



APRIL—MAY—JUNE 2022

CONTACT US

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



P.O. Box 3065
Portland, OR 97208-3065
Ph. 503-248-0102
www.portlandtcf.org

“A Nonprofit Self-Help Organization for Families
Who Have Experienced the Death of a Child”

Portland, Oregon

I'll Paint You a Rainbow

By Grace E. Easley

I'll paint you a rainbow to hang on the wall,
To brighten your heart when the grey shadows fall.
On a canvas of joy outlasting the years,
With a soft brush of sweetness to dry all your tears,
I'll paint you a rainbow with colors of smiles
That glow with sincerity over the miles,
On a palette of words I will tenderly blend
Tones into treasures of sunlight and wind.
I'll paint you a rainbow that reaches so wide,
Your sighs and your sorrows will vanish inside,
And deep in the center of each different hue,
A memory fashioned especially for you.
So lift up your eyes, for suspended above,
A rainbow designed by the fingers of love.

~ Submitted by Mildred Slagle, in memory of her son, Stephen Jay Slagle

*We delight in the beauty of the butterfly,
but rarely admit the changes it has been through to achieve that beauty.*

~ Maya Angelou

PLEASE JOIN US ON THE 1ST SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH @ 10:30 AM

***Physical meetings have been cancelled due to Coronavirus until further notice. In it's place is a Zoom group meeting available at the same day & time. Contact Jeff Littman or Peggy Smith to participate.**

503-284-2725 ~ jwlittman@comcast.net

FOR MORE INFORMATION: (503) 248-0102

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*Sending love & hugs
to our Moms & Dads*



TO YOU ON MOTHER'S DAY

It's hard to find the right words to convey
what I wish for you on Mother's Day.
Words of compassion, filled with care?
Knowing full well of the bond we share.

So on this day I wish for you
Beautiful rainbows in the rain;
joy and laughter, instead of pain.
Sunshine on a cloudy day
Faith to help you guide the way.

Most of all I wish you this,
A touch, a whisper, a gentle kiss.
Just for you, and filled with love
sent from your angel, up above.

~ Jane Bertagnolli, TCF Richton Park, IL



WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE. WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS.

The Compassionate Friends is a non-profit, self-help organization composed of bereaved parents/grandparents & siblings. We offer friendship and understanding. Anyone who has experienced the death of a child of any age, from any cause, is welcome. Our meetings give parents an opportunity to talk about their child/sibling and about the feelings they experience 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/sibling, as it is to focus on being a bereaved parent, along with the feelings & issues that evolve around the death experience of a child.

The vision of The Compassionate Friends is that everyone who needs us will find us and everyone who finds us will be helped.

THE MUSIC BOX

TEARS IN HEAVEN

Written & sung by Eric Clapton

https://youtu.be/_ZoNt_J3G3w



An emotionally touching
musical selection on YouTube.

*Clapton's 4 1/2 year old son was killed when he fell out an open bedroom window on the 53rd floor of a Manhattan apartment building. 3/21/1991

*If I should die tonight
And never see the dawn
Nor another setting sun
The morning dew upon the lawn
Will you rise to see the dawn for me
Will you face the setting sun for me
Will you kiss the morning dew
And laugh for me
And cry for me
Make me live though I have died
And don't be sad that I am dead
But rejoice that I was alive ...*

~ Tom Madison
In loving memory of Susan Anne Turner

CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

Email your address change
to Jenna Pingeon,
Member Database at
jrpingeon@gmail.com



IMPORTANT NOTICE: Due to COVID-19 most of our chapters are currently not holding a physical chapter meeting. Many chapters are offering a virtual meeting, please reach out to your local chapter to get information about what they will be offering.

OTHER TCF CHAPTERS IN THE AREA:

WASHINGTON COUNTY CHAPTER

Elsie Stuhr Center
5550 SW Hall Blvd.
Beaverton, OR 97005

2nd Tuesday
6:30 PM—8:30 PM
Phyllis (503) 324-2504

CLACKAMAS COUNTY CHAPTER

1500 Division Street
Oregon City, OR 97045-1527
Email: tcfclackamasco@gmail.com

4th Tuesday
7:00 PM



TCF 45th NATIONAL CONFERENCE ~ August 5–7, 2022 ~ HOUSTON, TEXAS

Make your hotel reservations now.

