

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 11

Tyler, Texas

November 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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Thanks

Thanks to the friend who did know the right words to say: "There is a group in town that might help you."

Thanks to the parent who somehow found the courage to call that phone number and find out about "that group."

Thanks to the mother who went to that first meeting knowing it would really hurt to talk—and talked.

Thanks to the dad who said after the first meeting that he could never come back—but did.

Thanks to the parent who, at the fifth meeting, put her arms around a "new one" and said: "They really can help."

Thanks to the mom who, for the first time, was again able to bake cookies—for her "Compassionate Friends."

Thanks to the homemaker who could never talk in front of people—who became a facilitator.

Thanks to the six-foot father who cried in front of the other men—and didn't say he was sorry.

Because of you, we will be able to help someone we don't even know—next month.

John DeBoer, TCF, Omaha, NE

Happy Birthday

We do it all the time, send good wishes and thoughts to those we love who are separated from us. It may be across town, across the state, across the world or in another time. We cannot help thinking about them and sending them our love. It is only natural. We may do it by card, by telephone, by email, or just by thought. If we are separated by time, instead of distance, thought is the only way to send our love. To those who have never experienced the death of a child, it may seem morbid or like a waste of money to celebrate one's child's birthday. Those same people probably think nothing abnormal about visiting the grave of a favorite relative (mother, father, etc.). These are considered acts of love, and for me, (at least one way; maybe one of these days, two-ways) with a sorely missed and loved daughter. So, whatever anyone else may think, I will continue to celebrate my Sarah's birthday. I will do so by releasing balloons, planting a rose bush, making a donation to organizations that either she participated in or that I believe are helpful in some ways to foster understanding, love and tolerance. In doing so, I tell her one more time, I love you, Sarah, Happy Birthday.

Printed with permission from "Where Are All The Butterflies?" R.D. Cayer, Bereaved Father, Denton 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.

"Most of us know that our deceased children would want us to go on. Through our grief, we can grow and become more understanding, loving and compassionate and aware of the real values in life." —Margaret Gerner

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

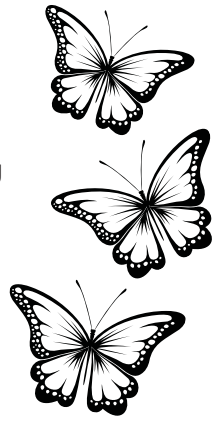
University of Texas at Tyler Psychology and Counseling and Training Clinic: 903-593-2348

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 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.

"Is this not our goal, to heal, to find strength to love both yesterday and today? Our children have been the richest part of our lives and today should reflect the grace of that love in all that we are today." —Don Hackett

The Crayola Desk

I did something today. Something I was pretty certain I would not do—did not want to do to be honest. I took my very first step, after almost 13 years, to prepare to part with some of Christopher's things. A light bulb went on over my head suddenly. I realized that most of these "things" I have clung to—almost desperately—would have been gone a long time ago. I understand much like with my son and daughter still here, these things would have been outgrown or simply lost their appeal. He would be a 19-year-old young man—experiencing his college years, working a job or maybe just plain trying to figure out what he wanted to do. He certainly would not be sitting at his Crayola desk drawing or coloring, playing with the power rangers or pokemon—figures he so dearly loved. And that old Gameboy—it would have undoubtedly been traded up for a newer model.

As I cleaned up the desk, I recalled how excited he was the day we gave it to him. How many times he sat in the little blue and red spinning chair making himself dizzy then trying to see if he could draw a straight line. He loved how the drawing area lit from below allowing him to trace his favorite coloring book pages, his tongue hanging out to the side between his teeth in intense concentration.

I took a magic eraser and started to clean that little desk. I never dreamed I would be unable to wipe away the marks and drawings made with his crayons. I kept thinking no one is going to want this if I can't get it looking like new. There is a lazy susan of sorts for the crayons in the lower right corner. Little holes in a plastic turntable, the perfect size for a crayon to stand on end and spin around making them easy to access. Instead of utilizing this item for its intended purpose, Christopher thought it would be more fun to stick marbles in those holes. Here I was standing over my kitchen counter with an array of screw drivers, a pocket knife and butter knife, trying over and over again to pry each of those well lodged marbles out of their holes. I think only for a second that I have a hundred other things to do, that I am spending too much time trying to clean up "this mess."

