

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

Livonia, Michigan Chapter



November 2016
Volume 28, Number 11

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 -November 3
Regular meeting - First time table,
topic table, sibling table. Topic: How
do you handle being grateful on
Thanksgiving, or do you?
Nov, 12 - Chapter Leadership Training
November 15th -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.
Nov. 19th - Craft Day - see page 8

Giving Thanks

I cannot hold your hands today,
I cannot see your smile.
I cannot hear your voices now,
my children who are gone.
But I recall your faces still,
the songs, the talks, the sighs.
And story times and winter walks,
and sharing secret things.
I know you helped my mind to live
beyond your time with me.
You gave me clearer eyes to see,
you gave me finer ears to hear,
what living means, what dying means,
my children who are gone.
So here it is Thanksgiving Day,
and you are not with me.
And while I weep a mother's tears,
I thank you for the gifts you were,
and all the gifts you gave to me,
my children, who are gone.
Sascha Wagner

A Forgiving Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving was always an easy holiday.
Unlike Christmas, there was no pressure
of giving just the right gift! Thanksgiving
Day brought family gatherings and good
food. Late on those afternoons, we would
return home full from over-eating and
satisfied that our family relationships were
intact. It was also a day that reminded us
of everything for which we were thankful.
We are supposed to be thankful for our
health, our families, our comfortable life,

etc. The death of a child changes our
perceptions, however. When the family
now gathers around the Thanksgiving
table, I now see a missing plate that
no one else sees. When our nieces and
nephews are laughing or crying, I hear
a voice that no one else hears. When a
family member recounts a story about
something his or her child did last
week, I wish for a story to tell. We still
have much to be thankful and we should
remember that. But now, Thanksgiving
Day has an additional observance for
us too, doesn't it? It is a day of forgive-
ness also. We must forgive others who
cannot acknowledge our missing child,
for whatever reasons. If family and
friends cannot understand us, then we
must try to understand them, especially
on holidays.

If we can exhibit tolerance, forgiveness
and understanding on a day on which
we offer thanks, we can climb another
step on our ladder to recovery. I hope
you have a forgiving Thanksgiving.
Jim Hobbs

Chapter Leadership Training

Your Regional Coordinators will be
presenting a CLTP on November 12th at
First Presbyterian Church of Tecumseh
in Tecumseh, MI from 8 a.m. until 4:30
p.m. Anyone who is interested in be-
ing more involved in your chapter may
attend. Please contact Gail Lafferty,
Nena Herrick or Kathy Rambo for more
information or questions.

