

A special THANKS to Melissa at Landmark Business Park for discounting our rent so that we can continue meeting at our current location!



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 9

Tyler, Texas

September 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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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

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.



We need not walk alone.

"The mention of my child's name may bring tears to my eyes. But it never fails to bring music to my ears. If you are really my friend, please, don't keep me from hearing the beautiful music of his name. It soothes my broken heart and fills my soul with love." —Nancy Williams

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.

"We can love the fragile rose and the fragile soul for the valiant battles won and the blooming that was done. And as our own petals unfold, we can remember the softness and beauty of those who touched us along the way." —Ernestine Clark

Nothing Lasts Forever

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

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

What My World is Like Without You

By Lydia R. Burns

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

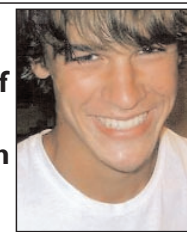
Love you, Ma; 6/20/2008

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

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

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

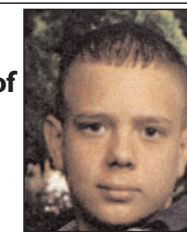
**In loving memory of
Chris O'Leary by
Mary O'Leary Walsh**



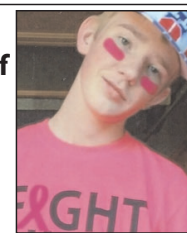
**In loving memory of
Leah Zucca by
Jim & Cheri Zucca**



**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**

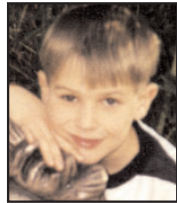




We need not walk alone.

"The practice of leaving families alone in their grief must not continue. Someone, somewhere, is searching in desperation for relief. When a grief-stricken person reaches out, a waiting hand must be there. For that hand—we are responsible!" —*Bob L. Hatfield*

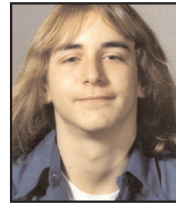
September Birthdays



Justin Dover



Chad Cavazos



Jon Lee Hardwick



Theresa Kay Talley



Tommy Gresham



Bobby Jack Stanley



Robert Attaway



Shantrice Willingham



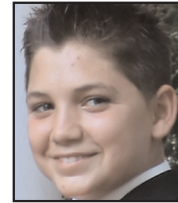
Autumn Dale Romine



Michael R. Peymon



Austin Cheek



Chase Cyrus Naquin



Gary Dean Arnold



Stacey Smith



Michael Toby Tobias



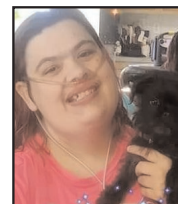
Ava Faith Knight



Betsi Marie Wyatt



Bill Bouslog



Tiffany Conklin



Joshua Jolley



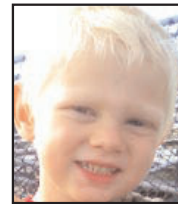
Douglas Johnson, Amanda Claire Miller



Leah Zucca



Aaron Willman



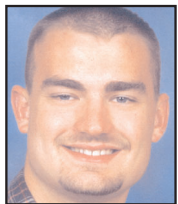
Chance Aaron Chandler



Catherine McCarty



Samantha Johnson



Adam Thomas Pritchard



Joshua Washburn



Jake Schoonover



Lee Sammons



Kyle James Horn



Christopher Molnari



Lillian Oldham



Jiree Mobley



Melinda Orr



Tommy Gresham



Brooklynn Woods



Brian McDaniel



Colby Ivey



We need not walk alone.

"I know my motions must take on some meaning. I look to others for help. Yet I realize that if I do not reach out and help myself, I will crash on the rocks with the raging tide." —*Annette Mennen Baldwin*

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.

Grief Work is Hard Work

When I first began my journey of grief following the death my only child, Todd, I didn't comprehend that I would have to take an active role in what would come to be defined as "grief work." All I knew was the pain, the shock, the sorrow, the desire to go to sleep and never awaken. My child was dead, and I had no desire to live.

