



The Compassionate Friends

Honolulu Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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HONOLULU CHAPTER

And Then There Was Hope

Once, in what is now another life, I thought support groups were for someone else. I felt that with research, personal work, discussions with the elders in my family and wise friends, I would find all the answers I needed. This worked well until December of 2002. My son died. The death of my only child changed everything. My standard methods of "self help" were not going to get me through this. I needed more than even Solomon could give me. And I desperately needed hope.

My first meeting at Compassionate Friends was in March of 2003. My son had been gone almost three months; I was traumatized, I could not speak and I was doubtful that I would ever find even an obscure hint of peace in my life. April's meeting was somewhat better. I spoke a few words. In May I was rocked by the dual anticipation of Mother's Day and my son's birthday. In June I participated in the balloon liftoff; I sprained my ankle as we were walking back from the park. That night, as I sat at home with ice on my ankle, I thought about the past five months. I realized that I was a different person than I had been earlier in the year. I was no longer the woman who walked into her first Compassionate Friends meeting because I was no longer walking alone. There were others at my side, in front of me, behind me, encouraging me, offering gentle suggestions, understanding and listening as I told my child's story over and over and over again.

I discovered that those who had walked this road before me were holding the lanterns of hope to cast light on my life path. It was these people and only these people who could reach me, who could teach me, whose voices could penetrate my fog, whose hearts could help me to begin the healing process.

By the time I marked the first anniversary of my son's death, I was beginning to discover that I had been transformed into a different person. Like my child whose body had died but whose spirit lived on symbolically in the butterfly, I had become a different person. I physically felt the pain of other parents. The first time I offered advice I sat in wonder at the realization that this very effort brought a little more light into my soul. Part of my healing process became the helping process.

Healing is what we seek, but we will never be "cured". As parents who have lost our children, we will never be the same people we were before our child died. I came to accept this fact. But I also found that we can live with this wound which, despite our initial certainty to the contrary, is not usually fatal. It is forever, it is painful, it is the worst wound a human can feel, but it is not fatal. Even when I was wracked with physical pain in my grief, the light of my Compassionate Friends gave me a new perspective, one of hope.

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' on Kanunu St*

UPCOMING EVENTS

• *TCF National Conference – July 27 to July 29; St Louis, Missouri*

REGIONAL COORDINATOR

Regional Coordinator: *David Kaniaupio*

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NATIONAL OFFICE

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Yes, a part of me died with my son, but the part that remains is constantly changing, continually evolving and always reaching for the light of hope. We each choose different ways to reach for hope, to live our lives as well as we possibly can without our precious children. But eventually we all awaken to hope.

My hope did not come as an epiphany out of the blue, but rather, it was more like a false dawn followed by true, muted rays of the morning sun. My hope was a process. I engaged the process by reaching out to others, listening, learning. I learned that the quick answer is rarely the right answer. I learned that silence often says more than words. I made peace with my pain, and I began to reach out to others with words of hope. For words were my gift to those who had given me so much.

At Compassionate Friends we see many new faces each year. Most parents continue their relationship with the group for at least a year, some for even two years. A few stay three years. The good news is that those who do not choose to come to meetings have chosen to go forward with their lives in a different way. Going forward with their lives is a very positive step and the goal of each bereaved parent. Not all of us stay; not all of us should stay. But for some of us, the hope continues to rekindle at each meeting. As we meet the newly bereaved and listen to their story, to their child's story, to the outpouring of pure agony and heartbreak, we hold the lantern. These parents will not know exactly what it is that we are doing as they are lost in the fog, as we all once were. Yet, we quietly hold the lantern, we keep the chapter moving forward, we meet parents and talk about their children, about our children, about grief, about life, about death, about pain and about hope. I have chosen to stay and hold the lantern for those who have followed me. For this gives me hope and peace and it keeps my child close to me in even the darkest of nights.

As grief is our companion, time moves forward; the pain becomes less searing, less encompassing. We learn to co-exist with our loss. We treasure our memories, we love our children and our hearts ache with our terrible loss. Yet, we have moved forward on the path. We are holding the lantern for others who find themselves on this path in life. We give this gift of hope with our presence which symbolizes the future of every newly bereaved parent. I remember my child as I walk this road with you.

