



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS Newsletter

MEMPHIS, TN

JULY/AUG 2007

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

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The Memphis Chapter of The Compassionate Friends conducts meetings on the first Thursday of each month from 7-9 p.m. at St. Louis Church located at 203 S. White Station at Shady Grove.

Be sure to bring a picture of your child to each meeting. We have a table set up for the placement of pictures of our children.

Next Meetings:

July 5th

Aug 2nd



TCF Meeting Topic for July – How grief affects family relationships

TCF Meeting Topic for August – How did I view the world before my loss and how do I view it now?



Your memories are not a delusion; they are a glimpse of a reality far more solid and lasting than this world will ever offer. Take comfort in this, those we love may be separated from us by death; but nothing can ever take them from our hearts.

Eldyn Simons

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 our hearts.

TCF Houston, TX

Imagine

Imagine for a moment a mobile, all the shapes are of different weights and designs; but they hang together harmoniously, each catching the sunlight and creating a melodious rhythm in the wind. Now snip one of the pieces; there is chaos, each of the remaining pieces smash into one another, and what was a melodious sound is now a clanging almost wailing in the wind. When a child is snatched by death from a family the results are the same, multiplied innumerable times.

Stephan Barrett

Just an Infant

We had a find discussion, you and I, talking about those who don't understand our loss and how we feel; peers in grief. And then you asked my son's age at death, and I could see your change of attitude as I replied "three months," our talk was over. Having lost an older child, you decided that what we both felt couldn't be the same, for your child was with you longer; and my child was just an infant. But our loss and our pain are not that different, for through the death of our child, we have lost the same thing; dreams of the future. Yes, you have more memories than I, but we have both lost the tomorrows of our children, and that pain knows no minimum age. God, it hurts. All of the things we've wished for our child, with no regard to age, now will not come to pass; that future is gone. Yes, my son was an infant, but that does not lessen the love that I have, as the age of your child does not affect your love; love is an ageless emotion. And when my young son died, he carried away in his little hands as many dreams, hopes, and love as your child did when he left; I miss you Alex.

Doug Hughes TCF, Cincinnati, OH

It's so hard to watch your child grow up in your mind!

*TCF 30th National Conference, "Trail of Tears to Healing Hearts",
July 20th thru July 22nd, Oklahoma City, OK*

Announcements

TCF National Conference,

The 30th annual conference of The Compassionate Friends will be held in the Cox Convention Center in Oklahoma City, OK July 20–22. “Trails of Tears to Healing Hearts” is the theme of The Compassionate Friends 30th National Conference. A pre-conference Professionals Day program will be presented Thursday, July 19 and the 8th annual Walk to Remember will be held Sunday July 22nd. Keynote speakers for this year conference include Elizabeth Edwards, bereaved parent, lawyer, and wife of declared presidential candidate John Edwards; Elizabeth will be the keynote speaker at the Opening Ceremony Friday morning. In addition to Elizabeth, Bill Hancock, bereaved parent and author, whose son was killed in the 2001 airplane crash along with members and staff from Oklahoma State University’s men’s basketball team will be the keynote speaker at the Friday evening Banquet; Bud Welch, whose daughter, Julie was killed in the 1995 bombing of the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City will be the keynote speaker at the Sunday Closing Ceremony; and Simon Stephens who founded The Compassionate Friends 37 years ago in England and will be the Saturday evening Banquet speaker. The registration brochure packet can now be viewed and downloaded from the national website at www.compassionatefriends.org. The conference will feature nearly 100 workshops covering many grief areas for families that have experienced the death of a child, grandchild or sibling. There will be workshops for bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents as well as a complete track for families that have no surviving children. Mark your calendars now and look for registration forms available online in early 2007. Rooms have been blocked and special rates negotiated at two hotels only a short walk from the Cox Convention Center, where the conference will be held. The Renaissance Oklahoma City has a covered walkway into the Convention Center while the Courtyard by Marriott is across the street. To reserve a room at either hotel you can also go on line at <http://cwp.marriott.com/okcbr/compassionatefriends>.

