



The Compassionate Friends

Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

June
2022



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If this is your first Newsletter:

If you are receiving this newsletter for the first time, it is because someone has told us it might be helpful for you. We also invite you to our monthly meetings at Hayes Barton Baptist Church. At these meetings you may talk or choose not to say a word. There are no fees or dues. We are sorry you have had to experience the death of a child (or children) but we are here for you. We, too, are on this journey of grief and extend our hearts and arms to you.

Our Wake County TCF Chapter meets every second and fourth Tuesday nights of the month at 7:00pm in Room 224 at Hayes Barton Baptist Church, 1800 Glenwood Avenue (at the corner of Glenwood Avenue and Whitaker Mill Road at Five Points) in Raleigh. Enter from Whitaker Mill Road into the Main Entrance of the Family Life Center.

June Meetings

**Tuesday
June 14th
7:00pm**

**Tuesday
June 28th
7:00pm**

PICNIC ! PICNIC ! PICNIC ! TCF Annual Picnic is back!

When: Saturday, June 4th, 11:00am - 2:00pm

Where: White Deer Park, Picnic Shelter "Sweetgum"
2400 Aversboro Road
Garner, NC 27529

What: Cookout! We'll provide the hamburgers and hot dogs, and ask you to bring a side dish or dessert, and your own drinks (alcohol is not allowed at the park). The park has trails, playgrounds, and restrooms.

Who: All of our Compassionate Friends and families (if you haven't been to a meeting in awhile, we'd love to catch up!)

Please RSVP to jschn_2000@yahoo.com or if you decide to join us at the last minute, just show up! Please bring a framed photo of your child(ren) or your family for the sharing table. Where else can you socialize with people that understand if you don't feel like socializing? We are hoping for a crowd, so please join us!



IN MEMORY
JUNE LOVE GIFTS
 Given In Loving Memory Of Children



Allen and Carmen Pinette and Rev Stuart Pinette
In Loving Memory of Our Beloved Daughter and Sister
Lori Frances Pinette

Uncle Allen and Aunt Carmen Pinette
In Loving Memory of Our Nephew
Wayne Powers

Please send Love Gifts to: Love Gifts—Wake County Chapter, TCF, P. O. Box 6602. Raleigh, NC 27628-6602.
 Send pictures & articles to Pattie Griffin at pattie.grif@gmail.com or 30 Shepherd Street, Raleigh NC 27607.

ATTENTION
In-Person JUNE Meetings

We will meet at Hayes Barton Baptist Church in the Five Points neighborhood of Raleigh at 7:00pm on

Tuesday, June 14th
Tuesday, June 28th

Hayes Barton requires us to wear a face mask when entering the church and walking through common areas, but vaccinated adults may remove their masks inside the meeting room. The church requires us to keep a list of attendees (in case follow-up is needed). At the same time there will also be a “hybrid” meeting, with participants present in person and on Zoom simultaneously. Please let us know which way you prefer. If you want the Zoom link, email Judy Schneider at

jschn_2000@yahoo.com

Hayes Barton Baptist Church is located at 1800 Glenwood Avenue (at the corner of Glenwood Avenue and Whitaker Mill Road at Five Points in Raleigh) Our meeting is in Room 224.



In Loving Memory



Allison Riester Hart



Our Granddaughter

**Our memories are love,
 and hugs and adventures.**

Your Gemmi and Grampy love you!

John and Sally Riester

FATHER'S DAY

Years have come and gone
and time has surely drifted by.
I've searched for any answer,
yet I'm left to wonder why.

The only thing I know for sure,
through the happy and the sad.
No matter what the circumstance,
I will always be your dad.

Not a day goes by that
I don't hold you in my heart.
My love reaches far beyond
this space we are apart.

These empty arms remember
all the good times that we had.
I may be standing here alone,
but I will always be your dad.



Some won't understand,
so I don't bother to explain.
They look into my eyes,
but they can only see the pain.

Afraid to look too deep
as they are blinded by the fear,
If only they could know,
a father's love won't disappear.

So when this road gets lonely
and the journey seems too hard,
And I get to feeling sorry
that I didn't get a card.

If I close my eyes
I can almost hear you say.
"I love you and I miss you, daddy....
Happy Father's Day."

ALAN PEDERSON — Alan is an award-winning speaker, songwriter and recording artist. His inspirational message of hope and his music have resonated deeply with those facing a loss or adversity in their lives and have made him one of the most popular and in-demand presenters in the world on finding hope after loss.



