



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS INC.

International Organization Offering Friendship and Understanding to Bereaved Parents

## MIAMI COUNTY CHAPTER NO. 1870

September 2019 NEWSLETTER Vol. 33 No.8

Facebook page "The Compassionate Friends of Miami County Ohio Chapter 1870".  
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### Remember when.....

As I sit on the porch in the evenings, my thoughts turn to you. I imagine you sitting with me, so still and peaceful, it must be like the peace you feel now. I imagine the breeze that softly surrounds me like your gentle caring nature. I imagine the warm bright sun as intense as the love you radiated.

Tears roll down my cheeks, my heart aches for you to be with me, the way you used to be.

I hear the birds singing and I imagine it is you talking to me; "Hey Mom, don't be sad, I'm ok. Where I am is as peaceful and warm and wonderful as where you are now. Be happy for me!"

And then...I imagine you are safe and content and some day... we will be together again. Love, Love, Love you my wild child.....

### Fly High Free Bird

~Deb Hinrichs, TCF Hastings, NE  
In memory of her son, Matthew Steven Hinrichs  
7.7.1979 - 8.29.1999



### September meeting - Sep 26<sup>th</sup>, 2019 7:00 pm

Topic: *Bucket O' Blooms*

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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### "You are so strong"

Empty words  
That don't touch the reality  
That my life has become  
Walking through fog  
Incredible pain  
Searching for the beloved face  
I crave to see  
The voice that I strain to hear over the noises  
Of people who have no idea  
Of what the world has lost

~Charisse Smith  
TCF Tyler, TX

## Reopening of School and No Child!

Summer ends, and across our nation, from the middle of August to the week after Labor Day, schools open for another year. For those parents surviving a child of school age, be that from nursery school to college or university, this can be as trying a time as the holidays.

School buses travel again the busy highways of our cities and the quiet lanes of our countryside. Anxious parents stand with children about to make the first ride to school. Gaggles of youngsters play at countless stops across our land. America's most precious and costly activity is renewed. The children are off to school.

I remember well the silences of the September mornings of those first years. The bus no longer stopped at our home. It simply drove casually by, the people within never realizing it once carried the focus of my love, the repository of my dreams. The drone of its wheels marked anew the mind-numbing dullness of my fragmented senses as it moved its way down the tree lined lane once alive with my son's comings and goings.

It was always possible to avoid "back to school" sales. Seeing young people and their weary parents gather school supplies and clothing was just too much in those earliest years. Somehow, the perfect notebook, the brilliant sweater, the odd-shaped erasers were simply unendurable. The stream of vehicles heading for Cape Cod for that final Labor Day weekend, the last family outing to end the summer, was another scene to avoid. It was a ritual from which we seemed excluded. Could we still be a family without him?

Those years are gone now. Having returned to education, I now have "back to school" buying to do myself. I see the buses arrive to unload their treasured passengers, no longer feeling the emptiness of a bus that drives on, barren of hopes and dreams. But I do and will forever remember the pain of those unhappy years and sometimes I reflect on the many parents who now feel as I did.

If you are such a parent, if you mourn a child who leaves a school desk somewhere unfilled, I promise that you are not alone in that pain. But even though you are not alone, you know that you are forever marked, that the death of your child or children has altered you in some basic manner.

Perhaps time and much grief work remain before your spirit can yield up the agony and permit a new self to emerge. That time and work was necessary for me, as it actually is for all of us. For me, grief resolution finally recalled me to my original work. I teach. I no longer administer or direct. The need for that fled before bereavement's assault.

I teach math, science, and social studies to sixth grade children, ages 11 to 12 over the course of a year. In wondrous ways they have restored love to my living. There is nothing of an intellectual character with enough value to equal that, so I have given them the love and caring that was mine, evoked by and for Olin. Thus do Olin's gifts live on, called forth and given new lift through the innocent and selfless love of schoolchildren.

All who walk this road realize this is not substitution. Such is not possible. But it does reflect qualities of successful reinvestment, something each of us sorely needs.

Today as schools prepare for another year, I look forward to a new group of children. But cautions arise within as well, the legacy of that time over 12 years ago, when the world came to a sudden halt, when the laughter of lifetimes ceased, when dreams evaporated with a morning mist.

For those of us who dare live and love again, for those fortunate enough to have found a reinvestment encouraging the same, there is always risk. After all, tragedy can strike again. Our present or past pain grants no immunity. Students, the children within the school, invited me, albeit unknowingly, to take that risk again, although certainly not at the rich and deep level of father and son. Nevertheless, it feels right, and though I will never again know the depth of love which belonged to Olin and me, I welcome the chance to live once more on its margins.

So schools, which were once just another manifestation of hurt, have helped me to restore purpose and balance to daily living. There is surely such a reinvestment awaiting all of us, but we must seek the circumstances and create the opportunities for it to occur. I pray that all of us who have not yet had such good fortune may soon do so. All of our children would want this for us as well. With that thought in mind, it is indeed worth striving for that dimension in life once more.

