



Monthly Group Meeting

Tuesday, June 17, 6:30 p.m.
707 W. Houston St., Tyler, Texas

Contact

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Web Site: www.TylerTCF.org
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Chapter Co-LeaderPat Settle
Newsletter/Web SiteMary Lingle
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Mary Ann Girard, Carol Johnson,
Carol Thompson, Patricia Miller,
David & Teresa Terrell,
Charisse Smith, Mary Lingle

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

TCF National Organization
Toll Free: (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.

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Father's Day

Father's Day—not a big holiday like Christmas or Thanksgiving, but one that holds a lot of meaning for those to whom it applies. For first-time fathers, that Sunday in June brings a feeling of joy and pride. For a long-time dad, it's a reminder of the fulfillment which children may have brought into his life. For those men who have lost a child, it can be a very painful time. For those who must endure their pain in secret and silence, either through their own desire for that approach, or through society's expectations that they must be strong and controlled, it can become a horror. But we in TCF wish to acknowledge the day, because we noted in preparations for Mother's Day, the death of a child does not negate the parenthood of the mom and dad who loved him or her. Love for one's offspring does not die when the body dies, and death does not succeed in robbing us of our parental identity. We wish all bereaved father's a day of peace. In the midst of our grief and loss, may you experience a taste of good memories and remembered love for your child.

Men Do Cry

I heard quite often "men don't cry" though no one ever told me why, so when I fell and skinned a knee no one came to comfort me.

And when some bully boy at school would pull a prank so mean and cruel, I'd quickly learn to turn and quip "It doesn't hurt," and bit my lip.

So as I grew to reasoned years I learned to stifle any tears, though "Be a big boy" it began quite soon I learned to "Be a man."

And I could play that stoic role while storm and tempest wracked my soul, no pain or setback could there be could wrest one single tear from me.

Then one long night I stood nearby and helplessly watched my son die, and quickly found to my surprise that all that tearless talk was lies.

And still I cry and have no shame I cannot play that 'big boy' game, and openly without remorse I let my sorrow take its course.

Those of you who can't abide a man you've seen whose often cried, reach out to him with all your heart as one whose life's been torn apart.

For men do cry when they can see their loss of immortality, and tears will come in endless streams when mindless fate destroys their dreams.

Ken F. ~ TCF Northwestern

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.

“It is a curious thing in human experience, but to live through a period of stress and sorrow with another person creates a bond which nothing seems able to break.” —*Eleanor Roosevelt*

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.”

Rebuilding Your Life One Piece at a Time

Written by Stephanie Elson, lifted from the Tears to Hope August/September 2007 newsletter of The Amelia Center, Birmingham, AL, providing a place of hope for grieving children, parents and families, www.ameliacenter.org

Death, especially unexpected death, changes one’s life in ways that cannot be expected. With the death of someone close, one’s world is forever changed.

One analogy I have found myself using with clients is the following: If you were to imagine the day before your loved one died, there was an intact picture of your life. The picture may not have been perfect, but it was there and it made sense. There was a beginning, a middle and an expected end. With death comes the destruction of that picture. It is as if the picture is taken out of your hands, smashed to the ground in a thousand pieces and then some of the most treasured pieces are forever taken away.

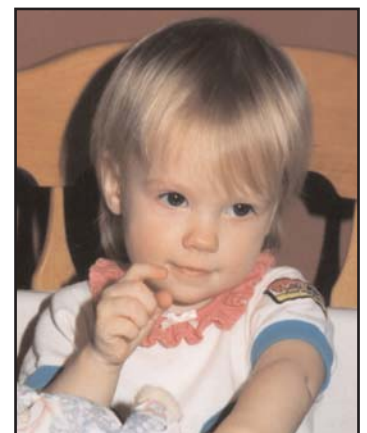
The challenge with grief is to then take all of those pieces which are left and attempt to make a new picture. The picture of the life you once had is impossible to recreate, as much as one may try, it cannot be recreated with pieces missing. A new picture must be assembled with the pieces that are left and with new pieces that are picked up along the way.

