



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS Newsletter

MEMPHIS, TN

MARCH/APRIL 2008

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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www.compassionatefriends.org

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Web Site Contact
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WebMaster - Clint Norwood

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:
March 6th
April 3rd



TCF Meeting Topic for March – “The Written Word...how it can help us heal.”
Bring a sample of something written by you, your child, or others to share with the group.

Refreshments will be provided by Mike & Dianna Jernigan.

TCF Meeting for April – “Choices – how did they affect our child’s life and death and the choices we make now.”

Refreshments will be provided by Pri Morden.

TCF National Conference for 2008

Nashville, Tennessee, known as the home of country music, will be the host city for the 31st National Conference of The Compassionate Friends July 18th through July 20th. The conference committee selected the theme “Volunteers for Healing – Friends for the Future”, a name that is very appropriate as TCF National Conferences are always regarded as a great healing experience and a great place to find friends for life. The 2008 Conference will have special guest speakers and entertainers, more than 100 workshops covering most aspects of grief following the death of a child, and many more activities including the ninth annual two-mile “Walk to Remember” at 8am on Sunday July 20th. A pre-conference day for professionals will be held Thursday July 17th. Among the keynote speakers will be Joe and Iris Lawley, founding parents of The Compassionate Friends, who will fly all the way from England for what may be one of their final TCF speaking engagements outside of their home country. To allow everyone to be a part of the 2008 conference, the Conference Committee plans to decorate the Conference Area with 7 inch vinyl records with pictures of our TCF children. The “Sponsor a Record” program is similar to programs available in previous conferences. For a nominal charge, to help defray the cost of the conference, you can have a picture of your child/children, siblings, grandchildren, or loved ones pressed onto a record. The records will decorate the Registration Area and Hospitality Rooms. To participate, complete the enclosed “Sponsor a Record” order form and follow the easy instructions. Whether or not you are able to attend the conference, a child, grandchild, sibling, or loved one can still be remembered. Those attending the conference will be able to carry their record home and those unable to attend can have their record mailed to them. The conference will be held at the Sheraton Music City Hotel. Special room rates will be available for guests attending the TCF conference. Watch TCF’s national website for the latest information.

Winter Weather

We will not meet if there are any Winter Weather conditions or if there is any threat of conditions in the forecast. You can call any of the Steering Committee members or contact St Louis Church. We will notify St Louis the morning of the meeting.

Bob & Betsy Friedl
901-853-1855 Home
901-360-9797 Work

Larry & Gwen Elrod
901-388-3298 Home
901-546-2057 Work

SueAnn Duffy
901-276-4134 Home
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Bob & Shelia Foust
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Pri Morden
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Jack & Peggy U'Ren
901-388-6759

St Louis Church
901-682-6606

Announcements

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 with "Forever In My Heart" imprinted and 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.

Birthday Table

Each month we provide a Birthday Table for the parents whose child 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.

TCF Library

We have an extensive TCF Library that is a valuable resource for our Chapter and new parents. We ask that you check the books or tapes out by completing the check-out card in the front of the book/tape and return what you have checked out in a few months. If you have any books you would like to donate to our Library, contact Pri Morden at 274-9338 or bring them to the next meeting.

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.

TCF Newsletter

If you would like to submit an article or poem for the newsletter, please mail it to Gwen Elrod, 3612 Millie Drive, Bartlett, TN 38135.

Refreshment Schedule for 2008

March – Mike & Dianna Jernigan

April – Pri Morden

May – Clint & Teresa Norwood &
Jennifer Brown

June – Bob & Shelia Foust

July – Joe & Rosemary Burns

August – Dianne Rhea

September – Jack & Peggy U'Ren & Ron & Wanda Gray

October – Sue Ann Duffy

November – Oliver & Claudia Ellison & Michelle Juelfs

*If you would like to sign up to bring refreshments for the 2008 Meetings,
contact Sue Ann Duffy, our Refreshment Chairperson at 276-4134.*

Religion – A Continuing Theme

The principles of The Compassionate Friends state that TCF reaches out to all bereaved parents across the artificial barriers of religion, race, economic class, or ethnic group. TCF promotes no specific religious or philosophical ideology. Despite our non-denominational status, many writers indicate that they have found comfort in their faith, and some have shared their anger and loss of faith. The opinions and beliefs expressed in the articles and poetry are those of the author.