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>
Ricky	Diane Arquette	November 28	32 yrs
James Bartle	Tammy Bartle-Podogil	November 15	17 yrs
Jordan	Greg and Sharon Black	November 28	30 yrs
Kyle	Steve Boron	November 25	16 yrs
Michael	David and Wendy Camilleri	November 12	17 yrs
David Jones II	Sharon and Dave Curson	November 17	16 yrs
Jeremiah	Cassandra Davis	November 24	n/a
Alexander Joel	John and Ellen Duca	November 08	27 yrs
Jaime Harmon	Debbie Estep	November 11	28 yrs
Noah Michael	Tim & Kerry Fisher	November 28	10 days
Morgan Smith	Amy George	November 10	7 days
Erin Kathleen	Jim and Linda Gobeski	November 01	24 yrs
Justin Alan Antio	Margaret Grutza	November 24	31 yrs
Shaun	Pat and Dorothy Hagler	November 23	24 yrs
David	Karen and Don Harrison	November 06	19 yrs
Steven	Najwa Hilllawi	November 24	35 yrs
Maureen	Mary Himm	November 18	48 yrs
Wanda	Barbara Jones	November 20	57 yrs
Gregory	Pat Knox	November 17	37 yrs
Michael	Jeff LaLonde	November 03	25 yrs
Lexys	Crystal Lamp	November 23	6 yrs
Darren	Tom and Melissa Lawrence	November 18	3 days
Amber Marie Harrison	Bonnie Lockard	November 08	19 yrs
April	Denise Lucas	November 17	23 yrs
Karlie	Angela Martin	November 03	10 yrs
Joaquin	Christina Martinez	November 13	1 yr
Joaquin	Felix and Marie Martinez	November 13	1 yr
Travis	Bill and Tammy Miklaski	November 04	12 yrs
Mark	John and Amy Nogowski	November 30	4 yrs
Timothy James	Jim and Diana Owens	November 29	26 yrs
Jeremiah	Joan Paulding	November 24	n/a
Eric	David Powers	November 13	18 yrs
Bradley	Derrick & Marge Reynolds	November 23	52 yrs
Jason Perry	Teresa Reynolds	November 27	n/a
Paul Martin	Diane and George Richards	November 06	19 yrs
Jake	Jennifer Robinson	November 15	18 yrs
Justin	Monica Schmit	November 02	14 yrs
Keith	Rose Stenrose	November 22	27 yrs
Brianna Faith	Delores Taylor	November 25	1 day
Kevin Kalahar	Catherine Walker	November 19	41 yrs
Randy Walker II	Randy Walker	November 13	21 yrs
Meghan	Flo Walling	November 12	23 yrs
Julie	Tom & LuAnn Walrod	November 24	39 yrs
Darla Elizabeth	Evan and Rebecca Warrenchuk	November 20	21 days



Let Us Celebrate Their Births

Brian Holmes	Sherry Alchin	November 02	39 yrs
Adam	Diane Angell	November 01	38 yrs
John Robert Lee	Janet Anusavage	November 14	17 yrs
Brian	Joan Begley	November 02	39 yrs
Jason	Cheryl Beuther	November 16	43 yrs
David	Judy Brackenridge	November 25	23 yrs
Jacob Robert	Molly Brink	November 23	19 yrs
Ian	Al and Michelle Clemens	November 05	17 yrs
Andrew Douglas (Drew)	Kathi Craft	November 01	25 yrs
Noah Michael	Tim & Kerry Fisher	November 18	10 days
Shannon	Penny Gaber	November 27	31 yrs
Morgan Smith	Amy George	November 03	7 days
Carol Jean	Nancy Grabarczyk	November 30	23 yrs
Stephen	Ruth Hanna	November 29	20 yrs
Amaya	Earl D. Hardy Jr	November 01	14 months
Kameon	Jason and June Hedger	November 16	9 mos
Joel	Paola Hillebrand	November 01	32 yrs
Andrew Douglas (Drew)	Tammi Kopel	November 01	25 yrs
Darren	Tom and Melissa Lawrence	November 15	3 days
Amber Marie Harrison	Bonnie Lockard	November 29	19 yrs
Jillian White	John and Shelley McDermott	November 17	15 yrs
Bobby	Carol & Glenn Mead	November 28	31 yrs
Christy	Alan Mueller	November 30	27 yrs
Ella Elizabeth	Katie and Jeff Nadig	November 21	3 yrs
Anthony	Steven and Kristy Nelson	November 12	20 yrs
Matthew	Cathy Seccia	November 19	37 yrs
Amaya Hardy	Amber Shaw	November 01	14 months
Chauncey	Vivian Shelton and James Hunter	November 09	22 yrs
Derek Robert	Jim and Shannon Soden	November 27	5 months
Luke Stano	Mary Clare Solky	November 14	10 yrs
Katie	Dennis and Peggy Still	November 02	31 yrs
Steven	Gene and Sylvia Szmigiel	November 02	31 yrs
Courtney M. Pugh	Cheryl Tate	November 25	18 yrs
Brianna Faith	Delores Taylor	November 25	1 day
Alyssa	Rhonda and Lee Temple	November 19	6 yrs
Conner	Cindy Toth	November 04	5 yrs
Ariana	Moises and Tomi Valdez	November 08	4 yrs
Jillian White	Robert White	November 17	15 yrs
Jesse	Jeff & Lynn Willis	November 15	22 yrs
Dennis	Pat Wyatt	November 28	44 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.

