**September 2017 The Compassionate Friends Volume 31● Number 9**

***THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS***

**P. O. Box 50833 • Nashville, TN 37205 • (615) 356-4TCF(4823) •Nashville 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.

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*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 . 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.*

**September 10 Meeting:**

**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

615-646-1333

**AIDS**………………….….…….….......Joyce Soward

615-754-5210

**Illness**………….…………..David and Peggy Gibson

615-356-1351

**Infant**…………………..……………..…Jayne Head

615-264-8184

**SIDS**………….…………..…….……KrisThompson

931-486-9088

**Suicide**…….……………….Ron and Darlene Henson

615-789-3613

**Small Child**….……........Kenneth and Kathy Hensley

615-237-9972

**Alcohol/Drug Overdose**......…...............……Ed Pyle

615-712-3245

**Learning to Live Differently**

S

crolling through Facebook or surfing the internet, we find

astounding numbers of resources to help us choose to

improve our quality of life physically, emotionally and

spiritually by living differently. However, those of us who are

forced to live differently by the loss or losses of a child,

grandchild, or sibling know that living in unimaginable grief

can be far more challenging than one would ever experience

otherwise.

Our September program speaker will be Tom Mitchell who

will share with us some choices we can make now that our lives

have been altered in a way we would never choose. Please join

us for Tom’s program and to participate in our regular sharing

groups which will follow the program.



A

ttending 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.

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National Office P. O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, Illinois 60522-3696—Phone 630 990-0010 or Toll free: 1-877 969-0010

TCF Website: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) National Office email: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

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***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—***

**Glenn Thomas Allen, Jr. (Tommy)**

September 2

Son of Ann McKee and

Stepson of Wilson McKee

**Charles Michael Brown**

September 15

Son of Dan and June Brown

Brother of Katherine Brown

**Caleb Pruett Buchanan**

September 7

Son of Randy Lee Buchanan

Grandson of Jeanette Buchanan

Brother of

Debbie Hamilton and

Keith Buchanan

**Marcia Carr**

September 30

Daughter of

Allen and Patricia Carr

**Emily Michelle Childers**

September 30

Daughter of

Mike and Paula Childers

Sister of Sarah and Julie

**Jon Ashley Duncan**

September 11

Son of

Mike and Kay Duncan



**Garry Lee Durichek**

September 2

Son of

Jimmy and Barbara Hayes

**Jeremy George Hardy**

September 16

Son of

George and Thelma Hardy

**Meghan Brittny Henderson**

September 14

Daughter of

Scott and Marybeth Denton



**Trevar Martin**

September 24

Son of Deanna Hampton

**Andrew Morris Pack**

September 8

Son of

Wayne and Kassandra Pack

**Bert Rich**

September 11

Son of

Shirley-Rich Brinegar

**Loren Carnell Ross**

September 18

Son of Lorita Ross

Brother of

Rita Phillipa and Vershon Ross

***In the month of their deaths—***

**James Michael Bolton (Mike)**

September 1

Son of Jim and Loretta Bolton

**Scott Burchfield**

September 18

Son of Scott Burchfield

**Pamela Sue Chaiken**

September 29

Daughter of

Lionel and Sandra Chaiken

**Jared Todd Eubanks**

September 7

Son of

Todd and Pam Eubanks

**Darby Felts**

September 9

Son of Deanie Gregory

Nephew of Jean Porch

**Christopher Miller Harris**

September 11

Son of

Bill Harris and Judy Harris

**Corinthien Barto Jackson**

September 17

Son of Charles Jackson and Everlena Hodge

**Natasha Brook Johnson**

September 1

Daughter of

David and Christina Johnson

**Michael Scott Jones**

September 16

Son of Warren and Donna Jones and Betty D. Jones

Brother of Jennifer, David, and Rebecca (Becky)

**Lindsay Carole Miller**

September 11

Daughter of

David and Rebecca Miller

Granddaughter of

Roy and Carole Renfro

**Andrew Mitchell (Drew)**

September 24

Son of Tom and Alice Mitchell

**Dale Murphy**

September 16

Son of Elaine Brown

**Phillip G. Sanders**

September 20

Son of Jean Porch

Nephew of Deanie Gregory

**Michael Anthony Sewell**

September 8

Son of Tracy Ball

**Benjamin Spencer**

September 6

Son of Daisy Atchison

**Marissa Ann Wade**

September 25

Daughter of

David Roark and Alicia Wade

Granddaughter of

David Wade and LeeAnn Tillman

Sister of

Matthew Roark, Celeste Summers,

Miranda and Jason Prior

**Brandon Frederick Weller**

September 27

Son of

Freddy and Pippy Weller

**Lauren Whitney**

September 3

Daughter of

Brad and Karen Rogers

**Leighton Rhea Williams**

September 21

Daughter of

Dave and Kelly Hollister;

