



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

September/October 2014

Chapter Leader's Message

It's Fall again, and we would like to spend time with you before it gets too cold! Please join us for our September Chapter Picnic. This will be located at Fuji park from 12noon to 3pm, Saturday September 13, 2014, and will replace our usual Chapter Breakfast. This is just a casual potluck. Maybe match names with faces, share info about our local community, and maybe even some great memories of our little ones. Please RSVP to Amber-Rose or myself and let us know what you will be bringing. Hope to see you there and to our next Chapter Meeting.

No matter how long or short our Children's and Sibling's lives were, they will never be forgotten.

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



Newsletter Editor's Message

Fall! My favorite time of year! Not only is Halloween coming with all the cute kids, fun Halloween parties, but it's getting colder and more fun Autumn family outings get planned. Hay rides, pumpkin patches, hot cocoa, or if you're like me Pumpkin Lattes! Not only is it a time for fun things for kids to do, but it's inviting the warmth of the holidays to begin to spend time with family again.

In some of the cases within this group, there may be families who cannot participate in any of the activities involving children. Depending on your level of grief, try to spend it with friends that do participate with their kids. Or just hang out with your adult friends and enjoy the changing of the season. You never know, you may find that you just needed some good company. And if they are truly dedicated to your friendship, they will lend an ear and their hearts.



*Blessings,
Amber~Rose*

SPECIAL DATES

September 13th Chapter Picnic

12-3pm
Fuji Park
601 Old Clear Creek Rd.
(across from Costco)
Carson City, NV 89705
Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

September 30th Carson City Meeting

7:00-8:30p.m.
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway
Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

October 11th Member Breakfast

(subject to change)
9:00-10:00a.m.
Mom & Pops
224 S. Carson St. #3
Contact: Delores (775) 883-4415

October 28th 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 (775) 883-4415

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The National Office

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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.

September Birthdays

Jasmine Gibbons	Mother: Sandra Gibbons
Susan Kichenmaster	Parents: Mr. & Mrs. Kichenmaster
Hugh Bryan Pearce	Parents: Carl & Arlene Pearce
Ralph Thomas (Tommy) Ricketts	Mother: Delores Sherman
Susanna Celeste LaFleur Siegel	Mother: Sharon Steele Kientz
Gregory Taylor Smith	Mother: Barbara Smith
Scott Stewart	Mother: Gale Stewart Father: Robert Stewart
Sharie Jean Swenson	Mother: Kay Kessler
Justin Royce Talley	Parents: Teresa & Larry Alexander
Randy Tancrell	Mother: Karin Tancrell
K. Manley Vaughan	Grandparents: Judy & Carl Dunning
Bryan Wall	Mother: Loni Wall
Johnathan Lucas Wendling	Parents: Michael & Karen Wendling
Michael Thomas Whalen	Father: Tom Whalen
Albert Troy Winkler	Mother: Nancy Winkler Father: Albert Winkler

September Anniversaries

Gina Brunello	Mother: Karen Jones
Eric Daphne	Mother: Kres Daphne
Andrew Gene Gialy	Mother: Mary Knapp
Brooks Greenlee	Mother: Renda Greenlee
Leah Matlack	Parents: David & Barbara Neddenriep
Logan William Merriwether	Parents: Bill & Sue Merriwether
Eric Nageotte	Parents: Ron & Carol Nageotte
Robert James Nielsen	Parents: Millie & Irv Nielsen
Tracy Ralph Saulisberry	Parents: Chuck & Jo Saulisberry
Derek James Stuhlmiller	Mother: Thelma Theriault
Corey Wetenkamp	Mother: Joyce Wetenkamp

October Birthdays

Meaghan Antle-Peart	Parents: Jennifer & Thomas Antle
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Eric Benson	Mother: Elizabeth Hill
Gina Brunello	Mother: Karen Jones
Christopher Paul Cook	Parents: Sam & Sue Cook
David Lawrence Gordon	Mother: Arline J. Gordon
Blair Hamlin	Parents: Ron & Laurie Hamlin
Peter F. LaMantia	Mother: Loretta Preisser
Jordan Marshall	Parents: Jean & Phil Marshall
Kyle McAfee	Parents: John & Susan McAfee
Thomas Richard O'Connell	Grandmother: Deborah Jones

