.

Looking forward: Dallas will host the Compassionate Friends National Conference in 2015. Our regional coordinators, Joan and Bill Campbell, are looking for volunteers who would like to help with this event. You can contact Joan and Bill at 972-935-0673 to let them know of your interest in participating. They are planning a great two-day conference and welcome help from all Texas chapters. This is a great opportunity to help others who are grieving and grow through your own grief as well! You can check the national Compassionate Friends website www.compassionatefriends.org for conference event planning details.

News from National: Compassionate Friends National offers webinars for the public on grief related topics. Upcoming public webinars will include Death of a Child By Suicide, Pregnancy and Infant Loss, The Death of a Special Needs Child and How Can I Help When A Child Dies? Check out www.compassionatefriends.org for dates and times.

TCF of Tyler Memorial Quilt

If you would like to have your child's photo included on a TCF memorial quilt, please mail a \$25 donation to P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, TX 75711. For more information contact us at (903) 258-2547, or email us at info@TylerTCF.org. Thanks to Teresa and David Terrell for donating their talent and time on these beautiful quilts which are displayed in our meeting room and special events.





We need not walk alone.

"I believe we must be open to the balm of forgiveness. Through its expression in our lives, be it through thought, word or deed, we find small ways to seek life once more. Deep within us, forgiveness is capable of treading the wasteland of our souls to help us feel again the love that has not died." —Don Hackett

August Birthdays



Brennen Applegate



Gena Forest



Marcos Lopez



Rowdy Cunningham



Ashley Allison



Crystal Greene



Tosha Nichole Minatrea



Montie Norvell



Shanette Bland



Joey Green



Ron Mitchum



Christal Murphy



Haven Grace Davis



Cory Wayne Channon



Ashlee Ann Davis



Scottie Baker



Quinn Martin Muirhead



Jonathan Russell Eubank



Hannah Collie



Dawson Nathaniel Harned



Lori Campbell



Calan Cameron Decker McKeethan



Kristi Otteson



Justin Bynum



Alyssa Kathryn Crim



Phoebe Fair



Addison Rost



Nathaniel "Blake" Dark

Please share your **stories, poems or love messages** for inclusion in our newsletter.



We need not walk alone.

“Why not ask me? I hear it again and again, one friend asked another how I've been. How hard, really, would it be to pick up the phone and just ask me?”
—Genessee Bourdeau Gentry

August Anniversaries



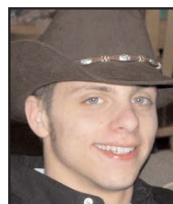
Boston Kade Porter



Justin Dover



Alex King



Austin Cheek



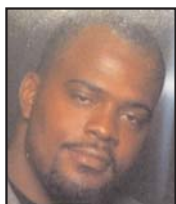
Dawson Nathaniel Harned



Jill Marie Rozell



Shannon Scheffler



Paul Ragsdale



Lorie McLain



Sandi McLain



Michael Holdway



Evan Blake Alexander



Michael Toby Tobias



James Jenkins



Dustin Dewayne Bruce



Jaime Arellano, Jr.



Tiffany LeAnn Tanner



Cathy Key



Cameron Robinson



Aaron Willman



Joe Maland



Erik Scott McKinney



Dawn Marie Wilson



Tommy Jack Burchfield



Patton Ross



Stephen "Chadwick" Williford



Darrell Lynn Sallas, II



Sheila Nolen



Dustyn Sandifer



Steve Short





We need not walk alone.

"'Why me?' is a singular and lonely question, but it doesn't have to be. Together we can give hope to the hopeless and comfort to the suffering. All we need to do is reach out, then maybe the 'Why me?' will answer itself." —*Polly Moore*

The Death Anniversary

On June 1, 2007, my 82-year old aunt unexpectedly and suddenly died. She and I had always talked frequently, even though she lived in Washington and I live in Texas. The last time I saw her was at my Dad's funeral in 2000. But we kept in touch, and shared a mutual interest in the family genealogy.

Many nights I would call her and we would talk for hours about the death of my son, Todd. She would always reassure me that I was the best mother a child could have. Her opinion meant much to me as she raised three sons who became very responsible, loving adults. Her life was well lived, her advice always sound.

In the spring of 2006, my aunt lost her husband of 60 years. Her three sons helped her for a while then she suggested that they get on with their lives. Moms are like that. But she and I talked about her loss, my loss and the differences between the two.

