

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



July 2017
Volume 29, Number 7

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 -July 6 - First Time
table, Sibling Table, Topic Tables: do
you agree with the article, What the
TCF Veteran Knows**

July 18 - 6:30 pm 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.

NO CRAFT DAY ON JULY

**July 28-30: TCF Conference -
Orlando, FLA**

**August 13 - First Annual TCF Picnic -
see page 7**

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 loved 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 vivid-ly 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,
Philip's Mom
TCF, Atlanta, GA*

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>
Christine Kramis	Tammy Basballe	July 06	33 yrs
Jourdan	Carrie Bobbish	July 22	17 yrs
Scott, Jr.	Scott and Laurel Cashero	July 31	19 yrs
Michael James	Lisa Chaput	July 09	20 yrs
Patrick Withers	Linda Clein	July 13	41 yrs
Kianna Tubbs	Sherry Coleman	July 03	23 yrs
Sean Patrick	Maureen & Tom Collins	July 21	17 yrs
Johnnie	Gabrielle Colvin	July 31	41 yrs
Kristin Graves	Lisa Cunningham	July 15	19 yrs
Cynthia Schreidel	Roxane Dikeman	July 27	39 yrs
Mark	Wendy DuVall-Angelocci	July 02	25 yrs
Danny	Dan and Ruth Ewing	July 09	26 yrs
Danny	Carol Gains	July 28	19 yrs
Brian	Sylvia Hinzman	July 27	26 yrs
Michael	Dick and Diane Inloes	July 29	41 yrs
Guy Nathan	Jack and Pam Kinsey	July 11	23 yrs
Christian	Louis and Julia Kistic	July 26	23 yrs
Joel	Mary Krill	July 16	52 yrs
John Jerome	Mary Krill	July 12	44 yrs
Jennifer	Laura Kroll	July 16	20 yrs
Marty	Jim and Mary Ann Kropinak	July 02	13 yrs
Christine Kramis	Dorothy and Glenn Laswell	July 06	33 yrs
Elaine	Mary Lou Levitan	July 21	29 yrs
Johnnie	Turesa Lewis	July 28	25 yrs
Zyhaire Amor Harrison	Kieyana Lockhart	July 27	3 yrs
brother Justin	Rebecca Luckhardt	July 14	33 yrs
Gene Mitchell Marica	Maickel and Joan Marica	July 21	28 yrs
Tom, Jr.	Connie McCann	July 15	39 yrs
Shawn Ipavec	Bonnie Meyerand	July 08	44 yrs
Tiah	Tonya Napolitano	July 11	25 yrs
Maya	Karl and Shonda Peterson	July 15	21 days
Chad Rutherford	Chris Preuc	July 23	29 yrs
Eric	Cheryl Putz	July 26	21 yrs
Andrew Joseph	Barbara & Jim Rozen	July 08	23 yrs
Abigail (Abby)	Greg and Kelly Ann Rubenson	July 12	9 yrs
Anthony	Karen Sapienza	July 09	22 yrs
Eric William	Scott & Laura Sinclair	July 03	1 day
Abigail Madelyn	Brian and Connie Smith	July 04	1 hr old
Madalyn	Darin Szilagy	July 23	7 yrs
Madalyn	Faith Szilagy	July 23	7 yrs
Alyssa	Rhonda and Lee Temple	July 18	6 yrs
Christopher Shea	Ginny Tomasso	July 03	16 yrs
Shane	Sherly Trupiano	July 24	25 yrs
Shawn	Jerry and Judy Tyrrell	July 30	49 yrs
Ariana	Moises and Tomi Valdez	July 14	4 yrs
David	Jim & Debbie Vincentini	July 19	22 yrs



Brandon	Catherine Walker	July 09	18 yrs
Dennis Bushnell	Linda Wall	July 03	45 yrs
Scott	Sandra Weisl	July 12	42 yrs
Matthew	Rick & Cindy Yotti	July 05	10 yrs

Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Stephanie	Nona Adkins	July 27	33 yrs
Stuart Joel	Marilyn Berman	July 12	38 yrs
Anthony	Debra Blackledge	July 25	39 yrs
Blake	Brian & Kim Bowman	July 17	14 yrs
Brandon Michael	Mike and Marsha Brown	July 09	27 yrs
Jeffrey	Jeff and Pat Callebs	July 13	27 yrs
Heather Maureen Hicks	Gary and Diana Catlin	July 25	32 yrs
Jeffrey	Linda Clein	July 07	29 yrs
Gregory William Croteau	Juleen Croteau	July 15	18 yrs
Steven DeLong	Phil DeLong	July 08	35 yrs
Robert	Carol Gerber	July 26	49 yrs
Adam	Robert and Joyce Gradinscak	July 20	24 yrs
Steven Frederick	Nancy and Ralph Green	July 29	21 yrs
Jordan	Jodi Griffin	July 06	10 yrs
Ryan Birmingham	Steve and Theresa Henry	July 07	24 yrs
Steven Michael	Virginia Herrick	July 08	27 yrs
Maureen	Mary Himm	July 24	48 yrs
Abbigale Feenie	Michele Horvath	July 17	1 month
Andrew	Roman and Monica Imielowski	July 06	26 yrs
Craig	Linda Jogwick	July 09	10 yrs
Brian Matthew	Michael King	July 01	4 yrs
Benjamin Michael	Michael and Jenny MacDonell	July 18	
Candace Marie	Edward Marcou	July 07	18 yrs
Kayla	Martin Martinez	July 22	11 yrs
Judy Ward	Ida Mihlear	July 13	64 yrs
Wiley Garrick Moss	Lisa Moss	July 23	22 yrs
Kenneth M	Kenneth and Debbie Napora	July 02	42 yrs
Nicki	Ron O'Dell	July 22	32 yrs
Gregory	Susan Pregitzer	July 15	18 yrs
Joshua	Debbie Quiqley	July 01	19 yrs
Bradley	Derrick & Marge Reynolds	July 16	52 yrs
Jason Quick	David and Lynn Robertson	July 19	25 yrs
Lisa	Al and Sandy Salloum	July 19	39 yrs
Ryan Morrison	Dave and Kathy Shinn	July 16	24 yrs
Paul	Brian and Cindy Shuster	July 15	26 yrs
Aaron Robert	Beth Ann Simon	July 05	21 yrs
Aaron Robert	Robert and Rosalyn Simon	July 05	21 yrs
Eric William	Scott & Laura Sinclair	July 02	1 day
Abigail Madelyn	Brian and Connie Smith	July 04	1 hr old
Michael	Nancy Strong	July 31	35 yrs
Sarah	David and Carol Thurmond	July 17	20 yrs
Mark	Joann Vecellio	July 29	43 yrs
Randy Walker II	Randy Walker	July 17	21 yrs
Michael	Barbara Wise	July 25	39 yrs
Brian	Bill and Betty Woehlke	July 27	29 yrs
Maureen	Anna Wood	July 04	53 yrs

Mind Games

Mind Games it can happen anywhere, anytime. Driving along the highway, I think: just suppose I turn my head quickly, will you suddenly be sitting next to me? Will you be humming along to a song that was a particular favorite of yours? I swear I can hear you. I want so much to hear you singing loudly and a bit offkey again.

Or perhaps I'm in the supermarket and I see someone with long, blond hair—is it you? My heart thumps. I want so badly for it to be you. People glance at me strangely and I realize I'm standing in the middle of the aisle weeping. Even the special foods you loved can reduce me to tears. I'm tempted to buy your favorites and prepare them for when you come home for supper.

At night when I climb into bed, I scrunch over toward the middle. This gives you room to sit next to me the way you would after coming home from a late date. My senses are alive with you. I can smell your special perfume and feel your long, slender fingers with the pearl ring Daddy gave you for graduation. I can hear your laughter. I will ask you to stay with me until I fall asleep.

Then there are the times when I consciously call out your name in the silence of the house. My mind knows there will be no response, but in my heart I hear you answer me and for that split moment you are there at the top of the stairs as surely as I am at the bottom. Barbara ... Barbara ... Barbara Your name is a litany.

I suppose that behavior could be considered quite strange. What does one make of it? Weeping in supermarkets, calling to one who is not there. Oh, but in that fraction of a second when one feels one's loved one close, that feeling, although bittersweet, soothes and comforts a splintered heart.

Mind games ... it can happen anywhere, anytime.

