



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

Organization *Providing Grief Support After the Death of a Child*

MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO. 1870

April 2016 NEWSLETTER Vol. 25 No. 3

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A Grieving Mother's Mothers Day



It doesn't matter what day of the year you lose your child. Mother's Day will come too soon and last too long. But please believe me when I say that you won't always feel as empty and alone as you do on the first one.

I spent my first Mother's Day with my husband, and my anger and my pain. But mostly, I walked through it numb - numbed by the cruelty of a day set aside specifically to celebrate the joys of being a mother and feeling that I had lost my right to partake in that joy. And numbed by the anger at those who forgot to acknowledge that I was, in fact, a mother. I fought the need all day to just walk up to someone and say, "Hey, I know I don't have a child in my arms to prove it, but I really was a mom."

And I was a really good mom. And my little boy was the most beautiful person to grace the Earth. The shattered pieces of my heart and the tears that welled in my eyes kept me from seeing that I still was, and always would be, Justin's mommy. Ironically, the very words that I couldn't say last year will bring me comfort on this Mother's Day.

This year, I will believe them and I will find happiness in them. But most of all I will celebrate them and my motherhood. I earned the right and it is a gift from Justin I cannot ignore.

If I were so bold as to give a grieving mother advice on how to get through her first, second, third Mother's Day, I would say this: Spend it with a person (or people) you love and trust; someone who will respect your pain. I have laughed the hardest in

**May Meeting—May 26, 2016
7:00 P.M.**

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.

Topic: Where Are We in Our Grief?

A break out in groups to discuss where we are in grief. This will be open discussion of what we are currently dealing with, suggestions on responses to different situations, and what may have changed over time.

May Refreshments:

*Sarah Murphy (Memory of Molly)
Kim Duvall (Memory of Aaron)*

Thank you for April Refreshments

*Elaine Meyers (Memory of Adam)
Marlene Schaaf (Memory of Matthew)*

Next Meeting - June 23, 2016 TBA

the company of my husband and cried my most anguished tears in his arms; so for me, he was that person.

Do something that you find comforting. Treat yourself as wonderfully as you would treat a person who gives life, who nurtures it, and sees the miracle in it because that's who you are. Death's destruction is a powerful thing, but it's no match for our memories. No matter what you do this Mother's Day, take time to remember your baby's sweet smell, the softness of his/her skin and what it felt like against your cheek.

Remember that smile that everyone said was just gas, but you knew better. Remember what it felt like to hold a miracle in your arms! Remember, because all these things are your child's Mother's Day gift to you. A gift that you have every right to show off to others. And you are not alone. God Bless and Happy Mother's Day.

Erica Blake TCF - Johnson County, Iowa City, IO

Grief, Healing, and Time

By Deb Kosmer

Today someone I loved died. I can't believe it. I don't believe it. I won't believe it. Family comes. Friends come. The phone keeps ringing. The doorbell rings again and again. The ringing seems far away. I hear it, but I seem unable to answer. My legs won't move. My feet won't move. I am glued to the chair. Others answer for me. They seem to know I don't remember how.

Tomorrow comes. I didn't want it to ever come. I wanted to go back to the time before you died. There, I said it. You died. Does that make it true? *There must be some mistake,*

I tell myself. *Maybe this is just a bad dream. If only someone would wake me up.* When people ask me what they can do for me, I try to tell them the only thing I want is you. They look sad, they gently shake their heads, they hug me, and still you're not here.

Your funeral is over. Everyone says I did so well. I hardly cried. Don't they see I can't cry, not yet. "She is in shock," I hear someone else say. "Give her time, that's all she needs." I wonder, *Can it really be that simple?* If it is, I just want to run through time, however much time it takes to get to the place where I don't hurt so bad, don't miss you so much. But no, I can't do that. Even if I could, I would only be farther from you. My heart cannot bear that.

Days pass. Tomorrow will be one month since you died.

