



The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



June 2017
Volume 29, Number 6

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 - June 1 - First Time table, Sibling Table, Topic Tables: in the article, Journey, the author talks about growing. In what ways have you grown since your first meeting?

June 13- 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.

June 10 - Craft Day - see pg. 8

July 28-19: TCF Conference - Orlando

August 13 - First Annual TCF Picnic - see page 7

Father's Day Like No Other

In June, 2000 it was my third Fathers day without my son Christopher. He died in an industrial accident on September 28, 1997. This was such a lonely day for me as my only surviving child had been out of the country for over a year. I had no one to celebrate being a father with.

It started as a very dark and dismal day indeed. After trying to avoid the trip to the cemetery for most of the day, there was nothing left to keep me away. So my wife, Robyn, and I went to the cemetery to visit Chris' grave. While deep in emotion and feeling like I had nothing to look forward to, we were sitting by Chris' headstone remembering how much fun he was and how terribly sad it was not to have him to hold and tell him that I loved him. I was wishing so badly that he could be here to spend the day with me.

I had put my head down to let the tears run off my face. I felt a small breeze come up; it was an unusual breeze in that it came from the northeast, which in June is not a common occurrence. I looked up and noticed this balloon with a lead weight dragging behind it, dancing ever so slowly towards me. We watched it dance across the grass and then the balloon bounced directly into my chest. The balloon had a message that I know was from my son Chris. It

said "World's Greatest Dad". I was so surprised and happy to have received this "Father's Day Gift". I thanked him for the wonderful gift and for cheering me up.

There was no one else around or near us; we were not sure where the balloon had come from. I did not notice it at the time but a woman and her 2-year-old son had come to visit her father's grave, which was about 150 yards away from Chris. Robyn and I sat around for another fifteen minutes or so and then decided to leave. When we left to go to our car Robyn noticed that the lady visiting her father was frantic and screaming that her son had locked himself in the car. We went over to see if we could help. The son had locked the doors to the vehicle, the windows were rolled all the way up and the mom had left the keys inside. The outside temperature was very warm and the little boy was starting to sweat. The police had been called to come and open the door but they were not sure that they could get there very soon. I was just about to break out the back window when Robyn said let's try to get him to open the door. She took the balloon and tried to coax the little boy to open the door. She told him through the glass that she would give him the balloon if he would just push the button. She kept pointing to the button that would release the door

(Continued on page 4)

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>
Christopher Andrew Leinonen	Mark Bando	June 12	32 yrs
Craig	Thomas Birmingham	June 28	31 yrs
Caleb	Jeremy and Jennifer Butts	June 04	1 day
Nathaniel Mosby	Sherry Coleman	June 30	10 yrs
Courtney	Peg Crismore	June 12	30 yrs
Shelby	LouAnn Dermyle	June 29	19 yrs
John Strasser	Walt & Judy Dever	June 12	30 yrs
Dominique	Kevin & Sonya Fischer	June 27	23 yrs
Angelica Goff (Angel)	Scott Goff	June 05	18 yrs
Richard	Cheryl Hayford	June 21	30 yrs
Brittany	Katrina Hogan	June 25	19 yrs
Bradley	Jennifer Lashbrook	June 29	18 yrs
Bradley	Mike & Allison Lucas	June 14	20 yrs
Judy Ward	Ida Mihlear	June 23	64 yrs
Vonda	Bonnie Norris	June 02	45 yrs
Derek	Brian Otter	June 01	23 yrs
Maxwell John	John and Lisa Pardington	June 10	20 yrs
Jason	Kathy Rambo	June 08	19 yrs
Shaun Zemsky	Diann Romanek	June 20	29 yrs
Jordan	Christie Siegel	June 22	14 yrs
Ashley	Christie Siegel	June 22	11 yrs
Cole Ryan	Jaclyn Smith	June 02	6 yrs
Robert Michael	Kimberly Spellman	June 17	17 yrs
David	Gerry and Laura Sulkowski	June 23	23 yrs
Tyler Zadorski	Michelle Tidwell	June 10	16 yrs
Chris	Nenena Tomoski	June 13	24 yrs
Kelli	Valerie Weatherly	June 27	30 yrs
Mark	Celeste White	June 26	47 yrs
Reggie Williams	Franco Williams	June 25	34 yrs
John	Jackie Wireman	June 09	28 yrs
Beth Ann	Luther and Marjorie Wells	June 03	37 yrs



Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Ally Jolie	Brad and Tamara Baldwin	June 05	2 1/2 yrs
Christopher Andrew Leinonen	Mark Bando	June 01	32 yrs
Christine Kramis	Tammy Basballe	June 14	33 yrs
Lora	Marilyn Bingham	June 20	35 yrs
Amy Louise	Gregory Blackwood	June 15	24 yrs
Amy Louise Blackwood	Beth Bouchard	June 15	24 yrs
Mary	Jaelene Brooks	June 05	15 yrs
Amy	Diane Brown	June 26	31 yrs
Caleb	Jeremy and Jennifer Butts	June 04	1 day
Michael	David and Wendy Camilleri	June 08	17 yrs
Andrew	Paul and Katie Campbell	June 01	24 yrs
Sandra Jean	Mary Ann Coil	June 24	56 yrs
Rachel	Roy and Audrey Collett	June 29	18 yrs
2 Bryan Collison	Greg and Bonnie Collison	June 12	28 yrs

Jason	Cindy Cunningham	June 20	26 yrs
Josh Dever	Walt and Judy Dever	June 29	17 yrs
Rhett Lundy	Valerie Donndelinger (Aunt)	June 03	14 yrs
Zach	Jennie Ewert	June 04	21 yrs
Lori	Bob and Mary Ann Furca	June 10	32 yrs
Angelica Goff (Angel)	Scott Goff	June 21	18 yrs
Christy Ann Gavagan	Valerie Graves	June 28	37 yrs
Michael	Dietmar Haenchen	June 18	27 yrs
David	Karen and Don Harrison	June 16	19 yrs
Mike	Donna Marie Heyer	June 08	30 yrs
Mary	Bill & Sandi Hulbert	June 20	51 yrs
Jeffrey Alan	Lenore Jordan	June 20	33 yrs
Mike	Tim and Barb Kilgore	June 06	16 yrs
Jill Judd	Cathy and John Kolomyski	June 02	37 yrs
Christine Kramis	Dorothy and Glenn Laswell	June 14	33 yrs
Glenn	Judy MacQueen	June 21	34 yrs
Justin	Adrienne Medonis	June 11	29 yrs
Eric	Bob and Sandy Michniewicz	June 09	21 yrs
Jenna Kay	Laura Neumann	June 29	20 yrs
Richard Carl	Mary Nunn	June 23	28 yrs
Jennie (Sister)	Julie Pack	June 23	24 yrs
Richard	Joe and Maggie Pellegrino	June 17	22 yrs
Maya	Karl and Shonda Peterson	June 24	21 days
Nicholas Antonio Cusin	Laura Ramirez	June 28	30 yrs
Christopher Katranis	Cindy Romeos	June 16	21 yrs
Darryl	Louis Randall	June 24	44 yrs
Kyle Thomas	Liz Ryan	June 16	22 yrs
Arthur Michael	Chris & Jennifer Rynerson	June 14	2 yrs
Arthur Michael	Jennifer Rynerson	June 14	2 yrs
Megan	John & Michele Schroeder	June 23	19 yrs
Jordan	Christie Siegel	June 11	14 yrs
Hillary Fay Shaffer	Deb Smith	June 25	17 yrs
Joseph	Barbara and Gerald Valley	June 11	47 yrs
James Walsh	Ellen Walsh	June 16	20 yrs
Scott	Sandra Weisl	June 06	42 yrs
Jennifer Schons	Rick and Bev Woodard	June 14	38 yrs
Beth Ann	Luther and Marjorie Wells	June 06	37 yrs
Amelia	Michelle Yerigian	June 04	18 yrs
Christopher	Rick & Cindy Yotti	June 19	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, 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. June 6th would have been your 47th Birthday. Love you & miss you. Forever Mom!"
- ♥ Glenn & Dorothy Laswell "In memory of Christine Kramis. We miss you & love you. Love, Mom, Dad & Tammy!"
- ♥ Cheryl Putz "In memory of Eric. Miss you Eric – you know Babies & Weddings"

