

NATIONAL OFFICE
The Compassionate Friends
48660 Pontiac #930808
Wixom, MI 48393
Toll Free
1/877-969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org
email: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org



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: tcfoscoda@gmail.com



Issue 60 July/August 2021

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.**

July 13th @ 7 pm
August 10th @ 7 pm

You need not walk alone!

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP

Mail: TCF-Oscoda Chapter
4087 Forest Rd., Oscoda, MI 48750
Phone: 989-254-5888
Email: tcfoscoda@gmail.com
Web: www.tcf-oscoda.org



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



To Our Children As We Celebrate Their Lives



We still miss you every day.
We still miss you even as time softens the pain.

As new memories are made we will always miss you.
As we smile and laugh we will always miss you.

We treasure the moments, days or years we had with
you, as well as the memories you left behind.
These butterflies remind us of hope and new life and we
will treasure this moment with family and friends.

Tonight as we release our butterflies we are sending our
love to you as we celebrate your life and the time you
were here with us.

Even though—it was just a little while.

~author unknown

We just had our Butterfly Release on Sunday June 27th.
For pictures check out our website at
www.tcf-oscoda.org

Compassionate Tears

I cried in my car, and was ignored
I cried in church, and was pitied.
I cried at work, and was shunned.
I cried at home, and was hushed.
I cried at The Compassionate Friends,
And others share their tissues & tears.

~Nona Walser
TCF Greenville, SC

TELLING THEIR STORIES

By Tanya Lord ©The Grief Toolbox

There are many different reasons and purposes for telling our grief story. Telling our story is important for so many reasons but understanding why we are telling it helps us to formulate the story for that purpose and to get the reaction that we are wanting from telling it. There are three basic reasons that we tell a story and as we move through grief these reasons may change.

1. We tell our story to understand that it is real. The death of someone we love is so intensely painful and the details around the death are forever imprinted on our minds. We remember the tiniest detail and we find ourselves wanting to tell it again and again. We tell details about the cause of death, the things that went right and the things that went wrong. In the telling we ask why and what if and maybe we should have. Sometimes we tell it with the odd feeling that maybe telling it this time the ending will be different. At this time intertwined with our stories are all of our raw emotions. We are trying so hard to understand how something so unimaginable. We don't need others to do anything but sit and listen and absorb the details and the pain. We may find ourselves telling people that we have just met, in a store or on an elevator details about our loss. We have no greater purpose but to tell it over and over.

2. We tell our story to connect with others. There is a shift that comes in time where our story becomes a way to connect with others. We share our story to find others with similar experiences. We want to know that we are not alone in our grief and pain. We want to know that there are others that have had similar losses so that we can learn and share with them. We also use our stories to reach out to others to let them know that we understand because we are also on the grief journey. The stories start to contain details about our loved one their interests and passions in life. We want others to know them through us and we seek to introduce them to people who understand. Our grief journey becomes intertwined at this time in sharing the loss, our love for them and we also share how we live without them. We may share our stories in writings on websites, blogs or Facebook. There may be emotions, but they are not as raw. Our goal is to

connect, to not feel alone and to make sure that others know that they are not alone.

3. We tell stories to make a difference and to honor them. At some point we may decide that the story of our loved one's life and death needs to be shared for the purpose of making a difference, to individuals or entire countries. These stories focus on why the person died and what message can come of it. Mothers Against Drunk Drivers was founded on such a story. Laws, medical practice and societal norms have been changed by tragic stories being shared. Individuals have taken different paths in life after hearing the stories of our loved ones. There is a lot of power in these stories, but there are some things to keep in mind when planning to tell them either verbally or in writing. These include:

- Make the message simple and directly related to your story. Try not to cloud the message with many details that pull people's attention away.
- Anger has a part in grief but not in trying to make a point. It is easy to dismiss someone who is angry; the message is not being listened to because the anger is in the way. If you are looking for things to change anger, bitterness and blame will not help.
 - You may want to tug on heartstrings but not so much that the focus is more on your personal loss than the issue. It is the best when we can personalize the situation to your loved one but still clearly tell the message of change.
 - Remember who the audience is and plan accordingly. What is going to move them the most about your story?
 - Finally know that your story will touch, move and inspire the people it is meant to, and sometimes we will not know who they are. Share your message, gently with everyone. Whatever the reason for wanting to tell their stories we can embrace all the wonderful resources available for doing so. Share your stories on websites or blogs, submit them to magazines and journals or apply to speak to larger audiences at conferences or in workshops. In sharing their story, I hope that you can find peace, understanding and purpose.

For more articles on Grief go to <https://thegrieftoolbox.com/>

The Stone



“The best way I can describe grieving over a child as the years go by is to say it’s similar to carrying a stone in your pocket.

When you walk, the stone brushes against your skin. You feel it. You always feel it. But depending on the way you stand or the way your body moves, the smooth edges might barely graze your body.

