



**July  
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

**July Meetings**

**Tuesday  
July 12th  
7:00pm**

**Tuesday  
July 26th  
7:00pm**

**"I Can Only Imagine"**

**I can only imagine**

What our hearts would feel  
If that day had never happened  
If your death had not been real

**I can only imagine**

What our eyes would see  
If they hadn't shed a million tears  
Pleading, Why you? Why not me?

**I can only imagine**

One where all your dreams come true  
You fell in love and took a wife

**I can only imagine**

What a wonderful father you'd be  
What names you'd give your children  
Would you be anything like me?

**I can only imagine**

If I'll live to see the day  
When the mere thought of you  
No longer takes my breath away

**I can only imagine**

If things had ended differently  
A family of four, now a family of three  
But the one that's missing  
should have been me

When our work is done  
And our time to go has come  
Our arms at last again will hold  
Brennan, our beloved son

**I can only imagine...**

**Tom Murphy**  
Greater Cincinnati TCF~ E. Chapter, OH



**IN MEMORY**  
**JULY LOVE GIFTS**  
 Given In Loving Memory Of Children



Tom and Maria Spampinato  
 In Memory of Our Son and Brother  
**Capt. Paul M. Spampinato, USAF**  
 With All Our Love,

Mom, Dad, and your brothers Tommy, Joseph, Gary and Steven

Thomas and Debra Winar  
 In Honor of Our Son  
**Thomas Winar II**

We miss you every day.

We see you in all things beautiful — the sun, the moon, butterflies and dragonflies.

Love you forever, Mom and Dad

**Gifts of Love**



A love gift is a gift of money to The Compassionate Friends of Wake County. 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.

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 Wake TCF organization.

Love gifts to our Wake TCF Chapter should be made payable to *The Compassionate Friends* and mailed to Love Gifts - Wake County Chapter, TCF, P. O. Box 6602, Raleigh, NC 27628-6602

*(This paragraph was borrowed from an Atlanta GA TCF Newsletter as it so well expresses our own Chapter’s circumstances.)*

**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.**



## THOUGHTS ON MARY TODD LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln has always been my most admired and respected figure in the history of our country. After standing in front of his statue at the Lincoln Memorial, no one could ever forget the terrible, marked sadness in his face, his forlorn and melancholy attitude.

I have been picking up, from other chapter newsletters, the many pieces of prose and poetry attributed to Lincoln which speak so poignantly of grief, and I have researched the Lincoln life. It is for his wife, Mary, for whom I cringe now when I read how life dealt with her. Washington gossip circles referred to her "mental state," and that she was "deranged" and "eccentric."

The Lincolns had four sons. Edward, their second son, died in February 1850 when nearly four. Their third son, Willie, was born in December of that year and died in

February 1862 at the age of 11. Then, the tragedy of tragedies... In April 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated in front of his wife's



eyes. Her grief must have been worse than inconsolable.

How could life deal such a terrible fate to one woman? How could any one of us deal with such multiple tragedies? We know how easy it is to feel as if we are "going crazy," and how common that feeling is. To share that feeling in Compassion-

ate Friends is more than wonderful... to be assured that it is common, to learn and understand from other bereaved parents why we feel that way, and that it will pass, helps immeasurably.

But tragedy stalked Mary Lincoln's footsteps, for not quite six years later Tad was killed at age 18 in January 1871. History books do not say, but I pray that Mrs. Lincoln had one compassionate friend who understood her grief over the death of her three sons and her husband. One friend wrote of her: "Poor Mrs. Lincoln. She's been a deranged person."

Yes, of that I am sure. And I am thankful for The Compassionate Friends!

