



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



We need not walk alone.

Volume 11, Issue 1

Tyler, Texas

January 2010

Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, January 18, 6:30 p.m.
Bridging The Gap, 12872 Hwy. 155 S.

Jacksonville Meeting

Tuesday, January 5, 6:30 p.m.
Sam Smith's office, 1401 E. Rusk

Lufkin Meeting

Thursday, January 21, 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
Chapter Leader.....Pat Settle
Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
Steering Committee: Sam Smith,
Carol Johnson, Carol Thompson,
Patricia Miller, Charisse Smith, Mary
Ann Girard, Cheri Zucca, Mary Lingle,
David & Teresa Terrell

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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Each Grief Journey Is Unique

I am visiting with a couple whose child had recently died. Mom is sobbing; dad is stoic. I look into dad's eyes and feel the pain that he endures. Yet he is strong—strong for his wife, strong for his family. Strong because that's the way men are supposed to be. He comforts his wife; she collapses into a chair. He sits down in a chair next to her, patting her hand.

Mom talks about her child, about the death. She repeats her story many times. Dad looks at a booklet that I have given them. We talk about the many diverse paths they have taken throughout their lives and their marriage. They are different people with different interests. I mention that each parent grieves differently. This is a time to lean on each other but also to respect the other's choices on this terrifying grief journey. Each journey is unique.

We talk about their child. We talk about raising children. We talk about the unrealized dreams of their child. He asks about my husband. I tell him that my husband was driving the car when the accident occurred that took my son's life. I tell him that my husband's sanity was nearly lost after the accident and that he cried for a very long time—he still cries sporadically and probably always will.

But he is moving into hope, living his life, honoring my son's memory, loving unconditionally. He is rebuilding his life a day at a time. But first he had to take his grief journey, a journey that was different than mine. I go to monthly TCF meetings; he goes to two ceremonies each year. I participate actively; he doesn't. He doesn't talk to anyone but close friends and family about the accident and how much he misses Todd. I talk to many people. We're different, he and I. Though we share the same grief, the same horrendous pain, our perceptions are different.

Suddenly dad starts trembling. A soft cry which soon becomes a wail erupts from deep within his psyche. His surprised wife reaches over to comfort him. This is the first time he has cried since the funeral. He cries uncontrollably for a very long time. I tell him the tears are good, they are cathartic; tears help our souls to heal. I look into his eyes. They are red, but the pain does not dominate; I see a bit of hope in his eyes now. He won't come to the meetings, but his wife will, he tells me. There are no rules, I tell him. We make them up as we go along. He smiles.

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

"Normal day, let me be aware of the treasure you are. Let me learn from you, love you, savor you, bless you before you depart. Let me not pass you by in quest of some rare and perfect tomorrow. Let me hold you while I may, for it will not always be so. One day I shall dig my nails into the earth, or bury my face in the pillow, or stretch myself taut, or raise my hands to the sky, and want more than all the world for your return." —Mary Jean Irion

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.

"Mourning delayed is just mourning denied, and, it will not be denied! Left untreated, it wreaks havoc emotionally and physically. Unresolved mourning probably takes its toll on many marriages. The road to recovery is a journey going through childloss survival in all of its stages."
—Aaron Pueschel

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.”

It Will Be Another Birthday Without You

The sun will shine
roses bloom, geese fly
throughout the sky
stocks will trade,
the weatherman predict
politicians debate
it'll seem like another day
just a day, same 24 hours
not a special holiday
But to this mother
who will stand at the grave
lifting balloons into the sky
serving angelfood cupcakes
with rainbow icing
coated with tears
fluctuating between emotions:
the grief over death
the celebration over birth
For this mother
it will be yet
another birthday without you.

In Memory of Daniel

Alice J. Wisler ~ TCF, Wake County, NC

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

This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Mary Delaney.

In honor & loving memory of

Ryan Delaney

7-10 ~ 7-20

Son of

Mary Delaney



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



We need not walk alone.

