

September, 2003

This month's newsletter is lovingly dedicated by John and Patsy Bennett in memory of their daughter, Kelly who died October 28, 2002.

Kelly wrote the following poem for her parents:

"My family – I just wanted to say all those tears you shed for me were not in vain. For something happened tonight while traveling down a lonely road. And I thought you should be the first to know, I am not the same and all those dreary days are over now, those sleepless nights are passed and all those times you waited up for me so long, those are over now at last. For I am not the girl I used to be - you can sleep tonight - for I found Jesus, now everything's alright. I love You."

Kelly 12/99

The Cemetery

*By Mary Cleidey
TCF Atlanta, GA*

Are you one of those people who have a need to go to the cemetery often? The non-bereaved frown on that as a rule. Many people feel there is something morbid about those visits; that you are obsessing. Unless you know the pain of losing someone you love better than yourself, you can't understand that need.

Some people need to visit everyday; others go now and then, and still some never go back once the funeral is over. There are no rules. If it makes people uncomfortable when you make your cemetery visits, go alone. Don't feel you

need anybody's permission or approval.

It is important for you to know that how often you go to the cemetery has absolutely nothing to do with the length and depth of your expression of your grief. It is also important to know that you have the right to do what every comforts you.

It may not seem right to your sister, your brother-in-law or your friends, but that's their problem. If you try to please everybody by the things you do and say, you'll find you are not taking care of your needs. And there aren't more important needs than yours right now. You won't always require visits this often, and when you no longer feel this urge to go so often, don't feel guilty. It just means you are getting better. Accept it as that, and move forward with your life when you are able. For right now, do what makes you Feel better.



Bow Your Head

*By Sharon Brunelle
TCF, Worcester, MA Chapter*

Bow your head, and say a prayer, a child has died today...

No loss or pain can match the price, these parents now must pay. Heartache, sorrow, tears and grief, replace the smiles and joy. That once were shared by those who loved, this wonderful girl or boy. Bow your head and say a prayer, a child has died today...

A life of hopes and dreams is lost in a future gone astray. Reach out to

touch, to hug, to hold the ones who now must tread, A path so lonely, long and dark, their precious child is dead.

Bow your head and say a prayer, a child has died today...

A year ago, that child was mine, and I miss him more each day.

How Long Will The Pain Last?

Author Unknown

"How long will the pain last?" a broken hearted mourner asked me. "All the rest of your Life." I have to answer truthfully. We never quite forget. No matter how many years pass, we remember. The loss of our child is like a major operation. Part of us is removed, and we have a scar for the rest of our lives. As years go by, we manage. There are things to do, people to care for, tasks that call for our full attention. But the pain is still there, not far below the surface. We see a face that looks familiar, hear a voice that echoes, see a photograph in someone's album, see a landscape that once we saw together, and it seems as though a knife were in the wound again. But not so painfully. And mixed with joy too. Because remembering a happy time is not all sorrow, it brings back happiness with it.

How long will the pain last? All the rest of your life, but the thing to remember is that not only the pain will last, but the blessed memories as well. Tears are proof of life. The more love, the more tears. If this be true, then how could we ever ask that the pain cease altogether. For then the memory of love would go with it. The pain of grief is the price we pay for love.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
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OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

Kelly Bennett 9/14/81 – 10/28/02
Jeremy Brooks 3/15/82 – 9/6/02
Terry Lee Davis 9/19/82 – 1/27/01
Allan Dobson 6/10/75 – 9/2/00
Jill Dunlap 9/24/67 – 1/29/86
Todd Garrett 9/10/01 – 1/17/02
Timothy Gilbert 5/30/64 – 9/5/87
Holden Gregory 8/17/02 – 9/14/02
Olivia Moser 8/26/01 – 9/27/01
Amy Pieszchala 9/2/76 – 5/22/01
Matt Renner 9/21/72 – 1/13/01
Molly Sheridan 4/21/89 – 9/7/02
John T. Sinnett 9/29/83 – 9/25/01
Ashly Staudinger 2/12/82 – 9/13/96
Matthew Stewart 9/6/82 – 8/3/00
Jason Turner 9/20/81 – 10/7/99
John W. Turner III 2/19/76 – 9/5/02
Elizabeth Warner 9/24/93 – 4/4/01
Lynn Cobb Watson 9/9/71 – 9/9/95
Joey Williamson 9/13/69 – 6/20/89

LOVE GIFTS

We acknowledge the following gifts with sincere gratitude and deep appreciation:

**** Lois Ann Gault in memory of Ben Morris**

****Richard and Margaret Renner in memory of their son, Matt.**

MONTHLY MEETING

Thursday, September 11th at 7:30 pm
at Pelham Road Baptist Church, 1108
Pelham Road.

Birthday Table

At our regular monthly meetings, we have available a "birthday table". During the month of your child or grandchild's birthday, everyone is encouraged to make use of this table to remember and share this very special day.

Some ideas on using the birthday table:

- Bring items to display that have a special meaning. Some parents have brought items ranging from stuffed toys, sports uniforms, toys to artwork, stories and poetry. It's your choice!
- Share a special birthday food with the group. The food brought to meetings has been very original – popcorn, brownies, cheerios, cookies – you name it!

Participation is encouraged – but certainly not required! However, this is an excellent way to remember and share this extraordinary time with others.



Please share this day!

The Group

I tell myself I no longer need the group and yet I still remain. I tell myself I'm over the grief, and yet I still feel the pain. I tell myself no one can possibly know how I feel, and then that caring voice from across the table says, "We'll give you time to heal." I tell myself I can't possibly contribute anything worthwhile, by coming to this place, and then I see the pain and suffering on each new member's face. I tell myself if something that you say in group tonight helps even one person in any way, then your coming here is not a loss, but a tremendous gain indeed. I tell myself stop listening to the voice inside who doubts. I tell myself its the other voice who knows what the group is all about. I tell myself I still need the group, I can't deny its true. I tell myself that's quite all right, because the group still needs me too.



Some people come into our lives and quickly go.... Some stay for awhile, leave footprints on our hearts and we are never, ever the same.



Visit Greenville's own website of The
Compassionate Friends at:
www.tcfogreenvillesc.org