



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS LEXINGTON—BLUEGRASS CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

P. O. Box 647
NICHOLASVILLE, KY 40340

"We need not walk alone "

www.tcfbluegrass.org

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2nd Quarter 2008

Telephone Friends—sometimes it helps to be able to talk to someone who understands. The following bereaved parents are willing to provide support and comfort:

JIM SIMS: (859) 858-8288 /
(859) 797-2168

ANNE AND BOB McDONNELL: (859) 278-8965

MONIQUE PODGORSKI: (859) 381-8256

CONNIE KOTZBAUER: (859) 273-3645

Note—we encourage our members to write and share their experiences and memories. If you would like to submit original poems or articles to be included in the newsletter, please email them to: rwoloch@insightbb.com and put SUBMISSION in the subject line.



CHAPTER CO-LEADERS:

Treasurer and Newsletter Mailings:
Newsletter Editor:
Hospitality:

JIM SIMS & STEPHANIE M.

David & Janie Fields
Rebecca Woloch
Karla S.

• WELCOME •

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents and siblings. The primary purpose is to assist them in the positive resolution of the grief experience upon the death of a child and to support their efforts to achieve physical and emotional health. The secondary purpose is to provide information and education about bereaved parents and siblings. The objective is to help those in their community, including family, friends, employers, and co-workers and professionals, to be supportive.

MEETING INFORMATION

Third Monday of Every Month — 6:30 p.m. to 8:30 p. m.

Hospice of the Bluegrass ▪ 2321 Alexandria Drive ▪ Lexington, KY

MEETING FORMAT

6:00 p.m.—Doors Open. This is a good time to visit with old friends and acknowledge new ones. Be sure to check out the library.

6:30 p.m.—Meeting Begins. Please plan to arrive early so the meeting can begin on time.

STEERING COMMITTEE—meets on the first Monday of each month at 6:30pm at Hospice. All are welcome to attend and participate.

**Bluegrass Chapter of The
Compassionate Friends
Regional Coordinator:**
Karen Cantrell
(502) 320-6438

**The Compassionate
Friends National Office**
▪ P.O. Box 3696 ▪ Oak
Brook, IL 60522 ▪
(877) 969-0010

compassionatefriends.org

WE WELCOME YOU WITH COMPASSION, LOVE, & HOPE

It is always difficult to say "welcome" to people coming to our meetings for the first time because we are so very sorry for the reason they came. For some, the first meeting or two can be rather overwhelming, especially if they are newly bereaved. We hope that anyone feeling that way will return to at least a couple more of our meetings. Everyone is welcome to attend our meetings, regardless of the age at which their child died or the length of time that has passed since that day.

Love Gifts—There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends. Some parents remember a birthday or anniversary date of their child, or a holiday with a love gift. The "Love Gifts" help with the mailing of the newsletter, maintaining and updating our library and meeting costs. Please send love gifts to David Fields, P. O. Box 647, Nicholasville, KY 40340. Please remember, if given in memory of your child, to include his/her full name.



National News and Notes

(This information is abbreviated from our February issue. Additional details on the National Conference can be found at

www.compassionatefriends.org)

Nashville, Tennessee, known as the home of country music, will be the host city for the 31st national conference of The Compassionate Friends July 18-20, 2008.

The 2008 conference will have special guest speakers and entertainers, more than 100 workshops covering most aspects of grief following the death of a



child, and many additional activities including the ninth annual two-mile Walk to Remember at 8 a.m. Sunday July, 20. A pre-conference day for professionals will be Thursday, July 17. Among the keynote speakers will be Joe and Iris Lawley,

founding parents of The Compassionate Friends, who will fly all the way from England for what may be one of their final TCF speaking engagements outside of their home country.

The conference will be held at the Sheraton Music City Hotel and a room rate of \$124 (plus tax) is now

available for guests attending the conference. You can take advantage of this rate by calling 888-627-7060. Please mention that you are with The Compassionate Friends.

You may also register online at compassionatefriends.org. As always it is suggested that you register early to avoid disappointment. This rate will be available through June 20, 2008 (or until the room block has been filled). The beautiful Sheraton Music City Hotel, which recently completed a multi-million dollar renovation, is located at 777 McGavock Pike, Nashville, TN.

Local News and Notes

TCF Bluegrass Family Picnic and Memorial Balloon Release

Join us on Saturday June 7th for the annual TCF Bluegrass Family Picnic and Memorial Balloon Release. The event begins at 6:00pm at South Elkhorn Christian Church, 4343 Harrodsburg Road, Lexington, Kentucky (click [here](#) for directions). The picnic will be held rain or shine (in the event of inclement weather we will move indoors). Drinks and an entrée will be provided, please bring a dish—we encourage you to bring your child's favorite.

A "Silent Auction" will be held during the event to raise money for our local chapter. Please contact Suzie McDonald by email at catholic20@msn.com or by phone at 576-7680 with donated items or ideas on how to help. Suzie is leading our local chapters' fundraising efforts in memory of her son Jamie Flynt. Other activities include: a Memory Table (please bring photos and mementos of your child/children to share); Regina Blanton, the "button lady" will be making 3" picture buttons bring a 4"x6" photo or photo copy for her to use), grilled hot dogs for the kids as well as children's activities. This will be an uplifting celebration of our children, a time of fellowship and love. ***Please plan to attend—your family and friends are also invited. Join us in an evening of remembrance and celebration of our children.***



Last years' **TCF BLUEGRASS YARD SALE** was a great success and we are making plans to host another on September 27th at South Elkhorn Christian Church. Please mark this date on your calendar and start considering what you may have to donate. We encourage your friends and family to pitch in to help. Additional details will be forthcoming from Suzie McDonald.



