



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

November 2010

Chapter Leader's Message - Our Children Remembered

National Children Memorial Day is a world-wide candle lighting to remember our children, brothers and sisters, and grandchildren who have died too soon. Candles will be lit at 7:00pm on December 12th for one hour in every time zone, producing a wave of light that will encircle the earth - creating a 24 hour memorial.

The Northern Nevada Chapter will be holding a Candle Lighting at St. Paul's Lutheran Church at 1201 N. Saliman Road in Carson City, at the corner of Hwy 50 and Saliman Road (next to the Carson High School). Refreshments will follow, and a keepsake will be available for you to take home.

Wherever you happen to be at 7:00pm on December 12th, please light a candle in memory of your child, sibling, or grandchild, and all children who have died.

*Forever in our hearts,
Delores*

Newsletter Editor's Message

Hi, I'm Georgette. My younger brother, Tom, was killed in a motorcycle accident in 2008. I went to my first Compassionate Friends meeting just before Christmas that year, and the group has been a tremendous source of support and comfort for me ever since. I hope that by editing this newsletter, I can give back a little bit to a group that has given me so much. I look forward to hearing from you; whether with a poem you've found comforting, an article you found helpful, or a piece of artwork you've made. Each month, my goal is to have included something that speaks to each of you in some small way, and to remind you not of your loss, but of the comfort and hope that sharing that loss can bring.

~georgette

SPECIAL DATES

November 30th

Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30pm
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Research Center
1535 Medical Parkway

December 12th

Worldwide Candle Lighting

7:00 - 8:30pm
St. Paul's Lutheran Church
1201 N Saliman Rd
Carson City, NV

December 21st

Carson City Meeting

Potluck/Ornament Exchange
7:00 - 8:30pm
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Research Center
1535 Medical Parkway

STEERING COMMITTEE

Chapter Leader

Delores Sherman

Treasurer

Kathy Schultz

Mailing List/Memorial Page

Kathy Schultz

Newsletter Editor

Georgette Riley

Regional Coordinator

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Members

Betty Kalicki

Jo Saulisberry

Cathy Silva, Delegate

Sonja Strom

Reynese Wilson

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Petra Wilson

Fallon contact:

Judy Dunning

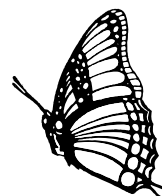
The National Office

PO Box 3696

Oaks Brook, IL 60522-3696

(877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org



Our Children Loved, Missed & Remembered

November Birthdays

Rick Beaty

Siblings: Joe & Angie Beaty; Cathy Silva

Sedona Rose Blair

Parents: Nicole & Jamie Blair

Joseph Robert Caputo

Mother: Joseph & Jeanne Caputo-Young

James (Jimmy) Davis

Mother: Gayla Davis McDonald

Paula L. Holmes

Mother: Janae Holmes

Michelle Jacoboni

Parents: Ron & Judy Jacoboni

Jessica Brooke Loomis

Mother: Lynn Loomis

Robert James Nielsen

Parents: Millie & Irv Nielsen

Joshua Parker

Mother: Amanda Chilcott

Julie Rodriguez

Mother: Sonja Strom

Matthew Ryan Silva

Grandmother: Reynese Wilson

Dean M. Stout

Parents: Millie & Earl Stout

Cody Michael Tyzbir

Grandmother: Carolyn Tyzbir

Evan Vorreyer

Parents: Harold & Barbara Zaroff

Paul W. Watkins

Parents: Nancy & Bob Watkins

November Anniversaries

Michael Allen

Parents: Knowles & Helen Allen

Candice Beam

Parents: Michael & Debbie Beam

Stephanie Lou Beavers

Parents: John & Nancy Beavers

Sedona Rose Blair

Parents: Nicole & Jamie Blair

Melinda Brown

Parents: Darryl & Rita Brown

Brandon Bryant

Mother: Sunny Bryant

Benjamin Griffith

Parents: Pat & Mary Griffith

Joseph Ingenluyff

Parents: Mike & Laura Ingenluyff

Richard L. Trelease

Mother: Susan Hopkins



Love Gifts

Joyce Wetenkamp in memory of her son, ***Corey***
Betty Kalicki in memory of her daughter, ***Kara***
Betty Epley in memory of her son, ***Larry***
Andra Woolman in memory of her son, ***Jeremy***

*"... in memory of the children we love, miss
and remember every day."*

This is YOUR newsletter. Email your poems, essays, artwork or quotes to editor@tcfcarsoncity.org.

