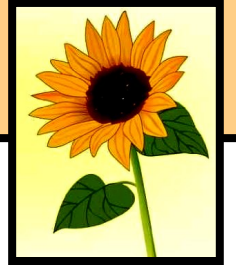




**August  
2022**



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**If this is your first Newsletter:**

*If you are receiving this newsletter for the first time, it is because someone has told us it might be helpful for you. We also invite you to our monthly meetings at Hayes Barton Baptist Church. At these meetings you may talk or choose not to say a word. There are no fees or dues. We are sorry you have had to experience the death of a child (or children) but we are here for you. We, too, are on this journey of grief and extend our hearts and arms to you.*

Our Wake County TCF Chapter meets every second and fourth Tuesday nights of the month at 7:00pm in Room 224 at Hayes Barton Baptist Church, 1800 Glenwood Avenue (at the corner of Glenwood Avenue and Whitaker Mill Road at Five Points) in Raleigh. Enter from Whitaker Mill Road into the Main Entrance of the Family Life

**August Meetings**

**Tuesday  
August 9th  
7:00pm**

**August 23rd  
7:00pm**

**Butterflies**

*I've always thought the butterfly to be so beautiful and free.*

*This delicate creation now has a precious,  
new meaning to me.*

*The caterpillar signifies our existence  
here on earth,*

*The cocoon is our death  
awaiting our rebirth.*

*The butterfly in its beauty  
is a symbol of greater freedom.*

*A small, but glorious glimpse into Heaven's Eternal Kingdom.*

*I look upon this living creature with renewed faith and hope.*

*It gives me strength to face another day,  
and courage to help me cope.*

**Cherry Austin  
TCF Newman Coweta Chapter, GA**



**IN MEMORY**  
**AUGUST LOVE GIFTS**  
 Given In Loving Memory Of Children



Sandra and Avera Acai  
 In Loving Memory of Our Daughter and Sister  
**Stephanie Alston Acai**

Butch and Lynn Flora and James Flora  
 In Loving Memory of Our Beloved Son  
 and Brother  
**Alex Jonathan Flora, Jr.**

Diane and Larry Barbour  
 In Loving Memory of Our Son  
**Zachary Carlyle Taylor**

Sally Goad Gryder  
 In Loving Memory of My Daughter  
**Ashley Kristen Goad Drinnon**

Mary Lou Clarkson  
 In Loving Memory of Our Son  
**William "Joseph" Clarkson**

**ATTENTION:**

**We will no longer offer Zoom  
 access to our  
 bi-monthly meetings  
 beginning in September.**

**In-Person August Meetings**

We will meet at Hayes Barton Baptist Church in the Five Points neighborhood of Raleigh at 7:00pm on

**Tuesday, August 9th**  
**Tuesday, August 23rd**

Hayes Barton requires us to wear a face mask when entering the church and walking through common areas, but vaccinated adults may remove their masks inside the meeting room. The church requires us to keep a list of attendees (in case follow-up is needed). Email Judy Schneider at [jschn\\_2000@yahoo.com](mailto:jschn_2000@yahoo.com)

**Hayes Barton Baptist Church is located at 1800 Glenwood Avenue (at the corner of Glenwood Avenue and Whitaker Mill Road at Five Points in Raleigh) Our meeting is in Room 224.**



The Wake Forest SOS Support Group will provide peer led support for those who are left behind in the wake of a suicide of a loved one.

Suicide grief has many unique features that can be very difficult. By sharing our experiences and listening to the experiences of others going through similar circumstances we can find some healing on this sometimes lonely, painful, and confusing journey.

The SOS support group is held in the Fellowship Hall, a free-standing building located in the middle of the parking lot in back of the church.

Where: Wake Forest Christian Church  
 701 S Main St  
 Wake Forest NC 27587

When: On the 3rd Wednesday of the month. 6:30pm-8:00pm.  
 The support group will not meet when weather conditions are dangerous to driving.

Contact: Janis Matthews  
 919-594-3405  
[janismatthews72@yahoo.com](mailto:janismatthews72@yahoo.com)

Group: This group is open  
 Facilitator: Peer  
 Cost: None

## A Word About Closer

I don't use the word "closure" anymore. For years I thought it was a good way to express what happens to us at various times during our grief journey. I would often tell about the importance of viewing the loved one by saying viewing gives reality and closure.

