



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 2014



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Vol. 19 Issue 4

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 15th August 19th

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 Tedeschi's Market on the left, 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. Our next two meetings will be on:

July 29th August 26th

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. ©2014

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 508/620-0613
 Mitchell Greenblatt 508/881-2111
 Judith Cherrington 508/473-4087
 Carol Cotter 774/219-7774

The chapter address is:

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

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

Chapter Web Page
www.tcfmetrowest.com

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, contribute to the national chapter and meet other chapter expenses.

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

Ms. Theresa MacLellan in loving memory of her son **Eric Leif Bottcher**.

Mrs. Virginia A. Lombard in loving memory of her son **Robert L. Lombard** on his birthday July 22nd. "Miss and love you."

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Boudreau in loving memory of their son **Nicholas L. Boudreau** on his birthday June 19th.

Mrs. Kathleen E. Brady in loving memory of her son **Matthew T. Brady**.

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



It is with much sadness that I report the death of Dr. Richard Mirabile. Rick was our Regional Coordinator since 2007. He passed away April 28, 2014. He always had a great concern for the local chapters of The Compassionate Friends, making sure we were always communicating with each other and helping each other. He was always passing along news from the National Office of TCF. Rick made chapters stronger by his interest in the operation of the chapters under him. We'll miss you Rick.



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 of 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
DANA NICOLE THERRIEN
SCOTT F. MOTUZAS
JAMES P. NUGENT
WANDA KATRINA LUCAS
CHAD M. G. DIGREGORIO
RYAN J. McCUSKER
JESSE APPELL
DIXON BERGMAN

