



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

February 2012

Chapter Leader's Message

We have started a New Year. For some families your grief is very new. The death of a child from any age, from any cause - miscarriage to an adult, sibling or grandchild - is the most tragic thing that can happen to a family. It's the most intense pain you ever suffer. It's hard to re-organize your life in a positive way. Here are some helpful hints.

1. Do not push yourself.
2. Take one step at a time.
3. Ask family members or close friends for help.
4. Decisions on what to keep should be yours.
5. Set a plan of action. Set a schedule. Write down things you want to do. It will give you something to start with.

Don't stress over whether if it gets done or not. Be sure to note your progress. It will make you feel better.

Losing a child or sibling is not something you get over, ever! What you do is find a way to live your life without your child or sibling.

*Forever in our Hearts,
Delores*

Who We Are...

The Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization which offers support to families who have experienced the death of a child. Only a person who has experienced the trauma of losing a child can fully understand the pain and suffering involved.

We gather to listen, to share, and the support each other in the resolution of our grief. You need not walk alone, we are the Compassionate Friends.

STEERING COMMITTEE

Chapter Leader

Delores Sherman (775) 849-1979

Treasurer/Mailing List/Memorial Page

Kathy Schultz (775) 883-3132
kathy@tcfcarsoncity.org

Newsletter Editor

Georgette Riley editor@tcfcarsoncity.org

Regional Coordinator

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Members

Betty Kalicki (775) 246-5570
Jo Saulisberry (775) 883-5388
Cathy Silva, Delegate (775) 783-8020
Sonja Strom
Reynese Peterson

Hawthorne contact:

Petra Wilson (775) 945-5782

Fallon contact:

Judy Dunning (775) 423-7286



SPECIAL DATES

February 28th Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30 p.m.
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway
Contact: Delores (775) 849-1979

March 27th Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30 p.m.
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway
Contact: Delores (775) 849-1979

April 24th Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30 p.m.
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway
Contact: Delores (775) 849-1979

Phone Friends

Cathy (775) 883-5388
(youth, illness)

Delores (775) 849-1979
(teenage, car accident)

Kathy & Norris (775) 883-3132
(teenage, illness)

Sonja (775) 783-8020
(multiple death)

Judy (775) 423-7286
(car accident, daughter & grandson)

The National Office

PO Box 3696
Oak 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 here.

February Birthdays

Bryan Harding

Mother: Sandra Harding

Michael McDowell

Mother: Maureen McCarthy

Christopher Dale Northam

Parents: Teresa & Michael Northam

Jennifer Jo Smith

Parents: Pam & Carl Smith

Scott Strom

Mother: Sonja Strom

Ricky Woodring

Parents: Ron & Vickie Woodring

Shane Woods

Parents: Jay & Bonnie Woods

February Anniversaries

Kyra Conway

Grandmother: Norma Conway

Sabrina Jane Davies

Mother: Vanessa Walker

Kelsey Foley

Parents: Richard & Jody Foley

Andrea Matlack Hooper

Parents: David & Barbara Neddenriep

Brad E. Lauderbaugh

Mother: Myra Lauderbaugh

Alaina Lester

Parents: Shawn & Kristine Lester; Grandmother: Pauline MacKenzie

John Luna

Mother: Pauline Luna

Jeff Martin

Mother: Suzanne Fox

Kyle McAfee

Parents: John & Susan McAfee

Lana (Lanie) McAlister

Mother: Leona Wood

James Reilly

Parents: Shane & Pam Reilly

Danica Marie Silva

Parents: Dan & Cathy Silva

Dean M. Stout

Parents: Millie & Earl Stout

Paul W. Watkins

Parents: Nancy & Bob Watkins

Charles Louis Webb

Parents: Paul & Eva Webb

Johnathan Lucas Wendling

Parents: Michael & Karen Wendling



Valentine's Day

*Love is everything at once a heart can hold,
but only for a minute.*

Valentine's Day reminds us that everyone needs a little love in his life. It reminds all of us of those special little Valentine's Day cards our child once gave us, and how much those little cards meant to a child to give them to us, and how much it meant to receive them. *For to love is to give, and to give is to know joy, peace, and satisfaction.*

