



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
Offering friendship and understanding to Bereaved Parents, Siblings
and Grandparents
Johannesburg Chapter
May 2016

TCF Centre Address: 122 Athol Street Highlands North Johannesburg 2192
E-mail: tcfsa@mweb.co.za Fax: 086-203-2355
Website: www.compassionatefriends.org.za
Telephone (011) 440-6322 P O Box 323 Highlands North 2037

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My Dear Friends

What do you do, how are you to feel, on a day like Mother's Day, when a child is not there as evidence of this. It's generally considered a day of celebration but for you it can exacerbate your pain and loss. As a dad you are yourself grieving and may not know how best to support your partner. As a gran, and so it's also your mother's day, you are desperately mourning your grandchild, but equally trying to be there for your child in their loss. And what if you are a surviving child, longing for your sibling and somehow not sure how to be in the face of parental suffering. What of those of you who have struggled to conceive, miscarried?

Mother's Day can bring up your pain, sadness and isolation like a freight train thundering towards you with no brakes, its trajectory at you. Some days up until now, you may almost have been able to pretend that life is 'normal' again, whatever that means. And then this effusive Hallmark day approaches, dealing the crushing reminder that you will have to spend yet another significant day without the child you are still desperately learning to live without. There's no word is there, to explain to people why we are the way we are? "Sorry, I am struggling today because I am... widowed, divorced, orphaned..."

Perhaps it helps to take the day back to its roots. It was founded by American Ann Jarvis in 1908 to honour her own mother Ann, who gave birth to 12 children but tragically only 4 survived. Heartfelt and meaningful indeed, far removed from the commercialism that forgets bereaved moms. You became a mother the moment you opened your heart to the hope of conceiving a child, and while your child is no longer physically present, you remain a parent.

So perhaps we can choose, well, try maybe, to embrace this profound sentiment. Visit your own mum, family and friends. Acknowledge how wonderful it is to be a mother and celebrate the life that has meant so much to you. Your bereavement might unravel like a piece of cloth, and the fabric of your life change, but you can reweave this same piece of cloth into a fresh workable pattern.

With love,

Stephanie Jeans, MA Counselling

Psychotherapist & Clinical Supervisor (Accredited MBACP)

stefjeans@gmail.com

www.indabacounselling.co.uk

Reflections about Time and Change

I often wonder what people are thinking when they say "you'll get over it." Sometimes it sounds to me as if they are talking about a case of mumps or my despair of income tax time. But what can they mean when they say it about my grief? Maybe they mean that grief is just an interruption in life. Their theory seems to be that life is basically happy – buying stuff, working, watching TV – but that a time of death and grief is an unnatural sad time in that happy life. I cannot agree with that view.

Time can lessen the hurt: the empty place we have can seem smaller as other things and experiences fill our life; we can forget for periods and feel as if our child didn't die; we can find sense in the death and understand that perhaps this death does fit into a bigger design in the world; we can learn to remember the good and hold on to that.

But we can't "get over it", because to get over it would mean we were not changed by the experience. It would mean we did not grow by the experience. It would mean that the child's death made no difference in our life.

There is an interesting discussion in the Talmud, an ancient Jewish writing. Those Jews had the custom of rending their garments – literally tearing their clothes – to symbolise the ripping apart that death brings. But the question was raised, after the period of mourning could you sew the garment up and use it again? The teachers answered yes, but when you mend it, you should not tuck the edges under so that it would look as if it had never been torn. This symbolized the fact that life after grief is not the same as before. The rent/tear will show. The next question was can you sell that garment? The teacher answered no. The rending and mending of our life is ours and others cannot wear it.

No, we don't get over it. We change and grow. Our life has a difference which is ours alone. Perhaps as compassionate friends we can help each other and make that difference, the kind of difference that increases the world's supply of compassion, love and healing.

Dennis Klass, Professional Adviser, TCF St Louis, USA

Bereaved Grandparents

To all bereaved grandparents. I am powerless. I am helpless. I am frustration. I sit here with her and cry with her. She cries for her daughter and I cry for mine. I can't help her. I can't reach inside and take her broken heart. I must watch her suffer day after day and see her desolate.

