



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

## MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO. 1870

August 2019 NEWSLETTER Vol. 32 No.7

Facebook page "The Compassionate Friends of Miami County Ohio Chapter 1870".  
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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](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) - e-mail: [nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org).

### The Same

The ninety year old whose sixty-two year old son has died  
Suffers the same.  
The young couple whose child died in infancy or was yet to be born  
Suffers the same.  
The man and woman who lost their twenty-nine year old son  
Suffer the same.  
They all suffer the same!

Only those who have not lost children place a value system on it.  
We "experts" - we know different.  
We know that when you bring a child into your world  
The indelible stamp of love makes it your child - Forever!

Our feelings do not diminish with their age nor ours.  
One year or sixty-five – it's the same love.  
Ten years or twenty-one – it's the same pain.  
One child, or one of many, it's the same loss.  
It's the same grief, it's the same struggle.  
Only "civilians" measure it in numbers.

So let us hug the ninety year old parent  
Let us caress the grieving young couple  
Let us comfort the man and woman  
They all walk the same path – Together!

~TCF Babylon, Long Island, NY  
January 1990

### August meeting – Aug 22, 2019

**Topic:** *Know me, Know my child*  
*(you're encouraged to bring a picture, poem, song, favorite toy, piece of clothing, etc, of your child and share it with the group).*

**Our Special Thanks to all who helped to make the Family Gathering and Butterfly Release July 25<sup>th</sup> such a success.**

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.

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*Look for the little  
hellos from heaven*



## **The Fear of Forgetting**

*~Maria Kubitz*

*TCF Contra Costa County, CA*

*In Memory of her daughter, Margareta*

When my daughter died just after turning four years old, one of my biggest fears has been that she will be forgotten. But lately, I've been asking myself what does that really mean? What am I really scared of?

The idea that she will be forgotten is actually two separate fears. The first is that due to the notion of “out of sight, out of mind,” friends and even family will stop thinking of her and, essence, “forget her.” In reality, this is the natural course of life, I have beloved relatives and dear friends who have passed, and yet I rarely think of them. Does it mean they didn't exist, or had any less impact on my life? No. Nor does it mean I love them any less. What it does represent is that life goes on, and current matters occupy our minds.

I think my fear is actually rooted in the reality of family and friends no longer talking about my daughter or – from my perspective – thinking of her, which feels as though it further isolates me from the “normal” world. It has been years since she died, and yet the pain is ever present and my daily thoughts are still filled with memories and longing for my daughter. Other than the news sensationalizing death and destruction to grab our attention for ratings, our society tends to not want to talk about grief or the lingering pain of loss after the funeral is over. So I go about my business and lead two lives: the “normal” one that goes about living a “normal” life, and the “private” one where I still struggle to figure out how to work through the pain of grief while learning to once again embrace the love, joy, and adventures that surround me.

The second part of my fear has to do with me and my memory. With my daughter no longer physically here, memories of her have become precious commodities. Those few memories of specific moments captured in time allow me to momentarily remember not just who she was, but remember life before the pain of her death forever changed me and my world. But with every passing day, and with all the new information coming in, those memories tend to get crowded out and forgotten. All those everyday moments that I took for granted at the time have already faded into the abyss of memories lost to time. It makes me sad that her older brothers say that they have very few specific memories of her. It makes me sadder that her baby brother never had the chance to meet her, and will have to rely on our stories and descriptions of her if he ever wants to get to know her.

To combat this fear, I have tried to write down as many memories as I can – event if they are mundane. I keep them in a journal, and some I post to [aliveinmemory.org](http://aliveinmemory.org) to share them with others. This way I can refer back to them and share them with whoever is interested in reading them. Her brothers can read them and share them with their eventual families.

But lately, I wonder is my fear of forgetting my memories really necessary? Does it make me a bad mother that I can't remember more moments I shared with her? Of course not. Does it mean my love for her will fade with the memories? Absolutely not. While I wish I could remember more specific memories of time that I shared with her, I will try to be content knowing that I will never forget how much I love my daughter, or how much she means to me. I will never forget her personality quirks, her vivid imagination, and endless creativity. And I will never forget how her life – and her death – have helped me grow tremendously in my understanding of this life and how best to live it.

## A Vacation from Grief

Vacations, beaches, traveling and fun  
Playing, talking, baking in the sun

Summer a season of relief  
Can there be a vacation from my grief?

Grief does not ever go away  
For summer or any other day

Remembering is what I can do  
Thinking of all things done with you

I can let the tears to be washed away  
By the waves insistent play

I can remember all the times of fun  
And feel your love in the hot, hot sun

I can feel you in the wind's warm breath  
And for a moment think of life not death

~The Grief Toolbox



It is only through holding our own broken hearts and wounds in an attentive and compassionate embrace, that we can, over time, move through our grief to some stage of peace and resolution.

