



Good Grief NEWS

Good Grief
of Kansas, Inc.

2622 W. Central - Suite 108, Wichita, KS 67203
Website: www.goodgriefofkansas.org

316-612-0700 February 2018
Email: info@goodgriefofkansas.org



LOVE CRY



The depths of grief wrestle the feelings of choice from us. While in despair we get angry when we hear statements like, "You can choose how you feel." It sounds insensitive even coming from someone who has experienced grief. Carla Blowey, our editor, writes vividly in the foreword of my novel about when I asked her if she wanted to see her son's death differently. She was initially offended because all she could see was her son's bleeding body, but she writes that it allowed healing to begin.

Statements of choice should not be made to others without consideration of what is happening within. Carla, her husband, and I were acquaintances through our work. I was well aware that her connection to dreams was already presenting the very question I asked her. It takes listening, talk, and the giving of love to see if the "click" has happened. The "click" is how I describe the moment when our grief-ravaged consciousness is ready to change its focus from what it lost to the love that is still there. That presents a choice and that is when expressions of choice are valid.

When we are still in denial, or in anger or depression, sincere expressions of love in varied forms are all that is helpful. It is the hugs, the talk, doing the chores, bringing food, the cards, the notes, and the tears. Loss can be so intense that we are just on autopilot, just reacting and not really knowing what to do or how to make it end. All the love we are getting from others is the universal way we intuitively support and awaken those in grief. The choice for love is the last thing we want to hear about, but the first thing we want expressed.

"The choice for love is the last thing we want to hear about, but the first thing we want expressed."

Conscious choice by definition is stepping back for a moment to become the observer and chooser of actions, thoughts, and feelings. Nevertheless, choice comes even with our tears. Grieving depletes us in mind, body, and spirit. There comes a time when the "click" happens just because grief is so consuming. That is when we are first presented with conscious choice. We often notice it in our tears. That is why I want to talk about the love cry.

It is most likely that if you have read this far the "click" has happened whether you are aware of it or not. Hopefully, you have cried. If you have not cried, it is time to start. Here is what to observe: are the tears about loss or about love? Do not judge what you feel. Just identify it.

Be honest with yourself, and if they are mostly still about the loss or guilt, stay there consciously until you feel the "click." It can be good to have another person be there, but it is not necessary if your "observer" is working. So turn on your observer and watch what you are feeling. You want to experience what you are feeling without distraction, but it is not necessary to break things. This will likely be intense so hit a pillow if you must, but this is about feeling what you feel until the "click" happens. The "click" is when you inwardly say, "Enough." It does not matter what the reasons for enough are. It just matters that you were aware of it.

Self-centered grief keeps going for long periods partly because we have not held it until we were ready to consciously accept change. When we are, we find a deep truth that all grief survivors will testify to: even that can be used for good or for bad. Grief can transform you, your body, your family, your community, and everyone you meet for good or for destruction. That is a matter of choice.

When you say, "Enough," say it aloud too. Say it again. Shout it. Louder! Now you are ready for the love cry. The love cry's tears are no longer an expression of loss, but an expression of, "How blessed was it to have you in my life." It is an expression of connection. Loss separates us. Love unites us, even in death. The love cry comes with praise, even gratitude, and the glory of all that is holy and fulfilling. Let those tears flow. Choosing love in loss usually produces an intensely personal spiritual journey.

You will have many instances to reiterate your choice, so choose the love cry or say, "Enough" whenever you are tempted to negativity. When you are out in public and a tear comes to your eye as you talk to an acquaintance, say "It is OK. It is just my love tear." Let the hugs that often follow be a salute to the one you once thought you lost.

Blessings,

by Harry
McDonald
Grand Junction,
Colorado



SCHEDULE OF GROUP MEETINGS FOR THE BEREAVED

Be sure to check the website for any changes to meeting schedules.

