



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**

Linked Together

Newsletter of the Atlanta Area Chapters

September - October 2002

"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."

VoiceLink Atlanta Area

770-491-8784

Atlanta Area Chapters Web Site

www.tcfatlanta.org

TCF Atlanta Area Chapters

P.O. Box 656
Tucker, GA 30085

Newsletter Editor, Jayne Newton

770-923-5356
jayne@tcfatlanta.org

Atlanta Area Chapters

Atlanta (Tucker) 770-474-6243

Atlanta (Tucker) Siblings
Siblings Group 770-690-4295

Ben Hill 404-768-5440

Dalton 706-277-3312

Gainesville 770-287-1239

Jonesboro 770-477-9425

Lawrenceville 770-932-5862

Marietta 770-499-9770

Rome 706-235-6108

Sandy Springs 770-410-9819

Conyers Parent Bereavement Group
770-483-1267

Georgia Regional Coordinator
Kathy Malone 770-979-1763

National TCF Office

Toll Free 1-877-969-0010

Am I the only one who feels a deep sadness and dread of autumn to start?
Something about this time of year always saddens me. The tired look to the trees, flowers starting to fade, and the thought of a long bleak winter. Oh to be a bear and to hibernate away this season, instead we must endure the season and the coming of the holidays. I know the calendar still says it's summer...but I feel autumn in my heart.

The Fall of Fall

What is it about the season that takes me back in time
Everything I do, I find you are on my mind.
Haunting dreams find me at night when I try to sleep
And every little detail is replayed,
and the sadness falls so deep.

Something about the close of summer
seems to bring it back
Making it so hard to move onward and stay on track.
Something about the dying and fading of the trees
Brings my heart to sorrow, with the falling of the leaves.

How I long to stop it, to keep the fall away
But time marches on, and summer just won't stay.
I know with the fall, winters not far behind
Another lonely season, and the memories flood my mind.

I cry my tears of sorrow, and pray for spring to come
A rebirth of the earth, and the warmth of the sun.
It makes the memories softer and gentler to recall
But now my life is saddened with the nearing of fall.

Sheila Simmons

In Memory of my son Steven

March 24, 1970 - October 19, 1999

~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing
Tuesday's Child Section

My daughter Mandy was killed instantly in an automobile accident at the age of eighteen. Unanswered questions plagued me those early years in grief.

This poem was written late one night when I was suddenly awakened by intense sadness—a thief that robbed me of sleep many nights after Mandy's death. I remember sitting at my desk, wrapped in a long robe with the hood flung over my head--I was cold inside and out.

Once I finished the poem, I was able to sleep again—at least for that night. I have returned to the poem many times in the last seven years, revising the stanzas but never the questions. I lay no claim to being a poet. My only claim is that I am a parent who has healed much from that first year, who still does not have all of the answers, but who believes Mandy's love surrounds me in all that I do.

Is That You?

By Diane Wattles

The raindrops that fall gently
from the night-borne sky,
Are they your tears that
wake me this midnight hour?

The night's coldness
that numbs my body and soul,
Do you remember the impact, my Daughter,
I need to know.
The nightmares that strangle me
and rob me of sleep,
Are they no longer yours, Dear?
Are you now free to dream.

That very moment
when you watched from above,
Did you feel scared,
alone,
or secure in my love?
A dream,
a vision
Are they be mine to behold?
Or must I enter your world
to rock you once more?

The night's star,
that twinkles east beyond the pond,
Is it the sequin sparkle
that adorns your spiritual gown?
The feathery cloud
that floats effortlessly in the sky,
Is that your magic carpet;
do you smile as you pass by?

The sudden chatter of birds
about nothing it seems,
Are you near me, my daughter,
a spirit yet unseen?
The rippling of water
as it flows through the stream,
Are you dancing barefoot on the rocks,
amidst laughter and screams?

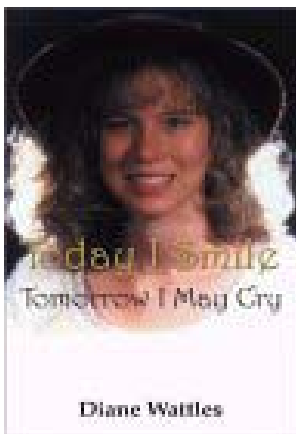
The trace of a breeze
that rustles the leaves of the tree,
Is it a whisper?--
a secret meant just for me?
The laughter indistinguishable
in the distance afar,
Are you regaling the angels
with your story-telling art?

The night sounds
that make the silence hum and creak,
Do you now return home
to lull me to sleep?
The questions flooding my mind
at this unnatural hour,
They become words of this poem
that can only be ours.
As my body begins to ache for sleep,
do your arms encircle me;
do you wipe the tears from my cheek?

Is that you, Mandy—
Is that you?

Copyright 1995

In Memory of my daughter, Mandy Collins
April 20, 1977 - July 30, 1995



Unbroken Dreams

I grew up believing in dreams. As a child, my dream was to some day have children. I remember looking into the night sky and believing angels were watching over my unborn babies until it was time for them to become a part of my life.

Years later, when I first learned I was going to have a baby, I wanted to stop strangers on the street and tell them. I was absolutely filled with love.

I was in disbelief when months later my baby boy died soon after his birth. I felt the first crack in my dream, and thought my twenty-five-year-old heart would break. The love which had filled my heart so completely had suddenly turned into emptiness, and I was touched with the reality that life is too brief and fragile.

My second little boy was born the next year, also prematurely, and like his brother before him, he lived only a short time. It was a different place, a different time, but the same deep heartache and darkness returned to my world. A part of me had died with each of these babies, and there were no words to explain how I felt. I kept my heart closed, my feelings unshared, and my silent hurt buried deep inside.

I had not yet learned that from every loss there is something gained. Living through the loss of a child can lead us to a deeper knowledge of life's gifts, and a kind of strength we never knew we had. The time came when I could no longer dwell on questions which had no answers, and I searched for insight and a right of passage to change my focus toward positive memories and feelings. My healing began when I realized I could not have felt this sadness about losing my babies unless I had first been blessed with the joy of loving and wanting them. The real emptiness in my heart would have been never having had them at all.

As I worked through my grief, I was beginning to learn some of life's lessons. The pain of losing someone we love, especially a child, never really leaves us, for it is a part of our lives that will always be unfinished and unexplained. It's never easy to accept the unfairness of life, and yet it touches us all. And sometimes, only because life has touched us in this way, do we become more aware of its wonder and the pure blessing life gives us.



I came to understand that each time I had allowed myself to love, it meant taking a risk. And each time I had reached for a dream also meant taking a risk. I knew the only way I could live life fully was to let go of the emptiness and become unafraid to risk again. I promised myself that I would let love back into my heart, for it is much too precious a gift to waste, and my days and nights too precious to be covered with sadness. I began to cherish life even more.

My third baby son was born the next year, and two years later, my baby daughter. Both again premature, but thanks to God, a wonderfully dedicated pediatrician, and advanced medical technology, they survived. Their hospital stays were long and filled with frightening moments, but in spite of the odds that faced them, they clung tightly to life. Months later when they came home, I slowly found I was mending my broken dreams with the love I was giving to them. And I was beginning a new dream.

Many years have passed, yet the thought of unfairness still comes, and I still feel my tears when I think of my first two babies, or when I hear of precious children being abused and neglected. This is when I remember the lessons I have learned and, instead of dwelling on loss, I strive to embrace the hope I know is real. I now give my love and support to organizations that dedicate themselves to the lives of children and to mending their broken dreams. Giving of myself is the only way I can ever give back the blessings life has given me.

We all have something to give, and it is through this act of giving and risking to love again, that we ultimately find a way to heal. Often we uncover sacred gifts of our own just by listening to others who are hurting, or by holding someone's hand and letting them know we care. Each of us has a story, and each of us feels alone with our heartache. Yet we are never truly alone when we let ourselves be unafraid to share our feelings, and to give what is in our hearts. Sharing connects us and makes us realize how much people need one another in this world.

I still look up into the night sky sometimes and think about those two little boys that were with me for such a short while. And sometimes I find myself wondering what they would be like today if they could have grown up with their brother and sister. Then I remember that although they are with the angels, in some wonderful way they are still with me — because love never dies. It is the strength we carry with us forever.

Written by Flavia Weedn
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The following is part of an article entitled "After Great Pain" by Andrew Solomon from the September Oprah magazine. This is something I wish I could share with the "clueless" as well. This was insightful - the author conducted interviews with people who suffered great personal tragedy and that is what she learned from those interviews. It was the 9/11 tragedy that sparked the idea for this article.

"After Great Pain"

by Andrew Solomon

.... I began to understand that, though people would tell me half their personal equation, there is actually always a balance to be struck between the remembering and forgetting. You can't simply hide from the facts. Feelings that aren't acknowledged, that aren't felt, are dangerous explosions waiting to happen. Feelings that are re-experienced too vividly, however, implode and are just as deadly. ...

A year after the terror of September 11, the loss we suffered - like the personal loss of a single person you have loved - is something we have to integrate into ourselves, not something we can transcend and put behind us. Even if you think you have adjusted to the changed reality that follows a catastrophe, you may find yourself being regularly reshocked by the same episode.

Eventually, you realize that there is no adjusting to something so profoundly grim, that the disastrous losses are perpetual losses, that you will never return to the innocence that predated them.

Once we've balanced the remembering and forgetting, we need to concentrate on controlling what we can control and to try to let go of the things we can't affect. A very limited part of our experience in the world is subject to our control, but we can make physical order in our own homes and we can accomplish goals in our work. We can avoid giving in to the depression by availing ourselves of medication and psychotherapy. We can improve on how well we relate to the people around us. We can make deliberate, conscious lists of priorities. We can be nicer.

Helping people in greater need also gives us a feeling of control and purpose we might not otherwise be able to achieve and is almost always an illuminating experience; I heard of its healing properties in every one of the exotic locations I visited.

