

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

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Nashville Website: 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.

September 13 Meeting:

For the health and safety of our members, we will gather for our **September 13 meeting** using “Zoom” virtual meeting platform again. Our virtual meeting will begin at 3:00 PM, and run till about 4:30.

If you are interested in participating, send an email to TCFNashville@yahoo.com. Title the email “Zoom”. We will reply with a link to the meeting and some general instructions on how it works.

About 5 minutes before the meeting, go into your email and click on the link to the meeting. If you have a camera on your computer, be sure to enable your camera so we can see everyone.

Our virtual meeting will begin with a brief program. We will share September birthdays. Depending upon the number of attendees, we will move folks to private sharing groups of less than 8 people where we can talk.

Please consider joining us for our Virtual Meeting and don't be scared off by the thought of a virtual meeting! We believe this is our best option right now to keep in touch. You may also join by phone. A phone number will be provided with the email response

Ongoing online support is available at our national website: Compassionatefriends.org and you can connect via Facebook with our local chapter members at The Compassionate Friends, Nashville, TN and with other parents and families at The Compassionate Friends/USA, both private groups.

Check the chapter website for the status of future meetings: www.tcfnashville.org It has been decided to continue the Zoom meetings through the end of 2020. Future newsletters will tell you about plans for the December memorial service. We all look forward to the time our in-person meetings can resume. We need not walk alone.

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

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—

Codie Dewayne Adams
September 6
Son of Shane and Laura Adams

Ken Bush
September 24
Son of Nona Fox

Gary Lee Durichek
September 2
Son of
Jimmy and Barbara Hayes

Bert Rich
September 11
Son of
Shirley Rich-Brinegar

Glenn Thomas Allen, Jr. (Tommy)
September 2
Son of Ann McKee
Stepson of Wilson McKee

Emily Michelle Childers
September 30
Daughter of
Mike and Paula Childers
Sister of Sarah and Julie

Jeremy George Hardy
September 16
Son of George and Thelma Hardy

Scotty Lee Rumble
September 11
Son of
Kimberly Rumble

Daniel Bowen Bishop
September 16
Son of Kevin and Molly Bishop

Jon Ashley Duncan
September 11
Son of Mike and Kay Duncan

James Anthony Hunter, Jr.
September 11
Son of James and Tammy Hunter

Brooke Welch
September 2
Daughter of
Laurie Welch

Charles Michael Brown (Charlie)
September 15
Son of Dan and June Brown
Brother of Katherine

Ryan Michael Dunleavy
September 15
Son of Kevin and Lora Dunleavy

Andrew Morris Pack
September 8
Son of
Wayne and Cassandra Pack

Nathan Young
September 19
Son of Dana Young

And in the month of their deaths



Rodney Bates, Jr.
September 11
Son of Elizabeth Christian

Darby Felts
September 9
Son of Deanie Gregory
Nephew of Jean Porch

Rebecca Aileen Banker Lewis
September 27
Daughter of
Jim and Lydia Banker

Philip G. Sanders
September 20
Son of Jean Porch
Nephew of Deanie Gregory

James Michael Bolton (Mikey)
September 11
Son of Jim and Loretta Bolton

Christopher Miller Harris
September 11
Son of
Bill Harris and Judy Harris

David Bennett Medlin
September 22
Son of Ron and Brenda Medlin

Brandon Frederick Weller
September 27
Son of Freddy and Pippy Weller

Pamela Sue Chaiken
September 9
Daughter of
Lionel and Sandra Chaiken

Michael Scott Jones
September 16
Son of Warren and Donna Jones

Lindsay Carole Miller and Her "Other Half"

Maxim Siesov

September 11
Daughter of
David and Rebecca Miller
Granddaughter of
Roy and Carole Renfro

Don Bruce Winters
September 8
Son of Jerry and Loretta Winters

Kaitlyn Kimberly Cook
September 15
Daughter of
Jim Cook and Sylvia Bosma

Betty D. Jones
Brother of
David, Jennifer and Becky

Ryan Lee Wiseman
September 5
Son of
Roger and Deborah Wiseman

Angel

*Hope is the melancholy angel of grievers,
elusive and beautiful.
Hope is the light from nowhere,
telling us that we must reach
for the unknown promise
that waits to be fulfilled,
in a future we do not yet understand.*

Sascha

Journey

*The journey from grief to hope
deos not happen swiftly.
But it happens—
if you will let your heart
ride along.*

Sascha

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.

