



The Compassionate Friends

Wake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

May
2023



Inside this Issue:

Love Gifts In Memory of Christopher Keith Maness	2
In Memory of Corey Chapman Haddon Hands	3
TCF Training Day — Charlotte Chapter In Memory of Matthew William Yurcak	4
A Mother's Love The After Loss Credo	5
In This Place TCF 46th National Conference	6
Walking the Path of Grief	7
What Grieving Moms Want for M-Day What Do I Do With My Child's Things	8
How to Honor a Bereaved Mother	9
May Birthdays	10
May Anniversaries	11

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.

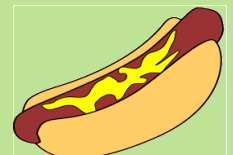
May Meetings

**Tuesday
May 9
7:00pm**

**Tuesday
May 23
7:00pm**



PICNIC ! PICNIC! PICNIC ! TCF Annual Picnic !



When: Saturday, June 3rd, 11:30am - 2:00pm

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

What: Let's socialize outside of our regular meetings! We will be grilling hot dogs and hamburgers, and we will supply buns and condiments. You are asked to bring a side (beans or salad or a bag of chips) or dessert, and please bring your own drinks (but no alcohol allowed at the park).

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

Photos: We will have a Memorial Table so please bring a photo or photos of your child if you wish.

Please RSVP to jschn_2000@yahoo.com or text **919-522-6708** so we will know how many hot dogs and hamburgers to buy. We hope to see a lot of old and new friends there!



IN MEMORY

MAY LOVE GIFTS

Given In Loving Memory Of Children



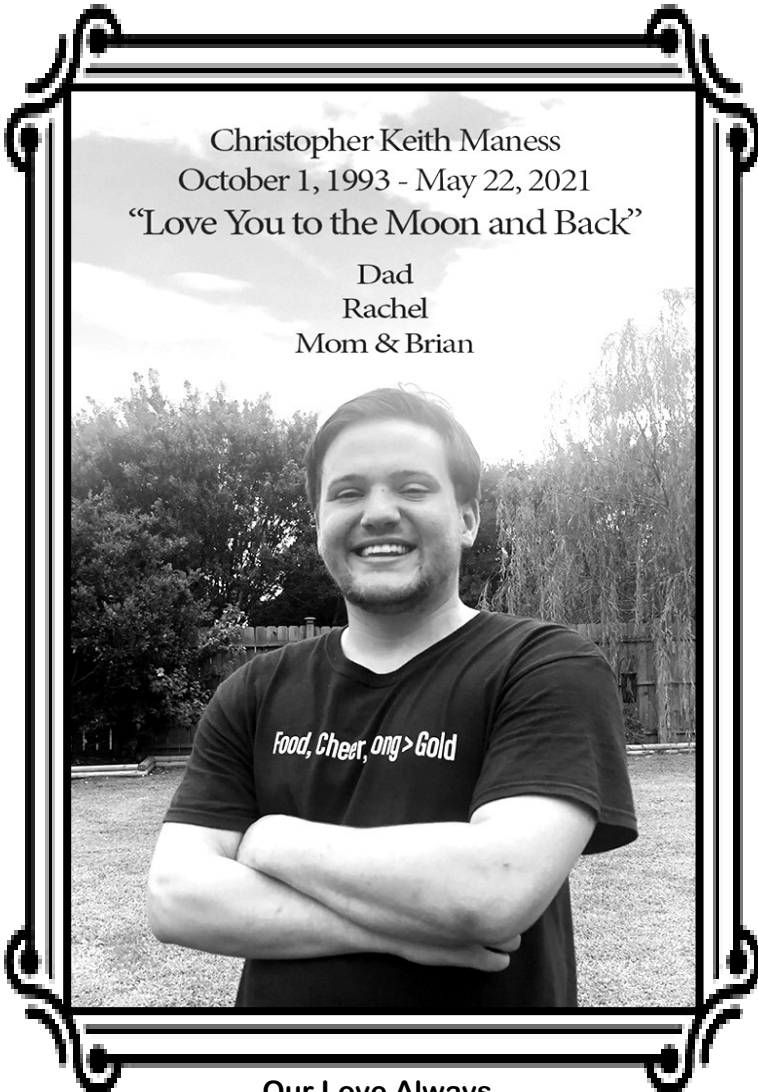
Judy Allen
In Loving Memory of My Daughter
Ashley Duncan

Randy and Sue Mellott
In Loving Memory of Our Son
Jesse A Mellott

Chap and Diane Haddon
In Loving Memory of Our Daughter
Corey Chapman Haddon

Gary and Susan Yurcak
And Meredith and Grayson Ulsh
In Loving Memory of Our Son, Brother and Uncle
Matthew William Yurcak

Randy Maness
In Loving Memory of My Son
Christopher Keith Maness



Christopher Keith Maness
October 1, 1993 - May 22, 2021
"Love You to the Moon and Back"

Dad
Rachel
Mom & Brian

Our Love Always,
Dad, Rachel, Mom and Brian

MEMORIALS FOR OUR WAKE TCF CHILDREN

If you would like to have your child's name included in the Love Gift section of our newsletter, please mail donations to:

Love Gifts—
Wake County Chapter TCF
P.O. Box 6602
Raleigh, NC 27628-6602

If you would like a special memorial for your child included in our newsletter, please send pictures and articles to:

Pattie Griffin
30 Shepherd Street
Raleigh, NC 27607

or email to:
pattie.grif@gmail.com

P.S. We need to receive donations or memorials by the 20th of the month in order to get them into the next month's newsletter.