We are very pleased to welcome back TCF's annual national conference, this year in person! This eagerly anticipated event for those bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings who attend seeking renewed hope, ways of coping with their grief, and friendships made with those who truly understand the painful loss of a child, sibling, grandchild. With inspirational keynote speakers, numerous workshops including a wide variety of topics, and the always memorable candle lighting program on Saturday evening, culminating with the popular Walk to Remember on Sunday morning, and so much more, the TCF 45th National Conference is a much-needed gift that we give to ourselves!



TCF 45th National Conference
Houston, TX • August 5-7, 2022

This year's conference will be held at the Marriott Marquis Houston. Reservations can now be made [online](#) at TCF's dedicated reservation link. TCF's discounted room rate with Marriott is \$149 per night plus tax. Please note that each attendee will only be able to reserve two rooms. Since the conference begins early on Friday and pre-conference activities are offered on Thursday evening, attendees usually find it beneficial to arrive on Thursday.

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

For those not able to make your reservations online, call the Marriott Reservation line at 877.688.4323.

Please support Portland TCF!

Just by shopping at Fred Meyer with your Rewards Card!! Through their Community Rewards Program they donate to local community organizations/nonprofits of your choice. You just link your Rewards Card and scan it every time you shop at Freddy's.

*Whenever you use your Rewards Card you will be helping Portland TCF earn a donation from Fred Meyer.

*You will still earn your Rewards Points, Fuel Points & Rebates, just as you do today.

 Please see page 12 for more information.


It's Spring! The Butterflies are Coming!

Many of us at TCF hold the butterfly with the utmost regard, for it is a symbol of our child's life after death. We think of our children being born into a free and more beautiful existence after the drudgery of a caterpillar's life here on earth.

But what about us? Does the butterfly hold an even deeper meaning for bereaved parents? It seems, in fact, we have died also. We are never the same after the death of our child. But can we be transformed into a beautiful creature? Or are we doomed to be trapped in the web of a cocoon forever? I believe it is simply a matter of choice. We can stay in the silken threads, which we have spun for ourselves. It's quite safe there. Perhaps, if we isolate ourselves with a really tough cocoon, no one can ever reach in far enough to hurt us again.

But, if we take a chance on emerging into a new person, the light of our children's love will have a chance to shine through our formed wings. It won't be easy. The grief cocoon holds anger fear, guilt, and despair. But we can work through it. In fact, there's no going around it. All butterflies must work their way through an ugly cocoon.

It's spring. The butterflies are coming. Won't you join them?

~ Kathie Silief, TCF, Tulsa, OK

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

APRIL 17—EASTER
APRIL 22—EARTH DAY
MAY 5—CINCO DE MAYO
MAY 8—MOTHER'S DAY
MAY 30—MEMORIAL DAY
JUNE 19—FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 21ST—SUMMER SOLSTICE

Our children lovingly remembered...

CONFIDENTIAL

Our children lovingly remembered...

CONFIDENTIAL



Our children lovingly remembered...

CONFIDENTIAL



Our children lovingly remembered...

CONFIDENTIAL

It takes both the rain & the sunshine to make a rainbow

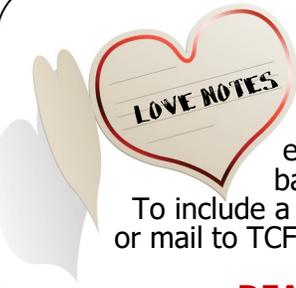


**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
PERSONAL FLOWER FLOAT MEMORIAL
TUESDAY JULY 19, 2022**

There will not be a program for the 2022 Flower Float gathering. Instead we invite all our families to honor the memory of your child /sibling/grandchild in a personal way.

We encourage everyone to take a moment on Tuesday July 19th with a special remembrance by floating a flower in water ~ in a river, a stream, or even a small bowl of water on your table. Take a deep breath and feel the love and joy your loved one has brought into your life and know that you are always connected through this love.

