



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST

NEWSLETTER



The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families in the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child and to provide information to help others be supportive.

July - August 2018



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YOU ARE INVITED

The Compassionate Friends - Metrowest Chapter meets twice a month. Evenings on the third Tuesday from 7:30 to 9:30 pm in the library of St. Mary's Parish Center, Route 16, Washington St., Holliston. The parish center is located between the church and the rectory. Our next two meetings will be on:

July 17th & August 21st

The **Tuesday** afternoon meetings will be held on the last Tuesday of the month next to St. Mary of the Assumption Church in Milford at the parish center. ***Please call Ed or Joan Motuzas at (508) 473-4239 by the last Monday or earlier if you plan to attend.***

Directions....On Route 16 (Main St.) going north through downtown Milford (Main St.) at the Town Hall on the right take a left at the lights onto Winter St. The parish center is the last building before the church.

Going south on Route 16 (East Main St.) after Sacred Heart Church on the left. Bear right on Main St., continue past Dunkin' Donuts on the right, proceed to the next set of lights and take a right onto Winter St. There is parking on both sides of the street. Look for Compassionate Friends signs to meeting room.

July 31st & August 28th

WHO ARE WE?

The Compassionate Friends is a nonprofit, nonsectarian, mutual assistance, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents and siblings.

Our primary purpose is to assist the bereaved in the positive resolution of the grief experienced upon the death of a child and to support their efforts to achieve physical and emotional health.

The secondary purpose is to provide information and education about bereaved parents and siblings for those who wish to understand. Our objective is to help members of the community, including family, friends, employers, co-workers, and professionals to be supportive.

Meetings are open to all bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. No dues or fees are required to belong to the Metrowest Chapter of The Compassionate Friends.

The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope.

The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace, but whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

We need not walk alone.

We are The Compassionate Friends. ©2018

Weather Cancellation

In the event of inclement weather on meeting days or nights, if in doubt call:

**Ed or Joan Motuzas at
(508) 473-4239**



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



Chapter Information

Co-leaders

* Ed Motuzas 508/473-4239
 * Joan Motuzas 508/473-4239

Secretary

* Joan Motuzas 508/473-4239

Treasurer

* Joseph Grillo 508/473-7913

Webmaster

* Al Kennedy 508/533/9299

Librarian

Ed Motuzas 508/473/4239

Newsletter

Ed Motuzas 508/473-4239

Senior Advisors

* Rick & Peg Dugan 508/877-1363

Steering Committee *

Judy Daubney 508/529-6942
 Janice Parmenter 508/528-5715
 Linda Teres 508/366-2085
 Mitchell Greenblatt 508/881-2111
 Carol Cotter 774/219-7774

The chapter address is:

The Compassionate Friends
 Metrowest Chapter
 26 Simmons Dr.
 Milford, MA 01757-1265

Chapter Web Page
www.tcfmetrowest.com

Regional Coordinator

Dennis Gravelle
 638 Pleasant St.
 Leominster, Ma. 01453-6222
 Phone (978) 537-2736
dgtcf@aol.com

The Compassionate Friends has a national office that supports and coordinates chapter activities. The national office can be reached as follows:

The Compassionate Friends
 P.O. Box 3696
 Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696
 Voice Toll Free (877) 969-0010
 Fax (630) 990-0246
 Web Page:
www.compassionatefriends.org

TRIBUTES, GIFTS AND DONATIONS

There are no dues or fees to belong to *The Compassionate Friends*. Just as our chapter is run entirely by volunteers, your voluntary, tax-deductible donations enable us to send information to newly bereaved parents, purchase pamphlets and books, support our outreach program, contribute to the national chapter and meet other chapter expenses.

THANK YOU to the friends who help keep our chapter going with their contributions.

Love Gifts

Mr. & Mrs. James Carpenter in loving memory of their son **James S. Carpenter IV**. Always missed and forever loved.

Mrs. Tracy Dullea-Juliano in loving memory of her son **Christopher Marc Dullea** on his anniversary June 9th.

Mrs. Claudia Gardner in loving memory of her daughter **Jennifer T. Gardner** on her anniversary May 19th.

Death wounds us, but wounds are meant to heal and, given time, they will. But we must want to be healed.

