



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**

**MARCH and
APRIL 2013**



Seattle King County Chapter P.O. Box 66896 Seattle, WA 98166 206-241-1139

Sometimes

Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF, Katy, TX

Sometimes in the middle of the night as I read, wash dishes, fold clothes, or sit quietly and pontificate about this or that, I hear your voice. The sound is so clear. "Mom," you say. Sometimes I answer back in an automatic response. I wait for a brief moment and then your voice is gone. I am startled and I freeze in place, not moving, not breathing, not blinking, just listening.

Sometimes I think I see you in a store or on the street, walking that unique walk that was yours alone. I look twice and realize it is not you. But it was a brief moment of joy to see that special walk.

Sometimes I think I have lost my mind. But most of the time I am thankful for these little reminders. Perhaps it is my mind giving me a sense of you. Perhaps the keeping of you in my heart brings this peace to me.

Sometimes when I come home from work, I find something on the counter that wasn't there that morning. A sock, a small socket wrench, a matchbox car. I ask my husband if he came home during the day. He didn't, of course. I wonder about these things, but then I also get comfort from them.

Sometimes I wish I could talk to you just one more time. I would simply listen to your voice, your excitement, your disappointment, your happiness, your enthusiasm, your concern....whatever you might be feeling. That would be enough. I don't need great revelations, just a conversation, just your voice.

Sometimes I could just scream at the inequity of your death. You, my only child, the one who gave purpose and meaning to my life, are gone forever from this plane. But then, I get a grip on my sanity and stop thinking negatively.

Sometimes I meet a newly bereaved mother and I see myself. I know her heart, I understand her torment, and I feel the pain that has wrapped her in its horrible, crushing grip. I listen to this mother whose world has been gnarled into a grotesque shell of life, and I ask about her child.

Sometimes I accept my reality, sometimes I don't. But I always keep you in my heart, taking you into the future as far as I, myself, will go. And that has to be enough. I cannot change the past. I can only live today and plan for tomorrow.

Sometimes, though, I am glad that my mind allows me these little forays into a parallel reality. These give me peace. In this world, peace is as ethereal as a fine mist near a waterfall.

Sometimes, reality is just too harsh.



Dancing in the Rain

The word dance seems to be etched in to my mind. Recently, a friend shared a quote she had come across: "Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass. It's about learning to dance in the rain."

Wow – what awesome words! The image of a storm is a good analogy in understanding our grief. Storms can come from nowhere, like a tornado, seemingly destroying everything in their path and leaving our lives a complete and utter shambles. The darkness and dreariness stay while lightning continues to flash, stabbing our hearts with pain. Thunder clamors constantly, reminding us that our children are gone. We can walk in fog for what seems like years as the sleet and frigid cold freeze us in our tracks. The wind howls, imitating our screams and wailing. The rain seems to be endless.

Others, who haven't lost their children, who are living in sunshine, cry out to us, "Come in out of the rain." They don't understand that often we're just not able to move. The storm has become our world, for however long we need or choose to live there. My own experience of grief tells me that our lives will always be stormier than they were before the hurricanes came and took what was most precious to us. But, we do have a choice. We can stay hunkered down under the false protection of denial. We can lock ourselves up in a protective shell and never come out. Or, we can learn to dance in the rain. However, each bereaved parent must decide what feels best to them.

I find myself thinking, "It's hard to crawl, walk or breathe without her and she wants me to dance?! She must have forgotten all those times I tried and she said, "Mom, you can't dance!" then I realized that she's not referring to my ability when I hear, "Dance, Mom dance! Dance in the rain. Dance because you can't change what has already been done. You have the choice to sit it out or dance. Listen for the music, keep your eyes wide open, go forward, follow the music and dance. Follow me. I am not behind you. I am in front of you. I'm free and I am dancing."

She taught me to hear the music and her song continues on. Without it, I couldn't dance.

I believe if we allow our children to lead us to dance in the rain that they will eventually dance us out of the severe storms of pain and into the sunshine of peace.

"And when the skies are gray because I went away, put on your dancing shoes, grab your umbrella, and Dance."

