

# The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

## Livonia, Michigan Chapter



**September 2017**  
**Volume 29, Number 9**

**The Compassionate Friends is an international self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved parents and siblings.**

### **Chapter Leader**

Sally Cassidy  
Joyce Gradinscak  
Catherine Walker  
734-778-0800

### **Newsletter Editor**

Brenda Brummel  
10531 Calumet Trail  
Gaylord, MI 49735  
231-585-7058  
bbwriter59@aol.com

### **Treasurer**

Rhonda Temple  
25164 Hanover St.  
Dearborn Heights, MI 48125

### **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 -September 7- First  
Time table, Sibling Table, Topic Tables:  
Have you felt isolated in your grief?  
Do you still feel that at some times?**

**September 16 - Craft Day - see page 8**

**September 19 - 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@gmail.com.

## Wake Me When September Ends

*"Summer has come and passed The innocent can never last Wake me up when September ends."*

Even without looking at the calendar, my body and soul takes note. I know the time of year by heart. It is the beginning of the school year. For nearly my whole life this time of year has signaled a fresh start, anticipation of things to come. A time for new shoes, fresh notebooks, sharp, unchewed pencils. All these things beckon of hopes and dreams, plans and goals for success and achievement.

Our son, Jake, died two months short of his high school graduation. We received his college acceptance letter the day of his funeral. Last fall, we watched his friends and classmates head off to college. Of course, we wished them well with a smile and a hug. Our hearts were aching to be lugging things into a dorm room, too.

So, September is here once more and I think about what Jake would be doing now. I think about all the parents for whom this time of year is difficult. Also, I think of those parents who would be putting crayons into a cute little backpack; those who would be watching that first ball game of the season, and those who would maybe be encouraging a college grad to find that first job

and begin paying off student loans. Our sons and daughters have gone straight to the "Head of the Class", but we wish we were able to give them a hug as they achieve glorious dreams beyond our imagination! *"As my memory rests But never forgets what I lost Wake me up when September ends."*

Laurie Dreier  
TCF Sioux City

## The Isolation of Grief

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

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

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

In the immediate aftermath of her sud-

*(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>
Ben	Russi Arden	September 23	34 yrs
Stuart Joel	Marilyn Berman	September 26	38 yrs
Jennifer	Judy Breckenridge	September 13	4 months
Christopher David	Jim and Judy Cappelli	September 29	28 yrs
Michael	Elizabeth (Corky) Casey	September 18	27 yrs
Brandon	Leslie Cisco	September 30	21 yrs
Jeffrey	Linda Clein	September 20	29 yrs
Joshlyn	LaTonya Davenport	September 14	19 yrs
Wayne	Cindy Fortner	September 22	36 yrs
Amy Sandusky	Mary Gilliam	September 23	
Howie	Howard and Hope Gross	September 18	27 yrs
Michael	Dietmar Haenchen	September 10	27 yrs
Craig	Ron and Kim Hale	September 20	26 yrs
Kameon	Jason and June Hedger	September 02	9 mos
Joe, Jr.	Joe and Marlene Hofmann	September 14	35 yrs
Carol	Barbara Jones	September 23	45 yrs
Jill Judd	Cathy and John Kolomyski	September 10	37 yrs
Rebecca	Kay Krajewski	September 16	32 yrs
John Eric	John & Jacquelyn Kuhn	September 07	29yrs
Kayla	Martin Martinez	September 14	11 yrs
Leanne	Connie and Darrel Mayle	September 26	25 yrs
Morgan	Renee McGregor	September 27	20 yrs
Matthew Mullins	Patricia Michael	September 26	31 yrs
Brandon	Marilyn Mootsey	September 20	22 yrs
Greg	Sharon Morganti	September 03	40 yrs
Todd	Judy Nesler	September 03	48 yrs
Rachael	Scott and Sue Reynolds	September 09	19 yrs
Elizabeth(Beth) Ann	Carol Mulkey-Ritz	September 17	48 yrs
Destinee	Paul Sanders	September 17	17 yrs
Kenny	Jeff and Mary Schmitigal	September 06	18 yrs
Kelly Joseph	Roger Shanks	September 18	28 yrs
Carson	Wendy Shiek	September 15	5 months
Ryan Morrison	Dave and Kathy Shinn	September 07	24 yrs
Scott	Frank and Lois Sinagra	September 21	27 yrs
Katie	Dennis and Peggy Still	September 02	31 yrs
Capt. John Spolsky	Norita and Tim Sullivan	September 05	26 yrs
Peter	John Szatkiewicz	September 01	37 yrs
Jason	Jim and Cathy Whitfield	September 21	17 yrs
Jesse	Jeff & Lynn Willis	September 20	22 yrs
Michael	Barbara Wise	September 03	39 yrs



