



The Compassionate Friends
Santa Clarita Valley Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

July-August 2020

Volume 22, No. 4



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS is a self-help, nonprofit organization offering friendship, understanding and hope to families grieving the death of a child of any age, from any cause. When a child dies, at age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides personal comfort, hope, support to every family experiencing the death of a son or daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family. The butterfly signifies a new life for our lost children and a different life for ourselves. It is a symbol of hope, rebirth, and reiteration and beauty.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.

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 Jensen Beach, FL 34957
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**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF
 SANTA CLARITA VALLEY**

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 TheCompassionateFriendsofSantaClaritaCA](http://www.facebook.com/TheCompassionateFriendsofSantaClaritaCA)
 Website: www.companionatefriends-scv.org

MEETINGS

We have one meeting a month. They are usually held on the 1st Thursday of each month.

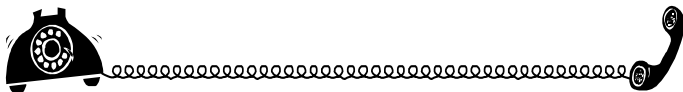
July 2, 2020 HAS BEEN CANCELED, DUE TO CORONA VIRUS RESTRICTIONS!

Hopefully we will be able to have our meeting on, August 6, 2020

TIME: **7:00 PM**

MEETING PLACE: **Fellowship Christian Church
 26889 Bouquet Canyon Rd., Ste. C.
 Saugus, Ca 91350**

(Take the side street next to the Goodwill store and make a left behind the store, the church is located in that building. Entry to the church is the double glass doors.)



**FOR INFORMATION OR FOR A LOVING LISTENER,
 PLEASE CALL:**

Diane Briones (Leader) 661-252-4654
 Alice Renolds (Co-Leader) 661-252-4374
 Kathy Kelly (Treasurer) 661-724-1450
 Linda Stout (Remembrance Secretary) 661-202-8638



After

After all the pain
 We still can feel the sun.
 Not without pain though,
 Not without recrimination.

After all the sorrow
 The sun still shines.
 Not without sorrow though,
 Not without repercussions.

For nothing is the same
 And everything is different
 After

My eyes open each morning
 But not to you.
 Sun shines,
 Rain falls,
 The earth revolves,
 The moon shines full each month.
 But you're still gone.
 After.

The years go by,
 On and on,
 Milestones pass, but I can't share with you,
 After.

When death happens
 There is an illusion of time stopping
 Just an illusion
 For the living go on
 After all.

*Melissa Anne Schroeter
 TCF Rockland County, NY
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 granted by the author*



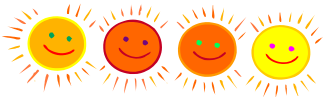
Stars

The stars are like my memory of you:

They seem so small and frail up
in the blue,
Yet they may each be greater than
the sun.

And now, as faint as they appear
to be,
the dimmest star, the smallest
memory
is full of shining beauty,
every one.

~Sascha Wagner



Summer Delight

Where is the child who skipped through the sprays of summer rain and laughed his way into my heart? Where is the boy who climbed my trees and spied on me from behind the leaves? Where is the child with the suntanned legs who ran Fourth-of-July races in green parks? Where is the sleepy child who wrapped his arms around my neck and said, "When I grow up, I gonna marry you, Mom?" He's here.

He twines around our past, around my future, and takes me back home, and makes me young again as sure as summer comes. A suntanned spirit with an impish grin still whispers in my ear that stars are not stars at all but lightening bugs he's captured in a jar. In his youth he's my summer's glow, the sunshine in my garden, my comfort on long, hot, summer nights of remembering.

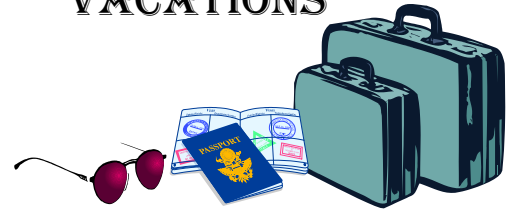
Where is the child that once played among my summer flowers? He darts and runs away as I idly dream of yesterday, at once elusive yet so near. Oh, I'm sure he's here. I'm sure I saw him just a minute ago. Or was it just a touch of summer madness that made me think I'd greeted him?

