



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

May/June 2014

Chapter Leader's Message

It's springtime, trees are blooming, grass is green, flowers are springing up out of the ground, and warm days are ahead. Take time to enjoy the beauty of nature. Take a walk and be good to yourself. Hope to see you at the next meeting.

*Our children and siblings, loved and remembered,
Delores*

Newsletter Editor's Message

As warmer days are upon us, I try to take special walks by myself in the early morning, as if my Son is with me. A small moment to pay 100% attention to him and feel good about it. Sometimes, it's a quiet walk, as I leave all the thoughts in my head. Other times, I talk to him about my days. No phones ringing, no deadline, no traffic, just him and I. And afterwards, I feel so refreshed and happy. Try to get away from the chaos of life and just take a 20 minute walk to start your day with the memory of your child and imagine what it would be like if they were really walking there right beside you, listening to whatever you would like to share.

Is there something that you want to share in our newsletter? Not everyone can get to our meetings and sometimes things come up are share worthy. Please let me know if there is something on your mind; a question or a comment that will show up on this front page. See my contact information below if anyone is interested.

*Blessings,
Amber~Rose*

SPECIAL DATES

May 10th

Member Breakfast

(subject to change)

9:00-10:00a.m.

Carson Station

900 N. Carson St.

Carson City, NV 89701

Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

May 27th

Carson City Meeting

7:00-8:30p.m.

Carson Tahoe Cancer

Resource Center

1535 Medical Parkway

Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

June 14th

Member Breakfast

(subject to change)

9:00-10:00a.m.

Denny's

2299 N. Carson St.

Carson City, NV 89701

Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

June 24th

Carson City Meeting

7:00-8:30p.m.

Carson Tahoe Cancer

Resource Center

1535 Medical Parkway

Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

STEERING COMMITTEE

Chapter Leader

Delores Sherman

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Cathy Silva, Delegate

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Fallon contact: Judy Dunning

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(877) 969-0110

www.compassionatefriends.org

Phone Friends

Cathy

(775) 883-5388

(youth, illness)

Delores

(775) 883-4415

(teenage, car accident)

Kathy & Norris

(775) 883-3132

(teenage, illness)

Sonja

(775) 783-8020

(multiple death)

Judy

(775) 423-7286

(car accident, daughter & grandson)

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.

May Birthdays

Tony Caboara Mother: *Melissa Caboara*
Joshua Michael Calland Parents: *Larry & Cindy Marchant*
Danielle Saulisberry Carpenter Parents: *Dan & Neva Saulisberry*
Grandparents: *Chuck & Jo Saulisberry*
Eric Daphne Mother: *Kres Daphne*
Larry A. Epley Parents: *Betty & Jim Epley*
Kelsey Foley Parents: *Richard & Jody Foley*
Brian Frazee, Jr. Parents: *Brian & Kirsti Frazee*
Andrew Gene Gialy Mother: *Mary Knapp*
Travis Gleason Mother: *Debra Stewart*
Brooks Greenlee Mother: *Renda Greenlee*
Samantha Harris Parents: *Carl & Kelly Harris*
Patrick Christopher Kain Parents: *Hans & Vancura Kain*
Tim Lane Father: *Don Lane*
Brad E. Lauderbaugh Mother: *Myra Lauderbaugh*
Leah Matlack Parents: *David & Barbara Neddenriep*
Christiana Eve Medina Mother: *Maureen Medina*
Father: *Dave Medina*
Sister: *Natalie Leist*
Aunt: *Jolene Tomko*
Brandon Lee Murray Mother: *Leslie Rhyme*
Aunt: *Melanie Munoz*
Sister: *Megan Pruitt*
James Reilly Parents: *Shane & Pam Reilly*
Michael Riley Mother: *Kim Young*
Tracy Ralph Saulisberry Parents: *Chuck & Jo Saulisberry*
April Schultz Parents: *Norris & Kathy Schultz*
Vickie Lynn Silva Mother: *Reynese Peterson*
Michelle Stratton Mother: *Toni Peacock*
Heather Youngblood Parents: *Donna & Jim Schumacher*

