



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Bluegrass Chapter Newsletter

"We need not walk alone."

www.tcfbluegrass.org

P.O. Box 647, Nicholasville, Kentucky 40340

January 2011

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The Compassionate Friends

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Telephone Friends

Sometimes it helps to be able to talk to someone who understands. The following bereaved parents are willing to provide support and comfort.

Jim Sims

(859) 858-8288

(859) 797-2168

Mary Camp

(859) 737-0180

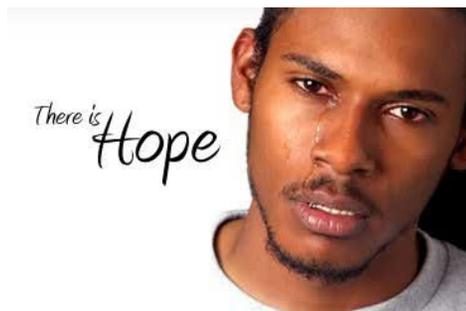
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The death of a child of any age, from any cause, is a shattering experience for a family. When a child dies, a family needs emotional support for the long grief journey that lays ahead.



helping families toward the positive resolution of their grief following the death of a child.

Our Mission & Purpose is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age by any cause and to provide information to help others be supportive.



Since 1980, the Bluegrass Chapter of The Compassionate Friends has been actively



To Catch A Snowflake

Snowy skies whispering love from heaven
Twirling, swirling, then dancing
I catch a snowflake
And then a memory.
Lacey dreams and glittery days
Drift in and out of my heart.
Gently kissing the places
Where the infinite sadness lives
And a graceful healing starts
Lightly, I float among the fringes of my loss
As I wander into rock-salt courage.
I catch a snowflake
And then find hope.
Clouds of despair meet flurries of wonder
Acceptance sprinkles the skies of blue
My heart whispers love again.

**The Compassionate Friends
National Office**

P.O. Box 3696

Oak Brook, IL 60522

(877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org

**Our Children
Forever Loved and Remembered**

February Birth Dates

- 2/1 **Kevin Brant Prenatt** Son of Susan J. Prenatt
2/3 **Brian Alan Frith** Son of Larry and Rowena Frith
2/3 **Brian J. Bergin "Bri"** Son of Robert and Sherry Lowry
2/6 **David Allen Rose** Son of Ralph and Carmileta Rose
2/7 **Jacob Issac Gibson** Son of Veronica and Darrell Gibson
2/8 **Keith Allen Gadbois** Son of George Gadbois
2/8 **Glenn Cope** Son of Sheila Cope
2/12 **Christopher Michael Jackson** Son of Guy and Debbie Jackson
2/16 **Jason Thomas Music** Son of Sandra Miller
2/14 **Mark Christopher Wills** Son of John and Patricia Wills
2/15 **Bill Varney** Son of Judy Varney
2/15 **Eugenia L. Morton** Daughter of Eugene and Joyce Morton
2/16 **Dawn Chrystine Beckett** Daughter of Mike and Lynn Lindsey
2/17 **Bobby Sherman Parsons** Son of Anna McKinney
2/18 **James Michael Farris** Son of Hulda Farris
2/18 **Christopher Thomas Miller** Son of Colleen and Tim Miller
2/21 **Stan Caudill** Son of Tom and Patricia Tschop
2/22 **Michael Becraft** Son of Raymond and Lucille Becraft
2/24 **Kristopher Ryan Gordon** Son of David and Chris Gordon
2/25 **Missy Fields** Daughter of David and Janie Fields
2/26 **Griffin Alexandar Watson-Mills** Son of Blake Mills & Candice Watson
2/27 **Trista Erin Lane Hail** Daughter of Bill and Debbie Lane
2/28 **Melody Cay Guffey** Daughter of George Foley
2/28 **Kimberly Sue Toye** Daughter of Gail Toye
2/28 **Joshua Scott Barker** Son of Deborah Barker

About Being Strong

Many people are convinced that being strong and brave means trying to think and talk about "something else."

But we know that being strong and brave means thinking and talking about our Child until our grief begins to be bearable.

That is strength.

That is courage.

And only thus can "being strong and brave" help us to heal.

— Sasch

In the event of inclement weather, local radio/television stations will be contacted regarding meeting cancelation. If Fayette County Schools are closed that day, we will not be meeting.

