

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



December 2016
Volume 28, Number 12

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 -December 1

Please see page 8 for description of the Dec. meeting.

Dec 11 - Annual Candle Lighting

Ceremony at Kellogg Park - please see page 7 for details.

December 20th -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.

NO Craft day in December

Gifts, Garland and Grief

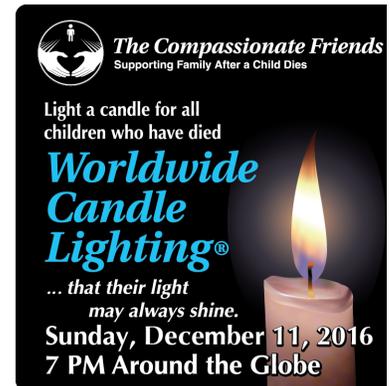
I remember our first Christmas after. It began the first week of November in 1997, three short months into our worst nightmare, but a lifetime into missing our child of eighteen years. He had died suddenly, one of those "in the wrong place at the wrong time" things, and he took our hearts with him when he left. Summer screeched to a halt and autumn came and went without our participation.

Still standing in confusion at the threshold of grief, we were stunned when the stores replaced the gloomy ghosts and goblins with sparkling ornaments and cheerful decorations. Neighbors strung lights on their houses, friends sent cards wishing us joy filled holidays, and not one person mentioned Jason's name. Closing our drapes, we huddled in our cocoon, waiting for his return.

Thanksgiving passed. I recall the empty chair, the unbroken wishbone, and more turkey than three of us could eat. There was an unwatched football game and a failed attempt at gratitude. That was our day, and it was good enough. It was inconceivable that we would ever enjoy another holiday, much less be thankful for it.

Snow fell, Carols rang out, lights twinkled, church bells pealed. Our thoughts

(Continued on page 4)



Please join us on December 11, 2016 at Kellogg Park, Plymouth, MI (see map on page 7) for our 20th Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting sponsored by The Compassionate Friends. Program starts at 7:00 pm. Family and friends are invited. Candles will be provided. There will be a candle light vigil, music, poems, reading of our children's names and power point presentation. The memory tree will be decorated with ornaments made for our children. You can still register your child at our December chapter meeting, by calling 734-778-0800 or email: tcfcandlelight@yahoo.com for their name to be read and an ornament made for them.

We hope you can come and spend an evening with our families and friends to honor our children, grandchildren and siblings who have died too soon.

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>
Brian Holmes	Sherry Alchin (sister)	December 19	39 yrs
John Robert Lee	Janet Anusavage	December 18	17 yrs
Jonathan (Jonny)	Jacob Bartlett	December 24	7 yrs
Brian	Joan Begley	December 19	39 yrs
Danny	Roger and Sally Cassidy	December 11	21 yrs
Braela Elise Cooper	Maya Cooper	December 13	1 day
John "Johnny"	Rosemarie Denton	December 18	21 yrs
Aziza Yasmeen	Amjad & Fauzia Ghori	December 27	10 yrs
Sarah	Ted and Barbara Gittleman	December 21	23 yrs
Jordan	Jodi Griffin	December 30	10 yrs
Lori Ann	Sue Horwitz	December 31	33 yrs
Julie	Chris and Patty Ibbetson	December 09	20 yrs
David	Jan Jacobs	December 20	28 yrs
Annie M. Just		December 23	51 yrs
Max	Jim and Gail Lafferty	December 26	18 yrs
Sami, Jr.	Sam & Donna Mashni	December 25	25 yrs
Justin	Adrienne Medonis (sister)	December 25	29 yrs
Monica	Karen Morris	December 08	12 yrs
Christy	Alan Mueller	December 26	27 yrs
Michaela Elizabeth	Brigette Murphy	December 26	7 months
Paul	Joe and Laura Myers	December 28	24 yrs
Nicholas	Maria Pasquali	December 22	21 yrs
Amber	Justin and Manda Puttock	December 26	8 yrs
Joshua	Debbie Quiqley	December 28	19 yrs
Michael	Angelynn Raffail	December 25	38 yrs
Christopher Katranis	Cindy Romeos	December 17	21 yrs
Lisa	Al and Sandy Salloum	December 28	39 yrs
Matthew	Cathy Seccia	December 22	37 yrs
Ted Guenther	Kathy Smith	December 04	33 yrs
Steven	Gene and Sylvia Szmigiel	December 14	31 yrs
Bella Noelle	Frank and Tracy Trupiano	December 13	1 day
David	Paul and Barbara Widzinski	December 03	16 yrs
Justin	Michael and Janice Wortmann	December 27	26 yrs
Dennis	Pat Wyatt	December 22	44 yrs
Ian	Candy Zimmie	December 05	27 yrs

Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Howard Cherry	Russi Arden	December 12	16 yrs
Nicholas Tomasin	Roberta Babics	December 25	19 yrs
Greg	Brenda and Roger Brummel	December 22	27 yrs
Christopher David	Jim and Judy Cappelli	December 30	28 yrs
Nathaniel Mosby	Sherry Coleman	December 27	10 yrs
Braela Elise Cooper	Maya Cooper	December 13	1 day
David Jones II	Sharon and Dave Curson	December 30	16 yrs
Cynthia Schreidel	Roxane Dikeman	December 02	39 yrs
Jonathan Neuberger	Valerie Donndelinger	December 14	21 yrs



Aziza Yasmeen	Amjad & Fauzia Ghori	December 09	10 yrs
Michael	Daria Gomez	December 28	17 yrs
Brian	Norm and Laverne Jinerson	December 18	43 yrs
Carol	Barbara Jones	December 06	45 yrs
Jeffery A. Koniarz	Grant and Patti Keys	December 18	32 yrs
Duane Suess	Jeannie Mazur	December 01	30 yrs
Karen	Gerald and Lorraine McDonnell	December 16	20 yrs
Cameron	Judy McGibbon-Bjorklund	December 29	36 yrs
Matthew	Dave & Sue Middleton	December 28	23 yrs
Kenny	Jeff and Mary Schmitigal	December 02	18 yrs
Lucas	Dawn Serven	December 24	1 1/2 yrs
Jessica R. Hanna	Sue Spalding	December 26	16 yrs
Kristy Spence	Sharon and Jim Stanek	December 28	29 yrs
Capt. John Spolsky	Norita and Tim Sullivan	December 19	26 yrs
Peter Kornblum	Catherine Thayer & Micheal Conway	December 07	40 yrs
Emire Thomas	Bryant and Sherita Thomas	December 14	29 yrs
William Eloholm Sebastian	Bryant & Sherita Thomas	December 30	4 yrs
Chris	Nenena Tomoski	December 24	24 yrs
Bella Noelle	Frank and Tracy Trupiano	December 13	1 day
Jennifer Nietiedt	Karl and Lisa Viperman	December 28	14 yrs
Laura	Robert and Mary Vitolins	December 08	15 yrs
Brandon	Catherine Walker	December 01	18 yrs
Paula	Patsy Watkins	December 15	26 yrs
Lucas Joshua Serven	Debra Wright	December 24	1 yr
Matthew	Rick & Cindy Yotti	December 05	10 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.

Carol Florkowski, whose beloved son, **Mark**, Born 5/22; Died 10/27; 49 years
and son, **Brian**, Born 10/19; Died 4/8; 17 years ,

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.

PLEASE FORWARD LOVE GIFTS TO: THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS,
C/O: RHONDA TEMPLE, 25164 Hanover St., Dearborn Heights, MI 48125



- ♥ Roger & Sally Cassidy "In memory of Danny. We love you, we miss you. Forever in our hearts. Mom, Dad, Matt & Mike"
- ♥ Joanne Tappan "In memory of Kevin Joseph Tappan. With love at Christmas, Mom"
- ♥ Steve & Theresa Henry "In memory of Ryan Birmingham. We miss you every day. Love, Mom, Dad, Steve & Jeff"
- ♥ Glenn & Dorothy Laswell "In memory of Christine Kramis. You are forever in our hearts. Love, Mom, Dad & Tammy"
- ♥ Connie Smith "In memory of Abigail Madelyn Smith. You will always be our gift."
- ♥ The Lucas Family "In loving memory of Bradley. We miss you more each date & we will never be the same without you. You are forever loved"
- ♥ Joyce Gradinscak "In memory of Adam. 12th Christmas with our babe. Missing you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Jamie & Dave"
- ♥ Matt & Cindy Stevens "In memory of Justin. Miss you, love you Justin. Forever in our hearts"

