

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



March 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 -March 3- Regular meeting: Newcomer tables, sibling table, topic table: Based on the article *The New Me, how have you changed?*
March 19 - Craft Day -see page 8
March 15 -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

Essence of TCF

I can tell by that look, friend, that we 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 say your child's with God, so be strong.

They say all the "right" things that somehow seem wrong.

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 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

and I stumbled and fell through 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,

Our Logo: It's Mystery and Its History

Are the hands reaching out or letting go? Are they the hands of one person or two? These are questions often heard from new members,...so we asked the people who know.

Much of the beauty of our logo lies in the fact that there are no definitive answers to its symbolism. At first glance its meaning seems obvious; yet as you look more closely, these questions may arise. The hands represent different things to us at different periods in our grief journeys. To the newly bereaved, the hands reach out toward him or her, offering comfort and support. Later in our grief journeys, they may symbolize

(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>
Stephanie	Nona Adkins	March 27	33 yrs
Kevin	Ben and Tara AuBuchon	March 28	2 mos
Sonya Marie Collier-Turner	Otto and Linda Collier	March 11	38 yrs
Jason	Cindy Cunningham	March 31	26 yrs
Brad	Patricia Custer	March 23	29 yrs
Patrick	Nick and Barb DeRosa	March 14	24 yrs
Josh Dever	Walt and Judy Dever	March 25	17 yrs
Robert Lee	Leslie and Dennis Dietrich	March 04	37 yrs
Mary Jane	Mary Jane Egan	March 02	33 yrs
Samuel	Lenore Good	March 21	39 yrs
Adam	Robert and Joyce Gradinscak	March 17	24 yrs
Anthony	Larry and Cali Guastella	March 19	21 yrs
Julie	Linda Jogwick	March 29	7 yrs
Craig	Linda Jogwick	March 29	10 yrs
Mike	Tim and Barb Kilgore	March 04	16 yrs
Brian Matthew	Michael King	March 10	4 yrs
Scott	Mark and Carole Larson	March 08	20 yrs
Courtney	Laurie Layton	March 19	23 yrs
Anthony Connolly "Tony"	Kristin Livingston	March 14	18 yrs
Daryl Wayne Harrison	Bonnie Lockard	March 17	26 yrs
Stephanie	Wayne and Patricia Loder	March 21	8 yrs
Stephen	Wayne and Patricia Loder	March 20	5 yrs
Corey	Dawn McCourt	March 27	25 yrs
Corey (Brother)	Ryan McCourt (Sibling)	March 27	25 yrs
Kari	Gina McMurray	March 16	21 yrs
Cody "CJ" VerCande	Vicki Meinheit	March 31	14 yrs
Anthony	Steven and Kristy Nelson	March 31	20 yrs
Kenneth Homer-Ray Bentley	Terry L. Norris	March 04	27 yrs
Richard Carl	Mary Nunn	March 16	28 yrs
Robert Joseph	Mike and Cindy Polesky	March 03	20 yrs
Greg	Greg and Sue Riley	March 06	34 yrs
Anthony Connolly	Lois Rodgers	March 14	18 yrs
Andrew (Andy)	Carol Rommelare	March 29	28 yrs
Dennis	Dennis and Sophie Speer	March 19	26 yrs
Trisha Domke	Linda Spinelle	March 29	31 yr
Kevin	JoAnne Tappan	March 21	18 yrs
Courtney M. Pugh	Cheryl Tate	March 03	18 yrs
Sarah	Craig A. Tebo	March 23	18 yrs
Jennifer Nietiedt	Karl and Lisa Vipperman	March 10	14 yrs
James Walsh	Ellen Walsh	March 19	20 yrs
Karyn	Phyllis Werner	March 02	47 yrs
Maureen	Anna Wood	March 18	53 yrs

Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Erika	Tim & Jan Anstett	March 12	21 yrs
Lisa Cherry	Russi Arden	March 23	52 yrs
Jenifer Lynn Tisch	Connie Bagalis	March 05	39 yrs



