

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

A self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved families

AUGUST 2012

Inside Valley Forge

Meetings are on the first Thursday of every month at 7:45PM (ending at 9:30PM). We meet at Good Shepherd Lutheran Church Fellowship Hall, Valley Forge and Henderson RDs, King of Prussia, PA. Phone **on meeting evenings only** is 610-265-0733. All other times please call Rhonda at 484-919-0820.

Meeting Schedule and other TCF Events of interest Please Mark Your Calendar

Aug 2 General Sharing

Sept 6 General Sharing & Death by Suicide

Sept 15 Butterfly Release at 2PM
(see Page 3)

We encourage newsletter writings from our members. You may also submit articles written by others, please include the author of all articles submitted. **The cut-off date for newsletter entries is the 15th of the preceding month.**

ARTICLES SHOULD BE SENT TO THE NEWSLETTER EDITORS.

There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends, or to receive our newsletter. Your tax deductible donations (which we call love gifts) given in memory of your loved one enables us to defray the cost of chapter expenses, particularly the newsletter, meetings, and our outreach to the newly bereaved.

Please include any special tribute you wish printed in the newsletter along with your gift.

If you donate to **United Way** at your place of work, and wish your contribution to go to the Valley Forge Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, you may do so by entering: **The Compassionate Friends - Valley Forge Chapter United Way ID# 04-104.** on your pledge form.

**PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
TCF VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER
SEND TO: CHAPTER LEADER
RHONDA GOMEZ**



Valley Forge Chapter

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NEW MEMBERS

Denise & Edward Frazier son, **Akhir Frazier** (16).
Melissa Smith daughter, **Ava** (8 1/2 months)

JULY REFRESHMENTS

Frank & Rhona Gomez in honor of our son, **Frankie's** anniversary 7/17

Refreshments may be donated in memory of loved ones, please call **Rhonda (484)919-0820**, or you may sign the refreshment chart located on the refreshment table

LOVE GIFTS

Arnold Auger & Mary Ehmann Auger, in loving memory of Mary's son
Eric R. Ehmann, (7/57 - 7/76). Missed & thought of always.

Kathleen & Robert Grossi, in loving memory of our son **James Grossi** (23)
We love and miss you, Mom & Dad.

Marie & Ken Hofmockel, in loving memory of our son **Douglas** on his birthday 8/27

Maryellen & James Madden, in loving memory of our beloved daughter
Anne Marie Madden, on her anniversary 7/28.

Elizabeth J. Miller in loving memory of my son **Jim Miller** on his birthday Sept 1.

Bonnie Rosen in memory of my husband **Gene Rosen** on his anniversary Sept 3,
and my son **Troy Rosen** on his anniversary Sept 29. Love & miss you.

Roxborough Manayunk Lioness Club, in memory of **Dennis Kearns, Jr.** (36)

Irene & Fred Sutton, in loving memory of our son **Jim Sutton**,
on his birthday 8/7.

Deborah Walter, in loving memory of my son **Evan**, (20)

Henry & Elizabeth Weaver, in loving memory of our grandson **Donald E. Smith, Jr.** (18)
and **Donald E. Smith, Sr.**

NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL

We are asking if possible , would you please receive your newsletter by email.

We do not want to remove anyone from our newsletter mailing list who is benefiting from receiving it. We hope it is a help to you while going through your grief, giving you better understanding of your feelings, and letting you know "**We need not walk alone**".

A newsletter helps to keep our TCF family informed of local and national events. We consider this an important function of our program.

We are asking if you have email, would you consider receiving your newsletter in email format. You will receive your copy earlier if you opt to receive it by email. If you chose to use the email method of receiving your newsletter, you will have the option to switch back to the old method. If you wish to receive the newsletter by email please contact: **Frank Gomez fgomez@hybridpoplars.com**

BUTTERFLY RELEASE AND PROGRAM

Saturday, September 15, 2012 at 2PM

Upper Merion Township Park

175 West Valley Forge Road, King of Prussia, PA 19406

Diagonally across from our monthly meeting place at Good Shepherd Church.
This event will be held in back of the township building, at the gazebo.

**Cost \$9 per butterfly - August 20th last day to place order.
There is no admission or parking fee.**

Water will be provided by the chapter. Please bring folding chairs or a blanket to sit on.

