

**Meeting Location: First Christian Church, 4202 S. Broadway • Tyler 75703**  
Please park behind the sanctuary in front of the Christian Life Center. Every 3rd Monday at 6:30 p.m.

**We need volunteers to keep your Compassionate Friends chapter afloat. Please contact us to help in any capacity—once or for a few months or more. Any help will be greatly appreciated!**



www.TylerTCF.org

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**Please join us at 900 S. Broadway Ave. Tyler, TX 75701.  
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 22, Issue 8**

**Tyler, Texas**

**August 2021**

**Monthly Group Meeting**

**Tyler Area Meeting  
First Christian Church  
4202 S. Broadway  
Tyler, TX 75701  
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, 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 Time, Vacation Time, Family Time**

I'll bet you never dreamed that there would ever be a time in your life when you would not welcome vacation from work...and the day-to-day hassles of routine living. It's probably a shocker to you that the slow pace of summer, cookouts, softball games, etc., are now a nightmare. Everywhere we go, there are kids out of school enjoying their leisure time, and our bodies jolt as we search for our own absent child who enjoyed this time of the year with a passion!

Surrounded by summer fun, a bereaved parent needs only look around and there are painful memories at every corner. When we are faced with all the living, loving happy families with their children, the anger boils within and we feel very cheated. And this year we are afraid to go back to the beach cottage we've visited every year, or to the favorite mountain retreat where we laid around for a week and relaxed, or the amusement park where the kids had to ride every ride and see every attraction, no matter what the temperature was. Yes, fear of our memories, fear of too much time to think, fear of too many kids, fear of bursting inside from our pain...all of these feelings are part of the first few years of summer vacations for bereaved parents.

It's been nine years now for me, and I need to tell you that it will get easier, but I found that for the first few years I needed to consciously change some of my routines in order to deal with my fears. I could not visit the same places we had visited when Todd was with us. We tried new experiences in new places with new people. That isn't to say there weren't some down-times; however, the faster paced vacations worked better for us. I could not allow myself too much time to think. I enjoy those weekends away now, but for the first few summers I had to dig in the yard, repaint lawn furniture, rearrange the garage, and the multitude of busy projects we'd been putting off for the lack of time. That was a better vacation for me than forcing myself to go somewhere and feel miserable.

You've read it a hundred different times, you have to find your own way and your own peace—leave yourself room to escape if it becomes necessary. If you can find any enjoyment and relaxation, relish it...you deserve it, and it does not mean you don't care. It simply means you are healing Now I walk down the beach and enjoy the solitude, or laugh when I see a toddler, or listen to the joy of kids laughing, and it warms my heart. Yes I miss him, but I know he enjoyed every minute of this season, and I know that's what he'd want for me...and thank God, I can do it once more!

**Reflections in Sand & Time**

I looked across the lake, then onto the sand, wishing I was still standing there holding your small hand. Sand castles, buckets and shovels flashed into my mind, as I remembered all those precious memories you left behind. Tiny footprints took me many, many years back in time, but of those I looked at—yours I couldn't find. But as I stood there going so far back in the sand, I almost could feel you holding my hand.

Linda T., TCF, York, PA

**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](http://compassionatefriends.org)  
Also offers grief support for **siblings & grandparents**

**The Childrens Park:** [www.childrensparktyler.org](http://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](http://www.glorybabies.com)

**GriefShare:** [www.griefshare.org](http://www.griefshare.org)

**Smith County Victim Services Division**  
[www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs/counties/smith.html](http://www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs/counties/smith.html)

**The Hospice of East Texas:** [www.hospiceofeasttexas.org](http://www.hospiceofeasttexas.org)

**Victim Services Division - Texas Department of Criminal Justice - Online Resource Directory**  
[www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs](http://www.tdcj.state.tx.us/divisions/vs)

