

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



December 2015
Volume 27, Number 12

The Compassionate Friends is an international self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved parents and siblings.

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Meeting Information

When: First Thursday of
each month. 7-9 p.m.
Where: St. Timothy's Church
16700 Newburgh Road, Livonia,
East side of Newburgh, 1/4 mile S. of
Six Mile

Coming Events:

NEXT MEETING -December 3- We will be having a pot luck at our Dec. meeting. Please bring a snack/dish to share, maybe a favorite of your child. Candle Lighting at the meeting will begin at 8 p.m. Candles will be provided.

December 13 - Annual Candle Lighting

December 15 -TCF Dinner-sign up at meeting or call Kathy 734-306-3930 or katjrambo@wowway.com

No Craft meeting in December

Remember

Remember the children, we ask tonight,
As we continue this wave of light.
Remember the babies, never given a
chance,
To grow, to play, to love, or dance.
Remember the toddlers, just starting to
live,
Teddy Bears and blankies and big hugs
to give.
Remember the children, who grew
strong and true,
Maybe struck by an illness that devas-
tated you.
Remember the teenagers and the prom-
ise in each,
Taken suddenly or slowly, beyond our
reach.
Don't forget the adult child, fully
grown,
Whether 18 or 80, we still called them
our own.
Our grandchildren, sisters and brothers
have died,
For nieces and nephews and cousins,
we've cried.
Some of us say, "I've lost my dreams,"
While others say, "my memories."
So tonight we remember with this
candlelight,
So like our love that shines so bright.
Marilyn Rollins
TCF Lake-Porter County, IN

The Compassionate Friends

Worldwide Candle Lighting

Join us on December 13, 2015



"...that their light may always shine."

Please join us on December 13, 2015 at Kellogg Park, Plymouth, MI for our 19th Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting sponsored by The Compassionate Friends. Program starts at 7:00 pm. Family and friends are invited. Candles will be provided. There will be a candle light vigil, music, poems and reading of our children's names. The memory trees will be decorated with ornaments made for our children. You can register your child at our December chapter meeting, by calling 734-778-0800 or email: tcfcandlelight@yahoo.com.

We hope you can come and spend an evening with our families and friends to honor our children who have died too soon.



Our Children Loved and Remembered Always

This month, we remember the children who are so deeply and sadly missed. Please take a few moments to place them and their parents in your thoughts.

Let Us Remember Them Always

<i>Child</i>	<i>Parent, Grandparent, Sibling</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Age</i>
Brian Holmes	Sherry Alchin	December 19	39 yrs
John Robert Lee	Janet Anusavage	December 18	17 yrs
Jonathan (Jonny)	Jacob Bartlett	December 24	7 yrs
Brian	Joan Begley	December 19	39 yrs
Danny	Roger and Sally Cassidy	December 11	21 yrs
Braela Elise Cooper	Maya Cooper	December 13	1 day
John "Johnny"	Rosemarie Denton	December 18	21 yrs
Aziza Yasmeen	Amjad & Fauzia Ghori	December 27	10 yrs
Sarah	Ted and Barbara Gittleman	December 21	23 yrs
Jordan	Jodi Griffin	December 30	10 yrs
Lori Ann	Sue Horwitz	December 31	33 yrs
Julie	Chris and Patty Ibbetson	December 09	20 yrs
David	Jan Jacobs	December 20	28 yrs
Annie M. Just		December 23	51 yrs
Max	Jim and Gail Lafferty	December 26	18 yrs
Sami, Jr.	Sam & Donna Mashni	December 25	25 yrs
Monica	Karen Morris	December 08	12 yrs
Christy	Alan Mueller	December 26	27 yrs
Michaela Elizabeth	Brigette Murphy	December 26	7 months
Paul	Joe and Laura Myers	December 28	24 yrs
Amber	Justin and Manda Puttock	December 26	8 yrs
Joshua	Debbie Quiqley	December 28	19 yrs
Michael	Angelynn Raffail	December 25	38 yrs
Christopher Katranis	Cindy Romeos	December 17	21 yrs
Lisa	Al and Sandy Salloum	December 28	39 yrs
Matthew	Cathy Seccia	December 22	37 yrs
Ted Guenther	Kathy Smith	December 04	33 yrs
Steven	Gene and Sylvia Szmigiel	December 14	31 yrs
Bella Noelle	Frank and Tracy Trupiano	December 13	1 day
David	Paul and Barbara Widzinski	December 03	16 yrs
Justin	Michael and Janice Wortmann	December 27	26 yrs
Dennis	Pat Wyatt	December 22	44 yrs
Ian	Candy Zimmie	December 05	27 yrs

Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Howard Cherry	Russi Arden	December 12	16 yrs
Nicholas Tomasin	Roberta Babics	December 25	19 yrs
Greg	Brenda and Roger Brummel	December 22	27 yrs
Christopher David	Jim and Judy Cappelli	December 30	28 yrs
Braela Elise Cooper	Maya Cooper	December 13	1 day
David Jones II	Sharon and Dave Curson	December 30	16 yrs
Cynthia Schreidel	Roxane Dikeman	December 02	39 yrs
Aziza Yasmeen	Amjad & Fauzia Ghori	December 09	10 yrs
Brian	Norm and Laverne Jinerson	December 18	43 yrs
Jeffery A. Koniarz	Grant and Patti Keys	December 18	32 yrs
Duane Suess	Jeannie Mazur	December 01	30 yrs



Karen	Gerald and Lorraine McDonnell	December 16	20 yrs
Cameron	Judy McGibbon-Bjorklund	December 29	36 yrs
Matthew	Dave & Sue Middleton	December 28	23 yrs
Kenny	Jeff and Mary Schmitigal	December 02	18 yrs
Lucas	Dawn Serven	December 24	1 1/2 yrs
Kristy Spence	Sharon and Jim Stanek	December 28	29 yrs
Capt. John Spolsky	Norita and Tim Sullivan	December 19	26 yrs
Peter Kornblum	Catherine Thayer/Michael Conway	December 07	40 yrs
Emire Thomas	Bryant and Sherita Thomas	December 14	29 yrs
Chris	Nenena Tomoski	December 24	24 yrs
Bella Noelle	Frank and Tracy Trupiano	December 13	1 day
Jennifer Nietiedt	Karl and Lisa Viperman	December 28	14 yrs
Laura	Robert and Mary Vitolins	December 08	15 yrs
Brandon	Catherine Walker	December 01	18 yrs
Paula	Patsy Watkins	December 15	26 yrs
Lucas Joshua Serven	Debra Wright	December 24	1 yr
Jonathan Neuberger	Valerie Donndelinger (Aunt)	December 14	21 yrs
Carol	Barbara Jones	December 06	45 yrs
Matthew	Rick & Cindy Yotti	December 05	10 yrs

A Love Gift is a gift of money to Compassionate Friends. It is usually in honor of a child who has died, but may also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to make a donation to help in the work of the Livonia Compassionate Friends. The money from Love Gifts is the main source of income for the Livonia Chapter, and allows the chapter to send out newsletters, rent meeting space, and reach out to those newly bereaved. See new Love Gift form on back page.

PLEASE FORWARD LOVE GIFTS TO: THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS,

C/O: RHONDA TEMPLE, 25164 Hanover St., Dearborn Heights, MI 48125

LOVE GIFTS



- ♥ JoAnne Tappan "In memory of Kevin Joseph Tappan. With love at Christmas, Mom"
- ♥ Catherine Walker "In memory of my son Brandon Walker and my brother Kevin Kalahar. Miss & love you both, son & little brother. 5 years Angel Day brother & Happy Birthday Son! Xoxo"
- ♥ Roger & Sally Cassidy "In memory of Danny. We miss you so much. Love always, Mom, Dad, Matt & Mike"
- ♥ John & Lisa Pardington "In memory of Max. Merry Christmas Max – We love & miss you every day. Love, Mom, Dad, Claire, Emily & Jack"
- ♥ Brian & Connie Smith "In memory of Abigail Madelyn. Merry Christmas to our Angel Abby"

New Members

We welcome new members. We are so sorry for the circumstance that has brought you here. Although we have no easy answers, we can offer you understanding through our common experiences. We also know how much courage it took for you to attend. We suggest you try coming for at least three meetings to be able to perhaps understand Compassionate Friends.