I listen to her tell me over and over how she misses Emily, how she wants her back. I can't bring Emily back for her. I can't even buy her an even better Emily than she had, like I could buy her an even better toy when she was a child.

I can't kiss the hurt and make it go away. I can't even kiss a small part of it away. There's a band-aid large enough to cover her bleeding heart.

There was a time I could listen to her talk about a fickle boyfriend and tell her it would be ok, and know in my heart that in two weeks she wouldn't even think of him. Can I tell her it'll be okay in two years when I know it'll never be okay, that she will carry this pain of "what might have been" in her deepest heart for the rest of her life.

I see this young woman, my child, who was once carefree and fun-loving and bubbling with life, slumped in a chair with her eyes full of agony. Where is my power now? Where is my mother's bag of tricks that will make it all better?

Why can't I join in the aloneness of her grief? As tight as my arms wrap around her, I can't reach that aloneness.

Where are the magic words that will give her comfort? What chapter in Dr Spock tells me how to do this? He has told me everything else I've needed to know. Where are the answers? I should have them. I'm her mother.

What can I give her to make her better? A cold wet cloth will ease that swelling of her crying eyes, but it won't stop the reason for her tears. What treat will bring joy back to her? What prize will bring that "happy child" smile back again?

I know that someday she'll find happiness again, that her life will have meaning again. I can hold out hope for her someday, but what about now? This hour? This day?

I can give her my love and prayers and my care and my concern. I could give her my life. But even that won't help. – Margaret Gerner TCF/St Louis MO

I am the mother of a child who died. And that makes Mother's Day very hard.

Recently I was talking to a mother whose child had just died. "What about Mother's Day?" she asked, through tears. It was hard to know what to say, because it's a terrible day for those of us who have lost a child. Other days of the year you can maybe make it a few hours without thinking about your loss; other days of the year you can pretend that you are an ordinary person and that life is normal. But not on Mother's Day.

On Mother's Day it's in your face that your child is gone forever. On Mother's Day you can't pretend you are ordinary or that life is normal. All the hoopla, all the Hallmark hype, the handmade cards and flowers and family gatherings, make it almost excruciating.

Our town has a Mother's Day road race for which I am eternally grateful -- especially because, in a demonstration of grace's existence, the start and finish are next to the cemetery where my son is buried. On my way I can visit his grave and say what I need to say and look yet again at the name we chose for him carved into stone. At the end of the race, they give all the mothers a flower; on my way home, I go back to the grave and lay my flower there. And then I move forward with the day.

See, that's the real challenge after losing a child, moving forward. It's almost impossible to envision in that moment of loss; how can life continue after something so horrible? But life does continue, whether we like it or not. There are chores to do and bills to pay; morning comes, again and again. So you pick yourself up and you live, but you are never the same.

At first, we are different because of our raw sadness. But over time, the sadness moves from our skin into our bones. It becomes less visible, but no less who we are. It changes into wisdom, one we'd give up in a heartbeat to have our child back. We who have lost children understand life's fragility and beauty. We who have lost children understand that so many things just aren't important. All that is important is those we love. All that is important is each other. Nothing else.

It can feel very lonely, being the parent of a child who died. Especially on Mother's Day or Father's Day. We feel so different from those around us, all those happy people with children the same age our child was, or would have been. But over the years, I've come to understand that I'm not alone at all.

There is a wonderful Buddhist story about a woman whose son gets sick and dies. She goes to the Buddha to ask him to bring her son back to life; I will, he says, if you bring me some mustard seed from the home of a family that has not known loss. She goes from house to house but can find no family that has not lost someone dear to them. She buries her son and goes to the Buddha and says: I understand now.

That is what I understand now. It doesn't make me miss my son any less, or Mother's Day any easier. But it helps me make sense of it; loss is part of life. There are no guarantees, ever. Our children, and all those we love, are gifts to us for however long we have them.

I understand now too that we are together in this, all of us, in joy and in loss. It's the connections we make with each other that matter -- it's the connections we make that give life value and help us face each morning. As G.K. Chesterton wrote, "We are all in the same boat in a stormy sea, and we owe each other a terrible loyalty."

Years ago, I chose words to say each time I go to my son's grave. It makes it easier to have a ritual. And over the years, the words have come to mean more to me. They aren't just about grief anymore. They are about who I am, what I have learned, and what I can give.