## **Let Us Celebrate Their Births**

Ricky	Diane Arquette	September 09	32 yrs
Jeffrey	Kris Barry	September 27	34 yrs
Jourdan	Carrie Bobbish	September 17	17 yrs
Kyle	Steve Boron	September 26	16 yrs
Ronald	Yvette Broda-Kaczynski	September 29	22 yrs
Brandon	Leslie Cisco	September 02	21 yrs

Kianna Tubbs	Sherry Coleman	September 30	23 yrs
Matthew	Dan and Rosanne Courtright	September 20	27 yrs
Heather Nicole Hill	Dana Cowell	September 07	20 yrs
Patrick	Nick and Barb DeRosa	September 06	24 yrs
Brian	Denise and Christopher Falzon	September 18	19 yrs
Laura	Neil Hivala	September 20	33 yrs
David	Jan Jacobs	September 23	28 yrs
Gregory	Pat Knox	September 04	37 yrs
John Jerome	Mary Krill	September 20	44 yrs
Joel J	Mary Krill	September 30	52 yrs
Rita	Celia Lowe	September 26	54 yrs
Karlie	Angela Martin	September 30	10 yrs
Sami, Jr.	Sam & Donna Mashni	September 21	25 yrs
Kayla	Scott and Marci Merath	September 01	21 yrs
Matthew Mullins	Patricia Michael	September 23	31 yrs
Felicia Moore	Stacy Moore	September 06	23 yrs
Monica	Karen Morris	September 20	12 yrs
Andrew (Drew)	Dan and Mary Beth Myska	September 19	23 yrs
Matthew	Judy Nesler	September 29	3 days
Brian Patrick	Pat and Janet O'Donnell	September 03	18 yrs
Maxwell John	John and Lisa Pardington	September 14	20 yrs
Eric	David Powers	September 08	18 yrs
Jason	Kathy Rambo	September 13	19 yrs
Michael James Jr. (Mickey)	Michael & Karen Reilly	September 07	51 yrs
Anthony	Karen Sapienza	September 05	22 yrs
Dennis	Dennis and Sophie Speer	September 18	26 yrs
Sharday	Vincent & Cynthia Taylor	September 19	26 yrs
David	Paul and Barbara Widzinski	September 03	16 yrs
John	Jackie Wireman	September 14	28 yrs
Kristen	Dennis and Cindy Wolff	September 01	24 yrs

## MICHIGAN AUCTION BASKETS

The Michigan baskets we donated to the auction at the TCF National Conference in Orlando were a big hit. We want to thank everyone for any donations they gave and we had enough goodies to make (2) baskets.

Thank you!!



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

A few days after the memorial service, everyone went home. Less sympathy cards arrived in the mail until there were none. The phone stopped ringing. Our daughter's preschool arranged a weekly meal donation and then my work did the same, which was a huge help...but eventually those stopped coming too. We were left alone to figure out how to pick up the pieces of our shattered hearts and shattered lives. We went to counseling and support groups. But we were forced to accept the fact that life was going to keep moving forward without our precious girl in it. It was devastating.