Sam & Donna Mashni whose beloved son, **Sami, Jr.**, Born 9/21; Died 12/25; 25 years

Gabrielle Colvin, whose beloved son, **Johnnie**, Born 5/17; Died 7/31; 41 years

A Christmas Wish

I'll miss you at Christmas
When laughter's everywhere,
When church bells chime
In merry rhyme
And warmth is in the air.

I'll think of you at Christmas
Of when you were with me,
Of simple joys and silly toys
And days that used to be.

I'll miss you at Christmas
When children's faces glow,
And gaze in childish wonderment
At Santa and presents in a row.

I wish a Christmas miracle
Could bring you back this way,
And we could be together
For one more Christmas day.
Lily deLauder

Christmas Past

I am spending Christmas in the past
this year
A time of laughter and good cheer.
When the kids were all gathered round
the tree with delight
And my heart took a picture, of this
most perfect night.
A warm fire and some eggnog, hugs,
and big smiles
My heart and mind race back through
time and miles.
The laughter and fun we all shared is
still there
The Christmas of the present is just
too bare.
So I choose Christmas of past gone
years
The ones that were not filled with
heartache and tears.
And if you care to join me all you
have to do
Is gently close your eyes, remember a
time, and in a second you will be there
too.
Remember the love from the past is
still here
It does not leave us, and is always
near.
So no matter where you spend Christ-
mas this year
Be filled with the love, of the past
gone years.

Sheila Simmons

*In memory of her son Steve Simons 3/24-
10/19*

I Sent You a Kiss Today

I sent you a kiss today. Did you get it?
I sent it by airmail. I kissed my fingers
and then opened them to the breeze
and watched it go. I tucked in some
hugs and well wishes, too. Did you get
them?

I thought of you today. Did you know
that? Could you feel my arms round
you? My thoughts caressing your
shoulders, my mind trying to reach
yours.

I spoke to you today. Did you hear
me? I spoke to you of everyday things.
I talked about how the clouds moved
across the sky, sending shadows
whisking over the lawn that I had just
raked. I told you how pretty it looked

as the leaves swirled gently in the
breeze. Do you remember the times
when we would lay together in the
grass and just watch the clouds make
shapes in the sky? I told you about my
remembering that today, too.

I talked to you about how the sun
sparkles on the water in the pond and
how the wind chime has the loveliest
tones. I wonder if you can hear them?
I told you about my day, the mundane
little things that kept me busy. I ironed
and dusted and vacuumed and moved
some things around—mostly just rear-
ranging things. I cleaned the blinds
and polished the silver—just regular
things—nothing special, except I
thought of you as I did them.

I told you about my Big Project and
how far it seems to the end. I keep
thinking of new ways to get it finished
and that just makes the whole thing
take longer...but of course, you know
that about me, don't you?

I watched you today. Did you see
me, too? I watched a puppy scamper
across the yard, tugging its young
owner. I watched a brand-new driver
trying to fit into a parallel parking
space and I laughed, remembering. Do
you remember things?

I saw an old lady and an even older
man holding hands as they crossed the
street and the look they shared remind-
ed me of us. That secret sharing of
something just between them. I missed
you today. Do you miss me, too?

I planned the menu for the family
dinner today and I asked you what you
wanted. Do you still like mashed po-
tatoes and butter, green bean casserole
and cranberry relish? I baked two pies
and saved some dough for you, so you
could pat it out and fill it with straw-
berry jam and then bake it, making a
little —patty pan pie just for you. Do
you still do that, some- times?

I counted the chairs and called a
neighbor because I have to borrow
two more. Or I guess two people could
stand, or maybe they won't come. I
washed three loads of laundry and
ironed the tablecloth and put the nap-
kin rings out. I wished you were here
to help, like you used to. You always

put the napkins in the rings just so and
made them look so special.

