



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Northeast / Rockville Chapter
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National: www.CompassionateFriends.org

March 2010

(Name Our Newsletter)—Northeast / Rockville CT. Chapter

At the very heart of our TCF logo is a pair of hands stretching out to each other over grief's abyss. Our prime objective is that those hands should meet, should touch, and hold firm. Because only together can we make it.

Rev. Simon Stephens, Founder of TCF

NORTHEAST/ ROCKVILLE CHAPTER MEETINGS

Rockville General Hospital
31 Union Street
Boardroom Lower Level
(across from "Coffee")
Rockville, CT

Open visiting 7:00 Meeting Content 7:30 — 9:00 PM

UPCOMING REGULAR MEETINGS:

~ March 9 ~ April 13 ~ May 11 ~ July 13 ~ August 10 ~
~ September 14 ~ October 12 ~ November 16

**Regular Meetings Are Held
Every Second Tuesday of Each Month**

SPECIAL EVENTS

BALLOON RELEASE

JUNE 2010 Date To Be Announced

JULY 2-4 2010

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

REFLECTIONS OF LOVE ~ VISIONS OF HOPE
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

LOOKING FOR A NEWSLETTER NAME

When a new family member; a baby or animal, is brought into our families we usually give much thought to the name to be given. We want it to fit and to sound nice, often spending much time in contemplation over the meaning.

Our Compassionate Friends Chapter is A Family, brought together by sad and unwanted commonality, in support of each other. As we begin this change in our Family's Newsletter, both in appearance and distribution, it is fitting that we give it a name, reflective of what it means to us. The Compassionate Friends national award

(Continued on page 3)



REFLECTIONS OF LOVE~ VISIONS OF HOPE

If you've never been to a Compassionate Friends National Conference, the 2010 event, with the theme "Reflections of Love—Visions of Hope," is your opportunity. It will be held July 2-4 in Arlington, Virginia.

While details have not been finalized for this, the 33rd National Conference, here's some of what you will find: Four great keynote speakers; more than 100 workshops covering most areas of grief after a child dies; many sharing

(Continued on page 2)

THOUGHTS, LATE AT NIGHT...

Monday, February 1, 2010 at 12:58am

Silent tears...

We go through life with a broken heart, though most days you will see us smile. We get through those days knowing it is just one more, closer to seeing them again. We still laugh, we still play with other children, ours or our friends'. We still live, yet the spark in our eyes is gone, the joy inside has left.

Some days, we venture out, some days we just don't. And sometimes when we do, reality hits hard so we turn around and run back to safety. We can be strong but mostly because we have no choice.

If asked how we are, we will usually say OK just so we can escape. Escape more questions or unwanted advice about how it is time to move on.

We are afraid and we panic at the thought of forgetting a little more each day, their voice, their smell, the way they kissed us, the way they felt in our arms, how it sounded

(Continued on page 8)

I can only bite off chunks of grief
in bits and pieces.
How else would I manage
to get out of bed?

~Desiré Aguirre

Welcome

All bereaved parents, grandparents, and adult siblings are welcome at our support group meetings. You will find a place of comfort, caring people, and most of all - HOPE. Coming to the first meeting is the hardest, but you have nothing to lose and much to gain. We urge you to give it a try. For many it is the first real step toward healing. Although it may seem overwhelming, we encourage you to come to several meetings to give yourself a chance to become comfortable. We are not professional counselors. We are bereaved families who want to help each other. Please join us as we heal together. ♥

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

Feel free to call **860-656-0260**. A member will contact you. We can put you in contact with members who have experienced similar losses: auto accidents, suicide, homicide, illness, sudden, infant death, unknown causes...

Compassionate Friends is made up of others who understand through experience and CARE.

