



Good Grief
of Kansas, Inc.

Good Grief NEWS

2622 W. Central - Suite 401B, Wichita, KS 67203
Website: www.goodgriefofkansas.org

316-612-0700

March 2019

Email: info@goodgriefofkansas.org

Initial Effort



One of the first places I went socially after my husband's death was to my brother and sister-in-law's

home. These two had been a tremendous support to me during the long years of Ray's illness. When he would be in the hospital for week after week of chemotherapy, John and Mary would sometimes come to the hospital and take me out to dinner. I kept in close touch with them by phone and it was a great help to know they were there in case of any emergency.

They are a very generous couple and their lovely large house with its swimming pool has been the center of family reunions, parties and frequent get-togethers many times over the years.

Just a couple of weeks after Ray's death, another family member had planned a surprise birthday party for my brother, to be held at Mary and John's home. But going to their home now was another matter. I had never been there without Ray and the thought of being there for such a festive occasion without him was more than I could cope with, so I declined the invitation.

Two weeks later, Mary's mother was visiting from Florida and I was invited to come for dinner. "It won't be a big party, just our own family.

I really think you should come."

As I was getting ready that afternoon, I was overwhelmed by the memory of other times when Ray and I had dressed to go there for dinner. I didn't think I could go through with it. But as I thought about it, I realized that if I kept refusing invitations, soon they would not be offered. Besides, putting off going to my brother's home would deprive me of the company of these dear relatives who had been so helpful. Eventually, I would have to face that first time without Ray, and putting it off could only make it more difficult.

As I arrived at my brother's house, I thought about the widow in my support group who always says, "We widows should be called The Great Pretenders." (She is referring to the front we put up when we're with other people.) So I tried to put on my familiar mask, but I had only been there a few minutes when I was acutely aware of the absence of that familiar tall figure next to me. I slipped into the unoccupied family room and began to cry. "I shouldn't have come," I thought. "These people, dear as they are, could never understand how difficult this is."

Just then I realized there was someone sitting next to me. It was my sister-in-law's mother who has been widowed for ten years. In my preoccupation with my own grief, I hadn't even noticed her. Putting

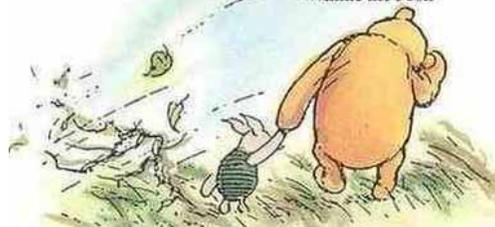
her arm around my shoulders, she explained that she understood just how I felt and what a difficult time I was having. "Don't expect others who have never been through this to be able to understand," she said kindly. "No one, not even your children or your siblings, try as they might, can possibly understand. But you'll make it. There are a lot of us around who have."

That was the first of many times I have spent at my brother's home, since. I have gotten used to going by myself, now, and I have been able to develop a new relationship with my nieces and nephews. I am interested in their lives and activities and they have added a new dimension to mine.

Now, when the whole family is gathered for some special occasion where Ray would normally have been there, like a reunion or a christening, I find myself still turning to look for him. The pain takes my breath away, but the benefits derived from having made the initial effort make it all worthwhile.

By Janet Zinzeleta

"If there ever comes a day when we can't be together, keep me in your heart, I'll stay there forever."
- Winnie the Pooh



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: 7:00 - 8:30 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 - (225 N Waco) Use South Office Entrance, Fireside Room

Facilitators: Marjorie Watkins & Jack Elder

CENTRAL WICHITA

Tuesdays: 6:30 - 8:00 PM

West Heights UMC - (745 N Westlink Avenue) Use North parking lot off Delano Street, Building Entrance A2 "CHAPEL". Look for brown double doors just west of A1 Entrance.

Facilitators: Evelyn Reece, Marsha Huffman, Bonnie Workman

WEST WICHITA

Tuesdays: 7:00 - 8:30 PM

Clearwater Church of Christ - (13900 N Diagonal Road) Use West Door

Facilitators: Kathy Thomas & Linda Burris

CLEARWATER

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 - (225 N Waco) Use SW entrance door, Fireside Room

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 NW entrance door. This door is usually locked, knock loudly - Room 106. Please call the Facilitator before attending, to ensure materials are available. This group is for those who have suffered the loss of a loved one through suicide.

Facilitator: Jim Yoder 316-727-0663

CENTRAL WICHITA

If you or someone you know is in need of help, be sure to contact the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline at (800) 273-8255.

