 **Sept - Oct 2020**

**Chapter Leader: Theresa Phillips TCF National Headquarters**

# 24-Hour Help Line: (816)229-2640 PO Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522

**Private Facebook Page: Eastern Jackson County TCF Website: www.compassionatefriends.org**

**Website: www.easternjacksoncounty tcf.org 630-990-0010**

***Please join us for our annual ***

***Saturday, September 26, 2020***

***at 9:00am***

***Registration starts at 8:30 am***

***At Waterfall Park, Independence, MO***

***The park is located behind Bass Pro.***

***Cost is $10 per walker.***

***Shirts will be available for purchase the day of the event starting at $12. We can only accept cash or checks.***

**September**

If we are to believe the calendar, our years end in December and begin in January. But for most of us, our years from childhood on have been marked by the beginning and ending of each school year. The serious stuff of life commenced each September as first we, and then our children, began a new grade. The routine of our days from September until June was governed by the school calendar.…

September—the autumn bridge between summer and winter, between resplendent life rich with green leaves and azure sky, and dull, gray-skied barren-treed winter. Oh, September—with your multi-colored beauty, Indian summer, clear blue skies—you are a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

For the bereaved, September can be particularly poignant. We believed that summer would last a little longer just this once. And in a way, it has. The long, warm days persist, and the beauty of nature continues. As green leaves are slowly replaced by rich gold, then reddish hues, there is a poignancy to the warmth and beauty of autumn. September is summer’s swan song, the final verse sung in full symphonic chorus. Savoring each lovely day, we delight in the beauty of the changing colors and cling to the vibrancy that will soon be replaced by the barren days of winter.

While schedules are remade and obeyed, vacations end and children return to school, there is a kind of comfortable “sameness” that begins in September and lasts until the following spring. In a way, this predictability is a kind of security.

Still, for those whose lives have been irrevocably changed by death, illness, separation or any other unasked-for life-altering situation, the knowledge that the rest of the world is settling down to “regular” life is an affront. For lives that have lost predictability, “sameness” is now fervently desired and pined for.

The door slams shut, but it is the wind that has closed the door. The footsteps that should follow never come. School buses once again criss-cross the September streets, but for bereaved parents, they are only a painful reminder of schedules that are gone, lunches that no longer need to be made, homework that will never be done and checked. Friends’ lives continue and go forward, their children grow and progress; but bereaved parents face September’s settling down to “real” life with leaden hearts.…

Seeing other people planning and sharing their leisurely enjoyment of the season was hard enough in the summer. September can be worse. Hand-in-hand with that month’s almost unbelievable beauty is the knowledge that this beauty is the precursor to winter. During the summer months, the bereaved suffer from the loss of the happy, languid days that were. During September, the nightmare of lost dreams becomes reality. As the rest of the world settles in, the bereaved are left feeling adrift and apart from the mainstream. The rudders that had guided their lives are gone. The acrid smoke from autumn’s burning leaves only reminds them of what was and gives testament to the loss and bitterness that remain.

But what can the bereaved learn from the change of the seasons? What can any human being learn from the cycle that is nature? We change, and we remain the same. We grow and we bloom, but we also experience dormant periods. A plant grows and blooms and changes with the seasons. One month, a green, tender shoot; the next, a riot of color. In the next season, it can be bearing fruit for the future of its species, while at the same time beginning its own slowing down, preparing for its dormancy. The winter, barren of leaf, is a resting time, a dormancy, a preparation for the new growth that will occur in the spring.

A plant with strong roots can regrow after being pruned. It may grow in a different direction & into a different shape, depending on the sunlight, nutrients, and pruning. But in spring, after its long-frozen sleep, its tender shoots will reach out again toward the sun. And it will blossom again.

Shapes change. Lives change. Bereft human beings may feel uprooted and shaken to the very cores of their beings, but they must permit themselves a time of rest & dormancy in which to regain their strength and reassemble their resources. Then they must permit themselves to shed the beautiful rich leaves of the past, recognizing that the memory of that beauty will always live. They must go forward, albeit in new directions and with new purposes, to renewed growth and meaning.