The process of “putting the pieces back together” is one that often feels chaotic and confusing. It may sometimes be surprising to find out how much thinking is involved in the grief process. Thoughts bounce around trying to connect “what was” with “what is” and struggle to make sense out of what seems to be incomprehensible.

With each piece, the bereaved, through trial and error, find where each piece belongs or even if it belongs at all. This process is different for every person and does not adhere to any kind of timeline. This (what feels like endless) thinking is the work that grief demands—it is the creation of a new picture of your life—created one piece at a time.

This month’s printing of our newsletter sponsored by:

**Mary & Erin
Lingle in loving
memory of
Candice
“We love you
best!”**



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





We need not walk alone.

“Are we dwelling on our loss? Absolutely. But we are learning to dwell on it constructively, to dwell on it without guilt and without the isolation we have all felt. We learn how to reach out (in time) to others with a compassion that brings healing to others as well as to ourselves.” —Philip Barker

Love Gifts



Bonnie Lepelley in memory of Trey

Dorothy Allen in memory of Martha

Angela Daniels in memory of Jackson Huse & Sarah Harvey

Phyllis & Dale cavazos in memory of Chad

Melton Brown in Memory of Terry

Glenda Mitchum in memory of Ron

Onie Gorman in memory of Susie Gorman & Kathy Tumminello

Tim minatrea in memory of Tosha

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

Pat & Ronnie Bickley in memory of Matt -
donated a book for children

Dolly Mobley in memory of Shannon Scheffler & Shane Crim

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

College-Bound Solutions for allowing TCF of Tyler
to use their facilities as our meeting place -
in memory of Nathaniel Peter Bolom

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.

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 day 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

Thanks to all who participated in the 5th Annual Butterfly Release held on May 17. **Special thanks as always** to Tina Loper in memory of Christopher, Pat Settle in memory of Stephanie and Sam Smith in memory of Stacey. Also, thanks to Bscene Magazine, CBS 19 and KETK NBC 56.



Athen's Area Meeting: The Tyler TCF meeting is held in the Athen's area the first Tuesday of every month at 6:30 p.m. **Directions:** The church is located on 198 and Manning Street in Gun Barrel, City. On Manning street you can only turn one way. There is also an Eye Center on the corner. You will see the church behind the liquor store and there is an Italian restaurant across the street from where you turn. If you need directions or would like to carpool to the meeting, call Pat at (903) 570-8412 or the TCF cellphone at (903) 258-2547.

Casey Rivers Benefit Concert! We are finalizing details on this fundraising benefit! Be sure to check our newsletter and website for details. If you know someone who would like to help sponsor the concert, please contact us!

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.

Email Addresses: If we do not have your email address or it has changed, please email it to Tina or Pat so that we may email you announcements and updates about TCF of Tyler. Tina's email: butterfly6@nctv.com ~ Pat's email: pdsettle@wmconnect.com

Our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony is Dec. 14, 2008. Watch future newsletters for more information.

Bonfire September 27, 2008: We will have a bonfire at Carol Johnson's home in September. More details to come.

Sponsor a Newsletter! If you would like to sponsor a monthly newsletter by contributing funds, or by copying at your business or organization, please call (903) 258-2547. Businesses, church groups, organizations or individuals are welcome. We will highlight your sponsorship with an ad or photo and text.

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



We need not walk alone.