TIPS FOR SURVIVAL

We need to remember that there is light at the end of the tunnel. Things will get better or become bearable. To work toward that goal, consider these tips:

- Buy time. Get through each week, one day at a time.
- Make plans. Get busy with activities that take up some of your thinking time. (Allow grieving time.)
- New interests. Develop new interests, skills or goals. This is difficult for newly bereaved parents as they often have trouble concentrating or remembering things. Try.
- Sports. Active sports get you out of the house and help to buoy your spirits. (Don't overdo.) Walking is a great help.
- Reach out. When you can, reach out to others suffering or in distress and you will help yourself.
- Share your grief. Allow others to grieve with you. Be truthful and open with friends who want to know how you are feeling and what they can do to support you. They can't know unless you tell them.
- Be positive. Not easy, but search out something to be thankful or appreciative for each day.
- Try to keep a sense of humor.
- Show your emotions. If you feel it, show it. Don't keep your grief bottled up inside.
- Get involved. Involvement with a church, temple, sect or other organization can be very rewarding. The Compassionate Friends would fill the bill nicely here as a strong support for you during the terrible months of early grief and also later as you gradually move from being the recipient of support to being the giver of support to others.

—Sid Cato, TCF, West Suburban Chapter, Hinsdale, Ill

LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT THE DADS

PEOPLE SEEM TO FORGET about the dads in grief. They will ask, "How is your wife?"—not realizing that his heart has been ripped out of his chest. This happens often. But what is important to remember is that both parents share their pain and grieve equally.

Trisha's dad shares my pain. He is the only one in this world who loves Trisha as much as I do, although we both had a special, individual and personal bond with her. He is the only one in this world who could feel the same love for her as I did—as I do. I don't know what I would have done without him in my life, especially during these years of grief. We have cried so often, and most of the time together. He was my support, as I was his.

We would go for lonely walks together, talk about our faith and how we truly believe God would not want us to suffer as we are. We would talk about Trisha and cry over our loss. It broke my heart to see him so distraught, knowing how difficult it was for him to hide his emotions at work and not break down as I so frequently did. He had his job to keep his mind active most of the time, but he also had low tolerance for dealing with people who complained about having a bad day. He kept a photo of Trisha at work, and newcomers, not knowing about our loss, would comment on how pretty Trisha was. He would tell them that she was killed in a car accident and would speak about the tragedy, leaving them to give their tearful condolences and feeling devastated as they walked away.

There were times I would be so worried about him. After his 30-minute commute, he would enter the house with a loud and frightening outburst of tears. He would explain how he cried all the way home or chased a car because the young girl behind the wheel looked like Trisha, and he needed to get a closer look at her face. I would cry with him and explain that I couldn't lose him as well. He was falling apart before my eyes and I knew he couldn't go on like this anymore. I knew it could damage him both physically and mentally. I could barely help myself and I needed him to be strong for me. It was somewhat selfish on my part, but I wouldn't know what to do without him.

Many days I would see him entering Trisha's bedroom to cry to her as if she were present. He would then calm down, and with an excruciating sigh, repeat over and over, "Oh Trish. Oh Trisha." Still today, he nods his head from left to right in disbelief, repeating those same words.



When I felt as if I were at my breaking point, he would be my rock. Being so upset with hysterical tears, he would comfort me with a hug, trying to be strong. Many times, we just held on to one another and used our shoulders as support when our legs would be too weak to stand. He was forced to play many roles: support for me, productive at work in order to get his job done, and still be a functional dad to our son who wanted to be away from us as much as possible.

I would hear my husband cry in bed softly as if not to disturb me and I would give him his "space." And on those days when I would be lying in bed crying in my pillow, he would snuggle over to embrace me until I was able to catch my breath and calmly stop. That was exactly what I needed. He was so filled with grief and sorrow it showed on his face. He felt stress and it was obvious. He began having patches of hair fall out and his balding spots were becoming more and more visible. He went to the doctor and was told that the stress caused by the loss of a loved one was causing this to happen. He received multiple injections into his scalp and after many painful treatments his hair grew back. This was another loss for him, as his appearance has always been an important part of his physical demeanor.

