



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

SOUTH SHORE CHAPTER HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

FALL 2010

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

MEETINGS at St. Paul's Parish House, 20 Fearing Road, Hingham (across the street from Citizens Bank) at 7:30 PM on First and Third Mondays of the month (including holidays). Also, occasionally, there is a meeting when a month has a 5th Monday.

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PHONE FRIENDS

If you are having a bad day or need someone to talk to, call a friend below.

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Visit TCF on the Net

Visit The Compassionate Friends on the Internet at www.compassionatefriends.org. The Compassionate Friends now offers an "Online Support Community" (live chats). For more information, select the Online Support Community option under *Resources* on TCF's homepage.

TCF on Facebook

TCF's Facebook page can be accessed via the link on the home page of our national website. Facebook members can also go to The Compassionate Friends/USA.



The TCF Worldwide Candle Lighting is held every year on the second Sunday in December at 7:00 PM in every time zone. As candles burn down in one time zone, they are lighted in the next creating a 24 hour wave of light that encircles the globe. This year our chapter will hold its annual memorial on December 12th to coincide with the world remembrance. **Please note our memorial begins at 6:30 PM.** It is open to all friends and family. I hope you will take the time during a busy season to join us in remembering all of our children who have gone too soon. For more information please call us at 781-749-3401 or e-mail Martha Berman at mmartha1@comcast.net.

FROM THE EDITOR

Summer is almost over. The air feels different. Another change of season. For me, this is a time of brief respite between the anniversary of my son's death in July, followed three weeks later by his birthday in August and the approaching holidays. But for so many, autumn will bring with it a birthday not celebrated or an anniversary observed in sad remembrance. Events and Holidays such as the beginning of the school year, Halloween and Thanksgiving, once viewed with happy anticipation, are now days that have to be "survived". You may find that doing something different than you have in the past will make it just a tiny bit easier. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to be around people who are celebrating when you are barely able to breathe. For newly bereaved parents and siblings, there is an entire year of firsts to be "survived". And for many, the second year is no easier and may be even harder. The protective cocoon of shock has fallen away and the reality of your child's death is staring through to your very soul.

My journey into darkness began on a warm and sunny day in July, 2007. I remember so many details of that morning that started out so perfectly. I was making a blueberry pie and thinking about the email I had received from John the day before. Attached was a beautiful color photo of him standing next to his restored Mustang P-51D WWII fighter plane. John had been flying for years and was an experienced and capable pilot but he had not yet soloed in this beast. "Thought you might enjoy this picture." He wrote. I had written back to him that morning saying "Very cool! PLEASE be careful!". For the thousandth time I sent up a prayer to God to keep my son safe and whole and alive and unharmed. Maybe God was busy or maybe my prayer didn't reach Him. Or maybe He just had other plans. I will never know. Moments later I received a call from my daughter-in-law. My life and the lives of his brothers and his children changed forever in an instant. Only another grieving parent knows what that pain is like. There are no words in any language that can describe it. The next week was a blur. For months after I could barely function. Sleep was my only refuge when I could sleep at all. I couldn't focus. I couldn't retain a thought. I couldn't find the words for common things. I couldn't tolerate anything or anyone except my other 2 children and my grandchildren. I isolated as much as I could. I didn't eat. I was constantly fatigued and irritable. Up until that point I had not been able to talk about my grief with anyone except my sons and even then we didn't talk much except to check in with each other everyday. Mostly, we talked about John's life. We acknowledged our grief to each other and lied and said "I'm doing okay." We were still in shock. Love and grief are so deeply and intensely personal. They are felt and heard in the language of the heart and the soul. I knew my sons had their own journeys to make.

Three months after John's death I knew I needed help. I could not continue this way. I had heard about The Compassionate Friends in some of the books I'd read. I found our chapter and went to my first meeting. It wasn't so much what I heard as what I felt. I felt love and true understanding and compassion. It's been over three years and I know that I could not have survived without the wonderful friends I have made in TCF. I wonder sometimes, if they know how much they mean to me, how much they have helped me to become a better mother, a better grandmother, a better friend, a better person. I wonder if they realize how many times when I have been right at the edge of that air-less black hole, that bottomless abyss of grief, that a hand extended in genuine love has kept me from falling in. I wonder if they know that they have saved my life. And then I realize...of course they do. Because their hearts and souls speak the same language as mine.

We need not walk alone.
Peace,
Brenda

"You once did something for me more meaningful
than the greatest of deeds; you held me in your
arms and let me cry."