"I will always love you," I say. "And I will always be your mother."

Clair McCarthy MD

This page is lovingly sponsored by Jacqueline Becker (Nee Ruiters) in memory of Brendan John Ruiters 16.5.94.



arrivals/Flare/School Certificate, really great. They tears contribute to TC Those every time
and donating parties that they do not. The money for us if we are listed on your card and
beneficiary. In WESTBANK are now one of their partners! We will fill in the form for you if it that a
could and sometimes those E-mail facility they use and Tears Kind Can Dry Tears and 40-6322
of every
of month gone! And of course interspersed in amongst these was his first birthday in
heaven. Then our first Christmas, Easter, Mothers/Fathers Day, without him. And of course after that, the
first year! I can still remember the disbelief that a whole year had gone, since our Ro's death. This year, it
out tears there are. Whether public or private tears are an honest expression of grief
they are a gift and Rowen has been denied.

Some of them include lighting candles or visiting the cemetery with flowers. Ro's cross was made by his
dad. It has Ro's photo on it. Each time I go to the cemetery, I wash the dust off his face!! (still a mother,
still making sure his face is clean!!)

Often we have a picnic at the cemetery with Ro's siblings, nieces and nephews or we have pizza
and my hope, it is there to show or do you in a distance to ease and soften the
pain, even if my wife is a judge.

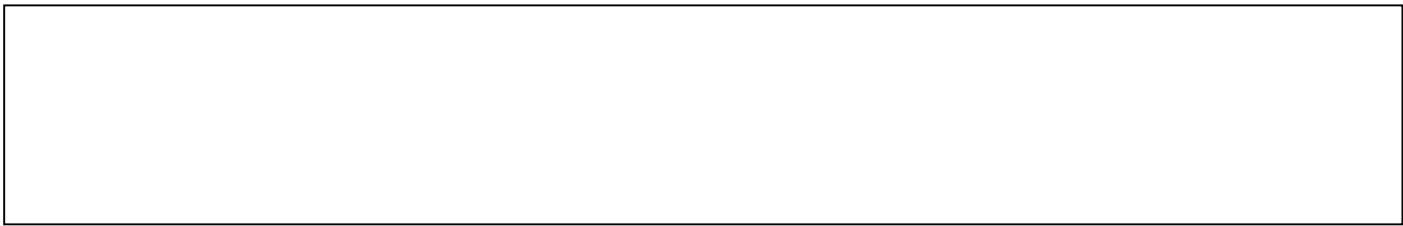
I have a quiet cuppa with a special friend, and we look at Ro's photos. Even after 14 years, it gives me a
jolt of grief to realise that we travel to a cemetery to visit our son! We still stand at Ro's cross and pray for
help to face his loss.

Amazingly to our delight, Rowan's best friend, who lives in England, still rings us on special anniversaries.
He is now 28. The age Rowen would have been too!

The time with Rowen was rich, full of laughter, silly fun (he had such a quirky sense of humour!), fresh
ideas, crazy exploits, chuckles and the provision of lots of food (he was always hungry!) and extra loads
of washing, ironing and cooking.

Now, in the time since, there have been many changes. His sister has married; he has a new brother-in-
law, two new nieces and nephews. Ro's siblings have moved into different houses or cities. Events have
happened in the last 14 years, that Ro has never been physically part of. And yet, the years are still rich,
but in a totally different way. We have had a new look at our Christian faith, and have deepened our
relationship with God. We trust Him and know that He is looking after our Rowen. We have kept the real,
and discarded the outer show. Our priorities are different and more meaningful. Relationships are more
precious. Life is not taken for granted. Rowan's life has left a legacy of treasures that continue on. Thank
you, our precious Rowie for who you are. Your life continues on and we will meet you again in heaven.

