



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

**SOUTH SHORE CHAPTER HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS**

*FALL 2011*

*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 7:00 PM on First and Third Mondays of the month (including holidays). Also, occasionally, there is a meeting when a month has a 5th Monday.

**CHAPTER PHONE:** 781-749-3401

**NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:**

The Compassionate Friends

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[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

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**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 COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS**  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Light a candle for all  
children who have died

**Worldwide  
Candle  
Lighting®**

*... that their light  
may always shine.*

**Sunday, December 11, 2011  
7 PM Around the Globe**



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. To coincide with the world remembrance, this year our chapter will hold its annual memorial on **Sunday, December 11th. Please note our memorial begins at 6:15 PM.** Please arrive on time to sign in, hang your child's ornament and get settled. 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. As we have done in the past, you are welcome to bring an ornament in you child's memory. Place your child's name on the ornament and your name and phone number if you wish and bring one home in memory of another child. After the candle lighting please join us for light refreshments and if you would like to bring a dessert it would be greatly appreciated.

**Sunday December 11, 2011, 6:15 PM**

**First Parish Church**

**24 River Street, Norwell MA 02061**

(At the intersection of Rte. 123 & River Street just beyond the State Police barracks at Norwell Center)

For more information please call us at 781-749-3401 or e-mail

**CHAPTER NEWS: FALL 2011**

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Created and maintained by  
Catherine Klier  
[www./tcf-southshore.org](http://www./tcf-southshore.org)



**Support Group:** Hospice of the South Shore is offering a six week support group open to all young adults who have experienced the loss of a loved one. The group will meet Tuesday evenings starting on September 13. To register contact Rob Zucker at 781-794-7336 or e-mail [robert\\_zucker@sshosp.org](mailto:robert_zucker@sshosp.org). For more information call Martha Berman at 781-337-8649 or e-mail her at [mmartha1@comcast.net](mailto:mmartha1@comcast.net).



**Out of the Darkness Walk:** The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention will hold an *Out of the Darkness* community walk on Saturday, October 15 at 10 AM at Artesani Park on Soldiers Field Road in Brighton. For more details regarding registration, donations etc. go to [www.outofthedarkness.org](http://www.outofthedarkness.org).



**Meeting Time Reminder:** Just a reminder that our meetings now start at 7:00 PM and end at 8:30 PM. We encourage you to arrive 15 to 20 minutes early to look through our books and talk with other parents and siblings.



**Birthday Table:** When a meeting falls on or near your child’s birthday you may want to bring in some photos and/or a favorite snack or treat that your child liked. Share a story or a memory with the group. It is a wonderful way for us to get to know your son or daughter, sister or brother.



**Candle Lighting:** This year the annual Candle Lighting Service will be held on Sunday, December 11. Each year a Christmas tree is donated by Angie & Barry Hayes in memory of their son, Brian. You are welcome to bring in an ornament with your child’s name on it. It can have a theme such as a sport or activity your child was interested in or something he or she was fond of. When you arrive, hang it on our tree and at the end of the service take home another child’s ornament. One more way we get to know each others children.



**Articles & Poems:** If you wish to submit an *original* poem or article for consideration in a future newsletter, please send it via e-mail to Brenda Tower at [bltower11@verizon.net](mailto:bltower11@verizon.net) or Martha Berman at [mmartha1@comcast.net](mailto:mmartha1@comcast.net). Word or PDF formats only please.



**New TCF Chapter:** Welcome to TCF Chapter of North Boston Seacoast in Swampscott. The chapter meets the 3rd Monday of each month at 7:00 PM at 26 Puritan Road in Swampscott.