Our Children
Forever Loved and Remembered

February Remembrance Dates

- 2/4 **Tressa Parsons Adams** Daughter of Linda and Bobby Parsons
2/4 **Michael Terrell John Lee** Son of Vicky L. and Terry C. Lee
2/5 **Sheena Christine Kiser** Daughter of Tina Kiser
2/5 **James "Jamie" Earl Flynt** Son of Suzie McDonald
2/6 **Andrea Kaye Huggins** Daughter of Jim and Sheila Huggins
2/6 **Brandon Todd Wilson** Son of Bob and Starr Wilson
2/13 **Jerry Denver Ison** Son of Genett Ison
2/14 **Steven Matthew Service** Son of Ruth McGill
2/16 **David Michael Harmon** Son of Jody Harmon & Luanne Murphy
2/18 **Jack Charles Bahm, II** Son of Jack Bahm
2/18 **Will Fister, III** Son of Gayle and J. W. Fister
2/19 **David Nelson Hunt** Son of Judy & Walter Hunt
2/19 **Allen Grant Borntraeger** Son of Doug and Cathy Borntraeger
2/21 **Brandon Lee Lorance** Son of Callie Lorance
2/22 **Hillary Paige Troidl** Daughter of Jim and Barb Troidl
2/22 **Robin Lee Webb** Daughter of Ricky and Sharon Blakeman
2/22 **Joe Collins Hisle IV** Son of Barbara and Joe Hisle
2/24 **Crystal Ann Knafl** Granddaughter of Karen and John Knafl
2/25 **Wicky Blakeman** Son of Mr. & Mrs. Wendell Blakeman
2/25 **P. J. Phillip Duncan** Son of Donna Breeze
2/25 **Ross Kemper** Son of Becky Kemper
2/26 **Jacob "Jay" Lovenguth** Son of Jake and Markeata Lovenguth
2/27 **Tony R. Applegate** Son of Dolly Wallace Bellomy
2/27 **Vicki Lyn Easter** Daughter of Beulah Williams
2/27 **Chris Rudnick** Son of Julia Rudnick-Woodall
2/27 **Robert Riley** 5/15/75 Son of Robert & Linda Riley

At some of the darkest moments in my life, some people I thought of as friends deserted me-some because they cared about me and it hurt them to see me in pain; others because I reminded them of their own vulnerability, and that was more than they could handle. But real friends overcame their discomfort and came to sit with me. If they had not words to make me feel better, they sat in silence (much better than saying, "You'll get over it," or "It's not so bad; others have it worse") and I loved them for it. - Harold Kushner, Living a Life that Matters

To have your child included on "Our Children" webpage, please contact our webmaster Mary at
thecamps@roadrunner.com.

Corrections to Birth Dates or Remembrances should be sent to Lisa at garandsmom@yahoo.com.

To The Newly Bereaved

When your child has died, suddenly it seems like all meaning has been drained from your life. When you wake in the morning, it's difficult to get out of bed, much less live a "normal" life. All that was right with the world now seems wrong and you're wondering when, or if, you'll ever feel better.

We've been there ourselves and understand some of the pain you are feeling right now. We are truly glad that you have found us but profoundly saddened by the reason. We know that you are trying to find your way in a bewildering experience for which no one can truly be prepared.

When you're newly bereaved, suddenly you find yourself on an emotional roller-coaster where you have no idea what to expect next. Here are thoughts on some of what you may be experiencing or feeling (many of these will apply to bereaved siblings and grandparents):

