

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE

*For bereaved families and the people who care about them,
following the death of a child, sibling, or grandchild.*

Spring 2025



*The
Compassionate
Friends*

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Crashing Waves

*There is an ebb and flow in the pain,
The grieving.
I catch my breath, finally.
Is this the beginning of healing?
I think, I hope, but it is far too soon.*

*Her picture pops up on social media,
I hear someone coming down the hall
And think for a split second it is her,
And the white-capped, crested
Waves break over me.*

*At times, I fight back the tears and win,
But a battle can be won,
And the war lost.
And I feel like I am nothing
But a mass of exposed nerves, of grief.*

*I should be stronger than this,
I tell myself.
I remember when I was gifted
At showing a calm, even stony face
Even in the presence of crisis.*

*Now, I am as hard
And as tough
As the tissue with which
I wipe my teary eyes.*

- Wayne Willis

*Wayne and Melinda Willis lost their 32-year-old daughter, who with her two kids lived with them, unexpectedly to natural causes in April 2024. Wayne turned to writing poetry to process his grief. He recently published a book of these poems: *Crashing Waves: Poems of a Grieving Father*.*

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Telling Our Story

Confronting the pain and sorrow of another person's grief can be challenging for people who haven't experienced substantial loss. Often, a person will avoid specific conversations about the person's loss and instead chat about light things or talk around the loss. They may avoid the conversation entirely because they don't know what to say or worry that they will remind the person of their loss by talking about it.

Someone who is grieving a painful death does not need a reminder of their loss. Though their loved one's physical presence is gone, the love they have for the person and the devastating void they feel from their absence is on their minds all the time. Grief can be all-encompassing for a very long time. This is especially true for the death of one's child, sibling, or grandchild.

Most bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings want and need to speak about their loss. This includes the specifics about how their loved one died and how they learned what happened. It may also include details about the uncertainty of the cause, ongoing investigations into what happened, and confusion when the loss was shocking and unexpected.

When someone young dies, it takes a very long time and arduous work to accept this reality. Our children and grandchildren are not supposed to precede us. Whether the loss was through accident, disease, the actions of another, illness, or another means, the survivors are left with trying to digest and understand something very unnatural in the normal order of life.

One of the ways people learn to process an immense and permanent loss is to tell their story. A bereaved person needs places that feel safe to talk about the death and their new reality. The more they can talk about what happened, the more they learn to incorporate this incomprehensible experience into their lives.

In this issue of *We Need Not Walk Alone*, our writers have shared aspects of their loss and their heartfelt journeys over the years that follow. Another person's story can provide new understanding and resonate deeply within us. May the writings shared in this edition provide you with meaning, hope, or a new perspective.

Warmly,
Shari O'Loughlin, MBA, CPC
CEO
The Compassionate Friends

Here in My Heart

Without a warning, you were gone from our sight,
It doesn't feel real, it doesn't feel right.
A daughter, a sister, a niece and cousin so sweet,
A wonderful granddaughter, a beautiful friend, a pleasure to meet.
It'll never get easier, that we had to part,
But know I'll always keep you here... right Here in my Heart.

Love,
Daddy

- Mark Sullivan, Alicia's Dad

What is the value of having peer grief support?

The value of a good peer support group is priceless. It can be a lifeline when you feel isolated, helpless, or hopeless. Providing a safe place to connect with others can give you a feeling of being understood and a validation of your feelings. Peer support may not only provide emotional support for healing, but also social connections. This may come at a time when your existing social network may no longer provide you with the needed feelings of inclusion.

- Carolyn Rutherford, Tommy's Mom

Long-Haul Grief

by Joan Baker Scott, Danny's Mom



The COVID virus gave us a new condition known as Long-haul COVID. Although the virus may be long gone, the person is left with persistent symptoms from the disease. These unlucky individuals are now being called “long-haulers.” Having just passed the 13th anniversary of my son, Danny, I realize that I have become a grief long-hauler. The sharp edge of grief may be gone, but I still carry the pain and emptiness of Danny’s death with me every day.

My grief has taken so many different forms during the last thirteen years. There were the early years of gut-wrenching pain and uncontrollable tears. Then there were the years where the pain and tears were less, but looking back on memories always brought on fresh waves of grief. Then I reached a point where the memories became more of a comfort and the tears came only when something triggered my grief, like hearing a song that Danny used to play on the drums. So now, thirteen years in, I believed that I had reached a plateau in my grief - always there and always the

same. But I am finding that that is not the case. My grief has morphed again into something different.

As bereaved parents discover, the loss of a child is much more than the loss of the child’s physical presence; it is also the loss of hopes and dreams for the child. It is a loss of the present and the future. So in 2012, I lost all the things that I had hoped for in Danny’s future. First and foremost, was his recovery from substance use disorder. Then there was college and the hope that he could fulfill his dream of becoming an EMT and firefighter. I had hoped that he would be able to have a happy and healthy relationship with someone. I don’t think I consciously thought about marriage and children, but I am sure that that may have been in there somewhere. While I have always recognized these losses, I had a new realization the other day. Enough years have passed since his death that the future that I imagined for Danny has become the present in which I am living. The hopes I had for him were abstract, they lived in my imagination. But now

I am faced with the reality of those expectations not being met and the hurt of that loss hits hard. It is the difference between thinking that those things will never happen for him and the truth that they didn’t happen for him. Perhaps this is too subtle a distinction, but it feels harder to accept this in-my-face reality.

What does this new grief look like? It looks like the young family in church with their two small children and their grandmother. It is the wife and family that Danny won’t have and the relationship with grandchildren that I don’t have. It is the conversation with friends as they talk about how their kids are helping with the care of their grandmothers and are getting married and having children of their own. It is the Christmas cards with my friends’ now extended families. It’s the void that memories can’t fill.

Those of us who are grief long-haulers are still suffering, though it may not look like it to others. Time may smooth out the raw edges of grief, but its passage also presents us with new losses. We are continually challenged to find ways to cope with these losses. Expressing my feelings in a journal or through poetry helps me lighten the weight of my grief. The passage of time also challenges us to find ways to stay connected with our child(ren). I found that it is harder to keep Danny’s memory alive now that we have moved to a different town and are spending time with people who

never knew him. It also means that I can no longer go to the cemetery on his anniversary and leave the single red rose on his grave as I have done for so many years. I need to get creative in order to keep that connection alive. On his recent anniversary, we went to a restaurant that we visited on a family vacation and where we had an experience that became a part of Scott family lore. Danny had written a story for school based on our experience at that restaurant with his own twists and exaggerations of the event. I took that story and read it out loud at the restaurant. It helped me feel closer to him and was a reminder of his wonderful sense of humor.

Long-haul grief is real and those of us who are long-haul grievers know it. The hole in our hearts will never heal and our love for our child will live as long as we live. To those of us who say, “When will you get over it?” we will proudly answer, “Never!”

