



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, Nov. 21, 6:30 p.m.
3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1,
Ste. 101B, Tyler

Jacksonville Meeting

Tuesday, Nov. 1, 6:30 p.m.
Sam Smith's office, 1401 E. Rusk

Lufkin Meeting

Thursday, Nov. 17, 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
Meeting Facilitators Tyler
Don & Leslie Dixon, Cheri Zucca
Meeting Facilitators Lufkin
Sherri Tutt, Lauri Maner
Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
Steering Committee: Sam Smith,
Carol Johnson, Carol Thompson,
Mary Ann Girard, Cheri Zucca, Mary
Lingle, David & Teresa Terrell, Janet
Majors, Don & Leslie Dixon, Kathy
McKinney, Margie Newman,
Pat Settle, Lisa Schoonover

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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The Funny Little Prayer

This year's relentless heat took me back through the years to childhood summer days on my Aunt Dot's central Texas front porch. We would sit outside in her swing hoping to feel a light afternoon breeze and to enjoy "cream." Aunt Dot was the only person I ever knew who called ice cream "cream." "Let's have a bowl of cream," she would say. Her fair cheeks were flushed red with the heat, her hair in damp curls at her forehead. "Cream" would be carton ice cream from the large white upright freezer standing in her dining room, or Aunt Dot would give me apron change to run, and I do mean run, to the neighborhood grocery, returning out of breath with dripping ice cream treats to cool us off.

"Oh, Lord Jesus, help us all," I would hear Aunt Dot say aloud many times. I giggled at the Funny Little Prayer and wondered, when running around the yard or sitting in her home and hearing it from my childish perspective, what could possibly have her so concerned, and who was "all?" I wish that I had asked her.

Today, the Funny Little Prayer flies through the years to finally reveal its knowledge to me. My heart and my mind are open to its wisdom. Aunt Dot was my godmother; I believe with all of my heart that I recall her words for today's purpose and that she, unknowingly, was preparing me to live an unforeseen future life.

Now, from my vantage point as a parent who has endured life following the death of my daughter, I feel the words of Aunt Dot's little prayer, and fully understand her plea. Sarah's death expanded my compassion and my world view.

I am privileged to experience a deep spiritual kinship with countless unknown parents from every country, race, creed, tribe and culture in our world. When on television I witness the grief and hysteria of grieving parents from places that I likely will never visit, I know that what is in their hearts mirrors what is in my own. Grief is culturally expressed in countless ways, but the heartbeat is identical. I pray for those of whom I do not even know the names. Other parents whose children have passed confirm that, they too, share this universal understanding.

"For we were all baptized by one Spirit into one body—whether Jews or Greeks, slave or free—and we were all given the one Spirit to drink. (I Corinthians 12:13)

"Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God." (2 Corinthians 1:3-4)

This belief brings me great spiritual comfort and peace. It is an unexpected gift. I have made the Funny Little Prayer my own. "Oh, Lord Jesus, help us all."

*Carol Thompson, TCF, Tyler, TX
Always Remembering Sarah (2011)*

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.

"Everyone is broken by life, but afterwards some are stronger in the broken places." —Doris Kearns Goodwin quoting Hemingway

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.”

We Can Never Return to Pleasantville

When I got home today, the movie, Pleasantville was on the TV. It's an interesting story of a young man who finds himself magically transported into a world much like a 1950s television show. Everything is—pleasant. The world is laid out in "Leave It To Beaver" perfection—and in black and white—literally. There are no colors, just shades of gray. Everyone is fitted into roles and follows them nicely. There are no problems because people live their lives "properly."

The movie's hero, who finds this world enjoyable at first, soon realizes that it is all wrong. People need to experience love, anger, sorrow, depression, joy. People need colors, not black and white, to make life real.

It occurred to me while I was watching the ending of this movie, that maybe the world has us bereaved parents all backward. We are seen by many as wrapped up in "black." They chide and deride us to return to what's "normal." Come back to Pleasantville. But our eyes have been opened by our children, their struggles and their deaths. We now see a wide spectrum of colors many will never experience.

We shout the reds and oranges of anger.

We feel the soft blues and pinks—echoes of our children's voices in our minds.

We understand the greens of quiet reflection in a crazed world rushing off to the mall looking for that one perfect gift—our gift is in the time and love that we spent on our kids and continue to spend on others around us.

We shed sparkling crystalline tears reflecting a pain that springs from an ocean of courage that kept us going through days, months, and years of treatments, transplants, and tragedy.