**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
Brenda Tower	781-925-1235
Trudy Cole-Sevier	781-837-3171
April Castle [siblings] ( <a href="mailto:jajmcastle@comcast.net">jajmcastle@comcast.net</a> )	781-659-0511
Taren Whitman [siblings] ( <a href="mailto:tarenwhitman@gmail.com">tarenwhitman@gmail.com</a> )	781-626-2991

**MEETING CALENDAR**

**SEPTEMBER:** Monday, September 19 at 7:00 PM

**OCTOBER:** Monday, October 03 at 7:00 PM  
Monday, October 17 at 7:00 PM  
Monday, October 31 at 7:00 PM

**NOVEMBER:** Monday, November 07 at 7:00 PM  
Monday, November 21 at 7:00 PM

**DECEMBER:** Monday, December 05 at 7:00 PM  
Monday, December 19 at 7:00 PM

**\*\*Worldwide Candle Lighting:  
Sunday, December 11 at 6:15 PM**

## FROM THE EDITOR

In "A Grief Observed" C.S.Lewis writes "No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear." And that is what many of us feel after the loss of a child. The solid ground we thought we stood on has fallen away. Our plans and hopes for the future have shifted and changed against our will. We have sustained a psychological and emotional injury that, if physical, would likely be fatal. The loss of a child, a grandchild, a sibling is no longer an abstract idea, not something that happens to someone else. It happened to us. It is a life changing event that split our world into "before" and "after", leaving us struggling to find a way to keep from falling into the black hole created by that event. We feel vulnerable and defenseless and powerless. We fear for the safety and well-being of our surviving children and siblings. We are afraid to sleep for fear of our dreams and we are afraid to wake for fear of reality. We forget, we can't concentrate, we feel disoriented, confused, disconnected. We are in denial, we are angry, we are bereft. We don't trust our own thoughts. We question ourselves....Was there something we could have done to prevent this horrible tragedy? A different doctor? A different car? Were there signs, red flags we missed? Should we have tried one more rehab? Should we have insisted she not go out that night? Insisted he not drive that motorcycle? Not fly that plane? We are afraid there was something we could have done that would have changed the outcome. We are afraid because we are devastated and blown apart and our worst fears have come true. And no matter what we think we could have or should have done or not done, we were powerless. And we play that tape over and over and over again in our minds for as long as we can bear it until, in complete exhaustion, we stop. Slowly, slowly we stop. Tiny step by tiny step we begin to realize that to continue this way will surely drive us insane. And because we must, we start to move forward, to acknowledge our fears, letting go of some and learning to live with others.

We become acutely aware of time, that horribly ambiguous word. Time was when there was not enough of it, now it drags by, achingly, slowly. We can't make sense of it. Time, we are told, will dull the piercing edges of our pain. So we bide our time, almost expectantly, waiting for the promised relief. And then something happens, almost without our noticing it. We begin to understand, to appreciate how very precious time is. We begin to want it to slow down again and we want more of it. We want to rejoin life, especially the lives of our children and our siblings. There is a new awareness, almost an urgency to make every moment count. We move farther and farther away from that black hole that threatens to consume us along with everything else, including time. And we feel ourselves moving closer to light. And it's in that light that we are once again able to see more clearly and remember more fully the joy and the love that our children brought, not only to us, but to this world. In the deepest part of our souls we know without doubt that this is what our children want for us.

We will always love them and miss them. There will always be the ache and the longing There is no "cure" for our pain, no panacea for our sadness, no magic wand to take away all of our fears, no accelerated course for our grief. We will have to trust in time. We are on a journey. There is no destination.....just a very long journey.

Our cherished and beloved children, grandchildren, sisters and brothers will live forever in every breath we take, in every beat of our hearts and we will grieve the loss of them in the spaces between.

Peace,

Brenda



I loved the Boy with the utmost love of which my soul is capable, and he is taken from me - yet in the agony of my spirit in surrendering such a treasure I feel a thousand times richer than if I had not possessed it'

William Wordsworth



### Small Hand

The small hand  
that held your hand-  
how long ago-

The small hand  
now holds your heart  
against bitterness.

The small hand  
that held your hand  
can heal your life.