—by Mary Latour

Posted on Feb 24, 2022,  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

## *Do I Have To?*

*Mom, do I have to stop loving my brother because he is not here?*

*Will I forget all about him because he's not near?*

*I remember all the things we did together, even though we were very young.*

*I laugh and feel warm each time I think of a particularly funny one.*

*Sometimes I get so angry that he's no longer here to share,*

*But I know he knows it's only because of how much I still care.*

*I miss him, so even though at times we didn't agree,*

*Just knowing he was there made things feel safe for me.*

*He always felt he had to be my strong, protective big brother,*

*And that's a bond we'll always share forever with each other.*

*He tried to protect me even when he, too, was just scared.*

*No, I won't stop loving that big brother of mine,*

*Not now, not ever, not till the end of time.*

*He will always be a part of what makes me be me.*

*And that's the part of our love that will live eternally.*

*by Jackie Rosen,*

*TCF N. Dade/S. Broward, FL*





## Daisies in Huge Handfuls



"Pick more daisies" was the most popular expression in our family. I picked it up from a magazine article about a 94 year old lady in Kentucky who, when asked what she would do differently if she had her life to live over, responded, "I would take more chances; I would eat more ice cream and less beans; I would have more real troubles but fewer imaginary ones; I would climb more mountains; I would swim more rivers, and I would pick more daisies."

Our son, Mark, seized the daisy expression as the theme both for his life and his entrance exam essay at UCLA. It helped him live his brief 18 years; his essay helped him get an academic scholarship.

Daisies became our family flower. They marked our attitude about living. And they marked our son's memorial service. After it was

over, his friends and fraternity brothers each threw a daisy into the ocean. Daisies still mark his grave every week. It has taken me almost two years to return to really thinking about daisies and what that quote by a 94-year-old lady really means. During that time I made a pretty big mess of things. I did the best I could, but I was only going through the motions outside, but empty inside.

To me, what this quote means is we really do have to pull ourselves together again and go on. Dr. Charles Heuser, a former pastor at our church, notes "going through the steps of grief is like walking through the valley and shadow of death. Keep walking, but don't camp there."

Our children would not want us to "camp there," but to go pick more daisies—to somehow live an even

more meaningful life in their name. As I go on I am truly a different person. I don't suffer fools or superficiality very well any more. As one of my best friends said, ..."I get tired of beige people." Yet, I will drop everything to help another bereaved parent. I certainly have more "real troubles and fewer imaginary ones." But it's OK—I like myself better that way.

And I am returning to embrace life each day again. But this time I am following my heart instead of my expected career. I am taking more chances, climbing more unfamiliar mountains and picking daisies in huge handfuls.

Mark would want it so.

Rich Elder  
TCF South Bay, CA  
*In Memory of my son Mark Elder*  
(TCF Wilmington NC Newsletter)

## Vacations

Vacation time can be painful for bereaved parents. Caught up with normal demands of making a living or keeping a household going, we have less time to think than we do on vacations, especially the "take it easy" kind at a hideaway, tucked away somewhere.

In the summers following Tricia's death, I found vacations could bring a special kind of pain. We avoided going to places where we had vacationed with her. At one time, I thought Williamsburg might be off my list forever since we had a very happy time together there. I tried it one summer three years later and found that she walked the cobbled streets with me. Now that nine years have passed and

the pain has eased, maybe the happy memories we shared in Williamsburg can heighten the pleasure of another visit there.



For the first few years after Tricia's death, we found fast-paced vacations at places we had never been before, to be the best. The stimulation of new experiences in new places with new people refreshed

us and sent us home more ready to pick up our grief work. That is not to say when we did something or saw something that Tricia would have enjoyed, we didn't mention her. We did, but it seemed less painful than at home.

One caution: Do allow enough time for sleep; otherwise, an exhausted body can depress you. We've said it many times: YOU HAVE TO FIND YOUR OWN WAY, YOUR OWN PEACE. Let vacation time be another try at that; but do give yourself a break in choosing the time and locale where that can best be accomplished. Don't be afraid of change—it can help with your reevaluation of life.

—Elizabeth Estes, TCF Augusta GA



## The Sounds of Silence



The sounds of silence are everywhere—it is the silent pain of the loss of our son Andy, it is the silence of our home because one of our children is gone, and it is the silence of the sudden quiet that comes over people when we mention Andy.