The certain special memories that follow me each day, cast your shadow in my life in a certain way. Sometimes the blowing wind or the lyrics of a song, make me stop and think of you, sometimes all day long. Memories are good to have, to share and keep in my heart; just knowing that you're still inside makes sure we'll never part.

Collette Covington

After The First Year

After the first year; the pain changes from a crushing weight to a wickedly sharp cutting edge. Time speeds up from a grinding plodding to a more normal routine. And sometimes you can forget, for a moment that your whole life was destroyed last year. After the first year; you start to remember the good times, and you can tell a funny story about your child and save the crying for later. But sometimes it seems like you're the only one left who mourns. "What's the matter with you anyway; it's been a whole year." After the first year; your child seems a little closer and yet still so far away. Miracle of miracles, you haven't forgotten how he walks, her voice, the shape of his head, or the solid warmth of her finger curving around yours. After the first year; your heart begins to thaw. You remember that you once loved your surviving children and you love them again. You remember that life use to hold joy, and you rediscover some small enjoyment in living. You learn to piece your life back together in a different pattern. After the first year; you pick up your burdens and go on. Amazingly, you've survived a blow more painful than anything you ever imagined. Even though you wished you could have died too, it slowly dawns on you that you must still live. Because after the first year, comes the second year.

Liz Ford TCF, Madison, WI

The Painful Grace of Flight

Now that it's spring, perhaps you've seen a butterfly or two, and as summer comes, you'll surely see them alighting on flowers and dancing through the air. Many cultures believe that butterflies travel between the spirit world and the earth, connecting people with the divine realm. A Native American legend says, "If you have a secret wish, whisper it to a butterfly. Since butterflies cannot speak, the wish is safe, and the butterfly will carry the wish to the Great Spirit." The ancient Greeks believed that butterflies were souls, released from their bodies. In fact, ancient Greek uses the same word; psyche, for both soul and butterfly, so close is the connection between the two. Early Christians also used the butterfly as a symbol for the soul, and other cultures believed that the spirits of the dead took the form of butterflies. Some have said that the soul's ability to leave the body while we sleep explains where our dreams come from. It may be, as summer comes, that watching a butterfly in flight will remind you of your loved one; remembering their travel from this life to whatever comes next, when we're set free from illness and pain. When you grieve for a loved one, you are like the butterfly. Grief can be like the dark of the chrysalis, or the cocoon. Some scientists call this phase of the butterfly's life the resting phase, and it may be that your grief is a time of resting from the demands of life. You're wrapped up in sorrow and pain, until you begin to stretch and move; and then the cocoon expands. You emerge from sorrow into the light of day, and realize that you're not the person you use to be. For better or worse, you're someone new, changed by your love and loss. Grief has altered your perspective, changed your view of yourself and the world. Like the butterfly, you've come out transformed, or perhaps for you, that transformation is still ahead. You may feel that you're still in the cocoon, waiting, longing for release into being a butterfly. Such struggles are not easy. Perhaps you've heard the story of the man who found a butterfly chrysalis, and watched one day as a small opening appeared. He sat and watched the butterfly for hours as it struggled to force its way out of the opening and into the world. Then it seemed to stop, exhausted, and he thought it had gotten as far as it could. He decided to help