A family may order one butterfly to share, or order one butterfly for each family member. You may order as many butterflies as you wish. All butterflies must be preordered. If you are unable to attend on this date, we can release the butterfly that you have purchased in your loved one's name. The names of all loved ones will be read during the program.

**For questions, please call TCF Valley Forge 484-919-0820
Any further details will be posted at the VF website. www.tcfvalleyforge.org**

REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____ **Phone Number:** _____

Address: _____

Name of loved one

Your Relationship to them

Name of loved one

Your Relationship to them

Name of loved one

Your Relationship to them

Total number of butterflies ordered: _____ \$9.00 each -

Total money (no credit cards) enclosed: _____

**Please forward registration and check to: Rhonda Gomez,
12 Brook Circle, Glenmoore, PA 19343**

OUR CHILDREN & SIBLINGS LOVED, SADLY MISSED AND REMEMBERED

Each month some of us must face those special, but difficult days of birthdays and anniversaries. This month we ask your thoughts and prayers for the parents/siblings/relatives of the following children:

**We will no longer list the birth and death years of deceased persons in our newsletter.
We have concerns this information could be misused, and result in an adversity for the families.**

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

Marilynn Anton, cousin/godmother *Douglas Hofmockel* 8/27
Denis Nicholson Asselin & Judy, son *Nathaniel* 8/21
Rob and Janet Beiswenger, son *Jared* 8/17
Dorothy & Jack Bert, son *Matthias* 8/16
Jovanna & Joseph Bevilacqua, son *Donato "Danny" Bevilacqua* 8/20
Richard & Jo Bewley, son *Kevin Bewley* 8/24
Marvin & Wilma Bordetsky, daughter *Noreen Bordetsky Cook* 8/29
Thomas & Janet Cleary, son *Ryan* 8/21
Evelyn M. Corrado, son *John A. Corrado* 8/5
Allison Crowder, daughter *Amber* 8/8
Dorothy & G. Robert Daily, Sr., son *David* 8/26
Jim and Patty Duffy, son *Michael Duffy* 8/8
Nancy & David Dykty, brother *Jim Sutton* 8/7
Tom & Irene Edmunds, son *Kyle Derek Edmunds* 8/1
Denise & Edward Frazier, son *Akhir* 8/25
Ron & Sue Gamza, daughter & grandson *Rachel & Troy* 8/22
Rita & Thomas Gibbons, son *Paul Gibbons* 8/13
Mary Lou Harrison, son *Lance ♥Scott♥ Harrison* 8/4
Danielle Hemmench Ricci, boyfriend *Ryan* 8/21
Beatrice K Hildebrandt, son *John R. Hildebrandt* 8/26
Marie & Ken Hofmockel, son *Douglas Hofmockel* 8/27
Jan & Dan Jackson, son *John Jackson* 8/18
Michael & Betsy Jarrett, son *Michael Jarrett* 8/13
Joan Kingslake, daughter *Ann Kingslake Woods* 8/3
Sue Lawlor, son *Jim* 8/24
Kathleen & John Leeper, son *Shaun Michael Leeper* 8/17
Janet Leflar, son *Scott* 8/11
John & Nancy Logue, daughter *Heather Logue* 8/16
Timothy & Maxine Lurowist, daughter *Kristine* 8/24
Mary MacFarland, son *Marc* 8/4
Anna E Marchese, son *Matthew Paul Marchese* 8/28
Diane Mazzagatti, son *John Pirocchi, Jr.* 8/3
Sue McMaster, cousin *Patty* 8/30
Joanne F Michini, son *Alfred J. Michini, II* 8/2
Alfred J. Michini, son *Alfred J. Michini, II* 8/2
Alexandra Milas, daughter *Nicole Penelope Wiseley* 8/23

