



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

October 2008 Newsletter ~ WNY Chapter,
Batavia, NY 14020

We were pleased, yet saddened, to have had you join us at our first meeting of The Compassionate Friends. We hope that sharing your stories of the aspects of your journey through grief will enable you and your families to find a "new normal" in your life. We wish for you that you would eventually reach a state of peace where the wonderful memories you have of your children are more in the forefront of your heart and mind than the pain of your loss.

Upcoming Meetings

October Meeting - Oct. 16, 2008

Note Change: November Meeting - Nov. 13, 2008

December Meeting - Dec. 18, 2008

January Meeting - Jan. 15, 2008

Meetings at 6:45 PM

Richmond Memorial Library

19 Ross Street

Batavia, NY 14020

For further information about our Chapter, or if you need to talk with someone, please contact Pat Wheeler, Co-founder and Facilitator, 585-219-4720 or email her at wwpatsuw@aol.com. For information about our monthly newsletter, please contact Margi DuBois, Co-founder/Treasurer/Newsletter Editor, 585-343-2590, email her at margi_d@yahoo.com, or mail any articles, corrections to names or dates, or memorial donations to her at 3233 Pratt Rd., #7312, Batavia, NY 14020.

A member of the Rochester Chapter of TCF has offered to set up a web site for our Chapter. We have to finalize what we want on the site and we will let you know when it's available for use.



In each issue, we will remember our children - their birthdays and their remembrance dates. This issue, we will catch everyone up from the past couple months and then publish those for the current month in future newsletters.

Our Children's Birthdays

Angela, daughter of Sharon Venuto
6/21/70 to 7/3/00

Brent Richard Hersee, son of Pat & Roy Hersee
6/23/83 to 7/24/07

Wyatt Zuber, son of Pat Wheeler; grandson of Mae & Larry Wheeler
7/4/80 to 8/29/01

James East, son of Sue & Dan Vickers
7/24/84 to 7/26/08

Victoria, daughter of Eric & Laurie Claus
8/7/00 to 2/18/08 - and -

Christopher, son of Eric & Laurie Claus
12/2/96 to 2/18/08

Aubrey, daughter of Jennifer Kubik
9/14/05 to 4/28/08

Our Children's Remembrance Dates

Donna Cone Brister, daughter of Rita Cone
11/1/60 to 6/26/08

Angela, daughter of Sharon Venuto
6/21/70 to 7/3/00

Brent Richard Hersee, son of Pat & Roy Hersee
6/23/83 to 7/24/07

James East, son of Sue & Dan Vickers
7/24/84 to 7/26/08

Adam, grandson of Robert & Kathy Lindner

Liza Espinosa, daughter of Marti Austin
10/4/67 to 8/22/07

Patricia (Pat), daughter of Genevieve Mahoney
12/15/62 to 9/11/02

We would like to acknowledge the following donations to our Chapter:

Stationery, business cards, etc. by Pat Wheeler, in memory of her son Wyatt Zuber.

Cookies for September's meeting donated by "Aunt Pat" Abrams, in memory of her nephew, Michael E. Pittaro, son of Margi DuBois.

Love Gift from George & Joan Carafos, Rochester TCF, in memory of their son, David.

Monetary donation from Dr. Paul Phillips, Phillips Animal Hospital, Batavia NY, in memory of Wyatt Zuber, son of Pat Wheeler.

We hope to create a library of informative, comforting books available for checking out. In the near future, we will have bookplates (a label to put on the first page indicating the donor and whom it is in memory of.) They *do not* have to be new books.

Books Donated:

"*Where Angels Work - True Stories of Heavenly Visitors*" by Joan Wester Anderson, donated by Margi DuBois in memory of her son, Michael E. Pittaro.

"*More Than Tears - Lifting the Burden of Grief*" by Janice Urie, donated by Pat Wheeler in memory of her son, Wyatt Zuber.