Paula Bohn, whose beloved son, **Brian Joseph**, Born 1/26; Died 4/16; 33 years

Tom and Maureen Collins, whose beloved son, **Sean Patrick**, Born 4/26; Died 7/21; 17 years

Bonnie Meyerand, whose beloved son, **Shawn Ipavec**, Born 3/8; Died 7/8; 44 years

Flo Walling, whose beloved daughter, **Meghan**, Born 1/9; Died 11/12; 23 years

Letting Go

Tiny hands would hold on tight
No matter what you'd do
You took my hand so many times
As through the years you grew
You reached for Mommy late at night
When scary dreams awoke
Seeking comfort and advice
In every word I spoke
Decisions made in later years
Would bring you home again
A broken heart, A love renewed
A quarrel with a friend
Wanting you to make your way
Decisions all your own
You'd need your hand held less and
less
I'd know you'd finally grown
Through the years I thought I knew
And though I'd hate it so
I hoped each time I held you tight
It would help me to let go
Now all I have are memories
Of every hug and touch
You've gone to be with God, my son
And I miss you oh so much
Fate's reversed what I must do
And that's the saddest part
For now I have to let you go
To keep you in my heart

Donna Gerrior

TCF Pasco County, FL

In Memory of Rob

Anniversary Days Mean Saying Good-bye

"Does it get easier?" "Will I always feel saturated with pain?" "Will I ever be happy again?" These are questions we ask after the door has slammed and we've sunk into a dark and bleak pit.

These are the questions that crowd our weary bereaved minds, along with all of the "what ifs" and "whys." Our child has died. Our world has caved in. Breathing is difficult. Misery and hopelessness are eaten with breakfast. The ache in our heart is so profound we are certain we will die of a heart-ache.

We dread each day without our child. Holidays approach and he is not with us to join in the fun. Her birthday arrives, without her here. And then a

year since her death is about to pass. We relive how we felt when first told our son or daughter or sibling had died. We replay in our minds how it was on that horrible day, the day we lived the worst possible nightmare.

We have what no parent wants—a death date to place next to the birth date. We call the death date, the anniversary date. It doesn't matter what we name it, it means the same—a day that belongs to us that we wish was just another any-ol'-day.

The years pass. We gain a little strength. We learn the bereavement ropes. We find others like us to help hold our hand on this rocky and uncertain journey of longing for our child's voice. We try not to let others who do not understand bother us too deeply. Yet each year that date arrives.

For me it is February second, known in the USA as Groundhog Day. February second is the day I watched my son Daniel die. I told him good-bye then, although the words came out unwillingly from my mouth. No one wants to have to tell a child good-bye forever. Each February second, I light my vanilla-scented candle in memory of my tomato-picking-peeing-in-the-woods watermelon-and-Little-Foot-Dinosaur-loving boy. Each year I am acknowledging his life of four years and his cancer death. I am saying those words I never wanted to say. I am saying good-bye. After eight years, I am still not ready to say good-bye. Yes, the pain has diminished. Yes, I can smile and laugh again. I can get through months without tears. But the hole in my heart is as real and as present as sand at the beach. After eight years, February second is still a day I wish never came and a day I wish would never show its face again. Because saying goodbye each year always makes a part of my heart feel chopped up and pounded.

So do the passing of years make it easier on the bereaved? I think so. But anniversary days are always filled with bleak and unique sorrow. Light the candles. If you can remember the

pleasant times, do. If you can soak in the love your child has for you and you for him, do it. And when the impact of the day grips your heart, freely cry. And if you still find it hard to say good-bye, know you are not alone.

Alice Wisler

If Only They Knew

If only they knew that when I speak of him, I am not being morbid. I am not denying his death. I am proclaiming his life. I am learning to live with his absence. For twenty-six years he was a part of my life, born, nurtured, molded and loved—this cannot be put aside to please those who are uncomfortable with my grief.