We human beings believe that our loved ones are our roots and with their loss, we are rootless. It feels that way, but it is not really true. We, each and every one of us, are our own roots. We can continue on despite severe pruning…and we can grow if we permit ourselves.

*-- by Susan B. Arlen*

Instead of thinking

I need to get back

to the old “normal,”

perhaps I need to embrace

how I am changed forever

by the death of my loved one.

To do this I have to acknowledge the reality of the death

and be willing to connect

to the deepest parts of myself.

That’s when grief becomes

a growth process

the turmoil of change.

I am new;

I am changed;

I am reborn.

*--Alan D. Wolfelt,*

 **Forever 13**

He would have been a junior

He should have been

on the football team

He could have been a wrestler

*He might have been …*

He would have been 17 this year

He should have been laughing and

running about

He could have been chasing the girls

*He might have been …*

He would have been blowing his

French horn

He should have been giving his

teachers a hard time

He could have been learning how to

drive

*He might have been …*

Except now he is forever 13 …

*--Lorrie Beyl, Colo. Springs, CO, TCF*

**Where Do I Go?**

Now that you’re gone, where do I go

to see your fair smile

to hear your tinkling giggle

to smell your damp hair after a swim

to listen to your questions

to touch your gentle cheek

to feel your bear hug?

Where do I go

to share all my years of wisdom

to find someone who’ll tell me the truth

to answer the phone that won’t ring

to tell you I’m sorry

to know that I am loved and

to pour out my love and my tears?

I shall go

to the pictures that hold you forever

to the books we shared

to the music you taught me to love

to the woods we explored as one

to the memories that never fail

to the innermost reaches of my heart

to where we are always together.

*--Marcia Alig, TCF, Mercer, NJ*

**How Does a Grieving Kid**

**Deal With School?**

Going back to school is always tough, but when there has been a death in your family, it’s really hard. You wonder how your friends will treat you. You don’t think you can concentrate or listen very well because your mind feels confused. You worry how the rest of your family will be without you around. You feel so different, and school is sure to be just the same!

Sometimes kids and teachers don’t know what to say, so they say something dumb or don’t say anything at all. Some days it can seem almost impossible to keep from crying in front of people. Everyone thinks you should be “over it” right away.

Dana (age 12): “Fortunately the kids treated me very considerately. But the teacher wasn’t as nice. She thought I was using my father’s death to make her go easy on me. But as all of us know, that’s not how it is. We can’t help it if we get upset, but some people don’t understand.”

School can be very hard for a kid who is grieving the death of a loved one. Some things that might help a little are: Talk with your teacher about what you want the class to know about the death and who should tell them. Make a plan with your teacher so you can leave the room if you start feeling upset. Try to finds a safe quiet place to go: the library, the nurse’s office, etc. If people ask you questions that you don’t want to answer, say something like, “I’d rather not talk about that right now.” Try to find at least one person who you feel comfortable talking to when you want to talk. Or start to write your thoughts in a journal.…

If you are bothered by what other kids say, try to talk to them and get them to understand that you need their support. If that doesn’t work, talk with your teacher or a parent. If you think your teacher doesn’t understand, do your best to talk with her, and bring in an understanding adult to help if necessary.

To keep up with your homework, maybe you could study with a friend or get an older student to help you, or ask your teacher for some extra time. As long as you are really trying, that’s all anyone should ask of you.

As you go through the school year there will be some good days and some tough ones. Don’t be upset if you don’t do as well as usual on grades, or if you have trouble getting along with your same old friends.Be patient with yourself, because you want others to do the same for you.

Grief is a long process that changes people, and change can be tough. But change can bring good things too. Per-haps you will find yourself appreciating the little things more, or being kinder to people, or wanting to make the most of your time, or developing an ability to express yourself creatively. These are things you don’t normally learn in school, but these are things you learn from living.

