



The Compassionate Friends

South Bay/LA Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

A NEWSLETTER FOR BEREAVED PARENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES

October 2026 ISSUE

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

OUR NEXT MEETING:
will be October 1st, the First
Thursday of the month at 7:00 P.M.

LOCATION:
The Neighborhood Church
415 Paseo Del Mar
Palos Verdes Estates, CA 90274
(South of Torrance Beach)

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. → Park In EAST lot. Follow path to back patio. Meetings are held at the **EAST** end of the church. Patio Meeting room is 101 classroom. Follow signs. (Last door, first floor.)

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

The Compassionate Friends Mission Statement...

When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

The Oct. 1st meeting start with "Facing Another Day After The Loss Of A Child"

To participate in our Zoom meetings, contact Leo at (310) 283-6739 or Liccia79@gmail.com for the link.

The TCF Friday Lunch Group offers you a place to talk about your grief every Friday from 1-3. We meet at different locations each week so call to let us know you are coming. Everyone pays for their own lunch so arrival times & locations are flexible. Please call (310) 963-4646 for more information.

For a free Picture Button of your child, call Connie at (310) 292-5381.

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The Thursday Oct. 1st meeting will start with "Facing Another Day After The Loss Of A Child". We must face this day as we have faced thousands of others. We don't really have a choice. Now it is with longing, with pain, and with strength. This is what keeps me from crumpling into a ball of despair. It is what keeps me from giving up and giving in. It keeps me from looking down in object helplessness and lets me look up with new hope. We simply are forced to adjust as a bereaved parent. We are learning from others who are facing similar realities and are finding hope that we can overcome our new reality. We invite you to join us and share what is helping you in your grief.

7 Things I Have Learned Since the Death of My Child

Child loss is a loss like no other. One often misunderstood by many. If you love a bereaved parent or know someone who does, remember that even his or her "good" days are harder than you could ever imagine. Compassion and love, not advice, are needed. If you'd like an inside look into why the loss of a child is a grief that lasts a lifetime, here is what I've learned in my seven years of trekking through the unimaginable.

1) **Love never dies.** There will never come a day, hour, minute or second I stop loving or thinking about my son. Just as parents of living children unconditionally love their children always and forever, so do bereaved parents. I want to say and hear his name just the same as non-bereaved parents do. I want to speak about my deceased children as normally and naturally as you speak of your living ones.

I love my child just as much as you love yours—the only difference is mine lives in heaven and talking about him is unfortunately quite taboo in our culture. I hope to change that. Our culture isn't so great about hearing about children gone too soon, but that doesn't stop me from saying my son's name and sharing his love and light everywhere I go. Just because it might make you uncomfortable, doesn't make him matter any less. My son's life was cut irreversibly short, but his love lives on forever. And ever.

2) **Bereaved parents share an unspeakable bond.** In my seven years navigating the world as a bereaved parent, I am continually struck by the power of the bond between bereaved parents.

Sometimes we must experience the low points in life in order to learn lessons we wouldn't have learned any other way.



Strangers become kindred in mere seconds—a look, a glance, a knowing of the heart connects us, even if we've never met before. No matter our circumstances, who we are, or how different we are, there is no greater bond than the connection between parents who understand the agony of enduring the death of a child. It's a pain we suffer for a lifetime, and unfortunately only those who have walked the path of child loss understand the depth and breadth of both the pain and the love we carry.

3) **I will grieve for a lifetime.** Period. The end. There is no "moving on," or "getting over it." There is no bow, no fix, no solution to my heartache. There is no end to the ways I will grieve and for how long I will grieve.

There is no glue for my broken heart, no elixir for my pain, no going back in time. For as long as I breathe, I will grieve and ache and love my son with all my heart and soul. There will never come a time where I won't think about who my son would be, what he would look like, and how he would be woven perfectly into the tapestry of my family. I wish people could understand that grief lasts forever because love lasts forever; that the loss of a child is not one finite event, it is a continuous loss that unfolds minute by minute over the course of a lifetime. Every missed birthday, holiday, milestone—should-be, back-to school, school years and graduations; weddings that will never be; grandchildren that should have been but will never be born—an entire generation of people are irrevocably altered forever. This is why grief lasts forever. The ripple effect lasts forever. The bleeding never stops.

4) **It's a club I can never leave, but is filled with the most shining souls I've ever known.** This crappy club called child loss is a club I never wanted to join, and one I can never leave, yet is filled with some of the best people I've ever known. And yet we all wish we could jump ship—that we could have met another way—any other way but this. Alas, these shining souls are the most beautiful, compassionate, grounded, loving, movers, shakers and healers I have ever had the honor of knowing. They are life changers, game-changers, relentless survivors and thrivers. Warrior moms and dads who redefine the word brave.

Every day loss parents move mountains in honor of their children gone too soon. They start movements, change laws, spearhead crusades of tireless activism. Why? In the hope that even just

one parent could be spared from joining the club. If you've ever wondered who some of the greatest world changers are, hang out with a few bereaved parents and watch how they live, see what they do in a day, a week, a lifetime. Watch how they alchemize their grief into a force to be reckoned with, watch how they turn tragedy into transformation, loss into legacy.

Love is the most powerful force on earth, and the love between a bereaved parent and his/her child is a life force to behold. Get to know a bereaved parent. You'll be thankful you did.

5) The empty chair/room/space never becomes less empty. Empty chair, empty room, empty space in every family picture. Empty, vacant, forever gone for this lifetime. Empty spaces that should be full, everywhere we go. There is and will always be a missing space in our lives, our families, a forever-hole-in-our-hearts. Time does not make the space less empty. Neither do platitudes, clichés or well wishes for us to "move on," or "stop dwelling," from well intentioned friends or family. Nothing does. No matter how you look at it, empty is still empty. Missing is still missing. Gone is still gone.

The problem is nothing can fill it. Minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, month after month, year after heartbreaking year the empty space remains. The empty space of our missing child(ren) lasts a lifetime. And so we rightfully miss them forever. Help us by holding the space of that truth for us.

6) No matter how long it's been, holidays never become easier without my son. Never, ever. Have you ever wondered why every holiday season is like torture for a bereaved parent? Even if it's been 5, 10, or 25 years later? It's because they really, truly are. Imagine if you had to live every holiday without one or more of your precious children. Imagine how that might feel for you. It would be easier to lose an arm, a leg or two—anything—than to live without your flesh and blood, without the beat of your heart. Almost anything would be easier than living without one or more of your precious children. That is why holidays are always and forever hard for bereaved parents. Don't wonder why or even try to understand. Know you don't have to understand in order to be a supportive presence. Consider supporting and loving some bereaved parents this holiday season. It will be the best gift you could ever give them.

Since your death I am all broken bits and sharp

edges. My goal is not to be whole again. My goal is to polish up these broken bits and put them together in a new way to make something beautiful of my life as a monument to you and to our love.

7) Because I know deep sorrow, I also know unspeakable joy. Though I will grieve the death of my son forever and then some, it does not mean my life is lacking happiness and joy. Quite the contrary, in fact, though it took awhile to get there. It is not either/or, it's both/and. My life is more rich now. I live from a deeper place. I love deeper still. Because I grieve I also know a joy like no other. The joy I experience now is far deeper and more intense than the joy I experienced before my loss. Such is the alchemy of grief.

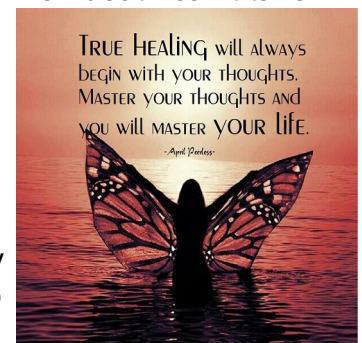
Because I've clawed my way from the depth of unimaginable pain, suffering and sorrow, again and again—when the joy comes, however and whenever it does—it is a joy that reverberates through every pore of my skin and every bone in my body. I feel all of it, deeply: the love, the grief, the joy, the pain. I embrace and thank every morsel of it. My life now is more rich and vibrant and full, not despite my loss, but because of it.

