



The Compassionate Friends, Queensland Inc.

Grief Support for Bereaved Parents, Grandparents & Siblings

Newsletter (Extracts) Dec 2004 - Jan 2005



Rebecca

As Christmas time draws nearer for yet another year, and everyone around us is talking about their Christmas activities, it is such a very difficult time for us as this Christmas Day will be the second anniversary of the loss of our dear daughter, Rebecca.

Rebecca was 25 years old when she left us. Rebecca had been living in Holland with her partner Peter, and they had a beautiful little daughter on the 29th May of 2002, whom they called Sydney Ann. I was lucky enough to be there for Sydney's birth and spent a little over a month with them, which I treasure very much to this day.

Rebecca developed Placental Cancer, which is a very rare cancer, and was admitted to hospital in the November. Five weeks later she was taken from us, after undergoing three doses of intensive chemotherapy. She had lost her hair, which was devastating for her, as Bec had the most beautiful long hair.

Bec had the most positive attitude, as cancer patients tend to do, and she made everyone around her feel that she was going to conquer this cancer and beat this dreaded disease. My husband Dudley and our youngest daughter Susan traveled from Australia and spent the last two weeks of Rebecca's life with her. Our middle daughter Michelle and her husband Chris, who live in the UK, had traveled over to Holland as soon as they heard the dreaded news and were with Rebecca for a couple of weeks, but had to return back to work.

On Christmas morning, Dudley, Susan, Peter and I were called to the Intensive Care Unit as Rebecca had been taken there approx 7.00am. We spoke to her and she spoke to us. She had had a very bad night. Her last words were "I'll talk to you later Mummy". Sadly, our Rebecca passed away that morning and was beaten by this deadly cancer. It was the worst day of our lives and one that will live with us forever.

We had to go back to her room, which was decorated for Christmas, and all the gifts were waiting to be opened. We had to pack her belongings and leave that hospital which we will never visit again. On Christmas afternoon Susan and I had to choose an outfit for Rebecca to wear in her coffin, and that night, with Peter's Uncle, a Funeral Director, we had to select her coffin.

Life moves on for everyone else, but not for us. We wear our masks each day in our daily lives, but our hearts are forever broken. Our lives feel empty, but we just keep on surviving somehow. We have our many photos and some videos of Rebecca that we will forever treasure, but we'd give anything to have our daughter back in our lives.

Christmas is such a very sad time for us, and always will be.

Lovingly written and submitted by Patricia Cotterill, TCF, Qld, mother of Rebecca Ann, who passed away in Amsterdam on Christmas Day 2002. She was aged 25 years.

A Letter from Rebecca in heaven

Author unknown—Taken from the Internet

When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes, all filled with tears for me;
I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today,
While thinking of the many things, we didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me, as much as I love you,
And each time that you think of me, I know you'll miss me too,
But when tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand,
That an angel came and called my name, and took me by the hand.
And said my place was ready, in heaven far above,
And that I'd have to leave behind, all those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye,
For all my life, I'd always thought, I didn't want to die.
I had so much to live for, so much yet to do,
It seemed almost impossible, that I was leaving you.
I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad,
I thought of all the love we shared, and all the fun we had.

If I could relive yesterday, just even for a while,
I'd say goodbye and kiss you and maybe see you smile.
But then I fully realized, that this could never be,
For emptiness and memories, would take the place of me.
And when I thought of worldly things, I might miss come tomorrow,
I thought of you, and when I did, my heart was filled with sorrow.
So when tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart,
For everytime you think of me, I'm right here in your heart.

Submitted by Patricia Cotterill, TCF, Qld, mother of Rebecca, who died on Christmas Day in Amsterdam, aged 25 years.

A Letter from Jan Marie Gillis, TCF Qld

Dear Compassionate Friends,

The newsletter covers many aspects of the subject which deals with the *loss of our precious loved ones*. I would like to submit the following letter because I HOPE it may be of benefit to any parent who is deciding whether to have another baby or not. This letter was written on the 10th October, 2004, which is Joanne Marie's 24th year in Heaven. The 29th October, 2004 is "Baby" Beth's 19th year in Heaven.

