



Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Tuesday, September 16, 6:30 p.m.
707 W. Houston St., Tyler

Athens Area Meeting

198 & Manning St., Gun Barrel City
Tuesday, September 2, 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

Steering Committee:

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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Sorting

By Paula Moore Hurtt

For most of five years she sorted.

One must sort through the papers—medical bills in this stack, condolence notes in another, bank statements, retirement benefits, death benefits, life insurance—so much paper.

Hours and days she sat at the kitchen table crying and sorting.

“Still sorting?” we would ask.

“Yes,” she would say through her tears, “there is just so much.”

On and on through the first year she sorted—court papers, sympathy cards, letters from friends, tax forms, her kitchen table still piled high with papers.

“Still sorting?” we’d ask.

“Yes, she’d sigh, “There is just so much.”

And on through the second year she sorted—suits to Goodwill, sweaters and shirts to her grandsons, tee shirts to the granddaughters to wear in the dorm.

“Still sorting?” we’d ask, noticing the house in disarray as it never was when he was alive.

“Yes,” she’d answer wistfully. “There is just so much.”

And through the third and fourth years she sorted—guns and tools, cuff links and tie tacks, golf clubs and fishing poles. Nothing was thrown out or left to chance as the house remained cluttered with his things.

“Is she okay?” we began to ask. “Why does she take so long? Will she ever finish? Can’t she get on with her life? Why this endless sifting and sorting of the things he left behind?”

“Still sorting?” we’d ask impatiently.

“You don’t understand. There’s just so much.”

But, now we do understand—as we sort. Comforted by her things around us we laugh and cry as we consider each item. And sometimes we find the treasures—a scarf that still smells of her, a letter she forgot to mail, a diary we won’t read, pictures of her as a girl, a young wife, a new mother.

It’s been more than a year now, but we are in no hurry to finish the job, because there is just so much—and then no more.

Reprinted with permission from *Bereavement Magazine*, May/June 2003

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.

“Sharing connects us and makes us realize how much people need one another in this world.” —*Flavia Weedn*

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.”

School Days

The summer is mellowing as the days grow shorter
The green on the trees seem to droop, and look a little duller.

The lazy days of summer take on a busy hustle

As families shop for school,
each gets a new book satchel.

Soon the quiet streets will be filled
as children gather waiting

The yellow bus to pick them up. OH! the anticipating.

Another teachers face the greet upon their arrival

But the same old lessons to be learned,
to them seems so trivial.

New friends to make, and old ones too

Make their days fly past to soon.

But back at home a mother weeps
for the child that this year misses

No new clothes to buy,

no more good-bye hugs and kisses.

For her this joyful time just brings on more heartache

Another school year starts,

another milestone the child cannot make.

So she dries her eyes

and tries to go on for the children that remain

But each new start, breaks her heart,

it's hard to see the gain.

So if the yellow school bus brings

on tears for you this year

Don't forget your Compassionate Friends,

we are always standing near.

Sheila Simmons, TCF Atlanta

Reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

Tuesday's Child Section

This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Carol Thompson.

**In loving memory of
Sarah K. Thompson,
1-3-81 ~ 9-8-05
Daughter of
Carol & Ted Thompson**



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



We need not walk alone.

"The most beautiful people we have known are those who have known defeat, know suffering, know struggle, know loss, and have found their way out of the depths. These persons 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." —Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

Love Gifts



Tom & Sharon Peymon in memory of Michael

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry

Jim & Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah

Fran McGilvary in memory of Russell

Doris Paar in memory of Sarah Thompson,
daughter of Ted & Carol Thompson

Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah -
September 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

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.

Bonfire in September: We will have a bonfire at Carol Johnson's home on September 27. We can start gathering around 7:00 p.m. This will be very casual, and all are welcome. If you would like to write a letter to your child, or bring an item of importance, and place it in the fire as a sort of healing ceremony, please do so. If you want to simply come and be part of the group and visit, that's okay too. The address is 14482 CR 472, Tyler, TX 75706. It is a Tyler address, but is just North of I20 as you come into Lindale. Carol's cell phone number is (903) 574-3127 if you need directions. Please bring your own seating if you can.

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.

