



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Waccamaw
South Carolina
Chapter
Serving Georgetown
& Horry Counties

January – February 2012

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www.compassionatefriends.org

NEWSLETTER COPYING

Grand Strand Regional Medical Center
Myrtle Beach, SC

HOT OFF THE PRESS

We are looking for volunteers to help the chapter as a Hospitality Greeter or be in charge of the Remembrance Table. Please contact Michelle if you would like to donate some of your time to help.

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. Our children have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for our children 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 and creeds. 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 we feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength; some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression; 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 our children. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together as we reach out to each other in love and 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.**

WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child at any age and to provide information to help others be supportive. The Compassionate Friends is a national, non profit, self-help organization that offers friendship and understanding to bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. There is no religious affiliation and there are no membership dues or fees. The secret of TCF'S success is simple: As seasoned grievors reach out to the newly bereaved, energy that has been directed inward begins to flow outward and both are helped to heal.

**We meet on the first Tuesday of each month at 6:45 PM
in the Grand Strand Senior Center**

1268 21st Avenue North, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577

Your First Newsletter?

If you are receiving this newsletter for the first time, it is because someone felt it would be helpful to you. We cordially invite you to attend any of our meetings. Nothing is required of you. There are no dues or fees. You need not speak one word. Attending your first meeting takes courage, but the parents who attend find a comforting network of support, friendship and understanding that only friends who have "been there" can give. If you know someone who would like to receive our newsletter, please send us their address. Those wishing to be removed from our mailing list, please let us know. We want to respect your privacy.

Editors' Note

We really want this newsletter to be a reflection of our children. Please send us poems, articles, or other writings you've found helpful, please share it with us for inclusion in future newsletters. We welcome any feedback, comments, and ideas. Please send all correspondence to the Newsletter Editors (mglourenco@hotmail.com).

Siblings Walking Together

(Formerly the Sibling Credo)

We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. At other times we need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however, a special part of them lives on with us. When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed. We are living a life very different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet, we can go on because we understand better than many others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.

I Want My Brother

My life is a mess right now. Everyone wants me to "talk about it," but the only person in the world I want to talk to is my brother. I want my brother to come wake me up to go get something to eat. I want my brother to throw rocks at my window to let (sneak) him in when he is late. I want my brother to lie to my friends when they call because he is on the other line. I want my brother to play songs for me on his guitar. I want my brother to make me listen to the Misfits whenever I give him a ride. I want my brother to understand how much I love him and how much my heart hurts and how much I feel like dying because I wake up every morning and he doesn't. I want my brother. Period.

Jaime Lynn Terenzi
TCF, Camden County



A Sister's Prayer

Dear Lord, please hug my brother as I often long to do. Kiss his cheek and tell him, "Your sister's missing you." Tell him of the memories that dominate each thought, of him and I together and of the love that he once brought. Tell him of the tears that pour from my heart, with the painful realization that we'll always be apart. Tell him that I'm trying as hard as it may be to move ahead, love again and live successfully. And tell my precious brother just how much his short life meant, he gave me a deep understanding of life that could only be heaven sent. And lastly, God, make sure Anthony can see, how much I'll always love him and how much he means to me.

Johanna De Angelis
TCF, Austin TX

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN
LOVED AND ALWAYS REMEMBERED**

Birthdays	Child	Parent
January 3	Philip M. Cherven	Ren and Anna Cherven
January 4	Light Kinney	Mr. and Mrs. William Kinney Jr.
January 7	Logan Anthony Voyer	Tony and Dawnna Ward
January 21	Charles Philip Meador	Phil Meador
January 25	Bobby Cowan	Ronald and Katheryn Cowan
January 29	Stephen Vaughan	Beverly Heverling
January 29	Curtis Wesley Webb	Marceline Webb
January 30	Rachael Lynn Bucci	Glenn and Dianne Bucci
February 10	Chad Robert Mottiqua	Dave and Diann Mottiqua
February 14	Beau A. Morgan	Ann Morgan
February 24	Wesley Josiah Tier	Eric and Jenny Tier
February 28	Jeremy W. Henry	Jill Henry
Remembrances		
January 5	Christopher Lee Meridith	David and Joanne Joyner
January 8	Michelle Martin	Jayne Matlock
January 20	Jeffrey Todd Callebs	Kris and Karen Waidecker
February 18	Chance Allen Caffrey	Tina and Gary Cuevas
February 23	Thomas Francis Sullivan	Thomas and Theresa Sullivan
February 25	Wesley Josiah Tier	Eric and Jenny Tier



A Valentine to My Child

As long as I can dream,
As long as I can think,
As long as I have memory, I will love you.
As long as I have eyes to see and ears to hear,
And lips to speak, I will love you.

