



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



South Bay/L.A. Chapter



A NEWSLETTER FOR BEREAVED PARENTS AND FAMILIES

SEPT. 2010 ISSUE

EDITOR: LYNN VINES (310) 530-3214

e-mail Lynntcf@aol.com

OUR REGULAR MEETING
will be Sept. 1st, the first Wednesday
of the month at 7:00 P.M.

LOCATION:

The Neighborhood Church
415 Paseo Del Mar
Palos Verdes Estates, CA
(South of Torrance Beach)

This newsletter is sponsored
by an anonymous family in
memory of our children".

DIRECTIONS: Pacific Coast Hwy. to Palos Verdes Blvd. → Palos Verdes Blvd. becomes Palos Verdes Drive West. Veer Right. → Go to Via Corta (stop sign just past Malaga Cove Plaza). Turn right. → Go down hill to Arroyo (stop sign). Turn right. → Continue down hill to end of street. → Turn left on Paseo Del Mar. → Meetings are held at the west end of the church.

--Please remember to park in the East church parking lot and not on the street.--

WHO ARE WE...

The Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization which offers support to families who have experienced the death of a child. Only a person who has experienced the trauma of losing a child can fully understand the pain and suffering involved.

We gather to listen, to share, and to support each other in the resolution of our grief. You need not walk alone, we are The Compassionate Friends.

COMING IN SEPTEMBER...

This month our topic will be "Changes" we are forced to make while grieving.

Upcoming Events...

November, 3rd, Remembrance Potluck.
December 12th, World Wide Candlelighting.

TCF Lunch Meeting: join us for lunch at Mimi's Café every Friday at 1:00. (Crenshaw and PCH). **We need HELP folding newsletters there on the second Friday of each month.**

South Bay/LA Chapter of TCF
P.O. Box 11171
Torrance, CA 90510-1171
(310) 953-5230

<http://www.tcfsla.org>

Chapter Leaders:
Needed

The National Office of TCF
P.O. Box 3696
Oakbrook, IL 60522-3696
Toll free (877) 969-0010

<http://www.compassionatefriends.org>

Sept. 1st topic ... "Changes." This month we will be discussing some of the changes we make in our lives after the death of our child. For many, setting out to change one more thing can be very upsetting. "My child died! Don't ask me to change another thing. I want it the way it was! I have no energy. I plain don't care. Do what you want, but leave me alone! I just can't take another change ".... Part of grieving is adjusting to the loss, and another part is finding ways to go on. We may cling to the way things were and not want to face any more changes. As we start to find our way in grief, there always seems like there are more changes to be made, more adjusting to this life without our child. More work when we can barely function. But some of those changes and work can be healing.

Our lives will continue to change, and we need to recognize and face the changes as they happen. From setting one less plate at the table, changing our child's room, returning to your place of worship (when you are not sure where God fits in your life), getting other children ready to return to school, facing someone who has not heard that your child died, running into your child's girlfriend/boyfriend with someone else ... and the list goes on, we change. Each of these changes requires us to be able to focus on life without our child here and to find new ways to function. We are forced to look at our loss in another way. We deal with the crushing pain again and again and slowly begin a new life with only our memories of the way it use to be.

Join us as we discuss the various ways that change can benefit us in our sorrow. Gaining some insight may help you avoid some of the pitfalls of unexpected reactions that can occur when faced with another change after the death of your child. As always if you would prefer, just listening can help.

The Breathing Room

I awoke to thoughts of John. I had the day off, so I leisurely straightened the house. Afterward, I finished collecting items for the school auction. I took Benny, our new puppy, with me. Upon returning home, I sat in Jane's room. Cathy had just finished painting it a daring green and then sponge rolled an even



darker shade over it. The effect was dramatic, like my daughter.

Last night we moved John's bed and dresser into Jane's room. It was such a turmoil of emotion to dismantle the memory of his room. But, I had a resurfacing to life, and breathing again. It was as if removing his bedspread, moving his bed and dresser, and boxing his books made the reality of his transition concrete. His physical presence no longer exists. His room had been my connection to that presence since his death. That's why it is so hard to change a loved one's room and dispose of personal effects. It completes what is begun at the grave. There, so reluctantly, we bid farewell to our beloved, and only much later, do we complete the process which is so necessary to our healing.

The moving of furniture, the boxing of books, the placement of toys and clothes with other children is extremely important and necessary, though so very painful. When I finally gave up my past physical relationship with John, suddenly, I woke up, quite literally, to the reality of my wife and daughter. They had been in a shadow since John died. It's now as if I've come back to them. At the same time I feel a new sense of my son in the heart of Spirit, where ultimately, we all reside.

Jane is using his bed until her new day bed arrives. Then, his headboard, box springs, and frame will go to the attic. Some of his special toys and books will remain for our little neighbor friends who come every so often to play and remember John. I need to leave a little of him here with me.

His room has now become my "breathing room". With words, in the silence of my heart, I will forge my new life. This room resonates with John and the joy of hours spent in play, chatting about everything from X-men to Jesus, browsing through books, wild wrestles, scratched backs, and hugs of love. And the long night's sleep together. It is now my place of solitude, of remembrance, and new creation. It is my warm cocoon in the desolate season of my grief. And John is with me. We were brought to this house, to this room, in this time, to share our lives together. And now we share in another way, in silence, in the breathing room.

--David Heimlich TCF-Springfield, IL

Sorrow Is Not Forever - Love Is!

So often one attempts to face the whole future at once. But we will not live that period all at once, only day by day. Don't try to face twenty years. Face today. When that has been achieved, face tomorrow. You will find more and more ways in which we can cope. The Chinese have a saying that a journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step. There is no way you can take the fifteenth, or the two hundredth step, before you have taken the first.

It can be difficult to face going out again and resuming your regular activities. It can take more courage to face little things than the big things in life. Going out shopping for groceries for the first time can become an ordeal. Making the change more complete could help. Try a different store, a different day or time, and go with a friend. When it seems very hard what to decide to do first, maybe it's not very important where you start as long as you start. Choose a simple task and get started.

Once you've begun, it will be far easier to set your priorities. You will have gained some confidence for already having achieved something.

--from *The Facts of Death* by Michael A. Simpson TCF Australia-from their web site

This Is Not the End of Joy

Grieving is bits of many things - memories, regrets, reminders – each of which bears its own special weight in our burden of sorrow. Each bit has to be gone through patiently, silently, and painfully, like one goes through old papers in a long-forgotten trunk. Considering each one separately, remembering, and assigning it to some new box within our hearts.

Healing, too, is bits of many things - smiles which multiply as the days pass; chilling remembrances turned warm by the returning sun. A day will come when there will be more healing than of grieving, and reasons for joy will begin to pile up in the freshly-swept rooms of our lives.

-- From *Safe Passage* by Molly Fumia



It's Ok

It's okay to be afraid of the things you don't understand. It's okay to feel anxious when things aren't working your way. It's okay to feel lonely even when you're with other people. It's okay to feel unfulfilled because you know something is missing. It's okay to think and worry and cry. It's okay to do whatever you have to do, but just remember, too ... that eventually you're going to adjust to the changes life brings your way. Then you'll realize that it's okay to love again and laugh again. And it's okay to get to the point where the life you live is full and satisfying and good to you... and it will be that way, because you made it that way.

--Laine Parsones TCF Bradenton, FL

Hiding Places....Safe Places

I need a place to HIDE. I need a place where NO ONE CAN FIND ME. Or hear me, or see me, or touch me or reach me ... or worry about me. I need a place, some place far away where I can go to when the rest of the world gets crazier than I am. I need a SAFE HAVEN ... a resting stop along the way, an island.

I need a place where I can cry, yell, scream, eat a whole box of Oreos, or wallow in melted chocolate if I want to. There would be no alarm clocks, telephone, bills, calories, or pain. The only sounds would be the ones I want to hear: waves crashing or lapping on the beach (depending upon my mood), the breeze rustling through trees that didn't need pruning, the gentleness of a ceiling fan that didn't need dusting. It would smell good, too. Maybe cinnamon, or almond, or wild flowers would greet my senses ... maybe the dampness of a summer rain shower would float by or the fresh scent of newly mowed grass.

I want ... no, today, I NEED a hiding place. When the emotions get mixed up and start to leak out the corners of my eyes and dribble down my cheeks, I NEED a hiding place. I don't want anyone to know I'm _____ (you fill in the blank) but sometimes, I just don't have the energy to hold up the mask anymore and my secret is out. Where can you go when the memories rush back and the tears flood out, making pools on the

desk in front of you? Where can you go when the anger reaches way past the SEEPING POINT and threatens to bust out of every pore? Where can you go when the guilt seems to glow from every fiber of your being?

Isn't there a PRIVATE PLACE where anger can be met and released without fear of reprisal? Isn't there a private club or corner or space where pain can be thrashed about until it loses its power or guilt can be wrestled with until we are completely empty? Where can we go when the world crashes down upon us ... in the middle of a completely ordinary day. Where can we go when the words and the tears rush out ... completely out of control?

