



The Compassionate Friends

Santa Clarita Valley Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

July-August 2021

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 reparation and beauty.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.

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 Wixom, MI 48393
 Toll Free (877) 969-0010
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 Facebook: www.facebook.com/TCFUSA

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF SANTA CLARITA VALLEY

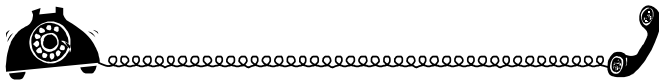
Mailing Address: 27949 Park Meadow Dr.
 Santa Clarita, CA 91387
 Email: TCF.SCV@gmail.com
 Facebook: www.facebook.com/TheCompassionateFriendsofSantaClaritaCA
 Website: www.companionatefriends-scv.org

MEETINGS

We have one meeting a month. They are usually held on the 1st Thursday of each month The next two meetings are:

July 2, 2021
August 6, 2021

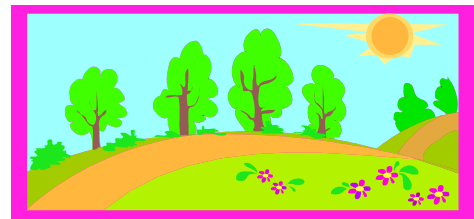
TIME: **7:00 PM**
 MEETING **New Life Assembly of God**
 PLACE: **27053 Honby Ave.**
Canyon Country, CA 91351
(Please note) This is our new location for meetings and the meetings are held in the Admin building.



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 (Facebook Manager)
 Ellena Cates (Remembrance Secretary)
 Steve Crittenden (Webmaster)
 Jeanne Crittenden (Zoom & Button Manager)



Image

A breath of summertime
 drifts from the rising sun,
 comes from beyond the trees,
 hums at your window ~

A breath of summertime
 smiles at your dusty face,
 weaves into cloud and light
 visions remembered ~

A breath of summertime
 touches your secret tears
 brushes the tears away ~
 (but not the image)

~Sascha Wagner
 From: "For You From Sascha"

*They that love beyond the world
 cannot be separated by it.
 Death is but crossing the world,
 as friends do the seas;
 they live in one another still.*

~William Penn



Summertime

It sounds so easy. A soft, warm word—time to run barefoot, time to leave windows open all night. Summertime. Somehow it seems, doesn't it, that it's especially meant for children. Children

on beaches, children on swings, children in large pools, children in tiny tubs.

We who do not have all of our children with us may feel the summertime in two ways. One is to remember shared events and adventures—there were so many. Long rides in a hot car, a nap in the back seat. The famous question, "Are we there yet?" Everything from a heat rash to ice cream cones and sand castles.

For us, another way to feel summertime is the special emptiness brought about by children who are no longer on this earth. They used to trot along on hikes in the hills; they used to gather wood for an evening fire. Now summer brings us again the melancholy awareness of their absence. Have you ever walked on some unfamiliar path, surprised about not having been there with the children? Even when there's nothing to remember, we are reminded of the children's absence.

We have been diminished by death. Some of us may still have living children. Other parents have no children left. They have lost an only child, perhaps. Or all of their children died. And here we are, grateful for the warmth of summer mornings, aware of the ripe beauty of nature, trying to deal with our children's absence with all the grace of which we are capable. Often we do not want to burden others with our grief. Or we may be convinced that others don't wish to share our distress. We have learned, after all, that the world around us is not always able to understand how we feel.

Besides, we were taught to be brave. Many of us will do everything we can to appear "normal" after our loss. But we were also taught to be honest. And when you feel the hurt, when you seem almost to be lost in the shadows of this golden summertime, don't hide your sorrow. The grief of your spirit can perhaps be kept a secret on the outside. Yet, your deepest feelings, unexpressed, can burn into your existence with harmful force.

