



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

(Otago Chapter) Incorporated
Founded December 1989

A WORLD WIDE FAMILY OF BEREAVED PARENTS CARING FOR ONE ANOTHER

NEWSLETTER NO: 176

FEBRUARY MARCH 2020

Becoming a Sage Grief Traveler

After surviving a journey of grief,
the journeyer becomes a sage grief traveler,
who is now able to offer advice, wisdom,
and share a compass with others facing
their own unexpected grief journey.

They come to know what all grief survivors know,
that grief is a powerful, common and universal feeling,
but it is survivable.

TCF Okanagan Valley, BC, Canada

YOU WILL NOT FEEL THE 'ALONENESS' OF YOUR GRIEF SO ISOLATING, IF YOU REACH OUT TO ANOTHER BEREAVED PARENT

RETURN ADDRESS
52 SUNRISE DRIVE,
SEAWARD BUSH,
INVERCARGILL
9812
NEW ZEALAND

TO

OUR CHILDREN

Children's names appear in this column if parents ask when they complete their annual donation form. You are also able to e-mail, write or phone me to have your child's name included.

This column includes names of those children whose anniversary or birthday occur in the months that the newsletter applies for.

You are also able to contact me if you wish to have a poem or piece, with or without a photo of your child included.

Once again, this is generally used for children whose birthday or anniversary occurs during the months of the current newsletter. I apologise for any omission or mistakes which I may make and ask that you contact me if this occurs.

Please contact me on 03 4326004, or TCF, Lesley Henderson, 76 O'Neill Rd., 17 D R.D., Windsor, Oamaru or by e-mail tcf.nz@hotmail.co.nz

Young Life Cut Short

Do not judge a song by its duration
Nor by the number of its notes
Judge it by the richness of its contents
Sometimes those unfinished are among the most poignant...

Do not judge a song by its duration
Nor by the number of its notes
Judge it by the way it touches and lifts the soul
Sometimes those unfinished are among the most beautiful...
And when something has enriched your life
And when it's melody lingers on in your heart.
Is it unfinished?
Or is it endless? *by Unknown Author*

Our Children ... Remembered with love

Forever Young

Forever Loved

Forever Longed For

Paul Graham Albrecht	Born 28/2/84	Jaylene Jessie Bennett-Young	Born 19/3/95
Yvonne Kay French-Wollen	Born 4/2/64	Simon Charlton	Born 26/3/96
Rebecca Clare Halket	Born 22/2/84	Shane Elliot Davis	Born 18/3/82
Allan Stephen Hobbs	Born 20/2/56	Marcus Fitchett	Born 11/3/70
Faye Marie Joyce	Born 5/2/61	Sharyn Maree Jones-Sexton	Born 9/3/67
Keegan Lineham	Born 14/2/94	Aidon Samiel Konise	Born 2/3/88
Hughan Scott Norton	Born 9/2/63	Sara Loo	Born 2/3/92
Vaughan Arthur Nuttall	Born 17/2/87	Thomas Craig McDonald	Born 3/3/91
Logan Scott O'Hara	Born 17/2/78	Anthea Gail McDowell	Born 1/3/79
Marlene Joy Penny	Born 5/2/73	Jessie Adelaide Neaves	Born 9/3/90
Melissa Jane TeHuia	Born 23/2/72	Georgia Rose Poplawski	Born 30/3/00
		Quintin Christie Reid	Born 23/3/92
		Callum Robertson	Born 8/3/82
Glenn Arscott	Died 1/2/02		
Tania Rose Baldock	Died 6/2/09		
Hayley Robyn Galpin	Died 13/2/89	Mitchell James Beaumont	Died 29/3/96
Ben Paul Gillanders	Died 18/2/77	Kyle David Edwards	Died 4/3/98
Daniel James Gillies	Died 18/2/03	Tineke Foley	Died 25/3/10
Krysha Helen Hanson	Died 6/2/03	Ricky George	Died 19/3/04
Bevan Andrew Hookway	Died 17/2/08	Faye Marie Joyce	Died 14/3/94
Kai Klein	Died 20/2/98	Anna Ruth Iris Moore	Died 19/3/06
Keegan Lineham	Died 14/2/94	Paul John Nicholaou	Died 21/3/98
Nicholas Ian O'Hara	Died 8/2/00	Hughan Scott Norton	Died 9/3/01
Brent Allan Stenton	Died 12/2/94	Vaughan Arthur Nuttall	Died 14/3/06
Jonathon Upton	Died 11/2/02	Quintin Christie Reid	Died 26/3/07
		Trinity Lea Taylor	Died 12/3/05
		Nicole Leigh Templer	Died 30/3/11

Kia ora e te TCF Whanau mai Murihiku (Hello TCF family from Southland).

The Summer is almost over. This means the days are getting shorter, the nights are going to get colder, and sometimes the darkness that we are living through likes to creep in.

Hold onto the ones how are dear to you, and get rid of the ones who are not. As we all know life is far too short, and we need to be with ones that we love and care about and who love and care for us.

I have recently become a Nan for the first time, and oh my goodness I did not know I could still feel love for something so new as I do now. It may have been 18 years since I lost my beautiful daughter, but my love for her has never diminished. My heart is bursting again, I can not believe the feelings I am being overwhelmed with. I tell you this wee korero to let you know that if you are blessed enough to still have other children, that one day you may also feel this love.

We have had some changes happening in our TCF neck of the country. The lovely Linda has finally been able to pass on her Co-ordinator hat. Josie and Myself are tag teaming the position, with the rest of the ladies still doing their parts in the roles they play. We will be having a dessert catch up and get together with AGM on the side later this month.

Aroha mai, Aroha atu.

Noho ora mai
Vanessa Young

Central Otago Compassionate Friends

Dear Friends,

I think that summer has ended. We had heavy fog here this morning.

Fortunately we had a stunning day for our annual Orchard Gardens afternoon tea meeting last Sunday. The event was well attended, it was relaxing and friendly and comforting and enjoyable, despite the fact that everyone present had a very sad story to tell. Our hosts Wendy and Dale always look after us well and go out of their way to place us discreetly away from the public eye. I realise that Wendy and Dale won't be reading this, but if any of you have the opportunity, please acknowledge their kind hospitality.

Our next group meetings will be in April, one hopefully with our Arrowtown/Queenstown friends at one of our other favourite places, Millbrook, and the other in Alexandra. We will keep you informed.

