



**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

September/October 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

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**The Compassionate Friends
National Office**

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Create a Page in Memory of Your Child

Janie and I would like to invite any of our bereaved parents seasoned and new to do a newsletter page in memory of their son and daughter. If you interested, please contact Lisa at garandsmom@yahoo.com. We would love to hear your stories.

If you have experienced a comforting coincidence following the death of your child, please share your story with us for a future edition of our newsletter. If you have a favorite poem, article or prayer, please consider having it featured in one of our newsletters. We take comfort in knowing our feelings are shared and understood. You may send it to Lisa at garandsmom@yahoo.com.

To Our New Members-

Coming to the first meeting is the hardest, but you have nothing to lose and everything to gain! Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not The Compassionate Friends will work for you. At the next meeting you may find just the right person or just the right words said that will help you in your grief work.

To Our Members Who are Further Down the "Grief Road"-

We need your encouragement and support. Each meeting we have new parents. THINK BACK- what would it have been like for you at your first meeting if there had not been any Bereaved Parents to welcome you, share your grief, encourage you and tell you "your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get better!" Holidays are approaching and we welcome everyone with open arms.

Butterfly Hugs & Kisses To All:

Suzie & Janie

Our meetings are changing to the 1st Tuesday of each month!

Same time and location - different day!

**Our newsletter will change to an every-other-month
distribution at that time also.**



Light a candle for all children who have died...

Worldwide Candle Lighting®

...that their light may always shine.

Sunday, December 11, 2011

6:30 p.m.

South Elkhorn Christian Church

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

September Birth Dates

- 9/1 **William Henry Sanders** Son of Barbara Sanders
 9/3 **Todd Jeffries** Son of Jim and Terry Jefferies
 9/10 **Matthew Robert Fritz** Son of Beth and Richard Fritz
 9/13 **"Star" Edward Wilson** Son of Edward Wilson & Kathryn Garner
 9/16 **Garrett Witt** Son of David and Linda Witt
 9/17 **Bradley Johnson** Son of Don and Sharon Johnson
 9/18 **Jeffrey Todd Sims** Son of Jim and Sharon Sims & Priscilla Sims
 9/18 **Kassey Lund** Daughter of Robin Jenerou
 9/19 **Dale Patrick Haight** Son of Pat and John Haight
 9/19 **Foqrul Majumder** Son of Sharifa and Serajul Majumder
 9/22 **Lydia Hodson Copeland** Daughter of Mildred Cox Hodson
 9/22 **Lonnie Gene Centers** Son of Nita Centers
 9/22 **Thomas Monroe Routt** Son of Stephanie Routt
 9/24 **William Elliott Sommer** Son of Tim and Rita Sommer
 9/25 **Shari Eldot** Daughter of Rosalyn Eldot
 9/25 **Jonathan Derek Perdue** Son of Donna Perdue
 9/28 **Hannah Meagan Landers** Son of Michelle and Richard Landers
 9/30 **Keeley Knuteson Hollingsworth** Daughter of Berkeley and Patty Hollingsworth
 9/30 **Chris Rudnick** Son of Julia Rudnick-Woodall

September Remembrance Dates

- 9/1 **Ralph Winton Wesley** Son of Genevieve Wesley
 9/2 **John Richard Roe** Son of Ray and Marilyn Roe
 9/2 **McKenna Brooke Hatchett** daughter of Tim and Melissa Hatchett
 9/5 **Coy Tedd Cosby** Son of Shirley and Jess Cosby
 9/6 **J. Randall Rogers "Rand"** Son of Ron and Virginia Atwood
 9/7 **Jim Albright** Son of J. M. and Erna Albright
 9/10 **Matthew Robert Fritz** Son of Beth and Richard Fritz
 9/12 **Christopher Thomas Miller** Son of Tim and Colleen Miller
 9/14 **Thomas E. Masters, II** Son of Bess Masters
 9/17 **Robin Grace Dixon** Daughter of Lenna and Letch Dixon
 9/18 **Charles Planchage** Son of Peggy Campbell
 9/19 **Tim Sizemore** Son of T. C. Sizemore
 9/20 **Melanie Kaye Laughlin** Daughter of Ernie & Brenda Laughlin
 9/21 **Dale Patrick Haight** Son of Pat and John Haight
 9/25 **Michael Varnell Norton** Son of Mike & Vada Barnes & Varnell Norton
 9/27 **Hank Butler Scolf** Son of Michael and Doretta Scolf
 9/27 **Matthew "Beau" Salsman** Son of Ray and Vicki Salsman