"I used to always think that I'd look back on us crying and laugh, but, I never thought I'd look back on us laughing and cry." —*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

June Birthdays



Jackie Marie Heerd
6-30-46 ~ 2-22-81
Daughter of Larry Batte



Thomas "Chuck" Carroll, II
6-2-73 ~ 11-13-93
Son of Linda & Thomas Carroll



Brian Harris
6-8-72 ~ 7-29-99
Son of Jolyn & Richard Harris



Trey LePelley
6-10-82 ~ 3-13-05
Son of Jack & Julie LePelley



Jake Higgins
6-29-77 ~ 12-4-03
Son of Donna Griffin



Michael Holdway
6-18-52 ~ 8-3-93
Husband of Kathy Holdway



Joshua Andrews
6-21-88 ~ 3-14-04
Son of Tawna Andrews



Matt Mears
6-7-83 ~ 7-16-06
Son of Norma & Kerry Mears
Wife of Ashley Mears



Bryce Ramirez Cooksey
6-4-04 ~ 6-4-04
Son of Shalina Ramirez

My Memorial Day experience

My Memorial Day experience came at Jacksonville Cemetery where Jason is buried. It's an historic cemetery in a very natural, woodsy setting. No grass and at times, very little maintenance. Jason would like it. I went out with flowers, intending to rake some of the debris from the trees around his grave and of course, to be with my memories. Two women, one young, one very old, approached me. The younger said "You don't get the day off even today?" I realized she thought I was an employee so I just said "Well, it is Memorial Day after all." She asked for directions to the older, historic headstones. After giving some basic directions, I explained that although they would find headstones from the 1800s throughout the cemetery, the most historic section lay at the bottom of the hill and that directly below us is the Jewish section. For no apparent reason, I closed by saying we were standing in the Catholic section, where my son is buried. With that, they went on their way.

When I noticed they were back again, the younger woman gave me a touching apology for mistaking me for an employee of the cemetery and expressed her sympathy. The older woman spoke for the first time and asked how old was my son and how did he die. I assumed they were just curious and this would be the end of our recurring discussion so I gave my stock answer, "he died of suicide, at nineteen, in 1995." The older woman then said "My only son died when he was twenty-one. I still miss him." We visited a while longer about nothing in particular. Everything important had already been said.

It's these unexpected connections that touch me deeply. When I feel alone in my pain, when life makes no sense, it's a comfort to be reminded that death did not begin or end with Jason. Loss is an experience of the present, the past and the future. It is enduring. I can't, or won't imagine my future losses. My present loss is overwhelming. But it's in reflecting on the past that I find comfort.

I can go on knowing that through the ages others have walked through grief and survived. I expect that from now on, every Memorial Day, I'll remember that chance encounter with another mother whose son died many years before Jason. And I'll be reminded that all bereaved parents, for all time, are one in grief.

Carol Clum ~ TCF, Medford, OR

We have a special birthday basket at our meetings for members to choose an item during the month of their child's birthday.





We need not walk alone.

"God inspires people to help other people who have been hurt by life, and by helping them, they protect them from the danger of feeling alone, abandoned or judged." —Harold Kushner

June Anniversaries



Roozbeh Arianpour
3-25-80 ~ 6-6-03
Son of Farideh Arianpour



Christopher John Fisher
12-18-82 ~ 6-22-03
Grandson of Grace & Tom Fisher



Kyle Beck
7-21-89 ~ 6-23-05
Son of Angela Yates



Gabe Levi
5-2-79 ~ 6-25-06
Son of Deborah Hunt



Joshua Renaud
1-18-86 ~ 6-9-06
Son of Christi McMillan



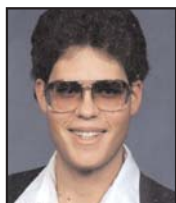
Michael A. Rucker
1-18-93 ~ 6-1-02
Son of Brandy Rucker Pearson
& Grandson of Shelba Putnam



