



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.

March-April 2021



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Vol. 26 Issue 2

YOU ARE INVITED

The Compassionate Friends - Metrowest Chapter meets twice a month. Evenings on the third Tuesday from 7:30 to 9:30 pm in the library of St. Mary's Parish Center, Route 16, Washington St., Holliston. The parish center is located between the church and the rectory. ***Our next two Zoom Cast meetings*** will be on:

March 16th. & April 20th.

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 Monday or earlier if you plan to attend.***

Directions....On Route 16 (Main St.) 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.

March 30th. & April 27th.

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. ©2021

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**



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

Ed Motuzas 508/473/4239

Newsletter

Ed Motuzas 508/473-4239

Senior Advisors

* Rick & Peg Dugan 508/877-1363

Steering Committee *

Judy Daubney 508/612-0259
 Janice Parmenter 508/528-5715
 Linda Teres 508/366-2085
 Mitchell Greenblatt 508/653-0541
 Carol Cotter 774/219-7774
 Wendy Bruno 508/429-7998

The chapter address is:

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

Chapter Web Page
www.tcfmetrowest.com

Regional Coordinator
 Dennis Gravelle
 638 Pleasant St.
 Leominster, MA 01453-6222
 Phone (978) 537-2736
dgtcf@aol.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
 P.O. Box 3696
 Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696
 Voice Toll Free (877) 969-0010
 Fax (630) 990-0246

Web Page:
www.compassionatefriends.org

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, support our outreach program, contribute to the national chapter and meet other chapter expenses.

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

Love Gifts

Mr. & Mrs. Steven Baisley in loving memory of their only child **Stacey Ann** on her anniversary March 21st. "Everyday is one day closer to you" Love Always & Forever Dad & Mom.

Mr. Scott Cohen and Lisa Gelin in loving memory of Scott's son **Brett Cohen** on his birthday December 20th.

Mary Jackson in loving memory of her precious Grandson **Richard Pellegrino** on his anniversary December 31st.

Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Dishman in loving memory of their daughter **Christina Cashelle Dishman** on her anniversary February 12th.

Ms. Jacquelyn Rae in loving memory of her son **Karl Dayton Janisch** on his birthday /February 27th.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Eldridge in loving memory of their son **Kevin R. Eldridge** on his anniversary March 24th. "Always loved and missed forever".

COVID-19 PANDEMIC NEWS

We are still not sure when we will be meeting at our regular meetings in Holliston however we will be doing Zoom Cast on the Third Tuesday of the month starting this October. If you are not sure give us a call, Joan or Ed Motuzas at (508) 473-4239. If you have any interest in being part of this media you can reach out to me, on my e-mail address. At headly@comcast.net. I could send you instruction, it's relatively easy. Let me know if you would like to be part of the Metrowest Chapter Zoom Cast.





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, March and April. 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

March

NICHOLAS L. BOUDREAU
ARRON BLAKE DeBRUYN
TIMOTHY JAMES THORSEN
PAULA BETH WATERS
STACEY ANN MAHONEY
MICHAEL J. HAVER
KEVIN R. ELDREDGE
ADAM J. BUCHINSKI
TYLER PARMENTER

