



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, March 15, 6:30 p.m. Bridging
The Gap, 12872 Hwy. 155 S.

Jacksonville Meeting

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

Lufkin Meeting

Thursday, March 18, 6:30 p.m.
Southside Baptist Church, 1615
Tulane Drive

Contact

Phone: (903) 258-2547

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

Chapter LeaderTina Loper
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Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
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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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Questions & Answers

Q: How long will it take to get over this feeling of sorrow?

A: A lifetime.

Q: How long will I continue to feel guilty?

A: As long as it takes you to realize that you did nothing wrong.

Q: How long will it take me to get over my anger?

A: As long as it will take you to drop the blame on yourself and others and realize that it was a combination of unpredictable happenings that occur in one's lifetime.

Q: Why do friends give such horrid advice?

A: To cover up their own inability to handle the situation.

Q: Will I ever be happy again and be able to laugh?

A: An emphatic YES.

Q: How long is long?

A: As long as it takes you to go through the process. Each has his/her own time schedule, but you must make the decision to start healing.

TCF will try to help you find your answers by listening, hugging, and caring to give you support during this period and after. Give it a try. I don't think you'll be sorry.

Irv S., Ft. Lauderdale, FL

When the sun's sharp brilliance echoes in the luminescent blue
A grim, oppressive darkness stabs my aching heart anew.
Its golden glow upon my face, the warmth of winter's sun
Holds the promise of renewal when the icy months are done.

It is this vow of nature's of resurgence in the spring
That bows my head, and breaks my heart; unlocks my suffering.

For you will miss again the beauty of this time of year
The growing warmth, the sunny days when life will reappear.

For nature has no power over death that holds you still,
And though I know, I still resent spring's early daffodil.

Oh, would that I could speak to Mother Nature face to face!
To beg she work her magic on your lonely resting place.

Why can't it be YOUR rebirth when the gray, cold days are done?
Why mightn't YOU not live again to see spring's fresh new dawn

and feel the warmth of sunshine relish in the greening earth...
to open arms, embracing life why can't it be YOUR birth?

You were so young, your life so new when death crept in the door,
And in my grief, beloved child, I'll ask forever more

The reason why the earth's renewed when spring comes 'round each year
Yet in your grave you're silent still,
and I condemned am here.

Sally Migliaccio ~ TCF, Babylon, NY ~ Remembering Tracey, always

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.

“This winter of your life will pass, as all seasons do. Stay in your season of Winterness as long as need be, for everything you feel is appropriate. There is no right way to grieve. There is just your way. It will take as long as it takes.”
—Rusty Berkus

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.”

Choosing Life

“It will never be the same. Never.” As a bereaved parent, you have often heard or said these words to express grief’s profound feelings of sorrow and disorientation. Your life has suddenly taken an unexpected course that appears both uncharted and endless. Bewildered, you vainly search for pathways back to your former life, until you confront the reality that there is no way back. Your child is dead forever. It is then that you may say, “...never the same.”

This is the aspect of grief that Simon Stephens calls “The Valley of the Shadow.” It is that very long time between the death of your child and your reinvestment in life. Between. It is not supposed to be a permanent resting place. Although some people do take up residence in the valley, it is a transition from the death of your child to life with renewed purpose.

The key to this transition is yourself. You must choose between life and the valley. You and only you can decide. And you must make that decision again and again, each day.

Giving in to the hopelessness of the valley is tempting. Choosing to move on toward life requires a great deal of work. You must struggle with the pain of grief in order to resolve it. It is a daily struggle full of tears, anger, guilt and self-doubt, but it is the only alternative to surrendering yourself to the valley.

Little by little you choose to move on. Little by little you progress toward the other side of the valley. It takes a very long time, far longer than your friends or relatives suspected. Far longer than you had believed—even prayed—that it would be. When one day you find yourself able to do more than choose merely to live but also how to live, you will know you are leaving the valley of the shadow. There will still be more work to do, more struggle and choosing. The valley, however, stretches behind rather than in front of you. When you have resolved your grief by reinvesting in life, you will be able to realize that nothing is ever “the same.” Life is change. We would not have it be otherwise, for that is the valley of the shadow. Change has the promise of beginning and the excitement of discovery.

