



The Compassionate Friends

Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

March
2023



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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 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.

March Meetings

**Tuesday
March 14
7:00pm**

**Tuesday
March 28
7:00pm**

MARCH — A MONTH OF TRANSITION

The first day of any new month seems reason enough to pause, perhaps, and reflect on the significance or meaning that each of us might associate with a new month. For me, March has always signified a time of transition, a slow but steady emergence from the dark depths of winter into the first, but sure, signs of Spring. Something like “the light at the end of the tunnel.”

This Spring will have a different meaning for each of us. For some, especially the newly bereaved, there will be a reluctance to accept it — but you don’t have to enjoy it. Your sorrow is too new to let you enjoy anything. We understand this feeling. It’s part of the guilt we feel for surviving the loss of a child. It just won’t seem fair to you that the world goes on much the same as before.

Others of us, with the aid of time, sometimes much time, can face Spring with a little more resolve. The resolve to accept things the way they are: somehow we learn to recognize our limitations, and we stop hurting ourselves with guilt or with the responsibility to change things. There is no way to change the fact that our children have died. The only thing we can change is ourselves. Those children will always be with us in our minds and our hearts. When we become secure in that belief, we will have changed. The changed person can accept life again and still be faithful to the memory of his child.

—Bob McCollough, Burlington Chapter TCF




IN MEMORY
MARCH LOVE GIFTS
Given In Loving Memory Of Children

Diana Allen
In Loving Memory of My Daughter
Sophie Elizabeth Allen

Randy and Sue Mellott
In Loving Memory of Our Son
Jesse Aaron Mellott

In Loving Memory of
Sophie Elizabeth Allen



“Always in Our Hearts”

Mom
Diana Allen

THERE’S A HOLE IN ME

There’s a hole in me. You see, a part of me is missing. I keep looking for my son, and all I find are bits and pieces of him — something he wrote, a picture he took, a book he read, a tape he made, something he drew — but there is an emptiness in me that these bits and pieces cannot fill, that nothing will ever fill. I wander around, and sometimes without realizing I am doing it, I shake my head in disbelief, thinking it can’t be true. But I know it is. My son is gone and he is not coming back. I will have to go to him and someday I will.

There’s a hole in me and it hurts terribly, much worse than I ever imagined anything could hurt. I am angry — not at God or at my son for leaving me as some have suggested. I am not angry at anyone or anything in particular. I am just angry. I want to scream and strike out at something. Sometimes I feel as if I am going to explode and I expect to see pieces of me flying in all directions.

I want to fill this hole in me so that everything that is left within me will not spill out. I want someone else who loved him to hug me when I cry and tell me it will be all right, even though I think it will never be.

Johnie Maxwell
TCF Lake Jackson TX

Oh —
**Now I know. My love for you
was your gift to me.**

Debbie Sippel
TCF Aurora IL

ATTENTION: On March 14th and March 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

Heart Connections

No New Photos

This past summer was the ten-year anniversary of the death of my son, Connor. I was struck by the inadequacy I felt about how to describe this very unwanted milestone that came faster than I would have imagined. I didn't like the evident recognition of so many years passing since I last saw, hugged, spoke, and laughed with my only son. I struggled further when I looked for photos that I wanted to post on Facebook as I tried to express what was in my heart at that moment.

Photos tend to mark time and progress. Family photos are guideposts to our updated lives over the decades. How is that true when our child, sibling, or grandchild's photos are frozen in time, and we will never have new photos of them again? Where is that meaning when we have a finite number of photos to recirculate that must tide us over for a lifetime?

Most of us long for new photos that would display the physical growth of our loved one who died. What would our child, sibling, or grandchild look like when they were learning to drive, graduating high school or college, or walking down the aisle in marriage as we witness their friends do over the years? How would they look when cradling their firstborn child in wonder?

We somehow still grow during these years that they are physically absent from us and

from our photos. Some of us have other children who pass through all the beautiful milestones and marking points of their lives that we are privileged and honored to share. New things come into our lives that spring from the person we've become through our loss. We make meaning in our lives in unique ways that we would not have previously imagined. How we live in the world represents growth in honor of the lives we shared with them.

Perhaps when there are photos far in the future that they cannot be present in, their light shines through us in those photos even as their older photos age and date with time. Maybe we carry their light and their lives in significant enough ways that this helps us just a little with the pain of not having new photos. When someone tells me that I have a warm smile in a photo or an air of light in a photo, I know that exists, in part, because of the ways that I live from my love for Connor. May you find the shining light of your child, grandchild, or sibling, in your new photos, no matter how many years have passed, and may this bring you some comfort.

