

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Offering friendship and understanding to Bereaved Parents, Siblings and Grandparents

Johannesburg Chapter

October 2016

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My Dear Friends

There is no hierarchy of suffering. We all have our own traumatic and often lonely path to traverse when tragedy strikes. Of course grief and death comes to us all but the loss of our child has to be undeniably the most catastrophic of suffering.

Our children have been taken from us in all sorts of circumstances, and each and every devastating loss is an agonising tragedy to you as their parent. From illness to accident; from stillbirth to miscarriage; from suicide to homicide; from abortion to drowning; we emotionally bleed and have to grapple with our agony. Certainly some losses without doubt spawn 'complicated' grief depending on the circumstances of death, but for each and every parent who has to deal with this violation of the natural cycle of life, there is no easy road.

While the experience of grief and loss is universal, transcending culture and class, the grieving process is a very individual and personal experience. It is an error to assume that there may be less attachment, for instance, to an infant than to an older child, as for all your legacy has been cruelly expunged. Some grief may not be as socially acknowledged as it should, making for invisible, isolating loss. For example, gay couples may have less support from those who disapproved them becoming parents in the first place; or a teen having fallen pregnant by 'mistake'; maybe a grandparent isolated on the periphery.

I remember standing bereft in the hospital car park, having had to relinquish my toddler as he grew cold, and a well-meaning friend told me I would be ok as I could have 'another one'. I wailed in despair and to this day, I have never forgotten that terrible feeling of wanting my dead child back again, not a replacement.

But in time, it is possible to move from victims to empowered survivors. "You lose someone you can't live without, and your heart will be badly broken, and the bad news is that you never completely get over the loss of your beloved. But this is also the good news. They live forever in your broken heart that doesn't seal back up. And you come through. It's like having a broken leg that never heals perfectly—that still hurts when the weather gets cold, but you learn to dance with the limp." Anne Lamott

With love,

Stephanie Jeans, MA Counselling

Psychotherapist & Clinical Supervisor

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*October is National
Pregnancy &
Infant Loss
Awareness Month*



We apologise most sincerely should there be any errors or omissions. Please let us know.

BIRTHDAYS

Danie Van Zyl 1.10.1990 - Beloved son of Alida Van Zyl and brother of Hannes: Motor Vehicle Accident

Graeme Johnson 2.10.1981 - Beloved son of Cedric & Margaret and brother of Luzal: Motor Vehicle Accident

Lehlogonolo Mpuru 3.10.1971 - Beloved son of Ruth Mpuru and brother of Moeti, Katlego, Anto, Mmemi and Mpolokeng: Road Accident

Mpendulo Manana 6.10.1982 - Beloved son of Tholakele Dlamini and brother of Hlobisi Dlamini: Kidney Failure

Henry Woods 6.10.1962 - Beloved son of Vernon Woods: Motor Accident

Thandiwe Gqeba 6.10.2009 - Beloved daughter of Mbulelo and Pulane Gqeba and sister of Vuyolwethu and Mbalent: Stillborn

Alissa Strydom 7.10.2014 - Beloved daughter of Lisa Strydom: Medical Complications

Koketso Ggoloma 7.10.1990 - Beloved son of Thembisile Ggoloma: Suicide

Samantha Mfeka 7.10.2012 - Beloved daughter of Claribel Mfeka and Sam Chauke and sister of Thobani, Thandeke, Mandy: Natural Causes

Trevor Conway 9.10.1954 - Beloved brother of Maureen Conway: Motor Vehicle Accident

Brett Fitzgerald 10.10.1975 - Beloved son of Gerald and Sandra Fitzgerald and brother of Craig and Greg: Cancer

Siobhan Smit 11.10.1991 - Beloved daughter of Karin de Roubaix: Road Accident

James Haybittel 15.10.1992 - Beloved son of Debbie Haybittel-James: Down Syndrome - Heart Surgery

Shephard Moyo 17.10.1989 - Beloved son of Celia Moyo: Homicide

Jeffrey Stomberg 20.10.1987 - Beloved son of Grace & Moses Stomberg and brother of Dorah & Rebecca:

Bongani Radebe 21.10.1969 - Beloved son of Bella Radebe and brother of Sibongile, Francis and Noma: Natural Causes