Immediately I can't help but miss all the other messes I missed out on. I find myself wishing there had been a thousand more. I wonder if I had attempted to do this when he was still here if I might have scolded him. Instead I find myself smiling, with my tongue out to the side between clenched teeth, grateful to get to clean up "his mess."

In memory of Christopher, Tina Loper, TCF, Tyler, TX

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

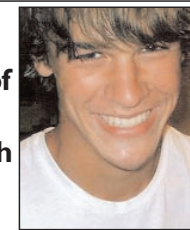
In loving memory of Candice Lingle by Mary Lingle



In loving memory of Alex by Robert & Trisha Taylor



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



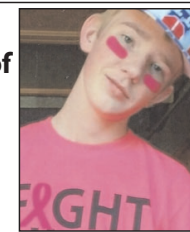
In loving memory of Leah Zucca by Jim & Cheri Zucca



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.

"I would say to those who mourn—look upon each day that comes as a challenge, a test of courage. The pain will come in waves, some days worse than others, for no apparent reason. Accept the pain. Do not suppress it. Never attempt to hide grief from yourself." —Daphne DuMaurier

November Birthdays



Wade Goetze



Rusty Welch



Randall Thorton, Jr.



Nathaniel Bolom



Shane Crim



Stacy Hunter



Christopher Jordan Pope



Mike Loughmiller



Brandon Whitfield



Lindsey Stewart



Erik Scott McKinney



Aaron Yarbrough



Kayla Smith



Patricia Ann Edwards



Mary Adams



Missy Rogers



Kristi Diaz



Rayvn Caldwell



Jill Tompkins



Mikel Conway



Haylee Lee



Blake Owens



Lorie McLain



Doug Norton



Austin Lane Phillips



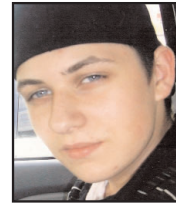
Whitni Ray



Brytnie Leah Stithem



Christina Boyd



Gaaron Hicks



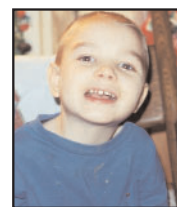
Bridgette Munson



Lucy Meredith Beerline



Haile Rae Beasley



Riley Noah Oden



Ellie Mae Richards



Cord Ervin



Damian Shelton

Continued on next page.



We need not walk alone.

"To all of you hurting people who have never attended a TCF meeting, I urge you to give it a try. Attend two or three meetings and see if some of the 'magic' doesn't rub off on you. What have you got to lose? You can't hurt any worse than you already have." —Steve Perez

November Birthdays Cont.



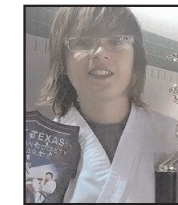
Joseph Alika Kealoha-Lopez



Rachel Jackson



Leah Miller



Luciano Tessaro



Bryan Christopher Selby

A Stranger—My Friend

I don't remember who, but someone called me to the phone that day. A lady said she didn't know me, but just wanted to say that she had lost her child, too, and would pray for my deep pain. My days that had been sunny were now filled with crashing rain.

Her voice was kind and soothing as she spoke to me with care. I grasped each word intensely that the stranger was willing to share. Her child died in a way similar to mine, a passenger in a car. She knew my shocking sorrow and recognized my new, deadening scar.

She said we have a mutual friend in the funeral director there, for he buried her child too and now mine—I could not bear. I cried and cried as she talked to me that sad, heartbreaking day. But she quickly instilled in my mind right then that crying was okay.

She briefly spoke of brighter days to come somewhere along the way. She assured me, too, that God was there if only I could pray. I don't remember all she said, my mind was far away, but I thank God for sending her, a stranger—my friend—that day.

She called me again a few days later to see if I was alive. Still in shock, I remembered her—the lady who has survived. Such grief, such devastating sadness, I was totally in despair. But my new friend called again, keeping me in her care.