Sascha



## 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  
C.J. Garber  
Sarah Elizabeth Dargon  
John Michael Buckley  
Frank L. Kubik  
Willem Adair Berkelaar  
Joanne Myrick  
Mark T. Burns  
Alexander Robert Passaretti



### SEPTEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

Jonathan Taylor  
Richie Gallagher  
Andrew Trenton Borrer  
Ted Keane Cochran  
Michael McNamara  
Michael Jonathan Burak  
Nicholas Alexander Pratt  
Benjamin Lowell Kimball  
Maureen Gallagher  
Anthony Rocco DiFabio  
Paul Fortini  
Joshua Benjamin Knochin  
Allyson M. Jones

### OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

Brandon Charles Borrer  
Angel Spataro  
Alvin C. Thomas  
Scott Condo  
John Paul Joseph Dermady  
Dan Lynch  
Taylor C. Faulkner  
Leann Corkery  
Jeffrey Ross Caldas  
William James Falco  
Baby girl Simpson  
Joshua Benjamin Knochin  
Ryan M. Thompson  
Michael McNamara



### OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

Alazia Vasconcellos  
Christopher Smeglin  
Michael P. Giordano  
Nicole Rose Berman  
Haven Quinn  
Chinweuba Onwunaka  
Lawrence Kieran McCarthy  
Phoebe Isabelle Walsh  
Catherine Elise Crocker  
Marc James Marino  
Roger Alan Smith  
Evan K. Martin  
Alyssa Frazar  
Andrew McCusker  
Bruce Cohen  
Baby girl Simpson  
Ronald A. Catrambone Jr.  
Ryan M. Thompson  
Kelly Marie O'Brien  
Timothy Greg Morelli



*"The Compassionate Friends is about transforming the pain of grief into the elixir of hope. It takes people out of the isolation society imposes on the bereaved and lets them express their grief naturally. With the shedding of tears, healing comes. And the newly bereaved get to see people who have survived and are learning to live and love again."*

—Simon Stephens  
founder of The Compassionate Friends

## NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

*Karen Devine*  
*Jason Andrew Wagner*  
*Shaun McCarty*  
*Phoenix Macleod*  
*Matthew Phillip Chenette*  
*Richie Gallagher*  
*Richard Mirabile Jr.*  
*Marc Mason Albert*  
*Nina Kilroy*  
*Nicole Rose Berman*  
*Michele Braun*  
*Bobby Webber Jr.*  
*Jasper Christopher Johnson*  
*John Myrick*  
*Daniel Leo Martin*  
*Andrew McCusker*  
*Maureen Gallagher*  
*Christopher Sullivan*



## NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

*Jason Adelsberg*  
*Bethaney Lawton*  
*Jean Marie Earle*  
*Richard "Ricky" Hoffman*  
*David Anthony Morrison*  
*Nina Kilroy*  
*Andrew Alfred Carlson*  
*James Blankenship*  
*John Michael Buckley*  
*Peter Frederick Kerle*  
*Lynn Mirabile*  
*Donna Adams*  
*Christopher Adam Tavares*  
*Craig Joseph Miller*  
*Andrew "Drew" Robert Tyrrell*  
*Gabe Shanok*  
*Paul A. Terrelonge Jr.*  
*Dan Lynch*

Dear all,

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

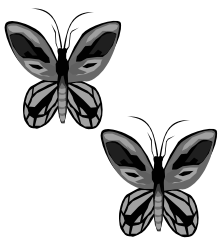
Thank you,  
Brenda



### Wisdom Gained with Loss

There are no answers to reasons why.  
Why some are pruned to the stalk, while others are barely tweezed.  
There's no measurement to the pain only the wisdom gained.  
I was told by a sage once that this was grace.  
My life is full, I have more than I need in comparison to most I pass.  
Although I have had opportunity to be pruned beyond all measure my limbs are growing back. Even though the arms that ache will no longer hold what was, they eagerly embrace what will be. There are many I speak to now who are in the throes of these yawning spaces. You will walk through this fire as I have and the many before me. You are not alone and with the wisdom gained you will know to ask for help when needed. That gift alone provides for the whole and not the isolated wound. Love and care for those that struggle as we are all God's children and the struggle is human and makes us the meek who inherit great things.  
I wish peace and love to you who have given me grace.

