

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

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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 in the American Builders & Contractors (ABC) Building, 1604 Elm Hill Pike, Nashville, TN 37210. (See Mailing address above.) Park and enter at the rear of the building. We truly regret that we have no accommodations for young children, but teenagers and older siblings are welcome to attend. (Please see box below.)



Memorial Service to Be Held on December 13, 2020

The Coronavirus has affected everything in 2020 and our annual Memorial Service is no exception. This year our Memorial Service will be a virtual program, prerecorded and broadcast online at 3:00 PM Sunday, December 13, 2020.

The format of the Memorial Service will look very much like it has in the past, complete with photos and reading of the names of our children. Because the Memorial Service will be broadcast online, we must have your consent by way of **the form on page 7**. To participate, regardless of past participation, you must return the form.

How to participate:

1. To have your child's photo included in the Memorial Service, you must complete and submit the form located on page 7 of this newsletter. Please be sure to initial the line of your choice. Please follow the instructions on the form, and send it to Lamar Bradley by email or mail. It must be received by him on or before **Monday, November 16, 2020**. This early date is required to allow time for the production of the recorded program. Unfortunately, late additions cannot be accepted. If you miss the November 16 deadline, you are welcome to view the Memorial Service when it is broadcast (see #2 below), but your child's picture cannot be included.
2. To "attend" the online service, all you need to do is request a link by sending an email to tcfnashville@yahoo.com, and put "Zoom December Memorial" in the subject line. No special program or app is needed. You will then receive an email with a link shortly before the December 13 broadcast of the program that will allow you to view the Memorial Service on your computer or smart phone. Your own face will not appear on the screen.

Beginning in October, we will offer our regular monthly meetings both in person and via Zoom. If you choose to attend in person, please wear a mask. Our seating will allow space between families as needed. We will continue to offer both options as long as we can do so within government guidelines, which currently limits in-person attendance to 25 people.




*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—

Curtis Ray Beard October 16 Son of Sheila Emler	Marieke de Jager October 6 Daughter of Jan and Betsy de Jager	Zachary Gray Goodpaster (Zac) October 16 Son of David and Lauren Goodpaster	Benjamin Bedell Koomen (Ben) October 9 Son of John and Betsy Koomen
Preston Chauncey Birdsong October 13 Son of Preston Birdsong and Janice Birdsong	Geoffrey Edward deZevallos October 16 Son of George and Anne deZevallos	Grandson of Morris and Martha Smith	Jacob Allen Mathis October 30 Son of Mark and Debora Mathis
Tyler Christian Bradley October 29 Son of David Bradley and Tanya Coleman	Kevin L. Duke, Jr. October 19 Son of Kevin and Lisa Duke	Gary Dale Hamilton October 16 Son of Emma Mathis, Stepson of Dallas Mathis	Madison Allen Mays October 31 Son of Allen and Rachel Mays Grandson of Roy and Carole Renfro
Kiara Cutting October 16 Daughter of David and Anne Cutting	Laura Paige Gibson October 16 Daughter of David and Peggy Gibson Sister of Kay and Claire	Joshua Hovies October 19 Son of Alicia Hovies	Keith Pringle October 31 Son of Jim and Margaret Pringle
Roy James Davies October 19 Son of Roy and Barbara Davies		James Thomas King (J.T.) October 18 Son of Tom and Jere King	Jason William Rice October 26 Son of Rosemarie Moore

And in the month of their deaths

Zachary Curtis Aldridge October 20 Son of David and Kim Campbell	Richard Lee Crouse October 5 Son of Joel and Teresa Crouse Brother of Jennifer	Jon Ashley Duncan October 6 Son of Mike and Kay Duncan	James Edwin Hinesley October 7 Son of Steven and Sue Hinesley
Emily Michelle Childers October 31 Daughter of Michael and Paula Childers Sister of Sara and Julie	Buck Allen Dawson October 26 Son of Bob and Genevia Graham	Chase Lee Harris October 25 Son of Kirk and Shayne Harris and Paul and Stacey Fish Grandson of Rose H. Bartlett	Lauren Christen Thoresen October 4 Daughter of Doug Thoresen
			Matthew H. Woods October 22 Son of Vaughn Woods and Mickie Woods

*We cannot, after all, judge a biography by its length, by the number of pages in it;
we must judge it by the richness of the contents.
Sometimes the “un-finisheds” are among the most beautiful symphonies.*

Viktor E. Frankl, The Doctor and the Soul

The song is ended, but the melody lingers on.

Irving Berlin

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.

