



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



Newsletter

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POSTAGE

PAUL BROOME in memory of CYNTHIA BROOME

ED and CAROLYN BUCHANAN in memory of ASHELY BUCHANAN

JERRY and CINDY WIGGLESWORTH in memory of LEE WIGGLESWORTH

SECURITY SERVICE

HELEN and JACK MAY in memory of BILLY JACK MAY JR

LOVE GIFT

GAYE G. STANCEL in memory of MARK ROBERT STANCEL (HEAVEN DATE 10/16)

DEBORRAH and CHARLES JONES in memory of KEITH BARR

The Compassionate Friends THANK YOU for your donations
They are tax deductible and deeply appreciated.

Printing of TCF Monthly Newsletter: Courtesy of BLUE CROSS/BLUE SHIELD OF MS

PHOTOS FOR CANDLE LIGHTING CEREMONY

Our candle lighting will be Saturday, December 7th this year. In preparation for that, we need to start getting our children's pictures to Bob Gates for the power point at end of program.

If you can, please send the pictures digitally to Bob Gates at guitarbobgates@gmail.com. Write in the **subject line:** Pictures for Candle Lighting 2019. Also include: child's name, parent's name and telephone number. Please get these pictures to Bob before **November 1st** as that will be the absolute cut-off date. If they are not to him by then, the pictures will not be included. This is a very time-consuming task for Bob.

If you have pictures on there from last year and you want to use them again, then you don't have to do anything. There are 3 pictures of your choice per child, whatever ones you want to use. If you can't email them then please snail-mail them to: Bob Gates, 1009 Harding Street, Jackson, MS 39202.

Be sure to send information with your pictures listing your child's name, your name, and phone number. I would suggest sending copies of originals. We can't be responsible for pictures that are lost in the mail. I think Rex McCord then puts them on the website.



**ANNUAL CANDLE LIGHTING MEMORIAL SERVICE
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2019**

Fondren Presbyterian Church Sanctuary

We look forward to seeing you at this very special and memorable event sponsored by the TCF Chapter/Jackson, Mississippi. The Candle Lighting Memorial Service is all about our children and their lives. We will have music, poetry, and a special visual program that allows us to share our memories with each other.

If you are unable to attend and would like to have a candle lit in memory of your child, please send the following information to: the Compassionate Friends, P. O. Box 1396, Jackson, MS 39215-1396.

IN MEMORY
OF _____

FROM: _____

The Bereaved Dad

“Don’t take his silence and his smiles as reassurance.

He wears a convincing mask.

Inside he is hurting too. And rather than crying himself, he held me as I fell apart.

He didn’t hold strong, he held on.

He didn’t persevere, he just drifted through.

He is hurting too. All. The. Time.”

Jorraine Donnelly
Thanks to Chuck Prestwood for sharing.

TO ONE IN SORROW

Let me come in where you are weeping, friend,
And let me take your hand.
I, who have known a sorrow such as yours,
Can understand.
Let me come in—I would be very still
Beside you in your grief;
I would not bid you cease your weeping, friend,
Tears bring relief.
Let me come in—I would only breathe a prayer,
And hold your hand,
For I have known a sorrow such as yours,
And understand.

Grace Noll Crowell
Thanks to Carolyn Buchanan for sharing.



Autumn

In the fall
When amber leaves are shed,
Softly—silently
Like tears that wait to flow,
I watch and grieve.
My heart beats sadly in the fall;
'Tis then I miss you most of all.

Lily de Lauder
TCF, Van Nuys, CA

Autumn Memories

My son and I always enjoyed the autumn season. Yes, when we lived in the cold zone, we knew that winter's winds and snows were on the way. But, yet, we took time to enjoy the beautiful array of colors that nature gave us as a final salute to the growing season.