Mpho Khumalo 23.10.1987 - Beloved son of Sannah Khumalo: Natural Causes

Julian Westoll 23.10.1977 - Beloved son of Lesley and Neville Smithers and brother of Sarah: Suicide

Linda Chibwe 25.10.2013 - Beloved daughter of Isaac and Linda Chibwe and sister of Leah: Respiratory Illness

Wesley Meyjes 25.10.1980 - Beloved son of Barbara and Renier Meyjes and brother of Miles, Nick and Amy: Pneumonia

Elizabeth Clowes 25.10.1972 - Beloved daughter of Richard and Jennifer Clowes: Drowning

Neo Vusumuzi Thwala Seeco 26.10.2015 - Beloved son of Thandeka Seeco: Stillborn

Douglas Pearce 28.10.1974 - Beloved son of Maryanne & Roderick Pearce and brother of Nigel & Father of Nicole: Homicide Road Rage

Amoule Amandebele Mabena 28.10.2015 - Beloved daughter of Nonhlanhla Phetla: Natural causes

Lionel Dirmeik 29.10.1970 - Beloved son of Rosemary Dirmeik: Suicide

Maddison Nelson 30.10.2010 - Beloved daughter of Jenny & Eamon Nelson and sister of Morgan (Female): Illness

ANNIVERSARIES

Eli Grobblor 2.10.2014 - Beloved son of Sadiyah and Marcus Grobblor: Cot Death

Andre Jacques Joubert 4.10.2011- Beloved son of Alida Joubert and brother of Nickoll & Monique: Drowning

Thandiwe Gqeba 6.10.2009 - Beloved daughter of Mbulelo and Pulane Gqeba and sister of Vuyolwethu and Mbalent: Stillborn

Angus De Wet 7.10.1994 - Beloved son of Elspeth De Wet and brother of Pippa, Fiona and Peter: Suicide

Tyne Lankwarden 9.10.2014 - Beloved daughter of Angela Lankwarden: Cancer

Siobhan Smit 10.10.2012 - Beloved daughter of Karin de Roubaix: Road Accident

Christopher Couremetis 10.10.2010 - Beloved son of Judy and Costas Couremetis and brother of Michael: Homicide

Richard Germishuys 10.10.2012 - Beloved son of Francois and Belinda Germishuys: Suicide

Renska Koetenenbert 12.10.2006 - Beloved daughter of Neels and Annet Koetenenbert and sister of Ferdi and Mariet: Cancer

Daniel Matolo 13.10.2009 - Beloved son of Sarah Mahoko and brother of Thato Matolo: Suicide

Donovan Lester Naicker 14.10.1995 - Beloved son of Joey Chame

Garth Geldenhuys 14.10.1995 - Beloved son of Neville and Joan Geldenhuys and brother of Andrew, Veronica and Barbara: Homicide - Gun

Jodie Furman 17.10.2014 - Beloved daughter of Ivor and Helen Furman: Motor Vehicle Accident

Hein Van Zyl 18.10.2009 - Beloved son of Gayle Van Zyl and brother of Karen and Rene: Died in his Sleep

Thandeka Sikhakhane 20.10.2014 - Beloved daughter of Lillian Sikhakhane and sister of Christopher and Londiwe: Sick (Illness)

Mark Daniel Kriel 21.10.2008 - Beloved son of Mike and Felicity Kriel and brother of Chris: Aeroplane Crash

Estelle Alridge 22.10.2014 - Beloved daughter of Michelle & Richard Clarke and sister of Rejan Martin, Michelle Alridge: Brain Stem Tumour

Moyra Ncube 24.10.2015 - Beloved sister of Lucia Ncube and sister of Labina and Nokuthu: Lupus

Samantha Mfeka 25.10.2014 - Beloved daughter of Claribel Mfeka and Sam Chauke and sister of Thobani, Thandeke, Mandy: Natural Causes

Mark Armitage 26.10.2009 - Beloved son of Minou and Trevor Armitage and brother of Patrick and Sylei: Suicide

Lenny Marx 26.10.1990 - Beloved son of Joe and Irene Marx and brother of Ellana, Karen, Martin and Charles: Suicide

