

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Post Office Box 25573 Greenville, South Carolina 29616
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Monthly Meeting

April 12, 2007

Always the second Thursday of the month

Topic:

“After Death Communications”

Facilitated by:

Margaret 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:

- **Tremain Jackson** ~ by Della Jackson Snoddy
- **Eric Scott Gow** ~ by Tom and Janis Gow

“In reality we never lose the people we love. They become immortal through us. They continue to live in our hearts and minds. They participate in our every act, idea, and decision. No one will ever replace them in spite of the pain. We are richer for all the years invested in them. Because of them, we have so much more to bring to our present relationship and all those to come.”



I cleaned out the garage after he died ... and I found our beach ball ... I couldn't let the air out of it. It's his breath in there.

Carol Burnett
In the film *Laundromat*

Believe

By Betty Stevens
TCF, Baltimore, MD



Crocuses poke their heads through the crusted snow to let us know the long, bleak winter is ending and spring will come again.

So, too, the long bleak winter of your aching, breaking heart will end and spring will come again one day.

Be patient – but believe it.
Your spring will come again.

In The Silence

In the silence Mom you hear me, in the silence I am here. In the silence you can feel me and in the silence it is clear. That my spirit hasn't left you, I am just a thought away. You can see me in the shadows, anytime you look my way. Look for me in the sunshine, and in the stars at night. In the wind, trees and flowers, everything that is in sight. Talk to me, say my name and know that I'm still here. In my death I have a new life and one day it will be clear. So talk to me and look for me, in everything you do. For I haven't gone so far away, I'm really right next to you.

By Joy Curnutt - St. Clair County, IL



Grief is Like A Bucket of Water

You can start out with a full bucket, but when you find it too heavy to carry, you can bump it a little, so that some spills, and you can carry it a little farther. As you continue, you bump it again so that it becomes lighter to carry for the longer

distance. You must do the same with grief. To keep the burden from becoming intolerable, you must “bump the bucket” a little and let a little of your grief spill out from time to time, so that you can continue.

How true is this? I am ever so grateful to my “Compassionate Friends” for encouraging me to “bump the bucket” occasionally.

If your burden seems to be getting too heavy for you, it might be time for you to join us for a meeting. I think some of us tend to try and carry that full bucket too long and too far. Remember that we are here if you need to “bump the bucket”.

Lovingly lifted from
TCF Cape Fear Chapter

Mothers and Fathers

A mother's love for children is a very special thing. Filled with all the many days that motherhood 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



RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

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

Our Children Remembered:

Jamie Bagwell – 4/22/79 ~ 7/13/05
Leah Blackstock – 4/19/91 ~ 8/12/93
Ashley Brackett – 4/26/76 ~ 4/8/98
David Bridges – 8/25/82 ~ 4/7/00
Celeste Bright – 2/22/80 ~ 4/14/94
Tina Collins – 4/10/64 ~ 12/16/01
Stephanie Corder – 9/19/56 ~ 4/25/61
Sarah Ellis – 6/28/01 ~ 4/23/04
Linda N. Forrester – 3/29/48 ~ 4/28/99
Eric Scott Gow – 4/6/71 ~ 11/4/91
T.C. Gramling – 10/10/81 ~ 4/4/03
Charlie Guthrie – 6/27/97 ~ 4/16/02
Mark Jones – 4/20/67 ~ 6/27/99
Eli Labbe – 12/31/85 ~ 4/14/02
Jose Luis Santos – 5/15/72 ~ 4/14/02
Austin Shealy – 2/1/93 ~ 4/10/02
Molly Sheridan – 4/21/89 ~ 9/7/02
Jeffery Sloan – 4/9/84 ~ 4/8/03
Holly Stephens – 4/11/85 ~ 1/2/04
Tommy Strange Jr. – 8/13/51~4/21/86
Scott West – 3/1/77 ~ 4/2/05
Chad Withered – 4/13/79 ~ 12/30/94

Find a little time for spring
Even if your days are troubled.
Let a little sunshine in
Let your memories be doubled.

Take a little time to see
All the things your child was seeing
And your tears will help your heart
Find a better time for being.

*Sascha
Des Moines, IA*



The Ache We Hold Inside

*From the TCF Cincinnati Chapter
Author Unknown*

When these children we loved are taken,
and the years pass slowly by, you feel the
grieving is over, but the ache is still
inside.

This life of ours must continue and the
tears we must learn to hide, but you know
it will never leave you, this ache we feel
inside.

Their siblings go on with their future, and
you know this is how it should be.
You share in their joys and sorrows, but
that ache won't let you free.
Where they rest, you visit less often, and
their voices are not as clear. And our zest
for life is returning, but the ache is always
near.

Our friends and families tell us, how well
we handled our grief. If they only knew
deep within us, from this ache there is no
relief.

When alone we talk to them often, for we
know they are still by our side. And the
warmth of our memories comfort, but the
ache will always abide.

As we continue this earthly voyage and
the calm and the storms pass by. We will
cherish our precious memories, and this
ache we hold inside.

Sometimes

Sometimes
Memories are like rain showers.
Sprinkling down upon you,
Catching you unaware.
And then they are gone,
Leaving you warm and refreshed.

Sometimes
Memories are like thunderstorms.
Beating down upon you,
Relentless in their downpour.
And then they will cease,
Leaving you tired and bruised.

Sometimes
Memories are like shadows.
Sneaking up behind you,
Following you around.
Then they disappear,
Leaving you sad and confused.

Sometimes
Memories are like comforters.
Surrounding you with warmth,
Luxuriously abundant.
And sometimes they stay,
Wrapping you in contentment.

My Angel

You are my angel in heaven, watching
over me. You shine a light on my path, so
that I can see. You are my angel of
happiness that always makes me smile.
You are my angel of strength, so that I can
walk the miles. You are my angel of hope
when things are going bad. You are my
angel of comfort when my heart is feeling
sad. You are my angel in Heaven, who
someday I will see. You are my angel in
Heaven, keep watching over me.

Tonya Lee Brown – Sugar Creek, MO