LIBRARY BOOKS—Please remember to return all borrowed books. Many books were donated in memory of a child. If you can't come to the meetings to return the books, please call or email Jim or Mary at (859) 858-8288, (859) 797-2168, or TheCamps@adelphia.net. Put **Library Books** in the subject line, and include the book name and author, your name and phone number. Our Library is a great resource for our members, friends and families. Be sure to come to our monthly meetings early enough to browse our selection and borrow a book. Please keep our library in mind if you have any books you'd like to donate. Contact Mary with your donations.

TO OUR LONG TIME MEMBERS:

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting new parents arrive with a fresh hurt and frightened eyes. I remember how we felt at our first meeting. Think back...what would it have been like for you if there had not been any "oldies" to welcome you, share your grief, and encourage you? It was from them you heard, "your pain will not always be this bad: it really does get softer". They were the ones who wanted to really listen when you talked about your child. Can you be an "oldie" for someone else? By helping someone else, you help yourself and share your child with someone who never got to know them. Come out and share with newly bereaved parents to help them help each other. Our own healing happens when we are reaching out to others.

From our Chapter Leader Jim Sims

We have started publishing a monthly newsletter which is distributed via email and posted on our internet website <http://tcfbluegrass.org/>. For those without internet access we will continue to have a quarterly edition that is a condensation of the 3 monthly editions. As such it will contain approximately 1/3 of the content of the combined 3 monthly editions which also contain up-to date news and current events of the chapter. This is the first quarterly edition of the year. Rebecca Woloch, our new editor, actually had one prepared for the 1st quarter but we had a series of problems getting it printed and mailed on time. I apologize to all of you that haven't received a newsletter during this time. However, since the monthly editions are posted online, with internet access you can still read them if you wish.

This failure to get that edition mailed highlights the issues and problems we can encounter with a printed and mailed copy. In addition to the printing logistics, we encounter considerable cost of printing and mailing (postage is discounted with our non-profit status) and a lot of time and effort is required by those getting the printing done, folding, stapling and sorting for mailing the 200-300 newsletters that we currently distribute. These are the factors that prompted the decision to utilize the internet for distribution.

HOWEVER, WE NEED YOUR HELP. I do not have an email address for most of you. **I strongly urge you to please, please send your email address to Kywildcat1@Alltel.Net so you can start getting the newsletter each month.**

Additionally, the next quarterly issue will not be mailed to anyone receiving the monthly issues ***unless you specifically notify me that you want continue to receive the printed version.*** We recognize that some of you do not have a email account or internet access and we definitely want to continue mailing the newsletter to you. If you are one without internet access, I would appreciate it if you would let me know you wish to be mailed the newsletter by calling me at 859 858-8288 or mail a note to me at 1014 Bicknell Lane, Wilmore KY 40390. Also, if you do not want to receive the monthly or quarterly issues, I hope you will let me know that as well.

Again, I apologize that you didn't receive a newsletter for the 1st quarter. ***Rebecca is doing a wonderful job*** preparing the newsletter and we want everyone to have the opportunity to enjoy it. I hope all of you will help by sending your email addressed or letting me know you want to continue getting the mailed edition.

Thanks,

Jim

Our Newsletter is going green! With ever-rising costs for supplies and mailing, the TCF Bluegrass Newsletter is moving towards a more environmentally friendly and cost effective delivery. Each month we post our newsletter online at www.tcfbluegrass.org/newsletter.html. If you have internet access PLEASE unsubscribe from the printed edition of our newsletter by emailing a note to Janie at Butterflymom@alltel.net and "cc" the request to Jim at KyWildcat1@alltel.net so that he can add you to the email notification list. The newsletter is posted the first of each month on our website. Eventually we'd like to be **totally green!**



We don't 'get over' the deepest pains of life, nor should we. 'Are you over it?' is a question that cannot be asked by someone who has been through 'it,' whatever 'it' is. It's an anxious question, an asking for reassurance that cannot be given. During an average lifetime there are many pains, many grieves to be borne. We don't 'get over' them; we learn to live with them, to go on growing and deepening, and understanding...
by Madeleine L'Engle from "Sold into Egypt"

April Birth Dates

4/5/75 *Kelly Renee Powell* 7/15/88 Daughter of Cecil and Barbara Powell
 4/8/74 *Annemarie Timm* 10/28/90 Daughter of Helen and Charles Timm
 4/11/84 *Sean Robert Wright* 9/3/05 Son of Sherry Conway & Mark Wright
 4/13/62 *Tony R. Applegate* 2/27/91 Son of Dolly Wallace Bellemey
 4/13/76 *Jason Davis* 5/1/93 Son of Curt Davis
 4/15/00 *Colin Spencer* 6/7/00 Son of Stephanie Spencer
 4/15/94 *Jeonna McDaniel* 11/2/95 Daughter of Jennifer Sebastian
 4/20/97 *Ivy Britton Freeman* 10/17/07 Daughter of Kevin and Cindy Freeman
 4/22/75 *Brenna Jiwon Kihlman* 3/7/02 Daughter of Dale and Shan Kihlman
 4/24/79 *James Edward Auberry* 2/8/04 Son of James Auberry
 4/24/71 *Glenn Ray Carter* 11/30/85 Son of Angela Carter
 4/28/89 *Katie Lynn Brandenburg* 10/5/01 Daughter of Michael & Gennie Brandenburg
 4/28/93 *Jeremy Daegan Hicks* (7/9/06) Son of Joe and Sheila Hicks
 4/29/85 *Bridget Elizabeth Kolles* 5/1/85 Daughter of Greg & Mary Ellen Kolles
 4/29/85 *Christina Leigh Kolles* 5/1/85 Daughter of Greg & Mary Ellen Kolles
 4/30/77 *Kevin Wayne Gardner* 12/2/97 Son of Doug and Vicky Gardner