Oh, where is that child of summer gladness? His laughter slides down summer rainbows and captures me with unbound glee. His summer brownness runs barefoot on my heart. With sun-bleached hair, he smiles at me from photos from summers past, and I remember love.

~Fay Harden

*Posted on TCF National Website
May 31, 2019*

VACATIONS



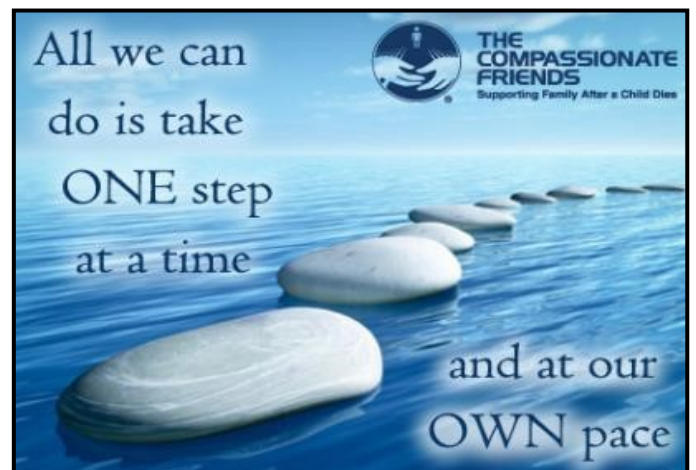
Vacation time can be painful for bereaved parents. Caught up with normal demands of making a living or keeping a household going, we have less time to think than we do on vacations, especially the "take it easy" kind-at-a hideaway, tucked away somewhere.

In the summers following Tricia's death, I found vacations could bring a special kind of pain. We avoided going to places where we had vacationed with her. At one time, I thought Williamsburg might be off my list forever since we had a very happy time together there. I tried it one summer three years later and found that she walked the cobbled streets with me. Now that nine years have passed and the pain has eased, maybe the happy memories we shared in Williamsburg can heighten the pleasure of another visit there.

For the first few years after Tricia's death, we found fast-paced vacations at places we had never been before, to be the best. The stimulation of new experiences in new places with new people refreshed us and sent us home more ready to pick up our grief work. That is not to say when we did something or saw something that Tricia would have enjoyed, we didn't mention her. We did, but it seemed less painful than at home.

One caution: Do allow enough time for sleep; otherwise, an exhausted body can depress you. We've said it many times: **YOU HAVE TO FIND YOUR OWN WAY, YOUR OWN PEACE.** Let vacation time be another try at that; but do give yourself a break in choosing the time and locale where that can best be accomplished. Don't be afraid of change-it can help with your re-evaluation of life.

*~Elizabeth Estes,
TCF Augusta, GA*



Chapter News

Meeting Topics & Info

July 2 – CANCELED, Due to Coronavirus restrictions

August 6 – Words of Grief - helping us through our journey.



Balloon Release

Our Family Picnic/Balloon Release was canceled due to the Corona Virus restrictions. We are still hoping to rescheduled for a later date, possibly September or October. We will let you know of the new date as soon as possible. Thank you for your understanding.

TCF NATIONAL VIRTUAL CONFERENCE

July 31, 2020 - August 2, 2020

Due to COVID-19 this year's conference will provide a safer environment for all and also offers the opportunity for many to attend who may not have been able to do so in the past. The three day conference will include keynote speakers, 70 plus workshop choices, sharing circles, silent auction and much more.

The conference will take place on a zoom platform with an online registration system. Registration fees for this 3-day event will be \$65 per person (early bird registration) and \$85 after July 17.

Registration will open soon, as well as more information about the TCF Walk to Remember and offers of training for those attendees who may need some extra technology support.

For now, save the date and look to the national web site or Facebook site for further details, and a link for registration. www.compassionatefriends.org

*Take strength
from your
memories
Give strength
to your
life ~*

~Sascha Wagner



IMPORTANT!!! Newsletter Renewal Time

You should have received your newsletter renewal letter by now. Please fill it out and return the form by August 31 if you would like to remain on our mailing list and continue receiving our newsletters and note cards. If we don't receive it by that date, the Sept/Oct newsletter will be the last one you will receive! Thank you to all of our members who already have returned it.

Alice Renolds, Editor



Thank you so very much for your generous Newsletter Renewal Donations, they are greatly appreciated!

