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www.TylerTCF.org

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Please join us at 17555 Hwy. 155 S. (off Loop 49), Flint, TX 75762.
We hope to see you at our next meeting!

We need not walk alone.



Tyler, Texas 75711
P.O. Box 9714

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



The Compassionate Friends

Supporting Family After a Child Dies



We need not walk alone.

Volume 21, Issue 8

Tyler, Texas

August 2020

Monthly Group Meeting
Tyler Area Meeting
17555 Hwy. 155 S.
(off Loop 49) Flint, TX 75762
3rd Monday of the month, 6:30 p.m.
Find us on Facebook @TylerTCF

Contact

Phone: (903) 422-0358
www.TylerTCF.org • info@TylerTCF.org
P.O. Box 9714 • Tyler, TX 75711

Chapter Leader: Heather Ogg;
Secretary: Trish Mann Taylor;
Newsletter/Website: Mary Lingle; Tyler Meeting Facilitator: Heather Ogg

Steering Committee: Cheri Zucca, Janet Majors, Trisha Mann Taylor, Barbara Barton, Carol Johnson, Heather Ogg, Kim Cathey, Debra Ritchie, Mary Lingle

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 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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Summer Memories

Summertime is a happy time for most people in this country: vacations, holidays, family reunions, relaxed days at the pool, evenings in the backyard talking with family and friends, the smell of a fresh rain, the long days, the cooling nights, fresh mown grass and flowers that bloom profusely.

Despite Houston's heat, summer has become a treasured time for me. My son was a child of summer. Born in May, he loved the summer sun on his face and the wind in his hair as he first rode a tricycle, then a bicycle, then drove a car. Those were wonderful times for him. The summer solstice on June 21 was a favorite day for us both. Since the summer solstice is the longest day of the year, Todd particularly loved to watch the sunrise and sunset. I found myself doing that again this year. As I looked at the sun directly overhead at noon (1:00 pm DST), I made the comment that this is the one perfectly balanced day of the year. Later as I watched a beautiful solstice sunset, I remarked to my husband about the light...the gorgeous light. I was seeing Todd in that light. He was laughing, chasing lightening bugs, running and spinning and turning, filled with the joy of summer. He was happy.

I listened to the neighbors' children playing, and I thought about all the wonderful summer days I had spent with my son. I am thankful that I had that time. I am thankful that my child was a son of summer. He found much joy in nature, in the outdoors, in activities that took him out of the ordinary and into the sublime.

That's how it is for bereaved parents. We eventually come to a place where we realize that our joyful memories have overtaken the pain of the loss of our child to death. We wouldn't trade the time we shared with our children for anything or any other experience. 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. There is no way to measure the depth, width or volume of a parent's love. It exceeds every other human relationship. Yes, we miss them terribly. We weep silently into our pillows at night. We light candles, take flowers to the cemetery, wear their favorite colors, treasure pictures of our children and keep them forever in our hearts. This is a big part of life for every bereaved parent.

Somehow, on the summer solstice, I felt my child's presence in the light of the day and the beautiful rose color of the solstice sunset. I could hear his voice, see his smile and feel his emotions. Peace slips into our hearts in extraordinary ways.

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

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.

“As our grief softens over time and we come to understand and accept its complexity, perhaps, in the end, we should not be surprised at the intensity of our feelings. After all, they are only a minute reflection of the intensity of our love.”
—Bill Ermatinger

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.”

Grief Resources

Note: Some resources are based on individual opinion and experience and are not officially endorsed by the organization. The hope is that you may find a grief resource helpful to you and your family. We will continue to build on our resources column. Please let us know of any of your personal recommendations. Thank you.