*Joan Baker Scott is a bereaved parent who lost her son, Danny, to suicide in 2012. She has attended several TCF national conferences. Joan has published a book for bereaved parents, **Getting Through the Days: A Journey from Loss to Life**. Joan and her husband, Dan, were awarded the 2022 Grace Johnson Volunteer Appreciation Award from the Parmenter Foundation, a non-profit organization committed to helping grieving families build resilience and facilitating their journeys toward healing. Joan is a retired school librarian and lives on Cape Cod.*

What is the value of having peer grief support?

“Talking with others who’ve experienced similar loss and are at varying stages can be a bridge between the past and the future.” - Gandhi

Sharing with people who wear the “same shoes,” and are walking (or have walked) the same path you are now on can be a huge source of comfort and inspiration. Sharing with people who truly understand, care, and deeply feel what you are going through reassures you that “you need not walk alone.” Seeing and listening to members who are far along in their grief journey can inspire hope and comfort for newer members.

- Danny Norris & Marilyn Schuman, Kimberly’s Dad and Mom

Holding Her Heart: A Grandmother's Love

by Ann Walsh, Justice's Grandma and Erika's Mom



Kate called me today. She sounded tired, and I imagined her with swollen eyes and a heavy heart. She chatted for several minutes, then went on her way to work. I considered this a milestone for Kate, as this was the first time after the death of her daughter, our grandchild, that she had just randomly called. Of course, I was immediately flooded with memories.

I walked to the dining room and stared out the window. There was the new swing set we had bought hoping that our grandchild would use it soon. Imagining little Justice on the turtle swing, my eyes filled.

We all wanted this baby so badly; we had been looking forward to this grandchild for a long time.

The house was quiet...it felt so bleak. I turned on the television for some sound and sat at the table, My mind was

lost in the hopes, dreams, and adventures we'd immediately talked of when Kate shared her pregnancy news.

I worried about Kate...was she doing okay? Was she comfortable going back to work? How were her co workers dealing with her loss? It had only been 2 weeks since she'd miscarried Justice. Kate seemed fine, but I knew she was in another world, lost in the haze of grief. I tried to reach out to her but she insisted she didn't need anything. I didn't know what to do. Her sister, my other daughter, had died at the age of 14, but she was her sibling, and her grief as a parent was unique. Even though she possibly understood that she might be feeling as I had when Erika died, I think she was trying to work out her own grief.

I sat at the computer that evening, hoping to research websites that pertained to the grief of grandparents. I wanted to help Kate, and the rest of our family. It seemed

like a double whammy for me, and I couldn't understand how to get through this. My child was grieving and I couldn't help her. I'd never felt so inadequate as a parent!

I found I needed to acknowledge my own grief and allow myself to feel. I kind of figured that! I needed to allow Kate and her partner to grieve as they felt appropriate, not as I felt they should, as they are working through this the best they can.

We needed to talk about Justice and the hopes and dreams we had for her. Part of this process included making a memory box and a shadow box. We have ultrasound pictures, doctor's appointment records, and because Kate had kept a journal, we had her first hand feelings of love and devotion. She hasn't shared this yet, but I feel one day she will.

I decided I'd chronicle my grief journey. I hadn't done that when Erika died. People worried about Kate, but very often didn't ask how things were going for me. That was hard, and journaling my feelings helped, but finding a support group was perfect for me.

Certainly I've made mistakes dealing with Kate... like the day I offered to visit and help straighten up the nursery, hoping she'd put away the things she had out. Wrong move! I should have known better, but I thought I was being helpful. The best thing I did for her was to listen to her talk...of her baby, of pregnancy memories, and as she did this her despair was evident, but I felt she was dealing with her grief in a healthy manner.

I know she's frightened to be pregnant, but at the same time we know she wants a child. As time moves forward the future is unknown. We heal a bit day by day. Justice will be in our hearts and she will be remembered and loved always.

A retired teacher, Ann became involved in TCF after the death of her 14-year-old daughter Erika in 2004. Prior to TCF Ann experienced multiple miscarriages and the death of a sibling. More recently she has been working through the death her grandchild. She often shares how music/theatre can help in this journey. Ann is Regional Coordinator in Georgia and a member of the TCF Board of Directors.

TCF Sibling Zoom Meetings

SIB Suicide Support - Meets 4th Monday of the month at 9:00 pm ET

Meeting with Jordon - Meets Tuesdays at 7:00 pm ET

Grief Book Club - Meets 1st Tuesday of the month at 7:30 pm ET

Write Your Soul - Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday of the month at 7:00 pm ET

Meeting with Jason - Meets Thursdays at 7:00 pm ET

LGBTQ+ Sibs Meeting - Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at 9:30 pm ET

Canada Sibling Sharing Circle - Meets 2nd Saturday of the month at 1:00 pm ET

SIBS in Relationships and Partners - Meets 2nd Sunday of the month at 7:00 pm ET

To sign up for TCF SIBS newsletter, visit siblingsland.com or scan the QR code.



Grief is Complicated

by Lindsay Simmons, Ryan's Mom



It isn't just sadness and crying, although that is certainly part of it.

It's forgetfulness. Earlier I went to put the laundry in the dryer only to realize I had never turned the washing machine on.

I've lost important paperwork, my glasses, my coffee cup, etc. I will swear I told Greg or Allison something only for them to tell me I didn't.

It's exhaustion. Sleep doesn't help. I can sleep 3 hours or 13 and I wake up exhausted. It's the kind of tired you feel in your bones. The kind that makes me feel like I've aged 20 years in the last month. The kind that makes it incredibly difficult to do anything at all.

It's questioning yourself about everything. Did I tell him I loved him that night before we left? I know I did, but I keep second guessing myself. Did I pray for him enough? And if

so, why did this happen? Why him? Did my extreme worry over that bike somehow make this happen? Did I worry it into fruition? It's all so silly, but when you are in the thick of grief, nothing makes sense. So you question everything. Am I praying hard enough now to keep the rest of my family safe? Do I have any control over anything anyway?

It's anger. Anger at the person you lost, at others, at yourself, at no one at all. Anger that can't be fixed by screaming or throwing things. It just sits with you. And it changes depending on the day, even the minute.

It's physical pain. Heart racing, headaches, constant nausea, and stomach aches. Everything hurts.

It's guilt. Guilt for continuing to breathe when he stopped. For laughing at something on TV or at each other. Guilt for being sad, because I know he wouldn't want us to be sad. He was the fixer. He couldn't stand for us to be sad.

And it is sadness. It's crying until you physically can't cry anymore. It's working, doing housework, eating, reading, etc. but the sadness never really leaves. You get small glimpses of hope now and then, but the sadness overshadows it. It is a deep sadness that unless you've been through this, you'll never understand.

It's complicated. It is gut wrenching and awful and I pray you never have to go through it.