As long as I have a heart to feel, a soul stirring within me,
And imagination to hold you, I will love you.
As long as there is time, as long as there is love,
As long as I have a breath to speak your name, I will love you.
Because I love you more than anything in all the world.

Daniel Houghton, TCF, Massillion, OH

Philip Cherven

A brief anecdote that brings home Phil's ability to leave lasting impressions on those he had contact with:

His mother, Anna, has been a volunteer for the Bingo game at Brae Burn nursing home for many years. There was an occasion when Phil, quite young at the time, accompanied her for the weekly visit. It was a day when he wasn't well enough to attend school but had a rapid recovery after the school bus departed. There was a lady, Helen, whose weekly question to Anna was "Hi, honey, what's your name and what did you bring". This was always in reference to a home-baked treat brought by Anna or another volunteer.

Phil was asked to help Helen determine if she had the number on her card that had just been called. He did this for all the games that day.

The following week, upon Anna's arrival, she was asked by Helen, "Hi, honey, what's your name and where's Philip". Many words have come forth the past several days from Phil's vast array of friends that Phil, or Flip as he was better known, continued to have that same impact with everyone he came in contact with throughout the rest of his life.

Anna and Ren have been very fortunate to have been able to share him with so many friends and loved ones. They and we shall all miss him.

Read by Jake Close at the Memorial Service.

HE LIVED

The New Year holiday carries much significance to many people. It is a time for reflecting over the past year and a time for developing resolutions for the New Year. It is a time for partying and a time for football.

However, to many of us it has lost that significance in the light of our personal tragedies. It now has become just another day, the beginning of a calendar month and year. While we watch others celebrate the occasion, we reflect on what could have or should have been.

The New Year plus three days in 1967 brought us our third child, Philip Michael. Looking back over the years, time literally flew by as he grew into a young man. There are many stories that have been told about his life that bring both joy and tears. He was not perfect, but then who on this earth is?

We have been blessed with his surviving siblings and now our first grandchild. Our love for them is the same as it was and continues to be for Philip.

While his twenty-four plus years on this earth now seem to have been an eternity ago, the seconds, minutes, hours and days following his death seemed to never end at that time. That intense grief that so many of you now feel was there for us over six years ago. It has been said that grief never goes away, it just lessens in intensity. And that has happened to us. Time once again is moving more rapidly or so it seems.

So as we approach the New Year, we will quietly observe the hanging of a new calendar and think about those years in the past that brought us much joy, then much sadness. One thing is for sure; he lived and that was a blessing to us.

Ren Cherven, TCF 1998

Letter from Heaven
In loving memory of my son
Chance Allen Caffery
December 21, 1982 – February 19, 2006



To my dearest family,

Some things I'd like to say but first of all, to let you know, that I arrived okay. I'm writing this from Heaven. Here I dwell with God above. Here, there is not more tears and sadness; here it is just eternal love. Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight. Remember that I am with you every morning, noon, and night. That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through, God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you, it's good to have you back again; you were missed while you were gone. As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on. I need you here badly; you are part of my plan. There is so much that I have to do, to help our mortal man." God gave me a list of things that he wished for me to do. And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you. And when you lie in bed at night the day's chores put to flight. God and I are closest to you...in the middle of the night. When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years. Because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears. But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain. Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain. I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned. If I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand. But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is over, I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before. There are many rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb, but together we can do it by taking one day at a time. It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too, that as you give unto the world, the world will give to you. If you can help somebody who's in sorrow and pain, then you can say to God at night..."My day was not in vain." And now I am contented...that my life was worthwhile knowing that as I passed along the way I made somebody smile. So, if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low, just lend a hand to pick him up, as on your way you go. When you are walking down the street and you've got me on your mind, I'm walking in your footsteps only a half a step behind. And when it's time for you to go...from that body to be free, remember you are not going...you are coming home to me.

P.S. God sends His love

Tina Cuevas
 TCF Waccamaw Chapter

In Memory of
Patrick Joseph Kenny III
"Shamrock"

My son left home last fall, one day; To go to a ski resort far away; He loved his work and was happy there; He made new friends who seemed to care.

