



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**
Rim Country Chapter

Rim Country Chapter
P.O. Box 3482
Payson, AZ 85547
(928) 978-1492

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

August 2009

RIM COUNTRY CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

VOL. 3 NO. 8

MISSION

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

Payson, Arizona

Meeting Information

2nd Tuesday of the month -
6:30 PM—8:00 PM
Ponderosa Baptist Church
1800 N. Beeline Hwy
(Just South of Home Depot
& the Roundabout)

Chapter Website

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CHAPTER NEWS

Marilyn & I travelled to a family reunion last month in Pennsylvania and wish to express our thanks to Robbin for taking care of everything while we were away.

I also want to thank Carol Cavanaugh for sending us a number of articles this month for the newsletter. It really helps us to have articles submitted from “our family”. Otherwise, you just have to count on us to find articles every month. Please keep em coming!

We are looking forward to some cooling weather soon. When it does finally happen, we’d like to schedule another adopt a highway cleanup day. Last time, we were only able to finish one side of the highway. Stay tuned and let me know if you are interested in helping out in this effort in memory of our children. There will be a “free lunch” provided :-)

Also, it’s almost time to have another picnic or day in the park. Be thinking about dates, times and ideas for this next event.

Our meeting this month is on **Tuesday August 11th.**

Bill

Death lies on her like an untimely frost upon the
sweetest flower of the field.

--William Shakespeare

IF TOMORROW NEVER COMES

If I knew it would be the last time
That I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly
and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time
that I see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and kiss
and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,
I would video tape each action and word,
so I could play them back day after day.

If I knew it would be the last time,
I could spare an extra minute
to stop and say "I love you,"
instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.

If I knew it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day,
Well I'm sure you'll have so many more,
so I can let just this one slip away.

For surely there's always tomorrow
to make up for an oversight,
and we always get a second chance
to make everything just right.

There will always be another day
to say "I love you,"
And certainly there's another chance
to say our "Anything I can do?"

But just in case I might be wrong,
and today is all I get,
I'd like to say how much I love you
and I hope we never forget.

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone,
young or old alike,
And today may be the last chance
you get to hold your loved one tight.

So if you're waiting for tomorrow,
why not do it today?
For if tomorrow never comes,
you'll surely regret the day,

That you didn't take that extra time
for a smile, a hug, or a kiss
and you were too busy to grant someone,
what turned out to be their one last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today,
and whisper in their ear,
Tell them how much you love them
and that you'll always hold them dear

Take time to say "I'm sorry,"
"Please forgive me," "Thank you," or "It's okay."
And if tomorrow never comes,
you'll have no regrets about today.

George Michael Grossman

ANGEL OF MINE

I Felt An Angel Near Today,
Though One I Couldn't See.
I Felt An Angel, Oh-So-Close,
Sent To Comfort Me.

I Felt An Angel's Gentle Kiss,
Soft Upon My Cheek.
And Oh, Without A Single Word,
Of Caring It Did Speak.

I Felt An Angel's Loving Touch,
Soft Upon My Heart.
And With That Touch, I Felt The Pain,
And Hurt Within Depart.
I Felt An Angel's Trepid Tears,
Fall Softly Next To Mine.
And Knew That As Those Tears Did Dry,
A New Day Would Be Mine.

I Felt An Angel's Silken Wings,
Enfold Me With Pure Love.
And Felt A Strength Within Me Grow,
A Strength Sent From Above.

I Felt An Angel, Oh-So-Close,
Though One I Couldn't See,
I Felt An Angel Near Today,
Sent To Comfort Me.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

There's a story of an angel
Who left his nice heavenly home,
And took a trip to the earth
Where for many years he would roam,

When he began his return trip,
To his heavenly home above,
He took a bouquet of roses,
A baby's smile and a mother's love.

For as over the earth he wandered,
Much of the earth's beauty he did see,
But these three treasures of beauty
He thought none more beautiful could be.

After many years of travelling,
He reached the pearly gates one day;
He looked for the roses, and learned
That their beauty had passed away.

He looked for the baby's sweet smile,
But the baby was no more;
For the baby had become a man,
And many of life's burdens he bore.

He then looked for the mother's love,
And he found much joy at last;
For the mother's love was the same
Even though many years had passed.

OLD DOORS



The auction at a quaint old farm brought many folks that day. Most items sold for less than half of what we thought we'd pay. New owners did not care for old.

So on that day in June, disinterested, they watched the sale until the afternoon. Then as dusk of evening summoned farmers to their chores—the auctioneer began his bid on beautiful old doors.

The bidding started at a price below what they appraise. But every time I gave my bid—a frail, worn hand would raise. So back and forth we both would bid past what I could afford. Although I wanted those old doors, I stopped when prices soared.

Then as the sale reached closing time and I began to leave, I met the frail old woman with the doors she did retrieve. “Why did you pay so much for them?” Her answer was precise: “My children’s heights are on those doors—for which there is no price.”

