

### THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

### MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO. 1870

August 2020 NEWSLETTER Vol. 32 No. 7

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### **Butterflies Make Me Happy**

Sometimes in our grief we truly believe we are going crazy. We hurt so bad we don't think we can manage to go on living without our precious child here with us. Part of the grieving process is learning how to do just that. Some parents need the reassurance that their child is okay. I think the human mind can only take so much pain and jumps at the chance to see signs from their children, reassuring them that they are okay. The way I look at it, if you get comfort from a dream or a sign ... enjoy it. You've suffered enough, and believing in signs, butterflies, dreams or what ever else gives you comfort and hurts no one else, is your right as a bereaved person.

Are these signs real, or just in my imagination? Can I prove they are messages from my son? Does it even need to be proven? No, I can't scientifically prove it. But I know that dreams, butterflies, signs and enjoyment in nature makes me feel closer to Eric and therefore I will continue to enjoy them. It hurts no one, I'm not obsessive about it and anyone who chooses to think I'm nuts for believing in such things, can think I'm nuts. We've all heard how the butterfly is a symbol of rebirth. Whether it's our child moving from this world onto a higher plane, or a bereaved parent emerging from the cocoon of grief into a world without our child here. With us, butter-flies are a comfort for many.

When I'm missing my son and see a butterfly flittering from flower to flower, I smile and feel better. When I'm in a happy mood and see a butterfly, I enjoy the beauty of such a delicate creature. Taking the time to slow down and watch such a fragile creature going about its business is calming and I don't think anyone should discount the benefits from having a calming moment.

About four months after Eric died, I had a dream about him. I woke myself up from tears of joy running down my face, I knew he was okay ... what a relief that was. I still hurt terribly and missed him more than I thought I could endure, but I felt comforted by the dream. Some could say it was my subconscious trying to sort things out, but I choose to believe it was his way of trying to comfort me. Either way, it made me feel better. Maybe it's because bereaved parents walk around in such a fog and function on automatic pilot that we are moving slow enough to notice the signs that are around us.

### <u>August Meeting – Aug 27, 2020,</u> 7:00pm

Meeting outside in the church parking lot.
(weather permitting).

Please bring your own chair.

Bottled water will be available.

**Topic:** Show & Tell/share a cherished item and/or story related to your child

August Refreshments

Jeff & Jackie Glawe (Jordan)

Meetings are held at:

Nashville United Church of Christ 4540 W. St. Rt. 571, West Milton, Ohio Meetings are held in the basement of the church. Please park in the lot on the west side of the building. Enter the building through the door facing the west parking lot.

Thank you to all who attended the annual picnic and butterfly release. It was a beautiful evening. Special thanks to the following who provided items in memory of their child(ren).

Bob & Fran Karl – chicken
Ron Ladd – chicken
Randy & Debbie Turner – water
Randy Lehman – tea & lemonade
Cathy Duff – paper products
Steve & Cindy Glaser – fans & tables
Kim Bundy – ordering and care of butterflies
Our chapter donations – purchase of butterflies

Maybe dreams are one way for us to accept messages we need to hear and take into our hearts without logical-ly trying to interpret them. Maybe faith is what we rely on when nothing else makes sense and we instinctively know we need something to hold on to.

Whatever it is, just give me a second helping; I like feeling closer to my son! ~Lynn Vines

You ask me how I'm feeling but do you really want to know? The moment I try telling you You say you have to go

How can I tell you, what it's been like for me I am haunted, I am broken By things that you don't see

You ask me how I'm holding up, but do you really care? The moment I start to speak my heart, You start squirming in your chair

Because I am so lonely, you see, friends no longer come around, I'll take the words I want to say, And quietly choke them down

Everyone avoids me now,
I guess they don't know what to say
They told me I'll be there for you,
Then turned and walked away

Call me if you need me,
That's what everybody said,
But how can I call and scream into the phone,
My God, my child is dead?

I am tired of pretending my heart hammers in my chest, I say things to make you comfortable, but my soul finds no rest How can I tell you things that are too sad to be told, of a helplessness of holding a child who in your arms grows cold?

Maybe you can tell me, How should one behave, who's had to follow their child's casket watched it perched above a grave.

You cannot imagine what it was like for me that day to place a final kiss upon that box, and have to turn and walk away.

If you really love me, and I believe you do, if you really want to help me, here is what I need from you.

Sit down beside me, reach out and take my hand Say "My friend I've come to listen, I want to understand".

Just hold my hand and listen that's all you need to do, And if by chance I shed a tear, it's alright if you do too.

I swear that I'll remember til the day that I am old, the friend who sat and held my hand and let me bare my soul.

~Adaption of Kelly Cummings poem (Facebook/Footprints on our Hearts)

#### **Different**

Growing up I always felt like I was going to be "different".

Not different in dress or hairstyle or appearance But different in life, that my life wouldn't turn out to be the norm.

After several happenings in my lifetime I thought, "is this

the different?"

No I don't think so, this is just another norm that's happening

to a lot of other people.

Not so different.

Years passed and I experienced other life altering events

but still many

others around me had also experienced the same, so this must still not be the "different".

Then in my forties, my daughter, my only child was lost to a car accident.