Correction: In last month's newsletter the sone of Janet and James Tomassi should have been listed as Joseph. Our apologies for the error.

*"This state called grief is not a final destination, but rather a continuous journey that changes us in a thousand small ways slowly and mysteriously."
Sylvia in memory of her son, Tony*

lock. Suddenly the lock popped open, we didn't notice it at the second the lock popped up, but later we realized that the boy's hand was nowhere near the lock when it opened. We got the boy out and Robyn gave the little boy my Father's day gift from Chris. The boy's mother looked at the balloon and asked where we had gotten that balloon because she had left a balloon just like it on her dad's grave the day before. We looked for his balloon and it was gone. It turned out to be the same balloon that had bounced across the grass and bumped into my chest earlier. The balloon was now in the hands of his grandson.

The events of that day have been with me ever since. First of all, I know that my son sent that balloon to me to help me through my sad and lonely Father's Day, and that he also helped to save that boy's life.

*Mark Kingery
TCF Salt Lake City, UT
In Memory of my son, Christopher*

June Wedding

June brings thoughts of the school year ending, warm weather, vacations and weddings. Wedding showers can be very hard to attend because you are sort of stuck in one chair and talking all about the upcoming wedding as well as other weddings that may have just occurred. Many times there is no need to explain why you can't attend, just email them back or call the RSVP line during the day when they might be at work and say you are so sorry but won't be able to make the shower but will be sending a gift.

Receiving a wedding invitation can bring a lot of anxiety. We will not ever have the opportunity to be parents of the bride or groom. It can be a struggle to decide if we should attend or not. I think it was three years after Lauryn's death before Ed and I attended a wedding, which was very difficult.

Over the years we have found some things that have helped us. At church we sit in one of the back rows behind the crowd on the aisle, that way if we

feel we need to leave we can slip out and no one knows because they are all looking up front. When we are at the reception we find it is easier if we just step out of the room when the bride and her Dad and the groom and his Mom are going to have that special dance, or maybe for the cake cutting or whatever might take you to that edge of being comfortable. Everyone is watching the bride and groom and they don't notice that you come and go or that you leave early. You must do whatever you are comfortable with and you can't worry about what others may think or say.

Kathy Grapski

I Forgive

I've heard advice for the bereaved that forgiveness is an important part of "healing." I've worked hard at the elusive forgiveness and came to the realization today that I am actually able to forgive quite a lot.

I forgive others for sharing their "miracles" with me, not understanding how cruelly this attacks my heart, as I wonder where my daughter's miracle was.

I forgive others for not understanding me. I don't understand anything anymore so I can't expect others to understand me either.

I forgive myself for not being able to do all of the things I used to be able to do, I don't function as well as I used to, and that's okay.

I forgive others for continuing to live in that other world where I once lived with my daughter. It's a good world and I miss it a lot.

I forgive myself for no longer fitting into that world and not always being able to fake it. I am different now.

I forgive others for avoiding me. They don't know what to say and, quite frankly, that leaves me with nothing to say to them either.

I forgive my daughter for leaving me. She loved life and she loved me. I believe she loves me still.

This is probably not what people mean when they say we need to "forgive," but it's the best I can do. It's enough

that I can do anything at all, and maybe they will forgive me as well.

*Debbie Ortega,
TCF Central Valley, CA*

Your Compassionate Friend

I can tell by that look friend, that you need to talk,
So come take my hand and let's go for a walk.
See, I'm not like the others - I won't shy away,
Because I want to hear what you've got to say.