Compassionate Friends (International Website) compassionatefriends.org
Also offers grief support for **siblings & grandparents**

The Childrens Park: www.childrensparktyler.org
Glory Babies meets the third Tuesday of every month at 6:30 p.m. at Alison house next to The Children’s Park of Tyler: www.glorybabies.com

GriefShare: www.griefshare.org

Smith County Victim Services Division
www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs/counties/smith.html

The Hospice of East Texas: www.hospiceofeasttexas.org

Victim Services Division - Texas Department of Criminal Justice - Online Resource Directory
www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs

Survivors of Suicide: www.allianceofhope.org

Samaritan Counseling of Tyler: www.scctyler.org

Tyler Counseling & Assessment, LLP: www.tyler-counseling.com

Angel Layettes brings comfort to families grieving over the loss of an infant from miscarriage, stillbirth or death shortly after birth, and honor and dignity to the memory of the precious baby. Angel Layettes provides without charge custom designed burial layettes and keepsakes. angellayettes.org • 903-534-5212

University of Texas at Tyler Psychology and Counseling and Training Clinic: 903-593-2348

The Cope Foundation: www.copefoundation.org

Grief Camps for Kids: www.moyerfoundation.org/programs

WINGS was established through Hospice of East Texas in 1993 to help children navigate the grieving process. WINGS, “a comprehensive bereavement program that provides both emotional support and grief education,” offers a camp (Camp G – grieve, grow and go forward) twice a year. For more information or to register for a grief support program, contact the Hospice of East Texas Bereavement Department at 903-266-3400 (Extension 127) or call 1-800-777-9860.

Group Meetings for Survivors of Trauma and Survivors of Suicide Loss, sponsored by Michael’s House of Hope at the New Life Worship Center, 18535 Hwy. 69 S., Tyler, room 620. Call Dr. Timothy M. Roddam at 903-681-3161 for more information. Survivors of Trauma meets the the second Thursday of each month from 6-7 p.m.



We’re on Facebook! Search for The Compassionate Friends of Tyler and Like our page.



We need not walk alone.

“The real treasure comes when others introduce our children’s names and stories into an everyday conversation. Knowing our sons and daughters are remembered and live on in the hearts and lives of others is a measure of the meaningful legacy that our sons and daughters have left to us and to the world.”
—Nita Aasen

Wee Small Hours

“In the wee small hours of the morning...” is a good way to describe the loneliness of grief. When death visits our homes, our families or our friends, it leaves grief, loneliness, and desolation in its wake. How do we survive? Is continuing worth the pain? How do we face another day, or hour or minute? Why should this have happened to me? What can I do to stop the pain?

“In the wee small hours...is the time I miss you most of all.” During that time no ray of light or relief from grief seems possible. Nothing seems to work right. However, we can find our way into a sunlight both bright and warm, both invigorating and encompassing. The help we so urgently need to find our way out may be the unexpected phone call, the hand reaching out to assist, the letter or card sent in sympathy, or the friend who encourages us to talk and talk some more

We need not question how that help finds us. It is enough that it is there when it is most needed. It is enough that we can reach out and find a compassionate friend. And when we do, we begin to fill the wee small hours—with large and wonderful memories of our loved ones

Roy P. Peterson, March 22, 1994; TCF, Lexington, KY

Sibling Loss

One whose sister or brother has died has a special view of this loss. There is the loss itself, hard enough to bear, and often no one inquires how a bereaved sibling is doing with the grief. And as I've heard one sibling put it, 'I lost my brother, and my parents are so changed that I feel as if I lost them too.' Much is changed within our surviving family.

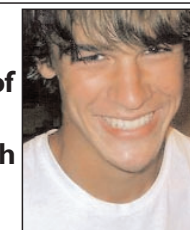
Many of us have found the company of other bereaved siblings to be very valuable, a group of listeners who truly and fully understands.

Charley Kopp, TCF, Contra Costa, CA

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

Thanks for your donations and continued support of TCF of Tyler.