----- Joseph Bayly

CHAPTER TID-BITS

Al Kennedy has graciously donated his picture button kit to make up picture buttons of our loved ones. In loving memory of his daughter Kaitlyn. The buttons are 2 1/4 inch diameter. If you have a photo of your child, you can e-mail it as an attachment to me at headly@comcast.net or bring it to the next meeting. I now have the tool that will cut out the 2 1/4 inch diameter picture to fit it in the button. The circle is an approx. diameter of the button. A special thanks to **Al Kennedy**.



Our Children Remembered

As a regular feature, the newsletter acknowledges anniversaries of the deaths of our children/siblings and their birthdays. This issue covers the months, July and August. If information about your loved one is missing, incorrect or our chapter files are in error, please send the correct data, including your name, address, and telephone number, the name of your loved one and the birthday and date and cause of death to the newsletter editor, Ed Motuzas, 26 Simmons Dr., Milford, MA 01757-1265.

Anniversaries

July

WILLIAM BRUCE-TAGOE
SCOTT F. MOTUZAS
MOLLY ELIZABETH LACE ANDERSON
RYAN J. McCUSKER
DIXON BERGMAN
TERRIE SCHOUMAKER

August

WILLIAM H. BARDOL Jr.
STEVEN "CHRIS" MARSHALL
MATTHEW DENICE
KIMBERLY ANNE TANNER

Birthdays

July

ROY RANDALL
ROBERT L. LOMBARD Jr.
KAITLYN KENNEDY
DEANNA KELSEY RICHARDS

August

ERICA BLEAKNEY
HEIDI ANN RICHER
TIMOTHY JOHN O'NEIL
KEVIN HOLLAND
CLIFFORD CROWE
GREG BRUNO
ADAM SCOTT COLE
KELLY ANNE DAVIS



My apologies to Mrs. Paula Franciose for omitting her sons name, **Joseph Rocco Franciose Jr.** on his birthday in the May / June Newsletter.



THE SIBLING CORNER



This page is dedicated to siblings together adjusting to grief thru encouragement & sharing

"Siblings Walking Together." We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. At other times we need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however, a special part of them lives on with us.

When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed. We are living a life very different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than many others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.

My Sister

*By Kim Bernal
TCF, Sugar Land-Southwest Houston, TX*

I am not sure where to start. My older sister, Lezlie, died on October 1, 1997. It has been a little more than four months and I still catch my breath and start to tear up when someone mentions her name. I am a private griever, I guess. When I heard the news that she was in the ER, I fell to my knees and prayed to God. I told Him I was going to put this in His hands and that it was up to Him now, as if it was not earlier. "She did not make it."

These are the words that I heard my father say through a cloud of tears and pain. While holding my mother, he explained that she was gone. My immediate reaction was to cry. I really did not know what this would mean. I am slowly finding out just what it does. What do we do now? I wanted to take immediate action, calling relatives, the minister, and helping in a time when my parents needed someone to lean on. I was bound and determined to be the strong one for a while. And I was.

As we made funeral arrangements and memorial plans, I, like the rest of them, sat in silence as the tears and pain flowed from my eyes. It hurt. But I was determined to remain strong for my children and for my family who seemed to be crumbling right before my very eyes. A very difficult thing to do for a little girl who thinks her daddy is the strongest person she has ever known.

I dreaded the viewing at the funeral home. I did not want to go to the funeral home and see her like that, not even one last time. My parents insisted it would be a good thing for all of us. As the time approached, I was more and more frustrated at the prospect of falling apart upon seeing her.

However, as we entered the funeral home and went into the room where her body lay at rest, something happened. I could not shed a tear. It was as if my brain and body (and soul, for that matter) went on autopilot. I sat quietly in the first row watching my father fall to his knees and sob. My mother could not speak. My baby sister holding on to them both, in tears. I was on the outside looking in on the strangest and yet saddest heartbreaking moment of my life. But that's just it: I was on the outside looking in. I was the strong one, but not by choice. I did not consciously decide to lock out my feelings and, yet, the entire episode was painful. I can't explain my reaction.

I went through the memorial service with minimal tears. I greeted those wishing to personally offer condolences because I know my family was struggling with having to look them in the eyes and share their pain along with their own. But then I saw my friend, Julie.

