



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



NEWSLETTER

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families in the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child and to provide information to help others be supportive.

January – February, 2023



© 2023 The Compassionate Friends, All rights Reserved

Vol. 28 Issue 1

YOU ARE INVITED

The Compassionate Friends - Metrowest Chapter meets twice a month. Evenings on the third Tuesday from 7:00 to 8:30 pm in the conference room at the Milford Senior Center at 60 North Bow St. Milford Ma.

January 17th. & February 21st.

The **Tuesday** afternoon meetings will be held on the last Tuesday of the month next to St. Mary of the Assumption Church in Milford at the parish center. **Please call Ed or Joan Motuzas at (508) 473-4239 by the last weekend or earlier if you plan to attend.**

Directions....On Route 16, going north through downtown Milford (Main St.) at the Town Hall on the right take a left at the lights onto Winter St. The parish center is the last building before the church.

Going south on Route 16 (East Main St.) after Sacred Heart Church on the left, bear right on Main St., continue past Dunkin' Donuts on the right, proceed to the next set of lights and take a right onto Winter St. There is parking on both sides of the street. Look for Compassionate Friends signs to meeting room.

January 31st. & February 28th.

WHO ARE WE?

The Compassionate Friends is a nonprofit, nonsectarian, mutual assistance, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents and siblings.

Our primary purpose is to assist the bereaved in the positive resolution of the grief experienced upon the death of a child and to support their efforts to achieve physical and emotional health.

The secondary purpose is to provide information and education about bereaved parents and siblings for those who wish to understand. Our objective is to help members of the community, including family, friends, employers, co-workers, and professionals to be supportive.

Meetings are open to all bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. No dues or fees are required to belong to the Metrowest Chapter of The Compassionate Friends.

The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope.

The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace, but whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

We need not walk alone.

We are The Compassionate Friends. ©2020

Weather Cancellation

**In the event of inclement weather on meeting days or nights, if in doubt call:
Ed or Joan Motuzas at
(508) 473-4239**

(If school is closed in Milford, because of weather, then all meetings will be cancelled at the Senior Center & Parish Center.)



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



Chapter Information

Co-leaders

* Ed Motuzas 508/473-4239
 * Joan Motuzas 508/473-4239

Secretary

* Joan Motuzas 508/473-4239

Treasurer

* Joseph Grillo 508/473-7913

Webmaster

* Al Kennedy 508/533/9299

Librarian

Judy Daubney 508/529-6942

Newsletter

Ed Motuzas 508/473-4239

Steering Committee *

Judy Daubney 508/529-6942
 Janice Parmenter 508/528-5715
 Linda Teres 508/366-2085
 Mitchell Greenblatt 857/225-7135
 Wendy Bruno 508/429-7998
 Carol Cotter 774/219-7774

The chapter address is:

The Compassionate Friends
 Metrowest Chapter
 26 Simmons Dr.
 Milford, MA 01757-1265

Regional Coordinator

Dennis Gravelle
 638 Pleasant St.
 Leominster, MA 01453-6222
 Phone (978) 537-2736
 dennisg@tcf.email.com

The Compassionate Friends has a national office that supports and coordinates chapter activities. The national office can be reached as follows:

The Compassionate Friends, National Office
 48660 Pontiac Trail #930808
 Wixom MI 48393-7736
 Toll-Free (877) 969-0010

Web Page:
www.compassionatefriends.org

Chapter Web Page
www.tcfmetrowest.com

TRIBUTES, GIFTS AND DONATIONS

There are no dues or fees to belong to *The Compassionate Friends*. Just as our chapter is run entirely by volunteers, your voluntary, tax-deductible donations enable us to send information to newly bereaved parents, purchase pamphlets and books, contribute to the national chapter and meet other chapter expenses.

THANK YOU to the friends who help keep our chapter going with their contributions.

Ms. Mary Publicover in loving memory of her son **Christopher Allen Lill**. "Forever missed & always loved".