May Anniversaries

Rick Beaty Sister: *Cathy Silva*
Brother: *Joe & Angie Beaty*
Amber Bourge Mother: *Jeanne Hernandez*
Father: *Kevin Bourge*
Grandmother: *Donna Bachstein*
Robert Bugajski Parents: *Andrzej & Teresa Bugajski*
Shara N. Capron Grandparents: *Petra & Dave Wilson*
Danielle Saulisberry Carpenter Parents: *Dan & Neva Saulisberry*
Grandparents: *Chuck & Jo Saulisberry*
Brain Frazee Jr. Parents: *Brian & Kristi Frazee*
David Manual Fulghum "Festus" Mother: *Vivian Casey*
Sister: *O'Donna Fulghum*
David Lawrence Gordon Mother: *Arline J. Gordon*
Jesse Hunton Gould Parents: *Michael & Susan Gould*
Samantha Harris Parents: *Carl & Kelly Harris*
Austin Hawk Mother: *Jackie Hawk*
Eric Scott Jahn Mother: *Bonnie Jahn*
Elise Marie Lowe Mother: *Stephanie Snyder*
Christopher Dale Northam Parents: *Teresa & Michael Northam*
Ralph Thomas (Tommy) Ricketts Mother: *Delores Sherman*
Matthew Ryan Silva Grandmother: *Reynese Peterson*
Vickie Lynn Silva Mother: *Reynese Peterson*
Randy Tancrell Mother: *Karin Tancrell*
Adam Wetzell Aunt: *Carla Wetzell*
Richard Wilson Parents: *Joe & Mary Wilson*
Jeremy Michael Bruce Woolman Mother: *Andra Gail Woolman*
Aunt: *Darlene Hatfield*
Aunt: *Barbara Wood*
Grandmother: *Maxine Woolman*



June Birthdays

Stephanie Lou Beavers	Parents: John & Nancy Beavers
Andrew Beldon Clark	Mother: JoAnn Herdt
Thomas Hartley IV	Sister: Georgette Riley
Brian Higgins	Mother: Jeane Higgins
Mark Holder Jr.	Father: Mark Holder Sr.
Anna Lytle	Mother: Beth Rubke
Richard Wilson	Parents: Joe & Mary Wilson
Jeremy Michael Bruce Woolman	Mother: Andra Gail Woolman Aunt: Darlene Hatfield Aunt: Barbara Wood Grandmother: Maxine Woolman

June Anniversaries

Raymond "Tista" Baptista	Parents: Gladly & Pete Goicoechea
Travis Gleason	Mother: Debra Stewart
Thomas Hartley IV	Sister: Georgette Riley
Paula L. Holmes	Mother: Janae Holmes
Ahmen LeDoux	Mother: Judith LeDoux
Eric Steven Marchant	Parents: Larry & Cindy Marchant
Ryan "T.J." Marich	Parents: Richard & Jill Marich
Jordan Marshall	Parents: Jean & Phil Marshall
Kurt Meunch	Parents: Patrick & Patti Williams
Hugh Bryan Pearce	Parents: Carl & Arlene Pearce
Aren Pederson	Mother: Anita Pederson
Emily Anne Round	Mother: Peggy Dodd Sister: Heather Redlack
Summy Satchyar	Mother: Georgina Satchyar
Caitlynn Sterkel	Mother: Michelle Sterkel
Evan Vorreyer	Grandparents: Harold & Barbara Zaroff



Love Gifts

Betty Kalicki in memory of her daughter
Kara Lee Kalicki

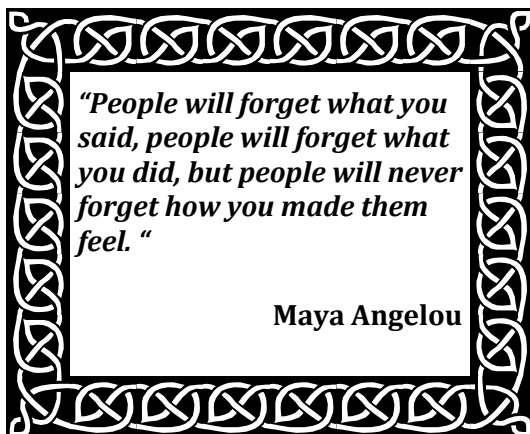
Delores Sherman in memory of her son
Tommy Ricketts

Sonja Strom
in memory of her son & daughter
Scott Strom
&
Julie Rodriguez

Cathy Silva in memory of her daughter
Danica Silva

Stephanie Snyder in memory of her daughter
Elise Marie Lowe

**"...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. Thank to each of you for your generous gifts and support

Newsletter Items

Newsletters are published bimonthly. Please submit your stories, poems, and pictures for our newsletter. Newsletter items are free of charge, but donations are welcome to assist with printing and mailing costs. E-mail your newsletter items to: editor@tfc CarsonCity.org. You can also mail your items to: 1111 Liberty Ct. Carson City, NV 89703. Or bring to a meeting and give your item directly to Amber-Rose.

