



The Waterbury, CT Chapter of

The Compassionate Friends

Jan/Feb 2012

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.



Am I Healing?

Am I healing? I'm able to gaze at her photograph without that tourniquet tightening around my throat, clamping memory...

I'm beginning to see her in her life, and not only myself bereft of her life...

Piece by piece, I re-enter the world. New phase. A new body, a new voice. Birds console me by flying, trees by growing, dogs by the warm patch they leave behind on the sofa. Unknown people merely by performing their motions. It's like a slow recovery from a sickness, this recovery of one's self....

By Toby Talbot, TCF Volusia/Flagler FL
Reprinted from TCF Northshore/Boston Newsletter Nov. 1997



The Gift of Someone Who Listens

Those of us who have traveled a while
Along this path called grief
Need to stop and remember that mile
The first mile of no relief.

It wasn't the person with answers
Who told us the ways to deal
It wasn't the one who talked and talked

That helped us start to heal.

Think of the friends who quietly sat
And held our hands in theirs
The ones who let us talk and talk
And hugged away our tears.

We need to remember
That more than the words we speak
It's the gift of someone who listens
That most of us desperately seek.

By Nancy Myerholts, TCF Waterville/Teledo
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Storytellers in the Circle of Weavers

They come to tell their story in the circle of weavers.
Because it is a story of love, it is also a story of pain.
They tell how they wove their fabric, with care, with many threads.
They tell how the fabric was ripped beyond repair.
The sound of that long, final tear is in their voices, and in the air.
It follows them relentlessly, everywhere.

The silence at the end of the story could be the end.
But in the circle of weavers, it is not the end.
Torn threads begin to stir, back and forth,
Across and around the circle, the weaving begins.
The threads are torn and broken, but there is life and power,
In the weaving of them.

Pain and loss must be respected. They cannot be changed.
But new cloth can be woven, of caring and understanding,
Even with broken threads, in the circle of weavers.

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