

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.

*Welcome: The Nashville chapter meets at 3:00 P.M. on the second Sunday of each month at the ABC (Associated Builders and Contractors of Greater Tennessee) Building, 560 Royal Parkway, Nashville, TN 37214 (**SEE MAILING ADDRESS ABOVE**). We truly regret that we have no accommodations for young children, but teenagers and older siblings are welcome to attend.*

October 13th Meeting: Handling the Holidays

End of the year holidays can be a traumatic time following the loss of a child. Much of the focus of these holidays is on children, family, and giving, and many times one's sense of loss is so overwhelming that the joy of the season is lost. The stores' display of holiday décor earlier each year can trigger anxiety of holiday dread far in advance of the actual holidays.

Some parents have said, "I would just rather do without the holidays, but I don't have that option." Others have said, "I just want some way to survive the holidays."

So, how do grieving parents cope with the holidays? Join us at 3:00 for a panel discussion on tips for handling what can be a very difficult time of the year for grieving parents and stay for our small sharing groups after the program.



One day you wake up and realize you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow. One day—one glorious day, you wake up and feel your skin tingle again and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken—and it is a new beginning.

Susan Borrowman
TCF, Kingston, Canada

Candlelight Memorial Service Scheduled for December 8

This is a very moving and powerful program. All family members, siblings and friends are invited to join us. Following the service, we invite you to remain for fellowship and refreshments.

It is important that **everyone** wishing to have their child's photo in the memorial service follow very carefully the instructions on page 3 of this newsletter.

**THERE IS A SUBMISSION DEADLINE THAT
MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.**

We would like for all of you to enjoy this opportunity to see your child on the big screen! If you have not previously attended the candlelight memorial service, we encourage you to do so.

**Information and Photo Submission
Form are on Page 3.**

ALWAYS WITH LOVE, WE REMEMBER THEM--**In the month of their births**

Rosemary Aud
October 24
Daughter of
Stephen and Trish Aud

Jacob Sylvester Bell
October 30
Son of
Mike Bell
and Michelle Dodrill

Gavin Bell
October 22
Son of
Jeniste Bell

**Preston Chauncey
Birdsong**
October 13
Son of
Preston and Janice
Birdsong

Roy James Davies
October 19
Son of
Roy and Barbara Davies

Roy Paul Ellis
October 5
Son of
April Ellis

Laura Paige Gibson
October 16
Daughter of
David and Peggy Gibson
Sister of
Kay and Claire

**James Thomas King
(J.T.)**
October 18
Son of
Tom and Jere King

**Benjamin Bedell
Koomen
(Ben)**
October 9
Son of
John and Betsy Koomen

Joshua Hovies
October 19
Son of
Alicia Hovies

Jacob Allen Mathis
October 30
Son of
Mark and Debora Mathis

Madison Allen Mays
October 31
Son of
Allen and Rachel Mays
Grandson of
Roy and Carole Renfro

Jason William Rice
October 26
Son of
Rosemarie Moore

**And in the month of their deaths**

Zackery Tyler Lewis Allen
October 4
Son of
Stephanie Willis

Emily Michelle Childers
October 31
Daughter of
Michael and Paula
Childers
Sister of Sarah and Julie

Katara Dillard
October 2
Granddaughter of
Stacy Atkins

Jon Ashley Duncan
October 6
Son of
Mike and Kay Duncan
Brother of Jamie

Caroline Elizabeth Enright
October 16
Daughter of
Patrick and Stephanie Enright

**Brittany Marie
Hardesty**
October 28
Daughter of
Theresa Hardesty Heimer

Chase Lee Harris
October 25
Son of
Kirk and Shayne Harris
and Paul and Stacey Fish
Grandson of
Rose H. Bartlett

James Edwin Hinesley
October 7
Son of
Steven and Sue Hinesley

Alexander Nicholas Parkes
October 15
Son of
Gary Parkes

Dwayne Moore
October 9
Son of
Clara McClain

Matthew H. Woods
October 22
Son of
Vaughn and Mickie Woods

GIFTS OF LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE

We are deeply grateful for the voluntary gifts of love that make it possible for The Compassionate Friends to comfort those families who do not know today that they will need us tomorrow.