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

I wish I could say that it gets easier.

I wish it GOT easier.

The good news is that it does get easier to
recognize when it will be difficult.

The passage of time, the repetition of holidays and of certain events,
having gone through those occasions before *lessens the anticipation.*

I'm also a lot better at letting people know what I need from them,
and more importantly, *what I don't.*

~ Jordon Ferber, Russell's brother



ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

Mahalo for all who participated and volunteered in our "Walk to Remember" in June. There are some photos in this newsletter and more on our 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.

Bears of Hope

Bears of Hope is an Australian registered not-for-profit organisation managed solely by a dedicated team of bereaved parents. Our professionalism and longevity has been built on delivering passionate and active pregnancy & infant loss support, education and awareness, and in strengthening relationships with allied health professionals. Bears Of Hope exists to improve the facilitation of the healing journey for families experiencing a loss. Bears of Hope is affiliated with Hospitals, GP's, Obstetricians and IVF Clinics throughout Australia.

VISION

To provide leading support and exceptional care for families who experience the loss of their baby.

OBJECTIVES

Bears of Hope's mission is to provide ongoing comfort, support and counselling to parents and families who have experienced the loss of a baby during pregnancy, birth and infancy.

Bears of Hope can be found at: <http://www.bearsofhope.org.au/>. The Bears of Hope website is very informative and easy to navigate.

*"Pain is
Real, but
So is
Hope."*

HealthyPlace.com



LOVING LISTENERS:

DAVID KANIAUIPIO (808)222-6556

TERRY KANIAUIPIO (808)222-2729



What moves through us is a silence, a quiet sadness, a longing for one more day, one more word, one more touch, we may not understand why you left this earth so soon, or why you left before we were ready to say "Good-bye", but little by little we begin to remember not just that you died, but that you lived. And that life... *Gave us memories too beautiful to forget...*

Author Unknown

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 Alohihealaniikawana'ao Kimura, Aug
1986 - Jul 1993
Charlie Lilinoepahola Kimura, Apr 2014 - Jul 2016
Joshua Levine, Nov 1988 - 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



Paul Gabriel DeJesus



Anais Atherton



Robert Jason Morales Jr



Kristofer Nedorolik



Joshua Levine



Jared Makana Isamu Teruya



Peter Quintanilla



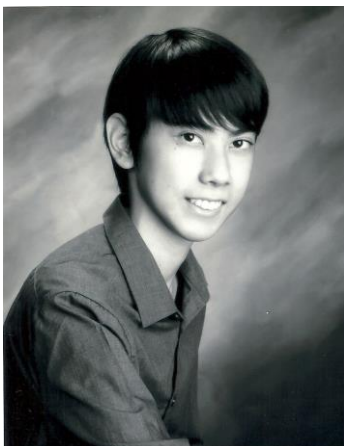
Jason May



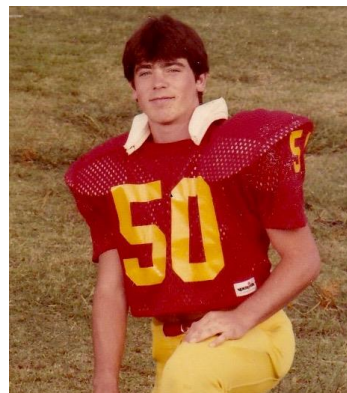
Marika Akesa Melelina Quirit



Elston Pang



Keene Kainoa Nagaishi



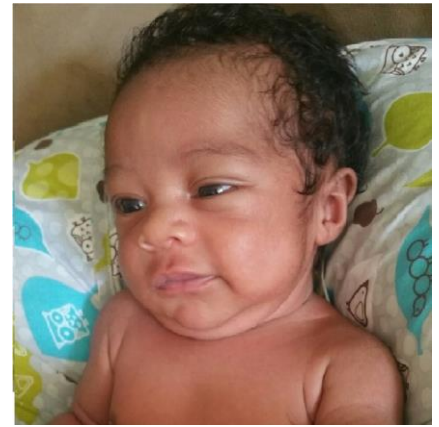
Jeffrey Mitchel Massie



Charles "Keoki" Malott



Tabatha Schoenfelt



Kaedyn Benjamin Kaimiloa
AhMook Sang Stewart

We don't just grieve
the moment
our loved ones pass.
We grieve the *past*,
the *future*
and the *now*.
Our loved one is more than
one moment in time.