April

JOHN GARVEY
KELSEY MULKERRINS
TARA M. RAYMOUND
ERIC T. BURROUGHS
JUSTIN MAYER
KATHLEEN ANN STETSON

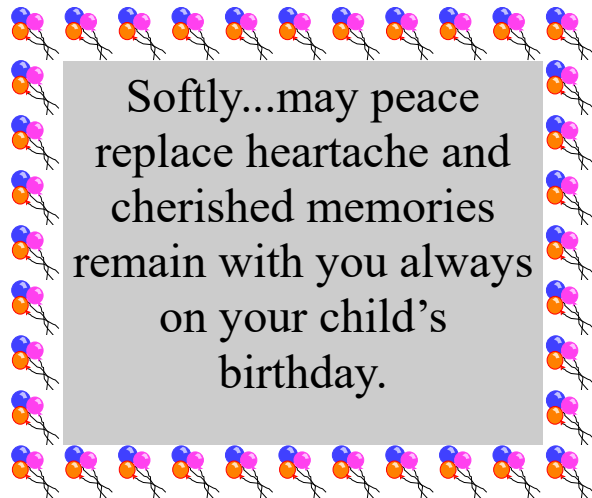
Birthdays

March

ALAN R. STUCHINS
TIMOTHY JOHN KOVALCHIK
IAN GREENBLATT
JONATHAN (JAKE) STEELE MORAN
DAVID HEMINGWAY
SHERIL SEARS JONES
ALEX GALANIS
SEAN PATRICK MOORE
MATTHEW W. LODI

April

BENJAMIN ARTHUR MOUL
LARRY DUGAN
SEAN PATRICK COTTER
DANIEL J. SCOTT Jr.
PAULA BETH WATERS
ANDREA RENEE BOSWORTH
AARON BLAKE DeBRUYN



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.

Dreamy Memories

Beckoning, dreamy memories
Call softly out to me,
Taking me back through the years
To the way it used to be.

Carefree and happy was our Brad,
The world was his shining toy,
Sunny days and summer nights
Two favorites of his joy.

He floated, drifting with the tide,
Never knowing care or sorrow,
Living each day as it came,
With no thoughts of tomorrow.

I shed a tear for him today,
My heart called out his name.
I longed to hold him in my arms
For a touch that never came.

I closed my eyes to see his face
And hoped to see his smile.
I waited to hear him say to me,
"I'll be back in just a while."

And then my eyes, so filled with fear,
My heart, so filled with pain,
Came back to see he wasn't here
My wishes were in vain.

Wistfully my mind returns
To the present day again.
I find in pleasant sweet surprise,
His soul still lives within.

Though he may not be here now
In a body we can touch,
His memory will grow each day-In our hearts that
means so much.

So now I'll say the time will come
When we will be together again.
Until that day no good - yes we'll say,
Just "We love you, God bless."

*Debbie Sadler Brown
TCF, Nashville, TN*

WHO AM I NOW?

Who am I now that my sibling has died? I have asked myself that question many times over the last four years.

When I think of my brother, Sean, I think of how things used to be. I also think of all the things he will miss. For example, my husband or my children will never know Sean. Sean will never have children. There are just so many things that he will miss.

I began to question who I was about a month after Sean died.

He and I shared a great love of music. When I think of music, I think of Sean. At first, every song I heard made me cry. After a while, though, I began to try to find a deeper meaning in the songs. I know that a lot of teenagers and young adults identify important times in their lives by music. I am one of those people.

Now, I am trying to figure out what place the music has in my life. After Sean died, music took on a new meaning for me. The music I sing and listen to is my special connection to my brother.



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



(continued from page 4)

The song "Because You Love Me" by Celine Dion was especially powerful for me. I came to realize that, through simply loving and supporting me, my brother had helped to shape the person who I was becoming and who I wanted to become. I have realized now that my life's direction has taken a slight detour. I have had to reroute my image of myself.

When I hear music, I see my brother, and I hope that will never change. When I saw myself, in the past, I saw Sean by my side. That picture has now been altered.

The biggest part of the question, "Who am I now?" is also "Am I still a sister?" The answer to that is a simple yes! Sean will always be my brother and I will be his sister. Forever. Peace until next time.

**Traci Morlock
BP / USA St. Louis**

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)
Rick Dugan (Larry's Dad)
Janice Parmenter Sub. (Tyler's Mom)
Judy Daubney (Clifford Crowe's Mom)**

SOMEONE'S CHILD

Never again will I be able to hear of a parent losing their child in death without an upwelling within me. It is difficult to seek within and describe on paper the feeling that comes in that moment. Like the slow, almost unending roll of a great whale's back arching into the sea, having filled her lungs with air, she is a mammal caught forever between two elements, both necessary for survival, and I hang breathless. I wait for the moment when her tail at last disappears beneath the surface and the sea once more resumes its age-old motion with no visible sign of the titanic forces beneath. In such moments I lose my son once more, again and again.

The stages of my grief, day by day, and moment to moment, are passing by.

