



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, June 15, 6:30 p.m.
at Bridging The Gap on Hwy. 155 S.

Jacksonville Meeting

Tuesday, June 2, 6:30 p.m.
at Sam Smith's office, 1401 E. Rusk

Contact

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

Chapter LeaderTina Loper
Chapter Leader.....Pat Settle
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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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Father's Day

Every father believes in his role as protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer and problem solver. He has been told since his youngest days that he must be strong—must not cry.

But each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem solving and protecting has been able to stop our child's death. And inside, we must ask ourselves about our failure, and we must face our lack of omnipotence.

Father's Day is often a forgotten holiday, overshadowed by the longer-standing tribute to mothers. But for the bereaved father it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness; sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost, child; bitter for the death and pain and recognition of inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Oftentimes they are unable to do so, a remnant of childhood learnings about the strength and stoicism of "big boy." A father may even be uncomfortable opening up to his wife, and the wife who pushes him to talk may be pushing too hard.

Father's Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say, "I'm sorry we haven't talked. Let's do it now." But it can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, does something special, helps with the chores, and mostly, lets him know how important and needed and loved he is. It is some of these things that he has lost with the death of a child. And, like Mother's Day, the day set aside for Fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in June. It can be any day and every day.

Fathers often show their hurts differently, often internally.

But They Do Hurt.

Gerry H. ~ TCF, White River Junction, VT

Am I Still A Father?

As this day approaches I wonder how I will react. Am I still a father? I will sit quietly never allowing family friends to see how I feel. I will miss my son, but I can't allow myself to "break." I must remain strong and always be the "rock." I wish I could just let someone know how much I miss my little angel. How much I cry and how much I miss hearing "Dad I love you." I am a father, but I wonder, will I just pretend, as usual, that it doesn't bother me? Remember me, for I hurt too, on this special day.

TCF ~ Tampa, FL

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.

“Memories are a part of our past, and some become a part of our heart.”
—Bill Fausett

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.”

Finally, Someone Understands; The Afterloss Credo

I need to talk about my loss. I may often feel the need to tell you what happened—or to ask you why it happened.

I may frequently need for you to listen while I explain what this loss means to me. Each time I discuss my loss, I am helping myself face the reality of the death of my child.

I need to know that you care about me. I need to feel your touch, your hugs. I need you just to be with me. And I need to be with you.

I need for you to believe in me and in my ability to get through this grief in my own way—and in my own time.

Please don't judge me now—or think that I'm behaving strangely. Remember, I'm grieving. I may even be in shock. I may feel afraid. I may feel deep rage. I may even feel guilty. But above all, I hurt. I am experiencing a pain unlike any I've ever felt before.

Don't be concerned if you think I'm getting better and then suddenly I seem to slip backward again. Grief makes me behave this way at times.

And please don't tell me you “know just how I feel” or that it's time for me to get on with my life. I am probably already saying this to myself. I just need for you to be patient now and to try to understand.

Finally, allow me the time I need to grieve and to recover. I want to get on with my life—but I know that first I must walk through the dark shadows of my grief. And, although it is almost impossible for me to believe this now, I know that one day my grief will end.

Most of all, thank you for being my friend. Thank you for caring, for helping, for understanding. Thank you for praying for me. And remember, in the days or years ahead—after your loss—when you need me as I have needed you, I will understand, and then I will come and be with you.

Lindy McClean ~ TCF, Medford, OR

Dream

by Barbara A. Daniels

I am drawn quietly to her grave to check on her,
just as I'd have been drawn quietly to her crib.

I trim the grass around her marker,
and dream of trimming bangs from her forehead.

I place flowers in her vase,
and dream of placing ribbons in her hair.

I hold her memory dear to my heart
and dream of holding her in my arms.



We need not walk alone.

“Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much.” —Helen Keller

Love Gifts



Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad

Sam Smith in memory of Stacey

Shalina Ramirez in memory of Bryce Ramirez Cooksey

Glenda Mitchum in memory of Ron



Special Thanks!

Thanks to Mary Delaney, Charisse Smith, Carol Johnson, David & Teresa Terrell, Carol Thompson and Patricia Miller for helping with the May newsletter.