August

WILLIAM H. BARDOL JR
CYNTHIA A. RENAUD
ROBERT RAMOS
PETER W. DALEY
NICOLE FRADE

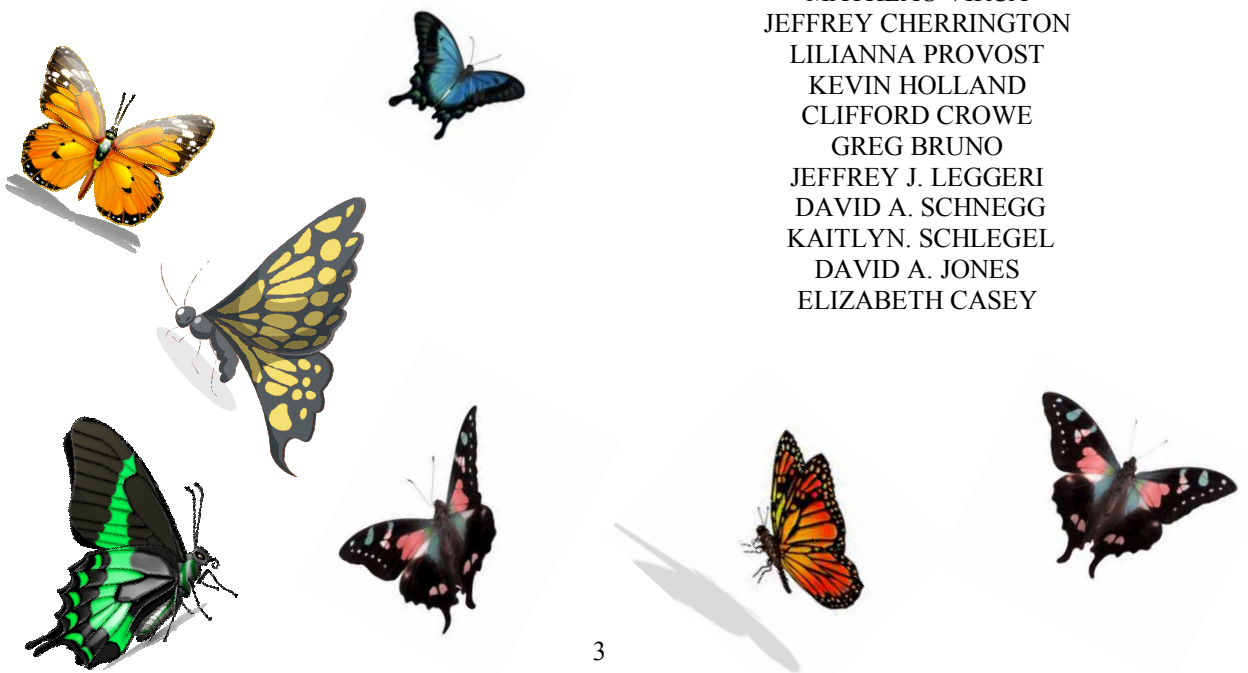
Birthdays

July

KERI L. O'NEIL-DERBYSHIRE
ROY RANDALL
JUSTIN BAILEY
DANA NICOLE THERRIEN
SHAWN P. MARKS
CHRISTOPHER SHEA
CHRISTOPHER STEVENS
ROBERT L. LOMBARD JR.
KAITLYN KENNEDY
ROBERT RAMOS
DEVIN J. EHRMANNTRAUT

August

CHRISTIAN ALBEE
TIMOTHY JOHN O'NEIL
SUSAN A. QUINLIVAN
MATHEAU VIRCA
JEFFREY CHERRINGTON
LILIANA PROVOST
KEVIN HOLLAND
CLIFFORD CROWE
GREG BRUNO
JEFFREY J. LEGGERI
DAVID A. SCHNEGG
KAITLYN. SCHLEGEL
DAVID A. JONES
ELIZABETH CASEY





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.

A SIBLING SPEAKS OUT

What happens to the children when a brother or sister dies? In some ways it is a very different experience from that which parents go through, while in others it is very much the same. Part of the reason for the difference is that the child who has died has a unique relationship with each family member. Part of the reason for the similarity is that all have suffered a loss. One of the strongest desires expressed by siblings is that they are much more likely to want to return to a normal routine. They want to return to school fairly quickly and to go out with their friends. They want their parents to stop crying, not because they don't care but because they do care and want to see the hurt stop. Just because a child wants to go to a movie doesn't mean he isn't grieving. I think that children are much less exposed to socially "appropriate" behavior after someone has died and may do things that do not fit into an "appropriate" role.

Another strong feeling I see is that of guilt. As much as parents know about their children, there are some things they will never know. A child's private thoughts or an exchange between children may never come to the parents attention. The source of a child's guilt is frequently the result of an argument, a hastily shouted "drop dead," or a similar fleeting thought. These incidents come back to haunt children as though one such incident had something to do with the death.

There are a few more concerns that may develop. One is how to take over for the dead child, for example, the household chores that were always done by him or her, but that now have to be done by someone else. Related to this concern is a situation in which a child always shared a particular activity simply because the sibling did it too.

After the death, the surviving sibling may feel compelled to continue the activity because to give it up would be to take away a reminder of the dead sibling. Another concern is that whatever happened to the brother or sister may happen to the survivor. This is particularly acute if the sibling who died was older. As the child approaches the age of the sibling when he or she died, a feeling of anxiety may develop.

Many children realize this fear to be groundless but find themselves wondering if they will survive. Consequently, birthdays are often occasions with unexpressed conflicts.

Children also share some of their parents' feelings: the loneliness, the looking for comfort, the feeling that no one else really knows what they're going through. They also share the unanswerable questions: "If I could have" . . . and "What if?" . . .

A child's life is changed forever when a brother or sister dies. If I could advise parents, it would be to say, "children do not grieve the same way as parents do because of different relationships. Keeping these differences in perspective will help you understand why children sometimes do the things they do. It helps to consider a child's point of view when you are hurting so much. During such an emotionally draining time as grieving don't leave anything to chance; don't assume anything. Making sure you and your children are aware of each other's feelings will mean less confusion, less tension, more sharing, and more growing together as a family."

***Julie Peterson
TCF, Pawtucket, RI***



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



A Grief Journey in Review

As I write this I am listening to Johnny Horton singing “Whispering Pines.” This is a melancholy song, yet a sweet one. It reminded me of the day that my son died and the journey I have taken since then.

