



**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

September/October 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 Coordinator

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

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!

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.

The Compassionate Friends National Office

P.O. Box 3696

Oak Brook, IL 60522

(877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

September Birthdates

- 9/1 **William Henry Sanders** Son of Barbara Sanders
 9/3 **Todd Jeffries** Son of Jim and Terry Jefferies
 9/10 **Matthew Robert Fritz** Son of Beth and Richard Fritz
 9/13 **"Star" Edward Wilson** Son of Edward Wilson & Kathryn Garner
 9/16 **Garrett Witt** Son of David and Linda Witt
 9/17 **Bradley Johnson** Son of Don and Sharon Johnson
 9/18 **Jeffrey Todd Sims** Son of Jim and Sharon Sims & Priscilla Sims
 9/18 **Kassey Lund** Daughter of Robin Jenerou
 9/19 **Dale Patrick Haight** Son of Pat and John Haight
 9/19 **Foqrul Majumder** Son of Sharifa and Serajul Majumder
 9/22 **Lydia Hodson Copeland** Daughter of Mildred Cox Hodson
 9/22 **Lonnie Gene Centers** Son of Nita Centers
 9/22 **Thomas Monroe Routt** Son of Stephanie Routt
 9/24 **William Elliott Sommer** Son of Tim and Rita Sommer
 9/25 **Shari Eldot** Daughter of Rosalyn Eldot
 9/25 **Jonathan Derek Perdue** Son of Donna Perdue
 9/28 **Hannah Meagan Landers** Son of Michelle and Richard Landers
 9/30 **Keeley Knuteson Hollingsworth** Daughter of Berkeley and Patty Hollingsworth
 9/30 **Chris Rudnick** Son of Julia Rudnick-Woodall

September Remembrance Dates

- 9/1 **Ralph Winton Wesley** Son of Genevieve Wesley
 9/2 **John Richard Roe** Son of Ray and Marilyn Roe
 9/2 **McKenna Brooke Hatchett** daughter of Tim and Melissa Hatchett
 9/5 **Coy Tedd Cosby** Son of Shirley and Jess Cosby
 9/6 **J. Randall Rogers "Rand"** Son of Ron and Virginia Atwood
 9/7 **Jim Albright** Son of J. M. and Erna Albright
 9/10 **Matthew Robert Fritz** Son of Beth and Richard Fritz
 9/12 **Christopher Thomas Miller** Son of Tim and Colleen Miller
 9/14 **Thomas E. Masters II** Son of Bess Masters
 9/17 **Robin Grace Dixon** Daughter of Lenna and Letch Dixon
 9/18 **Charles Planchage** Son of Peggy Campbell
 9/19 **Tim Sizemore** Son of T. C. Sizemore
 9/20 **Melanie Kaye Laughlin** Daughter of Ernie & Brenda Laughlin
 9/21 **Dale Patrick Haight** Son of Pat and John Haight
 9/25 **Michael Varnell Norton** Son of Mike & Vada Barnes & Varnell Norton
 9/27 **Hank Butler Scolf** Son of Michael and Doretta Scolf
 9/27 **Matthew "Beau" Salsman** Son of Ray and Vicki Salsman

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

October Birthdates

- 10/1 **Imani & Kirk Children** of Dawn Stoepker
- 10/6 **Jan Cecile Richardson** Daughter of Jim and Jean Richardson
- 10/7 **Renee Peterson** Daughter of Roy and Juanita Peterson
- 10/8 **Fred "Lance" L. Murphy III** Son of Patty Murphy
- 10/8 **Clay Warren Burton** Son of Jim and Dottie Burton
- 10/12 **Tiffany Creech** Daughter of Jim and Karen Rice
- 10/13 **Nathan Winston Crim** Son of Becky & Keith LaVey & Howard B. Crim
- 10/14 **John Blair Potter** Son of Susan and James Potter
- 10/15 **Addison Elise "Addie" Koch** Daughter of Charles and Katie Koch
- 10/23 **Brandon James Moore** Son of Jane Moore
- 10/25 **Joe Collins Hisle IV** Son of Barbara and Joe Hisle
- 10/28 **Colleen Christine Owen** Daughter of Diane and Andrew Owen
- 10/29 **Shawn Wade Kirby** Son of Tommy and Teresa Kirby
- 10/29 **Joseph William Minor** Son of Pat and Joseph S. Minor
- 10/30 **Joe Frank Banks** Son of Barbara Kinne
- 10/31 **Jennifer Podgorski** Daughter of Monique Podgorski

