



The Waterbury, CT Chapter of

# The Compassionate Friends

Jan/Feb 2011

*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.*



## I Am The New Year

~Author Unknown

I am the New Year. I am unused, unspotted, without blemish. I stretch before you three hundred and sixty-five days long. I will present each day in its turn, a new leaf in the book of Life, for you to place upon it your imprint.

It remains for you to make of me what you will; if you write with firm and steady strokes, my pages will be a joy to look upon when the next New Year comes. If the pen falters, if uncertainty or doubt should mar the page, it will become a day to remember the pain.

I am the New Year. Each hour of the three hundred and sixty-five days, I will give you sixty minutes that have never known the use of man. White and pure, I present them; it remains for you to fill them sixty jeweled seconds of love, hope, endeavor, patience and trust in God.

I am the New Year. I am here – but once past, I can never be recalled. Make me your best.

### New Year

The New Year comes when all the world is ready  
For changes, resolutions – great beginnings.

For us, to whom that stroke of midnight means  
A missing child remembered,  
For us the new year comes  
More like another darkness.

But let us not forget that this may be the year  
When love and hope and courage  
Find each other somewhere in the darkness  
To lift their voice and speak:  
Let there be Light.  
"The Sorrow and the Light"

by Sascha

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## On Losing a Child

Face your feelings  
Don't let them hide inside.  
Confront the pain  
Give it a name,  
Let it roam your heavy heart.



Each teardrop you shed  
becomes a crystal bead  
to be added to your chain of sorrow.  
Keep the chain.  
Wear the beads with pride -  
A badge of your courage  
in facing the pain.



Face whatever may come.  
Accept and be thankful  
for the lessons you have learned.  
Stay open to your feelings.  
Soon the pain will be mixed with other colors.  
You will be weaving a new tapestry.  
Each strand of emotion adds richness.



Stay in the present moment.  
Look to the past to fathom the future.  
Keep one foot in the present  
and the other in eternity.

I have children in both worlds.  
I am attentive to each for their lessons.  
We learn from our children.  
They are our blessings.  
By doing for our children  
we are enriched by them.  
It does not end when they leave this earth.



We understand not with our minds,  
But with our hearts.

By Mariann Lindquist

In memory of her son, Joel

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