*Michael and Treva Ambrose
In loving memory of
their daughter,
Misty Whitney Ambrose*

*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 Kay Duncan
In loving memory of
their sons,
Jamison Michael Duncan
(Jamie)
And Jon Ashley Duncan*



*From Roy and Barbara Davies
Received at the Greenbrier
Fourth of July Celebration
from the sale of
Butterfly Boutique items left over
From our 2019
Regional Conference*

*Greenbrier United
Methodist Church
Communion Love Offering
Designated to
The Compassionate Friends*

*Greenbrier United
Methodist Women
A Love Offering
Designated to
The Compassionate Friends*



*Deannie Gregory
In loving memory
of her son, Darby Felts,
And her nephew,
Philip Sanders,
Son of Jean Porch*

*Tom and Margaret Loose
In loving memory of
their daughter,
Heather Ann Willis*

*Peggy Mayes
In loving memory of
Roy and Taylor Davies
And in honor of their parents,
Roy and Barbara Davies.*

*Wayne and Cassandra Pack
In loving memory of their son,
Andrew Morris Pack*

Each month, Allegra Print & Imaging, 601 Grassmere Park, 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.

*Behind
each dark flower
of sorrow
waits*



*a memory
of the blessing
you shared.
Sascha*

Grief Writing

Some Ideas on Keeping a Journal

Writing is a simple, yet powerful way to begin working through your grief. You will find it helps to relieve some of the physical, emotional and spiritual pain that many grieving folks are experiencing.

- It will help you work through many of the issues which are difficult to communicate in other ways.
- It is very personal and confidential - no one need share in your writings unless you specifically choose to permit it.
- It is simple to do spontaneously.
- It does not require making complicated plans; it can be accomplished at the moment your feelings and needs are strongest, even when you wake up at three in the morning.

Who are you writing for? Even though you intellectually know that it is for you and you alone, all your prior training has conditioned you differently. During school years we always wrote for others to see and usually judge, correct and grade. We have all written letters for others to read. Nearly all our prior writing has been to communicate with others.

JOURNAL WRITING IS DIFFERENT:
IT IS ONLY FOR YOU TO READ!

While this sounds like such an obvious thought, you may be surprised at the difficulty in getting your inner self to grant you permission to write freely without ANY editorial judgment. As you progress in your writing, you will find that you are able to overcome the 'mind set' that you are writing for others, and you will concentrate on fully serving your needs for expression.

Since you are writing for yourself, you now have permission not to be a perfectionist. You can use an old wide lined school notebook or one of those expensive "designer journals," and you can give yourself permission to be as sloppy or as neat as you wish. Forget erasers – it is easier, quicker and more spontaneous to cross out words. Furthermore, there are no errors when writing for yourself - merely thoughts you wish to re-read and those you want to skip. Rather than erasing or tearing out pages in order to obliterate, try putting a big X through a page or crossing out a phrase. Pay attention to those thoughts you are inclined to obliterate – often they are rich sources of issues you need to work through in your grief work. For this reason, I always suggest a permanently bound notebook rather than a spiral bound or loose-leaf book.



As a new writer, I have certainly experienced a blank page staring me in the face, unable to think of anything to say. What a relief when I learned to write my "stream of consciousness." I set a time limit – for starts, perhaps 5 or 10 minutes – and then write everything which comes into my mind, no matter how unconnected, scattered or inane it may seem. Since I am not judging myself, and no one else will read it, it doesn't matter that it isn't a well composed sentence or paragraph. I capture whatever thought or image comes to mind. Since I am not trying to write a story, I merely begin to document my internal images and feelings, my internal dialogue.

Not having the pressure of composing something which makes sense, I just have to be able to write fast enough to keep up with my internal activity. If my thoughts lead me to a particular issue, I may begin to elaborate on it. When the allotted time has passed, I may choose to continue or will allow myself to stop for the day, and start again fresh the next day.

You will surprise yourself at how quickly you have developed a new tool for making progress with your grief work. With the mechanics of writing now a comfortable routine, you can become more focused. In grief work, we are frequently writing for one or more of the following reasons:

- To capture our experience or progress
- To confront an issue
- To vent, explore or express a feeling or emotion
- To connect
- To atone
- To preserve a thought
- To memorialize our loss

While few people feel they want to share everything they have written, there is frequently added value in sharing some of what we have written. Some, in their writings, have discovered parts of themselves which they felt they wanted to share. If you find this to be the case, the sharing circle at a meeting of The Compassionate Friends provides that opportunity.