Todd and I raked leaves in the autumn. I had purchased a home in a town on the Mississippi River bluffs; the home had been built in the 1860s and I am sure some of the trees were well over 50 years old. The leaves would fall and we would rake. We made a game of it. Sometimes his best friend, Allen, would come over and help. The boys would jump into the piles and laugh with delight. We'd create a big pile and rake it to the concrete so that it could be burned. I can still see Todd laughing and dancing around that fire. His pure childhood joy was contagious.

Todd and I loved to look at the changing leaves along the bluffs of the river. We would drive on weekends and find the best view. Then we'd park and marvel at nature's wonder. The big bluffs, the turning leaves, the eagles soaring above us. Ducks flying south....even the occasional group of geese overhead...honking, honking as they journeyed to a warmer climate.

The light is different in the autumn...it's diffused somehow. It's different than the light in any other season. Autumn sun was our favorite light. It seemed less harsh, more forgiving, gentler in a strange sort of way. That was another time and another place.

Now in the autumn I remember all the special times I shared with my child. Looking at leaves, collecting leaves, raking leaves.....we did this together, just the two of us. "Mom, when are we going to go look at leaves?" Todd would ask. That was my cue to load up some soft drinks and sandwiches and head out on the first sunny Saturday. We'd repeat this ritual until the leaves had all fallen and it was time to rake.

When we moved to the Houston area, Todd was 12, and we talked about the seasons. He told me about his great memories of leaves and drives and time together. He said he would miss autumn with me. That made me feel good. These were memories that we shared, of a time when it was just Todd and me for those special moments. Looking back, I am so glad that I spent the time to make memories. I thought I was making memories for my child, but in fact, I was making memories for us both. And now those memories are my memories.....good memories.....memories that I will cherish always.

Here it is autumn again. Soon Todd will be gone five years. The memories are flooding back: the first day of each school each year, the changes as he grew to become a man. High school, college, graduate school....all began in the autumn. Autumn marks the beginning of many good memories for me. I listen as the school bus stops in front of our house to pick up today's children. Once in a while I go to the door and watch them load up, chatting with each other as they take their seats. I think of my 12 year old son, getting on that bus in front of our home for the first time: the first day of school in Houston. And for a moment, just a fleeting moment, I think I can see him sitting at a window seat, waving at me. Waving goodbye.

*Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX*



BORROWED HOPE

Lend me your hope for awhile,
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Lost and hopeless feelings accompany me daily.
Pain and confusion are my companions.
I know not where to turn.
Looking ahead to the future times
Does not bring forth images of renewed hope.
I see mirthless times, pain-filled days, and more tragedy.

Lend me your hope for awhile,
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Hold my hand and hug me,
Listen to all my ramblings.
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.
Recovery seems so far distant,
The road to healing, a long and lonely one.
Stand by me. Offer me your presence,
Your ears and your love.

Acknowledge my pain, it is so real and ever present.
I am overwhelmed with sad and conflicting thoughts.

Lend me your hope for awhile.
A time will come when I will heal,
And I will lend my renewed hope to others.

*~ Eloise Cole
Posted on October 16th, 2017
The Compassionate Friends Newsletter
National Office*



Heeding the Call of Life

There is tremendous wisdom that is accumulated in one's encounter with grief, and it needs to be shared. Healing takes place when we turn our pain into a positive experience and we realize that helping others is the key to helping ourselves. When that happens, our problems don't look so big. We expand on newfound strengths and we discover that as one door closed, many others have opened. The road to recovery from grief, therefore, is to take time to do things which will enable us to give new meaning to our lives.

That's when our journey through grief becomes a journey of discovering ourselves, our potential, and our resources in the encounter with life. That's when we become BETTER people, rather than BITTER people. In grief, no one can take away our pain because no one can take away our love.

That call to life is to learn to love . . . again.

*Father Arnaldo Pangrazzi
TCF Muskegon, MI*

FALL

It is so hard to believe that summer is over! Even though summer is technically still here until September, the cool evenings we have been having, school starting, and football games being played are all signs that fall is here. And I love it!