You can be both brave and honest. You know that it's brave to share grief, be it old grief or new grief. And revealing that sorrow is also honest. Of course, nothing can wipe away much of your pain, but sharing grief is helpful. You will know that after you have expressed the painful sorrow you once kept hidden, and you find yourself, finally, smiling at the memories and the blessings of past summertime's.

~Sascha Wagner



Remembrance

I see your smile in the brightness of the summer sun.
A gentle breeze is the touch of your hand on mine.
A wave breaks softly on the shore and I hear your whisper.

"Remember Me"

A winged bird begins its flight into the distant sky.
The sound of children's laughter fills the air.
The evening stars become your eyes, and I reply...
"You are ever near."

~Pricilla Kenney
TCF Kennebunk, ME



The Grand Finale On the 4th of July

Its getting late...

And dusk is settling in....
The 4th of July fireworks...
Are about to begin.

The Fireworks have begun...
As they fly into the sky....
Just like my child, my angel...
Who is forever soaring high.

The colorful bursts explode...
Into a spectacular show of lights....
And fill the heavens above...
Its so beautiful and bright..

And But...then another is lit...sparkling brilliantly
As the light trails through the night sky...
I think I am beginning to understand...
For its the same when our loved ones die.

For a life that has burned brightly...
Can never fade away....
For its rekindled through our memories...
Each and every day.
And our Grand Finale WILL come...
When we are reunited in Heaven again...
But their light will always remain lit...
...Until then.

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Chapter News

Meeting Topics & Info

July 2 – “What’s In A Name”

August 6 – “Words In Our Journey of Grief”



Balloon Release-Family Picnic Sunday, August 22

Good news! After skipping last year we will once again have our annual Balloon Release/Family Picnic. As in past years, it will be at the Bouquet Canyon Park located at 28127 Wellston Dr., Saugus beginning at **12:30pm**. All members of TCF as well as family members & friends are invited to participate!

This family event includes a few songs, poems, and the release of balloons in memory of our children, siblings, and grandchildren.

This year because of Covid and safety concerns, we are asking that you bring your own food and drinks. Our chapter will provide the dessert and balloons. You also might want to **bring a blanket or chairs for sitting** and if you have an extra **portable shade cover**, that would be great!

YOU MUST RSVP to Diane 661-252-4654, Alice 661-252-4374 or you can email TCF.SCV@gmail.com **BY AUGUST 13, SO THAT WE WILL HAVE ENOUGH BALLOONS!!!**

PLEASE TRY TO ARRIVE ON TIME, we would like to start eating by 1:00.

Thank you,
The Steering Committee

News From National TCF



TCF’s National
Virtual Conference
July 16-18, 2021
Early Bird
Registration Extended

Although we would all love to be together in person, you can still connect, get support and gather as a community through TCF’s National virtual event. The Early Bird registration rate has been extended until June 25th. More details about this three-day conference, including number of sessions, registration prices, and early bird prices can be found on their website at www.compassionatefriends.org.

Please note, if you are registered and not able to attend all of the sessions live, keynote and conference sessions will be recorded and accessible for 90 days after the conference.

Welcome New Members



Attending your first meeting takes courage and it is always hard to say “welcome” because we are so very sorry for the reason which made you eligible for our membership in TCF. However, we are glad you found us! We cannot take away your pain but we can offer our friendship and support. Do try and to attend at least 3 meetings so you have a chance to meet others who are bereaved and discover that special acceptance that occurs with new friends who truly understand.

New to our chapter are:

Jeanette Geiger, parent of Andy

Cheryl Blair, parent of Jason

Amy Trogan, parent of Nicholas

Robert Burns, parent of Julian



What Can They Tell Me?

A question often raised by parents who are invited to attend a meeting of TCF is “What can they tell me?” The answer, of course, is “nothing!” TCF members cannot provide easy answers or solutions—or ways to avoid the pain. There are no “quick fixes” in grief, no shortcuts or detours around our grief work. What we do offer one another is an opportunity to be with other parents who have endured the same pain and have survived—others who have “been there” and can say “Me too!” when you describe your frustration, your confusion, your impatience with trivial matters which threaten to consume your energy, your anger at the injustice of your child’s death.

