



**The
Compassionate
Friends**
Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

**April
2023**



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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 Chapter of TCF meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights of the month at 7:00pm in Room 224 at Hayes Barton Baptist Church, 1800 Glenwood Avenue (at the corner of Glenwood Ave and Whitaker Mill Road at Five Points) in Raleigh.

April Meetings

**Tuesday
April 11
7:00pm**

**Tuesday
April 25
7:00pm**

AS THE HEART REMEMBERS SPRING

Some will be remembered
For their fortunes or their fame,
And some will be remembered
For the naming of a name.
But you will be remembered
As the heart remembers spring,
As the mind remembers beauty,
And the soul each lovely thing.
You have been the skies of April
And the fragrant breath of May
And like the season's coming,
Warm spirited and gay.
You have given freely
Of the beauty of your heart,



And you have made of friendship
Not a gesture but an art.
You have been as selfless
In the gracious things you do
As the sun that shares its kisses,
As the night that shares its dew.
You have planted roses,
In lives that lay so bare;
You have sown encouragement
To those who knew despair.
By spirit's inner beauty
In every lovely thing,
You will be remembered
As the heart remembers spring.

—BETTY STOFFEL



IN MEMORY
April LOVE GIFTS
 Given In Loving Memory Of Children



Toni Amirante
 In Loving Memory of My Son
William Vincent Amirante

Faye Vick

In Loving Memory of My Son
Eric Reid Vick

In Loving Memory of My Son
Milton Ray Vick

In Loving Memory of My Grandson
Miles Ray Vick

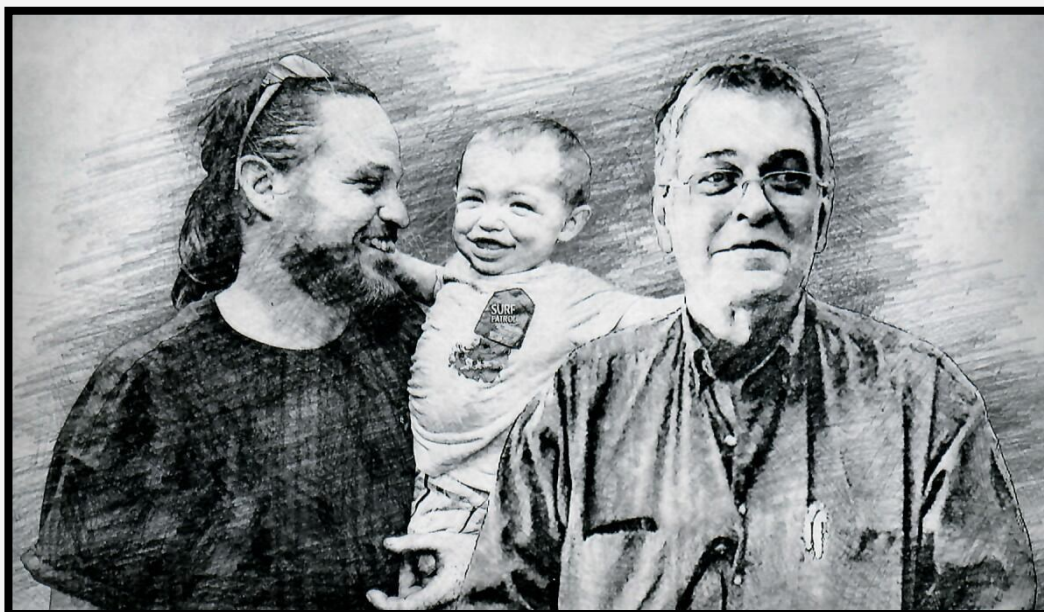
In Loving Memory of My Husband
Reginald Eric Vick

