



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

Oct / Nov / Dec 2018

THANKS

Thanks to the friend who did know the right words to say; "There is a group in town that might help you."

Thanks to the parent who somehow found the courage to call that phone number and find out about "that group."

Thanks to the mother who went to that first meeting knowing it would really hurt to talk – and talked.

Thanks to the dad who said after the first meeting that he could never come back – but did.

Thanks to the parent who, at the fifth meeting, put her arms around a "new one" and said, "They really can help."

Thanks to the mom who, for the first time, was again able to bake cookies – for her "Compassionate Friends."

Thanks to the homemaker who could never talk in front of people – who became a facilitator.

Thanks to the six-foot father who cried in front of the other men – and didn't say he was sorry.

Because of you, we will be able to help someone we don't even know – next month.

John DeBoer
TCF Greater Omaha, NE



SUMMER'S END

Always at summer's end
There comes a moment when
Memory brings to me
Gifts from the past.

I see your faces then,
Glistening in the sun.
I hear your laughter then,
Shared by the wind.

And in that glint of time
I feel you near again,
As you were, long ago,
At summer's end

Sascha Wagner

The experience of grieving cannot be ordered or categorized, hurried or controlled, pushed aside or ignored indefinitely. It is as inevitable as breathing, as change, as love. It may be postponed, but it will not be denied.

Molly Fumia

Monthly Meetings

Thursday, October 4

Thursday, November 1

Due to the Candle Lighting Ceremony to be held Sunday, December 9, we will not have our regular monthly meeting in December.

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 BITTER TEARS OF LOVE LOST

Because of my status in society
I can look below to poverty and realize no matter
how frustrated I get, I will always be very lucky to
have a family who loves and cares for me.

But still the tears roll down my face and my cheeks
are forever stained because I know as long as I live
my heart will always be
pained.

I was left in shock, pain, and
fear, left with your unspoken
words which I will never hear

But in my days of sorrow
when I feel that I will fall
I can only repeat the phrase to
myself, "It is better to have
loved and lost than to never
have loved at all."

Peter Smith, age 15
sibling to Gregory Smith

NAMASTE - THE LIGHT IN ME SALUTES THE LIGHT IN YOU

I believe that we are here on this planet to experience
what it means to be a Spirit in a physical body. The
greater the experience, the deeper it touches our soul.
This includes pleasure and pain, happiness and
sadness, hope and despair, lightness and darkness.
For we cannot know one without the other. This is a
time to experience our grief. I pray that we all give
ourselves that right and honor our grieving process.
Through grief we heal. These are the things that I
grieve for:

I grieve for the loss of my only brother.

I grieve that I will never come home to see him
sitting in the living room to say hello.

I grieve that we will never laugh together again, that I
will never again experience that rich and unique
humor that only he and I shared.

I grieve that this world will no longer get to enjoy his
humanness and his many gifts.

I grieve that I will never see my brother in love, that I
will never see him as a father or with a family of his
own.



I grieve that we will no
longer share and inspire
each other with the music
that we love.

I grieve that we will never
get to work on a creative
multi-media project
together. This was a vision
I held for the future.

I grieve that I didn't share
enough of my life
experiences with my brother, and that I could have
opened my heart even more.

I grieve for all the people that Jason touched and the
feelings of pain and loss that they are experiencing.

This is what I grieve for. Through death new life is
birthed and though we cannot see it now, from
Jason's death we will all experience new life. If we
allow ourselves to grieve fully, this new life will
become apparent. I love the spirit who gave me the
privilege and pleasure of being my brother and I am
grateful to experience 24 years of his beauty on this
planet.

Jeff Curnutt
in Honor of His Brother
Jason Curnutt
November 26, 1974- April 11, 1999

THE MAGIC LIGHT OF DAY

Often, when I think of you
It's in the morning light.
Or other times, I find that
It is in the soft twilight.

Somehow in those early hours
Or in the dusk of day-
I feel our connection soundly,
From your place so far away.

There's something very special
About soft and dim sunlight
That lets me know you're by my side
And everything's alright.

Not many would believe it's true,
For heaven is far way.
But all I know is - there you are,
With me everyday.

You walk with me and comfort me,
And somehow let me know.
You'll guide the way along my life
And meet me when I go.

Kathie Winkler
Middleburg Heights, Ohio

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

~for Bereaved Parents~

'Twas the month before Christmas
and I dreaded the days,
That I knew I was facing -
the holiday craze.
The stores were all filled
with holiday lights,
In hopes of drawing customers
by day and by night.

