

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO. 1870

July 2020 NEWSLETTER Vol. 31 No. 6

Facebook page "The Compassionate Friends of Miami County Ohio Chapter 1870".
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Mark Your Calendars & Reserve a Butterfly for Your Child!

**Annual Picnic & Butterfly Release
July 23, 2020
6:00pm
Nashville UCC Picnic Grounds**

Come join us for a peaceful evening picnic and butterfly release. Everyone is welcome including Family and friends. Look for the balloons marking the gravel drive that will take you back to the picnic area located a short distance west of the church, on the north side of St. Rt. 571. We'll be using the covered shelter which has 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, ice and a variety of meat selections. Please bring a salad, vegetable, fruit dish, or a dessert to share with the group and include a serving utensil.-- You are invited to bring your child's picture for the photo table.

Please RSVP by July 10th if you will be attending the picnic to Kim Bundy (937) 573-9877 or email kbundy.tcf@gmail.com, so enough meat & dinnerware can be provided.

(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.

No regular July meeting

**July 23, 2020
Annual Picnic & Butterfly Release
Nashville UCC Picnic Grounds**

Regular Meetings are held on the 4th Thursday of each month (except in July, Nov & Dec)

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.

**Next Meeting: August 27, 2020
Topic: Topic cards**

"It's the kind of heartache you can feel in your bones."

~Anonymous

Dormant Anger Erupts Unexpectedly

By Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of her son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX

Over three years ago, just 15 months after my son was killed in a traffic accident, a Dodge Ram dual cab truck that was traveling at 55 miles per hour when it ran a stop sign struck the vehicle I was driving. The front end of my car was ripped from the frame, the hood was crumpled and car spun from the impact. The other driver was cited for running the stop sign. A very credible witness gave his statement. Three months later I had neck surgery for the injuries sustained in the accident. The facts were simple in my mind. He ran the stop sign. I stopped. He was negligent. His insurance company paid for my car that was totaled but stopped talking to me when the adjuster heard about the necessary surgery that was performed a month later.

Mediation failed. The defense postponed the trial eleven times. The attorneys for the defendant's two insurance companies dug in. Delay, deny, debate...the mantra of all defense attorneys now became my reality.

Finally we had a court date. The players knew their lines...the diminutive judge whose campaign election funds are donated by the attorneys who practice in his court, the four well-dressed defense attorneys, my attorney and his associate...all knew the rules. All played the game well. This was their theater, their play, and their world. I was not happy with the pre-trial instructions that ruled out much of the evidence. But I wanted my day in court. I'd served on many juries, but I had never seen this side of the courtroom. It was a revelation.

All went fairly well with the testimony of the eyewitness and the policeman who had handled the accident scene. Then it was my turn. My attorney began asking me questions and suddenly, out of somewhere in my soul, anger akin to a long dormant volcano arose. I repressed it after my attorney asked me if I was angry. That was my hint: be sweet, be likeable, Harris County juries are notorious for stingy awards. I settled back down until the louder of the six defense attorneys began asking his carefully prepared questions.

I spoke over him. I responded with no small amount of hostility. He baited me, and I swallowed the hook. The volcano unleashed. I raised my voice, became animated in my anger and finally drew the judge's wrath. I even interrupted the judge to say I was sorry. The judge raised his voice to top volume, berating me for failing to answer the questions in a single word, for continuing to respond while the defense attorney was talking. The judge gestured wildly at the court reporter, explaining that she couldn't write the words of two people at one time. Someone who was very important in his own world had chastised me. But more significantly, I had discovered something about myself: the anger that had erupted from within me like a volcano was not caused by the accident, the neck surgery, the legal-eagle games, the courtroom setting or the judicial stage.

I discovered that the repressed anger that I had managed to contain for over 4 1/2 years was still alive and well. Much was learned that day by this bereaved mother. As the volcano of anger erupted, the truth was so apparent to me that I smiled at my naivety.

Since my son's death, I have intentionally placed myself in situations where the people are gentle, positive, upbeat, balanced and not aggressive and violent in their actions or words. Subconsciously I knew that my anger was still there, and I didn't want to tempt the fates; the anger caused by the death of my only child was not going away. Now it had become apparent that my anger had to be addressed. So I brought it to the forefront of my mind as my husband and I drove home. I examined it closely, seeking an answer.

Sitting quietly that evening I realized that my anger has surfaced from time to time since my son died but never in such a nerve jolting eruption. When I realized the depth and scope of that anger, when I acknowledged its existence, when I faced it down, the volcano quietly went back to simmer. I must be very careful about quick retorts, actions without thought, words spoken in haste. I must be conscious of my anger during the process of releasing that anger in a gradual way. One day the anger volcano will become dormant.

Our grief journeys are life-long. I will always feel the many emotions that accompany the death of my only child. But each emotion has moderated over the years. My anger will be less raw, just as the other negative emotions and feelings have become less pronounced over time. Actively identifying each enemy that lives in my psyche has enabled me to address it. Negativity cannot fester when exposed to the light of hope. And, yet, I must always remember that I am still a work in progress. We are all a work in progress.

