

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



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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 -August 4th-
Regular meeting - First time table,
topic table, sibling table. Topic: Re:
Vacation Idea - Can you think of ways
you might share your vacation with
your child?
Craft Day - August 13 - see page 8

August 17th -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.

Navigating the Ebb and Flow of Grief

At almost four years after the death of my daughter, I had thought it would be easier than this.

In those early days and months when my grief made it feel like I simply couldn't survive this loss, I saw others in support groups who had lost their loved ones many years before, and they seemed ok. They looked almost "normal" again. They told me it wouldn't always be like this. They said you learn to live with the pain, and it would lessen over time. They said you will eventually find joy and happiness again. They said you create a "new normal."

And they were right.

I have worked hard for almost four years on working through my grief. I have faced it head on through continual counseling and support groups and still seek out ways to express my pain, so as not to hold it in and let it consume me. Along the way, I have given myself permission to smile once more, and even to allow joy to enter my heart again. I have enjoyed my other children. I have volunteered my time with The Compassionate Friends. I have created my own grief support website. I have consciously tried to focus my energies on remembering my daughter's life rather than only looking at the pain her death has brought.

And yet grief remains a constant part of my life.

Grief is fickle. Unpredictable. And indifferent to whatever mood I'm in. Most days my grief lies dormant under the activities of everyday life. Little triggers will continually remind me it's there. A sad news story on the TV. A girl at the park who reminds me of my daughter. But I can go about my regular routines with no interruptions. Other times, the triggers are bigger, and the grief bubbles up and takes over my mood. Tears well up behind my eyes, ready to release at the first opportunity. My patience seems to evaporate and everyday tasks become cumbersome, meaningless, and even difficult. Usually the bursts of grief from larger triggers only last a few hours or at most a few days.

But sometimes it lingers and grows.

What I didn't expect is that even coming on four years after her death, I still find myself in situations where grief becomes so overwhelming again that it feels like I've gone right back to the debilitating early days of grief. Feelings of sadness, pain, lethargy, dis-interest in things I normally enjoy. Going to work becomes a struggle. Even taking care of my kids feels like a burden. I know these periods require extra attention and care, and I navigate through the best I can, asking for support along the way. I just wonder if these episodes will ease

(continued on pg. 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>
Joanna Maia	Julianne and John Barile	August 05	7 yrs
Lora	Marilyn Bingham	August 25	35 yrs
Charles	Mary and Charles Brant	August 25	40 yrs
Gina	Randy Bruce	August 22	23 yrs
Andrew	Paul and Katie Campbell	August 10	24 yrs
Matthew	Dan and Rosanne Courtright	August 24	27 yrs
Heather Nicole Hill	Dana Cowell	August 04	20 yrs
Lola Cummings Wloch	Tim Wloch and Aileen Cummings	August 06	4 months
Shane	Esther Degillio	August 08	25 yrs
Deborah	Phil DeLong	August 20	45 yrs
Alison Adams	Karen Eggleston	August 04	47 yrs
Zach	Jennie Ewert	August 01	21 yrs
Ryan	Rick and Sandi Fryz	August 30	18 yrs
Tony	Lois Glover	August 9	21 yrs
Brian Allen	Larry and Jackie Grimes	August 02	23 yrs
Robert	Pat and Dorothy Hagler	August 01	1 day
Stephen	Ruth Hanna	August 21	20 yrs
Joseph	Christine Harrington	August 17	20 yrs
Mike Bryant	Debra Hill	August 17	19 yrs
Abbigale Feenie	Michele Horvath	August 05	1 month
Mary	Bill & Sandi Hulbert	August 03	51 yrs
Keegan	Nate & Janene Johnson	August 31	1 day
Gina	Don and Judy Keller	August 22	23 yrs
Jeffery A. Koniarz	Grant and Patti Keys	August 18	32 yrs
Brian Charle	Jennifer K. Knight	August 15	21 yrs
Josiah	Heather Knowles & Sammy Parrilla	August 29	3 mos
Mike	Charlotte Leonard	August 29	34 yrs
Mark	Mike and Denise Luckow	August 31	18 yrs
Benjamin Michael	Michael and Jenny MacDonell	August 15	n/a
Chelsea	Chris and Kathie MacLean	August 03	16 yrs
Glenn	Judy MacQueen	August 12	34 yrs
Jackie	Mike and Cindy Michon	August 06	25 yrs
Jacob	Mike and Linda Milyard	August 31	1 day
Carlee	Lori Morse	August 20	16 yrs
Kelli	Bob and Kay Mountford	August 06	20 yrs
Ronald	Ron O'Dell	August 26	34 yrs
Mark	Betty Scofield	August 15	58 yrs
James Patrick	Jim and Pat Stevens	August 10	28 yrs
Michael	Nancy Strong	August 28	35 yrs
Ian	Brian & Kristina Taylor	August 10	17 yrs
Joel	Annette Tefft	August 05	23 yrs
Emire Thomas	Bryant and Sherita Thomas	August 01	29 yrs
Ethan	Matt and Mina Twork	August 24	7 yrs
Brody	Julie VanDeWater	August 05	1 day
2 Craig Hill, Jr.	Mike and Veronica Williams	August 22	25 yrs