October Anniversaries

Eric Benson	Mother: Elizabeth Hill
Amber Black	Mother: Mary Anne Black Aunt: Laurie Herrera-Cassar
Tony Caboara	Mother: Melissa Caboara
Steven David	Mother: Debbie David
Trevor Dunwoodie	Mother: Jeannie Dunwoodie
Larry A. Epley	Parents: Betty & Jim Epley
A.J. Hall	Aunt: Rebecca Novak
Blair Hamlin	Parents: Ron & Laurie Hamlin
James Connor Hauser	Parents: James & Mary Hauser
Adina Jacoboni	Parents: Ron & Judy Jacoboni
Kara Lee Kalicki	Mother: Betty Kalicki
Susan Kichenmaster	Parents: Mr. & Mrs. Kichenmaster
Jessica Brooke Loomis	Mother: Lynn Loomis
Becky Matsumura	Mother: Dawn Matsumura
Brandon Lee Murray	Mother: Leslie Rhyme Aunt: Melanie Munoz Sister: Kristy Murray
David Perez	Mother: Mary Perez
Brittany Nicole Rubke	Mother: Beth Rubke
Michelle Shaw	Parents: Sylvia & Jim Shaw
Scott Stewart	Mother: Gale Stewart Father: Robert Stewart
Jason Lee Stockwell	Mother: Julie Stockwell
Mark Vicich	Mother: Elaine Vicich
Kelly Williams	Parents: Gary & Judy Williams



Love Gifts

*Stephanie Snyder in memory of her daughter
Elise Marie Lowe*

*Betty Kalicki in memory of her daughter
Kara Lee Kalicki*

*Ron & Carol Nageotte in memory of their son
Eric Nageotte*

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

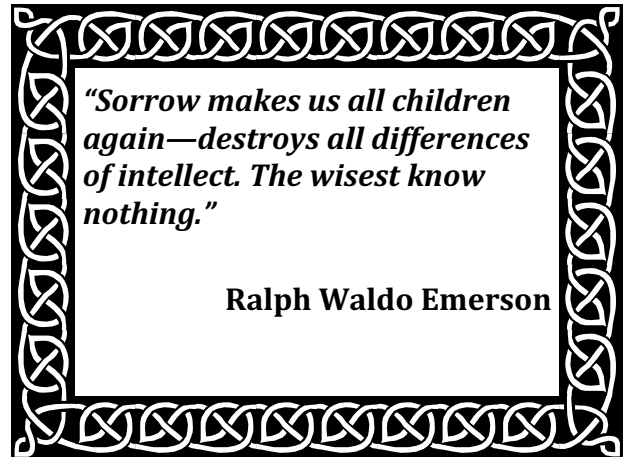
Last Moments

Last moments
Snatches of conversation
That echo across all decades...
Priceless words
Indelibly etched on the heart.
Sometimes
Thoughts were never spoken
But unexpected sentiment—
A quick embrace, a silly smirk,
Or joyous laughter—
Reaches through the pain
And warms the heart.
We came too soon to understand
The folly of harsh words
Or neglected touch,
For who can know which
Taken-for-granted event
Will become
A last moment.

Diane Fields
TCF Westmoreland, PA

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



Ralph Waldo Emerson



September and a New School Year

To most people school means:

The kids out from under foot, caps on.

Buying a new lunch box, new clothes and the usual school supplies.

Fixing breakfast and trying to get it eaten.

Getting to a school bus on time.

What does school mean to a mother who has lost a child?

Watching other children filled with excitement.

A little boy who should be in kindergarten.

A brother who must go off to school by himself.

A teacher who must reach out to a class, when her little one won't be in school this year.

A mother sending two children off, when there should be three.

Many tears, behind smiling faces!

Patsy Hedges

TCF Frederick, MD



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, 7:00-8:30p.m., at the Carson Tahoe Cancer Resource Center, 1535 Medical Parkway, Carson City, NV.



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 child.

This recipe has appeared in many forms over the years. I first found it in the Reno-Gazette Journal, and most recently in actress Alicia Silverstone's *The Kind Diet*. Ingredients and proportions can be varied or omitted according to your family's taste. The acid in the lemon juice or vinegar helps the body absorb the calcium in the greens. This dish has a variety of colors, flavors and textures that might even tempt a picky eater!

