



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

June 2011

Chapter Leader's Message

In a recent newspaper article, this is what children of Fallen Troops had to say:

- She sat alone at recess because her classmates didn't know what to say.
- No one talked to me because they were afraid they would hurt me and make me cry.
- I would not talk about the death because no one else understands me.
- One keeps a music box that played "What a Wonderful World," her Father's favorite song.
- One looks forward to a bereaved camp, so she can talk about her father with others who understand.
- A child likes to be asked about his Father because it keeps his memory alive and he rarely takes off a bracelet with his Father's name engraved on it.

Research shows that the children are going to grieve throughout their lifetime. It will come back when they graduate. Learn to drive. Get married. If you give them support you will find that children will do better.

I find this very similar to how I grieved when Tommy died. You cope with the death and live with it. You kind of realize it's a part of your life. You do what you can to keep the memory alive.

*Forever in our Hearts,
Delores*

Reminder: The Annual Balloon Launch is Tuesday, June 28th. Please come and join us in a remembrance of our children's lives, with poetry and music. If possible, bring a dessert to share with the group.

Newsletter Editor's Message

I hope you find something that speaks to you in this edition of the newsletter. I've also been working on the website, www.tfc Carson City.org, and have provided links to more content on the National website. Please check it out and let me know what you think.

Wishing all bereaved fathers a day of peace...

~Georgette

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SPECIAL DATES

June 28th

**Carson City Meeting &
Annual Balloon Launch**

7:00 - 8:30pm

Carson Tahoe Cancer

Resource Center

1535 Medical Parkway

July 26th

Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30pm

Carson Tahoe Cancer

Resource Center

1535 Medical Parkway

August 30th

Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30pm

Carson Tahoe Cancer

Resource Center

1535 Medical Parkway

The National Office

PO Box 3696

Oaks Brook, IL 60522-3696

(877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org

Our Children Loved, Missed & Remembered

Our dear children, though gone from our sight, are forever loved and will always be remembered. We remember, with compassion, the parents and families of these precious children on the birthdays and anniversary days listed below.

June Birthdays

Stephanie Lou Beavers

Thomas Hartley IV

Brian Higgins

Mark Holder Jr.

Lana (Lanie) McAlister

Jeremy Michael Bruce Woolman

Parents: John & Nancy Beavers

Sister: Georgette Riley

Mother: Jeane Higgins

Father: Mark Holder Sr.

Mother: Leona Wood

Mother: Andra Gail Woolman

Aunt: Darlene Hatfield, Aunt: Barbara Wood,

Grandmother: Maxine Woolman

June Anniversaries

Raymond "Tista" Baptista

Travis Gleason

Thomas Hartley IV

Paula L. Holmes

Ahmen LeDoux

Eric Steven Marchant

Ryan "T.J." Marich

Jordan Marshall

Hugh Bryan Pearce

Summy Satchyar

Evan Vorreyer

Parents: Gladys & Pete Goicoechea

Mother: Debra Stewart

Sister: Georgette Riley

Mother: Janae Holmes

Mother: Judith LeDoux

Parents: Larry & Cindy Marchant

Parents: Richard & Jill Marich

Parents: Jean & Phil Marshall

Parents: Carl & Arlene Pearce

Mother: Georgina Satchyar

Grandparents: Harold & Barbara Zaroff



Love Gifts

Betty Kalicki in memory of daughter Kara

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

Thank You

The Northern Nevada - Carson City chapter of The Compassionate Friends is funded solely by contributions. There are no dues or membership fees. The donation of a LOVE GIFT is a very special way of remembering and honoring our children. Thank you for your generosity.

Thoughts on Father's Day

Father's Day ... not a big holiday like Christmas or Thanksgiving, but one that holds a lot of meaning for those to whom it applies. For first-time fathers, that Sunday in June brings a feeling of joy and pride. For a longtime dad, it's a reminder of the fulfillment that children have brought to his life.

For those men who have lost a child, no matter what the "child's" age, Father's Day can be a painful time. It can be a horror for those who must endure their pain in secret and silence, due either to their desire for that approach or society's expectations that they be strong and controlled.

We wish to acknowledge the day because the death of a child does not negate the parenthood of a dad who loved him/her. Love for one's offspring does not die when the body dies, and death does not succeed in robbing us of all of our parental identity.

We wish all bereaved fathers a day of peace. In the midst of the grief and loss, may you experience a taste of good memories and remembered loved for your child.

*TCF Wilmington, NC
Cape Fear Chapter*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Tuscaloosa, AL
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, May-June 1995*



Save the Date!