Amazon

The TCF National Chapter receives 5% of all Amazon purchases if you make these purchases through the amazon.com link on the National Chapter’s home page, www.compassionatefriends.org

Grief Materials

Looking for a particular grief book? Look no further than Centering Corporation, the official recommended grief resource center of The Compassionate Friends. With the largest selection of grief related resources in the United States, Centering Corporation will probably have just about anything you’re looking for, or they will be able to tell you where to find it. Call Centering Corporation for a catalog at 402-553-1200 or visit their Web site at www.centering.org. When ordering, be sure to mention you are with The Compassionate Friends and all shipping charges will be waived

New Parents

The Memphis TCF Chapter has a website with information about TCF and what is happening in the Memphis Chapter. We also have a page where we have pictures and personal comments and stories about our children. If you would like to have your child’s picture added to our website you will need to sign a release form which is required by our Webmaster and the National Chapter. Bring the picture and the written verbiage to our next meeting. The written verbiage needs to be prepared in WORD and saved on a disk. You can view our website at www.tcfmemphis.com. Click on “Our Children”, and then click on a specific child’s name.

TCF Wristbands

Compassionate Friends wristbands are imprinted with “Forever In My Heart” framed by two butterflies are available for \$1.00 If you would like to order TCF wristbands, call Gwen Elrod at 901-388-3298 or send your request by e-mail to gwenelrod@hotmail.com.

New Support Groups in the Memphis Area:

NICU Support Group & LIMB Support Group (Loss in Multiple Births) – Contact Michelle Juelfs at michelle@tmjavon@aol.com for additional information.

Birthday Table

Each month we provide a Birthday Table for the parents whose children would be celebrating a birthday. We invite you to bring pictures, scrapbooks and other mementos that belonged to your child to share with your Compassionate Friends.



Those we hold most dear
Never truly leave us.
They live on in
The kindness they showed,
The comfort they shared,
And the love they brought into our lives

Isabel Norton
TCF, San Antonio, TX



Vacations

Vacation time is upon us again. You may be having trouble with that very thought. My only advice is to go where it is the most comfortable for you. Large places with many people may not be the answer this year. The family oriented spots may make it more obvious that one of your blessings is missing. It may be that you are locked into plans that were made before the tragedy of your child's death. You may hesitate to change these plans if they involve other people. I personally could only be with people who understood my feelings in the beginning. If the other people involved are not sensitive and understanding, you may want to reconsider your plans. Good, warm, caring friends who will allow you to be wherever it is that you are can be a great comfort. Keeping it simple with a backdoor through which you can escape if necessary, can be the best answer. Going away and coming home can be a problem in the beginning; know that it's normal. Whatever it is that you do and wherever it is that you go, I hope you will keep in mind that it won't always be this painful. It will be better; be patient. If you can find any peace and enjoyment, do it. You deserve it and it doesn't mean you don't care.

Mary Cleckly TCF, Atlanta, GA

Fifty Year Vigil of the Grave

Ten years ago, a grave in the cemetery caught my wife's attention; it was close to the grave we visited. My wife read the inscription; it was the grave of a little girl named Marjorie; she was only three years old when she died in 1935. My wife's name is Marjorie also, and that may have been a small reason for our interest, but it was the date that stuck us. Although the child had died in 1935, forty-two years later there were still lovely tended flowers growing there. A three year old girl was still alive in someone's memory. Whenever we went to the cemetery we visited this little grave. We saw flowers growing there every summer for the next eight years. We never saw the person who tended them, but we guessed it was her Mom, whose date of death was yet unwritten on the family stone. The flowers appeared until 1985, fifty years after the child had died. That summer there were no flowers and a date of death appeared on the Mother's headstone.

Anthony Von Eisen

When Does Grief End?

Grief hits us like a ton of bricks, flattens us like a steamroller; hurls us into depths of despair. We know in a flash when grief hits, but when does it end? Like the month of March, grief rushes in like a lion and tiptoes out like a lamb. Sometimes we don't know when grief leaves, because we won't let go of the lion's tail. Why do we hold on so long? Grief offers us safety and protection from the world. We don't want to let go because we secretly fear that we'll forget our loved ones, and we don't want to let go because we fear the future and having to face life without our loved ones. We don't want to let go because we make the mistake of measuring our grief with the

depth of our love when neither has anything to do with the other. How do we know when grief has run its course? How do we know when we've grieved enough? Cried enough? Died enough? How do we know when we feel joy again, in something or someone? Joy in living, joy in life; we know when we wake up in the morning and our first thought is of something other than our loss. We know when we look ahead with a smile and back with fond memories, and when we no longer dread the nights. We know when our life starts filling up with new interests and people and we start reaching for the stars. Grief ends when we let go of the tail.

