



## **First Annual Butterfly Release**

The TCF of Beaver Creek held it's first annual butterfly release on Sunday August 3rd at the Mill pavilion at Beaver Creek State Park. There were approximately 30 family and friends in attendance. Each family who has lost a child got a butterfly to be released. It was a fun event for the kids and all who participated. We plan on continuing this event annually at the end of each summer.

Butterflies symbol different things to different people. Releasing the butterflies is a tangible way to show our love to our children. Some just enjoy them because of their beauty and unique qualities and others draw memories or healing to them. Regardless of the meaning, it was a memorable event for all!

## **To All Parents by Edgar Guest**

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine," He said,  
"For you to love the while he lives and mourn when he is dead,  
"It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,  
"But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?  
"He'll bring his charms to gladden you, but should his stay be brief,  
"You'll have his lovely memories, as solace for your grief,  
"I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return,  
"But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.  
"I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,  
"And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have selected you.  
"Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labor vain,  
"Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again?  
I fancied that I heard them say: "Dear Lord, Thy will be done!  
"For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.  
We'll shelter him with tenderness; we'll love him while we may,  
And for happiness we've known forever grateful stay.  
"But should the angels call for him much sooner than we'd planned,  
"We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."

## **Monthly Meetings**

*Rogers Community Auction Dining Room  
45625 SR 1544*

*Meeting 3rd Monday every month at 6:00  
PM*

*July 21, August 18, September 15*

## **Upcoming Events**

*Making memories quilt. Dates to be discussed.*

*2nd annual community dinner at West  
Point Church of Nazarene September 18  
from 5-7 PM.*

## **Regional Coordinator**

*Dean Turner*

*Phone: 1-740-453-6206*

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## **National Office**

*The Compassionate Friends*

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### A Community Benefit Dinner for TCF of Beaver Creek

A community benefit dinner for our group will be held again for a second year by the West Point Church of the Nazarene. With their kind and generous hearts, they have planned another covered dish dinner for the community with all of the proceeds going to the TCF of Beaver Creek. The dinner will be held

on Thursday, September 18, 2014 at the West Point Church of the Nazarene in West Point, Ohio. The dinner will be held from 5-7PM will a speaker in honor of our group following. More details about the speaker are to follow. Please plan on attending the dinner. Invite your friends and family for a nice

evening of fellowship and remembrance. Members of our group are encouraged to bring a covered dish to supplement the meal that the church is providing for the community.



**Children are on loan from God for a short while, then we have to give them back. Sometimes way sooner than we would like.**  
**K. Bennett**

### My little butterfly by Barbara Rodgers



Today a little butterfly flew by me.  
I thought to myself where have you been little butterfly.  
You come into this world as a cocoon all by yourself and blossom into this beautiful butterfly and fly off to see the world.  
What you don't realize little butterfly as you flutter through your days is how you touch those around you in your soft gentle way.  
You don't even realize the wonder and awe you create around

you.  
she fluttered her wings toward me as if she was waving goodbye as she headed towards the horizon.  
She looked very happy and content as she went on her way, as if to say to me "Don't worry I'll be okay".  
I was sad to see her go for she had touched my heart in such a way that I knew my life would never be the same.  
She had left an imprint of all the beauty life has to offer.

I knew each time I looked at another butterfly or horizon I would remember our moment in time when it was only her and I.  
I knew I would be a better person all because this little butterfly flew by me one bright sunny day.

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/my-little-butterfly#ixzz39ksVRdoB>  
Family Friend Poems

### When Grief is New...I Need

I need to talk about my loss.  
I may often need to tell you what happened or to ask you why it happened.  
Each time I discuss my loss, I am helping myself face the reality of the death of my loved one.  
I need to know that you care about me.  
I need to feel your touch, your hugs.  
I need you just to be with me and I need to know you believe in me and in my ability to get through my grief in my own way, and in my own time.

Please don't judge me now or think that I'm behaving strangely.  
Remember I am grieving, I may even be in shock.  
I may feel afraid.  
I may feel deep rage.  
I may even feel guilty.  
But above all, I hurt.  
I'm experiencing a pain unlike any I've felt before.  
Don't worry if you think I'm getting better and then suddenly I seem to slip backward.  
Grief makes me behave this way at times.