Jim and Loretta Bolton
*In loving memory of their son,
 James Michael Bolton (Mikey)
 And their friend,
 Zachary Goodwin (Zach)*

June Brown
Katherine Brown
*In loving memory of
 their son and brother,
 Charles Michael Brown (Charlie)*



Barbara Davies
*Through Nationwide
 Workplace Giving Program
 In loving memory of her stepsons,
 Roy James Davies and
 Taylor Davies,
 Sons of Roy Davies*

Mike and Jean Overcash
Steve and Kim Stanford
*In loving memory of their son
 And brother,
 Michael Stanley Overcash*

Morris and Martha Smith
*In loving memory of
 their grandson,
 Zachery Gray Goodpaster (Zac)
 Son of
 David and Lauren Goodpaster*



Jerry and Loretta Winters
*In loving memory of
 their son,
 Don Bruce Winters*

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

TCF chapter members and supporters can **enroll** their **Kroger Plus Cards** online at the Kroger secure website, www.krogercommunityrewards.com and choose “Enroll.” 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 your TCF chapter. 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.

Playing in the Shadows

*We grew up together,
 Big sister, little brother.
 I took care of you
 Until you were old enough to care for yourself.
 Though you didn't say it,
 I knew you loved me.
 We played in the sunlight, you and I;
 Remember the games of “Mother-May-I” and “Hide-and-
 Seek”?
 Sure we had our fights
 As all siblings do,*

*But through it all we never lost
 Our love for each other.
 Now you're gone.
 I'll never see you again
 except in the memories
 of those sunny days.
 You will forever be sixteen--
 Far too young to die.
 You had your whole life to live.
 I'll always grieve, but I must go on.
 Still, without you,
 I play alone in the shadows.*

Autumn in Grief's Garden

*There is an underlying
sadness to autumn.
It is the beginning of the end of things –
and fueling the flames,
its exquisite beauty
burns open our hearts,
and for those
brimming with grief,
or remembering gladness,
tears overflow
from deep within the wells of sorrow.*

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



*Once, when you left us
in the gold of autumn,
we thought that you
were gone from us forever,
that you were lost to us
and we would never heal.*

*Yet we are close today,
more than we were before.
And now, because of you,
we see to other worlds,
we live in deeper regions.*

*You have become the bridge
from our commonplace
to great horizons,
the bridge from us
and our earthly time
to the abundance
of infinities.*

Sascha

... in the Autumn

*Some people love to see the changes
in the colors of the leaves,
When the sky is clear and dark blue
as the sea.*

*They love to smell the oak leaves burning
But it is then my heart is yearning
To be with ones I know
I cannot see.*

*There's something in the autumn
That makes my heart so heavy,
I miss them all but know they're where
they should all be.*

*If I can make it through the winter,
And see the spring unfold before me,
Then I'll know once more they're
there, and wait for me.*

*When the morning sun comes later,
and the afternoons die early,
And my spirits drop like leaves
around my feet.*

*I'm so aware that I am mortal
and I can almost see the portal
that I will pass through and be
evermore complete.*

Jim O'Neil
TCF, Montgomery, AL



Seasons

The change of seasons is difficult. It reminds me that I must change if I am to live again. We can become stuck in our grief, full of self-pity and overwhelmed with pain. I do not believe our children would want us to live the rest of our lives in pain and misery. It is so easy to fall into the “black pit” and never have the strength or courage to crawl out – because crawl out we must...on our bellies.

We are different now, with different priorities and goals. We must find a new purpose for going on, and we must accept the changes in our lives – including ourselves, for we are different now. We cannot go backward, though there are times we yearn to. We must go forward. If we don't, we stay stuck at the point our world changed. I used to say “ended.”

Change is difficult. To accept the loss of our child is the most difficult of all. Our comfort comes from believing that the love we share will go on for all eternity and that we will be reunited again – and each day brings us closer. We must learn to live again, love again, feel joy and peace again – or our survival will be without value to ourselves or others.

Renee Little
TCF, Fort Collins, CO

“Getting on With Life”— What Does It Mean?



Of all the statements and spiritual platitudes quoted to me since my son Daniel’s death, the phrase that I hear most frequently makes me squirm the most. “You have got to get on with your life.” Recently I quit squirming long enough to ponder the meaning behind this phrase that is usually said to the bereaved in the form of a command. Exactly what does this phrase mean? What are people implying when they say it?

I was pregnant when Daniel died, and three months later I gave birth to a baby girl. Wasn’t that getting on with life? I nurtured my three children, took them to school, the park and birthday parties. Now, wasn’t that going on with life? I even cooked dinner at least four times a week!

At first after Daniel’s death, I would have liked to literally stop my life and be buried next to my son, but I kept existing. Like a plastic bag tossed about by the wind, I was fluttering, being carried by the events of life. Seasons came and went. In the spring, I planted marigolds and tomato vines. In the autumn, I jumped in fallen leaves with my children. I continued; I am still continuing to live.