I live in Oklahoma City. The general feeling here was that the survivors of the bombing would find closure when the trial was over. The ending of the trial was supposed to be some kind of magical day that would bring relief to the pain. The survivors walked out of the courtroom saying, "Don't mention the word closure to us. This does not close anything."

Closure conjures up the idea of healing or moving past. It sounds like some magic moment that happens and the grieving is over. A moment that closes the door to a bad time in our lives and we do not have to think about it anymore. I no longer think there are any magic moments in grief. Grief is a process—a long slow process. There are events that are memorable, but they don't take the pain away. There are times of healing, but the process must still go on.

Closure all sounds like getting well. We do not "get well." A chunk has been bitten out of our hearts and it is not going to grow back. We do not get well. We move toward turning the corner in the way we cope. We live again, but we live again because we learn to cope with the chunk of our heart that is gone.

We don't have closure. We have times of growing reality. Reality does not come all at once. We must gradually come to grips with our loss. We go through a time of "real but not real." We know it has happened, but we still think it is a dream and we will soon awaken. Reality develops gradually through many experiences.

It grows in those times when we face a little bit more of our loss, and reality becomes more vivid. Viewing a loved one, the funeral, the first visit to the cemetery, cleaning out the closets, cleaning out the room, all of these are steps toward reality and toward coping.

They are not some final step. They are not the closing of a new door. They are just tiny steps toward deciding to live again and learning to cope.

Doug Manning

(Author of **Please Don't Take my Grief Away**)

Lifted from Wilmington NC TCF Newsletter

*Remembering You On Your Birthday*

## Alex Jonathan Flora, Jr.



**We miss your hugs, your big heart and unselfish disposition, your smile, twinkly blue eyes, and your loving and gentle spirit.**

**Forever in our hearts,  
Mom, Dad, and James**

**(Son of Butch and Lynn Flora)  
and brother of James**

**Oh...**

**Now I know,  
My love  
For you  
Was your gift  
To Me.**

**Debbie Sippel, TCF Aurora IL**

## **LOVE IN EVERY TEAR**

*Precious, tiny, sweet little one  
You will always be to me  
So perfect, pure, and innocent  
Just as you were meant to be  
We dreamed of you and of your life  
And all that it would be  
We waited and longed for you to come  
And join our family  
We never had the chance to play  
To laugh, to rock, to wiggle  
We long to hold you, touch you now  
And listen to you giggle  
I'll always be your mother  
He'll always be your dad  
You will always be our child  
The child that we had  
But now you're gone — but yet you're here  
We'll sense you everywhere  
You are our sorrow and our joy  
There's love in every tear  
Just know our love goes deep and strong  
We'll forget you never...  
The child we had, but never had—  
And yet will have forever.*

*Author Unknown*

Grief cannot be conquered  
Like an enemy  
Grief can only be changed  
From pain to hope  
From hope to deeper life

Sascha Wagner  
TCF Des Moines Iowa

### **When a child dies,**

a parent is still tied to that child.  
Souls tied together across universes.  
It doesn't matter the age when they passed.  
It doesn't matter how long ago it happened.  
It doesn't matter - none of it.  
Their souls are forever tied.  
That's the love of a parent.  
That's the love  
that is more powerful than death.  
That's the heart that breaks  
and keeps breaking  
until their arms are filled again.  
It knows no discrimination  
based on age, health, or time;  
it just is, and it always will be.  
Their souls are forever tied,  
and there's nothing that can break them.  
That's the beauty of unconditional love.