the butterfly by taking a pair of scissors, and snipping off the rest of the cocoon. The butterfly emerged easily, but it had a swollen body and small, shriveled wings. The man continued to watch, expecting that at any moment, the wings would expand and the butterfly would fly away. To fly, the wings needed to expand, and the heavy swollen body contract. But neither happened; the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings, never able to fly. In his kindness, or haste, the man didn't understand that the struggle was essential for the butterfly to fly. The tight cocoon was nature's way of forcing the fluid from the heavy body into the tissue paper wings, so the butterfly would be able to fly once it came out of the cocoon. Not to struggle, crippled the butterfly, as it often happens for us. In the struggle, often at the very point when we think we can't do any more, comes the gift that makes flight possible. The struggle makes the wing, for the butterfly and for us. Your loved ones have struggled with illness and sorrow, and you have faced all the complicated emotions that come with that journey. You have struggled with grief, and struggle with it still. We wish you the gift of flight, like the butterfly, whenever the time is right for you. We wish you the lifting of grief, with time, and the filling of your wings. We wish you the close connection between the butterfly and the soul, so close that when you see the butterflies this summer, and each year, your spirits may be lifted as you remember this time of transformation in your lives. We wish you the grace of flight and transformation.

Mary Austin, Bereavement Magazine



Renewal

In the first warm days of springtime when the winter chill is through, each waking thought and closing prayer begins and ends with you. Like the daffodil and crocus that survive the bitter snow, my soul is gently lifted up and is warmed by sunlight's glow. It's a time of fresh renewal, a beginning, not an end. And, oh how much I miss you, my daughter and my friend. So I'll take the warmth of springtime and hold it close to me, to help me through the winter storms till your face once more I'll see.

Priscilla Kenney TCF, Northshore/Boston, MA

Suicide: How Do We Say It?

From the moment we learned of our daughter's death, I knew the word "suicide" had the power to erase her life while emblazoning her death in neon letters in the minds of her friends and colleagues. During the unremitting misery of those early days, I even toyed with the idea of telling no one she was gone, willing her to stay alive in the thoughts of those who knew her, forgetting that I'd already notified our family and closest friends. It was a fairy tale wish I contrived as a way of allowing myself a momentary escape from the unthinkable reality of her death. If her death were never acknowledged, would she still be here? My fantasy vanished in the cold light of the days that followed. I knew that we could never dishonor Rhonda's memory by concealing her suicide. I wrote a letter to friends and relatives, informing them of the events leading up to her death. I hoped my letter would quell the inevitable whispers by openly acknowledging her depression and her decision to end her own life. I implored them to speak often and openly about her to us; to do otherwise would deny her existence. I never intended to embark on a campaign to confront, let alone eradicate, the stigma of suicide. What mattered most was that we who loved Rhonda must not let the circumstances of her death diminish her memory or her accomplishments. I explained that she had "taken her own life" or that "she died of suicide." An expression I refused to use then and refuse to use to this day, is the despicable "committed suicide," with its implications of criminality. Historically, that term was an instrument of retaliation against the survivors, and it has no place in today's enlightened society. Many people prefer to say "completed suicide," but as a parent who witnessed my child's twenty year struggle against the demons of clinical depression, I don't care much for that either. "Died of suicide" or "died by suicide" are accurate, emotionally neutral ways to explain my child's death. My first encounter with suicide occurred many years ago when my dentist, a gentle family man in his mid 30's took his own life. Since that time, I have known neighbors, relatives, friends and other hard-working, highly respected individuals who died this way. I've facilitated meetings in which grieving parents declined to speak about their children because they couldn't handle the group's reactions to the dreaded "S" word. I've know parents who never returned to a chapter meeting because of negative comments about the way that their child died. Rhonda was a gifted scholar, writer and archaeologist who, like my mother, suffered from adult onset of manic depression, also called bipolar disorder. She made a lasting contribution in her field, and a wonderful tribute to her life and her work appeared in *American Antiquity*, *Journal of the Society for American Archaeology*. Both my daughter and my mother suffered tremendously in their struggles to conquer and conceal their illness. Neither of them won that battle, but

