



## THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS NEWSLETTER

Spring 2019 VOL 25, # 2 NORTH SHORE CHAPTER

"The poignant image of the small child either moving away or towards the hands, which look male and female, along the rays of sunlight has never been analyzed and remains whatever each parent, sibling, grandparent feels it is for them."

### CHAPTER LEADERS

Jan Bryant  
604-980-1084  
Cathy Sosnowsky  
604-770-4570

### TELEPHONE CONTACT

Leslie Gibbons  
604-619-2481  
Cathy Sosnowsky  
604-770-4570

### TREASURER

Jan Bryant  
604-980-1084  
#207 - 2800 Chesterfield  
North Vancouver, BC  
V7N 4M1

### ADVISORY BOARD

Rev. Robin Jacobson  
United Church Minister

Dr. Heather Mohan  
Executive Director  
Camp Kerry Society

### EDITORS

Leslie Gibbons  
[lesliesgibbons@gmail.com](mailto:lesliesgibbons@gmail.com)  
Cathy Sosnowsky  
[csosnowsky@shaw.ca](mailto:csosnowsky@shaw.ca)

### MEETING PLACE

This chapter meets at 7:30 pm on the 2nd Wednesday of each month in the Upper Lounge of:

**North Lonsdale United Church**  
3380 Lonsdale Avenue  
North Vancouver  
Please use rear door from parking lot to enter.

The Compassionate Friends is a non-denominational, non-profit, self-help organization offering friendship and support to families who have experienced the death of a child of any age. The purpose of the group is to aid each other in our grief journeys through listening, sharing and understanding.



*I have been trying to make the best of grief  
and I am only just beginning to learn  
to allow it to make the best of me.*

Barbara Lazear Ascher, *Landscape without Gravity*

For our **April 10th** meeting, please bring a small pot of spring flowers and a framed photo of your child(ren). These will make a beautiful display while we hold our sharing meeting, and at the end we will each take home flowers from someone else's child. Let's share our gifts and welcome the spring together.

### TCF Annual Retreat at Seabeck , WA

**May 31 - June 2, 2019**

**Retreat Cost : \$240.00** per person (shared room)  
(2 nights lodging & 6 meals - Friday supper  
through Sunday lunch)

Registration Due By: **May 1, 2019**

**Email Cathy ([csosnowsky@shaw.ca](mailto:csosnowsky@shaw.ca)) for Registration  
Form and Information pages**

### Spring North Shore TCF Meetings

March 13, 2019

April 10, 2019

May 8, 2019

## Editor's Notes

Thinking back over the winter months, I am remembering the candles we lit on December 12<sup>th</sup>. Once again our TCF North Shore Candle Lighting Ceremony fell on the anniversary of our son Alex's death. Though Woldy and I have lived through that awful date twenty-five times now, it still brings back sharp memories of the hurt, the shock, the sorrow. In the first few years, even maybe the first ten years of the anniversary, Woldy and I would leave town for some quiet setting in nature. Point-No-Point, near Sooke on Vancouver Island, was a favourite place of escape. Don't you love the name? Yes, there is still no point to Alex's death. He should be a 43-year-old man now, a father, a creator of animated movies, a comfort to us as we age. Ah, all those "if only's"—no point to them.

Now we don't feel the need to escape. And spending the anniversary night of our son's death with a group of bereaved parents seems just the right thing to do. When I empathize with the pain of the newly bereaved, I remember when I was in that place of helplessness, hopelessness, and sometimes I find myself crying with them. But I also recognize how far I have come on my grief journey. How quiet my grief is. More like melancholy, a quiet sadness.

Something that brightened that Candle Lighting Evening (besides the candles and the photos of the beautiful children) was the appearance of three long-time-bereaved parents who attended our meetings regularly in the early years of their grief. I can't remember exactly, but I think one was ten years along in her grief, another twelve, and another thirteen. It was so lovely to see them, looking healthy and sound. I remembered how each of them wept at meetings past. "I wonder if they stopped attending because they were cured?" I joked to Woldy on the way home. "And because we still attend, are we incurable?" I added. Ah, please read Alan Pederson's article in this issue where he articulates so well the lifetime commitment to Compassionate Friends of a bereaved father.

And now we wait for spring. I remember how the first spring hurt. How dare the earth renew itself when my child is dead? But now I believe in renewal. Be patient, it will come.

*Cathy sends her love*

### WRITING TOWARDS HEALING WORKSHOP

Saturday, May 18th, 9:30am to 12:30pm

At Leslie Gibbons' home, 5340 Kew Road, West Vancouver

Presented by Cathy Sosnowsky, author of  *Holding On: Poems for Alex*  and  *Snapshots: A Story of Love, Loss, and Life.*

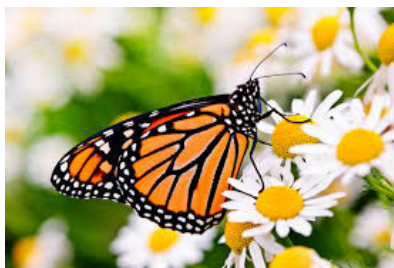
Register by calling **Cathy at 604-770-4570** or by email:

**[csosnowsky@shaw.ca](mailto:csosnowsky@shaw.ca)**

Cost: \$20. (includes \$10. donation to TCF North Shore)

The writing of poetry or prose about our deepest losses can lead to relief, understanding, and connection. Examples will be used to encourage participants to write spontaneously about their pain, their memories of their loved one, and their moments of insight or joy. There will be time to share, though sharing what one writes is always optional. No previous writing experience is necessary. Participants will take away a handout to encourage them to continue using writing in their healing journey.

## Just as Long as I Have Breath



Just as long as I have breath,  
I must answer "Yes" to life;  
Though with pain I make my way,  
Still with hope I meet each day.  
If they ask what I did well,  
Tell them I said "Yes" to life.

Just as long as vision lasts,  
I must answer "Yes" to truth;  
In my dream and in my dark,  
Always that elusive spark.  
If they ask what I did well,  
Tell them I said "Yes" to truth.

Just as long as my heart beats,  
I must answer "Yes" to love;  
Disappointment pierced me through,  
Still I went on loving you.  
If they ask what I did best,  
Tell them I said "Yes" to love.



Alicia S. Carpenter

Some people live a larger life,  
no matter what life's length.  
By looking on the brighter side,  
They find an inner strength.

They take whatever time they have  
and live for all they're worth,  
Spreading love and happiness  
to others here on earth.

They laugh a little louder  
and care a little more  
and show through their example  
just what life is for.

Although we miss them  
when they're gone  
what stories we can tell  
of how they made a difference  
by simply living well.

