



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, Feb. 20, 6:30 p.m.
3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1,
Ste. 101B, Tyler

Jacksonville Meeting

Tuesday, Feb. 7, 6:30 p.m.
Sam Smith's office, 1401 E. Rusk

Lufkin Meeting

Thursday, Feb. 16, 6:30 p.m.
Southside Baptist Church, 1615
Tulane Drive

Contact

Phone: (903) 258-2547
www.TylerTCF.org • info@TylerTCF.org
P.O. Box 9714 • Tyler, TX 75711

Chapter LeaderTina Loper
Meeting Facilitators Tyler
Don & Leslie Dixon, Cheri Zucca
Meeting Facilitators Lufkin
Sherri Tutt, Lauri Maner
Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
Steering Committee: Sam Smith,
Carol Johnson, Carol Thompson,
Mary Ann Girard, Cheri Zucca, Mary
Lingle, David & Teresa Terrell, Janet
Majors, Don & Leslie Dixon, Kathy
McKinney, Margie Newman,
Pat Settle, Lisa Schoonover

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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Please Don't Take My Grief Away

I don't use the word "closure" anymore. For years I thought it was a good way to express what happens to us at various times during our grief journey. I would often tell about the importance of viewing the loved one by saying viewing gives reality and closure.

I live in Oklahoma City. The general feeling here was that the survivors of the bombing would find closure when the trial was over. The ending of the trial was supposed to be some kind of magical day that would bring relief to the pain. The survivors walked out of the courtroom saying, "Don't mention the word closure to us. This does not close anything."

Closure conjures up the idea of healing or moving past. It sounds like some magic moment that happens and the grieving is over. A moment that closes the door to a bad time in our lives and we do not have to think about it anymore. I no longer think there are any magic moments in grief. Grief is a process—a long slow process. There are events that are memorable, but they don't take the pain away. There are times of healing, but the process must still go on.

Closure also sounds like getting well. We do not "get well." A chunk has been bitten out of our hearts and it is not going to grow back. We do not get well. We move toward turning the corner in the way we cope. We live again, but we live again because we learn to cope with the chunk of our hearts that is gone.

We don't have closure. We have times of growing reality. Reality does not come all at once. We must gradually come to grips with our loss. We go through a time of "real but not real." We know it has happened, but we still think it is a dream and we will soon awaken. Reality develops gradually through many experiences.

It grows in those times when we face a little bit more of our loss, and reality becomes more vivid. Viewing a loved one, the funeral, the first visit to the cemetery, cleaning out the closets, cleaning out the room, all of these are steps toward reality and toward coping. They are not some final step. They are not the closing of a door nor opening of a new door. They are just tiny steps toward deciding to live again and learning to cope.

Doug Manning, Author of "Please Don't Take my Grief Away"
Reprinted with permission of the author and We Need Not Walk Alone, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends.

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

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.

"I used to always think that I'd look back on us crying and laugh, but, I never thought I'd look back on us laughing and cry." —*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

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."

In Loving Memory of Dorothy "Momma D" Ross

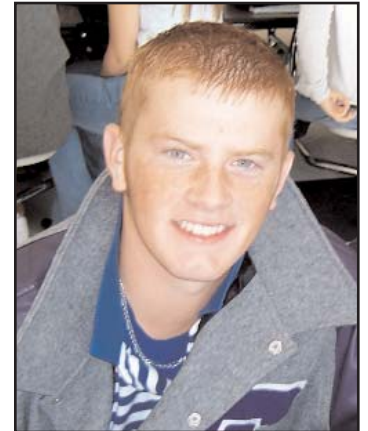
Memorial services for Dorothy "Momma D" Ross, 71, Lindale, were held at 2 p.m. Wednesday, January 11 at Caudle-Rutledge Funeral Home, Lindale.

Mrs. Ross died Jan. 6, 2012, in Lindale. She was born Jan. 3, 1941. She lived in Lindale for 25 years, worked for Omega Home Health for the past five years and was active in Compassionate Friends of Tyler. She was preceded in death by her parents; son, John Patton Ross; and sister, Ann Bateman.

She is survived by several friends.

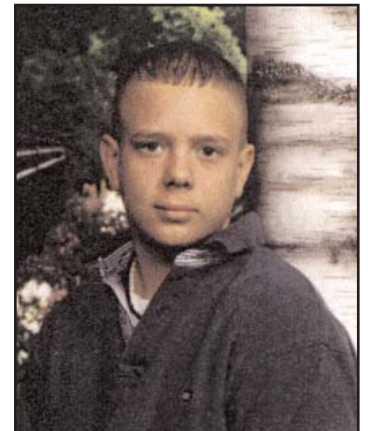
This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Don & Leslie Dixon.

