



The Compassionate Friends

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

VOLUME 6, ISSUE 3 JULY - SEPTEMBER 2017 (THIRD QUARTER)

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Kaniaupio

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HONOLULU CHAPTER



I'M TRYING

I'm trying not to wake up every morning sad because I don't have him here starting our day together.

I'm trying not to cry when I eat lunch alone at some of our favorite places.

I'm trying not to think that my life will never be as fun again.

I'm trying not to be sad that I don't have him here to put to sleep and kiss goodnight.

I'm trying not to feel so alone.

I'm trying not to keep thinking I should have done more to save him and how did I let him go.

I'm trying not to be mad at God for taking him but to be grateful that he brought this wonderful boy into my life for all these years.

I'm trying to become the person I'm portraying on the outside when inside I'm really just barely keeping it together.

I'm trying to find a reason for me to still be here and not go join him in heaven.

I'm trying to find comfort in the fact that I have family and friends that are here for me if I need them.

I'm trying to be able to look at pictures of him and not be sad.

I'm trying to let all the good memories I have, heal my broken heart.

I'm trying to take all the well wishes, prayers and support I have gotten from friends and family in these past few months and be thankful instead of being reminded of my loss.

I'M TRYING. And though it may take some time, hopefully I'll find a place for myself where it won't be so hard and hurt so bad. And take comfort in knowing that one day I will see my boy again and get to hold his little hand, kiss his chubby cheek and tell him how much I love him, like I did every day for the past 21 years. But for now, I'm trying.

Fred Jordan, Peter's Brother
TCF, Honolulu

MONTHLY MEETING

Meeting Place: *Pagoda Tower Penthouse*

Address: *1525 Rycroft St*

City: *Honolulu, Hawaii 96814*

Meeting time: *First Saturday of every month 10:00 – 11:30 AM*

Parking: *Validated Parking Garage at Ross's on Kanunu St*

UPCOMING EVENTS

• *TCF National Conference – July 28 to July 30; Orlando, Florida*

REGIONAL COORDINATOR

Regional Coordinator: David Kaniaupio

Phone Number: (808)222-6556

Email: kaniaupiotcf@gmail.com

NATIONAL OFFICE

The Compassionate Friends

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There are no goodbyes for us, where ever you are,
you will ALWAYS be in our hearts.

Mahatma Ghandi

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Much Mahalo to those who participated in the Visitor Industry Charity Walk. It was a pleasure to see so many and get to know parents outside of the monthly meetings.

Thank you for all who participated and volunteered in our "Walk to Remember" in June. There are some photos of the walk on the Honolulu Compassionate Friends website.

We would like to include writings from parents in our chapter to be included in our quarterly newsletter. If you are a creative writer and would like to share your child in our newsletter with a poem or short story. Please submit it to us and we would love to include it in our newsletter.



Bereaved Parents of the U.S.A.

Bereaved Parents of the USA (BPUSA) is a national non-profit self-help group that offers support, understanding, compassion and hope especially to the newly bereaved be they bereaved parents, grandparents or siblings struggling to rebuild their lives after the death of their children, grandchildren or siblings.

BPUSA is open to all parents, grandparents and siblings regardless of the age or the circumstances of the death of their children, grandchildren or siblings.

There are no dues or fees to become a member of BPUSA and there are no paid salaries within the organization. All work on both the national and chapter level is done by volunteer bereaved parents with a strong desire to help other families survive the death of their children just as they were helped when their own children died.

The Bereaved Parents of the U.S.A. is: www.bereavedparentsusa.org

"What society doesn't understand, is that Grief is NOT a PHASE, and it definitely is NOT a CHOICE."

Kristin Binder



LOVING LISTENERS:

DAVID KANIAUIPIO (808)222-6556

TERRY KANIAUIPIO (808)222-2729



Time heals all wounds

"I guess God just needed another angel."

it was for the best

What NOT to say

I know how you feel

things happen for a reason

he is in a better place

god has a plan

*You are young
you can have more*

God doesn't give us more than we can handle.

This will pass

The Honolulu Chapter of The Compassionate Friends operates solely on donations: monetary gifts in any amount are deeply appreciated. Donations can be made to: The Compassionate Friends, c/o J. Martin, 1676 Ala Moana Blvd #502, Honolulu HI 96815. Mahalo!