**The
Compassionate
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~Angie Cartwright

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
Matthew Trinkle, Aug 1992 - Jun 2012
Kevin Wolfley, Aug 1964 - Mar 2008
Evan Jonah Won, Aug 2002 - Jun 2017

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



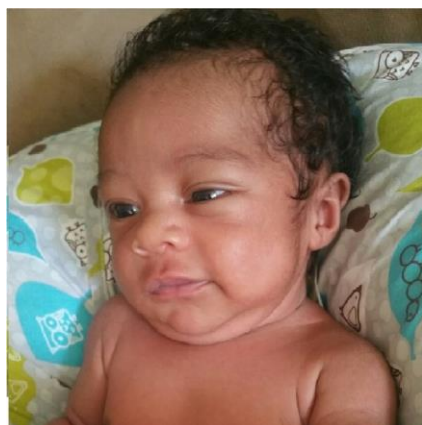
Richard Mannheimer



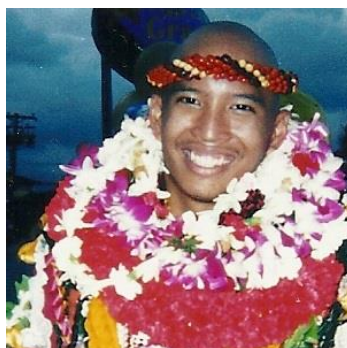
Ikaika Kale Kelepine Lopes



John Charles Bomke III



Kaedyn Benjamin Kaimiloo
AhMook Sang Stewart



Darryl Kahoeikaika Kaniaupio



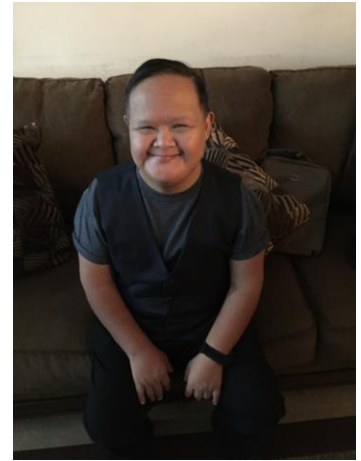
Marika Akesa Melelina Quirit



Matthew Trinkle



Josiah Ramos



Peter Quintanilla



Leah Marie Goldberg



Nainoa Kealiihokuhelelani Hoe



Michael Hallenbeck



Ian Tyler Coronas



Helen Sayako Kaneshiro



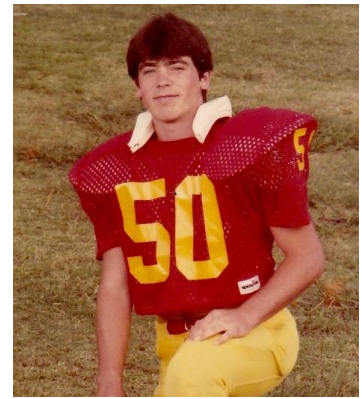
Alaina Marie Jenkins



Rhianon Bliss Poitras



Evan Jonah Won



Jeffrey Mitchel Massie

If you know someone
who has lost a child ...
and you're afraid to mention them
because you think you might make them sad
by reminding them that they died,
they didn't forget they died.
You're NOT REMINDING THEM.
What you're reminding them of
is that *you remember that they lived,*
and that's a great, great gift.