We would like to travel out to Ranfurly/Naseby area to meet with our people sometime soon. I'll be on the phone one of these days to see whether anyone would like to get together over coffee.

I need to update our contacts list. If you do not wish to receive the Newsletter, could you please let me know? Email louise.mckenzie@xtra.co.nz or text 027 650 8983. Or, if you are comfortable with receiving the Newsletter via email and you are not already on our email list, could you send me your email address please and then we can save on snail mail postage costs.

Thank you everyone,

Nga mihi mahana (warm greetings)

Louise

Whanganui Compassionate Friends

January 2019 saw fifty years since two grieving families got together to found The Compassionate Friends in Great Britain.

Here in NZ we have been 'going' since the 1980s.

This history [Part 1](#) came about as I saw a need to put in writing some information for people who have recently contacted us through the NZ website and a couple are interested in forming TCF groups. Once I got started I decided to put all we have learned and experienced in Whanganui in the hopes that it will help and encourage others. It is great that as part of Principle 7 we are able to share resources and ideas with other TCF chapters - no need to re-invent the wheel

[Part 2](#) will cover : How we started in NZ : How chapters work : Starting a group : Meeting ideas & activities : The newsletter : Funding : Publicity : World-wide candlelighting : Words : Quotations : Useful Resources : Contacts. If anyone would like input into this I would be glad to hear from you ASAP e mail me; Keren Marsh at marshkandb@gmail.com

Thanks and good wishes from the Whanganui Chapter.

How to get involved and start a group.

Compiled by The Whanganui Chapter of the Compassionate Friends NZ from various articles by International TCF groups and on line Wikipedia. October 2019

Part 1 How it all began

TCF was founded in 1969 by the families of Billy Henderson and Kenneth Lawley who both died in the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital (now University Hospital Coventry) in May 1968.

One grieving mother sent flowers to the other via the hospital chaplain, the Rev (later Canon) Simon Stephens, and the parents decided to meet to find ways to help each other survive their loss. After meeting informally they arranged a meeting with other bereaved parents in a room at the same hospital on January 28, 1969, at which the organisation was founded as **The Society of the Compassionate Friends**, with the help of Rev. Stephens who had by then become Chaplain aboard HMS Ark Royal.

The organization expanded across the UK and abroad during the following years. **The Compassionate Friends** in the US developed following the publication of a story in Time Magazine in 1971. Entitled "Therapeutic Friendship", the article described the experience of a mother whose daughter had died from cancer. By 2012 there were about 600 Chapters around the USA.

Rev. Stephens was also instrumental in promoting the organisation abroad, and sister organisations were founded in Canada, Australia and South Africa by 1990, and later on in European countries including France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands. New Zealand started a group in the 1980s

Read Joe Lawley's story (Joe was one of the original set of bereaved parents that were instrumental in the founding of The Compassionate Friends)

Our family was engaged in the usual early morning hassle as we washed, dressed, ate and finally shared a moment as the children left for school. We were four—Iris and Joe, parents, Angela (the elder of our children, aged nearly fifteen) and Kenneth—the younger, nearly twelve. The youngsters departed and then, minutes later, as we prepared to leave too, the telephone rang. I picked it up, a voice said, "There's been an accident. Kenneth has been taken to hospital by ambulance" We rushed to the hospital convincing each other that it could be nothing worse than a broken limb, but within a short time we knew that it was serious, he was unconscious; later we were told that he had suffered major head injuries, with resultant brain damage. We were face-to-face with death.

Elsewhere in the hospital was another boy, Billy Henderson, suffering from cancer. His parents had nursed him through a long illness, at his bedside day and night.

The Henderson family (Bill and Joan, the parents, Andrew and Billy, their sons, and daughters, Shona and Susan) soon became our friends through our mutual grief.

*Standing back from the constant group of relatives and friends round Kenneth's bed in the Intensive Care Unit was another young man in clerical garb, the **Reverend Simon Stephens***

He simply said, "If I can help....I am here, all of the time." Eventually we asked, "Will you pray for Kenneth?" and when he did so, he mentioned Billy Henderson. Thus we came to know somewhere in this vast hospital another boy lay dying, another family hoped and prayed.

It was not to be. Kenneth died on 23rd May 1968 — a day now indelibly stamped in our memory.

Billy Henderson died a few days later.

My wife Iris suggested that we send flowers to Joan and Bill; we did not then know the significance of that act, but looking back, it might be said that

Joan and Bill telephoned their thanks and we met for a cup of tea.

Together, midst freely flowing tears, the four of us were able, for the first time to speak openly of our children, without feelings of guilt that we were endlessly repeating the virtues of our children, and of our vanished hopes for the future. Together, we were all able to accept, for the first time, the words used by many well-meaning friends – rejected almost universally by parents who have lost a beloved child —“I understand”.

We did understand, all four of us, and, in the immensity of our grief (and in reality is there any other tragedy of quite this enormity?), we all suffered together.

We were helping each other – a telephone call in the blackest hour brought love and help immediately to the door; Regular family visits, where our children reminded us constantly of their needs and dragged us back to the role of parents.

There were the occasionally, humorous incidents which induced the first smiles, and even laughs – all these played their part in our journey through the experience of overwhelming grief.

We were learning to live a little again. It did not happen overnight, nor even with years but it had started.

Rev Simon Stephens, who had kept close contact with us, spotted it first. He said, “You are helping each other in a way which I, and virtually everyone else, am unable to do, because of your shared experience; do you think it could work with other bereaved parents?”

We put it to the test. We wrote to, and subsequently visited, a West Indian family who had lost a young child in a road accident. It worked. We became friends.

Simon then suggested a meeting of a number of recently bereaved parents, and the initial coming together took place **January 28, 1969**, in a room at the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital, a place with poignant memories for most of us; returning to the hospital itself was, you might say, a hurdle which we needed to surmount.

In the event, six people were present — Bill and Joan Henderson, Betty Rattigan, Simon Stephens, Iris and myself.

We talked about an organisation which would try to help other bereaved parents. But the number of child deaths in the UK was dauntingly large — would we be able to cope with what might become an overwhelming demand for our time?

We decided to try.

What about a name? The word “compassion” had featured frequently in our conversation & eventually ‘**The Society of the Compassionate Friends**’ emerged. It sounded right then, and now in a slightly shorter form, it still sounds right.....

..... perhaps even inspired.