Thanks to the following people who make a monthly contribution to TCF of Tyler:

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry

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

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.

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

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.

July Speaker: TCF of Tyler plans to have a speaker at our meeting, July 20. Don R. Balusek, author of *My Papa, My Pal*, will speak to our group about losing his son, Jason, his special-needs child who died suddenly in September, 2003. Call us at 903-258-2547 for details.

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 2009. These are the remaining dates we will be meeting: July 13, Oct. 12 and Nov. 2. Call 903-258-2547 for more information.

General Assembly: Join us on June 21 to assemble the newsletter and mail out cards. This is a nice time for fellowship while we help ourselves and others who have lost a child. Call (903) 258-2547 for information.

Bonfire Sept. 26: We will hold our 2nd Annual Bonfire at Carol Johnson’s. Watch for details.

Sam Smith and Scottie Garrison Performance: Join us on Oct. 24th for music, dinner and fellowship. Donations are appreciated. More details to come.

Canned Food Drive: We will be collecting canned food for the Lack’s Christmas Tree Food Drive to benefit the East Texas Food Bank. The tree will be decorated with TCF pictures, and the tree with the most food donated receives a donation from Lack’s. Please donate Oct. 1 through Dec. 13.

Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony Dec. 13: Please consider volunteering this year.

Personalized Butterflies: Gail Voyles painted some of the butterflies you saw this year at the Butterfly Release. If you have a special request for a butterfly next year, feel free to contact us (903) 258-2547 or info@tylertcf.org, and Gail will get an early start for the May 2010 Release.





We need not walk alone.

"It is a curious thing in human experience, but to live through a period of stress and sorrow with another person creates a bond which nothing seems able to break." —Eleanor Roosevelt

June Birthdays



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



Thomas "Chuck" Carroll, II
6-2 ~ 11-13
Son of Linda & Thomas Carroll



Bryce Ramirez Cooksey
6-4 ~ 6-4
Son of Shalina Ramirez



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



Trey LePelley
6-10 ~ 3-13
Son of Jack & Julie LePelley



Michael Holdway
6-18 ~ 8-3
Husband of Kathy Holdway



Joshua Andrews
6-21 ~ 3-14
Son of
Tawna Andrews



Jake Higgins
6-29 ~ 12-4
Son of
Donna Griffin



Jeremy England
6-7 ~ 12-25
Son of Sandra &
Roger Perry



Chris O'Leary
6-25 ~ 10-26
Son of
Merri & Fred Walsh
Son of Tom O'Leary



Jackie Marie Heerdrt
6-30 ~ 2-22
Daughter of
Larry Batte

A Special Thanks to All who Made the 2009 Butterfly Release Possible ...

Cathy Loveless in memory of Jared Sheets
 Casey & Tatum Kinard in memory of Jared Sheets
 Jean Gimble in memory of Cason
 Sam Smith in memory of Stacey
 David and Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy Hayden, Matt and Emily in memory of Andy Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin Patricia Miller in memory of Shanna Redmond
 Charisse Smith in memory of Ben
 Doug Smith in memory of Ben
 Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah
 Carol & Shane Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets
 Janet Majors in memory of Melissa
 Margie & Victor Newman in memory of Jeremy
 Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah
 David Deramus in memory of Christopher Loper
 Gail Voyles in memory of Cason Gimble
 Greg Majors in memory of Melissa
 Kathy McKinney in memory of Erik
 Sara Fincke in memory of Jamie
 Jack Bouslog in memory of Bill
 Sherry Smith in memory of Scottie Baker
 Julie Stokes in memory of Scottie Baker
 Laurie Maner in memory of Kody
 First Baptist Church South Campus
 Douglas Plant Farm - Bennie & Donna Douglas
 Jennifer Steinman - director of Motherland, The Film
 Taabs Printing - Bill Ellman
 Tyler Beverages
 Sam's Club
 NBC 56
 CBS 19
 Harris Nursery
 French Peas
 Lone Star Harley - Davidson
 El Charro's #2
 Spring Creek Barbeque
 Tom Tyler, Tyler Beverages
 Majors Pharmacy
 Sam's Club & Janet Majors

Notice about Newsletter Birthdays & Anniversaries

We are following the new guidelines from TCF National regarding the publishing of our children's birthdays and anniversaries. While we will leave the year intact on our printed copy, we will remove the year on the online copy. Thanks for your understanding while we comply for privacy reasons.