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

FOREVER LOVED, MISSED, REMEMBERED

JULY

Our Children Born in July

Kaedyn Benjamin Kaimiloa AhMook Sang Stewart, Jul 2015 - Aug 2015
Ezra Mailani Bethea, Jul 2013 - Jul 2013
Paul Gabriel DeJesus, Jul 1991 - Sep 2015
Kyle Spencer Iaukea Ennis, Jul 1991 - Apr 1994
Betteanne Momilani Aldrich Pang Kaaa, Jul 1964 - Nov 1992
Jeffrey Mitchel Massie, Jul 1967 - Aug 1984
Jason May, Jul 1974 - Jun 1988
Laurie McNeil, Jul 1960 - Jan 1994
Noe Michel Melvin, Jul 1976 - Dec 1996
Ruby Miller, Jul 2007 - May 2013
Keene Kainoa Nagaishi Jul 1997 - Dec 2015
Wyatt Nguyen, Jul 2016 - Jul 2016
Elston Pang, Jul 1990 - Jun 2014
Tommy Polmal, Jul 2013 - Sep 2013
Peter Quintanilla, Jul 1967 - Aug 2016
Marika Akesa Melelina Quirit, Jul 1992 - Aug 2004
Reid Richards, Jul 1965 - Sep 1998
Tabatha Schoenfelt, Jul 1985 - Jun 2016
Lindsey Shinsato, Jul 1991 - Oct 1993
Jared Makana Isumu Teruya, Jul 2000 - Apr 2013
Jason Matthew Wegger, Jul 1972 - Feb 2006
Kecia M.U. Wong, Jul 1982 - Mar 2002

Our Children Who Left Us in July

Keisha Agena, Apr 1989 - Jul 2015
Anais Atherton, Jan 1980 - Jul 2016
Ezra Mailani Bethea, Jul 2013 - Jul 2013
Michael Andrew Bignami, Mar 1988 - Jul 2013
Clay Chung, Apr 1976 - Jul 2008
Cameron W. Deal, Mar 1969 - Jul 1996
Inde Elgersma, Feb 2015 - Jul 2016
Melissa Jo Elmore, Jun 1971 - Jul 1992
David Higginbotham, Feb 1992 - Jul 2000
Mina Piilani Hornor, Jan 2009 - Jul 2016
Gregory Bruce Johanos, Sep 1958 - Jul 1960
Danica Darnell Alohikealaniikawana'ao Kimura, Aug 1986 - Jul 1993
Charlie Lilinoepahola Kimura, Apr 2014 - Jul 2016
Jing Li, Jun 1967 - Jul 1990
Charles "Keoki" Malott, Dec 1971 - Jul 2011
Robert Jason Morales Jr, Sep 1986 - Jul 2007
Jolene Morizono, Mar 1980 - Jul 2009
Kristofer Nedorolik, Nov 1997 - Jul 2015
Wyatt Nguyen, Jul 2016 - Jul 2016
Michelle Shusterich, Feb 1977 - Jul 1998
Kaipo Vierra, Oct 1982 - Jul 2009
Laura Weldon Hogue, Apr 1965 - Jul 2009
Brandi Ann Malia Whitt, Dec 1984 - Jul 2004



