



MOTHER'S DAY

Mary Wildman, TCF, Moro, IL



As I write this, I am very much aware that Mother's Day is coming soon. That will be a doubly difficult day in countless homes. For all the thousands of mothers who will be glowing with a radiant kind of pride and happiness on that day, there will also be those of you whose hearts are aching for that phone call that will never come, that special visit, that one Mother's Day card that will not arrive. For us, the reading and re-reading of that one last card – "Mom, you are the greatest and I love you" – will have to last a lifetime.

How does a mother face a lifetime of silence on "her day?" Ask those of us who have "been there" already, and we will tell you of lonely Mother's Day visits to spring-green cemeteries where the sweet, clear notes of a single spring bird, perched nearby, float over our head and seem surely to have been intended as divine comfort for a heart full to breaking. You will hear of yellow roses being sent to a small church – "In memory of ..." – and a cherished story of a kind and sensitive friend who sent a single rose that first Mother's Day, "In remembrance..."

Always we struggle with the eternal question – how does life in fairness exact from us the life of a beloved child in exchange for a clear bird call in a spring-green cemetery, a slender vase of yellow rosebuds or even the kindness and sensitivity of a friend who remembered our loneliness and pain on that day? Where is the fairness and justice of such a barter?

The answer comes back again and again – life does not always bargain fairly. We are surrounded from birth to death by those things which we cannot keep, but which enrich, ennoble, and endow our lives with a foretaste of Heaven because we have been privileged to behold, to experience, to wrap our arms around the joyous and beautiful.

Can we bottle the fragrance of an April morning or the splendor of a winter's sunset and take it home with us to place on our fireplace mantle? Can we grasp and hold the blithesome charm of childhood's laughter? Can we capture with cupped hands the beauty and richness of a rainbow? Can we pluck the glitter of a million stars on a summer night or place in an alabaster box the glow and tenderness of love?

No, we cannot. But to those who have been given the splendor, the blithesome charm, the glory, the glitter, the tenderness and the love of a child who has departed, someday the pain will speak to you of enlightenment, of compassion for others, of deeper sensitivity to the world about you, of a deeper joy for having known a deeper pain. Your child will not have left you completely, as you thought, but rather you will find him in that first clear, sweet bird call, in those yellow rose buds, in giving and receiving and in the tissue-wrapped memories that you hold forever in your heart. ♥

TO BEREAVED FATHERS

Trevor and Audrey Roadhouse, Regina, SK, Canada

Who ache but feel they must carry on.
Who are frightened but can't show their fear.
Who are angry but cannot strike out.
Who are lonely but have to smile.
Who grieve but must be strong.
Who love but are afraid to show their love.
Whose tears cannot fall.



Bereaved fathers are often desperately tragic people caught in a trap of society's expectations. Our co-workers, friends and family expect that we will, indeed, be strong – that we will do all in our power to ensure that life carries on. They expect that our behavior and temperament will remain consistent, and that through our attitudes and actions others will be able to observe our will to survive despite the enormity of our loss.

Unfortunately the world does not always work the way we want. Bereaved fathers do ache. We are afraid and angry. We are lonely and we cry in silent places. We question our sanity and our will to survive. We want to run and hide from our sorrow. And we carry a heavy burden of guilt for not "living up" to society's expectations.

As difficult as it may be, take the risks and develop the courage to express the way you feel.

*In memory of Robert Tristan Roadhouse (1/15/74-2/12/84)
From Reflections from the Heart, TCF, Canada*

THE MONTH OF JUNE

June along with all of its many usual celebrations has arrived. This month brings us: Father's Day, the end of the school year, graduations, and naturally there will be some of us who will face the dream June weddings of children from other families and friends instead of our own. June can become a most overwhelmingly busy month by comparison to the imaginary lazy days of summer one might conjure up in the corner of one's mind. So much for tranquility and escape in the trials of overcoming the whip of grief's blow!

