



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Bluegrass Chapter Newsletter

"We need not walk alone."

www.tcfbluegrass.org

P.O. Box 647, Nicholasville, Kentucky 40340

May 2011

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Bluegrass Chapter

The Compassionate Friends

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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

Mary Camp

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Suzie McDonald

(859) 576-7680

Janie Fields

(859) 881-1991

A Mother's Day Wish From Heaven

By Jody Seilheimer

Dear Mr. Hallmark,

I am writing to you from heaven, and though it must appear
A rather strange idea, I see everything from here.
I just popped in to visit, your stores to find a card
A card of love for my mother, as this day for her is hard.

There must be some mistake I thought, every card you could imagine
Except I could not find a card, from a child who lives in heaven.
She is still a mother too, no matter where I reside
I had to leave, she understands, but oh the tears she's cried.

I thought that if I wrote you, that you would come to know
That though I live in heaven now, I still love my mother so.
She talks with me, and dreams with me; we still share laughter too,
Memories our way of speaking now, would you see what you could do?

My mother carries me in her heart, her tears she hides from sight.
She writes poems to honor me, sometimes far into the night
She plants flowers in my garden, there my living memory dwells
She writes to other grieving parents, trying to ease their pain as well.

So you see Mr. Hallmark, though I no longer live on earth
I must find a way, to remind her of her wondrous worth
She needs to be honored, and remembered too
Just as the children of earth will do.

Thank you Mr. Hallmark, I know you'll do your best
I have done all I can do; to you I'll leave the rest.
Find a way to tell her, how much she means to me
Until I can do it for myself, when she joins me in eternity.



The Compassionate Friends National Office

P.O. Box 3696

Oak Brook, IL 60522

(877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org

*Our Children
Forever Loved and Remembered*

May Birthdates

5/1 **Emily Ann Preston** Granddaughter of Bud and Gwen Preston
5/6 **Mitchell Allen Jaquish** Son of Ellie and Thomas Jaquish
5/7 **Mark Robert Bartella** Son of John and Brenda Peterson
5/8 **Michael Patrick Randall Morgeson** Grandson of Carl & Phyllis Hardin
5/9 **Riley London Clark** Son of Jordan and Sherrie Clark
5/10 **Lori Em Kotzbauer** Daughter of Bob and Connie Kotzbauer
5/10 **Steven Roberts** Son of Elizabeth Roberts
5/10 **Kim Varney** Daughter of Judy Varney
5/12 **Mitch Baber** Son of Steve and Kim Baber
5/12 **Margaret Angela Hunt** Daughter of Linda & James Litzinger
5/14 **Jayne Ann Smith** Daughter of Jeanette McGee
5/14 **Michael Bransford Burns** Son of Emily and Mike Burns
5/14 **Robin Lee Webb** Daughter of Ricky and Sharon Blakeman
5/15 **Olivia Faith Higgs** Daughter of Wesley and Beverly Higgs
5/15 **Parker Blair** Son of Bill and Jennifer Blair
5/15 **Samantha Blair** Daughter of Bill and Jennifer Blair
5/15 **Robert Riley** Son of Robert & Linda Riley
5/16 **Lisa Jean Johnson** Daughter of Sam and Doris Strader
5/18 **Christopher Frederick Lenz** Son of Mark and Karen Lenz
5/19 **Denise Brantigan Engdahl** Daughter of Maureen & Richard Brantigan
5/19 **Terry Hayes** Son of Patricia Morgan
5/19 **Dillon Andrew Scott Waldrige** Son of Meredith Waldrige
5/21 **Colby Giles** Son of Debbie and Robert Giles
5/23 **Michael Patrick Randall Morgeson** Son of Stacy & Michael Morgeson
5/23 **John Martin Robinson** Son of Pat and Jim Robinson
5/23 **Howard "Jay" Joseph Crim** Son of Becky & Keith LaVey & Howard Crim
5/23 **Stephen Booher** Son of Mary McCormick
5/24 **Tracey Lynn VanHoose** Daughter of Carolyn and Sam Guy
5/25 **Nathan Charles Stamper** Son of Charlie and Missy Stamper
5/27 **P. J. Phillip Duncan** Son of Donna Breeze
5/27 **Keich Allen Newby** Son of Sharon Newby
5/27 **Adam Harold Cave** Son of Mark Cave and Krystal Landers
5/31 **Scarlett Lynn Miller** Daughter of Ronald and Ruby Miller
5/31 **Matthew "Beau" Salsman** Son of Ray and Vicki Salsman
5/31 **David Scott Fine** Son of Aida and David Fine

