



**Monthly Group Meeting**

Tuesday, November 20, 6:30 p.m.  
707 W. Houston St., Tyler, Texas

**Contact**

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Chapter Leader .....Tina Loper  
Chapter Co-Leader .....Pat Settle  
Chapter Co-Leader .....Margie Newman  
Newsletter/Web Site .....Mary Lingle  
Steering Committee: Tina Loper,  
Pat Settle, Sam Smith, Sherri Tutt  
Margie Newman, Mary Ann Girard,  
Carol Johnson, Carol Thompson,  
Patricia Miller, Charisse Smith,  
David & Teresa Terrell, Mary Lingle

Jim & Karen Roach, Regional  
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TCF National Organization  
Toll Free: (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

**The Meeting Agenda**

6:30 p.m. ....  
Meeting will begin with refreshments  
followed by announcement of birth-  
days 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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**Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony**

Our Annual Candle Lighting Memorial  
will be December 9, 2007 at Calvary  
Baptist Church, 6704 Old Jacksonville  
Hwy., Tyler. The service begins at 6:30  
p.m. Family and friends are welcome.  
Candles are lit in memory of our children  
at 7 p.m. For 24 hours straight, candles  
stay lit in every time zone around the  
globe for one hour to remember our NOT  
FORGOTTEN children. (See announce-  
ments on page 3 for more information.)



*...that their  
light may  
always shine.*

*Light a candle for all children who have died.  
2nd Sunday in December, 6:30 p.m.*

**Candles in the Night**

A heart broken by the death of a child can never be healed. As parents we try every way that can be thought of to cope with the loss, but the void will always be there. At first that emptiness seems to take your breath away and most times we wish it would.

This becomes different with the passage of time. It never goes away, but at some point we learn to live with it, and in fact this horrible feeling becomes a lifeline of sorts. One of our biggest fears is to forget our children. Forget how they looked or how their voices sounded. The smiles and tears that blur together to make a child. This emptiness in effect becomes a constant yearning to remember our children.

Our hearts force us to find ways to fill that void to maintain our role as parents. Some are as simple as visiting the cemetery and some are as complex as changing our entire lives, dedicated to the memory of our child. In between are the many rituals we create or borrow from others to honor the memories and to keep our child's name alive.

Lighting a candle and saying a child's name keeps their memory burning bright. It means we are struggling to cope with this unwanted role of bereaved parent in the only positive manner we can. We will most certainly shed tears every time and we will still miss our child, but we are doing something that allows the world to hear our child's name and for that one moment the candle means so much more than anyone else could ever understand.

For a fleeting second that is our universe and every memory we have comes flooding back to us as we see the flame through tears, distorting it into something magical. It's the only gift we can give our children. This is as close as we can get to our child now. A tiny, flickering flame that can warm the heart and it's nice to think that perhaps they can see it also. It's a beacon, our light in the window, our shining star in the darkness. It's an opening of our hearts and a way to share our grief.

We gather to honor the memories of our children and to share this bond of lighting a candle for the children all over the world. We miss them so much.

*Jim Lowery ~ TCF, Sugar Land/SW Houston Chapter*

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



*We need not walk alone.*

“The Compassionate Friends meeting won’t make the pain go away, but it is a place where you can honestly and truly believe when someone says, ‘I know how you feel.’ They mean it and their eyes prove it.” —*Janice Lopez*

## 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.”

## A Dream Deferred

Christine died on November 6, 1992. She was six years old and in kindergarten, but at 35 pounds and in size 4 clothes, she looked much younger. Brain-damaged before birth by hydrocephalus, she needed hours of occupational and physical therapy to learn to crawl, brush her teeth, ride her tricycle, zip her coat. I massaged her, coaxed her, pleaded with her, praised her—and watched her grow.

I never knew what skill might confuse Christine. She walked at thirteen months but did not crawl until fifteen months. She fed herself at eighteen months but could not hug herself until she was four. When she was two and a half, she was given a complete battery of tests. Her motor skills ranged from less than one year to average.