*--By Dana Ward, Erin Helmer & Barb Coe*

**NOW THAT'S GOD**

It was one of the hottest days of the dry season. We had not seen rain in almost a month. The crops were dying. Cows had stopped giving milk. The creeks and streams were long gone back into the earth. It was a dry season that would bankrupt several farmers before it was through.

Every day, my husband and his brothers would go about the arduous process of trying to get water to the fields. Lately this process had involved taking a truck to the local water rendering plant and filling it up with water. But severe rationing had cut

everyone off. If we didn’t see some rain soon...we would lose everything.

It was on this day that I learned the true lesson of sharing and witnessed the only miracle I have seen with my own eyes. I was in the kitchen making lunch for my husband and his brothers when I saw my six-year-old son, Billy, walking toward the woods. He wasn't walking with the usual carefree abandon of a youth but with a serious purpose. I could only see his back. He was obviously walking with a great effort ... trying to be as still as possible. Minutes after he disappeared into the woods, he came running out again, toward the house. I went back to making sandwiches, thinking that whatever task he had been doing was completed. Moments later, however, he was once again walking in that slow purposeful stride toward the woods. This activity went on for an hour: walking carefully to the woods, running back to the house.

Finally I couldn't take it any longer, and I crept out of the house and followed him on his journey (being very careful not to be seen...as he was obviously doing important work and didn't need his Mommy checking up on him). He was cupping both hands in front of him as he walked, being very careful not to spill the water he held in them ... maybe two or three tablespoons were held in his tiny hands. I sneaked close as he went into the woods. Branches and thorns slapped his little face, but he did not try to avoid them. He had a much higher purpose. As I leaned in to spy on him, I saw the most amazing site.

Several large deer loomed in front of him. Billy walked right up to them. I almost screamed for him to get away. A huge buck with elaborate antlers was dangerously close. But the buck did not threaten him...he didn't even move as Billy knelt down. And I saw a tiny fawn lying on the ground; obviously suffering from dehydration and heat exhaustion, lift its head with great effort to lap up the water cupped in my beautiful boy's hand. When the water was gone, Billy jumped up to run back to the house and I hid behind a tree.

I followed him back to the house to a spigot to which we had shut off the water. Billy opened it all the way up and a small trickle began to creep out. He knelt there, letting the drip, drip slowly fill up his makeshift "cup," as the sun beat down on his back. And it came clear to me: the trouble he had gotten into for playing with the hose the week before. The lecture he had received about the importance of not wasting water. The reason he didn't ask me to help him. It took almost 20 minutes for the drops to fill his hands. When he stood up and began the trek back, I was there in front of him.   
 His eyes just filled with tears. "I'm not wasting," was all he said. As he began his walk, I joined him...with a small pot of water from the kitchen. I let him tend to the fawn. I stayed away. It was his job. I stood on the edge of the woods watching the most beautiful heart I have ever known working so hard to save another life. As the tears that rolled down my face began to hit the ground, other drops...and more drops ...and more suddenly joined them. I looked up at the sky. It was as if God himself were weeping with pride.

Some will probably say that this was all just a huge coincidence. Those miracles don't really exist. It was bound to rain sometime. And I can't argue with that... I'm not going to try. All I can say is that the rain that came that day saved our farm, just like the actions of one little boy saved another.

I don't know if anyone will read this...but I had to send it out to honor the memory of my beautiful Billy, who was taken from me much too soon...but not before showing me the true face of God, in a little sunburned boy. *--© 2003 PassionUp.com*

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**How Long Will The Pain Last?**

How long will the pain last?" a broken-hearted mourner asked me. "All the rest of your Life." I have to answer truthfully. We never quite forget. No matter how many years pass, we remember. The loss of a loved one is like a major operation. Part of us is removed, and we have a scar for the rest of our lives. As years go by, we manage. There are things to do, people to care for, tasks that call for full attention. But the pain is still there, not far below the surface. We see a face that looks familiar, hear a voice that echoes, see a photograph in someone's album, see a landscape that once we saw together, and it seems as though a knife were in the wound again. But not so painfully. And mixed with joy, too. Because remembering a happy time is not all sorrow, it brings back happiness with it.