Michael	Susan Wobig	August 04	41 yrs
Amelia	Michelle Yerigian	August 13	18 yrs
Let Us Celebrate Their Births			
James Bartle	Tammy Bartle-Podogil	August 25	17 yrs
Alex	Mark and Molly Burgett	August 04	22 yrs
Patrick Withers	Linda Clein	August 02	41 yrs
Kristin Graves	Lisa Cunningham	August 15	19 yrs
Alec	Tom and Gina Cunningham	August 02	15 yrs
Jeremiah	Cassandra Davis	August 30	n/a
Robert Lee	Leslie and Dennis Dietrich	August 12	37 yrs
Addison Anne	Michael and Maureen Donahue	August 07	17 yrs
Marie-Kristin	Thomas and Christel Friedow	August 27	18 yrs
Justin Alan Antio	Margaret Grutza	August 30	31 yrs
Robert	Pat and Dorothy Hagler	August 01	1 day
Mike Bryant	Debra Hill	August 24	19 yrs
Joe, Jr.	Joe and Marlene Hofmann	August 15	35 yrs
Julie	Chris and Patty Ibbetson	August 10	20 yrs
Kimberly Erin Welch	Chris and Patty Ibbetson	August 29	31 yrs
Keegan	Nate & Janene Johnson	August 30	1 day
Michelle Lynn	Vicki Johnson	August 13	32 yrs
Jason Ludwick	Rachel Kish	August 20	40 yrs
John Eric	John & Jacquelyn Kuhn	August 05	29yrs
Stephen	David and Carol LaCasper	August 14	42 yrs
Stephen	Melanie LaCasper	August 14	42 yrs
Lexys	Crystal Lamp	August 27	6 yrs
Kyle	Debbie Linford	August 23	22 yrs
Daryl Wayne Harrison	Bonnie Lockard	August 04	26 yrs
Zyhaire Amor Harrison	Kieyana Lockhart	August 10	3 yrs
Justin	Rebecca Luckhardt	August 22	33 yrs
Jackie	Mike and Cindy Michon	August 21	25 yrs
Jacob	Mike and Linda Milyard	August 31	1 day
Jimmy	Frank and Mary Mroczka	August 22	36 yrs
Chad Rutherford	Chris Preuc	August 05	29 yrs
Rachael	Scott and Sue Reynolds	August 28	19 yrs
Jake	Jennifer Robinson	August 26	18 yrs
Abigail (Abby)	Greg and Kelly Ann Rubenson	August 12	9 yrs
Kelly Joseph	Roger Shanks	August 05	28 yrs
Robert Michael	Kimberly Spellman	August 30	17 yrs
Joel	Annette Tefft	August 03	23 yrs
Allison	Linda Thompson	August 30	16 yrs
Christopher Shea	Ginny Tomasso	August 23	16 yrs
Brody	Julie VanDeWater	August 05	1 day
Kevin Kalahar	Catherine Walker	August 05	41 yrs
Julie	Tom & LuAnn Walrod	August 16	39 yrs
Tess	Pam Wilmoth	August 19	24 yrs
Michael	Susan Wobig	August 11	41 yrs
Camden	Rick and Bev Woodard	August 24	4 yrs

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.