**IN LOVE AND MEMORY OF THE
 VICK FAMILY**

Son Milton Ray Vick

Grandson Miles Ray Vick

Husband Reginald Eric Vick



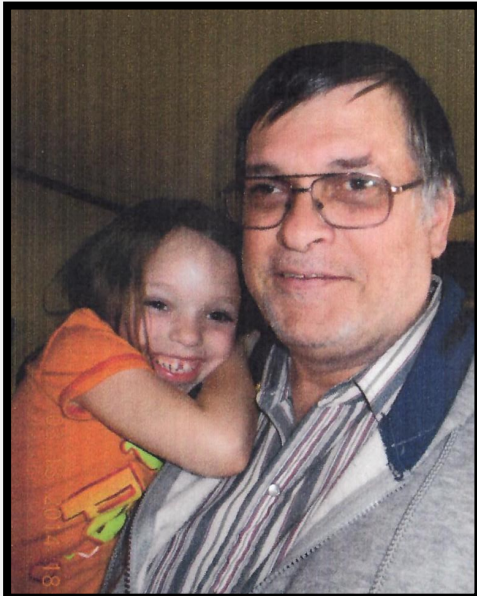
Son SSG Eric Reid Vick

His Nephew and My Grandson Miles Ray Vick



(They did not actually live at the same time but both died on the same day of April 1st 15 years apart.)

**Charlie Vick
and Grandfather Reggie**



**Charlie Vick's father Milton Vick
and brother Miles**



**Mile's was Charlie's brother
Milton was Charlie's Daddy
Reggie was Charlie's Granddaddy
Eric was Charlie's Uncle**

In Loving Memory of Eric Reid Vick, Miles Ray Vick, Reginal Eric Vick, and Milton Ray Vick. Never thought we would have to give y'all up so soon. Your memories with us will never die and we will hold on to them for ever and ever.

**Love,
Raylynn Charlie Vick and Faye H. Vick**

GRIEF OVER THE DEATH OF A CHILD



"Conclusions"



The best conclusions are those which the bereaved parent makes for himself or herself, for grief is individual. There are a few general statements which I feel probably apply to all bereaved individuals. Should these not apply to you, please ignore them.

1. Bereavement and the resultant grief are probably the greatest stress that a person can experience.
2. The death of one's child is probably the greatest bereavement that one can experience.
3. Stress produces severe emotional and physical changes in the bereaved parent.
4. Grief and its effects are not well understood by those who have not experienced a similar bereavement.
5. To others as well as to the bereaved, grief is irrational.
6. Grief is very individual; different persons (sex, age, ethnic background, etc.) grieve each in his or her own way.
7. The bereaved parent must be allowed to grieve in the way that best allows the parent to handle the stress. This is called "grief work."
8. Grief work that is not done will prolong the effects of the stress.
9. The griever will find the spiritual aspects of his or her life tested severely, but at the same time some may draw strength from this spiritual understanding.
10. As one does his or her grief work, healing slowly occurs.
11. Since grief is never completely over, healing is never complete or finished.
12. The ability to handle bereavement and grief and build a new way of living, consistent with that bereavement, is what is meant by "recovery."
13. Even in "recovery" there will be lapses into the various stages of grief.
14. Grief work teaches us how to manage these lapses in a manner that allows us to meet life's responsibilities.
15. Our love for our children will always remain, and, because of that love, we will continue to grieve but we also will learn to smile more frequently as healing proceeds.

Robert F. Gloor
Revised July 2, 1992

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS 46TH NATIONAL CONFERENCE

July 7, 2023 - July 9, 2023

Sheraton Downtown Denver Hotel
1550 Court Place
Denver, CO 80202

Please join us in Denver at The Compassionate Friends annual national conference this summer. Whether you are newly bereaved or a more seasoned griever, our conference is a place for families to come together to find comfort and hope. From our workshops to our community of support, you will meet others who understand the journey that you are on. We would love for you to join us.

REGISTRATION FEE INCLUDES:

Friday Luncheon Keynote Session
Saturday Evening Keynote Dinner
and Candle Lighting Program
All General Sessions
Workshops
Sharing Sessions
Special Performances
Sibling Sunday
All Activity Rooms

Adult Registration:

Early Bird Registration \$280

(begins April 1, ends May 31 at midnight, MST)

Conference Registration \$310

(begins June 1, ends July 5 at midnight, MST)

Onsite Registration \$325

(begins July 6)

For additional registration categories and pricing, please click the more information button below.

