



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS GREATER OMAHA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

P.O. Box 540852, Omaha, NE 68154 www.tcfomaha.org
mail@tcfomaha.org (English) or correo@tcfomaha.org (Spanish)

402-571-4011

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July/August 2011

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.

Please send stories, poems or love gifts by
August 15, 2011
newsletter@tcfomaha.org

[Address Service Requested](#)

MEETINGS/REUNIONES

PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS & ADULT SIBLINGS

7:00 p.m. — 1st Thursday of the month

New Cassel Retirement Center

900 N. 90th Street — Auditorium Level 2, Omaha, NE

REUNION EN ESPAÑOL/MEETING IN SPANISH

7:00 pm-3er miércoles de cada mes/3rd Wed. of every month

One World Community Health Center Conference Room

4920 S. 30th Street, Omaha NE

Kelly 712-326-4308

DAYTIME MEETING



3rd Tuesday of the month at noon. Join us for
lunch at Tish's restaurant.

1115 S 35 Street, Council Bluffs

UPCOMING EVENTS

July 7th—Alan Wolfelt Touchstone 2 - Dispel Misconceptions About Grief.

August 4th—Major life changes-moving, jobs, school
We will also be having a Potluck that evening at 7pm.

Sept. 1st—Until we meet again-Dreams, Psychics,
Beliefs. Bring a linking object. Guest speaker Traci
Bray.

Miércoles/Wednesday - 20July/Julio

Miércoles/Wednesday - 17 August/Agosto

Miércoles/Wednesday - 21 September/Septiembre

Thank you to the following businesses and professionals who have generously assisted us in our mission

New Cassel Retirement Center · One World Community Health Center · Ted E Bear Hollow · Centering Corporation

Love Gifts · Address Change · Authorization To Print Name & Dates

Mail to: The Compassionate Friends , PO Box 540852, Omaha, NE 68154

Your Name _____

Address _____ Email _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Date _____ Gift of \$ _____ **DIRECT MY GIFT TOWARD:**

- Angel of Hope Project Memorial Programs
- General Fund (90% local/10% national) Outreach -printing, postage, phone, web

In Memory of _____

Message: _____

I GIVE MY PERMISSION TO PRINT MY CHILD'S NAME, BIRTH & DEATH MONTH/DAY IN THE NEWSLETTER

Child's Name _____

Birth Date _____ Death Date _____ Your Relationship _____

SIGNATURE REQUIRED _____ **DATE** _____

You will no longer receive the newsletter if 2 years have passed since our last contact with you. You may be added back to the mailing list at your request. 2011

Steering Committee

These members are veterans of the organization who work together as a team to take care of the business of the chapter. Giving back is another stage of healing. They will have name tags to identifying them as steering committee, so you can seek them out at meetings for questions or suggestions, or a listening ear.

- Barbara Schwede
- Kelly Pelster
- Shirley Ashcraft
- Joyce Schlosser
- John and Kate Spinks
- Kelly Kleckner-Silva
- Sandi Massie
- Daryl and Audrey Malena



Other Events For Healing

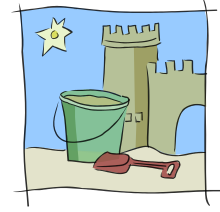
July 15th- 17th National TCF Conference in Bloomington, MN. The Nebraska Banner with the names of our children will be carried in The National Walk to Remember on Sunday, July 17th, at 8:00 a.m.

July 31st- August 2nd TCF Omaha will provide a breakout session for grieving parents at The Global Foundation for Proximal Disorders Family and Scientific Conference in Omaha on Monday, August 1st.

August 4th at 7:00 p.m. our group will be having a potluck. All are welcomed to join. We will begin the evening with our introductions then be having dinner together. There will be plenty of food for all.



The End of Summer



On the beach, cool breezes blow across the water, but the sun's rays feel warm upon my face. The ocean laps gently at the shore. I see one golden haired lad with shovel and pail filling the moat around his carefully constructed sandcastle.

I remember another golden haired boy of years long past, wearing his bright red swimsuit, busy at his task and oblivious to all around him. Carefully, patiently, he fills and empties his pail again and again, molding and shaping the sand until he has it just right, until his perfect castle is completed.