In loving memory of Chris O’Leary by Mary O’Leary Walsh



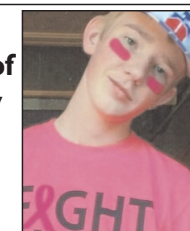
In loving memory of Leah Zucca by Jim & Cheri Zucca



In loving memory of Chad Cavazos by Dale Cavazos



In loving memory of Tanner Douglas by Heather Ogg & Zach Reed



In loving memory of Christopher Loper by Tina Loper



In loving memory of Andy Terrell by David & Teresa Terrell





We need not walk alone.

"We know life will never be the same. But now we do have hope that one day life will become a little bit sweeter, a little bit brighter and little bit happier for ourselves and our compassionate friends." —Annette Mennen Baldwin

August Birthdays



Brennen Applegate



Gena Forest



Marcos Lopez



Rowdy Cunningham



Ashley Allison



Connie Allred



Crystal Greene



Tosha Nichole Minatrea



Montie Norvell



Shanette Bland



Joey Green



Jonathan Eubank



Ron Mitchum



Christal Murphy



Haven Grace Davis



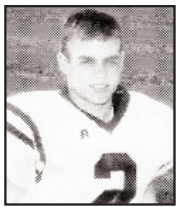
Cory Wayne Channon



Ashlee Ann Davis



Pharaoh Lydia



Scottie Baker



Quinn Martin Muirhead



Jonathan Russell Eubank



Hannah Collie



Dawson Nathaniel Harned



Dwayne Russell



Lori Campbell



Calan Cameron Decker McKeethan



Kristi Otteson



Justin Bynum



Alyssa Kathryn Crim



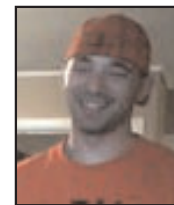
Alyssa Howerton



Phoebe Fair



Addison Rost



Nathaniel "Blake" Dark

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 website and more!



We need not walk alone.

"And I am returning to embrace life each day again. But this time I am following my heart instead of my expected career. I am taking more chances, climbing more unfamiliar mountains, and picking daisies in huge handfuls. Mark would want it so." —Rich Edler

Burke Lewis

In loving memory of Burke

by Martha Lewis



Thanks to Martha Lewis for her generous donation.

Newsletter or rent sponsorship is \$75. Contact us if you'd like to be a sponsor in memory of your loved one.

Cleaning Out Her Room

The other day we cleaned out our daughter's room.

Time had remained the same in this room for two and a half years.

All that we needed was for our 8-year-old Stephanie to come home! Come home to a room filled with games, books, toys—all the memories that today remind us of how special her life was.

We caressed lovingly the sailor cap she wore at her last dance recital.

Her first "wooby"—now scraps of cloth—but so soft and familiar, Stef refused to give it up until one day we hid it, told her it was lost, and replaced it with a new one. How soft it now felt in our hands.

Her "Skip-It," purchased only a few days before she died. How excited she was! "Thank you mommy, thank you, thank you! I love you! I love you!" How long her mom had searched to find one for her. How short the time she was able to use it.

Her Rainbow Brite sleeping bag—given to her one Christmas Eve. She slept for weeks on the floor in that sleeping bag. How much it meant to her.

Her baton. Her Burger King watch. Her "Sweet Pea." Her stuffed animal... They all screamed, "I was Stef's!"

Clothes were folded... Tears flowed...

A new baby is coming to live in Stef's room. We know Stef would approve. If ever a guardian angel exists, we know it is Stef. She will watch over her little sister.

Her love remains to fill this room. It will never be empty!

Wayne Loder, TCF Lakes Area Chapter, MI; In Memory of my daughter, Stephanie Loder





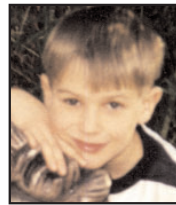
We need not walk alone.