We have become both better and worse in the six years since Andy died of cancer at the age of 22. We are better because we are able to get on with our lives and even enjoy ourselves occasionally. We have gotten worse because, as the years go by, we feel his loss more deeply.

We feel his loss every time we participate in a celebration marking some milestone of our friends and relatives or their children. We feel the loss because any celebrations of our own will always be incomplete—one person will always be absent and not there to celebrate with us or to enjoy his own milestones. The pain of his absence is always present at these events.

When Andy died, the pain of his loss was a sharp acute screaming

pain that tore a hole inside of us. Now, the pain is a silent quiet steady pain.

The hole is still inside us, covered by a scar, but it is still there. It doesn't scream out loud any more but instead just remains as a quiet steady and never-ending ache and sadness—a silent pain. The silence of our home is a different kind of quiet. By now, if Andy had lived, he probably would have been out on his own. We would have been "empty nesters" anyway. But, when a home becomes empty because of the death of a child, it is a different kind of empty nest. Our daughter Lesley is married and out on her own, the way it should be. But, Andy is gone for a different reason.

So, the silence of our empty nest is not the silence of knowing we raised two children and now they are both out leading their own lives. Instead it is the silence of a home that is empty because one child is gone forever—of having to deal with the reality that phone calls only come from one child, not two; that only one child stops by for a visit, not two; that one child is

forever gone from the nest. There is a silence in our home that often seems to pervade every space. It is a sad silence, not the temporary quiet of a happy home.

And then, there is the silence of relatives and friends when we talk about Andy—not about his death but about the things he did while alive. It is as if Andy has become a forbidden topic because he died, as if his death wiped out the 22 years he did live. It occurs when a relative whispers that our son died when someone asked how old he was—like his life and what happened to him was a big secret. It occurs when people suddenly get a funny look on their faces and don't know what to say next when you mention something about Andy. It occurs when you get the feeling that people want to avoid you because you remind them of a horror that could happen to anyone. It is a silence that reminds you that your emotions and feelings are different from that of others and that you will always have to live with the sounds of silence resulting from your son's death.

by Mel Winer

Reprinted from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 1997



## In This Place —



Brave hearts, you are here.  
You have traveled a dreadful distance.  
You have come, seeking solace, understanding, hope,  
Threads to patch what death's so cruelly undone.

In this place you can relax and breathe ...  
The coats of others' expectations taken off.  
Walk into these few days as into an oasis  
Where draughts of love and memories can be quaffed.

In this place all names can be spoken;  
In this place each story can be told.  
We will not be discouraged by your sorrow;  
In this place all feelings, we enfold.

Here laughter does not mean we are forgetting;  
We do not count how many tears are shed.  
Both fuel us, fellow travelers, give us courage,  
For the long and winding road we see ahead.

And those we love are pleased we are together,  
Smile down upon us, and bless these days,  
Glad for every tiny step we are taking  
As they send their light to guide us on our ways.

Traveling with us as we journey onward,  
Sending strength for what the miles may bring,  
They are a part of everything we do that matters —  
In every dance we dance, and every song we sing.

by Genessee Bourdeau Gentry, for the 2004 Compassionate Friends National Conference, written July 23, 2004, for the First Timers



# UNDERSTANDING GRIEF WHEN YOUR LOVED ONE DIES IN THE MILITARY



When a loved one dies while serving in the military, it affects your entire family and the ensuing grief can be overwhelming. One is immediately thrust into shock and disbelief. The shock is a natural physical and human response when you experience the death of someone you love. It provides the ability for the griever to do the impossible and prepare for the funeral, take care of business and hold the family together in times of crisis. When the shock wanes thin and the full emotional impact of the loss become real, we may start to experience trauma without the protective numbness that the armor of shock provided. When the reality of living with loss becomes apparent in all that you do, the true grief journey begins. The following information has been prepared by bereaved parents who have, themselves, experienced the death of a loved one who had died in service to our country.

