



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

August 2011 Newsletter

WNY Chapter #2303

Batavia, NY 14020

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.

Upcoming Meetings

August 16, 2011

September 20, 2011

Meetings are held at
The Holland Land Office Museum
131 W. Main St
Batavia, NY 14020
Meeting Times: 7 -8:30pm

National: The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

PO Box 3696. Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696
Toll Free 877-969-0010. Fax 630-990-0246
www.compassionatefriends.org

The Compassionate Friends of WNY

447 Ellicott St, Batavia, NY 14020

Parent Contact, Chapter Leader, Founder

Pat Wheeler 585-219-4256 or 716-601-9648

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Donations can be mailed to Pat

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Reed Vogel 585-535-7783

Secretary:

Genevieve Mahoney

Greeters: Mae & Larry Wheeler

Our Regional Contact; Al Visconti

altcfny@gmail.com

Visit our local web site: www.tcfowny.org

The Compassionate Friends is about transforming the pain of grief into the elixir of hope. It takes people out of the isolation society imposes on the bereaved and lets them express their grief naturally. With the shedding of tears, healing comes. And the newly bereaved get to see people who have survived and are learning to live and love again. "

*Simon Stephens, Founder of The
Compassionate Friends*

To include your child or children on our web site, bring a photo along with a short story about them to the meeting. Pat will forward the information to our Webmaster so that your child or children can be remembered.

Our Birthday Table - Parents/Grandparents: We have a Birthday Table at our TCF meetings. If you would like to share your child's favorite cake or anything that will help you remember their birthday with others who are open to "celebrating" with you, please take this opportunity to share with us. You may bring photos and other mementos to the meeting as well.

The chapter is here for everyone. Please let us know what you are struggling with at this time. We will use that as our topic for an upcoming meeting.

If you know of someone who has suffered this ultimate loss, please let us know. We will send them our newsletter and invite them to share their grief with those of us still walking that path.

Book REVIEW: 90 Minutes in Heaven BY Don Piper

The book was about a man killed in an auto accident and experienced time in heaven, what it was like and his life after coming back to life. Thumbs up.

OUR CHILDREN LOVED AND REMEMBERED

Let us remember our children who have left us too soon

July Birthdays

Wyatt Zuber, son of Pat Wheeler, Grandson of
Mae & Larry Wheeler

July 4

Demitrius, son of Shelcy & Brian Plueckhahn

July 7

James, son of Sue Vickers

July 24

Jaselis Alena, child of Natalena Montaluo

July 25

Joshua, son of Tina Durham

July 28

Brandon, son of Paul & Diane Deel

July 28

July Remembrance Dates

Angela, daughter of Sharon Venuto

July 3

James, son of Debra Hall

July 5

Brent, son of Roy & Pat Hersee

July 24

Jaselis Alena, child of Natalena Montaluo

July 25

James, son of Sue Vickers

July 26

August Birthdays

Victoria, daughter of Eric & Laurie Claus

August 7

Sharon, daughter of Catherine Horton & Sister of Martha
Horton

August 8

August Remembrance Dates

Joshua, son of Tina Durham

August 7

Mickey, son of MaryJane Metcalfe, Fiancee' of Barb
Snyder, brother of Chris Metcalfe

August 25

Wyatt, son of Pat Wheeler & grandson of Mae & Larry
Wheeler

August 29

Please contact Pat Wheeler if any of your child(ren's)
information is incorrect or missing. Phone 219-4570 or email at
wwpatsuw@comcast.net or mail to home address at

447 Ellicott St
Batavia, NY 14020

Wish You were here by Dad, Steve Tutt, TCF
Tyler Tx

You'd be nineteen if you were here
But why you're gone still isn't clear.
Your things are still in your room
As if you'd be returning soon

SpongeBob waits there by the door
Your shoes are still there on the floor.
Your friends are all young women now.
They're working jobs or college-bound.

Sometimes we see them and they say
We miss her so, wish she had stayed.
Your boyfriend's in the Army, too.
And by the way, he still loves you.