SHARI O'LOUGHLIN



Posted May 17, 2022 www.compassionatefriends.org



This is no ordinary spring at all.

**It dances on with unbecoming weather:
Now more like winter than December was,
And then again as soft as early summer**

This is no ordinary spring at all.

**It meets your heart with unexpected dangers:
Now with the loneliest of memories,
And then again with unforgotten laughter**

This is no ordinary spring at all.

**This is like life itself, a changing season.
Accept the wintertime of grief and then
Reach for the hope of summer and of healing.**

Sascha Wagner, TCF/Des Moines IA





THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS 46TH NATIONAL CONFERENCE

July 7, 2023 - July 9, 2023

Sheraton Downtown Denver Hotel
1550 Court Place
Denver, CO 80202

CONFERENCE REGISTRATION NOW OPEN

We are very pleased to announce The Compassionate Friends (TCF) 46th Annual National Conference in Denver! TCF's National Conference is an enriching and supportive event for many newer and long-time bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. Attendees come and find renewed hope and support, as well as strategies for coping with grief. Participants create friendships with other bereaved people who truly understand the heartbreaking loss of a child, sibling, or grandchild. Lifelong friendships are often formed and re-kindled each year at TCF conferences. [For More Info](#)

MAIN SESSION PRESENTERS

Donna Goodrich, Keynote



Donna has lost three children including one to a miscarriage; her son, Garth, who was an identical twin and was stillborn; and her 17-year-old daughter, Lauren in an auto accident. Six months after the death of her daughter, Donna found a local chapter of TCF that saved her life. She has been involved with TCF for the past 23 years including chartering a new TCF chapter, serving currently on TCF's National Board of Directors, serving with her husband, Ralph, as Co-Regional Coordinators, and being a part of the 2010 and 2018 TCF National Conference Committees. Donna has presented her highly attended workshop, *"Gifts of Grief"*, at the past 9 National Conferences, and she and Ralph received the 2020 TCF Recognition Award.

Sadria Strong, Keynote



In 2014, hours after spending time with her pregnant daughter, Briana, and her future son-in-law, Sadria received a phone call letting her know that both had been kidnapped, found handcuffed, and shot. Her future son-in-law was deceased, and her daughter had been rushed to the hospital for an emergency c-section. Briana passed away days later and gifted 4 people another chance at life through organ donation. Sadria lost a daughter and gained a granddaughter. That was the moment that her pain was transformed into purpose. Since then, Sadria has dedicated her time to raising her grandchildren, volunteering to register organ donors, and helping other families cope with loss.

Nathan Peterson, General Session Presenter



Chicago-based singer-songwriter, Nathan Peterson, has been creating music for two decades. Nathan is currently celebrating the release of two solo albums and two books — *So Am I: Life, Living, and Letting Go*, and *Dance Again: Grief is Healing* — about the life and death of his daughter, Olivia, as well as his latest single release, *Masks*, a song about finding togetherness amid a pandemic. Through writing, recording, and performing, Nathan invites our culture to rest, here and now, amid the storms of life. Nathan's words and voice invite us to come back to where we are, toward our own center, where our fear is the loudest, where our strength and hope are their brightest.

Lauren Robinson, Keynote



Lauren Robinson is a mother, wife, entrepreneur, speaker and Loss Mama advocate. After experiencing both a miscarriage at 12 weeks and full-term stillbirth at 40 weeks, she founded her own nonprofit, The Loss Mama, to create a community of moms to walk alongside each other during this season of their life, and beyond. In addition to her nonprofit, Lauren also started The Found Co and Loss Mama Co. Both were created to love and support families with beautiful products to support their healing after loss. In between loving on and mentoring other mamas, and her entrepreneurial pursuits, she spends her time with her three living children and husband. She resides in Texas on a homestead and enjoys gardening, spending time with friends and family.

SIBLING SUNDAY PANEL



Allie Franklin, Heidi Horsley, Tracy Milne, Karen Snepp, Cindy Tart

Back in 1986, three siblings who had lost brothers, could not imagine the lifelong bond that would eventually be formed among five sisters who all had a brother die. This bond was formed through Compassionate Friends. Allie, big A's sister, was involved in TCF first followed by Tracy, Andrew's sister, and Cindy, Dennis's sister. A short time later, Karen, Dave's sister, and then Heidi, Scott's sister, joined TCF. Over the years, these siblings became involved with TCF to manage their own grief, assist their families, and improve awareness about the importance of sibling grief.