Mikayla	Desmond and LaShonda Baker	March 16	9 yrs
Idones	Jettowynne Barnes	March 07	37 yrs
Christopher Paul Bonnici	Sharon Bergeron (Grandson)	March 30	29 yrs
Christopher	Jerry Bonnici	March 30	29 yrs
Billy Pennington	Sheila Burnham	March 23	15 yrs
Michael	Jerry and Nancy Burton	March 12	26 years
Sonya Marie Collier-Turner	Otto and Linda Collier	March 15	38 yrs
Costas Dario Cottos	Tara Tarez & Peter Cottos	March 11	10 mos
Marc	Audrey Dade	March 22	39 yrs
Zachary	Michelle Darling	March 04	14 yrs
Jeff	Doug & Nancy Fortier	March 03	26 yrs
Jeff	Lindsay Fortier (sister)	March 03	26 yrs
Christopher Paul Bonnici	Frank & Michelle Foster	March 30	29 yrs
Amy Sandusky	Mary Gilliam	March 18	n/a
Sarah	Ted and Barbara Gittleman	March 12	23 yrs
Samuel	Lenore Good	March 11	39 yrs
Brian Allen	Larry and Jackie Grimes	March 31	23 yrs
Joseph	Christine Harrington	March 08	20 yrs
Richard	Cheryl Hayford	March 30	30 yrs
Brian	Sylvia Hinzman	March 16	26 yrs
Michael	Dick and Diane Inloes	March 12	41 yrs
Brian Charle	Jennifer K. Knight	March 03	21 yrs
Jennifer	Laura Kroll	March 20	20 yrs
Stephen	Wayne and Patricia Loder	March 14	5 yrs
Kari	Gina McMurray	March 01	21 yrs
Mark	John and Amy Nogowski	March 22	4 yrs
Derek	Brian Otter	March 11	23 yrs
Paul Martin	Diane and George Richards	March 14	19 yrs
John David	Debbie Ross	March 07	28 yrs
Matthew	Maher & Evon Shounia	March 28	9 yrs
Kaden Silcox	D.J. Silcox	March 17	2 mos
Scott	Frank and Lois Sinagra	March 10	27 yrs
Trisha Domke	Linda Spinelle	March 17	31 yrs
Kevin	JoAnne Tappan	March 10	18 yrs
Shane	Sherly Trupiano	March 11	25 yrs
Ian	Candy Zimmie	March 03	27 yrs

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.

Nona Adkins whose beloved daughter, ***Stephanie***, Born 7/27; Died 3/16; 33 years

Mary Lou Levitan whose beloved daughter, ***Elaine***, Born 10/09; Died 07/21; 29 years

Vincent and Cynthia Taylor whose beloved daughter, ***Sharday***, Born 09/19; Died 2/03; 26 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, 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,

♥ John, Faye & Kim Heller “In loving memory of our son & brother John Desmond Heller II.
We’ll love you forever!”

the process of letting go, of coming to terms with the child's death, or acknowledgment that the child is no longer a part of our earthly existence.

Still later in our grief journeys, we begin to reinvest in life and reach out toward others. Then, our hands become the hands which are extended to the newly bereaved. The circle is complete: a circle of love and understanding, with the child at the center. *Joe Lawley, Founder-Chairman of the Society of the Compassionate Friends (Coventry, England, 1969) supplied the details on how the logo came about. The logo first appeared on the June 1975 newsletter. Originally, the logo was a bright emerald green; subsequently, in 1977, the general universal color of royal blue with white was used and continues to this day.*

*Joyce Andrews
From "Friends Caring & Sharing"*

In This Place

Brave hearts, you are here. You have traveled a dreadful distance. You have come, seeking solace, understanding,

hope, threads to patch what death's so cruelly undone.

In this place you can relax and breathe... the coats of others' expectations taken off.

Walk into these few hours as into an oasis where draughts of love and memories can be quaffed.

In this place all names can be spoken; in this place each one's story may be told.

We will not be discouraged by your sorrow; in this place ALL feelings, we enfold.

Here laughter does not mean we are forgetting; we do not count how many tears are shed.

Both fuel us, fellow travelers, give us courage, for the long and winding road we see ahead.

And those we love are pleased we are together, smile down on us, and bless this day, glad for every tiny step we are taking as they send their light to guide us on our way.

Traveling with us as we journey onward,

sending strength for what the miles may bring, they are a part of everything we do that matters—

in every dance we dance,
and every song we sing.

*Genesse Bourdeau Gentry ~
written 30 July 2004*

*for those attending their first
meeting of*

The Compassionate Friends

MY OLD FRIEND GRIEF

My old friend Grief is back. He comes to visit me once in awhile to remind me that I am still a broken man. Surely there has been much healing since my son died six years ago, and surely I have adjusted to a world without him.