"Of course I still have times of sadness. I know I always will. But I have decided that in the process of grieving, we close so many doors that the only way to recovery is to reopen them gradually at our own pace." —*Libby Gonzales*

September Birthdays



Justin Dover
9-14-89 ~ 8-15-02
Son of Stacey Dover



Chad Cavazos
9-24-86 ~ 4-20-01
Son of Dale & Phyllis Cavazos



Jon Lee Hardwick
9-29-61 ~ 5-7-77
Brother of Vicki Johnson



Theresa Kay Talley
9-16-78 ~ 12-20-05
Daughter of W.A. & Ruby Talley



Robert Attaway
9-11-99 ~ 9-11-99
Grandson of Nancy Cooke



Shantrice Willingham
9-11-02 ~ 9-11-02
Daughter of Thelma Washington



Michael R. Peymon
9-18-79 ~ 1-2-06
Son of Tom & Sharon Peymon



Austin Hague Cheek
9-2-87 ~ 8-3-07
Son of Tracey Bales



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



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



Leah Zucca
9-3-85 ~ 5-10-06
Daughter of Jim & Cheri Zucca



Betsi Marie Wyatt
9-4-02 ~ 1-3-08
Daughter of Linda Wyatt



Joshua Jolley
9-29-78 ~ 5-12-02
Son of Brenda Jolley



Douglas Johnson, Jr.
9-24-97 ~ 3-18-05
Son of Douglas & Shelley Johnson



Michael Perez
9-28-99 ~ 5-16-81
Son of Victoria Gonzalez



Samantha Johnson
9-23-86 ~ 5-13-02
Daughter of
Dennis & Vicki Johnson



Adam Thomas Pritchard
9-21-82 ~ 2-21-04
Son of
Thomas & Ginger Pritchard

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 grieve as individuals, and there is no standard plan for it. Do what you need to do to survive, but don't deny the presence of your grief. It's a part of you now. Ignoring it will not help." —*Scott Mastley*

September Anniversaries



Tim Cole
4-15-69 ~ 9-15-97
Son of Mary Miller (deceased)



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



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



Jonathan Lee Daniel Sanders
1-4-87 ~ 9-8-06
Son of Lisa Dunford & Donald Sanders



Stephanie Harris Reed
5-18-79 ~ 9-5-98
Daughter of Rick & Susan Harris



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



Cameron Weatherly
7-3-78 ~ 9-25-07
Son of Ike & Dianna Weatherly



Mary Jennifer Stone
2-22-81 ~ 9-21-96
Daughter of Dick & Denise Stone



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



Shantrice Willingham
9-11-02 ~ 9-11-02
Daughter of Thelma Washington



Robert Attaway Jr.
9-11-99 ~ 9-11-99
Grandson of Nancy Cooke



Sarah Thompson
1-3-81 ~ 9-8-05
Daughter of Ted & Carol Thompson



Jared Sheets
5-14-87 ~ 9-27-05
Son of Carol Johnson

Hiding Behind the Mask

From Bereaved Parents USA

I think we as bereaved parents wear masks 12 months out of the year, not just on Halloween. Perhaps on Halloween we should just wear our own grief stricken face and not be noticed.

How many masks do you wear—even in a week—or a day. Do you wake up in the morning feeling the pain with the knowledge that your child is no longer here? Do you "mask" that face with your old normal face to say good morning to your spouse? You can take the mask off and cry in the shower—it somehow feels so good to release some of those tears. Time to wake the children for school, put on the cheerful, positive mom mask. After dropping the children off at school you can once again remove the mask and feel. Soon you will be pulling into the parking lot at work—get the next mask out—the mask of the competent professional. WOW! That's a lot of mask changing in a short time.

Strange isn't it how the MONSTER pain of grief makes us put on masks to cover the pain—often to those who really care and who perhaps are putting on their masks to cover their pain when they see us? Maybe we could all be so much better off if we removed our masks and let the monster pain out.

Please share your stories, poems or love messages for inclusion in our newsletter.





We need not walk alone.

“We traveled together for awhile and our journey was fulfilling, but now our paths have diverged and we had to say goodbye. To my years with you, I bid farewell. Ahead of me lies a life without you, a new definition of myself. For all that I may someday become, you will always be a part of me.” —*Lisa Meredith*

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

On July 18, 1992, two police officers came to our door with news that no parent expects or wants to hear. “We are sorry to inform you that your son was killed by a suspected drunk driver tonight.”

SHOCK ~ My first reaction was disbelief. How could Marc be dead? He has his whole life ahead of him. He was driving a friend home and I was waiting up for him. No, this can't be! But it was the harsh reality that I could not fathom at that moment that caused me to slip into the nice protective overcoat named “SHOCK.” Thank goodness for the “shock” factor because that is what allowed me to make the necessary arrangements for the days that were to follow.

