



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Winter 2011

Newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter

“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.”

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The Atlanta Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the second Tuesday of each month from 7:30 – 9:30 p.m. at the:

First Christian Church of Atlanta
4532 LaVista Road, Tucker, GA 30084

Upcoming Chapter Meetings:
January 11, February 8, and March 8

The Atlanta Chapter also offers a Sibling Group at the same time as our regular monthly meeting.

The Compassionate Friends, Inc. is a mutual assistance, self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved families. Anyone who has experienced the death of a child of any age, from any cause is welcome. Our meetings give parents an opportunity to talk about their child and about their feelings as they go through the grieving process. There is no religious affiliation. There are no membership dues. The purpose of this support group is not to focus on the cause of death or the age of the child, as it is to focus on being a bereaved parent, along with the feelings and issues that evolve around the death experience of a child.

To Our New Members

Coming to the first meeting is the hardest, but you have nothing to lose and everything to gain! Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not The Compassionate Friends will work for you. At the next meeting you may find just the right person or just the right words said that will help you in your grief work.

To Our Members Who are Further Down the ‘Grief Road’

We need your encouragement and your support. Each meeting we have new parents. THINK BACK – what would it have been like for you at your first meeting if there had not been any TCF “veterans” to welcome you, share your grief, encourage you and tell you, “your pain will not always be this bad, it really does get better!”

*You Need Not Walk Alone.
We Are The Compassionate Friends.*

TCF Credo

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow. We Need Not Walk Alone. We Are The Compassionate Friends. ©2007 The Compassionate Friends.

Siblings Walking Together (Formerly the Sibling Credo)

We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. At other times we need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however, a special part of them lives on with us. When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed. We are living a life very different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than many others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. ©The Compassionate Friends.

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Announcements

Atlanta Chapter Transitions to New Leadership

By Cindy Durham

Effective this month, the Atlanta Chapter of The Compassionate Friends is under new leadership.

Maureen Beamer will be the main chapter leader, assisted by Julia Pettyjohn and with the continued leadership of Ghakarhi Btembke and Joe Hobbs.

Tamie Dodge and I will continue to remain involved with the chapter, which has been a source of strength to us on this difficult journey all bereaved parents must travel. I have agreed to chair the Candlelight Service for the coming year, something that is very special to me – as the date always falls very close to my son's birthday.

I'm grateful for the support that this chapter has lent to me – and to my daughter – and I thank each of you for the help you continue to give to each other. That's what makes this chapter special. We're there for each other in a way that only another bereaved parent or sibling can truly understand.

I also want to thank everyone for the beautiful necklaces that were given to Tamie and me at the Candlelight Service.

Titled "The Reunion Heart," the necklace has a heart with a little hole in it. There was a beautiful poem in the case with the necklace. It reads:

*Since Heaven has become your home I sometimes feel I'm
so alone; and though we now are far apart you hold a big
piece of my heart.*

*I never knew how much I'd grieve when it was time for you
to leave, or just how much my heart would ache from that
one fragment you would take.*

*God lets this tender hole remain reminding me we'll meet
again, and one day all the pain will cease when He restores
this missing piece.*

*He'll turn to joy my every tear, and when I wear this
necklace near it will become my simple way to treasure our
Reunion Day.*

This gift from our TCF Chapter is one that I will cherish. Thank you.

I know that you will each give Maureen and Julia, along with Ghakarhi and Joe, the same kind of support that you always gave to Tamie and me. Your new chapter leaders' contact information can be found on the front page of this newsletter.

And, I look forward to seeing each of you at next year's Candlelight Service and at as many meetings throughout the year as possible.

Wishing you a gentle New Year.

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Introducing Our New Chapter Leaders

Meet Maureen Beamer

By Maureen Beamer



Shown above (left to right, with her daughters): Desha Beamer, Susan Beamer, Maureen Beamer and Laura Beamer.

Some of you know me but if you do not already, then I hope I get to know you in the coming months as I take over as one of the Tucker chapter leaders. Cindy and Tamie are a tough act to follow but I will do my best to take over the duties they have done so capably in the last five years.

This TCF chapter is not the first that I have been involved with; in 1985 I came to know TCF when my infant daughter, Kathleen, died at five days old. Her death was my first real experience with death and came so unexpectedly and suddenly that I felt like I'd been thrown from a horse. Luckily, a lady from my church, also a bereaved parent, put me in touch with TCF and I went for several years and even managed the newsletter for awhile. After Kathleen died, I had another child, lost my husband and also moved to another state. I hoped I had put my bad luck behind me, but I then lost my oldest daughter Desha in an automobile accident in 2008. After reading about me, I suppose I am everybody's worst nightmare. Instead, I hope I can be a "wounded healer" to those who have a need for our organization. When we lose a child or a sibling we should come together ... we can take strength and solace from one another.

I hope to get to know all of you in the coming years and please feel free to call me anytime to talk or share your ideas. I think our chapter does some wonderful work, as anyone who attended the candlelight ceremony will attest. I'd like to make sure the good work continues. I invite you all to help me achieve that goal.

Thanks to all of you.

Julia Pettyjohn

By Julia Pettyjohn



When I lost my son John Daniel on September 27, 1998, I did a lot of writing as therapy to deal with my grief. When I was asked to write something for this month's newsletter to introduce myself to the chapter as the new co-leader, I discovered that I had writer's block. I will share something at the end that happened today and released my block and enabled me to share a little of my story with all of you.

I had been a student at Medical College of Georgia in Augusta, Ga., for about a month when John passed away during the night. I just happened to be back in Atlanta for the weekend. I don't know if I could have made it back by myself if I had been in Augusta.

John was a very special young man. He was 23 years old when he died. When I called his counselor to tell him that we lost John, he said: "John was such a beautiful person." As my mother said, "You didn't have him long, but you had the best."

John was a classic overachiever and like so many people with that type personality, he suffered from depression. He died from heart failure as a result of mixed drugs in his system. Cocaine and Meth. One speeds up the heart and another slows it down. There was an investigation after his death but I never got an answer about whether John took something on his own or whether someone gave him some bad stuff. I may never have a definite answer, but I do still have the love in my heart and the joy of having him in my life. I can tell those of you who have more recent loss, that the joy, memories, and love of your child will temper your grief over time and bring you comfort.

Two weeks after his death, I went to my first Compassionate Friends meeting in Augusta. I attended the chapter there until I graduated in May of 2000. I think the support, encouragement and care I received helped me maintain my sanity during those two years. This fall, on the 12th anniversary of his death, I realized that I was over the half-way mark. I had him 23 years and I have been without him for 12. I began attending the chapter in Tucker and when the opportunity came to be the co-leader, I discovered that I have the desire to be there for the parents who are going through the recent loss of a child the way people were there for me at the beginning of my journey.

Now for the rest of my story; today I received a message on Facebook from a young man on the other side of the world. I do not know him. He is not on my friends list. This is what he sent to me. The grammar is in the broken English of one whose primary language is not English, but the meaning is clear and brought me comfort.

