



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, March 16, 6:30 p.m.
at Bridging The Gap on Hwy. 155 S.

Contact

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

Chapter LeaderTina Loper
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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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Spring Is Coming

If you are newly bereaved and looking toward your "first" spring, you may be surprised at some of the feelings you may experience during the next few weeks. We hear so much about the beauty of spring; the new life and the feelings of renewal that are supposed to accompany this lovely time of year. During my first year, I expected that spring would cheer me up, and make me feel lots better.

How surprised and frustrated I was when, one of those truly magnificent spring days as life seems to burst forth everywhere, "I was in the pits." When a friend said to me, "Doesn't a day like this really lift your spirits and make you feel better?" I had to reply honestly that I was having a really bad day, with the sense of loss and emptiness greatly intensified. Gradually, I began to realize that my expectations for spring were unrealistically high. I had looked forward to spring with the wrong kind of hope.

When we are newly bereaved, we are constantly looking for something to take away the pain and make our lives all right again. Unfortunately, there is no magical event or moment when this takes place. It does happen, but only with time, and the grief work we all must do before we can be healed. The coming of spring cannot make everything okay again. What it can do however, is remind us that regardless of what happens in our lives, nature's processes will continue, and that can offer us hope.

I am looking forward to spring this year. I welcome the sun's warmth, the return of the birds from this winter in the south, the forsythia, the daffodils, and the greening of the world. Know that someday you will once again welcome spring. Be gentle and patient with yourself and with nature. Don't expect too much. Be ready to let a little of the hope that spring can offer into your heart.

Evelyn Billings ~ TCF, Springfield, MA

To Those Who Come After

I never knew my brother, yet I knew him well through my Mother's eyes, I have seen him and love him still. I'll grow tall and strong like him, yet not like him at all. He'll be my guardian angel, and we'll grow through life together, as one. I have his clothes and his toys and his photos. I hold them dear to me. But most of all, I treasure the loving memories—the memories my Mother gave me.

Karen Holland ~ TCF, Brisbane, Australia

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.

“Pain becomes bearable when we are able to trust that it won’t last forever, not when we pretend that it doesn’t exist.” —Alla Bozarth-Campbell

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.”

The Child Who Wasn’t Perfect

I cannot say, as I have heard other parents say, “My child has always been a joy and pleasure; never gave me a minute’s trouble,” I cannot say that. I had a son who was always trouble.

He was born cross and irritable, real trials from the word go. He seemed to be in protest at having been born, from his very first breath and outcry, through the rest of his life. His thirty-seven years of life were one long outcry of protest, misery and unhappiness. He expressed his tormented spirit through music, poetry and a beautiful American Indian spirituality. But in spite of the pain that was in his heart, he had a wide smile and a hearty big laugh for everyone that belied the torment that raged inside him. He had a strange, mysterious wild charm, to which all who met him fell victim. He seemed to be born in the wrong time, wrong culture, with a crippled spirit, and a body that carried a fatal flaw; the fatal flaw of addiction. He put himself and his family through the agony of the damned. Step by step, he destroyed himself, as we watched with grieving hearts. He rejected every effort to save him.

Then came that fateful week; some mystery reached out for him; his body, his spirit defied every weapon at science’s disposal to diagnose and save him. One by one his vital functions failed and he was gone. The word “forever” suddenly had a new and terrible meaning.

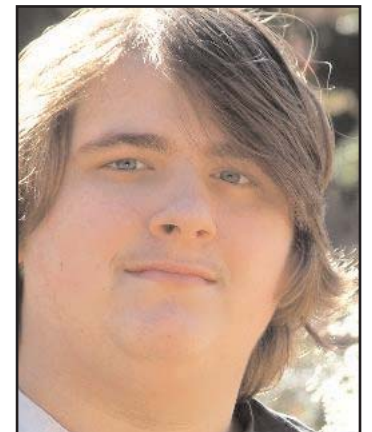
So, he was hard to love; but we loved him every step of the way. We had him because we wanted him and we loved him every minute of his life. Our grief has been no less because he was not a perfect child. It has just been an extension of the agony that we were helpless against the monster called addiction that destroyed him.

Yesterday, was his birthday, I longed for the sight and sound of him, and that wild melancholy charm that vanished a year and a half ago. My heart stays full of tears; they are always just beneath the surface. I struggle daily to keep them out of sight and my fellow man, who does not want to share my pain. So, I come home and sit on my porch in the dark; listen to the night sounds; stare into space and I cry for my child who wasn’t perfect.

Jane Miller ~ TCF, Atlanta, GA

This month’s printing of our newsletter sponsored by Charisse Smith.

