



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



We need not walk alone.

Volume 13, Issue 1

Tyler, Texas

January 2012

Monthly Group Meeting

Tyler Area Meeting

Monday, Jan. 16, 6:30 p.m.
3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1,
Ste. 101B, Tyler

Jacksonville Meeting

Tuesday, Jan. 3, 6:30 p.m.
Sam Smith's office, 1401 E. Rusk

Lufkin Meeting

Thursday, Jan. 19, 6:30 p.m.
Southside Baptist Church, 1615
Tulane Drive

Contact

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

Chapter LeaderTina Loper
Meeting Facilitators Tyler
Don & Leslie Dixon, Cheri Zucca
Meeting Facilitators Lufkin
Sherri Tutt, Lauri Maner
Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
Steering Committee: Sam Smith,
Carol Johnson, Carol Thompson,
Mary Ann Girard, Cheri Zucca, Mary
Lingle, David & Teresa Terrell, Janet
Majors, Don & Leslie Dixon, Kathy
McKinney, Margie Newman,
Pat Settle, Lisa Schoonover

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 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
Another Year.....	2
Love Gifts/Announcements	3
Birthdays	4
Anniversaries	5
A Vision of the Future	6
First Anniversary	7
To All Bereaved Parents... ..	7
Poems	8

Shoeprints

It has been nearly two years since our eleven-year-old Benjamin went to God's space after a lifelong battle with epilepsy. On his funeral notice we asked people to donate puzzles in his honor. It was my wife's idea to donate them to local schools and hospitals. We named it the 'P is for Puzzle program.' Benjamin was autistic and was fixated on the alphabet and would often ask 'P is for...?', 'what is the T for?' He had a real love for puzzles. In fact—he could sit down and do them over and over again.

I was in Carnival shoe store one day with one of my other sons purchasing him a pair of shoes for school. I asked him if I could take advantage of the buy two pairs get the second one half price deal. He was surprisingly agreeable. I rarely buy footwear, so I just grabbed a pair of plain tan cloth Sketchers for less than twenty dollars, without trying them on or taking them out of the box. I just took them up to the counter, paid and left the store.

Where we live in East Texas outside our house the soil is very sandy. So after I first wore my new shoes I had to shake the sand off. Well, I looked down and all I could see was a trail of puzzle prints. Tears welled up in my eyes. I have always known Benjamin is still with me but this took me aback. I looked down at my shoes and turned them over and of all the thousands of shoes in the store I had bought one of the fifty pairs that had puzzle prints on the bottom of them on an adult men's shoe line. No one but God knew the significance of that swift and simple purchase. Today I rarely wear anything but those puzzle print shoes and I have returned to the store and now have a couple of extra pairs stored away.

I received a powerful message that day that even in the corners of a large cluttered shoe store God can have a message for you if you open your eyes and allow him to lead the way. It would have been so easy for me not to have even bought the shoes but now a simple pair of shoes reminded me to see the beauty in the simple things once again. I look at the tracks in the sand I am thankful for every moment I was able to spend with my sweet son. Each track was part of a remarkable picture and each was a blessing in itself. God bless you, Benjamin.

Stuart Gilpin, TCF Tyler, TX

Snow

Every snowflake that falls is unique and has its own individual design. There are beautiful patterns in each snowflake and even the tiniest of flakes have their own markings. These patterns change again and again—even after the flake touches the ground. Each snowflake is a cause for wonder, each flake is one of a kind. No two are exactly alike. Like the snowflake, our beautiful children were each unique and special; some we only dreamed about and some danced upon the earth. They filled our lives with wonder and transformed our world. We held them too briefly, but we will hold them in our hearts forever. We shall remember them always. At this time of remembering, it may help to reflect upon how our lives have been enriched by the love we have given and the love we have received from our children. Our children leave treasures behind that time can never take away.

Denise Falzon, TCF Lake Area, MI

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.

