



The Compassionate Friends

Eastern Jackson County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

September - October 2023

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24-Hour Help Line: (816)229-2640
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48660 Pontiac Trail #930808 Wixom, MI 48393
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Walk to Remember



Our Chapter will be having its 11th Annual Walk to Remember on September 23, 2023 at Waterfall Park in Independence, MO. Just behind Bass Pro. Families and friends can spend a morning together honoring the child who is no longer with us.

Registration starts at 8:30am. Walk will start at 9. Registration for each walker is \$10. We accept checks and cash only. A few shirts will be available for purchase the morning of the walk for \$15 each and larger sizes are \$2 more.

WORLDWIDE CANDLE LIGHTING

December 10, 2023 at 7:00 PM at Walnut Garden Community of Christ Church. More details to follow in the November-December Newsletter.

What Are The Odds?

It was 2004, and our oldest daughter, Jessica, had decided she would travel to England and hitchhike across the countryside. As parents, we were objective to the idea. She was barely 18. We understood her intentions to go back to the country where she was born, but it just didn't sound safe. So, we suggested that we could make a family trip out of it. The four of us, mom, dad, Jessica, and Chelsea. Our daughters were born in England as my husband, William, was stationed there with the U.S Air Force. Jessica was born at RAF

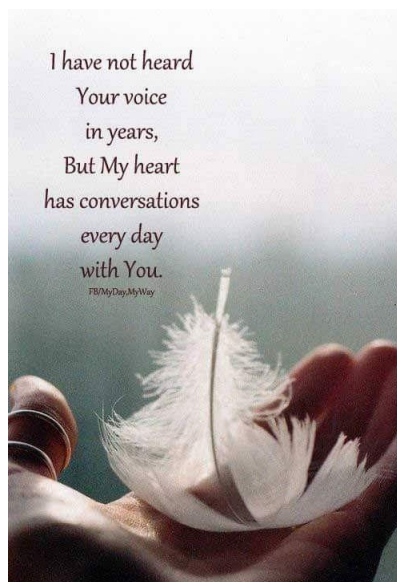
Mildenhall in the base hospital, but Chelsea was born in Ipswich in the municipal hospital. The remainder of their childhood was spent in Canada and Germany before retiring in New Orleans. So, the thought of going back to the country where they were born seemed pretty exciting. William planned the trip. He arranged the flights, rental car, and places to visit. We wanted to visit all the places we had seen while living in England when the girls were too young to remember. And the first stop was Blenheim Palace. Blenheim Place is a great country house located in Woodstock, Oxfordshire, England, and is the birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill. We had taken hundreds of pictures throughout the trip, but one of the most memorable were the ones standing at the courtyard gate with this majestic palace in the background. The trip was ten days in England and ten days in Germany. Truly the best family vacation we had ever taken after retiring from the Air Force. Years have passed. It has been four years since we lost Chelsea in 2016 to an accidental drug overdose. Words just could not describe the horror of that day...such a beautiful girl filled with love and zeal for life. She indeed had a passion for fine art, fashion, and fun. And then gone! William and I manage, but it is not easy. Some days are difficult beyond description. We do what we can to carry on the way Chelsea would have wanted us to do. And we occasionally get some signs. The odd penny in a place where you would never expect it to be. The passing by of a butterfly when it truly touches your heart. Missing her is an everyday event of every minute of every hour. But then there was that

one event where you have to ask yourself, "What are the odds?" It was the beginning of Mardi Gras, 2020. William and I and my good friend Leslie decided to spend the day in the French Quarter in New Orleans just to tour the sights and then watch the parades that evening. We planned a late lunch in one of those quaint restaurants in the French Quarter known for its famous BBQ Shrimp dish. There was a line to get in with a 45-minute wait. But what else did we have to do? The café had less than a dozen tables, most seating only two or four people each. But there was that "one" table. A large table. It could comfortably seat eight, and it was the only one. It was Coop's Place on Decatur Street. It has that rustic look with a bleached masonry and high archways above the windows. We entered the doorway, and the hostess asked, "How many in your party?" "Three," I said. She sat us at the large table. We sat on one end with room to spare. The atmosphere was typically New Orleans, rough grouted slate floors, masonry walls, and the smell of a bar that never closes. It wasn't known for its quiet atmosphere. It was robust with life, music playing, people chatting, bartenders, and waitresses calling out orders. It was definitely the kind of place Chelsea would have loved. We had only just sat and started to absorb the ambiance of the café. We were still taking in the sights and sounds when the hostess arrived with a party of four who settled in on the other end of the only big table in the room. There was plenty of room, and the addition of new patrons to the table made it more homely. They were two couples, friends, and casually dressed. I