I miss my boy so much. Grief may change, but that never will. I will miss him for the rest of my life.

Lindsay is wife to Greg, mom to Ryan (forever 23) and Allison ,19. They live in a small town near Fort Worth, Texas.

Connect with Other Bereaved Parents, Grandparents, and Siblings Every Day on TCF's Online Support Community

The Compassionate Friends offers virtual support through an Online Support Community (live typed chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child, grandchild or sibling.

MONDAY

10 AM EST | 9 AM CST | 8 AM MST | 7 AM PST
(open depending on moderator availability)
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

10 PM EST | 9 PM CST | 8 PM MST | 7 PM PST
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

TUESDAY

8 PM EST | 7 PM CST | 6 PM MST | 5 PM PST
Loss to Substance Related Causes

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Bereaved Less than Three Years

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Bereaved More than Three Years

WEDNESDAY

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

THURSDAY

8 PM EST | 7 PM CST | 6 PM MST | 5 PM PST
No Surviving Children

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

FRIDAY

10 AM EST | 9 AM CST | 8 AM MST | 7 AM PST
(open depending on moderator availability)
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

SATURDAY

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

SUNDAY

8 PM EST | 7 PM CST | 6 PM MST | 5 PM PST
Suicide Loss

8 PM EST | 7 PM CST | 6 PM MST | 5 PM PST
Pregnancy/Infant Loss

9 PM EST | 8 PM CST | 7 PM MST | 6 PM PST
Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

Visit www.compassionatefriends.org/find-support/online-communities/online-support/ for more information and to register.

From Darkness to Light

by Rob Goor, Andrew's Dad



It seems perfectly natural, doesn't it? If you have a question, go look it up in a book. I've been doing it all my life. I was taught how to do research in school, and now it's my first instinct. If I need a fact, I find a book with the answer. If I don't have the right book, I go to the library or the bookstore. Well, some time ago, I found myself browsing aimlessly in a bookstore when it suddenly occurred to me that, indeed, I was looking for answers, but answers to what? I could not find answers until I knew what my questions were, and there were no books in the store that could help with that. Where could I look, then?

That was when the idea seriously crossed my mind that I had to finish my letters to my son, Andrew, letters that I had been writing for years, in part to help me discover my own questions and perhaps answers as well.

You see, on May 19, 1988, I watched helplessly as Andrew was hit by a truck and killed. He was eight years and eight months old, almost to the hour. And so I wrote. I wrote to

him because I had to find a way to stay close, to continue to relate to him, and to find myself again. And I wrote to share my letters, so as not to feel so alone after what I have learned has been the most isolating experience of my life. I would not, for the world, wish that anyone live where I live, and have lived, but I do accept and cherish visitors.

Grief and loss are inextricably bound up with fundamental life questions, so no grief is simple. There are many issues that can arise, from guilt to anger, from blame to fundamental questioning of the whole fabric of being. Ultimately, what is the hardest about any grief is the sense of pure loss.

I have learned, both from my own experience and from that of others, that grief is not well understood, nor well tolerated, in our society. Grief is an inherently isolating state. The sense of loss and dislocation contribute to a general lack of connection with oneself, and with the universe as a whole. Certainly, it does not help anyone for us to compare losses,

with the possible conclusion that one loss is "worse" than another. All losses require a difficult grief process. All deaths are untimely. All deaths are too soon. Ultimately, all losses prompt the same fundamental and unanswerable questions, especially, "why?"

Loss is not something we get over. We are changed forever by the loved ones in our lives and equally by their passing. No wonder that grief work is the hardest work we will ever do. It is not, as our society would like us to believe, over in two weeks so that we can "move on".

For me, the pure shock of my son's death lasted about a year, after which I began to experience the intense pain of the reality of our loss, both mine and Andrew's. In dreams, I experienced myself as separated from him by a low, unscalable wall, a wall that extended indefinitely in all directions, a wall that left me to mourn alone on a sundrenched, shadowless plain. Why was he in the street at that time? Why didn't the driver see him and stop? These were imponderables, yes, but often all-consuming, sometimes to the point of obsession.

Then, in time, the pain went too deep for words and even for tears. There was a core of loss and grief that seemed to concentrate in the center of my being, where the "self" is located, and every thought, every idea, every perception passed it by en route to my consciousness. In the process, then, a piece of the sadness, like a weight, was added onto the traveler and all that I saw, all that I knew and all that I felt were a part of the pain, and, in turn, partook of the pain. And so, there was a heaviness that was a companion to all I was and all I did.

At this time, I learned to minimize the distance between my inner world and my outer world by sharing with accepting friends and family. However, when that was impossible, I found that, if I mirrored my inner feelings by creating an outward symbol, even a small and anonymous one like a candle, then I could succeed in building a bridge that overcame my emotional isolation.

Sometimes, though, the most important thing to do is the hardest. Someone we have loved has died and we are in pain. We are vulnerable. And now, we need to be open to

new love, new caring, not as a replacement, but to continue to allow our hearts to grow. That is the choice of life. How soon? Immediately? No, not necessarily, but soon. We must commit to life not just because it honors our loved ones, but because it leads to the questions and answers that we need to continue to heal, and because anything less is just survival, a kind of emotional stasis.

Finally, we must commit to life because never to love feels empty, much as to love and lose feels empty. But the former is the emptiness of a dry, unused glass, overlaid with the dust of discarded dreams.

The latter is the emptiness of a drained mug of thick, sweet nectar, its sides still moist with poignant memories, at once the most fragile and the most durable of our possessions. I do understand. Knowing does not make doing less frightening.

I know that it sounds strange to say, "Choose life", as if I were saying, "Wear sunscreen". It sounds silly or, worse, trivial, but it is neither.

Can we simply decide one day that we will commit to life and that's it, from now on we are on the "right" path? Probably not. Sometimes, during the darkest nights, we must decide again, and again... Decide as often as you have to, but choose life. Since 1988, I have welcomed new love often. I have many cherished new friends and family. All have enriched my life immeasurably. It now seems that, while the hole in my heart left by Andrew's loss has not shrunk, my heart has grown larger around it.

How long will this take? The answer is that there is no timetable for grief. It ebbs and flows and seems to replay its basic themes from different perspectives in the gradual unfolding of our lives. Grief has its own energy and its own drives, and each new loss tends to recall previous losses. Sometimes, grief will not be denied.

My own mourning turned a corner on the 10th anniversary of Andrew's death, when I experienced a flood of memories of his life that, for the first time, transcended the overwhelming memory of his death. My major task, it

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now seems, has been to learn how I would continue to be Andrew's father after his death. Even though death ends a life, it does not end a relationship.

Over thirty years after Andrew's death, grief is not over, but I have integrated it into my core being and I tolerate its less and less frequent demands. I know my questions now and maybe even some of the answers. Thirteen years after my son's untimely death, after almost two hundred pages of letters, I wrote him the following...