[For More Inf](#)

Thank you to our conference sponsors:





FINDING HOPE AFTER THE DEATH OF A CHILD



In 2007 my elder daughter, the single mother of fraternal twins, died from injuries she sustained in a car crash. My daughter was 45 years old when she died, and the shock of her death will be with me forever. Six months later, the twins' father died from the injuries he received in another car crash.

Our 15-year-old grandkids moved in with us and my husband and I became their legal guardians. The twins lived with us for seven years. They graduated from high school and college with honors. My granddaughter married a minister, and they have two little boys. My grandson is a physician and graduated from the Mayo Medical School.

The twins just celebrated their 30th birthdays. As time passed, my husband and I developed an adult-to-adult relationship with them. Though my husband died in 2020, I continue to have this relationship. My grandkids know I love them, care about them, adore my great grandkids, keep my promises, and continue to write articles and books.

Years ago, when I was dealing with questions, legal procedures, financial procedures, and being a grandmother, I found hope. Frankly, I was surprised. Overcome as I was with grief, I tried to find something positive in each day. The search was painful, challenging, and tiring, but I kept at it. How did I find hope?

My daughter was an organ donor. With permission from our twin grandchildren, my husband and I signed an agreement with an organ donor organization. An organization representative called us a few days later. "Your daughter saved three lives," she said, "and because of her one will see." In a sense my daughter lives on.

Friends and strangers showered us with kindness. At the time, Rochester, Minnesota (my hometown) had a population of about 90,000 people. Because my husband and I were active in the community we received hundreds of cards from friends, people we barely knew, and strangers. Though some of the comments on the cards make me cry, I was comforted by them and felt less alone.

Memorials in memory of my daughter gave me

hope. At the end of my daughter's obituary, memorials to Mayo Clinic were suggested. The checks we received added up to a sizeable donation to Mayo Clinic, which tried so hard to save our daughter's life. Helping Mayo Clinic carry out its mission gave me hope then and gives me hope now.

The twins understood their mother's values. The twins talked about their mother's values immediately after she died. "Even when Mom disciplined us, she was never angry," my grandson recalled. "Mommy always tried to make people smile," my granddaughter shared. The twins knew their mother wanted them to go to college and my husband and I helped make this dream a reality.

Signs of spring gave me hope. Warmer weather melted the piles of snow around our house. I was surprised to see green grass beneath the snow. The birch trees in the side yard began to bud. I was really excited to see my first robin and hear its warbling song. The changing seasons gave me hope and I tried to enjoy each one.

Support groups and friends ignited hope. I participated in a church support group for a few months. Later, I joined The Compassionate Friends and found others who understood my story, didn't recoil from it, and had helpful suggestions. Though I'm unable to attend every monthly meeting, I benefit from the meetings I attend. I know TCF members have my back.

I made good things from grief. A week after my daughter died, I sat down at the computer and poured out my soul with words. Writing about grief was my way of coping with it. This led to dozens of grief healing articles and 11 books. In the long run, helping others helped me. Grief expanded my empathy and made me appreciate the miracle of life.

Hope seems like an unattainable goal, yet it becomes visible in articles and books, support from those who understand your journey, changing seasons, living a loved one's values, memorials in memory of your child, and the kindness of family, friends, and strangers. Believe in hope for it will find you. Hope will lead you to a new and rewarding life.



HARRIET HODGSON — is the author of 37 books, including *Smiling Through Your Tears: Anticipating Grief*, Lois Krahn, MD, co-author; *Writing to Recover: The Journey from Loss and Grief to a New Life*; *Writing to Recover Journal*; *101 Affirmations to Ease Your Grief Journey: Words of Comfort, Words of Hope*; *The Spiritual Woman: Quotes to Refresh and Sustain Your Soul*; *Help! I'm Raising My Grandkids: Grandparents Adapting to Life's Surprises*, and *Happy Again! Your New and Meaningful Life after Loss*. Visit www.harriethodgson.com for more information about this busy author.

Heart Connections

The Bonds of Shared Grief

Divisiveness and intolerance for others' views seem prevalent all around us today. We see it in our political beliefs, social justice concerns, and health environment. It is apparent within families, workplaces, and organizations. When we are grieving the painful death of a child, grandchild, or sibling, this divisiveness creates walls that can make our sorrow even deeper. It's difficult enough when we're grieving to feel connected to the people around us, and these dividing walls can further isolate us.

