

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC. International Organization
Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents
MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO. 1870
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**Mark Your Calendars &
Reserve a Butterfly for
Your Child!**

**Don't miss our 2nd
Butterfly Release & Annual
Picnic July 20, 2017
Nashville UCC Picnic
Grounds**

Come join us for a peaceful evening with family and friends. Everyone is welcome so don't come alone! Look for the balloons marking the gravel drive that will take you back to the picnic area. It is located a short distance west of the church, on the north side of St. Rt. 571. We'll be using the covered shelter where there are plenty of picnic tables and benches. For comfort, you may want to bring along folding chairs so you can sit under the trees where it might be cooler.



We provide plates, napkins, dinnerware, condiments, cups, drinks and ice. A variety of meat selections will be provided. Everyone is asked to bring a salad, vegetable, fruit dish, or a dessert to share with the group and include a serving utensil. (If you are going to bring a store-bought item, please consider a salad or vegetable as we generally have a good number of homemade desserts.) -- Don't forget to bring your child's picture for the photo table.

Members enjoyed our last year butterfly release so much, we will again release butterflies for our children.

SPECIAL NOTICE !!!!

No July Meeting - Annual Picnic with Butterfly Release will be held in its place.

Picnic will be the
3rd Thursday July 20

Thank you for June Refreshments
Randy & Deb Turner (Memory of Leslie)
Cindy & Steve Glaser (Memory of Andy)

Next Meeting - August 24, 2017

Topic: Journaling & Your Child's Acrostic Poem.
Pam Fortener, facilitator.

*There will be one butterfly for each child that has passed for the whole family to release. **The order for the butterflies need to be submitted by July 7th. Please RSVP to Barb Lawrence (937) 836-5939 or email barb.lawrence1961@gmail.com (Please provide your child's name, your name, phone number, and the number attending for this child.)***

For those that would like to continue with our traditional balloon release, you are most welcome to bring your own balloon and send it up to heaven with your messages after the butterflies are released.

SEE YOU AT THE PICNIC!!



Hope = The Compassionate Friends

by Marie Levine

Olivia was born still - an umbilical cord too tightly wound. Lucas was two days old when he died from complications. Greta was only two years old when she was killed by falling debris. Max was seven when he died from a brain tumor - Jasmina was only six. Jaden was ten when an asthma attack proved fatal - Donald was 16 when he suffered a similar fate. Kareem was 15 when he drowned along with his brother Kevin; Peter was 22 when his friend lost control of the car he was driving him home in; Charlie was 23 when his prescription didn't work with his social life; Mark and Karen were on their honeymoon when their bus ran off a mountain in Nepal; Kelli was 39 when she succumbed to ovarian cancer; Jimmy was 36 when a heart attack took him, and his brother Charlie followed a year later when cancer chose him. Eleanor was 41, Philip was 45, Andrew was 47, and Harvey was 59.

Sudden, unexpected deaths - walking, running, skiing, skating, driving, flying, burning, drinking, drugging, falling, swimming, shooting, stabbing, hanging, jumping; heart attacks, brain tumors, seizures, aneurisms, strokes, organ failures - so many ways to die.

No matter the age, no matter the reason - they all were children - leaving their parents and siblings here to grieve their too early, unexpected deaths. Every day children die. While the world turns for most, for so many parents the world suddenly stops. Losing a child sets survivors on a totally unanticipated life path.

This grief is different. There is so much to deal with even while disbelief is the prism through which everything else must now be seen. In a numb state of initial shock, we go through the motions necessary to shutting down a life only partially lived. At last, able to focus on our grief, we discover it is not like any grief we have ever experienced, learned about or lived through with anyone we've ever known. We try in vain to understand this mind-bending confusion while the uninitiated around us try to offer well intended but ultimately useless comfort and solace based on their own limited understanding of loss. Our inability to fathom our new reality and the loss of hope for a future creates even more pain and isolation. Only those who have lived this calamity recognize the future that newly bereaved parents face. The bereaved become aliens in a world where they no longer feel like they belong.

Losing a child is the beginning of an extraordinary grief experience. Because healing doesn't begin as expected, doubts about one's own sanity begins to creep in. We begin to think that perhaps we are losing our minds. Healing seems unattainable. We are reluctant to "let go" as others encourage us to do. Our grief is the most solid thing we have. We hang on for dear life. "Getting over it" is impossible. They say we'll never be the same; they are right. Frustrated by our inability to describe this unique grief experience, we finally find a measure of relief when we meet others who have lost a child. Without saying a word we feel safe in knowing they understand exactly what we are feeling. They've been there - and survived.