To round off this part of the history of **The Compassionate Friends**, I would like to record the names of that first committee. They were: - Honorary President – Simon Stephens; Chairman – Joe Lawley; Secretary – Betty Rattigan;

Coordinator – Joan Henderson; Treasurer – Bill Henderson; Member and Visitor – Iris Lawley.

Today **The Compassionate Friends** is still an active group dealing with the worst loss imaginable, throughout the UK and around the World including New Zealand and Australia. As with the founding bereaved families we energise our grief into a compassionate way to help others.

Part 2 of How to get involved and start a group.

This is currently (October 2019) in process It will cover the following:

If anyone would like to add input to the following please e mail any facts, hints, ideas experiences etc. to Keren Marsh Whanganui Chapter. marshkandb@gmail.com.

How it all began in NZ

How Chapters work

Meeting ideas & activities.

Funding

Publicity

The Newsletter

World-wide Candle lighting

Words

Quotations

Contacts

Useful Resources

CHILD LOSS, SIBLING LOSS CHILD LOSS: THE EMPTY PLACE AT THE TABLE By Clara Hinton

Losing a child creates all kinds of emotions that we've never felt before. There is an inner emptiness that can never be described in human terms. We know what it feels like to miss someone we love..... but to miss a child is so very different from any kind of sorrow known to mankind. There is a yearning, a longing, a feeling of being so incomplete that our heart feels like it's going to break in two. There is an emptiness that reaches clear into our very souls!

For those who don't know, my name is Clara Hinton, and I'm the author of the book, "Silent Grief" — a book about child loss. But more than this, I'm a mother who has experienced six miscarriages, one stillbirth, and the death of a 13-year-old sister. Many painful experiences have touched my life, but nothing compares to the pain of "the empty place at the table."

Some people will downplay early losses (miscarriage, stillbirth, and infant losses) saying, "You didn't have that much time with your child, so how can you say you miss this child so much?" Others will downplay the loss of older children saying, "Why are you still grieving this loss? Be thankful for the years you had together with your child."

You get the picture..... people who have not experienced the loss of a child don't know what the pain feels like. They don't know what it's like to lose part of your heart — part of your soul. We can't fault them for that, nor do we ever wish that kind of pain on anyone so that they could better understand our pain. But, the truth is there's no pain that compares to the loss of a child! And, only parents of child loss know the true meaning of this pain.

I love food. I love mealtimes. But it hasn't always been this way. When my sister died, I dreaded the thought of mealtime. Why? Because that was when everything became real. Instead of setting places for five at the table, there were now only four. I can still see our tiny dining room with the small chrome-legged table. What once was a place of lively conversation about school, church, bike riding and the everyday activities enjoyed by kids was now a place of dread and sombre silence.

One of the first meals we tried to eat after the death of Carmella was chicken and dumplings brought to us by a sweet neighbour. Normally, I would have filled my plate and had seconds! This meal was different, though. I had no appetite. Just the thought of sitting down at the "table for four" made the emptiness in me multiply times a thousand! Instead of eating, I ran to the bathroom crying, "I'm sick in my stomach. I think I'm going to throw up!" I can well remember my mother saying, "I'm not going to eat tonight." And, she sat in the living room crying until her cries turned into loud, wailing sobs and she retreated once again to the privacy of her bedroom where she could feel the loneliness all over again.

My father avoided supper. My parents were divorced at this time, but he tried really hard to eat a few meals with my living sister and me. Sadly, he never lasted longer than standing in the archway between the kitchen and the dining room.

The empty plate was too hard to see. My little sister was only six at the time of Carmella's death. She didn't understand the entire meaning of "Your sister died", but she understood the fact that nobody was ever coming to sit in Carmella's seat again. That place was empty. And, so were our hearts.

It has now been forty-nine years since my sister died. My mother and father have since died. Only my younger sister is living. Our immediate family of five is now two. But, the empty place at the table has never been filled, and it never will!

Odd to some, but perfectly normal to me, I still claim the same seating arrangement at the table as I did when my sister was alive. She always sat to the left of me. To this day, I reserve an empty place at the table to my left in memory of Carmella. There is nobody who will ever take her place at the table or in my heart!

There is no right or wrong way to work through this part of child loss. We do whatever feels best for us, and for me it meant reserving that place to my left just for my sister.

My baby losses were different, obviously. They never physically sat at the table with me except when they were growing inside of my womb. For them, there is a special place reserved in the inner chambers of my heart where nobody else can enter. That space and place is for my babies only! I feel no shame in saying that. When I sit down at the table, I envision being surrounded by my "angel babies" as they watch over me in their innocence and purity. Their memory has created a circle of love that has become my hope — hope of one day entering heaven and being met by each one of them!

Love, Clara

Gratefully lifted from TCF Johannesburg Chapter Newsletter

Jack My son was killed in an RTC in January 2018 and in an instant it felt like my life was over. He was 22 years old and considered himself "a man of his own rules" . I have struggled in one way or another almost every day since.

The biggest trouble I have right now is forgiveness. The lad driving the car that Jack was in was driving twice the speed limit, nearly twice over the alcohol limit and with drugs in his system. He is in prison now for a whole 18 months (it all gets reduced depending upon plea).

So here is who I need to forgive:

The driver: He took my sons life through his very reckless (although not intentional) actions.

The front seat passenger: He got in the front and not the back. He was severely injured and the PTSD is so obvious and I seriously worry about his long term mental health.

Jack: He got in the back and not the front. He didn't wear a seatbelt and he knew the driver had been drinking.

Myself: I couldn't save him. It's my job as his mum to look after him and I didn't. I didn't save him.

I am learning, well trying to learn, to forgive. I have spent a lot of time thinking about the driver. He has never apologised and while I shouldn't need his apology to give my forgiveness, I know it would help. Also, if the tables were turned and Jack was the driver, I would like to think that there would be people willing to forgive him too. I think I am a good person. But forgiveness is very hard, especially of myself.

It's taken me a long time to realise that the anger and resentment I feel for almost everyone around me is just deflection for the anger I feel towards myself for not being able to save my precious boy. Now I know that bit, I am trying to make positive steps to letting go of this anger towards myself. I know I want to live a positive life in Jack's name but there are days where every breath is a struggle and I can't imagine the rest of my life without him. That said, there are now, some days, where I see small chinks of light. A memory, a photo, an old letter, a chat with one of his friends.

