



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

September 2011

Chapter Leader's Message

9-11-01: How can we forget this date? The falling of the twin towers; the heroic sacrifices on Flight 93 in Pennsylvania that saved so many lives; so many families' loved ones died. These lives will always be remembered - their tragic losses engraved on our nation's hearts, their names engraved on memorial walls.

Recently, thirty members of the American Special Forces were killed in Afghanistan when the Taliban shot down their helicopter. The majority of those killed were from Navy Seal Team 6, the unit that killed Osama bin Laden. So many families felt the grief of death. These families have but one thing on their minds right now - laying their loved ones to rest. The regular day-to-day things of ordinary life have receded into the fog of grief. Until they come back out of the fog, these families need outside help. Oh, how familiar that sounds.

These deaths will long be remembered by many. The names of our Children, Grandchildren and Siblings may not be engraved on a national monument, but they are heroes in their own way and will forever be remembered and loved. Their death date, their birthday, and however long their life, will always be remembered. And because of so much love, they will be in our hearts forever.

Delores

We stand arm in arm, hand in hand, heart to heart with all Americans everywhere remembering the victims, the survivors, and the heroes of September 11, 2001.

STEERING COMMITTEE

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Delores Sherman

Regional Coordinator
Gene Caligari



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SPECIAL DATES

September 10th Chapter Breakfast

Meet at 10am at the Red Hut on Kingsbury Grade in Lake Tahoe for a no-host, delicious breakfast and chat.

The Red Hut Cafe is located at 229 Kingsbury Grade in Stateline, Nevada 89449. (775) 588-7488

September 17th Chapter Picnic



12 noon - 3pm
Bowers Mansion
Bring something to BBQ and a dish to share or your own sack lunch. We're looking forward to catching up with old friends and meeting new faces.
HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!

The Bowers Mansion is located in Washoe Valley. From Carson City, take US-395 N to exit 44 for Eastlake Blvd. Turn left onto Eastlake Blvd. Turn right onto NV-429 N/Bowers Mansion Rd/Old U.S. 395 N.

September 27th Carson City Meeting

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

October 25th Carson City Meeting

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

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.

September Birthdays

Jasmine Gibbons

Susan Kichenmaster

Hugh Bryan Pearce

Ralph Thomas (Tommy) Ricketts

Scott Stewart

Sharie Jean Swenson

Justin Royce Talley

Randy Tancrell

K. Manley Vaughan

Johnathan Lucas Wendling

Michael Thomas Whalen

Albert Troy Winkler

Mother: Sandra Gibbons

Parents: Mr. & Mrs. Kichenmaster

Parents: Carl & Arlene Pearce

Mother: Delores Sherman

Mother: Gale Stewart, Father: Robert Stewart

Mother: Kay Kessler

Parents: Teresa & Larry Alexander

Grandparents: Royce & Geraldine Talley

Mother: Karin Tancrell

Grandmother: Judy Dunning

Parents: Michael & Karen Wendling

Father: Tom Whalen

Father: Albert Winkler, Mother: Nancy Winkler



September Anniversaries

Gina Brunello

Danielle Conway

Eric Daphne

Michael Dias

James Falconio

Andrew Gene Gialy

Leah Matlack

Eric Nageotte

Robert James Nielsen

Tracy Ralph Saulisberry

Derek James Stuhmiller

Corey Wetenkamp

Mother: Karen Jones

Mother: Norma Conway

Mother: Kres Daphne

Mother: Marlene Dias

Mother: Rose Falconio

Mother: Mary Knapp

Parents: David & Barbara Neddenriep

Parents: Ron & Carol Nageotte

Parents: Millie & Irv Nielsen

Parents: Chuck & Jo Saulisberry

Mother: Thelma Theriault

Mother: Joyce Wetenkamp



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.

What Would He Tell Me About His First Day of School?

Okay, I didn't think it was going to bother me this much.

I've been saying for weeks that I couldn't wait till school started to get Scott and Ashley out of my hair...

So here it is, the eve of the first day of school, and I'm thinking, "What would tomorrow be like if Nicholas were here?" His turn finally comes to stand outside with backpack and new shoes, waiting for the big yellow school bus... What would he come home and tell me about his first day of school?

And what about the kids - his class? Will I forever look at these kids and wonder "what if?" They don't even know that they're missing a classmate...

This is harder than I thought it would be. Another milestone of life - first day of school - that Nicholas (and I) missed.