But Christine passed the speech test at a six-year-old level. At four she composed music and created lyrics to go with her melodies. She was a natural in math and, in true brat fashion, lorded it over her older brother who was not. “It’s OK that you’re not good in math,” she would tell Bobby. “Boys can’t do math.” Or she would walk up to him as he struggled over multiplication, point at a problem with her tiny hand, say, “That’s wrong. You’ll just have to do it again,” and run before he gave her a well-deserved slap.

Christine had so much potential. Her therapists, her teachers, her pediatrician, her neurosurgeon marveled at what she could do. She was humming nursery rhymes at thirteen months, humming Tchaikovsky at three. There were days when I had visions of Christine as an adult, leading an orchestra as they played her Seventh Symphony or on stage singing her latest Country and Western hit.

And then at six it was all over. Her music—her songs—turned off. My dreams muted.

And I found myself asking a question another poet in very different circumstances asked himself. “What happens to a dream deferred? Does it merely fester? Or does it explode?” (Langston Hughes, “Harlem,” 1953)

Two seasons later I have a partial and paradoxical answer. It does both. It does neither.

These have been moments of intense anguish, when I marveled that my body could hold my mood and live. There have been times when sadness has softly sifted through my daily routines, shadowing my cooking and my speaking. But under both, deeper than the explosion of Christine’s unexpected death or the long sadness of her empty room, lies a certainty that Christine still exists, that we will one day be reunited.

A part of me crossed with her into death, still walks in love with her. Yet it is not a budding musician I walk with—or a brat—or a handicapped child. She was all of these. She is none of these. I walk with her. Her soul’s whole now, bathed in light.

Relationships fade and change. Love lasts.

*Sandra Ball ~ TCF, Salem NJ*



*We need not walk alone.*

"I am learning that 'Helping is Healing' and the more I give the more I seem to get back. More gifts arrive as I become able to speak and write about my journey." —Rick Mirabile

## Love Gifts



Yvette Wallace in memory of Brooke Wallace

Claudette Brown in memory of Terry Brown

Sam Smith in memory of Stacey Smith

David & Teresa Terrell in memory of Andy Terrell

Juanita Blake in memory of Donna Morales

Ike & Diana weatherly in memory of Cameron & Brandon

Charisse Smith in memory of Ben Smith

Charlotte Nelson in memory of Wade Goetze

Mary & Erin Lingle in memory of Candice Lingle

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

**Thanks to the following members who are serving on  
our Candlelighting committee:**

Mary Delaney, Tina Loper Deramus, Mary Ann Girard,  
Carol Johnson, Mary Lingle, Patricia Miller,  
Margie Newman, Pat Settle, Miranda Smith,  
Charisse Smith, Sam Smith, David & Teresa Terrell,  
Carol Thompson, Sherri Tutt, Cheri Zucca



## 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](mailto: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.

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

**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!

## Announcements

**Our Annual Candlelighting Ceremony** will be held on Dec. 9th, 6:30 p.m. at Calvary Baptist Church, 6704 Old Jacksonville Hwy., Tyler. Please call (903) 258-2547 for more information. The media is invited to attend. If you would like, we encourage you to post this special event in your church bulletin, in your company newsletter or email the info to friends. We have a flier in this newsletter that you may use to post as well. We also appreciate anyone who can bring refreshments that night. Please let us know if you would like to help this year in honor and in loving memory of your child.

**We are accepting canned food at the meetings** from now through December 15 for the Lack's Christmas tree food drive. We will have decorated boxes at the meetings if you would like to place a box at your place of work for co-workers to donate too! We will meet at Lacks (Green Acre's Shopping Center) Tuesday, Nov. 13 at 6 p.m. to decorate our tree with our children's photos. Prizes are awarded for the most food collected. First place receives \$200, second receives \$100 and 3rd, \$50. Don't forget to bring your canned food!



Our 2006 Tree

**Welcome to the following new members who attended their first meeting in October:** Judy & Jerry Olson, Randy Cannon Sr., Cherri Zucca & sister Jenna.