Bonnie Jison
TCF Topeka, KS

Enigma

Grief is a darkness that answers no questions.
But love will give you light on the path of leaving your
questions behind.

Sascha Wagner

FOR SIBLINGS

I Wonder Why

I wonder why the sky looks blue
 I wonder why I feel blue
 I wonder why the world turns fast
 I wonder why my happiness seems fast
 I wonder why, will my life last long
 I wonder why the anger stays long
 I wonder why I wonder all these things
 I guess I am just a wondering me

I wonder why the oceans blue
 Or sometimes bluish-green
 I wonder why the sky looks blue
 Or sometimes gray and mean
 I wonder why the leaves are green
 Or sometimes red and brown
 I wonder why my dreams come true
 Or sometimes want to make you get out of bed
 I wonder about all these things
 But I wonder most about you

Nicole Berman: Age 10
 TCF Hingham, MA

TO MY BROTHER

Wherever we look,
 You are there.
 You are the light
 On the water.
 You are the blossom
 On the tree.
 You are a thought,
 And you are a feeling.
 Wherever we are,
 You are.

Martha Dubinsky
 TCF, Chappaqua, NY

My Sister, My Friend

Within our hearts
 You will always be.
 Our minds will be fulfilled
 With sweet memories.

Your spirit and love
 Will never be gone.
 For each life you touched
 Will carry them on.

Catherine Hall
 TCF Hinsdale, IL

I'm Missing You

I'm missing you
 All day, every day.
 On a bright summer morning
 Or when the moon is full.
 In the golden days of fall
 As the storm clouds build and it's snowing.
 When the willows begin to turn green
 You are always with me
 In my mind and in my heart.
 My brother, my good friend,
 I am missing you.

Kris Cunningham
 TCF Moro, IL

To My Sister

You touched us all, you loved us all,
 Forever giving, forever caring,
 Forever forgiving.
 Never wanting in return.
 Blessed are those who shared your life
 Rich are those who carry your memories.
 Please rest now; your chores we will finish.
 'Til we meet again...

by Cindy Keltz
 TCF-Arlington Hts, Ill.



This newsletter is sponsored by Julia & Bobby Berman in loving memory of Bobby's sister Nicole Rose Berman November 1977-October 2002

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

Each season we remember the children who are sadly missed. Please take a few moments, place them in your thoughts, and remember them on their day together with their parents. None of us ever forget our special days and messages that say "I care" help us get through them. Our Children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives.

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

*Andrew Trenton Borrer
Ronald A. Catrambone Jr.
Sean Doyle
Daniel J. Maloney
William (Bill) Foronjy
Bo Craig Falco
Alison Marie Hayes
C.J. Garber
Frank L. Kubik
Willem Adair Berkelaar
Theodore (Teddy) Pearson
Joanne Myrick
Mark T. Burns
Alexander Robert Passaretti*

SEPTEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

*Jonathan Taylor
Richie Gallagher
Shane Elizabeth McBrine
Lori Ann Dragonetti
Andrew Trenton Borrer
Ted Keane Cochrane
Michael McNamara
Michael Jonathan Burak
James Anthony Conry
Nicholas Alexander Pratt
Benjamin Lowell Kimball
Todd Leach
Maureen Gallagher
Paul Fortini
Joshua Benjamin Knochin
Robin M. Mandeville
Steven Dennis Burke Jr.*

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

*Brandon Charles Borrer
Angel Spataro
Brandt Blaney
Scott Condo
John Paul Joseph Dermady
Dan Lynch
Leann Corkery
Valerie Costa
Amy Courtney
Jason Michael Coscia
William James Falco
Baby girl Simpson
Joshua Benjamin Knochin
Michael McNamara*

OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

*Christopher Smeglin
Kevin Patrick O'Connor
Michael P. Giordano
Nicole Rose Berman
Brandt Blaney
Chinweuba Onwunaka
Marc James Marino
Catherine Elise Crocker
Roger Alan Smith
Bruce Cohen
Baby girl Simpson
Ronald A. Catrambone Jr.
Timothy Greg Morelli*

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

*Karen Devine
Phoenix Macleod
Matthew Phillip Chenette
Shawn Michael Nelson
Todd Leach
Richie Gallagher
Richard Mirabile Jr.
Jeremy S. Griffin
Nina Kilroy
Nicole Rose Berman
Michele Braun
Matt McCue
Bobby Webber Jr.
Jasper Christopher Johnson
John Myrick
Daniel Leo Martin
Maureen Gallagher
Christopher Sullivan*

NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

*Jason Adelsberg
Bethaney Lawton
Richard "Ricky" Hoffman
David Anthony Morrison
Jason Steven Keith
Nina Kilroy
Andrew Alfred Carlson
James Blankenship
Peter Frederick Kerle
Lynn Mirabile
Donna Adams
Christopher Adam Tavares
Andrew (Drew) Robert Tyrrell
Paul A. Terrelonge Jr.
Dan Lynch
Shawn Michael Nelson*

A Season of Many Feelings

Fall is a season of many feelings,
Autumn is here once again
as it comes every year.
And with the leaves,
my falling tears.

This time of year is the hardest of all.
My heart is still breaking,
once again it is fall.

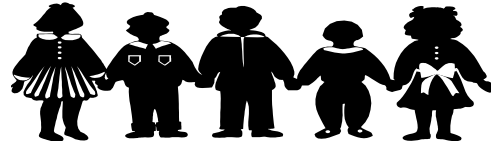
Memories once so vivid
are seeming to fade.
My time spent with you
seems some other age.

This season reminds me
of grief and of pain,
but yet teaches hope
and joy once again.

For the trees are still living
beneath their gray bark,
and you my sweet child,
are alive in my heart!

Cinda Schake
TCF Butler, PA

Dear All: I apologize for any mistakes, omissions or misspellings and if you let me know I will correct them in the next newsletter. Thank you, Brenda



Giving Thanks

I cannot hold your hands today,
I cannot see your smile.
I cannot hear your voices now,
my children, who are gone.
But I recall your faces still,
the songs, the talks, the sighs.
And story times and winter walks,
and sharing secret things.
I know you helped my mind to live
beyond your time with me.
You gave me clearer eyes to see,
you gave me finer ears to hear,
What living means, what dying means,
my children, who are gone.
So here it is Thanksgiving Day,
and you are not with me.
And while I weep a mother's tears,
I thank you for the gifts you were,
and all the gifts you gave to me,
my children, who are gone.

Sascha Wagner

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. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them 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, creeds, and relationships. 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 they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while 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 the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to 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 to grieve as well as to grow. We Need Not Walk Alone. We Are The Compassionate Friends.

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*The only true wisdom
Lies far from humankind,
Out in the great darkness.*

Eskimo Proverb

Normal day, let me be aware of the treasure you are.
Let me learn from you, love you, savor you, bless you
before you depart.
Let me not pass you by in quest of some rare and perfect tomorrow.
Let me hold you while I may, for it will not always be so.
One day I shall dig my nails into the earth, or bury my face in the pillow,
or stretch myself taut, or raise my hands to the sky,
and want more than all the world for your return. ~

by Mary Jean Irion



SUPPORT FOR PARENTS WHOSE CHILDREN DIED BY SUICIDE

Trudy Cole-Sevier, who is an active member of SS Chapter of TCF, is also a facilitator for a **SAMARITANS** support group that meets at Quincy Medical Center, 114 Whitwell Street, Quincy MA every 2nd and 4th Thursday from 7 to 9 pm. Trudy may be reached at 781-837-3171 or e-mail her at: tcolesev@verizon.net.

Masques

In idle conversation you ask me about my children.
You are an acquaintance.
I do not know you well and so I don a masque.
I speak happily of mischief, but I do not speak of death.

I do not want to see the shadow of uncertainty pass
your face.
And feel the awkward silence that falls like a curtain
between us.

I do not want to say, "It's okay, that was a long time ago."
It will never be quite "okay" and sometimes it seems
like yesterday.

And so I take my masque along with me through life
like a perpetual Halloween night,
to hide just a bit from people and to preserve my
strength.
For mourning is tiring and each time I recount that day
of death,
I am a little wearied.

I would much rather speak of the joys of his life
than the sorrows of his death,
to strangers who absently ask of children.

Yet tragedy is more universal than ever I had known
before it touched my life.
And so at times I wonder
who else looks out from behind a masque.