In grief there are gifts, sometimes many. These gifts don't in any way make it all "worth" it, but I am grateful beyond words for each and every gift that comes my way. I bow my head to each one and say thank you, thank you, thank you. Because there is nothing—and I mean absolutely nothing—I take for granted. Living life in this way gives me greater joy than I've ever known possible. I have my son to thank for that. Being his mom is the best gift I've ever been given. Even death can't take that away.

—Author Unknown

On Picking Up the Pieces

A few months after my son died someone said to me she was glad to see I was "picking up the pieces and going on". Well, I was picking up the pieces all right, but what she didn't know was they were almost a whole set of new pieces. I haven't been able to go on as though nothing about me has changed since my child died. I'm a different me now and I am still learning how the new me reacts to old situations. I have found the new pieces don't exactly fit together all nice and neat like a jigsaw puzzle because some of the old pieces are hanging in there and they don't quite



mesh with the newer ones. I am and have been in the process of grinding off the edges, hoping for a better fit, one I could live with more comfortably. Time, patience and hard work are helping me accomplish this.

How are the rough edges on your new pieces coming along?

--Mary Cleckley

Always A Parent

Becoming a parent changes everything about a person's existence. Books and magazine articles, talk shows, gurus, observations of other families offer only faint hints about the reality that awaits. From grand philosophical abstractions to picayune details of daily routines—none of it stays the same. Not the things you read, think, or talk about. Not the time you eat, sleep, wake or brush your teeth. Not what you do with your free time or money, if you can even remember back when those were flexible commodities to be enjoyed on your own and your own terms.

A helpless, dependent, miniature human being, not you, has become the center of your universe, the sun around which your commitments, goals, and dreams revolve. And it is your privilege, purpose and joy to be spinning in this galaxy. Parenthood may not be exactly what you thought you were signing up for, yet from the instant you connect with your child, it is impossible to imagine any other way of being.

Losing a child changes everything about a person's concept of parenthood. Unlike the plethora of advice and attention surrounding a child's birth, there is scant media analysis or societal support to soften the trauma of a child's death...When your child dies, the center of your solar system vanishes, hurling you into a directionless, scary void. You morph into an alien, exiled from your base, Planet Parent. Stunned and disoriented as you may be, one truth remains steadfast and indestructible; though your child may no longer be physically present, you still are the parent.

The question for me became, how does one be a mother to a child who has died? As a parent, anxiety, insecurity, competitiveness, excessive worries frequently undermined my confidence. If things did not work out well for my son, I persevered that it was my fault, that I was not a good (enough) mother. Was I too strict, too lenient, too involved too distracted. One of the things that

parents — for some like me reluctantly — have to accept is they are powerless over the future of their children. We give them life, but their life belongs to them.

After my son died, I was consumed with guilt that on some level it was my fault because I had not kept him safe. My thinking self acknowledged to person has control over life and death, not even a mother. My emotional side resisted letting go of the magical belief that I could have changed fate.

As a bereaved parent, these negative emotions about my competence have continued to insinuate themselves into my consciousness. I feel unworthy because I am not doing enough to memorialize my son. I compare myself to others who do so much more: creating foundations, raising money, public speaking, marathon volunteering. I can be petty and judgmental, and have to hold back sarcastic comments as I listen to inane complaints by people about their kids. I am tempted to envy those who seem to have charmed lives. I'm attracted to stirring a pity pot, feeling sorry for myself. Sometimes I just need to embrace my sadness, let it wash over me in tears, or silence, or frenetic activity, until it surfaces again, which it will.

Grieving, no doubt will continue to be part of my psychic landscape. But grieving cannot be all that defines my parental role. A bereaved mother, like any other, needs to let go of myths of control and perfection. We must strive to discover a spiritual path which affirms both the enormity of our loss and our deep gratitude for the years we shared with our child.

A mother is gentle and loving toward herself and her children, and being a mother is a forever gig.

-- Nora Yood

When You Lose a Child

When you lose a child your whole world is shattered
Your hopes and dreams are crushed
Your heart is broken
Your life is forever changed
You feel as though you will
Never again find a moment of happiness
And then one day you finally do smile again
But suddenly you feel guilty
As if you are somehow forgetting your angel
And then you realize it was your precious child
who gave you that smile just to say "I love you"

Author Unknown

Facebook/MyChildDidExist

In Loving Memory: Angela Rose Sbardella

My daughter, Angela, died unexpectedly on August 31, 2007 in a car crash due to the irresponsibility of an intoxicated passenger. She was just 21 years old and had a full life ahead of her.

I was a young dad at 22 when she was born, which I believe created a special bond between us. As she grew as a little girl, I grew as a father, with the both of us taking our lumps along the way.

There was first communion, beach outings, family parties, and vacations. There were the father/daughter dances, all of the sports teams (soccer, basketball, softball). There were the dance schools, when I was one of the only fathers there sitting in the room. The recitals, plays, confirmation and graduations. There were the driving lessons, boyfriends, her car, her various jobs and college decisions.

It is extremely difficult to compose a snapshot to capture the many things we are involved with and experience as our children grow and mature in life. It is bittersweet to reflect back on Angela's life and all the fond memories as well as the hope of what could have been. So what does that leave, a beautiful life cut short and a man with a broken heart?

My new life's journey also began on August 31, 2007. Having no idea where to go or what to do, I was blessed to be referred to The Compassionate Friends Greater Providence Chapter. I was greeted with such love and understanding from the chapter leaders as I attended my first few meetings. This led to various bonds and friendships with other members as I continued attending monthly meetings. To think so many other parents were experiencing the same pain as I, was both sad and comforting in a strange way, to know you are not alone in this journey.

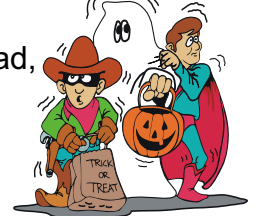
If not for the support and education I received from The Compassionate Friends Providence Chapter, my close family members and friends, I really do not know where I might be today.

My relationship with Angela now consists of daily visits to the cemetery, memorial ads in the local newspaper, kissing her pictures daily, crying for her when I'm alone and conversations with her while driving my car... But that's just me, there is no right or wrong way to now have a relationship or remember your child that is gone. We are all different, and should do what makes us feel best.

My life will never, ever be the same again, and for all the other parents, seasoned and newly bereaved, nor will yours, but there is hope and support for all of you, that you can one day continue on in your life in some sort of a new normal way.

To my two daughters, Angela that lives in my heart and Alexis who lives in my home, I Love You both, all day, every day, Dad.

--By Kevin Sbardella, Angela's Dad,
TCF, Providence RI



Halloween Magic

Halloween has always been a special holiday time. I regret that our son only had a one time experience at this magical time of year. I remember as though it were yesterday, the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his mask, how he said thank you without coaxing. Then I think of all the parents whose child never had the opportunity and I am grateful for that one time.

It's hard watching all the other children trick-or-treating and yet there is something special about this season that comforts me. As I watch the trees around me, I am reminded that there is a beauty even in their drying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breath-taking color scheme, and if you listen, a rustling in the air.

I believe there is a message in fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of season, that our children now know far more beauty than we can ever imagine. Like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in spring, our children are not gone. THEY LIVE!

-- Nancy Cassell, TCF Monmouth Co., NJ

Lost Potential

Last year I attended a workshop presented by a specialist in grief named Dr. Cable. Dr. Cable said many important things about the grief process, but as a bereaved parent one thing stuck in my mind. He said that if you ask a bereaved person to describe his deceased mother, he will say, "Oh, she was so sweet. She always wore flowered dresses and loved to bake cookies." But, if you ask a bereaved parent to describe her deceased child, she will say, "Oh, he would be five this year and just starting kindergarten," or, "She would be twenty-two this year and graduating from college."