STANDING

People say
 "Oh you are doing so well,
 you are so strong,
 you are an inspiration!"
 We do not feel strong.

We feel shaken to the core,
 Saddened beyond belief,
 Pain beyond comprehension,
 Forever changed.

What do they see that we cannot see?
 "That a horrible storm,
 unexpectedly ripped through
 our lives and we are
 still standing"

They are amazed
 We are paralyzed

Still Standing

~Julie Short
 TCF Southeastern Illinois Chapter
 In memory of Kyra

Waves of Hope on the Shores of Lake Erie
TCF Ohio Regional Conference
Maumee Bay State Park Lodge
and Conference Center
1750 State Park Road #2
Oregon, OH 43616
Oct 2nd - 4th, 2020

The Compassionate Friends of Ottawa County and The Compassionate Friends of NW Ohio are partnering to bring a Regional Conference for parents, grandparents and siblings to Ohio October 2-4, 2020. This will be the second Regional TCF Conference held in this area and they expect to draw participants from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Pennsylvania. The speakers and workshop presenters are an impressive list of bereaved parents who will be there to share their journeys and experiences with the participants. Discounted rooms of \$159 are available by calling 800-281-7275. Rooms are reserved under "The Compassionate Friends Regional Conference" Please email the name of your child once you have registered. roseann@cros.net

If you have any questions please call 419-308-4690

CHAPTER NEWS

Upcoming meetings:

Jul - Annual Picnic & Butterfly Release

Aug - Topic cards

NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE?

A listening ear is sometimes the best medicine.

Kim Bundy (suicide)	573-9877
Pam Fortener (cancer)	238-4075
Donnie Fortener (cancer)	760-2238
Pam Fortener (siblings)	238-4075
Cathy Duff (auto accident)	473-5533
Jackie Glawe (auto accident)	478-3318

Thank You
 for your love gifts!



Love Gifts are a way for you to help cover the chapters newsletters and special events in loving memory of your child.

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.

The 2020 TCF National Conference July 24-26

The Compassionate Friends - 43rd TCF National Conference ~~CANCELLED~~ s of Love" will be held i ita Marriott Marquis, the weekend of July 24-26 2020. See The Compassionate Friends National website for further details.

Our Children Lovingly Remembered

July Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

July Birthdays

*Cody S. Pressler - Joe Miller & Tamra Pressler
Harley Ludwig - Warren & April Hawkins
Liam Seamus Gillespie - David & Julie Gillespie
Mary Herman - Mike Herman
Shannon Dyer - Denny Dyer*



July Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

*Alex J. Ritchie - Joel & Diana Ritchie
Brandon Fox - Theresa Fox
Josh Eversole - Steve & Valerie Thorn
Mary Herman - Mike Herman*

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....



“Open to Hope”

By Dr. Gloria Horsley, Dr. Heidi Horsley and the Open to Hope Contributors

Losing a loved one can be an intensely isolating experience. At times you may feel as if you are the only person who has ever known such anguish. Helping you find hope again is our mission in “Open to Hope: Inspirational Stories of Healing After Loss.”

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

Brother Why

By Kathleen Kumler

**As I sit and wonder why
All I think about is brother why
Why did it happen the way it did
Why did my brother do what he
did**

**As I sit and talk with your kids
So many questions of why you
did what you did**

**So many memories of you as a
kid**

**As I sit and wonder why
How can you leave them all
behind**

**All I think about is brother why
All the pain you left behind
All I ask is brother why**

Brothers

Brothers grow together with wind in their hair,
wild schemes in their heads, and with mud in their
raggedy pants.

They look back into one another's eyes, with
spirits burning from a common flame. They
wrestle life with such similar hands. No tree is
too tall or hill too high to climb, for those whose
bonds are flesh are set together through time.
Yet the song told us that dragons live forever, but
not the little boys.

Suddenly, one of us is all alone, clinging to the
memories of wind and mud and hills of stone.
We're still together in our own way, if not but in a
burning little flame.

~Ken, TCF Salem, OR

Playing in the ShadowsBy Cheryl Larson
TCF Pikes Peak, CO

We grew up together,
Big sister, little brother.

I took care of you
Until you were old enough to care for yourself.
Though you didn't say it,
I knew you loved me.

We played in the sunlight, you and I;
Remember the games of "Mother-May-I" and
"Hide-and-Seek"?

Sure we had our fights
As all siblings do,
But through it all we never lost
Our love for each other.

Now you're gone.
I'll never see you again
except in the memories
of those sunny days.

You will forever be sixteen--
Far too young to die.

You had your whole life to live.
I'll always grieve, but I must go on.

Still, without you,
I play alone in the shadows.



*Our surviving children not
only lost a sibling, but
they've also lost a mother
and father they once knew.
Everything is different now.*



**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.