



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Bluegrass Chapter Newsletter

"We need not walk alone."
www.tcfbluegrass.org

P.O. Box 647, Nicholasville, Kentucky 40340

July/August 2012

Chapter Co-Leaders

Suzie McDonald

catholic20@windstream.net

Janie Fields

butterflymom@windstream.net

Treasurer

David Fields

Newsletter Editor

Lisa Fields

Bluegrass Chapter

The Compassionate Friends Regional Coordinators

Dusty Rhodes

(502) 330-4769

Suzie McDonald

(859) 576-7680

Telephone Friends

Sometimes it helps to be able to talk to someone who understands. The following bereaved parents are willing to provide support and comfort.

Jim Sims

(859) 858-8288

(859) 797-2168

Mary Camp

(859) 737-0180

Suzie McDonald

(859) 576-7680

Janie Fields

(859) 881-1991

The Compassionate Friends National Office

P.O. Box 3696

Oak Brook, IL 60522

(877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org

We welcome you with Compassion, Love and Hope

It is always difficult to say, "Welcome" to people coming to our meetings for the first time because we are so very sorry for the reason they came. For some, the first meeting or two can be rather overwhelming, especially if they are newly bereaved. We hope that anyone feeling that way will return to at least a couple more of our meetings. Everyone is welcome to attend our meetings, regardless of the age at which their child died or the length of time that has passed since that day.

Newcomers Welcome

We know it's hard to take that first step to attend your first meeting. Bringing someone along can help you take that first step. There are misconceptions about what our meetings are like. Are we sitting around having a pity party? NO! We learn healthy ways to deal with our grief. Does crying mean we are out of control? No! It means we hurt. Do others understand why we continue way past the time they think we shouldn't need it anymore? Some of us have stayed so others will have a place to come to heal. Aren't we glad others don't understand!

New to Lexington Meeting:

Vanna Brittain, Mother of Sarah

Meeting Information

Lexington

First Tuesday of Every Month

6:30 p.m.—8:30 p.m.

Hospice of the Bluegrass

2321 Alexandria Drive

Lexington, Kentucky

Winchester

Third Tuesday of Every Month

7:00 p.m.—9:00 p.m.

Hospice East

417 Shoppers Drive

Winchester, Kentucky

Meeting Format

Doors open one-half hour before meeting times to provide the opportunity to visit with old friends and acknowledge new ones. Please plan to arrive early so the meeting can begin on time.

*Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered***July Birthdates**

- 7/1 **Carrie Elizabeth Griffin** Daughter of David and Debbie Griffin
 7/02 **Dusty Riggs**, Son of Sharon Bellows
 7/3 **Scott Carter Jeffers** Son of Susan Jeffers
 7/4 **John Harold Putman** Son of John and Harriet Putman
 7/4 **Justin Branham** Son of Ruthie and James Willoughby
 7/5 **Taran Ray Thomas** Son of John and Keila Thomas
 7/7 **Scherrie Lyn Rutherford** Daughter of Dee and Jim Whitis
 7/7 **Zane Gregory Brown** Son of Gale and Joe Brown
 7/8 **Timothy Richard Woodworth** Son of Richard and Sharon Woodworth
 7/10 **Mark Overstreet** 7/30 Son of Kay Overstreet
 7/11 **Sherilyn Annette Adams** Granddaughter of Ann Milton Adams
 7/12 **Heidi Allen Hunt** Daughter of Judy B. Horn
 7/13 **Kayleigh Page Devasher**, Daughter of Chip & Missy Devasher
 7/15 **Richard (Rick) Allen** Son of Richard and Linda Allen
 7/15 **Brandon Todd Wilson** Son of Bob and Starr Wilson
 7/19 **Ian Samuel Napier** Son of Jason & Dezna Napier
 7/18 **Larry "Boo" Crawford, Jr.** Son of Evelyn Dee Crawford
 7/18 **James William Hooper, Jr.** Son of Michelle Hooper
 7/19 **Annie Burke Courtney** Daughter of Paul and Anne Courtney
 7/20 **Christy Weldon** Daughter of Connie Weldon
 7/21 **Kyle Moore** Son of Georgia and Doug Moore
 7/22 **Bill Mahan III** Son of Bill and the late Susie Mahan
 7/22 **Nathan Winston Crim** Son of Becky & Keith LaVey and Howard B. Crim
 7/23 **Jonathan Brewer** Son of Teresa and Don Bush
 7/25 **Charles Hayden "Chip" Lampe** Son of Betsy Lampe
 7/26 **Jim Taylor, II** son of Dinah and Jim Taylor
 7/25 **Ryan Gregory Yeiser** Son of George Gregory and Rita Yeiser
 7/30 **Hillary Paige Troidl** Daughter of Jim and Barb Troidl
 7/31 **Jonathan Hepburn** Son of Jo Hepburn

