



**Monthly Group Meeting  
Tyler Area Meeting**

Monday, February 16, 6:30 p.m.  
at Bridging The Gap on Hwy. 155 S.

**Contact**

Phone: (903) 258-2547  
www.TylerTCF.org • info@TylerTCF.org  
P.O. Box 9714 • Tyler, TX 75711

Chapter Leader .....Tina Loper  
Chapter Leader.....Pat Settle  
Newsletter/Web Site .....Mary Lingle  
Steering Committee:  
Sam Smith, Carol Johnson,  
Carol Thompson, Patricia Miller,  
Charisse Smith, Mary Ann Girard,  
Cheri Zucca, Mary Lingle,  
David & Teresa Terrell

Jim & Karen Roach, Regional  
Coordinators, (817) 244-0116

TCF National: (877) 969-0010  
www.compassionatefriends.org

**The Meeting Agenda**

6:30 p.m. - Meeting will begin with refreshments followed by announcement of birthdays and anniversaries and reading of the Credo. We will then have open discussion.  
8:00 p.m. - Meeting will close by recognizing our childrens' names. Feel free to visit after the meeting or check out books from our library.

**In This Issue...**

Welcome .....	2
Wishes for Bereaved Parents for the Coming Year .....	2
Love Gifts/Announcements .....	3
Birthdays .....	4
For Grandparents: Life's Journey.....	4
Anniversaries .....	5
There's A Valentine Waiting for You....	5
And Then it Was Twenty Years Later A Father's Spiritual Journal After the Death of His Daughter .....	6
Poems .....	8

**Resolutions**

Every time the holiday season comes to a close, I feel as if I can hear a collective sigh of relief. This year was no different except that the sigh seemed louder and longer than in past years. Some years are like that for us. This one was certainly like that for me. No matter how difficult I thought the holidays would be to get through I was wrong. In some ways they were more difficult and in other ways, surprisingly, they were less difficult. The reality is that you and I, no matter how we anticipated the holidays, did get through them. We did survive the holidays and though it may be difficult for you to believe this now, there is no reason that this new year shouldn't be better.

Which brings me to a favorite topic for this time of year, New Year's resolutions. Resolutions that I think are most helpful are those that concern our well-being. Above all else, resolve to take better care of yourself. Try to eat right and exercise. Find ways to nurture yourself—both your body and your mind. Remember all things in moderation. Seek advice from others when you need it and above all, ask for help when you need it. You won't always get the help when you ask for it, but remember, if you don't ask for it, you surely won't get it.

Another thing you can do to have a happier new year is to become more involved in our chapter of The Compassionate Friends. If you've not come to any meetings, or if it's been a while, give it a try. Commit to attending at least three meetings. If you were to attend only one, you would not necessarily get a very good idea of what our meetings are like. Join us and make your needs known to us.

This newsletter is another way you can become more involved in our chapter. Let us know what works for you and what doesn't. Consider becoming a contributor. Tell us how we might be able to better serve your needs.

Have a happier New Year!

*Pat Akery ~ TCF, Medford, OR*

**The person who resists grieving...**

The person who resists grieving, may successfully ward off intense pain, but a nagging ache will likely take its place. Denied feelings of grief will be expressed in hidden ways: moodiness, irritability, restlessness, nervousness, abuse of alcohol or other drugs, conflicts in relations with others, physical ailments, accident-proneness, reckless spending or general dissatisfaction with life.

Grief doesn't go away just because it is ignored. Healing involves being willing to hurt more in order to hurt less.

*Ann Kaiser Stearns, excerpt from her book Living Through Personal Crisis*

**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.*

"Start by doing what's necessary, then what's possible and suddenly you are doing the impossible." —*Saint Frances*

## Welcome

We extend a warm welcome to those who attended their first TCF meeting last month.

We deeply regret the circumstances that brought you to our TCF Chapter. The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance, not-for-profit, self-help organization that offers support and understanding to families who have experienced the death of a child. You are cordially invited to attend our monthly meeting (always the third Tuesday of the month). The meeting is open to everyone and free of charge. You are free to talk, cry or to sit in silence; we respect the individuality of mourning. Comments shared in the meetings remain confidential.