Bunny Placco

TCF, Greater Providence Chapter, RI

Choosing Life

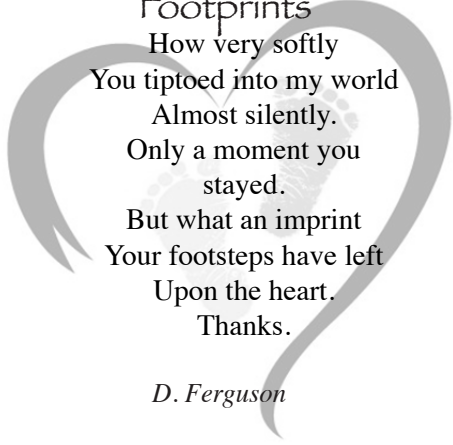
"It will never be the same. Never." As a bereaved parent, you and I have often heard or said these words to express grief's profound feelings of sorrow and disorientation. Your life has suddenly taken an unexpected course that appears both uncharted and endless. Bewildered, you vainly search for pathways back to your former life, until you confront the reality that there is no way back. Your child is dead forever. It is then that you may say, "...never the same." This is the aspect of grief that Simon Stephens, TCF founder, calls "The Valley of the Shadow." It is that very long time between the death of your child and your reinvestment in life. Between. It is not supposed to be a permanent resting place. Although some people do take up residence in the valley, it is a transition from the death of your child to life with renewed purpose. The key to this transition is yourself. You must choose between life and the valley. You and only you can decide. And you must make that decision again and again, each day. Giving in to the hopelessness of the valley is tempting. Choosing to move on toward life requires a grief in order to resolve it. It is a daily struggle full of tears, anger, guilt and self-doubt, but it is the only alternative to surrendering yourself to the valley. Little by little you choose to move on. Little by little you progress toward the other side of the valley. It takes a very long time, far longer than your friends or relatives suspected. Far longer than you had believed – even prayed – that it would be. When one day you find yourself able to do more than choose merely to live but also how to live, you will know you are leaving the valley of the shadow. There will still be more work to do, more struggle and choosing. The valley, however, stretches behind rather than in front of you. When you have resolved your grief by reinvesting in life, you will be able to realize that nothing is ever "the same." Life is change. We would not have it be otherwise, for that is the

valley of the shadow. Change has the promise of beginning and the excitement of discovery. Life is never the same. Life is change. Choose life!

Marcia F. Alig

TCF, Mercer Area Chapter, New Jersey

Footprints



How very softly
You tiptoed into my world
Almost silently.
Only a moment you
stayed.
But what an imprint
Your footsteps have left
Upon the heart.
Thanks.

D. Ferguson

Forever

I may be invisible to your sight
But I'm forever here
You may not hear me speak
But I'm forever whispering in your ear
You may not feel my touch
But I'm forever by your side
You may not feel my presence
But I'm forever going to remind you
my soul has NOT died
You may not see my face
But I'm forever smiling at you
You may not know I'm there
But I'm forever watching what you do
I may not breathe the same air
But I'm forever holding you
And though I can not be seen
I'm forever, like my love for you.

~ Author unknown to me -

I Wonder

When did the sadness stop covering everything? I don't know.
It must have first been for moments,
then maybe hours,
days eventually.
Then for a long time
no longer ever-present,
but just below the surface
waiting for a thought to trigger it.

Now, the ingredients of my life
are suffused with contentment and joy,
but even so,
sadness can surface
unexpectedly
as the dark shape of loss
stirs the cauldron
and tears are added to the soup of life,
salty still,
but not as bitter
or overpowering,
adding an important flavor
to the whole of me.
Genesse Bourdeau Gentry
*From **Catching the Light***

Last moments

Last moments
Snatches of conversation
That echo across all decades ...
Priceless words
Indelibly etched on the heart.

Sometimes
Thoughts were never spoken
But unexpected sentiment—
A quick embrace, a silly smirk,
Or joyous laughter—
Reaches through the pain
And warms the heart.

We came too soon to understand
The folly of harsh words
Or neglected touch,
For who can know which
Taken-for-granted event
Will become
A last moment?

Diane Fields
TCF, Westmoreland, PA

What Do You Say

What do you say when a baby dies and
someone says ... “At least you didn’t
bring it home.”
What do you say when a baby is still-
born
and someone says...
“At least it never lived.”
What do you say when a mother of
three says ...
“Think of all the time you’ll have.”
What do you say when so many say ...

“You can always have another...”
“At least you never knew it...”
“You have your whole life ahead of
you...”
“You have an angel in heaven.”
What do you say when someone says
...Nothing? What do you say when
someone says ...
“I’m sorry.”
You say, with grateful tears and warm
embrace, “Thank you!”
Rana Limbo and Sara Wheeler
*from **When a Baby Dies:***

For Some Dumb Reason

What I cannot understand is how
some men will run to someone else to
get a small splinter out of their finger,
but will refuse to ask directions when
driving, and will drive and cuss for
hours without asking for assistance.
The biggest “splinter” I ever got was
when my daughter died. I needed help.
Ministers, funeral directors, friends,
co-workers, doctors, psychiatrists,
couldn’t help. They couldn’t know
what I was going through. One friend
whose son had been murdered said,
“Go to a Compassionate Friends meet-
ing.” He knew!

