

# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NEW MAILING ADDRESS: P. O. Box 8283 • Hermitage, TN 37076 • (615) 356-4TCF(4823) •  
Nashville Website: [www.tcfnashville.org](http://www.tcfnashville.org)



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The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

Welcome: The Nashville chapter meets at 3:00 P.M. on the second Sunday of each month at the ABC (Associated Builders and Contractors of Greater Tennessee) Building, 560 Royal Parkway, Nashville, TN 37214 (**SEE NEW MAILING ADDRESS ABOVE**).  
We truly regret that we have no accommodations for young children, but teenagers and older siblings are welcome to attend.

## October 9<sup>th</sup> Program: Preserving Memories, Digital and Tangible

Our October program will be a live presentation on *Preserving Memories, Digital and Tangible* by the owners of *Memories to DVD*. Many of us treasure things like voice mail messages, videos, pictures and artwork that can never be replaced and help keep the memory of our children, grandchildren or siblings alive. This program will present information on how to preserve these precious mementos and share them with others. (This program was postponed from our August schedule.)

Bring your questions on this topic too. Our regular sharing groups will follow the program. Come join us and support one another on this long journey.



## Candlelight Memorial Service Scheduled for December 9

*This is a very moving and powerful program. All family members, siblings and friends are invited to join us. Following the service, we invite you to remain for fellowship and refreshments.*

It is important that **everyone** wishing to have their child's photo in the memorial service follow very carefully the instructions on page 4 of this newsletter.

**THERE IS A SUBMISSION DEADLINE  
THAT MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.**

We would like for all of you to enjoy this opportunity to see your child on the big screen! If you have not previously attended the candlelight memorial service, we encourage you to do so.

**Information and Photo Submission  
Form are on Page 4.**

**See the November Newsletter  
for location.**

Attending your first TCF meeting can be difficult. Feelings can be overwhelming. We have all experienced them and know how important it is to take that first step. Please attend two or three meetings before deciding if TCF is right for you. There are no dues or fees. If you choose, you need not speak a word at a meeting. We are an international, non-denominational group, offering support and information to bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents. We need not walk alone.



*We remember our children with love and gratitude. We miss their faces,  
their voices and their smiles. And we do not forget--*

*In the month of their births—*

<b>Rosemary Aud</b> October 24 Daughter of Stephen and Trish Aud	<b>Roy James Davies</b> October 19 Son of Roy and Barbara Davies	<b>Joshua Hovies</b> October 19 Son of Alicia Hovies	<b>Jacob Allen Mathis</b> October 30 Son of Mark and Debora Mathis
<b>Jacob Sylvester James Bell</b> October 30 Son of Mike Bell and Michelle Dodrill	<b>Roy Paul Ellis</b> October 5 Son of April Ellis	<b>James Thomas King (J.T.)</b> October 18 Son of Tom and Jere King	<b>Madison Allen Mays</b> October 31 Son of Allen and Rachel Mays Grandson of Roy and Carole Renfro
<b>Preston Chauncy Birdsong</b> October 13 Son of Preston and Janice Birdsong	<b>Laura Paige Gibson</b> October 16 Daughter of David and Peggy Gibson Sister of Kay and Claire	<b>Benjamin Bedell Koomen (Ben)</b> October 9 Son of John and Betsy Koomen	<b>Zi Daniel Rayne</b> October 17 Son of Rolin and Shannon Rayne



*And in the month of their deaths—*

<b>Emily Michelle Childers</b> October 31 Daughter of Mike and Paula Childers Sister of Sarah and Julie	<b>Caroline Elizabeth Enright (T.J.)</b> October 16 Daughter of Patrick and Stephanie Enright	<b>James Edwin Hinesley</b> October 7 Son of Steven and Sue Hinesley	<b>John Cole Neuhoff</b> October 14 Son of John Neuhoff and Martha Houston
<b>Jon Ashley Duncan</b> October 6 Son of Mike and Kay Duncan Brother of Jamie	<b>Chase Lee Harris</b> October 25 Son of Kirk and Shayne Harris And Paul and Stacy Fish Grandson of Rose H. Bartlett	<b>Dwayne Moore</b> October 9 Son of Clara McLain	<b>Matthew H. Woods</b> October 22 Son of Vaughn and Mickie Woods

## LOST POTENTIAL

Last year I attended a workshop presented by a specialist in grief named Dr. Cable. Dr. Cable said many important things about the grief process, but as a bereaved parent one thing stuck in my mind.

