

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



June 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 -June 2- Regular meeting - First time table, topic table, sibling table. Topic: Re: Dance article In what ways have you learned to "dance in the rain"?

June 18th- Fund Raiser- see page 7

June 21st -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.

July 8 -10th - National Conference, in Scottsdale, AZ -

Brian's Sixth Angel Day Greg's 2184th day of the New Normal

The sound of your laugh echo's in the halls my mind. I can close my eyes and see your face painted on the canvas of my memory. Sometimes I lose my breath with feeling of your big bear hugs. I can remember the feeling of walking on air when you came into my life and made me a Dad. The times you would sit in my lap on the floor on Saturday mornings watching cartoons.

I still can smell the fragrance of your curly blond hair. The pride I felt when you learned to talk and I taught you to say the Cubs are bums. The smile on your face challenged the sun itself when you caught your first fish.

The next time I saw that smile was the day your daughter was born. You held her so carefully as though she was made of glass. Your quick temper was like lightning in a thunder storm but like a thunder storm it would pass just as quick. I drift back to that horrible day once in a while but all the wonderful memories you left wash those thoughts away like footprints on the beach. When I go to bed at night I thank the Lord that I was allowed to be your Dad. Until we meet again Brian I love you.

*Greg Klocke,
BPUSA St Louis*

Nine Years

I was busy today rushing around the office working on a project, when a new staff member saw your photo on my desk. She picked up the frame and gazed

at your face. She raised her head and asked, "Is this your son?" I said, "Yes and I paused... I knew it was coming- I held my breath. She looked at me with the frame still in her hands and asked casually, "Where does he go to school?" Her face was innocent. Her eyes searched my face. Time stood still as my heart sank...

Because I knew I had to tell "the" story, and I wondered if I could say the truth without breaking down. Nine years and I still cry at the question. I knew I had to sum up in a brief moment the pain, the horror, the loneliness of living without you.

I guess sometimes I think I'm normal. I have pictures on my desk like everyone else ... I trick myself into thinking my life is moving on, when actually a large part of my life stopped- The day you were killed. Nine years... and still counting...

*Janice Lopez,
Sacramento Valley BPUSA*

"Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal."

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>
Craig	Thomas Birmingham	June 28	31 yrs
Caleb	Jeremy and Jennifer Butts	June 04	1 day
Courtney	Peg Crismore	June 12	30 yrs
Shelby	LouAnn Dermyle	June 29	19 yrs
John Strasser	Walt & Judy Dever	June 12	30 yrs
Dominique	Kevin & Sonya Fischer	June 27	23 yrs
Angelica Goff (Angel)	Scott Goff	June 05	18 yrs
Richard	Cheryl Hayford	June 21	30 yrs
Brittany	Katrina Hogan	June 25	19 yrs
Bradley	Jennifer Lashbrook	June 29	18 yrs
Judy Ward	Ida Mihlear	June 23	64 yrs
Vonda	Bonnie Norris	June 02	45 yr
Derek	Brian Otter	June 01	23 yrs
Maxwell John	John and Lisa Pardington	June 10	20 yrs
Jason	Kathy Rambo	June 08	19 yrs
Shaun Zemsky	Diann Romanek	June 20	29 yrs
Ashley	Christine Siegel	June 22	11 yrs
Jordan	Christie Siegel	June 22	14 yrs
Cole Ryan	Jaelyn Smith	June 02	6 yrs
Robert Michael	Kimberly Spellman	June 17	17 yrs
David	Gerry and Laura Sulkowski	June 23	23 yrs
Tyler Zadorski	Michelle Tidwell	June 10	16 yrs
Chris	Nenena Tomoski	June 13	24 yrs
Kelli	Valerie Weatherly	June 27	30 yrs
Mark	Celeste White	June 26	47 yrs
Reggie Williams	Franco Williams	June 25	34 yrs
John	Jackie Wireman	June 09	28 yrs
Beth Ann	Luther and Marjorie Wells	June 03	37 yrs



Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Ally Jolie	Brad and Tamara Baldwin	June 05	2 1/2 yrs
Christine Kramis	Tammy Basballe	June 14	33 yrs
Lora	Marilyn Bingham	June 20	35 yrs
Amy Louise	Gregory Blackwood	June 15	24 yrs
Kevin	Bill & Sue Boskey	June 04	21 yrs
Amy Louise Blackwood	Beth Bouchard	June 15	24 yrs
Amy	Diane Brown	June 26	31 yrs
Caleb	Jeremy and Jennifer Butts	June 04	1 day
Michael	David and Wendy Camilleri	June 08	17 yrs
Andrew	Paul and Katie Campbell	June 01	24 yrs
Sandra Jean	Mary Ann Coil	June 24	56 yrs
Rachel	Roy and Audrey Collett	June 29	18 yrs
Bryan Collison	Greg and Bonnie Collison	June 12	28 yrs
Jason	Cindy Cunningham	June 20	26 yrs
Josh Dever	Walt and Judy Dever	June 29	17 yrs
Rhett Lundy	Valerie Donndelinger (Aunt)	June 03	14 yrs
Zach	Jennie Ewert	June 04	21 yrs

Lori	Bob and Mary Ann Furca	June 10	32 yrs
Angelica Goff (Angel)	Scott Goff	June 21	18 yrs
Christy Ann Gavagan	Valerie Graves	June 28	37 yrs
Michael	Dietmar Haenchen	June 18	27 yrs
David	Karen and Don Harrison	June 16	19 yrs
Mike	Donna Marie Heyer	June 08	30 yrs
Mary	Bill & Sandi Hulbert	June 20	51 yrs
Jeffrey Alan	Lenore Jordan	June 20	33 yrs
Mike	Tim and Barb Kilgore	June 06	16 yrs
Jill Judd	Cathy and John Kolomyski	June 02	37 yrs
Christine Kramis	Dorothy and Glenn Laswell	June 14	33 yrs
Glenn	Judy MacQueen	June 21	34 yrs
Justin (brother)	Adrienne Medonis (sister)	June 11	29 yrs
Eric	Bob and Sandy Michniewicz	June 09	21 yrs
Jenna Kay	Laura Neumann	June 29	20 yrs
Richard Carl	Mary Nunn	June 23	28 yrs
Jennie (Sister)	Julie Pack	June 23	24 yrs
Richard	Joe and Maggie Pellegrino	June 17	22 yrs
Maya	Karl and Shonda Peterson	June 24	21 days
Darryl	Louis Randall	June 24	44 yrs
Christopher Katranis	Cindy Romeos	June 16	21 yrs
Kyle Thomas	Liz Ryan	June 16	22 yrs
Jordan	Christie Siegel	June 11	14 yrs
Hillary Fay Shaffer	Deb Smith	June 25	17 yrs
Joseph	Barbara and Gerald Valley	June 11	47 yrs
James Walsh	Ellen Walsh	June 16	20 yrs
Scott	Sandra Weisl	June 06	42 yrs
Jennifer Schons	Rick and Bev Woodard	June 14	38 yrs
Beth Ann	Luther and Marjorie Wells	June 06	37 yrs
Amelia	Michelle Yerigian	June 04	18 yrs
Christopher	Rick & Cindy Yotti	June 19	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.

Kristine Connell whose beloved son, **Adam**, Born 2/20; Died 10/12; 15 years;

Kristine Connell whose beloved son, **Ian**, Born 3/18; Died 3/20; 2 days

Brendolyn Jasper whose beloved son, **Jeffrey V. Parker**, Born 3/6, Died 1/22; 35 years;

Barbara and Jim Rozen whose beloved son, Andrew **Joseph**; Born 2/16, Died 7/8; 16 years

Dad is a Survivor

My dad is a survivor too...
 which is no surprise to me.
 He's always been like a lighthouse
 that helps you cross a stormy sea.
 But, I walk with my dad each day
 to lift him when he's down.
 I wipe the tears he hides from
 others.
 He cries when no one's around.
 I watch him sit up late at night
 with my picture in his hand.

He cries as he tries to grieve alone
 and wishes he could understand.
 My dad is like a tower of strength.
 He's the greatest of them all!
 But there's times when he need to
 cry...
 Please be there when he falls.
 Hold his hand or pat his shoulder...
 and tell him it's okay.
 Be his strength when he's sad.
 Help him mourn in his own way.