Parents who survive their children are chemically rearranged. Like a butterfly's metamorphosis, we too must confront changes in our personality, our physicality, our perspective, our health, our attitudes, our capabilities, our needs, our desires, and our understanding. Our healthy survival depends on our ability to reinvent ourselves. The future we spent a lifetime envisioning and working towards becomes a black hole; we have no idea where we're headed and we simply slide toward some unknown destination. Adjustment to this new reality can take years - the better part of a lifetime. As Jason Greene, Greta's Dad said, "Children remain dead in ways adults do not." Eventually we do get over other inevitable losses. Like a stone in our pocket, we carry this loss for always. It takes a very long time to care about anything again. But hope does live - in our world hope is The Compassionate Friends.

*Marie and Phil Levine's only child, Peter, was killed while being driven home by a college friend who had been drinking. She has been Chapter Leader in Manhattan, NY for many years and also serves as leader of the Twin Forks/ Hamptons chapter, which she founded 10 years ago. In addition, she is Newsletter Editor of both chapters. Recently, Marie was appointed to the TCF national board of directors. She was awarded TCF Chapter Leadership Award in 2012. She presented the "Now Childless" webinar currently available on the TCF website. She has been a frequent workshop presenter at TCF National Conferences and is the author of **First You Die: Learn to Live After the Death of Your Child** and **The Tincture of Time** for those further along in their grief journey.*

Thank you love gifts!

- ♦ Roberta Back for the Anniversary Love Gift in memory of her daughter, Jessica Back 10/1979 -- 06/2016.
- ♦ Steve & Cindy Glaser for the Anniversary Love Gift in memory of their son, Andy Glaser 12/1975 -- 06/2014.
- ♦ Jo Hendrix for the Anniversary Love Gift in memory of her daughter, Nan Marie Hendrix 12/1967 -- 06/2009

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.

July's Child

Fireworks race toward heaven
Brilliant colors in the sky.
Their splendor ends in seconds
On this evening in July.
"Her birthday is this Saturday,"
I whisper with a sigh.
She was born this month,
She loved this month
And she chose this month to die.
Like the bright and beautiful fireworks
Glowing briefly in the dark
They are gone too soon, and so was she
Having been, and left her mark.
A glorious incandescent life,
A catalyst, a spark...
Her being gently lit my path
And softened all things stark.
The July birth, the July death of
my happy summer child
Marked a life too brief that ended
Without rancor, without guile.
Like the fireworks that leave images
On unprotected eyes...
Her lustrous life engraved my heart...
With love that never dies.

Sally Migliaccio
TCF Babylon, Long Island, NY

CHAPTER NEWS

Upcoming Topics:

July - Annual Picnic & Butterfly Release

August - Journaling & Your Child's Acrostic Poem. Pam Fortener, facilitator.

September - Secondary Losses Experiences

HELP NEEDED: Our Chapter Leader is seeking a member that would like to assist with monthly mailings of birthday remembrance cards. Contact Kim if you can assist with this important role.

Thank you, Matt & Chelsea for helping our chapter with our birthday remembrance cards mailings this past few years. We are grateful for your kindness and support of fellow chapter members. Your sharing of your time was greatly appreciated!

Editor's Note: If there is anyone that would be interested in providing articles for the Sibling Page, please contact Cathy Duff at :
mcduff79@windstream.net or 937-473-5533

The 40th TCF National Conference

The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that Orlando, Florida, will be the site of the 40th TCF National Conference on July 28-30, 2017. "Rays of Sunshine, Oceans of Hope" is the theme of next year's event, which promises more of this year's great National Conference experience. The 2017 Conference will be held at the Hilton Orlando Bonnet Creek. For registration and workshop details proceed to the national website at:

www.compassionatefriends.org.

Plan to be a part of this heartwarming experience.

Pre-registration will be available until July 7, 2017. Please note: while on-site conference registration will be available, the Friday lunch and Saturday dinner is only available with pre-registration.

NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE?

A listening ear is sometimes the best medicine.