If you would like to volunteer to just talk and visit with another TCF member, please call or email TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com

Chapter Steering Committee

Chapter Leader:
Mary Fitzgerald

Co-Leader / Facilitator:Michele Cerrigione

Co-Leader / Facilitator:Peter Hany

Co-Leader / Facilitator:Lois O'Callahan

Editor.....Bettie-Jeanne Rivard-Darby

Treasurer.....Laureen Relyea

Chapter Voice Mail.....**860-656-0260**

www.TCFNECTChapter.org
TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com

If you would like someone to receive a copy of this newsletter, email

TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com

Or leave a message for Bettie-Jeanne
@ (860) 870-7581

*This Newsletter is published by the
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Unless expressly stated, the views expressed in articles, poetry, etc. in the newsletter are not necessarily the views of The Compassionate Friends, the Chapter Steering Committee or the Editorial Team. The Editor reserves the right to edit any contribution.

(Continued from page 1) **REFLECTIONS**

sessions; Saturday evening remembrance candle lighting; and Friday evening special entertainment by the political satire group "Capitol Steps."

Many popular features are carried over from past conferences: parent and sibling hospitality suites; reflection room; butterfly boutique, and fully stocked book store. At least a dozen memory boards will be available and placed around the hotel, so plan to bring a picture of the child you're remembering (no larger than 8"X10"). Picture buttons will be made at no charge.

There will be a complete younger sibling program including a visit to the popular Washington D.C. "Spy Museum." Also planned are workshops and sharing sessions for parents with no surviving children.

This year's National Conference also encompasses the eleventh annual Compassionate Friends Walk to Remember at 8 a.m. July 4th, an event designed to remember all children who have died. During the Walk, more than 10,000 names will be carried by the 1300-1500 participants and volunteers. If you wish to submit the name of a child to be carried in the Walk, you can do so online from The Compassionate Friends national website. There is no charge.

We recommend that you reserve your room as early as possible at the host hotel, the beautiful Hyatt Regency Crystal City. Online reservations can now be made through the national website. For the latest information on the conference and Walk to Remember, visit www.compassionatefriends.org, click on News and

EDITOR'S MESSAGE:

This newsletter is for all of us who hurt and know that even if we feel as if we don't want to, we will go on living. I wish it to speak to your needs and to let you know that you ARE NOT ALONE ~ that you are among those who "Get It".

Please share your own musings, journal entries, poems, stories and thoughts. I welcome and thank you for all submissions. ~Bettie-Jeanne, Robyn's mom

Love Gifts

are a way of remembering your child, sibling or grandchild by supporting your local The Compassionate Friends Chapter.

Thank you to all who contribute and support. Checks should be made payable to The Compassionate Friends and mailed to

The Compassionate Friends
c/o Laureen Relyea
107 Milo Peck Lane
Windsor, CT 06095

Check with your employer how you can donate to The Compassionate Friends through non-profit payroll deduction.



DADS CRY TOO ~ I MISS YOU

I miss your morning instant messages
 I miss the slippers that you always gave
 me for Christmas;
 well maybe not the slippers as much as
 knowing that you always thought of me and loved me, too

Whenever I needed another pair of hands,
 you were always there

I miss working with you and watching you dance and
 even arguing with you about what songs we should play

I miss your turning to me for help or to ask some
 question that you could easily have found out the
 answer, but you wanted me to feel needed

I miss the way that you teased me and called me
 silly nicknames, and how you lovingly picked on me

I miss your laugh and your smile and how you loved me
 as if my body had helped to make you.

I miss you, my daughter, and love you more.

~Jim Darby, Robyn's dad
 TCF Northeast Rockville CT Chapter



(Continued from page 1) ~NEWSLETTER NAME

winning publication is aptly and sensitively named *WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE*. The Tucson, Arizona Chapter's newsletter is named *WALKING THIS VALLEY*. Since we are a family in this chapter, we would like to give you a chance to help name this new "family member". Some suggestions that have been made are:

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE
 FOREVER ALIVE
 AFTER LIFE
 FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS
 CARING, TOGETHER
 HOLDING HANDS, HUGGING HEARTS

Please either "vote" for your preferred selection or make one of your own at

TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com
 Subject Line: Newsletter Name

We hope to share our name in the next edition of the newsletter.♥

IN DAD'S LAP

Why does that phrase have so much meaning now? it used to be pretty simple. When I could find the time (not as often as I would have liked), my lap was a neat place to hold my young son for a few moments of special time together. Now—no son! Different use of the lap! Problems in Daddy's lap. (Thank God a 7-year-old daughter is there too, sometimes!) Being male becomes a more difficult task. How can I properly help those who are dependent on me—or can I admit to myself and others that this is one thing Daddy can't fix, like my son's broken toys? Is it "manly" to cry in public? Or do I care about "manly" now? It seems like so much garbage when my future has a hole in it.