But the truth is, we never completely heal, we never totally adjust. Such is the

nature of the loss that no matter how much life has been experienced, the heart of the bereaved will never be the same. It's as though a part of us dies with the person we lose through death.

And so my old friend Grief drops in to say "Hello". Sometimes he enters through the door of my memory. I'll hear a song or smell a fragrance. I'll look at a picture and I'll remember how it used to be. Sometimes it brings a smile to my face.... sometimes a tear.

One may say that remembrance is unhealthy ... that we shouldn't dwell on thoughts that make us sad. Yet the opposite is true. Grief re-visited is Grief acknowledged and Grief confronted is Grief resolved. But if Grief is resolved, why do we feel a sense of loss when we least expect it? Because healing doesn't mean forgetting and moving on with life doesn't mean that we don't take a part of our lost love with us. Of course the intensity of the pain decreases over time if we allow Grief to visit from time to time.

Sometimes my old friend Grief sneaks up on me. It's as though the one's we have lost are determined not to be forgotten. My old friend Grief doesn't get in the way of living. He just wants to come along and chat sometimes.

Grief has taught me a few things about living I wouldn't have learned on my own. He has taught me that if I try to deny the reality of loss, I end up having to deny life altogether. Old Grief has taught me that I can survive great loss and although my world is different, it's still my world and I must live in it.

My old friend Grief has taught me that the loss of a loved one doesn't mean the permanence of death. My friend will be back again and again to remind me to confront my new reality and to gain through loss and pain.

*Adolfo Quesada,
TCF/Colorado*

*Your wings were ready; my heart
was not*



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

A Million Times

A million times we've needed you,
A million times we've cried.
If love alone could have saved you,
You never would have died.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we love you still.
In our hearts you hold a place,
No one will ever fill.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn't go alone.
Part of us went with you,
The day God took you home.
The bond among grieving parents is
close. It is unfathomable.
It cannot be entered into by outsiders,
but it is known to each of us. A
quick look, an acknowledgment, and
we know immediately the agenda of
suffering we have in common and
that there is no fact of our lives more
important than this:

I had a child who died.
From I Will Not Leave You Desolate
~By Martha Whitmore Hickman

The New Me

I had someone say to me not too long ago that she was glad to see that I was "picking up the pieces and going on." Well, I am picking up the pieces all right – but what she doesn't know is that they're almost a whole set of new pieces! I haven't been able to go on as though nothing about me has changed since my child died. I am a different me, and I am still learning how the new me reacts to old situations. I am finding that this new set of pieces doesn't exactly fit together all nice and neat like a jigsaw puzzle. Some of the old pieces are still hanging in there, but they don't quite mesh with some of the new pieces. I am in the process of grinding off the rough edges now, hoping eventually for a better fit, one that I can live with more comfortably. Time, patience and hard work are helping me accomplish this.

How are the rough edges on your new pieces coming along?
Mary Cleckley

Please Let Me Mourn

I've never lost a child before, and I don't understand all these emotions I am feeling. Will you try to understand and help me?

Please let me mourn.

I may act and appear together, but I am not.

Often times it hurts so much I can hardly bear it.

Please let me mourn.

Don't expect too much from me. I will try to help you know what I can and cannot handle. Sometimes I am not always sure.

Please let me mourn.

Let me talk about my child. I need to talk. It's part of the healing. Don't pretend nothing has happened. It hurts terribly when you do. I love my child very much, and my memories are all I have now. They are very precious to me.

Please let me mourn.

Sometimes I cry and act differently, but it is all part of the grieving. My tears are necessary and needed and should not be held back. It even helps when you cry with me. Please don't fear my tears.

Please let me mourn.

What I need most is your friendship, your sympathy, your prayers, your support, and your understanding love. I am not the same person I was before my child died, and I never will be. Hopefully we can all grow from this shared tragedy.

Please let me mourn.

God gives me strength to face each day and the hope that I will survive with His help and yours. Time will heal some of the pain, but there will always be an empty place in my heart.

Please let me mourn.

Please let me mourn and thank you for helping me through the most difficult time of my life.

Lonnie Forland

TCF, Northwood, IA

Grief never ends....But it changes. It's a passage not a place to stay. Grief is not a sign of weakness, nor a lack of faith...It is the price of love.

