



# The Compassionate Friends Fayetteville Area Chapter



Volume 22, Issue 3

July 2018



## The Sounds of Silence

The sounds of silence are everywhere – it is the silent pain of the loss of our son Andy, it is the silence of our home because one of our children is gone, and it is the silence of the sudden quiet that comes over people when we mention Andy. We have become both better and worse in the six years since Andy died of cancer at the age of 22. We are better because we are able to get on with our lives and even enjoy ourselves occasionally. We have gotten worse because, as the years go by, we feel his loss more deeply. We feel his loss every time we participate in a celebration marking some milestone of our friends and relatives or their children. We feel the loss because any celebrations of our own will always be incomplete – one person will always be absent and not there to celebrate with us or to enjoy his own milestones. The pain of his absence is always present at these events. When Andy died, the pain of his loss was a sharp acute screaming pain that tore a hole inside of us. Now, the pain is a silent quiet steady pain. The hole is still inside us, covered by a scar, but it is still there. It doesn't scream out loud any more but instead just remains as a quiet steady and never-ending ache and sadness – a silent pain. The silence of our home is a different kind of quiet. By now, if Andy had lived, he probably would have been out on his own. We would have been “empty nesters” anyway. But, when a home becomes empty because of the death of a child, it is a different kind of empty nest. Our daughter Lesley is married and out on her own, the way it should be. But, Andy is gone for a different reason.

So, the silence of our empty nest is not the silence of knowing we raised two children and now they are both out leading their own lives. Instead it is the silence of a home that is empty because one child is gone forever – of having to deal with the reality that phone calls only come from one child, not two; that only one child stops by for a visit, not two; that one child is forever gone from the nest. There is a silence in our home that often seems to pervade every space.

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### Words from the Editor

#### Move On?

to “*move on*” is to put something behind you forget about it... and never look back

to “*go on*” is to forever carry it forward with you and never forget

a bereaved parent will never move on  
**we simply GO ON...**

Tammy Brown in loving memory of Larry Brown

It is not too late to order a conference memento. The new ornament design will make a lasting keepsake or a very nice gift. If you order one, Cindy or I would be more than happy to pick it up for you. It would save you five dollars. Just let one of us know.

Seasoned grievors are always welcome back. The new members need your support. The best way to help yourself, is to help someone else. You may have GONE ON, but we would love to welcome you back.

Jennifer German  
Amy's Mom

### 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.

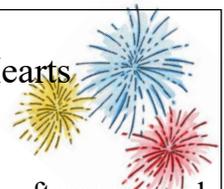
### *Continued from page 1 ....* The Sounds of Silence

It is as if Andy has become a forbidden topic because he died, as if his death wiped out the 22 years he did live. It occurs when a relative whispers that our son died when someone asked how old he was – like his life and what happened to him was a big secret. It occurs when people suddenly get a funny look on their faces and don't know what to say next when you mention something about Andy. It occurs when you get the feeling that people want to avoid you because you remind them of a horror that could happen to anyone. It is a silence that reminds you that your emotions and feelings are different from that of others and that you will always have to live with the sounds of silence resulting from your son's death.

By Mel Winer

Reprinted from We Need Not Walk Alone, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 1997

### Fireworks Are Like the Love In Our Hearts



July brings Central Oregonians lingering blue skies, lazy afternoons and the Fourth of July celebration, complete with the grand fireworks finale bolting from the top of Pilot Butte. This was one of my son's favorite holidays. When he was six I asked him why fireworks were so special to him. He said, "The lights explode in the dark and make the whole sky light up!" That was obvious. I said "Hum?" He gave me one of his "Oh mom" looks, then went on to say, "The fireworks are like the love in our hearts, we should always try to spread our love out to others." I knew then and I still am aware today that profound wisdom comes from the lips of our children. From that summer on, in my mind, fireworks have been a triumphant testament of love's enduring power and wonder. I miss my son, Joshua, terribly. I comfort myself knowing that his wisdom and kindness were precious gifts in my life. Wherever you are on the Fourth of July, I hope that the splendor of sparkling fireworks might comfort as you acknowledge that the love you hold dear for your child is the light that is able to shine through you. We all have known grief well, yet as compassionate friends we need not walk alone in the darkness. We can lighten the path for others. Grief can cripple and destroy us, but as we gather to share each other's burden, we are able to gain strength. Love for our children is our common flame; sharing and caring keep the flames afire. I look forward to our next meeting and the opportunity to hug and listen to my comrades.