When the first anniversary of my uncle's death was approaching, I sent her a card. I wanted her to know that I remembered this sad anniversary date. I wrote about her husband, their relationship, how much I admired them, and that I was keeping her in my thoughts and prayers on this sad day.

She e-mailed me right after she received the card. She thanked me over and over for the card and reiterated her absolute certainty that I was a good mother for Todd. Her sons had called to talk with her. However, they didn't bring up the anniversary, even though it was obvious that they were thinking about it. "Men are like that", she told me. Her sisters called and talked to her about her husband, the anniversary and more. My dad's sisters are special people. I'd like to think that I have learned from them. We must talk about our feelings; death cannot be ignored. If one of us breaks down and cries, the "girls" are there with an understanding that transcends distance. They listen; they talk about the loss, the life, and the sadness. They encourage us to take our loved one with us. That's what they did when they lost children, parents and their husbands to death.

Bereaved parents understand the importance of death anniversaries to the family, especially to each parent. When we have lost a child, that date takes on a significance that cannot be measured. That is a date that we will never forget. A month before the date, bereaved parents begin anticipating the anniversary date. Anxiety sets in. Depression can sweep over us. We count days until the date finally arrives. Then we go with it. We let the day take us where it will. We receive cards from our Compassionate Friends. We receive some telephone calls. Sometimes our families call or send a card. Sometimes friends come over and talk. Sometimes we hear from very few people and find that to be just fine. This is a day for us, the parents who have endured the worst, to reflect, to cry, to remember, to honor our child.

Each month I read the names and death anniversary dates of the children of our Compassionate Friends. Each month I sigh, shed tears for the upcoming pain and then begin to edit the newsletter. Yet each month I feel as if, somehow, we are each lightening the burden of the others. Our presence, our concern, our acceptance of each grief journey—no matter how that road twists and winds, are meant to give each parent the light of hope. We don't walk this road alone. We are connected to each other with an invisible golden thread that touches each heart. This is our journey.

Annette Mennen Baldwin, In memory of my son, Todd Mennen, ~ TCF, Katy, TX

Grief & Vacation Time

Vacation time, like holidays, can be especially painful for bereaved parents. Vacations, especially the "take it easy" kind which release the mind to think, are sometimes very hard. For the few years, you may find fast-paced vacations to be best. Places you have never been before, new experiences, new places, new people may refresh you and prepare you to pick up your grief work when you return. Our memories do travel with us, but somehow they seem less painful than at home. Remember to allow enough time for rest—an exhausted body will often lead to depression.

Some couples have even found an occasional separate vacation or weekend to be helpful. Allow space, since you are not grieving at the same rate. When you go alone, you do not take your mate's memories, only your own. It can be a time of sorting out and straightening priorities. The bottom line is, you must find your own way. Don't be afraid of change.

Leona D., TCF Amarillo, TX





We need not walk alone.

“Each month new parents who have suffered the most horrific loss that a human can endure are welcomed into our group. We reach out, we listen with our hearts and we remember.” —Annette Mennen Baldwin

Grief is Like a Jigsaw Puzzle

Grief is a smorgasbord where you go down the line picking a little of this and a little of that.

Grief is like a jigsaw puzzle, some people get all the edge pieces together first and work from the outside in. Others dump everything out on the table at once and dive right into the middle. Some never open the box at all, they just look at the picture on the lid and wonder why what's inside doesn't match or make sense.

You meet a lot of people when you start a jigsaw puzzle. Some are full of advice, or they may try to make the puzzle look the way it ought to be instead of the way it is.

But, once in a while, you meet someone who shares their own finished puzzle and helps you make sense of yours. Then you find it is not as hard as before. Some of the pieces fit together more easily, and you sigh with relief—and remember.

From Suicide Bereavement Support, SW Washington & NW Oregon, July 1998

Thanks to these families for their continued support of TCF of Tyler.

In loving memory of
Alex Conway
by Robert & Trish
Taylor



In loving memory of
Missy Rogers
by Dan & CeCe
Brotton



Joe Maland

In loving memory
of Joe.

MaryAnn Girard



This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by MaryAnn Girard.
Call (903) 258-2547 to sponsor a monthly newsletter.



We need not walk alone.