What TCF offers is the chance to learn about ourselves as we confront our grief and as we recognize ourselves in some part of another parent’s story or another parent’s pain.

~Joyce Andrews
TCF Sugar Land-Southwest Houston, TX

Compassionate Tears

*I cried in my car, and was ignored
I cried in church, and was pitied.
I cried at work, and was shunned.
I cried at home, and was hushed.
I cried at The Compassionate Friends,
And others share their tissues & tears.*

~Nona Walser
TCF Greenville, SC

Riding The Waves



I feel as if I have been body surfing in the ocean, cruising at the top of the wave, enjoying the ride- then suddenly, being body-slammed into the sand. Unable to move, the waves rush over me, pounding and crashing onto me. Occasionally the tide recedes, and I lay breathless on the wet, sandy shore.

I cannot move. I wiggle my toes, squint, open my eyes, and see the rest of the shoreline. While my view is obscured by my tears, the salty sea, my straggly hair, and my prone position, there is some daylight. Just as I prepare to roll over, and maybe get to my knees, the waves of grief lap at my toes and suddenly crash upon me once more. Unable to withstand the power of the waves, I fall to the beach once again.

Finally, the tide recedes again, but I still cannot move. I am bone tired from past efforts I am aware of noise around me I can hear the chirping birds, and feel the warm sun. The laughter of children beckons me to once again open my eyes. Helping hands are touching me, encouraging me to rise up. Gently hands soothe me with their light touch. Warm hugs embrace me. It feels good, for awhile, until the voices drift on down shore, leaving me alone with the setting sun. I marvel at the beauty and thank God for His presence.

It becomes dark again. The wind blows in, bringing dark clouds and a chill to the air. I shiver, and the sense of calm and peace is not so reassuring. The tide is at my ankles, and my toes sink into the sand. I can do this. I can stand up against this set of waves...maybe. Or, maybe it's easier to lie down and let them roll over me. Better yet, I wade out further, a little deeper, challenging the waves of grief. And then - surprised I lie down and float. The waves roll under me, crashing harmlessly on the shore. As I float, I look up at the rising moon. The waves lull me to sleep in the moonlight. Maybe, just maybe, I will rest well. Maybe, I can ride these waves. Maybe a new, sunny day is coming.

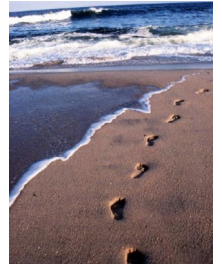
*~Ramona Lyddon
Chester, CA*



*Love for our children is as deep as the
oceans and as vast as the desert,
even though they have left our sight
they will never leave our vision.*

~Debra Ochsner

Footprints in the Sand



There was a day of sunshine
when you followed after me.
Bare feet in cool sand.
Small prints skipping
through swirls of foam
upon the shore.

Even as we danced and laughed
The waves crashed against the rocks.
Yet when I looked behind us
only smooth sand remained.

People have ceased to speak of you
and grow uncomfortable when I do.
But I refuse to let them, like the sea...
erase your memory.

*~Karen Nelson
TCF Box Elder County, UT*



Sunrise in August

Can it be true,
This is an easy morning?
The day escaping from
Its dark confinements,
While sun starts brushing
Earth with silken warmth.
No strain at all.
No hurry anywhere.
Can it be true
Your mind is whole and steady.
Now you remember things
As once they were
On other mornings, then,
And other days...
Can it be true
This is an easy morning?
Remembering does not hurt?
And you can close your eyes,
And you can see,
Can smile – at sunrise.

