

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



February 2016
Volume 28, Number 2

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 -February 4-
Regular meeting: Newcomer tables, sibling table, topic table: Based on the article on Happiness, what are some things you have done to find happiness in your "new" life?
February 20 - Craft Day -see page 8
February 16 -TCF Dinner-at Brann's Steakhouse (39715 6 Mile, Northville, MI) sign up at meeting or call Kathy 734-306-3930
or katjrambo@wowway.com
March 12 - Bowling Fundraiser -see page 4

The Valentines of Yesterday

In my lifetime I have received many Valentines. Parents, grand-parents, aunts, uncles, school friends, boy-friends, good friends, acquaintances and my husband have showered me over the years with lovely Valentines which I have so appreciated. The tradition of declaring friendship and love on Valentine's Day is a very fond memory.

However, the sweetest Valentines I have ever received are from my son. From the first days in nursery school when my son made a hand plaque and a drawing on construction paper to the final Valentine in 2002, I have cherished these gifts of love from my only child. I have kept every Valentine my son ever made for me or bought for me. I have every Valentine gift he ever gave me. These are the treasures that remind me how special a parent's love truly is. There is no love to compare with the unconditional love we give our children. I think my son knew that nobody in the world would love him as much as his mother did. Yet, he also knew that he would love his children in just this same way. This unconditional parent's love that we give our children is the most precious love in life. It is always our

hope that they, too, will find the joy of this love with their children.

When our child dies, we cling to our unconditional love as we feel the anguish of a final separation on this earthly plane and a tsunami of betrayal as the devastation of this incomprehensible loss sweeps over us. The pain is real. It is physical, emotional, psychological and forever embedded on our psyche. Yet, without that unconditional love, there would be no pain. Who among us would trade the most infinitely rewarding love and the subsequent pain of loss for a life of lukewarm relationships?

And so, as Valentine's Day once again comes into my life, I will look back at this love, at the good times, the wonderful handmade childhood Valentine cards and gifts and the carefully selected cards of adulthood that my son gave to me. His words, his love, his appreciation for all that we had shared as mother and child will be reflected in these treasures. There will be tears, certainly, but these are tempered with the many wonderful, sweet memories of my son and his life. It is these sweet memories which sustain me, give me hope, and bring me gratitude for all that was given to me. My son is forever in my heart. He is with me every day and every night, and especially, he is with me on Valentine's Day.

Annette Mennen Baldwin

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>
Brendan	Cliff and Anne Ahola	February 20	15 yrs
Erika	Tim & Jan Anstett	February 18	21 yrs
David	Judy Brackenridge	February 26	23 yrs
Jennifer Tyrrell	John and Carol Bul	February 01	37 yrs
Bryan Collison	Greg and Bonnie Collison	February 25	28 yrs
Andrew Douglas (Drew)	Kathi Craft	February 21	25 yrs
Jonathan Daniel Forrester	Steve and Amanda Forrester	February 15	27 yrs
John Desmond HellerII	Faye and John Heller	February 20	21 yrs
Mike	Donna Marie Heyer	February 16	30 yrs
Christopher David	Troy Horton	February 23	17 yrs
Chad Mitchell	Tom and Donna Howard	February 15	22 yrs
Brian	Norm and Laverne Jinerson	February 18	43 yrs
Nick	Pat Katsilas	February 22	24 yrs
Andrew Douglas (Drew)	Tammi Kopel	February 23	25 yrs
Rita	Celia Lowe	February 12	54 yrs
Candace Marie	Edward Marcou	February 21	18 yrs
Daniel	Jane Marinelli	February 17	20 yrs
Duane Suess	Jeannie Mazur	February 04	30 yr
Bobby	Carol & Glenn Mead	February 18	31 yrs
Eric	Bob and Sandy Michniewicz	February 19	21 yrs
Matthew	Dave & Sue Middleton	February 25	23 yrs
David	Mike and Linda Milyard	February 24	1 day
Todd Muschott	Barney and Nancy Muschott	February 24	43 yrs
Andrew (Drew)	Dan and Mary Beth Myska	February 17	23 yrs
Chad	Sandra Powell	February 16	38 yrs
Nicole Lynn	Ashley Price and Rachel Ricker	February 23	1 day
Kaydence Marie	Amanda Rutherford	February 13	4 yrs
Kaydence	Spencer Rutherford	February 13	4 yrs
Matthew	Maher & Evon Shounia	February 07	9 yrs
Jeffrey Campbell	Sue Wilson	February 09	30 yrs
Bryan	Angela Wolf	February 10	19 yrs
Christopher	Rick & Cindy Yotti	February 13	10 yrs

Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Michael Christian Smith	Sydney Adams	February 17	3 mos
Brendan	Cliff and Anne Ahola	February 15	15 yrs
Jonathan (Jonny)	Jacob Bartlett	February 04	7 yrs
Jordan	Greg and Sharon Black	February 21	30 yrs
Michael Gagnon	Mary Bodnar	February 28	23 yrs
Michael James	Lisa Chaput	February 07	20 yrs
Blaise Christian Hebert	Flora A. Cocora	February 16	19yrs
Brad	Patricia Custer	February 04	29 yrs
Steven Michael	Lorie Dalpe	February 19	18 yrs
Mark	Wendy DuVall-Angelocci	February 15	25 yrs
Jaime Harmon	Debbie Estep	February 27	28 yrs
Danny	Dan and Ruth Ewing	February 12	26 yrs
Jonathan Daniel Forrester	Steve and Amanda Forrester	February 23	27 yrs



Michael Vincent	Vincent & Sylvia Fregonara	February 27	26 yrs
Jasmine	Elisa Gosselin	February 18	18 yrs
Craig	Ron and Kim Hale	February 23	26 yrs
Blaise Christian Hebert	Christina Hebert	February 16	19 yrs
Dan	Dave and Linda Houghtby	February 01	17 yrs
Scott Stephenson	Dave and Charli Johnston	February 08	23 yrs
Mark Richard	Veronica & Arthur Juarez	February 13	52 yrs
Mark Richard (brother)	Wendy Juarez	February 13	52 yrs
Sara	Eileen Kolodin	February 01	34 yrs
Marty	Jim and Mary Ann Kropinak	February 25	13 yrs
Gregory Alan	David and Elizabeth LaBelle	February 28	31 yrs
Michael	Jeff LaLonde	February 17	25 yrs
Scott	Mark and Carole Larson	February 27	20 yrs
Johnnie	Turesa Lewis	February 07	25 yrs
Mark	Denise Luckow	February 15	18 yrs
Mark	Mike Luckow	February 15	18 yrs
Gene Mitchell Marica	Maickel and Joan Marica	February 21	28 yrs
Tom, Jr.	Connie McCann	February 16	39 yrs
Leanne	Connie and Darrel Mayle	February 14	25 yrs
David	Mike and Linda Milyard	February 24	1 day
Gabe	Eliazbeth & Gabrio Mulatti	February 23	42 yrs
Brandon	Jeff and Lisa Pitts	February 07	2 yrs
Nicole Lynn	Ashley Price and Rachel Ricker	February 23	1 day
Kaydence Marie	Amanda Rutherford	February 12	4 yrs
Kaydence	Spencer Rutherford	February 12	4 yrs
Justin	Monica Schmit	February 14	14 yrs
Matthew	Linda Soto	February 17	22 yrs
Keith	Rose Stenrose	February 13	27 yrs
Albert Horvath	Martha Stott	February 19	58 yrs
David	Gerry and Laura Sulkowski	February 09	23 yrs
Sarah	Craig A. Tebo	February 23	18 yrs
Adam Guetschoff	Deb and Ed Tieppo	February 19	18 yrs
Karyn	Phyllis Werner	February 24	47 yr
Tynan	Rick and Bev Woodard	February 14	6 yrs

Our apology for missing the following listing last month: Adam Birk, the beloved son of Verna Birk, born 5/24; died 1/25; age, 18 years.

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.

Daria Gomez whose beloved son, **Michael**, Born 12/28; Died 4/19; 17 years

Veronica and Arthur Juarez whose beloved son, **Mark Richard**, Born 2/13; Died 10/24; 52 years

Wendy Juarez whose beloved brother, **Mark Richard**, Born 2/13; Died 10/24; 52 years

Glenn & Carol Mead whose beloved son, **Bobby**, Born 11/28; Died 2/18; 31 years

Adrienne Medonis whose beloved brother, **Justin Kowalski**, Born 6/11; Died 12/25; 29 years

Grief

I had my own notion of grief.
I thought it was the sad time
That followed the death of someone you
love.
And you had to push through it
To get to the other side.
But I'm learning there is no other side.

