



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

We will be resuming our 2<sup>nd</sup> meeting of the month starting November. We will now meet 1st Thursday & 3rd Monday..

November 2012

Meetings are held the 1<sup>st</sup>  
Thursday & 3rd Monday  
every month  
Hospice Building  
643 Teton Trail  
Frankfort, KY @ 6:30 pm

**Co-Regional Coordinators**

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

Suzi McDonald (859) 576-7680  
catholic20@windstream.net

**Co-Chapter Leaders**

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

Karen Cantrell (502) 320-6438  
Karen821285@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  
tazman@win.net

Frankfort's Chapter Website:

[www.thecompassionatefriendsfrankfortky.com](http://www.thecompassionatefriendsfrankfortky.com)

Mailing Address:

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

Website for National Chapter

[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)  
TCF National Office  
P.O. Box 696  
Oak Brook, IL 605221  
877-969-0010

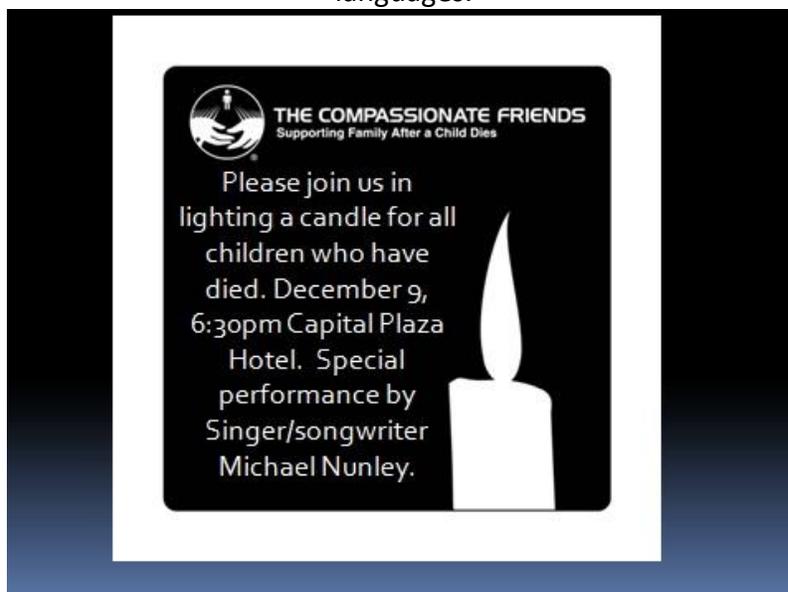
## Candlelight Memorial Service December 9, 2012

### 16<sup>th</sup> Worldwide Candlelighting Event

Our annual candlelighting program will be held at 6:30pm at the Capital Plaza Hotel, 405 Wilkinson Blvd, Frankfort, KY. We are pleased that singer/song writer, Michael Nunley will be joining us to perform special music. A slideshow will be prepared in memory of our children. The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles for one hour to honor and remember children who have died at any age from any cause. As candles are lit hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memory of all children gone too soon.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the Worldwide Candle Lighting, a gift to the bereavement community from The Compassionate Friends, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. Hundreds of formal candle lighting events are held and thousands of informal candle lightings are conducted in homes as families gather in quiet remembrance of children who have died, but will never be forgotten.

Every year you are invited to post a message in the Remembrance Book which will be available, during the event, at TCF's national website. In 2011 in that short one day span, more than five thousand messages of love were received and posted from every U.S. state and Washington D.C., every territory, as well as dozens of other countries, with some posts in foreign languages.



## November Birthdays

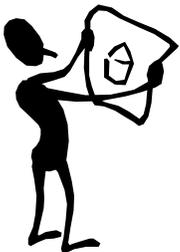
Seth Andrew Carvahan	11/1	Doug and Lisa Lamb
Kelly Mohr	11/9	daughter of Joe Mohr
Joshua Luke Beasley	11/9	son of Vickie Welch
Jacob Hutcheson	11/10	Larry & Karen Cantrell Ashley Wainscott Fannin & Doug Fannin
Cullen Holt Fannin (son)	11/16	Fannin
Charles Patrick Shane Riddle	11/22	son of Joyce Riddle
Steve Kotajarvi	11/27	Chris and Dick Harbeck
Bradley Wayne Larison	11/28	Linda Curtsinger
Jessica Whisman	11/28	Sharon Howell

## November Remembrance Dates

Hunter D. Roberts	11/3	son of Toni Mucci
Cambrie Mae	11/15	Debbie Hanna (Grandmother)
Joshua Luke Beasley	11/16	son of Vickie Welch Ashley Wainscott Fannin & Doug Fannin
Cullen Holt Fannin (son)	11/16	Fannin
Robert S. Reed Sr.		
Robbie	11/18	son of Lisa Reed
Brianna Borwig	11/23	John and Kim Borwig

## **\*\*\*Special Meeting Announcement\*\*\***

Please join us for a very special meeting December 6th at Hospice, 643 Teton Trail. We are inviting **all** who have ever attended a meeting to return for this special night and listen to our special guest speaker, Jan Romond before the sharing session. Jan will be sharing a message to help us t through the holidays. Bring a picture of your child or special momento and a snack to share. We hope you will make every effort to be with us.



