

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



May 2016
Volume 28, Number 5

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 -May 5- Annual
Balloon Lift - see page 7
May 21- Craft Day -see page 8
May 17 - 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 18th- Fund Raiser- see page 7
July 8 -10th - National Conference,
in Scottsdale, AZ - go
to the website: www.compassionatefriends.org

A Mother's Love

Growing up, we think of Mother's Day as a special day for our mothers. Later, it becomes a day for our children and ourselves to reflect on our own motherhood. I have taken another step in recent years...a step backward to grandmothers and great-grandmothers...and I must try to express my awe, my reverence for those mothers who came before me.

I always knew that one grandmother had lost three of nine children to diphtheria, but until Tony died and I came out of my own pit enough to think of anyone else, that was just an interesting and very sad family story. Tony's death times three!!! Unbearable, unthinkable dear lady! Did I ever show any special appreciation of you?

But now, I go back one more generation to my great-grandmother. Married at seventeen, only five of her twelve children lived to maturity. They died at the ages of: six months, eight months, fourteen months, three and one half years, six years, nine years, and eighteen years. How did she survive it?

We all know that awful moment at the cemetery, when we are not sure we will even live through the next few minutes. Seven times she buried a child... over and over. Was the grief less in those days? I won't discount her sorrow by saying that they were "used to it," although she personally must have been

as used to it as one could be. It is that mother's pain that I feel that makes me feel so close to those mothers.

This Mother's Day is dedicated to my female ancestors who share this pain with me. I know that they would not discount my loss of one child. I feel that they welcome him, and with the strength I hope I inherited from them, I'm going to make it, too.

Ronnie Peterson

TCF - Western Adirondack, NY

Mother's Day

Our day... a very special day. A day that is set aside, especially to honor all mothers. Mother ... a beautiful word. What other word could you use to best describe giving birth to, nursing, loving and caring for a tiny, helpless human being, a gift of life to treasure? But weren't we taught that once you gave a gift to someone, you should never take it back?

What went wrong? Mine was taken away from me. Does that mean that I wasn't worthy to be a mother, that I was failing, that I didn't appreciate the gift? The gift was too precious to be given for keeps. It was only loaned to me for a short while. Even in my sorrow, I feel special, for I know the true meaning of the word MOTHER. I have reached the ultimate, from the joy of birth to the sorrow of death. I belong to a special

(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>
Michael Christian Smith	Sydney Adams	May 17	3 mos
Adam	Diane Angell	May 11	38 yrs
Kyle	Heather Baker	May 29	18 yrs
Landon	Connie Breitbach	May 08	23 yrs
Amy	Diane Brown	May 22	31 yrs
Kayla Marie	Dana and Brandy Bumstead	May 11	1 month
Alex	Mark and Molly Burgett	May 19	22 yrs
Billy Pennington	Sheila Burnham	May 05	15 yrs
Heather Maureen Hicks	Gary and Diana Catlin	May 18	32 yrs
Blaise Christian Hebert	Flora A. Cocora	May 21	19yrs
Rachel	Roy and Audrey Collett	May 18	18 yrs
Marc	Audrey Dade	May 22	39 yrs
Steven Michael	Lorie Dalpe	May 18	18 yrs
Rhett Lundy	Valerie Donndelinger (Aunt)	May 15	14 yrs
Jonathan Neuberger	Valerie Donnedlinger (Aunt)	May 26	21 yrs
Robert	Carol Gerber	May 11	49 yrs
Jasmine	Elisa Gosselin	May 02	18 yrs
Carol Jean	Nancy Grabarczyk	May 17	23 yrs
Christy Ann Gavagan	Valerie Graves	May 12	37 yrs
Steven Frederick	Nancy and Ralph Green	May 01	21 yrs
Blaise Christian Hebert	Christina Hebert	May 21	19 yrs
Ryan Birmingham	Steve and Theresa Henry	May 13	24 yrs
Michaela Noam	Adam & Gabriella Kaplan	May 23	6 yrs
Jason Ludwick	Rachel Kish	May 18	40 yrs
Gregory Alan	David and Elizabeth LaBelle	May 13	31 yrs
Matthew	Maureen Lyle	May 16	48 yrs
Ryan	Connie McCann	May 10	23 yrs
Karen	Gerald and Lorraine McDonnell	May 19	20 yrs
Cameron	Judy McGibbon-Bjorklund	May 12	36 yrs
Jacob Adam	Beth McIntyre	May 24	5 yrs
Felicia Moore	Stacy Moore	May 10	23 yrs
Brother Mathew Wansor	Melissa Moriarty	May 31	21 yrs
Gregory Arthur	Dale and Susan Moser	May 25	23 yrs
Jimmy	Frank and Mary Mrocza	May 10	36 yrs
Nicki	Ron O'Dell	May 06	32 yrs
Michael Anthony Conn	Myrna Payton	May 30	19 yrs
Kyle Thomas	Liz Ryan	May 25	22 yrs
Chauncey	Vivian Shelton and James Hunter	May 10	22 yrs
Kaden Silcox	D.J. Silcox	May 14	2 mos
Hillary Fay Shaffer	Deb Smith	May 01	17 yrs
Matthew	Linda Soto	May 17	22 yrs
Joe	Roslynn Standriff	May 04	16 yrs
Shannon	Susan & Raymond Steinberg	May 23	46 yrs
Albert Horvath	Martha Stott	May 27	58 yrs
Symphani Sykes-Wiliams	Lakesha Sykes	May 25	7 yrs
Conner	Cindy Toth	May 19	5 yrs