December 28 at 4:33pm

Once Upon time God call a Little angel .the Little angel come and God said. i m send you to the Earth .

Little angel think for a minute and said. God here on heaven. i sings and dance . All angel took care of me. when i cry they make me smile and happy.

God reply there is angel down there she will take care of you . she will sing to when you cry dance to make you smile .feed You when you are hunger .

The little angel Think and said what is name

His name is mother.

As the first line of the Credo states. "We need not walk alone." Our comfort comes from many ways, means, and people. But it does come.

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## TCF's 34th National Conference



Save the date: July 15-17, 2011, for the 34th TCF National Conference in Minneapolis/St. Paul, Minnesota. TCF Atlanta chapter member Candace Walker will host a sharing session on *Sudden Cardiac Arrest and Heart Defects* at this year's conference. To learn more about the conference, please visit [http://www.compassionatefriends.org/News\\_Events/TCF\\_National\\_Conferences.aspx](http://www.compassionatefriends.org/News_Events/TCF_National_Conferences.aspx).

## In Recognition for Their Chapter Service

By Julie Carter

We want to take a moment to recognize individuals who have been very instrumental in supporting our chapter. The Compassionate Friends is based on the premise that support is essential for dealing with grief. Some among us have stepped forward in special ways to give of themselves unselfishly to make TCF what it is – a strong support system on which all of us can rely.

Cindy Durham's son, Tony, was killed in an auto accident in July 2004, and a few months later, she and her daughter, Katie, began attending our chapter. In 2005, Cindy stepped forward to be the coordinator for our Annual Candlelight Service, and in January 2006, she volunteered to be our chapter leader and newsletter editor, working alongside Tamie Dodge and Cathy Spraetz. Cindy has devoted five years to the leadership of our chapter and over those years she has helped so many of us who are here tonight.

Tamie and Dan's daughter, Jessica, died from complications of pneumonia in January 2004, and they started coming to our chapter only a month after – that is in February 2004. In 2005, Tamie volunteered to be our Chapter's co-leader and librarian, working alongside Cindy Durham and Cathy Spraetz.

The time has now come for Cindy and Tamie to pass on the baton of chapter leadership to others. As a chapter, we want to thank both of you, Cindy and Tamie, for the many years you have devoted to our chapter and our members. We also thank you, Katie and Dan, for sharing them with us. Cindy and Tamie, we would like to present you with these gifts (Reunion Heart necklaces) as a token of our appreciation for all your years of unselfish, devoted service and compassion, and we wish you the best in your continuing journey. You have helped so many of us in the past six years; it's hard to find words to express how grateful we are for all your help.

As I said before, these two ladies are passing on the baton. Starting in January, Maureen Beamer and Julia Pettyjohn will co-lead this chapter, and earlier this year

Abigail Arthur-Chillman took over the role as newsletter editor. They will be assisted by Ghakarhi Btembke and Joe Hobbs, several facilitators and a wonderful steering committee – we welcome all of them! While our choice would be that our membership does not have to grow, we know that won't be the case. So, we'll continue serving all those parents and siblings who are forced through no choice of theirs to join our chapter of The Compassionate Friends.

*Find more coverage of our  
Candlelight Service on pages  
six through nine.*



## Candles in the Night

*By Genesse Bourdeau Gentry,  
From Stars in the Deepest –After the Death of a Child*

Candles flame in darkness,  
Flicker, steadily glow,  
Bringing light from shadows  
And help to soothe me so.

My daughter, like the candles,  
Gave my life true light.  
I use the candle's beacon  
To connect us in the night.

As I light the candles,  
My wish and my request  
Is that she'll see my signal  
And know my love's expressed.

As her light joins my lights,  
Our worlds touch and flame.  
As I snuff out the candles,

I softly say her name.

### Dads – The Forgotten Parent

By Kelly Farley

*Following are the remarks our parent speaker made at the Candlelight Service. He also led a workshop for “dads only” prior to the service.*

I want to start by reading you a brief quote:

*“That was and still is the great disaster of my life – that lovely, lovely little boy...There’s no tragedy in life like the death of a child. Things never get back to the way they were before.”*

— Dwight D. Eisenhower (34<sup>th</sup> President of the United States.) He lost a three-year-old son to Scarlet Fever in 1921.

There is a lot of truth in those words. Things do not get back to the way they were before. How could they? Everything around us has been forever changed.

- The way we see the world – It’s not as innocent as I once thought it was.
- The way we see others – I see pain in others that I never noticed before.
- The way we see ourselves – I realize I no longer have the energy or desire to conquer the world.

Whether we like it or not, **all of us** have been forever changed. It’s how we respond to that change that defines the new “us.”

It took me a couple of years to realize that I had been changed forever. I am a bereaved father of two beautiful babies. My wife Christine and I experienced the loss of our daughter Katie in November of 2004 and then 18 months later we experienced another traumatic blow when we lost our son Noah in June of 2006.

I, like many men, buried the emotions and pain I experienced after the loss of my daughter. I didn’t go to any support groups; I didn’t go see a counselor. I didn’t “deal” with it. I tried to get back to “normal.” I tried to bury it as deep as I could, but it manifested itself into psychological ailments such as deep depression and anxiety attacks. I constantly worried that I was dying from something. These were symptoms that I had **never** experienced before.

In fact, the old me thought depression was for weak people. I thought you could just set some goals and think positive thoughts and you could get yourself out of despair. I was wrong, it’s not that simple.

It wasn’t until the loss of my son Noah that I realized I couldn’t hold it in any longer and the pain found its way to the surface in ways that scared me. I couldn’t contain the

pain I felt inside. I tried as hard I could, but I just couldn’t hide the pain from others and, most importantly, from myself any longer.

I finally decided I was going to start looking for help. I did a little research and found various child loss support groups near where I lived. I was hesitant at first but knew I had to do something. I decided I was going to start attending a couple of different groups to see if it would help me.

The first time I walked into a support group, I was sick to my stomach. I didn’t know what to expect. How will I control my pain so others don’t see me cry? After that first meeting, I felt a sense of relief. For the first time I felt like I had permission to grieve. Permission to share my story. Permission to cry. I thought I was a pretty strong guy, but I realized the hard way that it takes a lot of courage and strength to tell your story to a room full of strangers and to sit and listen to all of the other heart-breaking stories.

It takes a lot of courage and strength to allow others to reach out to you and to help you when you’re having a bad day. There are many people here tonight who don’t believe they will feel better again. But you will. I don’t know when and I wish I had an answer for that, but you will learn to smile and laugh again.

No, you won’t be the same person you were before the loss, but you will learn to live life again with much less of the pain, sadness and dread that many of you feel here tonight.

There is nothing worse than living in the depths of despair after losing a child. And if there is, I don’t want to know about it. However, hope does return, even during the holidays. But it takes a lot of hard work and changes to the way one thinks and processes their circumstances. You have to be patient with yourself. Being patient is possibly the hardest thing to do because the pain can be unbearable at times.