"Hurting will ultimately lessen. Pain will slowly become more bearable. Fears and guilt will gradually pass away. But love—that inner dance of the heart which leaps to our child's name or the memory of an especially close experience that bears only the mantle of endless joy—will not pass away." —Don Hackett

August Anniversaries



Boston Kade Porter



Justin Dover



Alex King



Austin Cheek



Dawson Nathaniel Harned



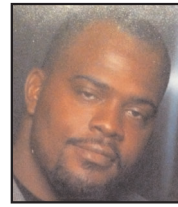
John Kluepple



Jill Marie Rozell



Shannon Scheffler



Paul Ragsdale



Lorie McLain



Sandi McLain



Bobby Jack Stanley



Michael Holdway



Evan Blake Alexander



Michael Toby Tobias



James Jenkins



Dustin Dewayne Bruce



LaDerrius Darden



Jaime Arellano, Jr.



Tiffany LeAnn Tanner



Cathy Key



Cameron Robinson



Aaron Willman



Montie Norvell



Joe Maland



Erik Scott McKinney



Dawn Marie Wilson



Tommy Jack Burchfield



Patton Ross



Matthew Skinner



Stephen "Chadwick" Williford



Darrell Lynn Salas, II



Sheila Nolen



Dustyn Sandifer



Steve Short



Isaih Moa

Continued on next page.



We need not walk alone.

"The Compassionate Friends meeting won't make the pain go away, but it is a place where you can honestly and truly believe when someone says, 'I know how you feel.' They mean it and their eyes prove it." —Janice Lopez

August Anniversaries Cont.



Addison Rost



Brevon McCarty



Travis Morris



Hudson Ray Hutchins



Robbie Kempker



Xander Rebel Kelly



Derek "Lance" Moss



Riley Noah Oden



Amy Nicole Simental

Despair and Hope

I find myself thinking a great deal about despair. I think about it often enough that I actually looked it up. It means "to lose hope."

I don't have a great deal of previous experience with despair. But now I belong to a new group. This group knows a great deal about despair. My previous group really didn't.

When I try to think of times I've felt despair before, it mostly takes me back to much younger days and failed romances. In the scheme of things, those problems (and others) no longer seem worthy of despair.

In our bereavement, I believe a big challenge is to cling to our hope...to hope that may be small and quiet and fragile.

Like Pandora, the figure in Greek mythology, as the world's unleashed trials and troubles swirl around us, we struggle to shut the lid on the box and preserve that one last potential comfort: hope. It's not easy.

Peggi Johnson, TCF Arlington, VA

The Golden Gate Bridge: Still Beautiful

On May 23rd, 1995 my son jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge [in San Francisco]. Tempting as it is to believe he'd still be alive had there been a barrier, I think it would be naive. In my despair I wanted to blame the psychiatrist who refused to see him because he'd missed some appointments, the girlfriend who'd ended their relationship just two days prior to his jump, the crisis center at the hospital where he'd gone for help and who could have kept him had they read the signs right, but didn't; myself, (especially myself), for flawed parenting. But never did I blame the bridge! In the end it was his decision. In his farewell note, he said he was going to electrocute himself. What made him change his mind? I don't know, but I believe it was the deed, not the method, that he was determined to execute. People who really want to die find a way. So while a barrier would deter suicides on the bridge, it would hardly deter suicides. Should we eliminate tall buildings, parking structures, automobile exhaust pipes, ropes? In spite of very sad memories, I still appreciate the beauty of the bridge. People from all over the world enjoy the vistas from this compelling structure. Is it fair to impair the visibility in a futile effort to control deaths from the bridge? The bridge is for the living, too.

Carol Sheldon, TCF, Marin County, CA





We need not walk alone.

“That pain is not as intense now. I have learned to tolerate it and still lead a normal life. The Compassionate Friends helped me to realize that I was not alone and that there were many others who felt that same pain. They helped me learn how to deal with it. Now it is my turn to try to help someone else.”
—Harold F. Underwood

My Child Died Today

I double over from the pain in my midsection and heart. I sob. I cannot breathe. I count the minutes since my child was alive. Shock freezes my body, paralyzes my mind and permeates my soul. My sense of reality is now the deepest fog. I know I will not survive this. I am ready to die. I think I am dreaming, and I will wake up. My child will be here. But I am awake. My child is dead. My child has died. A primal scream begins deep within me and rushes upward, piercing the early morning air. I know I will perish, and I look forward to a quick end. Can I live without my child? Do I want to live?