Anon



In our time of suffering  
May we find the courage  
To look into the experience of our  
pain.  
When it passes, as it surely will,  
May we find a true pearl,  
True grace,  
Or a graceful flower  
Growing out of the muck,  
Decay and mud.

May we find that we emerge  
From these experiences  
More whole, more free,  
More open to beauty, truth,  
And grace.

May we find that we are  
Stronger in the broken places  
Of our lives.

Debrah Cayer

**In the Springtime of Your Grief**  
**By Judi Fischer Cleveland, Ohio Bereavement Magazine**

Spring has fragile beginnings; a tiny shoot of green that emerges from the cold earth, a hint of pastel against the brownish grass, a bud that awakens with the morning sun. Sometimes spring comes so quietly we almost miss it, but once it begins, it is impossible to ignore the daily growth and change. The morning sun brings sounds that were not there before. The breeze carries warmth that invites us to venture outside of ourselves. A promise is released with the budding and blossoming surrounding us. Hope emerges for the beginning of a new season; change is in the air.

What we experience in the springtime of the year is what we can experience in the springtime of our grief. There begins to be a growing radiance. The radiance is not just around us; it is within us. A gradual warming of the heart silences the chill of intense pain. The natural unfolding of the grief process moves gently to remind us that we will survive. Life is changing and growth emerges through the changes. The song of our hearts that seemed off key begins to experience a harmonious blend of the past and the present. The songs of the birds invite us to join them in a celebration of a new life. In the springtime of our grief, there can be a new song for us to sing. It will be a song we composed through the heartache of loss.

Optimism for a better day may awaken us one morning. Hearing laughter and discovering it is coming from within ourselves gives us promise for today. Dreams and hopes for a better tomorrow shine brightly with the morning sun. Surviving the winter of our grief with the openness to embrace change is a decision to embrace loss and integrate its impact into the fabric of our lives. It can be a willingness to explore new possibilities that create a different landscape to behold. We can make a decision that we will begin to appreciate what we still have, not just focus on what is missing.

We will know when we have made that decision. Something buds; something opens. The harshness of winter is softened with new life and new growth. It is not something we can force; it is something that unfolds when the time is right. The springtime of grief arrives with no dramatic entrance, no flashing lights. The stillness of the beauty unfolds and captures our attention. It is happening around us, but it is also happening in us.

If spring has already crossed the path of your personal journey of grief, rejoice! But, if the chill of winter remains in your heart, be encouraged; spring is on its way. Look for it, expect it and it will be yours to experience around you and in you!



Grief is love's tears.



## **FUTURE GRIEF—A SIBLING'S POINT OF VIEW**

When a sibling dies, we not only grieve for them at the time, we grieve also for the future that will not include their physical presence. I call this grief "future grief." A sibling's grief has no timetable. As I think of my little sister and what she would be like now, a sadness envelops me and I know it is called "grief."

The feeling reappears on holidays, big important days like weddings, and sometimes when I pass a cemetery, or see a family with four children. Something pulls at me, and I am reminded—almost like the instance when a flash from a camera blinds you—that I am a bereaved sibling.

Working in the field of death and dying as a funeral director, a teacher, and grief therapist is, I believe, no accident. The experience of loss at an early age has been known to have a profound effect on children. I vividly remember my mother's intense suffering and wanting to hold and comfort her. She seemed like she was on an island that no-one could reach, speaking a language that no-one could understand. As a witness to our parents' grief and also to our own, siblings are impacted for life and often find comfort in helping others.

My twin sister is now working with the hospice as a nurse, and has also worked with dying children in a children's hospital. A sibling is often left with not only an acute awareness of death and loss, but also a sensitivity that comes from our own experiences with loss.

Although each loss and grief process is unique, I feel many bereaved siblings process a certain capacity to be present around those experiencing intense pain.

*From A Hole in our Hearts, by Phyllis A. Kusuplos*

At TCF North Shore meetings we are fortunate to have Adam Farrell as a representative of grieving siblings. Adam is a sibling support contact for the North Shore and Victoria chapters. He is now one of the administrators of the bereaved siblings Facebook page, which can be found by searching "TCF Canada Sibling Support" after logging into your Facebook account or using the link on the TCF Canada website, under TCF Canada Facebook links on the right hand navigation. Please feel free to contact Adam at 778-772-1165 or [infofarrell@gmail.com](mailto:infofarrell@gmail.com).

We do not sponsor a separate sibling sharing group, but adult siblings or mature teenagers are welcome to attend our monthly meetings. There is a bereaved parent page on the TCF Facebook as well.

### **A Grandparent's View**

The death of a child is the most tragic thing that can happen to anyone. It affects so many lives: family, friends, and even strangers. I lost my grandchild through death, and only a grandparent can understand the special love one has for a grandchild and the pain that is felt when the child dies.

For a grandparent, it is a double loss. Not only is your grandchild gone, but you also watch your child die each day. The smile that was always on her face is no longer there. The hurt is so deep and the questions so many. You feel helpless as a parent. You can't kiss the hurt away as you did when she was a young child. You have no answers for her questions, for you don't understand the many feelings that you are experiencing yourself.

Each day you hope and pray for a little ray of sunshine to show on her face. You search for a little something to say or do that will comfort her. It seems that there is no end to the suffering. As time goes slowly by, the healing process begins. At last, a ray of hope will show on her face and a smile will light it up again. She will turn to you for what little comfort you can give her. There will always be a part of you that is gone, but in time you can learn to live with the part that is still here.

Ruth Eaton TCF Savannah, GA



# OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED



*In each newsletter we honour the children we love who have died. If you are able to reach out to their parents with a phone call or card, it helps them know they are not alone.*

## MARCH BIRTHDAYS:

### April Archer

Daughter of Jeanette Einarson & Ken  
Archer; sister of Shannon  
March 31, 1987 – April 1, 1987

### Bradon Barkley

Son of Bonnie Barkley  
Brother of Michelle, Melissa, Brittany  
March 8, 1990 – July 1, 2015

### Elija Cote

Son of Carole Cote  
Brother of Contesha  
March 8, 1979 - July 29, 1994  
Murdered. Age 15

### Paul Norman John Cousins

son of Jan & Richard Cousins  
brother of Allison, Adrienne, & Simon  
March 16, 1982 - Oct. 6, 2003  
Skydiving accident. Age 21.

### Murphy Delesalle

Daughter of Patty Delesalle  
Sister of Coady & Katie  
March 29, 1994 – August 24, 2010  
Accident. Age 16.