**In honor & loving
memory of
Austin Dixon
10-20 ~ 2-19
Son of Don &
Leslie Dixon**



This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Dale Cavazos.

**In honor & loving
memory of
Chad Cavazos
9-24 ~ 4-20
Son of Dale Cavazos**



Call (903) 258-2547 to sponsor a monthly newsletter.



We need not walk alone.

“After the death of a child, it becomes crystal clear. We humans are capable of enduring much more than we can ever imagine. Knowing that doesn’t make grief one bit easier. The painful truth is that we simply do what we must do. We do the unthinkable—day after day.” —Carol Clum

Love Gifts



Dale Cavazos in honor of Chad, #52

Joseph & Freei Ann King in memory of Terry Wayne Brown

Mary & Erin Lingle in memory of Candice

Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake

Martha Lewis in memory of Burke

Ike Weatherly in memory of Brandon & Cameron

Shay Persinger in memory of Blake - Thanks Shay for the awesome refreshments for the meeting!

Thanks to the following members who have made a rent donation for our meeting place this month:

Merri Walsh in memory of Chris O’Leary

Jim & Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah

Tina, Johnathan & Heather Loper

in memory of Christopher

Carol & Shane Johnson & Touched By Suicide
in memory of Jared Sheets



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

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Wayne

Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad

Sam Smith in memory of Stacey -

use of his office for the Jacksonville meeting

David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy -

use of a storage building

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: Please notify us if any of your information is incorrect.

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: lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.com ~ Pat’s email: beachbum2201@gmail.com

Visit us online at TylerTCF.org to sign up for our Google Groups email list.

Announcements

We will be holding our 9th Annual Butterfly Release in May at 1 p.m. at the First Baptist Church south campus, 2813 and Hwy. 69 W. Live Monarch butterflies are available for \$10 each. If you are interested in donating refreshments this year, or would like to help with the set up in loving memory of your child, please contact us at (903) 258-2547.

Tyler TCF Meeting: The meeting in Tyler is held on the third Monday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at 3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1, Ste. 101B in Tyler. For more information, please call 903-258-2547 or email beachbum2201@gmail.com or lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.com.

Jacksonville TCF Meeting: The meeting in Jacksonville is held on the first Tuesday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at Sam Smith’s office, 1401 E. Rusk, Jacksonville. For more information, please email beachbum2201@gmail.com or lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.com, or call 903-258-2547.

Lufkin TCF Meeting: Join us at the Lufkin meeting held at 6:30 p.m. every 3rd Thursday of the month at Southside Baptist Church, 1615 Tulane Drive, Lufkin, TX 75901. For more information, contact Lauri Maner at 936-854-2002 or Sherri Tutt at 936-404-9517.


The Touched by Suicide meeting is held the second Tuesday of the month at 6:30 p.m. The meeting will be held in the same, new location as TCF, 3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1, Ste. 101B in Tyler. Anyone who has lost someone they love to suicide is welcome to attend this peer support group. For more info please call 903-330-0678 or visit www.touchedbysuicideeasttexas.org.

Save the Date! 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! Call 903-258-2547 for date and location of our next meeting.

General Assembly: Join us each month to assemble the newsletter and mail out cards. We hope to get some new volunteers to help with this monthly project. Call 903-258-2547 for details.

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.

Our condolences to the friends and family of Dorothy Ross. Dorothy was a member of TCF of Tyler and Touched By Suicide support groups. She loved and missed dearly her son, Patton. We will miss you greatly, Dorothy.





We need not walk alone.

"...there is no more ridiculous custom than the one that makes you express sympathy once and for all on a given day to a person whose sorrow will endure as long as his life. Such grief, felt in such a way, is always 'present;' it is never too late to talk about it, never repetitious to mention it again." —*Marcel Proust*