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS continued

Andrew Miller, daughter *Perri* 8/21
John B. & Lillian Neff, son *Patrick Neff* 8/30
Sharon Ott, daughter *Amber* 8/12
Joan Palumbo, son *Michael* 8/4
Marie Paulsen, grandson *Jerry August Warfel* 8/12
Chris Poulsen, nephew *Jerry* 8/12
Sharyn & Joe Pozzuolo, son *Joey Brad Pozzuolo* 8/26
Joe & Marti Purifico, son *Jeffrey* 8/3
Elise Rice, son *Raymond Anthony Rice* 8/29
Bonnie & Eugene Rosen, son *Troy* 8/30
Becky Rotkowski, brother *Brian* 8/17
Marie Schmeltzer, son *Sam "Sonny" Schmeltzer* 8/22
Pamela Schneibolk, brother *Douglas Hofmocker* 8/27
Harry & Carol Schultz, son *Brian Andrew Schultz* 8/23
Janet & Jonathan Schultz, brother *Marc Ernest Stein* 8/17
Susan Snyder, son *Brian* 8/24
Ray & Lorraine Spear, daughter *Kimberly Jean Spear* 8/15
Elaine & Joe Stillwell, daughter *Margaret Mary O'Connor* 8/23
Karen & Alan Stoner, daughter *Holly Patricia Stoner* 8/11
Tracey Sutton-Vitabile, brother *Jim Sutton* 8/7
Hellmut Theil, son *Hellmut Theil, Jr.* 8/2
Thomas & Sara Thiermann, daughter *Heather Bruce Thiermann* 8/26
Pat Villante, daughter *Patty* 8/30
Andy & Peg Yanoviak, daughter *Elizabeth "Betsy" Hershman* 8/6
Pat Zimmerman, son *Bernard Zimmerman* 8/29

AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES

Maryellen & Dick Abell, son *Brian Abell* - 8/19
Emily L. Alm, son *Bryan W. Alm* - 8/23
Lisa Bellopede, son *Johnny* - 8/12
Dorothy & Jack Bert, son *Matthias* - 8/29
Bruce & Barb Campbell, son *Greg* - 8/21
Joann (D) & Gary Chavez, son *Christopher Dale Chavez* - 8/4
Mary & John Chelius, son *John J. Chelius, Jr.* - 8/24
Wendy Coleman, daughter *Gabrielle* - 8/18
Liz & Scott Conaghan, brother *Jan* - 8/27
Jean & Bill Cotter, son *Patrick Cotter* - 8/11
Carol Curtiss, grandson *Kurt* - 8/20

AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES continued

Dorothy & G. Robert Daily, Sr., son *G Robert Daily, Jr.* - 8/10
Antoinette & John DiDonato, son *John Jr* - 8/17
Richard & Martha Fenoglio, daughter *Judith Fenoglio Daw* - 8/6
Mary Field, daughter *Lindsay Field* - 8/19
daughter *Karolin Field* - 8/13
Lisa Foos, son *Curtis* - 8/12
June & Tsuneo Fujita, daughter *Sharon Kimi Fujita* - 8/17
Molly Gehring, son *Daniel* - 8/26
Angela Giannantonio, son *Anthony* - 8/2
Stephanie Grier, son *John "JD" Grier* - 8/17
Tom & Judy Hahn, daughter *Erica Hilley* - 8/23
Joan Jagers, son *John Costello* - 8/18
Janet & Dave Keller, son *Joseph E. Keller* - 8/21
brother *Thomas A. Keller* - 8/10
Tobie Kessler, husband *Herman* - 8/22
Greg & Anita Lewicki, son *Eric Stephen Lewicki* - 8/20
John & Nancy Logue, daughter *Heather Logue* - 8/23
Kathleen & Hugh Martin, Jr., son *Colin John "C.J." Martin* - 8/16
Jeff and Kathy McCarron, daughter *Sarah* - 8/14
Robert & Marjorie Meckley, son *Douglas Meckley* - 8/16
Kathleen Mitchel, daughter *Danielle* - 8/21
Carol & Dennis O'Connor, son *Michael O'Connor* - 8/23
Patricia Peraino, brother *Anthony* - 8/2
Marge Randolph, husband *Bob Fixter* - 8/18
Jeri "Bubbles" Reinert, mother *Theresa Volpe* - 8/23
Thelma Rosen, son *Thomas Grisafi* - 8/24
Susan & John Rutland, son *Justin Rutland* - 8/30
Carol Sannella, son *David Sannella* - 8/31
Marie Shippen, son *Michael Morgan* - 8/29
Robert & Nell Shoemaker, daughter *Brynn Shoemaker* - 8/9
Edie Smith, son *John Seddon "Sed" Wilson* - 8/20
Linda Sposato, daughter *Bernadette Funaro* - 8/24
Elaine & Joe Stillwell, daughter *Margaret Mary O'Connor* - 8/2
son *Denis E. O'Connor, III* - 8/6
Walter & Irene Stolarczyk, daughter *Barbara Stolarczyk* - 8/10
Juan & Casey Terrero, son *Jalen* - 8/31
Judy Tomarelli, son *Daniel Robert Tomarelli* - 8/10
Kevin Welde, brother *John Welde* - 8/14

SHARED THOUGHTS ON FEAR

After losing a child or sibling, we quickly realize that we are very vulnerable to death. Those terrible tragedies that normally happened to other people have now come into our own home.

