

# The Compassionate Friends Victoria, Australia

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## Magazine Excerpts - Jun ~ July 2005

### His Resting Place

For reasons known only to him, my son Brenton decided that life, as he knew it was simply not worth living and he died at the age of 18 years 7 months and 4 days.

If I feel the need to visit his final resting place, I have to go out to the little cemetery at Golden Grove, northeast of Adelaide. His father chose the location for Brenton's ashes and at first I could not understand why my darling boy's remains were interred there.

I can remember during my first private visit after that interment ceremony, talking to Brenton as I arranged some flowers for him, telling him that I still didn't know why he was there, not only because I didn't know why he had taken his life, but why he was now at that particular spot.

I told him that it wasn't really all that bad, because it was quiet, off the beaten track and nearby was the grave of another young man who was obviously a keen 36er's fan like himself; that grave was adorned with the Adelaide 36er's flag and lots of little toy cars.

Also nearby was the grave of the mother of one of my former workmates and just over the fence on the opposite side of the road was the little church where his loved Auntie Jo and Uncle George worshipped.

As I sat on the lawn, just chatting to my son, pulling out some weeds which were daring to grow under the rose bushes above Him. I felt so heavy inside. It wasn't right that my boy was here; there was nothing really about this place that could comfort me. Even though I was telling B.J. that it was okay for him to be there, I knew that every time I would come out to visit him. I would never be comforted in any way.

Eventually, I had to stand up and say au revoir to my son, and as I turned to go I looked up and at that moment that terribly heavy stone of sorrow inside me was removed and I found myself smiling through my tears. Looking down, all I saw was my son's last resting place, which was a site of sorrow and sadness.

Looking up, I could see my boy in the full exuberance of his youth, enjoying life and doing the things he loved so dearly. I had been so preoccupied in my thoughts about why I was there, I had not really taken any notice of what was around me.

As mentioned earlier, there was a little church opposite at the apex of a triangle of roads. Over the road from the church was a gate, with a fairly rough track leading from it into some of the last remaining rural acreages of Golden Grove.

Many people who visit the Golden Grove Cemetery probably think it is a very nice backdrop to the little graveyard. There are open rolling paddocks, beautiful gum trees scattered on the open spaces, and in the first valley they are dense as they line a little creek bed.

I saw all this, but I saw a lot more as well. I could see a young man in his scout uniform with his hat held by its strap around his neck - resting on his shoulders, riding his bike hell-for-leather down that track with his mates, all similarly excited and yelling to each other as they raced across the paddocks, down into the valley and on to the campsite for a weekend of fun and games in the outdoors.

Like other parents, we followed on behind with station wagon and trailer full of tents, cooking gear and all the paraphernalia that a troop of boys, needed for a great weekend. B.J. loved those weekend camps. They were close to home, so that getting there was not a long exhausting bike ride. The parents didn't mind carting all the gear, so the boys were able to enjoy their ride unencumbered and totally free.

Now he is gone, never to know such freedom again. He knows a different freedom now, one that even I, in spite of all my faith and spirituality, cannot fully comprehend.

As I stood there, looking out across the paddocks, I felt both grateful and thankful: grateful because I knew that there were many things in his life that Brenton enjoyed immensely; and thankful because at long last I could again see him enjoying that life and not just the dreadful dark day when he decided it was all too hard. Since that day I have often thought how strange it was that it took a visit to his grave to bring my happy, carefree son back to me.

In time, suburbia will encroach on that rural spot and the vista from the graveyard will be totally different. However for me, no matter how much the outlook may change physically, I will always have a clear picture in my mind's eye of my boy enjoying his life to the max. God bless you, my darling, may He watch over you as you rest in His presence, free and at peace for all eternity. I love you dearly and miss you heaps.

Denise TCF, South Australia.  
In memory of Brenton.



## News From The Acorn Foundation

As bereaved parents and in reaching out to others who also have pain in their lives in one way or another. The Acorn Foundation (the fundraising arm of TCF Vic) decided to sponsor a child in Sri Lanka.

Acorn heard about the Joseph Vaz Children's Home and wrote to Sister Benette to offer to sponsor a child. Sr Benette chose a little girl who sings "Nobody's child" and has no father. Her mother is mute and living in Mother Teresa's Home in Colombo.

The child's name is Sarani and she was born on 28 September 1990. Sarani has lived at the home since age four and as well as being a good singer is also a good runner and an artist. By sponsoring Sarani we are also helping the children's home.

Acorn held a Charity Night at the Malvern Theatre on 24 February 2005. I am very happy to tell you that we raised \$640 which will help Sarani. This money was warmly welcomed by Sister Benette and she sends to everyone who joined us at the theatre night and also to those who were unable to attend but kindly donated cash her many thanks.

Acorn will hold a yearly charity night for ongoing sponsorship of this little child, Sarani.

If you would like to be part of this sponsorship but are unable to attend our theatre nights, we would be grateful for any donation which can be sent to:

Treasurer of Acorn Foundation, Ms Barb Ryder, 10 Carolben Avenue, Vermont. 3133.

Please make the cheques payable to Acorn Foundation.

Thank you all - Margaret Guegan



### The First Laugh

That sound of laughter I just heard  
I know it can't be me-  
A moment pure of merriment, non  
artificial glee?

My inner self so full of lead,  
Heavy within my being  
Could never, ever laugh again,  
Or so it only seemed.

The power of nature I forgot,  
How infinite and wise.  
With strength to lift me from the depths  
From which I couldn't rise.

And yet that foreign wondrous noise  
Emitted from my throat  
May well be wrongly called a laugh...  
It's proper name is

HOPE

by  
Shirley  
(Mother of Dean)  
TCF Vic.Au

