



CHAPTER LEADER
Gail Schroeder (*Engel's Mom*)
CO-CHAPTER LEADERS
Dottie Kidd (*Tim's Mom*)
Tracey Joiner (*Kayla's Mom*)
TREASURER
Ronda Fryburg (*Brandon's mom*)

CAMPAIGN MANAGERS
Vacant
MEETINGS COORDINATOR
Christine Williams (*Lauren's Mom*)
NEWSLETTER EDITOR
Gail Schroeder (*Engel's Mom*)

REFRESHMENTS
Volunteers needed
Please contact Christine Williams
LIBRARIAN
Jerry Flax (*Brett's Dad*)
NEW FAMILIES COORDINATOR
Walter Hochhauser (*Brett's Dad*)

GREETERS
Eileen Kesnig (*Eric's Mom*)
Janet & Rob Kohn (*Parents, Brian Fox*)
DATA MANAGER
Dottie Kidd (*Tim's Mom*)
WEBMASTER
Michael Kleper (*Jodi's Dad*)

Boca Raton Chapter, July, 2011 561-368-0324

www.tcf-br.com

The Compassionate Friends, Inc., is a self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to all bereaved parents. TCF is non-denominational and all bereaved parents are welcome. TCF National headquarters mailing address: P.O. Box 3686, Oak Brook, Illinois 60522. Telephone 630-990-0010, toll free 877-969-0010, Fax 877-969-0010. The National TCF website is www.compassionatefriends.org

Meetings:

Held at St. Paul's Church
701 W. Palmetto Park Rd., Boca Raton

1st & 3rd Mondays of each month

All meetings begin at 7:30 p.m. and end at approximately 9:00 p.m.

Chapter Leader: Gail Schroeder
(*Engel's Mom*)

Co-Chapter Leader: Dottie Kidd
(*Timmy's Mom*)

**Visit the web site's Wall of Memory
A special page for your child can be created**

Welcome to our New Members:

To Our New Members

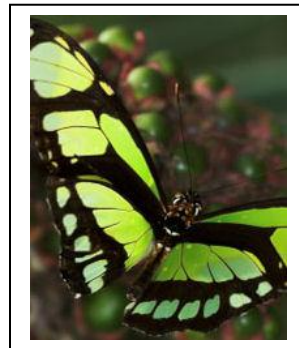
At nearly every meeting, we welcome new members to our group, always with mixed emotions. We are glad you found us, but we are sorry for the circumstances that bring us together. We understand your pain and we hope our unconditional friendship and understanding will help you through your grief. Attending a meeting for the first, second or third time takes courage, but for many, it is the first step towards healing. The meetings may seem overwhelming, so we encourage you to come to several meetings to give yourself a chance to become more comfortable.

To Our Old Members

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting, we have new parents. THINK BACK...what would it have been like for you if there had not been any “oldie” to welcome you, share your grief, and encourage you? It was from them you heard, “your pain will not always be this bad; it does get softer.”

Telephone Friends...if you need to talk:

Gail Schroeder	561-901-0483
Jerry Flax	954-224-1973
Ronda Fryburg	954-753-0493
Tracey Joiner	954-593-2766
Dottie Kidd	954-562-5919
Scott Wynkoop	561-699-7869



Jason MacGowan (561) 818-5847 lost his brother and sister and has offered to speak to siblings. He is a member of The Compassionate Friends in Palm Beach.

The Chapter would like to express our gratitude and appreciation to Michael and Gwyneth Kleper for overseeing and rebuilding the website and newsletter; our electronic memorials to our beloved children!

Special Days in July

We call them “Special days” and there is really nothing special at all about a child dying. The important thing is we never forget them, and by listing their birthday and the anniversary of their death, we always acknowledge their existence—that there were HERE, that their lives had MEANING, they were LOVED, and that they are MISSED.