SPECIAL SESSION PRESENTERS

Keenan Robinson



Keenan is a former professional football player, a husband, father, son, and friend who has experienced child loss. Keenan and his wife, Lauren Robinson, lost their second child during a miscarriage and their third child due to a full-term stillbirth. Although Keenan was in the spotlight during his 6 years in the NFL, handling loss with his family has been a long, personal journey. Keenan went to college at the University of Texas where he graduated with a degree in Kinesiology. After retiring from the NFL in 2018, he spends most of his time focusing on becoming the world's greatest husband, father, son, and friend. He is an avid self-proclaimed DIYer and loves to build and create with his hands.

Jill Colucci



Jill is a multi-platinum award-winning songwriter with #1 hits including Song of the Year, *No One Else On Earth*, sung by Wynonna Judd. Her songs have sold over 20 million records worldwide. Although Jill has enjoyed much commercial success, she has also experienced great loss. During this time, she created her new CD, *Heal My Heart*, which is an expression of her triumph over loss and the manifestation of her new path in life. Jill was a keynote presenter at TCF's 2022 National Conference In Houston.

A SAMPLING OF WORKSHOP TOPICS INCLUDE

- Parent's Grief
- Sibling Loss
- Grandparent's Grief
- Loss of Only/All Children
- Workshops specific to the type of loss such as cancer, suicide, miscarriage, substance abuse, and more
- Creativity in grief
- Early grief experiences as well as long-term grievers
- Grief with or without spiritual or religious beliefs
- and more

REGISTRATION INCLUDES

- Friday Luncheon Banquet & Keynote Session
- Saturday Evening Banquet, Keynote Session, & Candle Lighting Program
- All General Sessions
- Workshops
- Sharing Sessions
- Special Performances
- Sibling Sunday
- All Activity Rooms

Adult Registration:

- Special Opening Rate \$245
(ends March 31 at midnight, MST)
- Early Bird Registration \$280
(begins April 1, ends May 31 at midnight, MST)
- Conference Registration \$310
(begins June 1, ends July 5 at midnight, MST)
- Onsite Registration \$325



HOTEL RESERVATIONS

This year's conference will be held at the Sheraton Denver Downtown. Reservations can now be made online at TCF's dedicated reservation link. Our discounted room rate with the Sheraton is \$159 per night plus tax. Please note that each attendee can reserve a maximum of two rooms. Many attendees arrive on Thursday since the conference begins early on Friday morning. We also have pre-conference activities that are offered on Thursday evening, that attendees find beneficial. We look forward to seeing you in Denver!

THE KEEPER OF THEIR STORIES

My sister Terri and I were lucky. We grew up in a loving home with attentive parents and a father who was an avid storyteller. Not only did he invent elaborate tales to tell us each night at bedtime, but he also shared with us stories from his own childhood—what it was like to grow up in a small town before and after World War I, what the grandparents we never knew were like when they were young. He gave us a strong appreciation for our family history.

After Dad died when I was 16, Terri and I hung onto those stories, telling and retelling them to each other. Some of them my father had typed up into a memoir and I lugged those many pages with me over the years as I moved from one house to the next. And as we got older, Terri and I created our own stories, our own memories—some poignant and emotional, others just funny moments we shared together as little girls who then grew into teenagers in the 1970s.

We were each other's memory-keepers and fact-checkers. Many were the times one of us would call the other to verify what we remembered about a particular event. The two of us held together our past and treasured the tales we could tell to each other and to our own children about the girls we had once been.

When Terri became ill, we told and retold those stories all the more. Both of us sensed that the time

we had left to share with each other was dwindling, would soon be gone, but neither of us realized just how quickly, how abruptly, that ending would come.

Terri died in January of 2015. I wasn't ready for that loss, even though I knew it was coming. In the first few months after her death, I was too stunned and grief-stricken to think about those stories, those memories. At that point I only knew that the one person who knew me better than any other person in the world was gone. Everyone in my childhood family was gone. My mother had died just two years before that. I was alone.