People assume that a mother's love is the stronger of the two parents. Although we tend to both feel a special individual bond with our child, it is wrong to assume that the dad's love is the weaker. My husband would mention how others would ask about his wife and totally ignore the fact that he was filled with grief and heartache. He aches with grief and 17 years later he still cries. He will always long for his little girl. Moms are vocal but dads seem to hide their pain. I would think nothing of crying in front of a person while speaking of Trisha even today, whereas her dad, although unable to do it early on in our grief, will now try to hold back his feelings. I guess it is part of a macho thing and there is the old saying that real men don't cry. But do not let their masks fool you because a part of them is missing as well.

When we first arrived at our support group soon after we lost Trisha, her dad cried hysterically and could not hold back his pain and fear. We held hands for support, and the other dads embraced him soon afterwards. It was comforting for them to see a man break down emotionally and this allowed them to let their guard down and show their

Do Real Men Attend TCF Meetings?

It has often bothered me that more men and persons of cultural minorities don't attend TCF meetings. I know there are societal and cultural restraints which inhibit many bereaved persons from seeking outside help or support. Being both a man and a member of an ethnic group, I know very well the false pride which often restrains us from admitting we are not as self-sufficient as we want others to believe. We are taught (men in particular) at a young age not to reveal when we are hurt. We must be strong and brave and silent.

Stoic endurance is really not unique in my culture. The British call it "keeping a stiff upper lip." The Japanese call it "gaman." Hispanics pride themselves on their ability to "aguantar." In the U.S. it is embodied in the Puritan ethic. When I began attending TCF meetings regularly, I wondered for a long time whether I was a "real man". Was I less macho than my peers? Couldn't I handle my grief

in solitary dignity? The answers, I finally decided were yes, no and maybe. Maybe I could have adjusted to my son's death all by myself. Maybe I could have shunned the possibilities of self-destructive behavior, drunkenness, drug abuse, wild living or the unraveling of my family life without TCF. Maybe I could have dealt alone with all the anger, despair, and depression. Fortunately, I didn't have to.

I readily admit I wasn't very enthusiastic about going to my first TCF meeting. I imagined a group of people sitting around crying on each other's shoulders, bemoaning their cruel fate. Instead, I found people who were hurting as much as I; who, like me, were angry, who often felt depressed—but who were working very hard to mend the tattered fabric of their lives. I soon discovered that this was a place where I could talk about my grief and still feel safe about it. Nobody was going to think me less of a man for not getting over my son's

—Steve Perez, TCF, Denver CO

death in a few months.

TCF doesn't promise or offer any quick fixes. There are no magic words or formulas to take away your grief. Whatever "magic" takes place, I know now, happens slowly. I don't believe it is possible for a bereaved parent to "forget," but I think TCF's support and understanding help make it easier for us to go on with our lives. We need not become lifelong emotional cripples.

To all of you hurting people who have never attended a TCF meeting, I urge you to give it a try. Attend two or three meetings and see if some of the "magic" doesn't rub off on you. What have you got to lose? You can't hurt any worse than you already have. TCF is for any and all bereaved parents—men and women, minorities and gringos, people of any or no religious faith. The one thing everyone at TCF has in common is the death of a child—and how it feels.

Healing from the death of your child is much like wisdom; it can't be forced, yet it comes upon you if you let it. — Dr. Tom Frantz, TCF Buffalo NY

LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT THE DADS *(continued from page 4)*

emotions as well. A father's grief is strong because of the image they try so desperately to uphold. In some cases, it is stronger than a mom's grief in having to physically carry around that image that forces them to keep their head held high when feeling pressured. Consequently, they bury their feelings. Their children are their life. They are responsible for bringing their children into this world and share in carrying them; not physically in the beginning, but afterwards for a lifetime. They support their children in more ways than one and maintain that strong appearance as a tough guy, but it's only to keep their family strong and whole. When a piece of that is disrupted, they feel the burden and guilt of not doing their job, and failing.

A dad also carries the title and responsibilities of a husband and son and has the gift of being a problem solver, a mentor, and the one who fixes what

is broken even if it's a broken heart. When a dad loses his child, he feels hopeless and somewhat helpless because there is no solution and nothing within his power will remedy the pain. In most cases, dads are an important part of the foundation that holds the family together.

Never underestimate the love of a dad for his children. It is a gift he brings to the family both physically and mentally and it's his support that will allow moms to do their nurturing and loving. Anyone can be a father. But it's a dad that is the family glue.

