



The Compassionate Friends Fayetteville Area Chapter

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October 2020



Parenting Through a Glass Partition — After the Death of a Child

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Alice J. Wisler's son, Daniel, died from cancer treatments in 1997 at the age of four. In his memory, she writes and speaks, conducting —Writing the Heart-ache! workshops across the country. <http://www.alicewisler.com/>

Raising children and being bereaved makes me feel like I did when I was six years old. My red tights bagged around my ankles, I often had doggy poop on the bottom of my scuffed patent-leather shoes, and I was constantly running to catch the bus. Now, as a mother of three living children and one who died, I feel overwhelmed, forgetful and, to use a word my aunt Mollie often said, discombobulated.

At the fast-food restaurant, my

children laugh in the play area as I sit drinking coffee behind the glass partition that separates the play area from the dining section. While I have hugged them so tightly their tonsils could pop out, I am still, much of the time, finding myself watching them from a distance. They are mine but so was Daniel, and in the course of a moment I know they could be gone, as he is.

When Rachel, 11, was late coming home from a shopping trip with her grandmother, I thought they had been tied up in traffic, but then my mind leaped off into an insane spin and I was certain she'd been in an accident. My thoughts dove into planning her funeral.

She came home without a scratch, and I gulped my worries away — for the moment.

When my children say, —I love you, Mom, and spontaneously wrap their arms around me, I'm certain this could be the end.

—So you live in fear? a friend asks.

Well, no. I live in reality.

My reality is hearing my chil-

dren call —Hi, Daniell when we drive on Interstate 40 near Exit 270, where there's a view of Daniel's Place, what my children have named the cemetery. Ben, at five, older than his older brother ever got to be, asks which of our toys Daniel liked to play with and with a smile on his face, listens as I share a story about Daniel and the Fisher Price fishing rod. Elizabeth, age four, tells me out of the blue that Daniel isn't dead; he lives with God. Later, she hugs me and says she wishes Daniel was here. She's never been photographed with her oldest brother. She kicked in the womb as Daniel breathed his last. Three months later, this failed-vasectomy child was born. I was certain she'd be severely traumatized, but so far, at age four; she has only been known to tell the neighbor girl she doesn't like her.

My reality is that a part of my heart wanted to be childless when Daniel died so that I could have time to weep and wail without having to meet the demands of exasperated cries, without having to wipe little bottoms and

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A Note From The Editor

Sorry to be so late with this issue. As you will see on page eleven, there **will not** be a face to face candle lighting this year. It was a tough decision, but Covid has forced us to make many changes in our lives. We are working on having a virtual candle lighting service. An email will be sent when details are completed. The virtual meetings are continuing and hopefully we will be able to return to FTCC for our meetings soon. This has been very difficult for the bereaved, but remember that you are not alone. An understanding voice is just a phone call away. So call, text or even "**write**" a letter to someone today.

With Hope, Jennifer German

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Continued from page 1—Parenting Through a Glass Partition

without having to search for tiny shoes and socks. When infant Liz used to wake crying months after Daniel's death, I'd hold her and we'd sob together.

The hole in my heart looms large today. The new school year and Daniel's birthday are just around the corner. I finish my coffee and tell my kids it's time to attend the Open House. While grinning at my children and me, a friend exclaims, —One in middle school, one in kindergarten, and one in preschool! You will be busy. I paste on a phony smile and think, not busy enough. I need my fourth grader. But Daniel, my would-be-nine-year-old, died four years ago before completing a year of preschool.

When we arrive home from the Open House, Ben trips onto the pavement while playing ball and I hold him as he cries and his knee bleeds. Whispering, I assure him, —It is going to be okay. What a luxury to be able to tell my children this line of comfort. For Daniel, with the cancer treatments he had to go through, it was not —okay. Although I prayed daily he'd be cured, it was beyond my control. A scraped knee will heal.

How do we do it? How do we continue living the role of the nurturing and loving parent with the enormous responsibilities, when at times, we can barely put one foot in front of the other?

Here are some tips that have worked for fellow bereaved parents and me:

- *Take breaks.* This is easier said than done, I know. But I believe you need more breaks than before the death of your child. Your energy for living has been depleted. If you're home all day with the demands of little ones as I have been, you need time alone. If your spouse is at home all day with the children, he or she needs a break.
- *Let anger out in a constructive way.* When you find you're constantly yelling at the kids, it's time to figure out another release for anger. Play basketball, go on a walk or bike ride. Shut yourself in a room and write. Use your pent-up frustration to pull weeds in the garden or sweep the garage.
- *Learn to apologize — often.* When you do find yourself unreasonably upset with your children, apologize for your reactions. Grief can make you irrational.
- *Hug your kids more* — even if the older ones whine and don't want you to. They know now as we do how important hugs and showing our affection really are.