kicked off the conversation, "Are you locals?" They commenced into their adventure, explaining they were here for the weekend. They were from Atlanta and decided to visit New Orleans when they had the opportunity of a 99 cent bus trip from Atlanta. We were all in astonishment and all laughing. One couple boasted, "Yeah, I offered to pay for the travel as long as he paid the lodging." Guess you just can't beat a deal like that. After the laughter calmed down, I stated, "Oh, what a coincidence, we are going to Atlanta in July." I went on to explain that after the passing of our daughter, Chelsea, we had joined an organization called The Compassionate Friends (TCF). And that we were going to the National TCF Conference in Atlanta since my husband and I have become the Chapter Leaders of the Greater New Orleans Chapter. Maria responded with awe, "Oh, I know that group. I had been involved with them a few years after I lost my sister to suicide." We all sat back for a few seconds with a moment of silence. But it didn't take long before Maria said, "Just a sec, I have a picture to show you." Maria pulled out her iPhone and started flipping through the photos. "Oh, here it is," she said as holding out her phone. My jaw dropped. I looked up and saw William's wide-open eyes with that look of astonishment. A picture we knew so well, an image we cherish still today. It was Chelsea in her winter coat with the fur hood up, standing at the courtyard gate with that majestic palace in the background, Blenheim Palace. But, how could this be? It was Maria's phone. Maria, not knowing what we were experiencing at the time said, "This is my sister in England." "I know, isn't that Blenheim Palace?" She confirmed it was, while I was thumbing through the photos on my phone. Then I showed Maria. She looked, but there was no reaction. The bustling and noise continued in the room, but we heard nothing. There was only silence at our table; we were in a bubble, concealed from the rest of the world. Maria

looked up, our eyes met, and tears started flowing down both our cheeks. What are the odds? This couple had traveled all around the world. We had done the same. Yet, each of us held in front of us a picture of our loved one. Our loved one who had died too soon. The photos were the same. Each image showed our loved one in a winter coat, fur-trimmed hood snugly wrapped around her head, each standing in front of the same gate of the same palace in the same country at the same time of the year. The similarity in the photos was astounding, breath-taking, and almost frightening. We shared other photos and talked about our travels, but the conversation always came back to these two photos. What are the odds that we had such similar photos, lived so many miles apart, but was destined to sit at the same table in the same restaurant at the same time? Then someone mentioned "Divine Intervention." Could it be so? Could these two girls have conspired to bring us together? Was our meeting a mere chance? It truly makes you wonder. We attribute this event as Chelsea's most potent sign to us so far. This could not have happened just by mere chance. So, we look back and say, "Thank you, Chelsea."

By Millie Hunton, Co-Leader, TCF Greater New Orleans Chapter 1615



Where Did My Sunshine Go

"In My Daughter's Eyes" is our song
Our song, for you and me
For it tells how much of a love we
have
And is there for all to see

It speaks of how I see you
And how I hope that you see me
And a love that only we two shared
A love for all of eternity

We danced to this song together
At your wedding you and I
And as happy as I should have been
I couldn't help but cry

I was sad that you were all grown up
And that you would move away
But I never thought I would have lost
you
On a dark September day

My sunshine was taken in September
It seems so long ago
A day I will always remember
A day that hurt me so

We did so much together
You were my true best friend
You listened, loved and comforted
me
Until the very end

I am so lost without you Jessie
People truly have no clue
Each day that I am without you
My heart is a deeper blue

Someday my heart will stop beating
And you will be standing beside me
with a smile
And you will reach out your beautiful
arms
And hold me for a while

Then, with your gentle hands
You will lead me to the light
Where Jesus will smile upon us
And we will never leave each other's
sight

*--Laurie Card , In Memory of my
beloved daughter Jessie*

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?