~written by Jane  
 Oja, TCF, Central Oregon  
 Chapter

## To My Brothers

On the anniversary of their deaths-  
I loved them so.

Have you ever lost two brothers?  
To an auto accident?  
It can really make you crazy  
Wondering why and where they  
went!

They had smiles bright as sunshine.  
Hugs as warm as summer rain.  
And they loved until their hearts  
would burst  
And then they'd love again.

In the sunrise every morning  
I am sure that I do see  
My warm and loving brothers  
Reaching out and touching me.

With each gentle breeze of  
springtime  
Comes a message from above  
They were here and gave me  
laughter  
And filled my heart with love.

If I could have but one wish  
The secret wish would be  
That everyone could know the love  
My brothers gave to me!

By Kathy Gunthrie, TCF Cape May,  
New Jersey

## Big Part of Me

by Natasha B. McFadden

You're my big brother,  
the one who's always there.  
But because I've never met you,  
no one realizes how much I care.

God called you back home,  
before I was even alive.  
How could he let this happen,  
when you were only five?

My love for you is unconditional,  
though we've never met.  
When I think about never meeting,  
I can't help but get upset.

You give me courage,  
and help me to stay strong.  
You give me the confidence to keep  
going,  
when my days seem way to long.

And even when I don't show it,  
and no one else can see.  
You're always on my mind, you're a  
big part of me.

From [www.bereavement-poems-articles.com](http://www.bereavement-poems-articles.com)

## *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.

## After Glow

*Unknown Author*

I'd like the memory of me  
to be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an after glow  
of smiles when life is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo  
whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times  
and bright and sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who grieve,  
to dry before the sun  
of happy memories  
that I leave when life is done.





## Love Gifts

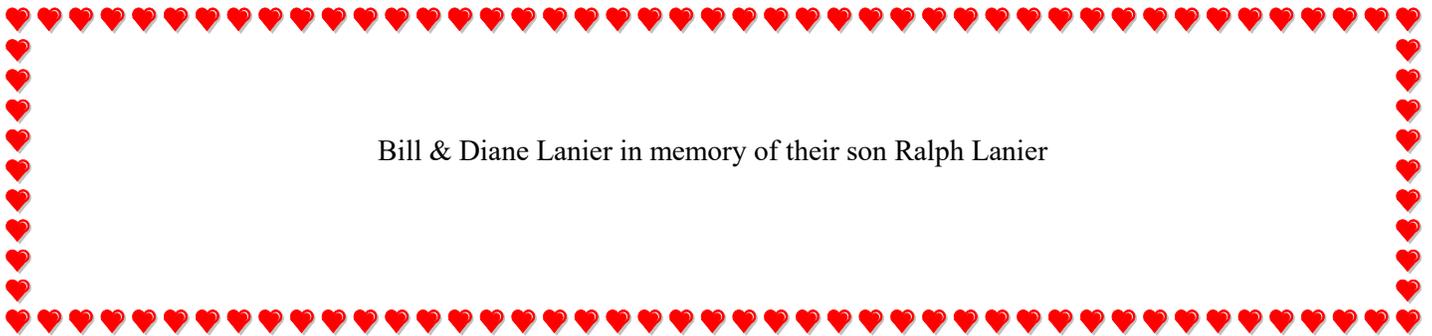


A Love Gift is a donation to honor a child who has died, or as a memorial for a relative or friend.

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.



Bill & Diane Lanier in memory of their son Ralph Lanier



### The National Office of The Compassionate Friends

P.O. box 3696  
Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696

Web Site: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) Toll free: 877-969-0010  
[facebook.com/TCFUSA](https://www.facebook.com/TCFUSA)



### Regional Coordinator for the Fayetteville Area Chapter of TCF

Donna & Ralph Goodrich  
704-822-4503 or [iluvu2lauren@gmail.com](mailto:iluvu2lauren@gmail.com)

TCF Mission Statement: 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.