*Don and Sherry Eakes
in Loving Memory
of their grandson,
Taylor Christian Brewer,
Son of
Justin and Tracy Brewer*

*Mike and Paula Childers
in Loving Memory
of their daughter,
Emily Michelle Childers,
Sister of Sarah and Julie*

*Wayne and Kassandra Pack
in Loving Memory
of their son,
Andrew Morris Pack*

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, Price Printing, 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.



CANDLELIGHT MEMORIAL SERVICE—December 8, 2024

Regardless of past participation, **EVERY FAMILY WISHING TO TAKE PART IN THE MEMORIAL SERVICE MUST RETURN THIS FORM.**

We need to receive it no later than Saturday November 30.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND FORMS OR PHOTOS TO THE TCF P. O. BOX—it is important that they go directly to Lamar.

**MAIL TO:
Lamar Bradley
4772 Cascade Drive
Old Hickory, TN 37138**

or

**You may e-mail your child’s photo to lamarbradley1951@gmail.com
Be sure to include your child’s name in the e-mail.**

Instructions: A computerized process (Power Point) is used to display our children’s pictures on the big screen. An original 5x7 photo (no copies, please) may be used. If a 5x7 is not available, any size will do; however, the 5x7 or larger is easier to process. The original photo will be returned to you at the memorial service while the image will be stored for use next year. **Place a sticky note on the back of the photo with the child’s name clearly printed. Do not write on the photo itself.**

Child’s name: _____
Please print the name as you wish it to be read at the service along with phonetic pronunciation, if needed.

- _____ I will attend and am enclosing an original photo of my child. (First time in the memorial service.)
- _____ I will attend and am enclosing a different photo of my child to be used in place of the photo you have from last year’s service.
- _____ I will attend and would like for you to use the photo you have saved from last year.
- _____ I will attend and would like for my child’s name to be called and I’ll light a candle, but I will not have a picture shown.

Your name _____ **Phone** _____

You Never Say Goodbye

*You never say goodbye to the ones you love
 In the silence of the morning it's our children we're thinking of
 You may have to cry, but don't think or wonder why
 You never say goodbye to the ones you love
 No, you never say goodbye,
 Not even when they die.*

Mike Bell
 TCF Nashville, TN

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 Death	Mike and Paula Childers 615-294-4959
Illness	David and Peggy Gibson 615-308-2520 or 615-504-4307
Infant	Jayne Head 615-264-8184
SIDS	Kris Thompson 931-486-9088
Suicide	Ron Henson 615-789-3613
Alcohol/Drug Overdose	Ed Pyle 615-712-3245

What is Left?

When a child dies, you ask, among other questions, what is left? A beautiful, sensitive intelligent son has chosen to end his life. What can be left after such a crushing blow? Others will point out that you have a spouse, other children or grandchildren, perhaps relatives and friends. They are all left. Perhaps you have a career that is left. And yet how meaningless all of those are to a bereaved parent who is suffering the most devastating loss of all. So, you continue to search for what it is that is left.

You read books on bereavement, scarcely remembering what you have read; you attend meetings, talk with others who have suffered a loss like yours. If you are fortunate, you have one or two good friends who, while they cannot fully understand, are there to love and listen. Perhaps there is a therapist who guides you in your search for an answer. But for a long while everything you read or hear has little meaning, and certainly cannot provide the answer to your question. Or can it? Does all that you have read and heard and experienced finally come together and answer the question of what is left?

For me it does. The answer was thirteen months in coming, but how clear it seems now. I am left. That's it! I am left and I have been left with the love of Scott. It is a new love, it is different, more intense, it is undemanding, it need not be reciprocated, there are no strings attached. I love this love of Scott's. It warms me and comforts me. It is a wonderful love, but I cannot keep it. It would be wrong to do so; this love is too precious to keep to myself.

I am left with love to spare and love to share. It will never run out. He will always be with me to replenish it. I have found my answer! I am left to share Scott's love with you.