All submissions must be received by the 20th of the month to be included in the next newsletter. Photos sent via e-mail must be in a .jpg format. If you have not been receiving the newsletter whether by e-mail or postal mail, please let Kathy know so that we can update/change postal or e-mail information.

This newsletter is now available online. Visit our website www.tfc CarsonCity.org and click on "Newsletters". You can view newsletters or subscribe to receive monthly newsletters via e-mail.

To All Parents

"I'll lend you for a while 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, or twenty-two or three, But will you, till I 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
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes
I have chosen 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 back again?"

"I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done!
For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we 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 for him much sooner than we've planned,
we'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand!"

As found in Dear Abby
Written by Edgar Guest



Recipes with Suzanne

Is there a special dish that you used to make for your loved one? Cookies or a casserole? A birthday cake or that special ingredient you added to vegetable to tempt a picky eater? Perhaps an easy recipe for those newly bereaved when fast food just won't cut it. Please share it with us to honor your

Marcie was my mother-in-law, and a wonderfully talented knitter. I always enjoyed visiting and admiring her latest project. She taught me a lot of advanced techniques.

Suzanne Fox
TCF Carson City, NV

Marcie's Green Beans Napoli

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 clove garlic, minced (1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon)
- 1/4 cup Italian flavored bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 15-oz. can green beans
- 1 tablespoon olive oil

Melt butter in medium frying pan. Add garlic and sauté over medium heat until garlic is barely golden. Add breadcrumbs and stir until crumbs are golden.

Stir in paprika and remove from heat.
Add Parmesan cheese and toss lightly until blended. Heat green beans. Drain off liquid.
Add olive oil and toss to blend. Place beans in serving dish and top with crumb mixture.
Serves 2-3, so double or triple recipe if needed.



Mother's Day

Mother's Day ... a time set aside to honor each mother and bereaved parents. This holiday, like Father's Day, is different. That difference, which once was so meaningful to us as parents, is now a poignant reminder of all that once was and will never be again.

Bereaved mothers often approach this holiday with much anxiety. Yet, the holiday itself is generally not as difficult as the ramp-up to it. There are television specials, movies, commercials, signs in stores and advertising everywhere we look ... all of which remind us that our grief is many bereaved mothers-difficult but not insurmountable.

During the month before the second Mother's Day was the problem. I understood that the world was going to continue to spin, the commercialism would build and the reminders would increase until the holiday arrived. I could either ignore the advertisements through my superb channel surfing skills or I could watch them scanned right past them in the newspaper, and I put the mailings in the trash without comment. Each time I actively said "no" to these reminders, I became a little

As the week before Mother's Day crawled to a close, my husband gave me a card and a gift. That was it. The gift and card were both lovely and sweet. My husband cried. I cried. Then we settled down and read the Sunday paper. We had both agreed that we would stop protracting the self-torture and live in the moment. Since I was keeping my head down and sales projections of others mattered not, I kept

Each of us must work at developing coping skills. Logic is the choice for some. Setting boundaries works for others. Some parents choose to go with their emotions. The decision to celebrate a holiday and the level of the celebration is a choice unique to each parent. We call it a holiday which serves to reinforce that I am forever grateful for this holiday brings deep, beautiful memories of that time. I choose to keep those sweet memories of my son in my heart. Making that decision was one more emotional choice in my grief work. Letting go of what was, living in the moment and cherishing my child forever ... all of these

Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my Son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX



Welcome New Members

We welcome new members to our chapter of The Compassionate Friends. If 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, 7:00-8:30p.m., at the Carson Tahoe Cancer Resource Center, 1535 Medical Parkway, Carson City, NV.

A Mother's Lament

If I had known
The pain I'd bear
The sadness and the great despair
Would I have chosen the path I did
To have this child
Who so briefly lived?

Yes, I am certain
That I would
For all the laughter
All the good.

He taught us all
So much you see
Through his kindness,
Love and generosity.

Though he's gone
From us physically
He lives on in our hearts
Eternally.