You see, we bereaved parents grieve the lost potential of our children. Our children don't stop growing in our minds. We grieve again and anew each year as our child would have been a different age.

--Chris Anderson TCF, Walla Walla, Washington

June 9, 2014

When Bob and Linda Waxler received a phone call warning them their beloved and accomplished son Jonathan was taking heroin, they began a journey that took them through the detox hospitals and halfway houses of America. But the second call a year later, from the medical examiner in San Francisco, informing them that Jonathan had died, plunged them into the deep darkness—a long, lonely journey into the center of themselves. Their task was to survive in a world that would never again be the same, and they did survive and even triumph, incorporating Jonathan into their lives, not as a lost son, but as a living spirit who is with them in a new way.

Bob and Linda are both guest speakers at high schools and colleges, especially recently with all of the heroin overdoses. They are co-authors of the book, *Losing Jonathan*.

In Memoriam: Cody Johns Craynock, Age 26
The following was written by Block Island resident and TCF parent Jules Craynock, "in the hope that dialogue would be encouraged with others in our community that sit alone with an ambiguous loss, in the quiet times of each day, every day."

A Father's Love for the Daughter He Lost



Dear Kelly,

It has been a few days since we lost you, and I know that I will not find peace until I say the things that could not get past the lump in my throat in the precious little time we had together.

I realized from the moment you entered the world that I would never be able to hold you close, to rock you to sleep, and to proudly watch you grow. When I first saw you through the maze of plastic tubes and beeping machines that kept your body going despite its disordered chromosomes, my impulse was to build a shell of detachment. I wanted so much not to look at you up close, fearing that, when the time did come to let you go, I would be unable to hold myself together. But, as soon as I walked across that room full of tiny babies and

strange machines, I fell in love with you. You became a person. My little girl, I wanted desperately to touch you, and to let you know that everything was all right because Dad was there. But I still could not bring myself to make that first contact. I just quivered and stared at you, torn between an urge to run out of the nursery and a desire to stay by your side until it was over, no matter how long it took.

I recall a nurse speaking to me while I stood over you. I ignored her. I hope she didn't think I was rude. Words that would have formed a reply had simply crumbled into inaudible dust somewhere inside my emotions.

Your dad did pretty well up to that time. It was only after I said good night to you and found an empty washroom that the tears came. They were the first of many.

After your mom finally went to sleep that first night, I took a long, slow drive home. I still had to tell your little brother that the sister he was waiting for was very sick. I realize now that we adults do not give kids credit when it comes to understanding what we're trying to tell them. You, in the form of a plastic baby doll, slept in your brother's tight embrace that night.

The frequent but short visits with you were both the highlight and the low point of each day. Touching, watching, crying, loving, and fearing - all while you lay there searching the room with wandering eyes. How many times I prayed that you would not close those beautiful eyes. How many times I prayed that I would have the strength to catch those eyes with mine and hold them while the misery swelled within and washing you from my sight.

Yes, baby, when I looked into your eyes and saw party dresses, curls, and boyfriends I did not approve of, I cried for you. But I also cried for myself.

As we approached the final day, you became more inseparable from us. Even though we could see that you were rapidly slipping, we could not accept that what we knew was so near. The high-caliber minds and warm, caring hearts of the hospital staff were no match for what nature had denied you.

My own body ached under the siege of emotions, anguish, denial and, yes, rage. The night before you died, I found myself running the deserted city streets harder than I can remember ever having done. I punched bags, walls, and floors until my body was numb. I came to rest

sobbing uncontrollably on a cold garage floor, too tired to continue swinging and too far gone to grab for a piece of sanity.

You see, Kelly, the years that your dad the cop spent building a professional armor against pain weren't any help that night. I cannot recall, nor do I believe that I will ever surpass, the heartache that your mom and I carried into that last day. As we prayed over you with our minister, we finally realized that you were ready to begin your journey. You were moving away from us forever. Although I cannot believe it now, I suppose it's true that time will mute my pain and blur your image. But the sight of your mom holding you close for the last time and crying softly as she stroked your head, will remain burned into my soul.

Please forgive me for not being able to take you into my arms as your mom did. I was sure that I would have lost my mind. To comfort your mom, to hold your hands, to touch your face, and to weep unashamed as I said good-bye was barely within the furthest limits of my heart's endurance.

Later that night I told your brother that you would not be coming home. He also cried for you. He is only a little boy, but in his way he loved you, too, even though he never had a chance to see you.

You would be proud to know that in your brief stay with us you left a strong family stronger. We are thankful that we had the opportunity to know you as our daughter, not a nameless stillborn. Somehow, the day-to-day problems don't seem as important as before.

Soon we will plant a living tribute to you and your profound effect on us - a strong, beautiful tree that will grow and blossom, as you would have. And, just as I plan to open the 1976 Cabernet when your brother reaches 21, your mom and I will crack an '82 when the appropriate time comes.

Yes, sweetheart, I accept now that you are at peace. In time, I hope to find mine. Good-bye, Kelly. I love you.

-- Dan Milchovich is a detective in the Inglewood, CA, Police Department. L.A. Times

Newly Bereaved...

Thoughts on Healing

There are so many feelings involved in losing a child - and so many new thoughts. Sometimes, it feels like learning a new language after

having been flung into a new culture: all signposts are new and our sense of direction is lost and even our innate instincts don't immediately prove helpful. But I am learning and actively looking to determine which feelings to hold and which to release.

I don't want to be stuck in the loop of focusing on an insurmountable aspect of my loss. I want to regain what I think of as my nature. And I guess I have been actively pursuing this desire since I began to more consciously engage in thoughts of my own survival.

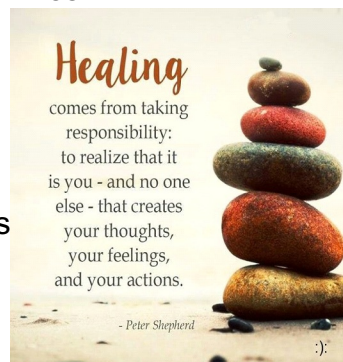
At first, and for some time, I simply cried, put one foot in front of the other, held on from one day to the next - until I "woke up" and gradually became aware of myself again. I have realized that my healing is an active process, and my instincts are sometimes clunky, unpredictable, unwieldy, because so many of my feelings are new, unprecedented.

We all are socialized in so many subtle and overt ways to parent, to mother, to father, to nurture, but we have no idea how to survive our children. There was never any conversation about this possibility, never any guidance, rarely ever a role model, and there doesn't even seem to be a natural instinct to help us along our way. So we have no choice but to flounder and guess, to try this, try that while we suffer and ache.

It is hard to calculate our response while in the thrall of such a profound emotional experience. And what could be more profound or affecting than losing a child? Nothing. I was sometimes afraid I'd forget how to breathe in that first year, as though even my body functions were no longer innate. I remember days I didn't even think I could walk.

Now I think my parenthood guides me. I don't want to harm myself or anyone because everyone most close to me has already been so upset and so broken by this loss. Because of their feelings and my own, I feel invested, and thoughts of how to respond - sometimes even at the level of something so concrete as how to stop crying - occupy most of my thoughts, and certainly did so within the first year.

In that time, it seemed that every instinct within me was working on different internal gears, each trying to calibrate how to respond, what to do. Sometimes it was close work: how to simply get through one crying jag or one day. Other times, it felt like studying philosophy: contemplating and analyzing what ethics and values my personal choices would project. And while doing this work, I was not myself; I was missing myself and my usually able intellect. But my intellect didn't serve



me much that first year.

My emotions took precedence; they took over. Only occasionally would I feel the benefit or power of my intellect. But the intellect returns. My ability to judge, to focus, to wield my personal power, has returned. It is showing signs of waking, showing its presence, suggesting its power.