Margaret Browley

New TCF Survey Shows

Low Divorce Rate Among Bereaved Parents

Flying in the face of conventional beliefs, a 2006 survey just released by The Compassionate Friends shows that only 16 percent of bereaved parents have their marriage end in divorce. For decades, the commonly voiced belief has been that 70 to 90 percent of all couples who have experienced the death of a child will divorce. Those figures have been repeatedly cited in articles throughout the media, as well as by many professionals and those within the bereavement community, although no foundation for them has ever been discovered. "This study should finally put to rest the myth that bereaved parents are doomed to divorce," says Pat Loder, Executive Director of The Compassionate Friends. Pat is a twice bereaved parent who recalls that following the death of her children in a 1991 auto accident, she was advised by a nurse at the hospital that most marriages won't survive the death of a child. "First I was told my children had died," recalls Pat; "Then I was told my marriage would die, there are no words that can describe how that warning compounded the grief I already felt." The TCF study, "Death of a Child 2006," released in October 2006, was based upon a survey of 400 bereaved parents within the United States, evenly split by gender and demographically dispersed by location and age. Of 306 who were married at the time of their child's death, eight were widowed and 57 divorced, yielding a divorce rate of 16 percent, far below the national divorce rate of nearly 50 percent, as cited by the National Center for Health Statistics. And of those who divorced, less than half, only 40.9 percent cited the death of their child as the cause of their divorce. The survey results confirm a 1999 survey, also administered on behalf of The Compassionate Friends that showed an even lower divorce rate among bereaved parents of only 12 percent. "It is now imperative," says Pat Loder, "that we dispute the fictionalized 70/90 percent divorce rate whenever it is cited." Asked why the divorce among bereaved parents would be so low, Pat responded, "The death of a child appears to draw bereaved parents together in their shared grief experience. This sharing helps us to keep our children alive in our memories and to better cope with our loss."

Grief Intensity

Most of us who would agree that the intensity of grief varies considerably. This is most apparent to me when I am with others. You know who the others are, the ones who have not experienced grief. We have to consider them because we interact with them; they work for us, or we work for them. Some of us are married to them; they are our good friends, and sometimes the only support we have comes from them. They may be members of our own family, part of our lives, and therefore must receive our attention. I am not sure if we live in their world or they live in ours, but I do know that we deal with them daily. So how does this affect the intensity of our grief? Well, I believe that grief is a state of mind that generates all the bone-chilling feelings that can make you physically sick; headaches, insomnia and a thousand other reactions that many of us have from time to time. So if you agree that grief is generated by the mind, then it follows that the mind is in charge or controls grief. Does that mean that I am in charge of my own grief? If it does, then I would like to get rid of it as soon as possible! It is not that simple. The

mind is subject to influence from external happenings. For example, when the clouds form at twilight into special shapes and my mind sees them through my eyes, then images are conjured up of my lost son who somehow is now part of the clouds. The pain is severe, and I endure it as long as possible; then my mind moves on to something less intense. If I am with the “others” and no matter what the subject is, there are always items that bring grief to bear on me, I resist it; I force it down. I can smile and laugh and carry on a normal conversation, and why not? Am I not in control? It is my mind after all. So I can vary the intensity of grief. I believe I can, but I also think that grief has another dimension, a dimension of weight and mass. While I can keep the intensity down, I can't stop the mass of grief from building up. At some point I have to deal with it, and when I do, the intensity increases until grief is out of control. At this time it is best if I am not with the “others,” but either by myself, or better yet with my Compassionate Friends.