“Grief is not an illness that needs to be cured. It’s not a task with definable, sequential steps. It’s not a bridge to cross, a burden to bear or an experience to ‘recover’ from. It is a normal, healthy and predictable response to loss.”
—Donna L. Schuurman

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.”

Special Thanks

Special thanks to Ted Walters & Associates/Mike Ellis and Richard & Shay Persinger for their generous love gifts in memory of:



Emily Elizabeth Ellis
10-25 ~ 6-16
Daughter of Mike Ellis
Daughter of Lori Symes



Evan Blake Alexander
7-22 ~ 8-20
Son of Richard & Shay
Persinger

This month’s printing of our newsletter sponsored by Janet St. Clair.

In loving memory of
Brian St. Clair
4-24 ~ 7-26
Son of
Janet St. Clair



This month’s printing of our newsletter sponsored by Juanita Blake & Misty Minter.

In loving memory of
Donna Morales
5-8 ~ 5-14
Granddaughter &
Daughter of Juanita
Blake & Misty Minter



Call (903) 258-2547 to sponsor a monthly newsletter.



We need not walk alone.

“The people we meet in Compassionate Friends understand us. They *are* us. They listen and speak with their hearts. They have each experienced the loss of a child. They hurt with us, and their pain is as real as ours. We learn from each other.”
—Annette Mennen Baldwin

Love Gifts



- Shay Persinger in memory of Blake Alexander
- Ted Walters & Associates in memory of Emily Ellis
- Martha Lewis in memory of Burke
- Doris Paar in memory of Sarah Thompson
- Stephanie Luther in memory of Dex Mclean
- Sara Fincke in memory of James
- Victor & Margie Newman in memory of Jeremy
- Mona Anderson in memory of T.J.
- Deborah Ragsdale in memory of Paul

Thanks to the following members who have made a rent donation for our meeting place this month:

- Merri Walsh in memory of Chris O’Leary
- Jim & Cheri Zucca in memory of Leah
- Tina, Johnathan & Heather Loper
in memory of Christopher
- Carol & Shane Johnson & Touched By Suicide
in memory of Jared Sheets



Thanks to the following people who make a MONTHLY LOVE GIFT to TCF of Tyler:

- Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Wayne
- Dale & Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad
- Sam Smith in memory of Stacey -
use of his office for the Jacksonville meeting
- David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy -
use of a storage building

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 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: Please notify us if any of your information is incorrect.

Sign up for Google Groups to stay connected!

Visit us at TylerTCF.org to sign up for our Google Groups email list. This is a moderated, private list for you to receive notices about upcoming events.

Announcements

Tyler TCF Meeting (New Location): The meeting in Tyler is held on the third Monday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at 3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1, Ste. 101B in Tyler. For more information, please email beachbum2201@gmail.com or lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.com, or call 903-258-2547.

Jacksonville TCF Meeting: The meeting in Jacksonville is held on the first Tuesday of the month, 6:30 p.m., at Sam Smith’s office, 1401 E. Rusk, Jacksonville. For more information, please email beachbum2201@gmail.com or lilbluebutterfly6@gmail.com, or call 903-258-2547.

Lufkin TCF Meeting: Join us at the Lufkin meeting held at 6:30 p.m. every 3rd Thursday of the month at Southside Baptist Church, 1615 Tulane Drive, Lufkin, TX 75901. For more information, contact Lauri Maner at 936-854-2002 or Sherri Tutt at 936-404-9517.

The Touched by Suicide meeting is held the second Tuesday of the month at 6:30 p.m. The meeting will be held in the same, new location as TCF, 3600 Old Bullard Rd., Bldg. 1, Ste. 101B in Tyler. Anyone who has lost someone they love to suicide is welcome to attend this peer support group. For more info please call 903-330-0678 or visit www.touchedbysuicideeasttexas.org.

Save the Date! 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! Call 903-258-2547 for date and location of our next meeting.

General Assembly: Join us each month to assemble the newsletter and mail out cards. We hope to get some new volunteers to help with this monthly project. Call 903-258-2547 for details.

