

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Post Office Box 583 Taylors, South Carolina 29687
www.tcfogreenvillesc.org

August, 2004

Letter from Pelham Road Baptist Church

“Thank you for the recent love offering from The Compassionate Friends Support Group. You were very generous and we have designated this for our building program, in memory of Baron Garrett. I have notified Betty Garrett that we received this gift and that the church wanted this to be in memory of her son.

We are very happy to provide this ministry for your wonderful support group. Thank you again.”

We at Compassionate Friends are so appreciative of the generosity shown by the Church for the use of their building for the past many years. We are looking forward to being in the new building in the next few months!

August's Meeting

The Greenville Chapter of *The Compassionate Friends* will hold its monthly meeting on Thursday, August 12, 2004 from 7:30 to 8:30 pm in the “Educational Building” of Pelham Rd. Baptist Church, 1108 Pelham Rd., Greenville. This month, the topic will be **“Our Grief: Dealing with it and Healing with it.”** Norm Raiford, Schuyler's Pa-Pa, will facilitate our discussion, which is based on an encouraging story from Rachel Remin's *My Grandfather's Blessing: Stories of Strength, Refuge and Belonging*. Join us to gain new insights into the hurt you feel over the loss of your precious child.

We acknowledge the following love gift with deep appreciation in Memory of:

- **Justin Hix** ~ by Tim and Theresa Childs

My Son

Robert Garland Davis
3/12/80 ~ 8/3/01

I miss your sideways hugs, you saying “I love you Mom”, your smile when it begins to curl, and the sound of your voice. I miss the cards at the holidays where you would sign them, “Love Your Son, Robert Davis” (Like I wouldn't know who they were from if you didn't sign your last name.) I miss everything about you!

Love Your Mom,
Ginny Davis

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The following was written by Theresa H. Childs in loving memory of her son, Michael Justin Hix, one year after his death.

1/9/81 ~ 7/19/03

**I Can't Believe It's Been A Year**



I can't believe it's been a year,  
Some days I don't shed a tear,  
But I wake each morning with the terrible fear,  
On that July day when I found you were gone,  
And I heard those words,  
“Mama, he's not breathing”.

I can't believe it's been a year,  
Some days I don't shed a tear,  
“They” say you should be over it by now,  
but they never can tell me why or how,  
I hope they never live with this pain.

I can't believe it's been a year,  
Some days I don't shed a tear,  
Now my heart is filled with regret, some friends think, “Is she better yet?” A part of my heart is gone.

I can't believe it's been a year,  
Some days I don't shed a tear,  
Why didn't I do that, why didn't I do this,  
Often I cry for all the life you will miss,  
You had so much love to give.

I can't believe it's been a year,  
Some days I don't shed a tear.,  
I searched everywhere for someone to blame,  
now my life will never be the same. I'm not supposed to live in a world with you gone.

I can't believe it's been a year,  
Some days I don't shed a tear.  
This has been a heart breaking year, I've had few days without shedding a tear, but I've carried you in my heart for a year.

**Comment from a bereaved mother:**

“I want to thank the mother who wrote “A Different Path” in the July newsletter. My son died of AIDS after a long and grueling illness. It was healing to hear about another mother, whose child didn't die a hero (in the world's eyes). Sometimes the stigma and lack of sympathy can be almost as painful as the death.”



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

**Or e-mail directly to the editor at:**

[Janisgow@msn.com](mailto:Janisgow@msn.com) Please be sure to put “Newsletter” or “TCF” in the subject line. Articles submitted by the 25<sup>th</sup> of the month will appear in the following month's newsletter.