Yet, on the other side of the story, June, complete with the entire bustle, will be loyal. June will still bring the grieving parent warm summer nights to stroll and ponder over old consoling memories under starlit skies. June will be faithful to still soft breezes in the cemeteries and special places we all visit to quietly cry. June is one of those caring months that tries to calm one's soul, promising to give each of us a small measure of comfort whenever possible. For this I am always thankful.

My prayer this month is that June will wrap her arms around each who grieve and embrace you with peacefulness beyond this world. May we always remember our children are within our hearts and we walk this path among compassionate friends!

Lovingly lifted from Central Oregon TCF newsletter



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.

NEW BEGINNINGS

For each of us life is full of new beginnings. The death of our children was a beginning as well as an end, a beginning we did not choose. It is up to us to decide what our lives will be like from this day forward.

Obviously, nothing will ever be the same again. It is up to establish a new normal. The question is "How do we go about it?"

- ♥ The first step is to decide that you will begin again. The alternative is to pretend nothing has changed.
- ♥ Evaluate your life as it is, and discard or modify anything that is unhelpful.
- ♥ Forgive yourself for the real or imagined mistakes you have made.
- ♥ Listen to your inner self. Recognize your need for help.
- ♥ Ask God and others for guidance.
- ♥ Make new goals. Organize and make priorities.

Above all, be patient with yourself.

Lovingly lifted from TCF, Niles, OH newsletter



Our Chapter's Sharing Group Location:

FEDERAL WAY

~2nd Wednesday evening of each month~

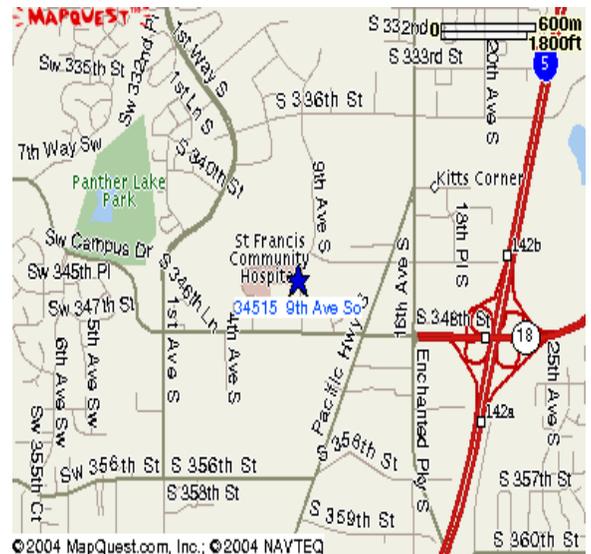
**Our 2012 Meetings: May 9, June 13, July 11,
August 8, September 12, October 10,
November 14, December 12**

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.

HONOR YOUR CHILD AND GIVE ...

Joe Rousseau, TCF, Saginaw, MI

- ♥ Give your time to your TCF chapter - fold newsletters, phone newly bereaved parents, help however you can.
- ♥ Give your ears to others in pain. Let them tell you their story so that it will become real to them.
- ♥ Give your words of encouragement to another struggling parent at a chapter meeting.
- ♥ Give a contribution in your child's name to TCF so it can grow and reach love to parents.
- ♥ Give your idea about grief and growth to others so they can profit from your experience.
- ♥ Give your patience to yourself and your family as you all fight your way back to recovery.
- ♥ Give your anger, guilt, depression, doubts and pain expression. Only by admitting their existence can you begin to work through them.
- ♥ Give a chuckle or a loud laugh if and when you can. Rediscovering humor is like finding water in the desert to the grieving.
- ♥ Give hope to the newly bereaved by continuing to be active in your chapter even when you no longer need others ... because others need you.



After the First Year

Liz Ford TCF Madison, WI

After the first year the pain changes from a crushing weight to a wickedly cutting edge. Time speeds up from a grinding plodding to a more normal routine. And sometimes you forget, for a moment, that your whole life was destroyed just last year.

After the first year you start to remember the good times. You can tell a funny story about your child and save the crying for later. But sometimes it seems like you're the only one left who mourns. "What's the matter with you anyway? It's been a whole year." After the first year your child seems a little closer and yet still so far away. Miracle of miracles, you haven't forgotten how he walks, his voice, the shape of his head, or the solid warmth of his fingers curving around yours. Those memories ambush you at many unlikely moments and tear you apart.