I went to a TCF meeting. No one
“took the splinter out,” no one offered
any “how-to’s” No one told me, “you
should...” No one could, or tried, to
take away my pain. But they had been
there! They knew, and because they
knew, it helped.

What I had walked through in my
grief, some had walked through before
me. That knowledge has assisted me in
my travel through this pain. I am glad
that I wasn’t too macho, too proud, or
too blind to go to that first TCF meet-
ing. I still have a hole in my gut, my
eyes still well up at odd times, but I
know that I am not crazy. I know that I
am not alone. I know that others have
gone through the same thing, and for
some dumb reason, that helps.

Tom Crouthamel
TCF Sarasota, FL

What the TCF Veteran Knows

Are you new to The Compassionate
Friends? We want to welcome you, but
somehow that word isn’t right—this
is not a group anyone wants to join.
All of us wish no one ever had to
walk through that door or receive this
newsletter. So, when we say welcome,
perhaps what we really mean is we’re
so sorry—but we are glad you’ve
found us and hope you will find sup-
port at TCF.

Many members of TCF were
hesitant to attend that first meeting.
We didn’t know what to expect. Would
we be forced to talk about our child?
Did we have to make a donation or
commit to anything? The answer to
all those questions is no. We’ll listen
if you wish to talk; we are members
of all faiths and none; there is no cost;
and you may attend as often as you
wish and stay for as long as you wish.
Just come.

Our few rules are simple ones
and designed to ensure that TCF is a
safe and comfortable place for those
grieving a child’s death. We request
that members maintain confidentiality
within the group, and we ask that you
respect everyone’s right to their indi-
vidual beliefs. We don’t tell each other
how to grieve; we just walk together
along this most painful of journeys.

Having made the difficult decision
to attend, some of us old-timers re-
member being surprised or disappoint-
ed at what we found there. Perhaps
we were hoping our grief would begin
to ease but instead we woke the next
morning feeling even worse. Already
overwhelmed with our own pain,
now the grief of others weighed on
our mind. The parent who was sadly
remembering a daughter’s death ten
years ago frightened us: would we still
feel so sad after all those years? And
what about those folks laughing and
drinking coffee? How can they seem
so carefree?

Perhaps talking about the death of
a child isn’t such a good idea after all.
But thousands of TCF members would

say it is a good idea, just not an easy one. Many forced themselves to attend at first, remembering the leader's recommendation that it takes three meetings before a new member should make a decision about TCF. Others wished there were a meeting every week. Everyone is different.

Those of us who continue to participate, sometimes for a year, sometimes forever, slowly discover what makes TCF work for us. First, it is good to know you're not losing your mind even though it may feel like it. It's strangely comforting to know that others understand your confusion and face similar difficulties. Sharing our own stories and listening to the stories of others eases the isolation that many bereaved families experience.

As the months pass, we learn that while the experience of grief has some universal components, each of us will grieve as individuals with our own timetable. Many of us who thought grieving had a distinct beginning and end, with definable stages along the way, find that our theory doesn't make much sense in the real world. Grief is more like love; loud at times, quiet at others, with a truth that can and will live on forever.



The Compassionate Friends of Livonia

Would like to welcome you to the
'1st Annual'

Family and Friends Picnic of Hope

Sunday, August 13th

12p — 5p

@ Rotary Park - in Livonia

(off 6 mile between Merriman and Farmington)

\$5 per family

please bring your favorite dish to pass

(meat is being donated)

Any questions please contact Rhonda Temple @ 313 477 9889

(alcohol not permitted)

One day we look at the parent who cries for the daughter who died ten years ago with new understanding. His everyday life is no longer eclipsed by pain; we visit with him regularly at the coffee table. But TCF is the place he can bring his memories and his grief and talk about the child he will always miss and love. The thought that we, too, may want to be involved with TCF for many years does not seem so

frightening as it did those first months we hesitated before walking in the door.

It isn't easy getting here, of course. But we don't hesitate anymore. We unlock the door and stand there, hoping that the newly bereaved family arriving will know that they—and we—need not walk alone.

Mary Clark

TCF Sugar Land, TX

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.