Kim Bundy (suicide)	573-9877
Lori Clark (organ donation)	233-1924
Pam Fortener (cancer death)	254-1222
Sheryll Hedger (siblings)	997-5171
Lora Rudy (infant death)	339-0456
Cathy Duff (auto accident)	473-5533

Do It For Brian

by Lisa Heath

The quality of one's life is not determined by length but by depth...what that person brought to this world while they were here. I can proudly say that in the 17 years that my son Brian was here on earth that he brought so much to so many.

My story began on August 29, 1997, the day I was blessed with this beautiful brown-haired, blue-eyed baby boy...the happiest day of my life. Fast forward 17 years later to November 7, 2014, the day my son was in an auto accident and did not survive. The day my life, as I knew it, would be changed...forever.

The day started off like any other morning. I woke up, got ready for work, and woke up Brian for school. Brian came downstairs while I was drinking coffee, all wet in his towel, asking me to iron his clothes for school that day. I, as usual, said "okay". As I was ironing his clothes, I had a package sitting on the kitchen counter that was delivered the prior evening. New black boots. I told Brian, as I was ironing, that he could open the box for me. He opened the box and started laughing and says, "Mom, really... these are ugly". I come in the kitchen and, my God, they were. We are both laughing and I burst out into song and sang, "These boots are made for walking, and that's just what they'll do. One of these days these boots are going to walk all over you" and as I'm singing I'm poking Brian. We're laughing. As he is laughing, he hugs me and says "I love you". Looking back now at that morning, I cherish that hug, as it was the last time I would ever hug my son. I get in my car, Brian gets in his car, and as I look at him he signs, "I love you" with his hands. I signal back. Little did I know that a few hours later Brian would be gone.

The following weeks and months, I just did not know how I was going to do this; how to live my life without him, as if I even wanted to. Each day was filled with endless crying, and the why him and how could this happen to such an amazing young man with his entire life in front of him. He was supposed to be getting ready to graduate high school in June, not be gone! Brian is my world...my life...my purpose. What is life without him?

And then it happened about six months later... the first time I laughed. I paused and thought to myself, how can I be laughing? My son is gone and I'm laughing. I felt guilty. But then I realized my laughing didn't mean I have forgotten he was gone. It didn't make the pain in my heart hurt any less. It didn't make me not miss him any less. What it did mean is that I was still alive and that I could miss him, be heartbroken and in pain, but still experience joy. Brian had a mother who was full of life. Who was ditzy, funny and who didn't take life or herself too seriously. What kind of mother would I be if he was looking down from heaven watching me deteriorate? Brian hated when he saw me upset. I know he would not want me to live the remainder of my life in sorrow, every single day. I had to accept joy and happiness again, just like I had to accept the sadness and pain. I had to accept that while I was sad and crying that at the same time it

was okay for me to laugh and enjoy life. Not an easy task to do hand in hand. It literally is like being on a roller coaster, which is funny because I hate roller coasters. Brian, for years, tried to get me on one, but that's what this journey is like. One minute I can be laughing having a good time and a couple hours later be on the couch crying because I miss my son so much. It took time to accept and truly understand that for me, in my life now, that sadness and happiness go hand in hand with each other and that's okay. It was okay for me to cry, but it was also okay for me to laugh. I wasn't betraying my son or his memory by still enjoying life. Because of the relationship I have with my son the opposite would be true. I would be dishonoring him, our relationship, the bond and love we have, if I chose to crawl into a ball, hide in a dark room, and let what is the remainder of my life pass me by. Our love is too deep for me to allow that to happen. The first day I laughed after Brian's passing was the day I realized there was HOPE.

I have learned so much about myself, about death and about love. Prior to that horrible day, I had thought I knew all I needed to know about life, love, relationships and heartbreak. I was wrong. The funny thing about death is that it really does not tear two people apart. It never wins.

Here I am, 28 months later, living this life without Brian physically here with me. For 28 months I have taken deep breathes holding onto the strength he left behind for me.

When people ask me how have I made it this long, how have I been able to still be moving forward without Brian, my answer is simple.....I don't know. I know that isn't the answer they want to hear, but it is the most honest one.

There are no easy answers after we lose our child. There are no simple directions to follow. You do not go through the "stages of grief" after you lose a child and miraculously wake up after the last one and say, "Hooray, I made it; I am healed". This will last a lifetime.

