



# The Compassionate Friends

## Santa Clarita Valley Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

May-June 2026

Volume 27, No. 3



**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 personal comfort, hope, support to every family experiencing the death of a son, daughter, brother, 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, regeneration and beauty.

#### THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.

P.O. Box 46  
Wheaton, IL 60187  
Toll Free (877) 969-0010

Email: [nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org)  
Website: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)  
Facebook: [www.facebook.com/TCFUSA](http://www.facebook.com/TCFUSA)

#### THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF SANTA CLARITA VALLEY

**Mailing Address:** 27949 Park Meadow Dr.  
Santa Clarita, CA 91387  
Email: [tcf.santaclarita@gmail.com](mailto:tcf.santaclarita@gmail.com)  
Facebook: [www.facebook.com/  
TheCompassionateFriendsofSantaClaritaCA](http://www.facebook.com/TheCompassionateFriendsofSantaClaritaCA)  
Website: [www.compassionatefriends-scv.org](http://www.compassionatefriends-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:

**May 7, 2026**  
**June 4, 2026**

TIME: **7:00 PM**

MEETING **Bethlehem SCV**

PLACE: **27265 Luther Dr. Room 5 (Second Driveway & through the gate)  
Canyon Country, CA 91351**



#### FOR INFORMATION OR FOR A LOVING LISENER, PLEASE CALL:

Diane Briones (Leader) 661-373-5070  
Alice Renolds (Co-Leader & Editor) 661-252-4374

Linda Stout (Facebook Manager)  
Steve Crittenden (Webmaster & Treasurer)  
Jeanne Crittenden (Button & Angel Board Manager)  
(661-478-2948)



### The Music is Forever

One life, like the song strummed softly on the strings, makes music to the ears of those who hear it sing.

Discordant notes and harmony, together make the sounds, but the space between the notes is where the meaning may be found.

A life, may be as brief as a note on a page, or as long as a symphony with all the movements played.

But long or short, the melody has its meaning though unfinished.

And for those with ears to hear it, the meaning's not diminished.

Somewhere the song continues it's sweetly singing phrase, the music is forever, not just for those days.

One life, like a song, strummed softly on the strings, makes music to the ears of those who hear it sing.

*~Karen Howard  
TCF Miami, FL*

*Sometimes our hearts  
borrow from our yesterdays.  
And with each remembrance  
we meet again with those we love.*

*~Flavia*



## Mother's Day

As I write this, I am very much aware that Mother's Day is coming soon. That will be a doubly difficult day in countless homes. For all the thousands of mothers who will be glowing with a radiant kind of pride and happiness on that day, there will also be those of you whose hearts are aching for that phone call that will never come, that special visit, that one Mother's Day card that will not arrive. For us, the reading and rereading of that one last card - "Mom, you are the greatest and I love you" - will have to last a lifetime. How does a mother face a lifetime of silence on "her" day? Ask those of us who have "been" there already, and we will tell you of lonely Mother's Day visits to spring-green cemeteries where the sweet clear notes of a single spring bird, perched near by, float over our heads and seen surely to have been intended as divine comfort for a heart full of breaking. You will hear of yellow roses being sent to a small church - "in memory..." and a cherished story of a kind and sensitive friend who sent a single rose that first Mother's Day in remembrance.

Always we struggle with the eternal question - how does life in fairness exact from us the life of a beloved child in exchange for a clear bird call in a spring-green cemetery, a slender vase of yellow rosebuds or even the kindness and sensitivity of a friend who remembered our loneliness and pain in that day? Where is the fairness and justice of such a barter?

The answer comes back again and again - life does not always bargain fairly. We are surrounded from birth to death by those things which we cannot keep, but which enrich, ennoble and endow our lives with a foretaste of Heaven because we have been privileged to behold, to experience, to wrap our arms around the joyous and the beautiful.

Can we bottle the fragrance of an April morning or the splendor of a winter's sunset and take it home with us to place on our fireplace mantle? Can we grasp and hold the blithesome charm of childhood's laughter? Can we capture within cupped hands the beauty and richness of a rainbow? Can we pluck the glitter of a million stars on a summer night or place in a alabaster box the glow and tenderness of love?

No, we cannot. But to those who have been given the splendor, the blithesome charm, the glory, the glitter, the tenderness and the love of a child who has departed, someday the pain will speak to you of enrichment, of compassion for others, of deeper sensitivity to the world about you, of a deeper joy for having known a deeper pain. Your child will not have left you completely, as you thought. But rather you will find him in that first clear, sweet bird call, in those yellow rosebuds, in giving and in receiving and in the tissue-wrapped memories that you hold forever in your heart.

~Mary Wildman, Moro, IL  
BP/USA, A Journey Together  
[www.bereavedparentsusa](http://www.bereavedparentsusa)

On this most difficult of days for bereaved moms, we are reminded of this so appropriate quote:

*"Mother's Day is a day of appreciation and respect. I can think of no mother who deserves it more than those who have had to give a child back."*



~Erma Bombeck

## Happy Mother's Day

### Mother's We Will Always Be

The breeze is blowing the sky is moist.  
Spring has begun it's unfolding.  
Flowers in bloom, birds a singing.