In those small slithers of hope, I remember what a beautiful soul Jack was and the huge impact he has made on this world and how the people that knew him and loved him will keep him close always. I think there will always be more bad days than good. I can admit now that I am very broken and that I can't be fixed but I hope that in some way I can rebuild a future where I can learn to forgive myself.

Lea Watson, Jack's Mum

Newsletter for Childless Parents | www.tcf.org.uk



VOICES

A book of poetry

Written by

Margaret Gillanders and Sandi Legg.

Poems which feature in our newsletter from time to time.

Margaret and Sandie have given us 100 copies of VOICES to sell with all proceeds to go to TCF.

To order your copy send \$5 to
TCF

C/- Lesley Henderson,
76 O'Neill Rd., 17 D R.D.,
Windsor
Oamaru

I have personally found that many of my friends and family have appreciated reading this book as it explains so well the many feelings and emotions

I have experienced but been unable to explain.

Thank-you Margaret and Sandie.

Relationships Change...

Relationships can change radically when someone is grieving. The bereaved can go through many changes in lifestyle and personality. Someone who was once outgoing may become quiet and withdrawn. This is normal.

As a bereaved parent, there may be the feeling that no one understands what you are going through and family and friends may feel that they no longer know who you are and why you aren't back to your old self, not realizing that this is normal for you now.

It is 'normal' for relationships to change. Some may be lost forever, and new relationships may be formed. It's great to have family and friends who understand you and support you but this is not always the case. Bereaved parents can go through enormous changes that can't be accepted by other people. It's easy to pretend to be the person you once were, but it takes a lot of energy that you could be putting into more worthwhile pursuits; like survival. Letting people get to know the 'new' you is important. Who knows, they might like this new you just as much or even more than the old. If they can't accept the person you have become, that is their problem. Let it go, unless it's a relationship vital to your well-being. Looking after yourself is hard enough when you are grieving without having to look after everyone else as well.

This is a time when family is vital. Keep them close and just do the best you can. Don't beat yourself up if you have to let a few other things or people slide for a while. You need to get to know the new you before anyone else can.

Bereavement is NOT contagious. You can't catch it by being there. Good relationships are the ones that will survive the process and being a good friend to someone in their grief is one of the most precious gifts that can be given. Being a good friend is about giving the grieving person time, love and acceptance. A shoulder to cry on and a listening ear can make all the difference.

I was 'lucky' (not a really appropriate phrase to use) that I had a friend and met another who had lost children. These amazing women have been a huge part of my recovery so far. Knowing that you are not alone in your grief is such a comfort although you wish that nobody ever had to feel these things. I have been able to make new friends who are willing to share my daughter with me even though they have never met her. That is one awesome gift. Grief has a way of drawing some people to you even as others move away. I have met some wonderful people, since the death of Melissa. I am very thankful for this because they have enriched my life so much. I can't be sorry that I have touched some, heart to heart; that I may never have known if things had gone on as they were. I look at the love in my life as it is now and can't help but compare it to before. I have lost a few friends but what I have gained is a true family of people who love me and who I love. People who can help each other with their pain, people who know what it is like to truly love and lose and grieve. Funny that; some folks have bigger hearts, more love to give, when their hearts have been broken by the death of a person so important, so loved. You'd think it would go the other way. Listening to their stories and telling mine, I know it does help when a person can talk about their loss; talk about the loved one who has died. When you are told that you should be over 'it' by now, usually after the first year has passed, you feel obligated to pretend that you are; even if you are really still struggling to find your way out of the dark places. Knowing that there is someone out there who doesn't mind listening and being blubbered over is one of the greatest gifts a bereaved person can ever receive.

Relationships are an important part of every person's life and are vital to surviving the loss of a child. Whether it is family or friends, hold on to those people who love and accept the new you and let go of those who can't accept the changes.

Deb Gates, TCF/Victoria, AU Reprinted with thanks from TCF Winnipeg Chapter Newsletter

Share Them When You Want Because Grief Doesn't Wait:Morgan McLaverty

It was when I had my third loss, a stillbirth that I found my voice in grief. It took two previous miscarriages that hid in the shadows, the subsequent postpartum anxiety diagnosis and the silent birth of my third son to realize that there was no healing for me in the dark.

I lost my first baby the day I found out I was pregnant for the first time. I cried and felt confused, I had no idea how common miscarriage was after all. Like a lot of people prior to actually trying to conceive, I assumed that you got pregnant, then you had a baby. I didn't understand that for so many becoming pregnant or staying pregnant was a struggle. I lost that baby and was questioned, "Well, if you had waited a day to test for pregnancy you could have avoided this pain. Why did you test?" I told my then-boyfriend, now husband. I told my parents and his. I told my sister. That was it. Those were the only souls who knew that anything had even happened. I almost felt as if nothing had happened, I had nothing but the solitary sadness to indicate otherwise.

I was sort of made to believe that it was supposed to be this way. Why burden others with the news of loss when the baby was not far enough to even detect a heartbeat? I thought I understood what it meant to keep this loss of life quiet but that also meant that all my feelings and grief had to be kept close as well. To the world nothing had happened. To my family, a sigh of relief knowing I had possibly avoided an accident as an unwed mother. For me, I was scared. Scared that my dream to become a mother may never be. Scared that pregnancy may not be what I had always assumed, nothing but magic and joy. I was also sad, sad beyond words that the swell of joy I had for my unborn had turned so quickly to grief. I remember being disappointed, cheated. I also remember feeling very, very alone as I grieved a baby hardly anyone even knew had been. My second loss happened when I was married and had a six-month old son at home. I remember deciding quite soon after I had my first that all I wanted in my life was more kids. My husband agreed and we were so grateful to have read the words "pregnant" once again on the test. This pregnancy lasted a bit longer. I remember breathing a sigh of relief when I passed that first day without bleeding. The celebration and began excited talks of how good I felt and how I knew this was going to go well. I was seven weeks pregnant when the bleeding started.

I had not yet announced the pregnancy as I was told to wait until I passed the first trimester. Why share the news before the safe zone? Why burden others with the news until I knew a child would be coming home? That's the message every mother receives. Keep quiet, avoid upsetting anyone until your chances of loss are diminished. I had an ultrasound done, I stared at the screen and knew that my baby had died. I was angry with the ultrasound tech for her inability to tell me what I knew. The sad thing was, no one ever did say the words. No one ever did say, "I'm sorry there is no heartbeat." They just knew I knew and went about telling me what had to be done next. I went in for a procedure and walked out empty-handed. Empty, without my baby. My only solace was a snuggle with my boy upon my return and the comfort from the handful who knew. I felt all the emotions quietly. Told no one.