Carol Lock in memory of her son Darren
Ted Sykes in memory of his daughter Jeanene
David & Kay Thomas in memory of their grandson Sammy
Jim & Suszy Kirk in memory of their children Jamie & Justin
Bobbie Mathers in memory of her sons Peter & Eric
Tammy Gauld in memory of her son Bradley
Gary & Sandy Johnson in memory of their grandchild Emily
Keith & Lin Brown in memory of their daughter Colleen
Gary & Kathy Hilton in memory of their son Greg
Mike Kares in memory of his daughter Oliva
Kirk & Dianne Mueller in memory of their daughter Melissa
Barbara Rawson in memory of her son Christopher
Steve & Beth Moore in memory of their daughter Whitney
John & Susan Bartfai in memory of their son Alan
Alex & Anita Gallegos in memory of their son Sage
Myra Kulick in memory of her granddaughter Bailey
Carrie Hall in memory of her daughter Amanda
Barbara Evans in memory of her son Edward

We are here for you!

Please know that TCF is here for you even though we are unable to have our monthly meetings. During these trying times with "Safer at Home" and "Self Isolation" we as bereaved parents are more than ever put to our limits with stress and anxiety added to our grief. TCF wants you to know that you can reach to us for support either with a phone call, facetime or zoom. Below is a list of members and phone numbers that are available for you to call for a loving listener and hopefully they can lend some personal comfort and support for you. **Hopefully the church where we meet will open soon, so we can start up our meetings again!**

Diane Briones 661-252-4654,
Alice Renolds 661-252-4374, Kathy Kelly 661-724-1450



Apple Trees and Memories

By Carol Clum

I stand beneath a sky of blue, the August sun warming my back. Apple perfume is in the air, and my grandchildren can't resist plucking the golden globes from my backyard tree. It's one of those "firsts" that children of three and five eagerly share with us older folks. We're learning anew that the best apples don't come from a supermarket.

Apple juice drips to the grass beneath bare feet. Giggles float skyward. I close my eyes, lost in the memory of my mother transporting me and six siblings down a country lane to the local orchard where we eagerly fill baskets, then collect five cents for each bushel of handpicked apples. At the end of the day, we're rewarded with ice-cream cones all around.

Even at that young age, before I knew that life isn't all apple pie and ice cream, I was learning about change. The orchard ritual meant summer was shutting down, autumn was just around the corner, the school bell would ring, and life would change—whether I liked it or not.

I can't say that growing up with this knowledge of change prepared me for that September day when my son died. His death can never be anything less than an unacceptable tragedy. Rather, I learned that the unexpected can and does happen. And when something truly terrible happens, we shut down like the end of summer vacation. I fear there will be no more apples and ice cream for as long as I live. There is no fun in being present for any more "firsts."

Fall has always been my favorite season. Now the calendar is cluttered with remembrance dates. I resist the forward movement from the days when he lived to the days after death, as life goes on, but he does not. My life has forever changed. My feelings about life and death have changed. I have changed.

With each leaf that falls to the ground, I feel a loss so deep that finally, I am empty like the barren trees. When he died, I expected the empty feelings to last for the rest of my life. I had forgotten my childhood lesson. Seasons change. While I grieved, I watched six years' worth of seasons come and go. For me, there is no closure. I'm not prepared to say good-bye to the past. But slowly, I've begun to allow change to happen.

If there's anything I can suggest to those who are the "less seasoned" in grieving, it is to remain open to the present. Be awake and aware as grief changes the way you feel and who you are. Seasons change, and the seasons of the heart can change. As I peer into the future, I no longer see only emptiness. Sometimes, I smile at memories of seasons past. Sometimes, I see blue skies and apple trees.

Carol and her husband, Alan, began attending TCF meetings with the Medford, Oregon, Chapter following the death of their 19-year-old-son, Jason, in September 1995 by suicide. In 1998, they organized the first local TCF Worldwide Candle Lighting event. In 1999, on Jason's birthday Carol's husband died by suicide. In 2001, she also became a bereaved grandmother when her son's

little girl, Hannah, was stillborn. She has two surviving children and two grandchildren, and also volunteers locally with Winter/Spring, Center for Living with Loss and Grief. Carol also was TCF Southern Oregon Chapter co-leader.

