

**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS**  
Post Office Box 583 Taylors, South Carolina 29687  
(864) 288-9820  
[www.tcfogreenvillesc.org](http://www.tcfogreenvillesc.org)

**Monthly Meeting**

October 13, 2005

*Always the second Thursday of the month*

**Topic:**

**“Your Story & The Grieving Process”**

**Facilitated by:**

Dick Renner

**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:

- **Matt Renner** ~ by his parents,  
*Dick and Margaret Renner*
- **Kelly Bennett** ~ by her parents,  
*John and Pat Bennett*
- **Jennifer Hower** ~ by her parents,  
*Floyd and Sharon Hower*
- **José Luis Santos** ~ by his mother,  
*Marisol Gollnick*
- **Ricky O’Brien** ~ by his parents,  
*John & Peggy O’Brien*



**~ Words Left Unsaid! ~**

I didn’t get to say “goodbye”, and all the words I wanted you to hear. I should have said them when I had my chance, but I thought that you would always be near.

I ran out of time to let you know, just how much you meant to me. I should have told you, but I thought you knew, but now I will never know, if you really did see.

When I talk to you in my prayers at night, I hope you can hear all I have to say. I would have told you, if only I could have had you back for one more day.

Perhaps there were words you wanted to say also, that were left unsaid by you. But I do know that you loved me, and you knew that I loved you too.

We should always say what we feel in our heart, as tomorrow may never come. Speak those words today as you feel the need, and never lose your chance to tell someone.

*Author ~ Pamela Hall*



**October**

The month of October brings with it a smorgasbord for the senses. We can hear the crunching and crackling of the leaves under our feet. We can see the brilliant reds; oranges and yellows splash the earth. We can feel the magical approach of winter in the air. October is also the month for Halloween, a date synonymous with masks. As bereaved parents we have, at various times, worn many and varied masks. We have masked our feelings of despair, sorrow and anguish for the sake of our loved ones, friends and co-worker. We have masked our feelings of anger and bitterness for the traditional belief that a kind God would not do this to innocence. Most importantly, we have masked the person we are becoming, the person living through the death of our child. Let us celebrate the month of October by beginning to take off some of our masks. A very positive and helpful way to begin this process is to attend the next Compassionate Friends meeting. Share your sorrow, your fears, your bitterness and disappointment. Above all, share your progress and triumphs through

the journey of grief. When you enter a room full of caring and supportive people who have shared your grief, there is no reason to wear your mask.



**Little Girl Lost**

*By Bob West  
TCF, Hingham, MA*

Little girl lost, no hand to hold. The swings are quiet, the weather’s grown cold. Forever young, ne’er to grow old, little girl lost, no hand to hold.

Flowers that bloomed now start to fade, memories of my little girl, grow stronger each day. The pain and the thoughts will not go away. Consumed by her memories, night and day.

Little girl lost, no longer to play. Days of my life are not the same. Thoughts of your future are no longer here. Only your memory is always near.

Little girl lost, when I grow old. I will go with you and your hand I will hold.

**Please Ask**

*Barbara Hudson ~ Cincinnati, OH*

Someone asked me about you today. It’s been so long since anyone has done that. It felt so good to talk about you...to share my memories of you...to simply say your name out loud.

She asked me if I minded talking about what happened to you or would it be too painful to speak of? I told her I think of it everyday and speaking about it helps me to release the tormented thoughts whirling around in my head.

She said she never realized that my pain would last this long. She apologized for not asking sooner. I told her, “Thanks for asking.” I don’t know if it was curiosity or concern that made her ask, but I told her, “Please do it again sometime soon.”