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-Elizabeth Edwards

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
Arya Marika Alexandratos Hixson, Sep 2017 - Oct 2017
Emilia Hung, Sep 1988 - Mar 2013
Gregory Bruce Johanos, Sep 1958 - Jul 1960
Jeffery Michael Kiyan, 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
Frank Panelli, Sep 1958 - Sep 1976
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
McKenna Fuglie, Dec 1991 - Sep 2014
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
Frank Panelli, Sep 1958 - Sep 1976
Tommy Polmal, Jul 2013 - Sep 2013
Reid Richards, Jul 1965 - Sep 1998
Scott Rush, Dec 1963 - Sep 1980
Kapena Lou Kalanikaioke'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



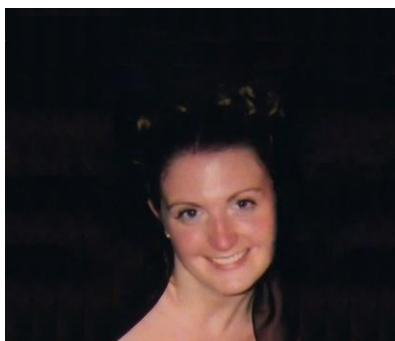
Bert Kenalio Malott



Jaime Avelina Leonen



Daniel Jezek



Rhianon Bliss Poitras



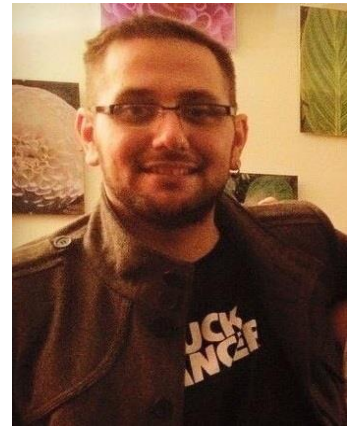
Paul Gabriel DeJesus



Arya Mariko Alexandratos Hixson



Princess Zuna Ilacad Yadao



Mark Patrick Goldberg



Andrew Madrid



Amanda Raeanne Beaty



McKenna Fuglie



Robert Jason Morales Jr



Dwayne George Mattos



Rudy Chung Murakami



Alissa Rona Bennett



Sara Cosson

Voices of Parents, Grandparents, and Siblings

ON TIME AND HEALING

In February 2014 I gained entrance into this group none of us want to join when my beautiful son Ryan passed away. As all of you are too well aware of, the months that followed were filled with unbearable grief and questions and “what-ifs”. As landmark dates started coming – birthdays, holidays, death-days (euphemistically referred to as Sunsets or Angelversaries), I struggled with what to do to mark these events.

We all have places and things that are significant to us and our loved one – for me, one of these things was a tree on a beach. At times when my grief was overwhelming that’s where I would go, alone, to think and feel. So, it made sense to me that this tree would be where I would go to celebrate Ryan on his special days.

This tree had an injury, a large wound, where a limb had been removed. I measured it, it was 4” x 9”, and then I took a trip to Maui to try and find a wood carver who could carve me a memorial to mount on Ryan’s tree. This didn’t work out, so instead I began the ritual of taping a photo of Ryan in the wound, and then watching the sunrise over the tree.

The first time I did this, I used a 4” x 6” photo, which easily fit into the gap. Over time, I found I had to cut my photos down as there seemed to be less room on the tree. After a couple of years, I started taping wallet-sized photos, and over time, even these needed to be made smaller.

It wasn’t until the last time I did this ritual that I stopped to question the change. The sun rose, and with the new light I examined the old wound. And I saw new growth – the tree was slowly healing itself. The new wood didn’t look anything like the original surrounding wood – it was clear that the tree had received a traumatic injury. But still, the tree was recovering...re-growing...rebuilding. The process had happened so slowly that I hadn’t noticed it at all in those early years. And as I sat there I started reflecting on my own healing journey, and how my path shared similarities with this wounded tree. And I smiled; of course, it was Ryan’s tree that helped open my eyes and let this peace shine in.

Jeanne Martin-Hopkins
Ryan’s mom
TCF, Honolulu



Gifts of Love

Mahalo to all who
participated in the Visitor
Industry Charity Walk 2018

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

Special Mahalo to Jeanne, Lorna, the Oyasato family: Dixie, Kyle, Charlene, Tara and Kelli, the Arakaki family: Garrett, Candace, Lauren and Ashley, the Haylett family: Wendy, Tim and Emma, David, Kristin and Kaylana, who helped in making our “Walk to Remember” in “Loving Memory of our Children” a success.

Honolulu Chapter Walk to Remember 2018



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 greeting and would like to help others – please let us know.

