



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHEAST LOUISIANA CHAPTER

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MAY / JUN 2008

A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT TO GOD

Lord today is Mother's Day, but our hearts are split in
two

Half is with the child still here,
the other with the child that is there with you.
All the lovely presents are a nice surprise
But the one thing we want most is missing,
and tears fill our eyes.

We know when you sent them Lord,
you didn't promise how long they would stay
All you said was to love them
and treasure each and every day.
But Lord it crushed our hearts,
when you called for their return
We feel like half a Mom, as we ache weep and
yearn.

But Lord tell them we love them
just as much as we did before
And could you please make a window,
so they can see through heaven's floor.
Let them see that they are missed
and thought of with each breath
And that a Mother's love begins before life,
and does not end with death.

So on this Mother's Day the greatest gift we give to
you
For Lord we know you missed them, and you love
them too.

Sending warm embraces and thoughts to all the
Mother's and wishing you a warm and peace filled
day.

Sheila Simmons
TCF Atlanta, GA

VALLEY OF THE BUTTERFLIES

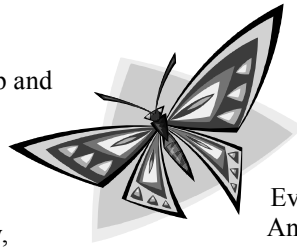
There is a green, sun-drenched valley
Light with the scent of clover and lilacs
Where the butterflies dance.
Leaping and swooping, they reflect colors
Of every hue and dimension.

There are monarchs and skippers,
Swallowtails and delicate spring azures.
Each dances its unique pattern
Of flits, circles, and dives,
Stretching its fragile wings toward the clouds
Or brushing its feet on the succulent grass.

There are no roads, paths, or gates
To broach the valley's entrance,
Yet it is visited often in thoughts and
dreams.

Every parent who has sent forth a child
And vainly waited for its return
Comes seeking in the valley of the butterflies,
And there finds a beautiful spirit,
Stretching its wings to the clouds and
brushing its feet on the grass,
Dancing in swoops, flits, and dives,
Drying its dewy wings in the warm sunshine of
forever.

Marcia F. Alig
TCF Mercer Area Chapter



Monthly Meetings

Thursday, May 1

Thursday, June 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.

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

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

A WISH

I wish upon a rainbow
In every single dream,
And hope with my entire heart
You will be here again.

I wish upon its colors
That together we will be,
For you are my brother
And I want you here with me.

It's the way the color blends

That gets my hopes so high.
I know you didn't mean it
When you left without a good-bye.

We didn't understand your feelings
Or how sad you were inside.
You drank until it killed you
And your friend right by your side.

If only the world could be a rainbow
Maybe they would see,
But even though you're gone
You're forever a part of me.

Chasitie Sharp, Sibling
TCF Marion, OH



LIKE THE BUTTERFLY

It fluttered there, above my head,
Weightless in the soft breeze
I reached up my hand,
It lit upon my finger.
Waving glistening wings gently,
It looked at me for timeless moments.
I smiled, reaching deep, and
Finding all those cherished memories
As it flitted off through the sunlit morn,
I knew we had said hello
Once more.

Lezlie Langfort-sibling
TCF North Platte, NE

FOREVER YOUNG

Through distant mists of memories,
I hear them call my name;
Those who served beside me,
On a battleground of pain.

Nothing left but memories,
Of those forever young;
Lives that ended suddenly,
What would they have become?

What price they paid for freedom,
The sacrifice untold;
Yet, here they are in memories,
Not one will 'ere grow old.

For I shall keep their names alive,
Until my flame is gone;
Then pass the torch to those who will,
Remember....The Forever young.

Allison Chambers Coxsey
TCF Bridgewater, NJ

FATHER'S DAY

Warm and sunny day in June,
Father's day.

Children, small and grown
Give gifts to father
Say thanks to father
Say I love you.

But there are fathers
Whose children are not here
To give gifts and say thanks
And say I love you.

Remember the fathers
Whose children are gone,
Because all too often
They grieve in heartbreak silence

Sascha

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day is here
And it is late and almost over

Today children give thanks for their mothers.
You are gone and can't be thankful for me,
But oh how thankful I am I had you

Each holiday is hard and I doubt they will
Ever get easier

But I am so glad to have had you.
Even now I can't bear the fact that you
are gone.

I look at the pictures of you so sweet and
alive,
And then look at pictures of you in
That white tufted box—so still—so dead.

The Celeste I knew and loved, I give thanks for,
Lives inside my head and heart.

And so, on the first Mother's Day without you
I'm missing you, grieving for you,
Loving you still and oh, so very
Thankful for you.

Happy Mother's Day to me for memories of you.

Jo Hughes
TCF Gainesville, FL



[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

A BEREAVED MOTHER IS...

A Bereaved Mother Is someone who thinks she will spend the rest of her life with this horrendous feeling inside.

A Bereaved Mother Is someone who has to learn how to live all over again.

A Bereaved Mother Is someone who wishes they would take Mother's Day out of the calendar.

A Bereaved Mother Is someone who has to learn to accept the loss of her beloved child and uses what she has learned to help others.

A Bereaved Mother Is someone who can again learn to smile, to look forward to the future and get excited again because her Compassionate Friends were there when she needed them.

Zel Hester
TCF Atlanta, GA

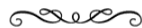


FOREVER

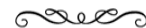
The seasons change and people change but the heart knows that love stays the same. What we wouldn't give to hear "Hey Mom and Dad, guess what?" We parents all have special moments. They stop our world. And for that moment we're with our child. We cherish the memories and whisper. . .

WE LOVE YOU. . .FOREVER!

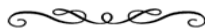
TCF Seacoast NH Chapter



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 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 MAY BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Bo Best	05/02/84	Charlene Best & Charles West
Justin Petty	05/07/82	Julie & Danny Petty
Melissa Blankenship	05/08/65	Peaches Cathey
Jason Hutts	05/12/81	Carol & Greg Hutts
Derrick Sadberry	05/15/65	Belinda Sadberry
Brian Gregory	05/28/73	Frances & Jim Gregory
Makayla Street	05/30/06	Christopher Street

OUR CHILDREN'S MAY ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Clifton Scarborough	05/04/99	Tina Scarborough
Patrick Loflin	05/10/05	Katie & Pat Loflin
Ashley Loflin	05/10/05	Katie & Pat Loflin
Lee Deal	05/16/06	Melanie Deal
Carrie Peters	05/17/05	Florence Peters
Dwain Whitehead	05/22/07	Mary & Ralph Whitehead
Justin Petty	05/26/01	Julie & Danny Petty

OUR CHILDREN'S JUNE BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Travis Lowery	06/07/78	Joyce Lowery
Sean Hanemann	06/09/67	Susan Tingle
Caroline Cole	06/11/70	Ann & Henry Cole
Andrew Rinicker	06/16/72	Dale Rinicker
Alice Rains	06/18/70	Marie Rains
Jackson Kennedy	06/18/00	Jonann & Jeff Kennedy
Mike Hayes	06/20/63	Margaret & George Hayes
Kelly Chapman	06/23/78	Judy & Bennie Chapman
Carrie Peters	06/24/64	Florence Peters

OUR CHILDREN'S JUNE ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Melissa Blankenship	06/14/04	Peaches Cathey
Wesley Canterbury	06/15/07	Dewanna Canterbury
Michael Prichard	06/23/07	Jo Lynn & Paul Prichard

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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Northeast Louisiana Chapter
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Return Service Requested