my mother responded to medications that minimized the highs and lows, and she died of cancer at eighty-seven. Sadly, doctors never discovered the magic formula that could offer Rhonda the same relief. She ended her own life at age thirty-six, after a year of severe depression that was triggered by life stresses beyond her control. I saw her battle firsthand, and I witnessed her valiant struggle to survive. She wanted desperately to live; she died because she thought she had no alternative. In his revealing book, *Telling Secrets*, the great theologian Frederick Buechner describes his father's suicide, which occurred when Buechner was just a boy. The conspiracy of silence that was imposed on Buechner and his brother had a profound effect on their development and their relationships with other family members. "We are as sick as our secrets," he concludes. We whose children have taken their own lives must do all that we can to help eradicate the secrecy and stigma that surround their deaths. If we allow these to persist, we allow their lives to be diminished. We owe our children more than that.

Joyce Andrews

My Tribute to Justin

You use to come to our home to stay; I loved to watch you run and play. Then you'd hide from me and I'd call out in fear and a little voice whispered "Grandma, I'm right here." We'd go to the park or school, side by side; you'd play on the carousel, swing or slide. Sometimes you'd disappear and I'd call, "Justin, dear," and a little voice whispered, "Grandma, I'm right here." Off we'd go and maybe sing, "This Little Light of Mine" or the "Achy Breaky" thing; and stop by Circle K for your thumb sucking ring. You'd hide behind the candy rack and I'd call, "Justin dear," and a little voice would whisper, "Grandma, I'm right here." We'd go on home for a bite to eat; peanut butter or hot dogs to you was a treat. Then we'd go out and play till we couldn't see, then come in the house to watch TV. You'd crawl on my lap; I'd whisper in your ear and a little voice would whisper, "Grandma, I'm right here." I know you don't want me to be sad or shed a tear, but what I'd give once more to hear that little voice whisper, "Grandma, I'm right here."

Grandma Rappi

It is a hole; a vacantness; a scary hollow shell that I find myself in. Death; the robber; the thief of certainty; the stealer of dreams. My mind holds a thousand facts, yet there is no answer. My child died, and in many ways so have I. The Me I knew has vanished and in its place stands a hollow mold that must be refilled.

Sandy Priebe

Anything good you've ever been given is yours forever.

Rachel Naomi Remen

Memories have two sides; what was and what was to be; I don't know which hurts most of this duality.

When the future seems gone, we look to the past; preferring sweet dreams of then to the nightmare of now.

His Picture Remains The Same

I hung his picture just days after we buried his casket. His birth certificate and social security card came in the day after he died. Before the world officially acknowledged that he existed, he was gone. His picture joined pictures of his two older brothers. Over the years, their pictures would accumulate in albums and on the walls. His would remain a single lonely picture on the wall and a handful of photos taken carelessly by a family that obviously expected to have much more time to take pictures than we were given. Over the years, the infants in two hospital photos have grown and changed from helpless babies to gangly teens with mouths full of metal, and bodies full of energy, and eyes full of laughter. One baby has only grown in our hearts. In the picture, he remains the same. Ten years of photos should cover my walls. Ten years of fingerprints should have been painted over and over again, in the vain attempt to keep our house looking presentable. Ten years worth of living should have been done with a little boy who never got in trouble; never scared his parents with high-flying antics on the monkey bars. Instead of ten birthday celebrations remembered, we remember ten birthdays that were remembered quietly and sadly, by the few who knew he came and left. Ten years, and his brothers' pictures have changed; and to those a new set has been added, a daughter in our heart. But his picture remains the same. Ten years have come and gone; so quickly and so slowly they have passed. The blinding pain of the first year has passed, and only revisits occasionally. The anger and loneliness have found their place, and so has the grief that racked our days and nights. We no longer question ourselves, those too have passed. One thing remains as constant as the picture on the wall; not just his picture, but his love remains the same.

