



The Compassionate Friends

Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

February
2023



Inside this Issue:

Love Gifts In Memory of Kyle Evan Shaw	2
Valentine Faces of Grief	3
But You're Absolutely Normal Compassionate Valentine	4
Brother-Sister Bond	5
Thoughts on Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Love Never Goes Away	6
When a Sibling Dies For Amber's Sister Tara	7
Safety Issues in Grief	8
Safety Issues in Grief (cont'd) Love Makes the World Go 'Round	9
February Birthdays	10
February Anniversaries	11

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 Chapter of TCF meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights of the month at 7:00pm in Room 224 at Hayes Barton Baptist Church, 1800 Glenwood Avenue (at the corner of Glenwood Ave and Whitaker Mill Road at Five Points) in Raleigh.

February Meetings

**Tuesday
February 14
7:00pm**

**Tuesday
February 28
7:00pm**

Valentine Message

I send this message to my child
Who no longer walks this plane,
A message filled with love
Yet also filled with pain.

My heart continues to skip a beat
When I ponder your early death
As I think of times we'll never share
I must stop to catch my breath.

Valentine's Day is for those who love
And for those who receive love, too
For a parent the perfect love in life
Is the love I've given you.

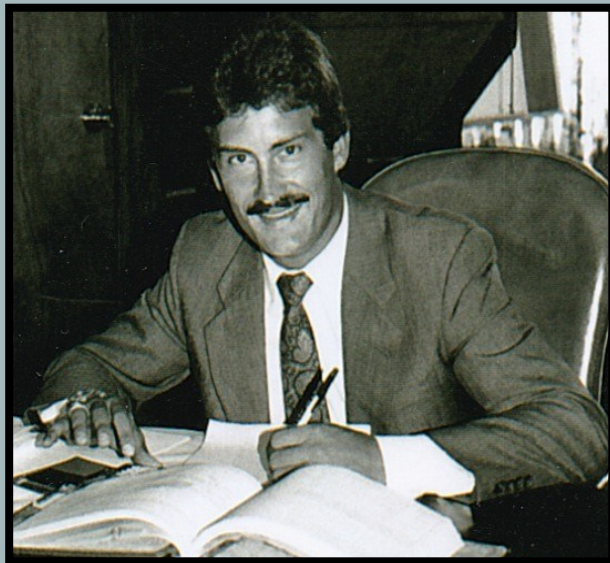
I'm thinking of you this day, my child,
With a sadness that is unspoken
As I mark another Valentine's Day
With a heart that is forever broken.

- Annette Mennen Baldwin
in memory of my son Todd Mennen

IN MEMORY
FEBRUARY LOVE GIFTS

Doug and Judy Brunk
In Loving Memory of Our Son
Kyle Evan Shaw

In Loving Memory
Kyle Evan Shaw



In Our Hearts Forever
Your Parents
Judy and Doug Brunk

THE MENDED HEART

*The heart is oh so fragile;
although the muscle's strong.
It goes on beating even though
continued life seems wrong.
When devastation makes its mark
and chisels in the pain.
It seems as though the heart
will not ever know joy again.*

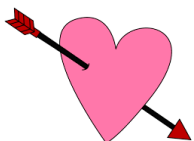
*Good News!
The heart will mend itself,
but not just like before.
Remember, like a broken bone,
the original is no more.
There is a tender spot in both
where once the gap was wide.
The beating heart that gives us life
has courage on its side.*

*And as the broken bone may
ache because of rain or cold,
The heart may ache with longing
for the one whose bell has toll.
There is no guarantee
that life will ever be the same,
But when you do find joy in life,
the heart should feel no shame.*

Lovingly created by Karan Longbrake
TCF, Hardin County, Ada, Ohio

ATTENTION: On February 14th and February 28th our group will meet 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).

