



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



We need not walk alone.

Volume 9, Issue 3

Tyler, Texas

March 2008

Monthly Group Meeting

Tuesday, March 18, 6:30 p.m.
707 W. Houston St., Tyler, Texas

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Toll Free: (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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To Know Me

By Judi Barkman

"Worrying is like sitting in a rocking chair. It gives you something to do, but it doesn't get you anywhere."—English Proverb

To know me, is to know I worry. I worry even though I know I shouldn't. I worry even though I know it is completely unproductive. I worry, as I breathe.

I was faced with raising four sons as a single mom. Sons that seemed to get into every kind of scrape imaginable, and I found myself facing emergency room visits for stitches and a broken arm or two. I began to restrict their activity, fearful that when they rode their bikes something "bad" could happen, or when they roller skated, or when they just played rough as boys often do. I became the over-protective mom I didn't want to be. I saw other mom's letting their kids build skate board ramps, and taking them dirt bike riding—but I was too fearful. Sports? Oh heavens, you know they could get hurt don't you? So, to a degree I sheltered them from the experiences that they should have enjoyed. Fear robbed them of some of their childhood experiences.

The thing I worried about more than any other was that one day, I would have to bury one of my children. I was so fearful that when they went out, I would literally make myself sick with the "what ifs." Go to sleep before they got home? Never happened. Fear would paralyze me at times.

"You'll break the worry habit the day you decide you can meet and master the worst that can happen to you," wrote Arnold Glasgow. God knows, I DID NOT want to have to meet and master this fear—but it happened—and I had no choice but to deal with it.

Shane was a safe, cautious driver who took it so very seriously. He would readily volunteer to be the designated driver so that everyone would safely return from a night out. Shane's life ended on a stretch of road that is flat and clear for miles and miles. Flat everywhere except for the tiny spot that took his life—an overpass. Shane's life ended when at the top of this tiny hill, he was met head-on with a drunk driver who got on the freeway going the wrong direction. A minute or two later, or a minute or two earlier, and he would had the opportunity to see it and react. BUT, he was killed instantly and I was faced with my worst fear.

In the six years since Shane's death, I have learned that what everyone said about worry was true. WORRY is such a waste of time. I spent hours, hours and hours fretting about something that happened anyway. Did any of that worry make it not so? Absolutely not. Did any of that worry make it easier to bear when it did happen? Absolutely not. Did any of my protective measures stop it from happening? Absolutely not.

I coped. I believe it was God and a band of angels that saw me through, but I coped better than all those worries I had conjured up in my brain. It was then I realized I would not live the rest of my life worrying about every little thing. A worrier will never stops worrying completely—let's be realistic. BUT, I don't restrict myself, or my boys, from enjoying life, out of fear. If it's going to happen, it will happen whether I worry about it or not. The only thing that worry does is rob us of today's joy, while it instills a fear of something that may or may not happen tomorrow. I wish I never had to face this fear. I wish more than anything Shane was still here, however, from this day forward, instead of living by fear and worry, I remind myself of a better motto—Carpe Diem (Seize the day).

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.

“You will miss your child; no magic potion can wipe the pain away. Enjoy what you can you deserve some pleasure. And may some measure of peace overtake you before this year ends.” —*Elizabeth B. Estes*

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 (always the third Tuesday 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.”

Thoughts from a Parent Who Lost an Older Child

Perhaps I had my child longer than you had yours, but thirty-eight years does not seem long. Perhaps there are more memories to hold in my heart, but I know yours are just as dear to you as mine are to me, even if your memories are memories of only one or two days. Your dreams for your child are gone. So are mine. Never did I imagine that I would have to deal with mv child's death instead of him having to deal with mine. In thirty-eight years there was time to give me a legacy of three grandchildren. This is a very special blessing and one that I do not take for granted. My mission is to sustain the relationship with my three granddaughters who now live three thousand miles away from me.

My child died from a terminal illness that is not one of the “acceptable” diseases. My child died of alcohol and drug addiction. The tools for remission of this disease are placed in the hands of the person who has the disease. Even with the help of four treatment centers, the recovery was not to be. One day at a time, my recovery is taking place. The pain, after two and one half years, has gone to a place where it can be tolerated.

My story and my age may be different from yours, but the bottom line is the same: my child has gone to a place where I cannot go, and I miss him so much. The pain of grief is still there, but I am living life one-day-at-a-time, enriched because my son came through my body into my life.

Helen Godwin ~ TCF, Orange Park, Jacksonville, FL

To Honor You

To honor you, I get up everyday and take a breath.
And start another day without you in it.

To honor you, I laugh and love with those who knew your smile
And the way your eyes twinkled with mischief and secret knowledge.