Todd was in a car accident in mid-December, almost on the winter solstice. He died on December 19. This is significant to me. I was raised in the cold, snowy part of the country. My son was returning from that area when the accident that took his life occurred. I remember recounting the events second by second when my son died. I remember how Todd disliked the shortened daylight of winter. How ironic that his death came on what was nearly the shortest day of the year.

We have just passed summer solstice. Todd has been gone for over 4 ½ years. I still miss him, and I think about him each day. I am a different person since my son died. My life has changed dramatically. The cast of characters in my life has changed somewhat. Solitude has become an important part of living for me. I no longer weep endlessly and fall asleep from exhaustion. I no longer walk the floor at night. The periods of manic rearranging of my house have slowed to something approaching normal for me.

Somewhere on this horrible journey of grief my subconscious mind accepted the fact that I will never see Todd again. I have accepted his death. I am rarely jolted by the sudden thought that Todd is not on this plane. My beautiful child, the baby who grew to be such a special man, is gone. This is part of who I am now. I now keep Todd in my heart. I talk about him with strangers as if he were still alive. With those who know me, I speak of the loss of my only child with quiet acceptance, and I share the many joys of my child’s life.

Life has begun to improve. I am even thinking of a vacation next year. I am making more plans than I have in over four years. I have accepted what I cannot change. This is a milestone for me, because I have always been able to change the variables, to make things right, to bring back normalcy. But I won’t be able to change the fact that my son has died.

Along the way I have had moments of epiphany....only brief ones, but epiphanies of various sorts. Most of the change has been gradual. Talking with other parents, reading, writing, listening to music, to radio programs, to speakers, going to seminars, watching movies....all of these efforts have helped me. But it was up to me to take those first steps. It was my choice to remove the crepe and add a colorful wreath to the front door. It was my choice to reach out for help and accept what those who shared my grief journey offered.

Much has changed in my life since that first year of grief. Much will change in the future. I have learned that change is the essence of life. I have learned from wonderful people; I have learned from negative people as well. Each person who transcends my life has taught me something about grief, about living, about moving forward into the light.

I don’t know where I will be in five years or ten years. I dream about my son. We often have great conversations in those dreams. Sometimes he is a small child, sometimes a grown man. When I awaken I feel as close to Todd as I will be on this earthly plane.

Shortly after the summer solstice this year, a strange thing happened. My grandson and his girlfriend came home early which was odd because they planned to be out late. I was reading and listening to a news show. “Don’t freak out, Nanny”, my grandson said. “We were in an accident.” I just looked at him.

Then I asked if he was hurt. “No, but the guy who was driving jumped out of the truck and ran away. He was doing 80 mph in the rain. He hit a curb, fishtailed, braked and spun around twice. Then the truck smashed into a utility pole. Annalee hit her head on the door panel. I bounced around in the back seat....I didn’t have a seat belt on.” The EMTs had checked them out. I did the same. Then I sat down. I smiled at him. “What?” he said.

“What, what. What have you learned tonight?” I responded. “I’m never riding with him again.

“I’m never riding with anyone who is drinking. I’m never riding with anyone who drives like a spaz or drinks,” he said, summarizing the situation.

That was good. I smiled. Just shortly after summer solstice my grandson escaped death. The truck was a total loss. The driver was nowhere to be found. But Todd’s son was alive, unhurt. His girlfriend was fine. I later confirmed with a deputy on the scene that it was a real miracle anyone walked away. Yet they did. They walked away from that mass of twisted steel and smashed plastic.

I like to think that my son is still on this earthly plane in some form. Watching....watching over his children. That’s what he did in life.

And so my journey continues. I no longer “freak out” about the unchangeable. My child would be glad to know this. “You’re acting like Dad,” my grandson said. “He was always cool.”

“I guess I’m cool now. But there was a time.....”

I’ve changed. My perspective is the unique one of a mother who has lost her only child. And the journey continues until I, too, meet the angel of death.

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



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



A GRIEF SHARED

This will not be the typical article you often see in a professional publication. There will be no references to scholarly works, no discussion of what has been gleaned from years of research, no statistics, no methodology. Rather, this will be a story from the heart, one that I hope may help psychologists first understand, and then do what they do best. I had the inspiration to write this article just a week or so before the tragedy in New York. In my frame of reference, following the horror at the World Trade Center and Pentagon and in Pennsylvania, perhaps this is divine inspiration – this is something I just have to do.