Our Children Forever Loved and Remembered

October Birth Dates

- 10/1 **Imani & Kirk** children of Dawn Stoecker
10/6 **Jan Cecile Richardson** Daughter of Jim and Jean Richardson
10/7 **Renee Peterson** Daughter of Roy and Juanita Peterson
10/8 **Fred "Lance" L. Murphy III** Son of Patty Murphy
10/8 **Clay Warren Burton** Son of Jim and Dottie Burton
10/12 **Tiffany Creech** Daughter of Jim and Karen Rice
10/13 **Nathan Winston Crim** Son of Becky & Keith LaVey & Howard B. Crim
10/14 **John Blair Potter** Son of Susan and James Potter
10/15 **Addison Elise "Addie" Koch** Daughter of Charles and Katie Koch
10/23 **Brandon James Moore** Son of Jane Moore
10/25 **Joe Collins Hisle IV** Son of Barbara and Joe Hisle
10/28 **Colleen Christine Owen** Daughter of Diane and Andrew Owen
10/29 **Shawn Wade Kirby** Son of Tommy and Teresa Kirby
10/29 **Joseph William Minor** Son of Pat and Joseph S. Minor
10/30 **Joe Frank Banks** Son of Barbara Kinne
10/31 **Jennifer Podgorski** Daughter of Monique Podgorski

October Remembrance Dates

- 10/1 **Imani & Kirk** children of Dawn Stoecker
10/1 **Taran Ray Thomas** Son of John and Keila Thomas
10/2 **Brian J. Bergin** Son of Robert and Sherry Lowry
10/2 **Victor Paul Basil** Son of Lorena Basil
10/5 **Jeffrey Todd Sims** Son of Jim & Sharon Sims and Priscilla Sims
10/7 **Larry Crawford, Jr.** Son of Evelyn Dee Crawford
10/8 **Cameron Jordan Christopher** Son of Angelika Traiforos
10/9 **David Davis** Son of Curt Davis
10/11 **Jeffrey Lynn Spradling** Son of Wilma Cracraft
10/11 **Christopher James Mink** Son of Janice and James Mink
10/17 **Bobby Lee Grimm** Son of Brenda and Peter Grimm
10/17 **Ivy Britton Freeman** Daughter of Kevin and Cindy Freeman
10/19 **Kristi Mildred Wainscott** Daughter of Robert and Janet Smith
10/21 **Chad Hammons** Son of Dottie and Walter Hammons
10/26 **Donald Duncan** Son of Donald and Diane Duncan
10/26 **Christopher Perry Adkins** Son of Linda Brooks
10/29 **Bessie Renee Root** Daughter of Patricia Root
10/30 **Gary James Travis Burke** Son of Bonnie Burke, Nephew of Addie Waugh

When darkness seems overwhelming, light a candle in someone's life and see how it makes the darkness in your own and the other person's life flee.

~**Rabbi Harold S. Kushner**

Lessons in Life

Adapted by Joanne Cacciatore for Bereaved Parents

- ✧ I've learned people don't care how much you know until they know that you care.
- ✧ I've learned to avoid judging others so I think what I say, not say what I think.
- ✧ I've learned that it's taking me a long time to become the person I want to be.
- ✧ I've learned that a child who has lived just moments can be your greatest teacher.
- ✧ I've learned that you can keep going long after you think you can't.
- ✧ I've learned that we are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.
- ✧ I've learned that heroes are people who do what needs to be done regardless of their personal circumstances.
- ✧ 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 ignorance begets ignorance.
- ✧ I've learned that some people will never, ever get it.
- ✧ I've learned some people love you dearly, but just don't know how to show it.
- ✧ I've learned that true love continues to grow, even over the longest distance.
- ✧ I've learned that the community of sorrow is the strongest of all.
- ✧ I've learned that it isn't always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.
- ✧ 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 writing, as well as talking, can ease emotional pains.
- ✧ I've learned to trust myself.
- ✧ 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.

