



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Tuesday, October 21, 6:30 p.m.

707 W. Houston St., Tyler

Athens Area Meeting

198 & Manning St., Gun Barrel City

Tuesday, October 7, 6:30 p.m.

Contact

Phone: (903) 258-2547

www.TylerTCF.org • info@TylerTCF.org

P.O. Box 9714 • Tyler, TX 75711

Chapter LeaderTina Loper

Chapter Co-Leader.....Pat Settle

Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle

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Tina Loper, Pat Settle, Sam Smith,

Mary Ann Girard, Carol Johnson,

Carol Thompson, Patricia Miller,

David & Teresa Terrell,

Charisse Smith, Mary Lingle

Jim & Karen Roach, Regional

Coordinators, (817) 244-0116

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 Little Room Behind the Room: A Thank-You

The little room behind the room behind College Bound Solutions. Those were my instructions to find my first Tyler Compassionate Friends (TCF) meeting. I was told the place was hard to find and indeed it was an interesting search. Who in town would even know that this room was here?

The TCF sign placed in the ground on Houston Street directed me to the correct turn-in; I parked and began to walk through another parking lot, under a covered area and then over a little slatted bridge in a wooded area to the meeting room. I did not know what I expected nor did I know what was expected of me. Here I was going into a room to meet people who, like me, had lost a child or children. How would such a meeting be conducted and what would we say? I did not know—I only knew that I wanted to be in the room, meet with the people and find out.

The room was small, cozy and comfortable, filled with couches, chairs, books to check out, pictures on the wall and two quilts covered with children's faces, names and dates. There were only a few people as the meeting began and then more came in. They were caring, friendly and inviting, seemed at ease with each other and were talking about "normal" things and sharing a few laughs. There was a little apprehension on my part—how was my lost and blubbering self, a person new to the agony of grief, going to fit in?

We went around the room, invited to speak if we wanted, assured that it was fine to sit and listen and say nothing if that made us comfortable. We were asked to give Compassionate Friends a chance, to attend a second meeting no matter how we felt after the first one.

The little room behind the room has given me forever friendships, a safety zone to blurt out whatever is on my mind—a haven. I realize that the little bridge is truly symbolic—whether it's a "bridge over troubled water" or a bridge that helps us move to a better place in life. The healing that takes place in the room cannot be overstated. Now those of us who were "new" are able to welcome those who are just beginning their grief journey. To share with them that there is a better day in sight, that we cannot take away their pain or give them answers, but that we will walk the whole journey with them, is a priceless privilege.

We are now moving to another meeting place. Words cannot express how grateful we are to have had the College Bound Solutions meeting room. When we close our last meeting there, I know that we will pack up the heart that is in that little room and take it with us as we continue our journey.

Carol Thompson ~ TCF, Tyler, TX, 9-21-2008

TCF of Tyler would like to say a special thanks and express deep gratitude to College Bound Solutions. Thank you for allowing us to meet these last few years at your facilities! We really appreciate your wonderful hospitality and recognize your deep compassion. You have truly helped many people in our community with your generosity.

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.

“The pain does dull somewhat with the years, but tears will always spring to our eyes at certain moments. The special days will always tug at our heart-strings in a way that non-bereaved parents will never fully understand.”

—Kathy H.

Welcome

We extend a warm welcome to those who attended their first TCF meeting last month.

We deeply regret the circumstances that brought you to our TCF Chapter. The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance, not-for-profit, self-help organization that offers support and understanding to families who have experienced the death of a child. You are cordially invited to attend our monthly meeting (always the third Tuesday of the month). The meeting is open to everyone and free of charge. You are free to talk, cry or to sit in silence; we respect the individuality of mourning. Comments shared in the meetings remain confidential.

Our chapter is operated entirely by volunteers dedicated to furthering the work of TCF. Your voluntary, tax deductible donations honor your loved one(s) in a meaningful way by enabling us to print and mail this newsletter and meet other expenses involved in reaching out to other grieving families (100% of funds are used for this outreach). Donations, along with the name of the person being honored, may be sent to:

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler
P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, Texas 75711

To Our New Members

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But, you have nothing to lose and much to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. The second, third or fourth meeting might be the time you will find the right person—or just the right words spoken that will help you in your grief work.