Correction: Austin Arvizo was incorrectly listed as the daughter of the Arvizos, instead of the son of the Arvizos, in the May newsletter.



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*

June Anniversaries



Roozbeh Arianpour
3-25 ~ 6-6
Son of Farideh Arianpour



Christopher John Fisher
12-18 ~ 6-22
Grandson of Grace & Tom Fisher



Kyle Beck
7-21-89 ~ 6-23-05
Son of Angela Yates



Gabe Levi
5-2-79 ~ 6-25-06
Son of Deborah Hunt



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



Michael A. Rucker
1-18 ~ 6-1
Son of Brandy Rucker Pearson
& Grandson of Shelba Putnam



Bryce Ramirez Cooksey
6-4-04 ~ 6-4-04
Son of Shalina Ramirez



Joshua Walker
4-29-83 ~ 6-25-06
Son of Crystal Walker



Mark Turner
10-3 ~ 6-19
Son of Clayton & Pat Turner



Tami Kay Brown Roberts
5-17 ~ 6-10
Daughter of Kenn & Ann Sommerville



Ricky Edmiston
4-26 ~ 6-29
Son of
Woody & Barbara Edmiston



Jodi Lynne Attaway
3-8 ~ 6-5
Daughter of Cindi Attaway-Gill



Christopher Pope
11-10 ~ 6-16
Son of
Brenda Pope



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



Kelynn Pinson
6-1
Son of
Kelvin Arterberry

Strangers & Friends

Bereaved parents gather monthly and tell their stories again and again. The pain is evident on their faces yet strength comes deep from within. To simply attend these meetings is courageous. We enter as strangers, and we depart as friends. I've attended our group meetings for over four years. I never had the honor of meeting these children in life, yet I know them intimately—how each lived, and how each died.

Some of us were blessed to have our children several years, and others only a few. Some children lived just a few months, days or minutes—and some never too a breath. Still, our pain and emptiness is universal.

Our grief is universally unique. As individuals our journeys lead us in many directions, yet once a month we come together, to tell our stories again and again. These strangers, these people I call friends.

Kathy A. ~ TCF, Fort Collins, CO

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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*

Where's David Sobey?

We think we live in a rational world, then suddenly nothing makes sense. Everything we've come to believe about what's logical, fair, right or wrong goes out the window when parents outlive their children. Living through grief means slowly adjusting to a strange new world. Friends tell us "it will get better." That's hard to believe while our bodies are in true physical pain. We're trapped in a crashing avalanche of irrational events that threaten to bury us--and sometimes we wish they would.

In a while though (a long, long while) it does seem to get better. Or, we get better at remolding our lives around the absence. It's especially difficult to accept that life around us goes on as if nothing earth shattering has happened. People in the supermarket still tell us to "have a nice day." Friends ask how we're doing then chat about the weather. Strangers honk at us in traffic for sitting too long at the green light. They're concerned with the old world which for us, no longer exists. Deep down we're always aware that the universe is thrown off its original course. We find new meaning in every earthly event.

Recently, a question appeared in Parade Magazine. Teenagers were asked, "When you go to your high school reunion, what do you want your classmates to say about you?" One 14-year old answered, "I'd like them to ask, 'Where's David Sobey?' This doesn't sound like much, but if my name is remembered after all those years, it'd show that I was part of someone's life." I was blown away by this child's grasp at the meaning of the word imprinted on the hearts of all bereaved parents--"remember." We want the world to remember they lived.

A short time later, an invitation addressed to my son arrived in the mailbox. "We are searching for all classmates in anticipation of our Ten Year Reunion. Please fill out the contact information on the reverse side and return to your Reunion Committee. We look forward to hearing from you soon and are excited to reunite this summer."

It's ironic. Since his death I've been searching also. I'd love to know how to contact my son and would give anything if he could miraculously appear this summer. I envy other parents whose children will attend the Class Reunion, while mine won't.