When you believe that you cannot stitch your own heart back together, go to work on the hearts of other people; there is no surer way to repair yourself than to repair them. Perhaps the most difficult part of recovery is squeezing good out of the horror. Since we're stuck with September 11, we should try to learn from it. We should live more fully in the present tense because we have been reminded how fragile our lives really are. We should remember those many cell phone calls from the buildings and planes that were about to go down, and how much that repetitive cliché of three words meant to all the people who heard "I love you" before the final moment. We can become a nation more conscious of our own good fortune.

The best antidote to pain is happiness, even if it is someday to be defeated by another sadness, in turn to be enlivened by another joy, and on in an endless cycle. The Italian political theorist Antonio Gramsci said that social reformers should have pessimism of the intellect and optimism of the will. This means that one must have the intellectual ability to see how bad things are and the emotional ability to look forward with hope. It's a hard combination to sustain, but if you can do it, you can change your world."



Shared by Meg, James' mom

Halloween

It is here, this day of merriment and children's pleasure.

Gremlins and goblins
and ghosties at the door
of your house.

And the other children
come to the door of your mind.

Faces out of the past,
small ghosts with sweet, painted faces.

They do not shout.

Those children
who no longer march laughing
on cold Halloween night,

they stand at the door of
your mind -

and you will let them in,
so that you can give them
the small gifts of
Halloween -
a smile and a tear.



~WINTERSUN by Sascha

In Memory of Erin

I wrote this poem for my daughter Erin who would have been a senior in high school this year. This was placed in the section for memory pages in the yearbook. I thought this might help some family that had to experience this spring graduation time and your child was not there. Erin was 9 when she died of a stroke. If you have a child that would be a senior next year you can contact the yearbook staff of your child's high school and ask for the teacher sponsor and they can assist you. I think it was important for us to let people remember Erin. Poem attached

Pat Moody Erin's Mom

The purest wonder in life is found in the sharing of love. And the real gift is to have known love at all. Blessed are we who have held the gift in our hands.

In Memory of Erin Leigh Moody

She was a classmate of yours' at
Holly Spring Elementary School,
Her life ended at the age of nine,
A Stroke took her away before her prime,

She missed those high school times,
Football games, playing in the band,
Sweet 16, Driver's Ed.,
Junior-Senior Prom,
Senior pictures, Senior ring,
Graduation invitations.

When you don your cap and gown,
And receive your high school diploma,
Remember those classmates who
Have graduated to heaven.

"Some people come into our lives and quickly go...Some stay awhile and leave footprints on our hearts...and we are never the same."

We miss you Erin

Mom, Dad, Daniel,
Mama and Papa Moody,
Grandmother and Granddaddy Rowell,
Other family and friends.



Again a new school year is upon us, with it, it brings on a new feeling of our loss. Even though Steven was long out of school, it still brings on the memories. So if you are dreading the sight of the yellow buses, know I am thinking of you.

School Day's

The summer is mellowing as the days grow shorter
The green on the trees seem to droop, and look a little duller. The lazy days of summer take on a busy hustle

As families shop for school,
each gets a new book satchel.

Soon the quiet streets will be filled
as children gather waiting

The yellow bus to pick them up. OH! the
anticipating.

Another teachers face the greet upon their
arrival

But the same old lessons to be learned,
to them seems so trivial.

New friends to make, and old ones too

Make their days fly past to soon.

But back at home a mother weeps
for the child that this year misses

No new clothes to buy,
no more good-bye hugs and kisses.

For her this joyful time just brings on more heartache

Another school year starts,
another milestone the child cannot make.

So she dries her eyes
and tries to go on for the children that remain

But each new start, breaks her heart,
it's hard to see the gain.

So if the yellow school bus brings
on tears for you this year

Don't forget your Compassionate Friends,
we are always standing near.

Sheila Simmons, TCF Atlanta

~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing
Tuesday's Child Section

Sheila is the author of our "Tuesday's Child" section on TCF Atlanta Online Sharing. Sheila lost her son Steven in October 1999 and has been contributing her poems and articles to TCF Atlanta for several years. Sheila lives in Dallas, GA with her husband, Wayne. She has one surviving son, Michael.

Bereavement Balance Beam

Notice the athlete as she carefully
and gracefully strolls across the balance beam

She makes it look so easy.

We watch and hold our breath,

We hope she won't fall.

She artistically swivels at the end,

Goes back to the middle,

And without missing a beat,

Lands perfectly on the mat below.

I am not an athlete, nor an acrobat,
Yet I walk a balance beam each and every day.

I trod gingerly across the beam,

I know you have not noticed.

I hold my breath, not as a spectator,
but as a participant.

I wear an outfit not of spandex nor sweats

But of steel plated armor
guarding my emotions.

I give a presentation of poise and control,

Which I've learned with each step I've taken.

I know how to survive, take each day one step at a time,

Sometimes pausing for laughter,

Sometimes trembling with tears.

Then there are the times I've fallen off,

Which in the beginning,

took but a mere reminder of who I've lost.

And I toppled off the balance beam only to

Struggle silently to climb back on.

What caused the fall?

Perhaps a mention of his name,
perhaps hearing his favorite song,

Seeing a young boy on a bicycle

and knowing it wasn't James,

Seeing a mom at the store

shopping for back to school items,

Reminiscing about bedtime stories

which are now no longer told,

Watching someone else's child at the soccer fields,

Driving in the car alone

& no one next to me in the passenger seat.

But I learned to stay on the balance beam,

Handle those moments of pain and loss,

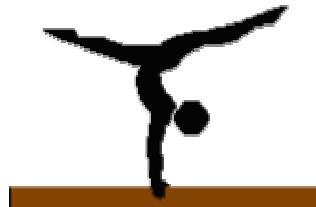
Keep my composure, let the tears fall,

but let not my steps falter,

Turn the corner without tripping,

Keep life in balance and in perspective

With a huge void on the other side.



Now, almost five years later,
I've nearly perfected this trick,
Can't compete with the professional athlete,
They have the physical,
visible aspect of this performance down pat,
I'm still working on the emotional, mental portion,
But doing quite well.

Till I hear my young niece gets to be a mom,
Or my sister-in-law moans that her son is away for a week
and the house is so quiet,
Or yet another friend has become a grandmother,
Someone else we know is graduating or marrying,
My nephew turns 16 and gets a license,
All the reminders of who I'm missing,
What James never will accomplish,
The opportunities that James missed out on,
The life I wish I could see James experience
and be a part of.

It's all a matter of balance,
Keeping the stride,
maintaining a sense of normalcy,
Balancing, in spite of a broken heart
And an emotional handicap.
And learning that when falling below,
There are friends to help me back up
Memories to give me smiles,
Determination to live the life James would have wanted...
for both of us.

Meg Avery, TCF Gwinnett
In Loving Memory of James R. Avery, III
July 15, 1983 - September 22, 1997

What is a memory?

It is the faculty of beholding the golden rays of the
sunset after the night has fallen.

It is the ability to bear in mind the sweet melody after
the instruments have ceased playing.

It is a conversation with someone who can no longer speak
and seeing a smile on a face no longer here.

By Karen Russell
National Grief Support Services
help@griefsupportservices.org and
www.griefsupportservices.org



Hiding behind the Mask

~lovingly lifted from Bereaved Parents USA



I think we as bereaved parents wear masks 12 months out of the year, not just on Halloween....perhaps on Halloween we should just wear our own grief stricken face and not be noticed.

How many masks do you wear - even in a week ... or a day. Do you wake up in the morning feeling the pain, with the knowledge that your child is no longer here? Do you "mask" that face with your old normal face to say good morning to your spouse? You can take the mask off and cry in the shower....it somehow feels so good to release some of those tears. Time to wake the children for school, put on the cheerful, positive mom mask. After dropping the children off at school you can once again remove the mask and feel. Soon you will be pulling into the parking lot at work....get the next mask out....the mask of the competent professional. WOW! That's a lot of mask changing in a short time.

Strange isn't it how the MONSTER pain of grief makes us put on masks to cover the pain often to those who really care and who perhaps are putting on their masks to cover their pain when they see us. Maybe we could all be so much better off if we removed our masks and let the monster pain out.



~from Healing After Loss by Martha Whitmore Hickman

Real grief is not healed by time...if time does anything, it deepens our grief. The longer we live, the more fully we become aware of who she was for us, and the more intimately we experience what her love meant for us. Real, deep love is, as you know, very unobtrusive, seeming easy and obvious, and so present that we take it for granted. Therefore, it is often only in retrospect - or better, in memory - that we fully realize its power and depth. Yes, indeed, love often makes itself visible in pain. At first this is frightening.

Grief deepening? Am I never going to feel better?

So much of the meaning of our loved one's life becomes distilled, sifted through memory and through experience after his or her death. New insights awaken, new appreciations, and with these come new birth pangs, and new yearnings that our beloved was still with us.

But this ongoing process also promises that, in a way, loved ones will never leave us, that their lives will continue to nourish and, yes, change us - that they will indeed, be with us always in the mutual interdependence of love.

My loved one will be with me in these bittersweet moments of deepening relationship.

In Reply to the article from Healing After Loss

Just a quick note regarding the wonderful daily message from Loss After Healing by Martha Whitmore Hickman. After my son Stuart's death in 1990 I beat my own hands, head and heart against the pain and the finality of death (and I still do at times) but somewhere in the second or third year I realized that I was able to accept the fact that he had died, and in doing that I was able to accept that I would never know "why???" . But most importantly MY ACCEPTING THESE THINGS DID NOT MEAN THAT I APPROVED!!! (Pardon the caps, I don't mean to yell, just to accentuate a point.)

Sometimes, when we are trying to "accept" things, we think it means that by accepting them we also approve of them. That is not true. Part of what helped me understand this was Rabbi Kushner's When Bad Things Happen to Good People (but you have to be ready for this book to really speak to you, so don't give up if it doesn't speak to you yet).

I was also helped by what I struggled to learn in AA where the first step is to "accept" that you are powerless against alcohol.

