



The Compassionate Friends

Southwest Suburbs/Cleveland Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

We Need Not Walk Alone, We Are The Compassionate Friends

P.O. Box 3696 Oak Brook, IL 60522 1-877-969-0010

National Website: www.compassionatefriends.org

Chapter Website: www.tcf-cle.net



Chapter Closed Facebook Group

July & August, 2021

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WHAT IS COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS?

Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents.

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

MISSION STATEMENT: 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.

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.

July and August Monthly Meetings - *In-Person*

July 14th at 7:00pm: The discussion topic will be "Vacation Memories", but as always you can raise any concerns or issues you feel the group might be able to help with. Joanne and Don Litvin will facilitate.

August 11th at 7:00pm: The discussion topic will be "What reminds you of your child?". Please bring a favorite memento of your child to share with the group. As always you can raise any concerns you feel the group might be able to help with. Lori Brown and Cheryl Ondrejch will facilitate.

MEETING LOCATION: *Bethany Lutheran Church, 6041 Ridge Road, Parma 44129*
(see page 9 for more information)

Remembering Our Children

Please take a moment to remember these children and those who love them on their birth dates and anniversaries. Although they were only here for a short time, the impact they made on their loved ones remains forever.



July Birth Dates

1 - Bradley Ryan Riggins	24 - Stephen Josef Daschner
6 - Tom Friebel	24 - Laura Vargo Rogerson
9 - Kai E. Maatz	24 - Allison T. Steadley
10 - Natalia Bercier-Graham	25 - Christopher James Giermann
10 - Sean Somoles	27 - Charles Junke
11 - Charles "Sport" Haske	27 - Alan F. Klohs
11 - David J. Silvestri	28 - Owen Martin Hoeptner
11 - Corey Michael Stevenson	28 - Eric M. Shaw
12 - John Albert Protiva	29 - Stephen Alexander (Gianfagna)
22 - Nathan Christopher Jurcago	30 - Raven Santos
22 - Michael A. Suglia, Jr.	31 - Luke Thomas Kurylak
24 - Joseph Troy Brown	

July Angelversary Dates

Michaelann Elizabeth Arnold (Age 21)	Susan Kalnitzky (Age 30)
Melanie Sue Ashwill (Age 27)	Denise Ann Kohl (Age 29)
Natalia Bercier-Graham (Age 1 day)	Michael Benjamin Kurtz (Age 17)
Antonio Deshon Briones (Age 21)	Laura Vargo Rogerson (Age 33)
Sarah Elizabeth Ciprian (Age 13)	Matthew Rogerson (Age 7)
Stephen Josef Daschner (Age 23)	Nathan A. Sorm (Age 19)
Brittany Nicole Finley (Age 27)	Thomas Tagliarini (Age 22)
Jeffrey Lamont "Man-Man" Harris (Age 20)	Donna Lynn Tischler (Age 38)
Timothy William Hautz (Age 3)	Jeremy Daniel Yurcik (Age 29)

Remembering Our Children

August Birth Dates

1 - Richard T. Hulec	8 - Nicole Julian Faust-Turner
1 - Richard Pratt, Jr.	9 - John Michael Mendez
1 - Michael Andrew Ruzicho	10 - Kimberly Ann Parker
2 - Rick Marano	11 - Dustin Kalstrom
4 - Rob R. Gates, Jr.	12 - Amanda Lynn Berhent
5 - Francis Scott Cwiklinski	12 - Kerrienne Loas
5 - Jason Michael Repka	13 - Douglas Charles Roth
6 - Daniel Joseph Fernandez	14 - David Michael Benning
6 - Andrea June Torres	22 - Lauren Venzel Kutchenriter
7 - Russell Ruprecht	23 - Dawn Nicole Fordu
8 - David George Benning	30 - John Anderson Greer
8 - Robert William Duman, Jr.	31 - Dane Woods

August Angelversary Dates

Steven J. Bilecky (Age 19)	Kimberly Ann Kozar (Age 28)
Christopher James Brennan (Age 16)	Allison Rose Kuczarski (Age)
Michael John Buchko (Age 30)	Christopher Kuzma (Age 14)
Angel "AJ" Cuevas, Jr. (Age 25)	John Michael Mendez (Age 23)
Rebecca Anne Dugas (Age 11)	LaMarr Deontay Moss (Age 30)
Evaristo Fernandez-Rios (Age 29)	Rhiannon Naab (Age 28)
Thomas Patrick Harsany (Age 25)	Arrie Clifton Pritchard, Jr. (Age 30)
Matthew Hickernell (Age 25)	John Albert Protiva (Age 27)
Anthony Lee Higgins (Age 28)	Lauren Jane Rehker (Age 7)
Megan Leigh Homyak (Age 27)	Jason Michael Repka (Age 16)
Mark Adam Kapusta (Age 18)	David J. Silvestri (Age 25)
Kerry Kipfstuhl (Age 40)	Christopher George Stavlas (Age 30)
Alan F. Klohs (Age 21)	Frederick M. Tschanz (Age 24)

