

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

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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.

Welcome: The Nashville chapter meets at 3:00 P.M. on the second Sunday of each month in the American Builders & Contractors (ABC) Building, 1604 Elm Hill Pike, Nashville, TN 37210. (See Mailing address above.) Park and enter at the rear of the building. We truly regret that we have no accommodations for young children, but teenagers and older siblings are welcome to attend.

May 12 Program:

Honoring Our Memories

The May meeting is an especially poignant one because it always falls on Mother’s Day, and since the June meeting is not on Father’s Day, we like to give special attention to the role of both mothers and fathers in the lives of their children. If you have a special memory of a particular Mother’s Day or Father’s Day, we hope you will come prepared to share it with the group. We will honor all mothers with special readings and there will be a picture board to display your child’s photo. (Please bring a photo 5”x7” or smaller.)

This has always proved to be a very meaningful meeting—a safe place to be on a day filled with memories. We’d like to share it with you.

Keeping our tradition, each person in attendance will be given a mini-carnation to wear in memory of their children. Regular sharing groups will follow the program.



Attending your first TCF meeting can be difficult. Feelings can be overwhelming. We have all experienced them and know how important it is to take that first step. Please attend two or three meetings before deciding if TCF is right for you. There are no dues or fees. If you choose, you need not speak a word at a meeting. We are an international, non-denominational group, offering support and information to bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents. 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
- AIDS.....Joyce Soward
615-754-5210
- Illness.....David and Peggy Gibson
615-356-1351
- Infant.....Jayne Head
615-264-8184
- SIDS.....Kris Thompson
931-486-9088
- Suicide.....Ron Henson
615-789-3613
- Small Child.....Kenneth and Kathy Hensley
615-237-9972
- Alcohol/Drug Overdose.....Ed Pyle
615-712-3245

What do we live for if not to make life less difficult for each other?

George Eliot



*We remember our children with love and gratitude. We miss their faces,
their voices and their smiles. And we do not forget--*

In the month of their births—

Curtis Patrick Baushke May 17 Son of Bill and Patti Baushke	Robert Jason Heflin (Jason) May 31 Son of Edward and Kay Heflin	Stetson Taylor McFarland May 27 Son of Nathan and Alisha McFarland	Ed Pyle (Stobie) May 17 Son of Ed and Dorothy Pyle
Christopher Jay Bradley May 31 Son of Lamar and Joy Bradley	John Mark Knabe May 27 Son of Bob and June Knabe	Andrew Mitchell (Drew) May 16 Son of Tom and Alice Mitchell	Karin Raudsep May 12 Sister of Heidy Cusick
Randy Lee Buchanan May 17 Son of Jeanette Buchanan Brother of Debbi Hamilton and Keith Buchanan	Joseph V. Ladd, III (Joey) May 14 Son of Joe and Melanie Ladd	Lauren O'Donnell May 8 Daughter of Denny and Shirley O'Donnell Sister of Sean and Katie	Jonathan Beaumont Stewart May 29 Son of Bob and Lida B. Stewart
Ayman Abdalla Gasmelseed May 20 Son of Abdalla and Sakina Eltom Brother of Assa	Rebecca Aileen Banker Lewis May 15 Daughter of Jim and Lydia Banker	Adam Nicholas Pappas May 19 Son of Gust and Jane Pappas Brother of Andrew, Alex, and Erin	Brandon Frederick Weller May 14 Son of Freddy and Pippy Weller
			Matthew H. Woods May 14 Son of Vaughn Woods and Mickie Woods






