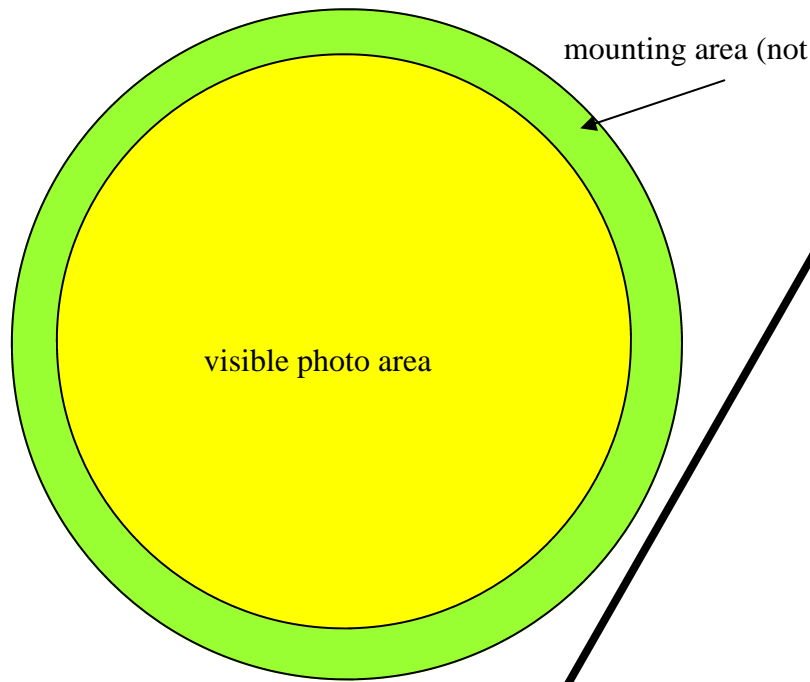


**We Have Our Own Photo Button**

TCF Rochester has purchased a button machine and is now able to make photo buttons using your photos of your children. Our buttons will be 3 inches in diameter and the visible area of your photo *must* fit into the inner circle of the template below with the outside edge covering, at least, the outer circle of the template.

Buttons will be made by Steve Haupt during the social portion of our meetings between 7:00 and ~7:15PM. There will be a nominal charge of \$3.00 for each button to defray the cost of materials and maintenance of the machine. Feel free to contact Steve at [Shaupt1@rochester.rr.com](mailto:Shaupt1@rochester.rr.com) for additional information.



**Tears Still Fall**

I wish that I could stop crying  
But nothing I do seems to help  
You were taken from us without warning  
And life just seems so worthless.  
I try to think of the fun we had  
The times we laughed and played  
But my heart just pushed those thoughts aside  
Since you went away.  
For some brief moments I can almost laugh  
But then I remember your poor face

**Welcome New Friends**

At nearly every meeting we welcome new members to our group, always with mixed emotions. We are glad you found us, but we are so sorry for the circumstances that bring us together. We understand your pain; we hope our unconditional friendship and understanding will help you through your grief.

Attending a meeting for the first two or three times takes courage, but for many it is the first real step toward healing. It may seem overwhelming, so we encourage you to come to several meetings to give yourself a chance to become comfortable.

*To receive this newsletter via e-mail please contact Mark Simon at [mas18@rochester.rr.com](mailto:mas18@rochester.rr.com)*

**TCF Rochester Donations:**

***If you would like to contribute to our Compassionate Friends Chapter please forward your Love Gifts and Donations to The Compassionate Friends of Rochester at 18 Latium Drive, Pittsford, NY 14534. Please make checks payable to The Compassionate Friends of Rochester, NY. Sincerest Thanks.***

*Continued from page 1 ...*

could not keep him safe.

The days of his life rewind over and over again in my mind; from the childhood years to watching him mature into a fine young man. My last memory, being notified of his death, has no words that can explain that moment. I never got to say good-bye; and I would not have wanted to anyway; it's just not what a mother can do!

I survived my first year. It feels like it is something that should compare to surviving combat in a war zone. When you return, nothing will ever be the same. I have had no other support from my family, which has made it a hundred times harder. But he is with me, everywhere I go, every time I feel lost; when I think I can't take another step.

I was supposed to live next door to Paul when he got married and had children, I promised I would. Now that all the firsts without him have come and gone, it is "supposed to get easier," but it won't be. I have just built up the strength over time that it takes to endure it, because there is no other choice.

Nothing will ever bring him back to me, but one day I will go to him.

I can't ever say a final good-bye, only that "I miss you so."

**Carla Smith, TCF Rochester, NY, in memory of my son, Paul McManus Jr. - 1976-2006**

**They are Remembered !!**

I shared this story with some of you at the Balloon Launch but I feel compelled to share it with all of you.

A friend of Wyatt's who showed cow's with him died 9 years ago, approximately 3 years before Wyatt was killed. She died from a rare disease, aplastic anemia. Her father was an auctioneer and Wyatt did some clipping of cattle for him at times. After Torrey died, Wyatt took his prize ribbon and laid it at her graveside.

Every year Donny and Joanne (Torrey's parents) put on a chicken barbeque and auctioned off donated items with all the proceeds going to research. This year I felt compelled to make a donation in Wyatt's memory. I made a clock with cow's on it and a stool painted like a cow.

When I delivered it to Joanne, I told her it wasn't much but that Wyatt would have wanted me to donate something. A few minutes later after my room mate arrived, Donny announced that I had donated these items in Wyatt's memory. He was a little choked up and told a story about Wyatt.