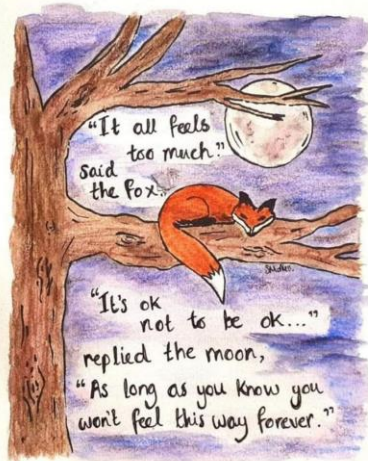
I don't know,
But the circle helps.

--Eva Lager, TCF/Western Australia

I Felt I Was Healed

I felt I was healed, felt I was ok
Ten years had passed to make
me this way.
Worked with others who were
feeling the pain
So tears and the heartache would
soon go away.
I make the newsletter and work
on the slides
That we watch as we remember
the better times.
But life has a way of throwing a
curve
That rocks to the core and
shatters the nerves.
My brother has died and though
he was ill
A hole has re-opened once again
I must fill.
I know all the steps that take me
through grief
Of the traps to watch out for, oh
what a relief.
Though same it is different, the
hurt is still there
I miss my little brother and wish
he were here.

--Stew Levett, TCF Pikes Peak Chapter



Another "First"...The First TCF Meeting

Here we are again, at the start of another year. Another year that we brought in without our beloved children as a part of. For many of our members, it will be the beginning of those dreaded "firsts" without their child, brother, sister, or grandchild: the first birthday, the first anniversary of their death; the first holidays such as Valentine's Day, Easter, and the agonizing blitz starting with Halloween and ending with New Year's Day. Or the unexpected firsts such as the first phone call to your

home perhaps from a tele-marketer who innocently asks to speak to your child. To say that the many "firsts" that we are confronted with are difficult would be a gross understatement.

However, I would like to share with you a "first" that, for me, was been a lifesaver. That would be the first time I went a TCF meeting, which I attended approximately three weeks after Nina died. I remember after I heard that there was such a group specifically for bereaved parents, I counted the days until that meeting. I desperately needed to be around other people who felt the same devastation as I did. I needed to see that there were others who weren't going on about their daily lives as if nothing happened. I knew somewhere there must be other parents who could comprehend how hard it was to get out of bed in the morning and start another day without their beloved child. Those anxiously waiting for their child to come through the door, hoping that it had all been a bad dream, only with the sobering realization that it was not.

However, even though I eagerly awaited that first meeting, when that day actually came, I began to feel apprehension, for a number of reasons. I suddenly realized that I really had no idea of what to expect. Rather than feel camaraderie with these other parents, would I feel worse after I heard their own tragic stories?

When I pulled into the parking lot of the meeting place, I sat in my car for what seemed like forever. When I finally made the decision to go inside, I trudged up the sidewalk and saw the sign on the door that said, "The Compassionate Friends Support Group" and suddenly my legs felt as if weighted with concrete. Ever since the day I became a mother, my daily prayers included telling God that he could do whatever he wanted with me, but please don't ever let anything happen to my children. By entering through that door and going to that meeting I was acknowledging that I now was eligible to be part of a group of people that I had hoped never to be a part of...the reality was that I was now one of "them."

I remember my heart pounding as I dragged myself into that meeting room. It wasn't long before my fears were calmed. The lady who greeted me at the door gave me a comforting hug. After hearing my story, she led me to another woman who had lost her daughter suddenly in an accident just as I had and I knew, for the first

time, I was not alone. All the parents went around the circle and introduced themselves and their child; some had been there as long as ten years. Some were even laughing! I thought to myself, these people couldn't have lost a child, for I knew that I would never laugh or find joy in living again. I remember having conflicting feelings. I thought that they must not have loved their child as much as I loved my daughter. On the other hand, maybe this was a hopeful sign, for of course they loved their children too. Maybe this meant that I too would survive the "worst loss", that I too would find reasons to laugh and smile again.