Bryce Ramirez Cooksey
6-4-04 ~ 6-4-04
Son of Shalina Ramirez



Joshua Walker
4-29-83 ~ 6-25-06
Son of Crystal Walker



Mark Turner
10-3-66 ~ 6-19-97
Son of Clayton & Pat Turner



Tami Kay Brown Roberts
5-17-72 ~ 6-10-00
Daughter of Kenn & Ann Sommerville



Christopher Pope
11-10-90 ~ 6-16-03
Son of Brenda Pope



Jodi Lynne Attaway
3-8-72 ~ 6-5-94
Daughter of Cindi Attaway-Gill



Ricky Edmiston
4-26-90 ~ 6-29-06
Son of Woody & Barbara Edmiston



Amber Glasco
1-30-91 ~ 6-16-05
Daughter of Chris & Julie Glasco

Lessons

Last week the Rabbi asked me to talk to some kids about lessons that I may have learned from the loss of my son. It was a time about remembrance. I told him that I was too busy, my stepdaughter was graduating, relatives were coming in, I had a bike ride planned, etc. The morning of the day that he wanted me to speak I received a package from UPS. I was busy as usual but something made me sit down and open the package. As I did so I became silent and I cried. I remembered when I was in the hospital with my son, Shaw, and I was keeping busy, talking to the nurse, adjusting the TV, keeping distracted, when he told me there is nothing to do, just sit and hold his hand. I read the note in the package and it was from his mother and my daughter, and I remembered that when Shaw was a little boy he would wear my clothes and put on my shoes and pretend he was going to work, and he said, "Dad, one day I may walk in your shoes." The note said, "Dear Sidney, we were going through some of Shaw's stuff and thought you may like to have his shoes, he loved these shoes and wore them everywhere". I put his shoes on and I went to speak to the kids and shared this story, and I was walking in his shoes.

Sidney Copilow ~ TCF Medford, OR

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



We need not walk alone.

"I was shocked that I did not die from grief. And I know now that I will not die from grief because I choose not to. I may run—or shake wildly—or lie paralyzed on the ground for a while, but I will not ultimately succumb. Whatever gives us an increase sense of control—whether it be love or faith or cognitive coping—seems to mobilize our self healing system." —C.S. Lewis

A Tribute to Those Who Prepare the TCF Newsletter

The Compassionate Friends newsletter, I look forward to it. It is such a labor of love by hearts that know how it feels to be broken: By hearts with a great big empty hole in the middle of them, a hole that was designated—reserved—for the child that is no longer here to fill it.

I open the newsletter with glad anticipation, and yes, a fair amount of dread. Anticipation for the beautiful poems and stories it will contain. Dread for the tears I will shed and the heartache I will experience from stories of beloved children no longer here and the broken hearts that miss them. I will shed tears because every emotion they feel, I feel or have felt. The writings of the newly bereaved stir up the memories from the early days: Those days when the next breath seemed harder than the last, every beat of the heart was as a knife stabbing in every chamber, every thought caused fear for the next thought. Those days of clenched fists and clenched teeth, trying with all that was in me to stifle the screams that so badly wanted to come out - as though they wanted to escape the pain that lived in the places they inhabited. It was too painful in there, even for them. Those days when thoughts vacillated between "WHY?" and "HOW CAN I POSSIBLY GO ON WITHOUT HER?"

I have been asked why I continue to subject myself to the grief and pain experienced by other bereaved parents. "Doesn't it just stir up the old pain and sadness of your own loss?" they lovingly ask. I bear with them, knowing that they cannot possibly understand. They mean well, no doubt, but they can never understand - and we pray they never have to.

I do know why, however. With every line I read I am reminded of how far I have come. I am reminded of how the Spirit of the Lord Jesus filled my heart and soul in that intensive care unit room on that day, assuring me that I was not alone, that I would survive, and that Stacey was in His loving arms - well and whole and free. Every story, every poem, every expression of grief and prayer for healing takes me through the journey from then to now. As painful as they may be to read, they leave me with a renewed feeling of peace and hope. Why do bereaved parents want to hear the grief journey of other parents? Because sharing our uniquely tragic experience assures us that if one can survive it, we all can.

No two parents grieve the same, but the similarities are close enough to help each other. And next to prayer, helping each other is the most healing thing we can do. That is the beauty of The Compassionate Friends. They provide a safe-haven; a sanctuary for the broken hearted parents who have lived through the most horrific experience known to man. The Compassionate Friends assures us that while in each other's presence we can let down our guard, drop our pretenses and defenses and let all the emotions show that we bottle up every where else. The healing power that provides is immeasurable.