There is no pushing through.
But rather,
There is absorption.
Adjustment.
Acceptance.
And grief is not something you complete,
But rather, you endure.
Grief is not a task to finish
And move on,

But an element of yourself-
An alteration of your being.
A new way of seeing.
A new definition of self.

Gwen Flowers

Happiness Is..

"Happiness is . . ." and I don't remember the rest of the commercial, nor what they're selling. Soda? Cigarettes? A car? Who knows? Does it matter?

What is happiness? What do you mean by "happy?" Is it totally rollicky jollicky glee 100% of the time? Who do you know who has that? I imagine that the richest, the brightest, the prettiest, the most successful of people have issues they must face that trouble them, that render them less than "HAPPY."

Is "happy" the absence of misery? Who do you know with no misery? Yet don't you know some happy people? Haven't you even heard laughter at a TCF meeting? Only "HAPPY" people laugh?

Maybe it's like a big, steep hill. Down at the bottom, in darkness, is abject misery and sorrow. Way way up at the top, beyond the rainbow, is that beaming gleaming unreal total 100% glee. And somewhere in between is where most of us are. During the first years after our child dies, we're down

in the pits with the dark miseries. And we know we're the most unhappy of people.

But sometimes there's a glimpse, a memory of what's on the upper slope of that steep hill. Smiles, laughter, good days, pleasure. Happiness?

How do you get there? At some point it takes a conscious decision to survive, to smile, to rearrange, probably to compromise. Each of us has to make this decision for ourself. In a family people arrive at (and abandon for a bit) this decision at different times.

A shining silvery airplane overhead—amazing! Snowflakes are a geometric wonder. Raindrops plopping into a puddle are fun to watch. All around me there are small things to bring a small smile, to give me little pleasures.

But the world is not only for watching. There's doing, too. I've learned that an absorbing activity, something new to be mastered, something old to be perfected, an enjoyable project to be completed—these also bring pleasure (and are distractions). Painting can be engrossing for hours, as can quilting,

knitting, working with wood, latch hooking, cross stitch, jigsaw puzzles. There are probably as many concentration activities as there are people. (Ask someone to teach you—or try a class).

Major muscle activities (exercise) are good for letting off excess energy, or steam. Walking, bike riding, swimming, or the really strenuous athletic kinds of games can divert the mind, be fun, and they're usually good for you, too.

It takes a conscious decision, some thought, some determination. I will survive. I will smile again. I will be "happy," at least for part of each day. There will be bad minutes and sad hours; but I'll let the tears flow, and then try to find something good.

I need not walk alone. There are others to share and to care. When we listen or give an idea, talk or get an idea, we're helping each other. That's good, too. That's what TCF is all about.

Joan Schmidt, 2/28/85

The Isolation of Grief

Now, I've never been a stranger to the isolation that comes from feeling like you just don't fit into your surroundings. But I've never felt as isolated in my whole life as I have after the death of my daughter.

As a child, I was a shy, introverted person and often felt different than the people around me. At the time, I never really knew why. While I didn't like the feeling of isolation, I didn't understand what caused it so it just became a fact of life. Over the years my shyness has lessened, but I still prefer interacting with small groups or one-on-one in-person conversations, and still look forward to time alone. I've learned to accept it as my personality, and it works for me.

After my daughter died, my sense of isolation grew exponentially as a result of grief.

In the immediate aftermath of her sudden death, our house was filled with family and friends who were showing their support for us and helping us do what had to be done: planning the memorial, visiting the cemetery to secure a plot, working with our insurance company requirements, etc. They prepared meals, made sure we were left alone when we needed our space, gave us hugs, and shed tears with us. The phone rang often, and I found myself doing most of the talking when the other end of the phone was uncomfortably silent as people struggled to find the right words to say. Even in my numbness, I was able to understand the dilemma of "I'm sorry" doesn't seem to be enough when someone has just lost a four-year-old little girl.

