



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, July 19, 6:30 p.m.
12949 C.R. 42 (McDougle Rd.)

Jacksonville Meeting

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

Lufkin Meeting

Thursday, July 15, 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
Meeting Facilitators
Don and Leslie Dixon, Cheri Zucca
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, Janet Majors,
Don & Leslie Dixon, Kathy McKinney

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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Not Guilt, Regret

One of our basic responsibilities as parents is to keep our children from harm. So, when anything happens to them, we feel guilty whether we could realistically have done anything or not. When the ultimate tragedy occurs, we are devastated. How could we let it happen? Why didn't we stop it? If we have compounded our guilt with any degree of human error of commission or omission, we are beyond devastation. Even words, either of anger or left unspoken, haunt us.

Guilt implies intent. If we intended to harm our child, we can feel guilty of that. If we never intended harm to ever, ever come to our child, the correct name for our emotion is regret. The crushing pain is still there, but regret is softer, gentler, less judgmental, and easier to forgive and to heal. It is also more accurate. If that name doesn't feel strong enough for our feelings, it will in time. Let it float there and try it now and then. Not guilt—we feel regret.

Kitty Sanders, Nashville, TN, Survivors of Suicide Group

Please Ask

Someone asked me about you today. It's been so long since anyone has done that. It felt so good to talk about you—to share my memories of you—to simply say your name out loud.

She asked me if I minded talking about what happened to you or would it be too painful to speak of it. I told her I think of it everyday and speaking about it helps me to release the tormented thoughts whirling around in my head.

She said she never realized the pain would last this long. She apologized for not asking sooner. I told her, "Thanks for asking."

I don't know if it was curiosity or concern that made her ask, but I told her, "Please do it again sometime soon."

Barbara Taylor Hudson, POMC, Cincinnati, OH

Abandonment: The sudden state I am forced into. I no longer belong to you. I no longer belong to anyone.

Rage: The state I use to survive seemingly moments of intolerable pain.

Humor: The backside of agony.

Pity: The look on people's faces when they haven't a clue what to say to me.

Transition: The moments, strung out over months, when I know I am no longer the woman I was, but not quite the woman I am becoming.

Stephanie Ericsson, Companion Though the Darkness

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.

"Adversity is like a strong wind. It tears away from us all but the things that cannot be torn, so that we see ourselves as we really are." —Arthur Golden

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.”

Meeting Location

TCF of Tyler is now holding their meetings at 12949 County Road 42 (McDougle Rd.), Tyler, TX 75704.

From Loop 323, take Hwy. 110 West. Drive 10 miles and turn left at County Rd. 42 (McDougle Rd.). Building is amongst the storage units. Look for the butterfly sign.

When We Cannot Change

When we cannot change the parts we wish were different, the unfairness and cruelty of life, we've only one choice. To live or die. Yet, to surrender our existence would be to abandon all that is beautiful about our children who died. Indeed, living after a traumatic death is both an act of will and an act of surrender. How does one exist in a world where children die? I think, perhaps, through that for which we are willing to risk everything—love.

Mr. Livingstone, a father who lost two children. His eldest son succeeded at suicide, and his youngest, only 13, died of leukemia.

Musings

Isn't it strange that things we once took for granted, have changed so much? Things like the soft wings of a brilliant colored butterfly, or the radiant colors in the sky at dawn and sunset or perhaps a song we heard in passing or a movie, we once took for granted. But now, these very same things can bring on tears and leave us feeling a deep sense of longing. Why? Are these not the same as before? What changed? We did. The things we once took for granted are now viewed with much more than human eyes. We now experience these things through the eyes of a broken heart.

Sheila Simmons ~ TCF, Atlanta

A Message to My Daughter

Although I never combed your hair—
For 9 short months I felt you there.
Although I never heard your cries—
A kiss I gave hello—goodbyes.
Although a diaper I never did change—
My love for you knew no range.
Although I never pushed you on a swing—
A song to you I did sing.
Although your brothers you did not meet—
They knew you by your dancing feet.
There will not be a childhood voice—
In your destiny I had no choice.
There will not be any Barbie doll clothes—
Or pink, yellow, green fancy bows.
There will not be a young woman's face—
Just a tear on my heart
No one can erase.