So now there are many hours I am not focused on the grief feelings. While I hesitate to say there are some days when I do not think of the loss of him, I suspect it is beginning to be true.

Within the water of my body, the whale roll loss now happens when I hear of another mother, another father, taking the first breath of grief, and they stand with nothing the same as it was before. The very fabric of their lives gone, changed forever into an unknown landscape where their child has not walked, or ever will.

But I do not turn away. For in the moment of hearing of a child's death, and I wait for the whale's tail to disappear beneath the waves, I hold the spiritual essence, the divine spark of life, the mother, the father, of the child who died. Let it be known. We who have walked this path ahead of them are here. Linked in ways yet unexplored, we form a web of safety, catching them as they fall. As was done for me when I fell over the precipice, they cushioned me for the landing in the desert of my child dead.

His birth had left a part of him with me and, at his death, I stood within that space and battled the forces of his leaving with the awesome power of a mother grizzly bear for her cub. Until at last, months later, bloodied, thigh quivering, bone cold, exhausted, completely and forever defeated, I stood and watched the last of his life leave me.

In this moment of final defeat, illusions of immortality gone, I feel a warmth wrap around me. A whole cloth quilt, of healing, iridescent blue, carried by prayer, a gift from others at the moment they hear of the death of someone's child.

**Lesley L. Suzanne-Douglas. In memory of
her son, Leslie James Curtis who was born in
1961 and died of suicide in 1993.**

Little Angels

When God calls little children to dwell with Him
above.
We mortals sometimes question the wisdom of His love.
For no heartache compares with the death of one small
child.

Who does so much to make our world seem
wonderful and mild.
Perhaps God tires of calling the aged to His fold.
So He picks a rosebud before it can grow old.
God knows how much we need them, and so He takes
but few.

To make the land of heaven more beautiful to view.
Believing this is difficult
Still somehow we must try, the saddest word mankind
knows.



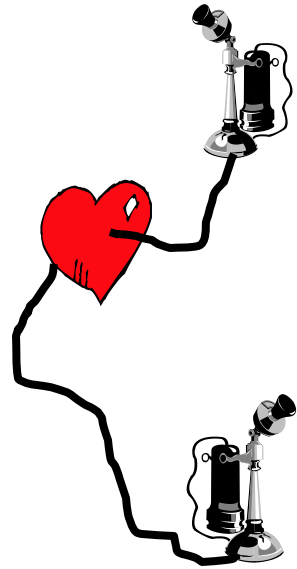
THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



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
Sandra Richiazzi-Natoli,....**Bryan**, age 17, Automobile Accident,.....(508)877-8106
Sarah Commerford,.....**Timothy**, age 21, Homicide.....(508)429-9230



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.

Support Resources

TCF Online Chat Groups:

WWW.compassionatefriends.org/resources/online_Support.aspx

- For questions, please contact Diana Jorden, 925-432-3854, who moderates the general grief and suicide loss rooms on Friday nights and Sunday. TCF online offers several specialized chat rooms, all moderated by moms who have been in chat for at least 2 years or more. We offer a sibling-only chat, loss under 1 year, loss over 2 years, loss of only child, suicide survivor, infant/pregnancy loss, and every night (and Monday mornings) there is a general loss room open to parents, step and grand, and siblings.
- You can sign up for the online TCF National newsletter at www.compassionatefriends.org
- You can reach our TCF National Facebook page through the link on the same home page of our national website. You will be asked to join Facebook if you are not already a member, and we hope you'll find our Facebook page as interesting as do the more than 11,000 fans who have already found us!