If you do not hope, you will not find what is beyond your hopes.
~ St. Clement of Alexandra

Our Children
Forever Loved and Remembered

May Remembrance Dates

5/1 **Jason Davis** Son of Curt Davis
5/1 **Bridget Elizabeth Kolles** Daughter of Greg and Mary Kolles
5/1 **Christina Leigh Kolles** Daughter of Greg and Mary Kolles
5/4 **William Elliott Sommer** Son of Tim and Rita Sommer
5/4 **Stan Caudill** Son of Tom and Patricia Tschop
5/6 **Hannah Meagan Landers** Son of Michelle and Richard Landers
5/7 **Jayne Ann Smith** Daughter of Jeanette McGee
5/9 **Missy Fields** Daughter of David and Janie Fields
5/10 **John Harold Putman** Son of John and Harriet Putman
5/11 **Janene Carpenter** Daughter of Linda Carpenter
5/11 **Bill Mahan III** Son of Bill and the late Susie Mahan
5/11 **Jacob Scott Harrod** Son of Mike and Cindy Harrod
5/12 **Colby Giles** Son of Debbie and Robert Giles
5/14 **Brian Paul Staats** Son of Juanita and Paul Staats
5/14 **Eugenia L. Morton** Daughter of Eugene & Joyce Morton
5/18 **Heidi Allen Hunt** Daughter of Judy B. Horne
5/19 **Robert Patrick Dehner** Son of Tim and Connie Dehner
5/20 **Tyler Benjamin Johnston** Son of Joe and Andi Johnston
5/20 **Jim Taylor, II** Son of Dinah and Jim Taylor
5/22 **Mark Romond** Son of Jan and Ed Romond
5/23 **Kimberly Ann Holder** Daughter of David and Sondra Holder
5/26 **Erin Renee Glass** Daughter of Martha and Wesley Glass
5/28 **Garrett Witt** Son of David and Linda Witt
5/28 **Timothy Ray Elkin** Son of Betty and the late Billy Elkin
5/29 **Denise Brantigan Engdahl** Daughter of Maureen & Richard Brantigan
5/29 **Jonathan Brewer** Son of Teresa and Don Bush

A Safe Place

"The Compassionate Friends is about transforming the pain of grief into the elixir of hope. It takes people out of the isolation society imposes on the bereaved and lets them express their grief naturally. With the shedding of tears, healing comes. And the newly bereaved get to see people who have survived and are learning to live and love again."

—Simon Stephens, founder of The Compassionate Friends

Real Meaning of Mothers Day

By Kara L.C. Jones

"... let women now leave all that may be left of home for a great and earnest day of counsel. Let them meet first, as women, to bewail and commemorate the dead..."
~Julia Ward Howe, Boston, 1870

Mothers Day certainly stinks if your child is dead. In fact all holidays usually stink, but especially Mothers and Fathers Days which seem to be just made-up, hallmark-driven, commercial entities -- those especially stink. I never had the energy to delve further than hallmark to learn about Mothers Day, never knew where it came from, nor why it is still celebrated with no sense of the tradition being mentioned.