Next month a new TCF newsletter will arrive. I will be looking forward to it. I will read the stories and poems, look at the pictures of the beautiful souls that have gone on. I will think about Stacey, cry a little and smile a lot. I will praise God for the time I spent with her and for the eternity we will be together. To the folks who work so hard to prepare the newsletter, God bless you and I thank you. You are doing far more than you know to help those who need it so. Your labor of love does not go unnoticed or unappreciated.

You truly are compassionate friends.

"Be kind and compassionate to one another..." [Ephesians 4:32]

"Clothe yourselves with compassion..." [Colossians 3:12]

Dr. Sam Smith, Butterfly Ministry ~ TCF, Tyler, TX
ssmithkate@aol.com

Forever Remembered

My big brother was so good to me. When we were kids, he always let me go first. The night he died, he looked up at me, smiled his little crooked smile, and said, "Sis, this time let me go first."

Connie E. Danson, Eulogy for her brother; Frank Darnel from "Forever Remembered"





We need not walk alone.

"I will love the light for it shows me the way, yet I will endure the darkness because it shows me the stars." —Og Mandino

Use Your Gifts and Your Experiences to Help Others

The Compassionate Friends has been a God-send to me for two major reasons.

One, TCF has given me a place to "plug in" and use the gifts that God has given me to help other bereaved parents. There is deep healing for grief and heartache to be found in helping others who have lived through the same heartache that we have lived through.

Two, being with and working with other bereaved parents proves that a parent can survive the death of a child and continue to carry on with life and. It is incredibly inspiring and uplifting to hear a grieving parent talk about the death of her/his child without falling apart. You and I both know that there have been times that we thought that would never be possible. There is great hope to be discovered from spending time with "seasoned" griever, because we see that time does heal—or a least ease—all wounds.

It will soon be 20 years since my daughter's death. I suppose I could be classified as a seasoned griever, and although I still grieve, and always will, I have come light years from October 4, 1988. My faith in Jesus Christ has been and continues to be my greatest source of strength and healing. The love and support of family and friends has been immeasurable. I had reached the point in my grief where I knew I would survive and could hold on until I was with Stacey in heaven. In my desire to help other parents and honor Stacey's memory, I created the Butterfly Ministry in 1999. The mission of the ministry was to tell others about the healing grace and power of Jesus. I was not really sure how to use the ministry or what God's plans would be, and then He led me to TCF..

I write Christian music, and in 2000 I recorded a CD entitled "Master's Butterfly". It contains 11 original Christian tunes, some related to Stacey's death. The title cut, "Master's Butterfly," is the story of a Father telling his daughter about eternal life using the caterpillar-cocoon-butterfly process as the example. The key line in the song says, "What the caterpillar calls the end of the world, the Master calls a butterfly." A lady associated with TCF, Tyler, Texas chapter heard the song and called me to perform at their Candle Lighting Service that year. I have been working with them ever since. When I discovered that The Compassionate Friends had adopted the butterfly as their symbol, I knew I was with the right group. God had brought me to a place where I could use the songwriting gift to honor Stacey's life by helping other grieving parents and family members. I believe in divine appointments, and this has most assuredly been one.

Now, I wrote all that to say this: If you are reading this in the TCF newsletter, then you have most likely experienced the death of a child or other close family member. It is very possible; in fact I will say it is most definitely a divine appointment that you are reading this. Why? Because God has led you to a place where you can "plug in" with your gifts and talents to help others and find great healing for yourself. You think you don't have any gift or talents that TCF can use? Oh, yes you do. You have a heart that knows how it feels to lose a child. That makes you uniquely gifted to help other parents and families.