As the months and then the years passed, I began to realize that I was, albeit unconsciously, doing grief work. Once I realized I could not walk this road alone, I became involved in our Compassionate Friends Chapter. That was the beginning of my "grief work." A few months later, I enrolled in a six week program for bereaved mothers. More grief work. I have since attended seminars, retreats and workshops. From each effort I gained something new, something insightful, something that eased my burden just a bit, something that helped me to cope with this, the worst, of all losses.

I consumed books. Some were about grief; others were about life. I watched movies, some about grief and some about life. I talked with friends—sometimes about grief and sometimes about life.

Along the way I found that if I reached out to others, I was, once again, doing grief work. You see, I discovered that grief work is healing work. It doesn't dry my tears, nor does it mend my broken heart. Instead, it allows me to accept that I am in this place and living in this moment. That doesn't sound like much—unless one has lost a child to death. Lost a child to death. What a horrifying thought. Yet now I can say it to others, talk with others who are raw and new in their grief and know that I have come to accept that my son is gone from this plane. My grief work will continue until I die.

When we attend workshops, seminars, special presentations, Compassionate Friends meetings and privately contemplate the depth of our loss and changes in our lives, we are doing grief work. Each of us travels this road differently, but we owe it to ourselves to do our grief work. Not easy work, not fun work, not immediately rewarding work, but this is work, just the same.

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





We need not walk alone.

"I have grown up with the knowledge of people who believe real men don't cry. Maybe they haven't lost a son. Maybe they haven't had a chance to be an example to the daughters who share their grief. As General Schwarzkopf said in an interview with Barbara Walters when asked if he was afraid to cry, 'I'm afraid of any person who won't cry.'" —Carrie Kears

September Anniversaries



Tim Cole



Cindy Dingler



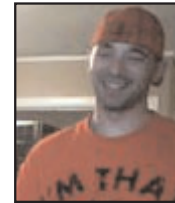
Stephen Townsend



Cason Gimble



Jonathan Lee Daniel Sanders



Nathaniel Blake Dark



Stephanie Harris Reed



Amanda Stone



Mahlon Acres



Joshua Brandon "Josh" Wilcox



Michael Angelo Perez



Jennifer Booth Musick



Mary Jennifer Stone



Toni Wood



Joshua Malone



Ashlee Ann Davis



Cameron Weatherly



Robby Cano



Shantrice Willingham



Robert Attaway Jr.



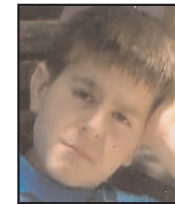
Seth Henry Porter



A.J. Frazier



Cobin Frazier



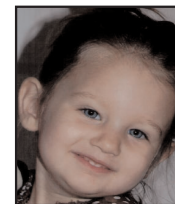
Alec Heath Thigpen



Sarah Thompson



Jared Sheets



Ava Faith Knight



John Shade



D. Anriloten Bennett



Sarah Wheeler



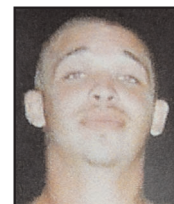
Doug Norton



Daniel Wayne Thornton



Randall Thornton, Jr.



Colton James Bain



Amber Drake



Keisha Knauss

Continued on next page.



We need not walk alone.

"I want a new language, a language of hope and healing instead of denial and death. I want to remember my child's LIFE first! And that is the new language of love!" —Darcie D. Sims

September Anniversaries Cont.



Daryn Keith Selman



Wayne Davis



Doug Bennett



Amanda Anderson



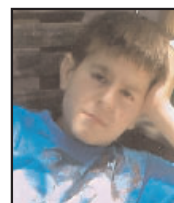
Derek Russell



James Rawls



Richard Allen Wilgus



Alec Heath Thigpen



Kevin Paul Elbert

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

The Fall of Fall

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

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

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

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

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

In Memory of Erin Leigh Moody

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

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

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

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

We miss you Erin

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

Find us on Facebook at: [Facebook.com/TylerTCF](https://www.facebook.com/TylerTCF)



We need not walk alone.