Love and miss you,
Mom



We need not walk alone.

“Far beyond the clouds above, a special garden grows with love. Special flowers of many blends, are the children of The Compassionate Friends.”
—Sam Rosenberg

Love Gifts



Martin & Martha Sammons in memory of Lee

Dan & Cece Brotton in memory of Missy Rogers

Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad

Linda Parr in memory of Herb

Betty Fiederein in memory of Jeremiah Barker

Lori Kern & family in memory of Emily Elizabeth Ellis -
printing and mailing of the June newsletter



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

Danny, Pat & Stephen Settle in memory of Stephanie

Jim & Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah

Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin

Special Thanks!

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

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

Thanks to all who helped with the assembly of last month's newsletter. We really appreciate all our volunteers!

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 our new meeting location. (See page 2 for directions.) 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. The dates of the remaining meetings are as follows: May 5th, August 9th, October 4th and November 8th.

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.

Bonfire Sept. 2010: We will hold our 3rd Annual Bonfire at Carol Johnson's on September 25. More details later.

Holiday Food Donations for Lack's: We will start early this year by placing a box at our new meeting location for non-perishable items.

Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony: Our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony will be December 12, 2010, at Crossroads Community Church, 13730 Hwy 155 South, Tyler. The service begins at 6:30 p.m. Family and friends are welcome.

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.





We need not walk alone.

"The real paradox: Only by allowing ourselves to feel the most intense and shattering pain can we move toward a life in which pain is not the center."
—Annette Mennen Baldwin

July Birthdays



John Wallace
7-1 ~ 2-2
Son of
Barbara Wallace



Robert Lynn McMahan
7-18 ~ 3-6
Son of Dana Wright



Cameron Weatherley
7-3 ~ 9-25
Son of Ike &
Dianna Weatherly



James Wilkinson
7-6 ~ 3-9
Son of Bill &
Betty Wilkinson



Ryan Delaney
7-10 ~ 7-20
Son of Mary Delaney



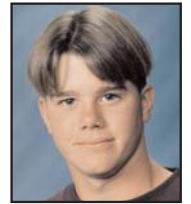
Terry Wayne Brown
7-13 ~ 5-27
Son of Claudette Brown
Son of Melton Brown



Cobin Frazier
7-2 ~ 9-18
Son of Leslee Frazier



Melissa Elaine Majors
7-14 ~ 5-8
Daughter of Janet Majors
Daughter of Greg Majors



James Fincke
7-15 ~ 12-25
Son of Sara Fincke



Andrew Moreno
7-25 ~ 7-29
Grandson of
Tawna Andrews



Madeline Joy Kearney
7-15 ~ 10-6
Daughter of
Melody Burnett Kearney



John Shade
7-9 ~ 9-29
Son of
Julie Clifton



Josh Chambers
7-20 ~ 2-18
Son of Joan Curtis



Laura Wilkinson
7-16 ~ 3-7
Daughter of
Peggy Cunningham



Kyle Beck
7-21 ~ 6-23
Son of Angela Yates



Lindsey Peyton Goen
7-2 ~ 12-18
Daughter of
Robin & Joe Goen



Morgan Finley Lambeth
7-29 ~ 7-29
Daughter of
John & Nicole Lambeth



Adrian Hampton
7-31 ~ 7-22
Son of
Michael & Julie Brosang



Nathan Spataro
7-6 ~ 6-19
Son of Becky Hicks



Shiloh Paisleigh Gray
7-28 ~ 7-28
Daughter of
Jody & Elizabeth Gray



Jaime Arellano, Jr.
7-31 ~ 8-27
Son of Marie Arellano



Christopher Mize
7-11 ~ 7-27
Son of Edith Mize



J.L. Adams
7-6 ~ 10-26
Nephew of Vicki Adams



Lester "Bubba" Chase
7-20 ~ 6-27
Son of Debbie Chase





We need not walk alone.