And in the month of their deaths—

John Roaten Cheadle, III (Ro) May 16 Son of John R. and Nancy Cheadle	Laura Paige Gibson May 15 Daughter of David and Peggy Gibson Sister of Kay and Claire	Stacy Leigh Kraft May 18 Daughter of Keith and Meryl Kraft and Terry Kornman	Nigel Randolph Phill May 14 Son of Jennifer Phill
Marieke de Jager May 7 Daughter of Jan and Betsy de Jager	Heidi Kathleen Hedstrom May 16 Daughter of Charlie and Kris Foust	Jeremy Seth Lunceford May 12 Son of Jane Lunceford Brother of Aubrey, Shelby, and Brittney	David Pringle May 17 Son of Jim and Margaret Pringle
Jeffrey Glenn Eakes May 13 Son of Don and Sherry Eakes	Wendy Evon Kauffman May 17 Daughter of Richard and Donna Green	Kensley Caroline Miller May 23 Daughter of Jason and Cindy Miller	Ed Pyle (Stobie) May 31 Son of Ed and Dorothy Pyle
Charles Courtney Edwards May 3 Son of Charles and Ruth Edwards	John Mark Knabe May 13 Son of Bob and June Knabe	Lauren Paige Moore May 3 Daughter of Mac and Polly Moore Granddaughter of Paul Trainor Sister of Darrell and Paul	Jason William Rice May 24 Son of Rosemarie Moore
Megan Marie Fitzgerald May 10 Daughter of Marty and Melissa Fitzgerald			Sheila Rochelle May 20 Daughter of Jennie Reeves Sister of Charity Collins Aunt of Kristanna



Children Remembered, continued

<p>Tony Scott May 26 Son of Eldon and Margi Scott</p>		<p>Ryan James Tropauer May 9 Son of David and Debbie Tropauer</p>		<p>Michael Ryan Williams (Ryan) May 25 Son of Danny and Kay Williams</p>		<p>Bert Writtenberry May 14 Son of Hunter and Carol Nichols</p>
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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.

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

George DeZevallos
In loving memory of his son,
Geoffrey Edward DeZevallos

David and Peggy Gibson
Kay Howard and Claire Gibson
In loving memory of their daughter
and sister,
Laura Paige Gibson

Miller Harris Foundation
In loving memory of Miller Harris,
Son of Bill Harris and
Judy Harris

Gust and Jane Pappas
In loving memory of their son,
Adam Nicholas Pappas

Wayne and Marsha Vick
In loving memory of their son,
Daniel Wayne Vick

Freddy and Pippy Weller
In loving memory of their son,
Brandon Frederick Weller

Received from the Kroger Plus Community Rewards Program

\$112.74

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

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.

*If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching, or cool one pain, or help one fainting robin into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.*
Emily Dickinson

Mother's Day

As Mother's Day approaches I go back to my box of memories and seek out my mementos of days past. I go back to the times when there were two cards, some homemade of construction paper with crayoned verses proclaiming me the "greatest Mom of all." They were made at school with some S's reversed and with no semblance of order, but brought home and presented to me with great pride and accepted in the same vein.

Later, more sophisticated cards, store bought but the message was the same and the love was still there. I accepted them, loved being made to feel special, and tucked them away, never realizing how valuable they would become.

Now there is one card. There seems to be a double portion of love in that card and I recognize and appreciate that effort. I am thankful there is one card and I value very much what I have left.

My heart goes out to those of you who have no card this Mother's Day. But even with the pain, I'll bet if you were given the choice of no child/no pain, you would, like me, gather up as many memories as your child's life span permitted and hold them close to your heart, sorry there wasn't time for more, but never for one moment willing to exchange for no pain the pleasure of his or her company for however long you had them. When all is said and done, the memories are the important thing. Relish them, but gather about you all those you have left and who love you and let them help you through this special day. Know that this day takes patience, but that you will survive and go on to better days.

I hope your Mother's Day is a peaceful one.

Mary Cleckley
TCF, Atlanta, GA



The Mother's Day Card

*You handed it to me
With never a word
Your eyes shone with feelings
That no one else heard.*

*When I opened the envelope
I wasn't prepared.
Instead of the humor
We so often shared,*

*There were flowers and rainbows
And butterflies at play
In a beautiful meadow
On a sunny day.*

*Inside was a verse
Like a sentimental song,
As though you knew
That you'd soon be gone.*

*This card must last me
A very long time.
Is that why you chose
Such a special rhyme?*

*At the bottom inside
The heart you had done
You wrote, "I love you, Mom,
From Scott, your only Son."*

xxox

*Kathi Pittman
TCF, Tuscaloosa, AL*

God could not be everywhere

so He made mothers.

Arab Proverb

Mother's Day

The person who first thought up Mother's Day knew that it was a good idea. But ... did they realize that:

It could cause great pain for mothers whose arms ache to hold the one who once called them "Mother"?
 In order to get the title of Mother, one would have to be willing to risk great pain?
 They don't print greeting cards for mothers from kids who can no longer send one?
 Mothers would treasure and save little notes and scribbled pictures that say "I Love You, Mom"?
 There would be mothers who sigh as they wait for the phone call that won't be coming?
 Instead of getting flowers, some mothers would be giving them?