July Remembrance Dates

- 7/2 **Glen D. Lay** Son of Erwin and Fay Lay
 7/2 **Kyle Moore** Son of Georgia and Doug Moore
 7/2 **Anthony Eugene Gay** Son of Larry and Gayle Gay
 7/3 **Barclay "Bart" J. Knafl** Son of Karen and John Knafl
 7/3 **Doug Steinkuhl** Son of Gary and Barb Steinkuhl

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

July Remembrance Dates Continued

- 7/6 **Andy McLaughlin** Son of Iris McLaughlin
7/6 **Ruth Ann Proutey** Daughter of Sarah and George Hudgins
7/6 **Thomas Monroe Routt** Son of Stephanie Routt
7/7 **Jayne Lynn Wawrzyniak** Daughter of Loretta Wawrzyniak
7/9 **Mark Davis** Son of Harold and Jeannie Davis
7/9 **Joseph Lewellyn Powell** Son of Celia and David Powell
7/9 **Jeremy Daegan Hicks** Son of Joe and Sheila Hicks
7/9 **Jamie Davis** Daughter of Lynda Davis
7/11 **Leslie Vasser** Daughter of Ed and Libby Vasser
7/11 **James Richard Dunn** Son of Juanita Allen
7/12 **John Blair Potter** Son of Susan and James Potter
7/13 **Juan Pirir Cux** Son of Donna and Dave Uckotter
7/13 **Phillip Old** Son of Priscilla Old
7/14 **Michael Bransford Burns** Son of Emily and Mike Burns
7/15 **Evan Charles Thomas** Son of John and Keila Thomas
7/15 **Kelly Renee Powell** Daughter of Cecil and Barbara Powell
7/16 **David Ball** Son of Rebecca Fee
7/17 **Matthew Charles Estes** Son of Barry and Cheri Catron
7/17 **Scarlett Lynn Miller** Daughter of Ronald and Ruby Miller
7/17 **Joe Frank Banks** Son of Barbara Kinne
7/19 **Ian Samuel Napier** Son of Jason & Dezna Napier
7/17 **Isaiah Thomas Stewart** Son of Connie Stewart
7/18 **Adam Harold Cave** Son of Mark Cave and Krystal Landers
7/19 **Bradley Johnson** Son of Don and Sharon Johnson
7/19 **Kayleigh Page Devasher**, Daughter of Chip & Missy Devasher
7/19 **Christopher Everett** Grandson of Tawana Everett
7/20 **Michael Rhodes Burton** Son of Harold and Pat Burton
7/20 **Keeley Knuteson Hollingsworth** Daughter of Berkeley & Patty Hollingsworth
7/23 **Eugene Swisher, Jr.** Son of Nancy and Eugene Swisher
7/25 **Kiah Nicole Milson** Daughter of Lisa Scott
7/27 **Terry Hayes** Son of Patricia Morgan
7/28 **Jonathan M. Bates** Son of Jeane Bates
7/29 **Margaret Angela Hunt** Daughter of Linda & James Litzinger
7/29 **Kevin Patrick Hogge** Son of Burl and Linda Hogge
7/30 **Jackie Peel** Son of Carl and Pansy Peel
7/30 **Mark Overstreet** Son of Kay Overstreet
7/31 **Ryan Jason Ross** Son of Mitzi and Rick Holbrook

