



Each and Every Day

Miracles are events that often seem astonishing. Frequently we think of them in religious terms—like the parting of the Red Sea, or bringing the dead back to life. Sometimes there are those who get carried away by asserting that a game winning Home Run, or last second touchdown, falls into the miraculous realm. For the remainder of this article I would like to discuss a miracle that took place in front of my eyes for 17 years. It happened every day with little fanfare and included scores of people.

It also involved things like love, commitment and community. This miraculous experience was so very special in an unspecial way.

My son, Dwight, left us February 21, 2019. He was 25 years old and passed surrounded by family and friends. Although losing him has been painful, Dwight's life offered many gifts and his very presence proved to be an extremely powerful one.

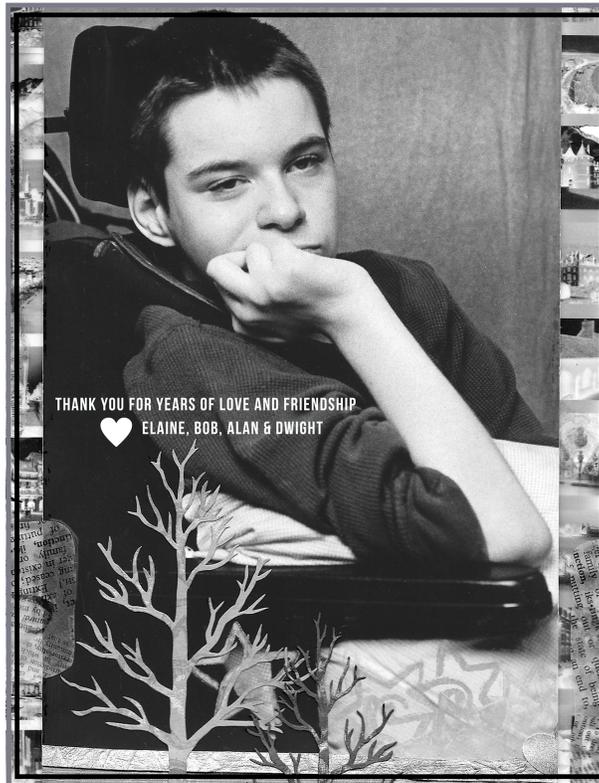
Leigh Syndrome is a rare Mitochondrial Disorder that in its most dangerous form kills many of those afflicted before two years old. This insidious illness progressively reduces cognitive and motor functions. Obviously, Dwight never got the memo. He lived well beyond expectations. How this happened has to do with the miracle I have been alluding to.

My wife, Elaine, working with dedicated nurses, wonderful medical professionals, supportive friends, family members, and lots of affection, created an environment that defied what was considered a *fait accompli*. When she and Alan (Dwight's biological father) realized that their beautiful son would never speak, walk or engage in things kids normally do, they were devastated. But, this devastation was short lived. Dwight received top medical care, schooling and

tremendous amounts of attention from family. Elaine's love for Dwight drove his care.

For 17 years I was witness to the power of love. Each day, Dwight was cared for, spoken to, and hugged. He also attended school (or a program), watched tv, went for rides, received visits, and was active in the community. For someone who would never speak—love spoke to him. For someone who would never walk (except early on with a walker) he traveled all over the state. His life was active and full.

Even though Dwight would be provided much devotion and care, he gave as much as received. No miracle would have happened had it not been for his courage, smile, laughter and world class hugs. He would be the focal point of family gatherings. He would also display a sense



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Birthday Remembrances

We celebrate the day they were born and hold them in our hearts forever.

August

Mary Elaine Ackaway
Nathaniel Robert Asselin
Christopher Robert Boone
Brandi Lyn Burgess
David Allan DeAlmeida
Robert Desmet
Gabriella Bella DiPalma
Dale Marie Erickson
Christopher Mark Leahey
Tamara Suzanne Meyer
Monika Krystyna Prus
Jason Alan Smith
Joshua Spinelli
John Taglione
Matthew A. Viegas
Justin Wilks

