



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

SOUTH SHORE CHAPTER HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

SUMMER 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 Citizen's Bank) at 7:30PM 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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2010

TCF National Conference

A TCF National Conference is an event unlike any other where bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents are able to share with others walking the same grief journey. This is combined with well-known speakers, great entertainment, and more than 100 workshops covering most areas of grief after the death of a child. This year's National Conference will be July 2-4, 2010 in Arlington Virginia, where 1500 are expected to attend. Information is available on the National TCF website, including registration forms www.compassionatefriends.org. We encourage early hotel reservations, as special room rates are limited. Please call if you have any questions



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Walk to Remember
Arlington, Virginia
July 4, 2010



The Compassionate Friends Walk to Remember®, now a highlight of every TCF National Conference, was created as a symbolic way to show the love we carry for the children we mourn. Held at 8 a.m. Sunday on the final day of the national conference, the Walk starts at the host hotel of the conference

PHONE FRIENDS

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

Rick Mirabile	781-740-1135
Martha Berman	781-337-8649
Paula MacDonald	781-447-6811
Trudy Cole-Sevier	781-837-3171
Janet Lawton	781-871-6182
Laura Corkery (siblings)	781-293-3986

LAC65@peoplepc.com

FROM THE EDITOR

Every season has its holidays, events and celebrations. My son, John, was born in August and he died in July, just three weeks before his 43rd birthday. So for me, summer has become a time of polarized emotions. John has two children who will not have their Dad to celebrate Father's Day with for the third year now. Too many children will also miss their Dads, some for the first year. And too many Dads will miss their children this Father's Day and many more to come. Instead they may observe the day at the gravesides of the children they have lost; and their broken hearts will break some more. A flood of memories, will overwhelm them with joy and with sorrow and they will once again ask, "why?". And once again, there will be no answer. And after a time, they will wearily walk away, shoulders drooping, tears in their eyes.

And summer will come. School will let out for the long vacation, but not for some. Graduates will march to "Pomp and Circumstance" minus one of their classmates. Independence Day will still be marked by fireworks and flags. The sun will rise and set on another day. The world will turn — and we will wonder, aghast, "how can this be so?". How can the world still go on without our children in it? Except somehow, it does go on and we go on. We are not the same. We are changed forever. Injured at a cellular level, it is all we can do to just breathe. It is sometimes all we are capable of. We go through our days like automatons at first. We are blind-sided by memories and reminders of our child's life. Some of us find comfort in our faith, some of us are angry. Some of us want family and friends around us while others want to be alone. We may need the distraction of work or school or a hobby to keep us busy. We may find a support group such as The Compassionate Friends or as time passes, we may get involved in volunteering our time to a cause associated with our child's death, or something that simply helps improve the quality of someone else's life. For me, I have found that helping someone else, even in some small way, allows me to shift the focus from my own pain to someone else's if only for just a little while. I was not able to do this for the first year. I found The Compassionate Friends about two months after my son's death and I just kept coming to meetings. Like so many grieving parents before me I shared my pain, my disbelief, my anger, my struggle, my attempts at coping. At TCF people were gentle with me. They listened while I talked and wept and raged. They understood and cared. I could see it in their eyes and I could feel it in my heart. I listened as they shared their stories, their grief, their utter and complete sadness. Eventually, I was able to hear how so many of them found strength to go on, to live their lives in a way that would honor and give even more meaning to the lives and love of their children. I began to see and to understand that helping really is healing. As I became more involved in our chapter, I made new friends. Through mutual sharing I got to know their children and they got to know my son, John. I embraced the idea of honoring John's life by recognizing someone else's needs and trying to help and comfort. My contribution is small, especially in light of what others have done. But, it helps me to fill the time and the hole in my heart. My wish for every bereaved parent, grandparent and sibling is that each, in his or her own way, will find strength and healing through the realization that we were given the greatest gift there is, our precious children. In reaching out to others we honor their lives by making each of our own "a life well-lived".