**In honor & loving
memory of
Ben Smith
3-1 ~ 7-21
Son of
Charisse Smith**



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



We need not walk alone.

“All who have been touched by beauty are touched by sorrow at its passing.”
—Louise Cordana

Love Gifts



W.A. & Ruby Talley in memory of Theresa

Lajeania Culligan in memory of Shane McDade

Charles McLean in memory of
Candace Beggs & Dex McLean

Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry

Charisse Smith in memory of Ben -
Sponsoring the March Newsletter

Bridging The Gap Ministries -
Tyler meeting location

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

Special Thanks!

A special thanks to Claudette Brown, in memory of Terry Brown, for pledging a monthly donation. Claudette lives too far away to make it to the TCF meetings, but appreciates the newsletter and TCF events.

A special thanks to Dale & Phyliss Cavazos, in memory of Chad, for their regular donations to TCF of Tyler.

Special thanks to Bill Skillerns and Steven Sikes at Skillerns Business Systems for helping us with the copying of our newsletter. Skillerns is located at 1604 Grande Blvd. in Tyler.

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 3rd Tuesday 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.

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!

Announcements

Jacksonville TCF Meeting: We are considering holding a monthly meeting in Jacksonville if we have enough members who are interested. We want to choose a location that will benefit the majority. We have several members in the Jacksonville area and know there are many more that we have not contacted. If you are interested in attending meetings in Jacksonville, please call 903-258-2547 or email pdsettle@wmconnect.com or butterfly6@nctv.com.

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: April 13, July 13, Oct. 12 and Nov. 2. Call Pat Settle at (903) 570-8412 for more information.

General Assembly: Join us for one Sunday a month 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. Our next date to meet will be March 22 at 4 p.m. at our regular meeting place.

Dave Maland will start a new GriefShare session beginning Saturday, April 4th, running every Saturday through May 23rd, at 10 a.m. at First Christian Church, corner of Broadway and Loop 323. For further information or registration, contact Dave at 903-581-2524.

We will be holding our 6th Annual Butterfly Release on May 16. We are personalizing wood butterflies for an additional charge this year. If you want a butterfly designed specifically for your child, please let us know. Football, baseball, softball, cheerleading, dance, military, etc., are a few of the designs available. Personalized butterflies are \$20 and need to be paid for in advance. If you are interested in donating refreshments this year, or would like to help with the set up, in honor and in loving memory of your child, please contact us at info@tylertcf.org, or call (903) 258-2547.

Yard Sale Donations! Our garage sale is scheduled to be held on April 18 and will be at the ETCL building on Hwy. 110 (next to Appearances). If you would like to help with, or donate items for this fundraiser, please contact us for drop off or pick up at (903) 258-2547. We especially need larger household items.

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.

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





We need not walk alone.

"Grief is like a long valley, a winding valley where any bend may reveal a totally new landscape." —C.S. Lewis

March Birthdays



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



Toni Wood
3-10 ~ 9-29
Daughter of
Tami Wooldridge



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



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



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



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



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



Jackson Huse
3-31 ~ 3-25
Son of
Doug & Johna Huse



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



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



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



Brandon Krpec
3-27 ~ 2-11
Son of
Larry & Debby Krpec



Jamye Marie Crawford
3-10 ~ 4-12
Daughter of
Judy & Robbie Crawford



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



Andrea Young
3-15 ~ 2-1
Daughter of
Roland & Jackie Young





We need not walk alone.

"People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." —*Maya Angelou*

March Anniversaries



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



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



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



Blythe Madison Harper
5-2 ~ 3-8
Daughter of
Stephanie Joshua Harper



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



Jackson Huse
3-31 ~ 3-25
Son of
Doug & Johna Huse



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



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



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



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



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



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



Rowdy Cunningham
8-10 ~ 3-7
Son of
Peggy Cunningham



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





We need not walk alone.

“An important way to cope with grief is having an outlet, be it interpersonal, be it artistic, that will allow you to not have to contain your grief, but will give you an opportunity to express it, to externalize it to some degree.”
—R. Benjamin Cirlin

Recognizing Unsuccessful Grief

All of us who have searched for healing following the death of a child, grandchild or sibling know the roller coaster of emotions that are part of our grief process. We know there is no "quick fix" that magically lets us get on with our lives, and grief can be physically exhausting. We cannot go back to what was! And time, in and of itself, does not heal.