Thanksgiving

A very difficult area of functioning is coming to grips with the knowledge that there is absolutely no way of getting around holidays despite your best efforts to avoid them. And they are horrendous times for many years. Their pain cannot be minimized. But they still must be faced.

One family trying to avoid Thanksgiving – which was the dead child's birthday as well – decided that family gatherings were no longer for them. They would travel or simply ignore the festivities.

One day the mother came upon her ten-year old daughter crying and asked what was wrong. "She was sobbing," reported the mother, "All the children in school had told of their plans and made table decorations for the holiday and Lynn felt completely removed from her classmates. She cried that she was not only deprived of her brother who was dead, but she could not even have Thanksgiving Dinner and a turkey."

"I listened to her and held her in my arms and cried. What she was saying made sense. After all, we still had three living children. They also mattered. That night I talked to my husband and we decided that, no matter how bleak and empty it would be, we would have a traditional Thanksgiving Dinner."

The mother said that the family sat around the table, very quietly at first. The father said grace and thanked the Lord for a bountiful meal. When he was through, their ten-year old said she had something to add.

"I want to thank Mommy and Daddy for making this very special dinner for our family. And most of all I want to thank you God for having let us have my brother Eric for six years."

The mother who will never forget what her daughter said told me there was not a dry eye at the table for a few minutes. But gradually, as the meal progressed, they made an effort to discuss why the holiday was celebrated. From there, the parents told of amusing experiences at Thanksgiving dinners in their younger years. The mother said she just planned to tell the stories to lighten the atmosphere just as carefully as she planned the menu. By the time the meal was over, the parents discovered what had been built up in their minds as unsurvivable had just become another turning point.

There will be many such turning points as you work your way forward. You have already survived what you were certain you could not live through – the death of your child. Turning points, plateaus, are merely steps in coping and nothing more. As you go through each holiday, each season, each happy-sad occasion, you will gain a strength from having passed beyond yet another painful event.

*An excerpt from
"The Bereaved Parent" by Harriet Schiff*



This is YOUR newsletter. Email your poems, essays, artwork or quotes to editor@tfc Carsoncity.org.

Reflections

It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness. The Compassionate Friends have known darkness. When the child died, something inside us died. Not every death is the same. For some of us the child died as a baby and what died was hope and the pleasure of giving ourselves to the warm world of baby talk and physical caressing in that magic escape from adulthood anxiety that the world of the nursery allows us.

For some of us the child died a death that seemed so useless. Somehow the child got on a road that we could not travel with them. How do kids decide what road in life they will take? We worried, we cared, but we watched helplessly as the child experimented with the dangerous parts of the world. Like John Belushi, they decided to live life on the fast track and there are a lot of wrecks there. What died was our worries and what lives on is our question of how we could have made such an investment of love and care and lose it all in a puff of smoke or a crash in the night.

For some of us, the child died in a stroke of fate. Who knows why one person gets cancer and the next person doesn't? Who knows why a drunk driver hits a car and one of the kids inside has minor cuts and the other one died? And what died in us is the trust in a predictable world and what lives on is the knowledge that some of life is beyond our control and a resolve to control those parts of our lives that we can.

There is darkness in both the death and in that which lives on. There is darkness in being shut out of that warm safe place. There is darkness in that feeling of helplessness. There is darkness in that fickle hand of fate.

And there is a darkness in what lives on. The empty place is a kind of darkness. The lost hopes is a kind of darkness. The lack on control is a kind of darkness.

Will we curse the darkness or will we light a candle? That's the first question. Some people think Compassionate Friends is not a good idea because they say we just prolong the grief. They say we keep the grief alive when we should be going on to other things. But when such critics of the Compassionate Friends may speak, they are asking us to deny the darkness and we cannot do that. So will we curse this darkness or will we light the candle?

I believe in the Compassionate Friends process because I have seen it work. To those who long for the warm sharing and outpouring love and intimacy of the nursery, the Compassionate Friends provides a place to put that love, so we won't withdraw back into ourselves. We can love and care for others - other bereaved parents, medical professionals, families who know us. There is light in that love. For those who lost our investment of love and care, the Compassionate Friends provides another chance, though it is not the same offer. We can love; we can care here because like the bank advertisements say - "How your money will grow." We say, "How your life will grow." And for those of us who long for control, The Compassionate Friends offers it, because Compassionate Friends first affirmation is that we cannot control the death, but we can take responsibility for how we respond to the death. We can light the candle.