Ruby Miller



Charlie Lilinoepahola Kimura



Anais Atherton



Paul Gabriel DeJesus



Robert Jason Morales Jr



Kristofer Nedorolik



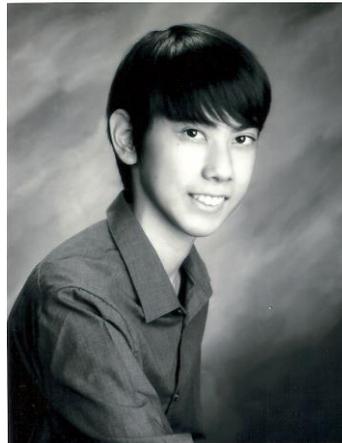
Jason May



Jared Makana Isamu Teruya



Peter Quintanilla



Keene Kainoa Nagaishi



Marika Akesa Melelina Quirit



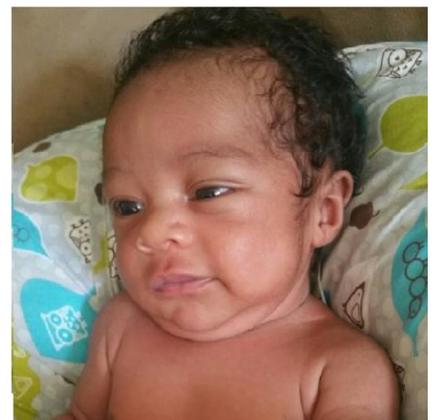
Jeffrey Mitchel Massie



Elston Pang



Tabatha Schoenfelt



Kaedyn Benjamin Kaimiloa
AhMook Sang Stewart

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

FOREVER LOVED, MISSED, REMEMBERED

AUGUST

Our Children Born in August

Waika Wiia Carvalho, Aug 1986 - Nov 2009
Ian Tyler Coronas, Aug 1993 - Oct 2016
Anthony James Makaio Edrada, Aug 1993 - Mar 2007
Lindsey Aiko Fujimoto, Aug 1984 - Sep 2015
Nainoa Kealiihokuhelelani Hoe, Aug 1977 - Jan 2005
Alaina Marie Jenkins, Aug 1967 - Nov 1992
Helen Sayako Kaneshiro, Aug 2000 - Oct 2000
Darryl Kahoeikaika Kaniaupio, Aug 1981 - Nov 1999
Danica Darnell Alohihealaniikawana'ao Kimura, Aug 1986 - Jul 1993
Yoshiro E. K. Lamansky, Aug 1976 - Apr 1996
James Lantrip III, Aug 1962 - Sep 1990
Cora Myers, Aug 1988 - Aug 1988
Josiah Ramos, Aug 1997 - Oct 2016
Kevin Wolfley, Aug 1964 - Mar 2008

Our Children Who Left Us in August

Dave Adams, Nov 1982 - Aug 1998
Kaedyn Benjamin Kaimiloo AhMook Sang Stewart, Jul 2015 - Aug 2015
John Charles Bromke III, Nov 1982 - Aug 2006
Keokalani Snyder Elizares, Feb 1976 - Aug 1998
Brandon Keola Fong, Apr 1975 - Aug 1995
Leah Marie Goldberg, Apr 1996 - Aug 2014
Michael Hallenbeck, Apr 1994 - Aug 2015
David Joshua, Jun 1983 - Aug 2006
Ikaika Kale Kelepine Lopes, Oct 1987 - Aug 2013
Richard Mannheimer, Jun 1961 - Aug 2015
Jeffrey Mitchel Massie, Jul 1967 - Aug 1984
Michael McNeil, Oct 1956 - Aug 1981
Cora Myers, Aug 1988 - Aug 1988
Rhianon Bliss Poitras, Sep 1979 - Aug 2006
Peter Quintanilla, Jul 1967 - Aug 2016
Marika Akesa Melelina Quirit, Jul 1992 - Aug 2004
Allan Gordon Sanford, Apr 1960 - Aug 1990
Kaikupa'aokalani Seto, Feb 1985 - Aug 2004



