

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Post Office Box 583 Taylors, South Carolina 29687
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Monthly Meeting

July 14, 2005

Always the second Thursday of the month

Topic:

"Writing and Journaling as a Tool to Healing"

Facilitated by:

Dick and Margaret Renner

Meeting Time & Location

7:30 P.M.

Pelham Rd. Baptist Church,
Family Life Center
1108 Pelham Rd., Greenville, SC

New Grandmother

Yes, Suzanne and hubby gave us an absolutely beautiful girl, Lauren Elizabeth. Her debut was Wednesday at 5:57 am, weighing in at 6 lb 10oz - 19" long. Cute little button. Has my personality already!

Speaking of personality, what happened to mine? It disappeared in a whirl of pain late one night in March. The impact of losing Kirby hits from so many different avenues, affects every aspect of our life.

One thing I miss is ME. The ME that was excited, happy, looking forward and planning life.

In the beginning (first several years) there was a blanket, a fog around me, a curtain that blocked off life. Thanks to good friends like you, the support, gentleness, love, all the sharing of this burden called grief, the curtain is no longer so heavy. It's more like a net. Not too heavy to bear, I can feel life through it. But still, that shadow of grief always present. Nothing is quite as much fun. My laugh is still a little hollow. New experiences tinged with regret. The "something's wrong" feeling always nudging.

There aren't many – outside of TCF whom I'd even try to express how I feel. My tears weren't all tears of joy. My quietness, not from awe. My turning away wasn't just to fix the camera.

Rick and I feel so fortunate to have Suzanne, to have her so close and now to have precious new baby Lauren Elizabeth to be part of our lives. Another step forward, a wonderful step forward. And I can enjoy it; because of what each of you contribute to all of us. Each of you who are willing to share the good and the bad, the joy and the pain. Thanks from my heart.

*Nona Walsler
TCF – Greenville, SC*

Butterflies & Rainbows



You came to me on a Butterfly's wing,
so very long ago.
What God had in his plans for us
how could we possibly know?
I watched you laugh and play and dream
as you grew into a man.
How beautiful you were to me,
as you chased rainbows in the sand.

It's incomprehensible to think
that you have gone away.
And you won't be coming back again,
not even for a day.

Two years have come and gone since then
and the sun still rises in the sky.
Butterflies and rainbows still exist,
and I have stopped asking why.
Your light shines brightly in my heart
and always will my dear.
You are with the rainbows there
and I'm with the butterflies here.

By Robyn Bell – TCF, Valley Forge, PA

Falling Apart

I seem to be falling apart. My attention span can be measured in seconds, my patience in minutes.

I cry at the drop of a hat. I forget things constantly. The morning toast burns daily. I forget to sign the checks. Half of everything in the house is misplaced. Anxiety and restlessness are my constant companions.

Rainy days seem extra dreary. Sunny days seem an outrage. Other people's pain and frustration seem insignificant.

Laughing, happy people seem out of place in my world. It has become routine to feel half-crazy. I am normal, I am told. I am a newly grieving person.

~ By Eloise Cole

We acknowledge "Love Gifts" with appreciation in memory of:

- **Schuyler Raiford** ~ by her grandparents, Norm and Alice Raiford
- **Ben Morris** ~ by his parents Ann and Eric Gault
- **Jennifer Hower** ~ by her parents, Cliff and Sharon Hower
- **Justin Hix** ~ by his parents Theresa and Tim Childs
- **Hannah Marie Linder** ~ by her grandparents, Evelyn and Pete Linder

When you're a bereaved parent, many of the joyous happenings in life are often "bittersweet" because of our child who is missing. I received an email from Nona Walsler of our Greenville TCF Chapter who became a new Grandmother this week. She has captured the feelings that many of us have felt on what should be a joyful occasion. Thanks Nona for sharing this with us!

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

The July newsletter is lovingly
dedicated to the memory of all our
Children . . . gone too soon.

Our Children Remembered:

Stacey Bannister – 7/5/67 ~ 2/15/03
Deanna Boland – 11/12/63 ~ 7/15/90
Nicholas Camerato – 7/1/87 ~ 1/12/96
Bryan Denny – 7/23/55 ~ 3/28/98
Jacqueline Evans – 9/2/80 ~ 7/5/03
Quinn Hall – 7/7/82 ~ 6/22/03
Justin Hix – 1/9/81 ~ 7/19/03
Matt House – 7/20/74 ~ 11/6/92
Deborah Jolley – 12/27/61 ~ 7/24/99
Jeremy Knoke – 6/4/79 ~ 7/5/91
Victor Lawson – 5/13/91 ~ 7/21/02
Damon Leonard – 10/27/74 ~ 7/27/84
Jeremy McIntyre – 7/20/72 ~ 1/13/99
Tim McKelder – 10/18/76 ~ 7/18/98
David Pyle, Jr. – 7/23/73 ~ 11/9/99
Melissa Rowland – 7/11/81 ~ 2/10/99
Jennifer Smith – 7/2/72 ~ 12/14/96
Donna Wagner – 7/12/61 ~ 3/15/04
Amanda Williams – 12/4/79 ~ 7/25/99

“The following is copied from a sympathy
card. It didn’t mean much to me then, but
two years later it does.”

Theresa Hix - TCF - Greenville, SC

In memory of Justin Hix

Love lives on forever, in every memory
and thought.
Of the special ones who meant so much
and the happiness they brought.
Love lives on forever, it will never fade
away. For in our hearts our loved ones
are with us everyday.
What the heart has once owned and had, it
shall never lose.



Nature’s Solace

Look for me in nature, now that I am
gone, in all the paler, gentler hues beneath
a morning sun. The softer breezes
passing by pressed grass beneath your
feet; the smaller flowers on slender stems
with perfumes fresh and sweet.

Look for me in nature, now that I am
gone, in all the evening’s pearling that
spread with the setting sun; the whispered
hush of eventide that dims to first
starlight’s gleam. And I am but a breath
away, if you close your eyes and dream.

*Sheila
TCF England*

Think Of Me

By Joy Curmilt

Think of me and know I am with you,
think of me and smile. Think of me and
know that our parting is only for a while.

On the days that you feel so desperate to
see my smiling face, just believe in your
heart I am with you, and that I’m in a
beautiful place.

So think of me and remember all the
memories in your heart, and believe and
know that this is true, we are never really
apart.

Memories of Our Children Are Like a Rose

When a child dies our memories are
held tightly with lots of pain, just like the
tightly folded petals of the rose but with
the many thorns and pricks causing pain.

As we talk about our child and share
memories with others, we begin to open
ourselves to healing as the rose petals start
to open ever so gradually.

Just as a rose becomes more beautiful
as it blooms, so do the memories of our
child.

Yes, the thorns are still there and will
hurt when touched, but oh how beautiful
the rose and oh, how beautiful the
memory of our children!

Share the memory of your child, so
that memory can start to bloom to become
as beautiful as the rose.

*By Julie Timmerman,
TCF, Tulsa, OK*

TIPS

Afraid you will forget details about your child?
Make two columns: In one, list as many
things as you can think of that your child liked
throughout his or her life, such as foods, songs,
books, games, colors, TV shows, movie stars,
boyfriends or girlfriends. In another column,
list the things your child disliked (spinach?
homework?). Continue to add to them as
items come to mind. As the years go by, one
look at these lists will profile the child you
knew, even if time has dimmed your own
memory.

Peggy Gibson, TCF- Nashville, TN