MASKS ARE OPTIONAL



**We may not be able to make the sun shine for you,
But we can hold the umbrella.**

Ann Swann, TCF Valley Forge PA





VALENTINE FACES OF GRIEF



Though winter's delicate, lacy snowflakes may remind us of the lace trimmed hearts of February's Valentines, the "mourning" heart seems frozen in time. The bitter winds of loneliness blow mournfully through our souls. Death has tapped us on the shoulder, introducing his brother, Grief, who has moved into our hearts to take up unwelcome residence. Worn and exhausted by our pain, we have little energy to evict the intruder. It's hard for us to remember that the sun still faithfully shines behind the clouds that have obscured our vision.

"Love" is apparently the thought for the season, and we are reminded of its tenderness at every turn. But a piece of the fiber of our lives has been torn away, and love seems a vague and unfulfilled promise that belongs only to others. Hearts and flowers, lace and love, romantic verse and melody seem to have abandoned us as we grope in the darkness of our beloved's absence.



Will the pain ever end? Will the hope of joy and renewal once again warm the frozen places in our hearts? Gradually, as the hurt begins to soften, and the thawing relief of healing slowly begins to melt the icy grip of our pain, hope does begin to "spring eternal."

Roses, traditional in February's favorite holiday, remind us that summer will return (even if it is not on the traditional calendar's schedule!). It's unlikely that we will ever again perceive the usual symbols of love in quite the same way as before, but in many ways our concepts of genuine love will be stronger, richer and less assailable. Frivolous and shallow affection are absent

from our thoughts. Deeper commitments and more demonstrative attention have become our new marching orders.

In costly lessons, we've learned firsthand how fragile and fleeting life can be, and we are now resolute in our determination to announce to our remaining dear ones the importance of our bonds with them. We abandon the intimidation of "limits" such as the archaic notions that a "man" mustn't cry or say, "I love you," or that we're too busy just now to pay better attention to someone's needs.

As little by little our pain softens and recedes, and we learn that suffering is but for a season, we also learn that LOVE doesn't die. In our emotional lives, Valentines can now take on a new significance as precious reminders of the love that still exists on both sides of life. Love lives within our hearts, and even Grief cannot steal it away. Love is our bridge over the rainbow.

—ANDREA GAMBILL



Following the death of her 16-year-old daughter, Judy, in 1976, she channeled her grief into addressing a void in the lives of the bereaved. In 1977, Andrea formed one of the earliest U.S. chapters of The Compassionate Friends (TCF) network in Indianapolis, Ind. She helped establish the first National Board of Directors for TCF, where she served as secretary and then vice president until 1982. After leading her own TCF chapter for nearly eleven years, Andrea's dream of starting a "support group in print" in the form of a national magazine became a reality. In 1987, the first issue of "Bereavement – a magazine of hope and healing" rolled off the press on November 13 – Judy's birthday. In addition to Bereavement magazine, Andrea's years of grief support to the bereaved, conference planning, writing and speaking gave her the education and insight to write many booklets, including two for Abbey Press. After retirement she sold Bereavement magazine to a colleague and became editor for Centering Corporations magazine, Grief Digest. Some of Andrea's most extraordinary traits were her remarkable compassion, empathy, and gift of communication – especially writing. Andrea died in April of 2019.

Posted Feb 11, 2020, www.compassionatefriends.org



**Sometimes love is for a moment,
Sometimes love is for a lifetime.
Sometimes a moment is a lifetime.**



Pamela S. Adams, TCF Winnipeg Canada

BUT YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY NORMAL!

Grief is a normal reaction to loss, and it shows up in many ways you might not expect.