At a recent TCF meeting I asked other parents, "What should I do about the invitation?" We decided I'll send a "memory book" and ask that former classmates and teachers share their memories of my son. I hope they will. It seems like a rational request.

Carol Clum ~ TCF, Medford, OR

When You Lose an Only Child

The loss of an only child is neither greater nor less than the loss of one of many children. However, the loss of an only child is experienced differently. It is different because you lose your parenthood, which is such a large part of the life of any parent.

1. With the death of an only child, you lose the one person who could use all of the love you had to give every hour of every day. One of the secrets of parenthood is that from birth, children teach us that we have a greater capacity for unselfish love than we thought possible. When your only child dies, you may feel that you are drowning in the parental love your heart continues to generate for the child you have lost.

2. With the death of an only child, you lose so much of your own future that was tied to your child's future. The first day of school, sports, learning to drive, a first crush, a first date, a first heartbreak, high school, college, career, marriage, children, grandchildren, great grandchildren. Your only child lost all of this from his or her future. And so did you.

3. With the death of an only child, you suffer many tiny losses that cause pain only another grieving parent can comprehend. You have lost the joy of checking the cereal aisle to see if Cocoa Puffs are on sale. You have lost the reason to keep up with the top ten hits on the pop music charts. You have lost the joy of caring what prize is in a box of Cracker Jack. You have lost the joy of getting up early on a Saturday morning for kids soccer, basketball, or bowling. You have lost the reason to hope for a December snow. You have lost the person who thought you made the best cocoa on a cool December evening. For me, I lost a gentle, kind, generous child who loved, watched for, and shared beautiful sunsets.

The loss of an only child is a devastating loss. Your child has lost his or her life. And you have lost an important piece of your own life, your parenthood. The Compassionate Friends chapter near you is there to help you acknowledge and grieve these losses by sharing your pain with others who have known their own pain.

In memory of my son, Bill Snapp, by Bill Snapp ~ TCF, Atlanta (Tucker), GA





We need not walk alone.

“Bereavement is a darkness impenetrable to the imagination of the unbereaved.” —*Iris Murdoch*

Make A Wish

I would like to tell you how Make-a-Wish touched one child and his family. Our son Shawn became very ill the last year of his life. With his illness came a lot of pain. Even with medication the pain could become so unbearable at times that we started to use music for him. We would try to get him focused on the music until his medication could be given to him again. His favorite singer was Celine Dion.

Three days before his 13th birthday, we were told that he was terminally ill and maybe had 5 to 6 months to live. After we told our family, his Aunt Bea wanted to try and give him one last wish. She knew how important Celine and her music had become to him. She called Make-a-Wish to see if Shawn could meet Celine and have her sing to him. Not an easy wish. But by the end of January, Make-a-Wish began planning for the event.

Celine agreed to meet Shawn in Los Angeles on March 23rd. So they began to work out the rest of the details for him to be able to go. There was a big problem, however. Shawn couldn't fly on a commercial airline. Yet still, they found someone offering their private plane to take us to Los Angeles.

As the end of February came near, Shawn became sicker and we knew that his time was growing shorter. He now only had weeks instead of months. It became painfully obvious that the trip would not be possible and Aunt Bea would have to come up with another way of making Shawn's wish come true. So she began the task of trying to arrange a phone call between Celine and Shawn. The biggest problem was that Celine and her husband were on vacation in Paris. After many phone calls and faxes, it finely came together. Celine planned to call Shawn on March 14th.

The day Celine was to call Shawn he had been sleeping most of the day. Due to his inability to communicate, we had a difficult time awakening him. We would play Celine's music, then he'd open his eyes and drift off again. We were so worried that he wouldn't wake up for her telephone call. Everyone had worked so hard to make this happen. We held our breath, praying that everything would work out.

When the telephone rang, we sat is on his bed with the speaker on so everyone could listen. As soon as Celine began to speak, Shawn opened his eyes and started to listen to her voice. She talked to him several minutes, stating that she knew his favorite song was Because You Loved Me. As soon as she began to sing to him, he opened his eyes widely and smiled beautifully—so alert and happy. Celine talked with him a little more and then said good-bye, and Shawn fell back asleep.