*Written by Heather Kerridge Mother of Rowen Nathaniel Kerridge, who died of a heart attack at the
age of 14. Gratefully reprinted from NSW Chapter Newsletter*



Our Credo

We need to 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 together as we each 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 grieve as well

s to grow. Some parents have a need to get pregnant again right away and other want to wait for a while. As long as the mother is healed. We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. Occasionally parents experience some difficulty getting pregnant again and find it takes longer than it did before. Others have no difficulty achieving pregnancy, but find even a few months a stressful wait. Getting through the next pregnancy can be an emotional roller-coaster. On one hand is the joy and hope for the new baby and on the other hand is the vulnerability and fear that what happened before may happen again. However, because they feel so exposed, parents now worry about everything that could happen, not only had what caused the previous loss. There is little support for parents who experience an infant death. Because many people see infant loss as insignificant and easily forgotten, they offer either no support or support only in the first few days or weeks. After that time, parents are assumed to have healed and forgotten. If there are other children in the family it is seen as being easier. "At least you have other children" these parents are told, as if that makes the loss easier. Since grief is overwhelming and takes so much energy, parents with other children may need extra help with caretaking. If no one offers, frequently parents find it difficult to ask for the help they need. But it is okay to ask for help or to take life easy and be good to themselves. Remember that grief can heal only if you let it.

-Jo-Anne Matzke, TCF Hinsdale IL

THANK YOU



Children
 The Poem from the book The Lost Children
 By Barbara Cooper
Grateful appreciation to all who brought refreshments for the Meeting

The ones we never speak of –
 Miscarried, unborn,
 Removed by decree

Thank you for donations to TCF.

Thank you to our members who pay monthly via debit orders.
 They slip red mittens in our hands;
 Smell of warmth, wet wool,

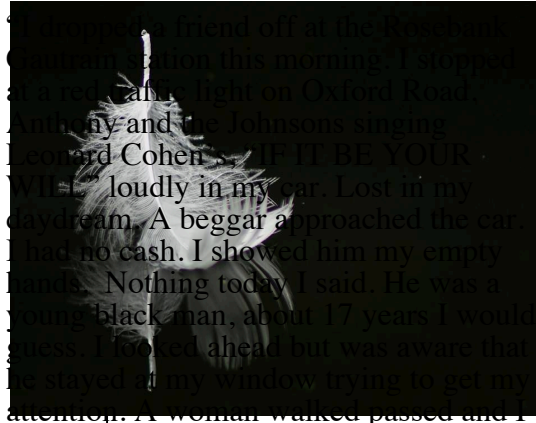
Thank you to our members who have recently signed up with My Village and to those who use their My Village Cards.
 We slip red mittens in our hands;
 Smell of warmth, wet wool,
 They return to us in dreams,
 We hold them as they whisper
 We never speak their names.

Thank you to all our members who have paid their Subs!

Thank you to all our members who returned TMS with you like a tin to stand on your desk to put your coins in please contact the office.
 They are always with us.

The lost children
 Come to us at night
 And whisper
 In the shells of our ears.

They are waving good-bye on school buses,
 They are separated from us in stadiums,
 They are lost in shopping malls.
 They shine at night in the stars.



all night long
 and I saw her
 turn around to look at him
 talking to me. So I turned back to him.
 He was trying to tell me, quite urgently,
 that he recognised me. That I was the
 mother of the boy who killed himself.

The book he said. You wrote a book.
 About your son. Your son who killed
 himself. Shame he said. So sad he said.
 Your son's photo was on the cover of the
 book he said. He took his finger and cut
 it across his throat. Indicating that he had
 hanged himself. There was so much
 sorrow in his eyes. He blessed himself.
 He put his hands in prayer position. I did
 the same to thank him for
 acknowledging, for sharing, for caring. I
 drove away. To pottery class. I went past
 later in the day to give him a packet of
 food. He was gone. A boy with nothing
 standing at a traffic light begging gave
 me so much.

Kate Shand – In memory of her beloved
 son John Peter Butler.

7 Things I've Learned Since the Loss of My Child OCTOBER 31, 2015 by Angela Miller

Child loss is a loss like no other. One often misunderstood by many. If you love a bereaved parent or know someone who does, remember that even his or her "good" days are harder than you could ever imagine. Compassion and love, not advice, are needed. If you'd like an inside look into why the loss of a child is a grief that lasts a lifetime, here is what I've learned in my seven years of trekking through the unimaginable.

1). *Love never dies.*

There will never come a day, hour, minute or second I stop loving or thinking about my son. Just as parents of living children unconditionally love their children always and forever, so do bereaved parents. I want to say and hear his name just the same as non-bereaved parents do. I want to speak about my deceased children as normally and naturally as you speak of your living ones.