- *Talk it out.* Tell your children why you are feeling sad or discouraged. If you're having a frustrating day, let them know. Even my little ones could understand that —Mommy or Daddy is sad because she/he misses Daniel.
- *Spend time with the kids* — one on one — if possible. Just you and your daughter can go shopping or out for ice cream. Don't force talk of her dead brother or sister. Just be together for the sake of spending time together. We focus a lot on our deceased children; our living children need to feel valued, too.
- *Don't stifle your children* as they grow and grieve in their own ways.
- *Write love letters* to your surviving children. Sometimes it is easier to convey feelings on paper. Give the letters to your kids or keep them to reread later.
- *Share your child who died.* He is a part of the family and his story needs to be told.

Don't fear your —glass partition view of parenting. As with the other phases and experiences of grief, honor it and don't fight it.

You are modeling survival. Even as your tears flow and you are overcome with sorrow, your children can learn this is okay. They will also reflect (although it may be years later) that Mom got out of bed, made us breakfast, shopped for school supplies, and went to our soccer games even when she didn't feel like it. They will learn life is tough and even when the storms hit the hardest, it is possible to live through them.

Believe your surviving children will be all right even as they see you suffering and as they face their own monumental pain. In time, they may learn a deeper sensitivity. Perhaps they will become more compassionate because of their experiences. You can guarantee they're more realistic. Your son or daughter might even become a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. (We can still dream, can't we?)

I have to remember that although once laid-back, I was never the perfect parent before Daniel died. I had vices and virtues then, just as I have now. Perhaps grief has helped us become better aware of what we are all about. Listen. There are many negatives, but there is much to smile about now, too. Devotion made us caring and loving parents before, and it can carry us through during this rocky road of bereavement. There is the ability to parent effectively through the glass partition.

*Sibling Walking**Together*

(Formerly The Sibling Credo)

We are the
surviving children of The
Compassionate Friends.
We are brought together
by the death of our
brothers and sisters.
Open your hearts to us.
But have patience with us.
Sometimes we need the
support of our friends.
At other times we need
our families to be there.
Sometimes we feel 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 children of

The Compassionate
Friends.

Ten Healing Rights for Grieving Children

By Alan D. Wolfelt, Ph.D. Reprinted from —Bereavement Magazine, 8133 Telegraph Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80920-7169, [719] 282-1850.

Dr. Wolfelt is a clinical thanatologist and director of the Center for Loss and Life Transition, in Fort Collins, CO.

Author's note: This —bill of rights for grieving children is intended to empower them to help themselves heal – and to help direct the adults in their lives to be supportive as well.

Someone you love has died. You are probably having many hurtful and scary thoughts and feelings right now. Together those thoughts and feelings are called grief, which is a normal (though really difficult) thing everyone goes through after someone they love has died.

The following 10 rights will help you understand your grief and eventually feel better about life again. Use the ideas that make sense to you. Post this list on your refrigerator or on your bedroom door or wall. Re-reading it often will help you stay on track as you move toward healing from your loss. You might also ask the grown-ups in your life to read this list so they will remember to help you in the best way they can.

1. I have the right to have my own unique feelings about the death. I may feel angry, sad, or lonely. I may feel scared or relieved. I may feel numb or sometimes not anything at all. No ONE will feel exactly like I do.

2. I have the right to talk about my grief whenever I feel like talking. When I need to talk, I will find someone who will listen to me and love me. When I don't want to talk about it, that's okay, too.

3. I have the right to show my feelings of grief in my own way. When they are hurting, some kids like to play so they'll feel better for awhile. I can play or laugh, too. I might also get mad and scream. This does not mean I am bad, it just means I have scary feelings that I need help with.

4. I have the right to need other people to help me with my grief, especially grown-ups who care about me. Mostly I need them to pay attention to what I am feeling and saying and to love me no matter what.

5. I have the right to get upset about normal, everyday problems. I might feel grumpy and have trouble getting along with others sometimes.