Those two things together helped me to realize that acceptance and approval are two different things and, of course, how could we ever approve of our child's death. It's such a big stumbling block to finding our way to whatever our life will be without them.

I think the selection was great, I just wanted to try to help anyone who is struggling with this "acceptance" thing. (Acceptance is kind of like closure, there really isn't any.) All I have really accepted is that I will not know why my son died (in my life on Earth--I'm still working on my daughter Jill's death). In many ways, being able to accept that I would never know--why him? why me? what had I done? etc. was my first strong step on the long ladder of finding some kind of equilibrium again. I'm still on that ladder, but if my experience can help anyone else, that is another step taken.

Love to everyone, Taffy
~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing



"ANNIVERSARY DATE IN HEAVEN"

Your Anniversary date in Heaven is growing near,
And I miss you so much with each passing year.
I think of you and my heart
constricts in pain,
And I question whether I'll
ever be whole again.

I wonder if you count the
time as I do.
Since you left us for Heaven
- is it still new to you?
Or does time count in Heaven
like it does for us here?
Do we seem far away to you?
- or do we feel near?



So many questions arise in my mind.

Questions like:

"Do you miss us since you left us behind?
Is it possible for you to be sad? - for you to feel pain?
Do you question why this happened?
Do you feel the same?"

The answers to my questions will be mine someday,
As I cross to where you are -
through Heaven's pearly gates.
Then I will know the joy that you experience there,
And we will be together, forever in Heaven so fair!

Oh, how I wished God had made a plan,
Where loved ones in Heaven could reach down to man.
Just one simple word - just one gentle touch -
But who am I fooling? Once would never be enough!
There are no words to describe the unspeakable pain,
Of losing a child - Our loss is God's gain!
So, Happy anniversary in Heaven,
my precious child, so dear.
I'm so glad you're there with God ---
if I can't have you here.

-By Faye McCord,
(Newsletter editor, Jackson, MS TCF) -
~in loving memory of my son, Lane McCord
(1/26/65 - 9/13/98)

And also in remembrance of those who lost their lives on
9/11/01

Not long ago I read in the sharing group about the upcoming 9/11/01 anniversary of the Attack on America...and that you were looking for poems, articles, etc that would reflect on this anniversary. I have also been reading messages on this sharing line from other bereaved parents who, like me felt that the 911 tragedy was almost an anti-climax in comparison to their own personal tragedy.....and while none of us wants to belittle the Attack on America, our 911 tragedy was/is so personally painful, that we found it hard to be as upset as most of our associates were at the time. For me, it seemed especially so, because the 3rd anniversary of my son's heaven date was 2 days later on 9/13, so on this upcoming FIRST anniversary of our American tragedy, and also on the up-coming 4th anniversary of our personal tragedy of our son's Heaven date, I submitted the poem "Anniversary Date In Heaven" in remembrance of all those who died on 9/11/01 and also in loving remembrance of my son, Lane McCord ~ (1/26/65 - 9/13/98)

~By Faye McCord

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

There's an elephant in the room
It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it.
Yet we squeeze by with "How are you?" and "I'm fine"..
And a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.
We talk about the weather.
We talk about work.
We talk about everything else -
except the elephant in the room.

--There's an elephant in the room.
We all know it is there.
We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together.
It is constantly on our minds.
For, you see, it is a very big elephant.
But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.

Oh, please, say her name.
Oh, please, say "Barbara" again.
Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.
For if we talk about her death,
Perhaps we can talk about her life.
Can I say "Barbara" to you and not have you look away?
For if I cannot, then you are leaving me...
Alone...
In a room...
With an elephant

~by Terry Kettering

Through the Heart of Grief

By Scott Mastley, TCF, Atlanta, GA

Jim Dirr, a bereaved parent and a surviving sibling, has been involved in the sibling group of the Tucker, Georgia, Chapter of TCF for years. He is a caring and generous individual, and he understands the difference between grieving the loss of a child and grieving the loss of a sibling. He also has enough experience to know what is important in the bereavement process.

Jim says, "You can go around grief, over it, or under it. You can even choose to ignore it, but the only way to successfully survive it is to go straight through it."

The question is: How does one go straight through it?

How do you face your grief and bravely suffer through it and continue to live a positive life? You get up every day and let the sun shine down on your head. Tell yourself that you cannot change where you are now. You can only affect the future. Internalize this and learn to live with it. Be honest with yourself. Ask for help when you need it. Talk to your parents or a friend or a counselor. Don't be afraid to cry. There's no shame in grieving. Go straight through it.

There are times when you wish to ignore the grief. When you sense the tears welling up in your eyes on the way back to work after lunch, you try to force them back. When you're afraid you might ruin a happy moment for your friends, you keep your sadness to yourself. When you stop in front of a photograph and quickly try to refocus on cleaning your desk, you're attempting to go around grief. Why not take a moment to look at your sibling and reflect?

Avoiding the intense emotions seems more practical than crying at work or at school. Confusion is normal when you're battling with yourself for control. Not knowing what's appropriate is normal. Forgetting your phone number is normal. Worrying about forgetting your sibling is normal. Wishing that the events of your sibling's life had played out differently is normal. Feeling isolated is normal, and being unsure about your future is normal. Anything that seems abnormal is now normal for you, as a newly bereaved sibling.

Allow yourself to focus on your grief. Feel the helplessness. Let it out. Write about it. Become absorbed in your grief, but don't let it consume you to the point that you have no will. Keep getting out of bed. Let time work on your grief by staying active. Is there

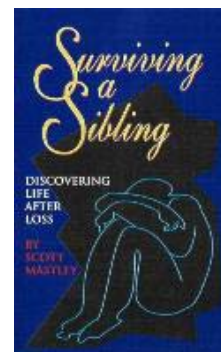
an opportunity to do something positive? You could create a memory book or plant a memorial garden or support a new cause in memory of your sibling.

We grieve as individuals, and there is no standard plan for it. Do what you need to do to survive, but don't deny the presence of your grief. It's a part of you now. Ignoring it will not help. Your life will gradually improve as you learn to acknowledge your grief without letting it take control. You are a new you in a new world. Your perception of the world has changed, and it takes a long time to learn to live in a new world.

*Scott Mastley enjoys speaking on sibling grief to groups. His book, *Surviving a Sibling, Discovering Life After Loss*, can be purchased directly from Scott's web site:*

www.survivingasibling.com

or purchased from Amazon.com



Absent Window

by Eric Sisson 8/7/02

Pass by avoiding your eyes~
pictures still framed~
absence of you.
I look to the sky~
something says to look for you~
I always do.

Sitting outside the window~
I've gotten cold and closed it.
I feel you still know me~
emotionless~ I wonder if I am through.

Despairs on the move~
as the traditions end~
absence of you.

Content, I've gained new love~
recycle the seasons~
my void still present~
you sit outside the window of my life~
as I'm still frail.

September 11th

I have started this article three times now, each time sitting at the key board typing away only to become dissatisfied with the limitations of words to express all that should be expressed about horrendous experiences.

I was there, at Ground Zero. Not that Tuesday, but two months later, on a beautiful autumn day in early November. I saw the physical devastation first hand, felt the weight of personal devastation heavy on my own heart. Looking up, I saw the damaged buildings around me, the insides spilling out where the building had been sliced away like a piece of concrete and metal cake - leaving wiring, pipes, and broken concrete exposed. Pictures were still hanging on wallpapered walls. These faceless buildings, standing sentinel, surrounded me, as I stood on hallowed ground amidst the rubble, unable to make sense of it all. I couldn't stop thinking "this just can't be true".

I was there to conduct interviews for a book to help people cope with this new grief. One interview was particularly poignant.

His name was John. He was on the subway that morning, making his way to the office like thousands of others. When the doors of the train opened into the mall below the Towers, he was assaulted by complete pandemonium. Port Authority employees yelling at the passengers "Get out, get out", pointing frantically at the exit doors. People running. John wondered what he was running to and what he was running from. Once at the doors, someone advised him to watch out for falling debris. He raced across the street with hundreds of others. Other than full-sized sheets of flaming "confetti", John didn't see falling debris. What he did see was far worse. Horrified, he made his way toward the building where his offices had been. The front of the building no longer existed. He didn't know where to go. Eventually, he walked 16 miles to his home on the Jersey side.

When I met him, he was sitting in a bar in the middle of a business day. On the bar in front of him lay a folder containing pictures of the events of September 11th, his cigarette swirled smoke, his beer half empty. He seemed to have become part of the place. He told me that he still got up every morning, dressed, and "came to work" because he didn't know what else to do with himself. When they finally reopened his business, he was notified his first day back that he was being laid

off. That was a week before I met him. He hadn't told his wife yet. He was still "coming to work" everyday.

He offered to show me around. As we walked the newly reopened streets, he pointed out the missing parts of his life. "There is where I bought my coffee every morning on my way in, here my groceries, over there I caught the subway. Everything I have known for 15 years of working days is gone." He went on to tell me that every year, during the December holidays, a huge, lighted PEACE sign was placed between the Towers. He had always planned to go over and have his picture taken with it to use as his Christmas card. Now the chance had slipped away. The irony of the Peace sign wasn't lost on him. He didn't know if he would send Christmas cards this year. We continued walking, with John telling me the details of the tragedy. Tears slipped down both our faces as he shared the horrors he had experienced. The nightmares. The loss of the life he had known interwoven with the insanity of the deaths of so many - one phrase recurring over and over again. Life will never be the same.

The similarities in his grief over his lost life and the grief of bereaved parents was not lost on me.

I have studied that day - held it up in my mind's eye, turning the events this way and that, trying to fathom what meaning can be drawn, what consolation I might offer, what insight there might be. I looked for the gift in the tragedy for I believe that eventually, if we become better people after a tragic loss, it happens only after we find some positive result that would not have been realized without it.