MAY

Cynthia	Joann Vecellio	May 04	33 yrs
Matthew Wansor	Kathy Wansor	May 31	21yrs
Tess	Pam Wilmoth	May 06	24 yrs
Brian	Bill and Betty Woehlke	May 08	29 yrs
Kristen	Dennis and Cindy Wolff	May 25	24 yrs

Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Ben	Russi Arden	May 06	34 yrs
Kyle	Heather Baker	May 02	18 yrs
Adam	Verna Birk	May 24	18 yrs
Jennifer	Judy Brackenridge	May 29	4 mos
Jennifer Tyrrell	John and Carol Bul	May 25	37 yrs
Mitchell	Doug and Amy Butler	May 04	14 yrs
Johnnie	Gabrielle Colvin	May 17	41 yrs
Courtney	Peg Crismore	May 22	30 yrs
Joshlyn	LaTonya Davenport	May 23	19 yrs
Shane	Esther Degillio	May 8	25 yrs
Deborah	Phil DeLong	May 23	45 yrs
John "Johnny"	Rosemarie Denton	May 29	21 yrs
Mary Jane	Mary Jane Egan	May 04	33 yrs
Wayne	Cindy Fortner	May 29	36 yrs
Ryan	Rick and Sandi Fryz	May 01	18 yrs
Erin Kathleen	Jim and Linda Gobeski	May 20	24 yrs
Anthony	Larry and Cali Guastella	May 28	21 yrs
Michael	Mike and Mary Hartnett	May 09	18 yrs
John Desmond HellerII	Faye and John Heller	May 14	21 yrs
Camilla Anzures	Ami Hogan	May 02	n/a
Lori Ann	Sue Horwitz	May 26	33 yrs
Wanda	Barbara Jones	May 31	57 yrs
Josiah	Heather Knowles & Sammy Parrilla	May 21	3 mos
Andrew Jr.	Trish & Andy Lesondak	May 14	23 yrs
Joaquin	Christina Martinez	May 24	1 yr
Joaquin - grandson	Felix and Marie Martinez	May 24	1 yr
Bryan "Bryfo" Soupis	Connie McCann	May 15	35 yrs
Brother Mathew Wansor	Melissa Moriarty	May 09	21 yrs
Greg	Sharon Morganti	May 15	40 yrs
Carlee	Lori Morse	May 19	16 yrs
Gregory Arthur	Dale and Susan Moser	May 13	23 yrs
Michaela Elizabeth	Brigette Murphy	May 05	7 months
Paul	Joe and Laura Myers	May 24	24 yrs
Vonda	Bonnie Norris	May 12	45 yrs
Steven	Hal and Lynn Pape	May 04	18 yrs
Chad	Sandra Powell	May 11	38 yrs
Michael	Angelynn Raffail	May 31	38 yrs
Alisa Sumner	Louis Randall	May 16	44 yrs
Navi	Harvinder and Jaspinder Sahi	May 25	21 yrs
Cole Ryan	Jaclyn Smith	May 17	6 yrs
Ted Guenther	Kathy Smith	May 26	33 yrs
Justin J. Bolin	Cindy Stevens	May 07	35 yrs
Matthew Wansor	Kathy Wansor	May 09	21yrs
Kelli	Valerie Weatherly	May 20	30 yrs
Justin	Michael and Janice Wortmann	May 05	26 yrs
Belal Safah	Laurie Ziolkowski	May 12	29 yrs

group who truly knows the meaning of the word Mother.