**Sam Smith is going to perform at Broadmoor Baptist Church in Shreveport, LA, Tuesday, Dec. 4 at 6 p.m.** If you would like to attend, we will be carpooling. Call Kay Asher for directions or more information at (318) 617-4085. Call (903) 258-2547 if you would like to ride with us. Sam's CDs are for sale at the meetings for \$10.

**It is with regret that the national office has received notice that the following chapter has decided to close:** #1164, Palestine Chapter, leader Cindy Early. (effective immediately)

## TCF of Tyler Memorial Quilt

If you would like to have your child's photo included on the fourth memorial quilt, please mail a \$25 donation to P.O. Box 9714, Tyler, TX 75711. For more information contact us at (903) 258-2547, or email us at [info@TylerTCF.org](mailto:info@TylerTCF.org).

Thanks to Teresa and David Terrell for donating their talent and time on these beautiful quilts which will be displayed in our meeting room and at future special events.





*We need not walk alone.*

"Mourning delayed is just mourning denied, and, it will not be denied! Left untreated, it wreaks havoc emotionally and physically. Unresolved mourning probably takes its toll on many marriages. The road to recovery is a journey going through childloss survival in all of its stages."  
—Aaron Pueschel

### November Birthdays



**Wade Goetze**  
11-29-76 ~ 10-28-01  
Son of Charlotte Nelson



**Rusty Welch**  
11-29-57 ~ 1-1-67  
Son of Travis & Martha Welch



**Nathaniel Bolom**  
11/06/93-11/27/93  
Son of Jane Manley



**Shane Crim**  
11-25-71 ~ 11-9-05  
Son of Dolly Mobley



**Christopher Jordan Pope**  
11-10-90 ~ 6-16-03  
Son of Edward & Brenda Pope



**Lindsey Stewart**  
11-6-87 ~ 4-2-04  
Daughter of Stephanie Stewart



**Kayla Smith**  
11-7-89 ~ 3-5-04  
Daughter of Debbie Smith



**Bobby Knott**  
11-6-68 ~ 4-24-83  
Son of Bobby & Virginia Knott



**Jill Tompkins**  
11-3-77 ~ 4-24-99  
Daughter of Karen Tompkins



**Mikel Conway**  
11-17-57 ~ 10-11-01  
Son of Viola Conway  
Brother of Margie Newman



**Austin Lane Phillips**  
11-8-96 ~ 11-8-96  
Son of Stacie Phillips Monteagudo



**Whitni Ray**  
11-26-86 ~ 12-22-04  
Daughter of Rachelle  
Threadgill Brooks

### New Traditions

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

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

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

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

*Annette Mennen Baldwin*



*We need not walk alone.*

"We have learned to laugh again—to participate in life again. But today, oh today—how sad I felt. How quickly the tears came when my husband said, so sincerely, so quietly, 'You don't know how much I miss having someone to throw the football around with . . .'" —*Fay Harden*

### November Anniversaries



**Thomas 'Chuck' Carroll**  
6-2-73 ~ 11-13-93  
Son of Linda & Thomas Carroll



**Salvador Estrada**  
12-11-79 ~ 11-3-01  
Son of Charlotte Estrada



**Austin Lane Phillips**  
11-8-96 ~ 11-8-96  
Son of Stacie Phillips Monteagudo



**Shane Crim**  
11-25-91 ~ 11-9-05  
Son of Dolly Mobley



**Scottie Baker**  
8-3-86 ~ 11-29-04  
Son of Steve & Julie Baker



**Jonathan Reynolds**  
12-14-98 ~ 11-16-02  
Son of Addison & Debra Reynolds



**Nathaniel Bolom**  
11-06-93 ~ 11-27-93  
Son of Jane Manley



**Randy Cannon, Jr.**  
03-26-84 ~ 11-06-05



**Candice Lingle**  
2-21-91 ~ 11-8-93  
Daughter of Mary Lingle



**Ijuan Simms**  
2-20-79 ~ 11-7-01  
Son of Sharon Simms



**Haylee Lee ~ 11-23-02**

### Candice

When I look at my feet  
As I walk up the street  
I wish Candice could walk with me.

When I meet a new face  
Or go to a new place,  
I wish Candice could be there then.