Our Children, Always Remembered, Always Loved



A Love Gift is a special note to your child that is printed in the newsletter. It is a wonderful way to remember and honor their memory! Families often submit these either on their birthday or anniversary date of their child, but it can be done at any time! There is no charge for printing a Love Gift, but many families choose to donate a tax deductible contribution to help support TCF expenses such as newsletter expenses, brochures, outreach, special events, etc. Please complete the form on the back page with your love note and submit with your favorite photo.

To include a picture with your Love Gift, please email your special photo to debsmoon@gmail.com or mail to TCF, PO Box 3065, Portland, OR 97208. *Your photo will be returned with current address.

DEADLINE to submit for the next newsletter is JUNE 10, 2022

In Loving Memory of

CONFIDENTIAL

In Loving Memory of

CONFIDENTIAL

I never knew my brother, yet I knew him well.
Through my mother's eyes I've known him.

And I love him still.

I'll grow tall & strong like him,
yet not like him at all.



He'll be my guardian angel
& we'll go through life together as one.
I have his clothes & his toys & his photos
I hold them dear to me.

But most of all, I treasure the loving
memories my mother gave to me.

~ Karen Hayland, TCF, Brisbane, Australia

In Loving Memory of

CONFIDENTIAL

"The memories and the smiles hold
a broken mother together."



Jody Stewart, in memory of Terry & Jebediah, TCF, Central Oregon

MAY: The Unusually Difficult Month

For the bereaved parent, May is frequently the cruelest month. The month of May offers the rest of the world a promise of another carefree summer, swimming, family vacations, relaxation, reading, cook-outs and picnics, trips to the lake and so much that is inherent in our culture.

Yet May also brings memories of our children. The common denominator for mothers (and fathers) is Mother's Day. This tradition was wonderful when our children were alive; now the direct mail and newspaper advertising, sentimental television spots, in-store promotions, cards and letters and the count-down to the day itself are very cruel reminders of our lost children. Who will remember us on Mother's Day?

This will be my fourth Mother's Day without my son. I miss him terribly all year long, but May and December are the worst months for me. First we have Mother's Day, then my son's birthday, and throughout the month I am bombarded with invitations for high school and college graduations ... each one reminding me of what once was: My son finishing grade school, high school, college, graduate school. Each was accompanied by a ceremony. All the ceremonies rush into my mind as I realize how much of myself is my memories, and those memories are very entwined with my son's life. A big part of me died with him that night in December.

Three years ago I was overwhelmed, sobbing, still occasionally in deep shock. My mind was mush, my heart was crushed and I did not have the will to do much more than quietly weep. It was my first Mother's Day without my son, the first birthday that he wasn't here, the first Memorial Day Weekend without him. I was paralyzed. May would never be joyful for me again.

What to do ... what to do. I ask myself this question each April as we begin the ramp up to the longest month. This year, I am counting out the last days of April and wondering how I will handle it. I am not worried about it; I am just wondering. I have gotten used to the transformation that has taken place in my mind, heart and soul. I experienced a slow spiritual awakening which accompanied a deep, deep sense of loss over which I have no control. I go with it.

There are questions that we must ask ourselves. The answers are unique to us. Collectively we know this is a month to dread; individually we have our own memories and our own methods of coping. Collectively we lean on each other for hope, comfort and support. Individually, we walk our own road depending on how many circumstances of life are in our month of May: Mother's Day, Memorial Day, birthdays, death anniversaries, graduations, weddings, baptisms, first communions, confirmations, how we handled the beginning of summer, the end of the school year ... all of these events can bombard us in May.

(Cont. on page 12)



OTHER SUPPORT GROUPS:

SUICIDE BEREAVEMENT SUPPORT

www.sbsnw.org
Facebook—SBSNW
(503) 200-0382

*Currently groups are being held several times per month on virtual Zoom meetings & will resume in-person meetings when it is safe & allowed by State regulations

HELPING PARENTS HEAL

Annie & Marc Adams
hphportlandoregon@gmail.com
Annie (503)752-8024
Marc (503) 880-4467
www.helpingparentsheal.org

Support groups for grieving parents to connect with each other and with Spirit

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

Ph. 503-699-8006
Spanish (503) 972-3376
Peace House, 2116 NE 18th St.
Portland ...2nd Mon 7 pm
Beaverton ...4th Thu 7 pm
Vancouver ...2nd Thu 7 pm
www.briefencounters.org

Support groups for parents who have experienced infant or pregnancy loss or who are considering or experiencing a subsequent pregnancy/adoption.