What I can tell you is that I have made it 28 months without Brian because I had no other choice. I made a choice to rise. I made a choice to take the tragedy of his death and not have it mean everything. His death shakes me to the core. But his life--his life--brings me so much joy and smiles. Seventeen years of being his mom is the greatest gift I was ever given. The joy he brought to me, the laughs, and the fun memories; the tears, the chats, just everything. There are so many moments that could never be taken away from me; they are what I try to focus on daily.

I have shed tears each day for 28 months. In the midst of my pain, I have learned to laugh again. I have learned to accept joy, in spite of the pain. I am continuously learning how to navigate through this world without my son. I fall...a lot. But I always get back up.

If someone would have told me that I would still be here 28 months later after losing Brian in that car accident I would have told them they were crazy. But I am here. I am living; not just going through the motions each day.

My dad was right, I would find a new purpose. My purpose was Brian when he was alive. My purpose now, funny enough, is still Brian. The greatest lesson that I learned was that I may not be a

mom in the typical sense as I was before when Brian was here, but I definitely have not stopped mothering Brian in the spiritual sense. Death could not change that. Through me, he lives on...through all that I do for Brian in his name, memory and honor. This makes me a mom. It makes me Brian's mom.

Because I am Brian's mom I choose to embrace the laughing, the smiles and the joy.

Today, like every day, I choose to #doitforbrian.

Lisa Heath is a resident of Fayetteville, North Carolina. She is a mom to Brian who resides in heaven after losing his life in a car accident. She continues to bring teen awareness of distracted driving to her community as well as keeping Brian's memory alive through scholarships in Brian's name, volunteer work, her writing and through her leadership of Finding Light through Darkness which is a group she created that helps other grieving parents

Ten-Year Anniversary is a Life Marker

by Harriet Hodgson

"The 10th anniversary of Helen's death is coming up," I told my husband. "I think we should do something significant—write a large check to the food bank or the public library." John nodded his head in agreement. Helen died from the injuries she received in a car crash. There were audio books in the car and I was the one who returned them to the library, told the librarian Helen had died, and the books were overdue.

"I owe you money," I said.

The librarian's reply: "You owe us nothing."

As soon as I finished this story, I began to cry. What was going on? The 10th anniversary of Helen's death was really an anniversary of four deaths. In 2007, four family members—Helen (mother of our twin grandkids), my father-in-law, my brother, and the twins' father—all died. No wonder John and I think of this year as the year of death. Thankfully Helen, who was divorced from the twins' father, had a will and it listed us as the twins' guardians. The court followed her wishes.

When the twins moved in with us they were 15 years old and we cared for them for seven years. Life was hard for us all. John and I tried to be upbeat for the twins, yet at the same time, we were grieving for multiple losses. Helen died of blunt force trauma, words I hate to say or write. On a snowy night she entered a highway from a rural road and her car was hit broadside. Helen suffered severe external and internal injuries. Her daughter, who was in the car with her, had a mild concussion.

The 10-year marker of Helen's death took us back in time, back to trauma, back to emotional pain.

Bob Deitz, in his book, *Life and Loss*, writes about grief anniversaries. Grief can be a time of self-discovery, according to Deitz. As he explains, "Grief is as much about finding as it is about losing." John and I understand this sentence. We think becoming GRGs (grandparents raising grandchildren) is the greatest blessing of our lives. Over time, the four of us evolved into a "grand family" and our lives meshed. Each of us recovered from grief in our own way.

Sonya Lott, PhD, writes about grief reconciliation/recovery in her article, "Finding New Meaning in Your Living After a Loved One Dies," posted on the Good Therapy website. The path to integrated grief involves three convergent processes, notes Lott; accepting reality, finding new meaning in life, and staying bonded to the deceased. John and I went through all three processes and life settled down for a while.

But crisis struck in 2013; John's aorta suddenly dissected. He was bleeding to death and surgeons operated on him three times in an attempt to stop the bleeding. During the last operation, John suffered a spinal cord injury that paralyzed his legs. He was hospitalized for eight months; during this time I moved us out of the house we had lived in for 20+ years, put the house on the market, visited him three times a day, and maintained a writing career.

Our love is stronger than ever, yet I grieve for John's disability and its impact on our lives.

John knew he might not survive the last surgery, but was willing to "roll the dice," as he put it, because he wanted to see the twins graduate from college. Although he wasn't able to be there, he cried when he learned both twins graduated with high honors and Phi Beta Kappa. Because he "rolled the dice" he was able to be in our granddaughter's wedding and escorted her down the aisle in his wheelchair. The minute I saw them, I started to cry and noticed many wedding guests were crying too.