**CONFERENCE MEMENTO**

Keep your child’s, grandchild’s or sibling’s memory alive with this two-sided personalized photo memento – one side features the 2018 TCF National Conference logo, and the other side is a photo of the one you love with their name along the bottom. These mementos are created of porcelain, measuring 3” in diameter and include a ribbon for easy hanging. This is a wonderful remembrance of your TCF national conference experience to take home and cherish. Mementos are also available from some of our past national conference logos as well. The cost of this beautiful keepsake is \$15. Shipping and handling is an additional \$5 for those not attending the National Conference.



See the National TCF website [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) if you would like to order one of these lovely keepsake ornaments. Other logos available are:

Orlando, FL  
Scottsdale, AZ  
Dallas, TX

**41ST TCF NATIONAL CONFERENCE**



Gateway to  
*Hope and Healing*  
41st TCF National Conference  
St. Louis, MO • July 27-29, 2018

The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that St. Louis, Missouri, will be the site of the 41st TCF National Conference on July 27-29, 2018. “Gateway to Hope and Healing” is the theme of this year’s event, which promises more of this last’s great National Conference experience. The 2018 Conference will be held at the Marriott St. Louis Grand Hotel. We’ll keep you updated with details on the

national website <https://www.compassionatefriends.org/> 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.

**19TH ANNUAL WALK TO REMEMBER**

**JULY 29 @ 8:30 AM - 9:30 AM**

The Compassionate Friends Walk to Remember is a highlight of every TCF National Conference. It was created as a symbolic way to show the love we carry for the children we mourn. Held at 9:00 am Sunday on the final day of the National Conference it starts at the host hotel of the Conference. There is an air of anticipation and excitement as everyone gathers in preparation for the start of the Walk. Finally the Walk begins and, hand-in-hand everyone walks, meditating on a much different time in their lives. Since its inception in 2000, the Walk to Remember has taken on many distinctive facets. There is the main Walk to Remember where those attending the conference join with local bereaved families and others who fly in from across the country just for the Walk. As many as 1400 have participated. Some go the full distance while others only walk a short way knowing that in participating, they are remembering. Special Walk to Remember t-shirts are given to all who register, as well as walk bibs where the names of the children being remembered can be written.

**2018 Keepsake Memorial Journal**

Imagine a journal where every chapter takes at least a half page or quarter page ad –and includes copy that not only sends good wishes to TCF but includes a poem or a quote – that’s potentially 600 ads... imagine 500 members that take an eighth of a page ad that includes a photo of one of our children, a grandchild, a sibling....and a message of love! See the national website for info.

Sponsor a personalized walk sign that includes your child’s/grandchild’s/sibling’s photo and name. These walk signs will be featured along the walk route. For more information go to the website, [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org).