6. I have the right to have "griefbursts." Griefbursts are sudden, unexpected feelings of sadness that just hit me sometimes – even long after the death. These feelings can be very strong and even scary. When this happens, I might feel afraid to be alone.

7. I have the right to use my beliefs about my God to help me deal with my feelings of grief. Praying might make me feel better and somehow closer to the person who died.

8. I have the right to try to figure out why the person I loved died. But it's okay if I don't find an answer. —Why? questions about life and death are the hardest questions in the world.

9. I have the right to think and talk about my memories of the person who died. Sometimes those memories will be happy, and sometimes they might be sad. Either way, these memories help me keep alive my love for the person who died.

10. I have the right to move toward and feel my grief and, over time, to heal.

I'll go on to live a happy life, but the life and death of the person who died will always be a part of me. I'll always miss this special person.

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Love Gifts



A Love Gift is a donation to honor a child who has died, or as a memorial for a relative or friend.

The Compassionate Friends depends entirely on voluntary contributions from individuals and organizations to meet chapter expenses. TCF is a 504(c)(3) non-profit organization: all donations are tax deductible. 100% of every dollar donated goes toward chapter expenses.

We thank the following for their kind generosity, love and sharing. There are no dues. We have already paid the ultimate price to be a member.

Vickie Bowles in memory of her son Bryan Bowles

Bonnie Davenport in memory of her grandson Johnny Cole

John and Jennifer German in memory of their daughter Amy Elizabeth German

If you wish to make a donation or a love gift, please make checks payable to The Compassionate Friends, and mail to TCF Fayetteville Area Chapter, 703 Rosebud Court, Vass, NC 28394. Please include the name of the child, love one, or friend that you wish the donation to be made in memory or honor of.



The Compassionate Friends
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

The National Office of The Compassionate Friends

2301 NE Savannah Rd. #700
Jensen Beach, FL 34957

Web Site: www.compassionatefriends.org Toll free: 877-969-0010

Regional Coordinator for the Fayetteville Area Chapter of TCF

Donna & Ralph Goodrich
980-938-4589 or iluvu2lauren@gmail.com

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First Thanksgiving

*By Genesse Bourdeau Gentry from —
Stars in the Deepest Night –After the Death of a Child. I*

The thought of being thankful
fills my heart with dread.
They'll all be feigning gladness,
not a word about her said.

These heavy shrouds of blackness
enveloping my soul,
pervasive, throat-catching,
writhe in me, and coil.

I must, I must acknowledge,
just express her name,
so all sitting at the table,
know I'm thankful that she came.

Though she's gone from us forever
and we mourn to see her face,
not one minute of her living,
would her death ever replace.

So I stop the cheerful gathering,
though my voice quivers, quakes,
make a toast to all her living.
That small tribute's all it takes.

Halloween —

WINTERSUN by Sascha

It is here, this day of merriment and children's pleasure.

Gremlins and goblins
and ghosties at the door
of your house.

And the other children
come to the door of your mind.

Faces out of the past,
small ghosts with sweet, painted faces.

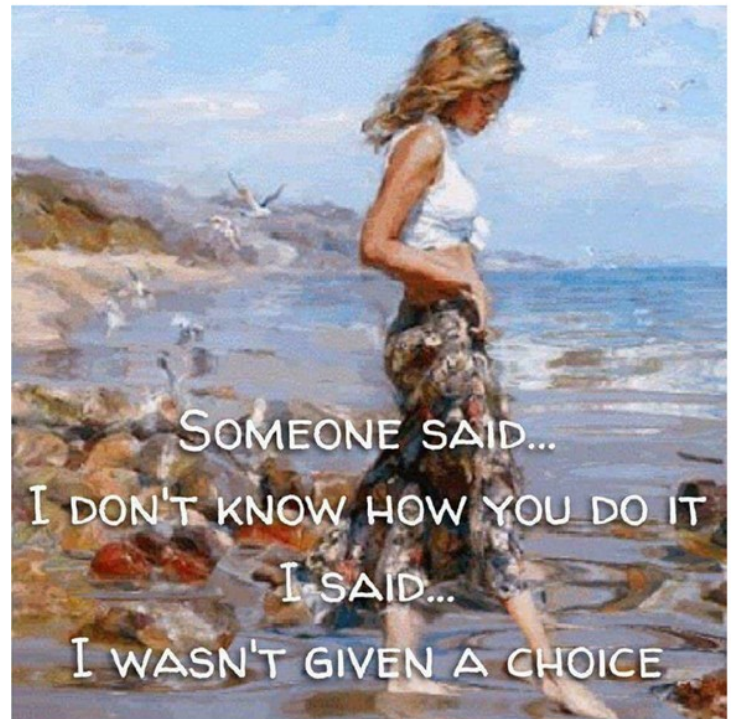
They do not shout.