Sandy Roush
TCF Lakes Area, MI
In Memory of Whit

A Tear Fell

I rode by your school by chance today
And I just happened to look that way.
The boys all had their ball caps on;
then I remembered my son was gone.
Just when I thought I was doing so well,
Before I knew it - a tear fell.
Then on Sunday as I sat in church
I looked around and missed you so much.
I saw other boys in their Sunday suits
And I remembered you were just as cute.
People all think I'm doing so well;
They don't know today - a tear fell.
When I'm reminded of what might have been
It gets too hard to hold it in.
When life will catch me off my guard,
That's when I seem to be hit so hard.
It seems all roads lead back to you
As I take each day and try to get through.
They say time makes it better, but I cannot tell.
I only know today - a tear fell.

Carolyn Bryan
TCF Orange Park, FL



The Dream

In my dream
your small hands
cradled my cheeks.
You looked into my eyes
and your sweet voice
whispered the words I needed to hear.
"Mommy loves me"
you said.
Mommy loves you
More than words can ever convey.

Maria Kubitz
TCF, Contra Costa County, CA
In Memory of Margareta Sol Kubitz

A Mother's Touch

My husband Jeff grew up in a family of hugging, kissing, foot-rubbing, back scratchers.

Affectionate folks! In my family, on the other hand, we only scratched mosquito bites, and certainly not each other's. Although we loved one another a squeeze, a peck on the cheek, a poke in the ribs — that was mushy stuff for us. Touching another person was not something that came easily to me; that is, until my first child was born.

When the nurse placed that chubby cherub in my arms, the floodgates of my heart opened, and a torrent of overwhelming love poured out. I could not hand what it means to "smother with kisses." Caring.

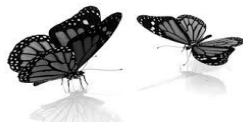
Other children came along, and I was reborn a certified, card-carrying cuddler. I learned how many of a ~~today~~ interactions with her children require her touch. Touching became a way of life for me as I fed, bathed, dressed, tamed cowlicks, and kissed ouchies.

It's funny, but one of the things I missed most when he was alive, that chore was the bane of my existence. I was endlessly tangled in knots that would have defied Houdini himself. I rejoiced when the shoe designers came up with Velcro closures, seeing an end to my nemesis. But would Blake wear those simple, convenient shoes? No way! Big boys wore shoes with laces, and most of all, he wanted to be like the big boys. So I armed my teeth, and kept tying and bending every fork in the house de-knotting. After Blake died, how my fingers ached to tie those little shoes one more time!

For most bereaved mothers I know, not being able to touch, to hold, to embrace our child is the most painful reality we have to face. The emptiness of our arms, the indescribable longing to have those arms filled again with our precious child, are almost more than we can bear.

At first, when our grief is fresh, it may be hard, for us to touch anyone. We may close ourselves off emotionally, willing to touch or be touched, or to run the risk of being hurt so badly again. But mothers are touchers. With time, when the pain isn't so

None of us ever outgrows the need to be touched, no matter how old we are. And what can be so comforting as a mother's touch! Today, if you care for a child.



Patricia Dyson
In memory of Blake
TCF, Beaumont, TX

TCF National Office Seeks Your Stories and Articles

For many years, The Compassionate Friends National Office has provided on its Leadership site stories and poems by TCF members that can be published in Chapter newsletters around the country.

Currently, the Newsletter Editor Database has over 500 stories and 200 poems. The National Office would like to include your personal grief related stories and poems. Please submit your articles and poems to sara@compassionatefriends.org. Please include your name and chapter affiliation.

From The Compassionate Friends National Website
www.compassionatefriends.org

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

How Dad Copes

It will be four years on May 31 this year since our son Nicholas passed away. Wow. I never imagined in a million years this would happen to us. It is difficult friends are getting married and having children. Though we are happy for them, our sadness deepens with the thought of how different it could be if he were still here.

The anxiety that begins to build in the latter part passing gets stronger and stronger as the day comes near.

Past years were shock years. I couldn't figure out are further along in their grief for coping strategies, but it did not seem to help. How could anyone help me heal my heart after it was broken into a trillion pieces?

I have found that speaking about Nicholas to friends, family, and new acquaintances helps me tremendously. At first it was difficult to do because it does make some people uncomfortable. The more I do it, the easier it gets, and the better I feel. Talking about my son has been like a pressure relief valve for me.