Scott and Debbie Williams

**Don Bruce Winters**

September 8

Son of Jerry and Loretta Winters

**Ryan Lee Wiseman**

September 5

Son of

Roger and Deborah Wiseman

**Christopher Adonis Wright**

September 18

Son of Aaron and Mary Corley

**September 2017 TCF Nashville, TN 3**

**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.**

***Michael and Treva Ambrose***

***In loving memory of***

***their daughter,***

***Misty Whitney Ambrose***

***Jeanette P. Buchanan***

***In loving memory of her grandson,***

***Caleb Pruett Buchanan,***

***Son of the late Randy L. Buchanan***

***Jeanette P. Buchanan***

***Debbie Hamilton and***

***Keith Buchanan***

***In loving memory of***

***their son and brother,***

***Randy L. Buchanan***

***Mike and Paula Childers***

***Sarah Wills and Julie Young***

***In loving memory of their daughter and sister,***

***Emily Michelle Childers***

***Michael and Kay Duncan***

***In loving memory of their sons,***

***Jamison Michael Duncan***

***And***

***Jon Ashley Duncan***

***Wayne and Kassandra Pack***

***In loving memory of***

***their son,***

***Andrew Morris Pack***

***Rosemarie Moore***

***In loving memory of her son,***

***Jason William Rice***

***Shirley Rich***

***In loving memory of her son,***

***Bert Rich***

***Bob and Lida Stewart***

***In loving memory of***

***their son,***

***Jonathan Beaumont Steward***

***Jerry and Loretta Winters***

***In loving memory of***

***their son,***

***Don Bruce Winters***

***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.***

**Angels Among Us**

*Our Angels are among us*

*We see them everyday*

*In all the forms that God created...*

*They are with us along life’s way.*

*We see them in the sunrise,*

*That brightens and warms our soul.*

*We feel them in the summer breeze*

*That chases away our cold.*

*They are there among the flowers...*

*Their sweet scent a memory of love.*

*They soar with the eagles,*

*As they fly so high above.*

*The night will find them in the stars,*

*Lighting our path below.*

*And even in our dreams,*

*Their presence we’ll still know.*

*As the snow melts with the sun,*

*And spring flowers peek through their beds,*

*They come on the wings of butterflies,*

*And flutter about our heads.*

*They are telling us they are with us,*

*And will be forever more...*

*Until it’s time for us to meet again,*

*As we pass through heaven’s door.*

Jacquelyn M. Comeaux

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**Dormant Anger Erupts Unexpectedly**

O

ver three years ago, just 15 months after my son was killed in a traffic accident, a Dodge Ram dual cab truck that was traveling at 55 miles per hour when it ran a stop sign struck the vehicle I was driving. The front end of my car was ripped from the frame, the hood was crumpled and my car spun from the impact. The other driver was cited for running the stop sign. A very credible witness gave his statement. Three months later I had neck surgery for the injuries sustained in the accident. The facts were simple in my mind. He ran the stop sign. I stopped. He was negligent. His insurance company paid for my car that was totaled but stopped talking to me when the adjustor heard about the necessary surgery that was performed a month later.

Mediation failed. The defense postponed the trial eleven times. The attorneys for the defendant’s two insurance companies dug in. Delay, deny, debate...the mantra of all defense attorneys now became my reality.

Finally we had a court date. The players knew their lines….the diminutive judge whose campaign election funds are donated by the attorneys who practice in his court, the four well-dressed defense attorneys, my attorney and his associate….all knew the rules. All played the game well. This was their theater, their play, and their world. I was not happy with the pre-trial instructions that ruled out much of the evidence. But I wanted my day in court. I’d served on many juries, but I had never seen this side of the courtroom. It was a revelation.

All went fairly well with the testimony of the eyewitness and the policeman who had handled the accident scene. Then it was my turn. My attorney began asking me questions and suddenly, out of somewhere in my soul, anger akin to a long dormant volcano arose. I repressed it after my attorney asked me if I was angry. That was my hint: be sweet, be likeable, Harris County juries are notorious for stingy awards. I settled back down until the louder of the six defense attorneys began asking his carefully prepared questions.