Well, this year, to my surprise, I got a history lesson. A group of women on our small island decided that they didn't want to celebrate and contribute to the capitalistic hallmark economy this year. They wanted to protest against violence. They wanted to express their maternal feelings for ALL children of any race, nationality, religion, gender, alive or dead. And they wanted to honor the power of that expression. So here in our little piece (peace) of earth, there was a parade, a small festival-atmosphere gathering at Ober Park lawn and playground. And they were spreading the ORIGINAL MEANING OF MOTHERS DAY AS JULIA WARD HOWE WROTE ABOUT IT AND ORIGINALLY VISIONED IT!!!!!!

What???? When they told me about this endeavor, I was so intrigued that Mothers Day had a real and meaningful history. I still was not able to bring myself to march with them and celebrate with all their beautiful, living children playing while I was smarting at the heart, grieving my dead son and my motherhood lost. BUT I had a much greater appreciation for Mothers Day, for history, for taking a stand against violence and war to save the world's children. And here's why:

In 1870, Julia Ward Howe wrote and published a protest against the carnage and violence of the Civil War -- this was a protest led by WOMEN WHO HAD LOST THEIR SONS!!!!!! It was bereaved mothers who started this!!!! Hallmark is WAY OFF the mark with the way this holiday is commercialized and propagated now, BUT in the beginning, this was a day of protest, an expression of horrified grief from bereaved mothers who were parted from their sons!! Wow. Okay. That's a different spin.

Continued on Page 5...

Help Yourself This Mother's Day

By Mary S. Cleckley, "I Walked A Mile With Sorrow"

I remember vividly the first Mother's Day after my son died. Had there been a vote that year, I would have cast mine for the abolition of Mother's Day. I didn't want such a day to exist, and I didn't want anybody to remind me that it did, indeed, exist.

My response to those who were left who loved me was to pull away and isolate myself. I made a mistake!

Between the first and second Mother's Day, I made a number of discoveries. Probably the most important one was that my surviving daughter needed to be allowed to show her love for me.

She has that right. She was and is as important as my son who died. I also learned that my salvation lay in the hands of those people who cared for me, and when I learned to let them help me, I helped myself.

...Continued from Page 4

So what did Julia have to say back in 1870? You read and see for yourself:

Arise, then, women of this day! Arise all women who have hearts, whether our baptism be that of water or of fears!

Say firmly: "We will not have great questions decided by irrelevant agencies. Our husbands shall not come to us, reeking with carnage, for caresses and applause. Our sons shall not be taken from us to unlearn all that we have been able to teach them of charity, mercy and patience.

We women of one country will be too tender of those of another country to allow our sons to be trained to injure theirs. From the bosom of the devastated earth a voice goes up with our own. It says "Disarm, Disarm! The sword of murder is not the balance of justice."

Blood does not wipe our dishonor nor violence indicate possession. As men have often forsaken the plow and the anvil at the summons of war, let women now leave all that may be left of home for a great and earnest day of counsel. Let them meet first, as women, to bewail and commemorate the dead.

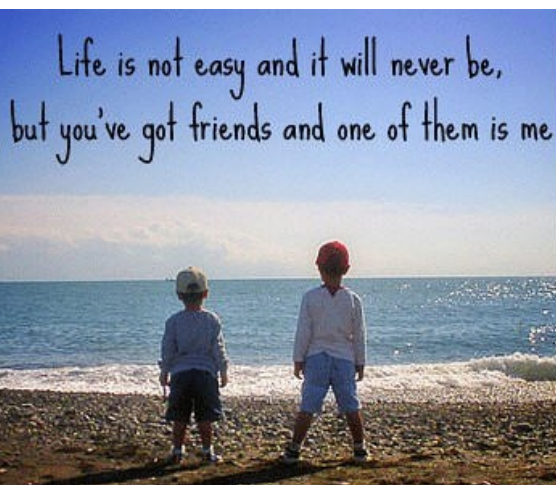
Let them then solemnly take counsel with each other as to the means whereby the great human family can live in peace, each bearing after their own time the sacred impress, not of Caesar, but of God.