Lisa Sculley

Special Days

Oh, if only someone had prepared me for a setback on anniversaries. Anniversaries of births, deaths, special moments, dreadful times, triumphant victories can exhume past pain as if it were fresh. It seems to be an instinctual ritual performed by our subconscious that pays homage to the shadow of lost dreams. Memories don't understand time. We expect to enjoy remembering or be unaffected by our memories. But anniversaries pluck at our subconscious, raising past feelings



with no regard for the healing that has happened. It all seems for naught. Even after years, we may anticipate that the anniversary of the death will no longer have an effect. Time has numbed the grieving, lulling us with the false security of normalcy. Then we find ourselves in bed for the whole day, confused; but this is normal. We loved and the imprint of the day rejuvenates both the love and the loss. Even if we convinced our minds to forget, our cells remembered. Expect this setback and be gentle to the part of the soul that doesn't understand the passage of time. It is only temporary. Anniversaries are days to contemplate the past, and glimpse the tremendous differences in this new life that survived.

Stephanie Ericson Companion Through the Darkness

The Door Ahead

There is a door ahead that I must open and go through. I try to ignore it but it is always there. There is no other way to go forward except through that door. The walls are closing in. I have tried going back, but I crash into a solid wall. My loved one is dead. I cannot accept what going through that door really means. I close my eyes, but when I open them, the door is still there. At night, when I do sleep, my dreams and waking moments are haunted with the reality not faced. So I stand here, looking at the corridor, with sides closing in, the door beyond. I stand here, frozen. A hand touches mine, and I look into the face of a new friend. She lost her loved one at the same time I lost mine. "I also need to go through the door and I cannot. Let's hold hands and, when the time is right, we can take the steps together." I feel someone take my other hand. "I've walked this corridor, and I've gone through the door. I know what is on the other side. Look at me and know it can be done." Do I imagine it? A hand is placed gently on my head and a voice whispers in my ear. "Remember I too had to go this way, and I am always with you" Our bodies touching, slowly we start walking step by step. A miracle! With each step the walls begin to move back on either side, and the door moves closer and it opens for us to go through.

Marta Felber

To Every Parent Who's Lost A Child

To every parent who's lost a child, I know your tortured pain. I hear your voice as you cry out your son or daughter's name. To every parent who's lost a child, I understand your rage. To lose your child in life's cruelest blow regardless of their age. To every parent who's lost a child, I know your loss of hope. The future seems dim and uncertain, as you stumble and you grope. To every parent who's lost a child, I understand your regret, over words that were not spoken or promises unkept. To every parent who's lost a child, I pray for peace of mind. Understanding seems to elude us and the answers are hard to find. Our pain is so great, our sorrow so deep, it seems we won't survive. Only together can we find the courage and hope to face the rest of our lives.

Dianne Hahn

It isn't for the moment you are stuck that you need courage; but for the long uphill climb back to sanity, faith and security.