The death of a family member is a life-changing event for the entire family. Although bereavement eventually occurs in every family, the loss of a child of any age can be life changing. Surviving members of military families find themselves in a unique position from other losses in that their loved one voluntarily put themselves into harm's way, knowing the potential for the death and injury. Serving in our country's armed services carries with it intrinsic dangers distinct to the military that family members are aware of when their loved one enlisted. As such, they gain a different perspective in processing the loss. This is not to say it makes the loss any easier to bear, in fact the circumstances that surrounded the death of their loved one may even complicate the grieving process.

From the initial distress of notification when two soldiers knock at your door, to the presentation of the American flag at the funeral service, families of the military face difficult emotional issues distinctive to a military death. However, families impacted by a military death may also possess unique protective factors that affect their bereavement process and experience of loss.

Family members may experience feelings of psychological cognitive dissonance, where they feel the immense pride for their loved ones who made the ultimate sacrifice, and yet may be conflicted with their own deep feelings of despair. Dependent on the circumstances of the death, there may be anger at the military for lethal accidents, friendly fire, or the politics of engagement of military combat.

Some military losses may result from heroic action which can provide the griever with the "feel good"

hormones released from intense pride. This physical reaction is autonomic and can help to neutralize the stress hormones released in the stress of grief and the intensity of pain can be buffered. Conversely, a death from suicide or needless accident may lead to anger at their loved one and or at the military for possible culpability that may have influenced factors that resulted in their death. Anger can increase the release of stress hormones and magnify the intensity of pain associated with loss.

Another unique aspect of the grief journey with a military loss is the camaraderie factor with other families of the military who have suffered loss. There is a huge network of support with veterans and families of veterans who share similar journeys. One organization that stands out in the support of Gold Star families with their grief and healing is T.A.P.S., the Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors, which was created by Bonnie Carroll in 1992 to assist military families who have suffered a loss. For further information, please visit their website at [www.taps.org](http://www.taps.org).

## The Trauma of Loss

As you begin the long process of bereavement, you will experience many emotions as your body, mind, spirit and soul integrate and assimilate the loss into your life. There will be despair, sadness, loneliness, apathy, and anxiety. There may be emotions of anger, depression, confusion, guilt and regret, many of which can be emotionally debilitating; everyday life can be challenging and a struggle to survive. The trauma can last for months and even years. There are no effective shortcuts or diversions in processing loss, the grief has to be felt and dealt with to move through the trauma and accept the challenge to survive.

Each of us will approach the process of grief in our own unique way. Some can express their pain easily and openly, while others keep their feelings locked inside. While there is no "right" way in which to grieve, many bereaved parents and family members have found it helpful to have some guidance along the way.

## Physical Aspects of Grief

Grief often manifests itself in physical ways. You may find yourself unable to sleep, or wanting to sleep all of the time. Feeling tired, walking in a fog, long and short-term memory loss, and an inability to concentrate are not uncommon. Sleep deprivation and the extreme stress of the situation often lead to the feel-



ing that you are “losing it,” but this is a normal psychological and physiological reaction.

At this time, drinking a lot of water, a balanced diet, rest, and moderate exercise are especially important. It is especially important to avoid the abuse of drugs and alcohol in hopes of making the pain go away. Prescription medication should be taken sparingly and only under the supervision of a physician. Many substances are addictive and may lead to a chemical dependence that stops or delays the necessary grieving process.

### **The Journey is Different for Everyone**

Grief, with its many peaks and valleys, lasts far longer than society in general recognizes. When your loved one dies the grief is not over in a week, a month, or a year. The loss of a child isn't something we get over; it is something we learn to go through. Expectations others may have of you should not be a guideline for your own progress. Be patient with yourself; you've been through a lot.

Because each person's grief is unique, you may find that you, your spouse, your siblings, your loved ones' spouse/significant other and children may travel this journey at different speeds and in different ways. It helps to be tolerant of the different approaches your spouse and other family members may take.

### **What Can You Do?**

Many professionals recommend additional support to help you work through your grief. The support of others who have experienced a similar loss can help you more fully understand the grieving process and give you hope that if others can survive this loss, so can you. Let others who can lend a hand help you by cooking the meals, cleaning the house, or running errands for you. The help of others can give you the needed space to do the hard work of grieving.

