



**THE  
COMPASSIONATE  
FRIENDS**

*Linked Together*

## **Newsletter of the Atlanta Area Chapters**

**January – February 2002**

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"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."

### Carrying Memories Into The New Year

With the church bells' ringing  
the new year enters  
echoing the days of yesteryear  
memories of happiness  
the smiles of our children  
the sunlight within each face  
Who will remember these dear ones  
far from our yearning arms  
Who remembers all they were  
the way she danced, the hat he wore  
With the old year gone, will they  
no longer be known?

We will remember them, each one  
We will hold them in our hearts  
as we carry memories  
into this new year.

We will allow the memories to  
make us laugh, to make us sing.  
Their lives will fill the air  
as the church bells ring.

---Alice J. Wisler

~reprinted with permission from Tributes, January 1, 2002  
A free monthly online magazine to offer comfort and hope for  
those who have had a child or sibling die and for those with  
tender hearts....

<http://www.mindspring.com/~wisler/danielshouse.html>

# THROUGH DEATH-----MARKED FOR LIFE

---Alice J. Wisler -

After my four year old died, I was certain my family would never be the same again. It is true and has been proven over and over that we will no longer be the typical family living at the end of the cul-de-sac. We may look the same (only because I have not been daring enough to don all black as our Victorian ancestors) but our hearts have been mangled and our future dimmed. Through death we have been marked---for life.

In the course of any given week I can clearly note how the changes have come and stayed with us. Events that seemed insignificant when Daniel was alive now hold powerful and emotional memories. Seeing the boxes of Cocoa Puffs on the grocery store shelf, hearing the lyrics to Toy Story's theme song 'You've Got A Friend In Me' and driving past the local McDonalds bring jolts of pain to my broken heart.

People may feel uncomfortable as they see my eyes well up with tears during these times of remembering some of the favorite things a lively little boy with an infectious grin enjoyed so much. The neighbors may be bothered by my woeful cries as I stand on my deck and stare into the night sky, wondering where Heaven lies and what my child is doing.

Yes, we have changed. I, as the mother, can no longer promise (as I used to) that nothing bad will ever happen to any of us. Nor can we believe that if you pray hard enough and just hold onto faith your fervent prayers will be answered as you desire. For now, in our grief, all we can see is a little boy with cancer who died one cold winter night though surrounded by the prayers of church leaders and believers.

At first when Daniel left us, I seldom went to the cemetery but now we often take a picnic and venture to the grassy lawn beside his marker. We named the cemetery Daniel's Place and the kids and I leave messages for my husband to meet us there after work. We eat, decorate Daniel's grave and the older two run and do cartwheels. The baby picks at blades of grass.



Now, whenever my two year old passes a cemetery with flowers on the markers he says, "I wanna go playground and play."

No, we are not the same. How many two year olds say they want to watch their deceased brother? I am not sure if Benjamin understands exactly who Daniel is but he loves to tell me, "I wanna watch Daniel," and I know this means to pop a video of his older brother into the VCR. Benjamin sits in his highchair, his pudgy face round with a big smile.

How many seven year olds write on their list to Santa that this Christmas, they want things to remind them of their brother who died? How many of them have to tell you that the line "if you wish hard enough it will come true" is not a true statement, and they have proof it is not?

Our innocence has been lost and we will never be able to have that sunshine existence that many like to hold onto (I know I sure did). But I like to believe that in spite of our devastation due to Daniel's death and our yearnings to have him here as a part of our family again, we have, though broken, grown to be strong people of character. More than ever before we are able to mourn woefully with those who are in despair and pain. We are able to comfort with truths like "I don't understand" instead of "Well, it will get better."

I know I have been to the bank of life where death meets and begged death to take me, too, for I knew there was no way I could live without my son. I have since learned that living and thriving on this difficult earth takes much more than just being happy. I have extended my view to see that I am not the only one who suffers or feels life is unfair. I'm sure both my neighbor who has a mentally handicapped child and my friend whose husband suddenly left her and their children feel life is no bowl of fresh peaches.

Through Daniel's death I have learned life is really short, and so I argue less with my husband and children and when I do lose my temper, I am much quicker to apologize. I eat more ice-cream and not just the generic brand for I think after all I've been through, I am worthy of Haagen-Dazs. (This is quite an achievement coming from one of the world's most thrifty people.) I want to send more cards to friends, just because.... I want to spend less time working on trying to get grouchy people to like me and instead focus on those who appreciate my love.

## THROUGH DEATH--MARKED FOR LIFE

(Continued)

And now at family get-togethers,  
I hug everyone tighter when I tell  
them good-bye, not just my 86  
year old grandmother. For in this  
extended family we have, over the  
years, seen death take three  
children and therefore know that  
death cares not about one's age.  
Anyone could die before I see  
them again.

Sometimes I get so excited when I let myself think  
what I would do if Daniel were to come back to live with  
us. I think for the first day I would want to spend it in  
intervals of hugging him and making pancakes with lots  
of maple syrup for him to eat. But whether I like it or  
not, and as marked and wounded as I am, life still calls  
me to live.

So I don't want to just be the "lady whose child died."  
I want to be the lady who gained wisdom, enlarged her  
heart, supplied the box of 'Puffs' to those with teary  
eyes and daily seeks to love like the Bible passage of I  
Corinthians 13. And when seen talking to the starry  
night sky, I want others to hear not just the anguished  
yearnings over a precious four-year-old son, but the  
great revelations that have been received-- knowledge  
of how to really be alive, teachings of life that can only  
be discovered from the death of a part of us--the death  
of a child.



## WINGS

Sometimes the people we love, leave  
and much is left unexplained, so, we find it hard to  
believe

We are left standing with heart wrenching pain  
we ask ourselves why go on when nothing will change

She had bright silver wings  
I want peace of mind not bitter stings

With a shotgun size hole blown through my life  
I must never give up for God gave her wings to take flight

With hope of understanding my pain  
like the caterpillar to the butterfly, she changed

The faint flipping of whispering wings, I sense here near  
with every fiber of being, I wish she were still here

Yet, through my heart breaking pain I remember  
God gave her wings and nothing stays the same

I, who got left behind  
realize God gave her wings  
because angels are hard to find

And with wings pure as light  
she took flight  
and flew away home

*by Kimberly K. Cole, Canton, GA  
In Loving Memory of her daughter Christina M. Edwards*

## Winter

by Roberta Hermansen

This winter's desolation is my desolation,  
It's barrenness, my heart.  
Some say spring will come  
Trees will leaf,  
Buds will swell, New life will emerge.

But I feel winter in my heart,  
In my soul,  
In my being,  
I wonder if the ice will ever thaw  
So I can drink from it again  
To nourish my spirit.



## There's a Valentine Waiting for You

By Mary Cleckley

There's a valentine waiting for you,  
That's different from all the others.  
It's there every month at our meetings  
Of heartbroken fathers and mothers.

Its envelope is made of caring  
The glue of understanding seals it tight.  
This non-judgmental group who've "been there"  
Help to take away your fear and fright.

So, come join with us together,  
Read your loving message printed clear.  
In not only this month's valentine,  
But all those throughout the year.

I would like to share another poem of mine that is meaningful to me. I know that others can relate to and it is one they will never forget.

## Each Life Is Like a Song

A life is like a song we write  
In our own tone and key,  
Each Life we touch reflects a note  
That forms the melody.

We choose the theme and chorus  
Of the song to bear our name,  
And each will have a special sound,  
No two can be the same.

So when someone we love departs,  
In memory we find  
Their song plays on within the hearts  
Of those they leave behind.

Isn't this beautiful? Our family and our childrens'  
'SONG' plays on within our hearts. Each day, we are all  
writing our own 'song'. Let  
us all make it beautiful.

Elma Burns Semko,  
Atlanta, GA  
Mother to Bobby Burns



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## SHARED THOUGHTS ON "MEMORIES of GRIEF"

by: Marie Hofmockel, TCF Valley Forge

Our son, Douglas, died 15 years ago on February 7th. Time does not erase the memory of those early years when my pain was so intense. I began each day with a prayer that the world would end, so there would never be another bereaved parent. I did not want anyone to experience the degree of agony I was enduring. I never once regretted having Doug. I've always felt the joy he brought was greater than the death. SO, as I look back, that was a foolish wish. Had the world ended, all those beautiful subsequent children would never have been. I was looking for a quick fix to my pain.

Frequently, we get caught up in hurrying our recovery. Our pain is so intense, we feel we can't endure one more day. Once the natural order has been violated, a deluge

of fears overcomes us. It is very normal to be out of control in such an abnormal situation. It is important to recognize our grief, for much of it can be resolved through expressing ourselves. When talking to other bereaved parents and siblings, we realize our feelings are very natural reactions.

There are many books on grief that can offer a sense of direction. There are also many guidelines that warn of pitfalls. These are great tools to aid in our healing. But I feel nothing is as comforting as another bereaved person saying "I know". If you have been there, you fully understand. The love you give is unconditional and this type of support is what sustains us.

If we devote time to grief work, and deal with our problems as they arise, it helps to clear our hearts and minds so we can make room for the new situations that we must handle. If we shelve our feelings, we soon have such an insurmountable load, that we can't deal with any of it. We must always take one day at a time, and face it little by little. Some days we may have such little strength that we not only did not gain ground, but we have slipped back. Don't run away from it, meeting it head on, helps to gain a better foot hold.

We slowly begin to heal, the happy memories will bring some smiles rather than pain. Our sorrow softens, and the death becomes less important. The life of our loved ones become more important. We appreciate the beauty and happiness our loved ones brought. We can not expect to return to the way we were. Life will be different as we deal with the "memories of grief". But that is a far cry from dealing with grief itself. We will always regret the death. After surviving the grief, the scar we carry becomes tolerable.