Excerpt from article by Julie Short, TCF SE Illinois, In Loving Memory of Kyra. Reprinted: [We Need Not Walk Alone](#) Summer 2008.



The Compassionate Friends

Seattle-King County Chapter



The Compassionate Friends (TCF) is a *non-profit mutual assistance, self-help* organization offering *friendship, understanding, and hope* to bereaved parents and families. Anyone who has experienced the death of a child of any age, from any cause is welcome. Our meetings provide an opportunity to talk about their child and about their feelings as they go through the grieving process. There is no religious affiliation. There are no membership dues. The purpose of this support group is not to focus on the cause of death or the age of the child, but to support bereaved parents, grandparents and adult siblings in the positive resolution of the grief feelings and issues that revolve around the death of their loved one and support their efforts to achieve physical and emotional health.

TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Coming to the first meeting is the hardest, but you have nothing to lose and everything to gain! Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. At the next meeting you may find just the right person or just the right words that will help you in your grief work. Try to attend three times before deciding if TCF is right for you.

TO OUR MEMBERS WHO ARE FURTHER DOWN THE "GRIEF ROAD"

We need your encouragement and your support. Each meeting we have new parents. THINK BACK – what would it have been like for you at your first meeting if there had not been any TCF 'veterans' to welcome you, share your grief, encourage you and tell you, "your pain will not always be this bad, it really does get better!"

INFORMATION REGARDING OUR MEETINGS

PLEASE come to a meeting. We are here to discuss whatever is on your mind. This is YOUR group and we are here for each other. You do not have to talk at meetings. We welcome your participation in our group, but it is not a requirement. Coming to listen to the other members is okay, too. Our meetings are open to parents, grandparents, adult siblings, or other adult family members.

WE NEED YOUR HELP

This group belongs to you and cannot survive without assistance. Areas of help needed are refreshments, setting up before a meeting, being a phone friend for those who may be having a particularly difficult day, help with the newsletter, send thank-you notes, become a facilitator, volunteer to help with Chapter activities or serve on the steering committee.

Part of getting better, is being there to assist others, too, through this journey.

If you'd like to help, please contact us.

Chapter Co-Leaders: Mike McLeod: 206-369-7366 and Marge Tomlinson: tcfmarge@aol.com



KEEPING IN TOUCH



Seattle-King County Chapter **Phone: 206-241-1139** (TCF Line)

Seattle-King County Chapter **Mailing Address: P. O. Box 66896 Seattle, WA 98166-0896**

Seattle-King County Chapter **Website: www.tcfseattle.org**

Seattle-King County Chapter **Facebook: The Compassionate Friends, Seattle King County Chapter**

Phone Support: Having a rough moment? Need someone to talk to? Call Robyn at 360-259-8006 ♥

Western Washington Regional Coordinator: Jacqueline Russell 360-457-7395

TCF National Office Phone: 877-969-0010

TCF National Mailing Address: P. O. Box 3696 Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696

TCF National Website: www.compassionatefriends.org (website has link to Facebook)

♥ **TCF Online Support** - Please visit the National website to get the session schedule for the following groups:

- ♥ Parents / Grandparents
- ♥ Siblings

- ♥ Pregnancy / Infant Loss
- ♥ No Surviving Children

- ♥ Survivors of Suicide
- ♥ Men Only

"Mourning is one of the most profound human experiences that is possible to have. The deep capacity to weep for the loss of a loved one and to continue to treasure the memory of that loss is one of our noblest human traits".
~ Shneidman (1980)

Part of us forever mourns the loss of our children, but as time goes on, the pain gradually begins to lessen. Someday in the future you may even ask yourself "How did I make it through that difficult time in my life?"
Remember, there are people out there who care for you. Take life one day at a time and maybe someday you can be the one to offer assistance to someone who is newly bereaved.