## My Journey through Grief as a Father

It took me several years to acknowledge that I needed to learn to be patient with myself and with the grief journey I found myself on. I also needed to learn that, as a dad, showing my emotions was not a sign of weakness.

I am sure there are many men here tonight who can attest to the fact that we have been taught since little boys to “be strong.” When we were young, many of us heard things such as “big boys don’t cry” or “quit your whining.”

Much of society still expects men to toughen up and to be the pillar of strength. As a result of these expectations, we have a tendency to internalize what we are feeling out of fear of being perceived as less of a man or weak.

Although I do believe there is a time and place to “be strong,” coping with the loss of a child is not one of those times. It took me awhile to realize this.

I realized once I started to attend support groups, met with counselors and talked about what I was feeling, the pain started to lift ever so slightly. I began to surround myself with others who have experienced the loss of a child. There is comfort in being around others who are traveling or have traveled this journey known as unspeakable loss.

### Grieving Dads Project

As part of my healing, I made a promise early on that, once I was strong enough, I was going to do something to help other men through this journey. As a result of that promise, I developed the Grieving Dads Project. The mission behind this project is to: Develop a resource that brings awareness to the impacts child loss has on fathers and to let society know that it’s acceptable for a father to **openly** grieve the loss of a child. A father shouldn’t have to hide his pain or feel ashamed to show his emotions.

I have spent the last year traveling, speaking to and interviewing dads who have lost a child. One of the things I have learned is that the circumstances behind our losses are different, but the “dynamics” of the experience is what we all share.

The issue of grieving dads is an issue near and dear to me for several reasons. One is the obvious, I too am a bereaved father. The second is the fact that, while I was in the depths of my grief, I felt alone and isolated. I felt like I didn’t have a voice. I also realized that there wasn’t much support for grieving dads out there; I tried to find resources and information about issues that grieving dads face, but the information was difficult to find.

I have spoken to hundreds of men over the last year. Some of the dads are still very stuck in their grief while others have found hope again.

The one thing I have learned from the dads who have found hope again is the fact that almost all of them are doing something to create a legacy for their child as a way to honor them and their life.

Living to honor our children’s life can take on many forms. The way we honor our children is very unique and personal to the individual. It’s important to do things to honor our children throughout the year, but it’s especially important during the holiday season.

As you all know, this time of year can be very difficult. I remember a few years back I had experienced a meltdown at a local Macy’s department store. I found myself hiding amongst the fake Christmas trees. I was hiding because I was unable to control my crying and I didn’t want others to see me. What triggered it were the pink and blue baby ornaments that were displayed on the tree. My mind was thinking about the “what ifs,” the “what could have beens” and the “what will never be.” These days, the holidays have become easier for me. Not easy, but easier.

I have a large pine tree in my yard and one of the things I do every year is decorate it with blue and white lights as a way to let Katie and Noah know that I am thinking about them. It’s the only thing I decorate on the outside of my house. However, the Christmas tree on the inside of my house is decorated with ornaments such as those pink and blue baby ornaments that use to trigger many emotions. No, the holidays are no longer the same. I have no living children to enjoy the holidays with. All I can do is find ways to let Katie and Noah know that they are with me.

I have spoken to many grieving parents regarding how they handle the holidays. Some of the ideas that they have given me include: donating gifts to less fortunate children, sponsoring a family in need, volunteering at a food kitchen, visiting a children’s hospital or a retirement home. These are all excellent ways to honor your child. Some may appeal to you while others may not. If you can, try to find a cause that reminds you of your child. If you’re not feeling strong enough to take big tasks, you can do something as simple as lighting a candle in their honor. Try to do something.

### Closing

I encourage each one of you here today to:

- Reach out to help someone else this holiday season – it’s a way to honor your child. There is healing in helping others.
- Acknowledge what you have been through – it’s beyond most people’s comprehension.
- Be kind to yourself.
- Most importantly, be patient with yourself. Healthy grieving takes time.



# Four Things That I Know for Sure

By Dr. Heidi Horsley, licensed psychologist and social worker



Following are highlights from remarks our sibling speaker made at the Candlelight Service.

## **#1 – My Brother Is Gone Forever from This Earth**

I'm sure that none of you siblings ever thought that you would have to go through the rest of your life without your brother or sister; I know I never imagined it. Therefore, I was shocked when I received the news that my 17-year-old brother Scott and cousin Matthew had died together in a car accident. I thought my younger brother was going to be in my life forever.

My brother and I grew up together, experienced a shared history, and knew things about each other that no one else will ever know. I just assumed we would grow old together. Most brothers and sisters will spend 80-100% of their lives with each other. Yet Scott was gone forever at just 17. Why had this happened to me?

Scott's death turned my world upside down. I didn't even recognize my own life anymore. I was now living a life I had not signed up for, one I did not want to live. The pain was so great I wondered how I would survive and questioned even if I wanted to. I certainly **didn't believe I would ever find hope again.**

People said: "At least he didn't suffer," "At least it was quick," "God needed him more," "He's in a better place," "You need to get over it" – you get over the pain not the person and "You need to have closure" – closure is for bank accounts not love accounts.

## **#2 – The Death of a Sibling is a Very Unique Loss Most People Don't Understand**

- "You need to be strong for your parents"
- "That must have been very difficult for your parents."

While it was terrible for my parents, it was also very hard on me – after all Scott was my brother, my confident, my rival, my playmate, my go-to-guy.

As I struggled through my own grief, I also worried about my parents and felt the need to be strong for them (double loss). So in order to be a good kid, I **grieved alone.**

Friends: Well-meaning friends told me that Scott would want me to be happy again and while I knew this on an intellectual level, my heart wasn't ready to accept it.

There were many friends who didn't know what to say, so they said nothing and acted as if my brother had never died, or more importantly ... had never lived.

Not acknowledging Scott was the worst thing anyone could do. The pretense was that everything needed to return back to normal. However, things in my life were forever changed and I needed to figure out how to create a "**new normal.**" For me, this meant finding a way to honor the memory of my brother, while at the same time reinvesting in my new life.

## **#3 – Although My Brother's Death Has Defined My Life, It Has Not Destroyed My Life**

My grief journey was rocky and painful, with memories that hit me like waves. It felt disloyal to experience positive feelings when I missed my brother so much. Initially joy made me feel guilty ... I worried that if I let go of the pain, I would be letting go of my brother's memory. Eventually, when I let go of the pain, I realized the memories were still there.

## **#4 – It is Possible to Find Hope Again**

Each person must decide what works best for them: For me, it was:

- 1) Finding a friend that I could talk to.
- 2) Taking it one day at a time.
- 3) Not being too hard on myself when I had a really bad day.
- 4) Taking care of myself: dropping out of college for a semester.
- 5) Turning my grief into action through service and the teaching and work I do today with grieving families.