I feel depressed too. My wife's suffering aggravates my own, which makes me angry at her for spoiling my attempts at coping. Maybe I should issue a household edict that "Richy's name or the subject of his death are OFF LIMITS around me." That should fix it! Except that my wife still looks at me, and I know what's on her mind. Also, I keep thinking about it—and wish I had a better outlet for myself. Certainly not work, or sports, or—God forbid—a shrink (think of my image); I need someone who's been there. My wife suggests we try The Compassionate Friends—maybe so! After the first time, I know it's not for me. After all, where are all the men? Obviously, they don't need it, right? Anyway, I go to TCF a few more times as it is one of the few unselfish things I do supportively for my wife, and my being there helps her. And when she's better, I'm better. PRESTO — we're both getting stronger again and still together and communicating.

Also, I listen to some of the other TCF members, and the message I get is that their "men," by and large, are denying themselves the privilege of grieving, and are destroying their own marriages by forcing their wives to grieve quietly or not at all around them. That's not manly; dumb in my book, and self-destructive too. So some men don't like groups. Okay. But my solution is actually having results (for real), and I'm not suppressing the problem. My family and I will be scarred but not walking wounded. My particular masculine viewpoint is nothing special, except that I'm willing to share it in this newsletter.♥

Chuck Armstrong, Richy's Dad
 TCF, Pikes Peak, CO

TO MY HUSBAND

My love, these past few months
 Seem to have paralyzed us In pain and anguish,
 And I know, in that state,
 The flow of communication becomes stilted.
 The love we are and share, Is forever, Darling.
 But I realize that you have felt,
 As have I, a separateness in our grief.
 It's all right, you know, Dear;

I guess it is the nature of a loss so devastating
 That no matter how we try to comfort one another
 Along the strange path of grieving
 We sometimes feel so alone.
 We have done marvelously; we, my love,
 Talked, cried, remembered our son
 With tears and smiles.
 I know we will laugh again, My dearest beloved.
 We will laugh again — I promise.♥

By Molly Murphy ~ TCF, Winnipeg, Canada

THE COMMONALITY OF GRIEF

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

Beginning with Nancy R. Cayward, Rick's Mom

Editors note:

Nancy's life changed forever on April 27, 2001 when her 31 year old son, Rick, completed death by suicide. Searching for a place of comfort and support Nancy found herself as a member in two groups. With the goal of someday giving back, she began facilitator training with AFSP (American Foundation for Suicide Prevention). In June of 2002, her minister asked Nancy to start up a support group, as an outreach program of Colonial Point Christian Church, for those who have lost loved ones to suicide. THE ANCHOR held it's first meeting in January of 2003 and has continued to meet twice monthly since then. Nancy continues to take facilitator training with AFSP. She stresses that she is not a professional nor is she certified-- but offers, "I am a survivor like everyone else who comes to The Anchor meetings."

THE COMMONALITY OF GRIEF

Nancy's contribution to this discussion will be drawn from her experience as both a facilitator and bereaved parent, discussing the commonalities and yet individual pains that various causes of losing a child (grandchild or sibling) bring to a family. ALL LOSS IS PAINFUL; experiencing that loss of a child or sibling is devastating regardless of the age or circumstances of death. Says Nancy, "But there are differences and we should recognize and respect those differences - Such as of the experiences of a family who has lost a child to suicide, to premature birth, to homicide, to lingering illness, to sudden accidents, to SIDS...for any reason."

Nancy welcomes input, questions and discussion and can be reached through our newsletter email at TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com

Our intention is that other families share their own experiences and observations. We welcome other contributors who would like to share a perspective.