In the name of womanhood and of humanity, I earnestly ask that a general congress of women without limit of nationality may be appointed and held at some place deemed most convenient and at the earliest period consistent with its objects, to promote the alliance of the different nationalities, the amicable settlement of international questions, the great and general interests of peace.

Julia Ward Howe
Boston, 1870.

HELLO!!!!???????? Mothers Day came as an answer to Julia's proclamation. It started as a ceremony of bereavement and then as a movement for peace and action to stop the senseless deaths of children everywhere. Our society can commercialize all they want. Because in my heart of hearts I know the real meaning of this day came from pain, loss, and grief -- the same things I feel on any given Mothers Day. And from now on, when people urge me to celebrate the day, I will tell them this:

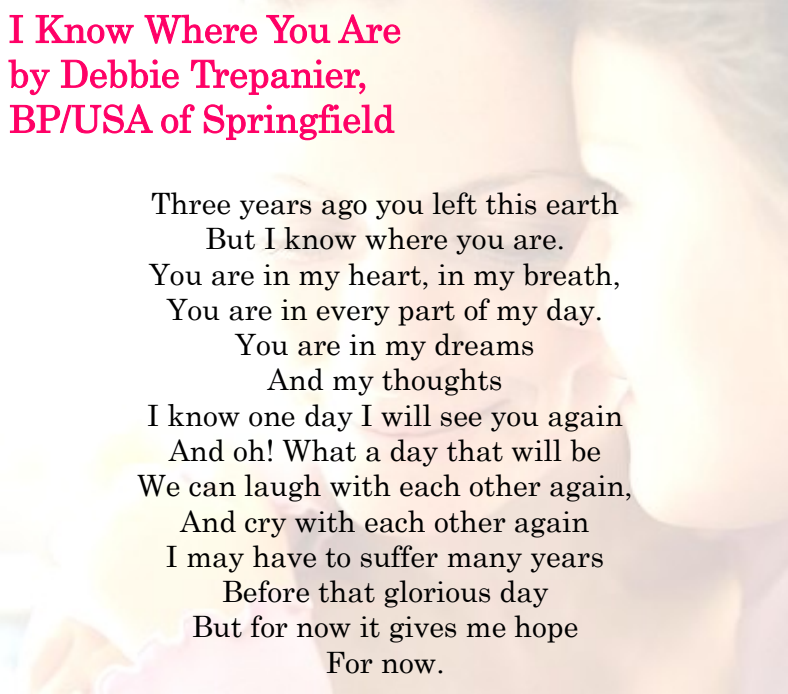
I'll celebrate with you as long as you will first mourn with me. It is the combination of the two that lends itself to the true meaning of Mothers Day!



Janie and I would like to invite any of our bereaved parents seasoned and new to do a newsletter page in memory of their son and daughter. If you interested, please contact Lisa at garandsmom@yahoo.com. We would love to hear your stories.