Grief anniversaries are times of remembering. Toronto poet Maureen Scott Harris writes about her memories in "The Tenth Anniversary of Your Death." Thoughts of the past prove "it is not fading," she writes. Helen and the twins have not faded from our lives and we are still connected to them. Our granddaughter works at The Salvation Army headquarters in St. Paul, Minnesota and is an independent photographer. Our grandson is a student at The Mayo Clinic School of Medicine and will be the third physician in our immediate family.

All of these experiences—John's health crisis, raising grandchildren, multiple losses, and Helen's death—were part of the 10th anniversary. Similar to a highway mile marker, the anniversary of Helen's death was a life marker, and proved my resilience. I had made it this far, created a new life, and learned many things. I know I'm a strong person. I know writing is a source of comfort and knowledge. I know giving to others helped me survive tragedy. I know goal-setting is an ongoing task. I know each moment of life is a miracle.

Most important, I know I made good things from grief.

Harriet Hodgson has been a freelancer for 37 years, is the author of thousands of print/Internet articles, and 35 books, including seven grief resources. Now in her 19th year of caregiving, Hodgson has written a series of four books for family caregivers. To learn more about her work please visit www.harriethodgson.com,

Our Children Lovingly Remembered

July Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Cody S. Pressler - Joe Miller & Tamra Pressler

Mary Herman - Mike Herman

Liam Seamus Gillespie - David & Julie Gillespie

Harley Ludwig - Warren & April Hawkins

July Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Mary Herman - Mike Herman

Brandon Fox - Theresa Fox

Josh Eversole - Steve & Valerie Thorn



But in all of the sadness,
when you're feeling that your heart is
empty and lacking,
you've got to remember that grief
isn't the absence of love.
Grief is the proof that love is still there.

~ Tessa Shaffer

BOOK REVIEW by Jackie Glawe (Jordan's mom)

"I Wasn't Ready to Say Goodbye"

by Brook Noel & Pamela D. Blair, PH.D.

For those who face the challenges of sudden death, there is a hand to hold, written by two women who have experienced sudden loss. In a book that will touch, comfort, uplift and console, the authors explore sudden death and its role in the cycle of life. Tapping the personal histories of both authors and numerous interviews, this book shows grieving readers how to endure, survive and grow from the pain and turmoil surrounding human loss.

This book isn't specifically about child loss but is very informative regarding loss in general and the grief we must go through. Our counselor sent my husband and I this book after we lost our daughter and we used it alot. My husband especially found it very helpful.

A copy of this book is available in our chapter library.



S i b l i n g P a r t n e r

Sibling Chivalry in Grief

by Mitch Carmody

My 9-year-old son Kelly James died of cancer in 1987. That event changed my life forever, but many do not know of the other familial losses that preceded his. It seems life is a puzzle in progress; our losses and gains that we piece together through a lifetime ultimately forms our destiny. We have cognitive choices that influence that destiny, but as children, for the most part, those choices are made for us. We grieve by proxy through our parents and subjugated by societal influence to the extent that we may even marginalize our own pain. You are young; you are resilient; kids bounce back.

It is indeed true that countless children have survived unimaginable horrors and have grown to become a remarkable force in the world. They have proved to be highly resilient individuals. Resiliency can only be obtained through a state of vulnerability; innocence to the unknown; an innocence that can be transformational; for better or for worse it's the risk and worth of vulnerability; it's about being all in. It's about taking emotional risks. Honesty and transparency make you vulnerable. Be honest and transparent anyway. - Mother Teresa

In 1969, my father died when I was only 15 years old. My mother's words of wisdom to me were: dead is dead; buck up and get on with your life; you are the man of the family now; you need to take care of the farm and your sisters. I guess it was the chivalrous thing to do...and expected. I tucked my grief away, manned up and took on my new role as the alpha of the family. The youngest of seven, my older sibs were married and out of the house; it was just my twin sister and my 18-year-old sister at home. I took on the role of the man of the family; I did not cry, I did not grieve.

In 1984, my twin sister, at age 29, was killed with her two young sons in an auto accident. It rocked my family and sibs, but my mother reacted the same way, "What is done is done son. We have to put it behind us". I struggled to bury my grief away, and then less than two years later my son was diagnosed with cancer. I had to fight the fight to save my son and put my sibling grief on hold for a long, long time; I was getting good at it.