Newsletter Dedications

**It's hard to forget someone who
gave us so much to remember.**



Michaelann Elizabeth Arnold (Age 21)



**Stephen, its been 7 years.
We miss you more everyday,
you will always be in our hearts and on our minds.
Until we meet again. Rest in paradise.**

Love Mom, Dad and Eric

Stephen Josef Daschner (Age 23)

Newsletter Dedications



Michael Benjamin Kurtz (Age 17)

My son, my big brother, my friend ... in 17 short years you lived, laughed, played, grew, comforted, protected and loved. You unconditionally loved us. An unfinished life. Forever loved - Forever missed.

*Love,
Mom, Adie and Mark*



Laura Vargo Rogerson (Age 33)

Dearest Laura,

26 years ago on July 14 you went to be with Jesus in Heaven. And on July 24 you would be 60 years old. Oh my, that doesn't seem possible. We miss you more every day our darling daughter.

Love, Mom and Dad

TCF National News



The Compassionate Friends 44th National Conference will be presented virtually this July 16, 2021 - July 18, 2021! We invite you to join us for an informative and supportive weekend from your own home. Attend the sessions you would like and have many of the others available by recording for 90 days after the conference.

Conference offerings include:

- Over 100 workshop choices
 - Keynote presentations
 - Healing Haven
 - Crafty Corner
- Virtual Silent Auction and Raffle
 - Sharing Circles
- Musical performances and sessions
 - Candle Lighting Program
 - And more!

Our Keynote Speakers:

Scarlett Lewis founded the Jesse Lewis Choose Love Movement, which helps people build a culture of love, resilience, forgiveness, and connection in our communities. Scarlett is the mother of Jesse Lewis, who was killed in his classroom during the Sandy Hook Elementary School tragedy. She has been interviewed by BBC, Fox News, CBS, and the Today Show, and has been featured in Fortune, Strive, and the Huffington Post. Scarlett will share how to thoughtfully respond with love in any situation by using the Choose Love Formula.

(Continued on following page)

TCF National News

(Continued from preceding page)

Dennis Apple is a pastor, author, and long-time workshop presenter at TCF national conferences. His 18-year-old son, Denny, died suddenly in his sleep from complications of mononucleosis. The pastor of a mega church, Dennis felt he was exempt from the tragedies that others experienced. Sixteen years later, after a crisis of faith and deep despair, he wrote about his struggle in a book, "Life After the Death of My Son." Dennis co-leads the TCF of Johnson County chapter in Leawood, Kansas.

Peggi Johnson is an avid writer and frequent contributor to *We Need Not Walk Alone*, TCF's magazine. Her son, Jordan, died by suicide at the age of 19, in 2009. After Jordan's death, she learned about and received support from TCF. She then served as editor for six chapters in the Washington, DC and Northern Virginia area, as well as a chapter leader in Piedmont, VA. Since 2013, Peggi has presented workshops for TCF national conferences.

Zander Sprague is an author, speaker, and licensed counselor. In 1996, his sister was murdered, and, ten years later, his sister-in-law died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage at the age of 35. Zander is the author of "Making Lemonade: Choosing a Positive Pathway After Losing Your Sibling." His latest book, "Why Don't They Cry? Understanding Your Living Child's Grief" is going to press later this year. Zander is a certified From Heartbreak to Happiness® grief coach.

Please [click here](#) to learn more about each of them.

TCF's national conference focuses on support for bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents, while also offering overall grief support and resources. Whether you are personally grieving a loss or want to learn how to better support others who are bereaved, join us for connection, community, education, and support.

For more information and to register, [click here](#).



Our Chapter News



First Meeting

Cindy Frischkorn, remembering her beloved daughter Julie Lynn Tankovich (Age 52)

The June meeting was the first for this bereaved mother. It is very difficult to attend a first meeting and we applaud her for having the courage to come. We hope we were of help, and that she will return and work through her grief journey with us.

Love Gifts

Love gifts are donations that are made to our chapter to support the continuation of the chapter as well as the newsletter. We would like to thank these people who donated to our Chapter in memory of their loved one(s).