Mark Banko whose beloved son, **Christopher**, Born 6/01; Died 6/12; 32 years

Molly Brink whose beloved son, **Jacob Robert**, Born 11/23; Died 10/23; 19 years

Michael and Maureen Donahue whose beloved daughter, **Addison Anne**, Born 8/7; Died 1/13; 17 years

John and Ellen Duca whose beloved son, **Alexander Joel**; Born 3/12, Died 11/8; 27 years

Scott and Marci Merath whose daughter, **Kayla**; Born 9/01, Died 4/10; 21 years

Sue Spalding whose daughter, **Jessica Hanna**; Born 12/26, Died 10/14; 16 years

over time, or if I should just expect them to become a permanent fixture of my “new normal” life?

If the death of my daughter has taught me anything -- and it has taught me A LOT -- it has taught me that we have more inner strength than we can ever imagine, and that with time, attention, and support, we can navigate through just about anything life might throw at us.

Maria Kubitz

TCF Contra Costa County, CA

In Memory of my daughter, Margareta

And Then There Were Two

...

Ten years ago my son and his wife were blessed with identical triplet daughters. The girls were all tiny, and the prognosis was solid for two of them. Caitlin, Julia and Lauren were born on the 18th of April. It started out as a happy day. Todd was in the delivery room, camera in hand, as each girl was placed in an incubator. First out of the delivery room was Lauren, content but tiny. After about 25 minutes Julia was ushered out in her little portable incubator. We waited a very long time for Caitlin. Finally she was brought out, many nurses and a doctors surrounded her incubator. I stood near the elevator and waited for them. I looked at her—hand respirator for breathing, intravenous lines, blue in color, and tears streamed down my face. “Are you a relative?” one of the nurses asked. I told them I was a grandmother. “Would you like to look at her for a few seconds?” The nurse could see my sorrow. All eyes avoided mine. I looked at Caitlin and knew, I just knew, this would not end well.

Todd came out to the hall, still wearing scrubs. He was happy and beaming, but expressed concern about Caitlin. I nodded. He asked me if I’d seen her. I nodded again. He told me they had taken her to a corner

of the delivery room and spent a long time with her.

I nodded again. “It’s not good, is it mom?” he asked. I shook my head and hugged him. I told him how beautiful they all were and that the other two were healthy despite their size.

Todd spent some time with his wife, then proceeded to visit his three daughters. When he got to the neonatal ICU he knew that he would be staying there. We all scrubbed and went to see the babies. We touched their little feet. But we weren’t allowed to see Caitlin. Only Todd was allowed in her area. My son stayed in the neonatal ICU with Caitlin. He got to know the nurses and doctors and other parents while he was visiting with Julia who was also in level 1. I left the hospital about 10:30 p.m. Todd remained in the neonatal unit with Caitlin.

The next morning I awoke to a phone call from Todd. He’d spent the night with Caitlin. She was still hand bagged, a nurse was manually pumping air into her lungs. He thought she had a chance. He would stay with her, he said. About 11 am he called and we talked.

He hadn’t eaten anything, and I asked what he would like as I was driving down to the hospital. “You don’t have to do that, mom,” he said. But I knew I had to be there.

I arrived with the special food he’d requested and we sat in the visitors’ lounge outside the neonatal area. Todd was hungry and exhausted. We talked. “I don’t know what I’ll do if she dies, mom”, he cried. I cried, too. I knew what was coming and I knew it would be soon. I told him that if she were meant to live, she would live. He didn’t want to accept that.

We walked to his wife’s room for a quick visit and the phone rang. The family needed to return immediately to the neonatal ICU.