Although there is no set schedule for grieving and there will always be a hole in our hearts, many of us in TCF have found that within a year to 18 months, we are beginning to make some progress—granted the progress may seem minute to the bereaved. Grief therapists have learned that if death is from prolonged or serious illness there is grieving during the illness. The second year of grief may be as intense or even more emotionally devastating than the first year. However, no two people have the same grief timetable. If we feel that we are not making progress, is there some way to determine whether or not we may need professional help or evaluation or at least reassurance? The following considerations may help you decide:

- Extended withdrawal from the world around you and prolonged inability to accomplish normal tasks or participate in everyday activities.
- Self-imposed isolation where you do not want to be around anyone—friends, family or others.
- Becoming too scared to be alone. You must have someone around all the time.
- Anger or guilt that (a) is out of proportion, (b) does not fit the circumstances, (c) extends for a long time without retreating, or (d) may be directed toward or imposed on others close to you.
- Depression that is exaggerated, unremitting, prolonged and occurs in original intensity years after the loss.
- Anxiety that interferes with going away from home.
- Dependence on alcohol or medications to cope or forget.
- An emotional "logjam" resulting from an accumulation of losses over the years.
- Contemplating or attempting suicide to "get away from it all" or to join your child.
- Self-caused illness or physical health problems that do not go away, or the inability to separate the real from the imagined. This kind of illness is different from the "ailments" that most of us experience during the anniversary of our loved one's death.
- Placing your child on a pedestal and forgetting his/her imperfections; or being unable to redirect your activities or to shift your focus, so that you can honor your child in a positive way.
- An absence of grief or a numbness, anxiety, sadness, or any kind of overall attitude that negatively affects others around you, including over-protectiveness of your loved ones.
- Converting all emotions into one or two favorite or "safe" emotions—like anger, boredom, or despair—which become all you are feeling, taking the place of grief.
- When talking does not seem to help or there is no one able to listen.

By Libbyrose D. Clark ~ TCF, Deep East Texas; from information provided by Vera Baron, LPC, and Ray Johnson, CSW

Stillborn

With love I conceived and I bore you, I dreamt of you when I was a child. As I felt you grow I adored you, with your first feeble flutter I smiled. Happily I hummed an old lullaby, while I readied your room and layette. With thumps and bumps I felt you reply, playing percussion in a happy duet. Each day that passed our future I planned, where we would go and the things we would do. We'd take trips to the beach and play in the sand, and go to the circus and visit the zoo.

Nine joyful months together we spent, looking ahead to all that would be. Quickly you came, and just as quick went, and the two of us now is just me. A past that has passed; a future that's gone; everyone's back to normal again. While here I am, lost and alone, torn by thoughts of what might have been. Memories die out like an ember, I struggle to hold them. And yet it's very hard to remember, when you were not here to forget.

Rachel's Cry – A Journey Through Grief





We need not walk alone.

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

"Getting on With Life"—What Does It Mean?

Of all the statements and spiritual platitudes quoted at me since my son Daniel's death, the phrase that I hear most frequently makes me squirm the most. "You have got to get on with your life." Recently I quit squirming long enough to ponder the meaning behind this phrase that is usually said to the bereaved in the form of a command. Exactly what does this phrase mean? What are people implying when they say it?

I was pregnant when Daniel died, and three months later I gave birth to a baby girl. Wasn't that getting on with life? I nurtured my three children, took them to school, the park and birthday parties. Now wasn't that going on with life? I even cooked dinner at least four times a week!

At first after Daniel's death, I would have liked to literally stop my life and be buried next to my son, but I kept existing. Like a plastic bag tossed about by the wind, I was fluttering, being carried by the events of life. Seasons came and went. In the spring, I planted marigolds and tomato vines. In the autumn, I jumped in fallen leaves with my children. I continued; I am still continuing to live.

Now I may be bereaved, but I am by no means a fool. As I ponder the meaning behind "getting on with life," I know exactly what those who say this have in mind. "Forget your dead child. Quit grieving. You make me uncomfortable!" Getting on with life means don't acknowledge August 25, Daniel's birthday, anymore. Forget how he slid down the snowy bank in the recycle bin, sang in the van and ate Gummy Bears. Forget he had cancer, suffered and died at only age four. Don't see the empty chair at the dinner table, don't cry, just live!

Some who are more "religious" would like to believe that a bereaved parent can claim, "My child is safe and happy in heaven. Therefore, why should I yearn for him?" Perhaps I pose a threat to certain types because I have let it be known I question God. I weep. I have been angry. I miss my Daniel. Maybe old friends feel if they hang around me too long I might convince them that a few of their illusions about life are just that, illusions. As my cries of anguish are heard, there are those who can only think how to make me be quiet. To stop my heartfelt yearnings, they say quite sternly, "You must get on with your life."