The difference, I think, is that I don't have control over which rules, my mind or my emotions. This was especially true during the first year of my loss.

I recently read the novel *Like a Woman* by Debra Busman. Toward the end of the story, she describes a character who had been caught in a rogue wave: "You were out there ninety percent of the time by yourself before I could even get to you. You did everything right. You relaxed, didn't fight the current, swam only enough to come up for air, stayed calm. You called for help. You made the decision to live."

Busman could have been describing what surviving loss feels like. We must relax into the waves of our grief. Stay calm.

--Robin, Camila's mom

Seasoned Griefers...

I Felt I Was Healed

I felt I was healed, felt I was ok
Ten years had passed to make me this way.
Worked with others who were feeling the pain
So tears and the heartache would soon go away.
I make the newsletter and work on the slides
That we watch as we remember the better times.
But life has a way of throwing a curve
That rocks to the core and shatters the nerves.
My brother has died and though he was ill
A hole has re-opened once again I must fill.
I know all the steps that take me through grief
Of the traps to watch out for, oh what a relief.
Though same it is different, the hurt is still there
I miss my little brother and wish he were here.
--Stew Levett TCF Pikes Peak Chapter CO

Friends and Family...

In Times of Grief and Loss: A Family Manifesto

If you need space to be quiet and alone, I will honor your needs. If you want to be close, I will make every effort to relate in a loving and receptive



way. Talking about our loved one, sharing memories and pondering the "why's" of our loss are necessary parts of grieving. When you want to talk, I will do my best to listen without judgment of your thoughts and feelings.

We don't need to hide our sorrow or find places to cry alone. When tears come, you are invited to let them flow. I will try to do the same.

We will never take for granted that we are doing well just because we aren't talking about our loss. Let us agree to regularly check with each other, discussing ways to be more supportive and nurturing.

During the first year and perhaps beyond, we will make a point to celebrate the memory of our loved one on holidays and anniversaries. We'll expect to feel a greater depth of sadness on these days and we'll try to plan meaningful activities together.

Disposing of personal items that belonged to the person we loved will be done slowly, making every attempt to consider all of our feelings.

Sometimes our sorrow will affect our family relationships in surprising or unpleasant ways. When this occurs, we will try our best to explore our feelings, making every effort to resolve them together.

Some of our family members will adjust to our loss sooner than others and that is okay. We understand that no one of us can meet all of another person's needs, especially during this difficult time of grief. It is all right if we turn to people outside our family for help and support.

If one of us is "touchy", moody or says something we don't mean, we will try to remember that we have all been deeply injured in different ways. We realize that pain lingers even when it is not discussed.

We understand that the world too soon forgets about our loss and acts as if nothing ever happened. For this reason, our family will support each other over the long haul.

We will not assume that any of us is either too young or too old to grieve. Trying to be "strong" for others often postpones grief and the rebuilding process. I do not expect you to be strong for me. Rather, I will take responsibility for my own healing.
--Kara-grief.org

Helpful Hint...

When you are feeling overwhelmed,
Be Good to Yourself



Look at yourself in the mirror.
 Say to yourself "It is hard to lose a child."
 Say to yourself "It is reasonable to hurt."
 Say to yourself "Healing takes time."
 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF
 --Sascha Wagner



Welcome...

The Friendship Door

We're here for each other, you and I,
 not only because we've had a child die.
 We've, each of us, been through life's hurts and
 pains;
 we know the losses, but also the gains.
 One of the gains that I'm grateful for
 is the opening, for me, of the friendship door.
 You've comforted me and you've held out your
 hand;
 you, above all others, could understand.
 How I needed to talk with my dead child...
 how the pain in my heart was driving me wild.
 It's you who have helped me work through my grief,
 and I'll see him again, that's my belief.
 But right now, my friend, I'm right here for you –
 I'll hold your hand and I'll help you through.
 You see, now as friends, we pass the love on;
 the bonding of friendships makes us all the more
 strong!
 -- Myrtle Fleming



Book in Review...

Into The Valley and Out Again by Richard Edler.
 This is an honest, direct, and deeply moving
 narrative of a father's journey from the depth of
 grief to a reaffirmation of life, following the loss of
 his 18 year old son. It is a story of sorrow,
 acceptance, faith, and a renewal; helpful to the
 bereaved and also to those seeking to understand
 the grief journey. This book includes a separate
 chapter written by Richard's surviving son, Rick,
 providing a sibling perspective. [In our chapter
 library.]

Will I Get Better

The worst hurt you'll ever have is to have a child
 taken away
 All the pain in your heart will be with you each day
 But you will go on because you'll find so many

really care
 Your good friends and family will always be there.
 So many people ask me does it get better in time
 I tell them each person is different
 your own way you must find
 You find that as you go on some of your grief will
 end
 But we do know that your heart will never mend.
 In time you'll do all the things that you used to do
 But you'll feel in your heart it's not the same to you
 Do things get better that is up to each one
 Some day you will laugh again and even have
 some fun
 But that does not mean you have forgotten your
 child
 All their memories you keep of their beautiful smile
 Some people may hurt you with the stupid things
 they say
 You have to just listen to the ones who love you
 each day.
 So try to keep up your spirit for your day will arrive
 And you'll be thankful to all who helped you survive
 The people who remember your child as if they
 were here
 Those are the loved ones that you'll always hold
 dear
 Now you say will I ever get better how long will it
 take me
 When you start to help others then you will see
 That you have changed so much since that first day
 Now I say to you that you have found your own
 way.
 —Dee and Jack Heil
 TCF Northeast Philadelphia, PA

"Hope begins in the dark, the stubborn hope that if
 you just show up and try to do the right thing, the
 dawn will come. You wait and watch and
 work—you don't give up."
 --Anne Lamott

After a while,
 you reduce all of your tortures
 to one simple question: Why?
 You no longer say,
 "What if...?"
 You no longer say, "How could this happen?"
 You only ask, Why!
 Until one day ,
 you find yourself sobbing the truth:
 No one can ever know.
 --Sascha Wagner

**OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED**

Troy Akasaka
Born: 1/91 Died: 2/15
Parents: Jay & Sharon
Akasaka

Angel Alva
Born: 12/91 Died: 6/24
Mother: Jackie
Alva-Ornelas

Josue
Born: 3/04 Died: 6/07
Mother: Elizabeth Centeno

Brandon Armstrong
Miscarried: July 1995
Mother: Cheryl Stephens

Connor Aslay
Born: 5/99 Died: 7/18
Mother: Erin Aslay

Jeremiah Bell
Born: 1/88 Died: 6/15
Mother: Angela Alvarez

Chad Bettge
Born: 9/74 Died: 6/26
Parents: George & Sara
Jane Bettge

Scott Berkovitz
Born: 5/88 Died: 1/16
Parents: Carl Berkovitz &
Maria Moore

Noah Bernstein
Born: 6/87 Died: 2/17
Mother: Beth Bernstein

Cheianne Jayda Berry
Born: 12/01 Died: 7/16
Mother: Kristina Berry

Sam Boldissar
Born: 10/91 Died: 3/17
Parents: Jeeri & Frank
Boldissar

Alex James Bonstein
Born: 11/91 Died: 7/16
Mother: Cynthia Sanchez

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

William Joseph Britton III
Born: 3/62 Died: 7/85
Mother: Jean Anne Britton

Larry Brooks Jr.
Born: 7/88 Died: 9/17
Mother: Thessia Carpenter

Scott Vincent Buehler
Born: 3/80 Died: 2/08
Mother: Elizabeth Buehler
Miller

Julian Burns
Born: 12/18 Died: 1/19
Parents: Daniel & Marta
Burns

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

Carina Chandiramani
Born: 5/86 Died: 9/18
Mother: Norma
Chandiramani

Blair Chapin
Born: 4/82 Died: 5/18
Sister: Elizabeth Chapin

Alexandra Chi
Born: 2/03 Died: 12/24
Father: David Chi Parents

Michael Edward Clapp
Born: 2/93 Died: 4/18
Mother: Patti Clapp

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

Matthew Hales Clifford
Born: 1/80 Died: 3/15
Parents: Bob & Melissa
Clifford

Aaron Christopher Cochran
Born: 11/90 Died: 9/12
Mother: Julia Carr

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

Hannah Elizabeth Cortez
Born: 9/92 Died: 7/13
Parents: Rafael & Shari
Cortez

Mike Sebastian Cortez
Born: 5/97 Died: 6/17
Mother: Rita Cortez

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

Michael N. Daffin
Born: 2/85 Died: 4/17
Parents: Michael & Diana
Daffin

Daniel Elijah Day
Born: 4/93 Died: 5/16
Mother: Kristen Day

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

Sean Michael Denhart
Born: 3/88 Died: 12/20
Mother: Janna Denhart

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

Nicolas Frank DiMarco
Born: 9/89 Died: 9/22
Father: Frank DiMarico

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

Ryan Dobie
Born: 7/92 Died: 2/19
Parents: Linda & Douglas
Dobie

Michael John Dornbach
Born: 7/60 Died: 10/17
Parents: Maria Trillegi &
Edward Dornbach

Wayne Douglas
Born: 9/71 Died: 1/10
Mother: Marie Galli

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

Joel Draper
Born: 1/84 Died: 5/2004
Mother: Tracy Solis

Brian Daniel Edelman
Born: 5/86 Died: 8/23
Father: Ray Edelman

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

Gregory Robert Ehrlich
Born: 4/91 Died: 2/19
Mother: Sarah Ott

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

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

**OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED**

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

Cody Jarod Esphorst
Born: 3/02 Died 7/19
Parents: Jesse & Julie Esphorst

Jesse Eric Esphorst
Born: 9/00 Died: 3/17
Parents: Jesse & Julie Esphorst

Chidinma Ezeani
Born: 8/89 Died: 10/19
Mother Ifeoma Ezeani

Robert Justin Fields
Born: 1/00 Died: 1/22
Parents: Loree & Bob Fields

Shawn Eric Fillion
Born: 12/82 Died: 8/21
Mother: Lise Fillion

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

Bryce Patrick Fisher
Born: 10/86 Died: 8/21
Mother: Nancy Goodson

Miles Andrew Gallas
Born: 2/89 Died: 3/21
Mother: Denise Gallas

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

Lexie Rose Gilpin
Born: 4/09 Died: 4/09
Mother: Michele Gilpin

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

Marc David Guerrevia
Born: 7/97 Died: 7/17
Mother: Sharon Cortez

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

Christie Hagenburger
Born: 4/63 Died: 12/17
Father: D.W. Hagenburger

Leslie Geraci Hart
Born 6/66 Died: 7/11
Father: John Geraci

Bishop Michael Hernandez
Born: 3/98 Died: 6/21
Father: John Hernandez

Jesse Hernandez
Born: 2/90 Died: 11/22
Mother: Joann Hernandez

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

Sarah Jade Hurley
Born: 6/97 Died: 5/17
Father: Tim Hurley
Grandmother: Laurie Hurley

Taylor X. Hyland
Born: 8/06 Died: 7/20
Mother: Tessa Hyland

Steven Ishikawa
Born: 9/75 Died: 4/17
Mother: Miki Ishikawa

Alexander John Jacobs
Born: 3/90 Died: 8/19
Mother: Diane Jacobs

Stefanie Jacobs
Born: 5/87 Died: 1/97
Father: Rob Jacobs

Jason Christopher Jenkins
Born: 4/86 Died: 11/20
Parents: Alvin & Caprice Jenkins

Lizzie Jester
Born: 6/93 Died: 7/18
Father: Lee Jester

Zachary Hyun Joon Jeong
Born: 12/24 Died: 12/24
Parents: Ken Jeong & Cydne Shapiro

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

Jillian Nicole Katnic
Born: 3/87 Died: 10/18
Mother: Debbie Hughes

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

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

Chase King
Born: 4/87 Died: 11/19
Mother: Laura King

Colby Joshua Koenig
Born: 6/84 Died: 1/10
Parents: Cindy Tobis & John Koenig

Scott Koller
Born: 10/83 Died: 3/15
Mother: Betty Benson

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

Margareta Sol Kubitz
Born: 9/05 Died: 9/09
Parents: Maria & Bill Kubitz

Michael Kroppman
Born: 12/88 Died: 3/12
Parents: Brenda & Greg Kroppman

Marareta Sol Kubitz
Born: 9/05 Died: 9/09
Parents: Bill & Maria Kubitz

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

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

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

Emma Nicole Lerner
Born: 11/99 Died: 7/06
Mother: Nancy Lerner

Kevin Le Nguyen
Born: 5/88 Died: 6/14
Mother: Tracy Le Nguyen

Joseph Licciardone
Born: 4/94 Died: 3/16
Parents: Connie & Leo Licciardone

Gaby Lindeman
Born: 7/64 Died: 9/12
Parents: Gilberto & Graciela Rodriguez

Joshua Lozon
Born: 6/91 Died: 6/21
Mother: Tracey Gentile

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

Shauna Jean Malone
Born: 8/70 Died: 1/13
Parents: Tom & Mary Malone

**OUR CHILDREN**

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

Janet Sue Mann
Born: 10/61 Died: 9/10
Mother: Nancy Mann

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

Jesse Robert Martinez
Born: 1/89 Died: 9/21
Father: Harry Martinez

Travis Frederick Marton
Born: 10/91 Died: 1/15
Mother: Ricki Marton

Matthew "Matty" Louis Matich
Born: 5/02 Died: 7/18
Parents: Mike & Shirley Matich, Grandmother: Dorothy Matich