If only they knew that when I sit quietly, apparently content with my own company, I am not self indulgently unhappy, dwelling on things which cannot be changed; I am with him. I am seeing his face, hearing his voice, remembering his laughter, recalling his excitement and joy in life. Please allow me this time with him, as I do not begrudge you your time with your children.

If only they knew that when I sometimes weep quietly, I do not cry in self-pity for what I have lost. I weep for what he has lost, for the life he loved, for the music that filled his very being, and for all he still longed to hear; for the poetry which moved him to tears, for the beauty about him that daily fed his soul, for the exhilaration and excitement of flying the skies, of searching for his God in the vast space of the universe. For all that he loved and lost, I cry.

If only they knew the feeling of deep grief, the emptiness, the dull pain, the endlessness of death. If only they understood the insanity of the platitudes so freely spoken—that "time heals", that "you'll get over it", that "it was for the best", that "God takes only the best"—and realize that these are more of an insult than a comfort, that the warm and compassionate touch of another means so much more.

If only they knew that we will not find true peace and tranquility until

we are prepared to try to stand in the shoes of others. We will not be understood until we learn to understand compassionately and we will not be heard until we learn to listen with hearts as well as minds.

*Jan McNess,
TCF Victoria, Australia*

There Were No Strangers

There is a tenderness among bereaved parents, a gentleness far beyond “normal” interactions with people in everyday life. We speak softly to each other and silently acknowledge our mutual vulnerability and fragility. That doesn’t mean we might not hurt each other from time to time through a misunderstanding, but it seems to me, the hurt is never meant to be. We have hurt enough already.

Somehow, there is forgiveness among bereaved parents, forgiveness that comes from knowing we are just struggling human beings trying to make the best of our lives that will have, forever, an empty hole.

There is a quiet beauty among bereaved parents, a beauty that comes out of the experience of being hit with such pain and love all mixed together

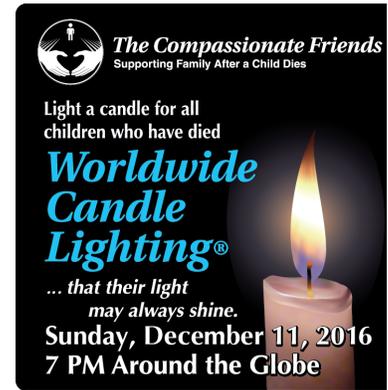
that words completely fail us.

There is courage among bereaved parents, the courage to get up, get dressed, and face another day.

We look to each other for the tenderness, the forgiveness, the beauty, and the courage. How often we say, “I’m so glad to know you... but I wish we had not met like this.” And then we often add, “But, would I... could I... have ever felt so close if it wasn’t for the pain?” Strange, isn’t it, how there are hidden gifts in the middle of unspeakable agony?

The closeness of bereaved parents and siblings is universal. I just returned from the National TCF Conference in Washington, DC, where 1,500 people, from all over the world and every walk of life, attended. It didn’t take a name tag to identify each other. Formal introductions weren’t necessary. The question, “What do you do for a living?” never came up. The words most often spoken were, “Tell me about your child (or brother or sister).” There were no strangers. Even if you were not there... you were there. The invisible link ... is love.

*Alice Monroe,
TCF, Mesa County, CO*



Please join us on December 11, 2016 at Kellogg Park, Plymouth, MI 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 register your child at our November chapter meeting, by calling 734-778-0800 or email: tfcandlelight@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.