To Our Old Members

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting we have new parents. Think back—what would it have been like for you if there had not been any “oldies” to welcome you, share your grief and encourage you? It was from them you heard, “Your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer.”

I Know You

I know who you are. I see your face reflected in mine. Ravaged by tears, distorted by the pain of a lifetime you are a parent of a child who now lives on in your heart joined in spirit, though physically torn apart.

To live between two worlds is now our task to be recognized by others, we all have a mask but in the abyss, in the darkness of the in between we often fall to our knees, tearing away the pretense and silently scream.

I know who you are, your voice sounds as familiar as mine. It calls out, vibrating throughout all of eternity, searching. Trying to find. “Where are you my child? I hear you in my mind, but I cannot find the way. Somehow I have gotten lost, where are all of my yesterdays?”

In the void, a child’s voice has fallen silent. Deafening silence, echoing cries. We are left to follow each other in the darkness, always asking why? Into the unknown, we stumble along. The sun will rise and another day will begin. But the only light I can see is in the outstretched hand of a kindred soul, another grieving friend.

I know who you are; your heart is shattered, your soul is broken just like mine. And though the pieces may fit back together, one tiny fragment at a time we will never again be whole, for there is a gap in our lives where our child should be. The child that lives in our hearts, dances deep in our souls, laughs in our memories.

I know who you are—I can feel your pain. We will never be the same. I cry the same tears. We have the same fears. Alone in a crowd, we both cried aloud. As our dreams came to an end. I know you, my grieving friend. You are not alone, look in the mirror and you will see, standing next to you—is a reflection of me.

Lisa C. ~ TCF, Florence, KY

This month’s printing of our newsletter sponsored by Don & Leslie Dixon.

**In honor & loving
memory of
Austin Dixon
10-20-88 ~ 2-19-07
Son of
Don & Leslie Dixon**



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



We need not walk alone.

“There is an old saying that has some truth: ‘The only way out is through.’ Thus the first step is to acknowledge the grief and to recognize that the road is tough and long.” —*Bob Rosenberger*

Love Gifts



Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad

Kathy McKinney in memory of Erik

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry

Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin -
October newsletter sponsor

Jerry & Judy Olson in memory of Kim Pryor -
refreshments & meeting place for the Athen's meeting

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

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

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.

Newsletter Submissions

TCF Tyler welcomes all submissions to our newsletter. Send articles, poetry, love messages and scanned photos to:

TCF Tyler • 5401 Hollytree Drive, 1204 • Tyler, Texas 75703
Or e-mail text and photos to: info@TylerTCF.org

We reserve the right to edit for space and/or content. Deadline for submissions is the 5th day of 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

Location and Date Change for our Meeting

Starting in November, we will be meeting at our new location. Our meeting day will change from the 3rd Tuesday of the month to the third MONDAY of the month.

We will hold a dedication ceremony at our new meeting place on November 15. Watch our newsletter and Web site for details on the new location.

Athen's Area Meeting: The Tyler TCF meeting is held in the Athen's area the first Tuesday of every month at 6:30 p.m.
Directions: The church is located on 198 and Manning Street, Mabank, TX, near Gun Barrel City. On Manning street you can only turn one way. There is also an Eye Center on the corner. You will see the church behind the liquor store and there is an Italian restaurant across the street from where you turn. If you need directions or would like to carpool to the meeting, call Pat at (903) 570-8412 or the TCF cell phone at (903) 258-2547.

Yard Sale Donations! If you would like to help with, or donate items for our fundraising yard sale, please contact us for drop off or pick up at (903) 258-2547. We especially need larger household items, volunteers to take on this project, and suggestions for a good location.

Out of the Darkness Walk: On October 18, members of TCF will be participating in the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention (AFSP), Out of the Darkness Walk in Plano, TX. It will be held at Oak Point Park in Plano from 12:00 noon until 3:30 p.m. The Out of the Darkness Community Walk is a 3-5 mile scenic walk taking place in more than 100 communities across the country this fall. Proceeds will benefit the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention, to fund research, education, survivor and awareness programs—both to prevent suicide and to assist those affected by suicide.