Where is this SAFE PLACE? IN YOUR CAR- Unless you car pool (and after you became "bereaved" you probably noticed a decrease in the number of passengers anyway), your CAR appears to be the handiest SAFE PLACE for those of us who still suffer moments of pain, anger, guilt, or any of the other emotional aspects of grief. Your car is usually available unless you have succumbed to the grief response of losing your mind ... and can't remember where you parked your car. We can usually get to it quickly and once inside, it is OUR SPACE.

Sometimes, just sitting in the car helps. Sometimes just sitting there with the smell of leftover pizza, old sneakers, and the stale perfume is enough. By rolling up the windows and turning on the air conditioner and the radio, we can escape even the sounds of OUGHT. If you scrunch down low enough in the seat, maybe no one will even see you sitting there in your car. For a few moments, we can truly escape the call of responsibility and SHOULD. If no one sees you sitting there, you aren't... and we might gain a few moments of solitude before someone remembers THE CAR and comes searching for you.

Sometimes, the hard feelings come over us as we are cruising down the highway. Sometimes, the BAD feelings weep over us as we turn down THAT ROAD or pass by THAT PLACE. Maybe it's a song on the radio that starts the tears flowing or perhaps a billboard sends our hearts backward through memory.

We often use our car as an escape, getting in

and driving off, in hopes of finding some place where hurt can't find us "" only to discover that even the CAR may not be a place free of memories. Just when we think we might have discovered a safe haven, the car becomes another reminder of all the things we don't have anymore. And then, we cry ... even in paradise.

The tears begin to trickle down the cheek ... blurring my vision and causing a slight wavering to my steering. How many times have we missed the exit because tears blocked the sign? We grip the wheel and grow white knuckled in the attempt to halt the speeding memories from overtaking us. There are lots of people out on the highways crying, and for many of us, it has nothing to do with the price of gas.

Sometimes it's not tears that overwhelm me behind the wheel. Sometimes, anger wells up inside me, especially if I am late or lost or tired. I grow impatient with the drivers ahead of me in a traffic jam and sometimes find myself honking the horn a little too frequently. HONK! HONK! HONK! The very sound of an automobile horn shatters the calmness and seems to reflect the discord within my own life. It sounds GOOD, like a siren that tells everyone to GET OUT OF MY WAY. I'M HURT, AND I NEED SOME HELP ... some understanding, some patience.

We pound the wheel in frustration that comes out as anger but really reflects our helplessness. We wave at other drivers with our fingers, sending messages of support and concern ... telling them what we think of the WHOLE NASTY SCENE. We may cry or shout or sing or curse inside our car ... because it appears to be the only place where we are safe from having to be what others need us to be. I don't have to be FINE in the privacy of a windowed car... I can be whatever I want to be ... and no one will notice. As long as I don't look out the windows, I won't have to notice the stares of my fellow travelers... I can hide here in the safety of my vehicle ... until I turn the key. Cars carry us everywhere except where the hurting part of us wants to go. A car can't take me THERE. But sometimes I find myself just driving... not sure where I'm going, but knowing exactly where I want to go. Many drivers appear to be in a daze ... some of them are grieving and some probably should never



have been allowed to drive in the first place. It's just hard to tell which is which ... and who is who.

Are all erratic drivers grieving? Probably not, but many of us are trying to get to work, school, or home in addition to trying to find that safe place where memories don't hurt and tears aren't bitter. My car. .. probably is as close to paradise and a safe haven or island of calm that I will ever get. And that in itself is a thought worth grieving. I'll be OK as long as I can't find the key I seem to have misplaced. So, I'll just sit here awhile, pretending I'm on my way to someplace called peace. Stock up on tissues, and you might want to modify your car a bit for the journey through grief... maybe we need to put the windshield wipers on the inside.

--Darcie Simms

September Musings...



You are going about your everyday tasks, thinking that just maybe this might turn out to be an "okay" day, one that you think you just might actually get through. But then a certain song comes on the radio, or you see someone tilt his or her head and smile in that certain way your child did, or the smell of the air after a rainstorm brought you back to a poignant memory of your child. And without warning, you found yourself suddenly spiraling into despair, collapsing in a torrent of tears. Even something that seems so innocuous can trigger a grief storm, sneaking up on you when you least expect it. I remember one of the parents in our group telling how the sight of a box of Kraft Macaroni & Cheese could almost bring her to her knees, because it was one of her son's favorites.

For example, the month of September may seem innocent enough. There aren't any major holidays like Christmas to deal with. But this is a month that isn't easy for me, and I am sure that many bereaved parents would agree. Starting the school year is a momentous occasion for many children. Those whose child wasn't old enough for school will never get to see the excitement in their child's eyes as they go off to their first day of school; their hopes and dreams for that child can only be imagined. Those whose school-age child has died know the stab of pain in their hearts as they watch the other

children hustle off to school with their new lunch pails and backpacks, knowing that their child should be among them and isn't. Or those whose children were older when they died have memories of the preparation of getting ready for that first day of school. For example, my daughter *loved* shopping with me for school clothes and supplies (Nina was a card-carrying member of the "Shop 'Til You Drop" club!). The first fall after she died I could barely endure walking into the department stores, seeing those mannequins dressed in all the latest fall fashions. I could picture how she would scurry through the racks of clothes, picking out her favorites. She would run into the fitting rooms where she would poke her head out to ask me how I liked her selections. Not that it really mattered, but she would ask anyway, just to be polite.

Seeing those mothers and daughter's shopping together was unbearable. Listening to hassled voices tell them to "Hurry up, I don't have all day" made my head swim. If they only knew that there could come a day when they would be sorry they didn't savor the time spent doing those mother-daughter kinds of things.

This fall my Nina would have been starting her junior year in college. The September after she would have graduated, I remember a comment one of the graduates' parents made when their child was headed off to a college out West. She said, "Now that my daughter has gone away to college, I know exactly how you felt when you lost Nina." That was one of those moments that I was rendered speechless. I might now have the savior-faire to respond, but not at that particular juncture in my personal grief journey. I remember my mind racing and wanting to say, "You can hop on a plane whenever the urge to see her is overpowering. You can pick up the phone just to hear her voice. She will be coming home over Thanksgiving and Christmas. She will return to you when the school year has ended. But my daughter will NEVER come home again. How can you possibly compare the two?" It is surprising how many other bereaved parents have told me of similar experiences. We can only forgive them for their lack of comprehension and be glad for them that they don't really know how it feels.

We can't block out what is happening around

us, but we can keep those close to us who understand - a spouse or significant other, or our surviving children if there are any. And of course we know our Compassionate Friends will always be there. Those compassionate friends who understand the path we are walking; those who understand that they need to be gentle with our tender hearts; who know and accept our present frailties. Those priceless friends who know that the sun will shine again, but for now know they need to hold an umbrella for us. Bless all of you who have been there and continue to be there for other bereaved parents in need. May all of us be fortunate enough to have someone like that in our lives so that one day too, when the cloud has lifted, we can be that Compassionate Friend for someone else.

With gentle thoughts, Cathy Seehuetter
-- TCF, St. Paul, MN

A Jewish New Year's Prayer

I remember in this solemn hour, beloved child, the many joys you afforded me during your lifetime. I recall the days when I delighted in your physical and mental growth, and planned for your future. Though death has taken you from me, you are not forgotten. Your spirit is enshrined in my heart. Oh God, I thank you for the precious gift which you entrusted to my keeping ... Though few were the years wherein I rejoiced with my child, many are the blessings that he brought into my household. Teach me to live more nobly and to extend my love and devotion to other children in thankfulness for the privilege of having had and loved this child, though but for a few brief years. Thus may her soul be bound up in the bond of life and her memory remain an inspiration to me. Amen.

—author unknown



Some Thoughts From A Father On Marriage & Men Stuff

I lost my son, Nathan on January 24, 2001 and my baby daughter, Rachel, on August 1977. I found Parents of Suicide (POS) a couple months after Nathan left. He was/is the light of my life. The depth of the emptiness and longing

that has engulfed my heart is beyond description. No mother could miss her child any more than I, a father, misses his children.

Some of the stories I read here about fathers who are cold, distant and indifferent to their mates or even their lost child, are hard for me to fathom. Men and women do deal with tragedies differently but we as parents do share a common love and a common loss. Each has to be open to the other's agony and heart ache. If a marriage was in trouble before the loss of a child it is very likely to get worse. If two people couldn't share and discuss the daily demands of a life together and what they are each missing, how could anyone possibly think that they would suddenly begin opening their hearts to one another about the depth of the guilt, regrets, the should haves and could haves that are war within each of us here tonight.

The loss of our children strikes straight to the very core of our being. I can't think of any loss that would engulf our soul so completely. Not an hour of any day goes by that my two children aren't in my thoughts and pulling at my heart. Their Mom and I have been divorced for a number of years. I know her heart aches every bit as much as mine does. She is their mother, and like a death by suicide has an added level of heart ache beyond other forms of death, so does a mother have a little different feeling of loss when a child dies that she has carried and give form to from the very cells of her own body. But the father had given of himself too. When he loses his son or daughter a part of himself dies with them.

