



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHEAST LOUISIANA CHAPTER

Phone: 318.388.1660  
Fax: 318.388.2368  
Web: [www.tcfnortheastla.org](http://www.tcfnortheastla.org)  
Email: [tcfnortheastla@aol.com](mailto:tcfnortheastla@aol.com)

*MARCH / APRIL 2008*

## REMEMBERING

Go ahead and mention my child,  
The one that died, you know.  
Don't worry about hurting me further.  
The depth of my pain doesn't show.

Don't worry about making me cry.  
I'm already crying inside.  
Help me to heal by releasing  
The tears that I try to hide.

I'm hurt when you just keep silent,  
Pretending he didn't exist.  
I'd rather you mention my child,  
Knowing that he has been missed.

You asked me how I was doing.  
I say "pretty good" or "fine".  
But healing is something ongoing  
I know it will take a lifetime.

Elizabeth D.  
TCF McMinnville, OR

## SPRING

I'm afraid of the spring.  
I'm afraid, you might say,  
Of other children's voices  
As they come out to play.

I'm afraid of the feelings  
Deep down in my heart,  
With all the pain and the hurt,  
I may fall apart.

Shall I shut all the windows  
So I don't hear a thing?  
Shall I shut my eyes,  
So I can't see spring?

Shall I let winter live  
The whole year through?  
And feel safer inside  
And a lot colder too?

Penny Lenehan  
TCF Brookside, NJ



## DAFFODILS

In the spring, I will bring  
daffodils to you with a prayer—  
after the cold, snowy winter is over and gone.

I will sit on the grass and sing the songs that we  
shared,  
knowing that your boundless spirit still lives on.

I've walked the path of sorrow;  
It's helped me to grow.

Through the tears have come my strength and my  
healing.  
My heart, once wounded and broken,  
Is mended and filled with deep love for everyone in  
all that I do.

And every warm, sunny spring,  
I will bring yellow daffodils—and cherish the  
memories of you.

Sharon Cordaro  
TCF Inland Empire, CA

### Monthly Meetings

**Thursday, March 6**

**Thursday, April 3**

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

---

## REFLECTIONS

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life really isn't always fair and predictable; that sometimes even my best still isn't good enough; and that from the day of her death, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor and to have a successful career and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss. I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all I have been given the gift of time—time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.

Cathy Schanberger

## SURELY MISSED

Every night as I lay down to sleep,  
I lay my head down as I begin to weep.  
The thought of your strong embrace,  
Brings such a sweet memory and smile to my face.

The thought of you not being here,  
How painful it is to think of, my dear.  
I think of the past and fall into a trance,  
My mind begins to wonder and dance.

As the tears begin to fall,  
I get up and look in the mirror in awe.  
How could such a young life come to an end?  
Now my life has begun to bend.

I walk down the hall and pass your untouched room,  
I suddenly become distraught and gloom.  
I open the door and you're not inside,

The agonizing pain makes me want to run and hide.

I realize that I can no longer pretend,  
My life too will come to an end.

Stephanie Andrea Vasquez  
In loving memory of my big brother  
Daniel Andres Vasquez  
August 27, 1986-July 4, 2004



## TO THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW

If you could imagine the loneliest moment in your entire life, remember exactly how your body felt in that moment, empty those feelings into an expanding pill and swallow it, then you could begin to imagine what it feels to live through loss.

I would have one hand in happiness...the memories we made together, and one hand in isolation...the world without my brother. I constantly push and pull in an attempt to firmly remember yet triumphantly live a positive life.

Scott Mastley for his brother Chris  
TCF Atlanta, GA

## ANGEL KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

There came a frantic knock  
At the doctor's office door,  
A knock, more urgent than  
he had ever heard before.

"Come in, Come in,"  
the impatient doctor said,  
"Come in, Come in,  
before you wake the dead."

In walked a frightened little girl,  
a child no more than nine,  
It was plain for all to see,  
she had troubles on her mind.

"Oh doctor, I beg you,  
please come with me,  
My mother is surely dying,  
she's as sick as she can be."

"I don't make house calls,  
bring your mother here,"  
"But she's too sick,  
so you must come or she will die I fear."

The doctor, touched by her devotion,  
decided he would go,  
She said he would be blessed,  
more than he could know.

She led him to her house  
where her mother lay in bed,  
Her mother was so very sick  
she couldn't raise her head.

But her eyes cried out for help  
and help her the doctor did,  
She would have died that very night  
had it not been for her kid.

The doctor got her fever down  
and she lived through the night,  
And morning brought the doctor signs,  
that she would be all right.



The doctor said he had to leave  
but would return again by two,  
And later he came back to check,  
just like he said he'd do.

The mother praised the doctor  
for all the things he'd done,  
He told her she would have died,  
were it not for her little one.

"How proud you must be  
of your wonderful little girl,  
It was her pleading that made me come,  
she is really quite a pearl!"