What is it like to live through such a profound grief, to have your whole life changed in an instant, to have much of your future taken away, and to find yourself in a world that you don't recognize? We have all had at least a taste of this, as Americans, our lives have been changed by these events. There is a loss of a sense of security and for what we thought our future would be. But what about those people who have sustained a more profound and excruciating loss – the loss of a loved one who was treasured and so much a part of the fabric of your very life. What is it like to have that person taken away so abruptly, to one minute have that loved one beside you as a part of your dream, and the next to have that love ripped away from you? What do psychologists and other helping professionals need to know in order to help those who have sustained such a loss?

This story is very personal for me and, therefore, somewhat difficult to tell. As many of you know, my daughter, Maria-Victoria, was killed in an automobile accident just three blocks from my home as her brother was driving her home from school. A speeding driver ran through a red light and smashed into their car killing Maria-Victoria instantly. She was 13 years old. It was a normal day, bright and sunny and my life was going along as normal. My daughter was a beautiful, intelligent and accomplished person known for her extraordinary kindness and compassion for others. She was innocence and pure love blossoming into a leader of others and she was building the confidence that could have taken her very, very far in this life. In one second she was here, in one second she was not. The fifth anniversary of her death was just 2 days after the New York tragedy.

Within a few months of her passing, I joined a group called Compassionate Friends, which is a self-help group for parents who have lost children. It was a very good move. It is said that the most profound loss a person can have is the loss of a child – I can tell you that this is the truth. However, for those who have not lost children, the most profound loss is the one they have experienced or are experiencing at the present time.

Those of us in this group frequently lament about how ill-equipped others who have not experienced such pain and grief are in dealing with it. Ministers are often the focus of such discussions for example and we have often discussed how we can let others, especially professionals, know how it really is – what helps and sometimes, more importantly, what doesn't help. This is the purpose of this story – this Dialogue – to let my fellow psychologists know some things that in the future will help them be able to help. It is based on my own personal experiences as well as the numerous Compassionate Friends who have come into my life.

You have all heard or read about the stages of grief. The work that was done in this area by pioneers such as Elizabeth Kubler-Ross is very valuable in understanding the emotions of grief. Some professionals may feel that they can help people with grief because they have studied these stages and know the sequence by heart. Throw it all away. People who have sustained profound loss do not want to hear about the stages of grief – it's almost an insult. They do want to know that what they are feeling is normal, that they are not "crazy", that others have felt or done the same things. There is no sequence of grief – it is a constant, evolving journey with many diversions into emotional peaks and valleys along the way. It is a journey and it is never over.

It is true that at the time of the event you are in a state of shock and numbness. In my case after a telephone call, I made my way to the accident site. It was eerily quiet with cars backed up in four different directions at the intersection, so that I had to drive on the wrong side of the road to get there. When I got to the scene I was no longer within myself, I must have dissociated. I felt like I was observing everything as if I was in a movie. The people in all the cars were watching me. I imagined they were saying "that's the mother". I was aware that I was playing this "role". I imagine that many of the relatives looking for loved ones in New York must have felt this way too. At the hospital I was placed in a special room – meant to be a comfort but cut off from others. It did allow me to get out of the movie. What helped? Friends coming to be with me. You need to hold and touch people – you need them to hold you and just "be there" for you. What didn't help? Waiting 1 ½ hours to be told whether my children were alive or dead. I already knew in my heart and soul that Maria-Victoria was gone from this life but to have a doctor finally come in and say in a cool and dispassionate manner that "your daughter is deceased" made me angry. A simple "I'm so sorry", a touch on the hand and some semblance of compassion would have endeared this doctor to me for life. Why is that so hard to do?