- You're in shock from what has happened and a numbness surrounds you to help shield you from the pain.
- You find yourself in denial. Your child cannot be dead. You expect to see your child walk through the door any moment. You see your child in the faces of others walking down the street.
- You wonder how someone can feel this much pain and survive.
- Thoughts of suicide briefly enter your mind. You tell yourself you want to die—and yet you want to live to take care of your family and honor your child's memory.
- You want to know how the people around you can go about their day as if nothing has happened—don't they understand that your life—everything that meant anything to you—has just ended? Your purpose in life is gone.
- You rail against the injustice of not being allowed the choice to die instead of your child.
- You find yourself filled with anger, whether it be at your partner, a person you believe is responsible for your child's death, God, yourself, and even your child for dying.
- You yearn to have five minutes, an hour, a day back with your child so you can tell your child of your love or thoughts left unsaid.
- You are no longer afraid of death as each day that passes puts you one day closer to being with your child.
- Guilt becomes a powerful companion as you blame yourself for the death of your child. Rationally you know that you were not to blame—you most certainly would have saved your child if you'd been given the chance.
- Thoughts of "what ifs" enter your mind as you play out scenarios that you believe would have saved your child.
- Your memory has suddenly become clouded. You're shrouded in forgetfulness. You'll be driving down the road and not know where you are or remember where you're going. As you walk, you may find yourself involved in "little accidents" because you're in a haze.
- You fear that you are going crazy.
- You feel great sadness and depression as you wrestle with the idea that everything important to you has been taken from you. Your future has been ruined and nothing can ever make it right.
- Either you can't sleep at all or you sleep all the time. You feel physical exhaustion even when you have slept.
- You no longer care about your health and taking care of yourself—it just doesn't seem that important anymore.
- You're feeling anxiety and great discomfort—you're told they're panic attacks.
- The tears come when you least expect them.
- Your appetite is either gone or you find yourself overeating.

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Newly Bereaved Continued from Page 4...

- If you have surviving children, you find yourself suddenly overprotective, not wanting to allow them out of your sight. Yet you feel like a bad parent because it's so difficult to focus on their needs when you're hurting so bad yourself.
- You find yourself reading the same paragraph over and over again trying to understand what someone else has written.
- You find there's a videotape that constantly plays in an endless loop in your mind, running through what happened.
- You find that your remaining family at home grieves the loss differently and you search for a common ground which seems difficult to find.
- You've been told by well-meaning people, even professionals, that 70-80-90 percent of all couples divorce after their child dies. You are relieved to find that new studies show a much lower divorce rate, from 12-16%, believed to be caused by the "shared experience" aspect of the situation.
- You find your belief system is shaken and you try to sort out what this means to your faith.
- Old friends seem to fade away as you learn they cannot comprehend the extent or length of your grief.
- Things you liked to do which seemed so important before now seem meaningless.
- Others say you'll someday find "closure," not understanding that closure never applies when it is the death of your child.
- Fleeting thoughts of pleasurable activities bring about feelings of guilt. If you child can't have fun, how can you do anything that brings you enjoyment?
- Placing impossible deadlines on yourself, you go back to work, but find that your mind wanders and it's difficult to function efficiently or, some days, at all. Others wonder when you'll be over "it," not understanding that you'll never be the same person you were before your child died—and the passage of time will not make you so.
- New friends come into your life who understand some of your grief because they've been there themselves.

Finding the "New Me"

When you're newly bereaved, you don't see how you can put one foot in front of the other, much less survive this loss. You'll never "recover" from your loss nor will you ever find that elusive "closure" they talk of on TV—but eventually you will find the "new me." You will never be the same person you were before your child died. It may be hard to believe now, but in time and with the hard work of grieving (and there's no way around it), you will one day think about the good memories of when your child lived rather than the bad memories of how your child died. You will even smile and, yes, laugh again someday—as hard to believe as that may seem.

When the newly bereaved come to a meeting of The Compassionate Friends, you will be able to listen and learn from others who are further down the grief road than you. They will have made it through that first birthday, first death anniversary, first holiday, and so many other firsts that you have not yet reached. You will learn coping skills from other bereaved parents who, like you, never thought they'd survive. There are no strangers at TCF meetings—only friends you have not yet met.

More than 20,000 people a month find the support they are seeking through meetings of The Compassionate Friends. Please check our Chapter Locator on our national website for the nearest TCF chapter. Or call the National Office at 877-969-0010 and we'll be happy to give you a referral to the closest chapter and send you a customized bereavement packet at no charge. We have many other ways of providing support including our national website and Online Support Community, our free monthly e-newsletter, our Facebook Page, our Worldwide Candle Lighting each December, our national conference, and our Walk to Remember. We will be here as long as you need us. Even though you are newly bereaved and the road is long, we invite you to walk with us for as long as the journey takes.