In Memory of
Corey Chapman Haddon



***Memories of those we love
Live forever in our hearts.***

This photo was taken 2001 when our daughter Corey was in her 2nd year at ECU. She was so excited to be living off campus as we helped move her into a great house with new friends! Corey was 19 years old and her sister was 10 years old.

Corey died 10/26/08 at 26 years old from Metastatic Melanoma that cheated her and us out of a life she was already living.

Today Erin at 31 years, is expecting her first baby (boy) and she would have loved sharing this experience with her older sister.

We love and miss you Corey!

Mom, Dad, and your loving family 

“Corey is the daughter of Chap and Diane Haddon”

Hands



Little handprints
in a frame,
Flashback of memories
days long gone,
yet still so fresh in my mind
as if only yesterday.

Tiny hand of my baby girl,
Fingers curled around my own,
Only a reflex to some,
But not in my mind,
For me only the purest
of loving connections.

Outstretched toddler hand
reaching out for mine.
trusting mother's protective grasp,
maneuvering the busy streets,
we skipped together,
hand-in-hand.

Slender-fingered teenage beauty,
polished nails, smooth scented hands.
Seeking independence,
Hands pushing me away,
Sensing somehow her reluctance,
Not really ready, not quite yet...

Hands of her adult years,
I thought would have held mine
as I navigated through the ageing years.
Hands to comfort and hold, but never to be,
I am left only with my memories,
and tiny handprints,
in a frame...

- Cathy Seehuetter written in memory of her daughter Nina



*You are invited to the Charlotte
TCF Chapter Training Day
in coordination with TCF National
and The Funeral Service Foundation*

DATE: Saturday, May 20, 2023

TIME: 8:00 am - 5:00 pm

LOCATION: St. Matthew Catholic Church,
Room 234/235 (upstairs in the New Life Center)
8015 Ballantyne Commons Parkway
Charlotte, NC 28277

Topics that will be covered in the training day include:

- best practices for chapters,
- facilitating a TCF chapter meeting,
- managing conflict and difficult situations,
- topic ideas and discussion starters,
- outreach and fundraising,
- and self-care while caring for others.

There is no charge to attend this training. Continental breakfast and lunch will be included. ***We hope that you can join us!***

If you would like to register, please provide your name, chapter affiliation, phone number, and email to Donna Goodrich, Regional Coordinator, at iluvu2lauren@gmail.com. You may also reach Donna at (703) 728-7940.

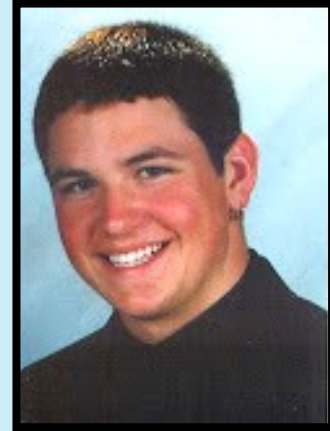
Reminder: Email Donna Goodrich names, chapter affiliation, email addresses and phone numbers. We have reduced rates if mentioning that you are part of the bereavement group at St. Matthew Catholic Church. Let Donna know if you need that info. Chapter funds can be used to assist with hotel.

Program will begin at 8:00am with continental breakfast/sign-in and will run until around 5:00pm.

The TCF National Office will be on site to present the training. This is an excellent chance to meet them and ask any questions you may have.

(Training is free and includes continental breakfast and lunch.)

**In Memory of
Matthew William Yurcak**



Our Love Always & Forever

**Mom and Dad
Sister Meredith Ulsh
and Nephew Grayson**

**Matthew is the son of
Gary & Susan Yurcak**

CHANGES

Mother Nature is starting to work her wonders in the greening of our landscape. I hope that this change from the dormant, cold, gray winter months to the present lighter, longer days, with the renewal of life evident all about us, will have a new awakening of interest, enjoyment, and peace in the beautiful days to come.

Mother's Day will soon be here and we will remember our children who are absent and yet so much a part of us, filling up our hearts and renewing memories. I wish for each of you a peaceful day. It will be bittersweet for many of us and for the newly bereaved, painful. We remember our children with gratitude for having given us that most precious gift of all gifts ... their love.

by Helen Prokop, TCF Bridgeport CT



A MOTHER'S LOVE

by Bev Dennison



I answered the phone, and heard your voice again
 but this call was different, I could hear your pain.
 The words that you spoke haunt me to this day.
 I thought that I could love you enough to make you stay.

I tried to encourage you with loving words a mom should say.
 How could I have ever known you would end your life this way?