In my reverie I was reminded that for the first time in a long time, people who have not survived the death of a beloved child got a glimpse into the world of a bereaved parent on that fateful day. And I discovered that there is a universal need that transcends all needs - to be accepted for who we are, where we are in our lives, what we need to believe to survive. A need to experience genuine empathy and compassion, to have some one care enough about us to lend us their ear - and, after the conversation is done, to feel better for the release of the gamut of emotions that we live daily.

I rediscovered that in our humanity, we respond universally to the violation of the natural order of things - whether from of the death of a child before a parent or in the deaths of thousands. As a nation, we rediscovered the meaning of real heroes - of character and integrity and courage. We discovered

September 11th Continued

that normal people are heroes everyday... not just when tragedy requires unfathomable sacrifice.

We openly called upon God, rediscovering our need to believe that there is a heaven... Until that day, we avoided talking about God and religion to avoid inflicting judgment on others. Suddenly we discovered that it didn't matter what name we called out, just that we were comforted. We weren't talking about God to judge each other.

I found something I wasn't expecting. In the quiet actions of thousands outpouring their hearts, their hands, their help, their support, their love, I found hope. It was a welcome, heartwarming surprise.

And now, another anniversary looms, this one felt by an entire nation. In New York, a hole has been ripped out of the heart of the city, much like the hole that has been ripped out of each of our hearts.

The deadline for this article has come and gone. I don't know if this missive will find its mark. But I have finally realized that it is appropriate that I could not find the right words. What we feel cannot be described or compared. Love and compassion cannot be bound by words.

Miracle of miracle, I discovered that there is one great gift for each of us - an opportunity to turn to friends and family who haven't been supportive of our struggles and become their hope, guiding them through the minefield of this anniversary. Offering all the compassion, nonjudgmental acceptance, support and love they need. And in the process, we just might help them better understand and accept us.

Michelle Kissman, TCF Atlanta

Chapter News

Sandy Springs Chapter

Reminder: November and December meetings will be changed from the 4th Wednesday to the 3rd Wednesday because of the holidays.

From November 27th to November 20th
From December 25th to December 18th

Judy Blumsack, Chapter Leader

South Atlanta/Jonesboro Chapter

The South Atlanta/Jonesboro chapter is planning a pot luck appreciation dinner for Freddie & Charlotte Saye at the September 2nd meeting . (Yes, that is Labor Day, but we have always met on this day.) We invite any former members to come back and show Freddie our appreciation for his many years of service as the chapter leader. Please bring a covered dish or dessert and a drink to share. The chapter plans to provide paper goods & the meat. Try to come a little earlier than the normal 7:30 meeting time so we can get set up to eat by 7:30 and fellowship afterwards.

Hope to see you there!

Diana Green & Susan Carithers

For more information, please contact Diana Green
770-477-9425.

Gwinnett Chapter

I would like to extend an invitation to you and your chapter members to the annual Gwinnett Chapter Picnic on Saturday, Sept. 28, 2002 from 2:00 - 6:00 at Rhodes Jordan Park in Lawrenceville, GA. During that time, we will also be having a dedication ceremony for our new Children's Memorial Garden which Gwinnett County Parks & Recreation Dept. recently granted us a plot of land for. We will have this area near the Stanley Gunter Pavilion where the picnic will be held. A memorial stone has been ordered & we are very excited to have a special place in this park in memory of the children of TCF Gwinnett parents. We will also be having a memorial balloon release.

Anyone who would like to attend may bring a picture of their child for our memory table and a balloon to be filled & released (a helium tank will be provided). TCF Gwinnett members will be bringing a dish to share and the chapter will be providing drinks, utensils, plates, cups & ice.

If you have any questions, or need directions to the park, please contact me.

Meg Avery Gwinnett Chapter Leader
770-932-5862

Marietta Chapter

September 3, 2002 - Scott Mastley

We are happy to announce that Scott Mastley, author of *Surviving a Sibling...Discovering Life After Loss*, will speak at our September meeting. Scott will share the grief journey he has been traveling since the death of his older brother, Chris, who was killed in a car crash December 5, 1994 at age 27. Scott has graciously accepted our invitation to sell and autograph his book at the end of the meeting. You may purchase his book that night for \$12.00. Scott has a website:
www.survivingasibling.com

The Marietta Chapter offers a Pregnancy and Infant Loss Sharing Group, a Teen-Adult Sibling Sharing Group in addition to Men and Women Sharing Groups.

The Marietta Chapter also offers a Day Meeting. They meet the 3rd Tuesday of each month in DaNita Chaplin's home from 1-3 PM. For more information please call: 770-439-5703.

Tucker (Atlanta) Chapter

September 10th will mark Atlanta (Tucker) Chapter's 23rd Anniversary.

We want to invite everyone to join us in September to commemorate our 23rd Anniversary. We invite you to bring a picture of your child to be placed on a memory table and a refreshment to share. We plan to have our regular sharing sessions after announcements and our birthday table.

If you are interested in volunteering to help with the chapter, please contact:

Robert Bowers 770-326-9409
Susan Carithers 770-474-6243 wescar20@yahoo.com

Rome Chapter

The Rome Chapter of TCF is planning to have Iris Bolton as guest speaker at our Nov. 14 meeting. Iris Bolton is Executive Director of the Link Counseling Center, Cofounder of the North Atlanta Chapter of TCF, author of the "My Son...My Son, a Guide to Healing after Death, Loss or Suicide", as well as contributor to dozens of books, magazines and video's.

We are in planning stages of building a Memorial in memory of our Children, in the Rome area. We plan to have bricks parents/grandparents/friends can purchase with their child's name on them. More details to follow as they become available.

The Rome Chapter will again have the Christmas tree at Redmond Hospital in memory of our children. The tree will be decorated with Angels and Christmas ornaments with our children's picture in the clear glass ornament. Due to the overwhelming response and expense last year we are asking for a \$10.00 donation which will cover the cost of the ornament. You will need to send the money and either one or two pictures of your child by Nov. 14 to have the ornament placed on the Christmas tree. Your original pictures will be returned to you. Be sure to enclose your address so picture's can be returned.

We will have our 5th Annual "WorldWide Candlelight Memorial" Dec. 8 at 6:30 p.m. More Details to follow as they become available.

The Rome Chapter meets the 2nd Thursday @ 7p.m. at Redmond Regional Hospital, classroom B. For more information on meetings or any of the above you may contact Sandra Stinson, 706-235-6108, or Ginger Miles, 706-291-0355.

2002 "Memories" Tree

2nd Annual Memory Tree to be displayed at the Festival of Trees is now underway. Our 2001 Memory Tree "Sign of Hope" was viewed by over 150,000 people who attended the annual Festival of Trees at the World Congress Center.

Our Memory Tree for 2002 will be titled "Memories" and will display ornaments and poems reflecting "memories". It will be decorated in an Old Fashion Theme. We also plan to create a tree skirt with all the children's pictures displayed in a black and white (gold tone)... similar to a collage of old fashion photos.

If you want to have your child's picture included on the tree skirt please see detail instructions on "Festival of Trees sign up sheet".

If you are interested in helping with the "Memory" Tree to be displayed at the Festival of Trees, December 7-15, 2002, please contact Jayne Newton 770-923-5356.

Please visit our web site for more information.
<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/FestivalofTrees2002.html>

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 975 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 web site:

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

Telephone Friends

Carole Babush - 404-231-1965 Auto Accident
Judy Blumsack - 770-410-9819 Auto Accident
Lynn McCurdy - 770-498-8211 AIDS
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
Allison Glover - 404-534-0386 SIDS
Paul Fredickson - (770) 992-6391 Infant Death
Dana Stupka - (770)-831-9461 Infant Death

SPECIAL INVITATION: I would like to invite parents and families to be our special guest on Saturday, September 28th.

FEARTHIS4Life.org will be having an event to promote safe teen driving. We would like to take this opportunity to honor the families and remember these teens we have lost in these tragic accidents.

This event will be a car show that will include, Gwinnett Police, Gwinnett Fire, Duluth Police, and safety exhibits to help educate out teens and help them to commit to safe driving.

Place: Dave & Busters, Duluth

Date: September 28th.

Time: 10:00am to 3:00pm

If you have any questions, feel free to call me at 770-979-8869

Sincerely, Woodrow Gaines

2003 National Conference

Our new Volunteer Coordinators, Richard and Barbara Hollingsworth of Tifton, are eager to tackle their job and invite you to contact them about volunteering. Their phone is 912-386-1370 and e-mail is brpm@friendlycity.net

For more information regarding the upcoming conference, please visit our web site:
<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/2003Conference>

THE BUTTERFLY QUILT

The Angel Quilt has undergone a name change due to the profusion of beautiful butterflies that it will showcase. There is still time to get your \$50 donation in so that your child can be represented on the quilt. To read about the quilt, go to the conference website and click "Press Releases." The first item on that list will be the quilt. Send your check to:

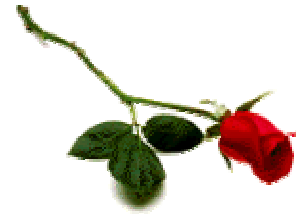
The Butterfly Quilt
Atlanta 2003 TCF Conference
P. O. Box 390326, Snellville, GA

Introducing the Opening Ceremony Speaker

We are happy to announce that our Opening Ceremony Speaker will be Maria Housden, author of *Hannah's Gift*. Maria is a lecturer, author, and passionate advocate for quality of life at the end of life. She has led bereavement support groups and speaks nationally at conferences as well as to church and civic organizations, students, and medical professionals. From 1995 to 1999, Maria served on the Board of Directors of the Kimberly Fund, a nonprofit organization that raised money for families of children facing life-threatening illnesses. In addition, as part of her commitment to helping others learn to live life more fully, she has led groups of women on contemplative, silent journeys through Death Valley. The mother of three children in addition to Hannah, Maria is a native of Traverse City, Michigan. She and her husband, Roger Housden, live in a log cabin in Woodstock, New York. Maria's website, www.hannahsgift.com, serves as a community of support and remembrance for those who have loved and lost a child, and also provides more information about Maria's work and how to reach her. Be sure to read Maria's "Personal Message" for a deeper look into this remarkable woman's life and her joy of living, even after the death of her child.