Susan Peck, mother of Jonathan and Annalee  
*Reprinted from We Need Not Walk Alone*  
*Summer 2011*



### Time does not bring relief; you all have lied

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied  
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!  
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;  
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;  
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,  
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;  
But last year's bitter loving must remain  
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.  
There are a hundred places where I fear  
To go,—so with his memory they brim.  
And entering with relief some quiet place  
Where never fell his foot or shone his face  
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"  
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

## Eagle Scout Project Honors Christian Robinson



Earlier this year, Boy Scout Chris Collins planned a project to earn his Eagle Scout Badge. He was a very close friend of our beloved grandson Christian, who was also thinking of a project to earn his Eagle Scout Badge. Chris and Christian were Boy Scouts in Troop #8 in South Weymouth, Massachusetts. Christian unfortunately passed away at the age of 15 before achieving his goal of becoming an Eagle Scout.

Chris wanted to earn his badge with Christian in mind therefore, he and his fellow scouts constructed a concrete and wood park bench in Brad Hawes Park across from Christian's church on Mutton Lane in East Weymouth, Massachusetts. The bench was dedicated to Christian and a brass plaque with his name and dates was attached to the back of the bench. This location was chosen as this was where Christian spent most of his free time with his many friends. Christian dubbed this as the "Hood", the neighborhood that is. The bench is facing the ball field with a tree that the Scouts planted for shade. The first night we visited the bench there were five boys sitting on the bench and one standing behind, that was a very emotional scene for the both of us.

We decided to hold a formal dedication service at the park on July 29th. Christian's and our Community Baptist Church hosted a neighborhood cookout and game night.

When Christian passed away our family decided to make Christian an organ and tissue donor. Chris also held a blood drive and an organ donor drive as part of his Eagle Scout project. Forty pints of blood were donated and thirty people registered as organ donors.

Losing Christian has been a very difficult time for us but this act of kindness by his fellow Boy Scout and friend has touched our hearts and helps with the healing process.

"If love could have saved you Christian you would still be with us".

Ken & Ellen Robinson  
TCF Hingham



The postage for this newsletter is sponsored by Ken & Ellen Robinson  
in loving memory of their cherished grandson, Christian Phillip Robinson  
*"You will live in our hearts forever".*

### Grandparents Credo

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children and grandchildren's lives.  
Our grief is two-fold and at times, we feel powerless to help.  
We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief.  
And yet, we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts.  
We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild ...we  
have lost a symbol of our immortality.  
As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength.  
We reach into their hearts to comfort them.  
And when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together.  
We continue to be their guardians.  
We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss.  
We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey.  
It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

