

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

March 8, 2007

Always the second Thursday of the month

This month's meeting will be an "Open Forum"

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:

- **Greg Lackey** ~ by *Curtis and Judy Lackey*
- **Billy Smith** ~ by *Bill and Jewel Smith*
- **Roger Strange** ~ by *P.W. and Rebecca Strange*
- **Kevin Adams** ~ by *Don and Susan Adams*



Spring is Coming

We hear of the beauty of spring, and the new life. During my first year after losing my daughter, I expected that spring would cheer us up and make me feel better. How surprised and frustrated I was when, on one of those truly magnificent spring days when life seems to burst forth everywhere...I was "in the pits." The sense of loss and emptiness was greatly intensified.

Gradually, I began to realize that my expectations for spring were unrealistically high. I had looked forward to spring with the wrong kind of hope.

When we are newly bereaved, we are constantly looking for something to take away the pain and make our lives all right again. Unfortunately, there is no magical event or moment when this takes place. It does happen, but only with time and the grief work which we all must do before we can be healed.

The coming of spring cannot make everything okay again. What it can do, however, is remind us that regardless of what happens in our lives, nature's processes will continue, and that can offer us hope.

I am looking forward to spring this year. I welcome the sun's warmth, the return of the birds from their winter in the South, the forsythia, the daffodils, and the greening of the world. Know that someday you will once again welcome spring. Be gentle and patient with yourself and with nature. Don't expect too much. Be ready to let a little of the hope that spring can offer into your heart.

*Evelyn Billings
TCF ~ Springfield, MA*



We Are So Alike

We're so alike, you and I.
I lost a daughter.
You lost a son.
She was eight months old.
He was thirty-seven.
She never spoke.
He called you every Sunday.
She died nine years ago.
He's been buried two months now.
I always look at babies.
You see all the young fathers.
I miss my daughter.
You miss your son.
You see, we're so alike, you and I.

*By Cathy Deider,
Algona, IA*

IF ONLY, ONE MORE TIME...

*By Vicki Richey
TCF, Orange County Chapter, CA*

To hear your voice loud and clear,
To see your image as if you're here,
To feel your warmth like you are near,
If only, one more time...

To hear you call, "Mom, I'm home"
To keep me company when I'm alone,
To watch you run and grab the phone,
If only one more time...

To watch you sit quietly and read,
To buy you things you say you need,
To see you do a thoughtful deed,
If only, one more time...

To find a note written by you,
To walk upstairs and trip over your shoe,
To comfort you when you're feeling blue,
If only, one more time...

To feel your arms in a soft embrace,
To see the smile upon your face,
To understand when you needed
"space" if only, one more time...
If only, one more time...

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

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

The March newsletter is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Greg Lackey by his parents, Curtis and Judy Lackey.

Our Children Remembered:

Kevin Adams – 3/19/82 ~ 3/5/99
Jeremy Brooks – 3/15/82 ~ 9/6/02
Josh Bryant – 3/27/80 ~ 6/18/01
Rivers Chandler – 1/22/91 ~ 3/6/00
Jason Chappell – 8/2/82 ~ 3/26/05
Carey Corder – 3/15/59 ~ 2/27/03
Robert Davis – 3/12/80 ~ 8/3/01
Bryan Denny – 7/23/55 ~ 3/28/98
Christopher Deviney–3/8/80 ~ 8/13/98
Linda N. Forrester – 3/29/48 ~ 4/28/99
John Baron Howell – 3/9/90 ~ 3/9/90
David Rush – 3/13/75 ~ 6/21/93
Roger Strange – 2/6/61 ~ 3/13/88
Terry Reagin Jr. – 3/3/81 ~ 5/22/06
Kirby Walser – 3/19/78 ~ 3/23/99
Scott West – 3/1/77 ~ 4/2/05

The Birthday Table

No rustling tissue paper scattered ribbons or burst balloons; no shouts of Happy Birthday break the silence in this room

Nonetheless a birthday has rolled 'round again though the beloved children who reveled in the cheer no longer blow the candles out at the turning of the year

Loving hands may bring a photograph of that precious life to share and place it on the birthday table with utmost tenderness and care.

For though the world may not recall the laughter or the joy we treasure every memory of our birthday girls and boys.

By Frankie Wilford,
TCF ~ Carrollton-Farmers Branch, TX

My Heart Catches



Years ago when my mother-in-law would see a little girl that for a moment looked like her daughter that had died, she would say “my heart catches” and we would say to each other “after all these years!” Now I know what she meant, for it’s been ten years since Phyllis died and every once in a while I see a young woman who at a glance resembles Phyllis and “my heart catches.” Now “after all these year” doesn’t mean a thing....time is irrelevant

Essie Proudman
TCF ~ Jamestown, VA



Sharing

Everybody has SOMETHING. Some call it faith. Some refer to fate, destiny...religion...God... a belief. It does not matter what you call it; but in your moments of deepest sorrow, KNOW that it is there. Don't be afraid to question it. Hate it. Curse it. Hide it. Scream at it. Test it. But KEEP it. One day your grief will be resolved. Then you will be able to acknowledge it, accept it, be grateful for it, understand it, and SHARE it. Only then can you LIVE it. I call mine FAITH: what do you call YOURS?

Shirley Melin
TCF ~ Aurora, IL

Gardens of the Heart



How comforting are our memories
They sustain us in our sorrow
And give us reassurance
As we face a new tomorrow.

And though the world seems barren
When our loved ones depart
Their memory blooms forever
In the gardens of the heart.

TCF ~ Houston, TX



Friends are angels who lift us to our feet
when our wings have trouble
remembering how to fly.

~Anonymous

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

Or e-mail to:
tjgow@bellsouth.net by the 25th of the month prior to the next newsletter's release. (Please be sure to put "newsletter" or "TCF" in the subject line.)