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

August Birthdates

- 8/5 **Andrew Clive Cloyd** Son of Roxann Devereux & Richard Cloyd
 8/6 **James Richard Dunn** Son of Juanita Allen
 8/8 **Coy Todd Cosby** Son of Shirley and Jess Cosby
 8/08 **Cameron Jordan Christopher** Son of Angelika Traiforos
 8/9 **Angela M. Meece** Daughter of Claude and Verna Meece
 8/11 **Robin Ricci Kuniff** Daughter of Norma Forston
 8/11 **Louis Tsey Gakpo** Son of Seth & Philomena Gakpo
 8/11 **Christopher Perry Adkins** Son of Linda Brooks
 8/13 **Stacey Carol Sea** Daughter of Darrell and Jean Sea
 8/13 **Ross Kemper** Son of Becky Kemper
 8/15 **Jason Randall Johnson** Son of Sundae and Brad Parks
 8/15 **Mathew Scott Coomer** Son of Ray and Bonnie Coomer
 8/16 **David Davis** Son of Curt Davis
 8/16 **Rachel Elaine Sutherland** Daughter of Elly and Alan Sutherland
 8/18 **Spencer David Turner** Son of Kathy and Danny Turner
 8/19 **James Earl "Travis" Fryman** Son of Rickey and Mavis Fryman
 8/19 **Robert Allen "Robbie" Joseph II** Son of Mary Treadway
 8/20 **David James Rison** Son of Karla Scott and David Rison
 8/21 **Allyson Mailfald** Daughter of Bill and Carole Mailfald
 8/22 **Michael Terrell John Lee** Son of Vickie L. and Terry C. Lee
 8/23 **Julian Vincent D. Regalado** Son of Ramon & Mary Frances Regalado
 8/24 **Luke Bellue** Son of Andrea Mills
 8/28 **Corey Len Tackett** Son of Sallie Jones
 8/28 **"Baby" Potts** Daughter of Jim and Barbara Potts
 8/28 **Allen Grant Borotraeger** Son of Doug and Cathy Borotraeger
 8/29 **Jeffrey Scott "Scottie" Wallace** Son of Lynn Wallace
 8/31 **William "Bill" Kretzer** Son of Shirley and William Kretzer
 8/31 **Jennifer Lee Toadvine** Daughter of Ted and Cyndi Toadvine

If we have omitted your child, misspelled your child's name, or listed incorrect dates, please accept our apologies and call Janie Fields at (859) 881-1991 to correct the information. Call any of our telephone friends if you are having a hard time on these days. We truly understand your pain; for we, too, remember our own children.

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

August Remembrance Dates

- 8/1 **Lori Em Kotzbauer** Daughter of Bob and Connie Kotzbauer
8/4 **Joseph Carl Richardson** Son of Jim and Jean Richardson
8/4 **David Allen Rose** Son of Ralph and Carmileta Rose
8/5 **Thomas Allan Woodrum "Tommy"** Son of Thomas and Mimi Woodrum
8/5 **William Fredick White** Son of Fred and Rebecca White
8/6 **John Martin Fay** Son of Mary Ann Fay
8/9 **Michael Wallace** Son of Jack and Carolyn Wallace
8/12 **Davena Ridenhour Hagen** Daughter of Cynthia Duncan
8/14 **Steven Roberts** Son of Elizabeth Roberts
8/15 **Cynthia "Cyndy" Ellen Crim** Daughter of Becky & Keith LaVey & Howard Crim
8/16 **Todd Jeffries** Son of Jim and Terry Jeffries
8/17 **Shawn Wade Kirby** Son of Tommy and Teresa Kirby
8/22 **Emily Ann Preston** Granddaughter of Bud and Gwen Preston
8/27 **Marcie Reynolds Thomason** Daughter of Barbara and Bill Thomason
8/31 **Taiann Nicole Wilson** Daughter of Sue Wilson

You Can Go On

You can shed tears that they've gone, **or you can smile because they've lived.**

You can close your eyes and pray they'll come back, **or you can open your eyes and see all they've left behind.**

Your heart can be empty because you can't see them, **or your heart can be full of love they've shared.**

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday, **or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.**

You can remember them and only that they're gone, **or you can cherish their memory and let it live on.**

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back, **or you can do what they'd want —smile, open your eyes, love and go on.**

Dog Days of Summer

By: Lois Copeland

Summer is a time when life naturally slows down. For those of us in grief whose lives are already in limbo, it can seem endless. Seeing babies, children, and teenagers is not easy for us and, during the summer, we see them everywhere; from the playgrounds to the pools, to the beaches and mountains. Everyone is out; living, loving, enjoying carefree activities with their children and grandchildren -- and we want to scream. It's been eight years and I know I have a long way to go, but in the meantime I know the greatest tribute to my son will be to enjoy this summer as he would have. He loved the summer!