A Mother's Hope

By Betty Lineberger BP/USA of Marion County FL

When our son died, I hoped it was a mistake. It was not. I hoped it was a dream. It was not. Before my son died, I hoped for enough time in that day to clean my house, provide my family with clean laundry, taxi service and healthy meals. I loved dinnertime with my family. After my son died, I did not know what day it was, cleaning our home or doing laundry were things I no longer thought of. I did not cook, I did not shop for food, I did not eat. I hoped he would come back. He did not. I hoped I would gain understanding. I did not. I could not understand how I could wake up on a perfectly normal morning and my son was gone from his room, gone from our home and gone from our lives. I hoped for acceptance. I found none. I hoped those around me would understand me. They did not. How could my beautiful, vibrant, healthy son be gone? I hoped for peace. I had none. I hoped for sleep. I had none. I hoped for courage to resume my daily life. My life was out of my control. The only thing I was sure of in the early days of my grief was that I knew our life would never be the same again. I hoped this empty feeling would go away. It did not. I hoped that some day my family would be normal again. We were not. I hoped I could stop looking for our son in every young man I saw that was tall, slim and had sandy colored curly hair. I could not. I hoped I could become the parent to my surviving children that I knew they deserved. I could not I knew how much they were hurting but I could not help myself and I could not help my children. My younger son needed my comfort. My daughter, expecting her own child needed my comfort. I was their mother but there was no comfort in me to give. I hoped I could be a wife to my husband. I could not. I never hoped for laughter. How could I laugh when my son was dead? I hoped the feelings that consumed my every waking moment would somehow change so I did not feel as though I could never again be in a public place without crying. At 6 months after my son died, I hoped for a reprieve. I no longer could stand the pain and I saw my doctor. I knew he must have an answer to my question, "How long will I feel like this?" He did not. I had begun attending Bereaved Parents meetings and hardly spoke a word at the first meeting. I could not stop talking at my second meeting. I had found the glimmer of hope that I had been searching for. I hoped this all-consuming grief would never again happen to my family. But it did! When my daughter in law was 6 months pregnant, my son told me their baby had died. How I grieved for my son. I knew what he was feeling. I hoped to be able to help him and his wife. I could not. I then realized that all of the things I had hoped for had begun to come about but had taken a lot of time. I hoped my son and his wife could hold on long enough for time to help and heal. They have. When my son died, I never hoped for joy. I could not imagine joy as part of our lives ever again. But there is joy. When my son was a baby, a toddler, a young child, a teenager and young man, I watched over him. I thought I would watch over him for my entire life. But I was wrong. I hope with all my heart that he is watching over me. I now have the understanding I hoped for. I have peace. I finally sleep. I find joy every time I see a tall, slim young man with sandy colored curly hair. I do not cry as often. So there is hope. We all have a future; we have memories. No matter how long our children were part of our lives, we have memories. The first time I realized that joy would one day be part of my life was the day I remembered a trick my son played on his little brother. He gave him a glass of buttermilk instead of regular milk and pretended it was a mistake. We have laughed so many times about this little story. I can still see the twinkle in his eye. I can hear my son and daughter as he made up names for her to tease her. Oh, how he loved to laugh. I remember the look on his face when I discovered the snake he put in my garden terrarium. I know the joy I feel every time I think of my son, share a memory with someone or look at pictures of him will never change. My hope as a Mother is that we all will find peace and cherish the joy our children have brought to our lives.

Healing with Humor

Laughter is not a part of everybody's life, so it is easy to accidentally offend someone with humor. Bereaved parents, especially the newly bereaved, do not feel like laughing; their joy in life has gone. Laughing seems so trivial to them, they can easily be offended. Some bereaved parents feel guilty about humor and laughter. They feel they have no right to joy because their child is dead. Appearing joyous can bring condemnation from society, not to mention your spouse, for appearing to not care. People may think, surely if you are laughing you did not love your child as much as I love mine. The truth is, joy makes life better. Joyous talk and laughter do not show disrespect, they show that healing is taking place. If you laughed with your child while they lived, it is OK to someday laugh with your child again. Your dear child has never left your heart and their spirit would surely rather fill your heart with joy than sorrow.

Meeting Information

Lexington

Third Monday of Every Month
6:30 p.m.—8:30 p.m.
Hospice of the Bluegrass
2321 Alexandria Drive
Lexington, Kentucky



Winchester

First Tuesday of Every Month
7:00 p.m.—9:00 p.m.
Hospice East
417 Shoppers Drive
Winchester, Kentucky

Meeting Format

Doors open one-half hour before meeting times to provide the opportunity to visit with old friends and acknowledge new ones. Please plan to arrive early so the meeting can begin on time.

The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow. We Need Not Walk Alone. We are The Compassionate Friends.