Of course, I still had my daughters, but they had not lived in those treasured days of my childhood. They didn't know how we once ran the vacant lots at the bottom of our street, pretending to be horses or pirates or princesses; they didn't join us in our secret late-night swims in hotel pools or sunbathe with us in our driveway while our transistor radio filled the air with Deep Purple, the Beatles and the Stones. I began to understand that if I wanted them to have some sense of those halcyon days—before the internet and cell phones—I would have to be the one to tell them.

But I wanted those stories to last. And so I turned to my writing, creating essays and poems about my sister—about our youth, about our struggles, and about my learning

to live without her. In my poems I can not only revive a moment like our catching fireflies after dark or roaming the boardwalk in Rehoboth Beach—I can also examine my current feelings of loss through those memories.

There is a unique kind of loneliness that comes from being the sole survivor of a special time and a special family. Writing down what I recall, filling in mere facts with the emotions, the scents and sounds of those long-gone days, has helped me through that loneliness. Not only does it allow me to revive the moments I shared with my sister, but it also provides me a way to create something indelible that might be a solace to others—something that will survive all of us.

MELANIE MCCABE



Melanie McCabe is a writer and former high school English and creative writing teacher, and bereaved sibling. Her latest poetry collection, *The Night Divers*, is now available on Amazon and from Terrapin Books. The link to the book on Amazon can be found in the Book section of the TCF national website: <https://www.compassionatefriends.org/books/> Her memoir, *His Other Life: Searching For My Father, His First Wife, and Tennessee Williams*, won the 2016 University of New Orleans Publishing Prize. She is also the author of two other poetry collections: *What The Neighbors Know*, (FutureCycle Press, 2014) and *History of the Body*, (David Robert Books, 2012)."

Posted Sept 7, 2022, www.compassionatefriends.org



Little by little, step by step
I learned that I didn't need
To hang on to the death
To remember the life.

Kittie Brown McGowin, TCF Montgomery AL



KEEPING OUR LOVED ONES ALIVE THROUGH MEMORIALS

Those of us who have lost children know the fear of their memories fading. After saying goodbye to our beloved children, we don't want to forget their existence—but people are often afraid of saying the wrong thing or “reminding” us of our tragic loss, so the memories of their lives quietly stay below the surface.

One way to get around the awkwardness or timidity of our losses and keep our kids' memories alive is through memorials. By celebrating a loved one's life and creating a space for others to do the same, we keep our son or daughter in people's minds—and hearts.

But deciding to host a memorial and finding the right way to honor a child are two different things. It can sometimes be easy to pinpoint the perfect thing: If your son loved soccer, you may want to sponsor a soccer scholarship. If your daughter had a special connection with animals, an annual donation to a local animal shelter may be a great way to remember her.

There are lots of memorial efforts to consider, and each has an appeal for its ability to keep our loved ones' memories close.

A tree, rock, or park bench: Planting a memorial tree or buying a memorial bench or rock at a beloved park can be a great gesture. One grieving mother whose son loved their neighborhood park planted a tree in his honor and placed a plaque below it in tribute to him. She said, “I love the idea that he would have climbed that tree as he got older, and it makes me smile.”

A garden: If you're interested in honoring an outdoorsy, nature-loving child but want to do something that engages you, a garden



is a good option. Many towns have Adopt-a-Spot opportunities or need help maintaining existing—or proposed—gardens in parks, nature areas, and community blocks. Creating a memorial sign for the garden keeps your child's memory close while the demands of planting, watering, and weeding can keep you busy and attached.

A scholarship: Many parents who have lost older children find scholarships appealing because they can honor a particular subject area of interest or school. A father who lost his son in a drunk-driving accident in college said that his son loved the school he attended and that inspired him to create a memorial scholarship in his son's honor.

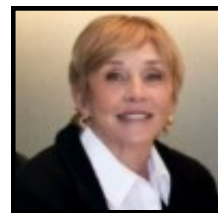
A website or page: While guestbooks have long been a part of digital obituaries, many websites have cropped up to host memorial pages. These pages often are built on templates that can be customized to incorporate a child's favorite things—butterflies, baseball, travel—and become a “living memorial,” allowing people to leave memories, particularly on special days like birthdays. You can also build your own website if you want to create a more robust picture of your son or daughter, such as creating a portfolio section for his or her artwork or a blog for his or her writing.