To me, fall is the most invigorating time of the year. The crispness of the air, the beautiful coloration of the trees, the smell of leaf and wood smoke, the sky full of birds traveling south "talking" with one another as they go, are all part of this wonderful world we live in. I hope all of you will be able to feel and see the wonders of fall.

Sometimes we are so "down" and preoccupied with our child's death, and we are working so hard to just get through each day, that we are unable to appreciate what is going on in the world around us. Try to take a few minutes each day and look around. If you can focus on a beautiful tree or leaf, smell the chrysanthemums blooming in the garden or bite into a fresh apple just picked and enjoy doing this for just a few minutes, it will make your day seem brighter. And, if you are up to it, go to a high school football game or a band competition. The enthusiasm of the young people participating in these events is contagious.

Yes, it sometimes hurts. We want our children to be there also, enjoying these activities. But it also gives us renewed faith that life does go on, and there is happiness and excitement in the world. I hope you all can find some beauty and peace in the fall months ahead.

*Peggy Hartzell
TCF Ambler, PA*



TCF National Office Seeks Your Stories and Articles

For many years, The Compassionate Friends National Office has provided on its Leadership site stories and poems by TCF members that can be published in Chapter newsletters around the country.

Currently, the Newsletter Editor Database has over 500 stories and 200 poems. The National Office would like to include your personal grief related stories and poems. Please submit your articles and poems to **sara@compassionatefriends.org**. Please include your name and chapter affiliation



The Piano Sits Silent

I etch her name in the dust.
Run my hands over the keyboard,
too long untouched
by the pianist;
The one no longer
physically here,
who played the songs,
badly at times,
yet unstoppable in
her need to make music.
As if it was her mission
to get it right.
As if she knew there was little time
to master the melody.
So she played and played.
Melancholy tunes
that spoke of lives gone too soon.
I would call to her,
"You're playing too loud,
I can't hear myself think."
If I could just take back those words,
for I long to hear my
beloved child play the music,
that once rang through these halls.
Those uneven strains would be
the sweetest music to my ears.
I touch the ivories and hear
the foreign sound of this long
silent instrument.
And remember my precious child,
remember the joy
her efforts brought her...
Remembering, remembering....
Though my tears fall gently,
my heart smiles as I
recall the sweet sounds of her life.
And even as the piano sits silent,
My memories resound
and I recall the love, always the love.

*Cathy L. Seehuetter
TCF St. Paul, MN*



OUR CHILDREN—LOVED, MISSED & REMEMBERED

“They may be deceased by a few days or years, but we still miss them so much and still shed our tears.”

Birth Date	Child’s name	Parent’s name(s)	Cause
10/03	Hunter McDaniel	Leianna Ishler	Accidental overdose
10/08	Albert Alan Ball, Jr.	Pamela K. Williams-Shelton	Suicide
10/10	Shannon C. McNeil	Bob/Jeanette McNeil	Murder
10/15	Steven B. Cutrer	Ricky/Brenda Cutrer	Heart Attack
10/17	Conner Carroll	Lauren Carroll	Stillborn
10/18	Eric Dean Dungan	Gerald/Carolyn Dungan	Auto Accident
10/19	Billy Jack May, Jr.	Helen/Jack May	Heart Attack
10/20	Gregory Stewart	Wendall/Lynn Stewart	Cancer
10/21	Charles (Chuck) Griffin	Charles/Lora Griffin	Auto Accident
10/22	Aerica (Nikki) Robnett	Brandi Robnett	Unknown
10/23	Aaron Brown	Juanita Brown	Automobile accident
10/24	Rivers McGraw	Lauren McGraw	Suicide
10/24	Britton Grant	Alma Lewis	Accidental overdose
10/24	Jonathan Lazich	Gary/Cindy Lazich	Drowning
10/25	John Mack Osborne III	Mack Osborne	Suicide
10/26	Ronald “Brady” Little	Pat /Tommie Little	Auto Accident
10/29	William Armstead Tate	Eleanor Tate Crowell	
10/30	Jennifer Shelby Clark	Bette Clark	Auto Accident