Grief Healing: Remembering Our Loved Ones on Valentine's Day

We've barely made it through the holidays of December and January, and now the stores are filled with hearts and flowers and candy, all of it in celebration of the gift of love. But February 14 can be a difficult day for those of us who are grieving, and for some it will be the first Valentine's Day since our precious Valentine died. For us there is no celebration; there is only grief.

Sometimes, for fear of "letting go," we may find ourselves "holding on" to our pain as a way of remembering those we love. Letting go of what used to be is not an act of disloyalty, and it does not mean forgetting our loved ones who have died.

Letting go means leaving behind the sorrow and pain of grief and choosing to go on, taking with us only those memories and experiences that enhance our ability to grow and expand our capacity for happiness.

If our memories are painful and unpleasant, they can be hurtful and destructive. If they create longing and hold us to the past, they can interfere with our willingness to move forward in our grief journey. But it doesn't have to be that way. We can choose which parts of life we shared that we wish to keep and which parts we wish to leave behind. We can soothe our pain by thinking of happy as well as sad memories. The happiness we experienced with our loved ones belongs to us forever.

If we decide to do so, we can choose to embrace Valentine's Day as a special day on which to commemorate our loved ones and to celebrate our love for them. Death ends a life, but it does not end the relationship we have with our loved ones who have died. The bonds of love are never severed by death, and the love we shared will never die either. For Valentine's Day this year, we can find a way to honor our loved ones, to remember them and to show them that our love is eternal.

We can build a piece of "memory time" into that particular day, or we can pack the entire day with meaning. Think of it this way: *It's much easier to cope with memories we've chosen than to have them take us by surprise.* Whether we are facing Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Memorial Day, an anniversary or birthday, or any other special day of our own choosing, we can immerse ourselves in the healing power of remembrance. We can go to a special place, read aloud, or listen to a favorite song. We can celebrate what once was and is no more.

Personal grief rituals are those loving activities that help us remember our loved ones, and give us a sense of connectedness, healing and peace. Creating and practicing personal grief rituals can also help us release painful situations and unpleasant memories, freeing us to make our memories a positive influence in our lives.

What follows are just a few examples of personal grief rituals. The ideas are as unique and as varied as the people who invented them; think of ways that you can adapt them and make them your own. You are limited only by your own imagination.

- If you're a writer, *write*. It could be an article, an anecdote, a story, a poem, a song, a letter, an obituary or a eulogy. If you don't want to write for someone else, keep a private journal and write about your feelings as you journey through your grief.
- Buy a very special candle, decorate it and light it in honor of your loved one.
- Purchase a book - perhaps a children's book - on coping with the loss of a loved one, and donate it to your local library or school. Ask the librarian to place a label inside the front cover inscribed "In memory of [your loved one's name]."
- Plant a tree, bush, shrub, garden or flower bed as a permanent growing memorial to your beloved. Mark the site with a memorial plaque, marker, bench or statue.
- Memorialize your beloved in cyberspace by lighting a virtual candle at Light a Candle Online.

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Grief Healing Continued from Page 8...

- Write a special note, letter, poem, wish or prayer to your beloved, go outside, attach the paper to a balloon and let it go - or place it in a vessel and burn it, and watch the smoke rise heavenward.
- If you are harboring bad feelings or regrets, gather symbols to represent those hurtful or painful situations, events, or feelings from your past, place them in a container and hold a private burial or burning ceremony, saying goodbye and releasing them as you do so.
- Ask relatives, friends, co-workers and neighbors to gather their contributions, and put together a scrapbook or box of memories containing mementoes, letters and photographs of your loved one.
- Celebrate the life of your loved one by continuing favorite traditions or eating favorite foods.
- Select a Valentine card that you wish your beloved would have picked for you, and mail it to yourself.
- Give yourself a gift from your loved one that you always wished he or she would have given you, and think of your beloved whenever you use it or wear.

What My Child Has Taught Me

I've learned that you can keep going long after you think you can't. I've learned that learning to forgive takes a lot of practice. I've learned that friends can become strangers, and strangers can become friends. I've learned that ignorance isn't an excuse for the lack of compassion. I've learned that some people will never, ever - "get it". I've learned that the community of sorrow is the strongest of all. I've learned that no matter how bad your heart is broken the world doesn't stop for your grief. I've learned that your life can be changed in a matter of minutes. I've learned that the people you care most about in life are taken from you too soon. I've learned that you should always leave loved ones with loving words, it may be the last time you see them. I've learned that love isn't measured by the amount of time you have with someone. I've learned that some sorrow is so deep that it has no words. But so is love.