He Runs to me, eyes aglow with pride, his dimpled smile stretched from ear to ear. He dances around me. "Mommy, come see! It's finished! It's perfect!" We stand and admire it together. One bucket of sand turned upside down, a tiny trench encircling it. To us, it's a perfect sandcastle. But then it happens. A wave, much bigger than the rest, washes away his labor of love. His green eyes fill, his lip quivers momentarily and then he squares his shoulders and announces, "Oh, well, I'll begin again tomorrow."

And now, recalling that other sunny summer day, my own eyes fill with tears, my own lips quivers, until I remember that I, too can square my shoulders and begin again tomorrow.

Betty Stevens TCF Baltimore, MD



Butterfly

A butterfly came to me today and landed upon my knee. His wings were heavy from the rain I knew you had sent him to me. Only an Angel such as yourself would care about these things, So I dried him with my breath and sat him on some leaves. As I sat there watching him soaking in the sun, I thought how great it must be to fly, it looks like so much fun. My Angel, you have your wings, don't let my tears weigh them down, I know someday I will see

A Special Thank you to all who made this years Regional Conference a huge success

TO OUR SPEAKERS AND WORKSHOP LEADERS

We thank you for giving of your time and energy to share yourselves with us. We sincerely hope that this experience was a positive one for you as well as for the people who attended your presentation.

TO OUR MANY VOLUNTEERS

To the volunteers, family members, and friends who assisted the committee by sharing their time, talent, and treasures in so many ways, we say THANK YOU! It is only with your help that the conference was possible!

Our deepest appreciation for sharing your dedication and passion to inspire others to continue the mission of TCF

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Past National Board of Directors attending the Conference

John DeBoer

Darcie Sims

John Stanley

Sarita Cunningham

Fr. Al Johnson

Susan Chan

Current National Board Member

Ben Sieff ~ Omaha NE

Regional Coordinators attending the Conference

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"May Love Be What You Remember the Most" ~ Darcie Sims

Silent Auction Donors

We would like to thank all Friends of TCF for their silent auction donations. We apologize for omissions due to print deadlines.

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Canoyer Garden Center



2011 TCF "ON THE WINGS OF HOPE" NEBRASKA REGIONAL CONFERENCE

Our efforts to produce a great Nebraska Regional Conference were rewarded. The space for 250 attendees for the conference was sold out. The professional day was also a success with about 80 attendees. The feedback received from attendees, speakers, workshop presenters, etc., was amazing and positive. There were some minor glitches, but over all everything came together.

The conference gave all an opportunity to renew friendships made at previous regional conferences, and make new friends with those who were new to a regional conference. If you have never attended a regional conference, I would urge you to consider doing so.

I want to thank our Nebraska regional coordinator, all the Omaha chapter steering committee members, the conference committee members, the volunteers from other chapters and all the additional non-member volunteers who helped make this conference a tremendous success. Without the dedication and hard work by all those participating, the success of this conference would not have been possible.

Barb Schwede
Omaha Chapter Leader

SIBLINGS CORNER

What About Me?

Have you ever felt that, as a surviving sister or brother, that we are often forgotten? I have felt this way quite often in the last six years. Over time, the feeling becomes less and less. When a parent loses a child, they are the ones that immediately come to mind. I am not trying to slight the pain they feel by any means, but we, as siblings, are often swept to the side.

Our parents' grief is so much different than ours is. No more or less hurtful than ours, but different. They lost their child. I hope that in my lifetime, I never have to know how that feels. I know how painful it was for me when Sean died; I don't want to know the pains of having a child die. But often times, we are the "Forgotten Mourners". I love my brother very much and miss him just as much. I think that people sometimes forget that we are hurting also. My parents were offenders of that too. I know that they knew my sister and I were hurting, but they were so wrapped up in what they were feeling, that they didn't have time to worry about what my sister and I were feeling. I tried so hard to make my parents well again that I neglected my grief. Pretty much denied it. We really want to make our families "normal" again.

I have had some awful things said to me over the last six years. Two weeks after Sean died, someone said to me, "Well, you do still have a sister." Well yes, I do still have a sister, but that still doesn't lessen the pain of my brother's death and my sister can't possibly replace my brother. Probably the worst thing anyone has said to me is "Why aren't you over this? Sean's been dead six months." Well, it's not something you just "get over!" I have learned a lot of things over the years and if I hadn't been in such a state of shock, maybe I would have had some of those responses. When I think back on it, I wish I had.