Those children
who no longer march laughing
on cold Halloween night,
they stand at the door of your mind
and you will let them in,
so that you can give them
the small gifts of Halloween
— a smile and a tear.

To My Miscarried Baby

*By Betty Ruder Reprinted from TCF,
North Shore Chapter Illinois*

Out of our love you came.
Planned, wanted, welcomed.
Your announcement created excitement, joy.
Friends and family inquired,
Do you want a girl or boy?
Will you take Lamaze?
What colors for the nursery?
Then suddenly you're gone — and silence.
No one talks about a baby that won't be.
Were you real or a dream?
I feel alone and empty.
Where can I put my love that was for you?
Now what does it mean?



ZOOM MEETINGS

First & Third Tuesday of each month
At 7:00pm

Unless otherwise stated on our website
An email will be sent out several days prior to the
ZOOM meeting
with the link. Or go to our website for the link
tcffayetteville.org.

If you have questions contact Jennifer German
jojegerman@outlook.com or (910) 245-3177

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Our 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 we 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 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 to grieve
As well as to grow.

We need not walk alone....

We are The Compassionate Friends.

Suggestions on How to Sign Christmas Cards?

My son Chris died on May 3, 1998. Two years ago I came across a picture of him when he was in our church Christmas program at 2 1/2. He was wearing a halo standing in front of the church's Christmas tree. I printed these pictures and included them in our Christmas card. I just typed his name birth date and Angel date.

Last year I remembered just how much Chris loved and enjoyed the story of the Little Drummer Boy as a small child and in his high school years. I found cards with the drummer boy on them and included just how this was one of Chris' favorite Christmas stories and I told the recipient I wished they had people in their lives that brought them as much happiness as Chris had brought to ours in his short lifetime.(19)

When Chris was in the 3rd grade they had to write about their favorite recipe. Chris' was Gingerbread men. After he was finished writing he asked if he could make some and take them to the kids in his class. I have already found Christmas cards with Gingerbread men on them. I am explaining Chris' love for them and include the recipe with them.

Carol Schuh

Grieving Mom to Christopher M. Schuh

1-13-79----5-3-98

The last two Christmases I signed my Christmas cards "In Memory Of Melanie". This year I have a butterfly stamp that I stamped each card with in red and then with green ink I wrote "Melanie" across the butterfly and then under the butterfly I wrote "In Heaven".

I will always include Melanie in all my holiday, birthday and greeting cards, even if it is just a butterfly stamped upon the page with her initials, she will be included.

I am looking for an angel stamp to use for Christmas but haven't found one to my liking as of yet. I will keep looking.

~Kathy Thompson

(Melanie's Mama)

Last Christmas was the first without our daughter Ashley and I had a horrible time trying to decide what to do about a Christmas card. I found the perfect card from Abbey Press. I would think anyone that can make a computer card could use the words. It makes my Christmas card perfect.

front: Christmas a time to remember loved ones, both here and in heaven

inside left: I will turn their mourning into joy, I will comfort them, and give them gladness for sorrow.

Jeremiah 31:13

inside right: After the loss of a loved one, the holiday season brings special memories of Christmases past and tender moments of sadness. We are also reminded of special friends and family like you. Through your love and God's healing touch, we know that Christmas will once again be filled with hope, peace and joy.

MAY GOD BLESS YOU WITH HIS LOVE AND PEACE DURING THIS HOLIDAY SEASON AND THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Hope this helps someone this year.