I became a bereaved parent.

THIS IS IT.

This is the "different".

I didn't want the different but it came anyway. It came through the tragedy of losing my daughter Living in the world, but no longer a part of it.

Going to work, the store, my doctor, no longer the same.

so "different".

The world feels cold now, even though I'm sweating This bereaved parent "being" is unconnected, unattached.

Holidays no longer celebrated. Others celebrations not the same, bittersweet.

I didn't want the "different" and yet it still came. I never would have thought that "this" would be the "different" that I would be forced into. And yet it is. It's a horrible "different".

~Jackie Glawe, in memory of daughter Jordan Miami County, Ohio, TCF

### **CHAPTER NEWS**

#### **Upcoming meetings:**

Aug - Show & Tell - share cherished item of your child

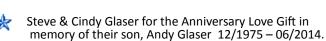
Sep - Topic cards

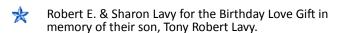
#### NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE?

A listening ear is sometimes the best medicine.

573-9877
238-4075
760-2238
238-4075
473-5533
478-3318

# Thank You for your love gifts!





Jodi Murphy in memory of Jerrod Younker.

Ron Ladd for the Anniversary Love Gift in memory of his son, Billy Ladd 08/1968 -- 06/2018.

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.

Waves of Hope on the Shores of Lake Erie TCF Ohio Regional Conference Maumee Bay State Park Lodge



### Our Children Lovingly Remembered

### August Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Adam Douglas Cheadle - Gary & Elaine Meyers Billy Ladd - Ronald Ladd Brian Keith Willis - Keith & Linda WIllis Brian Patrick "Stew" Stewart - Joel & Connie Kempton Cassandra "Cassie" Campbell - Dawn Duff Chad Fisherback - Tammy Sackett David Allsbrooks - Brenda Slifer Emily Watson - Mary Watson Jill Myers - Saundra Saurber Leslie M. Turner - Randy & Debra Turner Lydia Herrick - Patty Herrick Matthew Shane Conover - Sandra Conover Nicole Barker - Rod & Kathy Barker Ryan S. Thuma - Scott & Renee Thuma Shaun Bradley Duff - Michael & Catherine Duff Tony Robert Lavy - Robert E. & Sharon Lavy

### August Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Brad M. Massie - Barbara Massie
Christine Taylor - Ann Anderson
Denise R. Brown - Darlene N. Brown
Emily Watson - Mary Watson
James Hatfield - Betty White
Jeffery L. Miller - Marilyn Miller
Jill Myers - Saundra Saurber
John A. Brower - Robert & Barbara Brower
Jordan Elizabeth Glawe - Jeff & Jackie Glawe
Samuel James Barga - Linda Barga
Sara Krum - Faith Krum
Stephanie Rain - Ed & Kathy Sams

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





Now for a book review....



"Grief, What it is and what you can do"
By Joy and Dr. Marvin Johnson

Covers feelings, issues, other people, rituals, and caring for yourself. "It may seem as if you'll never be happy again. You may go to a bereavement support group and hear people laugh. You may wonder how anyone can laugh when you're hurting so badly, but somewhere, way back in your head, there's a little voice calling your name. It's saying, "You'll laugh again sometime, too."

This book is available for \$4.00 to purchase at centering.org along with many other resources.

#### Dear Sister in Heaven

I sit here and I ponder how very much I'd like to talk with you today There are so many things That we didn't get to say. I know how much you care for me And how much I care for you, And each time that I think of you I know you'll miss me too. An angel came and took you by the hand. Your place was ready in Heaven, far above... And you had to leave behind, all those you dear-ly loved You had so much to live for, you had so much to do... It still seems impossible that God was taking you. And though your life on earth is past, in Heav-en it starts anew You'll live for all eternity, just as God has prom-ised you. And though you've walked through Heaven's gate We are never far apart For every time I think of you, You're right here, deep within my heart. ~Unknown Author



### A poem by Ellie:

I know you walk beside me, In this journey we call life.

I know you have long since passed But I feel your presence in my heart. I think of you so often, And always speak your name,

For a sisters bond will never be broken, And you never heard these words spoken, But I miss you more with everyday And I know that memories of you are never far away.

Ellie's older sister Rebecca suddenly passed away on the 24th of April, 2008. She wrote this poem one night while thinking of her lost sister, and wanted to share it with the Brothers and Sisters readers.

Brothers & Sisters Magazine (August/September 2011)

## My Brother By Susie Galloway (Pahrump, NV)

Who knew that morning, God was going to call your name He took you so quickly, we will never be the same

You are now without pain, no more tears no more days and no more years I miss you so much and wish you were here I've cried every single day for the last year

You watched out for me when I was young if ever I needed someone, you were the one It didn't matter, wrong or right You would stand up for your little sis and fight

It doesn't matter what they say, who cares what you did, 'back in the day' I'll always love you anyway

I guess what they say is really true, we were never promised tomorrow Our short time on earth is only borrowed

I'm trying so hard to understand, that we will all be together again

Until we meet on God's Golden Shore I'll just miss you more and more

Love you brother



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. <u>We need not walk alone</u>, 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 <u>fourth Thursday of each month</u>. 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!