Those of us, who have experienced the death of a child, have a common bond. It doesn't matter whether our child was an infant, an adult or someplace in between. It is a tragic loss and we grieve deeply because we didn't expect our child to predecease us. Whether our child died from a deadly illness or disease, a terrible accident or suicide, the pain is devastating and the loss of our child is a life changing experience which we must somehow learn to live with.

I am grateful for support groups like Compassionate Friends which offer a safe place to work through the pain

and try to heal. At such support groups, because of the common loss of a child, people are able to support and help each other because they understand. Sometimes people find additional bonding with others whose situations are similar either by age or type of loss.

Though we have a common bond because of losing a child there are also differences in our grief. Everyone's grief is equally and individually painful, but the way our families and friends handle our grief and even the way we handle it can be quite different.

In future issues, we'll talk about some of the commonalities and differences that we experience in grief and healing. All individual experiences are different and there is no right or wrong way for us to deal with tragedy. By recognizing that fact and respecting differences, I think it is easier for us to be compassionate and supportive of each other.

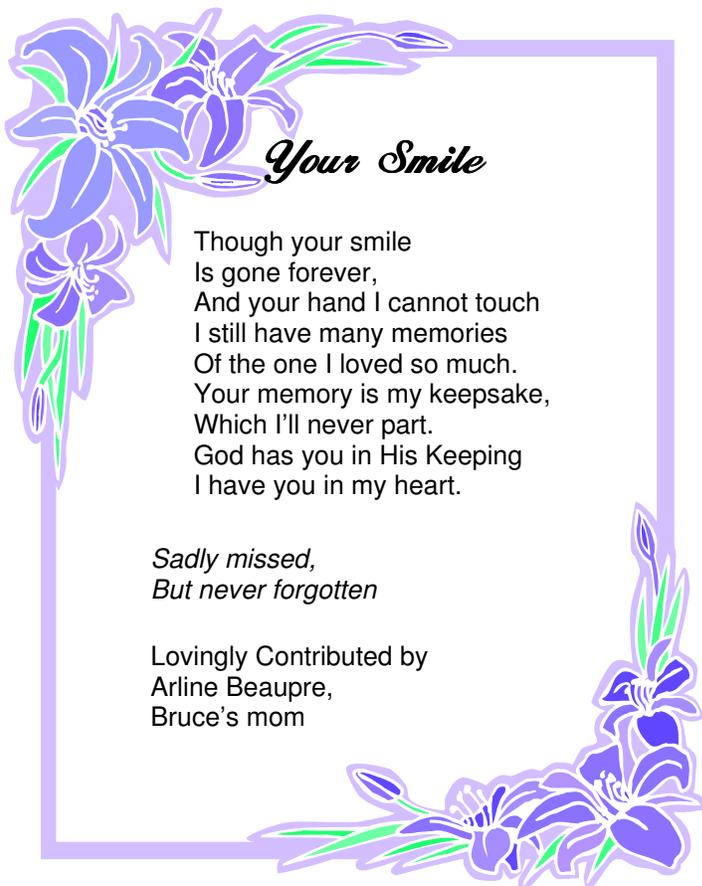
I welcome input from any of you and invite you to share your own thoughts and experiences.

Thank you. ♥

please share your thoughts with Nancy at
TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com



THE ANCHOR - a support group
for those who have lost a loved one to suicide
Meeting the 2nd and 4th Mondays of every month
7:00- 9:00
Super 8 on Taylor Rd in Manchester
TheAnchor@snet.net 860-654-0045



Your Smile

Though your smile
Is gone forever,
And your hand I cannot touch
I still have many memories
Of the one I loved so much.
Your memory is my keepsake,
Which I'll never part.
God has you in His Keeping
I have you in my heart.

