

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO.1870

September 2024 NEWSLETTER Vol. 32 No.9

Facebook page "The Compassionate Friends of Miami County Ohio Chapter 1870".

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Memorial on a Brief Life Loss of an Infant ...

*His heart beat; his legs kicked; His arms
moved.*

Then one day it stopped.

Hardly a human lifespan,

Yet an eon of remembered fact: Of anticipation.

Of what our baby would be like.

Of a crib filled with love and happiness.

Of a tiny baby we would carefully watch grow.

For eight months he grew inside me ...

*Long enough to have memory forever remind
me*

that I never saw him,

Never held him, never felt his softness,

Never counted his toes,

Never knew the color his eyes.

Long enough to tell me and retell me of the

Death-paled hands

*not quite covered by the gown he never got to
wear home;*

*Of all the stuffed animals he never got to
cuddle; of a small casket;*

The smell of moist earth, and tears.

*In my hand I hold an obituary, A statistical
report,*

A map to the cemetery lot where he was buried.

A picture of his casket . . .

Souvenirs.

We are all sorry,

We know how you feel, they say..

Thanks, but you can't know,

For I don't feel . . . not yet.

*It all went so fast-love- anticipation Where has it
all gone?*

~Mary Eggell, TCF, Central Coast Chapter, CA

**Meetings are held at:
Zion Lutheran Church**

14 W Walnut St

Tipp City, OH 45371

**(entrance by parking lot on W. Walnut St.,
handicap accessible)**

Next Meeting:

September 26, 2024

7:00 pm

Topic: Question cards open discussion



**Our Chapter will be hosting a Thanksgiving
potluck dinner in place of our regular
November meeting, a week earlier, on
November 21st at 6:30PM at Zion Lutheran
Church 14 West Walnut Street Tipp City,
Ohio. We will provide the turkey and dinner
ware, coffee and water. Please bring a dish
to share. It is IMPORTANT that you RSVP
so that we have enough turkey and tables set
up!**

**Please RSVP to: Cindy Glaser at:
mariahpines@sbcglobal.net with your name,
your dish and how many will be attending.**

A Thousand Ways to Grieve

I'm an active griever. By active, I mean that during those first few months following my loss, I devoured every book on grief I could get my hands on. I poured out my agony in my writing, attended grief seminars, went through photo albums and I searched the internet for helpful sites. I cried and fumed and spent long hours talking to anyone who would listen. My husband simply withdrew and grieved in silence. Though we lived in the same house, grieved the same loss, and shared a life together, we were apart in our grief. We all have our own ideas on how to grieve and we're quick to judge those who don't conform to our way of thinking. When Prince Charles wore a blue suit to Princess Diana's funeral, he was condemned by the press until it was learned it was his former wife's favorite. A friend of mine was criticized for wearing a pair of red strap, high heeled shoes to her husband's funeral, the same shoes she wore on the day they met. If we are to grieve in harmony with those around us, we must give up the notion that grief can be expressed in limited ways. I once thought that grief manifested itself only in tears and depression. But I've seen what others whose vision is greater than mine have accomplished in the name of grief. Resolve to make peace with someone who grieves in ways that seem odd to you. Try expressing your grief in a new way: write a poem or song, start a journal, buy your loved one a gift and send it to someone you know who would love and appreciate the gesture. Wear something outlandish. Buy a bouquet of balloons in your loved ones favorite color. Laugh at something that would make your loved one laugh. Tears, depression and sadness are all acceptable ways to show grief. So are blue suits and red shoes.

~Margaret Brownley, *Bereavement Magazine*

Choosing Life

It will never be the same. Never. As a bereaved parent, you have often heard or said these words to express grief's profound feelings of sorrow and disorientation. Your life has suddenly taken an unexpected course that appears both uncharted and endless. Bewildered, you vainly search for pathways back to your former life, until you confront the reality that there is no way back. Your child is dead forever. It is then that you may say, ... never the same. This is the aspect of grief that Simon Stephens calls The Valley of the Shadow. It is that very long time between the death of your child and your reinvestment in life. Between. It is not supposed to be a permanent resting place. Although some people do take up residence in the valley, it is a transition from the death of your child to life with renewed purpose. The key to this transition is yourself. You must choose between life and the valley. You and only you can decide. And you must make that decision again and again, each day.