## BROKEN SEASHELLS – BROKEN HEARTS

By Pamela Leonhardt



Recently while on a trip visiting my sister in Oregon I came across a lovely and heart-felt book entitled “My Beautiful Broken Shell” written by Carol Hamblet Adams and illustrated by one of my favorite seascape artists, D. Morgan. The words of the tender reflections in this book resonated with my heart as I walked along the sandy shores of the Oregon coast collecting seashells. Adams shares the brokenness of her heart and spirit as she struggled through a difficult time. In her book, she describes her experience walking along the sandy seashore searching for perfect seashells to add to her collection. As she gazes at the sea of broken shells, she comes to realize that the broken ones reflect her own broken heart. In each shell, Adams sees those who are hurting and who have lost loved ones; those who are frightened or alone; and those who are living with unfulfilled dreams. Like all of us, each shell in the vast sea is tremendously resilient after fighting so hard to keep from being totally crushed by the pounding surf. We, too, come to realize that it takes courage to remain on the shore after being “tossed by the storms of life and worn down by the sands of time” despite the unrelenting pain and suffering in your hearts. Like each of us, broken seashells represent our tears, deepest sorrows and pain from the loss of our precious child. The turbulent crashing waves of the sea, followed by the calm waves, teaches us about the true meaning of strength, courage and faith. The brokenness of each shell comes to remind us that when our hearts are shattered beyond belief, we can survive even the most horrific storm in our own lives. As each beautiful broken shell doesn’t pretend to be perfect or whole, it allows for its brokenness to be seen, knowing that within the center of the shell lays immense beauty. Broken seashells don’t exist alone but are surrounded by a vast number of seashells, each broken in their own unique way. Like all of humanity, when you truly look around, you see that we are all wounded in one way or another. As rare as it is to find a perfect shell in the midst of hundreds of shells lying on the beach, it’s equally rare to find any one of us who has not experienced deep pain and sorrow. As the broken shells lie close to one another, we are reminded that we, too, live in community with each other and when we draw upon the strength and courage of others it helps us through the most difficult times. After reading this tender and heartfelt book, I walked the sandy Oregon shore, no longer in search for the perfect seashell for my collection but rather recognizing the strength, courage and beauty of all the broken shells that lay scattered along the shore. With each broken seashell I picked up and placed in my hand, I admired its own uniqueness and strength. It was through gazing at them I was reminded of my own brokenness and the tremendous courage it has taken me to survive the most turbulent storm in my life. Through my brokenness I have emerged stronger, more compassionate and loving and able to recognize and embrace my own internal beauty from that struggle. Like many others, I find my deepest peace and serenity by the seashore, mesmerized by the crashing waves followed by the slow, gentle retreat of the water back into the sea. As one of my favorite quotes so profoundly states, “nowhere on earth are heartaches better tended,” I feel the sadness in my heart soothed and my soul restored and nourished as I experience all the beauty that the sea offers. As I prepare to leave next week for another retreat to the sea, I will notice and cherish each broken shell knowing the strength and courage it took for each of them to survive the turbulent storms of the sea and be reminded of my own healing journey. Next time you find yourself walking along the shore’s edge, pick up a broken seashell that speaks to you and see yourself reflected in the broken edges. Recognize the strength of the shell to survive being tossed through the crashing waves just as your heart has survived and grown stronger after the most horrific and tumultuous storm.

Pamela is a Licensed Psychologist in private practice in Boulder, CO and bereaved mother to angel child, Michael, 12/2/76 – 7/14/98.

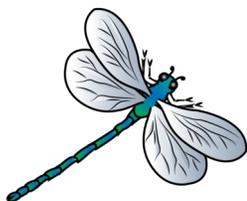
Reprinted from TCF Denver Metro Area Newsletter

**“I Can Only Imagine”**



I can only imagine  
 What our hearts would feel  
 If that day had never happened  
 If your death had not been real  
 I can only imagine  
 What our eyes would see  
 If they hadn't shed a million tears  
 Pleading, Why you? Why not me?  
 I can only imagine  
 A happier life  
 One where all your dreams came true  
 You fell in love and took a wife  
 I can only imagine  
 What a wonderful father you'd be  
 What names you'd give your children  
 Would you be anything like me?  
 I can only imagine  
 If I'll live to see the day  
 When the mere thought of you  
 No longer takes my breath away  
 I can only imagine  
 If things had ended differently  
 A family of four, now a family of three  
 But the one that's missing should have been me  
 When our work is done  
 And our time to go has come  
 Our arms at last again will hold  
 Brennan, our beloved son  
 I can only imagine....

Tom Murphy  
 Greater Cincinnati TCF~  
 E.. Chapter, OH  
 In memory of my son,  
 Brennan Murphy



**Just for Today**

Just for today I will try to live through the next 24 hours and not expect to get over my child's death, but instead learn to live with it, just one day at a time.

Just for today I will remember my child's life, not just her death, and bask in the comfort of all those treasured days and moments we shared.

Just for today I will forgive all the family and friends who didn't help or comfort me the way I needed them to. They truly did not know how.

Just for today I will smile no matter how much I hurt on the inside, for maybe if I smile a little, my heart will soften and I will begin to heal.

Just for today I will reach out to comfort a relative or friend of my child, for they are hurting too, and perhaps we can help each other.

