



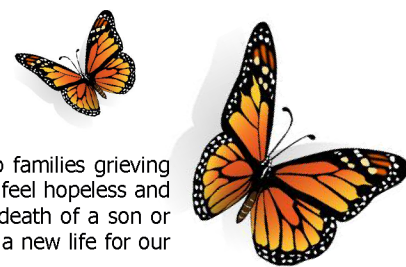
The Compassionate Friends

Santa Clarita Valley Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

September 2017

Volume XVIII No. 9



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 any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly 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 regeneration and beauty.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.

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Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696
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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF SANTA CLARITA VALLEY

Mailing Address: 27949 Park Meadow Dr.,
Santa Clarita, CA 91387
E-mail TCF.SCV@gmail.com
Facebook: www.facebook.com/TheCompassionateFriendsofSantaClaritaCA
website: www.compassionatefriends-scv.org

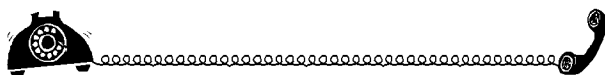
MEETINGS

We have one meeting a month. They are usually held on the 1st Thursday of each month.
Our next meeting will be **September 7, 2017.**

TIME: **7:00 P.M.**

MEETING **Fellowship Christian Church**
PLACE: **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
Carol Costin (Treasurer) 661-670-0395
Linda Stout (Remembrance Secretary) 661-202-8638

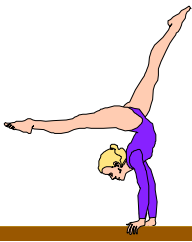


Take My Hand

Are you troubled, burdened, blue---
Take my hand.
I've been troubled burdened, too.
I understand.
Where you've fallen, once I fell---
Oh, I know these pitfalls well.
Let me help the clouds dispel---
Take my hand.
Others helped me when I was weak,
Take my hand.
Helped me face toward the peak,
Helped me stand.
What they did, now let me do---
Pass that kindness on to you
Someday you'll help others too.
Take my hand.

~Helen Lowery Marshall
TCF Arlington Heights, IL





Bereavement Balance Beam

Notice the athlete as she carefully and gracefully strolls across the balance beam she makes it look so easy.

We hope she won't fall.

She artistically swivels at the end, goes back to the middle, and without missing a beat, lands perfectly on the mat below.

I am not an athlete, nor an acrobat, yet I walk a balance beam each and every day.

I trod gingerly across the beam, I know you have not noticed.

I hold my breath, not as a spectator, but as a participant.

I wear an outfit not of spandex nor sweats, but of steel plated armor guarding my emotions.

I give a presentation of poise and control, which I've learned with each step I've taken.

I know how to survive, take each day one step at a time, sometimes pausing for laughter, sometimes trembling with tears.

Then there are the times I've fallen off, which in the beginning, took but a mere reminder of who I've lost. And I toppled off the balance beam only to struggle silently to climb back on.

What caused the fall?

Perhaps a mention of his name, perhaps hearing his favorite song. Seeing a young boy on a bicycle and knowing it wasn't James.

Seeing a mom at the store shopping for back to school items, reminiscing about bedtime stories which are now no longer told.

Watching someone else's child at the soccer fields, driving in the car alone & no one next to me in the passenger seat.

But I learned to stay on the balance beam, handled those moments of pain and loss.

Kept my composure, let the tears fall, but let not my steps falter.

Turn the corner without tripping, kept life in balance and in perspective with a huge void on the other side.

Now, almost five years later, I've nearly perfected this trick.

Can't compete with the professional athlete, they have the physical, visible aspect of this performance down pat. I'm still working on the emotional, mental portion, but doing quite well.

Till I hear my young niece gets to be a mom, or my sister-in-law moans that her son is away for a week and the house is so quiet. Or yet another friend has become a grandmother, someone else we know is graduating or marrying, my nephew turns 16 and gets a license. All the reminders of who I'm missing, what James never will accomplish. The opportunities that James missed out on, the life I wish I could see James experience and be a part of.

It's all a matter of balance, keeping the stride, maintaining a sense of normalcy. Balancing, in spite of a broken heart and an emotional handicap. And learning that when falling below, there are friends to help me back up memories to give me smiles, determination to live the life James would have wanted... for both of us.

*~Meg Avery, TCF Gwinnett
In loving memory of James R. Avery III*



Chapter News

Meeting Topics & Info

September 7 - "How has grief changed over time for you?"

October 5 - "How Do I Survive?"