Would I have not accepted the gift if I had known the terrible loss I would feel by having it taken away from me? NO, I would still hold out my hands and accept such a precious gift, for to love and to cherish, even for a short while is worth every tear.

This year on Mother's Day, I'll shed my tears but let them be as a soft summer's rain – a rain that nourishes the earth, tears that heal and cleanse my heart.

*Vera Babb
St. Louis, MO*

Opening Day in Heaven

Opening Day—two words that conjure up memories of seasons long past and of lazy days passed by fathers and sons at ballparks all over America. It's a marvelous, cathartic day, when everyone is young again, spring is in the air, and everything is fresh and new.

I'm not sure Opening Day will ever be the same for me again.

Last September, my wife and I stared in disbelief as doctors told us that our son Mikey was suffering from a rare form of brain cancer called glioma and had a few short weeks to live. It couldn't happen to him. He was so healthy, strong and full of life; it had to be something else that was causing his sudden awkwardness and loss of balance. There was no chance that a normal kid could have no symptoms one day and be terminal the next.

In just five short weeks, we found out we were wrong. Our five-year-old son died on October 16, 1999.

At the time of his death, baseball was just starting to have some significance in his life, and the memory of his last game has forever changed my perspective on the sport I fell in love with more than thirty-five years ago. Mikey had seen the Yankees when they came to town, and Mark McGwire, too, but it was the Phillie Phanatic mascot that held his fascination.

He listened to me retell countless

stories of my late father seeing Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig in the 1920's and the time he introduced me to Mickey Mantle for my tenth birthday. I told him about a magical October night when Reggie Jackson blasted three pitches out of Yankee Stadium in game six of the 1977 World Series. But Mikey really wanted to meet the Phanatic..

A local bank arranged for our family to be their guest in the firm's luxury box for the last game of the season. I contacted the Philadelphia Phillies, and within an hour Mikey had a date with the chubby green mascot.

In the fifth inning of a meaningless game, Mikey got his wish. The visit lasted only a few minutes, but he was as excited and animated as I've ever seen him. I couldn't help but think that I must have had the same look on my face when I met Mickey Mantle. For a few minutes, we almost forgot what inevitably lay ahead.

We settled back down to watch the rest of the game. After innumerable sodas and soft pretzels, I took the lad to the men's room. As I helped him tuck in his shirt, he said to me in a world-weary voice, "Dad, this is my last game."

"Don't say that, Mikey," I replied. "There will be plenty of other games. You'll see."

"No, Dad his voice trailed off. Then suddenly, young again, "Is there baseball in heaven?"

"Of course there is pal," I said as I tried to keep my composure. "And all the great players are there. It must be something to see."

"Do you think Grandpop will take me to a game?" He asked.

Forgive me today if I skip the box scores in tomorrow's edition—because the game I'm interested in won't get much coverage. It's Opening Day in Heaven....

I hope the Babe and Mickey hit a couple of home runs for the little boy with the big hot pretzel sitting in the box seats next to my father.

*Mike Bergen
"Chicken Soup For The Grieving Soul"*

Just Once

Just Once, I wish I could have spent a late hour rocking you in my arms.
Just Once, I wish I could have gently lain you in your crib,

I wish I could have changed a diaper, chosen an outfit for the day, given you a bath, soothed your skin with lotion...
Just Once, I wish I could have heard you cry out in loneliness for me, spent time alone with you, just the two of us, strolled you proudly through the shopping mall ...

Just Once, I wish I could have heard the words, "What a beautiful, healthy baby girl!"

Just Once.

*Barbara A. Daniels
Lenexa, Kansas*

I'll Never Be the Same

Confusion reigns within my heart,
Within my soul, because
I know I cannot ever be
The woman I once was.
How can I be complete and whole
When part of me is gone . . .
A special part . . . a precious part . . .
The part that was my son?
Conceived in love, how gratefully
I bore you . . . filled with pride;
A bit of my heart, a bit of my soul
Went with you when you died.
One cannot lose a child to death
And still remain the same,
Untouched by tears of emptiness,
Undaunted by the pain.
The cruelest nightmares come to pass
Life's bitterest pill to swallow;
In light of this, I can endure
All else that's yet to follow.
There's nothing that can fill the empty
Spaces that remain;
I've tried and failed so many times,
I cannot try again.
No trying to regain the past . . .
That's all a bitter sham . . .
It's time that I resign myself
To being who I am.
To be the woman I've become
(No acting out a part) . . .
A mother with a shattered dream
And a broken heart.
Peggy Kociscin,

Something to Think About As Mother's Day and Father's Day Approaches

Parental love involves a never ending commitment and plenty of opportunities to care for and assume responsibility for your child. Parental grief challenges you to find a way to live with the frustration of being robbed of the opportunity to directly care and be responsible for your child.