Before we even get through the stages of shock or denial, we fear losing another family member. Our interest in daily living and ourselves is at a very low ebb, but often the concern for surviving children or family members increases to the point of smothering them. If there are no other children, the concern frequently is transferred to the mate.

As my youngest surviving son once said, "Can I not live because my brother died?" (He was then 16, the age our Doug died in an auto accident.) This helped me to realize that robbing him of the carefree feeling that belongs to teenagers was wrong. I certainly did not want him to worry to the extent I did. As frightened as we are, we have to accept the fact we can not control or protect our children against all dangers. I chose to back off, and just prayed a lot.

The fear of "going crazy" is very common. I had this fear because I was not healing at the same rate as when my siblings and parents died. It would have been helpful had I been going to The Compassionate Friends, and known a bereaved parent's grief is different, and for me much longer and more intense. Even though the fear of suicide and going crazy is very common, I have never known a bereaved parent who attended The Compassionate Friends to do either.

If we share our grief and pain with someone who has been in the same depth of despair, they can sometimes help us to sort out our feelings. The long time bereaved parents and siblings can help us through our bad times, just by letting us know they "were there" and survived. They too had intense exaggerated fears, which eventually left. A certain residue of fear remains with us, but this degree of fear we can live with.

Sharing is probably the one thing that helps us most. It helps us to look at ourselves more objectively, and sometimes realize when we are unduly alarmed. We fear forgetting our child, how they looked, laughed, their voice, and the things they did, we can't bear losing anything pertaining to our child, but **these things we never forget.**

Our children are no longer with us to touch and hold, but our love and memories are very much alive. It bothers me terribly when others say, "but you have six other children left". Our love for our child that died can not be transferred to another. Our relationship was between the two of us. Some people say a part of them died with their child. I like to say a part of me is reserved for the memories of Doug. This is its only function. So I need to keep the memories alive to use this part of me.

God Bless, *Marie Hofmockel*, TCF Valley Forge

AFTER THE STORM COMES THE RAINBOW

Happiness does not depend on what happens
outside of you, but rather on what happens
inside of you. It is measured by the spirit in
which you meet the problems of life.

The master secret of happiness is to meet the
challenge of each new day in remembering to
look for the rainbows as assurance God is
with us through the storms of life.

Author Unknown - TCF, Holmdel, NJ

its called Remembering

I remember playing ball with him,
 I remember watching him play on the computer,
 I remember when I was at the funeral,
 and crying and crying, till my eyes
 hurt, I love that man so much,
 he ment so much to me, and
 that certain somebody is my awesome,
 cool, athletic, knows a lot about
 technology, my uncle Brian, who
 has led me through this
 hard life, and I love him so much.

Best uncle
 in the world
 named Brian
 Snyder, so
 AWESOME!

This book is dedicated to:
 My family and my awesome
 Uncle Brian who has sadly
 passed away, He was kind and
 loved playing on the computer.
 He loved playing World of Warcraft
 And he was also in the army,
 I dedicate this book to him
 because he helped me on
 base ball and football and I miss
 him really bad.

Justin Cassidy (age 10)

Written for my uncle Brian Snyder (31)
 Son of Susan Snyder

WRITE A LETTER TO YOUR CHILD.

Pour out your feeling to your child. The
 anger, guilt, love, and broken heart.
 Keep the letter to yourself or share it with
 others. Keep it or toss it in the trash.
 Writing is good therapy.

WRITE:

- What I wish I had said to you.
- What I wish I hadn't said to you.
- What I wish I had done.
- What I wish I had not done.
- What I wish you had not done.
- What I wish I could ask you.
- What I would like to tell you. etc., etc.

Grief is a long journey and at times like
 these the weight feels so heavy and we
 just want to escape and run away and have
 life back to normal.
 It can't happen.