Pride for our children, all of our children, glows deeply within us like the magenta colors of the sky in a setting sun.

And on some days we experience the warm golden glow of healing flowing gently through our bodies and souls.

We can never return to the world of "Pleasantville" where hard things are hidden under a mask of unclear grays. Our eyes have been opened, not by death, but by the lives of our children.

Bill Sowers, TCF, Topeka, KS (In Memory of my daughter, Rachel Sowers)

Bill Sowers and his wife, Diana, are members of the Topeka, KS Chapter of TCF, are both librarians, and live in Topeka, KS. They are the parents of Kenny, Amanda, Emily, and Rachel, who was the youngest of their four children—a "surprise" baby born six years after her older sister. Rachel was diagnosed with AML (Acute Myeloid Leukemia) in August 1999, shortly after her seventh birthday. The first thing she did was tell Bill and Diana that they couldn't cry in front of her. "I need you to be brave so I can be brave." She maintained this strong spirit until she died the following May, changing her family with the courage and love she had for herself, for them, and for life. Rachel used to drag her father outside in the evening to watch the sunset. "Look at all the colors, Daddy!" I see them, Rachel. Thank you.





We need not walk alone.

"Love is the size of a sigh, as light as a kiss, as gentle as a whisper, and as small as a moment in time. It comes in all sizes and shapes and cannot be saved until later. Love simply IS, and you have been loved. So lighten up. Carry less, live more, and love a lot. Love is a good thing to carry and really the ONLY ESSENTIAL thing we need!" —Darcie D. Sims

Love Gifts



Jim & Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah
Cece & Dan Brotton in memory of Missy

Martha Lewis in memory of Burke

Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake

Dr. Roger & Linda Porter in memory of Seth

Mary & Erin Lingle in memory of Candice

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

Merri Walsh in memory of Chris O'Leary
Tina, Johnathan & Heather Loper
in memory of Christopher
Carol & Shane Johnson & Touched By Suicide
in memory of Jared Sheets



Thanks to the following people who make a MONTHLY LOVE GIFT to TCF of Tyler:

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

Special thanks to Kent Bower for donating our new wall unit, and to he and his dad, Louis Bower, for helping to move and set it up!

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.

Sign up for Google Groups to stay connected!

Visit us at TylerTCF.org to sign up for our Google Groups email list. This is a moderated, private list for you to receive notices about upcoming events.

Announcements



*...that their
light may
always shine.*

Light a candle for all children who have died.
2nd Sunday in December, 6:30 p.m.

TCF Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony:

Our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony will be Dec. 11, 2011 at Crossroads Community Church, 13730 Hwy 155 South, Tyler. The service

begins at 6:30 p.m. This year canned food for the food pantry at our host church, will be collected at the Candle Lighting. Please remember to collect canned goods and bring them that evening. This is a great idea from one of our Jacksonville members, Claudette Brown. If you would like to help with the Candle Lighting set-up and take-down and anything in between, please call the TCF line at 903-258-2547. This is a great way to meet and get to know the members of The Compassionate Friends. Getting involved will likely help you as well as the other members! Everyone is needed and welcomed! Please consider bringing a finger food of your choice. We need everything from sandwiches and chips to sweets and drinks. Your contribution will be appreciated and enjoyed on this special evening. Thank you!

Tyler TCF Meeting (New Location): The meeting in Tyler is held on the third Monday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at 3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1, Ste. 101B in Tyler. For more information, please email beachbum2201@gmail.com or lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.com, 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 beachbum2201@gmail.com or lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.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 will be held in the same, new location as TCF, 3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1, Ste. 101B in Tyler. Anyone who has lost someone they love to suicide is welcome to attend this peer support group. For more info please call 903-330-0678 or visit www.touchedbysuicideeasttexas.org.

Save the Date! If you are interested in participating in our chapter by serving on the steering committee, please plan to attend a steering committee meeting. Anyone who would like to become more involved in TCF and serve on the steering committee is welcome to come! Our next meeting is scheduled for Mon., Nov. 7 at 6 p.m., location to be announced. Call 903-258-2547 for details.





We need not walk alone.