Betty Stevens
 TCF, Baltimore, MD

A Tear Fell

*I rode by your school by chance today
 And I just happened to look that way
 The boys all had their ball caps on
 Then I remembered my son was gone
 Just when I thought I was doing so well
 Before I knew it—a tear fell
 Then on Sunday as I sat in church
 I looked around and missed you so much
 I saw other boys in their Sunday suits
 And I remembered you were just as cute*

*People all think I'm doing so well
 They don't know—today a tear fell
 When I'm reminded of what might have been
 It gets too hard to hold it in
 When life catches me off my guard
 That's when I seem to be hit so hard
 It seems all roads lead back to you
 As I take each day and try to get through
 They say time makes it better, but I cannot tell
 I only know—today a tear fell.*



Carolyn Bryant
 TCF, Orange Park, Jacksonville, FL

Nostalgia

The smell of burning leaves takes me back to long ago. Bare tree limbs reach up to a sky that is a unique shade of gray. I crave apple cider, ginger snaps, and the urge to make homemade beef stew. Children everywhere are planning Halloween costumes. Halloween might be okay if only I could find a way to limit trick-or-treaters to boys and girls who don't look anything like my daughter.

The kids are finally settled back into school and I wonder how many people remember an adorable little girl with dimples and an incredible smile who hasn't been in school for a few years. The mums bloom and I remember helping Colleen pick them for her teachers. I have to say goodbye, again, to butterflies. I'll miss them until next spring.

The holidays are just around the corner, and I wonder what it will be like this year. I start my Christmas shopping, hoping I can avoid some of the blaring, piped-in carols and the lights. Somehow, I put out my decorations with nostalgia and reverence. The ones in the stores seem tacky and offensive to me. As in every other month, there are a thousand times when I think of my Munchkin.

Kathy McCormick
TCF, Lower Bucks, PA

Halloween Magic

Halloween has always been a special time. I regret that our son only had a one-time experience of this magical time of year. I remember as though it were yesterday the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his mask, and how he said *thank you* without coaxing. Then I think of all the parents whose child never had the opportunity and I am grateful for that one time.

Watching all the children trick-or-treating is hard, yet something special about this season comforts me. Watching the trees around me reminds me that there is beauty even in their dying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breathtaking color scheme, and a rustling in the air if you listen. I believe there is a message in the Fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of seasons, that our child now knows far more beauty than we can ever imagine, like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in Spring, our children are not gone. They live!

Nancy Cassell
TCF, Monmouth Co, NJ



Now Autumn

*What a strange time is Autumn,
More than a season,
Autumn can be like a mood.
Softness and warmth and abundance
drift from the sky like a smile.*

*And you remember the seasons
before the children died.*

*They do seem far away sometimes,
those seasons, now.*

*But not the children—
they are always here
in this strange time, this Autumn,
when the softness
and warmth
and the abundance
of unseen children
drift from the sky like a smile.*

Sascha



He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

Sir Henry Taylor

Why Is This Grief So Different?

Grief following suicide includes all the emotional, physical, and behavioral responses usually found after a loss. Yet, because suicide is like no other death, the grief following this loss may also feel different. It is a death that begs an explanation; and, when research for that is exhausted, there will still be the unanswerable, haunting question: "Why?", which has echoed down throughout the centuries.

What the search reveals, however, is that most suicide victims would have preferred to live, but at the time felt they could not. There is some scant comfort in knowing that your loved one was not so much choosing to leave you as choosing to end their own private despair. But whether the death was an attempt to end the pain or an impulsive act, the pain is now left on your doorstep...

Excerpted from *Suicide, the tragedy compounded*.

Why Butterflies?

Since the early centuries of the Christian Church, the butterfly has symbolized the resurrection and life after death. The caterpillar signifies life here on earth; the cocoon, death; and the butterfly, the emergence of the dead into a new, beautiful and more free existence. Frequently, the butterfly is seen with the word, "Nika," which means victory. Elizabeth Kubler Ross movingly tells of seeing butterflies drawn all over the walls of the children's dormitories in the World War II concentration camps. Because of the intuitiveness of children, she concludes that these children knew their fate and were leaving a message. The Compassionate Friends has adopted the butterfly as one of its symbols—a sign of hope to us that our children are living in another dimension with greater beauty and freedom—a comforting thought to many.

From TCF Newsletter



Newly Bereaved...Thoughts for you when you get depressed:

Don't ever try to understand everything—some things will just never make sense.
 Don't ever be reluctant to show your feelings—when you're happy, give in to it.
 Don't ever be afraid to try to make things better—you might be surprised at the results.
 There is always somebody there for you to reach out to.
 Don't ever forget that you can achieve so many of the things you can imagine, imagine that!
 Don't ever stop loving.
 Don't ever stop believing.
 Don't ever stop dreaming your dreams.