TCF website

## FOR SIBLINGS

### Shared Thoughts on Sibling Grief

We often call bereaved siblings the forgotten mourners. Frequently friends and family treat them as secondary grievers, and the approach is "How are your parents doing?", therefore, giving siblings the impression their grief is not as significant as parental grief. Often we hear the ridiculous suggestion that siblings should be strong, and take care of their parents. When siblings cannot reduce the parental grief they feel they have failed, which adds to their low self-esteem. Our longest lifetime relationship is usually with our siblings. We count on them to always be there for us. We share with them our innermost secrets, as both children and adults. We even expect them to be there for our unborn children, as well as support when our parents are aged. They are our confidant, our best friend, our idol, our advisor, and sometimes they are younger, and we are the same things to them. When our sibling dies, we no longer feel so invincible, we worry who will be next, and quickly learn how final death is. Our family is disrupted, our sibling position changes, we may now be the oldest, the youngest, or the only child. We cannot avoid the pain of grief, our parents are different now, and they are so consumed with their own grief, that they cannot be the parents that we want them to be for us, this lessens our security. Everyone's personality has changed. We not only have to adjust to the new person we have become, but also to the difference that the whole family has undergone. Sometimes it is very difficult to be in the home, when it is so filled with pain, and so much of the laughter has turned to tears. Frequently friends are easier to talk to, than our family. The fear of losing another family member makes the parents so over protective that they take away the carefree feeling of life, which adds to the stress of sibling grief. When our loss is at an early age, it is not uncommon to later grieve as an adult for that person. I was 12 years old, when I lost my first sibling. My brother was 30. I later went through an entirely different grief cycle as an adult. At the age of 12, I felt my brother was much older. As I got nearer and surpassed the age of 30, I then realized how young he was. This stirred up new emotions. The hurting and healing causes us to redefine our priorities in life. Grief frequently causes us to have more compassion for hurting people. We learn to appreciate people more than things, and frequently a life long commitment is made to make the world a better place. It is our choice to decide what we will do with the experience we have so painfully endured. God Bless,

Marie Hofmockel - TCF Valley Forge, PA

### Reflections

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life really isn't always fair or predictable; that sometimes even my best still isn't good enough; and that from the day of her death the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor and to have a successful career and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss.

I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all, I have been given the gift of time - time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.



Cathy Schanberger, TCF Sibling

### A Brother Speaks

It has been three years now since I received the news and was so amazingly stunned that my sister had been killed. I still relive that moment from time to time, although much less frequently now. Every now and then I think "I've got to tell Teri that" and then I'll catch myself and relive the anxiety that accompanies her loss. My loss, actually. I was counting on Teri's good memory and fun-loving spirit to keep my spirits up in old age. Now I'll have to do it myself - or maybe my brother will help. I cannot look death in the eye and call it by its name. I choose to believe in the continuation of the spirit and believe that in love and in family, we will be together again.

Marc A. Johnson  
Bereaved Brother  
Denton, TX



**Chris Duffy**  
7/7/65-8/24/00

From the time he was old enough to talk almost, Chris had told me he was either going to be a major league baseball player or a wrestler. He went as far as semi-pro ball and was a very good catcher. He also went to Killer Kawalski's wrestling school and began wrestling professionally at nineteen! He got into coaching little league, then Babe Ruth baseball and then coached AAU Junior Olympic baseball. He took five teams to the national tournament and made it twice to the medal round which, for a team from this part of the country, is unique. He had just returned from a national tourney in 2000 when he passed away in his sleep from an aneurism. We used to have some great "hot stove" talks about baseball. Chris still lived at home being too busy to ever get married.

I can remember him asking me what the red dot on my drivers license was, me telling him and his commenting "that's a great idea." So, when we were at the emergency room and they asked me about donating his organs and tissue I said yes and we've been active with the N.E. Organ Bank ever since!

I've enclosed the following which was in both of our coaching books:

Faith is the greatest virtue you can cultivate in your children and the greatest gift you can give them. Never lose faith in yourself or in your children. Little league is only the first leg in their marathon of life but it is one of the few you can totally run with them. Once that part of the journey is over it is gone forever. Don't lose the opportunity.....SEIZE THE DAY!!

Paul & Sandy Duffy  
TCF Hingham



**"...a bear wedged in great tightness."**

"In a tape called, 'To Touch a Grieving Heart' there is a wonderful little reminder of the *Winnie the Pooh* story by A. A. Milne. You may recall that Winnie goes to visit Rabbit and eats too much honey. Coming out of Rabbit's hole, he gets stuck tight – so tight he can't even sigh. He asks his friends to stay with him, read him a story, and offer words of comfort...and thus to help 'a bear wedged in great tightness.'