Life is never the same. Life is change. Choose life!

Marcia F. Alig ~ TCF, Mercer Area Chapter, NJ

This month’s printing of our newsletter sponsored by Tami Wooldridge.

**In loving memory of
Toni Wood
3-10-79 ~ 9-29-03
Daughter of
Tami Wooldridge**



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



We need not walk alone.

“Our goal is to not be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.” —TCF Sibling’s Credo

Love Gifts



Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Wayne

David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy

Kerry & Cheryl Anderson in memory of Daniel

Charles & Billie Bridges in memory of Cory Blackmon

Roland & Jackie Young in memory of
Cynthia Harper and Andrea Young

Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake



Special Thanks!

Thanks to Carol Thompson, Carol Johnson and Tina Loper for helping with the assembly of the February newsletter.

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

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Wayne, Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad, Sam Smith in memory of Stacey - use of his office for the Jacksonville meeting, Bridging The Gap Ministries - Tyler meeting location, David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy - use of a storage building

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.

Email Addresses: If we do not have your email address or it has changed, please email it to Tina or Pat so that we may email you announcements and updates about TCF of Tyler. Tina’s email: butterfly6@nctv.com ~ Pat’s email: pdsettle@wmconnect.com

Announcements

We will be holding our 7th Annual Butterfly Release on May 15. We are personalizing wood butterflies for an additional charge again 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. Live Monarch butterflies are available for \$10 each. You must place your order and pre-pay by May 8. If you are interested in donating refreshments this year, or would like to help with the set up in loving memory of your child, please contact us at info@tylertcf.org, or call (903) 258-2547.

Jacksonville TCF Meeting: The meeting in Jacksonville is held on the first Tuesday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at Sam Smith’s office, 1401 E. Rusk, Jacksonville. For more information, please email pdsettle@wmconnect.com or butterfly6@nctv.com, or call 903-258-2547.

Lufkin TCF Meeting: Join us at the Lufkin meeting held at 6:30 p.m. every 3rd Thursday of the month at Southside Baptist Church, 1615 Tulane Drive, Lufkin, TX 75901. For more information, contact Lauri Maner at 936-854-2002 or Sherri Tutt at 936-404-9517.

The Touched by Suicide meeting is held the second Tuesday of the month at 6:30 p.m. The meeting is held at the East Texas Center for Independent Living, located at 4713 Troup Hwy, Tyler, in the Highland shopping center. Anyone who has lost someone they love to suicide is welcome to attend this peer support group. Note that it is not the proper forum for those who have attempted suicide and survived. For more information please call 903-574-3127.

Steering Committee: If you are interested in participating in our chapter by serving on the steering committee, please plan to attend a steering committee meeting in 2010. The dates of the remaining meetings are as follows: March 29th, May 3rd, August 9th, October 4th and November 8th.

General Assembly: Join us each month to assemble the newsletter and mail out cards. We hope to get some new volunteers to help with this monthly project. Call 903-258-2547 for details.

Bonfire Sept. 2010: We will hold our 3rd Annual Bonfire at Carol Johnson’s in September. Watch for details.

If you would like to buy a copy of the documentary, *Motherland*, on DVD, we have it available for \$20. Visit www.motherland-thefilm.org for information on this very inspiring film, and call 903-258-2547 to buy your copy.





We need not walk alone.

"Grief is universal; at the same time it is extremely personal. Heal in your own way." —Earl Grollman

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



Tiffany Sue Hightower
3-31-89 ~ 5-12-06
Daughter of
Donna Hightower



Joshua Brandon Wilcox
"Josh"
3-17-77 ~ 9-7-08
Son of Melanie Wilcox



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



Wadiya Adnan Bdah
3-7-09 ~ 3-13-09
Son of
Catherine Bdah



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



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



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



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



Danielle Celeste Yura
3-22-89 ~ 1-15-08
Daughter of
Susie Hughes Fincher



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



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



Jackson Huse
3-31-01 ~ 3-25-08
Son of
Doug & Johna Huse



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



Jana Lauren Shearer
3-26-86 ~ 1-5-08
Daughter of
Stephanie Shearer



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



Brandon Krpec
3-27-79 ~ 2-11-08
Son of Larry &
Debby Krpec



Jamye Marie Crawford
3-10-90 ~ 4-12-05
Daughter of Judy &
Robbie Crawford



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



Andrea Young
3-15-56 ~ 2-1-97
Daughter of Roland &
Jackie Young





We need not walk alone.