~ Brad Hunter/Griefhaven



## CHAPTER NEWS

### Upcoming Topics:

**Aug -** *Know me, Know my child*  
(you are encouraged to bring a picture, poem, song, favorite toy, piece of clothing, etc, of your child and share it with the group).

**Sept -** *Bucket O' Blooms*

*Thank You  
for your love gifts!*



DeDe Mott for the Love Gift in memory of her son, Montgomery Alan "Monte" Mott, 10/1973 -- 02/2001.

*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.*

*“Those of us who have worked through our grief – and found there is a future – are the ones who must meet others in the valley of darkness and bring them to the rim of light.”*

~Rev. Simon Stephens  
Founder of TCF

# 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 - Sandra Saurber
- Leslie M. Turner - Randy & Debra Turner
- 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
- Denise R. Brown - Darlene N. Brown
- Emily Watson - Mary Watson
- James Hatfield - Betty White
- Jeffery L. Miller - Marilyn Miller
- Jill Myers - Sandra Saurber
- Jordan Elizabeth Glawe - Jeff & Jackie Glawe
- Samuel James Barga - Linda Barga
- Sara Krum - Faith Krum



*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 BOOK REVIEW....

### “Choosing to see” by Mary Beth Chapman



Choosing to See is written by Mary Beth Chapman, the wife of Contemporary Christian singer Steven Curtis Chapman. She shares her story of how her life didn't end up as she had planned including experiencing the worst tragedy a parent can face when her biological teenage son accidentally backs over and kills one of her and Steven's adopted daughters. Even amongst this tragedy this book brings encouragement for our journey as bereaved parents and she shares how her and her husband and family had to choose to see the hope for the future.

Review by Jackie Glawe (Jordan's mom)

\*This book and many others are available to borrow from our chapter library.

## ONE

It was only 1 second, one thought, one decision, one action in a lifetime of seconds, and thoughts, and decisions and actions. It was so fast, so permanent, so irreversible, so hopeless. This moment, this thought, this decision, this action do not define him, do not honor him, do not immortalize him. It is the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that define him, that honor him, that immortalize him.

I remember my brother in all of the other seconds, and thoughts and decisions, and actions that preceded this one. I remember him coming home from the hospital, lip synching in the basement, falling out of the tree, biking across campus, coming home from school, from boot camp, from war... I remember him hiking, and skiing, and running, and laughing, and crying. I remember how safe I always felt when he was around. I knew he would take care, protect, defend.

I don't remember exactly when my brother became an amazing human being – I just looked at him one day and knew he was. I knew that nothing would make him change his mind about me. He was without judgment, without prejudice, without preconception. I knew my brother because we talked and he listened. I respected my brother most for his humanity – for being so sensitive, so vulnerable, so honest. I loved my brother for sharing the load when it was too hard for someone he loved to carry alone. I knew my brother because he left so much of him in me.

I trusted and respected my brother's decisions in the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, I have to trust and respect this one decision the same. I honor my brother by honoring myself. I do not dwell in that one moment, instead I celebrate and cherish all the others. In that 1 second, one thought, one decision, one action, I found the strength he had given me and I will not let him down. I will not let that one moment be the only one.

~Michele Mallory

## Some Days...

Some days it seems like such a long time since  
you've been gone  
Other days it seems like only yesterday.

Some days it's easy to remember all our times  
together – good and bad -  
Other days they feel so very far away.

Some days it's so hard to cope without you in my  
life  
Other days I seem to manage O.K.

Some days I wonder what it would be like if you  
were here  
Other days it's too difficult to ponder.

But every day you will be forever in my heart  
Never to be forgotten.

*Written in remembrance of Richard E. Andrews, Jr.,  
10/29/62 – 1/22/78 by his sibling Kathy Davis, Taunton,  
MA.*

*(She was 16 years old and the oldest sibling until Jan 22,  
1978, when all that changed. Richard, her only brother, was  
15 years old when he died of a congenital heart disorder. Her  
only sister, Kelley Jean, died of a similar heart disorder on Aug  
16, 1984 at 17yrs old.)*

**“GRIEF IS NOT A DISORDER, A  
DISEASE OR A SIGN OF  
WEAKNESS.  
IT IS AN EMOTIONAL, PHYSICAL  
AND SPIRITUAL NECESSITY, THE  
PRICE YOU PAY FOR LOVE.  
THE ONLY CURE FOR GRIEF IS  
TO GRIEVE.” ~Earl Grollman**  
*From the Hospice of Dayton, Guideposts Through Grief*

**“Patience will serve you well as you  
experience your grief and  
mourning....our society is constantly  
trying to speed up our grief.”**

*~Alan D. Wolfelt, Ph.D., Healing Your Grieving Heart: 100  
Practical Ideas*



**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.