April Remembrances

4/1/03 *Ash Valic Coffey* 11/2/99 (Born) Son of Stacy M. Coffey
 4/2/05 *Cody McClure Speer* 12/1/91 (Born) Son of Lin and Mark Simmons
 4/10/87 *Andy Jones* 3/10/58 (Born) Son of Jean and Cal Jones
 4/15/91 *Jennifer Podgorski* 10/31/70 (Born) Daughter of Monique Podgorski
 4/15/94 *Bill Varney* 2/15/71 (Born) Son of Judy Varney
 4/16/95 *Daryl Clinton Barnes* 11/1/76 (Born) Son of Vada and Mike Barnes
 4/16/85 *Deana Mari Sea* 1/22/69 (Born) Daughter of Darrell and Jean Sea
 4/17/06 *William Henry "Bill" Sanders* 9/1/58 (Born) Son of Barbara Sanders
 4/18/00 *James Michael Farris* 2/18/56 (Born) Son of Hulda Farris
 4/19/07 *Jesse Caldwell Higginbotham* 3/10/90 (Born) Son of Jerome Higginbotham & Rebecca Woloch
 4/19/03 *Kara Elizabeth Horton* 12/21/79 (Born) Daughter of Carole Mull
 4/19/99 *A. Daniel Morris* 1/1/76 (Born) Son of James and Marie Morris
 4/19/94 *John Andy Girdler* 1/3/71 (Born) Son of Ella Girdler
 4/20/99 *Madeline Violet Benton* 4/20/99 (Born) Daughter of Amy & Tony Benton
 4/21/86 *Shari Eldot* 9/25/62 (Born) Daughter of Roz Eldot
 4/22/85 *Ron Jones* 4/3/49 (Born) Son of Mel and Jeanette Jones
 4/23/03 *Weston "Ashe" Marlowe* 1/27/99 (Born) Son of Brandi & Wesley Marlowe
 4/24/02 *Trista Erin Lane Hail* 2/27/74 (Born) Daughter of Bill and Debbie Lane
 4/25/93 *Robin Ricci Kuniff* /11/65 (Born) Daughter of Norma Forston
 4/26/98 *John Thomas Parks* 11/24/82 (Born) Son of Rosemary Parks
 4/27/99 *Joshua Scott Barker* 2/28/81 (Born) Son of Deborah Barker
 4/27/98 *Lisa Jean Johnson* 5/16/62 (Born) Daughter of Sam and Doris Strader
 4/28/02 *Mark Robert Bartella* 5/7/77 (Born) Son of John and Brenda Peterson



May Birth Dates

5/1/96 *Emily Ann Preston* 8/22/06 Granddaughter of Bud and Gwen Preston
 5/6/57 *Mitchell Allen Jaquish* 3/12/06 Son of Ellie and Thomas Jaquish
 5/7/77 *Mark Robert Bartella* 4/28/02 Son of John and Brenda Peterson
 5/8/03 *Michael Patrick Randall Morgeson* 7/18/05 Grandson of Carl & Phyllis Hardin
 5/9/04 *Riley London Clark* 9/20/04 Son of Jordan and Sherrie Clark
 5/10/74 *Lori Em Kotzbauer* 8/1/99 Daughter of Bob and Connie Kotzbauer
 5/10/65 *Steven Roberts* 8/14/84 Son of Elizabeth Roberts
 5/10/68 *Kim Varney* 3/30/84 Daughter of Judy Varney
 5/12/82 *Mitch Baber* 1/9/00 Son of Steve and Kim Baber
 5/12/73 *Margaret Angela Hunt* 7/29/04 Daughter of Linda & James Litzinger
 5/14/66 *Jayne Ann Smith* 5/7/95 Daughter of Jeanette McGee
 5/14/71 *Michael Bransford Burns* 7/14/91 Son of Emily and Mike Burns
 5/14/80 *Robin Lee Webb* 2/22/97 Daughter of Ricky and Sharon Blakeman

