

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Post Office Box 583 Taylors, South Carolina 29687
(864) 288-8342 www.tcfofgreenville.org

MARCH 2003

DEDICATION

Bill and Celia Rush lovingly dedicate this newsletter to the memory of David Sims Rush. March 13 would have been David's 28th birthday. We think of David every day, we miss his sweet smile, his gentle ways, his cleverness and his wonderful artistic talent. His artwork will live on forever. He was our delight, our pride and our joy. David lives on in our hearts and we know we will never stop missing him. We will love him forever. We look forward to the day when we will see David again.

David Sims Rush
March 13, 1975 – June 21, 1993

Celia shares the following poems that have been meaningful to her:

I CAN ALMOST

by Victoria Walker

I can almost see you smile
In the shadows of my mind
Bring to me the peace
I have struggled so hard to find

I can almost hear your voice
Telling me "Be not saddened nor
afraid,

Just remember all the good
How we loved and laughed and
played"

I can almost feel your touch
Wiping away my every tear
As I stand among shattered dreams
Letting me know you are still near

I can almost hear you say,
"One day you'll be here too
Live the life you have before you
For we will be here, waiting to
welcome you"

JUST BECAUSE

by Raivennette

Just because I no longer
stand in front of your eyes
doesn't mean you can't see me
Close them,
I am there

Just because I no longer
answer when you call my name
doesn't mean you can't hear me.
Speak softly, listen carefully,
there is my voice.

Just because I no longer
touch your hands
doesn't mean you can't feel me.
Hold on to another,
my arms are there.

Just because I am no longer there
to show you I love you
doesn't mean my love is gone.
Place your hand on your heart,
feel it beat.
I am there.

Know that I am with God.

Know that God is with you.

And in that we are still with each
other.

Just because...

MONTHLY MEETING

Norman Raiford will be the discussion leader at our meeting on Thursday, March 13th. We meet at 7:30 p.m. at Pelham Road Baptist Church, 1108 Pelham Road, Greenville, S. C.

Directions: From I-85 take Exit 54 (Pelham Road) and go West for 3.2 miles. The church is on the left.

From I-385, take Exit 39 (Haywood Road), go approximately 2 blocks and turn right on to Pelham Road. The church will be approximately 1 mile on the right.

COOKBOOK

Submit your child's favorite recipe to Charlene Vinson for publication in our Chapter's cookbook. Forward to Charlene at charlene.vinson@att.net or send to Charlene Vinson, 141 Hollywood Drive, Piedmont, SC 29673. You can also FAX your recipe to Nona Walser at 864-268-4089. If you wish, include a very brief bio of your child.

YOU'RE STILL HERE

by Richard Lepinsky
TCF, Winnipeg, Manitoba

At the finest level of my being
You're still with me.
We still look at each other
At that level beyond sight.
We talk and laugh with each other
In a place beyond words.
We still touch each other
On a level beyond touch.
We share time together in a place
Where time stands still.
We are still together
On a level called love.
But I cry alone for you in a place
called reality.
How I miss you, Nathan.

Though time and space separate us, I
have built a bridge of lovely memories
to span the distance.

TCF, Huntington, VA

*He best understands who has felt the
pain.*

A self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents

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OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

Kevin Adams 03/19/82 – 03/05/99
Steve Bell 03/30/55 – 05/06/78
Jeremy Brooks 03/15/82 – 09/06/02
Josh Bryant 03/27/80 – 06/18/01
Bryan Denny 7/23/55 - 3/28/99
Bennett Moyd 6/24/95 – 3/29/96
Grant Patterson 03/07/02 – 03/06/02
David Rush 03/13/75 – 06/21/93
Kirby Walser 03/19/78 – 03/24/99
Timothy Wilson 12/12/82 – 3/25/01

LOVE GIFTS

With sincere gratitude and deep appreciation, we acknowledge the following gifts:

Charlie and Jo Bell in memory of their son, Steve
Faye Bennett in memory of her daughter, Kimberly
Kathleen and Michael Cox in memory of their son, James
David and Debbie Etherington in memory of their daughter, Lisa
Carolyn Galloway in memory of her niece, Melissa Lyday
Debra Lyday in memory of her daughter, Melissa
Bill and Celia Rush in memory of their son, David
Ruby Denny Vaughn in memory of her son, Bryan Lee Denny
Georgia Whaley in memory of her daughter, Tracy Jean

THE AWAKENING

by Marcia F. Alig
TCF, Mercer Area, NJ

This morning, upon my husband's pillow, A tear.
Last night I heard no weeping,
I felt no rhythmic shaking.
Yet there it is;
Glistening, silent testimony to pain.

Quickly I reach to blot it,
As if one swift brush
Could set the world right again,
But something stays my hand,
Stops me to wonder;
Am I the cause of weeping?

In my life is much sorrow,
Dreadful longing and emptiness
That even my husband cannot fill.
Sorrow brings sleepless nights in fear
Of other phone calls and ambulances,
More longing and emptiness.

My husband shares this loss
But men don't cry.
They nod gravely and tend to details,
Make arrangements and give support.
Yet, there it is upon his pillow,
A tear.

Have I given way to grief
And forgotten one who shares?
Have I made no room for his tears
In the flood of mine?
Am I the reason he weeps
Only in the silence of the night?

I close my hand
To leave the tear drying there.
No more will I blot out his pain
To tend to mine,
For we must share
In order to live: together.

THE HEART REMEMBERS

by Sascha Wagner

Reprinted from The Compassionate Friends Newsletter, 1990

Just at sunset
Does your busy day
Suddenly fall silent
And remember?

Does the rising night
Make you ready
For seeing that face again,
Feeling that touch?

Let the sunset
Do its magic.
Invite the rising night
To ease its dream.

Have we not said
A thousand times and more
That we are richest
When the heart remembers?

26TH TCF National Conference
Hyatt Regency Hotel
Atlanta, Georgia
July 4-6, 2003
www.tcfatlanta.org/2003Conference