This walk is held to remember all loved ones who have died by suicide, and to increase national awareness about depression and suicide, and assist survivors of suicide loss. You are welcome to join the walk in honor of your loved one, or walk to support Team Jared's Hope, Carol Johnson's team in honor of her son. You can also make a donation to the event by going to www.outofthedarkness.org.

We are accepting canned food at the meetings through the 2nd week in Dec. for the Lack's Christmas tree food drive.

Our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony is Dec. 14, 2008 and will be held at the New Life Worship Center on Hwy. 69. Please consider volunteering to help read a poem, set up the stage, coordinate volunteers, etc.

Sponsor a Newsletter! If you would like to sponsor a monthly newsletter by contributing funds, or by copying at your business or organization, please call (903) 258-2547. Businesses, church groups, organizations or individuals are welcome. We will highlight your sponsorship with an ad or photo and text.





We need not walk alone.

"The monthly meetings of The Compassionate Friends is a special time we can set aside to gain and maintain our balance. We need a lot of encouragement to endure and experience our emotions and to express ourselves while grieving. Coming to a meeting can help alleviate the feeling of being alone in sorrow."
—N. Hunt

October Birthdays



Cindy Dingler
10-18-57 ~ 9-6-99
Daughter of Lynda Hanna



Marshall Charles Donahue
10-18-65 ~ 5-18-00
Son of Joyce Neely



Joey Moore
10-30-79 ~ 10-4-98
Son of Sarah Dolan



Jeremy Mark Lawler
10-25-73 ~ 4-19-97
Son of Mark & Sue Lawler



Brittany Butler
10-4-84 ~ 1-21-01
Daughter of Shelly Butler



James Brady Langston
10-13-96 ~ 2-15-01
Son of Jamie Langston Dacus



George Washington Shaw III
10-18-78 ~ 7-3-05
Son of Bobbie Williams



Austin Dixon
10-20-88 ~ 2-19-07
Son of Don & Leslie Dixon



Richard Heerdt
10-31-76 ~ 2-22-81
Grandson of Lawrence Batte



Mark Turner
10-3-66 ~ 6-19-97
Son of Clayton & Pat Turner



Suzie Gorman
10-9-51 ~ 1-14-07
Spouse of Onie Gorman



Randy Rounsavall
10-14-51 ~ 6-19-03
Son of Margaret Rounsavall



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



Allison Carson
10-29-92 ~ 7-5-93
Granddaughter of Phil & Ann Brown



Cason Gimble
10-21-86 ~ 9-9-06
Son of Lynn & Kalisa Gimble

A Season of Many Feelings

Fall is a season of many feelings; autumn is here once again as it comes every year, and with the leaves, my falling tears. This time of year is the hardest of all. My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall. Memories once so vivid are seeming to fade. My time spent with you seems of another age. This season reminds me of grief and of pain. But yet teaches hope and joy once again. For the trees are still living beneath their gray bark, and you my sweet child, are alive in my heart.

Cinda S. ~ TCF, Butler, PA

We have a special birthday basket at our meetings for members to choose an item during the month of their child's birthday.



We need not walk alone.

"We have many relationships in our lives, but the unique nature of the parent-child relationship is so special, so deep, so life changing, that we endure and even embrace the pain because we had, for that time in our lives, a relationship of pure love and pure joy with our child." —Annette Mennen Baldwin

October Anniversaries



Stacey Smith
9-8-72 ~ 10-4-88
Daughter of Sam Smith



John Patrick Carnahan
4-17-65 ~ 10-13-03
Son of Rod & Shirley Carnahan



Joey Moore
10-30-79 ~ 10-4-98
Son of Sarah Dolan



Kathy Robertson
4-23-57 ~ 10-23-01
Daughter of Carolyn Love



Wade Goetze
11-29-76 ~ 10-28-01
Son of Charlotte Nelson



Sean Smith
2-2-87 ~ 10-27-01
Son of Randy & Judy Smith



Erica Smith
12-21-88 ~ 10-25-03
Daughter of
Todd & Sabrina Thoene



Mikel Conway
11-17-57 ~ 10-11-01
Son of Viola Conway
Brother of Margie Newman



Madeline Joy Kearney
7-15-86 ~ 10-6-05
Daughter of
Melody Kearney Burnett



James Lee Lary
4-20-83 ~ 10-30-05
Son of Elgin & Ann Lary

October

The month of October brings with it a smorgasbord for the senses. We can hear the crunching and crackling of the leaves under our feet. We can see the brilliant reds; oranges and yellows splash the earth. We can feel the magical approach of winter in the air.