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



- ♥ Kathy Spieker “In memory of Justin. You are forever in our hearts! Love you!! Dad, Mom, John, Julia xo”
- ♥ Diane Arquette “In memory of Ricky. Dear Ricky my life will never be the same without you. I love you and I miss you. Mom:”
- ♥ Glenn & Carol Mead “In loving memory of Bobby. Chocolate Cake/Chocolate Frosting... Memories. Happy 33rd Birthday Bobby. Miss you every day. Love, Mom, Dad, Katie & DJ”
- ♥ Greg & Sharon Black “In memory of Jordan. Forever in our hearts, love and miss you more each day. Love, Mom, Dad and Stephanie”
- ♥ Mary Lou Levitan “In memory of Elaine. Miss you lots! Happy Birthday in heaven. Love, Mom”
- ♥ Norm & Laverne Jinerson “In memory of our dearest son Brian Daniel. Dearest son Brian, we miss you so much and remember all of the pleasure and love you brought into our lives and everyone who ever met you. Love forever, Mom & Dad”
- ♥ Lee & Rhonda Temple “In memory of Alyssa. The thought of you being 17 is unimaginable, all I remember you being is a beautiful 6 ½ year old girl. Every day we miss you and wish you were with us. You are forever loved. All of our love, Mom, Dad, Justin and Brandon”

SIBS

Ask Dr. Paulson

Q. I'm getting ready to face the first holidays since my older brother died. As his only sister, I adored him and he felt the same about me. I don't want to see the New Year come. How can I handle going into a new year where I know my brother can never give me a hug and I can never tell him how much he means to me? I'm seeing a counselor who tells me I will survive this holiday, and each one after that will be easier. How can this ever get easier? I just seem to be getting more and more depressed the closer January 1st comes.

A. One of the hardest things that we go through after a loved one dies is "picking up and going on." How are we supposed to create a life that

does not include them? The answer ends up being – that we don't. We realize that we will always carry them with us – their love, their hugs, their laughter, their pride, their strengths, and our relationship. You're right – it is hard to start a new year that he won't know about, that won't include his hugs, his time, and the ability to tell each other how much you care. I won't kid you, the first holidays are the hardest!! After my brother's death, we didn't celebrate Christmas for a long time. What I finally came to realize is that part of him would always live on inside of me. Then I looked for ways I could include him (remember him) and celebrate his life at each of the holidays and other major events of my life. As you celebrate your brother's life and remember him, you carry him

forward with you into the new life you create. Consequently, it does get easier.

Q. My twin sisters were killed in an automobile accident three years ago. My parents have put pictures of them all around the house and talk about them all the time. I think they are so afraid I'll forget them that they force it on me all the time. Our house is beginning to look like a shrine. What can I do?

A. Over the years I have heard one thing more than anything else – the fear of forgetting your loved one. Not only the fear parents (spouses, etc.) have that in their pain and attempts to avoid the pain of memories, the loved one's memory will be erased completely by their children (or spouses). There's another fear, and that is the fear of forgetting how they laughed, what they'd do when they were excited, the sound of their voice, the things they liked, etc. Anything that can stimulate those memories is sought after, and if you hear new stories about them from acquaintances and friends, those quips are like little gems that are treasured and stored away. So if you could look at those pictures not as a shrine or as something to compete with, but instead as a way of stimulating memories of their laughter, how would that change the relationship that is developing between you and your parents? And how would it change the way you remember your sisters? You just may end up looking at everyone (you included) differently.

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 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.



A Beginning

One day you wake up and realize you
must have
survived because you are still here,
alive and
breathing. But you don't remember
the infinitely
small steps and decisions you took to
get there.
Your only awareness is that you have
shed miles of
tears on what seems to be an endless
road of
sorrow. One day, one glorious day,
you wake up
and feel your skin tingle again and
you forgot just
for an instant that your heart is broken
. . . and it is a beginning.

*Susan Borrowman
TCF Kingston, ON*

Guidelines for Loving Someone that Death Has Destroyed.

Part I: The Right Words.