Other Grief Support Websites

- agast.org - for grandparents
- alivealone.org
- aliveinmemory.org
- angelmoms.com
- babysteps.com
- bereavedparentsusa.org
- beyondindigo.com
- childloss.com
- goodgriefresources.com
- parmenter.org - children's bereavement
- griefhealingblog.com
- griefwatch.com
- GriefNet.org
- healingafterloss.org
- Jeff's Place-www.jeffsplacemetrowest.org.
- opentohope.com
- pomc.com - families of murder victims
- save.org
- survivorsofsuicide.com
- Taps.org - military death
- webhealing.com
- Griefshare.org



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



THE SEASONS OF GRIEF

Easter bunnies, brand new clothes, egg hunts, candy and baskets - the start of Spring. How exciting is this time of the year; a new beginning, everything so fresh and so invigorating! But unfortunately only painful and sorrowful memories are here for those of us who are bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. Gone is the laughter, the excitement in a special child's eyes, the feeling of a whole new aspect in life.

Spring is here and the world appears ready to bloom again with new life, new hope, new wonders. How can we view life in this way when part of ourselves is now gone, forever lost to us? How can our lives continue to go on when one of us is missing, no longer able to share in this "newness" of life?



It seems so unfair! And yet, out of our "darkness" comes the first signs of hope, a "bud" of survival, a moment of laughter, a memory of a happier time.

The Easter season usually represents rebirth; let this season be the "birth" of your finding your way back to life again, of finding the ability to heal, and of being able to resolve your grief so that hope and comfort is once again in your lives. Let this time of the year show you can make it through this deepest, most difficult, and sorrowful time of your lives.

**Chris Gilbert
TCF, Tampa, FL**

March of the Seasons

March 21, Winter is over and Spring is here. Nature continues its never ending - cycle: Death and Rebirth, Growth and Harvest. For many, there is reassurance in this never failing, familiar March of the Seasons.

But we know, we especially know, that the cycle of the seasons will never be the same for some of us. In Nature there is balance. The Death and Dormancy of Winter is always replaced by the Rebirth and Awakening of Spring. What is lost one year is replaced the next. What is harvested is replanted. But for some of us, what we have lost can never be replaced. No gain can ever compensate us for the loss of a child.

I know, I know, every other article, every other book, every other poem will cheerfully announce a New Day, a Visit from Beyond, a Rejoining in Heaven, "spiritual gifts," et cetera, et cetera, and so forth. I know of no "spiritual gift" worth my son's death.

When my son died, a friend, a very good and dear friend who had a tragedy of his own, said to me, "This will make you a more compassionate person." "I would rather be the meanest man on Earth and have my son back," I snapped. But I was not given that choice.

When I was a small child, my parents would say to me, perhaps in order to profess their love and make me feel secure, "Steve, we would gladly give our lives for you." This did not make me happy. In fact, it made me feel extremely fearful, anxious, and guilty. I could not say the same thing! What was wrong with me? What a selfish and bad little boy I must be! I could not, for the life of me, imagine myself dying for any reason, not even to save my parents lives! I never breathed a word of this to anyone. It was my dirty little secret. I buried the thought deep, "I am an unworthy son."

My son was depressed before he died of suicide. What a stupid statement. He had to be depressed, he was tall, talented, handsome and smart. He had everything to live for. But he must have thought otherwise. He must have thought we, his parents, would be better off without him. If he knew how much pain he has caused his parents and his sister, I know he would not have killed himself.

In the aftermath of David's death, I realized many things. I realized that without being fully aware, I was bargaining with God, "Take me. Take my life and restore David to life and health." I did not verbalize it, but I was contemplating my own death and actually felt I could make a "deal."

Then I had another realization. This was the other side of my parents, statement. I, the parent, was willing to die for my child. It is normal for a parent to feel this way about a child. It is not normal for a child to feel this way about his parents. A revelation that lets me off the hook. After 50 years, a "spiritual gift."

I write newsletters. I give lectures. I lead support groups. I am a more "compassionate person." I no longer see just "my pain," I see "your pain" and The Pain. More "spiritual gifts."

My daughter says she owes her (spiritual) Life to her brother David. He taught her "life is precious." She propelled herself through school, overcoming great odds, "for him." More "spiritual gifts."

I would like to say it was all worth it. But I can't. I have been in TCF for over five years and I have never met a parent who would not trade all of the "gifts" back for even one day of their child's life. I have not met anyone who would not trade his or her own life for the return of their child's life. (Many of us have tried, consciously or unconsciously, that same bargain with God.) But we don't have that choice. We can't make that bargain.