**SCRIBBLES & CRUMBS**

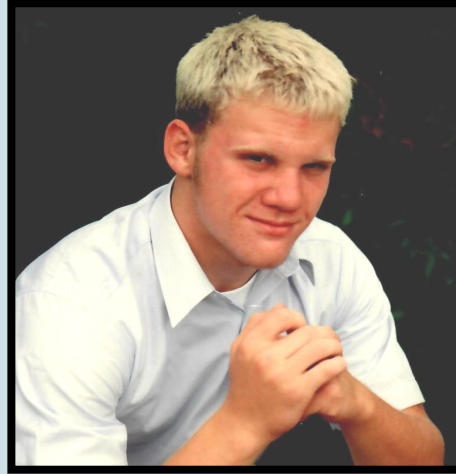
### **Helping Someone Survive**

A death by suicide triggers great amounts of anger and guilt. However, some of those feelings can be balanced by struggling to see that the suicide was not so much a deliberate, hostile act, but a gesture of utter hopelessness and despair. Reminders that a person was so driven by emotional whirlwinds that it was impossible to sense any ray of hope, can temper considerably the emotional impact of death by suicide.

One of the best responses to a suicide that I have ever heard came through a sermon delivered by a pastor of a young man who shot himself. With great eloquence, his pastor was able to convey tremendous hope through these words: "Our friend died on his own battlefield. He was killed in action fighting a civil war. He fought against adversaries that were as real to him as his casket is real to us. They were powerful adversaries. They took toll of his energies and endurance. They exhausted the last vestiges of his courage, and only God knows how this child of His suffered in the silent skirmishes that took place in his soul."

—Victor Passchin, Reprinted with permission of Bereavement Publishing, Inc.

**In Special Memory of  
Jackson Edward Griffin**



The article below brings back special memories to me, as my son Jackson had an old dark blue Toyota truck that had once belonged to his Dad that we gave to his best friend Luke who did not have a car yet. A couple of years later Luke had to replace the engine, but he seemed delighted to have it anyway. He and Jackson's other friends would sit in the truck and think of Jackson. It turned out to be a very special memorial to our son Jackson.

—Pattie, Jackson's Mom

(Jackson is the son of Pattie and Jack Griffin and brother of Melissa and uncle of Bernadette)



**The Old Yellow Truck**

Several weeks ago I sold my old, rusty yellow pickup truck. I placed an ad in the Baltimore Sunday paper which read: For Sale - 1978 Toyota pickup truck, 110 K miles - as is \$450. Call. Someone called, paid me \$400, and drove away - all in the same day. I should have been happy to get rid of it, but instead, I ended up feeling depressed. If I could have advertised the truck in our TCF Newsletter, the ad would have read:

For Sale (regretfully) 1978 Toyota pickup truck used by college student when he was home for week-ends or semester breaks. Provided safe transportation through a snowstorm on his last New Year's Eve. Four-speaker stereo radio with rock music stations preselected. Ashtray clean except for old bank receipts. Truck used by father for hauling things while thinking about son. Priceless. Don't call.

It has been 18 months since my son died, and yet it is still difficult to part with certain things - even things that did not belong to him. This is a problem with which we are all faced. What to keep? What to let go? The practical side of us says these things are no longer needed, so we should get rid of them. The heart says my son owned these things or used them; they bring back memories, so we should keep them. There is not a right or wrong answer as to what we keep or what we let go. I reassure myself by noting that these memories of my son didn't leave with that old yellow truck. They still remain locked in my heart forever.

— Gary Piepenbring

TCF/Penn-Maryland Line Chapter, MD

## What I Wish Other People Understood About Losing A Child

Four and a half years after the death of my oldest son, I finally went to a grief support group for parents who have lost children. I went to support a friend who recently lost her son. I'm not sure I would've gone except that when I was in her shoes, four years ago, I wish I'd had a friend to go with me. Losing a child is the loneliest, most desolate journey a person can take, and the only people who can come close to appreciating it are those who share the experience.

The support group was part of a larger organization solely dedicated to providing support for those who have lost children, grandchildren, or siblings. The facilitator opened the meeting by saying that dues to belong to the club are more than anyone would ever want to pay. Well, he couldn't be more correct: No one *wants* to belong to this group. When hearing the stories from other parents, I had a visceral reaction to being part of this "club" but was also humbled by the greatness of these mothers and fathers.

The following five tips can be your compass to help you navigate how to give support to grieving parents on a sacred journey they never wanted to take:

### 1. Remember our children with us.

The loss of children is a pain all bereaved parents share, and it is a degree of suffering that is impossible to grasp without experiencing it firsthand. Often, when we know someone else is experiencing grief, our discomfort keeps us from approaching it head-on. But we want the world to remember our child or children, no matter how young or old our child was.