Much of the work I do today is a tribute to my brother and the life he lived. Although Scott is no longer here, he continues to have a **major influence** on my life. After my son Alexander was born, I desperately wanted him to have a sibling. After many years of infertility and two miscarriages, in 2006, I flew to China to adopt my daughter, Samantha. It is so awesome to hear my children talking, laughing, and yes even fighting together because it brings back memories of my brother and me.

My brother played many roles in our family. I can fill some of these roles, but there are many more that will never be filled; and I fill those with all the memories that he left behind. Although I am poorer for having lost my brother, I am much richer for ever having known him. Scott remains with me forever in my heart, my soul and my memories, and he will always be my brother. I hope you will be able to celebrate the happiness, laughter, and memories that your brother and sister brought into your life.



## Reflections on a New Year

By Paula Staisiunas Schultz

*Author biography, 2002: Paula and her husband Bob live in Chicago, Ill., where Paula serves as co-editor of the South Suburban Chapter newsletter. Their son, Jeff Schultz, is currently a student at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn. Their daughter, Melissa Schultz Cleaves, and her husband, Jeff Cleaves, had been married seven weeks when they died in a car accident on Thanksgiving weekend, 1999.*

We begin a new year, one that many of us enter with reluctance. After all, it means another year away from our child and another year to be lived without the physical presence of the one we have lost. Apprehensive about any new challenges that we may be called upon to face in our broken condition, we call out, “Wait, I’m not ready yet!”

The death of our child changed the course of our life; nothing will be the same again. But it also has shaped us into who we are today. And it will continue to do so as we learn to incorporate this loss into who we are to become.

Have you found that you have already begun to live differently? Compassion toward others is more profound.

Trivial things are no longer important. Appreciation for life, and those in our lives, is paramount. We’re living the same life – differently.

Tragedies, disappointments, and heartaches combine with beauty, love, and joy to fashion our life. These are all a part of life, and our challenge is to incorporate them into our world. The difference that our child’s life has had upon the world continues through us.

So, rather than being fearful of the challenges that lie ahead, perhaps a better question to consider at this time might be: What opportunities will present themselves in the coming year to honor this loss that is already a part of our life? Our child has become more integrally entwined into our being than ever before. We bring him or her to every situation that we encounter. How can we make that situation better because of this bond?

The start of a new calendar year is a good time to remember that we are in the midst of life. It is not perfect. Nor is it one that we might have chosen. But, our struggles do not put life “on hold.” Rather they are a part of life itself! Our life is ours to make the most of, with many gifts that we can share with others. There is no better time than the present to gather up the pieces and recognize the uniqueness that we each call “me” – uniqueness made more wonderful because of our child’s presence in the life we choose to live.



*Kindness holds the key to the secret of our own transformation and, in the process, of the transformation of the world.  
~ Jean Maalouf*

## Siblings Walking Together

When a child dies, siblings are often referred to as “the forgotten mourners.” The Compassionate Friends of Atlanta Siblings Group provides support to teens and adults after the death of a sibling. For more information or to find meeting time and location see: <http://www.tcfatlanta.org/Tucker.htm>

### Ask Dr. Paulson

Mary A. Paulson, PhD, is a bereaved sibling as well as a child and adolescent psychologist at Harding Hospital in Worthington, Ohio. Her question and answer column, aimed at bereaved siblings and the family that loves them, appears in the quarterly TCF national magazine, *We Need Not Walk Alone*. Copyright 1998-2011. These excerpts were reprinted from the December 2010 and January 2011 E-Newsletter of *The Compassionate Friends*.



**Q. I'm getting ready to face the first holidays since my older brother died. As his only sister, I adored him and he felt the same about me. I don't want to see the New Year come. How can I handle going into a new year where I know my brother can never give me a hug and I can never tell him how much he means to me? I'm seeing a counselor who tells me I will survive this holiday, and each one after that will be easier. How can this ever get easier? I just seem to be getting more and more depressed the closer January 1<sup>st</sup> comes.**

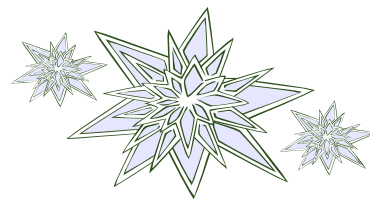
A. One of the hardest things that we go through after a loved one dies is “picking up and going on.” How are we supposed to create a life that does not include them? The answer ends up being – that we don't. We realize that we will always carry them with us – their love, their hugs, their laughter, their pride, their strengths, and our relationship. You're right – it is hard to start a new year that he won't know about, that won't include his hugs, his time, and the ability to tell each other how much you care. I won't kid you, the first holidays are the hardest!! After my brother's death, we didn't celebrate Christmas for a long time. What

I finally came to realize is that part of him would always live on inside of me. Then I looked for ways I could include him (remember him) and celebrate his life at each of the holidays and other major events of my life. As you celebrate your brother's life and remember him, you carry him forward with you into the new life you create. Consequently, it does get easier.

**Q. My twin sisters were killed in an automobile accident three years ago. My parents have put pictures of them all around the house and talk about them all the time. I think they are so afraid I'll forget them that they force it on me all the time. Our house is beginning to look like a shrine. What can I do?**

