



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

August 2011

Chapter Leader's Message

At our last meeting we talked about a new normal. Accepting the death of our children or siblings takes longer than many people think. How many times have you heard people say I know how you feel. You don't unless you experience the same loss. There is no timetable for grief.

We choose to allow our children's death and our grief to make us a better person. In healing, does not mean forgetting our children. We will always remember how much they were loved. Our children and siblings were a person and will be a person in the future.

*Forever in our Hearts,
Delores*

PS. It was great seeing Bob and Nancy from Oregon at our meeting.

Newsletter Editor's Message

I was talking with a friend a few days ago about long range plans, and how I don't make them. I like to believe it's a celebration of the life I have now; being aware of the gifts I have and the people I love, and choosing to live in the moment. Those of us who have lost loved ones know all too well that life is too short to ignore the blessings of the everyday "small" things. But I suspect there's a darker side to it, too; I'm stuck, and the thought of anything five years away is terrifying. How can I be sure I'll get five years? How can I be sure of the next five minutes?

But that's the balance that goes hand in hand with the "celebrating the now" hippie-dippy thoughts I've embraced. Life is for living, and that means the good and the bad. Having a clear, deep appreciation for the people I love now, and the courage to imagine a fulfilling, engaged life further down the road sounds like a tall order right now. But I'm working on it.

~Georgette

SPECIAL DATES

August 30th
Carson City Meeting

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

SAVE THE DATE!

September 17th
Chapter Picnic

TBD
Check www.tfc Carson City.org
and the September newsletter
for details and directions
Potluck, Games, and more!

September 27th
Carson City Meeting

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

STEERING COMMITTEE

Chapter Leader
Delores Sherman

Treasurer/Mailing List/Memorial Page
Kathy Schultz

Newsletter Editor
Georgette Riley

Regional Coordinator
Gene Caligari

Members
Betty Kalicki
Jo Saulisberry
Cathy Silva, Delegate
Sonja Strom
Reynese Peterson

Hawthorne contact:
Petra Wilson
Fallon contact:
Judy Dunning



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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.

August Birthdays

Candice Beam

Parents: Michael & Debbie Beam

Serna Cisneros

Mother: Mayra Cisneros

Sabrina Jane Davies

Mother: Vanessa Walker

Jesse Hunton Gould

Parents: Michael & Susan Gould

Andrea Matlack Hooper

Parents: David & Barbara Neddenriep

Knox Justin Johnson Kolbe

Mother: Helen Johnson

Brent A. Lauderbaugh

Mother: Myra Lauderbaugh

Alaina Lester

Parents: Shawn & Kristine Lester, Grandmother Judy MacKenzie

Becky Matsumura

Mother: Dawn Matsumura

Alexis Dae Melendrez

Grandmother: Patty Robson

David D. Morris

Mother: Rita Barnhurst

Eugene E. Newby

Parents: Ron & Esther Newby

June Elaine Norman

Brother: Phil Norman

Jason Lee Stockwell

Mother: Julie Stockwell

Derek James Stuhmiller

Mother: Thelma Theriault



August Anniversaries

Benjamin Brown

Mother: Joann Ignatich

Joshua Michael Calland

Parents: Larry & Cindy Marchant

David D. Morris

Mother: Rita Barnhurst

June Elaine Norman

Brother: Phil Norman

Cody Michael Tyzbir

Grandmother: Carolyn Tyzbir

Shane Woods

Parents: Jay & Bonnie Woods



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.

Where Did The Summer Go?

The days are now long and hot! Summer is already half gone and at times I wonder where the time has gone! There was a time three years ago when I thought the days would never pass, that the warm days were mocking me in my grief. It was very hard to get out of bed in the morning, only to face the long day ahead until night when sleep could ease my hurt for a short while.