October is also the month for Halloween, a date synonymous with masks. As bereaved parents we have, at various times, worn many and varied masks. We have masked our feelings of despair, sorrow and anguish for the sake of our loved ones, friends and co-workers. We have masked our feelings of anger and bitterness for the traditional belief that a kind God would not do this to innocence. Most importantly, we have masked the person we are becoming, the person living through the death of our child.

Let us celebrate the month of October by beginning to take off some of our masks. A very positive and helpful way to begin this process is to attend the next Compassionate Friends meeting. Share your sorrow, your fears, your bitterness and disappointment. Above all, share your progress and triumphs through the journey of grief. When you enter a room full of caring and supportive people who have shared your grief, there is no reason to wear your mask.

My Salvation

Actor's Theater, in Talent, Oregon, has been a kind salvation for me. I lost my husband and our only child within two years of each other. And, I am an only child. Oh, the loneliness.

What to do? Many find solace in gardening, but I scarcely know which end of a plant goes in the ground. Some find needle work calming, (my daughter did beautiful needlepoint) but I don't sew. I have counseled with bereaved relatives and friends, near and far, by telephone, but with six years of caregiving and facilitating a group for caregivers, I needed something that would challenge me to the extreme.

Education and small theater had once been a large part of my life. So I dared to try out for Actor's Theater October production of *To Kill a Mockingbird*. What joy I felt when they called to tell me I was cast in a small part. The entire company has been welcoming, supportive and encouraging. My days were busy learning lines, at a slower rate than when I had more of my neurons. Rehearsals were nightly, preparing for several weekly performances.

When you feel almost ready to emerge from the greatest depths of your grief, my best counsel would be: Search yourself, your soul and your past for the lifetime delights. Then dare to find a group with which to work, to relate and to give. To create with fellow artists is a reincarnation for your body, mind and spirit. The group creative process, like our groups process grief, is healing.

God speed.

Rodna Shutes ~ TCF, Medford, OR



We need not walk alone.

“If I could leave you with a thought, it would be this: ‘You will help yourself by helping others.’ That was the lesson I learned from my painful journey. We are all here to help one another; try it.” —Anne Byrnes

Bereaved Sibling

By Stacey Williams ~ TCF, Medford, OR

I recently attended a TCF meeting, my first, at the request of a friend. I've been involved with TCF on the outer fringes, not as a bereaved parent but as a bereaved sibling. My brother died when he was 18. My first encounter with TCF was 3 years ago when I helped organize the December candle lighting ceremony. I have always believed that TCF was for bereaved parents only but have discovered that they are therefor family support, parents, siblings and grandparents. The candle lighting has become a major event for me, my own special way of celebrating my brother's life and I would like to see other siblings become involved. Because of this, I agreed to attend the April 7th TCF meeting.

I attended with incredibly mixed emotions. Walking up to the door I felt like an intruder. I was sure that those attending would look at me as someone who could not possibly understand their feelings. We grieve differently, parents and siblings, each of us with our own personal little hells to deal with. Now that I am a parent myself though, I have come to understand a bit of what my parents must feel. This meeting came at a good time for me. My brother was born on April 28th, the day before my birthday. Ever since his death, April has been a difficult month for me. My mother looks at it entirely differently. April makes her feel good. She remembers his birth with joy. I look at April as cold and empty—she looks at it as warm and full of celebration.

I spoke with a woman the other day whose oldest daughter died less than two years ago, five days before her younger daughter's birthday. She mentioned that her younger daughter no longer wanted to celebrate her birthday—it is no longer a special day for her. I understand that completely. I haven't wanted to celebrate my birthday for the last 15 years. I don't see the warm celebration side my mom does. I only know the brother who shared my special day is gone.

I think this April will change things though. My family held a private ceremony for my brother on the 26th, a day that I hope to now look at as warm and full of celebration.