A charity donation: Like a scholarship, a charity donation is a wonderful way to put money behind the things that mattered to your child. Some parents opt to donate to causes that will prevent other parents from enduring similar losses, such as cancer research or the children's ward of their hospital. Others choose to donate to causes near and dear to their child, from homelessness to art therapy.

An event: An event allows parents to actively bring together people who cared about their child in memory and service. This requires more substantial planning and organization, but an event can take any shape: You could host a fundraiser or put together a carnival to simply inspire warm feelings. One couple decided to remember their daughter by hosting a fundraiser for her rare autoimmune disorder, working with local retailers to put together an auction and dinner. They said that the event lets them put the focus on her for one night, and it gives them something to look forward to.

There are as many ways to honor lost children as there are personalities, and memorials can help inspire, distract, and lift up parents who are hurting. Best of all, they offer a tangible way to keep a child's memory alive.

**GLORIA
HORSLEY**



Dr. Gloria Horsley is an internationally known grief expert, psychotherapist, and bereaved parent. She started “Open to Hope” to help the millions in the world with grief.

Author's website:
<http://www.opentohope.com>



AWAKENINGS



The world breaks everyone, and afterward, some are strong at the broken places. - Ernest Hemingway

For years I cursed spring...

During that time my heart woke to the bitterness of life. In the harsh frost of winter, my anguish and the season were one, a climate where I felt safe, cocooned in a blanket of grief, a camouflage that ensconced me from the world outside.

Like grief, winter brings the bitter cold to our life and those withered months drenched in sorrow tasted natural.

In the time I lingered frozen in my shroud of despair, spring had arrived, with feathered creatures whistling joyous songs while the leaves danced up our driveway. The warmth of the sun was a charlatan, exasperating my pain while seducing me like a stranger to a foreign place.

Welcoming the signs of spring felt like a betrayal of my grief, and for years I remained suspended, cursing the seasons as if they had something to do with my anguish. Spring represented an unwanted gift and this rebirth offended me. How could life continue when I stood so raw?

Marooned in a well of grief, I felt alone in a world surrounded by people, a place where I was unable to articulate the wound that clutched at my soul.

My attention oscillated with an assault of questions, an endless loop of uncertainty that blemished my heart. Feeling guilty for being alive when he was gone, for waking each day, even the shame I felt running out of tears depleted me until nothing but darkness remained. Each day another upheaval when I woke peacefully until the ambiguity dissipated and exposed me to the pain again.

Meeting with other bereaved families and sharing our lives brought the courage I needed to

begin functioning again. Slowly a thaw occurred and the bitter cold that once surrounded my heart began to warm.

The heartache that previously consumed me now unfolded into a treasure of memories and the gifts they bring with the passage of time. Gratitude can nourish us when our heart feels empty—though loss is difficult, it remains powerful.

Embracing this enlightenment and the growth it provided filled me with love and compassion. Through years of grief, love, and self-examination I began to find myself authentically whole again, and as the new buds of spring, my heart began to open.

Eventually, spring's return blossomed within me and I looked forward to the new beginnings it would bring, perhaps because of the cold, seemingly endless winter, or the accumulation of snow all around us?

But when I happened upon an old journal from twenty years ago, the place where all this grief began, the year our five-year-old son died, the fog began to lift.

Finding a quiet room I sat down and began slowly turning the pages, revisiting the season of loss I had endured. Tenderly I stroked the pages acknowledging that despairing period of my life.

As I read, I recalled the brave woman I was, surviving the loss of my child, and I could not help but honor her and the battle she had forged to survive.

For days I continued reading the journal entries, discovering stories that swelled my heart and welled my eyes with tears. Yellowed pages filled with letters and poetry, notes and emotions bringing the words to life again, reminding me of how far I had come.

Entries I had written cursing the seasons stung at my vision until I was suddenly aware of the anger I once held with spring. For it was not the season that hurt, the pain that gripped me was witnessing life moving on without me.

It took me years of unraveling to find myself again, and there are still days when I hear his sweet voice in the quiet of my day and know that he is still with me. Learning to step beyond the loss and share the love I had for my son in positive ways became one of my greatest blessings.

Gratefulness is plentiful when we look beyond ourselves and see the beauty that exists in life all around us. Ryan's story became a story of love, one of giving to others the way this small child gave to us. Caring for strangers with random acts of kindness began filling the emptiness that once consumed me.

The power connected to giving is immeasurable and that influence sustained me. Beginning with small acts that kept me anonymous was the tipping point I needed to shift directions.