If you see something that reminds you of my child, tell me. If you are reminded at the holidays or on his birthday that I am missing my son, please tell me you remember him. And when I speak his name or relive memories, relive them with me; don't shrink away. If you never met my son, don't be afraid to ask about him. One of my greatest joys is talking about him.

### 2. Accept that you can't "fix" us.

An out-of-order death such as child loss breaks a person (especially a parent) in a way that is not fixable or solvable. We will learn to pick up the pieces and move forward, but our lives will never be the same. Every grieving parent must find a way to continue to live with loss, and it's a solitary journey. We appreciate your support and

hope you can be patient with us as we find our way.

Please: Don't tell us it's time to get back to life, that's it's been long enough, or that time heals all wounds. We welcome your support and love, and we know sometimes it's hard to watch, but our sense of brokenness isn't going to go away. It is something to observe, recognize, accept.

### 3. Know that there are at least two days a year we need a timeout.

We still count birthdays and fantasize about what our child would be like if he or she were still living. Birthdays are especially hard for us. Our hearts ache to celebrate our child's arrival into this world, but we are left becoming intensely aware of the hole in our hearts instead. Some parents create rituals or have parties while others prefer solitude. Either way, we are likely going to need time to process the marking of another year without our child.

Then there's the anniversary of the date our child became an angel. This is a remarkable process similar to a parent of a newborn, first counting the days, then months, then the one-year anniversary, marking the time on the other side of that crevasse in our lives.

No matter how many years go by, the anniversary date of when our child died brings back deeply emotional memories and painful feelings (particularly if there is trauma associated with the child's death). The days leading up to that day can feel like impending doom or like it's hard to breathe. We may or may not share with you what's happening.

This is where the process of remembrance will help. If you have heard me speak of my child or supported me in remembering him or her, you will be able to put the pieces together and know when these tough days are approaching.

### 4. Realize that we struggle every day with happiness.

It's an ongoing battle to balance the pain and guilt of outliving your child with the desire to live in a way that honors them and their time on this earth. I remember going on a family cruise 18 months after Brandon died. On the first day, I stood at the back of the ship and bawled that I wasn't sharing this experience with him. Then I

*(Continued on next page)*

## What I Wish Other People Understood *(Continued from previous page)*

had to steady myself and recognize that I was also creating memories with my surviving sons, and should enjoy the time with them in the present moment.

As bereaved parents, we are constantly balancing holding grief in one hand and a happy life after loss in the other. You might observe this when you are with us at a wedding, graduation, or other milestone celebration. Don't walk away — witness it with us and be part of our process.

### **5. Accept the fact that our loss might make you uncomfortable.**

Our loss is unnatural, out of order; it challenges your sense of safety. You may not know what to

say or do, and you're afraid you might make us lose it. We've learned all of this as part of what we're learning about grief.

We will never forget our child. And, in fact, our loss is always right under the surface of other emotions, even happiness. We would rather lose it because you spoke his/her name and remembered our child than try and shield ourselves from the pain and live in denial.

Grief is the pendulum swing of love. The stronger and deeper the love, the more grief will be created on the other side. Consider it a sacred opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with someone who has endured one of life's most frightening events. Rise up with us.



**Paula Stephens, M.A.**, the founder of Crazy Good Grief, author, speaker, and 200 hour RYT Yoga Instructor. Crazy Good Grief supports the courage to use healthy habits and radical self-care to empower us through grief recovery. Paula is an adjunct professor in Human Performance & Sport in Denver, CO. Paula has presented at the national level for the American College of Sports Medicine, The Compassionate Friends National Conference and Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep. She hosted a world wide online summit for grief recovery – The Healthy Grief Revolution: A Survivor's Summit. As the mother of four adventuresome boys (yes, including Brandon), you can find her on the trails running, biking or doing yoga and recovering with a tasty craft beer. — [mindbodygreen.com/0-17928](http://mindbodygreen.com/0-17928)

## When Suicide Seems The Answer

I don't know a bereaved parent who hasn't tired of the hurt when going through the most painful part of the grief process. Those who haven't experienced the death of a child often seem to think those who have choose to keep the anguish fresh. They do not understand that for some time after your child dies you don't have any choice about the length and depth of your pain.