Sometimes you lean the wrong way or you turn too quickly and a sharp edge pokes you. Your eyes water and you rub your wound but you have to keep going because not everyone knows about your stone or if they do, they don’t realize it can still bring this much pain.

There are days you are simply happy now, smiling comes easy and you laugh without thinking. You slap your leg during that laughter and you feel your stone and aren’t sure whether you should be laughing still. The stone still hurts.

Once in a while you can’t take your hand off that stone. You run it over your fingers and roll it in your palm and are so preoccupied by it’s weight, you forget things like your car keys and home address. You try to leave it alone but you just can’t. You want to take a nap but it’s been so many years since you’ve called in “sad” you’re not sure anyone would understand anymore or if they ever did.

But most days you can take your hand in and out of your pocket, feel your stone and even smile at its unwavering presence. You’ve accepted this stone as your own, crossing your hands over it, saying “mine” as children do.

You rest more peacefully than you once did, you’ve learned to move forward the best you can. Some days you want to show the world what a beautiful memory you’re holding. But most days you twirl it through your fingers, smile and look to the sky. You squeeze your hands together and hope you are living in a way that honors the missing piece you carry, until your arms are full again.” © Jessica Watson

*Written by Jessica Watson at Four Plus An Angel. 🦋
Facebook A Bed For Your Heart*

The Grand Finale on the 4th of July



It’s getting late...
And dusk is settling in...
The 4th of July fireworks..
Are about to begin.
The Fireworks have begun...
As they fly into the sky...
Just like my child, my angel...
Who is forever soaring high.
The colorful bursts explode...
Into a spectacular show of lights...
And fill the heavens above...
Its so beautiful and bright,,
And But...then another is list...sparkling brilliantly
As the light trails through the night sky...
I think I am beginning to understand..

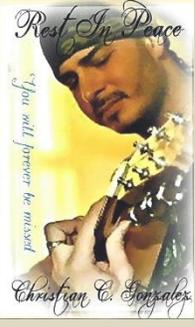
For it’s the same when our loved ones die.
For a life that has burned brightly...
Can never fade away....
For its rekindled through our memories...
Each and every day.
And our Grand Finale WILL come...
When we are united in Heaven again...
But their light will always remain lit...
Until then.

Copyright © July 2001 Written by:
Laura/Heavenly Lights Children’s Memorial
Library of Congress TX5-627-966
Reprinted by permission of the author





"Forever In Our Hearts"
Our Children/Siblings Remembered


Birthdays 		Remembrances 	
July Casey May Whitney 	July Andrew Carroll 	July Bradley Hilberg 	August Christian Gonzales 
August Kyra Janell Goodman Swiatek 	August Angelo Edward Stell 	August Elise Schenk 	August Amanda Grace Wilkinson 
		August Drew Alan Preston 	August Calvin Vallette 



You can shed tears because they are gone, or you can smile because they lived. You can close your eyes and pray they will come back, or you can open your eyes and see all that they left for you. Your heart can be empty because you can't see them, 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 only that they are gone, or you can cherish their memory and let it live on. You can cry and close your mind and feel empty, or you can do what they would want. Smile, Open your heart, Love... and go on.

—Elizabeth Ammons
lessonslearnedinlife.com



STAR-LIT Night

Star-light, Star-bright - Oh, how I wish tonight...
Oh, the joy, the bliss of our children so loved,
Now they sparkle in heaven with the stars above
Their legend lives on with charm and with grace,
As they shine down on us from their heavenly place.

Some nights are so dark when our hearts fill
with pain,

Then we think that we can never be a happy again.
For how can we live on with this pain that we feel?
Since our children died, life now seems so unreal.
We hear all the sounds on earth below -
But our senses are numb because we still miss
them so.

Our hearts are so heavy - our minds cry out, Why?

What Can They Tell Me?

A question often raised by parents who are invited to attend a meeting of TCF is “What can they tell me? The answer, of course, is “nothing!” TCF members cannot provide easy answers or solutions—or ways to avoid the pain. There are no “quick fixes” in grief, no shortcuts or detours around our grief work. What we do offer one another is an opportunity to be with other parents who have endured the same pain and have survived—others who have “been there” and can say “Me too!” when you describe your frustration, your confusion, your impatience with trivial matters which threaten to consume your energy, your anger at the injustice of your child’s death.

What TCF offers is the chance to learn about ourselves as we confront our grief and as we recognize ourselves in some part of another parent’s story or another parent’s pain.

~Joyce Andrews
TCF Sugar Land-Southwest Houston, TX



The children we love and miss - now reside in
the sky.

The stars, like our children, shine down with
promises of love,

Their glory sometimes hidden by the clouds above.
But, we know they are still there even though we
can't see.

Because their brightness shines on inside you and
me.

Now, the stars beckon to us as they twinkle above,
Our children singing messages of hope and of love.
They are cradled high above us twinkling so bright,
Shining down beams of hope with the STAR-LIT
NIGHT.

~Faye McCord, TCF/Jackson, MS
In honor of All Beavered Parents