Now, as I watch over my precious dad
 from the Heavens up above...
 I'm so proud that he's a survivor...
 and I can still feel his love!
Kaye Des'Ormeaux,

*Some days the memories still
 knock the wind out of me.*

Birthdays Blues

Today is May 23, a very significant day, because it is our daughter's birthday. I still remember sitting on the back deck on a bright happy day, holding a big baby in my tummy, and feeling the first pangs of labor.

Of course, it's raining outside today. It rained last year too. She was two days old when she died. Because her birth and her death are so close together, both days seem to be equally difficult. Even the day in between is just as bad. Events of her life leisurely parade through my mind: the delivery, the urgent flight to Kosair's Neonatal Intensive Care, that devastating phone call, her sighs. Everything!

I especially remember those words the doctor said: "There is nothing we can do." It was only a few hours later when the same voice whispered: "I'm so sorry. Her heart has stopped beating." Of course, by that time we already knew. We had been holding her in our arms as she gradually, gently, slipped away.

Nobody ever told me grief could be so persistent. She's always in my mind, but there have been weeks, months even, when I hardly cry over her at all. But today I feel that same intense desire to see her again. If only I could hold her in my arms, just one more time, I'm sure the tears would stop. (I believe the experts refer to this as "Shadow Grief")

And yet, it can really make me angry when other people assume my tears only indicate that I am a weakling, wallowing in my own grief. Or, even worse, accuse me of "angling for sympathy". "After all," they say, "it has been two whole years. It's time to forget it and go on."

We are going to have to deal with these days in May for the rest of our lives. Time helps ease the pain of grief, but nothing ever eases the pain of how much we miss her. I can't help it, I still love her. I can't pretend it didn't happen. I can't deny it. I can't forget it. It's still far beyond my comprehension! It wasn't just for a week,

or a month, or even two whole years. It's going to go on, and on, and on.

Dana Genslr

Dance

The word dance seems to be etched in to my mind. Recently, a friend shared a quote she had come across: "Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass. It's about learning to dance in the rain."

Wow – what awesome words! The image of a storm is a good analogy in understanding our grief. Storms can come from nowhere, like a tornado, seemingly destroying everything in their path and leaving our lives a complete and utter shambles. The darkness and dreariness stay while lightning continues to flash, stabbing our hearts with pain. Thunder clamors constantly, reminding us that our children are gone. We can walk in fog for what seems like years as the sleet and frigid cold freeze us in our tracks. The wind howls, imitating our screams and wailing. The rain seems to be endless.

Others, who haven't lost their children, who are living in sunshine, cry out to us, "Come in out of the rain." They don't understand that often we're just not able to move. The storm has become our world, for however long we need or choose to live there. My own experience of grief tells me that our lives will always be stormier than they were before the hurricanes came and took what was most precious to us. But, we do have a choice. We can stay hunkered down under the false protection of denial. We can lock ourselves up in a protective shell and never come out.

Or, we can learn to dance in the rain. However, each bereaved parent must decide what feels best to them. I find myself thinking, "It's hard to crawl, walk or breathe without her and she wants me to dance?! She must have forgotten all those times I tried and she said, 'Mom, you can't dance!'" then I realized that she's not referring to my ability when I hear, 'Dance, Mom dance! Dance in the rain. Dance

because you can't change what has already been done. You have the choice to sit it out or dance. Listen for the music, keep your eyes wide open, go forward, follow the music and dance. Follow me. I am not behind you. I am in front of you. I'm free and I am dancing'."

She taught me to hear the music and her song continues on. Without it, I couldn't dance. I believe if we allow our children to lead us to dance in the rain that they will eventually dance us out of the severe storms of pain and into the sunshine of peace.

"And when the skies are gray because I went away, put on your dancing shoes, grab your umbrella, and dance." *Excerpt from article by Julie Short, TCF/SE Illinois*

Grief

I had my own notion of grief. I thought it was the sad time That followed the death of someone you love. And you had to push through it To get to the other side. But I'm learning there is no other side. There is no pushing through. But rather, There is absorption. Adjustment. Acceptance. And grief is not something you complete, But rather, you endure. Grief is not a task to finish And move on, But an element of yourself- An alteration of your being. A new way of seeing. A new definition of self.

Gwen Flowers

The Class of 1996

Spring has finally arrived. The sun is warm, the grass is green, the trees have leaves and the world once again seems to have come alive. As a bereaved parent this has traditionally been a difficult time of year for me. Somehow all the signs of spring were not able to warm my heart and I often found myself hating the fact that they tried.