So many times the losses of children are marginalized. Whether they lose a parent or a sibling they are expected to get over it quickly and encouraged to be strong. If under five years old, their grief is hardly addressed; after that they are encouraged by society to move on. Many siblings marginalize their own loss and bury their emotions to be strong for mom and dad and other siblings. We learn at an early age to hide our feelings and/or compensate for a family loss and make everyone happy. It may take years before we fully process our losses. We may still harbor resentment for having to put our life on hold and being forced to grow up so fast.

Conversely, we may enjoy the new family dynamics of having less sibling rivalry in our daily life. We may experience a positive personal transformation of personal growth and expanded horizons. We may benefit from the loss and now get the big bedroom, more attention and sit in the front seat of the car. The caveat with this, although, is that we may experience guilt for feeling good, or benefiting from our sibling's death in some way. To add insult to injury, we may have experience anxiety with our own trepidation of not being able to fill our sibling's shoes. Too high of expectations of our own and from others can yield resentment, anger and fear. Be honest with family, be honest with yourself, and be honest with your expecta-

tions. Be your authentic self. Use your strengths. Ask for help.

We have choices on our path to survival; chivalry may be one of them.

Chivalry: The combination of qualities expected of an ideal knight, especially courage, honor, justice, and a readiness to help the weak.

Although the word chivalry has fallen out of use in today's vernacular, the mechanism by which it operates (false bravado) is still intact and often use as a coping skill. It's not just a man thing either, but practiced by women and children as well. It's not a bad thing, it can be a courageous thing and it has its own merits; the knight in shining armor to save the day. Just be mindful when you are doing it. Chivalry may appear noble and gallant on the outside, as in keeping the English stiff upper lip, but unexpressed emotions of grief roiling beneath the surface is further fueled by the stress hormone cortisol to maintain this gallant behavior. Chivalry is an act of heroism, but long-term healing does not come from bravado but from resiliency, vulnerability, authenticity and an openness to share. Nosce Te Ipsum (know yourself). Be yourself, not a victim of circumstance. Listen not to the imposed mores of society but to the dictates of your own heart.

Whatever your loss may be, there is no putting it behind you. You coexist with it. It is now part of the fabric of your destiny. If you are a sibling who has experienced the death of your brother/sister at any age, recognize it, take it out of the closet; talk about the journey with pride, not shame, bitterness or embarrassment. Express your pain, yield to your heart and not to your head.

Remember your parents are changed forever and may still be falling apart inside, forgive them their shortcomings; they are bereaved parents. Bring your sibling back to the dinner table; keep them in your life and in the conversation with your parents, sibs, and your friends. Dead is not gone and we do not have to let go; we do not get over loss, we learn to live with it, it is part of us. Knowing that, not only can we survive, we can one day thrive.

Find other bereaved siblings that are close to your own age and/or have similar losses that can validate your feelings about what you are experiencing. Talk to older adults who are seasoned bereaved siblings and enlist their advice. Leave chivalry to the knights in shining armor, process your loss without false bravado. Put chivalry to bed. It's a bedtime story. Strive to be vulnerable to all the ramifications of your loss. That is resiliency that is taking control of your life; that is surviving; that is honoring your sibling with your life. Turn your loss to legacy not, with chivalry but authenticity. Process your grief openly without compunction through a lens of self compassion. Be yourself. Be good to yourself. Be here now.

Peace, love n light

Mitch Carmody (Kelly's dad) GSP, CCP is a long time TCF presenter and author of Letters To My Son, turning loss to legacy. He is the creator of Proactive Grieving® seminars that features the S.T.A.I.R.S.™ model of grief processing. Mitch is the host of his own radio show "Grief Chat" and created the YouTube channel MrHeartlight which supports griever's around the world. He uses an organic holistic approach in processing grief with a focus on balancing the mind, body, soul, and spirit to reduce anxiety and build resilience when challenged with trauma and loss.



The Compassionate Friends

Miami County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

9665 W Covington Gettysburg Rd
Covington OH 45318

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

What is The Compassionate Friends?

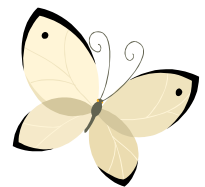
The Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization which offers support to families who have experienced the death of a child. Only a person who has experienced the trauma of losing a child can fully understand the pain and suffering involved.

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) 473-5533 AND LEAVE A MESSAGE.

Thank you.