I wore your sweater today. I hope
you don't mind. It turned cool, and the
breeze turned into a wind and I had to
take the wind chime in. The last bits of
summer are gone now, packed away
until the next time around.

I found your blanket today, tucked
way down in the cedar chest. I was
looking for the afghan to put over the
back of the rocking chair and there it
was...waiting for me. So I hugged it
and wrapped myself in it like you used
to do. It was only for a moment, but I
thought I heard you in the next room
so I went to look. It was only the timer
on the dryer downstairs. But, for a mo-
ment, I thought it was you.

I saw you today...in a hundred places
in the house, the yard, across the
street, waiting in line at the bank
and walking just ahead of me at the
grocery store. Why didn't you turn
around? Didn't you know I was there?

I sang to you today. I'm still not very
good, but the choir master says I am —
enthusiastic. Maybe it will be my tick-
et of admission—enthusiasm should
be worth something somewhere.

I dreamed of you today and for just a
little while, we were one again. Hand
in hand, arm in arm, head to head,
heart to heart, lives wrapped around
and through each other, like two peas
in a pod, two puppies in a basket,
two people in love. I haven't stopped
loving you—have you stopped loving
me? I hope not.

I'll be okay. I am okay. It's just that
sometimes, I want you here, right here
with me, not just in my thoughts, my
dreams, my prayers, my me. I want
you here.... And then, you are. I only
have to touch my heart to feel yours
beating. I only have to whisper your
name to hear mine spoken. I only have
to count my blessings, count the mo-
ments we had, to know I am rich be-
yond any man's measure. We were and
still are and that's all I need. It wasn't
enough and it will never be enough,
but it was something and for that, I am
forever thankful...today, tomorrow and
always.

I sent you a kiss today...and you sent one back. Thanks...for the little while.
Darcie D. Sims

How Many Stockings Do We Hang?

I began a tradition after that first dreadful Christmas blur of hanging my daughter's stocking up along with the rest of the family. Then each year I do something special in her memory...like take a name from an "Angel Tree" at the mall or where ever and buy a gift for a needy child in her memory. I put the angel note in her stocking. Things like that. As the years are passing, her stocking is filling up with good deeds done in her memory and things I know she would appreciate knowing were done in her name, my beloved "Carissa."

It helps refocus the heartbreak of missing her into something positive and helpful. The pain eases over the years but Christmas is always so hard to get through no matter what. God comfort you all as you face another Christmas without your precious children.

Peace and Hugs,
Debby, mom to angel Carissa

The Gift of Words

On Thanksgiving Day, 1994, two of my three young adult sons, Erik and David, were killed in a freak car accident. Years after the accident, my husband and I were at David's college alma mater for a holiday event. I was in the dessert line when a woman came up to me and said, "I saw your name tag—are you David Aasen's mom?" After doing a double take (it had been some time since I had been asked what used to be a rather common question), I replied with much appreciation, "Yes, I am!" With those three, almost magical, words this person gave me five gifts.

Her first gift was saying David's name. Instead of just thinking to herself, Hmmm, I bet that's David Aasen's mom but I better not say anything, she said something. Her second gift was sharing a story with me about

how her daughter, a classmate of David's, still treasures the friendship she and David shared. Acknowledging that I'm still a mom was her all-important third gift. While my sons' deaths have resulted in my becoming a bereaved mother, death cannot take away the fact that I am, and always will be, Erik and David's mom.

The fourth gift was permission to share a bit of my grief journey with her. Since their deaths, I explained, there haven't been any truly easy, carefree, feeling-on-top-of-the-world days, but taking each day as it comes has been the most "doable" way for me to go on. Her questions and manner did not make me feel obligated to cover up my grief and was the fifth gift. I felt valued for my honesty and my integrity remained intact.

The warmth of those five gifts has lingered on in my heart and has comforted me. As I reflect on the experience, I marvel at how just a few simple words had such an impact. I have come to the conclusion that most bereaved parents want nothing more than the opportunity to talk comfortably with others about their children. Just being able to share stories about our sons and daughters in a safe place, along with the permission to mourn in our own way and for as long as we need, even for a lifetime, is what matters most to us.