To honor you, I take the time to appreciate everyone I love,
I know now there is no guarantee of days or hours spent in their presence.

To honor you, I listen to music you would have liked,
And sing at the top of my lungs, with the windows rolled down.

To honor you, I take chances, say what I feel, hold nothing back,
Risk making a fool of myself, dance every dance.

You were my light, my heart, my gift of love, from the very highest source.

So everyday, I vow to make a difference, share a smile, live, laugh and love.

Now I live for us both, so all I do, I do to honor you.

*Connie F. Kiefer Byrd
In Loving Memory of Jordan Alexander Kiefer
8/24/88-12/13/05*



We need not walk alone.

"Nothing will ever bring him back to me, but one day I will go to him. I can't ever say a final good-bye, only that 'I miss you so.'" —Carla Smith

Love Gifts



Shane & Carol Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets

Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad Cavazos

Dave & Jeanelle Maland in memory of Joe Maland and Sarah Thompson

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Brown

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

College-Bound Solutions for allowing TCF of Tyler to use their facilities as our meeting place - in memory of Nathaniel Peter Bolom



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 day of the 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 Be Gentle

An Afterloss Creed
Jill Englar, Westminster, Maryland

Please be gentle with me, for I am grieving. The sea I swim in is a lonely one, and the shore seems miles away. Waves of despair numb my soul as I struggle through each day. My heart is heavy with sorrow. I want to shout and scream and repeatedly ask, "Why?" At times, my grief overwhelms me, and I weep bitterly, so great is my loss.

Please don't turn away or tell me to move on with my life. I must embrace my pain before I can begin to heal. Companion me through my tears and sit with me in loving silence. Honor where I am in my journey, not where you think I should be.

Listen patiently to my story. I may need to tell it over and over again. It's how I begin to grasp the enormity of my loss. Nurture me through the weeks and months ahead. Forgive me when I seem distant and inconsolable. A small flame still burns within my heart, and shared memories may trigger both laughter and tears. I need your support and understanding. There is no right or wrong way to grieve. I must find my own path. Please, will you walk beside me?

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Announcements

Our Annual Butterfly Release is May 17. We will have a planning meeting, Monday, March 3 at 6:30 p.m. Please call (903) 258-2547 if you would like to help this year in honor and loving memory of your child.

Request for Help with the Newsletter: We are in need of donations to help pay for the cost of printing the monthly newsletter. We also need volunteers who will fold, staple and mail out. We know how important the newsletter is to many members and we hope to continue sending it. If not, we might send it out quarterly via mail, and post it monthly on the Web site for viewing and printing. Thanks in advance to anyone who would like to help! Call (903) 258-2547.

New Deadline for the Newsletter: We encourage all members to submit articles, poems or quotes for publication in our newsletter. The deadline for submissions is the 5th day of the month.

TCF of Tyler Memorial Quilt

If you would like to have your child's photo included on the fourth memorial quilt, please mail a \$25 donation to P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, TX 75711. For more information contact us at (903) 258-2547, or email us at info@TylerTCF.org.

Thanks to Teresa and David Terrell for donating their talent and time on these beautiful quilts which will be displayed in our meeting room and at future special events.



Thank you for your generous donations to TCF of Tyler. These 'love gifts' allow us to provide our local chapter with special events, the TCF Newsletter, our Web site and more!



We need not walk alone.

"The next time someone needs you—just be there—stay. We are not human beings going through a temporary spiritual experience. We are spiritual beings going through a temporary human experience." —*Author Unknown*