If you've —

- ♥ been angry with doctors or nurses for not doing enough,
- ♥ been sleeping too much or not enough,
- ♥ noticed a change in appetite,
- ♥ felt no one understands what you're going through,
- ♥ felt friends should call more or call less or leave you alone or invite you along more often,
- ♥ bought things you didn't need,
- ♥ considered selling everything and moving,
- ♥ had headaches, upset stomachs, weakness, lethargy, more aches and pains,
- ♥ been unbearable, lonely, and depressed, been crabby,
- ♥ cried for no apparent reason,
- ♥ found yourself obsessed with thoughts of the deceased,
- ♥ been forgetful, confused, uncharacteristically absentminded,
- ♥ panicked over little things,
- ♥ felt guilty about things you have or haven't done,
- ♥ gone to the store every day,
- ♥ forgotten why you went somewhere,
- ♥ called friends and talked for a long time,
- ♥ called friends and wanted to hang up after only a brief conversation,
- ♥ not wanted to attend social functions you usually enjoyed,
- ♥ found yourself unable to concentrate on written material,
- ♥ been unable to remember what you just read,

— you're normal. These are all common reactions to grief. They take up to two years (or more) to pass completely, but they will pass. You'll never forget the person who has died, but your life will again become normal, even if it is never exactly the same. Take care of yourself. You will heal in time.

Joanne Bonelli, TCF, Greater Boise Area, Idaho



COMPASSIONATE VALENTINE

We remember Valentine's Day when we were happy
There was so much love to give in our hearts
But now our hearts are broken in two
When a child that we loved so much had to part
The holidays never seem the same anymore
As they did before in the past
We will always remember the good times we had
and all the beautiful memories that will last
It's like a piece of our heart was taken away
and it is a part that never mends
But the group that helped me out the most
is the love and understanding from
Compassionate Friends
For all of our hearts were broken one day
and we all have our own story to tell
We help each other out the best way we can;
every time I go there a little more of me
gets well
It is so hard to believe
there are so many broken hearts
that had loved their children so much
A child who had meant so much in our lives
who was always so gentle to our touch
I believe that God is taking care of our children
for a while they have a new place to play
And that someday we will all be together again
who knows, it may be on Valentine's Day.
All of our tears come from the heart
and the pain just never seems to end
You don't realize that there are so many like you
who understand and want to be your friend
So don't ever think that you are alone
there are so many that want to help and pray
And remember that our children are watching,
so try and have a nice Valentine's Day

*To Compassionate Friends all over the World
From Jack Heil (Copyright C1992)*



Brother-Sister Bond Showed Itself On Valentine's Day



Anne Dionne

A couple of years after my son Michael died, I was sorting through some things which I had saved from our children's school years. I came across a Valentine card which depicts a little girl surrounded by heart symbols. "Stuck on you Valentine!," the card reads. On the back of the card is seven-year-old Michael's hand-written signature. The card was to his big sister Kelly.

The emotional bond between Kelly and Michael was formed very early. Almost three years older, Kelly was excited about the prospect of welcoming her new brother into the world. When I was pregnant with Michael, we didn't know the baby's gender in advance. "It's not a

girl," Kelly had insisted. "He's my brother, and his name is Michael!"

The relationship between our two children was not unlike that of many other healthy siblings. Kelly and Michael were daily companions and playmates during the early years. They had their bouts of sibling rivalry, too, which on some days would drive me insane! Their love for each other was solid, however. On one particular evening, after a day of almost non-stop arguing between the two of them, while they were lying in their beds I heard, "Night Mike, I love you!" "Night Kelly, I love you!"

At age 19, Michael died in an automobile accident while Kelly

was away at college. Kelly has had to learn how to be an only child. She has had to define for herself a new identity, a difficult task as a young adult. I am confident that the bond which was formed between them will remain forever.

Kelly is married and shares her new home with her husband and an adorable Pug named Otto. They occasionally spend a weekend at our house and sleep in Kelly's old bedroom, where Michael's "Stuck on you Valentine!" card can still be found on the night stand as a symbol of a bond that will never die.

—ANNE DIONNE



Anne Dionne has been actively involved with The Compassionate Friends (TCF) organization since the death of her son, Michael, in 2001. She currently serves as Coordinator of the TCF Online Support Community. She has been a workshop presenter at the National Conference of The Compassionate Friends for the past three years. Anne is a registered nurse, wife and mother.