Terry Katzer TCF, Las Vegas, NV



Summer is a time of new beginnings, a time for expectation, eagerness and change. Grade school children race off after that last day of school, eager to enjoy a leisurely summer, anticipating the changes they will face when they return to school in a new, higher grade. High school graduates realize they are moving from one stage of life to another. They may go to work or to college, or just take some time off to reflect on the future. But it's time for them to be on their own, experiencing life without the quick safety net of Mom and Dad standing nearby. And oh yes, let's not forget about those who graduate from college during the summer who go on to start their post-college careers. There are many people who will marry during the summer months, starting a new life with the person they have chosen as their one true love. These are the perfect endings to hard work, dedication, and the evolution of time. For those families left behind, wow! The anticipation! The sense of accomplishment! The pride! Their thoughts have to be bittersweet mixes of “Where did the time go?” And, “I can't believe my baby is grown!” Or, “Hooray! I never thought I'd see this day!” And, “Finally!” But for us as bereaved families, our summers are often marked by longing, sadness and envy. We grieve, we sigh, we lament, as we look at the world around us. We think about the “What could have been,” the “If onlys,” the broken promises of a life cut short. We see others in celebration and think it should be my child graduating, or my child getting married, or my child traveling to Europe before settling into college life. It doesn't matter what age our children were when they died. They were our children, and there will always be the feeling of unfulfilled dreams and expectations. This summer I will be observing my 30th wedding anniversary. As I prepare for this milestone mark of time, I'm constantly reminded that I wanted so much to see my Stephanie and Stephen find their perfect soul mates. I dreamed of dancing at their weddings, and rejoicing in their happiness. I'm left feeling wistful, reflective and yes, sad and empty. Gilda Radner once said, “I wanted a perfect ending. Now I've learned the hard way, that some poems don't rhyme, and some stories don't have a clear beginning, middle and end.” A perfect ending; yes, that's what we all wanted; it was what we all expected. The bereaved families I know would have liked to experience the anticipations, pride and sense of accomplishment with their child. For us, the bereaved, the perfect ending was not to be. But I will say, I'm truly glad I had the time I did with Stephanie and Stephen. It wasn't long enough, but I'm glad their short lives touched mine with their unconditional love, trust and sharing. I will not dance at their weddings, or rejoice in their happiness on that special day. But when I celebrate the 30 years I have had with my wonderful soul mate, I will rejoice that our union created some exceptionally terrific kids who richly blessed our lives and will always live on in our hearts.

Pat Loder, Executive Director The Compassionate Friends

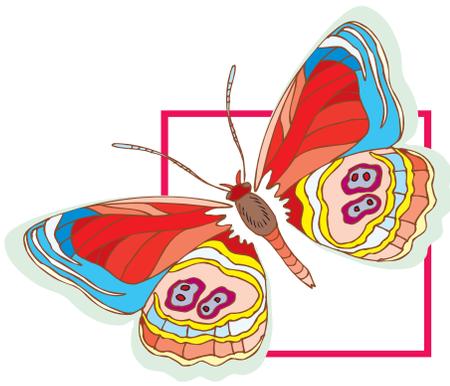


The Home-Going

Home, such a beautiful sounding word! What pictures form in our hearts? To some, the sight of a small cottage in a quiet place, apart where souls can rest and be content and each heart finds sweet release. Where the tensions of life can drain away, leaving only joy and peace. To some, a stately mansion appears, as in their mind's eye they see a place of their own that's sheltered them on life's rough and stormy sea. It matters not the home's size, or

shape; for whatever life may bring, our hearts feel secure within its walls, and our souls with joy can sing. But greater still is a Heavenly Home, where from pain we'll be set free. No heartaches or sorrow enter there throughout all eternity. Now they have gone to that land of peace never again will they roam. Can't you just feel their joy when He said “Isn't it good to be Home?”