The Compassionate Friends credo begins with these words:

*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.*

Uniting people who share this deep grief was the premise that started The Compassionate Friends. The death of our brother, sister, child, or grandchild permeates all aspects of our being. It's something that can't easily be explained to those who have not experienced it, while those who have, possess a deep and compassionate understanding that requires little explanation. The bonds within our TCF community can bridge these chasms we see around us. Rather than being further isolated in our grief, we can feel surrounded by understanding, community, and shared hope that can be lifesaving during this time.

While none of us would choose to be a part of this community given the reason that brought us, we are connected at a deeply meaningful level. It's hard to see someone across the table with a similar loss and stay in a place of intolerance and anger. When we remember what binds us as a group and honor our shared losses, we focus on supportive and comforting connectedness. When we reach for the love in our hearts that's bolstered by our shared sorrow, we can model a greater energy that's needed in our world. Our child, grandchild, or sibling who died and brought us to TCF is honored each time we choose this path of connection through our differences rather than more division because of them.

— SHARI O'LOUGHLIN



Posted August 25th, 2022
www.compassionatefriends.org

Just a Breath Away

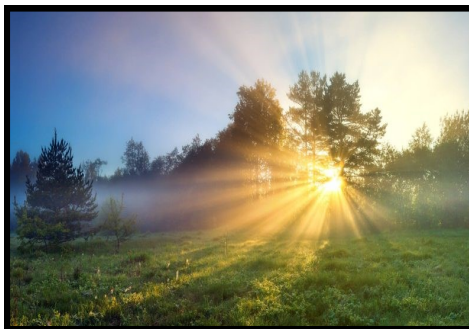
Look for me in springtime as raindrops fill the air. In the splendor of the rainbow you'll find my presence there. You will find me in the fragrance of April's sweet perfume drifting through the clover on a sultry day in June. An August day will find me upon the summer breeze on the distant sound of the thunder in the gentle swaying trees. In the golden fields of harvest is where I can be found as autumn time approaches and leaves come tumbling down. In the wintertime when days are short and chill is in the air, just look into the moonlit night, you'll find me lingering there. When the setting sun has gone away and shadows fill the night, when the cloak of darkness lifts its veil I'll be your morning light. So when you feel discouraged get on your knees and pray. You'll feel me there beside you ... I'm just a breath away.

~Author Unknown~

REBUILDING YOUR LIFE ONE PIECE AT A TIME

Death, especially unexpected death, changes one's life in ways that cannot be anticipated. With the death of someone close, one's world is forever changed.

One analogy I have found myself using with clients is the following: If you were to imagine the day before your loved one died, there was an intact picture of your life. The picture may not have been perfect, but it was there and it made sense. There was a beginning, a middle and an expected end. With death comes the destruction of that picture. It is as if the picture is taken out of your hands, smashed to the ground in a thousand pieces and then some of the most treasured pieces are forever taken away.



The challenge with grief is to then take all of those pieces which are left and attempt to make a new picture. The picture of the life you once had is impossible to recreate. As much as one may try, it cannot be recreated with pieces missing. A new picture must be assembled with the pieces that are left and with new pieces that are picked up along the way.

The process of putting the pieces back together is one that often feels chaotic and confusing. It may sometimes be surprising to find out how much thinking is involved in the grief process. Thoughts bounce around trying to connect what was with what is and struggling to make sense out of what seems to be incomprehensible.

With each piece, the bereaved, through trial and error, find where each piece belongs or even if it belongs at all. This process is different for every person and does not adhere to any kind of timeline. This (what feels like endless) thinking is the work that grief demands; it is the creation of a new picture of your life created one piece at a time.