Death is final. Working harder, making promises to your God won't bring them back from the grave. You are completely powerless, impotent, and you can't quite escape the feelings of guilt. You didn't protect your child; you F....up big time. No matter how logical the facts are of what happened you still feel that you could have, should have done something to prevent the loss of your child. You just know you should have seen it coming like a speeding car bearing down on them.

We have to be open to our mate's heartache. Like marriage, grief isn't likely to be 50/50 all the time. Sometimes the wife will be carrying the greater burden and at other times the husband.

But you do have to have a willingness to set aside your own grief in order to help your partner with his or hers. It isn't easy... and that is a gross understatement.

-- Willis Day reprinted from The Survivors Group (Friends and Families of Suicides) newsletter, Norwell, MA. May- June 2005

The Miscarriage

There has been a death in the family,
No eulogy, no coffin,
No funeral, no black-
And yet, there has been a death in the family.
No undertaker, no hearse,
No cemetery, no grave.
And yet, there has most assuredly
been a death in the family.
No belly, no fullness,
No lifeline, no baby.

There has been a death in the family.
--Linda Wasmer Smith TCF, Portland, OR

For Friends and Family...



I Wish I'd Said...

Those of us who have lost children often find ourselves hiding our real feelings when dealing with other people. Sometimes, I think we become too sensitive and concerned with the effect that our truthful responses might have on others. It continues to mystify me why we worry about being sensitive to other people's feelings. We are the ones who suffered a devastating loss when our child died and shouldn't worry about how our real feelings affect others – yet, it seems we are often the ones who muzzle our feelings.

Consequently, there are often times when I felt I should have responded to someone differently than I actually did:

To friends who complain about their children still living at home and can't wait for their children to move out, I usually say something to the effect that it would be nice to see our children become independent and go out on their own. Left unsaid is how I would give anything to have my son Andy still at home and here with us. But cancer resulted in Andy leaving home unwillingly

and permanently. So, I would like to tell these friends to appreciate having their children home, alive, and healthy.

To people who used to be friendly and now either act as if they don't see us, or, if they do, barely say hello— I would like to step in front of them and let them know I still exist even though my son died. I would like to ask them if they think that I'm now carrying a contagious disease because my son died, and that if they avoid talking to me or acknowledging that I exist, they guarantee that a similar tragedy will not strike their family.

To relatives who can't seem to acknowledge that Andy even existed, become silent whenever we mention his name, and think we're okay because our scars aren't visible — I would like to say that Andy did exist, and was a part of our lives for 22 years and that we want to talk about him and remember him because all we have left are our memories. I would like to let them know that although we appear okay, there is a hole inside that causes us pain and that will never completely heal.

To people who complain about minor aches and pains to such a degree that they say they would rather be dead— rather than telling them I hope they feel better, I would like to ask them if they realize what they just said, and if they don't, I would ask them to take a ride with me to the cemetery and stand beside Andy's grave and think about how Andy never had an opportunity to get on with his life, to get married, and to have children. I would then ask if they still would rather be dead.

To parents who complain about having to take their children somewhere (especially to the father I heard complaining that the only bad part of his Thanksgiving weekend was having to take his son to a soccer game) rather than just standing in line silently, I would have liked to have turned around and told him to enjoy the game and be thankful that he has a son here to take to a soccer game because I would give anything to be able to take my son to a ball game again.

I guess it all comes down to perspective. People who have not experienced the loss of a child cannot understand how we feel — We no longer take for granted the everyday events of

life, and therefore, our concerns and reactions to those events are different. We are parents who had to bury our son Andy and thus a part of our future. Our world turned upside down because a parent should not have to bury a child. And yet, we are the ones who worry about how our feelings may affect others and thus remain silent when we want to say what we really feel.

--Mel Winer TCF Penn-Maryland Line Chapter

Newly Bereaved...

Riding the Waves

I feel as if I have been body surfing in the ocean, cruising at the tops of the waves, enjoying the ride - then suddenly, being body-slammed into the sand. Unable to move, the waves rush over me, pounding and crashing onto me. Occasionally, the tide recedes, and I lay breathless on the wet, sandy shore.

I cannot move. I wiggle my toes, squint, open my eyes, and see the rest of the shoreline. While my view is obscured by my tears, the salty sea, my straggly hair, and my prone position, there is some daylight. Just as I prepare to roll over and maybe get to my knees, the waves of grief lap at my toes and suddenly crash upon me once more. Unable to withstand the power of the waves, I fall to the beach once again.

Finally, the tide recedes again, but I still cannot move. I am bone tired from my past efforts. I am aware of noise around me. I can hear the chirping birds, and feel the warm sun. The laughter of children beckons me to once again open my eyes. Helping hands are touching me, encouraging me to rise up. Gentle hands soothe me with their light touch. Warm hugs embrace me. It feels good for awhile ... until the voices drift on down shore, leaving me along with the setting sun.

I marvel at the beauty and thank God for His presence. It becomes dark again. The wind blows in, bringing dark clouds and a chill to the air. I shiver, and the sense of calm and peace is not so reassuring. The tide is at my ankles, and my toes sink into the sand. I can do this. I can stand up against this set of waves - maybe. Or, maybe it's easier to lie down and let them roll over me.

Better yet, I wade out further, a little deeper, challenging the waves of grief. And then - surprise - I lie down and float. The waves roll under me, crashing harmlessly on the shore. As I float, I look up at the rising moon. The waves lull me to sleep in the moonlight. Maybe, just maybe, I will rest well.

Maybe, I can ride these waves. Maybe a new sunny day is coming.

--*Bereavement Magazine*, 5125 N. Union Blvd., Suite #4 Colorado Springs, CO



Welcome...

Shared Thoughts on Growing Through Sharing

As I look at the intensity of Parental Grief in the newly bereaved, I see my past self with all the vivid memories of fresh pain. Hopefully, you can see healing and hope as you look at us, the more seasoned bereaved. Much of this comes from the caring and understanding of other Compassionate Friends, who helped to restore meaning to our lives again.

There will always be some clouds, even though the storm of grief is over. But, that gut-wrenching pain that used to come without warning or mercy has left, and the residue is tolerable. There is life after grief. You can restore love, hope, find a purpose for living, and a measure of peace. Unfortunately, these things lie on the other side of grief. We must first walk in the valley to find them, but we don't have to walk alone.

Sharing can lessen our loneliness, and help remove the feeling of isolation during our grief. A hug, a touch, or a knowing look can give reassurance that we are normal, in our own very abnormal situation. Just speaking our loved ones names and sharing memories gives us a measure of healing. Life can be more bearable if we feel their nearness. One of our concerns is the world may forget our child or sibling. Fresh grief tends to remember the death, but as we heal we concentrate more on the life of our loved ones. The intense pain is caused by the great love we have for them, and the love they had for us. At some point, we have to be thankful for the

time we had, even though we all agree it was not long enough.

We can find creative ways to memorialize and have our child or sibling live through us. They can not physically be a part of our life, but they can make us even more of who and what we are in this world. Their memories can give us courage and hope to lead a productive life again. It can even cause us to reach out to others in pain and offer comforting words by saying "I know."

September can bring a flood of tears as children return to school. It reiterates that our children will not enter the next year of development. We hope you will come to meetings to share with us. It is the one place we can feel comfortable and a sense of normality. Regardless of what you are feeling, you can be certain someone else in the room has dealt with the same problem. We welcome discussion on both negative and positive subjects. Many times we have to deal with the negative side of grief before it can become positive. Come share with us. We care.

--Marie Hofmockel TCF Valley Forge

Book in Review ...



BEYOND SURVIVING By Iris Bolton. Hundreds of books have been written about loss and grief. Few have addressed the aftermath of suicide for survivors. Here again, there are no answers; only suggestions from those who have lived through and beyond the event. I've compiled their thoughts.

1. Know you can survive. You may not think so, but you can.
2. Struggle with "why" it happened until you no longer need to know "why", or until you are satisfied with partial answers.
3. Know you may feel overwhelmed by the intensity of your feelings, but all your feelings are normal.
4. Anger, guilt, confusion, forgetfulness are common responses. You are not crazy, - you are in mourning.
5. Be aware you feel appropriate anger at the person, at the world, at God, or at yourself.
6. You may feel guilty for what you think you did or did not do.

7. Having suicidal thoughts is common. It does not mean that you will act on those thoughts.

8. Remember to take one moment or one day at a time.

9. Find a good listener with whom to share.

10. Call someone if you need to talk.

11. Don't be afraid to cry. Tears are healing. Give yourself time to heal.

12. Remember, the choice was not yours. No one is the sole influence in another's life.

13. Expect setbacks. Don't panic if emotions return like a tidal wave. You may only be experiencing a remnant of grief; an unfinished piece.