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**OUR CHILDREN LOVED, MISSED,  
AND REMEMBERED**

**“As long as we live, they too shall  
live...for they are a part of us as we  
remember them”**

**Our Children Remembered:**

Michael Allen – 10/16/94 ~ 8/25/02  
Shannon Anderson – 11/14/62 ~ 8/1/01  
Kimberly Bennett – 9/12/88 ~ 8/7/89  
David Bridges – 8/25/82 ~ 4/7/00  
Hunter Calhoun – 10/20/96 ~ 8/7/03  
Jonathan Clardy – 6/27/03 ~ 8/15/03  
Robert Davis – 3/12/80 ~ 8/3/01  
Christopher Deviney – 3/8/80 ~ 8/13/98  
Robert Ewing – 8/25/55 ~ 9/4/99  
Ben Morris – 8/18/76 ~ 11/18/95  
Melissa Atkinson – 8/30/75 ~ 5/6/03  
Holden Gregory 8/17/02 ~ 9/14/02  
Olivia Moser – 8/26/01 ~ 9/27/01  
Shane O’Sullivan – 8/2/85 ~ 10/20/03  
Angel Parcels – 4/17/76 ~ 8/24/03  
Christopher Reeves – 8/18/82 ~ 11/8/02  
Jonathan Roberts – 4/24/74 ~ 8/24/02  
Lisa Sinclair – 3/20/71 ~ 8/27/00  
Monica Sinclair – 1/10/95 ~ 8/27/00  
Tom Stearns – 3/27/64 ~ 8/4/93  
Matthew Stewart – 9/6/82 ~ 8/3/00  
Tommy Strange Jr. – 8/13/51 ~ 4/21/86  
Eric White – 8/11/57 ~ 2/5/97  
Patrick Whitehurst – 6/11/83 ~ 8/19/99

**Fingerprints** 

Grieving is like a fingerprint, an  
impression on the skin .....  
No two people are alike or grieve the  
same within.

Some express their sorrow through  
flowers, tears, or song .....  
It can be a unique approach; there is no  
right or wrong.  
Grieving has no time frame, symptoms  
there are many .....  
It could take days or months before  
someone feels any.  
Some may like their privacy, while others  
need to share .....  
Some may join a counseling group, some  
find peace in prayer.  
Some may feel more sensitive for a lot of  
different reasons .....  
Some will be affected by holidays and  
changing seasons.  
So if there is a special date, which causes  
extra sorrow .....  
Pamper what is felt inside and put it off  
until tomorrow.  
Grieving is a process that exhausts the  
mind and soul .....  
It should be done in baby steps a very  
gentle goal.  
Grieving is a fingerprint, someone  
special’s touched your heart .....  
Your memories are your fingerprints to  
express while you’re apart.  
*~By Lila Milligan, a bereaved parent*

**A Penny**



I found a penny today  
Just lying on the ground,  
That’s not just a penny  
This little coin I’ve found.

Found pennies come from heaven  
That’s what my grandpa told me,  
He said angels toss them down  
Oh, how I loved that story.

He said when an angel misses you  
They toss a penny down  
Sometimes just to cheer you up  
To make a smile out of your frown.

So don’t pass by that penny  
When you’re feeling blue,  
That’s a penny from heaven  
That an angel’s tossed to you.  
*~Author unknown*

**Borrowed Hope**

Lend me your hope for awhile; I seem to  
have mislaid mine.

Lost and hopeless feelings accompany me  
daily. Pain and confusion are my  
companions. I know not where to turn.  
Looking ahead to the future times does  
not bring forth images of renewed hope. I  
see mirthless times, pain-filled days, and  
more tragedy.

Lend me your hope for awhile; I seem to  
have mislaid mine.

Hold my hand and hug me, listen to all  
my ramblings. I need to unleash the pain  
and let it tumble out. Recovery seems so  
far distant, the road to healing, a long and  
lonely one.

Stand by me. Offer me your presence,  
your ears and your love. Acknowledge  
my pain; it is so real and ever present. I  
am overwhelmed with sad and conflicting  
thoughts.

Lend me your hope for awhile. A time  
will come when I will heal, and I will lend  
my renewed hope to others.  
*~Bereavement Magazine*