MADD Heart meets 2nd Tuesday of the month at the MADD office, 215 Winchester Dr. Ste., 100, Tyler, TX 75701. For more info call 888-665-6233 or email Melissa at melissa.granberry@madd.org.

We Greatly Appreciate Our 2011 Newsletter Sponsors

- Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Wayne
- Phyllis Cavazos in memory of Chad
- Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake
- Bobby & Jean Gimble in memory of Cason
- Doyle & Sherry Smith in memory of Scottie Baker
- Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah
- Charles & Chanda McLean in memory of Dex
- Janet & Greg Majors in memory of Melissa
- Shirley Hall in memory of James Permenter
- Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake
- Juanita Blake in memory of Donna Morales





We need not walk alone.

"Grief becomes bearable when we are able to trust that it won't last forever, not when we pretend that it doesn't exist." —Alla Bozarth-Campbell

January Birthdays



Joshua Paul Renaud
1-18 ~ 6-9
Son of
Christi Renaud McMillan



Sarah Thompson
1-3 ~ 9-8
Daughter of
Ted & Carol Thompson



Cameron Robinson
1-4 ~ 8-9
Son of Julie Robinson



Alexander Johnson
1-5 ~ 10-30
Son of Candice Johnson



Michael Rucker
1-18 ~ 6-1
Son of Brandy Rucker Pearson
Grandson of Shelba Putman



Amber Glasco
1-30 ~ 6-15
Daughter of
Chris & Julie Glasco



Benjamin Gilpin
1-25 ~ 1-13
Son of Stuart & Mary Gilpin



Jocelyn McCormick
1-11 ~ 12-7
Granddaughter of
June McCormick



Jonathan Sanders
1-4 ~ 9-8
Son of Lisa Dunford & Donald
Sanders; Grandson of Dorothy
Rawlinson



Brooke Wallace
1-16 ~ 11-24
Daughter of
Charles & Tammy Wallace



Jacob Mikel Burrell
1-16 ~ 10-5
Son of Jamie Johnson



Tripp Barton
1-18 ~ 4-6
Son of Jenifer Barton



John Wallace
1-1 ~ 2-2
Son of Barbara
Wallace



Kimberly Pryor
1-2 ~ 5-30
Daughter of
Jerry & Judy Olson



Janet Florey
1-7 ~ 12-28
Daughter of
Peggy Cooper

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!



Tyler Roberts
1-6 ~ 3-7
Son of
Peggy Cunningham



James E. Abbie, Jr.
1-31 ~ 7-15
Son of
Bettie Abbie

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



We need not walk alone.

"Grief is neither an illness nor a pathological condition, but rather a highly personal and normal response to life-changing events, a natural process that can lead to healing and personal growth. The transition through this difficult time is the courageous journey." —Sandi Caplan and Gordon Lang, in *Grief's Courageous Journey: A Workbook*