10 Tips for Living with the Holidays this Year

1. Remind yourself that you will survive. You will.
2. Think about what will bring you the most peace this holiday season.
 - a. Keeping all traditions intact?
 - b. Tweaking some traditions a bit and adding new ones?
 - c. Throwing out all the old traditions and starting new ones?
 - d. Flying to the Caribbean and completely skipping the holidays this year? It’s okay to do that.
3. Don’t expect anyone to mention your child by name. *Believe it or not*, that’s your job. People will look to you to determine whether or not it’s safe to talk about the person that died. A few subtle ways to do that:
 - a. Serve/bring your child’s favorite dish to the holiday get-together – talk about it!
 - b. Bring a favorite picture – pass it around. Work it into the dining table centerpiece.
 - c. Bring a favorite memento – a book, a poem, a toy, a video, an article of clothing - share it after dinner.
 - d. Have your child’s favorite music playing in the background – tell the story!
4. Plan a special evening for close family and friends when you REMEMBER. Ask everyone to bring a favorite photo and write down a special memory. Set time aside to sit in a circle and share the photos and memories.
5. Remember that it’s okay – it’s even healthy – to cry.
6. It’s okay to stay in bed...you will get out, when you are ready and able.
7. It’s also okay to smile or even laugh, a bit. You’re not being disloyal.
8. Buy yourself a gift. Wrap it. Write a note – to you – from your beloved child.
9. Buy someone less fortunate than you a gift.
10. Light a candle.

Use in TCF newsletters granted by the author, Tom Zuba, twice bereaved parent, author, speaker, and workshop presenter. www.tomzuba.com.

OUR CHILDREN—LOVED, MISSED & REMEMBERED

Heaven Date	Child's name	Parent's name(s)	Cause
10/03	Kimberly Breanna Copelan	Stacy Copelan	Auto Accident
10/04	Ethan Lee Davis	Jim/Sheila Davis	Suicide
10/04	Henry Flowers	Temmie Flowers	
10/06	Aaron Gerald Varner	Bill Varner	Cancer
10/07	Ryan Fisher Knight	Wiley/Wanda Fisher	Auto Accident
10/07	Jason Lee Moore	Emmit, Jr./Glenda Moore	Drunk driver
10/16	Mark R. Stancel	Don/Gaye Stancel	Brain Tumor
10/19	Ronald "Brady" Little	Pat /Tommie Little	Auto Accident
10/20	Charles (Chuck) Griffin	Charles/Lora Griffin	Auto Accident
10/21	Jonathan J. Walker	Betty Walker	Four
10/22	Joseph "Daniel" Medina	Patrick/Kris Medina	Suicide
10/28	DeMquanarqus Ja Dobson	Michael/Stephenia Dobson	Murdered/Gun
10/29	Alan Ebersole	Bruce/Story Ebersole	
10/30	Brandon Bailey Bennett	James/Anita Bennett	Suicide
10/30	Jason Davis	Jackie Rutland	Cancer
10/31	Neil Boyd	Toni Boyd	Accidental drug overdose

REPLY FORM—IMPORTANT

It is important for our children to be remembered. Please understand that in order for your child to be on the "special days" list, you must fill out this form, which gives us permission to list this information.

I/We are bereaved Parents grandparents siblings step-parents friends relatives professional
 Please add remove keep me on the mailing list.
 Remember my Child Sibling Grandchild on Special Days. Please have someone call me.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Zip _____

E-mail address _____

Name of Child _____

Age when deceased _____

Cause* _____

Child's Birthday _____ Child's Heaven

Date _____

*You need not list cause of death. We ask this only so that parents whose children have died in similar ways may reach one another.

Optional: Your donations are tax deductible and allow us to reach to other bereaved parents.

Enclosed is \$ _____ given in memory of _____

I would like my contribution used to fund: Check one: Postage Children's Memorial Love Gift

Mail to: The Compassionate Friends; P.O. Box 1396; Jackson, Mississippi; 39215-1396