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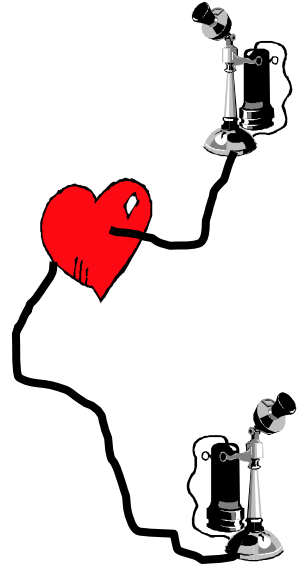
THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



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)620-0613
- Mitchell Greenblatt,...**Ian**, age 18, Automobile Accident,..... (508)881-2111
- Judith Cherrington,....**Jeffrey**, age 48, Cancer,(508)473-4087
- Sandra Richiazzi.....**Bryan C. Plunkett**, Automobile Accident,.....(508)877-8106



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
- bereavedparents.org
- beyondindigo.com
- childloss.com
- goodgriefresources.com
- griefwatch.com
- GriefNet.org
- healingafterloss.org
- opentohope.com
- pomc.com - families of murder victims
- save.org
- survivorsofsuicide.com
- Taps.org - military death
- webhealing.com



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(continued from page 6)

We are blessed with this state of shock that comes almost immediately after suffering a traumatic loss. It allows us to do the things we have to do. For many of us this is very, very important. I needed to make sure that Maria-Victoria had a wonderful, up-lifting funeral service that told the world about the wonderfulness of my little girl. I needed to write an obituary that would touch the hearts of Atlanta. I needed to comfort her teachers and students at her school, thereby comforting myself. I needed to be there for the hundreds of people who came to show they cared. Some people criticized the news coverage in New York of friends and relatives showing flyers of their missing loved ones saying it was exploitation. I spoke to them through my TV set saying – “you just don’t get it – they need to do this – they need to let others know about the one they love – they need to feel like they are doing something to take care of them.”

What helped me so much in the initial weeks after the accident were touches from the hearts of other people. I savored all the cards, the incredible amount of food from individuals and whole schools, letters and phone calls from people I had never met who were touched by my daughter’s story and the physical presence of people I was close to. Such heartfelt gestures give life when life has gone out of your existence.

There is a time when you have to go back to work and start to live this new life. I was fortunate to have such a wonderful, supportive staff that literally carried me through that first year. Others are not so fortunate. Some have to go back to work just days after the funeral and are expected to perform as if nothing has happened. When a traumatic loss has struck you, you are amazed and perhaps a little bit angry that the world has gone on. You say to yourself, “how can these normal things still go on – how can people laugh – don’t they know the world has ended?” You think to yourself that you will never laugh again, that you will never feel joy again - it’s incomprehensible to think that you could.

During that first year (time will vary among folks) you are literally “out of your mind”. Believe it or not, there is actually a “physical pain”, usually in your heart and chest area and all over your body at times, experienced by many that is excruciating and you think will never go away. Mine lasted about 2 months and then just floated away. It was a relief to say goodbye to that constant companion. You are “out of your mind” because you think about your loved one constantly – probably a million times a day it certainly seems. That doesn’t leave much room for concentration and memory. Those who have experienced such loss need to know that this is perfectly normal. It is perfectly normal to put the iron in the refrigerator. At work if you don’t have support, you will certainly not be able to function like you used to.

You may be able to do some things on “automatic pilot” but this is not the time to be making major decisions and you – and the business you work for – need to give you leeway for your memory lapses and perhaps loss of drive. Every day is a struggle just to get up and live. Every day you get up and live is an accomplishment. So be supportive and tolerant – make it a point to know about these cognitive disturbances, help the person you are helping to understand them. And – if you can – help their employers to know what to expect and how to give support.

There is no timetable for grief. It is highly offensive to the grief-stricken to hear things like, “you need to move on”, or to receive messages that you are expected to be back to normal and “over it” in a certain time frame. I once had a principal come up to me about three months after Maria-Victoria died and say, “Well, have you gotten over the death of your lovely daughter?” I swear this is true. My response was, rather curtly, “I will **never** get over it”. This kind-hearted man had no clue about how much that remark hurt. Let me tell you that you never get over it. You are a changed, different person from the one you were before the death of your loved one. We don’t want to get over it because that suggests that we can somehow let that love go. That brings me to the dreaded “C” word. A word hated by the bereaved and one especially pertinent to those people who have loved ones missing in New York. The dreaded C word “closure”. I hate that word. I am offended by that word. Most of the bereaved I know hate it too. There is no such thing as closure – you never get over it and quit expecting us to do it. People need to learn to say something else to describe people who need to have something happen before they can continue with their personal grief. Something like “relief from uncertainty” is more like it.