All of the wonderful Compassionate Friends deserve an extra share of love... now. At a time when you can no longer receive that one special little Valentine's Day card, let us all love one another. Not just on those "special days", but all through the year. *Love is not love... until it is given away.*

Lee & Verna Smith, Fort Worth, TX

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles, CA Chapter of The
Compassionate Friends, February 2001*

Silk Roses for Susan

I took silk roses to your grave today.
Valentine's Day is coming
And you loved red roses
I sat there awhile and remembered
Your last Valentine's Day.
I kissed you and gave you candy
With money stuck in the top.
You tilted your head
In that certain way you had
And smiled, pleased at the gift.
Sweet daughter, I miss you so.
There was still much of life to share.
Nineteen is way too young for dying.
I would put fresh roses for you every day
If I could have you back.
But I can't change the ending.
So I took silk roses to your grave today,
And cried fresh tears instead.

Ginger Elwood, TCF Knoxville, TN

*Reprinted from the newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles, CA Valley chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, February 1999*



Love Gifts

Betty Kalicki in memory of her daughter

Kara

Ron and Carol Nageotte in memory of their son

Eric

Pauline Luna in memory of her son

John

***... 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. A LOVE GIFT is a
donation to honor a child who has died, or sometimes as
a memorial to a relative or a friend. Your gifts allow us to
continue to reach out to other bereaved families through
our books, programs, and newsletter. Thanks to each of you
for your generous gifts and support.*



I saw a little bird today
 Go winging through the blue,
 And with this little bird I sent
 A kindly thought to you

So if you feel the heart warmth
 And the absent one enfolds you.
 Just smile and say it's what
 A little bird has told you.

*Our thoughts are with you John.
 After 10 years you still make us smile*

*Love,
 Mom & Dad*

*Mike & Karen Wendling
 John Wendling 9/14/1983 To 2/13/2002*

My Granddaughter

You came into this world
 in the body of a child
 But turned into an angel
 to live with us a while

And you have always been a blessing
 that only God can give
 And we always want to thank Him
 for those years that we live

God sent you to share his love
 and make a happy life
 Down here in this world
 where there's always sin and strife

But you have overcome
 and lived your life anew
 And I want to thank the Father
 for ever sending you

We know life is short
 but we thank Him for every day
 And we thank Him for our grandchildren
 he sends along our way

For with all of our possessions
 there's none that can compare
 To our grandchildren that He sent
 for us to share.

*Elmer Mills, TCF Golden City, MO
 Reprinted from the newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles, CA Chapter of The
 Compassionate Friends, February 1999*

My Baby

Like a miracle
 You happened
 You were there

I was a flower
 Beginning to bloom
 Bursting with life

Then you were gone
 Like music never written
 Existing only in my dreams

And I love you still.

Stacy Hooks, TCF Atlanta, GA



**Grief is not a mental illness.
 It just feels that way sometimes.**

*Ann Kaiser Stearns
 Living Through Personal Crisis*

Suicide's Journey

When someone takes their own life
It causes so much pain.
The hurt it runs so deep,
Never to be the same

Many people filled with guilt
Asking why didn't I see?
Such a senseless act
Why aren't you here with me?

It matters not the reason
Or who has done the deed
To heal and forgive myself
These are a parent's greatest need.

So when you look back and remember,
All the wonderful things with them
you were a part
Let them comfort and sustain you
Carry them forever in your heart.

Toni Hamilton, TCF McMinnville, OR

Thought for the Day

It is not easy returning to the world of normalcy when your world is so upside-down. It is not easy to stop being a mother or a father to your child who had died. The thought for the day is a word – PATIENCE - patience with yourself who suddenly and powerlessly has been thrown into this horrid nightmare; patience with your spouse who always seems to be having an up day when you are having a down day; patience with relatives and friends who wish to help but seem to hurt, with hollow advice and logical words; and patience with time, for it takes time to adjust, and time can move so slowly. PATIENCE!

