

February, 2004



### Don't Tell Me

by Judi Walker 1998

Please don't tell me you know how I feel, unless you have lost your child too. Please don't tell me my broken heart will heal - because that is just not true. Please don't tell me my son is in a better place - though it is true, I want him here with me. Don't tell me someday I'll hear this voice, see his face - because beyond today I cannot see. Don't tell me it is time to move on - because I cannot. Don't tell me to face the fact he is gone - because denial is something I can't stop. Don't tell me to be thankful for the time I had - because I want more. Don't tell me when I am my old self you will be glad - I'll never be as I was before.

What you can tell me is you will be here for me. That you will listen when I talk of my child. You can share with me my precious memories. You can even cry with me for a while and please don't hesitate to say his name, because it is something I long to hear. Friend please realize that I can never be the same, but if you stand by me, your friendship will be my treasure.

**We need to wait patiently and the time will come - and each person will know - when reaching out to others is the surest way to comfort one's self.**



**"Grieving With Hope"**

### Grief is an emotion, not a disease.

There is no timetable for recovery. But there is also no getting around the pain. Each of us has to experience the pain in order to recover from it. Our hopes and dreams may no longer be possible. We may feel hopeless and want to run away. It takes time and effort to regain the ability to function.

We must express our feelings and be patient with ourselves. The

Compassionate Friends plays an important role in this process. Grief is a process. **Recovery** is a decision. Readjustment does not come overnight. But each of us can resolve to survive - one moment at a time ----

*Excerpted from "A Conversation with Rabi Earl Grollman"*

### A Voice

by: Geraldine M. Stephey

~There's no way I can tell you what it's like beyond the veil; I could try with earthly language, but my words would only fail.  
~There's nothing to compare it with, that would help your earthly mind to see the beauty that I see, for your earthly eyes are blind.  
~I only know a day will come, when you will also see; the wonders that have been prepared, for you, as well as me.  
~So while I know you miss me, and long to hold my hand. Our reunion here in paradise, will someday be so grand.  
~So know that I am with you, and I watch you everyday and await the moment in God's time, when you will come my way.  
~And on that day you'll understand, all that has come to be and we'll be together once again, through all eternity.



### A Song for Colin

By Gala Simpson

My heart had lost its will to sing like a butterfly with a broken wing. The pain and emptiness of losing you overshadowed all that I'd say and do.

All around me things looked the same, yet I didn't fit in because everything changed. Now that you're gone I don't know who I am, and no one could help me to understand.

Trying to cope in this world gone mad, with a heart that is broken, wary and sad. I'd pick up the pieces and move with the

flow, but I'd hurt so inside wherever I'd go.

Time passed by and left me behind, to hope and a future I seemed to be blind. As I grieved my losses and barely hung on, it was then that I caught a glimpse of dawn.

A new day is dawning in spite of the strife, and I'm finally realizing I have a new life. A new life without you - do I even dare? If I move on without you, will you know I still care?

Of course you'll know - I'll still shed my tears. I love you much more with each passing year. You're my only son even though we're apart, as I carry you tenderly inside my heart.

Awaiting the day when your face I shall see, knowing it's coming is what motivates me. To keep holding on for the dawn of that day, when I join you in heaven where we'll forever stay.

We'll sing up in heaven a brand new song, and wonder why we grieved for so long. Now my heart has found a new will to sing - like a butterfly with a mended wing.



If you would like to have an article, poem, etc. printed in our newsletter, please mail to: TCF, P.O. Box 583, Taylors, SC 29687

### Or e-mail to:

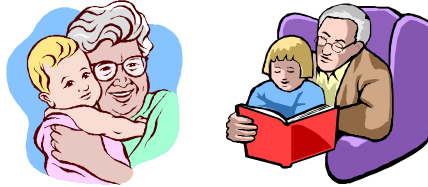
[Janisgow@mindspring.com](mailto:Janisgow@mindspring.com) by the 25<sup>th</sup> of the month prior to the next newsletter's release.

(Please be sure to put "newsletter" or "TCF" in the subject line.)

I'm also updating the Newsletter database. Please send any name or address corrections to the above e-mail address.

**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS**  
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The February newsletter is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Greg Lackey by his parents, Curtis and Judy Lackey. Greg's birthday is February 8<sup>th</sup>. He would have been 28 years old.



**Grandparents' Remembrance**

*by Susan Mackey  
TCF, Rutland, VT*

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild, and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss. We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

**Newly Bereaved ... Burden of Grief**

*By: Sally Migliaccio  
TCF Babylon, NY*

As I struggle with words to find answers, reading and writing my pain. The pages grow blurred before eyes that are tired from this crushing emotional drain.

The relief that comes from the writing, parallels what I feel when I read. To open myself to the torture of loss, seems to soothe this unbearable need.

There's no pleasure in life at this moment. It's an effort to get through the day. And I labor to stay above water ... but the shoreline is so far away.

So I pick up a pen or a book about grief – and it serves as a raft for a while. And I

hope, as my tears fall on pages of pain, that I'll learn once again how to smile.

As I swim toward the shore of acceptance – I pray for the peace of belief. That heaven's your home and you're waiting for me, then I'll finally be free of this grief.

**Our Children Remembered:**

Stacey Bannister – 7/5/67 ~ 2/15/03  
Jon Carpenter – 1/31/76 ~ 2/9/02  
Carey Corder – 3/15/59 ~ 2/27/03  
Lisa Etherington – 10/9/08 ~ 2/11/00  
Greg Lackey – 2/8/76 ~ 8/27/00  
Katheryn Minyard – 2/3/85 ~ 10/12/02  
John Rice Jr. – 10/14/76 ~ 2/14/97  
Melissa L. Rowland – 7/11/81 ~ 2/10/99  
Austin Shealy – 2/1/93 ~ 4/10/02  
Billy Smith – 2/26/61 ~ 2/7/83  
Ashley Staudinger – 2/12/82 ~ 9/13/96  
Arlene Waters – 2/20/82 ~ 5/7/99  
Tracy Whaley – 1/9/63 ~ 2/27/70  
Eric White – 8/11/57 ~ 2/5/97

We acknowledge the following gifts with sincere gratitude and deep appreciation in Memory of:

- **Justin Hix** - ~ by *Theresa and Tim Childs*
- **Rachel Marie Schmidt**  
~ by *Anthony and Jean Marone*  
~ by *Sara and Harvey Berman*
- **Greg Lackey** ~ by *Curtis and Judy Lackey*
- **Melissa Lyday Rowland** ~ by *her mother, Debra Lyday and her Aunt, Carolyn Galloway*
- **James A. Cox** ~ by *Michael and Kathleen Cox, Simon and Nicole*
- **Allan Dobson** ~ by *Jeannie Dobson*
- **Damon Asa Leonard** ~ by *Allan and Marion Leonard*
- **All our children gone too soon** ~ by *Anonymous*

**February's Meeting**

The Greenville Chapter of *The Compassionate Friends* will hold its monthly meeting on Thursday, February 12, 2004 from 7:30 to 8:30 pm at Pelham Rd. Baptist Church, 1108 Pelham Rd., Greenville. This month's meeting will be facilitated by Dick and Margaret Renner. The topic will be **"How Men and Women Grieve Differently"**.