Todd pushed his wife’s wheelchair, her mother and I walked silently through the tunnels. The long walk was punctuated by the clicking of heels on the concrete floor. The tunnel

echoed. None of us said anything. There were no words. This was the worst time.

We arrived at the neonatal unit and were immediately ushered into a special room. A nurse was still providing manual respiration for Caitlin.

The doctors said it was hopeless and this couldn’t continue. Her heart and lungs were not developed. Todd reached over and touched his tiny daughter, tears rolling down his face onto her little blanket. His heart was broken. Caitlin was disconnected from the tubes and the manual respiration was stopped. Todd’s wife held Caitlin and then Todd held her. I stood behind my son, hand on his shoulder, watching him as he suffered this unimaginable and immense pain. Pain that I couldn’t cure. Todd asked if I wanted to hold her. I said, “you hold her, she knows your voice. I’ll hold her later.”

Caitlin’s little cap fell off. Her eyes were closed, her mouth a tiny rosebud with lips slightly parted. I touched her arm and head. “She’s gone, sweetheart,” I whispered. The nurse came over, checked vitals and confirmed a grandmother’s intuition. I hugged Todd and told him that this was the worst pain he would ever endure. He wept and his body shook from shock, pain and exhaustion. We lingered for a while, looking at the baby whose life was never meant to be. Finally, all left the room but me. Caitlin was peacefully wrapped in her little blanket, a beautiful child whose time had come. I touched her sweet face and tiny hands. Her soul was gone, but her fight for life both before and after her birth touched my Irish heart.

Later Todd told his son, “Caitlin didn’t make it, Buddy.” His son crawled up on his lap and patted Todd’s head and arm. There were no words.

We were all devastated.

Now it is I who weep for my lost child. Todd was killed December 19, 2002, and his pain is now my pain. The proud father of five, a man whose life was so extraordinary, whose at-

titude was so upbeat, whose love for his children was so deep and profound, whose accomplishments were so significant, was now one. I like to think that he has joined Caitlin and together they are happy.

Thinking of that day, 10 years ago, brings tears to my eyes. I love my son more than life. I couldn't imagine his pain. Now I live his pain. My only child was ripped from my life. Life isn't fair, life isn't equitable. There is no reason. It just is. I no longer have to keep it together for my son as I did on April 19, 1995. I no longer try. If I have a bad day, that's the way it is. If my friends don't like my tears or my sorrow, there's nothing to be said. If others don't like the ways I choose to memorialize and remember my child, that's fine. Those who know me, really know me, understand that my pain is deep and it is forever. My tears are pure and cleansing. Life will never be as good as it was. The love for my child is real. He lives on in my heart. He is my inspiration to go on, to keep on living, to make the best of what I am given. For that is what he did. I keep him in my heart—he is one special son.

*Annette Mennen Baldwin
TCF, Katy, TX ~ In Memory of Todd
Mennen and Caitlin Mennen*

Night Agonies

In the deepest part of the night, when I am alone with my blackest grief, I reach deep inside myself and measure the depth of my love for my child. I focus on these feelings, now made unequivocal by death, and realize that an emotion so strong, so pure cannot be obliterated by the physical act of dying. My love lives on.

This link to my child remains, unbroken, unaltered. This bond, the strongest two people can share, but how can it remain, if my child does not? A solid bridge must have a secure footing on either side. The strength of the love that flows to my child from the deepest part of my being remains as it was in her life. I must conclude

it is still anchored in the very fiber of my child's soul — on the other side of death, With the reawakened awareness of the connection of our love, I find proof of her continuance, a soothing reassurance that though she is no longer with me, she still IS.

*Sally Migliaccio,
TCF, Babylon, NY*

Remember

To remember our children is to show the depth of our love and loss.

I remember the love of my boys Rikky, Corry and Jason. People ask me how I get up in the morning and keep being so focused. I simply reply I don't know.

My surviving son's daughter is getting christened in May - life goes on, I used to call my emotions and my journey "Rikkys roller coaster". Then I lost Corry. I just called it "double trouble". With the death of my eldest son Jason a year and half ago I don't call it anything except SURVIVAL, my our survival game.