The Annual Balloon Launch will be held on June 28th, as part of the regular meeting. The balloon launch is a simple, yet meaningful way to commemorate our children, grandchildren and siblings who have passed away. Messages to our loved ones are attached to balloons, and released in a ceremony of poems, music, and reflection. Refreshments will be served after the ceremony.

For Jeremy...

It's been five whole years since you've been gone,
And the pain in my heart rambles on and on and on
and on...

Nineteen years old you now would be
Had you stayed on this side of the river with me.

What would you be like now, I wonder always
Would you be enrolled in college these days?
I know you would be, you were SO smart and funny
And you wanted to make a whole lot of money.

You'd probably have a pretty girlfriend, too
Because you were so handsome, with those eyes of
blue

And you possessed a heart so true, if only I knew

That those were the last days I'd ever be able to see
Your beautiful face and gentle smile upon this land
None of your wildest dreams would ever come true,
Jeremy

And I'd never again be able to hold your hand...

Oh, Jeremy, I'll miss you forever and ever. I miss your big pretty blue eyes and shy blush when the little schoolgirls said "Oh, Jeremy, you've grown SO tall!" I'll never get to teach you how to drive or watch you go off to the Prom for the first time or see you graduate. I'll never get to see the look on your face when you hold your own bouncing baby boy for the first time and I won't get to watch you get married and raise kids of your own (I know you wanted some!) or go off to your first day of college or your first job interview. These (and many more!) are all the little things that make life special that you never got to experience 'cause your life was cut short. How tall WOULD you be by now?!!!



*From your loving Mother who loves you forever and ever
and will never forget you!!! And ALL your family who
misses you very, very much!*

from Two Years Later

In spite of the cruelties that come with life I can also think of Evan as "My Hero." I do remember his heroic efforts to conquer this disease. Those that fight are truly heroes. On the walls of my daughter's house hang several, beautifully framed pictures depicting all phases of Evan's short life. In one frame you can read, "MY HERO." The word Hero defines its meaning by describing the details an individual must go through for survival. When it concerns a child in 3 cancer hospitals it is truly epic. The treatments and effects are devastating and all who enter it are heroes in my mind.

In Evan's case it concerned chemotherapy, radiation, radioimmune therapy, seizures, a shunt implant, terrible bouts of diarrhea, numerous antibiotics, 2 brain tumors removed, 5 weeks in a bone marrow unit, feeding tubes, rehab for walking, blood tests, stem cell transfers, intravenous feeding, hearing cognitive testing, 3 to 4 night awakenings for temperature, weight and blood pressure checks. All this occurred for 19 months in order to extend his life.

Since he was four years of age he never comprehended the true nature of his affliction. The heroic nature of this child was seen every day when he would awaken to the playful world of his toys, oblivious to his treatments and past pain. Each morning was a miraculous recovery, as if nothing was wrong. For the most part he accepted his treatments with little complaint, treating himself as if he had a bad cold. He rarely dwelled on his problems. As long as we were with him he was OK and in good hands. HOW I LOVED THIS CHILD. I'm sure many adults, including myself, would have fallen apart with all that my grandson accepted. My daughter's walls are truly covered by the life of an heroic child.

At this time, two years later, I am still not processing the good moments although most people in my bereavement sessions were beginning to focus on their good memories. I have not reached this moment in time. Since I am keeping everything within myself, I would classify my healing process as slow. In bereavement you learn to accept the premise that each heals at their own pace. My pace is slow considering I am in the second year of my loss. One of the few times we discuss Evan is when my daughter brings up a funny moment in his life. Even when I contribute toward a pleasant moment with Evan I come close to tears. Besides, the first chapter of my memoir, written 2 years ago, are based on Evan's time in life, and what he was like. The thought that his younger brother and sister will someday read my memoir and know the beautiful brother they lost does give me some very good feelings.

Two years later I stay about the same, wanting him back and saddened by the terrible loss of a beautiful child. I have become very sensitive to the loss of any child, particularly the young. I hope that in the future I may progress as others have in my bereavement sessions, and be able to focus on Evan's positive moments on this earth.

With the birth of Evan's brother and sister the pain has lessened somewhat. It is my hope and belief that when they are old enough to communicate and can call me "grandpa," the pain from the loss of my grandson will lessen even more, and may help to close the hole left in my heart.

*Harold Zarof
TCF Carson City, NV*

Special Notices

- The Carson City Park Foundation is accepting names for the Memorial Wall in Mills Park. The suggested donation is \$100.
- If you move for the winter (or summer) months, please let us know your current address. This allows you to continue to receive the monthly newsletter.

A Simple Thing

"You don't know how much I miss having someone to throw the football with ..."

