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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
989-254-5888
Email: tcfoscodagmail.com

Issue 64 March/April 2022

Monthly Meetings

2nd 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.**

March 8th @ 7 pm

April 12th @ 7 pm

You need not walk alone!

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP

Mail: TCF-Oscoda Chapter
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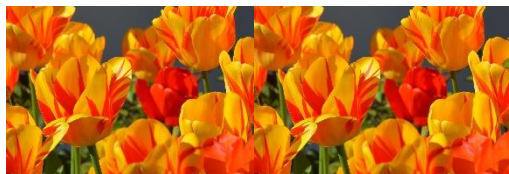


The Compassionate Friends Oscoda Area

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

REGIONAL COORDINATORS

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



GRIEF IN SPRING?

Written by [John Pete](#) on
Monday, March 23, 2015

If Spring makes you feel better and to feel new hope, that is a good, positive and nurturing thing. But it may not be true for everyone, and no one should feel they have to hide their true feelings. It is perfectly normal to experience new heightened grief and/or grief-related anxiety in Spring, just as it is in other seasons of the year. Although warmer, sunnier months can be nurturing and inspire new hopefulness, grief does not suddenly go away just because seasons change.

Spring generally brings a sudden flurry of change and things begin to move faster all around us. There is rebirth and renewal in nature as flowers and trees bloom and everything turns green again, and people quickly begin to flock to their favorite warm-weather activities. Try to take time to sit down make some plans that can nurture you and help you cope with your losses and grief.

A helpful way to respond to one's anxiousness about spring and summer is to remind yourself that YOU are in control and that the warmer months offer unique opportunities for nurturing activities such as travel, planting gardens, nature walks, photography, family gatherings, star-gazing, and many other things. And if it helps, take comfort in the belief that your precious loved ones are with you wherever you are and whatever you are doing.

Reprinted from Open to Hope



Grief is a Coral Reef

when somebody else tries
to tell you how you should grieve
smile and forgive them
through your watering eyes
and then imagine
how lonely it must be
to be the person who
audits the tears
of other people
the well-intended
will tell you how
long you should miss
your beloved
but
you take your time
grief is a hedge maze
and being lost inside of it
is more than okay
don't race through
your heartache
because you might
just miss a miracle
or two
in the teardrops rolling down your face
don't grieve quickly
just to make somebody
else feel better
if you need to,
let your grief
become a coral reef
let the algae of your hurt
slowly form over the years
into the softest violet hue of heaven
it can take two lifetimes to recover
when our beloved becomes
an empty chair
it's okay
take as much time
your healing is your healing
and the scars of absence
will itch longer than you can imagine
but that is because you
risked to love so deeply
and that is far better than
the alternative
I am proud of you
and the courage it
takes for you to grieve
so fearlessly
don't listen to those
who want you to go back
to normal
normal will never exist again

for those of us who have
lost part of our heart
if the moon broke in half
would it feel normal?
to hell with normal
normal was their scent on your collar
normal was their voice resting in your ear
normal was their touch on your skin
you have a new normal
it's looking at the shape of clouds
for messages from the great beyond
that your beloved is fine
you have a new normal
it's building a cabin in
the woods of your memory
where you and your beloved
can meet for lunch
you have a new normal
it's crying and laughing
at the same time
whenever their favorite
song plays on the radio
grief isn't the enemy
of life
numbness is
don't become numb to your suffering
welcome it in
and let it wrap you
up like a blanket
whenever it shows up
at your door
it's okay
I swear
It's okay
your beloved missed you just
as much as you miss them
and someday
you two will
get all tangled up
together again
someday
you two will
push each on a
swing again under
a shower of falling blooms
and someday
you two will ride
comets together
on the edge of everything
and someday you two will giggle
at all of the idiots
who tried to tell you
how to grieve
~John Roedel (johnroedel.com)





Filling In Holes

Today, my husband and I went to the nursery and bought some flowers and bedding plants to go in our gardens. Spring is here, and the weather is beautiful. Not cold all...but also not so hot that the thought of pattering in the garden brings a groan of dismay.

I remember my first Spring in this house. We were so excited. Our family was nearly complete. Our third son was on his way, and we had just had a house built. We were at the plant nursery at least once a week. Our life was busy, bright, untainted by grief.

I remember our second Spring in this house. How winter hung on, tenacious, unyielding, both outside, and in our hearts. I remember the first warm Spring day. I came home from work early, determined to make SOMETHING grow in my life. Maybe I couldn't get my son to live, but I was going to make something live.

Grief was a raw, open wound then, and my anger was deep. I was angry at the world, at God...at everything. And so I approached my yard, shovel in hand. I decided I had to have a garden in the middle of my yard. I began furiously digging out the grass, making an oval in the center. It took me hours digging out that oval. But I wasn't through. I then decided I wanted a garden right by my doorway, so I dug out that area too. And then I made big holes, and tore out all the roots and stones and other junk.

I made big holes in my yard that day. And in the weeks to come I DID fill them. Funny thing, as I dug those holes and pulled on the grass, my anger drained away. My salty tears mixed with the sweat of exertion and the dirt, and ran off my arms undetected to the outside world. Digging those holes provided an outlet for my anger and my hurt.

Today I dug some more holes. But this time, my holes were smaller. And I filled them with small, delicate flowers, purple and white. I put bulbs in the ground too, filling other small holes. And I reflected back on another hole. The hole in my heart. No, I can't ever fill it with what "should" be there...my son. He "should" be almost seven now, full of energy, and wanting to plant flowers with Mom. But I have filled that hole with other things. With love and healing and memories. And with the lessons and the gifts my son gave me. I never saw those gifts that Spring, as I was digging out holes in my yard. And though I would rather have that hole filled with my son's presence, I am grateful for the gifts he gave. And so I will go on, filling holes.