14. Try to put off major decisions.

15. Give yourself permission to get professional help.

16. Be aware of the pain of your family and friends.

17. Be patient with yourself and with others who may not understand.

18. Set your own limits and learn to say no.

19. Steer clear of people who want to tell you what or how to feel.

20. Know that there are support groups that can be helpful, such as The Compassionate Friends or Survivors of Suicide Groups. If not, ask a professional to help start one.

21. Call on your personal faith to help you through.

22. It is common to experience physical reactions to your grief, i.e. - headaches, loss of appetite inability to sleep, etc.

23. The willingness to laugh with others and at yourself is healing.

24. Wear out your questions, anger, guilt, or other feelings until you can let them go.

25. Know that you will never be the same again, but you can survive and go beyond just surviving.

--Carson City, NV TCF newsletter

Helpful Hint...



TO ALL BEREAVED PARENTS

I am a recovering bereaved parent. I was a parent by choice. One of my children died. As I tried to recapture the security of what was after many agonizing months, I finally realized that I would never be the same again. I would always hurt and miss my dead son. Only I could be

responsible for recovering from this hateful disease called grief. I had to make the choice of being a recovering bereaved parent. I sometimes fall off the wagon, and know that I always will. The love of my child will never leave me. It does take time, however, so don't give up on yourselves. It takes more time for some than others.

--Eunice Guy



Back to School

A time of year approaches which makes me sad; Stores have on sale pens, papers, and note pads Blue jeans, shirts, jackets, and of course, shoes. School is starting - thus for me, a time of the blues.

Memories come back when buses start to roll Of when my son was with us... of days of old, Memories of his eleven years of school, Crayons, papers, stories, and learning new rules. Friends, close "buddies," girlfriends, and all. Glasses and braces yes, you can wear them and still play ball.

"Will you buy me an instrument? I joined the band today."

"Is this hat too big? How can I march and make it stay?"

"I need a car, come on Mom and Dad ... what do you say?"

"I'll drive a bus some, plus work part-time, I'll help pay."

"Got a school trip tomorrow with the Spanish class."

Drove his car to cash a paycheck ... I thought he'd be right back ...

Yes, seeing school buses still makes me sad, But for my memories, I'm thankful, I'm glad.

--Jess Johnson TCF, Wilmington, NC

A crowd of grieving caterpillars were carrying a dead cocoon to its final resting place. The poor caterpillars were weeping and broken hearted, but all the while the lovely butterfly fluttered happily over their heads.

--Sacramento Valley TCF newsletter 11/03

Question Never Answered

Why me? Why did this happen to my family?

No one has the answers.

Why was someone so young taken away?

No one can tell me.

Why wasn't it me instead?

No one can say.

Why are we left behind with the pain?

No one has a clue.

Will the pain ever ease?

With the happy memories, maybe a little.

When will we stop waiting for her to come home?

Maybe tomorrow.

When will we see her again?

No one can be sure - someday.

Could she possibly miss us as much as we miss her?

Only time will tell - when we are together again.

Who knows this kind of pain of loss?

Anyone who has lost a child.

Bonnie L. Harris TCF, Richmond, VA

Things Like That

I visit a place she once knew

I stand upon the very spot.

I feel the tears upon my cheek

As I fill the space she once filled.

The question "Why?" I softly speak.

I close my eyes and clearly see

Her laughing eyes, her cheeky grin

Socks rolled down

Jumper tied around her waist

Ballpoint writing on her arm.

Little things like that

Once meant nothing.

Now they mean so very much...

Memories are all I have.

I gaze once more upon her school

And as I turn and walk away

I can almost hear her say

"Dad, do I HAVE to go to school today?"

--David Gordine, Father of

Deborah Gordine, 3/23/71 - 11/28/85



Our Children Remembered



Ron Acker
Born: 10/65 Died: 5/95
Mother: Ursula Spey-Acker
Father: Heinz H. Acker

Jonathan Adams
Born: 1/81 Died: 2/08
Parent: Siv & Eddie Adams

Ramon Alvarez
Born: 10/84 - 2/07
Mother: Terrie Alvarez

Sumer Nicole Alvarez
Born: 5/85 Died: 7/005
Parents: Dave Alvarez & Sandy Murphy

Benjamin Richard Anthony
Born: 5/78 Died: 2/05
Parents: Wayne & Carolyn Anthony

Robert H. Apodaca
Born: 12/55 Died: 9/89
Mother: Margaret Hall
Father: Al Apodaca

Noah William Aragon
Born: 1/05 Died: 3/06
Parents: Rich & Michele Aragon

Brandon Armstrong
Miscarried: June 1995
Mother: Cheryl Stephens

Joseph David Artino
Born: 11/51 Died: 11/07
Mother: Nancy Graybill & Step-father: Art Graybill

Jason M Bakos
Born: 9/79 Died: 12/07
Father: James Bakos

Alexandra Renee Balesh
Born: 9/73 Died: 3/95
Parents: Ron & Stella Balesh

Kimberly Barcnas
Born: 2/88 Died: 10/06
Mother: Maria Guadalupe Ixta

Christopher Barnhart
Born: 11/77 Died: 4/2007
Parents: Ron & Susan Mother
Sister: Stacy Pierce

Christopher Michael Barta
Born: 2/72 Died: 9/04
Mother: Mary Barta

Stephen Barrington Baxter
Born: 7/61 Died: 4/99
Parents: Cash & Betty Baxter

Tristina Ann Beale
Born: 12/80 Died: 9/08
Mother: Kathy Beale

Frank Becker
Born: 11/61 Died: 8/07
Parents: Al & Louise Becker

Kimberly Belluomini
Born: 10/62 Died: 10//00
Parents: Joyce Anderson & Ronald Assmann

Sammy Bloom
Born: 2/59 Died: 12/82
Parents: Lois & Sam Bloom

Kurt Boettcher
Born: 12/71 Died: 06/95
Mother: Carolyn Boettcher

Todd Boettcher
Born: 2/79 Died: 10/79
Mother: Carolyn Boettcher

Alan Bolton
Born: 11/63 Died: 3/06
Mother: Helen Eddens

Kevin Border
Born: 11/88 Died: 11/09
Mother: Kelly Border

Renee Bouchard
Born: 3/75 Died: 5/06
Mother: Susan Bouchard

Tamara Lynette Boyd
Born: 12/65 Died: 12/00
Parents: Gloria & Gayle Jones

Jazzelyn Braga
Born: 11/08 Died: 5/09
Father: Leonard Braga

Sayumi Claire Brower
Born: 9/08 Died: 9/08
Parents: Scott & Maiko Brower

Eric Michael Brown
Born: 11/65 Died: 9/00
Mother: Beverly Young

Benjamin Matthew Brytan
Born: 10/84 Died: 6/96
Mother: Karen Merickel & Robert Brytan

Robert L. Buckner
Born: 2/92 Died: 3/03
Parents: Brad & Cindy Buckner

Tony Burack
Born: 12/63 Died: 12/87
Parents: Rita & Herb Burack

Brittany Nicole Cail
Born: 10/88 Died: 4/08
Mother: Raquel Cail

Albert Caldera
Born: 3/78 Died: 2/10
Parents: Refugio & Maria Caldera

Christina Califano
Born: 10/90 Died: 11/06
Father: John Califano

Cesar Isaac Cancino
Born: 01/05 Died: 01/05
Parents: Claudia & Cesar Cancino

Kenneth Capparelli
Born: 1/77 Died: 1/04
Mother: Sandy Capparelli

Frank Christopher Castania
Born: 8/94 Died: 7/05
Parents: Frank & Debbie Castania --Grandparents: Richard & Ann Leach

Vanessa Roseann Castania
Born: 2/97 Died: 7/05
Parents: Frank & Debbie Castania-- Grandparents: Richard & Ann Leach

Ryan Cavanaugh
Born: 6/83 Died: 11/06
Mother: Kimberly Cavanaugh

Nathaniel Choate
Born: 7/80 Died: 5/08
Mother: Vicki Blain

Andrew Alexander Chou
Born: 12/03 Died: 12/03
Parents: Lu-Sieng Siau & Wibawa Chou

John Francis Cleary
Born: 12/74 Died: 8/93
Mother: Pauline Cleary Basil

Kelly Swan Cleary
Born: 3/59 Died: 3/95
Parents: Dick & Bev Swan

Sarah Elizabeth Cooper
Born: 10/95 Died: 8/00
Parents: Mark & Sandra Cooper

Tiffany Corkins
Born: 7/70 Died: 8/05
Mother: Nancy Lamb

Hugo Ignacio Corbalan
Born: 4/84 Died: 5/08
Mother: Isabel Acosta

Ann Beresford Cox
Born: 12/61 Died: 4/92
Mother: Barbara Cox

Marika Critelli
Born: 3/78 - Died: 11/09
Father: Michael Critelli

Joseph Francesco Michael Curreri
Born: 9/80 Died: 10/07
Mother: Karen Curreri

Scott Curry
Born: 8/59 Died: 7/08
Mother: Marilyn Nemeth

Rodney D. Day, Jr.
Born: 4/96 Died: 6/01
Parents: Jersuha Day

Danielle Ann Davis
Born: 10/78 Died: 3/10
Mother: Jackie Davis

Michael David Deboe
Born: 12/75 Died: 5/09
Parents: Dave & Judy Deboe

Anthony Joseph Demasio
Born: 6/52 Died: 7/00
Vivian Demasio

Lee Denmon, III
Born: 7/79 Died: 3/03
Parents: Frances & Lee Denmon, Jr.

