



# 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.**

SEPTEMBER 2008

RIM COUNTRY CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

VOL. 2 NO. 9

## 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

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  
E-mail Address  
info@rimcountrytcf.org

### Chapter Leaders:

Bill Knauss (928) 978-1492  
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### TCF NATIONAL OFFICE

P.O. BOX 3696,  
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990-0246

CompassionateFriends.org

Regional Coordinator:  
Gene Caligari 480-361-1877

## CHAPTER NEWS

On Sunday, September 7th we observe Grandparent's day. We recognize that Grandparents grief is unique and we certainly welcome them to attend our meetings at any time. We will keep you in our thoughts and prayers.



**Put Sunday, October 12th on your calendar for our 1st Annual TCF Picnic.** Be sure to invite all of your family and friends to come and enjoy lunch and a nice afternoon at the park!.See picnic flyer inside this issue.

**Our next meeting is Tuesday, September 9th.**

We also wish to apologize to Carol Cavanaugh for overlooking her son's birthday in last months newsletter, HAL STEVEN PEACHER was born 8/05/1959.

## COMPASSION



Has anyone wondered just what compassion means? The dictionary tells us: "feeling for another's sorrow or hardship that leads to help." Compassionate, the dictionary tells us: "Yes, that is what we are trying to accomplish in Compassionate Friends - to reach out, to touch, to feel, to visit, to listen, to care, to share, to understand. We must not only feel from the heart, but the lips and hands as well—just being there when needed, helping the bereaved by sharing their sorrow and understanding whatever they say, helping them through their grief with love, the extending of ourselves, "giving to." As a group, we are reaching out trying to relieve one another's suffering by doing all of the above. I am sure we have all felt sorrow and sadness for their loss. However, without action, our own emotions will not bring them the help and comfort they need. Remember, through our own suffering we can help others with faith, love, care and hope.

Ethel M. Diebold TCF—Pittsburgh, Pa.

## STEPPING STONES

Come, take my hand, the road is long.  
We must travel by stepping stones.  
No, you're not alone. I'll go with you.  
I know the road well; I've been there.  
Don't fear the darkness; I'll be with you.  
We must take one step at a time.  
But remember we have to stop a while.  
It is a long way to the other side and there are many obstacles.

We have many stones to cross.

Some are bigger than others...SHOCK - DENIAL –and ANGER to start.  
Then comes GUILT, DESPAIR and LONELINESS.  
It's a hard road to travel, but it must be done.  
It's the only way to reach the other side.

Come, slip your hand in mine, What? Oh yes, It's strong.  
I've held so many hands like yours.  
Yes, mine was one time small and weak like yours.  
Once, you see, I had to take someone's hand in order to take the first step.  
Oops! You've stumbled. Go ahead and cry.  
Don't be ashamed. I understand.  
Let's wait here a while and get your breath.  
When you're stronger we'll go on, one step at a time.

There's no need to hurry.  
Say, it's nice to hear you laugh.  
Yes, I agree, the memories you shared are good.  
Look, we're half way there now; I can see the other side.  
It's looks so warm and sunny. Oh, have you noticed?

We're nearing the last stone and you're standing alone.  
And look –your hands –you've let go of mine, and we've reached the other side.  
But wait. Look back. Someone is standing there.  
They are alone and want to cross the stepping stones.  
I'd better go; they need my help.  
What? Are you sure? Why yes; I'll wait.  
You know the way –you've been there.  
Yes, I agree, it's your turn, my friend to help someone else across the stepping stones.




# Why Butterfly's?

Since the early centuries, the butterfly has symbolized renewed life. The caterpillar signifies life here on earth; the cocoon, death; and the butterfly, the emergence of the dead into a new, beautiful and freer existence. Frequently, the butterfly is seen with the word "Nika," which means victory. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross movingly tells of seeing butterflies drawn all over the walls of the children's dormitories in the World War II concentration camps. Since Elisabeth believes in the innate intuitiveness of children, she concludes that these children knew their fate and were leaving us a message. Many members of The Compassionate Friends embrace the butterfly as a symbol--a sign of hope to them that their children are living in another dimension with greater beauty and freedom-- a comforting thought to many.

## THE BUTTERFLIES ARE COMING

Many of us at TCF hold the butterfly with utmost regard,  
For it is a symbol of our child's life after death.  
We think of our children being born into a free and more beautiful existence  
After the drudgery of a caterpillar's life here on earth.  
But what about us? Does the butterfly hold an even deeper  
Meaning for bereaved parents? It seems, in fact, we have died also.  
We are never the same after the death of our child.  
But can we be transformed into a beautiful creature or are we  
Doomed to be trapped in the web of a cocoon forever?  
I believe it is simply a matter of choice. We can stay in the silken  
Threads which we have spun for ourselves. It's quite safe there.  
Perhaps if we isolate ourselves with a really tough cocoon, no  
One can ever reach in far enough to hurt us again. But as we take  
A chance on emerging into a new person, the light of our  
Children's love will have a chance to shine through our newly formed wings.  
It won't be easy. The grief cocoon holds anger, fear, guilt and despair.  
But we can work through it. In fact there's no going around it.  
All butterflies must work their way through an ugly cocoon.  
The butterflies are coming. Won't you join them?