"It's so curious: one can resist tears and 'behave' very well in the hardest hours of grief. But then someone makes you a friendly sign behind a window, or one notices that a flower that was in bud only yesterday has suddenly blossomed, or a letter slips from a drawer—and everything collapses." —*Colette*

Love Gifts



Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake

Bobby & Jo Poynter in memory of Austin Dixon

Mary Delaney in memory of Ryan -
sponsoring the January newsletter

Robin Mitchell in memory of Aaron Willman

Cynthia & Mel Peters in memory of Stephanie Settle

Dennis & Kimberly Ballewske in memory of Leah Zucca

Teri Clakley in memory of Justin

Sara Fincke in memory of James Hershel Fincke

Donald Sanders in memory of Jonathan

Charles & Chanda Mclean in memory of Dex

Stephanie & Adam Luther in memory of Dex Mclean

David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy

Glenda Mitchum in memory of Ron

Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin

Fred & Merri Walsh in memory of Chris O'Leary

Natural Earth Technology in memory of Stacey Smith

Dale & Shaline Ramirez Melton in memory of Bryce Ramirez



Special Thanks!

Thanks to Cheri Zucca, Carol Thompson, Patricia Miller and Teresa Terrell for helping with the assembly of the December newsletter.

Thanks to the following people who make a monthly contribution 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, Bridging The Gap Ministries - Tyler meeting location, David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy - use of a storage building

Griefshare.org offers comfort, hope and healing resources when we want something reassuring to read at any time of the day or night. Over the past couple of years, GriefShare e-mails have been forwarded from the original web site. It may be a good idea for each of us to have the opportunity to sign up for the e-mails ourselves. We can see what else is available to help us move along this journey of grief. There are books and CDs dealing with every death situation and its special grief, and meeting times and places for GriefShare groups meeting in our own areas. All resources are based on Christian caring but each person is welcome regardless of personal belief. Put in your zip code to search for a group. Spend a little time in Griefshare.org—you will find special words that offer the little nuggets of hope for which you are searching. Wishing you a peaceful heart in 2010.

Announcements

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 pdsettle@wmconnect.com or butterfly6@nctv.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 is held at the East Texas Center for Independent Living, located at 4713 Troup Hwy, Tyler, in the Highland shopping center. Anyone who has lost someone they love to suicide is welcome to attend this peer support group. Note that it is not the proper forum for those who have attempted suicide and survived. For more information please call 903-574-3127.

Steering Committee: If you are interested in participating in our chapter by serving on the steering committee, please plan to attend a steering committee meeting in 2010. For more information, call 903-258-2547.

General Assembly: Join us in January to assemble the newsletter and mail out cards. Call 903-258-2547 for information.

Special thanks to the following for their donations and participation in the 2009 Candle Lighting ceremony:

Sam Smith in memory of Stacey
David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy
Carol Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets
Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin
Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah
Jim & Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah
Mary Ann Girard in memory of Joe Maland
Mary Delaney in memory of Ryan
Tina Loper in memory of Christopher
Pat Settle in memory of Stephanie
Mary Lingle in memory of Candice
Kathy McKinney in memory of Erik
Shane Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets
Brosang's Flowers in memory of Adrian Hampton
Russell & Patricia Miller in memory of Shanna and Theresa
Zumwalt for the beautiful, delicious cake
Scotty & Heather Garrison
Crossroads Community Church
Northland Cable
Gap Broadcasting
Lack's Furniture
NBC 56
Tyler Paper
Spring Creek Barbecue
Bridging the Gap Ministries
Fender Exploration





We need not walk alone.

"Wounds do not heal without time and attention. Yet, too many of us feel that we don't have the right to take the time to heal from emotional and physical wounds." —from *Judy Tatelbaum's Courage to Grieve*

January Birthdays



Joshua Paul Renaud
1-18 ~ 6-9
Son of
Christi Renaud McMillan



Sarah Thompson
1-3 ~ 9-8
Daughter of
Ted & Carol Thompson



Michael Rucker
1-18 ~ 6-1
Son of Brandy Rucker Pearson
Grandson of Shelba Putman



Amber Glasco
1-30 ~ 6-16
Daughter of
Chris & Julie Glasco



Jonathan Sanders
1-4 ~ 9-8
Son of Lisa Dunford & Donald
Sanders; Grandson of Dorothy
Rawlinson



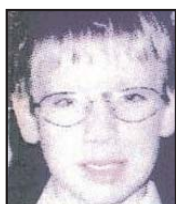
Brooke Wallace
1-16 ~ 11-24
Daughter of
Charles & Tammy Wallace



John Wallace
1-1 ~ 2-2
Son of Barbara Wallace



Kimberly Pryor
1-2 ~ 5-30
Daughter of
Jerry & Judy Olson



Tyler Roberts
1-6 ~ 3-7
Son of
Peggy Cunningham



Jocelyn McCormick
1-11 ~ 12-7
Granddaughter of
June McCormick



James E. Abbie, Jr.
1-31 ~ 7-15
Son of
Bettie Abbie

Gifts of the New Year

Faith that, in spite of the pain of today, I can and will learn to go on, one step at a time, one day at a time, learning to once again truly enjoy the little (and bigger) things that come my way.