When my world unravelled a few short weeks later when I became overwhelmed with postpartum anxiety that was diagnosed as severe, I had to walk through that quietly as well. I sat at family functions terrified and literally counting my breaths and stealing away to cry so I wouldn't have to explain what was happening. The one time someone caught me crying, I said, "I just don't think I am okay." My comment fell on deaf ears. The alienation of no one knowing only aided my struggles in becoming bigger than life. It did, however, force me to face my losses. Forced me to learn how to cope on my own.

When I lost my third born son, Lennon to stillbirth, a shift happened. My grief suddenly didn't have to live in the silence. Everyone knew my son had passed away. Everyone knew I was hurting, it made me brazen enough to share. I knew I needed to talk about my grief. I knew I was lost if I had to handle a loss once again quietly, so I chose not to. Writing became my form of communication, a way to quiet the unrelenting noise that had inhabited me from the moment I learned my son had passed away. I wrote before bed nearly every night at first, then once a week.

I shared my words and my feelings and found that everyone around me wanted so badly to lift me up, to share in my pain and champion me while I was at my lowest. Of course, there are the few who wish I would remain quiet but most are receptive and kind. I soon thought, these people are not afraid of my grief, why don't I share with them exactly what I have lived through. I held my breath and waited after I disclosed my story of loss, of anxiety, of grief that had only been known intimately to a few people and it was met just as my other posts had been, with kind words and encouragement to help heal.

We are often told to take silly precautions about the early days of our pregnancies. We are told to hang on until we reach a safe zone, to not announce too soon or else you will burden everyone if there is a loss, to not get too attached and to know that you can always try again and not to worry until you've experienced at least three miscarriages. These placations are told to us and while some women may choose this as the most preferable route for them, others suffer in silence and are made to feel as if their grief holds less value simply because their pregnancy was lost too soon. Their child passed on too early.

How confusing is that notion? Why grieve in silence if healing will come in sharing your love for your child who left too soon? We are a society who feels it necessary to share it's every thought, so long as it doesn't pertain to a baby prior to thirteen weeks, in that instance, you might as well wait...Grief doesn't wait, why should you?

Reprinted from Johannesburg Chapter News

Remembering our Child NEW leaflet and handbook just published
Handbook of Ideas for Remembering Our Child

As members of The Compassionate Friends, we know first-hand the agony of child bereavement. We are each unique in our own ways, with our own families, backgrounds, circumstances, religions and cultures, but one thing we have in common is the desire to honour our child's memory. We are pleased and proud to announce the publication of our latest leaflet and accompanying handbook which offers you some practical suggestions for remembering and honouring the memories of our children. We also look at some of the issues that can arise as we remember. We invite you to select what you find helpful, or perhaps use this as a springboard for activities that are more appropriate for you. Just as there is no wrong or right way to grieve, there is no wrong or right way to remember. Memorialising is a way of marking the memory of our child, focusing on their life and not just their death. It allows us the opportunity to carry precious memories of our child forward with us. Our child may not be physically with us anymore, but the memory of them will live on and be in our hearts forever. There is no right or wrong way to do this, but there are a variety of things we can do. Whether we choose to remember our child through photos, by planting a tree, or some other method, memorialising gives us the opportunity to ensure that our child has an everlasting presence in our lives, the lives of other people who knew and loved them, and even those who never met them. Some people refer to this type of memorialising as "continuing bonds". The Handbook is designed as a resource that you can dip into when looking for new ways of honouring your child's memory. Everything here has been suggested by bereaved parents as something that has worked for them, but that doesn't mean that all of these ideas will appeal to you. Time stretches out before us; we live our lives without the physical presence of the children we love so much. Nothing can take the place of their actual presence, but in their absence, we find ways to connect with them and experience a sense of closeness. That's what this Handbook is aiming for, and hopefully you will find some good ideas here.

Download from www.tcf.org.uk/rememeringhandbook
 Lifted from Newsletter for Childless parents tcf UK

NOT a Matter of Choice

Our son Keith was 29 years old when he decided to end his life by suicide in 1999. Suicide is a frightening word, and it is not only ignorance but fear and stigma that keep people from understanding why someone would take their own life. In a way, it is easier to think that a person made a "choice," freeing us from knowing the truth.

The word "choice" continues to perpetuate the stigma of suicide. The definition of "choice" is "the freedom in choosing, both in the way one chooses and in the number of possibilities from which to choose." In a pre-suicidal state, an individual is overwhelmed in a given situation. They suffer from extreme mental anguish and a painful sense of hopelessness. Their sense of judgment is distorted, and they do not have the ability to make "choices" or options.

They usually want to kill the pain rather than themselves. Suicidal people may be unable to restrain themselves from acting on feelings or impulses. This strong impulse to end the pain is often due to the depletion of the chemical called serotonin. Serotonin is a chemical within the brain that helps restrain impulsive behaviour.

"There is no suffering greater than that which drives people to suicide. Suicide defines the moment in which mental pain exceeds the human capacity to bear it. It represents the abandonment of hope," says John T. Maltzberger, M.D., past president of the American Association of Suicidology, practicing psychiatrist and instructor at Harvard Medical School.

Suicide is the eighth leading cause of death in the USA and the second leading cause of death for those ages 25-34. About 30,000 of the 650,000 Americans who attempt suicide each year die. Suicide is almost always the result of depression, an illness of the brain.

We can only imagine the horrible mental torture our son Keith endured. Depression is one of the most terrible and pervasive illnesses of our day. In 1999, the Surgeon General of the United States listed suicide as a national public crisis. Having accurate information about depression is critical.

We live in a world where people hang onto old stereotypes. In order to stop future loss of lives by suicide, we must make certain to take advantage of any opportunity to encourage greater awareness. In that goal, we can make great strides to ensure that these stereotypes cease to persist.

Carol Leher, Heart of Florida Chapter, BP/USA

POETRY / MEMORY CORNER

You are all invited to submit poem's, in memory of your child/children. These may be original poems or one that you have read which means something to you and your loved ones. Please remember to add the authors name if known.

I lost my child today

People came to weep and cry
As I just sat and stared, dry eyed.
They struggled to find words to say
To try and make the pain go away.
I walked the floor in disbelief.
I lost my child today.