Ann Morrow Lindbergh



OUR CHILDREN LOVED AND REMEMBERED



MARCH 2008

James Earl "Jim" Nordan
3/31/77 - 4/4/95
Brandon James Baysingar
3/19/87 - 3/30/02
Olivia Grace Rogers
3/27/02 - 5/17/02
Hunter Ryan Davidson
4/12/91 - 3/5/04
Angela Gayle Dodd
3/24/78 - 2/26/01
Charles "Chad" Wilson Eatherly
3/4/78 - 3/5/99
Alexandra Mae Sutton Ellsworth
1/10/03 - 3/4/03
Sarah Ferguson
4/2/83 - 3/25/07
Jillian Kate Frevert
3/5/87 - 11/2/04
Robyn Bryan
7/1/75 - 3/3/04
James "Jamie" Wade Gillespie
2/15/77 - 3/15/95
Jeremy Carlton Gingery
6/14/82 - 3/18/06
Daren Everett Gray
9/28/81 - 3/20/05
Todd "Hayes" Kent
3/14/85 - 1/27/02
Ellen Sarah Hyman Rose
6/5/46 - 3/1/96
John Terry Johnson
10/23/87 - 3/21/06
Peter Henry Kling
9/12/67 - 3/12/83
Paul Christopher Smith
2/5/73 - 3/6/04
Christopher Allen Beshires
3/1/75 - 7/10/04
Samuel Moubasher
3/11/04 - 4/2/04
Zachariah Moubasher
3/11/04 - 4/1/04
Daniel Alexis Muldrow
3/28/83 - 5/30/00
Carter Lee Murray
3/12/76 - 9/26/92
James Earl "Jim" Nordan
3/31/77 - 4/4/95
John Calvin Hayes, Jr.
3/10/74 - 1/6/97
Wade Robinson Pennebaker
3/18/80 - 4/25/04
Kristopher Ray Rogers
2/10/78 - 3/4/01
William Shae Pierce
12/30/97 - 3/20/01
Kaleigh Ann Bogard Riordan
2/9/00 - 3/25/00
Olivia Grace Rogers
3/27/02 - 5/17/02
Samuel Jameson Trucks
10/10/01 - 3/30/04
David Alan Shaw
12/26/67 - 3/18/95
Mark Adam Stallings
2/28/79 - 3/6/02
Jay Swamy
3/2/78 - 7/31/03
Michael Allan Tiburzi
3/22/68 - 7/19/89
Matthew "Matt" Scott Tremblay
3/21/86 - 2/7/04
Erika Rachel Tritsch Barlow
10/17/68 - 3/25/95
Samuel Jameson Trucks
10/10/01 - 3/30/04
Heather Marie Hill Thorne
9/23/76 - 3/27/05
Jamal Duan Walker
7/13/81 - 3/7/00
Marchello Walls
12/29/81 - 3/22/06
Eric Flynn Wolf
3/26/70 - 6/14/99
Steven André Woodard
6/25/80 - 3/24/02
Kyle William Kiihnl
3/20/85 - 5/5/02

Cliff & Leslie Acred
James, Peggy & Travis Baysingar
Jerry & Yvonne Bohnert
Brad & Kathy Davidson
Brad & Sandra Dodd
Charles & Cheryl Eatherly
Robert & Rita Ellsworth
Jere & Jan Ferguson
Owen & Lynne Frevert
Karen Gale
Sandra Gillespie
Jean Gingery
Ron & Wanda Gray
Scott & Beth Hall
Jerry & Estelle Hyman
Johnny & Tammy Johnson
Joan Kling
Robert & Teresa Liles
Johnny & Virginia Miller
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
Toni Muldrow
Seldon & Carolyn Murray
Joyce H. Nordan
Rita Oaks
Lucy Pennebaker
Tracye Petersen
Todd & Dawn Pierce
Kevin & Lisa Riordan
Michael & Emily Rogers
Debbie Sater
Charles & Rita Shaw
Dale & Sylvia Stallings
Al & Kala Swamy
Allan & Karen Tiburzi
Nancy Tremblay & Bobby Alexander
Thomas & Sharyn Tritsch
James & Erin Trucks
Jack & Peggy U'Ren
Charlie Mae Walker
Beverly Walls
Sandy Wolf
Andrew & Linda Woodard
Kathi Wright