I have decided that from what I have learned, I need to educate people and make them understand the siblings and friends have the right to grieve, too. As surviving siblings and friends we also have to realize that we need to find a new "normal". We also need to know that it's okay to feel all of the things that we feel, be it anger, sadness, guilt, or any other emotion that we may have. Just know that you're not crazy or wrong to grieve. Know also that it is alright to think and talk about them when you're ready. Not when someone else says or thinks you should be ready. Death and grieving is, unfortunately, a part of life.

Traci Morlock

BP/USA Bereaved Sibling

St. Louis, MO

Lovingly lifted from A Journey Together- [www. Bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.Bereavedparentsusa.org).



Do Not Over-Protect Me... Let Me, Be Me



When you are consumed with grief, don't forget about me. Let me be me. I grieve, too, but different from you. I miss my brother/ sister too. Let me be me. Tell me I can't fix your pain. Don't tell me I wouldn't understand. Please don't overwhelm me with your grief. Let me be me. Tell me often that you love me for being me. Ask me about my goals and dreams for the future. Let me be me. Don't break my spirit with your grief, Let me be me. Let me follow my dreams. Now they will include some of my sister'/brother's dreams. Let me be me. Don't over-protect me. Let me be me. Please don't fill every spare moment I have with basket-ball, baseball, soccer, music, or dance classes, just so you can fill your spare time and fall exhausted into bed at night. I need free time to explore who I am. Let me be me. Don't forget to continue to teach me to celebrate life. I need to know that through all the pain there is hope... for me future. Let me be me, As young as I am, please don't over-protect me. Love me, guide me, teach me. LET ME BE ME.

Colleen, TCF, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada



FROM OUR MEMBERS

Scholarship



Matt passed away on July 4, 2008, at the age of 23. He had graduated from college one year earlier, with a degree in physics and math. Matt had two dreams: to attend medical school and to travel to New Zealand. Just a few months before his death, he had been accepted to Creighton Medical School, where he planned to begin studies in August of 2009. In the meantime, he had planned a trip to New Zealand with an old high school friend. He made his flight reservations just 3 days before the 4th.

We have honored and remembered Matt in several ways. One of those is through a college scholarship. It is given annually to a graduating senior from Fremont High School. One of the criteria of the application is to write a short essay on one of four questions. This essay response is a large factor in the decision process, and we have received some very compelling essays. We have just recently awarded the third annual scholarship. We have been very pleased that all three of the recipients have exemplified Matt's ideals, and represent him well.

On July 4th this year, we will again gather with family and friends for a backyard picnic. This gives us a chance to share stories, pictures and memories of Matt.

Flowers on a Child's Grave, Now What?



Flowers on a Child's Grave, Now What? How 14 families survived the loss of their children. Author Lisa Epperson. Written after she lost her 13 year old son DJ to a skateboarding accident October 8, 2006. Inspired by a close friend comparing the loss of her dog to the loss of Lisa's son.

Book is available for purchase at floweronagrave.com, at Parables in the consignment section and also at The Bookworm bookstore in Country side village in Omaha.

The book was the highest selling book at the Centering Group's book store during the conference.

Lisa (DJs Mom)

Here are some poems that I have found helpful and some information on our memorial race. - Colleen Sorben...mom of Regan Nathan Sorben <nsorben@windstream.net>

I remain thankful...
For each day we could share...
But please don't say...
that time will heal...
Just tell me that you care....?

By Carolyn Dillon Zona

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

Don't tell me that 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 bounds I must untie,
Don't tell me how to suffer
And don't tell me how to cry!

My life is filled with selfishness,
My pain is all I see,
But, I need you now,
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."

By Joannetta Hendel

Think Before You Speak

Dear Friend, today you broke my heart,
In a place that was unbroken.
You did it with your thoughtless words
That should not have been spoken.

You know that I am grieving,
That my pain is deep and real.
Your hurtful words pierced like a knife.
How do you think I feel?

You may not suffer from my loss
Or share this lonely grief,
But I'm mourning my baby,
Who's life was much too brief.

I'm sure you don't know how I feel,
I don't expect you to.
Don't ask me to get over it....
That's something I can't do.