The bereaved parent himself may think there is something wrong and he is losing his mind. Surely, he thinks, the state he's in can't be normal and certainly things will never be better or different. When a bereaved parent can't see anything ahead but more and more pain, it is then thoughts of suicide become the strongest. You may have had those thoughts yourself or maybe you're at that place now. If so, you need to know you certainly aren't alone.

Many people think of death as the answer to the pain and confusion of deep grief. Some find themselves hoping an accident will happen and they won't survive. Their anguish will then be over and they will not have had a hand in it. Others start thinking of suicide. If you ask the parents in a TCF sharing group for a show of hands of everyone who has considered suicide while dealing with the aftermath of a child's death, almost every hand will rise. So there must be something normal about those feelings. If you are having suicidal thoughts and can't put them aside,

share them with someone who can either help you past that point or see that you are in touch with a professional for some temporary help.

There may be some parents who have acted on the thought to take their lives. Most parents will answer with a resounding "NO" to the question, "Can you deliberately put the people who love you through the very hell you seek to escape?" The parent also realizes if something is to change for the better and his child's life and his memory is to be honored, he will be the one who will have to see to it. There is an opportunity for each of us to work for important and needed changes in our world, and all because a child died who deserves to have good things done in his memory.

It's hard to imagine your pain will soften, but it will and should, for it is not the nature of man to be able to hurt forever with the intensity of fresh grief. Isn't that wonderful to know? Write down "IT WILL BE BETTER" and take it as a promise from those of us who are further down the road of grief, who are coping, and who care very much about you and your pain. You, too, can survive and make a difference in a society that needs to make changes.

No, suicide is not the answer, but patience and time is. If you need encouragement, now is the time to reach out for the support that is there for you.

Mary Cleckly, TCF/Atlanta, GA



## Unspeakable Loss:

### Helping Parents Cope with a Child Suicide

~By Nancy Rappaport

With every suicide there are brothers, sisters, parents, grandparents, and countless others left behind, devastated by the challenge of how to move forward after such a tragedy. In the aftermath of a suicide, mourning families often struggle to find a way to hold on to treasured memories, and to construct a bond that transcends death and ultimately leads to healing. I share my insight from a unique perspective as a daughter who lost my mother to suicide when I was four years old. My recent memoir, *In Her Wake*, explores my mother's life as well as my own journey, which includes a career devoted to preventing teen suicides and to fortifying children in hope that no family should suffer a loss as enormous as suicide. The strength and resiliency of any family are unquestionably tested when a parent loses their child by suicide. Parents may torment themselves with guilt, feeling that they failed to protect their child, and second-guessing the decisions they made in raising them. In addition, suicide can undermine pride in who the family is, as parents struggle with their anger and a sense of betrayal. — "How could my child do this to us?" Although we all have different ways of grieving, tolerating this multitude of feelings as a parent is, ironically, critical to developing a way to let go of the agonizing discomfort that these feelings can generate.

Parents may mistakenly assume that they are protecting the rest of the family if they obscure the truth ("car accident" versus "driving into a tree"; "died in sleep" versus "fatal intentional overdose," etc.). But this can be very damaging to the family compared to providing honest, developmentally appropriate information. During this type of family crisis, it's essential that family members know they can trust one other. Deception, even if well-intentioned, can be destabilizing when exposed. Telling the truth, even revisiting prior explanations, frees the family to understand the myths and facts about suicide and find words for the devastating loss and overcome corrosive and divisive secrecy.

Dealing with suicide is often called "silent grief," because the feelings are so confusing and because of the stigma attached to suicide. Family members may grieve differently, so there may be a tacit rule that it's better or easier not to talk about the suicide or even to recall memories of the person. Suicide-specific support groups can be helpful; there is strength in community and members can find comfort in being together. Family dynamics shift after a suicide, and a family's load may be lessened if they find ways to communicate about how to persevere through holidays or other special times in the absence of a family member, and find meaningful rituals to preserve the memory of that person (it may be lighting a candle, hanging an ornament on the tree, preparing a favorite dinner). This may sound very orderly, but the reality is that parents are asked to provide leadership at a time they may feel most vulnerable and question their own competency.