I enjoy life again. My vacations are wonderful. I look forward to each new day. I enjoy being creative. I look forward to family gatherings. I feel life is worth hanging around for. Believe me when I tell you I dreaded each of these in my early grief. I could not even feel complete joy when my first granddaughter was born. I just couldn't feel anything. There wasn't any "complete joy" to be had. This particular grandchild has brought me so much joy in subsequent years, and now I know it was my grief that denied me these pleasures.

I wish for you that your grief will turn to "memories of grief", and happiness will fill your lives again.....God Bless.

Lovingly lifted from TCF Lower Cape Fear Newsletter  
Wilmington, North Carolina

I am sure you all agree with me: Thank God the holidays are behind us! This is just something I wrote for the St. Paul Chapter newsletter and thought I would share it with the rest of my Sharing Line friends. Though we have never met face-to-face, I feel like I know you all and I feel pain in my heart for each of your losses. I wish all of you as much peace and reasons to hope as you can find in the year 2002.

Hugs sent to all in every direction,

Cathy Seehuetter, Nina's mom  
St. Paul, MN



## THOSE DIFFICULT "FIRSTS"

I remember New Year's Eve, December 31, 1994. Nina loved any opportunity that called for a celebration. She invited a couple of her high school friends over, planned games, tried some new recipes, and bought her customary bottle of sparkling apple cider to drink out of plastic champagne glasses. Nina rivaled Martha Stewart when it came to her enthusiasm for entertaining! Her friends stayed overnight and their joyful laughter could be heard well into the wee hours of the morning. Luckily, I have such a sweet, pleasant memory of what turned out to be the last New Year's Eve with our Nina.

Because of those "Lasts", we are faced with the "Firsts". With only two days left of the year 2000, I was tempted to write about New Year's resolutions. However, since I make my resolutions on the 1<sup>st</sup> and notoriously break them by the 2<sup>nd</sup>, my credibility is definitely in question! But since Monday will be January 1<sup>st</sup> it seemed like a good time to mention what for many of you will be the beginning of those difficult "Firsts." - the first holidays, first birthday, first death anniversary, the first family vacation without your child, and so on. Unfortunately, this is an area that I am qualified to write about because, of course, I have "been there."

I know that, in particular, those who are newly bereaved face the new calendar with apprehension because of those "Firsts." Whether there is a major holiday in that month or not, each one brings its own emotional challenges. For those whose children sadly died before they had memories of what their child had done the year before, the calendar speaks to them of shattered dreams and hopes that died along with their child. For the rest of us, it is the bittersweet recollections of years' past. With February comes memories of hand-

made Valentines with childlike scribbles of "I love you Mommy & Daddy." Maybe March brought attempts at kite flying and April dying Easter eggs. May and June with Mother's and Father's Day and the stab of pain in your heart that your child is not here to celebrate such important days with you. Fourth of July celebrations and summer vacations, school clothes shopping, the excitement of meeting new teachers and new friends. In October carving pumpkins and trying to decide what costume to wear trick or treating. And then right back to those most painful of months where in a short time span we are thrust into family-centered Norman Rockwell-like celebrations of Thanksgiving and Christmas where our loved ones who are missing are so conspicuously absent. When we enter in our child's birthday and the anniversary of their death it is frankly overwhelming. It is no wonder that at each bi-monthly meeting we hear the same words spoken over and over again, "This has been a very hard month."

I cannot imagine facing these "Firsts" without the support of The Compassionate Friends. I sadly think of even a few decades ago when there weren't any groups like TCF to assist those whose children had died. Those unfortunate parents were only allowed the time of the funeral to grieve. Then the expectation was, especially if they had other children, to get on with their life for those surviving family members. They buried their child and many times, because they weren't allowed to, never spoke of them again, as if they had never existed. They didn't have other bereaved parents to walk the grief path with them and to validate that what they were feeling was "normal", for us, anyway. They didn't have another mother or father who had been down that same path available to tell them that though the "Firsts" are difficult, most often the anticipation of the day is worse than the day itself. They didn't have the veterans of TCF to assure them that they too would rediscover the ability to laugh and find reasons to live again.

Though it is unrealistic to think that the holidays and any of the other special days will ever be the same again, I, and so many others in our group of The Compassionate Friends are here to tell you that they do gradually become easier to bear. Undoubtedly, the holidays will always be tinged with sadness. But we, who have made it past the "Firsts" and the "Seconds" and beyond, are present at each Compassionate Friends meeting, or only an e-mail or phone call away. We want to help, in any way that we can, those of you who are on this grief journey. Please remember always - you are *not* alone.

~Cathy Seehuetter, TCF - St. Paul, MN

## How Can I Improve Communication With My Spouse?

I believe in marriage and the value of communication. Years ago we met, fell in love and chose this special someone to share our life with. Our children were born out of that love.

After the death of our child, it becomes a greater challenge to keep the lines of communication open. We know it requires time and effort from *both* partners to work at keeping the marriage alive and healthy, but how do we do it? Here are some suggestions:

1) Have you seen the movie "The Story of Us" with Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer? The Jordan family had a ritual every night going around the dinner table telling each other what their own high and low was for the day. Think back what happened during your day. What made you smile and what made you sad? That is your high and low.

2) Read a grief book together—take turns reading a chapter each night. Then discuss what you have read sharing what you agree and disagree with what the author has written.

3) Schedule a meeting to tell each other what you need from one another. If it is difficult to talk about your feelings—organize your thoughts first onto paper, then set up a time for both of you to share face to face.

4) Make plans to go on a date once a week—it does not have to cost a lot of money. Go to the Dairy Queen for an ice cream cone or go for a walk around the neighborhood holding hands. No children, no cell phones just the two of you without distractions.

5) Cry wrapped in each other's arms. If this opportunity presents itself—go with it. Tears are healing and wonderful to share with someone who loves your child just as you do.

6) Take time to reminisce about how you first met and fell in love with each other. Remember the funny and touching moments when you were dating. Talk about the good times you have shared over the years since the day you were married. Listen to the old songs, "your special song" and dance holding each other close.

7) Do an anger exercise. Buy a large package of Styrofoam coffee cups. On each cup, write one reason why you are angry. After you have finished writing, go outside on the driveway or a hard surface. Take turns reading one of the cups out loud and then stomp on the cup smashing it.

8) Talk about your child. Remember and laugh about the day your child was born—their first step—their first day of school and all of the other wonderful memories that no one can ever take from you.

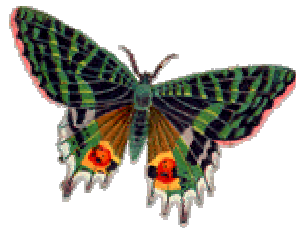
9) This may sound so simple, but touch and hug each other. Tell the other that you love them. Tell them why you love them. This sounds so simple, but often we forget to touch each other, a squeeze of the hand, an arm around the shoulder, a soft kiss.

10) Work together on a Memorial in memory of your child: a college scholarship fund in your child's name or plant a garden in memory of your child. Develop an idea of your own and work together on it.

Oh, one last thing, be kind and love each other -

Susan Van Vleck - Marc's mother  
May 21, 1973 - July 18, 1992  
TCF - Marietta, Georgia

Susan is also the author of "Men and Women Grieve Differently" which was published in the May-June 2001 Newsletter.



## New Year

The new year comes when all the world is ready for changes, resolutions - great beginnings.

For us, to whom that stroke of midnight means a missing child remembered, for us the new years comes more like another darkness.

But let us not forget that this may be the year when love and hope and courage find each other somewhere in the darkness to lift their voice and speak: let there be light.

*"The Sorrow and the Light" by Sascha*

## Siblings Tribute to My Sister

You always held within your heart a strength and purpose that few others would have known. My success in life and joy I owe to you for helping me along the way. In the eighteen years that I was blessed to have you in my life, you taught me so many things. You gave me new challenges, and a new place was created in my heart the day you were born. You were there when I stumbled and fell, and you gently helped me up again. Your little hand I held while rocking you to sleep at times. At darker times it was you who held my hand, always a beacon of light for me to focus on. And, always, when I needed a friend, you were there.

Throughout the years you were always my family. You honored me with your love and trust, and though different than you, always accepted me just as I was. More than my own flesh and blood, you were my sister, and I will always cherish the time we had together. We have laughed, complained, and sometimes wept, but we always persevered. The good times, the bad times, the joy and sorrow, will always bind our hearts as long as I am able to draw my breath.

We traveled together for awhile and our journey was fulfilling, but now our paths have diverged and we had to say goodbye. To my years with you, I bid farewell. Ahead of me lies a life without you, a new definition of myself. For all that I may someday become, you will always be a part of me.

On some distant day, when something reminds me of you, I will lovingly think of you and remember the smile you had. From time to time, I will remember the years spent with you and what we have shared. I will always miss your sweet voice and your unconditional support and endless companionship. May we carry that beyond the grave.

For all the smiles and tears, for all of the love and laughter, and, above all, for being the person that you were, I will carry you in my heart. I will always, always love you.

In Loving Memory of Ashley Marie Sockwell  
Tuesday, January 31, 1978 to  
Tuesday, October 22, 1996 (5:01 p.m.)  
~from Lisa Sockwell Meredith, Snellville, GA

## The Fall

Only for a slight moment,  
the realization that this would never end.  
All hope gone, and love-failed eternity.

We would never meet again, never touch,  
never smile, never love.

This, only for a second, this stabbing pain,  
this stinging tortured tear.

For as distance allowed, it revealed to me a cocoon.  
Broken and torn its case, a struggling beauty.  
A butterfly.

I was told that the delicate being must  
struggle or it would never fly.  
It would fall.

But why must such sweet innocence tempt such fate, for its  
life was destined to last such little time?  
No such question is answered.  
Only confirmed.