There is usually a lot of support and attention paid to the bereaved at the time of the loss and for a short time afterward. But after a while that support fades and contacts drop off. Many, if not all, of my Compassionate Friends report that this is a time when you know who your real friends are. Sometimes people don’t know what to say and so avoid you. Especially in cases where children have died, people avoid you because they think it might be “contagious”. If this most horrendous of nightmares happens to you, it could happen to me. I don’t want to think about that so I’ll stay away from you. You may be shaking your head in disbelief, but it is true. Many find that family members are the least helpful. They do not want to bring it up because they think it will cause pain to you – but especially to them.

If you remember one thing from this story, remember what is in this paragraph. The most precious words a person who has lost a loved one can hear are their loved one’s name.



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



(continued from last page)

Say it over and over again. It will not bring pain – it has great potential to bring joy and to heal. MARIA-VICTORIA, MARIA-VICTORIA – hearing her name always lightens my heart. In the beginning, people need to tell their story – over and over again. Your job is to listen, to give a hug or show that you feel for them. It was important for those missing loved ones in New York or for those who knew their loved one had died, to “tell their story”. This is a part of the grief process, and a way to validate the strength of their continuing love for their loved one. It is a way to honor them and, most importantly, to assure that they will not be forgotten. That is the greatest fear of those of us who have lost our children (and probably for other bereaved persons as well). We do not want our loved ones to be forgotten. You are doing the bereaved a wonderful favor when you bring up their loved one’s name and when you reminisce about something that they did or something special about them. It is a very, very special gift and so easy to give.

There can come a time when the bereaved person starts to refrain from bringing up their loved one’s name or talking about them because they are afraid of making the other person uncomfortable. A lot of people don’t know what to say and so they say nothing. You quickly learn who you can trust and who you can’t to spill your heart to. People are afraid that what they might say will sound awkward or mistakenly think it will bring pain. This then can be misinterpreted by the bereaved person as a sign that you don’t care. Never say “I know just how you feel” because you don’t – you have no idea. Never say, “I don’t know how you do it – if it was me I’d just die”. My goodness, that implies that I must not have loved my child enough because I didn’t die. What helps? A hug and saying “I think about you often” - Just a heartfelt hug - “I was thinking about Maria-Victoria today” - “I know this is a hard time for you” - “I am so sorry”.

I went to see a therapist for about a year after Maria-Victoria died. What I liked about her the most was that she told me at the beginning that she knew very little about dealing with grief but felt that she was going to learn a lot by our time together. She did learn a lot and I got a chance to tell my story, to process how my life had changed and to run through ideas about how to redefine my life and redefine my relationship with my daughter. In essence, in the long term that is what we, as psychologists, need to do to help others. When you have experienced a traumatic loss you have to make a choice. You choose whether to retreat from life, to give up on life and what you held dear, or to grow from this horrendous experience. Making this choice is not easy, but it is a choice.

You also have to redefine your relationship with your loved one. You may not have a physical relationship anymore but you can choose to always have a strong and loving relationship. My feeling of connectedness with my daughter is very, very strong. She is very much a part of my life and will always be. I have redefined my relationship with her and do the things I want and need to do to keep our love and connection alive.

As you go on this grief journey, you do whatever feels right to do. There are no rules. In the beginning I would go to the cemetery and lay on a blanket and stroke the grass over her grave as if it was her hair. Imagine the sight of that to one that does not know. I still, after five years, have not washed the clothes from her clothes hamper (I probably never will). Before I moved, I would go into her bedroom at night, smell her sheets or sleep in her bed. I talk to her aloud every day. These are all perfectly normal things to do. As a psychologist, it is important to validate to the bereaved person that **anything** they want to do that brings them comfort is okay. We all have different ways of grieving and we all need to respect these different ways.