Mondays: 7:00 - 8:30 PM

Grace Baptist Church – (1414 W Pawnee)
Facilitators: Bob & Connie Westerfield

SOUTH WICHITA

Mondays: 7:15 - 8:45 PM

East Point Church of Christ - (747 N 127th Street E)
Go to separate building north of playground
Facilitators: Adrienne Massey & Melissa Warnken

EAST WICHITA

Tuesdays: 10:00 - 11:30 AM

RiverWalk Church of Christ - Use South Office Entrance, Fireside Room (225 N Waco)
Facilitators: Marjorie Watkins & Jack Elder

CENTRAL WICHITA

Tuesdays: 7:00 - 8:30 PM

Derby Woodlawn United Methodist Church - Room 15E (Woodlawn & Kay St.)
Facilitator: Kathy Thomas & Linda Burris

DERBY

Tuesdays: 7:00 - 8:30 PM

Faith Renewal Church (formerly West Towne Baptist) - (2000 N Maize Rd.)
Facilitators: Evelyn Reece, Marsha Huffman, Bonnie Workman

WEST WICHITA

Wednesdays: 7:00 - 8:00 PM

W.A.Y. Widowed and Young (Ages 20's, 30's, 40's, 50's)
Nursery available for infants through age 2. Ages 3 and up welcome to participate in church Bible classes or teen groups
RiverWalk Church of Christ - Use SW entrance door, Fireside Room (225 N Waco)
Facilitators: Fang Richards & Marsha Huffman

CENTRAL WICHITA

SURVIVORS OF SUICIDE LOSS

Mondays: 7:00 - 8:00 PM

RiverWalk Church of Christ - (225 N Waco) Use SW entrance door (door closest to the river). Look for the Good Grief sign on the door. If the door is locked, please knock loudly. Room 106. Please call the facilitators for more information or to make your reservation. This group is for those who have suffered the loss of a loved one through suicide.
Facilitator: Jim Yoder 316-727-0663

CENTRAL WICHITA

1st and 3rd Monday of each month: 7:00 - 8:00 PM **NEW GROUP ARK CITY**

Mid American Credit Union (1610 N. Summit Street, Arkansas City) – Community Room (north side of credit union). Please call the facilitator for more information or to make your reservation. This group is for those who have suffered the loss of a loved one through suicide.
Facilitator: Kathy Harbert 620-441-7271.

You are welcome to attend any support group of your choice.

It is normal to feel confused, forgetful, crazy, lost and alone, plus a wide range of other emotions.

It may not feel like it just now, but it does get better . . . let us help. **Please commit to attend at least three times.**

The first two times may be difficult but you will begin to feel a difference in your grieving as you are able to share about your loss and other issues that come along at this time.

You might want to visit several groups until you find the one you feel most comfortable with.

BAD WEATHER POLICY

No group meetings will be held:

Wichita:

If the Emergency Accident Reporting Plan is in effect.

Outside Wichita:

Check with your facilitator.

Never put yourself at risk. If you think the streets are too dangerous to drive on, do not attend the meeting.

OFFICE SUPPLY NEEDS:

Envelopes:

**# 6¾ Security and #10 Std
Pastel Colored Paper - Cream:
8½ x 11, 24 lb**

Schedule of Regular Socials:

Thursdays: Breakfast at 9:00 AM

IHOP - 11855 E Kellogg Drive
(Hostesses: Cindy Swan, Adrienne Massey)

Saturdays: Breakfast at 10:00 AM

Spears Restaurant - 4823 West Maple
(Hostess: Janet Cook)

Thursdays: Lunch/Brunch at 10:00 AM

Spears Restaurant - 4823 West Maple (Host/Hostess: Chuck & Beth Holdeman)

OR

Country breakfast Café - 2804 S Seneca Street (Hostess: Lois Pardee)



February 2018



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
28	29 SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:15 pm	30 Central Group 10 am Derby Group 7:00 pm West Group 7:00 pm	31 W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm	1 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Spears or Country Café TLC Meeting 5:00 PM	2 Groundhog Day	3 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant
4	5 SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm SOSL Ark City 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:15 pm	6 Central Group 10 am Derby Group 7:00 pm West Group 7:00 pm	7 W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm	8 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Spears or Country Café	9	10 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant Red Banquet - 6pm
11	12 SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:15 pm	13 Central Group 10 am Derby Group 7:00 pm West Group 7:00 pm	14 Ash Wednesday W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm 	15 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Spears or Country Café	16	17 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant
18	19 President's Day SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm SOSL Ark City 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:15 pm	20 Central Group 10 am Derby Group 7:00 pm West Group 7:00 pm Good Grief Board Mtg. 5:00 pm - GG Office	21 W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm	22 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Spears or Country Café	23	24 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant
25	26 SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:15 pm	27 Central Group 10 am Derby Group 7:00 pm West Group 7:00 pm	28 W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm	1 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Spears or Country Café TLC Meeting 5:00 PM	2	3 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant

Red Banquet

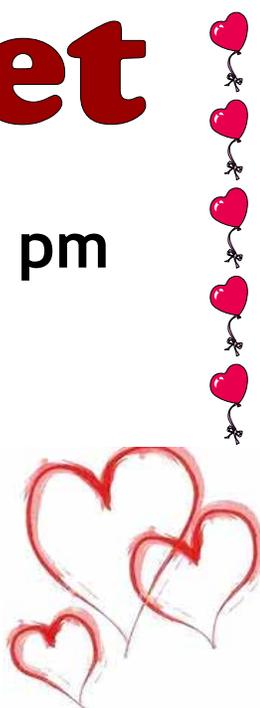
Saturday, February 10, 2018 6:00 pm

RiverWalk Church of Christ 225 N Waco, Wichita
(use NW Door - around back)

Bring finger food to share.

Wear RED ♥ Play Bingo

Quests are Welcome.



Contributions for last month(s) totaled \$1,245.00.
THANK YOU for your donation which makes it possible for
Good Grief of Kansas to continue to serve the bereaved.

January

Contributors:

Gary Appelman
Mary Belcher
Dave Bloir
Kenneth Bradford
Janet Cunningham
Richard M. Escareno
Rob Evans
W. H. Ford
Marge Glazier
Peggy Grell
Chuck Holdeman
Ted McMurphy
Jarree Miller
Phyllis Nichols
Royal Owens
Lois Pardee
Larry & Glenda Peterson
Jack L Smith
Carmen Suter
Nancy Vincent
Chuck Watkins
Bonnie Workman
Ron Zafuta

Memorial Gifts

In Loving Memory

A. J. Belcher

December 30, 2009

We still miss you so much.

Love you,

By Mary & Michele Belcher

Bill Crow

10/3/32 - 12/20/17

By Mary Belcher

and Peggy Grell

Angel Evans

By Robbie Evans

Maxine Hilton

By Larry & Glenda Peterson

Nancy J. Miller

By Jarree E. Miller

Carol A. Smith

Love You "Mom"

By Jack L. Smith

Memorial tributes and gifts always welcome.

Note: For memorials with a special remembrance date, submit information one month early for timely publication.

Love Gifts

At this time there are no dues or fees to belong to Good Grief of Kansas. However, your gift is very important. **We depend on donations from individuals and organizations to meet our program expenses and to keep the Good Grief office open.** Please help make sure that others who need Good Grief will hear the message that we can and will help them through their grief. Gifts may be designated in honor or memory of a special individual or occasion. We also appreciate monetary gifts to help with the expense of producing and mailing this newsletter.

February Birthdays

Eddie Glenn 1
Kelsey Vinopal 1
Veronica Bates 2
Martha Sturgill 2
Lindsay Cornish 4
Randy Pianga 4
Danielle Ellis 7
Joyce Winn 7
Jack Elder 8
Mike Gillihan 8
Diana Kramer 10
Margaret Wooldridge .10
Rosie Hacker 12
Deana King 13
Connie Ohler 13
Peggy Grell 16
Diane Baughman-Chambers 19
Debra Null 19
David Laws 20
Betty McAnulty 23
Barbara Phillips 23
Sarah Samuels 25
Tami Spain 25



HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

I don't have a home anymore. Well, that isn't exactly true. I do have a house that I live in, and a place where I keep my "stuff," but my home is no longer. It lives only in my memory, and sometimes I think my memory is beginning to fade.

Of course, it might have something to do with the fact that I have never really had just one home to remember. I was born into a military family, and we moved a lot. There were years when we only stayed a few months in any one place, and sometimes we just lived out of suitcases, waiting for "orders" that would send us somewhere else.

We lived in Quonset huts, ancient war barracks, army field tents and houses called "quarters," that looked like everyone else's from the outside. When I was eight, I got lost in the military housing area on my way home from my first day at a new school. Every door looked like every other one! I remember standing there, looking for some sign that one of those white, wooden doors was mine and hoping my mom would come out of one of them soon. She didn't, so I had to pick one, and of course I picked the wrong one. But even as I opened the door and stood in the living room, I still didn't realize I was in the wrong house. The living room I was standing in looked just like mine ... no pictures on the wall or knick-knacks on the Government Issue end tables. All of our furniture was provided by the military quartermaster, and it all looked the same. Only when the wrong Mom came down the stairs, did I realize my mistake.