Our chapter is operated entirely by volunteers dedicated to furthering the work of TCF. Your voluntary, tax deductible donations honor your loved one(s) in a meaningful way by enabling us to print and mail this newsletter and meet other expenses involved in reaching out to other grieving families (100% of funds are used for this outreach). Donations, along with the name of the person being honored, may be sent to:

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler  
P.O. Box 9714  
Tyler, Texas 75711

## To Our New Members

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But, you have nothing to lose and much to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. The second, third or fourth meeting might be the time you will find the right person—or just the right words spoken that will help you in your grief work.

## To Our Old Members

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting we have new parents. Think back—what would it have been like for you if there had not been any "oldies" to welcome you, share your grief and encourage you? It was from them you heard, "Your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer."

## Wishes for Bereaved Parents for the Coming Year

By Joe Rousseau, former National TCF President

**To the Newly Bereaved**, we wish you patience—patience with yourselves in the painful weeks, months, even years ahead.

**To the Bereaved Siblings**, we wish you and your parents a new understanding to each other's needs and the beginnings of good communication.

**To Those of You Who Are Single Parents**, we wish you the inner resources we know you will need to cope, often alone, with your loss.

**To Those of You Who Are Plagued With Guilt**, we wish you the reassurance that you did the very best you could under the circumstances, and that your child knew that.

**To Those of You Who Have Suffered Multiple Losses**, those who have experienced the death of more than one child, we wish you endurance you will need to fight your way back to a meaningful life again.

**To Those of You Who Are Deeply Depressed**, we wish you the first steps out of the "valley of the shadow."

**To Those Experiencing Marital Difficulties** after the death of your child, we wish you a special willingness and ability to communicate with each other.

**To All Fathers**, we wish you the ability to express your grief, to move beyond society's conditioning, to cry.

**To Those With Few or No Memories Of Your Child**, perhaps because you suffered through a stillbirth, a miscarriage, or infant death, we wish you the sure knowledge that your child is a person and **THAT YOUR GRIEF IS REAL.**

**To Those of You Unable To Cry**, we wish you healing tears.

**To Those of You Who Are Tired, Exhausted From Grieving**, we wish you the strength to face just one more hour, just one more day.

**To All Others With Special Needs** that we have not mentioned, we wish you the understanding you need and the assurance that you are loved.

[This month's printing of our newsletter sponsored by Don & Leslie Dixon.](#)

In honor & loving  
memory of  
**Austin Dixon**  
10-20-88 ~ 2-19-07  
Son of  
**Don & Leslie Dixon**



[Call \(903\) 258-2547 to sponsor a monthly newsletter.](#)



*We need not walk alone.*

“Love isn’t what makes the world go ‘round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile.” —Franklin P. Jones

### Love Gifts



Freei King in memory of Terry Brown

Paul Sapaugh

Charles McLean in memory of Candace Beggs

Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry

Onie Gorman in memory of Susie

Mary & Erin Lingle in memory of Candice

Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin -  
Sponsoring the February Newsletter

Bridging The Gap Ministries -  
Tyler meeting location

Jerry & Judy Olson in memory of Kim Pryor -  
refreshments & meeting place for the Athen’s meeting

David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy -  
use of a storage building

### Special Thanks!

**A special thanks to Claudette Brown, in memory of Terry Brown, for pledging a monthly donation. Claudette lives too far away to make it to the TCF meetings, but appreciates the newsletter and TCF events.**

**A special thanks to Dale & Phyliss Cavazos, in memory of Chad, for their regular donations to TCF of Tyler.**

**Special thanks to Bill Skillerns and Steven Sikes at Skillerns Business Systems for helping us with the copying of our newsletter. Skillerns is located at 1604 Grande Blvd. in Tyler.**

### Newsletter Submissions

TCF Tyler welcomes all submissions to our newsletter. Send articles, poetry, love messages and scanned photos to: TCF Tyler, 5401 Hollytree Drive, 1204, Tyler, Texas 75703. Or e-mail text and photos to: info@TylerTCF.org

We reserve the right to edit for space and/or content. Deadline for submissions is the 3rd Tuesday of each month. TCF Chapters may copy articles from this publication provided credit is given to the author and the original source. Errors and Omissions: Please notify us if any of your information is incorrect.

