

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



P. O. Box 50833 • Nashville, TN 37205 • 615 356-4TCF(4823) or 646-8940•Nashville Web Site: 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 HCA building on Park Plaza just north of Centennial Park off of 25th Avenue, North. Inside, you will see our sign and someone will greet you. We truly regret that we have no accommodations for young children, but teenagers and older siblings are welcome to attend.

September 11

Dr. David Martin

You're Not Going Crazy—You're Grieving

Dr. David Martin, a clinical psychologist and himself a bereaved parent, will be the guest speaker at the September meeting. Dr. Martin is a retired professor at Tennessee State University, and has conducted workshops at the TCF National Conference in 1998, 1999 and 2000 and has been a guest speaker at the Nashville Chapter many times. He has spoken to numerous groups about grief.

Family Picnic Set for September 24

Mark your calendar. For a wonderful afternoon of friendship, fun, and good food, a time for remembering our children and for bringing our families together. Please join us for our annual chapter picnic. We will gather on Saturday, September 24 at 3:00 P.M. in Area 6 at Edwin Warner Park. Drinks and paper goods will be provided. We ask each family to bring a dish large enough to serve eight, according to the starting letter of your last name, as follows:

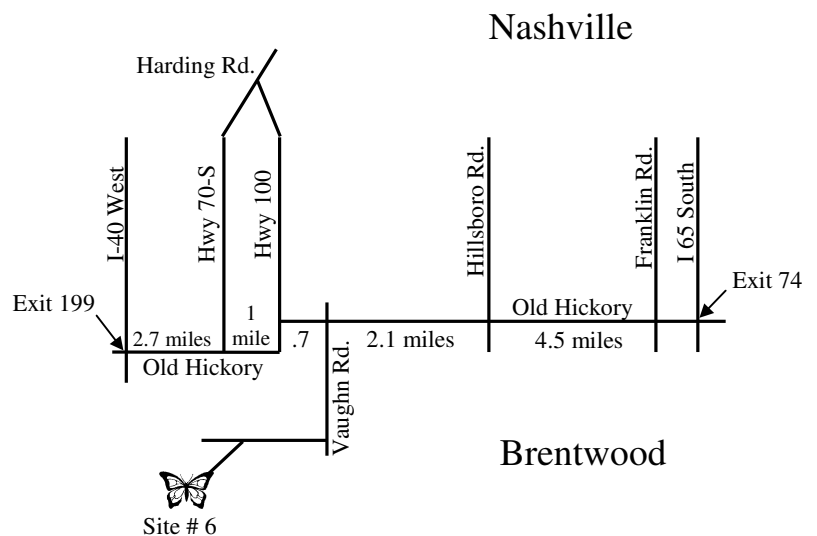
- A-G:** Prepared main dish
- H-M:** Dessert
- N-Z:** Salad or side dish

Plan to bring lawn chairs or a blanket, balls and bats or other games. Restroom facilities and play equipment are nearby. There will be a brief candle lighting observance in memory of our children.

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
646-1333
- AIDS**.....Joyce Soward
754-5210
- Illness**.....David and Peggy Gibson
356-1351
- Infant**.....Patti Drexler
834-8892
- SIDS**.....Kris Thompson
931 486-9088
- Murder/ Suicide**.....Joe Ladd
361-7996
- Small Child**.....Kenneth and Kathy Hensley
237-9972



BEREAVEMENT RESOURCES

Survivors of Suicide

There is a caring SOS group in Nashville. For information about meetings and receiving their helpful newsletter, you may reach Tina Benson at one of the following: Write to SOS, P.O. Box 40752, Nashville, TN 37204; call 615 244-7444; email nashsos@webtv.net; or fax 615 383-9714.

Help for Bereaved Children

The Grief Center at Alive Hospice now provides individual counseling for grieving children and teens, as well as their family members. Also, a children's support group is being offered the 1st and 3rd Thursday of every month from 5:30-7:00 PM. For further information, call Nicole Jesser, Children's Grief Counselor, at 615 963-4737.