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:

6 Security

10 Standard

(Dollar Tree envelopes work just fine)

Colored Paper:

Pastel - 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

Country breakfast Café - 2804 S Seneca Street

(Hostess: Lois Pardee)



MARCH 2019



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
24	25 SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:00 pm	26 Central Group 10 am West Group 6:30 pm Clearwater 7:00 pm	27 W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm	28 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Country Café	1	2 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant
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10  Daylight Saving Time Begins	11 SOSL Wichita 7:00 pm South Group 7:00 pm East Group 7:00 pm	12 Central Group 10 am West Group 6:30 pm Clearwater 7:00 pm Good Grief Board Meeting - 5PM	13 W.A.Y. Group 7:00 pm	14 Breakfast 9 am IHOP Brunch/Lunch 10 am Country Café	15	16 Breakfast 10 am Spears Restaurant
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~ Widow's Plea ~

Jack of all trades, master of none
 What interests me? Can't I settle on one?
 To be, or not, go this way or that
 What would I give, to wear but one hat.

Give me direction, please point the ways
 Help me decide how I'll best spend my days
 I have time here yet, that could be used to
 some good
 If I just knew how, and if only I could.

I'll settle on something, sometime, I know
 But in the meantime, which way do I grow?
 Should I write poems, grow gardens or herbs,
 Type people's letters, or be content and reserved?

The children are gone and don't need my attention.
 Perhaps I should give some other things mention.
 To be, or not, go this way or that?
 Somehow, with God's help, I will find the right hat!

By Mona Quane Kelly

Contributions for last month(s) totaled \$479.71.
 THANK YOU for your donation which makes it possible for
 Good Grief of Kansas to continue to serve the bereaved.

February

Contributors:

- Janet Cunningham
- Brenda Lowery
- Ted McMurphy
- Jarree Miller
- Lois Pardee
- Carmen Suter
- Nancy Vincent



*Remember to send in
 your monthly donation.*

2622 W Central
 Suite 401B
 Wichita, KS 67203

Dillons Reward Program
 \$134.71

Red Banquet cash donations
 \$32.00

Jewelry sales donations
 \$45.00

AmazonSmile Foundation
 \$18.30

*Memorial tributes
 and gifts always welcome.*

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

Memorial Gifts

In Loving Memory

Carol Ann Smith

Love you "Mom" always will
By Jack L. Smith

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.

MARCH Birthdays

- Maralene Balthazor . 2
- Richard Sifford 2
- Sara Underhill 2
- Julie Newby 3
- Connie Westerfield .. 3
- Lee Harrell 4
- Esther Granados ... 12
- Rick Haywood 12
- Elaine Marcotte 14
- Jim Yoder 14
- Bruce Garren 17
- Kenneth Bradford .. 18
- Christy Beaman 19
- Tina Friend 21
- Dee Troyer 21
- Phyllis Nichols 24
- Kim Brier 25
- Ray E. Staats 25
- Angie Kryston 26
- Larry Lewis 26
- Hazel Darrow 30
- Trudy Bakker 31



Faded Memories

I remember the first time I realized that my sense of my son, Jeremy, was beginning to fade. I was losing his smell, the exact color of his hair, the tone of his voice when he said, "Oh, Mom," the feel of his arms around me when I got a too-seldom sixteen-year-old hug.

Until my son's death, it had never occurred to me that I knew him through all of my senses. I believe the profound sense of loss I've experienced results in part from this total cut-off from his being. It's not just that I can't physically see him, but the essence of who he was is gone.

Perhaps that explains why I would often go to his room when I wanted to recapture a connection with him. Some nights I would sleep in his bed. I would wear his tee-shirts. I would make a cocoon of an afghan that wrapped around him many times. Somehow, I felt his energy about me. I smelled his smell.

At other times, I'd get out the Ziploc bag; the one with snippets of his hair that was cut when they had to screw the "halo" in his head to secure his neck and severed spinal cord. I'd study the color of his hair, memorizing the shades of light brown.

And the sounds? Only one. I found a cassette tape that he had recorded himself accompanying a favorite band. I listened to that for hours, eyes closed, trying to capture the vision of those moments.

Although my behaviors might seem odd to some, the fear of fading memories eased.

Tom Robbins, in his book *Jitterbug Perfume*, says "Death is impatient and thoughtless.

It barges into your room when you are right in the middle of something. It doesn't even bother to wipe its boots." True. I was in the middle of parenting my only child. Death not only left the dirty mess of grieving for me to clean up, but I had no warning.

Had I had warning that a three-quarter ton, pick-up truck was going to run head-on into my son's Toyota Celica, I would have long before bought a camcorder and taken hours of audio and video. Lights. Camera. Action. The opening scene is me yelling, "Can you quiet down a little? You're sounding great, but those drums are going to drive the neighbors crazy." No answer.

Next scene: In his room, headset on, eyes closed, tongue showing, intensity high, drumsticks alive with action.

Next scene: At the soccer field. I'm feeling the pride of watching my halfback move the ball down the field, demonstrating his years of experience.

Next scene: Middle of the night. I wake up to go to the bathroom; pass by his room. I see the light from the computer screen. "Jeremy, you've got to go to school in the morning. Turn that thing off." Fade out. Regrets. I didn't have a camcorder.