He said that if you ask a bereaved person to describe his deceased mother, he will say, "Oh, she was so sweet. She always wore flowered dresses and loved to bake cookies." But, if you ask a bereaved parent to describe her deceased child, she will say, "Oh, he would be five this year and just starting kindergarten," or, "She would be twenty-two this year and graduating from college."

You see, we bereaved parents grieve the lost potential of our children. Our children don't stop growing in our minds. We grieve again and anew each year as our child would have been a different age.

Chris Anderson  
TCF, Walla Walla, Washington

## GIFTS OF LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE

We are deeply grateful for the voluntary gifts of love that make it possible for The Compassionate Friends to offer comfort to those families who do not know today that they will need us tomorrow.

*Sherry and Donald Eakes*  
In loving memory of their grandson,  
*Taylor Christian Brewer,*  
Son of Justin and Tracy Brewer

*Love Offering*  
In loving memory of,  
*Roy and Taylor Davies,*  
Sons of Roy and Barbara Davies

*Peggy R. Mayes*  
Love Offering  
In loving memory of,  
*Roy and Taylor Davies,*  
Sons of Roy and Barbara Davies

*Greenbrier United Methodist Women*  
Love Offering  
In loving memory of,  
*Roy and Taylor Davies,*  
Sons of Roy and Barbara Davies  
*Greenbrier United Methodist Church*

*John and Betsy Koomen*  
In loving memory of their son,  
*Benjamin Bedell Koomen*



*Each month, Allegra Marketing (615-360-3339) donates the printing of this newsletter as a gift to the families of TCF. Deanna Brown and her family assemble, label, sort and mail the newsletter in loving memory of her son, Marcus Dean Brown. We appreciate so much these people and their generosity to all of us.*

### Some Special Ways to give

*\*To benefit TCF, go to the Kroger website and click on “Community Rewards”; then follow the instructions on that page. After that, when you shop at Kroger, swipe your Plus Card or key in your phone number when you check out, and Kroger will donate dollars to TCF. It’s a free and easy way to support your chapter.*

*If your employer supports the United Way, you might have the option to “designate” your donation. Every dollar you contribute through our payroll deductions goes to the organization you designate. TCF Nashville is an approved organization with the United Way. Please consider designating your United Way donation to TCF Nashville.*

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## Counselor

*Find for yourself  
the same kindness  
as you would feel  
for your very best friend.*

*What would you say to her,  
if she were lost  
in guilty doubt.  
As you are now?*



*Would you not  
counsel compassion  
instead of finding fault?*

*Would you not  
counsel tenderness  
and soothing comfort  
for her anguished spirit?*

*Listen to yourself.  
You can be  
your own best counselor.*

## Wearing a Mask

Halloween is a great time to pretend to be someone else. You can be mean and nasty even though you're usually a pretty nice person, or you can be scary when you usually are the one that gets scared. You can pretend to be strong and powerful or beautiful or mysterious or famous. You can pretend to be anything on Halloween. It isn't fun, though, to try to always wear a mask. Sometimes for a person who is grieving, it seems like you need to always pretend to be your old happy self. Your friends and others may want you to forget about your loss and go on as if nothing much has changed. But it is really hard to mask your true feelings all the time. It is much better for you if you can "take off your mask" and just be yourself sometimes. If you let your feelings out, then you are being honest with yourself and others. By taking off your mask and revealing your true self, you will be a much more REAL person. It's better to save masks for Halloween.

## Halloween

This month is the time for the funny looking creatures appearing at our doors for a trick or treat. Halloween was never my favorite time of the year. I think it was because I could never come up with those cute original costumes for my girls like every other mother managed to do every year. It seemed like after answering the door and seeing 200 original costumes I'd always think to myself, "Why didn't I think of that?" I'd tuck a few ideas away in my head for the next year, but when the time came to execute those ideas, I had tucked them so far away I couldn't remember them. Once again, we were scrambling around on October 31st trying to come up with ideas that both girls would be happy with.