I wonder how I can just skip that day. I am afraid of it; of reliving every single detail of your death, knowing that one month ago you were here with me, and my world was okay. Now I have no world. Everyone keeps telling me that I just need to make a new world. But I liked my old one. I never asked to have it taken from me. Even if I wanted to, I don't know how to start over. I don't know where the beginning of that world is, or how to get there. Everything is so hard and make me so tired. I just want to stay in bed.

Days pass and turn into weeks. I am stuck in a world foreign to me. wondering where you are and how you could have left me.

I force myself to go through the motions of living and caring for others. They don't seem to notice it's just pretend and I am the star of the hardest role of my life. If only they had just an inkling of the place I am in-of my fractured and broken heart.

I never used to read obituaries. Now I feel compelled to do so. I feel like a kindred spirit to others who must also travel the road I am on. I still feel so alone. Now they will feel alone, too. I feel like I should say something to them, but I do not know them; I only know their pain.

Months continue to pass. I am back at work, back in church, getting my hair done. It all still seems strange, differ-

ent, and doesn't matter like it used to. Friends call. Sometimes I say, "Yes, I will go to dinner." Other times I say, "Thanks for calling, but not today." Many days it is still easier to just be alone where I don't have to hide my tears when they come, where I can talk to you and not feel strange, where I can just be however I am that day, and not try to fit into the place others have carved out for me.

Finally, one day I surprise myself. I am humming a tune. For a little while, I feel lighter. I almost smile. I begin to judge myself. *What's the matter with me? How can I be even a little happy when you're not here?* But then I hear your voice in my head, or is it in my heart-the place where you live, saying you are glad that I am humming, glad I can smile, encouraging me to live again. I don't know whether to laugh or cry, so I do both. But later that day I find myself humming again, and I smile, knowing that I am going to be okay.

Deb Kosmer has worked as a hospice bereavement counselor for the past eight years. Her 14-year-old son and her 31-year-old sister died in separate car accidents in 1989. Deb's writings are published in a variety of grief magazines and she is currently working on a book.

CONFESSIONS OF A PASTOR

When I left seminary, there were many things I was prepared for; my mistake was believing I was prepared for everything. In fact, I was not prepared for everything, but I did not realize how totally unprepared I was until I spent some time as a pastor of a community church. Even though I had been through four years of college and four years of seminary, there was much I was not ready for. Funerals I knew how to do-at least we had discussed them in school. When it came time to help families through the grief experience, however, I soon realized how woefully inadequate my training had been.

I believe many pastors leave seminary feeling as I did-ready to take on the world. I believe many soon discover what I did-that the more I experienced as a pastor, the more I realized how little I really did know. For instance, I used to believe that the grief experienced by a woman whose husband died, or the man whose brother died, or the parents whose child died was the same. I was wrong.

As a caretaker of those God has entrusted to me, I set out to do my best at the funeral, to visit afterward, and I then expected the family to get on with their lives. For the most part, people did, that is, except for one group. This particular group puzzled me. I could not figure out why their tears lasted not just months but years longer. I believe you know which group this is. I wanted to understand why this group- bereaved parents- got hit so much harder, and what I, as one who cared for them, could do.

I set out to learn all that I could about the death of a child. The

more I learned, the worse I felt. The group that I had been treating like any other turned out not to be like any other. I no longer believed that all grief was the same—that is to say, that all deaths yielded the same reaction in the grieving process. Some may disagree, but as far as I am concerned, the greatest loss any human can sustain is the death of a child.

I thought over what I had said to bereaved parents to ease their pain. It hurt me to learn I had been just as much a part of the problem as I had thought I was a part of the solution. I also realized that solutions, though possible, are very hard to come by. I learned how inadequate my answers were in the face of a child's death. I came to understand that although it goes against a preacher's constitution, it was often better to keep my mouth closed and listen as one who cared that it was to offer verbal dribble. It was embarrassing to find that I, too, was guilty of the disappearing pastor syndrome following the death of a child.