Fortunately, this kind mom had just met my mom, and she showed me which set of "quarters" belonged to me. I learned to count the number of doors from the street in order to know which house was mine. Sometimes it was the custom to have your dad's name and rank on a nameplate on the door, and that made it easier to tell where you belonged.

Sometimes, you just had to guess.

Once we got "settled" (which takes a good military spouse about two days) our house always looked a bit different from the others, and eventually I learned that everyone had different pictures and knick-knacks, depending upon where they had been "stationed." I could always tell when someone had been to Germany. They had cuckoo clocks. We had been in the Caribbean a lot and we had lots of bamboo and teak.

Eventually the quartermaster faded from the military way of life and now no one has GI furniture. Most active duty military live off base anyway, in houses of their own choosing. By the time I married into the military, often we did not have base housing. When we had been married ten years, we got to buy our very first house. Only then, did I learn about selecting cabinet knobs and toilet seats and faucets and wallpaper! No one else would have a house just like mine! And no one ever has.

I've lived in more than thirty houses in my lifetime and called many of them "home." Home was always where my mom and dad were. Even after my dad retired from the Army, they kept moving (my dad was a restless spirit) and each place they lived became home for me. I may not have ever lived there, but wherever they were, that was home. Many times, I came home to a place I'd never been before, and yet it was my home.

It always was familiar. It was always safe. It always smelled good (except the holiday my Dad decided to pickle his own herring!) and it was always filled with laughter and love. There was always room for one more at the table, and often we squeezed in two or three "extras." My mother cooked well and my dad complained a lot about the weather, but whenever and wherever we were together, that was home.

And now, there are only memories of home. Every place I have ever lived has been abandoned, torn down or sold. Military installations where I grew up, married, gave birth and buried my family are all closed – as if they never existed. I've gone back to try to find some of those places and in some cases, there isn't even a trace left. Others are silent and still in their ghost-like state, waiting for some new venture to breathe life back into their still walls and repopulate the streets and buildings. Some have been turned into other things and there are other people living in my houses!

Gone, forever, are the places where I lived and cried and laughed and dreamed and grieved. Gone are the moments in the places that meant something to me. Replaced by other people living their lives in places they now call home. But where is my home now? My mother and father are gone now and so are all the places I have ever lived. Cast into memory by time, fate and whim, they all belong to the scrapbook pages now. I have no home. I have no parents, no past except in memories, no place to be from or go to.

Where do I go when the night is long and the world is silent? Where do I go for warm cookies and a comforting hug? Where is that welcoming hug and forgiving smile? Am I doomed to wander, homeless, forever, or can I create a place for me? I've searched for several years now, for just such a place.

(cont'd on Page 7)





Billy G. Crow

Oct. 3, 1932 - Dec. 20, 2017

Bill became involved with Good Grief of Kansas in 2006 as a facilitator for the West Group working with the program for over six years. Bill always wanted to help people and make a difference in the world.

He tried to do this through his church and his involvement with Good Grief. Bill liked to tell jokes and make people laugh. He felt that laughter was important and helped ease tension. Remember Bill when you tell that next joke.

YOU HAVE TO LET GO OF THE PAIN

My mother died in her sleep at age 70. We still don't know why. It was a total devastation to my whole family.

My father had been ill for some time and we had been preparing ourselves for his death but as God wanted it, my mother died first.

My parents were wonderful people. They raised us in church and set a godly example before us. After my mother's death, I didn't have much time for mourning. I took care of my father exactly five months to the day he passed. Then, the mourning for both took over. I didn't think it would end. Three years later, I was still crying myself to sleep every night and praying that I would soon get over it. The depression was unbearable. I couldn't understand why God was not helping me through this. I had gained almost 50 pounds.

I knew that I wasn't dead, but I wasn't living either. I think I was where they call limbo. Three years after their death, I went to bed crying and praying. However, something happened, I heard a voice.

I don't know if it was God's voice or a messenger from God, but I heard the voice. The voice said that I didn't have to let go of my parents, they could live on in my heart forever. I had to let go of the pain.

I understood and I let go of the pain. Now nine months later, I'm 42 pounds lighter and a whole lot happier. The change in my attitude happened right away and the pounds started coming off over time.