Mr. & Mrs. Burton Shuchins in loving memory of their son **Alan R. Stuchins** on his anniversary "Miss you always, love you forever".

Ms. Kendra Kiraithe in loving memory of her son **David Alexander Schnegg**. "Every day is One day closer to you".

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Ko in loving memory of their son **Kevin Ko** on his birthday February 13th. and his anniversary February 19th.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Now the holidays are over, and once again a new year faces us, for some, the first one without that precious loved one, for others, another one of many. The loss is still remembered, no matter how many others we have faced.

What will we do in the coming months? Each hour seems so long and the days seem to stretch ahead forever, as if another year cannot possibly ever come to an end. But friends, it will and we will survive. The road at times is hard and the pain is so hard to bear; but each year we realize that the pain has eased. We never will be totally without this pain of love and shattered dreams, but we will be able to live. This love that is stored in us for our missed child can be spread out to others to help us to ease their pain.

So, in this New Year, let's make a new resolution, that our love for our dead child will be brought out of our hearts and given with our best effort to others to help them ease their pain. In so doing we will find our pain is eased also.

Thelma Richardson
TCF, Mesa County Chapter



Our Children Remembered

As a regular feature, the newsletter acknowledges anniversaries of the deaths of our children/siblings and their birthdays. This issue covers the months, January and February. If information about your loved one is missing, incorrect or our chapter files are in error, please send the correct data, including your name, address, and telephone number, the name of your loved one and the birthday and date and cause of death to the newsletter editor, Ed Motuzas, 26 Simmons Dr., Milford, MA 01757-1265.

Anniversaries

January

KYLE E. KOMARNICKI
JOSEPH J. ROY
CHRISTOPHER D. DiLORENZO
LILLIAN "LILLY" M. PROUTY
MIRANDA E. DeGUGLIELMO

February

PATRICK L. CUFF
BRETT E. THOMPSON
DANIEL J. SCOTT Jr.
OWEN PATRICK BINGHAM
TROY F. MARDEN
JACOB NORMAN LANGE
KEVIN KO.
NATALIA FELINA KI
KATILYN KENNEDY

Birthdays

January

KELSEY MULKERRINS
MANUEL (MANNY) PENICHE
LILLIAN "LILLY" M. PROUTY
NATALIA FELINA KI

February

JOSEPH J. ROY
CYNTHIA ZOTTOLI
PAUL MICHAEL MACINNIS
JOSHUA T, KINGSLEY
ETHAN WAYNE MILLER
KEVIN KO.
SEAN M. THERRIEN
JULIE A. SLOCUM
STACEY ANN MAHONEY
CHRISTOPHER D. DiLORENZO



***A thousand words
Can't bring you back
I know because I
tried.
And neither can a
Million tears I know
Because I cried***

***Softly...may peace replace
heartache and cherished
memories remain with
you always on your
child's birthday.***



THE SIBLING CORNER



This page is dedicated to siblings together adjusting to grief thru encouragement & sharing

"Siblings Walking Together." We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. At other times we need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however, a special part of them lives on with us.

When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed. We are living a life very different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than many others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.

A YEAR OF GRIEF

It has been a year
Since you went away
Time goes by so slowly.
I never knew so much pain,
Along with fear and emptiness
Could be felt by anyone.
Your death has sent me into a
Darkness and void,
Words can't describe.
I never knew I could cry
'Til there were no more tears.
But these came unannounced
The price of loving a brother,
As special as you,
Will take me a lifetime to pay.
My pain hasn't been for me only,
For friends don't want to see
The cost of loving and losing.
They say get on with your life-
But they don't understand,
How big a part of my life you were
Along with the special memories.
And live day by day
These memories from happier days,
Are all I have of you now.
So I will place them first in my heart.
If I was given a choice,
Knowing the pain and devastation
That I feel today.
I would still want you
To be my big brother to love.
For memories can't be taken away.