After the first year, your heart begins to thaw. You remember that you once loved your surviving children and you love them once again. You remember that life used to hold joy; and you rediscover some small enjoyment in living. You learn to piece your life back together in a different pattern. After the first year you pick up your burdens and go on. Amazingly you have survived a blow more painful than anything you ever imagined. Even though you wish you had died too, it slowly dawns on you that you must still live because after the first year, comes the second year. ♥



Closure: Is it a Reality?

By Carole J. Dyck, R.N.



The use of the word “closure” is often heard in public circles or in the media especially after a tragedy and implies finality. The word comes with the sense that there will be a time, day, or event like a funeral that marks when a grieving person will be “healed” or “over it,” as though it were a disease and you could magically take a pill to be cured. There is an expectation that when the eulogies are said and the casseroles are gone, the grief somehow magically goes away. *The truth is that those of us who are in TCF realize that the death of a child or sibling changes our lives forever, and we will never truly “be over it.”*

Yes, we will not have the intensity of the pain and sorrow we had at the beginning of our grief. We will go on with life and find a new normal for us, but life will never be as it was before the death, and we will never be fully “healed.” Sometimes those around us have attempted to comfort us by pointing to deadlines, replacements, or “at leasts.” We have heard it said, “At least you have other kids,” or “You can have another baby,” or “Hasn’t it been 6 months?” Many see “comfort giving” as a short-term support effort, and soon we will be “over it” as we are kept busy returning to the tasks of daily living and focusing on our blessings. These comments hurt rather than provide the comfort they are meant to provide. Grief follows no plan, no stages, timetable, formula, or schedule. There are no road maps; there are no absolutes.

We learn in TCF that everyone grieves differently. Grief is like being lost. The familiar things we relied on to live each day are gone. We must find new anchors or stabilizers along the way and learn a new way of relating to the world and people around us. We are forced to live without our child or sibling. The reality of our loss often far outweighs what we have remaining. Grief is all consuming, distorts reality, and we begin to mark time in “before or after our loved one died.” No one can hurry the process of grief; no one can do it for us. Not even our spouses, parents, or other children can help us in those early days. The truth is that when our grief is new, we feel exhausted physically, emotionally, and spiritually. We barely have enough energy to breathe.

We feel as though we have no control over our lives anymore, nor do we care. We realize on some level we are helpless. We might even feel hopeless or purposeless. Some of us feel isolated, lonely, and misunderstood. Some feel like everything is trivia compared to the loss we have experienced. Some feel as if the world is spinning on around us, and nobody really cares that our child, sibling, or grandchild died. All of these feelings are normal and part of the grieving process. *And yes, we also need to realize it is a process—a very long, gradual, and difficult process.* Time does not heal all wounds, but time softens the intensity of the grief. What helps is finding those who will listen with their hearts and give us hope and understanding. Those who will spend hours, days, and months with us as we tell our story over and over so we can somehow believe it ourselves. What helps is to surround ourselves with those patient people and meaningful activities that comfort and support.

Gradually, the cold darkness of grief begins to give way to the warmth of the memories, acceptance, purpose, and reinvestment in life. We learn to speak of our loved one without crying, and to begin to accept that whatever time we had with him or her, we would have taken even if just but a moment. We learn that grief is the price we pay for loving our child or sibling so much, and we wouldn’t want it any other way. Our relationships with family, friends, and yes, even God can be strengthened or challenged as we look for new ways to connect with them. We may lose old friends who don’t really understand. We learn that problems in life are not overwhelming. We are handling the worst thing that can happen to us; what else can happen? We learn to more deeply cherish those we love. We help others in grief without batting an eye. Sometimes we pick up “gifts” along the way by becoming more caring, compassionate toward others, and appreciative for what is important in life. New strengths can develop as we find our new selves along the way. Life will be different as we learn to cope, but still have meaning.