As others were making their holiday plans,
My heart was breaking - I couldn't understand.
I had lost my dear child a few years before,
And I knew what my holiday had in store.



When out of nowhere, there arose such a sound,
I sprang to my feet and was looking around,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The sight that I saw took my breath away,
And my tears turned to smiles in the light of the day.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a cluster of butterflies fluttering near.
With beauty and grace they performed a dance,
I knew in a moment this wasn't by chance.

The hope that they gave me was a sign from above,
That my child was still near me and that I was loved.
The message they brought was my holiday gift,
And I cried when I saw them in spite of myself.

As I knelt closer to get a better view,
One allowed me to pet it - as if it knew -
That I needed the touch of its fragile wings,
To help me get through the holiday scene.

In the days that followed I carried the thought,
Of the message the butterflies left in my heart -
That no matter what happens or what days lie ahead,
Our children are with us - they're not really dead.

Yes, the message of the butterflies still rings in my ears,
A message of hope - a message so dear.
And I imagined they sang as they flew out of sight,
"To all bereaved parents - We love you tonight!"

Faye McCord
TCF Jackson, MS

Chapter co-leaders

Marilyn & French Smith
Luann & James Butler

Steering Committee

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

CANDLES IN THE NIGHT

A heart broken by the death of a child can never be healed. As parents we try every way that can be thought of to cope with the loss, but the void will always be there. At first that emptiness seems to take your breath away and most times we wish it would.

This becomes different with the passage of time. It never goes away, but at some point we learn to live with it, and in fact this horrible feeling becomes a lifeline of sorts. One of our biggest fears is to forget our children. Forget how they looked or how their voices sounded. The smiles and tears that blur together to make a child. This emptiness in effect becomes a constant yearning to remember our children.

Our hearts force us to find ways to fill that void to maintain our role as parents. Some are as simple as visiting the cemetery and some are as complex as changing our entire lives, dedicated to the memory of our child. In between are the many rituals we create or borrow from others to honor the memories and to keep our child's name alive.

Lighting a candle and saying a child's name keeps their memory burning bright. It means we are struggling to cope with this unwanted role of bereaved parent in the only positive manner we can. We will most certainly shed tears every time and we will still miss our child, but we are doing something that allows the world to hear our child's name and for that one moment the candle means so much more than anyone else could ever understand.

For a fleeting second that is our universe and every memory we have comes flooding back to us as we see the flame through tears, distorting it into something magical. It's the only gift we can give our children. This is as close as we can get to our child now. A tiny, flickering flame that can warm the heart and it's nice to think that perhaps they can see it also. It's a beacon, our light in the window, our shining star in the darkness. It's an opening of our hearts and a way to share our grief.

We gather to honor the memories of our children and to share this bond of lighting a candle for the children all over the world. We miss them so much.

Jim Lowery
Sugar Land/SW Houston TCF Houston, TX

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS Northeast Louisiana Chapter

CANDLE LIGHTING CEREMONY

*Join with us as we honor the memories of our
children.*

In loving memory of our children who are no longer with us, The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Louisiana extends an invitation for you, your family, and friends to join us for our annual Candle Lighting Ceremony.



**When: Sunday, December 9, 2018
at 6:30 pm**

**Location: Grace Episcopal Church
1400 North 4th St. at the corner of
Glenmore Ave.**

We do this . . . that their light may always shine!

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting® is held every year on the second Sunday in December at 7pm for one hour local time in each time zone around the globe – a 24-hour wave of light in memory of all children who have died.

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 OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Jeffrey H. Crawley	10/01/68	Ruby Crawley
Martha Mikel	10/05/53	Ruth Mikel
Jennifer Hale	10/05/84	Sheila Hale
Danny Morgan	10/09/67	Jeanie Morgan
Alyssa Neitz	10/10/00	Jennifer & Joey Neitz
Brandi Pearson	10/11/72	Layne Pearson
Trent Weaver	10/11/12	Donna VanVeckhoven
Lance Thomas	10/13/87	Connie & Danny Thomas
Jeremy Barnhill	10/15/84	Kathi & Terry Barnhill
Deborah Smith	10/22/58	Mary & Buddy Smith
John Dobbs	10/23/89	Maggy & John Dobbs
Kenneth Wall	10/26/59	Beverly & Charles Wall
Lance Ulibarri	10/29/79	Connie & Richard Ulibarri
Stephen Dupuy	10/30/68	Polly & Butch Dupuy, Jr.
Raymond Scott	10/30/80	Pam Lavender