We need not walk alone.
Peace,
Brenda Tower

NO VACATION

*There is no vacation from your absence
Every morning, I awake
I am a bereaved parent.
Every noon I feel the hole in my heart.
Every evening my arms are empty.
My life is busy now, but not quite full.
My heart is mended, but not quite healed.
For the rest of my life every moment
Will be lived without you.
There is no vacation from your absence
Kathy Boyette, TCF, Mississippi GulfCoast*

When Fathers Weep at Graves

I see them weep
the fathers at the stones

Taking off the brave armor
forced to wear in the work place

Clearing away the debris
with gentle fingers

Inhaling the sorrow
diminished by anguish

Their hearts desiring
what they cannot have —

To walk hand in hand
with children no longer held —

To all the fathers who leave a part
of their hearts at the stones

May breezes underneath trees of time
ease their pain

As they receive healing tears
... the gift the children give.

Alice J Wisler
For David, in memory of our son Daniel
(August 25, 1992—February 2, 1997)

This newsletter is sponsored by Judy Ferreira
in loving memory of

James Ferreira

March 12, 1969 - May 1, 1999
and

Joseph Ferreira

June 14, 1972 - May 31, 2003



"LOVE IS FOREVER"

How to help me...when my child has died

◆ Speak my child's name, to me and to others. The sound of my child's name, remembered and spoken by others, is a precious gift.

◆ If you used to remember my child's birthday, or even if you didn't, call me. Send me a card. Send me an e-mail. Send me a rose. My heart is breaking with lonely memories on that day.

◆ If you remember my due date, or the date my child was to be born, mention it to me. Don't worry that you will remind me or make me sad...I will never forget.

◆ Do you remember the day my child died? Tell me you remember. One of my greatest fears is that my child will be forgotten by all but me.

◆ On holidays, mention my child in your card. Don't worry about reminding me of my pain...each holiday is painful now. Your words comfort and soothe my broken heart, and let me know I'm not alone.

◆ Tell me if you think of my child...tell me what reminded you. Did my child make a difference in your life or teach you something? If so, tell me, please.

◆ Do you miss my child? Please tell me so...

◆ Your memories of my child may be the last new thing I'll ever hear about my son or daughter. Please, share them with me.

◆ Stop by my child's grave site and leave a flower, or bring a flower by my house in my child's memory. Sometimes I feel like I'm the only one who remembers what I lost, and that no one knows the pain I hide behind my every-day smile.

◆ Speak my child's name aloud to me, and let me hear one more time the name so carefully chosen, bestowed on someone so beloved and so deeply missed.

[Broken Hearts, Living Hope](http://brokenheartslivinghope.com) is a free newsletter published monthly and distributed worldwide to families who have lost a child of any age, pre-birth through adult, to any cause. You may subscribe by downloading a subscription form from the website (brokenheartslivinghope.com) and either mailing or e-mailing it, or e-mailing your request from the website. You may also download a subscription form for a friend, or request a sample copy and subscription form be sent to them. *Broken Hearts, Living Hope* is only available as a print edition.

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 to get through them. Our Children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

*Marc James Marino
Natale Rose Burns Foster
Justin Scott Langham
Jorge Lisandro Paiz Sault
Harry Goldman
Robert Bowker Kelly
Brendan Teague MacDonald
Benjamin Lowell Kimball
Gregory Kelly Porter
Sean Michael Ewas
David F Terrio
Gregory Curtis
Vincent J D'Andrea, Jr
Joseph Ferreira
Tommy Camejo
Alexander Stanley Nesom
Kevin Patrick O'Connor
Jeffrey Phillips
Jacob J Orchard
Vincent R Peruzzi
Brian Hayes
Lindsay K Pellegrino*

JULY BIRTHDAYS

*Debbie J Sevier
Lori Ann Dragonetti
Erin Leary
Christopher McGovern
Andrew Pierce Wells
John Anthony Leary
Chris Duffy
Christopher Adam Tavares
Robin M Mandeville
Laura Marie Fusco-Fazio
William Smith
Julian Brennan
Paul A Terrelonge, Jr
Jimmy Cahill
Jason Steven Keith
Lindsay Curtin
Jeffrey Charles Stevenson
Suzanne Lee Franklin
W Scott Richards
Chinweuba Onwunaka*