*Dear Andrew,
I am changed. I know that now. I knew it then, too, that my life would never be the same, but it's different somehow than it has been. Something has been happening to me lately. I'm not sure what. People have been telling me that I seem different, and I know it's true. They have been saying that they can see it in my face, and I have to take their word for that. I do know lots of things that I never used to know.*

I know that relationships evolve over time, and ours has been no exception. Though I always imagine you to be an eight-year-old boy, even in my dreams, I speak to you and write to you now as an adult. When did the change happen? Slowly, I imagine...

I know that, over time, pain evolves into sorrow, and sorrow, in turn, increases the capacity for joy. I know that I have much to cherish in my life, yet I know that every hello may be the last and that every goodbye is as the first.

I have climbed my mountain, foot by foot, and passed through the tunnel at the top. My emotional landscape has been varied. I have followed seemingly endless narrow canyons, winding alone in shadow, thousands of feet below the sun plain. I have traversed barren deserts until I thirsted for relief, and, at times, I have sojourned in broad green valleys, building strength for the next challenge. The final stop is not listed on this trip—my journey is and has been my destination all along. No doubt, there will be other mountains, other canyons, other deserts, other valleys, and I will write to you about them. But, in the meantime, I have learned, and I have changed.

What is the shape of things to come? It's a circle, like other circles in my life, centered in the twilight between what is felt and what is merely known, and with a diameter measured in years, not in yards. Through it all, I have found that I have

learned what, deep down, I have always known. I have arrived at the place where, deep down, I have always been.

All these years, I have sought truth, hoping it would bring me peace, and I have sought peace, hoping it would help me to deal with the truth. Yet, I have been looking in

all the wrong places, and while I was looking outside myself, I was unconsciously finding both within.

For the truth is well concealed in the center of all being that is in each of us. It camouflages itself by hiding in the open, where few would think to look, but I, well, I am one of the lucky ones. I have discovered it at last. It's a glimpse of play out an open window, a knowing smile at bedtime, a sleepy head resting on a shoulder, a sigh of contentment, a cheerful wave hello. It's a moment of warmth, a secret shared breathlessly, a casual glance that says nothing in particular, but says all. It's a quick impression, a flash of pride, a stolen hug, a silent tear. It is a thousand, thousand such moments, each of them a heartbeat, all of them a lifetime. It is what we were to each other. It is what we are to each other. It is all that happened. It is all that didn't.

And now? Well, I have struggled and despaired, and I have survived. I have risen and fallen and risen again. I am changed forever, since that afternoon in May, and that's OK with me. I have held on long enough to be able to let go, and I have let go enough to find something real to hold on to.

And Andrew, this too, I know. I'm all right now...

Love always,

Dad

Thank you for paying me this short visit today. Remember, build those bridges between your worlds, outer and inner, and, by all means, choose life.

*Robert Goor is a bereaved parent who lost his son, Andrew, when he was run over by a car in 1988. Andrew was 8 years and 8 months old at the time. Rob has given a workshop at a TCF national conference and has been a facilitator for the Potomac Maryland TCF chapter since 2010. He has published a book called "Dear Andrew", which consists of the letters Rob wrote to Andrew, starting from a few weeks after his death and continuing until 2010. He has been interviewed on television, radio and podcasts and has written blog posts on bereavement for *Psychology Today*. Before his retirement from the National Institutes of Health, Rob was a mathematician and a scientist.*



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Days

by Christina Atwood, Cody's Mom

We start in this life counting the days that are important to us. We count the days until a big event, a much-anticipated vacation, special memories.

We count the days until our baby is born. We count the days so proudly once they are one week old, two months old, one year old and then all through their childhood. We count the days until they graduate from kindergarten, elementary school, and middle school.

We count those days until they are old enough to drive, get their license, a new job, graduate, go to college, graduate from college.

We count the days when they start living on their own and start their lives.

We will never count the days until his marriage, a new grand baby, family vacations with his family.

Never in a million years did I think that I would count the days since he left this world...these are not the days I want to count.

Christina is the mom to two wonderful boys. One died in September 2023. She still struggles with the why, but does not want the how he left to define who he was as a person. He was a wonderful son who struggled with things she will never know or understand. TCF has been a lifesaver for her.

Healing the Heart by Telling the Story

by Deborah Shouse, Hilee's Mom

© Flamingo Images/stock.adobe.com



“Hey Deborah, did you find out the cause of your daughter’s death yet?”

I was in a Zoom conversation with far-flung friends when one of them posed this question.

I felt a flash of relief at being asked so directly. My daughter, Hilee, had died suddenly, two months earlier, at age 47, supposedly of a drug overdose. But I still didn’t know the actual cause of her death. It was one of many unknowns that obsessed me and it was liberating to talk about it.

“Not yet. The medical examiner’s office should have the autopsy and toxicology reports by early next week,” I replied.

Two months ago, I couldn’t have imagined saying the words, “autopsy report” in conjunction with my daughter. But in the past weeks, I’d contacted the medical examiner’s office many times, seeking information. I’d learned to say, “I’m calling about my deceased daughter,” without bursting into tears. I’d learned that I didn’t need to be shy or ashamed about

inquiring about my daughter’s records. They dealt with this topic all day every day.

In the past, when friends had lost loved ones, I often did not know what to say. I didn’t want to intrude; I didn’t want to be insensitive. I felt awkward and uncertain.

Marie was my first guide in talking openly about grief. We had served together on a philanthropic committee. Then I heard from other volunteers that her husband had simply dropped dead one night. A month later, at a social gathering, I went up to her, intending to express my sympathy. But I could only blurt out, “I’m so sorry.”

I noticed the dark circles under her eyes as she attempted a smile. “I am too. Do you know the story of what happened?”

I shook my head.

“Let me tell you.”

I felt her emotion as she described going into the living room after dinner and finding her beloved unresponsive on

the floor. The dread that rose inside her. The trembling as she called 911. The sobbing when she phoned their son.

When she finished, she said, “Thank you for hearing my story.”

“Thank you for telling me.” I felt honored she had shared such details and I no longer felt awkward talking to her.

Marie and her story were an anchor during the early months of my daughter’s sudden death.

Most of my friends knew of Hilee’s death, but many hadn’t yet heard the story.

One such friend called to check on me, to see how I was holding up.

“Emotionally, I’m up and down,” I told her. “I still don’t believe Hilee’s dead.” Saying that harsh word, “dead!” helped anchor me, prepared me to talk about my daughter. I avoided the gentler euphemisms of “passed on” and “no longer with us.” She’d been ripped away in the middle of the night in the middle of her life and I still didn’t know why, on either the physical or the cosmic level.

“I’m guessing you’re tired of talking about it?” my friend gently asked.

“Actually, I’m not. Would you like to know what happened?”

“I would.”