—PAULA OSIPOVITCH



Paula Osipovitch is an author of **Almost 18, A Mother's Journey Through Grief**. She is a song writer and has sung for various bereavement groups as well as The Central Jersey Chapter of TCF.



When a Baby Dies



"At least you didn't bring it home."
"Luckily you never really knew the baby."
"You're young, you can have another."

Do these statements sound familiar? Obstetrics is supposed to be the "happy" place. When tragedy strikes there, it is perhaps doubly unexpected. The true tragedy is that most people are unaware of the feelings women have when they deliver a premature, defective or stillborn child. Parents of premature infants and of those with congenital defects experience grief even if their children live, because those parents have lost their anticipated perfect child. If stillbirth or neonatal death occurs, comments like those quoted above are well meant but are far from helpful.

Those who have lost newborns or who have experienced stillbirth have found it common for many people not to recognize the loss as being quite as tragic as the loss of an older child. The death of an infant is often considered "an unfortunate occurrence" but one that can easily be rectified by the birth of another child. Such a replacement is rarely assumed when an older child dies. Often none but immediate family members see the child. Because of that, most people feel the baby did not exist as a "real" person and they cannot begin to be aware of the love, the hope, the self-confidence and the future that was lost with that child.

Unlike parents who have lost older children, **PARENTS OF NEWBORNS HAVE NO MEMORIES.** If they are lucky, there is a picture, a lock of hair—a footprint. Some were never able to hold or even see their babies. Often there are only dreams and the memories of a few moments, hours or days.

Giving birth to a defective child often brings **QUESTIONS OF SELF-WORTH.** "What did I do?"—"Will I ever have a healthy baby?" There is a compound grief over the birth as well as the death of the child.

PHYSICAL RECOVERY PUTS AN ADDED STRAIN ON BE-REAVEMENT. Mothers commonly are not a part of funeral arrangements, if indeed there is a funeral, due to the need for them to stay in the hospital. This loss of involvement can become a block to final separation and to a healthy grieving process. There are the physical reminders of having given birth—but empty arms. Erratic hormonal shifts during physical recovery cause "post-partum blues" under normal conditions. When the baby dies, the mother's weakened physical state and normal hormonal mood swings make the initial grief that much more intense.

PARENTS WHOSE INFANT HAS DIED ARE OFTEN NOT CONSIDERED TO BE, OR TO HAVE BEEN, PARENTS. That

kind of attitude held by others, causes parents to feel there is something wrong with them because of the deep grief they feel, and makes them feel that they should be able to forget this "unfortunate thing" and go back to their normal lives quickly. Meanwhile, phantom crying, a common occurrence, haunts them as a sign of mental imbalance. If the baby was the first, Mother will often feel in limbo, suddenly having no role or purpose in life. She may have resigned her position to prepare for a new stage in her life—motherhood. Now, not a mother, nor employed in her prior position, what is she? Self-image shaken—where is her meaning?

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT WILL HAVE AN EFFECT ON SEXUAL INTIMACY. If a couple decides she will become pregnant again, they might find themselves dealing with the grief over their baby's death as well as the fear generated by the new pregnancy and its potential consequences. Sexual disharmony is common due to fears of future failures, guilt for having pleasure and memories of how their dead child was created.

The father of the baby is often passed over, even by those people who are sympathetic to the loss. "How is your wife doing?" they ask, while **FATHER'S OWN FEELINGS ARE OVERLOOKED MORE THAN IF THE CHILD WERE OLDER.** After all, they reason, only mother carried and bore that child. They cannot understand that the baby, the hopes, aspirations and expectations are as much his as his wife's. But he must go out and face the world in his role of worker, withholding his grief as society expects him to, so that he can function "appropriately" in his role. He may be forced to repress his feelings.

If there are older children in the family, these siblings find it hard to grieve if they never saw the baby. They may not fully comprehend what has happened or what is making Mommy and Daddy act the way they do. **FOR A CHILD IT IS HARD TO SEPARATE FROM A BROTHER OR SISTER HE HAS NEVER SEEN**—hard to separate fact from fantasy. Depending on the age of the sibling, there may be fantasies about the baby: how he or she looked, where the baby went, etc. Jealousy toward the expected child may turn to guilt, believing that such wishes caused the baby to die.