February Birthdays



Justin Clakley
2-25 ~ 5-15
Son of Teri Clakley



Michelle "Missy" Green
2-9 ~ 1-30
Daughter of Elena Glasscock



Dylan Corey
2-21 ~ 1-24
Son of Christy Corey



Colleen Herriage
2-23 ~ 5-14
Daughter of Ruth Herriage



Caleb Scott Jones
2-27 ~ 7-24
Son of Lee Ann Colwell



Shane McDade
2-17 ~ 4-12
Son of Gina McDade Culligan



Walter Dale "Skipper" Winningham
2-23 ~ 7-02
Son of Lucy Winningham



Kody Maner
2-10 ~ 4-16
Son of Lauri Maner



Sean Smith
2-2 ~ 10-27
Son of Randy & Judy Smith



Mary Jennifer Stone
2-22 ~ 9-21
Daughter of Dick & Denise Stone



Alexandria Conway
2-29 ~ 4-28
Daughter of Robert & Trisha Taylor



Chasen Sean Shirley
2-13 ~ 7-3
Son of Debbie Shirley



Cynthia Harper
2-27 ~ 11-16
Daughter of Jackie & Roland Young



John Andy Terrell
2-11 ~ 11-25
Son of David & Teresa Terrell



Cheryl Heerd
2-22 ~ 2-22
Granddaughter of Larry Batte



Robert Ryan White
2-26 ~ 10-1
Son of Bethany White



Jeremiah Barker
2-11 ~ 6-17
Son of Betty Fiederlein



T.J. Anderson
2-8 ~ 10-5
Son of Ron & Mona Anderson



Ijuan Deshaun Simms
2-20 ~ 11-7
Son of Sharon Simms



Candice Lingle
2-21 ~ 11-8
Daughter of Mary Lingle



Karen Lowe
2-13 ~ 12-5
Daughter of Muriel Rogers



James Arthur Jenkins
2-16 ~ 8-19
Son of Becky & Eddie Jenkins



Roger Lee Rush
2-14 ~ 2-14
Son of C.R. & Judy Rush





We need not walk alone.

"Your absence has gone through me—like a thread through a needle. Everything I do is stitched with its color." —W.S. Merwin

February Anniversaries



Cheryl Heerdt
2-22 ~ 2-22

Granddaughter of Larry Batte



Richard Heerdt
10-31 ~ 2-22

Grandson of Larry Batte



Josh Chambers
7-20 ~ 2-18

Son of Joan Curtis



Austin Dixon
10-20 ~ 2-19

Son of Don & Leslie Dixon



Jackie Heerdt
6-30 ~ 2-22

Daughter of Larry Batte



Darell Bolton
7-21 ~ 2-22

Brother of Kathey Bolton-Polk



Lori Campbell
8-27 ~ 2-28

Daughter of Pam Johnson



Andrea Young
3-15 ~ 2-1

Daughter of
Roland & Jackie Young



Ryszard Spakovsky
12-2 ~ 2-20

Sherrell & Greg Smith, Foreign
Exchange Parents



Tiffany Johnston
12-29 ~ 2-20

Daughter of
Sherrell & Greg Smith



Austin Arvizo
5-14 ~ 2-9

Son of
Vincent & Paula Arvizo



Brandon Krpec
3-27 ~ 2-11

Son of Larry & Debby Krpec



Michael Schmidt
3-11 ~ 2-10

Son of Patricia Jeffery



James Brady Langston
10-13 ~ 2-15

Son of Jamie Langston Dacus



Roger Lee Rush
2-14 ~ 2-14

Son of C.R. & Judy Rush



Carly Smith
7-14 ~ 2-1

Daughter of Beth Page



John Wallace
7-1 ~ 2-2

Son of Barbara Wallace



Adam Thomas Pritchard
9-21 ~ 2-21

Son of
Thomas & Ginger Pritchard



Karrie Voyles
4-15 ~ 2-20

Daughter of Anthony
& Delayne Voyles

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





We need not walk alone.

“I was shocked that I did not die from grief. And I know now that I will not die from grief because I choose not to. I may run—or shake wildly—or lie paralyzed on the ground for a while, but I will not ultimately succumb. Whatever gives us an increased sense of control—whether it be love or faith or cognitive coping—seems to mobilize our self-healing system.” —C.S. Lewis

Thoughts, Late at Night...

Silent tears...

We go through life with a broken heart, though most days you will see us smile. We get through those days knowing it is just one more, closer to seeing them again.

We still laugh, we still play with other children, ours or our friends'. We still live, yet the spark in our eyes is gone, the joy inside has left.

Some days, we venture out, some days we just don't. And sometimes when we do, reality hits hard so we turn around and run back to safety. We can be strong but mostly because we have no choice.

If asked how we are, we will usually say OK just so we can escape. Escape more questions or unwanted advice about how it is time to move on.

We are afraid and we panic at the thought of forgetting a little more each day, their voice, their smell, the way they kissed us, the way they felt in our arms, how it sounded when they said our name and even their favorite food.

You might see us walking through graves at all hours of the day and night. You might hear us talk to a picture on the wall, or a box sitting on a shelf,

Remember to never question why we do this, it is not an easy thing. To go sit on our children's grave to share our day with them, or lie in their bed, reading their favorite book, knowing they will never be there again to turn the next page before we are done saying the last word.