As I told her the story over the phone, I paced the living room. I described the harrowing late night phone call from my daughter’s boyfriend, Matthew, shouting “Something’s wrong with Hilee. She’s not breathing,” then hanging up. I rushed to Hilee’s duplex, startled by the glaring yellow crime scene tape around her driveway, her modest neighborhood besieged by police cars and emergency vehicles. A neighbor had alerted the police, when Matthew burst out of their house, sobbing and screaming for help, Hilee comatose in his arms. He laid her down in the driveway and was trying

to leave the scene when the police arrived. Initially, they suspected domestic violence.

The surrealness of that night engulfed me as I told my friend about the conversations with the detective, the police officers, the medical examiner, all scenarios I had previously only read about in mysteries.

“She suddenly stopped breathing and the EMT’s did everything they could to save her. But the detective told us they found a lot of used needles in her house. It could be a drug-related death; only the toxicology report will tell,” I said.

Originally, I’d been tempted to leave out those unsavory details. I knew Hilee often abused her myriad of prescriptions medications, but I hadn’t realized she was taking street drugs: none of our family had suspected. I’d always tried to be honest about Hilee’s mental health issues and I wanted to be honest about her drug use as well.

“Hilee was a brilliant person and she had a hard life, didn’t she?” my friend said.

“She was an amazing person with so many struggles,” I said.”

We ended our conversation, and I sank onto the sofa, drained, exhausted. Telling the story punched me in the gut, drenched me in sorrow, hopelessness, and disbelief. Yet, I needed to say it, to hear it aloud, to share it with others. I needed to recite it, again, and then again. Telling the story of my daughter’s death, in all its grim and dreadful details, moved me closer to healing and kept me connected to my dear, dear dead daughter.

Months after her daughter’s death, Deborah Shouse received the autopsy report stating that Hilee died from an overdose of fentanyl and meth. Deborah is the author of Letters from the Ungrateful Dead: A Grieving Mom’s Surprising Correspondence with her Deceased Adult Daughter. She is a writer, editor, and a dementia advocate. Her books include Love in the Land of Dementia and her debut novel An Old Woman Walks Into a Bar.

What is the value of having peer grief support?

When no one around me can understand, I can turn to one of my peer support groups and feel at home. I feel they have saved my sanity, and my life.

- Josie Cook, Miranda and Jeffery’s Mom

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I'm Afraid I Will Start to Forget My Child, What Can I Do?

by Dr. Bob Baugher

As you well know, the biggest fear that parents have is that memories of their precious child will fade. To add to their fear is a feeling that goes something like this: Every day that goes by puts me further away from my child. This feeling is based in reality since, with each passing day, more events begin to fill our memory bank, adding to the distance between now and when our child was alive.

The question is: What can I do to preserve the memories? Let's look at suggestions I've gotten from parents when I asked them, "What have you done to keep your child's memory alive?"

Here is what they said:

1. I went into my phone and pulled out all the pictures and videos that had my son in them and placed them

on my computer. Next, I sent out a text asking his friends and relatives to send me everything they had. I was surprised at what came in. Then, I created a file. When I'm feeling down, I pull up the file and—and there he is smiling and laughing.

2. I wear some of my son's clothes. My favorites are two of his sweat shirts. They are a little big on me, but I love wearing them around the house. It's him.
3. I pulled together pictures and videos of my son, created my own YouTube channel (anyone can), posted the memories, and sent everyone the link. People loved it and it's there forever. How cool is that?
4. I created a scholarship at my daughter's college. Once a year I get a letter from the scholarship recipient

thanking me and my husband. It's like my daughter is continuing to help others. Well, she is.

5. I wrote a book about my daughter's life. I did. It's self-published on Amazon. I really don't expect anyone to buy it—except my friends and relatives. Amazon has a print-on-demand program. It was such an incredible moment when I held the book in my hand. It sits on my nightstand and sometimes before I go to sleep, I'll pick it up and read a few pages. I know she would be—or rather is—proud of me.
6. When the weather is OK, I visit my son's grave. I take a chair and a book and just sit there and read. I also talk to him and tell him what's going on in my life and how much I miss him.
7. When I make reservations at a restaurant, and they ask, "What's the name?" I give them my son's name. It's so nice when I hear the greeter call out, "Table ready for Jason." I know he would get a kick out of it.
8. Three months after my 19-year-old son died, I went to his room (which, by the way, I haven't touched—other parents from my support group tell me it's OK. I'll be ready to change things when I'm ready—but not yet.) Anyway, I took some of his t-shirts and shirts and made them into a quilt. At night sometimes I wrap myself in it. It's like he is wrapping his big arms around me.
9. I talk to my daughter every day. It's been 17 months. I know it sounds strange, but it gives me comfort. I talked to her when she was alive, I figured why stop now? I tell her what her dad, brother, and sister have been doing and how much I miss her. I tell her about my daily hassles and sometimes I actually ask her advice. She was 22 when she died and was a very smart girl so sometimes I imagine what she would say when I ask her questions. Like I say, it gives me comfort.
10. I planted a tree. I call it my "Serena" tree because that is her name. I can see it outside my kitchen window. I have watched the leaves fall in the autumn and watched it come back to life in the spring. It's been 3½ years and it has grown nearly a foot since I first planted it. It is a living thing.
11. Once a week I volunteer at my daughter's grade school. She was seven when she died. I read to the kids. I couldn't do it during the first year after she died. But now I really enjoy it. The kids are so cute.

12. I've written my daughter letters. When I first started doing it, I would cry, After a few tries, I didn't cry so much and now it feels like I'm talking to her. Recently, a friend gave me a suggestion on my writing. He said to write a letter to myself as if my daughter is writing it. I know it sounds strange, but after I finished my first one, it felt good—like my daughter is talking to me. I've done three so far.
13. A couple years ago I went to a workshop in which the speaker gave a memory suggestion. He said to sit down with pen and paper and write ten great memories of your child, even if the death occurred in infancy. Number each memory and for each write down as much detail as possible—the more the better. Then, sit there with your first memory and grab the little finger on your left hand. As you grip your finger, go through the memory by visualizing it and re-experiencing it as vividly as you can—sights, sounds, smells, touches (for example see yourself hugging your child). The more vivid the better. Then, go to the next finger and next memory and continue with this until you've done this with the ten memories. From then on you can be anyplace and take a minute to grip any finger and re-experience the memory. Try it. It's wonderful. It brings my son closer.
14. I joined a support group for parents whose child died of an overdose. There's only six or seven of us, but it gives me a chance to talk about my daughter to people who are going through what I am. They've kind of gotten to know her and I've gotten to know their children as well. They understand.
15. I bought one of those rotating digital picture albums and have it on my desk at work. It takes a good hour for the entire set of my son's pictures to rotate through. Sometimes one of my workmates will walk by, see a picture and ask me about it. It's always nice when I can talk about him.
16. At our dining room table we've set up a chair that is "William's chair." I know people think it's weird, but it's just a way for us to keep his memory alive. It's where he used to sit, so why not honor him this way?
17. My son was cremated, and I took a small amount of his ashes and put them in this necklace I got online. I carry him around wherever I go and even wear it to bed.

continued on page 20

18. When my son died, his job had an automatic life insurance policy. Suddenly, in our grief we had some money we didn't want. We wanted our son back. Our family met and came up with the Pay-it-Forward concept. Every time we finish eating at a restaurant and give the cashier our credit card, we tell her to also use it for the next customer who tries to pay saying it is a memorial gift from our son, Jason. We all agree, it feels great to do this.
19. Every year on the date of our daughter's death, my wife and I volunteer at the local soup kitchen. We both wear a cap that we had made with our daughter's name and picture on it. When people ask about our cap, it gives us a chance to talk about Kiera.