### **How Can TCF Help?**

Many families turn to The Compassionate Friends for assistance, finding hope and comfort through sharing their story with others, and being able to speak the child's name without fear of others turning away when the tears do come. Sharing eases loneliness and allows expression of grief in an atmosphere of acceptance and understanding.

The Compassionate Friends offers support through monthly meetings of its more than 600 chapters, through its national website and Online Support Community, its Compassionate Friends/USA Facebook Page, annual national conference, Walk to Remember®, and The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting.

While every parent or family member ultimately will have to find his or her own road through grief, you do not have to do this on your own. There is plenty of support available from those who have already been where you are today. You Need Not Walk Alone.

*This brochure sponsored by Doreen and Patrice Cappelaere  
in loving memory of their daughter, LT Valerie Cappelaere Delaney, USN*

## **IMAGE**

A BREATH OF SUMMERTIME  
drifts from the rising sun,  
comes from beyond the trees,  
hums at your window –

A breath of summertime  
smiles at your dusty face,  
weaves into cloud and light  
visions remembered –

A breath of summertime  
touches your secret tears,  
brushes the tears away –  
(but not the image).

by Sascha Wagner, *For You from Sascha*





## LOVE AND HOPE

On a cold winter day, the sun went out,  
Grief walked in to stay.  
I turned away from the unwanted guest  
And bid him be on his way.  
Grief was merciless, he brought his friends,  
Loneliness, Fear and Despair.  
They walk these rooms, unceasingly,  
In the somber cloaks they wear.  
Every so often now, Love pays a call  
She always has Hope by her side.  
I welcome Love as well as Hope,  
For I thought surely they had died.  
Love counsels Grief in a most gentle way,  
Bids him be still for awhile.  
Then Love walks with me through memory's hall,  
And for a time I can smile.

*In loving memory of her son Michael  
KERRY MARSTON*

*Posted Feb 24th, 2022  
<http://www.compassionatefriends.org>*

## The Dying Child

BY JOHN CLARE

He could not die when trees were green,  
For he loved the time too well.  
His little hands, when flowers were seen,  
Were held for the bluebell,  
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;  
He knew those children of the spring:  
When he was well and on the lea  
He held one in his hands to sing,  
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the spring!  
How can an infant die  
When butterflies are on the wing,  
Green grass, and such a sky?  
How can they die at spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,  
And then for violets blue,  
And took them all to bed at night  
That in the green fields grew,  
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,  
And flowers would notice not;  
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,  
He now no blossoms got;  
They met with plaintive sighs.

When winter came and blasts did sigh,  
And bare were plain and tree,  
As he for ease in bed did lie  
His soul seemed with the free,  
He died so quietly.

© 2022 Poetry Foundation, Chicago IL 60654

**Life is what it is.** We are all vulnerable and needful people. In human life fairness has nothing to do with illness, death, divorce, accidents, shattered dreams and a host of other losses. The world cannot be what we want it to be.

We find that as we release our unrealistic expectations of life, the space is created for realistic self-renewal. In other words, we begin to recreate ourselves, our goals, our relations with others, our approach to living. Because our expectations of ourselves and others gradually become more realistic, we become less easily disillusioned and more easily satisfied. Life is so much a matter, we realize, of walking in gardens and learning to recognize that a garden is **where one is**.

—from *Living Through Personal Crisis* by Ann Kaiser Stearns



# Heart Connections

Long-time Grief

The immediate time after a significant death is terribly painful in a raw, debilitating, and all encompassing way. Others who witness our journey may feel and comprehend just a fraction of what we really experience. As more years pass, our experience of grief changes, yet we don't love or miss our child, sibling, or grandchild who died any less.

The ten-year anniversary of my son Connor's death will come in several months, and I'm already feeling the weight that this significant anniversary brings. Even more lengthy, however, is the amount of time I've been a bereaved sibling. I've lived over 4 decades since the death of my youngest sister, Patti. When I say this amount of time out loud, it seems impossible. My parents are very senior now, and we are in the process of helping with living transitions that include cleaning things out from a past containing so many decades lived after child loss.