The thing is, nobody will think of this. It's not a birthday or Mother's Day or Christmas. It goes by unnoticed except by a mother with kids too excited to sleep tonight - one starting fifth grade, one starting second grade, and one...

Linda Moffatt, TCF St. Louis, MO

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Kansas City (MO-KAN) Regional Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, September 2003



Love Gifts

Betty Kalicki in memory of daughter

Kara

Harold and Barbara Zaroff in memory of Grandson

Evan Vorreyer

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

Searching

Once again my list has vanished -
it was here but now is missing,

Keys and glasses disappearing -
books and letters - overdue.

I'm forever searching, searching,
They must be here and I need them!

Could it be that what is missing,
what I want this very minute -

Could it be that what I'm really searching for,
my child, is you?

Joyce Andrews, TCF Sugarland, TX

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of Winnipeg, Manitoba
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends,
September/October 2002*

To My Miscarried Baby

Out of our love you came,
Planned, wanted, welcomed!
Your announcement created excitement, joy...

Friends and family inquired,
Do you want a girl or boy?
Will you take Lamaze?
What colors for the nursery?
Then suddenly you're gone - and silence...
No one talks about a baby that won't be.

Were you real or a dream?
I feel alone and empty,
Where can I put my love that was for you?
Now what does it mean?

Betty Butler, TCF North Shore IL

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Nevada Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, September 1985

The Myth of Closure

by Ashley Davis Prend, ACSW, Hospice of North Idaho

"When will I begin to feel better? When will I return to normal? When will I achieve some closure?" grievors often ask. Closure, our culture tells us, will bring about a tidy ending, a sense of completion. Some grievors hope that the desired magical closure will occur after the funeral or memorial service. Others are confident it will come once they have cleared out their loved one's room. Or maybe after a special personal ritual. Or perhaps after the first anniversary comes and goes - "surely then, we will have closure," we think. We pray.

The reason we long for closure, of course, is because we would like to neatly seal away all of this pain. We would like to close all of the sad, confused, desperate, angry feelings out of our life. We would like to put all of this behind us.

Closure. What an odd concept really, as if we could truly close the door on pain, turn the lock and throw away the key. The truth is far more complex, of course.

Closure is for business deals. Closure is for real estate transactions. Closure is not for feelings or for people we love.

Closure simply does not exist emotionally, not in a pure sense. We cannot close the door on the past as if it didn't exist because, after losing someone dear to us, we never forget that person or the love we shared. And in some ways, we never entirely get over the loss. We learn to live with the loss, to integrate it into our new identity.

Imagine if we really could end this chapter in our life, completely. It would mean losing our memories, our connections to those we love. If we really found closure, it would ironically hurt even more because the attachment would be severed. And this attachment is vital to us - the memories are treasures to be held close, not closed out.

Perhaps it is better to think in terms of healing. Yes, we can process our pain and move to deeper and deeper levels of healing. Yes, we can find ways to move on and channel our pain into productive activities. Yes, we can even learn to smile again and laugh again and love again.

But let's not ever think that we'll close the door completely on what this loss means, for if we did that, we would unwittingly close the door on all the love that we shared. And that would truly be a loss too terrible to bear.

Fall

It is so hard to believe that summer is over! Even though summer is technically still here until September, the cool evenings we have been having, school starting, and football games being played are all signs that fall is here. And I love it!

To me, fall is the most invigorating time of the year. The crispness of the air, the beautiful coloration of the trees, the smell of leaf and wood smoke, the sky full of birds traveling south "talking" with one another as they go, are all part of this wonderful world we live in. I hope all of you will be able to feel and see the wonders of fall.

Sometimes we are so "down" and preoccupied with our child's death, and we are working so hard to just get through each day, that we are unable to appreciate what is going on in the world around us. Try to take a few minutes each day and look around. If you can focus on a beautiful tree or leaf, smell the chrysanthemums blooming in the garden or bite into a fresh apple just picked and enjoy doing this for just a few minutes, it will make your day seem brighter. And, if you are up to it, go to a high school football game or a band competition.

The enthusiasm of the young people participating in these events is contagious. Yes, it sometimes hurts. We want our children to be there also, enjoying these activities. But it also gives us renewed faith that life does go on, and there is happiness and excitement in the world. I hope you all can find some beauty and peace in the fall months ahead.