**Survivors of Suicide:** [www.allianceofhope.org](http://www.allianceofhope.org)

**Samaritan Counseling of Tyler:** [www.scctyler.org](http://www.scctyler.org)

**Tyler Counseling & Assessment, LLP:** [www.tyler-counseling.com](http://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](http://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](http://www.copefoundation.org)

**Grief Camps for Kids:** [www.moyerfoundation.org/programs](http://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 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

### 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

### Fire in the Mind

The death of a child is a fire in the mind. The mind burns with alternatives that never come to pass, with fantasies of remarkable recuperations, with dreams of adult accomplishment. If we let this fire burn compassionately within us, the grief of the mind, the fantasies, the burning of the spirit, begin slowly to melt away and the child comes more into our heart. Our anguish can be used to open more fully, to enter as completely as we can into this final sharing. And then, as Rabindranath Tagore wrote in the final lines of his poem, The End, "Dear Auntie will come with presents and will ask, 'Where is our baby, Sister?' And Mother, you will tell her softly, 'He is in the pupils of my eyes. He is in my bones and in my soul.'"

Steven Levine, From Who Dies

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

In loving memory of Sarah Thompson by Carol Thompson		In loving memory of Melissa Majors by Janet Majors		In loving memory of Alex by Robert & Trisha Taylor	
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	

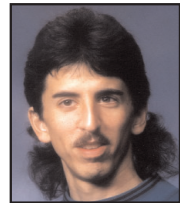




*We need not walk alone.*

"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



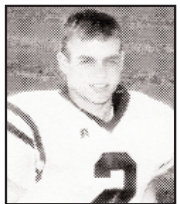
Cory Wayne Channon



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



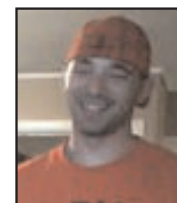
Alyssa Howerton



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!

Continued on next page.



*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

### 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

### 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





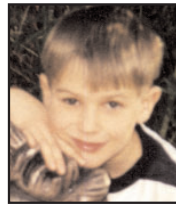
*We need not walk alone.*

"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



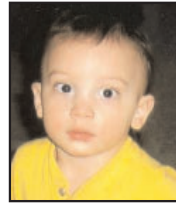
Justin Dover



Alex King



Austin Cheek



Dawson Nathaniel Harned



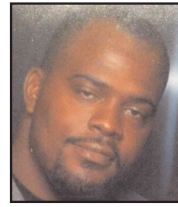
John Kluepple



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 Sallas, 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



Brandi Ross

### 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

### 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





*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 First Five Years as an Only Child

I've been without my brother for five years. I guess the hard part is over now. Sometimes I think I have aged 30 years in the past five. In a strange way, these past five years have been the best and worst years of my life. I have accomplished the many things of a typical young adult learning to drive, graduating from high school, going to college, and starting a career. Every one of my accomplishments has been clouded by the fact that my brother George is not here to share each milestone, and is not achieving any more milestones for himself. He was cheated of so many things. He will never graduate, get married, have children or travel. He will never grow old, and I will never have a brother to grow old with. I'll never have nieces and nephews. The sibling relationship, usually the longest relationship of one's life, has been cut short for us. In these five years, although I have learned to accept that he is not coming back, the difficult part is dealing with it day by day.

My relationship with George ended just when we started to become friends. The childish fights and other annoyances of having a big brother were changing to real conversations and to having an occasional ally. I am angry about all the things that we have missed and all the things that will never be, and I guess I always will be. Five years heals a lot of wounds, but the hurt will always be there, no matter how many years pass. In these past five years, I have been forced to grow up too fast. I have been forced into a new outlook on life. I have felt lonely and alone. I now realize that I will never be the same person as before. Maybe I am a better person because of what I have been through. Five years ago I never thought I would survive, but I am still here dealing with it every day. I don't know what the next five years will bring, but at least I have made it this far.

*Kristin Steiner, TCF, Staten Island, NY*

### School Starts

Strange things happen to you when your child dies. You'll fail if you try to make sense of most of it.