September

James Avitabile
Michael Beirne
Christine Marie Bernier
Stephanie Lynn Blum
David D. DeMoura
Traci L. DeMoura
Craig Robert Fregeau
Brian Lang
Daniel M. Malo
Matthew Marandola
Jordan M. Neves
Nathan Parker
Matthew Perry
Joan Elizabeth Plante
Jamie Rappaneau
Tyler Anthony Williams

October

Jessica Ahearn
Cody Johns Craynock
Arianna Davis Griffin
Rebecca C. Hopkins
Bradley Lawrence
Kameron Montanino
Kevin Munroe
Amy Prada
Marissa Salabert
Rose Block Shatz
Ethan Simpson
Alfred "A.D." Silvia, III
Wendy Smith
Kyla Vinacco

Correction: Jefry Berg was omitted from the June Birthday Remembrances in the last newsletter. We send our deep apologies to his family.



In Memory of Our Children

As long as we live, our children too shall live, for they are part of us in our memories. We lovingly remember the following children on Their Anniversary.



August

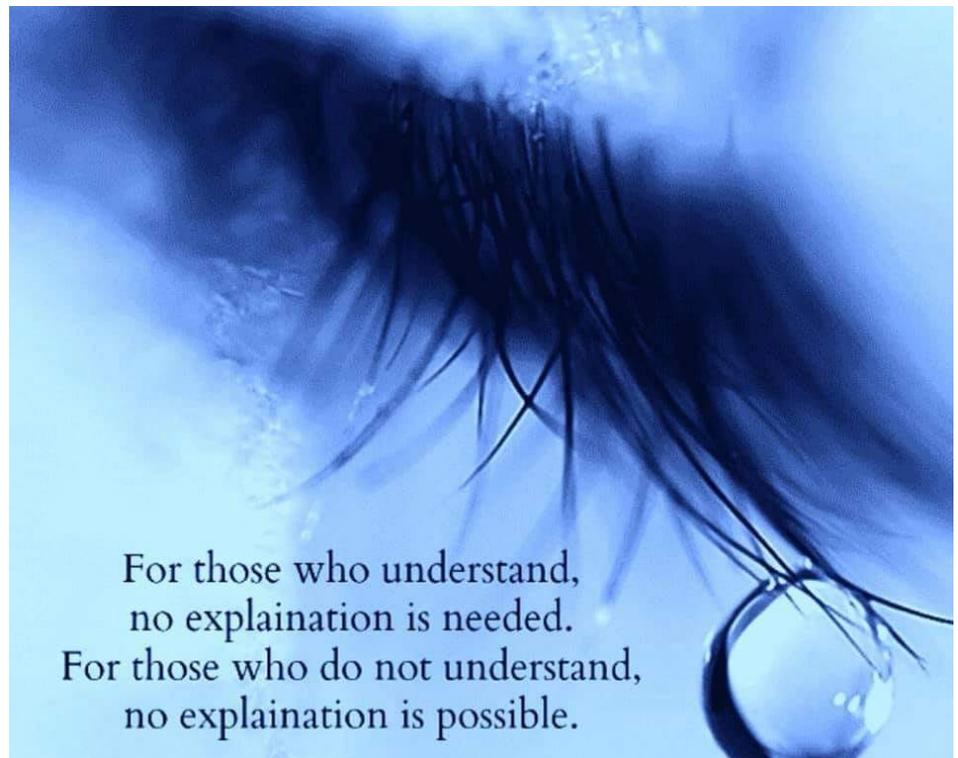
Joseph Allard
Steven R. Aubin
Patrick Avitabile
Donald Anthony Capasso
Matthew A. Cardillo
Cara Lynne Ciccone
Cody Johns Craynock
Gabriella Bella DiPalma
David W. Greenwood
Ryan N. Jennings
Thomas P. Kenney
Jason G. Naylor
Lauren Rose Norwood
Matthew Perry
Nicholas Pizetoski
Amy Prada
Melissa Rourke
Angela Rose Sbardella
Deborah Lee Serafin
Ethan Simpson
Jeffrey Swanson
Stephen Treistman
Matthew A. Viegas
Jonathan Blake Waxler
Jackson Weintraub

September

Jason David Bates
Leonidas Ashton Caruso
Peter Collins
Madelyn Getter
Amando Gomes
Arianna Davis Griffin
Kaisha Guerrini
Matthew Marandola
Emily Otrando
Joseph A. Pari
Marc Daniel Pinzon
Hayley Sanford
Daniel Erik Schuster
Brent Douglas Sheldon