Paying at a drive-through where I remained nameless energized me, and instead of the melancholy I had previously felt, a new kind of optimism emerged.

Solace can be found in that quiet place of grace when you release a kind deed into the universe and let the laws of nature embrace it.

Over twenty years later, I was running a race on Ryan's birthday and aspired to do something special. Although I was unclear on how I would present it, I went prepared, picking up two \$10 gift cards from a local store. This time I needed to step out of my anonymous comfort zone and be present.

Awakenings (Continued from previous page)

After asking permission, I handed the two gift cards to two young siblings there to run the race. The delight alone was a gratification to witness, but this act gave more.

After sharing Ryan's story, they all thanked me and I returned to my own daughter, both of us beaming. Within a few minutes, the children bashfully approached me, thanking me again and sharing how special they felt. Smiling. I looked up at their mom

who stood watching with tears running down her face.

Allowing Ryan to live on in positive ways is a gift I have given away countless times without regret, connecting us with one another makes the world a more loving place.

Although we try and live with a strategy in mind, planning how many children we want or the house we need, within all of this, there is no immunity from loss.

When we realize that material things are fleeting collections of wants and will not sustain us in tragedy, we begin to embrace the little moments of life.

Giving of ourselves is the most valuable offering we can present, shaping the world in a perfect light. A beautiful sunrise, a child's laughter, even the smile we bring the elderly neighbor when we stop to visit, will be the pause that will anchor us if our ship begins to sink.

TINA ZARLENGA — Tina Zarlenga is a married mom of 3 (one in Heaven) as well as a writer of short stories with a passion for family, photography, scrapbooking and running. —Posted 3-19-2020, TCF.org.



Springtime Accident

The spring has come again and yet the joy
Is mixed with sadness since no little boy
Comes now to climb upon my back or knee.
And yet where none are now, there should be three.
Oh, how that longing stirs again my pen!
The spring has come again.

There are two boys who come and pester still;
And yet they can't that vacant heart-spot fill.
I love them though I thought I never could
Since I had loved and lost three boys for good.
That loss is, oh, so strong each year just when
The spring has come again!

Robert F. Gloor, March 12, 1992



LOVE AND HOPE

On a cold winter day, the sun went out,
Grief walked in to stay.
I turned away from the unwanted guest
And bid him be on his way.
Grief was merciless, he brought his friends,
Loneliness, Fear and Despair.
They walk these rooms, unceasingly,
In the somber cloaks they wear.
Every so often now, Love pays a call
She always has Hope by her side.
I welcome Love as well as Hope,
For I thought surely they had died.
Love counsels Grief in a most gentle way,
Bids him be still for awhile.
Then Love walks with me through memory's hall,
And for a time I can smile.



KERRY MARSTON

In loving memory of her son Michael

THE PROMISE

Cold winds blow across
frozen ponds.
Snow lies deep upon
the fields.
But the change has begun.
Daylight hours increase
slowly.
With each passing day later
sunsets are more apparent.
Winter is ending.
For bereaved parents
the change is painfully slow
the progress not always apparent
but the promise is the same.
Winter will end.
Spring will return.



—Betty Stevens
TCF Baltimore MD



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OUR MARCH CHILDREN
Birthdays



Alecyn Elizabeth Ross	Daughter	Alexander & Cynthia Ross
Jeffrey Schneider	Son	Vince & Judy Schneider
Dylan Raitz	Son	Marie & Bill Raitz
Ashley Scarborough	Daughter	Lynn & Emerson Scarborough
Andy Crosier	Son	Chris Crosier
Casey Snead	Daughter	Tenita Mail
Silas Sebastian Hammock	Son	Sommer & Michael Hammock
Mateo Rochford	Son	Cori & Thomas Rochford
Cole Burwell	Son	Cathy Joostema
Ben Smeller	Son	Kathleen Hodge
Wade Halford	Son	Maggie & Scott Halford
Blake Rosin	Son	Christine Rosin
Kenny Lewis	Son	Mara & Jack Lewis
Theodore Abrahall	Son	Alexis Whitfield & James Abrahall
Hunter Patterson Freeman	Son	Judy & Donn Freeman
Ricky "Lee" Walker	Son	Kim Walker
Ariana Taylor Dawson	Daughter	Paul & Shelly Dawson
Cara Grace Hazell	Daughter	Cynthia & Tim Hazell
Julie Elizabeth McClelland	Daughter	Dru McClelland Smith
Lisa Diane Gatlin	Daughter	Jo Ann & Miller Gatlin
Mark McCain	Brother	Nickie McCain
Charlie Holt	Grandson	Mary Charles & Thomas K Sutphin
Damian Curran	Son	Sharon Wilks
Matthew Horney	Son	Donna McLaren
Benjamin A. Thorp IV	Son	Barbara Thorp
Anna Christine Brinkerhoff Helms	Daughter	Diane Brinkerhoff
Kadarius Montel Durham	Son	Andrea & Daniel Williams
Derek Ray Lemieux	Son	Holly & Dave Richard
Colin Harvey	Son	John & Barbara Harvey
Gavin William Boyd Westover	Son	Ted & Patty Westover
Thomas M. Carr III	Son	Thomas & Donna Carr
Sophie Elizabeth Allen	Daughter	Diana Allen