Your child has died and you need to be heard,
But they don't want to hear a single word.

They tell you your child's "with God", so be strong.
They say all the "right" things that somehow seem wrong.

They're just hurting for you and trying to say,
They'd give anything to help take your pain away.
But they're struggling with feelings they can't understand
So forgive them for not offering a helping hand.

I'll walk in your shoes for more than a mile.
I'll wait while you cry and be glad if you smile.
I won't criticize you or judge you or scorn,
I'll just stay and listen 'til your night turns to morn.

Yes, the journey is hard and unbearably long,
And I know that you think that you're not quite that strong.
So just take my hand 'cause I've got time to spare,
And I know how it hurts, friend, for I have been there.

See, I owe a debt you can help me repay
For not long ago, I was helped the same way.

As I stumbled and fell thru a world so unreal,
So believe when I say that I know how you feel.

I don't look for praise or financial gain
And I'm sure not the kind who gets joy out of pain.

I'm just a strong shoulder who'll be here 'til the end- I'll be your Compassionate Friend.

Steven L. Channing

Bereaved Parent's Thoughts

One of my friends has customarily called me every Monday morning to tell me what shenanigans her son has pulled the weekend before to make her angry. "He comes in late every Saturday night, his room is a pigsty, I trip over his shoes in the entryway, he plays his CD's too loud, the kid drives me crazy! I can't wait until he goes away to college next year!"

Almost six years ago, I might have commiserated with her about my own children. However, that was before and this is now; the before being the time that life rolled on as usual, when little irritations were a major event, and my daughter was alive and thriving as an active freshman in high school. Now when I hear comments like this, I feel as if someone has pushed a dagger into my heart, because now does not include, in the physical sense, my wonderful daughter.

How I would love to be able to complain about the small stuff, because that would mean that these past few years were really only a nightmare and that I would be able to wake up and find that my daughter's death was truly only a bad dream after all, and not the reality that it is. Those of us who are bereaved parents think in those terms; that an event happened before the death of our child or after the death of our child. We gauge time by the day that our world, as we knew it, stopped. For me that day was May 11, 1995.

My husband Greg, son Dan, daughter Nina, and I were enjoying a vacation in Florida, the first family vacation in nine years, when the unthinkable happened. After a day at Daytona Beach, we were driving to my celebratory birthday dinner, when an alcohol-impaired driver fell asleep at the wheel, crossed the median, and struck the side of the car where Nina was sitting. In an instant, my 15 ½ year old daughter, with the flashing brown eyes, unforgettable smile, and a heart of gold, was gone.

Forever after, the day of my birth would be the same day as my Nina's heartbreaking death. Now, not surprisingly, my friend calls me to tell me how much she misses her son, now away at college. When I gently remind her of what she had said before he went away, she replies through tears, "I know, but now I say 'Be careful not to blink or it will all be gone.' I miss him so much."

Unfortunately, we, as bereaved parents, know how true those words are. It is difficult sometimes to hold back the urge to lecture and scold the non-bereaved parents who make comments such as this. We want to remind them of our loss. We want to tell them that at least they can pick up the phone whenever they wish to hear their child's voice, catch a plane and in a matter of hours visit with their child, or expect that when school ends and vacation rolls around, their child will be coming home. These are all things that many of us said and took for granted that is, until our child died.

My Nina had probably the messiest, most cluttered bedroom that you could imagine. The untidiness of her room is legendary. I think the carpeting was dove gray, but you rarely saw it because of the mountains of clothes that she would try on and discard on the floor! A sock thrown here, a schoolbook thrown there...it drove me insane! She was so meticulous in the other areas of her life, I think her room was the sanctuary where she let her perfectionism go. I sometimes

became relentless about my need for her to clean up her room. As I railed away about my disapproval of her surroundings, she always looked at me quizzically with a slight, almost indistinguishable shrug of her shoulders, a half smile, and said nothing. As a teenager, she had already figured out where her priorities should be.

