



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.

OCTOBER 2008

RIM COUNTRY CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

VOL. 2 NO. 10

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

info@rimcountrytcf.org

Chapter Leaders:

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TCF NATIONAL OFFICE

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CompassionateFriends.org

Regional Coordinator:
Gene Caligari 480-361-1877

CHAPTER NEWS

The year is quickly coming to a close. Our chapter still has a number of activities planned between now and the end of the year. **Our 1st annual picnic/butterfly release is Sunday, October 12 (1PM - Ramada 3, Rumsey Park). Please plan to attend and don't forget to invite your family & friends.** Everyone is welcome to attend whether you attend meetings or not.



In December, we're planning to once again hold a **Candlelight Memorial Walk** and short program at Green Valley Park. It was very well received last year. Stay tuned for date and time.

We also hope to finally get our ADOT Adopt-a-Highway Sign soon. They've been pretty slow getting it done. Once it's up we'll schedule a time and date. Probably early next year though. **This is what it will look like.**

Blessings, Bill



Our Next Meeting is Tuesday, October 14 at 6:30PM

TO LOSE A CHILD

Tears without end
Days without nights
Nights without day
Time without forgetting.
Food without taste
Sleep without rest
Sorrow without comfort.
Pain without limit
Emptiness without bottom
Life without

Written by Susan Tawil

OUR LOGO..ITS MYSTERY AND ITS HISTORY



Are the hands reaching out or letting go? Are they the hands of one person or two? These are questions often heard from new members ... so we asked the people who know.

Much of the beauty of our logo lies in the fact that there are no definitive answers to its symbolism. At first glance, its meaning seems obvious; yet as you look more closely, these questions may arise.

The hands represent different things to us at different periods in our grief journeys. To the newly bereaved, the hands reach out toward him or her, offering comfort and support. Later in our grief journeys, they may symbolize the process of letting go, of coming to terms with our child's death, of acknowledging that our child is no longer a part of our earthly existence. Still later in our grief journey, we begin to reinvest in life and reach out toward others. Then our hands become the hands which are extended to the newly bereaved.

The circle is complete: a circle of friends, a circle of love and understanding, with the child at the center.

Thanks to the efforts of the TCF Historian Helen Robinson, of the Tuscaloosa, Alabama Chapter, the origin of our logo has now been documented. Helen has been in touch with Joe Lawley, Founder-Chairman of the Society of The Compassionate Friends. Joe supplied the details on how the logo came about, as well as a copy of a letter which John and Maggie Fisher of Coventry, England wrote on February 12, 1975.

In the letter, John says that their daughter Clare was killed on November 17th last, aged 8 1/2. By chance we met someone who had heard of the Friends, who lived in Waterford, some twenty or thirty miles from our home, and as a consequence, Mrs. Joan Willis wrote to us and subsequently came to our home....Although we still feel loss greatly we both know that we are not ready to assist the Friends ourselves.

Our help would also include the services of my own company, (John Fisher Design & Marketing, Ltd.) which include advertising, design, marketing, and public relations activities...We are mobile, immediately available and ready, both spiritually and physically, to begin work for the Friends. Please use us.

Joe tells us that " its first appearance was on the June 1975 newsletter and is recorded on that occasion as being 'in a bright emerald green' subsequently however, settling into the generally universal color of royal blue and white from 1977 on."

By Joyce Andrews, reprinted from "Friends Caring and Sharing" Spring 1998



WHY?


I don't understand
Why you had to go away.
I wasn't done.
I had much more to say.
There were so many things
I wanted to share with you.
So many things
Left for us to do.
I should've made you talk,
I should've seen through your tears.
I should've been there.
To comfort and calm your fears.
You were my strength.
But I feel I let you down.
Oh what I'd give.
To have you around.
But it's too late.
You're gone now, my friend
But always know in your heart.
I loved you until the end.

Written by Beth Simmons who lost a friend from suicide

BORROWED HOPE

Lend me your hope for awhile.
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Lost and hopeless feelings accompany me daily.
Pain and confusion are my companions.
I know not where to turn.
Looking ahead to the future times does not bring forth images of renewed hope.
I see mirthless times, pain-filled days, and more tragedy.
Lend me your hope for awhile, I seem to have mislaid mine.
Hold my hand and hug me: listen to all my ramblings.
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.
Recovery seems so far distant; the road to healing a long and lonely one.
Stand by me; offer me your presence.
Your ears and your love acknowledge my pain.
It is so real and ever present.
I am overwhelmed with sad and conflicting thoughts.
Lend me your hope for awhile, a time will come when I will heal
and I will lend my renewed hope to others.