Although there are some special problems faced by couples who have lost newborns, it is important to be aware of the common feelings that all grieving parents share. We share the sense of helplessness, the severe alterations of day-to-day living, the seemingly never-ending grief. We all go through the same stages: the shock, the denial, the anger and depression, and hopefully the eventual reconciliation. These special messages are stressed:

FLOWING TEARS

The tears may come,
I know not when.
My face shows pain
And a puckered chin.

Large tears glisten,
Falling down my face;
On a large grey man
They seem out of place.

My thoughts may not be
Of the girl I knew.
Happiness, or sad tales,
Turn the mood blue.

My memories turn back
To my beautiful girl —
Dimples on a pretty face
And a dainty curl.

Odd, but true,
A happy scene can make me cry.
Hold back the tears,
I don't even try.

At times I have tears
Expressing joy,
As a child might
With a repaired favorite toy.

My child left through
The portals of eternal life.
Now I grieve and feel wounded,
As with a knife.

The tears I feel
Make matters seem so clear;
Though I miss the one
I loved so dear.



The tears flow,
And the hurt will seem to heal;
Later I know
That life is not such a rotten deal.

The Lord above must have
Created all the tears,
So everyone
Could better handle their fears.

I know nothing can ever
Return my loving child,
Who had a lively step
And manner so mild.

Tears will not wash away
Reality this day,
But as long as I have them,
I have courage to stay.

The tears will flow
And ease my grief;
That, I say,
"Is a great deal of relief."

So if you see me crying
And tears on my nose,
Leave the room quietly
And gently the door close.

For God gave me tears
So I might cope,
Whenever I seem
To have lost all hope.

—William A. Van Vactor
TCF, St. Joseph, MO

When a Baby Dies *(continued from page 6)*

- Remember that your baby was indeed a person— an important part of your life.
- Someone else remembers with you through Compassionate Friends.
- You have just as much right to grieve as anyone, no matter how brief your baby's life.
- This is a time to be selfish—don't let other people make the decisions for you.

With all of our differences and our special needs, there are basically more similarities than differences

between parents who have lost newborns and those who have lost older children. Who can compare one against the other, anyway! Just as all our children's deaths were different, so too are all our grieving experiences. The most important common bond we share is our need for each other to encourage and help ourselves in the rebuilding of our lives.

About the Authors and Contributors: Helene Chazip, Martha Jo Chutch, RN, MSN, Faith Murray Ewald, Jo-Anne Matzke, Karen McBeath, RN (all lost babies and are members of The Compassionate Friends) and Bruce Conley, Funeral Director. Dr. Tom Frantz, Advisory Member, TCF, Buffalo, NY



**The
Compassionate
Friends**
Supporting Family After a Child Dies



TCF 45th National Conference
Houston, TX - August 5-7, 2022

Conference Registration is now open .

Walking through the front doors of a TCF national conference for the first time was challenging, not knowing what to expect. But when I finally did, it opened a whole new world of friendship and support for me, people who really understood the pain of my loss. And it was the best thing I ever did for myself and finally gave me hope again.

—Chapter Member and Conference Attendee

Find hope and support through shared experiences at the largest gathering for bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents. In community with others who understand, you can:

- Attend keynote presentations and workshops selected from over 100 offerings on a variety of topics and experiences with grief.
- Participate in a moving Candle Lighting Remembrance Program that honors your loved one.
- Step away for a quiet moment of respite in the "Reflection Room."
- Hear beautiful musical performances by other bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents.
- Share information about your loved one on our memory boards and during smaller sharing sessions.

Reserve Your Hotel Room

This year's conference will be held in person at the Marriott Marquis in Houston. Hotel reservations can be made online at TCF's reservation link. Many conference attendees arrive on Thursday as we offer pre-conference activities on Thursday evening and our conference kicks off early on Friday.

www.compassionatefriends.org



The Awakening

This morning,
Upon my husband's pillow, a tear.
Last night I heard no weeping,
I felt no rhythmic shaking.
Yet there it is —
Glistening, silent testimony to pain.

Quickly I reach to blot it,
As if one swift brush
Could set the world right again;
But something stays my hand —
Stops me to wonder,
"Am I the cause of weeping?"

In my life is much sorrow,
Dreadful longing and emptiness
That even my husband cannot fill.
Sorrow brings sleepless nights in fear
Of other phone calls and ambulances,
More longing and emptiness.