- ~ Joanne Arnold ~ In loving memory of Michaelann Elizabeth Arnold (Age 21)
- ~ Elaine and Lou Chorich ~ In loving memory of Susan Elaine Chorich (Age 19)
- ~ Sharon Daschner ~ In loving memory of Stephen Josef Daschner (Age 23)
- ~ Kathryn Kurtz ~ In loving memory of Michael Benjamin Kurtz (Age 17)
- ~ Len and Sandy Vargo ~ In loving memory of Laura Vargo Rogerson (Age 33)

Candlelight Remembrance Service (*save the date*)

We are pleased to announce our annual Candlelight Remembrance Service will be held August 29th at Bethany Lutheran Church. The service consists of lighting candles in memory of our children, appropriate readings and music, a slideshow of our children's pictures, a balloon release and refreshments. *More information will be distributed by email in early August.*



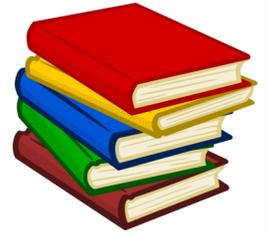
Our Chapter News

Library Notes – by Clayton Samels

I hope this finds you all well.

Summer is finally here. I've already been to one outdoor music festival and am looking forward to a few more before the season is over. But that doesn't mean I'm quitting reading in the meantime.

Instead of more of the cheap sci-fi stuff I usually gorge myself on, I found a real gem, called Klara and the Sun, by Kazuo Ishiguro. It's his first novel since receiving the Nobel Prize in Literature (some indication of the quality), but I didn't know that when I borrowed the book from the library. It's the story of a couple who have lost a daughter and fear they might lose a second, so they buy an android to be the second child's companion. The tale is told mainly from the point of view of the android, Klara, a very observant but naive artificial friend, so it takes a while for the reader to put the pieces together. This is not your run of the mill stuff; it's well worth the read.



The library hold on another book I had been waiting for finally came through, so I was able to read The Phone Booth at the Edge of the World, by Laura Imai Messina. The novel tells the story of some people in Japan who deal with their losses of loved ones by visiting a phone booth wired to absolutely nothing. While talking on the phone in the booth to their loved ones, they are more or less therapeutically transformed for the better. This novel is a winner, and I would advise anyone who can't actually visit that phone booth (yes, there really is such a phone booth over in Japan, even though the book is a fictionalized account of it) to try some sort of similar technique, whether it is just speaking to the loved one, writing a letter, or whatever works for you.

Another bunch of reading that I've been up to lately is a stack of old letters, mostly between my dad and mom when he was in the Army during World War II. My sister brought them over for me to have a look at. Boy, was it some reading! Basically, he was in the Army for a whopping eighty days, from his 31st birthday to D Day in 1944, when he got a discharge because my mother was sick in the hospital. All my relatives from that period are long dead, so there is nobody I can ask about any of this stuff, so the letters will have to be my sole source of information on that period. I guess it will all give me something to talk about with my brother and sister the next time I see them and we sit around shooting the breeze. I have also been doing some other genealogical research of some other relatives, and some of that should add to the sibling conversations.

So there you have it for another month. Right now, it's time for me to go check on the pitcher of sun tea I've got brewing out on the balcony. I love making sun tea because I don't have to heat up the kitchen boiling water for the tea bags. I just wish I had a jug of real peach cider to mix with it.

Stay safe. Stay well. Read something.

In-Person July and August Chapter Meetings

Please note that our July 14th and August 11th chapter meetings will be held in-person at Bethany Lutheran Church. We will meet in the cafeteria just outside our regular meeting room.

The cafeteria provides adequate space to permit proper social distancing. As part of the permission to use that space, the church requires that when our meeting ends we clean all the tables and chairs we have used. Bethany will provide cleaning supplies. The meeting facilitators will appreciate cleaning help from those who attend.

The Storms of Grief

I've often thought about how differently grief affects those left behind when someone has died. To me there are three groups of bereaved. There are those that lose someone they loved very much and are most affected. The middle group are those that cared about the person and will miss them, but their death doesn't change their lives. The third group are sorry that the person has died, but are largely unaffected by their death.

Now envision those groups on a mountain. When my son died, I felt like I was on a mountaintop, alone with a storm raging around me. Thunder and lightning filled the sky, thick clouds enveloped me, and a cold hard rain fell upon me. Winds buffeted my body from every side. There was no shelter, no place to sit or lie down. Others who were suffering as much as I (my husband and daughters) were on their own Mountaintop, and we could derive no comfort from each other. I stood there, sometimes railing against God, sometimes feeling as if my heart had been ripped out, sometimes just feeling an emptiness so deep, I feared I would drown in it. Days, weeks, months passed.

