



**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

May 2009

*RIM COUNTRY CHAPTER NEWSLETTER*

VOL. 3 NO. 5

### **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**

2<sup>nd</sup> 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](http://www.RimCountryTCF.org)  
E-mail Address  
[info@rimcountrytcf.org](mailto:info@rimcountrytcf.org)

#### **Chapter Leaders:**

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#### **Regional Coordinator:**

Gene Caligari 480-361-1877

### **CHAPTER NEWS**

Thank you to all who attended last month's meeting. I think everyone benefitted from "The Myth of Closure" discussion topic. If you have a particular topic you would like to talk about, please let me know.



Thank you also to those who submitted items for this month's newsletter. There were three this month from Payson folks. We would love to include in any articles, poems, etc that you have written to honor your child's memory. Please email them to [info@rimcountrytcf.org](mailto:info@rimcountrytcf.org) or mail to our P.O. Box. We need to receive items prior to the 25th on the month in order to include them in the following month's issue.

The Floyd's are honoring their daughter Kayla's birthday this month and are planning to bring pizza to this month's meeting. Bring your appetite.

Our meeting this month is on **Tuesday May 12th.**



Why must my heart keep grieving?  
I'm feeling so alone.  
Why did you take my Kayla, God?  
Why couldn't she stay home?

Why did she have to leave me?  
Why did she have to die?  
Why can't I go to sleep at night?  
Why do I have to cry?

“Because “ said God “Please Understand”  
I know your grief runs deep.  
I hear all of your questions,  
In your mind before you sleep.

I promised all eternity,  
Death shall not follow you.  
Your loved ones live with me above,  
Up in the sky of blue.

They live with Me in heaven,  
In their everlasting home.  
A job well done, Their task complete,  
Their time on earth is done.

Kayla is an Angel now,  
She's watching over three  
There is no fear or sickness here,  
Her soul is roaming free.

I let your Kayla visit you  
As you lay down in bed.  
She holds your hand and wipes your tears,  
And softly strokes your head.

No need to ask me why she left,  
Please dry your crying eyes.  
For she is safe from pain on earth,  
With Me in the Heavenly skies

Written for Chris Floyd in memory of Kayla Floyd  
by Alison Gregory-Raynolds

## God Gave Us Two That Seemed Like One

*God gave us two that seemed like one. And together they'd laugh, romp and run.  
Two darling twins, to warm our heart, but God didn't tell us we soon would part.  
Son into each day we'd walk along, watching them grow so straight and strong.  
Teaching them all about God's love, and the wonderful home waiting above.  
How quickly they learned of God's great ways, and accepted His truths, and gave  
Him praise.*

*And after they knew of Heavens' way, Jesus made a call one day.*

*Saying "the reason that I gave you two, was in the beginning I already knew, I  
wanted one to be my own, and now I've come to take him home."*

*"And if you grieve because there's one, Remember God gave His only Son."*

*And if we cry because of loss, tears dry when we survey the Cross.*

*God gave us two that now are one but God also gave the world His son.*

*Grace Mootsey  
Payson, AZ  
September 1970*

## **Their Song of Love**

Remembering on this Mother's Day  
the melody your child etched  
in your heart.  
The sweet song of love  
that only your  
child could place there.  
As this special day brings  
their song to you,  
may the warmth of their eternal love  
fill your heart once again.  
For their song is never ending.

Patty Erdman  
TCF- Longview, WA

### In Memory of Joshua

He loved Music! When he was ten years old I gave him my guitar. He said, "Grandma, I can't take your guitar." "Of course you can" I replied. "I'm giving it to you." He looked up at me with his big brown eyes and said, "when I grow up and become a famous musician, I'm going to buy you a Cadillac." I gave him a big hug and said, "play your music, my precious, play your music."

If I could have but one wish  
I'd wish for Josh to be here  
To take away my sorrow  
Wipe away each tear  
But God has called him to his home  
Just why, I don't understand  
I do know he's in his presence  
Walking hand in hand

It's difficult to put into words  
My feelings, they run so deep  
Why a life so full of promise  
Has suddenly gone to sleep  
He was such a gifted musician  
His heart was filled with song  
He'd hear a tune being played  
Grab his guitar and strum along

My thoughts of Josh bring back to mind  
All the moments that we shared  
From babyhood to manhood  
He knew how much I cared  
I always knew he was special  
Strong willed, often misunderstood  
I'd say to him over and over again  
Your heart is kind, tender and good

And now that tender spirit  
Has found its resting place  
I won't feel his touch again  
Until I see him face to face  
And when that time comes, I think I'll say  
Play a song for me  
This time without interruption  
For all eternity

I think I hear his voice today  
Saying, Grandma, up here is so grand  
I'm a famous musician  
In god's Heavenly band  
So play your music, my precious one  
And let the praise resound  
For there's no greater audience  
Anywhere to be found

I'll love you forever



Grandma Weldon  
Payson

## A GRIEVING MOTHER'S MOTHERS DAY

It doesn't matter what day of the year you lose your child. Mother's Day will come too soon and last too long. But please believe me when I say that you won't always feel as empty and alone as you do on the first one.

I spent my first Mother's Day with my husband, and my anger and my pain. But mostly, I walked through it numb - numbed by the cruelty of a day set aside specifically to celebrate the joys of being a mother and feeling that I had lost my right to partake in that joy. And numbed by the anger at those who forgot to acknowledge that I was, in fact, a mother. I fought the need all day to just walk up to someone and say, "Hey, I know I don't have a child in my arms to prove it, but I really was a mom."