*Rose Roen, TCF Carmel-Indianapolis, IN
Reprinted from the newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles, CA Valley chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, February 1998*

From One Sister to Another

To Paula,

I never expected to be without you. It was always the three of us. We were never supposed to be split apart, not this soon. There was so much more we were to have done together and to have shared. We have been through so much in the short time we had with you. We were the typical sisters, fighting, laughing, sharing. But when something important was going on, we were there for each other. I find myself feeling cheated out of something really important, and that "something" is YOU. When I have something going on in my life, I want you here to talk to. I want to share the good things with you. You were here for the biggest events in my life. Now I feel empty. I feel a big void inside me. This is no way to feel.

I look at your photos and it hurts. There are days that I feel guilty for not feeling sad. And sometimes I forget what your voice sounded like. I feel so lucky that I got to tell you that I loved you the last time I saw you. I remember making you face me and look at me when I said I loved you. I had no idea it would be the last time I saw you.

There are times when I laugh and I feel as though you are laughing through me. Sometimes it seems like I am looking at something through your eyes. Then too, when I speak, it seems like you are talking through me. I just wish we had spent more time together. Our family has grown apart and become so distant. It will take some time for us to heal and this is the time we should have grown closer to each other. There is so much love here for you and if love could have kept you here, you never would have left us.

I love you so much and I know that one day we will be reunited forever. I hold on to that and it helps me on the hard days.

Love Always, Your Sister, Heather

*In Memory of Paula Frances McCrary (10/16/78 – 6/13/99)
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Lake Tahoe, CA Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, May-June 2002*

I feel as If I am Alive Alone

The Grief of a Single Parent

If you were to ask me what it's like being a single parent, by reason of the death of my husband at a very young age, and the mother of an only child, who was instantly killed, I'll take a deep breath and try to hold back the tears and not reveal the heartache that is constantly a part of me. I am so thankful, for friends and their caring, but often I feel as though I'm alive alone.

My son Doug was 39 years old, but still my child. We had a great mother-son relationship, but it ended so abruptly. My memories of him will never fade. I cherish them in my heart. Time will heal the deep wound, but when a loved one dies, we lose part of our very selves.

When I realize I have no descendants, no grandchildren to cuddle and sing lullabies to, and be able to watch run and play, to take pride in their accomplishments, it tears at my heart. However, I realize also, that I was blessed beyond measure when God loaned us our son, and even in spite of the grief I am going through because of his death, I am so glad he lived, and I had the privilege of being his mother. The joys he brought into my life can never be taken away. You see, he was my most treasured possession on this earth.

His hugs aren't mine anymore and I can't cook his favorite meal, or look into his smiling face. The tools that he used over many years in his hobby of restoring old cars hang idle. He loved music, and his guitar is a special keepsake.

My daily need as I awaken is to ask the Lord for strength and comfort for the day, and to help me to be a source of comfort for someone else. I don't ever want to be a victim of self-pity, and I desire to be able to reach out to others and offer compassion. I feel I have had to learn the true meaning of compassion -Your pain, in my heart.

A task remains for me – to reflect on those qualities in Doug's life that I want to emulate: He had a gentle spirit, a caring attitude, a great love for people, a zest for life, and most of all, he gave of himself.

It may take time, but God will mend my broken heart, but He must first have ALL of the pieces. He knows me better than I know myself.

Hopefully I'll be a better person as I journey through life, knowing that He is in control, and I can look to Him for guidance any time. My prayer is that I can be used by Him to comfort others. We all need each other, and if my smile brightens someone else's day, perhaps I can help by sharing their burden, and then my life will continue to have greater meaning.

We need to look for life's little sparkles even in the midst of life's most crippling sorrows. Pain is inevitable, but joy is optional. I want to choose to be joyful. "A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine."

Ruth Ann Amick, TCF Ottawa, OH

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 generally held the last Tuesday of every month, 7:00 - 8:30 p.m., at the Carson Tahoe Cancer Resource Center, 1535 Medical Parkway, 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. For more information, please contact Jo Saulisbury at (775) 246-5570.

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. Email changes to kathy@tcfcarsoncity.org.