Pastors don't know all they should when they leave seminary. If we were to learn it all there, we might never be able to leave. Seminary cannot prepare us for everything, and by God's grace, and that of our people, there is forgiveness for our shortcomings. If your pastor still hasn't figured out what you need, perhaps you might help him. Your local chapter has a list of books that might be helpful, or some extra newsletters might provide some insight. Better yet, sit with him at dinner and tell him what bereaved parents go through. It might surprise him to learn how long grief lasts or that many parents leave their child's room untouched for years.

As a result of my post-seminary crash course in parental grief, I've learned a lot of good things. I do not ever tell a parent they can always have another child. I don't attempt to answer "why?" I love them even when they get mad at God. I reassure them that they aren't crazy. I help them through anxiety attacks. I listen more than I talk. I never tell them I know how they feel—they know and I know that I don't. I always tell them and show them that I care. I never ask them to tell me what I can do for them; they won't. I just show up regularly to say I remember and I care. I never let them blame themselves for things God alone has control of. I talk about their child frequently and openly.

Don't expect that your pastor understands everything that you are going through or the depth of your pain. I believe he would thank you dearly if you took it upon yourself to teach him how to better care for those in his flock who have suffered the loss of one of His dear little lambs.



Rev. Greg Hubbard, Goodland, KS
Reprinted from The (National)
Compassionate Friends Newsletter,
Spring 1991

CHAPTER NEWS

Steering Committee Meeting

Our Steering Committee will be meeting on Thursday May 19th at 6:30 PM. Kim Bundy will advise current members of the location prior to the meeting date. Any chapter member is welcome to be a part of the committee. The Steering Committee plans meeting topics, speakers, and events for the chapter. Contact Kim at 937-573-9877, if you would like to come and join this committee. We would love to have you.

*Thank you
for your
love gifts!*

No love gifts reported for this month.

A love gift is a gift of money to The Compassionate Friends. It is usually in honor of a child who has died, but it can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of our chapter. All local TCF chapters are totally dependent on funds from our families. We DO NOT receive funds from our National Office. Everything we need to operate our local chapter is paid directly from our local resources and our local family contributions. All monetary love gifts are tax deductible.

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.

NEED A PHONE FRIEND?

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

Over 5 Years In

By Bart Sumner

It has taken me a long time to come around to the perspective Alan Pedersen so eloquently shared with me, "Don't be angry at those who say, 'Get over it: Rather, be happy for them that they are blessed to have never experienced loss like yours, so they simply don't understand.' It is an evolved perspective, filled with grace, achievable only through tremendous love for our fellow human. I am pleased to say that I am probably 90 there. Of course, that leaves me with a healthy 10 of reflexive, jealous, bitter anger when I hear someone offer up one of those empty, careless platitudes. I am working on it. I swear. Really, I am.

My 10-year-old son, David, died in 2009, but he is with me as much today as he ever was. "Normal" life has resumed for my wife Leslie, daughter Abby, and me. We live our lives and pursue our dreams, building a future of hope and love. There are no outward clues to the nightmare we navigate. In fact, even if people come into our home and see David's baseball cap wearing urn, and the variety of pictures of him on the piano and on our walls, most are afraid to ask. I've come to the understanding that death, especially the death of a child, makes people uncomfortable. Apparently, the thing most people fear is asking questions that risk reminding us that our child has died. I don't know a bereaved parent who ever forgets that their child died.

I can however, offer a different perspective to those who cannot comprehend the extent of a bereaved parent's grief. What follows is a chronicle of my thoughts in a typical day, five years after David's death. Hopefully, it will also serve as a reminder to all of us still struggling to move forward, that we do not walk alone. Your grief is not abnormal or strange, and the fact you think of your deceased child all the time is completely and totally normal.

6:05 a.m. - My alarm goes off and I reach for my iPhone to turn it off. I rub away the last of the dream images as I bring the day into focus. It's Tuesday. I need to get Abby up for school. Gotta let the dogs out. Catching my breath ... I remember ... David is still dead.