*Sadly missed,
But never forgotten*

Lovingly Contributed by
Arline Beaupre,
Bruce's mom



Sibling Page

The grief of a sibling is unique unto itself. I have heard my son talk about the lost moments with his sister; the motorcycle rides that he thought would still be there, the expectation, forever gone, that she would not only stand by his side as he spoke his wedding vows, but that she would help with the planning and would choreograph his first dance with his bride. I understand the concerns that he has that as his parents age his sister will no longer be there to shoulder, together, the care as they did with their grandparents. My heart aches for him knowing that he no longer has the sister who grew up as his best friend and used to play everything from HE-MAN to MY LITTLE PONIES and CLOTHES PIN MONSTERS. She shared his history, his being little, in a way that no other can. When Robyn left the earth, a big part of Jayson ended, too. I know he hurts.

But he is "only the brother" and, in the eyes of a world that doesn't understand, adult siblings are too often expected to heal quickly and move on. But they don't. They ache and the miss their sibling in a way that is different from what a parent feels, but is still very deep and lonely. And they are, too often, Forgotten. If their employers give them more than a day or two off, it is considered more than generous. Co-workers never really know what to say or how long to "give sympathy". Most people don't acknowledge the sibling pain on the birthday or anniversary dates of the one lost. And to compound the emotional upheaval of the sibling left, the parents are so often depleted by their own loss that giving more, when then feel as if they have so much less to give, can leave a sibling feeling even more lonely.

To Lose a Sibling HURTS. IT MATTERS. It Can Change Everything...and it certainly changes the brother



TO MY BROTHER

Wherever we look,
You are there.
You are the light
On the water.
You are the blossom
On the tree.
You are a thought,
And you are a feeling.
Wherever we are,
You are.



Martha Dubinsky
TCF, Chappaqua, NY

or sister left behind.

This Monthly Page is dedicated to Siblings, who, too deserve the Compassion of Friends. ♥

~Bettie-Jeanne Rivard-Darby
Newsletter editor
Robyn's mom (and Jayson's too)

Please share your thought, poems, articles, as a sibling, with us. Send your contributions to
Subject line: SIBLING PAGE
TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com
Or to editor at 4 Darby DreamView Ellington, CT
06029-2733



GOOD-BYE

Good-bye is to hard to say
Good-bye, good-bye, never got to say good-bye.
Always thought I'd never need to say
good-bye to you.

You were always there.
Why, why, why, you can ask that over and over
but never any answer.
You only say good-bye when you're
not coming back.

Until that day we meet again — good-bye!

*Shannon Kennedy, age 10
BP/USA, Springfield, IL*

ONLINE SIBLING SUPPORT

The Compassionate Friends National Office offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). The Sibling rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. Please check the national website schedule for dates and times of the sessions. Registration is required by obtaining a password

www.CompassionateFriends.org
Click on RESOURCES—
GRIEF SUPPORT FOR SIBLINGS

Reminder!
**Adult Siblings are welcomed to all
Northeast / Rockville CT
Chapter meetings**

Honoring March Children

Not, How Did He Die, But How Did He Live?

Not how did he die,
but how did he live?
Not what did he gain,
but what did he give?
These are the units
to measure the worth
of a man as a man,
regardless of birth.
Not, what was his church,
nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended
those really in need?
Was he ever ready,
with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile,
to banish a tear?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry
When he passed away.

Celebrating the Life of
Allen Ray Floyd
Submitted by his mother, Linda Fitch
The Compassionate Friends
of the Pee Dee Area, SC



Birthdays

Barry Wood	3 / 11	2 / 4
Rob Barans	3 / 14	7 / 18
RobynApril Rivard-Darby Maguire	3 / 14	12 / 04
Deborah Dawn	3 / 17	6 / 26
Michael H. Potter	3 / 31	11 / 5
Daniel O'Callaghan	3 / 31	11 / 27



BRING THE MEMORY OF YOUR LOVED ONE TO A MEETING

Every minute of every day our child, our grandchild, our sibling is with us. If you would like to include the presence of your loved one on our digital photo frame displayed at every regular meeting please email a digital photo to our webmaster

Michele Cerrigione webmaster@tcfnectchapter.org
If you don't have a digital photo, you may bring a hard-copy to a meeting, and we will scan it in and give it back to you at the following meeting.♥

*A thousand words can't bring you back
I know because I tried
and neither can a million tears
I know because I cried*