She co-authored the grief book, *Every Step of the Way: How Four Mothers Coped with Child Loss* (<http://www.opentohopedeathofachild.com/>), and was a guest presenter on the web-radio series, *Healing the Grieving Heart*. Anne continues to share her

personal story of loss and hope with various church groups and local communities through writing and public speaking. It is in reaching out to help others that Anne finds healing and recovery through her own grief journey. —Posted Feb 5, 2009 by Anne Dionne <https://www.opentohope.com/author/adionne/>

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,
 Let me hear the
beautiful music of his name.
 It *soothes my broken heart*
 And *sings to my soul.*

~ Nancy Williams, TCF New Jersey

The Compassionate Friends
 Supporting Family After a Child Dies

MY THOUGHTS ON MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by Mary LaTour
TCF Dallas 1 Chapter



Abraham Lincoln has always been my most admired and respected figure in the history of our country. After standing in front of his statue at the Lincoln Memorial, no one could ever forget the terrible, marked sadness in his face, his forlorn and melancholy attitude.

I have been picking up, from other chapter newsletters, the many pieces of prose and poetry attributed to Lincoln which speak so poignantly of grief, and I have researched the Lincoln life. It is for his wife, Mary, for whom I cringe now when I read how life dealt with her. Washington gossip circles referred to her "mental state," saying that she was "deranged" and "eccentric."

The Lincolns had four sons. Edward, their second son, died in February 1850 when nearly four. Their third son, Willie, was born in December of that year and died in February 1862 at the age of 11. Then, the tragedy of tragedies... In April 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated in front of his wife's eyes. Her grief must have been worse than inconsolable.

How could life deal such a terrible fate to one woman? How could any one of us deal with such multiple tragedies? We know how easy it is to feel as if we are "going crazy," and how common that feeling is. To share that feeling in Compassionate Friends is more than

wonderful ... to be assured that it is common, to learn and understand from other bereaved parents why we feel that way, and that it will pass, helps immeasurably.

But tragedy stalked Mary Lincoln's footsteps, for not quite six years later Tad was killed at age 18 in January 1871. History books do not say, but I pray that Mrs. Lincoln had one compassionate friend who understood her grief over the death of her three sons and her husband. One friend wrote of her: "Poor Mrs. Lincoln. She's been a deranged person."

Yes, of that I am sure ... and, I thank God for The Compassionate Friends!

Love Never Goes Away

"Why does it hurt so much? Why is this grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren't so crushing." Sounds familiar? All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous "ouchies" can compare with the hurt we feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying a child.

Yet, most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have, so... we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely we can't live like THIS forever!

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable... some day.

TIME... the longest word in our grief. We used to measure TIME by the steps of our child... the first word, first tooth, first date, first car... now we don't have that measure any more. All we have is TIME, and it only seems to make the hurt worse.

So what do we do? Give ourselves TIME... to hurt, to grieve, and to cry. TIME to choke, to scream. TIME to be "crazy" and TIME to remember. Be nice to yourself! Don't measure your progress through grief against anyone else's. Be your own timekeeper.

Don't push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and then moments... but don't expect them to go away. We will always hurt. You don't get over grief... it only becomes tolerable and livable.

Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost, try thinking of how much you had. Try letting good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn't lose our child... HE [SHE] DIED. We don't lose the love that flowed between us... it still flows, but differently now.

Does it help to know that if we didn't love so very much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I'm very glad I loved. Don't let death cast ugly shadows, **but rather warm memories of the loving times you shared. Even though death comes, LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY!**



WHEN A SIBLING DIES



The death of a child is a family crisis no less for the siblings than for the parents. Surviving siblings may feel abandoned because grieving parents no longer have the emotional energy to care for them. They may feel unloved as they experience family friends putting the deceased child on a pedestal. They may feel incredibly guilty, remembering every bout of sibling rivalry, every unkind word, and every slammed door. They may feel unworthy to be alive, longing for answers to explain why their brother or sister died and they didn't. And they may, therefore, seek conscious or unconscious ways to self-destruct: running away from home, using alcohol and other drugs, taking on characteristics of the dead sibling and thus diminishing their own image.