6:08 a.m. - I turn on the lights in the kitchen, unlock the back door, and try to quiet the yapping dogs so they don't awaken the neighbors as they run out to do their business. I turn round to go upstairs to rouse Abby, and see the pictures of the trip we took to Yosemite in 2007 hanging by the basement door. I'm standing on a riverbank in my tie-dyed camping best, with David and Abby. We're holding fishing poles. It wasn't a great day of fishing but it was a great day of fun and laughter. I had so much more to teach David.

6:15 a.m. - I turn on the morning news. I make a cup of tea for my wife, as I listen to the local TV news anchors bantering about the local NFL franchise, and the millions of dollars being paid to a star athlete. David died at football practice. I wonder if he would still be playing now. I wonder what he would look like. I wonder if he'd be taller than me yet.

6:20 a.m. - I remove some bread from the pantry, and open the fridge to get sandwich fixings to make lunches for my beautiful ladies to take to work and school. Turkey, cheese, mayo ... No wait, not mayo. Abby likes honey mustard ... it was David that liked mayo.

6:30 a.m. - I yell upstairs to Abby again to get her butt out of bed. Some mornings she is harder to get moving than molasses on a frosty winter morning, just like my wife. David was more like me - he used to hate getting up in the morning, but he'd always get right out of bed and get started with his day. It would always help when David got moving because it would get Abby moving, but ... he's never getting up again.

6:35 a.m. - I let the dogs inside from the backyard. I tell the big dog, "Go get Abby". She runs upstairs and jumping on Abby's bed, licking her face with that horrible "breath" she has. I gaze at the photos of our Yosemite trip, and smile, and then my eyes wander to the plaque above the basement door. It has one of my favorite quotes on it by A.A. Milne, from Winnie the Pooh. I was unfamiliar with the quote until David's cousin used it when she spoke at David's funeral. "If ever there is tomorrow when we're not together ... there is something you must always remember. You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think. But the most important thing is, even if we're apart... I'll always be with you."

And then ... that familiar feeling of tears begins to swell behind my eyes. I feel the rising wave of grief and sadness threatening to disrupt my day. I redirect those tears to pool in a special compartment in my heart for a time when it's more convenient to wallow in my sorrow. It's a well-honed skill I've acquired these past five years. I have been awake on this typical weekday morning for a staggering 30 minutes, and the reminder that David has died has gone through my mind a minimum of six times. He's been dead over five years.

We no longer live in the same state. The dogs that run about the house never knew him. My daughter, who is three years older than he ever lived to be, wears braces and lives on her smartphone texting her friends about boys. David was still totally unaware that girls even existed. In these five years we have done a great deal of healing, but we have not gotten over it. Abby has discussed with me how it feels disrespectful, knowing that some of the good things she has in her life may never have happened if David had not died. I always hug her and assure her that it's okay; it's all part of the life we are fortunate to still be living. David would want us to be happy and enjoying all the good things he no longer can.

David is with me always, and always will be. A big piece of my life now is helping others through my non-profit organization Healing Improv. I would not be in a position to help others if David had not died; it's simply not a path I would have taken. It is incredibly rewarding, but, and no offense to any of you reading this, I'd trade it all to have him back. If you're a bereaved parent you understand that. You too, are on the same journey of survival and life. We do not walk alone. Peace, Light, and Laughter to you.

Bart Sumner is a professional actor/screenwriter/teacher. His 10-year-old son David died in 2009 during a football practice. Bart is the creator and founder of HEALING IMPROV, a 501 (c)(3) nonprofit that provides no-cost Comedy Improv Grief Workshops for those struggling with grief. He has presented Healing Improv Workshops around the country for different grief organizations. He writes a blog at www.healing-improv.org and is the author of HEALING IMPROV: A JOURNEY THROUGH GRIEF TO LAUGHTER which chronicles his personal grief journey, the founding of Healing Improv, and includes some of the games he uses in their workshops.