One day soon after, the telephone rang; The voice on the other end literally sang; "Mama, it is so beautiful up here; I can look out my window and see the mountains so near."

A few weeks later it rang again; "Mama, I'm coming home to visit my kin." A game of golf was lined up to play; By he, a brother-in-law and dad, on Thanksgiving Day.

The family sat down to a bounteous fare; Not knowing it would be the last time that he would be there; Later on as he left us that night; We watched until he was out of sight.

It will always be a day to remember; Not long after came that fateful December; The Jeep hit an icy spot in the road; Not very far from his abode.

When they got to him he was barely alive; But he lingered on for five days plus five.

In this time we came to realize; Just how good God is and how wise; He gave us friends we didn't know we had; And taught us how to share the good and bad.

We brought him home and laid him to rest; In a beautiful spot called Hillcrest; His friends came from far and wide; It was a comfort to have them by our side.

He is missed by his nieces and nephew too; For he played with them as uncles do; They called him "Shamrock" he liked that name; Our lives will never be the same.

To his sisters there will never be another; That can take the place of their wonderful brother; As for dad and me - we miss him too; But we keep plugging along as he would want us to do.

The days are lonely and the nights are drear; But, through my heartache and tears; I can hear - loud and clear; "Mama, it is so beautiful up here."

Aisley Kenny, 1984

*Dedicated to her son, Patrick "Shamrock" Joseph Kenny III, a year after he died.
 The following year, Aisley and her husband, Pat, founded the Waccamaw Chapter of The
 Compassionate Friends in 1985. At The Children's Memorial at Hillcrest Cemetery, above the
 logo is a paver dedicated to Patrick. It simply says: BECAUSE OF YOU. Where would we be
 without the strength of the Kenny's to start a chapter for us?*

Just for Today

Dear Readers:

Rise and shine, my friends, and welcome a brand-new year! It is the day we discard destructive old habits for healthy new ones. With that in mind, I am printing Dear Abby's often-requested list of New Year's resolutions adapted by my mother from the original credo of Al-Anon.

Just for today: I will live through this day only. I will not brood about yesterday or obsess about tomorrow. I will not set far-reaching goals or try to overcome all of my problems at once. I know that I can do something for 24 hours that would overwhelm me if I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

Just for today: I will be happy. I will not dwell on thoughts that depress me. If my mind fills with clouds, I will chase them away and fill it with sunshine.

Just for today: I will accept what is. I will face reality. I will correct those things I can correct, and accept those I cannot.

Just for today: I will improve my mind. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration. I will not be a mental loafer.

Just for today: I will make a conscious effort to be agreeable. I will be kind and courteous to those who cross my path, and I'll not speak ill of others. I will improve my appearance, speak softly, and not interrupt when someone else is talking.

Just for today: I will refrain from improving anybody but myself.

Just for today: I will do something positive to improve my health. If I'm a smoker, I'll quit. If I am overweight, I will eat healthfully - if only **Just for today**. And not only that, I will get off the couch and take a brisk walk, even if it's only around the block.

Just for today: I will gather the courage to do what is right and take responsibility for my own actions. May we find peace and joy in this New Year.

Love,
Abby



Happiness is like a butterfly
The more you chase it,
The more it will elude you;
But if you turn you attention to other things,
It comes and softly sits upon your shoulder.

Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne

Suggestions for the New Year

Instead of the old kind of New Year's resolutions we used to make and break, let's make some this year and really try to keep them!

- Let's try not to imagine the future - just take one day at a time.
- Allow yourself time to cry, both alone and with your loved ones.
- Don't shut out family and friends from your thoughts and feelings. Share these difficult times. You may all become closer for it.
- Try to be realistic about your expectations - for yourself, your spouse, and other family members and friends. Each one of us is an entity, therefore different. So, how can there be perfect understanding?
- When a good day comes, relish it, don't feel guilty and don't be discouraged because it doesn't last. It will come again!
- Take care of your health. Even though the mind might not care, a sick body will only compound your troubles. Drink lots of water, eat healthy foods, rest (even if you don't sleep), and get moderate exercise. Help your body heal as well as your mind.
- Share your feelings with others and let them share with you. As you find you are caring about the pain of others, you are starting to come out of your shell - a healthy sign.
- Try not to expect so much understanding from others who have not walked the same path.
- Be kind to yourself - take care of your health and appearance and do give yourself time to be alone.
- Try to remember that you owe it to yourself and to your loved one to enjoy life.
- Try to be considerate of your spouse, children, and parents. They too are coping and deserve your help.
- Resolve in memory of your loved one to do something to help someone else. In doing this, your loved one will live through you.
- Keep a journal to see your own progress through grief.