October

Jessica Ahearn
Sebastian Cocco-Babcock
Eric Boyd
Anthony Stephen Casale
Miles Dodd
Craig Robert Fregeau
Brian Lang
Tamara Suzanne Meyer
Wendy Smith
Sam Oliver Stein
Justin Wilks



For those who understand,
no explanation is needed.
For those who do not understand,
no explanation is possible.

of humor that had a devilish side. Dwight's teachers, doctors and nurses adored him. He brought people together and this community, fueled by caring, sustained a protective umbrella that allowed him to thrive.

How do I describe this miracle? Certainly not by a single amazing event. No, this miracle has to be explained by the unwavering, consistent demonstration of love and devotion. A boy who was supposed to die around the age of



two made it to a quarter century. A boy who might have been judged by what he couldn't do died being remembered for having an amazing life. Dwight passed in the presence of loved ones. His funeral brought hundreds of people together to celebrate a life well lived. At the service it quickly became apparent that the miracle continues. Friends embraced, family shed tears and all promised to keep Dwight's spirit in their hearts. Many came expecting to grieve and even though that occurred, most left uplifted by the knowledge that love, like faith, can move mountains.

I have been a counselor for close to 40 years and have long realized that "human

connectedness" is an important ingredient for healthy living. This received an exclamation point when it came to Dwight. The community he, his mom, and others forged over the years demonstrated what love can do. All too often we think of miracles as distant aberrations. In my opinion, and experience, some miracles are within our power. I'll conclude by leaving you with a poem I wrote as part of Dwight's eulogy. It is called "He Never Walked A Mile" and hopefully it sums up the power of caring.

He Never Walked a Mile

*He never walked a mile
Or ever uttered words
But those of you who knew him
Know this boy was heard*

*His laughter spoke a language
Which reached many hearts
So know now in your grieving
Such joy cannot depart*

*He's with us in our caring
He's with us when we dream
He reminds us that in loving
Our souls will be redeemed*

*For Dwight brought friends together
And he made us better still
The love from God's gentle soul
Will warm the evening chill*

*So remember all of the moments
Those hugs and warm embrace
Cherish them in all you do
Make this world a better place*

*He's with us in our caring
He's with us when we dream
He reminds us that in loving
Our souls will be redeemed*

Today I wrote a note to a bereaved mother...

I wanted to say don't believe all those sympathy cards. The ones that say "time heals" and "God only takes the best" and "may your sorrows be lessened." You'll only be disappointed. I wanted to say this is the most heart-wrenching, chest crushing, breath stealing tragedy on earth. I wanted to tell her there will be days she wants to die, and friends who will not understand some of the things she does or says.

I wanted to tell her she will still feel her child's presence at times, sometimes so strongly that it is as if they are dancing just at the edge of whatever activity is going on. And other times she might not feel their presence at all.

I wanted to tell her that her life will not go back, that she will never be the same, because a piece of her left with her child. And that even though the pain does not go away, somehow her soul will eventually make enough room so she can hold it all- the grief, the pain, the joy and the love.

I wanted to tell her... but I didn't. Instead, I wrote this: I'm sending love, for words are pointless right now. And that is the truth.

—by Susi Costello
Shared by Hope's Seed



**The
Compassionate
Friends**
Supporting Family After a Child Dies



Rain falls because the clouds can no longer handle the weight.
Tears fall because the heart *can no longer handle the pain.*

- author unknown

LOVE Love Gifts

A Love Gift is a living memorial to your child. Usually given on birthdays, anniversaries of their deaths, holidays, or just to remember. Our thanks to the following for their generous donations.

Nicholas Hendee – Miss and Love you, Mom and Norm

Daniel Erik Schuster – Happy 40th Birthday! You are forever in my heart — Love you and miss you so much, Love, Mom

Marc Pinzon – Forever in our Hearts

Matthew Viegas – Happy Birthday — Love, Mom; On your second Anniversary I loved you your whole life, and will miss you the rest of mine, Love, Mom, Jim, and loving daughter Skylah

Daniel Coleman – You are missed and loved every day

Karen Michelle Young – We miss you KMY, Mom and Dad

Brian C. Lang – Love & Miss you soooo much. There are no words. Mom and Dad

Bradley Lawrence – We love and miss you so much and you are with us every day.