I lost my child last month.
Most of the people went away.
Some still call and some still stay.
I wait to wake up from this dream;
This can't be real ... I want to scream!
Yet everything is locked inside.
God, help me, I want to die.
I lost my child last month.

I lost my child last year.
Now people who had came, have gone.
I sit and struggle all day long,
To bear the pain so deep inside.
And now my friends just question, Why?
Why does this mother not move on?
Just sits and sings the same old song.
Good heavens, it has been so long.
I lost my child last year.

Time has not moved on for me.
The numbness it has disappeared.
My eyes have now cried many tears.
I see the look upon your face,
"She must move on and leave this place."
Yet I am trapped right here in time,
The song is the same, as is the rhyme,
I lost my child ... Today.

By Netta Wilson
Childless parents newsletter UK

AFTER YOU DIED ALL THINGS CHANGED

After you died
all things changed.

Dust collected around the house
payments went unpaid
and calls unreturned.
Casseroles went uneaten
teeth unbrushed.
Plants unwatered
'thank you' cards,
unmailed.

After you died
the smell of rain disappeared
birds lost their melody
stones turned to ash
and clouds to concrete
the sky surrendered its blue
grasses withered and trees fell.

After you died
a part of me did, too
and what remained
collapsed under the weight
of your constant absence
and all things changed.

And, I realized that all things had to change
because my world could not remain
the same without you.
Sameness would not sufficiently honor
the holiness of your mark upon my heart
the longing for every part of you
even parts I would never know.

After you died
all things changed.
All things changed
except my love for you.

Dr. Joanne Cacciatore BP of USA

Reprinted from Winnipeg Chapter News

Page 11 TCF Otago Feb March 2020

How Long Should Grief Last?

Although this article was written some years ago it is still relevant

A man whose wife of 35 years died 12 months ago does not suddenly walk out his front door today and say, "Okay, I've resolved that issue." Parents whose 4-year-old daughter drowned in a swimming pool do not announce five years later, "We've accepted our daughter's death. It's okay." Three weeks after the best friend of a 14-year-old is shot and killed at her high school, the teenager is not likely to say, "I'm healing." Yet, while a growing number of researchers on loss and bereavement question the use of such words as "acceptance," "healing," "recovery," and "closure," the media continue to use them. This gives the public the false impression that, despite the tragic proportions of the story being told, the grief will soon be over.

For example, a few weeks after the 1998 release of the popular movie *A Civil Action*, an interview appeared in *People* magazine with the mother who blew the whistle on the polluting practices that led to her son's death. The title of the piece was "A Civil Warrior." The blurb, however, revealed the magazine's view of long-term grief: "Still Mourning Her Son's Death After Eighteen Years, an Angry Anne Anderson Fights to Tell Her Side of *A Civil Action*."

The story noted: "But it is also painfully clear that Anderson . . . still dwells in grief that no movie can erase." Reread the previous two sentences, this time omitting the word "still." By adding this word, *People* has implied that this mother is somehow not doing something right. Think about the last time someone included the word "still" in a sentence: "Are you still here?" "You mean you still think that way?" "You mean you're still grieving the loss of your son after eighteen years?"

On November 14, 1999, *The Seattle Times* published a follow-up to a tragic story in which a bus rider shot and killed a bus driver, leading to a deadly plunge off a bridge that killed three and injured thirty-two. A picture was shown of the bus driver and his fiancé with the caption, "[They] met on his bus ten years ago and were going to marry May 15. She still grieves the loss of her gentle giant." One year and she's still grieving. Again, in a *Seattle Times* article (August 22, 1999), the subhead read, father still mourns loss of his son, 16, ten years after attack. As before, had the writer chosen to omit one word, judgment of the appropriate length of grief would not have been passed on this father.

Another message from the media is the belief that people who experience the tragic death of their loved ones need to get through it, accept it, recover, and close. In a February 1999 segment of ABC's *20/20*, the reporter said a couple whose six children were killed because of the actions of an illegally licensed driver had turned "their grief into action." What a magic trick! Now you see grief and — voila — it turns into action. The parents of the children who died, anchor Hugh Downs added, are "God-fearing people and they relied on their faith to get them through the loss of their six children." Of course we never actually hear the grieving parents say the words, "get us through the loss of our six children." In fact, in my twenty years of working with bereaved parents I have never heard a parent say, "I've got to get through the death of my child." As the story continued, another word came up: "But their struggle for acceptance would be disturbed by a series of anonymous phone calls . . ." Few people would dare to ask a bereaved parent, "Have you accepted the death of your child?" Yet the media continue to slip it in.

A February 1999 segment on *48 Hours* featured a mother who successfully waged a twelve-year fight to meet face-to-face with her daughter's murderer, and had gone on to help others in similar situations. The final statement gives us yet another example of the media's own interpretation of grief: "Each one of the victims, like [the mother], is reaching out for remorse, perhaps reconciliation, but especially for recovery," the interview said. "That's *48 Hours* for tonight."

Webster's tells us that "heal" means "to restore to health; to cure." It follows that if you are "healing," then you are on your way to being restored to health, cured. How do the media use this word in the context of a report on grief? The day after the Columbine killings, I heard a radio news announcer in his report on the candlelight vigil in Denver assure us that "the healing begins."

Is he kidding us? Every bit of research on sudden death, trauma, and critical-incident stress tells us that during the first few days, weeks, perhaps months after a significant death, a person is in shock. Research and anecdotal reports on thoughts and feelings following a major physical injury to the body indicate that the most common response is a period in which the individual is somewhat numb to the pain, is oblivious to the surroundings, appears to "go through the motions" of responding, and has trouble integrating the loss into present reality. In the context of major emotional injury — the death of a loved one — why would anyone try to impose a healing schema onto a grieving person?

Yet, five days after Columbine, a Dallas Morning News story assured us that, after the worst high school killings in the history of the United States, “the healing has begun.” Certainly most of the students will someday be able to move on from this trauma. But will they all eventually be cured and return to health.

There is hope, however, for honest reporting about grief following a tragedy. One of the best examples comes from an April 1999 Dateline segment. On the day of the Columbine killings, a Dateline reporter, citing the eight high school shootings during the past year and a half, asked, “What may be the long term effects of witnessing something so gruesome? . . . Recent history has taught us the sights and sounds of today may never go away. . . A reporter actually used the words, “may never go away.” Interviewing a 21-year-old survivor of a similar, decade-old incident on a Stockton, California, playground in which a man with an AK-47 killed five students and injured 29, the reporter said, “What [this young man] and many other victims of violence are finding is, while the traces of blood may have been easy to wipe away, the emotional scars have been almost impossible to erase.”