ANGER ~ From the minute I was told that Marc had died I was angry with God. I talked, screamed and wrote in my journal about being so mad that God did not protect us under His umbrella that I thought was in place for our family. No, I do not believe that God planned for Marc to die at age 19 or even that it was God's will. It has taken me years to understand that we, all of us, have “free will” and one 42-year-old man used his “free will” to drink and drive that fateful night that killed our son within one mile of our home.

BARGAINING ~ The funeral was held here and a week later we drove home to Topeka, Kan., where we had a Memorial Service for friends and family. We drove back to Georgia arriving late one night after the 14-hour drive. I unpacked a few things in the kitchen while my husband was upstairs taking a shower. When I had finished I tried to climb the stairs, but I froze and then fell grasping at the carpet on the stairs sobbing loudly in the entryway. I cried out to God asking, “why didn't He take me instead?” I told him he could make the change right here, right now and no one would ever know the difference.

PAIN ~ As the shock began to wear off, I felt the intense excruciating pain. It was so deep and cut like a knife. I thought that the pain was going to kill me it hurt so bad. It felt like someone had ripped my heart out. I felt gutted and empty inside. I was surprised to learn that grief is not just about feeling sad. When you experience grief, there is a real physical pain and mine was in my chest that hurt for many months every waking moment. I remember I wanted to die. More importantly I wanted to be with Marc.

TEARS ~ I did not know there were so many different ways to cry or different sounds one could make while crying. I would be sitting in my chair and begin to cry and invariably I would end up on the floor, face down in the carpet crying my eyes out. At other times, I rocked back and forth sobbing so hard and speaking gibberish that even I could not understand what I was saying. Our older son told me that I even cried in my sleep because he had heard me one night.

DEPRESSION ~ I kept the drapes drawn that first year and withdrew from the world. I was like a frightened animal huddled in a corner. My first thought upon waking each morning was that Marc was dead. I would curl up in a fetal position and cry. I had trouble concentrating, remembering things and making decisions. My mind would wander constantly. I had no energy—none—zip! I remember being so proud of myself the time that I completed mopping my kitchen floor that had taken me three days to do.

RECONCILIATION ~ For me, it has been about “leaning into my pain” and stumbling around in the dark searching and trying different ways to cope since the death of our son, Marc. I read grief books, I journal, I attend bereavement seminars, I visit the cemetery and most importantly, I cry.

“DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT”—but stand toe to toe with the beast called grief! Do not be afraid of your thoughts, feelings, and pain. They are ALL normal reactions to the death of your dear child. Instead I ask you to wrestle grief down to the ground, screaming, kicking and crying until you have made grief your equal—and more manageable.

I heard a speaker say, “We did not expect to outlive our child, but we can make a choice as to whether we will become bitter or better with the time we have left.” Let's begin to take control of our life, picking up the pieces and make the choice to be a better person. If not for ourselves, let's do it for our children.

In Loving Memory of Our Children
Susan Van Vleck ~ TCF, Marietta Chapter





We need not walk alone.

“Some say it gets better WHEN? That is what I want to know. When in this life am I going to feel better? Oh what I would give for the bliss of ignorance once more.” —*Jean Stewart*

Unbroken Dreams

I grew up believing in dreams. As a child, my dream was to some day have children. I remember looking into the night sky and believing angels were watching over my unborn babies until it was time for them to become a part of my life.

Years later, when I first learned I was going to have a baby, I wanted to stop strangers on the street and tell them. I was absolutely filled with love.

I was in disbelief when months later my baby boy died soon after his birth. I felt the first crack in my dream, and thought my twenty-five-year-old heart would break. The love which had filled my heart so completely had suddenly turned into emptiness, and I was touched with the reality that life is too brief and fragile.

My second little boy was born the next year, also prematurely, and like his brother before him, he lived only a short time. It was a different place, a different time, but the same deep heartache and darkness returned to my world. A part of me had died with each of these babies, and there were no words to explain how I felt. I kept my heart closed, my feelings unshared, and my silent hurt buried deep inside.

I had not yet learned that from every loss there is something gained. Living through the loss of a child can lead us to a deeper knowledge of life's gifts, and a kind of strength we never knew we had. The time came when I could no longer dwell on questions which had no answers, and I searched for insight and a right of passage to change my focus toward positive memories and feelings. My healing began when I realized I could not have felt this sadness about losing my babies unless I had first been blessed with the joy of loving and wanting them. The real emptiness in my heart would have been never having had them at all.

As I worked through my grief, I was beginning to learn some of life's lessons. The pain of losing someone we love, especially a child, never really leaves us, for it is a part of our lives that will always be unfinished and unexplained. It's never easy to accept the unfairness of life, and yet it touches us all. And sometimes, only because life has touched us in this way, do we become more aware of its wonder and the pure blessing life gives us.