If out of such ugly pain comes such beauty  
Therein lies the hope.  
For if I wish to die, I must first emerge and live.

But if even for a second, my tear breaks the fall of a  
butterfly.

May I sleep and never wake.

*by Rachel Fulton-Robb, Berkshire  
England*



You will live in me always,  
Your words, your touch, your heart,  
your soul are all a part of me.

My heart is full of your memories.  
My soul has been  
Forever touched by you.

Thank you for the gift of your life.  
I will never forget you.

From ANGEL CATCHER, by Kathy and Amy Eldon

## "Sign of Hope" Memory Tree

*To My TCF Family,*

I thank you all deeply for the hard work and time you spent making the memory tree so incredibly beautiful. I went to the Festival of Trees today and just stood before the tree and cried. I know people walking by didn't understand just how precious that tree is and why this woman was standing there crying, but I knew why. A little part of my darling Amanda was there on that tree, put there by the love of all of you who worked so hard. I thank you all so very much.

Amy Osier  
Amanda's Mom  
11/13/87-5/6/01  
Winder, Georgia

*To Everyone who helped with the Memory Tree:*

I just finished visiting the website. The trees are absolutely beautiful!!!! As I sit here and the tears are flowing, I cannot thank all of you enough for the wonderful job you did on the tree. Your loving care and your time given so freely show through. The time and effort you all put into making this memorial tree is simply fantastic. The colors and the ornaments give me such a feeling of comfort and peace. They are so soft and soothing.

I know our children are smiling, as they look down at your gift to them. My son Shawn-Bert wasn't exactly a "holiday" kind-of-guy, but I can just see him smiling that beautiful smile of his and saying to all of you....."Cool"!!!! Really Cool!!!!

THANK YOU!!!! You have made my holiday a little easier to bear and I can now bring that picture of the tree to my mind as I try to make it through another Christmas without my son.

You will never know the extent of the comfort and help this sharing line has given to me. I am unable to travel there to actually SEE the tree, as I live in Aurora, Colorado. So being able to see the pictures over the net has been wonderful. Without this group, I would be lost and totally confused. Now!! I sort of have a map and am just a little less confused.

The love you extend to me in making this group available to me and so many others who miss our sons and daughters is no small treasure!! It is enormous to me as it slowly, ever so slowly makes this grief journey of mine


manageable. Now after 3 years, without my Shawn-Bert, I am able to look to tomorrow with a smile on my face along with my tears and to work at healing my broken heart.

Love and Hugs to You,  
May our Creator, the Great Spirit  
send to you, on eagles wings,  
Peace and Comfort in your tasks

Vivian  
Shawn-Bert's mom (Forever 26)

Every year I try to find something with some meaning to it as the new year comes along - something to focus on, some thing that makes some sense to me and helps me to find some thinking on a new track as I continue to try to live in this upside down world. This poem was on a bookmark and I thought the words were really good.

## My Symphony



To live content with small means;  
to seek elegance  
rather than luxury,  
and refinement  
rather than fashion;  
be worthy, not respectable  
and wealthy, not rich;  
to gently, act frankly;  
to listen to stars and birds  
study hard, think quietly  
talk to babes and sages;  
with an open heart;  
to hear all cheerfully,  
do all bravely,  
await occasions, hurry never.  
In a word, to let the  
spiritual, unbidden and  
unconscious grow up,  
through the commonplace.  
This is to be  
my symphony.

by William Henry Channing - 1810-1884

shared by Meg  
James' mom (7/15/83 ~ 9/22/97)  
[MemoriesR4Ever@juno.com](mailto:MemoriesR4Ever@juno.com)

## Professionals...

### A Boy Named John by Aaron Espy

As both an EMT trainer and TCF supporter, I instruct fire fighters on how be sensitive to the needs of bereaved moms and dads. Patiently and graciously, bereaved parents have taught me, so that I may teach my fellow fire fighters. As I share what I've learned, I continue to see my peers reveal misconceptions about what it means to lose a child.

Oddly enough, though, as I talk to bereaved parents I find many of them also have misunderstandings, particularly about what a fire fighter feels as he does his or her job. One such assumption I've heard on multiple occasions is that rescue personnel must develop an immunity to sorrow. A woman once commented to me, "You must get used to it."

When an infant or child dies, do we view the tragedy as just another unpleasant aspect of our profession? As something that falls into the category of "all in a day's work?" Believe me, the death of a child is never routine in the 911 world. Frequent? Sadly, yes. But routine? Never.

He was a typical eleven-year old boy, mischievous, active, full of life. The crew of Station 11 got used to seeing John pedal his bike down the highway beside our station. He'd always wave, and occasionally he'd pump his bike up our driveway, park it in front of the bay doors, march up to the office and ask for a tour.

Now you must understand that when a child asks to see the fire engines, a firefighter's memory automatically spirits him back to his own childhood when fire engines seemed twenty feet tall, and the fire fighters who drove them seemed to stand even taller. Not surprisingly, the guys couldn't resist John's request, and, depending on how many other projects they had going, would either let him leisurely explore the rigs, or, if time was short, give him the abbreviated tour version. A soda and a cookie would usually follow, along with a lecture about traffic safety and bicycle helmets as he skipped out the door.

Two years ago we saw him as just another little boy. As another little guy who loved blazing lights, blaring sirens, racing fire trucks and medic units. A kid who would probably lose his fascination with fire fighters and fire engines like ninety-five percent of all kids do when they hit their mid-teens. Of course, the other five percent of us never outgrow that fascination. We'll never know which category John would have fallen into.

It was the highway beside our station that claimed him. A momentary loss of balance, a car in the wrong place at the wrong time, and two minutes later an alarm ringing through our station loudspeaker: "Station eleven, car-bicycle accident, 6100 Braven Road." The first-arriving crew recognized the bike before their engine had come to a stop.

I've heard bereaved parents torture themselves by playing the maddening "if only" game. Sometimes, so do we. If only we'd been closer, if only we'd been there sooner. But on that October day in 1994, there were no "if only's" for Station 11. The accident happened only two blocks away.

The crew was in quarters and responded immediately, and a paramedic widely believed to be the best in the county, maybe even the state, at dealing with traumatic accidents was at John's side in minutes. The men who had given him multiple tours and countless cookies fought efficiently, fervently, but in spite of their best efforts, John did not survive.

When an especially tragic circumstance is shared by fire fighters, the firehouse is not unlike any other home during a stressful time. The hall is unusually quiet, the laughter is gone, and some of us are angry without knowing who we should be angry at. Station 11 was no different when John died. The loss of a child knocks the wind out of a fire fighter like an unexpected punch in the stomach. We know it is inevitable in our field. Exposure to this pain is a purposeful, deliberate, open-eyed risk we take when we are sworn to protect life and property. Yet it hurts, just the same.

Dozens of kids come through our firehouse doors on their trek to adulthood. When a child's journey is cut short, like it was for John, do fire fighters remember? Are they touched? I can't speak for every fire department in every state or city, but I can speak for the crew of Station 11.

At his family's request, Station 11 fire fighters put John on his favorite fire engine one final time. His casket was hoisted through the misting rain to a place of honor, and in a tradition usually reserved for fallen firefighters, he took his final ride in the hose bed of the 38,000 pound, rumbling red and chrome diesel. He rested just a few feet from the seat where he loved to sit and pretend that he was responding to a call. His soda dispensing, blue uniformed fire fighter friends sat in the engine's front seat as it carried him from the funeral home to the cemetery.

Was John just another patient? The crew at station 11 has responded to thousands of people in need, but only one of them has his picture hanging on the station's office wall. He looks down on us from behind his square, black-rimmed glasses and smiles the same crooked half-smile that would spread across his face when he'd con us out of a Pepsi and a peanut butter cookie.

No, John wasn't just another patient. But neither is any other child we lose. Their picture may not hang on a firehouse wall. They may not have ridden to their final resting place atop a fire engine with lights flashing, like John did. But every child occupies a place in a fire fighter's memory, dances through his thoughts, does cartwheels through his quiet moments, or watches from the hidden corners of his deepest dreams.

No, we don't forget. And no, we never, ever "get used to it."

## News from the Chapters...

### Marietta Chapter

Mary Sue Zercher will be resigning as co-leader of our chapter and Susan Van Vleck will be stepping into the role as our new co-leader. Mary Sue has done a wonderful job, and is taking a well-deserved rest. We are all excited about Susan volunteering to be one of the co-leaders, along with Marilyn Barton and Martha Hunter.

### News - Upcoming Conferences

GULF COAST REGIONAL CONFERENCE  
Adjusting our sails. . . to the  
winds of grief

MARCH 22 - 24, 2002

*A conference for bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings*

#### CONFERENCE HOTEL

South Shore Harbour Resort Hotel  
2500 South Shore Harbour Boulevard  
League City TX 77573  
Tel 800-442-5005 Fax 281-334-1157  
www.sshr.com

Call the hotel directly and mention your TCF affiliation in order to obtain the special conference rate. Room rate is as follows and applies 2 days before and 2 days after the conference. \$104 - Single or Double Room plus 12% Texas occupancy tax (No charge for children under 19 sharing parent's room) Cut off date for this special rate is January 22, 2002. Reservations received after that date will be on a space-available basis only.

#### FEATURED SPEAKERS

Richard Edler

Following the death of their son, Mark, in 1992, Rich and Kitty helped found the South Bay/LA Chapter of TCF. Rich was the keynote speaker at the 1996 TCF national conference and has spoken at numerous regional and national conferences since then. In 1996 he was elected to the national board of directors and in 1998 was elected board president.