Following are suggestions children have shared about how parents can help them when a brother or sister has died:

Allow siblings to fully participate in funeral plans and memorial activities. Let them choose whether or not they want to see their sibling at the funeral home. Let them choose some of the music, write and/or read a memorial to their brother or sister, go with you or alone to cemetery visits.

Share with the sibling all factual information as it becomes known. Being "left out" only enhances a growing sense of not being important to the family.

When you see children who remind you of your child, point them out to the sibling and explain the grief spasm it has caused. Mysterious behavior enhances the sibling's fear of being left out.

Ask the siblings to be with you occasionally as you grieve. If you always grieve in private, the emotional distance between you will widen.

Talk with siblings both about pleasant memories and unpleasant memories of the dead child. This prevents pedestal placing.

Don't tell siblings to "be strong" for someone else. That is too great a burden to carry.

Understand that it may be easier for siblings to talk to friends, or another trusted adult, than to parents. They desperately do not want to add to their parents' devastation so may seek counsel and understanding elsewhere.

Remember that you can't change the past. But you can face the present and guide the future. Your family will forever be changed — it does not always have to remain devastated.

Janice Lord, TCF/Anne Arundel County, MD

Letter Received at U.S. National Headquarters:

"Dear Friends — I am only 13 years old, but my sister (who is a year older than me) died when she was 4 days old. The thing that I suffer about is whenever I want to discuss her death, my parents just turn away. And it seems as if they didn't even care about her, because they don't even cry. I do, because I keep wondering what she would be like and what fun we could have together. Well, I've gotta go, but I had to tell you this. I wish to remain anonymous."

Lovingly lifted from Grieving, Healing, Growing, published by the West Suburban Chapter of The Compassionate Friends in Hinsdale, Illinois

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FOR AMBER'S SISTER TARA

**I ache for you
daughter of mine
child of my heart.**



**I ache for the pain
you feel you cannot share
the pain you cannot express
though I know it is there.**

**I ache for you, child
your sister is gone
our life is not the same
nor will it ever be again.**

**I ache for the friendship
that has no chance to grow,
the joys and sorrows
and no sister to share.**

**The hole will be there:
a bridesmaid, an aunt,
someone who cares
no matter what.**

**I ache for us all
for what we are missing
can never be replaced.**

**Judy Vasas
TCF Winnipeg, Canada**

SAFETY ISSUES IN GRIEF

During early grief, we are preoccupied, distracted, and forgetful. We lose our cars in parking lots, forget pots cooking on the stove and are careless with sharp objects. We are prone to dropping things and falling, all of which make us vulnerable to injury. Routine activities like driving a car now require extra diligence to ensure safety.

Driving While Grieving (DWG)

Shortly after returning to work following our daughter Kandy's death, I parked my car in the faculty parking lot and walked the short block and a half to my building. As I walked, I realized I had been driving more than an hour and had no memory of having made the trip. There I was in a different time and place and didn't know how I got there. I only knew of my actions after I parked the car. Oh, what has happened to my memory? This is scary, I thought.

At my next The Compassionate Friends (TCF) meeting, I shared my driving experience with the group. Kay responded, "If you think that's bad, listen to this. I was driving along and suddenly realized I had no idea where I was going. In a state of panic, I pulled the car over to the side of the road.

I was in full sobbing mode. After crying for I don't know how long, I got myself together, turned around and drove back home. I stayed home until my husband could drive me where I needed to go."

Barbara, a friend of mine, shared with me how she sideswiped two parked cars when she was driving along a busy street. Another friend spoke of how she rolled through a stop sign, realizing only later the red sign meant she should have stopped. You might have your own tale of driving



woes. We all agreed that we were fortunate that we didn't hurt ourselves or anyone else. Suffice to say, DWG, as I call it, is not a traffic violation yet but can be dangerous to our health.