So what do we do now? We don't throw away the gifts in spite.

(continued on page 11)



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.

Fold & Tape

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

Fold & Tape



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



(continued from page 8)

I am thankful my daughter has found herself. I am thankful if I am able to help another person. Choosing to throw away the gifts will not bring our children back. Choosing to help others in David's name brings some dignity and meaning to his death. Throwing away the gifts would make his death meaningless. No parent wants his child to die in vain. Maybe I can give his death meaning, posthumously, by accepting the spiritual gifts.

*Compassionately yours, Steve Leibowitz
Originally published in the Northern Virginia
Compassionate Friends Newsletter*

HAPPY PASSOVER . .

Jews throughout the world will celebrate the holiday of Passover. Passover has been called our favorite holiday because it operates on so many levels. It is a time of triumph but it is also a time of tears.

Perhaps at no other time do we feel the absence of our loved ones more than at the time of Passover. As we gather around the Passover table, we cannot help but recall those who were so dear to us in life, and who are with us no more. We recall them in friendship and in love, for Passover is the time of family service. But even as we mourn their loss, we understand that the life of the dead is now placed in the memory of the living.

Spring and Passover are a time of new hope and new life.

by Rabbi Earl Grollman

NEVER THE SAME...

When your child dies, a part of you dies, too. You may find some people around you who have not experienced this devastating loss will expect you in a few weeks or months to "put it all behind you," to "pick up the pieces," to "get on with your life" and be the same person as before. Ah! If it were so simple. You may, as you think back, remember that you once expected the same, but that was before your child died, wasn't it? Now you know this is something you won't "get over;" this is something you will learn to live with, given time and patience.

It takes sometimes years to discover the many things about you that have changed. There is no way to anticipate the areas these changes will encompass.

A situation presents itself, and suddenly you realize you are reacting differently than in the past. A new you is slowly emerging. A part of our grief is for that person we once were, the person who went about his/her way accepting without question the normalcy of the status quo.

No, you'll never be the same, but that doesn't have to be a negative. The new you may well be a much more understanding and caring person. Your pain and suffering can leave you more finely attuned to the needs of others. Some of the things you once thought important may not even make your present list of the ten most important things. Your priorities tend to take their proper order.

We all have our slates. Everybody we meet or are thrown with writes on our slates, as does everything that happens to us. But, just because our slate seems to be a losing one at the moment doesn't mean we are destined to be a loser forevermore. You've lost much, but you can gain in some very important ways. You do have a choice about how your slate reads. I hope yours is a positive choice about what the future holds for the new you.

*Mary Cleckley
TCF, Atlanta, GA*

REMEMBERING

Go ahead and mention my child.
The one that died, you know.

Don't worry about hurting me further. The depth of my pain doesn't show.

Don't worry about making me cry. I'm already crying inside.

Help me to heal by releasing the tears that I try to hide.

I'm hurt when you just keep silent, pretending it doesn't exist.

I'd rather you'd mention my child, knowing that she has been missed.

You ask me how I'm doing. I say "Pretty good" or "Fine."

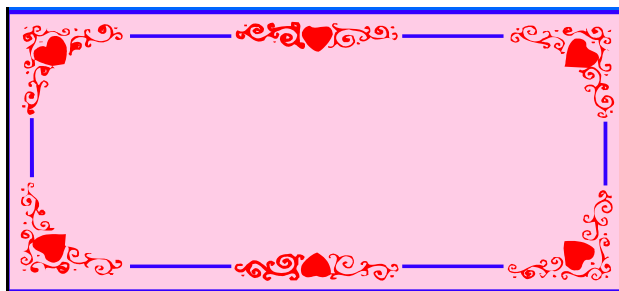
But healing is something ongoing. I feel it will take a lifetime.

(It's a really long and lonely journey. You do not heal but your coping skills get more refined and a little stronger. There are steps forward and steps backward, but no end to the road.)

*Elizabeth Dent
Submitted by Elaine Kingston
TCF, North Shore, Boston, MA*



The Compassionate Friends
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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.”*