~ Sarah Ratliff

Anniversaries



Quintin Baptista	2 / 10	3 / 14
Kyle Bean	4 / 30	3 / 22
Doug Beale, III	11 / 22	3 / 26
Allen Shane Campbell	12 / 20	3 / 27



~ **Death leaves a heartache no one can heal,
Love leaves a memory no one can steal.** ~

Found on a headstone in Ireland

THE BIRTHDAY TABLE

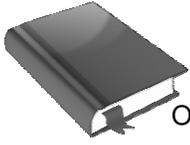
No rustling tissue paper,
scattered ribbons, or burst balloons.
No shouts of Happy Birthday,
break the silence in this room.

Nonetheless, a birthday has rolled round again,
though the beloved children who reveled in the cheer
no longer blow the candles out
at the turning of the year

Loving hands may bring
a photograph of that precious life to share
and place it on the Birthday Table
with utmost tenderness and care

For though the world may not recall
the laughter or the joys,
we treasure every memory
of our birthday girls and boys.

By Frankie Wilford
TCF, Carrollton-Farmers Branch, Texas



Book Review

This month
Offered by editor Bettie-Jeanne,
Robyn's mom

ANGEL CATCHER A JOURNAL OF LOSS AND REMEMBRANCE

By Kathy Eldon and Amy Eldon Turteltaub
Chronicle Books, LLC 2008
www.chroniclebooks.com

This book was given to me by my daughter-in-law and son within the first weeks following Robyn's death. It is not a book to read, it is a book to *experience*... After the murder of her son, Dan, Kathy Eldon was trying to survive the most profound loss imaginable Dan's sister, Amy, was 18 at the time of her brother's death and felt her own great despair. To help her daughter, Kathy set out to design an ANGEL CATHCER—a Book To Capture An Angel. The result is a co-authored "A create-your-own journal" that helps the ones left behind capture their own memories.

Beginning statements are offered, such as *"I want to hide from the world. I keep thinking they expect me to break down and cry. You would tell me..."* and *"I will always remember how you..."* prompting you to chronicle your own experiences, emotions and memories. As a result, you create your own personal journal of memories of your loved one.

Often we are fearful of "forgetting" the little things about our children. This is a beautiful way to capture them. I found it to be a wonderfully helpful book and recommend it highly.♥

DON'T TAKE MY GRIEF AWAY FROM ME. How to walk through Grief and Learn to Live Again

By Doug Manning
In-Sight Books, Inc
www.insightbooks.com revised edition 2005
www.chroniclebooks.com

The title, DON'T TAKE MY GRIEF AWAY FROM ME, pulled at my heart strings. I was aching from every well-meaning, but not understanding person, who was trying to get me to "cheer up" or made statements such as "Robyn wouldn't want you to be sad". Even if I did nothing but purchase the book and carry it around with me for others to plainly view the title, it would have served a purpose!

I was beyond needing the first few chapters, having already had Robbie's Memorial, but subsequent Chapters such as the one sharing the book's title, as well as FEELING BAD BECAUSE YOU FEEL BAD, DO YOU WANT TO GET WELL? And SAYING GOOD-BYE AND SAYING HELLO reached out to my heart. I have returned to read parts of it over, as my foginess changed.

~ Another book that I highly recommend.♥



Selections of Books are Available to Borrow from our Library

If you have read something and would like to share your perspective, please submit to the editor at
TCFNECTChapter@gmail.com
All Reviews Are Welcomed

DON'T TELL ME

Don't tell me that you understand,
don't tell me that you know.
Don't tell me that I will survive,
how I will surely grow.



Don't tell me this is just a test,
that I am truly blessed.
That I am chosen for this task,
apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers
that can only come from me,
Don't tell me how my grief will pass
that I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment
of the bonds I must untie,
Don't tell me how to suffer,
don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with selfishness,
my pain is all I see,
but I need you,
I need your love, unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,
I need someone to share,
just hold my hand and let me cry,
and say, "My friend, I care."