One sign of spring that was always painful was school graduations. You see my daughter died as a freshman in high school and never did get to graduate. The excitement of graduation, the moving on to a new era, another stage of life was something that she looked forward to. She was excited to graduate from elementary school and move on to middle school. She was ecstatic about graduating from middle school to moving on to high school and, although she was only a freshman, was already getting excited about and looking forward to graduating from high school and going on to college. Since her death however there wasn't a new era for me to move on to. I became a member of BPUSA in the spring of 1996. That same year was the graduation year for several other members of our chapter. We all graduated from a "normal life" into one that was full of unknowns, grief and darkness. I think of this group as my "graduating class" or the "Class of 1996."

My graduating class started its journey on News Years Day and finished it up on Labor Day weekend. We seemed to have hit most of the holidays of the year including Easter and the 4th. As I look back on that year, somehow this seems to have added some extra significance to our losses.

It has now been nine years since our class was "formed up." During those nine years we've all been on a journey none of us wanted but one which we've all traveled and learned from. Many times we've learned from each other. Many times we've learned from "classes" that came ahead of and behind ours. I think in our own minds we don't think that we've come very far. But this graduation season I've taken the time to reflect on our class and our journey and my observations have been surprising.

In actuality I find that we've all grown probably to a much greater extent than any of us would give ourselves credit for. We've addressed legal challenges to gain access to our grandchildren, we've gone back to school and earned

advanced degrees, we've become active in lobbying the state legislature to improve the driving laws of our state and we've taken on new and more responsible job challenges.

We've had some victories and some defeats. We've had some joys and also some new sorrows but somehow we've kept moving forward. And through it all we've remained active in our chapter. To a large extent I think that the special bonds that are developed and the support we have been able to receive and give through our BPUSA Chapter has been one of the biggest factors that has gotten us to where we are. Still standing and moving forward!!!

So in this graduation season of 2005 I'd just like to say Congratulations and Thank You to my fellow class members and to those in the classes that have come ahead and behind ours. Ours is a hard road but it is the one we must travel. We have all graduated with the loss of our children into a life we did not choose but to one in which we have somehow found a way to not just live and survive but also in some way to thrive.

Paul Balasic

Bereaved Parents of the USA/AA County

We Don't Get Over the Death of a Child

We don't "get over" the death of our child, we integrate it. Webster says to integrate means to "take into a whole, to unify." We make the experience of our child's death an integral part of the whole of our lives.

When I was a kid I loved to swing. There was a park not too far from our home, and whenever I could, I'd go there and swing for hours. At this moment I can almost feel the exhilaration of swinging in the air. I can visualize how the sky looked through the tree on the upward flight, the thrill of the downward arc and the sight of how far off the ground I was when the swing took me high on the other side. I never "got over" the thrill of

swinging. I integrated it. Today, the sight of a swing brings back this part of my childhood. There have been other experiences in my life, both happy and sad, that are brought back to me by similar experience. This is what it means to integrate our child's death into our lives.

Though the joy of swinging as a small child will never be as great as it was when I was ten, the sight of a swing will always affect me. And though the pain of my son's death is not as great after these many years, for the rest of my life many things will remind me that he died. Before our child died, when we heard of the death of a child, we felt sorry for a time, but we were affected very little by it because we had no personal experience with a child's death to add to this knowledge. But now, when we hear of a child's death, we are immediately brought back to the pain we felt. We do not remain in that pain for any length of time, but because we had this experience in our past, it is part of the whole of our experiences.

We are more affected by it than a person who has not had that experience. I think when people talk of "getting over" our child's death, they mean getting over the outward manifestations of grief. Certainly if we have worked through our grief, in the years after our child has died, we will not cry constantly, we will not have the need to express our anger or guilt, we will be able to function as we did before he/she died, but we will not be "over" the feeling that our family is no longer complete.

These, and many other thoughts, will stay with us as long as we live. They become a part of the whole of us. The experience of our child's death and the years of grief that follow will be integrated with our other experiences, and just as every other experience we have had will affect our feelings, thoughts and behavior, so will the death of our child.