I am living. I do move on with life with Daniel in my mind and in my heart, although he is not physically here as I continue to live and to love. To sever his memory totally from my life would cause destruction and damage that would ruin me. To push Daniel out of my life and not be able to freely mention his name or write and speak about who he was on earth would only bring more pain to my life. I'd shrivel up. Comfort for me comes in remembering with smiles how he drew with a blue marker on his sister's wall, ran outside naked and picked green tomatoes. For the reality is, getting on with life means continuing to cherish Daniel.

Alice J. Wisler, *Bereavement Magazine*, Sept./Oct. 2000

Another Sweet Good-Bye

Some people stay in your mind, haunting you, lingering in your thoughts. I met such a mother at a Compassionate Friends meeting some time back. She was fearful, frightened, heart-broken and very specific about her wishes. Her only child had died, and this was her first Compassionate Friends meeting.

She then faithfully attended meetings, listening to others and absorbing what was said and occasionally contributing. One evening she connected with the guilt that every parent feels when a child dies. It matters not that we couldn't control the circumstances. What matters is that our child has died. We feel guilt. We say, "If only..." so many times that it is almost a mantra. Her body language changed instantly. I noticed that her head was up, her shoulders were back. Her subconscious had acknowledged that her feelings were the same as every other mother's feelings. Imagined guilt can wear us down.

Three months later she called me. She wanted to inform me that she had identified the monster that had been eating at her for this long time. Her conscious mind had accepted what her subconscious mind had known.

While I will miss her sharp repartee and the smile that began gracing her face, I know that we have served our purpose. She has been freed from the demon of an irrational emotion. Now she keeps her child in her heart as she gently and graciously moves through this life.

The paradigm of Compassionate Friends is the opposite of the paradigm of life. We are sad to see you when you arrive. We are happy when you are ready to go. You have found your way; this makes the good-bye a sweet one.

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





We need not walk alone.

“When I grieve, when I stand by others as they grieve, even in the midst of seemingly unbearable sorrow, grief becomes a way to honor life—a way to cling to every fleeting, precious moment of joy.” —*Cortney Davis*

Grief

It's an entity all its own,
with its pain that's never really gone.
It has many thoughts and faces,
but very few reality traces.

It makes you ask many a question,
all of which you try to shun;
What-When-Where-If-Why?
Could I have done something
so my child wouldn't die?

These are what every parent asks;
this part of grief is a heart wrenching task.

Hours turn to days; days to months; months to a year,
this is the war you fight without gear.

You feel bare and naked and all alone,
at times you feel like you can't go on.

You say “This happens to someone else, not me!”
This I think, every parent would agree.

But this time it really was you,
you scream, No, No, No, but it's oh so true.

This nightmare that never seems to end,
with these feelings you cannot pretend.

People say “Well you sure look good.”
Don't they know that we would die if only we could.

Yes grief has its own way,
while we endure it and live day to day.

Judy Craig ~ TCF, Memphis, TN
Written in memory of her son, Travis Carter

“You are so strong”

Empty words
That don't touch the reality
That my life has become.
Walking through fog
Incredible pain
Searching for the beloved face
I crave to see
The voice that I strain to hear over the noises
Of people who have no idea
Of what the world has lost

Charisse Smith ~ TCF, Tyler, TX

Benchmarks

Good bye would be too difficult,
Although I know you are gone.
Instead, I keep you in my heart
And your memory lives on.
I have redefined my purpose, son,
Since you are no longer here.
With your death I faced a choice
To die, exist or to live free.
My life has changed forever, child,
I'm redefined each week,
You would call these “benchmarks”
Of goals set and then achieved.
And so I set my benchmarks,
Achieving many, reshaping some..
But everything is different now
Except your mother's love.

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

Empty Places

I drove the old way yesterday.
It'd been a while, you see.
And there, without a warning,
the pain washed over me.
I drove the old way yesterday
and sadness came on strong,
taken back by so much feeling,
since you've been gone so long.
Places seem to lie in wait
to summon up the tears,
to say remember yesterday,
those days when you were here.
Places where you laughed and played
are places where I cry.
These places hold the memories
that will live as long as I.

In memory of Lori Gentry, 2-2 ~ 6-28
Genesse Gentry ~ TCF, Marin County, CA

As Long As I Can

As long as I can I will look at this world for both of us.
As long as I can I will laugh with the birds,
I will sing with the flowers,
I will pray to the stars, for both of us.

Sascha

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

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We need not walk alone.



www.TylerTCF.org