Recently, I read that driving while grieving (DWG) is as deadly as driving while intoxicated (DWI).

Sharing these stories made me realize the importance of developing strategies for grieving parents and siblings to become mindful in our daily activities. A couple of things helped me when driving during that first year. I wrote a note to myself about where I was going and taped it to my instrument panel in the car. I also learned to keep the radio turned off because a favorite song or remark on the radio could trigger emotions and blinding tears. It helped me to have tissues handy because the tears always seemed to come when I was driving. It is advantageous to limit driving in the early months. When necessary, it is preferable to seek a ride with a friend or use public transportation.

In and Around the Home

One evening as I was cleaning up after dinner, I scraped leftovers into the garbage disposal. I pushed the food into the disposal with my right hand and reached with my left hand and turned on the disposal. The grinding sound of the motor brought me to my senses. Only then did I realize how dangerous it was to turn on the disposal while mindlessly putting in food.

Another safety issue involves the

use of sharp instruments during food preparation. Take time to use the cutting board and only pick up a knife by its handle.

A friend shared with me her unsafe cooking experience. "One day I was cooking, not sure what, but I forgot about it. When I smelled something burning, I was still oblivious to what was happening. It was only when I got to the kitchen and found the wall near the range singed from the heat that I realized what had happened. The pan was burned dry, and the food turned into a crisp. 'Oh no!' In my absent-mindedness, I nearly set the place on fire!"

All of us agree; forgetfulness is serious business.

When cooking, it is important to avoid leaving the pot unattended. If you have to go to another room, turn off the burner. A kitchen timer can be a good cooking reminder when carried with you if you leave the kitchen. When cooking with oil in a skillet, never exit the room before taking the skillet off the burner.

Burns are another danger in the kitchen. Always remember to use potholders when handling hot pots and pans. By the same token, keep pot and pan handles turned away from the outer edges of the stove, where we can bump them.

To ensure safety, in and around the home it is necessary to mindfully focus on one task at a time. In our fast-paced world, we must avoid the tendency to multitask.

Mindfulness is the process of bringing one's attention to the experience occurring in the present moment. Doing one thing at a time and doing so mindfully will help ensure we act in a safe and secure manner. A discussion of mindfulness is beyond the scope of this article, but I recommend a

(Continued on next page)

SAFETY ISSUES IN GRIEF *(continued from previous page)*

Google search for information on developing mindfulness.

Falls

When using a step stool/ladder to retrieve items from high places or to replace a light bulb, always think safety. Choose one with a hand support to help maintain your balance. Don't use a chair to reach high places, especially one with wheels.

Suzanne said she puts a long strip of tape on areas and items where she had a prior injury. When she sees the tape, it alerts her to proceed cautiously. This advice is good for seniors as well. Spills on tile floors also increase the risk of slipping and falling.

Distraction can also make us vulnerable on our feet. We need to

exercise care when walking from room to room if there are throw rugs on the floor. Additionally, we need to beware of door facings and furniture placement. Broken toes are a common injury, as we age, even when we are not grieving. We can wear closed-toe shoes to protect our toes and feet.

It is equally important to exercise care in crossing streets and highways. Carefully look both ways and cross only when the light says go. Remember passing cars approach quickly.

Carrying and lifting heavy objects increases our risk for back injury. When lifting something heavy, move close to the object, bend the knees, grasp the item firmly and lift with the legs (abdomen and buttocks), not the

back.

Safety issues are equally applicable to the workplace. Depending on the nature of the job, the work environment may impose its set of risks for accidents and injuries. We must exercise care when using machinery, chemicals, and bulky items.

In short, everyday activities pose increased risks to us when we are in acute grief. In summary, grief causes us to be distracted and forgetful, predisposing us to serious injury. We are vulnerable to accidents while driving, walking and cooking. When we act mindfully, we stay in the present moment and focus on the one task at hand thus lowering our risk for accidents and injury.