Ask My Mom How She Is

My Mom, she tells a lot of lies
 she never did before.
 From now until she dies,
 she'll tell a whole lot more.
 Ask my Mom how she is
 and because she can't explain,
 She will tell a little lie
 because she can't describe the pain.
 Ask my Mom how is she,
 She'll say "I'm alright."
 If that's the truth, then tell me,
 why does she cry each night?
 Ask my Mom how is she,
 she seems to cope so well.
 She didn't have a choice you see
 nor the strength to yell.
 Ask my Mom how she is,
 "I'm fine, I'm well, I'm coping."
 For Gods sake Mom, just tell the truth
 just say your heart is broken.
 She'll love me all her life,
 I loved her all of mine.
 But if you ask her how is she
 she'll lie and say she's fine.
 I am here in Heaven.
 I cannot hug from here.
 If she lies to you don't listen,
 Hug her and hold her near.
 On the day we meet again,
 we'll smile and I'll be bold.
 I'll say, "You're lucky to get in here, Mom
 with all the lies you told!"
 -unknown

An Angel's Kiss

I believe I felt an angel gently kiss my cheek today
 While lost in daydreams once again I saw us both at
 play.
 Breathe as warm as a summer breeze, moist as
 morning dew
 Was it just a wishful thought, or a gift from God and
 you?
 Was that hushed sound falling leaves or a thousand
 other things
 Perhaps it was just the sweet sound of fluttering An-
 gel's wings.
 I felt a fire rekindle, deep within my heart
 A feeling I had not known since we've been apart.
 I felt my pain and sorrow begin to ease away
 As a little sun light broke through the sky of gray.
 I may always wonder, but I am always grateful too
 Because these are the things that help to get us
 through.
 I may never know what happened, or just what
 words to say
 Except that in my heart, I believe, my angel, I felt
 your kiss today.



"For Both of Us" Wintersun

By: Sascha Wagner

As long as I can, I will look at this world for both of us.
 As long as I can, I will laugh with the birds, I will sing with the flowers,
 I will pray to the stars, for both of us.
 As long as I can, I will remember how many things on this earth were your joy.
 And I will live as well as you would want me to live,
 As long as I can.

Rooms and Things

By: Mary Cleckley TCF, Atlanta, GA

How many people have suggested to you in subtle and not so subtle ways that you'd be better off if you'd only go ahead and get rid of your child's things and redo the room? You see, they think that the holding on to these things is morbid. These people, who have never suffered the loss of one of their children, really do not understand that you have to do your grief work, and whether you do this sad task now or later really doesn't affect the length or depth of your pain.

Some parents need to make the changes and decisions about personal belongings as soon as possible after the death. Having the chore ahead of them is more painful than the doing. These parents are advised, however, to go slowly when disposing of belongings. It may seem to you, also, that not seeing or having anything around to remind you of your dead child will somehow make your pain less. Later, though, when your grief has softened, you may find you need that special something, but by then it's too late.

On the other hand, you may try to keep everything, and it may take many months and several acts of sorting through the belongings at intervals before you're able to decide on just the special things you want to keep as mementos. As time goes by, you will be able to let go of the less important things without it ripping you to pieces. Not everything will forever have the same value for you. You may change in how you feel and find that it comforts instead of hurts to see your subsequent child wearing some of the baby's clothes, or that catching a glimpse of an old familiar shirt on one of your teenagers brings a warm feeling.

Whether you've made changes or haven't been able to make changes, it's okay. There is no rule about when you do it, so don't let well-meaning friends or relatives make you feel guilty because your needs don't meet their timetables. What we would like to suggest to you is, though there is no rules about when you do it, that you have as a goal eventually making the changes, otherwise the room and things become a shrine, and if you have surviving children or a spouse that may find it very difficult to live in this atmosphere forevermore. If they could be honest with you, many would tell you they don't want their dead sibling closed up in his or her room, as though their dying was something for which they're being punished. Instead, bring the record player and records into the den, or use the backpack and tent or what-ever, because it comforts them to feel that their sibling has once again become a part of the family and not relegated to "the room".

I don't think I know of anyone who hasn't kept some belongings of their dead child, so that must be normal. What we learn after the death is that life is tenuous at best, and rather than hanging on to unchanged rooms, try to value the important people who are left in this life, be they family or friends, and savor them along with the memories of your dead child. For when all is said and done, those memories are truly the important part of what you have left of your child. That's a truth that doesn't need changing.



The Butterflies are Here!