I spoke over him. I responded with no small amount of hostility. He baited me, and I swallowed the hook. The volcano unleashed. I raised my voice, became animated in my anger and finally drew the judge’s wrath. I even interrupted the judge to say I was sorry. The judge raised his voice to top volume, berating me for failing to answer the questions in a single word, for continuing to respond while the defense attorney was talking. The

judge gestured wildly at the court reporter, explaining that she couldn’t write the words of two people at one time. Someone who was very important in his own world had chastised me. But more significantly, I had discovered something about myself: the anger that had erupted from within me like a volcano was not caused by the accident, the neck surgery, the legal-eagle games, the courtroom setting or the judicial stage.

I discovered that the repressed anger that I had managed to contain for over 4 1/2 years was still alive and well. Much was learned that day by this bereaved mother. As the volcano of anger erupted, the truth was so apparent to me that I smiled at my naivety.

Since my son’s death, I have intentionally placed myself in situations where the people are gentle, positive, upbeat, balanced and not aggressive and violent in their actions or words. Subconsciously I knew that my anger was still there, and I didn’t want to tempt the fates; the anger caused by the death of my only child was not going away. Now it had become apparent that my anger had to be addressed. So I brought it to the forefront of my mind as my husband and I drove home. I examined it closely, seeking an answer.

Sitting quietly that evening I realized that my anger has surfaced from time to time since my son died but never in such a nerve jolting eruption. When I realized the depth and scope of that anger, when I acknowledged its existence, when I faced it down, the volcano quietly went back to simmer. I must be very careful about quick retorts, actions without thought, words spoken in haste. I must be conscious of my anger during the process of releasing that anger in a gradual way so one day the anger volcano will become dormant.

Our grief journeys are life-long. I will always feel the many emotions that accompany the death of my only child. But each emotion has moderated over the years. My anger will be less raw, just as the other negative emotions and feelings have become less pronounced over time. Actively identifying each enemy that lives in my psyche has enabled me to address it. Negativity cannot fester when exposed to the light of hope. And, yet, I must always remember that I am still a work in progress. We are all a work in progress.

Annette Mennen Baldwin

In memory of my son, Todd Mennen

TCF, Katy, TX

## “Grief is a process. Recovering is a choice. Grief is the price we pay for love.

## But you don’t have to go on paying the price forever.

Rabbi Earl Grollman

**September 2017 TCF Nashville, TN 5**

**The Unfinished Path**

*When we were young, under your wing I was kept.*

*As I grew older, on your shoulder I wept.*

*With a problem I could come to you, day or night.*

*Just knowing your answers would always be right.*

*You joined the Marines and "Semper Fidelis" you barked.*

*I could see right then my path was marked.*

*It was a path to perfection or so I thought.*

*To be like you is what I sought.*

*Since your prints have ended, I don’t know where to go.*

*I’ve asked Mom and Dad, but they don’t quite know.*

*So I ask your advice just one more time.*

*Because your prints have ended,*

*The rest must be mine.*

Tim Maloney, USMC

TCF Hingham, MA

**Forever 13**

*He would have been a junior*

*He should have been on the football team*

*He could have been a wrestler*

*He might have been. . .*

*He would have been 17 this year*

*He should have been laughing and running about*

*He could have been chasing girls*

*He might have been. . .*

*He would have been blowing his French horn*

*He should have been giving his teachers a hard time*

*He could have been driving himself to all school activities*

*He might have been. . .*

*Except now he is forever 13*

Lorrie Beyl

TCF Colorado Springs, CO

**Take Your Time**

O

ne of the hardest things about grief is the so-called “time table.” You are told you should be feeling one way or the other. You are given a time to mourn by the outside world, and then you must be “over it.” “Get on with your life.” “Count your blessings.”

All of this can make you both angry and afraid. Angry because (a) you don't WANT to get over it,” (b) you are “getting on” with your life in the best way you know how, and (c) your “blessings” have nothing whatsoever to do with the pain of your loss! Afraid because you are not having some of the feelings you think you should be having because you are not reacting “normally.” There is a period of extreme shock that can last from a few weeks to several months; you may not feel anything except numbness for awhile. That's OK!

The best advice is…take your time. Be gentle with yourself. Do what you need to do, not what you think you should do. Don’t clutter up your life with things that will exhaust you physically and weaken you emotionally. Remember, you are fighting the hardest battle you will ever have to face, so give yourself the best weapons you can.

Rest, get in touch with your feelings, and talk. Say your child’s name to anyone who will listen…take time…your time...to heal.