It didn't take me long to realize why there were still people who had been there for so many years. It wasn't because they still needed the support of TCF, but they were there to give support back to the newly bereaved, showing them that there was still life after the death of a child. I will be forever thankful for those compassionate friends who helped me take those first wobbly steps down the grief road and continued on that journey with me.

I left that meeting wishing that I could go back again the next day, and the day after that. I felt safe there; I felt understood there. I didn't want to leave that protective cocoon of understanding and go into the outside world that did not recognize that the world, as I had known it, ended when my precious daughter died.

I am so glad that I took the chance that day back in that tumultuous spring of 1995 and walked through those meeting room doors. I have been doing the same ever since, rarely missing one. I have met people there whom I cherish and know will be lifelong friends. When I tell one of them I am having a difficult day, they don't chastise me, but rather understand the emotional roller-coaster ride of a bereaved parent and offer me their support. When they say, "I know exactly how you feel", I know that they truly do.

Years from now, I still plan to be there to greet that newly bereaved parent with an empathetic and reassuring hug, just as I had been welcomed six and a half years before. I know that I will look in their eyes and see the same hollow look mirrored in my own when I was newly bereaved. And I will be there to let them know that if I have survived the unthinkable, they will too.

With gentle thoughts,
Cathy Seehuetter, TCF St. Paul, MN

My Witch and My Angel

For Zoë Halloween is just about as good as it gets. Not much in my daughter's world beats candy, costumes, friends, make-up, and staying up late even on a school night. Life at age six can be gloriously simple.

But I don't know much of what my son Max thought of Halloween. When he died at age two, he only had one real "trick-or-treat" to his credit. That year—1987—I dressed him in a pumpkin costume, and we traipsed to a few neighbors. I took far too many pictures. Max was a fiend for sweets and with the candy ration lifted for the evening, he had to be living well.

I imagine that year would have been his last dressed as a mommy-pleasing pumpkin. At three or four I knew he would demand Ninja or pirate costumes; I would have laughingly bought them and maybe even the plastic sword. I would have let him paint grotesque stitches across his nose and wear fangs that glowed in the dark.

Instead, this is Zoë's year to cast aside the girly version of Max's pumpkin cap. The beloved pink princess frills and red nail polish are being exchanged for a witch hat and black glue-on fingernails sharpened into talons. For the first time, she wants to be Scary and Ugly. With mahogany lipstick and smoky eyes, she will fly out the door in less than a month to cross one more threshold that her brother did not.

I can see the evening now. As I assemble face paints on the counter, I will take a deep breath—the same one I take every year at every holiday and milestone. With my unsteady hand I will design witchy warts and create wrinkles on Zoë's perfect face. I will declare her the Scariest and Ugliest of All.

But as I help my little witch into her costume, I know my eyes will fill with tears. I will think about the years that were supposed to be: a young boy as Dracula, a 13 year-old teen in baggy clothes escorting his little witch-sister down the block. Who would he be now, the toddler we knew, the boy we lost? What would our life be like if the scary things were still just make-believe?

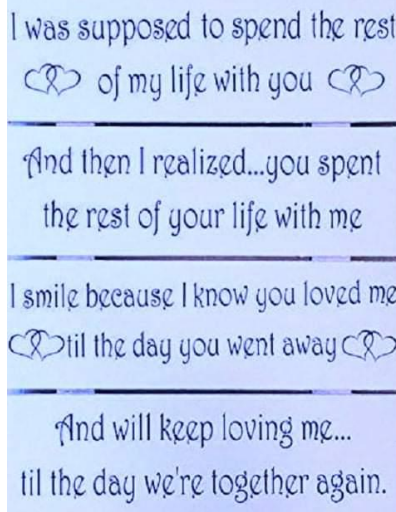
Zoë will see my tears, but she won't be alarmed: in our family's emotional lexicon, sad and happy often go together and crying is as OK as laughing. She will ask me why I'm sad and I will tell her the truth: I am thinking about Max and wishing he could be here.