The middle group of people stood on the side of the mountain (close friends and relatives). They also were caught in the storm, but they had some shelter and each other. They wanted to comfort me but the path upward was winding and rocky and I could find no path down to them.

The last group of people were at the bottom of the mountain in the valley. There, the sun was shining and the breeze was gentle. They could see the storm I was caught in, but could do nothing to help me.

Sometimes the storm would subside and I could see something besides dismal gray and I had respite from the wind and rain. But this would be followed by another raging storm. Back and forth, I never knew what to expect.

Eventually the sky would clear and I was able to find a path to those that cared and could offer me hugs and a shoulder to cry on. The storm was still there, but there was also shelter and I wasn't alone.

It has been 12 years since Todd died and I have been able to come completely down off that desolate mountaintop and live in the valley of sunshine. Sometimes I stay there quite a while. Sometimes I climb that mountain and experience that same emptiness and sadness.

We all know that this kind of storm may brew on those special days - birthdays, holidays, family events. We are also blind-sided by those times that just take our breath away. . .being in a place they loved, hearing their music, smells, movies, ballgames, seeing their friends. We really have no control over these unexpected, sudden storms.

I have learned to give into them and let the tears fall. I can live with these storms and accept them as part of my life because my child lived and I loved him with all my heart. I cannot change the fact that my child has died and I will not change my love.

*Barb Seth
TCF Madison, WI
In Memory of my son, Todd*

For some moments in life there are no words.

~ David Selter, *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*



Why Butterflies?

Since the early centuries of the Christian Church the butterfly has symbolized the resurrection and life after death. The caterpillar signifies life here on earth; the cocoon, death; and the butterfly, the emergence of the dead into a new, beautiful and more free existence. Frequently, the butterfly is seen with the word, “Nika”, which means victory.

Elizabeth Kubler-Ross movingly tells of seeing butterflies drawn all over the walls of children’s dormitories in the World War II concentration camps. Since children are intuitive, she concludes that these children knew their fate and were leaving us a message.

The Compassionate Friends has adopted the butterfly as one of its symbols—a sign of hope to us that our children are living in another dimension with greater beauty and freedom—a comforting thought to many.

Tears, Talk, Time and Tomorrows

I never thought I could go on living when you died, but...I did.

I never thought I would survive after burying you, but...I did.

I never thought I'd get through those first days, weeks, and months, but...I did.

I never thought I'd be able to endure the first anniversary of your death, but...I did.

I never thought I'd let myself love my new grandchild, but...I have.

I never thought tomorrow would be different, but...it was.

I never thought I'd stop crying for a day, but...I have.

I never thought I'd ever sing again, but...I have.

I never thought the pain would 'soften', but...it has.

I never thought I'd care if the sun shone again, but...I do.

I never thought I'd ever entertain again, but...I have.

I never thought I'd be able to control my grief, but...I can.

I never thought I could function without medication again, but...I can.

I never thought I'd smile again, but...I do.

I never thought I'd laugh out loud again, but...I do.

I never thought I'd look forward to tomorrow, but...I do.

I never thought I'd reconcile your death, but...I have.

I never thought I'd be able to create that 'new normal', but...I have.

I never thought I'd *want* to go on living after you died, but...I do --

*Always missing you, always loving you, and thinking of you daily,
with a smile on my face... and tears on my heart.*

~ Debbie Landsman

What Is A Love Gift ?

A love gift is a gift of money to The Compassionate Friends. It is usually in honor of a child who has died, but it can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of our chapter. All local TCF chapters are totally dependent on funds from our families. We DO NOT receive funds from our National Office. Everything we need to operate our local chapter is paid directly from our local resources and our local family contributions. All monetary love gifts are tax deductible.

Thank you to all who contribute and support our chapter. Some people contribute in memory of other's children ... this is a wonderful way for others to say, "I am remembering your child." Other "Gifts of Love" are evident by all the compassionate and giving volunteers we have within our organization.

Love gifts should be made payable to The Compassionate Friends and mailed to our treasurer:
 Cheryl Ondrejch, 14365 Old Pleasant Valley Road, Middleburg Heights, OH 44130

Newsletter Dedications

A newsletter dedication is a wonderful way to remember your child, and to help defray the costs to produce the newsletter. The cost is \$30 (tax deductible). If you would like to include a dedication, please fill out the form below and either bring it to a monthly meeting or mail it with your check (made payable to The Compassionate Friends) to Bill Luff, 133 Fourth Avenue, Berea, OH 44017. If you have a picture to include or a small tribute, please e-mail it to Bill Luff at:
jbl3665@sbcglobal.net



To submit a Newsletter Dedication in loving memory of your child

Please complete this form and send with your donation (\$30). Make check payable to The Compassionate Friends.