Annette Lassahn Farmville, VA



Fathers in Grief, a Paradox for Today's Male

The loss of a child can be crippling and leaves deep scars. It changes who we are, how we look at life, and how we relate to the world. Five or six years out is still early in the spectrum of child loss but close to the point where positive rebuilding can begin. I have discovered that compassion for others is a great help in pulling oneself out of the canyon of despair, for it is in giving that we receive and in healing that we are healed. In the first few years it is hard to even help ourselves, much less anyone else. We bereaved fathers mechanically maintain, weep a lot, and lick our wounds. We cling desperately to everything that belonged to or reminds us of our children and in secret we wish to join them. We rejoin the real world in our own time and when it is right for us. Everyone's journey is different, but what remains the same is the huge void that is left in our lives. How we fill it is up to us. My experience is that it is especially helpful to fill it with something positive for others that create a legacy of good in our children's names. With that focus, we become their legacies, and we substantiate our children's lives by the way we live our own. In our modern day society, it is especially difficult for fathers to grieve openly, caught in a catch-22 of how to express the deep pain we are experiencing. The spoken or unspoken message is often that men don't cry, men do not emote, men do not hug; maybe at a funeral, men don't go to support groups, men don't call in sick because they are screaming inside, each of us is "The man of the family." Fathers are the fix-it guys, the protectors, the strength and the rock that our families need for support. More times than not people will ask a father, "How is your wife doing? This must be extremely hard for her." The modern male is now starting to feel the freedom to show emotions, to cry, scream, hug, and express his deepest emotions and fears; to let it out. The irony of this is that if a family has never seen their "Man" express emotion, it can be taken as a sign of weakness. His spouse and other family members may feel they have lost their safety net, their rock of support, and feel even more helpless and rudderless on this journey of pain. If this happens he may again clam up to help his family, deciding that he will deal with his own pain later. He can feel that "letting it out" is an axiom of sophistry, and in actually doing so he is letting his family down. This is indeed a paradox for the wanna-be sensitive Dad. Most men cry alone in their cars on the way to work, and they explain that the red eyes are due to allergies or a late night. When my father died I was 14 years old. My Mom told me I was now the man of the family.

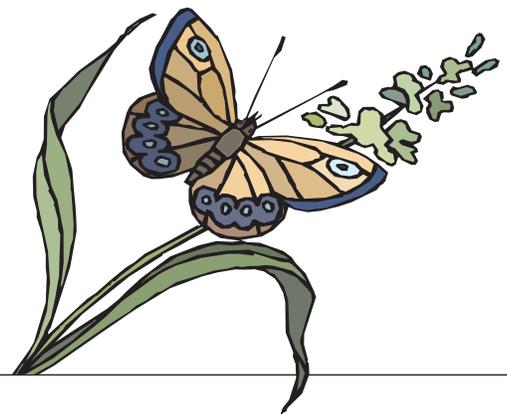
I did not cry; I did not grieve. It was not until years later when my losses became overwhelming that I was finally able to let it out and express my emotions over the loss of my father. It has been 16 years now since our son Kelly died, and I still cry with my wife when we feel our loss together or even when I hear a special song like "Wind Beneath My Wings," regardless of who is present. If we love hard, you grieve hard, and it is suppose to hurt. When we recognize our own pain and express it, we automatically become more empathetic to others in similar pain and can help relieve theirs. Hey, now I even cry at Hallmark Card commercials; I can't help it. People tell us to find closure, move on, or not to dwell on it. We can, but not in the way they think we should. We find closure in what will never be, we let go of the what-ifs, the shoulda-woulda-coulda's, and we move on with the knowledge that our children are forever by our sides, only in a new relationship. We live in one sphere of existence, our loved ones who have died in another, but with faith, undying love, and the desire to connect at the seam where our two worlds meet. Love never dies. In America we are allowed a few weeks to "get over it" and "get back on track." The dead are wrapped up neatly, so to speak, put away, and their names are rarely spoken. I find this totally unacceptable. It has been almost 16 years and I still talk about Kelly every day and always will. We will always be bereaved parents, but we will not always be experiencing the pangs of grief. Like arthritis, we learn to live with our losses the rest of our lives, and also realize that we'll still have flare-ups of pain and discomfort as we move on through the years.

Mitch Carmody

Daydreams

Once a day and sometimes more, you knock upon my day-dream door; and I say warmly come right in, I'm glad you're here with me again. Then we sit down and have a chat recalling this, discussing that until some task that I must do forces me away from you. Reluctantly I say, good-bye, smiling with a little sigh; for though my daydreams bring you near I wish that you were really here. But what a reality cannot change, my dreams and wishes can arrange; and through my wishing you'll be brought to me each day, a happy thought