And I was a really good mom. And my little boy was the most beautiful person to grace the Earth. The shattered pieces of my heart and the tears that welled in my eyes kept me from seeing that I still was, and always would be, Justin's mommy.

Ironically, the very words that I couldn't say last year will bring me comfort on this Mother's Day. This year, I will believe them and I will find happiness in them. But most of all, I will celebrate them and my motherhood. I earned the right and it is a gift from Justin I cannot ignore.

If I were so bold as to give a grieving mother advice on how to get through her first, second, third Mother's Day, I would say this: Spend it with a person (or people) you love and trust; someone who will respect your pain. I have laughed the hardest in the company of my husband and cried my most anguished tears in his arms; so for me, he was that person. Do something that you find comforting. Treat yourself as wonderfully as you would treat a person who gives life, who nurtures it, and sees the miracle in it, because that's who you are.

Death's destruction is a powerful thing, but it's no match for our memories. No matter what you do this Mother's Day, take time to remember your baby's sweet smell, the softness of his/her skin and what it felt like against your cheek. Remember that smile that everyone said was just gas, but you knew better. Remember what it felt like to hold a miracle in your arms! Remember, because all these things are your child's Mother's Day gift to you. A gift that you have every right to show off to others.

And you are not alone. God Bless and Happy Mother's Day.

Erica Blake TCF - Johnson County, Iowa City, IO

## Our Day A Very Special Day

Our Day. A Very Special Day. A day that is set aside especially to honor all mothers.

Mother; a beautiful word. What other word could you use to best describe giving birth to, nursing, loving and caring for a tiny, helpless human being, a gift of life to treasure? But weren't we taught that once you gave a gift to someone, you should never take it back? What went wrong? Mine was taken from me. Does that mean that I wasn't worthy to be a mother, that I was failing, that I didn't appreciate the gift? The gift was too precious to be given for keeps. It was only loaned to me for a short while. Even in my sorrow, I feel special, for I know the true meaning of the word **mother**. I have reached the ultimate, from the joy of birth to the sorrow of death. I belong to a special group who truly knows the meaning of the word **mother**.

Would I not have accepted the gift if I had known the terrible loss I would feel by having it taken from me? No, I would still hold out my hands and accept such a precious gift, for to love and cherish, even for a short while, is worth every fear.

This year on Mother's Day I'll shed my tears but let them be as a soft summer's rain - a rain that nourished the earth, tears that heal and cleanse my heart.

Vera Babb TCF- St. Louis, MO

## JUST A THOUGHT...A CLEAN HOUSE

*BY; TRACIE COOLEY  
BEREAVED MOTHER. TAMPA.FLORIDA*

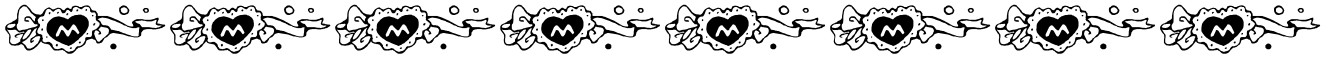
Since my daughter died almost three years ago, my house is not as clean as it once was. I used to clean constantly; even the baseboards were dusted on a regular basis. When Malena died I just did not have the energy to do as much housework, so I did what I could and hoped that no one would notice the baseboards.

I also realized that my surviving children did not care how clean the house was, but they really seemed to enjoy that mommy spent more time with them, reading, talking, snuggling, and playing. Before Malena died I felt a clean house and dinner on the table were what made me a good mom. After she died, I wished for more time to read and play with her. I changed my priorities very quickly, the house will be clean when the children go to college or get married. I will never live in a Maratha Stewart or Better Homes and Gardens house.

A few weeks ago I was cleaning the house because guests were coming that night. I cleaned the common areas of the house, only what the guests would see, the rest would be hidden behind a closed door and a hope that no one would notice that I haven't dusted or mopped for a while. As I cleaned, I realized that this house is now a reflection of my life. My life fell apart when Malena died; I have worked to put it back together. The end result is a life that seems "normal" on the outside to the casual observer but if you look real close the hurt and pain are still there. What the world sees is a person who has triumphed over the death of her child, because they only glance. Those who look closely, in the cracks and crevices where the dust settles, see that there is forever a changed person, who will never be complete again until she is reunited with her child.

*Grief is like weeding in a flower garden in the summer —  
You have to do it over and over again until the season  
changes.*

Fay Harden  
TCF- Tuscaloosa, AL



**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 \_\_\_\_\_

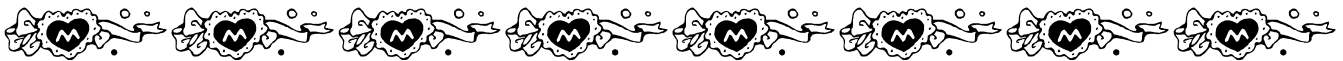
CHILD'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_ M or F (circle)

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.



**MAY MEMORY PAGE**

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

**KAYLA DIANE FLOYD ... Daughter of Jerry & Chris Floyd**

**RUSSELL BRANDON WEAVER... Son of Gay Stidham**

**VICTOR ZAMORANO... Son of Claudio & Karen Zamorano**

**MAY LOVE GIFTS**

**Ricki Aiken** in Memory of son **David Adam Zehnder**

**Kirby & Karen Gaal** in Memory of children **Aaron & Jordan Gaal**



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

E-mail us at [info@rimcountrytcf.org](mailto: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.

Newsletter printing & mailing donated by Able Steel Fabricators in memory of Cory James Clark

## **Supporting Family After a Child Dies**

**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.