

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

May 12, 2005

Always the second Thursday of the month

Special Event:

Slide Show Presentation
And
Balloon Release
Honoring our Children

Facilitated by:

Jill Schmidt and Janis Gow

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:

- **Timothy Gilbert** ~ *by his mother, Betty Hilley*
- **Tina Collins** ~ *by her parent, James and Jo Leitke*

I Never Believed

~ I never believed I would see another season change with gladness.

~ I never believed I would see the world again without the haze of tears.

~ I never expected to actually laugh again.

~ I never felt my smile would return and feel natural on my face.

~ I never hoped for another day when I would not want to die.

~ I never envisioned a world that could again be bright and full of promise.

~ I believed that all that had passed from me the day he died and went away; never to return....

But I was wrong and I know that in the fullness of your grieving, you too will come to understand that life goes on ... that it can still have meaning ... that even joy can touch your life once more.

*Don Hackett
TCF-Hingham, MA*



Jacob's Poem

On a dirt and dusty road
Is where I left my soul
Doing what I loved to do best

For the ones I left behind
Please keep in mind
I'm doing ok and you'll be just fine

Just remember all the times
of me in your mind
Of how we laughed and even when we cried

I was with you for a while
As you taught me wrong from right
I will put those lessons to good use every day and every night

You'll never be alone
Stay strong and head up with pride
Because I am with you always at your side

See you soon everyone
I'll wait for you from up above
It is so awesome here
Take care and know I'll always be near

By Laura Nicholson, TCF Greenville, SC

Dear Mr. Hallmark



I am writing to you from heaven, and though it must appear, a rather strange idea, I see everything from here.

I just popped in to visit, your stores to find a card. A card of love for my mother, as this day for her is hard.

There must be some mistake I thought, every card you could imagine, except I could not find a card, from a child who lives in heaven.

She is still a mother too, no matter where I reside. I had to leave, she understands, but oh the tears she's cried.

I thought that if I wrote you, that you would come to know, that though I live in heaven now, I still love my mother so.

She talks with me, and dreams with me; we still share laughter too. Memories our way of speaking now, would you see what you could do?

My mother carries me in her heart, her tears she hides from sight. She writes poems to honor me, sometimes far into the night.

She plants flowers in my garden, there my living memory dwells. She writes to other grieving parents, trying to ease their pain as well.

So you see Mr. Hallmark, though I no longer live on earth. I must find a way, to remind her of her wondrous worth.

She needs to be honored, and remembered too, just as the children of earth will do.

Thank you Mr. Hallmark, I know you'll do your best. I have done all I can do; to you I'll leave the rest.

Find a way to tell her, how much she means to me, until I can do it for myself, when she joins me in eternity.

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

Our Children Remembered:

Melissa Atkinson – 8/30/75 ~ 5/6/03
Dewey Barton – 5/24/73 ~ 10/6/01
Steve Bell – 3/20/55 ~ 5/6/78
Charlie Bellinger – 1/21/79 ~ 5/22/93
Adam Cole – 5/27/85 ~ 6/27/03
Little Ty Couch – 12/10/96 ~ 5/10/03
Kimberly Dacus – 5/7/68 ~ 1/15/05
Jeremy Davis – 12/30/82 ~ 5/14/02
Michael Dorsey – 9/22/81 ~ 5/6/03
Randall Eller – 5/4/84 ~ 6/19/02
Timothy Gilbert – 5/30/64 ~ 9/5/87
Matthew Hix – 5/16/97 ~ 5/13/04
James Howard II – 5/15/70 ~ 12/19/97
Mikey Hummell – 2/24/52 ~ 5/1/56
Victor Lawson – 5/13/91 ~ 7/21/02
Patrick Lay – 5/31/85 ~ 11/2/00
Malinda Massey 12/14/53 ~ 5/31/80
Josh Nichols – 11/15/78 ~ 5/3/01
Susan Oglesby – 3/31/76 ~ 5/31/91
Jeremy Owens – 5/15/75 ~ 11/12/98
Kim Patterson – 9/17/57 ~ 5/10/99
Amy Pieszchala – 9/2/76 ~ 5/22/01
Schuyler Raiford – 6/15/97 ~ 5/8/99
Jonathan Roberts – 5/24/74 ~ 8/24/02
Matthew Roper – 10/7/86 ~ 5/21/02
Tommy Runion – 5/19/80 ~ 1/17/99
Travis Smith – 5/6/72 ~ 3/5/93
Clayton Spencer – 5/24/90 ~ 6/13/02
Cam Turner – 5/16/85 ~ 10/4/02
Arlene Walters – 2/20/82 ~ 5/7/99
Lucia White – 5/4/79 ~ 1/29/95



Missing & Valuing on Mother's Day



Mother's Day is a special day, and special days are hard after the death of a child. It is a normal and natural thing for either parent for the first few years after the death to zero in on who is missing, rather than who is left – and I was no different. Fortunately for me, not long after the Atlanta Chapter formed, a local psychiatrist, Dr. Victor Gonzales, spoke one evening shortly before Mother's Day. He told of his parents' loss of their first two children. His story, of how his life had been influenced and molded by his mother's reaction, touched me. He spoke of how he and his siblings who came later, were forever denied his mother's happiness and joy. She was unable to value what she had left as much as what she had lost. Dr. Gonzales said he spent a great deal of his childhood trying to make his mother happy, always failing and always feeling there must be something lacking in him that caused him to fail. The picture in my mind of him and his siblings always trying and always failing, through no fault of their own, made a great impact on me. I was determined from that day forward that my daughter would not have to lament later in life that she had been denied my happiness and joy because her brother died.

On Mother's Day now, I make room for both missing, and valuing, for they are not, I have discovered, mutually exclusive. Now when I go to the cemetery with my rosebud on my day,

my daughter has not part in my needs while I am there. When I come home, my son doesn't interfere with my acceptance and appreciation of my daughter's expression of love. She gives me a gift on my day, and I give her one in return. It's probably the best gift I could possibly give her – my happiness and joy for life. She is as important as what I have lost and I know her worth.

If you are fortunate enough to have surviving children, I hope you, too are able to value as well as miss. There's room for both, you know.

Mary Cleckley, TCF – Atlanta, GA



Mothers and Fathers

A mother's love for children is a very special thing. Filled with all the many days that mother hood can bring. Days when children misbehave and try your patience so. Days when they are sweet and kind and let their loving feelings show. A father's love for children is very strong and pure. There's no problem that a child may have which a father cannot cure.

A parent's love for children is a never ending thing. It lasts from day to day and year to year through summer, winter, fall and spring. That special love continues still - when someone's child has died, for the feelings that a parent has are impossible to hide.

Jean Hotopp – TCF, Fox Valley, IL