Julie has survived through the same experience I am going through. The key word is survived. As I hugged her, my strength lapsed and I started to cry, sort of uncontrollably. This was good.

Julie told me that "things are never going to get better." I thought to myself, what a terrible thing to say to someone in my circumstance, but she was right. Her honesty now is appreciated. She was right. Things will never get better, we just learn to handle and cope. I am grateful for her kindness and friendship. We belong to a club that I hope no one will ever have to join. We have lost a piece of ourselves and our family will never be the same. This is a permanent state.

I still cry. I am able to get through a conversation using her name without crying, well, at least sometimes. But there are times, I call them "moments of truth," that I am starting to experience. The first occurred on December 1, 1997.



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(continued from last page)

I was sitting having lunch with my coworkers. We were not talking about anything related to my loss but all of a sudden, I blurted out, "Oh, my God, it's been two months since my sister died." I had to get up and run. It's odd, I seem to have this need to get up and bolt frequently. I mostly control it and move on to something else, but the urge is still present and strong.

There are songs, music, books, and a little newsletter published by The Compassionate Friends that will bring me to uncontrolled grieving. I sit and hold my children as I totally let go of all the pent-up pain and sadness. It's funny, I have remained strong for them and in my weakest moments they are all I hold on to.

Anyway, these "moments of truth" come frequently. The closest analogy I can think of to explain this whole experience is that I am like a child whose nose is pressed up against the window pane of life when all of a sudden, the window shatters. I am so busy trying to pick up the pieces to protect the others and insure that no one else gets hurt that I do not realize until much later that my arms and hands are bleeding heavily. I can finally see the devastation and now feel the pain.

***In memory of Lezlie Dyane Davis
June 7, 1966 to October 1, 1997***

The Last Birthday

My son's last birthday on earth was on May 17, 2002. He had moved his family about 180 miles away from us, and I didn't get to see him on that day. But I felt that his 35th birthday marked an important milestone in his life. So, instead of sending a card, I wrote him a letter which I e-mailed to him. He often told me that my letter touched him deeply, and he read it frequently during the remaining months of turmoil, uncertainty and stress in his life.

May 17, 2002

Dear Todd,

At 10:21 a.m. you will be 35 years old. You've accomplished much in those 35 years and will accomplish even more in the years to come.

This is a good time to reflect and enjoy the sense of all that you have become and appreciate all that you have. Not many men enjoy life as you do, nor do they understand the real road to happiness. You have discovered the joy of life that your Grandfather had; you revel in the delight of each new day. You have found the satisfaction of accomplishment in your endeavors. Your love of your children has sustained you through times when lesser men would collapse from the pressures of their reality.

You learn not only from your own mistakes but from others' mistakes as well. Your powers of concentration have enabled you to focus on your goals while tuning out the noises and stresses that surround you.

And finally, you learned young to take people as they are, assess their weaknesses and strengths and work within the confines of each individual's personality and abilities, whether offering well received advice or participating with them in the achievement of a goal. You don't require "center stage" and you generally like the people you meet. Without exception, those who are balanced inevitably like you and trust you. The gifts you have been given are many. And I know that you appreciate them.

I am very proud of who you are and the way you handle your life. My birthday wish for you is that each of your children bring you the joy, pride and love that you have given to me.

*Happy Birthday
Your mom*

Todd was killed in a vehicle accident on December 19, 2002. I read this letter at his memorial service, as I wanted all who came to honor him to know that he was truly a special man.

I often ask myself if I said the right things, if he understood what was in my heart. But I am very grateful that I decided to write this letter to him. He sent me an e-mail a few days before he died, and he forwarded it with this letter to let me know of his thoughts at that time. His wife later told me that the letter was not saved on the computer or in his e-mail when she got it. But I know the truth, and I realize this letter was very special to him. That's all that is important now.

As Todd's birthday approaches, I think of all the happy times, the growing up years and his accomplishments as an adult. But always, always, I remember my son as the truly special person he was. Happy Birthday, Todd, forever my precious child.

***Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son, Todd M. Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX***

The Piano Sits Silent

I etch her name in the dust.
Run my hands over the keyboard,
too long untouched
by the pianist;
The one no longer
physically here,
who played the songs,
badly at times,
yet unstoppable in
her need to make music.
(continued on next page)



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(continued from last page)

As if it was her mission
to get it right.
As if she knew there was little time
to master the melody.
So she played and played.
Melancholy tunes
that spoke of lives gone too soon.
I would call to her,
"You're playing too loud,
I can't hear myself think."
If I could just take back those words,
for I long to hear my
beloved child play the music,
that once rang through these halls.
Those uneven strains would be
the sweetest music to my ears.
I touch the ivories and hear
the foreign sound of this long
silent instrument.
And remember my precious child,
remember the joy
her efforts brought her...
Remembering, remembering....
Though my tears fall gently,
my heart smiles as I
recall the sweet sounds of her life.
And even as the piano sits silent,
My memories resound
and I recall the love, always the love.

Cathy L. Seehuetter
TCF St. Paul, MN

A very special thank you goes out to those people that facilitate our meetings every month. It is through their unselfishness in stepping up, that makes our chapter a safe place for the newly bereaved to get through the grieving process.

Thank you for your involvement and continued support.

- Mitchell Greenblatt (Ian's Dad)**
- Linda Teres (Russell's Mom)**
- Rick Dugan (Larry's Dad)**
- Janice Parmenter (Tyler's Mom)**
- Judy Daubney (Clifford Crowe's Mom)**

The Isolation of Grief

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

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

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

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

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

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



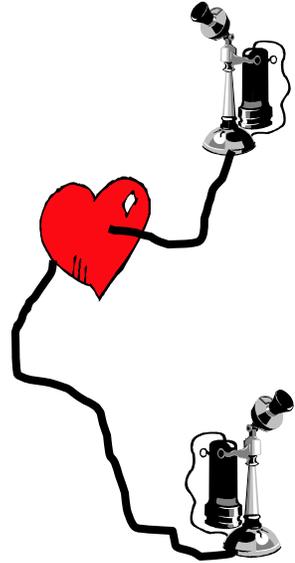
THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



Phone Friends

Sometimes it helps to just be able to talk to someone; maybe at a time when pain or stress seems too much to bear. We maintain a list of Telephone Friends; people who are willing to listen, to commiserate, to give whatever support they can. In a time of need, feel free to call one of our Telephone Friends.

Ed & Joan Motuzas,**Scott**, age 31, Kidney and Liver Failure,(508)473-4239
Janice Parmenter,**Tyler**, age 29, Chronic Addiction,(508)528-5715
Judy Daubney,**Clifford**, age 27, Suicide,(508)529-6942
Linda Teres,.....**Russell**, age 19, Automobile Accident,(508)366-2085
Mitchell Greenblatt,.....**Ian**, age 18, Automobile Accident,..... (508)881-2111
Sandra Richiazzi-Natoli...**Bryan**, age 17, Automobile Accident,.....(508)877-8106
Sarah Commerford.....**Timothy**, age 21, Homicide.....(508)429-9230



It is always useful to have more Telephone Friends; individuals who are willing to provide support and comfort via the telephone. The chapter provides guidance for those who want to help. When you listen and talk to the bereaved, you make a difference. A longer list of Telephone Friends increases the likelihood that someone will be available when needed. Call Ed Motuzas at (508) 473-4239 if you would like to be a Telephone Friend.

Support Resources

TCF Online Chat Groups:

WWW.compassionatefriends.org/resources/online_Support.aspx

- For questions, please contact Diana Jorden, 925-432-3854, who moderates the general grief and suicide loss rooms on Friday nights and Sunday. TCF online offers several specialized chat rooms, all moderated by moms who have been in chat for at least 2 years or more. We offer a sibling-only chat, loss under 1 year, loss over 2 years, loss of only child, suicide survivor, infant/pregnancy loss, and every night (and Monday mornings) there is a general loss room open to parents, step and grand, and siblings.
- You can sign up for the online TCF National newsletter at www.compassionatefriends.org
- You can reach our TCF National Facebook page through the link on the same home page of our national website. You will be asked to join Facebook if you are not already a member, and we hope you'll find our Facebook page as interesting as do the more than 11,000 fans who have already found us!