I am a very different person from the one I was before my daughter died. I think I’m a better person (a lot of my friends think so too). What often comes out of tragedy is growth, often spiritual. I and everyone I know in Compassionate Friends no longer have any fear of death. Death is the door to where my daughter is. When fear is gone (the worst that could happen, has already happened), it is a very freeing experience. You are less afraid of change, you are less tolerant of arrogant, insensitive people or of doing things that don’t have meaning for you anymore and you put your energy toward the things that are truly meaningful in this world. That doesn’t mean you don’t go through periods of sadness and despair and have to pull yourself up time and again – of course you do -. You are not necessarily suffering from depression, but profound sadness and there is a difference. When you are depressed you don’t want to do anything and you don’t grow. When you are experiencing profound sadness, you still want to grow, to do things that will make a difference; you often feel compelled to do so.

As psychologists, and as friends or colleagues of those who have experienced a traumatic loss, we can help by supporting them on their own personal journeys, not by telling them where and when to go, but by being a friendly landmark along the way. We help by realizing there is no destination, not even an itinerary. At five years after my daughter’s death, I probably think about my daughter about 500 times a day, rather than a million. Some would call that progress. I call it evolution. A few days ago after putting 5 heart balloons and flowers on my daughter’s grave, I found a card and letter put there by one of her friends.



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



(continued from last page)

What a gift to me and my daughter. I close this story with her words so that we can all remember what really matters.

I thought I saw you dancing
but it was only the leaves in the wind
I thought I heard you laughing
but it was only the waves of the sea
I thought I felt you touch me
but it was only a moonlit dream...
but I know I felt you in my heart
because I miss you very much.
I love you

I met a girl about a year ago who when I first saw her I thought it was you. I had to take a double glance and every time since then, when I see her from a distance or run into her I always think I see you! She favors you so much in appearance but I'm sure she could never be as loving, good-hearted and caring as you were. The angel ornament reminds me of you, always caring and watching out for others! Miss you more and more each day!

Friends Forever.
Love Always,
Kristen

Lynda Boucugnani-Whitehead, Ph.D.
In memory of Maria-Victoria
TCF, Jonesboro, GA

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)

**A real friend is one who walks in
When the rest of the world walks out. ~
Widely attributed to Walter Winchell**

July 4th—"Freedom" for Bereaved Parents? July 4th . . . Independence Day . . .

A day most Americans celebrate their freedom. For bereaved parents, unfortunately, freedom of the body is far different than freedom of the mind.



Before our children died we knew we had the freedom to...
Watch them take their first step.

Listen for their first word.
Watch them step onto the school bus for the first time.
Watch them go on their first date.
Watch them graduate.
Watch them walk down the aisle to be married.
See our grandchildren be born.

For bereaved parents these freedoms are gone forever.

Why did we have to lose these freedoms?
Sometimes we lose these freedoms because the world has the wrong priorities.
Sometimes we lose them because people abuse their freedoms.
What freedoms must be changed?
...the freedom of cancer to strike our children
...the freedom of a drunk driver to be put back on the road with a slap on the wrist
...the freedom of AIDS and other diseases to run rampant
...the freedom of criminal students to obtain guns and kill their classmates
...the freedom of drivers to ignore the speed limits with impunity
...and on and on and on.
When these freedoms are exercised and we are unable to stop them, the deaths of our children destroy our freedom to pursue happiness in our lives.
Our country, of the people, by the people, and for the people, must wake up to the fact that freedom is a fragile commodity. As bereaved parents, we have become a living testimony to this fact.