Just for today I will free myself from my self-inflicted burden of guilt, for deep in my heart I know if there was anything in this world I could of done to save my child from death, I would of done it.

Just for today I will honor my child's memory by doing something with another child because I know that would make my own child proud.

Just for today I will offer my hand in friendship to another bereaved parent for I do know how they feel.

Just for today when my heart feels like breaking, I will stop and remember that grief is the price we pay for loving and the only reason I hurt is because I had the privilege of loving so much

Just for today I will not compare myself with others. I am fortunate to be who I am and have had my child for as long as I did.

Just for today I will allow myself to be happy, for I know that I am not deserting her by living on.

Just for today I will accept that I did not die when my child did, my life did go on, and I am the only one who can make that life worthwhile once more.

*Vicki Tushingham*

**MEETINGS**



First Tuesday of each month  
 At 7:00pm;



Meetings will be held in room 224 of the General Class Building at Fayetteville Technical Community College, 2817 Ft. Bragg Road, Fayetteville, NC 28303  
 (Unless otherwise stated on our website)

tcfayetteville.org.

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

## 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, aunts, uncles and siblings of the following children following children's:*

### July

Shaun Boswell July 4  
 Eli Boswell July 4  
 "DJ" McKenzie July 11  
 Joshua Jona July 12  
 Jeremy Melvin July 12  
 Carla Parker July 14  
 Justin Seifert July 17  
 Glenda Hudson July 18  
 Alison Thomas July 20  
 Gregory Trent July 23  
 Dominic Barnes-Mateo July 26

### August

Randy Lee Dalton August 3  
 Will Rivalland August 7  
 Archi Kagy August 7  
 Melba Ross August 19  
 Valencia Federick August 24  
 Justin Lopes August 26



Kayla Francis August 28

Grant Miles August 29

### September

Emily Haddock September 5  
 Spencer Walden September 5  
 Dylan McKelvey September 6  
 Amelia Moody September 6  
 Querokee Velez September 8  
 Cody Mclendon September 11  
 Tony Pantano September 17  
 Wayne Tyner, Jr. September 21  
 Stephen Dew September 23  
 Timothy Bowman September 24  
 Sean Payne Jr. September 27





## 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, aunts,  
uncles and siblings of the following children.*



### July

Shaun Boswell July 4  
Eli Boswell July 4  
Allison Bennett July 7  
Tony Pantano July 9  
Benny Michael Traylor July 11  
Justin Seifert July 11  
Johnny Cole July 14  
Justin Lopes July 15  
Anthony "Brian" Smith July 18  
Sean Payne, Jr. July 21  
Nicholas Hayden July 22  
Elijah Caddick July 26  
Dominic Barnes-Mateo July 29

### August

Christopher Harris August 3  
Renee Anderson August 3  
Ricky Diaz August 3  
Will Rivalland August 7  
Daniel "Adam" Clark August 8



Erran Zachary Dawson August 8

Joe Dan Rumley August 8

Gregory Trent August 8

James Campbell August 12

Crystal Dawn Jackson August 14

Ronald Hamilton Jr. August 15

Daniel McDonough August 15

Jimmy Wallace August 22

Jeremy Melvin August 28

Jeffrey George August 29

Pierce Matthews August 30

### September

Akiana Lopez-Sellas September 1

Amelia Moody September 6

Mikayla Watkins September 8

Malachi Matthew September 16

Emily Haddock September 21

Scott Tyree September 27

The Compassionate Friends  
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**We're on the Web**  
[www.tcffayetteville.org](http://www.tcffayetteville.org)  
**And Facebook**

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Love Gifts

There is no charge for our newsletter, meetings, or lending library, and we depend solely on your contributions. Love gifts can be made in memory of your child, grandchild, or sibling. Your love gift will insure that all who need our newsletter, will receive it.

I wish to make a donation in memory of \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Death \_\_\_\_\_

Donated by \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

If you would like to make a donation please make checks payable to The Compassionate Friends, and mail to TCF Fayetteville Area Chapter, 703 Rosebud Court, Vass, NC 28394  
Please send form with check. **A donation is not required to submit items for the newsletter.**