There were six years' difference between our two daughters. That wasn't the only difference. Our oldest girl, Kirsten, could have her Halloween candy last until Easter and then we'd throw it out. JoAnn, our youngest, would eat her candy from house to house and would come home with a full stomach and empty bag. In the summer of 1978, JoAnn had her second open heart surgery. She died July 2, 1978 at age six. When October rolled around that fall, I dreaded that evening of seeing the little children coming to the door and remembering how JoAnn loved the candy and the enthusiasm of the evening. As the evening wore on, I realized that the doorbell wasn't ringing very much. I went to the window and saw that there were plenty of children walking in little groups but they were walking past our house.

I realized then that the neighbors and people who knew us had, no doubt, told the children not to come to our house. My emotions were very mixed up. On one hand I knew the parents were trying to protect us from this first experience of not having JoAnn. It was very kind of them. On the other hand, it only reminded me of how different our home was now. When nine o'clock came it was a relief to know the first event was over. It has been five years now since JoAnn died. Halloween doesn't bother me but we all know that the next day we turn the calendar and November is here with the holidays around the corner. For us as bereaved parents these are hard times whether you are a new bereaved parent or have had a number of years since your child died. We need not walk alone but reach out to each other. One of the greatest blessings to me now is the gift of memory and I cherish the happy memories that I have been blessed to remember JoAnn in all seasons of the year.

Cindy Holt  
TCF, Jamestown, NY  
From the Inside Fernside Newsletter

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## Fall

*Leaves so bright and golden in the sun,  
Glistening in early morning with dew.  
Another season has begun,  
Another fall to see, without you.*

*Pumpkins so ripe and beautifully bright,  
In the still of a frosty night.  
An array of colors for us to enjoy  
Their beauty only dulled by the thought  
Of our emptiness without our little boy.*

*The wind, the cold, the awesome dark skies,  
Somehow disappear in the memory  
of your beautiful brown eyes.*

*We see the beauty of fall colors so clear,  
Oh, how I wish you were here!*

*The harvest moon shining,  
Through the barren trees,  
As we prepare for the first hint of snow,  
Reminds us of a child who only meant to please.  
And all those memories, only you will know.  
Life goes on, as the seasons do.*

*But there's one thing that stays the same,  
And that is—OUR LOVE FOR YOU!*



Jean Staicar  
TCF, Central Iowa

**Phone Friends**

We have all experienced the pain of losing a child. We understand and would like to listen. If you can't reach one of us, feel free to call another person on this list.

- Accidental Death** .....Mike and Paula Childers  
615-646-1333
- AIDS**..... Joyce Soward  
615-754-5210
- Illness**..... David and Peggy Gibson  
615-356-1351
- Infant**..... Jayne Head  
615-264-8184
- SIDS**.....Kris Thompson  
931-486-9088
- Suicide**.....Ron Henson  
615-789-3613
- Alcohol/Drug Overdose**.....Ed Pyle  
615-712-3245

***My Compassionate Friend***

*I look into your eyes and I see my pain.  
 I touch your shoulder and I feel my grief.  
 I hear your laughter and  
 I know the ache underneath.  
 Although I wish our paths would have crossed  
 For a different reason,  
 Your presence and understanding  
 Have become a strength to me—  
 The sad but comforting knowledge  
 That I am not alone. You are my friend.*

Deborah Wiseman  
TCF Nashville, Tennessee



**CANDLELIGHT MEMORIAL SERVICE—December 11, 2022**

Regardless of past participation, **EVERY FAMILY WISHING TO TAKE PART IN THE MEMORIAL SERVICE MUST RETURN THIS FORM.**

**We need to receive it no later than Friday, December 2.**

**PLEASE DO NOT SEND FORMS OR PHOTOS TO THE TCF P. O. BOX—it is important that they go directly to Lamar.**

**MAIL TO:**  
**Lamar Bradley**  
**4772 Cascade Drive**  
**Old Hickory, TN 37138**  
 or

**You may e-mail your child's photo to lamar.bradley@comcast.net**  
**Be sure to include your child's name in the e-mail.**

**Instructions:** A computerized process (Power Point) is used to display our children's pictures on the big screen. An original 5x7 photo (no copies, please) may be used. If a 5x7 is not available, any size will do; however, the 5x7 or larger is easier to process. The original photo will be returned to you at the memorial service while the image will be stored for use next year.