We can't know why
the lily has so brief
a time to bloom
in the warmth
of sunlight's kiss
upon it's face.
Before it folds its fragrance in
and bids the world good-night
to rest its beauty in a gentler place.
But we can know that nothing
that is loved is ever lost,
and no one who has ever touched a heart
can really pass away,
because some beauty lingers on
in each memory of which
they've been a part.

*Ellen Brennaman
Reprinted from "Alive Alone"*

It's Over!

And it's over!
Finally, Everyone has gone away
To turn their lives back on again
Like radios;
Leaving us to talk too loudly
Trying to soak up the silence.

Sometimes I see you turn away
So that I won't see your tears
And we build this incredible wall
Of Grief
First started with her empty chair.

I can't believe that I could ever be
So alone with you;
Each of us guarding our pain,
Jealously,
As the last thing to hold of her.

And people said,
"You're so lucky to have each other."

*Sue Borrowman, TCF Winnipeg, Manitoba
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Phoenix, AZ Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, February 1998*

A Realization

January 21, 2012

Why do I still mourn my grandson Evan's death in the same manner as I did three and a half years ago? At this point in time, why haven't the good memories of Evan eclipsed the nightmare of his tragic death? Why haven't I progressed? At bereavement sessions, I witness those who have lost a brother, mother, father, son or daughter and are able to start focusing mainly on many good, past memories. The inability to deal more positively with my loss has troubled me for the past two years. In many sessions it is accepted that grief has a way of changing in time, possibly within a year or two. Three and a half years later I feel as I did on day one. I may not cry as much, or dwell on his death as in past years, but I still focus mainly on the tragic and not the few, good memories.

Almost all of the people I have met at bereavement sessions have had much more time with their loved ones previous to their tragedies. Evan died at the age of 4 1/2. Half of his short life was spent fighting cancer in three different hospitals with his parents and grandparents at his side. My short memories of Evan were overwhelmingly spent with tragedy – so much so that the few good memories fade in comparison. Others had so much more time to spend with their loved ones; I didn't. I have racked my brain trying to understand why my bereavement hasn't gone in the same positive direction as those around me. I have to conclude that the little time I spent with Evan and the time spent with the tragedy prevents me from focusing on time-limited, positive memories. For the future, I don't anticipate any changes in the way I presently feel.

Harold Zaroff, TCF Carson City, NV



Anger

I get so angry, I think I'll explode;
Someone call or come over to share the load.
I want to go out in the backyard and scream
Someone please tell me it's all a bad dream.

I need to slam all the doors really loud
I know this would not make Mark proud.
He loved me for my soft-spoken style,
So I won't slam doors, I'll cry for awhile.

Anger is an emotion I don't handle well.
I feel guilt at first then I say,
"What the hell?"
Anger is normal, so the experts say.
If not, God will forgive me tonight
when I pray.

*Kathy Hinkley, TCF Birmingham, NY
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles, CA Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, February 2001*

Missing You

I just can't believe it...
The sun still rises and sets,
The moon and stars still shine,
The flowers still bloom, the birds still sing.
I expected a change in everything

I just can't believe it...
It still gets dark and light,
The ocean still has waves,
The rain still rains, the wind still blows,
Is it because they do not know?

I just can't believe it...
I thought the world would stop
When in my house I found
an empty chair, a missing smile,
I thought it would stop for just a while.

I just can't believe it...

*Gretta Viney, TCF Yakima, WA
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Greater Providence, RI Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, February 2010*

A Child Loaned

I'll lend you for a little time,
a child of mine, He said;
For you to love the while he lives,
and mourn for when he's dead.

It may be six or seven years,
maybe twenty-two or three
But will you, 'till call him back,
take care of him for Me?

He'll bring his charms to gladden you,
And should his stay be brief,
you'll have his lovely memories
as solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay,
Since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there,
I want this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over,
in my search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes,
I have selected you.

Now will you give him all your love,
not think the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I come to call,
to take him home again?

I fancied that I heard them say,
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done."
For all the joy Thy child will bring,
the risk of grief we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness,
We'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known
forever grateful stay.

But should the angels call him home,
much sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes,
and try to understand.