I remember how she'd cheat  
When we played hide and go seek,  
Or she'd wrinkle up her nose  
And call me stupid.

How she'd sing her favorite song  
But get some of the words wrong;  
It was too cute to make right  
So we didn't even try.

So remember the fun we had  
And don't feel too sad  
Because Candice doesn't feel bad  
Right now in heaven.

*Written in memory of Candice Lingle by  
Elizabeth Williams (Candice's cousin), 1993*



**Crystal Greene**  
8-6-82 ~ 11-13-00  
Daughter of Lory Greene  
Niece of Audrey & Claude Mapps



**Timothy Treadwell**  
4-1-80 ~ 11-23-04  
Son of Tammy Treadwell



**Brooke Wallace**  
1-16-81 ~ 11-24-98  
Daughter of  
Charles & Tammy Wallace



**Andy Terrell**  
2-11-72 ~ 11-25-03  
Son of  
David & Teresa Terrell



*We need not walk alone.*

"Each of us finds an escape from the world after the death of our child...something to revise our history and help us survive. But eventually we must seek balance, find ways of coping with our soul-shattering loss and ground ourselves in our new reality. The Compassionate Friends has done all of that for me. But I had to take the first step." —Annette Mennen Baldwin

## John Andrew Terrel

Editor's Note: With help from our new feature editor, Charisse Smith, we are adding a monthly story focusing on one of our families who will share stories, poems or thoughts about their child.

I have only been coming to the meetings for a little over a year, but one of the first things I remember about my first visit, other than the kindness of so many people, was the beautiful quilts covering the walls of our meeting place. Decorated with the faces of children, at all ages, in all types of settings, and gently sprinkled with colorful butterflies. The quilts are the focal point of our meeting place, representing our ongoing love for our children. David uses his computer talents to "make" the pictures applicable to the quilt. Teresa uses her amazing talent to put the pictures together to make it a lovely tribute. The Terrell's are modest, and like to stay in the background. However, they are an intricate part of the ongoing planning, implementing and attendance of all the events that come from the TCF. It all couldn't be done as easily or as well if they were not so involved. Simply, they are very nice people that are doing something positive for others while coping with their own struggles. I appreciate their support a lot. Their personal story follows:

These stories are remembered and written by David and Teresa Terrell, parents of John Andrew Terrell (Andy). We were asked to put together a short story of our son, his life, how we are coping with his death and what has helped. I hope there is enough paper to print this, so we begin and this is our story.

Our son was born on February 11, 1972 at 5:02 pm, weighing in at a hefty 9 lbs 5 ½ oz. He had not one wrinkle. The doctors said he was perfect with all 10 fingers and 10 toes. His mother and I were somewhat young, she was 19 and I was 20. But that did not stop us from loving him more than life itself. The funny part was we had his little brother Chris 14 months and 11 days after Andy was born. Yes, we called him Andy because so many people were named John on my side of the family. Andy was named after his grandfathers. John came from my dad and Andrew came from Teresa's dad.

We had some rough times at the beginning of Andy's life, as all newly weds and new mothers and fathers do. I joined the U.S. Army and we spent 8½ years traveling all over. We spent a lot of time traveling in vehicles and we remember Andy trying to reach the steering wheel of the car wanting to drive. Teresa would often swat his hand, telling him no. After several hours of this he would reach out swat his own hand and say no, his own form of self discipline. One trip was back from San Antonio. We had our worldly possessions stuffed in the trunk, back seat and on the roof. We missed our turn and had to do a u-turn on I-35 in Waco. Well, the tail wind of about 40 miles an hour became our head wind and took everything off the roof and laid it out in the middle of I-30. While the both of us were salvaging our stuff Andy had turned around in the front seat looking at us through the rear window and laughing very hard. It made the situation more comical than it should have been since we lost most everything that was on the roof rack.

He had this thing about bringing items to his mom—usually bugs, frogs, and such. One time he brought his mom this wonderful dead rat that he had found in the yard...made her day.