Our son loved the outdoors and summer, and would rather be outside than eat. It was hard to get him to come in at night. In fact, we would, and still do, refer to a really bright, summer day as a "Chrissy Day." But this made it very hard to enjoy the nice weather with all the children outside laughing and playing. I stayed inside most of those first two summers, not being able to enjoy the days. It was easier, it seemed to me, than to face it all.

But, as time went by, I found that I was really missing the warmth of the sun on my face and the summertime laughter of children. Not that I missed Chris less, just that I was able to remember the fun things without hours of crying and pain. Three years ago I would not have believed this possible, but I have "survived" and can now see other blonde, blue-eyed, brown-bodied little boys riding their big wheels, and not go fall apart. I'm not saying it doesn't hurt, but the sharp stabs come and go very quickly now and I can remember Chris for a moment and then go on to enjoy the summer with my family and friends.

Believe me, I've been there, it does get better with time. You don't ever forget, but you find out that, indeed, life does go on, if you want it to! Please try to enjoy the summer as best you can. Take each day as it comes and live through that one. I know it will be very hard for you newly bereaved parents, but take it from someone who has had three summers, it will get easier, and someday you will say, "Where did the summer go?"

*Darlene Virtue
TCF Memphis, TN*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Portland, OR Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, August 1988*

Starting Over

Starting over.
It's never easy...
Sometimes change hurts
or makes us afraid,
and we wonder
if we have the strength
to meet another
challenge...
That's when we need to know
there's someone standing
by us –
to care, to lend a hand,
to walk beside us
as we face the future...
So remember this:
We're here for you;
We believe in you;
We care about you;
You're not alone...

B.J. Hoff

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of The Compassionate
Friends*

Old Grief

Older grief is gentler.
It's about sudden tears swept in by a strand of music.
It's about haunting echoes of first pain on
anniversaries.
It's about feeling his presence for an instant one day
while dusting his room.
It's about early pictures that invite me to fold him in my
arms again.
It's about memories blown on wisps of wood smoke
and sea scents.
Older grief is about aching in gentler ways, rarer
longing, less engulfing fire.
Older grief is about searing pain wrought into
tenderness.

Linda Zelenka

TCF Orange Park, FL

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Tulsa, OK Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, August 1991*

Shaken Up

I am amazed at the things that shake me up...
Not telling people you died or talking about you,
But buckling a seat belt and remembering the fights
we had
To get you 10 buckle yours.
That shakes me up.
Not seeing nine-year-old boys,
But seeing boys the age you would be now.
Not handling your priceless belongings,
But trips to the library wondering what you would
Have discovered there.
Not the nagging ache when I miss you
--that I can bear,
But it's the frightening thought that you might miss me
As much as I miss you - and I can't be there to comfort
you.
Not the things I said and did that I wish I hadn't,
But the things I didn't do and say that I wish I had.
These shake me up.
But what shakes me up the most is knowing that the
Things that do me in
Are not at all what I expect them to be...
And that leaves me vulnerable and unprepared.

*Myra Dean
TCF Abilene, TX*

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.

Mother's Memories

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me
A little lad just back from play
The lad he used to be.
Yet as he smiles so sweetly
As his memories are held within
I wonder if I can see
The man he might have been.

*Yvonne Butler 1990
TCF Covington County, AL
Reprinted from the Newsletter of The Inland Empire
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, August 2000*

Yes Grandparents Do Grieve!

Thank God, some one stepped up and said, "Hey! This child was and is my grandchild! And I hurt too!" Not looking for sympathy, but wanting the world to know that yes, the mother and father are hurting from the loss of their little angels, but Granny and Grandpa loved these children with their hearts and souls. Totally unconditionally!

I read these letters that are sent to me, everyday. My heart hurts for these parents for the loss of their children. But please, let us not forget any of the Grandparents, whose loss is twofold: for their child who is hurting so bad, as well as for the loss of their Grandchildren.

I always thought my Grandchildren would outlive me. At least that's the way it's supposed to be. It doesn't always work out that way. So yes, my heart also hurts for the Grandparents, too.