***Greta Sharpe (Sibling)⁴
TCF, Andalusia, AL***

A Scar That Just Won't Heal

The room you once lived in...
Doesn't look the same.
The people who used to call you,
Never mention your name.
The car you used to drive,
They may not be made anymore;
All the things you once treasured,
Are boxed behind closet doors.
The clothes you set the trends by,
Are surely out of date.
The people you owned money to
Have wiped away the slate.
Things have changed and
Changed again since you went away.
But some things have
Remained the same, each and
Every day.
Like this aching in my heart,
A scar that just won't heal.
Or the way a special song
Can change the way I feel.
Brother, you must know that
The music bonds us and will
Always keep us close.
Because secretly I know deep in
My heart, it's the music you miss
The most. So let the world keep on turning
And time can take its toll.
For as long as the music keeps
Playing, you'll be alive
And dancing in my soul.

***Stacie Gilliam
TCF, Oklahoma City, OK***



Trade - Offs in the Death of a Child

Have you ever thought about the fact that each type of loss, as compared against another, carries with it equalizing factors? It would have been easier, you may think, if he or she had died in some other way at some other age. We need to explore that thought.

Parents whose children have a terminal illness must cope with those long months of having hopes and then having them dashed, maybe, many times. They have to watch their child go downhill on a daily basis for a long time (and any length of time seems a long time when your child is dying). Even though they may be exhausted, they still somehow must try to keep the remaining family on an even keel.

The stress of a long-term illness takes its toll. By necessity the day's schedule must be built around the needs of a dying child, and what does one do with all that time when the need is no longer there? They are cast adrift with no anchor and have the hard task ahead of them of restructuring their time and life. Difficult times, and yet, those moments (even if they never gave up (hope) gave them the opportunity to fulfill as many dreams as was possible; gave them time to make sure the relationship was a good one; gave people time to say goodbye and "I Love You." You see how the (equalizers) work? *There's a trade-off.*

On the other hand, parents whose children die suddenly, whether by an acute sudden illness, accident, murder, or suicide, have no advance warning; no time to prepare.

There's the sudden and unexpected amputation of a piece of their life without the benefit of anesthesia. The shock of that puts cotton where the brain used to be. With no warning, the parents have to live forevermore with whatever their relationship with their child was at the time.

Good or bad, it is frozen at that place, with no opportunity to indulge in a longed-for anything. They, too, have the void when the child is no longer there to be parented. Their child may have died alone or with strangers. It is difficult to deal with not having been there. There is fertile ground for the "what ifs" and the "if onlys." There is no time for an "I'm sorry," "I Love You" or "Goodbye." Their experience differs in that these parents haven't had to go through a long-term illness and death and all the pain and stress that involves. *Another trade-off.*

Is it harder, you wonder, to lose a small child or one who is so totally dependent upon you and who may be so young that his or her being still a wonder to you?

Or, is it harder to lose one maybe more independent, but who has been a part of your life for so long you can't remember when he or she wasn't there?

Is there really a choice? If the child was young, all or part of the dreams and hoped-for experiences of watching a child grow and mature are gone.

You wonder what kind of person would have developed in this child. You grieve for what was and for what might have been.

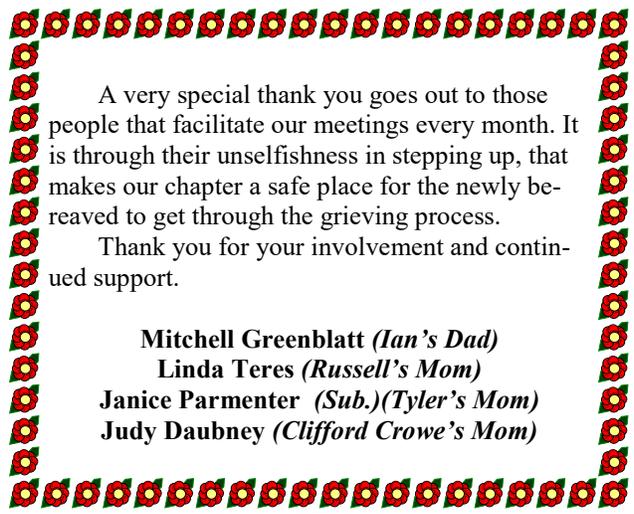
If the child was older, maybe even an adult, you have been through more of the growing up process and already knew more about what your older child's potential was. In this case, you grieve for what was and for all that had and could have been.