Love Gifts

In memory of Evan Scout Warren
by his parents, Brian and Kelly Warren

In memory of Jeff Sims
by his father, Jim Sims

In memory of Bobby Covert
by his mother, Carmen Covert



Snowflakes

There's something special about a snowflake. Rumor has it that there are not two snowflakes alike, not in the entire world! Each one is an original work of art. I haven't quite figured out yet who determined this to be true, but it's not something I'm going to set out to disprove!

Just like those snowflakes, there is not one duplicate of the child we have lost. He or she is a one of a kind, and that's one of the reasons losing that child is so terribly devastating. As we head into winter, and the snow is bound to show up sooner or later...imagine your child to be like the snowflake. Original in look and personality, that child was probably the most beautiful baby in the nursery, the brightest child in the kindergarten class at school, the most talented child in the junior high band...need we go on? Well, just because that child has been taken from you, it doesn't make his or her specialness any less than when living. You are still the parents of that child. That child is still the best child ever. Just like the snowflake, you cannot hold it in your hand forever. But to treasure the memory of that snowflake forever is indeed a wonderful gift!

So, brag on your child! Continue to consider him or her the best of all children. Don't let the memory go. Hang onto that memory forever.

Faces of Grief

Though winter's delicate, lacy snowflakes may remind us of the lace-trimmed hearts of February's Valentines, the "mourning" heart seems frozen in time. The bitter winds of loneliness blow mournfully through our souls. Death has tapped us on the shoulder, introducing his brother, Grief, who has moved into our hearts to take up unwelcome residence. Wearied and exhausted by our pain, we have little energy to evict the intruder. It's hard for us to remember that the sun still faithfully shines behind the clouds that have obscured our vision.

"Love" is apparently the thought for the season, and we are reminded of its tenderness at every turn. But a piece of the fiber of our lives has been torn away, and love seems a vague and unfulfilled promise that belongs only to others. Hearts and flowers, lace and love, romantic verse and melody seem to have abandoned us as we grope in the darkness of our beloved's absence. Will the pain ever end? Will the hope of joy and renewal once again warm the frozen places in our hearts? Gradually, as the hurt begins to soften, and the thawing relief of healing slowly begins to melt the icy grip of our pain, hope does begin to "spring eternal."

Roses, traditional in February's favorite holiday, remind us that summer will return (even if it is not on the traditional calendar's schedule!). It's unlikely that we will ever again perceive the usual symbols of love in quite the same way as before, but in many ways our concepts of genuine love will be stronger, richer and less assailable. Frivolous and shallow affection are absent from our thoughts. Deeper commitments and more demonstrative attention have become our new marching orders. In costly lessons, we've learned firsthand how fragile and fleeting life can be, and we are now resolute in our determination to announce to our remaining dear ones the importance of our bonds with them. We abandon the intimidation of "limits" such as the archaic notions that a "man" mustn't cry or say, "I love you," or that we're too busy just now to pay better attention to someone's needs.

As little by little our pain softens and recedes, and we learn that suffering is but for a season, we also learn that LOVE doesn't die. In our emotional lives, Valentines can now take on a new significance as precious reminders of the love that still exists on both sides of life. Love lives within our hearts, and even Grief cannot steal it away. Love is our bridge over the rainbow.



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Frankfort, Kentucky Regional Conference “Words of Wisdom, Hearts of Love”

Friday March 25

- 10:00 am - 9:00 pm Registration
 1:00 pm - 1:10 pm Welcome – Dusty Rhodes
 Chapter Leader & Regional Coordinator
 1:10 pm - 1:40 pm Pat Loder, Executive Director of
 The Compassionate Friends
 1:40 pm - 2:00 pm Break
 2:00 pm - 3:00 pm Workshop Session
 A: First 2 Years
 B: Reinvesting in Life
 C: Healing, Guilt & Regret
 D: Addiction & Child Loss
 E: Workplace & Grieving
 F: Beyond 5 Years
 3:00 pm - 3:20 pm Break
 3:20 pm - 4:20 pm Workshop Session
 G: Depression vs Grief
 H: Impact of Stillbirth & Infant Death
 I: Helping Yourself Help Others for
 Chapter Leaders & Steering Committee
 J: Songs of Sorrow
 K: A Grandparent’s Lament..
 My Grandchild, My Child
 4:20 pm - 5:45 pm Break
 5:45 pm - 7:00 pm Dinner & General Mark Graham
 “Words of Wisdom, Hearts of Love”
 7:00 pm – 9:00 pm Alan Pedersen & Candle Lighting
 Program with Mitch Carmody
 9:00 pm – 10:30 pm Mitch Carmody Whispers of Love,
 Signs from our Children