During his last year of life, we watched him go through so much pain, at times it's hard to remember him any other way. But because of Celine's telephone call, we have a happy memory of his happiness near the end.

Shawn died 11 days later—at home, listening to the music of Celine. I will always hold on to that memory of the day when we saw his beautiful smile and seeing his happiness. I know that Shawn's memory will live on because so many people tell me that when they listen to Celine, they think about Shawn.

On behalf of Shawn and his family, we thank the Make-a-Wish Foundation® for supporting this wonderful project.

Eve Ann Prince ~ TCF, Medford, OR

Re-Entry Into Life

May of brilliant greens, harbinger of summer, mother of daffodils and tulips, warm my soul in your sun glow! I am in need of that warmth, ready again to feel alive. For so long I have shut out life, unwilling to see beauty in a world without my child, unable to feel joy or love or laughter, longing only for him. I cared for naught for life would have welcomed death.

It has been a long climb, my re-entry into life. In that climb I did not lose the pain of separation, but rather learned to assimilate it into my soul as a part of my life. I here...he there. And so I chance life again, mindful of its brevity, welcoming its brilliant colors, the song of birds, the grace of love.

L. Dolan ~ TCF, Greenland, NH





We need not walk alone.

"Love cures people—both the ones who give it and the ones who receive it."
—Dr. Karl Menninger

Just One More Day...

Just one more day, just a little more time.
We were not ready to say good-bye and be left behind.

Don't save for later what can be said or done today...
There might not be another tomorrow to express what you
wanted to say.

Treasure the precious memories and moments—hold them
as gems in your heart.
I pray they will help give strength and peace, as for now, we
must be apart.

Someday, we will be together again in God's Kingdom in
Heaven above.
You are not physically here but in our hearts, we hold onto
our memories and your love.

We are so very sad today...
If given one more chance, there are many things we wish
we could say.

We love you so dearly, beloved son, brother, uncle, cousin
and friend.

Your time here on Earth was far too short and it seems so
completely unfair to see your life end.

I know you would not want us to be sad on this day. You
would wish us to be laughing and sharing stories about you,
enjoying each other's company and acting just a little bit
crazy!!

You live on in the gifts of time and love you shared with all of
us fortunate enough to have known you.

*Written & submitted by TCF Manchester member Heidi, for
her brother Geoffrey*

Ascension

And if I go,
While you're still here...
Know that I live on,
Vibrating to a different measure
—behind a thin veil you cannot see through.

You will not see me,
So you must have faith.
I wait for the time when we can soar together again,
—both aware of each other.
Until then, live your life to its fullest.
And when you need me,
Just whisper my name in your heart,
...I will be there.

*Submitted by TCF Manchester member Sue P., in loving
memory of her son Brian*

Acceptance

by Gwen Flowers

It isn't letting go. It's going on.
It isn't only shadows, and it isn't only dawn.

It isn't getting through it,
it's letting it come through me.
Not living in the darkness,
though the darkness I can see.

It's living with the sorrow
but finding memories sweet.
It's knowing that it takes both sides
to make it all complete.

It's soaking up the sunshine along with the rain.

It's learning to let laughter live
side by side with pain.

It's knowing that the years
won't change a love that's real.
Or take away the joy you brought,
or the sorrow that I feel.

It's knowing tears and laughter
can live on the same face.

And your impression in my heart
can never be erased.

Tissues, Tears & Treasures

A circle of chairs and boxes of tissues,
A roomful of tears and emotional issues.
Frightening at first, I did not want to enter
Into this strange group, and be in the center.

What I soon learned, as we sat side by side,
We were bound by the love of our children who died.
Each shattered heart,
desperately seeking a moment of peace,
from the pain and weeping.

So many things different, and yet all the same,
Hearts lost in a fog of loss and pain.
Those who have journeyed, much further than me,
Reached out in comfort, listened quietly.
Each shattered heart spoke, and the tissues were passed,
We never avoid speaking of the past.

This circle of friends, have found a bond,
And here I'm still known
As "Tony's Mom."
Slowly, I've found
I can reach out to others
Who are newly bereaved, fathers and mothers.
Strength I have found in this
Circle of chairs,
To grieve and to heal
And to show that we care.

Diane Barta ~ TCF, Portland, OR

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