



The Waterbury, CT Chapter of

# The Compassionate Friends

Mar/Apr 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.*



## Seasons

The change of seasons is difficult. It reminds me that I must change if I am to live again. We can become stuck in our grief, full of self-pity and overwhelmed with pain. I do not believe our children would want us to live the rest of our lives in pain and misery. It is so easy to fall into the "black pit" and never have the strength to crawl out-because crawl out we must-on our bellies.

We are different now, with different priorities and goals. We must find a new purpose for going on and we must accept the changes in our lives-including ourselves, for we are different now. We cannot go backward, though there are times we yearn to. We must move forward. If we don't, we stay stuck at the point that our world changed. I used to say "ended."

Change is difficult. To accept the loss of our child is the most difficult of all. Our comfort comes from believing that the love we shared will go on for all eternity and that we will be reunited again—and each day brings us closer. We must learn to live again, love again, feel joy and peace again—or our survival will be without value to ourselves or others.

By Renee Little, TCF Fort Collins  
Reprinted from TCF South Bay/LA Website



## Friend

Don't tell me that you understand  
Don't tell me that you know,  
Don't tell me that I will survive  
Or how I will surely grow.

Don't tell me that this is just a test  
That I am truly blessed  
That I am chosen for this task  
Apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers  
That can only come from me,  
Don't tell me how my grief will pass,  
That I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment  
Of the bounds I must untie,  
Don't tell me how to suffer  
And don't tell me how to cry!

My life is filled with selfishness,  
My pain is all I see,  
But, I need you now,  
I need your love, unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,  
I need someone to share,  
Just hold my hand and let me cry,  
And say, "My friend, I care."

By Joannetta Hendel, Bereavement Magazine  
Reprinted from <http://mysite.verizon.net/vze1piwy/poems.htm>