January Anniversaries



Brittany Butler
10-4 ~ 1-21
Daughter of
Shelly Butler



Ashley McCaa
12-22 ~ 1-2
Daughter of
Pat McCaa



Bonnie Lee Benson
10-28 ~ 1-23
Daughter of
Cheri Oswald



Taylor Davis
12-31 ~ 1-21
Son of
Diane Ecker



Jana Lauren Shearer
3-26 ~ 1-5
Daughter of
Stephanie Shearer



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



Michelle "Missy" Green
2-9 ~ 1-30
Daughter of
Elena Glasscock



David LaTrell Milton
12-28 ~ 1-20
Son of
Bernice Milton



Benjamin Gilpin
1-25 ~ 1-13
Son of Stuart &
Mary Gilpin



Lauren Campbell
12-30 ~ 1-1
Daughter of Mark &
Kathy Campbell



Michael R. Peymon
9-18 ~ 1-2
Son of Tom &
Sharon Peymon



Brennen Applegate
8-10 ~ 1-22
Son of C.R. &
Kathryn Applegate



Blake Alexander King
5-14 ~ 1-6
Son of DeeAnn
Seawright



Danielle Celeste Yura
3-22 ~ 1-15
Daughter of Susie
Hughes Fincher



Logan Alexander
12-9 ~ 1-30
Son of Joyce Horton



Charles "Bryan" Meadows
3-18 ~ 1-19
Son of Charles &
Lynda Meadows



Christopher Baggett
4-23 ~ 1-8
Son of
Anita Demby



Mary Adams
11-28 ~ 1-28
Daughter of
Vicki Adams



Susie Gorman
10-9 ~ 1-14
Spouse of
Onie Gorman



Betsi Marie Wyatt
9-4 ~ 1-3
Daughter of
Linda Wyatt



Rusty Welch
11-29 ~ 1-1
Son of Travis &
Martha Welch



Jeremy Newman
4-15 ~ 1-10
Son of Victor &
Margie Newman



Clayton Norton
10-17 ~ 1-1
Son of Ronnie &
Dottie Norton



Gaaron Hicks
11-8 ~ 1-8
Son of
Diane Richardson



Shellae Vicknair
10-13 ~ 1-18
Daughter of
Vera Vicknair



Loren Saunders
10-4 ~ 1-18
Son of
George Saunders





We need not walk alone.

“The closest analogy I can think of to explain this whole experience is that I am like a child whose nose is pressed up against the window pane of life when all of a sudden, the window shatters. I am so busy trying to pick up the pieces to protect the others and insure that no one else gets hurt that I do not realize until much later that my arms and hands are bleeding heavily.” —*Kim Bernal*

A Vision of the Future

It was Christmas Morning, when all alone, I arrived at the Cemetery around 9:30 A.M.

The morning was mild and overcast gray with a slight mist creating a discomfort to my arms and shoulders. On this wondrous day, I went to the gravesite to visit with Loral and Macy, my beautiful Grand Daughters, who died in a tragic car/train crash 18 months and one week earlier.

This was the second Christmas that I have had to endure without the presence of their bright, shiny, and smiling faces. This is the second Christmas that I had to endure this great celebration without the sound of their joyous laughter so in tune with their brothers, sisters, and cousins.

This morning, while alone at the gravesite, as usual I talked with the girls, I prayed over them. I told them of all the gifts that their cousins, brothers, and sisters had received for Christmas. I cried that I never lose memory of their facial expressions of smiles and tears, and the sounds of their happy and sad voices.

There is a bench nearby and I sat down and enjoyed the silence and peacefulness of the cemetery. The gray weather seemed more tolerable now that I was able to release some inner feelings with my visit.

As I sat on the bench, enjoying the serenity of the cemetery, an old car drove up and stopped across the way.

From this car, slowly emerged an elderly man from the passenger's side. His hair was white and he was tall and gaunt from his elderly stage of life. The driver, an elderly lady, got out of the car and carefully made her way around to assist the old man who, with a walking cane, had slowly and carefully proceeded to walk toward a destination. The fragile old lady held his right hand to help keep him balanced and possibly to keep her own self upright. Slowly and carefully, they walked maybe forty feet where they stopped and stood side by side. There they looked down at a grave marker. After a minute or so, the old man very weakly and carefully bent over and touched the headstone and then slowly rose to the erect position and lifted his hand to wipe the tears from his eyes as he gazed far across the cemetery. The lady, also wiping tears, turned from the marker and slowly made her way back to the car as the old man stayed still and stood over the grave. She entered the car with a strained and unmistakable form of grief showing on her face.

The old man, in the manner of a soldier, stood erect, completely still, not moving his head or any other part of his body as he gazed across the cemetery, stood several minutes and then he bent over and touched the marker again. Somehow it was so easy for me to visualize and feel his loving respect for the person beneath the headstone. Again the man raised and stood erect and gazed across the cemetery for several more minutes. I sensed that he saw nothing but the events of the past, and that he was in a trance with a mind full of memories of a lost child of long, long, ago.

Never before in my life could I have felt this sort of understanding and compassion burning from within me, in observation of a stranger in grief.