Reprinted from "We Need Not Walk Alone", the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 2005-2011



Reflections in Sand and Time

I looked across the lake, then onto the sand, wishing I was still standing there holding your hand.

Sand castles, buckets and shovels flashed into my mind, as I remembered all those precious memories you left behind.

Tiny footprints took me many, many years back in time, but of those I looked at—yours I couldn't find.

But as I stood there going so far back in the sand, I almost could feel you holding my hand.

*~Linda T.
TCF York, PA*

For Grieving Grandparents



We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children's and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek the comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild, and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss. We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

*~Susan Mackey
TCF Rutland, VT*



Love Gifts



Were Received From:

Carol Lock

In Loving Memory of her son:

**Darren
Bullock**
6/15 - 11/19



Mike Kares

In Loving Memory of his daughter:

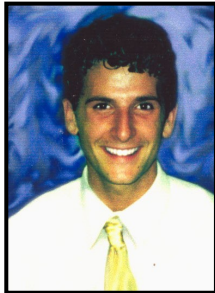
**Oliva
Kares**
7/14 - 1/12



Tammy Gauld

In Loving Memory of her son:

**Bradley
McBurney**
4/22 - 7/18



Barbara Rawson

In Loving Memory of her son:

**Christopher
Rodriguez**
9/22 - 6/13



Keith & Lin Brown

In Loving Memory of their daughter:

**Colleen
Brown**
3/17 - 11/3



Myra Kulick

In Loving Memory of her
granddaughter:

**Bailey
Haney**
3/28 - 7/11



“Forever In Our Hearts”

Our Children/Grandchildren/Siblings



Loved and Missed on Their Birthdays

July

August

Name	Date	Member	Name	Date	Member
Olivia Kares	7/14	Mike Kares,	Michelle Briones	8/24	Bert & Diane Briones
Olivia Kares (Niece)	7/14	Julia Tate	Thomas Callin	8/7	John & Rumi Callin
Whitney Moore	7/1	Beth Moore	Sean McPhie	8/2	Fran McPhie
Greg Hilton	7/11	Kathy Hilton	Amber Rae Brown	8/25	Mary Ann Mogan
Amanda Perez	7/19	Carrie Hall	Austin Losorelli	8/27	Joe & Phyllis Losorelli
Kevin Petersen	7/26	Cheryl Petersen	Steven Sprague	8/4	Marie Sprague
			Eric Rodriguez	8/11	Carlos & Ana Rodriguez
			Nicholas Colley	8/22	Scott & Jade Colley
			Aveline de la Cueva	8/28	Kevin & Misty de la Cueva



Lovingly Remembered on Their Angel Dates

July

August

Name	Date	Member	Name	Date	Member
Bradley McBurney	7/18	Tammy Gauld	Joshua Sparage	8/6	Bonnie & Gary Sparage
Bailey Haney (Grandchild)	7/11	Myra Kulick	Daniel McAlpine	8/29	Elaine McAlpine
Melissa Lind	7/6	Marcy Torrey	Nicki Kent	8/31	Beth Kent
Amanda Perez	7/17	Carrie Hall	Randal Smith	8/2	Sharon Smith
Brent Thole (Sibling)	7/5	Matthew Thole	Randal Smith (Sibling)	8/2	Crystal Smith
Amin Moinzadeh	7/31	Azita Azarpira	Melissa Duhe	8/20	Cindy Tiekenski
Dallin Tuttle	7/15	Rose Mary Dubbins	Matthew Weiss	8/18	William Weiss
Miles Davis	7/28	Michele Davis			
Alexander Gertsch	7/4	Shane & Dena Gertsch			

Musings



Isn't it strange that things we once took for granted, have changed so much?

Things like the soft wings of a brilliant colored butterfly, or the radiant colors in the sky at dawn and sunset or perhaps a song we heard in passing or a movie, we once took for granted. But now, these very same things can bring on tears and leave us feeling a deep sense of longing. Why? Are these not the same as before? What changed? We did. The things we once took for granted are now viewed with much more than human eyes. We now experience these things through the eyes of a broken heart.

I believe grief gives us a very different view on things. A heart bruised and broken by loss has a new tenderness and compassion. Just look inside yourself at how your views have changed. I also believe this is our children speaking to us saying...look at the beauty and know that I am still near.

*~Sheila Simmons, TCF Atlanta
In Memory of my son, Steven Simmons*