See, we don't really want to go on without them, we just don't.

They are our hearts, our souls. They make the sunshine and the rain fall. They send us snow kisses and flower petals in the wind. They paint rainbows and sunsets. They bring us butterflies and lady bugs. They always have, just now, they do it from Heaven.

Heaven is where our children had to go so they could be free. But we are left behind.

And now we go through life with our broken hearts, though most days you will see us smile. But remember, next time when you see us smile as you go by your day, remember that at night, as you go to bed and close your eyes, Silent tears roll down our cheeks as we cry ourselves to sleep one more time.

Mimi Avery, Julian's mom (Forever 4), TCF Fort Worth, TX

Vulnerable

I have found in the years that have passed that I am most vulnerable at times of remembrance. The word “Anniversary” no longer holds a promise of celebration. Instead, holidays and birthdays, family gatherings and otherwise joyous occasions contain an undertow of sorrow. If I get caught up in it, I quickly get pulled under and wind up gasping for breath. It is ironic that the presence of the absence can be emotionally devastating.

You'll excuse me if the bounce is gone from my step; or the depth of my laughter has changed. Issues that were once monumental now seem insignificant. Please excuse me if I don't commiserate that your car needs repair or the faucet leaks. My focus on life has forever changed.

You'll excuse me if my spirit seems lost during holidays of any kind. They are now days “to bear” rather than days to share and enjoy.

You'll pardon me if I bring you down or make you feel discomfort, and I'll pardon you for not understanding that my life will never be the same, that although I'll survive, there will always be sorrow.

Joan Fischer, TCF Nassau County Chapter, NY





We need not walk alone.

“God inspires people to help other people who have been hurt by life, and by helping them, they protect them from the danger of feeling alone, abandoned, or judged.” —Harold Kushner

The Bark and the Tree

My first night at our Compassionate Friends meeting, after the meeting had ended, a few of us sat, talking. It had been only about a month since my daughter's tragic accident and I was that combination of foggily numb, angry, cloudy and very depressed that most of you know so very well from your own journey. In my heart I knew that my life could never be anything but what it was at that moment.

An analogy was shared with me that evening that I absorbed as much as I could absorb anything in that fogginess. My daughter used to call me, not necessarily with great fondness, The Queen of Analogies. I had used them, often to her annoyance, so frequently as she was growing up to illustrate points and teach lessons. They didn't always make sense to her, but being The Analogy Queen, I coveted any good one that I heard and make up scores of others on my own.

Over the course of the following months after that night, I found myself drawn back to the Tree and Bark Analogy when people would ask how I was doing. “Today I only know THE BARK”, I might reply, or “There may be a vague sighting of something that could be a tree”, I might say at another time. And then I would have to explain what I meant, having turned THE BARK of the Tree into an analogy that spoke to my emotions.

In the very beginning following the death of our loved one, it is as if we are standing in a forest, but with our faces pressed up against THE BARK of a single tree. It is all that we can see. It blocks out the sun and obscures everything else. All we know, all we are, everything that exists for us is that blurred bark of the single tree.

As time passes, we might, some days, notice that there may be a butterfly lit upon that patch of bark, or a bit of life sustaining sap trickling upon the grain. Maybe, on one particularly day, we might notice that the patch of bark is actually part of a tree. And as some time passes, we might begin to notice that the tree has another that stands next to it; and another and another and that there is actually green grass making up their bed and blue sky welcoming their outreaching branches. On a particular day we might notice that THE BARK on The Tree is actually part of a forest and that other life, other animals weave among the trees and fly among the branches. Our ears may hear the babbling of a distant brook or the songs of the birds. We might actually feel the warmth of sun or a cool breeze tickling our skin. And, then, some days, again and again, all we can see is THE BARK.

THE BARK never goes away. It is always part of our picture. Some days, especially in the beginning of what is now our Lifetime Journey, THE BARK is all that we can handle, all we can see, all we know exists. Sometimes, even on that same day, we might get a glimpse of the trees or feel the sun, but then are pulled back to seeing only THE BARK. Yet the forest remains, too, even if some times it is out of our ability to comprehend its existence.

Mostly, in the first year of the past 495 days, I've had my face pressed up against THE BARK and was often aware of little else. Occasionally I would surprise myself, when someone asked, to admit that there were times, when I might believe in the possibility that I could see other trees someday. And once in a rare while, now, I do catch a blurred glimpse of The Entire Forest. Yet some days, especially the days that Robyn's Void screams so loudly that I can hear nothing but how deeply I miss her and grieve for the absence of our daily teasing, talking and friendship, that there exists only the fogged coarseness of THE BARK.