Dennis Klass is a professor of Death & Dying at Webster College in St. Louis, MO. He is also the advisor for the St. Louis chapter of Compassionate Friends.



The Grief of a Parent Who Has Lost an Infant

To experience the loss of an infant is to grieve for what never was. After all the months of anticipation and preparation, the actual birth of a child brings the feeling of hope and fulfillment. Should that child be stillborn, or die hours, days or even months later, the unrealized dreams become a source of pain for the parents. No parent expects to outlive his child; the death of an infant is often the loss of a child unknown even to the parents.

The expected stages of grief (guilt, disbelief, anger, etc.) can have new directions for the parents who have lost an infant.

1. Shame and guilt. Especially if the infant was stillborn or had a birth defect, the mother may feel she has failed as a woman. "Other women have live, normal babies, why can't I?" Should an infant die months after birth, parents find it hard to resolve feelings that it was their fault.

2. No memories. Parents may only have "souvenirs of an occasion" (birth certificate, ID bracelet) by which to remember their child. If the infant is older, they may have pictures and a few belongings, but they still feel they hadn't really gotten to know their child.

3. Loneliness in grief. It is hard for friends and relatives to share your grief for a child they never knew. If the child is a newborn they may give the impression that you are grieving unnecessarily over a non-person. They hope that you can "forget this baby" and "have another one."

4. Neglected father. Too often the sympathies of professionals and friends are directed mainly to the mother. It is important to remember that the father had made plans for this baby too.

5. Mothers vs. fathers. Since the mother has bonded with her child all during pregnancy, her grief may be much deeper than the father who only came to know this child after birth. It may be difficult for a father to understand why his wife's grief is so profound and so prolonged.

*Claire McGahey and Sue Shelley
TCF St. Louis, MO*

Another Birthday Missed

November 11, 1974, Sean Christian Anderson was born. I remember helping my mom take care of that little bitty baby. He was so cute. I was four years old when my baby brother was born. I remember being jealous of him, but also the wonderful feeling of being a big sister. Through the years, we had our disagreements. When birthdays came though, we always got along. My mom has always made a big deal out of all of our birthdays. Now as Sean's birthday approaches, I miss him more and more. He loved birthday parties, but always seemed disappointed. Sean never got exactly what he wanted. Now every year, we're the ones who are disappointed.

Birthdays are like the holidays without the hype. Holidays are more publicized where birthdays kind of creep up on us. I used to love the holidays and I do like them again, but they aren't the same without Sean. I start to feel the sadness come back around the beginning of fall and it doesn't begin to go away until after January. I am beginning to feel like I've found a new normal and the pain isn't as intense this year. Don't get me wrong, it still hurts and I still miss Sean, but the sadness seems a little dulled this year.

Each year, I think, here comes another one. One more birthday without my brother. One more year to remember the past birthdays and wish for future ones. Each year we still have a party for Sean. We just have to go to the cemetery. Sometimes we go separately, sometimes together. But we all go for the same reason. To pay tribute to that little boy born in the fall 1974. Happy Birthday, Little Bro. We miss you.

*Traci Morlock
BP/USA Bereaved Sibling, St. Louis, MO
from the National Newsletter of BP/USA,
A JOURNEY TOGETHER
www.bereavedparentsusa.org*

The Coming Back

Recently I had a call from a young father whose son and only child, barely a year old, had died in a freak accident four years earlier. He and his wife had attended a few meetings at the time, but stopped coming. The father was calling me to see if we'd let him come back. I assured him we set no time limits on his grief.

The story he told was, unfortunately, a familiar one, but this young man said it all so well. The marriage had all the symptoms of being in real trouble when the parents did attend. He told of how his entire family's structure had been shattered, with his wife seeking comfort from someone else and eventually leaving with him. His father, having tremendous guilt because the child was in his care at the time of the accident, had also walked away from a marriage of many years, leaving his wife alone.

This young man spoke of his fear of facing his grief in the beginning, thinking he would break into many little pieces if he did. He tried at first to control his and his wife's reactions to the loss. I remember him saying in one group that she wasn't doing it right, and his efforts to change her simply pushed them further apart. With the loss of the child and the marriage, he then sought ways to alleviate the pain. Alcohol and tranquilizers seemed the answer and he was off on a destructive slide that involved becoming zombie-like from the substance abuse. He lost his mental health.

The young man I spoke with recently was an entirely different person from the one Who came to our meetings a few years ago. It has been a humbling experience, he says. After another stay in the hospital, he is ready now to deal with all of that from which he's been running these last four years.