My brother Danny died January 3rd, 1988 of suicide. He was 18 years old. His death was like a gigantic bomb blowing up right in the middle of our family. Like most people in our situation, we were completely and utterly at a loss to make even the simplest decisions.

His funeral was terrible. I only remember the horribly generic funeral music, my eyes burning where I'd rubbed the sockets raw from crying and wearing the maternity dress my sister Eva made me. It was one of my most favorite outfits—a soft wool jumper that was like a hug from her each time I wore it. I couldn't wear it afterwards without crying.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but we made no plans to bury or scatter his ashes. After the funeral they were placed in a safe deposit box where they sat for the next 15 years. I was never happy with this decision but it wasn't mine alone to make. We all needed to be ready.

My grandfather died in April of last year. His funeral was beautiful. He planned his own service right down to the readings and music. He had a letter and a white rose for each of us. I will always remember every detail. I think that this was what made me decide I was ready to bury Danny's ashes. I don't know if it was the same with the rest of my family, but after talking to everyone, we all agreed it was time.

We chose to hold a ceremony in April. Danny would have turned 34 this year. We selected our favorite bible readings and one of Danny's favorite songs. Everyone spoke, sharing different memories and best of all, along with the tears, there was lots and lots of laughter. It felt so good to come together in such a peaceful and relaxed way. Fifteen years is a long time to wait, and I'm sure there are plenty of people who will think us extremely odd, but we would never have been able to hold such a wonderful memorial any earlier. A friend made the comment that we all must be in good places in our lives, and I think she's right. When I go over the day in my mind, I think warm, loving thoughts. I think of my family standing together with our arms around each other saying goodbye to Danny in a way none of us have been able to do.

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We need not walk alone.

“Slowly you will find new patterns. You will force yourself to take the first steps. You will accomplish little victories; none of us will tell you it is easy. Grieve well, my friend; for grief well grieved is truly life well lived; once accomplished, you will discover untold new dimensions in your life; because a child died.”
—*Shirley Melin*

I-a-n, I-a-n

By Kathleen Clark ~ TCF, Medford, OR

I-a-n, I-a-n, I can hear myself calling him. "I'm coming Mom!" I hear him say (those were his early years). "Hello, Hello? Is there anybody home? Well, it's just me, I'll try back later. I love you. Bye." (I can hear his voice on the message machine, calling from Alaska.)

Where is my Ian? He doesn't come and he doesn't call anyone anymore.

I struggle to know that his most familiar presence is right here beside me, with me everywhere and always. This knowledge has become more and more real as the time has passed by these 12 long months since last May.

I say long because the days have dawned in the same way everyday without him since last May, 2002. It's like having a terminal illness for me for which there is no cure. I go to the healers and they all say time, time, it just takes time. And so I wait, and the time passes by, minute by minute, day by day, a day goes by.

And yet at the time Ian was shot, the time also seemed to speed up. I can't remember (at least very clearly) any of the past year. It's just gone by like so much lost time.

I guess that's what happens, the rhythm of my universe was changed and I can't hear the sound of it anymore. Maybe if I listen very hard I will hear the sounds again, but all I hear is profound silence.

And so maybe if I don't try so hard sometimes (and believe me, it has to be a conscious effort for me to let go) my life will gradually begin to pick up a new rhythm, and my Ian will still be in the melody and I will begin to hum the tune of my life again.

For I have really-really learned now, and only now, that just like how a birth effects a person and all who touch their lives forever, a death does the very same thing.

I have also learned reflecting back over my life, that Ian taught me what love was. Before Ian came into my life, I had not truly known what love was. So, in a very profound way, Ian was the greatest love of my life, thank you Ian so very, very much.

My grief used to be like a large umbrella, and then it became like a kite, my Ian kite and I held onto that string and didn't—couldn't—wouldn't let go. It took a lot of my strength to hold onto it and I had it everywhere. Everywhere I went, my Ian kite was there.

One day after about nine months (I think it was around the time that the case closed) I decided to try and let go of the string for one week and see what would happen. I found out it was all right, Ian was still with me, but I didn't have to "hold on" to have him with me.

I guess it became a matter of trust. I trusted myself to say it's okay to let go, I trusted God and the universe to take care of him, and I trusted Ian to be where he was supposed to be.