*Edgar A. Guest
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Pueblo, CO Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, February 2006*

Circles

I run in little circles
to get my mini-jobs done.
And if I didn't do them,
what would happen, Son?

I'd sit and think about you –
about your loving smile,
About your great determination,
your brash and breezy style.

If I zipped out into traffic,
you'd say, "Go, Mom!" and grin.
When the house was cleaned all spotless,
"What time's the party begin?"

You used to love to tease me
in a kind and gentle way.
Now there's none who does that –
little laughter lights the day.

I run in little circles,
for if I stop, I know
God-awful truth will catch me
and tears will start to flow.

You were a rare young person,
a "loving, giving child."
You – our "Merry Sunshine" –
so brutally defiled.

There's no good sense in murder –
to steal a life away.
To waste your dreams, your visions,
in a crude, one-sided fray.

I run in little circles,
I do my idiot jobs.
For if I don't keep moving,
I'll surely drown in sobs.

*Joan D. Schmidt, TCF Spotswood, NJ
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Pueblo, CO Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, February 2007*

Saying Goodbye

It's not in forgetting,
But remembering
That I find peace.
It's not closure,
But opening
That heals my soul.
It's not in letting go,
But holding on that sets me free.
It's not in saying goodbye,
But saying help
That keeps me sane.
Saying hello to the joy,
As well as the pain
Hello to the gain,
As well as the loss
Hello to the light,
As well as the dark
Hello to good memories,
As well as the bad
Hello to the songs,
As well as the silence
Hello to her life,
As well as her death -
And never, ever,
Saying goodbye.

Genesse Bourdeau Gentry

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Sacramento Valley, CA Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, February 2010*



The Broken Places

"If I am what I do, and I don't, then I'm not." These words have been spinning around in my head ever since I heard someone comment on how we tend to define ourselves by what we do, rather than by who we are. I thought about those words incessantly, almost to the point where they became nonsensical. But they aren't.

Until April 25, 1987, the day of my son Bryan's death, I'm afraid I was guilty of defining myself by my roles in life: computer marketeer, husband, father – and without really being aware of it, most often in that order. I was caught up with "bringing home the bacon," "making a name for myself," and the tunnel vision that goes with all of that. My sense of self-worth was wrapped up with these things. One of my colleagues used to call me "Rapid Robert" because of my pace in going places – or was it a treadmill? I was a workaholic, and only too often by the time I'd gotten around to family matters, I'd run out of steam.

Then my son Bryan died. The superficiality of my life smashed headlong into a brick wall. For months I felt I was sitting in the middle of a field scattered with pieces of my life: job pieces askew here, family relationships trailing off there, dreams piled akimbo over here, hopes rent asunder over there.

As I listened to my son's friends at the two remembrances for him, it dawned on me that at 19 a young man doesn't have a long list of credits and accomplishments. Bryan hadn't "made a name for himself." Bryan was Bryan, no more, no less. His many friends loved him for who he was, not what he was.

*Strange the lessons
Fathers learn from sons –
To care
To share
To be there ...*

I wrote these words blinded by pain, and I could sense what it was that brought together people from all over in a common bond of shared grief – Bryan cared about them. I wondered if I were to die suddenly but after more than 50 years of life, how would I be eulogized? "A real professional, a true marketeer, a dedicated employee...?" I'd settle for two words: "He cared."

I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together again, but I've tried to be selective. I've left many pieces lying in that field because they don't fit anymore. And I've fashioned new pieces, each in some way inspired by the lesson of Bryan's life.

Hemingway wrote, "Sooner or later life breaks everyone, but afterwards some are stronger at the broken places." I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together selectively. I've fashioned new pieces. Some pieces no longer fit. As bereaved parents, we have a choice: We can fixate on the death or we can affirm life. I know which my son would have wanted for me.

*Bob Rosenberger, TCF Burke, VA
Reprinted from the newsletter of the Kansas City, MO/KS chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, February 1997*

We are glad you came - Do come again!