*Wanda Bryant, Vidalia, GA
Grammy to Victoria King
April 17, 1998 - April 11, 1999
Reprinted from the Newsletter of The Inland Empire
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, August 2000*

I Said I Could Not Do It, But I Did

Exactly 8:05 a.m., Friday, July 9, 1971, was the last time I looked at my eight-year-old daughter with her eyes open. I walked beside her as they rolled her down the hall to the elevator that would take her down to the operating room for her simple, routine tonsillectomy.

At exactly 1:30 that afternoon I was told that she was dead. I said that I could not live a day without her. I could not do it.

BUT I DID.

During the drive home, I said I would never be able to walk in that house without her. I said I could not do it.

BUT I DID.

As I walked in that empty house, someone quickly ran and shut her door - the door to her room, where she kept all the things she loved. The room where she played and slept. I said I could never go in there again. I said I could not do it.

BUT I DID.

When they said, "Come, let's go to the funeral, the Rosary, the Mass," I said I could not do it.

BUT I DID.

When, a few weeks later, a dear friend came to my door and said, "Come, let's go out and enjoy lunch," I said I could not do it.

BUT I DID.

For months that followed, I just knew my life would never be the same, and it wasn't. All the things I said I could not do, did get done. All the life I could not live, did get lived - differently, but I did live. Now comes today - 16 years. Palmer Ann would have been 24 years old. I had to stop and think about that too.

I stood before her portrait today and stared a long, long time, and yes, I remembered the pain with total recall of July 9, 1971. I reached out, touching what's left of my memory of her, and I offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to God - a prayer of gratitude, for giving me such a beautiful eight years with a lovely daughter, and most of all the opportunity to be able to stand there and realize that I had said I could not do it.

BUT I DID.

YES, I DID.

And each month when I come to a Compassionate Friends meeting, with you, the new member, I share the pain that I know you are feeling - that hopelessness of the future. I smile quietly to myself, because inside I know a secret - you will be okay. You will touch again, love again, laugh again, and live again. After all, I said I could not do it, but I did, and

YOU WILL, TOO!

*1987 Betz Crump
TCF Ft. Lauderdale, FL
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Kansas City Region
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, August 1991*

Love Gifts



*Betty Kalicki in memory of daughter
Kara*

*Glady and Pete Goicoechea in memory of son
"Tista"*

***... 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.

Friends Forever

In Memory of Buddy and James

A small group of boys, a little fast, it's true
Raised up in a small town, love was their glue.
They were friends for life, through thick and thin
Friends for life, from young boys to men.

"Let's live for today, make the most of this life
We've no time to quarrel, we've no time to fight,"
Camping and swimming and chasing the girls
knowing that someday, they'd rule the world.

They always had fun, whatever they did
When they all got together, they were like little kids,
Pranks, jokes, and laughter, good times and smiles
memories in the making to carry them through the
miles.

Tim went to college to learn a new trade
James went to service, the American way.
The other boys missed them when they weren't
around
They had their heads in the clouds, their feet on the
ground.

Tim came home each weekend, it really wasn't so far
James came when he could as they prepared him for
war.
They all got together, every chance that they could.

The clock was ticking, the boys hadn't a clue
That Tim wouldn't see twenty, nor James twenty-two.
Tim left them first, he taught them to grieve
Poor James was frantic, he couldn't get leave.

The boys had each other, as a group they were strong
They all wept together, for one was now gone.
Life had just kicked them, they carried Tim to his grave.
Boys became men, they had to be brave.

The day finally came, James got to come home.
To his lifelong buddies, no longer alone.
Friends for life, from young boys to men
They all got together, they all still missed Tim.

Oh, how ironic, James was talking of Tim
When God said, "It's time that they meet again."
God let Tim come to take James by the hand
"We're still friends forever - just in a new land."

Boys, please be careful, your group's getting small
You've all been so close, each loss hurts us all.
Friends for life, through thick and thin
How I hurt for those boys, they're grieving again...