JUNE ANNIVERSARIES

*Andrew Duhaime
Paul Frances Burns
Matthew Phillip Chenette
Marc Jude Orlandino
Michael John Nichols
Mark Shinney
Jane Lee Flett
Alexander Robert Passaretti
Michael Piccarini
Kathleen Delorey
Terry Curran
Lloyd Young
Brian J Sullivan
Jean E Whitaker
Christina Mary Feeney
Debbie J Sevier
Taylor Bates Johnson*

JULY ANNIVERSARIES

*Brandon Charles Borrer
William F Dunn, Jr
Gary Jones
Jorge Lisandro Paiz Sault
Bobby Webber, Jr
Herbert L Whitaker IV (Royce)
Terrance Littleton
John Mitchell McKittrick
John Stephen Person
Christopher Joseph Sweeney
Gregory Kelly Porter
Robert Joseph Caputo
Jeffrey Phillips
Debra Alexa Davis
John Paul Joseph Dermandy
Peter Sullivan
Brian Joseph Honan
Glen Sherrif
Brian MacIver*

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

*Matthew John Steuterman
Paul Fortini
Terrance Littleton
Brian Patrick Regan, Jr
Aimee Leigh Bullard
Michael P Giordano
Mark Edward Lucius
Robert Antonio Castro
Elizabeth Redden Deutsche
Jane Lee Flett
John Mitchell McKittrick
Christina Mary Feeney
Lael T King
Gary Jones
John W Terrio
Liam O'Donnelly
Peter Sullivan
Brian J Sullivan
Lloyd Young
Joshua Gabriel Rowan
Shane Elizabeth McBrine*

AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES

*Vincent J D'Andrea, Jr
Daniel Leo Martin
Alexander Stanley Nesom
Sean Doyle
Frank L Kubik
Erin Leary
Angel Spataro
Christopher Michael Mulligan
Joy Marie Hanlon
Vincent R Peruzzi
Chris Duffy
Jaimie Burgess Hill
Jimmy Cahill
Julian Brennan*

It was brought to my attention that in the last newsletter Frank LoConte's last name was listed as LoConte-Balcom. His correct name is **Frank LoConte**.

Philip Chesarone was listed as Philip Nisula

Vinnie Peruzzi's last name was spelled incorrectly

I do apologize for these mistakes, omissions and misspellings. Please let me know if you find any others and I will correct them in the next newsletter. Thanks, Brenda



THE MEMORIAL CORNER *Ideas for honoring your loved one*

Ways to Remember

From photo collages at a memorial service to planting a tree, there are many ways we can say, "I remember and loved this person." As you consider how you might want to remember a loved one, here are some ideas to start with:

- Lighting a candle in memory
- Creating a memory book of photos of your loved one
- Donating a gift of money or time to those less fortunate
- Wearing a photo pin of your loved one
- Starting a memorial scholarship fund in their name
- Writing a poem or story about them
- Visiting a place you both liked to visit
- Hanging a special ornament on the tree in their memory
- Playing their favorite music
- Making a quilt from their favorite clothes
- Sharing memories of them with family and friends
- Providing memorial flowers for them at your church or synagogue
- Creating a memory box of items that were special
- Honoring their favorite tradition
- Creating a new tradition in their memory
- Hanging a stocking filled with loving memories of them
- Gathering your family and friends together in celebration of them
- Reading aloud their favorite story



Submitted by Sandy Duffy, TCF, Hingham, MA

In loving memory of *Chris Duffy*

Taken from Reflections , New England Organ Bank Newsletter

FRIENDS ASKING FRIENDS WALK TO REMEMBER



I have set up team “South Shore Chapter, Hingham, MA” of the Friends Asking Friends Walk to Remember. This is a great fund raising opportunity for our chapter. To join the team, go to the national TCF website, click on news/events, then Walk to Remember/Friends Asking Friends, click on South Shore Chapter and join the team. You then set up your page (add photo and info) and send out e-mails to friends and family.

Martha Berman, Chapter Co-Leader

Apply for TCF Visa Platinum Credit Card And Help Us with \$50 First Purchas Bonus!