— STEPHANIE ELSON

Posted Sept 22, 2021, www.compassionatefriends.org

A New Beginning

***I opened up my heart
To the possibility
That people understand
What grief has done to me***

***To find another person
Who's sharing this deep pain
May change that sense of loss
Might help us to explain***

***Our grief brought us together
Now never will we part
A little peace for everyone
We'll share within our heart***

***Something we can cherish
Friendship 'tween me and you
Through all this gloom and darkness
A little light breaks through***

***by Ian "Rowdy" Rowan,
Bereaved Grandfather
of Sophia Ann West***

Grief Is Not Quicksand

Often, a survivor fears that if he shows his sadness, there will be no end to it. If you are among those who feel that you do not know how intense, lengthy or deep your depression of grief may be, you may find yourself thinking that it would be impossible—or at least very difficult—for you to pull out of grief's deep pit to do all the things you need to do before or after the death. Being afraid of getting sucked down into a hollow of “no return” is not realistic. Grief is not quicksand. Rather, it is a walk on rocky terrain that eventually smoothes out and provides less challenge—both emotionally and physically. For example, you may think: I will fall apart and won't be able to function if I start to show how I feel. Replace such thoughts with the more realistic: I will let go for a time, release what I feel, and will be able to function better as a result of having vented the feelings that are an ever present burden.

Carol Staudacher

On My Birthday

Several weeks after our son died, I opened a card from his lady, Mary. She would have been my daughter-in-law later that fall. She already was in my heart.

The envelope was beautiful, her writing distinctive, with its loops and angled letters. Holding it in my hands, I couldn't contemplate what it might hold, couldn't believe she had remembered my birthday. I knew she was struggling to simply hold on. We all were. I held her card, the weight of it settling into my being. My birthday. I would still get to have birthdays. Our son, Jesse, would not.

I opened it, finally, hands shaking, not sure I was ready for whatever message it held. It was blank inside except for her simple hand-written note. "I hope you find a little piece of joy today."

A little piece of joy.

I felt a flush of anger. Joy. How could she wish me joy? There was no joy for me these days. How could there be? I couldn't even imagine happiness. But I knew her heart, and I knew this wish had come from her goodness. I took a breath, pulled her card against my chest. A little piece of joy. Maybe I could look for it. A little piece.

A few hours later, we met our daughter, Megan, and her family for brunch. I didn't want to go, had tried to talk her out of it. But our daughter insisted,



"Mom, you need to get out. Join us for lunch. Lily wants to see you." It was clear Megan was unwilling to allow me to ignore the day.

We met at a new restaurant in town where the Chef was a friend of ours. He greeted me with a deep hug, told me how sorry he was about Jesse. I fought back sobs. He was the same age as Jesse. He had just opened this restaurant. He was here, he was alive. I tried to swallow the resentment rising inside. Why did he get to live?

The server placed us in a corner by ourselves, at a beautifully decorated table with floral linens, crystal glasses and fresh flowers. While we waited for our food, our granddaughter, Lily, cheerily played with the silverware. "Why are there so many forks?" she asked, and that gave us something to talk about for a bit. "Why is my napkin on my plate?" So many questions when you're two.

Numb to our meal, I don't remember what we ate. When I was handed cards and a gift, I began to cry. Lily helped me open my birthday card, proud-

ly pointing out where she had signed it with squiggles of purple ink. Inside the gift bag, a framed picture. "I figured you'd like a new one," Megan said. A photograph of Lily, smiling, wearing a sundress, standing in the blueberry patch at our place the past weekend. Her cheeks stuffed full of

berries, juice dripping down her chin.

Afterwards, we walked outside along the sidewalk to our car. Lily, between my husband and me, holding our hands tightly, pulled us along calling out loudly, "Babby, PaPa, ... come on!"

Heads bent, fighting tears, holding her tiny hand inside each of ours, we followed this girl with her wild curls and eyes like the ocean as she skipped down the sidewalk between us, giggling. And in that moment, a little piece of joy slipped in.

—B.J.Jewett

B.J.Jewett spent her career working with children and families, as a registered nurse, and later, as an educator. She is the author of a children's book, *Letter Trees* (A* Publications, 2017). Her second book, *You Don't Fall Out of the Universe* (Friesen Press, 2022), was written in response to the loss of her adult son, Jesse, to cancer. Unable to find resources that aligned with her beliefs and needs, she wrote this book as an offering to others suffering a grievous loss. B.J. lives in rural Missouri with her husband of forty-four years, three dogs and two cats.

Becoming Melancholy

How My Grandson's Death Changed the Way I Live

I continue to learn and grow as this new person I have become, a griever making my re-entry back into life among those untouched by loss. In adjusting to the new me, I have come to accept things about myself that at first I assumed were temporary. I now know that I am permanently changed.



Self-awareness is a good thing. If grief has provided anything positive, it would be the soul-searching that I needed to do in order to overcome my loss. Grief shatters you, tears you apart. Rips open your soul, breaks your heart, and forces you to open your eyes. When I was able to put myself back together, I found my perception of everything had been completely altered.

Grief makes you aware, hyper-aware. You become more of who you really are and you see the truth of who others are as well.

In this new state of being I tend to over-analyze everything. Not to be weighed as right or wrong or to judge, but to prevent the mental unrest that may unintentionally harm my fragile psyche.

I find myself living a life mostly melancholy. Although I have consistently tried to resume an overtly happy life, I now realize this was also misguided. There is absolutely nothing wrong with living my life the way I am. It is not a dishonor to Konnor to be sad at times. I am, in fact, honoring him when I have moments of sadness because I am

expressing my love for him. To continue to falsely create a facade of a life that does not exist would be a mockery.

I am doing much better than I was. I am, for the most part, happier now. I can laugh when something is funny. I smile more. For this I feel proud considering where I was two years ago. I am settling into myself, content in who I am. Shaped by grief but surviving by my love for my family and everything that is left in the here and now.

Grieving and feeling melancholy has turned me into a deeply emotional human being. Some handle loss well and manage to go unscathed. For me, the changes I have felt within myself are irrevocable. I am emotional. I am aware. I am more alive now having experienced the trauma of death.

I am blessed to experience a sunrise, my grandchildren, a beautiful song. It doesn't bother me to feel everything so deeply. So what if I cry more than the average person. I get melancholy. I know what it means to lose someone I treasured and thought so beautiful.

Being melancholy does not mean I am depressed or sad. It

is not a mood. It is a state of being. It is loving your family more. It is recognizing beauty unnoticed before. It is hearing a song and crying because it brings forth a memory whether good or bad. It is a feeling of stillness, fullness, while at the same time experiencing empti-

ness, numbness. Melancholy is staring off into space, lost in your own thoughts in a room full of people. It's that lump in your throat and the ache in your chest.

I have adjusted to the overwhelming emotions I can experience. I am comfortable with who I have become. Truth be told, I would rather feel so much more than care less in a world that at times can seem so cold.

"When sadness knows the reason of tears, heart prepares to carry the ache for years."

— Munia Khan

PATRICIA MEALER is a Professional Registered Nurse, mother of four, grandmother to seven, one being angel Konnor Mason, who passed suddenly November 22, 2015, at eight years old of a gastric perforation caused by a very rare bacteria.

Patricia started Konnor's Lullaby as a Grief Blog to share her emotions with those who were suffering as she was but may have been unable to express how they felt. Grief has a voice and it has a face. As Konnor's grandmother she needed to share his story, her story and her families - the story of love and loss and hope.

TCF *We Need Not Walk Alone*



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED

APRIL CHILDREN
Birthdays



| | | |
|----------------------------------|----------|--------------------------------|
| Michael Kokos | Son | Mary Ann & Dennis Kokos |
| Ryan Moore | Son | Kimberly & Dennis Palacios |
| Larry Donald Barbour, Jr. | Son | Diane & Larry Barbour |
| Walton Edwin Barbour | Son | Diane & Larry Barbour |
| Michael Alley, Jr. | Son | Michael & Karen Alley |
| Zachary Poisson | Son | Jean-Marie & Lani Poisson |
| Michael Harrell | Son | Dennis & Glenda Harrell |
| Michael Joy | Son | Nicholas & Amber Joy |
| Caroline Allen | Daughter | Betsy & Alex Allen |
| Taylor Jude Dworznicki | Daughter | Denise Dworznicki |
| William Vincent Amirante | Son | Toni Amirante |
| Jeffrey Alderson | Son | Todd & Jeanne Alderson |
| Noah Lanni | Grandson | Claudia Mormino |
| Noah Lanni | Son | Ruth & Arthur Lanni |
| Ashley Gilley | Daughter | Kristi & Mike Gilley |
| Damian Bidikov | Son | Dimitar and Liliana Bidikov |
| Bedie Joseph | Son | Mike & Kate Joseph |
| Alex Slaney | Son | Debra & Lenny Slaney |
| Connie Kokos | Daughter | Mary Ann & Dennis Kokos |
| Sandy Lanza | Son | Annette Lanza |
| Benjamin "Ben" Woodruff | Son | Bonnie & Leon Woodruff |
| Derrick Palmer | Son | Renie Palmer |
| Zachery Marten Riggle | Son | Nancy Riggle |
| Sean Patrick | Son | Christine & Vincent Torricelli |