Karen Nelson
TCF, Box Elder County Chapter

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Fall of Fall</i></p> <p>What is it about the season that takes me back in time Everything I do, I find you are on my mind. Haunting dreams find me at night when I try to sleep And every little detail is replayed, and the sadness falls so deep.</p> <p>Something about the close of summer seems to bring it back Making it so hard to move onward and stay on track. Something about the dying and fading of the trees Brings my heart to sorrow, with the falling of the leaves.</p> <p>How I long to stop it, to keep the fall away But time marches on, and summer just won't stay. I know with the fall, winters not far behind Another lonely season, and the memories flood my mind.</p> <p>I cry my tears of sorrow, and pray for spring to come A rebirth of the earth, and the warmness of the sun. It makes the memories softer and gentler to recall But now my life is saddened with the nearing of fall.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Sheila Simmons TCF Atlanta</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Adjusted</i></p> <p>“It's been several years since your son died,” They say, “Surely, you must have adjusted by now.” Yes, I am adjusted— Adjusted to feeling pain And sadness and grief and guilt and loss. Adjusted to hurting and unexpected tears. Adjusted to seeing people made uncomfortable upon Hearing me say “My son died.” Adjusted to losing my best friend because I'm not always “up.” Adjusted to people acting as if grief is contagious. And TCF meetings are “morbid.” Adjusted? Oh, yes, to many things. Knowing I won't hear his voice, but listening for it still. Knowing I won't see him drive his Toronado, But staring at every one I see. Adjusted to feeling empty on his birthday And wishing for just one more time with him. Adjusted: As life goes on— To realizing I cannot expect everyone I meet To wear a bandage—just because I am still bleeding.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Shirley Blakely Curle ~ TCF, Central AR</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Elephant in the Room</i></p> <p>There's an elephant in the room. It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it. Yet we squeeze by with “How are you?” and “I'm fine” ... and a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.</p> <p>We talk about the weather. We talk about work. We talk about everything else – except the elephant in the room.</p> <p>There's an elephant in the room. We all know it is there. We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together. It is constantly on our minds. For, you see, it is a very big elephant. But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.</p> <p>Oh, please, say my child's name. Oh, please say her name again. Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room. For if we talk about her death, perhaps we can talk about her life.</p> <p>Can I say “Barbara” to you and not have you look away? For if I cannot, then you are leaving me Alone In a room With an elephant.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">~By Terry Kettering</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>COMPARISONS</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">It is useless to wonder what grief is larger or what grief is smaller. The death of children fills to ultimate endurance every human dimension for pain. There is no need to give rank to death. We only have to recognize that grief has filled a whole life to its ultimate borders.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Sascha Wagner</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Compassionate Tears</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">I cried in my car, and was ignored. I cried in church, and was pitied. I cried at work, and was shunned. I cried at home, and was hushed. I cried at The Compassionate Friends, And others shared their tissues & tears.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Nona Walser Greenville, SC Chapter – TCF</p>

LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY

“Why does it hurt so much? Why is this grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren’t so crushing.” Sounds familiar? All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous “ouchies” can compare with the hurt we feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying a child.

Yet most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have, so...we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely we can’t live like THIS forever!

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable...some day.

TIME...the longest word in our grief. We used to measure TIME by the steps of our child...the first word, first tooth, first date, first car...now we don’t have that measure any more. All we have is TIME, and it only seems to make the hurt worse.

So what do we do? Give ourselves TIME...to hurt, to grieve, to cry. TIME to choke, to scream. TIME to be “crazy” and TIME to remember. Be nice to yourself! Don’t measure your progress through grief against anyone else’s. Be your own timekeeper.

Don’t push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and then moments...but don’t expect them to go away. We will always hurt. You don’t get over grief...it only becomes tolerable and livable. Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost, try thinking of how much you had. Try letting good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn’t lose our child...HE [SHE] DIED. We don’t lose the love that flowed between us...it still flows, but differently now.

Does it help to know that if we didn’t love so very much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I’m very glad I loved. Don’t let death cast ugly shadows, but rather warm memories of the loving times you shared. Even though death comes,

LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY!

By Darcie D. Sims

THERE WERE NO STRANGERS

There is a *tenderness* among bereaved parents. A gentleness far beyond “normal” interactions with people in everyday life. We speak softly to each other and silently acknowledge our mutual vulnerableness and fragileness. That doesn’t mean we might not hurt each other from time to time through a misunderstanding, but it seems to me, the hurt is never meant to be. We have hurt enough already.

Somehow, there is *forgiveness* among bereaved parents. Forgiveness that comes from knowing we are just struggling human beings trying to make the best of our lives that will have, forever, an empty hole.

There is a quiet *beauty* among bereaved parents. A beauty that comes out of the experience of being hit with such pain and love all mixed together that words completely fail us.

There is *courage* among bereaved parents. The courage to get up, get dressed, and face another day.