The Compassionate Friends has partnered with Capital One to launch our newest fundraising program, and it will help us earn money doing what you do every day! Just use our custom credit card and valuable cash donations for every purchase you make will be donated to our organization. Plus, we'll get a \$50 bonus donation when you make your first purchase. There's no annual fee for this card and it comes with all the benefits of the Capital One Visa Platinum Card. For more information on this opportunity to support the organization that has, itself, brought support to so many bereaved families, please visit [The Compassionate Friends Visa Card](#)



AFSP is sponsoring “Out of the Darkness” Community Walks on June 26-27, 2010 (Boston is one of over 200 communities) across the country. For more info on where this walk will be held, please go to AFSP and click on



SUPPORT FOR PARENTS WHOSE CHILDREN DIED BY SUICIDE

Trudy Cole-Sevier, who is an active member of SSChapter 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 tcolesev@verizon.net

In Dad's Lap

Why does that phrase have so much meaning now? It used to be pretty simple. When I could find the time (not as often as I would have liked), my lap was a neat place to hold my young son for a few moments of special time together. Now — no son! Different use of the lap! Problems in Daddy's lap. (Thank God a 7-year-old daughter is there too, sometimes!) Being male becomes a more difficult task. How can I properly help those who are dependent on me—or can I admit to myself and others that this is one thing Daddy can't fix, like my son's broken toys? Is it “manly” to cry in public? Or do I care about “manly” now? It seems like so much garbage when my future has a hole in it.

I feel depressed too. My wife's suffering aggravates my own, which makes me angry at her for spoiling my attempts at coping. Maybe I should issue a household edict that “Richy's name or the subject of his death are OFF LIMITS around me.” That should fix it! Except that my wife still looks at me, and I know what's on her mind. Also, I keep thinking about it—and wish I had a better outlet for myself. Certainly not work, or sports, or —God forbid—a shrink (think of my image); I need someone who's been there. My wife suggests we try The Compassionate Friends—maybe so! After the first time, I know it's not for me. After all, where are all the men? Obviously, they don't need it, right? Anyway, I go to TCF a few more times as it is one of the few unselfish things I do supportively for my wife, and my being there helps her. And when she's better, I'm better. PRESTO—we're both getting stronger again and still together and communicating.

Also, I listen to some of the other TCF members, and the message I get is that their “men”, by and large, are denying themselves the privilege of grieving, and are destroying their own marriages by forcing their wives to grieve quietly or not at all around them. That's not manly; dumb in my book, and self-destructive too. So some men don't like groups okay. But my solution is actually having results (for real), and I'm not suppressing the problem. My family and I will be scarred but not walking wounded. My particular masculine viewpoint is nothing special, except that I'm willing to share it in this newsletter.

Chuck Armstrong
TCF, Pikes Peak, CO

Today when I looked at my Mom, I realized part of her was gone, never to return or recover. Nothing in this world could bring her back. The love is there and the half smiles and the shuffling through the days. But her heart is broken and not one of us can fix it. We won't try because it is impossible. We can only hug and say "I love you" and be there when she needs us. Today I realized my Mom goes on because she loves us, even though part of her is gone.

Kristina M Smith
TCF, Hingham, MA
In loving memory of my brother
William Smith



Last Act

He kneels and brings out brush and cloth,
A weekly ritual from the start.
The tears well up now, sorrow shows
A father's suffering, broken heart.

Carefully and tenderly,
Brushing off the grains of sand,
He cleans the marker at the grave
With a gentle, loving hand.

Brushing, brushing, brush her name
Clean the dates of birth and death,
Clean away the stains of rain
With trembling hand and ragged breath.

Does he feel a closeness there,
Memory seeing form and face,
Hoping she can feel his love
Here at her last resting place.

Now he rises, lingering still,
Though the job is done for today,
Hunches shoulders, breathes a sigh,
Turns and sadly walks away.