You thought his love was not so true
And that some other girl he'd choose.
But near two years have passed on by
Still to your grave he goes to cry.

Your niece and nephews miss you too,
And talk of the things you used to do.
Your mother's going to be alright
And doesn't cry so much at night.

She puts the flowers on your grave
And scrapbook pictures tries to save.
And me, I'm still the same old dad,
The same old routine like I had.

I work real hard to make a way
To pass some bills and pass the day
I'm not as funny as before
My world's not happy anymore.

I don't let on the pain I feel
But deep inside the hurt is real.
Time passes by year after year,

Life goes on with seldom a tear.
One wish I have, a wish so clear
My wish most of all,
I wish you were here.

**Forgetting by David Ziv, TCF Bucks
Mont PA**

I have had some bereaved parents tell me when they reach a point after a while they are afraid they will not remember what their child looked like. This happened to me, I believe around the sixth month, and for a very short time I was in a state of panic. I think this may happen after the period of shock wears off, when acceptance of the death and the fact that your child is not coming back starts to take hold. This, for me, was a very difficult time and occasionally I would have to look at pictures to reassure myself that I would not forget. That period was transitory, and now, even after several years, I can easily remember what my son looked like. But at the time it happens, I must admit, it is a very frightening experience. At that time I also had an uncontrollable, agonizing urge not only to want to see his face in front of me, but I wanted to reach out and physically touch him. But that, too, with the fear of not being able to visualize him and to hear his voice, in time passed. Not all bereaved parents may feel this way, but this was my own personal reaction.

I think we are forever embodied and endowed with the soul and spirit as well as with the physical aspects of our children. These memories will never leave me, even though the missing is a daily part of my life and will always be a part of me. And I even keep a mental image of his voice, even though I have no recording or tape of it. I can still remember his sentences, his words, and the inflections of his voice from the last day. I treasure these memories and am grateful that they stay with me. We do not and will not forget.

**Parent's Grief by Gerald Greenman, TCF NW
Suburban IL**

What can I say, to whom can I say
What I feel and think and question
Is there someone or something to blame
Should I accept this loss of my child
As nothing more than a tragic accident?

I cannot within me not seek some answer
I cannot within me not seek some reason
I cannot within me not seek some rationale

To whom do I turn for solace, dare I seek solace
Should I not establish the quality and quantity
Of my love and loss by not accepting succor.

God or someone, please be a guide for me and
my loved ones.
Please let me know whatever I am to do which
will help us all.
Please let my own loss not be a barrier or
burden to others.

Let not this tragedy be never-ending, but grant
me wisdom
To allow my time for tears and then return to
my ability
To love those yet alive with a free and loving
heart.

**The Quiet Moments by Bob Lindstrom TCF
Central AZ**

Real men aren't supposed to cry,
At least that's what they say.
We're supposed to be strong, be there,
And somehow show the way.

But in the quiet moments,
When there's no one else around,
I think of you, dear Billy,
And a tear comes trickling down.

But it's all right to cry, I guess.
Let the tear drops flow at will,
I love you and I miss you, son
I know I always will.

There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends. Your voluntary tax deductible donation is our only source of funding. All proceeds given to our chapter are used within our Community for outreach and support for bereaved families. All gifts, monetary as well as postage, printing, paper or other office supplies are greatly appreciated.

We thank the following for their Love Gifts and Donations

Basket for raffling at Balloon Launch, Reed Vogel and Chris Stoddard in memory of son Reed

Gift Card-Valu, Batavia, NY

Free Whopper Coupons-Batavia Burger King

Cordless Pivot Drill, Home Depot, Batavia, NY

\$5 Wendy's Coupons, Wendy's, Batavia, NY

Summer Basket donated by Key Bank, Batavia, NY

Duffle Bag with slider maker, cell phone case, photo frames, FootPrints, Gaming Street Pack, etc In Memory Of Wyatt Zuber from MOM

Soothing Basket, donated by Mel & Guy Brunner in memory of son Jeremy

The Compassionate Friends 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 they feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to

find answers.

Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, 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 a 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.

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