“Healthy grief has a flow, a natural continuing process, although that flow can include stopping to rest, re-energize or take stock. This emotional rest gives us the opportunity to touch the pain directly for only so long until we have to back away.” —*Dana Rogers*

Are You Stuck in Your Grief?

Is it a few years down the road and life still has no meaning? You're still severely depressed. You heard "it" gets better with time, but you keep asking when. Meetings are supposed to help so you've been going, only to find they, too, have not provided the answer. Could it be you are stuck in your grief and don't want to feel any differently than you do? Bereaved parents have a choice of making the best of a terrible situation or the worst of a terrible situation.

A bereaved mother called just recently and said what surprised her since their teenage daughter was killed in a car accident was how relatives clearly had not learned anything from her daughter's death. It didn't help them appreciate what they have, their own families, their health, having food on the tables. They had not learned. Have we? We, parents of children whose death brought us to TCF? Have we learned that it's what we have left that counts?

In my role as a co-leader of TCF, I have talked to many bereaved parents over the last 4½ years since my eight year-old daughter, Cassandra, died of a brain stem tumor. Some bereaved parents refuse to accept a helping hand. They are negative, and any attempt to gently help them along is rebuffed. They wear their bereaved parenthood as a rationale to express their rage toward everyone around them, their spouse, their surviving families, their coworkers, restaurant personnel, even shop keepers. We each bring into our grief our own strengths and weaknesses, but these do not excuse our being "stuck." Grief is hard work: however, we can choose not to work at it. We can choose to be alive and yet not live. We have a choice. We can spend our remaining years complaining to the world around us and seeking out others who do likewise, or choose to use our loss as a tool by which to grow.

If you think you felt "better" last year or the year before, perhaps you have stopped working at your grief. To feel life is less painful you need to realize that grief is an ongoing job. If your phone rings less often, could it be that even your friends at TCF are finding that you never have anything positive to say, so to protect themselves, they too stay away?

Is it that meetings are not helpful to you, or that you won't let them be a source of help? Is it that time doesn't heal or that you refuse to use the time constructively? Consider accepting a helping hand. You might be surprised. Or better yet, offer to help someone else. It could help you to focus your energy away from yourself, and you might find you, too, can be a source of strength to others. It could give you the incentive to no longer be "stuck."

Does being less unhappy really mean a betrayal of our children? Surely we know we will never be the same. However, being unstuck does not mean we have forgotten our children. Our love lives on. What can each of us do in memory of our children?

*Angela Purpura
TCF Long Island, NY
In Memory of my daughter, Cassandra*

Not in Color

I remember a Hollywood movie called Pleasantville. I don't recall many details about plot or premise, but one of the techniques used in the movie was the juxtaposition of color with black and white in the same scene. People could be in color or B&W; the backdrop could be in both, too.

I know I'm definitely in black and white. No color. The grass is green, the sky is blue, the flowers may be yellow or red or purple or whatever but I am in black and white. Trying to run my errands, accomplish my tasks, walk my dog. But doing so in black and white. Muted. Grey. Definitely not in color.

I live a world where people are in "Technicolor." I can see that they are. I can remember when I was. I wish I were still one of them.

But there's no tint or paint or photo app to make me "in color" again. I suspect if and when color returns, it will be subdued. Pastel. I doubt it will ever be vivid again.

At this stage, I'd take pastel.

*Peggi Johnson
TCF Arlington, VA*



We need not walk alone.

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

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.

Find a Road

“Mama, find a road we've never been on before.” Her voice was excited and her young face happy in anticipation of the adventure in front of us. She knew that I would do it—because I had always done it before—and because I loved to do it myself—maybe as much as she did. It was a small request turned into a great episode of conspiratorial adventure and fun. It was something that the two of us did together that made it so precious; the memories continue to make it precious to this day. To remember it now makes my heart—and my stomach—rise and fall—because those days are gone. So I would find a new road and we would explore it together. If we happened to have helium balloons left from a birthday party, we would let them go out the car windows and giggle together, imagining scenes where people would come home from school and work and find a happy-birthday balloon stuck in their tree. It was fun to make mischief together. So now, today, I say, “Sarah, I'm on a road that I've never been on before. I don't know this new journey, but I know I'll catch up with you one day.”