### Announcements

**Steering Committee:** Thanks to all who attended our first Steering Committee meeting of the year. Thanks to Carol Thompson for hosting it at her home and for the delicious pizza we had for dinner. The fellowship was wonderful and we got a lot accomplished! If you are interested in participating in our chapter by serving on the steering committee, please plan to attend a steering committee meeting in 2009. These are the remaining dates we will be meeting: April 13, July 13, Oct. 12 or Nov. 2. Call Pat Settle at (903) 570-8412 for more information.

**Dave Maland will start a new GriefShare session** beginning Saturday, April 4th, running every Saturday through May 23rd, at 10 a.m. at First Christian Church, corner of Broadway and Loop 323. For further information or registration, contact Dave at 903-581-2524.

**GriefShare (offered through the Grace Works Ministry)** started January 14 and meets at 6 p.m. on Wednesday evenings. Call 903-533-1817 for more information.

**We will be holding our 6th Annual Butterfly Release** on May 16. We are personalizing wood butterflies for an additional charge this year. If you want a butterfly designed specifically for your child, please let us know. Football, baseball, softball, cheerleading, dance, military, etc., are a few of the designs available. Personalized butterflies are \$20 and need to be paid for in advance.

If you are interested in donating refreshments this year, or would like to help with the set up, in honor and in loving memory of your child, please contact us at info@tylertcf.org, or call (903) 258-2547.

**New Fundraiser:** We have placed a donation box at our meeting place for you to drop off old cell phones for a new fundraiser.

**Yard Sale Donations!** If you would like to help with, or donate items for our fundraising yard sale, please contact us for drop off or pick up at (903) 258-2547. We especially need larger household items, volunteers to take on this project, and suggestions for a good location.

**Thank you** for your generous donations to TCF of Tyler. These ‘love gifts’ allow us to provide our local chapter with special events, the TCF Newsletter, our Web site and more!

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



*We need not walk alone.*

"As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light of meaning in the darkness of mere being" —*Carl Gustav Jung*

### February Birthdays



**Justin Clakley**  
2-25 ~ 5-15  
Son of Teri Clakley



**Michelle "Missy" Green**  
2-09 ~ 1-30  
Daughter of Elena Glasscock



**Dylan Corey**  
2-21 ~ 1-24  
Son of Christy Corey



**Colleen Herriage**  
2-23 ~ 5-14  
Daughter of Ruth Herriage



**Caleb Scott Jones**  
2-27 ~ 7-24  
Son of Lee Ann Colwell



**Shane McDade**  
2-17 ~ 4-12  
Son of Gina McDade Culligan



**Walter Dale "Skipper" Winningham**  
2-23 ~ 7-2  
Son of Lucy Winningham



**Kody Maner**  
2-10 ~ 4-16  
Son of Lauri Maner



**Sean Smith**  
2-2 ~ 10-27  
Son of Randy & Judy Smith



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



**Chasen Sean Shirley**  
2-13 ~ 7-3  
Son of Debbie Shirley



**Cynthia Harper**  
2-27 ~ 11-16  
Daughter of Jackie & Roland Young



**John Andy Terrell**  
2-11 ~ 11-25  
Son of David & Teresa Terrell



**Cheryl Heerdt**  
2-22 ~ 2-22  
Granddaughter of Larry Batte



**Ijuan Deshaun Simms**  
2-20 ~ 11-7  
Son of Sharon Simms



**Candice Lingle**  
2-21 ~ 11-8  
Daughter of Mary Lingle

### For Grandparents: Life's Journey

Never take anything for granted in this journey called Life,  
our hearts are now connected through  
happiness and strife...

Although miles may separate us, we are always together,  
brought closer through the times we weather,  
especially when we have helped each other  
through the dark night,  
always keeping in mind when we see dawn's bright light,  
the promise that one day in heaven we will all meet,  
all those that we loved, and oh, won't that be so sweet!