Patience when I'm having a bad day, when I seem to take two steps backward and only one forward in learning to cope with the death of my child.

Laughter, which someone said is the best medicine. I believe laughter is a positive source of healing. When I feel good laughing at some silly little thing that comes along, I know another little part of me has healed.

Time: If nothing else, the new year offers the gift of time—time to heal, to learn to cope, to put some wholeness back into lives that seem hopelessly broken.

Won't you join me in opening these gifts? You see, they aren't just mine to receive; they are gifts to be shared by all. You need only reach out and accept them. Each of these gifts can help us go on with our lives.

May the new year bring you all of these gifts and many blessings, but most especially, may you receive the gift of peace.

Audry Cain ~ TCF, Western New York

In Loving Memory of Ralph Malcher

It's already four years when my only son, Ralph, died on January 29, 2005. Ralph returned from Iraq one year earlier. He was depressed for the whole year, but minimized his depression. Ralph committed suicide.

Now is a New Year; it turned four years from his sudden, unexpected death.

As Elizabeth Jennings said: "...time does not heal. It makes a half-stitched scar that can be broken and again you feel grief as total as in its first hour."

On Ralph's death anniversary, my scar broke. I do not need to say more words.

Written and submitted by Barbara Malcher, mother of Ralph ~ TCF, North Okla City, OK



We need not walk alone.

“When it seems that our sorrow is too great to borne, let us think of the great family of the heavy-hearted into which our grief has given us entrance, and inevitably, we will feel about us, their arms and their understanding.”
—Helen Keller

January Anniversaries



Brittany Butler
10-4 ~ 1-21
Daughter of Shelly Butler



Ashley McCaa
12-22 ~ 1-2
Daughter of Pat McCaa



Taylor Davis
12-31 ~ 1-21
Son of Diane Ecker



Jana Lauren Shearer
3-26 ~ 1-5
Daughter of
Stephanie Shearer



Rusty Welch
11-29 ~ 1-1
Son of Travis &
Martha Welch



Christopher Baggett
4-23 ~ 1-8
Son of
Anita Demby



Mary Adams
1-28 ~ 11-28
Daughter of Vicki Adams



Susie Gorman
10-9 ~ 1-14
Spouse of
Onie Gorman



Betsi Marie Wyatt
9-4 ~ 1-3
Daughter of
Linda Wyatt



Charles "Bryan" Meadows
3-18 ~ 1-19
Son of Charles &
Lynda Meadows



Jeremy Newman
4-15 ~ 1-10
Son of Victor &
Margie Newman



Clayton Norton
10-17 ~ 1-1
Son of Ronnie &
Dottie Norton



Gaaron Hicks
11-8 ~ 1-08
Son of
Diane Richardson



Shellae Vicknair
10-13 ~ 1-18
Daughter of
Vera Vicknair



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



Michelle "Missy" Green
2-09 ~ 1-30
Daughter of Elena Glasscock



Michael R. Peymon
9-18 ~ 1-2
Son of Tom &
Sharon Peymon



Brennen Applegate
8-10 ~ 1-22
Son of C.R. &
Kathryn Applegate

We Greatly Appreciate Our 2009 Newsletter Sponsors

Charles & Chanda McLean in memory of Dex
Danny, Pat & Stephen Settle in memory of Stephanie
Tina Loper in memory of Christopher
Kevin & Kathy McKinney in memory of Erik
Mary & Erin Lingle in memory of Candice
Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin
Jim & Linda Crawford in memory of Jared Sheets
Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah
Jim & Cherri Zucca in memory of Leah
Charles & Chanda McLean in memory of Dex
Janet & Greg Majors in memory of Melissa
Carol Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets
Claudette Brown in memory of Terry
Patricia Miller in memory of Shanna Marie Redmond
Margie Newman in memory of Jeremy
Charisse Smith in memory of Ben
Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin
Victor & Margie Newman in memory of Jeremy





We need not walk alone.