March Birthdays



Roozbeh Arianpour
3-25-80 ~ 6-6-03
Son of Farideh Arianpour



Michael Schmidt
3-11-83 ~ 2-10-03
Son of Patricia Jeffery



Amanda Kay Stone
3-25-85 ~ 9-7-03
Daughter of
Mary Kay & Glenn Stone



Colton Allen France
3-8-06 ~ 3-08-06
Son of Carla Howard



Lisa Tutt
3-20-87 ~ 7-30-04
Daughter of Steve & Sherri Tutt



Jill Rozell
3-14-84 ~ 8-2-02
Daughter of Peggy Rozell



Cathy Key
3-26 ~ 8-19-05
Daughter of Cindy Murray



Ben Smith
3-01-88 ~ 7-21-06
Son of Charisse Smith
Sister of Miranda Smith



Toni Wood
3-10-79 ~ 9-29-03
Daughter of Tami Wooldrige



Jodi Lynn Attaway
3-8-72 ~ 6-5-94
Daughter of Cindi Attaway-Gill



Randy Joe Cannon, Jr.
3-26-84 ~ 11-6-05
Son of Randy Cannon



Adam Grabill
3-6-74 ~ 7-23-83
Son of Beth Jones



Charles Bryan Meadows
3-18-80 ~ 1-19-03
Son of Charles & Lynda Meadows



Kenny Ivy
3-10-65 ~ 5-12-85
Son of Jo Anne Ivy



Deanna Holcomb
3-31-73 ~ 4-19-05
Daughter of Pat Smith



Kathy Jo Tumminello
3-19-59 ~ 7-20-04
Sister of Susie Gorman



Timothy Andrew Lever
3-23-69 ~ 6-3-04
Son of Elsie Ford



Visit us online at www.TylerTCF.org





We need not walk alone.

"The power of the mind to begin to see reason, to begin to seek hope, to climb this mountain of trauma and travail cannot be overstated. This power is pure courage, raw courage, desperate courage, but courage in its purest form."
—Annette Mennen Baldwin

March Anniversaries



Adam Knott
12-29-79 ~ 3-20-03
Son of Virginia & Bobby Knott



Neil Defenbaugh
10-20-81 ~ 3-27-04
Son of James & Dina Defenbaugh



Colton Allen France
3-08-06 ~ 3-08-06
Son of Carla Howard



Blythe Madison Harper
5-02-03 ~ 3-08-06
Daughter of
Stephanie Joshua Harper



Allen Price
4-11-77 ~ 3-29-04
Son of Deborah & Floyd Holcomb



Kayla Smith
11-7-89 ~ 3-5-04
Daughter of Debbie Smith



Jeremy Kersh
4-30-86 ~ 3-25-07
Son of Brad & Debbie Kersh



Cory Blackmon
12-31-77 ~ 3-13-89
Grandson of
Charles & Billie Bridges



Robert McMahon
7-18-72 ~ 3-6-92
Son of Dana Wright



Gary Dean Arnold
9-17-57 ~ 3-7-04
Son of Betty & Harold Arnold



Randall Scott McDaniel
5-7-88 ~ 3-17-07
Son of Kathryn Webb



Robert Lynn McMchan
7-18-72 ~ 3-6-92
Son of Dana Wright



Phillip Kuhn
12-28-73 ~ 3-27-03
Son of Carolyn R. Kuhn



Joshua Andrews
6-21-88 ~ 3-14-04
Son of Tawna Andrews



Douglas Johnson
9-24-97 ~ 3-18-05
Son of Doug & Shelly Johnson



Trey LePelley
6-10-82 ~ 3-13-05
Son of Jack & Julie LePelley

His Room

Sun splinters through
The stained-glass unicorn still on the sill
Splattering black walls with color.
Few things are as forlorn as a vacant room—
Furniture gone, awaiting definition
Bare, yet there on the carpet
Imprints of chair and waterbed.
And there is the hole he
Accidentally shot through the wall.
And there and there and there—
Nail holes that held pictures and posters
And eight-point antlers.
And there...God, how can a place
So empty, be so full?

Richard Dew

from Rachel's Cry: A Journey Through Grief





We need not walk alone.

"Some people come into our lives and leave footprints on our hearts and we are never ever the same." —*Flavia Weedn*

Grandma Wanna-Be

By JoAnne Rademacher, TCF, Minot, North Dakota

Last fall, my son Darick and his wife, Jenny, announced that we would be grandparents this summer. At 47, I no longer had a desire to raise another child of my own and was already a self-confessed "grandma wanna-be." Their news made my heart dance. My joy, however, was turned to anger when the pregnancy ended in miscarriage.

As a grandma wanna-be with that first grandchild on the way, I was picturing myself baby-sitting and cooing my way to old age with this child and those to follow cuddled around me. I bought patterns for sewing baby clothes and books filled with baby projects. Would the new parents want the crib my children had slept in? If not, where would I set it up for those visits to Grandma's house? My thoughts were overflowing with being a grandma.

After a one o'clock a.m. call from Darick, I knew that Jenny was probably miscarrying. My knees hit the floor and I sobbed my prayers. "Please, God, don't let this child die, too!" I implored. When it was confirmed that this child would never be born, all of my happy imaginings were replaced by anger. The raging thoughts of a protective mother quickly replaced those of the grandma-to-be.

In September of 1994, our only daughter, 13-year-old Melissa, died in a car accident. Our sons, Darick and Wade, were also in the car. At 15 and 11, respectively, they were devastated emotionally though they had only minor physical injuries. We have all worked hard at living without Melissa, but some days it seems that there is a dark cloud hanging over us determined to block the sunshine from our lives.

