



The Compassionate Friends Fayetteville, NC Chapter



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July 2, 2011

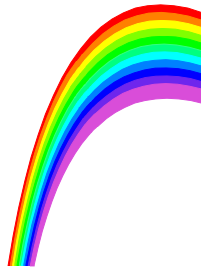


The Language of Grief, By Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., GMS, CGC, CHT



Once I lived the American Dream. We were a happy family, military by career, parents by choice. And with the birth of our son, our family was to have been complete. We were the American Dream—at least for a little while.

And then, as it happened to you and to so many, it all ended. We learned you couldn't paint a rainbow on the wall and expect it to stay. The dream came to pieces and we were shattered. No longer the American Dream, we became the American Nightmare. We were bereaved. We had entered a world we knew nothing



about. Suddenly we were strangers in a strange land. We needed help. We needed understanding. We needed someone who could speak *our language...the language of grief*.

We discovered we were grieving, not only the death of our child, but the loss of close friendships, self-esteem and self-identity as well. We were *SO* alone...left untouched by those around us who must have been afraid, too. Perhaps *Death* is "catching," or maybe no one knew what to say. I didn't know what to hear. But, as the months passed, it only grew darker and we began to wonder if we would ever know peace, joy or love again. Eventually, we began to wander and

found a few support systems (Thank heavens for TCF!). The Compassionate Friends became a *lifeline* for us. We found we were not as alone as we feared and we began to struggle through the valley of grief. But as the years went by, I noticed that we and all the other bereaved people we began to know were still struggling with *something*. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, until one day, I listened to the words we were all using to describe our grief journey. As I listened to my own words and those of fellow strugglers, I began to realize it was not the journey we were having trouble with...it was the language we used.

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Our Quarterly News



Our Pig Pickin and fund raiser was a great success. The food was wonderful. Thank you again to Phil and Sarah Morales for all of your hard work. I was sorry that so many that have come in the past were not there this year. Check out page 5 of the newsletter to see pictures taken by John German.

As most of you know, Jennifer German has stepped down as chapter co leader, she will be missed but thankfully she is re-

maining as our treasurer, so her work is not done. She is such an asset to our chapter.

"People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel"
Maya Angelou

With that said, Cheryl Monette has agreed to step up and be our co leader. Many thanks Cheryl and I am sure you will have the

support of all members.

TCF national organization is now on Facebook. Please visit and help promote our national organization's new Facebook page by becoming a fan. You can get there by clicking on the link from the national website home page at www.compassionatefriends.org, or you can log into Facebook and search for the Compassionate Friends/USA.

Sharon

(Continued from page 1)

So, I want to create a **NEW LANGUAGE!** Can we speak in terms of **HOPE** instead of sorrow? I want to create a new language where **Denial** is a river in Egypt, not a sin in grieving. Maybe denial isn't really denial but **Postponement**. Sometimes I'm just not ready to deal with reality. Before you can deny anything, you have to **acknowledge** it and once you acknowledge it, then you can postpone it until you are ready or able to cope. **Postponement** just seems to be a more accurate and usable word.

Perhaps we can replace **Acceptance** and **Acknowledgement**. Acceptance, to me, means **agree with** and **I Will Never Agree** with what has happened to us! But I can work towards **Acknowledgement** of what has happened. Maybe we can change the words we use. **Change the Language of Grief** into the **Language of Hope**. Let's get rid of the word **LOST** and find the word **FOUND**. People die, but we do not lose them. They are forever **threads in our fabric, memories in our heart, love in our being. They are now and always will be a living and loving part of who we are.**

And then, perhaps we can change one more word in the **Language of Grief**. Can we use the word **Healing** instead of Recovery? Recovery is a medical word, designed to describe broken bones, not hearts. We recover from a broken arm or the chicken pox. But recover or get over the death of someone I love...? We don't **Get Over** the death of someone we love! We get **THROUGH IT**, one moment, one hour, one day, one hurt at a time. **Healing is a hopeful word** and I want to be hopeful in my journey. And let's get rid of **Closure** as well! There is no such thing as closure!