20. My daughter, Pamela, died 27 years ago of a brain tumor and the year after she died, we started a yearly fundraiser in her name for brain tumor research. Can you believe we have raised more than \$20 million!

So, there they are, great memory-savers from 20 parents. As you can see, there are many ways to keep your child's memory alive. Which of the 20 appeals to you?

Regards,
Dr. Bob

Dr. Bob Baugher is a psychologist and certified death educator who teaches at Highline College in Des Moines, WA. He is the professional adviser for the South King County Chapter of TCF. Bob is the author of grief-related books and several articles on coping with bereavement. For the past 25 years, he has been invited to present workshops at most TCF national conferences.

What is the value of having peer grief support?

The greatest value that I see is knowing that I am not alone on this horrible journey. Letting me realize my constant changing thoughts, moods, and feelings are normal and that there is always someone to lean on if I need it.

- Sherry Davis, Jeffrey's Mom

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What is the value of having peer grief support?

For perhaps 99.99+% of families, a death of a child is an "alien" and strange event in a new physical and emotional territory. While wanting someone to help take the pain away, the members want to know how others have endured the unbelievable amount of grief and how they can put "one foot in front of the other" and shoulder the pain while continuing with life and the responsibilities they've taken on. It is such a rare occurrence, there are no classes on it and, more than likely, no one they know who have gone through the experience. So "peer grief support" is not only desired...it is an absolute necessity like the air we breathe.

- Dale Gunnoe, Nikolas' Dad

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Between 11 and 1

by Carol Clark, Melony's Mom

People say she's been gone a while now, are you over it and are you ready to move on? I am moving on, I get up every morning, I get dressed and do all the things I am expected to do. I fix meals and do the laundry and clean up the dishes, well most evenings.

I sit down and take a deep breath and between 11:00 pm and 1:00 am, the grief washes over me and I remember. I flash back on the memories I have stored and feel the sadness of the memories that are being made without her. I cry a few tears as well, sometimes a lot of tears and then I tell her "I love you and I miss you," and end my day. Only to go to bed and start again tomorrow.

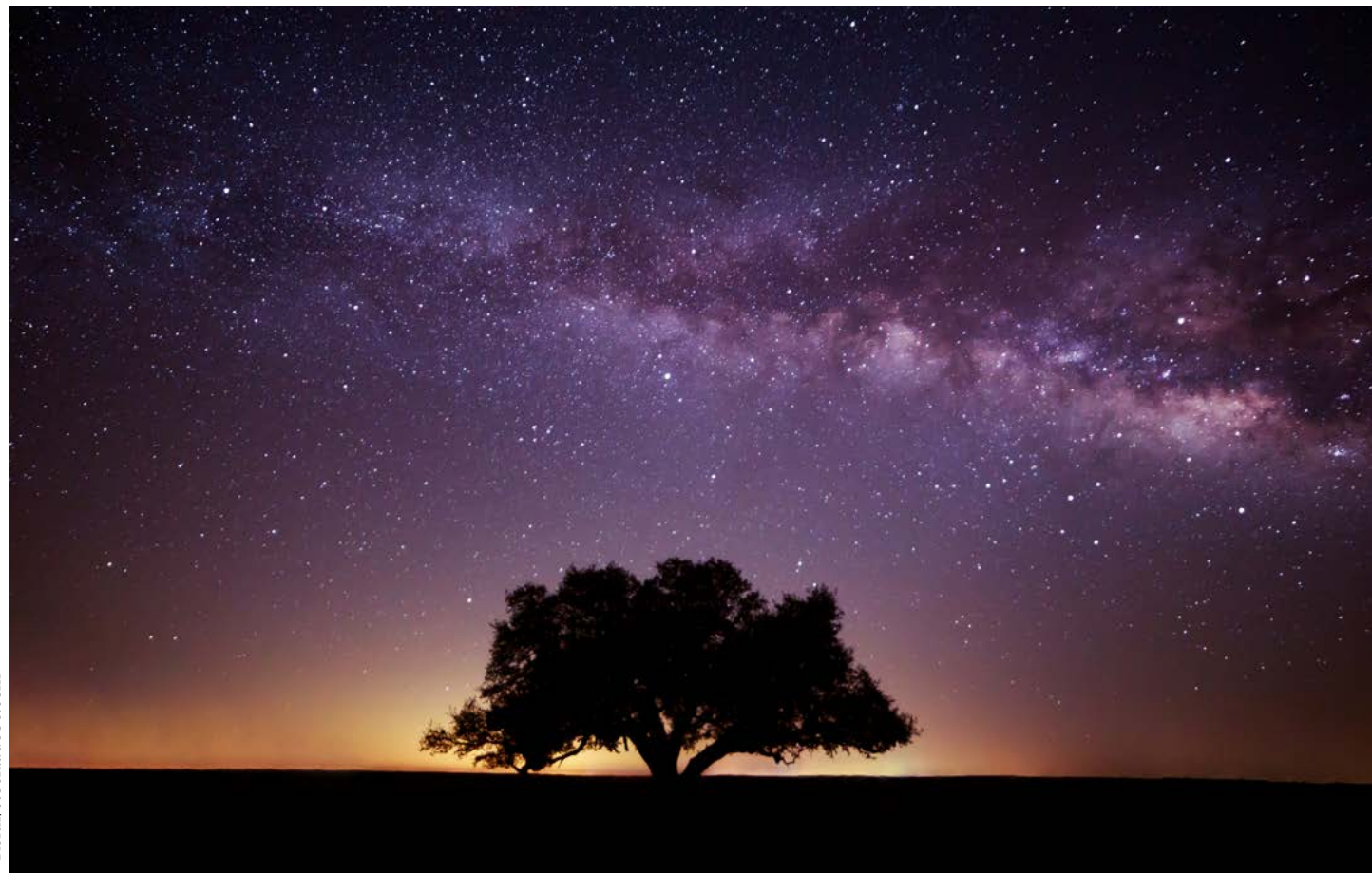
I look forward to between 11:00 and 1:00 as my special time with her. Sometimes I go outside and look at the stars and remember teaching her "starlight, star bright, first star I see tonight." And I wish and it is just that, a wish. I also remember teaching her, "twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are. Up above the world so high, like a

diamond in the sky ...". And teaching her kids. Now I get to help her daughter teach her grandson.