Both my children had finished high school when my son died, yet I found the beginning of school—especially that first year—to be difficult. The bus stops in front of my home for the neighborhood children. Suddenly, as they all gathered to wait for the bus, I found myself reliving those simpler, happier days of old; longing for them actually. It was a painful time.

Now, if I, whose children are grown and gone, had a problem with school starting, those of you who do have school age children must know that your pain is normal. It's another reminder that life goes on—with or without our children—and acknowledging that it hurts! I came to the conclusion that it was all right to pine for happier times and it was nothing to get upset about. As with many remnants of grief, I recognize it, allow it and then get on with my life.

Maybe you're like me, you'll always be a little nostalgic about school starting. That would probably have been true even if my son had lived. Maybe you, too?

*Mary Cleckley, TCF, Stone Mountain, Georgia*

## Meeting Location: First Christian Church

**4202 S. Broadway • Tyler 75703**

Please park behind the sanctuary in front of the Christian Life Center. Every 3rd Monday at 6:30 p.m.



*We need not walk alone.*

“Only after we have walked down the long road of grief and can look back, remembering those early days and weeks, can we see we really are not on square one again. We have just slipped backwards for a time. That is all. Allow yourself that, and then strive forward again. It takes time, a lot of time!” —Mary Ehmann

### 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*

### From My Heart . . . To Yours

The newly bereaved parents looked around the group at the meeting and hoped and prayed they wouldn't still be attending TCF meetings 20, 30, and 40 years from now. Well actually, we at TCF hope you will be.

You see, the bereaved parents who answered the call in their hearts to continue to open the door for monthly meetings and to go each and every month with arms open for hugs and tissue boxes passed around, are the one reason why you had a place to go and pour your hearts out, cry your eyes out, and feel justified in what you were experiencing since your child died.

If it were not for these bereaved parents who buried a child decades ago, there might not be anyone there to sit around and take the time to care about you, to listen with understanding, to offer support, to know what you are going through. It might have been many years ago, but those shoulders were dragging at one time, too.

Forty years ago, burying a child hurt just as much as it does for you today. Twenty years ago, the pain of loss was no different than it is for you today. These parents know. They understand. That's why they are still here. It is not because they can't move on with their own grief. It is because they want to help you move on with yours.

Thank goodness someone in your area listened to the voice in their heart to start a TCF group, to organize meetings, to put out a newsletter, to answer your phone call, to share their own story. Because of that, you feel safe to share your pain. And every time you share your feelings, every time you cry with someone, every time you work through your pain, healing is slowly and silently creeping into your heart.

One day you might feel you don't need to attend any more TCF meetings. We know that time will come. We will be happy for you. But if it should happen that a little voice in your heart continues to whisper . . . "Now it's your turn to help someone else," be sure and listen, because someone else is going to have to take the place of those who have been there for so many years before you arrived.

So, look around at those who have opened the doors for you and helped you. Then listen to your heart...always listen to your heart.

*Cathy Heider, TCF, North Central Iowa Chapter*

**“Hope is the feeling that the feeling you have isn't permanent.” —Jean Kerr**





*We need not walk alone.*

"The death of a loved one becomes a reference point around which we define where we've been and how we structure a path for tomorrow. Grief provides a 'crash course' in some of the most profound lessons life has to offer. As bereaved individuals, we find ourselves with fewer answers but far more insights. In time, we learn there is no loss without gain and no sorrow without joy." —*Joanetta Hendel*

### My Angel's Unicorns

They look like tiny horses of porcelain and brass  
But on their forehead there is a golden horn  
Reminders of a daughter's life that ended much too fast  
They are my angel's unicorns

For as long as I can recall she loved those little things  
Those mystic creatures from a magic time  
There was something about the way  
they brightened up her room  
And even in the darkness they would shine

Even now sometimes late at night I go into her room  
All her other things are put away  
Her unicorns are still shining bright like a shrine to her memory  
Telling me she's still here with me today

In a meadow upon a hill in the shade of evergreens  
I often sit alone at early morn  
There stands a marble stone facing toward the rising sun  
And thereon etched in stone is a unicorn

They look like tiny horses of porcelain and brass  
But on their forehead there is a golden horn  
Reminders of a daughter's life that ended much too fast  
They are my angel's unicorns

*Sam Smith, for Stacey, TCF, Tyler, TX*

### Good-bye

It's August again,  
Different than last.  
A hot blanket covers the earth.  
Blood red roses droop over your casket.