I love my child just as much as you love yours– the only difference is mine lives in heaven and talking about him is unfortunately quite taboo in our culture. I hope to change that. Our culture isn't so great about hearing about children gone too soon, but that doesn't stop me from saying my son's name and sharing his love and light everywhere I go. Just because it might make you uncomfortable, doesn't make him matter any less. My son's life was cut irreversibly short, but his love lives on forever and ever.

2). *Bereaved parents share an unspeakable bond.*

In my seven years navigating the world as a bereaved parent, I am continually struck by the power of the bond between bereaved parents. Strangers become kindred's in mere seconds– a look, a glance, a knowing of the heart connects us, even if we've never met before. No matter our circumstances, who we are, or how different we are, there is no greater bond than the connection between parents who understand the agony of enduring the death of a child. It's a pain we suffer for a lifetime, and unfortunately only those who have walked the path of child loss understand the depth and breadth of both the pain and the love we carry.

3). *I will grieve for a lifetime.*

Period. The end. There is no "moving on," or "getting over it" There is no bow, no fix, no solution to my heartache. There is no end to the ways I will grieve and for how long I will grieve. There is no glue for my broken heart, no elixir for my pain, no going back in time. For as long as I breathe, I will grieve and ache and love my son with all my heart and soul. There will never come a time where I won't think about whom my son would be, what he would look like, and how he would be woven perfectly into the tapestry of my family. I wish people could understand that grief lasts forever because love lasts forever; that the loss of a child is not one finite event, it is a continuous loss that unfolds minute by minute over the course of a lifetime. Every missed birthday, holiday, milestone– should-be back-to-school school years and graduations; weddings that will never be; grandchildren that should have been but will never be born– an entire generation of people are irrevocably altered *forever*.

This is why grief lasts forever. The ripple effect lasts forever. The bleeding never stops.

4). *It's a club I can never leave, but is filled with the most shining souls I've ever known.*

This crappy club called child loss is a club I never wanted to join, and one I can never leave, yet is filled with some of the best people I've ever known. And yet we all wish we could jump ship– that we could have met another way– *any* other way but *this*. Alas, these shining souls are the most beautiful, compassionate, grounded, loving, movers, shakers and healers I have ever had the honour of knowing. They are life-changers, game-changers, relentless survivors and thrivers. Warrior moms and dads who redefine the word brave.

Every day loss parents move mountains in honour of their children gone too soon. They start movements, change laws, spear head crusades of tireless activism. Why? In the hope that even just one parent could be spared from joining *the club*. If you've ever wondered who some of the greatest world changers are, hang out with a few bereaved parents and watch how they live, see what they do in a day, a week, a lifetime. Watch how they alchemize their grief into a force to be reckoned with, watch how they turn tragedy into transformation, loss into legacy.

Love is the most powerful force on earth, and the love between a bereaved parent and his/her child is a life force to behold. Get to know a bereaved parent. You'll be thankful you did.



Why Butterfly symbol Earth; t beautiful and freer existence. Frequently, the butterfly is seen with the word, "Nika" which means victory. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross movingly tells of seeing butterflies drawn all over the walls of the children's dormitories in the World War II concentration camps. Since children are intuitive, she concludes that these children knew their fate and were leaving a message. The Compassionate Friends has adopted the butterfly as one of its symbols - a sign of hope to us that our children are living in another dimension with greater beauty and freedom - a comforting thought -

Unknown. As seen in the TCF (Honolulu Newsletter) a lifetime. And so we rightfully miss them forever. Help us by holding the space of that truth for us.

6). No matter how long it's been, holidays never become easier without my son.

Never ever. Have you ever wondered why every holiday season is like torture for a bereaved parent? Even if it's been 5, 10, or 25 years later? It's because they really, truly are. Imagine if you had to live every holiday without one or more of your precious children. Imagine how that might feel for you. It would be easier to lose an arm, a leg or two- *anything*— than to live without your flesh and blood, without the beat of your heart. Almost anything would be easier than living without one of more of your precious children. That is why holidays are *always and forever* hard for bereaved parents. Don't wonder why or even try to understand. Know you don't have to understand in order to be a supportive presence. Consider supporting and loving some bereaved parents this holiday season. It will be the best gift you could ever give them.

