



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO.1870

November 2021 NEWSLETTER Vol. 30 No. 10

Facebook page "The Compassionate Friends of Miami County Ohio Chapter 1870".
Chapter Leader: Kim Bundy, 1870 Westwood Rd, Troy, OH 45373/573-9877 kbundy@tcf@gmail.com
Editor: Jackie Glawe, 2445 N. Mntgmy Co. Line Rd., Tipp City, OH 45371/478-3318 im4song@aol.com

National Office - THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC. - P.O. Box 3696 - Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696 - Ph. (630) 990-0010 or toll free (877) 969-0010 www.compassionatefriends.org - e-mail: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org.

The First Thanksgiving

*Today is Thanksgiving, Lord,
And I don't know what to say!
On June fifteenth of this fractured year,
You took my son away.*

*Why should I be giving thanks?
It makes no sense to pray.
If you were listening to my prayers,
You would have let him stay.*

*I have wonderful friends and relatives, Lord.
Still it is very tough.
I love each and every one of them.
And yet it's not enough.*

*The pain is unbelievable.
It cuts right through my soul.
Although my family helps me cope,
We are no longer whole.*

*Could you send a sign, Lord,
That heaven does exist?
Is my child at peace in a better place,
Not cursed by You, but kissed?*

*I could give thanks once again,
If I knew he was safe and well, and
In spite of the hole in my broken heart,
Survive this endless Hell.*

~Madelaine Peri Kasden, TCF, Babylon, NY

November Meeting

One week earlier due to Holiday

Nov 18th, 2021

7:00 pm

at

Nashville United Church of Christ
4540 W. St. Rt. 571, West Milton,
Ohio

Please park

in the lot on the west side of the
building.

We are now meeting back inside in the
basement.

Topic: Signs-presenter Don Fortener

The Holidays

*The absence of your presence is
magnified as I "try" to survive
another holiday*

*As if all the other days and nights
weren't already cruel enough*

*~Jackie Glawe, TCF, Miami Co. of Ohio, in memory
of daughter Jordan*

THANKS

Thanks to the friend who did know the right words to say: “There is a group in town that might help you.”

Thanks to the parent who somehow found the courage to call that phone number and find out about “that group.”

Thanks to the mother who went to that first meeting knowing it would be really hard to talk—and talked.

Thanks to the dad who said after the first meeting that he could never come back—but did.

Thanks to the parent, who at the fifth meeting, put her arms around a “new one” and said: “They really can help.”

Thanks to the mom, who for the first time, was able to bake cookies again – for her “Compassionate Friends.”

Thanks to the homemaker who could never talk in front of people – who became a facilitator.

Thanks to the six-foot father who cried in front of the other men—and didn’t say he was sorry.

Because of you, we will be able to help someone we don’t even know – next month.

~John DeBoer, TCF, Greater Omaha, NE



How I Found Hope

The simple act of breathing is how I found hope. In those early days of grief I wasn't sure I could or even wanted to breath. Learning to live breath-to-breath has taught me that hope is possible.

Breathing was once labored, and painful, but then it began to calm...today breathing reminds me that continuing to live is the greatest gift I can give to honor her memory.

~Alan Pedersen, Ashley's daddy

(another view of the)

First Thanksgiving

Genesee Bourdeau Gentry

from Stars in the Deepest – After the Death of a Child

The thought of being thankful
fills my heart with dread.
They'll all be feigning gladness,
not a word about her said.
These heavy shrouds of blackness
enveloping my soul,
pervasive, throat-catching,
writhe in me, and coil.
I must, I must acknowledge,
just express her name,
so all sitting at the table,
know I'm thankful that she came.
Though she's gone from us forever
and we mourn to see her face,
not one minute of her living,
would her death ever replace.
So I stop the cheerful gathering,
though my voice quivers, quakes,
make a toast to all her living.
That small tribute's all it takes.

CHAPTER NEWS

Upcoming meetings:

- Nov** - Signs – presenter Don Fortener
Dec - Children's Candlelight Memorial Dec 12th
/No regular meeting – See Page 5

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

*Thank You
for your love gifts!*

- ★ Tony & Vesta Bundy for the Birthday Love Gift in memory of their son, Michael Bundy, 11/1960 – 09/2012.
- ★ Joe & Wanda Bailey for the Birthday Gift in memory of their Daughter, Heather Denise Bailey, 09/1975 -- 04/1982, who would have been 46 years old this year.
- ★ Love Gifts should be made out to: The Compassionate Friends and mailed to Barb Lawrence, 4031 Wolcott Place, Englewood, OH 45322. Please send your donation by the 15th of the month prior to the month you want your child remembered in the newsletter.