For those of you who are new in your loss, we hope that you will continue to share your sorrow with us and learn from those further ahead on the path of grief. Someday it won’t hurt as much as it does now, and you won’t always feel “this elephant on your chest.” We encourage you to ask the family and friends around you for what you need and tell them when their expectations for you are too high. We hope you will explain to them that your grief is not on a timetable and will probably not ever reach what society calls “closure.” Explain to them that you will always miss your child or sibling, but you will learn to live with a broken heart. We hope you will inform them that the mention of your child’s name is music to your ears and it’s okay to talk about him or her. Your TCF friends will be with you and hold your hand every step of the way.

Carole J. Dyck RN became a bereaved parent in 1989 when her son Chris died in an automobile accident. Carole was a co-leader of the Verdugo Hills TCF Chapter, Glendale, CA for several years and served on the National Board of Directors of The Compassionate Friends. Reprinted with permission by We Need Not Walk Alone, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Summer 2003 Copyright 2003-2011

WHAT GRIEVING GRANDPARENTS CAN DO FOR THEIR CHILDREN

From - “For Bereaved Grandparents” by Margaret H. Gerner

1. Encourage talking. Like you, bereaved parents have a strong need to talk about what they think and feel.
2. Allow your child to cry. Crying, even sobbing, is healthy and necessary.
3. Talk about your grandchild. Don’t worry that it will make your child cry.
4. Listen to your bereaved child. The greatest gift you can give your child is to listen.
5. Physical support is important. You can certainly help your child in this respect if you live close by. The fatigue that is part of grief is debilitating.
6. Take the surviving grandchildren for a day or afternoon. This will give your bereaved child some time.
7. Physically hold your child.

MEN DO CRY

Ken Falk, TCF, Northwest CT Chapter

I heard quite often "men don't cry"
Though no one ever told me why.
So when I fell and skinned a knee
No one came by to comfort me.

And when some bully boy at school
Would pull a prank to mean and cruel.
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip
"It doesn't hurt" and bite my lip.

So as I grew to reasoned years
I learned to stifle any tears.
Though "be a big boy" it began
Quite soon I learned to "Be a man."

And I could play that stoic role
While storm and tempest wracked my soul.
No pain nor setback could there be
Could wrest one single tear from me.

Then one long night I stood nearby
And helplessly watched my son die.
And quickly found to my surprise
That all that tearless talk was lies.

And still I cry and have no shame
I cannot play that "big boy" game.
And openly without remorse
I let my sorrow take its course.

So those of you who can't abide
A man you've seen who's often cried.
Reach out to him with all your heart
As one whose life's been torn apart.

For men do cry when they can see
Their loss of immortality.
And tears will come in endless streams
When mindless fate destroys their dreams.

BLESSINGS INSIDE SORROW

Lisa Sculley, TCF, Jacksonville Orange Park Chapter

There are blessings inside sorrow, or so I have been told. I am not sure I always agree. At times I can see the gifts I have been given. Love... without measure...fills my heart when I think of you. But I loved you then too, when you were in my arms, not in my heart. And I miss you now. The emptiness you left can never be filled, not by any blessings I might receive from sorrow.

And yet, still, I wonder. Are there blessings? Would I have known how much I cared for you...for your brothers, for your Dad, were it not for your coming, and so suddenly, softly, leaving, without a good-bye? Would I treasure the life I have remaining if it weren't for your loss? Certainly I loved and treasured before you left, but hasn't my sorrow caused me to express that love and to treasure more highly those around me? I KNOW I can't take for granted that they will always be.

In the aftermath of losing you, when life lay crumbled around me...still was there not a glimmer of hope? That life would go on, and, somehow, we would survive and build on the ashes of our broken hearts. Building somehow in spite of our pain. Mixing the cement of our love with tears, we bound ourselves together even more tightly than ever before. And our love grows stronger. And we have not forgotten.

What a bitter lesson! And still, the emptiness will never be filled. There yet remains a hole in my heart...and in all our hearts. Dear son, we will never forget you. The blessings inside our sorrow will never fill the hole you left in the fabric of our lives. It remains open, a testament that you mattered, and that your coming and soft going made a difference. And in that difference lies the blessing inside our sorrow.

