



*A gift for such a little while,
your loss just seems so
wrong,
you should not have left
before us,
it's with loved ones you
belong.*

author unknown

Meetings: are held on the 3rd Thursday of the month at 6:30 p.m.
Doors open at 6:15 p.m.
Location: St Anne Shrine (Parish Hall), 16 Church St, Sturbridge, MA
Chapter Leader – Sylvia Gaumond – 508-764-6170
Upcoming Meetings: September 16th and October 21st 2010

Strength

In the early days of my
grief,
A tear would well up in my
eyes,
A lump would form in my
throat,
But you would not know it –
I would hide it.
For the strong do not cry -
And I am strong

In the middle days of my
grief,
I would look ahead and
see that wall
That I had attempted to go
around,
As an ever-present

reminder of a wall not yet
scaled.
Yet I did not attempt to
scale it.
For the strong will survive –
And I am strong.

In the later days of my grief,
I learned to climb over that
wall step by step,
Remembering, crying,
grieving.
And the tears flowed
steadily as I painstakingly
went.
The way was long, but I did
make it -
For I am strong.

Near the resolution of my
grief,
A tear would well up in my
eyes,
A lump would form in my
throat,
But I will let that tear fall
And you will see it.
Through it, you will see that I
still hurt
And I care -
For I am strong.

- Terry Jago, TCF
Regina, Canada

Poems

*Strength
Horses in Heaven
The Room Just Down the Hall*



Horses in Heaven

I hope they have horses in
Heaven,
And saddles and bridles
and trails,
I hope they have puppies
and kittens,
And baseballs and
hammers and nails.

I hope they eat ice cream
in Heaven,
and pizza and fish sticks
and fries.
I hope there is green grass
and sunshine,
And crickets and bright
butterflies

I hope children are children
in Heaven,
Hope they laugh and they
sing and they run.
For my daughter is
somewhere in Heaven,
Barefoot and looking for
fun,

- Tony W. Cartledge, TCF
Raleigh, NC





Our Children Remembered

Jill Ann Bilodeau
05-10-74 – 09-09-01
Tayler Corbeil Cameron
05-07-81 – 10-08-04
Michael Deslauriers
02-26-67 – 07-27-07
Bobby Digan
03-23-73 – 05-23-91
Brian P. Elliott
02-16-62 – 12-28-06
Jason Alan Gaumont
06-06-72 – 01-27-04
Douglas P. Horvath
03-05-72 – 08-12-92

Christina Hunter
07-08-89 – 08-18-08
Melissa Johnson
04-03-81 – 09-11-03
Gregory Lusignan
04-12-84 – 12-11-03
Patrick Newell
11-19-77 – 06-19-04
Hollie J Paquette
04-14-76 – 07-28-08
Sadie Grace Pomeroy
08-16-06 – 10-05-07
Kevin Reardon
04-23-85 – 04-17-00

Randi Lee Swistak
08-17-81 – 10-21-05



Our Celebration of Life Memorial Table

This special table is set up at our meetings for those who would like to share their child's (or grandchild's) birthday or angel anniversary during the month with the group. You are welcome to bring your child's favorite food, snacks or a birthday cake for our meeting refreshments. We encourage you to bring photos, and any special mementos to

share your child with us,



Loving You is Easy
We Do It Everyday
Missing You Is A Heartache
That Never Goes Away.

Message from the Chapter Leader

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I will now be publishing a newsletter on a bimonthly basis. If you would like to submit an article or a tribute to your child for a future publication, you can send me an email at jurwithme@charter.net.

If there are any particular subjects you would like to add to our next meeting agenda, please let me know.

The theme for our October meeting will be "Sharing a memory of your child". You can bring a special article or possession of your child for group discussion.

Sylvia

The Room Just Down the Hall

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There's a room just down the hall,
Where there's never a sound at all,
But once these walls knew laughter,
And music from the radio.
There's posters on the wall,
In the room just down the hall,
And love is all that lives here,
In the place that you called home.

On the bed where you dreamed your dreams,
You were what you wanted to be –
A fireman and a cowboy,
Shootin' straight and riding tall;
And I remember what you wanted to be
When you grew up – just like me!
And the world was just like heaven
In the room just down the hall.

Now sometimes late at night
By the flickering candlelight,
I find simple comfort
Just lying on your bed.
I finally fall to sleep,
With your picture next to me,
And again my tears find freedom
On the pillow where you laid your head.

Lying there in the night
I know it'll be all right;
I always feel you close,
I often hear you call,
From the place you now call "home,"

— *Jeremiah Sundown, TCF*
Nashville, TN