And although she is now the mean and fierce Witch Zoë, she will nod her head with understanding. Her plastic nails will lightly graze my arm as she reaches to pat me. Suddenly the frown on her face will disappear and she repeats what has become her annual Halloween revelation: "Mommy, it's OK. Don't forget that Max can go 'trick-or-treat' as an angel." She describes a glittering figure, luminous wings aflutter, giant treat bag at the ready. I smile at the idea and the moment passes.

Later, I light the candle in the pumpkin and watch Zoë skip next door to show off her costume. She heads up the sidewalk, stopping halfway to turn and wave to me. She makes her scariest face and yells, "Mom—take my picture!" I raise my camera and look through the viewfinder. As the flash glows briefly in the dusk, I see a beautiful angel standing in the shadows beside her. But this angel doesn't wear white and his wings have been clipped. I am sure he never had a golden halo. He is a small chubby boy with a jack-o-lantern face on his tummy and chocolate on his fingers. It is 1987 and he is having a really great Halloween.

Just like his sister.

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Forever Entwined

Losing a child to death is statistically improbable, yet all parents harbor the concept as their worst fear, the stuff of nightmares, cold sweats and anxiety. But when our children die, the anxiety of that possibility pales against the soul wrenching horror of the reality. At first we freeze in time as our focus is on the primal.....breathe, drink water. After the initial shock has ceased to control our every moment, we seek answers. Can I get through this? Do I

want to get through this? How have others managed to continue living after their child has died? I have disconnected from my friends and even my family. I don't want to go forward.....the pain is too intense. Death would be a mercy. Life is no longer a joy. My heart is broken. I will never see my child again.

If we are fortunate enough to find a Compassionate Friends Group, we meet people who have taken this nightmare journey.....and survived. Our first meeting is the most difficult.....at my first meeting the only word I could say was my son's name. Later, we tell our story to those who have experienced the death of their child and find that talking to kindred souls can be cathartic. If we persevere and continue to attend meetings, get to know other parents, participate in the group discussions, cry with others and smile at the memories of their child..... we begin the healing process.

Now our lives are forever entwined with those of other parents who have lost a child to death. Like the Celtic knot, we are now part of an eternal paradigm: we are strands in the knot, weaving our stories into each other's lives. This interlace of our lives is a permanent and beautiful blending of souls seeking comfort from one another. Our reality is shared by others; we lean on them, they lean on us. We give, we receive.

Many friends from our lives before the death of our child hesitate to mention our child's name and even fear talking about our child's life and listening to our memories. But we don't want to forget our child as that would be the worst betrayal. We want to talk about our child's life and keep their spirit with us always. Those in our lives who do not share this feeling are not part of our eternal paradigm; they will never be entwined with us as we complete our journey on this earth.

The Celtic knot, the symbol of eternity, is symbolic of the relationships we have found at Compassionate Friends. These lives are forever woven into ours, we accept each other's perspectives and share their sorrow and the joy of their memories. There is a place in our Celtic knot for all parents who have lost a child. As other parents join us, they are enfolded forever into the eternal paradigm of healing and compassion.

Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX

WHEN I GO

When I go
don't learn to live without me
just learn to live with my love
in a different way.

And if you need to see me
close your eyes
or look in your shadow
when the sun shines

I'm there.

Sit with me in the quiet and you will know
that I did not leave.

There is no leaving when a soul is blended
with another.

When I go
don't learn to live without me
just learn to look for me in the moments.

I will be there.

Donna Ashworth, from 'LOSS'



I Felt I Was Healed

I felt I was healed, felt I was ok
Ten years had passed to make me
this way.

Worked with others who were
feeling the pain

So tears and the heartache would
soon go away.

I make the newsletter and work on
the slides

That we watch as we remember the
better times.

But life has a way of throwing a
curve

That rocks to the core and shatters
the nerves.

My brother has died and though he
was ill

A hole has re-opened once again I
must fill.

I know all the steps that take me
through grief

Of the traps to watch out for, oh
what a relief.

Though same it is different, the hurt
is still there

I miss my little brother and wish he
were here.