were of Jason, fixed more acutely on his departure than on his arrival eighteen years before. Memories of prior Decembers pervaded our present. Jason ice fishing. Jason sledding. Jason's birthday. Jason opening gifts, Jason throwing tinsel on the tree, on his brothers and on the dog. Every memory brought tears but every tear brought Jason closer to us. We found him in the pain, the only place we knew how to get to. I believe that first Christmas had to be that way. Showing up was the best we could do. But now it is six trees, six silent nights, and six collectable ornaments later. I've learned a few things about this path I'm on and found a few crutches for when the road gets too rough. Holidays can be disabling for those who grieve. I'd like to share some things that might help:

- Believe that your loved one is with you.
- Include them in your celebrations and in your sadness. Include them when you talk with others about old times and holidays past. If you don't mention them, no one else will.
- Talk to THEM. They hear your thoughts...and if you listen, you can hear their replies.
- Light candles. For six years now I have lit a special candle for my son. This year I will light five, one for each of us, living or not. Why perpetuate the myth of separation? Jason is still a part of this family.
- Do good things in celebration of your loved one's life. Random Acts of Kindness (<http://www.actsofkindness.org>) bring smiles to everyone involved. Buy anonymous gifts, scoop snow from a stranger's sidewalk, or light candles at unmarked graves.
- Connect with your loved one who has died. Buy yourself a holiday wreath to take to the cemetery. Or take a meditation class; create a special place to go to where you can feel their presence.
- Call a newly bereaved friend or neighbor and invite them to remi-

nice with you. Cry with them, listen to them, share your journey.

- Give to an organization that your loved one supported.
- Make a memory tree. Buy a small tree and decorate it with tokens of their life.
- Don't worry about what others will think. You are solely in charge of this journey. It's all yours.
- Love someone who is grieving? Lost as far as how to help them through this upcoming season? Any of the above suggestions can be adapted (i.e., give money in celebration of their loved one's life and tell them about it, make them a memory tree, etc.) to fit your needs. However, there are two gifts that you can give to a person deep in the pit of grief that will mean more than anything else:

- * Undivided attention
- * Unconditional acceptance of their journey, wherever it leads them.

I won't end this article with a wish that you have your merriest Christmas ever. I know that, for some of you, that is not possible or even desirable. Instead, my wish for you is this: That you find a quiet moment during the sometimes magical but often horrendous season upon us and relax. That you take a few deep breaths, close your eyes and envision your child, sibling, or grandchild. That you accept that dead doesn't mean GONE. That you send out a "Merry Christmas" and "I love you" and then BELIEVE when you hear his or her whispered reply of "I love you too, Merry Christmas."

Sandy Goodman

Author of "Love Never Dies". A Mother's Journey from Loss to Love

Alike But Unlike

We are alike, at the same time we are very unlike."

"Our stories are different, our solutions are different, our ways of handling grief are different; but we are alike in that we all hurt to the depths of our capacity to hurt, we experience

many of the grief symptoms alike, and we are alike in our need for help."

"While we cannot give each other definite answers or take away each other's pain, we can help each other by simply being there and listening to each other."

*Dennis Klass,
St. Louis, MO*

Hanukkah: The Festival Of Lights

Hanukkah is the Festival of Lights. It is marked by the lighting of candles in the home, beginning with one candle on the first night and adding one on each following night of the holiday.

One legend tells of how Judah and his brothers came to Jerusalem only to find the Temple desolate and desecrated. They cleansed it and rededicated it on the 25th day in the winter month of Kislev in 165 B.C.E. With a little flash of holy oil expected to last only one day, they relit the great Menorah. Miraculously the oil lasted eight days, and over the years the custom of lighting Hanukkah lights developed into the festival we celebrate today.