Next we hear the authoritative voice of a psychologist: “Any kind of traumatic, life-altering, life-threatening situation will have effects for many people for the rest of their lives.”

Too often, however, it is the bereaved who instruct the reporter in the language of loss. In a July 1998 interview with the widow of a firefighter, who, along with his two partners, died fighting an apartment fire, a Dateline reporter made an attempt to summarize the tragedy: “. . . and it almost destroyed your life.” This gallant woman — who had just finished baring her soul on national television — caught his intention and immediately responded with the brutal truth: “Well, it did destroy my life. This is a different life and this is a different [me].” Bravo!

The reporter on a November 1999 Dateline story asked the parents of a young woman who had been murdered seven years before, “You know more than anyone that nothing you do can bring [your daughter] back. Is there a point when you can let it go?” The father replied, “You know, you hear people talk about closure? And — I don’t think there will ever be closure because I don’t think I’ll ever stop missing [my daughter].”

Meanwhile, a reporter in a November 1999 Dateline segment declared, “His scars will last for a lifetime.” Is this finally an acknowledgment of the potential lifelong effects of a death on survivors? No, it’s an investigation of people whose plastic surgery was performed by an unlicensed physician.

We seem to have little problem recognizing that physical scars last a lifetime. But what about loss? At the conclusion of a May 1999 Dateline investigation, the reporter asked the victim, “Are you going to get over this in a week?” The woman sighed, “No.” The reporter, seeming to know the answer, continued, “A month?” The woman’s somber reply was the last words we heard, “No. I probably will never get over it.” “There,” you say, “the media do show some understanding of death and grief.” But wait — this was not an interview with a woman who had suffered a death. The woman was discussing her reaction to being the victim of a burglary.

Getting one’s house burglarised is a significant loss. The reporter was correct in asking this woman the “Are you going to get over it?” question, correct in acknowledging that, indeed, loss can be something you may never get over. Yet, I ask, when will we see reporters use terms that show the same respect for death?

Robert Baugher is a teacher, specialising in death education and counselling, in the Department of Psychology at Highline Community College in Des Moines, Washington.

Gratefully lifted from Focus NSW





Sibling Page



SIBLINGS & GRIEF <https://www.drchristinahibbert.com/dealing-with-grief/siblings-grief-10-things-everyoneshould-know/>

Losing Shannon was even harder for me than losing Miki, and not just because we were closer. For one, I was older when she died—I understood loss better—but even more, because her husband had died just two months prior and she left behind two young sons. My husband and I would raise her sons as our own. Tragic as it was—hard as it was to suddenly inherit two sons, and as much as I missed her—I still felt sorrier for my parents, for her children, for her close friends, for everyone but me. I’m just the sibling, I thought. How wrong I was. How wrong so many of us are about siblings and grief. These two experiences have given me unique insight into sibling grief. I’ve experienced how the death of two different siblings, at two different times of my life, and in two unique sets of circumstances has impacted my family and me. These two death experiences were completely different. My understanding and the impact these deaths, based on my age when they died, was completely different. But, both of my sisters' deaths had a profound impact on my life.

10 THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT SIBLINGS & GRIEF There are many things people need to learn about siblings and grief. Here are ten I would like everyone to know.

- 1) Sibling grief is often misunderstood—by parents, families, friends, and counsellors, even by the siblings themselves. So much focus is given to the parents of the lost child, to the children of the lost parent, to the spouse of the lost adult sibling. And, rightly so. But, what about the siblings? What about the ones who, like me, have grown up with the deceased? Who believed they would have a lifetime with their sister or brother? Who now face that lifetime alone?
- 2) Sibling grief “has been almost entirely overlooked in the literature on bereavement.” It’s no wonder, therefore, that even mental health providers misunderstand sibling grief. How are families supposed to know how to help siblings through grief if even the research on the subject is lacking?
- 3) Common emotions siblings may feel when a brother or sister dies include: Guilt Abandonment Loss of Innocence Fallout from the Family Somatic Symptoms Fears and Anxiety
- 4) Siblings may feel “trumped” by the grief of other family members. I sure felt this way, and it’s common, since the focus is usually on the parents if a young sibling dies and on the surviving spouse or children if an older sibling dies. This may lead to minimizing a sibling’s own loss.
- 5) Young siblings lose innocence when a brother or sister dies, which may lead to fears and anxiety; “Survivor guilt” is also common. Experiencing death as a child becomes a lifelong experience of processing and understanding the loss. Children grow up with grief, understanding more as they get older. Fear of death or dying is common. Anxiety or worry about getting sick may become prevalent. In young siblings, guilt for provocative behaviour or for unacceptable feelings (jealousy) is common. Young children may think, before the death, “I wish my brother were dead!” then believe they somehow caused it to happen. Older siblings may wonder, “Why them and not me?” Because siblings are usually similar in age, it can bring up many questions about the sibling’s own life and death, and guilt along with it.
- 6) Surviving children do, unfortunately, end up taking the fallout from parents’, siblings’, or other family members’ mistakes, emotional blow-ups, or neglect. In many ways, siblings often experience a double loss: the loss of their sister or brother, and the loss of their parents (at least for a time, but sometimes, permanently). I know this from experience. Though my parents did the best they could, after my youngest sister died, our entire family was different. My mom retreated into her own grief, staying in her room, depressed and sick for years. My dad retreated into work and anything to take his mind from his pain. Luckily, I was already on my own, in college, at the time; my younger siblings weren’t so lucky. At 9, 11, 14, and 17 years old, they grew up with a completely different set of parents than I had. I tried to step in as a “parent” figure over the years, but the separation from my parents in their time of need profoundly influenced their lives. It profoundly influenced my life. It profoundly changed our family.
- 7) Siblings may manifest somatic symptoms of grief, including symptoms that mimic the deceased sibling’s symptoms. Especially in young children, symptoms like stomach-aches, headaches, nightmares, body pain, digestive symptoms, and trouble sleeping are common. These should be seen as symptoms of grief, and hopefully, an adult in the family can help siblings work through their feelings and show them how to grieve.

8) Having someone explain the loss to younger siblings, to be there for them and help them grieve, is ideal. Little children don't comprehend death in the same way adults do. It is therefore important to have somebody who can walk them through the loss and the grief process, to explain it wasn't their fault, to validate what they feel. If parents aren't able to do so, another family member or friend may, and hopefully will, step in.

