



# *The Compassionate Friends* of Northeast Louisiana Supporting Family After a Child Dies

*Jul / Aug / Sep 2019*

## **A LOVE SONG**

The mention of my child's name may bring tears to  
my eyes.  
But it never fails to bring music to my ears.  
If you are really my friend,  
Please, don't keep me from hearing the beautiful  
music of his name.  
It soothes my broken heart and fills my soul with  
love.

Nancy Williams  
TCF New Jersey

## **ARE THERE NO MORE TEARS**

Time heals, they tell me, and it's been six years.  
After that, are we well, are there no more tears?

It is easier, I have to say, but I can't tell you that I'm  
okay.

These precious children, blood of my blood,  
They were here, they lived, they laughed and they  
loved.

No amount of time will change that fact  
Nothing I can say will bring them back.

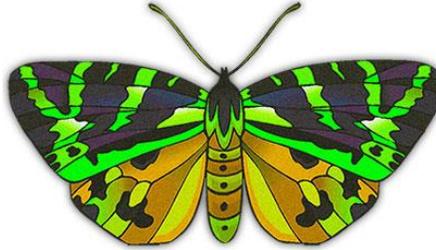
So don't roll your eyes when you see my tears,  
Even though it's been so many years.

I'll continue to cry, but I'll be okay,  
When I take their hand, in Heaven someday.

Marilyn Rollins  
In Loving Memory of Randy and Sara  
TCF Lake / Porter Counties, IN

## **WHERE DO I GO?**

Now that you're gone, where do I go  
to see your fair smile  
to hear your tingling giggle  
to smell your dank hair after a swim  
to listen to your questions  
to touch your gentle cheek  
to feel your bear hug?



Where do I go  
to share all my years of wisdom  
to find someone who'll tell me truth  
to answer the phone that won't ring  
to tell you I'm sorry  
to know that I am loved and  
to pour out my love and my tears?

I shall go  
to the pictures that hold you forever  
to the books we shared  
to the music you taught me to love  
to the woods we explored as one  
to the memories that never fail  
to the innermost reaches of my heart  
to where we are always together.

Marcia Alig  
TCF Mercer Area Chapter NJ

### Monthly Meetings

**Thursday, July 4**

**Thursday, August 1**

**Thursday, September 5**

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.

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Visit the Sibling Resources Page at [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

Email [tcsiblingrep@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:tcsiblingrep@compassionatefriends.org) for the password

## IT'S THE MUSIC THAT BONDS THE SOUL

The room you once lived in  
Doesn't look the same.  
The people, who used to call you,  
Never mentioned your name.

The car you used to drive,  
They may not make any more.  
All the things you once treasured,  
Are boxed behind closet doors.

The clothes you set the trends by,  
Are surely out of date.  
The people, you owed money to,  
Have wiped away the slate  
Things have changed and changed  
Again since you went away.  
But some things have remained the same  
each and every day.  
Like this aching in my heart...  
A scar that just won't heal,  
Or the way a special song  
Can change the way you feel.

Brother, you must know that the "music" bonds us  
and will always keep us close.

Because, secretly, I know deep in my heart, it's the  
music you miss the most.

So let the world keep on turning  
And "time" can take its toll.  
For as long as the music keeps playing,  
You'll be alive and dancing in my soul.

Stacie Gilliam  
TCF Oklahoma City

## DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know:

You need to rip up sheets to make a kite that flies.  
That you cannot build a fort without a tree with Y's.

That matchbox cars run better when they  
are full of paint.

Or, if you hold your breath too long, you  
probably will faint.

Did you know:

A baseball bat makes a terrific gun.  
And, yes, an egg can really fry when left  
out in the sun.

And cardboard boxes seem to make the most terrific  
trains.

And you can swim in puddles after gentle summer  
rains.

Did you know:

That baseball cards clipped upon your bike will make  
the awful clicking noise that parents never like.

A crab trap can be used to catch the most exquisite  
birds.

And pig Latin serves to provide a private world of  
words.

And did you know my brothers?

They died a few years back.

The taught me all these marvelous things

That sometimes sisters lack.

Kathi Guthrie  
TCF Cape May County NJ



## SUMMERWIND

The one who owns this summer is not here,  
Not here to know the tender summerwind,  
Not here to share the glowing and the song.

The one who owns this summer did not live,  
Not live to touch the richness of this day,  
This day in summer when you are alone.

Weep to the summerwind,  
Weep and love again  
The one you remember.

Sascha

## TAKE HEART

Your loss will never go away; there will always be a hole in your life. But it won't always be an abyss opening up under your feet. Scar tissue will form, and the work of grieving hastens its formation. The memories that torment you now will become your treasure, the lasting legacy of love. One day you will look in the mirror and see someone who is whole and healthy—someone who has journeyed through the long dark tunnel of grief and reached peace. That someone will be you.

Giving Yourself Permission to Grieve  
by Carol Luebering

## TIME HEALS

They told me that to comfort me  
When my child died.  
Four years and two children later  
I think maybe they lied.

Friends and family tried their best.  
God sheltered me under his wing.  
Still, the mother inside me  
Cries for that child,  
And time hasn't changed a thing.