October Remembrance Dates

- 10/1 **Imani & Kirk Children** of Dawn Stoepker
- 10/1 **Taran Ray Thomas** Son of John and Keila Thomas
- 10/2 **Brian J. Bergin** Son of Robert and Sherry Lowry
- 10/2 **Victor Paul Basil** Son of Lorena Basil
- 10/5 **Jeffrey Todd Sims** Son of Jim & Sharon Sims and Priscilla Sims
- 10/7 **Larry Crawford, Jr.** Son of Evelyn Dee Crawford
- 10/8 **Cameron Jordan Christopher** Son of Angelika Traiforos
- 10/9 **David Davis** Son of Curt Davis
- 10/11 **Jeffrey Lynn Spradling** Son of Wilma Cracraft
- 10/11 **Christopher James Mink** Son of Janice and James Mink
- 10/17 **Bobby Lee Grimm** Son of Brenda and Peter Grimm
- 10/17 **Ivy Britton Freeman** Daughter of Kevin and Cindy Freeman
- 10/19 **Kristi Mildred Wainscott** Daughter of Robert and Janet Smith
- 10/21 **Chad Hammons** Son of Dottie and Walter Hammons
- 10/26 **Donald Duncan** Son of Donald and Diane Duncan
- 10/26 **Christopher Perry Adkins** Son of Linda Brooks
- 10/29 **Bessie Renee Root** Daughter of Patricia Root
- 10/30 **Gary James Travis Burke** Son of Bonnie Burke, Nephew of Addie Waugh

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.

When darkness seems
overwhelming,
light a candle in someone's life
and see how it makes
the darkness in your own
and the other person's life flee.
Rabbi Harold S. Kujshner, "When
Bad Things Happen to Good People"

A Thought

I give you this one thought to keep.
I am with you still - I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not think of me as gone.
I am with you still – in each new dawn.

The Holidays

The leaves are turning and falling.
Halloween is coming. Thanksgiving
is coming with the family get togethers.
And Christmas is coming with
all its parties, gifts, music, etc. Remember
the good memories of past
times and make new memories.

Remembrance

Author Unknown

Remembrance is a golden chain
Death tries to break,
but all in vain.
To have, to love, and then to part
Is the greatest sorrow of one's heart.
The years may wipe out many things
But some they wipe out never.
Like memories of those happy times
When we were all together.

Get Started Writing

Writing can be one of the best tools for getting
you past the tough places on this journey.
Here are a few suggestions to get you started.

Write out what out what happened. Make this
as detailed as you can. Take your time. Tears
may flow. It's OK.

What emotions are you experiencing today?
When you look back at what you wrote you'll
be surprised how far you've come.

What have you found to be most helpful for
your healing? By writing it down you'll learn
what worked and what didn't and why.

What do you wish society knew about dealing
with grief? Can you find the words to make the
world understand?

What has been most difficult for you? Putting
it on paper can soften the hurt.
Don't worry about style or form, grammar or spelling.
Those can be fixed later if you ever decide to
go back and formalize your writings. For now, get
your raw emotions written down. The writing will
help you heal.

Did You Know That They Were Parents?

Helen Hayes, one of only two women to receive all four prestigious entertainment awards: a Tony, Oscar, Emmy and Grammy, was the “first lady” of stage and screen throughout most of the 20th century. Encouraged by her mother, Helen began performing at an early age and ‘wowed’ Broadway with her “beauty and girlish actuality” playing, at age seventeen, a much younger Pollyanna.

She seemed to have the dream life; fame, fortune and family. She and her husband, Charlie MacArthur, raised two children: Mary (who had a short career on stage), and James (who starred as Danny on Hawaii Five-O). After winning the Oscar for her role in Madelon, she returned to Broadway to portray Queen Victoria, the role for which she is most remembered.

Then tragedy struck. Mary, who had appeared on stage with her mom, contracted polio and died. The MacArthur’s were devastated. Charlie turned to drink and died not long after; many say from a broken heart. Helen returned to acting, knowing that staying busy with work could help her get past the all encompassing sadness. Also Miss Hayes established the Mary MacArthur Fund to assist her friend, Jonas Salk, in raising awareness and financial support to advance his efforts to find a cure for polio.

Helen Hayes honored the life of her daughter by continuing to act and her humanitarian work. Delighting audiences well into her senior years, she won an Oscar for her supporting role in Airport.