David Morrell

Former professor of American Literature at the University of Iowa, David is a bereaved parent. In 1987, his son, Matthew, died of Ewing's sarcoma, a rare form of bone cancer. David is a best-selling novelist. His novels, *First Blood* and *The Brotherhood of the Rose*, were adapted into a well-known film and a mini-series. After Matthew's death, David wrote about his grief in *Fireflies*, which has recently been re-released. David was keynote speaker at the 1990 TCF National Conference in Philadelphia and the 2000 SW Regional Conference in Phoenix.

Dr. Henya Kagan (Klein) Ph.D.

Dr. Kagan (Klein) is a bereaved mother whose 11-year-old daughter, Gili Klein, was killed by a reckless driver. A licensed and certified psychologist specializing in bereavement, she is an international speaker and frequent presenter at TCF conferences. She presented the keynote address for Professionals Day at the 2001 national conference. Author of *Gili's Book*, a resource for bereaved parents and the professionals who counsel them, Dr. Kagan (Klein) is in private practice in Houston. Her life's mission is to counsel the bereaved and non-bereaved alike about the normalcy of grief and to help the bereaved turn 'surviving' into 'living.'

For More Information: Call 281-492-8189 or email [tjilmore@hal-pc.org](mailto:tjilmore@hal-pc.org)

Or Visit the TCF National Web Site to download a printable Conference Registration Form  
[www.thecompassionatefriends.org](http://www.thecompassionatefriends.org)

### Regional Conference

Eastern Pennsylvania, May 17, 18, and 19

Hilton Valley Forge Hotel  
251 W. DeKalb Pike (Rt. 202)  
King of Prussia, PA

For more information call 610-337-1200

## 25th Annual National TCF Conference

Salt Lake City, Utah /July 5 - 7, 2002

Thinking about attending the 2002 TCF National Conference in Salt Lake City? Your visit to a conference that is guaranteed to uplift you and warm your heart, need not start, nor end, with the conference July 5-7. Yes, join us at the breathtaking new Grand America Hotel in downtown Salt Lake, and attend workshops designed to assist parents, siblings, and grandparents toward the positive resolution of grief. If you're a professional, join us July 3rd for a day created specifically with you in mind.

But come early or extend your stay and visit the nearby Wasatch mountains or the 5 national parks in southern Utah, known for their breathtaking scenery. Downtown Salt Lake is but a short 5-minute free ride on the TRAX light rail.

You may want to visit the original Christmas Box Angel Statue, a quick 5-mile trip to the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

To learn more about the conference visit our Website at: <http://tcfslcut.com/htm/Conference.htm>.

## TCF National Conference 2003

The TCF National Conference is coming to Atlanta! Mark your calendars for July 3-6, 2003, and plan to attend. The setting will be the beautiful downtown Hyatt Regency Hotel. With little travel involved, attending this Conference becomes realistic for all Georgia chapter members. Now is your chance to be a part of this enriching experience.

We are in the early planning stages for this major event that will be two years in the making. Committee Chairpersons have been selected and are already hard at work. Volunteers are needed to help make this conference the very best it can be. No amount of time is too small. Please contact Sharon Curtis, Volunteer Coordinator, at 770-484-1648 or [fharon@webtv.net](mailto:fharon@webtv.net). Come and be a part of what you will look back on as one of the most rewarding experiences of your life. Help us make the Atlanta Conference of 2003 a time they will always remember.

Warmest regards,  
Committee for the Atlanta 2003  
26<sup>th</sup> Annual TCF Conference

## Telephone Friends

Sometimes we just need someone to talk to...someone to listen...someone to understand

Carole Babush - 404-231-1965 Auto Accident  
Judy Blumsack - 770-410-9819 Auto Accident  
Lynn McCurdy - 770-498-8211 AI DS  
Faye Martin - 770-732-9906 Suicide  
Janice Pattillo - 770-963-8306 Vehicular Homicide  
Fortune Forrester - 770-937-5789 Homicide  
Tricia Simpson - 770-277-1626 Substance Abuse  
Paul Fredickson - (770) 992-6391 Infant Death  
Dana Stupka - (770)-674-3409 Infant Death

## *Linked Together*

To Subscribe to Linked Together, please complete the attached database form and return it to TCF Atlanta, P.O. Box 656, Tucker, Ga 30085. There is no charge for Linked Together, but a donation In Memory of Your Child would be greatly appreciated.

**Thank you** once again to Brett Coltman and Direct Technologies, Inc. for printing our newsletter - and so much more! Currently our newsletter mailing list is 1300+.

## TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

TCF Atlanta Online Sharing is an online sharing group available to anyone with internet access. The Online Sharing began in September 1999. I had currently subscribed to "Chicken Soup for the Soul - Online Daily" and this gave me the idea to put together something for bereaved parents and siblings. Thus it began. Currently we have 1020 active members and are growing at a rate of 2 per day.

We have recently added several new features to our Online Sharing...Cyberfriends Database for those new parents and siblings who want to have a cyberfriend to talk with and Birthday/Angel Date Web sites for our Children.

For More Information and all the new additions, please visit our new web site:

<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/TCFOnline.html>

# We Remember You With Love



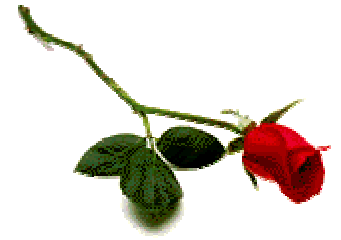
## January Birthdays

January 2	Brian Moore, son of Mary Ann Moore, Norcross
January 2	Trevor McFarland, son of Angela McFarland, Ball Ground
January 2	Carlos Robertson, son of Loretta Simmons, Atlanta
January 3	Patrick Crowe, son of Marilyn and Bill Crowe, Dunwoody
January 5	Kyle Alexander Heskin Eastham, son of Anita Eastham, Douglasville
January 5	Quiellin "Precious" Horton, son of Katherine L. Horton, College Park
January 5	John Talbert, son of Dave and Merrilyn Talbert, Fayetteville
January 5	Kristen Leigh Wayne, daughter of Jim Wayne, Conyers
January 6	Jennifer Svoboda, daughter of Jane and Conrad Svoboda, Marietta
January 6	Kimberly Layne Phillips, daughter of Betty J. Thornton, Marietta
January 7	Timothy E. Dixon, son of Georgia Dixon, Decatur
January 8	Brad Benton, son of Judy and Jim Benton, Stone Mountain
January 8	Ryan Allan Duffner, son of Lisa and Rorry Duffner, Lawrenceville
January 8	Shannon Sparks, daughter of Betty Sparks, Woodstock
January 8	Ansley Sara Flynn, daughter of Kathy and Roger Flynn, Kennesaw
January 9	Daphne Swift, daughter of Joe Anne Swift, Atlanta
January 10	Jason Gibson, son of Tricia Garrett, Stone Mountain
January 10	Tim Zercher, son of Mary Sue and Bill Zercher, Marietta
January 11	Leland Scott Franz, son of Gwen and Thomas Franz, Woodstock
January 11	Steffond Johnson, son of Michael Johnson, Duluth
January 11	David L. Jacobs, son of Gary and Liz Jacobs, Long Beach, NY
January 12	Nicholas Harris, son of Tonia Thrasher, Buford
January 13	Bobby Hunley, son of Shirley Hunley, Griffin
January 13	Jimmy Agan, son of Jim and Sue Agan, Lithia Springs
January 14	Craig Blumsack, son of Judy and Joel Blumsack, Alpharetta
January 14	Rebecca Lucia, daughter Judy Lucia, Lilburn
January 14	Xavier Smith, son of Kristal Smith, Atlanta
January 14	Leslie Amanda Gee, daughter of Charles and Betsy Gee, Dunwoody
January 14	Chris Werk, son of Missie and Bill Pierce, Atlanta
January 15	Beth Purvis Craven, daughter of Bob and Helen Purvis, Forest Park
January 16	Leanna Piver, daughter of David and Janet Piver, Lilburn
January 16	Micha Thomas Miles, son of Andrew and Melissa Miles, Douglasville
January 16	Tara Johnson, sister of Amy Nelson, Lindale
January 17	Sterling Aikens, son of Tony and Ruby Giunta, McDonough
January 17	Carol Lamb Vanover, daughter of Elizabeth Lamb, Austell
January 18	Christy Lee Buice, daughter of Benny and Dixie Buice, Marietta
January 18	John Riggins, son of Cecelia and Richard Riggins, Pismo Beach, CA
January 18	Shawn Dew, son of Diane Dew, Rome
January 19	Jessica Bryl, daughter of Betty and Dan Bryl and sister of Sarah Bryl, Lawrenceville
January 19	Kristen McCauley, daughter of Michael and Jane McCauley, Rome
January 19	Justin Mercado, son of Vicki Mercado, Dodge City, KS

Weeping is perhaps the most human and universal of all relief measures.