TCF, Orange Coast, CA

No Words Spoken

*If I saw you again
 I would just take every part of you in.
 I wouldn't waste time with foolish words
 For what words could I say?*

*I would study each feature
 Of your beautiful face.
 And take in the moment of
 Standing face to face.*



*To just look in your eyes
 And to feel your love.
 To reach out and touch you
 And give you a hug.*

*To be swept away by the
 Happiness of having you near.
 And to communicate our love for each other
 Without even one word!*

Laura Rebick
 TCF, Central Jersey

*Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak knits up the
 o'er wrought heart and bids it break.
 William Shakespeare*

CHAPTER INFORMATION

Are you Moving?

Each time a newsletter is returned to us with an incorrect address, we pay to retrieve it in order to find out where you've moved; then we pay again to mail it back to you. This is in addition to the original bulk mail cost. It would help a great deal in both time and money if you would notify us immediately of any address change so your newsletter can reach you right away. You may call, write or email the chapter leaders or the newsletter editor. Thanks for your help.

The “Children Remembered” Listings

If you are unable to attend TCF meetings and would like for your child to be listed on pages 2 and 3 in The Children Remembered list, please let us know, printing the exact way you'd like the child's name to appear, the child's birth and death dates, and the parents' names as they should be listed. Drop us a note at TCF, P.O. Box 8283, Hermitage, TN 37076. We'll be glad to include them. You need to contact us only once, unless any of your information changes.

Corporate Donations to TCF

To benefit TCF, go to the Kroger website and click on “Community Rewards”; then follow the instructions on that page and designate The Compassionate Friends Nashville Chapter. After that, when you shop at Kroger, swipe your Plus Card or key in your phone number when you check out, and Kroger will donate dollars to our chapter.

How You Can Help

Most people who attend TCF meetings never heard of TCF before they lost a child, and many bereaved parents still have not heard that there is an organization that exists to help them navigate their grief journey. If you know a family in the middle Tennessee area who has experienced the death of a child, regardless of age or cause of death, and you think they would benefit from finding out about TCF and possibly attending a TCF meeting, we will be happy to send you some information that you may share with them about what TCF is and what we do to support bereaved parents. If you have attended a TCF meeting, it might be helpful if you would invite them to attend their first TCF meeting with you. We also have a monthly newsletter that they can receive free of charge simply by asking for it.



BEREAVEMENT RESOURCES

Alive Alone

Alive Alone is an organization to benefit parents whose only child or all children have died. Visit their website at www.alivealone.org.

Alive Hospice Support Group for Bereaved Parents

For general information about grief support services and groups at Alive, please call the Grief Line at: 615-963-4732 or email griefsupport@alivehospice.org. They offer eight-week groups, ongoing monthly groups, family group and Little Hearts Club for children who have experienced the death of a sibling. Services are in Franklin, Nashville, Hendersonville, Lebanon, and Murfreesboro.

Sharing

SHARING is a community organization for parents who have experienced a miscarriage, stillbirth or the death of an infant. The website is sharingmiddletn.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.

TCF Website —A Treasure for You

When you log onto the TCF Website at www.compassionatefriends.org you will find a wealth of information about TCF and grief—poetry and articles, chat rooms, grief in the news, other chapter Web sites and numerous other resources.

The Compassionate Friends

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Hermitage, TN

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Return Service
Requested



October 2024

Good Therapy

*We shared a few hours, my friend and I
At the close of a busy day;
Left lives filled with daily cares,
And went away to play.*

*A few small jobs were there to do,
With errands to be run,
So choosing the work we wanted,
We turned it into fun.*

*We talked as we drove,
We talked as we shopped,
Words overflowing...
They couldn't be stopped.*

*We spoke of our happiness
We told of our joys,
We talked of the birth of
Two special baby boys.*



*We shared our sorrows,
Our pain, our fears,
For we have been friends,
Oh...years and years.*

*Some burdens are heavy,
Some burdens are light,
We shared them quietly, as
Day slipped into night.*

*What have I done with my life? you cry.
What have I done with this day?
The answer was ready, swift and sure —
You've been a friend, I say.*

*Our joys are double, our sorrow is half,
When we are able to share;
For when there is someone to listen,
We know there is someone to care*

Laura Batty
TCF, Mercer, OH