My mantra becomes breathe deeply, hold and exhale. This is my only reality. I feel that I am fading into the fog. I force myself to drink water. I cannot eat. My mind wanders and then returns to this place; I am physically jolted into my body each time I grasp the finality of my child's death. The people around me are a blur. I aimlessly pace the floor. I cannot remain still.

Anxiety has conquered my mind. I cannot think, talk, communicate, understand or comprehend. What are they saying? Why do I care? Where is my child? I want to be with my child. I must be with my child. Somebody medicates me. I fall into dreamless and fitful sleep, sliding, sinking, falling.

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

The True Meaning of the Meeting

A misty, cloudy Thursday night in March found me, once again, driving to the Compassionate Friends Meeting. Tonight a friend would meet me; she lost her 21 year old son seven years ago in an automobile accident. She has never sought counseling or attended a group meeting. She was always an introvert; the death of her son increased that tendency.

Together we walk to the meeting room. She's asking a few questions, but I'm doing much of the talking. A mom whose only child has been dead for 63 weeks is explaining to this woman who has endured so much for so long about coping with unimaginable loss. There's an irony here. There's also a reason.

Attending my first TCF meeting one year ago was not easy. The pain was brutally raw. The loss was unimaginable. I was reliving the death of my son in my mind, over and over and over and over. I wasn't angry. I was devastated. I wasn't blaming anyone but myself. Could I have done something differently and changed the course of events? This was my big question. My soul was an empty void, my heart broken, as another friend pushed me along into that first meeting. I'm glad she did. It made all the difference.

So tonight my friend signs in for the first time and makes a nametag. We look at the books and brochures. We talk. Melinda greets us: as always, welcoming the newcomer, extending her sincere, sweet and pure condolences to my friend. Other parents talk with us and soon the meeting begins.

Tonight's topic, ironically, is "letting go of the if only's." We all talk about our regrets, how we dwelled on them. Some are still dwelling. Others are moving away from the darkness of regret into the light of affirmation: affirmation of our love for our child, affirmation of the decision to go on and make the best life possible, affirmation to remember the life of our child and honor our child's memory.

My friend joins in, hesitant at first, but soon contributing. Talking of death, of loss, of going forward, of focusing on the positive, of not dwelling on the horror, of eliminating the negative (including people) from her life. I begin to think about her losses (there are many) and her classically introverted personality. Yet here she is openly talking about private pain. And then it hits me. She is among kindred souls in this room tonight. Each of us has had losses of a magnitude that cannot ever be measured. She is comfortable with these gentle people who weep for their dead children, whose voices break in mid-sentence, whose silences often say more than any words could possibly convey.

The meeting goes by quickly. My friend has to leave to pick up a toddler grandchild. We say quick goodbyes to the others and walk quietly to the parking lot. I mention the Mothers' Retreat, but I know she has made commitments to care for grandchildren while her daughters work. Getting here tonight required a lot of juggling, but I am glad she did it. Her lonely, private struggle has come to an end. Now she knows she is not alone, there are others just like her: kindred souls who need her as much as she needs them. We go our separate ways in the parking lot and she shouts, "I love you." I love you, too, Sherri, my kindred soul.

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



We need not walk alone.

“Why not ask me? I hear it again and again, one friend asked another how I've been. How hard, really, would it be to pick up the phone and just ask me?”
—Genessee Bourdeau Gentry

My Waiting Room

You've spent time in a waiting room, likely in a doctor's office. Routinely, there is little to do but pick up a worn magazine knowing that reading will be cut short mid-article when your name is called. The person sitting inches from your elbow may be anxious, sitting in silence. The more outgoing people converse while waiting. Good recipes (blueberry muffins and frosted maple drops) have come my way while waiting. I have been on the receiving end of facts about fire ants and when the purple hull peas will be in. I recently received a "have a blessed day and a blessed life" after a waiting room visit.

