



The Compassionate Friends

Santa Clarita Valley Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Sept-Oct 2022

Volume 23, No. 5



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 re-creation and beauty.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.

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MEETINGS

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

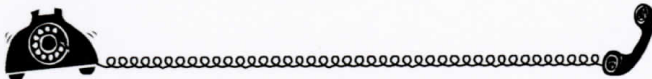
September 1, 2022
October 6, 2022

TIME: **7:00 PM**

MEETING **Bethlehem SCV**

PLACE: **27265 Luther Dr. Room 5**
Canyon Country, CA 91351

(Please note) This is our new location for meetings)



FOR INFORMATION OR FOR A LOVING LISTENER, PLEASE CALL:

Diane Briones (Leader) 661-373-5070
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 (Button & Angel Board Manager)



Healing Takes Time

Did you wake up in the morning
with tears in your heart?
And did you say to yourself
"I should not feel like crying,
not like this, every morning."

But you do know the truth, don't you?
When life deals us such a tragic blow,
such enormous damage,
we need many mornings to recover.
We need more than a few moments to heal.

Take for yourself the grace
of one quiet healing-step at a time.
Trying to rush the work of grief
will slow down your renewal.

You only need to recognize
that you WILL recover some day.
You only need to remember
that we all have our own measure,
and we all heal at our own pace.

~Sascha Wagner
From the book, For You From Sascha

*"Although we worry that we will
forget some of the memories,
we are apart of them and they can
never be taken away from us."*

~unknown



Indian Summer

This may well be
the softest time of all
does mild September
still surprise your mind
with memories you thought
you would not have?

Believe me, friend, that
(after many tears)
this may well be
the softest time of all.

*~Sascha Wagner
From: For You From Sascha*



My Old Friend Grief

My old friend Grief is back. He comes to visit me once in awhile to remind me that I am still a broken man. Surely there has been much healing since my son died six years ago, and surely I have adjusted to a world without him. But the truth is, we never completely heal, we never totally adjust. Such is the nature of the loss that no matter how much life has been experienced, the heart of the bereaved will never be the same. It's as though a part of us dies with the person we lose through death.

And so my friend Grief drops in to say "Hello." Sometimes he enters through the door of my memory. I'll hear a song or smell a fragrance. I'll look at a picture and I'll remember how it used to be. Sometimes it brings a smile to my face...sometimes a tear.

One may say that remembrance is unhealthy...that we shouldn't dwell on thoughts that make us sad. Yet the opposite is true. Grief revisited is grief acknowledged and Grief confronted is Grief resolved. But if Grief is resolved, why do we feel a sense of loss when we least expect it? Because healing doesn't mean forgetting and moving on with life doesn't mean that we don't take a part of our lost love with us. Of course the intensity of the pain decreases over time if we allow Grief to visit from time to time.

Sometimes my old friend Grief sneaks up on me. It's as though the ones we have lost are determined not to be forgotten, My old friend Grief doesn't get in the way of living. He just wants to come along and chat sometimes. Grief has taught me a few things about living I wouldn't have learned on my own. He has taught me that if I try to deny the reality of loss, I end up having to deny life altogether. Old Grief has taught me that I can survive great loss and although my world is different, it's still my world and I must live in it.

My old friend Grief has taught me that the loss of a loved one doesn't mean the permanence of death. My friend will be back again and again to remind me to confront my new reality and to gain through loss and pain.

*~Adolf for Quesada
TCF, Colorado*



September Song

I wonder how many people think about what it's like for a parent not to have to pack a Snoppy lunch pail for their child ever again. September marks the reentry of kids to the world of school, but for some parents it is the reminder that the excitement of the children that electrifies the air won't be the same in their home this year.

So many hopes and dreams and memories are wrapped up in what occupies a major part of a child's life - school time. Summer cushions us from having to be painfully aware that our child won't be walking to school with the other kids, or won't be trying for the lead part in the school play, or won't need new school clothes, or won't fall in love with the girl he sits behind in math class.

Parents who never had the pleasure of "letting them go" to school for the first time also know what they missed. They remember their own "first time" and would like to have relieved it with their child. They would like to have made it really special and asked all the questions that their own parents asked them when they arrived home from school.

Hopes and dreams for their child's future will never be realized. "I wonder if my neighbor remembers that if my baby had lived that this is the year he would have started kindergarten. I wanted him to have a Snoppy lunch box just like the other kids."

~TCF Portland, OR

*Hope is a tender song,
distant or near.
Music that waits for you
patiently waits till you
find it and hear.*

~Sascha Wagner

Chapter News

Meeting Topics & Info

Sept 1 - "Where would they be now???"

October 6 - "Emoji Me" - Using an emoji to describe how are you are feeling.