Christine McKay Chabot – So Love and so very Missed. Love, Mom

Jeffrey Joseph Berg – Happy Birthday with to You.

Sandi L. Igliazzi – Always in my prayers and thoughts, forever in my heart. I miss you so much, Love, Mom

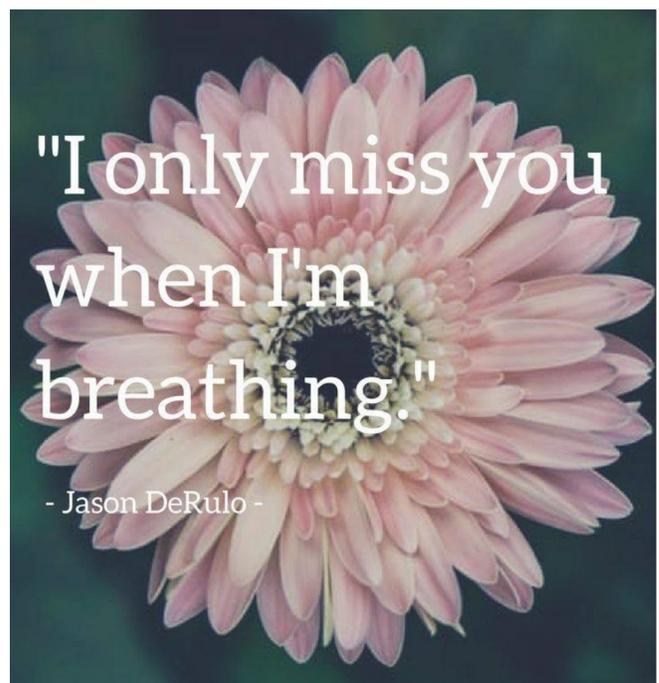
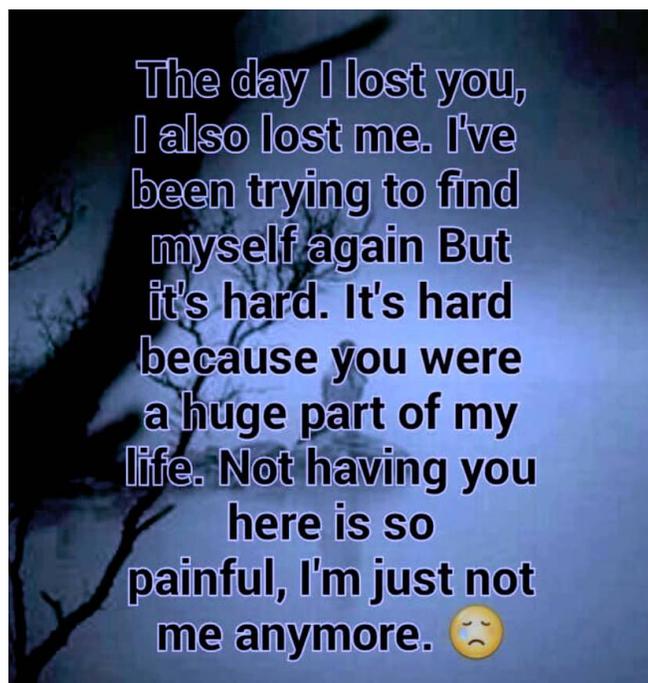
Nicole Meredith Reinert – We miss you so very much. We'll love you forever, Mom and Dad

