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**The Compassionate Friends**  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies  
Oscoda Area Chapter

The Compassionate Friends of  
Oscoda Area  
4087 Forest Rd.  
Oscoda, MI 48750  
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## Issue 87 September/October 2026

### Monthly Meetings

2<sup>nd</sup> Tuesday of the Month  
Sacred Heart Church Family Center  
5300 N US 23  
Oscoda, MI 48750  
Meeting time 7:00 pm

**If Oscoda Area Schools is closed due to weather our meeting is canceled**

**September 8<sup>th</sup> @ 7 pm**

**October 14<sup>th</sup> @ 7 pm**



### Chapter Leadership

Mail: TCF-Oscoda Chapter  
4087 Forest Rd.  
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FB The Compassionate Friends

#### Oscoda Area

Co-Leaders: Fran Ommani  
Charlie Negro  
Secretary: Charlie Negro  
Treasurer: Jane Negro & PR  
Outreach: Tracey Toppa  
Director: Vicky Stadler

### REGIONAL COORDINATOR

Gail Lafferty 734-306-3930  
Kathy Rambo 734-748-2514



*"You Need Not Walk Alone!"*



### Now Autumn

Fall is a season of many feelings.  
Autumn is here once again, as it comes every year.  
And with the leaves, my falling tears.  
This time of year, is the hardest of all...  
My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall.  
Memories once so vivid are seeming to fade.  
My time spent with you seems like some other age.  
This season reminds me of grief and of pain,  
But yet teaches hope and of joy once again.  
For the trees are still living beneath their gray bark.

And you, my sweet child,  
Are alive in my heart!

~Cindy Schake



### September Monarchs

*Time between summer and winter  
Time under changing skies  
-muted and heavy with foresight,  
or endless blue,  
smiling at butterflies.*

*Time between summer and winter.  
Time between laughter and tear  
-harvest of beauty remembered  
and voices (where are you?)  
to hear.*

*Time between summer and winter,  
Thoughtful, painful and wise  
-muted and heavy with losing  
But smiling at butterflies.*

~Sascha Wagner



### There Will Come A Day

There will come a day when  
the tears of sorrow will softly flow  
into tears of remembrance...  
and your heart will begin  
to heal itself...  
and grieving will be interrupted  
by episodes of joy  
and you will hear the whispers of hope.

There will come a day when  
you will welcome  
the tears of remembrance...  
as a sun-shower of the soul...  
a turning of the tide...  
a promise of peace.

There will come a day when  
You will smile and laugh and  
Tell our story without tears  
As you remember.

~TCF Chapter Bronx, New York

*The best way to honor the dead  
is to love the living.  
For if our lives stop when their  
life stops, death has killed twice.  
~Reverend William A. Ritter*

### Surviving Grief

By Gary Sturgis

When I talk about the person I lost, it's not for sympathy.  
It's because remembering them is the only way I still get to love them out loud.

Some people think sharing memories means I'm "stuck"

But truthfully...it's how I keep their presence woven into the world. It's how I honor the life that mattered. It's how I refuse to let their story fade in silence.

I don't post on fb because I want people to feel sorry for me.

I post because his or her name deserves to be spoken.

Their life deserves to be remembered.

And my heart deserves a place to put the love that

didn't disappear when they did. 💔



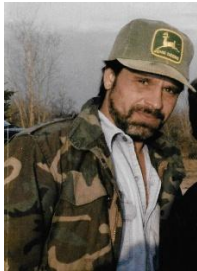
Each September is National Suicide Prevention Month. Learn when it's observed, its importance, awareness, and spread hope.  
<https://www.nami.org/stay-connected/events/awareness-events/suicide-prevention-month/support-prevention-efforts>.





*"Forever In Our Hearts"*  
Our Children/Grandchildren/Siblings  
*Loved and Missed*



| Birthday                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                          | Remembered                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>September</b><br>Drew Preston<br>   | <b>September</b><br>Sarah Woodruff<br>  | <b>Septembers</b><br>Andrew Carol<br>                                                                                                                                                                             | <b>September</b><br>Kyra Goodman Swiatek<br> |
| <b>October</b><br>Samual Martin<br>   | <b>October</b><br>Amanda Wilkinson<br> | <b>October</b><br>Jerry Brunk<br>                                                                                                                                                                                | <b>October</b><br>April White<br>           |
| <b>October</b><br>Audree Ball<br>    | <b>October</b><br>Daniel Cleary<br>   | <b>October</b><br>Matthew Rheaume<br>                                                                                                                                                                           | <b>October</b><br>Ryan Michaels<br>        |
| <b>October</b><br>Dustin Clayton<br> | <b>October</b><br>Kylie LaPierre<br>  | <p><i>"Our loved ones are still and always will be a part of us. They are threads in our own fabric and cannot lose their love."</i><br/>~Darcie Sims</p>                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                 |
|                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                          | <p><i>Memories</i><br/>will bring you<br/>love from the past,<br/>courage in the present,<br/>hope for the future.</p>  <p>The Compassionate Friends<br/>Supporting Family After a Death<br/>Sascha Wagner</p> |                                                                                                                                 |



