

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Post Office Box 583 Taylors, South Carolina 29687
(864) 288-9820
www.tcfogreenvillesc.org

Monthly Meeting

June 9, 2005

Always the second Thursday of the month

Topic:

“Taking Care of Yourself”

Facilitated by:

Norm Raiford

Meeting Time & Location

7:30 P.M.

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

We acknowledge “Love Gifts” with appreciation in memory of:

- **Trent Chapman** ~ *by his mother, Judy Chapman*

Lending Library



We now have a lending library set up at our meetings. We also welcome book donations. If you have grief books you would like to donate, we will include inside the front cover of the book a “Donated in Memory of _____” and include your name and your child or sibling’s name.

We also welcome “book reviews”. If you have read a book which you felt was helpful on your grief journey, please let us know. Send book reviews and other articles, poems, and remembrances to The Compassionate Friends, P.O. Box 583, Taylors, SC 29687.

**In Memory of My Son
Tyrus E. Couch, II (Little Ty)
Killed in an auto accident May 10, 2003
Hit by a driver high on crack.**

My son, my baby, my little man. I always knew you were in God’s master plan.

I knew you were special when God gave you to me, and it wouldn’t be long before everyone would see.

Blonde hair, blue eyes and a great big grin. Oh, how I long to see that again.

Only 6 years old when tragedy struck. Hit from behind by a drunk driver sent our car spinning head-on into the path of a truck.

When they said you didn’t make it, I couldn’t believe my ears. I screamed and cried and said God I only had him 6 short years.

Then I was reminded of what you would always say. Jesus will take care of things, Mama, all you have to do is pray.

Now, I pray for God to hold you tight. Lord, please don’t let him out of your sight. Take care of him until I get there. Just keep him in your loving care.

Lord, I thank you with all my heart. For all the sweet, precious memories and for letting me be the Mother of my little Ty.

*By Martha Couch
TCF – Greenville, SC*



June is Graduation Month!

Many of you would have had a child to “march down the aisle” had they lived. This will be a difficult time for you and the way you handle this is important for your healing. Should I go to the graduation ceremonies? Will everyone

think I’m crazy if I do? Can I handle it emotionally? Many parents have found that participation in graduation ceremonies can be helpful. Don’t be too concerned about what others will think. Do what you feel is needed for you. Don’t be afraid of tears! Remember, our children HAVE graduated to a much better life than we can know or comprehend.

TCF, Jackson MS

The Grief of Fathers

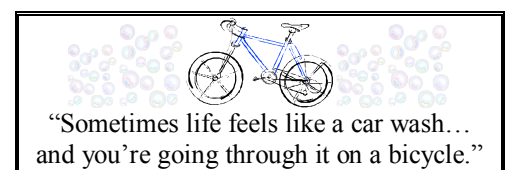
*By Terry Jago
TCF, Regina, Canada*

In the early days of my grief, a tear would well up in my eyes, a lump would form in my throat, but you would not know . . . I would hide it. And I am strong.

In the middle days of my grief, I would look ahead and see that wall that I had attempted to go around as an ever-present reminder of a wall yet un-scaled. Yet I did not attempt to scale it for the strong will survive . . . And I am strong.

In the later days of my grief, I learned to climb over that wall step by step; remembering, crying, and grieving and the tears flowed steadily as I painstakingly went over. The way was long, but I did make it . . . For I am strong.

Near the resolution of my grief, a tear will well up in my eyes, a lump will form in my throat, but I will let that tear fall - - and you will see it. Through it you will see that I still hurt and I care . . . For I am strong.



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

Our Children Remembered:

Josh Bryant – 3/27/80 ~ 6/18/01
Trent Chapman – 1/10/80 ~ 6/27/94
Jonathan Clardy – 6/27/03 ~ 8/15/03
Adam Cole – 5/27/85 ~ 6/27/03
Michael Cooley – 10/16/86 ~ 6/29/04
Candy Cota – 6/4/87 ~ 2/24/04
Allan Dobson – 6/10/75 ~ 9/2/00
Alyson Duncan – 6/18/84 ~ 10/16/84
Randall Eller – 5/4/84 ~ 6/19/02
Sarah Ellis – 6/28/01 ~ 4/23/04
Baron Garret – 10/26/67 ~ 6/21/78
Stuart Gilliland – 9/13/86 ~ 6/20/02
E.J. Gonzalez – 6/16/80 ~ 9/23/00
Charlie Guthrie – 6/27/97 ~ 4/16/02
Quinn Hall – 7/7/82 ~ 6/20/03
Stacy Harris – 6/17/80 ~ 6/5/03
Billy Hinson – 1/10/69 ~ 6/21/02
Christopher Howard 6/15/73~12/19/97
Jennifer Hower – 6/23/75 ~ 12/27/04
Mark A. Jones – 4/20/67 ~ 6/27/99
Sarenity Kendra – 6/23/04 ~ 8/2/04
Jeremy Knoke – 6/4/79 ~ 7/5/91
Hannah M. Linder – 6/9/82 ~ 6/9/82
Terrance Lomax – 10/30/86 ~ 6/14/99
William Lowder Jr. – 6/14/75 ~ 6/6/02
Brian Lynch – 6/21/67 ~ 9/14/02
Brian Martin – 12/13/78 ~ 6/26/01
Mark Miller, Jr. – 10/4/86 ~ 6/18/98
Michael Moyd – 6/24/95 ~ 3/29/96
Keith Poole – 6/2/59 ~ 1/19/98
Schuyler Raiford – 6/15/97 ~ 5/8/99
Randall Rainey – 6/29/59 ~ 12/7/03
David Rush – 3/13/75 ~ 6/21/93
Michael Sims, Jr. – 9/30/69 ~ 6/27/00
Clayton Spencer – 5/24/90 ~ 6/13/02
Patrick Whitehurst-6/11/83 ~ 8/19/99
Joey Williamson – 9/13/69 ~ 6/20/89

For Dads

What I can't understand is how we men will run to someone else to get a small splinter out of our finger but will refuse to ask directions when we are driving and will drive and swear for hours before asking for assistance. The biggest splinter I ever had was when my daughter died. I needed help. Ministers, funeral directors, friends, fellow workers, doctors, psychologists and psychiatrists couldn't help – they didn't know what I was going through. One friend, whose son had been murdered said, "Go to a Compassionate Friends meeting." He knew! I went to a TCF meeting. No one took the splinter out. No one offered any "how to's." No one told me "You should..." No one could, or tried to take away all the pain. But they had been there. They knew, and because they knew, and I knew that they knew, it helped. What I had gone through and will go through in my grief, someone had been there before me. This knowledge has assisted me in my travel through pain. I still have that big hole in my gut. My eyes still fill with tears at odd times. But I know that I'm not crazy. I know that I am not alone. I know that others have gone through these same things – and for some dumb reason, this helps.

*Tom Crouthamel
TCF, Sarasota, FL*

Quinn A. Hall
7-7-82 ~ 6-20-03

In the beginning, God created the heavens and earth. Then there was light, darkness, waters and dry land. There were mornings and evenings followed by days, months and years. God allowed me the privilege of having my son for 20 years. June 20, 2003, God took Quinn to a place far beyond my reach. A life taken by the waters he gave us. Now my days are filled with darkness and my nights are lonely, but I will always have his memories. Memories no one can take from me, but I can share with others. Son, you're in God's hands now and I know you are safe and happy. You are the light that shines bright to help me see my way on the darkest, loneliest nights. You were truly one well-loved young man and you will never be forgotten.

*Love,
Mom*

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.