Working with TCF is a win-win proposition for you. Pray about it. Attend some meetings with an open heart and mind. Meditate on the idea that we are at our best when we are helping others, and consider that there is unbelievable healing to be found by helping other bereaved parents. I look forward to meeting you and to seeing what God has planned for you through The Compassionate Friends.

Dr. Sam Smith, Butterfly Ministry ~ TCF, Tyler, TX
ssmithkate@aol.com

Sometimes

Sometimes, something clicks, and with a tear of remembrance of the pain and the loneliness floods the heart.

Sometimes, something clicks, and with a smile remembrance of the love and the laughter floods the senses.

And there are times when nothing clicks at all and a voice echoes through the emptiness and numbness never finding the person who used to fill that space.

And sometimes the most special times of all a feeling ripples through your body, heart, and soul that tells you that person never left you and he's right there with you through it all.

Kristen H. ~ TCF, Kenifield, CA





We need not walk alone.

"Your absence has gone through me—like a thread through a needle. Everything I do is stitched with its color." —*W.S. Merwin*

An Unbreakable Bond

*By Sharon G., written for her sister, Jenny
Reprinted from "We Need Not Walk Alone"*

From the same roots
 Nourished by the same soil
 We grew, side by side.
 One a little older, the other a little taller,
 Such different blossoms,
 Different, yet strangely the same.
 We grew, our lives entwined,
 Held together by shared experiences,
 Common joys and sorrows,
 Whispered secrets known to us alone.
 Through that bond of love,
 We shared strength.
 We grew, our different paths parting us,
 An ocean between.
 Yet slender tendrils of love still reached out one to another
 They touched and they formed a bond once more,
 An unbreakable bond like steel,
 Through which strength and love flowed once more.
 Then, too soon, the bond tightened,
 As I was drawn to her side.
 Entwined once more, I held her
 And watched helplessly,
 As she withered and died.
 I am alone.
 Yet that bond of love,
 That bond between sisters
 Is eternal
 Even death cannot sever it,
 Because my sister still lives
 In heaven and in my heart.

Awkward Silence

A poem by Richard D., M.D. ~ TCF Knoxville, TN

I wish that someone would say his name.
 I know my feelings they're trying to spare,
 And so we go through the charade, the game,
 Of dancing around the ghost that is there,
 Trying to avoid evoking a tear,
 Or stirring emotions too painful to bear.
 That he be forgotten is what I fear,
 That no one will even his presence miss,
 As if there were no trace that he was here.
 By referring to him, my purpose is
 Not to stir pity or keep things the same,
 But my heart will simply break if his
 Memory will die like a flickering flame.
 I just wish someone would say his name.

In The Beginning

*In Memory of Shawn, from Deb K., Shawn's Mom
TCF Redlands, CA*

In the beginning we hurt so bad
 we can't even think straight.
 Our days and nights run together,
 as we cry out for relief
 from the pain that has
 seemed to swallow us whole.
 That pain now accompanies us everywhere.
 There is not place we can hide.
 It has taken over our life.
 It knows our name.
 It knows where we live.
 It knows that our loved one has died
 and so do we
 sort of but not really.
 We are still looking for them
 To walk in the door,
 To say our name,
 To reach over and give us a hug.
 With every day that passes
 Our longing for them grows.
 We do not want to believe that
 They died and are not coming back.
 That reality chases us relentlessly,
 Until one day their empty chair
 Speaks louder than our denial,
 And the wall begins to break
 Where we have hidden our heart.

Flight of the Non-Bird

I fly anxiously through time, pressing forward and
 flapping non-existent wings just to stay mid-air
 Hoping to arrive at my final destination before I am due.
 Rushing through I see nothing, but take care of
 the necessities of the day—air, food, water—whatever
 and whomever is there.
 Ever so often I touch the earth and wonder if I will
 complete my journey surrounded by the rush of the
 wind around me
 Or if my legs will finally stay on the ground and I
 will be forced to be a ground bird making my
 way slowly through time.

Carol Thompson ~ TCF, Tyler, TX

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)

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