Parental love involves having plenty of opportunities for emotional and physical contact with your child. Parental grief challenges you to find a way to continue loving your child without that continued contact.

Parental love involves having dreams and expectations for the future of your child. Parental grief challenges you to find solace and meaning in a life briefly lived.

Parental love involves knowing where your child is. Parental grief challenges you to find a safe place for your child.

Parental love involves attending to your child's needs when he is in your presence. Parental grief challenges you to learn how to look after your own needs when you sense your child's presence or struggle with his absence.

Parental love involves learning to live with your child's natural and gradual absence as she grows up and leaves home. Parental grief challenges you to find ways to deal with your child's unnatural and sudden absence.

Parental love involves an expanded capacity for love and life. Parental grief challenges you to find a use for that expanded capacity, to not let it go to waste or to wither away.

Because parental love is never ending, so too is parental grief. You don't really get over the death of a child, you just learn to live with it. And so, on this special day when you celebrate your role as a mother or father, be kind to yourself. Give yourself a hug. Give yourself some time alone. Give yourself permission to remember, to cry, to miss your child, to tell others how you feel. But most important of all,

remember to celebrate the special gift of parental love, the lasting gift that your child has given you, a gift that not even death can take away.

*Karen Martin
Rockville Center, NY*

A Story to Share

Our Memorial Day weekend was the one and only weekend to enjoy a trip together with our three boys. In less than three weeks we would move to Ft. Hood, TX, where my husband, Mitch, would deploy to Iraq within six months. Our family vacations have become bittersweet for Mitch and me after losing our daughter two and half years ago. Meghan, our only daughter and first born, loved going to motels. She would get so excited and glow from ear to ear. Her adventurous spirit inspired us all. We have continued our trips in honor of our girl.

Our trip was going very well. We spent Saturday at Grant's Farm seeing all the Budweiser Clydesdales. We took the boys to Joe's Crab Shack that night. We had never been there and heard it was kid friendly. The boys loved it. The play place was a hit. We found a penny at almost every place we stopped. It was a sign for us that our daughter was definitely with us. We live by the saying, "When you find a penny an angel in heaven is thinking of you."

Sunday morning arrived and we were heading to Bob Evan's for breakfast. Colton, our four year old, wanted to go there. He doesn't read, but for some reason every time we passed a Bob Evans's he knew what it said. Our drive to the restaurant was incredibly emotional for me. Mitch was telling me that he wanted a very special American flag flown at our house until he returns safely from Iraq. The flag was a gift from a dear friend and flew over Baghdad at a US Battalion headquarters. As he was telling me this, my mind was racing. I hoped I would never have to experience another death... especially my own husband.

We waited outside of the restaurant

for about fifteen minutes before our name was called. We rounded up our troops, Colton 4, Benjamin 2, and our little baby Daniel, who was three months old. A gentleman standing facing us as we entered the building. The two older boys had their hands on everything. The gentleman watched for a while and then said what a beautiful family we had. He asked questions and laughed at the things the boys were doing. Our joke from everyone is "My three sons" of course they don't know we also have a daughter. In our conversation, he asked if there was any hope for a girl. I sadly looked at him and told him we had a daughter who died two and a half years ago. I explained to him that she was the oldest of our children. The look in his eyes changed. He was taken aback. "You're blessed with three beautiful boys."

After we were seated, Mitch and I spent the meal keeping the boys in line. I held Daniel, rocking him with one hand while eating with the other. Mitch was cutting things up for Colton and Benjamin. Benjamin experimented with hydrodynamics and created an effective siphon from his orange juice. I guess in some ways it would have looked pretty comical, but it was a typical meal out with our family. We managed to keep the boys quiet and happy. About the time we were ready to leave the waitress came over and told us our meal was paid for by a couple in the restaurant who wished to remain anonymous. She continued, "They wish you peace and many blessings." My eyes filled with tears as I looked at my husband. The pain that we've endured the past two and a half years was acknowledged by total strangers. We were humbled.

I will never forget that day at the restaurant and the couple who bought breakfast. I hope some day I will touch some one else's life with a random act of kindness. An angel came to us that morning. We can all spread a little kindness. It's a beautiful thing and you never know what it might mean to the person receiving it.

*Kayla Jones
Sierra Vista, AZ*

Painting with Monica



Fundraiser

Saturday, June 18th at St. Timothy's Presbyterian Church

10:00 a.m. — 1:00 p.m.