"A thousand words can't bring you back; I know because I tried. And neither can a million tears; I know because I cried." —Sarah Ratliff

July Anniversaries



Jamie Allen
5-24 ~ 7-8
Son of Cindy Allen



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



Adrian Hampton
7-31 ~ 7-22
Son of
Michael & Julie Brosang



Lance Alan Massey
5-16 ~ 7-16
Son of Cindy Massey



Shanna Marie Redmond
5-5 ~ 7-30
Daughter of Patricia Miller



Brian Christopher Harris
6-8 ~ 7-29
Son of
Jolyn & Richard Harris



Ryan Delaney
7-10 ~ 7-20
Son of
Mary Delaney



Matt Mears
6-7 ~ 7-16
Son of Norma & Kerry Mears
Husband of Ashley Mears



Brian St. Clair
4-24 ~ 7-26
Son of Janet St. Clair



George Washington Shaw, III
10-18 ~ 7-3
Son of
Bobbie Williams



Renee Seale
12-21 ~ 7-13
Daughter of
Lana Kaye Taylor



Kathy Jo Tumminello
3-19 ~ 7-20
Sister of
Susie Gorman



James Permenter
4-2 ~ 7-12
Son of Shirley Hall



Dex Bailey McLean
12-18 ~ 7-4
Son of Charles &
Chanda McLean



Walter Dale (Skipper)
2-23 ~ 7-2
Son of
Lucy Winningham



Christopher Mize
7-11 ~ 7-27
Son of Edith Mize



Lisa Marie Tutt
3-20 ~ 7-30
Daughter of
Steve & Sherri Tutt



Brian David Stewart
5-16 ~ 7-8
Son of
Melton & Joyce Stewart



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



Shiloh Paisliegh Gray
7-28 ~ 7-28
Daughter of
Jody & Elizabeth Gray



Morgan Finley Lambeth
7-29 ~ 7-29
Daughter of
John & Nicole Lambeth



Ben Smith
3-1 ~ 7-21
Son of Charisse Smith
Son of Doug Smith



Andrew Moreno
7-25 ~ 7-29
Grandson of
Tawna Andrews



Allison Carson
10-29 ~ 7-5
Granddaughter of
Phil & Ann Brown



Adam Grabill
3-6 ~ 7-23
Son of Beth Jones



Missy Rogers
11-25 ~ 7-21
Daughter of
CeCe & Dan Brotton



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



Timothy Allen Hawkins
6-30 ~ 7-7
Son of
Bill & Linda Hawkins





We need not walk alone.

“The finest days of our lives may well be a part of our past. Somehow, we must recognize that this is not unique to surviving our child’s death, but is often a portion of the human condition.” —*Don Hackett*

Our First Butterfly Release

Excerpts from a Journal entry made after our recent area Butterfly Release on our Caring Bridge Web site caringbridge.org/visit/benjaminilpin. If you are not familiar with [caring bridge.org](http://caringbridge.org) it is a great resource. You are welcome to visit Ben’s site and find out more about Benjamin’s journey ‘home’ and to see the Web site at work.

My wife Mary and I both attended a Compassionate Friends’ event last weekend. It was our area’s 7th Annual Butterfly Release. We knew that we had ordered butterflies to be released in the memory of our sweet son Benjamin and that we had also ordered a large painted butterfly in his honor. Neither of us were prepared for what an emotional and inspirational experience we were about to embark on. The setting was outside a beautiful church in the Tyler surrounds.

As you entered the area you were facing a field of large wooden butterflies on stakes. These were all individually painted and nearly all featured a picture in the center of them of the child who had died. The impact of seeing the field of wooden butterflies was simply overwhelming. I had seen lists and pictures of children who had passed in the monthly newsletters but this observation was so much more powerful to me. It was a concrete reminder to me that not only was Benjamin not alone in God’s space, but that we too were not alone in this grief journey. Being overwhelmed by grief can easily make you look only inward but events like this bring to the forefront that others are also suffering and surviving through a similar loss. You see families and friends who are early on in the grief process and they are outwardly struggling and then you witness those who I would call the ‘veteran’s of grief’ who provide such an example of strength and obvious faith. They may not realize what a sign of ‘hope’ they are to us so early on in our grief journey. God bless them for staying involved. They are a true blessing and a ‘light’ to us in what we presently view as a very bleak time.