Ginger Elwood
TCF, Knoxville, TN

HOLDING ON TO LOVE

As a grieving dad and former TCF chapter leader, the intense anguish and sense of hopelessness of newly-bereaved parents always worries me when they leave that first TCF meeting. I hope that they found comfort and support during our session, so they are willing to return. Yet I always wished that I could recommend a grief support book that acknowledges their pain, prepares them for the future, and plants seeds of hope that they can enjoy life again.

With this in mind, I devoted the last year to writing **Hold-
ing Onto Love: Searching for Hope When a Child Dies**, as a support guide for grieving parents. The book is available online at a reduced price via www.holdingontolove.com, as well as through traditional on-line book distributors. **Author royalties over production costs will be donated to TCF.**

I invite you to visit my website at www.holdingontolove.com to view the front and back covers, and the table of contents. If you find a topic of interest, I hope you will forward this announcement to your chapter members for their information. My goal is to eventually have a copy of this book available in every TCF chapter library, while raising funds for Compassionate Friends.

Chuck Collins
Author, retired police commander, attorney, & TCF regional coordinator for Va. & D.C.



Graduation Time



It's June and graduation time again. Your child would have been among those wearing the cap and gown, walking down the aisle to the ever stirring "Pomp and Circumstance." Now there will be a vacant spot in the line. Should you attend? Can you stand the pain? Will people think you're strange?

As always, you must follow your heart. So, go if you'd like to, and don't hide your tears. It's quite all right to miss your own child while celebrating the achievements of others.

Just remember that your own instincts are the most important ones, that no one else can make this decision for you, and that it doesn't really matter what other people think of you.

It was your child who died. This is your pain, and you have the right to feel it and deal with it in your own way...and may a bit more healing take place in the doing.

Peggy Gibson
TCF, Nashville, TN

Quiet Courage

I have seen much courage in my life. Many types of bravery have inspired me. I am astonished by the courage of the elderly widow who buries her husband, quietly sells most of her personal belongings, furnishings and home and moves into a tiny apartment so that she can survive until death takes her, too.

I am distressed by the youthful courage demonstrated every day by soldiers who were high school kids heading for homecoming last year but who now serve in dangerous, hostile places fighting an enemy who is invisible in the crowd. The law enforcement memorial in Washington, D.C. speaks of the many brave men and women who have made the ultimate sacrifice in the line of duty to keep anarchy at bay. The EMS and fire fighting people who hold strong to tradition and put themselves in harm's way each day to save others amaze me with their dedication and devotion to duty.

The single mother who works two jobs, raises her children, cares for them in times of illness, keeps a home, cooks, cleans and still finds time to bake cookies for the PTA fundraiser is a heroine who is doomed to remain faceless and unknown. Yet the courage to start each new day in the hope of making a better life for her children drives her forward.

There are all types of courage in this life. All are impressive, all are worthy of praise and all set standards for us to emulate.

But the deepest, most compelling courage I have seen in my life is that of the parent who has lost a child to death. Each has experienced total helplessness and real physical pain in their loss. Raw in their grief, they join our Compassionate Friends group. I am struck by how weakened in spirit these parents are, how tenuous their hold on sanity must surely be. Yet these parents quietly enter our meeting room and face the unknown with tears in their eyes and tremendous weight in their hearts. Their world is upside down, their children have died and the pain and loss seem insurmountable. They have been snatched out of their former reality and slammed into the depths of hell by a cosmic force more intense than a tsunami. These moms and dads who have lost their beautiful child listen quietly as others talk of children who have lived for years in their parents' hearts. Each parent tells a story, each voice breaks, each heart breaks as a lost child's name echoes in the quiet room. The courage to acknowledge and face this new reality and look for hope in the midst of this infinite despair is a pure wonderment.

What pain is in this room? What deep, agonizing loss is systemic within this group? What will I say? How can I relate when I cannot even remember what day it is? How can I go on for one more day? These are the agonizing feelings of the newly bereaved parent. The Compassionate Friends meeting is the place they have chosen to begin their journey into what they perceive as a hideous, horrible, dark and unknown future. Yet their courage to face this, the greatest loss any human could possibly endure, is extraordinary. The power of the mind to begin to see reason, to begin to seek hope, to climb this mountain of trauma and travail cannot be overstated. This power is pure courage, raw courage, desperate courage, but courage in its purest form.