Cost \$25 per person—Limit of 25 people

(Everyone is welcome; family, friends, co-workers)

All proceeds to benefit

The Compassionate Friends - Livonia Chapter

Reserve your spot TODAY! You may pay at the TCF Meeting or send your payment to: 25164 Hanover St Dearborn Heights, MI 48125

We are asking each participant to bring their favorite finger food to share. Water and Pop are being donated by: Rhonda



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.

Bill and Sandi Hulbert whose beloved daughter, **Mary**, Born 6/20; Died 8/3; 51 years

Crystal Lamp whose beloved daughter, **Lexys**, Born 8/27 Died 11/23; 6 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.

- ♥ Dale & Susan Moser "In memory of Gregory Moser. We miss you and the love and laughter you brought! Love Mom & Dad"
- ♥ Tom & Connie McCann "In memory of our sons Ryan "Ryfro", Tom Jr & Bryan "Bryfro" Soupis considered a son to our family & Mark "Sparky" Abbott"
- ♥ Tom & Connie McCann "Ryan "Ryfro" on his angel day 5/10"
- ♥ Tom & Connie McCann "Bryan "Bryfro" Soupis on his birthday 5/15"
- ♥ Judy Cappelli "In memory of my son Christopher. I hold you in my heart...forever missing you. I love you son!"
- ♥ Mike & Mary Hartnett "In memory of Michael. Happy 20th Birthday Bud! We love you and miss you every day! Love, Mom, Dad, Katie, Dakota & Brooklyn"
- ♥ Aileen Cummings & Tim Wloch "In memory of Lola Wloch. Miss our Lola girl. Hope you & daddy are holding each other tight"

May Meeting -
May 5th



The meeting will start with our annual balloon release. You can write a note, attach it to a balloon, and release it with the other people at the meeting out in the parking lot. There will be a bag piper and readings. Remember that this meeting is for friends and family, too.

Following the balloon release, there will be tables available for those who wish to stay and talk.

We will have a pot luck. If you want, please bring a small plate of one of your child's favorite foods or some finger food.

I think the hardest part of losing someone is not saying good-bye, but rather learning to live without them. Always trying to fill the void that 's left inside your heart when they leave

SIBS

For My Son, Who Lives

I remember the ride in the car that day.
I was talking about Brian, who'd just
gone away.

He was all I talked about it seemed to
me,
But then, in those days, he was all I
could see.

I was wondering aloud just how it
would be
When we saw him in Heaven, what
would we see?
Would he still be a small boy of four
or so then?
Or is Heaven full of boys who grow
up to be men?

My passenger said, "Let's just wait
and see,"

With all the wisdom of a boy who is
three.

Then he asked me something that
started me crying,
"Will you ever love me as much as
you love Brian?"

I want to thank my precious son
For waking me up to what I had done.
For making me see beyond my loss,
That life is worth living, whatever the
cost.

*Jane Daulton
TCF/Virginia Beach, VA*

Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together big sister, little
brother. I took care of you until you
were old enough to care for yourself.
Though you didn't say it, I knew you

loved me. We played in the sunlight,
you and I. Remember the games of
"mother-may-I" and "hide and seek"?
Sure we had our fights as all siblings
do. But through it all we never lost our
love for each other. Now you're gone.
I'll never see you again, except in the
memories of those sunny days. You
will forever be sixteen. Far too young
to die. You had your whole life to live.

I'll always grieve, but I must go on.
Still, without you, I play alone in the
shadows.

*Chetyl Larson,
Pikes Peak*

Angel

I saw you, while I was sleeping
last night.

I was a little baby, and you
were holding me in your arms.
You whispered in my ear
that you would always
take care of me.

You kept that promise.

You held me when
I broke my leg.
You stayed with me when I was
sick at the hospital.
You held my hand when I had
to cross the street.
You always used your goofy grin
to cheer me up when I was sad.
You carried me on your back
that night in the mountains.
The next day you were gone.
Every night I see you in my
dreams, and I know you are
keeping your promise.

You are still my guardian angel
and I am still your baby sister.
I love you.

Patricia Kelley, Richmond, VA

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

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



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

May 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



May Craft

This month for our craft group we are going to make a bracelet. It is a heart shaped bracelet out of silver plated copper wire. We will be charging \$3.00 a bracelet. It will be on Saturday May 21, from 10.00 am to 1:00 pm at St Timothy's church. Any questions please call Kathy Rambo. (734) 306-3930.