Without grief, there's no healing
It's a journey I must make.
It's not the path that I would choose,
but one I'm forced to take.

No matter how you choose to see
What I am going through,
I need compassion and support....
I'd do the same for you.

written by Gwen Flowers
for her angels Hannah, Skylar, and Jordan.



Inaugural Regan's Run

Inaugural Regan's Run will be held on August 27th 2011 in Waverly, NE. It is a 4 mile race or a 1 mile fun run/walk. For more information or to register please visit www.regansrun.com

What Kind of Luggage are you Carrying?



For some time the tourist industry has urged us to travel "light" and with more convenience in order to save energy, time and general wear and tear:

For we can choose luggage, "weightless" garment bags that fold, duffels and kits designed for certain items, totes with side pockets and roomy interiors for carry-on or car pack, bags that hang from the shoulders, Velcro and zipper closures, adjustable/ removable straps and handles, and plastic bags for layering. We can be mixed or matched for different occasions and materials that are wrinkle-proof and washable. We can learn from those who do testing how best to pack our belongings. We can also let someone help us carry our bags.

It seems to me there are clues in this for us in our grief journey. After all, we choose what we will carry and for how long. What do we have in our luggage? What choices are there for you?

UNRESOLVED GRIEF: Feelings left over from experiences of the past (fears, guilt, rejections...). You may decide some are not worth carrying longer and others that cannot be discarded may well be given another look.

HELPLESSNESS & HOPELESSNESS: They are garments that take much space when you start out, but you may be able to fold them more neatly later on.

THE "WHY" QUESTIONS: Why this? Why mine? "They are part and parcel of this trip, but after traveling a distance, you may pick up the "what" question -What am I going to do with my life?- and then the "how" question- How am I going to do it? These last are important- hold on to them.

EXPECTATIONS: Some are helpful, some hurtful, and you may not be able to sort them out until you are underway. If you have a goal or time table set by someone else, remove it early in your journey and proceed in your own way and at your own pace. If you expect others to understand and meet your needs, you risk disappointment and resentment that will delay your travel. Try substituting a resolution to tell those near you what you need and how they can help you. Then let them do it.

VULNERABILITY: You may be afraid to take this with you, but as you acknowledge and come to understand your feelings, the fear will diminish and lighten your load.

THE "SHOULD'S": I should have- and the "if only's"- if only I had are heavy to carry, but you will find they are disposable.

A STUBBORN, POSITIVE ATTITUDE: This will come in handy, but you may not put it out to wear at first.

TEARS: Have them readily available. Not only is it all right to cry, but to cry as often as you feel the need and on someone's shoulder. If you hold back, you waste energy.

COURAGE AND SPIRIT: Summon as much as you are able and expect to add more whenever and wherever you can, to make sure you keep on going- through the valley to the other side.

TIME: Use it for layering, but be sure it is time you intend to use.

HUGS: Carry them in your shoulder bag or outer pocket and have them at the ready several times a day. This is good therapy for the grieving traveler.

PATIENCE WITH YOURSELF AND OTHERS AND REAL PERSONAL FORGIVENESS: A three piece suit, one you won't wear every day, perhaps, but it looks good on you and there will be occasions, more and more of them as you discover who you are now; when it will be comfortable.

MEMORIES AND MEMENTOES: Tuck them in the corners and in the spaces between items. They will even the load.

AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE ENORMITY OF YOUR LOSS: Pack this so you can put it on daily for a while and gradually you will become aware of a new feeling- the wonder of living. If you exclude this, you put your grief on hold and it waits for you.-
A sense of hope: If you think you might as well leave this behind because you won't have use for it on this trip, remember: Even Doris Nelson, polio victim who spent 36 years in an iron lung, had "an expectancy to something more."

A PLAN: I hope you have room so you can add a plan when you run across one. A plan for some activity you may not consider within the realm of possibility for you now. To miss the would be another grief.

MAY YOU HAVE A SAFE AND PRODUCTIVE TRIP.

Helen Way TCF Abilene, TX



For our Newest Members

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?

A question that first- and second -year bereaved parents would like answered. Make this condition finite, please! As long as it takes; that's how long it takes. It'd not about forgetting. It's about hurting.