The gaping wound granulated to a scar.  
The tears are now slower to spill,  
But deep in my heart there's an empty hole  
That only that child could fill.

No, I don't really think that it's true about time,  
For I know that the love bond remains.  
Time never heals the loss of a child,  
You just learn to cope with the pain.

Marsha Fredrickson  
TCF SD



## FALLING APART

I seem to be falling apart.  
My attention span can be measured in seconds, my  
patience in minutes.  
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'm a newly grieving person.

Elise Cole  
TCF Greater Cincinnati Area

### Chapter co-leaders

Marilyn & French Smith  
Luann & James Butler

### Steering Committee

Henry Cole, Facilitator  
Johnny James, Treasurer  
Dianne & Frank Bruscatto, Library  
Maggy & John Dobbs, Outreach  
Ann Cole, Outreach  
Julie & Danny Petty, Newsletter

## SEPTEMBER MUSINGS

You are going about your everyday tasks, thinking that just maybe this might turn out to be an “okay” day, one that you think you might actually get through. But then a certain song plays on the radio, or you see someone tilt his/her head and smile in that certain way your child did, or the smell of the air after a rainstorm brought you back to a poignant memory of your child. And without warning, you find yourself suddenly spiraling into despair, collapsing in a torrent of tears. Even something that may seem harmless can trigger a grief storm, sneaking up on you when you least expect it. I remember one of the parents in our group telling how the sight of a box of Kraft Macaroni & Cheese could make her leave her cart behind and flee the grocery store because it was one of her son’s favorites.

For example, the month of September may seem innocent enough. There aren’t any major holidays like Christmas to deal with. But this is a month that isn’t easy for me and I am sure that many bereaved parents would agree. Starting the school year is a momentous occasion for many children. Those whose child that died wasn’t old enough for school will never get to see the excitement on their child’s face as they go off to their first day of school with their new lunch boxes and backpacks, knowing that their child should be among them and is not.

Those whose children were older when they died have memories of the preparation of getting ready for the school year. For example, my daughter Nina LOVED to go shopping with me for school clothes. The first fall after she died I could barely endure walking into the department stores, seeing those mannequins dressed in all the latest back-to-school fashions. I could picture how she would scurry through the racks of clothing picking out her favorites. She would run into the fitting rooms where she would poke her head out to ask me what I thought about her choices. Seeing the moms and daughter shopping together was agonizing. Listening to those mothers with irritated, hassled voices, chiding their children to “Hurry up, I don’t have all day!” made my head swim. If they only knew that there could come a day when they would be sorry they did not savor the time spent doing those kinds of mother/child things.

The dilemma for me was that Nina would be of college age and, knowing her love of school, I am quite sure she would be headed off to college. She would have been so excited! The September after she would have graduated, a parent whose child had left for a college out West called me and said, “Now that Kim is at college, I know exactly how you feel about losing Nina.” That was one of those moments that I was rendered speechless. I might now have the wherewithal to respond, but not at that particular juncture in my grief journey. I remember my mind racing and wanting to say, “You can hop on a plane whenever the urge strikes you to see her is overpowering; you can pick up the phone and hear her voice 24-hours a day; she will be coming home over the holidays and summer vacation when the school year has ended. But my daughter will NEVER come home again! How can you compare the two???” I guess we can only forgive them for their lack of empathy and comprehension, and be glad for them that they don’t really know how it feels.

We can’t block out what is happening around us or change the sometimes inappropriate things that come out of people’s mouths. But we can keep those close to us who understand – a spouse or significant other, our surviving children if there are any, close family and friends. And, of course, we know our Compassionate Friends will always be there: those TCF friends who appreciate the difficulty of the path we are walking; those who understand that we need others to be gentle with our fragile hearts, and accept that there are no timetables in grief and recognize our present frailties. Those same priceless fellow grievers who know the sun will shine again, but, for now, realize they may need to hold the umbrella for us.

Bless all of you who have been there, and who continue to be there, for other bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents in need of understanding. May all of us be that fortunate to have people like that in our currently shattered lives, so that someday, when the cloud has lifted, we can be that “Compassionate Friend” for someone else.

With gentle thoughts,  
Cathy Seehuetter, Nina’s mom  
TCF St. Paul, MN



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>	
Chris Springfield	07/03/75
Don Shlosman	07/04/78
Michael Stephens	07/06/51
Tonya Hurst	07/06/79
Stacey Gentry Morrison	07/07/83
Amiee McIlveene	07/07/78
Greg Dennis	07/08/60
Jill Whitaker	07/21/02
Fred Page	07/22/62
Bobby Starnes, Sr.	07/25/56
Randy Foote	07/25/75
Scottie McLarrin	07/30/87
Matthew Nolan	07/30/91

## Parent(s)

Deborah & Walter Springfield
Margie Godwin
Maggie & John Stephens
Pam Wimbish
Sandy Kendrick
Rhea & Danny McIlveene
Camille Dennis
Cynthia Machen
Gloria Roye
Edwina Starnes
Linda Foote
Mary McLarrin
Karen Nolan