On the 24th May, 1975, a delicate, sweet baby girl traveled alone from the dark, isolated place (the womb) to the welcoming and receptive cuddles of her parents Gavin Phillip and Jan Marie Gillis. This baby girl was named Joanne Marie and her parents were loving and kind but poor due to expensive home loan repayments. Joanne was well nurtured but rarely experienced luxury. Joanne Marie was a content baby and a very well behaved toddler and very fortunately for her parents Joanne was rarely ill and only had one serious accident in her short life.

On the 12th November, 1976, a delicate, sweet baby boy joined our family and his name is Matthew Phillip. Joanne Marie enjoyed the friendship and company of her brother. Matthew Phillip was a sickly baby and a toddler who was very accident prone. Matthew managed to fracture his skull several times and was x-rayed for skull fractures four times before the age of five and the Mater Children's Hospital's doctor said we would be ordered to make Matthew wear a safety helmet if he should return for another skull x-ray because it was a danger for him to have continuous skull x-rays. We were always worried that Matthew was not going to live to see his teenage years.

On the 10th October, 1980 Joanne Marie traveled alone, once again, to a distant, destination, heaven, never to return to cuddle her loving Mama, Daddy and brother. To save you working it out, Joanne Marie went to Heaven, 32 days before Matthew's 4th birthday and incidentally 24 days before my 28th birthday, 4th November, 1952. I have never enjoyed a single birthday since 10.10.80. However, because of my long standing sorrow and so-called depression I unintentionally ruined every one of Matthew's birthdays since his 3rd birthday. Matthew's 4th birthday and my 28th birthday DON'T register anywhere in my memory bank and nor do the following year's birthdays.

Joanne Marie's demise was pneumonia septicemia but the doctors' initial suspicion was meningitis so as a precaution everyone who had had close contact with Joanne was advised to have a test to clear them. However, we had to rush Matthew to the hospital within hours of losing Joanne because the doctors were worried that we were going to lose Matthew as well.

On the 1st March, 1982, a delicate, sweet baby boy joined our family and his name is Douglas Phillip. Douglas was also constantly ill during his infant years and toddler years. It was discovered through many medical tests that he had Chemotaxin disorder which meant that his white blood cells didn't multiply quickly enough to combat certain infections and in Douglas's case it was pneumonia which nearly took his life several times.

It was now that we finally discovered that Matthew also had Chemotaxin disorder which explained all his sickness during his infancy. Now try to imagine how difficult it was to even think of having another baby and to know that if the baby was a boy then it was highly likely that he too would have Chemotaxin disorder! However, Dr Wood was a specialist in blood disorders and he said that if he and his wife were in our position then they would take the chance because the baby could be a girl who had no problem. On 29th October, 1985 "Baby" Beth, Elizabeth Marie was stillborn at nearly 6 months gestation.

Somehow I managed to find the courage and strength to go through another pregnancy? A delicate, sweet baby girl, Bellettia Eileen was born 17th February, 1987. I breast-fed Bellettia until she was 2 years and 3 months old because I loved her and because I was too fearful to face the possibility that she had Chemotaxin disorder so I would not let her have the blood test. Today is the 10.10.2004 and I am writing this message to all the parents and family members of "Lost Loved Ones" because the circle of birth-days has come full circle because my Matthew Phillip and his wife Sarah are due to have their first baby in March, 2005. Matthew turns 28 and I turn 52 in November.

I do not go to church on a regular basis and I have to admit that quite often I am very upset with God about different issues but "My Hat Goes Off to God" for blessing our family with this wonderful surprise. I'll let you know in March, in fact I'll probably let the whole world know, what is my first grandchild's birth-date and name. (I wonder how much the sky-writers are?).

Letters to the Editor—re Hugging

*A reply from Vera Caltabiano, TCF Qld
Mother of Andrew who died 31 May 2002*

"I have always been a very 'physical' person, perhaps because of my Italian background. In my early grief when I met many of my friends for the first time after my loss all we could do was hug while I cried

on their shoulders. What could they say to me? I found that the hugs had a silent meaning, simply by saying nothing but imparting everything.

Although my grief never left me, and my friends never expected it would, I found it very comforting to have this physical contact with them. A hug, given in love, care and concern, is one of the greatest gift a human being can give to another and even today I love and appreciate all the hugs given to me in the spirit of the above. I cannot get enough hugs from my dear family and friends.”