We were blessed to have held you for a time, even though you could not stay. And even through our tears, we smile at the memories. And we know that you are not completely alone. You shadow our lives, affecting them in big ways and small. And though I would trade these blessings in a minute just to have you back in my arms, I am indeed grateful for the blessings inside sorrow.

Tears are the safety valve of the heart when too much pressure is laid on it. – Albert Smith

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.



Where to Buy Grief Books



Looking for a particular grief book? Look no further than Centering Corporation, the official recommended grief resource center of The Compassionate Friends. With the largest selection of grief related resources in the United States, Centering Corporation will probably have just about anything you're looking for – or they'll be able to tell you where to find it.

Call Centering Corporation for a catalog at 402-553-1200 or visit their website at www.centering.org. When ordering, be sure to mention you are with The Compassionate Friends and all shipping charges will be waived.



MEMORIAL DAY

Lois Enger, TCF, Seattle, WA



Many choose not to celebrate Memorial Day, or to set it aside as a day to honor the war heroes.

My son is my hero; I'm sure you feel this way about your own child.

I will take flowers to the cemetery this Memorial Day. But at some point, memorials and rituals need to be more personal – closer to home.

There are those who feel that memorials hold us back in our grief process. One article talked about someone 'getting well' because he no longer needed to have a picture in a certain spot; that he no longer needed to look at it all the time.

I feel that rituals in memory of our children get us through difficult times. Burning a candle or decorating a small tree at Christmas, sharing memories around the table at Easter, releasing balloons on birthdays, taking fireworks to the cemetery on the Fourth of July – these are some of the activities dedicated to our children that make us feel close to them.

Spring is, for many, a difficult time; everything is alive and blooming. One mother said she was so mad at the plants for coming alive when her son isn't ever going to live again that she wanted to douse them all with weed killer.

But she has found a garden like the one she used to visit with her son. Perhaps her ritual for Spring could be to visit the garden when the leaves bud ... to feel her son there among the trees that they shared together.

I have been working industriously on Etienne's memorial garden. I want it to be ready for a Memorial Day picnic.

I think about him each time I plant something. When I'm at the nursery, some plants "speak" to me of him. It's almost like I hear him saying, "Get the purple ones, Mom!"

One of our bereaved fathers proudly pointed out his daughter's memorial garden. Many friends and neighbors had contributed trees and plants in memory of his daughter. This was very meaningful to them, and must have given him a wonderful feeling of support at such a lonely, trying time.

If you have scattered the ashes of your child in the mountains, this might be a good time to take flowers to the spot, or to light incense or simply to be, quietly remembering.

Each Memorial Day, one bereaved family makes a wreath together. They go out on the Sound, where the ashes were scattered, and release the wreath. That evening they share their tears and memories.

The point is that remembering your own hero on Memorial Day, in your own way, can be very beautiful, and useful.

Participating in memorial rituals can provide a *warm fuzzy tool* for processing different aspects of your grief, which often leads to the realization that, even in grief, you can choose your own destiny. The love you have for your child is empowering.

Spring can be difficult, and memorials, and rituals created especially for your child can welcome the season and help you to cope.

Love is for always. Through our memories and expressions of love, our children live on. No matter what the season is, in our hearts, they are immortal.

Learning the Hard Way

Peggy Gibson, TCF Nashville, TN

My husband, David, and I used to attend his university's semi-annual alumni meetings. There was a couple who drove in for these meetings from a town an hour and a half away. Through the years, we developed a nice friendship, often going out to dinner together after the meetings. Then one day, we heard that Fred and Jean's eleven-year-old son, Russ, had been struck and killed by a car while he was riding his bike.

Although we were terribly saddened to hear about Russ, we just never got around to doing anything to express our sympathy. Jean and Fred didn't come to the alumni meetings for a couple of years, so we simply never saw them. Finally, they came to a special function. When I saw Jean, I asked her how she was getting along, and her reply was, "I didn't know if you had heard." Typically uncomfortable, I responded by saying something like, "Yes, I knew, but I just couldn't handle it. That's why you haven't heard from us." They quit attending the meetings, so that was the last time we saw them for ten years.