# We Remember You With Love

## January Birthdays



January 22	Mendy Lynn Barefield, daughter of June Shull, Marietta
January 24	Michael Christopher Pepe, son of Joan and Mike Pepe, Duluth
January 25	Steve Forrester, son of Nancy and Paul Jordan, Riverdale
January 25	Bob Rovin, son of Clare Rovin, Kennesaw
January 26	Stephanie Suzanne Shaw, daughter of Veronica and David Shaw, Jackson
January 26	Stephen Reid Stone, son of Katherine Stone, Conyers
January 27	Jamarr Jordan, son of Janet Mitchell and brother of Antonina Florence and Roger, Lithonia
January 28	Andrea Lynne Cardwell, daughter of Mary and Bill Cardwell, Marietta
January 28	Sharon Lord, daughter of Barbara and Clyde Lord, Cumming
January 28	Patrick Brian Miller, son of Judy and Bob Miller, Gainesville
January 28	Rico Horton, son of Brenda Phillips, Covington
January 28	Charles Pilgreen, son of Brenda Shiplet, Birmingham, AL
January 29	Christopher Boyd, son of Mickey Crawford, Winder
January 29	Mary Elizabeth Halaburt, daughter of Barbara Halaburt, Atlanta
January 30	Robert M. Swofford, son of Sarah Swofford, Marietta
January 30	Dominique Dinsmore, daughter of Nicole Adams, Smyrna
January 31	Ashley Marie Sockwell, daughter of Barbara and John Sockwell and sister of Lisa Anne Meredith, Snellville
January 31	Shawn Stephens, son of Pat Stephens, Acworth

## Hurtful Things People Say.....

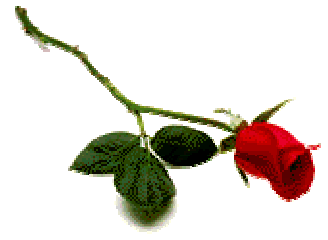
The thoughtless things that the non-bereaved say...couldn't we all write a book? It seems that even if we give them information and literature and our first-hand knowledge of it, they have such a mind set already. I think it has just been too long that the general public has had timetables and the cliches of grief drilled into their heads. We've heard them all and it appears to be universal: "It was God's Will," "She is in a better place," "It was her time," (geez, I hate that one! For those of us who have lost our children, it is never enough time!), "At least she didn't suffer," on and on and on and on! Or regarding timetables, "It has been two months. Shouldn't you be over this yet?" (comment made from my supervisor at work) Makes my blood boil every time I think about that one! This was my daughter who died....not my goldfish!!!

I think that we all find as time goes on, in my case it has been six years since Nina died, that we are able to cut these people some slack. We know that it is either their blessed ignorance because they haven't been there or they just don't know what to say. I think most people mean well; they don't want us to hurt anymore. The one thing I have told people who tell me that they just don't know what to say, that sometimes that honesty is the best approach. Just say, "I really don't know what to say, but I am so sorry for your loss." A simple heartfelt "I am sorry" or "I am thinking of you" along with a warm embrace, if you are comfortable with that, is all that needs to be said.

I wish I could find where I read it, but one bereaved mother wrote something like, "I will never get over it...not in nine months, not in nine years, not in 900." It is not that the pain remains at the same intensity as in the early years. No one could survive that kind of unbearable pain. It becomes something that we learn to live with...it is there but it is gentler; it loses some of the sting. After all, we love our children so much...I think Darcie Sims said, "Grief is the price we pay for love." And, oh how we love them!

Cathy Seehuetter, Mother to Angel Nina St. Paul, MN  
~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

# We Remember You With Love



## January Angel Dates

January 1	Brian Moore, son of Mary Ann Moore, Norcross
January 1	Cathy Hayes, daughter to Helen Christian, Loganville
January 1	Gary Pruitt, son of Shirley Pruitt, Cumming
January 1	George Scott Metrock, son of Nova La Cross, Alabaster, AL
January 2	Marty Craig, son of Marge Craig, Winder
January 2	Clayton Shadinger, son of Jean Godfrey, Lawrenceville
January 2	Scott Charles Harvard, son of Lisa and Charles Harvard, Smyrna
January 4	Matthew Ray Cook, son of Melanie White, Gainesville
January 5	Troy G. Diebel, son of Kathy and George Charles, Conyers, and son of Gary C. Diebel and brother of Todd G. Diebel
January 5	Trevor McFarland, son of Angela McFarland, Ball Ground
January 5	Samuel Robert Mitchell, son of Ken and Wendy Mitchell, Marietta
January 7	Steve Davol, son of Deloris and Charles Davol, Grayson
January 9	Bryant Hainy, son of Peggy Hainy, Phillips, WI
January 10	Merri Anne McCoy, daughter of Iris Chandler, Silverhill, AL
January 10	Lauren Zouche, daughter of David and Claudette Zouche, Snellville
January 11	Mindy Lea Shelton, daughter of Diana and David Shelton, Alpharetta
January 11	Chad Martin, son of Janice Martin and brother of Laura Crutchfield, Loganville, and brother to Amy Jackson, Auburn
January 11	Mark Eugene Bullard, son of Gerry and John Bullard, Atlanta
January 12	Michael Vogt II, son of Lendell and Mike Vogt, Fairburn
January 12	Stephen Reid Stone, son of Katherine Stone, Conyers
January 12	Clayton Olvey, son of June Smith, Cumming
January 12	Joey Gravite, son of Cindy Gentry-Dempsey, Lindale
January 12	Gregory Pollett, son of Barbara Pollett, Acworth
January 13	Bobby Craig, son of Marge Craig, Winder
January 13	Jimmy Shane Edge, son of Sharon Johnston, Fayetteville
January 13	Tiffany Vaughn, daughter of Sue Vaughn, Roswell
January 15	W. Keith Davenport, son of Amelia Davenport, Snellville
January 16	Belal Wasfi Abdelrahman, son of Norva Biery, Otto, NC
January 17	Christopher Mahone, son of Tom and Beverly Mahone, Norcross
January 17	David Whitley, son of Claudine Nickens and brother of Terri Whitley, Auburn
January 18	Mark Long, son of Sina Long, Jacksonville, FL
January 19	Daphne Swift, daughter of Joe Anne Swift, Atlanta
January 20	Leslie Miller, Jr., son of Leslie and Nancy Miller, Smyrna
January 21	Homer Little, Jr., son of Inge and Homer Little, Lake City
January 21	Matthew Lolies, son of Tim and Michelle Lolies, Lilburn

~And can it be that in a world so full and busy, the loss of one weak creature makes a void in any heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width and depth of eternity can fill it up!

~Charles Dickens

# We Remember You With Love

## January Angel Dates



January 22	Rhett William Forrester, son of LaFortune Forrester, Tucker
January 22	Natalie Sparks, daughter of Evelyn and Terry Sparks, Lawrenceville
January 22	Dr. Edward Keith Earls, son of Irene and Frank Earls, Marietta
January 22	Jeffery Bryant Slaughter, son of Edith Deese, Cedartown
January 23	Maggie Perkins, daughter of Pat Perkins, Doraville
January 24	Gwendolyn Crow, daughter of Judy and Jerry Barton, Conyers
January 25	I mani Michelle Rowe, daughter of Dylana Rowe, Camp Hill, AL
January 25	Brandon Charles Williams, son of Sharon Williams, East Point
January 26	Glenn Ewing, son of Cliff and Jan Ewing, Atlanta
January 26	Mendy Lynn Barefield, daughter of June Shull, Marietta
January 26	Brian Daniell, son of Emilia Daniell, Douglasville
January 26	Carlos Robertson, son of Loretta Simmons, Atlanta
January 27	David Ortiz, son of Elana Ortiz, Roswell
January 28	Amanda Johns, daughter of Linda and Ted Johns, Loganville
January 28	Stephen Baird, son of Burgess and Ann Baird, Braselton
January 28	Gavin Smith, son of Barry and Cheryl Smith, Suwanee
January 30	David Josselson, son of Carolyn Linder, Riverdale
January 31	Alex Corn, son of Karen Corn, Cumming and grandson of Amon and Hazel Corn, Cumming
January 31	Stephanie Marino, daughter of Patti and Joe Marino, Roswell
January 31	Ben Chambers, son of Ron and Kay Chambers, Cedartown, and brother of Amanda Ingram, Rome

## The Holidays are Behind Us

It is the new year. The holidays are behind us. We did with them what we could. Whether they were a time of sorrow, a time of joy, or a combination of both, they are now a part of our memories. In a strange way, as a memory in our hearts and in our minds, our child's place is there among all the other memories of the season. There is hurt along with the memory, but also a thankfulness for the memory.

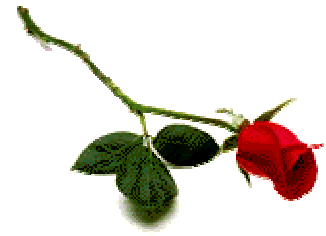
Now we look out at the winter landscape. The earth is cold, the land sharply defined. Yet underneath the hard crust, the energy and warmth of our earth is guarding and providing life to all that grows. We may personally know the coldness and hardness of a grief so fresh that we feel numb - a grief so hurtful that our body feels physically hard, our throats tight from tears shed or unshed, our chests banded tightly by our mourning heart.

If we are not now experiencing this, our memories recollect so easily those early days. Yet, as we live these days, like the earth from which we receive our sustenance, we too, in our searchings, find places of warmth and change and love and growth deep within. Let our hearts and minds dwell in these places and be armed and renewed by them, and let us have the courage and love to share them with our loved ones, to talk about even that first dim shape of new hope or of new acceptance or of new understanding or of new love.

These are the new roots, born of our love for our child, that are forming and stirring within, gathering strength so that our lives, at the right time, can blossom once again and be fruitful in a new and deep way.