How long will the pain last? All the rest of your life. But the thing to remember is that not only the pain will last, but the blessed memories as well. Tears are proof of life. The more love, the more tears. If this be true, then how could we ever ask that the pain cease altogether? For then the memory of love would go with it. The pain of grief is the price we pay for love.

**And That Was the Deal**

***Michael Gartner wrote about the sudden loss of his 17-year-old son Christopher to juvenile diabetes:***

**Tim Russert of NBC called, devastated as we all are, and said the only thing that has helped: “If God had come to you 17 years ago and said, ‘I’ll make you a bargain. I’ll give you a beautiful, wonderful, happy and healthy kid for 17 years, and then I’ll take him away,’ you would have made that deal in a second.”**

**And that was the deal.**

**Autumn**

In the fall

When amber leaves are shed,

Softly—silently

Like tears that wait to flow,

I watch and grieve.

My heart beats sadly in the fall;

'Tis then I miss you most of all.

Lily de Lauder

TCF Van Nuys, CA

**Back to School**

As I passed the fourth anniversary of our son's death, I felt as though I had been through it all, and there would be no more "surprises" that would blind-side me with that horrible grief that I felt in the beginning. How wrong I was!!

I thought that this year would be a little easier for some reason. As I sat in church the week before school started, the priest talked about the "difficult" things that some people had to face in the next week or two. Such as what classes to take, what brand name of clothing to buy, which name brand sneakers would be "in" this year, and all the other "tough" choices kids and parents had to make to start school.

As I sat and listened, I thought, I wish I had tough choices like that to make, and it suddenly occurred to me that my little boy, the "baby" of the family, would have been a senior this year. And all those feelings from four years ago came rushing back. I had been through four times of not sending him to school, and this year was the most difficult. We were not going to be able to experience all of the fun things that go with being a senior —homecoming dances, football games, the prom, a special date. All of the fun things we did with his brother Tom & sister Elizabeth—we wouldn't have the chance to do. His brother Mike also missed out on those fun things—his little brother had just died, and nothing was fun. I felt as though we had been robbed twice.

As the first day of school approached that week, I became more miserable. I missed my son, and the last opportunity to have him do what he should have been doing. I didn't know how to get past this terrible grief that I was feeling.

The day before school started, one of Joe's friends called, just to talk. We had a wonderful conversation, about school starting, and all that was happening. I'm sure that call came straight from heaven. It was nice to have a little input into "a senior's" plans for the year.

The next day—the first day of school —I went to the bank to have a check made out for the recipient of Joe's scholarship. I thought how appropriate that it happened to fall on this day, that I happened to be there to get the money. It was a good feeling to be able to do something in Joe's memory on a day that was very difficult for me.

That should be the last first day of school I have to worry about, but I've learned through the wonderful people at TCF that I don't have to go through this alone, and there will be more events that

blind-side me, but we'll make it through together, and we have someone who understands. As I talked to people this past month, I realized that there were many more than myself who had the same "problem" with that first day of school. These are the "special days" that other people don't think about, and they can sometimes be most difficult!!

*--Janet Keller, TCF, York Chapter "In loving memory of our son and brother, Joe Keller."*

**Out of the Blue**

“How is it several years down the road?” I’m sometimes asked. Maybe they want to hear that I’m “all over it” and that everything is hunky dory in my life now that this much time has elapsed. I have to admit in all honesty that, though it is much better where I am now, as compared to way back there where fresh, raw and bleeding grief abides, I do still have to deal with the remnants of grief from time to time. It comes and sits on my shoulder and says, “Here I am, deal with me again,” and I do, for denying the remnants doesn’t work anymore than denying the fresh grief works.