I came to understand that each time I had allowed myself to love, it meant taking a risk. And each time I had reached for a dream also meant taking a risk. I knew the only way I could live life fully was to let go of the emptiness and become unafraid to risk again. I promised myself that I would let love back into my heart, for it is much too precious a gift to waste, and my days and nights too precious to be covered with sadness. I began to cherish life even more.

My third baby son was born the next year, and two years later, my baby daughter. Both again premature, but thanks to God, a wonderfully dedicated pediatrician, and advanced medical technology, they survived. Their hospital stays were long and filled with frightening moments, but in spite of the odds that faced them, they clung tightly to life. Months later when they came home, I slowly found I was mending my broken dreams with the love I was giving to them. And I was beginning a new dream.

Many years have passed, yet the thought of unfairness still comes, and I still feel my tears when I think of my first two babies, or when I hear of precious children being abused and neglected. This is when I remember the lessons I have learned and, instead of dwelling on loss, I strive to embrace the hope I know is real. I now give my love and support to organizations that dedicate themselves to the lives of children and to mending their broken dreams. Giving of myself is the only way I can ever give back the blessings life has given me.

We all have something to give, and it is through this act of giving and risking to love again, that we ultimately find a way to heal. Often we uncover sacred gifts of our own just by listening to others who are hurting, or by holding someone's hand and letting them know we care. Each of us has a story, and each of us feels alone with our heartache. Yet we are never truly alone when we let ourselves be unafraid to share our feelings, and to give what is in our hearts. Sharing connects us and makes us realize how much people need one another in this world.

I still look up into the night sky sometimes and think about those two little boys that were with me for such a short while. And sometimes I find myself wondering what they would be like today if they could have grown up with their brother and sister. Then I remember that although they are with the angels, in some wonderful way they are still with me—because love never dies. It is the strength we carry with us forever.

Written by Flavia Weedn
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We need not walk alone.

"The purest wonder in life is found in the sharing of love. And the real gift is to have known love at all. Blessed are we who have held the gift in our hands."
—Flavia Weedn

Nothing Lasts Forever

Our days on earth we try
to find a bit of joy,
To hold within our arms,
what time cannot destroy.
Like petals in the wind,
we drift from here to there,
Because nothing lasts forever,
except for what we share.
And even though we hold
a dream within each heart,
It's in human nature's way
to tear it all apart.
And so it is we strive
in faith to carry on,
after all is said and done,
when what we've loved is gone.
But if we can contain
some peace within our mind,
Our heart will surely follow,
and happiness we'll find.

Written by Mark Lee and submitted by Pam Gnanamani in memory of her brother, Dan Prescott

In Our Hearts



In memory of Jonathan Sanders

We thought of you with love today,
But that is nothing new.
We thought about you yesterday.
And days before that too.
We think of you in silence.
We often speak your name.
Now all we have are memories.
And your picture in a frame.
Your memory is our keepsake.
With which we'll never part.
God has you in his keeping.
We have you in our heart.

You will be in our hearts forever...

Grandparents, Wilber & Dorothy Rawlinson

Cason



Precious Son, Loyal Brother

These will forever be your names.
The room would light up when you would enter
Loving, happy, to our family the "Center."

Dearest Grandson

This will forever be your name.
Always finding time for a kiss and a hug,
Memories of these truly give our hearts a tug.
Memories we now hold close and dear
Oh, how we long for one more chance to have you near.

Special Nephew, Fun-loving Cousin

These will forever be your names.
Family gatherings and "cousin games"
"Please sit by me", the one all wanted to be around,
What wonderful memories for us can be found.

Kind Friend

This will forever be your name.
What a magnet...fun, tenderhearted and always forgiving,
Genuinely happy, for you life was for living.
Still we wonder how many more you could have touched
Had your days not been so brief,
But the number may be greater than we'll ever know
Because you went before us and left such a
bright light here below.

Child of GOD

Your sweetest name of all!
It's the one that brings us strength and joy
For we know GOD needed the sweet spirit of an extra
special boy.

Every day glimpses of your beautiful face
pass through our thoughts
You are grinning ear to ear
Oh, how these memories are especially dear.
Your warm hugs can still be felt
Your happy presence is all around
So many signs of you looking over us are easily found.
Though we miss the sound of your sweet laughter
GOD assures us we will hear it again in the here after.

We look forward to the day we are engulfed in the wonderful
warmth we call Cason, welcoming us to our Heavenly Home
and telling us it is
"AWESOME!"

Your Loving Family
Written by your Aunt Gail

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