If writing has always been easy and comfortable, please continue to do it. If this is all new to you, please be encouraged as you begin to use this new and useful tool which will serve you well, even beyond your grief work.

This article was adapted from a handout prepared by Alan B. Taplow, of Plainfield, New Jersey, for use with his Bereavement Support Group. He created it from material inspired by Carol Staudacher in her book, Men & Grief (New Harbinger Publ., 1991)

You don't heal from the loss of a loved one because time passes;

You heal because of what you do with the time.

Carol Crandall

Newly Bereaved ... Burden of Grief



As I struggle with words to find answers
 Reading and writing my pain
 The pages grow blurred before eyes that are tired
 From this crushing emotional drain.
 The relief that comes from the writing
 Parallels what I feel when I read—
 To open myself to the torture of loss
 Seems to soothe this unbearable need.
 There's no pleasure in life at this moment
 It's an effort to get through the day
 And I labor to stay above water...
 But the shoreline is so far away.
 So I pick up a pen or a book about grief
 And it serves as a raft for a while.
 And I hope, as my tears fall on pages of pain
 That I'll learn once again how to smile.
 As I swim toward the shore of acceptance
 I pray for the peace of belief
 That heaven's your home and you're waiting for me
 Then I'll finally be free of this grief



Sally Migliaccio
 TCF Babylon, NY
 From Tracy, An Extraordinary Child

The Miracle of You

Who would have known
 The exquisite difference
 Your brief life would make upon mine?
 Who would have known
 A tiny baby would
 Show me the beauty of a sunrise,
 Or the wonder of a rainbow,
 Or the pain of a tear?
 Who could have known
 That an innocent little child
 Would take away my fear of death
 And point me in the direction of heaven?
 Who could have known that you
 Would succeed where so many
 Others have failed?



Dana Gensler
 TCF, South Central KY

God's Gift

It seems like only yesterday
 I tucked my daughter in to sleep.
 I put her doll by her side
 and teddy bears at her feet.
 I kissed her softly and said,
 "Good night, my sweet baby angel."
 How was I to know, that early morning,
 God would call her name?
 In life, I loved her ever so deeply.
 And in death, I will do the same.
 I felt so much pain and so alone.
 How could I go on?
 I looked up and asked "WHY!"
 Then I saw the brilliant blue sky,
 The same color as my angel's eyes.
 Sweet aroma filled the air
 and blew across my face.
 Oh! How it smelt like her
 and the warmth of her embrace.
 The more I looked, the more I saw.
 She was all around me. She hadn't left at all.
 And if I listen closely, I can hear her voice,
 Singing of happiness and of a time to rejoice.
 Don't cry, Mommy. I'm okay.
 Each time you wake, look and see
 how I will visit you each and every day.

Cynthia Harvill Perryman
 TCF, Nashville, TN

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

For what is once given cannot be taken,
 except from the eye and the touch of the hand.

Polly Toland

Recalling Fall

September, the advent of Fall, seems almost like a reprieve from the difficult summer months that bring with it concentration on family activities. Maybe you had in previous years rented a cabin on the lake or camped, held 4th of July picnics, days at the beach, and trips to the fair. But with the death of your child, summer can be an excruciating time of year. Therefore, with August's demise, September is almost a breath of fresh air. There are no major holidays to contend with. Granted, the "Big 4" is on the horizon, but still far enough away not to fret over.

Though, at first glance it may appear innocent enough, we may be surprised to find that September isn't as innocuous as it appears and with it can come autumn angst. Personally, it is difficult for our family because September is the month of Nina's birth. In particular, this year would have been her Golden Birthday (24 years old on the 24th). Even when Nina was very young she looked forward to this birthday, as if there was something magical about it. When her sister had hers at six years old and her brother at five years old, she would furrow her brow and say, "No fair! I have to wait until I am 24 years old before I can have mine!!" Sadly, Nina would never experience an earthly Golden Birthday, as she died much too young at 15 years old.

Then there is the beginning of school. I was surprised to find out how much this affected me. I guess our child attending school didn't seem like such a momentous occasion; that is, when they were alive. For many, it was hectic and costly preparing them for the school year. But seeing the school buses on the road, advertisements for Back-to-School clothes and supplies, and the excitement and anticipation on the other children's faces can bring a melancholy to your heart and soul.

This can happen no matter what age your child was when they died. For those whose children were never old enough to enter school, they can only guess what it would have been like to ready them for the first day of school; they picture how they would have looked with their new backpack and their lunch box in hand as they climbed the stairs of the bus. They would look at you with a nervous grin and a goodbye wave of their little hand—something that can now only be imagined.

