



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHEAST LOUISIANA CHAPTER

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JULY/AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2010

INNER TEMPEST STILLED

Sometimes I sense a little flutter.
Like a shadow swiftly slipping by.
Or I hear a silent, gentle murmur.
Like a soft whisper from out the sky.

Sometimes... I hear you call my name,
Or clearly see your face before me.
And I feel that you are with me still.
Then peacefully... I come to know

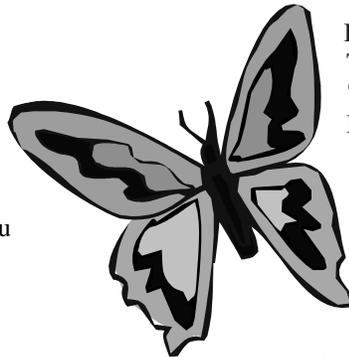
As I am thinking happy thoughts of you
You, my son, are thinking of me too.
Loving memories fill my aching heart.
As dreaming dreams of what could be.

Or might have been, if you were here.
Until the piercing pain of losing you
Comes tumbling down on trembling fear.
And clearly once again I hear you say,

"But Mom... What if I had never been.
You could not then in LOVE remember me."

By Beenie Legato

Your death brought winter without warning,
What sense in all this can be found?
Summer dreams replaced with mourning.
Where is hope now?



But the heart knows what
The mind cannot accept
That when all is lost,
It is love that is left.

Love knows no barriers
Time or distance recognize.

Love does not diminish,
But is constant in our lives.

And like a summer breeze
Uplifts and inspires us
With healing memories.

Peggy Walls
TCF Alexander City, AL
For son Eddie (2-18-74 ~ 5-30-90)

SEASONS OF THE HEART

Your special days are unchanging
Seasons of the heart I celebrate.

Your birth, forever spring,
Tender memories relate,
New and green, a dream
From which too soon I awake.

The summer of your life was bright
Laughter needed no reason,
Seemingly endless days of sharing.
Sixteen summers. Short in season.

Monthly Meetings

Thursday, July 1

Thursday, August 5

Thursday, September 2

6:30 PM

St. Paul's United Methodist Church
1901 Lexington Ave.

Enter through the back parking lot off Milton St.

For Siblings

An outlet for siblings is the TCF Sibling Forum. It is available online and is a place where siblings from all over can share and help each other cope with the unique grief of losing a brother or sister. Siblings are able to ask questions, make a comment or leave a thought for others to respond.

Visit the Sibling Resources Page at www.compassionatefriends.org
Email tcsiblingrep@compassionatefriends.org for the password

THE HARDEST PART OF LIFE IS LIVING BY WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN

If there's ever a time in your life
When you feel like you've been boxed in
There's a burning inside of your heart
The light in your soul's grown dim.

If there's ever a time in your life
When you feel that you can't go on
There's a sickness inside of your mind
And the road downhill is long.

Hang on to the things that you cherish
Take time to let yourself breathe
Just remember to keep on fighting.
Dear Lord, Please help me believe.

Sandra Cochran
Daughter of Mary and Bruce
TCF SWMB

BROTHERS

Brothers grow together with wind in their hair, wild
schemes in their heads, and with mud in their
raggedy pants.

They look back into one another's eyes, with spirits
burning from a common flame. They wrestle life
with such similar hands.

No tree is too tall or hill too high to climb, for those
whose bonds are flesh and set together through time.

Yet the song ever told us that dragons live forever but
not the little boys.

Suddenly one of us is all alone, clinging to the
memories of wind and mud and hills of stone.

We're still together in our own way, if not but in a
burning little flame.

Ken
TCF Salem, OR



AFTER

As the world around me gets brighter,
And the darkness fades away,
The weight I carry gets lighter
Because I know she'll be near one day.

My life is no longer as lonely,
As when it was when she left.
I know she wasn't trying to hurt me,
But for a while I couldn't catch my breath.

Each day the pain gets easier
And the memories aren't so sad.
I'm finally able to smile for her,
As I think of the time we had.

Now when I'm feeling alone,
And ask for her embrace,
I close my eyes and she warms me,
And her spirit kisses my face.

Sarah Yoder
in memory of her sister Morgan

BRING MY CHILD BACK TO ME

Whisper, whisper, wind in the woods,
Bring back my child, here where he stood,
Let him laugh, let him shout, let him giggle with glee,
Wind in the woods, bring my child back to me.

Silence of morning, dew on the grass,
Give me peace in my soul, let this time pass,
Let my child sit beside me, let the two of us be,
Silence of morning, bring my child back to me.

Middle of night, so dark and so still,
Let me relax and remember at will,
Let my child in my thoughts drift
forever to see,
Middle of night, bring my child back to me.