Because Hanukkah is a happy holiday, we do things that give happiness. We light candles, sing songs, play games (especially with a dreidel – a four-sided top), eat potato pancakes called latkes, visit with family and friends, and give gifts. It is considered a good deed (mitzvah) to give to those in need. Originally, gifts were coins (gelt) given on one night. Today gifts are often given each night for the eight nights and have become more and more elaborate.

The candles have not been kindled nor have holiday songs been sung at my house since 1998.

Karyn was a senior in high school. Adam was on leave from the U.S. Army. We shared many happy times that week. Our lives were busy, our hearts full of joy at being able to spend the holidays together, and with other family members and friends.

On May 8, 1989, life as we knew it 4

came to a halt. Adam, aged 22, died within two hours of injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina.

I am going to celebrate Hanukkah this year. I feel like relighting my spirit and rededicating my life. I am helping out with the chapter newsletter and co-leading some meetings. I have traveled a road of grief for years. I am making progress slowly but steadily, I think. Ever so often I feel myself slipping and sliding a bit, but each time I do I find it is a little easier to get back on track.

Why?

Because I can reach out to my friends on the road ahead of me. I am encouraged by their progress. I can lean on them and regain my strength. Some are behind me just starting their long journey. I can give them hope and tell them to take their time. We are all together. United we stand... I wish you love and peace for the holidays. I wish you hope in the new year ahead.

Carol Cole

Concord /Newton, MA

The Stocking Question

We struggled and debated about our Christmas traditions after Lindsay died. Should we keep them the same? Should we add a few? Delete a few? Create some new ones? One question we particularly struggled with was the idea of hanging stockings. In the beginning, we didn't hang any. Our other children were too young to know anything of stockings and the treats and goodies they are supposed to hold, so it was easy to ignore the stocking-question for a few years.

Everything changed when Melissa asked why her friends found stockings on Christmas morning, but she and Katie Rose did not. I bought a couple of kits, made them each one and hung them by the chimney. But on the days leading up to Christmas that year, it was more than I could manage to see two stockings, and none for Lindsay. So the Christmas of 1993, I made another personalized stocking. It brought

me great comfort to sew on the beads and sequins, while dreaming of hanging it in its proper place between the other two. I was finally coming to some sort of peace about Lindsay's death (as well as we can), and while we struggled a few years about what we should and shouldn't do, one thing I was sure of; as long as we didn't do anything that hurt ourselves or anyone else, then it is okay.

On Christmas Eve we hung the special ornaments we had collected for the kids, set the nativity up in its usual place of honor, and hung the three stockings across the mantle. The house was filled with the smells of Christmas lit only by candlelight and the twinkling lights of the Kentucky cedar. We stayed up late, frantically assembling the bicycles and dollhouses, filling the stockings, wrapping the last minute gifts, and then fell into a deep slumber.

Next morning I was awakened by Melissa's urgent whisper, "Mom! Wake up! I have something to show you!"

Assuming she was going to exclaim over the red bike parked in the living room, I woke Phil to join the celebration. But when we walked into the living room my eyes were immediately drawn, not to the bike, but to the three stockings hanging on the mantle.

"Don't you see, Mom?" Melissa's voice was quivering. "Santa forgot to put anything in Lindsay's stocking!" And sure enough – between the two stockings which were bulging with prizes and treats and favors, hung another one, forlorn and achingly empty. I could hear its screaming accusations.

"Do you think Santa sneaked in our rooms to see who lives here?" She asked.

I was weeping now. The fact that Lindsay's stocking looked so starkly different from the others was MY fault, not Santa's. I was the one who bought the treats to fill them, but I just didn't realize...I suppose I thought simply having it there was enough.

As I sat down, hugging a new Win-

nie-the-Pooh, Phil handed the stockings to the girls. I was lost in thought and grief, blaming myself for this incredible blunder, when Melissa very matter-of-factly dumped the contents of her stocking into my lap and said, "Here, Mom, Lindsay can have some of mine." And Katie Rose very quietly dropped an orange and two root beer barrels in the other stocking. "These are for you, Lindsay," she said.