Sandi Sacco, Okinawa, Japan

CIRCLES

How do you bear it all?
 The cry came from a mother
 Whose son had died only weeks before.
 We were in a circle, looking at her.
 Looking around, looking away.
 Tears in our hearts, in our eyes.
 How do we bear it?
 I don't know,
 But the circle helps.

Eva Lager

TCF, Western Australia

A BROTHER'S DEATH

Barbara Lazear Ascher's brother, Bobby, died of AIDS at the age 31. Following is an excerpt of a beautifully written sensitive article describing the author's struggle with grief. "A Brother's Death" was originally printed in the New York Times Magazine.

When we first learned of Bobby's illness, it seemed incomprehensible that this could be happening to our baby brother. My sister and I began a journey into paralysis. There were days when it seemed we had to concentrate on putting one foot in front of the other if we were to walk at all. If we traveled more than a couple of blocks, we were exhausted for the rest of the day.

We were hungry, we weren't hungry. We made chocolate chip cookies and chocolate brownies and didn't eat them. We opened and closed the refrigerator door, looking for something that might cushion the pain, fill the chasm that was opening from within.

Now I realize that this was the beginning of grief which starts in the stomach, yawning like the gaping mouth in Munch's painting. "The Scream." But what did we know of grief? We were young, our beloved had not yet died. I began to understand that grieving is like walking. The urge is there, but you need a guiding hand; you need someone to teach you how.

I went to speak with a wise and trusted minister at my church who warned that there were bad times ahead. The death of a sibling, he said, grievous in itself, is also a startling reminder of our own mortality. I suppose it's not dissimilar to the time in youth when we first learned of our origins and began to understand -- if they made me, then they can make another. After that we became the nervous sentinels of our territory. When a sibling dies, the absolute certainty of death replaces the cherished illusion that maybe we'll be the exceptions. When a sibling dies, death tugs at our own shirttails. There's no unclasping its persistent grip. "You too," it says. "Yes, even you."

When you are new to grief, you learn that there's no second-guessing it. It will have its way with you. Don't be fooled by the statistics you read: Widows have one bad year; orphans three. Grief doesn't read schedules.

One morning three weeks after Bobby died, I arose feeling happy and energetic. Well, now, I thought, I guess we've taken care of that. Wrong. The next morning I was awakened by a wail I thought was coming from the storm outside until I realized it was coming from me.

Grief will fool you with its disguises. Some days you insist that you're fine -- you're just angry at a friend who said the wrong thing. One day I wept into the lettuce and peaches at our local market when an acquaintance approached to scold me for my stand in an old battle. Of course, we both assumed that she was responsible for my tears.

You learn that you can cry and stop and laugh and even follow a taxi driver's commands to "Have a nice day," and then cry again. You learn that there is no such thing as crying forever. Three months ago I was certain that I would never be happy again. I was wrong.

Grief is like the wind. When it's blowing hard, you adjust your sails and run before it. It blows too hard, you stay in the harbor, close the hatches and don't take calls. When it's gentle, you go sailing, have a picnic, take a swim.

You go wherever it takes you. There are no bulwarks to withstand it. Should you erect one, it will eventually tire of the game and blow the walls in.

We cannot know another's grief, as deeply personal as love and pain. I cannot measure my own against the sorrow of my brother's friends who must wonder every day which among them will be next... I shy away from the magnitude of my brother's own grief when, upon being diagnosed, he heard the final click of a door as it closed on possibility.

A friend of mine said of her son when he died at 30, "He was just beginning to look out at the world and make maps." So was my brother. And then there was no place to go.

QUIET TIME

An important way to push stress out of your life is to take advantage of quiet time. Choose a time when you can be alone with your thoughts and feelings. Sound scary? Read on...

There is a tendency to run from the pain of grief – to keep so busy and push yourself so hard that all you can do is fall in bed at night and go right to sleep. You may keep from feeling the pain, but it will catch up with you in some form in the future. It may be in the form of a disabling disease, frequent colds, a sudden heart attack or grief in years to come.

Stop and...open up the picture album and remember times past.

Take a walk where there were special memories.

Sit down during the day and reflect.