"For some moments in life there are no words." —David Selzer, *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*

November Birthdays



Wade Goetze
11-29 ~ 10-28
Son of
Charlotte Nelson



Rusty Welch
11-29 ~ 1-1
Son of Travis
& Martha Welch



Nathaniel Bolom
11-6 ~ 11-27
Son of
Jane Manley



Shane Crim
11-25 ~ 11-9
Son of
Dolly Mobley



Christopher Jordan Pope
11-10 ~ 6-16
Son of Edward
& Brenda Pope



Lindsey Stewart
11-6 ~ 4-2
Daughter of
Stephanie Stewart



Mike Loughmiller
11-14 ~ 12-6
Son of Suzanne
Loughmiller



Erik Scott McKinney
11-26 ~ 8-16
Son of Kevin &
Kathy McKinney



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



Bobby Knott
11-6 ~ 4-24
Son of Bobby
& Virginia Knott



Missy Rogers
11-25 ~ 07-21
Daughter of Dan
& CeCe Brotten



Kristi Diaz
11-7 ~ 4-7
Daughter of
Julie Diaz



Jill Tompkins
11-3 ~ 4-24
Daughter of
Karen Tompkins



Mikel Conway
11-17 ~ 10-11
Son of Viola Conway
Brother of Margie Newman



Blake Owens
11-19 ~ 5-26
Son of Jancy
Lovlace



Lorie McLain
11-14 ~ 8-9
Daughter of
Sandy White



Austin Lane Phillips
11-8 ~ 11-8
Son of Stacie
Phillips Monteagudo



Whitni Ray
11-16 ~ 12-22
Daughter of Rachelle
Threadgill Brooks



Kelynn J'Davion Pinson
6-1
Son of Kelvin
Arterberry



Christina Boyd
11-20 ~ 6-6
Daughter of
Sherri Haltom



Gaaron Hicks
11-8 ~ 1-6
Son of Diane
Richardson





We need not walk alone.

"We quickly find there are no words to describe the experience of losing a child. For those who have not lost a child, no explanation will do. For those who have, no explanation is necessary." —*Mary Lingle*

November Anniversaries



Thomas 'Chuck' Carroll
6-2 ~ 11-13
Son of Linda & Thomas Carroll



Salvador Estrada
12-11 ~ 11-3
Son of Charlotte Estrada



Austin Lane Phillips
11-8 ~ 11-8
Son of Stacie Phillips Monteagudo



Shane Crim
11-25 ~ 11-9
Son of Dolly Mobley



Scottie Baker
8-3 ~ 11-29
Son of Steve Baker & Julie Stokes



Jonathan Reynolds
12-14 ~ 11-16
Son of Addison & Debra Reynolds



Nathaniel Bolom
11-6 ~ 11-27
Son of Jane Manley



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



Candice Lingle
2-21 ~ 11-8
Daughter of Mary Lingle



Ijuan Simms
2-20 ~ 11-7
Son of Sharon Simms



Crystal Greene
8-6 ~ 11-13
Daughter of Lory Greene
Niece of Audrey & Claude Mapps



Cynthia Harper
2-27 ~ 11-16
Daughter of Jackie & Roland Young



Haylee Lee
11-23 ~ 1-23



Timothy Treadwell
4-1 ~ 11-23
Son of Tammy Treadwell



Mary Adams
1-28 ~ 11-28
Sister of Vicki Adams



A.J. Huggins
10-15 ~ 11-14
Son of Sue Langdon



Calan Cameron Decker McKeethan
8-10 ~ 11-29
Son of Mary Decker



Brooke Wallace
1-16 ~ 11-24
Daughter of Charles & Tammy Wallace



Andy Terrell
2-11 ~ 11-25
Son of David & Teresa Terrell



Burke Warren Lewis
12-20 ~ 11-14
Son of Martha Sloan Lewis



Kyle Foster
4-1 ~ 11-1
Son of Barbara Foster
Son of Greg Foster



Carolyn Love
1-4 ~ 11-25
Sister of Liz Lachey





We need not walk alone.

"The most beautiful people are those who have known defeat, suffering, struggle, loss—and who have found their way out of the depths. These people have an appreciation, a sensitivity and an understanding of life that fills them with compassion, gentleness, and a deep, loving concern. Beautiful people do not just happen."
—*Elisabeth Kubler-Ross*

Six Ts of Grief Recovery

Time: How long depends upon the individual; no one can accurately predict. Well meaning friends and relatives may erroneously tell you, "It's been XX months, you should be over it now." You may be tempted to set those same expectations for yourself. Take the time to grieve now, not later. Unless you experience the pain and learn to live with it, unresolved grief will continue to come back when you least expect it in many other forms such as anger, guilt or depression. You'll know when you have recovered when perhaps one morning you wake up and realize that choking lump in your throat has gone and you have begun to resume control of your life.