PARENTS OF MURDERED CHILDREN

Ph. 503-761-1304 or 503-656-8039
Peace House, 2116 NE 18th Ave
Portland... 1st Mon @ 7 pm
www.pomc.com/portland

SIDS RESOURCES OF OREGON

4035 NE Sandy Blvd Suite 209
Portland
Ph. 503-287-8265

IN THIS TOGETHER

(formerly Me too, & Company)
Contact: Meg McCauley
Ph. 503-890-7027
www.oregonhospice.org

Supports children & families who have experienced the death of a family member or friend.

THE DOUGY CENTER

Ph. 503-775-5683, www.dougy.org
3909 SE 52nd Ave., Portland, OR 97206

Provides safe place for children, teens, young adults & their families who are grieving a death.

STEPPING STONES

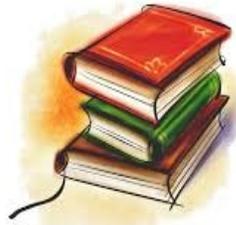
Ph. 360-696-5120

SW Washington Medical Center, Vancouver, WA
Support groups specialize in helping children with their grief.



I have to believe
 That you still exist
 Somewhere,
 That you still watch me
 Sometimes
 That you still love me
 Somehow.
 I have to believe
 That life has meaning
 Somehow
 That I am useful here
 Sometimes,
 That I make small differences
 Somewhere.
 I have to believe
 That I need to stay here
 For some time,
 That all this teaches me
 Something,
 So that I can meet you again
 Somewhere.
 ~ Ann Thorp

We are pleased to offer our members reading material from our **LENDING LIBRARY!**



The profound challenges and trauma of grief often leave us with desperate, unanswered questions, fear and isolation. *Will our children be forgotten? How does one survive this unthinkable trauma? Will I ever be 'normal' again? Why do people stop speaking to us?* It is during this time that many of us seek answers, comfort and guidance in books authored by those who have experienced the death of a child. *We Are Not Alone.*

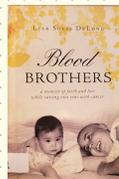
Through the generous donations of our members, TCF has acquired an inventory of books that are now available for you to borrow for a 3-month period. Books will be mailed directly to your home and will include a postage-paid envelope for the return. Visit our website www.portlandtcf.org and browse through the inventory!

If you have books you would like to donate, please contact us & we will make arrangements for pick up. A label with your child's name will be placed on the inner cover of the book.

BLOOD BROTHERS

Lisa Solis DeLong, author
#2019-6.5

Not many people experience the death of a child; fewer yet face the possibility of having this happen twice. *Blood Brothers* is Lisa DeLong's story of what it has been like to have two sons with leukemia, a lifetime apart. As she struggles to understand how a loving God could allow that to happen, she searches for a way to keep her marriage, her family, and her own sanity together ... *Blood Brothers* will speak to your heart and allow you to see how with faith, great triumph can come from unimaginable tragedy.



Every father believes in his role as protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer and problem solver. He has been told since his youngest days that he must be strong, must not cry; but each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem solving, and protecting has been able to stop our child's death. And, inside, we must ask ourselves about our failure,

and we must face our lack of omnipotence. Father's Day is often a forgotten holiday, overshadowed by the longer-standing tribute to mothers. But for the bereaved father, it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness: sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost, child; bitter for the death and pain and recognition of the inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Oftentimes they are unable to do so, a remnant of childhood learning about the strength and stoicism of "big boys." A father may even be uncomfortable opening up to his wife, and the wife who pushes him to talk may be pushing too hard.

Father's Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say, "I'm sorry we haven't talked. Let's do it now." But it can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, does something special, helps with the chores, and mostly, lets him know how important and needed and loved he is. It is some of these things that he has lost with the death of a child. And, like Mother's Day, the day set aside for fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in June. It can be any day and every day.

Fathers often show their hurts differently, often internally,

BUT THEY DO HURT.

~ Gerry Hunt, TCF, White River Junction, VT

GRIEF AT EASTER

TAKE TIME TO GRIEVE.