These are signs our earth is opening once again to a new.  
It is also a time when parents too unfold their lives with their children.

Yet, some of us in the distance,  
Only dread this time of year.  
See our children have become Angels  
Singing with the heavens.

Once we held them in our arms.  
Now we hold the many memories  
we have been blessed to have.

As years pass and we do this yearly dance,  
our hearts fill with missing them.  
Our dreams are to be reunited with them one day.

So parents as you do your Mother's Day routines,  
include us who are missing them today.  
Know we too are Mother's, just missing them so.  
Our hearts are heavy and lost we may be.

**But Mother's we will always be.**

~Patricia McDougle  
In Loving Memory of her sons Kevin & Kurt

*"Your silent tents of green,  
We deck with fragrant flowers;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.*

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



On this Memorial Day, remembering our heroes who have fought for our freedom and paid the ultimate sacrifice, including their families. We also give thanks to those who have served and those still serving today!

# Chapter News

## Meeting Topics & Info

May 7 - Meeting, "The Metamorphous of a Bereaved Mother"

June 3 - Meeting, "You Are Still Their Father"



*Thank You*

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

Richard & Carol Costin in memory of their son Jeffrey  
Myra Kulick in memory of her granddaughter Bailey  
Terasa Papa in memory of son Danny  
Bruce Peddie in memory of his son Nigel  
Lisa Shields in memory of her son Aaron  
Jaswir & Harvinder Viridi in memory of their son Jeeven  
Elaine McAlpine in memory of her son Daniel  
Steve Berry in memory of his son Brian  
Marie Sprague in memory of her son Steven



## Our Children

I like to think that they are encircling us,  
Sunlight in their hair,  
Starlight in their eyes,  
Holding hands in love.  
The older ones nurturing the younger,  
Helping them to grow.  
I like to think that they are one,  
As we are ONE,  
A family of love!

~Gloria Grant  
TCF Miami, FL

*"The lasting gift that any loved one gives us is their  
presence in our hearts.  
It is up to us to dedicate ourselves to integrating that  
loving spirit into our ongoing lives."*

~Carol Staudacher



## Do You Know?

Do you know what I've learned,  
that the deepest, truest healing  
offered by The Compassionate Friends  
comes not in the first few years,  
but later?

Do you know  
that just when you think  
there is no more to gain  
by coming to meetings,  
something you will say or do  
will help another,  
and another. . .  
and exponentially,  
through your opened heart,  
there can flow riches,  
gifts beyond imagining?

Do you know that TCF's truest alchemy  
lies not in what we can get  
but what we can give?

That by turning grief's dark energy  
and inner absorption outwards  
towards the hope of helping others  
we can regain a sense of purpose,  
honor our beloved children,  
and take them with us as we do?

All this . . .  
if only you stay on - or come back -  
to help those more newly bereaved,  
sharing your own unique path through grief  
and learning, along with others,  
what you did not know you know.

~Genesse Gentry  
Mother of Lori 2/2-6/28  
And Author of Stars in the Deepest Night:  
After the Death of a Child



## Book Review

*I Have No Intention of  
Saying Good-Bye*

~By Sandy Fox

Five or more years after the death of their children, 25 families open their hearts and share stories of courage, hope and their attempts to make sense out of the most unbearable loss of all. In addition to helping themselves learn how these parents help others and what advice they give to those still having difficulty living in a world without their child.

Available online at [www.centering.org](http://www.centering.org)



## A Father Speaks

Driving to work with the radio on, I sit next to a fellow co-worker and friend in the passenger seat. It's early in the morning and the conversation is light. A song reminds me of Jesse my deceased son, so I tell a story about Jesse. A cloud of silence and dread fills the car. My friend shifts his position and I can feel how uncomfortable he is. I swallow the memories of Jesse and switch the conversation to last night's ball game. Sound familiar? It's painful to your friends to hear about your deceased child and it's painful for you to silence your memories too.

Certain studies claim that women are social beings and are more able to communicate their emotions than are men. This same studies state that men are mostly competitive and tend to hide their negative emotions, such as sadness or grief, especially from other men.

Does that mean that men have less need to deal with their emotions? I don't think so. From personal experiences and experiences of other men whom I have known, grief is one emotion that demands relief. Without grief recovery, grief can become a destructive force that, at some point, can consume your physical as well as your mental and spiritual health.

Bereavement support groups remind us that we need not walk alone. From a man's viewpoint, I think our support group's monthly gatherings offer an important avenue for men to work through the grief recovery process. Other doors are often shut to men who need to discuss their anger, guilt, sadness and even happy memories concerning their deceased children. Let's talk with and listen to each other.

~Jim Hobbs  
BP/USA of North Texas  
A Journey Together - Spring 2004  
[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

### "Sorrow Road"

The road to Sorrow was a short road.  
I was there before I knew it.  
The road to Healing is a long road.  
The Healing Road will be found if I want,  
wait and look long enough.  
Some days I travel easily, making good time.  
Other days each step feels like a mile,  
and I don't care if I ever arrive.  
My sorrow is real. I can feel it,  
and I see it everywhere I look.  
This road named Sorrow never ends,  
no matter how many miles I walk.  
After a time, Sorrow Road doesn't seem to always be uphill.  
I can find many ways to walk down hill, among the living.



~Tonya M. Sandoval



## Graduation Time

It's June and graduation time again. Your child would have been among those wearing the cap and gown, walking down the aisle to the ever stirring "Pomp and Circumstance". Now there is a vacant spot in the line. Should you attend? Can you stand the pain? Will people think you are strange?

As always you must follow your heart. So, go if you'd like to and don't hide your tears. It's quite all right to miss your own child while celebrating the achievements of others.

Just remember: That your instincts are the most important ones; that no one else can make this decision for you, and that it doesn't really matter what other people think.

It was your child who died. This is your pain and you have the right to feel it and deal with it in your own way - and may a bit more healing take place in the doing.

~Peggy Gibson,  
TCF Nashville, TN



## A Message to My Wife

The years of our marriage are few when measured against a lifetime.  
We have encountered joy and shared confidence in our future.  
We have known hope's ending and have borne the death of dreams.  
We have, together, been diminished.  
Even minor aspirations have eluded our grasp in the cruel shadow of the loss of our child.  
Yet, we still share our lives, and though the brightness we once knew has fled.  
We have grown enough to sense a return of laughter - and a uplifting to shatter the dimness.  
To remind us that tomorrow will come and dreams may again be born.

~Dan Hackett, TCF South Shore, Boston  
Reprinted from TCF Longwood, FL  
Newsletter, June 2000



# Love Gifts

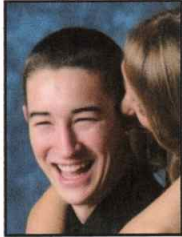


Were Received From:

*Bruce Peddie*

In Loving Memory of his son:

**Nigel  
Peddie**  
1/19 - 2/1



*Lisa Shields*

In Loving Memory of her son  
and granddaughter:

**Aron Golianis**  
1/5 - 5/15



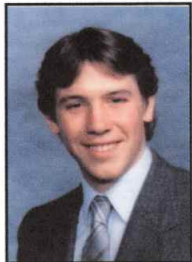
**Lelia Rose**  
8/10 - 10/24



*Steve Berry*

In Loving Memory of his son:

**Brian  
Berry**  
9/16 - 6/30



*Gary & Sandy Johnson*

In Loving Memory of their  
granddaughter.:

**Emily  
Mogg**  
4/16 - 1/30



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 Diane at our meeting or mail it to Diane Briones at 19544 Babington St., Canyon Country, 91351. You can also email the info to [tcf.santaclarita@gmail.com](mailto: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!

*Your presence we miss, your memory we treasure.  
Loving you always, forgetting you never.*

*~unknown*

# "Forever In Our Hearts"

Our Children/Grandchildren/Siblings



*Loved and Missed on Their Birthdays*

*May*

*June*

Name	Date	Member	Name	Date	Member
Jeffrey Costin	5/17	Richard & Carol Costin	Daniel Renolds	6/22	Tom & Alice Renolds
Michael Arvizu	5/6	Robert & Juanita Arvizu	Darren Bullock	6/15	Carol Lock
Sarah Crittenden	5/30	Jeanne & Steve Crittenden	Daniel McAlpine	6/27	Elaine McAlpine
Selena Cates	5/30	Eric & Elena Cates	Mindy Siefert	6/7	Debbie Gardner
Selena Cates (Grandchild)	5/30	John & Joanne Campos	Amber Wyatt	6/7	Lora Wyatt
Christian Hart	5/31	Khalil Hart			
Kaitlyn Todd	5/17	Jennifer Todd			



*Lovingly Remembered on Their Angel Dates*

*May*

*June*

Name	Date	Member	Name	Date	Member
Ryan Ludwick	5/7	Cathy Rusch	Brian Berry	6/30	Steve Berry
			Christopher Rodriguez	6/13	Barbara Rawson
			Steven Sprague	6/18	Marie Sprague
			Michael Kelly	6/10	Kathy Kelly
			Selena Cates	6/17	Eric & Elena Cates
			Selena Cates (Grandchild)	6/17	John & Joanne Campos
			Jeeven Viridi	6/12	Jaswir & Harvinder Viridi
			Christian Hart	6/6	Khalil Hart
			Clarence Simpson	6/2	Latasha Wiginton
			Jayden Saenz	6/28	Amanda Tejad



Newly Bereaved... Time will ease the hurt



The sadness of the present days is locked and set in time,  
and moving to the future is a slow and painful climb.

Nothing can erase the painful imprints on your mind;  
but there are softer memories that time, will let you find.

But all the feelings that are now so vivid and so real  
can't hold their fresh intensity as time begins to heal.

Though your heart won't let the sadness simply slide away,  
the echoes will diminish even though the memories stay.

No wound so deep will ever go away,  
yet every hurt becomes a little less from day to day.

~Bruce Wilmer  
TCF, NJ