Suicide demands an explanation from the living because the very act defies logic and family members may blame one another and ruminate on the "what-if's." *What if I hadn't had that fight with my son at Thanksgiving?* or, *If I had noticed how desperate she felt after the breakup with her husband? Why didn't she let me help?* Blaming one's self for an inexplicable

act like suicide derails the vital cohesion necessary for family members to comfort one another about their loss and heal. Parents may worry whether it's possible that anyone else in their family could possibly die by suicide, and feel genetically responsible if their child had a mental illness such as bipolar disorder or depression, and may even worry that they might kill themselves because without their child, life is not worth living.

Suicide's lethal combination is untreated mental illness, substance abuse and impulsivity, and access to weapons. Parents can safeguard their family by both identifying and recognizing symptoms of mental illness, mobilizing quickly to get treatment, limiting alcohol consumption, and keeping weapons out of the home. But barriers to receiving adequate mental health treatment can be daunting. Sometimes parents are distrustful of interventions because their child is in treatment and it hasn't been enough. Yet treatment is often lifesaving. Persevering and finding therapeutic support when necessary, as well as recognizing that a vulnerability to suicide is not a prophetic death sentence, but rather an impetus for vigilant self-care and a viable safety plan when there are signs of trouble, is critical.

Friends and family can provide enormous relief by helping out in small comforting ways: making a meal, taking the other children for special time, finding ways to console. Other people may feel awkward, asking intrusive questions that focus too much on the details of how the suicide happened, or providing false reassurance (this too shall pass; God gives only what you can handle), or suggesting that the suicide was inevitable. These kinds of responses can feel insensitive and may be exasperating. It's important to anticipate how to respond in a way that conserves your resources and allows you to be in control of when, with whom, and how you choose to share, and expect others to respect your own process of coping.

*(Continued on next page)*



## It's Not Time That Heals Our Wounds

Time heals all wounds. The message has been passed down for centuries, used in memes, mimes, and has come out of many mouths from those who wish to offer another person encouragement and support. For some of us, this expression is a beacon of hope that keeps us clinging to life, maybe even getting out of bed or putting one proverbial foot in front of the other, day in and day out. For others, it is a razor-sharp knife that taunts our every, excruciatingly eternal, waking moment.

Time... Minutes. Hours. Days. Months. Years... How can something as abstract as Time possibly cure anything? Your pain lingers. Your tears flow. Your heart aches for what was, fears what is, and cannot begin to imagine what might be. Time . PU-HI you say. The ticking hands on a clock cannot repair my broken relationships; they cannot bring back the dead, fill the financial void since losing my job, cure the physical or mental conditions from which I suffer, or replace everything I lost to disaster. True, Neighbor. It is all true.

That said, I'd like to share something I have learned about Time in the three decades since my son died from unexpected delivery complications. It is not Time that heals our wounds, but We — You and Me and Them, all of us who grieve a loss — it is We who heal our own wounds with Time.

How much time? How long will I feel this way? When will the pain stop? These are but a few of the pleas we shout to the rooftops; we beg of our counselors, family, and friends; and questions that rattle endlessly within our heads and our hearts.

Your time, Neighbor. In your own time. Time is what affords you experiences, conversations, and AHA! moments that will help you find resolution in each of the conflicts that comprise your grief... questions and uncertainties that may encompass every part of your being, impacting the

facets that are your academic, emotional, physical, social, and spiritual Self.

I can honestly stand before you and say that I no longer mourn my son's death; I celebrate his life. Time, itself did not do that. I did. I was relentless in my pursuit of obtaining answers to my countless questions and I ultimately found a way to accept what I learned, even when the answer was,

"Sometimes there are no known reasons."

I sought out counselors who were a good fit for me and friends who were not afraid to listen to me talk about my pain. There were times when I nourished my body by eating and bathing and there were hours on end where I stayed in bed, and many more where I made myself sick on buckets of peanut butter cup ice cream. In one epiphany I realized that I am truly not alone in my grief, for commonalities exist no matter the type of loss.

