



The Waterbury, CT Chapter of

# The Compassionate Friends

Sept/Oct 2010

*The Compassionate Friends is an international self-help group for parents and their families who have experienced the death of a child of any age, including adult children, and from any cause. We offer hope in a network of support, friendship and understanding that only friends who have "been there" can give.*



## The End of Summer

On the beach, cool breezes blow across the water, but the sun's rays feel warm upon my face. The ocean laps gently at the shore. I see one golden haired lad with shovel and pail filling the moat around his carefully constructed sandcastle.

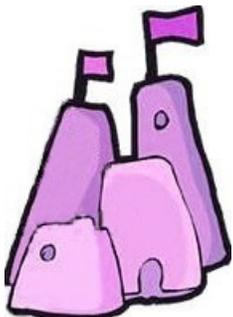
I remember another golden haired boy of years long past, wearing his bright red swimsuit, busy at his task and oblivious to all around him. Carefully, patiently, he fills and empties his pail again and again, molding and shaping the sand until he has it just right, until his perfect castle is completed. He runs to me, eyes aglow with pride, his dimpled smile stretched from ear to ear. He dances around me.

"Mommy, come see! It's finished! It's perfect!" We stand and admire it together. One bucket of sand turned upside down, a tiny trench encircling it. To us, it is a perfect castle.

But then it happens. A wave, much bigger than the rest, washes away his labor of love. His green eyes fill, his lip quivers momentarily and then he squares his shoulders and announces, "Oh well, I'll begin again tomorrow."

And now, recalling that other sunny day, my own eyes brimming with tears, my own lip quivers until I remember that I too, can square my shoulders and begin again tomorrow.

By Betty Stevens  
TCF Baltimore, MD Aug. 1991  
TCF Northshore/Boston Newsletter  
September 1992



## Your First Day

Your First Day at School

You waved from the door

All dressed in your No. 12 T-shirt surrounded with stars

And your Scooby Doo lunch box held tightly in your hand

You seemed so little

And the world seemed so large.

All day I worried and watched the clock

At 3:00 I was waiting in front of your school

You came running and couldn't stop

You had so much to tell –

You'd made so many friends,

Done lots of new and fun things,

And, you WANTED to go back again!

All my worry – for nothing!

You were happy, and so was I.

Your First Day  
in Heaven

I wonder how it went

You still seemed so little

And heaven seemed so far.

Each day I wonder and  
watch the sky

Have you made many  
friends:

And you still having fun?

Would you WANT to go back again?

And then I sigh,

If only you could come running and  
tell me about Your First Day.



By Naomi Holzman, TCF Volusia/Flagler  
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