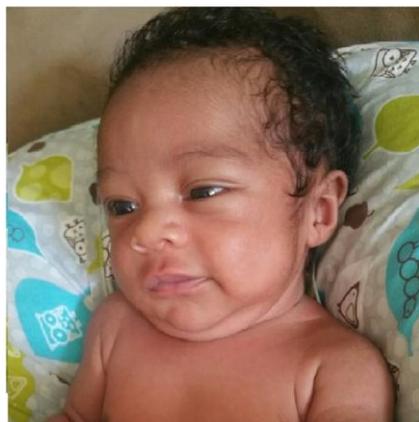
Richard Mannheimer



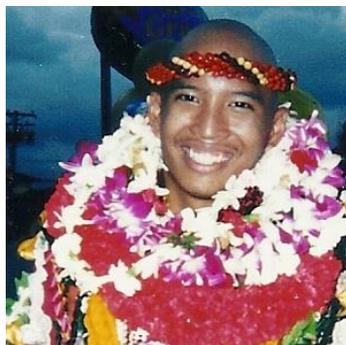
Ikaika Kale Kelepine Lopes



John Charles Bomke III



Kaedyn Benjamin Kaimiloo
AhMook Sang Stewart



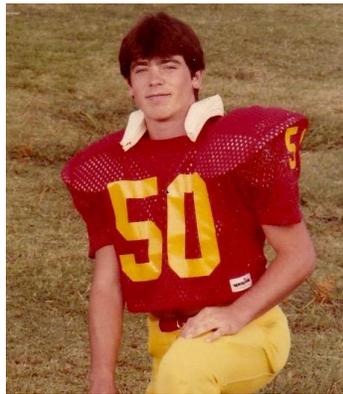
Darryl Kahoeikaika Kaniaupio



Marika Akesa Melelina Quirit



Rhianon Bliss Poitras



Jeffrey Mitchel Massie



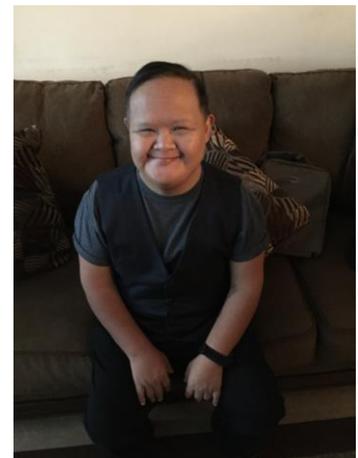
Nainoa Kealiihokuhelelani Hoe



Helen Sayako Kaneshiro



Alaina Marie Jenkins



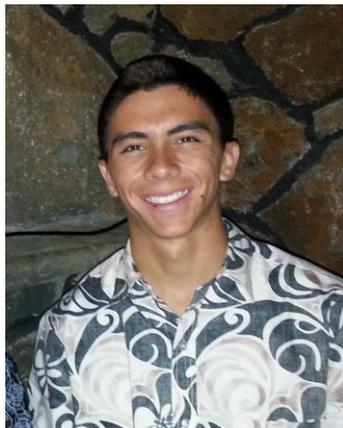
Peter Quintanilla



Leah Marie Goldberg



Josiah Ramos



Ian Tyler Coronas



Michael Hallenbeck

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

FOREVER LOVED, MISSED, REMEMBERED

SEPTEMBER

Our Children Born in September

Elizabeth Cook Allen, Sep 1967 - Feb 2013
Amanda Raeanne Beaty, Sep 1994 - Mar 2016
Alissa Rona Bennett, Sep 1989 - May 2014
Ichigo Ann Brunner, Sep 1982 - Sep 2007
Augusto Camara, Sep 1978 - Mar 2006
Sara Cosson, Sep 1968 - Nov 2012
Jeremy Patrick Dias, Sep 1971 - Oct 1987
Jesse Garcia, Sep 1981 - Oct 2005
Mark Patrick Goldberg, Sep 1984 - Dec 2013
Emilia Hung, Sep 1988 - Mar 2013
Gregory Bruce Johanos, Sep 1958 - Jul 1960
Jeffery Michael Kiyon, Sep 1987 - May 2010
Bert Kenalio Malott, Sep 1961 - May 2014
Dwayne George Mattos, Sep 1970 - May 2013
Robert Jason Morales Jr, Sep 1986 - Jul 2007
Kalen Nakasato, Sep 1975 - Feb 2003
Rhianon Bliss Poitras, Sep 1979 - Aug 2006
Sonny Dee Vesper Santiago, Sep 1962 - Jun 1990
Christopher Scott Staackmann, Sep 1960 - Oct 2010
Charles "Chuck" Tanaka, Sep 1973 - Sep 1989
Grant Uyeshiro, Sep 1976 - May 2006
Jaime Wong, Sep 1965 - Nov 1998

Our Children Who Left Us in September

Royce Henry Baginski, Mar 1995 - Sep 2016
Ichigo Ann Brunner, Sep 1982 - Sep 2007
Robert S. M. Chun, Oct 1960 - Sep 2005
Paul Gabriel DeJesus, Jul 1991 - Sep 2015
Lindsey Aiko Fujimoto, Aug 1984 - Sep 2015
Daniel Jezek, Jun 1977 - Sep 2010
James Lantrip III, Aug 1962 - Sep 1990
Jaime Avelina Leonen, May 1986 - Sep 2015
Andrew Madrid, Apr 2000 - Sep 2014
Rudy Chung Murakami, Oct 1981 - Sep 2012
Tommy Polmal, Jul 2013 - Sep 2013
Reid Richards, Jul 1965 - Sep 1998
Scott Rush, Dec 1963 - Sep 1980
Kapena Lou Kalanikaioka'ie'ie Smith, Mar 1980 - Sep 2003
Peter Soileau, Mar 1959 - Sep 1993
Charles "Chuck" Tanaka, Sep 1973 - Sep 1989
Princess Zuna Ilacad Yadao, Nov 2014 - Sep 2016