Take time for the memories of other Easters. Take time to mourn what might have been. Indulge yourself in the beauty of an Easter Lily. Don't be afraid if at first there seems more pain than comfort in the age-old words & the beautiful music of Easter. And never be ashamed of your tears. One day you too will say, "It is finished."

To walk through grief is not easy! When the shock and numbness have gone, we are left to reality, the reality that life includes pain and loss. Easter is a season of many feelings ... a time of pain and loss. It is also a time of rebirth, and of real personal growth. So, also, are the Seasons of Grief. ~ author unknown

One more winter overcome, one more
darkness turned to light and promise.

Winter is the price for spring.

Struggle is the price for life.

Even in sorrow, remember to prepare
your heart for celebration—next spring
perhaps; or the spring after that.

~ Sasha Wagner

The heart stops briefly
when a child dies—a
breathless pain as you
acknowledge the news—and
the child who once held
your hand moves from your
outside to your inside.
Slowly—our heart adjusts
to its new weight.

~ TCF, Maryland



The why's of life are left unknown, they plague our minds and steal our peace. So much of life is a puzzle undone. Why are babies found in dumpsters? Why are children abducted, abandoned? Why are girls stripped of their dignity and why do little boys grow up to kill? And my personal question, why, why, why do good people die? Our beloved children. The hardest part of faith is trust, and the ability to accept that we cannot have all the answers. I believe that one day we will understand. Yet today, the understanding I lack feels like a steel cage I rage against. Somewhere deep inside I know my efforts are futile, yet I find myself repeatedly at this place. I also believe that the losses in our lives have meaning if we allow them to weave a beautiful story. A story to be shared with a hurting world. For me that is the hardest. I still want to leave my deep wounds covered and wrapped, not to be touched. Oh may we gain the grace and courage to be vulnerable, to allow others into our scarred lives, and in so doing to bring hope and healing to the hurting world.

~ Michelle Thomason, TCF, Portland Oregon

Missing you isn't the problem ... It's knowing you're never coming back that's killing me.

~ Author unknown

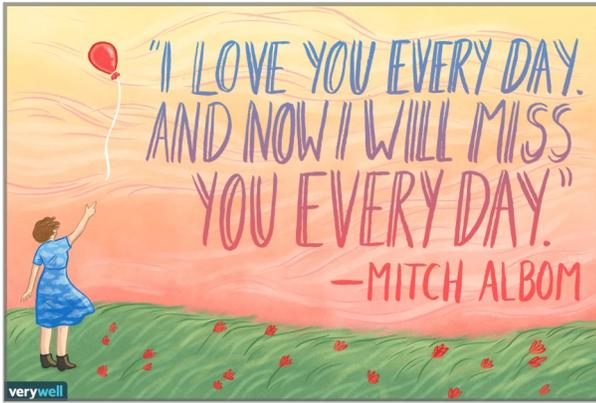
You cannot do a kindness too soon, for you never know how soon, it will be too late.

~ Author unknown

Everybody wonders what to do with the Christmas stocking; my dilemma was what to do with the Easter basket. As I looked at the Easter basket, I decided then and there to use it to decorate my kitchen table. I also use it to take snacks along to a gathering—a nice seasonal touch and a small quiet reminder of my wonderful son!

~ Janet Keller





Birthdays



If it's your child's birthday month, we invite you to join our monthly meeting and share their story!

Birthdays hold treasured memories and are especially difficult for surviving parents and siblings; TCF offers a wonderful venue to honor and celebrate the precious life-story of your loved one. Taking a few minutes to share a picture, memento, award or even their favorite toy is a gentle reminder to all that *love continues and grows* with each passing year.

(Cont. on page 12)

The memories float into our minds like a mist that thickens into a heavy fog. We are enveloped into our fog of memories. The before-death years come to us in a hodgepodge of the happiest times and clash with the reality of now. These are our memories, our children and ultimately our choices. And there seems to be little joy we can take from this month of memories.

Once again, we make the decision. If we are not ready to acknowledge Mother's Day, we shouldn't do it. If we are facing other days in May that will tear at our hearts, we must plan for them. Some of us prefer to be alone and isolated. Others of us prefer to be with friends or family. Some of us go to the cemetery, others go to the park. Some read, watch movies, sit on the deck or simply rest. Others take a weekend trip which puts them into a different state of reality.

