



# The Compassionate Friends Fayetteville Area Chapter



Volume 18, Issue 1

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## A BEREAVED PARENT'S SPRING



Regardless of the calendar or the meteorologists, April marks the beginning of spring for many of us. The world outside begins to awaken from its winter slumber and the sights and sounds and smells of spring abound, from the flowers peeking out of the ground to the birds chirping merrily outside our windows to the smell of the blooming trees as we venture out for our first walk of the season.

This is what spring is all about unless, of course, you are a "newly" bereaved parent and then you might just be oblivious to it all. In fact, you may even resent the reappearance of spring and its symbolic rebirth. The message to you from an "old timer" on this grief journey is to be easy on yourself...it won't always be this hard and just feel whatever you feel. Don't let anyone tell you how you "should" feel this spring (or next).

Like all seasons, spring will have its share of emotional triggers for the newly bereaved—graduations,

Mother's Day, Father's Day, planning for summer vacations, favorite flowers and just waking up. But just as April showers bring May flowers...the tears of grief will ultimately sow the seeds of hope and someday you too will see the beauty of spring again.

For those of us who have been on our grief journey for awhile, not only do we recognize (and welcome) the beauty of spring again, but we also see our children in everything that is beautiful in spring. It is our way of carrying them with us through spring and through all of the seasons. So, as spring unfolds, here's wishing each of you peace and whatever joy you are able to find.

### SPRING HAS COME!

"Spring has come,  
The grass has riz,  
I wonder where  
The flowers is!"

By Betty R. Ewart,

For some reason that poem, bad grammar and all is going through my head over and over this year. Our Ruthie died on Easter and spring came and I guess the grass and the flowers "riz" that year, but I don't remember it! This year we have had so much bad weather and cold that it seems that spring will never come.

Somehow we expect that, when the weather gets sunny and warm again, and the growth comes back, we will be all well again. Somehow, the fact that what died in the fall and winter and is now showing new life and coming back is not the answer. Then we think, let's have our children come back now and we can get back to "normal."

It is hard to look at spring those first years after the death of our child and not have these thoughts. However, if we have a belief and faith in the resurrection, we may one day come to realize that all life is a cycle and there

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## Our Quarterly News



Well, we have made it all the way through the holidays and Mother's Day and Father's Day are quickly approaching. No matter the holiday or the date, some days are more difficult than others. Allow yourself to grieve whenever necessary. It is allowed!

If anyone would like to chair the planning committee for a spring cookout and raffle, please contact Sharon Jackson-Davis at (910) 850-4998 or sharonjdavis@aol.com or Jennifer German at (910) 245-3177 or jojegerman@embarqmail.com. Or if anyone has an idea for an alternant event, we are always welcome to suggestions.

The Compassionate Friends 37th National Conference and Walk to Remember will in Chicago, IL on July 11-13, 2014. For more information about this event go to the National website [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) or find a link on our website [www.tcffayetteville.org](http://www.tcffayetteville.org). There are links to many grief resources on our website, so check it out!

The topic for our April meeting is "A Fathers Grief". Hope to see you there.

**"Finding a balance between holding on and letting go is one of life's greatest challenges for parents who have lost a child".**

is and will be a resurgence of life at times when it may seem the dreariest. So, when the grass and flowers begin to come back and when those of us who like to garden begin to plant and clear the garden, we can begin to have hope that we will see our children again some day. Another lesson spring brings to us is that those flowers, when they come back, are not the same flowers. They have a new life and a new look. We also know that this is true of us. We are not the same people we were before our child died. We "come back" into life a changed person—hopefully a person changed for the better. So, the grass, flowers and butterflies will soon be back and maybe we can begin to clear the cobwebs and concerns in our lives and become a new spring creation too. It won't happen overnight and maybe not this year, but it will happen!

By Terre Belt, BP/USA Anne Arundel County Chapter



Somewhere between  
depression and recovery  
lies the beginning of  
HOPE.

Darcie Sims  
from "Footsteps through the Valley"



## In Memory of Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., CHT, CT, GMS



Darcie Sims--mother, wife, grandmother, educator, leader, rose-colored glasses wearer, smile-on-a-stick carrier, and friend--died Thursday, February 27, in her home in Puyallup, WA.

Alan Pederson, TCF Interim Executive Director, wrote the following on Facebook today: "Today our hearts are broken, our dear friend Darcie Sims has died. Darcie was my mentor, but the story of how she affected my life could be echoed by the thousands of others in the TCF Family whose lives have been equally touched by her incredible gift of loving guidance.

...Those of us who have had the honor of knowing Darcie will never forget this amazing woman. She was a superstar in our world, and though we loaned her out to the rest of the world, there was no doubt that she was "our" superstar. Darcie was one of us, she listened to our stories, she felt our pain, she walked our walk, she was Big A's mom.