Gaseitsiwe Shago 26.10.2000 - Beloved daughter of Naomi Shago and sister of Mathabo: Homicide

Neo Vusumuzi Thwala Seeco 26.10.2015 -Beloved son of Thandeka Seeco: Stillborn

Bryan Simms 28.10.2012 - Beloved husband of Lillian Simms and Father of Stephen and Clair Moller: Aeroplane Accident

Rob Simms 28.10.2012 - Beloved son of Lillian Simms and brother of Stephen and Clair: Aeroplane Accident

Martin May 28.10.2014 - Beloved son of Molly May: Blow force injuries of chest

Amoule Amandebele Mabena 28.10.2015 - Beloved daughter of Nonhlanhla Phetla: Natural causes

Elizabeth Nomvula Ndaba 29.10.2012 - Beloved daughter of Roseline and Mandla Mbatha and sister of Sibusiso, Simthe, Sne: Meningitis

Oneillwe Mofulatsi 29.10.2009 - Beloved son of Nthabiseng Mofulatsi: Suicide

Benefits of Grief Support Groups

By [Patti Cox](#)



After the loss of a loved one, we experience a wide variety of feelings and emotions. The ever-changing emotions we experience with grief can catch us off guard, causing us to act out of character, or differently than our typical personality and demeanour.

We all need a support system to help us as we move through our grief journey. While family and friends are vital, unless they have experienced a close personal loss, they most likely don't fully "get it." That is where support groups can become a valuable resource. In a support group, you will find 10 or so new comrades also living life after loss.

Grief support groups offer companionship and understanding from others who have experienced a similar loss, and are experiencing the similar challenges that living with grief brings.

In a culture that often avoids talking about loss, support groups give you the opportunity to share your story openly and guilt-free. You also have the opportunity to hear the stories of others and talk about coping day-to-day, as well as on the most difficult days of our grief journeys.

If you are looking for a support system in your grief journey, you should consider support groups. You will likely find the following things there:

Emotional and physical support in a safe and non-judgmental environment.

Support and understanding from others who have experienced a similar loss.

The opportunity to begin the healing process through sharing your own story and hearing the stories of others.

Coping skills to help you through the most difficult days of your grief journey.

Hope through companionship with people who "get it" and understand first-hand what you're going through.

The opportunity to discover new traditions and ideas to keep loved ones present in your hearts and in your memories.

Increased understanding of how children and other family members react to loss.

Permission to grieve and permission to live a happy productive life.

The most important thing is – take care of yourself. Should you choose to do so by seeking out the support of a grief group, or connecting one-on-one with a counsellor or therapist, remember to take care of yourself

Grief is a life-long journey. Continue to seek out the resources you need to live a healthy, happy life.

TCF has a suicide support group on the last Saturday of every month.

Other support groups would be arranged if members are interested – let us know.....

When a child you carry in your womb for nearly six months stops moving; when a small tiny life ceases to have breath; when all that you were looking forward to is extinguished; life changes in those moments.

A quiet death has taken place. At first not even noticed. Without any warning, an umbilical cord has wrapped itself around this wee infant in the silent world of the unborn.

This was to be our fifth child. We were the parents of three sons. We had, only months earlier adopted our first daughter from Korea. Anna was almost one when we met her at the airport, with other adoptive parents, each of us to meet the child we had eagerly been waiting for. What an amazing way to receive this precious gift. First girl, after three boys.

We never thought we could have any more children, and amazingly after Anna's adoption, I became pregnant. What a surprise. And in many ways difficult. I now had a new baby girl, and she and I needed bonding time. She had travelled from a place quite different than where she was now. We needed to get to know each other, yet I began to be very sick with the early stages of pregnancy. I was 37, and so my body was in a different season of life than when I gave birth in my twenties.

It was a stressful time, and a joyous one also. I had always wanted a house full of kids as I was an only child myself. And was our home a busy place! With a fifteen, thirteen, eight, and now a one year old I had my hands very full, and very happy.

On an ordinary day in August, as I was out shopping, I felt a strange almost jerking sensation in my now large abdomen. I had an even stranger feeling that even now it is difficult to explain — almost as if something deep within me was leaving. It was only a brief moment, and while it startled me, I really did not connect it in any way at the time to anything serious.