*A Reply from Helen Sawyer, TCF, Qld
Mother of Dusty who was killed in a tragic accident on 20/3/00.*

Initially, I wanted the hugs, but soon all I wanted was for them not to touch me. I was sick and sore. While I knew the first reaction is for people to hug you as they often do not know what else to do. They are as helpless as we are, as they want to help, but do not know how and feel we need their support where what we really want is OUR CHILD BACK. NO MORE NO LESS. In the process I really only hugged people to make THEM feel better, and while I know this should not be an issue, I really sometimes wished they would just say hello and talk to me about my son. I love all the hugs from my family but friends and strangers, please think before a hug, if we make a move, it's OK, but please never think you can make it better by giving a hug, the only better I want, is what I had, not what I have to learn from my loss. Please don't get me wrong, I am a very loving person, but my hugs now are special moments I cherish and I want to remember each and everyone in case it may be the last one I receive or give, so I give them with love, and not just to make someone feel obliged to return it. Thank you for letting me express myself.

The Advent Grief Calendar

By Terri Schade, DeKalb, Illinois

Glue a December 2004 calendar onto a large piece of poster board (red, green or your choice of colour). Punch holes in the poster board or staple a piece of yarn or ribbon to the board and hang it up. Glue an envelope to the back of the poster board. Draw, or cut from old Christmas cards or wrapping paper, symbols of a star, sandcastle/skateboard, candle, bird, reindeer, Christmas tree, rainbow, Santa, heart, wreath, teddy bear and angel. Place the stickers and the instruction sheet in the envelope. On each day in *December*, read the instructions and follow the directions for that day.

Colour the first candle of Advent. We light the first candle of Advent for *Remembering*.

Tape a piece of string or ribbon to your calendar. (There's an old idea that to help you remember something you should tie a string around your finger.) Remembering is important.

Put a star on your calendar today. The people we love who have died are like the stars in daytime—they are still there, but we can't see them.

Put a sandcastle or skateboard on your calendar. This is to remind us to play, to enjoy a part of every day.

Put a candle on your calendar. Choose a special candle for someone you love who has died and light it in his or her memory.

Write a question mark on your calendar. Think of all the questions you have about the person who died and write them down. They can be as simple as “What was his favourite ice cream?” or as complicated as “What happened when she died?”

Think of one of your favourite memories with your person who died and draw something about that memory on your calendar.

Colour two Advent candles. We light the second candle of Advent for *Courage*.

Put a bird on your calendar. When a baby bird is hatching out of its egg, if somebody tries to help it by breaking the shell, the baby bird will die. It is only by working hard to break its own way out that it becomes strong enough to live. It requires courage for the baby bird to work its way out and it requires courage to grieve.

Put a reindeer on your calendar. Remember the story of Rudolph—all the reindeer made fun of his red nose, but the very thing they made fun of became the thing that made him a hero!

Write the word *hero* on your calendar. You're a hero, too! You've come through a lot.

Put a Christmas Tree on your calendar; growing straight and tall and pointing to the sky.

Put some raindrops on your calendar for today. Raindrops remind us of tears. Just like the earth needs rain now and then, we need to cry now and then. It's important.

Put a rainbow on your calendar. After the rain, God often sends a rainbow.

Colour three Advent candles. We light the third candle of Advent for *Love*.

Put Santa on your calendar. We all love Santa—and he loves us!

Write the words, *Christmas List* on your calendar. After you make a list of the toys and things you want for Christmas, make a list of all the people who love you—people who are alive and people who are not alive.

Put a heart on your calendar. The heart reminds us that Christmas is a time of love, and love goes on forever.

Put a wreath on your calendar. An evergreen wreath has no beginning and no end—just like love. Write the word *hug* on your calendar. Words don't always need to be said ... sometimes we can't say things in words, but we can always give a hug and we can always receive one back.

Put a teddy bear on your calendar. Friends, family, pets, even teddy bears are all sources of love, support and comfort for us.

Colour four Advent candles. We light the fourth candle of Advent for *Peace*.

Think of the most peaceful thing you can imagine ... is it surf rolling in, or an open field of long grass, or a quiet spot by a brook, or your place of worship, or your head on your own pillow, or sleeping over at a special relative's house? Imagine this place in your mind and when things start to worry you, imagine yourself in that place, thinking about things. Draw something about that peaceful place on your calendar. Put an angel on your calendar. We are all spirits. We are spirits first, before we are born, and later, after we die. Like Jesus, we grow, we love, sometimes we cry, and we all experience the peace of God. Write the word *Love* on your calendar. Jesus brought us love. He didn't promise us an easy life or a life free of pain, but He taught us to care for each other. And He taught us that even though He would die someday, His love for us would never die. Love never dies.