### Lisa-Dawn Dobmeier

daughter of Maude and Ray  
Dobmeier  
sister of Roger  
Mar. 24, 1967 - Oct. 25, 1987  
Car accident. Age 20

### Paul Nicholas Green

Son of Sandra & Graham Green  
Brother of Theona  
March 21, 1963 – July 1, 1986  
Car crash. Age 23.

### Lukas Haavisto

Son of Mia Haavisto  
Brother of Sofia  
March 30, 1998 – May 15, 2017  
Drug overdose Xanax, Fentanyl, Cocaine

### Gina Ivison

Daughter of Valerie and Angelo  
Santinelli  
Sister of Laci and Barb  
March 9, 1975 – February 28, 2009  
Suicide. Age 34.

### Quinn Keast

Son of Jan & Tom Keast  
March 3/88 – June 10, 2006  
Twin brother to Jamie  
Bus accident. Age 18.

### Miranda Helen Reine Knapp

Daughter of Bruce Knapp & Jocelyn  
Honeyman  
Sister to Cage, Robin, Alexander  
March 1, 2014 – June 27, 2014  
RSU Virus. Age 3 months

### Dwayne Edward Mann

Son of Linda Mann  
March 21, 1966 – Sept. 23, 2016  
Hemopericardium due to  
Type A Aortic dissection. Age 50

### Nigel Gordon Miller

son of Marilyn and Peter Miller  
brother of Jeremy and Ashleigh  
Mar. 29, 1973 - Dec. 24, 1998  
Avalanche. Age 25.

### Andrew Moran

son of Lana Groves  
brother of Caitlin  
Mar. 28, 1978 - Dec. 9, 2001  
Murdered. Age 23.

### Mona Perry

Daughter of Hilda Proksch  
Sister of Andrew Proksch. Jr & Gary  
Proksch  
March 29, 1963 – Sept. 25, 2015  
Daughters Miranda & Martina  
Passed away in her sleep  
Age 51

### Carly Marguerite Reid

Daughter of Marguerite Wahl  
Sister of Morgan, Tanner & Shannon  
March 30, 1978-Dec. 12, 2005  
Scleroderma. Age 27.

### Marc C. Waich

Son of Frank & Marianne Waich  
Brother of Andrea  
March 12, 1974 – Oct. 20, 2004  
Suicide. Age 30.

### Stella Walsh

Daughter of Denis and Shelagh Walsh  
Sister of Brendan, Ryan, Bridget, Deni,  
Siobhan, Nicky and Victoria  
March 5, 1983 - October 23, 2018

### Philipp Krebs

Son of Susanne & Johann Krebs  
Brother of Eliza, Annalea & Sonya  
March 14, 1988 – June 6, 2012  
Heart Failure

### Sebastian Witt

Son of Matthew Witt  
Brother to Elanah and Eva  
March 31, 1995 – May 18, 2015  
Accidental Overdose. Age 20

### Ethan Roelofs

Son of Paul Roelofs & Sara  
Dubois-Phillips  
Brother of Noah  
March 6, 2002 – July 7, 2006  
Drowning. Age. 4

### Amora Berenjian

Daughter of Holly Wood  
Sister of Adella Berenjian  
March 10, 1999 – October 7, 2017  
Died in her sleep. Age 18

## MARCH LAST DAYS:

### Wayne Baran

son of Mike and Betty Baran  
Feb. 29, 1968 - Mar. 13, 1994  
Heart attack. Age 26.

### Brody Black

son of Nancy Black  
Apr. 17, 1998 - Mar. 15, 2002  
Almost 4 years old.

### Bara DeChamplain

Daughter of Linda DeChamplain  
July 30/77 – March 9, 2005  
ARDS. Age 27.

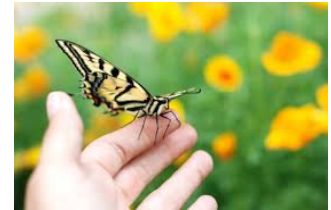
### Michael Gibson

Son of Vera Gibson  
Brother of Stephanie and Kate  
Jan 8, 1986 – March 7, 2011  
Car accident. Age 26





# OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED



## MARCH LAST DAYS, con't

### **Natalie Patricia-Anne Inzunza**

Daughter of Sharon and Jesus  
(deceased)  
Sister of Alexandra  
October 12, 1986 – March 21, 2014  
Aged 27

### **Kevin Kennedy**

Son of Marilyn Kennedy  
Nov. 25, 1959 – March 29, 1985  
Plane crash. Age 25

### **Troy Lauder**

Son of Norma Lauder  
Aug. 18, 1964 – March 12, 2017  
Brother of Shannon and Clay  
Fentanyl overdose. Age 52

### **Roan Moore**

Son of Patricia Murray  
Jan. 31, 1996 – March 30, 2017  
Suicide. Age 21

### **Michael Robinson**

son of Brenda and Ken Robinson  
Jun. 12, 1972 - Mar. 8, 1994  
Drowning. Age 21.

### **Jody Ann Ziebell**

Daughter of Elaine Hasemore  
Sister of Robyn, half-sister of Heidi  
Apr. 8, 1983 - Mar. 31, 1990  
Malignant brain tumour. Almost 7 yrs.

## APRIL BIRTH AND LAST DAYS:

### **Jeffrey Raymond Mahler (Djaef)**

son of Rudi and Julie Mahler  
brother of Ingrid, Carlise, Alex & Mitch  
Apr. 26, 1956 - April 12, 1989  
AIDS. Age 32.

### **Don Fracis Stratton Millerd (Donnie)**

Son of Mary & Don Millerd  
Brother of Margot, Jenn, Lisa, Ali  
April 29, 1982 – April 20, 1984  
Farm accident. Age, almost 2.

### **Danny Wyder**

son of Helen Burnham  
brother of Kathy, Ken, Jey, John and  
Karen  
Apr. 12, 1961 - Apr. 15, 1986  
Age 25.

## APRIL BIRTH DAYS

### **David John Horton Badger**

Son of Colleen & Chris Badger  
Brother of Jonathan  
April 18, 1972 – Nov. 3, 2005  
Cardiac-ventricular fibrillation. Age  
15.

### **Brody Black**

son of Nancy Black  
Apr. 17, 1998 - Mar. 15, 2002  
Almost 4 years old.

### **Benjamin Joseph Chambers**

Son of Lucy and Duff Chambers  
Brother of Matthew, Charlene,  
Candace  
April 16, 1977 – January 27, 2010  
Self-inflicted gunshot wound. Age  
33.