...Many of us are in great pain today; it hurts deeply as we try to wrap our minds around such a profound loss to our TCF Family. I know Darcie would want us to take the time to grieve and be sad for our loss today...but I am betting she would also want us to take a moment to remember that she lived...and oh boy did she live. So, as the tears come, grab

a roll of toilet paper and stick it in your pocket, at the next TCF meeting remember to touch knees with the person next to you...and as you do these things...look upward to where Darcie is once again holding her precious Big A and say...

"Thanks, For The Little While."

### *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.

### *SOMETIMES...*

"I wrote a poem in response to a request from a mother who lost her child. Since then I have decided to share it with any parent out there who has lost a child. May this bring comfort to you. © Colleen Ranney

Sometimes I catch a glimpse,  
 In softened waves of blue  
 My child, my heart ...when I see a smile  
 I can't help but think of you

Sometimes these waves fill oceans.  
 And feelings string on every shore  
 A collections of each memory  
 And every way I wish for more

Sometimes I watch for answers  
 Because each day I call to you  
 I ask for faith and courage  
 And strength ...to help me through

Sometimes I ask for bravery  
 Like dolphins in the deep  
 Because time moves oh so slowly  
 And some times the road is steep

Sometimes I want to scream  
 This was not what I had planned  
 Why you ever suffered  
 A mom can't understand

Sometimes I hear your laughter  
 And remember you at play  
 But My Child I always miss you  
 Not sometimes, but everyday

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/poem-for-a-parent-who-has-lost-a-child-sometimes#ixzz2w5JidyVK>

Family Friend Poems

What am i  
 supposed to do  
 when the best  
 part of me  
 was always you?





## 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**

**Ramona Jackson and Robert Jackson in memory of their brother Joey Jackson**

**Inga Hondros in memory of her son Christopher "Chris" E. Hondros**

**Susan Harlan in memory of her son Kevin Harlon**

**Jennifer and Jody Hall in memory of their daughter Amber Marie Hall**

**Mickey and Hazel Smith in memory of their son Randy Smith**

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

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

**Gregory & Barbara Trent in memory of their son Gregory Trent**



**The National Office of The Compassionate Friends**

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

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**Meeting Time:** 1st Tuesday of each month at 7:30 PM

Room 102, Medical Arts Building, 101 Robeson Street, Fayetteville NC

# TCF 2014 National Conference

July 11 - 13, 2014 in Chicago, IL



**37<sup>th</sup>** National Conference  
Chicago, Illinois  
July 11-13, 2014

## TCF 37th National Conference



## *My Child Did Exist*

I've lost a child, I hear myself say,  
And the person I'm talking to just turns away.  
Now why did I tell them, I don't understand.  
It wasn't for sympathy or to get a helping hand.  
I just want them to know I've lost something dear.  
I want them to know that my child was here.

My child left something behind which no one can see.  
My child made just one person into a family.  
So, if I've upset you, I'm sorry as can be.  
You'll have to forgive me, I could not resist.  
I just want you to know that my child did exist.

*Author unknown*

## *Siblings*

**Siblings  
Walking Together**

(Formerly the  
Sibling Credo)

We are the surviving siblings  
of The Compassionate  
Friends.

We are brought together by  
the deaths of our brothers and  
sisters.

Open your hearts to us, but  
have patience with us.  
Sometimes we will need the  
support of our friends.

At other times we need our  
families to be there.

Sometimes 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 dif-  
ferent from what we envi-  
sioned,

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 for-  
gotten mourners that we  
sometimes are,

but to walk together to face  
our tomorrows as surviving  
siblings of The Compassion-  
ate Friends. ® The Compas-  
sionate Friends



### 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

## Birthday's

### April

- Joey Jackson April 1
- Christine Powell April 8
- Anthony "Brian" Smith April 10
- Ralph Lanier April 14
- Chris Eggleston April 15
- Amy Lynn Zinsser April 21
- Izhia E. Kraut April 23
- Scott Tyree April 26

### May

- Thomas Payne Hollers May 22
- Michael Cline May 28

### June

- Michael Pizzarella June 5
- Amy Elizabeth German June 8
- Christopher Hrvoj June 8
- Melissa Lynn Thornton June 16
- Christopher Ortega June 20
- James "Randy" Smith June 25



### July

- Jonathan David "JD" McKenzie July 11
- Jeremy Scott Melvin July 12
- Carla Parker July 14
- Justin Tyler Seifert July 17
- Glenda Hudson July 18
- Gregory Trent July 23