Later that evening, as I was moving about, it occurred to me that I had not felt the baby moving. This was not too unusual, as our little one was not very active as the others had been.

I went to bed, and early the next morning, I was aware that something was very wrong. I could feel no movement, and I felt the taste of fear rise in my throat.

Later, seated in front of the ultrasound machine, it became apparent that our baby had died.

My first response was just disbelief. I heard, but it didn't impact my senses. How could this be? I only had three months left, and now the doctor was trying to gently explain to me that my child, still safe in my womb, was no longer living.

And he explained, that the baby would have to be delivered, and I would have to have a certain procedure done before the labour could be induced. And none of it sounded pleasant, but frightening.

My head was spinning, listening to what was ahead of me. Actually, as I recount that horrible time, it is hard to remember how I responded exactly. I do know that I prayed, and I do know that God was near to me, and that I was casting myself upon His Mercy, to enable me to go through this door of grief.

Now years later, and having gone through the death of our oldest son, I was able to draw upon this experience. I was able to go through a greater grief, remembering this chapter in my life.

The time came for our baby to be born. I had never had induced childbirth. It was a difficult birth. And when the baby, a girl, was born, my heart was broken into pieces.

We named her Amy Desiree. She weighed one pound, and was fourteen inches long. Everyone in the birthing room was sad. I was crying. This was not the way it was supposed to be, and yet it was.

I stayed in the hospital for several days. People came to see me. The nurses were quiet around me.

My children at home needed me. My husband had suffered loss. Our parents as well. One tiny life we never got to know and she had affected us all.

What was God saying to me in all this? I began to think of others I knew about in similar situations, and how I never imagined what it meant to have a stillborn child. STILL BORN, I thought of the word. Born Still. Born not alive.

And yet, and yet, the child was still born! The baby was a real person, and was created. Her life did matter. Beating in that tiny heart for a short time here on earth, yet alive in another place for all Eternity. She entered the world only to leave it, yet one day we knew we would meet her.

For the Christian, there is hope. This world is not all there is. Yes, in the days ahead there was sadness. But it wasn't a hopeless grief.

Since then I've learned that grief can separate you. What I needed was just to talk, and for someone to just listen, and let me pour out. Some were uncomfortable with this. And yet there were those who listened. But overall, it was a lonely journey.

In my life, I try to not let sorrow become wasted, but to utilize my hurts and turn them into compassion, empathy, and greater understanding of the pain of others. Our baby was born silently, quietly, but for us her family, never to be forgotten

Things to Know When Your Friend Loses a Baby

[Studies](#) show that complicated grief may arise after miscarriage, stillbirth or neonatal death. This can be generally described as grief or depression that lasts for an extended period of time and impedes general functioning regarding daily tasks and outlook.

It is clear that one hallmark for the emergence of complicated grief is a lack of social support. In the demographic of childbearing women, those who suffer perinatal loss may struggle mightily, coping with many aspects of loss, including depression and child-envy. "These women often struggle to make contact with friends or family members who have children or who are at the same stage of pregnancy as that at which the loss was suffered. Difficulty coping with these feelings and continuous avoidance often leads to isolation of these mothers.

Perinatal loss is recognized as a traumatic event. Mourning loss is healthy. It promotes integration of normal and understandable grief. When women are unable to access helpful social networks, however, complicated grief may present. This creates social isolation for women at precisely the moment when support would be most valuable. The sadness that women can feel about loss is not linked to the gestational age of their baby at loss. No one can know the back story to a pregnancy, nor should anyone guess at or judge the unique bonding experience that begins at different points for different women.

Speaking as a baby loss mom, I can say that the loneliness I felt in a peer group after the stillbirth of my son was profound. I understand that it took a kind of courage and tenacity to be with me in those early days. I know now that it was killingly hard to just bear witness to my steeping in a potent brew of guilt, fear, and sadness. I remember one friend, crying into the phone to my brother, pouring out all her love to me: "I wish it were me," she said. At the same moment as my broken heart surged with love for her, I knew absolutely that I would lie down in traffic to prevent her from experiencing what I was experiencing.