We came to meet, this lady and I, in life's ungracious bend. I love her now, this total stranger, she's my Compassionate Friend.

Diana G., TCF, Kokoma, IN

The Brain Must Follow the Heart

Some survivors try to think their way through grief.

That doesn't work.

Grief is a releasing process, a discovery process, a healing process. We cannot release or discover or heal by the use of our minds alone. The brain must follow the heart at a respectful distance.

It is our hearts that ache when a loved one dies. It is our emotions that are most drastically affected. Certainly the mind suffers, the mind recalls, the mind may plot and plan and wish, but it is the heart that will blaze the trail through the thicket of grief.

Carol Staudacher in A Time to Grieve: Meditations for Healing After the Death of a Loved One





We need not walk alone.

"You must trust in yourself that you will recover from this grief."
—Author unknown

November Anniversaries



Thomas 'Chuck' Carroll



Salvador Estrada



Erika Stafford



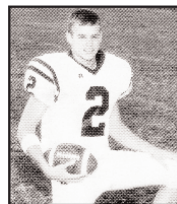
Austin Lane Phillips



Shane Crim



Stephanie Mata



Scottie Baker



Jonathan Reynolds



Cameron Lee Robinson



Nathaniel Bolom



Randy Cannon, Jr.



Patricia Ann Edwards



Candice Lingle



Ijuan Simms



Ty Foster Mabry



Ronald Gary Smith



Crystal Greene



Cynthia Harper



Timothy Treadwell



Justin Goodman



Michael Ritchie



Derek Brown



A.J. Huggins



Calan Cameron Decker McKeethan



Brooke Wallace



Andy Terrell



Patti Ann Gage



Burke Warren Lewis



Kyle Foster



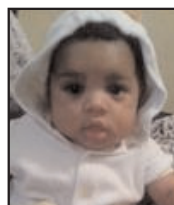
Carolyn Love



Lillian Oldham



Z'iain Cummings



Pharaoh Lydia



Britney Trahan



Bridget Munson



Payton Herrington

Continued on next page.



We need not walk alone.

"This is now the heart I must learn to live with. Starting all over because it is nothing like what it was since the moment I heard my sweet boy Douglas passed away. Days and months pass and I can't say how I live from one day to the next—they just keep happening." —Janella Otell

November Anniversaries Cont.



Chad Everett Guill



Michael Chapman



Timothy Andrew Wild



Brian Peel



Jonathan Reynolds



Ellie Mae Richards



Joseph Alika Kealoha-Lopez



Andrew Edwin Carpenter



Wyatt Hibdon

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

New Traditions

New traditions are now permanently woven into the fabric of our lives. The catalyst for these traditions is not a happy addition to our lives; indeed, the catalyst marks a traumatic loss in our lives. That subtraction comes in the form of the death of our child.

The finality is crushing. This overwhelming loss has redefined each of us, changed our perspective forever and brought us close to the abyss of insanity. The new traditions gradually pull us back from the abyss and may eventually provide a sense of comfort, serenity and peace. And so in June we remember our children. We communicate with them, via a note from our hearts, written on a butterfly shaped paper and tied to balloon. We, the parents of the dead, gather and listen to a poem about our collective and individual loss. We the parents of the dead experience the haunting bagpipe as it fills our senses with the sound and the meaning of Amazing Grace. We, the parents of the dead, once again stand together and remember our children. We speak to them. Our butterfly messages become kisses on the wind as our balloons ascend into the sky, floating southward, floating higher and higher until, we imagine, our children can reach out and grab each message and read it and know that we love them deeply and miss them every day and every night. This is our tradition. Each of us views it from the depth of our souls; our love of our children is demonstrated openly as we weep without shame for the loss we have experienced.

A significant part of each parent died when our children died. Yet, a crucial part of each child lives in the hearts of every mother and father. Neither time nor death will erase that bond. It is solid, it is pure and it is forever.