They did not "slip away". They have
not "passed on".
They have not "gone to a better place".
There is no better place for them than
here where they belong.
I sure as hell was not careless enough
to have "lost" them. They died.
Stop seeking to soften the situation
with subtle synonyms, as if the word
"death" itself can make the reality
worse.
"At least they knew you loved them."
"At least you had them for as long as
you did." "At least it was quick."
"At least you have so many good
memories; memories that will haunt
you, memories that will assail you at
random moments, memories that you
will come to treasure, and hate, in
equal measures." At least they never
have to hurt this much.
At least they don't have to listen as
people try to find positives, to find
reasons to be thankful, when nothing
about this is good, or fair, or lucky.
When nothing can make the fact
they're dead seem any less horrific.

You need to know that when I say I
am broken I am not being dramatic. I
am not being poetic. When I say I am
broken what I mean is: most nights I
am too scared to sleep because I know
they will be waiting in my dreams, and
I won't ever want to wake up.
What I mean is: sometimes I feel
guilty just for breathing, and there's
a crack in my chest that aches even
when I am laughing.
What I mean is: nothing has tasted
sweet since the day that we found out,
and I'm scared everything is fading to
grey.

Part II: What To Do.

Say their name.
Say it out loud. Scream each syllable.
Say it ten times.
Say it softly, like a prayer.
Like it's something sacred.
Say their name until it no longer
sounds as though you are speaking
about a stranger you are scared will
steal me away.
Ask questions.
Ask questions that will make me
smile. Ask questions that will make
me laugh.
Ask even though answering might
make me fall apart
Ask until you feel like you know them
as well as I did.
Ask questions, but never think that
knowing the answers is the same as
knowing them.
Accept that you don't need to look
after me; that there are too few of us
left as it is, and I could never ask them
to carry on without me too.
Accept that you can't cure me; that
sadness isn't a sickness I will recover
from but a chronic condition I am still
learning to live with.
Accept that you can't save me; but that
doesn't mean that I don't need you.

Maya Sonvico

"If you mention my child's
name...I may cry/
But if you don't mention it...
you will break my heart."

Anger of Bereaved Parents

The anger of bereaved parents can
often be seen as a reaction of feelings
of helplessness and loss of control over
events. Our beloved child has died,
whether suddenly through accident,
suicide or murder, or as a result of
illness and disease – and we have not
been able to prevent it. Our desperate
frustration emerges in anger, either
against particular others, against the
whole world, or against God. Someone
must be responsible; someone must
be to blame for our loss, our suffering,
and our pain. After all, the inevitable
process of aging cannot be an explana-
tion for such an early death. So, our
anger is directed against those seen to
be responsible, or sometimes simply
against those nearest to us. In this way,
our anger may be turned on doctors
and hospital staff, on police, or on the
driver of the vehicle involved in our
child's death.

Writers on bereavement have often
mentioned the anger, conscious or
submerged, which can exist against the
loved one who has died. This can pres-
ent an enormous problem to bereaved
parents. How could we be angry with
the child who has died? But we could,
after all, be angry with our children
when they were alive, and still love
them, couldn't we? Better, surely, that
the anger is brought to the surface
rather than repressed and added to our
burden of unnecessary guilt. The worst
outcome is that anger, unacknowledged
and unexpressed after our child's death,
is turned inwards against ourselves,
gnawing at our sense of self-worth and
leading to despair and deep depres-
sion. We have all felt the beginning of
this descent in the temptation to blame
ourselves.

Like all the welter of emotions that
hit us in the terrible weeks and months
following our loss, it needs to be faced
and talked about with those who will
listen with real empathy and under-
standing.

*Denis Pye
TCF UK*

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

November 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



November 19th will be our day to complete our ornaments for the Christmas Tree/s that we decorate in Kellogg Park in memory of our children, grandchildren and siblings. We will be meeting at St. Timothy's to cut, wire and write the names on the ornaments So please come and help and write your child's name on their ornament. We will meet at the church at 10 a.m. and then go to Kellogg Park after to decorate the tree/s when the ornaments are completed. All are invited to go to the park. Some of us may go for lunch afterwards in Plymouth and please join us if you are interested.