“Closure? I don’t think so; acceptance, yes; peace, yes; hope, definitely; but putting a period behind the final sentence and closing the book on it? No! Life and love are much too complex for that. The story does not end; instead it awaits the next chapter.” —Amy Florian

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



Jackson Huse
3-31-01 ~ 3-25-08
Son of
Doug & Johna Huse



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



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



Laura Wilkinson
7-16-90 ~ 3-7-08
Daughter of
Peggy Cunningham



James Wilkinson
7-6-67 ~ 3-9-06
Son of
Bill & Betty Wilkinson



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



Wadiya Adnan Bdah
3-7-09 ~ 3-13-09
Son of
Catherine Bdah



Rowdy Cunningham
8-10-02 ~ 3-7-08
Son of
Peggy Cunningham



Tyler Roberts
1-6-97 ~ 3-7-08
Son of
Peggy Cunningham





We need not walk alone.

“Give me strength to break out of the cocoon of my grief. But may I never forget it as the place where I grew my wings, becoming a new person because of my loss.” —*Janice Heil*

Reflections after 20 Years

This is not a raw outpouring of latent tears, nor some systematic denial of unbearable pain. This is me—20 years after my step-brother hanged himself in his mother’s garage. I don’t think about it every day anymore, or even every week, yet honestly believe that this ‘event’ had more impact on my life than any before or since.

Cory, I don’t know what you would have been to me if you had lived to have a family, a career, or even that island amusement park you dreamed up, but, by choosing to end your life, you changed me more than anyone else on the planet.

At 15, there was no option for me but to let my broken heart drag me through every stage of ‘the grieving process.’ I was old enough to understand everything that was happening, and especially sensitive to the reactions of others. I have forgiven, but never forgotten my catholic neighbor’s offer to pray you out of purgatory for me. I can still see and hear one of your close friends hitting the top of the coffin with his fists and shouting through clenched teeth and tears “Damn you, Cory!” over and over. I remember not feeling angry with the guy for saying it. It was honest. It was real.

Most important, by dying at 22, before you got a chance to see if things could ever get better, Cory, you taught me to live. To live no matter what. To go when it hurts too much to stay. To search out happiness and not count the cost. While my life choices have not brought me success or fame, I can say, with some confidence that I have lived more than most.

By not understanding how many people suffer from one tiny little suicide, you forced me to witness it firsthand. I couldn’t pretend not to know. No one could write a suicide note long enough to cover the holes they will blow in so many people’s lives. All this in exchange for relief, for one ticket out. As much as you thought nobody cared, and that the world would be better off without you, you left dozens of people shattered for years. End your life, and you’ve murdered somebody’s mother/father/son/brother/sister/aunt/uncle/cousin/lover/friend.

I was just sitting on my back porch looking up and, seeing Orion, remembered the Christmas two months after you died, Cory. I assigned you a star and wished hard—I don’t remember for what. Maybe to stop hurting, or to hear something from you, from God; who knows. But just then, a meteor streaked across Orion from hand to foot, cutting a path directly across the star I had picked. It was the brightest and longest I had ever seen. I could hear it sizzle through the atmosphere. I don’t even know what meaning I attached to the ‘sign’ at the time—just remember being stunned out of my sobbing, and feeling like the world was expanding around me. So much yet to be found out.

Looking up tonight, I had the thought that I am glad it all happened when it did. I immediately censored myself, because it sounds like I am somehow glad that you died. I’m not. I would love nothing more than to bring all my kids to Uncle Cory’s Island Amusement Park for vacations. I wish that they could hear your laugh. It was the greatest. But really, if it had happened when I was very young, like four or something, I might still be attempting to deal with it. When kids lose someone close, it is too big to process, so they just put it away. A lost parent or sibling becomes idealized. Memories blur with fantasies. Plus, the situation isn’t always explained to them fully until they are much older—and often they are lied to outright. What a mess to have to wade through 20 years later.