Parent(s)	Name	Child's Name	Birthday	Passing
Ernie	CREDIDIO	Robert, Grandson		7/1/2010
Mary Ann	DISIMONE	Anthony, Son		7/1/2010
MaryJane & Tom	JULIANO	Anthony DeSimone, Nephew		7/1/2010
Amy & Jeff	MARKS	Brandon, Son		7/1/2010
Armen & Diana	MELKONIAN	Greg, Son		7/2/2005
Michael	SHAPIRO	Richard, Son		7/3/2007
Ruby	TROY	Billy, Son	7/3/1982	
Karen	DUQUETTE	Brian Lee, Son		7/4/2008
Petra	HOUSDING	Adrian, Son	7/4/1968	
Sheila	KATLIN	Sean, Son	7/12/1969	7/4/2007
Helene	SAMUELS	Jonathan, Son		7/4/2006
Krista	SCHRADER	Ryan Schrader, Brother	7/5/1988	
Gilda	SIEGEL	Jeffrey L. Siegel, Son	7/5/1957	7/19/2009
Melinda	WOLF	Jeffrey L. Siegel, Brother	7/5/1957	7/19/2009
Sally & Robin	HARDY	Patricia, Daughter	7/6/1973	
Ellen & Zeke	ORLINSKY	Todd Levy, Son	7/6/1976	
Jamie	WAINLAND	Jeremy, Son		7/6/2003
Lee	PETERSON	Justin, Son		7/7/2007
Lois & Michael	RADDING	David Rappaport, Son	7/7/1958	
Gita	ALKOBI	Zev, Son	7/9/1983	
Patricia	COYLE	Judd, Son		7/9/2007
Maureen	ROCCO	Michael, Son	7/10/1962	
Bonnie	SWANSA	Brock, Son		7/10/2008
Karen	GRANDE	Charles, Son	7/11/1973	
Cliff & Grace	GELLER	Jessica, Daughter	7/12/1985	
Judy & David	LEHMAN	Andrew Jay, Son		7/12/2009
Harvey	SCHILLER	Sondra, Daughter		7/14/2004
Dan & Bonnie	BRIZEL	Dr. Allyn Brizel, Son		7/15/2009
Joan	MULLEN	Bill Heed, Son		7/15/2009
Susan	MYERS	Bill Heed, Brother		7/15/2009

(If we have missed a special day for your child, please let us know so it can be corrected)

Parent(s)	Name	Child's Name	Birthday	Passing
Ellen	NOTARO	Jeffrey, Son		7/15/2007
Carole	WOODS	Bill Heed, Brother		7/15/2009
Nate & Jeri	ADLER	Val, Daughter		7/16/1995
Ruth	NETZER	Pamela	7/16/1966	
Theresa	HOPPER	Daryn, Son	7/17/2001	
James & Dolores	ENTWISTLE	John, Son		7/19/2009
Linda & Henry	SEELEY	George, Son	7/19/1978	
June	TURCHIN	Jeffrey Felshman, Son	7/19/1957	
Alice & Steven	KESSLER	Joey	7/21/1988	
Barry	SIEDMAN	Richard, Son		7/22/2006
Bob & Ronda	FRYBURG	Brandon, Son		7/23/2005
Elaine & Ralph	SUSSMAN	Shara		7/23/1986
Charlotte & Henry	WEINTRAUB	Allan Scot, Son	7/24/1954	
Rita	CORTESE	Paul, Son		7/25/2010
Adrienne & Sherman	BERKIN	David, Son	7/28/1964	7/26/2004
Eleanore & Teddy	PALMA	Lisa, Daughter		7/26/2006
Seymour	SCHNEIDERMAN	Louise Ann Swift, daughter		7/26/2008
Joanne	VECELLIO	Mark, Son	7/27/1967	
Shelly	McCANDLESS	Gabrial, Son		7/28/2005
Jerry & Barbara	SACHS	Michael, Son	7/28/1952	
Sheryl & Eddie	STERN	Mark, Son		7/28/2007
Ed & Elaine	RUPPERT	Matthew, Son	7/29/1976	
Hyacinth	PETER	Christopher Bosworth, Son		7/30/2008
Frances	RINI	Peter "PJ"		7/30/2010
Angela	SHAWGER	Christopher, Son	7/30/1985	
Lena & Larry	WEITZEN	Danny, Son	7/30/1960	
Bea	BROWN	Curt		7/31/1991
Maris & Warren	GHERMAN	Adam, Son		7/31/2006
Marilyn	ROSOV	Gwenn, Daughter	7/31/1952	