I still miss them and think of them with wonderful, fond memories. The difference now is that the pain is not keeping me from living. My husband, daughter and granddaughter enjoy spending time with me now.

I believe God made the valleys to be traveled though, not a stopping point. With each valley, I learn a little more. Maybe my next trip through, it won't be so long for me to get to the mountain top.

~A MountainWings Original



Please Be Gentle An Afterloss Creed

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. Honor 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?

By Jill Englar, Westminster, MD
Bereavement Mag. July/Aug. 1999

(cont'd from Page 5)

We've continued to move, even after our own retirement from the military, and we thought we'd found the place. But now, I'm not so sure. It is too far away from our child and grandchild and it doesn't have any mountains or any big water (like an ocean or great lake). It's got nice trees, and the people are great, but it still isn't home. We've filled our beautiful house with lots of things from our lives and each one brings memories of other days and people. But, it still isn't home. It's missing something.

And finally, I think I know what it's missing. My mother always taught me that roots grow deep inside a person, not a place. Home isn't a place at all. It's where the ones you love the most are. And so, what's missing where I am now are those whom I love the most. Oh yes, one of them is here and always will be with me, but the others are far away, and I am getting too old to make the distance any more. I want to be closer to the source of home. Home is anywhere those I love are gathered.

I can hang my hat anywhere, but home is where you hang your heart!

By Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., Louisville, KY
Bereavement Magazine May/June 1999



DILLONS COMMUNITY REWARDS

Dillons Plus Card Instructions

Step 1: Go online to www.dillons.com

Step 2: (If you already have an online account please go to instruction below.)

Click on Community/then Community Rewards. Click on Create Account, enter email address and password, select preferred store, then click on create account at the bottom of the page.

Step 3: Add Dillons Plus Shoppers Card - Enter the 12 digit number from the back of your Dillons Plus Card or alternate phone number and your last name, then click on save.

Step 4: This will bring up Account Summary page, scroll to bottom of page and at Community Rewards, Click Edit button.

Step 5: You will be asked your organization number - enter 10192 or Goo to see organization name, select, then click on "enroll to complete your enrollment". You are done! Every time you use your Dillons card, your total \$\$'s will be credited to Good Grief of Kansas. Ask your friends & family to select us too!

Already have a Dillons Account?

Step 1: Go online to www.dillons.com

Step 2: Click on Community/then Community Rewards

Step 3: Sign In - enter email and password, then enroll now.

Step 4: You will be asked your organization number - enter 10192 or Goo to see organization name, select, then click on "enroll to complete your enrollment". You are done! Every time you use your Dillons card, your total \$\$'s will be credited to Good Grief of Kansas. Ask your friends & family to select us too!

If you have any problems, please call the Good Grief office and leave a message. *More details may be found on the Good Grief website.*

I Want To Help Support Good Grief of Kansas

Enclosed is a memorial gift in memory of (Name) _____

Enclosed is my tax-deductible gift in the amount of \$ _____

Enclosed is my monthly support of:

\$20 ___ \$25 ___ \$50 ___ \$75 ___ \$100 \$ _____

Send Memorial acknowledgment to:

Name _____

Address _____

City State, Zip _____



ANONYMOUS PLEASE

I would like more information

My phone # is () _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____



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Wichita KS 67203

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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

*Red Banquet
February 10, 2018
See Page 2 for details*

Attention: Amazon shoppers!
Good Grief of Kansas is registered with
Amazon Smile. Here's the link.
<http://smile.amazon.com/ch/48-1134597>

www.goodgriefokansas.org

316-612-0700

Good Grief News

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Bonnie Workman
Jim Yoder

Mission Statement:
Good Grief of Kansas provides grief
support for persons who have lost a
loved one through death.

Program Outreach:

- Widowed Support Group
- Survivors of Suicide Loss Support Groups
- Other Adult Family Loss Support (parent/child)
- Social Support
- Seminars/Workshops
- Community Presentations
- Counseling Referrals

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call 316-612-0700 or
email your name and address as
it appears on your mailing label
to info@goodgriefokansas.org
and put "remove from mailing"
in the subject line.
Newsletters may be viewed
on-line by going to
www.goodgriefokansas.org.

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funded by:

- Memorials, Gifts & Donations

Marge Glazier



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