Alive Hospice Support Group For Bereaved Parents

An ongoing support group for bereaved parents is held the 1st and 3rd Thursday of every month from 5:30-7:00 PM, at Alive Hospice. For details, please call John Baker at 615 963-4674.

Times for TCF Videos on TV Channel 19

Do you have a question about what you're feeling? This informative thirty-minute program about grief and The Compassionate Friends can be seen on Channel 19 (Community Access Channel) in the Nashville area. Two videos are shown, with a break between them giving information about the Nashville chapter. The program may be seen on Mondays at 2:00 P.M., Tuesdays at 8:30 A.M., Wednesdays at 10:00 A.M., Thursdays at 7:30 A.M., Fridays at 11:30 A.M. and 5:00 P.M., and Saturdays at 10:30 A.M.

CHAPTER INFORMATION

Religion—A Continuing Theme

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.

Change of Address?

Due to the large number of newsletters we deliver each month, it is essential to keep our database up-to-date. We must rely on you, the recipient, to let us know if you have moved. We ask that you help us by remembering to let us know when you have a change of address so the newsletter will reach you each month. Thank you.

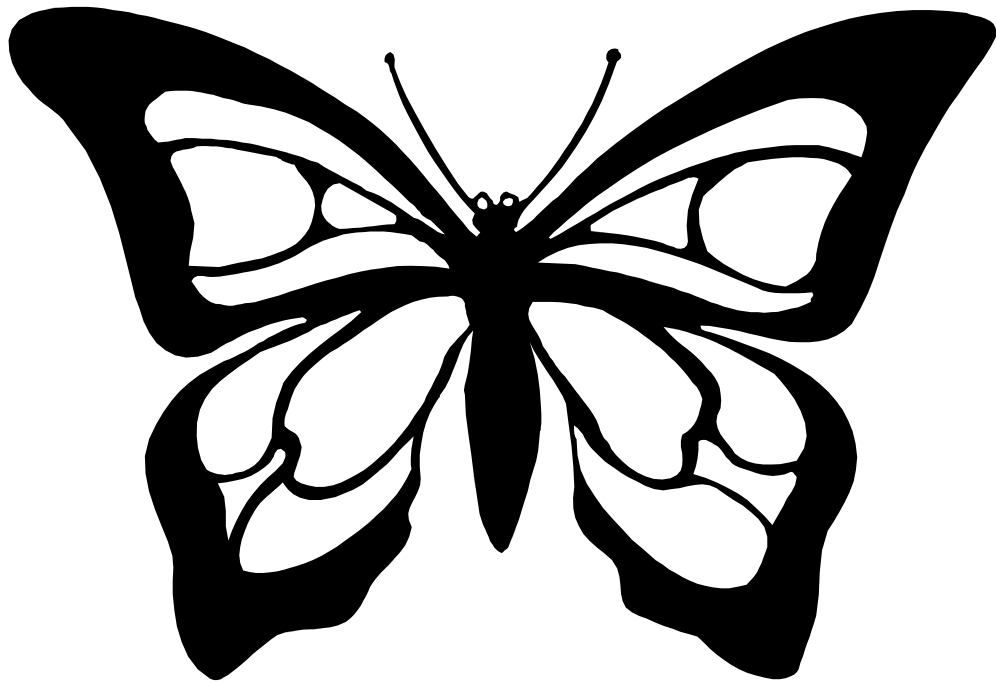
The "Children Remembered" Listings

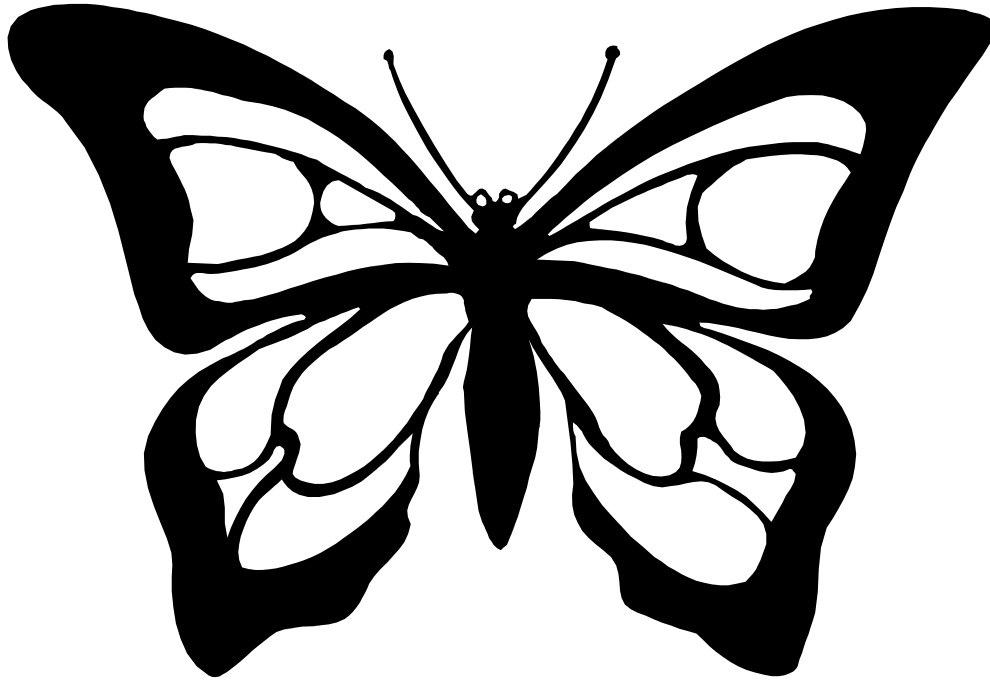
At your first TCF meeting you are asked to sign a registration card that gives us permission to add your child to the "Let Us Remember Them" list on page 3 in the monthly newsletter. If you are unable to attend TCF meetings and would like for your child to be listed, please let us know, printing the exact way you'd like your child's name to appear, the child's birth and death dates, and the parents' names as they should be listed. You may drop us a note at TCF, P.O. Box 50833, Nashville, TN 37205, or email us at tcf@tcfnashville.org. We'll be glad to include your child's name.