Bereavement Magazine Nov/Dec, 1996 (adapted)
www.bereavementmag.com

From a TCF Qld Member:

In June 2000 I attended The Compassionate Friends (TCF) seminar and attended one of the workshops. The "Coping with Special Events" Workshop was conducted by Marion Downey and Ruth Friend. During the workshop Marion and Ruth shared hints on how to cope with special dates like anniversaries, birthdays and Christmas. They provided a handout from The Bereavement magazine entitled *The Advent Grief Calendar* by Terri Schade.

Basically, the idea behind The Advent Grief Calendar is to incorporate the memory of your loved one in each day leading up to Christmas. As Bereaved Parents know sometimes the leading up to important dates can be as bad as the actual day itself. In some cases, the actual anniversary is an anti-climax because you have been so anxiously anticipating THE day. Right from the afternoon of the seminar I became excited about the possibilities of adapting the Advent Grief Calendar. Originally, the thinking was along the lines of making an appliqué quilt using Velcro items to add to the calendar.

My habit has always been to think things through before putting my hands to the wheel (or needle in this case). For many years I have enjoyed cross-stitch and so as work began on designing the layout of the calendar my thoughts would keep reverting back to producing the work in that medium. So the decision was made to stay with what I knew and the Advent Grief Calendar began in earnest.

Work commenced in January 2001 with the layout of the squares for the calendar. Before each "day" was commenced I would pour through cross stitch books looking for "the right image". Every pattern that could be found for candles, Christmas trees and angels were viewed to make the right choice. If the "right" object could not be found then work would commence on another "day".

In a very real way The Advent Grief Calendar became my "grief work". Each "day has a story all of it's own as to why it was chosen. Some of the sayings were changed from the original calendar. For example, "*Peace is not the absence of suffering, but the presence of God within the heart*" and "*Families are Forever*" bring such comfort to me. Some "days" are so personal, so intimate that tears will well up as I remember the memories it recreates. For example, the Jake day, depicts the bed time ritual of singing songs before snuggling in to go to sleep.

The Advent Grief Calendar is a true labor of love. With every cross stitch made I was sending Jake a kiss and there are thousands of cross stitches in the piece.

While grieving many people choose to write a journal but my work involves lots of writing for publications, correspondence, press releases etc. Playing with words is part of what I do but what do you do when there are NO words to express the depth of your sorrow? There was real fear about even the thought of writing. My hands would shake and I would cry—words are so powerful. It should have been so easy for me to commit my thoughts to paper.

Every month when the TCF newsletter would arrive I would vow that next month I would contribute something. Each month I would devour the stories and poems that other parents shared. They would move me and produce a type of guilt. Surely, I could write something for my son—maybe next time/birthday/anniversary. Where would I begin? What would I say? Doubts would come in which did not happen in my work. I was renowned for being clear, concise and decisive. If there was a difficult letter to write or a report or document to be produced that was my forte. Give me pen, paper or a computer and I was in my element. But I just could not write about my son without trembling hands and teary eyes.

With a needle though my hands were steady. Clear decisions were made. I choose this image over that and this is why. I felt in control something that had been missing in my life since Jake's death. In a very real way the Advent Grief Calendar became a part of me and it felt good to be "back".

One major change that was incorporated into the Advent Grief Calendar was the depiction of John 3:16, *“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only son, that all who believe in Him may have eternal life.”* Since Jake’s death I have examined my faith, pulled it apart, reassembled it and out of all the scriptures, John 3:16 says it all. God became very real, person through this verse. He too, is one of us, a Compassionate Friend.

The Advent Grief Calendar was started in January 2001 and completed, framed and “hung” by 1 December, 2001. It took 8 months to complete. (Work ceased for 3 months while we packed and moved house). The Calendar was taken to the 2001 Candlelight Memorial Service for the first and only public viewing to date.

I wanted to honour our little boy, Jake, by producing a beautiful piece of work in his memory that would become an heirloom for our family. Jake would then always be part of our Christmas celebrations. Long after we have joined him, family members would know how much we all loved our Jake.