Cori Daye Desmond
Born: 3/80 Died: 12/09
Parents: Mark & Monica Desmond



Our Children Remembered



Luke Edward Devlin
Born: 12/07 Died: 12/07
Parents: Jacqueline & Tom
Devlin

Allison Jeanine Kirkbride
Dewart
Born: 10/87 Died: 1/06
Parents: Z & Michael Dewart

Gary A. Dicey, II
Born: 4/82 Died: 6/98
Father: Gary A. Dicey, Sr.

Michael A. DiMaggio
Born: 10/54 Died: 7/01
Parents: Neno & Helen Di
Maggio

Amy Elizabeth Dodd
Born: 1/74 Died: 7/002
Mother: Kathleen Dodd

Ramsay Downie, II
Born: 2/64 Died: 10/99
Ramsay & Sally Downie

Myaka Kaitana Durham
Born: 1/04/06 Died: 1/04/06
Parents: Jahman & Ampy
Durham

Scott Michael Dykstra
Born: 7/72 Died: 10/01
Parents: Mike & Rita Dykstra

Gary Edholm
Born: 5/56 Died: 9/95
Parents: Patti & Bob White

Mark Edler
Born: 11/73 Died: 1/92
Parents: Kitty & Rich Edler

Timothy Charles Egnatoff
Born: 11/92 Died: 9/08
Parents: Rick & Cathy Reny

Lorian Tamara Elbert
Born: 5/66 Died: 10/07
Mother: Dorota Starr Elbert

Luke Emery
Born: 7/89 Died: 12/99
Parents: Karen & Glenn Emery

Jeffery Mark Engleman
Born: 6/61 Died: 2/10
Parents: Janette & Laszlo
Engelman

Richard Paul Engelman
Born: 02/66 Died: 03/95
Parents: Janette & Laszlo
Engelman

Henry Espinoza
Born: 12/63 Died: 9/98
Mother: Virginia Espinoza

Kurt Faerber
Born: 8/63 Died: 3/87
Mother: Trudy Faerber

Jarod Ryan Faulk
Born: 8/86 Died: 12/08
Father: Joe Faulk

Chase Feldkamp
Born: 5/05 Died: 3/06
Parents: Buddy & Jessica
Feldkamp

David Joseph Ferralez
Born: 2/74 Died: 12/02
Parents: John & Rebecca
Ferralez

Michella Leanne Matasso
Fincannon
Born: 8/86 Died: 1/06
Parents: Bill & Cheryl Matasso

Emma Nicole Fisher
Born: 11/99 Died: 7/06
Parents: Nancy & Elliott Fisher

Casey Owen Flint
Born: 5/75 Died: 7/09
Mother: Catherine Flint

April Lou Flynn
Born: 4/61 Died: 1/05
Mother: Peggy Flynn

Mark Frazee
Born: 5/79 Died: 7/02
Mother: Kathy Cammarano

Peter Joseph Fuentes
Born: 2/68 Died: 3/98
Mother: Pat Fuentes

Donald A. Funk
Born: 12/41 Died: 9/00
Parents: William & Norma Jean
Funk

Mark Scott Galper
Born: 2/62 Died: 5/97
Mother: Sheri Schrier

Melinda "Peeper" Gardner-
Collins
Born: 6/56 Died: 8/07
Mother: Pat Gardner

Justin Brian Gartland
Born: 10/81 Died: 4/05
Parents: Brian & Paulette
Gartland

Richard Lamar Gibbs
Born: 3/84 Died: 5/05
Mother: Ann Wasecha

Steven Paul Giuliano
Born: 4/55 Died: 4/95
Mother: Eleanor Giuliano

Jacob Seth Goar
Born: 1/79 Died: 5/01
Parents: Michael & Venus
Nunan

Morgan Leeann Gomez
Born: 1/08 Died: 1/08
Parents: Amanda & Louie
Gomez

Nicholas Gonzalez
Born: 2/63 Died: 10/01
Parents: Nick & Gloria
Gonzalez

Evan Leonard Grau
Born: 8/82 Died: 5/04
Parents: Maria & Wayne Grau

Christopher Dudley Gray
Born: 5/83 Died: 2/04
Parents: Dudley & Laurie Gray

Adam Francois Guymon
Born: 4/89 Died: 4/06
Mother: Eileen Guymon

Andrew John Gvist
Born: 7/88 Died: 5/05
Father: Mark Gvist

Justin Todd Gwizdala
Born: 10/75 Died: 6/96
Parents: Kathy & Gary Gwizdala

James Burman Hahn
Born: 11/68 Died: 12/05
Mother: Berna Hahn &
J. Thomas Hahn

Grant Henry Hampton
Born: 3/79 Died: 7/05
Parents: Jeri & George Medak

Robert Belmares Harris
Born: 12/66 Died: 12/95
Parents: Bea & Larry Harris

Rachel Anne Hartman
Born: 2/91 Died: 7/04
Parents: David & Paula Hartman

Robert Hashimoto Jr
Born: 5/66 Died: 5/92
Parents: Robert & Shirley
Hashimoto

Caleb Haskell
Born: 6/78 Died: 9/06
Parents: Karen & Kim Haskell

Daniel Hassley
Born: 2/71 Died: 2/90
Parents: Eila & Richard Hassley

Alicia M. Hayes
Born: 1/81 Died: 5/96
Parents: Becky & Dave Jordan

Jason Patrick Healey
Born: 10/84 Died: 2/09
Mother: Sharon Sykes Healey

Emma Joy Heath
Born: 5/98 Died: 6/07
Parents: DJ & Phil Heath

Kent Hisamune
Born: 6/00 Died: 6/00
Parents: Toshi & Hideko
Hisamune

Hope Ann Honeycutt
Born: 12/62 Died: 6/00
Mother: Donna Honeycutt

Jeremy Michael Howard
Born: 7/83 Died: 6/94
Mother: Donna Howard-Scruggs
Grandmother: Charlotte Crager

Jennifer Nicole Hower
Born: 6/75 Died: 12/04
Brother: Jeff Hower

Rachel Suzanne Hoyt
Born: 2/70 Died: 1/95
Sister: Laura Hoyt D'anna

Tara Hudson
Born: 1/86 Died: 1/07
Mother: Mari Hudson



Our Children Remembered



Chad Michael Huisinga
Born: 10/74 Died: 12/95
Parents: Alan & Melinda
Huisinga

Hannah Nichea Hupke
Born: 9/87 Died: 6/05
Parents: Bruce & Joni Hupke

Zane Austin Hutchins
Born: 9/03 Died: 2/04
Parents: Mae Rivera & Jon
Hutchins

Casie Leean Hyde
Born: 3/89 Died: 12/05
Mother: Kelli Rigby-Hyde

John Joseph Iacono
Born: 5/02 Died: 5/04
Parents: Nancy & Anthony
Iacono

Ben Francisco Inez de la Cruz
Born: 1/71 Died: 11/91
Parents: Francesca Inez &
Emmanuel de la Cruz

John E. James
Born: 6/62 Died: 9/93
Parents: Marilyn & Lupe Arvizo

Kalaea Jennings
Born: 4/07 Died: 9/07
Parents: Nacio & Maria
Jennings

Melissa Gale Jetton
Born: 5/58 Died: 7/84
Parents: James & Cathie Jetton

Daniel A. Jones V.
Born: 5/92 Died: 10/09
Father: Daniel A. Jones IV.