“Neither of you will be totally the same again, but you will both be better. I hope that day is soon for both of you. In the meantime, come to our meetings and let the bereaved parents there with more experience help you learn how to live with your temporary ‘insanity’ in as sane a way as is possible.” —*Mary Cleckley*

Scottie Baker

**In loving memory
of Scottie.**

Doyle & Sherry Smith



**This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Doyle & Sherry Smith.
Call (903) 258-2547 to sponsor a monthly newsletter.**

Lindsey Barton

**In loving memory
of Lindsey.**

Lee & Barbara Barton



**This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Lee & Barbara Barton.
Call (903) 258-2547 to sponsor a monthly newsletter.**





We need not walk alone.

“I have learned to give into them and let the tears fall. I can live with these storms and accept them as part of my life because my child lived and I loved him with all my heart. I cannot change the fact that my child has died and I will not change my love.” —*Barb Seth*

Better Than We've Ever Been

“There's been a lot of things said about me, since that awful day. I'm not the person that I used to be, and that I will never be the same. That's true—no doubt; But I know more what life is about...”

The above is the first verse from a song called *Better Than I've Ever Been* by Cindy Bullens from her CD, *Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth*. I had the great pleasure of meeting Cindy at the TCF National Conference in Arlington, VA. in July. She sang at the Friday evening banquet and held a fantastic workshop on music in grief, which I attended. Her daughter Jessie died on March 23, 1996, shortly after her 11th birthday. Cindy is a singer/songwriter and, outside of her family, music had been her life. When Jessie died of Hodgkin's only months after her diagnosis, Cindy swore that she would never write another song. But approximately four months after Jessie's death, she picked up her guitar and began “aimlessly strumming cords just to hear the comforting sound of the instrument.” Somehow without any thought on her part, a song emerged which became the title of her CD. She said that she was “at once horrified and energized”; on the one hand, she was energized by the making of music, which was so much a part of her, but horrified at the same time that she had just written a song about her child's death. She soon realized that her only inspiration would be her “absolute love for Jessie and the absolute agony of life without her.”

I think we can relate to that in different ways. In the early days, months and even years of our grief, we can't begin to imagine that we could ever do anything meaningful again. We had lost our greatest gift. We had invested so much love in this person to whom we gave life and who, for some incomprehensible reason, is now gone. Life, for us, had lost its purpose; what was the point? As Cindy sings in the song, “I've Got to Believe in Something”—“*Everything I planned didn't work out like I thought it would.*” So many hopes and plans for the future, our dreams for our children shattered. We visualized a world for them with the thought that some day we would see and be part of the milestones of their lives; watch them go off to school and maybe college, fall in love, perhaps marry and have children, our grandchildren. We never envisioned a world that did not include these things.

How do we reinvest our lives, rethink a future very different from the one we had hoped? This is not something that happens quickly. It is a long journey with many peaks and valleys—that roller coaster ride of emotions that we so often talk about. Sometimes we wonder if we are making any progress at all. Others may see it, but we feel we are only moving forward at a snail's pace, if at all. My friends helped by accentuating the positive steps that I had made, ones that I could not recognize. As the saying goes, we can't see the forest from the trees; in our case, because we are so consumed by our own sadness it is hard not to be blinded by it. They pointed out how I was making progress by getting through an entire day without crying; when my first thought in the morning was not that Nina was dead; when I could go down the macaroni and cheese aisle at the grocery store without having to flee, and many more. All may seem insignificant to those who have not “been there”, but to us who have, are very significant indeed. Every one step forward, two steps back, we are still gaining, even if just a little.

After the reality hits that we cannot control what happened, we can then decide what we are going to do with this new life we have been handed. We aren't the people that we used to be, nor will we ever be the same. We are changed in ways we would have never imagined. We have learned where our priorities should be. We sweat the small stuff less, put less importance on materialistic things, and value each other's uniqueness. We prize our family and close friends. We are more compassionate and less impatient. We know how precious and, too often, how fleeting life is. As one of the members of our group said, “I had to decide whether I was going to be bitter or better, and I chose better.” What better way to honor our children than to be a better friend, a better family member, a better citizen; to reach out our hand or give a shoulder to cry on to a newly bereaved parent, in a way that only we as bereaved parents can do. I truly believe that these things make our children very proud of us.

The last verse says: *“There's a curious feeling rising up from the dark, some kind of strength I've never had. But I'd trade it in a second to have you back, I've got to make some good out of the bad.”* Yes, we'd trade it in a second to have them back...doesn't that just say it all?

“I laugh louder, cry harder, take less time to make up my mind, and I love deeper, go slower, I know what I want and what I don't. Maybe I'll be better than I've ever been...better than I've ever been.” (refrain from “Better Than I've Ever Been”)

Though not the life we had hoped, wished and dreamed of, at some point each of us will know that with the help of other Compassionate Friends, the love of family and our children, (and lots of patience with ourselves) perhaps we too will choose to be better than we've ever been.