What has your child taught you?

Remedy
By Sascha From WINTERSUN

Memories will bring you...*Love* from the past...*Courage* in the present...*Hope* for the future.

"Humor is the great thing, the saving thing. The minute it crops up, all our irritation and resentments slip away, and a sunny spirit takes their place."

~ Mark Twain



To All Parents
by Edgar Guest

"I'll lend you a little time a child of mine," He said.
"For you to love the while he lives and mourn when he is dead,
It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,
But will you, 'til I call him back, take care of him for me?"
"He'll bring his charms to gladden you, but should his stay be brief,
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.
I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn."
"I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have selected you.
Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labor vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again?"
I fancied that I heard them say: "Dear Lord, Thy will be done!
For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness; we'll love him while we may,
And for happiness we've known forever grateful stay."
"But should the angels call for him much sooner than we'd planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."

The Fall of Fall

What is it about the season that takes me back in time
Everything I do, I find you are on my mind.
Haunting dreams find me at night when I try to sleep
And every little detail is replayed,
and the sadness falls so deep.
Something about the close of summer seems to bring it back
Making it so hard to move onward and stay on track.
Something about the dying and fading of the trees
Brings my heart to sorrow, with the falling of the leaves.
How I long to stop it, to keep the fall away
But time marches on, and summer just won't stay.
I know with the fall, winters not far behind
Another lonely season, and the memories flood my mind.
I cry my tears of sorrow, and pray for spring to come
A rebirth of the earth, and the warmth of the sun.
It makes the memories softer and gentler to recall
But now my life is saddened with the nearing of fall.

On Seeing Many Orange-Colored
Butterflies in September
By Sascha Wagner

Time between summer and winter,
Time under changing skies –
muted and heavy with foresight,
or endless blue, smiling at butterflies.
Time between summer and winter,
Time between laughter and tear –
harvest of beauty remembered
and voices (where are you?) to hear.
Time between summer and winter,
Thoughtful and painful and wise –
muted and heavy with losing,
but also – smiling at butterflies.

Sometimes you have to take it on blind faith that your heart is healing. It may not feel like the pain is going away. You might still cry just as hard as ever. But strength, confidence, and wisdom grow invisibly and you must trust that it is there. ~ Stephanie St. Claire

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, to 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.



Bluegrass Chapter Friends and Family Picnic Saturday, October 15, 2011 ♦ 1:00 p.m. South Elkhorn Christian Church

Casual attire ♦ Loving fellowship, ♦ A celebration in memory of our beloved children

Silent Auction ♦ Balloon release ♦ All family and friends are invited! ♦ Memory Table

(please bring photos and mementos to share)

The "button lady", Regina Blanton, will be making 3" picture buttons (bring a 4" x 6" photo for her to use)

Entree and drinks provided, please bring a dish (we encourage you to bring your child's favorite foods)

RSVP Janie or Suzie if possible by Thursday OCT 13th so we can plan accordingly. In case of rain we will move indoors.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH

Alan Wolfelt, *Healing Your Grieving Soul*

For many people, physical contact with another human being is healing. It has been recognized since ancient times as having transformative, healing powers. Have you hugged anyone lately? Held someone's hand? Put your arm around another human being? You probably know several people who enjoy hugging or physical touching. If you're comfortable with their touch, encourage it in the weeks to come. Hug someone you feel safe with. Kiss your children; or a friend's baby. Walk arm in arm with a neighbor. You may want to listen to the song titled "I Know What Love Is," by Don White. I have found this song helps me reflect on the power of touch. Listen to this song then drop me a note/email and let me know how it makes you think; and more important, how it makes you FEEL. Or if you have a favorite song that reflects the power of touch, please email me and share it with me. Try hugging your close friends and family members today, even if you usually don't. You just might like it.





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 dinner time 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

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Meeting Information

Lexington

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



Winchester

Third 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.

Love Gifts

In Loving Memory of Keely Hollingsworth
Given by her Parents, Patty and Berkeley Hollingsworth

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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.

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.

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