Alissa Rona Bennett



Jaime Avelina Leonen



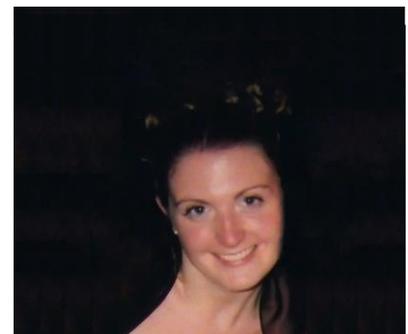
Daniel Jezek



Paul Gabriel DeJesus



Robert Jason Morales Jr



Rhianon Bliss Poitras



Dwayne George Mattos



Rudy Chung Murakami



Sara Cosson



Mark Patrick Goldberg



Andrew Madrid

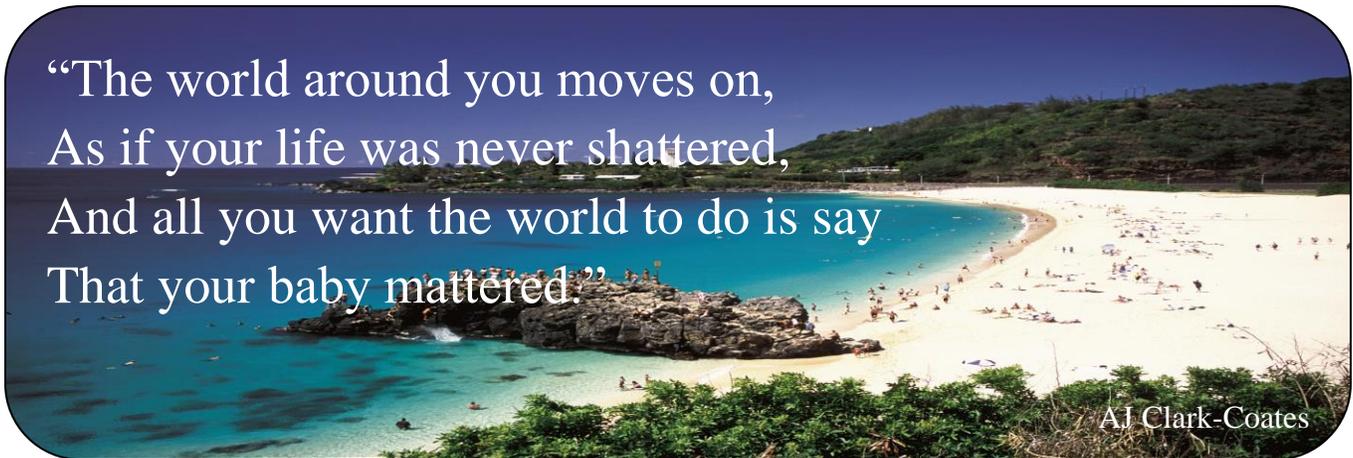


Princess Zuna Ilacad Yadao



Amanda Raeanne Beaty

“The world around you moves on,
As if your life was never shattered,
And all you want the world to do is say
That your baby mattered.”



AJ Clark-Coates

Voices of Parents, Grandparents, and Siblings



Old and New Friends

Our son Ian had been diagnosed with a rare cancer a few months before I got a text from my old college friend, Lorna. We had also worked together for several years at the phone company but lost touch for many years – decades, actually. A mutual friend, however, had heard that Ian was undergoing chemo and radiation treatment and suggested that Lorna contact me since her son, Keene, had recently battled cancer as well.



It was truly good to hear from Lorna after so many years. We texted back and forth, but when I realized that Keene didn't win his battle, my heart dropped and it broke. Cautiously, I asked Lorna what kind of cancer her son had. A rare cancer she told me: rhabdomyosarcoma. That's what my son had.

I then asked which of the two types of rhabdo – embryonal and alveolar? Lorna said it was alveolar, which is the deadlier of the two. That's what my son had.

She asked me where the tumor started. I explained. She then shot me a text right back saying that it sounded like the locations of their cancers were quite different, a meaningful differentiation for rhabdo. I knew she sensed my fear right through the phone, and she encouraged me the best that she could. Sadly, after a heroic 8-month fight, Ian also lost his battle. He was 23 years old.