Giving in to the hopelessness of the valley is tempting. Choosing to move on toward life requires a great deal of work. You must struggle with the pain of grief in order to resolve it. It is a daily struggle full of tears, anger, guilt and self-doubt, but it is the only alternative to surrendering yourself to the valley. Little by little you choose to move on. Little by little you progress toward the other side of the valley. It takes a very long time, far longer than your friends or relatives suspected. Far longer than you had believed – even prayed – that it would be. When one day you find yourself able to do more than choose merely to live but also how to live, you will know you are leaving the valley of the shadow. There will still be more work to do, more struggle and choosing. The valley, however, stretches behind rather than in front of you. When you have resolved your grief by reinvesting in life, you will be able to realize that nothing is ever the same. Life is change. We would not have it be otherwise, for that is the valley of the shadow. Change has the promise of beginning and the excitement of discovery. Life is never the same. Life is change. Choose life.

~ By Marcia F. Alig TCF, Mercer Area Chapter, New Jersey

NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE?
A listening ear is sometimes the best medicine.

- Kim Bundy (suicide) 573-9877
- Pam Fortener (cancer) 238-4075
- Donnie Fortener (cancer) 760-2238
- Pam Fortener (siblings) 238-4075
- Cathy Duff (auto accident) 473-5533
- Jackie Glawe (auto accident) 478-3318

Chapter website by Mica Glaser Jones:
www.thecompassionatefriendsmiamicounty.com

CHAPTER NEWS

Upcoming meetings:

- Sept - Question cards/open discussion
- Oct - TBA
- Nov - Friendsgiving
- Dec - Candlelight Memorial

Thank You 
for your love gifts!



Our sincere condolences to Bob Karl and family with the passing of Bob's wife, Fran Karl on May 5th, predeceased by their son, Matt Karl.

★ Wanda Bailey in memory of daughter, Heather Denise Bailey.

★ Candy Farst in memory of son, Matt Farst. (correction made from previous newsletter)

Love Gifts should be made out to: The Compassionate Friends and mailed to **Cindy Glaser, 5255 Rudy Road Tipp City, Ohio 45371**. Please send your donation by the 15th of the month prior to the month you want your child remembered in the newsletter.



The seasons around us are changing just as the seasons of grief change.

Be kind and patient with yourself and others.

~K. Cantrell, Frankfort, KY TCF

Thank you to:
POWER107.1 LP-FM
Helping get information out about our chapter to help grieving families.
EmPOWERing Local Non-Profit Organizations! Broadcasting From The Heart of Beautiful Historic Downtown Troy



Our Children Lovingly Remembered

September Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Douglas "Jacob" Willoughby - Angela Willoughby
 Douglas Ray Lavy - Robert E. & Sharon Lavy
 Heather Denise Bailey - Joe & Wanda Bailey
 Mark Kurtis O'Dell - Sandy O'Dell
 Mark Nordquist - Tom Nordquist
 Matthew "Matt" Schaaf - Marlene Schaaf
 Michael Guerra - Terry Guerra
 Molly Elizabeth Murphy - Kerry & Sarah Murphy
 Patrick O'Neill - Betsy O'Neill
 Patrick O'Neill - John O'Neill
 Samuel Pearson - Randi & Carolyn Pearson
 Silas Carver - Mary Anne Evans
 Terry A. Baker, jr - Candy Ullery
 Sean Brading - Jenny Brading

September Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Brad Allan Behymer - Linda Behymer
 Matthew Cameron Ferror - Ken & Louise Ferror
 Michael Bundy - Tony & Vesta Bundy
 Michael Daniel Mitchell - James & Marilyn Mitchell
 Michael James McGuffey - Kathy McGuffey
 Jennifer Schoeb - Dee Rawlins
 Sean Brading - Jenny Brading



TCF Miami County Chapter
Share your child with us 

Do you have a poem, a special story or remembrance of your child that you would like to share in the newsletter? I would love to hear from you and have you share your grief journey or how you found hope. Also, if you have a topic you would like to see covered at a meeting let me know.