Suzanne Fox

TCF Carson City, NV

Greens with Cranberries and Pine Nuts

- 1 bunch greens (spinach, chard, beet or your favorite)
- 1 clove garlic, chopped, or to taste
- 1Tbsp. olive oil
- 2 Tbsp. dried cranberries
- 2 Tbsp. unsalted, lightly toasted chopped pine nuts, pecans or walnuts
- Lemon juice or Balsamic Vinegar
- 2 Tbsp. crumbled Feta cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste



Wash greens carefully in lots of cold water. Drain, but don't dry. Discard stems and chop leaves coarsely.

Sauté chopped garlic in the olive oil in a large sauté pan or casserole over low/medium heat until fragrant (don't let it brown or it will become bitter).

Add greens with a bit of the water left on them.

Stir in cranberries. Cover and let steam, stirring occasionally, till greens are just wilted and cranberries are plump. Add a tiny bit of water if necessary, but there shouldn't be a lot of water left in the pot after steaming. Stir in lemon juice or balsamic vinegar and salt and pepper.

Place on serving dish. Sprinkle with feta cheese and top with toasted nuts.

Autumn Memories

My son and I always enjoyed the autumn season. Yes, when we lived in the cold zone, we knew that winter's winds and snows were on the way. But, yet, we took time to enjoy the beautiful array of colors that nature gave us as a final salute to the growing season.

Todd and I raked leaves in the autumn. I had purchased a home in a town on the Mississippi River bluffs; the home had been built in the 1860s and I am sure some of the trees were well over 50 years old. The leaves would fall and we would rake. We made a game of it. Sometimes his best friend, Allen, would come over and help. The boys would jump into the piles and laugh with delight. We'd create a big pile and rake it to the concrete so that it could be burned. I can still see Todd laughing and dancing around that fire. His pure childhood joy was contagious.

Todd and I loved to look at the changing leaves along the bluffs of the river. We would drive on weekends and find the best view. Then we'd park and marvel at nature's wonder. The big bluffs, the turning leaves, the eagles soaring above us. Ducks flying south....even the occasional group of geese overhead...honking, honking as they journeyed to a warmer climate.

The light is different in the autumn...it's diffused somehow. It's different than the light in any other season. Autumn sun was our favorite light. It seemed less harsh, more forgiving, gentler in a strange sort of way. That was another time and another place.

Now in the autumn I remember all the special times I shared with my child. Looking at leaves, collecting leaves, raking leaves.....we did this together, just the two of us. "Mom, when are we going to go look at leaves?" Todd would ask. That was my cue to load up some soft drinks and sandwiches and head out on the first sunny Saturday. We'd repeat this ritual until the leaves had all fallen and it was time to rake.

When we moved to the Houston area, Todd was 12, and we talked about the seasons. He told me about his great memories of leaves and drives and time together. He said he would miss autumn with me. That made me feel good. These were memories that we shared, of a time when it was just Todd and me for those special moments. Looking back, I am so glad that I spent the time to make memories. I thought I was making memories for my child, but in fact, I was making memories for us both. And now those memories are my memories.....good memories.....memories that I will cherish always.

Here it is autumn again. Soon Todd will be gone five years. The memories are flooding back: the first day of each school each year, the changes as he grew to become a man. High school, college, graduate school....all began in the autumn. Autumn marks the beginning of many good memories for me. I listen as the school bus stops in front of our house to pick up today's children. Once in a while I go to the door and watch them load up, chatting with each other as they take their seats. I think of my 12 year old son, getting on that bus in front of our home for the first time: the first day of school in Houston. And for a moment, just a fleeting moment, I think I can see him sitting at a window seat, waving at me. Waving goodbye.

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

Who We Are...

The Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization which offers support to families whole 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.



We Are Survivors

In the beginning we are survivors groping and clawing merely to rise and face each day without our children

WITHOUT OUR CHILDREN

Intellectually we know the reality we have gone through funerals wakes/shivas memorials

WE KNOW THE REALITY

but emotionally we cannot (nor should we) come to terms with this reality

one cannot make this emotional commitment called parenting then abruptly shut it off after a funeral whether our child was six months or sixty our love our sacrifice our future cannot be measured by a chronological clock

thus we cling to the hope that this is a bad dream a mistake that soon there will be a knock at the door

the phone will ring we'll hear their footsteps upstairs

and they will be back where they belong

BACK WHERE THEY BELONG

In the beginning we face each day with disbelief we plod on but we want our children back

not their pictures not their clothes not their memories

WE WANT OUR CHILDREN BACK

As months turn into years years into years our lives start to "normalize"

