

# *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.

## *Candlelight Memorial Service*

### *\*\*\*New Location\*\*\**

*December 12, 2021— 3:00 p.m.*  
*(Please arrive by 2:30)*



*All family members are cordially invited to join us as  
we honor our children during this beautiful  
candlelight service.*

*Refreshments will be provided.*

*The birthday table will be set up for all who wish to share their child's December birthday,  
or if you'd prefer, you may do so in January .*

*The service will be held in our new temporary meeting place, at Citipointe Church, 7533  
Lords Chapel Drive, Nashville 37211. The location is off Nolensville Road (Highway 31A)  
about a mile south of where Bell Road (Old Hickory Boulevard) crosses Nolensville Road.*

After careful consideration, there will be no video produced or Livestreaming of this event, so everyone is encouraged to attend. (Wearing of face masks is optional.)

To participate, please fill out the form on page 7, mark the appropriate box and email it to [lamar.bradley@comcast.net](mailto:lamar.bradley@comcast.net) along with a photo of your child if you have not sent one in previously for the Memorial Service. You may also mail your form and a photo to Lamar at the address on page 7, but if you use regular US mail, be aware that the mail is often slower than usual this time of year, and the **deadline to receive photos is December 4.**

*Citipointe Church will also be the temporary location of the 2022 monthly Nashville Chapter meetings until the new location is available sometime this spring.*

*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—*

**Clayton Lee Chitwood**  
December 28  
Son of Jim and Connie Chitwood  
Grandson of  
Margaret Chitwood-Watkins  
Brother of Matthew

**Matthew Lance Chitwood**  
December 10  
Son of Jim and Connie Chitwood  
Grandson of  
Margaret Chitwood-Watkins  
Brother of Clayton

**Taylor Martin Davies**  
December 14  
Son of Roy and Barbara Davies

**Nigel James Duke**  
December 8  
Son of  
Fred and Latresa Duke



**Susan Edwards**  
December 27  
Daughter-in-law of  
Ruth Edwards

**Darby Felts**  
December 10  
Son of Deanie Gregory  
Nephew of Jean Porch

**Tristan Fillpot**  
December 9  
Son of  
Lorenzo and Floy Wilson

**Chad Flatt**  
December 27  
Son of  
James Flatt and Ann Flatt

**Jennifer Lee Friedmann (Jena)**  
December 25  
Daughter of  
John and Mignon Friedmann  
Sister of Dr. John Friedmann

**Daniel Lee Henson**  
December 13  
Son of  
Ron and Darlene Henson

**Jeremy Seth Lunceford**  
December 15  
Son of Jane Lunceford  
Brother of  
Aubrey, Shelby, and Brittney

**Lindsay Carole Miller**  
December 19  
Daughter of  
David and Rebecca Miller  
Granddaughter of  
Roy and Carole Renfro

**Arianna Marie Mitchell**  
December 27  
Daughter of  
Christopher Mitchell and  
Heather Evans  
Granddaughter of  
Frank and Brenda Nelson

**Lauren Paige Moore**  
December 30  
Daughter of  
Mac and Polly Moore  
Sister of Darrell and Paul

**Mary Catherine Nicholson**  
December 2010  
Daughter of  
John and Suzanne Nicholson  
Sister of Baby Nicholson

**Michael Stanley Overcash**  
December 6  
Son of  
Mike and Jean Overcash  
Brother of Kim

**Philip G. Sanders**  
December 8  
Son of Jean Porch  
Nephew of Deanie Gregory



*And in the month of their deaths*

**Elizabeth Osborn Cheek**  
December 9  
Daughter of  
Ross and Libby Cheek

**Clayton Lee Chitwood**  
December 28  
Son of  
Jim and Connie Chitwood  
Brother of Matthew  
Grandson of  
Margaret Chitwood-Watkins