My husband shares this loss,
But men don't cry.
They nod gravely and tend to details,
Make arrangements and give support.
Yet, there it is upon his pillow —
A tear.

Have I given way to grief
And forgotten one who shares?
Have I made no room for his tears
In the flood of mine?
Am I the reason he weeps
Only in the silence of night?

I close my hand
To leave the tear drying there.
No more will I blot out his pain
To tend to mine,
For we must share
In order to live — together.

Marcia F. Alig
TCF, Mercer Area, NJ



**In Memory of All Those Children Who Died Before
Graduating From High School or College**

CLASS RING

**Next to the door he paused to stand
as he took his class ring off her hand.**

**Those who watched could not speak
as they saw the tears flow down his cheek.**

**All through his mind the memories ran
of the moments they laughed and played in the sand.**

**But now her eyes were so terribly cold.
He'd never again have her to hold.**

**They watched in silence as he bent near
and whispered "I Love You" in her ear.**

**He touched her face and started to cry
as he put on his ring and wanted to die.**

**And just when the wind began to blow
they lowered her casket in the snow**

(The author of this very old poem is unknown.)



Graduation Day

Today is Graduation Day — a day when children don the cloak of adulthood. They leave the structure of their home to find the structure of their lives.

They scatter in many directions — each to the beat of his own drum, each to follow his own heart.

Today is Graduation Day — and I am sad.

My child will not be among his classmates as they are handed their diplomas.

My child will not participate in the proms, and excitement of this time. My child will not be there. Is he forgotten?

Does not one mind remember him or one heart feel his presence?

Please, Lord, let him be a part of this day even if I don't know it.

Let one person for one second think of him and say, "I wish Jim were here today."

For today is Graduation Day — for everyone else's children, but not for mine — not for mine.

I could wax philosophical and say that he has already graduated — that he has made the most important step of all.

But this doesn't help the ache in my heart or fill the hole left there.

On other days, I can sometimes feel okay that he is in heaven, but, today, I want him here.

I want him to go to the prom and wear the cap and gown and receive his diploma.

I want to see his smile and take his picture and rent his tux.

I want him going to college and choosing his courses and deciding what his future will be.

I want — it does no good to want or to wish. These things can never be.

I must face this day as I've faced a thousand others — with longing, with pain, and with strength — God's strength.

This is what keeps me from crumpling into a ball of despair — this is what keeps me from giving up and giving in — this is what keeps me from looking down in abject helplessness and lets me look up with new hope.

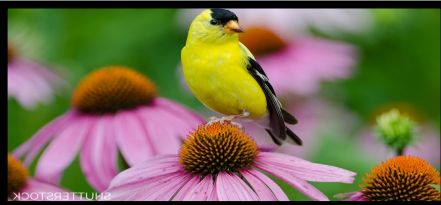
The strength from God gives me the strength to live — and the strength to love — and the strength to continue.

Today is Graduation Day — I think I can live through it — I think I can overcome what it brings with it —

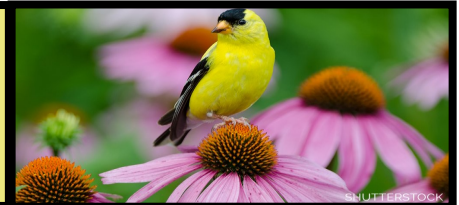
I know I can find my way once again through the longing, through the darkness, through the pain,
'til once again I see the light of tomorrow.

Yesterday was Graduation Day — *and I'm still here...*

In loving memory of Jim Abbott, Susan Abbott, Quincy, IL



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OUR JUNE CHILDREN
 Birthdays