A. Over the years I have heard one thing more than anything else – the fear of forgetting your loved one. Not only the fear parents (spouses, etc.) have that in their pain and attempts to avoid the pain of memories, the loved one's memory will be erased completely by their children (or spouses). There's another fear, and that is the fear of forgetting how they laughed, what they'd do when they were excited, the sound of their voice, the things they liked, etc. Anything that can stimulate those memories is sought after, and if you hear new stories about them from acquaintances and friends, those quips are like little gems that are treasured and stored away. So if you could look at those pictures not as a shrine or as something to compete with, but instead as a way of stimulating memories of their laughter, how would that change the relationship that is developing between you and your parents? And how would it change the way you remember your sisters? You just may end up looking at everyone (you included) differently.

~~~~~



A Sibling Dies: *For Don*

By L. Nicole Dean

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It is January first. My heart twinkles once again because the holidays are over. How can a season of light bring so much dark?

Thirty years ago, on Christmas morning, my brother died in our home by suicide in a very violent manner. He was 23; my other brother was 24; and I was 19 years old. Our family of five was irretrievably shattered.

Don, my brother who died, was so much a part of us. He brought so much joy in his living and then so much pain in his dying. Who am I to grieve him still? The memories well up every December like a deep dark night unbidden. Anger, sadness, rejection, guilt become my Christmas ornaments. "Give me back my family – give me back my Christmas, you creep. Give me back your laughter," I want to shout at him. Who am I to miss him? Who am I to rage when he was the one in the grips of a pain so untenable that he could not speak of it, but only act upon it? Who am I to cry?

Well, I'm entitled. I'm a survivor after all. One doesn't get there on a water slide, if you know what I mean. When Christmas rolls around, I do my dance with grief once again. Some years, it's a waltz; other years a tango. It doesn't seem to matter if it's two, 20 or 30 years since my brother died; I get out my dancing shoes. I don't go looking for pain like some wacky masochist. It finds me. Some years I announce – around November 25th, "I'm over this." I act accordingly.

I shop for Christmas cards and don't go near my dancing shoes. It doesn't matter. They find me. It's not like I didn't have therapy. I've had dance therapy, art therapy, regular therapy, travel therapy, friendship therapy, biofeedback/hypnosis therapy, creampuff therapy, swimming therapy, forgiveness therapy, spiritual community therapy, law school therapy ... Law School therapy? The fun had to end somewhere.

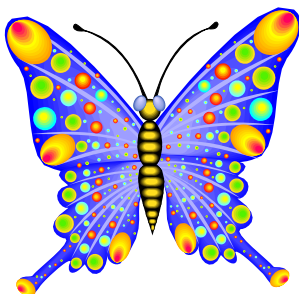
Seriously, losing a sibling is heart wrenching and no laughing matter. It took me 10 or 15 years to truly laugh again, let alone make light of myself. That just happened this year. No doubt, because I am writing of it, rather than speaking of it which I rarely do. It feels safer to write.

Other than to therapists, I've spoken of his death to three people in 30 years. Who could understand, I felt, and why diminish his being or expose myself? I adored my brother Don – he made me laugh like a monkey. I adore both my brothers; as a child they were my world. Not very healthy perhaps, but it worked for me.

Home life was chaotic and quite frightening because my father was more than a little nuts. My mother's energy was spent containing his insanity and keeping our bodies and souls together. She was part steel, part angora. We never spoke of Don after his death. The community ostracized us; my father took a trip down devil's lane, and my mother mourned my brother until the day she died. I'm sad to say that we never had Don's picture in our home again, because the pain was too severe. It seems we could not get past it. We went to our separate corners and quietly mourned.

It was different years ago; so much remained hidden. Self-healing groups were non-existent; shrinks were stigmas, and the Catholic Church unforgiving. I couldn't save him. I was the last person he talked with on Christmas Eve. For months, I barely spoke and relived the shock daily. I ate a lot. Death by mashed potatoes. That was sure to bring him back. I retreated into a private world for several years where if I wasn't dead, I'd sure like to be.

This is grief. And it does soften over time. It softens like water softens rock, in its flowing, gentle, rushing, mysterious way. It softens like a sweet whisper of a memory that lulls you to sleep, knowing that love knits the bones of despair together, tighter, stronger, more curious, more delicious than ever before. Knowing that the fires of your being burn the dross of despair. Knowing that the chamber of the heart is strong beyond measure and can take it and transform the pain into joy. Joy for having known this person, for a day or 10 years or two months. Joy for having the courage to be. For knowing yourself in many garments. For taking a risk to love anyone again: a neighbor, a friend, a cat, a lover, a stranger, yourself. The broken heart opens and mends itself in the middle of the night, when no one is there but many are listening. Joy seeps into me. After all, I'm entitled. I'm a survivor.



Kyle

Your 28th Birthday – January 27, 2011

By Mary Ann Davis, TCF Atlanta



I will always remember the day you were born – a cold and rainy Friday on January 27 at 1:27 in the afternoon. I knew you were going to be special, I just did not know how much.

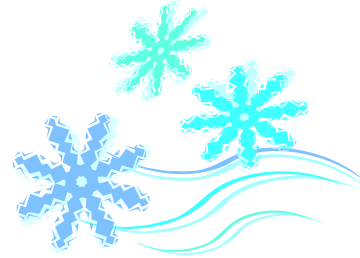
I think of you everyday still, you never leave my mind. Some days it still is not real to me. I just can't register it; it doesn't make sense. I don't cry as much as I used to. And then one day the tears just flow. One thing is for sure, October, November, and December will be hard for me for awhile.

I try so hard, "Not fair!" I say. Everything you and I worked and waited for all those years: a new lift van that you loved, help for us both, things to make it easier for us – all taken away with you. My world crumbled ... Like that.

And we as parents have to carry on, have to fight to keep your memory alive – have services, letters, blogs, songs, Facebook. I am trying to work with the very enemies to try and keep your memory alive so another mother does not have to go through the pain that you and I did.

So many just forget, file you away and close your case and go on. They do not have any idea of the deep pain that is left in our souls and how we have to try to function every day. Sleep – what is that? I deal with my loss daily and go on.

I do this my little man, a day at a time. You are my angel watching over me. I miss you so. ☺



Lyrics from 'From Where You Are'

By Jason Wade, Lifehouse

So far away from where you are
The miles have torn us way apart
And I miss you
Yeah I miss you

So far away from where you are
And standing underneath the stars
And I wish you
Were here

I miss the years that were erased
I miss the way the sunshine would light up your face
I miss all the little things
I never thought that they'd mean everything to me
Yeah I miss
And I wish you
Were here

I feel the beating of your heart
I see the shadows of your face
Just know that wherever you are
Yeah I miss you
And I wish you were here

I miss the years that were erased