This is how I move on, maybe if people mean by moving on, I quit missing her or thinking about her or aching to hear her voice again, then no. But if someone has asked that question then they haven't lost a child. I still do all those things and yes I still cry and I still get sad, but I have found a special time between 11:00 and 1:00 when I pause my busy mind and reflect on her, my beautiful baby girl.

Our "snowflake day" is fast approaching and another year will be recorded and added to the years already gone. I live in a more reflective way. I still talk about her, she was and is my daughter and just because she is gone does not mean she is no longer a part of my life. As long as I live, she will always be with me.

Carol's daughter, Melony, died in December of 2001. She is part of Kitsap County Chapter of TCF.



The Brave Ones

Walking Beside Us in Grief

by Leah Allan, Julie's Sister

When you lose someone to homicide, you become a member of a club that you never signed up for and never hoped to join. A club where its members are strangers, yet immediately know each other. A place where words others find difficult to hear—murder, homicide, domestic violence, guns, drugs, crime scene—are freely exchanged. For most people, using such words outside of TV dramas is unimaginable. But for those of us in this unwanted club, they become part of our everyday reality. For outsiders, stepping into this world is not for the faint of heart.

In our society, we filter our words to make others comfortable. As an empath, I have always been sensitive to the emotions of those around me, carefully choosing my words for diplomacy, decency, and tolerance. But when my younger sister was murdered by her boyfriend at the age of 32, my brain decided to toss that social filter. It wasn't a conscious decision—I simply lost the ability to

soften my words for others. I recall someone correcting me, suggesting I say “passed away” instead of “murdered.” At first, that angered me. Why should I have to make this easier for others? Looking back, I am grateful for losing that filter. It became a triage, revealing who had the courage to truly hear my story. When friends, coworkers, and family members backed away, I realized they weren't avoiding me; they were avoiding their own discomfort. Not just with the language, but with the fear, pain, and harsh reality of homicide. I do not blame those who stepped back—they showed up for me in different ways later on. But in those early months, the bravest souls were the ones who could sit with me, hear my painful words, and hold space for my grief without turning away.

After Julie's death, unexpected heroes emerged from the sidelines of my life. People I had known for years and others I barely knew at all. One dear friend, sensing my complete

disorientation, created a WordPress site for me to share updates. At a time when I couldn't think straight, she gave me a way to keep others informed. Facebook existed but hadn't yet taken off, so this site became a private refuge where I could communicate only with those willing to support me.

However, I quickly realized that not everyone following the site was there for the right reasons. Some were drawn more to the drama of a real-life tragedy than to offering genuine support. I had to navigate the difference between those who truly cared and those who simply wanted a front-row seat to the show. I also found myself having to educate people—real-life murder is nothing like it is on TV. It's long, slow, bureaucratic, frustrating, and tangled in red tape. The legal system is cold and impersonal, often making things worse rather than better. There are rarely “happy endings,” and sometimes, no resolution at all.

Despite these challenges, the support I received through this online space was invaluable. I am a private person, yet this shared venue became a most unexpected gift. It was a place where words of love, encouragement, faith, and even humor were met face-to-face with words of fear, brutality, anger, and despair. It was proof that I was not alone. Proof that there were brave ones with me every step of the way.

The surprises didn't stop there. As the days unfolded, another unexpected source of comfort emerged. I believe that angels walk among us, and sometimes, the angel in one person's life nudges them to take a small action that has a huge impact. Michael was someone I had worked with briefly, and our personalities had even clashed a bit. He was not someone I ever expected to share a deep connection with, let alone believe he was influenced by angels! Yet, in the days following Julie's death, a message from him arrived—one that would change my life:

“Leah, this horrible news made its way to the Great White North this evening. We cannot know what you are going through, but you can know you are in our prayers. Please do not forget to breathe. Please look into the deep blue sky, feel the sun on your skin, if only for a moment. See the moon in the night sky and know that the sky shelters all of us who are thinking of you, sending you strength. The sun, the moon, and stars whisk our prayers to you.”

I read his message as we were driving beneath a vast Texas sky. The dark night was clear, the stars endless. Overcome with emotion, I asked my husband to pull over. I stepped outside, opened my arms, and received this angel connection. The tears that came were not of sorrow but of connection—connection to my sister, to the prayers sent my way, and to the unbreakable bonds of love that transcend life and death. That moment remains one of the most powerful of my journey. Michael has since passed, but I am grateful that I had the chance to whisk those prayers back to him before he left this earth. I suspect his angel winks at mine from time to time.

So, dear friends, the brave ones are among us. They are the friends, neighbors, family members, acquaintances, and even strangers who have the capacity to witness our grief without looking away. Seek them. Let them in. And forgive those who step back; they may be making room for the braver souls who are meant to walk beside us. Some may return, and some may not—but the brave ones, those angels among us, will remain forever.

Leah Allan, a Certified Grief and Life Coach, deeply understands the impact of grief and the value of holding space without imposing deadlines or expectations. She encourages embracing grief as a guiding force, helping others see its transformative power. Driven by a passion for witnessing growth, Leah guides people to reshape habits, unlock potential, and step beyond their comfort zones, leading to lasting, life-altering change.

What is the value of having peer grief support?

For me.... the peer grief support gave me a piece of my mind back, the piece that was lost when my Jonathan passed away. My emotions were scattered and my anger was winning. After reading other parent's stories, I felt seen and my feelings were validated.

- Deborah Hutchinson, Jonathan's Mom



Not Letting Grief Overtake My Life

by Stuart Krohn, Daniel's Dad

I never knew my grandfather, even though he died when I was 18. The only thing I remember about him is that at holiday gatherings we kids would grab unshelled almonds from a bowl and ask him to crack them, which he did in his hands, I marvelled at how strong he was.

My most vivid memory of him is from one of the rare photos I have from that time. In it, he is sitting on a couch, leaning forward, one forearm on his knee, a cigar in the opposite hand. The look on his face is the saddest I've ever seen.

I didn't know this when I was a child, but during World War II his oldest son, my uncle Irving, had enlisted in what was known then as the Army Air Corps, and had died in a training accident. Six months later, his youngest child, my aunt Hilda, died of what was described to me as a burst thymus.

No wonder my grandfather looked so sad, even two decades later. He had retreated into sadness and stayed there the rest

of his life. He never got to know and enjoy any of his eight grandchildren, and they never got to know him.

When my son Daniel died, three and a half years ago, I was, like all of us who have lost a child, overwhelmed with grief. It took me many months to even begin to function somewhat normally, a process that I am still going through, and will be for the rest of my life. And yet, I almost immediately knew that I had to find a way to separate myself into two compartments. One was overwhelming grief, the other a happy, loving father and grandfather. I knew that I had to find a way to function as I always had.