Steven Vick	Son	Sue & Melvin Vick
Kim Moreno Thomas	Daughter	Judy Moreno
Danny Noonan	Son	Timothy Noonan
Wendi Rene Hutchins	Daughter	Margaret & Chip Hutchins
Jonathan	Son	Tonya Boykin
Faith Elizabeth Wilson	Daughter	Kati & Kevin Bourque
Matthew Speight	Son	David Speight
Claire Freeman	Daughter	Rebecca & Ben Freeman
Christopher Cyr	Son	Teresa Cyr
Andrew Mayer	Son	Lisa & Ted Mayer
Mark Hardison Lanway	Son	Selma H Lanway
Adam T. Morgan	Son	Cindy Morgan
Cameron Firebaugh	Daughter	Jamie & Aaron Firebaugh
Kristy West	Daughter	Kathy & W.A. West
Baby Simpson		Julie & Robert Simpson
Fredrick "Scott"	Son	Lynn & Ed Philibin
Allison Hart	Granddaughter	Sally & John Riester
Tony Thompson	Son	Susan Thompson
Ashley Drinnon	Daughter	Sally Gryder
Kevin Parrott	Son	Margaret Parrott
Charles "Charlie" Kochersberger	Son	Janet Watrous & Bob Kochersberger
Kevin Edmond	Son	John & Rita Edmond
Jake David Breland Jr.	Son	Kathleen & Jake Breland
Kolin Robbins	Grandson	Cynthia Kay Moore
Tucker "Rives" Mann	Son	Karen & Tucker Mann
Michael Mihalik III	Son	Jody & Michael Mihalik, Jr
Crystal Bryant	Daughter	Bill Bryant
Timothy Justin Castaneda	Son	Karen & Tito Castaneda
Lori Frances Pinette	Daughter	Allen & Carmen Pinette
Sean Ryan	Son	Frank & Suzanne Ryan
Michelle Danko	Sister	Stephanie Riggan
Javan Stewart	Son	Ursula Seda & Omarr Stewart
Whitney Mebane	Daughter	Betsy Mebane



**Those we love remain with us,
 For love itself lives on,
 And cherished memories never fade
 Because a loved one's gone ...**

**Those we love can never be
 More than a thought apart,
 For as long as there is memory
 They'll live on in the heart.**

Penn-Wynne Chapter TCF Newsletter





LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OUR JUNE CHILDREN
Anniversaries



Travis	Grandson	Rochelle Bass
Stephen Greenslade	Son	Marie & George Greenslade
Trae Spencer	Son	Varnar & Kenneth Spencer
Mehdy Hazheer	Son	Mir & Hafsa Hazheer
Simon Curran	Son	Sharon Wilks
Matthew Speight	Son	David Speight
Nicole "Colie" Hoffman	Daughter	Sandra Hoffman
Angela Joy Harris	Daughter	Jim & Bonnie Harris
Charles "Chuck" Turlington II	Son	David & Nancy Turlington
Jetton "Jason" King	Son	Susan Vincent
Faith Elizabeth Wilson	Daughter	Kati & Kevin Bourque
Fredrick "Scott"	Son	Lynn & Ed Philibin
Zachary McNeill	Son	Penny McNeill
Ashley Gilley	Daughter	Kristi & Mike Gilley
Austin Wiggs	Son	Beth Davis
Natalie Jo Chidlaw	Daughter	Jamie Brauer
Sandy Lanza	Son	Annette Lanza
Ian Kirk	Son	Kevin & Stormie Kirk
Andrew Kintzele	Son	Terra & Kati Hodge
Avery Smithies	Son	Shannon & Silas Smithies
Lindsey Michelle Blythe	Daughter	Jonnie Diane Poole
Baby Simpson		Julie & Robert Simpson
Harris Pharr	Son	Jodi & John Pharr
Damian Curran	Son	Sharon Wilks
Drew Winstead	Son	Gwynn Winstead
Rebecca Tucker	Daughter	James & Lisa Tucker
Alex Slaney	Son	Debra & Lenny Slaney
Ciarah Schollmeyer	Daughter	Almyra & Steve Schollmeyer
Rich Payne	Son	Laurie & Jeff Barnhart



WHAT IS GRIEF?

- ~The feeling of infinite sorrow
- ~External Separation
- ~Crushing emptiness
- ~Unfillable void
- ~That nothing, nothing matters
- ~Wrenching loss
- ~Why? Why? Why?
- ~Vague confusion
- ~That nothing will ever be the same
- ~Deep despair
- ~Profound loneliness
- ~Irrational fear that you also are dying
- ~Unrelenting sadness
- ~Devastating numbness
- ~Missing the physical presence



A PERSON MAY ENTER & RE-ENTER ANY OF THESE STEPS



The Compassionate Friends

Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

**The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
Wake County Chapter
PO Box 6602
Raleigh, NC 27628-6602**

**Don't Forget!
TCF Annual Picnic!
Saturday, June 4
11:00 am - 2:00pm**

**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.
Wake County Chapter
PO Box 6602
Raleigh, NC 27628-6602**

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Bereavement Letters
& Hospitality

Treasurer
Newsletter Editor
& Membership Info

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