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

I managed to make sure that I fed my surviving kids and took them to school

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

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

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

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

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

Despite my continued longing for her to be at my side and the ability to experience the wonder of watching her grow, I know that she will always be with me in spirit. She is forever in my heart, my memories, and my thoughts.

And these days, I don't mind sharing that with anyone who cares to get to know me.

*Maria Kubitz*

*TCF Contra Costa County, CA*

## Thought From A Bereaved Mom

After 26 years I have come to a conclusion that I did not lose my son, I know where he is; he died.

I will not say I lost my son... he was killed in an accident.

I will not say that other people have lost their children, they know where they are; their children died.

I will not say that some committed suicide; they didn't act out a crime. They died by suicide just like dying from cancer, an accident, or any other disease. If we try to speak in a way that's a bit more comforting and understanding, maybe those who don't understand what we are going through, will begin to try.

I will not accept my son's death, but I will acknowledge that it happened.

I will not say my life is somewhat normal, for what is normal?

I will say my life is different since my son died and I am not the same person.

I still can smile, laugh, have fun, and enjoy living, even look forward to the future, but a part of me will always be missing, and that part is my son, Andrew .

*Bobbi Milne - 9/18/2012*

*TCF/Pennsylvania*

## THE END OF SUMMER BLUES

I always get a little sad when summer comes to an end. I liked having my kids home during the summer, to be able to sleep late, go swimming, camping or boating whenever we had time. Some years my kids, especially the girls, got excited when August came. They would get new school supplies and new clothes. They would have new classrooms, new subjects and new teachers. I usually felt a little lost and left out at the beginning of the school year after I dropped them off at school.

I like hot weather (I wasn't disap-

pointed this summer). In autumn, the weather is still warm, the trees turn on their fireworks, and the fall flowers are beautiful. However, fall is a predecessor to bare trees and flowerless landscape, to say nothing of freezing weather and limited hours of daylight.

Also, in the summer there are fewer commitments. People vacation, take weekend trips and everything is just more laid back. Fall means gearing back up to all those things we let go during the summer.

Since our son Todd died, I feel even sadder when autumn hits. I see the kids walking and biking or being bussed to school and miss getting my kids ready. Fall sports, beginning meetings for Sunday school, Boy and Girl Scouts are all reminders that my son has died and my daughters are grown.

Fall is the start of the dying process, a process that those of us who have lost children are much too familiar with. I know spring will follow winter and the earth will come alive again, but for now I have the end of summer blues.

*Barb Seth*

*TCF/Madison*

## Our Many Special Days

The beginning of the school year each fall seems to signal the coming holidays. The commercial market starts stocking school supplies just after the Fourth of July; shortly thereafter, by late summer the school supplies are crowded out by all the paraphernalia of Halloween! A glimpse of Thanksgiving whizzes by and it is an all out affront on the Christmas season. After the death of our child we stumble around each year looking for the appropriate way of handling these seasons that once had so much joy to them.

But the calendar holidays are far from the only "Special Days" that bereaved parents face. Our child's birthday and death date are especially hard days but also are the days relating to their illness or other events that relate to their death date and funeral or memorial. The most obvious days are not always

the only hard days to live with. Rainy days, snowy days, starry nights can all trigger tugging emotions. Tuesday for laundry day may be the hardest day all year long. No bereaved parent will have the same feeling of a special day or have the same special day because our children were different people to each person. Because of this, like in everything else in our grief work, we have to allow space for each other's "bad" days.

Each passing year after the death of our child finds us relating to special days differently each year. It is a continuing process never to return to that which used to be. As the years pass and we work hard at our "grief work" we will heal but that does not mean being like we were or doing the things we used to do. We are an evolving new person learning to live again.

*Gerry Hall*

*TCF, South Central, MO*

## Signs and Symbols

We had a small group at our Bereaved Parents group recently so we just sat and talked about anything anyone brought up. We talked about how, before our children died we might have thought some people's conversations about experiences they had a bit weird, but now we understand and have our own stories to tell.

I have thought more about that in the days since. I think there is something to be said to grieving parents, grandparents and siblings about signs and symbols. How often has a newly bereaved parent told us, "I think I'm losing my mind" or "I just can't concentrate like I used to" and how relieved they are when we tell them that they are NORMAL—we have all felt that way and experienced that.

Maybe some of them—and some of you—have had "signs" too and just haven't said anything for fear someone will think we have "really gone over the edge." An old catechism I had to memorize as a child said that a miracle is an "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." As children we used to be taught allego-

ries and to think deeply about things to find a meaning. There was a Santa Claus, an Easter Bunny, Angels, etc. Lucky is the child who is still taught this way!

In the June 16 issue of TIME, in the report about the first anniversary of the tragedy at Oklahoma City, the story of the Memorial to be built there was told and every design offered includes what they call the Survivor Tree, in this case an elm tree, that is the only thing in the lot surviving the bombing. One father, who met his daughter there at the tree for lunch, still goes there each day since her death in the bombing and remembers her and talks to those who pass by. This is his sign and continued communication with his daughter.

When we were in England recently, we went into Westminster Cathedral and looked at the memorials to kings, queens, poets, warriors, etc. We lit a candle at the bank of candles for Ruthie and, as we left, I couldn't help but have a tear in my eyes as I thought of that candle burning there in the great cathedral as a sign to Ruthie that we haven't forgotten and love her always.

The next day we took Chunnel to Paris. As we returned to London and emerged from the Chunnel, we found that it had rained in England. And there in the sky was—not a single rainbow—but a double, beautiful rainbow. In that we saw a sign from Ruthie that she remembers and loves us still too!

As our group talked we found we had things that had happened or that we had seen that we knew we couldn't mention these things to some because they wouldn't understand. We wouldn't have before! But now we do understand and we can tell each other about these signs and what they symbolize to us.

So if you have a sign or a symbol, treasure it and don't let anyone tell you it has no meaning. It has meaning to you! And these signs and symbols are of a deep grace and peace that means much to us all. Share your Survivor Tree, your candle, your rainbow,

your butterfly and don't doubt for a minute that there is a reason for the happening or sign even though you

**H**ow do you love a person who never got to be?  
Or try to envision a face you never got to see?

How do you mourn the death of one who never got to live?  
When there's nothing to feel good about  
and nothing to forgive?

I love you, my little baby,  
my companion of the night.  
Wandering through my lonely hours,  
beautiful and bright.

What does it mean to die before you ever were born?  
To live the lovely night of life  
and never see the dawn?

Ah! My little baby,  
you lived like anyone!  
Life's a burst of joy and pain  
and then, like yours, it's done.

I love you, my little baby,  
just as if you'd lived for years.  
No more, no less, I think of you,  
the angel of my tears.

*Author Unknown*



*Our Livonia Chapter sponsored a sign with our children's names on it for the "Walk to Remember" at this year's National Conference in Orlando. The signs lined the walk route and was a nice addition to the conference.*



*Our members who attended the Walk To Remember carried our Livonia banner with our children's names written on it.*

### 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.

### 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.*

*Courtney & Jon McCue whose beloved son, **Logan**, Born 6/10; Died 6/10; 1 day*

**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.

- ♥ Dan & MaryBeth Myska "In memory of Andrew (Drew) Myska's 31st birthday. 8 long years without you, missed each day. Love, Mom, Dad, Matt, Molly & Bryanna"
- ♥ Judy Cappelli "In memory of Christopher. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't see your smile or hear your laugh. Three years feels like yesterday. Love you son, Mom!"
- ♥ Deborah Roe "In memory of my son Robert Leighton, forever in my heart"
- ♥ For Jill Sparschur
- ♥ Sonny & Brenda Fields "In memory of Jordan John. We love you and miss you everyday! Love, Mom & Dad"
- ♥ Jim & Cathy Whitfield "In memory of Jason – Forever in our hearts until we meet again. Love is eternal!"
- ♥ Diane Arquette "In memory of my son, Ricky, on what would be your 43rd birthday; 9/09. I love and miss you every day. Love always, Mom"