APRIL 2008

James Earl "Jim" Nordan
3/31/77 - 4/4/95
Susi Norris
1/13/44 - 4/1/00
Michael Brooks Bell
4/9/82 - 9/19/99
Eric R. Calvin
6/19/88 - 4/11/01
Jonathan William Carter
11/17/86 - 4/14/04
Richard Aaron Cohn, MD
11/19/49 - 4/4/83
Hunter Ryan Davidson
4/12/91 - 3/5/04
Trippe Graham Detamore
4/8/93 - 7/4/93
Jamie Elaine Doyle
4/28/76 - 5/5/02
Scott Alan Elrod
5/7/82 - 4/4/00
Rachel LaVae Escue
4/19/89 - 7/7/07
Cullen Lee Waddell, III
6/29/83 - 4/24/03
Sarah Ferguson
4/2/83 - 3/25/07
Eric "Joshua" Foust
1/19/87 - 4/9/04
Michael Paul Fultz
10/15/65 - 4/5/97
Jessica Sue Gafford
4/10/78 - 11/28/95
Jennifer Anne Gafford
4/10/78 - 6/20/99
Timothy David Garrod, Jr.
7/26/86 - 4/28/07
Sarah Emily Griffith
4/1/82 - 12/6/02
Martin Justin Perry
8/17/80 - 4/13/01
Abigail "Abby" Louise Hamric
4/10/95 - 9/23/99
John David Hatch
11/1/73 - 4/24/01
John David Hatch
11/1/73 - 4/24/01
Brian Wayne Jacques
12/9/73 - 4/24/06
Jocelynn Sarah Tina Holmes
5/9/02 - 4/26/03
Joshua Danial Peeler
4/5/87 - 7/10/07
Kyle Morden
4/24/83 - 11/6/02
Aaron Scott Germany
6/10/85 - 4/23/04
Samuel Moubasher
3/11/04 - 4/2/04
Zachariah Moubasher
3/11/04 - 4/1/04
Ashley Danielle Muriel
4/8/97 - 7/17/98
James Earl "Jim" Nordan
3/31/77 - 4/4/95
Spenser Lamar Norwood
7/11/05 - 4/24/07
Wade Robinson Pennebaker
3/18/80 - 4/25/04
Aaron Scott German
6/10/85 - 4/23/04
Teresa "Terri" Lanette Sax
11/8/83 - 4/24/00
Teresa "Terri" Lanette Sax
11/8/83 - 4/24/00
Audrey Elizabeth Southall
4/12/83 - 8/5/87
Roger Randall "Randy" Sullivan
4/25/53 - 4/30/05
Bruce Daniel McSparrin
4/1/94 - 10/3/99
Natalie Emma Elizabeth Thomas
4/17/92 - 5/4/92
Jacqueline Jean Thompson Carroll
4/12/51 - 11/25/98
Cullen Lee Waddell, III
6/29/83 - 4/24/03
Christopher Paul Westfield
4/18/90 - 8/13/06
William S. Wright, Jr.
4/2/07

Cliff & Leslie Acred
Polly Arnold
Don & Kathy Bell
Teresa Calvin
Beth Carter
Dorothy Cohn
Brad & Kathy Davidson
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Larry & Gwen Elrod
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Cathy Foust
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Lee Anne Gafford
Lee Anne Gafford
Teresa Garrod
Tom & Nelda Griffith
Gail Haley
Ken & Rebecca Hamric
David Hatch
Debbie Hatch
Ken Jacques
Karen Johnson & Johnny Holmes
Jim & Lane Jones
Pri Morden
Read & Teresa Morton
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
David & Holly Muriel
Joyce H. Nordan
Clint & Teresa Norwood
Lucy Pennebaker
Lowell & Betty Salmon
Tommy & Christy Sander
Rose Sax
Milton & Sharon Southall
Bobbie J. Sullivan
Karen R. Taylor
Herbert & Libby Thomas
Jack & Dot Thompson
Lee & Kathy Waddell
Paul & Lisa Westfield
William & Debbie Wright

 **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>Cliff & Leslie Acred In memory of Leslie's brother James Earl "Jim" Nordan</p> <p>Richard & Betty Devereaux In memory of their daughter Cindy Devereaux</p>	<p>Allan & Karen Tiburzi In memory of their son's 40th Birthday Michael Allan Tiburzi</p>
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It was a Friday, a long time ago. I woke up as usual ready to go. But this day was different than all those before. This was to be the day my baby boy was born. He came into the world so lively and quick; the only baby who never napped and hardly slept at all. The most beautiful baby I'd ever seen. Big blue eyes, skin of dew and golden hair. His Dad and I were so very proud, we had our first child. No one could have been happier than were we. We were young, so full of hopes and dreams. Our son would have everything; we would see to that. We worked so hard, by trial and error; for who knows how to do the most important job. He was beautiful, and grew up to be a fine man. He had a brilliant mind, and so many friends. A life as we hoped and dreamed had he. It is now forty years since that most important day. The beginning of such dreams and hopes is now sadly gone away. Our son will be twenty-one forever; frozen in time; always young, always strong. We will always celebrate that wonderful day that God gave us a son to love; even if it was only for such a short time.