Sunrise and sunset, beginning and end,
Give me a day with my child, my friend,
We'll run on the beach, we'll play in the sea,
Sunrise, sunset, bring my child back to me.

Memories, memories here in my head,
Don't ever leave me, even though my child's dead,
Keep him alive, keep him strong, keep him free,
Memories of mine, bring my child back to me.

Barbara Patterson
TCF Conquitlam, BC

STARES

I saw someone I used to know
Just standing there staring at me.
I hadn't seen her in a long, long time.
It's just something I didn't foresee.

I always thought she'd be around,
Especially at a time like this.
My son died, that's when she left,
As if I didn't exist.

I needed a shoulder to cry on.
I needed someone to understand.
I needed her to be around.
But she just up and ran.

I remember how she used to laugh.
My son really liked her too.
They had a special relationship
As if somehow they knew.

Although she left me all alone
I really miss having her here.
I guess I can't blame her for leaving,
The pain was just too much to bear.

I saw someone I used to know.
And as she began to leave,
I saw a tear fall from her eye
As she stared from the mirror at me.

Christine Ross
in memory of Lucas Christopher Ross
1979 – 2001

EMPTY PLACES

I drove the old way yesterday.
It'd been a while, you see.

And there, without a warning,
the pain washed over me.

I drove the old way yesterday
and sadness came on strong,
taken back by so much feeling,
since you've been gone so long.

Places seem to lie in wait
to summon up the tears,
to say remember yesterday,
those days when you were here.

Places where you laughed and played
are places where I cry.
These places hold the memories
that will live as long as I.

In memory of Lori Gentry
Genesse Gentry
TCF Marin County, CA

Chapter co-leaders

Marilyn & French Smith

Steering Committee

Henry Cole, Facilitator

Beverly & Charles Wall, Treasurer

Dianne & Frank Bruscatto, Library

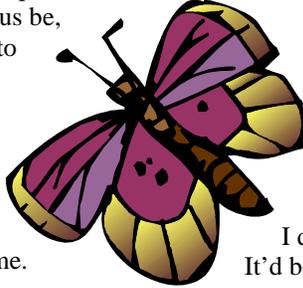
Ann Cole & Marilyn Smith, Hospitality

Frances & Jim Gregory, Outreach

Julie & Danny Petty, Newsletter

Betty Jean & Johnny James, Memorial Park

Sandy Chester, TCF Regional Coordinator



PLEASE

Please don't ask me if I'm over it yet; I will never be over it. Don't tell me she is in a better place, she's not here. Don't say at least she isn't suffering; I haven't come to terms with why she had to suffer at all. Don't tell me you know how I feel unless you have lost a child. Don't tell me to get on with my life, I'm still here, you'll notice. Don't ask me if I feel better, bereavement isn't a condition that clears up. Don't tell me God never makes a mistake; you mean He did this on purpose? Don't tell me at least you had her for twenty-eight years, what year would you choose for your daughter to die? Don't tell me God never gives you more than you can bear; who decides how much another person can bear? Just say you are sorry. Just say you remember her if you do. Just let me talk if I want to, and please let me cry when I must.

Rita Moran
TCF Miami, FL



PAIN

I am not a young man, and I thought I knew the meaning of pain. I have experienced pain from a toothache, arthritis, and even the loss of relatives and friends. But nothing in my fifty-four years had prepared me for the pain I experienced when we lost our son. I had no clue to real pain.

I think only a bereaved parent knows the true meaning. Not to belittle the loss of a parent or spouse, but those who have lost both tell me that it is not the same. My mother said to me at my brother's funeral, "Now I know how you feel." Even though she had lost a grandson, it was not the same.

It has been almost five years now, and there hasn't been a day go by that I don't see his picture or think of him and feel that pain. Pain for what we lost—and for what he lost. That pain is not as intense now. I have learned to tolerate it and still lead a normal life. The Compassionate Friends helped me to realize that I was not alone and that there were many others who felt that same pain. They helped me learn how to deal with it. Now it is my turn to try to help someone else.

Harold F. Underwood
TCF Southern Maryland



Everyone is encouraged to contribute to the newsletter to keep our chapter going strong. Please contact Julie Petty with your ideas.



Also, remember you can bring your child's favorite snack for refreshments to our monthly meeting or do a flower arrangement for the table. Please contact Marilyn Smith one month prior to the meeting.

Our Children Always Loved and Remembered



A special table is set up at our meetings to honor children whose special days are in that month. We invite you to bring a picture or memento of your child to share during that significant month.