The old man touched the headstone one more time and then turned and carefully made his way back to the car where the lady helped him get back in.

Then they just drove off—probably to finish their Christmas Day routine of many long years of grief, possibly for the loss of their child.

What I saw this morning was only my observation and distinct feelings that they were grieving for a lost child. Here were people in their eighties or maybe early nineties that withstood the grief of a lifetime, who still grieve, who still have memories, and who still await that great reunion. They are closer to that date than most of us, and to that, I felt envy.

This simple observation and realization on this Christmas morning is a signal or sign to me softly confirming that the journey of grief in the loss of a child, will always be with us all of the way to our road's end.

Even though it is a rough road, it is our road. We cannot change that. It is a road for "People Like Us" who have lost children.

Our road will go into the books and be a part of our legacy. Our descendants will know of our road, but hopefully, will never have to understand or endure that road.

I dearly miss Loral and Macy...and always will.

PawPaw, Donald Moyers, TCF Galveston County, TX ~ In Memory of Loral and Macy





We need not walk alone.

"My grief and pain are mine. I have earned them. They are part of me. Only in feeling them do I open myself to the lessons they can teach."

—Anne Wilson Schaefer

First Anniversary

When a bolt of lightning took the life of my son, Curtis, my life changed forever. The first winter after the loss was the darkest period of my life. In my misery I'd often daydream of sitting on a warm, sandy beach, watching the waves roll in. I believed this might bring some peace to my aching heart.

At last, winter turned to spring and then summer. For many weeks I dreaded the coming of the first anniversary, July 24th, but knew I wanted to spend the day by the water. My husband and I made plans to travel to Bayfield County, Wisconsin. The 24th was a beautiful, sunny day when we arrived on the shores of Lake Superior. As we set up our chairs in a shady spot on the beach, we looked around at the many families surrounding us. Parents were relaxing as their children played in the sand and water. Tears ran down our cheeks as we watched and remembered Curt and his sister, Pam, doing the same thing as youngsters. The memories were hard to bear—this wasn't the soothing, peace-filled day that I had hoped for. As we left the beach, I wondered if people noticed my tear-streaked face. The next evening we traveled to a different, more secluded beach. The sun setting over the water was a beautiful sight, and the photo I took is one I love to look at, especially in the cold winter months.

Bayfield County is known for its many orchards. The sweet cherries and blueberries were ready for picking, so we decided to take advantage of the opportunity. For several hours we worked side by side, first picking the cherries from low-hanging branches, and then kneeling to pick the loaded blueberry bushes. We talked as we worked, occasionally sampling the delicious fruit, and surprisingly, even laughing. For short periods of time we were able to put aside the sadness and enjoy the moment. When we arrived back home, the "anniversary" cards and messages waiting for us from thoughtful friends touched our hearts. We took great pleasure in sharing our fruit with family and friends.

As the 4th anniversary of Curt's passing approaches, I look back and see the progress I've made. The grief process is exasperatingly slow. Healing doesn't magically happen with the passage of time, but requires lots of hard work and patience. My journey through grief continues, and sometimes I question if it will ever end. However, I do know that the crushing sorrow I once felt no longer rules my life. I've done what I thought was impossible—I've survived the loss of my precious son and have become a more caring, compassionate person because of it. I know that I must live for today, appreciating the beauty and surprises that each day brings. I will do the best I can because this is what my son would want.

*Ruth Ann Meyer, TCF Greater Antigo Area, WI
In loving memory of my son, Curtis*

To All Bereaved Parents . . .

I am a recovering bereaved parent. I was a parent by choice. One of my children died; I became a bereaved parent, certainly not by choice. As I tried to recapture the security of what was, after many agonizing months, I would always hurt and miss my dead son, and that, ultimately, only I could be responsible for recovering this hateful disease called grief.

I had to make the choice of being a bereaved parent or a recovering bereaved parent. I chose the latter. I sometimes fall off the wagon, and I know that I always will. The love of my child will never leave me, but thank God for being a recovering bereaved parent.