On our trip to Berlin (I call them trips now but we were assigned to Berlin for Duty in the Military) Andy had his first real plane ride, this was also a first for mom and little brother Chris. I was already there. Can you imagine 17½ hours of flight time with a 3 and 4 year old? We were in Berlin for about a year, Andy was 5, his mom had just about reached the end of the line with Andy as he was not minding. She told him that he needed to go see me or play because she had lost her temper. I was in the living room and I noticed Andy looking under the couch, opening drawers, looking around the TV, and the closet. I asked him what he was doing and he told me that mommy had lost her temper and he was trying to find it for her. I took him into the room with his mom so he could explain to her what he was trying to do. It made for a wonderful memory.

For Christmas one year he was around 8 years old, we bought he and his brother Red Ryder B-B guns. They were really ecstatic about them and could not wait to fire them. I showed them the proper way to handle them, and what not to shoot at, and other safety stuff. During the Christmas break they figured out how to shoot out all of our outside Christmas lights (125 large bulbs) and the new screens that were just put on the house the summer before. Their excuse for the screens was that they scared the birds off when they opened the doors so they shot through the screens. Oh yea, the guns were locked down with chains and locks for a few years.

We lived in the country and at times would find Andy in the tallest pine tree on the property with him making it sway from side to side, all we could do was stand there in awe praying the tree did not break. He did this stuff with the trees all of the time even after we told him he could get hurt and not to do it anymore. He had a love for nature and hated to see anyone take trees down. He watched as some of the housing areas would just clear the land and leave no tree standing. It broke his heart to see that.

Andy mostly attended the Troup schools here in East Texas grades 1st through the 12th. Andy was having a rough time in the 3rd grade. He actually failed and was held back. He started his second time in the 3rd making the same grades as the first. He had a principal that really was a God send and she had him tested for a disease that was pretty much new in those days. He was diagnosed with Attention Deficient Disorder, ADD without hyperactivity. He had a very extreme case and it would require medication, which helped him 100 percent. His grades turned around and everything. The doctors told us he would outgrow this problem when he reached puberty. We found out later that he would not outgrow the disease. He did graduate from High School. He had an accident at the beginning of his Christmas break as a senior in 1990. He was coming home from working, fell asleep while driving and ran off the road hitting one of those East Texas pine trees. Since it severed his aorta the hospital was not sure he would make it. That was a long 3 weeks before he came home. We thought that nothing could be worse than nearly losing our son.

Andy eventually got married and had a baby girl, he wanted a girl so bad we were not sure how he would take having a boy instead, we were just thankful he had a healthy little girl, and named her Emily. Before his daughter got here he would spend hours playing with his nephew swinging him around in an empty clothes basket like they were flying in an airplane.

Andy would read anything about the Star War movies and he even stood in line at midnight to see the movies when they first opened at the large theaters. He also would read books about military aircraft and could tell you what kind of aircraft was flying overhead by just being



David & Teresa Terrell





*We need not walk alone.*

“A wounded heart, not allowed to mend from the depth of its agony, will be as an abscess to swell and undermine, erupting at a distant time. Or, suppressed, will slowly choke the spirit of its host. Only the bearer will know when his heart has healed.” —Nancy Green



**Andy & daughter Emily**

able to make out the silhouette, even the weapons the aircraft could carry. The USAF wanted him to join up but he was unable to because he lost his spleen during the accident in 1990.

Andy loved to camp out in the mountains. He loved wildlife and plants of all kinds. He had a fascination for Bamboo, Gingko trees, roses and cactus. He loved the martial arts and he had taken classes. He enjoyed his work where he could move around and not be confined to one area. He loved his daughter beyond words. He loved his mom unconditionally and never wanted to disappoint her. He also loved his brother even though they did not agree on everything.

Andy took his own life on November 25th of 2003. We do not know or understand why. We have spent hours trying to come to some resolution as to why but have not resolved this question. During the time that we should have been thankful for the things that were given us for the past year we were planning a funeral instead. Holidays will never be the same for us even though we try to make sure our grandkids see it differently than we do.