The real treasure comes when others introduce our children's names and stories into an everyday conversation. Knowing our sons and daughters are remembered and live on in the hearts and lives of others is a measure of the meaningful legacy that our sons and daughters have left to us and to the world.

Nita Aasen

Morning Thoughts

The morning walk from the bus to work takes 10 minutes. It is my opportunity to plumb random thoughts in my head to see what's cooking on the inside.

This morning I thought about an upcoming wedding for my sweet, tal-

ented niece. The couple has selected a gorgeous venue in the High Sierras for their celebration.

The women will wear long swirling gowns. Mine is already hanging in the closet. I will dance with my new partner Scott. I look forward to that light airy moment when the dancing begins.

I would have danced at this wedding with my son Art had he lived to see that day. Five years ago I would have danced with Art at his sister Jessica's wedding had he lived to see that day.

My son's sudden death eight years ago broke me. My spouse's death four years later hurt me. Somehow I reassembled to live life fully. I would not be defined by their deaths. Role models were there aplenty at monthly TCF meetings. I wanted to be like them.

I learned that a grief journey is unique and dynamic. It was not quick or easy, but today my life is thrilling again and fulfilling. I still grieve and always will.

Someday, in a different form, I will dance with my son. That will be a celebration too. I miss him, at times to a breaking point. In the calm moments of my day, I hold my son and my husband in my heart and I live in present moment.

Monica Colberg
A Compassionate Friend-Minneapolis

Journal Entries

June 4, 2007

Grief is a series of ever widening circles. It starts with suddenness of the death of someone you love more than life itself. And the circles spread out. You are drawn down with the death, taken under the water, struggling for breath. You slowly rise back to the surface, starting to take in life again. But the circles catch you unawares at times, slamming you with the loss all over again, dragging you back to the very bottom. You never know when you might run into one of the circle's edges, or when they will pass right through you. The circles go out as far as you can possibly imagine...for the rest of your life here. You realize that they will never end. Perhaps their strength diminishes, I'm not sure – but

you know they will never, never end.
February 21, 2009

So here I am...sitting here on the floor of this now empty house, memories of our time echoing around me. Bringing you home here as a newborn baby – all the way to sitting on the back steps visiting with you on a soft September day, just before you left this world – and all our times in between. My baby, my little blond boy, my handsome young man, my son. Oh yes, I claim all the possessiveness allowed one proud mom! Our happy times, challenging times, you and me against the world times.

I close my eyes and think of all the tears, all the laughs, all the pride and joy you brought into this world ... I see your beautiful smile and remember how hard you sometimes found life ... and how you worked so diligently to find your path and walked it honestly and faced it mostly without fear. How I admire you for that!

Well ... time to go ... I shake myself a little and get up, stretch my stiff legs ... this floor is chilly. Take one last look around, tears coming now. Take a deep breath, swallow hard and close the door to our home for the final time. And carry you away with me ... tucked forever and always in my heart...

*Becky Price, in loving memory of son Josh
TCF Rochester, New York*

To Our Family and Friends

The “Holiday Season” is a time of family – festive gatherings, worshipping together, sharing love and gifts, and cherished memories. For the bereaved parent, these aspects of the season are precisely what makes us dread its arrival.

The absence of our child when the “whole family” gathers seems to accentuate our incomplete family. We are sorely reminded of “how it used to be” and don’t want to accept what is now. We need patience and understanding of our family and friends to help us through the holidays as best we can.

We may want to change the way we spend Thanksgiving, Christmas, or

Hanukkah. If the family traditionally gathers at one house, perhaps the gathering place could be changed, especially if the gathering home is that of the bereaved. If we do prepare the meal, be aware that we may not have the energy we have had in the past and will need a lot of help.

Perhaps we’ll try to avoid the holiday altogether by going away for a few days. Whatever our thoughts are for coping with the day, please take our feelings into consideration when you make your plans.