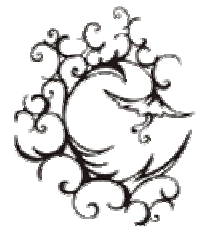
May Birth Dates, continued

5/15/99 *Olivia Faith Higgs* 12/27/01 Daughter of Wesley and Beverly Higgs
 5/15/99 *Parker Blair* 5/15/99 Son of Bill and Jennifer Blair
 5/15/99 *Samantha Blair* 5/15/99 Daughter of Bill and Jennifer Blair
 5/16/62 *Lisa Jean Johnson* 4/27/98 Daughter of Sam and Doris Strader
 5/18/94 *Christopher Frederick Lenz* 5/18/94 Son of Mark and Karen Lenz
 5/19/69 *Denise Brantigan Engdahl* 5/29/99 Daughter of Maureen & Richard Brantigan
 5/19/62 *Terry Hayes* 7/27/82 Son of Patricia Morgan
 5/19/95 *Dillon Andrew Scott Waldridge* 8/14/96 Son of Meredith Waldridge
 5/21/85 *Colby Giles* 5/12/06 Son of Debbie and Robert Giles
 5/23/03 *Michael Patrick Randall Morgeson* 7/30/05 Son of Stacy & Michael Morgeson
 5/23/72 *John Martin Robinson* 1/17/99 Son of Pat and Jim Robinson
 5/23/74 *Howard "Jay" Joseph Crim* 1/17/99 Son of Becky & Keith LaVey & Howard Crim
 5/23/78 *Stephen Booher* 3/7/95 Son of Mary McCormick
 5/24/67 *Tracey Lynn VanHoose* 9/14/84 Daughter of Karolyn and Sam Guy
 5/25/95 *Nathan Charles Stamper* 2/24/02 Son of Charlie and Missy Stamper
 5/27/82 *P. J. Phillip Duncan* 2/25/93 Son of Donna Breeze
 5/27/74 *Keich Allen Newby* 10/18/86 Son of Sharon Newby
 5/31/65 *Scarlett Lynn Miller* 7/17/85 Daughter of Ronald and Ruby Miller
 5/31/79 *Matthew "Beau" Salsman* 9/27/01 Son of Ray and Vicki Salsman
 5/31/87 *David Scott Fine* 6/15/07 Son of Aida and David Fine



May Remembrances

5/4/04 *William Elliott Sommer* (Born) 9/24/80, son of Time and Rita Sommer
 5/7/95 *Jayne Ann Smith* (Born) 5/14/66 Daughter of Jeanette McGee
 5/9/04 *Missy Fields* (Born) 2/25/82 Daughter of David and Janie Fields
 5/10/91 *John Harold Putman* (Born) 7/4/64 Son of John and Harriet Putman
 5/11/90 *Janene Carpenter* (Born) 8/9/72 Daughter of Linda Carpenter
 5/11/91 *Bill Mahan III* (Born) 7/22/69 Son of Bill and the late Susie Mahan
 5/11/97 *Jacob Scott Harrod* (Born) 1/22/97 Son of Mike and Cindy Harrod
 5/12/06 *Colby Giles* (Born) 5/21/85 Son of Debbie and Robert Giles
 5/14/95 *Brian Paul Staats* Son of Juanita and Paul Staats
 5/14/05 *Eugenia L. Morton* (Born) 2/15/69 Daughter of Eugene & Joyce Morton
 5/18/92 *Heidi Allen Hunt* (Born) 7/12/70 Daughter of Judy B. Horne
 5/19/99 *Robert Patrick Dehner* (Born) 9/15/79 Son of Tim and Connie Dehner
 5/20/03 *Tyler Benjamin Johnston* (Born) 1/2/86 Son of Joe and Andi Johnston
 5/22/82 *Mark Romond* (Born) 3/11/75 Son of Jan and Ed Romond
 5/23/97 *Kimberly Ann Holder* (Born) 11/1/78 Daughter of David and Sondra Holder
 5/26/92 *Erin Renee Glass* (Born) 6/14/79 Daughter of Martha and Wesley Glass
 5/28/94 *Garrett Witt* (Born) 9/16/84 Son of David and Linda Witt
 5/28/04 *Timothy Ray Elkin* (Born) 6/22/70 Son of Betty and the late Billy Elkin
 5/29/99 *Denise Brantigan Engdahl* (Born) 5/19/69 Daughter of Maureen & Richard Brantigan
 5/29/06 *Jonathan Brewer* (Born) 7/23/85 Son of Teresa and Don Bush



June Birth Dates

6/1/73 *Mark Davis* 7/9/91 Son of Harold and Jeannie Davis
 6/1/77 *DeAnna Marie Friend* 10/10/02 Daughter of Barbara Friend
 6/2/85 *Robby Matthew Oesch* 6/8/04 Son of Candy Oesch
 6/3/74 *Victor M. Martina* 3/30/99 Son of Don and Judy Martina
 6/4/95 *Chasity Marie Green Leach* 8/11/95 Daughter of Larry Leach
 6/6/40 *Julie Ann Kilpatrick* (1/2/08) Sister of Roy Stewart
 6/7/82 *Nicholas Alan Norris* 8/3/02 Son of Greg and Joanne Norris
 6/8/06 *Rylee Jorja McFarland* (Born & Died) 6/8/06 Daughter of Joy and Chris McFarland
 6/9/90 *Brenda Nicole Smith* 6/9/90 Daughter of Carla and Kenneth Smith
 6/10/69 *Tressa Parsons Adams* 2/4/00 Daughter of Linda and Bobby Parsons

June Birth Dates continued

6/11/93 *Donald Ray Bingham* 3/1/94 Daughter of Barbara Bingham
 6/12/80 *Cynthia "Cyndi" Ellen Crim* 8/15/06 Daughter of Becky & Keith LaVey and Howard Crim
 6/12/83 *Gary James Travis Burke* 10/30/02 Nephew of Addie Waugh
 6/13/86 *Thomas Allan Woodrum "Tommy"* 8/5/04 Son of Mimi & Thomas Woodrum
 6/14/68 *Becky Fister* 11/12/99 Daughter of David and Mariam Fister
 6/14/79 *Erin Renee Glass* 5/26/92 Daughter of Martha and Wesley Glass
 6/14/65 *Tim Sizemore* Son of T. C. Sizemore
 6/14/03 *Jonathan Walker Mayberry* 11/16/04 Son of Jonathan & Stephanie Mayberry
 6/16/61 *Steve Elliot* 6/30/88 Son of Nancy and Carroll Elliot
 6/20/68 *John Martin Laswell* (Died 12/2/04) Son of Frances Shaver
 6/21/90 *Juan Pirir Cux* 7/13/91 Son of Donna and Dave Uckotter
 6/22/70 *Timothy Ray Elkin* 5/28/04 Son of Betty and the late Billy Elkin
 6/24/70 *Thomas E. Masters II* 9/14/95 Son of Bess Masters
 6/25/49 *Sharon Davidson* 9/19/78 Daughter of Melvin and Sonia Davidson
 6/25/89 *Jacob Daniel Akin* 12/6/94 Son of Becky Akin
 6/26/68 *Julie Dawn Hall* 12/29/97 Daughter of Sharon and Don Hall
 6/28/80 *Darius Xavier Jerome Young* 3/17/99 Son of Deborah Young
 6/29/62 *Phillip Old* 7/13/93 Son of Priscilla Old