Karen Tiburzi

In memory of my dear son, Michael Allan Tiburzi, on what would have been his 40th birthday, March 22, 2008; with every beat of my heart I miss you more.

The day you died, my spirit sought to turn away from life; I could not face the pain that pierced its being like a knife. I wanted to go with you; why should my life go on? I found no earthly reason to arise and greet the dawn. I could not find a purpose; pointless it all seemed, reality seemed distant; my

life a bitter dream. I was suspended in time, not caring if I fall, going through the motions, nothing mattered at all. Then slowly as I endured each never-ending day, I learned to smile and laugh again in a new way. Although I miss you more than words could tell, no longer am I living in a brutal world of hell. I know I cannot escape my sadness and pain; but you need to know how far I have gained.

Unknown

My heart has been broken; my soul has been crushed. My mind has gone to depths I never knew existed. Places where only God, in his most infinite Love could understand; and even He could not console me at times. But I am here on earth for whatever reason I still do not know. And I have hope that, in time, God will show me the way and give me rhyme to my reason. So I wait in hope for a future and a new beginning.

Kathleen Leeper TCF, Valley Forge, PA

Your life, so shinny and new; a lot like your eyes so shinny and blue. You seemed to fly through each day, always so eager to run and play. To find a new stone, yet untouched, waiting for a boy who loved rocks and such. Your eyes would light up at any new toy; just waiting to be loved by a small boy. You embraced each day as only you could do, through your eyes I always saw something new. You flew through life with every flag unfurled; your life, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Jane Daulton TCF, Tidewater, VA

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 _____

Forgive Until Forever

Grieving is a fierce and overwhelming expression of love thrust upon us by a deep and hurtful loss. Yet, grieving is frequently such an entanglement of feelings that we often fail to recognize that ultimately forgiveness must be an integral part of our grief and our healing. What is love if forgiveness is silent with us? We learn to forgive our children for dying, ourselves for not preventing it. We begin to forgive our God or the fate we see ruling our universe. We start to forgive relatives and friends for abandoning us in their own bewilderment over the onslaught of emotions they sense in our words and behavior. I believe we must be open to the blame of forgiveness. Through its expression in our lives, be it through thought, word or deed, we find small ways to see life once more. Deep within us, forgiveness is capable of treading the wasteland of our souls to help us feel again the love that has not died. It is the beginning of release from the dominance of pain, not from the continual hurt of missing those who died, but from lacking the fullness of the love we shared with our child. That love lives with strength inside ourselves, and yet our beings are so entrapped in a whirling vortex of anger, despair, frustration, abandonment and depression, that often we feel it only slightly. Let us hear the quiet message heard so softly in the maelstrom of the spirit. Forgive, forgive and forgive until forever. Let love enfold our anguish, helping us learn to grow and strive beyond this hour to a rich tomorrow.

Don Hackett TCF, Hingham, MA

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

Mar/Apr 2008



Our Next Meetings: Mar. 6th, Apr. 3rd

If you planted hope today in any hopeless heart; if someone's burden was lighter because you did your part; if you caused a laugh that chased a tear away; if tonight your name is mentioned when someone kneels to pray, then your day was well spent.

Unknown

Joy is choosing to see the beauty and blessings no matter what comes our way in life. It doesn't disappear because of the circumstances. Happiness is circumstantial, but joy builds in your life over time.

Ed Young

Don't try to destroy a beautiful part of your life because remembering it hurts. As children of today and tomorrow, we are also children of yesterday. This past still travels with us and what it has been makes us what we are.

Rabbi Earl A Grollman



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