The first time I went into Nina's disordered room after she died, I lay down on her bed among all that glorious clutter, her clothing still smelling of the sweet scent of her perfume, and wrapped myself in the afghan she had purchased for herself. After weeping for a good long time, I realized what Nina meant by her non-response to my ranting and raving. She had learned at a much earlier age than I had that in the grand scheme of things, messy bedrooms do not really matter. She had already found out what it took my beloved daughter's death for me to find out.

It was her work to be student council president, to put together blood drives and help with food banks, to teach religion classes to kindergartners, to do peer-to-peer school counseling for classmates who were in a crisis, and to spend precious time with her family and friends. Those things would mean something down the line; they were the things that mattered the most. Sometimes I wonder if she subconsciously knew that she didn't have a lot of time to spread around all the love and good feelings that she had in her heart. She accomplished so much in her all-too-short life. I often wonder if somehow she knew that someday I would finally realize what was truly important in the short time we have on this earth.

Those of us who are members of The Compassionate Friends would give anything to bring our children back. We would let them know that now we understand that trivial things such as "messy bedrooms" do not matter. We would give anything to trip over those shoes carelessly flung in the entryway, pick up those empty soda cans tossed

behind the bed, and gladly try to locate that missing sock that could be just about anywhere on the bedroom floor. We would give anything to have that so-called “frustration” all back again, just to be able to look at the face of our beloved child, see their magnificent smile, hold them tight, and know that they were here to stay. Although our greatest wish can’t come true, there are many things that we can do to honor our children’s lives.

We can still hold them close to our hearts. As the keepers of their memory, we can guarantee that, by sharing their lives with others, our children will never be forgotten. Moreover, we can begin living our own lives with more awareness, patience, and understanding of others and more tolerance for “messy rooms.”

*Cathy L. Seehuetter
TCF St. Paul, MN*

Journey

When a drunk driver killed my daughter, Allison, at age 19, it was a monumental effort to just breathe much less think my mind and body could survive. I was so dysfunctional that I lived every day in just my pajamas. Going to my first support group meeting of The Compassionate Friends, I pulled a pair of jeans and sweatshirt over my pajamas. I listened as each parent spoke of their child and their grief I heard those whose child died months ago and those whose child died years ago. These were living, breathing people in the same room with me and not just names and stories in a newspaper or book. It’s 14 years later and, on occasion, I’ll wear a pair of pajamas under my clothes when I go to a meeting just to remind myself of where I was and how far I’ve come in this journey I share with others.

*Barbara Reboratti, Allison’s mom
TCF Quakertown Chapter*

Though life is not as it was before, and will never be again, our memories are much richer than if love had never been.



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)

From Kathy (Jason’s Mom) and Gail (Max’s Mom)

Since some of you don’t know about or have not attended our two gatherings we have outside of our monthly meetings, we would like to give some information about our Craft Day and our Dinner Group that our chapter provides.

CRAFT DAY - Our craft group started because there were some members who were not able to attend our Thursday night meetings and some who asked about a second monthly meeting. Since we both like doing crafts and sewing, we felt it may work to meet on a Saturday, use our hands and be creative to make some special memory items about our children. We use their pictures, clothing, blankets and we have come up with some special keepsakes. Some members have told us that they are not creative and that is okay. We will help you with your crafting.

We also know that you may not have your child’s clothing or their “stuff”. When this is the case we encourage you to use their favorite color or find a shirt at a thrift shop that reminds you of a shirt they may have had.

Some of our members have lost a stillborn or their baby may have lived only a few moments. We understand

there will not be many photos or clothing ... and we will help you to make memories about your baby in other ways.

Even if you don’t feel like crafting, it’s a nice place to visit, talk about your child if you choose and have a coffee and donut with us. We meet at St. Timothy’s Pres. Church in Livonia and the Plymouth District Library in Plymouth, depending on availability. Please know the guys are welcome, too.