I had always been an active part of my family's life. Starting from an early age I had taken my children on trips, at first just my youngest and I, then all three, one on one and in various combinations. I wanted them to know that they were the most important people in the world to me. And beyond that, I valued them as individuals, people that I wanted to spend time with.

And I wanted that for myself, too. It was never just a one way street, my giving and their receiving. I got as much happiness out of prioritizing them as they did.

When they started to have their own children (I have five grandchildren), before Dan died, I made the same commitment to them. When my oldest grandchild was big enough, I started taking trips with him. And I made sure I spent plenty of time with the younger ones. I'm the type of grandparent that you'll find rolling on the floor with them, taking them to museums and trampoline parks, and going down water slides together.

But after Dan died, I didn't know how I was ever going to enjoy anything again, let alone laughing my head off as my granddaughter giggled uncontrollably when I used her belly as a piano. But I also knew that if I didn't, I would be cheating myself out of the happiest part of my life, and worse, I would be cheating my family out of my presence. My kids would have been sad, but they would have understood. But my grandkids, without knowing it, would have been cheated out of having one of their grandparents' presence in their lives.

I became determined to not let that happen. As the adult in the relationship, I knew it was all up to me to prevent it from happening. So at first, I mentally gritted my teeth and split myself in two.

One of me was buried in grief, the other just as happy and involved as ever. But the latter came at a cost. Every time I would start to feel even a smidge of happiness, I would also start feeling some form of guilt. Guilt that here I was, laughing and enjoying myself, and Dan was dead, never again able to be laughing with us. The same would happen with everything I enjoyed. I could be traveling through the most beautiful scenery in the world, marveling at nature, and thinking "This is great, but Dan's not here."

Over the years I'm beginning to learn how to mingle these two halves. In my deepest moments of grief, I grab onto all the good I have in my life, and the darkness doesn't seem to be quite as dark. And when I'm deliriously

happy, and remind myself that I can never have this again with Dan, I also remind myself that the only moment I, and everyone, has to love, and be loved, is this moment right now. Someday I'll be gone, too, and all my loved ones will have is what I've helped create with them. I love them too much to wallow in sadness, keeping my best self from them. I don't want them to have some form of the picture I have of my grandfather, a sad old man who I hardly knew.

Stu Krohn is a retired dentist. He lives in New Jersey, and has two children and five grandchildren..

In my deepest moments of grief, I grab onto all the good I have in my life, and the darkness doesn't seem to be quite as dark.

What is the value of having peer grief support?

I lost my daughter unexpectedly nine weeks ago. The value of the grief support group is priceless. I found a bond with other parents I didn't even know. We lift each other up in support. While navigating through the dark depths of grief, I am able to speak to my feelings and let my sadness have a voice. I'm still broken, because a part of me is missing. My life is forever changed, but I am not alone.

- Theresa Hepinstall, Racheal's Mom

The Compassionate Friends Private Facebook Groups

The Compassionate Friends offers a variety of private Facebook Groups. These pages were established to encourage connection and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings grieving the death of a child, grandchild or sibling.

TCF – Loss of a Child

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofachild

TCF – Loss of a Stepchild

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofastepchild

TCF – Loss of a Grandchild

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofagrandchild

TCF – SIBS (for bereaved siblings)

facebook.com/groups/tcfsibs

TCF – Bereaved LGBTQ Parents With Loss of a Child

facebook.com/groups/tcflgbtqlossofachild

TCF – Multiple Losses

facebook.com/groups/tcfmultiplelosses

TCF – Men in Grief

facebook.com/groups/tcfmeningrief

TCF – Daughterless Mothers

facebook.com/groups/tcfdaughterlessmothers

TCF – Grandparents Raising Their Grandchildren

facebook.com/groups/tcfgrandparentsraisinggc

TCF – Sudden Death

facebook.com/groups/tcfsuddendeadth

TCF – Loss To Substance Related Causes

facebook.com/groups/tcflossstosrc

TCF – Sibling Loss To Substance Related Causes

facebook.com/groups/tcfsiblinglossstosrc

TCF – Loss to Suicide

facebook.com/groups/tcflossstosuicide

TCF - Loss to Homicide

facebook.com/groups/tcflossstohomicide

TCF - Loss to Domestic Violence

facebook.com/groups/losstodomesticviolence

TCF – Loss of a Child With Special Needs

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofchildwithspecialneeds

TCF – Loss to Long-Term Illness

facebook.com/groups/tcflosstolongtermillness

TCF – Loss to Mental Illness

facebook.com/groups/tcflosstomentalillness

TCF – Loss to a Drunk/Impaired Driver

facebook.com/groups/tcfdrunkimpaireddriver

TCF – Loss of a Medically Complex Child

facebook.com/groups/lossofamedicallycomplexchild

TCF – Loss Due to Drowning

facebook.com/groups/tcflosstodrowning

TCF - Loss to COVID-19 or Other Infectious Diseases

facebook.com/groups/tcflossstocovid19

TCF – Loss to Cancer

facebook.com/groups/tcflossstocancer

TCF – Loss to Miscarriage or Stillbirth

facebook.com/groups/tcflossstomiscarriagestillbirth

TCF – Miscarriage, Stillbirth, Loss of an Infant Grandchild

facebook.com/groups/miscarriagestillbirthinfantgrandchild

TCF - Infant and Toddler Loss

facebook.com/groups/tcfinfantandtoddlerloss

TCF - Loss of a Child 4 - 12 Years Old

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofchild4to12

TCF – Loss of a Child 13-19 Years Old

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofchild13to19

TCF – Loss of an Adult Child

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofanadultchild

TCF – Loss of Your Only Child/All Your Children

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofonlychildallchildren

TCF - Loss of an LGBTQ+ Child

facebook.com/groups/tcflossofanlgbtqchild

TCF – Grieving the Loss of a Child as a Single Parent

facebook.com/groups/lossofachildasasingleparent

TCF – Bereaved Parents With Grandchild Visitation Issues

facebook.com/groups/tcfgrandchildvisitation

TCF – Inclusion and Diversity

facebook.com/groups/tcfinclusionanddiversity

TCF – Grieving with Faith and Hope

facebook.com/groups/grievingwithfaithandhope

TCF – Secular Support

facebook.com/groups/tcfsecularsupport

TCF – Finding Hope for Parents Through TCF SIBS

facebook.com/groups/tcffindinghopeforparents

TCF – Reading Your Way Through Grief

facebook.com/groups/tcfreadingthroughgrief

TCF – Crafty Corner

facebook.com/groups/tcfcraftycorner

The Compassionate Friends Chapter Leadership (for anyone currently serving on a Chapter steering committee)

www.facebook.com/groups/tcfchapterleadership/

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