-Marie Andres TCF So. MD Chap., MD

# We Remember You With Love



## February Birthdays

February 1	Ray Shawn Grant, son of Cheryl Hose, Atlanta
February 1	Clayton Thomas Sechrist, son of Ann and Nelson Sechrist, Lithonia
February 2	Jessie Ryan, son of Art and Denise Smith, Lilburn
February 2	Billy Joe "Bobo" Worsham, son of Colleen and Billy Worsham, Hiram
February 2	Fredrick Christian Kallmeyer, son of Rick and Pat Kallmeyer, Marietta
February 2	Lawrence G. Miles, M.D., son of Virginia S. Miles, Atlanta
February 3	Timothy Wade Stanley, son of Bob and Marie Stanley and brother of Tonya Jones, Burney, CA
February 4	Donnie Perkins, son of Linda and Don Perkins, Lawrenceville
February 4	Gayle Cagle, son of Gene and Shirley Cagle, Rome
February 5	Matthew Turner, son of Wally and Jane Turner, Lawrenceville
February 5	David Clark, son of Gloria and Vince Anderson, Roswell
February 6	Ryan Champney, son of Lisa P. Diehl, Cleveland
February 8	Amy Marie Dudley, daughter of Brenda and Dan Dudley, Fayetteville
February 8	Clayton Shadinger, son of Jean Godfrey, Lawrenceville
February 8	Amy Page Bearden, daughter of Betty Bearden, Fayetteville
February 9	Yvonne Bowers, daughter of Robert and Debbie Bowers, Duluth
February 9	Allen Rogers, son of Ruby Rogers, Grayson
February 9	Ashley Butler, daughter of Nishell Butler, Clarkston
February 9	Bria Gomes, daughter of Jodi Gomes, Lithia Springs
February 10	Sheila H. Yamada, daughter of Maureen Hammond, Rome GA
February 10	Homer Little, Jr., son of Inge and Homer Little, Lake City
February 10	George Howard Prince, son of Marie F. Mercer and sister to Karen Prince, Conyers
February 10	Morgan Helland, daughter of Karen Helland, Atlanta
February 11	Carleton Demareo Copeland, son of Louise Copeland, Atlanta
February 11	Matthew Sean Fleet, son of John Fleet, Atlanta
February 13	Scott Owen, son of Rich and Joyce Owen, Santa Rosa Beach, FL
February 14	Shea Broadaway, son of Sandra Broadaway, Lindale
February 15	Brandon Henderson, son of Jennifer Clark, Conyers
February 15	Andrew Brent Payne, son of Angela Payne, Monticello
February 15	Lari Robertson, daughter of Marie and Ed Robertson, Roswell
February 15	Christopher Patterson, son of Carol and Bill Patterson, Snellville
February 16	Barak Kareen Martin, son of Gwyneth Dixon-Anderson, Smyrna
February 16	Donnie Stone, son of Linda Williamson, Atlanta
February 17	John Baggett, son of Linda Baggett, Buford

The man who removed mountains began by carrying away small stones.

~Chinese Proverb

How do we start picking up the pieces, rebuilding our lives, after we have sustained a grievous loss?

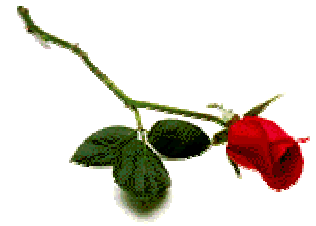
We won't be able, probably, to undertake major new ventures for a while but a single step will help, will signify to our inner self that our investment is in life, not to endless grief. A friend tells me that after she began sewing some new clothes for herself, she began to feel better. It was an investment in living.

It was only a beginning, but I remember the moment in the grocery store when I decided to "look cheerful" instead of carrying around the glum face I have worn for weeks. It was a very small thing, but evidently important. Otherwise I wouldn't remember it after almost twenty years.

~from *Healing After Loss* by Martha Whitmore Hickman

# We Remember You With Love

## February Birthdays



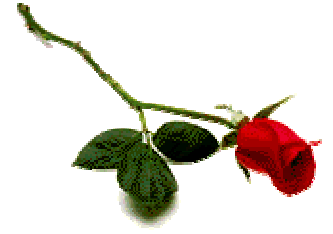
- February 18 Cliff Roland, son of Jean Roland, Cartersville
- February 19 Callie Hope Blair, daughter of Valerie Blair, Fayetteville
- February 19 Jennifer Smith, daughter of Bob Smith, Atlanta
- February 19 Joshua Gene Hawley, son of Rob and Linda Hawley, Fayetteville
- February 19 Aleea Corine Blokland, daughter of Chris and Amy Blokland, Clarkston
- February 20 Max Erickson, son of Anita and Alex Erickson, Atlanta
- February 20 Brandon Wade Hogan, son of Dudley Hogan, McDonough
- February 20 Amie Marie Guthrie, daughter of Becki and Jim Guthrie, Lilburn
- February 20 Joe Roberts, son of Beverly and Steve Roberts, Lawrenceville
- February 21 Erick Paul Beach, son of Paul Beach, Lawrenceville and Sacha Beach, Gainesville
- February 21 Brenda Hope Davis, daughter of Lenore Kessler, Atlanta
- February 21 Cheri Hardison, sister of Scott Long, Atlanta
- February 21 Jody Petty, brother of Julie Spencer, Monroe
- February 22 Marcus Eugene Hill, son of Ethel Hill, Atlanta
- February 23 Emily Brooke Canup, daughter of Diane and Greg Canup, Winder
- February 23 Mike Smith, son of Wendy Martin, Jasper
- February 23 Melvin Shannon, son of Lillian Smith, Decatur and brother to Juanita White, Atlanta
- February 24 Paul Alan Burnette, son of Phyllis and Bob Burnette, Marietta
- February 24 Kathleen Dirr, daughter of Jim Dirr, Atlanta, and sister of Moira Dirr, Dunwoody
- February 24 Alleta Wing, daughter of Celia Keane, Sugar Hill
- February 24 Kathryn Meyer Hansard, daughter of Kathy and Wade Hansard, Roswell
- February 25 Andrea Harper, granddaughter of Caroline and Larry Allen, Stone Mountain
- February 25 Taylor Davis, son of Sherry Davis, Hiram
- February 26 Stephen Allgood, son of Sheila Allgood, Lawrenceville and grandson of Owen Rauschenberg, Conyers
- February 26 David Whitley, son of Claudine Nickens and brother of Terri Whitley, Auburn
- February 26 Jeffery Epperson, son of Melinda Epperson, Marietta
- February 27 David Roberts, son of Sarah English, Snellville
- February 27 Daniel Williams, son of Ruth Williams, Grovetown
- February 27 Teresa Davis, daughter of Dick and Rosemary Grutt, Peachtree City
- February 27 Julie Duncan, daughter of Tony Duncan, Snellville
- February 28 Benjamin Scott Gay, son of Noreen and George Gay, Atlanta
- February 28 Jamie Miller, son of James and Kathy Miller, Covington
- February 28 Thomas Harrison Tullis, son of Kay and Gordon Tullis, Lawrenceville
- February 29 Donald J. Miller, Jr., son of Don Miller, Lilburn

It is true that grief extends our sensibilities. We find we have a sudden kinship with those who have suffered losses similar to ours. We may, like the woman in Agee's story who had been recently widowed, find ourselves in awe of the strength in ourselves to simply go on living in the face of such suffering. We realize how much we have been spared, not to have encountered this kind of grief before, and our hearts go out to those who are young and sustain a major grief too soon, before they have had carefree years to treasure.

All of this comes as a kind of astonishment in the first period of grief. Like our plunging into cold water, it takes our breath away. The shock alters all our perceptions. Then we get used to it. Our bodies warm to it and we begin to swim.

~In my ability to endure, I see a strength I didn't know I had. ~from *Healing After Loss* by Martha Whitmore Hickman

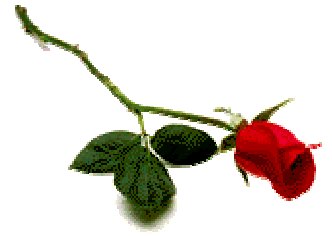
# We Remember You With Love



## February Angel Dates

February 1	Drew Holder, son of Mike and Paula Holder, Powder Springs
February 2	Benjamin Hutt, son of Chris Hutt and brother of Kimberly Hutt, Lilburn
February 2	Meredith Myers, daughter of Gloria Kite, McDonough
February 2	Brad McKenzie, son of Janice and Brad McKenzie, Kennesaw
February 2	Kristen Leigh Wayne, daughter of Jim Wayne, Conyers
February 2	Ed Stempien, son of Mr. And Mrs. Leonard Stempien, Austell, and brother of Meg Avery, Sugarhill
February 3	Lisa Elizabeth Drack, daughter of Paul and Elaine Drack, Alpharetta
February 3	Shelby Anne Matheson, daughter of Charmian and Chuck Matheson, Marietta
February 3	Melinda Hubbard, daughter of Virginia Hubbard, Gainesville
February 4	Jimmy Weaver, son of Betty and Jimmy Weaver, Stockbridge
February 4	David "Ratt" DeLuca, son of Joey and Deborah Odom, Covington
February 5	Stanley Davis ("Binky"), son of Peggy Roll, Acworth
February 5	Daniel Coad, brother of Tracy Coad, Sanford, NC
February 6	Lindsey Fredrickson, daughter of Linda and Paul Fredrickson, Roswell
February 6	Jonathan Lynn Webb, son of Dianne Webb, Newnan
February 6	Ansley Sara Flynn, daughter of Kathy and Roger Flynn, Kennesaw
February 7	Christopher Dale Henderson, brother of Debbie Bowers, Duluth
February 8	Stephen Ledford, son of Luella and Mike Ledford, Jasper
February 8	Niki McElroy, daughter of Janet McElroy, Hampton
February 9	Andrea Brettina Catledge, daughter of Elizabeth and Eddie Catledge, Lawrenceville
February 9	Barbara Mollie Halpern, daughter of Paul D. Halpern, Atlanta
February 9	Jamie Ann Quillen, daughter of Judy Quillen, Lawrenceville
February 9	Ben J. Strader III, son of Ben J. Strader Jr., Marietta
February 9	Pamela Leigh Thompson, daughter of Patti Segallos, Duluth
February 9	Jeffery Epperson, son of Melinda Epperson, Marietta
February 12	Richard Wilson Scott Jr., son of Rita Goldman, Niceville, FL
February 12	Angela Pressly George, daughter of Bucky and Cheryl Pressly, Morrow
February 14	Bradley Hilderbrand, son of Denise DeFord, Powder Springs
February 14	Frank W. Taylor, son of Sandra Scott, Conyers
February 14	Jamarr Jordan, son of Janet Mitchell and brother of Antonina Florence and Roger Mitchell, Lithonia
February 14	Brian Schuster, son of Elaine and Gary Schuster, Snellville
February 14	Jennifer Anne Warren, daughter of Tom and Liz Warren, Hoover, AL
February 14	Leslie Evans, daughter of Mary Evans, Young Harris
February 15	Jimmy Crowe, son of Jana Crowe, Covington
February 15	Steven Dyar, son of Susan and Howard Dyar, Dacula
February 15	Steven Lee Leverette, son of Virginia and Andrew Leverette, Douglasville
February 15	Andrew Brent Payne, son of Angela Payne, Monticello
February 15	Melvin Veal, son of Billy Veal, Covington
February 15	Melanie Brooke Thompson, daughter of Kathy and Hugh Thompson, Tuckasegee, NC
February 16	Tony Hong, son of Soo and Peter Hong and wife to Minna Hong, Suwanee sister to Jane Hong Kim, Stockbridge
February 16	Leeann Elrod, daughter of Elaine Elrod, Oakwood
February 16	Tyler Tarbutton, son of Renee Tarbutton, Lawrenceville
February 17	Patricia Kelly, daughter of Brigitte and William Kelly, Roswell
February 17	Robbie Preston, son of Johnnie and Dick Preston, Marietta
February 17	Kristen McCauley, daughter of Michael and Jane McCauley, Rome