Max McCardy
Born: 4/05 Died: 8/15
Parents: Derk & Akemi McCardy

Joseph Mc Coy
Born: 9/11 Died: 11/14
Mother: Amy McCoy

Sarah Mc Donald
Born: 10/00 Died: 6/17
Parents: Tom & Shideh Mc Donald

John Paul Mc Nicholas
Born: 12/89 Died: 11/20
Parents: John & Leeann Mc Nicholas

Kirk Nicholas Mc Nulty
Born: 7/84 Died: 2/14
Mother: Elaine Mc Nulty

Jeremy Stewert Mead
Born: 10/61 Died: 11/14
Mother: Carol Mead

Robert Andrew Mead
Born: 5/65 Died: 4/11
Mother: Carol Mead

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

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

Christopher Metsker
Born: 11/94 Died: 3/18
Parents: Justin & Tara Metsker

Blanca Isabel Meza
Born: 9/21 Died: 9/21
Mother: Angela Azurdin-Meza

Mathew Scott Mikelson
Born: 4/77 Died: 4/20
Mother: Dorthy Mikelson

Keith Moilanen
Born: 10/80 Died: 5/19
Mother: Jill Moilanen

Reyna Joanne Monje
Born: 9/98 Died: 4/21
Mother: Debbie Trutanich

Jacki Montoya
Born: 10/89 Died: 6/15
Mother: Theresa Montoya

Joshua Montoya
Born: 4/15 Died: 6/15
Grandmother: Theresa Montoya

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

REMEMBERED

Benjamin A. Moutes
Born: 3/07 Died: 5/10
Parents: Kevin & Claudia Moutes

Danielle Murillo
Born: 5/96 Died: 4/14
Parents: Cheryl Outlaw & Manuel Murillo

Christopher Murphy
Born: 11/92 Died: 4/18
Mother: Deborah Murphy

Christopher Myers
Born: 10/86 Died: 5/06
Parents: Janet & Larry Myers

Edward W. Myricks II
Born: 4/72 Died: 10/11
Parents: Edward & Sandra Myricks

Lisa Nakamaru
Born: 12/93 Died: 10/14
Mother: Grace Nakamaru

Natalie Rose Nevarez
Born: 5/90 Died: 11/14
Parents: Gregg and Alison Nevarez

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

Stephanie Sue Newkirk
Born: 12/67 Died: 10/15
Mother: Cindy McCoy

Trevor Mitchell Nicholson
Born: 7/99 Died: 1/18
Parents: Brad & Kendra Nicholson

Steven Scott Nussbaum
Born: 5/61 Died: 11/15
Parents: Will & Gloria Nussbaum



Sally Anne O'Connor
Born: 12/62 Died: 2/11
Mother: Grace "Darline" Dye

Isabella Ofsanko
Born: 6/97 Died: 10/15
Mother: Desiree Palmer

Dominique Oliver
Born: 5/85 Died: 3/02
Mother: Cheryl Stephens

Steven Thomas Pack
Born: 8/91 Died: 3/20
Parents: Tom & Lisa Pack

Lilly Parker
Born: 12/15 Died: 1/17
Mother: Nicole Kawagish
Father: J.D. Parker

Jessica Perez
Born: 5/89 Died: 10/03
Sister: Monica Perez

Andrew Periaswamy
Born: 5/97 Died: 10/16
Parents: Megala & Xavier Periaswamy

Lindsay Nicole Pollack
Born: 6/94 Died: 11/23
Mother: Daphne Carroll-Pollack

Donnie Vincent Pulislich
Born: 1/75 Died: 1/18
Mother: Maria Pulislich
Sister: Michelle Pulislich

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

Dax Jordan Quintana
Dantas De Oliveria
Born: 6/17 Died: 8/17
Parents: Alexandar & Sanderson Quintana
Dantas De Oliveria

**OUR****CHILDREN****REMEMBERED**

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

Daniela Mora Saldana
Born: 3/17 Died: 3/17
Mother: Rosa Saldana

Brittany Anne Suggs
Born: 10/88 Died: 4/16
Mother Camille Suggs

Lexi Noelle Valladares
Born: 4/04 Died: 7/10
Parents: Fausto & Erica
Valladares

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

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

Elizabeth D. Szucs
Born: 4/72 Died: 6/11
Parents: Dolores & Frank
Szucs

Manuel Vargas III
Born: 3/95 - Died: 5/15
Father: Manuel Vargas

Leo Joshua Rank II
Born: 3/11 Died: 4/12
Parents: Roberta Redner &
Leo Rank

Phillip Ruben Sandoval
Born: 7/84 - Died: 6/16
Parents: Valerie & Joe
Desjardin

Kenneth Tahan
Born: 2/66 Died: 7/16
Parents: Shirley & Joseph
Tahan

Mark T. Vasquez
Born: 5/75 Died: 5/11
Parents: Manuel & Blanca
Vasquez Jr.

Cindy Ranftl
Born: 8/68 Died: 7/97
Parents: Pat & Bob Ranftl

Andrew Sankus
Born: 4/71 Died: 8/15
Mother: Mary Sankus

Anthony Tanori
Born: 8/82 Died: 8/12
Parents: Chuck & Sylvia
Tanori

David Michael Villarreal
Born: 11/90 Died: 2/18
Parents: David & Barbara
Villarreal

Ronald Reade II
Born: 9/69 to 8/23
Brother of Bobby Reade

Christian Saylor
Born: 10/90 Died: 10/24
Parents: Jeff & Coco
Saylor

Jamie Taus
Born: 5/85 Died: 5/21
Sister: Jackie Taus
Mother: Susan Taus

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

Sarah Lynne Redding
Born: 12/80 Died: 12/05
Mother: Linda Redding

Gerald Slater
Born: 2/71 Died: 8/94
Parents: Bob & Gwen
Slater

Jacqueline Marie Taylor
Born: 1/83 Died: 7/11
Mother Jennifer Flynn

Adam Michael Wechsler
Born: 3/2003 Died: 11/23
Father: Zach Wechsler

Aaron Rico
Born: 12/89 Died: 12/10
Parents: Cameron &
Annette Rico

Spencer Simpson
Born: 1/80 Died: 6/13
Parents: Rich & Shelly
Simpson

Julie Catherine Thomas
Born: 1/80 Died: 9/2023
Mother: Mary Thomas

Matthew L. Weiss
Born: 9/96 Died: 8/18
Mother: Natalie Narumoto

Geffrey Robinson
Born: 9/85 Died: 7/19
Parents: Doug & Mary
Robinson

Nicholas M Sinclair
Born: 1/80 Died: 2/22
Mother: Suzanne Sinclair

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

Rennie S. Wible
Born: 8/66 Died: 1/18
Mother: Jinx Wible

Dominic Pennington Roque
Born: 8/02 Died: 9/09
Parents: Kerrie & Ren
Roque

Paul Slater
Born: 10/71 Died: 11/16
Parents: Bob & Gwen
Slater

Catarina Sol Torres
Born: 12/16 Died: 12/16
Parents: Marcus &
Vanessa Torres

Dovan Vincent Wing
Born: 6/83 Died: 9/17
Mother: Becky Wing

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

Dale Lee Soto
Born: 7/94 Died: 5/11
Mother: Monique Soto

Carlos Valdez
Born: 10/90 Died: 1/12
Parents: Antonia & Refugio
Valdez

Aaron Young
Born: 9/74 Died: 6/15
Mother: Sheila Young

Danny Ryan
Born: 07/79 Died: 10/15
Parents: Mike & Andrea
Ryan

Patrik Stezinger
Born: 1/89 Died: 8/17
Parents: Paul & Rosemary
Mosher

Vance C. Valdez
Born: 10/90 Died: 3/12
Parents: Carlos & Maria
Valdez

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

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

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

Our Children Remembered

Ryan Yorty
Born: 4/81 Died: 5/84
Mother: Denise Gonzales

Thomas Zachary
Born: 12/85 Died: 7/11
Father: Bob McGaha

Michael Jordan Zareski
Born: 5/71 Died: 12/17
Parents: Susan & Norm Zareski

Kevin Zelik
Born: 11/85 Died: 6/10
Parents: Joe & Linda Zelik

Christopher Zuchero
Born: 5/85 - Died: 5/22
Parents: Mike & Shelly Rudeen

Vincent Zuniga
Born: 1/99 - Died: 10/24
Parents: Shonnie Allen & Eddie Zungia

* For corrections or to add your child to the Our Children Remembered section of the newsletter, call Lynn at (310) 963-4646 and leave a message.

Birthday & Anniversary Tributes... If it's your child's birthday or anniversary month, we invite you to join our monthly meeting and share their story! Birthdays and anniversaries hold treasured memories and are especially difficult for surviving parents and siblings. TCF offers a wonderful venue to honor and celebrate the precious life— a story of your loved one. Taking a few minutes to share a picture, memento, award or even their favorite toy is a gentle reminder to all that our love continues.

In honor of your child's birthday or anniversary, we welcome you to submit a tribute. Birthday and Anniversary tributes show how important our children still are to all of us. Though your child is no longer here to buy a present for, think of this as a present about your child. This tribute is an opportunity to share your child with us all. (We thank you for any birthday or anniversary donations that help offset chapter expenses.)

Sorry, no tributes were submitted this month.

By Siblings...