You can send them to me at im4song@aol.com or through the mail to Jackie Glawe, 2445 N. Montgomery County Line Rd., Tipp City, Oh 45371.

“Recovering from suffering is not like recovering from a disease.

People don't come out healed;
they come out different.”

~David Brooks, columnist w/NY Times

SIBLING GRIEF – CERTAIN WORDS

By Scott Mastley, Duluth, GA My mother paged me while I was at work this afternoon, and I called her at home. She asked if I would like to go see a movie. Her question triggered many thought waves. I wanted to go with her, to be with her, but I couldn't just leave work. I wish I could have protected her from the loneliness. She was having a rough day like me, and I needed to talk. How was dad at work? Was he struggling to perform like me? Did he have to concentrate to finish anything? I regret not doing what is most important. I should have talked with my boss and left work to be with my mother when she wanted to spend time with me. I feel great sympathy for my parents, but I have to admit that I don't grieve with them. We don't grieve together. We talk about it, but we usually grieve on our own. I'm guilty of trying to protect them in the same way that my friends try to protect me. My parents say, "We are here for you. Call us when you need us." I say, "I know. I will." They say, "You haven't. You know we think about it every day, all the time. We can talk about it." I say, "I don't want to be depressing." They say, "You can be depressing with us. It is depressing." I say, "I know. I know. I'm here for you too. I just don't want to come out there and cry. I want to be positive." I think about how I always say "it referring to the car accident, to Chris, death. I should say him." I say "it" because the accident took his life; it was the turning point. I am really talking about Chris, his life, and his absence. I'm tired of thinking about the accident, picturing the

scene, remembering Chris, last words, and imagining him as he arrived at the hospital. These things are too painful. It is hard to say that Chris died or that he is dead. If I say that he died, in my mind, it implies that he was sick or weak and that he could not sustain himself any longer. He was vibrant and healthy and full of life. The life didn't leave him on its own; it was knocked out of him in a car accident. I know that there are people who are walking along the street when they suddenly die. They were also vibrant and full of life. This is just an example of one of our little struggles. I hear surviving siblings say, "My brother was killed in a car accident. A tumor killed my sister. My little brother lost his life to an accidental drug overdose. My big sister didn't make it through surgery." We generally prefer to say that something is responsible for taking the life of our sibling. Saying that he died on a Monday doesn't place accountability for his death on any event. If the event had not occurred, our siblings would still be here, so we feel a need to mention the event in connection with the death. It is difficult to say that my brother is dead. It is shocking to hear myself say it. The word is final and leaves no questions. It lets you know that Chris is gone forever. He's not going to show up later in the evening. He is not going to call. He is not going to write a letter. He is dead. I hate to say it. He did die and he is dead, but I squirm when I say it like that. It is so matter of fact.

~ By Scott Mastley, Duluth, GA
www.survivingasibling.com



**The
Compassionate
Friends**

Miami County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies
2445 N Montgomery County Line Rd
Tipp City OH 45371

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

The Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization which offers support to families who have experienced the death of a child. Only a person who has experienced the trauma of losing a child can fully understand the pain and suffering involved.

We gather to listen) to share) and to support each other in the resolution of our grief. We need not walk alone. we are The Compassionate Friends.

MISSION STATEMENT ... 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.

If you are receiving our newsletter for the 1st time,

it is because someone told us that you might find it helpful. To find out more about The Compassionate Friends, please call our Chapter Leader, Kim Bundy (937) 573-9877. We cordially invite you to our monthly meetings held on the fourth Thursday of each month. Nothing is ever expected of you. You don't have to speak a single word. Parents who do attend, find comfort, support, friendship and understanding from others who have also lost a child. You do not have to come alone - bring a family member or friend with you.

You need not walk alone!



IF YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS NEWSLETTER, AND WISH TO HAVE YOUR NAME REMOVED FROM OUR MAILING LIST, PLEASE CALL OR TEXT (937) 478-3318 AND LEAVE A MESSAGE.

Thank you.