DINNER GROUP – Our dinner group meets on the 3rd Tuesday of the month. At this time, we meet at Brann’s Steakhouse on Six Mile in Northville starting at 6:30 pm. This gathering gives another opportunity to get support from other bereaved parents.

Both of these groups offer a relaxed setting to be able to talk with other bereaved parents. Sign-up sheets are at the monthly meeting for both the Craft Day and the Dinner Group. The information for both events are in the newsletter. We need to know how many are coming for each group – for supplies and reservations. Reminder emails are sent out and dates are posted on our The Compassionate Friends of Livonia Michigan facebook page or contact Kathy or Gail via email or the facebook page.

SIBS

Nature Helps

We often speak of life as a journey and those of us that grieve the death of a loved one are said to walk a journey of grief. Shawn Brunner is not just walking this path of grief metaphorically, but is walking the Appalachian Trail as he learns to go on adventures without the physical presence of his older brother, Joseph. Joseph and Shawn had the world and when Joseph died from a completed suicide in June 2011, Shawn's world shattered.

As many of us have discovered, there is solace and comfort to be found in nature. Grief tends to give us a new perspective, a lens of sorts and many of us find that we appreciate a sunset, a cloud formation or the sun filtering through the clouds with new eyes.

Shawn had previously experienced both fun and peace in nature during the yearly adventures Joseph and Shawn took, hiking and climbing around the USA, trekking through the Himalaya's and places in between. He finds solace in nature now, as he learns to live with Joseph's death. Shawn is taking that quest for communion with nature a bit further than most of us and will be helping not only himself, but countless others through the funds he hopes to raise for various organizations.

Shawn took a leave of absence from his position at Volume One, in Eau Claire and began his 4 month, 2,178 mile trek on the Appalachian Trail, March 7, 2012. It is also the inaugural hike for a non-profit group, Nature Helps, that Shawn and his wife, Heather, recently started. Nature

Help's goal is to raise money, one hike at a time, for various charities. As he walks this path, his non-profit, Nature Helps, hopes to raise money for the organization, National Suicide Prevention Lifeline, a network of centers staffed around the clock that offers a toll-free number. In the future they hope to continue putting one foot in front of the other by hiking both long trails such as the current adventure of the Appalachian Trail and shorter distances, perhaps hiking within a national park. Each hike will be an opportunity to increase awareness and funds for a charity.

On Shawn's blog there is an entry that talks about the time and energy spent on deciding what he can carry with him. He carefully weighed it all, trying to get the backpack as light as possible. Grief takes up no space, but the weight can be so heavy. Mary Oliver states it accurately in the poem, Heavy, "it's not the weight you carry, but how you carry it—books, bricks, grief, it's all in the way you embrace it, balance it, carry it". This will be one of the challenges that Shawn faces as he makes his way north from Georgia up to Maine. It is a work in progress for us all as we travel through our lives finding our balance in carrying our joys and our sorrows.

It is said that John Muir, a man who is known for his treks in the High Sierra's and Yosemite, would just throw some oatmeal into a pack, roll up his bedroll and hit the trail. Muir would have been astounded at the hours Shawn spent discerning what he could carry in his pack and the high tech world of backpacking equipment. Still, both Muir and Shawn would be in complete understanding when Muir stated, "Come to the woods, for here is rest". As Shawn walks along the trail, may he find not only rest, but also be aware of the forever love and presence of his hiking partner and brother, Joseph.

Kim Bodeau
TCF Chippewa Valley

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 Thursday 7-9; 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.



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

June 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

JUNE Craft Day

Our craft day will be on Saturday, June 10, 2017 at the Plymouth District Library, from 10 am to 1 pm. We will be making a 6 x 6 inch scrapbook to celebrate our children. Supplies will be provided. Please bring 6 – 8 photos of your child, 4x6 size or smaller. Make copies (black or white) if you do not want to use your original photos. You may also make the scrapbook and attach your photos later. There will be a sign up sheet at our monthly meeting and an example of the scrapbook. Cost: \$3.00