Since the instant of my daughter Sarah's death in 2005 I have been in a waiting room of another sort. Looking back eight years on my immediate disassociation with what had been my life, the disconnect with my familiar world no longer seems odd but inevitable.

My mind conjures up a row of three glass compartments. The life I lived before Sarah's death is behind me, impenetrable but still in sight. The glass compartment ahead of me is empty, a mystery about which I can only speculate. I stand in the glass chamber between the two. My waiting room.

One early realization of my detachment occurred after I returned to work. Standing in front of a large flat eighth floor glass window, I watched moving cars and delivery vans, people walking in and out of stores and restaurants onto the sidewalks, flags flying and trees moving with the breeze. Sealed off from street noise by the window pane, there was only silence. The disconnect was jarring, but my isolation then had a description, some comparison to help me visualize.

You likely understand why I discussed my feelings of detachment with less than a few people. Why make life even more hollow by describing complex emotions over which I had no control? Maybe you have experienced or are experiencing this same detachment.

So where do we go, to whom do we turn, when bewildered by our new world, fearful of the future and the remaining years of life? We struggle to rediscover some peace and contentment following the loss of our children. The business of living is difficult on the best of days.

Philippians 3:20 says in part that our citizenship is in Heaven. We are all waiting. For the time being, we have a life filled with well-purposed work to be done. Part of our new journey, a journey not of our choosing, is the rediscovery of ourselves and our efforts to gain understanding of what we are to be doing.

Do we find answers to all of our questions? Perhaps not this side of Heaven. There is solid comfort to be found in 1 Corinthians 13:12: "For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, **but then I shall know just as I am also known.**" It's worth the wait.

*Carol Thompson, TCF Tyler, TX
July 2013
Always Remembering Sarah*

Sign up for email notifications of events and to be notified when the newsletter is posted online at: www.tylertcf.org





We need not walk alone.

"How did I get to this place? One minute, one hour, one day, one week, one month at a time. It is a slow journey from crawling through the pits of hell in deep grief to coming back to the reality of here and now. It's as close to a near death experience as I can imagine." —Annette Mennen Baldwin

Last Moments

Last moments
Snatches of conversation
That echo across all decades...
Priceless words
Indelibly etched on the heart.

Sometimes
Thoughts were never spoken
But unexpected sentiment—
A quick embrace, a silly smirk,
Or joyous laughter—
Reaches through the pain
And warms the heart.

We came too soon to understand
The folly of harsh words
Or neglected touch,
For who can know which
Taken-for-granted event
Will become
A last moment.

Diane Fields, TCF, Westmoreland, PA

The Day the Earth Stopped Spinning

When I lost my child, the earth ceased to spin.
The moon will not rise, the tide won't come in. The sun
insists on having its way, Blasting its rays and rising each
day. Another day comes, my child is not here;
Another day comes, I live my worst fear.

Each morning I wake with the same painful thought;
Why am I here when my sweet child is not?
All moments that pass, I question this fate;
While other lives carry on, I sit and I wait.

I wait for an answer, for some reason why...
Praying for it to be me that could die. Through my sorrow
and grief, I have made a life choice;
To keep my son's memory alive and give him a voice.

I share stories of my son, and the man he would be; A boy
who lived life and was a hero to me. Who would grow up
and make the world a better place. Who would save the
seas and the oceans from the human race.

When I lost my child, the earth ceased to spin.
But the moon still must rise and the tide must come in.
And since the sun insists on having its way,
I will live in my child's memory each and every day.