We look to each other for the tenderness, the forgiveness, the beauty, and the courage. How often we say, “I’m so glad to know you... but I wish we had not met like this.” And then we often add, “But, would I... could I... have ever felt so close if it wasn’t for the pain?” Strange, isn’t it, how there are hidden gifts in the middle of unspeakable agony?

The closeness of bereaved parents and siblings is universal. I just returned from the National TCF Conference in Washington, DC, where 1,500 people, from all over the world and every walk of life, attended. It didn’t take a name tag to identify each other. Formal introductions weren’t necessary. The question, “What do you do for a living?” never came up. The words most often spoken were, “Tell me about your child (or brother or sister).” There were no strangers.

Even if you were not there... you were there. *The invisible link ... is love.*

Alice Monroe, TCF, Mesa County, CO

LOOKING BACK

As I arrived in Arlington, VA for the 33rd National Conference I was immediately flooded with memories. It had been the site of my first conference almost a decade ago. I remembered arriving in the lobby, seeing everyone talking in groups and feeling very much alone. My son had died 4 years earlier. I had no idea what to expect or even what I hoped to accomplish on this weekend. Suddenly I was wondering if it had been a mistake to come. What if I actually should cry? The first person I spoke with in the lobby was an older woman who asked me how I was doing. I soon learned she had suffered the loss of four children! I was speechless. As the morning went on I was searching to find the one person I had met before, my friend Ceil. By the time the first day was over I would have met many new bereaved parents and TCF leaders, some of whom would become close friends. I also had my first taste of the wonderful support that this group offered and retired looking forward to the start of the opening. During that weekend I shared more about my son's death than I ever had before and learned much about my own grief. I had thought my loss had occurred too long ago to be needing a support group but soon met people whose losses had occurred 10 or even 20 years earlier. I had read many books in the past but this conference would teach in a very different way.

I did not want to miss anything so I attended as many workshops as I could fit in to the schedule. Ten conferences later, one of them entitled "Finding Joy Again" is still fresh in my memory. It was given by the late Richard Edler. I never could have imagined how many times I would quote his words at chapter meetings, candle lighting memorials, workshops and other events. This was a message of hope and I eventually learned that hope is what every bereaved family member yearns for. At the end of the weekend I left feeling supported, hopeful, confident but at the same time apprehensive about reentering that outside world where so few could understand my pain. I recall removing my ID badge that had become my security blanket for the last 3 days and suddenly I was reluctant to leave. I had made new friends and knew that I would be back the following year.

The next time I wrote down my reflections was after the 2005 conference in Boston. It had special meaning for two reasons. It happened to be hosted by my own state but, more importantly, came shortly after I had suffered a second loss. My son Richard had died in 1997. On November 21, 2004 I attended a lunch in Boston with several members of TCF where plans were being made for the upcoming conference. I arrived home to discover that my daughter Lynn had suddenly died at the age of 30. The journey had begun once again but, in the midst of my pain, I somehow realized that it would not last forever. I would have to make use of the knowledge and skills I had learned in the previous 4 years. I was immediately surrounded by the love and support of more compassionate friends than I could have imagined. One month later, someone wiser than I suggested that I chair one of the committees for the upcoming event. With great hesitation I agreed while continuing my duties as chapter leader and newsletter editor. The following 6 months were a blur of activity and I did recognize this as a temporary distraction that might aid me in coping with my recent loss. When that conference ended I felt that I had accomplished something extremely important in the face of tragedy. To this day my participation in that conference remains one of the most rewarding activities I have been a part of since my children died. From that time on I now knew I was capable of leading a useful and productive life. I also knew that it was time to slow down and deal with the reality of my grief.

(Continued on Page 10)

Looking Back (continued)

The 2010 conference has come to a close. This year I did not arrive frightened but rather eagerly anticipating the opportunity to renew the many friendships I have made over the last nine years. I knew that it would not be long before I received the many famous TCF hugs that we all need. I had arrived early in order to help with the many tasks that needed to be done to prepare for an event of this size. Within a few minutes of my arrival old friends seemed to be found at every turn. Within a short time I was hard at work but this is a labor of love. I was no longer the frightened parent approaching the registration desk but looked from the other side and saw the faces and eyes of all who arrived and immediately recognized those who were attending the conference for the first time. I did my best to extend a warm greeting and reassure them to the best of my ability. I no longer felt the need to attend workshops throughout the day but did feel an obligation to be available and lend a word of encouragement, share my experience and, most importantly to listen to someone's story and give a hug when needed. Before I knew it another weekend had passed and the conference ended with the usual quick goodbyes and promises to see my friends next year.