June Remembrances

6/4/98 *Missy Ann Tomblin* (Born) 11/6/71 Daughter of Gail Tomblin
 6/7/94 *Kimberly Sue Toye* (Born) 2/28/69 Daughter of Gail Toye
 6/7/00 *Colin Spencer* (Born) 4/15/00 Son of Stephanie Spencer
 6/7/96 *Carrie Elizabeth Griffin* (Born) 7/1/75 Daughter of David and Debbie Griffin
 6/8/04 *Robby Matthew Oesch* (Born) 6/2/85 Son of Candy Oesch
 6/8/06 *Rylee Jorja McFarland* (Born & Died) 6/8/06 Daughter of Joy and Chris McFarland
 6/9/78 *Jonathan Hepburn* (Born) 7/31/63 Son of Jo Hepburn
 6/9/99 *Jan Cecile Richardson* (Born) 10/6/53 Daughter of Jim and Jean Richardson
 6/14/01 *Dawn Chrystine Beckett* (Born) 2/16/76 Daughter of Mike and Lynn Lindsey
 6/15/07 *David Scott Fine* (Born) 5/31/87 Son of Aida and David Fine
 6/16/96 *Gary Ryan Delanhoussaye* (Born) 10/26/77 Son of Glynn and Catherine Delanhoussaye
 6/17/93 *Brandon Holbrook* (Born) 10/7/76 Son of Linda M. Holbrook
 6/18/99 *Richard (Rick) Allen* (Born) 7/15/68 Son of Richard and Linda Allen
 6/19/87 *Paul R. Criswell, Jr.* (Born) 11/10/61 Son of Georgia and Paul Criswell
 6/20/90 *Mark Grimes* (Born) 9/21/71 Son of Betty and Steve Grimes
 6/22/00 *Jacob Issac Gibson* (Born) 2/7/99 Son of Veronica and Darrell Gibson
 6/22/96 *Spencer David Turner* (Born) 8/18/87 Son of Kathy and Danny Turner
 6/27/96 *Edward Charles Cambell* (Born) 3/16/69 Son of Martha E. Stone
 6/28/01 *Davey Allison Dunavant* (Born) 3/31/92 Son of Anita and J. C. Harris



To Honor You

To honor you, I get up everyday
and take a breath.

And start another day without you
in it.

To honor you, I laugh and love with
those who knew your smile

And the way your eyes twinkled
with mischief and secret knowl-
edge.

To honor you, I take the time to
appreciate everyone I love,

I know now there is no guarantee
of days or hours spent in their
presence.

To honor you, I listen to music you
would have liked,

And sing at the top of my lungs,
with the windows rolled down.

To honor you, I take chances, say
what I feel, hold nothing back,

Risk making a fool of myself,
dance every dance.

You were my light, my heart, my
gift of love, from the very highest
source.

So everyday, I vow to make a dif-
ference, share a smile, live, laugh
and love.

Now I live for us both, so all I do, I
do to honor you.

Connie F. Kiefer Byrd In Loving
Memory of Jordan Alexander
Kiefer 8/24/88 – 12/13/05

What Jesse taught me: LOL by Rebecca Woloch, TCF Bluegrass

From a very young age Jesse was fascinated by technology and computers. That passion grew as he did developing from a young child's curiosity into a young man's obsession. What started in the realm of play with games like Oregon Trail and Treasure Math Storm blossomed into writing his own programs, helping others with theirs, coding, scripting and "geek" terms I don't always understand. Since his accident I've read more than one post online calling Jesse a "true child of the internet." He spoke net-speak as easily as he did understandable English thus I learned the entire gamut of tech talk from him: brb, omg, rofl, btw. But the term he taught me best is LOL.

Laughing out loud was certainly one of Jesse's fortes. His was a laughter of totality: his eyes would water, his nostrils flair, he would gasp for air and usually clutch his sides and then he'd literally roll off his chair onto the floor. It was generally a silent, full-body experience and what a pleasure it was to watch. When he discovered, at the ripe age of 8, that if he timed it right he could squirt liquids from his nose simply by drinking at the same time he got caught up in a hearty laugh, well, suffice it to say I learned quickly to detect the gleam in his eye when out in public suspecting he'd do it purposefully.

"Jesse, DON'T YOU DARE!"

How I wish I could speak those words again and he be sitting near and sadly swallow without incident.

This is what Jesse taught me:

- ^ If it's funny (and even if it's only YOU who thinks it's funny) you should laugh with reckless abandon
- ^ Laughter is only as good as the company you share it with and the number of times you do it
- ^ If you see someone who is unhappy, make them laugh - without regard to what you have to do to accomplish that or how silly you may seem to others in the process

I've read many words about grief and joy and how we bereaved may feel guilt in our laughter after our losses. My laughter now is certainly dulled and doesn't come as easily as it used to but I haven't experienced guilt over it because laughter was a part of our every day routine. I know that Jesse wouldn't want it any other way. He would expect me to continue to laugh out loud and I really do try. When his friends are near or his dad broadsides me with a quip, I remember. When I am online and a message appears with "LOL", I do.