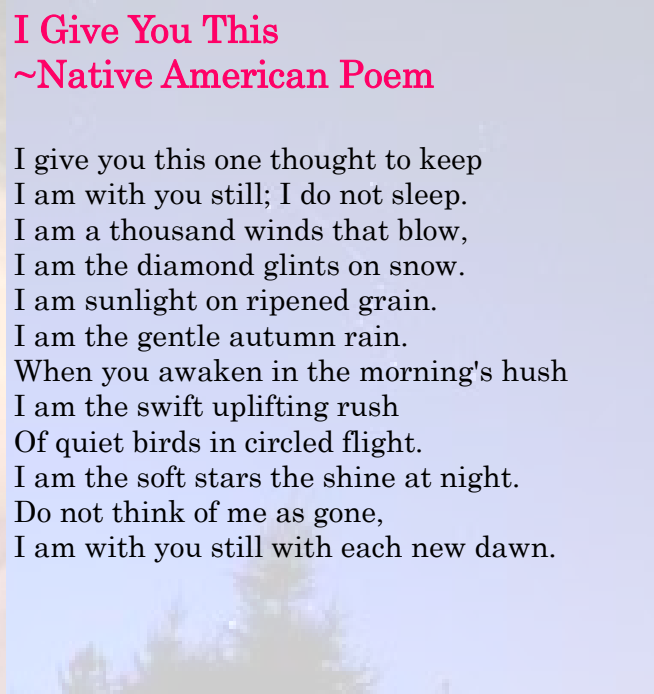
**Love to you all:
Suzie & Janie**

I Know Where You Are by Debbie Trepanier, BP/USA of Springfield



Three years ago you left this earth
But I know where you are.
You are in my heart, in my breath,
You are in every part of my day.
You are in my dreams
And my thoughts
I know one day I will see you again
And oh! What a day that will be
We can laugh with each other again,
And cry with each other again
I may have to suffer many years
Before that glorious day
But for now it gives me hope
For now.

I Give You This ~Native American Poem



I give you this one thought to keep
I am with you still; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars the shine at night.
Do not think of me as gone,
I am with you still with each new dawn.

Embrace the Season

So, this Mother's Day I will acknowledge my beautiful son or daughter, the wonderful life that they lived, the joy I received in raising he or she and the wisdom I acquired through the gift of my child. We learn unconditional love when we become mothers. We learn foresight, gentleness, joys in the simple elements of life. I will remember past Mother's Days and think of the wonder that is my child. I will remember them with much love. More than a few tears and a special sense of thankfulness that their life graced mine for over the years they were here with us.

I will honor the fact that I am a mother. Although my child does not share this earthly plane with me, he or she is forever my child and I am forever their mother. This is a bond that time, space and death do not alter. Quietly, with serenity and peace in my heart, I will mark this Mother's Day doing what I want to do. I will know what that will be when I get there. Live in the moment... that's another element of life that I learned from my son or daughter.

We are each unique on our grief journey, and we will each mark this Mother's Day in a different way. Whatever your choice might be, make it your day., your day to celebrate the eternal bond between mother and child. There is nothing more beautiful.

Volunteer Opportunities

If you would like to give of your time to our chapter, we always welcome volunteers. This is your chance to give back and to help out with the efforts of our chapter. Volunteer opportunities range from helping to set up a meeting, facilitating meetings, and just helping in any way that you can. This is a great way to give back in memory of your child after you have found hope, encouragement and strength from TCF. Making the change from needing and finding help to giving help and support to new parents is another healing milestone.

When you come to a meeting of The Compassionate Friends, we ask that you attend at least three meetings before you decide if the group is for you. For many... the first meeting may also be the first time they've been able to talk about what has happened to them, their family and to their child. This can bring a lot of emotion to the forefront. Emotion which seems to disappear over the months as you talk about your loss. Don't worry, we'll bring the tissues. Tears are a natural release for a grieving person and is a way to release stress due to grief.

If you're shy or unable to talk about your loss, you do not have to speak, although you will have the opportunity. Some people believe it's harder to talk in front of strangers about something as intimate as the loss of a child, but because everyone else at the meeting has had a similar experience, they understand much of what you are feeling and you will eventually reach a comfort level with those you meet. A point to always keep in mind is that what is said in the meeting stays in the meeting. The privacy of our members is important. We're all there to work toward healing. It may be hard for you to believe, but occasionally you will hear laughter. This is not a dishonor to any child. Rather it is often a reaction to a wonderful memory of a child.

Meeting Information

Lexington

Third Monday of Every Month
6:30 p.m.—8:30 p.m.
Hospice of the Bluegrass
2321 Alexandria Drive
Lexington, Kentucky