I miss the way the sunshine would light up your face
I miss all the little things
I never thought that they'd mean everything to me

Yeah I miss you
And I wish you
Were here

So far from where you are
These miles have torn us way apart
And I miss you
Yeah I miss you
Yeah I wish you
Were here

From 'Say Olin to Say Goodbye' by Don Hackett, TCF Hingham, Mass.

Modified by Rachel Yelk Woodruff, TCF Atlanta in memory of her brother Aaron

The time of concern is over. No longer am I asked how I am doing. A curtain descends. The moment has passed. A life slips from frequent recall. There are exceptions; close and compassionate friends, sensitive and loving family. For most, the drama is over. The spotlight is off. Applause is silent. But for me, the play will never end. The effects on me are timeless. Say Aaron to me.

On the stage of my life, he has been both lead and supporting actor. Do not tiptoe around one of the greatest events of my life. Love does not die. His name is written on my life. The sound of his voice replays within my mind. You feel he is dead. I feel he is of the dead and still he lives. Forever a part of me, beckoning in future welcome. You say he was my brother, I say he is. Say Aaron to me and say Aaron again.

It hurts to bury his memory in silence. What he was in flesh is now ashes. What he is in spirit is alive in Heaven. He is of my past, but he is part of me now. He is my hope for the future. You say not to remind me. How little you understand. I cannot forget. I would not if I could. I understand you, but feel pain in being forced to do so. I forgive you, because you cannot know. And I would forgive you anyway. I accept how you see me, but I understand you see me not at all.

I strive not to judge you, for yesterday I was like you. I love you, will make no expectations toward you. But I wish you could understand that I dwell both in flesh and spirit. The mystery is that you do too, but know it not.

I do not ask you to walk this road. The ascent is steep and the burden heavy. I walk it not by choice. What I have lost, you cannot feel. What I have gained, you cannot see. Say Aaron, for his memory is alive in me. He and I will meet again, though in many ways we have never parted. He and his life play light songs in my mind. Sunrises and sunsets on my dreams. He is real and shadow, was and is. Say Aaron to me and say Aaron again.



Golden Memories

By Author Unknown

They say memories are golden;
Well maybe that is true;
We never wanted memories,
We only wanted you.

A million times we needed you,
A million times we cried;
If love alone could have saved you,
You never would have died.

In life we love you dearly,
In death we love you still;
In our hearts you hold a piece
No one could ever fill.

But now we know you want
Us to mourn for you no more,
To remember the happy times;
Life still has much in store.

Since you'll never be forgotten
We pledge to you today;
A hallowed place within our heart
Is where you'll always stay.

If tears could build a stairway
And heartache make a lane,
We would walk the path to heaven
And bring you back again.

Our family chain is broken,
And nothing seems the same;
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.

We love and miss you dearly!

Our Children's & Siblings' Births Remembered



January, February, and March



Christopher James Downs
January 9

Son of Jim and Joan Downs

Stephen Chappel II
January 10

Son of Stephen and Joyce Chappel

Jason Gibson
January 10

Son of Tricia Garrett

Jeffery Brian Herndon
January 12

Son of Lynn Cooper

Sharon Elizabeth Zick
January 12

Daughter of Paul and Rebecca Zick

Elliott Vahid Brown
January 13

Son of Edward and Maria Brown

Nick Posey
January 14

Son of Diana and William Posey

Ahmissa Noelle Freeman
January 16

Daughter of Pearl A. Freeman

Jessica Lyn Bryl
January 19

Daughter of Betty and Daniel Bryl

John Daniel Pettyjohn
January 19

Son of Julia Moon Pettyjohn

Charlie Wellman
January 20

Son of Mary Wellman

Janice Benator
January 23

Daughter of Carol Wolper

Jamarr Jordan
January 27

*Son of Janet Mitchell
Brother of Nina Florence*

Michael "Kyle" Davis
January 27

Son of Mary Ann Davis

Antwain Danta Whatley
January 27

Son of Gloria Whatley

Clinton Ron Walker
January 31

Son of Candace and Clint Walker

Clayton Thomas Sechrist
February 1

Son of Ann and Nelson Sechrist

Grover Dwayne Brooks Jr.
February 2

Son of Barbra Brooks

Michael Brantley Jr.
February 4

Son of Cheryl and Michael Brantley

David Underwood
February 4

Son of Sunny Underwood

Jeremy William Frank
February 5

Son of Sheila M. Frank

Terrell Wilson
February 12

Son of Tracy Wilson

Apollo Holmes
February 14

Son of Dorothea Eastman

Arthur Burt Jordan
February 16

*Son of Ann Asbell
Brother of Emily Jordan*

Nichelle Yvette "Nikki" Twyman
February 17

Daughter of Carol McNeal

Harry Luthi
February 19

Son of Katherine Luthi

Demetria Renee Saylor
February 22

Daughter of Barbara Saylor Atterberry

Melvin Shannon
February 23

*Son of Lillian Smith
Brother of Juanita White*

Kathleen Dirr
February 24

Daughter of Jim Dirr

Dijon Plummer, Jr.
February 24

Son of Dijon Plummer

Todd Kirk Stien
February 25

Son of Lorann Stien

Heide Hilburn
February 26

Sister of Millie Hilburn

Matthew Meehan
February 26

Son of Michael Meehan and Vicki Webb

Patricia O'Brien
February 26

Sister of Colleen O'Brien

Brian Trunnel Rounds
February 29

*Son of Floyd and Janice Rounds
Brother of Floyd T. Rounds*

Allen Shugart
March 4

Son of Kelli and Henry Shugart

Jerry Watson
March 4

*Son of Linda Watson
Brother of Phyllis Watson*

Shana Rosenwald
March 7

Daughter of Ellie Rosenwald

Hayden Vann
March 9

Sister of Whitney Horne

Christian Nicole Ricketts
March 11

Daughter of Nicole Ricketts

Michael D. Hamilton
March 14
Son of Helena Hamilton

Billy Hawley
March 15
Son of Carol and Bill Hawley

Annie Hope Shlevin
March 15
Daughter of Barbara Shlevin

Desha Beamer
March 18
Daughter of Maureen Beamer

Reezin N. "Chip" Swilley, Jr.
March 18
Son of Reezin and Elsie Swilley

Cherida Kinlaw
March 21
Daughter of Cherie Kinlaw

Kim Gelly
March 24
Sister of Laurie Rogers

Miranda Leigh Whiteway
March 24
Daughter of Lorie Whiteway

Corey Adam Price
March 24
Grandson of Angie Williams

Jamie Dalziel
March 25
Son of Martin and Donna Dalziel

Shemariah Tafari Downer
March 26
Son of Barbara H. Forbes

Hallbrook "Trey" Polite, III
March 28
Son of Linda and Hallbrook Polite Jr.

Winn Jordan
March 31
Son of Bill and Jan Jordan

Our Children's & Siblings' Angel Dates Remembered



January, February, and March



Latoya Peart
January 1
Daughter of Alvin and Patsy Dorman

Duane Clinton Byrd
January 2
Son of Linda Byrd

Damien White
January 6
Son of Robin White

Nicholas Ryan Gardner
January 9
Son of Michelle and Dewey Gardner
Grandson of Pilar Turk

Sherry Engel
January 12
Daughter of Lou Ellen Huskey
Sister of Andrea Huskey

Clayton Olvey
January 12
Son of June Smith

Jessica Dodge
January 14
Daughter of Dan and Tamie Dodge

Richard Alan Cartin
January 16
Son of Nancy Murphy

Ahmissa Noelle Freeman
January 20
Daughter of Pearl A. Freeman

John Thomas Arnold
January 22
Son of Donna Arnold

Patricia O'Brien
January 23
Sister of Colleen O'Brien

Mark East
January 25
Son of Jeff East

Brandon Charles Williams
January 25
Son of Sharon Williams

Katherine A. Chillman
January 26
Daughter of Michael Chillman and
Abigail Arthur-Chillman
Sister of Alyssa and Mia Chillman

Jonathan Aaron Blumenfeld
January 27
Son of Harriet Blumenfeld

Amelia Sutterthwaite Ward
January 29
Daughter of Lisa and Greg Ward

Natalie Marie Webb