It just so happens sometimes that we think we are going to be okay with certain things, only to discover this is not so. And we eventually learn that it is okay to try new and different rituals every year until we know what feels right for us. We learn to live with our grief in different ways and we learn what we need to do in order to find a little comfort and peace.

Dana Gensler

Bowling Green, KY

Christmas Will Never Be Quite The Same

The Christmas tree will never be quite as straight and tall. The cookies always seem just the tiniest bit burnt.

The laughter at parties just isn't quite as hearty. The crowds at the stores are annoying, and I rush through my shopping, passing up the gift that would be "just right" for one which will "just do".

The songs of chestnuts and open fires and snow and love leave me weepy, not warm.

But late at night, all by myself, I hold your blanket close to my heart, and my eyes catch glimpses of your angels on the tree, your candle, and your stocking (with a rose from Daddy's garden peeking out of the top!), and I feel your baby hand on my cheek, and smell the sweetness of your velvet-skin.

Then the sadness leaves my face, and I am filled with my love for you.

Marie Teague

SIBS

Christmas Memory of My Brother

The stockings are hung and the tree is trimmed bright,
With tinsel and ornaments and twinkling lights;
At four in the morning, I will wake with a start
And wonder why there is an ache in my heart.
At this time every Christmas, every year since I was eight;
You'd come to my bedroom and beg me to wake
To just come and see the job Santa had done;
And into the den, we'd head with a run!

Oh, thought of the magic of the early mornings,
By the light of the tree;
Send a shiver down my spine and a tear down my cheek.
What happened to those moments?
Why must we grow old?
Why has this season left me feeling so cold?

I think it must be, my brother, my friend,
That our childhood has come to an aching end
And me at the tree without you does not seem right
Us not together on a cold Christmas night...
It doesn't seem fair. It doesn't ring true.
All I want for Christmas is to be there with you.

Let Santa bring the toys that children will forget;
The only present I want; I haven't gotten yet.
I'm asking and begging for one gift this year:
To see a smile on your face and to whisper in your ear
How lucky I was to have a brother like you
How much I loved you and needed you too.
And how much I will miss you when Christmas morning arrives;
How I will miss the sparkle in your eyes.

I know heaven is nice, but please don't forget
The sister on earth who will always regret
Words left unspoken, things left unsaid
To a goofy little brother who wouldn't let her stay in bed!

*Written by my daughter, Amy on our first Christmas without her brother James.
Submitted by
Beth Blackwell*

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.



It's the Music That Bonds the Souls

The room you once lived in
Doesn't look the same.
The people who used to call you
Never mention your name.
The car you used to drive,
They may not make them anymore;
And all the things you once treasured
Are boxed behind closet doors.
The clothes you set the trends by
Are surely out of date.
The people you owed money to
Have wiped away the slate.
Things have changed and changed again
Since you went away,
But some things have remained the same
Each and every day...
Like this aching in my heart –

(Continued on Page 7)

A scar that just won't heal –
Or the way a special song
Can change the way I feel.
Brother, you must know that the music
Bonds us and will keep us close;
Because secretly I know deep in my
heart
It's the music you miss the most.
So let the world keep on turning,
And time can take its toll.
For as long as the music keeps playing
You'll be alive and dancing in my
soul.

Stacie Gilliam,
N. Oklahoma City, OK

Editor's note: This article spoke as few others have in recent times. My daughter, Sarah, is so connected yet with her brother through music. It has been thirteen years, and yet a song can bring him to the present. This article is dedicated to Greg and Sarah.

Ghost of Christmas Past

In anticipation of my first Christmas morning, Mamma posed me, freshly scrubbed and curled, before the Christmas tree for my annual holiday photograph. This was the beginning of a lifetime of Christmas celebrations--each one steeped in rituals and traditions built upon those which had gone before. As a child, I delighted in the magical world created in the minds of the very young. We woke to sparkle and glitter, presents stacked high, and bulging stockings. As I grew, the magic of childhood gave way to a different reality and a different joy, but the rituals remained largely unchanged.

Marriage brought family and babies of my own. The photo albums grew and expanded as I made a career of the holidays and the memories they held. Year after year, I lined up the little ones in front of the tree--just as my mother had done before me. Each holiday celebration was an extension of former joys, other times, different places. Importance was placed on building bridges from the past into the present.