7). Because I know deep sorrow, I also know unspeakable joy.

Though I will grieve the death of my son forever and then some, it does not mean my life is lacking happiness and joy. Quite the contrary, in fact, though it took awhile to get there. It is not either/or, it's both/and. My life is richer now. I live from a deeper place. I love deeper still. Because I grieve I also know a joy like no other. The joy I experience now is far deeper and more intense than the joy I experienced before my loss. Such is the alchemy of grief. Because I've clawed my way from the depth of unimaginable pain, suffering and sorrow, again and again- when the joy comes, however and whenever it does- it is a joy that reverberates through every pore of my skin and every bone in my body. I feel all of it, deeply: the love, the grief, the joy, the pain. I embrace and thank every morsel of it. My life now is more rich and vibrant and full, not despite my loss, but *because* of it. In grief there are gifts, sometimes many. These gifts don't in any way make it all "worth" it, but I am grateful beyond words for each and every gift that comes my way. I bow my head to each one and say *thank you, thank you, thank you*. Because there is nothing- and I mean absolutely *nothing*-I take for granted. Living life in this way gives me greater joy than I've ever known possible. I have my son to thank for that. Being his mom is the best gift I've ever been given. Even death can't take that away

Wishing you a day of Peace on the Anniversary of Your Child's Birthday May 2016

Thomas Watkins 2.5.1994 Beloved son of Melinda Watkins: Motor Vehicle Accident

Marcel De Le Porte 2.5.1967 Beloved son of Jacqueline De Le Porte: Motor Vehicle Accident

Guy Richard Carreira 3.5.1972 Beloved son of Richard and Shelley-Anne Carreira and brother of Belinda, Joanne, Benjamin and Richard Tanner: Suicide

Leigh Page 4.5.1982 Beloved daughter of Marshall and Anne Page and sister of Megan: Road Accident

Delu Mohlala 5.5.2012 Beloved daughter of Mpho Mohlala: Accidental Road Death

Cornelius Conrad De Wet 6.5.1987 Beloved son of Phillis and Jannie De Wet and brother of Herman: Shooting Accident

Steve Bailey 7.5.1992 Beloved son of Allan and Jenny Bailey and brother of Bianca: Heart Defect

David Frack 8.5.1970 Beloved son of Martin Frack and brother of Thelma: Liver Disease

Kgotso Katoma 9.5.2015 Beloved son of Tsholo Katoma: Miscarriage

Shaun Sealey 10.5.1960 Beloved son of Romaine Sealey and brother of Janice: Motor Vehicle Accident

Katleho Ntsoeng 10.5.2007 Beloved grandson of Doreen Mbana: Brain Tumour

Jared Morris 10.5.1991 Beloved son of Pamela & Clive Morris and brother of Kayla, Jayde, Robbie: Unknown

Jared Morris 10.5.1991 Beloved grandson of Sandy Sher: Unknown

Blyde Van Den Bergh 12.5.1981 Beloved daughter of Wessel and Jeanne Van Den Bergh and sister of Wessel, Corni and Laetitia: Motor Vehicle Accident

Albert Swart 14.5.1985 Beloved son of Greer Swart and brother of Juanita, Shane and John: Motor Vehicle Accident

Lesego Resha 14.5.1991 Beloved daughter of Thandi Resha & Nkulumo Mdluli: Motor Vehicle Accident

Luthando Nxesi 16.5.1984 Beloved son of Nombulelo Nxesi and brother of Lungelo and Xoliswa: Motor Vehicle Accident

Dawie Lotz 16.5.1967 Beloved son of Amanda and Tom Lotz: Suicide

Shane Pfister 18.5.1985 Beloved son of Paula Pfister and brother of Natasha: Motor Vehicle Accident

Alasdair Sheehan 18.5.1983 Beloved son of Gary and Helen Sheehan and brother of Michelle: Heart Attack

Phillipa Bayvel 21.5.1975 Beloved daughter of Paula and Coke Bayvel and sister of Brett: Asthma Attack

Daniel James 22.5.1994 Beloved grandson of Pearl Theophilus: Suicide

Batya Segal-Jasven 23.5.2011 Beloved daughter of Lisa Segal and Larry Jasven and sister of Leah: Stillborn