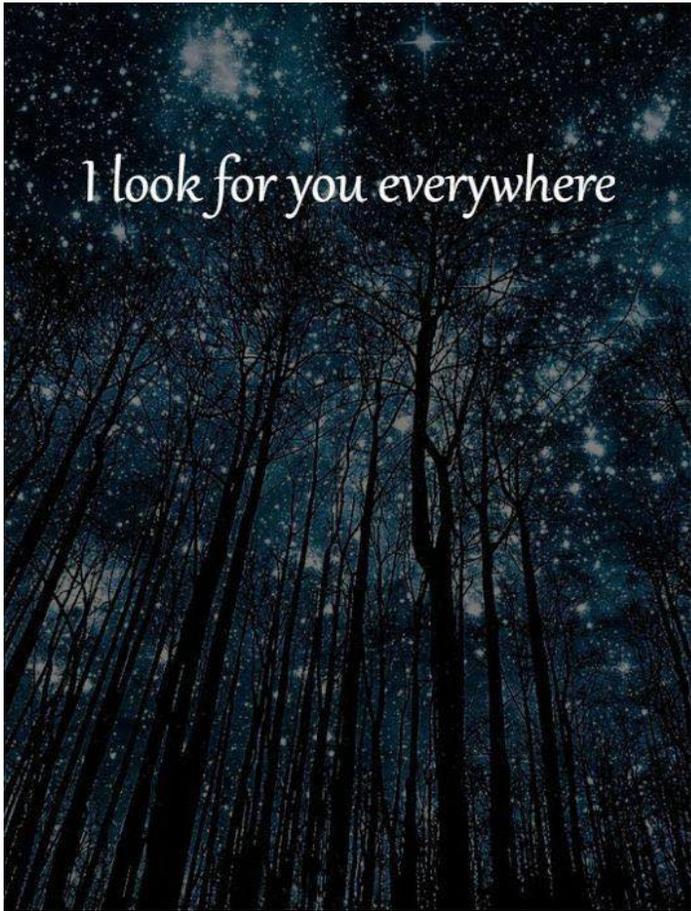
Justin Marron – Love and Missed each and every day, Mom

Ralph DiSiano – In your memory, Barbara A. Feeley

Tara Erin Tormey – Always Remembered and in Our Hearts Forever

Thank You for your donations in memory of Our Children.





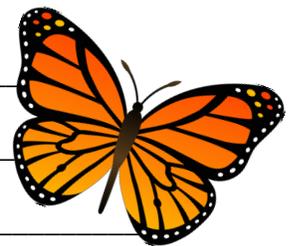
You Did Not Die

You live in the beautiful wind that blows.
 You live in the sound of birds that crow.
 You live in the sun that shines so bright.
 You live in the peaceful dark at night.
 You live in a star I see in the sky.
 You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide.
 You live in the smell of flowers and grass.
 You live in the summer that goes so fast.
 You live in my heart that hurts so much.

You did not die, we only lost touch.

—Shari Swirsky
 TCF Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Love Gift Donation



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

In Loving Memory Of _____

Love Gift \$ _____ Message _____

I would like my Love Gift to go toward (please check one):

General Chapter expenses

Upkeep of our Remembrance Garden

Your tax-deductible donation provides help for those who are grieving. General Chapter expenses helps defray the cost for the newsletter, postage, and other Chapter expenses. Upkeep of our Remembrance Garden goes toward lawn care and garden maintenance. Your donation is greatly appreciated and will be acknowledged in this newsletter. Please make your check payable to: **TCF Greater Providence Chapter.**

Please send donations to: Lucille Valliere, Chapter Leader
 10 Dail Drive
 North Providence, RI 02911



**The
Compassionate
Friends**
Greater Providence Area Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

10 Dail Drive
North Providence, RI 02911
tcfprovidence.com



Sponsor a Newsletter

We are pleased to offer our members the opportunity to sponsor a newsletter. We will feature your child's story and photo on the front page of our newsletter when you make a donation. This offers members another way to share their child with our group, as well as to help offset the cost of producing and mailing our newsletter. We are offering up to two sponsorships per newsletter. Your story can be any length up to 500 words and can include 1-3 photos. **If you would like to see your child featured in a future issue, please contact Lucille at (401) 231-9229 or lcvalliere49@gmail.com.**

Upcoming Events

Our regular support group meetings take place on the second Monday of each month. All meetings begin at 7:00 p.m. at the Central Congregational Church, 296 Angell St., Providence, RI.

- **September 9**
- **October 14**
- **November 11**

- **Sunday, December 8 — TCF Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting**

*Time doesn't heal
everything.
It just teaches
us how to live
with the pain.*

CARL HARMS
Grief Diaries: Surviving Loss by Impaired Driving



www.GriefDiaries.com