



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Meetings are held the 1st
Thursday & 3rd Monday
every month
Hospice Building
643 Teton Trail
Frankfort, KY @ 6:00 pm

Regional Coordinators

Karen Cantrell (502) 320-6438
Karen821285@yahoo.com

Chapter Leader

Karen821285@yahoo.com
Karen Cantrell (502) 320-6438
tcffrankfortky@yahoo.com

Newsletter Editor

Karen Cantrell (502) 320-6438
Karen821285@yahoo.com

Treasurer

Helen Thompson (502) 395-0213
natedancer967@hotmail.com

Secretary

Kathy Wainscott (502) 517-6289
khwainscott@yahoo.com

Outreach & Hospitality Coordinators

Joe & Patti Hyman (502) 223-3522
JoeandPattiHyman1984@gmail.com

Debbie Howard (859) 509-0091
dcarsonnormandy@cs.com

Patty Pratz (817) 733-0888
Patt_Pratz@yahoo.com

Frankfort's Chapter Website:
www.tcffrankfortky.org

Mailing Address:
The Compassionate Friends of
Frankfort, KY.
P.O. Box 4075
Frankfort, KY 40604-4075

Website for National Chapter
www.compassionatefriends.org
TCF National Office
P.O. Box 696
Oak Brook, IL 605221
877-969-0010

December 2016

Frankfort, Kentucky chapter will host our annual
Candlelighting on December 11, 2016 at 6:30pm.
First Baptist Church, 201 St. Clair street in Fellowship
hall. Our program coincides with the
national/international candlelighting held around the
world to remember all of our children that have died too
soon. We have special music provided by Christina
Atkinson, special guest speaker, Misti Lynn Hall and ,
"Our Children" slideshow. We look forward to seeing
you.



The Compassionate Friends

Worldwide
Candle Lighting

Join us on December 11, 2016

The holiday season can be a tough time for a lot of families,
whether newly bereaved or if you have been on this journey
for quite some time. We invite you to join us for our chapter
meeting to help us survive the holidays. December 1, &
December 19. Our meetings are held at Hospice of the
Bluegrass, 643 Teton Trail, 6:00pm

A Christmas Wish

I'll miss you at Christmas
When laughter's everywhere,
When church bells chime
In merry rhyme
And warmth is in the air.
I'll think of you at Christmas
Of when you were with me,
Of simple joys and silly toys
And days that used to be.
I'll miss you at Christmas
When children's faces glow,
And gaze in childish wonderment
At Santa and presents in a row.
I wish a Christmas miracle
Could bring you back this way,
And we could be together
For one more Christmas day.-Lily deLauder

~~Please keep these families in your thoughts~~

Remembering Birthdates

Shannon O'Neil	12/3	daughter of Vicki O'Connell & Kevin O'Neil
Evan Prewitt	12/13	son of Lisa Prewitt
Brian Scott Stewart	12/14	son of Judy Wilson
Sean Sykes	12/18	Rebecca Feland
Teddy Jennings	12/18	Katrinka Jennings
Jo Button	12/20	Marcy Holladay
Jason Hockensmith	12/21	son of Gary Hockensmith

Remembrance Dates

Ronnie Reybolds	12/1	son of Sandy Nutgrass
Jeremy Scott Harrod	12/4	Scott Harrod
Joe Lyninger	12/11	Norman and Nancy Rogers
Amy Elizabeth Glass Woodyard	12/12	Jim and Joan Glass daughter of Stella Rich and granddaughter of Frances Ringer
Jamie Collette Goode	12/13	Ringer
Michael Jackson	12/15	Debbie Jackson (Guy Jackson-father)
Ana Marie Maze Smith	12/17	Phil Maze
Bradley Wayne Larison	12/18	Linda Curtsinger
Ryan Rhodes	12/21	son of Dusty and Mary Rhodes
Adam C. Brown	12/21	Rex & Dolly Slone
Judith Paige Johnson	12/25	Judi Patton, grandmother
Dennis Murphy Jr.	12/26	son of Dennis and Yandell Murphy



Love Gifts

Love gifts are donations made in memory of your child that help us as a chapter to reach out to other bereaved parents, siblings and grand parents. Your love gifts help us to conduct special events, provide a lending library, provide brochures and ability to reach out to other families. Love gifts received:



Chapter News -- Just a reminder that if schools are closed due to inclement weather, our meetings will be canceled. Please tune into our facebook page and website for closings or feel free to call a steering committee member before traveling to a meeting.



To the newly bereaved: We wish you patience, patience with yourselves in the painful weeks, months, even years ahead.

To the bereaved siblings: We wish you and your parents a new understanding of each other's needs and the beginnings of good communication.

To those of you who are single parents: We wish you the inner resources we know you will need to cope, often alone with your loss.

To those of you who are plagued with guilt: We wish you the reassurance that you did the very best you could under the circumstances and that your child knew that.