“I gratefully was able to throw myself into constructive activity and the work I did allowed me release, carrying me over the abyss, back to the land of the living. Being needed saved my sanity. Then the theatre, as always, came to my rescue,”

Helen wrote in *On Reflection*, her autobiography.

Perhaps her most important role was helping find the cure for polio and thereby saving uncountable parents from the grief she endured.



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

Light a candle for all
children who have died

**Worldwide
Candle
Lighting®**

*... that their light
may always shine.*

**Sunday, December 9, 2012
7 PM Around the Globe**

The advertisement features a lit candle in the foreground against a dark background. The text is arranged in a vertical column on the left side of the image.

South Elkhorn Christian Church
4343 Harrodsburg Road
Lexington, KY

We, as bereaved parents, help grieving families rebuild their lives following the death of a child! Please join us at one of the sharing sessions as we all work toward healing from the death of our child. Grief shared is grief diminished. You are not required to talk and this is not a group therapy session—just parents sharing in a safe environment.

Grief is the price we pay for love. We did not lose our children. They died, taking with them our hopes and dream for the future, but never, never taking away their love. Though death comes, love will never go away. Hold it tight, the love our children gave us. Hold it tight through the storms of grief and bring it with you into today. Love never goes away.

Darcie Sims

Grief Can Be A Roller Coaster

Source: Hospice Foundation of America

Instead of a series of stages, we might also think of the grieving process as a roller coaster, full of ups and downs, highs and lows. Like many roller coasters, the ride tends to be rougher in the beginning, the lows may be deeper and longer. The difficult periods should become less intense and shorter as time goes by, but it takes time to work through a loss. Even years after a loss, especially at special events such as a family wedding or the birth of a child, we may still experience a strong sense of grief..

HALLOWEEN

By Sascha—“Wintersun”

**It is here, this day of merriment
and children’s pleasure.**

**gremlins and goblins
and ghosties at the door
of your house.**

**And the other children
come to the door of your mind.**

**Faces out of the past,
small ghosts with sweet, painted
faces.**

They do not shout.

**Those children
who no longer march laughing
on cold Halloween night,
they stand at the door of your
mind—**

**and you will let them in,
so that you can give them
the small gifts of your Halloween –
a smile and a tear.**

Evolving Through Grief

by Roe Ziccarello From ebook

When you start to feel your sanity slip, do whatever positive thing you can think of to hold on: pray, meditate, go get a full body massage at a spa, scream at a starlit sky, take a trip to a new place, stare at sunsets, lay in an open field and watch the clouds drift, or do all of these things at once: Just do something for you! And don’t feel guilty about being selfish about it. You can’t do anything for others if you don’t take care of yourself first. You can’t be loving to others if you aren’t loving to yourself first. Then, when you start to feel a sense of renewal, think about extending the love you still want to express for your child in a way that will benefit others.

Anniversaries By Elaine E Stillwell

In memory of Peggy and Denis O'Connor, on the thirteenth anniversaries of their deaths, August 2 and August 6, 1986.

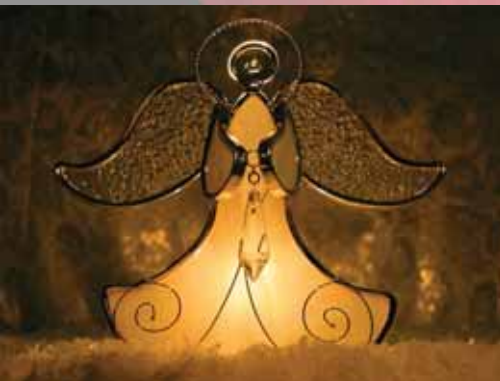
When we have lost someone special in our lives, we know how much anguish we experience as the death anniversary approaches. It seems every single cell of our bodies remember. Even if we want to forget the day and the pain associated with it, our bodies won't let us. Some people say it's a day to stay in bed and pull the covers up over our heads. But others, like me, feel it is a day to do something special to remember my special persons, in my case, my nineteen-year-old daughter, Peggy, and my twenty-one-year-old son, Denis, who died four days apart from the same car accident.

It has been thirteen years for me without my beautiful Peggy and my first-born, Denis. Thirteen years without their smiles, hugs, jokes, teasing, laughter, gossip, tenderness, music, voices, chatter, noise and endearing mannerisms. At each anniversary, my husband and I have always chosen to do something they would have enjoyed or perhaps would have wished us to do.