January 31
Daughter of Jennifer Webb

Corey Adam Price
January 31
Grandson of Angie Williams

Kameron Michael Dunmore
February 2
Son of Karen A. Dunmore

Scott Wiseman
February 3
Son of Lynn Wiseman

Clinton Ron Walker
February 7
Son of Candace and Clint Walker

Stephen Ledford
February 8
Son of Luella and Mike Ledford

Herbert Shaw Jr.
February 10
Son of Arlena M. Shaw

Michael B. Faulkner
February 11
Son of Wayne and Lise Faulkner

Jamarr Jordan
February 14
Son of Janet Mitchell
Brother of Nina Florence

Tyler Tarbutton
February 16
Son of Renee Tarbutton

Harry Luthi
February 19
Son of Katherine Luthi

Clayton Thomas Sechrist
February 20
Son of Ann and Nelson Sechrist

Stephen Chappel II
February 24
Son of Stephen and Joyce Chappel

Billy Snapp
February 25
Son of Teal Snapp

John Allen Askins
March 3
Son of Elaine Askins

Brandon Marquis Williams
March 5
Son of Selena Randolph

Michael Brantley Jr.
March 6
Son of Cheryl and Michael Brantley

Jacob Miller
March 7
Son of Sandra and Richard Miller

Mathew Scott Marshall
March 10
Son of Gena and John Ivester

Christian Nicole Ricketts
March 11
Daughter of Nicole Ricketts

Jennifer Marie Dailey
March 12
Daughter of Joanne and Bob Dailey

Heide Hilburn
March 15
Sister of Millie Hilburn

Miranda Leigh Whiteway
March 15
Daughter of Lorie Whiteway

Candi Gaye Marshall
March 16
Daughter of Gena and John Ivester

Joey Capron
March 17
Son of Carmen Capron

Jonathan-Diondre' Holloway
March 17
Son of Cynthia Edwards-Holloway

Demetria Renee Saylor
March 20
Daughter of Barbara Saylor Atterberry

Ronald Taus
March 20
Son of Dena Hubbard

David James Teddlie
March 22
Son of Anne and Don Teddlie
Brother of Lynn Teddlie

Winn Jordan
March 23
Son of Bill and Jan Jordan

Jamaal Addison
March 23
Son of Patricia Roberts

Tony Edge
March 23
Son of Victoria Schutter

Quin-Chay Johnson
March 24
Daughter of Tara Johnson
Sister of Amber Johnson

Demetrius O'Neal Span, Jr.
March 24
Son of Calvin and Tammie Washington

Dianne Martha Shlevin
March 26
Daughter of Barbara Shlevin

Aaron Marion
March 31
Son of Denise Marion and Family





TCF National Organization Now on Facebook

Please visit and help promote The Compassionate Friends National Organization's Facebook page by becoming a fan. You can get there by clicking on the link from TCF's national website home page at www.compassionatefriends.org. Or, you can log into Facebook and search for The Compassionate Friends/USA.

"We want this to be both an informative and supportive place for those of us who are mourning the death of a child, sibling, or grandchild," says TCF's Executive Director Patricia Loder. "All are welcome to leave messages and talk about the child and their grief. As in our meetings, we especially appreciate shared insights about anything that has brought you comfort, hope, or some measure of peace."

Our Facebook page will provide a forum for free and open conversation. While messages will be reviewed, they will not be screened before they are posted. So we are asking members to be gentle and respectful of one another and to use common sense in their posts – no offensive language, no overt selling of products or services and no religious proselytizing. Also, keep in mind that all opinions expressed are those of the individual poster and do not necessarily reflect those of The Compassionate Friends, Inc. or its sponsors.

In addition to the social support aspect, The Compassionate Friends/USA Facebook page will have information about upcoming events such as conferences, the Walk to Remember, and the Worldwide Candle Lighting. Please visit often and contribute to the conversation.

In the near future, TCF will also be expanding our social media presence in Twitter. Watch for an announcement. These social media initiatives are important to TCF because they will help increase public awareness about our organization and better enable us to fulfill our mission to help bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents.

For more information, you may call TCF's National Office toll-free at 877-969-0010 or write Wayne@compassionatefriends.org.

TCF Atlanta: The Compassionate Friends of Atlanta is also on Facebook.

We invite you to join. For more information, visit the following links:

- <http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=43057397614>
- www.facebook.com/TCFAtlantaSiblings

You will need to log into Facebook to join the group. You will also need a Facebook account (it's free).

Our hope is that you will be able to connect to someone to help you in your grief journey. Remember "*We Need Not Walk Alone*."

Sign up for The Compassionate Friends E-Newsletter

The Compassionate Friends National Office publishes a monthly e-newsletter designed to keep you up-to-date on what's going on with the organization and its 630 chapters.

Published once a month (as well as occasional special editions), the e-newsletter includes information on such things as TCF National Conferences, the Walk to Remember, the Worldwide Candle Lighting, regional conferences, and other events of importance.

Each e-newsletter also includes a story specially selected from a past edition of *We Need Not Walk Alone*, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. For the siblings, the e-newsletter features a past question and answer column by Dr. Mary Paulson.

All you have to do to receive The Compassionate Friends e-newsletter is sign up for it online by visiting The Compassionate Friends national website at www.compassionatefriends.org and clicking on e-newsletter at the top of the Home page.



*"The passage of time alone does not cause our grief to end,
but its softening touch helps us to survive."*

~ Wayne Loder

Gifts of Love

A love gift is a gift of money to The Compassionate Friends of Atlanta. It is usually in honor of a child who has died, but it can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of our chapter.



The following donations are in support of the Atlanta Chapter newsletter, candlelight service, website and other outreach.

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

Love gifts to the Atlanta Chapter of TCF should be made payable to The Compassionate Friends and mailed to our treasurer:

Jayne Newton
808 Brentway Court
Lilburn, GA 30047

Love Gifts

- ❖ In Loving Memory of Joshua Goforth, from his parents, John and Sue Goforth, Canton, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Michael Btembke, from his father, Ghakarhi Btembke, Norcross, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Christopher Lee Simpson a gift was given in honor of:
 - Bingham and Barbara Bache and Family, Norcross, GA
 - Kay Herr and Family, Greensboro, N.C.
 - JoAnne and Larry Woodall and Family, Marietta, GA
 - Sarah and James Stingley, Atlanta, GA
 - Travis Luke and Family, Dacula, GA
 - ~from Christopher's parents, Tricia and Kenny Simpson, Auburn, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Michael Moskowitz, from his brother, Arnie Moskowitz, Atlanta, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Christopher Downs, from his parents, James and Joan Downs, Lilburn, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Dana Tancraitor, from her parents, John and Judith Kubitz, Fayetteville, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Michael P. Rogers, from his parents, John and Judith Kubitz, Fayetteville, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Ashley Craig, from her mother La Tangie Craig, Hampton, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Victoria Fields, from her mother, Tricia Hiatt, Alexandria, VA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Joey Capron, from his mother, Carmen Capron, Atlanta, GA