If their child was school age, they see the other children on the school playground with the sad knowledge that their child should be among them and is not. Moreover, those with older and adult children recall those sweet school-related memories of the past. Maybe it was auditions for concert or band, homecoming dances, or attending high school or college football games. For me, my daughter Nina and I were the best-of-shopping buddies, so school clothes shopping for us was a most important event! After she died, I tried to avoid department stores, especially in late August and early September; I just could not bear to see the parents and their children enjoying what I no longer had with my daughter.

Sometimes it helps to be aware that these feelings might occur and that the change of seasons is oftentimes surprisingly rough. Most bereaved parents aren't quite sure why this happens, but most do note that it definitely does occur. Perhaps it is due to the fact that we are entering a new season that contains what may be poignant memories of past seasons. Maybe it is because we are entering another period of time that our child is no longer a part of, or maybe we are getting that much further away from the last time we saw our child alive. When we know that these feelings are "normal" it is sometimes easier to deal with.

Now eight years post Nina's death, I try to remember that fall was her most favorite time of the year; "Mommy, I LOVE sweatshirt weather!" she would say. She thrived in the crisp autumn air and the exquisite beauty of the trees in their leafy coats of crimson, gold and orange. It was always visibly apparent how much she adored the fall season and the thoughts of her precious face in autumn now make me smile, yet miss her just as much as ever.

Yes, September is fast approaching, with the difficult holiday season a little further down the road. Try to remember that these days to come contain tricky paths to navigate and that it is especially important to be tender with your fragile psyche. Please be as good to yourselves as you possibly can.

With gentle thoughts,

Cathy L. Seehuetter
TCF St. Paul, MN

Tabloids

The line in the grocery store was long that day, leaving plenty of time to scan the magazines positioned near the checkout counter to catch the attention of restless, impatient customers. "Flatten Your Tummy," "Lose 40 Pounds in 30 Minutes with Our Amazing New Diet," "Eat Prune Pits for a Healthy Sex Life," and on and on.

I thought about parents in grief. And I know the response most of us have in the early weeks, months and years of grief: What does it matter? Why should I be concerned about health? Life takes on a different meaning after a child dies. We feel like we will never again care if our tummies are flat and our muscles are strong.

If there had been an article on the rack that day about getting up when I'm not sure if I can walk, drinking water when I cannot even swallow, breathing in and out without sighing, waking up or going to sleep without flashbacks, staying silent when my heart wants to scream... I would have bought it.

Alice Monroe
TCF Colorado

CHAPTER INFORMATION

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. You may drop us a note at TCF, P.O. Box 50833, Nashville, TN 37205, or email us at davidg14@bellsouth.net. 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 or email 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.

TCF Nashville Sibling Support

We encourage siblings from teens to adults to come support one another at our monthly chapter meetings. Siblings face a unique and complicated grief journey and are finding hope and healing through our sharing groups.



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.

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. 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 a newborn infant. They meet at 7:00 p.m. on the 2nd Thursday of the month in the Administrative Board Room on the first floor at Tri-Star Centennial Women's and Children's Hospital, 2221 Murphy Avenue in Nashville. The meetings are “open” and free. You can drop by as often as you like. The website is sharingmiddletn.org. Their informative brochure is found under “Contact Us.”

Survivors of Suicide

There is a caring SOS group in Nashville. For information about meetings, you may call [615 244-7444](tel:6152447444), 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 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 50833
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Pain

I am not a young man, and I thought I knew the meaning of pain. I have experienced pain from a toothache, arthritis, and even the loss of relatives and friends. But nothing in my fifty-four years had prepared me for the pain I experienced when we lost our son. I had no clue to real pain.

I think only a bereaved parent knows the true meaning. Not to belittle the loss of a parent or spouse, but those who have lost both tell me that it is not the same. My mother said to me at my brother's funeral, "Now I know how you feel." Even though she had lost a grandson, it was not the same.

It has been almost five years now, and there hasn't been a day go by that I don't see his picture or think of him and feel that pain. Pain for what we lost...and for what he lost. That pain is not as intense now. I have learned to tolerate it and still lead a normal life.

The Compassionate Friends helped me to realize that I was not alone and that there were many others who felt that same pain. They helped me learn how to deal with it. Now it is my turn to try to help someone else.

Harold F. Underwood
TCF Southern Maryland