Notice that Pooh does not ask to be pulled out of the hole, he asks only for company so he is not alone. I think Grief is like being 'a bear wedged in great tightness.' And, while we cannot make the grief go away for each other, The Compassionate Friends starts and stops with the core idea that we will be there for each other; that 'we need not walk alone.' "

*Opening remarks of the late  
Richard Edler's keynote speech at the  
1996 TCF National Conference*

**At First**

At first  
my very name was grief.  
My eyes saw only grief,  
my thoughts were grief.  
And everything I touched  
was turned to grief.

But now  
I own the light of memories.  
My eyes can see you,  
and my thoughts can know you  
for what you really are:  
more than a young life lost,  
more than a radiance  
gone into night.

Today you have become  
a gift beyond my grief,  
a treasure to my world-  
though you have left  
my world and me behind.

Sascha Wagner

**Old Grief**

It is a milder storm  
and not so dark.  
It lets you see the shore  
where life goes on.

Old grief finds words of peace,  
and brings us gifts  
of memories and joys  
from treasured living.

But nothing takes away  
the emptiness  
of all those years,  
of all those haunted nights,  
of all those lost embraces.

It is a milder storm,  
but just as grave.  
Old grief does hover  
over soul and mind:  
a heartbreak song  
of timeless disappointment.

Sasha Wagner



The issue of spirituality is frequently mentioned at our chapter meetings. No matter what one's experience of a "higher power" might be, spiritual questions and beliefs are usually a significant component of our overall grief process. Our faith background, or lack thereof, often contributes to our emotional reactions after we have experienced the death of a child, grandchild or sibling. We may experience anger or doubt. We may find hope or peace. Many of us express anger at God for what happened. Others give up on a faith system altogether. Some of us are comforted by the belief that their children are now safe. Others trust that they will see their children again someday.

I must admit that I have been all over the board with this spirituality issue. As much as I want to believe that there is more to life than what we experience on this earth, I sometimes wonder if my faith is a fantasy. I move between trusting that everything will be OK in the end, to wondering if there really is any meaning at all to what I have endured in my life.

When I find myself laboring over this issue, I sometimes think about comments made by my surviving children not long after my son, Tom died. In 1999, less than two years after Tom's death, I attended my niece's high school graduation in Maine. As her class marched in to "Pomp and Circumstance", I was overcome with emotion and my eyes welled up with tears. My youngest son, Dave, not quite 5 years old, noticed that I was crying and asked why. I explained that I was sad because Tom would never get to graduate from high school. Nothing more was said that night but a few weeks later, Dave and I were in the car and out of the blue he announced; "Mom, Tom is going to graduate...he will graduate in heaven!"

In 1997, a few weeks after Tom died, my sister-in-law gave birth to a baby girl. My daughter, Kelly, was eager to see her new cousin so we drove to Cambridge one evening to visit them in the hospital. As we approached our destination, Kelly began asking me questions about heaven. I was not sure how to answer. All I could tell her was that I believed heaven existed but that I did not know where it was or what it looked like or what people did there. She thought for a moment, and then, in her six-year old wisdom said; "I think heaven is all around us but the people in heaven are invisible".

When my young children made these comments, I definitely wondered if they knew something that I didn't know. But I was also comforted. The very idea that Tom was still around us but "invisible" helped me to realize that we would always be connected and that our relationship would continue on a spiritual level.

Over the past thirteen years, I have learned from my compassionate friends that spirituality can play a significant role in the coping mechanisms of many bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. Finding comfort throughout the grief process is often best accomplished when we approach our challenges with an open mind

There is no right way, and spirituality, like grief, is a journey of ups and downs.

Carmen Pope  
Chapter Co-Leader: TCF North Shore Boston

### Seasons

The change of seasons is difficult. It reminds me that I must change if I am to live again.

We can become stuck in our grief, full of self-pity and overwhelmed with pain. I do not believe our children would want us to live the rest of our lives in pain and misery. It is so easy to fall into the "black pit" and never have the strength or courage to crawl out – because crawl out we must...on our bellies.

We are different now, with different priorities and goals. We must find a new purpose for going on, and we must accept the changes in our lives – including ourselves, for we are different now.