*Find a little time for spring, even if your days are troubled.
Let a little sunshine in...let your memories be doubled.
Take a little time to see all the things your child was seeing,
And your tears will help your heart find a better time for being.*
~ Sascha Wagner



Our Chapter's Sharing Group Location:

FEDERAL WAY

~2nd Wednesday evening of each month~

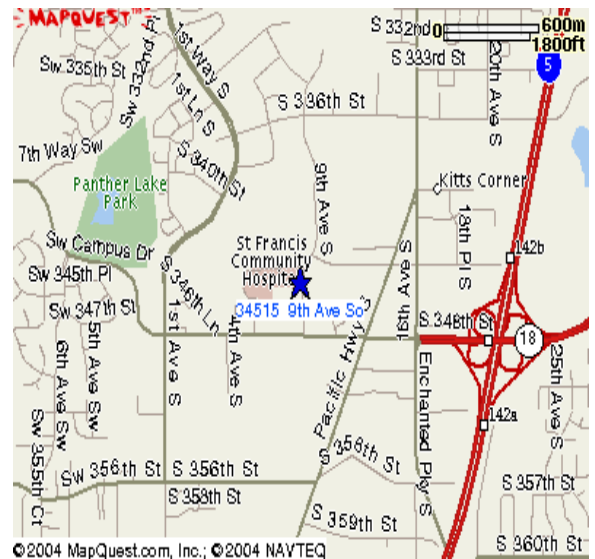
Our 2013 Meetings: March 13, April 10, May 8,
June 12, July 10, August 14, September 11,
October 9, November 13, December 11

6:30pm – 8:30pm

St. Francis Hospital
34515 9th Ave. So.

Federal Way, WA 98003

Ask at the information desk in the main lobby for
directions to the meeting room.



Books on Grief Available

We have quite a large selection of grief books at our monthly meetings. We invite you to look over the books from our library. We hope you can find something that may help you and your family. If you have a book you would like to donate and share with other bereaved parents, please bring it with you to the meeting.

Birthday Table



In the month of your child's birthday, a Birthday Table is provided where you can share photos, mementos, your child's favorite snack, a birthday cake, a bouquet of flowers – anything you'd like to bring to share. We want to know your child better, so please take advantage of this opportunity to celebrate the wonderful day of your child's birth and for us to become better acquainted.

Eight Beatitudes For A Grieving Parent

Phil Dindia, Seattle-King County TCF

***Blessed** are you who say a loud No at the death of a loved one –
and still say Yes to life in and around you.*

***Blessed** are the memories of a life cut too short,
for so it is that they forever live.*

***Blessed** are the tears that come on special days
for they keep you in touch with the softness of your being an ease your heart.*

*Blessed are the wonder-filled memories and the tears as you look at their pictures
for they reveal how well you have loved and been loved.*

*Blessed are those who reach out to you even without words,
for they know the inexpressible depth of your sorrow.*

*Blessed be the life you continue to live,
and may time and your sharing ease your sorrow.*

*Blessed be you who reach out and find those who are grieving,
even as you continue your life's journey without them.*

*Blessed is that beautiful life you made together,
and may your sorrow be eased by the memory of your love.*



Prayer for Spring



Janice Heil, TCF Vancouver

Like springtime, let me unfold
and grow fresh and new
from this cocoon of grief
that has been spun around me.
Help me face the harsh reality of
sunshine and renewed life
as my bones still creak from
the winter of my grief.
Life has dared to go on around me.
As I recover from the insult
of life's continuance,
I readjust my focus to
include recovery and growth
as a possibility in my future.
Give me strength to break out of
the cocoon of my grief.
But may I never forget it as
the place where I grew my wings,
becoming a new person
because of my loss.



Our Annual Retreat in Seabeck, WA ~ May 31 - June 2, 2013



For over thirty years bereaved parents have been crossing the wooden bridge into the quiet serenity of Seabeck Conference Center. The majestic Olympic Mountains rise to the west, scenic Hood Canal lies between you and the Olympics and wooded hills slope up from the beach which set this place apart from being just another conference center.

Our retreat is just that...a *retreat*. We leave behind the busyness of our everyday lives and enter a relaxed and safe haven to work on our grief and bond with other bereaved parents. The retreat is a place where we share our thoughts, feelings, and precious memories of our children. The weekend includes workshops, sharing groups, a reflection room, burden basket, crafts, Children's Memorial Garden and a candlelighting ceremony on Saturday night.