MUCH TOO FAR!

"...blossoms that are scattered are gone beyond recall." —Issa

All parents tell a child, "Don't go too far!"
At times the little child seems not to hear.
It may be tempting water, rushing car,
Or illness may their tranquility mar
And Death hold out her hands to draw their dear.
All parents tell a child, "Don't go too far!"
At times the little child just does not hear!

Robert F. Gloor, April 28, 1992

After losing his daughter and 3 grandsons in a car accident Robert F. Gloor wrote many thoughtful and beautiful poems about "Death and Loss".



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OUR MARCH CHILDREN
Anniversaries

Landen Bass	Son	Kristie Bass
David Briggs Martin	Son	Dennis & Jean Martin
Chad Dunlap	Son	Janet & Ray Dunlap
Amy Newton	Daughter	Libbie & Steve Toth
Kadarius Montel Durham	Son	Andrea & Daniel Williams
Penny Jo	Daughter	Gale Taylor
Keith F Larson II (Kip)	Son	Keith & Mary Ann Larson
Noah Lanni	Son	Ruth & Arthur Lanni
	Grandson	Claudia Mormino
John Castro-Rappl	Son	Chris Rappl & Maria Castro
Ginny Buckner	Daughter	Mike & Meredith Buckner
William "Joseph" Clarkson	Son	Mary Lou & Bill Clarkson
Michael Carpenter	Son	Theresa & Vince Carpenter
Theodore Abrahall	Son	Alexis Whitfield & James Abrahall
Sarah Glesner	Daughter	Kathleen & Kevin Combs
Ashley Scarborough	Daughter	Lynn & Emerson Scarborough
Brian Darnell	Son	Pam & Pete Harris
Cole Burwell	Son	Cathy Joostema
Brent Upton	Son	Melanie and Bruce Upton
Shiloh Brock	Daughter	Peter Brock
Nicholas Padula	Son	Cathy & Randy Padula
Cara Grace Hazell	Daughter	Cynthia & Tim Hazell
Greg Schrieber	Son	Joanne & Randy Schrieber
Alyssa Camejo	Daughter	Mercedes & Matthew Vedock
William Vincent Amirante	Son	Toni Amirante
Damian Bidikov	Son	Dimitar and Liliana Bidikov
Brandon Japhet	Son	Jennifer & Efrain Hernandez
Daniel Lee Winn	Son	Pat Winn Altman
Kenny Lewis	Son	Mara & Jack Lewis
Colton Turner	Son	Tiffany High
Lori Schooley	Daughter	Elizabeth & Virgil Carden
Colin Harvey	Son	John & Barbara Harvey
Mateo Rochford	Son	Cori & Thomas Rochford
Matthew Cossa	Son	Bill & Amy Cossa

The Secret of TCF

The secret of The Compassionate Friends is simple. There is no line between the helper and being helped. In the early months of people's membership in TCF, it seems that most of the time is spent absorbing ideas, crying and letting the grief flow, and learning the "ropes" of being a bereaved parent. The next step is reaching out to others and helping them. It is not a big step, for listening to another person sort out his life helps us to sort out our lives, too. But it is an important step because it is the first point at which the movement is reversed. All our energy had been going inward. We had been feeling so empty inside that we kept withdrawing into ourselves. But at the point when we turn around is the point when we first listen to another, speak the words of comfort and hope, and share our pain instead of just feeling our pain. At that time the real healing has started.

Dennis Klass, PhD, Advisor, TCF St Louis MO



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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Wake County Chapter
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