A Special Note

Our Chapter leader, Diane Briones had a fall while vacationing in Europe that required surgery there. She is finally now back here and spent 2 weeks in the hospital recovering. Now home, she will have a long road to recovery, please keep her in your thoughts and prayers!

Thank you



World Suicide Prevention Day September 10, 2022

Please light a candle near a window at 8PM on 9/10/22 to show your support for suicide prevention, to remember a lost loved one, and for survivors of suicide.

*"There is no suffering greater than that which drives people to suicide;
Suicide defines the moment in which mental pain exceeds the human capacity to bear it.
It represents the abandonment of hope."*

~John T. Maltzberger, MD
Past President of the American Ass. Of Suicidology



World Pregnancy & Infant Loss Remembrance Day October 15, 2022

In 1988, President Reagan declared October as the month to recognize the unique grief of bereaved parents in an effort to demonstrate support to the many families who have suffered such a tragic loss of a child to stillbirth, miscarriage, SIDS or any other cause at any point during pregnancy or infancy.

Please light a candle at 7pm local time to honor all babies gone too soon. Keep your candle lit for at least one hour to create a continuous "wave of light" across all time zones.

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 is:

Nika Johnson, Grandmother of Kali
Odette Awad, Mother of Andro
Mary Yancey, Mother of Brian



TO ALL OUR "OLD" MEMBERS WHO HAVE NOT ATTENDED A MEETING IN QUITE A WHILE

Remember your first Compassionate Friends meeting? You were hurt, confused, ready to scream, and feeling that you were all alone and crazy. **REMEMBER????**

Then your new Compassionate Friends helped you during that meeting and you learned that you were not alone. You found that many, many had gone down your road before you. You weren't crazy, your feelings were all right for you and remember the relief you felt from the comfort you received from all of those other members who had been attending meetings for a long time? **REMEMBER????**

But what about newcomers? Where is the comfort they could gain from hearing and seeing you? What help are you passing on to the newly grieved? As you once needed the aid and assistance from the "old-times," today's newcomers need your aid and assistance, too. Come back to our meetings and lend your support and comfort to the traveler just starting their painful journey. It's true: it does hurt sometimes to do this, but is also yields tremendous rewards!

COME BACK AND SHARE; WE NEED YOU!!

Lovingly lifted from TCF South Suburban Chapter
Evergreen, IL
www.tcfchicago.org

*"It isn't for the moment you are struck
that you need courage,
but for the long uphill climb back to
sanity, faith and security."*

~Anne Morrow Linbergh



It's Halloween

It's Halloween again
 And fall is in the air
 I stopped by the store today
 I saw costumes everywhere
 I saw fairies and goblins
 Frogs and toads alike
 And then there was the little ghosts
 I closed my eyes real tight
 I felt the tightening in my chest
 Remembering that Halloween long ago
 When you picked out the little ghost
 The eyes had to be just so
 I touched the fabric with my hand
 Memories came flooding through
 Of that last Halloween we had planned
 When I was going to be a Goblin for you
 I felt the tears start to sting
 And knew I had to leave
 Halloween always brings back
 Memories from grief unseen
 You left me a week before Halloween
 Your ghost suit is still in the box
 Sometimes I try and open it up
 But something always makes me stop
 Each year as I watch the children come by
 I always look for a little ghost
 Thinking of how happy you'd been
 Wearing the costume you loved most
 Maybe I'll just take a peek
 If I'm up to it this year
 And touch the fabric one more time
 From that Halloween from yesteryear.

~Sharon Bryant
 In Memory of my son, Andy Dunbar
 1/1972 - 10/1977

*Small things
 can be
 great comforts.
 Remember
 the smallest things -
 they will make you smile.
 Soon.*

~Sascha Wagner

The Other Season



Look to the season of your memories-
 it fills the weather of your life
 with mildness.

It turns to laughter what your love
 remembers:
 the sound of words, invented new
 for singing,
 discovery of all-important secrets.

Look to the season of your memories-
 it sets an ordinary past to music.
 It changes ordinary tears to treasure.
 It gives your faded pictures
 shape and color:
 the touch of eyes, a walk in foggy twilight.

Look to the season of your memories-
 how rich you were, and be how rich again.
 Look to the season of your memories:
 mourn and recall the child you love,
 you love...
 until you lose yourself
 to find yourself.

~Sascha Wagner
 From: For you from Sascha

Hiding Behind The Mask



I think we as bereaved parents wear masks 12 months out of the year, not just on Halloween...perhaps on Halloween we should just wear own grief stricken face and not be noticed.