**John Calister Davidson  
(Buddy)**  
December 11  
Son of  
Steve and Telese Davidson

**Nigel James Duke**  
December 25  
Son of  
Fred and Latresa Duke

**Rowan Ace Frensley  
December 14  
Son of  
Art and Jana Frensley**

**Izzy Harris**  
December 14  
Son of  
Shane and April Harris

**Robert Jason Heflin  
(Jason)**  
December 31  
Son of  
Eddie and Kay Heflin



**Joshua Allen Kebert**  
December 15  
Son of  
Greg Kebert and Susan Whitaker

**Abigail Rhea Little (Abbie)**  
December 6  
Daughter of  
Rhea and Marie Little

**Mary Catherine Nicholson**  
December 2010  
Daughter of  
John and Suzanne Nicholson  
Sister of Baby Nicholson

**Mark Elliott Reischman**  
December 23  
Son of  
Bill and Jean Reischman

**Jacob Federman Smiley**  
December 9  
Son of Troy and Susan Smiley

**Daniel Wayne Vick**  
December 14  
Son of  
Wayne and Marsha Vick

**Hunter Cole White**  
December 8  
Son of Ronnie White and  
Stephanie Carpenter

**Heather Ann Willis**  
December 13  
Daughter of  
Tom and Margaret Loose

## *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.*

*Rose H. Bartlett  
In loving memory of  
her grandson,  
Chase Lee Harris  
Son of  
Kirk and Shayne Harris  
And  
Paul and Stacey Fish*

*Shirley Brinegar  
In loving memory of her son,  
Bert Rich*

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

*Ruth P. Edwards  
In loving memory of her sons,  
Marvin Lee Edwards and  
Charles Courtney Edwards,  
And her Daughter-in-law,  
Susan Edwards*

*John and Mignon Friedmann  
Dr. John Friedmann, Jr.  
In loving memory of  
Their daughter and sister  
Jennifer Lee Friedmann (Jena)*



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

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

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

*Carole Renfro  
In loving memory of  
Her granddaughter,  
Lindsay Carole Renfro  
Daughter of  
David and Rebecca Miller*

*Eldon and Margi Scott  
In loving memory of  
Their son,  
Tony Scott*

*Marsha Vick  
In loving memory of her son,  
Daniel Wayne Vick*

*Margaret Chitwood Watkins  
In loving memory of  
her grandsons,  
Clayton Lee Chitwood  
And  
Matthew Lance Chitwood  
Sons of  
Jim and Connie Chitwood*

*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.*



Draw strength from the holiday traditions of your past; hope from the changes you make for the present; and from them both, faith in your ability to handle the future.

From *Handling the Holidays* by Bruce Conley



## *First Christmas*

*Silent night, holy night  
Little angel, taken flight  
Forever gone and on your own,  
Left your mother so alone*

*A Christmas stocking with your name,  
Memories I can't reclaim  
No more presents, no surprise  
Reflected in your shining eyes.*

*Tinsel sparkle, all seem sad  
Three Christmases were all you had.  
Gently haunting, your sweet ghost,  
The happy times I miss you most.*

Joanetta Hendel  
TCF Indianapolis, IN

## *Christmas*

*In this season of love  
when we know  
more than ever  
that we have forgotten nothing—  
in this season of love  
let us also give thanks  
for  
knowing  
love.*

Sascha



## *Christmas Has No Color*

*Christmas has no color now  
Since you were torn away.  
Twinkling lights and wrappings bright  
Are only shades of gray.*

*I thought we had a hundred years  
To say what you meant to me.  
How could I have known we'd had our last time  
Spent 'round the Christmas tree.*

*Christmas has no color now  
The tomorrows come no more.  
I'll never see your face again  
Appearing at my door.*

*If I had only known back then  
Your life so soon would end,  
I'd have hugged you close with all my might  
For I'd had no better friend.*

*It's too late now to make amends  
For all I'd meant to do.  
Though Christmas has no color now  
I'll always remember you.*

Stephen Willis (sibling)  
Son of Nancy Willis  
TCF Nashville, TN

## *A Christmas Card for Robbie*

*It's the night before Christmas  
We're all filled with joy,  
Except when we think of you,  
Little boy.*

*The stockings are hung  
By the chimney with care,  
And in our hearts  
It's as if you were here.*

*My children are sleeping,  
In their bedrooms they lie,  
But we're still filled with grief  
For our baby that died.*

*You see, this Christmas  
You would have been two  
But every Christmas  
I know I'll miss you.*

*As I wrap up the presents  
My thoughts are on you,  
And what we'd have bought  
If you were here, too.*

Kathleen Paley Smith  
TCF, Delmar, NY





## Christmas Star

It's here again, son, though I sought to forestall the season from arriving by waiting 'till the day before to buy the tree. Even then I refused to put it in its place before the window until all were abed: To be alone with tree and thoughts of you hoisting it over thresholds of yore with cherry cheeks and white breath.