Darick blamed himself for the accident. He put himself in a world of self-induced guilt, a place from which we sometimes wondered if he would ever return. Retrieving his soul has been a long and arduous journey, Jenny beside him every step of the way. I knew immediately upon hearing the baby was lost that he would somehow go back there, which he did. In his mind, Melissa's and his baby's deaths were connected by his feelings of helplessness in the face of tragedy. The fact that this could happen, placing him back in that hell, made my blood boil. Those beautiful children had been through enough! Why couldn't Darick and Jenny have just this one blessing free of heartache?

Many people reminded me of all the medical reasons for miscarriage, making it sound like some grand act of mercy. They said that the baby was very likely genetically damaged and, if brought to term and live birth, it may have been afflicted with any number of maladies. I know they were trying to make me feel better, and it is likely they were right, but their words only made me angrier. "There didn't have to be anything wrong with this baby," my mind screamed! Babies are carried to term and born every day. Why did this one have to be damaged? Darick and Jenny needed this joy. And we were already grieving the loss of the grand-children Melissa would never deliver. Wasn't that enough?

I did not feel guilty or sorry for my anger. I have learned through grieving for Melissa that anger is a natural part of grief. Until now, I simply felt that it was unfinished business. I needed time to come to a place of peace in the face of another child lost to us.

When Melissa died, as deep as my grief was, I rejoiced in the lives of my sons. The fact that they survived that accident was declared a miracle, and it spun a web of protection around my broken heart. Then, in the summer of 2001, Wade was in another accident. The fact that he walked away from it only sore and bruised was declared another miracle. I remember the gratitude and grace I felt when I wrapped my arms around him and sobbed for the words I could not speak.

That memory began to emerge as my initial anger over being denied our first grandchild lost some of its steam. My gratitude for lives saved began to spin around in my head, seeking domination over the anger for lives lost. As much as I wanted to let go of the anger and embrace gratitude, I just couldn't find the resolution I sought.

Until now. It is summer again, 2002. Wade was in a third accident, this time escaping the rolled vehicle only seconds before it burst into flames within sight of where Melissa had died. When I arrived at the scene, I walked past the incinerated mass of metal. Again, I could not speak, but only held Wade until I could peel my arms from his healthy, whole self. I was calm and in control until later that night when I was alone.

The mash of emotions in my head and heart were too great to hold inside. I was in my car so I opened the roof, cranked up the music, and sobbed for twenty miles. The mother of Melissa grieved yet again. The grandmother of an unborn child also grieved as the mother of Darick fought for rights to her anger. The mother of Wade wailed prayers of thanks. From this tangle of emotions, one truth emerged: As long as I choose to embrace the miracles around me, my heart will dance. Whether in the slow dance of grief or skipping to the beat as I cuddle and coo with grandbabies yet to come, hope and joy will emerge in the rhythms of the dance.

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We need not walk alone.

“Be there, be there for me. Understand my unspoken words. See my broken heart. Understand. Listen to my story, a story of my child. Remember his life, remember his death.” —Annette Mennen Baldwin

What's in a Word?

By Sascha Wagner, TCF, Aurora, CO

I do not think that 'handling' grief is an accurate concept. I see grief as a force of nature, much like an avalanche or an earthquake or a tornado. That's hardly the sort of thing human beings 'handle'—such a force of nature handles us—and we can at best react to it, do damage control, maybe. There may even be limited ways in which to prepare for the impact of such a force of nature. We can construct buildings that are more earthquake proof, or we can blast overhanging snow masses. We can at least try to escape major injury by finding a safe place in a tornado. But we can hardly call that 'handling' the event, can we?

In a similar way, we may be able to do things about surviving tragedy, enduring great emotional disasters, outlasting enormous grief. The first step about preparing for grief is to be honest about it—fact is that grief comes everyone's way at one time or another, and we only THINK that we are helping ourselves if we deny the possibility of grief in our life. Being aware of that possibility might fortify us to a small extent against the absolute devastation which grief can create. Perhaps we can think about help, i.e. to discover in advance a safe place where to survive the tornado of grief. Perhaps we can develop an attitude of acceptance, to lessen the impact of grief's emotional avalanche. But these are by no means guaranteed safeguards.

If we keep in mind that grief is handling us, instead of expecting to 'handle' grief, our chances for positive survival are much better. True, 'handling' grief is only a word—yet it can inadvertently convey the wrong idea at the worst possible time. Grief handles us. Grief is the master here, and a difficult master at that.

