



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Rim Country Chapter
P.O. Box 3482
Payson, AZ 85547

A national non-profit, self-help support organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to families grieving the death of a child of any age, from any cause.

January 2008

RIM COUNTRY CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

VOL. 2 NO. 1

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 Info

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

www.RimCountryTCF.org

E-mail Address

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990-0246

CompassionateFriends.org

Regional Coordinator:

Gene Caligari 480-361-1877

CHAPTER NEWS

We would like to thank all of you who braved the freezing temperature and attended the candlelight memorial walk at Green Valley Park. It was a wonderful turnout. This was the first of many planned events open to ALL family and friends outside of our regular monthly meetings.

HAPPY★NEW★YEAR

Also thank you to everyone who came and brought food to our December potluck/candlelight meeting. It was a wonderfully emotion-filled evening.

Thank you to Kerry Whaley for the generous donation in memory of her young cousin Kenny Hartnell.

Thank you to Jerry & Chris Floyd for the generous donation in memory of their daughter Kayla Diane Floyd.

Our next meeting is January 8. Over the past several months many people have expressed an interest in discussing After Death Communications, so our topic for the January meeting will be ADC's.

We hope to see you all next year and we hope that The Compassionate Friends has been a help in your grief journey. We wish you all the best in 2008.

a NEW YEAR

*A time for looking ahead
And not behind.
A time for faith
And not despair.
A time for long gulps of hopeful expectation.*

*Drink deeply friend so that
Fortified with the promises it brings,
This New Year will keep you
Near fresh springs of healing love,
Where you may come to weave old and lov-
ing memories
With new understandings and acceptance...
And find peace.*



IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY

It seems like only yesterday
I rocked you on my knee,
With dreams about the future and
What you were going to be.

You were so bright and happy
Such a precious little boy,
You gave your love to everyone
And filled our hearts with joy.

Strangers would admire you
And stop to say "Hello",
"He'll break a lot of hearts", they said,
"In twenty years or so".

But less than twenty years from then,
What they said came true,
As we were forced against our will
To say goodbye to you.

A life so short and unfulfilled,
With so much left to go,
"Why, oh why?" we ask ourselves,
When we all loved you so.

Life shows us many options,
But whichever path we take
The destination's still the same
Whatever choice we make.

So many questions flood our minds,
"What if, and Why and How?"
If we had done things differently,
Would you still be with us now?

I don't know what the lesson was
That you were sent here to learn,
But now your purpose is fulfilled
It's time for you to return.

No fear, no pain or sorrow,
Can touch you anymore
But the love you've left behind,
Will live with us forever more.



DO YOU REMEMBER ME?



I can't believe after all this time , I can't get over you,



I guess a love like ours is one of a kind, a love that is true.



It's been 9 years since you left me to go to God



And Heavens immensity.



Do you still remember me?



It's like a bad dream that plays over & over in my head,



Of things I wish I'd done or words I would of said.



There's not a day that goes by that I don't think of you,



Even after all this time, what am I going to do?



Maybe this is the way mommys are suppose to feel,



Perhaps our wounds are never intended to heal.



If I could ask but one question why,



How is it God could need you more than I?



YOU'LL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN



Friends may think we have forgotten



When at times they see us smile.



Little do they know the heartache



That our smile hides all the while.



Beautiful memories are wonderful things



They last till the longest day.



They never wear out, they never get lost,



And can never be given away.

To some you may be forgotten,

To others, a part of the past,

But to those who loved you and lost you,

Your memory will always last.



I resolve...



- That I will grieve as much, and for as long, as I feel like grieving, and that I will not let others put a time table on my grief.



- That I will grieve in whatever way I feel like grieving, and I will ignore those who try to tell me what I should or should not be feeling and how I should or should not be behaving.



- That I will cry whenever and wherever I feel like crying, and that I will not hold back my tears just because someone else feels I should be "brave" or "getting better" or "healing by now."



- That I will talk about my child as often as I want to, and that I will not let others turn me off just because they can't deal with their own feelings.



- That I will not expect family and friends to know how I feel, understanding that one who has not lost a child cannot possibly know how it feels.



- That I will not blame myself for my child's death, and that I will constantly remind myself that I did the best job of parenting I could possibly have done. But when feelings of guilt are overwhelming, I will remind myself that this is a normal part of the grief process and it, too, will pass.



- That I will not be afraid or ashamed to seek professional help if I feel it is necessary.



That I will commune with my child at least once a day in whatever way feels comfortable and natural to me, and that I won't feel compelled to explain this communion to others or to justify or even discuss it with them.



- That I will try to eat, sleep, and exercise every day in order to give my body the strength it will need to help me cope with my grief.



- To know that I am not losing my mind, and I will remind myself that loss of memory, feelings of disorientation, lack of energy, and a sense of vulnerability are all normal parts of the grief process.



- To know that I will heal, even though it may take a long time.



- To let myself heal and not to feel guilty about feeling better.



- To remind myself that the grief process is circuitous - that is, I will not make steady upward progress. And when I find myself slipping back into the old moods of despair and depression, I will tell myself that "slipping backward" is also a normal part of the grief process and these moods, too, will pass.



- To try to be happy about something for some part of every day, knowing that at first, I may have to force myself to think cheerful thoughts, so eventually they may become a habit



- That I will reach out at times, and try to help someone else, knowing that helping others will help me to get over my depression.



- That even though my child is dead, I will opt for life, knowing that is what my child would want me to do.



Nancy A. Mower TCF - Honolulu, HI



It is amazing what can become “normal” to us.....

Normal for me is trying to decide what to take to the cemetery for Christmas, Birthday, Valentine’s day and Easter.