We hope that one day we will each make some sort of peace with this monster, this nightmare, this void, this pain. We hope one day to heal our open wound but know we will always carry an invisible yet deep scar. The worst loss a person can ever experience has been thrust upon us. The only change will come from within each of us. We may one day feel a serenity that comes only through pure love, pure kindness and pure understanding. We will learn to remember yesterday, live today and anticipate tomorrow. And we will always have our new traditions—traditions that are now part of who we are, where we have been and where we are going in this life. Our traditions remind us that our children lived, laughed and loved. We linger in the moment for that is all we have.

Annette Mennen Baldwin

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

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.

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

How Long Does It Take?

As long as it takes—that's how long it takes.

It's not about forgetting. It's about hurting.

And I know that if I am alive twenty years from now, and I happen to look at a blue sky with puffy clouds and think of my son, Fred. And figure how old he'd be, what he'd be doing, and what his children would be doing—I'll hurt.

And know that if I can switch my train of thought from what is not, to what was, a happy memory, I'll be able to smile through the tears.

We don't stop hurting, ever. But so many things occur each day. So many events and thoughts and happenings intervene, that our focus is shifted. The death of our child changes from the main concern in our life, to one of many.

A life may stop—but the loving goes on. To love deeply is to be vulnerable.

For all our days.

Joan S., TCF, Central Jersey Chapter, NJ

Feed the Cat?

My son is dead—and you expect me to feed the cat? Isn't it amazing how society is so rigid in their expectations? There are rules you know...steps we must all take..." Whoever set these standards obviously has never lost a child, the core of your heart and soul. It just doesn't work that way.

Simple every day tasks are impossible to complete. The only constant in your upside down world is pain, unlike any pain you have ever known. Shortly after your child's death, you are expected to return to your job, take care of your household, pay the bills, and yes, feed the cat! It has been a year for me, since I lost my son, and I still go blank mid act. I stand in a store with no idea what I came in for, or I cry over bananas because Lee loved them. I can go from laughter to tears in 1.1 seconds.

The Compassionate Friends has been a life saver (or perhaps a heart saver) for me. Only those who have experienced the same heartache will understand when you say I need to be alone, but I can't stand to be alone! Each grieving parent must heal in his or her own way, in his or her own time. One step forward, 15 back, spin around and start over, only to repeat the same progress, one step forward, 15 back, spin around... You get the picture. But you don't have to heal alone. You need not walk alone. Join us, we know you're not crazy—just a grieving parent. We do care.

Ann, TCF, Roseburg, OR

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.

"We had in our lives a person whom we loved and cherished and who loved and cherished us for twenty-seven years. We are lucky to have shared a large part of our lives with such a wonderful person. Our only logical choice now is to do our best to create happiness again." —*Scott Mastley*

Thanksgiving Marks Beginning of Holiday Madness and Sadness

In our society we have turned the holidays into a never ending round of parties, shopping, cooking, preparations for guests or travel and stress, lots and lots of stress. It begins in October with the not so subtle reminders from our friendly retail stores. Most of us dread this time of year because as members of Compassionate Friends, we have one more item on our list and it invariably is at the top.....my child is gone.....how can I handle the holidays?

This will be my third Thanksgiving without my son. We had 35 wonderful Thanksgiving celebrations together, and now it's just me. My only child is gone, my grandchildren now live solely in their mother's world. I am not a part of that world.

But I am learning to cope with this reality. I am learning that I can hold on to the traditions that don't cause me sadness and let go of those that do. As bereaved parents we fall into a unique category. As humans we accept that the loss of parents, spouses, aunts, uncles, siblings, friends and acquaintances is inevitable. But never, never, were we taught or conditioned to the idea that our children would or could precede us in death. The very notion of this shook us to our core.

Now we have lost our child to death. Nobody prepared us for this mind numbing loss. The rules have been broken. We have no coping skills. Our friends usually can't help. Our families try, but until one endures a loss of this magnitude, the ability to fully comprehend the never ending rounds of sadness is simply not there.

We do have a support system.....we can choose to participate or simply be there, in the moment, at our Compassionate Friends meetings. Here we find our most meaningful and helpful connection with other parents.....parents who are walking the road we now walk. These bereaved parents are here to help us on this unfamiliar road. They cannot answer every question because the answers don't exist to most questions. When will this pain end? When will life go back to "normal?" There are different types of pain and new kinds of normal. We gather each month to help each other, to lean on each other, to find hope in each other's ability to function. From this meeting of kindred souls we do derive some solace, some peace and some hope.