I pray everyday that I can stay open and ready to receive the new sounds, the sounds of today, not yesterday, not tomorrow, but of today. "Dear God, heal us."

Kathleen Clark, Ian's Mom, now and forever

Difficult Time

I used to have a very difficult time, then some difficult times, then some difficult days, then a difficult day at times, but now it's difficult in a day now and then.

I would not have believed that possible 10 years ago, nor did I care if I even had another day, of any kind, at that time. It sounds so trite to say that time helps heal, but surviving this moment, then the next and the next, and then tomorrow, is what helped me to know that I'd be OK.

I'm very different, I'll never "get over it," but I am surviving and going on with this life, and after a while, I've learned to acknowledge and accept good moments and the good times even more.

Thanks to Compassionate Friends for being there.

Kathy M. ~ TCF, Palo Alto, CA





We need not walk alone.

"If I had known the last time I talked to you on the phone was going to be the last I would hear your voice, I would have paid more attention to the sound of your voice and I would have told you how much you mean to me. I miss you so much."
—*Claudia Ellison*

Peace

By Donna B. in memory of her daughter Sarah

Weep no more my mother
Please, let your sorrow go.
You'll find me in each apple bough and each
Silver flake of snow.

Grieve no more my mother
I have not gone away
You'll hear me in each sparrow's song
And in the gentle rain.

Smile again my mother
Please, let your sorrow go.
You'll see me in each butterfly
And petal of our rose.



The Fall of Fall

What is it about the season that takes me back in time
Everything I do, I find you are on my mind.
Haunting dreams find me at night when I try to sleep
And every little detail is replayed,
and the sadness falls so deep.

Something about the close of summer
seems to bring it back
Making it so hard to move onward and stay on track.
Something about the dying and fading of the trees
Brings my heart to sorrow, with the falling of the leaves.

How I long to stop it, to keep the fall away
But time marches on, and summer just won't stay.
I know with the fall, winters not far behind
Another lonely season, and the memories flood my mind.

I cry my tears of sorrow, and pray for spring to come
A rebirth of the earth, and the warmth of the sun.
It makes the memories softer and gentler to recall
But now my life is saddened with the nearing of fall.

*Sheila Simmons
In Memory of my son Steven
March 24, 1970 ~ October 19, 1999
Reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing,
Tuesday's Child Section*

What My World is Like Without You

By Lydia R. Burns

They say that death changes the way you think,
It changes the way we eat and drink,
It changes the way we plan our lives
It makes us just want to crawl and hide.
Our future is forever now unknown
Each day my heart aches and I groan
There is no sparkle in my eyes
Unless you count those many tears inside.
I wonder what our future will bring
Not the sound of your children singing
No babies to hug, no son to hold
What would it be like growing old?
Your father and I still talk about you
And all the things we thought you'd do
Those dreams are gone, and so is the rest
Of those things in life that you did best.

Love you, Ma ~ 6/20/2008

*In memory of my beloved son, David William Burns
Gone four years ~ Born 9-11-1972 and left us 7-2-2004
We love and miss you so much.*

In Memory of Erin Leigh Moody

She was a classmate of yours at
Holly Spring Elementary School,
Her life ended at the age of nine,
A Stroke took her away before her prime,

She missed those high school times,
Football games, playing in the band,
Sweet 16, Driver's Ed.,
Junior-Senior Prom,
Senior pictures, Senior ring,
Graduation invitations.

When you don your cap and gown,
And receive your high school diploma,
Remember those classmates who
Have graduated to heaven.

"Some people come into our lives and quickly go...
Some stay awhile and leave footprints on our hearts...
and we are never the same."

We miss you Erin.

*Mom, Dad, Daniel, Mama and Papa Moody, Grandmother
and Granddaddy Rowell, Other family and friends.*

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler

P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, TX 75711

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

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

Your Name: _____

Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Telephone: _____

E-mail: _____

Please check any of following that apply.

Please continue sending the newsletter.

No thank you, I'd prefer to stop receiving the newsletter.

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

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

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

In memory of _____

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

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

(Signature) Date: _____

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



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



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

P.O. Box 9714
Tyler, Texas 75711



We need not walk alone.



www.TylerTCF.org