I also make time to think about Nicholas and release my emotions. This time alone to reflect and weep brings overwhelming, though temporary, relief. Dads tend to hold back tears and feelings. We like to think we can maintain control. My advice is don't try. Instead, let y

Thinking back to the beginning of this tragic event in our lives, I should have sought counseling from a grief therapist. My wife and I both should have done this. I truly believe this would have helped us develop better coping skills. At that time I didn't think private coun

Finally, The Compassionate Friends (TCF) volunteers are available to us all. TCF volunteers understand your loss and the dual problem of "maintaining control" f and telephone numbers of other fathers and mothers ready and willing to assist us. I am one of the parents who volunteers to talk with grieving fathers. I have even become active in the administrative aspects of our chapter. Now, I tell parents, "we sincerely regret the circum of us dreamed we would ever join. I thank TCF for helping my family and me and for allowing me to help others.

Albert Tapia
TCF Katy Chapter,
In Memory of my son, Nicholas Albert Tapia



A Father Returns to Work

After Kathy died, I, of course, went back to work. Some of my co-workers made the stop at my desk to express their sympathy. I know I turned them off, as my pain and my denial were so great. I could not talk about what had happened and how I felt. I thanked them. Although nobody ever talked to me about it, that was okay as my pain was such, I thought, I could not bear to talk. I threw myself into my work and on occasion was confused because I could not make the kind of decisions I had been making for years. I never made the connection that this inability to concentrate was part of my grief and was normal.

Lunch was the worst time. My habit was to eat with my associates, but often in the middle of the meal I would just have to get up and walk away. Although nobody ever said anything to me about this odd behavior, I do thank them at least for their tolerance. Slowly I readjusted (I thought) and in time (a long time) I was able to perform well again. But I never really grieved until I found THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS and it was here that people helped me to talk. It was almost twelve years before I found TCF as there was no such organization in 1967. My friends, let TCF help you...don't wait twelve years to talk!

Bill Ermatinger
TCF Baltimore, MD
In Memory of my daughter Kathy Ermatinger

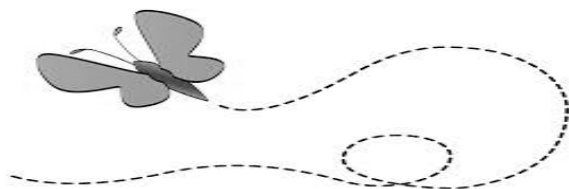
Do Real Men Attend TCF Meetings?

It has often bothered me that more men and persons out there are societal and cultural restraints which inhibit many bereaved persons from seeking outside help or support. Being both a man and a member of an ethnic group, I know very well the false pride which often restrains us from admitting we are not as self-sufficient as we want others to believe. We are taught (men in particular) at a young age not to reveal when we are hurt. We must be strong and brave and silent.

Stoic endurance is really not unique in any culture. It *gaman*. Hispanics pride themselves on their ability to *aguantar*. In the U.S. it is embodied in the Puritan ethic.

When I began attending TCF meetings regularly, I won't be macho than my peers? Couldn't I handle my grief in silence and maybe. Maybe I could have adjusted to my son's disabilities of self-destructive behavior, drunkenness, drug abuse, wild living, or the unraveling of my family life without TCF. Maybe I could have dealt alone with all the grief I readily admit I wasn't very enthusiastic about going around crying on each other's shoulders, bemoaning it as much as I; who, like me, were angry, who also often felt depressed—but who were working very hard to mend the tattered fabric of their lives! I soon discovered that this was a place where I could talk about my grief and still feel safe about it. Nobody was going to think me less of myself. TCF doesn't promise or offer any quick fixes. There is no "magic" that takes place, I know now, happens simply "forget," but I think TCF's support and understanding can help not become lifelong emotional cripples.

To all of you hurting people who have never attended a TCF meeting, I urge you to give it a try. Attend two or three meetings and see if some of the "magic" doesn't happen any worse than you already have. TCF is for any and all bereaved parents—men and women, minorities and gringos, people of any or no religious faith. The one thing everyone at TCF has in common is the death of a child—and how it feels.



Steve Perez
TCF Denver, CO

Mystery

I bought toys for my baby after she died
And I opened the cedar chest and put them
inside
And nobody ever knew but me
The meaning of the mystery
Of brand new toys hidden here and there
And not one baby anywhere.

Andy Cipriano
TCF Tallahassee, FL

Beautiful Dream

Eyes open wide
I awake from a beautiful dream
Within seconds the painful reality of my life sets in
I find myself wanting to scream

Grief so strong
Impossible to explain
Living with a broken heart
Struggling with the pain

Eyes closed tight
I pray for that beautiful dream
A short escape from the painful reality
That makes me want to scream

Robert Willis
TCF, Frederick, MD