Lori Mullins Ennis, Owner and Editor of *Still Standing Magazine* <http://stillstandingmag.com/>, recalls the loss of her son Matthew, who died unexpectedly at 1 day old following a decade-long battle with infertility: "[M]y friends wanted desperately to 'relate' to me, but they just couldn't. Their words of, 'I can't imagine,' were so true — they couldn't, and because their worst imagination didn't even compare to my every-day reality, even my closest relationships were somewhat awkward."

Women are often socialized to value and rely upon peer groups. However, when a peer group is also a mom set and a woman has just experienced baby loss in the form of miscarriage, stillbirth or neonatal death, seeking solace in a group feels complicated. Writes Dr. Julie Bindeman, "[G]enerally speaking, with loss comes a time of taking stock ... when it comes to pregnancy and infant loss, this reflection not only happens to the parents, but to their community." <http://reconceivingloss.com/reconceiving-friendships/>

This is what I wish I could have said. This is what I say now to the friends and family of a woman mourning baby loss. Your efforts to stay with her matter and your willingness to remain with her in grief will transform her grieving process and help her heal.

Don't be distracted by living children. I have never believed that the phrase "child envy" conveys what I felt about the children of my friends and family. Certainly there is an indescribable pain associated with the absence of our own children, but the phrase child envy leads with an overtone of resentment. This I never felt. The pain I felt was, I suppose, a distant cousin to resentment, but it can be more accurately described as a self-inflicted wound. It faced inward, not outward. The closer you were to me, the greater the possibility that you would touch the blade. Certainly, there was my absence reflected in your presence but this created a sharp relief and a beauty too. Although it hurt me sometimes to look — it felt like looking at the sun — make no mistake, I felt your children were beautiful and allowed me the gift of hope. I just could not call it that yet.

I wish I had been better able to convey the depth of thanks I felt towards all of you who tried to navigate the extreme awkwardness that being my friend necessarily involved. I was living in a daily minefield of confusion, despair, and then unexpected momentary reprieves. Think of a head submerged in water and then oxygen. Even when you did not know you were the oxygen, you were the oxygen.

I am in awe of you, my friend, who kept showing up. I am humbled by your ability to translate the things I could not — specifically those of you who did not take personally my lack of affect or the fact that nothing seemed to help. Your presence did help.

Many of my friendships were left in shreds and this I deeply regret. I know the damage is done. I hold in my heart for you still the love and the gratitude I wish I could better have expressed. I miss the bond we shared, but the memory of it lives in me still. Tara Shafer

Grief seems at first to destroy not just all patterns, but also to destroy a belief that a pattern exists.

–Julian Barnes

This half page is lovingly sponsored by Joe, Irene, Ellana, Karen, Martin and Charles Marx in loving memory of their son and brother, Lenny Marx.

We have launched our new website – www.compassionatefriends.co.za – please go and have a look and give us your feedback. Please send us your child/sibling's picture so that we can add them to our wall of remembrance.

Have you “liked” our page on Facebook?

The Unique Loneliness of Grief <http://www.whatsyourgrief.com/unique-loneliness-grief/>

Most people don't think in depth about the idea of loneliness. Loneliness is one of those concepts we assume we know. We equate it to the very definable concept of being alone, which means “without other people”, and thanks to “lonely people” archetypes — like *the spinster with 10 cats* and *the misunderstood teenager* — we think we know exactly what loneliness looks like. The trouble is, loneliness is actually subjective (i.e. different from person to person), so there's no way anyone can *truly* know what it looks like. In the [Encyclopaedia of Mental Health \(1998\)](#) researchers Daniel Perlman and Letitia Anne Peplau define loneliness as,

“The subjective psychological discomfort people experience when their network of social relationships is significantly deficient in either quality or quantity.”

In other words, loneliness occurs when a person's social relationships don't meet their interpersonal needs or desires. I want you to note, the above definition says nothing about the state of being alone, and rather that loneliness is a feeling of discomfort that arises when a person subjectively feels unfulfilled by their social relationships.

Loneliness is dependent on what a person “needs and desires” and this measure is personal and varies drastically from one individual to the next. Based on this definition we see that prototypical characterizations of “loneliness” are misguided. Individual loneliness is defined by what a person wants in contrast to what they have. So whether a person has 100 great family and friends, if they long for something or someone they don't have —like an intimate partner, a friend they can open up to, a group of people who “get them”, a family, etc — they are liable to feel lonely.