I have watched the newly bereaved, raw in their sadness when they first attend a meeting. As the months move forward, I begin to see a change in these parents. Each changes in a different way, for each experiences their loss and their grief process in a different way. Some changes aren't apparent for months, even a year or two. Learning that we are not alone in the grievous burden of our loss is comforting. Learning that others have developed ways to cope with the holidays, the birthdays, the death anniversaries and other special occasions gives us the hope that we, too, will one day feel comfortable in our new "normal."

I have chosen to accept this group of gentle, kind and compassionate friends as an integral part of my life. The first holidays were horrible. I learned that I had to do what I felt was right. I learned to let go of the expectations of others and live in the moment. Even if I plan to do something and change my mind, I feel no guilt. I learned that those who truly love me understand. I have found that I am truly becoming myself....my new self. It is a slow process. There are setbacks.

Holidays are extremely difficult for every parent who has lost a child.....it matters not how long ago our child died. The pain is fresh, new and raw at this time of year. This is the season for leaning on our compassionate friends, for asking questions, expressing fears, anxieties, doubts, depression and anger and for finding the comfort, hope and understanding that each of us so desperately seeks.

Annette Mennen Baldwin

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





We need not walk alone.

"Memories are a part of our past, and some become a part of our heart."
—Bill Fausett



We need not walk alone.

"In the art of losing we can choose who we will be. We break, but we break open so that we can include more of life, more of love. We get bigger in order to carry with us what we choose to continue loving." —Deborah Morris Coryell

My Compassionate Friend

So glad I know you, so sad why,
my Compassionate Friend.
Although we walk a separate trail,
we'll pass then meet again.

This path we're on is a figure eight,
if you picture in your mind,
parts of which we must walk alone,
then together we're one we find.

I may have met you once or twice,
perhaps we spoke at the door.
All's understood in that wordless glance;
there's really nothing more.

Amazement at the depths we've shared
in our quest for calming peace!
The secret fears, the choked back tears,
at last flood our hearts in release.

Time's moving on for each of us,
our children have gone before.
That lasting peace and final joy
with them we have in store.

If I have helped you along the way,
remember you too held my hand.
You made sure that I "need not walk alone"
on my road of quivering sand.

So glad I know you, so sad why,
my Compassionate Friend.
Although we walk a separate trail,
we'll pass and meet again.

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

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

There Used to be Four

I see three pairs of shoes by the front door.
There used to be four.

I see three place settings on the dining room table.
There used to be four.

I see three bath towels in the laundry room.
There used to be four.

I hear three voices echoing in my head.
There used to be four.

I feel my broken heart that still has to pick up the shoes,
wash the dishes, do the laundry, and try to survive.
Because no matter how hard I try—
I will never hear your voice again.

*Mary Lingle, TCF, Tyler, TX, 1993
In memory of Candice*

20 Questions

It is smaller than a breadbox. It is larger than a car.
It is rain bowed, striped, and polka-dotted
but colorless by far.

Its memory's like an elephant. It's forgetful as a fish.
It's emotional as a postcard
and hopeful as a wish.

It is busy as an ant. It is lazy as a bee.
It is weak as flavored gelatin
but hardy as a snow-pea.

It's hated as a jelly fish. It's loved as family.
It's plain as a doughnut
yet hidden as your keys.

It is ordinary as paper. It is creative as a kid.
It is loose as a shoe
and stuck as a lid.

It is Grief.
It is Love.
It is Hope.

*Jacqui McPeck
TCF of Spokane, WA
In Memory of my brother Zachary Ian McPeck*

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

We need volunteers to keep your East Texas 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!

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 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.

Donations Appreciated!

Please consider making a donation to your local TCF group, which serves East Texas. Donations help pay for meeting extras, electric, mailing and paper cost of our newsletter, bank fees, P.O. Box fee, office supplies, storage fee 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, or call 903-561-5591.

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