Peggy Hartzell, TCF Ambler, PA

River Reflections

I just got back from a river rafting trip, where I found myself thinking about my brother a lot. He died 16 months ago of an overdose of morphine. I don't know why it happened; it happened. I didn't see the beginning of his life - he was three years older - but I saw the end. I can look at it now and see it in its entirety - his 33 years of living that I so much counted on and expected to last another 70 or 80 years. I thought I would always have him to talk to about life, about family, and about ourselves. The river was a meditative place for me. The rhythm of the oars, the gentle motion of the raft, the shore gliding by, the gurgle of the water as it seeped into and back out of our raft - all of this provided just enough stimulation and was hypnotic enough that I didn't want to do anything but sit and think. For a few days on the river, I floated without any of my day-to-day concerns, without the usual level of tension standing behind me. What rose to the surface, visible in the clear water of my mind after the silt of all my worries sank to the bottom, were thoughts of my brother.

Nat would have liked this trip. The rough beauty of the terrain and the quiet power of the water would not have been lost on him. He would have noticed the beauty of the full moon and the light on the canyon walls as the sun rose and set. I have felt a lot of anger at him for dying, for taking his own life, for engaging in an activity so dangerous, for playing Russian roulette, for committing suicide. He left no note, he didn't say good-bye; he left a wife and two sons whom he loved very much but who, like me, were not enough to keep him alive. It wasn't the anger, though, that I felt on the river. I just remembered him. Grief is at its sharpest when, after a death, he all of a sudden flashes into focus so real and so present that I can hear his voice as if he has just spoken to me. I can imagine the scent of his hair, remember the texture of his face as I touch it, and I can see him walking and talking as if he were only there a moment ago. At these times, the grief flares up; the wound feels fresh and sharp with memories of the

love, the charm, and the grace. I realize both with gratitude and with anguish for the wound this reality carries, that he is not someone I can let go.

These memories will come to me for the rest of my life.

He is truly a part of me. He is mixed up in my blood and my bones and the electrical impulses of my brain. And in whatever way all of these things go together to form a soul, he is a part of that too. There is no escaping him. This is the gift and the price of love - it doesn't end. My brother was there in the river's sand and mud, in the full moon, the constantly flowing cold water, the clear dry air, the red canyon walls, and the blue sky. And he was there in me. And I was there, alive and more appreciative than I would have been before he died. I was more aware of my connection to my surroundings - that one day my body will be river mud, water, and bones like driftwood. What form my love will take then, I don't know. Maybe if there is a river and desert light offering delight to someone's senses that will be enough. I don't know.

Emily Moore, TCF Los Angeles, CA

***This is the gift
and the price
of love -
it doesn't end.***

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.

Of Slippers, Trout, and Things That Fit

No one ever accused me of being the master of analogies so please bear with me. I used to have a pair of slippers that from years of wear had conformed to my feet and afforded me a wonderful fit. After a long day at work, a shower, some sweats and my slippers were a welcome respite. One day, I broke a toe and thus changed the way my slippers fit. At first they were downright uncomfortable, but I stuck it out; before long they had adapted and were fine once again, but not quite the same.

On a larger life scale, the outdoors has always been my soul's slippers. A day a field watching a bird dog work, a day on a trout stream or a day spent in a tree stand were all that I needed to renew myself. It wasn't entirely about quail, trout, or deer; it was about my part in nature, the food chain, and even my place in the universe.

When Johnny was killed not even the outdoors was a refuge for me. Ruth and I had a trip planned to do some trout fishing on the White River for the 3rd week of March. Since Johnny was killed March 5th, we decided to cancel the trip. At the urging of my doctor, we did take the trip taking along Blake and my parents. The weather was good, the scenery was great, the fish were biting, and my mind was 350 miles away in a cemetery. There was no enjoyment in watching Blake catch his first rainbow.

Later that fall when deer season rolled around I again was less than excited. For those of you who know me and know what a fanatic I am about hunting, this comes as an alarming confession. You see, I start planning next year's hunt the minute this year's is over. It goes far beyond the ethics of hunting. It is a chance to be with old friends and to be surrounded by nature. So at the urging of family and friends I went. It was just after Johnny's birthday, and only on the tangible level of herd management and putting some much-enjoyed venison in my freezer was it a success. Otherwise it was an awful weekend.