*Ann B. ~ TCF, Manchester, NH*



*We need not walk alone.*

"It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself." —*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

### February Anniversaries



**Cheryl Heerdt**  
2-22 ~ 2-22

Granddaughter of Larry Batte



**Richard Heerdt**  
10-31 ~ 2-22

Grandson of Larry Batte



**Josh Chambers**  
7-20 ~ 2-18

Son of Joan Curtis



**Austin Dixon**  
10-20 ~ 2-19

Son of Don & Leslie Dixon



**Jackie Heerdt**  
6-30 ~ 2-22

Daughter of Larry Batte



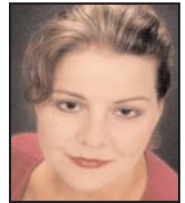
**Darell Bolton**  
7-21 ~ 2-22

Brother of Kathy Bolton-Polk



**Lori Campbell**  
8-27 ~ 2-28

Daughter of Pam Johnson



**Andrea Young**  
3-15 ~ 2-1

Daughter of  
Roland & Jackie Young



**Ryszard Spakovsky**  
12-2 ~ 2-20

Sherrell & Greg Smith, Foreign  
Exchange Parents



**Tiffany Johnston**  
12-29 ~ 2-20

Daughter of Sherrell & Greg Smith



**Austin Arvizo**  
5-14 ~ 2-9

Daughter of  
Vincent & Paula Arvizo



**Brandon Krpec**  
3-27 ~ 2-11

Son of Larry & Debby Krpec



**Michael Schmidt**  
3-11 ~ 2-10

Son of Patricia Jeffery



**James Brady Langston**  
10-13 ~ 2-15

Son of Jamie Langston Dacus



**John Wallace**  
7-1 ~ 2-2

Son of Barbara Wallace



**Adam Thomas Pritchard**  
9-21 ~ 2-21

Son of  
Thomas & Ginger Pritchard

### There's a Valentine Waiting for You

By Mary C.

There's a Valentine waiting for you,  
That's different from all of the others.  
It's there every month at our meetings.  
Of heartbroken fathers and mothers.

Its envelope is made of caring.  
The glue of understanding seals it tight.  
This non-judgmental group who've "been there"  
Help to take away your fear and fright.

So, come join with us together,  
Read your living message printed clear.  
In not only this month's valentine,  
But all those throughout the year.





*We need not walk alone.*

"Is there another life? Shall I awake and find all this is a dream? There must be. We cannot be created for this sort of suffering." —*John Keats*

---

## **And Then it Was Twenty Years Later A Father's Spiritual Journey After the Death of His Daughter**

I stopped by the house for a moment. I had the day off and a few chores to do in the country. My wife was on the phone in the bedroom. I could tell by her demeanor that something was wrong. She hung up and told me, "Stacey has been in a wreck." I didn't know what to think. It was mid-morning on Thursday. Stacey was in class at the high school.

"She was on Canada Street with some friends. They are taking her to the emergency room by ambulance," Kim said.

"Canada, Street! That is only a few blocks from the school. She couldn't be hurt too badly. Probably just a bump or bruise." Then it dawned on me that I had just met an ambulance on my way home. "It couldn't be too serious," I told myself. "Probably a cut or bruise—at worst a broken bone."

We jumped in the car and rushed to the E.R. I did not wait for an invitation. I walked through the E.R. doors and started looking for her. The emergency room doctor, who was also my next door neighbor, met in the hall. I could tell by the look on his face that this was more than a scratch. He took me into a small room and told me it did not look good at all. Stacey had severe head injuries. They had done all they could do there, and they were care-flighting her to Jacksonville. I asked to see her, but he told me it was best that I did not.

The world tilted and it was all I could do to hold on. Fear and sadness and a million other emotions overwhelmed me. This was my first-born, Daddy's little girl, my best friend. We were just talking this morning about school, her new job, her car. We had just celebrated her 16th birthday three weeks ago. She is healthy, happy, smart and beautiful—oh so beautiful. She has her whole life ahead of her. She has to be all right.