We cannot go backward, though there are times we yearn to. We must move forward. If we don't, we stay stuck at the point that our world changed. I used to say "ended."

Change is difficult. To accept the loss of our child is the most difficult of all. Our comfort comes from believing that the love we share will go on for all eternity and that we will be reunited again – and each day brings us closer. We must learn to live again, love again, feel joy and peace again – or our survival will be without value to ourselves or others.

Renée Little  
TCF Fort Collins, CO

**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](mailto:mmartha1@comcast.net)

**In Memory of:**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dates:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Messages:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**From:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

**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 find it useful, please consider a donation to defray the cost. It is not required but would be greatly appreciated.

**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 along with your preferred method of delivery.**

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

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**Would you like to continue to receive the newsletter?**

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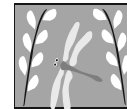
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**The Compassionate Friends  
147 North Street  
Hingham, MA 02043**

**Editor's E-mail: [bltower11@verizon.net](mailto:bltower11@verizon.net)**



**11:11** by Tom Murphy

At night before I fall asleep  
I lay in bed and pray.  
Thankful to have made it through another day  
but there's an ache that will not go away.  
It's a feeling of both loss and pain  
there are still times when I sit and stare.  
My happiness seems to have been misplaced,  
I can't find it anywhere  
For most of your life, those numbers were there  
what was the meaning of those elevens?  
Since you are gone, I've found the answer.  
It's your way of saying "hello" from heaven.



It continues to be sad and incredibly unfair  
to have buried a son of twenty seven.  
But what more could we want as parents  
than to know our child has gone to heaven.  
For some time after you died, those numbers  
brought pain.  
Now I can't wait to see them again.  
When I'm lucky enough to see those elevens  
I place my hand to my heart, my eyes to the  
heavens.



**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](mailto:tcolesev@verizon.net).

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

Eugene Onwunaka & Family  
In loving memory of **Chinweuba Onwunaka**  
We love you son.  
Stella, Eugene, Ada, Chidera & Heamyighukwu

James & Dorothy Flett  
In loving memory of our daughter **Jane L. Flett**

Kathryn Lysakowski  
In loving memory of my son **Garrett**  
Always remembered by family and friends.

The Mulligan Family  
In loving memory of our son and brother, **Christopher Michael Mulligan**  
We love you, always have, always will. We miss you terribly.  
Your family; Mom, Dad, Kerry Mike and Didaba

Karen Mason  
In loving memory of **Paul and Elizabeth**

John Feeney  
In loving memory of my daughter **Christine Mary Feeney**

Gilda Peruzzi  
In loving memory of my son **Vinnie Peruzzi**

Lynn Richards  
In loving memory of my brother **Scott Richards**

Ruth Braun & Marla Klapman  
In loving memory of a beloved daughter and sister **Michele Andrea Braun**  
You are loved and missed daily.  
Ruth Braun & Marla Klapman; mother and sister



**WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS**

*Shirley Lappen* mother of **Edward Neal Lappen**

*MaryAnne O'Brien-Cerise* mother of **Kelly Marie O'Brien**

*Maryann Selman* mother of **Kerri Anne Exell**

*Leslie Miller* sibling of **Craig Joseph Miller**

*Helen Saulia* mother of **John Michael Hoppe**

*Mary Rose Doten* mother of **Robert Doten**

*Richard & Diane Dargon* parents of **Sarah Elizabeth Dargon**

*Kathy Earle* mother of **Jean Marie Earle**  
mother of **Denise Ann Vasconcellos**  
great grandmother of **Alazia Vasconcellos**



The printing of this newsletter is sponsored  
by Harriet Burak in loving memory of her son  
Jonathan Burak



*In this universe nothing is ever wholly lost. That which is excellent remains forever a part of this universe. Human hearts are dust. But the love which moves the human heart, abides to bless the last generation. ~*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

**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”.*