The main difference is that I have had eight years to learn about my needs on those yearly special events, such as birthdays, death days, Mother’s Day, holidays, etc., and I know how to handle those times. Practice hasn’t made me perfect, but it has helped. Those days don’t devastate me as they once did. I don’t anticipate them weeks ahead of time as I did when I was learning to create a life without my child. Long ago, I created my new life, my new normal.

The things that cause me to deal with the pain again are not things I am able to anticipate. Instead, they come “out of the blue” to mow me down…not kind enough to give me warning. For example, occasions such as the birth of a baby boy…to my brother’s son and his wife, seeming to assure that with good luck my family’s name would be perpetuated. Although I knew intellectually that my husband’s family name would die with him, since our son had not married when he died, I had not dealt emotionally with that fact. As I looked at that beautiful baby boy there in the hospital nursery, there was no way in the world I could have anticipated my painful response as I admitted that we would never have that particular

grandchild to carry on my husband’s family name.

It is a one-time experience. Once you have dealt with that “out of the blue” event, it becomes, like the yearly special days, familiar. So much so that when my nephew’s second son was born two years later, there were no remnants hanging about. So, I know this was yet another first I had put behind me. I also knew there would be other firsts I would have to face.

*--Mary Cleckley, Atlanta, GA*

**On Halloween**

Dusk brings a masked parade

Of children to the door.

Dressed up, they come in twos and threes;

Small ghosts, wrapped up in fresh designer sheets,

A pair of GI Joes, a giggling Minnie Mouse,

One witch whose long, green rubber nose

Hangs from her chin.

And clowns whose lipstick

Smiles are smeared and mixed

With chocolate stains.

They ring the chimes, thrust out  
 brown sacks

Half-filled with popcorn balls and sweets.

They come all evening long.

Then, much later, when black nightfall hides all but

The pumpkin’s jagged, candled eyes,

A boy appears, alone.

He wears a vampire’s opera cloak, and

Smiling, bares his plastic, blood-tipped fangs.

His satin cape, his eager stance,

Perhaps the way he tilts his head,

All call to mind another Halloween,

Another boy, my own. Long dead.

This straggler gazes, pleased, as though his

“Trick or Treat” indeed had frightened me,

Then waits till I extend my hand around the door to fill his fists with M&Ms.

Then, porch lit, wait to watch him elbow up his cape before his face,

Then whirl, and fade into the shadowed street.

Alone, I hear his feet strike gravel,

His laughter greet a friend,

And, listening, know

His coming shows All Hallows Eve   
to be true;

A night when spirits do arise to walk

And do steal in although we close

And bar the door of vaulted memory.

*-- Don Rude*

**Anger at God After a Child Dies**--Grieving people don’t need their feelings about God stifled or redirected. God can handle the anger of humans without our defense or justification. Anger is a normal, healthy part of the grief process. —*Rev. Al Miles*

###### It’s Bittersweet at Halloween

This month is the time for the little funny-looking creatures appearing at our doors for a trick or treat. Halloween was never my favorite day of the year. I think it was because I could never come up with those cute original costumes for my girls like every other mother managed to do every year. It seemed like after answering the door and seeing 200 original costumes I’d always think to myself, “Why didn’t I think of that?” I’d tuck a few ideas away in my head for the next year, but when the time came to execute those ideas, I had tucked them so far away I couldn’t remember them.

Once again we were scrambling around the house on October 31st trying to come up with ideas that both girls would be happy with. There was a difference of six years between our two daughters, and that wasn’t the only difference. Kirsten’s candy would last until Easter, and then we’d throw it out. JoAnn would eat her candy from house to house and come home with a full stomach and empty bag.

In the summer of 1978, JoAnn had her second open heart surgery. She died July 2, 1978, at age 6. When October rolled around, I dreaded seeing the little children coming to the door, remembering how JoAnn loved the candy and the enthusiasm of the evening.

As the evening wore on, I realized that the neighbors and people who knew us had, no doubt, told the children not to come to our house. My emotions were very mixed up. On the one hand I knew the parents were trying to protect us from the first holiday experience without JoAnn. It was very kind of them. On the other hand, it only reminded me of how different our home was now. When 9 o’clock came it was a relief to know the first event was over.