Margaret Gerner

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



We still have places available for this fundraiser. Please call Rhonda to make your reservation and payment needs to be made to save your spot. We hope you can attend ... we will have fun and also fund our chapter so we can help others who may need us.

Summer Breezes

There's a hint of laughter

Wafting past the porch.

For a moment I pause ...

To listen

In the warmth of the summer sun.

Memories to bask in,

Trees you climbed, kites you flew,

Bikes you raced, waves you splashed in.

At night we wrapped time around us

As we gazed toward the heavens.

The stars were full of wonder then,

And lazy days seemed endless.

Life spread before you,

Laughter filling the wind with happiness.

Just now I thought I heard you once again.

How pleasant this breath of summer,

The breezes hold such memories.

Of life. Of you.

K Nelson

DONATION BASKET FOR TCF NATIONAL CONFERENCE SILENT AUCTION

This year our chapter would like to donate a basket of Michigan items to the TCF National Conference held in Scottsdale, AZ in July.

If you would like to donate any items, please bring them to the June chapter meeting or contact Kathy (734-306-3930) or Gail (734-748-2514) to arrange pickup. Items needed are MI sports items or MI made items. We would appreciate packable items, no large glass bottles, so they can go in our suitcases.

Thanks so much!

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.



- ♥ Dan & MaryBeth Myska "In memory of Drew. Always in our hearts. Love Mom & Dad"
- ♥ Norm & Laverne Jinerson "Dearest son Brian, we miss you so much. Love Mom & Dad"
- ♥ Jeri Feltner "In memory of Jeffrey Shamberger"
- ♥ Glenn & Carol Mead "In loving memory of our son Bobby. You are so loved & so missed. Love Mom & Dad"
- ♥ Brendolyn Jasper "In memory of Jeff"
- ♥ Kymberlee Coats

SIBS

My Brother

After three and a half years without
you, I still don't want to
Believe that you are gone
Cuz it just isn't right.
Day after day, I
Expect you to call and make a
joke in a
Funny voice.
Grief
Has built up inside of me.
I miss you and love you, Owen!!
Jakob Owen, your nephew, was
named after you.
Know always that I
Loved you,

My baby brother. Memories
Never fail me,
Of your
Precious 27 years.
Quite the little boy you were, Jakob
Owen is a lot like you.
Roxy was a pretty dog, only one year
old
She was with you on the river, in a
Tiny boat
U are forever in my heart
Valerie loves and misses you too
We have to stick together now, as we
are the only siblings left
Xactly
Ydid you have to die?
ZZZ....in Heaven is where you now
reside. (Resting up for your next
adventure)
*Written with love by Jennifer Hanna for
her beloved brother Owen
Hanna who drowned in 2009 at 27 years*

A Letter to My Brother

Suddenly you're gone. I'm still here.
Why? How can this be? Someone tell
me the reason, the answer. How can
I fill the void, the space once so full
of life? What will I do? How will I
be strong for others when the sting of
pain is so real, so near? Though every-
one seems calm, my soul screams at
the injustice, the unfairness of losing
you. I miss you. I think of you every
day and feel you in my heart always.
Whatever the reason for your leaving,
I know your living had a reason. De-
spite the brevity of your life, you lived
a lifetime's worth. You blessed us with
your presence, your specialness. I have
only to think of you to feel the joy
you've left as a legacy. You shaped the
purpose of my life. I can see the world
through your eyes.
*Robin Holemon
TCF Tuscaloosa, AL*

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.



Reflections

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life isn't always fair or predictable; that sometimes even my best still isn't good enough; and that from the day of her death, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor and to have a successful career and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss. I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all, I have been given the gift of time – time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.

*Cathy Schanberger
from This Healing Journey – An
Anthology for Bereaved Siblings*

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

June 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

Self Help

For many of us, the monthly meeting of our Compassionate Friends Group is the only real healing time we give to ourselves. Helping ourselves on a daily basis is critical to our journey in the grieving process.

Many of us find solace in books. Others find it in movies, music, time with friends, meditation or intense spiritual conviction. Each day we should take some time to center ourselves, to find a place of peace.

If you haven't already done so, start with a quiet time of reflection and search your soul for the key to your own solace. There will still be bad, even terrible, days. The effort to help ourselves begins with knowing ourselves and finding the unique activity that soothes our broken hearts for just a little while.

Annette Mennen Baldwin