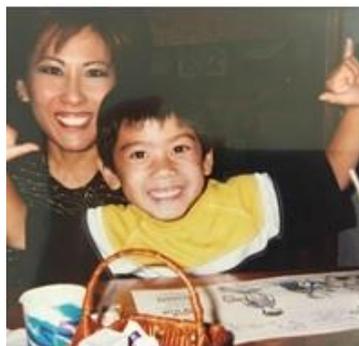
Lorna and I have spent lots of time together since we reconnected. We've shed tears for our boys in places all over the island – at the kitchen table, on the beach, at the mall, and in restaurants. She has been a true gift from God, providing hope that I could still be standing, breathing and living after such a tragic loss. Lorna quickly introduced me to The Compassionate Friends, and we've come together nearly every month since.

The more we talked, the more we came to realize how much our sons were alike. They were both true mamma's boys, and we both felt as if we lost a best friend. They were both gentle and kindhearted; neither of them had a mean bone in his body. They were fun-loving and sometimes goofy. Both of our boys *loved* the ocean. Each left behind a profoundly impacted sibling. Our sons were both treated by the same pediatric oncologist at the same hospital. And, they both experienced a period of improvement before succumbing to the ravages of cancer.

Lorna and I wished that our sons had met before their untimely passing. Within days of Ian's passing, we prayed that they would find each other in heaven. How nice that would be, we thought, if they could know each now.

I had mentioned to Ian's fiancé, Lei, about my good friend Lorna and her son, Keene, who sadly passed away from the same rare cancer. A few days later, Lei came to me and shared a dream from her co-worker who knew Ian well. In her dream, this co-worker said she sat and chatted with Ian at North Beach. He looked good and had all his hair. This got Lei's attention because few people knew that North Beach was where Ian was teaching her to surf. The co-worker then said that Ian told her that he was well and that he's been spending time with another boy ... who had cancer.

Sherrie Coronas, Ian's Mom
TCF, Honolulu



These photos of Keene and Ian were taken when they were about the same age and their spirits really shine through! Keene (pictured left with Lorna) was a gift to his family and friends for 18 years and Ian (pictured right with Sherrie) for 23 years.

Chuck's Corner



Just Try...

Oftentimes, turmoil in one area of our lives can lead to upheaval in other areas as well. Why is that? Is it simply that bad luck comes in threes as one saying suggests?

Probably not. I'm guessing the snowball effect of bad luck, at least in the case of child loss, can be traced to our mental state in the weeks, months, and even years after the loss.

We're not ourselves. Or at least we're not our former selves. And this can lead to some unintended outcomes.

Relationships are the big one. Relationships change after the loss of a child. And I mean all our relationships - romantic, friendships, employment - it's all different.

Sometimes the different nature of our relationships after the loss of a child can actually bring a small measure of comfort into our lives. For example, some marriages are strengthened by child loss, as couples cling to each other for support.

Some friendships get "more real" in a hurry, as bereaved parents are often willing speak their minds more freely. With seemingly little left to lose, we're more willing to tell others how we really feel; how we may have been hurt or betrayed by past actions. This new openness sometimes brings long-festering issues out in the open and allows meaningful discussion that leads to healing and a closer bond between friends.

Unfortunately, sometimes relationships go the other direction. A spouse or romantic partner may feel alienated by our grief. A frayed relationship may completely unravel with this added stressor.

Friends may not appreciate our candor and may be hurt by it. Even if we don't overtly do or say anything, friction often develops with friends and family simply because we are not the old us.

Almost four years into my grief journey, I'm still sorting out these relationships. I've lost some and held on to some. The jury is still out on others, I suppose.

In at least one area of my life - employment - I had some significant issues lurking beneath the surface that I was able to keep tamped down while Ruby was still here. Like a good soldier, I trudged to a job that wasn't a good fit, because I had mouths to feed. I made it work.

After she was gone, the incentive to walk this line was gone, and I began to seek something else. I sought it not once, but twice, by moving all the way from the East Coast to Hawaii. I might despise fundraising - all the fake smiling and fake relationships - but surely, I'd despise it a little less in paradise, right?

Umm, no. And I'm so thick-headed I had to earn double frequent flier miles to learn this lesson.

In 2014, barely six months after Ruby died, I packed up my few belongings and moved to Honolulu to be Development Director for the Institute for Human Services, Oahu's largest homeless shelter. If I was looking for some kind of downshift from the hectic pace of East Coast life, I sure as hell wasn't going to find it working for a social cause as controversial as homelessness.