~Don Hackett  
TCF Kingston, MA  
In Memory of my son, Olin

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



### My Mind Versus My Heart

My mind tries to distract me from grieving for you  
 But then my heart interrupts by saying I miss you  
 My mind believes you're in a place of peace without pain  
 But my heart interrupts by saying I want you back again  
 My mind tries to make sense of something that is senseless  
 But my heart's connection of love with you is essentially  
 endless  
 My mind tries to pacify my heart that it will feel better in time  
 But my heart will win the battle of logic versus love every time

~Author Unknown

## CHAPTER NEWS

### Upcoming Topics:

Sept - *Bucket O' Blooms*

Oct - *Brad Reed and Jordan Hodges from the Tri-County Board of Mental Health & Recovery will speak on the the topic of Suicide and Drug overdose*

Nov - *Does it have to be a season without joy?*

## Thank You for your love gifts!

- ★ Robert & Sharon Lavy for the Birthday Love Gift in memory of their son, Tony Robert Lavy, 08/1966 – 05/2007.
- ★ Ralph & Vera McLean for the "belated" Birthday Love Gift in memory of their son, Antonio McLean, 06/1972 – 04/2003.
- ★ Joe and Maggie Risko for the Love Gift in memory of their son, Bob Risko, 01/1962 -- 12/1993, and their great-nephew, Matt Schaaf, 09/1971 -- 12/2003.

*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.*

We are the rememberers,  
 the people  
 left behind  
 to keep the one  
 who's gone from us  
 alive in heart and mind,  
 the people left  
 to cherish and  
 preserve a legacy.

Yes, we are the rememberers.....  
 ....and we will always be.

~Author Unknown

# Our Children Lovingly Remembered

## September Birthdays

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

- Douglas Ray Lavy - Robert E. & Sharon Lavy**
- Emillie Joyce Stapleton - Julie Martin**
- Heather Denise Bailey - Joe & Wanda Bailey**
- Kathryn Trushaw - Tim & Julia Trushaw**
- Mark Kurtis O'Dell - Tim & Sandy O'Dell**
- Mark Nordquist - Peggy & Tom Nordquist**
- Matthew "Matt" Schaaf - Marlene Schaaf**
- Michael Guerra - Terry Guerra**
- Molly Murphy - Kerry & Sarah Murphy**
- Patrick O'Neill - Betsy O'Neill**
- Samuel Pearson - Randi & Carolyn Pearson**
- Silas Carver - Mary Anne Evans**
- Terry A. Baker, Jr. - Candy Ullery**

## September Angel-versaries

Child—Parent, Grandparent, Sibling

- Chad Fisherback - Tammy Sackett**
- Lindsay Rose Donadio - Rick & Janell Claudy**
- Matthew Cameron Ferror - Ken & Louise Ferror**
- Michael Bundy - Tony & Vesta Bundy**
- Michael Daniel Mitchell - James & Marilyn Mitchell**
- Michael James McGuffey - Kathy McGuffey**



*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....

### **"Anna: A Daughter's Life"** by William Loizeaux



*"Anna* is the cruel and beautiful memoir of an infant daughter's life and death—cruel because the child died, and beautiful because the devastation of that loss is met with her parent's remarkable love and intelligence.

Loizeaux finds the truth in simple moments described directly. He commemorates not only a child, but the family she helped to create. Inspiration a word that has lost its usefulness, regains it in this book. ~Frederick Busch

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

## Playing in the Shadows

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.

Cheryl Larson  
TCF Pikes Peak, CO

### 150 Facts about Grieving Children By Erin Linn

Fact #126  
Displaced grief can show up in totally unrelated behavior such as fighting with friends, disruptive behavior in the classroom, rebellion toward authority figures, learning disabilities, drugs, etc. Teachers should always be aware of students who have experienced an important loss.

Fact #127  
An unintentional incident at school could trigger a landslide of grief that could result in the grieving child coming home very upset and agitated. It may have to do with a classroom assignment or an incident on the playground that caused some very painful feelings to surface regarding the deceased. Children should be encouraged to talk about the incident so they can, hopefully, understand it and feel better about it.

Fact #128  
A child does not like to be singled out as an only child in the classroom or in front of their peers if the child became an only child by losing a brother or sister. All this does is emphasize the bereaved child's loss.



***We are the Surviving Siblings of The  
Compassionate Friends.  
We are brought together by the deaths  
of our brothers and sisters.  
Open your hearts to us, but have  
patience with us.  
Sometimes we will need the support of  
our friends.  
At other times we need our families to  
be there.  
Sometimes we must walk alone, taking  
our memories with us,  
continuing to become the individuals  
we want to be.  
We cannot be our dead brother or  
sister.  
However, a special part of them lives  
on with us.  
When our brothers and sisters died,  
our lives changed.  
We are living a life very different from  
what we envisioned,  
and we feel the responsibility to be  
strong even when we feel weak.  
Yet we can go on because we  
understand better than many others  
the value of family and the precious  
gift of life.  
Our goal is not to be the forgotten  
mourners that we sometimes are,  
but to walk together to face our  
tomorrows as  
Surviving Siblings of The  
Compassionate Friends.***



**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.