A few days after the memorial service, everyone went home. Less sympathy cards arrived in the mail until there were none. The phone stopped



The Compassionate Friends

8th Annual Bowling Fundraiser

In loving memory of all the children who died too soon

Saturday, March 12th at 1:00 pm

(Registration will begin at 12:15 pm)

Westland Bowl

5940 N. Wayne Road

Westland, MI 48185

(On east side of Wayne Rd ¼ mile north of Ford Rd just past Red Lobster)

Any questions please contact Kathy Rambo @ 734-306-3930

\$25 per person

(Includes: 3 games (9 pin no tap), shoes, 2 mystery game drawings, 2 slices of pizza)

Additional Raffle Tickets will be sold for 50/50 drawing and Prizes

Please make check out to: The Compassionate Friends (Livonia)

Mail to: 25164 Hanover St, Dearborn Heights, MI 48125

OPEN TO PUBLIC

ringing. Our daughter's preschool arranged a weekly meal donation and then my work did the same, which was a huge help...but eventually those stopped coming too. We were left alone to figure out how to pick up the pieces of our shattered hearts and shattered lives. We went to counseling and support groups. But we were forced to accept the fact that life was going to keep moving forward without our precious girl in it. It was devastating.

That devastation led me to a self-imposed isolation from a world I could no longer stand to be a part of. I didn't want to talk to people who couldn't understand my pain because I didn't want to have to explain myself. The sound of laughter or gossip produced outright anger in me. The everyday acts of going to work, chores, grocery shopping, or even something as simple as showering were agonizingly painful and almost impossible. I wanted nothing to do with any of it. I found myself not answering the phone and not returning messages. I turned down invitations to get together with friends who weren't sure how to help me.

I managed to make sure that I fed my surviving kids and took them to school and practices, but I was no longer the mom they were used to. They stopped wanting to talk to me about how they felt because they knew it would make me even sadder, and they were frightened that not only did they lose their sister, but there was a potential that their mom was losing her ability to take care of them.

Over that first year or so, the suffocating pain began to lessen, though not by as much as I would have hoped. I got better at doing those everyday tasks that didn't seem so impossible anymore. I began to adjust to the "new normal" any grieving person must accept.

Then the isolation of grief began to change. While I started answering the phone and accepting some of those invitations, I felt isolated in the sense that I continued to think of my daughter and experience the pain constantly, but very few people talked about my

grief or even mentioned her name any more. I felt completely alone.

Support groups and counseling helped. So did reaching out to other parents who had lost children, and I preferred their company over others. I found myself part of the secret society of grieving parents who mostly keep their grief to themselves and only share it with those who understand because they are faced with the same loss and pain. I found that sharing my feelings with these people helped me immensely.

Now that more time has passed, I am learning how to balance becoming fully reinvested in life while respecting my continuing needs for grief support. I still look forward to support groups and talking with other bereaved people, but I also appreciate that when I allow myself to enjoy and appreciate everyday life, joy will come even without my daughter being physically here.

Despite my continued longing for her to be at my side and the ability to experience the wonder of watching her grow, I know that she will always be with me in spirit. She is forever in my heart, my memories, and my thoughts. And these days, I don't mind sharing that with anyone who cares to get to know me.

*Maria Kubitz,
TCF Contra Costa County, CA*

Dear Dakota, I wish I had known you.

Today's your birthday, and the day you died.

Your life, though much too short, has touched so many.

As many as the tears your mother's cried.

Her words reach out to me across the country.

A continent away, she holds my hand. Her loving thoughts of you are read by many

Whose broken hearts can also understand. You were a blazing star across the heavens.

A flash across the sky that burned so bright!

The glow you left behind still keeps on shining.

A brightness even in the darkest night. You're loved and you're remembered, sweet Dakota.

Your life has made an impact on us all. A truth that breaks our hearts and leaves us grieving

Even the brightest stars must sometimes fall. I light a candle now for sweet Dakota.

And as flame touches wick, I say your name.

The world is darker, smaller, in your absence,

But still a better place, because you came.

*Gwen Flowers, Written for Dakota Jones
2nd birth & death day, March 11, 2001*

We hope our Candle Lighting this past December was helpful to all our bereaved parents, grandparents, siblings and families. We had many helpers and want to thank you for the important part you played in our Candle Lighting Remembrance.