# We Remember You With Love



## February Angel Dates

February 18	Bradley Evans, son of Merry Evans, Atlanta
February 18	Patrick Crowe, son of Marilyn and Bill Crowe, Dunwoody
February 19	Callie Hope Blair, daughter of Valerie Blair, Fayetteville
February 19	Wytosha Foster, daughter of Bonita Foster, Atlanta
February 20	Clayton Thomas Sechrist, son of Ann and Nelson Sechrist, Lithonia
February 20	Daniel Williams, son of Ruth Williams, Grovetown
February 20	Donnie Stone, son of Linda Williamson, Atlanta
February 21	Philip Harris, son of Marilyn and Ron Harris, Marietta
February 21	Chris Miles, son of Ginger Miles, Rome
February 23	Quentavious Combs, son of Shenandoah Combs, Atlanta
February 23	Shantavious Combs, daughter of Shenandoah Combs, Atlanta
February 23	Stephanie Weber, daughter of Cecilia and John Weber, Roswell
February 23	Alea Corine Blokland, daughter of Chris and Amy Blokland, Clarkston
February 24	Cynthia Buchanan, daughter of Diane Buchanan, Decatur
February 24	Emily Brooke Canup, daughter of Diane and Greg Canup, Winder
February 24	Zachary Hubbard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hubbard, Chamblee
February 24	Cody Kyle, grandson of Sara Kyle, Covington
February 24	Erica Michele Lewis, daughter of Naomi Lewis, Riverdale
February 25	Jamie Scott Dunn, son of Marilyn Baker, Canton
February 25	Melissa Dee Brown, daughter of Nelda and Mike Brown, McDonough
February 25	Billy Snapp, son of Teal and Bill Snapp, Conyers
February 27	Stephen Allgood, son of Sheila Allgood, Lawrenceville and grandson of Mr. & Mrs. Owen Rauschenberg, Conyers
February 27	Sarah Hoecherl, daughter of Nora and Gary Verheyen, Lawrenceville
February 28	Robert M. Swofford, son of Sarah Swofford, Marietta
February 28	Angie McDonald, daughter of Marian Powell, Alpharetta

## A Love Story

Once upon a time, there was an island where all the feelings lived: Happiness, Sadness, Knowledge, and all of the others including Love. One day it was announced to the feelings that the island would sink, so all repaired their boats and left. Love wanted to persevere until the last possible moment. When the island was almost sinking, Love decided to ask for help. Richness was passing by Love in a grand boat. Love said, "Richness, can you take me with you?"

Richness answered, "No, I can't. There is a lot of gold and silver in my boat. There is no place here for you."

Love decided to ask Vanity who was also passing by in a beautiful vessel, "Vanity, please help me!" "I can't help you Love. You are all wet and might damage my boat." Vanity answered.

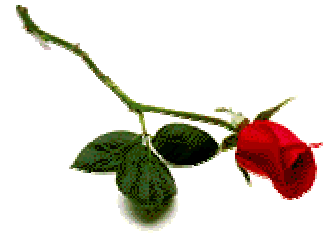
Sadness was close by so Love asked for help, "Sadness, let me go with you." "Oh....Love, I am so sad that I need to be by myself!"

Happiness passed by Love too, but she was so happy that she did not even hear when Love called her!

Suddenly, there was a voice, "Come Love, I will take you." It was an elder. Love felt so blessed and overjoyed that he even forgot to ask the elder his name. When they arrived at dry land, the elder went his own way. Love realizing how much he owed the elder and asked Knowledge, another elder, "Who helped me?" "It was Time," Knowledge answered.

"Time?" asked Love. "But why did Time help me?" Knowledge smiled with deep wisdom and answered, "Because, only Time is capable of understanding how great Love is."

# Gifts of Love



A love gift is a gift of money to The Compassionate Friends local chapters. 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 chapters. Love gifts are acknowledged each month in the newsletter.

- In Loving Memory of Lisa Elizabeth Drack, from her parents Elaine and Paul Drack, Alpharetta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Stephanie Weber, from her parents John and Cecilia Weber, Roswell, GA
- In Loving Memory of Natalie, daughter of Alecia Ferguson, from Sally Harper, Springville, AL
- In Loving Memory of Ben Chambers, from his sister Amanda Ingram, Rome, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Jeehad Abdul Rahum, from his mother gSukari Clark, Decatur, GA
- In Loving Memory of Troy Craig Haney, from his mother Pamela Troy, Atlanta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Jeffrey Lee Miller, from his father Donald Miller, Roswell, GA
- In Loving Memory of Laurie King, from her mother Jane King, Kennesaw, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Mendy Barefield, from her mother Jane Shull, Marietta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Shelley Harmon, from her parents Sammy and Patty Harmon, Atlanta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Drew Pogue, from his parents Susan and Tom Pogue, Atlanta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Toyal Edwana Jackson, from her parents Gene and Emma Jackson, Decatur, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Anthony Perez, from his mother Zara S. Karp, Roswell, GA
- In Loving Memory of David Aldan Harmon, from his mother Joyanne Fritch, Allenspark, CO
- In Loving Memory of Antoinette Redpath, from Joyanne Fritch, Allenspark, CO
- In Loving Memory of Kerri Kristen Keith, from her mother Sandra McPeeks, Peachtree City, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Tommy Hester, from his mother Zel Hester, Atlanta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Carter Hester, from his mother Zel Hester, Atlanta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Shelly Elliott, from her mother Susie Elliott, Canton, GA
- In Loving Memory of Mark Sykora, from his parents Jeane and Jerry Sykora, Marietta, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Mark Jason Hunt, from his parents Reginald and DeeDee Hunt, McDonough, GA
- In Loving Memory of Ms Keuy Infante, from Mary Gay, Roswell, GA
- In Loving Memory of John Askins, from his mother Elaine Askins, Duluth, GA
- In Loving Memory of Melissa Dee Brown, from her parents Mike and Nelda Brown, McDonough, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Rusty Kohler, from his parents Terri and Dan Kohler, Kennesaw, GA
- In Loving Memory of Carlton, Francis Waters, from his mother Debbie Waters, Atlanta, GA
- In Loving Memory of Stephanie Weber, from her parents John and Cecilia Weber, Roswell, GA
- In Loving Memory of Kevin Brady, from his mother Evelyn V. Brady, Norcross, GA
  
- In Loving Memory of Brandon Littlefield, from his mother Carrie Littlefield, Bremen, GA
- In Loving Memory of Kevin Eugene Manders, from his mother Dorothy Sullivan, Cumming, GA
- In Loving Memory of Jim Taylor II, from his parents Jim and Dinah Taylor, Williamsburg, KY
- In Loving Memory of Chet Planchard, from his parents Robyn and Charles Planchard, Kennesaw, GA

## Gifts of Love (Continued)

In Loving Memory of Donnie Perkins, from his parents Donald and Linda Perkins, Lawrenceville, GA  
In Loving Memory of Laura Garner, from her parents Eugene and Jane Garner, Hampton, GA  
In Loving Memory of My Beautiful Boy Joshua Harmon, from his mother Cherie C. Honour, Suwanee, GA  
In Loving Memory of James E. Tyler, from his mother Eleanor M. Tyler, Atlanta, GA

In Loving Memory of Michael Lindsey, from his mother Mary Jane Lindsey, Gray, GA  
In Loving Memory of Renee E. McGinnis, from her mother Modree M. Smith, Marietta, GA  
In Loving Memory of Kay Cee Herring, from her parents David and Ginny Herring, Buford, GA  
In Loving Memory of Kathryn Meyer Hansard, from her parents Wade and Kathy Hansard, Roswell, GA

In Loving Memory of Natalie Sparks, from her parents Terry and Evelyn Sparks, Lawrenceville, GA  
In Loving Memory of Cathy C. Hayes, from her mother Helen Christian, Loganville, GA  
In Loving Memory of Craig Blumsack, from his parents Judy and Joel Blumsack, Alpharetta, GA  
In Loving Memory of Melissa Hague, from her parents Laree and Roger Hague, Marietta, GA

In Loving Memory of Molly Rose Feit, from her parents Claire and Marc Feit, Duluth, GA  
In Loving Memory of Teresa Grutt Davis, from her parents Richard and Rosemary Grutt, Peachtree City, GA  
In Loving Memory of Robert Lind Jr., from his parents Robert and Bette Lind, Lilburn, GA  
In Loving Memory of Margie Ann Lind, from her parents Robert and Bette Lind, Lilburn, GA