The helicopter came and took her away. We got busy trying to decide what to do next. We had to cancel our patients for tomorrow, get some clothes to take to the hospital. Someone had to pick up her car at school. By then several of our friends were there, all volunteering to take care of everything. We got in the car and set out for Tyler. I was in some sort of daze. This was like a dream—a very terrible dream. The trip was fast, but it seemed like slow motion. I do not even remember getting to the hospital in Tyler or whom we talked to when we got there. My next memory is pacing in the waiting room of the I.C.U., waiting for some doctor to tell us something. She was in surgery. Finally, the surgeon, a doctor I had known for years, came to us.

"She has had severe head and brain trauma," He began. "I have repaired all I could, and removed several pieces of wood from her head and throat. We are calling in an oral surgeon to repair her jaw and facial bones." The prognosis was not good, but she was still alive.

The pickup she was riding in had been forced off the street by another truck. They ran through a wooden fence. One of the 2X6's had struck Stacey in the head and throat. I would find out later that the EMT's and other people on the scene said that they could not believe that she was still alive, because the head injury was so severe. But she was alive, and we had hope. How could I know that I was about to embark on a spiritual journey that would lead me places I had never dreamed of, but places I would have to go without Stacey.

At our allotted times, we would go in to visit Stacey. The surgeons had done a miraculous job. Except for a myriad of tubes and wires and a small patch of hair missing, she looked beautiful. She was peacefully sleeping. The only sound was the respirator. The only movement was her breathing. I would have some time alone with her. I would talk to her, encouraging her to stay with us. The rest of the time I would spend on my knees by her bed, begging God to save her. There is no way I can describe the emotions. Above all, I was afraid, fearing the worst. The neurosurgeon who cared for her was another doctor I had known and worked with for several years. I had the utmost respect for him, and I knew all that was humanly and medically possible was being done. I also knew it was all in God's hands.

Three days passed with little change. There was a time or two when things seemed a little better. We were all focused on the cerebral fluid pressure readings. When the pressure was down, we would be more hopeful. When it would rise, we were more fearful. We tried to find anything that seemed positive and talk of that. We avoided saying many things that weighed heavily on our hearts.

On the morning of the fourth day, I went in with Stacey, checked all the readings and began my ritual: encouraging her to live and begging God not to let her die. This next experience is hard to describe. As I tell it now, it seems to be part dream and part reality. As I was praying for Stacey's life, I felt a supernatural peace and warmth come over me like nothing I have ever known. I knew, without one moment of hesitation or doubt, that it was the overwhelmingly beautiful presence of Jesus Christ. I had known Jesus all my life, thanks mostly to my sweet mother. I had attended church most of my life, but to say that I was a faithful follower would be a long stretch. The last few years, I had even dabbled in new age philosophy and Eastern religions, looking for





*We need not walk alone.*

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

---

answers to life and eternity. But in this moment, I did not think that Buddha, or Mohammed or the Dali Lama or any other spiritual prophet had come to help us. It was Jesus, and I know now that it has always been Jesus with me—all my life. Even when I was not walking with Him, He was walking with me. At that moment, my prayer became, "Father, your will be done." I kissed Stacey on the forehead and told her good-bye. In just a matter of minutes the neurosurgeon came out to the waiting room and told us Stacey had died.

Of course I cannot tell you that I took that news easily. Even though a part of me felt it was Stacey's time, another part was holding on to the hope of her survival. But my emotions were tempered by the need to help the rest of the family who were holding on to the hope that she would make it. Much of the next few hours are a blur in my memory. At the news of Stacey's death, the first thing I remember hearing was her grandmother's cry, "What about all our prayers?" I should have tried to explain to her that God always hears our prayers, and that we have to trust that He knows best. Words were of little comfort to anyone at that moment.

Do I believe that God could have healed Stacey? Of course. He could have prevented the accident, softened the blow. Or He could have allowed Stacey to live with permanent brain damage, a vegetable the rest of her life. In His omnipotent sovereignty He took Stacey home. Personally, I believe that we are all assigned a time to be born and to die [Ecclesiastes]. It was her time. Some day it will be my time. Then I will be with her for all eternity in paradise. That truth gives me the peace and the joy and the encouragement to go on without her physical presence. I know where she is, and I know I will be with her again.