We were so impressed that ‘the butterfly painter,’ Gail, spent the time to be on Ben’s Web site to find inspiration for his wooden butterfly. It was beautiful—it WAS Benjamin—she had captured elements of his essence—we were both quite taken a back. Mary and I and our guests each recalled fond memories as we admired the wooden butterfly. I had a ‘goose bump’ moment when I noticed that amidst these over 150 wooden butterflies that his butterfly was in the same row and only two away from a young boy Jackson’s butterfly. One of our guest’s Kim had introduced us to Jackson’s family as Ben’s tragedy was unfolding. His mother visited Benjamin at the hospice and told Ben about Jackson and that they will meet each other in heaven. To me this is a sign that they have met and are friends together reassuring those left behind that they are not alone but are playing together and enjoying each other’s goodness in God’s space. I am sure ‘Henry,’ a young boy in a neighboring room at Medical City is with them too as well as Montrell, a former classmate of Ben who passed away at the end of 2009 and they are all ‘wiggling’ to their hearts content.

We then all sat down and were drenched by the warmth of the sun’s rays on our skin—it turned out to be a beautiful day. I had sent a reminder of the release to our guests the day before and told them to ignore the gloomy forecast of thunderstorms and that ‘Ben would take care of it.’ Boy, did he take care of it alright! Sam Smith then led us in prayer and blessed us with beautiful heartfelt music and lyrics. This was followed by the reading of the group’s ‘credos’ as well as poems dedicated to the event. They then listed the names of each child being remembered. Both Mary and I wept when our sweet son’s name was mentioned. We then went over and picked up our butterflies that we had ordered. They were carefully placed flat in individual see through envelopes with laminated cardboard butterflies attached. On the butterfly was a color photo of Ben on the front and the inscription ‘released in memory of Benjamin Gilpin, May 15, 2010.’ We all gathered and opened our envelopes and hundreds of butterflies were released to the sky. Some butterflies enjoyed the freedom and others visited and landed on some lucky individuals—some staying quite a while. It was a beautiful thing to see.

The beauty of the whole event will stay with me forever—another reminder of God’s great majesty. It was so humbling to be there, as well as a true blessing for all of us to witness it. We thank all those who had a part in it. Our guests were also moved by the event and we look forward to sharing this with more next year. In the Compassionate Friend’s most recent newsletter there is a quote from Teri Menten that “If we are loved and remembered, then we live on forever in the hearts of those who love us.” This event was undeniable evidence that each of these individuals being remembered were truly loved and will never be forgotten and will live on in our hearts forever.

God bless.

Stuart Gilpin ~ TCF, Tyler, TX





We need not walk alone.

“I confess, with both sorrow and gladness, that I can no longer summon the full measure of those savage feelings and the unremitting pain that engulfed me in those early years.” —*Don Hackett*

The Dream

You came to me this morning in a dream just before I woke. I recognized you as you turned the corner. I looked at you; waiting for the transience of dream forms and saw it was not to be. You stayed together, the same age, with the same smile.

We both knew this was just a visit. You and I both knew this was special. We both knew that my dream was where our two worlds could meet.

I looked at you waiting for the transition, waiting for the change but it did not come. This dream was not of my own making but was shared by you and inhabited by you.

I kissed your cheek and felt your skin and felt my arm around your neck. But that's where it ended. I closed my eyes and felt the distance grow as I rose to awareness and you retreated to longing.

June O'Connor ~ TCF, Central Connecticut Chapter

Questions/Answers from Bereaved Siblings

All of a sudden I burst into tears and cannot control crying.

You have the freedom to cry when you need to. Crying is a normal reaction. You may feel embarrassed, but most people will react with sympathy and wish for themselves that they could cry freely. Crying is a natural outlet to grieving.

Why am I so mad at my sister for dying? She left me alone. I know it wasn't her fault, but I feel so guilty for being angry.

At some time everyone is angry at the person who died. Anger does not mean you loved them less; it means the loss is so great that you want the terrible pain to end.

I can't concentrate. I can't think and I can't remember anything. I think I am losing my mind.

You are not losing your mind, although it may feel that way. Your mind is probably overloaded. Not only do you have to go through your daily routine, but your mind is flooded with thoughts and feelings for your brother or sister. This is temporary; your memory and concentration will return over time.

I have terrible nightmares. Sometimes I dream I am dying. I can't tell anyone because they will think I am crazy. Am I?

Some grieving people experience intense dreams. Dreams serve as a healthy outlet for the intense feelings you have during the day. As time goes on and you deal with your feelings, your dreams will become less frightening.