(If we have missed a special day for your child, please let us know so it can be corrected)

Meeting Schedule and Topics

Meeting Dates for 2011: 1st & 3rd Mondays 7:30-9 PM

Date	Topic	Presented by
July 4	Memories: From Past to Present	Joe DeCanto
July 18	TBA	Walter Hochhauser
August 1	Preparing for “special days”	Christine Williams
August 15	Anger and guilt	Gail Schroeder
September 5	Our Precious Memories	Gwen Kleper
September 19	Living with grief by being in the moment	Christine Williams
October 3	TBA	Jerry Flax
October 17	Sharing stories	Ronda Fryburg
November 7	What to expect at the end of the first year?	Michael Hoffman
November 21	Spiritual signs	Gail Schroeder
December 5	Coping with the holidays	Gail Schroeder
December 19	Strengthening the bond in a relationship with significant others or other family members	Ronda Fryburg

**Many excellent books are available for you to borrow from our chapter’s library, free of charge. Please see Jerry Flax at our meetings, and return them when you are through—
Thank you.**

Dottie Kidd has volunteered to collect our empty printer ink cartridges, in order to receive \$2 each for the Chapter’s benefit from Staples. Please bring them to the meeting & see Dottie. “Thanks to your donations of used cartridges we were able to purchase paper, new cartridges and copies. Keep them coming!”—Dottie

Our Chapter's website is www.tcf-br.com
You will find many helpful resources, such as our monthly Newsletter, The Wall of Memory,
Light a Candle, Chapter News & Events, Meeting Schedule,
Frequently Asked Questions, etc.

TCF brochures you may want to read (a link to the National TCF website):
www.compassionatefriends.org/Resources/Available_Brochures.aspx
TCF currently has 31 brochures on many different topics related to the death of a child.

If you would like an entire month's newsletter dedicated to your child, please call the
Chapter line of TCF at 561-368-0324. A photo of your child can be included if you wish.
A donation of \$ 100 is requested, mailed by the 15th of the current month.
A single page dedication can also be made with the donation of \$50.

The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with understanding and with hope. Our children have died at all ages and from many different causes but our love for our children unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life and many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races and creeds. We are young and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful, that we feel hopeless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength; some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt, or in deep depression; others radiate an inner peace. But whatever the pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is a pain we will share just as we share with each other our love for our children.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building that future together, as we reach out to each other in love and share the anger as well as the peace; share the faith as well as the doubts and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

A Message From The Chapter

Forgiveness is one of the hardest steps of the grieving process and one where many people, who are otherwise doing fine in their grief journey, get stuck.

When our anger gets stuck, it doesn't let us forgive. That is why this step comes so much later in the grieving process. We have to release our anger and our pent-up emotions before we can get to the place where forgiveness is possible.

How do we know if need to forgive? We know because we feel a gnawing sadness inside of us, although we may not know the cause.

We do the releasing exercises, but an ache still lingers. Nine times out of ten, if we have completed the other emotional aspects of grief, this ache is caused by our inability to (or choice not to) forgive.

The interesting thing about unforgiveness is that it is a lot like guilt. It is a useless emotion that mostly hurts the person who feels it. Your inability to forgive anything or any person in your world may hurt someone else a bit, but I guarantee it hurts you and your world a hundred times more.

As a visual example, think of two goal posts set 20 feet apart. A more content and peaceful life rests just after the goal posts. All you have to do is run through the 20 foot space, blindfolded and voila, you will be closer to the life you want. It will be a little tough, granted you are blindfolded, but there is a big enough area where you should be able to break through to the other side with a few attempts.

Unforgiveness is like an 18 foot wall. Place that between your goal posts and now try running toward that other side. Maybe you will get through. Most likely, you will get some bad bruises, or maybe a broken bone, and probably give up, believing that there really isn't a space – just a brick wall. Like a wall, unforgiveness blocks our pathway.

With forgiveness, we face our emotions, the good and the bad. Instead of glossing over how things actually happened, we face the reality of how our cards were dealt and how we feel the hurt and anger within. When we are unforgiving, we see our own dark sides. Only through facing this darkness, can we release ourselves from its toll. An unforgiving nature is very costly to our lives. We may find ourselves attaching to other people in unhealthy ways, punishing other people or losing hope in the world and with our family or friends. As you can see, we are the ones that suffer most when our hearts and minds won't let us forgive.