**Chapter News** -- Dusty Rhodes has resigned as chapter leader after serving in this position for 3 years. We thank Dusty for his service to our bereaved community and the many that have been helped by his self sacrificing spirit.

Katrinka Jennings has resigned as newsletter editor having served in this position for the past 7 years and has prepared approximately 84 newsletters that have touched many people's hearts with the wonderful articles, poems and writings that she has organized into our chapter newsletter. We will miss Dusty and Katrinka and wish them well in their endeavors of honoring Ryan and Teddy in whatever they do. The steering committee has elected Kathy Wainscott and Karen Cantrell as Co-Chapter Leaders, Helen Thompson will remain Treasurer, Kathy Wainscott as Secretary, Karen Cantrell as Co-Regional Coordinator, Joe & Patti Hyman as Outreach & Hospitality Coordinators. If you are wanting to help others in memory of your child, grandchild or

sibling, please let a steering committee member know as we would appreciate your help in organizing events, facilitating meetings and preparing programs.

## A Solitary Journey

**Grief is a solitary journey. No one but you know the gaping hole left in your life when someone you know has died. And no one but you can mourn the silence that was once filled with laughter and song. It is the nature of love and of death to touch every person in a totally unique way. Comfort comes from knowing that people have made the same journey. And solace comes from understanding how others have learned to sing again.**

## Just Breathe.

In Loving Memory of

Cullen Holt Fannin & Amanda Rose  
Wainscott

By Ashley W. Fannin



Losing a sibling is like not having a nose to breathe through. You can still breathe through your mouth and if you try hard enough, you can occasionally get a big enough breath to fill your lungs. Losing a child is like that too but with a hand covering your mouth. You can breathe in short, quick gasps but your heart pounds, your lungs burn, and you can't think clear enough, because no matter what, you cannot get a full breath. You just want to breathe again more than anything but it never comes. It might get easier but you never go through the day without your

heart pounding or lungs burning. This is my grief every day.

I found how it felt to lose a sibling in May 2006 when we found my 20-year-old sister, laying out on her bedroom floor after ingesting her Grandmother's heart medicines to end her emotional pain that no one saw. Amanda Rose was the total opposite of me. Even though she was older than me, it never felt that way. I always called her Mammie Rose and I was her Ashee Cole. Growing up, I was her enforcer and protector as much as her tormenter. Even when we grew apart in our teenage years, she would still tell anyone she had drama with to back off because she'd call me and she would do just that too. No matter where I was or what I was doing, I was there to kick butt for her or kick even hers when she did something she shouldn't have. Every single time, except the time it counted; that night and morning we lost her. I was mad at her that night, because she had drank and drove home. I stood on our back deck and watched her go inside her house and just wanted to go over there and kick her butt for being so stupid. But I was so relieved she was home safe, I figured it could wait until the next day. Boy was I ever wrong. I was the last one to see her alive and every day I wish I would have gone over there. Maybe then, well, she would still be here. Grieving over Amanda was the hardest thing I had ever had to do at that point in my life. I kept most of my feelings inside and even now, looking back, it just seems

like an immense, numb blur. Even after the shock wore off, I still felt numb and kept my feelings locked up. I watched my mother and other siblings struggle and grieve, but I kept it all sealed up tight. There were times when the grief would show through, mainly when I was caught off guard but when it did show, it exploded. I just kept on thinking how unfair it was. I felt as if my childhood had been taken away and I lost who I was. Amanda always remembered the littlest things and stories of us growing up and since we were only 18 months apart, we grew up together. There are 8 years in between me and my next closest sibling and even more years between me and my other 2 sisters, so I never shared much with them. And now, to this day, I feel left out. My other 3 siblings have children and they grew up together. Amanda was my link to them and now that she's gone, a lot of time it feels as if it's them and then me. It's been over 6 years and I still miss her more than anything but the pain doesn't come as often and when it does, it's not as deep. The hardest thing nowadays is the separation between me and my siblings that came with her death. I know I should just be happy that we have a relationship at all, knowing sometimes a death can tear a family apart, but I just miss the way we use to be. Learning to live with how we are now is a part of grieving for my missing link, my Mammie Rose.

Life without Amanda went on whether we wanted it to or not. A couple years later, I got married without her as my maid of honor, which is how it should have been and would have been if she would have been here. I even went on to start a family just 3 years after that. When I first found out I was pregnant, I remember thinking how Amanda and I use to think of baby names when we were younger. It was bittersweet. Bittersweet seems to be a word I use a lot these days. I knew Amanda was with me after finding out and sharing in my excitement and happiness just as if she was here. Then in November 2011, at 26 weeks, I gave birth to a baby boy. It was an emergency C-section due to something called HELLP Syndrome, which is like preeclampsia but fairly worse. My body was starting to shut down and to save my life they had to deliver our 10 ½ inch, 13.4 ounce baby boy. An hour and 25 minutes after being born, his heart quit beating in this world and his Aunt Amanda took him home. Every feeling I had when we lost Amanda was nothing compared to losing my son. I cannot imagine anything hurting so much and there is no way to even begin to describe it. Actually when I am in pain at any time these days, I think of my baby boy Cullen and the grief I feel and the pain I am in lessens. That is how much it hurts, every single second. I lost a part of my soul and heart that day and I will never get it back until I see him again.