With weak limbs I stand.  
Misty eyes gaze at you,  
My only brother,  
Lying prepared for earth.

Today we were to go hiking,  
Explore the vast countryside,  
Just you and I.  
Tomorrow we would try golf, or maybe just talk.

You told me yesterday of your pride in me  
That I might strive for more.  
"But it is you I follow," I say.  
And we broke through the barrier, declaring us true friends.

To say good-bye is to remember this, and smile.  
And if I look, I will find them—  
Memories that smother the good-bye,  
And let me cling to your life.

*Laura W., TCF, Champaign, IL*

### The Space Between Thoughts

You are no longer in my thoughts constantly.  
You are now dwelling in the space between thoughts,  
a part of my every moment whether joyful or sad  
or in between, or both simultaneously.

I walk, talk, work, play and you surround me.  
You are in the sparkle of my smile  
the wisdom in my thinking  
the rainbow circles in my life.

As I breathe and live, you breathe and live.  
As I learn, you are teaching, not only me  
but all those who are in my life today.

You are a blessing, dear child, for all you were  
and all you are and all you'll forever be.

*Genesse Bourdeau Gentry, June 2001  
TCF Marin Chapter Leader, North CA Regional Coordinator*

### Grief

It's an entity all its own, with its pain that's never really gone.

It has many thoughts and faces, but very few reality traces.

It makes you ask many a question, all of which you try to shun;  
What-When-Where-If-Why?  
Could I have done something so my child wouldn't die?

These are what every parent asks;  
this part of grief is a heart wrenching task.

Hours turn to days; days to months; months to a year,  
this is the war you fight without gear.

You feel bare and naked and all alone,  
at times you feel like you can't go on.

You say "This happens to someone else, not me!"  
This I think every parent would agree.

But this time it really was you,  
you scream, No, No, No, but it's oh so true.

This nightmare that never seems to end, with these feelings you cannot pretend.

People say "Well you sure look good"  
don't they know that we would die if only we could.

Yes grief has its own way,  
while we endure it and live day to day.

*Judy Craig, TCF Memphis, TN  
Written in memory of her son, Travis Carter*



*We need not walk alone.*

"Grief is like a long valley, a winding valley where any bend may reveal a totally new landscape." —*C.S. Lewis*

### 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](mailto: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](mailto: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](http://www.tylertcf.org)**

### Donations Appreciated!

**Please consider making a donation to your local TCF group, which serves East Texas. Donations help pay for meeting location fees, electric, mailing and paper cost of our newsletter, bank fees, P.O. Box fee, office supplies and more.**

**We are thankful that Skillern's Business Systems has printed our newsletter at no cost for years. If you need office automation solutions, please contact them and tell them TCF sent you. Visit them online at [www.skillerns.com](http://www.skillerns.com), or call 903-561-5591.**

### Announcements

**Meeting Info:** Our meeting is held at the First Christian Church, 4202 S. Broadway, Tyler 75703. Please park behind the sanctuary in front of Christian Life Center. 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 participating in our chapter by serving on the steering committee, please plan to attend a steering committee meeting. Anyone who would like to become more involved in TCF and serve on the steering committee is welcome to come! Email us at [info@tylertcf.org](mailto: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](http://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](mailto:info@TylerTCF.org).



**Remember to visit our website for a long list of TCF newsletters: [www.tylertcf.org](http://www.tylertcf.org) Also, TCF's National website has lots of great resources: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)**