Each meeting brings the dread of facing the reality of their child's death. Yet the parents who have lost so much return to talk, to listen, to understand, to move into the light of hope. Gradually an understanding develops. Slowly each parent learns we must continue to live and honor our child. They light candles, visit cemeteries, fund scholarships, write poetry, raise funds to help others.....all in memory of their precious children. They reach out to other parents who are newly bereaved, listening, talking and listening again with their hearts. Occasionally they smile. Then one day they laugh. The journey is long, the grief work is difficult, the pain is forever, yet they keep on moving forward into the light.

There are no medals, no press releases, no television appearances, no accolades, no parades. The deepest, soul-permeating, life changing and amazing courage is found here. As I look at my Compassionate Friends I am awe-struck by the rare and quiet courage that fills this room.

Annette Mennen Baldwin

In memory of my son, ***Todd Mennen***
TCF, Katy, TX

Before Donna's death,
I found it hard to cry in front of others,
But now I see that
I have to stand up and cry like a man.

Paul Stillman

Awkward Silence

I wish that someone would say his name.
I know my feelings they're trying to spare,
and so we go through the charade,
the game, of dancing around
the ghost that is there,
trying to avoid evoking a tear,
or stirring emotions too painful to bear.

That he be forgotten is what I fear,
That no one will even his presence miss,
As if there's no trace that he was here.
By referring to him, my purpose is
Not to stir pity or keep things the same,
But my heart will simply break
If his memory will die
Like a flickering flame.
I just wish someone would say his name.

Richard Dew, M.D.
TCF, Knoxville, TN

Endowment

*Hope gives us vision for regaining
the tenderness of memories.
Hope carries us through
to survival and healing.*

*Hope offers us courage
for acceptance and overcoming.
Hope gives us
new spirit and new laughter.*

*Hope is among the greatest gifts
to be found in time of sorrow.
But hope cannot restore on earth
what is lost to death.
Hope can only go forward
and make us new.*


Give space to hope in your life.

Sascha
From LARGO

Nature's Solace

Look for me in nature, now that I am gone,
In all the paler, gentler hues beneath a morning sun;
The softest breezes passing by, pressed grass beneath your feet,
The smallest flowers on slender stems with perfumes fresh and
sweet,
Look for me in nature, now that I am gone,
In all this evening's pearling shades that spread with the setting
sun;
The whispered hush of eventide that dims to first starlight's gleam;
And I am but a breath away if you close your eyes and dream.

- *Sheila Aberatrom, TCF, England*



*You are so strong"
Empty words
That don't touch the reality
That my life has become.
Walking through fog
Incredible pain
Searching for the beloved face
I crave to see
The voice that I strain to hear over the noises
Of people who have no idea
Of what the world has lost*

*Charisse Smith,
TCF, Tyler, TX*

A Dream Deferred

Christine died on November 6, 1992. She was six years old and in kindergarten, but at 35 pounds and in size 4 clothes, she looked much younger. Brain-damaged before birth by hydrocephalus, she needed hours of occupational and physical therapy to learn to crawl, brush her teeth, ride her tricycle, zip her coat. I massaged her, coaxed her, pleaded with her, praised her—and watched her grow.

I never knew what skill might confuse Christine. She walked at thirteen months but did not crawl until fifteen months. She fed herself at eighteen months but could not hug herself until she was four. When she was two and a half, she was given a complete battery of tests. Her motor skills ranged from Less than one year to average

But Christine passed the speech test at a six-year-old level. At four she composed music and created lyrics to go with her melodies. She was a natural in math and, in true brat fashion, lorded it over her older brother who was not. "It's OK that you're not good in math," she would tell Bobby. "Boys can't do math." Or she would walk up to him as he struggled over multiplication, point at a problem with her tiny hand, say, "That's wrong. You'll just have to do it again," and run before he gave her a well-deserved slap.