The bidding began. I looked at my room mate and said "did he say \$200.00 to start ?" She said yes. The bidding ended at \$350.00. As you can imagine I was shocked and yet very proud. I introduced myself to the buyer and she shared with me that she had worked with Wyatt at some cow auctions and thought the world of him and just had to have something in his memory. It is so nice to continue to hear stories about Wyatt when it has been almost 6 years since his untimely death. His memory does continue to live on.

*Patty Wheeler, TCF Rochester, NY in memory of Wyatt Zuber*



**Upcoming Planned Events— Mark Your Calendars:**

Music and Grief—**October 23<sup>rd</sup>** meeting with Phil Marshall—Hospice Music Therapist

Fall Pot Luck Supper—**November 4<sup>th</sup>**—contact Jan Levy at 585-442-1094

Writing Tributes Breakout Session—**November 13<sup>th</sup>**—Cathy Spoto

What we Loved and What Drove Us Crazy About Our Child

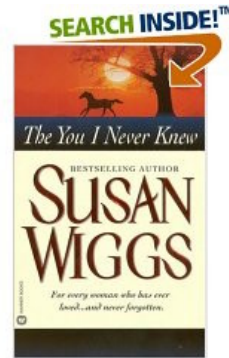
Annual Memorial Candle Lighting—**December 11<sup>th</sup>—7:00 PM** (regular meeting)

*stay tuned for more activities and speakers*

**Book Review:**

**The You I Never Knew by Susan Wiggs**

Award-winning author Wiggs proves her voice is just as powerful and moving in mainstream fiction as it is in the historical format



July / August Donations and Love Gifts

*John Kuitems in memory of Robert Joseph Kuitems*

*Harry and Elizabeth Kenyon in memory of Patrick D. Cooley's birthday*

*Dave and Delores Swanson in memory of Scott David Swanson*

*Tom and Marsha Kosanke in memory of Hannah Congdon*

*Ed and Janice Levy in memory of Jeffrey Michael Simon*

*Laurie Pask in memory of all of TCF children*

**Chapter Information:**

**Meeting Location:**

Lifetime Care Care  
3111 Winton Road South  
(across from Valley Cadillac)

**Meeting Days for September 2007:**

Tuesday the **11<sup>th</sup>** and Tuesday the **25<sup>th</sup>**

7:00 P.M. to 7:15 P.M. - social

7:15 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. - meeting

**Contacts:**

Phyllis Simon - 585-586-4721

Cathy Spoto - 585-254-6983

TCF Regional Coordinator:

Jacque Edwards-Mitchell 718-451-0814

TCF National 877-969-0010

or [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

Send news letter inputs or web comments to:

Mark Simon at: [mas18@rochester.rr.com](mailto:mas18@rochester.rr.com)

**Miscellaneous:**

**TCF Rochester Fund Raiser**

**Macy's - Shop for a Cause - October 13, 2007**

Donation to TCF Rochester gets you an ALL DAY

20% OFF PASS AT MACY's and a chance to win

A \$500.00 GIFT CARD

See Jan Levy for tickets

See Phyllis for TCF Bracelets (\$2.00) and

Memorial votive candle holders (\$5.00)



**A Mother Can't Say Good-bye**

As the first anniversary of my son's death approaches in a few days, I reflect on my first year without him.

Paul died tragically 350 days ago, being killed by a drunk driver as a pedestrian. Our last conversation was at noon on that fateful day. He wanted to catch me on my lunch hour to say he missed me and he was a little home sick. I told him to "hang in there"-he needed time to adjust to his new area in N. Carolina and I am only a phone call away if he needed to talk. I would never talk to my son again.

This year has been such a blur. People that I thought I knew, I no longer know at all. New people have entered my life and will be with me now until the end. I am such a different person; I had to get to know me all over again. A different me, transformed in time by forces of nature and tragedy. Am I still a "mother" without my child?" I thought a mother was a verb.

My heart used to be big enough that I thought I could fit the whole world in it. It has become a fragile, shattered part that no longer fits the name. I am also a registered nurse by profession, with miraculous healing skills and words of compassion and empathy to all I care for. Yet, I was out of reach to save my own child from a moment that claimed his young life. He was everything to me, that's all I know.

Our times together from the day he was born were priceless; without ever having anything else in the world, I was so rich-because he was my son. Since he left, I have developed immunity to pain. There is nothing that can ever happen to me that will ever hurt again. This creates a very unique way to live, you learn to live in the moment and moments become very real and savored. This isn't a choice you make, it is bestowed upon you, unfortunately.

When it rains it resembles how many tears I have shed, with no spoken words. When the sun shines so warmly, it reminds me of how warm my heart felt the day he was born. When it's dark and silent at night, it reminds me that this is now the reality of all days to come. When I see the waves of the ocean ebb and tide they remind me that some things are completely out of our control.

The natural order of life has now gone out of sequence as I was supposed to be gone before he left. My question still haunts me: Am I still a mother without my children?

The first few minutes that I wake up each day, I still wonder if it was all just a bad dream. It doesn't take long to realize that it's not. The aching pain deep within my gut, remembers fairly quickly. All year, I have felt this deep yearning to see him "one more time." I want to remind him of how much I love him and say I am sorry I



*Continued on page 3 ...*

**Rochester Chapter TCF Mission:**

**The MISSION of the Rochester Chapter of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.**