SUICIDE:

How Do We Say It?

From the moment we learned of our daughter's death, I knew that the word "suicide" had the power to erase her life while emblazoning her death in neon letters in the minds of her friends and colleagues. During the unremitting misery of those early days, I even toyed with the idea of telling no one she was gone, willing her to stay alive in the thoughts of those who knew her, forgetting that I'd already notified our family and closest friends. It was a fairy tale wish I contrived as a way of allowing myself a momentary escape from the unthinkable reality of her death. If her death were never acknowledged, would she still be here?

My fantasy vanished in the cold light of the days that followed. I knew that we could never dishonor Rhonda's memory by concealing her suicide. I wrote a letter to friends and relatives, informing them of the events leading up to her death. I hoped my letter would quell the inevitable whispers by openly acknowledging her depression and her decision to end her own life. I implored them to speak often and openly about her to us; to do otherwise would deny her existence.

I never intended to embark on a campaign to confront, let alone eradicate, the stigma of suicide. What mattered the most was that we who loved Rhonda must not let the circumstances of her death diminish her memory or her accomplishments. I explained that she had "taken her own life" or that "she died of suicide." An expression I refused to use then and refuse to use to this day, is the despicable "committed suicide," with its implications of criminality. Historically, that term was an instrument of retaliation against the survivors, and it has no place in today's enlightened society. Many people prefer to say, "completed suicide," but as a parent who witnessed my child's twenty-year struggle against the demons of clinical depression I don't care much for that, either. "Died of suicide" or "died by suicide" 5

are accurate, emotionally neutral ways to explain my child's death.

My first encounter with suicide occurred many years ago when my dentist, a gentle family man in his mid-thirties, took his own life. Since that time, I have known neighbors, relatives, friends and other hard working, highly respected individuals who died this way. I've facilitated meetings in which grieving parents declined to speak about their children because they couldn't handle the group's reaction.

Rhonda was a gifted scholar, writer and archaeologist who, like my mother, suffered from adult-onset manic depression (also called bipolar disorder). She made a lasting contribution in her field, and a wonderful tribute to her life and her work appeared in *American Antiquity*, *Journal of the Society for American Archaeology* (October, 1994).

Both my daughter and my mother suffered tremendously in their struggles to conceal their illness. Neither of them won that battle, but my mother responded to medications that minimized the highs and lows, and she died of cancer at eighty-seven. Sadly, doctors never discovered a magic formula that could offer Rhonda the same relief. She ended her own life at age thirty-six, after a year of severe depression that was triggered by life stresses beyond her control. I saw her battle firsthand, and I witnessed her valiant struggle to survive. She wanted desperately to live; she died because she thought she had no alternative.

In his revealing book, *Telling Secrets*, the great theologian Frederick Buechner describes his father's suicide, which occurred when Buechner was just a boy. The conspiracy of silence that was imposed on Buechner and his brother had a profound effect on their development and their relationships with other family members. "We are as sick as our secrets," he concludes.

We whose children have taken their own lives must do all that we can to help eradicate the secrecy and stigma

that surround their deaths. If we allow these to persist, we allow their lives to be diminished. We owe our children more than that.

Joyce Andrews
TCF, Sugar Land, TX

Take the Time...to Hurt, to Cry...

"Wordless and worldless, endless and forever grief goes on. It takes the best, and leaves the rest an empty shell. Life is Hell." David was dead four months when I wrote that in my journal. Time was my enemy. As I envisioned the future of my life, I saw only a vast expanse of desert—dry, parched and empty.

It is now a year and a half since David's death, and I recognize that time has become my friend. Now when I look to the future, I see hills and valleys—struggles, to be sure, but also moments spent at the summit. What has happened? Time is healing.

Take the time—

To hurt...The pain is great and the temptation to run away is great. But there is no avoiding, no escaping the hard feelings. If you cover them over, they only re-surface later in a potentially more destructive way.

To cry...It may feel like once started, you can never stop. But you have every reason to cry, and when you have cried enough, you will stop.

To "fall apart"...If you have a broken leg, you would not expect yourself to function at full capacity right away.

Your wound is much greater—you have a broken heart. Confusion, inability to concentrate, lethargy, imagined glimpses of your dead child are normal parts of the grieving process and do not mean that you are going crazy.