When a friend called and invited me to join him and some other guys for three days in mid-February on the White River, I didn't exactly jump on it. But after some urging from Ruth I decided to go. It turned out to be the right decision because somewhere on the river I smiled again. Once again I saw the beauty of the stream and realized how much I love Johnny and missed him, but that he was with me everywhere I go. This trip helped me survive that first anniversary of his death.

I am glad that we taped that fishing trip with Blake because now as I watch the video I can really feel joy as he lands that trout. This year deer season felt better, but by no means normal. I just returned from a hunting trip to Alabama and I had a million reasons and fears to keep me from going, but only one to make me go. You see, I knew that it would help. I had a lot of time to sit and watch God's nature show; sometimes simply sitting and being part of the landscape of life.

Just like those slippers, my life no longer fits, but as with those shoes my life is beginning to adapt. Do I honestly believe that it will ever be the same? No, how could it be? I'll always see that empty seat in the boat, the shotgun that will forever go unfired sitting in the cabinet. Johnny is gone, but now I find myself looking ahead to those days of just sitting in the woods or on the stream.

I'll never stop looking back to Johnny; I'll always love him and miss him. I'm sure I'll have that twinge of anger and feel cheated for a long time to come, maybe forever. As the second anniversary of his death rolls around the pain is there so sharp and hard, but there is also a glimmer of hope for the things to come. I've accepted that my life will never be the same, but I refuse to believe that my life will never feel good again. He makes me smile when I think about him - and they make me smile when I look at them. It will take a long time but those slippers will fit again.

*Tom Wyatt, TCF St. Louis, MO
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Ventura County
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, August 1998*

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

To Karla and Stewart

A little girl was born, such a precious thing,
God's little gift, what else could He bring.
Her beauty was glowing,
and her love was definitely showing,
when the little girl's laughter changed to bitter tears
when they diagnosed her with a disease we all feared.
How could God put her through the pain?
How would her life ever be the same?
Is happiness something she would ever gain?
She showed the courage of a knight,
but her little heart could not stay beating,
so God let her enter into Heaven's sweet light.
Now she is in the greatest hands
with the angels by her side.
We loved Alexa with all our heart
it is too bad she had to depart.
Our world really needs great kids like you,
but we are glad that if she should ever leave that she
would be part of God's lil' crew...
We all love you, Alexa!!!

*Karli Fouts 1-10-95, Topeka, KS
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Topeka, KS Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, September/October 1995*

***As long as I can I will look at this world
for both of us.***

***As long as I can I will laugh with the
birds, I will sing with the flowers, I will
pray to the stars, for both of us.***

Sascha

Our Children May Not Be Forgotten After All

At one of our TCF meetings, we did the "ask-it basket" and one question that I put in, which was read aloud, was "What do we do when it seems no one remembers our child?"

The answer walked right up to me the very next week when a friend of mine from work came to say goodbye since she and her husband were relocating due to a new job opportunity. She told me that she would never lose touch with me and especially would never forget my daughter, Alicia's date of death. She now has a little boy of her own. She did not have a child when she attended Alicia's funeral. She was still on maternity leave when Alicia's death anniversary date came this year. She wanted me to know that on this day of each year, she sits down quietly and remembers me and my family. Now that she is a mom, she is surprised that my husband, Dave, our surviving daughter, Monique, and myself still continue to enjoy life. I told her that we support each other and remember Alicia in all we do. I told her that without TCF, I don't think we'd be this strong or focused.

My friend will be a dear friend for life. Maybe if she didn't have to move out of state, I would have never heard this story from her, so I feel blessed that she did share this with me. I couldn't help but think that maybe all of OUR CHILDREN have probably TOUCHED MORE LIVES than we can ever imagine, both personally, and even those who never met our children face-to-face. I don't think they are as forgotten as it sometimes seems on a lonely or sad day. I think they are in hearts everywhere!

*Becky Jordan, TCF South Bay/L.A., CA
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, September*

1998

NEW for 2011:

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

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



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

The Compassionate Friends of Northern Nevada

A Death Has Occurred

A death has occurred, and everything is changed by this event. We are painfully aware that life can never be the same again, that yesterday is over, that relationships once rich have ended.

But there is another way to look upon this truth. If life went on the same without the presence of the one who died, we could only conclude that the life we here remember made no contribution, filled no space, meant nothing. The act that this person left behind a place that cannot be filled is a high tribute to this individual. Life can be the same after a trinket has been lost, but never after the loss of a treasure.

Paul Irion, TCF Savannah, GA

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Central Iowa Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, September 1991

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