Remarkable, really, that I had no trouble placing the tree in the holder you'd made nor stringing lights, hanging ornaments both store-bought and child-constructed, until I came to the star. Oh, I tried more than once, but each time I could see you creating a ceremony of hanging it just right, and I could not. So, I sat down with cookies and cider to wait for the pandemonium of Christmas breaking o'er the land.

Later I noticed something glowing atop the tree. Outside a star shone low in such a way its light appeared upon our tree—where I placed our star to silhouette its glow. Thank you, son, for hanging the star.

Marcia Alig  
TCF, Mercer Area Chapter, NJ



## Today I Didn't Cry

Today I didn't cry. The pages of your scrapbook stayed dry. As I turned the pages, you came back to me, and we played in the park and I laughed at the ducks. I pushed your stroller down the sidewalk and we giggled at the birds. We had birthday cake and chased the fall leaves together. As I turned the pages, you and I lived again...we were brother and sister. I used to be afraid of closing the scrapbook. I thought the memories might fade if I didn't keep them fresh. But I haven't opened your book in a long time, and today, when I did, you came back and I didn't cry.

I can't believe that it has been so long since you died, Austin. I was only a little girl then. And now, when I look at your pictures, it's like a very long time ago a whole different lifetime. I've grown up without you, little brother. You are pictures in the scrapbook, memories in my heart and music in my flute. You are a part of me, and I don't need the scrapbook to remember you. Maybe that's why there aren't tears any more, I didn't lose you, baby brother. You really are a part of me. You are the part of love that never goes away.

Alicia Sims  
From: *Am I Still a Sister?*



## TCF Giving

Emerson said it well: "Rings and jewels are not gifts. The only true gift is a portion of thyself."

We give of ourselves when we give gifts of the mind: ideas, dreams ideals, principles, plans, projects, poetry. We give of ourselves when we give gifts of the spirit: prayer, peace, faith. We give of ourselves when we give the gift of time and when we give words of encouragement, inspiration, guidance.

We in TCF give of ourselves every time we gather in our meeting room in our circle we share our innermost thoughts, we surely give each other encouragement and strength when we listen, when we cry those hot, salty tears. We laugh together something most of us thought we had forgotten to do at the time we entered that room for our first encounter. We give each other hope to carry on our shattered lives—hope that there really is a future for each one of us out there somewhere.

Together we go forward month after month, continually giving of ourselves to each other. Remarkable, isn't it? No doubt about it. This is what TCF is all about.

TCF, Rochester, NY

## Memories of A Christmas Past

I remember the Christmas when my son was five years old. We were living a long way from family, and the prospect of yet another Christmas without a real celebration was heartbreaking. Yet, I was still in college and we didn't have the funds to fly back home. We hadn't been home for Christmas for two years. My son was very close to my dad, and he really wanted to see his grandpa at Christmas.

We did the usual Christmas routine....I had put toys in lay-away in August and would pick them up a few days before Christmas. Todd went through his toys to find ones that he had outgrown; this was our tradition. We took his toys and some other items to the Salvation Army for those less fortunate. I purchased a tiny tree and we were ready.

Two days before Christmas, an early morning knock at the door awakened us. A messenger with a large envelope awaited me. Todd was standing in his footed pajamas, thumb in mouth, blanket in hand, wide-eyed and curious. I opened the envelope. My dad had sent us tickets to fly home. Our plane departed the next morning. Todd was giddy with joy, packing his suitcase and preparing for the trip to grandpa's.

That was the Christmas worth remembering. My dad stood at the gate waiting for us. This tough WWII Marine's eyes were glistening and a few teardrops were on his face. Todd ran to my dad's arms. We celebrated at my grandparents' house and at dad's house and with friends. Aunts, uncles, and cousins from across the country were home for Christmas that year. On Christmas Eve it began to snow...light flurries followed by a starlit sky.

Christmas morning we went to Mass and sat in the "Mennen" pew.....second row, in front of St. Patrick. Now the family spilled over to the third and fourth rows. Todd sat proudly next to his grandpa. When grandpa got up to help with the



*May the memories  
of this season  
come on gentle wings  
to bring you love  
and peace.*

collection basket, he took Todd with him. Up the center aisle they went. Dad let Todd hold the basket as they worked their way to the back of the tiny church.