Christine had so much potential. Her therapists, her teachers, her pediatrician, her neurosurgeon marveled at what she could do. She was humming nursery rhymes at thirteen months, humming Tchaikovsky at three. There were days when I had visions of Christine as an adult, leading an orchestra as they played her Seventh Symphony or on stage singing her latest Country and Western hit.

And then at six it was all over. Her music—her songs—turned off. My dreams muted.

And I found myself asking a question another poet in very different circumstances asked himself. "What happens to a dream deferred? Does it merely fester? Or does it explode? (Langston Hughes, "Harlem," 1953)

Two seasons later I have a partial and paradoxical answer. It does both. It does neither.

These have been moments of intense anguish, when I marveled that my body could hold my mood and live. There have been times when sadness has softly sifted through my daily routines, shadowing my cooking and my speaking. But under both, deeper than the explosion of Christine's unexpected death or the long sadness of her empty room, lies a certainty that Christine still exists, that we will one day be reunited. A part of me crossed with her into death, still walks in love with her. Yet it is not a budding musician I walk with—or a brat—or a handicapped child. She was all of these. She is none of these. I walk with her. Her soul's whole now, bathed in light. Relationships fade and change. Love lasts.

Sandra Ball ~ TCF, Salem NJ

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.

Name _____

Address _____

E-mail _____

Would you like to continue to receive the newsletter?

Yes _____

No _____

As E-mail _____

Donation enclosed \$ _____

Please mail to:

**The Compassionate Friends
147 North Street
Hingham, MA 02043**

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Circle

How do you bear it all?
The cry came from a mother
Whose son had died only weeks before.
We were in a circle, looking at her,
Looking around, looking away,
Tears in our hearts, in our eyes.
How do we bear it?
I don't know,
But the Circle helps.

*By Eva Lager, TCF/Western Australia
(Eva's daughter Milya Claudia Lager
Died by suicide on March 4, 1990)*

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

Carole Ann Goulart, mother of **Matthew Thomas Simpson**
and **Baby Girl Simpson**

Eugene Onwunaka, father of **Chinweuba Onwunaka**

Susan Wade, mother of **Adam James Wade**

Carol Burgoyne, mother of **Eric Paul Burgoyne**

Nancy White, mother of **Michael Phillip White**

Sherry McNamara, mother of **Michael McNamara**

Bernice and Bill Falco, grandparents of **William James Falco**

Marianne Morelli, mother of **Timothy Greg Morelli**

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

Jean Stevenson, in loving memory of **Jeffrey Stevenson**,
“When we come to the edge of the light we have, and we must take a step into the darkness of the unknown, we must believe one of two things. Either we will find something firm to stand on or we will be taught to fly.” Still your Mom

Joe and Nancy Sullivan, in loving memory of **Brian J Sullivan**

Therese Larrabee, in loving memory of **Brian Patrick Regan, Jr.** My tears still fall, my heart still aches, my arms wait for the day I may hold you again. with everything I am, love Mum

Mary and Patrick Honan, in loving memory of their son, **Brian J Honan**, Boston City Councilor. We miss you so much. The pain doesn't end.

Harriet Burak, in loving memory of **Michael Jonathan Burak** Happy 37th Birthday, my sweet boy. Your Mother, with much, much love

In loving memory of **Michele A Braun** We love you and miss you terribly. Life is not the same. Your family

In loving memory of **Debra Alexa Davis** The stars twinkle brighter as you shine upon us. Well be seeing you...Love, Mama, Dad, brother, Nessa and Nana

In loving memory of **Marc Jude Orlandino**, with love Mom and sister, Lisa

Eleanor Burns, in loving memory of her son, **Mark Burns**

Kathleen Palmeri, in loving memory of her son, **Joseph Francis Palmeri**

Brenda Tower, in loving memory of my son, **John Mitchell McKittrick** You are the light that guides me.

“A life well-lived doesn't end any more than music ends....It echoes through time with whispers of beauty and grace... If we listen, we can hear the encore with our hearts, for the song plays on, just as the love lives on.” - author unknown

I'm one of the stars, I shall be living
In one of them, I shall be laughing
And so it will be as if all the stars
Were laughing when you look at the sky at night

The Little Prince—Antoine de Saint-Exupery

**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”.