Other Grief Support Websites

- agast.org - for grandparents
- alivealone.org
- aliveinmemory.org
- angelmoms.com
- babysteps.com
- bereavedparentsusa.org
- beyondindigo.com
- childloss.com
- goodgriefresources.com
- parmenter.org - children's bereavement
- griefhealingblog.com
- griefwatch.com
- GriefNet.org
- healingafterloss.org
- Jeff's Place-www.jeffsplacemetrowest.org
- opentohope.com
- pomc.com - families of murder victims
- save.org
- survivorsofsuicide.com
- Taps.org - military death
- webhealing.com
- Griefshare.org



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



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

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

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

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



Despite my continued longing for her to be at my side and the ability to experience the wonder of watching her grow, I know that she will always be with me in spirit. She is forever in my heart, my memories, and my thoughts. And these days, I don't mind sharing that with anyone who cares to get to know me.

Maria Kubitz

TCF, Contra Costa County, CA

In Memory of my daughter, Margareta



Other Area TCF Chapters

MA/CT Border Towns Chapter (Dudley, Webster areas)

Chapter Leaders: Paul & Anne Mathieu
(508) 248-7144.....ampm1259@charter.net

South Shore Chapter (Hingham, Weymouth areas)
Chapter Leader: Mercedes Kearney
(new).....mdkearney@comcast.net

Worcester Chapter
Chapter Co-Leaders: Lisa Holbrook
(774) 482-6066.....sixholes@charter.net
Mary Vautier....
(508) 393-7348....mjvautier@msn.com

Central Middlesex Chapter (Needham, Concord)
Chapter Leader: Carol Gray-Cole
(781) 444-1091.....cgc603@aol.com



Looking Back on a Difficult Time

July 29th was the seventh anniversary of Chad's death. I am writing to share my thoughts and actions, as I once again pondered life, without my third born son.

I knew, when I turned over the page of the calendar, that July held tragic memories for our family, but wasn't thinking "sad" because we have all reinvested in life and have once again felt joy and laughter. Therefore, it surprised me as the 29th grew closer and closer that feelings of fragility crept back into my body and my eyes burned with held back tears. I grew "grouchy" and found fault with my husband at the slightest infraction. I was constantly exhausted even though my schedule wasn't overly stressful. It wasn't until one of my Compassionate Friends invited Roger and me to a movie with her and her husband, that I realized how hard I was fighting against what my body and subconscious was experiencing.

We went to see a show whose plot allowed me, and half of the audience, to cry openly. It was there that I set free the deep feelings that I had been trying to stuff down all month. There in the dark, with my husband, my friend and her husband, I didn't have to hold back any more. As I cried for those dying on the screen, I cried for my son, cried for the children he didn't have, for the fiancée he left behind, for his brothers, sister, and father who miss him so, and I cried for me and all mothers who have had sons and daughters die.

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NEWSLETTER MAILING LIST UPDATE (THIS PAGE WILL BE PRINTED EVERY OTHER EDITION)

We continue to update our mailing list. We want everyone who reads our newsletter to receive it; however, mailing costs make this update necessary. We want to send it where it is being read. Your donations allow us to print and mail this newsletter and to reach out to hundreds of parents and siblings.

Please fill out this form now if you wish to be added to or removed from our mailing list. This form should be filled out annually. If we don't hear from you in a year's time you will be notified through the newsletter that your name will be removed from our mailing list unless we hear from you.

If you are able to make a donation at this time, it will be gratefully received. Please mail to address below.

PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM AND RETURN IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

I (do___) (do not___) wish to continue receiving the TCF newsletter.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Parent / Sibling / Grandparent___) (professional___)

(Donation included___) Make checks payable to "The Compassionate Friends" or TCF

If there are any errors in spelling or other information in this newsletter, please call it to my attention so that I may correct it. Please use this page to send back information, reverse side is addressed for your convenience.

Mail to: TCF Metrowest, 26 Simmons Dr., Milford, MA 01757-1265

CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

PLEASE ADVISE US OF ADDRESS CHANGES TO INSURE YOUR RECEIVING THE NEWSLETTER, THEY ARE NOT FORWARDED BY THE POST OFFICE.