We Remember You With Love

September Birthdays



September 1	Demeatrice Harper, sister of LaTonya Harper and Keiva Patrick, Norcross
September 1	Larry E. Simms, Jr., son of Jackie Sims, Atlanta
September 1	Tim Redovian, son of Sherrill and James Redovian, Dunwoody
September 2	Chris Mastley, son of Betty and Dale Mastley, Conyers, and brother of Scott Mastley, Suwanee
September 2	Zachary Shane Parker, son of Steve and Bonnie Caldwell, Snellville
September 2	Aaron Wood, son of Cathy and Harold Wood, Powder Springs
September 3	Mary Elizabeth Karg, daughter of Patricia and Steve Karg, Conyers
September 3	Tyler Aaron Stupka, son of Dana Stupka, Sugar Hill
September 4	Quentavious Combs, son of Shenandoah Combs, Atlanta
September 4	Shanatavious Combs, daughter of Shenandoah Combs, Atlanta
September 4	Stacey Fair Tuminello, daughter of Brenda and John Tuminello, Cumming
September 4	Donald Joseph Sargent, brother of Tanya Decant, Lawrenceville
September 5	Laura Lynn Douglas, daughter of Kathy Diosy, Stem, NC
September 5	Leonard Edward Todd, son of William and Patricia Freeman, Stockbridge
September 5	Tony Visk, Jr., son of Tony Visk and the late Marie Visk, Atlanta
September 6	Jay Johnson, son of B.J. Wright, Lawrenceville
September 7	Merri Anne McCoy, daughter of Iris Chandler, Silver Hill, AL
September 7	Tim Kincaid, son of Alan and Phyllis Pritchell, Dalton
September 7	Tiffany Sisson, daughter of Dawn M. Sisson, Dalton
September 8	Christopher Roland Dimmick, son of Barbara and Don Dimmick, Knoxville, TN
September 8	Ben Guard, son of Betty and Bill Guard, Conyers
September 8	William Riley, son of Gary and Georgiene Riley, Oakwood
September 8	Kenneth Kirk, son of Dorothy N. Tate, Decatur
September 9	Laura Lynn Douglas, daughter of Terry L. Douglas Sr., Palm Bay, FL
September 9	Duane Turner, son of Tina Turner, Stockbridge
September 10	Dan Soileau, son of Mimi Soileau, Conyers
September 10	Michael Hill, son of Linda Hill, Stone Mountain
September 11	Chris Webb, son of Norman and Tracy Webb, and brother of Debby Webb, Stone Mountain
September 11	Steven Levy, son of Susan and Howard Levy, Marietta
September 11	Thomas Arnold III, son of Thomas and Dottie Arnold, Jonesboro
September 12	K.C. Davis, son of Mike and Leslie Davis, Loganville
September 12	Wesley Wayne Costlow, son of Adam and Tammy Costlow, Aragon
September 13	Woody Jackson III, son of Maletia, Scottdale
September 14	Shawn Michael Walker, Sr., son of Capri Walker, Kenosha, WI
September 14	Matthew Cook, son of Melanie White, Gainesville
September 15	Sierra Beth Soto, granddaughter of Joanne Thomas, Atlanta
September 15	Marc Daniel Lockman, son of Maryanne Lockman, Smyrna

Memories of the past will forever be woven with threads of hope & peace, providing a quilt of spiritual guidance & everlasting warmth of those whom we love, who are wherever we are. By Meg Avery, TCF Gwinnett

We Remember You With Love

September Birthdays



September 16	Melissa Hermanns, daughter of Mary Ann Hermanns, Lawrenceville
September 16	Tom Waters, son of Richard and Faye Waters, Loganville
September 16	Marc Nash, son of Linda Nash, Atlanta
September 17	David Ortiz, son of Elana Ortiz, Roswell
September 17	Preston Roberts, son of Agnes Roberts, Atlanta
September 17	Brad Koster, son of Randy Koster, Marietta
September 18	Josh Darna, son of Tracy Darna, Bokeelia, FL
September 18	Laurin Mear, son of Betty Mear and Deb Loyd, Decatur
September 18	Mitchell Kyle Corntassel, son of Brian and Lisa Corntassel, Silver Creek
September 18	Carlton Francis Waters, son of Debbie Waters, Atlanta
September 19	Troy G. Diebel, son of Kathy and George Charles and Gary C. Diebel, and brother of Todd Diebel, Conyers
September 19	Gregory Heinisch, son of Julie and Greg Heinisch, Newnan
September 19	Stephen Bradley Turley, son of Joyce Brooks, Conyers and son of Steve Turley, Hampton
September 19	Darryl Reed, son of Betty Jean Reed, Flowery Branch and brother of Kathy Stone, Hoschton
September 20	Patrick Little, son of Shirley and Curt Little, Conyers
September 20	Brandon Charles Williams, son of Sharon Williams, East Point
September 21	Donna Hembree Young, daughter of Betty Hembree, Smyrna
September 21	Jamie J. Adams, son of Julie Adams, Hull
September 22	Brandon Bliss, son of Sandy Bliss, Lawrenceville
September 22	Chad Martin, son of Janice Martin, Lawrenceville and brother of Laura Crutchfield and Amy Jackson
September 22	Rhett Forrester, son of Fortune Forrester, Tucker
September 22	Donna McAfee, daughter of Margaret McAfee, Riverdale

What about Elvis?

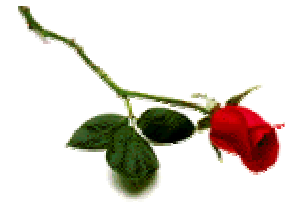
With all the hoopla over the anniversary of Elvis Presley's death, I wonder if anyone else feels like me. Society seems to think it is okay for the general population to mourn and honor and weep and wail over dead celebrities such as Elvis, John Lennon, Princess Diana, etc. years and even decades after their deaths. The majority of us only knew them through their music or fame. No one tells them that they should "get over it", "move on with your life", "stop going to the cemetery so much" or that it is "weird to take the day of your daughter's death off - my God, it's been seven years!" (these are only a sample that I have heard in the past 7+ years and I know each of you could add many, many more.)

Yet, those of us whose child (or sibling or grandchild) has died, someone we loved deeply from the moment we learned of their very existence; who we gave our hearts and souls and every fiber of our being to, who we, if we were lucky enough, got to hold them in our arms and watch even a few (yet never enough) of the milestones of their lives - fed them, nursed them, spent almost every waking hour invested in loving them, caring for them, and giving them the best life we could - we are supposed to stop remembering and honoring these same children on their birthdays and their death days, and any other day, for that matter! I don't understand - can someone explain this to me?

Love and peace to all,

Cathy Seehuetter, Nina's forever mom, St. Paul, MN
~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

We Remember You With Love



September Birthdays

September 23	Samuel Robert Mitchell, son of Ken and Wendy Mitchell, Marietta
September 23	Johnathon David Solar, son of David and Donna Solar and brother of Rebecka, Lawrenceville
September 23	Lisa Mewbourne, daughter of Faye Martin, Austell
September 23	Chandler Armstrong, son of Geushia Armstrong, Marietta
September 24	Richard Tedesco, son of Peggy Tedesco, Atlanta
September 24	Julie Jobe, daughter of Joy and Jerry Jobe, Riverdale
September 26	Julie Lynn Donaldson, daughter of Mary Jane LaBonte, Lawrenceville
September 26	Whitnee McCollum, daughter of Marlo and Reginald McCollum, Conyers
September 26	Catherine Amiss, daughter of Don and Martha Copeland, Lawrenceville
September 27	Natasha Jeboo, daughter of Emil and Geoffrey Jeboo, Fayetteville
September 27	Andy Austin, son of Amy and Mike Austin, Dawsonville
September 27	Corey Etkind, son of Andy Etkind, Atlanta
September 27	Angie McDonald, daughter of Marian Powell, Alpharetta
September 28	Chris Godbee, son of Robin and Randy Godbee, Jonesboro
September 28	Stephanie Marino, daughter of Patti and Joe Marino, Roswell
September 28	Bruce Harvard, son of Shawn Harvard, Marietta
September 28	Michael A. Taronji, son of Brenda Rivera, Lawrenceville
September 28	Alex Smith, son of Stella and David Smith, Covington
September 29	Alan Frew, son of Jane Frew, Cedartown
September 29	Blake Hinson, son of Gail and Louis Hinson, Lilburn, and brother of Lyn Risher, Issaquah, WA
September 29	Kevin McCulley, son of Sherry McCulley, Norcross, and grandson of Bonnie and Joe Johnson, Monroe
September 29	Wayne Robert Looker, son of Wendy and Richard Looker, Swansea, MA
September 30	Jasmine Atkinson, daughter of Onita Atkinson, Monroe
September 30	Marty Craig, son of Marge Craig, Winder
September 30	Kahree Ann Michael, daughter of Barbara and Chris Michael, Auburn
September 30	Sarah Hoecherl, daughter of Nora and Gary Verheyen, Lawrenceville

There is no way out, only a way forward ~Michael Hollings

"Is there no relief from this wound?" we wonder. "Is there nowhere I can go to turn aside, to get away?" What we would like to do, often, is to go back. Go back before the accident. Go back before the illness. But that world no longer exists. Our grief experience is a watershed and it has cut us off forever from that world which now seems so simple and almost idyllic (though we know better) - the life we knew with our loved one, the life Before This Happened. Still we keep typing, remembering, wishing until the thought pattern is established in our brain: this is your world now; this is what your life is like.

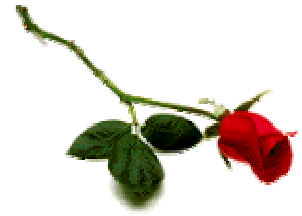
Convinced, bit by bit, we begin to go forward - into a new sense of time and relationships, including a new relationship with the one who has died, and a new relationship with ourselves. Our other available choice is to stand still, and we may try it for a while. But we know we will turn to stone if we let that happen. No, we must keep moving, and in the only direction that is open to us - forward. Forward into new land, into unknown adventure, unknown territory.