Our special thanks to:

- * the City of Plymouth for providing the beautiful park to have our candle lighting

- * the many donations which help with purchasing our tree, candles and outreach

- * to Lois and Frank Sinagra and Jeff Reynolds of American Speedy Printing for our ornaments

- * all the helpers who cut ornaments, wrote names and helped decorate our TCF memory tree

- * Thanks to our readers, our interpreter, and those who passed out candles and lit candles

- * Thanks to Rhonda Temple for our Powerpoint making it possible to see our children's names along with hearing their names read

- * Thanks to Kevin Moss of Staples for the printing of our program

Our candle lighting could not happen without your help. We thank you so much!

We do this in memory of our beautiful children ...that their light may always shine.

Grief: Our Act of Love

"I had a child who died." How simple these words are, yet how painful they are to say. The death of a child is the harshest blow life has to offer; it destroys our trust in the world at the most basic level. Grief is our total response to the death of a child; our body, mind, emotions and spirit all react to the loss. While many of us wish to stop the intense grief work we are doing, we find it impossible for many reasons.

First, grief is an act of love, not a lack of strength or faith. The more we love our child, the greater will be our grief. The more integrated our lives were with the life of our child, the more we will miss his or her very presence. The intensity of our grief is often representative of our love.

Second, grief is a necessary process that we must go through in order to maintain our wholeness and sanity. If we do not grieve, we will not heal. One of the earliest and hardest lessons we bereaved parents learn is that men and women grieve differently; women, in general, grieve more openly than do men, and women, on the whole, are more comfortable verbally expressing their feelings of loss. While segments of our culture indicate it is more "manly" not to cry, we know this is

not true.

Grief work also helps us to complete unfinished business with our child and close the past relationship that we had. We will never "get over" the loss of our child, nor would we ever really want to. We are who we are partly because of our relationship to that child. Our lives will always be influenced by our son or daughter, but most of us will eventually learn to live a meaningful life, despite our tragedy. Our child will always be with us in spirit and in love, and we often feel a need to hold on to tangible items, such as toys or clothes, to maintain that feeling of closeness. But, intense grief work allows us to let go of the relationship we had and create a new relationship with our child. Our remembrances, love and feelings of oneness with our child can never be destroyed. I cannot see nor touch my Philip, but I vividly remember him. I have completed earthly mothering, but I still have an intense mother-child relationship with my son.

Grief over the death of a child is the hardest work that most of us will ever do. While we all wish for the pain to stop, we need to remember that we grieve intensely because we loved intensely. It is unrealistic to expect that grief to ever totally go away, because

the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love and is nothing for which we should be ashamed.

Elaine Grier, TCF Atlanta, GA

The Wounded Heart

Children have preceded their parents in death for eons of time. We are not the first, nor will we be the last, to enter the realm of Bereaved Parents. But for now, right now, it is OUR HEARTS that are freshly wounded and OUR HEARTS in need of mending.

Wounded hearts must be allowed to mourn and lament their loss; to pour out their pain, agony, sadness, hurt, and anger; and to release their well of tears. Wounded hearts need to be wrapped in quietness, gentleness, and compassion, away from the turmoil of daily life.

A wounded heart, not allowed to mend from the depth of its agony, will be as an abscess to swell and undermine, erupting at a distant time. Or, suppressed, will slowly choke the spirit of its host. Only the bearer will know when his heart has healed.

The wounded heart, encouraged and given the time and freedom to mend, will carry in its chambers the memory and shared love of a precious child.

*Nancy Green
TCF Livonia, MI*

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.