Many of us at TCF hold the butterfly with utmost regard, for it is a symbol of our child's life and death. We think of our children being born into a free and more beautiful existence after the drudgery of a caterpillar's life here on earth.

But what about us? Does the butterfly hold an even deeper meaning for bereaved parents? It seems in fact we have also died. We are never the same after the death of our child. But can we be transformed into a beautiful creature, or are we doomed to be trapped in the web of a cocoon forever? I believe it is simply a matter of choice. We can stay in the silken threads which we have spun for ourselves. It's quite safe there. Perhaps if we isolate ourselves with a really tough cocoon, no one can ever reach in far enough to hurt us again.

But if we take a chance on emerging into a new person, the light of our children's love will have a chance to shine through our newly formed wings. It won't be easy. The grief cocoon holds anger, fear, guilt and despair. But we must work through it. In fact, there's no going around it. All butterflies must work their way through an ugly cocoon.

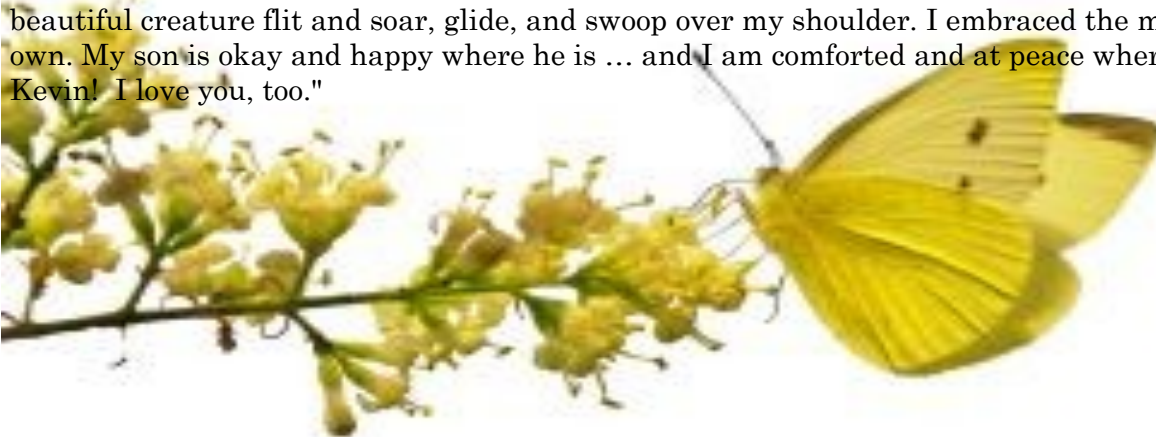
The butterflies are here. Won't you join them?

Summer Butterflies

It is the first day of August, a typically warm and sunny, summer day in the suburbs of Cincinnati. It is also a little past the eighth anniversary of my son's death from a skateboard fall. These days, when few people (other than my TCF friends) remember my child's 13 years of life, I am frequently reminded of him by magnificent colorful butterflies, soaring everywhere ... in Alaska where our family recently visited, butterflies along the river where we relaxed on weekends, butterflies around our home where he once frolicked. They are everywhere but never have I seen a butterfly in the pharmacy where my prescriptions are filled! Except today.

As bereaved parents, we often seek comfort in something that reassures us that our children are okay and are at peace where they are. My comfort comes from butterflies. The TCF butterfly symbolizes the emergence of our children from life here on earth to a beautiful new freedom; to soar and swoop like the butterfly, to flit its magnificent wings at will, to lend grace and purity to its surroundings for everyone to admire and receive comfort. I frequently mention to the newly bereaved that there may be a message of love for them in the butterflies they see around them. I encourage them to look at the ones that fly nearby.

Today, standing alone in that pharmacy, I was stunned and overcome with joy as I watched that beautiful creature flit and soar, glide, and swoop over my shoulder. I embraced the message as my very own. My son is okay and happy where he is ... and I am comforted and at peace where I am. "Thanks Kevin! I love you, too."



GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME???????

By: Lenora Sanders

The good old summertime has arrived. The time when we usually plan vacations, family reunions, picnics, etc. There are many activities going on, such as ball games, golf, swimming, though for some of us a float trip on an Ozark stream is more enticing. Vacation Bible Schools and ice cream socials are held at churches. We usually adopt a more casual lifestyle, cook out-doors, and free ourselves of rigid schedules. Whatever our interests may be, this is the time for family togetherness. When our family is still intact it can be a wonderful time. If not, it can be a very painful time.