"*More Than Tears - Lifting the Burden of Grief*" by Janice Urie, a gift from the National Office, The Compassionate Friends.



Grief only becomes a tolerable and creative experience when love enables it to be shared with someone who really understands.

Simon Stephens
Founder of The Compassionate Friends

It's hard to understand why (our children) are taken from us. But find comfort in knowing you were a special part of such a well-lived life.

Author Unknown
From "The Right Words"

A Mother's Love

I need no pictures to remember your warm smile; the lines of your face are embedded in my memory of you. I gave you life in one second of pain, for which you returned 13 years of yourself...sometimes quiet, sometimes noisy, but always thoughtful. Sometimes I hear a voice that sounds like you and I pause. That pain of hurt stems from a tiny empty spot you have left in my life. I carried you in my womb, then later in my arms but I will carry you in my heart forever.

Submitted by Joy Morning
TCF Phoenix, AZ



Hope

Hope for the moment. There are times when it is hard to believe in the future, when we are temporarily just not brave enough. When this happens, concentrate on the present. Cultivate le petit bonheur (the little happiness) until courage returns. Look forward to the beauty of the next moment, the next hour, the promise of a good meal, sleep, a book, a movie, the likelihood that tonight the stars will shine and tomorrow the sun will shine. Sink roots into the present until strength grows to think about tomorrow.

From Ardis Whitman
Readers' Digest

Tears do not flow only from
the pitiful and the weak.
They spring also from the love and
tenderness of the strong.

We should never be ashamed of our tears,
whether in private sorrow or public grieving.
Tears alleviate our grief and encourage
the healing of our wounds.

The Compassionate Friends
Nacogdoches, TX



In memory of my son, Wyatt Zuber
7/4/80 to 8/29/01

The weekend before Wyatt's tragic death, he called me. "Mom, do you want to ride to the State Fair with me?" Of course, I said, "Yes." It was late evening, he'd worked all day, but he'd promised to clip some cows. At the fair, I met several of his friends both young and old. A perfectionist, he immediately went to work. He worked diligently and when the barn lights went off, we realized it was 1 AM with the drive home ahead of us. Wyatt was to be to work by 7 AM. On the drive home, I told Wyatt that I was worried that he wasn't getting enough sleep. His comment was "I can sleep when I am dead." A recently released song, titled "I Can Sleep When I'm Dead", describes Wyatt to a tee and I'm convinced that he helped write it.

The next day, I began having visions of Wyatt being killed on his father's farm where he worked, picturing the cemetery, and picking out a plot. I experienced pure anger as I was convinced that it was Wyatt's dad's fault. (In the past, I had expressed my concerns over the safety of Wyatt working at the farm. I was brushed off as an over concerned mother.) I prayed this vision would not come true. I realized it was just a dream and it couldn't possibly come true.

August 29, 2001 - the day of Wyatt's death. After spending the day with a friend, I left for home not realizing I had passed my parents on the road - coming to break the news to me. When I got home, my roommate told me Wyatt had died in a farm accident. I was in shock. I didn't know what to say or do. My parents and family arrived and we began our journey of grief together. Our pastor helped us set a time to discuss funeral arrangements.

At home, I felt lost. People were in and out - I was numb. Mom and Dad helped with the phone calls. I thought, "How were we going to get through this?" The next day arrived, all too quickly. We made the arrangements. After visiting two cemeteries, we selected the country cemetery as a more fitting place.

My thoughts now were how bad he must have been hurt. I still think about that. But I was comforted by the number of people that attended the calling hours. How could one young person know so many people? His favorite cow was out on the lawn in the middle of Batavia. There were flowers everywhere. His clipping coveralls, trophies and other memorabilia were everywhere. The casket was atop bales of straw and yes, they were able to show him as I had hoped.

I can remember at the end not wanting to leave him, knowing I would never see him in this world again.

By Pat Wheeler for The Compassionate Friends
9/15/08