In Loving Memory of Matthew Dwyer, from his parents Leo and Barbara Dwyer, Lawrenceville, GA  
In Loving Memory of Rachel Diane Trotti, from her family, James, Joy and Rebekah Trotti, Decatur, GA  
In Loving Memory of Charles Pilgreen, from his mother Brenda F. Shippet, Birmingham, AL  
In Loving Memory of Shea Broadaway, from his parents Robbie and Sandra Broadaway, Lindale, GA

In Loving Memory of Drew Smith, from his parents Luther and Rosemary Smith, Beattyville, KY  
In Loving Memory of Jeremiah Smith, from his parents Luther and Rosemary Smith, Beattyville, KY  
In Loving Memory of Michael D. Johnson, from his mother Susan L. Johnson, Silver Spring, MD  
In Loving Memory of Christopher L. Dixon, from his mother Barbara G. Dixon, Dunwoody, GA

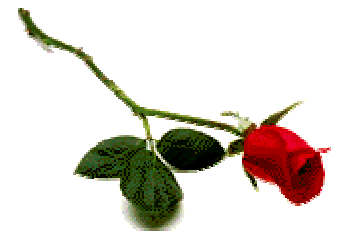
In Loving Memory of Robert Parsons, from Mark D. Smith, Clayton, NC  
In Loving Memory of John Riggins, from his parents Kate and Richard Riggins, Pismo Beach, CA  
In Loving Memory of Sabrina Gonsalves, from friends Kate and Richard Riggins, Pismo Beach, CA  
In Loving Memory of Amy Marie Dudley, from her parents Brenda and Dan Dudley, Fayetteville, GA

"Gifts of Love" in remembering our children and siblings help to pay for Newsletters, Postage, Books for our Lending Libraries and Resources, Memorial Services, Candle Lightings, Telephone and Outreach, Website, Meeting Facilities and Dues to the National TCF Office. Thank you to all who contribute.

Some people contribute to TCF Atlanta Area Chapters in Memory of Other 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 TCF Atlanta organization. It is important that all these volunteers be recognized and thanked....

The True Gift is in the Giving.



## A Special "Thank you" to our Volunteers.....

Our local TCF Atlanta organization is run solely by loving volunteers. We have people who give generously of their time and talent to make our TCF Atlanta Organization work. I realize in the beginning most people think TCF just runs itself or has a National Office that runs the local chapters...but in reality each chapter or group of chapters are run solely by the loving volunteers in their own community. I think it is important to remember all these volunteers.....

### Our Chapter Leaders

Marietta - Marilyn Barton, Mary Sue Zercher, Susan Van Vleck, and Martha Hunter

Ben Hill - Sharon Williams, Doris Smith and Jackie McLoyd

Jonesboro - Freddie Saye and Diana Green

Atlanta (Tucker) - John Dubose, Teal and Bill Snapp, Robert Bowers, Susan Carithers, Ann Sechrist, and Jayne Newton

Lawrenceville - Meg Avery, June Cooper, Judy Quillen, Janice Pattillo, Dan and Betty Bryl and Kathy Malone

Sandy Springs - Judy Blumsack and Muriel Littman

(And all those that are part of their chapter's steering committees.....which includes clean up crew, librarians, greeters, chapter treasures, refreshments, and outreach)

### Other Special Individuals

Our Treasurer for the Atlanta Area Chapters - Barney Coltman

Our "Thank You Acknowledgments" volunteer - Ellen Coltman

Our TCF Atlanta Newsletter printer - Brett Coltman and his staff at DTI

Our Voice Link Volunteer - Trisha Simpson

Our Webmaster / Database Maintainer / Technical person - Wayne Newton

A Special Thank You to Kathy Malone - Georgia Regional Coordinator

A Special Thank You to the Memory Tree Committee and Volunteers

A Special Thank You to All the TCF Members that Shopped and Supported our TCF Atlanta Amazon Online

A Special Thank You to Gail Hinson for donating Special Remembrance Cards

### Special "Thank You" To All of You

Now this part is hard for me...but it is very important that Wayne and I acknowledge everyone that presented us with a beautiful Seraphim Angel (In Memory of Our Son Chad) and a plaque "In Recognition and Appreciation" for the work we have done on the TCF Atlanta Area Newsletter, Website and Online Sharing. We both say "Thank You" for both gifts, but the true gift we receive is in the "Giving". Each one of us feels a need to do certain things. Wayne and I feel the need to give back in the best way we know how. This is not the road we wanted to take in life, but nevertheless here we are. We feel blessed to know that in some small way we have made someone's day a little easier, softened the pain or touched a heart.

I have a book full of little notes I received from all of you just saying "thanks" or some simple acknowledgement letting me know that what I do makes a difference....For that I am Thankful. I hope to put the scrap book together someday....as it is full of very special Memories.

Wishing everyone a gentle New Year.

Jayne Newton, TCF Atlanta Newsletter Editor

Every chapter throughout the metro area is always in need of volunteers. If you are interested, please call the chapter leader in your area.

## The Compassionate Friends Atlanta Area Chapters Meeting Schedule

TCF VoiceLink: (770) 491-8784 Leave word for a prompt return call  
Web Site: [www.tcfatlanta.org](http://www.tcfatlanta.org) Webmaster Email: [webmaster@tcfatlanta.org](mailto:webmaster@tcfatlanta.org)

Meet Monthly at the following locations:

**Atlanta (Tucker) Chapter** - 7:30 p.m., Second Tuesdays: First Christian Church of Atlanta, 4532 LaVista Rd., Tucker  
Contacts: Teal Snapp (770) 483-1267 or [Thesnapps@msn.com](mailto:Thesnapps@msn.com) Jayne Newton (770) 923-5356 or [jayne@tcfatlanta.org](mailto:jayne@tcfatlanta.org)

**Sibling Group (Tucker)** - ages 12 and over. Contact: Julie Johnston at (770) 690-4295 [dogwood1@mindspring.com](mailto:dogwood1@mindspring.com)

**North Atlanta (Sandy Springs) Chapter** - 7:30 p.m., Fourth Wednesdays: The Link Counseling Center, 348 Mt. Vernon Highway, Sandy Springs, GA. Contact: Judy Blumsack at (770) 410-9819 or by email: [jeblumsack@aol.com](mailto:jeblumsack@aol.com)  
Or Muriel Littman at (404) 603-9942 or by email: [murlit@webtv.net](mailto:murlit@webtv.net)

**Marietta Chapter** - 7:00 - 9:00 p.m.; First Tuesdays; The Fellowship Hall of The First Baptist Church of Marietta, 148 Church Street, Marietta. Ga Contact: Marilyn Barton at (770) 424-1548 or email [mbar2000@yahoo.com](mailto:mbar2000@yahoo.com)  
or Susan Van Vleck at (770) 499-9770 or email [yelowbrick@mindspring.com](mailto:yelowbrick@mindspring.com)

(New) Mid Day Meeting: 12:00 - 2:00 p.m. Third Tuesday: DaNita Chaplin's House. Call DaNita at 770-439-5703 for information and directions.

**Jonesboro Chapter** - 7:30 p.m., First Mondays: Poston Road Baptist Church, 9701 Poston Rd., Jonesboro, GA. Contact: Contact: Freddie Saye at (770) 957-6610 (evenings) or email [Fcsaye@peoplepc.com](mailto:Fcsaye@peoplepc.com)

**Southwest Atlanta (Ben Hill) Group** - 7:30 p.m., First Thursdays: . Ben Hill United Methodist Church, 2099 Fairburn Road, SW, Atlanta, Ga., 30331, Room 301 Contact: Sharon Williams at (404) 768 5440 or email [saw913@aol.com](mailto:saw913@aol.com)

**Lawrenceville Chapter** - 7:30 p.m., Third Thursdays: First Baptist Church of Lawrenceville, 165 Clayton Lawrenceville, Contact: Meg Avery (770) 932-5862 or email [memoriesr4ever@juno.com](mailto:memoriesr4ever@juno.com)

**North Georgia Chapter (Gainesville)** - 7:30 p.m., Second Thursday each month Gainesville Care Center, 435 Green Street Place, Gainesville, GA. Contact: Judy Miller at (770) 287-1239 or email [bobnjudym@home.com](mailto:bobnjudym@home.com)  
Peggy Moran 770-536-0501 or [PMor3159@aol.com](mailto:PMor3159@aol.com)

**Rockdale Parents Bereavement Group (Conyers)** - 7:30 PM on the 1st Tuesday of every month. 7:00 - 7:30 prayer group. First Baptist Church of Conyers, 2100 Hwy 138 N.E. Conyers Contact: Rachel Wooldridge, 770-483-3925  
[Rob1Rac2@yahoo.com](mailto:Rob1Rac2@yahoo.com) or Bill and Teal Snapp (770) 483-1267 or [Thesnapps@email.msn.com](mailto:Thesnapps@email.msn.com)

**Rome Chapter** - 7:00 p.m., Second Thursday of each month at Redmond Regional Hospital, in one of their classrooms Rome, GA Contact Sandra Stinson (706) 235-6108 or [Donley41@aol.com](mailto:Donley41@aol.com) or Ginger Miles 706-291-0355  
[cangmiles@aol.com](mailto:cangmiles@aol.com)

**Athens Chapter (Northeast Georgia)** - 7:30 p.m. - Second Mondays: Holy Cross Lutheran Church, 800 West Lake Drive, (ext. off Alps Rd.) Athens, GA Contact Johnnie Sue Moore (706) 769-6256 or [John2moore@worldnet.att.net](mailto:John2moore@worldnet.att.net)