TCF Web Site

Go to the TCF Web site at www.compassionatefriends.org to find a wealth of information about TCF and grief—poetry and articles, chat rooms, grief in the news, other chapter web sites, including Nashville, and numerous other resources. Check it out.

NOTE: TCF Nashville Newsletters are now available on our Chapter website. <http://www.tcfnashville.org>





Bryan Houstrup and Joe Philpott at Allegra Print & Imaging, 601 Grassmere Park, donate the printing, collating and stapling of this newsletter each month as a gift to the families of TCF. Deanna Brown and her family label, sort and mail the newsletter in loving memory of their son, Marcus Dean Brown. We are very grateful for these people and their generosity to all of us.

Summer's End

*Always at summer's end
There comes a moment when
Memory brings to me
Gifts from the past.*

*I see your faces then,
Glistening in the sun.
I hear your laughter then,
Shared by the wind.*

*And in that glint of time
I feel you near again,
As you were, long ago,
At summer's end*

Sascha Wagner

If She's Here

*If she's here
Where is she?
Mom, where is she?
You said she's here,
So where is she?
We had fun together,
I remember that.
Oh, that's where she is,
In my memory.
So even if I move,
I'll still be with her.*

*Sara Rundock
TCF, Cheshire, CT*

Pain

Is watching the little boy your child played with last year board the school bus on his very first day of school.