“In the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.” —Robert Ingersoll

Dealing with Grief: A Sibling Viewpoint

Two things happened to me on January 11, 1992. I lost my brother to death, and I lost my parents to grief. My dad, the one who seemed to always have the answer to my questions, the “rock” in the family, the one whose job was to fix everything, completely lost it. The fear, anger and shock in his eyes when told that my brother had died are engraved into my memory. He fell limp in the arms of my mother and me in the emergency room at UCLA medical center. This was the first time I had ever seen my parents lose control. At that moment our roles switched.

“I’ll take them,” I said to the nurse as she handed me a bag labeled “EDLER.” It was the personal belongings of my brother. I quietly took them and placed them in my car. For the next three months, I seemed to make many of the decisions. It was not a courageous leader rising up to the occasion. I was the least common denominator. My parents, although they tried, could not help me. They were trying to deal with the tremendous grief themselves.

For this reason, I put off dealing with Mark’s death for many months. I cried and felt sad, but never addressed the issue. My friends were concerned and asked how I was doing. But no one, unless you have been there, really wants to hear the true answers. Mark was the only other person in the world who was a combination of my mom and dad. My friends could not relate nor would I want them to. I would never wish this upon anyone. But this left me alone to deal with it and I chose to put it off.

After three months I met a gentleman at a family retreat with a group of which my dad was a part. Kevin had lost his brother to suicide about nine months earlier. He was farther along in his “coping” than I was. I could talk to him about Mark, mention Mark’s name and share stories without making the whole room uncomfortable about the subject.

I saw someone who was dealing with it and it gave me hope. There is a certain vocabulary that you learn after going through this that no book, no story and no amount of explanation can do justice. I don’t talk about certain things with my friends because I do not have the time or energy to explain (or try to explain) the many feelings I am having. Kevin understood. He had the vocabulary.

This was the first step into healing. I came to grips with the reality of my new life—different than the one before, but there was no going back. At this point, I went on autopilot. I remember many events of the three years following the death. My girlfriend and I broke up. My parents changed houses. I went through the many firsts, but just kept moving forward. I was not depressed, however. My lows were not very low. But my highs were not very high.

I became involved with The Compassionate Friends sibling group of our local chapter in the third year. I did it half out of responsibility to my parents and half out of the knowledge that if I was running the meeting, then I was in control of how much sharing I needed to put into it. Kind of a control thing. To my surprise the meetings have become so beneficial to my healing that I am surprised at myself. By sharing with others, I feel that I help them and in turn myself. Many feelings, thoughts or emotions that I may have thought were just mine, I have found are universal with others. After three years I began to come “out of the valley.” I can only say that by looking back. Hindsight has allowed me to see my steps of healing. I stepped into the role of being strong for our family because I felt that was best. Many others I have talked to mention a similar reaction. Your parents are barely able to deal with their own grief. The last thing you want to do is bring more pain on them, so, you don’t share with your parents.

Last July at The Compassionate Friends conference, many parents walked up to me and asked, “How do I know if my son (daughter) is dealing with this? I am concerned since they do not tell me anything.”

“You don’t know,” I answered, “and neither do I, but unless you see something obviously dangerous, they are dealing with it in their own way at their own speed and you may not be a part of their grieving.”

I now have a different outlook on life. It is precious. I feel that in my new life I am closer to my parents. Each one of us has to live our lives 1/3 better in Mark’s memory. I value my friends and time more. I can handle stress much better. Just think of the alternative. I have become a better person by helping others. I like the new person I have become.

I would trade it all in a second!

Rick Edler ~ TCF, LA/South Bay, CA





We need not walk alone.

"It is unrealistic to expect that grief to ever totally go away, because the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love and is nothing for which we should be ashamed." —*Elaine Grier*

What Are We Waiting For?

My brother-in-law opened the bottom drawer of my sister's bureau and lifted out a tissue-wrapped package. "This," he said, "is not a slip. This is lingerie." He discarded the tissue and handed me the slip. It was exquisite: silk, handmade and trimmed with a cobweb of lace. The price tag with an astronomical figure was still attached. "Jan bought it the first time we went to New York eight or nine years ago. She never wore it. She was saving it for a special occasion. Well, I guess this is the special occasion."

He took the slip from me and put it on the bed with the other clothes we were taking to the funeral home. His hands lingered on the soft material for a moment. He slammed the drawer shut and turned to me. "Don't ever save anything for a special occasion. Every day you're alive is a special occasion."