Now I may be bereaved, but I am by no means a fool. As I ponder the meaning behind “getting on with life,” I know exactly what those who say this have in mind. “Forget your dead child. Quit grieving. You make me uncomfortable!”

Getting on with life means don’t acknowledge August 25, Daniel’s birthday, any more. Forget how he slid down the snowy bank in the recycle bin, sang in the van and ate Gummy Bears. Forget he had cancer, suffered and died at only age four. Don’t see the empty chair at the dinner table, don’t cry, just live!

Some who are more “religious” would like to believe that a bereaved parent can claim, “My child is safe and happy in heaven. Therefore, why should I yearn for him?” Perhaps I pose a threat to certain types because I have let it be known I question God. I weep. I have been angry. I miss my Daniel. Maybe old friends feel if they hang around me too long, I might convince them that a few of their illusions about life are just that, illusions. As my cries of anguish are heard, there are those who can only think how to make me be quiet. To stop my heartfelt yearnings, they say quite sternly, “You must get on with your life.”

I am living. I do move on with life with Daniel in my mind and in my heart, although he is not physically here as I continue to live and to love. To sever his memory totally from my life would cause destruction and damage that would ruin me. To push Daniel out of my life and not be able to freely mention his name or write and speak about who he was on earth would only bring more pain to my life. I’d shrivel up. Comfort for me comes in remembering with smiles how he drew with a blue marker on his sister’s wall, ran outside naked and picked green tomatoes. For the reality is, getting on with life means continuing to cherish Daniel.



Alice J. Wisler
Bereavement Magazine, Sept./Oct. 2000

A Flicker in the Distance

*In this time of grief,
When the darkness is so great,
And your heart is aching so,
You feel that it may break.*

*Remember that in this darkness
There is a candle’s light
A flicker in the distance
Small but intensely bright.*

*That tiny little glow
That seems so far away
Will grow brighter and brighter
With each passing day.*



*Time does not heal, as they say,
But it tends to numb
The ache we feel inside our heart
When that darkness comes.*

*In time your heart will feel lighter
And the memories won’t bring such pain
The tears won’t flow as often
And you will find laughter again.*

*So keep your eye on that distant glow
To see how far you came...
Because at the end of the darkness
That flicker becomes a flame.*

Jacquelyn M. Comeaux
In Memory of Michelle, Jerry, and Danny
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Questions and Answers from Bereaved Siblings

All of a sudden, I burst into tears and cannot control crying.

You have the freedom to cry when you need to. Crying is a normal reaction. You may feel embarrassed, but most people will react with sympathy and wish for themselves that they could cry freely. Crying is a natural outlet to grieving.

Why am I so mad at my sister for dying? She left me alone. I know it wasn't her fault, but I feel so guilty for being angry.

At some time, everyone is angry at the person who died. Anger does not mean you loved them less; it means the loss is so great that you want the terrible pain to end.

I can't concentrate. I can't think and I can't remember anything. I think I am losing my mind.

You are not losing your mind, although it may feel that way. Your mind is probably overloaded. Not only do you have to go through your daily routine, but your mind is flooded with thoughts and feelings for your brother or sister. This is temporary; your memory and concentration will return over time.



I have terrible nightmares. Sometimes I dream I am dying. I can't tell anyone because they'll think I am crazy. Am I?

Some grieving people experience intense dreams. Dreams serve as a healthy outlet for the intense feelings you have during the day. As time goes on and you deal with your feelings, your dreams will become less frightening.

I feel so guilty for the way I yelled at my brother. We would fight about the silliest things. I'll never be able to tell him how sorry I am.

Brothers and sisters in every family quarrel and don't apologize after every argument. Even though you fought, you still loved your brother and he loved you.

Suddenly my parents expect me to parent them. I just can't handle it.

This is truly one of the most unfair positions your grief put you in. Try to share these feelings with your parents. Hopefully you'll be better able to understand one another.

TCF, Baltimore, MD
from *This Healing Journey*,
an Anthology for Bereaved Siblings

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children's and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild, and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss. We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

Susan Mackey
TCF, Rutland, VT

The Loss of a Child Who Left Young Children

What happens when your child dies and leaves young children? Others will try to comfort you with words such as, "You have a part of your child," or "she lives on in her children." Yes, there is a bright side in having grandchildren. Tending to their needs is a temporary distraction from our grief, and caring for others helps one heal. However, those of us who have been through the experience know that the loss is compounded by the pain of seeing our grandchildren coping with the death of a parent. In the case of a very young child, there is the realization that the child will never know the parent, and your son or daughter will never see the children grow to adulthood. Every birthday, graduation, or family celebration becomes "bittersweet" when the parent is not there to share in the festivities.