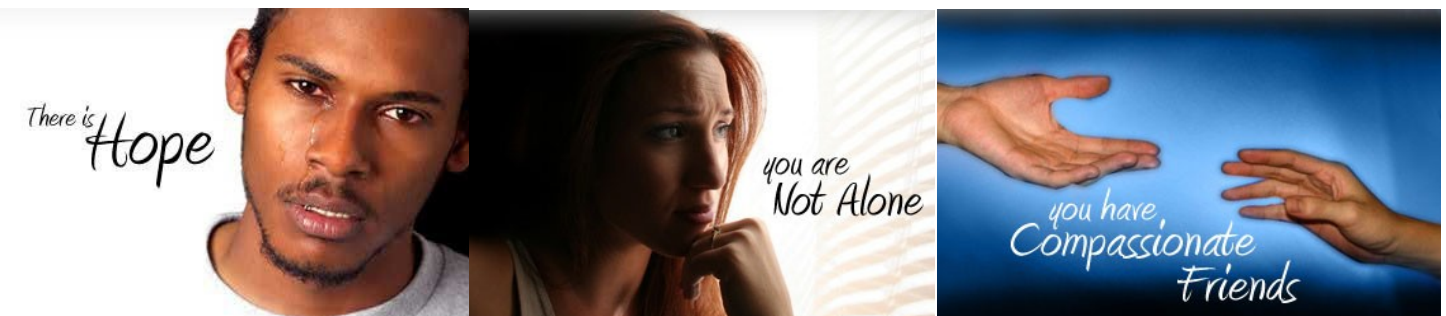
Winchester

First Tuesday of Every Month
7:00 p.m.—9:00 p.m.
Hospice East
417 Shoppers Drive
Winchester, Kentucky

Meeting Format

Doors open one-half hour before meeting times to provide the opportunity to visit with old friends and acknowledge new ones. Please plan to arrive early so the meeting can begin on time.

The death of a child of any age, from any cause, is a shattering experience for a family. When a child dies, a family needs emotional support for the long grief journey that lays ahead. Since 1980, the Bluegrass Chapter of The Compassionate Friends has been actively helping families toward the positive resolution of their grief following the death of a child.



Our Mission & Purpose is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age by any cause and to provide information to help others be supportive.

A Surprise On Mother's Day Veronica Douglas Granite City, IL

I have always loved butterflies, but ever since we lost our beautiful and only daughter Emily Anne, these lovely winged creatures have taken on a different meaning for me. (I know many of you share this very same thought.) I don't know if it is because I am more aware of my surroundings now, but many more of these fascinating beauties "fly in and out of my life"!

Our precious daughter, Emily, and her sweet boyfriend Dan were taken from us forever on October 6, 2002, in a car accident. Ever since then, I have had delightful monarch butterflies fall sizes follow me everywhere! I have seen them landing on my coneflowers in the garden, fly around the front porch (they were not out there at first) and even land right on the top of the lamppost.

Two years ago, my husband and I went to Key West and had a rental home with a swimming pool. After we had been swimming for a short time, a dazzling monarch butterfly started circling the pool. The best butterfly story happened on Mother's Day, 2005.

Our family was having a double celebration (my nephew's birthday is around Mother's Day) at my brother's home. Our family is "picture-taking crazy". (I am so thankful for that!) So when it was the Douglas family's turn to get their picture (my husband Dave, our son Josh, my nephew Chip and me) guess what landed right on my shoulder"

You guessed it...a small monarch butterfly! And it stayed there until after the picture had been taken! I know Emily is with us all the time because she is a part of the universe now. I also know how much her family meant to her and how much she loved each one of us in her own special way...Thank you, darling daughter for my Mother's Day gift!!!

May Thoughts by: Norma Herzog, Cincinnati, OH

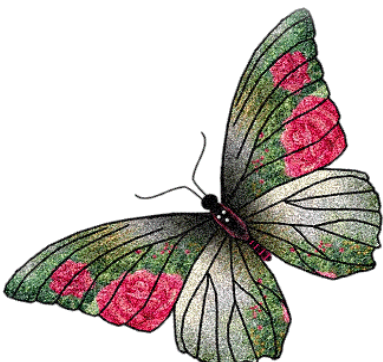
Spring flowers on your grave express the time of year. It used to be a busy time,
of happy days and cheer.

I still have all the Mother's Day cards of paper, ink and glue, Verses written on a slant that say,
"Mom, I love you."