It has been many years now since Jo Ann died. Halloween doesn’t bother me, but we all know that the next day we turn the calendar, and November is here with the holidays around the corner. These are hard times whether you are a newly bereaved

parent or have lived a number of years since your child died. We need not walk alone but reach out to each other. One of the greatest blessings to me now is the gift of memory. I cherish the happy memories of JoAnn in all the seasons of the year.

*--Cindy Holt, TCF, Jamestown, NY*

**…in the autumn**

Some people love to see the changes in the color of the leaves

When the sky is clear and dark blue as the sea.

They love to smell the oak leaves burning

But it is then my heart is yearning

To be with the ones I know I cannot see.

There’s something in the autumn that makes my heart so heavy,

I miss them all but know they’re where they should all be.

If I can make it through the winter,

And see the spring unfold before me,

Then I’ll know once more they’re there,   
and wait for me.

When the morning sun comes later, and the afternoons die early,

And my spirits drop like leaves around my feet,

I’m so aware that I am mortal

And I can almost see the portal

That I will pass through and be evermore complete.

*--Jim O‘Neil, TCF, Montgomery, AL*

**October’s Memories**

October’s here, the air is bright,

The leaves decked out in fancy dress,

The clouds in shapes of animals

Hang in the sky so blue.

This was our time of year, your favorite.

How many times did you come in,

Cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling,

Smelling of the leaves you jumped through

As a child and even after you grew up.

How many times did you say

“Just smell, just feel the air.

I love it, crisp,

With a hint of winter coming.”

Our time, but now only my time.

Time to dream dreams that won’t be.

Time to wish wishes that can’t come true,

Time to remember and treasure each day

we had together.

Time for October’s memories.

*--Arden Lansing, TCF, Northfield, NJ*

**A New Career**

My eldest’s health was challenged

From three to thirty-two.

She suffered smiling, uncomplaining,

Each milestone a battle left to do.

One night, God chose to ease her pain

And bring her home to light.

Surrounded by just love and joy,

Family, friends and flowers so bright.

I’m sure at her homecoming,

She picked a red rose centerpiece.

Also, a purple, velvet chaise,

And chocolates upon which to feast.

Now down to business, work begins

Her pink home filled with books.

She spends each moment reading

To the smallest ones, in cozy nooks.

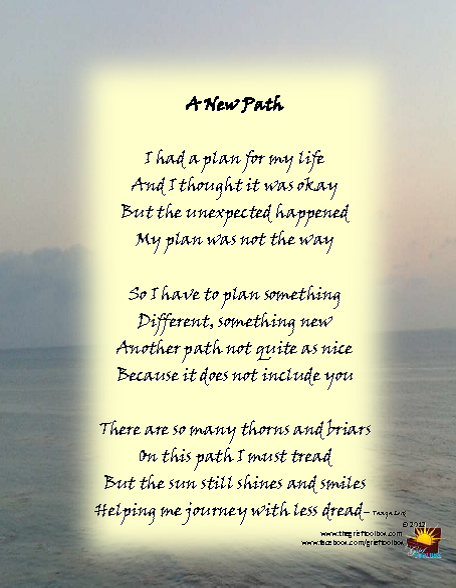
They’ll take a break, and go outside

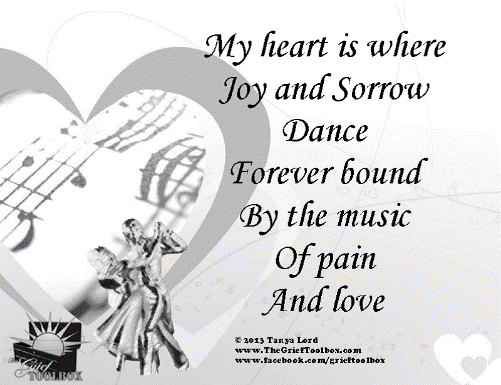
To see animals galore.