"In the garden of memory, in the palace of dreams...that is where you and I shall meet." — Alice Through the Looking Glass

Our Children Lovingly Remembered

November Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Benjamin Paul Gudorf - Wilda Stanley
 Brent David Corn - Susan Hartrum
 Christine Taylor - Ann Anderson
 Jeff Herman - Mike Herman
 Jeffrey Scott Bernard - Don Bernard
 Justin David Shoemaker - Dave & Jonnie Shoemaker
 Kevin Frinfrock - Terry Frinfrock
 Larry Todd Cavanaugh - Linda & Larry Cavanaugh
 Matthew J. "Matt" Kar - Bob & Fran Karl
 Michael Bundy - Tony & Vesta Bundy
 Stephanie Roselle - Cindy Berry
 Stephen Anthony Freeman - Tom & Kathy Freeman
 Tasha Nicolle Longyear - Kern & Pamela Carpenter



November Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Amelia Beeman - Peggy Beeman
 Clifton Alexander - John Alexander
 Jeff Herman - Mike Herman
 Leslie M. Turner - Randy & Debra Turner
 Patrick O'Neill - Betsy O'Neill
 Roy "Rusty" Phillips - Carol Weddington
 Shannon Dyer - Denny Dyer
 Zachary O. Patrick - -Mike & Tina Patrick



Every effort is made to publish accurate information regarding the birth and remembrance dates. Please let me know if there is an error in the listing, in order to correct our records. If you receive this newsletter and you have not given us the name and dates for your child, but want them listed here, please contact me. - Editor

THE GRIEF OF STEPPARENTS

Hope for the Future

For stepparents, the grief experience may be a precarious journey as they try to balance the needs of their spouses, their own feelings, and other familial relationships. It is a time when patience, understanding and communication are of the utmost importance.

Many stepparents have overcome these obstacles and have found hope for the future through participation in support organizations such as The Compassionate Friends. Sharing feelings and concerns with other parents, in an atmosphere of acceptance and understanding, can lessen the feelings of loneliness and isolation experienced by bereaved stepparents.

~To view the complete article on "The Grief of Stepparents" go to the national website for The Compassionate Friends.org

...in the Autumn

Some people love to see the changes
 in the colors of the leaves,
 When the sky is clear and dark blue as the sea.
 The love to smell the oak leaves burning
 But it is then my heart is yearning
 To be with ones I know I cannot see.
 There's something in the autumn
 That makes my heart so heavy,
 I miss them all but know they're where they should all
 be.
 If I can make it through the winter,
 And see the spring unfold before me,
 Then I'll know once more they're there, and wait for
 me.
 When the morning sun comes later,
 and the afternoons die early,
 And my spirits drop like leaves around my feet.
 I'm so aware that I am mortal
 and I can almost see the portal
 that I will pass through and be every more complete.

~Jim O'Neil TCF, Montgomery, AL

Candlelight Memorial Service 3:00 pm Sunday December 12, 2021



at
Zion Lutheran Church
Main and Third Street
Tipp City, Ohio



Every year anyone that has lost a child, sibling, or grandchild is invited to join in a service of remembrance. We celebrate our loved ones' lives through the lighting of candles in their names. After the candle lighting service in the church, we will have a reception dinner downstairs. Meats will be provided. Those attending are asked to bring something to share -a salad, vegetable dish, or a dessert of your choice.

Photo's for slide show and/or display

Again this year!!! We will have a slide show of our children's photos playing during the dinner. If you would like to have your child's photo in the slide show please bring the photo to the Nov chapter meeting or email the photo to Kim at kbundy.tcf@gmail.com by December 8th. Please include the child's name, your name, address, and phone with the photo. Pictures will be returned. (If you provided a picture last year, you do not need to submit another one unless you would like to provide a different picture for this year.) We also welcome you to bring a photograph of your child and/or other memorabilia for the display area set aside in the reception room at the dinner.

Give a new children's book in memory of your child

We are also collecting new children's books to be taken to Children's Medical Center. These books will be distributed to children while they are treated at the center. You may donate the book in memory of your child with a written note inside the book if you would like. What a great way to do something in your child's memory to help other children!

Please RSVP by sign up sheet, call or email

A sign-up sheet for the Memorial Service will be passed around at the November Compassionate Friend's meeting. If you plan to attend the Memorial Service and can't sign up at the meeting, please contact Kim at 937-573-9877 or kbundy.tcf@gmail.com no later than December 8th.

Need set up help

Volunteers are needed to help set up for the Memorial Service. Set up will be held at 3:00PM on Saturday, December 12th. If you can help, please contact Deb (667-4761). Volunteers are invited to join up at Hinders for something to eat and drink after set up. We appreciate all that are able to assist in set up. Thank you.

Memories Surround Me

I have learned that there is a comfort in keeping my son here, beside me, sharing my life's journey as he once did. No, he is not here in a physical sense. He is here in my memories and in my daily life. I keep his presence alive on the earthly plane.

In my home are pictures that remind me of my child's life. A picture in an announcement.....a beautiful, sleeping baby boy who is just one day old. Next to that is one of my son standing beside his GTO. Now I can relive any year of my son's 35 years of life. Whether it is high school graduation or graduation from Texas A&M, there is Todd...smiling, happy, radiating the joy of his accomplishments. He's in the pool as a teenager and then on another shelf, he's holding his daughters, one in each arm, as he stands in that same pool. Smiling, always smiling. Todd loved life. He looked forward to each new adventure. This is portrayed in all the pictures displayed and those that are yet to be brought out from their hiding places.