(although we will never be the same again)

emotions begin to catch up with intellect

we gradually grudgingly come to realize that they are never coming back to the way they were

(we seek out psychics to connect with them where they are now)

As parents we have the need to nurture

(I will ALWAYS be your parent you will ALWAYS be my child)

we are compelled to make an emotional compromise and

keep them alive in different ways

like the caterpillar transforming into a butterfly our children take on new lives

to be sure it is not the way we want it to be but now

in our hearts and in our heads we say

"this is the way it is this is the way it is going to be"

now

we are parents again and they are our children

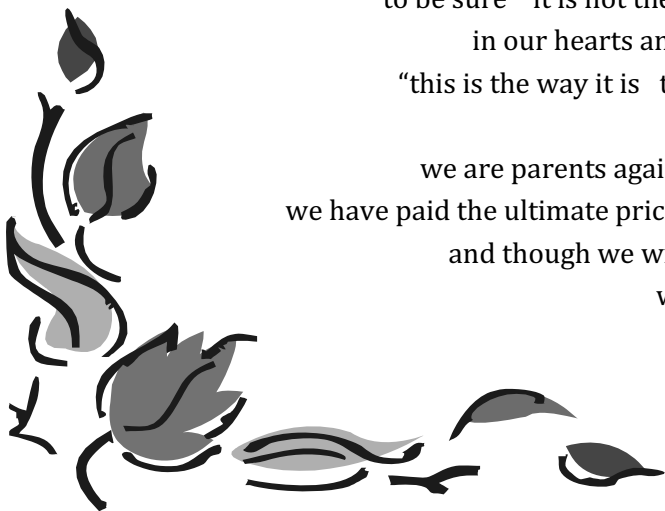
we have paid the ultimate price for wisdom strength and courage

and though we will never be the same again

we will BE

Phyllis and Moe Beres

TCF Babylon, NY



The Scream

The smile you see is not all of me,
For I'm not what I seem.
I laugh and smile but all the while,
My smile holds in a scream.

For when I see a little girl,
So innocent and free,
I think about my little girl,
Who died at seventeen.

And then the scream comes welling up,
From in my soul so black,
And so my smile must block it in,
And laughter hold it back.

I saw her born and watched her grow,
from child to blooming lass,
But through the years I couldn't know,
I'd have to see her pass.

The suffering within my heart,
I hide from all the world.
I do my job, I play the part,
And miss my little girl.

A song about a father's love,
So sweet with tenderness,
Awakes in me the horror of,
My loss and loneliness.

So, if they say "He takes it well,
He'll be OK we all can tell.
How well his life continues on,
It's almost if she wasn't gone."

Remember that I'm not so sane,
Playacting, keeping up the game,
My nightmare life trapped in a dream,
You see, my smile holds in a scream.

Steve Tutt
TCF Tyler, Texas
In Memory of our daughter, Lisa



Halloween Magic

Halloween has always been a special holiday time. I regret that our son only had a one-time experience at this magical time of year. I remember—as though it were yesterday—the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his mask, how he said thank you without coaxing. Then I think of all the parents whose child never had the opportunity and I am grateful for that one time.

It's hard watching all the other children trick-or-treating, and yet there is something special about this season that comforts me. As I watch the trees around me, I am reminded that there is a beauty even in their dying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breathtaking color scheme, and if you listen, a rustling in the air. I believe there is a message in fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of seasons, that our children now know far more beauty than we can ever imagine.

Like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in spring, our children are not gone. They live!

Nancy Cassell
TCF, Monmouth Co., NJ

Autumn

In the fall
When amber leaves are shed,
Softly—silently
Like tears that wait to flow,
I watch and grieve.
My heart beats sadly in the fall;
'Tis then I miss you most of all.

Lily de Lauder
TCF Van Nuys, CA



... in the Autumn

Some people love to see the changes
in the colors of the leaves,
When the sky is clear and dark blue
as the sea.

They love to smell the oak leaves burning
But it is then my heart is yearning
To be with ones I know
I cannot see.

There's something in the autumn
That makes my heart so heavy,
I miss them all but know they're where
they should all be.

If I can make it through the winter,
And see the spring unfold before me,
Then I'll know once more they're
there, and wait for me.

When the morning sun comes later,
and the afternoons die early,
And my spirits drop like leaves
around my feet.

I'm so aware that I am mortal
and I can almost see the portal
that I will pass through and be
evermore complete.