YOU DON'T STOP LOVING SOMEONE JUST BECAUSE THEY DIED. We grieve because we loved someone! And we **WILL CONTINUE TO LOVE THEM FOREVER!**

If I could just see HOPE. I kept looking for the aisle marked happiness. I thought it was a place. I kept waiting for it to get better and it only grew darker. If I could just see hope... **Hope isn't a place or a thing. Hope**

isn't the absence of pain, fear or sadness. Hope is the possibility of renewed joy. It is the memory of love given and received. Hope is you and me and the person next to you and across the room, down the street and in your dreams.

We are each other's hope and we need a new language to reflect our hopefulness, not our despair. If we could just change these few words, I believe we might be able to make some progress towards healing. I am tired of struggling to accept when acknowledgment is more honest. I am tired of being in denial when I know exactly what it is I want to deny, so how can you say I am denying anything? I just want to postpone it for awhile. When I feel more capable, less tired and have some skills and tools, then I will work on my "denial." And nothing, nothing closes at the funeral except the casket! I will always continue to love my child and hold him within my heart, my spirit and every fiber of my being. I will have an ongoing and continuing relationship with him until I can once again hold him in my arms. If that is "crazy", then yes, I am! As a psychotherapist and a bereaved mom, I believe it is my right to continue to love my child forever and loving your child should not be considered as mentally unhealthy. Good-bye? You want me to say good-bye? **I wasn't through saying Hello!** I want a new language, a **language of hope and healing** instead of denial and death. I want to remember my child's LIFE first! And that is the new language of love!

May love be what you remember the most!

Sims,
GMS,



Darcie D.
Ph.D.,
CGC, CHT

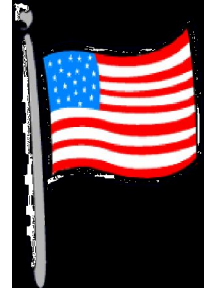
Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., GMS, CGC, CHT is the Director of the American Grief Academy, a division of Accord Grief management Services, in Louisville, Kentucky. A bereaved parent and child, Darcie is an internationally known speaker and author of several books, including **Why Are The Casseroles Always Tuna, If I Could Just See Hope, Footsteps Through the Valley** and **Touch-**

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 circumstanc-
 es.
 We are a unique family because
 We represent many races and
 creeds.
 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;
 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.

July 4th-"Freedom" for Bereaved Parents?

**By Wayne Loder
 Lakes Area MI TCF Chapter**



July 4th ... Independence Day...

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

Before our children died we knew we had the freedom to...

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

For bereaved parents these freedoms are gone forever.

Why did we have to lose these freedoms?

Sometimes we lose these freedoms because the world has the wrong pri-
 orities. Sometimes we lose them because people abuse their freedoms.

What freedoms must be changed?

- The freedom of cancer to strike our children.
- The freedom of a drunk driver to be put back on the road with a slap
 on the wrist.
- The freedom of AIDS and other diseases to run rampant.
- The freedom of criminal students to obtain guns and kill their class-
 mates.
- The freedom of drivers to ignore the speed limits with impunity.
- And on and on and on.

When these freedoms are exercised and we are unable to stop them, the
 deaths of our children destroy our freedom to pursue happiness in our
 lives.

Our country, of the people, by the people, and for the people, must wake
 up to the fact that freedom is a fragile commodity. As bereaved parents,
 we have become a living testimony to this fact.

“It has been said that time heals all wounds. I do not agree. The
 wounds remain. In time the mind, protecting its sanity, covers
 them with scar tissue and the pain lessens, but it’s never gone.”

Rose Kennedy



Love Gifts



A Love Gift is a donation of money or time to honor a child who has died, or as a memorial for a relative or friend. We thank the following for their kind generosity, love and sharing.