Coping With Grief After the Death of a Sibling



For those bereaved after losing a sibling, here are ways to help you cope with the grief and find a way through your loss. Some suggestions are better suited for earlier in your grief journey, some for later on:

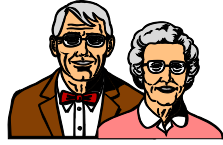
- Be kind and gentle with yourself. As you're learning, grief is a winding process.
- Rest and sleep more. The bereaved may feel more exhausted physically and emotionally.
- Don't skip over feeling pain. Allow yourself the time to hurt so you can move through that.
- Spend time with family and friends. Although you may want time alone, don't remove or isolate yourself.
- Do small things that make you happy. Work in the garden, play games on your phone, and integrate small pleasures back into your life.
- Allow yourself joy. Don't feel ashamed or guilty if you enjoy a meal or dance to a song that you liked.
- Return to a routine as soon as you can. Eat regularly, go for a walk, resume work.
- Focus on spirituality and creativity. It's important to shift your energy toward doing the things that bring you joy. This is the perfect opportunity for you to tap into your creativity. You could write poetry, paint, or even write your loved one a letter.
- Create a ritual in your sibling's memory. This may be participating in a 5K for breast cancer research every year if your sister died of breast cancer.
- Do something to honor your sibling's life. If your brother shot hoops and played with friends in a neighborhood park, you can donate a bench as a memorial. The goal is to honor your sibling's memory.
- Join a supportive group. Others are going through what you are, too. Online grief support groups can offer you a safe community in which to mourn. The Compassionate Friends Sibling Groups and Modern Loss offer resources to help you deal with grief.

While we live in a culture that encourages us to move on, grieving the death of a sibling can take some time. It's a very special loss and you have every right to feel deep pain. But there is light at the end of the tunnel and a way to live with and through the loss. Find professionals in your area or online support groups that can guide you through this difficult period.

--Author unknown

For Grandparents...

Sandy Hook Grandparents Share Stories



Losing a grandchild is tragic under any circumstance. But when the loss is born of an act as unspeakable as the massacre at Sandy Hook Elementary School last Dec. 14, the anguish can barely be comprehended.

How do grandparents cope when their grandchild is taken from them in such a brutal and public way? How do they begin to console a son or daughter drowning in grief, even as they struggle with their own? On the first anniversary of an atrocity that shocked the nation, AARP The Magazine visited grandparents of four of the children murdered at their Newtown, Conn., school. With generosity and grace, eight men and women told us how they have endured these last fitful months — through birthdays, holidays, never-ending tributes and commemorations, political windstorms, media invasions and countless every-day moments that remind them of the bloody day that reshaped their lives.

Terry & Henry Moretti Cranston, R.I.
Grandparents of Dylan Hockley, age 6

"I'd been out doing some Christmas shopping, mostly presents for our grandkids," says Terry, 66. "When I came home, there was a garbled phone message from our daughter, Nicole. I knew something was wrong and assumed something had happened with the school bus. I called her immediately. 'Mommy, there was a shooting at the Sandy Hook school,' she told me. 'You have to be kidding,' I said. 'It only goes to the fourth grade.' She couldn't really talk. She just said, 'Jake' — our older grandchild — 'is OK, but we are still waiting to hear about Dylan.'"

We turned on the television, and the story was all over the news. Our son-in-law, Ian, called at about 1:30. They still hadn't heard anything about Dylan. We were all hoping that maybe he ran into the woods when he heard gunshots. 'It's been a lot of hours,' I told my husband. 'I'm not feeling good about this.' At 3:30 p.m., Ian called again. All he could say was, 'Dylan is dead.' I couldn't speak. He couldn't speak. I know I talked to my daughter after that, but I don't recall what we said.

"Dylan was autistic but very high functioning. He had a special education aide, Anne Marie Murphy, age 52, who adored him, and he adored her. When the shooting started, she threw her body over

Dylan's to protect him. Her arms were wrapped around him when they found them. It was an enormous comfort to us that Dylan was with someone who loved him, and he loved back, in those final seconds. Mrs. Murphy had children of her own. I never met her, but I pray for her every night.

"Our grandson was absolutely the sweetest boy you'd ever want to meet. Every night, Nicole and Ian read the kids to sleep. When I was with them, I would do the same, and tuck them in. I visited them a week before Dylan was killed. We were reading *Going to the Sea* by Mercer Mayer. Before Dylan went to sleep, I asked him what the best part of the story was. 'The sharks,' he replied. I can still see him and hear him say that. When I went back to the house after the shootings, that book was still on his bed. Now every night I read it to Dylan. I think he hears me. I will read it every day until I see him again.

"It's hard to cope with your own pain when your child is so shattered. My daughter is my flesh and blood, but there is nothing I can say that can help her feel better. The first year is the worst — the birthdays, the holidays. Dylan's birthday was last March; he would have been seven. Now he'll be forever six.

"I don't think any of us will get over this. When my daughter visits us now, I hear only three car doors open instead of four. When they leave, I have a good hard cry. I still have the pictures Dylan drew for me. And the letter he wrote to me from school is on the fridge. 'Dear grandma, will you play with me, love Dylan.' He loved the trampoline in the yard. He'd push back against the net and say, 'Push me, Grandma, push me.' Being autistic, he liked repetitive things. I would push him until I thought my arms would fall off. He'd laugh and laugh.

"One of the things that's really helped is advice my daughter got from Vice President Joe Biden, who lost his wife and infant daughter in a car accident in 1972.

When Biden met Nicole after the shooting, he told her to rate each day from 1 to 10 — and you may never get to 10. He said, 'Nicole, if you make it to a 4 one day, at least you know you made it to a 4. And then you know you can do it again.'

"I've adopted that approach into my life since Dylan died. I rate every day. So far I've had one day that was a 5. I got there, so I think I can do it again. It helps."

--By Jan Goodwin, AARP The Magazine For the full article with remaining interviews:
<https://www.aarp.org/home-family/friendsfamily/info-12-2013/newtown-grandparents-grieveloss.html>

Published December, 2013. Used with author's permission

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, the people and topics change and need to talk or share fluctuates between each meeting. 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.



Flash Zoom Meetings... are called on short notice, and are of shorter duration than in-person meetings. The intent is to check in on each other and share, nothing more. The goal is to meet weekly but if it occurs every other week that's ok. To participate in our Zoom meetings, contact Leo at (310) 283-6739 or Liccia79@gmail.com for the link.

Birthday Table... In the month of your child's birthday, a Birthday Table is provided where you can share photos, mementos, your child's favorite snack, a birthday cake, a bouquet of flowers or anything you'd like to bring to share. We want to know your child better, so please take advantage of this opportunity to celebrate the wonderful day of your child's birth. This is your chance to tell us a favorite story, or whatever remembrance you choose, in memory of your child. Our child's, grandchild's, or sibling's birthday will forever be a very special day and we at TCF know how important that day is and how helpful and healing it can be to share with others. Please plan on attending the meeting of your child's birthday month and filling our Birthday Table with pictures and/or mementos.

Newsletter Birthday & Anniversary 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.) You can mail them to the P.O. Box or send them by e-mail to Lynntcf@aol.com. Tributes must be in by the 1st of the month **preceding** your child's birthday month or at the prior meeting. (Example: Sept. first for September birthdays). If you miss the deadline, call Lynn at (310) 963-4646 and let me know. I will try to fit them in. Otherwise they will appear in the following month's issue.



Get Your Photo Buttons... Photo Buttons are a perfect way to share your child, grandchild or sibling with others at our monthly meetings. If you would like to have some made, call Connie at (310) 292-5381. You can mail her a photo for each button you would like (color photo copies work great) and she can make them for you. There is no cost, but donations are welcomed. Keep in mind that the button is about 3" in diameter, so the picture needs to fit inside that area and the actual photo is used, so make sure it's one we can cut.

Memory Book... Our chapter has an ongoing Memory Book that is on display at each meeting. Each child is given a page in the book. Blank pages are located in the back of the book. Feel free to take a page home to work on. 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 member's children.

Library Information... At each meeting we have a library table. It is on the honor system. You may borrow a book and can bring it back at the next meeting. 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 Lori know so we can put your child's name on a donation label inside the book.