Cathy Bester whose beloved son, **Steven.**, Born 4/12; Died 4/22; 39 years

Teena Bester whose beloved brother, **Steven.**, Born 4/12; Died 4/22; 39 years

John Daubenmeyer whose beloved son, **Drew**, Born 2/11; Died 12/7; 24 years

Jon & Lynn Jarrett whose beloved daughter, **Hannah Lynn**, Born 8/18; Died 1/26; 15 years

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, simply a gift from someone who wants to make a donation to help in the work of the Livonia Compassionate Friends. Love Gift form on back page.

♥ Sandi Weisl "In memory of my son Scott in his 5th year of passing. Love you and miss you forever. Mom"

♥ Nancy Strong "In memory of Michael Strong on his birthday. Love you and miss you."

♥ Tom & Connie McCann "In memory our son, Tom Jr on his angel day 7/15"

♥ Tom & Connie McCann "In memory of our sons Ryan "Ryfro", Tom Jr & Bryan "Bryfro" Soupis considered a son by our family & Mark "Sparky" Abbott"

♥ Connie & Brian Smith "In memory of Abigail Madelyn Smith. Happy 11th Birthday! To our beautiful angel. Love, Mommy & Daddy, Matt & Grace"

♥ Lee & Rhonda Temple "In memory of Alyssa Temple. Our beautiful angel we miss you so much! 11 years you have been gone and not a moment goes by where we do not think of you. Love you forever our sweet girl. Love you, Mom, Dad, Justin and Brandon"

SIBS

Tomorrow,

I'll try to understand her,
Try to understand the excitement
behind

Those piercing black eyes.

Try to understand her zeal for life,
Tireless energy, and love for others.

Tomorrow,

I'll sit down beside her and get to
know

This sister of mine.

I'll get to know the skinny little girl
I grew up with and shared a bedroom
with

For all our teen years.

Tomorrow,

We'll share secrets together

We'll go for long walks,
We'll just sit together for hours and
laugh.

Tomorrow,

I'll ask her about her boyfriends,
I'll ask her about her girlfriends,
I'll even ask what her favorite subject
is in school.

Today?

I'm too busy,
I have too much to do,
She's getting on my nerves.

Today?

She's borrowing my precious clothes,
ruining them.

Today?

She's using up all the gas in my car.

Today?

She's asking stupid questions
I just don't feel like answering.

Today?

I'm too tired.

But tomorrow,

I'll tell her how much I love her,
I'll hug her and tell her she's pretty,
I'll tell her I'm glad I have a sister...
tomorrow.

Tomorrow,

Has finally come and she is gone.
*Kathi's sister Cindy From "18, No time
To Waste*

Did You Know?

Did you know:

you need to rip up sheets
to make a kite that flies.
That you cannot build a fort
without a tree with Y's.
That matchbox cars run better
if they are full of paint.
Or, if you hold your breath too
long,
you probably will faint.

Did you know:

a baseball bat
makes a terrific gun.
And, yes, an egg can really fry
when left out in the sun.
And cardboard boxes seem to
make
the most terrific trains.
And you can swim in puddles
after gentle summer rains.

Did you know:

that baseball cards
clipped upon your bike
will make the awful clicking
noise
that parents never like.
A crab trap can be used to
catch
the most exquisite birds.
And pig Latin
serves to provide
a private world of words.

And did you know my brothers?

They died a few years back.
They taught me all these marvelous
things that sometimes sisters lack.

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

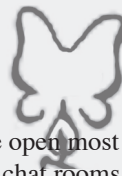
St. Clair Shores: 2nd Wed. Kathy Joerin ; 586-293-6176, KJMac21@aol.com

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

Tecumseh TCF Chapter: First Presbyterian Church, 211 W. Chicago, Tecumseh, 4th Sunday of the month, 2-4 pm, Rose Hatchett, 517-270-3308.



*Kathi Guthrie
TCF, Cape may County, NJ*

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

July 2017

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

Rays of Sunshine
Oceans of Hope
TCF National Conference
Orlando, FLA/ July 28-30
www.compassionatefriends.org

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

Photo Button of Your
Child

Email your photo to Laura Myers, lmyers@mi.rr.com, or bring it to the meeting and she will copy it by taking a photo with her phone. Laura will resize your picture to fit and bring the 2 1/4" button to the next meeting. Any donations go to Livonia Compassionate Friends to help pay for supplies and programs.

Thank you to everyone who brought items for our Michigan basket that will be in the auction at the TCF 2017 National Conference held in Orlando, Florida in July. If you would still like to donate, please bring to the meeting or contact Kathy Rambo or Gail Lafferty.