If this is the first summer following the death of your child, you may not have much inclination or energy for the usual activities, although many parents find that doing something physically demanding helps release the tension and anger associated with grief. Some have found a measure of healing and peace working in their yard or garden, or planting a flower garden in memory of their child. Others may feel obligated to attend family activities, and then they find that it does help to get involved.

If you don't feel able to get out and get involved in your usual activities, don't be concerned, just do what you feel like you can do now. Most of us think going away on a vacation or short trip somewhere will help us get away from the painful reminders of our child's death, and though it may be less painful than it was at home, we soon learn that we take our memories and emotions with us wherever we go. However, a vacation can be an incentive for doing something relaxing and enjoyable, though most of us feel guilty if we enjoy ourselves very soon after our child has died.

When we made vacation plans for the summer following our son's death in February, I was a little apprehensive. We were going to visit our daughter, who had recently moved to Michigan, and invited our daughter-in-law (our son's widow) and her daughters, ages three and five, to accompany us on the vacation. From there, all our group traveled upstate to stay a few days at a lake resort. Our little granddaughters kept the trip upbeat and lively, and we were able to enjoy ourselves for the first time that summer. It was helpful for all of us, even though there were several intense emotional moments. Now we realize that everyone in our family was still grieving, each in their own way, and it would have been helpful to have allowed each one some private time to rest every day.

As newly bereaved parents, we are like pioneers, charting our way through an unknown area to our new destination. We've been told that it is peaceful there, but we can't feel that peace until we arrive. Those who have already made the trip report that life is different, yet good, in that new place. But we find that difficult to believe, because we are still traveling that long, rugged trail, and the end is not yet in sight. "Don't be afraid," we are told, "we made it, and you will make it too. Just take your time, and you will find your way." Those who have made the journey encourage us to believe that we'll make it through the wilderness of grief and find peace.

As one who has found peace at the end of the journey, I'm thankful to those who encouraged me during those dark days when I could not see the way. Their loving support, and my faith, gave me hope that life could be good and meaningful again, and now it truly is.

If you are still struggling along, unable to see a future without pain and confusion, please reach out to those of us who have been there. We are here to take your hand and help you find the way to healing. Be kind to yourself and others, and take time to relax and remember. Your child would want you to try to find some ways to enjoy life once again, without feeling guilty. This summer you may find the road to renewed hope and recovery.

On Pain and Healing From the chapter, “Time Does Not Heal All Wounds,” of the book, “Good Grief,” By: Deborah Morris Coryell

In pain management used for patients with chronic pain, it is taught not to tighten around the pain but to relax and allow the pain to be present. The idea is that when pain is resisted, it intensifies.

When we breath deeply and acknowledge the presence of pain, it has room to move and can dissipate more readily. Pain is there to tell us something, to warn us of possible danger.

This is as true for emotional, spiritual and mental pain as it is for physical pain. When pain speaks, we need to listen. All it takes is paying attention to our pain so that when it comes we remember to breathe and get soft. We don't want to fight with our pain. We want to learn from it.

Time does not heal. But healing does take time. Give yourself the gift of time. To become whole means that as we open to the pain, we open to the loss. We break open and, as a consequence, we get bigger and include more of life. We include what would have been “lost” to us if our hearts and minds had closed against the pain, we include what would have been lost if we had not taken the time to heal. As singer/songwriter Carly Simon tells us: “There's more room in a broken heart.”

Carrying On

The road is long and rocky. I stumble every day.

At times I wonder how to go on, but then, I make my way.

The dust I carry on my clothes is a reminder I'll always keep,
 So that I know how far I've come and remember — the price was steep.

Once you walked along with me, but now I walk alone.

The road you took diverged from mine, onto a path much lesser known.

You didn't want to carry on. The hardships were too much.

And so you laid down in the grass, and welcomed God's soft touch.

Through all the pain of missing you, and trudging through long days,

I never thought I'd find a way to see through such a haze.

But there it was, before my eyes, the comfort I longed to find,

A concept I had never known, captured in my mind.

Beauty surrounds me every day, and you are in it too.

The birds, the sunset, the falling rain, are my new vision of you.

So now I feel you next to me — Or your spirit, shall I say,

If only in my open mind, but it brings you back each day.

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.