If we all wrote down on a piece of paper the way, age and circumstance of our loss and pinned each one to a line, like clothes to dry, I suspect we would, after reading them all, gather up our own circumstance and take it back.

It is not important whether or not I have had your exact experience in the way and age your child died; it is, however, important that I take the time to comprehend what you have been through so that I can better support and understand your pain.

In the years ahead, let's spend more time understanding and less time comparing, for, you see, even with trade-offs, there is no good age or way for a child to die. There are just different ways and ages, and all of them hard.

***By Mary Cleckley
TCF, Atlanta, GA***



A very special thank you goes out to those people that facilitate our meetings every month. It is through their unselfishness in stepping up, that makes our chapter a safe place for the newly bereaved to get through the grieving process.

Thank you for your involvement and continued support.

Mitchell Greenblatt (*Ian's Dad*)

Linda Teres (*Russell's Mom*)

Janice Parmenter (*Sub.*)(*Tyler's Mom*)

Judy Daubney (*Clifford Crowe's Mom*)





THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



Bread Crumbs Finding Our Way Back

Bread crumbs are all we have.

They are what is left behind after the death of our child. They are our memories and our mementos.

A bread crumb is the little answering machine cassette tape that says "Hi, it's me. Leave a message at the beep." We may be the only people with a cassette tape in our safe deposit box. It's not much, a few quick words, but it's his voice - a small crumb from the original.

A bread crumb is his favorite shirt that I still can't part with, so I wear it for good luck on special days. A bread crumb is the last Father's Day card he wrote in his own hand before he went off to college.

Thanks for everything Dad, especially the \$. My years at home were better than words can say and I never took anything for granted. I've had the best childhood anyone could have. Thank you for the ideas and opportunities I grew up with. I love you.

Mark

I call these things crumbs because they are a disappointing piece of the real thing, but treasured because they are all we have.

I also think there is a second way of looking at this. Bread crumbs are a part of children's stories symbolizing signposts along the way to help lead us out of the forest - to find our way back to the land of the living, at least if the birds don't eat them.

I like to think that the return from grief is like finding our way out of the forest. The way is marked by great changes or signposts if we will only follow the bread crumbs. I think of them as gifts left behind by our children. They change us and they lead us out of the forest - but at a very different place than we first went in. Here are three I have found. Maybe you will find others.

Crumb One.

We pick up a new sense of what is important and what is not. We suffer fools, superficial cocktail parties, and convenience friends poorly. We seem to develop an immediate impatience for the meaningless and the trivial. On the other hand, we pick up an incredible sensitivity to the world around us that we did not have before. We watch the news differently. We value people more than things. We live in the moment and less in the future because we know that sometimes "tomorrow" doesn't come.

Crumb Two

We find our real self on the road back. After the loss of a child and a period of emptiness, we do eventually come back. But we come back differently - and I believe better - than the person that entered the awful forest.

With our new understanding of priorities, we listen again to "that still small voice" that we silenced in the race to climb the career ladder or have the "perfect life" or do what our parents or teachers thought we "should" do. We find new courage to be the person we really are.

We begin living from the inside out instead of the other way around - from a sense of what is important, not what is expected. From a life of "what's in it for me?" to "how can I help you?" We discover new and compassionate friends, and sometimes drift away from old ones. We go from a thousand name Rolodex of contacts to a handful of people we love. We often also find our spiritual center and an inner peace. We become unafraid to die, at the same time we are beginning to live again.