Gail

Quotes

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal. ~From a headstone in Ireland

In the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. ~Robert Ingersoll

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight. ~Kahlil Gibran

A human life is a story told by God. ~Hans Christian Andersen

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.
~Thomas Campbell, "Hallowed Ground"

While we are mourning the loss of our loved one, others are rejoicing to meet him behind the veil. ~John Taylor

He who has gone, so we but cherish his memory, abides with us, more potent, nay, more present than the living man. ~Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Life is eternal, and love is immortal,
and death is only a horizon;
and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.
~Rossiter Worthington Raymond

Tears are God's gift to us. Our holy water. They heal us as they flow. ~Rita Schiano, Sweet Bitter Love, 1997, published by The Reed Edwards Company

When someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure. ~Author Unknown

If tears could build a stairway,
And memories a lane,
I'd walk right up to Heaven
And bring you home again.
~Author Unknown

The angels are always near to those who are grieving, to whisper to them that their loved ones are safe in the hand of God. ~Quoted in The Angels' Little Instruction Book by Eileen Elias Freeman, 1994

Unable are the loved to die. For love is immortality. ~Emily Dickinson

Perhaps they are not the stars, but rather openings in Heaven where the love of our lost ones pours through and shines down upon us to let us know they are happy. ~Author Unknown

Although it's difficult today to see beyond the sorrow,
May looking back in memory help comfort you tomorrow.

A blog from a *friend* of a bereaved parent and friend

2010 has not been what I'd call a very good year...

In fact, in familiar company I'd probably say that 2010 has truly sucked. **BIG TIME!** Aside from the death of my stepmother, and the end of my marriage, there has been another horrific event. On December 18, 2009 someone I love—someone who has been a mother, a sister, a friend, a mentor, a tissue flunky...so many beautiful things to me—suffered what I believe is the worst possible assault on a human being. A “jet” filled with passengers and fuel crashed into her heart. Her son's home caught fire in the early morning hours, and it set ablaze while he and eight or nine others (including a few children) were asleep.

Initially, everyone made it safely out of the house, but my friend's son did not know that. He thought one of the children was still inside, so he raced back in and tried to search for the child he had presumed missing. When he came back out he was burned over 40% of his body and collapsed on the pavement as the house burned to the ground. He lived through a few surgeries and survived in a medically induced coma, but the burns, the damage to his lungs, the damage to his kidneys, and who knows what other residual problems were too much for his body. He died December 30, 2009.

My friend's heart exploded on impact.

The other passengers on board my friend's life (her friends and family) and the remaining fuel that has long kept her going (her Christian faith and energetic personality) were left tangled up in the bomb site. I never knew her son, but that has not mattered one bit. I believe that I have wept over his death every day for the nearly 7 months since this tragedy occurred.

In the past few months, the strangest thing has happened. While my friend seems to be processing her grief in some other way(s) I've found myself searching out, meeting, and occasionally ministering to other bereaved parents. It seems that while my friend is trying to figure out how (or if) she can get her life back, I am the one who needs to be around grieving parents. What's up with that???

There is a part of me that wonders if the deep spiritual connection we shared before this 9/11-like life attack has found an unexpected form of expression amid the aftermath of this horror story that has nearly excised me from my friend's life, save the occasional email. Has my spirit taken up the healing project that hers cannot or will not endure? I honestly do not know the answer, though I like the idea. It makes me feel less disconnected from this one whom I love as my own soul, less kicked out of her life. But then, maybe it's just a style thing. Maybe she's one of those people who would recommend something like a grief share to others, while being totally unable to conceive of participating in such a thing herself. Again, I just don't know.

What I find most peculiar is how comfortable I feel communicating with bereaved parents. Some are walking horrifically wounded. Some are filled with anger. Some have a kind of psychedelic spirituality that seems to get them through well enough, and some, like my friend and I, have deep Christian faith that has become not only a foundation for coping, but also for ministry.