Carla Muir

A Special Message To Our New Compassionate Friends:

If you are newly bereaved and have recently attended your first Compassionate Friends meeting, you may have left the meeting feeling overwhelmed and emotionally drained. With the heavy load of grief you are carrying, you may feel that you cannot bear to hear about all the pain shared at meetings. Consequently, you may have decided not to return. We would like to let you know that these feelings are common to all our members, many of whom resolved not to expose themselves to such anguish again, but were drawn back by the knowledge that they were among those who “know how you feel.” Please give us at least three tries before you decide whether or not the meetings are for you. You will find a network of caring and support which will help you as you travel this journey of grief and assuredly, find hope along the way. We truly care about you.

THE SON

A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. They had everything in their collection, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire the great works of art. When the Viet Nam conflict broke out, the son went to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier.

The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son. About a month later, just before Christmas, there was a knock at the door. A young man stood at the door with a large package in his hands. He said, "Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day, and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart and he died instantly. He often talked about you, and your love for art."

The young man held out his package. "I know this isn't much. I'm not really a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this."

The father opened the package. It was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son in the painting.

The father was so drawn to the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the picture.

"Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It's a gift."

The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected.

The man died a few months later. There was to be a great auction of his paintings. Many influential people gathered, excited over seeing the great paintings and having an opportunity to purchase one for their collection. On the platform sat the painting of the son. The auctioneer pounded his gavel. We will start the bidding with this picture of the son.

Who will bid for this picture?" There was silence. Then a voice in the back of the room shouted, "We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one." But the auctioneer persisted. "Will someone bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? \$100, \$200?"

Another voice shouted angrily. "We didn't come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Gogh's, the Rembrandts. Get on with the real bids!" But still the auctioneer continued. The son! The son! Who'll take the son? Finally, a voice came from the very back of the room. It was the longtime gardener of the man and his son.

"I'll give \$10 for the painting." Being a poor man, it was all he could afford.

"We have \$10, who will bid \$20?" "Give it to him for \$10. Let's see the masters."

"\$10 is the bid, won't someone bid \$20?" The crowd was becoming angry. They didn't want the picture of the son. They wanted the more worthy investments for their collections. The auctioneer pounded the gavel.

"Going once, twice, SOLD for \$10!"

A man sitting on the second row shouted, "Now let's get on with the collection!"

The auctioneer laid down his gavel. "I'm sorry, the auction is over."

"What about the paintings?"

"I am sorry. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned.

Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings. The man who took the son gets every thing!"

God gave His son 2,000 years ago to die on a cruel cross. Much like the auctioneer, His message today is, "The son, the son, who'll take the son?" Because, you see, whoever takes the Son gets everything.

Author Not Known

Back to School Grief

Before the last of the smoke from the 4th of July fireworks has blown away, “Back to School” sales are in full force. Cute and stylish outfits, the latest music star or action hero on backpacks and binders, the array in every store of pencils, pens, crayons, colored pencils, rulers and binders, herald the coming school year far sooner than any of us, child or adult, is ready to think about it.

The coming of a new school year holds particular pain, bittersweet memories, and certain heartbreak for the parent whose child will never go back to school again. Whether this is the year that a stillborn child would have started kindergarten, a young child would have moved up to second or third grade, or a teen would have begun her senior year in high school, or headed off to college, this season of the year is packed with reminders of all that was, and will not be again.

Many times our closest friends may have been the parents of classmates or neighbor children. Not only is our child gone, but that connection we had with so many other parents is also gone. Even if we have other children in school, “back-to-school-days” will never be the same again. Parents and teachers may try to be supportive, usually with mixed results. The kindest words and the greatest understanding will never give us what we really want—to see our child off to school, one more time.

If your child had books that you are ready to part with, you can also find classrooms and school districts that are in need of books for free time reading. I had spent my son’s whole childhood collecting books in which the main characters were African American. Most of them I could practically recite by heart, we had read them so many times. Years after his death, I felt ready to let them go, and was able to locate a school in need of just such a resource.

That first day of watching the school bus pass by your stop, the noisy activity when you drive by a school playground, or greeting all but one of your children at the door after school won’t be quite so grueling if you can pause a moment and remember that somewhere today, a child or children, wide-eyed with new hope and filled with anticipation, are experiencing all the joy of a first day at school.