Tears: Allow yourself to cry; the tears are healing. Let them flow for their cleansing value; they carry away waste chemicals that have built up in your body. If you cannot do so in public or at work, find a safe place such as a bereavement outreach or self-help network that can understand your tears. It's amazing the volume of tears and what brings them on (it's not always an obvious reminder of your loved one)! Remember to drink more water; tears tend to dehydrate you.

Talk: Talk about your memories of your loved one and the details of their dying. Find understanding listeners. Talking helps to finalize their death and to dispel the myth that they will be back. Sometimes friends and relatives fear to mention the deceased thinking it will make you cry. Assure them that you want to talk because it will help you recover.

Touch: You miss those hugs and touches from your loved one. Sometimes soon after their death, you build up a defensive shell around yourself. You may feel like a robot or a zombie. Allow yourself to be pampered, hugged and cosseted. If you're all alone without any family, make arrangements with a friend to give you a "healing hug" if you look or feel like you need it. Bereaved children need lots of hugs to reassure them of your continuing love.

Trust: You must trust in yourself that you will recover from this grief. You may have begun to question your trust in your religion. The anger you feel about your loved one leaving so many details for you to deal with may cause you to doubt your trust in yourself. It is a growing and learning experience to rediscover you as an individual.

Toil: Each person grieves in their own way that is right for them. Other words for toil are tiring work, drudgery, hard struggle, a laborious effort, strenuous fatiguing labor, to achieve a task despite the difficulties. Recognize that grief recovery is all this and more, but it's worth the effort. You will need to get more rest and eat healthily and regularly to renew your body for this work you must do.

Author Unknown

A Terrible Blow . . .

The loss of a loved one is often referred to as a "blow." That is exactly what it is, an emotional blow that affects the spirit the same way that a crushing blow on the head affects the body. For a while you are going to be dazed. None of your reactions will be as in normal life. In a way, this numbness is a merciful thing, because it deadens the psychic pain while it lasts, but no one who has lost a loved one should expect to feel the same as always, or apologize for behavior that is temporarily erratic or different.

Norman Vincent Peale

Grandparents Remembrance

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild, and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss. We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

Susan Mackey, TCF, Rutland, VT





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

Shared Thoughts on Healing, but Never Forgetting

We lost our son, Doug, 25 years ago. I did not run away from anything. I met it all head-on, but all the while, feeling the intensity of the pain would last a lifetime. I did my grief work, I shared my grief with most anyone who wanted to listen (probably with some who did not want to listen). After a while, I noticed I did not have the need to speak of my grief, and could find healing in listening to, and trying to salve other's pain. This played a big role in my becoming functional again. For the most part, my life is enjoyable and filled with anticipation and looking for a tomorrow.

The one thing I cannot get past is feeling the pain for the newly bereaved. Because I have "been there" their pain becomes my pain. A few years ago, our steering committee decided it would be beneficial for those attending a Compassionate Friends meeting for the first time, to meet separately. Having previously talked to most of these people by phone, gave me some insight on their background, therefore I seemed the logical one to facilitate this group.

This was a very good experience for me. It reiterated that we heal, but we don't forget. Perhaps the remembering is what gives us compassion and the desire to reach out to those hurting so badly. Much of the devastation of our loss is the same for all of us, the deep depression, anger, guilt, no interest in life around us, "going over the edge", worry about losing another, crying, can't cry, marital deterioration, unable to fulfill obligations with our family and work situations. I so want to make them better now, teach them to love again (particularly themselves), restore their faith in their supreme being, help them sort grief from true marital problems, and tell them we have all felt like we were going over the edge (but didn't).

It seems so little to offer, "your feelings are normal, you will get better, and become functional again." If the newly bereaved could truly believe these words, then I guess that is a lot to offer. But I feel most of them are saying "you don't know how deep I have fallen in the pit" and this transition could never happen to me. (This was my reaction in the early stages) Believe me, we know where the bottom is, we've been there. We can learn to smile again; we can even learn to live again, once we have let go of some of the pain. Be patient, this doesn't happen soon. If it has not been long enough for you to see progress, look at those at The Compassionate Friends meetings, who have moved ahead in their grief. They didn't love any less, they have not forgotten how intense your pain can be, and they are just in a different place in their grief. Many have stayed to help you through your loss; their very presence says its possible to survive.