There are as many choices as there are parents who have lost their children. Consider your options. Be honest with yourself. Don't be pushed into anything. Take control. We each move forward toward hope at a different rate and in a different way. This is not about meeting the expectations of others; this is a personal journey toward peace and hope. It is your journey.

I will always miss my son. I will always feel deep sorrow at his uncompleted life. But I know that he would want me to move forward, move back into the sunshine that is life on this earth. I'm working on it. Be patient with me. This is the most difficult road I have ever walked, but I am in motion, moving mostly forward and seeking something akin to peace, hope and tranquility. I will always be a work in progress.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF, Katy, TX



Please Support Portland TCF . . .

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~ Whenever you use your Rewards Card you will be helping Portland TCF earn a donation from Fred Meyer.

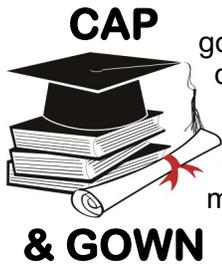
~ You will still earn your Rewards Points, Fuel Points and Rebates, just as you do today.

Great Way for Families & Friends to Support TCF!

- Go to www.fredmeyer.com/communityrewards
- Sign up online (even if you already have a card, you must create an online account)
- You will immediately receive an email to confirm your account (check your Spam or Junk Mail!)
- Sign up using your email address and password
- From the top menu select: Reward —> Community Rewards
- Click **"LINK YOUR CARD HERE"**
- Enter # FT805
- Be sure to click the bubble!
The Compassionate Friends, P.O. Box 3065
Portland OR 97208

TCF Portland earned **\$35.36** during the 4th quarter!
2021 YTD = \$152.96

~ Thank you for participating & enjoy shopping! ~



Not to see you in your cap and gown will always pain me. So many dreams will never be fulfilled ... never realized ... wasted on a highway far from home. Of your accomplishments we become more aware ... taken so for granted ... so much a part of you we anticipated them just as we expected you to ever walk in the door. Now we live wrapped in wonder. Would things be different had you lived? Life is not the same now you are gone.

You died a boy. What would you be like as a man? We never knew you to be angry, moody or dissatisfied. The world was meant to be explored, tasted, experienced. Would the world have changed you? Would there be a love in your life, would you have reached the goal to which you aspired for so long? The years have passed but every graduation announcement that arrives in the mail brings on a hurl like a giant intestinal rupture! How would you have looked in your cap & gown?

~ Gean Lipson, TCF, Grand Junction, CO

Memorial Day

For each grave where a soldier lies at his rest.
For each prayer that is said today out of love.
For each sigh of remembering someone who died.
Let us also give thought to the mothers and
fathers, the brothers and sisters,
the friends and the lovers
Who death left behind.

~ Sascha Wagoner

“There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.”

~ Washington Irving

* * * * *

Yesterday is experience—tomorrow is hope—
today is getting from one to the other
as best we can.

~ Author unknown

* * * * *

If I am to wear this mourning cloak, let it be made
of the fabric of love, woven by the fine thread of
memory ...

~ Molly Fumia

People are like stained glass windows. They sparkle and shine when the sun is out; but when the darkness sets in, their beauty is revealed only if there is a light from within.

~ Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

THE FIX-IT MAN

Being a “jack of all trades and master of none” all my life, our children thought I could fix anything that they broke. I, myself, thought that anything that was made could be fixed and maybe even fixed better than when it was new. Many times, our children would bring me something that had been broken, although they didn’t know how it got broken, and ask me if I could please fix it. Most of the time, I would attempt to fix whatever it was, and one way or another, I would succeed. Then one day, something broke that I could not and never will be able to fix. One of our children died. This time, the something that broke, I could not fix. There are no tools to bring a dead child back to life. All I can think and wonder is: how and why did I end up with something I cannot fix? Since that time, it is hard for me to fix something that breaks. It brings to mind the one big thing I will never be able to fix: the death of our child.

~ Bill Krieglstein, TCF, Fox Valley, FL



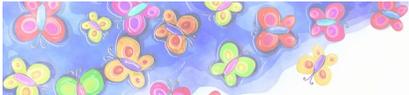
Imprint

When a child is new we take her footprint.
When she is young we take her handprint.
When she is grown we take her fingerprint.
But when she is gone, she leaves her heartprint.