Often, just when I'm struggling with trying to remember the details, the minute details, I'll have one of those experiences. It's something that I'm hesitant to tell anyone about, partly because it feels so private and partly because I fear I won't be understood.

I'll be sleeping, and he'll come to me. Instantaneously my senses take in this presence; all of who he is. I feel the weight of his body against me as we hug. I see his eyebrows that almost, but not quite meet. I smell that smell that is his alone. I hear his voice, oh so familiar. I find myself surprised that he is so real.

I use to awaken disappointed that it was "only" a dream. Today, nine years after his death, I treasure these infrequent experiences. While I don't understand it, and I have no explanations, each time it happens I believe I have spent a brief time in the presence of my son.

I thank God I don't have to rely only on faded memories.

*By Judi Simmons Estes, Prairie Village, Kansas
Bereavement Magazine May/June 1998*



Let Me Clean Your Ducks

written by Larry F. Gustin - Wichita, Kansas

Introduction

My Marsha past away April 24, 2017 after 54 years of marriage and I'm still having a hard time with her passing. It has been my experience that there are times when friends and relatives have tried to comfort me and I wasn't as receptive as I should have been. I would prefer to wallow in my grief rather than get my act together and live the remainder of my life as my "Baby" would want me to. I feel this is wrong on several levels. The people that are trying to make things better for me are often times hurting too. By trying to help me it helps them deal with Marsha's death as well as fulfill their fundamental desire to be of service to others.

Larry's story about Grandmother Budig.

My grandparents lived in Hoisington, Kansas which is a short distance from Cheyenne Bottoms, a popular waterfowl hunting marsh in the central flyway (one of the three main routes in the USA used by migrating waterfowl). My grandmother Budig would clean ducks and geese that the hunters would bring to her to augment their meager income. This amounted to long hours and laborious work for very little money.

One time some friends and I had shot several ducks and wanted someone to clean them for us. I thought it would be a good idea to take them to my grandmother. When we came back to pick up the cleaned ducks, my grandmother absolutely refused to take any payment let alone a tip. I decided that I would not have my grandmother work for nothing and never took her any more ducks to clean.

For some reason or another I got to thinking about that a few years ago and it occurred to me that my grandmother couldn't afford to buy anything for me but she could clean my ducks. I should have taken one or two ducks to her each year so she could clean them for me. I deprived her of the joy of giving something to her grandson. I know it would have made her very happy to do that for me.

My wife, Marsha, was well aware of this story. When Marsha's ALS got to the point that she needed help, she didn't want to be a bother and I kept telling her to let me "clean her ducks". I tried to do everything for her even the things she could have done herself, like folding the laundry. After Marsha died, I read some of the things that I didn't know she'd written and discovered that I had done too much. She wanted to help me with the household chores, to "clean a few of my ducks" too, and I deprived her of that joy.

The point of this is that I believe God created us to be social beings; therefore, we are wired with the desire to help others. This desire extends to everyone we come in contact with not just friends and family. When someone wants to help us, they are doing what they were designed to do and we should not deprive them of this sense of duty and happiness.



Grief is like a Jigsaw Puzzle

Grief is not a smorgasbord where you go down the line picking a little of this and a little of that.

Grief is like a jigsaw puzzle. Some people get all the edge pieces together first and work from the outside in. Others dump everything out on the table at once and dive right into the middle. Some never even open the box at all. They just look at the picture on the lid and wonder why what's inside the box doesn't match or make sense.

You meet a lot of people when you start a jigsaw puzzle. Some are full of advice, or they may try to make the puzzle look the way it ought to be instead of the way it is.

But once in awhile, you meet someone who shares their own finished puzzle and helps you to make some sense of yours. Then you find it is not as hard as before. Some of the pieces fit together more easily, and you sigh with relief... and remember.



*By Victoria Guthrie,
Tampa, Florida
Spring 2004.
Bereavement Publications*

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 Dillon's 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 AQ480 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 AQ480 to see organization name, select, then click on "enroll to complete your enrollment". You are done! Every time you use your Dillon's 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.

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 \$ _____

ANONYMOUS PLEASE

Send Memorial acknowledgment to:

Name _____

Address _____

City State, Zip _____

I would like more information

My phone # is () _____

My Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____



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~ SAVE THE DATE ~

May 18, 2019

Memorial Balloon Release
Fundraiser

www.goodgriefokansas.org

316-612-0700

Good Grief News

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Adrienne Massey	Connie Westerfield
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Mary Piotrowski	Jim Yoder
Evelyn Reece	

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 Group
- Other Adult Family Loss Support (parent/child)
- Social Support
- Seminars/Workshops
- Community Presentations
- Counseling Referrals

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- Memorials, Gifts & Donations

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Marge Glazier



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Century 21 Grigsby

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