I'll make no special cake this May, nor see the graduation of your class. The parades, pomp and parties
are all part of the past. And though these weeks bring sadness, when I remember I must smile.

May was really very special and I'm glad we had it for a while.

Grief Tips: Patience



Your grief will not heed anyone's timetable - even your own. Be patient with yourself. Be patient with those around you. You are doing the best you can, as are they.

Practicing patience means relinquishing control. Just as you cannot truly control your life, you cannot control your grief. Yes, you can set your intention to embrace your grief and take steps to mourn well, and these practices will certainly serve you well on your journey, but you cannot control the particulars of what life will continue to lay before you.

The Hidden Joy

by: Joan Azre, Cleveland, OH

That first Mother's day after Raymond died was a dark day. I had not only lost my son, but in losing him, I felt I was no longer a mother. The telephone didn't ring; I felt very much alone. I let the tears fall and fell asleep on Raymond's bed. While I was sleeping, a neighbor came by with a small pot of miniature white mums with a note attached: "Now everyone in Heaven knows what a great Mom you are."

That simple message lifted me, and I was able to smile. Now I don't think I'm a great Mom, but a pretty good Mom I am – and I'll always be Raymond's Mom, no matter what! Nothing can take that away. Rather simplistic you say? Yes, but sometimes we need to think in simple terms to experience the joy hidden within the sorrow.

Bent But Not Broken

By: Donna Frechek, Enid, OK

To a mother who has lost her only child, or has no surviving children, the thought of Mother's Day sends a stabbing pain that only those of us who are in this situation can understand. We begin to notice Mother's Day cards slipping in right after Valentine's Day along with the Easter cards. Even before Easter the TV advertising starts. We try to blot this all out, but our subconscious keeps reminding us the day is coming closer.

For the first two years after my daughter Shawna's death we celebrated Mother's Day for my mom and my sister very quietly. The third year, we decided to go to a local restaurant. We arrived early to avoid the crowd. The hostess greeted and seated us. She asked the question, "How many Mothers?" It was then we noticed the flowers she was carrying. Someone managed to stammer out "Three. Three Mothers." She handed us each a flower. She didn't notice the one she gave me was pretty battered. My sister wanted to give me hers or get another. "No," I said, "it's ok." The stem was bent, but not broken completely. A wilted, tired flower was hanging from the stem.

I brought it home and propped it up in a glass of water to revive it. You see, I could identify with that flower. As a mother without my child, I have felt so bruised and battered. Somehow, through all the pain, tears and loneliness, like this flower, I have been bent, but never quite broken.

Memorial Day

Sascha from Winter Sun

For each grave where a soldier lies
at his rest
For each prayer that is said today
out of love
For each sigh of remembering
someone who died
Let us also give thought to
the mothers and fathers
the brothers and sisters
the friends and the lovers
whom death left behind.



When Mother's Day Feels Empty

Written by Clara Hinton

There are no words to completely describe what a mother feels when her child has died. She feels lost, abandoned, afraid, lonely, forgotten, and most of all empty. The emptiness is like none other because it is an emptiness of the heart. When a child dies, part of a mother's heart also dies.

Mother's Day is a traditional holiday that has grown bigger and bigger throughout the years. We are bombarded with advertisements to take out mothers for a special dinner or buy Mother's Day flowers. For more than a month before Mother's Day, reminders are placed everywhere. It's impossible to pick up a newspaper, listen to the radio, or turn on the television without some kind of reminder of Mother's Day.

There are Mother's Day banquets, Mother's Day baby dedications at church, and special family gatherings to honor mothers. All of this is wonderful except for the mother that is grieving the loss of her child. For the grieving mother, every reminder of Mother's Day is like another wound to the heart. The hole in her heart caused by grief grows larger and larger with each reminder, and the emptiness feels darker and colder than she ever imagined possible.