And, did they realize that, YES, even if we knew ahead of time that our hopes and dreams would be smashed and broken...we would do it again? We would, again, take that little one under our wing, wrap them in our deep, incredible, unrelenting love, and...give them all that we have to give.

Mother...another name for love.

Alice Monroe
 TCF, Mesa, CO

Mother's Day

*Another Mother's Day!
 But a different one this year.
 For you see I am still a Mother,
 but my child isn't here.*

*I am a mother who's hurting
 for this child who was so dear.
 As I face this and every other occasion,
 each and every year.*

*I am a mother who feels emptiness
 over and over again,
 Because I miss THIS child
 and all that could have been.*

*I am a mother who cared
 as I watched my child grow,
 And truly loved her more
 than anyone will ever know.*

*I am a mother who has memories
 and many tears to cry
 over regrets I'll have to live with
 until the day I die.*

*I am a mother who is thankful
 for the miracle of birth,
 and all my child has taught me
 about life and my own self-worth.*

*I just can't stop being a mother
 just because my child isn't here,
 because the love we had for each other
 will continue for years and years.*

*And so... on this special Mother's Day,
 I will feel within my heart
 all the pride, love and joy
 which are the parts
 that make me who I am,
 and what I'll always be...
 A MOTHER...Just remember that... Please?*

Judy Sittner
 TCF Murfreesboro, TN



At the Cemetery

It was the first Spring-like day, after the snow had all melted. An irresistible urge pushes me to the cemetery where I remove the winter decorations from your grave. Entrapped in the evergreen boughs are hundreds of crisp, golden oak leaves. With a forceful kick, I send the intruders flying into the air. But they stream back over me, as if to mock my admonition. For a moment I chuckle, thinking about how we might have frolicked in those same leaves. But they are from a season past, and I must clear them away to prepare for the spring bulbs, which are trying to push their heads above ground.

Ahhhh...so much like me—trying hard to spring forward, but getting caught in seasons past. A lesson I've learned from the little leaves that still dance at your grave. And I too, shall rustle your pleasant memories into flowers yet to come.

Kathie Slief
 TCF, Tulsa, OK

NATIONAL CONFERENCE REGISTRATION IS OPEN:



The 42nd TCF National Conference will be held in Philadelphia, on July 19-21, 2019 at the Philadelphia 201 Hotel. “Hope Rings Out in Philadelphia” is the theme of this year’s event, which promises more of last year’s great National Conference experience. The Compassionate Friends National Conference is a weekend spent surrounded by other bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. It is a place where hope grows and friendships are made with others who truly understand. With inspirational keynote speakers, abundant workshops for everyone’s wants and needs, and a remembrance candle lighting program culminating with the annual Walk to Remember, this time of healing and hope is the gift we give ourselves. Join us as together we remember and share the everlasting love we have for our precious children, siblings and grandchildren.

- Choose to attend from nearly one hundred different workshops and sharing sessions, given by professionals and also individuals just like you.
- Take advantage of “Healing Haven” to receive free personal services such as a massage.
- Craft items to commemorate the love for your family member in the “Crafty Corner”.
- Step away for a quiet moment of pause in the “Reflection Room”.

See details and register on the national website, www.compassionatefriends.org.

One Voice Missing

I listen to the clamor of my children’s voices, and I know I am blessed. I have two living, loving happy sons who never cease to amaze me. They are smart, sensitive, and funny. Watching them grow and learn is a joy. Each milestone brings me pleasure. I am proud of my boys, and they know it.

Yet in the midst of the entire clamor, I realize that something is missing. This is not how life should be for our family. As busy and bustling and loud as our house is, full of boys from all over the neighborhood at times, there is still an empty place in our hearts and in our lives.

Most people only see that we live comfortably and have some material things. They don’t see that no amount of wealth or possessions can fill the hole that is in our lives. They see that we have two beautiful children, smart, healthy, happy. They don’t see that there should be three children. They don’t realize that one more mouth should be joining in on their raucous, icky-boy songs. They don’t remember that we should have one more kid in the church play. They don’t realize that every milestone our older children pass serves not only as a celebration of their lives, but also as a remembrance that ONE child will never see those milestones.