—CORALEASE RUFF

Dr. Coralease Ruff is a Bereavement Facilitator, Registered Nurse, University Professor, and an International Nursing Consultant. She and her husband became bereaved parents in 1997 following the death of their 21-year old daughter in an automobile accident in the Dominican Republic. Since then, she has been involved in The Compassionate Friends in many roles.

Posted 11-19-2018 www.compassionatefriends.org

Love Makes the World Go 'Round



Love makes the world go "round," or so the song goes. We parents who have lost a child feel that our world has come to a stand still, even though everyone around us is going about their life with "business as usual".



"February is the month we're reminded by Hallmark to express our love to someone dear to us. Maybe you have a Valentine more special than Hallmark's made from red paper and white lacy doilies created by the hands of your little one. We struggle for ways to celebrate the love we had for that child who is no longer with us.

Early in my grief I was reading the "love" chapter, I Corinthians 13, in the Living Bible. In the final verse it states that three things remain: faith, hope and love; but only love is eternal. I realized that even though the body of my daughter, Shera, was buried in a cemetery in West Virginia, the love I have for her and that she had for me did not end in death. That love is still vibrant and alive and cannot be taken away.

I realize, for some of you, your loss is so recent. Your arms are still aching to hold your child again. Perhaps you lost your child in a premature birth or stillbirth and your arms never got to hold that precious baby. All of the love that you felt when you realized you were to have a baby, the love that grew as your baby grew within you, is not dead, but alive and active. I have now gone through eight Valentine Days since the car accident that claimed Shera's life at age 19 during her second year in college.

Let TCF share your grief and your love for your child. You will find support to help you through those difficult days.

Written by Judy and Dick Wolfe, TCF Cape Fear Chapter NC Feb 2006

LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OUR FEBRUARY CHILDREN
Birthdays

Thomas R. "Tommy" Goldberg	Son	Jean Goldberg
Gregory Ellis Williams	Son	Darrell & Linda Williams
Riley Martin	Son	Peggy & Rodney Martin
Nicole "Colie" Hoffman	Daughter	Sandra Hoffman
Ann Myers	Daughter	Gretchen Wrigley
Edison Ruef	Son	Jennifer & Martin Ruef
Keenan Cozzolino	Son	Natalie & Chris Dunigan
Amanda Dare Clifton	Daughter	Doug & Debbie Clifton
Jack Roberts	Son	Carolyn & David Roberts
Jeff Miller	Son	Carol Shelton
Olivia Menard	Daughter	Jen & Chad Menard
Brandon Lewis	Son	Marty & Paula Lewis
Sarah Glesner	Daughter	Kathleen & Kevin Combs
William Crabtree	Son	Angela Crabtree
Keith F Larson II (Kip)	Son	Keith & Mary Ann Larson
Corinne Greenslade	Daughter	Marie & George Greenslade
Stephen Greenslade	Son	Marie & George Greenslade
Nick Wallace	Son	Greg & Dora Wallace
Garrilyn J.I. Horton	Daughter	Shewan Lynette Horton
Meredith Elisabeth Edwards	Daughter	Beth Eastman-Mull
Suzanne Ridgill	Daughter	Pete & Kathy Montague
Luke Johnston	Son	Susan & David Johnston
Amark Patra	Son	Shuva Patra
William Bunn	Son	Mark & Amy Bunn
Scott Shorter	Son	Jeanne & Ken Shorter
Cameron Wagner	Son	David & Cindy Wagner
Zachary McNeill	Son	Penny McNeill
Halo Patton-Degraffenreaidt	Daughter	Nijah Patton & Robert Degraffenreaidt
Alexander "Lex" Luster	Son	Maria & Anthony Luster
Tyron James Harris	Son	Jim & Bonnie Harris

This Might Help

Sam & Phyllis Turner

Your child has died. Your pain is so devastating that you cannot move. The tears come in waves — unstoppable. You keep crying not knowing when you will stop. You may be surprised when you can't control your emotions.