For some of us shopping for gifts is a painful experience. The stores’ festive decorations and music belie our mood, as we feel forced into participating in the “season”. We think longingly about that special gift we won’t be buying this year. Again, our depression saps us of the energy to do the things we have done in the past, and we need your understanding for the things that remain undone.

Perhaps the single most helpful thing you can do for us is to include our child in the holidays. We want to hear his/her name, to have you recall fond memories of their lives, to know that you, too, are feeling their absence and remembering them with love.

Getting through the holidays is a rough task for bereaved parents. We need to handle them in a way that we feel is best for ourselves and our families. We ask for your love and support during this especially difficult time.

*Marge Henning
TCF, West Orange NJ*

Our TCF Livonia Chapter is grateful for ...

As 2015 comes to an end, we all know that in the midst of our grief, it is sometimes hard to remember the many things we have to be grateful for.

We are grateful for Catherine Walker, Sally Cassidy and Joyce Gradinscak stepping up to be the leaders of our group and providing compassion and love to all who find us.

We are grateful for Rhonda Temple who is our treasurer who cares for our

money so that we may help bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings.

We are grateful for Manda Puttock for printing name tags so that we all get to know each other.

We are grateful for Troy Lafferty who leads the sibling group.

We are grateful for Lee Temple and Roger Cassidy for leading the men’s table.

We are grateful for Kathy Rambo and Gail Lafferty who show us ways to keep our children’s memory alive by making crafts and using our hands to help our healing. A special thank you to Connie McCann for keeping our supply of craft items on going.

We are grateful for Brenda Brummel who produces our monthly newsletter and handles our Livonia website.

We are grateful for those who donate funds in memory of their child, grandchild or sibling so that our group can continue helping parents, grandparents or siblings who suffer this horrible loss.

We are grateful that we now have a TCF Supper group to offer a relaxed atmosphere for us to have dinner and conversation or share stories about our loved ones.

We are grateful for our Bowling Fundraiser organized by Kathy Rambo and to all who help and who attend to support our group.

We are grateful for all who help with our annual Candle Lighting and Memory Tree held in Kellogg Park in Plymouth.

We are grateful for St. Timothy’s Presbyterian Church for allowing us to have a meeting place for our chapter.

We are grateful for all of you who help our chapter by facilitating, volunteering, helping another bereaved family and in so many other ways. We thank you for being a part of this group that no one wants to be a member of. We all have met special friends and by sharing our stories have come to know your child, grandchild, brother or sister, even though we’ve never met them here on earth. Our support of each other continues and we will be forever grateful

SIBS

A Son Shares His Grief

My son's only sibling, Maggie, his younger sister, my daughter, died almost four years ago, suddenly. She was twenty-two; he was twenty-seven. Perhaps because he is a man who does not easily talk about his feelings, we usually share our grief in oblique ways, but those moments are nonetheless intimate and meaningful.

However, this past summer, when I was visiting my son and his girlfriend, Jacqui, for a week, we had a chance to talk about his grieving more directly. He was relaxed, on vacation from his teaching job, and we puttered around his new house, making a garden, and enjoying being together. We spoke often of Maggie and slowly, as we worked side by side, we made our way around to talk of how it is now, this grieving his sister. Here's what he told me:

"I've had a broad reach about all the things that were going to be affected by Maggie's death right from the beginning. I thought about the immediate losses and into the future; maybe that's just me and my personality, but I cast a wide net into the realm of all that Maggie's death was going to touch. And I knew it was never going to go away. I'm not sure that my grieving has really changed a lot; once the initial shock wore off the depth of the grieving has been pretty constant, which has surprised me.

The process of becoming an only child is a lot of things. Obviously, it's not always like that for everyone who loses a sibling, you might go from being four to being three, but for me, I'm the only child now. I always consulted with Maggie about stuff, family stuff and life stuff, and I miss that. No one else knew me like she did. The other part is thinking about my parents'

getting older and being now the only potential caretaker and the prospect of doing that from a distance and alone is daunting. Having all the attention on me is weird and sometimes hard; it's not like everything got doubled when Maggie died, but just knowing that all family-oriented business and conversations are falling just to me is sometimes a lot. There's no divide and conquer going on when it comes to the kids and Mom and Dad.