Don’t get me wrong. I celebrate every single accomplishment, every performance, and every milestone, with zest. But in a corner of my heart, I still long to hear—I long to hold—I long to see—the little boy who is not here. He will forever be my infant son. He will never be a precocious, life-loving, mischief-filled seven-year-old. He will never play the trumpet in the band; he will never play Pop Warner football. He will never kiss a girl or go on a date. As each of his brothers grow and experience life, I will always remember that they should have a little brother that looks up to them with envy and adoration, and longs to be “just like them.” I will always mourn for those moments that I am missing.

I think I miss the small, insignificant things more than the big moments. I miss the additional “distraction” in the car, trying to get from one place to another with a car full of kids. I miss him running in and out of the house, for Kool-Aid, for another ball or bat, or just a quick hug from Mom. I miss seeing him wrestle with his Dad. I miss so many little things. Most of all I miss his voice. I wonder what it would have sounded like. For now, that wondering cannot be satisfied. As long as I am living, he will always be that one voice missing.



Lisa Sculley
From Orange Park, FL TCF Newsletter

CHAPTER INFORMATION

The Birthday Table

In the month of your child's birthday, a table will be provided at our meeting where you can share photographs, mementos, your child's favorite snack or a birthday cake, a bouquet of flowers—anything you'd like to bring. We want to know your child better, so please take advantage of this opportunity to celebrate the wonderful day of your child's birth and for us to become better acquainted.

What is the Yellow Slip?

Please return your yellow renewal slip. After a year on the newsletter mailing list, those names that were added in that month of a previous year, may receive a yellow half-sheet asking that their subscription be renewed. This is simply to keep our mailing list and the information in it current. If you do not send the yellow slip back, we must assume that you no longer want the newsletter. Although you are given an opportunity to make a voluntary donation, there is no cost involved in your subscription. The newsletter is our gift to you for as long as you wish to receive it. You may request that your name be returned to the active list at any time simply by calling 615-356-4TCF (4823).

Religion and TCF

The Principles of The Compassionate Friends state that TCF reaches out to all bereaved parents across the artificial barriers of religion, race, economic class, or ethnic group. Further, TCF espouses no specific religious or philosophical ideology. Despite our nondenominational status, many writers indicate that they have found comfort in their faith, and some have shared their anger and loss of faith. The opinions and beliefs expressed in letters, articles and poetry are those of the contributors.

Newsletter Deadline

All donations and original poems or articles must be received by the meeting day of the preceding month to be published in the next issue of the TCF Nashville newsletter. Please send donations to **TCF, P.O. Box 50833, Nashville, TN 37205.**



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.

Survivors of Suicide

There is a caring SOS group in Nashville. For information about meetings, you may call 615 244-7444, or go to the Tennessee Suicide Prevention Network at TSPN.org, and you will find a list of all Tennessee SOS locations.

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."

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.

Other TCF Chapters

There are several other chapters of The Compassionate Friends you might want to know about. Anytime you are in their vicinity or feel the need to talk with other bereaved parents, feel free to attend their meetings. Also, when you personally know a newly bereaved family in one of these towns, please call the chapter number and give them the information so they can make contact with the family. To locate a chapter, you may call the TCF National Office at 1-877 969-0010, or go to www.compassionatefriends.org and click on chapter locator.

The Compassionate Friends

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

**Return Service
Requested**



May 2019

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Compassion

*I cry when a tear rolls down your cheek,
I agonize when you weep.
I know that you question. I know that you pray,
That you scream at night in your sleep.
I'm aware of your quavering voice when you speak,
Of your blank straightforward stare.
I know of your pain, your depression, your guilt;
That you search for "a face" everywhere.
I watch as you walk with your head bowed low
With despair written over your face.
I hear the quick sigh, the internal cry;*

*I know how you wearily pace.
I see how you search for a sign, for some hope
That the light will still shine in your life.
I know how you live, I know that you die
From the harsh words that wound like a knife.
I empathize most with your loneliness now
Even though you're not always alone.
I see the rapture as you speak your child's name,
For I've lost a son of my own.*



Charmain W. Stickel
TCF, Pittsburgh, PA

*Courage is not the absence of fear and pain,
but the affirmation of life despite fear and pain.*

Rabbi Earl Grollman