By Eloise Cole, Scottsdale. Arizona



I WILL LOVE YOU

As long as I can dream,
As long as I can think,
As long as I have a memory...

I will love you.

As long as I have eyes to see,
And ears to hear,
And lips to speak..

I will love you.

As long as I have a heart to feel.
A soul stirring within me,
An imagination to hold you...

I will love you.

As long as there is time,
As long as there is love,
As long as I have a breath
To speak your name...

I will love you.

Because I loved you more than anything in all the world.

Daniel Haughian, TCF, Coeur d'Alene, ID

WHEN I WAS THERE

When I was there with you and lived my life as your son
I knew you loved me with all your heart: I felt it from day one.
I never once regretted having chose you for my mom and dad,
And although our time together was short, please don't stay sad,
You see, when I was with you I learned so very much, and I took
With me to my other life all my memories of your love...

I share it with the other kids I've met since I've arrived,
We all have memories of those special times, and
Please never doubt that we're alive....

We are busy helping others and we watch over you with pride
As we see you helping others and giving of your time.

I see sometimes when you think of me you are sad that I am gone,
But remember that I'm still with you; you just can't see me tag along.
I go with you on your travels, and yes that's me in your dreams at night;
I still look the same, just maybe a little more handsome in this light...

Here there is no sadness, Mom, only joy and love and peace,
And here is where I'll wait, until you can come and live with me...

In my world now there is no rush, things just happen day by day,
So take your time and enjoy life, have a little fun, it really is okay.
And when you make yur journey to this place where we're all one,
Remember, I'll be waiting and I'll always be your son....

By Sharon Hauber, in memory of her son, Spence

THE CORD

We are connected,
My child and I, by
An invisible cord
Not seen by the eye.

It's not like the cord
That connects us 'til birth
This cord can't be seen
By any on Earth.

This cord does it's work
Right from the start.
It binds us together
Attached to my heart.

I know that it's there
Though no one can see
The invisible cord
From my child to me.

The strength of this cord
Is hard to describe
It can't be destroyed
It can't be denied.

It's stronger than any cord
Man could create
It withstands the test
Can hold any weight.

And though you are gone,
Though you're not here with me,
The cord is still there
But no one can see.

It pulls at my heart
I am bruised...I am sore,
But this cord is my lifeline
As never before.

I am thankful that God
Connects us this way
A mother and child
Death can't take it away!
That is a strong cord...and it will last forever.

Submitted in memory of my son Cory James Clark, Author unknown

ANOTHER SEASON WITHOUT YOU

By: John Plourde

The first day of all has now past,
The pain of your death will forever last.

I think of you as I look into the clear, cool sky,
As I think of you, again, I begin to cry.

As I walk along and feel the autumn in the air,
I miss seeing the autumn sun glistening in your hair.

Your beautiful smile as gentle as an autumn leaf
Are now only memories in my life of grief.

Oh, how I wish I could hold you once more,
I pray for the day you meet me at heaven's door.

My deep love for you will never fade away,
No matter how long on this earth I have to stay.

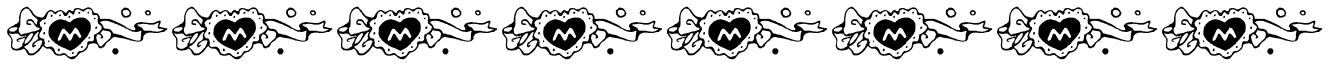
The day you died at the age of eleven,
I knew that you had the prettiest angel wings in heaven.

Each day since your death is a challenge to survive,
Missing you more and more each day I am alive.

My darling daughter Danielle Marie, I promise you this,
On my entrance into heaven, you will be the first one that I kiss.

Your loving Daddy.

John—Daddy of Angel
Danielle Marie Plourde
1/4/1995—2/20/2006



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 library, our phone line and information packets sent to newly bereaved families 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 20th 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 August. 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.



OCTOBER MEMORY PAGE

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

ROBERT E. COTTON... son of Bonnie Cotton, died 10/07/2007.

LEON MICHAEL VALENCIA... grandson of Brad & Kristin Croak, born 10/23/2006

SLADE DAVID GIBSON... son of Slade & Becky Gibson, died 10/19/2003

JIMMY HARRIS... son of L.Q. Harris, died 10/29/2006

KENNETH CHARLES HARTNELL.. Son of Ben & Laura Hartnell, died 10/19/2007



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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 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.

**We need not walk alone. We
are The Compassionate
Friends.**