Donor: _____
 (Your Name)

Donor Address: _____
 (Street) (City, State, Zip) (Phone #)

In Memory of: _____
 (Child's Name)

I would like dedication to appear in newsletter for month of: _____
 (1st Choice) (2nd Choice)

*There are things that we don't want to happen but have to accept,
 things we don't want to know but have to learn,
 and people we can't live without but have to let go. ~ author unknown*

My New Normal

I hate this new normal, I want the old one back.
When the four of us were together and
there was nothing that I lacked.

All your birth dates were imprinted,
on my memory when you were born.
Now, with this new normal,
I have a death date, too, that I mourn.

Our family, once of four,
is what I thought we'd always be.
Never, never ever thinking,
that one day we'd only be three.

Yes, I hate this new normal,
we didn't plan for this at all.
Your future is now just past memories
and sometimes too painful to recall.

I used to feel one hundred percent,
but now the most is seventy-five.
The joys and hopes that I now have
are minus one quarter, my child died.

There are no more celebrations,
only 'occasions' that we share.
We adjust to our new normal,
because you're no longer here.

You don't walk through the door any more,
your laughter we do not hear.
The only thing I can hope for now,
are my dreams to bring you near.

Oh yes, I hate this new normal that
just came and settled in.
I hate you, I hate you, I hate you...
I want the 'old normal' back again.

~ Debbie Landsman

The Warmth of Compassion

I thought that the end of the world had come when we lost our precious son, Patrick, to cancer.

Eighteen months have now passed, flowers still bloom, traffic races by and the little children play happily.

Breath goes in and goes out. It just does. How can this be?

Compassion seems rationed out. I now understand that people are well meaning, often really hurting for you. Their words come out wrongly. It hurts doesn't it?

Recently I have found some solace in speaking in a small group of bereaved parents.

It is a wonderful thing to talk about your child. How good it is that you want to hear some of my story. TCF has helped me and others along the way. How good that you look at my son's picture, bear with my pride in him and allow me to tell my sorrow.

What is helping? What is hindering? Such gentleness to discover and discuss these things.

Venture out even when the night is cold, the compassion is not.

Thanks a million to everyone whose act of compassion reminds us that the flowers do still bloom.

*Judy Dowling
TCF Victoria, Australia
In Memory of my son, Patrick*

Hugs From Heaven

When you feel a gentle breeze
 Caress you when you sigh
 It's a hug sent from Heaven
 From a loved one way up high.

If a soft and tender raindrop
 Lands upon your nose
 They've added a small kiss
 As fragile as a rose.

If a song you hear fills you
 With a feeling of sweet love
 It's a hug sent from Heaven
 From someone special up above.

If you awaken in the morning
 To a bluebird's chirping song
 It's music sent from Heaven
 To cheer you all day long.

If tiny little snowflakes
 Land upon your face
 It's a hug sent from Heaven
 Trimmed with Angel lace.

So keep the joy in your heart
 If you're lonely my dear friend
 Hugs that are sent from Heaven
 A broken heart will mend.

~ Charlotte Anselmo

The Gift of Someone Who Listens

Those of us who have traveled a while
 Along this path called grief,
 Need to stop and remember that mile,
 The first mile of no relief.

It wasn't the person with answers
 Who told us the way to deal,
 It wasn't the one who talked and talked
 That helped us to start to heal.

Think of the friend who quietly sat
 And held our hands in theirs,
 The ones who let us talk and talk
 And hugged away our tears.

We need to always remember
 That more than the words we speak,
 It's the gift of someone who listens
 That most of us desperately seek.

*~ Nancy Myerholtz
 TCF Waterville/Toledo, OH*

The Connection

When I'm walking in the sunshine,
 I'm walking in your love.
 When I'm walking in the rain,
 Yours tears fall from above.

Your laughter is the birds,
 In song outside my window.
 Your spirit passes by,
 Each time I hear the wind blow.

When I smell the blooming flower,
 Your fragrance lingers there.
 And in the waters of reflection,
 Your face is shining fair.

You come to me in many ways,
 Each one different from before.
 In the rainbow shines your eyes,
 Your whisper I hear,
 As the waves brush the shore.

You always find a way to reach me,
 Just when I'm missing you most.
 Making the connection,
 When I'm feeling lost.

Through our bond of life
 This connection will always be.
 A special part of you,
 And a special strength of me.

The Compassionate Friends
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