When I laugh out loud I feel Jesse near even if I just simply want to cry. Jesse would prefer I did the former and I suspect so would all of our kids. Remember their laughter then laugh in the recollection. It's what I think they would really want. I'd bet on it.



I Won't "Should" on Myself by Jean Corley Lacy

SHOULD -- I will not SHOULD on myself today! I won't let others SHOULD on me today either!

Immediately after my daughter, Julie, died, I was bombarded on all sides with lots of SHOULD!

"You SHOULD keep a stiff upper lip and be strong for the rest of the family."

"You SHOULD not dwell on it."

"You SHOULD just accept it as God's will. He knows best. You SHOULD not cry about it."

"Julie left a 22 month-old daughter. You SHOULD live for Autumn."

"You have three other children. You SHOULD live for them."

"You SHOULD not keep her paintings and photographs out in plain sight as a constant reminder."

"Above all, you SHOULD keep busy. If you kept as busy as I do, you wouldn't have any trouble sleeping. You SHOULD work in the yard, work in the

garden, work in the house, but keep busy!"

"You SHOULD go back to work."

"It was fate. It was supposed to happen. You SHOULD just accept her death and try to forget about it."

"There are many deaths every day. You SHOULD think about all the people killed in wars, earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, airplane crashes and all kinds of natural disasters and accidents."

"You SHOULD think about Rose Kennedy, who has lost three sons. and Anne Lindberg, whose baby son was kidnapped and murdered. They survived."

"You SHOULD not say such things, you SHOULD not even think them."



REMEMBER: To have your child included on "Our Children" webpage, please contact our webmaster Keith at tcfbluegrass@yahoo.com. Corrections to Birth Dates or Remembrances should be sent to Rebecca at rwolochxxx@gmail.com.

A **very special Thank You** to those who contribute love gifts to the basket during monthly meetings. We greatly appreciate your support!

Jottings from Jo (from the TCF Bluegrass Newsletter of June, 1981)

Summer at last. The rainy, dreary days are rough ones. Sometimes the bright sunny ones are not too good either! Yet healing to some small degree is happening in most of us. It feels good to see it happen in those of us who once felt we would never smile again. We do. When we try to swim through the mud on the bottom the only way to go is up. It does seem so slow sometimes. Our meetings do help. I have always felt better when I share with those who know the same feelings I am trying to cope with. That means sharing laughter as well as tears. The BG Chapter has gotten many chuckles over things well-meaning folk have said to us, things we might have said ourselves before we knew what hurts most. And what could feel better when you cry than to have an arm around your shoulder, an arm of someone who knows how you

feel?

I was driving up Tates Creek Pike the night a car hit a motorcycle and two youths were injured. The roped off scene, the flashing blue lights, sirens and emergency vehicles, onlookers, uniformed officers taking notes and measuring distances --these things brought back another nightmare to me. this was the night Jonathan Andrews Hepburn should have been receiving a diploma from Henry Clay High School, but Jonathan Andrews Hepburn is on a stone in Lexington Cemetery instead of on a diploma. I am angry and frustrated, the pain is excruciating the nightmare will always be mine. But I remember a wonderful fifteen years. I cry because I miss him, I also smile because I knew him.

He was an exciting guy to know.

Helpful websites:

www.griefnet.org

www.goodgriefresources.com

www.thebereavementjourney.com

www.nationalshareoffice.com

www.survivorsofsuicide.com

www.thecompassionatefriends.org

www.griefwatch.com

www.journeyofhearts.org

www.lexinfertility.com

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

www.healingheart.net

www.missfoundation.org

www.growthhouse.org

www.childrenofdome.com

www.spacebetweenbreaths.com

Please let us know if you've found a helpful website that you'd like to share with us.

April's Book Review by Mary Treadway TCF Bluegrass

When my son Robbie died "a sudden death," I was in shock. On Robbie's first year anniversary I went to a Hospice workshop and was given the wonderful book "**I Wasn't Ready To Say Goodbye**" by Brook Noel and Pamela D. Blair PH.D. I instantly knew many of my thoughts, anxiety and experiences in the past year were also that of others. While friends and family could not relate to my despair and depression this book brought comfort to me. Unable to concentrate at times I started by reading the first two chapters which were written by the authors regarding their personal loss and grief. Often I picked the subject from the table of contents that met my need for the moment, hour or day. Somewhere in this book you will probably find scenarios simi-

lar to your own. In reading the book it focuses on "sudden death" and advises to, "treat yourself as though you were in intensive care." Exhaustion, withdrawal, the "if onlys", how comforting to see it in writing that you are not alone in this journey - others have experienced it and survived. We are taught there are stages of grief and there are no time tables. How we relate to others, if you have other children, differences in grief for men and women is openly addressed. Subjects in the table of contents include suicide, anniversaries, impulsive living and the all too often ambush of grief. Exercises for grief are also included and list some excellent resources and support suggestions. Some of us will never forget the phone call, ICU, hospitals and if you

don't remember all of it we were only physically there because it never seems real. Beautiful poems and remarks from well known people from every walk of life pop up in the well-written pages. If family members and friends are puzzled by your behavior let them read the book as well it gives great insight. I still refer to this book at times because this journey is long and tiresome and my days are never the same. No one is ever ready to say goodbye.