Sixteen Years Later

So what's it like today? That's the question I asked myself just days before the February 4th anniversary of my big beautiful son Chris' death. It's difficult to explain in one short page how I progressed from the shock, disbelief and horror of losing him suddenly in a car accident 16 years ago, to joyously anticipating the arrival of a new grandson this month. I had gut-wrenching pain, tears and rage like I never knew before and yet the joy that awaits me in the anticipation of being a grandmother again is overwhelming. I was angry at God, who let me down in my estimation, but I have trusted Him again to be faithful when I needed to draw on His peace and hope. A part of me died when Chris died and yet I have known the laughter of traveling with girlfriends, the joy of seeing my daughter become a bride, the strength to care for and bury my elderly parents, and the happiness of surprising grandchildren at the Grand Canyon one summer weekend.

Those first years were horrible after Chris' death-I was depressed, didn't want to live and actually prayed to die. And yet people were so supportive-we had friends who encouraged us, prayed for us and stayed close to us. In my humanness as his mother, I did not think I would live through this loss. But the comfort and support I found in TCF, the love and care from so many, and years of giving back have helped to put me on a track where I experience real happiness and joy in my life. Grief when shared becomes bearable. So that is the legacy Chris passed on to me-a means to find the support I needed, which was transformed into giving back through an organization worthy of my time and passion. There is only one way we can all make it through, and that is to find a new normal, make a choice to heal and find meaning in life again. We just have to go through it and experience the pain.

I still miss Chris very much; my love for him will never end. He is an important part of my life; we talk about him all the time, remembering his smile, his mannerisms, his laughter, and what a special young man he was. I still think of him when I hear a "Journey" song or see a red guitar, and so many things will take me back to that place where I remember him as a fun-filled 17-year-old and I'm sad that his life ended there. You see he would be nearly 34 years old now. He might have been married, had children of his own by now-who knows what he would be doing since we've missed all of those life moments. I've tried to imagine what he would be like as he has grown up in my mind and heart.

So much has happened since his death and I have changed forever in many ways. I've grown in my faith and have learned that human suffering is common to all of us-just look at the evening news. We will all suffer in some way and we all need each other when we pass through the difficulties and sorrows of life. I believe God wired us that way. That's why TCF works. I've tried to give back to others through my TCF work both nationally and locally. My work in Chris' honor has been extremely rewarding to me as I've tried to make some good come out of my tragedy. I know I have learned to be more caring and compassionate. I've tried to persevere through adversity calling on friends, family and faith for my strength and peace.

After we lose a child, we all have to find a reason to go on, something or someone to emotionally invest in and try to make a difference in someone else's life. We also have to look at the things that remain-our loved ones, our friends and the other blessings we have in our lives. For these things we must express gratitude to balance our loss. I remember my TCF friend, the late Rich Edler saying that "bread crumbs" are all we have left-a new sense of what is important in life, a new sense of self and a new ability of being able to help someone else. When we help someone else, our child's life continues to make a difference.

So on the 16th anniversary of Chris' death, I want to let him know that his Mom is thankful for his life of 17 years and proud to call him son. "One sweet day, I'll see you again, Chris. Until that day, I'll hold you close in my heart and love you forever."

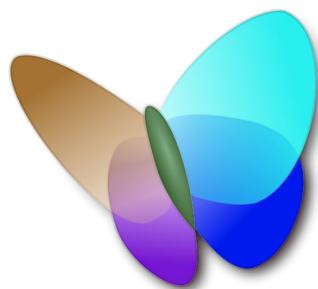
Carole Dyck
TCF Verdugo U, CA
In Memory of my son, Chris Oyck

Our Children Lovingly Remembered

May Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Blaize Mansur - Stephanie Mansur
 Brent A. Snyder - Claude & Mary Snyder
 Erika Leigh Wetzel - Susan Wetzel-Philpot
 Jacquelyn Elizabeth "Jackie" Ahlers - Bob & Peg Ahlers
 Lindsay Rose Donadio - Rick & Janell Claudy
 Michael James McGuffey - Kathy McGuffey
 Randy Lee Hess - Kimberly A. Bundy
 Jared Michael Belcher - Kelly Belcher



May Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

Bill Meadows - Fred & Pat Meadows
 Blaize Mansur - Stephanie Mansur
 Cody S. Pressler - Joe Miller & Tamra Pressler
 Ian Wesley Clark - Neil & Lori Clark
 James C. "Jimmy" Skaggs - James & Bonnie Skaggs
 Karen Kay Paschal - Linda Paschal
 Marlisa Bok - Lowell & Marilyn Bok
 Ryan S. Thuma - Scott & Renee Thuma
 Stephen Anthony Freeman - Tom & Kathy Freeman
 Terry A. Baker, Jr - Candy Ullery
 Tony Robert Lavy - Robert E. & Sharon Lavy
 Nick Koleff - Bob & Linda Dils
 Brian Swartz - Lisa Swartz
 Kyle Alexander Quinn - Ken & Betty Quinn
 Jeremiah Lee Bubeck - Rick & Becky Bubeck
 Molly Murphy - Kerry & Sarah Murphy

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. - Editor

NOW for book review....Jackie Glawe

90 MINUTES IN HEAVEN

by Don Piper with Cecil Murphey



This was one of the first books I read after the loss of our daughter. As parents we usually know where our children are throughout the day and night. Even when they get older and move out of the house we usually have a general idea of what's going in their lives. So when our daughter was suddenly killed in a car accident I needed to know where she was now. This may or may not be your belief, but I believe my daughter is in heaven. Even though I know what the bible says, I still needed more. I needed to be able to visualize and see a picture in my head as much as possible. This book helped me begin that journey of a comforting picture in my head of just maybe what this place called heaven is like and what my daughter could be experiencing. It also shares the struggles of Don Piper after he continues on earth.

You can check out this book and many others available in our chapters library at the monthly meeting.

Submitted by Jordan's mom, Jackie Glawe



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

Do Not Discount Sibling Grief

Written by Jane Machado

I have come to think of sibling grief as "Discount Grief." Why? Because siblings appear to be an emotional bargain in most people's eyes. People worry so much about the bereaved parents that they invest very little attention in the grieving sibling.

My personal "favorite" comforting line said to siblings is "you be sure and take care of your parents'. I wanted to know who was supposed to take care of me... I knew I couldn't.

The grief of a sibling may differ from that of a parent, but it ought not be discounted. People need to realize that while it is obviously painful for parents to have lost a child, it is also painful for the sibling, who has not only lost a sister or brother, but an irreplaceable friend.

While dealing with this double loss, he or she must confront yet another factor: The loss of a brother or sister is frequently the surviving sibling's first experience with the death of any young person. Young people feel they will live forever. A strong dose of mortality in the form of a sibling is very hard to take.

The feelings of the siblings are also often discounted when decisions are being made.... on things ranging from funeral plans to flower selections. Parents need to listen to surviving siblings who usually know a lot about the tastes and preferences of the deceased.

Drawing on the knowledge that surviving siblings have about supposedly trivial things... such as favorite clothes or music... can serve two purposes when planning funeral or memorial services. First, their input helps ensure that the deceased receives the type of service he or she would have liked.

Second, their inclusion in the planning lets them know they are still an important part of the family. I realize that people are unaware that they are discounting sibling grief. But then, that's why I'm writing this... so people will know.

From The Compassionate Friends,
Tulare, California USA

Don't Ask If I'm Okay

all-greatquotes.com

Don't ask me how I'm doing
Don't ask if I'm okay
Don't say they're in a better place
As you won't like what I say

No...Time is not a healer
And this was NOT God's will
If He knew how much I've really lost
They would be right here still

I WON'T try to be positive
And this wasn't for the best
My hearts in broken pieces
And it hurts deep in my chest.

Don't say, at least they're out of pain
Well I'm not, and MAY NEVER be.
Their pain is gone, but mines still here
It's been passed on to me

Don't tell me, you know how I feel
Even though, it may be true.
This Grief is MINE,
For what length of time...
It takes me, to get through

Toni Kane





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.