We were in the news nearly every damned day for something! And most of it didn't make my job as a fundraiser any easier.

Oh, did I mention I brought my brand-new girlfriend out here with me? Yep, did that too. Sign me up for Mensa!

Needless to say, it didn't work out so well at IHS. I was a nervous wreck. All I really wanted to do was shut that stupid office door and cry over my daughter. I wasn't ready to handle PR crisis after PR crisis.

So, I didn't. I packed my stuff up after a year and went back to Philadelphia.

Only things didn't go so well there, either. In a tough big city employment pool, I was just another small fish. I get that the grass isn't always greener on the other side, but could I just get a small patch of green somewhere???

I thought that green came in the form of a second chance in Hawaii. I landed a job doing fundraising for another social services agency. It must be destiny, right? You don't get two pretty good jobs in Hawaii with no significant connections if you're not supposed to be here, right?

That's what I thought, anyway. So back on the plane I climbed in September of 2016. Only this time, the girlfriend and I decided to play it smart. I'd come out here and check it out - make sure it was a good fit - and after a few months I'd give her the go-ahead to quit her job and join me.

That day never came. I got fired after six short months. They said it wasn't for performance - that they had an unexpected and significant financial issue - but who knows.

I'm still distracted. I'm still not passionate or even really enthusiastic about fundraising. Building those relationships is a process, but the fact remains that I wasn't raising much money yet.

So now I'm flying back to Philadelphia to start over again. Is it really even starting over if you didn't get started? Probably not. I guess I'm flying back to Philadelphia to start.

Do I have any positive takeaway from this mess? Sometimes even a pessimist like me needs to see something positive - just a little sliver of hope.

Well, for one I've finally accepted that maybe fundraising is no longer the path for me. Without Ruby, I can no longer fake it in any area of my life - not in my relationships and not in my career.

I don't know what's next, but it's going to have to be something for which I have genuine interest. I like to write. I like fitness. I'm really good at thumb wrestling. We'll see.

And the girlfriend... her name is Christina and shockingly, she's still around! I don't even know how or why sometimes, but I feel lucky. And I feel like I've been careless with our relationship with all this bouncing around the world.

I'm going to try to change that when I get back. I might not find career stability for a while, but I'm going to have to find a way to be present so that something in my life can grow.

This is my grief journey - the first four years of it anyway. I'm not in the habit of giving advice. I'd rather just share my experience and let you take what you will from it.

I'm sure some "expert" will say don't shake up your life too much the first couple of years after you lose a child. That sounds like pretty reasonable advice.

At the same time, I'm grateful for my time in Hawaii... both times. I'm grateful for the friends I made, the lessons I learned, and the beauty I saw. I'm grateful I shared the first experience here with Kris and that she got to visit me here twice on this go-round.

Maybe I've pissed a few people off. I'm certain I have. But my daughter's not mad at me. She's looking down or up or sideways or whatever you believe, and she knows her dumb dad is trying.

That's all I can do, and it's all you can do, too. Just get out of bed and try something.

Even the wrong thing is better than giving up hope and trying nothing. Even if you don't know why you're trying or what the point of trying is... just try.

Chuck Miller, Ruby's Dad
TCF, Honolulu



When you can't look on the bright side,

I will sit with you in the Dark.

Gifts of Love

Tami Cox-Martinez and Raul Martinez

In Honor and Loving memory of their daughter, Danielle

Mahalo to all who participated in the Visitor Industry Charity Walk 2017

Mike and Bonnie Town

In Honor and Loving memory of their granddaughter, Mina

Special Mahalo to Jeanne, Lorna, Sherrie, David, Kristin and Kaylana who helped in our absence in making the "Walk to Remember" in "Loving Memory of our Children" a success

Mahalo to all who participated in our "Walk to Remember" in Loving Memory of our Children

Honolulu Chapter Walk to Remember 2017



The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. ©2016

The Mission of The Compassionate Friends

When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

The TCF Mission Statement

The Mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

******Please Consider Helping******

I have found through my own experiences that helping others through their grief journey has strengthened my own journey. The memories of my son are positively reinforced as other bereaved parents share their stories and memories. We Need Not Walk Alone. That simple phrase resonates throughout my journey. There are other aspects to The Compassionate Friends that need help. If you have a talent – web design, writing, creativity, organizing, and greeters and would like to help others – please let us know.