Much changes in the course of ten conferences. Grief softens, we become older, perhaps a bit wiser and hopefully better able to handle our loss. We also learn that life does go on and the loss of a child does not protect us from whatever life might have in store for us. I certainly arrived at this conference feeling I had more to give than was the case in the past. But what never changes is the fact that, as much as I could ever give, I always leave the conference with much more than I arrived with- more hope, optimism, courage, love and of course hugs!

Rick Mirabile

(Rick is former chapter leader of South Shore Chapter in Hingham MA and is currently Regional Coordinator for MA & RI)

New TCF Chapter

The TCF Chapter of Greater Boston is a newly formed chapter serving the Boston metro area. As of this printing, the meeting location and meeting times have not been finalized. For more information you may go to the national website at: www.compassionatefriends.org/ local chapters or call Linda at 617-288-8068.

NEWSLETTER RENEWAL

We want all who find this newsletter helpful to receive it. Printing and mailing it represents one of the major expenses of our chapter.

An e-mail version saves paper and chapter dollars and we encourage all to take advantage.

If you wish to continue to be on the mailing list, please take a moment to fill this out and mail it or e-mail me a message. If you find it useful, please consider a donation to defray the cost. It is not required but would be greatly appreciated.

Since this is your newsletter I would appreciate any suggestions you might have to improve it. Also, if you have any poems, suggestions or reflections you would like to share with other bereaved parents, please send them to me for consideration in future newsletters.

Name _____

Address _____

E-mail _____

Would you like to continue to receive the newsletter?

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Editor's E-mail: bltower11@verizon.net

A Beginning

One day you wake up and realize that you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow. One day – one glorious day – you wake up and feel your skin tingle again, and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken and it is a beginning.

~Susan Borrowman, TCF, Kingston, Ontario

LOVE GIFTS

A love gift is a living memorial to our child. Usually given on anniversaries, holidays, etc. but any contributions would be welcome at any time. Since there is no charge for newsletters and meetings, we solely depend on donations to purchase books, brochures and keep the chapter running. They are tax deductible. A wonderful way to remember your child is to sponsor either the printing or mailing costs of a newsletter. If you are interested please contact Martha Berman (781)337-8649 or E-mail mmartha1@comcast.net

In Memory of:

Dates: _____

Messages: _____

From: _____

Address: _____

Mail to:
The Compassionate Friends
147 North Street
Hingham, MA 02043

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Vicki Turpin sister of **Jean Iannacone**

Eleanor Howard mother of **Joseph Howard**

Maria Thornton mother of **Larry Thornton**

Chris and Rebecca Johnson parents of **Joseph Christopher Johnson**

Connie Devine mother of **Frankie Devine and Karen Devine**

Ashley Wicks sister of **Jarred Chase Butler**

Jackie Teekasingh mother of **Meghan Ann Teekasingh**

We thank the following individuals for their Support. It is deeply appreciated.

Pat Hoffman, in loving memory of her son,
Ricky Hoffman

Kathryn M. Lysakowski, in loving memory of her son,
Garrett J. Lysakowski and also in loving memory of her husband, **Ray J. Lysakowski**

Julia and Bobby Berman, in loving memory of Bobby's sister, **Nicole Rose Berman**

James and Dorothy Flett, in loving memory of their daughter, **Jane L. Flett**. Forever in our hearts.

Hugh and Maureen Taylor, in loving memory of their son **Jon**

Hugh and Maureen Taylor, in memory of **Derek Boc** and **Michael Desmond**

These We Remember

‘Tis a fearful thing
To love
What death can touch.
To love, to hope, to dream,
And oh, to lose.
A thing for fools, this,
Love,
But a holy thing,
To love what death can touch.

For your life has lived in me;
Your laugh once lifted me;
Your word was a gift to me.

To remember this brings painful joy.

‘Tis a human thing, love,
A holy thing,
To love
What death can touch.

Emanuel of Rome – 12th Century
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**SOUTH SHORE CHAPTER
THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
147 NORTH STREET
HINGHAM, MA. 02043**

TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether it will work for you. The second, third, or fourth meeting might be the time you will find just the right person - or just the right words said that will help you in your grief.



TO OUR OLD MEMBERS

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting we have new parents. THINK BACK. What it would have been like for you if there had been no "oldies" to welcome you, share your grief, and encourage you? It was from them that you heard "your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer".