



The Compassionate Friends

Marin County Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies



May—June, 2022 ISSUE

Vol 43, No. 3

#1184

This issue of the TCF Marin Newsletter is sponsored by love gifts from our members.

Chapter Leader:

Eileen Rusky
erusky@gmail.com

Facilitator:

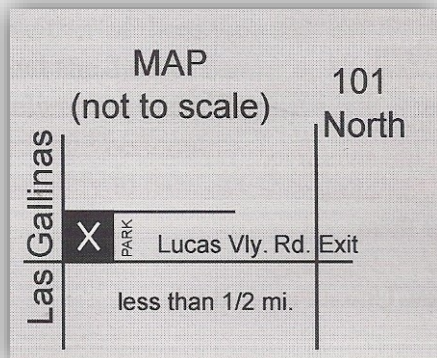
Mark Rosengarden

TCF Marin Monthly Meetings:

Group meetings are normally held on the third Monday of the month from 7:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. at the Hillside Church at Lucas Valley.

2000 Las Gallinas Avenue
(at Lucas Valley Road)
San Rafael, CA

First time attendees are encouraged to arrive at 7:00 for orientation. All attendees arriving before 7:00 p.m. are asked to sign in and be seated in the lobby until the meeting room is ready. The TCF Newsletter and informational pamphlets will be displayed for attendees to browse.



FORWORD to this edition and note from the editor:

We are holding our usual monthly support meetings at the Hillside Church in Terra Linda. Attendees must show proof of Covid-19 vaccination and a picture ID. Facemasks are required.

Please let us know if you are not receiving periodic email information or if your email address is not on our contact list. We will add you to the list. Thank you for your continuing support.



A Tear Fell

I rode by your school by chance today
And I just happened to look that way.
The boys all had their ball caps on;
then I remembered my son was gone.
Just when I thought I was doing so well,
Before I knew it - a tear fell.
Then on Sunday as I sat in church
I looked around and missed you so much.
I saw other boys in their Sunday suits
And I remembered you were just as cute.
People all think I'm doing so well;
They don't know today - a tear fell.
When I'm reminded of what might have been
It gets too hard to hold it in.
When life will catch me off my guard,
That's when I seem to be hit so hard.
It seems all roads lead back to you
As I take each day and try to get through.
They say time makes it better, but I cannot tell.
I only know today - a tear fell.

Carolyn Bryan
TCF Orange Park, FL



Meeting Calendar

Third Monday of the Month:

Monday, May 16, 2022
Monday, June 20, 2022
Monday, July 18, 2022
Monday, August 15, 2022



TCF RESOURCES:

The Compassionate Friends, Marin County Chapter

P.O. Box 150935
San Rafael, CA 94915
www.tcfmarin.org
tcfmarin@gmail.com
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/36595597804>
Info: Eileen Rusky (415) 457-3123

TCF San Francisco and Peninsula Chapter

Meets: 2nd Wednesday
Taraval Police Sta. 2345, 24th Ave
Contact: Audre Hallum
650.359.7928, cwhallum1@mac.com
Co Leaders: Meg Cunningham, Doug Cameron

TCF Sonoma County Chapter

tcf.sonomacounty@gmail.com
(707) 490-8640

Northern CA Regional Coordinator:

Nancy Juracka
nancy_juracka@yahoo.com

TCF National Office:

P.O. Box 3696
Oak Brook, IL 60533-3696
Phone: (630) 990-0010
Toll Free: (877) 969-0010
Fax: (630) 990-0246
Email: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org
www.compassionatefriends.org

Additional Support Sites

opentohope.com
survivorsof suicide.com
griefspeaks.com

Other Grief Counseling Resources

Hospice by the Bay offers individual and group grief counseling.
Free monthly drop in 1st Thursday 11am-12pm 17 E. Sir Francis Drake, Larkspur.
Marin and SF (415) 526-5699
Sonoma (707) 931-7299
Email: griefsupport@hbtb.org
Website: www.hospicebythebay.org

North Bay Grief Recovery in San Rafael

www.NorthBayGriefRecovery.com
Ph.: 415-250-3027

[LINK TO WEBSITE](#)

American Foundation for Suicide Prevention

www.afsp.org Ph.: 707.721.4062

Farewell to Dreams

Once upon a time we lived a fairy tale
Where all lived happily ever after
God's sun was bright and the stars at night
Joined in the joy and laughter

We met each day in a composed way
And met also each tribulation
We survived each blow and resultant woe
And loved without ration

Then one day the dreams went astray
We bid goodbye to "ever after"
Eyes filled with tears dissolved the cheers
And goodbye to joy and laughter

Unhappily tossed, our dreams were lost
In clouded skies there are no beams
Ours to remember a glowing ember
But goodbye to tales and farewell to dreams

Harvey Hockstein
TCF Morris Area, NJ
In Memory of my daughter, Marilyn

All Is Well

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.
All is well.

By Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918) Canon of St Paul's Cathedral

It is during our darkest moments that we must focus to see the light.
Aristotle Onassis

There are two ways of spreading light:
to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it.
Edith Wharton

Carol's Corner

by Carol Kearns, PhD
author of "Sugar Cookies and a Nightmare"



Columns for The Compassionate Friends

I have found great solace volunteering for The Compassionate Friends, a hard-working group that supports families seeking "the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child" (www.compassionatefriends.org). My columns discuss topics of continuing concern in the Marin County CA newsletter. Please visit my newly updated website at www.carolKearns.com. - Carol

Healing While Dreaming

When in a crisis one often dreams more intensely than usual. Freud speaks of dreams as being "the golden highway to the subconscious." They can help us to heal.

While grieving the loss of your child, keeping a dream journal can be helpful. Note all of your dreams. If they are vivid but do not make sense, record them anyway. At some point the symbolism may become clear. Always note repeated themes in dreams. Do these dreams change? If you cannot remember your dreams, try to remember the feelings they evoked. For instance, you might say, "I can't remember the dream but I awoke feeling so lost..."

Supposedly only 10% of our mind is conscious and the other 90% is subconscious. By accessing your dreams you can become in touch with a greater part of yourself. Doing so may give you a deeper understanding of how you are processing your pain.

After the death of my seven-year-old daughter Kristen, my dreams were often nightmares. Her body, found one week after her death, was so mutilated I was not allowed to see her. My nightmares were a result of not having closure.

While consciously I was grappling with her death, a nightmare in itself, subconsciously I was struggling to rescue her. Nightly I would bolt upright, soaked with perspiration from horrifying images of her drowning in the ocean and my not being able to reach her. Terrified, I would grab from my nightstand the only thing left of her to hold, a ring found on her finger. Holding tightly to her ring, I would try to calm myself by talking out loud and telling myself she was no longer in the ocean. I would repeat many times over that she was now at peace and I must also try to

find peace in her death. When I returned to sleep, the dreams that followed were always comforting.



MOTHER'S DAY 1993

The love for her children,
Deep but never smothering
Keeping a fire burning at home,
For the son tentatively venturing
Toward a world of his own -
Nurturing yet nudging him -
Like the tigress with her cubs,
A precarious yet perfect balance.
Memories of the other cub,
The daughter gone but so ever - present
Watches and nudges too
Her beloved brother - guided somehow
By her spirit never far.
Two children and a mother
Mystically intertwined
Love's ultimate expression.

THE SEAL

A small seal glides effortlessly across the water.
Divinely, perfectly there, then gone.
My eyes search for another glimpse.
I'm sad to lose my joyful moment.
Then calm as I reflect that the seal swims on,
Only beyond my sight, away from my senses
She swims.

November 13, 2002

DARKNESS DENIED

Spirit of light twinkling,
Filling the darkness with
Memories of joy and love
Beckoning through the night.
Glowing, forever twinkling,
Her brightness most resplendent
In the darkest sky - Kristen.

Bob
November 13, 2000



Our Children Remembered

May

Child	Dates		Bereaved
Garrett Artigiani	05/04/1970	07/30/2011	Joe & Anya Artigiani
Barbara Ann Balesteri	05/07/1948	04/01/2015	Mary Balesteri, Harry & Josie Ewing
Bode Derrin Barringer	06/04/2011	05/15/2016	DeAnn Wylie-Gonzalez
Meredith Kathryn Emma Bates	04/28/1990	05/04/2017	Laura & John Pattillo
Nino Angelo Bosco	05/30/1989	07/17/2019	Frauka Kozar
Madeleine Bourque	05/03/2015	05/03/2015	Suzanne Bourque
Michelle Gayle Carter	05/03/1978	07/02/2017	Cynthia Carter
Josh Clark	05/22/1979	05/26/2016	Susan Radelt
Zachary Andrew Clayton	06/06/1974	05/08/1990	David Clayton
Kevin C. Craft	05/01/1990	04/22/2011	Debbie & Curtis Craft
David Bradley Etling	05/21/1999	05/04/2018	Stephen Etling & Benjamin Bloodworth
Matthew Finzen	02/18/1988	05/12/2017	Barbara & Fritz Finzen
Neel Thomas Foon	05/29/1998	03/28/2017	Brad & Genie Foon
Peter Alexander Forstner	05/14/1981	07/01/2001	Kitty Forstner
Michael Chad Harris	05/30/1982	08/26/2009	Jerry & Trena Harris
Christopher Robin Hotchkiss	05/15/1974	03/21/1996	Radha Stern
Stefanie Helen Jacobs	05/26/1987	01/10/1997	Nanette Jacobs. Rob Jacobs
Joanne Rae Kline	04/21/1972	05/06/2011	Donna & Sylvan Kline
Patrick Alan Kolsky	05/19/1984	03/04/2003	Alan & Linda Kolsky
Maximillian Letizi	03/10/1988	05/27/2010	Anthony & Terry Letizi
Sabrina Elizabeth Lew	02/23/1988	05/03/2018	Teri Miller
Adam Blake London	07/29/1983	05/14/2019	Trudie London
Jesse Colin Lux	05/07/1978	06/02/2019	Marcia Lux. Bobby Lux
Katherine N. Mackura	05/12/2008	05/20/2009	Jaeson & Kelly Mackura
Marco Antonio Joseph Martinez	05/04/1998	02/05/2018	Samuel Martinez & Brenda Bloomfield
Timothy Patrick McBride	05/05/1986	09/24/2001	Lois Kortum & George McBride
Erin Kathryn McEowen	03/23/1970	05/12/1992	Sandy McEowen
Robert Scott McIntosh	05/13/1985	10/03/2014	Jennifer Holman McIntosh
Kevin Connor Olaeta	04/27/1988	05/18/2019	Lonnie Olaeta
Alexander Sol Olive	05/16/1981	12/01/1985	Judy Olive
Melody Rae Osheroff	07/12/1999	05/27/2009	Aaron Osheroff
Nicolas James Pitti	12/19/1985	05/11/2014	Robert & Rose Marie Longoria
Lindsey Opal Quinby	05/09/1982	01/21/2012	Jean Quinby Reiss, Paul Quinby
Ruby Rhea	05/09/1969	12/17/2010	Bertha Jean Schmidt
Anthony Joseph Rios	04/07/1964	05/15/1997	Barb Curtice
Ruby Salkeld	05/11/2001	01/18/2018	Cathie Merkel
Nicolas Simard	09/26/2003	05/26/2016	Julie Chabot & François Simard
Zackary Spencer Stuart	05/15/1993	04/09/2016	Michelle Stuart

“Perhaps this is what the stories meant when they called somebody heartsick. Your heart and your stomach and your whole insides felt empty and hollow and aching.”

— Gabriel Garcí-a Márquez

“If you have ever lost a loved one, then you know exactly how it feels. And if you have not, then you cannot possibly imagine it.”

— Lemony Snicket, *The Bad Beginning*

Our Children Remembered

June

Child	Dates		Bereaved
Peter Demitrius Alex	01/06/1964	06/28/1979	Bill & Pat Alex
Shane Arneson	08/22/1987	06/24/2011	Carolyn Beasley
Bode Derrin Barringer	06/04/2011	05/15/2016	DeAnn Wylie-Gonzalez
Sean Behan	09/21/1974	06/24/2019	Gerri & Robert Behan
Matthew Buckley	10/06/1975	06/04/1992	Mark & Kristina Buckley
Stephen Anthony Castaldo	06/16/1962	12/18/2013	Joanne Castaldo
Aura Celeste	03/05/1998	06/02/2015	Joshua Nagler
Zachary Andrew Clayton	06/06/1974	05/08/1990	David Clayton
Daniel Keith Cracchold	01/31/1965	06/14/2004	Linda Winslow
Chloë Sabrina Dator	06/19/1988	08/12/2006	Dani Dator
Nina Embervine	01/11/1985	06/05/2017	Barbara McNeil
Kristopher Manuel Espinoza	06/05/1996	01/02/2020	Kristina Espinoza, Judy Duenas
Jason Paul Ewing	11/10/1970	06/22/1994	Harry & Josie Ewing
"Ryan" Stephan Fyles	03/18/1976	06/11/2017	Susan & Dale Fyles
Lori Ann Elizabeth Gentry	02/02/1970	06/28/1991	Genesse & Bill Gentry
William Turner Gundry	03/07/1988	06/07/2009	Karen Gundry Smith & Frank Gundry
Peter Alexander Helldoerfer	01/15/1989	06/01/2019	Kathleen Freitag, Peter Helldoerfer
Savannah Louise Hill	06/04/1993	09/22/2003	Andrea Hill
Janet Suzanne Hoch	06/29/1963	07/26/1981	Linda & Peter Hoch
Rodrigues Julian	11/03/2015	06/18/2017	Connie Rodrigues
Rodrigues Juliana	07/27/2010	06/18/2017	Connie Rodrigues
Dylan Clarke Krings	06/12/1994	01/18/2017	Randy & Sioux Krings
Robert LeRoy Latham	10/22/1985	06/18/2020	Sharon R & Robert Finston
Jesse Colin Lux	05/07/1978	06/02/2019	Marcia Lux, Bobby Lux
Michael Allen Mannheimer	06/18/1962	07/10/2019	Shirlee J. Newman
Richard C. Mannheimer, Jr.	06/27/1961	08/22/2010	Richard Mannheimer, Sr., Shirlee J. Newman
Lori Margo Meislin	08/24/1959	06/25/1967	Barbara J. Meislin
Eli Thomas Olaeta	06/24/1979	01/08/2018	Lonnie Olaeta
Isabella Maria Pizzuti	06/03/2004	06/19/2019	Annmarie & Josephine Pizzuti
Nicholas Plaskon	09/07/1971	06/19/1992	John & Berit Lelas
Lonnie Roper II	10/02/1979	06/11/2011	Shirlee Roper
Jordyn Royall	08/02/1999	06/02/2018	Michelle Royall & Colin Fleumer
Nevra Rubenstein	11/01/1999	06/04/2015	Janet & Zev Rubenstein
Theodore "Teddy" James Russell	02/17/1999	06/16/2018	Anne & Tim Russell
Kyle Aaron Scourbys	01/01/1991	06/06/2015	Bill & Kimberly Scourbys
Adam James Parks Steinberg	06/05/1991	12/02/2018	Ella & Steve Steinberg
Jackson Jonathan-Michael Talbott	06/12/2000	12/09/2017	Meghan & Jason Talbott
Aurora Alice Turnbaugh	04/17/2013	06/02/2013	Sandra Maxwell & Kevin Turnbaugh
Spencer Wood	06/15/1984	07/22/2006	Rich & Denise Wood
Nathan Hall Wright	08/08/1985	06/21/2019	Elizabeth Wright

"I will not say, do not weep, for not all tears are an evil." — J.R.R. Tolkien

Journaling to Heal

Each time I look back over my grief journey, I remember the important role that journaling played in my first and second years of grief. Handwritten entries, some sentences, sometimes just a few words describing my emotions, helped me to define where I was in my daily life. As I review the tear-stained pages, I am reminded of the deep, deep pain and the catharsis of the journal. Whether I was angry, in pain, deeply depressed or just too exhausted to think, I wrote a few words, maybe even a few lines each day. I saw it as my connection to my son.

As time progressed, my journaling became writing and eventually I returned to the computer and began forming coherent thoughts and sentences, with subjects and messages to my child, myself and to others. But the process started with the healing of the journal. I learned to be very honest with myself in my journal because I never shared it with anyone. I didn't put on a mask or rationalize in my journal, as no one else would be reading it. I was completely candid, and I soon recognized my weaknesses, regrets, strengths and successes. Pure honesty and great insight were achieved in my journal's conversation with myself.

Grief therapists recommend journaling to bereaved parents quite frequently. Some people are able to find an outlet for their daily roller coaster of emotions through journaling. Some seek answers and others seek questions. Many parents feel they are connecting with their child through their journal. There are as many reasons to journal as there are types of journals.

While journaling may not be for everyone, we encourage each of you to at least attempt it for a week. Give it your best effort. If, as some have found, it offers you nothing and is a chore, not a treasured time, then stop and seek other forms of outlet. But if, as many have found, it offers you a place for your thoughts, your messages, your self-revelation and self-evaluation as well as a refuge from the world, then by all means, continue to journal.

Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX

Resisting Resentment

I have been aware for years now that battling a descent into self-pity is pretty much a daily struggle. More recently, I am noticing how much I struggle with resentment.

I am at an age when many of my friends have children who are nearing adulthood or have reached adulthood. As a consequence, their lives are focused on graduations, new jobs, new apartments, weddings, and grandchildren. None of those things are happening for me and I am finding it hard. I don't resent the friends who are enjoying those life pleasures; in my own weirdly stunted way, I am happy for them. But I do resent that those things aren't going to happen for me.

Didn't I change an equal number of diapers? Didn't I nurse children through all the miseries of childhood maladies? Didn't I pack all those school lunches? Didn't I cheer at all those soccer games?

I know I did.

I know I carefully assembled Easter baskets and tried to be creative about Halloween costumes. I played Santa. I never

missed a Parent/Teacher conference. I organized elaborate birthday parties. I even provided pick-up and delivery service for a tuba for two years.

I cooked dinners for the Youth Group. I made gingersnaps and date nut bars and pumpkin streusel muffins (his favorites). I fixed daily BLTs in August when the tomatoes were ripe.

But my son will never graduate from college. He'll never get married. He'll never have a career. He won't have children. He won't call me on my birthday or negotiate with me about when and for how long to visit. And I resent it.

I go to Crate and Barrel, or Bed, Bath & Beyond, or Pottery Barn and I select wedding gifts from a registry. I send checks for graduations. I buy gift cards from Target for baby showers.

And I resent it.

Peggi Johnson, TCF Piedmont Chapter, VA

It Doesn't Take Much

I am closing in on six years since my son Jordan died. Most days, I function productively. I have a "to-do" list (as I always have), I interact with the world in a reasonably coherent manner, and I like to think I help a few other people along the way. I know my dog is well cared for and I hope my husband and daughter think I have attended to them as best I can with whatever energy still resides within me.

Today, I had to go to the pharmacy to pick up the "solution" one needs in order to prepare for a colonoscopy. Even though I am well past the age when one is supposed to undergo that procedure on a regular basis, it is a procedure I have not been willing to endure in the last six years. Prior to the death of my son, I was a compliant patient any doctor would appreciate. I am less so these days. My approach to my medical care is highlighted by apathy.

Then my grief counselor died of colon cancer at the age of 59. His widow wrote a passionate, eloquent plea for people to get colonoscopies. So, I consider this one I'm getting to be the "John Anderson Memorial Colonoscopy."

And, as much as I loved John and appreciated him, I am not enthusiastic.

How could it be that the line in the pharmacy put me face to face with one of those round yellow Cheerios dispensers? The ones where a segment of the lid flips open so a child can reach in without spilling all the contents.

They can't be more than about five inches in diameter. I haven't seen one of those in decades. I had no idea they are still made or sold. They seem to be such an antique.

For years, it was an indispensable accessory to my days. I packed it in diaper bags. I made sure it was in the stroller. I always had it in the car so it could easily be passed to a child in the car seat.

It didn't just house Cheerios. There were raisins, too. And goldfish. Maybe some nuts. If I was feeling indulgent, there may have been M&Ms. Sort of a trail mix. See page 7

Love Gifts

Love Gifts are "messages" published in our newsletter that honor children who have died. We are grateful to parents, grandparents and others who, by their Love Gifts donations, allow us to offer resources such as the Annual Candle Lighting Event, the newsletter, books, brochures and pamphlets at no cost to assist bereaved families. They also allow us to provide information to professionals and others who impact the lives and feelings of the bereaved. The donation amount is your choice.

We received donations for a new Candle Lighting video project from the following:

Pamela Ashkenazy
Genesse Gentry
Eileen & Ed Rusky

The following love gifts were received for May and June:

Donor/s: David Clayton
Child: Zach Clayton
Dates: 6/6/74 - 5/8/90

Donor/s: Gerri Behan
Child: Sean Behan
Dates: 9/21/74 - 6/24/19

Donor/s: George McBride & Lois Kortum
Child: Time McBride
Dates: 5/5/86 - 9/24/01
"Our Beloved"

Donors: Brenda Bloomfield & Samuel Martinez
Child: Marco Antonio Joseph Martinez
Dates: 5/4/98 - 2/5/18

"Our magnificent, mysterious, maximal Marco, almost a man but still a teen and always our baby. We miss and love you immeasurably. Thank you for choosing us to be your family."

Deadlines for Love Gift information for Newsletters:

Jan/Feb issue Dec. 15 Jul/Aug issue Jun. 15
Mar/Apr issue Feb. 15 Sep/Oct issue Aug. 15
May/Jun issue Apr. 15 Nov/Dec issue Oct. 15

From page 6:

But that little Cheerios container went everywhere with us for many years. It soothed many moments of grumpiness. It tided us over until meal time. It distracted fits of boredom for long car rides.

And, today, I found myself eye-to-eye with that artifact from my days of happiness as a mom. Those eyes that stared at the Cheerios dispenser were eyes flooded with tears by the time I got to the head of the line at the pharmacy. Tearful eyes on a day when I thought I was handling things fairly well.

It doesn't take much.

Peggi Johnson

TCF Piedmont, VA

The risk of love is loss, and the price of loss is grief—But the pain of grief is only a shadow when compared with the pain of never risking love.

—Hilary Stanton Zunin

He that conceals his grief finds no remedy for it.

—Turkish Proverb

Love Gift Form:

Child's name _____ Donor's name _____

Child's Birthdate & Anniversary Date _____

Newsletter month _____

Message _____

Include your name, address and phone # if not on check in case of questions:

Mail the information above along with your donation (check) made payable to TCF/Marin
to: TCF/Marin c/o Love Gifts, P.O. Box 150935, San Rafael, CA 94915.



The Compassionate Friends

Marin County Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

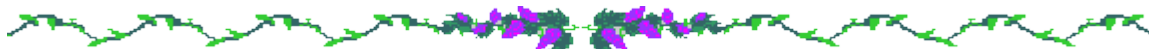
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The Compassionate Friends, Marin County Chapter
P. O. Box 150935
San Rafael, CA 94915

MAY—JUN, 2022

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Dated Material - Please Deliver Promptly



A Painless Way to Support our TCF Chapter

TCF Marin survives largely on generous love gifts throughout the year and at the Candle Lighting Ceremony in December. But there is another way to support TCF-MC that is easy and painless. That is, whenever you purchase something from Amazon, if you do so through Amazon Smile, .5% of the purchase price of selected items will be sent to TCF-MC automatically.

It's easy, it places no additional economic burden on you or your family and, when enough of us participate, it will add up and TCF-MC will be stronger and be able to provide more services.

It's simple. Here's how to do it.

To shop at AmazonSmile simply (1) go to smile.amazon.com. (If you have one, you can use the same account on Amazon.com and AmazonSmile. Your shopping cart, Wish List and other account settings are also the same.) (2) On your first visit to AmazonSmile, smile.amazon.com, (3) just select TCF-MC to receive donations from eligible purchases before you begin shopping. AmazonSmile will remember your selection, and then every eligible purchase you make at smile.amazon.com will result in a donation. Eligible products are marked “Eligible for AmazonSmile donation” on their product detail pages.