I let myself feel but I don't let it control me. It has been 9 1/2 years since Rikky died and 6yrs for Corry. Over this time I have been into some very dark places. I have sat and questioned my faith, life in general. To me this is my path and I have to endure it, walk it, but it is nice to be able to express yourself to others who have the same path to walk. We have to be kind to ourselves. Two steps forward and a couple back is OK; just wait, then go forward again.

I hope for those who are recently grieving that the pain in your heart softens over time and you come out the side of light, to remember your beautiful children and again be able to smile and one day laugh.

Face the wind and rain, look at the flowers and remember you have others out there who are facing broken hearts also.

My thoughts go out to all

Regards, Suzzanne
*Suzzanne Lodding to mark the birthday of
her son Jason.*

Scars

The teardrops run down,
And fall off her nose.
She cries in dark corners,
Where nobody goes.
You can follow the tracks,
From her eyes to her chin,
Years upon years,
Of letting them win.
And her eyes tell a story,
Of anger and pain,
You think that she's happy,
But just look again.
And scars of her past,
Hidden under her clothes,
Are a roadmap to places,
That nobody knows.
Her smile is now painted,
She's a master of disguise,
And you can see it all,
Just look into her eyes.

Erin Hanson

To Honour You

To Honour you,
I get up every day and take a breath,
and start another day without you in it.
To Honour you,
I laugh and love with those who knew
your smile and the way your eyes
twinkled with mischief and secret
knowledge.
To Honour you,
I take the time to appreciate everyone I
love, I know now there is no guarantee
of days or hours spent in their
presence.
To Honour you,
I listen to music you would have liked,
and sing at the top of my lungs, with
the window rolled down.
To Honour you,
I take chances, say what I feel, hold
nothing back, risk making fool of
myself, dance every dance.
You were my light, my heart, my
gift of love, from the very highest
source. So every day I vow to make a
difference, share a smile, live, laugh
and love.
Now I live for us both, in all I do, I do
to honour you.

*Connie F Kiefer Byrd,
in Loving Memory of Jordan Alexander*

SIBS

You've Got To Be Strong Now!

"You've got to be strong now, for your parents." How many of you heard that when your brother or sister died? It generally comes from some well meaning relative or family friend. You've got nothing to grieve about. You didn't lose a child.

Yes, your parents were grieving and they had a right to as well. They lost a child. You didn't just lose a brother or sister, you lost more. You lost any or all of the following. A playmate who could keep you company as a child. A dining companion when everyone else seemed to desert you. A rival in many areas. A critic of everything bad

you did. A fan of all your good points and deeds. A personal doctor who looked after you when you were ill. A conscience that told you what the right thing to do was when you didn't know. A bank manager who loaned money to you when you were broke. A personal secretary who posted your mail, answered the phone and answered the door. A personal slave. A body guard. A soul mate. Your confidant. The person that when all looked lost, took your hand and said everything would be alright. Your best friend.

You didn't lose a person. You lost a whole swag of people. No wonder you have all this grief. It's no wonder you have all these feelings and emotions swirling around your body. You have a right to grieve too, and don't let anybody stop you.

Warren Pynt

Second Anniversary

Yes, I'm an adult over 40
And Tom, little brother, was 25
When he died returning from his bar exam.
So what? Does grief have an end age?
Does someone 40+ not die too losing a sweet small playmate?
I see him learning to roller skate
I'm running beside the bike;
First game of the Cardinals' season
And, scared, in the stands,
A "gorilla" running wild.
Sleepy, at a drive-in, running around the zoo -
All that, and as an adult, I knew him too.
At graduations,
Proud in his own pad
Pouring Spanish champagne.
Tireless breaking wood feeding a hungry campfire
Cooking eggs for all, sharing dreams.

This sibling remembers and grieves.