I stand at the threshold of new life. What will I do? I can stand still. Or I can go forward. Those are my choices.

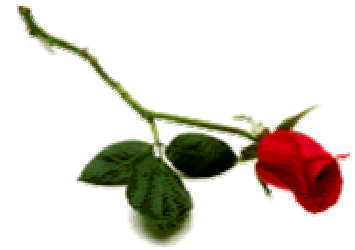
~daily message from Healing After Loss by Martha Whitmore Hickman

We Remember You With Love

September Angel Dates



September 1	Clarence Deon Belser, son of Yvonne Belser, Decatur
September 1	Eli Henderson, son of Hiram Henderson, Lovejoy and Lisa Henderson, Stockbridge
September 1	Patrick Ray Kelly, son of Maggie Kelly, Gainesville
September 1	Luke Blackburn, grandson of Cassandra Boone-Blackburn, Marietta,
September 2	Elizabeth Fields, granddaughter of Norma Holder, Sharpsburg
September 2	Machera Renee Henderson, daughter of Debra Mastrilli, Newnan
September 3	Chad Gordon, son of Jayne and Wayne Newton, Lilburn, brother of Lisa Gordon, Snellville
September 3	Tyler Aaron Stupka, son of Dana Stupka, Sugar Hill
September 3	Bailee Elizabeth McClellan, daughter Brian and Jennifer McClellan, Armuchee
September 4	Michael Dean Hodges, son of Roy and Janice Carswell, Glen Allen, VA
September 4	Mary Elizabeth Karg, daughter of Patricia and Steve Karg, Conyers
September 4	Logan Timothy Reynolds, son of Tonia Reynolds, Summerville
September 4	Tiffany Sisson, daughter of Dawn M. Sisson, Dalton
September 5	Hillary Elizabeth Tally, daughter of Teresa Tally, Conyers
September 5	Brenda Jayne Fraley, daughter of Diane Fraley, Marietta
September 6	Jared Webb, son of Debby Webb, Kennesaw and Mike Webb, Sugar Hill
September 6	Michael Wade Blakeman, son of Linda Case, Norcross
September 7	Greg Head, son of Vickey Earley, Acworth
September 7	Jamie Bastuba, son of Phyllis and James Bastuba, Dawsonville
September 9	John Talbert, son of Dave and Merrilyn Talbert, Fayetteville
September 9	Andrea Michelle Massey, daughter of Mary Sue Massey, Jasper
September 10	James Fontaine Horton, son of Wright and Beverly Horton, Herndon, VA
September 10	Mandy Nestor, daughter of Susan Vacinek, Palmetto
September 10	Jessi Hawkins, daughter of Kim Backman, Murrayville
September 10	Ashley Butler, daughter of Nishell Butler, Clarkston
September 10	Daniel Merritt Fisher, son of Wanda and Wiley Fisher, Yazoo City, MS
September 11	G.W. Fox, son of Nancy Fox, Dacula
September 11	Clint Chandler, son of Lillian and Wesley Chandler, Ida
September 11	Cameron Jacob Bryan, son of Christine Bryan, Cartersville
September 11	Marc Nash, son of Linda Nash, Atlanta
September 12	Dakota Williams Hughes, son of Susan and Mark Hughes, Dacula
September 12	Erin Lenahan, daughter of Angela and Luke Lenahan, Buford
September 12	Jamie Miller, son of James and Kathy Miller, Covington
September 13	Nikki Danahl Bercich, daughter of Victoria and Bill Bercich, Douglasville
September 13	Pete Soileau, son of Mimi Soileau, Conyers
September 13	Dave Soileau, son of Mimi Soileau, Conyers
September 13	Dan Soileau, son of Mimi Soileau, Conyers
September 13	Maria-Victoria Boucugnani, daughter of Lynda and Tom Whitehead, Fayetteville, and Al Boucugnani, Hampton
September 13	Tara Johnson, sister of Amy Nelson, Lindale
September 14	Clay Cagle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Cagle, Alpharetta



September Angel Dates

September 14	Karen Elaine Baker, daughter of William and Betty Baker, Aragon
September 15	Nicholas Harris, son of Tonia Thrasher, Buford
September 16	Diane Mallory Beard, daughter of Charlotte and Jerry Mallory, Marietta
September 16	Angie Wright, daughter of Fran and Frank Wright, Woodstock
September 16	Cody Reeves, son of Pam Reeves, Lithia Springs
September 16	Shannon Marie Stephens, daughter of Sandra Stephens, Lawrenceville
September 17	Michelle Kelley, daughter of Georgia M. Kelley, Decatur
September 17	Carlton Francis Waters, son of Debbie Waters, Atlanta
September 18	Brenda Hope Davis, daughter of Lenore Kessler, Atlanta
September 18	Julian DeMario Johnson, son of Barbara T. Johnson, Atlanta
September 19	Michael Rau, son of Marilyn Cowan, Orange Park, FL
September 19	Matthew William Jordan, son of Carol Jordan, Decatur
September 20	Molly Feit, daughter of Claire Feit, Duluth
September 20	Patrick Brian Miller, son of Judy and Bob Miller, Gainesville
September 20	Jeffrey Lee Miller, son of Donald Miller, Roswell
September 20	Antoinette Redpath, daughter of Sammie Hammer Redpath, Hacienda Heights, CA
September 21	Carter Hester, son of Zel Hester, Atlanta
September 21	Matthew Dwyer, son of Leo and Barbara Dwyer, and brother of Michael Dwyer, Lawrenceville
September 21	Jason Lee Webb, son of Donna Outlaw, Walker, LA

Why is Remembering 9/11 Different?

I pray that this posting will not sound the way that many of us feel that society has treated the loss of our children.

I am approaching the 2nd Birthday without Ryan. He died 6/30/01. His birthday is September 3. He would have been 26. As all of you know, most people feel very uncomfortable about discussing our children. I am renovating Ryan's home near Atlanta. Last week I went to dinner with friends and family. The discussion centered around 9/11 and Elvis. It was commented how awful the surviving families must feel with the approaching anniversary. I was invited to join a service on that day. I listened choking back the tears. I try hard not to bother others about this unbearable grief. Finally I replied. "I think that all of you are kind and I feel terrible pain for all those families. You see on 9/3 the sun won't be as warm, the welcome of a new day won't be inviting and what was the happiest day of my life has become the saddest day of my life."

I pray that this does not sound awful. I am pleased that our society is giving the appropriate attention to this horrific loss. However, those of us know the loss, the isolation, the search for meaning and ultimately the acceptance of there are no answers to such a horrible assault against those precious people who died.

So, on 9/3, I will miss my only child as I do daily. I will also weep on 9/11 just as all of you will. Unfortunately, we have not been treated with such empathy by this society.

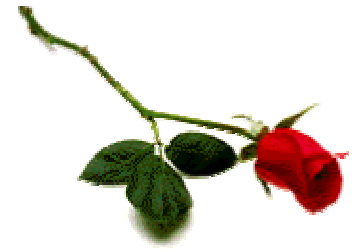
I pray that this posting is viewed with the understanding that I too am a parent grieving.

Pat, Mom of Ryan, 9/3/76-6/30/01

~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

We Remember You With Love

September Angel Dates



September 22	Jared Kolosna, son of Janice and Alan Kolosna, Alpharetta
September 22	Tommy McDonald, son of Jerri McDonald, Loganville
September 22	Robert Visk, son of Tony and the late Marie Visk, Atlanta
September 22	Xavier Smith, son of Kristal Smith, Lithonia
September 22	James Avery, son of Meg and Jim Avery, Sugar Hill and grandson of Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Stempien, Austell
September 22	Amanda Sullivan, daughter of Mike and Debbie Sullivan, Duluth
September 22	Ashleigh Michaela Hodge, daughter of Rober and Melissa Hodge, McDonough
September 23	Holli Ledford, daughter of Cathy and Calvin Ledford, Conyers
September 23	Jarrod Norman, son of Vicki and Bill Norman, Marietta
September 25	Adam Philip Frentheway, son of Foye and Neal Frentheway, Tucker
September 26	Chris Oates, son of Rev. Ken and Troylene Oates, Rome
September 26	Sadie Ruth Barrett, daughter of Scott and Lynn Barrett, Carrollton
September 26	Johnathon Gregory Hammett, son of Karen Reynolds, Loganville
September 27	Mark Richard Sykora, son of Mr. And Mrs. Jerry Sykora, Marietta
September 27	Jonathon David Solar, son of David and Donna Solar and brother of Rebecka Solar, Lawrenceville
September 27	Charlie Ethridge, Jr., son of Mr. And Mrs. Charlie Ethridge, brother of Christy and Nicole Ethridge, Social Circle
September 28	Andrea Harper, granddaughter of Caroline and Larry Allen, Stone Mountain
September 28	Mike Smith, son of Wendy Martin, Jasper
September 29	Anna Christine Dutton, daughter of Donna Kay Dutton, Calhoun
September 29	Herbert Clifton Conrad, Jr., son of Jeannette Conrad, Atlanta
September 29	Michelle Dugan, daughter of Dolores and James Hegner, Lawrenceville
September 29	Greyson Hayes, son of Bill and Mary Ellen Hayes, Acworth
September 29	Elaine Nix, daughter of David and Becky Nix, Gainesville
September 29	Aaron Geathers, son of Sonya Geathers, Atlanta
September 30	Allen Harper, grandson of Caroline and Larry Allen, Stone Mountain
September 30	David L. Jacobs, son of Gary and Liz Jacobs, Long Beach, NY
September 30	Brandon Henderson, son of Jennifer Clark, Conyers

Back to School To All My Special Friends,

I read about how hard it is to face the first day of school for some of you. This was a hard year for me, too. This would have been Erica's first year in the classroom as an elementary teacher. (I think it would have been in the 1st or 2nd grade) As the first day started here in our county I envisioned her welcoming her new students into her classroom. The classroom she had been preparing for their arrival/she started gathering things for that classroom her Freshman year in collage. She had built an extensive library...I still see her sitting on the living room floor meticulously covering each book with clear contact paper and stamping them with "LadyBug Library". I want to let each of you that have an elementary student in Heaven, know that she is teaching them today....I know she was on her way to getting her Master's Degree at the time of her death...but THE MASTER needed her in Heaven to teach the little children.

