

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO.1870

March 2023 NEWSLETTER Vol. 31 No. 2

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. Montgomery Co. Line Rd., Tipp City, OH 45371/478-3318 im4song@aol.com

National Office - THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC. - 48660 Pontiac Trail #930808 Wixom, MI 48393 - Ph. (630) 990-0010 or toll free (877) 969-0010 www.compassionatefriends.org - e-mail: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org.

Don't think of her as gone away-

*Her journey's just begun;
Life holds so many facets--
This earth is only one.
Just think of her as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.
Think how she must be wishing
That we could know, today,
How nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.
And think of her as living
In the hearts of those she touched...
For nothing loved is ever lost--
And she was loved so much.*

~Author Unknown



Meetings are being held at:
Zion Lutheran Church
14 W Walnut St
Tipp City, OH 45371
(entrance by parking lot on W. Walnut St.,
handicap accessible)

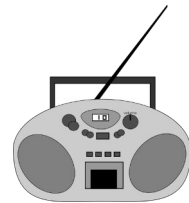
Next Meeting: March 23, 2023

7:00 pm

Topic: "Emoji me, Pick One"



Thank you to Metronet for their Financial support in partnership with Power 107.1



Over 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 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 adjuster 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 likable, 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 Her. 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. 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

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

The Scream

*The smile you see is not all of me,
For I'm not what I seem.
I laugh and smile but all the while,
My smile holds in a scream.*

*For when I see a little girl,
So innocent and free,
I think about my little girl,
Who died at seventeen.*

*And then the scream comes welling up,
From in my soul so black,
And so my smile must block it in,
And laughter hold it back.*

*I saw her born and watched her grow,
from child to blooming lass,
But through the years I couldn't know,
I'd have to see her pass.*

*The suffering within my heart,
I hide from all the world.
I do my job, I play the part,
And miss my little girl.*

*A song about a father's love,
So sweet with tenderness,
Awakes in me the horror of,
My loss and loneliness.*

*So, if they say "He takes it well,
He'll be OK we all can tell.
How well his life continues on,
It's almost if she wasn't gone."*

*Remember that I'm not so sane,
Playacting, keeping up the game,
My nightmare life trapped in a dream,
You see, my smile holds in a scream.*

~Steve Tutt, TCF Tyler, Texas
In Memory of our daughter, Lisa

CHAPTER NEWS

Upcoming meetings:

Mar - *Emoji me, Pick one*

Apr - *TBA*

IN SEARCH OF:

Bereaved parents to serve on the steering committee for the chapter. If you are interested in helping with this please let Kim Bundy or Cindy Glaser.

Also looking for meeting topic ideas, poems and/or Stories to share in the newsletter in memory of your child. This can be by you or family and friends, etc. Please email Jackie at im4song@aol.com

*Thank You
for your love gifts!*

★ Family and friends for the Love Gifts in memory of Parker Miles Locke.

★ Susan Fogt for the Love Gift in memory of her son, Jerrid Younker.

★ 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.

Our Children Lovingly Remembered

March Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Ava Nicole Lisky - Kathy Russell
 Bill Meadows - Fred & Pat Meadows
 Claire Landis - Chelsea Landis
 James Hatfield - Betty White
 Jordan Elizabeth Glawe - Jeff & Jackie Glawe
 Kyle L. Bryan - Jeanette Bryan
 Michael David Rhoades - David Rhoades
 Michael Talbot Sharpe - Amy Kasprzak
 Paul William Knisley - Kim Knisley
 Susan Eileen Lawrence - Barb Lawrence
 Taylor Davis - Barbara Davis
 Zachary James Dyer - Rod & Kelley Dyer
 Christopher "Chris" Heiss - Tony and Nancy Royer



March Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Cassandra "Cassie" Campbell - Dawn Duff
 Erika Leigh Wetzel - Susan Wetzel-Philpot
 Jacqelyn Elizabeth "Jackie" Ahlers - Bob & Peg Ahlers
 Jerrid Younker - Susan Fogt
 Jerrid Younker - Frank Younker
 Michael Talbot Sharpe - Amy Kasprzak
 Paul William Knisley - Kim Knisley
 Ryan Patrick Gilhooly - Constance Gilhooly



We all know how difficult those "Special Days" can be - birthdays and death anniversary days. Please remember these parents on their special days and let them know that they are not alone; someone cares about their pain and their grief. It means so much to be remembered!

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 – Jackie Glawe/Editor, Kim Bundy/Chapter leader or Cindy Glaser/Treasurer

“What we have once enjoyed deeply we
 can never lose. All that we love deeply
 becomes a part of us.”

~Helen Keller



I Miss You

I never put this in writing but I remember the day
of your funeral.

I was in my own little world.

I couldn't believe what was happening.

For the funeral home, we collected pictures of
you and made a collage of your life, but I wanted
to take more pictures of you later.

I didn't want this to be the end.

We had the funeral and everyone showed how
much they loved you.

I hope you heard my song to you.

You were and are the “wind beneath my wings”.

When we drove to the cemetery, I got out and
knew we would lay you next to dad.

Nothing seemed real.

When I was sitting there before they were going
to bury you, I didn't hear a word anyone said.

I was looking at the trees blowing in the wind.

I actually felt peace at that moment in time.

I felt the wind and knew you were there.

A peace I knew you gave.

I love you.

And I knew you were safe.

Thanks for that moment of peace.

~Erica Herbert, TCF, Troy, MI

I'M MISSING YOU

I'm missing you—All day, every day.

On a bright summer morning, or

When the moon is full.

In the golden days of fall,

As the storm clouds build,

And it's snowing,

When the willows begin to turn green--

You are always with me,

In my mind and in my heart.

My brother, my good friend,

I'm missing you.

Kris Cunningham TCF, Mora, IL

Prayer for Spring

Like Springtime, let me unfold

and grow fresh and

new from this cocoon of grief

that has been spun

around me.

Help me face the harsh reality of

sunshine and renewed life,

as my bones still creak

from the winter of my grief.

Life has dared to go on

around me as I recover from the insult

of life's continuance, I readjust

my focus to include recovery and growth.

Give me strength to break out of the cocoon

of my grief, but may I never forget it,

as the place where I grew

my wings— becoming a new

person because of my loss.

~Janice, TCF, Vancouver, Canada

Siblings Credo

*We are the Surviving Siblings of The Compassionate
Friends*

*We are brought together by the deaths of our
brothers and sisters.*

Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us.

Sometimes we will need the support of our friends.

At other times we need our families to be there.

*Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our
memories with us, continuing to become the individuals
we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister.*

However, a special part of them lives on with us.

When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed.

*We are living a life very different from what we
envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong
even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we
understand better than many others the value of family
and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the*

forgotten mourners that we sometimes are,

but to walk together to face our tomorrows as

Surviving Siblings of The Compassionate Friends.



**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.