We also welcome "book reviews". If you have read a book which was helpful on your grief journey, please let us know. Send book reviews and other articles or poems for submission to the newsletter to Lynntcf@aol.com. Also, a friendly reminder, if you have books at home you have checked out and are finished reading them, please remember to return them to our library.

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, it is only your donations that keep us functioning, and we appreciate your help. A receipt will be emailed to you for tax purposes if you include your name. Please let us know if you want the tribute published in the next newsletter.



Our Website... Leo Licciardone is hosting the website and updating it with the current newsletter and chapter information. Thank you to those who are willing to get your newsletter online. To be able to send a reminder each month to let you know when the latest issue of the newsletter is available, we need your e-mail address. If you have not been getting a reminder e-mail, please let me know. To update our files, please call Lynn at (310) 963-4646 to update by phone. You can also e-mail Lynn at Lynntcf@aol.com if you want to do it electronically. Thank-you for your understanding and help. TCF South Bay/LA

Phone Friends... Sometimes you want or need to talk about the life and death of your child, sibling or grandchild with someone that understands and can share your pain. The following friends are on the telephone committee, and are available to talk when ever you need someone who understands.



Leo & Connie Licciardone (chpt. leaders).....(310) 292-5381
 Jarmo & Bonnie Mantyla (chpt. Leaders).....(310) 530-8489
 Lori Galloway.....(760) 521-0096
 Linda Zelik.....(310) 648-4878

Local TCF Chapters:

Beach Cities/L.A. (Manhattan Bch): (970) 213-6293 Third Tue.
 Los Angeles: (310) 474-3407 1st Thurs.
 Newport Beach (917) 703-3414 3rd Wed.
 Orange Coast/Irvine: (949) 552-2800 1st Wed.
 Orange Co./Anaheim: (562) 943-2269
 Pomona/San Gabriel: (626) 919-7206
 Redlands: (800) 717-0373 3rd Tues.
 Riverside-Inland Empire: (909) 683-4160
 San Fernando Valley: (818) 788-9701 2nd Mon.
 South Los Angeles: (323) 546-9755 last Tue
 Ventura Co. TCF: (805)981-1573 1&3 Thurs.
 Verdugo Hills: (818) 236-3635, 4th Thurs.

Local Support Groups...

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 of Suicide: Support Group for families that have lost someone to suicide. Contact Rick Mogil (310) 895-2326 or 24 hrs: (310) 391-1253

Our House/Bereavement House: Support groups in LA & So. Bay (310) 475-0299 Also Spanish Support Group, Loren Delgado 310-231-3196.

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. Long Beach, CA 90808, (562) 429-0075

Providence Trinity Care Hospice and the Gathering Place: Various bereavement support groups including support for loss of a child, support group for children 5-8, 9-12, and teens. (310) 546-6407

Torrance Memorial Bereavement Services: (310) 325-9110 Weekly grief support.

The Lazarus Circle: Monthly grief support. Meets third Thurs of each month, 6-7;15 at First Lutheran Church, 2900 W. Carson St. Torrance

Share Pregnancy & Infant Loss: (800) 821-6819

Walk with Sally: Cancer loss bereavement & art therapy for children. (310) 378-5843

Camp Comfort Zone: Year round Bereavement Camp for Children www.comfortzonecamp.org (310) 483-8313.

Other Grief Support Websites...

thetearsfoundation.org	childloss.com
goodgriefresources.com	griefwatch.dom
bereavedparentsusa.org	opentohope.com
healingafterloss.org	webhealing.com
survivorsofsuicide.com	alivealone.org
taps.org (military death)	angelmoms.com
save.org (suicide/depression)	M.A.D.D..org
pomc.com (families of murder victims)	
grasphelp.org (substance abuse deaths)	
www.facebook.com/TheUglyShoesClub (Suicide)	
Griefwords.com (for grandparents)	



A Special Thanks to The Neighborhood Church for the use of their facilities for our meetings.

Chapter Officers:

CHAPTER CO-LEADERS: Leo & Connie Licciardone and Jarmo & Bonnie Mantoya
 CHAPTER ZOOM HOSTS: Connie & Leo Licciardone

NEWSLETTER EDITOR: Lynn Vines
 PROOFREADER: Sandra Myricks
 TREASURER: Kristy Mueller
 WEBSITE: Leo Licciardone

Steering Committee Members:

Linda & Joe Zelik

Lynn Vines

Kristy Mueller

Kitty Edler

Connie & Leo Licciardone

Jarmo & Bonnie Mantyla



Lori Galloway

Kristy Mueller

Susan Kass

Jackie Taos

Sandra Myricks

National Office Information: Compassionate Friends E-Newsletter: TCF National Office publishes a monthly e-newsletter designed to keep you up-to-date on what's going on with the organization and its chapters. We encourage everyone use the valuable information it holds to help you in your grief. To receive TCF's e-newsletter, sign up for it online by visiting TCF national website at <http://compassionatefriends.org> and filling out the request to sign-up at the bottom of the page.

Online Support (Live Chat)... TCF offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions. Please Note: Times posted on the schedule are based on Pacific Time. Select "enter room" under the chat room you would like to participate in and you will be prompted to register. Once registered you will be able to log-in with your username and password that you have set up. You can keep abreast of any changes by going to: www.compassionatefriends.org

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. There is also a closed group chat room for specific topics that you need to register for.

Closed Group Chat... TCF National has several closed Facebook groups you may find helpful on your grief journey. Click the blue link above to be

connected and request to join.

TCF - Loss to Substance Related Causes

Moderators: Barbara Allen and Mary Lemley

TCF - Loss to Suicide

Moderators: Cathy Seehuetter and Donna Adams

TCF - Loss to Homicide

Moderators: Debbie Floyd and Kathleen Willoughby

TCF - Infant and Toddler Loss

Moderators: Susan Peavler and Tiffany Barraso

TCF - Sibling Loss to Substance Related Causes

Moderators: Andrea Keller and Barbara Allen

The Compassionate Friends Sounds of the Siblings

(for bereaved siblings) *Moderators: Tracy Milne and Keith Singer*

TCF - Loss of a Grandchild

Moderators: Betty Farrel and Jennifer Sue Hale

TCF - Loss to Miscarriage or Stillbirth

Moderators: Kelly Kittel and Kenzie Janzen

TCF - Loss of an Only Child/All Your Children

Moderators: Lisa Ridge and Vicki Woods-Ozias

TCF - Loss to a Drunk/Impaired Driver

Moderators: Robin Landry and Rebecca Perkins

TCF - Loss to Cancer

Moderators: Lee Meyerson, Michelle Setzer, Marguerite Caraway Ward

TCF is On Facebook Please visit and help promote TCF. 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 have information about upcoming events.

Help Support Our Chapter... Although our group's size has diminished the past few months, we have not been having the donations and support we have always counted on. We would love to have your suggestions and input on ways we can improve our meetings, outreach and help you in your grief. Please consider the various ways you can give back to our South Bay/L.A. chapter. We'd love to hear from you.

Four Options To Give:

QR code on cell phones.

Online at tcfsbla.org/donate-now/

Cash/checks: Donation box at in-person meetings.

Checks: Mail to PO Box 11171
 Torrance CA 90503



SCAN ME



DONATIONS TO THE

SOUTH BAY/L.A. CHAPTER

OF THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS



The Compassionate Friends is a totally self-supporting organization. Our chapter is run entirely by volunteers, but we do have operating costs. Your tax deductible donation is what keeps our chapter going.

No donations were received this month.

In honor and in remembrance of you child, please consider a donation to our chapter.

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 _____

Tribute_____

We are always working a month in advance. To include your donation in the next newsletter we must receive it by the first of the month, otherwise it will appear in the following issue.

The Compassionate Friends
South Bay/L.A., CA Chapter
P.O. Box 11171
Torrance, CA 90510



October 2026

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.

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If you no longer wish to receive this mailing, need corrections, or have
a new address, please contact us.