The retreat is low-key and there is no pressure to attend every scheduled session. The weekend is yours to use however you need to take care of yourself. If it's time for an activity and you want to take a nap or take a walk, do it. Do what YOU need to do.

Some people choose to not participate in sessions and yet do a lot of grief work because they have the opportunity to be in a safe and supportive setting that allows them the time and space to work on their grief away from the distractions of a busy daily life. It's a nurturing environment and you are with people who understand what you are going through.

Our TCF chapter works with WICS - Widowed Information and Consultation Services – to plan the retreat. We share the main speaker and workshops, but TCF and WICS have separate sharing groups, memorial ceremonies and housing.

Together, TCF and WICS provide a children's program for those who want to bring their children (ages 5-17). The children's group has their own program with their own activities and ceremonies. All three groups share the dining room at meal time, but each group has designated tables, so each is with their own group. (*For information about the Children's Program, contact WICS at 206-241-5650.*)

About 60 bereaved parents from Washington, Oregon and British Columbia attend our retreat. At Seabeck you will find bereaved parents with caring hearts who can relate to you and your grief.

Please join us at our Seabeck Retreat this year!! For more info call 206-241-1139 or email: tcfmarge@aol.com.



The Mask

Lennie Neal, TCF, Victoria, BC

There's an old mask I wear for the public,
Smiling face, I'm sure you've seen the act.
Concealing all the grief so deep and wild,
The deep and desperate longing for my child,
Buried under courtesy and tact.

An invitation brought me to Seabeck
Hesitantly, hoping for some peace.
Walking slowly, shy among the strangers
Mask in place, alert for hidden dangers,
Hoping against hope for some release.

A fortunate seating at the table,
I sat beside a woman, calm and mild.
She turned to greet me with a gaze so fine,
Compassionate eyes that never left mine
As she smiled, and asked about my child.

The wave of relief fairly shook me,
I saw at once that I could drop the mask.
The workshops and the sharings all were real,
Emotions in the songs that made me feel,
The meals also, all that I could ask.

Candles in the night, so very moving,
We gathered on the bridge under the moon.
Couldn't stop the flood of tears from streaming,
Can't mistake the song, or miss its meaning,
Our children all were taken far too soon.

Our burdens were all burned at the closing,
Cascades of bubbles floating far and near.
The sense of community was stronger,
But we just couldn't stay any longer,
That's OK, we'll all come back next year. ♥

Seabeck 2012 Testimonials

*The thoughts run through my mind, wondering why I was there. I have had enough sadness over the last 13 months since we lost Byron and I wondered if this was going to be another three days of it. I could have turned around then, and headed back home. In reflection of the weekend, a retreat, that I was not sure that I wanted to be at, I was so glad I came to. I left feeling stronger, understanding more and bonded with several people that are going through the same thing. The closing ceremony, in the memorial garden, was difficult - saying my goodbyes to my new found friends who, 36 hours ago were strangers. I would recommend the TCF Seabeck retreat. **Roy***



*Today, we go to work, take care of the house and yard, cook dinner, pay bills, run errands - all the normal things of life. We often seem to be on "auto". The people we interact with everyday and even some of our friends and family don't see that we are still broken inside. Our life has a big void, and words of comfort like "he'll always be in your heart", just don't make up for that. The weekend at Seabeck, I didn't have to hide my grief or pretend that I'm ok. Everyone there was grieving at one stage or another. I cried, talked, rested, and listened. I could do these things with the support from others who could relate. It takes so much energy to get through our new "normal" life; Seabeck was a respite from that. We met people with different stories, some people have lost more than one child. We also met someone who had lost a son about the same age, around the same time, under similar circumstances as we did. **Linda***

***Memories will bring you love from the past,
courage in the present,
hope for the future.***

~ Sascha Wagner



What Now? By Carl Yorke



If you are reading this because your child died, I'm very sorry. If you are anything like me, you ask yourself regularly, "What now?"