I feel so guilty for the way I yelled at my brother. We would fight about the silliest things. I'll never be able to tell him how sorry I am.

Brothers and sisters in every family quarrel and don't apologize after every argument. Even though you fought, you still loved your brother and he loved you.

Suddenly my parents expect me to parent them. I just can't handle it.

This is truly one of the most unfair positions your grief puts you in. Try to share these feelings with your parents. Hopefully you will be better able to understand one another.

This Healing Journey an Anthology for Bereaved Siblings

Why Butterflies?

Since the early centuries of the Christian Church, the butterfly has symbolized the resurrection and life after death. The caterpillar signifies life here on earth; the cocoon, death; and the butterfly, the emergence of the dead into a new, beautiful and more free existence.

Elizabeth Kubler-Ross movingly tells of seeing butterflies drawn all over the walls of children's dormitories in the World War II concentration camps. Since children are intuitive, she concludes that these children knew their fate and were leaving us a message. TCF has adopted the butterfly as one of their symbols, a sign of hope to us that our children are living in another dimension with greater beauty and freedom.

Author unknown





We need not walk alone.

“Listening with your heart to ‘how I am doing’ relieves the pain; for when the tears can freely come and go, I feel lighter. Talking to you releases what I’ve been wanting to say aloud—clearing space for a touch of joy in my life.”
—*Kelly Osmont*

How Can You Survive?

You stood there staring with your eyes open wide when I told you my only child had died. Then I heard that question again today and those thoughtless words that take my breath away, "I could not go on living had my child died." "How can you stand it, how can you survive?"

You seemed not to notice the hard painful lump that had settled in my throat despite my brave front. I tried to speak, but my mouth was bone dry. All I could do was just stand there and stifle my cry. Then you turned in silence and I followed your lead. Wiping tears off my face as I struggled to breathe.

How do I answer these questions you ask? Should I tell you the truth and then wait for your gasp? I've been told by other parents who have also lost a child that they have heard these words before and cannot believe the guile; of those who think life simply stops because you're left to bear the greatest tragedy of all, lost hopes and bleak despair.

Yet perhaps you do not realize the pain you have just caused, so once more I will answer in hope to give you pause. I would have gladly died, exchanging my life for his. Willing myself into my son's broken body, for weeks I prayed for this. When he took his last breath, I was left alone in this place, to live one day at a time and remember his sweet face.

You ask me how I stand it; how I manage to survive? How I can stand to go on living when my only child has died?

The answer is so simple; I'm amazed you cannot see that the answer you seek does not lie with me. The Lord in His wisdom makes me draw breath each day. I do not know His reason, I do not know His way.

I wake each morning with my son's death on my mind. Living only for heaven to hold the child I called mine. This is how I stand it; the only reply I can give, I did not die, I did not survive, and I did not want to live.

So when next you see a parent grieving for their child, take care to be gentle and just offer us a smile. For our numbers are great and our hearts have been broken. We need only your love with your arms wide open.

In memory of Eric. Eric was killed in a car accident with his best friend.

Nancy ~ Alive Alone, October, 1998

Please

Please don't ask me if I'm over it yet;
I will never be over it.

Don't tell me she is in a better place,
she's not here.

Don't say at least she isn't suffering;
I haven't come to terms with why she had to suffer at all.

Don't tell me you know how I feel
unless you have lost a child.

Don't tell me to get on with my life,
I'm still here, you'll notice.

Don't ask me if I feel better,
bereavement isn't a condition that clears up.

Don't tell me God never makes a mistake;
you mean He did this on purpose?

Don't tell me at least you had her for twenty-eight years,
what year would you choose for your daughter to die?

Don't tell me God never gives you more than you can bear;
who decides how much another person can bear?

Just say you are sorry.
Just say you remember her if you do.
Just let me talk if I want to,
and please let me cry when I must.

Rita Moran ~ TCF, Miami, FL

As Time Passes

As time passes
And others forget
Day by day
I enter my lonely
Room of memories
And broken dreams
And I cry.
And each day
As I push forward
I move a step ahead
And then back
But still gaining
If even but a little.

Mary Rapke ~ TCF, Grand Junction, CO

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