Crumb Three

We pick up one more gift that I have noticed. We seem to get anointed with an ability to help someone else. You know what I mean. We didn't want it. We didn't ask for it. But we got it, anyway. It's almost like a giant invisible radar screen gets mounted on our head and we now pick up vibrations from other people in need. And we find that we really can help. People seek us out. People who don't know what to say when a child dies call us and ask: "Could you please go over?" We know we can and will, if only to listen.

I am reminded of the story of a little boy who arrived home late from school. "Where have you been?" his mother asked. "I was helping Timmy who broke his bike," the child answered. "But Honey," the mother said, "you don't even know how to fix a bike." "I know Mom," came the reply, "but I was just helping him cry."

Sometimes we can just help someone else cry, and that is enough. Unlike most other people, we can walk directly up to a bereaved parent or sibling, look them in the eye, and say "I know how you feel." That is what TCF is all about. And in helping another person we help ourselves heal too.

So what do we do with these new gifts or bread crumbs left along the way for us? New priorities. A new sense of self. And the ability to help someone else.

These are definitely good things. They did not come from the death of our child. Nothing good comes from the death of a child. As Rabbi Harold Kushner said in Seattle: "There is no silver lining," but there is change. These changes come after the death, when we recognize that we can't change what happened, but we can change what we do about it.

One day our surviving son, Rick, put his arms around us in a family hug and said: "Okay Mom and Dad, now that we are a family of three instead of four, we each have to live our lives one-third better." That, more than any other moment in our grief, marked our turning point.



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST

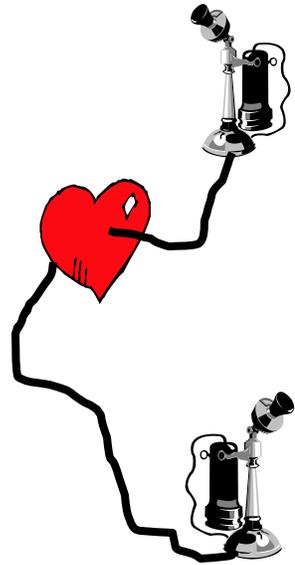


Phone Friends

Sometimes it helps to just be able to talk to someone; maybe at a time when pain or stress seems too much to bear. We maintain a list of Telephone Friends; people who are willing to listen, to commiserate, to give whatever support they can. In a time of need, feel free to call one of our Telephone Friends.

- Ed & Joan Motuzas, ...**Scott**, age 31, Kidney and Liver Failure,(508)473-4239
- Janice Parmenter,**Tyler**, age 29, Chronic Addiction,(508)528-5715
- Judy Daubney,**Clifford**, age 27, Suicide,(508)529-6942
- Linda Teres,.....**Russell**, age 19, Automobile Accident,(508)366-2085
- Mitchell Greenblatt,....**Ian**, age 18, Automobile Accident,..... (508)653-0541

It is always useful to have more Telephone Friends; individuals who are willing to provide support and comfort via the telephone. The chapter provides guidance for those who want to help. When you listen and talk to the bereaved, you make a difference. A longer list of Telephone Friends increases the likelihood that someone will be available when needed. Call Ed Motuzas at (508) 473-4239 if you would like to be a Telephone Friend.



My wife has a reoccurring dream. She is in Heaven many years from now and she greets our son. "Okay, Mom," Mark says, "so tell me everything you did after I died?" On that day she will be proud to answer: "I lived the rest of my life one third better in your name."

I suspect most bereaved parents divide their lives into those two distinct stages of time: before and after the death. What we do in Stage Two we do in our child's name.

And because we do it, the world after our child died in some small way is changed forever. And when the world in some small way is changed forever, then our child's life continues to make a difference.

And when our child's life continues to make a difference, he or she is never entirely gone.