What is a grieving mother to do when there are so many reminders of the precious child she has lost? Mother's Day is the only holiday that specifically uses the word mother, so there is no real way of avoiding this day. A grieving mother can, however, prepare for Mother's Day well in advance so that she knows how to avoid placing additional pain in her life.

Remember that Mother's Day is not a holiday that has to be celebrated. If a grieving mother does not want to attend a banquet, or watch baby dedications at church, or see special family gatherings at restaurants, then she has the right to choose not to participate in these events without feeling guilty. Many mothers choose to stay home and do nothing special at all on Mother's Day, and that is fine. Grief follows no rules and there is no right or wrong way to grieve. Explain to others that this day is painful. Giving yourself permission to grieve in your own way is very healing and helpful, especially during such a difficult day as Mother's Day.

Do what feels right for you. Maybe that means taking a mini trip away where nobody knows you. Maybe it is staying at home. Perhaps a walk in the woods or a walk along the sandy beach would help you during this empty time. Journal your thoughts. Release a balloon. Or, maybe you want to avoid Mother's Day altogether. You know what feels best for your heart, and giving yourself permission to do what is right for you can be the most healing thing of all.

Lastly, remind yourself often that you will not always feel this empty. With each passing day new hope will enter your empty heart until one day you will wake up to realize that the empty hole is beginning to fill with some joy. Mother's Day is only one day. With a little bit of preparation you can make it through, and you will have walked one more step in your journey of healing!

Mother's Day Corsage

Red indicates your mother is alive
White indicates your mother passed away
Yellow indicates you're a Bereaved Mother.



Love Gifts-A Thoughtful Way to Remember

Love Gifts are a beautiful and loving way to remember a loved one. Through Love Gifts, we are able to reach out to others with our brochures and newsletters as well as obtain books and other information for our library. We truly appreciate every Love Gift, donation and sponsorship. Our Chapter work is done by volunteers and these donations help us reach out in many ways, including the preparation and mailing of the newsletter.

In memory of her son, David Rison
Given by: Karla Scott

In memory of their son, John Reynolds
Given by: Joan and Richard Reynolds

Hope **By: Paul Pearsall PHD**

Hope is a way of feeling about life, and optimism is the way of thinking that makes us feel that way. Thrivers seem to show the ultimate form of hope, the benefit-finding skill that allows them even at the worst of times in the world to feel gratitude for the time they have and will still have to live in it. Pearsall lists some optimistic principles culled from his research and experiences for us to observe and learn from:

1. Hope itself is happiness – it elevates us to feel happier and hardier which increases changes for healing.
2. Hope allows forgiveness of past events – forgetting past mistakes helps to reduce anxiety caused by regrets and self-recrimination.
3. Hope requires accepting uncertainty and meeting new challenges – there are few facts in life on which to base certainty.
4. Hope is mental reframing – find meaning by creating a truthful, yet positive, perspective.
5. Hope is a willful lowering of expectations – adopt a relatively moderate tolerance for acceptable standards.
6. Hope is finding the best in the worst – makes lemonade out of life's lemons.
7. Hope is remembering the simple things – pay attention to what matters in life that will enrich future memories.
8. Hope is getting unused to life – pay attention to life more appreciatory so that we, and not our life circumstances will determine the content of our experiences.
9. Hope is beyond comparison – find positive anchors in our life that is not based on a competitive view and that is referenced to our life, not that of others.
10. Hope is being aware of being – be fully absorbed in what and how we are doing in the present moment.

Hoping is not wishful thinking – think in more creative, open and adaptive ways that help us focus our wishes so that they become conscious acts of creation.

SIDS and Infant Loss Support Group

A six-week support group for those
who have lost a baby.

Wednesday Evenings
May 11– June 15
6 - 7:30pm

To register please call:
(800) 876-6005
(859) 277-2700
or email us at:
lsandlin @hospicebg.org



www.hospicebg.org

Please register by May 4 to attend these sessions
All sessions held in Education Room of

Center for Grief & Education
2409 Greatstone Point
Lexington, Kentucky 40504