Regardless of their place on the grief continuum, if indeed there is such a thing, and no matter their spiritual or emotional condition, I find myself not the least bit put off by the things bereaved family members post to the Facebook threads created by The Compassionate Friends, an international outreach to bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. (<http://www.compassionatefriends.org>)

The range of intellectual, social, spiritual, and emotional perspectives represented by these posts is entirely okay with me. My heart seems immediately to go out to each and every one of them...perhaps because my friend has not yet made a space for me to grieve alongside her.

Maybe the deep sorrow I've felt for her loss, along with the sadness of missing her companionship and the incredible desire to help her through this nightmare, has needed an outlet. Having been closed out of attending the memorial service, and having no idea where the cemetery is so that I can have my own sort of closure, perhaps my heart has come up with a strategy for grieving by listening in on the sufferings of the people who are able to share them aloud and in public.

A few precious, grief-stricken parents have taken me under their wings, praising me as some sort of "earth angel" for trying so hard to reach out to my friend. I am told that very often friends disappear, grow uncomfortable with the grief and the emotional roller coaster, and finally evacuate the bomb site. That doesn't seem to be applicable in my friend's life. She has one of those rock star auras about her and has an exceedingly devoted following, I think. Yet this unique collection of compassionate friends has turned up in my life, and they often "like" my posts, respond "@Anne" with generous encouragement for whatever I've written, or send me private messages to say how touched they were by something I wrote. These dear souls urge me to hang onto my friend despite the current void in our relationship. There have been many days when these encouragements have been like manna from Heaven. Here is a group of people in various levels of truly awful pain, and yet they reach out to me. Go figure.

One such outreach came through a mother who read one of my posts and then promptly called one of her bereaved mom friends to read it too. This other bereaved mom then contacted me to ask if she could quote me on her blog provided she gave me the credit!!! Again, go figure! Normally, I'd have just shrugged and said, "Sure, and don't worry about quoting me or using my name; just take what you need etc," but I decided to accept the offer on her terms in the shallow hope that one day my friend and I will be able to write together about this experience. I wonder if that is a sign of pride when I should be thinking strictly about my friend's

pain and her need to heal. Should I even be talking about any of this stuff in public...on the web????!!!!??
Sigh...

Here is the portion of my post that seemed to impact the blogging, grieving mother along with a number of other people:

I've had a recurring "vision" (if you want to call it that –it's just an image in my mind's eye) of the heart of a bereaved parent looking something like a bomb site—a place that was once thriving and responsible for the health and lives of many people, now suddenly and violently interrupted by a gaping, smoldering hole. The debris of life before the bomb is mixed in with a strong, deep root system—the parent/child bond.

I think of myself, then, as a responder—someone who first comes to help supply immediate care and assistance—applying comfort and kindness and even material needs wherever I can, then to help sort through the debris (as needed and where possible), then to begin planting life and love and hope around the bomb site, then to cultivate what I plant and encourage its growth, so that over time it will interact with and enhance that deep root system of parental love that will always remain. Yet even in that "green" space, there needs to be some good, prime space set aside for a memorial—a place that is always quiet, sacred, and separated from the life that goes on and grows up around it. I think that's what we're supposed to do for our friends and family who grieve not only over the child that has passed, but also for the place in their hearts that was once part of a thriving system and is now a site of reflection and mourning. - Anne Bosworth

The thing is, I honestly believe all that! I am deeply desperate to help my friend and her family. Am I grateful to have found my way onto the fringes of a few other grieving, aching parents' lives? You betchya! And maybe part of God's plan of redemption in their lives has some odd thing to do with my burden for their grief. Can it be that if my friend had not locked me out of her life I would not have been in a position to encourage one grief-stricken mom to re-engage with her Christian faith? Is there some larger supernatural plan taking place? I wish I knew what was happening in God's economy.

Still, I am SO ready, so deeply desirous of having a place in my friend's mourning. How do I know if all the love I've tried to plant around her wounded heart will ever take root and grow up strong enough to help her...to help us reconnect? If only grief weren't so entirely messy and all-over-the-place. Maybe then I could see that this heart redevelopment site that I am trying so hard to clean, support, and restore will someday have a nice bench for me to sit on alongside my beautiful friend.