When my son, Wilem, died in 1994, my world turned upside down. Simple, daily routines became baffling and overwhelming. All the color went out of life. I had trouble sleeping. I had trouble eating. I had trouble leaving the house. I cried all the time at sad things, at happy things, at nothing.

People tried to help, but they didn't know how. They didn't know what to say, and some of the things they did say made me feel worse.

I started feeling different, isolated, and hopeless. I didn't want to live and I didn't want to die. I just wanted the pain to stop. But it didn't stop, not for a long time. Day after day, I asked, "Now what?" Over time, I found some answers to this question. Here are some things I did to get through life one day at a time, until I could live again:

1. Stay sober. This might be the most important thing I did. The death of a child leaves you particularly vulnerable to becoming dependent on alcohol, prescription drugs, and other mind-altering substances. This makes things worse, not better. Grieving means feeling the grief. If you numb yourself, you only postpone the feelings. Also, drinking can lead to isolation. I needed other people to help me heal, and other people, like my surviving child, needed me. If you are having trouble getting sober or staying sober, get help.

2. Tell yourself you're not crazy; you're just out of your mind. Burying your child doesn't make sense. Our children are supposed to outlive us. Trying to make sense can make you feel crazy, and perhaps some people actually do go crazy. It's awfully hard to comprehend what has happened to our children and our lives. When our minds can't supply an answer that makes sense, we don't stop searching. So we have to "go out of our minds" to find an answer. I went outside of my mind in search of better minds. I investigated spiritual matters, grieving processes, and I went to a therapist. All of these helped. I also talked to a lot of other bereaved parents. I don't feel like I'm out of my mind anymore.

3. Remind yourself that you don't have to go to social events, or if you do, you can always leave early, and you don't owe anyone an explanation. This is particularly good information during the holidays, and around family events like birthdays and anniversaries. I had a hard time being in groups of people, especially when a good time was supposed to be had by all. Often, when I declined an invitation, or tried to leave a gathering early, people wanted an explanation, as if the death of my child wasn't a self-evident excuse. Some of your friends and family may want you at a gathering because they think it's good for you to get out. That's for you to decide, not them.

4. Find a support group, or don't. Everyone grieves in his or her own way. There is no correct way to grieve, but there are things that help. Support groups can be uncomfortable, even painful, before they help you feel better, and it's up to you to decide how far you can go. If you are a group person, find a support group. I went to

The Compassionate Friends where I met other people whose children had died. I got real information about the grieving process, and a place to talk about how I felt where no one judged me or tried to change the way I felt. There are a number of other support groups for bereaved parents, as well. If you don't see yourself as a group person, you don't have to put yourself through it. However, I do recommend that you find someone to talk to. Holding on to the pain can affect your health and make things worse.

5. Pain isn't always your enemy, and pleasure isn't always your friend. Sometimes, there is no choice but to hurt. And any search for pleasure just postpones the pain. I came across a Turkish saying I like: Share the pain, it halves the pain. Share the joy, it doubles the joy.

6. Write. Get a notebook and start a journal. Write every day. Don't read what you write, just keep writing. Write to everyone who sent you a condolence card and thank them. Go into online chat rooms and write to other people who are grieving. Write poems, especially if you are not a poet. I'm not a poet, but here's a poem I wrote:

THE WEIGHT

*A big load
for such a little boy
you carried us all to your grave.
Strange place to come on your birthday.
I bring a balloon and flowers
I polish your marker
try to wipe off the years
the sun flashes dull on the aging bronze
--no vacancy, no vacancy.
My heart is so full
my world so empty
I dangle
in the hollow space between.*

7. Do something mundane in your child's name, and don't tell anybody. We are all familiar with public displays such as planting trees and creating foundations in the names of our children. These are important acknowledgments of their lives. You can't plant a tree every day. But you do think of your child every day. You don't have to make a public statement to honor your child. Most of your grief is private and mundane. Some-times it's hard to get out of bed and go to work. But you can do it in your child's name. It's easy to get angry when someone tries to squeeze into your lane in traffic. I'll often let someone in while saying out loud, "Willie, that one's for you." Live your life in your child's name. But don't tell anyone.