On the other hand, if I had been in my 30s or 40s when I experienced my first significant loss, it might have been even harder. Kind of like not getting chickenpox until you are 35. Instead of two weeks of itchy spots, you get two months of shingles. I would be sitting here trying to grieve, and take care of five children. I would have to put on a face for everyone. Adults who experience loss are allowed to be sad for a few weeks or months, and then somehow expected to just go on with their normal lives. Go to work, church, the grocery store, pay the bills, be polite, and all the things that become practically impossible to do when you are suffering so intensely.

Being 15, with no real-life responsibilities, I was completely free to lose my fool mind. For years. To just be sad. To be wickedly mad. To be totally, disgustingly selfish. To act out in crazy, irresponsible ways. Nobody expected anything less. It scared Mom and Dad, because it looked a lot to them like I was trying everything I could to just die too—and I am sorry for putting them through that. However, I think it was more about trying everything I could to find a way to make peace with just being me and being alive. That much I have found.

Thanks, Cory, for sharing your dad with me. I needed one, for sure. He really is a great guy. I know it was a pretty rough time for you, living with Dad’s new family, but you were a great big brother to me. I needed one, for sure. And, as far as my neighbor’s prayers, we didn’t need those after all. I know you’re up there waiting for us. In a way, whether you knew it or not, you laid down your life for me. In my God’s eyes, that counts for everything.

Written by Michelle Bertucco, sister of Cory. Michelle and her husband live in Tennessee with their five children. She shares her reflections 20 years after the death of her brother Cory. Reprinted with permission from We Need Not Walk Alone, TCF National Magazine, Autumn 2008.





We need not walk alone.

“We wish you the close connection between the butterfly and the soul, so close that when you see the butterflies this summer, and each year, your spirits may be lifted as you remember this time of transformation in your lives. We wish you the grace of flight and transformation.” —*Mary Austin, Bereavement Magazine*

Some Thoughts on Rebuilt Engines

All of us who receive this newsletter have experienced something in common—the shattering of our human machinery upon impact with a son or daughter's death. Whatever helped us keep moving before, nothing works for us now. Our lives ground to a halt.

In the stillness of grief's long night, I felt despair over trying to repair something that would always lack a vital part. How could I ever rebuild the machinery of my life without that precious part? Any repair work would require my permission and participation. Looking at the angled, damaged parts of myself, I questioned how to salvage anything workable from the wreckage.

Eventually, blessedly, the desire to move again, to get back into life's traffic, got me doing something. At first it was tinkering, experimenting with the broken parts, imagining them whole again. Then I tried to learn by watching others who were rebuilding. It helped to read repair manuals, painfully written by people like me. The process was tedious and exhausting; there were setbacks, hidden cost, and false starts.

One surprising day my engine actually turned over—I moved a little. Before long, the motor sounded stronger. It almost seemed to hum, as I remembered it could. With persistence, I worked up to a decent speed, regained my sense of direction, and even began appreciating some sights along the way. I discovered that a rebuilt engine could carry me, despite the missing part. Occasionally it sputters, misfires or floods, being sensitive to road hazards other drivers don't see. Some hills always seem too steep, certain roads have too many memories. Sometimes the fog is too thick to drive through. When necessary, I slow down, make adjustments, or pull off the road temporarily.

I wanted to write about my experience out of gratitude. Each of us has our own long night of grief and our own reawakening from it. The mystery of healing defies simple explanation. Do invisible hands help us in the healing process? I don't have an answer, just astonishment at the process which moved me from the tangled wreckage of myself to a sturdy rebuilt that appears whole, even though it isn't. In closing, I lovingly acknowledge my daughter, Beth, who believed deeply in the possibility of rebuilding her own life.

Joan P. ~ TCF, Miami, FL

When Your Infant Has Died

The death of your infant has shattered your hopes and dreams for the future. It has sent shock waves through your body; this is one of the most difficult times in your life. It may seem as if the world has stopped and everything is moving in “Slow Motion.”

Infants are not supposed to die and so it seems especially difficult to understand what has happened. If your baby was very young or not yet born, some people may discount your grief. They may assume that because you did not have time to develop a long-term relationship with your baby, your loss and your pain will be less. Sometimes a miscarriage or stillbirth is not even acknowledged by other family members and friends. These assumptions only increase the pain and feeling of isolation. You did however, have a long-term relationship with your child, if only in your mind.

