

TCF East of the River Chapter

Mary Lemley is the leader of the Shoreline Chapter and has recently been appointed to the role of Regional Coordinator of TCF for the state of CT. This is a new position so she is learning the position- Her first endeavor is a state wide Walk to Remember, July 9 at 10:00 from Center Springs Park in Manchester.



For more information, please call 860-454-4809 or go to their website:

<http://www.tcfeastoftheriver.org/walktoremember/home/>

From the Chapter Leader of NoShore/Boston

"Years ago, I attended The TCF National Conference in Boston. One of the workshops, presented by Vicki Scalzitti, was entitled, 'I Am So Mad at God: Developing a Working Spirituality for Bereaved Parents.' One of the suggestions by the workshop presenter was to acknowledge and recognize the positive changes that have occurred as a result of the loss we experienced. By the time I attended that workshop, almost 8 years had passed since Tom's death. I had worked through the intensity of my early grief and had begun to recognize the silver linings. I believed that I had become more compassionate, more understanding and more appreciative of the blessings in my life. I knew that my relationship with my husband had been strengthened. I had learned that joy could co-exist with sadness, and that the joy in my life almost seemed more real as a result of the depth of my sadness.

What I clearly remember about the workshop was that we should never compare what we have gained from this experience to what we have lost, because what we have gained will **never** be adequate compensation for our loss of our children, grandchildren and siblings. However, since we are powerless to change the outcome, it is worthwhile, when we are ready, to adjust our attitudes and to focus on the silver linings in our lives."

By Carmen Pope

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THE SCREAM



The smile you see is not all of me,
For I'm not what I seem.
I laugh and smile but all the while,
My smile holds in a scream.

For when I see a little girl,
So innocent and free,
I think about my little girl,
Who died at seventeen.

And then the scream comes welling up,
From in my soul so black,
And so my smile must block it in,
And laughter hold it back.

I saw her born and watched her grow,
from child to blooming lass,
But through the years I couldn't know,
I'd have to see her pass.

The suffering within my heart,
I hide from all the world.
I do my job, I play the part,
And miss my little girl.

A song about a father's love,
So sweet with tenderness,
Awakes in me the horror of,
My loss and loneliness.

So, if they say "He takes it well,
He'll be OK we all can tell.
How well his life continues on,
It's almost if she wasn't gone."

Remember that I'm not so sane,
Playacting, keeping up the game,
My nightmare life trapped in a dream,
You see, my smile holds in a scream.

By Steve Tutt, TCF, Tyler, Texas

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