**Place a sticky note on the back of the photo with the child's name clearly printed. Do not write on the photo itself.**

**Child's name:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Please print the name as you wish it to be read at the service along with phonetic pronunciation, if needed.**

- \_\_\_\_\_ I will attend and am enclosing an original photo of my child. (First time in the memorial service.)
- \_\_\_\_\_ I will attend and am enclosing a different photo of my child to be used in place of the photo you have from last year's service.
- \_\_\_\_\_ I will attend and would like for you to use the photo you have saved from last year.
- \_\_\_\_\_ I will attend and would like for my child's name to be called and I'll light a candle, but I will not have a picture shown.

**Your name** \_\_\_\_\_ **Phone** \_\_\_\_\_

## The Little Black Spider

It's funny how a seemingly small incident can be magnified to something of great significance when you're a bereaved parent. With this in mind, here is a story about a spider I encountered one day while doing housework:

What is it about spiders that makes them like water? I don't know what it is, but it seems they definitely prefer a sink as their natural habitat. (remember the itsy-bitsy spider?) Or do we just notice them more when they are in our way, rather than when they're up on the ceiling. At any rate, on this particular summer's day, the sun was shining and the air smelled fresh. I was enjoying the scenery from my kitchen window as I prepared to wash dishes. And there it was, a very small black spider in the kitchen sink. Now it's funny, but before my daughter died several years ago, it did not bother me as much to kill insects. After we lost her, though, I became a bit more hesitant to kill anything. All life (except mosquitoes and flies!) seemed more precious to me. So, I didn't want to just pick this little guy off just because he was in my way. Instead, I touched him lightly and he ran up the side of the sink out of harm's way.

While I was washing the dishes, he kept getting dangerously close to the sudsy water, so I kept shoving him off. I was really starting to get annoyed. Later that day, he was in the sink again. This time, I put him in the corner of the window sill over the sink. I figured he'd be happy there. I'd seen other bugs there, so obviously it was a popular hangout. Shaking my head, I walked away slowly, wondering how crazy I must be to go out of my way to protect a spider. I mean, this little bugger had inconvenienced me all day! I must be nuts to put up with it.

As the day went on, I forgot about my little annoying friend. I began to get dressed for work in between starting supper for my husband and kids. Around 4pm is always the most hectic part of the day for me, as the kids are refreshed from their afternoon nap and raring to go. Cooking is a chore, since it does not come naturally to me. I also work a couple of nights a week and this was one of them. So, I was running around like a chicken with its head cut off, when suddenly the sky clouded over and a thunderstorm ensued. I raced upstairs to shut the bedroom windows and then back downstairs to close all of the others. The last one I got to was the kitchen sink. The wind was blowing wildly and a couple of tall glasses had been knocked over. The windowsill, counter and sink were drenched. That's when I saw my little black spider. He was completely soaked. In the sink, dead. I went through all of the stages of grief in about two seconds.

First, I could not believe it, after all I had done to preserve him and he died anyway. If only I hadn't put him in the windowsill! Why didn't I just take him down into the cellar in the first place! Then I was mad at him. "You stupid thing, why didn't you just stay down at the other end of the kitchen where I put you this morning?" Then the tears came...I was standing in the kitchen crying when my husband came in from work. I just looked at him and said, "Would you look at this spider. All day he was in my way and I kept moving him and now he's dead. Sometimes no matter how hard you try, you just can't keep something alive." He looked at me sadly and said, "That's true." We were both thinking of our beloved daughter. Nature pulled a fast one on her, too. I took a matchbook cover and gently slid it under the spider, carefully laying it in the trash can. My husband, knowing how upset I was over it, tried to rationalize: "He might not be dead, just waterlogged. Leave him nice and flat and I will keep an eye on him." But I knew in my heart he was dead. I left for work feeling really sad and stupid for letting it bother me so much.

As I drove to work, I kept thinking about what had happened. That is when I decided to write the story for the newsletter. I realized why the incident bothered me so much. It was because it touched on issues of control (or rather lack thereof). We try to control everything, at least, I do. Losing a child is the ultimate loss of that control we so desperately seek. I had done everything in my power to protect that little spider and out of nowhere, a force unseen snuffed out his life. You just can't live somebody's life for them. You can't cover all the angles and make sure that nothing bad ever happens to them.