You dreamed of watching your child grow up and you anticipated being a parent for a long time. It is important to understand that you won't get over the death of your baby; you will learn to live through it. There will always be moments of intense pain as you remember the birthday, the anniversary of the death and as you mark the passing of events you had planned to enjoy with your baby. Be prepared for these moments of grief and do not be alarmed as they continue throughout your life. Parents do not stop loving a child simply because the child has died. There are many things you can do to help yourself through grief. Acknowledge your loss and begin to accept the pain of grief. Try to live through it, not avoid it. Postponing the hurt simply intensifies it later. Take care of yourself; allow yourself to begin to heal. You will laugh again and enjoy life once more, but it will take some time. Do not be disturbed by your first laugh, it does not mean you have forgotten your baby, and it does not mean you are over your grief; be patient with yourself.

Create a ritual to help you remember your baby. Lighting a special candle on important days, establishing a memorial fund in your baby's name, or donating a toy, money, rocking chair or time to a special charity all may help you commemorate your child's life. Right now you may want to talk to someone who has traveled his or her grief journey a few miles ahead of you. It really helps to know you are not alone, or crazy or a failure. And if you have misplaced your Hope for a while, borrow it from a friend. Grief lasts far longer than anyone expects; be gentle and kind to yourself. Your baby has died, but you did not lose the love you shared; even though death has come, love never goes away.

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We need not walk alone.

“So I’ll take the warmth of springtime and hold it close to me, to help me through the winter storms till your face once more I’ll see.” —*Priscilla Kenney*

Those We Love

Those we love remain with us,
for love itself lives on.

And cherished memories never fade
because a loved one’s gone.

Those we love can never be
more than a thought apart.

For as long as there is memory,
they’ll live on in our heart.

Mary Alice Ramish

Sean

This is a poem I wrote for my brother.
I love you, Sean!

I stood in the bathroom, what should I do?
Mom had just told me someone had found you.
She had no idea what she should say now,
But I cried from my heart
Please tell me how?

We raced down the freeway to where you lie,
As my mind asked

How can someone just die?

I collapsed to the ground dizzy with pain,
Breathing from habit like a fall’s first rain.

Back to the church we unwillingly went,
Gathered together we started to vent.

Reminiscing on times we’ve laughed and cried,
Trying to be closer to you inside.

The time had stopped ticking in life for me.

A day without you would be misery.

The funeral came and is like a dream,
I spoke on stage but wanted to scream.

Now it’s been months and gets worse with each day,

Missing you desperately here’s what I’ll say,

I promise you I’ll never say good-bye.

Just please let me know you hear when I cry!

I have a hope that I’ll see you again

When I finally set foot on the streets of heaven.

Written by Dana Lyn Brophy

In memory of Sean Patrick Sullivan

*Reprinted with permission. We Need Not Walk Alone,
National TCF Magazine, Spring 2008*

The Memory Garden

I walked into the garden
Where memories forever stay.

My outstretched hand

Held your ashes,

I knew it had to be today.

I felt you all around me,

Your strong voice I could hear

That this is what you wanted

And I should feel no fear.

The breeze came towards me,

It carried you away.

Now I stand in silence

Wondering every day:

Are you the oak tree that I see

Or the lovely flower growing free?

Written by Monica E. Drury,

In memory of Gaynor, TCF Victoria Australia

Reprinted with permission, TCF Magazine,

TCF Victoria Australia, April/May 2008

In Loving Memory

This year on your birthday,
you would have been twenty-one,
Happy Birthday in Heaven, Jenna,
you are surely missed.

It seems like just yesterday, God took you away.
We’ll never know why, some go and some stay.

Looking to Heaven is all we do these days,
wondering when a glimpse of you might come our way.

Some say that it’s over, that our lives should move on,
but we miss you my baby girl and every second we are
reminded that now you are gone.

We hold on to the memory of your bright angel face. And
pray every day, that you are in a better place.

Happy birthday, my angel, I love you, Mommy

In Loving Memory of Jenna Loree Russell

8-16-88 ~ 9-12-08

Written and submitted by Jenna’s mom, Deanna



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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Tyler, Texas 75711



We need not walk alone.



www.TylerTCF.org