It was more than a year after my first meeting that I discovered who had presented the analogy to the women who had shared it so kindly with me that first night. She is Toni Wood, Barry's mom, and had long been a Compassionate Friend to the members of This Ugly Club that we all, so deeply against our will, were forced to become part of. I was able to talk with Toni about the origin of The Trees and she shared this with me:

“...To tell you the truth I have no clue where I got that from—but I used it because it worked for me. I can see the tree now more clearly and the memories don't always make me cry now—most of the time, but not all. When I first thought about this analogy all I could see was the ugly knot of Barry's death. I could not see the good memories, the wonderful things he did and said. I had to step back and get my nose away from the knot in the tree so I could see more of the tree—his life. The roots of the tree—the family. The branches—his son and wife and friends. The leaves and flowers are the good and the bad things he did in his life. Even bad things are good memories now.” —Toni Wood, Barry's mom

What I do know now to be true, is that THE BARK will never completely go away for me, though, someday, it might become ‘the bark.’ And I have found that sometimes I might be having a “Forest Moment;” like the day I officiated my son and my daughter-in-law's outdoor Vermont winter wedding. Their vows were shared next to a gorge, a shivering waterfall and among the birds and trees. I was in “The Forest” when all of the sudden a painful spasm of Robyn's Absence, hurled me back toward THE BARK. I know that even at a time when I might feel the sun, that I can suddenly crash right back into THE BARK of the Tree. That is The Reality of Missing My Child.

Perhaps the irony is that, as a family, we bought 30 acres of forest that we built our family home on together. We used to play among the trees and go “tree hunting” for games of hide and seek and scrap wood for our cozy fire circles. Trees always used to make me smile and feel comforted. Perhaps, some day, again, I will see them and appreciate their beauty. For right now, I am still all too well aware of THE BARK.

Bettie-Jeanne Rivard-Darby, TCF Ellington, CT (Robyn April's mom)





We need not walk alone.

“Start by doing what's necessary, then what's possible and suddenly you are doing the impossible.” —*Saint Frances*

Washing the Family Car

As the water began to bead
across the hard black surface,
my mind slipped into a memory.
Back to a time when a smile
could fix the pain
and mortality was not questioned.
You and I played during the dreary
task of washing the family car.
Rinsing turned into a water fight.
Soapy sponges became weapons,
and upside down buckets served
as our fortress.

This dull chore became an adventure,
a game shared only by you and I.
Drenched, the giggles slowly subsided
and we turned to complete the more
serious side of our labor.

We began to dry off the car.
As the memory faded, so did my smile.
With forlorn my mind came back
to the present.
I had my own serious task to complete

So I picked up a towel to dry off your headstone.

*Adele Rosales
TCF Ventura, CA
In Memory of my sister, Anita*

The Birthday Table

No rustling tissue paper,
scattered ribbons, or burst balloons.
No shouts of Happy Birthday,
break the silence in this room.

Nonetheless, a birthday has rolled round again,
though the beloved children who reveled in the cheer
no longer blow the candles out

at the turning of the year
Loving hands may bring
a photograph of that precious life to share
and place it on the Birthday Table
with utmost tenderness and care
For though the world may not recall
the laughter or the joys,
we treasure every memory
of our birthday girls and boys.

Frankie Wilford, TCF Carrollton-Farmers Branch, TX

Don't Tell Me

Don't tell me that you understand,
don't tell me that you know.
Don't tell me that I will survive,
how I will surely grow.

Don't tell me this is just a test,
that I am truly blessed.
That I am chosen for this task,
apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers
that can only come from me,
Don't tell me how my grief will pass
that I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment
of the bonds I must untie,
Don't tell me how to suffer,
don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with selfishness,
my pain is all I see,
but I need you,
I need your love, unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,
I need someone to share,
just hold my hand and let me cry,
and say, "My friend, I care."

By Mia from 321greetings.com

Missing You

I just can't believe it...
The sun still rises and sets,
The moon and stars still shine,
The flowers still bloom,
The birds still sing.
I expected a change in everything.

I just can't believe it...
It still gets dark and light,
The ocean still has waves,
The rain still rains,
The wind still blows,
Is it because they do not know?

I just can't believe it...
I thought the world would stop
When in my house
I found an empty chair,
A missing smile.
I thought it would stop
For just a while.
I just can't believe it...

Gretta Viney, TCF Yakima, WA

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 Other _____

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



"I don't think you ever stop giving. I really don't. I think it's an on-going process. And it's not just about being able to write a check. It's being able to touch somebody's life." —Oprah Winfrey



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