~ Marilyn Limond, TCF, Brentwood/Santa Monica, CA



BACK STEP



I was busy today rushing around the office working on a project when a new staff member saw your photo on my desk. She picked up the frame and gazed at your face. She raised her head and asked, "Is this your son?" I said, "Yes" and I paused ... I knew it was coming—I held my breath. She looked at me with the frame still in her hands and asked casually, "Where does he go to school?" Her face was innocent. Her eyes searched my face.

Time stood still as my heart sank ... because I knew I had to tell "the" story and I wondered if I could say the truth without breaking down. Nine years and I still cry at the question. I knew I had to sum up in a brief moment the pain, the horror, the loneliness of living without you.

I guess sometimes I think I'm normal. I have pictures on my desk like everyone else ... I trick myself into thinking my life is moving on when actually

a large part of my life stopped the day you were killed. Nine years ... and still counting ...

~ Janice Lopez, TCF, Sacramento Valley, CA

I have felt no greater pain
than the moment when your
heart ❤️

Stopped beating.

And mine
carried on...



THIS IS A LISTING OF SEVERAL RESOURCES AVAILABLE FROM THE NATIONAL COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

www.compassionatefriends.org

24/7 ONLINE SUPPORT

The Compassionate Friends offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions. Several days & times available.

FirstTime Chatter Orientation ~ Parents/Grandparents/Siblings ~ Loss to Substance Related Causes
Bereaved More Than Three Years ~ No Surviving Children ~ Pregnancy/Infant Loss ~ Suicide Loss

PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUPS

The Compassionate Friends offers a variety of private Facebook Groups. These pages are moderated by bereaved parents, siblings, or grandparents, and may not be accessed unless a request to join is approved by a moderator. Please click on the link next to the group you wish to join and answer the screening questions so we can confirm your request. If you are waiting approval, please message one of the administrators. Join requests to our Facebook groups must be requested personally, therefore when you wish to share the group with someone please pass along the link to the group.

Loss to COVID-19 & Other Infectious Diseases ~ Loss of a Stepchild ~ Loss of a Grandchild ~ Sibs (for bereaved siblings) ~ Bereaved LGBTQ Parents with Loss of a Child ~ Loss of a LGBTQ+ Child ~ Multiple Losses ~ Men in Grief ~ Daughterless Mothers ~ Sudden Death ~ Loss to Substance Related Causes ~ Sibling Loss to Substance Related Causes ~ Loss to Suicide ~ Loss to Homicide ~ Loss to a Drunk/Impaired Driver ~ Loss to Cancer ~ Loss of a Child with Special Needs ~ Loss to Long-term Illness ~ Loss After Withdrawing Life Support ~ Loss to Mental Illness ~ Loss to Miscarriage or Stillbirth ~ Miscarriage, Stillbirth, Loss of an Infant Grandchild ~ Infant & Toddler Loss ~ Loss of a Child 4—12 Years Old ~ Loss of a Child 13—19 Years Old ~ Loss of an Adult Child ~ Loss of an Only Child/All Your Children ~ Finding Hope for Parents Through TCF SIBS ~ Grandparents Raising their Grandchildren ~ Bereaved Parents with Grandchild Visitation Issues ~ Inclusion and Diversity ~ Grieving with Faith and Hope ~ Secular Support ~ Reading Your Way Through Grief ~ Crafty Corner ~ Loss of a Child

—MY BROTHER, A PART OF ME—

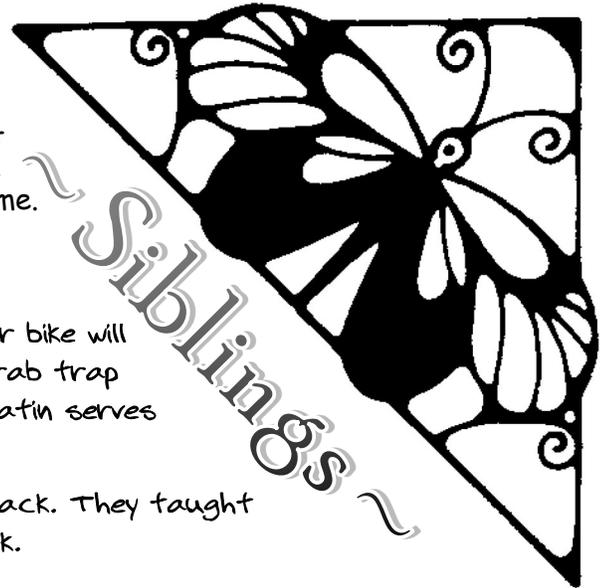
YOU were not just my brother, but YOU were my friend. YOU were supposed to be here always, or till the world came to an end. I know that we argued and seemed to disagree, but I could always count on YOU to be there for me. YOU may be gone from this world I see, but YOU will always be a part of me. I will always love YOU.