Carol Thompson, TCF Tyler, TX; In memory of Sarah, 1981-2005

Mourning Is My Mode

Today I realized that I have become a shell of the person I once was. What would my child think of this? I am alone, my only child is gone, yet I know he would not be pleased with the way I have isolated myself, wrapped in invisible crepe, sheltered by a mental wall. This is not the mom he knew. I am someone different now.

What am I to do with this? I feel like a lonely, mourning swan, swimming endlessly from shore to shore. I have no direction, I want no direction, I just keep moving with no purpose. I must get a grip on myself.

I know my motions must take on some meaning. I look to others for help. Yet I realize that if I do not reach out and help myself, I will crash on the rocks with the raging tide.

I decide I will add one new thing, one new event, one new person or one new writing to each day. I will reach out to others. I will force myself to move slowly back into life.

I will spend some time with my family. I will enjoy their children. I will mentor a child. I will start putting my thoughts into a written form.

I begin to do these things. I feel better. I attend another meeting of the parents who have lost their children. I feel as if I do belong here. It has been four months since my son died. I am overwhelmed.

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





We need not walk alone.

"The most beautiful people we have known are those who have known defeat, know suffering, know struggle, know loss, and have found their way out of the depths. These persons have an appreciation, a sensitivity and an understanding of life that fills them with compassion, gentleness, and a deep loving concern. Beautiful people do not just happen." —Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

In This Place

Brave hearts, you are here. You have traveled a dreadful distance. You have come, seeking solace, understanding, hope, threads to patch what death's so cruelly undone.

In this place you can relax and breathe . . . the coats of others' expectations taken off. Walk into these few days as into an oasis where draughts of love and memories can be quaffed.

In this place all names can be spoken; in this place each one's story can be told. We will not be discouraged by your sorrow; in this place ALL feelings, we enfold.

Here laughter does not mean we are forgetting; we do not count how many tears are shed. Both fuel us, fellow travelers, give us courage, for the long and winding road we see ahead.

And those we love are pleased we are together, smile down on us, and bless these days, glad for every tiny step we are taking as they send their light to guide us on our ways.

Traveling with us as we journey onward, sending strength for what the miles may bring, they are a part of everything we do that matters - in every dance we dance, and every song we sing.

*Genesse Bourdeau Gentry
The 2004 Compassionate Friends National Conference
written 23 July 2004 for the First Timers*

Farewell to Dreams

Once upon a time we lived a fairy tale
Where all lived happily ever after
God's sun was bright and the stars at night
Joined in the joy and laughter

We met each day in a composed way
And met also each tribulation
We survived each blow and resultant woe
And loved without ration

Then one day the dreams went astray
We bid goodbye to "ever after"
Eyes filled with tears dissolved the cheers
And goodbye to joy and laughter

Unhappily tossed, our dreams were lost
In clouded skies there are no beams
Ours to remember a glowing ember
But goodbye to tales and farewell to dreams

*Harvey Hockstein
TCF Morris Area, NJ
In Memory of my daughter, Marilyn*

Message from the Heart

I send you a message
From my heart
On the wings of a butterfly
To let you know
That all is well
And you never have to cry.

Lift up your heart
Hold out your hand
For the touch of a butterfly
Just like it,
Inside its cocoon
I didn't really die.

I moved to the house
Of my Father
Beyond the blue of the sky
Feel the message
From my heart to yours
In the touch of the butterfly.

So many butterflies
You have released
Conveying your love to me
Now I send one
Back to you
Conveying to you my peace.

Remember how much
I love you
When the butterfly soars through the air
Close your eyes
Speak my name,
Wherever you are, I'm there.

*In memory of our beloved Jake
Lillian Sue (Nana) Roberts
TCF Tyler, TX*

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



We need not walk alone.

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

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

In Our Hearts

In memory of Jonathan Sanders

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

You will be in our hearts forever...

Grandparents, Wilber & Dorothy Rawlinson

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 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.

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 especially 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