Her other love of God’s creatures

Plus children make her blest heart soar.

--Barbara Batson



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**Words from Sacha Wagner**

***To the Dead Infants***

*They are gone*

*these young hearts*

*these flawless souls.*

*They are gone*

*and we must grieve*

*their loss—*

*we must remember.*

*But when we begin to live again,*

*then we can be*

*each one of us*

*a heritage of humanness*

*a memorial of hope*

*a sign of closer understanding*

*in their name*

*who are gone,*

*these young hearts*

*these flawless souls—*

*in their name*

*let our lives grow*

***Solace***

*In the smallest hour of your day,*

*when you are alone*

*with things remembered,*

*questions unanswered*

*and unfinished dreams, then:*

*give to yourself*

*the gifts of your kindness,*

*bring to yourself*

*the comforts of forgiving,*

*share with yourself*

*the mercy of your love.*

***Traditions***

*Have you been taught*

*to cry without a sound*

*(the tears descending*

*like a cutting edge)?*

*Have you been taught*

*to smile beyond endurance*

*(your throat an aching*

*lock around your heart)?*

*Have you been taught*

*to owe the world your service*

*until your mind*

*seems not to be your own?*

*Do not consent.*

*Truth teaches other lessons:*

*grief needs to sob aloud;*

*grief does not want to smile;*

*grief wants to serve*

*your inner healing, first.*

***Wish***

*I wish you gentle days*

*and quiet nights.*

*I wish you memories*

*to keep you strong.*

*I wish you time to smile*

*and time for song.*

*And then I wish you friends*

*to give you love,*

*when you are hurt and lost*

*and life is blind.*

*I wish you friends and love*

*and peace of mind.*

***Giving Thanks***

*I cannot hold your hands today,*

*I cannot see your smile.*

*I cannot hear your voices now,*

*my children, who are gone.*

*But I recall your faces still,*

*the songs, the talks, the sighs.*

*And story times and winter walks,*

*and sharing secret things.*

*I know you helped my mind to live*

*beyond your time with me.*

*You gave me clearer eyes to see,*

*you gave me finer ears to hear,*

*what living means,*

*what dying means,*

*my children, who are gone.*

*So here it is Thanksgiving Day,*

*and you are not with me.*

*And while I weep a mother’s tears,*

*I thank you for the gifts you were,*

*and all the gifts you gave to me,*

*my children, who are gone.*

###### *The Other Season*

*Look to the season of your memories—  
it fills the weather of your life*

*with mildness.*

*It turns to laughter what your love remembers:*

*the sound of words, invented new for singing,*

*discovery of all-important secrets.*

*Look to the season of your memories—  
it sets an ordinary past to music.*

*It changes ordinary tears to treasure.*

*It gives your faded pictures shape*

*and color:*

*the touch of eyes, a walk-in foggy twilight.*

*Look to the season of your memories—*

*how rich you were and be how rich again.*

*Look to the season of your memories:*

*mourn and recall the Child you love,*

*you love—*

*until you lose yourself—*

*to find yourself*

***Who Is to Say—***

*Love and death*

*are the most powerful events*

*in human experience.*

*Joy and grief*

*are the natural companions*

*of love and death*

*Who is to say*

*that we could have*

*love and joy*

*if we had not*

*death and grief?*

***In Time…***

*When we grieve and hurt, we seem to*

*be more aware of everyone’s*

*shortcomings, mistakes and limitations.*

*When we grieve and hurt, we seem to be*

*less capable of forgiveness and understanding.*

*When we grieve and hurt, we must try*

*to realize that feelings of anger*

*and bitter frustration are natural.*

*We must also recognize that most of*

*this angry sensitivity is temporary.*

*In time, we will rediscover our ability to understand and forgive  
 many people,*

*not only others in the world around us, but also ourselves.*

*The important word here is “IN TIME”*

**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.**

# Love Gifts

**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**

*For Remembrance dates please visit our website at* [*www.easternjacksoncountytcf.org*](http://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*](mailto: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.*