To those of you who have suffered multiple losses: We wish you the endurance you will need to fight your way back to a meaningful life once again.

To those of you who are deeply depressed: We wish you the first steps out of the "valley of the shadow."

To those experiencing marital difficulties after the death of your child: We wish you a special willingness and ability to communicate with each other.

To all fathers: We wish you the ability to express your grief, to move beyond society's conditioning, to be able to cry.

To those with few or no memories of your child: Perhaps you suffered through a stillbirth, a miscarriage or infant death. We wish you the sure knowledge that your child is a person and that your grief is real.

To those of you who have experienced the death of an only child or all of your children: We offer you our eternal gratitude for serving as such an inspiration to the rest of us.

To those of you who are unable to cry: We wish you healing tears.

To those of you who are tired and exhausted from grieving: We wish you the strength to face just one more hour, just one more day.

To all others with special needs that we have not mentioned: We wish you the understanding you need and the assurance that you are loved. -Joe Rousseau, Lauren's Father, First Pres. BP/USA Saginaw, MI



Candle Lighting

Compassionate friends gather to light candles once a year, offering hope to those struggling to embrace holiday cheer in wide open spaces or alone in a room We remember the Children that died too soon.

*Small shops hold hands in a perfect park
With light poles designed to defeat the dark
A hibernating fountain wears winters white coat
While leafless arms tower over its waterless moat*

*Evergreens exiled far from their forest home
Are attached to small spikes and with lights are adorned standing proud each one is assigned to this group
or that though some are saddled with a so sad hat.*

*Priceless ornaments decree date and name
Under this burden massive limbs bend and strain
Our group tree grips precious tokens too many to count air is scarce as eyes spy one silently screaming
out.*

*One year the lights shined under a singular star
When snowflake kisses were whispered from afar
Another time our bird buddies put on their treetop show singing songs to help the hapless huddled down
below.*

*Heavy hearts stuck on legs too weak to walk
Declare through red eyes there's no reason to talk. So many friendly flames flickered that very first year the
second one the same with maybe one less tear.*

*Family or friends had attempted an inspired rescue of the familiar life that they know they once knew. They
request to get tough or direct to move on suggestions and commands all rolled into one.*

*But the person they had known was gone forever
Attached to the Child their love would never surrender. The sad seek suggestions or which way to go then
realize if you haven't been there you really don't know.*

*So we listen to what they mean and not what they say. Hearing get well wishes for a happier day
We envy their innocence while grateful for their cause.*

But the cost to join our club defies all human laws

*Sometimes a child goes first the world must learn
They take cuts in that line where there is no return
Plans that were made fade fast in cloudy confusion.
The world seems to stop in fleeting illusion.*

*Anger and guilt partner or sometimes alone
Attempting to destroy the owner's home
With everything lost what's left to shatter
Strike out or be silent it doesn't seem to matter*

Fatigued faces light candle memories of a better day. Searching in vain for the child that has gone away.

*Shaky hands can't get the flame to relax
Blurred vision strains to see the wick and the wax*

Your life was broken while your soul sliced open

*You still feel love's hug so softly spoken
You are not alone when you hear their name
You are not alone warmed within their flame*

*Our candle friend fulfilled its demanding duty
Despite wind's attempt to extinguish its beauty
Thanks dear candle as you are not one for sitting long though no movements you make are ever really wrong.*

*You resisted a lonesome teardrop that had gone astray or sometimes salty streams falling uncontrollably
your way standing straight or softly swaying within our stare so infinite so elusive so exquisitely rare.*

*Many quiet candles among silent sobs echo so loud
Dazzling diamonds defying night's dark shroud
Love's strength fights through sad sack cracks
Inspired by desperation built upon compassionate backs.*

*This Christmas the Children that died too soon
Deserve a present as all children do
A little light from the softest smile
A promise to keep trying at least for a while*

Then someday when we meet once again

*Life's lessons and tests no longer round the bend
A gift from the child with a light none can surpass
The most lovely lit candle no longer made of wick and wax*

Pat O'Donnell
TCF Livonia, MI

Do I Have To?

*Mom, do I have to stop loving my brother because he is not here?
Will I forget all about him because he's not near?
I remember all the things we did together, even though we were very young.
I laugh and feel warm each time I think of a particularly funny one.
Sometimes I get so angry that he's no longer here to share,
But I know he knows it's only because of how much I still care.*

*I miss him, so even though at times we didn't agree,
Just knowing he was there made things feel safe for me.
He always felt he had to be my strong, protective big brother,
And that's a bond we'll always share forever with each other.*

*He tried to protect me even when he, too, was just scared.
No, I won't stop loving that big brother of mine,
Not now, not ever, not till the end of time.
He will always be a part of what makes me be me.
And that's the part of our love that will live eternally.*