Todd listened intently to his grandfather and great-grandfather telling stories of Christmases past as the family settled down to dinner. My grandmother couldn't stop hugging Todd and telling him how special he was. She had baked his favorite cookies and allowed him to play with her little figurines. Todd and dad went for a walk in the snow; dad got the sled out and pulled it up the hills and laughed and ran behind Todd on the downhill slopes. In the late afternoon we gathered and sang carols and songs. Grandma and I switched back and forth playing the piano. We sang for two hours....the finale, as always, was the official song for each of the branches of the armed services. The Marine Corps Hymn was always last- in honor of grandma's only son, my dad.

We stayed two weeks to visit and spend time with family. Todd learned the real meaning of Christmas that year....the purest of love and joy. It wasn't about parties, toys, shopping, junk and decorations.....it was about family, tradition, heritage and the unconditional love of parents, grandparents, great-grandparents. Christmas was the glimpse into the hearts of the elders, the wise ones. I shall always keep that Christmas in my heart. Grandpa, grandma and dad are gone now. So are many uncles, aunts and cousins and Todd's daughter.

Todd joined them just before Christmas in 2002. I like to think that together my family is reliving that perfect Christmas again this year and every year. For a loving family doesn't end at death's door.....each family continues to expand beyond that door and waits for us to join them.

Annette Mennen Baldwin  
TCF, Katy, TX



### *Iowa Christmas Card*

*The days have turned to winter one more time,  
the light behind your trees is pale with snow  
that glow of giving gifts and singing songs  
soon comes to warm the season and the heart.*

*And I try sending Christmas thoughts your way  
to fill your house with comfort and with peace.  
But most of all I hope and wish that you  
will not be hurt too deeply, nor too long.*

Sascha

## MEMORIAL SERVICE—DECEMBER 12, 2021

Our 2021 Memorial Service will be an in-person service as we have done in the past. We hope that all who want to will participate in person the live event. Please note the Memorial Service will be held at **Citipointe Church, 7533 Lords Chapel Drive, Nashville 37211** this year and begins at 3:00 pm.

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

**Your form must be received no later than Wednesday, December 4, 2021 for your child’s photo to be included.**

**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](mailto: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 Memorial Service.

\_\_\_\_\_ Please use my/our child’s photo from last year in the Memorial Service.

\_\_\_\_\_ Please do not include a photo of my/our child in the Memorial Service, but please have my/our child’s name read as a part of the service.

\_\_\_\_\_ Please do not include a photo of my/our child or my child’s name in the Memorial Service, but I will attend the in-person service.

**Print your name** \_\_\_\_\_ **Phone** \_\_\_\_\_

**Signature** \_\_\_\_\_ **Email** \_\_\_\_\_

✂ -----

## Chanukah and Christmas

**F**or those who think that Christmas and Chanukah are just nice days to give and get presents, bereaved parents have another message. Mixed with the joy is the knowledge of sadness. With the hope of birth comes the threat of death. We should not try to cover up our sadness in front of people, for we have a lesson to teach them.



But the holidays have a lesson for us, too. Yes, there is death. Yes, there is great bitterness in life. There is darkness. But there is hope. There is birth. There is light.

In a society, which works so hard to deny death, perhaps only bereaved parents and a few others can truly understand the depths of these holidays.

Dennis Klass  
TCF, St. Louis, MO



# *The Compassionate Friends*

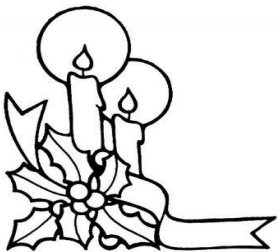
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**December 2021**

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**The 23rd Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting will be held this year on Sunday, December 12, 2021.**  
As candles are lit at 7:00 p.m. local time, hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memory of the children. This is a very special and moving event, when bereaved families join together from around the world in memory of all children gone too soon.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the 22nd annual Worldwide Candle Lighting, a gift to the bereavement community from The Compassionate Friends, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. Started in the United States in 1997 as a small internet observance, it has since swelled in numbers as word has spread throughout the world of the remembrance. Hundreds of formal candle lighting events are held and thousands of informal candle lightings are conducted in homes as families gather in quiet remembrance of children who have died, but will never be forgotten.