--Stew Levett, TCF Pikes Peak Chapter

September

Time between summer and winter.

Time under changing skies—
muted and heavy with foresight,
or endless blue, smiling at butterflies.

Time between summer and winter.

Time between laughter and tear—
harvest of beauty remembered,
and voices (Where are you?) to hear.

Time between summer and winter.

Thoughtful and painful and wise--
muted and heavy with losing,
but also—smiling at butterflies.

--Sascha Wagner

Can It Be Fall Again Already?

Here we go again, that downward
spiral into Fall that every bereaved parent
dreads. For as sure as we turn the
calendar page to October, here comes
Halloween, followed by Thanksgiving
and then (OH NO!)

Christmas/Hanukkah. As I contemplate
my fourth fall without my child. I can tell
that the pain will be less intense and
come less often. This does not mean I
love her less. It just means that no one
can grieve as intensely as in the
beginning for very long. Your body
couldn't sustain it.

Take care of yourselves. Learn to be
selfish if you need to be. Tell those
closest to you what you need in order to
get through this time. You will survive,
whether you like it or not. We're hear if
you need us, your Compassionate
Friends.

--Kathy McCormick, TCF, Lower Bucks
County, PA

Observations

A little boy skipping down the
grocery store aisle, carrying a box of
Boo-Berry cereal, thinking of how to
convince his mom that it's really good
for you, --and there is a mother with
tears in her eyes.

A little girl with long brown hair held
back by pretty barrettes, squirming
impatiently on the church pew, smiling
shyly at the people in back of her, and
there sits a mother with tears in her eyes.

Three little children riding brightly
painted horses that go round and round
for 25 cents outside the discount store,
pretending they're cowboys or circus
stars, and there stands a grandmother
with tears in her eyes.

A little blond-haired boy picking out
a Care Bear lunch box, excitedly telling
his mom that soon he will get to ride the
big yellow school bus with his friends,
and there is a mother with tears in her
eyes.

It's so hard to observe these simple
childhood acts after you lose a little one!

--Betty George, grandmother of Timothy,
Montgomery, AL

Cemetery Visits

Are you one of those people who
have a need to go to the cemetery often?
The non-bereaved frown on that, as a
rule. Many people feel there is something
morbid about those visits; that you're
obsessing. Unless you know the pain of
losing someone you love better than
yourself, you can't understand that need.

Some people need to visit every day;
others go now and then, and some never

go back once the funeral is over There
are no rules. If it makes people
uncomfortable when you make your
cemetery visits, go alone. Don't feel you
need to get anybody's permission or
approval.

It is important for you to know that
how often you go to the cemetery has
absolutely nothing to do with the length
and depth of your expression of your
grief. It is also important to know that
you have the right to do whatever
comforts you. It may not seem right to
your sister, your brother-in-law or your
friends, etc., but that's their problem.

If you try to please everybody by the
things you do and say, you'll find you
are not taking care of your needs—and
there are no more important ones right
now. You won't always require visits
this frequently, and when you no longer
feel this urge to go so often, don't feel
guilty. It just means you are getting
better. Accept it as that, and move
forward with your life when you are able.
For right now, do what makes you feel
better. —Fay Harden

To See the Gold

Autumn's here when trees turn to
gold;

It's the prettiest time of the year, I'm
told.

Then I think back, Denny, to that
September day,

When all of a sudden you were taken
away.

That is when the color left the trees
for me,

And grief set in and I could not see.

But now that years have passed, my
son,

The memories of you are happier
ones.

Even the colors of the trees are
beginning to unfold,

Now, I know someday soon, I may
see the gold.

--Gwen Kearns, TCF, Valley Forge, PA



The Mask: “A Way of Life for a Bereaved Parent”

People say, “Oh my, oh my,
It’s amazing how you’re getting by.
I don’t think that I could be
So strong if such a thing happened to
me.”

But such persons are never around
When I remove the face of a clown,
And there for all the world to see
Is a person destroyed by tragedy?

So I look at these people and give a grin
Hiding the sickness, I feel within,
And hope that I will find a way
To get me through another day.