We know following these suggestions won't be easy, but what has been lately? It's worth a try. There is nothing to lose and perhaps much to gain.

Taken from the Wisconsin Chapter of Parents of Murdered Children Newsletter January, February, March 1998 issue

Another Year

Another year has come, and you, so far away from me now; but in my heart still. Forever, I will hold you close. Each smile, laugh and tear I've cried a testament to your presence. I will always love you, no matter what happens. Your death cannot separate us. I'm right here, loving you as always. My heart is true and strong. I will never forget your spirit. I am no longer afraid. To live or die is the same for me. You are with me on this journey. I raise your light to the heavens, and smile.

Brenda Penepent
TCF Cape Cod

Love Gifts

The following love gifts were received since our last newsletter:

- Ross Wayne Alirie by Jane & Wayne Alirie
- Julio J. Alvarado, Jr. by Julio J. Alvarado
- Emily Bare by Brenda Bare
- Philip M. Cherven by Ren & Anna Cherven
- Jake Gagnon by Michelle Hall-Gagnon
- Jake Gagnon by Lorraine Stecher
- Jeremy Henry by Jill Henry & Darlene Kauffman
- Kristin Leigh Highfill by Mitch & Gayle Highfill
- David Howard by Brenda Howard
- Robert Jay Krachie by Eleanor Krachie
- Chad Mottiqua by Kellie Mottiqua
- Lauren Oaks by Tom & Kim Oaks
- Penny Orde, McKenzie Orde & Matthew Hewlett by Bob & Sandy Frantom
- Paul by Dan & Donna
- James Parks Jr. by Kim, Kevin & Sammy Johnson
- Michael Pruett by Tom & Lorie Pruett
- Rusty & Tim by Shirley Roschy
- Malik Young by Gayle Russell, Dee Young & John Young

The above names have a butterfly added to the wall of love on our website.

LOVE GIFT

GIVEN BY: _____ TELEPHONE # _____

MAILING ADDRESS: _____

LOVE GIFT \$ _____ DATE GIFT RECEIVED: _____

(Please make checks payable to: Waccamaw Chapter TCF)

CHILD'S NAME: _____ BIRTH DATE: _____

DATE OF LOSS: _____ INCLUDE IN TCF NEWSLETTER: _____ YES _____ NO

RETURN THIS FORM WITH YOUR GIFT TO:

Jane Alirie, Treasurer
706 Bonnie Drive
Myrtle Beach, SC 29588

A Note of Thanks

It takes a village to raise a child. It takes a village to get ready for the candle lighting ceremony. I would like to thank the following people who comprised the village in setting up on Saturday: Jenny, Laci, Danny, Diann, Dave, Wayne, Jane, Janice, Linda W., Tammy and the village leader, Michelle.

Thanks to: Carolyn B., Robin, Manny, Denise, Diann, Jenny and Michelle, who had the "courage" to enable us to have a beautiful and moving ceremony to remember our children...*that their light may always shine.*



January & February 2012

The Compassionate Friends

4124A Shipyard Walk
Myrtle Beach, SC 29579

CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL GUIDELINES

There has been a lot of misinformation as to what is allowed at the Children's Memorial. Michelle and Jane have spoken to Hillcrest Cemetery's general manager on numerous occasions. We may decorate our individual pavers on holidays, birthday and anniversary dates. The problem arises when objects are left beyond the cemetery policy of seven days. All objects must conform to Hillcrest's policy. Please adhere to this policy and do not leave it up to someone else. Don't spoil it for everyone!

The five large pavers that the vases are on, in front of the memorial pedestal, are to be used by everyone and decorations can remain there as long as they remain in suitable condition. No one has the right to remove them. The cemetery considers the top of the pedestal as a "saddle". Decorations are allowed there.

The site of the memorial is very windy. We ask that your child's decoration be marked so that it can be moved back to the suitable paver. Gorilla tape does a good job of keeping things in place. Laminated pictures of your child help personalize the memorial. If you would like Jane to laminate your child's picture, please contact her.

Coastal Monument is the contractor that helped put together the memorial. They are NOT responsible for the memorial. Do NOT contact them with your complaints. The pavers are permanently attached to a concrete base. They cannot be removed!

If you have any questions or comments, please contact either Michelle (602-4607) or Jane (293-1189).