Isn't it odd how the simple things we say to one another can trigger deep, deep sadness, how our whole world can seem to come to a complete stop, when we have lost someone very important to our lives? Or is it? Actually it is a natural response. It has been six and one-half years since our son died, and we have spent that time studying and actively working through our grief. We knew instinctively from the beginning that we must face it squarely. We discussed that day he died how we must deal as best we could with each problem, each emotion, when they arose, no matter how strange it may be or how difficult.

Right away we purchased all the books we could find on grief. Our desire to learn about these strange feelings we were having was strong, our appetites insatiable. And we have come far in these years and in our dedication to know what was happening to us and why. We have only recently discussed that we felt that we are no longer actively grieving for our son. We feel we have recovered from grief. Intellectually we know there will be periods of sadness sparked by memories. Our studies have taught us this. We feel we can not only deal with this, but welcome it as a reminder of him and his value to us, for his death represents so much more than merely a person leaving our lives. The shock waves of loss will probably go on forever when we have moments of need of him. Perhaps the simple things caused us to miss him the most - like preparing for homecoming at our university and having no one to toss a football with ...

Welcome New Members

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

Meetings are held the last Tuesday of every month, 7:00 - 8:30pm, at the Carson Tahoe Cancer Resource Center, 1535 Medical Parkway, Carson City, NV.

I often think of throwing the ball away - it often needs air even though it's only handled occasionally by my husband - but I know it would be a fruitless act because there are so many other reminders - musical instruments lying mute, the brown fedora collecting dust. We have learned to laugh again, to participate in life again. But today, oh today! How sad I felt. How quickly the tears came when my husband said, so sincerely, so quietly, "You don't know how much I miss having someone to throw the football around with..." I felt my heart break again.

Tomorrow we will teach the dog to catch a Frisbee, but it will never be the same. It won't ever be the same again.

Faye Harden
TCF Tuscaloosa, AL



Yesterday/Today

Yesterday I was angry
At you, at God, at me, at everyone.
Yesterday my heart was filled with grief,
sadness, emptiness, confusion, denial.
Yesterday I broke down, gave up on life,
me.

Today I have a new understanding,
A stronger faith,
A stronger heart,
A stronger soul.
Today I still miss you,
Need you, love you.
Today I smiled, laughed, and loved.
Yesterday my soul almost died.
Today your soul saved mine.

Tracey Gadbois
TCF Fort Lauderdale, FL

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Tuscaloosa, AL
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, May-June 1995

Graduation Day

We see you proudly sitting there,
With spiffed-up shoes and perfect hair.
The dreams you dared,
We shared them, too;
We wanted all life's best for you.

But life is not a fairytale,
And well-thought plans sometimes fail.
Today, no one can shake your hand,
You've already gone to a far-off land.

There will be no cap and flowing gown,
And we may feel a little down;
But in our hearts we sense it's true –
A better life was given to you.

You graduated this world years ago,
Left behind the struggle we all know;
The hole in our hearts is an empty tomb,
We can no longer watch you bloom.

Carol Kifer

*In memory of Brad, Jamie and Krista – Class of 1997
Reprinted from Bereavement Magazine, May/June 1997*

Even When We Are Apart

"Even when we are apart, I am still with you." These words still make me cry. I read them on a Father's day card that Elaine got for me after Sean died. I cherish these words and keep that card safely tucked away. It is difficult for me to explain the deep feelings associated with these words. Is Sean indeed still with me? He is certainly still in my heart.

I always wanted to be a father that Sean would be proud of. I know that I consciously make decisions based on how they would look through Sean's eyes. I still want Sean to be proud of me.

I don't feel any psychic link to Sean, although I wish I did. I do feel he is aware of my actions. I hope wherever he is, he is able to say, "That's my Dad," with a proud smile in his heart.

Sean is still with me and I am with him. We will be forever linked no matter how far apart. Our hearts are together.

Tom Spray

*TCF Simi Valley, CA
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Pueblo Ark Valley, CO
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, June 1998*

Yesterday, a young teacher, a man who had known Olin, Kathy, and me over the years, asked if we thought of having additional children, and if we did, would they fill Olin's slot, that empty space in our lives. I answered as best I could - that those parts of us that love are never empty. Save but for the space they physically filled, our children live, both spiritually and in us. While I live, Olin is as recent as the moment, alive and laughing, forever seventeen. There are many slots in our hearts for others, but his is filled. What I gave and he took, what he gave and I took, is never lost. Love is there beyond the dust and ashes that await us all. There will always be room for others, but he has left no slot to fill. Even amidst the pain and horror, it was never empty.