A basketball star injures his ankle and is taken out of the game. There is nothing he can do about it except apply ice and wait for the healing. Unlike his ankle, your grief is not going to go away. You are out of "the game" for a while. You find that you have difficulty concentrating. You panic in the middle of the night thinking that your whole experience is a bad dream. A bandage won't help — an ice pack won't help — running away won't help. The difference between you and the basketball player is that he wants back in the game; you have no desire to "go on" with your daily routine.

Your "ice pack" may be a friend who is willing to sit with you and just listen. Your "ice pack" may be meeting and sharing through The Compassionate Friends. You may find, as time passes, that your sharing begins to help others.

Be prepared for those who will say that you should get over it and get on with your life. You will know that, even though they mean well, they have no clue what is going on inside of you. Know that you can "dump" all you want in a Compassionate Friends meeting. Let the meetings be your "ice pack" for healing.

Our "ice pack" just might help.

LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
 OUR FEBRUARY CHILDREN
 Anniversaries

Michael Mendy	Son	Kathleen & Mike Mendy
Stephen Zombek	Son	Marguerite Zombek
Daniel Paul Wisler	Son	Alice Wisler
Dylan Raitz	Son	Marie & Bill Raitz
Robert Dower	Son	John & Barbara Moore Dower
Tiffany Pemberton	Daughter	Angie & Greg Selvia
Kevin Phillips	Son	Dee & Chiccola Bell-Phillips
Kim Moreno Thomas	Daughter	Judy Moreno
Nick Wallace	Son	Greg & Dora Wallace
Glenn Vick	Son	Sue & Melvin Vick
Michael Assaff	Son	Janet & Mark Anderton
Christian Williams	Son	Charlene & Milton Peacock
Lawrence (Larz) Skelson	Son	Larry Skelson
Rylan Buchanan	Son	Sarah Galperin
Julie Elizabeth McClelland	Daughter	Dru McClelland Smith
Ashley Kristen Drinnon	Daughter	Sally Gryder
Riley Martin	Son	Peggy & Rodney Martin
Cameron Nash	Son	Melissa Nash
Shreya Rastogi	Daughter	Sudhir Rustogi & Neerja Rastogi
Devin Grose	Grandson	Michael & Cecelia McCarron
Bedie Joseph	Son	Mike & Kate Joseph
Corinne Greenslade	Daughter	Marie & George Greenslade
Pamela Jenks McAteer	Daughter	Carolyn Nelson
Addison Tompkins	Daughter	Wanda Tompkins & Ron Trombley
Caroline Allen	Daughter	Betsy & Alex Allen
Abigail "Abby" Cox	Daughter	Betsy Whaley
Josiah Pickett	Son	Ashley & Cedric Pickett
Davis Peacock	Son	Kim Hasty
Javan Stewart	Son	Ursula Seda & Omarr Stewart
Danny Noonan	Son	Timothy Noonan
Adam T. Morgan	Son	Cindy Morgan
Malcolm Baldwin	Son	Kimberly & Daniel Baldwin
Skyler McCardle	Daughter	Melissa & Brent McCardle
Will Day	Son	Beth & William Day
Halo Patton-Degraffenreadt	Daughter	Nijah Patton & Robert Degraffenreadt
Kai Kittle	Daughter	Danielle Wells
Jeffrey Schneider	Son	Vince & Judy Schneider
Dana Elizabeth Rabeler	Daughter	Lawton & Valerie Rabeler
Zachary Michael Arata	Son	Mike & Karen Arata
Charles Williams	Son	Kay Scott
Andre Eric Houseman, Jr.	Son	Sharon Houseman

One day you wake up and realize that you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get here. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears and what seems to be an endless road of sorrow. One day—one glorious day—you wake up and feel your skin tingle again, and you forget, just for an instant, that your heart is broken... And it is a beginning.

Susan Borrowman, TCF, Kingston, Ontario





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**



**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.
Wake County Chapter
PO Box 6602
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