In another moment that Time afforded me, I unraveled conflict surrounding religion and my spiritual beliefs, and on several more occasions I expanded upon that healing. One day I came to accept that we change every minute of every day, and on another day, I acknowledged that as we evolve, not everyone in our circle will continue to align with our needs and desires. In a glorious instant, as I sat slumped on the floor next to the toilet, I realized that my bulimia was not only hurting my body, it was one maladaptive and dysfunctional way I was trying to control the life around me that seemed completely out of control. And in yet another beautiful moment, I came to know this little nugget about Time. It is not Time that heals our wounds; it is You and Me who heal ourselves through the gifts that come in Time. Your Time. My Time.

—by Annah Elizabeth

### Unspeakable Loss — Helping Parents Cope with a Child Suicide *(Continued from previous page)*

No family should ever endure the brutal loss of a loved one to suicide. It's hard to reconcile holding a baby in your arms, the pride of first steps and the anticipated growth, with self destruction and a jettisoned future. Each of us may find unexpected pathways to learn and grow from a loss we would never choose, finding faith in the grace that comes from the conviction that love does indeed last longer than death.

**Nancy Rappaport** is the author of *In Her Wake: A Child Psychiatrist Explores the Mystery of Her Mother's Suicide* (September 2009, Basic Books). She is assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. She is attending child and adolescent psychiatrist at Harvard Teaching affiliate Cambridge Health Alliance, where she is also director of school based programs with a focus on servicing youths, families, and staff in public schools. More information is available at her website, [www.inherwake.com](http://www.inherwake.com).

Lovingly Lifted from TCF We Need Not Walk Alone Winter/Spring 2009-2010



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED  
**OUR AUGUST CHILDREN**  
 Birthdays



Christopher Furtick	Son	Russell & Brenda Furtick
Karen Jenks	Daughter	Carolyn Nelson
Zarek Kniffen	Son	Jay Kniffen
David Bundy	Son	Jim & Faye Bundy
Stephanie Acai	Daughter	Sandra Acai
Jackson Edward Griffin	Son	Pattie & Jack Griffin
Brian Aronson	Son	Josie & Art Aronson
Lee Rodgers	Brother	Kati & Kevin Bourque
Ciarah Schollmeyer	Daughter	Almyra & Steve Schollmeyer
Harris Pharr	Son	Jodi & John Pharr
Jamie Lynn McLeod	Daughter	Brenda Yates
Tabitha Smith	Daughter	Barrie Smith
Robert Van Pratah, Jr.	Son	Carla Pratah
Collin Silva	Son	Carol Silva
Nathan Ross Recco	Son	Michelle Dinan
Alexis "Lexi" Richardson	Granddaughter	Kelly Thompson
Billy Buckley	Son	William & Therese Buckley
Kyle DuBose	Son	Debbi & Kevin DuBose
Lillian Manis	Daughter	Paul & Elizabeth Manis
Michael Carpenter	Son	Theresa & Vince Carpenter
Alex Flora	Son	Lynn & Alex "Butch" Flora
Matt Danehower	Son	Sue Danehower
Brian Dixon	Son	Keith & Wanda Dixon
Seth Holden Mainguy	Son	Leah & Jonathan Mainguy
Anthony Molden	Grandson	Marsha Molden
Zachary Taylor	Son	Diane & Larry Barbour
Daniel Paul Wisler	Son	Alice Wisler
Kevin Phillips	Son	Dee & Chiccola Bell-Phillips
Sheridan Scarth	Son	Laurie & Bill Scarth
Dr. Empres-Janeen Hughes	Daughter	Donald R. Hughes
Denzel Russ	Son	Olivia Russ
Elizabeth (Betsy) Case	Daughter	Laura Case
Lawrence (Larz) Skelson	Son	Larry Skelson
Lee Moore	Son	Cynthia Kay Moore
Ashley Nicole Hamilton	Daughter	Nan & Larry Hamilton
Willie Herskowitz	Son	Risa Wolfzahn
Cameron Dow	Son	Tannetta van Vlissingen & Mike Bissict

## Sound Familiar?

**I seem to be falling apart. My attention span can be measured in seconds, my patience in minutes, and I cry at the drop of a hat. I forget things constantly. The morning toast burns daily. I forget to sign my 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. I am normal, I am told. I am a newly grieving person.**