David B. Jones
Born: 3/50 Died: 3/01
Mother: Lucille Jones

Thomas Sean Jordahl
Born: 7/67 Died: 4/03
Mother: Lynda Orr

Jeff Joyce
Born: 2/68 Died: 4/01
Mother: Wadene Duffy

Lance John Juracka
Born: 10/69 Died: 4/06
Parents: Frank & Nancy Juracka

Heather Mary Kain
Born: 6/83 Died: 2/10
Mother Maura Kain

Edwin J. Kaslowski
Born: 11/67 Died: 7/96
Mother: Carolyn Kaslowski

Emily Matilda Kass
Born: 6/95 Died: 3/06
Mother: Susan Kass

Scott Ira Kaufman
Born: 4/68 Died: 7/95
Mother: Renee Kaufman

Douglas Drennen Kay
Born: 3/72 Died: 9/06
Parents: Steve & Diane Kay

Kalin Marie Keech
Born: 10/90 Died: 6/2009
Richard & Kris Keech

Kathryn Anne Kelly
Born: 12/72 Died: 1/91
Parents: Dick & Timmy Kelly

Timothy Michael Kerrigan
Born: 4/68 Died: 8/02
Mother: JoAnna Kerrigan

Sean A. King
Born: 7/63 Died: 12/07
Parents: Catherine & Michael
King

Kay Dee Kinney-Palser
Born: 6/87 Died: 6/99
Grandmothers: Diana Palser &
Kay Kinney

Keith Konopasek
Born: 1/63 Died: 7/95
Parents: Ken & Mary
Konopasek

Susan Ann Kruger
Born: 9/64 Died: 6/08
Mother: Gloria Swensson

Kyle Kubachka
Born: 1/89 Died: 11/08
Parents: Keith & April
Kubachka

Natalie Samantha Large
Born: 6/05 Died: 6/05
Parents: Burke & Maya Large

Dolores LaRue
Born: 8/57 Died: 11/08
Mother: Maggie Ramirez

Cherese Mari Lauhere
Born: 9/74 Died: 3/96
Parents: Larry & Chris Lauhere

Bernard Lawrence
Born: 2/63 Died: 12/06
Mother: Jackie Bowens

Bryan Yutaka Lee
Born: 12/70 Died: 9/07
Mother: Kathee Lee

Steven J. Lee
Born: 1/63 Died: 10/06
Mother: Donna Lee

Avery James Lent
Born: 12/03 Died: 7/06
Parents: Crystal Henning & Dan
Holly

Wendy Levine
Born: 10/65 Died: 11/95
Parents: Paul & Sharon Levine

Anthony "Tony" Low
Born: 1/46 Died: 3/99
Parents: Frances & Matthew
Low

Richard Lee Luthe
Born: 11/76 Died: 1/98
Parents: Jeff & Lorraine Luthe

Audrey Sinclair Marshall
Born: 2/00 Died: 3/00
Parents: Kimberly & Don
Marshall

Kyle Jeffrey Martin
Born: 11/80 Died: 7/04
Parents: David & Joanne Martin

Jason Lee Martineau
Born: 9/79 Died: 12/07
Father: James Bakos

Michelle Marie Mandich
Born: 5/89 Died: 2/05
Parents: Michael & Lori
Mandich

Daniel Edward Manella
Born: 9/67 Died: 10/98
Sister: Kathleen Manella

Elizabeth Mann
Born: 7/60 Died: 5/05
Parents: David & Olivia Mann

Gabriella Mantini
Born: 5/85 Died: 8/06
Mother: Martha Mantini

Alex J. Mantyla
Born: 3/89 Died: 8/08
Parents: Jarmo & Bonnie
Mantyla

Audrey Sinclair Marshall
Born: 2/00 Died: 3/00
Parents: Don & Kimberly
Marshall

Paul Martinez
Born: 1/86 Died: 3/08
Mother: Lorraine Martinez

Daniel George Mateik III
Born: 12/84 - Died: 6/09
Mother: Stefanie Hudak

Daniel McClernan
Born: 7/53 Died: 2/07
Mother: Lee McClernan

Nicole Marie Megaloudis
Born: 10/84 Died: 2/04
Mother: Gail Megaloudis-
Rongen

Shawn Mellen
Born: 05/81 Died: 8/99
Godmother: Rose Sarukian

Damion Mendoza
Born: 7/76 Died: 6/92
Parents: Carlene & Paul
Mendoza

Shannon R. Middleton
Born: 2/77 Died: 5/94
Mother: Candy Middleton

Steven Douglas Millar
Born: 2/70 Died: 10/00
Parents: David & Suzanne
Millar

Angel Flores Misa, Jr
Born: 10/69 Died: 7/06
Parents: Roland & Luscita
Dilley

Jamie Susan Mintz
Born: 11/52 Died: 12/04
Sister: Jessica Mintz

**Our Children Remembered**

David F. Mobilio
Born: 7/71 Died: 11/02
Parents: Richard & Laurie
Mobilio

Danielle Ann Mosher
Born: 8/78 Died: 6/97
Parents: Paul & Rose Mary
Mosher

Peter Anthony Murillo
Born: 11/72 Died: 10/04
Mother: Stella Murillo

Christian Paul Nagy
Born: 5/02 Died: 5/02
Parents: Paul & Teresa Nagy

Richard Paul Negrete
Born: 6/43 Died: 2/04
Mother: Sally Negrete

Joy Ellen Nelson
Born: 1/97 Died: 1/97
Parents: Mary Desmond &
David Nelson

Eric M. Neuan
Born: 1/79 Died: 3/09
Parents: Eric & Lynn Neuman

Danielle Nice
Born: 7/81 Died: 8/04
Parents: Daniel & Debbie Nice

Monique Nicholson
Born: 7/71 Died: 1/08
Sister: April Nicholson

Geoff James Nowak
Born: 11/97 Died: 2/98
Parents: Christen Murphey &
Geoff Nowak

Logan Kay Nunez
Born: 1/95 Died: 4/05
Parents: Mike & Laura Nunez

Michaela Grace Nunez
Born: 2/05 Died: 7/05
Parents: Roger & Jennifer Nunez

Thomas Jinkwang Oh
Born: 2/72 Died: 6/03
Sister: Barbara Oh

Henry Orttega
Born: 5/97 Died: 7/08
Parents: Henry & Wendy Ortega

Caitlin Nalani Oto
Born: 10/88 Died: 2/05
Father: Carl Oto

Sally O'Toole
Born: 10/53 Died: 03/85
Mother: Kay Arndt

Lucas Hunter Palar
Born: 11/89 Died: 5/06
Parents: Hugh Palar & DeAnna
Williams

Armon Parker
Born: 4/72 Died: 3/04
Mother: Sabrina Parker

Annemarie Pellerito
Born: 9/73 Died: 8/03
Parents: Vicki & Pete Pellerito

Joseph Ryan Persh
Born: 1/03 Died: 2/03
Parents: Gary & Jane Persh

Daniel Andrew Peterson
Born: 1/4/78 Died: 5/13/85
Mother: Gay Kennedy

Jennifer Pizer
Born: 10/69 Died: 4/91
Parents: Janis & Bud Pizer

Chris Pierce
Born: 11/77 Died: 4/07
Sister: Stacy Pierce

D'Juan Marcel Pratt
Born: 12/79 Died: 11/06
Mother: Gwendolyn Elaine
Maiden

Shannon Quigly
Born: 11/2/68 Died: 1/09
Mother: Kathleen Shortridge

Daniel Paul Rains
Born: 4/72 Died: 3/91
Mother: Janet Ferjo

Jeffrey Alan Rakus
Born: 10/86 Died: 7/06
Parents: Tony & Donna Rakus

Tejal Pati Reddy
Born: 6/86 Died: 12/08
Parrents: Pranitha & Krupa
Reddy

Richard Reyes
Born: 12/65 Died: 12/08
Mother: Terry Reyes

Keith Patrick Riley
Born: 3/69 Died: 10/99
Parents: Kevin & Debby Riley

Christopher Rivera
Born: 10/67 Died: 1/06
Mother: Katherine Wagner

Ruth "Vanny" Rodriguez
Born: 10/73 Died: 5/01
Parents: George & Ruby
Rodriguez

Christine E. Rojas
Born: 6/64 Died: 12/94
Parents: Ray & Esther Rojas

Jamie (James) Lloyd Roman
Born: 4/78 Died: 2/97
Mother: Carolyn Roman

Frankie Romero
Born: 10/81 Died: 9/93
Mother: Magdalena Hilda Salas
& Francisco L. Romero

James Garrett Ross
Born: 12/74 Died: 10/05
Parents: Jim & Sharon Ross

Michael William Roth
Born: 6/71 Died: 12/08
Parents: Karen & William Roth

John Patrick Rouse
Born: 1/78 Died: 7/02
Mother: Sharon Rouse

Michael B. Ruggera, Jr.
Born: 4/51 Died: 4/96
Parents: Michael & Frances
Ruggera

Shannon Quigley Runningbear
Born: 12/68 Died: 1/09
Mother: Kathleen Crowley
Shortridge

Armando Sainz
Born: 6/76 Died: 2/02
Mother: Jennie Hernandez

Andrew Patrick Sakura
Born: 3/90 Died: 3/08
Parents: Bruce & Karen Sakura

Jeffrey Alan Sampson
Born: 3/86 Died: 5/05
Parents: Claude & Paula
Sampson

Lisa Sandoval
Born: 9/76 Died: 12/92
Parents: Susan & Ruben
Sandoval

F. Marlow Santos
Born: 10/84 Died: 7/93
Parents: Fred & Julie Gillette

Shaulamit Rose Scher-Gilfert
Born: 12/17/08 Died: 12/17/08
Mother: Aliza Scher
Grandmother: Adrienne Scher

Karen Ailegra Scholl
Born: 8/64 Died: 4/99
Mother: Kay Scholl

Matt Scholl
Born: 2/73 Died: 4/08
Parents: Bill & Kay Scholl

Candace Arond Schonberg
Born: 3/98 Died: 11/00
Parents: Andrene & Arond
Schonberg

Jonathan "Jamie" Schubert
Born: 7/65 Died: 12/06
Parents: Lynn & Roy Schubert

Melissa Lauren Schweisberger
Born: 10/84 Died: 11/99
Parents: John & Margarita
Schweisberger