*Barbara Augustine
TCF, Lancaster, PA*

Little Brother

*Someone took you away from me
And I wonder if they cared
About the ones they left behind
And the pain that each must bear.*

*Why did you have to leave me
When there was so much left to do?
I'm not sure if I can go on
If I have to go on without you.*

*But life dictates the rules.
There are things that I can't change.
When you left, my heart was torn in two.
My life got rearranged.*

*I have to believe I'll see you again.
It keeps the hope alive and new.
So until we meet again, little brother
Never forget that I love you.*

*Jenny
TCF, Indianapolis, IN*

It's Over

*And it's over!
Finally everyone has gone away.
To turn their lives back on again
Like radios.
Leaving us to talk too loudly
Trying to soak up the silence.*

*Sometimes I see you turn away
So that I won't see your tears.
And we build this incredible wall
Of grief
First started with her empty chair.*

*I can't believe that I could ever be
So alone with you.
Each of us guarding our pain
Jealously.
As the last thing to hold on to.*

*And people said,
"You're so lucky to have each other."*

*Sue Borrowman
TCF, Winnipeg, Canada*

Time Heals

*They told me that to comfort me
When my child died.
Four years and two children later
I think maybe they lied.*

*Friends and family tried their best.
God sheltered me under his wing.
Still, the mother inside me
Cries for that child,
And time hasn't changed a thing.*

*The gaping wound granulated to a scar.
The tears are now slower to spill,
But deep in my heart there's an empty hole
That only that child could fill.*

*No, I don't really think that it's true about time,
For I know that the love bond remains.
Time never heals the loss of a child,
You just learn to cope with the pain.*

*Marsha Fredrickson
TCF, SD*

September and a New School Year

To most people school means:

The kids out from under foot, caps on.
Buying a new lunch box, new clothes and the usual school supplies.
Fixing breakfast and trying to get it eaten.
Getting to a school bus on time.

What does school mean to a mother who has lost a child?

Watching other children filled with excitement.
A little boy who should be in kindergarten.
A brother who must go off to school by himself.
A teacher who must reach out to a class, when her little one won't be in school this year.
A mother sending two children off, when there should be three.
Many tears, behind smiling faces!

Patsy Hedges
TCF, Frederick Co., MD

Our Many Special Days

The beginning of the school year each fall seems to signal the coming holidays. The commercial market starts stocking school supplies, just after the Fourth of July, shortly thereafter by late summer the school supplies are crowded out by all the paraphernalia of Halloween! A glimpse of Thanksgiving whizzes by and it is an all out affront on the Christmas season. After the death of our child we stumble around each year looking for the appropriate way of handling these seasons that once had so much joy to them.

But the calendar holidays are far from the only "Special Days" that bereaved parents face. Our child's birthday and death date are especially hard days but also are the days relating to their illness or other events that relate to their death date and funeral or memorial. The most obvious days are not always the only hard days to live with. Rainy days, snowy days, starry nights can all trigger tugging emotions. Tuesday for laundry day may be the hardest day all year long.

No bereaved parent will have the same feeling of a special day or have the same special day because our children were different people to each person. Because of this, like in everything else in our grief work, we have to allow space for each other's "bad" days.

Each passing year after the death of our child finds us relating to special days differently each year. It is a continuing process never to return to that which used to be. As the years pass and we work hard at our "grief work" we will heal but that does not mean being like we were or doing the things we used to do. We are an evolving new person learning to live again.

Gerry Hall
TCF, South Central, MO

A reminder to those who enjoy the benefit of our library at the monthly meetings. When you have finished reading the following books you have checked out, please return them so others can check them out.