The difficulties can mount if the in-law spouse remarries and/or moves away. In any case, the bereaved parents hope that their son-in-law or daughter-in-law will allow them to be part of the children's lives. Fortunately, I see my grandchildren regularly, but this may not be so in other situations.

Bereaved parents who have no grandchildren may feel remorse that their child did not leave a living legacy. Those of us who do have grandchildren are faced with additional problems. The grandchildren's needs become our main focus. Their pain is our pain. This is the extra baggage we carry as grandparents.

Anita Becker
TCF, Rockland County, NY

ONLINE MEMORIAL SERVICE—DECEMBER 13, 2020

Because of the Coronavirus, our 2020 Memorial Service will be conducted online and not in person. More details are on page 1. We hope that all who want to will participate in this event. Please provide your email address below to receive an electronic invitation to view the service online.

EVERY FAMILY WISHING TO TAKE PART IN THE MEMORIAL SERVICE MUST COMPLETE AND SUBMIT THIS FORM.

Your form must be received no later than Monday, November 16, 2020 for your child's photo to be included. We're very sorry, but no photos may be accepted after November 16

Please send your completed form directly to Lamar Bradley by email or by mail to the address below. Be sure to include your child's name as you want it to be read (including phonetic pronunciation).

Lamar Bradley
4772 Cascade Drive,
Old Hickory TN 37138

or

Email: lamar.bradley@comcast.net
(Be sure to include your child's name)

Instructions: Please send an original 5x7 photo (no copies, please). If a 5x7 is not available, any size will do; however, the 5x7 or larger is easier to process and yields a better image. Do not write on the photo, but be sure to place a sticky note on the back of the photo with your name and the child's name clearly printed.

The original will be returned to you at a future meeting.

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

Please initial one of the following:

- I/we are enclosing an original photo of my child to be included in the online Memorial Service and I/we consent to the use of my/our child's name and photo in the prerecorded program.
Please use my/our child's photo from last year in the online Memorial Service and I/we consent to the use of my/our child's name and photo in the prerecorded program
Please do not include a photo of my/our child in the online Memorial Service, but please have my/our child's name read as a part of the service. I/we consent to the use of my/our child's name in the prerecorded program.
Please do not include a photo of my/our child or my child's name in the online Memorial Service, but I will attend online.

Print your name Phone
Signature Email



Grief



GRIEF cannot be conquered
Like an enemy

GRIEF can only be changed
From pain
To hope
From hope
To deeper life.



Sascha

Where grief is still very fresh, the most important resolution made may be the dedication to survive each new day.

Bruce H. Conley

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 DeathMike 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

The Compassionate Friends

**P.O. BOX 50833
Nashville, TN
37205**

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Requested**



October 2020

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On the Death of a Child

When a child dies, a light goes out in the world, never to be replaced. We are overcome by pain and heartbreak which is beyond measurement, and completely unable to comprehend any meaning behind such a tragedy. The loss of such a young life, the finality of it, can hardly be fathomed. We search in vain for an answer to why a life so full of promise and unfulfilled potential has been torn away so prematurely.

Our grief and anguish are unrelenting and unyielding in its intensity. Although we know that death can come quickly, with no warning to any living creature, never in our wildest dreams did any of us imagine that one of our children should be taken—a reversal of the natural order.

At first it seems as if our lives, our souls, the very innermost substance of our being have been shattered, never to be resurrected again. Our tears, our anguish, conceal any legacy that remains of the child's existence. It is as if we are enveloped in a cloud of darkness and deep despair. The reality of the death is as unforgiving as the sky, the sea, the earth and all eternity.

The inevitability of birth, life and death blankets us with a feeling of futility about the uselessness of it all. It is hard to remember that during the child's short and transitory time on earth, he or she contributed a unique essence of life, imprinting an image on all those who were touched. Therein lies the child's legacy—the only bridge connecting the chasm between the living and the dead. For each of us the legacies left by our children differ in detail, yet at the same time are similar with respect to the precious memories, which are all that remain to provide comfort.

At first, we are inconsolable, but gradually the reaching out of heart and hand by those who understand and can respond to such a loss touches the soul, helps soothe the unbearable pain and intense suffering. Only a parent who has lost a child can give such a gift to another bereaved parent.

As in any event, there is a lesson to be learned. An opportunity emerges from the sorrow—an opportunity to sort out trivia, old resentments, to perceive with clear vision that in our lives which is truly important. The tragedy we have experienced somehow enables us to establish new and more meaningful priorities, to love and to value those who are close with a renewed sense of appreciation and awareness. If any meaning is ever again to exist in our lives, it will develop as a result of newly found sensitivity, love and compassion for others.

Chris Moon
TCF, Rio Linda, CO