He's come a long and hard way to reach this point. He harbors no anger towards his ex-wife and wishes her well in her new life. Letting go of the anger and attempts to control were major steps forward for him. His father has returned home and his family is restructuring itself at last.

I am sorry it has taken this long, but it's never too late to begin your grief work. He hopes that by sharing his attempts to avoid the pain of grief, he will be able to dissuade another from the folly of that choice. We welcome him back and look forward to having him role model positive and very important things for our members.

*Mary Cleckley
TCF Stone Mountain, GA*

In This Place

*Brave hearts, you are here. You have traveled
a dreadful distance. You have come,
seeking solace, understanding, hope,
threads to patch what death's so cruelly undone.*

*In this place you can relax and breathe...
the coats of others' expectations taken off.
Walk into these few hours as into an oasis
where draughts of love and memories can be quaffed.*

*In this place all names can be spoken;
in this place each one's story may be told.
We will not be discouraged by your sorrow;
in this place ALL feelings, we enfold.*

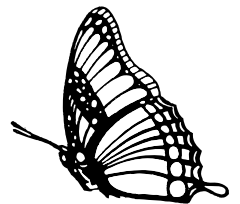
*Here laughter does not mean we are forgetting;
we do not count how many tears are shed.
Both fuel us, fellow travelers, give us courage,
for the long and winding road that is ahead.*

*And those we love are pleased we are together.
They smile down on us, and bless this day,
glad for every tiny step we're taking
and send their light to guide us on our way.*

*Traveling with us as we journey onward,
sending strength for what the miles may bring,
they are a part of everything we do that matters -
in every dance we dance, and every song we sing.*

*Genesse Bourdeau Gentry
from Catching the Light –
Coming Back to Life after the Death of a Child*

Written for TCF Meeting or Conference First Timers



***I am here.
Let's heal together.***

A friend

You Know You're Making Progress When ...

- You can remember your child with a smile
- You realize the painful comments others make are made in ignorance
- You can reach out to help someone else
- You stop dreading holidays
- You can sit through a church service without crying
- You can concentrate on something besides your child
- You can find something to thank God for
- You can be alone in your house without it bothering you
- You can talk about what happened to your child without falling apart
- You no longer feel you have to go to the cemetery every day or every week
- You can tolerate the sound of a baby crying
- You don't have to turn off the radio when his or her favorite music comes on
- You can find something to laugh about
- You can drive by the hospital or that intersection without screaming
- You no longer feel exhausted all the time
- You can appreciate a sunset, the smell of newly-mowed grass, the pattern on a butterfly's wings

*Judy Osgood
TCF Carmel/Indianapolis, IN*

DON'T SCRAPE THE ICE

The season for snow and ice is upon us (again)! Although we want to make sure the grave site markers are visible, it could cause permanent damage to some markers if snow and ice are scraped off. Even plastic scrapers will mar bronze.

Before using salt, snow removal chemicals, etc., it is suggested you check with the grounds keeper at your cemetery.

*I did something today that no man
should have to do.
I weeded around your grave.
The sun was starting to set.
I could hear crickets in the trees.
I could feel the coolness of the
autumn on the evening breeze.
The same coolness I can feel creeping
into my heart.
As I bent to kiss your stone good-bye,
it was warm.
Once again, you have told me your
love still lives.
Just in a different place.*

*Daryl Hutson, father of Gregory M. Hutson
from the National Newsletter of BP/USA,
A JOURNEY TOGETHER
www.bereavedparentsusa.org*

What a Strange Time is Autumn

*What a strange time is autumn.
More than a season.
Autumn can be like a mood.
Softness and warmth and
Abundance
Drift from the sky like a smile.
And you remember the seasons
Before the children died.
They do seem far away sometimes,
Those seasons, now.
But not the children -
They are always here
In this strange time, this Autumn,
When the softness and the warmth
And the abundance of unseen children
Drift from the sky like a smile.*

*Sascha Wagner
TCF Aurora, CO*

Worldwide Candle Lighting

***December 12th, 2010 will be the
14th Annual Compassionate Friends
Worldwide Candle Lighting.***

***St. Paul's Lutheran Church
1201 N Saliman Rd
Carson City, NV
(just north of Carson City High School)***

***Light a candle at 7pm in Loving Memory of
your child, sibling, or grandchild.
Refreshments to follow.***

***Candles will be lit around the world at
7pm in each time zone.***