## **HALLOWEEN, THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS & EVEN NEW YEAR'S DAY**

Once again, the time of celebrations is upon us. Ghosts, goblins, and a wicked witch or two express our farewell to October and prepare us for turkey, family reunions, and pumpkin pie that mark Thanksgiving. Then comes a most cherished holiday—Christmas, followed by New Year's Day.

For many parents, these occasions are unbearably difficult because our memories give us glimpses of excited costumed children voicing a timid “trick or treat “at neighbors’ doors. We remember the fondness of a family Thanksgiving and chuckle at recalling best clothing smeared with the color of cranberry. But, perhaps most of all, we live again the search of that a favorite story or book, or the vibrancy of a child's eyes drinking in the Christmas tree.

It's wonderful to remember, but in the first years at least, the pain overshadows most of the happiness we have in recall. But even for those along in years and growth from the time of bereavement, there is a longing that is forever barren, a hope that cannot be realized. The pain may be less wenching, less totally consuming, but it is always there.

There are ways to help yourself if you wish, but it is very hard at first. You can curse the darkness, holding the pain close to you to protect what little seems to remain of you, and we who are also bereaved will understand, for we have gone on that lonely road as well. Plan to give yourself lots of latitude and learn to tolerate your own behavior. If you spend all, one, or two of these days in tears, depression or yearning, it simply means that you are not ready to face the task that the holidays have become. Perhaps in the future you will.

When I think of my son Olin or the children, we have all lost, I think of light and dreams, joy and laughter. There is no holiday memory or activity, beautiful present or well-intended relative that will compensate for the life, the light, or the splendid future forever lost to eternity. Yet, as I grow older in my grief, I also remember that my child's light and dreams gave birth to my own joy and laughter. These were gifts he gave me every holiday, together with limitless love that defies all time and space, even death itself.

So, I have promised him a laugh back this Christmas, at least, and on the other holidays if I can. It's not a gift to put in a box or stocking and the packaging will still be the same old me. But he'll have my gift this year—a smile, a laugh, some joy from me. As I write this it seems very strange, for that gift is but a return of many he gave, colorful packages, invisible to all but me, nested in splendor beneath our tree.

~Don Hackette  
TCF Plymouth, MA

# *THE SIBLING CORNER*

*"When you close your eyes and remember, don't forget that your sibling rests yet in you, in your heart and in your thoughts, in everything you do. They will never leave you alone. You have a listener at your beck and call. What a gift!" - from a Sibling*

Dear Sibling,

How can I possibly tell you how much I miss you? But of course, you probably know - since you knew me better than anyone. No matter how much time passes, I still wish you were here to share our lives and the future I expected us to have together. Even though we fought and at times neglected each other, I just assumed that you would always be there. That we'd grow old together and remember stories of growing up and laugh at each other as we looked and acted more like our parents...that we'd share our joys and setbacks, and adore each other's children.

Your death has rocked me harder than I could imagined I'd survive. Ultimately, there are no answers to my questions. There is no replacing you and there is no solace for my grief. There is only the simple choice I make every day to live on in the honor of your memory and the love we shared. To strive to carry on the best of who you were. To cherish the brief time we have with others. To celebrate the opportunity to be alive. To have compassion for the pain of others as well as my own. To have the courage to love fully as I have loved you and to remember that you would want me to go on and find joy again.

You gave me so many gifts while you were alive and I continue to discover the gifts in this loss. I am so thankful you were born my sibling. I would not have traded our time together for anything. You are always with me because you are a part of me.

~ Mary Lamourex TCF Marin County, CA

## **It's Okay to Laugh.**

Laughter is not a sign of less grief. Laughter is not a sign of less love. It's a sign that many of our thoughts and memories are happy ones. It's a sign that we know our dear one would have us laugh. It's okay to laugh.

~Patricia Lufty Nevitt  
TCF Austin, TX



## *The Worldwide Candle Lighting December 14<sup>th</sup>*

*Our Annual Candle Lighting will be at Sacred Heart Church at 6:45 and candles will be lit at 7:00pm.*

*In memory of our children, siblings, and grandchildren light a candle.*