*Lovingly lifted from 321 greetings.com, by Mia.
Contributed by Bobbi Stagliano to honor her step-son,
Chris, for his 45th birthday.
Chris was born March 30, 1965
and died September 29, 1992.*

... But soon we shall die, and all memory of those five
[who died] will have left the earth,
and we ourselves shall be loved
for a while and forgotten.
But the love will have been enough;
all those impulses of love
return to the love that made them.
Even memory is not necessary for love.
There is a land of the living and a land of the dead,
and the bridge is love, the only survival,
the only meaning.

Conclusion of Thornton Wildern's novel
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CREDO:
 WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE**

We are *The Compassionate Friends*. We reach out to each other with love, understanding and 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 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 and creeds and relationships.

We are young; we are old. Some of us are far along in our a 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; 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 our children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building that 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 grieve as well as to grow.

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.
 WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS!**



Electronic Extras

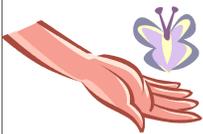
Enjoy the extra content provided in the electronic newsletter format, that is not available in hard copy. If you know of family members, friends or others who might benefit from our electronic newsletter, just send a request and we'll email a copy..

(Continued from page 1) **THOUGHTS...**

when they said our name and even their favorite food...

You might see us walking through graves at all hours or the day and night. You might hear us talk to a picture on the wall, or a box setting on a shelf,

Remember to never question why we do this, it is not an easy thing. To go sit on our children's grave to share our day with them, or lie in their bed, reading their favorite book, knowing they will never be there again to turn the next page before we are done saying the last word.



See, we don't really want to go on without them, *we just don't*.

They are our hearts, our souls. They make the sunshine and the rain fall. They send us snow kisses and flower petals in the wind. They paint rainbows and sunsets, they bring us butterflies and lady bugs. They always have, just now, they do it from Heaven... Heaven is where our children had to go so they could be free...

But we are left behind...

And now we go through life with our broken hearts, though most days you will see us smile. But remember, next time when you see us smile as you go by your day, remember that at night, as you go to bed and close your eyes, Silent Tears roll down our cheeks as we cry ourselves to sleep one more time.♥

Mimi Avery, Julian's mom (Forever 4)
 Fort Worth, Texas

OUR MISSION

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

OTHER AREA SUPPORT GROUPS

The Anchor- a support group for those who have lost a loved one to suicide TheAnchor@snet.net 860-654-0045

www.alivealive.org for parents with no living children

H.E.A.L. Helping Endure Infant Loss 860-679-2397
jrbennett@uchc.edu

Conn SIDS Alliance CTSIDS@aol.com

Suvivors of Homicide survivorsofhomicide.com
survivors@snet.net 888-833-4764 860-257-7388

Share Pregnancy & Infant Loss Support, Inc
 Moosup 860-564-4633

Mary's Place Windsor, CT - A place for kids who have lost a parent or sibling MarysPlaceCT.org 860-688-9621

If you know of other groups, please let us know, too!

HELP US TO HELP OTHERS

In addition to LOVE GIFTS (p. 2), we truly appreciate the cash donations left in the donation jar at every meeting. As a non-profit, non-salaried peer-to-peer group, we rely on your generosity to fund the materials used to help us help others. Thank You for your kindness.♥

*What the caterpillar
 calls the end,
 the rest of the world
 calls a butterfly.*



Love Gifts

are a way of remembering your child, sibling or grandchild by supporting our local The Compassionate Friends Chapter. Thank you for your donation!

Love Gifts

can be a donation of time, a contribution to our library, the sharing of cookies or snacks at a meeting, your contribution of time and outreach, a monthly contribution towards our meeting beverage and food hospitality, a financial memorial contribution to help us keep helping others.

Our Chapter is completely dependent on funds from our families and friends. Your Love Gifts help pay for our lending libraries, candle lighting ceremonies, telephone, meeting facilities, outreach programs, mailings, and all supplies. We, very much, appreciate your financial support. To make a donation please print and use the form below.