Bongi Makhanya 23.5.1971 Beloved son of Lerato Makhanya: Illness

Ryan Glanville 24.5.1974 Beloved son of Bobby and Cherril Glanville and brother of Bonita: Motor Vehicle Accident

Samuel Phalafala 25.5.1973 Beloved son of Jane and Michael Phalafala and brother of Albert: Homicide

Londiwe Sithole 25.5.1988 Beloved daughter of Elizabeth and Israel Moyo and sister of Sindi, Sanele, Patricia: Stroke

Angus Ananmalay 26.5.1975 Beloved son of Roseline Ananmalay and brother of Marilyn, Marlon and Anne: Motor Vehicle Accident

Dean Beets 27.5.1992 Beloved son of Dick Beets & Monita Pieterse and brother of Dirk & Madelein: Motor Vehicle Accident

Peter Nagel 28.5.2014 Beloved son of Marzanne & Peter Nagel: Medical Reasons

Matthew Bowes 29.5.1974 Beloved son of Megan Bowes and brother of Lauren: Medical

Ruan De Bruin 29.5.1990 Beloved son of Estelle and Jeremi De Bruin and brother of Wesley and Josh: Suicide

Phethiso Morojele 30.5.2000 Beloved son of Hlonipha and Mphethi Morojele and brother of Mofana: Road Accident

Our children loved, missed and remembered - Anniversaries – May 2016

Richard Colsen 1.5.2001 Beloved son of Peter and Clare Colsen and brother of Karin and Julia: Plane Accident

Daniel James 3.5.2014 Beloved grandson of Pearl Theophilus: Suicide

Tal Shahar 4.5.2015 Beloved son of Margaret Shahar: Suicide

Gerbrand De Wet 4.5.2012 Beloved son of Phillis and Jannie De Wet and brother of Herman: Motor Vehicle Accident

Julian Westoll 8.5.2013 Beloved son of Lesley and Neville Smithers and brother of Sarah: Suicide

Madeleine Boulle 8.5.2013 Beloved daughter of Euodia Boulle and sister of Jerome and Alana: Cancer

Nicole Bekker 9.5.2014 Beloved daughter of Jacqueline De Le Porte: Cancer

Kgotso Katoma 9.5.2015 Beloved son of Tsholo Katoma: Miscarriage

Stephen Hemp 10.5.1994 Beloved son of Rodger and Doreen Hemp and brother of Robby and Debby: Suicide

Darren Taylor 11.5.2003 Beloved son of Maureen Taylor and brother of Nicole: Homicide

Rosanne (Zanna) Fletcher 11.5.2004 Beloved daughter of Dave and June Fletcher and sister of Lynton: Motor Vehicle Accident

Atlarelang Tlangi Modiba 12.5.2015 Beloved Son of Johanna Modiba & Megyver Ngobeni and brother of Oratilwe Kefentse Modiba: Pneumonia

Henry Woods 13.5.1995 Beloved son of Vernon Woods: Motor Accident

Moses Badirwang Majadetsa 13.5.205 Beloved son of Elisa Majadetsa: TB/HIV

Liam Nicholas Johnston 14.5.2006 Beloved son of Belinda and Mark Johnston and brother of Daniella and Kristin: SIDS

Craig Twilley 14.5.2015 Beloved brother of Kim and Gary Easter (Twilley): Cancer

Brendan Ruiters 16.5.1994 Beloved son of Jacqueline Becker (nee Ruiters): Suicide

Michael Letsosa 17.5.2015 Beloved son of Fara and Philip Letsosa: Burnt (Fire-fighter)

Thomas Garden 17.5.2003 Beloved son of Theresa and Keith Garden and brother of Daniel, James and Nicholas: Accident

Lethabo Patricia Chaba 18.5.2012 Beloved daughter of Lebo and Jimmy Chaba and sister of Tebo: Illness

Sibusiso Jerry Mphinga 18.5.2013 Beloved son of Maria Mphinga: Road Accident

Ashton Annamalay 19.5.2014 Beloved son of Sean & Pamie Annamalay: Leukaemia

Tamlyn Baker 21.5.2011 Beloved daughter of Lee and Graham Baker: Motor Vehicle Accident