### 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*

#### Memorials

#### April

Christine Powell April 5

Michael Cline April 9

Manzonian Hall April 9

Glenda Hudson April 16

Ian Redshaw April 18

Christopher "Chris" Hondros April 20

Izhia E. Kraut April 23

Lamont D. Saffore April 24

#### May

Derrell Lee Dean May 17

Thomas Payne Hollers May 22

Christine Bailey May 25

Amber Marie Hall May 26

Robert Stevens May 28

#### June

Christopher "Chris" Eggleston June 2

Querokee M Vélez June 4

Keith Parker June 22

Randy Lee Dalton June 22



Jon Wayne Tyner, Jr June 26

Joey Jackson June 29

Drew Howell June 30

#### July

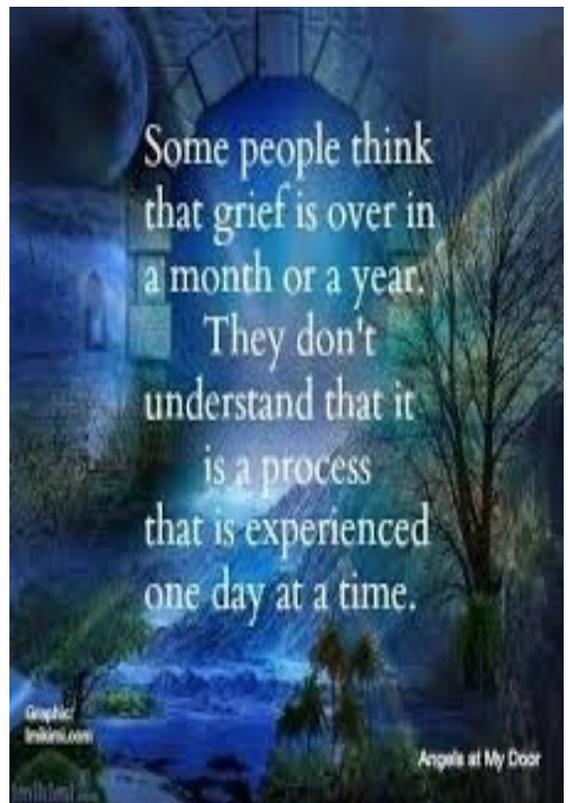
Benny Michael Traylor July 11

Justin Tyler Seifert July 11

Anthony "Brian" Smith July 18

Nickolas Ross Hayden July 22

Elijah Caddick July 26



# Remembrance

*You can shed tears that she is gone,  
or you can smile because she has lived.*

*You can close your eyes  
and pray that she'll come back,  
or you can open your eyes  
and see all she has left.  
Your heart can be empty  
because you can't see her,  
or you can be full of  
the love you shared.*

*You can turn your back on tomorrow  
and live yesterday, or you  
can be happy for tomorrow  
because of yesterday.*

*You can remember her  
and only that she's gone,  
or you can cherish  
her memory and let it live on.*

*You can cry and close your mind,  
be empty and turn your back,*

*Or you can do  
what she'd want:*

*Smile, Open Your Eyes,  
Love and Go on.*

*Author Unknown*



In loving memory of  
Kevin Harlan  
From his mother  
Susan Harlan

In loving memory of  
Christine Gable Powell  
From her parents  
Rob & Katherine Gable



In Loving memory of  
Lawrence Boivin  
From his parents  
Leonce and Lucette Boivin



In loving memory of  
Julianan Wilkins  
From the parents  
Matthew and Tonya Wilkins



The Dragonfly

Once, in a little pond, in the muddy water under the lily pads, There lived a little water beetle in a community of water beetles. They lived a simple and comfortable life in the pond with few disturbances and interruptions.

Once in a while, sadness would come to the community when one of their fellow beetles would climb the stem of a lily pad and would never be seen again. They knew when this happened, their friend was dead, gone forever.

Then, one day, one little water beetle felt an irresistible urge to climb up that stem. However, he was determined that he would not leave forever. He would come back and tell his friends what he had found at the top.

When he reached the top and climbed out of the water onto the surface of the lily pad, he was so tired, and the sun felt so warm, that he decided he must take a nap. As he slept, his body

changed and when he woke up, he had turned into a beautiful blue-tailed dragonfly with broad wings and a slender body designed for flying. So, fly he did! And, as he soared he saw the beauty of a whole new world and a far superior way of life to what he had never known existed.

Then he remembered his beetle friends and how they were thinking by now he was dead. He wanted to go back to tell them, and explain to them that he was now more alive than he had ever been before. His life had been fulfilled rather than ended.

But, his new body would not go down into the water. He could not get back to tell his friends the good news. Then he understood that their time would come, when they too would know what he now knew. So, he raised his wings and flew off into his joyous new life!

Author unknown



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**In This Issue: A Bereaved Parent's Spring**

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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 703 Rosebud Court, Vass, NC 28394

Please send form with check. **A donation is not required to submit items for the newsletter.**