### **Dorina Sandy Nagel**

Daughter of Bonnie and Norbert  
Nagel  
Sister of Quentin  
April 2, 1972 – Feb. 28, 2010  
House Fire. Age 37

### **Jennifer Kathleen Simpson**

Daughter of Ruth & Don Simpson  
April 18, 1987 – Jan. 27, 2008  
Car accident. Age. 20.

### **Sean Godfrey Watson**

Son of Godfrey and Pat Watson  
Apr. 1, 1973 - Oct. 30, 1994  
Jeep accident on a mountain near  
Squamish  
Age 21.

### **Jody Ann Ziebell**

daughter of Elaine Hasemore  
sister of Robyn, half-sister of Heidi  
Apr. 8, 1983 - Mar. 31, 1990  
Malignant brain tumour. Almost 7  
years.

### **Jeffrey "Jeff" Pump**

Son of Jennifer & John Pump  
Brother of Mike Scott  
April 5, 1986 – Feb. 26, 2012  
Suicide. Age 25

## APRIL LAST DAYS:

### **Ashley Brear**

Daughter of David & Judy Brear  
Sister of Heidi & Andrew  
Dec. 12, 1983 – April 22, 2006  
Hodgkin's lymphoma. Age 22.

### **Westley John Davis**

Son of Julie Davis  
Brother of Kameeka Emily &  
Sasha Hazel  
Dec., 2009 – April 22, 2010.  
Age 4 months

### **James Dennis**

Son of Veronica and Chris Dennis  
Brother of Tracey.  
Januarey 9, 1985 – April 13, 2011  
Heart attack. Age 26.

### **Neil Falkner**

son of Judy Lynne  
brother of Scott and Lucy  
Sept. 17, 1969 - Apr. 12, 2002  
Skiing accident. Age 32.

### **Chris Carter Feilden**

Son of Randle & Annette Feilden  
Brother of Adrienne  
May 12, 1978 – April 19, 2010  
Age 32

### **Holleh Javidan**

Daughter of Hiedeh Tavassoli  
Sister to Neda Javidan  
Sept. 11, 1985 – April 17, 2012  
Age 26

### **Jeremy Lees**

son of Scott Lees  
brother of Tyler  
Oct. 31, 1994 - Apr. 10, 2002  
Car accident. Age 7.

### **John McKim Millar**

Son of Eileen Sowerby  
Brother of Hamish & Jerusha  
Nov. 18, 1978 – April, 2003  
Mountaineering Accident. Age  
24.

### **Iseult O'Flynn-Magee**

Daughter of Kathy O'Flynn-  
Magee  
Sister of Sean  
Nov. 22, 1988 – April 18, 2007  
Unknown. Age 18



# OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED



## APRIL LAST DAYS, con't

### Trevor Slobogian

son of Brian and Onalee Slobogian  
brother of Erin  
Dec. 12, 1978 - Apr. 8, 2000  
Suicide. Age 21.

### Manda Smith

Daughter of Betsy Smith  
Sister of Sydney  
July 16, 1981 – April 19, 2005  
Brain tumour. Age 23

## MAY BIRTH AND LAST DAY:

### Lachlan Thomson

Son of Leah Thoson  
Brother of Skye Thomson  
May 26, 2002 – May 31, 2016  
Depression/Suicide. Age 14

## MAY BIRTHDAYS:

### Laurel Atwood

Daughter of Nino & Dorothy Stroppa  
Sister of John & Tony  
Wife of Colin  
Breast cancer. Age 41.

### Robert Curry

Son of Patricia Thomas  
May 1, 1991 – Dec. 21, 2010  
Epilepsy. Age 18

### Sasha Fairbanks

Son of Wendy Fairbanks  
Brother of Kalen  
May 17, 1993 – May 27, 2018  
Killed by a distracted driver  
Aged 25

### Greg Fedorak

son of George and Sharon Fedorak  
brother of Frank and Marc  
May 20, 1973 - Oct. 30, 1994  
Truck accident. Age 21.

### Chris Carter Feilden

Son of Randle & Annette Feilden  
Brother of Adrienne  
May 12, 1978 – April 19, 2010

### Melinda Rose Hathaway

Daughter of David & Joanne Hathaway  
Sister of Michael, David & Greg  
May 19, 1981 – Sept 15, 1996  
Cancer. Age 15.

### Derrick Livingstone

son of Barbara Livingstone  
brother of Catherine and Karen  
May 7, 1964 - Dec. 22, 1991  
Drug and alcohol overdose. Age 27.

### Nigel MacKenzie

son of Leslie MacKenzie  
brother of Robin and Cameron  
May 26, 1972 - Dec. 26, 1989  
Car accident. Age 17.

### Rachel Marie Sharman

Daughter of Doran and Annmarie  
Sister of Caitlin  
May 17, 1990 – October 31, 2009  
Suicide. Age 19.

### Jason Richard Wood

Son of Stan and Sandy Wood  
May 28, 1970 - Oct. 15, 1989  
Car accident. Age 19.

## MAY LAST DAYS:

### Michelle Arnelien

daughter of Ken and Jan  
sister of Cory  
Apr. 4, 1972 - May 5, 1991  
Cancer. Age 19.

### Dane Bosch

Son of Dana Bosch  
Brother of Desiree & Danya  
Aug. 25, 1988 – May 6 or 7, 2016  
(missing)  
Murder. Ages 27

### Nicholas Downs

son of Ian Downs  
brother of Lauren  
Oct. 5, 1983 - May 7, 2000  
Car accident. Age 17.

### Riley Jane Elholm

Daughter of Debbie Elholm  
Sister of Mitchell  
Dec. 4, 1995 – May 4, 2016  
Unknown. Age 20

## MAY LAST DAYS:

### Sasha Fairbanks

Son of Wendy Fairbanks  
Brother of Kalen  
May 17, 1993 – May 27, 2018  
Killed by a distracted driver  
Aged 25

### Lukas Haavisto

Son of Mia Haavisto  
Brother of Sofia  
March 30, 1998 – May 15, 2017  
Drug overdose Xanax, Fentanyl, Cocaine

### Erik Olofson

Son of Drew and Kris Olofson  
Brother to Duncan  
July 16, 1991 – May 31, 2017  
Fentanyl. Aged 25

### Matthew David Shelton

Son of Leslie Gibbons  
Brother of Sarah, Kate, Elspeth, Charles & Emily  
Nov. 17, 1984-May 14, 2008  
Drug related. Age 23.

### Lindsay Amelia Gordon

daughter of Jan Bryant  
sister of Margot and Graeme  
Sept. 9, 1982 - May 11, 1993  
Fall. Age 10.

### Joshua Matt Carl Goos

Son of Diane and Ron Goos  
Brother of Cezanne & Carlin  
Nov. 27, 1977 – May 23, 2006  
Age 28

### Zhubin Dara Moshir (Obahi)

son of Shervin Obahi  
Sept. 26, 1980 - May 11, 2002  
Suicide. Age 21.

### Jill Rowlands

daughter of Barb and John Rowlands  
sister of Glynn, Beverly and Gareth  
Dec. 10, 1968 - May 7, 1975  
Accident playing in yard. Age 6 ½





## OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED



### MAY LAST DAYS, con't

#### **Nathan Sloss**

Son of Gayle Nelson & Rob Sloss  
Brother of Kyle  
June 21, 1991 – May 15, 2005  
Rare liver cancer. Age 13.

#### **Tania Trepanier**

Daughter of Jean-Guy Trepanier  
Sister of Numa  
July 8, 1971 - May 31, 2003  
Crushed by a bus. Age 31.

#### **Carolyn Voigt**

Daughter of Joan and Karl  
Jun. 7, 1968 - May 30, 1987  
Cancer. Age 17.

#### **Tracey Lynn Wiebe**

Daughter of Hank and Jean Wiebe  
Twin of Scott Blaine  
Jul. 31, 1967 - May 11, 2000  
Leukemia. Age 32.

#### **Sebastian Witt**

Son of Matthew Witt  
Brother to Elanah and Eva  
March 31, 1995 – May 18, 2015  
Accidental Overdose. Age 20

*If I have inadvertently omitted  
your child's name, or made an  
error in the listing - my heartfelt  
apology. Please let me know.  
Leslie. 604-913-9215*

### 50 Years Anniversary of the Founding of TCF

This coming fall, November 1<sup>st</sup> to November 3<sup>rd</sup>, bereaved parents from around the world will be honouring the founding of The Compassionate Friends at a gathering in England. The event will be held on a historical estate in Milton Keynes, Buckinghamshire, just an hour's drive from London. There will be speakers, workshops, sharing circles, and, of course, a banquet. With the value of British currency being down, the 286 pound fee for the three days is reasonable (about \$500 Canadian). This is a chance to incorporate a holiday in England with a weekend to nourish your grief. Check out [www.tcf.org.uk/50years](http://www.tcf.org.uk/50years) for more details, and to see photos of the rather splendid venue. So far, from our North Shore chapter, three of us are committed to going (Woldy, Cathy, Gaye). See below for a history of the founding of TCF.

### The History of The Compassionate Friends

TCF was founded in 1969 when the Reverend Simon Stephens, then a chaplain at the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital in Coventry, England, introduced two newly bereaved couples to each other. Both had lost young sons. Joe and Iris Lawley's son Kenneth died after a cycle accident and Bill and Joan Henderson's son Billy died from cancer. Simon Stephens witnessed the therapeutic value of the parents' resulting friendship based on their mutual understanding of heartbreak and sorrow.

"Those of us who have worked through our grief — and found there is a future — are the ones who must meet others in the valley of darkness and bring them to the light."

## Words of Wisdom

*There is one thing that changed when you left —  
Everything.* Anon

*You can do the hard things. You can make it through the hardest of days. You've made it this far. You can certainly make it through today. I promise.*  
Lexi Behrndt

*My mind knows you are in a better place, where there is no pain. You are at peace. I understand that, I just wish I could explain that to my heart.*  
Michelle Russell

*No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear.*  
C.S. Lewis

*You will always be the first thing I think of when someone says "Make a wish..."*  
Anon

*I sat with my anger long enough, until she told me her real name was grief.*  
Heather Summers

*This place is a dream. Only a sleeper considers it real. Then death comes like dawn, and you wake up laughing at what you thought was your grief.*  
Rumi

*Death has nothing to do with going away. The sun sets. The moon sets. But they are not gone.*  
Rumi

*"Is the spring coming?" he said. "What is it like?"...  
"It is the sun shining on the rain and the rain falling on the sunshine..."*  
Frances Hodgson Burnett, *The Secret Garden*

*"It is spring again. The earth is like a child that knows poems by heart."*  
Rainer Maria Rilke

*"I enjoy the spring more than the autumn now. One does, I think, as one gets older."*  
Virginia Woolf, *Jacob's Room*

*"Dead my old fine hopes  
And dry my dreaming but still...  
Iris, blue each spring"*

Shushiki, Japanese Haiku

*No winter lasts forever; no spring skips its turn.*  
Hal Borland

## 7 Things I've Learned Since the Loss of my Child

By Angela Miller  
(Edited by Leslie Gibbons)

### 1. Love never dies.

There will never come a day, hour, minute or second I stop loving or thinking about my son. Just as parents of living children unconditionally love their children always and forever, so do bereaved parents. I want to say and hear his name just the same as non-bereaved parents do. I want to speak about my deceased child as normally and naturally as you speak of your living ones. My son's life was cut irreversibly short, but his love lives on forever. And ever.

### 2. Bereaved parents share an unspeakable bond.

In my seven years navigating the world as a bereaved parent, I am continually struck by the power of the bond between bereaved parents. Strangers become kindreds in mere seconds — a look, a glance, a knowing of the heart connects us, even if we've never met before. No matter our circumstances, who we are, or how different we are, there is no greater bond than the connection between parents who understand the agony of enduring the death of a child.

### 3. I will grieve for a lifetime.

Period. The end. There is no "moving on," or "getting over it." There is no bow, no fix, no solution to my heartache. There is no end to the ways I will grieve and for how long I will grieve. There is no glue for my broken heart, no elixir for my pain, no going back in time. For as long as I breathe, I will grieve and ache and love my son with all my heart and soul. There will never come a time where I won't think about who my son would be, what he would look like and how he would be woven perfectly into the tapestry of my family. This is why grief lasts forever. The ripple effect lasts forever. The bleeding never stops.

### 4. It's a club I can never leave but is filled with the most shining souls I've ever known.

This crappy club called child loss is a club I never wanted to join, and one I can never leave yet is filled with some of the best people I've ever known. And yet we all wish we could jump ship, that we could have met another way — any other way but this. Alas, these shining souls are the most beautiful, compassionate, grounded, loving, movers, shakers and healers I have ever had the honour of knowing. They are life-changers, game-changers, relentless survivors and thrivers. Warrior moms and dads who redefine the word 'brave.' Love is the most powerful force on earth, and the love between a bereaved parent and his/her child is a life force to behold.

### 5. The empty chair/room/space never becomes less empty.

Empty chair, empty room, empty space in every family picture. Empty, vacant, forever gone for this lifetime. Empty spaces that should be full, everywhere we go. There is and will always be a missing space in our lives, our families, a forever-hole-in-our-hearts. Time does not make the space less empty. Neither do platitudes, clichés or well-wishes for us to "move on," or "stop dwelling," from well-intentioned friends or family. The empty space of our missing child(ren) lasts a lifetime. And so we rightfully miss them forever.

### 6. No matter how long it's been, holidays never become easier without my son.

Never, ever. Have you ever wondered why every holiday season is like torture for a bereaved parent? Even if it's been five, 10, or 25 years later? It's because they really, truly are. It would be easier to lose an arm, a leg or two — anything — than to live without your flesh and blood, without the beat of your heart. That is why holidays are always and forever hard for bereaved parents.

### 7. Because I know deep sorrow, I also know unspeakable joy.

Though I will grieve the death of my son forever and then some, it does not mean my life is lacking happiness and joy. Quite the contrary, in fact, though it took awhile to get there. It is not either/or, it's both/and. My life is richer now. I live from a deeper place. I love deeper still. Because I grieve I also know a joy like no other. The joy I experience now is far deeper and more intense than the joy I experienced before my loss. Such is the alchemy of grief. I embrace and thank every morsel of it. My life now is more rich and vibrant and full, not despite my loss, but because of it. I have my son to thank for that. Being his mom is the best gift I've ever been given. Even death can't take that away.

I cannot say, and I will not say  
that she is dead. – She is just away!  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of  
the hand,  
she has wandered into an unknown  
land,  
and left us dreaming of how very fair  
it needs must be, since she lingers  
there....  
Think of her still as the same, I say:  
She is not dead – she is just away.

James Whitcomb Riley

Please be gentle with me for I am grieving.  
The sea I swim in is a lonely one, and the shore  
seems miles away.

Waves of despair numb my soul as I struggle  
through each day.

My heart is heavy with sorrow.  
I want to shout and scream and repeatedly ask,  
“WHY?”

At times, my grief overwhelms me, and I weep  
bitterly, so great is my loss.

Please don't turn away or tell me to move on with  
my life.  
I must embrace my pain before I can begin to  
heal.

Companion me through my tears and sit with me  
in loving silence.  
Honour where I am in my journey, not where you  
think I should be.

Listen patiently to my story.  
I may need to tell it over and over again.  
It's how I begin to grasp the enormity of my loss.

Nurture me through the weeks and months  
ahead.  
Forgive me when I seem distant and  
inconsolable.

A small flame still burns within my heart, and  
shared memories may trigger both laughter and  
tears.

I need your support and understanding.  
There is no right or wrong way to grieve.  
I must find my own path.

Please, will you walk beside me?

Jill B. Englar

I walked a mile with Pleasure.  
She chattered all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.  
I walked a mile with Sorrow,  
And ne'er a word said she;  
But oh, the things  
I learned from her  
When Sorrow walked with me!

Robert Browning

My life stopped on November 25 th 2018  
I don't know how to go on but living each  
moment  
There are times I thank God for the 24 years  
of precious memories  
There are times I hate God for such a short  
time  
The sun rises and it sets and I will never see  
my son again  
What did I ever do to deserve this  
How do I accept God's Will  
Was so easy to say the Lord's Prayer before  
Never thought I could be so tested  
I still don't think it's real but a nightmare

Louella

Heartbroken mother of William Dsilva

I miss her all the time. I know in my head  
that she has gone. the only difference is  
that I am getting used to the pain. It's like  
discovering a great hole in the ground. To  
begin with, you forget it's there and keep  
falling in. After a while, it's still there, but  
you learn to walk round it.

*The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*, by  
Rachel Joyce

It's so curious: one can resist  
tears and 'behave' very well in the  
hardest hours of grief. But then  
someone makes you a friendly  
sign behind a window, or one  
notices that a flower that was in  
bud only yesterday has suddenly  
blossomed, or a letter slips from a  
drawer... and everything collapses.  
Colette



### ***A FEW SIMPLE STEPS TOWARDS HEALING***

- \* Acknowledge the loss.
- \* Embrace and own the experience and the loss - whatever you are feeling.
- \* Allow yourself to experience ALL the emotions of grief.
- \* Find ways to express your anger and pain in non-destructive ways.
- \* Find supports. Build a support system of compassionate listeners.
- \* Skip the self-judgment. Let the judgment of others pass through you without damage.
- \* Forgive yourself for whatever you believe you have done or not done.
- \* Release the hurt, the anger, the guilt. Be careful what you release. Once released you cannot have that hurt, anger or guilt again.
- \* Work TOWARDS healing.
- \* Practice forgiving yourself for living.
- \* Concentrate on your loved one's LIFE, not death.
- \* Discover the person you are NOW.
- \* Begin to release the hurt in search of HOPE.
- \* Never, ever, ever forget your loved one LIVED!
- \* **May love be what you remember the most.**

Darcie D. Sims, Grief Inc.

### **International Bereaved Mothers Day**

Sunday, May 1, 2019

Mother's Day is a day of the year that we come together to celebrate all the mothers around the world. It's a day that is supposed to bring joy, recognition, love and appreciation to these incredible women that do so much for humanity. If you have experienced the death of one or more of your children, struggle to conceive a child or are unable to fall pregnant at all, this day can often bring up feelings of isolation, unworthiness, pain and sadness. Much of society has forgotten the true meaning of Mother's Day and fails to support and recognize all true mothers.

### **The History of Mother's Day**

Do you know the history behind the official Mother's Day? Think it's just another card company holiday? Think again. American, [Anna Jarvis](#), founded the official day in 1908 to honour her own mother, [Ann](#). Ann Jarvis gave birth to around a dozen children. Only 4 survived to grow into adults. Most of her children who died, passed away from diseases such as the measles and typhoid fever. The history of this Mother's Day is fascinating. With such heartfelt and meaningful roots, it is devastating to see how through the years, the true meaning of mother's day has been somewhat lost and is now what some would describe as a commercialized mess that large companies make millions of dollars from. The worst thing is that bereaved mothers are usually completely forgotten.

Mother's Day was created in honour of a bereaved mother.



### **Mother's Day: A Father's View**

In our house as in other bereaved parents' households, Mother's Day comes with mixed emotions. Setting aside a day to honour motherhood is only right: mothers do tend to be taken for granted. I remember the childhood joy of getting my mother a special gift, even if the gift was nothing more than a crayon drawing. As an adult, buying gifts for your mother and the mother of your children still brings back those happy memories. But this all changed after Erin died.

Looking through all the cards at the gift shop only reminds me of the irony. Cute, humorous, and sweetly sentimental cards await the bereaved father shopping for his bereaved wife. I can't find the card that will comfort my wife on this day, and even worse, I'm afraid that I'll buy a card that will bring back only painful memories of the child she lost.

I realize this day, perhaps because it is so widely celebrated, can even, years later, take my wife back to grieving she thought she was "through with." I can never do enough on Mother's Day; maybe I try to do too much. I know, of course, that all the cards, gifts, flowers, and messy breakfasts in the world, can't make up for the loss of our child. But I still do all these things; she deserves them.

The unfairness of our daughter's death will always be there. I know I can't change that with a card. But I can remind her she is a great mother, a loving mother, and most importantly, she is still the mother of the child we lost.

If she's happy on Mother's Day, I will try my best to keep her there. If she's depressed, I try to cheer her up as best I can, even though I feel I'm not very good at it. This, then, is the wish I have for all other bereaved mothers today: please be as happy (and proud) as every other mother today; no one can dispute the fact you brought your child into the world. Although that child is no longer with you, the love you had for her or him remains and can never be taken away from you. If you should be depressed, may there be family and friends there to remind you of this and comfort you.

To Chris and to you: HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY.  
AI Bots, TCF, Cleveland, OH, SW Suburbs.

### **When I Think of Death by Maya Angelou**

When I think of death, and of late the idea has come with alarming frequency, I seem at peace with the idea that a day will dawn when I will no longer be among those living in this valley of strange humours. I can accept the idea of my own demise, but I am unable to accept the death of anyone else. I find it impossible to let a friend or relative go into that country of no return. Disbelief becomes my close companion, and anger follows in its wake. I answer the heroic question 'Death, where is thy sting?' with 'it is here in my heart and mind and memories.'

### **For a Parent on the Death of a Child**

*No one knows the wonder  
Your child awoke in you,  
Your heart a perfect cradle  
To hold its presence.  
Inside and outside became one  
As new waves of love  
Kept surprising your soul.  
Now you sit bereft  
Inside a nightmare,  
Your eyes numbed  
By the sight of a grave  
No parent should ever see  
You will wear this absence*

*Like a secret locket  
Always wondering why  
Such a new soul  
Was taken home so soon.  
Let the silent tears flow  
And when your eyes clear  
Perhaps you will glimpse  
How your eternal child  
Has become the unseen angel  
Who parents your heart  
And persuades the moon  
To send new gifts ashore.  
John O'Donohue*

## Helping Yourself Heal When Someone You Care About Dies of a Drug Overdose

By Alan D. Wolfelt, Ph.D. |Center for Loss | Jan 12, 2017

A friend or family member has died of a drug overdose. Death and grief are always hard, but when someone dies from drug use, understanding your feelings and knowing what to think and say about the death can be especially difficult. This article offers compassionate guidance for coping with your own grief as well as helping others affected by the loss.

People of all backgrounds and socioeconomic levels are affected by addiction. Addiction is a recognized disease in which the pleasure centres of the brain get taken over by the need for the drug. Addicts cannot control their behaviour.

In the United States today, the majority of drug overdose deaths involve an opioid, such as prescription painkillers or heroin. About two and a half million people are addicted to these drugs, and nearly 100 people die each day from an overdose. In fact, opioid use and overdose trends have grown so bad that the Department of Health & Human Services has labeled the problem an epidemic.

You are not alone. Millions of families and friends have lost a loved one to drug use. This doesn't make the death of the unique person you cared about any less tragic. It does mean that there are resources to help you and many people who may be able to understand and support you.

Even though addiction is a disease that can affect anyone, there is still a social stigma associated with drug overdose deaths. For you, a person who has lost someone special, this can seem doubly unfair. Not only has someone you cared about died, but others may avoid you or make you feel ashamed about the death.

Remind yourself that your friend or family member died of a common, deadly disease. Learn more about opioid use and how it's affecting so many. Reach out to others impacted by overdose death. Talk openly about what happened. Shining a light of openness and empathy on overdose deaths will help you and others heal.

Grief is what you think and feel on the inside after someone you care about dies. Your grief will naturally be complicated by the cause of this death. If the person who died was young and otherwise healthy, that fact will affect your grief. We typically feel a sense of injustice and a stolen future when- ever a young person dies. We also often feel anger when deaths are caused by behaviours. You might be mad at the person who overdosed, at others whom you perceive enabled the behaviour (such as a drug dealer), or at medical staff or police who may have been involved. You might also feel guilty that you weren't able to help the person stop using drugs before it was too late—even though the behaviour was outside your control.

Spend time with people who care about you. Express your grief whenever you're feeling it. Whatever your complicated thoughts and feelings may be, your task now is to express them in healthy ways. While grief is what you feel on the inside, mourning is what you do when you express your grief on the outside.

Crying is mourning. Attending the funeral is mourning. Talking to others about the death is mourning. Part of your mourning will be about the cause of the death. Over time, the larger part of your mourning will be about the loss of a special, unique person who was loved by you and others.

Openly and actively discussing all your thoughts and feelings about this death will help you cope with the stigma and eventually heal. Mourning helps you acknowledge the reality of the death, embrace the pain of the loss, remember the person who died, consider the meaning of the person's death, and receive support from others.

(Continued from the previous page—Drug Overdose)

Do not let the stigma of the death keep you from mourning fully. Talking about drug overdose and your particular loss will help our society grow more compassionate and work toward solutions.

Your community may have resources for people grieving an overdose death. Call your local hospital, health department, or funeral home to find out more about support groups, counsellors, and volunteer opportunities. Nothing is better than face-to-face, personal contact with others who walked the same walk.

There are also many resources online. Google “grief support overdose” and you’ll find a number of websites and forums dedicated to helping mourners like you. Reading others’ stories and sharing your own is often a great source of comfort, validation, expression, and healing.

As you grieve this death, remember to practice good self-care. Think of yourself in emotional intensive care. Just as people who are severely physically injured need around-the-clock attention, you need and deserve excellent care for your psychic injury. Rest often. Eat healthy foods. Drink ample water. De- stress your life as much as possible. Exercise gently but regularly. Spend Most of all, grief is a spiritual journey. You will naturally have questions about why this death had to happen now and in this way, and you might find yourself wondering about the purpose and meaning of life in general. If

you believe in God, you may find solace in your faith, or you may be angry at a God who could let this happen. All of these spiritual responses are normal. Making time each day to feed your spirit will help. Pray, meditate, visit a place of worship, go for a walk in the woods, journal about your spiritual struggle, or speak with a spiritual leader.