~Lisa Sculley TCF Jacksonville, FL



SPRING THAWS THE WOUNDED HEART



The first spring came too soon. Why did daffodils show sunny faces around the grave stone? Why did warm breezes blow clouds away; my world, a gray dismal one had no room for this season.

Now years later the blossoms of love, hope and healing have broken through grounds of utter despair. Warmed by memories of you, I join the daffodils bringing my own smile.



~Alice J. Wisler, Inspired by the life of David Paul Wisler





"Forever In Our Hearts"
Our Children/Siblings Remembered



Birthdays 		Remembrances 	
March Tony Calabrese 	March Aaron Gonzalez 	March Ashley Scott 	March Nathan Kirkpatrick 
March Nathan Kirkpatrick 	April Calvin Vallette 	March Angelo Edward Stell 	April Michael Wright 
April April White 	April Aaron Dean 	<i>Forever in our hearts</i>	

April Reflections Spring-Easter-Passover



Spring means new growth, flowers, green grass, butterflies, budding trees and with this comes hope for the future.

Easter reminds us of a life hereafter and the children's laughter fills our hope as they engage in Easter egg hunts and Easter bunnies.

Passover remembers the ones no longer with us - and as we mourn their loss we understand that the life of the dead is not in the memory of the living.

Lent often brings up talk about "giving up things" - I would prefer to hear people say what they are doing for others, for Lent. Forgiveness could be a start, followed by Love. Add also patience, understanding and friendship. It's better to be less critical of others and more loving instead.

Priorities can change. One of our bereaved parents observed how her priorities have changed since the death of her child. She used to find it important to shop for material things. She told us about a recent day; as she was about to leave the house her grandson wanted to show her something, but she said she didn't have time right then. After a moment, she reconsidered and said, sure she had time...

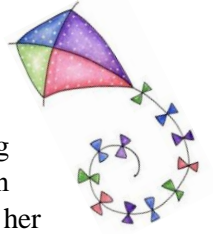
How many of us forget it only takes a few minutes or a smile, to make someone else's day. Bereaved parents know more than anyone might not get a second chance. So tonight, when we turn out the light and reflect on the day, I hope we all can say "this was a good day not only for me but for the kindness I showed to others."

~Othell Heaney

TCF Brandywine Hundred, Delaware



A Boy and His Kite



He kept adding more spools of string to make it higher. A woman walked by and said, "You have that kite flying high." And the boy agreed. The woman left and went about her business. On her way back, she looked up toward the kite and said, "I do not see your kite." The boy agreed. She asked, "Then why don't you let go of it?" The boy answered, "I can't. I can still feel it tugging." This is the plight of bereaved parents.

TCF~ Richmond, VA

Why We Still Go To TCF

"Are you still involved with that group? Aren't you over it yet? Why do you go?"

These are questions I often hear now that it has been more than seven years since Mark died. I suspect you hear them too. There are easy answers. But not everyone understands, unless you have been there. Here are ten I can think of:

1. Because we never want the world to forget our child, so what we do we do in his or her name.
2. Because when we reach out to help someone else, we also help ourselves.
3. Because someone was there for us when we needed it most; now the best way to say "thank you" is to pass it on by being there for others.
4. Because it is the one thing we do that can bring something positive out of tragedy.
5. Because we have found TCF better friends and closer bonds than we ever thought possible. Here we can cry and hug people even if we don't know their last name or what they do for a living. And it doesn't matter.
6. Because few people are qualified to walk up to a newly bereaved family and say, "I know how you feel." And because we can, we must.
7. Because sometimes we need to talk, too, and to remember and share. We are further along than many around us, but we never forget.
8. Because many of us believe that one day we will meet our child or brother or sister again, and he or she will ask, "So what did you do with your life after I left?" And we will have an answer.
9. Because our presence might help newly bereaved families understand that they will survive and even laugh again.
10. Because we love cold coffee, cookies and hard metal chairs.

~Richard Edler; TCF South Bay/LA, CA
In Memory of my son Mark Edler

Memory Garden @ Mark's Park

The Memory Garden @ Mark's Park is a perennial flower garden nurtured, maintained and supported by community volunteers and the Compassionate Friends of Oscoda Area. The Memory Garden is intended to be a place to enjoy nature and revisit positive memories of our children, grandchildren and siblings who died too soon.



In addition to the garden, we have a memory brick area.

Individual bricks may be purchased, engraved with the name of your child, grandchild, or sibling and placed in the designated area of the park. Proceeds from this project will be used to support TCF activities as well as to maintain and expand the Memory Garden @ Mark's Park.

We can only allow one brick per child, grandchild or sibling that has died in order to keep the area open for future bricks.

To order a Memory Brick, please mark which size brick, complete the form and return it to.....

4 x 8 bricks \$35.00 with up to 3 lines of text with 13 characters per line.

_____ 8 x 8 bricks \$55.00 with up to 5 lines of text with 13 characters per line.

Name _____

Date: _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Email _____ Phone _____

Make checks payable to: TCF of Oscoda Area

Return completed form to: TCF Oscoda Area
4087 Forest Rd.
Oscoda, MI 48750

For more information please contact us at tcfoscod@gmail.com

Please use grid below, allowing one space per character—a character is each letter, number, and/or space used.

[illegible]