Butterflies

I've always thought the butterfly to be so beautiful and free.

*This delicate creation now has a precious,
new meaning to me.*

*The caterpillar signifies our existence
here on earth,*

The cocoon is our death awaiting our rebirth.

*The butterfly in its beauty
is a symbol of greater freedom.*

A small, but glorious glimpse into Heaven's Eternal Kingdom.

I look upon this living creature with renewed faith and hope.

*It gives me strength to face another day,
and courage to help me cope.*

—Cherry Austin

TCF Newman Coweta Chapter, GA

LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
 OUR APRIL CHILDREN
 Anniversaries

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|----------------------------------|
| SSG Eric Reid Vick | Son | Reggie & Faye Vick |
| Miles Ray Vick | Son | Milton Ray Vick |
| Miles Ray Vick | Grandson | Reggie & Faye Vick |
| Jonna Brady Evans | Daughter | Jon Evans |
| Anthena Williams | Daughter | Karen & Greg Williams |
| Lee Rodgers | Brother | Kati & Kevin Bourque |
| Perrin Smith | Son | Dawn Smith |
| Sarah Tatum | Daughter | David Tatum |
| Walton Edwin Barbour | Son | Diane & Larry Barbour |
| Larry Donald Barbour, Jr. | Son | Diane & Larry Barbour |
| Nathan Tew | Son | Angela & Cameron Tew |
| Kevin Parrott | Son | Margaret Parrott |
| Mark McDavid | Son | Macon McDavid |
| Melissa Gray Watkins | Daughter | Larry & Barbara Watkins |
| Lorren Alaine Daniels | Daughter | Tonya Koonce-Daniels |
| William Earnest Davis | Son | Mary D & James Malone |
| Meredith Elisabeth Edwards | Daughter | Beth Eastman-Mull |
| Olivia Menard | Daughter | Jen & Chad Menard |
| Charlie Holt | Grandson | Mary Charles & Thomas K Sutphin |
| Amanda Wall | Daughter | Rebecca & Don Jones |
| Matthew Horney | Son | Donna McLaren |
| Valerie Anne Chalmers | Daughter | Leah Chalmers & Linda Lomax |
| Cameron Wagner | Son | David & Cindy Wagner |
| Derek Ray Lemieux | Son | Holly & Dave Richard |
| Beth Szczepanski | Daughter | Adam Szczepanski & Sunie Stanton |
| Jenifer Heintzelman Rice | Daughter | Richard & Constance Heintzelman |
| Alexis "Lexi" Richardson | Granddaughter | Kelly Thompson |
| Zachery Marten Riggle | Son | Nancy Riggle |
| Seth Holden Mainguy | Son | Leah & Jonathan Mainguy |
| Timothy Bassett | Son | Alyce Laird |
| Symphony House | Daughter | Chariti & Joe House |
| Thomas Anthony Weiner | Son | Edith Weiner |
| Jacqueline Helmke | Daughter | B Sue Helmke |
| Lee Michael Neisz | Son | Ann Neisz |
| Christopher Furtick | Son | Russell & Brenda Furtick |
| Christopher Bambara | Son | Claire & Stephen Bambara |
| Alexandra Tweedy | Daughter | Robert & Susan Tweedy |

***We were together in the grieving time,
 will be together still when mornings break —
 Out of your darkest moment, love can make a tear, a smile,
 a friendship and a rhyme.***

Sascha Wagner



The Compassionate Friends

Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.
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& Hospitality

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Newsletter Editor
& Membership Info

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Greeter & Social Planner
Social Planner

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