Tamlyn Baker 21.5.2011 Beloved sister of Brendon Baker: Motor Vehicle Accident

Batya Segal-Jasven 23.5.2011 Beloved daughter of Lisa Segal and Larry Jasven and sister of Leah: Stillborn

Stuart Buchanan 24.5.1985 Beloved son of Innes and Marsha Buchanan and brother of Lee-Anne and Andrew: Illness - Typhoid

Alyssa Eagar 26.5.2014 Beloved daughter of Dunja and Jaco Eagar and sister of Jamie: Viral Pneumonia

Peter Nagel 27.5.2015 Beloved son of Marzanne & Peter Nagel: Medical Reasons

Mpho Molekwa 29.5.2015 Beloved son of Sanah Mabala Molekwa and Ronald Mabala: Mini Bus Accident

Eunice Rabothata 30.5.2012 Beloved daughter of Nancy Mogolosi: Breast Cancer

Love Gifts Given

In memory of Thomas Garden by Theresa and Keith Garden and Daniel, James and Nicholas.

In memory of Nikki Reabow by Glen Reabow

In memory of Henry Woods by Vernon Woods

In memory of Richard Colsen by Peter and Claire Colsen and Karin and Julia

In memory of Steve Baily by Jenny and Allen Baily and Bianca

In memory of Kieren, Joshua and Patrick Mayes by Maureen Mayes

In memory of Jean-Pierre Kotze by Luzette and Pierre Kotze



The Compassionate Friends Johannesburg Chapter

ANKING DETAILS: The Compassionate Friends, First National Bank –

NB: Please remember to put your name (and what you are paying for) as a reference when you deposit money into TCF's account

Saturday 30 th April 14h00 – 16h00	Suicide Support Group at 122 Athol Street, Highlands North.	Facilitators: Kate Shand; Marcel Hatzis-Hugli; Isabel Ferreira. 011440 6322
Saturday, 1 May at 10:00 – 12.00	Coffee and Sharing Meeting at 11 Andre Street, President Ridge, Randburg (above The Brightwater Commons)	Facilitator: Gladys Gagliardi 011-787-7876 or 084-500-5440
Saturday, 8 May at 14:00 for 14:30	Monthly Meeting at TCF Centre, 122 Athol Street, Highlands North	Speaker : Isabel Ferreira : A Mother's Journey
Saturday, 8 May at 14:00	Lenasia Coffee and Sharing Meeting please contact Roseline for address.	Counsellor: Roseline Ananmalay 084-556-4616
Every Friday 10.30 - 12.30	At TCF Centre, 122 Athol Street, Highlands North	Host – Ntuthu Radebe 076 975 5840

Current Counsellors

Isabel Ferreira: 082-335-8593	Debbie James 062 423 4164
Maureen Conway: 011-802-2805 or 082-452-4490 (Siblings)	Roseline Ananmalay: 084-556-4616
Jabu Mpungose: 082-548-9604	Coralie Deas 083-524-7016
Ntuthu Radebe 082-741-5761	

Friends of The Compassionate Friends, Johannesburg	We are compiling a list of all our longstanding members who we hope will help us with Fund Raising, Events and Functions	If you would like to participate, please let Debbie James, Chapter Leader know on 011-440-6322 or info.tcf@web.co.za
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INFORMATION ABOUT THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

We are a Charity Organization and our aim is to help bereaved parents, siblings and grandparents cope with their loss. Our services are free of charge for the first year. (Starting from the first time you made contact with us at TCF). Thereafter if you would like to continue participating in our activities, we ask for a fee (Subscription) of R250 per annum

You can also sponsor a page in our Newsletter at R100 per page or R50 per half page.

A LOVE GIFT can be any amount of money you would like to donate in memory of your child.

We are looking forward to your participation in putting together our Newsletters by writing your own story. Send your story to TCF at the beginning of the month and we will do our best to publish it. We would like to support you in your grief journey. Writing brings healing.

Contact the office to set up an appointment with any of our Counsellors for one-to-one sessions.

If you know of any organization (schools, hospitals, work places) that would benefit from our services at TCF, please inform them about our work. Often people do not know what to say or do or how they can help someone who has lost a child or a sibling. Our contact details are in the Newsletter.