After our sibling, child, or grandchild dies, all our subsequent experiences are filtered through this life-altering change. As I've encountered these many years of living that are framed through childhood bereavement for me, and child loss for my parents, my experience is that loss grows in some ways over the years, rather than diminishes. For example, at every significant event in life, such as births, graduations, moves, deaths, marriages, etc., we are missing someone who would have been integral to those experiences. I had fewer sisters to walk with me through all those events. Even decades later, it doesn't escape my notice and reflection when rela-

tives or friends from my childhood experience their significant life events with all their children and siblings.

As the number of years that we are bereaved becomes quite high, our grief is more internal. Our grief hasn't stopped and the hard work of incorporating our loss over a lifetime doesn't end, but it may get more private. We may live in ways that honor our child, grandchild, or sibling while we still wish that it could have been different.

Outsiders sometimes think that parents or siblings who have endured many decades of loss have left that life in the past because so much time has gone by. Just because the pain and processing are more internal, doesn't mean that we've left our loved ones in the past. Our love and longing remain.

If you are a long-time seasoned griever, know that your pain is seen, recognized, and acknowledged. Long-term grief is one of the reasons people stay connected to The Compassionate Friends over many decades. For those who may know a long-time seasoned griever, be sure to give an extra hug and a caring acknowledgment to them, for we know what it takes to carry loss and grief over the extensiveness of a lifetime.



SHARI O'LOUGHLIN

Posted on February 24th, 2022  
<http://www.compassionatefriends.org>



## Compassionate Friends

**Our stories may be different,  
But inside we're all the same,  
Struggling to find new meaning,  
Trying to erase our pain.**

**With courage we face tomorrow  
And try to understand.  
Though death has left its sorrow;  
We honor our children's memories  
By learning to live again.**

**—Debbi Dickinson Naperville IL TCF**



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED  
 OUR JULY CHILDREN  
 Birthdays



Antony Smith	Son	Eric & Laura Smith
Jetton "Jason" King	Son	Susan Vincent
William "Joseph" Clarkson	Son	Mary Lou & Bill Clarkson
Brandon Dunas	Son	Melissa Powell
Dustin Poe	Son	Sharon Poe
Honesti House	Daughter	Chariti & Joe House
Darryl Badgett	Son	Marye & Glenn Badgett
Nathan Tew	Son	Angela & Cameron Tew
Rebecca Tucker	Daughter	James & Lisa Tucker
Terrance Norwood	Son	Joyce Reed
Stephen Zombek	Son	Marguerite Zombek
Garrett Whitt	Son	Mitch and Robin Macon Whitt
Todd Gray	Son	Nora & Larry Washington
Charles Williams	Son	Kay Scott
Richard Rashad Highland IV	Son	Tamara Gibbs
Natalie Jo Chidlaw	Daughter	Jamie Brauer
Christopher Bambara	Son	Claire & Stephen Bambara
Ava Bennett	Daughter	Tracy & Ed Bennett
DeMarcus Johnson	Son	Theresa Watson
Mark McDavid	Son	Macon McDavid
Jeremy Davis	Son	JoAnne & Wayne Liesegang
Eliana Brynn Navy	Daughter	Cecilia & Frank Navy
Addison Tompkins	Daughter	Wanda Tompkins & Ron Trombley
Paul Michael Spampinato	Son	Thomas & Maria Spampinato
Hope Mooney	Daughter	Dawn Cullom
Adriana Toro Zaid	Daughter	Sandra Zaid
Paul Terrelonge	Son	Linda & F. Ray Strother
Clayton Willett	Son	James Willett
Madysen Scott	Daughter	Mandy & Johnny Scott
Charles Harrison Smith, III	Son	Charles & Sandra Smith
Bryan Reaves	Son	Ed & Irma Reaves
Aiden Williams	Son	Lisa & Bruce Jones
Thomas Winar	Son	Thomas & Debra Winar
Symphony House	Daughter	Chariti & Joe House
Jonathan Beaulieu	Son	Gemma Beaulieu
Julie Ann Basnacz	Daughter	Susan Gray
Malcolm Baldwin	Son	Kimberly & Daniel Baldwin
Shawn Fox	Son	Andrea & Johnnie Hawkins
Robert Hallman Moore	Son	Barbara Moore Dantonio