They are healing, but never forgetting.

God Bless, Marie Hofmockel, TCF Valley Forge, PA

The Dream

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

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

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

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

*Written by June O'Connor
TCF, Central Connecticut Chapter*





We need not walk alone.

"Life's unfairness is not irrevocable; we can help balance the scales for others, if not always for ourselves." —Hubert H. Humphrey

What Candice Would Say

(I've Gone to Rest)

I'm sorry big sister
I can't play with you.
I'm sorry grandpa
I can't go to the zoo.
I'm sorry dear daddy
You can't kiss me goodnight.
I'm sorry mommy
You can't hold me tight.

No one knows why.
No one can guess.
But I can't play right now,
I've gone to rest.

You brought me into this world
I was meant for your arms.
You promised to love me
And keep me from harm.
Sometimes life just doesn't seem fair,
I want you to know
I'd rather be there . . . with you.

No one knows why,
No one can guess.
But I can't play right now,
I've gone to rest.

Days into months and months into years
I know how much you miss me
I can tell by your tears . . .

I'm sorry big sister
I can't play with you.
I'm sorry grandpa
I can't go to the zoo.
I'm sorry dear daddy
You can't kiss me goodnight.
I'm sorry mommy
You can't hold me tight.

No one knows why,
No one can guess.
But I can't play right now . . .
Have to go away right now . . .
I just can't stay right now . . .
I've gone to rest.

Mary Lingle, TCF, Tyler, TX

But for Andrew

I can only touch you through glass,
but I can't feel your hair,
I kiss you through pictures,
but there is no warmth in your cheeks.
I stood you on a shelf,
but you never move,
It's been almost seven years,
but you are no older.
I long to hear your voice,
but I only hear echoes.
I listen for your footsteps,
but I only hear tears fall.
I want you to be home,
but I know you are far away.
I want to visit you,
but it will have to be in my mind.
I see you every day,
but in a sun set and a sun rise.
I know you are looking at me,
but it is from a twinkle in a star.
I shall love for you ever,
but with no buts at all...

*Written by David Merrills
TCF, Central Connecticut Chapter*

Memories

The certain special memories
That follow me each day,
Cast your shadow in my life
In a certain way.

Sometimes the blowing wind
Or the lyrics of a song
Make me stop and think of you
Sometimes all day long

Memories are good to have
To share and keep in my heart,
Just knowing that you're still inside
Makes sure we'll never part.

*Collette Covington
TCF, Lake Charles, LA*

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler

P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, TX 75711

We are happy to send our newsletter to you. We hope that it is helpful to you to be kept informed of chapter resources and activities and that you still wish to receive our newsletters that contain excellent material relating to grief issues.

To keep our mailing list current, we do ask to hear from you each year making sure that our information is correct and that you still wish to receive our mailings. If we did not hear from you in the last year please indicate any appropriate choices below and return the form to the address at the bottom of this page.

Your Name: _____

Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____ Cause of Death: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Telephone: _____

E-mail: _____

Please check any of following that apply.

Please continue sending the newsletter.

No thank you, I'd prefer to stop receiving the newsletter. (Newsletters are posted monthly on our Web site.)

Please include my child's name and picture in the slide presentation at the Candle Lighting Ceremony.

Please include my child's picture and information on the TCF Tyler Web site. (www.TylerTCF.org)

I am enclosing a memorial to support The Compassionate Friends in the amount of _____
Please make check payable to TCF

In memory of _____

Please use this gift for:

TCF Newsletter Butterfly Release Candle Lighting TCF Events Other _____

The continuation of this chapter's work depends on donations. If you have not taken the opportunity to give a donation in memory of your child please consider taking this time to give a gift that will help reach out to other newly bereaved parents.

We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name and/or picture in the newsletter, Web site, Candle Lighting Ceremony or any other TCF event. Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

(Signature) Date: _____

Please return completed form to: The Compassionate Friends of Tyler, P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, TX 75711



"I don't think you ever stop giving. I really don't. I think it's an on-going process. And it's not just about being able to write a check. It's being able to touch somebody's life." —Oprah Winfrey



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS[®]

P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, Texas 75711



We need not walk alone.



www.TylerTCF.org

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1604 Grande Blvd., Tyler, TX 75703
(903) 561-5591 • www.skillerns.com