Mary's son Robbie Joseph died at the age of 34 on 12/14/05 from injuries sustained in a single vehicle car crash due to driving under the influence. Mary has worked tirelessly to pass ordinances requiring bartenders to attend classes to train in the prevention of over-serving inebriated or impaired patrons.

GRADUATION DAY by Ann Ianni Bereavement Magazine, May 1990

Graduation Day: A day cherished by the graduate and his or her parents; one of the long awaited "rites of passage" to the new status called adulthood."

Laughter is heard among the students; tears of joy and nostalgia from the parents. The teachers heave sighs of relief and feel a tinge of sadness for the days of laughter and childhood attachments that must be left behind.

Awards are given.

Gifts are received.

Parties are planned.

Future plans are discussed.

New goals are dreamed.

There are new hurdles to climb. Disappointments are intermingled with successes.

All of these things are part of life for those fortunate enough to have survived the dangers and pitfalls of the complicated society in which we live.

There was no prom night at our house. There were no award ceremonies to attend. There were no graduation gifts to buy. There was no college to choose. There was no future to plan ...

Jimmy doesn't live here anymore. His home now is a neatly trimmed patch of grass with bright-colored flowers; a tombstone inscribed with love, a small space carefully tended and watched over lovingly by someone who finds it most difficult to cope, to

accept, to go on or to find joy or peace in anything.

Tears are a way of life now and spare time is filled with emptiness. There is sorrow now for a cheerful young boy who will soon be forgotten by all but a few.

Broken dreams.

Unanswered

prayers.

Disbelief.

Loss of Faith.

And maybe years of endurance of a situation so unacceptable, so intolerable that, from the inner depths, a scream is stifled.

With one word my entire being cries out, "WHY?"



Pick More Daisies

"Pick more daisies" was the most popular expression in our family. I picked it up from a magazine article about a 94 year-old lady in Kentucky who, when asked what she would do differently if she had her life to live over, responded "I would take more chances; I would eat more cream and less beans, I would have more real troubles but few imaginary ones; I would climb more mountains; I would swim in more rivers; and I would pick more daisies."

Our son, Mark, seized the daisy expression as the theme both for his life and his entrance exam essay at UCLA. His essay helped him get an academic scholarship. Daisies became our family flower. They marked our attitude about living. And they marked our son's memorial service.

It has taken me almost two years to return to really thinking about daisies and what that quote really means. During that time I made a pretty big mess of things. I did the best I could, but I was often going through the motions outside but empty inside. To me what this quote means is we really do have to pull ourselves together again and go on. Our pastor at our church noted "going through the steps of grief is like walking through the valley and shadow of death. Keep walking, but don't camp there." Our children would not want us to "camp there", but to go pick more daisies...to somehow live an even more meaningful life in their name.

As I go on I am truly a different person. I don't suffer fools or superficiality very well anymore. As one of my best friends said..."I get tired of beige people." Yet I will drop everything to help another bereaved parent. I certainly have more "real troubles and fewer imaginary ones." But it's OK. I like myself better that way.

And I am returning to embrace life each day again. But this time I am following my heart instead of my "expected career." I am taking more chances, climbing more unfamiliar mountains and picking more daisies in huge handfuls. Mark would want it so.

by Rich Edler TCF- South Bay Los Angeles, CA



A Fathers Day Like No Other

by Mark Kingery, TCF, Salt Lake City, Utah

In June, 2000 it was my third Fathers day without my son Christopher. He died in an industrial accident on September 28, 1997. This was such a lonely day for me as my only surviving child had been out of the country for over a year. I had no one to celebrate being a father with. It started as a very dark and dismal day indeed.

After trying to avoid the trip to the cemetery for most of the day, there was nothing left to keep me away. So my wife Robyn and I went to the cemetery to visit Chris' grave. While deep in emotion and feeling like I had nothing to look forward to, we were sitting by Chris' headstone remembering how much fun he was and how terribly sad it was not to have him to hold and tell him that I loved him. I was wishing so badly that he could be here to spend the day with me.

I had put my head down to let the tears run off my face. I felt a small breeze come up; it was an unusual breeze in that it came from the northeast, which in June is not a common occurrence. I looked up and noticed this balloon with a lead weight dragging behind it, dancing ever so slowly towards me. We watched it dance across the grass and then the

balloon bounced directly into my chest. The balloon had a message that I know was from my son Chris. It said "Worlds Greatest Dad". I was so surprised and happy to have received this "Father's Day Gift". I thanked him for the wonderful gift and for cheering me up. There was no one else around or near us; we were not sure where the balloon had come from. I did not notice it at the time but a woman and her 2-year old son had come to visit her father's grave, which was about 150 yards away from Chris. Robyn and I sat around for another fifteen minutes or so and then decided to leave.

When we left to go to our car Robyn noticed that the lady visiting her Father was frantic and screaming that her son had locked himself in the car. We went over to see if we could help. The son had locked the doors to the vehicle, the windows were rolled all the way up and the mom had left the keys inside. The outside temperature was very warm and the little boy was starting to

sweat. The police had been called to come and open the door but they were not sure that they could get there very soon. I was just about to break out the back window when Robyn said let's try to get him

to open the door. She took the balloon and tried to coax the little boy to open the door. She told him through the glass that she would give him the balloon if he would just push the button. She kept pointing to the button that would release the door lock. Suddenly the lock popped open, we didn't notice it at the second the lock popped up, but later we realized that the boy's hand was no-where near the lock when it opened. We got the boy out and Robyn gave the little boy my Fathers day gift from Chris. The boy's mother looked at the balloon and asked where we had gotten that balloon because she had left a balloon just like it on her dads grave the day before. We looked for his balloon and it was gone. It turned out to be the same balloon that had bounced across the grass and bumped into my chest earlier. The balloon was now in the hands of his grandson.