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

**Our Children Remembered:**

Michael A. Allen – 10/16/94 ~ 8/25/02  
Dewey Barton – 5/24/73 ~ 10/6/01  
Kelly Anne Bennett – 9/14/81 ~ 10/28/02  
Hunter Calhoun – 10/20/96 ~ 8/7/03  
Mark Chappell – 10/8/84 ~ 1/9/04  
Michael Cooley – 10/16/86 ~ 6/29/04  
Little “Ty” Couch – 10/10/96 ~ 5/10/03  
Alyson P. Duncan – 6/18/84 ~ 10/16/84  
Lisa Etherington – 10/9/80 ~ 2/11/00  
Baron Garrett – 10/26/67 ~ 6/21/78  
Alex Haigler – 10/1/99 ~ 2/6/04  
Jessica Harris – 3/5/93 ~ 10/5/03  
Karen M. Hayden – 10/17/69 ~ 1/19/04  
Robert J. Howell – 11/11/92 ~ 10/11/93  
Kyle Jenkins – 12/5/84 ~ 10/15/97  
Bobby Jones – 10/16/86 ~ 12/22/03  
Damon Leonard – 10/27/74 ~ 7/27/84  
Terrance Lomax – 10/30/86 ~ 6/14/99  
Geoffrey Lowry – 10/29/59 ~ 10/1/87  
Tim McKelder – 10/18/76 ~ 7/18/98  
Mark Miller, Jr. – 10/4/86 ~ 6/18/98  
Ricky O’Brien – 10/4/62 ~ 1/10/87  
Shane O’Sullivan – 8/12/85 ~ 10/20/03  
Stephanie Penland – 10/30/77 ~ 11/25/99  
Derrick Pond – 1/16/80 ~ 10/31/02  
Matthew Roper – 10/7/86 ~ 5/21/02  
Jantzen Satterfield – 2/8/88 ~ 10/17/97  
Rachel M. Schmidt – 1/1/93 ~ 10/25/96  
“Tadpole” Teems – 10/14/96 ~ 10/23/00  
Terri Thomas – 10/22/79 ~ 11/22/04  
Jason B. Turner – 9/20/81 ~ 10/7/99  
Cam Turner – 5/16/85 ~ 10/4/02  
Ryan Vilcheck – 10/27/83 ~ 11/22/02  
Daniel Walker – 10/18/80 ~ 9/7/01  
Jason Warlick – 10/12/73 ~ 9/14/98

**Adjusted**

“It’s been several years since your son died” they say. “Surely you must have adjusted by now?”

Yes, I am adjusted . . . Adjusted to feeling pain and sadness and grief and guilt and loss.

Adjusted to hurting and unexpected tears. Adjusted to seeing people made uncomfortable upon hearing me say “my son died.”

Adjusted to losing my best friend because I’m not always “up”. Adjusted to people acting as if grief is contagious and TCF meetings are “morbid.”

Adjusted? Oh, yes, to many things. Knowing I won’t hear his voice, but listening for it still. Knowing I won’t see him drive his Toronado, but staring at every one I see. Adjusted to feeling empty on his birthday and wishing for just one more time with him.

Adjusted - as life goes on . . . to realizing I cannot expect everyone I meet to wear a bandage – just because I am still bleeding . . .

*By Shirley Blakely Curle*

***Perhaps . . . your tears of sorrow today  
will water the seeds of tomorrow’s  
garden of spiritual growth, of worthy  
priorities, of loving relationships and  
genuine understanding and compassion.  
My sad friend, your weeping is not  
fruitless.***

*Nancy Williams - TCF, NJ*



**A Grandparent’s Point of View**

The death of a child is the most tragic thing that can happen to anyone. It affects so many lives – family, friends, and even strangers.

I lost my grandchild through death, and only a grandparent can understand the special love we have for our grandchildren and the loss we feel when the child dies. For grandparents, it a double loss. Not only is your grandchild gone, but you also watch your child die each day.

The smile that was always on my daughter’s face is no longer there. The hurt is so deep and there are so many questions. You feel helpless as a parent. You can’t kiss the hurt away as you did when they were a child. You have no answers for their questions, for you can barely understand your own feelings.

Each day I hope and pray for a little ray of sunshine to show on my daughter’s face. I search for a little something to say or do that will comfort her. It seems that there is no end to the suffering.

As time has slowly gone by, I have seen the healing process begin. In time a ray of hope will shine on my daughter’s face and a smile will make her eyes light up again. She will turn to me for what little comfort I can give her. There will always be a part of me that is gone, but in time I will learn to live with the part that is still there.

*By Ruth Eaton*

*TCF – Savannah, GA*