Always - Teri

Mom to Ashley 6/29/99 - 10/11/01

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Our Children & Siblings Remembered on Their Birthday's

Each month some of our members face special but very painful days. We ask that you keep in your thoughts the parents, grandparents, and siblings of the following children's:

October

Bryan Bowles October 1
 Jimmy Wallace October 2
 James Page October 4
 Catherine Tapp October 6
 Nicholas Simmons October 8
 Sharnale DeMar Thompson October 8
 Mark Draughon October 15
 Kevin Harlan October 15
 Carissa Gillis October 18
 Ryan Malcom October 20

November

Preston Riley November 1
 Christopher Harris November 3
 Ryan Stevens November 5
 Carolyn Kapperman November 7
 Elijah Caddick November 8
 Baby Davis November 9
 Renee Anderson November 11
 Omar Sharaf November 11
 Cameron "Cameo" Booher November 12
 Keith Parker November 12



Jeffrey George November 13

Charles Cook November 14

Zackery Hollister November 14

Johnny Cole November 15

Brianne Stewary-Goodrich November 18

Lamont Saffore November 21

Lawrence Boivin November 24

Brittney Stokes November 24

Kristen Wactor November 30

Matthew Guin November 30

December

Joe Konen December 1

Pam Tatum December 5

Crystal Dawn Jackson December 5

Zach Grullon December 6

Tammy Owens December 7

Kendra "Candy" Seay December 8

Christine Geier December 9

Shawn Leigh Watkins December 15

Ricky Diaz December 15

Derrell Lee Dean December 16

Nickolas Ross Hayden December 25

RaMael McArthur December 28

Lexi Minyon December 31

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Our Children & Siblings Remembered on Their Angel Date's



Each month some of our members face special but very painful days. We ask that you keep in your thoughts the parents, grandparents, and siblings of the following children's:

October

Melba Ross October 1

James Page October 5

Nicholas Martinez October 8

Carla Parker October 9

Valencia Fredrick October 10

Kirsten Wactor October 10

Pam Tatum October 11

Brandon "Astro" Huston October 17

Brittney Stokes October 19

Ralph Lanier October 20

Archie Kagy October 21

Johnathan "JD" McKenzie October 21

Mike Syfrett, Jr October 24

Christopher Ortega October 26

November

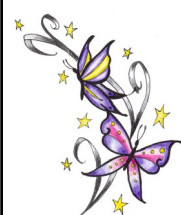
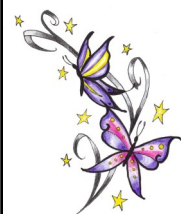
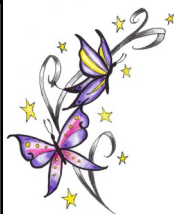
Kyle Harris November 6

Christopher Hrvoj November 7

Talisha Morris November 8

Kendra "Candy" Seay November 8

Baby Davis November 9



Joe Konen November 9

Patrick "Pat" Shea November 14

Zackery Hollister November 14

Lawrence Boivin November 15

Amy Elizabeth German November 16

Joshua Jona November 16

Christine Geier November 20

Brianne Stewart-Goodrich November 22

Catherine Tapp November 29

Kylon "Kyle" Smith November 30

December

Joseph Barnes December 1

Andrew Beutelspacher December 2

Kayla Francis December 10

Stephen Dew December 12

Cameron Booher December 16

Ryan Malcom December 19

Grant Miles December 22

Preston Riley December 23

Ryan Stevens December 30

What the caterpillar thinks is the end of the world, the butterfly knows is only the beginning.

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Gifts, Garland and Grief

by Sandy Goodman

I remember our first Christmas after. It began the first week of November in 1997, three short months into our worst nightmare, but a lifetime into missing our child of eighteen years. He had died suddenly, one of those “in the wrong place at the wrong time” things, and he took our hearts with him when he left. Summer screeched to a halt and autumn came and went without our participation.

Still standing in confusion at the threshold of grief, we were stunned when the stores replaced the gloomy ghosts and goblins with sparkling ornaments and cheerful decorations. Neighbors strung lights on their houses, friends sent cards wishing us joy filled holidays, and not one person mentioned Jason’s name. Closing our drapes, we huddled in our cocoon, waiting for his return.

Thanksgiving passed. I recall the empty chair, the unbroken wishbone, and more turkey than three of us could eat. There was an unwatched football game and a failed attempt at gratitude. That was our day, and it was good enough. It was inconceivable that we would ever enjoy another holiday, much less be thankful for it.

Snow fell. Carols rang out, lights twinkled, church bells pealed. Our thoughts were of Jason, fixed more acutely on his departure than on his arrival eighteen years before. Memories of prior Decembers pervaded our present. Jason ice fishing. Jason sledding. Jason’s birthday. Jason opening gifts. Jason throwing tinsel on the tree, on his brothers and on the dog. Every memory brought tears but every tear brought Jason closer to us.

We found him in the pain, the only place we knew how to get to. I believe that first Christmas had to be that way. Showing up was the best we could do.