With gentle thoughts, Cathy Seehuetter, TCF St. Paul, MN





We need not walk alone.

"You will know that after you have expressed the painful sorrow you once kept hidden, and you find yourself, finally, smiling at the memories and the blessings of past summertimes." —*Sascha Wagner*

Catching Butterflies

by Dottie Williams, TCF Pittsburgh, PA

It often hurt to come upon reminders of
my son
Tho' often since I lost him I would search
around for one
Which always brought on sadness and
the tears that I would shed
Were caused by names or faces, all
things that I would dread.

But then one day I came upon a man
who'd lost his son
I found that things I ran from, he
wouldn't even shun.
But rather he would treasure and I said
I wondered why
He told me that he called them "Catching
Butterflies."

This view of his intrigued me; I wanted
to hear more
And learned that he took all of them and
carefully would store
All of the reminders that I chose to push
away
He would tuck deep down inside his
heart each and every day.

Now a name or likeness when catching
me off guard
Does not upset me as it did and I don't
find it hard
For now instead I see these times as
opportunities
To see my son awakened in these new
fresh memories.

Eight Tsunamis

Imagine
eight tsunamis,
crossing the same place
overlapping
overwhelming
obliterating
force and power
unleashed in destruction
aftermath:
decimation
the experience
of my daughter's death.

Katrina Son ~ TCF, Medford, OR

A Name for My Pain

I have given a name to my pain—
it's called "Longing."

I long for what was,
and what might have been.

I long for his touch and smell of sweat;
I long to hold him one more time.

I long to look on his beautiful face
and impress it upon my memories and heart.

I long to return to the day before
and protect him from his death.

I long to take his place,
so he may live and have sons too.

I long for time to pass much faster,
so my longing and pain will lessen.

Will they?

June Williams-Muecke, TCF Houston West Chapter

The Day the Earth Stopped Spinning

When I lost my child, the earth ceased to spin. The moon
will not rise, the tide won't come in. The sun insists on hav-
ing its way, Blasting its rays and rising each day. Another
day comes, my child is not here; Another day comes, I live
my worst fear.

Each morning I wake with the same painful thought; Why
am I here when my sweet child is not? All moments that
pass, I question this fate; While other lives carry on, I sit and
I wait.

I wait for an answer, for some reason why... Praying for it to
be me that could die. Through my sorrow and grief, I have
made a life choice; To keep my son's memory alive and give
him a voice.

I share stories of my son, and the man he would be; A boy
who lived life and was a hero to me. Who would grow up
and make the world a better place. Who would save the
seas and the oceans from the human race.

When I lost my child, the earth ceased to spin. But the moon
still must rise and the tide must come in. And since the sun
insists on having its way, I will live in my child's memory
each and every day.

Kim Turner in memory of Matthew Beard

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler

P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, TX 75711

We are happy to send our newsletter to you. We hope that it is helpful to you to be kept informed of chapter resources and activities and that you still wish to receive our newsletters that contain excellent material relating to grief issues.

To keep our mailing list current, we do ask to hear from you each year making sure that our information is correct and that you still wish to receive our mailings. If we did not hear from you in the last year please indicate any appropriate choices below and return the form to the address at the bottom of this page.

Your Name: _____

Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____ Cause of Death: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Telephone: _____

E-mail: _____

Please check any of following that apply.

Please continue sending the newsletter.

No thank you, I'd prefer to stop receiving the newsletter. (Newsletters are posted monthly on our Web site.)

Please include my child's name and picture in the slide presentation at the Candle Lighting Ceremony.

Please include my child's picture and information on the TCF Tyler Web site. (www.TylerTCF.org)

I am enclosing a memorial to support The Compassionate Friends in the amount of _____

Please make check payable to TCF

In memory of _____

Please use this gift for: TCF Newsletter Butterfly Release Candle Lighting TCF Events

The continuation of this chapter's work depends on donations. If you have not taken the opportunity to give a donation in memory of your child please consider taking this time to give a gift that will help reach out to other newly bereaved parents.

We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name and/or picture in the newsletter, Web site, Candle Lighting Ceremony or any other TCF event. Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

(Signature) Date: _____

Please return completed form to: The Compassionate Friends of Tyler, P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, TX 75711



www.TylerTCF.org

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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
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Tyler, Texas 75711