Dylan Elwood Sievers
Born: 8/08 Died: 8/08
Parents Daren & Marne Sievers

Tyson Donald Sievers
Born: 8/08 Died: 9/08
Parents: Darren & Marne
Sievers

Gerald Slater
Born: 2/71 Died: 894
Parents: Bob & Gwen Slater

Jeff Eric Snowden
Born: 2/61 Died: 6/01
Parents: Daryle & Sandra
Snowden

OUR CHILDREN

Larry A. Stauffer
Born: 1/67 Died: 5/08
Mother: Shirley Finnin

Daniel John Swiggum
Born: 6/88 Died: 7/08
Parents: Stewart & Marian Swiggum

Kristi Nicole Taylor
Born: 5/80 Died: 9/94
Parents: Kathy & Cory Taylor

John Teresinski
Born: 12/67 Died: 1100
Parents: Beverly & Victor Teresinski

Ryan William Thomas
Born: 2/82 Died: 4/04
Mother: Linda Thomas

Laura C. Toomey
Born: 1/69 Died: 12/78
Mother: Michael & Elizabeth Toomey

Michael D. Toomey
Born: 4/62 Died: 2/05
Mother: Michael & Elizabeth Toomey

Nathan Torbert
Born: 1/78 Died: 12/05
Mother: Rebecca Williams

David Torres
Born: 6/66 Died: 3/06
Mother: Joyce Whirry

Marcelo Torres
Born: 8/81 Duied: 9/03
Parents: Jaime & Carmen Torres

Brian Gregory Trotter
Born: 10/78 Died: 8/94
Mother: Abby Trotter-Herft

Ubong Jabari Uko
Born: 2/81 Died: 5/09
Mother: Denise Dues

Gregory Earl Veal
Born: 2/90 Died: 7/00
Mother: Virginia Veal

Tommy Villanueva
Born: 10/68 Died: 5/02
Parents: Jennie & Edgar Villanueva

Eric Douglas Vines
Born: 7/77 Died: 7/91
Parents: Doug & Lynn Vines

Serena Yasmeen C. Viveros
Born: 11/05 Died: 11/05
Mother: Brenda Viveros

Chris Henry Vogeler
Born: 9/66 Died: 12/04
Parents: Frank & Lois Fisher

Marisa Ann Vuoso
Born: 7/83 Died: 3/93
Parents: Debbie & Marco Vuoso

Kristopher Wadman
Born: 11/82 Died: 10/00
Parents: Michael & Melodie Wadman

Carl Alan Wagenknecht
Born: 7/70 Died: 8/04
Parents: Tom & Janis Wagenknecht

Jeffrey Sinclair Wagstaff
Born: 9/80 Died: 4/99
Parents: Johnny & Barbara Walker
Sister: Sheimekia Wagstaff

Cory Dylan Walker
Born: 8/76 Died: 3/01
Parents: Jim and Susan Walker

Eric Webb
Born: 6/85 Died: 10/07
Parents: Jim & Vickie Webb

Dennis William Webber
Born: 5/85 Died: 3/05
Parent: Blaine & Sin Young Webber

Sharon Ann Wendt
Born: 6/54 Died: 4/99
Parents: Mr. & Mrs. Carmel Doucet

REMEMBERED

Brian Scott West
Born: 8/70 Died: 4/08
Parents: David & Connie Schlottman

Andreas Wickstrom
Born: 12/83 Died: 12/01
Parents: John & Inge Wickstrom

Victoria Winchester
Born: 2/57 Died: 2/84
Mother: Erin Adams

Jennifer Winkelspecht
Born: 7/75 Died: 8/95
Parents: Brian & Lisa Winkelspecht

Jordan Michael Witte
Born: 1/87 Died: 11/08
Parents: Licha & Mike Witte

Bob Woodyard
Born: 7/55 Died: 10/08
Bill & Barb Woodyard

Amy Woolington
Born: 10/85 Died: 1/07
Parents: Pam Weiss & John Woolington

Christopher Wootton
Born: 11/86 Died: 5/08
Father: Jim Wootton

Cristofur Daye Wroten-Kennedy
Born: 2/75 Died: 9/01
Mother: Dusty Wroten

Steve R. Young
Born: 7/57 Died: 2/90
Mother: Marjorie S. Young

Whitney Marie Young
Born: 8/87 Died: 11/06
Parents: Marlene & Steve Young

Kevin Zelik
Born: 11/85 Died: 5/10
Parents: Joe & Linda Zelik

Birthday Tributes... 

In honor of your child's birthday, we welcome you to submit a birthday tribute. Though your child is no longer here to buy a present for, think of this as a birthday present about your child. This tribute is an opportunity to share your child with us all. (We thank you for any birthday donations that help offset chapter costs.)

**A Birthday Tribute to:
Lisa Sandoval
September 1976
December 1992**



Dear Lisa,
Another birthday, another year of missing you so. I've had a sense of comfort knowing your Dad is there with you for the last seven years.

I close my eyes and wonder what is in store for you on your special day. I'm happy when I think of where you are and who you are with, but I miss you here with me.

I love you, Mom

For Siblings...



On Your Birthday

I wrote this date this morning,
Paused, And felt the room grow cold.

It always does
When I remember
All of it-
Down to the last petal
Tossed by winds
Above the upturned earth.
This time the chill
Does not leave
So easily.

It would have been your birthday.
Soon, I shall be
As old as you will ever be.

--Wanda M. Trawick, Acme, PA

For Grandparents...



A Grandparent's Lament

"My seven-year-old grandchild was killed in a tragic accident. We had such wonderful times together. He was the shining light of my life. And now he is gone. I feel sorry for my daughter and son-in-law, but they have lots of support from caring friends. No one seems to understand my agony. Grandparents mourn, too!"

How true. The grandparent - grandchild relationship is very special. With quality time they provide the biggest laps, make few demands, and give many gifts. It has often been said that parents aren't supposed to bury their children. But neither are grandparents supposed to bury their grandchildren. When a child dies, both parents and grandparents have lost a part of their future - one of the most horrific blows that human beings can endure.

There is the double assault of grieving for a grandchild while witnessing the suffering of your daughter and son-in-law. Your grief work may be different. Memories and attachments are not the same. Each of you has been rocked in individual paths to the very depths of your being in the attempt to patch together the pieces of your shattered lives. You must find a way to express what you are feeling or this suffering will stay inside you and fester. Seek out those with whom you can share your heartbreak. Pour out these emotions of grief and if necessary repeat them time and again. Perhaps keep a journal for your eyes alone to flood out your sorrow. But most of all, talk. Talk to your friends, family, neighbors, clergy, support group, or a professional counselor. How sorely you need their expressions of help, warmth, and understanding.

The death of your grandchild may also result in an even closer relationship with your daughter, son-in-law, and the rest of your family. Recall the unforgettable memories of the past as you search for a meaningful future. Even in your overwhelming despair you will realize that part of that child's life will live with you forever.

--By Rabbi Earl A. Grollman SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO: Because You Asked Hospice Foundation of America 2001 So. St., NW, #300 Washington, DC, 20009

From Our Members...



Cultural Differences in Grieving

It was seven years this September since my son John died by suicide. So much of what was said to me and what I heard was of no help to me. Finally someone said to me, "Marilyn, we know what you do not want, what do you want?"

I became a citizen in April this year, but I was born in Canada, and in the French culture I was raised in is where I learned of death, dying, and grief. I have been in this country for 35 years and while I had incorporated much of the culture I had not incorporated the attitudes on grief and death and did not become aware of that until long after my son died. I had not had to bury a loved one here. I wanted to share this in hopes of helping someone who perhaps is not aware and is having the same difficulty.

In September 1998, five years after John died, I flew to Canada for a visit because I still could not find togetherness with others who had lost their child, except for the pain of grief. There I found the roots of my way of grieving. I had seen many parents lose their children while I was growing up, sometimes more than one. I was brought up with death and grief as a part of life and dreams and signs were part of it, as well as listening to people grieve. As a child I was taught to listen and make sounds when a grieving person spoke, and to expect them to not be themselves perhaps for a very long time. The sounds are not words but carry a deep meaning when raised with them.

We were taught to respect the black ribbons on the arms and doors of those who had a death in their lives and to give careful attention and assistance to those in grief. If someone blames another for the death, you did not argue. Seeing people after the death was common, and I never doubted they had seen the spirit. I still do not. All of this was the norm, and I realized I had been expecting this, since I was now a griever. The problem was I was in another country and culture. I realized this as I wrote in my journal and after coming to understand my situation, have kept a daily journal since John's death.

Of course while I was there I got a lot of

what I needed and I think the question my friend asked was an important one. What do you want? I have made friends since I came back from my visit with people from a similar culture as mine, and I am on a path that is comfortable for me in my grief.

For me, to the spirit time does not matter, and distance matters only to those who are earthbound. Dreams, signs, all of that have been a part of my grief, and to me now, it is not strange

-- Marilyn Arvizo TCF South Bay/LA, CA

We welcome and encourage you to submit contributions you found meaningful to you in your grief. We prefer your original poems and thoughts, but we can also print other material if proper credit is given to the author. Please take the time to submit a poem or article you found helpful.