Coping with Loss of a Child During the Christmas/New Year Season

By Kirsti A Dyer, MD, MS, Sonora, CA

The holiday season is generally perceived as a time of joy, happiness, peace on earth and good will. It is a time for celebrating with family and friends and hoping for the New Year. However, many who have experienced the loss of a child regard this as a difficult season, a time of sadness and loneliness. It can also be a time of anxiety about what the future year may bring. During this season, there is a high potential for psychological, physical and financial stress.

Joyful public celebrations and media portrayal of the “perfect” holiday can be painful reminders of what the grieving person is missing. For those who have experienced a recent loss or are still actively grieving a past loss, it is normal to feel subdued, reflective, sad or depressed. Responses to holiday stress include headaches, excessive drinking, overeating, not eating enough, difficulty sleeping, and avoiding friends and family.

Some traditions associated with our lost child may be too painful to continue, so it is important to find the balance between honouring past traditions and developing new ones. One way of deciding what to do about past traditions is to adapt old traditions in memory of our child who is gone. Some find that instead of keeping old holiday traditions, it is beneficial to create new rituals. If appropriate, make it a family decision.

People respond to loss, crisis and tragedy in different ways. Each person’s experience of the loss, like each grief experience, will be unique. It can be difficult for families who are experiencing the same loss to understand how each may be mourning differently, but it is important to recognize and respect individual differences. Some may prefer to spend time with caring, supportive and nurturing people. Others may elect to avoid the holiday season altogether.

Contacting a long-lost friend, someone who is housebound, or an elderly relative can minimize loneliness. Reconnecting with old friends or making new ones is an effective way of dealing with isolation. Instead of waiting to be invited to holiday gatherings, invite someone over and create your own. Altruism is another way of remembering the spirit of giving and helping those who may have less.

Here are some simple steps to help in coping with the holiday blues:

- Maintain as normal a routine as possible.
- Get enough sleep, or at least rest if sleeping is difficult.
- Regular exercise, even walking, helps relieve stress and tension and improve moods.
- Maintain a balanced diet. Resist the temptation to eat high-calorie junk or comfort foods.

- Alcohol should be consumed in moderation but not to mask the pain. Alcohol can also contribute to feeling depressed.
- Take the holidays one hour at a time, one day at a time.
- Try to be with people who comfort, sustain, nourish and recharge you.

For survivors of tragedy, holidays, anniversaries and other special occasions can turn into painful reminders of happier times in the past. Sights, scents, sounds, parties or religious services can trigger intense feelings of grief and the emotions can be nearly as painful as when they were first encountered. Adding to the grief is the frequent portrayal of the “perfect” family celebrating the “perfect” holiday. The incessant media barrage can be agonizing.

An insight that many have found helpful is found in a quote of John Homer Miller: *“Circumstances and situations do colour life. But you have been given the mind to choose what the colour shall be.”* This reminds us that while we cannot control loss, we can control our responses and ultimately choose how we will cope.

Here are some suggestions for ways to keep alive the memory of our departed child:

- Plan a remembrance ceremony or find a special way of honouring him or her.
- Maintain or create new rituals—whatever feels right.
- Share favourite stories or memories.
- Serve your child’s favourite food or holiday dish.
- Offer a toast, or say a prayer or blessing at the start of a family meal.
- Hang a special ornament.
- Play a favourite song.
- Listen to their favourite music.
- Light a candle.
- Hang a stocking and let people include notes of remembrance.
- Look at photos or videos from past holidays.
- Plant a tree.
- Adopt a needy family or donate to a homeless or animal shelter for the holidays.
- Donate to their favourite cause the money that would have been spent on a gift.
- Publish a memorial in the newspaper, church bulletin or magazine.
- Write letters or a journal to your child to express your feelings.

The “blues” felt around the holidays tend to be short-lived lasting a few days to a few weeks. Some people may experience a post-holiday let down with symptoms continuing past the New Year. The intense emotions—sadness, loneliness, depression and anxiety usually subside after the holidays, once a daily routine is resumed.

The key to coping with the holidays is to understand the emotions and responses that may be evoked. Setting realistic expectations, knowing what people, events, thoughts or memories can trigger feelings of sadness or depression and developing ways of responding to these feelings can all be helpful. Most of all it is important to remember to get your R-E-S-T:

- R** reasonable and realistic expectations about what you can and cannot do.
- E** exercise, even walking daily. Eat and drink in moderation. Enjoy free activities.
- S** simplify to relieve stress. Set a budget for time, social obligations and gifts.
- T** time for personal relaxation and remembrance. Give time to others—volunteer, spend time with caring, supportive people.