This is an easy morning.
Use it well

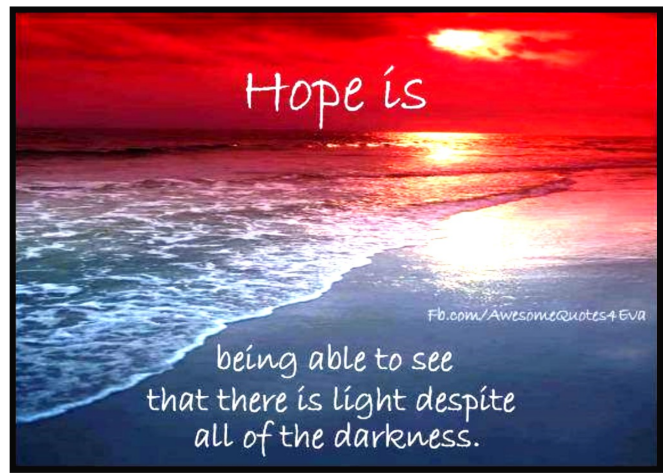
*By Sascha Wagner,
from her book "The Sorrow and The Light"*

Love Gifts

Were Received From:

*Kirk & Dianne Mueller
In Loving Memory of their Daughter:*

Melissa Matters
3/26—11/3



STAR-LIT NIGHT

Star-light, Star-bright - Oh, how I wish tonight...

Oh, the joy, the bliss of our children so loved,
Now they sparkle in heaven with the stars above
Their legend lives on with charm and with grace,
As they shine down on us from their heavenly place.

Some nights are so dark when our hearts fill
with pain,
Then we think that we can never be a happy again.
For how can we live on with this pain that we feel?
Since our children died, life now seems so unreal.

We hear all the sounds on earth below -
But our senses are numb because we still miss
them so.
Our hearts are so heavy - our minds cry out, Why?
The children we love and miss - now reside in
the sky.

The stars, like our children, shine down with promises
of love,
Their glory sometimes hidden by the clouds above.
But, we know they are still there even though we
can't see.
Because their brightness shines on inside you and me.

Now, the stars beckon to us as they twinkle above,
Our children singing messages of hope and of love.
They are cradled high above us twinkling so bright,
Shining down beams of hope with the STAR-LIT
NIGHT.

~Faye McCord, TCF/Jackson, MS
In honor of All Beavered Parents

*Barbara Rawson
In Loving Memory of her Son:*

Christopher Rodriguez
9/22 - 6/13



*"No matter how old your child who died, the
essence of this unique being remains within
you forever. It is through us and others who
knew them that our children continue to live
and effect our present world. Though not in
the way we hoped and expected, our beloved
children are still alive."*

~Kitty Reeve

“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
Whitney Moore	7/1	Beth Moore	Sean McPhie	8/2	Fran McPhie
Greg Hilton	7/11	Kathy Hilton	Steven Sprague	8/4	Marie Sprague
Amanda Perez	7/19	Carrie Hall	Eric Rodriguez	8/11	Carlos & Ana Rodriguez
Kevin Petersen	7/26	Cheryl Petersen	Nicholas Colley	8/22	Scott & Jade Colley



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
Amin Moinzadeh	7/31	Azita Azarpira	Randal Smith (Sibling)	8/2	Crystal Smith
Miles Davis	7/28	Michele Davis	Matthew Weiss	8/18	William Weiss
Alexander Gertsch	7/4	Shane & Dena Gertsch			

The Finest Days of Our Lives

The finest days of our lives may well be a part of our past. Somehow, we must recognize that this is not unique to surviving our child's death, but is often a portion of the human condition.

Olin is dead. As much as I would wish it otherwise, it will never be. He is not forgotten. His voice, his laughter, his joy, and his shortcomings live on in me.

No day passes without thinking about him. I am grateful for his touch upon my life. Yet, joy is again mine. Pleasure is no longer a forbidden or quilt producing element in daily living. I live, gladly and with purpose, with Olin both behind me in time, but with me internally.

Is this not our goal, to heal, to find strength to love both yesterday and today? Our children have been the richest part of our lives and today should reflect the grace of that love in all that we are today.

*~Don Hackett
TCF Kingston, MA
In Memory of my son, Olin*