These seven suggestions came to me over time, and they worked for me over time. They are a compilation of experience shared freely with me by other people, who, in their grief, found compassion. And in their compassion they found it useful, sometimes necessary, to pass on what they had learned. I hope these tips help you, and if they do, that you find someone to whom you can pass them on.

Reprinted from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 2004-2013

To all our sage grievors and especially to those newly bereaved who have joined us for the first time. We are sorry we had to meet under such circumstances, but we are glad you found us. We would like to do all we can to help you through these times. We cannot hurry you through it, or take away the pain, but we can help you understand more about what you are going through. Sometimes just knowing what you are feeling is normal can be helpful.

We are other parents who have experienced the death of a child and offer understanding and support through our monthly meetings, a lending library, support materials and a listening ear. We have learned the key to survival for bereaved families is communication. We know that if you have been to your first meeting, it was probably very difficult. We ask that you give us more than one meeting to decide if the Compassionate Friends is for you.

It takes courage to attend your first meeting, but those who do come find an atmosphere of understanding from other parents who are having or have experienced the feelings of grief that you are now feeling. There are no registration fees; to share or not to share is your choice, you do not have to speak a word if you do not care to. If you are more comfortable bringing a friend or relative along with you, please be certain they will be most welcome.

The TCF Credo really says it all, "... We Need Not Walk Alone, We are The Compassionate

TCF National Magazine *We Need Not Walk Alone* Available Free Online!

To sign up for a free electronic version of TCF's *We Need Not Walk Alone* magazine, go to TCF's national website at www.compassionatefriends.org and click on "Sign up for National Publications" at the top of the Home (or any inside) page. Fill out the information and when each issue of the magazine is published, the National Office will send you a special link so you can be among the first to read its great content. It can be read online or downloaded to your computer for personal use. When you sign up for *We Need Not Walk Alone*, you also have the opportunity to sign up to receive the monthly national e-newsletter which provides information about what is currently happening within the organization.



I Have Seen Amazing Love

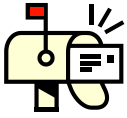
By Pat Schwiebert, R.N. , www.griefwatch.com



- ♥ I've seen a woman glow from the radiance of being with child--pregnant in anticipation of the relationship that will forever change her because of the love that connects the two of them. I've seen that love endure even when death takes that child from her arms and places the child safely to remain in her heart forever. ♥
- ♥ I've known the desire to trade places with someone whom I loved so she could watch her children live and grow, yet I live with the humility of my not being able to do so. ♥
- ♥ I've witnessed a man come out of a coma just long enough to say "I love you. I love you! I miss you. I miss you!" to the lover whom no one else regarded as worthy. ♥
 - ♥ I've smelled the fragrance of love as she cooked his favorite meal knowing he would only be able to eat a bite before falling off to sleep. ♥
- ♥ I've watched as tough love said "no," to her child, risking an unwanted outcome, then having to remind herself over and over that she said no out of love, only to see the child die anyway. ♥
 - ♥ I've watched love endure a long drawn out ending of a life well lived. ♥
- ♥ I understand the emptiness you feel when it's over and there are no more chances that things will get better. ♥
 - ♥ I've recognized the patience of love in a family caring for someone with Alzheimer's. ♥
 - ♥ I've seen love bring him to his knees when he knew he couldn't protect her from herself. ♥
 - ♥ I've observed love dance down the hallway in the delight of one more day with the love of her life. ♥
 - ♥ I've seen love take what little it can get and say thank you. ♥
- ♥ I've seen love dig a grave for the family dog in the back yard where he played so often with the kids, then go back into the house for a last meal with that same dog, cradle the dog while the vet slipped forever juice into his veins, then weep with the children before laying the beloved companion to rest in his play yard. ♥
 - ♥ I've been disappointed that love didn't have the power to keep us from grieving but have learned to be grateful for how love will see us through whatever comes our way if we allow it. ♥
 - ♥ I know love makes it all worthwhile. ♥

♥ **TCF asks for donations in memory of our children who have died.** ♥

Our chapter is funded solely through donations; therefore we sincerely appreciate your support. Your generosity helps us send newsletters, purchase brochures and cover the many expenses to help grieving families in our community. All donations are tax deductible. You and your child's name will be noted in the next newsletter. Workplace "Matching Gift" programs can increase your donation by 50-100%. ♥ Please help us help others by making a LOVE GIFT today. ♥



Love Gift Form

Love gifts are **tax-deductible donations** made to the Seattle-King County Chapter of TCF in memory of your beloved child, sibling, grandchild or loved one.