"But doctor, my daughter died  
over three years ago,  
Is the picture on the wall  
of the little girl you know?"

The doctor's legs went limp  
for the picture on the wall,  
Was the same little girl  
for whom he'd made this call.

The doctor stood motionless,  
for quite a little while,  
And then his solemn face,  
was broken by his smile.

He was thinking of that frantic knock  
heard at his office door,  
And of the beautiful little angel  
that had walked across his floor.

Author ~ Unknown

### [Chapter co-leaders](#)

Marilyn & French Smith

### [Steering Committee](#)

Henry Cole, Facilitator

Beverly & Charles Wall, Treasurer

Dianne & Frank Bruscato, 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

## THE WOUNDED HEART

Children have preceded their parents in death for eons of time. We are not the first, nor will we be the last to enter the realm of Bereaved Parents. But for now – right now – it is our hearts that are freshly wounded and our hearts in need of mending.

Wounded hearts must be allowed to mourn and lament their loss; to pour out their pain, agony, sadness, hurt and anger; and to release their well of tears. Wounded hearts need to be wrapped in quietness, gentleness and compassion, away from the turmoil of daily life.

A wounded heart, not allowed to mend from the depth of its agony, will be an abscess – to swell and will slowly choke the spirit of its host. Only the bearer will know when his heart has healed.

The wounded heart, encouraged and given the time and freedom to mend, will carry in its chambers the memory and shared love of a precious child.

Nancy Green  
TCF Livonia, MI



## ENERGY DRAIN

It is surprising time that much bereavement literature omits mention of the huge energy drain which comes with grief. If you are newly bereaved and have yet to realize that nearly all your energy is required just to deal with these many emotions you are confronting, then let me assure you that this is the case. Don't expect yourself to complete projects within the same time frame as you were once able to, nor expect yourself to be able to dazzle customers and clients with your pizzazz or gust.

It simply takes too much energy just to dress in the morning, to make the simple decision to eat, to stifle tears in public, to keep your anger from inappropriately erupting. There is very little energy for anything else. Everything will take longer than you think, including grief recovery. You will, however, gradually rediscover yourself and build a new life. Your life will be a rich and full one where the memories of your child will no longer produce pain. In fact, those memories will enrich your life. And that's the truth!

Meanwhile, conserve your energy when and where you can, and allow yourself time to grieve. Those people who deny their grief delay the process. The quicker way to recovery is straight through the grief, not around it.

Shirley O.  
TCF Denton, TX



Everyone is encouraged to contribute to the newsletter to keep our chapter going strong. Please contact Julie Petty with your ideas.  
553 Hwy 596; Lake Providence, LA 71254  
Phone: 559-1762



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.



If you do not wish to receive the newsletter, please contact French Smith or email: [tcfnortheastla@aol.com](mailto:tcfnortheastla@aol.com) to be removed from the mailing list.

# 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 MARCH BIRTHDAYS**

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Kaye Shields	03/04/62	Lila & R.L. Hargrove
Tyrone Edwards	03/10/81	Sheila Edwards
Greg Gilstrap	03/12/70	Jean Gilstrap
Ben Caldwell	03/26/83	Emily & Douglas Caldwell
Jon Bowman	03/27/85	Jill Puckett
Michael Johns	03/28/75	Nell Book

## **OUR CHILDREN'S MARCH ANNIVERSARIES**

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Michael Hoyem	03/01/06	Dorothy & Don Hoyem
Jeremy Barnhill	03/08/02	Kathi & Terry Barnhill
Stuart Morse	03/09/06	Tammy & James Morse
Brian Gregory	03/10/98	Frances & Jim Gregory
Duston Albritton	03/14/98	Linda & Ronnie Albritton
Brandi Spradlin	03/22/98	Rita & Terry Colegate
Todd Bates	02/24/04	Sheila Bates
Tyrone Edwards	03/30/02	Sheila Edwards
Kimball James	03/31/01	Betty Jean & Johnny James

## **OUR CHILDREN'S APRIL BIRTHDAYS**

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Jason Garrett	04/02/67	Sandra Garrett
Lee Deal	04/13/83	Melanie Deal
Rod Taliaferro	04/17/64	Shirley Taliaferro
Ashley Loflin	04/22/74	Katie & Pat Loflin
Eddie Hoy, Jr.	04/24/67	Martha Fontenot

## **OUR CHILDREN'S APRIL ANNIVERSARIES**

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Lauren Hemphill	04/04/06	Kitty McDougal & Tommy Hemphill
Krista Corrent	04/08/00	Anna Ruth Hill
Pamela Ford	04/10/04	Leona Upton
Martha Mickel	04/13/84	Ruth Mickel
Michael Johns	04/19/06	Nell Book
Robin Gates	04/24/06	Nora & Darwin Gates

## **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