Sandra Young

TCF Knoxville, TN

**On Grief and Laughter**



A

fter the death of a child, how many of us, as bereaved parents, might say to ourselves, "How can I ever smile again?" I know I felt that way following the death of my son. I have heard bereaved parents, especially during the early days after the loss, say, "I suddenly found myself laughing at work. How could I have done that?" After my son died, I went back to work one week after the funeral, and one of the first things I had to do was attend a department meeting. At one point, someone made a humorous remark. Everyone laughed, except me. One of my coworkers, seeing my poker face, called across the table, "Come on, don't look so sad." There were other times, too, when people thought I shouldn't be so glum, that I should be smiling or laughing. Once, while riding in my carpool, the driver turned around to me after observing my mask-like expression in the rearview mirror, and exclaimed, "Smile!" I remember retorting with some acerbity, "You smile." But in time I did smile. I did laugh. It must be the subconscious guilt within ourselves that denies us the right to smile or laugh. It happened—I don't remember how long it was—at least several months, I think. I have seen parents at a TCF meeting, whose loss is recent, with tear-stained faces, smile when someone at the meeting says something that tickles the funny bone. How many of us have heard our non-bereaved friends say to us, "How can you go to that support group? It's all sadness and gloom." *How wrong they are!* Of course, we cry at TCF, but there are moments of laughter, too. Crying and laughter, after all, are often interchangeable, such as crying at weddings or graduations and giggling inappropriately at the sight of someone taking an unceremonious pratfall on a slippery sidewalk. Perhaps laughter is also the beginning of Nature's way of mending, of healing us.

Dave Ziv

TCF Southampton Chapter, PA

**6 TCF Nashville, TN September 2017**



**Please join us for this regional conference hosted by the Nashville Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, offering workshops, national speakers, sharing sessions, a candlelight service, and special features such as Music, Silent Auction, Reflection Room, Hospitality Room, and Crafty Corner.**

**Enjoy great fellowship with other bereaved parents.**

**Christ Church Nashville**, **15354 Old Hickory Blvd**, **Nashville, TN 37211**

**Guest speakers and presenters include:**

**Alan Pederson, Glen Lord, Debbie Rambis, Dale Dullabaun, R. Glen Kelly, Mitch Carmody**

**Some of the many workshops:**

**Friday, October 20, 2017**

12:00 – 1:00 Registration

1:00 – 1:45 Welcome – Opening Speaker

2:00 – 3:15 Workshop Session #1

3:30 – 4:45 Workshop Session #2

5:30 – 7:00 Dinner/Speaker/Candle Lighting

**Saturday, October 21, 2017**

7:30 – 8:15 Get the Grief Moving

8:00 – 9:00 Continental Breakfast

9:00 – 10:15 Morning Speaker

10:30 – 11:45 Workshop Session #3

12:00 – 1:15 Lunch/Speaker

1:30 – 2:45 Workshop Session #4

3:00 – 4:15 Workshop Session #5

4:30 – 5:30 Closing Speaker

**Guilt and Grief**

**Memorials to our Children**

**Grief of Single Parent**

**Loss of Only Child/All Children**

**Handling the Holidays**

**Having Another Child After Loss**

**Loss Due to Impaired Driver**

**Learning to Live Differently**

**Creating Digital Memories**

**Stigma of Suicide**

**My Address Book Has Changed**

**Chapter Meeting Ideas**

**Surviving Grief as a Man**

**Loss Due to Miscarriage or Stillbirth**

**Multiple Losses**



**The Many Faces of Grief**

***We hope you can join us for this healing, sharing, learning event.***

**September 2017 TCF Nashville, TN 7**



**Please join us for this regional conference hosted by the Nashville Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, offering workshops, national speakers, sharing sessions, a candlelight service, and other special features. Enjoy warm fellowship with other bereaved parents.**

**Christ Church Nashville**

**15354 Old Hickory Blvd**

**Nashville, TN 37211**

**Please complete a separate registration for each person.**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Phone # \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1st Child’s Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

2nd Child’s Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

3rd Child’s Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Registration - $75 per person.**

Includes Candle Lighting Dinner on Friday,

Breakfast Pastries and Lunch on Saturday.

Please make check or money order payable to:

“TCF Nashville Regional Conference”

**Mail to:**

**The Compassionate Friends**

**C/O Roy Davies**

**1028 Moncrief Circle**



**Greenbrier, TN 37073**



Special Lodging rate of $119 provided by

Four Points Sheraton Nashville-Brentwood

760 Old Hickory Blvd

Brentwood, TN 37027

(615) 964-5500 https://www.starwoodmeeting.com/events/start.action?id=1703066026&key=17035E84

**September 2017**



**TCF Regional Conference - October 20 & 21, 2017 –**

**Information and Registration Form on Pages 6 and 7**