OUR CHILDREN'S NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Joe Block Barham	11/06/78	Janie & Andy Barham
Ben Brubaker	11/09/75	Jena & Ron Brubaker
David Moore	11/12/58	Barbara Moore
Brady Hairston	11/16/96	Cindy & Lee Hairston
Teresa Gentry	11/18/55	Lynn Walters
Amanda Moulle	11/18/77	Fae & Nolan Moulle'
Steven Wisdom	11/20/48	Dee Wisdom
Tonya Bell	11/21/97	Ann Smith
Justin Walker	11/22/85	Beverly Walker
Dustin Allbritton	11/22/78	Linda & Ronnie Allbritton
Corey Hayman	11/23/77	Linda & William Hayman
Autumn Henderson	11/27/82	Janet & Daniel Wyatt

OUR CHILDREN'S DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Mica Lightsey	12/09/70	Karen McAdams
Trey Watson	12/09/70	Henrietta/Paul Watson
Michael Hollier	12/12/66	Lyn Hollier
Wendy Williams	12/12/53	Nell Williams
Janey Knight	12/16/59	Sandy Casteel
Brandon McGehee	12/16/77	Teddi & James McGehee
Carl Alexander	12/18/63	Valerie & Billy Matejowsky
Brittany Braxton	12/21/85	Ursula Braxton
Brian Perry	12/25/72	Clara & Don Perry
Kerry Alex	12/28/61	Joseph Alex
Krista Corrent	12/28/64	Anna Ruth Hill
Cedrick Hotard	12/31/74	Sharon & Steven Hotard

OUR CHILDREN'S OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Shannon Scharf	10/01/98	Robert S. Green
Lance Ulibarri	10/02/10	Connie & Richard Ulibarri
John Bruscato	10/05/96	Dianne & Frank Bruscato
Emerson Johnson	10/05/14	Sandy Johnson
Jenna Johnson	10/05/14	Sandy Johnson
Michael Woods	10/06/12	China Woods
Jon Bowman	10/09/06	Jill Puckett
Cole Brooks Hamilton	10/08/14	Laurie & Britt Hamilton
Wendi Janway-Jones	10/09/09	Rosalyn & Tom Janway
Wendy Williams	10/15/99	Nell Williams
Hope Bruscato	10/16/98	Gene Bruscato
Brady Hairston	10/16/11	Cindy & Lee Hairston
Corey Washington	10/18/07	Gracie Washington
Wendy Williams	10/19/99	Nell Williams
Stephen Dupuy	10/22/05	Polly & Butch Dupuy
Fred Page	10/24/03	Gloria Roye
Aimee McIlveene	10/26/01	Rhea & Danny McIlveene

OUR CHILDREN'S NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Stephen Smith	11/07/99	Marilyn & French Smith
Jeffrey H. Crawley	11/08/16	Ruby Crawley
Jason Farrell	11/09/02	Sandra Garrett
Bo Best	11/09/07	Charlene & Steve Best
Michael Moreau	11/12/13	Bonnie & Ron Nay
Tytianna Jenkins	11/16/11	Beverly Jenkins
Joe Block Barham	11/19/03	Janie & Andy Barham
Amanda Moulle'	11/20/77	Fae & Nolan Moulle'
Justice Farrar	11/21/16	Martha Anderson
Kerry Alex	11/24/14	Regina Kenney
Matt Mouser	11/25/79	Kathryn Hutchinson

OUR CHILDREN'S DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

<u>Child</u>		<u>Parent(s)</u>
Rodney Hubbard	12/08/15	Claudine Vega
Katie Joyce	12/08/15	Kathryn & Jeff Joyce
Mica Lightsey	12/09/08	Karen Ada,s
Justin Walker	12/12/03	Beverly Walker
Kelly Chapman	12/19/10	Judy & Bennie Chapman
Autumn Henderson	12/20/10	Janet & Daniel Wyatt
McKenzie Hudson	12/23/14	Danya Hudson
Jennifer Hale	12/23/12	Sheila Hale
Michelle Putman	12/24/10	Gaye Laing
Randy Foote	12/27/16	Linda Foote
Robby Jenkins	12/27/16	Beverly Jenkins
Norman Craig	12/28/02	Pat Craig
Ben Brubaker	12/30/13	Jena & Ron Brubaker

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

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

Return Service Requested