9) Even adult siblings will feel the loss deeply. The pain isn't less simply because you're older. In fact, in many ways, it's harder. You understand more. You know what it means to die, and you will feel the pain of the loss in a different way than young children, who still haven't developed abstract thinking and understanding, will. Grieve your loss. If you're not sure how, here are some ideas.

10) My best advice for siblings in grief: Feel the loss as long as you need to, and give yourself time to heal. Because sibling loss is so misunderstood, you may receive messages that make you feel like you should be "over it by now." They don't know sibling loss. Now, you do. It takes time. Lots of time. It's not about "getting over" the loss of a sibling. You don't get over it. You create your life and move on, when you're ready. But you will always remember your brother or sister—the missing piece of your life. I once heard someone say, "When a parent dies, you lose the past. When a child dies, you lose the future. When a sibling dies, you lose the past and the future." That is the grief of a sibling—grief for what was past, and grief for what should have been the future. Just remember these things, my friends. Remember to be there for siblings in grief. You can be the difference in helping them create a bright future, even if they now must do so without their beloved sibling.

Leanne Munroe

Reprinted with thanks from TCF Johannesburg

Feeling again by Jacob Hkeik

My older brother and I used to swim together as kids. Mrs Cameron, a formidable woman, taught us like we were her soldiers... I was terrified of her. I hated going to her lessons as I was never that good, whereas my brother flourished. When we progressed to the classes at 6am, he relished more than me the early starts and the thrill of the cold water.

Twenty years later, my brother passed on the 19 September 2017. Diagnosed 6 months prior with brain cancer, he fought with every fibre of his being as he underwent a sequence of brain surgeries, conventional and alternative treatments, and seizures. My family and I relive these milestones between March to September every year – however they get softer. Since he left, grief has shaped and coloured my everyday. The only way I can describe it is it's as if there is a grey veil on experiences. Not a literal grey tint – more that everything seems that little bit reduced, muted and further than ever before. Motivation became harder to find and when it rarely arrived I questioned the direction I took. Existential crises' loomed and the veil pushed me to try new experiences in an attempt to feel life again. A friend recommended "You can either go to Burning Man or India – that should wake you up." I chose India and whilst it provided temporary relief, it wasn't until I travelled to the Gold Coast did life push me towards an experience that combats the grey veil time and time again.

I decided to go for a swim in the ocean. I had been swimming in a pool for a couple months but I wasn't a match for (what I would later learn) the double sand banked, strong rip waters that were unique for Surfers Paradise in Queensland. What started as a small tug turned into a force that repeatedly pulled me, a 6 foot male, under the waves. I was terrified, gasping for air while the waves washed over me time and time again. By some miracle, I found my feet on a sand bank and managed to walk back to shore. My Apple Watch recorded that my heart rate reached 183 beats per minute during the episode – despite the shock, for the first time in a long time, I felt again. Anxiety loomed to not go back into the ocean, but I could not let this stop me. In some weird way, experiencing the depths of the ocean gave me more than the taste of salt water. Subconsciously I knew this and at the start of 2019, I vowed to learn how to be an ocean swimmer. I started lessons with some local instructors and learnt how to swim into the solitude that only the ocean can provide. Swimming brought me closer to my big brother despite him not being in a lane next to me and being in the ocean connected me to something greater than myself. Combined, these are enough to bring me back to reality. Whenever I tell people I swim in the ocean, the remark "Aren't you scared of sharks?!", "I could never do that, it's way too cold!", "Surely you are scared every time you go out!". The reality is yes, I'm aware and concerned about all those things, however it pales in comparison knowing I'll get to hold back the grey veil and truly feel again.

Lifted with thanks from SIBBS Newsletter, Winter 2019 | www.tcf.org.uk

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MISSION STATEMENT

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance self-help organisation offering friend-ship and understanding to bereaved parents and siblings.

The primary purpose is to assist them in the positive resolution of grief experienced upon death of a child and to support their efforts to achieve physical and emotional health.

The secondary purpose is to provide information and education about bereaved parents and siblings. The objective is to help those in their community, including family, friends, employers, co-workers and professionals to be supportive.



Do you need to talk? Our telephone friends are willing to listen.. **Telephone Friends**

DUNEDIN	Anne Lelena (Son Colin 22yrs Suicide)	03- 455 9274
DUNEDIN	Ngairie Penny (Marlene, 18yr old daughter MVA Nov '91)	03- 455 5391
DUNEDIN	Alexis Chettleburgh (22 yr old son, suicide.)	03-4777649
	Corinda Taylor (Son, 20 years, suicide)	021 2930094
CENTRAL OTAGO	Wilma Paulin (Son & Daughter, 6yrs & 3mths)	03-4493213
CENTRAL OTAGO	Jan Pessione (16 yr old daughter, accidental)	03-4487800 janpessione@xtra.co.nz
QUEENSTOWN	Arlette Irwin	03 4510108
CENTRAL OTAGO	Jan Johnson, Adult son, Neville, cancer	03 4488360
CENTRAL OTAGO	Louise McKenzie (David, 14yr, accident) Central Otago Co-ordinator	03 4486094 louise.mckenzie@xtra.co.nz
INVERCARGILL	Linda Thompson. (Ryan, 16yrs, Cardiac Failure. Dec 2001) Southland Co-ordinator*	03-2164155 027 390 9666
TIMARU	Phyl Sowerby (Son Cancer 1998)	03 612 -6402
CHRISTCHURCH	Chris Guerin	02102931357
WELLINGTON	Lorraine Driskel Son (twin) 19yrs—car accident	04 9387212 lorraine.driskel@gmail.com
KAPITI COAST	Anna Upton (Son, suicide)	04 2936349
PALMERSTON NORTH	Robyn Galpin (Hayley, motorcycle accident)	06 3535929
TAUMARUNUI CENTRAL NORTH ISLAND	Marie and Ron Summers (Son, Wayne 23yrs, Suicide)	07 8954879
WHANGANUI	Nina Sandilands (Debbie, 16yrs, Brain Virus)	06 3478086
WHANGANUI	Keren Marsh (Simon, 23yrs, car accident)	06 3443345 marshkandb@gmail.com
WHAKATANE	Trish and Alan Silvester	07 3222084 atsilvester@actrix.co.nz

www.thecompassionatefriends.org.nz

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