# SIBS

## How Can They Move On?

How can they move on? Every day I realize that while my brother's death may have touched many people's lives, they seem to be able to just pick up where they left off and continue with their lives. For me, it has been so much harder.

I learned this week, that last year, my brother's girlfriend had gotten married. While I am very happy for her to have finally been able to love again, my happiness is also filled with a little jealousy. I think of my brother at some point every day. Does this mean that she has forgotten him? I have asked myself this question all week. I hope that she hasn't and at least remembers the good times that they had sometimes. I find it hard to

think of her with someone else, but she was so miserable for so long, she deserves a little happiness. I was also told that she is pregnant and is having her baby soon. When I heard this I almost cried. I think that was harder than finding out that she was married. Then a real jealousy kicked in. I thought, "Hey, what about Sean's baby?" He'll never know the joy of being a parent.

After mulling this around for a while, I realized that everyone must move on. Sometimes I feel as if I can't go on another day because I feel so much pain. That pain is not so strong as it was two or three years ago, but it does come back to visit now and then. When Sean first died, a few of his friends came over a lot. Over the past few years, that began to happen less and less until his friends stopped coming at all. One of his friends still comes by or at least

calls my mom at Christmas. Another puts presents on his grave occasionally.

I know that a lot of people cared about my brother, but I think that knowing him for 19 years and being as close as we were has made it all the harder for me. I know that he watches over our family and is always with us. I know in my heart that moving on is not the same as forgetting. I hope with my heart that all who knew Sean still spare at least one thought for him once in awhile. While I wish every one of his friends much happiness in their lives, I hope that they will never forget.

*Traci Morlock*

*BP/USA Bereaved Sibling St. Louis, MO*

## A Tribute to my sister, Lori Lee Smith

I Saw You!

I saw you today in the morning dew  
As brilliant as a sea of shimmering diamonds

I shared the most amazing sunrise  
with you today

A million shades of red so random in  
their perfection

I heard you today in the laugh of my  
children

An enchanting melody a thousand  
angels strong

I walked with you today and we  
talked about everything  
. . . and nothing all at once

I saw you today in the changing of  
the leaves

The colors of your life, the close of  
one season

And the ushering in of another

I sat beside a stream with you today  
The peaceful flow, steady and constant

I saw you today . . . and you were  
perfect

And rest assured . . . I shall see you  
again

*Avery Smith*

*TCF Ada Area Chapter*

## 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](http://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](http://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.



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

September 2017

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: \_\_\_\_\_

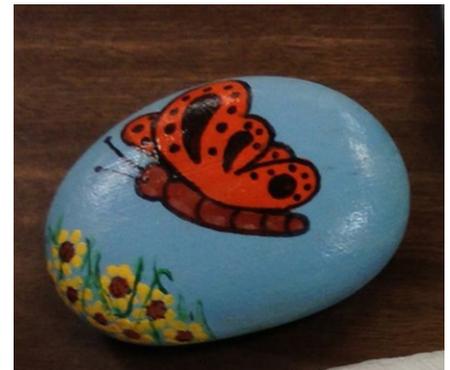
Email: \_\_\_\_\_

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



September Craft Day

Craft Day will be September 16th at St. Timothy's Presbyterian Church from 10 am until 1 pm. We will be painting rocks. Supplies will be provided. If you have any special stickers or beads you may want to add, please bring them.

Cost: \$5.00

There will be a sign up sheet at the September meeting and examples of the rocks.