Normal is also not hardly being able to bare the thought of Jesus dying on The cross because of what it did to his mother.

Normal is that extra chocolate Easter bunny sitting on the counter because You always get your children a chocolate bunny, and this year you still bought One for the one who is not here.

Normal is sitting at the computer crying, sharing how you feel with chat buddies Who have also lost a child.

Normal is feeling like you know how to act and are more comfortable with a Funeral and being at the cemetery where your son is buried, than a wedding or a Birthday party. Yet, feeling a stab of pain in your heart when you smell the flowers, see that casket, and all the crying people.

Normal is feeling like you can’t sit another minute without getting up and screaming Cause you just don’t like to sit through church anymore. And yet feeling like you have More faith and belief in God than you ever have had before.

Normal is going to bed feeling like your kids who are alive got cheated out of happy Cheerful parents and instead they are stuck with sober, cautious people,

Normal is having tears waiting behind every smile when you realize someone important Is missing from all the important events in your families’ life.

Normal is not sleeping very well because a thousand ‘what ifs’ and ‘why didn’t I’s’ go through your head constantly.

Normal is having the TV on the minute I wake up and the last thing on before I go before I go to sleep at night, the need for noise because the silence is deafening.

Normal is every happy event in my life always being backed up with sadness lurking Close behind because of the hole in my heart.

Normal is seeing Lisa, Dee, and Ray at the cemetery visiting their brothers grave, Or my grandchildren visiting their dad’s grave, and thinking, how could this be normal?

They shouldn’t have to be going through this.

Normal is telling the story of Bobby's death as if it were an everyday common Place activity and then gasping in horror at how awful it sounds.

And yet realizing it has become part of our normal.

Normal is each year coming up with the difficult task of how to honor your child's Memory and their birthday and survive those days. And trying to find the balloon Or flag that fits the occasion.

Happy Birthday? Not really.

Normal is my heart warming and yet sinking at the sight of that ugly plant in the front Flower bed and thinking how Bobby liked it and how much I didn't.

Normal is listening for the phone to ring asking if I can go take him to a doctors Appointment.

Normal is disliking jokes about death, funerals. Bodies being referred to as cadavers When you know they were once someone's loved one.

Normal is being impatient with everything, but someone stricken with grief over the loss of their child.

Normal is feeling a common bond with friends in England, Australia, Netherlands, Canada and all over the USA, but yet never having met any of them face to face.

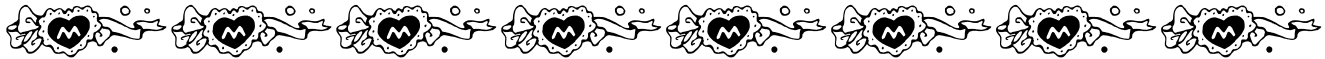
Normal is a new friendship with another grieving mother and meeting for coffee and Talking and crying together over our children and our new lives and worrying together over our living children.

Normal is being too tired to care if you paid the bills, cleaned house or did laundry or if there is any food in the house.

Normal is wondering this time whether you are going to say you have 3 or 4 children Because you will never see this person again and it is not worth explaining that one of Them is in heaven and yet when you say only 3 to avoid that problem you feel horrible as if you have betrayed that child.

And last of all normal is hiding all the things that have become normal for you to feel, So that everyone around you will think that you are "normal".

My Bobby has been gone since May 2001.
These things are what is 'normal' for me now.



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 three chapters' expenses: printing and mailing of our newsletter, books for our lending libraries, our 24-hour 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 10th 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 _____

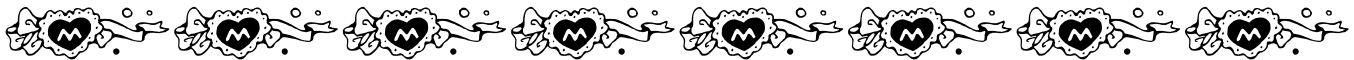
CHILD'S NAME _____ M or F (circle)

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.



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

JANUARY MEMORY PAGE

- CORY JAMES CLARK...son of Chuck & Robbin Clark, died on 1/13/2000**
- DALTON WILLIAM KNAUSS...son of Bill & Marilyn Knauss, was born on 1/20/1984**
- SARAH ELIZABETH SALWITZ...daughter of Michael & Georgia Salwitz, died on 1/10/2007**

Love Gifts and Donations

Jerry and Chris Floyd in loving memory of their daughter KAYLA DIANE FLOYD
Kerry Whaley in loving memory of her young cousin KENNETH CHARLES HARTNELL

WEEP NOT FOR ME MY MOTHER

I'm up in heaven mother
Enjoying God's glorious views
I'm conversing with you now mother
Through a porthole, of a poets muse

I can feel your sorrow mother
Your anguish and your pain
I plea with you, don't cry for me
For we'll be together once again

Let the tears you cry be joyous ones
I am now happy where I am
I'm just so proud to be here
Serving as, my Heavenly Father's lamb

I also have my halo on
It gives off a divinely glow
It's ok to hold me in your heart
But please let my spirit go

I still love you mother
You are still the world to me
When God calls for you to be here
We'll be together for all eternity

I am smiling at you mother
As you go about your days
Just cast your eyes towards heaven ,
And to God sing out with praise

Next time that you think of me, mother
Just smile and please don't cry
You know that we will meet again
In my heavenly home on high

Just place your fingers to your lips
Point them, into a gentle breeze
I will feel your love and kisses mom
I'll cherish each and every one of these

Author: Tom Hutchinson





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***RIM COUNTRY
CHAPTER
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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 receive this newsletter and do not wish to receive it or to change an address or add an address.

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. 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.