Barbara Goodson, Sister of Tim

*In memory of Tim "Buddy" West and James Reary. Tim
is the son of Edna West and died in an auto accident of
September 26, 1995. James is the son of Harriet Collier and
died in a hit and run accident on June 28, 1998.*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of The Compassionate
Friends*



SAVE THE DATE!

September 17th

Chapter Picnic - TBD

Check www.tfc CarsonCity.org and the September
newsletter for details and directions
Potluck, Games, and more!

Cemetery Visits

Are you one of those people who have a need to go to the cemetery often? The non bereaved frown on that, as a rule. Many people feel there is something morbid about those visits; that you're obsessing. Unless you know the pain of losing someone you love better than yourself, you can't understand that need. Some people need to visit very day; others go now and then, and still some never go back once the funeral is over.

There are no rules. If it makes people uncomfortable when you make your cemetery visits, go alone. Don't feel you need to get anybody's permission or approval. Call a friend who won't judge you by the number of miles you travel to and from. It is important for you to know that how often you go to the cemetery has absolutely nothing to do with the length and depth of your expression of your grief. It is important to know that you have the right to do whatever comforts you. It may not seem right to your sister, your brother-in-law or your friends, but that is their problem. If you try to please everybody by the things you do and say, you'll find you are not taking care of your needs - and there are no more important ones right now.

You won't always require visits this often, and when you no longer feel this urge to go so often, don't feel guilty. It just means you are getting better. Accept it as that and move forward with your life when you are able. For right now, do what makes you feel better.

*Mary Cleckley
TCF Atlanta, GA*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of The Compassionate
Friends*

If They Only Knew

If only they knew that when I speak of him, I am not being morbid, I am not denying his death; I am proclaiming his life, I am learning to live with his absence. For 26 years he was a part of my life, born, nurtured, molded and loved; this cannot be put aside to please those who are uncomfortable with my grief.

If only they knew that when I sit quietly, apparently content with my own company, I am not self-indulgently unhappy, dwelling on things which cannot be changed; I am with him, I am seeing his face, hearing his voice, remembering his laughter, recalling his excitement and joy in life. Please allow me this time with him as I do not begrudge you your time with your children.

If only they knew that when I sometimes weep quietly, I do not cry in self pity for what I lost, I weep for what he has lost, for the life he loved, for the music which filled his very being and for all he still longed to hear, for the poetry which moved him to tears, for the beauty about him that daily fed his soul, for the exhilaration and excitement of flying the skies, of searching for his God in the vast space of the universe. For all that he loved and lost, I cry.

If only they knew the feeling of deep grief, the emptiness, the dull pain, the endlessness of death. If only they understood the inanity of the platitudes so freely spoken, that "time heals" that "you will get over it," that "it was for the best," that "God takes only the best" and realize that these are more an insult than a comfort; that the warm and compassionate touch of another means so much more.

If only they knew that we will not find true peace and tranquility until we are prepared to try to stand in the shoes of others. We will not be understood until we learn to understand compassionately, and we will not be heard until we learn to listen with a heart as well a mind.

Jan McNess

Victoria, Australia

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Tri-Co Chapter of the
Bereaved Parents of the USA, August 1988*



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

The Compassionate Friends of Northern Nevada

Bereaved Parents

Different ages
Different stages
Different issues
Same pain
Daily strain
Occasional tissues
Our children have died
Often is all we know
A fact we fear to hide
Despite our ever-present woe
We live with pride
Though broken-hearted
To love, remember, and grow

*Victor Montemurro
TCF Medford, NY*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Lake Tahoe,
CA Chapter of The Compassionate Friends,
July/August 2001*

***Little by little, step by step,
I learned that I didn't need
To hang on to the death
To remember the life
What a joyous discovery***

*Kittie Brown McGowin
TCF Montgomery, AL*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Lake Tahoe,
CA Chapter of The Compassionate Friends,
July/August 2001*

NEW for 2011:

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

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