Following a life-altering event such as the death of a loved child, it may be difficult for people to believe that they will experience any joy or happiness ever again. Many see tragic events as a time to reassess and reevaluate life goals and priorities. Tragedy and loss can teach us that life is very short and very precious. The New Year can be a time of new beginnings, a time of self-reflection, a time to count blessings, to be with and appreciate loved ones. The holidays remind us to focus on goodwill toward

each other, to be kinder to each other, to reach out to those in need, and to honour the strength of the human spirit in the face of adversity.

Those facing either the first or the umpteenth holiday without our cherished children need to find the balance between the past memories and the presence of those who are still alive and need to keep living. How best to observe the holidays is a decision that needs to be determined by each person individually.

Adapted from Bereavement Mag Nov/Dec 2002, www.bereavementmag.com

A wreath is a traditional part of the holidays in most homes. For this ceremony, place five candles around a simple wreath. The wreath may be placed on any table (dinner/side). As you light each candle this year, you may create a new ritual which will become a lasting tradition. We hope this memorial will help you honour your loved child.

*As we light these five candles in honour of you,
we light one for our grief,
one for our courage,
one for our memories,
one for our love,
and one for our hope.*

This candle represents our grief. The pain of losing you is intense. It reminds us of the depth of our love for you.

This candle represents our courage—to confront our sorrow, to comfort each other and to change our lives.

This candle is in your memory—the times we laughed, the times we cried, the times we were angry with each other, the silly things you did and the caring and joy you gave.

This candle is the light of love—as we enter this holiday season, day by day we cherish the special place in our hearts that will always be reserved for you. We thank you for the gift your living brought to each of us.

And this candle is the light of hope. It reminds us of love and memories of you that are ours forever. May the glow of the flame be our source of hopefulness now and forever. We love you.

By Darcie D Sims and Sherry L Williams, lovingly taken from TCF Victoria In, Dec 2000/Jan 2001.

Still ask ourselves day and night
What went wrong? What was not right?
Still live that day a thousand times before we go to bed
Still cry the tears that have no end
Still see your smile, your big blue eyes
And still we ask why can't we hear your cries?
Your second birthday is nearly here
Why can't we hold you close and feel you near?
Still so many questions the answers will never come...

Two years it's been since you were born
The time has gone so fast and yet so slow
Since that horrible day when we had to let you go
So on your birthday little man
We'll send our love and all our kisses
Along with all our birthday wishes

*All our love our little angel
Mummy & Daddy
Now your birthday is near
How I wish that we could cheer
For our twin grandson and not just one -
As your life had just begun.*

The joy your brothers Lincoln & Bayden bring
I am sure Keegan you are making the angels sing

What a sad time this will be not having you here to rip
Off the paper and scream with joy,
Of how we miss our baby boy

With Christmas just around the corner I just wish
We could see our three little grandsons under
The Christmas tree!

*We love and miss you always our little angel
Nanny & Grandad xoxoxox
Lovingly submitted by Fiona Hardy, TCF Qld in memory of her son, Keegan for his birthday.*

Keegan Rhys Hardy My Angel Is Near

Author Unknown

An angel on my shoulder
Smiled up at me today
I needed a friend, and the angel said
She would never go away.

At times in my life, I have felt so alone
I could not keep my tears from falling
But now I know I am guided by love
When I hear my angel calling

In all of those moments
When I felt pain and sorrow
And I thought no one could hear
My angel gave me courage and strength
She was not gone, she was near.

Yes, we all have times in our lives
When holding on is hard to do
But you are never alone, with an angel by your side
She is there to see you through

So, when your world keeps on turning
And many things do not seem to make sense
Just remember, your angel is there by your side
Close your eyes and feel her presence.

In loving memory of
Our precious Katie—12.6.71-6.10.96
Loved and missed always
By all of your family xxxx

Submitted with love
By Elaine Roebuck, Mother of Katie

The above writings have been extracted from the official members newsletter originally compiled and printed by The Compassionate Friends, Queensland Inc. Our printed newsletter contains additional stories, verses, news, events, memorial notices & contacts. It is also sent to members much earlier than available on our website. Please contact our office if you wish to become a member to receive the full newsletter. We welcome contributions of articles, stories, verses etc to the newsletter. All contributions should be emailed to the Newsletter Editor.

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