I know Amanda has my Cullen; there is no doubt in my heart and mind that she isn't raising him until we can get there. The night before I was to have the C-section, I told my Mom that I felt like I got pregnant and was having him for Amanda because she couldn't. The next evening, my Aunt, whom I was always close to, told my Mom about a dream she had the night before. In this dream, she seen Amanda with both of my Grandparents who had already passed and Amanda was holding a baby. Amanda then said to my aunt, "Tell Ashley thank you for having me a baby to take care of." Mom and I were shocked because I hadn't told anyone what I told her and neither had she. To me, my Mom, and husband that was just another sign from Amanda reassuring us that she has Cullen and is raising him until I can get there. Even though there is a part of me that gets so mad that she has him and I don't, it is still a reassuring thing to know. If there was anyone in this world to take care of him if I couldn't, it would be her.

Losing my sister and my son has taken my breath away, literally. I feel like I'm swimming underwater most days and I just want to get above to take a new, refreshing, clean deep breath, but I can't quite make it there and I don't think I ever will. Every day I think of them and knowing that they're together with many other people I have loved and lost, I can breathe a little easier. When I am around my siblings and we're all laughing about old times and I see my niece's and nephew's smiles, I can breathe a little easier. Having the hope of having a few siblings for Cullen in the future, helps me breathe a little easier. And when I hear my husband tell me he loves me and he will forever, I breathe a little easier. Now in my life, it's all about those things. It's all about the small things I took for granted before. It's all about the things that make breathing easier. I live

daily life each day hoping and knowing that one day I will see them again, and when I do I know I will be able to just breathe.

## Hiding behind the Mask

~lovingly lifted from Bereaved Parents USA

I think we as bereaved parents wear masks 12 months out of the year, not just on Halloween perhaps on Halloween we should just wear our own grief stricken face and not be noticed.

How many masks do you wear - even in a week ... or a day. Do you wake up in the morning feeling the pain, with the knowledge that your child is no longer here? Do you "mask" that face with your old normal face to say good morning to your spouse? You can take the mask off and cry in the shower...it somehow feels so good to release some of those tears. Time to wake the children for school, put on the cheerful, positive mom mask. After dropping the children off at school you can once again remove the mask and feel. Soon you will be pulling into the parking lot at work...get the next mask out...the mask of the competent professional. WOW! That's a lot of mask changing in a short time.

Strange isn't it how the MONSTER pain of grief makes us put on masks to cover the pain often to those who really care and who perhaps are putting on their masks to cover their pain when they see us. Maybe we could all be so much better off if we removed our masks and let the monster pain out.



### The Fall of Fall

What is it about the season that takes me back in time  
Everything I do, I find you are on my mind.  
Haunting dreams find me at night when I try to sleep  
And every little detail is replayed,  
and the sadness falls so deep.

Something about the close of summer  
seems to bring it back  
Making it so hard to move onward and stay on track.  
Something about the dying and fading of the trees  
Brings my heart to sorrow, with the falling of the leaves.

How I long to stop it, to keep the fall away  
But time marches on, and summer just won't stay.  
I know with the fall, winters not far behind  
Another lonely season, and the memories flood my mind.

I cry my tears of sorrow, and pray for spring to come  
A rebirth of the earth, and the warmth of the sun.  
It makes the memories softer and gentler to recall  
But now my life is saddened with the nearing of fall.

Sheila Simmons  
In Memory of my son Steven  
March 24, 1970 – October 19, 1999

### REMEMBERING

Go ahead and mention my child  
The one that died, You know  
Don't worry about hurting me further  
The depth of my pain doesn't show

Don't worry about making me cry  
I'm already crying inside  
Help me to heal by releasing  
The tears that I try to hide.

I'm hurt when you just keep silent  
Pretending it doesn't exist  
I'd rather you'd mention my child  
Knowing that he has been missed.

You asked me how I'm doing.  
I say "Pretty good" or "fine"  
But healing is something on-going  
I feel it will take a lifetime.

By Elizabeth Dent



Though life is not as it was before,  
And never will be again,  
Our memories are much richer,  
Than if love had never been."  
-- Author Unknown

*Mourning can go on for years and years.  
It doesn't end after a year, that's a false fantasy.  
It usually ends when people realize that they can live again,  
that they can concentrate their energies on their lives as a whole,  
and not on their hurt, and guilt and pain.*

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross

"You can not do a kindness too soon because you will never know how soon it will be too late."  
--Ralph Waldo Emerson



The Compassionate Friends  
Of Frankfort, KY  
PO Box 4075  
Frankfort, KY 40604-4075

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