*Don Hackett
TCF Hingham, MA*

***"May the wings
Of the butterfly kiss the sun
And find your shoulder to light upon,
To bring you luck, love and happiness
Today, tomorrow and beyond."***

Old Blessing

NEW for 2011:

This newsletter is now available online.
Visit our website www.tfcarnsoncity.org
and click on "Newsletters."

You can download PDFs of previous newsletters or
subscribe to receive monthly newsletters via email.

A Father's Thoughts

It is now nearly 15 1/2 years since our son Philip lived his short life. During the holidays we traveled to Pennsylvania, and while there stopped by Philip's grave. Jane voiced the question, "Why after all this time does it still hurt so?" Part of the reason, as we who have had children die know, is that we have lost a chunk of our future.

Jane and I have also been aware that we have so little of Philip's life. He was born prematurely and died 3 days later of respiratory complications. We have no pictures, not even a toy or a blanket or article of clothing that would have been his. His early birth preceded baby showers and other preparations. The most prominent object of our memories is the stone that marks his grave.

TCF has provided me with needed encouragement to get in touch with Philip's life. Because of the discomfort it causes in conversation, we don't often talk about Philip to others. We usually only mention our two living sons when talk turns to children. As I was preparing this newsletter issue, I received a form to be completed with biographical data about myself and family. There were spaces for my parents' names. On the appropriate line I wrote my father's name and in parenthesis "deceased." A little further on the form were lines for our children's names - 3 lines. I hesitated a moment as I always do, and then on the top line I wrote "Philip Donald (deceased)." I felt sadness and tears as I often do when faced with listing our children. But there was also a good feeling as I affirmed that, though dead like my father, Philip too had lived - however briefly. He had breathed life and has left his impact on us. He lived.

For a few very special moments, I flashed back to those moments we stood outside the hospital nursery.

I remembered how we talked about his courage and fight as he struggled against insurmountable odds and the handsome features of his tiny body. I remember how our love and prayers had penetrated the glass of the nursery window to him. And in those special moments of memory, I realized that while it had been all too short, we had a relationship with Philip and he has left his mark on our lives. And after all this time, there were tears of joy mixed with the sorrow, and there was a touch of peace.

I still do not know the why of his death, but for me at last his life is no longer locked behind the gravestone. I still wish that he had lived, even that we could have held him - touched him - in those brief hours of his life, that we had a picture to aid our memories. But the memories I have of his life are precious, and I feel love and pride for Philip even as I do for Joel and Matt. And with that feeling, a little more of the grief heals.

Don Ray

TCF Jamestown, NY

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Portland, OR Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, June 1989

Wondering

What can I do about the empty Swing
Or the heartache I feel when others sing
The song she loved above all the rest
Or eat the custard pie she liked best
Or smell roses she planted one spring?

What do I do with the years to come
Which must now belong only to some
But not to her who I loved so much
Whose beauty I can no longer touch?
Whose goals and dreams are left undone?

How can I force all the world to see
Life's fleetness and its fragility
That is the unique beauty of falling flake
Or the red shadows cast by day's break
Happen but once in reality?

I can write songs for others to sing
About the miracles of each spring,
The soft surprise of a sudden rain,
Or rabbits playing along a lane.
But what do I do with that empty swing?

Marcia F. Alig

TCF Mercer Area Chapter

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Kansas City, MO Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, September 1995



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

The Compassionate Friends of Northern Nevada

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Register Now for TCF National Conference July 15-17 in Minneapolis/St. Paul, MN

Compassionate Friends national conferences have always been a great healing experience for bereaved families and TCF's 34th National Conference July 15-17, 2011 in Minneapolis/St. Paul MN will be no exception. With the motto "Shining Stars – Guiding Hope," the conference is now open for early registration.

Our members can register for the conference online or by downloading a conference registration brochure from the national website. If you don't have Internet access, you can also call the National Office Toll Free at 877-969-0010 to be sent the registration brochure.

Besides great speakers, the conference will feature more than 100 workshops covering most areas of grief after the death of a child, including workshops for those with no remaining children, and also a complete program for bereaved siblings. Sharing sessions, a Reflection Room, Hospitality Suites, Butterfly Boutique, and a complete bookstore will be available at the conference, as well as an orientation for first-timers.

Early conference registration is \$85 for adults ages 18 and up, and \$35 for siblings ages 9-17 and full-time college students. Early registration ends June 10 at which point there is an increase in registration costs. Walk to Remember early registration is \$20.



For full information, visit TCF's National Website at www.compassionatefriends.org and go to "TCF 2011 National Conference – Minneapolis" under News & Events.

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