This past weekend we had a tragedy in our town...a 7 year old little boy was killed by a drunk driver as the mother was taking him to his school....one day soon I hope to talk to this mother and let her know that my Erica was at Heaven's Gate to greet him and take him to her classroom. Thanks for letting me share. I hope this finds each of you having a 'gentle day in your journey.'
Barbara Coffey, Mother of Erica 8/1/78 - 8/31/00 ~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

We Remember You With Love

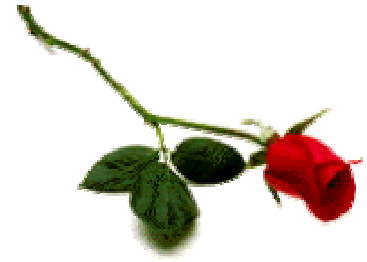
October Birthdays



October 1	Robert Edward Gibbs, son of Christine and Richard Shockley, Sebring, FL
October 1	Trey Jones, son of Linda Hargrave and Fred Jones, Goldsboro, NC
October 2	Doug Noah, brother of Joe Noah, Atlanta
October 3	Jivoni Alexander Quinones, son of Yvette Quinones, Acworth
October 3	Philip Jordan Grier, son of Elaine and Jim Grier, Atlanta
October 3	Greyson Hayes, son of Bill and Mary Ellen Hayes, Acworth
October 3	Jonathan Respess, son of Mike and Beth Respess, Fayetteville and brother of Laura Respess, Atlanta
October 4	Jacob Jarmusch, grandson of Norma and Albert Jarmusch, Dacula
October 4	John Howard Lass, son of Barbara and Wayne Lass, Conyers
October 4	Stephen Ledford, son of Luella and Mike Ledford, Jasper
October 4	Tyler Tarbutton, son of Renee Tarbutton, Lawrenceville
October 5	James Andrew Zajicek, son of Becky and George Zajicek, Stockbridge
October 5	Troy Craig Haney, son of Pam Troy, Atlanta
October 6	Marsha Jones, daughter of Margaret Jones, Lithonia
October 7	Patrick Powers, son of Martha Hutchins, Atlanta, and Jim Powers, Atlanta
October 7	Herbert Clifton Conrad Jr., son of Jeannette Conrad, Atlanta
October 8	James Monroe Allison, son of Maggie Allison, Oakwood
October 8	Michelle Kelley, daughter of Georgia M. Kelley, Decatur
October 8	Craig Harvey, son of Arline Harvey, Clarkston
October 8	Christie Elizabeth Roberson, daughter Elizabeth Saxon, Marietta
October 9	Andrea Ficarotto, sister of Chris Baltrukovicz, Mukilteu, WA
October 9	Charles Lee McKeever, son of King Holloway, Decatur
October 9	Christin Tate, daughter of Larry and Beverly Tate, Silver Creek
October 10	Jessica Champion, daughter of Debbie Champion, Canton
October 10	Parish Mayberry, son of Diane Wyatt, Sugar Hill
October 10	Samuel Condra, son of Jeff and Kelly Condra, White
October 11	John David Fleet III, son of John Fleet, Stockbridge
October 11	Alan (Todd) Parish, son of Millie and Woody Parish, Flowery Branch
October 11	Brian Arthur LaForce, son of Raquel LaForce, Smyrna
October 11	Patty Kendrick, daughter of Bobbie Simonds, Woodstock
October 13	Sarah Bryant, daughter of Debbie Bryant, Jasper and Melvin and Dori Bryant, Jasper
October 13	Mark Curtis Smith, son of Jane Smith, Tucker
October 14	Charles Dylan Allred, son of Donna Allred, Mableton
October 14	George Rael Rankin, son of Suzanne Rankin Girouard, Lafayette, LA
October 14	Roger Robinson, son of Carol and Buddy Robinson, Chamblee
October 14	Rachel Meagan Clayton, daughter of Brenda and Sid Clayton, Roswell and granddaughter of Madge Colbert
October 15	Loren Larson, son of Susan Larson, Lilburn
October 15	Kathy Jones Reid, daughter of Helen Jones, Duluth
October 15	Stephanie Weber, daughter of Cecilia and John Weber, Roswell
October 15	Philip E. Walsh, son of Ruth Paschal, Atlanta

We Remember You With Love

October Birthdays



October 16	Jimmy Crowe, son of Jana Crowe, Covington
October 16	Steven Lee Leverette, son of Virginia and Andrew Leverette, Douglasville
October 16	Carl Ryals, son of Lauren and Carl Ryals, Peachtree City
October 16	Julian DeMario Johnson, son of Barbara T. Johnson, Atlanta
October 16	Candi Gaye Marshall, daughter of Gena Marshall Holmquist, Tucker
October 18	Evan DeSean Lowery, son of Kim Keller, Lilburn
October 18	Jeffrey K. Meredith, brother of Scott Meredith, Snellville
October 19	Christopher Clark, son of Maggie Clark, Suwanee
October 20	Sallie Scanlon, daughter of Jane Scanlon, Lilburn
October 21	Tylar Gamboa, son of Dena Gamboa, Cartersville
October 21	Elizabeth Gallagher, daughter of Mary and Terry Gallagher, Itasca, IL
October 22	Carrie Ann Plumley, daughter of Deborah and Norman Plumley, Locust Grove
October 23	Brandon Ashley McLeod, son of Maureen M. McLeod, Fayetteville
October 24	Tyler Perry, son of Drew and Amanda Perry, Canton
October 25	Michael Vogt II, son of Lendell and Mike Vogt, Fairburn
October 25	Matthew Brackner, son of Bill Brackner, Suwanee
October 26	Stephanie McLoyd, daughter of Jacqueline McLoyd, Atlanta
October 27	Matthew Lolies, son of Tim and Michelle Lolies, Lilburn
October 29	Brain Wood, son of Richard and Teresa Wood, Cumming
October 30	Ronnie Keith Batchelor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Batchelor, Snellville
October 30	Elizabeth Fields, granddaughter of Norma Holder, Sharpsburg
October 30	Chad Mauldin, son of Barbara Mauldin, Atlanta
October 30	Kip Wilson Fowler, son of Wanda Fowler, Cartersville
October 31	Tracy Lee Elrod, son of Janice and Gary Pribble, Gainesville
October 31	Nikki Danahl Bercich, daughter of Victoria and Bill Bercich, Douglasville

Halloween Magic

Halloween has always been a special holiday time. I regret that our son only had a one time experience at this magical time of year. I remember as though it were yesterday, the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his mask, how he said thank you without coaxing. Then I think of all the parents whose child never had the opportunity and I am grateful for that one time. It's hard watching all the other children trick-or-treating and yet there is something special about this season that comforts me. As I watch the trees around me, I am reminded that there is a beauty even in their drying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breath-taking color scheme, and if you listen, a rustling in the air. I believe there is a message in fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of season, that our children now know far more beauty than we can ever imagine. Like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in spring, our children are not gone. THEY LIVE!

Nancy Cassell, TCF Momnuth Co., NJ

We Remember You With Love

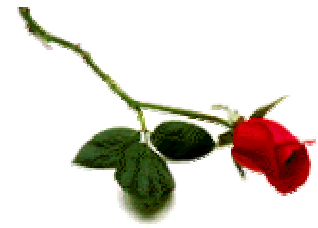
October Angel Dates



October 2	Donna Harner, daughter of Lois Harner, Cedartown
October 2	Gregory Heinisch, son of Julie and Greg Heinisch, Newnan
October 2	Leonard Edward Todd, son of William and Patricia Freeman, Stockbridge
October 2	Matthew Abad, son of Tess Abad, Stone Mountain
October 2	Troy Craig Haney, son of Pam Troy, Atlanta
October 2	Teresa Ellen Wesley Hough, daughter of Jackie Wesley, Economy, IN
October 3	Lindsay Ulaie Jiles, daughter of Vivian Simpson, Lawrenceville
October 4	Erika Monique Wilson, daughter of Eurika Parker, Decatur
October 4	Marsha Jones, daughter of Margaret Jones, Lithonia
October 4	Mark Smith, son of Doris Smith, Atlanta
October 4	Parish Mayberry, son of Diane Wyatt, Sugar Hill
October 5	Tee Jay Barnett, daughter of Terry and Terry Barnett, Rome
October 5	Jessie Ryan, son of Art and Denise Smith, Lilburn
October 6	Kelly Whittaker, daughter of Mindy and Al Whittaker, Atlanta
October 6	James Andrew Zajicek, son of Becky and George Zajicek, Stockbridge
October 6	Justin Mercado, son of Vicki Mercado, Dodge City, KS
October 7	Alleta Wing, daughter of Celia Keane, Sugar Hill
October 7	Reyn Moore, son of Hugh and Hilda Moore, Rome
October 7	Mark Joseph Gore, son of Barbara Rodriguez, Lilburn
October 8	Devon Michelle Higgins, daughter of Cindy Higgins, McDonough
October 8	Rico Horton, son of Brenda Phillips, Covington
October 9	Marnie Tifton Bragg, daughter of Kathy and Richard Wolownik, Roswell
October 9	Kevin Saye, son of Charlotte and Freddie Saye, Stockbridge
October 10	Sarah Bryant, daughter of Debbie Bryant, Jasper and Melvin and Dori Bryant, Jasper
October 10	William Michael McGee, son of Joyce McGee, Austell
October 10	Samuel Condra, son of Jeff and Kelly Condra, White
October 11	Christopher L. Dixon, son of Chuck and Barbara Dixon, Dunwoody
October 11	Matt Johnston, brother of Julie Johnston, Marietta
October 11	Gayle Cagle, son of Gene and Shirley Cagle, Rome
October 11	Ashley Romer, daughter of Teri Romer, Lake Havasu City, AZ
October 12	Brandon Bliss, son of Sandy Bliss, Lawrenceville
October 12	Alvin W. Stephens III, son of Sally and Tom Harper, Birmingham, AL
October 13	Jody Petty, brother of Julie Spencer, Monroe
October 13	Jason Zielinski, son of Sue Nelson, Lubbock, Tx and brother Brian Zielinski, Austin, Tx
October 13	Cristopher Patrick Wardlaw, son of Marilyn Wardlaw, Rome
October 14	Mitchell Kyle Corntassel, son of Brian and Lisa Corntassel, Silver Creek
October 14	Misty Stockton, daughter of Grant and Sandra Stinson, Rome