Kim Turner in memory of Matthew Beard, 1/20/85–12/29/06

I Won't 'Should' on Myself

SHOULD—I will not SHOULD on myself today! I won't let
others SHOULD on me today either! Immediately after my
daughter Julie, died, I was bombarded on all sides with lots
of SHOULD!

"You SHOULD keep a stiff upper lip and be strong for the
rest of the family."

"You SHOULD not dwell on it."

"You SHOULD just accept it as God's will.
He knows best. You SHOULD not cry about it."

"Julie left a 22 month-old daughter.
You SHOULD live for Autumn."

"You have three other children. You SHOULD live for them."

"You SHOULD not keep her paintings and photographs out
in plain sight as a constant reminder."

"Above all, you SHOULD keep busy. If you kept as busy as I
do, you wouldn't have any trouble sleeping.
You SHOULD work in the yard, work in the garden, work in
the house, but keep busy!"

"You SHOULD go back to work."

"It was fate. It was supposed to happen. You SHOULD just
accept her death and try to forget about it."

"There are many deaths everyday. You SHOULD think about
all the people killed in wars, earthquakes, floods, airplane
crashes, and all kinds of natural disasters and accidents."

"You SHOULD think about Rose Kennedy, who has lost
three sons. And Anne Lindberg, whose baby son was kid-
napped and murdered. They survived."

"You SHOULD not say such things;
you SHOULD not even think them."

by Jean Corley Lacy



We need not walk alone.

"So what do we do? Give ourselves TIME—to hurt, to grieve, to cry. TIME to choke,
to scream. TIME to be "crazy" and TIME to remember. Be nice to yourself! Don't
measure your progress through grief against anyone else's. Be your own time-
keeper." —Darcie D. Sims

Newsletter Submissions

TCF Tyler welcomes all submissions to our newsletter. Send
articles, poetry, love messages and scanned photos to: The
Compassionate Friends of Tyler, P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, Texas
75711. 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: We try very hard to be sure that all of
the names and dates of our children are correct. If you see
an error in the newsletter, please contact TCF at
903-422-0358. We want to get it right and will correct the
information for future use. Thanks very much.

Email Addresses: If we do not have your email address or
it has changed, please email it to info@tylertcf.org so that
we may email you announcements and updates about
TCF of Tyler.

**Sign up for email notifications of
events and to be notified when the
newsletter is posted online at:
www.tylertcf.org**

**"Let us all heed the quiet
message heard so softly in
that maelstrom of the spirit.
Forgive...forgive...forgive until
forever. Let love enfold our
anguish, helping us to learn to
grow and strive beyond this
hour to a rich tomorrow."
—Don Hackett**

Announcements

Meeting Info: The meeting location is 17555 Hwy. 155 S.
(off Loop 49), Flint, TX 75762. Our meeting is held on the
third Monday of the month at 6:30 p.m. For more information,
please call 903-422-0358.

Steering Committee Meeting: If you are interested in par-
ticipating in our chapter by serving on the steering commit-
tee, 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! Email
us at info@tylertcf.org to get involved!

News from National: Compassionate Friends National
offers webinars for the public on grief related topics.
Upcoming public webinars will include Death of a Child By
Suicide, Pregnancy and Infant Loss, The Death of a Special
Needs Child and How Can I Help When A Child Dies? Check
out www.compassionatefriends.org for dates and times.

TCF Quilt Announcement!

We are compiling names and photos for our 7th
quilt! Please mail your \$30 donation for a square,
child's name, and make sure we have a quality
picture of your child that will show up well. Let us
know quickly as we anticipate the list of 30 will fill
up fast. You can mail your donation to TCF Tyler
PO Box 9714 Tyler Texas 75711, please note on
your check what it is for. Photos or questions can
be emailed to info@TylerTCF.org.



**With our current self-isolating, grief can feel espe-
cially lonely. Remember to visit our website for a
long list of TCF newsletters: www.tylertcf.org
Also, TCF's National website has lots of great
resources: www.compassionatefriends.org**