November 2 - Decorate Luminaries for Candle Lighting Remembrance Program

Welcome New Members

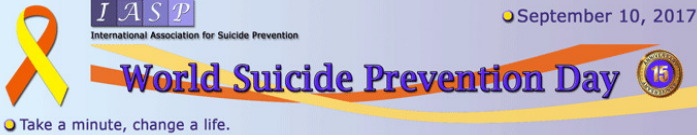


Attending your first meeting takes courage and it is always hard to say "welcome" because we are so very sorry for the reason which made you eligible for our membership in TCF. However, we are glad you found us! We cannot take away your pain but we can offer our friendship and support, Do try and to 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:

Cheryl Landreth, Mother of Justin

April & Daniel Govea, Mother & Step-father of Anthony



Please light a candle near a window at 8 PM on 9/10/2017 to show your support for suicide prevention, to remember a lost loved one, and for the survivors of suicide.

I Don't Know Why

I don't know why.
I'll never know why.
I don't have to know why.
I don't like it.
I don't have to like it.
What I have to do is make a choice about my living.
What I do want to do is accept it and go on living.
The choice is mine.
I can go on living, valuing every moment
in a way I never did before,
or I can be destroyed by it and,
in turn, destroy others.
I thought I was immortal.
That my family and my children were also.
That tragedy happened only to others.
But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.
So I am choosing to go on living,
making the most of the time I have,
valuing my family and friends
in a way never possible before.

*...from the book, My Son, My Son,
By Iris Bolton, whose son Mitch died by suicide.*



Photo Buttons

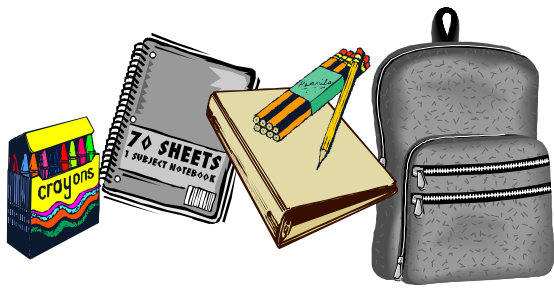
Don't forget, we take orders at each meeting for photo buttons or you can send it by email, or regular mail. We will photo copy your child, grandchild or sibling's picture and make 3" buttons for \$2.00 each.

Why not order an extra button to keep at our meeting place, so you will always have one there. Also, don't forget to order some for your family and friends to wear at our Candle Lighting Remembrance Program coming up on December 10th. Contact us at TCF.SCV@gmail.com or contact Alice at 661-252-4374 for more info.



Candle Lighting Remembrance Program

Please be sure to mark your calendar for December 10th at 6:30pm. Also, don't forget to tell your family and friends about our 17th annual candle lighting program. We will be at a new location this year with a much larger stage! More information will be in next month's next newsletter.



A New School Year Begins

School opens for another year. There is a flurry of activity to end the summer: clothes to buy; notebooks, pencils and pens to gather; decisions to make on rulers and odd-shaped erasers. The family plans and almost plunges into the final weekend, the Labor Day splurge that ends summer and starts the fall.

For many, there will be no flurry. Clothing, notebooks, erasers, and all those other things become simply notes of hollowness in a fragmented life. For these, the last summer weekend may pass unnoticed. It is a time to consume silence in the land of bereavement.

When the school doors open, when the buses roll once more, communities across this nation visibly proclaim the hope we all invest in our children. Bereaved parents, having no immunity to these desires and aspirations for our kids, find themselves even more highly sensitized to that never-again kiss of parting, that vigorous waving as the school bus pulls away. Perhaps for some, an empty desk, an unoccupied chair, will form the elements of a new vision that proclaims again emptiness forever a part of life.

I teach. I know that school's reopening will remind me, even six years into bereavement, of the bittersweet capability of this time. And, I admit with some sorrow, I am never totally free of it, for often do I consciously hope that death will not again shadow a door that is mine, even the door to a classroom! School is opening. For some among us this is a period of deep, unuttered hurt. Only the pain of the holidays may be deeper.

As these doors open once again, and as the opening weeks pass, let us remember and reach out to those for whom the school bell is an endless tolling. Let us all offer the assuring hope that today's dreadful tolling will instead, someday, become an evoker of memories remembered images that will dance upon the heart, forming an anchor of love one which dealing may pose itself to soar, to bring darkness of pain to light.

~Don Hackett, MA

In memory of his son, Olin

~reprinted from TCF St. Paul, Minnesota

August/September/October 2010 Chapter Newsletter



September Monarchs

Time between summer and winter
Time under changing skies -
muted and heavy with foresight,
or endless blue, smiling at butterflies.



Time between summer and winter.
Time between laughter and tear -
harvest of beauty remembered
and voices (where are you?) to hear.

Time between summer and winter,
thoughtful and painful and wise -
muted and heavy with losing
but smiling at butterflies.