When I got home later that evening, my husband told me to go look in the trash. I did and the spider was gone! My little spider had recovered from his shock and crawled away. I couldn't believe it! (I suppose my husband could have removed it, but I doubt it...he knows how important the truth is to me.) Now there's no story to write, I thought. Then reconsidering, I decided I would still write one. But how? Instead of sadness, my tale would hold an element of rebirth; and that is how I like to think of our daughter. I know, logically, that she died. I was there. But perhaps there was a reprieve for her too. Nature knocked the wind out of her, as it did my little black spider. But maybe, she woke up on the other side of life, in a place just waiting to welcome the rest of us.

Debi Abraham Petrishen  
TCF Northshore/ Boston



Be open to small glimpses of progress,  
tiny threads of hope.

Pamela Hagens  
TCF, Nashville, TN



## **CHAPTER INFORMATION**

### **Are you Moving?**

Each time a newsletter is returned to us with an incorrect address, we pay to retrieve it in order to find out where you've moved; then we pay again to mail it back to you. This is in addition to the original bulk mail cost. It would help a great deal in both time and money if you would notify us immediately of any address change so your newsletter can reach you right away. You may call, write or email the chapter leaders or the newsletter editor. Thanks for your help.

### **The “Children Remembered” Listings**

If you are unable to attend TCF meetings and would like for your child to be listed on pages 2 and 3 in The Children Remembered list, please let us know, printing the exact way you'd like the child's name to appear, the child's birth and death dates, and the parents' names as they should be listed. Drop us a note at TCF, P.O. Box 8283, Hermitage, TN 37076. We'll be glad to include them. You need to contact us only once, unless any of your information changes.

### **Corporate Donations to TCF**

To benefit TCF, go to the Kroger website and click on “Community Rewards”; then follow the instructions on that page and designate The Compassionate Friends Nashville Chapter. After that, when you shop at Kroger, swipe your Plus Card or key in your phone number when you check out, and Kroger will donate dollars to our chapter. Also, when going to Amazon, type in “Amazon Smile” and designate The Compassionate Friends; then, each time you go on Amazon Smile a small contribution will be made by Amazon to our organization—It's a free and easy way to support TCF.

### **We Need Your Help**

If you know a family outside the immediate Nashville area who has experienced the death of a child, regardless of age or cause of death, and you have access to the address (and phone number) of the parents, it would be most helpful if you would call us with that information. Our mission is to reach every bereaved family in Middle Tennessee, but we have to know about them in order to give them the support we ourselves have received. If you know the child's name, birth date, date of death and cause of death, so much the better. Our outreach chairperson will send a warm letter of sympathy and information about TCF along with appropriate brochures and articles. We do not phone the family and all information you provide is confidential.



## **BEREAVEMENT RESOURCES**

### **Alive Alone**

Alive Alone is an organization to benefit parents whose only child or all children have died. Visit their website at [www.alivealone.org](http://www.alivealone.org).

### **Alive Hospice Support Group for Bereaved Parents**

For general information about grief support services and groups at Alive, please call the Grief Line at: 615-963-4732 or email [griefsupport@alivehospice.org](mailto:griefsupport@alivehospice.org). They offer eight-week groups, ongoing monthly groups, family group and Little Hearts Club for children who have experienced the death of a sibling. Services are in Franklin, Nashville, Hendersonville, Lebanon, and Murfreesboro.

### **Sharing**

SHARING is a community organization for parents who have experienced a miscarriage, stillbirth or the death of an infant. The website is [sharingmiddletn.org](http://sharingmiddletn.org).

### **Survivors of Suicide**

There is a caring SOS group in Nashville. For information about meetings, you may call (615) 244-7444, or go to the Tennessee Suicide Prevention Network at TSPN.org, and you will find a list of all Tennessee SOS locations.

### **TCF Web site —A Treasure for You**

When you log onto the TCF Web site at [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) you will find a wealth of information about TCF and grief—poetry and articles, chat rooms, grief in the news, other chapter Web sites and numerous other resources.

# *The Compassionate Friends*

P.O. BOX 8283

**Hermitage, TN**

**37076**

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**October 2022**

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## **Let's Walk**

We walk together and we talk,  
walk and talk together,  
open to life inside and out  
sharing storms and sunny weather.

As we walk, as we talk  
we learn about each other  
and the children we will always love,  
still a father, still a mother.

So, join us.  
You will not regret  
the time we spend together,  
sharing lives and nature's gifts  
changing for the better.

From *Catching the Light: Coming Back  
to Life after the Death of a Child*  
Genesse Bourdeau Gentry