--Laraine Rodriguez, TCF, Staten Island, NY

I Don’t Wear Make-up Anymore

I still shower every morning,
Brush my teeth just like before,
Comb my hair, polish my nails,
But I don’t wear make-up anymore.

There’s a black dress in the closet.
Wore it once, but not once more.
Not today, perhaps tomorrow,
And I don’t wear make-up anymore.

I still want to look professional
Check the mirror on the door
Heels & hose & matching jewelry
But I don’t wear make-up anymore.

Turn the key and start the engine
Slowly exit the driveway
Shifting gears, glide into traffic
So begins another day.

Just another day without you.
You, the apple of my eye,
Who gave me joy, now sadness.
“Oh God, why did my son die?”

I can feel the pressure building
And I know what is in store...
Gushing forth the tears of heartbreak.
That’s why I don’t wear make-up
anymore.

--Alice C. Osborn, Rolla, MO

Halloween (and other) Masks

The month of October brings with
it a smorgasbord for the senses. We
hear the crunching and crackling of
leaves under our feet. We see brilliant
reds, oranges and yellows splash the
earth. We feel the magical approach of
winter in the air. October also brings
Halloween, a date synonymous with
masks.

As bereaved parents we have, at
various times, worn many varied
masks. We have masked our feelings
of despair, sorrow and anguish for the
sake of our loved ones, friends and
acquaintances. We have masked our
feelings of anger and bitterness for the

traditional belief that a kind God
would not do this to innocents. Most
importantly, we have masked the
person we have become, the person
that has evolved after living through
the death of a child.

Let us celebrate the month of
October by beginning to take off some
of our masks. A very positive and
helpful way to begin this process is to
attend the next Compassionate Friends
meeting. Share your sorrow, your
fears, your bitterness and
disappointment. Above all, share your
progress and triumphs through the
arduous journey of grief. When you
enter a room full of caring and
supportive people who have shared
your grief, there is no reason to wear a
mask.

--Cathy Crawford, Camden County
Chapter

A Scar That Just Won’t Heal

The room you once lived in
doesn’t look the same.
The people who used to call you
never mention your name.
The car you used to drive,
they may not make anymore;
And all the things you once treasured
are boxed behind closet doors.

The clothes you set the trends by
are surely out of date.
The people you owed money to
have wiped clean the slate.
Things have changed and changed again
since you went away,
But some things have remained the same,
each and every day.

Like this aching in my heart,
a scar that just won’t heal,
Or the way a special song
can change the way I feel.
Brother, you must know that the music
bonds us
and will always keep us close;
Because secretly I know deep in my
heart,
it’s the music you miss most.

So let the world keep on turning
and time can take its toll.
For as long as the music keeps playing,
you’ll be alive and dancing in my soul.

--Stacie Gilliam, TCF, Oklahoma City, OK

Love Gifts:

Thank you for the donations
made by:
Shareen Baxter in memory of
Rodney Baxter

Lori Wuellner in memory of
Miranda Williams
Kathy Wilcox in memory of
Jeff Wilcox.

**Please help us help others. Make a
LOVE GIFT today. Tax deductible
Love Gifts may be sent to: TCF C/O
Theresa Phillips 6200 Kentucky Ave,
Raytown, MO 64133**

**Remember when you came to your
first meeting, and someone was
there who was a little farther down
the road and gave you a hug or
shared something that made you
feel like you are not crazy. Well, if
you are a little bit farther down the
road, please feel free to come back
to our meetings and help families
that are just starting their grief
journey.**

Please visit our website at ,
www.easternjacksoncountytcf.org
Find us on Facebook at
[https://www.facebook.com/groups/
1582699755290182](https://www.facebook.com/groups/1582699755290182)

We have several volunteers who
write remembrance cards to families
on birthdays and death dates. Just a
reminder if you have an address
change, please email
phillipsplace@aol.com or mail a
note to TCF, C/O Theresa Phillips
6200 Kentucky Raytown, MO 64133
so the roster can be updated.
Please remember that you can give
to The Compassionate Friends
through your United Way pledge at
work or as a single gift, but you
MUST WRITE IT IN.