Thank You for your Kind Tax Deductible Donation

Special thanks to the generosity of

- ♥ **Rich and Mary Avery, in memory of Michael A. Bonita, the son of a close friend**
- ♥ **Michele Cerrigione, in memory of her son, Ryan A. Lincoln'**
~ "Beloved Son, I Miss You..."
- ♥ **Elizabeth and Brian Crudden, in memory of their son, John Brian Crudden**
- ♥ **Michele Herring, in memory of the woman who is her daughter and best friend,
Jennifer Barnett**
- ♥ **Tom and Lynn Hoffelder, in memory of their son Jeffery's 3rd anniversary**

✂

To make a Tax Deductible Love Gift in memory of your child, grandchild, sibling, or special loved one, complete the form and mail to

The Compassionate Friends NE CT Chapter
c/o Laureen Relyea
107 Milo Peck Lane Windsor, CT 06095

LOVE GIFT RECEIVED FROM _____

IN MEMORY OF _____

RELATIONSHIP _____

BIRTHDATE _____ LAST EARTH DAY _____

LOVE GIFT IN OCCASION OF BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF LAST EARTH DAY OTHER _____

PLEASE PRINT OCCASION PLEASE **DO NOT** PRINT OCCASION

AMOUNT OF LOVE GIFT DONATION: \$ _____ PRIVACY, PLEASE. Do not share in the newsletter.

That a Love Gift Was made will be listed in a future newsletter, unless you have requested privacy. Amounts will not be revealed, but unless otherwise requested the donor's name and whom it honors will be shared. Please include any special tribute or memory that you wish to have printed.

Thank You

Please print this tribute:

~ A Personal Note from Newsletter Editor, Bettie-Jeanne

13 . March . 2010

Dear Fellow Compassionate Friends Family Members,

Tomorrow, March 14, 2010 is ~ or should be ~
My Daughter's 30th birthday.
For years,
I had teased her about creeping closer to 30.
We'd banter and tease and make age jokes.
She would remind me,
gleefully without mercy and with an evil mischievous
glint in her hazel eyes,
that the older she became, the older I became.
I'd remind her about how when she was little
I wanted to squish her into a
"Do Not Grow Up Box"
and keep her my little girl forever.

Even as a 28 year old,
she'd laugh and tell me that she'd always be
my little girl,
standing 2 inches taller than me, wearing her spike
heel ball room dance shoes.
And there were still times,
particularly when she was having a rough day,
that the beautiful woman / child would ask to sit
curled up in my lap
on the rocking chair that I had nursed her in,
and just be that little girl again.
And I would hold her
and sing the Baby-Dee song
that I had made up for her as an infant
and she had begged me to sing
countless times for her
over the span of her too short 28 years.

The box that she ended up in
was never the one I meant.

*I need not tell any of you the pain of missing her.
I know that you "Get It".*

My daughter has always brought a light
and joy to my life
that was unique to anything else I have experienced.
She was my First Born
and taught me about being a mom.
Her death, 465 days ago tomorrow,

has changed everything about me
and everything about life, as I knew it.
I remember that I used to experience JOY,
now it seems to have been swallowed
into the ugly void of where she is no longer.
Since the horrible night that took Robyn's earth
plane life,
I do not know JOY.
I just work on trying to stay balanced
and "OK enough" to get through the days.

And I know that You Understand.
We share the horrors of a journey
that we never wanted to take.

It is because of Robyn that our family have become
members of The Compassionate Friends.
And it is because of the light and love of my child
that I felt the need to give to our
Compassionate Friends Family.
Robbie, Jim and I have always been very big on giv-
ing back to the world of which we are part. We
strongly believe in "Paying It Forward" and on
Robyn's birthday and anniversary continue to remind
her many, many friends to perform an Act of Ran-
dom Kindness in her memory.

As I embrace the honor of providing a newsletter to
the other members of what I call "THE UGLY
CLUB", I would like to dedicate my first issue as edi-
tor to my daughter, RobynApril, on the day that we
should have been celebrating her life with cake and
candles, instead of memories.

And I ask you today, in memory of your child, as I
am for mine, to please do a kind act for another.♥

with warm hugs,
~Bettie-Jeanne
RobynApril's mom