If you are receiving our newsletter for the first time it is because someone has told us that it might be of some help to you. We cordially invite you to attend our monthly meeting. There are no dues or fees. You need not speak one word. Attending your first meeting does take courage, but our parents who do attend find a comforting network of support, friendship and understanding that only friends who have "been there" can give. We are not the only answer to your grief, but we can help. So please come and join us.

Grandmother's Gift

For as long as I can remember, I have called my grandmother Gagi... At the time of my grandfather's death, at 90 years of age, my grandparents had been married for over 50 years. Gagi felt the loss deeply. The central focus had been taken from her life, and she retreated from the world, entering into an extended period of mourning which lasted nearly 5 years.

One day I went to visit Gagi expecting to find her in her usual state of quiescence. Instead, I found her sitting in her wheelchair beaming. When I didn't comment quickly enough about the obvious change in her demeanor, she confronted me. "Don't you want to know why I'm so happy? Aren't you even curious?"

"Of course, Gagi," I apologized... "Why this new disposition?"

"Because last night I got an answer," she declared. "I finally know why God took your grandfather and left me behind to live without him." Then, as if imparting the greatest secret in the world, she lowered her voice, leaned forward in her wheelchair and confided quietly, "Your grandfather knew that the secret of life is love, and he lived it every day. He had become unconditional love in action. I have known about unconditional love, but I haven't fully lived it. That's why he got to go first, and I had to stay behind."

The Triumph of Life

I am emerging from an ocean of grief,
From the sorrow of many deaths,
From the inevitability of tragedy,
From the longing of love,
From the terrible triumph of destruction.
I am seeing the living that is to be lived,
The laughter that is to be laughed,
The joy that is to be enjoyed,
The loving that is to be accomplished.
I am learning at last
The tremendous triumph of life.

Majorie Pizer

Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Bay/Los Angeles, CA Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, February 2001

She paused as if considering what she was about to say, and then continued, "All this time I thought I was being punished for something, but last night I found out that I was left behind as a gift from God. He let me stay so that I too could turn my life into love. You see," she continued, pointing a finger to the sky, "last night I was shown that you can't learn the lesson out there. Love has to be lived here on earth... So I was given the gift of life so that I can learn to live love here & now."

Though age continued on its relentless course, her life was vigorously renewed. Visit after visit added up to the passing of years, while Gagi practiced her lessons in love. She had a purpose worth living for...

In the last days of Gagi's life I visited her often in the hospital. As I walked to her room one day, the nurse on duty said, "Your grandmother is a very special lady, you know ... she's a light." Yes, purpose lit up her life and she became a light for others until the end.

D. Trinidad Hunt

in "A Second Helping of Chicken Soup for the Soul"

Reprinted from the newsletter of the Kansas City, MO/KS chapter of The Compassionate Friends, February 1997

Like the Butterfly

It fluttered there, above my head.
Weightless in the soft breeze.
I reached up my hand,
It lit upon my finger.

Waving glistening wings gently,
It looked at me for timeless moments.
I smiled, reaching deep, and
Finding all those cherished memories.

As it lifted off through the sunlit morn,
I knew we had said hello,
Once more.

Lezlie Langford, TCF North Platte, NE

Reprinted from the newsletter of the Sacramento Valley, CA chapter of The Compassionate Friends, February 1997



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

The Compassionate Friends of Northern Nevada

TCF Adds New Spanish Facebook Page: Los Amigos Compasivos/USA

The Compassionate Friends has added a new Facebook Page, Los Amigos Compasivos/USA, for our Spanish language members grieving the death of a child, sibling, or grandchild.

"We want to thank all those who have helped us to make this dream a reality," says TCF Executive Director Patricia Loder. "We anticipate many of our Spanish language members will take advantage of this valuable new resource."

A number of TCF chapters already offer some form of Spanish language support and the national organization also provides support via six Spanish language brochures, a Spanish language website located on TCF's national website at www.compassionatefriends.org, and now the new Facebook Page. The Spanish

language Facebook site will have many of the same features of TCF's national Facebook Page, which now has reached approximately 25,000 members. There will be posts related to grief, discussion boards, an area for photographs to be placed in memory of our children, and much more. To reach this new site, go to Facebook and search for "Los Amigos Compasivos/USA."

NEW for 2012:

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