The first thing we need to learn is to stop fighting—grief only tightens its grip if we try to do battle against our feelings. Once we have learned (grudgingly) to accept and even respect grief, the workload eases a bit. By and by the master lets us do our work without that heavy hand constantly on our heart. We can start to arrange our life schedule, and our reactions, on our own, much like straightening our devastated house after a flood. That is the time, when we find that grief has taken away, or ruined, much of what we had and loved. And that is also the time when we must examine our attitude about grief, again. Do we look to new ways for living? Do we recover some treasures from the devastation? Do we have some things left to go on with? Do we find the strength to feel thankful for having had treasure at least for a while?

To paraphrase Victor Frankel, we are only in charge of one thing: the attitude we bring to the tragedy. And this attitude is not something we just naturally develop over a few days or weeks. Neither can this attitude be fully realized in theory—our attitude about grief emerges in total only during our presence in the reality of grief. Most of us need a few semesters of intensive study and practice in that reality, to give us at least the ability to cope. We could speak about coping with grief, like working with an unreasonable monarch.

What we are really 'handling' then, is not our grief, is not the flood, the avalanche, the tornado—what we are handling is ourselves. And the more we do the necessary work, the more we look honestly on the force of nature which is grief—the more we will be able to heal and to go on. And just as the results of a natural disaster can take a long time to disappear, so the results of grief will not become manageable overnight. We must sift through many rooms, many memories, many feelings, until we can say: “This is what is left, I have salvaged some treasure, I have restored rich memories. I have recovered many feelings. But I will always remember this event in my life, it will always be part of me—I have been changed. Grief has handled me.

sascha

Book Review

Shadows in the Sun: The Experiences of Sibling Bereavement in Childhood

by Betty Davies, NF

"This book covers the immediate, short-term, and long-term responses to the death of a brother or sister in childhood and adolescence. It also describes the subsequent generational effects of sibling bereavement. Although the book is intended for professional caregivers, surviving siblings can learn much about themselves from a careful reading of this book. The final chapter brings together all that has gone before into a comprehensive model of sibling bereavement. Practical guidelines are offered for those who seek to help grieving siblings, children and families."

Quoted from the tcfrochester.org website.





We need not walk alone.

“Gradually, the pain subsides and the world becomes bearable again. Hope sneaks through the cracks in the walls built up as protection against hurt. Energy is regained. The process of rebuilding seems possible.”
—Myrna Grandgenett, PhD

The Sharing of Grief

I cannot carry this burden alone,
the road is too steep and the pain too great.

I shall only get to the top of the hill if I am able to
lean on a firm shoulder whose strength lies in the
reality of the feet which bear its weight.

The sharing of grief is the only solution to the
crisis that surrounds bereavement in our age.

To share a person's sorrow is to accept their
reality and to acknowledge the fact that
none of us is immune from death.

*Rev. Dr. Simon Stephens,
Founder of The Compassionate Friends*

Ben's Birthday

This day
This dreaded day
Before highly anticipated,
I wake up cataloging the others
Wearing your first cake,
Cookie cakes and steak dinners,
Dalmatian cakes, skating, pancake breakfasts.
Carloads of boys going to the park
The last...family, and best friends, celebrating a milestone.
"18"
The world holds promise, the golden age of independence,
future, and choice. We are so proud.
A year later, we are in another world, one without you.
Now, what do we do? We grieve the
lost hope and possibilities.
We ask why?
We make bouquets of festive flowers, and take
green balloons to where you lay.
Your precious sister and I sit on the ground
arranging flowers and talking.
Your friends join us. You are remembered. You are loved.
We scream silently, wanting you back, and wondering how,
and even why we are standing here, why you are gone.
The world keeps turning, and we keep
looking back, wishing.
Daily, we miss you our darling boy.
Happy Birthday my baby.



Charisse Smith
TCF, Tyler, TX



Forgive Me, My Son

Forgive me if I do not cry
the day you die.

The simplest reason that I know is
fathers are not supposed to cry.

I figured you would expect me to be strong—
to act the way I would have taught you.

Forgive me, my son, if I do not cry
the day you die.

Forgive me if I do.

Author Unknown

On Vacation

I sat and watched the waves come in & out.
I looked for you there, but you weren't about.

I saw a young child about your size,
And I thought it was you, till I looked in his eyes.

I heard a strange voice call your name,
And I thought for a second you were home again.

I went to the jetty where you used to fish;
I gazed at the stars and made a wish.

Then I closed my eyes and I heard you say,

"I love you, Mommy,
but it can't be that way;
I can't come back to earth
as you know.

But I will live within you
wherever you go;

For I am with God in a
place so divine
Where there is no pain,
no space and no time."

Then I opened my eyes and I walked away
And I've known where you are since that day.

Penny Linehan ~ TCF, Morris, NJ

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.

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 _____

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