To be "selfish"...Mourning is an egocentric time, a time for turning inward and for introspection.

To "identify"...and seek out resources in your environment that can help: friends, clergy, Compassionate Friends, a counselor. Talk to them. Having done all that—having lingered

in the valley of the shadow—it is time to begin to climb out.

Take the time—

To engage again in activities that were once pleasurable. They may hold no joy the first few times; someday they will and that will be all right.

To laugh without guilt. Savor the good moments in the day, brief though they may be. Through your child, you can rediscover the beauty of a sunset.

To care for your health. Grieving causes physiological as well as psychological stress. Your body needs protection.

To be patient. Wanting to live again and learning to live again take time.

The path out the other side of the valley is steep, and we all often stumble. But with time—time spent doing the work of grief—you can find the path to a world made richer by your love.

Broona Romanoff, Ph.D.
TCF, Albany, NY

Oracle

Your child has died

and only this is certain:

that you will never be

the same again –

not what you were –

not what you might have been.

Your child has died and grief may touch your vision

with new and restless lights,

with want and pain

where once your life

found reason, strength and

peace.

Your child has died.

The face of god is changing.

It may be closer

and more careful now

or may seem cold

and cruel, far away.

So trust your soul

(however bright or somber

however calm or fierce).

Trust in your soul:

– it will declare

your answer and your hope.

In time...

Sascha

SIBS

Mom, Do I have To?

Mom, do I have to stop loving my brother because he is not here? Will I forget all about him because he's not near? I remember all the things we did together, even though we were very young. I laugh and feel warm each time I think of a particularly funny one. Sometimes I get so angry that he's no longer here to share, But I know he knows it's only because of how much I still care. I miss him, so even though at times we didn't agree, Just knowing he was there made things feel safe for me. He always felt he had to be my strong, protective big brother, And that's a bond we'll always share

forever with each other.
He tried to protect me even when he, too, was just scared.
No, I won't stop loving that big brother of mine,
Not now, not ever, not till the end of time.
He will always be a part of what makes me be me.
And that's the part of our love that will live eternally.
Jackie Rosen
TCF N.Dade/S. Broward, FL

My Silent Companion

I see you in my dreams –
Laughing happily, free from sorrow,
And safe from life's misfortune.
The joy that lights your eyes fills me with comfort,
And I know that every step I make,
You also take.
Guiding me down life's path, through obstacles in my way –

You are my silent companion.
When God took you back – it changed our lives
And our perspective.
We now see the vibrant glow
That lives in every one of His creations,
And it reminds us of you.
I hear you laugh in the crashing surf and feel warmed
by your hugs in the soaking sun.
You are everywhere –
You are my silent companion.
Though I want to reach out to you
And hold you tightly in my sorrow,
I know you can feel my tears on your shoulder
As you surround me in your soul.
You sprinkle my life with tokens and treasures,
Reminders and reassurances of how much you love me.
I know you'll live inside my heart
And walk with me until I can join you
Forever as my silent companion.
By Jennifer Forrest, TCF,
Orange Coast, CA

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



Sometimes

Sometimes something clicks
and with a tear,
remembrance of the pain and the
loneliness flood the heart.
Sometimes something brings
remembrance of the pain and the
loneliness flood the heart.
Sometimes something clicks
and with a smile, remembrance of
the love
and the laughter flood the senses.
And there are times when nothing
clicks at all and a voice echoes
through the emptiness and
numbness never finding the person
who used to fill that space.
And sometimes
the most special times of all
a feeling ripples through your body,
heart and soul that tells you that
person never left you, and he is
right there with you, through it all.
Kristen Hansen, Bereaved Sibling
TCF Nashville Newsletter Feb 09

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

March 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

March Craft

Our March Craft Day will be on the 19th from 10 am to 1 pm at St. Timothy's.

This month we are asking for help to prepare supplies for the Crafty Corner, part of the Creative Cafe at the TCF conference this summer in AZ.

Those who come to help will be able to make a fold out photo book, one of the craft items offered at the Crafty Corner.

Kathy Rambo and Gail Lafferty are in charge of the Crafty Corner and appreciate any help you can give. There will be a sign up sheet at the regular TCF meeting for those who can help.

Any questions, email Gail or call 734-748-2514

It's not too early, you can register for the 39th Annual Conference-Scottsdale, July 8-10:

[Click here to go to registration](#)