~ Donna Montville, TCF Siblings Group, Gardner, MA

Did you know . . . that baseball cards clipped upon your bike will make the awful clicking noise that parents never like. A crab trap can be used to catch the most exquisite birds. And Pig Latin serves to provide a private world of words.

And did you know my brothers? They died a few years back. They taught me all these marvelous things that sometimes sisters lack.

~ Kathi Guthri, TCF, Cape May County, NJ



IN THE SPRINGTIME OF YOUR GRIEF . . .

Spring has fragile beginnings; a tiny shoot of green that emerges from the cold earth, a hint of pastel against the brownish grass, a bud that awakens with the morning sun. Sometimes spring comes so quietly we almost miss it, but once it begins, it is impossible to ignore the daily growth and change. The morning sun brings sounds that were not there before. The breeze carries warmth that invites us to venture outside of ourselves. A promise is released with the budding and blossoming surrounding us. Hope emerges for the beginning of a new season; change is in the air.

What we experience in the springtime of the year is what we experience in the springtime of our grief. There begins to be a glowing radiance. The radiance is not just around us; it is within us. A gradual warming of the heart silences the chill of intense pain. The natural unfolding of the grief process moves gently to remind us that we will survive. Life is changing and growth emerges through the changes. The song of our hearts that seemed off key begins to experience a harmonious blend of the past and the present. The songs of the birds invite us to join them in a celebration of new life. In the springtime of our grief, there can be a new song for us to sing. It will be a song we have composed through the heartache of loss.

Optimism for a better day may awaken us one morning. Hearing laughter and realizing that it is coming from ourselves gives us promise for today. Dreams and hopes for a better tomorrow shine brightly with the morning sun. Surviving the winter of our grief with the openness to embrace change is a decision to embrace loss and integrate its impact into the fabric of our lives. It can be a willingness to explore new possibilities that create a different landscape to behold. We can make a decision that we will begin to appreciate what we still have, not focus on what is missing.

We will know when we have made that decision. Something buds; something opens. The harshness of winter is softened with new life and new growth. It is not something we can force; it is something that unfolds when the time is right. The springtime of grief arrives with no dramatic entrance, no flashing lights. The stillness of the beauty unfolds and captures our attention. It is happening around us, but it is also happening to us.

If spring has already crossed the path of your personal journey of grief, rejoice! But if the chill of winter remains in your heart, be encouraged; spring is on its way. Look for it, expect it, and it will be yours to experience around you and in you!

~ Judi Fisher, Cleveland, OH

The Compassionate Friends
Portland Chapter
P.O. Box 3065
Portland, OR 97208-3065

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



APRIL—MAY—JUNE
2022



If you wish to make a tax-deductible LOVE GIFT donation, fill in the information below, send with a check for any amount to
Portland TCF , PO Box 3065 Portland, OR 97208-0102
OR, you may submit your love gift and photo online at <http://www.portlandtcf.org>

Month you would like it printed in newsletter: _____ Donation Amount: _____ Anonymous? YES
NO

Child's Name: _____

Date of Birth: ___/___/___ Date of Death: ___/___/___

Your name: _____ Telephone: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____

Email: _____ Zip: _____

Please make your check payable to TCF Portland or charge: VISA _____ Master Card _____ AMEX _____

Name as it appears on the card: _____ CVC# (on back of card) _____

Card # _____ - _____ - _____ Expiration Date: ___/___/___ Zip code _____

Special Message (please include how you would like your message to be signed): _____

Thank you for your continued support and commitment to our Portland TCF!