## OUR CHILDREN'S JULY ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>	
Leigh Ann Carlton	07/01/01
Andrew Rinicker	07/03/04
Hunter Carr	07/08/09
Derrick Sadberry	07/15/06
Steven Wisdom	07/15/06
Mike Hayes	07/19/97
Michael Hollier	07/21/09
Chris Culpepper	07/24/93
Allison Butler	07/30/11

## Parent(s)

Gail Dupuy
Dale Rinicker
Juanita Carr
Belinda Sadberry
Dee Wisdom
Margaret & George Hayes
Lyn Hollier
Noel Culpepper
LuAnn & James Butler

## OUR CHILDREN'S AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>	
Heather Greer	08/01/83
Robin Munholland	08/02/81
Michelle Putman	08/03/83
Kim Smith	08/02/75
Adam McKenzie	08/04/68
Aaron McKenzie	08/04/68
Lisa Giovingo	08/07/59
Curtis Thigpen	08/07/78
Chad Byrd	08/13/79
Shontavious Foster	08/13/87
Robert Harrison	08/15/59
John Bruscato	08/19/74
Michele Perry	08/25/66
Dominique Bruscato	08/28/79
Tytianna Jenkins	08/28/98
Benjamin Box	08/30/63

## Parent(s)

Kim & Heath Greer
Terry Williams
Gaye Laing
Jackie Bailey
Cheryl & Jerome McKenzie
Cheryl & Jerome McKenzie
Frances Webb
Mary Jo & Art Thigpen
Janice & Randy Byrd
Sarah Foster
Dr. & Mrs. Robert Harrison
Dianne & Frank Bruscato
Don & Clara Perry
Gene Bruscato
Beverly Jenkins
Erlene & Jack Box

## OUR CHILDREN'S AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>	
Don Shlosman	08/01/00
Chad Byrd	08/01/05
Hope Johnson	08/02/05
Matthew Elliott	08/04/16
Savannah Thornton	08/07/16
Joel Rundell	08/09/90
Brittany Braxton	08/11/09
Heather Greer	08/13/03
Paul Hayes	08/14/03
Scott Thompson	08/16/03
Stephen Sivils	08/19/03
Jayson C. Crawley	08/20/90
Jeffrey Carter	08/22/10
Jason Hutts	08/22/99
Brian Perry	08/22/02
Greg Gilstrap	08/24/07
Debbie Pope	08/24/08
Dean Keirse	08/28/11
Brandon McGehee	08/30/02
Robert Harrison	08/31/06

## Parent(s)

Margie Godwin
Janice & Randy Byrd
Fran Johnson
Guina Elliott
Rhonda & Ronald Thornton
Sharon & Jim Rundell
Ursula Braxton
Kim & Heath Greer
Patty & Paul Hayes
Tammy Thompson
Veda Sivils
Ruby Crawley
Dianne & Tim Carter
Carol & Greg Hutts
Clara & Don Perry
Jean Gilstrap
Jean Hamilton
Shirley Porter
Teddi & James McGehee
Dr. & Mrs. Robert Harrison

## OUR CHILDREN'S SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>	
Mario Lambert	09/04/77
Fred Page	09/08/58
Pamela Ford	09/08/74
Holly M. Robertson	09/12/70
Leigh Ann Carlton	09/13/83
Anne Barham	09/14/77
Rodney Hubbard	09/15/64
Barry Kirby	09/18/89
Donald Acree	09/20/64
Paul Johnston	09/20/59
Michael Woods	09/20/95
Jayden Ward	09/21/09
Cole Brooks Hamilton	09/22/95
Wesley Canterberry	09/23/84
Emerson Johnson	09/23/14
Jeffrey Carter	09/24/82
Joel Rundell	09/26/65
Kody Spann	09/27/84
Richard Bryan	09/28/79

## Parent(s)

Helma Lambert
Charlotte Colquette
Leona Upton
Nancy & Joe Mulhern
Gail Dupuy
Pat Barham
Claudina Vega
Lisa Kirby/Bridget Kirby
Fran Acree
Gloria & Paul Johnston
China Telano
Alicia Hill
Laurie & Britt Hamilton
Dewanna Canterberry
Sandy Johnson
Dianne & Tim Carter
Sharon & Jim Rundell
Cindy Spann
Linda & James Bryan

## OUR CHILDREN'S SEPTEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>	
Amanda Maxwell	09/01/02
Blade Gilbreath	09/06/15
Kenneth Wall	09/06/99
Kaye Shields	09/06/04
Matthew Nolan	09/11/17
Cole Crawford	09/22/18
Timothy Smith	09/25/76
Aaron McKenzie	09/29/10
Kim Smith	09/29/97

## Parent(s)

Angie Maxwell
Dawn & Brandon Gilbreath
Beverly & Charles Wall
Lila & R.L. Hargrove
Karen Nolan
Sylvia & Greg Crawford
Mary & Buddy Smith
Cheryl & Jerome McKenzie
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.

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

[www.tcfnortheastla.org](http://www.tcfnortheastla.org)

**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS**  
Northeast Louisiana Chapter  
P.O. Box 6114  
Monroe, Louisiana 71211

Return Service Requested