But now it is six trees, six silent nights, and six collectable ornaments later. I’ve learned a few things about this path I’m on and found a few crutches for when the road gets too rough. Holidays can be disabling for those who grieve. I’d like to share some things that might help:

—Believe that your loved one is with you. Include them in your celebrations and in your sadness. Include them when you talk with others about old times and holidays past. If you don’t mention them, no one else will.

—Talk to THEM. They hear your thoughts...and if you listen, you can hear their replies.

—Light candles. For six years now I have lit a special candle for my son. This year I will light five, one for each of us, living or not. Why perpetuate the myth of separation? Jason is still a part of this family.

—Do good things in celebration of your loved one’s life. Random Acts of Kindness(www.actsofkindness.org/) bring smiles to everyone involved. Buy anonymous gifts, scoop snow from a stranger’s sidewalk, or light candles at unmarked graves.

—Connect with your loved one who has died. Buy yourself a holiday reading with a reputable medium, take a meditation class, create a special place to go to where you can feel their presence.

—Call a newly bereaved friend or neighbor and invite them to reminisce with you. Cry with them, listen to them, share your journey.

—Give to an organization that your loved one supported.

—Make a memory tree. Buy a small tree and decorate it with tokens of their life.

—Don’t worry about what others will think. You are solely in charge of this journey. It’s all yours. Love someone who is grieving? Lost as far as how to help them through this upcoming season? Any of the above suggestions can be adapted (i.e. give money in celebration of their loved one’s life and tell them about it, make them a memory tree, etc.) to fit your needs. However, there are two gifts that you can give to a person deep in the pit of grief that will mean more than anything else:

1. Undivided attention

2. Unconditional acceptance of their journey, wherever it leads them.

I won’t end this article with a wish that you have your merriest Christmas ever. I know that, for some of you, that is not possible or even desirable. Instead, my wish for you is this: That you find a quiet moment during the sometimes magical but often horrendous season upon us and relax. That you take a few deep breaths, close your eyes and envision your child, sibling, or grandchild. That you accept that dead doesn’t mean GONE. That you send out a “Merry Christmas” and “I love you” and then BELIEVE when you hear his or her whispered reply of “I love you too. Merry Christmas.”

Editors Note: Sandy Goodman is the author of LOVE NEVER DIES: A Mother’s Journey from Loss to Love reprinted from BP USA Fall 2002 Newsletter

OCTOBER 2020

WORLDWIDE CANDLE LIGHTING MEMORIAL SERVICE

SUNDAY DECEMBER 13, 2020

7PM - 8PM



The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting on the 2nd Sunday in December unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles for one hour to honor the memories of the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren who left too soon. As candles are lit on December 13th, 2020 at 7:00 pm local time, hundreds of thousands of people commemorate and honor the memory of all children gone too soon.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the annual Worldwide Candle Lighting (WCL), a gift to the bereavement community from The Compassionate Friends, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. TCF's WCL started in the United States in 1997 as a small internet observance and has since swelled in numbers as word has spread throughout the world of the remembrance. Hundreds of formal candle lighting events are held, and thousands of informal candle lightings are conducted in homes, as families gather in quiet remembrance of children who have died and will never be forgotten.

This year due to the Covid virus in our area, you may participate by lighting a candle of any kind at **7pm on Sunday December 13, 2020** for one hour. You can do this in the privacy of your home by your self or with a small group of family and friends. Whether you read a poem, tell stories about your child or just sit quietly and reflect, this is a wonderful way to honor your child. Don't forget to take a picture and share it to our [Face Book](#) page at The Compassionate Friends Fayetteville Chapter.

The Fayetteville Chapter of The Compassionate Friends Memorial Candle Lighting Service

**Due to the Covid Virus
WILL NOT be Held Face to Face this Year**

Plans for virtual meeting via ZOOM are being made. You would need your own candle for the service. An email will be sent when plans are finalized. Below is an outline of the angel used at our services for many years. Take construction or card stock to make your



own. Decorate them however you would like and have them ready for the candle lighting service the you may hang them in a special or on your Christmas tree. Don't forget to take a picture and post it to our Face Book page. The Compassionate Friends Fayetteville Chapter.

The Compassionate Friends
Fayetteville Area Chapter
703 Rosebud Court,
Vass NC 28394



The Compassionate Friends
Fayetteville Area Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Chapter Leader
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