It could be shopping 'til I drop, which was Peggy's specialty; eating Rocky Road ice cream, a favorite of hers; baking chocolate chip cookies, for which she was famous; having a barbecue with friends, of which she had many. It could be attending a concert, which Denis loved; walking along the beach or having a picnic dinner where Denis was a lifeguard; renting a movie that I know he would have loved; making French toast, his all-time favorite waker-upper; playing with our dog, whom he would have gone wild over, since he always wanted a pedigreed black lab of his own. Attending local street festivals, going swimming, watching tennis matches, having a beer, enjoying a lobster fest, playing favorite cassette tapes of theirs, installing a garage-door opener (which they would have loved), eating in an oceanfront haunt of theirs, having special masses in their honor and inviting close friends and relatives to attend, reminiscing together, planting flowers and shrubs in their memory, sharing their story with others, praying to them, lighting candles for them, writing an article in their honor - all these things keep them close to my heart and make their anniversary days special.

Tears can fall, and that's okay, because tears bring a sense of release and healing. The funny thing is, the tears are a mixture of happiness and sadness that we can't really separate, a combination of tears of joy for having memories to touch our hearts, and tears of sorrow wishing they were here with us, holding our hands and saying all those things we want to hear repeated.

Anniversaries are a time to share with others our special love for the people we miss. I call it, "Sharing Peggy and Denis with the world." It keeps their memories alive in others, and it makes my heart feel so much better. Plan ahead. Include dear friends. Surround yourself with loving people who make you feel comfortable and cared about. Share your memories. Tell those funny stories. Don't be afraid of tears. Give a toast to your special person. Release some balloons. Do what is good for your heart.



Our Guardians

When angels sense you need them, And angels always do.
They come, unseen, from everywhere, To help and comfort you.
They hover close beside you, Till all your cares are gone.
Till they can see you're ready, Once again to carry on.
Then some of them fly away, And take their gentle touch.
To other hearts that need the love, Of angels very much.
But one, at least, stays with you, As your constant friend and guide.

Are There Stages of Grief?

In 1969, psychiatrist Elisabeth Kübler-Ross introduced what became known as the “five stages of grief.” These stages of grief were based on her studies of the feelings of patients facing terminal illness, but many people have generalized them to other types of negative life changes and losses, such as the death of a loved one or a break-up.

The five stages of grief:

- **Denial:** “This can’t be happening to me.”
- **Anger:** “*Why* is this happening? Who is to blame?”
- **Bargaining:** “Make this not happen, and in return I will ____.”
- **Depression:** “I’m too sad to do anything.”
- **Acceptance:** “I’m at peace with what happened.”

If you are experiencing any of these emotions following a loss, it may help to know that your reaction is natural and that you’ll heal in time. However, not everyone who is grieving goes through all of these stages – and that’s okay. Contrary to popular belief, **you do not have to go through each stage in order to heal.** In fact, some people resolve their grief without going through *any* of these stages. And if you do go through these stages of grief, you probably won’t experience them in a neat, sequential order, so don’t worry about what you “should” be feeling or which stage you’re supposed to be in. Kübler-Ross herself never intended for these stages to be a rigid framework that applies to everyone who mourns. In her last book before her death in 2004, she said of the five stages of grief, “They were never meant to help tuck messy emotions into neat packages. They are responses to loss that many people have, but **there is not a typical response to loss, as there is no typical loss.** Our grieving is as individual as our lives.”

The Grief of Grandparents By Helen Fitzgerald, CT

There is no bond greater than the bond between parent and child. When a child dies, the pain of parental loss is near the top of the scale of human grief, and there is an immediate outpouring of sympathy and concern for the bereaved parents. But other grieving family members, including siblings, are often seen as secondary players who must provide support to the distraught parents. Among these forgotten grievers are the grandparents.

In many families, the relationships between grandparents and grandchildren are every bit as profound as those between parents and their children. The death of a grandchild also ranks high on the scale of human grief – but it is rarely acknowledged. There are few books or support groups addressing the grief of grandparents, and bereavement counselors who specialize in this kind of grief are rare. Grandparents are usually left to cope as best they can.

When a grandchild dies, the anguish of grandparents is doubled. Their grief for a son or daughter suffering this tragic loss only compounds their pain at the loss of a beloved grandchild. Grandparents who outlast a grandchild struggle with a death that seems out of order; they may cope with survival guilt, perhaps wondering why they couldn’t have died instead. Moreover, a grandchild’s death chips away at a grandparent’s assumed legacy. Most of us hope to make a mark in the world, and the achievements of our children and grandchildren are a part of that dream. When one dies prematurely, that loss

Continued on Page 9...