Stephan A. Wright TCF Champaign-Urbana, IL





OUR CHILDREN LOVED AND REMEMBERED



JULY 2007

Justin D. Mason
7/4/83 - 11/26/00
Emily Ann Barbre
7/9/01 - 6/12/02
Briana Marie Brennan
5/8/98 - 7/22/04
Stacie Chanelle Walls
7/6/74 - 8/17/03
Melinda "Mindy" Lynn Gilbert
7/23/77 - 12/14/98
Gerald Karene English
7/29/72 - 9/20/06
Kevin Thomas Byrd
6/23/70 - 7/10/02
Devon Trace Callonas
5/22/02 - 7/30/02
Maureen Elizabeth Craven
7/29/69 - 11/5/89
Scott Robert Cummins
7/26/71 - 1/31/97
Shelby "Chi-Chi" Dawson
7/30/75 - 11/9/98
Hanna Montez Dendy
7/12/95 - 7/3/05
Trippe Graham Detamore
4/8/93 - 7/4/93
Zachary Thomas Fay
8/20/79 - 7/31/04
Stephen Daly Sullivan
10/3/56 - 7/2/97
Lindsey Elizabeth Gadd
8/16/86 - 7/8/91
Robyn Bryan
7/1/75 - 3/3/04
Hanna Montez Dendy
7/12/95 - 7/3/05
Gary Edwin Rives
7/22/49 - 12/21/04
Clifford "Trey" G. Hannah, III
7/24/90 - 2/29/04
Mark Lowrey Haynie
7/14/72 - 6/19/03
Brandon Joseph Henson
7/28/84 - 10/6/02
Christopher Allen Beshires
3/1/75 - 7/10/04
Ashley Danielle Muriel
4/8/97 - 7/17/98
Calen Seth Myers
6/30/00 - 7/1/00
Caden Nathaniel Myers
6/30/00 - 7/1/00
Kathryn Elaine Needham
7/18/83 - 7/4/05
Lauren Elizabeth Netterville
7/24/02 - 7/24/02
Andrew Wade Pate
7/15/77 - 5/9/05
Eric Gentry Porter
5/12/77 - 7/8/91
Michael Alan Schmucker
11/22/72 - 7/12/92
Madelaine Scott Thorsen
7/31/04 - 7/31/04
Michael Wayne Stump, Jr.
7/3/79 - 7/29/98
Tina Spence
7/18/56 - 6/25/98
Jay Swamy
3/2/78 - 7/31/03
Michael L. Dorian
11/7/71 - 7/24/03
Michael Allan Tiburzi
3/22/68 - 7/19/89
John Asbury Turner
10/8/91 - 7/8/92
Ruud Justin van Rantwijk
2/20/97 - 7/1/04
Jamal Duan Walker
7/13/81 - 3/7/00
Andrew Pierce Wells
7/4/96 - 5/26/03
William David White, II
8/6/74 - 7/28/89
Victoria Elizabeth Melo Whitten
8/24/89 - 7/2/03
Samantha Williams
7/11/86 - 6/26/01

David & Joanne Altizer
Matthew & Johanna Barbre
Robert & Ana Brennan
Crystal M. Brent
Edith Bright
Cheryl Brown
Charlotte Byrd
Penny Callonas
Elaine R. Craven
Glen & Judy Cummins
Barbara Deloach
Kirk & Leigh Dendy
Wade & Anita Detamore
Danny & Martha Fay
Sheila Forrest
David & Jane Gadd
Karen Gale
Debby Gillespie
Pam Goode
Cliff & Rose Hannah
Robert Haynie
Terry & Cyndi Henson
Johnny & Virginia Miller
David & Holly Muriel
Brandon & Angela Myers
Brandon & Angela Myers
Jeff & Margaret Needham
Doug & Maria Netterville
Brian & Renee Pate
Ron & Dorris Porter
Larry Schmucker
Bob & Harriett Scott
Helen Stump
Gina Sugarmon
Al & Kala Swamy
Gloria L. Thomas
Allan & Karen Tiburzi
Ruff & Jo Ella Turner
Carlo & Tanja Van Rantwijk
Charlie Mae Walker
Fred & Deb Wells
David & Catherine White
Ana Elizabeth Whitten
Tony & Sandra Williams

Jermaine M. Holland
2/28/72 - 7/7/05
Julie Anne Young
7/17/80 - 5/2/98
Baby Yow
- 7/3/03
Roshon Demetrius Walker
2/28/96 - 7/14/01