And I know that if I am alive 20 years from now, and I happened to look at a blue sky with puffy clouds and think of my son Fred, and figure how old he'd be, and what he'd be doing, and what his children would be doing- I'll hurt.

And I know if I can switch my train of thought from what is not, to what was, a happy memory, I'll be able to smile through the tears.

We don't stop hurting , ever. But so many things occur each day, so many events and thoughts and happenings intervene, that our focus is shifted. The death of our child changes from the main concern in our life to one of many.

A life may stop; but the loving goes on. To love deeply is to be vulnerable. For all our days.

Joan D. Schmidt, Central Jersey TCF

BACK TO SCHOOL

Back to School Blues and Anger

August and September take on a whole new meaning when you become a bereaved parent. The entire world seems to be busy getting ready to send their children back to school. Everywhere you look there are school supplies and back to school sales. The newspapers are full of "First Day of School" stories and pictures of young children in classrooms. We can't look at these things without thinking about what grade our child would be in now or remembering happier days when we took our excited child school shopping or escorted them to their first day of school.

We struggle to maintain our composure when we hear mothers lament about how their children are growing up and it's so sad that they no longer have a child in elementary school. We bite our tongues when parents excitedly tell tales about trips taking their children off to college and we bite it even harder when they talk about how lonely they have been since their children left. One mother actually told me that it has been so difficult for her since her daughter left for college and said, "There have been so many times when something has happened and I think, "I can't wait to tell that to Anna, ' and then I remember that she is gone." I know she wanted to be consoled but I had nothing to offer. I was totally speechless.

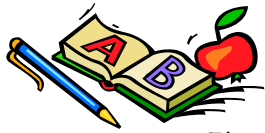
When my youngest child went off to college two years after her older sister died, people seemed to think that this would be very hard for me. They would always look so puzzled when I told them that it really wasn't bad. One woman refused to take that for an answer. She kept insisting that it was hard for me. We went back and forth about three times, she would say, " But I would have thought that it was terrible when she left." and I would counter with, "No, it really hasn't been bad at all." I grew tired of this exchange and finally said, "Do you want to know why it hasn't been bad?" Of course she said yes so I said, "I hate to do this to you, but it hasn't been bad because Nicole is not dead. She is just at college. We can still talk on the phone. She can still come home an weekends and vacations. Mandy can't do any of that and THAT has been terrible for me." She was totally speechless.

This fall, Wal-Mart and Target both ran TV commercials that were meant to tug on the heartstrings of parents sending their kids to college, The Wal-Mart as featured dorm room accessories. At the end of the commercial a mother walked away from a college dorm and looked into the camera and said something like. " Getting your child ready for college isn't the hard part. Letting them go is the hard part." Nope. Try again. Burying them is the hard part.

I sent an e-mails to a fellow bereaved mother and told her that a Wal-Mart commercial was going to be my inspiration for my column this month. She immediately sent the following reply, " You can also use that retarded Target commercial that talks about that dumb mom that can't talk to her daughter everyday or sit on her bed and ask her how her day was because she's going to college. Come on. How about never being able to talk to your daughter because she's in Heaven? Try that one on. Ughhhh. Still dealing with that anger I guess." I guess we all are. But sometimes people just make it so easy to be angry.

Joni Nieland TCF Redwood Falls, MN





SCHOOL DAYS

The summer is mellowing as the days grow shorter.
 The green on the trees seem to droop, and look a little duller.
 The lazy days of summer take on a busy hustle
 As families shop for school, each get's a new book satchel.
 Soon the quiet streets will be filled
 As children gather waiting for the yellow busy to pick them up.
 Oh! The anticipation!
 Another teacher's face greet them upon their arrival,
 But the same old lessons to be learned to the seems so trivial.
 New friends to make, and old ones too
 Make their days fly past so soon.
 But back at home a mother weeps
 For the child that his year misses.
 No new clothes to buy,
 No more good-bye hugs and kisses.
 For her, this joyful time just brings more heartache
 Another school year starts,
 Another milestone the child cannot make.
 So she dries her eyes and tries to go on
 For the children that remain.
 But each new start, breaks her heart, it's hard to see the gain..
 So if the yellow school bus brings on tears for you this year,
 Don't forget your Compassionate Friends,
 We are always standing near.