OUR CHILDREN'S JULY BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Amiee McIlveene	07/07/78	Rhea & Danny McIlveene
Greg Dennis	07/08/60	Camille Dennis
Milton Scarborough	07/11/89	Tina Scarborough
Lonnie Matheson	07/20/68	Dorothy Matheson
Lauren Hemphill	07/26/78	Kitty McDougall & Tommy Hemphill
Scottie McLarrin	07/30/87	Mary McLarrin

OUR CHILDREN'S JULY ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Leigh Ann Carlton	07/01/01	Gail Dupuy
Lonnie Matheson	07/03/06	Dorothy Matheson
Andrew Rinicker	07/03/04	Dale Rinicker
Derrick Sadberry	07/15/06	Belinda Sadberry
Steven Wisdom	07/15/06	Dee Wisdom
Spencer Ramsey	07/17/06	Cindy & Billy Ramsey
Jennifer Leach	07/19/07	Verna Moss
Mike Hayes	07/19/97	Margaret & George Hayes
Stephen Blanchard	07/26/06	Tracey & Steve Blanchard

OUR CHILDREN'S AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Heather Greer	08/01/83	Kim & Heath Greer
Kim Smith	08/02/75	Jackie Bailey
Adam McKenzie	08/04/68	Cheryl & Jerome McKenzie
Chad Byrd	08/13/79	Janice & Randy Byrd
Spencer Ramsey	08/13/90	Cindy & Billy Ramsey
Dylan Smith	08/18/77	Joan Taylor
John Bruscato	08/19/74	Dianne & Frank Bruscato
Michael Hoyem	08/26/54	Dorothy & Don Hoyem
Jesse Chilton	08/29/80	Cheryl & Ronnie Chilton
Benjamin Box	08/30/63	Erlene & Jack Box

OUR CHILDREN'S AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Don Shlosman	08/01/00	Margie Godwin
Chad Byrd	08/03/05	Janice & Randy Byrd
Beth Ann Smith	08/06/06	Judy & Randy Smith
Joel Rundell	08/09/90	Sharon Rundell
Heather Greer	08/13/03	Kim & Heath Greer
Paul Hayes	08/14/03	Patty & Paul Hayes
Brandon Dempsey	08/15/06	Belinda Enterkin
Stephen Sivils	08/19/03	Veda & Leon Sivils
Jason Hutts	08/22/99	Carol & Greg Hutts
Brian Perry	08/22/02	Clara & Don Perry
Greg Gilstrap	08/24/07	Jean Gilstrap
Alice Rains	08/28/94	Marie Rains
Brandon McGehee	08/30/02	Teddi & James McGehee

OUR CHILDREN'S SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Dwain Whitehead	09/05/66	Mary & Ralph Whitehead
Fred Page	09/08/58	Charlotte Colquette
Pamela Ford	09/08/74	Leona Upton
Leigh Ann Carlton	09/13/83	Gail Dupuy
Stephen Blanchard	09/15/88	Tracey & Steve Blanchard
Ashley Taylor	09/15/98	Valerie & Doug Taylor
Amber Nicole Tamburo	09/21/88	Barbara & Gerald Tamburo
Wesley Canterberry	09/23/84	Dewanna Canterberry
Aaron Akers	09/23/93	Allison Woods
Joel Rundell	09/26/65	Sharon Rundell
Kody Spann	09/27/84	Cindy & Larry Spann
Richard Bryan	09/28/79	Linda & James Bryan

OUR CHILDREN'S SEPTEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Amanda Maxwell	09/01/02	Angie Maxwell
Kenneth Wall	09/06/99	Beverly & Charles Wall
Kaye Shields	09/06/04	Lila & R.L. Hargrove
Colby Wixson	09/23/06	Laura Scriber
Kim Smith	09/29/97	Jackie Bailey

TO OUR LONG TIME MEMBERS:

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting when new parents arrive with a fresh hurt and frightened eyes, I remember how we felt at our first meeting. Think back ... what would it have been like for you if there had not been any "oldies" to welcome you, share your grief, and encourage you? It was from them you heard, "your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer." They were the ones who wanted to really listen when you talked about your child. Can you be an "oldie" for someone else? By helping someone else, you help yourself and share your child with someone who never got to know them. Come out and share with newly bereaved parents to help them heal. Our own healing happens when we are reaching out to others.

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE;
WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS**

OUR CREDO

We need not walk alone.
We are The Compassionate Friends.
We reach out to each other with love, with understanding and with hope.
Our children have died at all ages and from many different causes,
but our love for our children unites us.
Your pain becomes my pain just as your hope becomes my hope.
We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances.
We are a unique family because we represent many races and creeds.
We are young, and we are old.
Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh
and so intensely painful that we feel helpless and see no hope.
Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength;
some of us are struggling to find answers.
Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression;
others radiate an inner peace.
But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends,
it is pain we will share just as we share with each other our love for our children.
We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves,
but we are committed to building a future together
as we reach out to each other in love
and share the pain as well as the joy,
share the anger as well as the peace,
share the faith as well as the doubts
and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Northeast Louisiana Chapter
P.O. Box 6114
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Return Service Requested