I remembered those words through the funeral and the days that followed when I helped him attend to all the sad chores that follow an unexpected death. I thought about them on the plane returning home. I thought about all the things she hadn't seen or heard or done. I thought about the things that she had done without realizing that they were special.

I still think about his words and how they've changed my life. I read more and dust less. I sit on the deck and admire the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden. I spend more time with my family and friends and less time in committee meetings. Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experience to savor, not endure. I try to recognize those moments now and cherish them. I don't save anything. We use our good china for every special event—such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped or discovering the first camellia blossom. I wear my good blazer to the market if I feel like it. I don't save my good perfume for special parties. "Someday" and "one of these days" are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing, hearing, or doing, I want to see, hear and do it now.

I am not sure what my sister would have done had she known that she wouldn't be here for the tomorrows we all take for granted. I think she would have called family members and a few close friends. She might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles. It's these little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew my hours were limited—angry because I put off seeing good friends, angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write, angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband and daughter often enough how much I truly love them. I am trying not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives.

Every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that it's a special day.

Ann Wells ~ TCF, Laguna Niguel, CA

How Long Does It Take?

As long as it takes; that's how long it takes.

It's not about forgetting. It's about hurting.

And I know that if I am alive twenty years from now, and I happen to look at a blue sky with puffy clouds and think of my son, Fred—and figure how old he'd be, what he'd be doing and what his children would be doing—I'll hurt.

And know that if I can switch my train of thought from what is not, to what was, a happy memory, I'll be able to smile through the tears.

We don't stop hurting, ever. But so many things occur each day. So many events and thoughts and happenings intervene, that our focus is shifted. The death of our child changes from the main concern in our life, to one of many.

A life may stop; but the loving goes on. To love deeply is to be vulnerable.

For all our days.

Joan S. ~ TCF, Central Jersey Chapter, NJ





We need not walk alone.

“We are not alone, and by truly caring for one another we can help each other go way beyond ‘just surviving,’ or ‘getting over it.’ We are truly sorry for your loss and we extend ourselves to you with compassion and love.” —*Sharon Steffke*

Missing You

Even though you're physically gone
in my heart you still remain.
Only God can explain all the pain that I feel
I wish your death was but a dream,
But in reality I know it's real when I visit your grave.
On the outside I show no tears
But inside I've cried a flood over the years.
As life goes on, there's one thing I can't wait to do
That thing is to go to heaven where standing and
waiting will be you.

By K.J. Burt, in memory of my Uncle, Terry Wayne Brown

The Mask

I feel as if I am buried alive
A constituent of my earthly being
Has been violently amputated
Yet I laugh at the mediocre conversations
A verbal splash in a shallow puddle
Pretending to be a player of the words
That no longer have meaning

My heart has been ripped from my bosom
No benevolence granted
No explanation
No apologies
Only cataclysmic pain
No anesthesia remains, just the bitter pain
Yet I wear the mask
Day by Day

Pretending I fit in
But really I'm a foreigner to the new land
An alien language they speak
And as I attempt to translate the words
Still, they mean nothing to me

Sequestered in the mask
They hear not the music I dance to
Not the words I speak
Not the pain I echo
Nor the native language of my eyes
The will never really know me, behind the mask

©1998 Joanne Cacciatore

Tomorrow

Tomorrow
I'll try to understand her,
Try to understand the excitement behind
Those piercing hazel eyes,
Try to understand her zeal for life,
Tireless energy and love for others.

Tomorrow
I'll sit down beside her and get to know
This big sister of mine.
I'll get to know the skinny little girl
I grew up with and shared a bedroom with
For all our childhood years.

Tomorrow
I'll ask her about her boyfriend.
I'll ask her about her girlfriends.
I'll even ask her what her favorite subject is in school.

Today?
I'm too busy.
I have too much to do.
She's getting on my nerves.

Today
She's borrowing my clothes and ruining them.
Today she's telling me to do all these chores for her.
Today she's asking stupid questions
I just don't feel like answering.

Today
I'm too tired.

But tomorrow
I'll tell her how much I love her,
I'll hug her and tell her she's pretty,
I'll tell her I'm glad I have a sister...

Tomorrow,
Tomorrow
Has finally come and she is gone!

*Written by Jean Anne Read ~ TCF, Tulsa, OK
Reprinted with permission. 'This Healing Journey: An
Anthology for Bereaved Siblings,'
The Compassionate Friends, 1993, 2002.*

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



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, Texas 75711



We need not walk alone.



www.TylerTCF.org