The weird thing about all of this was we kept seeing this announcement of a Candle Lighting on a Sunday and then we saw on the news where it had happened. The news mentioned that there was a group meeting for anyone to attend free of charge. I spoke with Teresa, our other son and Andy's widow about going to the meeting that December and we went.

The Compassionate Friends of Tyler is a release point for Teresa and me. We could not believe that anyone else in the world could hurt as much as we were hurting. We were wrong. The people that made the meetings were walking in our shoes and they were carrying on with their lives. That is what I could not believe. There are times when I know we thought we could not make it one more day. But somehow with the knowing that we were not the only ones out there having the same feelings made the difference. Oh no I am not saying we are completely healed, that I believe will never happen. There will always be the touch, smell, memory, pictures and life itself that will bring back the hurt; it will be just a little more controllable. I wish that no one had to go through the pain that we have gone through. The ladies that run the group, Tina, Pat and Marjorie have become friends with Teresa and me. We believe it takes special people to donate their time and monies to help others. The Compassionate Friends of Tyler have helped Teresa and me cope by allowing us to volunteer what we can by monies but more importantly with our time. They have been a support beyond words, there even when it was not group related, and more than that they have helped us to find a way to honor the life of our son. Along the way the healing continues—and that is our wish for all other parents we will meet along the way.

### **Taylor's Poem**

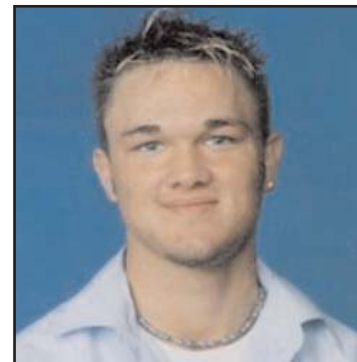
People always tell you that you can't, or you couldn't  
They say you won't or you shouldn't.  
You hear you're not good enough, or you're too lazy.  
You don't believe it, you tell them they're all crazy.  
People say you don't have the right mindset or a good  
attitude.  
You tell them to watch and see,  
Then they'll owe you a little gratitude.  
They say you're going the wrong way,  
Or headed down the wrong trail,  
You try to change, and tell them you won't fail  
But only trying won't make your biggest dream come  
true.  
You tell yourself you will, and you are, and that's  
What you're going to do.  
You think about your dream day and night.  
Believing it will come true, always telling yourself  
You're right.  
The people are just noise to you now,  
You realize it's fate, you don't have to wonder when,  
Where or how.  
The biggest goal of your life, your dream,  
Depends on what you do between now and then,  
So go after your dream, and do the best you can,  
So you'll never have to wonder, what could have  
Been...

By Taylor Davis ~ Dec. 31, 1985- Jan. 21, 2006  
Written 2-12-04

### **I Will Always Remember**

I look at the ceiling and think about what I'll miss,  
While I pray to God and reminisce  
About all the memories I shared with my big brother,  
And about how much he loved our mother.  
I think about the times that we went to the gym,  
And he joked with me about how I couldn't touch rim.  
I remember always going up to the field,  
And that fastball, and having to use my glove as a shield.  
I remember arguing on the way to school.  
And staying out till two in the morning swimming in the pool.  
I will always remember the times we had.  
And how much I loved him even when I was mad.  
I know you're there waiting for me,  
Because God has promised that's the way it will be.

by Forrest Davis  
Dedicated to "My Big Brother" aka Taylor



**Taylor Davis**



**The Compassionate Friends of Tyler, Texas  
invites you to join us for our  
Annual Candle Lighting Memorial on  
December 9, 2007 at Calvary Baptist Church,  
6704 Old Jacksonville Hwy., Tyler.**

**The service begins at 6:30 p.m.**

**Light a candle in memory of your child.  
Family and friends are welcome.**

**For 24 hours straight, candles stay lit in every time  
zone around the globe for one hour to remember  
our NOT FORGOTTEN children.**



**...that their  
light may  
always shine.**

**Light a candle for all children who have died.  
2nd Sunday in December, 6:30 p.m.  
[www.TylerTCF.org](http://www.TylerTCF.org) • 903-258-2547**



# 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

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Tyler, Texas 75711



*We need not walk alone.*



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