~Sascha Wagner

A Solitary Journey

Grief is a solitary journey. No one but you knows how great the hurt is. No one but you can know the gaping hole left in your life when someone you know has died. And no one but you can mourn the silence that was once filled with laughter and song. It is the nature of love and of death to touch every person in a totally unique way. Comfort comes from knowing that people have made the same journey. And solace comes from understanding how others have learned to sing again.

~Helen Steiner Rice

A Love Gift

Was Received From:

Barbara Rawson

In Loving Memory of her Son:

Christopher Rodriguez

9/22 - 6/13



Happy Birthday my dear son. Turning 44...oh how I wish I could celebrate with "you" and see what a great man you have turned out to be. You are missed and loved every minute of every day.

Happy Birthday Chris

Love Gifts

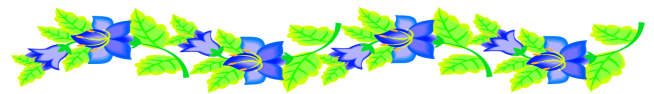


A Love Gift is a wonderful way to remember your child, grandchild, or sibling's birthday or angel dates or just to say I love you. What better way than to have their photo included in our newsletter along with a special memory, thought or message, article or poem from you.

If anyone would like to make a donation in memory of their child, grandchild, or sibling you may give it to Alice or Diane at our meeting or mail it to Alice at 27949 Park Meadow Dr., Canyon Country, 91387. You can also email the info to TCF.SCV@gmail.com Love gifts should be received by the 10th of the month to be placed in the following month's newsletter. What a special way to share and remember your loved one!

Our chapter exists solely on voluntary, tax deductible donations. We thank you in advance for any donations you may be able to give or send. Your donations help to pay the expenses of our newsletter, purchase books & brochures, coffee & refreshments, new member's packets, our rental space and other miscellaneous supplies. They also fund our annual Balloon Release and Candle Lighting programs. We sincerely appreciate your support!

Missing someone is
your heart's way of
reminding you that
you love them.



Sometimes

Sometimes, something clicks,
And with a tear
Remembrance of the pain
And the loneliness
Flood the heart.

Sometimes, something clicks
And with a smile
Remembrance of the love
And the laughter
Flood the senses.

And there are times
When nothing clicks at all
And a voice echoes
Through the emptiness
And numbness
Never finding the person
Who used to fill that space.

And sometimes
The most special times of all
A feeling ripples through your
Body, heart, and soul,
That tells you
That person never left you
And he's right there with you
Through it all.

*~Kirsten Hansen,
Kentfield, Canada
From TCF, The Healing Journey*



"Forever In Our Hearts"

Our Children/Grandchildren/Siblings Remembered

September 2017



<u>Name</u>	<u>Birth Date</u>	<u>Angel Date</u>	<u>Relationship</u>
<i>Thomas John Callin</i>	8/7	9/6	<i>Son of John & Rumi Callin Brother of Cheryl</i>
<i>Vincent Michael Lizarr</i>	9/6	10/5	<i>Son of Rich & Ida Hahlbech/Mauro Lizarr Brother of Gregory</i>
<i>Jeffrey Todd Costin</i>	5/17	9/3	<i>Son of Richard & Carol Costin Brother of Kim Carone</i>
<i>Brian Keith Berry</i>	9/16	6/30	<i>Son of Steve Berry Brother of Shannon</i>
<i>Christopher Rodriguez</i>	9/22	6/13	<i>Son of Barbara Rawson Nephew of Debbie Di Corrado</i>
<i>Michael Rodriguez</i>	3/7	9/19	<i>Brother of Debbie Di Corrado</i>
<i>Cyrena Darlene Becerra</i>	6/11	9/5	<i>Daughter of Marco & Mona Gonzalez</i>
<i>Austin Losorelli</i>	8/27	9/30	<i>Son of Joe & Phyllis Losorelli Brother of Ian</i>
<i>Francisco Garcia</i>	9/10	11/9	<i>Son of Javier & Veronica Garcia Brother of Jennifer, Valerie, Breanna, Marlene</i>
<i>Eli Rodriguez</i>	9/26	2/17	<i>Son of Pahola Mascorro Brother of Destanee</i>
<i>Caitlin Beth Gulley</i>	6/11	9/10	<i>Daughter of Dale & Holly Gulley Sister of Derik</i>
<i>Karla Hana Mendez Brada</i>	9/3	9/1	<i>Daughter of Hector & Jaroslava Sister of Sasha</i>

If, in remembering our children, there are any errors or omissions, we are truly sorry! Please let us know of any corrections or additions as soon as possible so they may be incorporated into the database.