**Eloise Cold, TCF Phoenix AZ**



**LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED  
OUR AUGUST CHILDREN  
Anniversaries**



Nathan Ross Recco	Son	Michelle Dinan
Thomas R. "Tommy" Goldberg	Son	Jean Goldberg
Larry M. Hemmingway	Son	Gloria & Michael Jusino
Elizabeth (Betsy) Case	Daughter	Laura Case
Julie Ann Basnacz	Daughter	Susan Gray
Sandor Szabo	Son	Donna & Robert Kent
Tyron James Harris	Son	Jim & Bonnie Harris
Madyson Scott	Daughter	Mandy & Johnny Scott
Gregory Ellis Williams	Son	Darrell & Linda Williams
Lincoln King	Son	Glenna Lastinger & Travis Cline
DeMarcus Johnson	Son	Theresa Watson
Andrew Mayer	Son	Lisa & Ted Mayer
Ryan Moore	Son	Kimberly & Dennis Palacios
James (Jay) Edmund Spence IV	Son	Ed & Becky Spence
Sheridan Scarth	Son	Laurie & Bill Scarth
Asher McGirt	Son	Janet Golden
Sophie Elizabeth Allen	Daughter	Diana Allen
Ben Smeller	Son	Kathleen Hodge
Michael Kokos	Son	Mary Ann & Dennis Kokos
Stewart Scarborough	Daughter	Lynn & Emerson Scarborough
Luke Johnston	Son	Susan & David Johnston
Clayton Willett	Son	James Willett
Gena Kuchyt	Daughter	Tiffani & Patrick Kuchyt
Amy Elizabeth Uhland	Daughter	Mary Uhland
Thomas M. Carr III	Son	Thomas & Donna Carr
Andy Crosier	Son	Chris Crosier
Erin Brylski	Daughter	Martha & Ronnie Card
Jesse Aaron Mellott	Son	Sue & Randy Mellott
Joseph Tanner	Son	Jackie & Michael Tanner
Thomas Austin Cope	Son	Elise Carroll Cope

*Rainy Day*

*It rained today  
And all of the world seemed sad,  
While angels wept  
With tears of empathy,  
And all I thought about  
Was you, my son...*

*Remembering when  
You ran home through the rain  
With dripping hair  
And raindrops on your nose,  
Glistening like my tears  
This rainy day.*

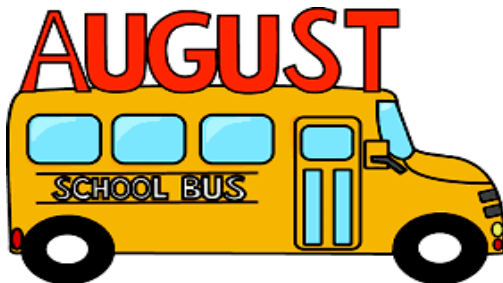
*Lily de Lauder  
North Hollywood, CA*



# *The Compassionate Friends*

*Wake County Chapter*  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

**The Compassionate Friends, Inc.  
Wake County Chapter  
PO Box 6602  
Raleigh, NC 27628-6602**



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**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.**  
**Wake County Chapter**  
**PO Box 6602**  
**Raleigh, NC 27628-6602**

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Chapter Leaders  
Bereavement Letters  
& Hospitality

Treasurer  
Newsletter Editor  
& Membership Info

Website  
Greeter & Social Planner  
Social Planner

Vince and Judy Schneider

Charlene Peacock...919-395-4107  
Gary Yurcak...919-847-1780

Pattie Griffin...919-829-1982  
www.TCFWake.com

David Tatum...919-623-3428  
Dawn Cullom...919-247-9649

vpsch@nc.rr.com

peacockbig@aol.com  
gyurcak@bellsouth.net

pattie.grif@gmail.com  
sarah@tcfwake.com  
david.tatum@aol.com  
dawn\_mooney2@hotmail.com

**National Office Information:**  
**The Compassionate Friends**  
**48660 Pontiac Trail, #930808**  
**Wixom, MI 48393**  
**Toll-Free: 877-969-0010**  
**Website: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)**  
**Email: [nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org)**