It does take time, however, so don't give up on yourself. It may take more or less time for some others. Be patient.

Eunice Guy, TCF Atlanta, GA

13th Annual Candle Lighting

Thanks to all who helped with our 13th Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony. Our heartfelt appreciation goes to:

- Sam Smith in memory of Stacey
- David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy
- Carol & Shane Johnson in memory of Jared Sheets
- Don & Leslie Dixon in memory of Austin
- Carol Thompson in memory of Sarah
- Cheri & Jim Zucca in memory of Leah
- Mary Ann Girard in memory of Joe Maland
- Mary Lingle in memory of Candice
- Brosang's Flowers in memory of Adrian Hampton
- Shay Persinger in memory of Evan Blake Alexander
- Lisa Schoonover in memory of Jake
- Tina Loper in memory of Christopher
- Pat Settle in memory of Stephanie
- Stuart Gilpin in memory of Benjamin
- Janet Majors in memory of Melissa
- Margie Newman in memory of Jeremy
- Linda Porter in memory of Seth
- Sarah Robinson in memory of Seth Porter
- Merri O'Leary Walsh in memory of Chris
- Bill & Linda Hawkins in memory of Timothy
- Scotty Garrison
- Dan Johnson
- Northland Cable • CBS 19 • KLTU • KETK
- *Tyler Morning Telegraph*
- Touched by Suicide Support Group
- Champions for Children
- Special thanks to Crossroads Community Church and all who brought refreshments.





We need not walk alone.

"This we owe our beloved dead, whether young or old: to wipe from our memories all that was less than their best, and to carry them in our hearts at their wisest, most compassionate, most creative moments. Is that not what all of us hope from those who survive us?" —*Elizabeth Watson*

The Anniversary

Let me be sad today,
Give me this day to mourn.
It's the date my little son died,
And also the date he was born.

Let me think back to his birth
The fear of viewing him, dead.
Memories of holding him close,
And cradling his little head.

Allow me to visit his grave,
To let a few balloons go,
To place flowers lovingly,
And trim the grass that does grow.

Allow me tears to cry,
Love fills my heart to the brim
Spilling it on those close by.
While always longing for him

*Elizabeth Dent
TCF McMinnville, OR*

Forgive Me, Friend

Forgive me, Friend
If I don't seem there-
If I seem a little distant
Or you think I don't care.
My child has died

It's hard to explain
My down-an-out days
When I don't respond
Or I seem in a daze
My child has died.

I seem to be happy
When I suddenly cry-
The emotion overpowers me,
Hard as I try.
My child has died

So forgive me, My Friend,
When I can't seem to give.
I'm doing all I can
Just to get up and live.
My child has died.

*Gretchen Warren
TCF Solano County, CA*

Come Sit With Me

Come sit with me awhile and let me
Hold your hand, I understand your
Sorrow and know you need a friend.

I understand the pain that lies within your heart,
I have felt the silent screams that tear you all apart

I know about the sleepless nights that last so very long,
I understand the emptiness when you hear that special song.

Come share with me your memories and let me be
Your friend, you can cry, laugh or say nothing at all,
And I will understand.

Come sit with me my friend, I'll try to help you through.
I understand my friend, for I have been there too.

*Judy Peckinpaugh
TCF Inland Empire, CA*

The Child That's Not There

The child that's not there
Takes up every piece of me
The child that's not there
Consumes my every thought
The child that's not there
Makes me feel like I failed
The child that's not there
Took away a main reason for being

But

The children that are there
Still somehow bring me joy
The children that are there
Still need my love
The children that are there
Don't need any more grief
The children that are there
Force me to go on.

*Tricia Palmer
In memory of my son, Gabriel Boyer
TCF Tidewater, VA*

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. (Newsletters are posted monthly on our Web site.)

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)

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

In memory of _____

Please use this gift for:

TCF Newsletter Butterfly Release Candle Lighting TCF Events Other _____

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



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