Newsletter Donations

- ❖ In Loving Memory of Christopher Simpson, from his grandmother, Elizabeth Luke, Auburn, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Katherine A. Chillman, from her parents, Abigail and Michael Chillman, Johns Creek, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Robert Lind Jr., from his parents, Robert and Bette Lind, Lilburn, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Margie Lind, from her parents, Robert and Bette Lind, Lilburn, GA

Remembrance Cards Donations

- ❖ In Loving Memory of Katherine A. Chillman, from her parents, Abigail and Michael Chillman, Johns Creek, GA
- ❖ In Loving Memory of Reezin "Chip" Swilley, Jr., from his parents, Elsie and Reezin Swilley, Atlanta, GA

Candlelight Remembrance Service Donations

In Loving Memory of Ian Gabriel Keller, from his sister, Dru Miller, and mother, Susan Miller, Atlanta, GA
In Loving Memory of Meseret Debru, from his mother, Kila A. Gebru, Decatur, GA
In Loving Memory of Julian Oliver Carter, from his parents, Julette and Bryan Carter, Stone Mountain, GA

In Loving Memory of MeChelle A. Murphy, from her mother, Brenda J. Murphy, Decatur, GA
In Loving Memory of Jason Maham, from his mother, Trish Maham, Buford, GA
In Loving Memory of Katherine A. Chillman, from her parents, Abigail and Michael Chillman, Alpharetta, GA

In Loving Memory of David Arnold Barrett, from his mother, Jackie Barrett, Atlanta, GA
In Loving Memory of Jenny Gryzinski, from her mother, Lisa M. Katz, Atlanta, GA
In Loving Memory of Michael Brantley, from his parents Cheryl and Michael Brantley, Decatur, GA

In Loving Memory of Imani Twine, from her parents, Stephanie Harris and Dirk Twine, Stone Mountain, GA
In Loving Memory of Evan Sheffield, from his parents Cathy and Webb Spraez, Atlanta, GA
In Loving Memory of Mashanda Taylor, from her mother Michelle Taylor Scott, Conyers, GA

In Loving Memory of Apollo Holmes, from his mother, Dorothea Eastman, Mableton, GA
In Loving Memory of Bradley James Peerson, from his grandmother, Jackie Fuller, Loganville, GA
In Loving Memory of Brandon Charles Williams, from his mother, Sharon Williams, East Point, GA

In Loving Memory of Kay Cee Herring, from her parents, David and Ginny Herring, Buford, GA
In Loving Memory of Corey Adam Price, from his grandmother, Angie Williams, Norcross, GA
In Loving Memory of Christopher Shim, from his parents, Deon and Christopher Shim, Stone Mountain, GA

Centerpiece Sponsors

In Memory of Katherine A. Chillman
Daughter of Michael and Abigail Arthur-Chillman

In Memory of David Arnold Barrett
Son of Jackie Barrett
Brother of Brenda Barrett

In Memory of Michael Brantley, Jr.
Son of Cheryl and Michael Brantley

In Memory of Desha Beamer
Daughter of Maureen Beamer
Sister of Susan and Laura Beamer

In Memory of Kathleen Beamer
Daughter of Maureen Beamer
Sister of Susan and Laura Beamer

In Memory of Michael Ghakarhi-Aleemh Btembke
Son of Ghakarki and Laure Btembke
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Son of Cindy Durham
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Daughter of Lisa M. Katz

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Daughter of David and Ginny Herring

In Memory of Christopher Joseph Hobbs
Son of Joseph & Gwendolyn Hobbs
Brother of James Ryan Hobbs

In Memory of Apollo Holmes
Son of Dorothea Eastman

In Memory of John Brendon Hope
Son of Terri and John Hope

In Memory of Mathew Jameson
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Son of Janet Mitchell
Brother of Nina Florence and Roger Mitchell

In Memory of Ian Gabriel Keller
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In Memory of Jason Maham
Son of Trish Maham

In Memory of Jeff Noble
Son of Doreen and Eric Trussell

In Memory of Bradley James Peerson
Son of Jon and Pam Peerson
Grandson of Jackie Fuller
Brother of Blake Peerson

In Memory of Evan Sheffield
Son of Cathy and Webb Spraez

In Memory of Christopher Shim
Son of Deon Shim and Christopher Shim
Brother of Chaunte Shim

In Memory of Allen Palmer Shugart
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In Memory of Reezin N. "Chip" Swilley, Jr.
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In Memory of Mashanda Taylor
Daughter of Michelle Taylor-Scott

In Memory of Imani Twine
Daughter of Stephanie Harris and Dirk Twine

In Memory of Audrey Davis Urda
Daughter of Missy and Matt Urda
Sister of Wesley and Mattie Urda

In Memory of Brandon Charles Williams
Son of Sharon Williams



Centerpiece Sponsors

<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/Candlelightings2010Centerpieces.html>

TCF Atlanta: Membership Form

NEW SUBSCRIPTION - RENEWAL - CHANGE FORM - DONATIONS

If you are receiving our newsletter for the first time...everyone within The Compassionate Friends Organization wants to say We are sorry you have the need for this publication but we are glad you found us and we hope our newsletter will be helpful on your journey. Someone may have lovingly sent you the newsletter...and if so and you find it helpful, please complete the data sheet enclosed and return it so that we may add you to our newsletter database for future mailings. This is to insure that all the information we have is correct and complete. *This is for internal use only.*

Please print, filling in all applicable blanks/boxes:

Your Name: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP Code: _____

Phone (including area code) _____ Email: _____

Our chapter publishes a quarterly newsletter that is available electronically – at no cost. Please clearly print your e-mail address so we can send it to you:

E-Mail: _____

Child's Full Name: _____ Male Female

Child's Birth Date: _____ Child's Death Date: _____

Cause of Child's Death : (optional): _____

Child's relationship to you (e.g. son, daughter, brother, sister, grandchild) _____

Names and ages of all surviving siblings living with you:

- How did you find out about The Compassionate Friends? Enter # here _____ (1) Friends (2) Family (3) Hospital (4) Church (5) School (6) Funeral Homes (7) Internet (8) Newspaper (9) Employers (Human Resources) (10) Other _____

Note: The information you have given above will be confidential (used for internal purposes only) unless you answer "yes" to one or more of the following questions:

1. Do you want you child's name to appear in the newsletter's "**We Remember You**" section of birth and death dates?
Yes No
2. Do you want to receive the daily e-newsletter from TCF Atlanta? If so, please include your email

3. Do you wish to have your child's name included on the Wall of Memory on our TCF Atlanta Web Site? Yes No
4. May we include the above information in the TCF Atlanta Chapter directory? Yes No

Voluntary donations are TCF Atlanta's only source of income. The Compassionate Friends needs to be here for the families who do not know today that they will need us tomorrow.

Yes, I want to help with TCF outreach...a donation is enclosed in Memory of _____

I would like to apply my donation toward the following outreach: 1) Newsletter (2) Birthday/Angel Date Cards (3) Newly-Bereaved Packets (4) Annual Candlelight Remembrance Service (5) Library (6) General Expenses

Make Checks Payable to: The Compassionate Friends
Please return to: The Compassionate Friends, c/o Jayne Newton (treasurer), 808 Brentway Court, Lilburn, GA 30047
Or, return by e-mail to: jayne@tcfatlanta.org
Or Make Donations Online by Pay Pal at <http://www.tcfatlanta.org/donationdataform.html>