Frances Jackson in memory of her son Joey Jackson and husband Joe Jackson
Ramona and Robert Jackson in memory of their brother Joey Jackson and father Joe Jackson

Vickie Bowles in memory of her son Bryan Bowles

Donald and Effie McPhail in memory of her daughter Erica Graham

Patrick & Rebekah Shea in memory of their son Patrick (Pat) Shea

Cheryl Monette in memory of her son Michael Cline

Martha Brennan in memory of her son Robert Stevens

Mickey and Hazel Smith in memory of their son James "Randy" Smith

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

Jody and Jenniffer Hall in memory of their daughter Amber Marie Hall
Shaun Hall in memory of his sister Amber Marie Hall

Cindy Tart in memory of her brother Dennis Tart

Phil and Sarah Morales in memory of their niece Crystal Dawn Jackson

Sharon Jackson-Davis in memory of her daughter Crystal Dawn Jackson

If you wish to make a donation or a love gift, please make checks payable to The Compassionate Friends, and mail to P.O. Box 36257, Fayetteville, N.C. 28303. 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 Child That's Not There, by Tricia Palmer, TCF, Tidewater, VA

The child that's not there
 Takes up every piece of me
 The child that's not there
 Consumes my every thought
 The child that's not there
 Makes me feel like I failed
 The child that's not there
 Took away a main reason for being



But, the children that are there
 Still somehow bring me joy
 The children that are there
 Still need my love
 The children that are there
 Don't need any more grief
 The children that are there force me to go on.
 In memory of my son, Gabriel Boyer

2011 Pig Pickin'



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. 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 deceased 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.

The National Office of The Compassionate Friends

P.O. Box 3696

Oak Brook, IL 60522—3696 -

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

Email: Nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org



Our Children & Siblings Remembered

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:



July

Melissa Dawn McCoy July 5
Daughter of William & Dianne McCoy

Dan Arrowood July 6
Son of Brenda Nightingale

Edwin "Lamar" Beard July 7
Son of Wanda Beard

Johnathan "JD" McKenzie July 11
Son of Ron McKenzie

Jeremy Scott Melvin July 12
Son of Donald & Brenda Melvin

Carla Parker July 14
Daughter-in-law of Rex & Cheryl Parker

Mark Heil II July 16
Son of Mark Heil

Justin Tyler Seifert July 17
Son of Shely Seifert

Glenda Hudson July 18
Daughter of Pat Arnette

August

Brian Eddie Colletti August 2
Son of John & Lynda Simmons

Randy Lee Dalton August 3
Son of Jesse & Sharon Dalton

Amber Gardner August 4,
Daughter of Sandra Williams

Samuel Greathouse August 7
Son of Jim & Leisa Greathouse

Archi Kagy August 7
Son of Mike & Petra Syfrett

Birthday's



Ronald Hamilton Jr. August 15
Son of Gwendolyn M. Carroll

Melba Ross August 19
Daughter of Frances Harris

Valencia Fredrick August 24
Daughter of George & Shirley Fredrick

Matthew Scott Fields August 27
Son of Jerry & Debbie Fields

September

Emily Haddock September 5
Daughter of Jeff & Joy Haddock

Drew Howell September 10
Son of Debra Howell

Laura Winstead September 15
Daughter of Jeanne Winstead

Jon Wayne Tyner Jr. September 21
Son of Jon & Mary Tyner
Brother of Monica Tyner & Kathy Phillips

Stephen Dew September 23
Son of Jimmy & Elsie Dew

Blake McKinley Rogers September 26
Son of Richard & Emilie Rogers

Duane Alan May September 29
Son of Earl and Shelba May

Alex F. Tumbaco September 29
Son of Fabian & Mabel Tumbaco

Meagan Bradley September 30
Daughter of Tony & Stephanie Bradley

Craig McArthur September 30
Son of William & Abbie McArthur



Our Children & Siblings Remembered

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:

July

Wayne Blackburn July 5
Son of Kenny Blackburn

Darryl Peckinpaugh July 7,
Son of Marianne Browning

Karen Simmons Allee July 7,
Sister of John & Lynda Simmons

Justin Tyler Seifert July 11
Son of Shely Seifert

Benny Michael Traylor July 11,
Son of Ben & Christine Traylor

Ranei Mae Edington July 12,
Daughter of Sarah Edington

Kayla Shea Hughes July 14
Daughter of Jodi Aguiar-Turlington

Christopher Vargas-Herrera July 17
Son of Linda Vargas-Herrera

Anthony "Brian" Smith July 18
Son of Daryle & Debbie Nobles

Elaine J. Lacoste July 18
Daughter of Leroy & Betty Jenkins

Tim Alt July 23
Son of Jan Alt

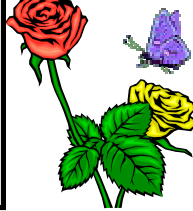
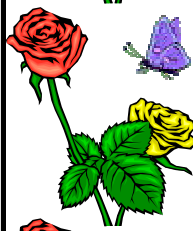
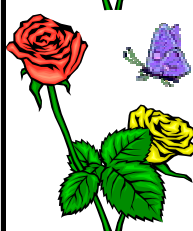
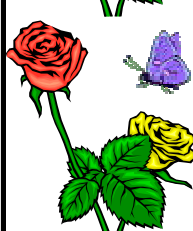
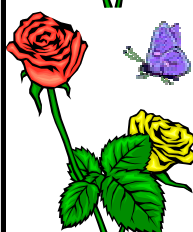
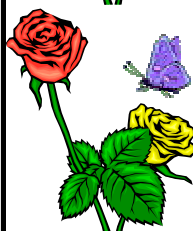
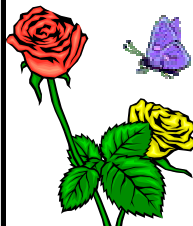
Brian Eddie Colletti July 25
Son of John & Lynda Simmons

Elijah Caddick July 26
Son of David & Melissa Caddick

Craig McArthur July 27
Son of William & Abbie McArthur

Logan Zimmerman July 30
Son of Chris & Robin Zimmerman

Memorials



August

Alexander Carlson August 3
Son of Victoria Carlson

Amber Gardner August 4
Daughter of Sandra Williams

Richard Miller III August 4
Son of John & Gina Miller

Daniel "Adam" Clark August 8
Son of James and Herta Clark

Joe Dan Rumley August 8
Son of Joanne Rumley

Crystal Dawn Jackson August 14
Daughter of Sharon Jackson-Davis

Vernard Whitfield III August 19
Son of Phyllis Whitfield

Jeremy Scott Melvin August 28
Son of Donald & Brenda Melvin

Matthew Scott Fields August 29
Son of Jerry & Debbie Fields

September

Eddie Santistevan September 12
Son of Mary Ann Santistevan

Samuel Greathouse September 17
Son of Jim & Leisa Greathouse

Alex F. Tumbaco September 19
Son of Fabian & Mabel Tumbaco

Emily Haddock September 21
Daughter of Jeff & Joy Haddock

Bobbie Beller September 28
Daughter of Catherine Fix

Ronald McCray Tew September 29
Son of Sylvia Lowery

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Meeting Time: 1st Tuesday of Each Month at 7:30 PM
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We're on the Web
www.tcffayetteville.com

In this Issue: The Language of Grief, By Darcie D. Sims

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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 _____

All love gifts, poems, donations, etc. must be received by August 30, 2011 in order to appear in the next newsletter.
Send Poems & Articles to Sharon Jackson-Davis, 1900 Sloan Avenue, Fayetteville NC 28312
Send Donations & Love Gifts to Fayetteville Area Chapter of TCF, 703 Rosebud Court, Vass, NC 28394
Please send form with check. A donation is not required to submit items for the newsletter.