Fold & Tape

The Compassionate Friends
Metrowest Chapter
26 Simmons Dr.
Milford MA 01757-1265

Fold & Tape



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This experience allowed me to bring front and center what I had been holding inside all month. I decided to ask my professor for the day off, Roger decided to take the day off of work, and we made plans to take care of ourselves on Chad's anniversary.

The days preceding the anniversary, I was contacted by telephone and sent cards and gifts by my dear Compassionate Friends, and on July 29th my husband and I went to the cemetery and paid honor to our son through ritual, flowers, 'nilla candles, and tears. We then drove to Camano Island and spent the day on the beach gazing out into the azure blue sound, remembering stories about him, and looking for heart shaped rocks to place at the foot of the tree we planted in his memory.



Why am I sharing this with you? Because I am so thankful that Compassionate Friends was recommended to me when my Chad died. It was there that I learned about the grief process, where I learned it was okay to cry and cry and cry. It was there that I was given the opportunity to process what I was thinking and feeling at chapter meetings, where I began remembering Chad, and all children, in ritual. It was at TCF meetings where I got permission to go ahead and take as long as I needed, where I got loving support to grieve my son, and where I met the people who have traveled these long seven years with me and whom I know will be there seven, no seventy years in the future. These are my Compassionate Friends, bereaved parents, like myself, like yourself who will go the extra mile for another mom or dad, who will be there for the duration, and who will never question my tears and say, "Gee, I thought you'd be over it by now."

My hope is that you, too, have developed your own support system of Compassionate Friends and others who will be there for you. If this is not the case, I invite you with the utmost sincerity to come to a TCF meeting and meet the parents who attend. I realize support groups are not for everyone, and I realize not everyone will bond with everyone. But I do know that The Compassionate Friends organization will be there for you as long as you desire and beyond.

Sue Anderson
TCF, Seattle, WA
In Memory of my son, Chad

Brothers

Never ever did we think that 25 years would pass since our youngest son Thomas was killed on April 24, 1987 at the age of 19. In the beginning time stood still and we went second by second, minute by minute and hour by hour and then day by day. Looking back some of the pain has lessened and the giant hole in our hearts has grown somewhat smaller, but we still miss him so much. We miss his smile, and his love of life. He was taken way too young.



Little did we know that our hearts would be heavy with pain a second time. On September 10th of last year our son Michael died suddenly at the age of 48, leaving behind his wife and best friend of almost 25 years, a son 17 and a daughter 15. Michael was an outstanding father and a super great husband. Our hearts are broken for our daughter-in-law and our grandchildren. Grief is so hard to deal with, and we again face the long path to some healing. Life sure has something in mind we are just not sure what that would be.

To lose two sons suddenly sure does not seem fair, and again we are back at square one. Each day grief takes over and we wonder why, but we go on. We are in our seventies now and the days drag on forever again just like the past. We have learned to love the beauty of the butterflies and birds as they are so free spirited and each day while we watch they seem to take away a small part of our pain. Now that we are in spring of 2012 we know that they will help us mend our broken hearts.

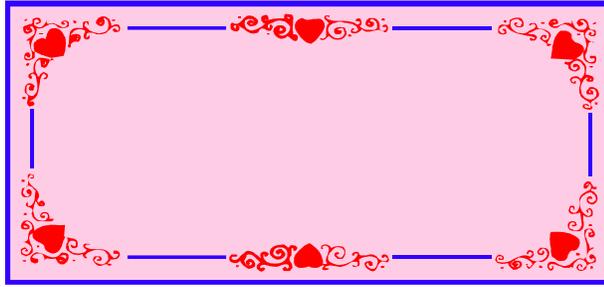


When Thomas was killed we went to our first TCF meeting about six months into our grieving process. For many years we went each month and after each meeting we felt as if a little bit of the pain was taken away. Many years have gone by and we still stay in contact with our TCF friends by receiving the monthly newsletter.

We know we have a long road to travel but we will take baby steps for now. We loved our sons and sure miss their smiles and the love they generated to everyone. They will live in our hearts forever and we will look back on all the great things they did in life.

Bill and Terry Bruggemann
TCF, Morris Area Chapter, NJ
In Memory of our sons,
Thomas and Michael

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Address Correction Requested