In my bedroom is a wood shop project that Todd made for me when he was in eighth grade. It is an alpaca, which rests on a wall stand. Todd made these treasures with his hands; his name is forever etched into both pieces. Each week I lovingly dust that alpaca and its shelf and remember how proud my son was of his first woodshop accomplishment.

And then there are the projects from the "macramé summer." Todd made a lovely plant holder for me and then he boldly went to a large wall design that is something akin to a dream catcher. It has always been displayed in the atrium of my home. Each time I walk past it, I reach out and touch it and feel the love that went into this creation. Ironically, I now have another dream catcher attached to the one that Todd made. This is the dream catcher with his picture and my words of remembrance that were written for the National Compassionate Friends Conference in Oklahoma City. I touch them both now....remembering my beautiful child.

In my bedroom is a Queen Ann desk. This was purchased and refinished by my son during his "wood working summer" in high school. He painstakingly sanded and worked the wood to a smooth finish. Then he used fine sand paper and later steel wool to finish the staining and glossing process. It is a beautiful desk with a fold out writing area, tiny drawers and hidden compartments. I keep much in this desk. Every night as I am getting ready for bed, I touch Todd's desk.

In 1994 Todd and I went out for Mother's Day dinner and later we stopped and picked out a new washing machine. Todd recommended the Amana. I trusted his judgment. I bought the Amana. Each week when I do laundry, I wipe off the washing machine and remember that shopping trip, his words of "keep it simple, Mom, and you won't have to worry about repairs" and consider that he gave me some good advice and a wonderful memory that day.

Other items come to mind each day. In my home office is plant pot made by the eight year old hands of my son. Small pieces of fabric were lovingly glued to the pot to create an interesting look. I have kept that pot all these years. He was so proud of it; that's a Mother's Day present I'll not forget. Each time I look at it, I think of Todd.

Next to my kitchen phone is a pencil holder that Todd made in second grade. It has been in use since then. It's simply part of who I am and will always be. Each week I clean out the inside and replace the pens and pencils. One of the pencils, never used, contains the words "It's a Boy!" on it. That is the pencil that Todd gave me when his son was born. He was so proud of his baby boy. What a great father he was. Memories are everywhere in my home and my office, in my car and even in places that I go. Todd was here, we did this there....I remember when we all met at Ritter's Ice Cream every Saturday night to look at the other collector cars. When I drive by there, I can see Todd, GTO gleaming, hood up, talking with other aficionados, holding a child in one arm, gesturing with the other hand to demonstrate one thing or another.

At night, after I touch the desk that was so lovingly restored, I look at the wall next to my bed. Two reproductions of German paintings brighten this wall. These are pictures that Todd bought for me when he was in Germany on an exchange program with Texas A&M. I always look at them as I begin my reading, and then, before I turn out the light, I look at them and think about my son and tomorrow. I remember Todd's glorious European adventure, smile at the joy that is his life and turn out the light. These pictures are the last things I see before I sleep. Good night, Todd. I'm so glad you gave me so much of yourself to treasure, but I wish you were here. Your mom misses you.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin

In memory of my son, Todd Mennen

TCF, Katy, TX

IT'S THE MUSIC THAT BONDS THE SOULS

*The room you once lived in,
Doesn't look the same.
The people who used to call you,
Never mention your name.
The car you used to drive,
They may not make anymore;
And all the things you once treasured,
Are boxed behind the closet door.*

*The clothes you set the trends by,
Are surely out of date.
The people you owed money to,
Have wiped clean the slate.
Things have changed and changed
again
Since you went away,
But some things have remained the
same,
Each and every day.
Like this aching in my heart,
A scar that just won't heal.*

*Or the way a special song,
Can change the way I feel.
Brother, you must know
That the "music" bonds us,
And will always keep us close.
Because secretly, deep in my heart I
know,
It's the music you must miss the most.
So let the world just keep on turning,
And "time" can take its toll,
But for as long as the music keeps
playing,
You' ll be alive and dancing in my soul.*

~Stacie Gilliam, TCF, N. Oklahoma City, OK

Now I know

My sister died. She lived only ten days. Her name is Gloria and I knew her only through my mother. She spoke of her lovingly and sadly, of her beauty and sweetness, of her illness. Gloria was the third child born to our family, the first girl. Two years after that, I arrived. Donald and I were told that if Gloria had lived we would not have been here. I never know whether to be happy or sad that my sister died. Whenever the song, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" played on the radio, my mother would cry. She told me that the song was very popular when Gloria was born and died. I used to think, "Why is she so sad? Why is she crying for a baby she hardly knew? Aren't we remaining children enough for her?" I never understood –until my own daughter died. Now I know.

~Carol Silverman, TCF, Abington Chapter

The Feast

A big load for such a little boy, you carried us
all to your grave.
Strange place to come on your birthday.
I bring a balloon and flowers.
I polish your marker, try to wipe off the years.
The sun flashes dull on the aging bronze
– no vacancy, no vacancy!
My heart is so full, my world is so empty.
I dangle in the hollow space between.

~Carl Yorke in memory of Wilem 5/97
Troy, MI, TCF



**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 (937) 478-3318 AND LEAVE A MESSAGE.

Thank you.