TCF Frankfort Member Regina Blanton will be making 3” picture buttons before the sessions begins and during the noon hour. Please bring a 4 x 6 picture of your child(ren)

Saturday March 26

- 6:30 am - 7:30 am Registration
 7:30 am - 8:30 am Breakfast
 8:30 am - 9:00 am Pat Malone, Former Past President of
 The Compassionate Friends
 9:00 am - 9:20 am Break
 9:20 am - 10:20 am Workshop Session
 L: Impact of Child Loss in the Family
 M: Anger & Guilt
 N: Surviving Suicide
 O: Creative Arts
 P: TBA
 10:20 am - 11:00 am Break
 11:00 am - 12:00 pm Workshop Session
 Q: Grief after Long Term Illness
 R: Death by Violent Crime
 S: Be Bitter or Better
 T: Butterfly Workshop
 U: Fallen Heroes (Police, Firefighters, Military)
 12:00 pm - 1:15 pm Lunch
 1:30 pm - 2:30 pm Workshop Session
 V: Giving Yourself Permission
 W: No Surviving Children
 X: Strengthening the Local Chapters
 Y: For Women Only
 Z: For Men Only
 2:30 pm - 2:45 Break
 2:45 pm - 4:15 Closing

Photo from 2010 Conference





THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
 Supporting Family After a Child Dies

"Words of Wisdom, Hearts of Love"
 Frankfort, KY Regional Conference 2011
 March 25th & 26th

REGISTRATION FORM (PLEASE PRINT)

(A SEPARATE FORM IS REQUIRED FOR EACH PERSON ATTENDING)

Guest Name: _____

Guest Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Zip: _____ Phone: _____ Email: _____

Name of Child: _____ age _____ birth date _____ death date _____

Name of Child: _____ age _____ birth date _____ death date _____

Name of Child: _____ age _____ birth date _____ death date _____

To insure your child(ren's) picture is included in the slideshow, please make sure your registration is received by March 22, 2011
Registrations received after this date are accepted, however pictures will not be included in slideshow.

CONFERENCE REGISTRATION: \$60.00 PER PERSON INCLUDES FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER, HOT BREAKFAST SATURDAY MORNING AND BOX LUNCH ON SATURDAY. BLOCK OF ROOMS RESERVED AT CAPITAL PLAZA HOTEL AT A DISCOUNTED RATE OF \$ 77.00 PLUS TAX TO GET DISCOUNT YOU MUST MENTION TCF AND RESERVE BY MARCH 4 (502)227-5100.

Mail Registration to: The Compassionate Friends of Frankfort, KY PO Box 4075, Frankfort, KY 40604

If you have family/friends that wish to only attend Friday night dinner or Saturday luncheon. Please let us know.
 Friday night dinner \$ 15.00 per person # of guests _____ - Saturday luncheon \$ 10.00 per person # of guests _____

Please submit a small photo of your child with your registration for our slideshow by March 22, 2011. Place child's name and dates on back of the picture. We do our utmost to return all pictures but **PLEASE** do not send originals.

Child care will not be available

There will be tables available for memory items if you would like to bring a picture or special item to share.

PLEASE CHECK ONE WORKSHOP PER SESSION
 ITINERARY OF WORKSHOPS LISTED ON CONFERENCE SCHEDULE
 (Workshops are subject to change without notice.)

Friday 2:00 – 3:00	Friday 3:20 – 4:20	Saturday 9:20 – 10:20	Saturday 11: 00 – 12:00	Saturday 1:30 – 2:30
A.	G.	L.	Q.	V.
B.	H.	M.	R.	W.
C.	I.	N.	S.	X.
D.	J.	O.	T.	Y.
E.	K.	P.	U.	Z.
F.				