At the beginning of these quiet times you may have a rush of feelings. Feel them. You won't break, and nobody has ever cried forever. Once you have gone into them, you will eventually begin to quiet down. At this time you could play some quiet music or put on a tape with some relaxing sounds, such as ocean waves or gentle rainfall.

Rest when you can. During this time your body is trying very hard to heal your emotional wounds and you may tire easily. Take a nap in the middle of the day. Yes, even at your place of work if possible. When I returned to work the week after my son's death, I found a couch in one of the women's rest rooms. I would curl up under a velveteen blanket for about 20 minutes after lunch. That helped me get through the rest of the day. Plus, it was the only place I could have a good, private cry in that kind of environment.

It's very common to have sleeping difficulties. Grievors frequently have trouble getting to sleep or wake during the night and are unable to go back to sleep. You have a lot on your mind, and it's hard to turn it off.

If you're having trouble sleeping at night, try the following tips before resorting to sleeping pills. Some medicines ward off your feelings so that when you stop taking them, it's as if your grief just begun.

- get out of bed if you wake up and can't go back to sleep within 10 minutes. Stop fighting wakefulness and do something else for a while.
 - don't make yourself sleep in a bed which has memories if it's too difficult, or put a pillow where the empty spot is. George Burns found comfort sleeping in his wife's bed after she died. A widow found comfort in wearing her husband's pajama top and laying on his side of the bed.
 - have a good book or magazine handy to read.
 - keep your journal next to your bed and write out your thoughts and feelings.
 - watch TV or read.
 - drink warm milk. It has a chemical which helps bring on sleep.
 - listen to relaxation cassette tapes, such as ocean waves or whale sounds. If you have never tried them you'll be surprised at how soothing they are.
 - play an affirmation tape.
- Or, if you're a snuggler, just rest in bed, not "trying" to go to sleep. Enjoy the soft feel of your pillow, the cuddliness of your mattress and covers.

Give yourself the gift of time out, awake or sleeping.

Kelly Osmont, TCF S. Chester Co., PA

ADVICE FOR THE BEREAVED

Realize and recognize the loss.
 Take time for nature’s slow, sure, stuttering process of healing.
 Give yourself massive doses of restful relaxation and routine busy-ness.
 Know that powerful, overwhelming feelings will lessen with time.
 Be vulnerable, share your pain, and be humble enough to accept support.
 Surround yourself with life, plants, animals, and friends.
 Use mementos to help your mourning, not to live in the dead past.
 Avoid rebound relationships, big decisions, and anything addictive.
 Keep a diary and record successes, memories, and struggles.
 Prepare for change, new interests, new friends, solitude, creativity, growth.
 Recognize that forgiveness (of ourselves and others) is a vital part of the healing process.
 Know that holidays and anniversaries can bring up the painful feeling you thought you had successfully worked through.
 Realize that any new death related crisis will bring up feelings about past losses.

The Centre for Living with Dying

GRIEF

GRIEF is sometimes silent – like snowflakes falling on a dark winter’s night – but never peaceful or serene or pretty like the pure white snow. When grief is silent, the tears seem to turn to ice, like the snowflakes, before they reach our eyes.

GRIEF is sometimes raging – like a monstrous thunderstorm - with all its fury and bolts of lightning striking our hearts at every angle. When grief is raging, the tears come in torrents like the rain and flood our soul.

GRIEF: Whether it be silent or raging . . . IT HURTS.

Verna Smith, TCF, Ft. Worth, TX

CATCHING BUTTERFLIES

It often hurt to come upon reminders of my son.
 Tho' often since I lost him,
 I would search around for one.
 Which always brought on sadness,
 And the tears that I would shed.
 Were caused by names or faces,
 All things that I would dread.

This view of his intrigued me;
 I wanted to hear more,
 And learned that he took all of them
 And carefully would store.
 All of the reminders that I chose to push away.
 He would tuck them deep down inside his heart each
 and every day.

But then one day I came upon a man
 Who'd lost his son.
 I found that things I ran from,
 He wouldn't even shun.
 But rather he would treasure,
 And I said I wondered why.
 He told me that he called them
 "Catching Butterflies."

Now a name or likeness,
 When catching me off guard.
 Does not upset me as it did,
 and I don't find it hard.
 For now, instead, I see these times as opportunities
 To see my son awakened
 In these new, fresh memories.

Dottie Williams, TCF Pittsburgh, PA