Jim O'Neil
TCF, Montgomery, AL



Halloween

It is here, this day of merriment and children's
pleasure.
Gremlins and goblins
and ghosties at the door
of your house.

And the other children
come to the door of your mind.
Faces out of the past,
small ghosts with sweet, painted faces.

They do not shout.
Those children
who no longer march laughing
on cold Halloween nights,
they stand at the door of your mind

and you will let them in,
so that you can give them
the small gifts of Halloween,
a smile and a tear.

Sascha Wagner
The Compassionate Friends

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 month's newsletter. Photos sent via e-mail must be in a .jpg format. If you have not been receiving the newsletter whether it's 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 download PDFs of previous newsletters or subscribe to receive monthly newsletters via e-mail.

My Witch and My Angel

For Zoë Halloween is just about as good as it gets. Not much in my daughter's world beats candy, costumes, friends, make-up, and staying up late even on a school night. Life at age six can be gloriously simple.

But I don't know much of what my son Max thought of Halloween. When he died at age two, he only had one real "trick-or-treat" to his credit. That year—1987—I dressed him in a pumpkin costume and we traipsed to a few neighbors. I took far too many pictures. Max was a fiend for sweets and with the candy ration lifted for the evening, he had to be living well.

I imagine that year would have been his last dressed as a mommy-pleasing pumpkin. At three or four I knew he would demand Ninja or pirate costumes; I would have laughingly bought them and maybe even the plastic sword. I would have let him paint grotesque stitches across his nose and wear fangs that glowed in the dark.

Instead, this is Zoë's year to cast aside the girly version of Max's pumpkin cap. The beloved pink princess frills and red nail polish are being exchanged for a witch hat and black glue-on fingernails sharpened into talons. For the first time, she wants to be Scary and Ugly. With mahogany lipstick and smoky eyes, she will fly out the door in less than a month to cross one more threshold that her brother did not.

I can see the evening now. As I assemble face paints on the counter, I will take a deep breath —the same one I take every year at every holiday and milestone. With my unsteady hand I will design witchy warts and create wrinkles on Zoë's perfect face. I will declare her the Scariest and Ugliest of All.

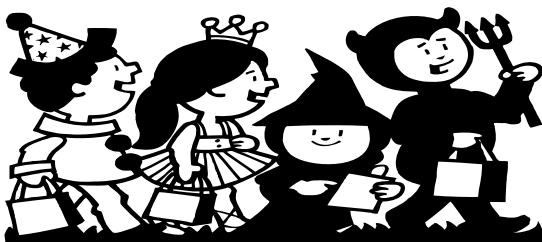
But as I help my little witch into her costume, I know my eyes will fill with tears. I will think about the years that were supposed to be: a young boy as Dracula, a 13 year-old teen in baggy clothes escorting his little witch-sister down the block. Who would he be now, the toddler we knew, the boy we lost? What would our life be like if the scary things were still just make-believe?

Zoë will see my tears, but she won't be alarmed: in our family's emotional lexicon, sad and happy often go together and crying is as OK as laughing. She will ask me why I'm sad and I will tell her the truth: I am thinking about Max and wishing he could be here.

And although she is now the mean and fierce Witch Zoë, she will nod her head with understanding. Her plastic nails will lightly graze my arm as she reaches to pat me. Suddenly the frown on her face will disappear and she repeats what has become her annual Halloween revelation: "Mommy, it's OK. Don't forget that Max can go 'trick-or-treat' as an angel." She describes a glittering figure, luminous wings aflutter, giant treat bag at the ready. I smile at the idea and the moment passes.

Later, I light the candle in the pumpkin and watch Zoë skip next door to show off her costume. She heads up the sidewalk, stopping halfway to turn and wave to me. She makes her scariest face and yells, "Mom—take my picture!" I raise my camera and look through the viewfinder. As the flash glows briefly in the dusk, I see a beautiful angel standing in the shadows beside her. But this angel doesn't wear white and his wings have been clipped. I am sure he never had a golden halo. He is a small chubby boy with a jack-o-lantern face on his tummy and chocolate on his fingers. It is 1987 and he is having a really great Halloween.

Just like his sister.





The Compassionate Friends
Northern Nevada Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

2648 Kit Sierra Way
Carson City, NV 89706

The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope.

The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace.

But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together.

We reach out to each other in love, to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

We need not walk alone. We are the Compassionate Friends.