Michael & Nina Williamson
Fran Young
Janet Yow
Angela Zahn Robert Walker

AUGUST 2007

Kevin Ryan Arnold
8/12/84 - 6/1/03
Jason Christopher Atkins
8/25/98 - 9/30/05
Ashley Nicole Bivens
5/23/86 - 8/3/01
Stacie Chanelle Walls
7/6/74 - 8/17/03
Jody Michael Bynum
12/2/82 - 8/29/02
Paul Jason Carmicheal
9/26/75 - 8/9/01
James Thurmond Carney
9/27/77 - 8/2/01
Joseph Gerard DePete III
5/30/81 - 8/3/06
Jason Christopher Atkins
8/25/98 - 9/30/05
Abbey Grace Dunlevy
10/8/99 - 8/18/01
Zachary Thomas Fay
8/20/79 - 7/31/04
Julie Kathryn Floyd
9/10/76 - 8/27/94
Lonnie "Paul" Cofer, Jr
6/7/68 - 8/9/86
Lindsey Elizabeth Gadd
8/16/86 - 7/8/91
Martin Justin Perry
8/17/80 - 4/13/01
Jeremy Joseph Heller
8/1/81 - 11/16/01
Cory Todd Howell
8/15/78 - 10/14/03
Stanton J. Isom
1/17/84 - 8/14/04
Jordan Antoine Jarjoura
8/13/80 - 6/22/88
Julie Diane Vannucci Barney
11/1/73 - 8/12/99
Amy Allison Kirk
5/12/69 - 8/15/87
Carter Lyle Knynch
8/12/93 - 12/31/06
Scarlet Akins
8/5/78 - 8/4/06
Kevin William Lazarini
2/22/66 - 8/8/91
Seth Matthew Rowan
6/11/79 - 8/19/94
Stephen Christopher Brown
8/21/84 - 1/17/05
Brandy Nicole Brown
9/14/78 - 8/10/96
Arthur Dillin Mackey IV
5/22/96 - 8/10/96
Trey Oliphant
8/31/70 - 9/1/93
Dustin "Dusty" Raney Arnwine
8/17/84 - 8/30/00
Audrey Elizabeth Southall
4/12/83 - 8/5/87
Hunter Spearman
8/23/94 - 8/24/94
Storm Spearman
8/23/94 - 11/27/94
Michael J. Webb
9/12/74 - 8/9/04
Christopher Paul Westfield
4/18/90 - 8/13/06
William David White, II
8/6/74 - 7/28/89
Victoria Elizabeth Melo Whitten
8/24/89 - 7/2/03
William James "Jimmy" McCallum
12/30/69 - 8/28/05

Richard & Cheryl Arnold
Danielle Jean Atkins
Gary & Betty Bivens
Crystal M. Brent
Mike & Jan Bynum
Barbara Carmicheal
Stephen & Benita Carney
Colleen DePete
Neila Dick
Ron & Kimberly Dunlevy
Danny & Martha Fay
Gary & Ann Floyd
Bob & Sheila Foust
David & Jane Gadd
Gail Haley
Robert & Susan Heller
Sammy & Cherié Howell
Barbara Isom
Peter & Jody Jarjoura
Diane Vannucci Johnson
Bob Kirk
Ken & Vicki Knynch
Steve & Vicki Lawrence
Yolanda Lazarini
Ken & Sharon Ludwig
Denise Martin
Amy McOwen
Amy McOwen
Woody & Sherry Oliphant
Linda Raney
Milton & Sharon Southall
Robbie Spearman
Robbie Spearman
Wayne Webb
Paul & Lisa Westfield
David & Catherine White
Ana Elizabeth Whitten
Russell & Sherry Wilburn

 **LOVE GIFTS** 

Love Gifts are tax-deductible donations to the Chapter in memory of your child, grandchild or sibling or in honor of a loved one or friend. Our Chapter depends on these donations to help us reach out to others by sending the newsletter, purchasing books, brochures, and tapes/videos for our library, educating others about what we do and maintaining our relationship with the TCF National Chapter. Thank you for your support.