Continued from Page 8...

resonates through the generations, and like the bell in John Donne's poem – "it tolls for thee."

Many families are fractured by divorce, violence or mere inattention, and struggling single parents are hard pressed to provide the consistent and unconditional love that children need. Grandparents fill the role of the enduring presence, the ones who are available and who can be depended upon for affection and support. The deep, nurturing love shared by many children and their grandparents is a bond that is extraordinarily painful when broken by death. It is a grief out-of-sight, but nonetheless powerful.

If you are a grandparent who has lost a grandchild, you have every reason to grieve deeply. Life is complex, and many of our fundamental questions have no apparent answer: Why do such bad things happen? What is the meaning of such pain? For now, your task is to mourn the death of this child and to take care of yourself as best as you can. If you want help, look for a book that addresses parental grief and substitute "grandparent" as you read. Perhaps your local hospice, faith community or mental health center has a support group for grieving grandparents. If not, ask them start one. There may be other grieving grandparents among your friends and neighbors, and you can share your common grief and mutual comfort.

Above all, be patient with yourself, and:

- Don't try to suppress your grief. Stoicism won't work
- Select the relatives or friends who give you comfort, and tell them how you feel.
- Don't accept a comparison of your grief to that of others; grief is unique to each person
- Take time off from your grief occasionally. Go visit a friend or take a short vacation at a place that you love.

The loss of a beloved grandchild is a severe blow, but avoid thinking that life has no more to offer. Some of the world's grandest music and literature were created out of personal tragedy. Find your own expression of your loss and your search for meaning — see if you can create your own requiem. It is important that you find ways to fill the void in your life. The worlds of literature, music, and art are can be sources of great comfort in a time of grief. Think of the great works of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven; what comfort they can bring! If you have always wanted to paint, take some classes and dedicate your efforts to the memory of your grandchild. Sign up as a volunteer for a local hospital or food bank. Helping others can strengthen the nurturing identity that has been injured by this death. By putting your pain to work, the good that comes from it can heal.

When a great loss hits us, we are numbed and life seems meaningless for a while. But with the passage of time, we again begin to see that life is still worth living, not just for others but for ourselves, as well.

Just as you loved a grandchild, there are others — friends, neighbors, and even strangers — who await your love. For all its cruel twists, this life is still the only one we are given. You have every right to be a survivor and to make the most of each day and each year. I suggest you get started today.



Why Do I Come to Bereaved Parents Meetings?

By Charlotte Miller

A family member recently asked me why I continue to come to Bereaved Parents meetings? She said, "After all, it's been 5 years since your son died. Don't you find it depressing to go to those meetings?" I stopped and thought for just a minute...it is incredibly sad to hear the stories of loss and pain, but it does not depress me. I ache for those families whose loss is more recent, where the pain is a heart savagely torn into raw pieces and where the pain seems relentless and like it will last forever. But had I not had the support of this group, I wonder if I would have made it, and kept my sanity, through the past 5 years. I know for certain that my grief journey, as hard as it has been, was made easier, and my burden lighter, because it was shared by those who truly understood my loss and who constantly reassured me that I was not losing my mind...I was just grieving.

I have personally been blessed by a supportive family and by loyal friends at church and at work who, even after 5 years, send me cards or flowers or call or e-mail to see how I am doing. And I am grateful for their support. But somehow there is nothing quite like the hug of another bereaved parent and the tears that mingle with mine as we grieve together the death of our own child and our friend's child. I can't explain it. I can only be grateful to have experienced this amazing support that has made this unending grief journey bearable.

I can share laughter and tears at the same time with parents who understand the guilt that accompanies those first moments of laughter. It seems like a betrayal of our children...even though we know that they would want us to go on and they would not want us to be miserable. A friend who was recently widowed told me just today that she was so sorry that I had the grief experience to be able to comfort her and yet she was inexplicably comforted by the fact that she was not alone in her grief...that there were others who understood even a portion of what she was feeling. I know what she means. I felt that way the first time I came to a Bereaved Parents meeting and every time I have come since then. I would not have chosen the pain of this loss and yet I would not want those whose children have recently died to not have the loving support that others gave to me when I thought I could not stand another day, another minute of the pain of our loss.

And so we continue to come monthly...to meet, to hug, to cry, to laugh to listen and to try to understand another's story. And we come to love each other's children that we never got to meet. Their faces become almost as familiar as our own children's countenance and so incredibly dear because they were so special to our friends. In sharing our children's lives and their deaths, they continue to live on through our stories and our pictures and we are comforted as we grieve together.

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.