Kathie Slief  
TCF -Tulsa, Ok



## ***MEMORIES OF OUR CHILDREN ARE LIKE A ROSE...***

When a child dies our memories are held tightly with lots of pain,  
Just like the tightly folded petals of the rose bud  
With the many thorns to stick and prick causing pain.  
As we talk about our child and share memories with others  
We begin to open ourselves to healing as the rose petals  
Start to open ever so gradually.  
Just as a rose becomes more beautiful as it blooms,  
So do the memories of our child.  
Yes, the thorns are still there and will hurt when touched,  
But oh how beautiful the rose and  
Oh, how beautiful the memory of our children.  
Share the memory of your child so that memory can start to bloom  
To become as beautiful as the rose.

In memory of Doug, by Julie Timmerman TCF –Tulsa. Ok

## ***SOMETIMES***

Sometimes,  
Memories are like the rain showers  
Sprinkling down upon you  
Catching you unaware.  
Sometimes,  
Memories are like thunderstorms  
Beating down upon you  
Relentness in their downpour  
And then they will cease,  
Leaving you tired and bruised.  
Sometimes,  
Memories are like shadows  
Sneaking up behind you  
Following you around  
Then they disappear,  
Leaving you sad and confused.  
Sometimes,  
Memories are like comforters  
Surrounding you with warmth,  
Luxuriously abundant,  
And sometimes they stay,  
Wrapping you in contentment.

# GOODNIGHT, MY CHILD

My eyes are tired and weary now, I think I'll go to bed,  
I doubt if I will rest at all, your memories fill my head,  
I wish that I would go to sleep and my dreams would be of you.  
You'd wipe away my tears and all my grieving would be through,  
I know it's not that easy, but the pain won't go away,  
I only know that here and now you're in my thoughts each day,  
You're in a far, far better place, this much I know is true,  
I'm sure that you are happy there, but I'm still missing you.

I'm not sure if I hugged you tight the last time we said goodbye,  
I can't remember the last words we said and it sometimes makes me cry,  
I sometimes hear you laughing even though you're not around,  
And I know that you're still with me now whenever I hear that sound.  
But as time goes by the sound of your voice slowly fades away,  
And one day I know I'll no longer hear the things you used to say,  
So do not wander far from me for I need you more than ever,  
The love that bound us here on earth will still keep us together.

I wish that I could see you if for only one more day,  
I wish I could tuck you in tonight and this is what I'd say,  
"Although it seems we have a lifetime left to share our hopes and dreams,  
A lifetime isn't long enough for some of us, it seems,  
So here's a hug and kiss goodnight, I'll stay right here by your bed,  
Now go to sleep little angel and may sweet dreams fill your head,  
Goodnight, my child, goodnight, I can't bear to let you go,  
I love you more than words can say, more than you'll ever know."

A butterfly landed on my shoulder today and I know that it was you,  
I could swear I heard it whisper to me just like you used to do,  
It's times like this when all I can do is sit and quietly weep,  
My eyes are tired and weary now, and I only hope that I can sleep.

# GRANDPARENTS CORNER

## **DOUBLE GRIEF**

The death of my grandchild  
And the grief of my son  
Pull on my heart strings  
And I am undone.



In secret I mourn beyond relief  
For I have been given a double grief.  
God, help me to deal with the pain and sorrow  
Of living without the hope of tomorrow.

Andy Cipriano  
TCF—Tallahassee, Fl.

## **A GRANDPARENTS POINT OF VIEW**

The death of a child is the most tragic thing that can happen to anyone. It affects so many lives - family, friends and even strangers.

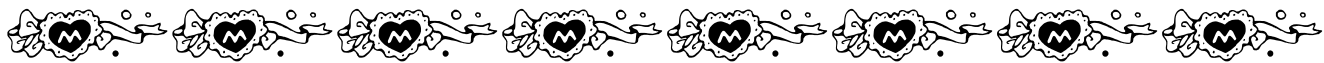
I lost my grandchild through death, and only a grandparent can understand the special love we have for our grandchildren and the loss we feel when the child dies. For grandparents, it is a double loss. Not only is your grandchild gone, but you also watch your child die each day.

The smile that was always on my daughters face is no longer there. The hurt is so deep and there are so many questions. You feel helpless as a parent. You can't kiss the hurt away as you did when they were a child. You have no answers for their questions, for you can barely understand your own feelings.

Each day I hope and pray for a little ray of sunshine to show on my daughter's face. I search for a little something to say or do that will comfort her. It seems that there is no end to the suffering.

As time has slowly gone by, I have seen the healing process begin. In time a ray of hope will shine on my daughter's face and a smile will make her eyes light up again. She will turn to me for what little comfort I can give her. There will always be a part of me that is gone, but in time I will learn to live with the part that is still there.

Ruth Eaton  
TCF—Savannah, Ga.



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 \_\_\_\_\_

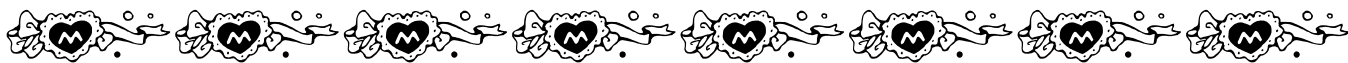
CHILD'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_ M or F (circle)

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.



SEPTEMBER MEMORY PAGE

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

**MONICA ROSE CASEY**, daughter of Tim & Annette, died 9/19/1987.

**JIMMY HARRIS**, son of L.Q. Harris, was born 9/19/1982.

**HAL STEVEN PEACHER**, son of Carol Cavanaugh, died 9/10/2006.



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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 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.