And please don't tell me you know how I feel.  
Or that it's time to get on with my life,  
I'm probably saying this to myself.  
What I need now is time to grieve and recover.  
Most of all, thank you for being my friend.  
Thank you for your patience.  
Thank you for caring.  
Thank you for helping, for understanding.  
Thank you for praying for me.  
And remember, in the days or

years ahead,  
after your loss when you need me, as I have needed you - I will understand and then I will come and be with you. - by Barbara Hills Les Strang, from After Loss, A Recovery Companion for Those Who are Grieving

## Starting Our “New Normal”

How do we get back on our knees and learn to crawl again after having been crushed by the terror of our child’s death? What can we do to learn how to live again, which is exactly what we try to do? We’ve begun a new life, a new normal, where we look different, we act differently, and we communicate differently than we did in our past life. Most bereaved parents will tell you we now live in terms of before and after our child died. All events are measured in terms of the instant they passed away. When a neighbor tells us they went on vacation last year, we think, My child would still have been alive for another six months. Or, we figure exactly how many days, weeks, months, or years they would have already been gone. It’s an automatic calculation.

My first baby step to my new normal came with the acknowledgment of our son Brendon’s death. March 16, 1998, at 4:15 p.m. through a phone call from my wife, Kathy, was how I first learned that Bren had been murdered. Nine months later, sitting at my desk at our photo studio, the realization that Bren’s physical body was never coming back washed over me. It

was still a while before that acknowledgment completely lived in me, but it was a small first step to my new normal. When I was able to say, and believe, that Bren’s body was never coming back, I began to heal ever so slightly. Leaning on those who are willing to support our lifelong journey can help build our new normal. For me, that person has been my sister Marcia. Her unconditional love in the face of my anger, confusion, and irrational behavior has kept me from falling. She could not understand my pain over the murder of her nephew, and never professed to, but she has understood and accepted an emotional turmoil in me that she can relate to. She was grieving her loss, too, but still has reached out to me on many, many levels.

The single most powerful factor in starting my new normal has been the realization that death did not take all of my child. Brendon’s death did not take all of his life. His spirit and life live on through my memories. Everything I had with Bren when he was alive still lives in me. Every hug, every kiss, every laugh, and every tear will always be a part of my life. I certainly wish there

had been many more memories to be made, but that decision was not mine to make.

In the beginning, the memories I had were mostly about what I lost. I thought Bren was gone forever and I would experience his life again only when I died and we were reunited. Now, most of my memories are more about what I had, and still have, with him. The good times, the bad times—all the times are special and treasured moments that I hold closely and am very grateful for. It’s very painful to have lost our son, but we have not lost all of him. His life force and wonderful spirit shines in our lives. My realization about Bren’s life was not something I consciously decided to feel. I didn’t go to the healing store and buy it off the shelf. Through my grief work, and leaving myself open to all possibilities of healing, I was able to bring Bren’s life back into mine. Frankly, I don’t think we have all that much control over our grief. It just kind of drags us along. What we can control is how we do our grief work and our attitude toward our healing. I believe the terms “grieving” and “healing” are synonymous. As we grieve, we heal.

We must never stop fighting for our children. Their lives are out there waiting for us to bring them back into ours. This is a rough, rough journey, but if we travel it side by side, hand in hand with our kids’ lives, it can make our path a bit easier. I Will Be If you think of me as gone forever, will be. If you think of me as sadness and tears, I will be. If you think of me as your broken heart, I will be. That’s not what I want to be, but I will be.

If you think of me as memories to cherish, I will be.

If you think of me as laughter and joy, I will be.

If you think of me as your healing heart, I will be.

That’s what I want to be, please let me be.

~By Rob Anderson, Brendon's Dad  
Rob Anderson and his wife, Kathy, from Sugar Grove, IL, have another son, Aaron, and three grandchildren. Rob has been a member of the TCF family for 12 years. Their son Brendon was murdered on March 16, 1998, at the age of 21.

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### Loving Listeners



If you are having a difficult day or just need someone to talk to, call a friend:

Missy Woods (330) 885-0870  
Connie Welsh (330) 227-9144  
Kathy Bennett (330) 207-1445  
Linda Dattilio (330) 720-9187

**Friendship  
doubles our  
joy and  
divides  
our grief.**



**The  
Compassionate  
Friends**  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF of Beaver Creek  
P.O. Box 31  
Eikton, Ohio 44415

330-932-9303

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[tcfofbeavercreek.weebly.com](http://tcfofbeavercreek.weebly.com)

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**The mission of The Compassionate Friends:**  
*When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.*

### **Our Children Remembered**

Birthdays

Ryan Lynch July 20, 1990

### **Our Credo**

The Compassionate Friends Credo  
We need not walk alone.  
We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we

represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering

of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow. We Need Not Walk Alone. We Are The Compassionate Friends.