Carol A Ranney

My Memories
by Jessica L. Gray

It seems as if yesterday
you held out your hand
for a walk in the park
a play in the sand
I know it was just last night
I tucked you in bed
saying our prayers
with a kiss on the head

Sometimes I wonder
why you had to go
But the answer to this
I already know
So much suffering
just can't go on
I finally had realized
what I knew all along
I had so much to say
I Love You's to tell
I started to slip
and I almost fell
But I kept on moving
one day at a time
My memories kept going
on and on I'm my mind

The day you were born
Your first big girl bike
I know you put these there
for me to keep in sight
I know you are with me
each hour and minute
I feel you around me
There seems to be no limit
So my darling daughter
I want you to know
I miss you and Thank You
for helping me let you go

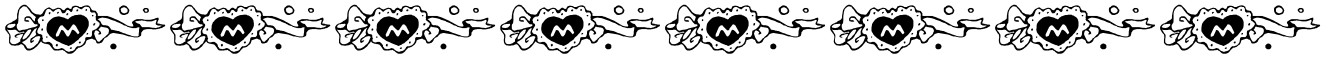
To the Newly Bereaved

As the years pass, we see new members come into our chapter, and we try to help them with their grief as we progress in our own. Over and over again I have seen newly bereaved parents come to their first meeting totally devastated and convinced that their lives are over. Through the months (and years) I have seen them struggle and suffer and try to find meaning in their lives again. And they do! Through all the anger, pain and tears, somehow the human spirit is able to survive and flower again in a new life – perhaps a changed life and possibly a sadder one, but a stronger one nevertheless.

We feel so weak and crushed when our beloved children die, but I know- because I have seen it countless times in the years I've been involved with The Compassionate Friends – that we can make it together. When you walked through the door for the first meeting, you were frightened and nervous; but with that first step you made a statement about your life. With that first step through the door, you said you wanted to try, you wanted to find a reason for living again, that you weren't willing to be swallowed by your grief. You wanted to go forward, and those first steps into The Compassionate Friends began your journey.

The journey will be a long one, for you loved your child with all your heart and soul. When that child died, a part of you was ripped away. It takes time to repair that large hole. The journey will not always be steady or constant; there will be many setbacks. Those of us who have taken the journey before you can assure you that, while there may be no rainbow at the other end, there is indeed “light at the end of the tunnel.” We want to help you as we were helped, but in the beginning and in the long run, you must help yourself. You have to want to get better, to talk about your loss, to struggle through the grief. We will listen, suggest, share and laugh and cry with you; and we hope, at this time next year, you'll be several steps along in your personal journey through grief. Then you can begin to help others.

Karen Schendel
TCF- Houston, TX



LOVE GIFTS AND DONATIONS

A love gift is to **"REMEMBER THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN."** Since TCF has no membership dues, we rely upon tax-deductible donations for funds to pay the chapters expenses: printing and mailing of our newsletter, books for our lending libraries, our phone message line and information packets sent to newly bereaved families and professionals in the community. Books donated for our libraries and volunteer work for your chapter also qualify as "love gifts." Make your checks payable to The Compassionate Friends and mail to: PO Box 3482 Payson Arizona 85547. **Love gifts received prior to the 23rd of each month will appear in the following month's newsletter.**

MEMORY PAGE

If you wish to have your child remembered on our Memory Page, please complete the form below and Mail to PO Box 3482, Payson Arizona 85547

PARENT(S) NAME(S) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

PHONE _____

CHILD'S NAME _____ M or F (circle)

DATE OF BIRTH _____ DATE OF DEATH _____

Enclosed is a love gift in memory of my child to help defray costs of the Rim Country Chapter:

_____ \$5 _____ \$10 _____ \$25 _____ Other **THANKS!!!!**

The anniversary of your child's birth and death are often extremely painful days. We ask that you keep in your thoughts the parents who are observing such days. In this newsletter is the memory page update. If you haven't sent one in yet, please take a moment to fill it out and send it in. We would like to share your memory days with you.

AUGUST MEMORY PAGE

Our children ... always loved, missed, remembered ...

- HAL STEVEN PEACHER ... Son of Carol Cavanaugh**
- LACEY A. OLDLAND... Daughter of Mark & Lynn Gardner**
- MICHELE LYNN HEATH... Daughter of Chuck & June Heath**
- MILA CASIE PHILLIPS... Daughter of Keith Phillips**
- MILA CASIE PHILLIPS... Granddaughter of Jason & Tamara Phillips**
- SARAH ELIZABETH SALWITZ... Daughter of Michael & Georgia Salwitz**
- RANDY K WOOD... Son of Sue Scovel**
- RANDY HESS... Son of Patty Treglawn**

AUGUST LOVE GIFTS

Carol Cavanaugh in Memory of Son HAL STEVEN PEACHER
Carol Cavanaugh in Memory of Son RODNEY WAYLAND LAMADUE



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***We Need not Walk Alone.....
We are The Compassionate Friends.***

E-mail us at info@rimcountrytcf.org or call us at 928-978-1492 if you would like to submit articles, be added to or removed from this newsletter mail list or to correct information.

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Supporting Family After a Child Dies

**We need not walk alone...
We are The Compassionate
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We reach out to each other with love, with understanding and with hope. Our children have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for our children 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 and creeds. 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 we feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source for strength; some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in a deep depression; 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 our children. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building that future together as we reach out to each other in love and 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 grieve as well. as to grow.