<p>Keith & Debra Hamsley In memory of their their son Christopher And in honor of his 26th Birthday</p>	<p>Jeff, Margaret & Brent Needham In memory of their daughter and sister Kathryn E. Needham And in honor of her 24th Birthday, July 18th</p>
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Dear Child of Mine, who died before your time, I am grateful for your life. Though death brought the end of hopes and dreams, still I am grateful for your life. Through you I have known joy and sorrow, laughter and tears. Through you my life has been enriched, my compassion heightened, and I am more keenly aware of the grief of others. I am grateful for your life. Now I draw upon my memories of you, some happy, some sad. They keep you close in many ways. They are priceless, precious memories that help me bear the pain. Through them I will learn to live again. I am grateful for you life. I have been blessed with your life and left with your love. I will share that love and strive to live to be a blessing to others. Dear Child of Mine, though you died before your time, you are never far away from me. I have loved you in my heart of hearts and there I will love you through eternity. I am grateful for your life; Dear Child of Mine.

Betty Stevens TCF, Baltimore, MD

Last night while I was trying to sleep, my son's voice I did hear. I opened my eyes and looked around, but he did not appear. He said, "Mom, you've got to listen, you gotta understand; He didn't take me from you Mom, He only took my hand. When I called out in pain that night, the instant that I died; He reached down and took my hand, and pulled me by His side. He pulled me up and saved me from the misery and pain; my body hurt so badly inside I could never be the same. My search is really over now, I've found happiness within; all the answers to my empty dreams and all that might have been. I love you all and miss you so, and I'll always be nearby; my body's gone forever, but my spirit will never die! And so you must go on now; don't be mad, just understand, He didn't take me from you Mom, He only took my hand."

Barb Johnson

And Life Goes On

A flower bursts full of life; flourishes, withers, then disappears all within a blink of an eye, yet life goes on always the same. A bird enters the world with a song; sings for a few seasons, then vanishes all within the blink of an eye, yet life goes on always the same. A child draws his first breath; learns, grows, then passes away, all within the blink of an eye, and life goes on but never the same.

L. Dustin Twede

I wish I could take your pain and loss away. I can't, all I can do is cry with you and hold you up in prayer. Please know I am always available; and ear to listen, a shoulder on which to cry; whatever I can do to help, anything at all, please let me know. We will stand together against the pain. I will walk with you through the dark valley of grief, no matter how long it takes until you see the sun again. You are not alone.

Viola Ruelke Gommer

When the door of happiness closes, another opens, but often times we look so long at the closed door that we don't see the one which has been opened for us.

I can be changed by what happens to me, but I refuse to be reduced by it.

Maya Angelou



You may send your Tax-deductible Donation to:	The Compassionate Friends P. O. Box 38653 Germantown, TN 38183-0653
Child's Name _____	
Parent's/Grandparent's/Friend(s) Name _____	
Love Gift (Any Donation Amount) _____	
In Memory Of _____	
On The Occasion Of _____	

Falling Apart

I seem to be falling apart. My attention span can be measured in seconds. I cry at the drop of a hat. I forget things constantly. The morning toast burns daily. I forget to sign the checks. Half of everything in the house is misplaced. Anxiety and restlessness are my constant companions. Rainy days seem extra dreary. Sunny days seem an outrage. Other people's pain and frustration seem insignificant. Laughing happy people seem out of place in my world. It has become routine to feel half crazy. I am normal, I am told. I am a newly grieving person.

Eloise Cole TCF, Phoenix, AZ

If...

If I could sit and talk to you for just a little while, to say the things I wish I'd said, like how I loved your smile. How much I loved the sight of you, your voice, your eyes, and your face; to watch you playing basketball, and see you win a race. You were so much a part of me, the part that's gone away, these memories you left, become more precious everyday. I pray that you can hear this, and God will let you see; the pride, the joy, the happiness that your life gave to me.

Unknown

Sibling Credo

We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. At other times we need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however, a special part of them lives on with us. When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed. We are living a life very different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than many others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.



The Compassionate Friends
P.O. Box 38653
Germantown, TN 38183-0653

Jul/Aug 2007



Our Next Meetings: Jul 5th, Aug 2nd

Printing of our newsletter is provided by Paulsen Printing Company, Jim and Judy Paulsen, Owners; In Loving Memory of their son Randy.