Richard Edler

TCF, South Bay, LA, CA

(Rich Edler was Past President of TCF, Board of Directors and author of "Into The Valley and Out Again", the story of a father's journey through grief. Rich Elder died February 16, 2002.)

You Will Know When You Are Ready

One of the best bits of advice I received when our almost 22-year-old son Wade was killed in a jeep accident, along with his girlfriend, Sheila Speer, was not to rush myself into doing anything.

This week I finally threw away the fruitcake! Wade loved fruitcake, and I could not bring myself to throw away what was left in the refrigerator. This was not last year's cake - I am referring to 1983's fruitcake! Wade and Sheila died on September 2, 1984, and the cake he and I love so much has remained on the bottom shelf of our refrigerator until this time.

So, as we approach the fifth anniversary of their deaths, my best advice to the newly bereaved is:

DON'T LET ANYONE RUSH YOU INTO ANYTHING!

Janet Reindle

TCF, NW Chapter, Houston, TX

TEARS ARE THE PROOF OF LIFE

"How long will this pain last?" a broken-hearted mourner asked me. "All the rest of your life," I had to answer truthfully.

We never quite forget. No matter how many years pass, we remember. The loss of a loved one is like a major operation, part of us is removed, and we have the scar for the rest of our lives. This does not mean that the pain continues at the same intensity. There is a short while at first, when we hardly believe it; it is rather like we cut our hand; we see the blood flowing, but the pain has not set in yet. So when we are bereaved, there is a short while before the pain hits us. But when it does, it is massive in its effect. Grief is shattering.

Then the wound begins to heal. It's like going through a dark tunnel. Occasionally we glimpse a bit of light up ahead, then lose sight of it for a while, then we see it again, and one day we merge into the light. We are able to laugh, to care, to live. The wound is healed, so to speak, the stitches are taken out, and we are whole again.

But not quite. The scar is still there, and the scar tissue too. As the years go by, we manage. There are things to do, people to care for, tasks that call for full attention.

(continued on page 8)



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



(continued from page 7)

But the pain is still there, not far from the surface. We see a face that looks familiar, hear a voice that has echoes, see a photograph in someone's album, see a landscape that once we saw together, and it is as though the knife were in the wound again.

But not so painfully, and mixed with joy, too. Because remembering a happy time is not all sorrow; it brings back happiness with it. As a matter of fact, we even seek such moments of bitter-sweet remembrance. We have our religious memories and our memorial days and our visits to the cemetery. And though these bring back the pain, they bring back memories of joy as well.

How long will the pain last? All the rest of your life. But the thing to remember is that not only the pain will last, but the blessed memories as well. Tears are the proof of life. The more love, the more tears. If this be true, then how can we ever ask that the pain cease altogether? For then the memory of love would go with it. The pain of grief is the price we pay for love.

Rabbi Robert L. Kahn
Houston Chapter, POMC

Letting Go of the Pain

Just a few weeks or a few months after your child has died, you'll probably find yourself in a situation where you find yourself laughing or having a good time... then you say **STOP** laughing and having a good time and think to yourself, "How can I dare laugh or have any fun now, my child has died and I hurt so bad." We've all had this feeling in the early stages of our grief. I urge you newly bereaved, **PLEASE** don't feel guilty about enjoying the happiness that comes from "**LIFE**".

When you find yourself laughing and enjoying something in life, it doesn't mean that you have forgotten your dead child.... it just means that you are "letting go" of some of the pain. All of our lives there will be tears and all of our lives there should be laughter.

When people used to say to me "you must put it behind you and let go of your child and start living again", I wondered what they meant by "**IT**". I would get very angry. How dare those people think that I could ever "let go" of my child, or even want to. But after a while I realized that I don't have to "let go" of my child in order to live again. I just have to let go of the pain that his death caused. His **LIFE** will always be part of me, and so will his death; I'll never forget him.



But I don't have to keep the grief and pain with me always. So if you see me cry, I'm "letting go" of some of the pain. And when you see me laughing or having a good time, I'm living life again.