“Something or someone they don't have....”

If you're grieving you may feel this has become the story of your life. There are aspects of bereavement that make loneliness seem inevitable and unsolvable. Primarily, the fact that what you *desire* is your loved one and what you *have* is an emptiness molded so specifically to your loved one's likeness that no one else could ever fill it.

People who are grieving are at a disadvantage when it comes to loneliness because the person they long for is forever gone. I've come to understand that loneliness after the death of a loved one is many things. Above all else, it's the ache of having loved someone so much that pieces of you became them and pieces of them became you. When they were taken from this Earth a piece of you, your heart, and your history went with them and you were left behind to live a life that feels forever incomplete.

Now that your loved is gone there are parts of you that no longer make sense; the roles you both filled, the jokes and memories you shared, their part of the routine. What do you do with all these things now that your loved one is gone? If the common experience of feeling misunderstood and alienated in grief weren't enough, you have now lost one of the few people in this world who really truly “got” you. You feel alone in a world full of a people...you feel lonely.

Not to make things seem worse, but once your brain starts thinking in an “*I'm on my own so I have to look out for myself*” kind of way, it may be primed to guard against others by interpreting their actions negatively and by pushing them away. When this happens feelings of loneliness, you guessed it, can perpetuate feelings of loneliness.

The loneliness of grief is not easily solved. It takes time and effort. Hardest of all, it requires acceptance. In order to lessen the loneliness you have to find a way to accept what simply *is* and find fulfilment in the reality available to you. You will never fill your loved one's void that simply won't happen. Instead, you have to work slowly, slowly to fill in the abyss.

How do you do this? I sadly can't answer that for you. I guess I would say that, when ready, open yourself up to the love of people in your life. You don't have to let go of your loved one, but simultaneously decide to accept the company and support of others and maybe, if necessary, seek out new people in the process. It won't be easy and it won't be perfect, but perhaps in time the hole left by your loved one will be filled by the love of many.

Anne is a mother of a child who completed suicide – she has a blog – following is one of her posts –with her website address if you would like to read more or follow her.

<https://losingachildtosuicide.org.uk/> **Torn between remembering and forgetting Posted on November 2, 2014**

This is the conversation that goes on in my head quite regularly.

"I feel OK, today quite content really. I feel quite happy, life is good."

"But how can you possibly be happy? Your son is dead. You can't possibly be happy? What kind of mother are you? Didn't you love him enough? You should be devastated, grief stricken, unable to go on"

I look at his photo, but I don't connect his image with grief and despair, on the contrary, I usually smile and say "Hello Toby" and kiss my finger and place it on his forehead on the picture.

Then the thoughts start. I start remembering how awful it is that my son is dead, and if I really sat down and allowed myself to go there I would be grief stricken and unable to go on, but I don't allow it.

I allow myself to feel happy; I don't really connect the two things. It kind of drives me mad, but this is normal for me now.

This feeling torn between forgetting and feeling happy and remembering and feeling bad. If I don't think about how awful it is all the time, does that mean it isn't that bad, am I a bad mother?

No of course not, but we do live in a society where we are constantly judging each other whether we want to admit it or not.

I can't explain very well what I am trying to say, I know I never imagined I could ever have a happy life without a healthy happy Toby in it. Toby was my world, my everything, my Universe, my beautiful boy. How could life ever go on without him?

All I can tell you is I believe in the incredible power of the human spirit to cope with the most terrible tragedy and survive, it is like our liver, we can slice it in half but it will recover and regenerate, and though it will never be as good as new it allows us to function.

So my psyche tells me I can't possibly feel happy, and yet I do and I know if Toby was here, he would give me some Toby wisdom and would probably say, "This is really shit, and I'm sorry Mum, but I want you to be happy, don't live in misery because of what I have done, that was never my intention"

When my Mum died I read a classic poem by Christina Rossetti which expresses the sentiment beautifully

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

**Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad**



Please send us your stories to be included in future newsletters....

We would also like to know what workshops you would like us to hold next year.....