Now I know my purpose, my mission on earth. Of course I am to do the things that all fathers and husbands and brothers and friends are to do. But because of that moment in time when I was drowning in sorrow, reached up from the depths of despair and felt Jesus take my hand, I have a specific, divine commission. I am to tell others, especially bereaved parents, that Jesus is the way—the only way—to live with any measure of peace without our children. He is the way to eternal life with our children.

We can find further peace on earth by finding ways to help others. Thomas Jefferson is quoted as saying, and I paraphrase, "Whom better to softly bind the wound of another than he who has suffered the wound himself?" That quote is used by The Compassionate Friends, a world wide grief support organization for parents and families that have lost children. Eleven years after Stacey's death, I became involved with TCF. I had been writing and performing Christian music for several years, and after Stacey died much of my music was inspired by the effect her death had on my life and by the encounter I had with Jesus. I had founded a ministry that I called The Butterfly Ministry, so named from the title cut on my CD, "Master's Butterfly/" The Tyler, Texas TCF chapter leader had heard the CD and asked me to perform at their annual candle lighting service. I learned that on the second Sunday of December at 7:00 p.m., in time zones all around the world, people gathered to light a candle in honor of their "not forgotten" children. In so doing, candles would glow for 24 hours straight in memory of those children. As I watched parents and family members and friends of those children light their candle and speak the child's name, I was moved beyond description. What a beautiful thing to do to honor our children's lives!

That proved to be the beginning of a wonderful relationship, as I met hundreds of parents who had lived through the death of a child. I knew it was another divine appointment, and upon learning that the butterfly was the symbol for TCF, I felt a confirmation from heaven. To be in the presence of so many parents who had experienced the same tragedy and sorrow as I was both comforting and inspirational. This experience inspired me to write song after song pertaining to Stacey's life and death and Christ's healing love and grace.

The Compassionate Friends has so much to offer grieving parents and families. It is our prayer that all bereaved parents will have the opportunity to learn about TCF and the help it can give them. We know that all parents grieve in their own personal ways. TCF offers a monthly meeting in which parents and families can gather to talk with or simply listen to others tell their stories. It is amazing how much comfort can be found in sharing time and emotions with parents who have experienced the same grief. TCF also offers opportunities for parents to become involved in helping others. It is my belief that we can experience healing for ourselves when helping others heal. We are at our best when helping others.

This Christmas will be our 20th without Stacey. Time has made it easier, but it will always be hard. For many of us, Christmas and birthdays are the hardest times of all. For some parents, this will be their first Christmas without their child. My heart aches as I think of the way they will feel. I wish I could hold them and allow them to feel the peace that comes from trusting Christ and time. I pray that they will find ways to help heal themselves and help others. The motto of The Compassionate Friends is, "We need not walk alone." Their mission statement 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."

The Tyler, Texas chapter can be contacted by phone at 903-258-2547, or at the web site, [www.TylerTCF.org](http://www.TylerTCF.org). This year's candle lighting service will be December 14, 2008 at Crossroads Community Church, 13730 Hwy. 155 South, Tyler. The service begins at 6:30 p.m. Family and friends are welcome.

*Dr. Sam Smith, Butterfly Ministry ~ TCF, Tyler, TX*





*We need not walk alone.*

"A miscarriage is a natural and common event. All told, probably more women have lost a child from this world than haven't. Most don't mention it, and they go from day to day as if it hadn't happened, and so people imagine that a woman in this situation never really knew or loved what she had. But ask her sometime: how old would your child be now? And she'll know." —*Barbara Kingsolver*

## I Saw You Today

I saw you today in the sunset.  
 You were a beautiful mixture of pink and orange.  
 I was amazed at your beauty.  
 All I could do was stare.  
 I saw you today in the clouds.  
 You floated and danced in the wind.  
 You briefly covered up the sun,  
 And I saw your shadow on the mountains.  
 I saw you today in a rainbow,  
 Through a tiny window of the airplane.  
 As we turned and you were gone,  
 Your brother reminded me that you're always with us.  
 I saw you today everywhere I went.  
 You were the little girl at the park,  
 You looked at me through Daddy's eyes at dinner time,  
 Your light burns brightly in the candle on our dinner table.  
 I saw you today.  
 I'll see you tomorrow.  
 I'll hold you in Heaven.