How many masks do you wear - even in a week...or a day. Do you wake up in the mourning feeling the pain, with the knowledge that your child is no longer here? Do you "mask" that face with your old normal face to say good morning to your spouse? You can take the mask off and cry in the shower...it somehow feels so good to release some of those tears. Time to wake the children for school, put on the cheerful, positive mom mask. After dropping the children off at school you can once remove the mask and feel. Soon you will be pulling into the parking lot at work...get the next mask out...the most of the competent professional. WOW! That's a lot of mask changing in a short time.

Strange isn't it how the MONSTER pain of grief makes us put on makes to cover the pain often to those who really care and who perhaps are putting on their masks to cover their pain when they see us.

Maybe we could be so much better off if we removed our masks and let the monster pain out.

Lovingly lifted from Bereaved Parents USA
 Orange County Newsletter - October 1999
www.bereavedparents.org



Love Gifts



Were Received From:

Carlos & Ana Rodriguez

In Loving Memory of their son:

**Eric
Rodriguez**
8/11 - 1/20



Bobbie Mathers & Dan Spencer

In Loving Memory of their son:

**Peter
Spencer**
2/5 - 9/4



*"Ragged edges of sadness
are softened by memories"*

~unknown

*Love's Lasting
Touch*



Don't weep for me when I'm gone,
because I'll always be there.
My spirit will exist in all the earth,
in the water, trees, and air.

You'll hear me say, "I'll love you",
in the whisper of a breeze.
You'll know that I'm beside you,
with the rustling of the leaves.

You'll feel my arms caress you,
in the warmth of each sunrise.
The moon will be my goodnight kiss,
the stars my watchful eyes.

Your life will be my legacy,
your memories my epitaph.
These ties will bind us together,
till we meet on heaven's path.

I'll not ever desert you,
we'll never be far apart.
I'll live within you always,
nestled deep inside your heart.

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.santaclarita@gmail.com Love gifts should be received by the 10th of the month to be placed in the up-coming newsletter. **But remember our newsletter is bi-monthly.** 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!

*~Jacquelyn M. Comeaux
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In loving memory of My Angels...
Michelle, Jerry & Danny*

"Forever In Our Hearts"

Our Children/Grandchildren/Siblings

Loved and Missed on Their Birthdays



September

October

Name	Date	Member	Name	Date	Member
Vincent Lizarr	9/6	Ida Hahlbech	Jamie Knopf	10/21	Jim & Susan Kirk
Brian Berry	9/16	Steve Berry	Brianna Millard Smith	10/6	David & Laurie Millard
Christopher Rodriguez	9/22	Barbara Rawson	Randal Smith	10/24	Sharon Smith
Matthew Weiss	9/21	William Weiss	Aiden Lopez	10/27	Cesar & Jessica
Miles Davis	9/01	Michele Davis	Aiden Lopez (Grandchild)	10/27	Carmen Smith
Maddox Melton	9/2	Ceara Melton	Travis Marton	10/15	Andrew & Ricki Marton
Cameron Morey	9/21	Dennis & Linda Morey	Tommy Sziklay	10/21	Keith & Lise Parcels
			Jake Vachon	10/31	Michelle Vachon
			Julian Burns	10/13	Robert Burns



Lovingly Remembered on Their Angel Dates

September

October

Name	Date	Member	Name	Date	Member
Jeffrey Costin	9/3	Richard & Carol Costin	Michelle Briones	10/11	Bert & Diane Briones
Michael Rodriguez (Sibling)	9/19	Debbie DiCorrado	Vincent Lizarr	10/5	Ida Hahlbech
Cyrena Becerra	9/5	Mona Gonzalez	Greg Hilton	10/2	Kathy Hilton
Peter Spencer	9/4	Bobbie Mathers	Sage Gallegos	10/17	Alex & Anita Gallegos
Alan Bartfai	9/9	John & Susan Bartfai	Sarah Crittenden	10/20	Steve & Jeanne Crittenden
Maddox Melton	9/3	Ceara Melton	Michael Leone	10/5	Mariacristina Leone
			Loren Mai	10/20	Miriam & Juan Mai



Navigations



This is not the end of joy. Grieving is bits of many things - memories, regrets, reminders - each of which bears its own special weight within in our burden of sorrow. And each bit has to be gone through, patiently, silently, painfully, as one goes through old papers in a long-forgotten trunk, considering each one separately, remembering assigning it to some new box within our hearts.

Healing, too, is bits of many things - smiles which multiply as the days pass; chilling remembrances turned warm by the returning sun; new loves. A day will come when there will be more bits of healing than of grieving, and reasons for joy will begin to pile up in the freshly swept rooms of our lives.

We cannot allow just one attitude to dominate us forever, especially unending melancholy, smoldering regret, or eternal penitence. Grieving calls forth all the stations of the self, to remind us of our complexity; any single facet of who we are cannot be solely sovereign over the spirit. We may be fragmented, but we are still complete.

~Molly Fumia
From *Safe Passage*