It may be the destination that is your goal,
but only on the journey - do you discover your soul.
~ Mitch Carmody, Author of "Letters to My Son"

We Remember You With Love



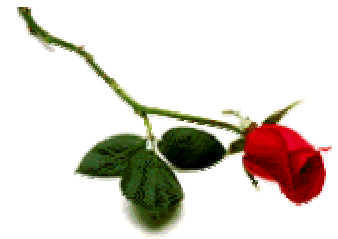
October Angel Dates

October 15	Jon Blackmon, son of Dottie Blackmon, Marietta
October 15	Eddie Friday, son of Trish and Pete Friday, Riverdale
October 16	Mark Jason Hunt, son of Reginald and DeeDee Hunt, McDonough
October 17	Joshua McNeill, son of Karen and John McNeill, Blue Ridge
October 17	Patrick Powers, son of Martha Hutchins, Atlanta, and Jim Powers, Atlanta
October 17	John Vaughn, son of Claire Vaughn, Douglasville
October 17	Matthew Brackner, son of Bill Brackner, Suwanee
October 18	Yvonne Bowers, daughter of Robert and Debbie Bowers, Duluth
October 18	Bobby Runnels, son of Angel Runnels, Atlanta
October 18	Corey Etkind, son of Andy Etkind, Atlanta
October 19	Mark Manus, son of Gwen Manus, Fayetteville
October 19	Jacob C. Meadows, son of Sandy Meadows, Lawrenceville
October 19	Steven W. Simmons, son of Sheila Simmons, Dallas
October 19	Rebecca Lucia, daughter of Judy Lucia, Lilburn
October 20	Christy Lee Buice, daughter of Benny and Dixie Buice, Marietta
October 20	Craig Harvey, son of Arline Harvey, Clarkston
October 20	Toyal Jackson, daughter of Emma Jackson, Decatur
October 20	David Anthony Smith, son of Michael and Joan Burke, Dacula
October 21	Sara Swann Cole, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Julian W. Swann, Atlanta
October 22	Ashley Marie Sockwell, daughter of Barbara and John Sockwell, sister to Lisa Meredith, Snellville
October 22	Bo Tuggle, son of Connie and Johnny Tuggle, brother to Neveda, Snellville
October 23	Benjamin Joseph Lummus, son of Melanie B. Rutledge, Conyers
October 23	Joey Robinson, son of Weyman and Christie Robinson, Lawrenceville
October 24	Christopher Roland Dimmick, son of Barbara and Don Dimmick, Knoxville, TN
October 25	Tim Stiyer, son of Mayme Stiyer, Stone Mountain
October 25	Chris Webb, son of Tracey and Norman Webb, and brother of Debby Webb, Stone Mountain
October 25	Derric Burgess, son of Angel and Robert Burgess, Stone Mountain
October 25	Tiffany Hicks Pope, daughter of Michael and Becky Hicks, Dallas
October 25	Alexandra Anillo, daughter of Juan and Karen Anillo, Duluth
October 26	Kerri Kristen Keith, daughter of Sandra McPeeks, Peachtree City
October 27	Melanie Suzanne Frentheway, daughter of Foye and Neal Frentheway, Tucker
October 28	Kathleen Dirr, daughter of Jim Dirr, Atlanta and sister of Moira Dirr, Dunwoody
October 28	Cheri Hardison, sister of Scott Long, Atlanta
October 28	Jarod Wills, son of Peggy and Robert Wills, Lawrenceville
October 29	Terrence Brown, son of Gail T. Brown, Marietta
October 29	Ryan David Bowers, son of Robert Jr. and Pam Bowers, Snellville
October 30	Marc William Waidner, son of Mary Alice Wood, Lilburn
October 31	Connor Flanagan, son of Tom and Kim Flanagan, Phenix City

~from The Fisherman's Guide to Life by Criswell Freeman shared by Chad

It is not the fish we catch that counts, for they can be had for mere silver. It is the break of the waves, the joyous rush of the brook, and the contemplation of the eternal rush of the stream. ~Herbert Hoover
Find the journey's end in every step. ~Ralph Waldo Emerson

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 Andrea Cardwell, from her parents, Bill and Mary Cardwell, Marietta, GA
In Loving Memory of Micki Henderson, from her grandmother, Carol Burran, Forest Park, GA
In Loving Memory of David Burran, from his mother, Carol Burran, Forest Park, GA

In Loving Memory of Michael Lindsey, from his mother, Mary Jane Lindsey, Gray, GA
In Loving Memory of Jasmine Danielle Atkinson, from her parents, Johnny and Onita Atkinson, Monroe, GA
In Loving Memory of Carter Hester on his 35th birthday, from his mother Zel Hester, Atlanta, GA
In Loving Memory of Christopher Dimmick, from his mother, Barbara Dimmick, Knoxville, GA
In Loving Memory of Alexis Grubbs, from her mother, Adele Grubbs, Marietta, GA
In Loving Memory of Chip Swilley (Anniversary August 9, 1985) by his parents, Elsie and Reesin Swilley, Atlanta, GA

In Loving Memory of Machera Renee' Henderson, by her mother, Debra Mastrilli, Newnan, GA
In Loving Memory of Susan Babush, from her parents, Carole and Gordon Babush, Atlanta, GA
In Loving Memory of K.C. Davis, from his parents Leslie and Michael Davis, Loganville, GA

In Loving Memory of Mandi Lynn Mast, from her parents Diane and Daniel Mast and brother Eric Mast, Newborn, GA
In Loving Memory of Johnathan G. Hammett, from his mother Karen Reynolds, Loganville, GA
In Loving Memory of Micki Henderson, from her mother, Judy B. McElreath, Union City, GA
In Loving Memory of Stephanie Weber, from her parents John and Cecilia Weber, Roswell, GA
In Loving Memory of Chanda Susanne Collett, from her mother Sandra D. Crane, Stockbridge, GA
In Loving Memory of Don Edwards, from his mother, Catherine Edwards, Cartersville, GA

In Loving Memory of Chad Gordon, from Barney and Ellen Coltman, Buford, GA
In Loving Memory of Michael Brandon Hodges, from Tammi Woolever, Lawrenceville, GA
In Loving Memory of Mitch Orr, from his parents, Robin and Mitch Keese, Lawrenceville, GA

In Loving Memory of Baker Muhaw, from his parents Kevin and Jill Muhaw, Winder, GA
In Loving Memory of Von Justin, and Jessica, from Joanne Winsor, Lawrenceville, GA
In Loving Memory of Jamie Ann Quillen, from Joanne Winsor, Lawrenceville, GA
In Loving Memory of Derric Burgess, from his parents, Angel and Robert Burgess, Stone Mountain, GA
In Loving Memory of Lawrence G. Miles M.D., from his mother Virginia Miles, Atlanta, GA

"Gifts of Love" in remembering our children and siblings help to pay for our Atlanta Area Newsletter, 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. The monies donated here are used to directly support our local area chapters, Tucker, Lawrenceville, Sandy Springs, Marietta, Ben Hill and Jonesboro. You can also make donations directly to your individual chapter at your local chapter meeting.

All chapters within TCF are totally dependent on funds from our families. We do not receive funds from our National Office. Everything we need to operate our local chapters are paid directly from our local resources and our local family contributions. Thank you to all who contribute and support your local chapters.

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 Compassionate Friends Atlanta Area Chapters Meeting Schedule

TCF VoiceLink: (770) 491-8784 Leave word for a prompt return call
Web Site: www.tcfatlanta.org Webmaster Email: 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: Susan Carithers (770) 474-6243 or wescar20@yahoo.com
Robert Bowers 770-326-9409 or Robert_Bowers_2000@yahoo.com
Betty Mear 404-633-3326 or email mymisswu@aol.com
Jayne Newton (770) 923-5356 or jayne@tcfatlanta.org

Sibling Group (Tucker) - ages 12 and over. Contact: Julie Johnston at (770) 690-4295 dogwood1@mindspring.com
Nina Florence at 770-761-1728 Mrsflorence@aol.com or Jim Dirr (770) 813-9831

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
Or Muriel Littman at (404) 603-9942 or by email: 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: Susan Van Vleck at (770) 499-9770 or email yelowbrick@mindspring.com

(New) Mid Day Meeting: 1:00 - 3:00 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: Diana Green 770-477-9425 or Susan Carithers 770-474-6243 or email wescar20@yahoo.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: Jackie McLoyd at (404) 346-4217 or email soso0303@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

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@charter.net
Peggy Moran 770-536-0501 or PMor3159@aol.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 or Ginger Miles 706-291-0355 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

Dalton Georgia Chapter - 7:00 - 9:00 pm, Third Thursday of each month at The Evangelical Methodist Church in Dalton, GA, 1035 Abutment Rd.
Dawn Sisson 706-277-3312 or cell phone 706-264-4458 or dawnsisson@msn.com

Rockdale Parents Bereavement Group (Conyers) - 7:30 PM on the 1st Tuesday of every month. First Baptist Church of Conyers, 2100 Hwy 138 N.E. Conyers Contact: Bill and Teal Snapp (770) 483-1267 or Thesnapps@email.msn.com