Verna Smith
TCF, Fort Worth, TX

The Grief of Older Parents

It is difficult for society, in general, to understand the complexity of the loss of a child, no matter the age. Probably the two least understood losses are those at either end of the spectrum: the unsuccessful pregnancy, including stillbirth and death shortly after birth, and the loss of an adult child.

In the first case, they wonder why you grieve for someone they feel you didn't know, and in the second case, they think that because the son or daughter no longer lived at home and was no longer a part of your everyday life, with a family of his or her own, perhaps, that the pain of the death shouldn't be so bad. They seem not to understand that your children are a part of your life, for all of your life, no matter how far away they may be.

Someone has reminded us that we do not love our children any more because they have lived long enough for the parents to watch them grow and develop. It is also important to realize that the older children also aren't loved any less. You continue to love them and to develop new relationships with them. It is so frustrating for older parents to have poured all that time, effort and love into the rearing and shaping of a child, to have done a good job and had the time to see the end result; to have been able to like and enjoy the decent, worthwhile adult who has emerged, who is a part of two relationships, that of parent/child and friend/friend, and now to have lost both of those relationships.

Even if the older child has turned out to be not all that the parents had hoped for, and has caused unhappiness with, for example, his alcoholism, the parents are still very much involved in this child's problems and escapades. Worrying about him and being a part of his support system becomes a way of life, and if this child dies, suddenly they are at loss for a center in their life. They love him, no matter what his shortcomings are and they grieve for his loss, as well.

As parents age, role reversals often develop between them and their children. After years of being responsible, in-charge people, as they age they go from, "What will happen to my children if something happens to me?" to, "What will happen to me if something happens to my children?" The child becomes a large part of the older parents' security blanket, and they rely on them for comfort.

Fold & Tape

The Compassionate Friends
Metrowest Chapter
26 Simmons Dr.
Milford MA 01757-1265

Fold & Tape



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



NEWSLETTER MAILING LIST UPDATE (THIS PAGE WILL BE PRINTED EVERY OTHER EDITION)

We continue to update our mailing list. We want everyone who reads our newsletter to receive it; however, mailing costs make this update necessary. We want to send it where it is being read. Your donations allow us to print and mail this newsletter and to reach out to hundreds of parents and siblings.

Please fill out this form now if you wish to be added to or removed from our mailing list. This form should be filled out annually. If we don't hear from you in a year's time you will be notified through the newsletter that your name will be removed from our mailing list unless we hear from you.

If you are able to make a donation at this time, it will be gratefully received. Please mail to address below.

PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM AND RETURN IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

I (do___) (do not___) wish to continue receiving the TCF newsletter.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Parent / Sibling / Grandparent___) (professional___)

(Donation included___) Make checks payable to "The Compassionate Friends" or TCF

If there are any errors in spelling or other information in this newsletter, please call it to my attention so that I may correct it. Please use this page to send back information, reverse side is addressed for your convenience.

Mail to: TCF Metrowest, 26 Simmons Dr., Milford, MA 01757-1265

CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

**PLEASE ADVISE US OF ADDRESS CHANGES TO INSURE
YOUR RECEIVING THE NEWSLETTER, THEY ARE NOT
FORWARDED BY THE POST OFFICE.**



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



(continued from page 9)

The parents are reassured, thinking that when either of them dies, a child will be there to care for the one who is left.

Imagine a situation where the mother, who is widowed and in her 60s or 70s and who now relies on her son, in his 40s or 50s to help with her financial decisions, the upkeep of her home, any problems she may have with her car, among other things. If she has health problems, he will see that she gets the proper medical care and whatever financial assistance he is able to offer. He may have already assured her of a place in his home should the need arise. Suddenly, this child dies. Fear and insecurity become a real part of the mother's life, as though she were a helpless, young child, whose parents have died.