The events of that day have been with me ever since. First of all, I know that my son sent that balloon to me to help me through my sad and lonely Father's Day, and that he also helped to save that boys life.



If I should ever leave you whom I love
To go along the Silent Way, grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk
Of me as if I were beside you there.
(I'd come-- I'd come, could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief be barriers?)
And when you hear a song or see a bird
I loved, please do not let the thought of me
Be sad... for I am loving you just as

I always have... You were so good to me!
There are so many things I wanted still
To do-- so many things to say to you...
Remember that I did not fear... It was
Just leaving you that was so hard to face...
We cannot see beyond... But this I know:
I loved you so-- 'twas heaven here with you!

~ Isla Paschal Richardson

MRS BUTTERWORTH

By Marcia Carter TCF Marietta, Georgia

Every supermarket decision has a family memory connected to it. You'd never expect a package of spaghetti or can of creamed corn to leave you crying in the aisle at the store. (Excerpt from "When There are No Words" by Charlie Walton)

Every parent who has lost a child knows these words to be true. Whether it is baby food or a toddler's newly discovered favorite, junk food for teenagers or an adult child's old time favorite, the grocery store can be a tough trip.

I lost my son, Stephen, when he was eighteen, so it was the junk food—potato chips, Funyuns, french bread for pizzas, Ragu sauce, pepperoni, Cheetos, cheese-bread, cereal of all kinds, Chex Mix and so on that haunted me and made me not want to grocery shop. But it was the golden face of Mrs. Butterworth that brought me to my knees.

As I stared in horror at her face, I remember sticky little handprints on the wall when the highchair had been just a little too close. I remember a chubby little toddler sitting next to me at the table, talking seriously, his blue eyes wide "I sink I saw her wink at me" he said of Mrs. Butterworth, sounding a little like Tweety Bird. "Really?" I asked. Mrs. Butterworth always winked on the commercial—she seemed quite lifelike.

I took Mrs. Butterworth and made her walk toward his plate. She tripped when she was jut the right distance from his plate, and syrup spilled from her head right onto his pancakes. He looked at me, and I

saw it coming in his eyes—laughter. There is something so precious about a toddler's laughter. It seems to start deep within and rolls from their chest until they lose their breath. He crackled, he gasped, his body shook with laughter as Mrs. Butterworth regained her footing and said "Oh, my - silly me!" He laughed even more.

There after Mrs. Butterworth made a ritual of tripping and spilling syrup onto his pancakes. Sometimes she let out a shriek as she fell; other times she would say something about how clumsy she was or how she tripped over her apron. Whatever she did, he rolled.

When Stephen was 15, the two of us often shared a quick breakfast before rushing out the door. He usually ate pancakes he cooked for himself now and I joined him for a granola bar and a Diet Coke. I was lost in thought one morning, a particularly stressful day ahead for me, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mrs. Butterworth come walking toward me. She was helped by a hand as big as mine with slender fingers wrapped around her base.

"So - how you been?" she asked in a voice that tried to sound feminine but came out a little like a drag queen. She tripped suddenly and screamed in apparent horror. "Oh crap!" she said as she stood back up. It may be the only time that Mrs. Butterworth has ever said crap - I am not sure. I laughed until I was sick and left for work with a smile in my heart.

But now, I did not laugh when I saw her face. I cried. Other shoppers probably thought I was insane.

I walked away. I couldn't look at her. Cheetos and Funyuns and potato chips had already stabbed at me over on aisle four. Captain Crunch had almost tripped me, the Tombstone Pizzas had made me as cold as they were in the freezer just to look at them, but the golden - faced lady broke my heart.

For the next four years, I had a peculiar interest in shortening and oil - you see, they were across the aisle from Mrs. Butterworth, and I had to keep my back to her. She was an old friend but I couldn't face her. Just last week, I felt Mrs. Butterworth's stare on my back as I once again stared at the Wesson and Crisco. I dared turn and peek at her. She boasted of lowering the calories - so, she, too understood being mid - forties huh? I dared turn a little more to fully face the little lady who had meant so much to Stephen and me. The tears came, but a smile came with them. The memories that the golden face evoked were gentle, worth remembering forever. Older grief is, indeed kinder.

I put her in my shopping cart and took her home with me. She stands on the top shelf in the kitchen, guarding my granola bars and my memories.... Handprints on a wall, a toddler's laughter, a teenager making his stressed mom laugh.

And Stephen - you know, buddy, I sink I saw her wink at me.

Marcia Carter TCF
Marietta, Georgia As
published in "We Need
Not Walk Alone" TCF
Magazine.



Our monthly "Book Review" column is open to any member who'd like to contribute. If you would like to submit a review on a book you found helpful or informative for publication in our newsletter, please email Rebecca at rwolochxxx@gmail.com or call 254-3148.

"To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die." ~ Thomas Campbell

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CREDO

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each with love, with understanding and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for our children unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds and relationships. We are young and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that we feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us found our faith to be a source of strength; Some of us are struggling to find the answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in a deep depression; while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of the Compassionate Friends, it is the pain that we will share, just as we share with each other our love for our children who have died. We are seeking and struggling to build that future for ourselves, but we are committed to building that future together. We reach out to each other in love and share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts and help each other grieve as well as grow.

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