In the tenth year, our daughter, Paige, died following a six-month illness. We had been told from the beginning that her brain tumor was a bad one and that she would not survive. One of the things I had time to think about during the time was the awful way we had treated Fred and Jean;

Soon after Paige's death, I felt compelled to write them a long letter of apology, explaining that we now understood better what they had experienced, and that if they could "handle" the death of their child, surely we should have been able to.

Immediately upon receiving my letter, Fred called to say they were on their way to Nashville to take us to dinner. We had a wonderful reunion with lots of talking and some tears. Dave asked Fred if he ever thought about Russ. Smiling, he replied, "I think about him every day. Do you want to see his picture?" And he proceeded to pull from his billfold not only his son's photograph, but the obituary as well. This was one of our first lessons about grief: it's okay to remember our child.

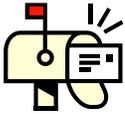
Jean and Fred, these kind, forgiving people, helped us to realize that if sometimes folks don't respond exactly the way we'd like for them to, it isn't a lack of love for us or our child, but simply an example of human frailty. Because of their wonderful attitude we were able to be more understanding when we failed to hear from two families in distant cities who had been longtime friends. We also found ourselves more tolerant when inappropriate remarks were made to us. Any small effort should be appreciated – and is!

- *In loving memory of my daughter, Paige*

If you are looking for a tangible way to honor your child, grandchild, or sibling for Memorial Day, please consider making a contribution to Seattle-King County TCF. All donations are tax deductible and you and your child's name will be noted in the next newsletter.

♥ **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 to 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...



**In Memory of ...
GLORIA**

April 1958 – November 1980

"Gloria, you were so loved and missed so very much.
Happy 54th birthday. Love, Mom"
From Sonja Larson

In Memory of ...

JOHN BRIAN PIETZ

February 1968 – July 2002

"Forever, Mom"
From Barbara Jean Pietz

**In Memory of ...
SHANE**

December 1988 – February 2011

"Dear Shane, Just want you to know that all of us love and miss you so much. Pay us a visit brat. Love, Mom oxox
From Jackie Schwendeman

**In Memory of ...
KEVIN**

May 1983 – December 2008

From Jennifer and Ken Stoner

**In Memory of ...
MATTHEW**

July 1958 – August 1987

MONTEY

March 1960 – January 2004

"My two loving Boys, Matthew and Montey."
From Judith Hitchcock

♥ **Thank you to all who make donations to
Seattle-King County TCF!**

Love Gifts help bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. Your generosity allows us to continue printing and mailing newsletters, purchasing brochures, pay the phone bill, buying postage and to cover the many other expenses to help grieving families in our community.

We are grateful to all who make donations through United Way and their workplace "Matching Gift" programs.

They came ... so briefly and touched our lives with a spark of love.
Let us find this spark and warm our lives with the memories of our children's fragile gift.

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



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206-433-8811

Seabeck Retreat
June 1-3, 2012
For more info:
call 206-241-1139 or
email tcfmarge@aol.com



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



Eastside TCF – Kirkland
TCF WALK TO REMEMBER
at Marymoor Park in Redmond
Sunday, July 8, 2012
10:00 AM ~ 1:00 PM

The Eastside “Walk to Remember” is a two-mile Walk open to everyone who wants to join “Hands and Hearts” in remembering our children who have died to soon. The reflective, peaceful Walk will be followed by a short remembrance ceremony, live butterfly release and lunch. Plan to participate with family and friends.



For a registration packet contact:
Charlene DePuy: 916-817-7259
scdepu@comcast.net
Juli Lund 425/765-1382 julilund@comcast.net

Registration is due by: June 14th, 2012

**35th TCF/USA National Conference and
5th International Gathering**
July 20-22, 2012
Costa Mesa, California



35TH NATIONAL CONFERENCE,
5TH INTERNATIONAL GATHERING
July 20-22, 2012 | Costa Mesa, California

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