Having someone who you were expecting to have through all the big life events not be there is really what gets me the most. Maggie won't get to come watch my soccer team play and she won't ever visit us here at the new house. She'll never know Jacqui. Jacqui is very receptive to Maggie still being a presence in our lives. It's really nice that she has dreams sometimes about Maggie and almost feels like she knows her. I do wish that they had known one another so that Maggie could be more of a person to Jacqui than just an idea.

Obviously Mom and Dad have been important in helping with processing the grieving, but a lot of my support has been in Mike, who has always been a surrogate brother but now he's really filling the role of the person who has known me the longest in a sibling kind of way. And I can really talk to him.

I find I have very little patience for drama and fighting, especially among family members. I just think: Get over yourselves. Family has always been important to me but now those relationships are more important than ever and the little problems and differences are not worth getting worked up about. We just have to love each other."

It's hard living over five hundred miles from my son, but I make an effort to be with him often and for no specific reason other than that with this child, I can love him in person.
Meg Tipper, September 2012

Need to Talk to Someone Between Meetings?

TELEPHONE FRIENDS:

The people listed below have volunteered to take your calls:

Linda Houghtby - Long term illness - (734) 591-3062

Catherine Walker - Loss of Only Child - (248) 921-2938

Dave and Charli Johnston - Suicide - 734-812-2006

Joe Hofmann - Drug related death - 734-331-9919

Bob Vitolins - A father's grief - (313) 882-8632

Dana and Brandy Bumstead - Loss of an infant -(313) 447-8144

Kathy Rambo - Sudden Death - (734) 306-3930

Remember that our chapter has a Facebook page. It is a closed page, so you just need to search for The Compassionate Friends of Livonia, Michigan and ask to join.

TCF CHAT ROOM

www.compassionatefriends.org

The chat rooms are moderated and are open at different times. There is one open most evenings from 10-11 p.m. They are all moderated which means that all the chat rooms have a trained facilitator in them.

National Mailing Address: PO Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522; Phone: (630) 990-0010; Toll Free: (877)969-1101; Website: www.compassionatefriends.org

OTHER TCF CHAPTERS IN OUR AREA:

Ann Arbor: Mike Fedel: MikeFedela2@gmail.com; 734-998-0360 ; 3rd Sunday, 2:30 to 4:30 pm - First Presbyterian Church (Vance Room)1432 Washtenaw, Ann Arbor

St. Clair Shores: 2nd Wed. Kathy Joerin ; 586-293-6176, KJMac21@aol.com
Detroit : Kellie West Outer Drive Methodist Church,12065 West Outer Drive, Detroit ; 2nd Wed., 6:30 - 8:30; 734-660-9557.

Troy: St. Paul's Methodist Church, 620 Romeo, Rochester, MI 3rd Thursday7-9; Tina@586-634-0239

Pinckney TCF Chapter: The Christian House of Prayer, 9949 McGregor Road, Pinckney, MI; 2nd Monday of the month, 6 - 8 pm; Jimmy Batchelor - 734-277-9705



TCF Livonia Chapter
Brenda Brummel
10531 Calumet Trail
Gaylord, MI 49735

December 2015

If any of you would be willing to get the newsletter via the internet,
please email me. Thanks, Brenda Brummel

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Mail to: Rhonda Temple, 25164 Hanover St., Dearborn Heights, MI 48125

Only December

Feelings heavy, tears and tears.
Will the darkness last?
Or is it only December?

Hadn't past months
brought peace and hope?
Where is the strength
of October and November?

Lights, carols, ornaments on trees,
cards from friends,
happy times in seasons past.
We remember. We remember.

Will January bring light at last?
Will we be stronger then,
for making it through
this December?

When people ask
how I'm doing I say,
Well . . . you know . . .
it's December.
Genesee Bourdeau Gentry
from Stars in the Deepest Night