A Broken Heart Still Beats—McCracken & Semel
 A Guide to Understanding Guilt
 —Robert Baugher, Ph.D.
 A Time to Grieve...A Time to Heal
 —Dr. Criswell Freeman
 After Suicide—John H. Hewett
 All Seasons Pass—Martha Manning
 And Then Mark Died—Susan Sonnenday Vogel
 Andy's Mountain—Dwight L. Patton
 Dear Cheyenne—Joanne Cacciatore
 Dearest Debbie—Dale Evans Rogers
 Fireflies—David Morrell
 Five Cries of Grief—Merton P. Strommen
 For the Love of Robert—Harriet Hill
 God is a Bird Watcher—Linda Musser
 Grief Is a Family Affair
 —Marilyn Heavilin and Matthew Heavilin
 Guilt During Bereavement—Robert Baugher, Ph.D.
 Hannah's Gift—Maria Housden
 Hope Through a Father's Vision and Mother's Grief
 —Dottie McAllister
 How Young Children View Death—TCF, Inc.
 I Wasn't Ready to Say Goodbye—Noel & Blair
 I Will Not Leave You Desolate
 —Martha Whitmore Hickman
 I'll See You in the Sunrise—Penny Young
 If God is So Good, Why Do I Hurt So Bad?
 —David B. Biebel
 Into the Valley and Out Again—Richard Edler
 Living with God in Loss—
 Molly and Muffin Learn About Loss—Katie Holtkamp
 On Children and Death—Elisabeth Kübler-Ross
 Pride's Leaves—Lynlee Pyper
 Roses in December—Marilyn Willett Heavilin
 Stars in the Deepest Night—Genesse Gentry
 Such Good People—Martha Whitmore Hickman
 Sunrise Tomorrow—Elizabeth B. Brown
 The Courage to Grieve—Judy Tatelbaum
 The Many Faces of Grief—Edgar N. Jackson
 The SIDS Survival Guide—Horchler and Morro
 When a Child Has Been Murdered—Bonnie Conrad
 When One Day at a Time is Too Long—Gerald Mann
 When There Are No Words—Charlie Walton
 When Your Friend's Child Dies
 —Julane Grant
 Wintersun—Sascha
 You Can Get Bitter or Better!—James W. Moore

Tomorrow

Tomorrow,
 I'll try to understand her,
 Try to understand the excitement behind
 Those piercing black eyes.
 Try to understand her zeal for life,
 Tireless energy, and love for others.
 Tomorrow,
 I'll sit down beside her and get to know
 This sister of mine.
 I'll get to know the skinny little girl
 I grew up with and shared a bedroom with
 For all our teen years.
 Tomorrow,
 We'll share secrets together
 We'll go for long walks,
 We'll just sit together for hours and laugh.
 Tomorrow,
 I'll ask her about her boyfriends,
 I'll ask her about her girlfriends,
 I'll even ask what her favorite subject is in school.
 Today?
 I'm too busy,
 I have too much to do,
 She's getting on my nerves.
 Today,
 She's borrowing my precious clothes, ruining them.
 Today,
 She's using up all the gas in my car.
 Today,
 She's asking stupid questions
 I just don't feel like answering.
 Today,
 I'm too tired.
 But tomorrow,
 I'll tell her how much I love her,
 I'll hug her and tell her she's pretty,
 I'll tell her I'm glad I have a sister...tomorrow.
 Tomorrow
 Has finally come and she is gone.

Kathi's sister Cindy
 From "18, No time To Waste"

"We may not be able to make the sun shine for you,
 But we can hold the umbrella."

Ann Swann
 TCF, Valley Forge, PA

The End of Summer

On the beach, cool breezes blow across the water, but the sun's rays feel warm upon my face. The ocean laps gently at the shore. I see one golden haired lad with shovel and pail filling the moat around his carefully constructed sandcastle.

I remember another golden haired boy of years long past, wearing his bright red swimsuit, busy at his task and oblivious to all around him. Carefully, patiently, he fills and empties his pail again and again, molding and shaping the sand until he has it just right, until his perfect castle is completed. He runs to me, eyes aglow with pride, his dimpled smile stretched from ear to ear. He dances around me.

"Mommy, come see! It's finished! It's perfect!" We stand and admire it together. One bucket of sand turned upside down, a tiny trench encircling it. To us, it's a perfect sandcastle.

But then it happens. A wave, much bigger than the rest, washes away his labor of love. His green eyes fill, his lip quivers momentarily and then he squares his shoulders and announces, "Oh, well, I'll begin again tomorrow."

And now, recalling that other sunny summer day, my own eyes fill with tears, my own lip quivers, until I remember that I, too, can square my shoulders and begin again—tomorrow.

Betty Stevens
TCF, Baltimore, MD