Jeanne Brady, TCF, Olathe, KS

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me

I remember how I used to watch over you,
Tried to teach you the things you should do.
I can remember the things I would say
As I tried to guide you along the way.
But since you've gone, and our lives have changed,
It seems the roles have been rearranged.
Sometimes it feels like it used to be,
Only you're the one watching over me.
I know in my mind that you're not here;
Yet there are times when you feel so near.
I've learned if I let the love flow through,
I'll get to keep a part of you.
For though death comes - the love never goes away.
Your presence is with me every day.
For my guardian angel you now will be,
And you're the one who'll watch over me.

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.



What Do I Do With My Child's Things

This is a problem that faces all bereaved parents. We discuss it from time to time at our meetings. Some of us keep the child's room just as it was before the death. We don't want anything touched or moved.

Some of us find solace in giving things away to close friends or relatives. Knowing that someone we love is wearing our child's clothes or playing with his or her toys brings us comfort. Some of us find we can deal with only few items at a time: clothes one month; books, another; perhaps toys a few months later. Some of us find that time goes on and we would have gotten rid of the things anyway. For instance, after a while we realize that if the child were still alive, he would have outgrown the clothes. Or he would have graduated from college this year, and therefore would no longer use the study desk or clock radio. We can give these things away in the normal time sequence.

The important thing is not to let others rush us into doing something before we are ready and not to let ourselves feel guilty about the amount of time it takes us to make decisions.

When the time is right and the decision is right for us, we'll know what to do.

Nancy Mower, TCF/Honolulu, Hawaii

A Vacation Idea

Taking a vacation without your child with you can seem overwhelming. One family came up with a unique idea of including their departed child on their yearly vacation. First, they start by writing a short note describing how their daughter loved flowers and sharing the beauty of with others. By attaching it to a packet of flower seeds and leaving them where someone else was sure to find it, they felt they were sharing a part of their child with someone else.

Now on each vacation they look forward to finding the perfect place to "plant" their gift to another in their child's memory.

—TCF National conference sharing

It Is OK to Grieve

It is okay to grieve...the death of a child is a reluctant and drastic amputation, without anesthesia. The pain can not be described, and no scale can measure the loss. We despise the truth that the death can not be reversed, and somehow our child does not return. It is okay to grieve.

It is okay to cry....tears release the flood of sorrow, of missing, and of love. Tears relieve the brute force of hurting, enabling us to level off and continue our cruise along the stream of life.

It is okay to cry.

It is okay to heal....We do not need to prove our love for our child. As

the months pass, we are slowly able to move around with less outward grieving each day. We need not feel guilty, for this is not an indication that we love less or have forgotten. It does mean that although we don't like it, we are learning to accept death. It is a healthy sign of healing.

It is okay to heal.

It is okay to laugh....laughter is not a sign of less grief. Laughter is not a sign of less love. It is a sign that many of our thoughts and memories are happy ones. It is a sign that we know our child. They would have us laugh.

It is okay to laugh.



Michigan Auction Basket

Our chapter donated a basket to the silent auction at the National Conference this year in Scottsdale, AZ. We want to thank everyone who donated items to the basket representing our Livonia chapter in loving memory of all our children.

Love Gifts

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.



- ♥ Sue Reynolds "In memory of our sweet Rachael, Happy 21st Birthday. You are loved and missed every single day. Mom, Dad, Becca & Jacqlyn"
- ♥ Norm & Laverne Jinerson "Dearest Son Brian, we love and miss you so very much. Love, Mom and Dad"
- ♥ Marilyn Berman "Stuart my love, you light the heavens with a radiance that will never die"
- ♥ Nancy Strong "In Memory of Michael Strong. Happy Birthday. Miss you, Love you"
- ♥ Frank & Mary Mroczka "In Memory of Jimmy Mroczka. Happy Birthday Son (8/22)"

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

August 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



Our Craft Day will be on August 13th at Kathy Rambo's home from 10:00 am to 1:00 pm. We will be making butterfly lights and will have examples at our August chapter meeting. Please sign up at the meeting or call Kathy or Gail if you are attending so we have enough supplies. Cost \$3.00.