Wayne Loder
TCF, Lakes Area MI, Chapter





THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF METROWEST



Other Area TCF Chapters

- MA/CT Border Towns Chapter (Dudley, Webster areas)
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- South Shore Chapter (Hingham, Weymouth areas)
Martha Berman
(781) 337-8649.....mmartha1@comcast.net
- Worcester Chapter
Chapter Co-Leaders: Lisa Holbrook
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Mary Vautier....
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- Central Middlesex Chapter (Needham, Concord)
Chapter Leader: Carol Gray-Cole
(781) 444-1091.....cgc603@aol.com



Side by Side

At the time of Aaron's death, Paul and I had been married 16 years. In that time we had the usual reconcilable differences as well as an allotted portion of hardships, which we had faced and endured together. Until our son's death ripped us asunder, there had been no blow that we, as a couple, could not withstand. It was in the very early days of our sorrow that Paul and I first became aware that this journey would be made, in many ways, separated. What we did not know was that we, who had been blessed in union, would grow as a couple as we each grew in respect for the individual strengths of the other.

In order for Paul to make it through those first horrible months, it was necessary that he sift through the facts of Aaron's death. Trying to make sense of a senseless tragedy, he attempted to fit all the pieces together as if solving a puzzle. Toward this end, he acquired and studied the reports done by both the police and Medical Examiner, attempting to share this information with me. I was horrified. I did not want to know how far my son's body was thrown, nor did I care that one shoe was found 75 feet from the other. Paul was struggling then with what tortured me two years later: Aaron, running for his life, arms pumping in the swiftly brightening glare of approaching headlights.

What we have learned to do is to allow one another time and space to grieve. While this statement does not possess a profound ring, I believe it to be the single most important decision we have ever made as a couple.

We, who had shared Aaron's birth and all his life, found his death, a shared burden, something we have each had to bear alone. When, nearing two years beyond his death, my mind became a theater from hell in which scenes of Aaron's death continually played, I reached out to my partner for help. And my partner, struggling to stay afloat, said to me, "I don't want to hear that, Frankie." It's what I saw every time I closed my eyes for SIX months after Aaron died. Immediately, I had recall of his contest with those vivid pictures, and I understood his statement of self-preservation was not an act of rejection. I found others who could bear to hear the terrible things I had to say. I endured.

Recently, Paul and I had occasion to lie out on the pier at the lake in which we spread the ashes of our son. Side by side we were, heads touching, but bodies aimed in opposite directions. We really didn't have much to say. It was enough that we had reached this place together.

During these past three years, each of us has sat in the darkness alone, while the other, trusted companion and intimate friend, slept on unaware. I have read that we are to bear one another's burdens, and to comfort with the comfort which we have been given. I understand now that these words were written for those who have suffered and survived. We cannot give away what we have not acquired for ourselves.

Though we have not been given the luxury of growing complacent in our marriage, this experience has resulted in the gift of a deeper intimacy. I have acquired a greater awareness and appreciation for the love and support Paul offers me, as well as that which only I can give myself. In choosing to respect our difference, we have embraced strengths we had not even known existed. Standing apart, we found that we could move forward together, alone. Alone, together.

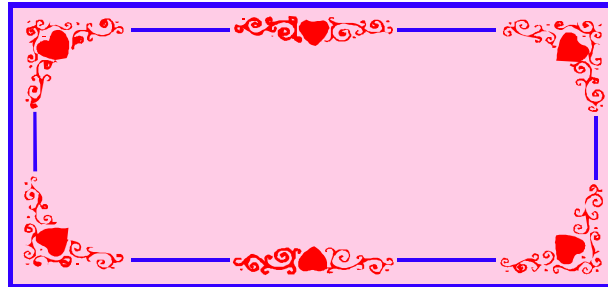
Frankie Wilford
TCF Carrollton-Farmers Branch, TX



Save a tree

To all members that receive this newsletter via snail mail. If you would like to get your newsletter a week earlier thru e-mail please send your e-mail address to: **headly@comcast.net**. This would save a tree and reduce postal cost.

The Compassionate Friends
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National Conference



The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that Chicago, Illinois, will be the site of the 37th TCF National Conference on July 11-13, 2014. "Miles of Compassion through The Winds of Hope" is the theme of this year's event, which promises more of last year's great national conference experience. The 2014 conference will be held at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare in Rosemont, just minutes from the airport. We'll keep you updated with details here, on the national website as well as on our [TCF/USA Facebook Page](#) and elsewhere as they become available. Plan to come and be a part of this heartwarming experience. View our [registration booklet](#) for conference schedule and printable registration form.