Any child old enough to love is old enough to grieve and mourn. Children affected by an overdose death deserve our compassion, our presence, and our honesty. Never lie to kids or keep difficult truths from them in an effort to protect them. Start from the child’s place of understanding. Listen to and answer questions with words and ideas that are appropriate to the child’s age and unique development. If the child was unaware of the person’s habit, you will probably first need to explain drug use and the disease of addiction.

Remember that young children, especially, are literal thinkers. If you tell them only that medicine killed the person, for example, they might end up being afraid to take their own medicine the next time they’re sick.

Young children are also prone to magical thinking. For instance, they sometimes think that something they thought or did may have caused the death. Reassure them that it wasn’t their fault. Children, too, often sense the stigma of an overdose death. You can help by explaining that addiction is an illness and talking about thoughts and feelings openly and without judgment. Also, it’s never too early to start teaching children about the dangers of drug use.

Children typically grieve in small doses. They may upset one moment and playing the next. This is normal. Give them brief, frequent opportunities to ask questions or play out concerns (such as drawing or role playing). Be present and ready to talk and offer support. Express your own grief when it arises.

Take good care of yourself : Meet your spiritual needs:

## **I am a Grieving Parent ...**

I am a grieving parent. My child died nearly 17 years ago. Most people would assume that all the unfinished business and emotion surrounding her death would have long since resolved itself and been settled. They would be wrong.

I have learned through experience the expectations of others regarding the life span of my grief who haven't walked in my shoes are polar opposites of my reality.

One of the biggest misconceptions made by others about me and those who walk this same path is that we "should" be working toward being healed. They tend to think of our grief as an outcome-based process with benchmarks we "should" have reached as we complete steps and stages which would result in us somehow emerging unscathed by the horror of our loss.

Nothing anyone says about my grief who hasn't experienced the incredible high of witnessing their child's first breath and the unimaginable low of knowing their child has taken their last breath holds any significance to me. Frankly, I am happy those who speak in ignorance don't have to live this experience and I am also jealous of them as well.

Many years ago, I decided to make peace with the world of fortunate others who will never "get it." In my early years of grief, I would confront insensitive comments or try to educate every pompous intellect who had an opinion about my grief journey. Today, I do not waste my breath, it is no longer a good use of my energy.

Instead of trying to inform those misinformed folks who really weren't open to my lecturing, I shifted my energy toward being compassionate and kind to all in honor of Ashley. I can't tell you how much better I felt once I removed myself from this verbal combat zone where I was always hypersensitive and on guard for the next "stupid" thing someone might say.

It was in this process where I realized something which has served me quite well over the years. People tend to understand grief and loss to the level they have experienced it. We can't expect people to know what they have not experienced. I soon began to chuckle inside at some of the ridiculous things people would say in their ignorance. One thing I advise women in my workshops on this topic to do is the next time someone tries to tell them how they should grieve, imagine me standing in front of them trying to explain what it feels like to give birth to a child...this always brings a laugh.

I live with the loss of Ashley every day, and I wouldn't have it any other way. My love for her is forever woven into the fabric of this new life I live since her death. Ashley's birth sent my life on a trajectory in which I expected to spend my lifetime physically with her in it. Her death changed that trajectory, but that does not change the fact that I will still live the rest of my life with her in it. I am her hands, her voice, her feet. My compassion and kindness reflect the love that lives on in my heart. I am doing exactly what I am supposed to be doing, and that keeps me deeply connected to her.

I am a bereaved parent, but I am alive and well. I do not need for you to understand how or why I grieve so loudly after 17 years. It is my journey; my choice and I am blessed to dedicate my life to advocating for all who walk this difficult path.

No, I am not healed and no, I am not over it. And because I am not healed or over it, my life is both manageable and beautiful. Ashley's life and death have shaped and colored my world in ways I could have never imagined. It is all bittersweet. I accept that, I embrace that, I am a bereaved parent, this is what we do.

Alan Pedersen  
Lovingly lifted from Upper and Lower Cape Cod Chapters



**TCF Metro Vancouver/Burnaby meets in a new location - please contact Grace for information.**

Grace at [778-222-0446](tel:778-222-0446). Email: [vancouverbbytcf@hotmail.com](mailto:vancouverbbytcf@hotmail.com)

**TCF Sunshine Coast meets on the third Tuesday of each month at 7 pm.**

We meet at the [Hospice Society Building](#) in Davis Bay, 4602 Simpkins Road. Anyone wishing to attend can contact me at [judy.m.lynn@gmail.com](mailto:judy.m.lynn@gmail.com) or [604-886-7334](tel:604-886-7334).

**TCF Mission meets on the 2nd Monday of each month, (except July and August) from 7 to 9 pm at Mission Hospice Offices at 32180 Hillcrest Ave, Mission, BC. The December meeting will be a Candlelight Memorial Service.**

Chapter Leader - Richard Lepinsky - [604-289-0097](tel:604-289-0097)

Adam Farrell, TCF North Shore Chapter, whose brother died in 1990 in a skateboard accident, has offered to be a telephone or email friend to any bereaved sibling. Please feel free to call 778-772-1165.

[infofarrell@gmail.com](mailto:infofarrell@gmail.com)

**LOVE GIFTS**

*There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends; we have already paid the ultimate price, the loss of a child. Donations are often given to remember birthdays or death anniversaries. Cheques should be made out to North Shore Compassionate Friends and mailed to Jan Bryant, #207 - 2800 Chesterfield North Vancouver, BC V7N 4M1. Love gifts are tax deductible and are the means which allow us to send this newsletter, maintain a phone line, and meet other chapter expenses. We sometimes receive donations too late to include in the month's newsletter for which they were intended and for this, we are sorry. You can help by sending your gifts several weeks in advance.*

*A gift was gratefully received for our general expenses from:*

- The City of North Vancouver who gave a generous grant.*
- Mike and Elizabeth Baran in loving memory of the son, Wayne*
- Peggy Castle in loving memory of her son, Kent*
- Gaye Alcott in loving memory of her daughter, Natalie*



**The Camp Kerry Society**

**A registered nonprofit organization specializing in bereavement care.**

The Camp Kerry Program Model embraces a holistic approach to bereavement care where emphasis is placed on healing both within and between families. Through our retreats, we aim to foster a community of belonging that provides grieving families with memorable and positive experiences of connection, healing and hope.

**604-553-4663 - [info@campkerry.org](mailto:info@campkerry.org)**

**Casey Leeson**  
Manager



**604-980-3451**  
[casey.leeson@sci-us.com](mailto:casey.leeson@sci-us.com)

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Service Corporation International (Canada) ULC

We want to thank Dignity Memorial for their generosity and kindness in printing our newsletters every three months.