Some adult children, on the other hand, never leave home. Older retired parents now find their daily life revolves around the routine comings and goings of this adult child. When he dies, the parents are cast adrift with no anchor, just as surely as parents of younger terminally ill children, after the death. What do you do with all of your time now that the hub of your universe is no longer there? All reasons for functioning seem to disappear.

TCF, Oshkosh, WI



Other Area TCF Chapters

MA/CT Border Towns Chapter (Dudley, Webster areas)

Chapter Co- Leaders: Paul & Anne Mathieu
(508) 248-7144.....ampm1259@charter.net

Worcester Chapter
Chapter Co-Leaders: Kathy Snay (508) 347-0981
kathysnay@gmail.com
Susan Powerspower7881@msn.com

Central Middlesex Chapter (Needham, Concord)
Chapter Leader: Carol Gray-Cole
(781) 444-1091.....cgc603@aol.com

North Central Mass.Chapter (Westminster, Gardner, Fitchburg areas)
Chapter phone line: (978) 786-5014
Chapter Co-Leaders: Denise Whitney...
dwhitney@acton.ma.gov
Chapter Co-Leader: Carolann Picnacik...
carolannpicnarcik@gmail.com

Mass/Ct. Border Town Chapter
Phone Contact, Anne & Paul (978) 618-5671
E- Mail. bordertownstcf@yahoo.com



Newly Bereaved

I need to talk to a friend, but I don't know what I want to say, I wish someone could look inside my head and know all the things I wonder and think about. I'm scared. I'm so afraid. I am lonely and lost and so many other things. My head just spins and my heart aches and my stomach is in knots. I don't know what to do or what to say. I want to go and yet where?

I don't want to start all over again, and I don't want to make all the decisions alone. I really don't want to make any of the decisions. I don't want to think. I am tired. Is this life? Things are rotten and cruel, and the pit I see is deep, long and dark. How will I get to the top? How will I get out?

I wander through the house doing the things I need to do and then I realize I am just sitting here on the floor with memories of him, friends, family, kids and heartache, headaches, sadness, loss of dear ones, good times, bad times, worry times, struggles and fights, laughs, the things we did that were funny, and the mistakes we never seem to forget.

I want someone to put their arms around me and tell me it will be all right, "just wait and see, you need time." I cry for hours hoping that all of a sudden something will happen to take away my fears and change what has become my life. But the moment doesn't change.

I hate the words, "why," "how come." I pray for that great strength we are all supposed to have, and I ask for hope, guidance, and yes, another chance. I'd like to turn back time for just a few precious moments, but it doesn't happen. I ask myself. "Why me?" Why do I have the bad luck? What did I do that was so awful for this to happen? I look around and see really awful people, and the awful things that they do, and yet really good things happen to them. Why not me?

People say how strong I am, how tough I am. But I am not as strong or as tough as they think. They really don't even know me, not now. I play the game and laugh with everyone and enjoy life with everyone and then they go home and I am alone again, tomorrow all of this will repeat itself. This is how I am today, God. Please bring me peace tomorrow and put a smile on my face so that I can put a smile on the face of others.

I don't want to hear the lies from others and I don't want to be told I'm in a world of my own self pity. I am lost, mad, angry, and hurt. I have needed to say all of those things to a dear friend who would not condemn, but understand, accept and say nothing.

People keep asking me how I am doing, well this is how I am today. If I seem to fail peoples expectations, then I am sorry.

Shirley Lairmore
TCF, Moreno Valley, CA



The Compassionate Friends
Metrowest Chapter
26 Simmons Dr.
Milford, MA 01757-1265



Address Correction Requested

TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. The second, third, or fourth meeting might be the time you will find the right person - or just the right words said that will help you in your grief work.



TO OUR OLD MEMBERS

*We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting we have new parents. **THINK BACK...** what would it have been like for you if there had not been any “oldies” to welcome you, share your grief, and encourage you? It was from them you heard, “your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer.”*