Welcome New Members... We welcome our new members to our chapter of TCF. We're sorry you have a need to be with us, but we hope you feel you have found a safe place to share your grief and will return. It often takes a few meetings to feel at ease in a group setting. Please try attending three meetings before deciding if TCF is for you. Each meeting is different, and the next one might be the one that really helps.

We encourage you to take advantage of our resources. We have a well stocked library of grief materials, a phone friend committee that welcomes calls at any time, and a members' directory to call another parent you have met at the meetings.

TCF Now on Facebook... Please visit and help promote The Compassionate Friends National Organization's new Facebook page by becoming a fan. You can get there by clicking on the link from TCF's national website home page at www.compassionatefriends.org. Or, you can log into Facebook and search for The Compassionate Friends/USA. In addition to the social support aspect, The Compassionate Friends/USA Facebook page will have information about upcoming events such as conferences, the Walk to Remember, and the Worldwide Candle Lighting. Please visit often and contribute to the conversation.

Our Website... We are now posting a tribute page for each of our children. Please visit the site and add your child's information. You can also download the monthly newsletter which will help defray chapter expenses of the printing and mailing of your newsletter. (Please let us know if you can be removed from the regular mailing list.) Contact

Crystal at: crystal@tcfsbla.org and she will help you with the steps to create your own tribute.

The National Office of TCF has an ongoing support group for parents and siblings online. For a complete schedule and to register for Online Support, visit <http://compassionatefriends.org> and follow the directions to register.

The Open to Hope Show: Featuring experts who discuss the many aspects of grief, with a main focus on the death of a child and its effects on the family, can be heard at 9 a.m. PST on Thursdays on the Web live at www.opentohope.com and www.thegriefblog.com and archived on the TCF national website.

Thank You...

Thank you to all those who donate to our meeting basket or send donations to our chapter. Since there are no fees or dues to belong to TCF, your donations keep us functioning, and we appreciate your help.



Birthday Tributes...

During your child's birthday month, you may place a picture and either a short personal message, poem, or story about your child in the newsletter. (Less than 200 words, please.) Do not cut your picture. We will block off unused areas. If it is a group photo, identify the person to be cropped.

This tribute is an opportunity to tell a short story about your child, so we will be able to know them better. Photos must have identification on the back. Enclose a SASE in order for photos to be returned by mail. (Please do not send your only picture.)

Tributes must be in by the 1st of the month preceding your child's birthday month or at the prior meeting. (Example: Sept. 1st for Oct. birthdays), otherwise they will appear if space permits or in the following month's issue.

Phone Friends... Sometimes you want or need to talk about the life and death of your child or with someone that understands and can share your pain. The following friends are on the phone committee.

Kitty Edler	(310) 541-8221
Karen Hlavaty (infant loss)	(310) 326-9701
Karen Merickel	(310) 375-2498
Richard Leach (grandchild)	(310) 833-5213

SIBLING PHONE FRIENDS

Kristy Mueller	(310) 373-9977
Joey Vines	(310) 534-4339
Sue Gardner	(310) 316-3777

Regional Coordinator

Susan Hawkes	(818) 249-7786
--------------	----------------



Memory Book... Our chapter has an ongoing Memory Book. Each child is given a page in the book. Pictures, poems, or a tribute you choose that will help us to remember your child can be included. Feel free to add your picture to the Memory Book at any of our meetings. This is one way we can meet and remember the new members' children.

Library Information ... At each meeting we have a library table. It is on the honor system. Many of you have books you got when you were newly bereaved and may no longer need. Perhaps you would like to donate books on grief that you found helpful. If you wish to donate a book to our library, please let the librarian know so we can put your child's name on a donation label inside the book.

Newsletter... For those of you who are receiving the newsletter for the first time, it is because someone has told us that you might find it helpful. We warmly invite you to attend one of our meetings. Please let us know if you know of someone who could benefit from our newsletter which is sent free to bereaved parents. We do ask that professionals, friends, and family members contribute a donation to help offset the costs involved. If any information needs to be changed, or if you would like your child included in the "Our Children Remembered" section, please contact the editor.

Additional Grief Support...Bereavement Organizations and Resources:



The Compassionate Friends So. Bay/L.A.,CA:

(310) 953-5230 Parent support group & newsletter for bereaved parents and siblings.

TCF National Newsletter: For all bereaved parents and siblings. *We Need Not Walk Alone*
www.compassionatefriends.org or toll-free phone number (877-969-0010).

TORRANCE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL: Individual and group bereavement support (310) 784-3751

TRINITY CARE HOSPICE: Bereavement Coordinator Gayle Kirma (310) 257-3567

FAMILY & FRIENDS OF MURDER VICTIMS: Rose Madsen, (909) 798-4803 Newsletter and support group, e-mail Roseydoll@aol.com

ALIVE ALONE: For parents who have lost their only child, or all their children. 1112 Champaign Dr., Van Wert, OH 45891 Newsletter available.
www.Alivealone.org

SURVIVORS AFTER SUICIDE: Support Group for families that have lost someone to suicide. Contact Sam & Lois Bloom (310) 377-8857

BEREAVEMENT MAGAZINE: published 9 times a year. Articles for all types of grief. Subscription fee. Bereavement Publishing, Inc., 5125 Union Blvd.,

Suite #4, Colorado Springs, CO 80920 call Toll-free: 888-604-4673.

OUR HOUSE/BEREAVEMENT HOUSE: 1950 Sawtelle Blvd., Suite 255, L.A., CA General bereavement and bereavement for children. (310) 475-0299

PATHWAYS HOSPICE: Bereavement support and sibling group. Bill Hoy (562) 531-3031

NEW HOPE GRIEF SUPPORT COMMUNITY: Grief support and education groups for adults and children. Susan K. Beeney, P.O. Box 8057, Long Beach, CA 90808, (562) 429-0075

THE GATHERING PLACE: Various support groups including support for loss of a child, support group for children 5-8, 9-12, and teens, (also Spanish). Call Claire Towle (310) 374-6323, Beach Cities Health Dist.

LOCAL TCF CHAPTERS



Brentwood/Santa Monica Chpt. TCF: (310) 889-7726 meets -2nd Thurs.

Central L.A.: 2nd Wed. at 7:00 P.M. meets in Inglewood, (323) 769-5537

Orange Coast/Irvine: (949) 552-2800 1st Wed.

Orange Co./Anaheim: (714) 993-6708

Pomona/San Gabriel: (626) 919-7206

Redlands: (800) 717-0373 3rd Tues.

Riverside-Inland Empire: (909) 683-4160

Ventura Co. TCF: (805)981-1573 1&3 Thurs.

Verdugo Hills: (818) 957-0254 4th Thurs.

San Fernando Valley: (818) 788-9701 2nd Mon.

A SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Post Net Printing for their help in printing our newsletters each month and to Reverend Karl Johnson and the Neighborhood Church for the use of their facilities for our meetings.

STEERING COMMITTEE OFFICERS

CHAPTER LEADERS: NEEDED

SIBLING LEADER: Sue Gardner

NEWSLETTER EDITOR: Lynn Vines

PROOF READER: Crystal Henning

TREASURER: Ken Konopasek

CARDS: Crystal Henning

WEBSITE: Crystal Henning

NEW MEMBER FOLLOW-UP: Laurie Gray

DONATIONS TO THE SOUTH BAY/L.A. CHAPTER OF THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

In loving memory of Amy Elizabeth Dodd, January 1974 - July 2002. You live on in the memories of those who love you.

Love, Beverly Young

With sincere gratitude and deep appreciation, we acknowledge the generosity of the previous individuals and companies. Your tax deductible donation, given, in memory of your loved one enables us to reach bereaved parents with telephone calls and information, and they also help defray newsletter and mailing costs. Please help us reach out to others in this difficult time. Indicate any special tribute you wish printed in our newsletter.

When making a donation, please make checks payable to: The Compassionate Friends South Bay/L.A. Chpt.

Mail to: The Compassionate Friends So Bay/ L.A. Chapter
P.O. Box 11171
Torrance, CA 90510-1171

In loving memory of _____

Birth date _____ Death date _____ Sent From _____

Tribute _____

To include your donation in the next newsletter, we must receive it by the first of the month, or it will appear in the following issue.

Nonprofit Org.
STD Permit 223
U.S. Postage Paid

P.O. Box 11171
Torrance, CA 90510-1171



– Change of Service Requested –

We are still parents it's just that some of our children don't live with us anymore.

--Pam Duke, TCF, Dallas TX

September 2010

Time Sensitive Material, Please Deliver Promptly

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CREDO



We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends.
We reach out to each other 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 them 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 they feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength,
while some of us are struggling to find answers.

Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression,
while others radiate an inner peace.

But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends,
it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to 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 to grieve as well as to grow.

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE. WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS.

©2010 THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS -- SOUTH BAY/L.A., CA CHAPTER