Sheila Simmons, TCF/ Atlanta

HOPE

I HOPE

I hope they have horses in heaven,
 And saddles and bridles and trails.
 I hope they have puppies and kittens,
 And baseballs and hammers and nails.
 I hope they eat ice cream in Heaven,
 Pizza and fish sticks and fries.

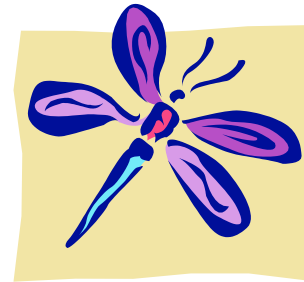
I hope there is green grass and sunshine
 And crickets and bright butterflies.

I hope children are children in Heaven.

Hope they laugh and they sing
 And they run,

For my daughter is somewhere in
 Heaven barefoot
 And looking for fun.

-Tony Cartledge



BECAUSE OF YOU

Because of you I appreciate the sunset more
 than before.
 Because of you I stop to look up at the moon
 and wish upon a star.
 Because of you I look forward to hearing the
 birds sing in the morning, and thank God for
 their beautiful songs.
 Because of you I am more understanding of oth-
 ers and accept people for who they are.
 Because of you material things don't matter.
 Because of you the touch of someone you love is
 more precious than any gift you can receive.
 Because of you I have a broken heart but I
 thank God for sending you to me.
 For there is no stronger love than I hold for
 you.
 Until we meet again...

-J. Melia

♥ Our Children Remembered ♥

In the days ahead, especially remember these children and their families...on the day of their birth and on the anniversary of their death. If your child has a birthday this month, bring a photo or memorabilia for the birthday table, and a treat to share at the meeting. We need your authorization to list your child here. Your child is not automatically listed just because you receive this newsletter. Sign & submit the form on Page 2.

July sunrise

Child

LISA RODGERS
DANA RAY HERREN
LISA BARTON
CHRIS COOK
SCOTT WOODRICH
BRITTNIE RANEE LUDWIG
KEVIN LEE SCHAFER
EMMA JULIANA OCANTO-SECOLA
BRIAN M. TODD
MARK THOMAS MASSIE
RANDY JAMES NUNEZ
XAVIER E. BEVAN
DAVID CHARLES ARENZ
JOEL D. KUDYM
JACKSON WILLIAM JOHNSON
ROSS JONATHAN MLNARIK

August sunrise

Child

MICHAEL JAMES TILSON
BRENT BLANCHARD
STEVE W. BURHENNE
AARON JAMES RASMUSSEN
JONATHON (SCOOB) NIELSON
JIM LEHMAN
ANGELA SHAWN MCCUMBER
LUANN MARIA MILLER
REGAN SORBEN
JERRY IMHOFF
ROBBERT FRY

July sunsets

Child

CATHY JO THIBAUT
EMMA JULIANA OCANTO-SECOLA
MATTHEW HARTMANN
LISA RODGERS
ANGELA SHAWN MCCUMBER
LYNETTE SCHLOSSER ANGERS
ASHLEY PETERSON
REBECCA ANN SULLIVAN
DAVID CHARLES ARENZ
MATTHEW APPLGATE
BRYAN MICHAEL RYDER
ROSS JONATHAN MLNARIK
CHAD NICHOLS
CHAD EDWARD HAMBRIGHT
ANDY POWLES
KATHRYN ELISE WILHELMI
MIKE B. ANTRIM
DARYL L. CATLIN
XAVIER E. BEVAN
JAYME ROBERT ROSE
JACKSON WILLIAM JOHNSON

August sunsets

Child

RACHEL SARAH TALBOTT
SHELDON WAYNE JOHNSON
RODNEY WAYNE JOHNSON
MARIAH JO JOHNSON
ALLYSSA COLLEEN JOHNSON
AMY JO (MUELLER) JOHNSON
ROGER FRANCIS
RYAN JAMES ECKSTROM
ASHLEY MARIE PEDERSEN
Katie Natalia Ramirez
ELLEN GLORIA CERRA
MATHEW SCOTT ELLIOTT
ROSALYN MARIE CLARKE
JACOB GARREN COATES
DAVID J. RIESBERG JR
REGAN SORBEN

Our grief always brings a gift. It's the gift of greater sensitivity and compassion for others. We learn to rise above our own grief by reaching out and lessening the grief of others. — Dr. Robert Schuller