— ***Tomorrow will come.***  
 — ***The pain will ease.***  
 — ***But you will never forget your precious child.***  
 — ***It takes hope and time and love for the healing to take place.***  
 — ***Remember along the way to accept, but not forget.***

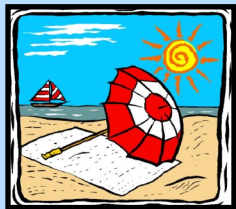
— by Cherokee Ilse



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED  
OUR JULY CHILDREN  
Anniversaries

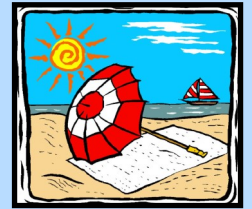


Charles Harrison Smith, III	Son	Charles & Sandra Smith
Kristy West	Daughter	Kathy & W.A. West
William Bunn	Son	Mark & Amy Bunn
Lori Frances Pinette	Daughter	Allen & Carmen Pinette
Blake Carroll	Son	Susan & Ricky Carroll
Mark McCain	Brother	Nickie McCain
Carlo Hargraves	Son	Stephanie Ellis
Christopher Hamilton	Son	Lisa & John Hamilton
Jacob Axberg	Son	Jessica & John Axberg
Charles W "Charlie" Kochersberger	Son	Janet Watrous & Robert Kochersberger
John Dickson Cobb	Son	Dickson & Carolyn Cobb
Matt Danehower	Son	Sue Danehower
Aaron Lentz	Son	Sheri Lentz
David Thompson	Son	Susan Thompson
Brandon Dunas	Son	Melissa Powell
Eric Metcalf	Son	Kim Berthiaume
Drew	Son	Brittany Anderson
Edison Ruef	Son	Jennifer & Martin Ruef
Richard Rashad Highland IV	Son	Tamara Gibbs
Stephanie Acai	Daughter	Sandra Acai
Sundari Fay Hall Wilkins	Daughter	Natisha Hall & Philip Wilkins
Hunter Patterson Freeman	Son	Judy & Donn Freeman
Lillian Manis	Daughter	Paul & Elizabeth Manis
Nicholas Dembkoski	Son	Angela & Gene Dembkoski
Crystal Lynn Diponte	Daughter	Tina Reffo
Christopher Johnson	Son	Libby & Richard Johnson
Kyle Evan Shaw	Son	Judy & Doug Brunk
Claire Freeman	Daughter	Rebecca & Ben Freeman
Hope Mooney	Daughter	Dawn Cullom
Ava Bennett	Daughter	Tracy & Ed Bennett
Honesti House	Daughter	Chariti & Joe House
Taylor Jude Dworznicki	Daughter	Denise Dworznicki
Jacob Lee	Son	Terri & Bill Holt
Tommy Ray Mendoza	Son	Jeana & Meliton Mendoza
Alexander "Lex" Luster	Son	Maria & Anthony Luster



**NO VACATION**

**There is no vacation from your absence.  
Every morning I awake I am a bereaved parent.  
Every noon I feel the hole in my heart.  
Every evening my arms are empty.  
My life is busy now, but not quite full.  
My heart is mended, but not quite healed.  
For the rest of my life every moment will be lived without you.  
There is no vacation from Your absence.**



**By Kathy Boyette, TCF, MS Gulf Coast Chapter**





# *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**



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Wake County Chapter  
PO Box 6602  
Raleigh, NC 27628-6602**

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Chapter Leaders  
Bereavement Letters  
& Hospitality  
Treasurer  
Newsletter Editor  
& Membership Info  
Website  
Greeter & Social Planner  
Social Planner

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