Send checks and forms to: Seattle– King County TCF
Love Gifts
P.O. Box 66896
Seattle, WA 98166-0896

Your name: _____

Address: _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone Number (if we have any questions): _____

Amount Enclosed: _____

In memory of (name of child): _____

Date of Birth: _____

Date of Death: _____

Special Message: _____

Send checks and forms to: Seattle – King County TCF
Love Gifts
P.O. Box 66896
Seattle, WA 98166-0896



With Love, We Remember Them...



<p>In Memory of ... FELICIA KAY October 1986 – July 2010 "We miss you, your smiles and laughter. Our love is forever. Happy Birthday." From Mom, Grandma Kay and Auntie Shelly</p>	<p>In Memory of ... AMBER From Kevin Williams and family</p>	<p>In Memory of ... KYLE February 1999 – February 2009 "My heart misses you. Although I hold you in my heart, my arms long to hold you every day. Thank you for watching over us – until we meet again. Love and miss you. xoxoxo" From Shirley and Dwight Shiotani</p>
<p>In Memory of ... JOEY November 1988 – June 2011 "Love and miss you always!" From Sherill Lambruschini</p>	<p>In Memory of ... KEVIN May 1983 – December 2008 From Ken and Jenny Stoner</p>	<p>In Memory of ... MATTHEW MONTEY July 1958 – August 1987 March 1960 – January 2004 "My very special sons." From Judith Hitchcock</p>
<p>In Memory of ... BRYNNA ELIZABETH August 2011 - November 2011 "We love you always – Your Family and Friends" From Betty Ann and Dennis Clancy</p>	<p>In Memory of ... HOLLY JEAN April 1969 – May 2009 "Holly, my beloved daughter. I miss you so very, very much. You're forever in my heart. Your 6 kids miss 'u' & ♥ 'u' forever. We'll join you in Heaven someday. Love always, Mom" From Janette Williams</p>	<p>In Memory of ... MANDY February 1976 – January 2008 "Love you, Mandy." From Robyn Rohwedder</p>
<p>♥ Thank you to all who make donations to Seattle-King County TCF through United Way and for their workplace Matching Gift programs!</p>	<p>In Memory of ... STEVE March 1958 – May 2001 "We all miss you." From Al and Kathy Bright</p>	

The Compassionate Friends
Seattle-King County Chapter
P.O. Box 66896
Seattle, WA 98166-0896



RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

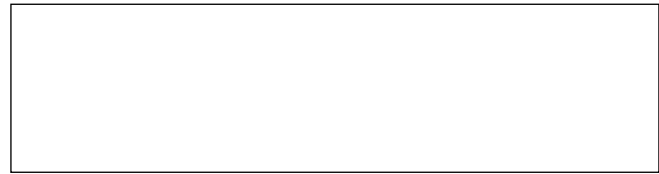
NON-PROFIT ORG
U.S. Postage Paid
Seattle, WA
Permit #1037



March & April 2013

Newsletter supported by:
BRIM PRESS
206-433-8811

Seabeck Retreat
May 31- June 2, 2013
Registration Form
Enclosed



Mark your calendar and make plans for these upcoming TCF events!

Seattle-King County Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends
invites you to our
ANNUAL RETREAT
at
SEABECK CONFERENCE CENTER
MAY 31 -JUNE 2, 2013



"A Place of Peace and Healing"

Look inside this newsletter for the
Registration Form and a description
of what to expect at the retreat.
~ Space is limited, so don't delay. ~

36th TCF/USA National Conference
July 5-7, 2013
Boston, Massachusetts



For information and registration packet:
Call the TCF National Office 877-969-0010 or
visit: <http://www.compassionatefriends.org>