- ♥ Virginia Herrick "In Loving Memory of: Michael James Reilly, Jr and Steven Michael Herrick. We think of you every day and miss you more every day. We Love You. Forever in our hearts."
- ♥ Pam Kinsey "In Memory of Guy Nathan Kinsey. Happy Birthday Son! Hope you can see into our hearts. Love you – Mom and Dad"
- ♥ Mary Krill "In Memory of John J. and Joel J Krill. "Your loss cannot be measured by time; it is forever"
- ♥ Theresa Henry "In honor of our loving son Ryan Birmingham"
- ♥ Janet Scruton "In Memory of Robert T. Scruton, Jr. In loving memory of my son, may he find eternal joy"
- ♥ Robert & Mary Vitolins "In Memory of Laura. We miss you every day. Love, Mom, Dad and you sister – Karen"
- ♥ Rich & Mary Bodnar & Curtis Gagnon "In Memory of Michael Gagnon. Happy Birthday month! We love & miss you more each year"
- ♥ Tom & Connie McCann "Happy Birthday "Tom Jr" 2/16. We love and miss you"
- ♥ Tom & Connie McCann "In memory of our sons, Ryan "Ryfro", Tom Jr., & Bryan "Bryfro" Soupis considered a son to our family & Mark "Sparky" Abbott."
- ♥ Cindy & Matt Stevens "Remembering you is easy I do it every day. Missing you is the heart ache that never goes away. Miss you so very much Justin. Love you, Mom & Matt"

SIBS

WHAT ABOUT ME?

Have you ever felt that, as a surviving brother or sister, we are often forgotten? I have felt this way quite often in the last six years. Over time, the feeling becomes less and less. Our parents' grief is so much different from ours. No more or less hurtful than ours, but different. They lost their child. I hope that, in my lifetime, I never have to know how that

feels. I know how painful it was when Sean died. I don't want to know the pain of having a child die.

But, often times, we are the "forgotten mourners". I love my brother very much and miss him just as much. I think that people sometimes forget that we are hurting also. My parents were offenders of that too. I know they know my sister and I were hurting, but they were so wrapped up in what they

were feeling that they didn't have time to worry about what we were feeling. I tried so hard to make my parents well again that I neglected my grief. Pretty much denied it. We really want to make our families "normal" again.

I have had some awful things said to me over the last six years. Two weeks after Sean died, someone said to me, "Well, you do still have a sister." Well, yes, I do still have a sister, but that still doesn't lessen the pain of my brother's death and my sister can't possibly replace my brother. Probably the worst thing anyone has said to me is "Why aren't you over this? Sean has been dead for six months." Well, it is not something

you just "get over."
I have learned a lot of things over the years and if I hadn't been in such a state of shock, maybe I would have had some good responses. When I think back on it, I wish I had. I have decided that, from what I have learned,

I need to educate people and make them understand that siblings and friends have the right to grieve too.

As surviving siblings and friends, we also have to realize that we need to find a new "normal." We also need to know that it's okay to feel all of the things that we feel, be it anger, sadness, guilt or any other emotion.. Just know that you're not crazy or wrong to grieve. Know also that it is all right to think and talk about them when you're ready, not when someone else says or thinks you should be ready. Death and grieving are, unfortunately, a part of life.

*Traci Morlock
St. Louis Chapter BP/USA*



Brothers

bats, both winged and wood, bugs, beehives, dinosaurs, balls of every size, color, some hard, some soft

bikes, big wheels then ten speeds
baseball cards and bubble gum,
barber hair cuts, Bert and Ernie lunch boxes, Batman and Robin, G-I Joe, cannon balls into the pool, jack knives, and belly flops, sun bums, sneakers and lost towels, buck teeth, then braces, bait, worms, bacon burps and farts, black-eyes, blisters, bruises and scabs but butterflies and then always good-byes.

Taddy Dawson, TCF Valley Forge, PA



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

CANDLE DONATION

A special thank you goes to Shrader Funeral Home in Plymouth for donating the candles for our December TCF chapter candle lighting.

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

February 2016

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

LOVE GIFTS

Your Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip: _____

Email: _____

Love Gift Donation of \$ _____ in Memory of _____

Message: _____

Direct my gift to: _____ Outreach (Printing, postage, phone, web)
_____ General Fund (90% local; 10% national)

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



February Craft

Our craft group will meet on Saturday, February 20th, 2016 from 10 am til 1 pm at St. Timothy's Presbyterian Church.

We will be making glass picture charms that can be placed on a necklace. There will be examples at the February monthly meeting and a sign up sheet (so we have enough supplies). Please send a photo of your child to Gail at angel4gail@tds.net by February 15th or bring a photo to the Feb. monthly meeting.

The pictures are needed ahead of the craft day as the solution used has to set up overnight before we work with the charm.

Cost: \$5.00. Any questions, email Gail or call 734-748-2514