*Kara Newland*

*M.i.s.s.i.n.g Angels, Sept/Oct 2004, Vol 8 Iss 5  
 In loving memory of Maia Grace Newland. January 17, 2004*

## What Candice Would Say



I'm sorry big sister, I can't play with you.  
 I'm sorry grandpa, I can't go to the zoo.  
 I'm sorry daddy, you can't kiss me goodnight.  
 I'm sorry mommy, you can't hold me tight.  
 No one knows why, no one can guess.  
 But I can't play right now,  
 I've gone to rest.

*Mary Lingle ~ TCF, Tyler, TX  
 In memory of Candice, 2-21 ~ 11-8*

## For Siblings: A Tribute

I think of you in silence, my feelings seldom show,  
 but how it hurt to lose you, no one will ever know.  
 I hope there is eternal life, so we can meet again.  
 I not only lost my brother, I lost my very best friend.  
 The reason you left so early, I'll never understand why.  
 I just wish I'd known you were never coming back,  
 'cause I would have said, "Good-bye."

*Martha K.~ TCF, Concord, NH*

## God's Lent Child

by Edgar Albert Guest

"I'll lend you for a little while  
 A child of mine," God said  
 "for you to love the while she lives,  
 And mourn for when she's dead.  
 It may be six or seven years  
 Or forty two or three.  
 But will you, till I call her back,  
 Take care of her for me?"

She'll bring her charms to gladden you  
 And - (should her stay be brief) -  
 You'll have her lovely memories  
 As a solace for your grief.

I cannot promise she will stay,  
 Since all from earth returns;  
 But there are lessons taught below  
 I want this child to learn.  
 I've looked the whole world over  
 In my search for teachers true  
 And from the things that crowd life's lane  
 I have chosen you.

Now will you give her all your love?  
 Not think the labor vain?  
 Nor hate me when I come to take  
 This Lent Child back again?"

I fancied that I heard them say-  
 "Dear Lord, Thy will be done  
 For all the joys Thy Child will bring  
 The risk of grief we'll run.  
 We will shelter her with tenderness,  
 We'll love her while we may  
 And for the happiness we've know  
 Forever grateful stay.

But should Thy angel call for her,  
 Much sooner than we've planned,  
 We'll brave the bitter grief that comes  
 And try to understand."

*Submitted by Cece Brotton in memory of Missy Rogers*



# The Compassionate Friends of Tyler

P.O. Box 9714  
Tyler, TX 75711

We are happy to send our newsletter to you. We hope that it is helpful to you to be kept informed of chapter resources and activities and that you still wish to receive our newsletters that contain excellent material relating to grief issues.

To keep our mailing list current, we do ask to hear from you each year making sure that our information is correct and that you still wish to receive our mailings. If we did not hear from you in the last year please indicate any appropriate choices below and return the form to the address at the bottom of this page.

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Death Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Cause of Death: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Please check any of following that apply.

Please continue sending the newsletter.

No thank you, I'd prefer to stop receiving the newsletter.

Please include my child's name and picture in the slide presentation at the Candle Lighting Ceremony.

Please include my child's picture and information on the TCF-Tyler Web site. ([www.TylerTCF.org](http://www.TylerTCF.org))

I am enclosing a memorial to support The Compassionate Friends in the amount of \_\_\_\_\_  
Please make check payable to TCF

In memory of \_\_\_\_\_

The continuation of this chapter's work depends on donations. If you have not taken the opportunity to give a donation in memory of your child please consider taking this time to give a gift that will help reach out to other newly bereaved parents.

We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name and/or picture in the newsletter, Web site, Candle Lighting Ceremony or any other TCF event. Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature) Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Please return completed form to: The Compassionate Friends of Tyler, P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, TX 75711



**"I don't think you ever stop giving. I really don't. I think it's an on-going process. And it's not just about being able to write a check. It's being able to touch somebody's life." —Oprah Winfrey**



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

P.O. Box 9714  
Tyler, Texas 75711



*We need not walk alone.*



[www.TylerTCF.org](http://www.TylerTCF.org)