What kind of speakers you would like to have at the monthly meetings.....

Our Mission Statement - THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS is a mutual self-help organisation offering friendship, counselling and understanding to bereaved parents and siblings. – We would like hear from you.

Do you have a My School/Village/Planet Cards –...THANK YOU. Please apply for your card today.

Thank you..... Thank you to the people who pay their subs –

Thank you..... Thank you to the people who pay a monthly debit order to TCF

Thank you..... Thank you to the people who bring cakes and eats to the meetings

Thank you..... Thank you to the people who have paid donations and love gifts

Thank you..... Thank you to all our "MY SCHOOL/My Village card holders...

Walk of Love.....<http://www.rietvleilifestylecentre.co.za/web/index.asp>

Our Walk of love will be held on the 22nd of October at the Rietvlei Lifestyle Centre. It will start at 10am. You will need to register at the entrance (so please come a bit early), sign an indemnity form and pay a small entrance fee. We have hired a lapa. Please bring a packed picnic or meat to braai (there are limited facilities to braai so a portable braai is an option) and stay after the walk. If you would like to help with this event please contact the office....

Silicone Bangles - These are available from the office with "The Compassionate Friends – In Loving Memory" printed on them for R25.



DONATIONSTHANKYOU

**Christmas in July – Held at the
Indaba**

Dudu Fakudze

**Brian and Lola Marcus – a gift for us
in Lieu of their friend Derek
Dingwell's gift.**



Love Gifts.....

Given in memory of Richard Germishuys with love by Belinda and Francois Germishuys

Given in memory of Matthew Bowes with loves by Megan Bowes

***We are looking for sponsors for
the program, candles and flowers
for the Candle Lighting Service to
be held on the 16th November. If
you would like to sponsor any of
the above please call the office.
Thank You***

The Candle Lighting will be held at St. Columba's
Presbyterian Church

Address: 45 Lurgan Rd, Johannesburg, 2193

Please remember to bring a photo of your beloved
child/sibling to the service.

We look forward to seeing you there.

It's so curious: one can resist tears and 'behave' very well in the hardest hours of grief. But then someone makes you a friendly sign behind a window, or one notices that a flower that was in bud only yesterday has suddenly blossomed, or a letter slips from a drawer... and everything collapses.
–Colette

This page is lovingly sponsored by Judy, Costas and Michael Couremetis in loving memory of their son and brother Christopher Couremetis.

“It is now six years since you have gone and you are constantly in our thoughts. We love you always.
Mom dad and Michael”

The Compassionate Friends Johannesburg Chapter
Support Groups, Meetings and Events, for Bereaved Parents, Siblings and Grandparents
October 2016

Saturday, 1 October 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
No Meeting this month	Monthly Meeting at TCF Centre, 122 Athol Street, Highlands North	
Saturday 8 th October at 14:00	Lenasia Coffee and Sharing Meeting please contact Roseline for address.	Facilitator: Roseline Ananmalay 084-556-4616
SATURDAY 22 October 10am-	WALK FOR LOVE Walk of Love..... http://www.rietvleilifestylecentre.co.za/web/index.asp Please join us – even if you do not want to do the walk – bring your picnic basket and join us.	10AM – Entrance R35 – Bring a picnic basket
Saturday 29 th October 14h00 – 16h00	Suicide Support Group at 122 Athol Street, Highlands North	Facilitators: Kate Shand; Marcel Hatzis-Hugli 082 884 4085/082 724 5670
Every Friday 10.30 -12.30	Coffee At TCF Centre, 122 Athol Street, Highlands North	Facilitator: Ntuthu Radebe 076 975 5840

Support :

Isabel Ferreira: 082-335-8593

Maureen Conway: 011-802-2805 or 082-452-4490 (Siblings)

Jabu Mpungose: 063 077 2331

Ntuthu Radebe 082-741-5761

Marcel Hugli 082 724 5670 (Mr)

Elise Barnes 083 267 9465

Roseline Ananmalay: 084-556-4616

Coralie Deas 083-524-7016

Kate Shand 082 884 4085

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.

**BANKING DETAILS: The Compassionate Friends, First National Bank – Balfour Park,
Branch Code: 212217; Account No: 50360007395**

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