Constancy equals comfort and security. Psychologists agree that tradition is important to the development of

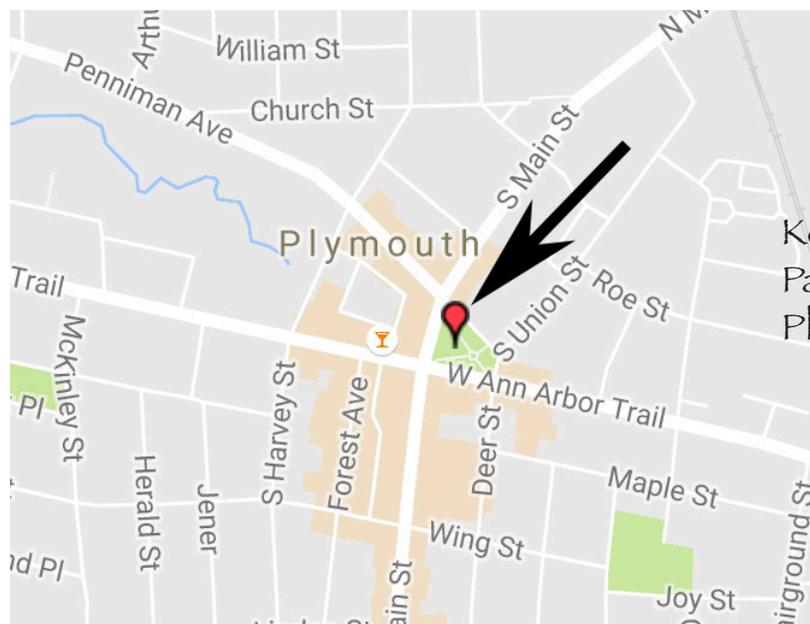
society and to family structure. Family traditions are healthy and normal. There's only one thing wrong with tradition--it's filled with shoulds. "We should have the tree up before the 15th. We should entertain. We should shop...decorate...send cards. We should be happy..." Tradition creates purpose and connection. Tradition provides roots. But tradition magnifies the pain of our loss.

At our house, we trim the tree the first weekend in December. It's tradition. But the year Alexander died, I didn't feel like trimming the tree at all. When we did do it, as many changes as possible were made in the ritual to help me tolerate the empty space left in his absence. The children receive a new Christmas ornament each year to add to their collections. Someday these ornaments will adorn their own Christmas trees in their own homes. But what about Alex's set? Those three ornaments will never bloom into twenty and will never follow him into adulthood. That first year after Alex's death I bought him one anyway--an angel in flight. Four stockings hang from the mantel. Do I hang Alexander's stocking, or do I put it away forever? The first year, I hung his apart from the others. But every year since, his stocking has hung with the other four. I have five children with five Christmas stockings--and I always will.

The key to surviving Christmas as a bereaved individual is flexibility and foresight. It's important to plan ahead, and it's important to anticipate the changes you will need to make. Habit is easy, and it does take a little more effort to implement creative change in holiday planning. But change and adjustment are essential for the newly bereaved.

Families can spend so many years following the same patterns and routines that they forget these choices were made because they were right for their moment. But choices made under different circumstances may not be the right choices for the newly bereaved. The early moments of grief demand new rules. Even customs "set in stone" can be bent. Festivities that expend more energy than we have to give can be skipped. Entertaining and socializing can be altered or curtailed altogether. Decisions can be delayed and new plans designed and implemented at the last minute. The bereaved can learn to be creative and flexible in customizing their holiday plans.

Traditions bind families and societies tightly to one another. But altering our traditions to suit our current needs makes sense. Each moment, each stage of life, demands its own customs and its own rituals. By building our bridges moment to moment, we link the past and present to the future.



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

December 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



We will be having a pot luck at our December meeting. Please bring a snack/or small dish to share, maybe a favorite of your child. There will be a brief sharing session, and then a Candle Lighting will begin at 8:15 p.m. Candles will be provided. This is in addition to the Candle Lighting at Kellogg Park on Sunday, December 11th.