Your world held everything, or so it seemed to me,
 but the pain and the hopelessness were all part of your misery.

I was sure you could cope with whatever came your way,
 never doubting that a mother's love could make you want to
 stay.

True love, a home and happiness, all these belonged to you,
 but behind your brilliant smile more despair than anyone knew.

Waiting for a call from you through long hours the next day;
 sure that I could love you enough to make you want to stay.
 When I heard three car doors slam, my feet hit the floor.
 Three officers were on the porch knocking gently at my door.

Their words were so surreal all I could do was pray
 and look to God for answers for why you couldn't stay.

"Go fast - take chances", that's how you used to live,
 eager to take everything that this life had to give.
 But somewhere life turned sad, and you couldn't face another
 day.

How will I ever understand why you couldn't stay?

Memories unfulfilled, loving words left unsaid,
 all of these realities spinning 'round my head.
 I watch your friends get married, I hold their babies, feel their
 love,
 knowing that you see all of this from your new home up above.

I miss your bear hugs and your smiles, and I ache to hear your
 voice.

Yes I know that in your heart you felt you had no choice.
 And, as I am still grieving, getting through day by day,
 loving you, somehow accepting,
 I could not make you want to stay.

from January 2011 Grief Digest

The After Loss Credo

I need to talk about my loss.
 I may often feel the need to tell you what
 happened—or to ask you why it happened.

I may frequently need for you to listen
 while I explain what this loss means to me.
 Each time I discuss my loss, I am helping myself
 face the reality of the death of my loved one.

I need to know that you care about me.
 I need to feel your touch, your hugs. I need you just
 to be with me. And I need to be with you.

I need for you to believe in me and in my
 ability to get through this grief in
 my own way—and in my own time.

Please don't judge me now.
 Or think that I'm behaving strangely.
 Remember, I'm grieving. I may be in shock.
 I may feel afraid. I may feel deep rage.
 I may even feel guilty. But above all, I hurt.
 I am experiencing a pain unlike
 any I've ever felt before.

Don't be concerned if you think I'm getting better
 and then suddenly I seem to slip backward again.
 Grief makes me behave this way at times.

And please don't tell me you know just how
 I feel or that it's time for me to get on with my life.
 I am probably already saying this to myself.
 I just need for you to be patient now
 and to try to understand.

Finally, allow me the time I need to grieve
 and to recover.

I want to get on with my life—
 but I know that first I must walk
 through the dark shadows of my grief.
 And, although it is almost impossible
 for me to believe this now,
 I know that one day my grief will end.

Most of all, thank you for being my friend.
 Thank you for caring, for helping,
 for understanding.
 Thank you for praying for me. And remember,
 in the days or years ahead—after your loss—when you
 need me as I have needed you, I will understand,
 And then I will come and be with you.

"The After Loss Credo" is condensed from *AfterLoss, A
 Recovering Companion for Those Who Are Grieving*
 by Barbara LesStrong

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 one's 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 on 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.

—Genesse Bourdeau Gentry for the 2004
Compassionate Friends National Conference in
Hollywood, CA on 7/23/2004
for the National Conference First Timers

GENESSE GENTRY

Genesse Gentry is the author of two books of poetry, *Stars in the Deepest Night - After the Death of a Child* and *Catching the Light - Coming Back to Life after the Death of a Child*. She lives in northern California with her husband Bill. They are the parents of daughters Megan and Lori, who died in a car accident in 1991 at the age of 21. Following Lori's death, Genesse and Bill joined the Marin County, California Chapter of The Compassionate Friends (TCF). Genesse has continued being involved in that organization ever since. She has been meeting group facilitator for both the Marin County and San Francisco meetings as well as chapter leader. She is currently on the steering committee of TCF Marin, as well as Regional Coordinator for Northern California. She presents writing workshops at national conferences of The Compassionate Friends as well as for northern California chapters.

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:





Walking the Path of Grief

by Jean Robinson



The greatest tragedy of my life happened two years ago when my son died by suicide at the age of 24. I suddenly find myself on a journey of grief with no compass and no guidelines. In the first year of grieving, I am a ping pong ball, whacked around every which way. When searing grief shows up — a song, a thought, passing the funeral home — it stops me in my tracks, grabs my heart, and makes my chest burn with the physical pain of losing him. I am so overcome with thoughts of missing him that I collapse on the ground in the middle of a road, clinging to my husband's ankle as I sob. We watch a stupid sci-fi movie about a character who dies a painful, fictional death, and I run screaming into the bedroom, burying my face in a pillow to shriek my rage about losing my past, my present, and my future in a moment.

I walk the path of grief that first year by being in shock. Two days after his funeral, I go back to work as a musical theater summer counselor at a camp, staring up at a surreal blue sky. Eight weeks later, I am back at work full time during the worst of COVID-19: hybrid teaching, everyone masked, Americans sick and dying. As an English teacher, I regularly teach topics and themes of death, and I do so with a cool outward demeanor. Shock serves as a protective shield; it allows me to function outwardly day to day, while inwardly the grief builds up until it must be let it out, somehow.

At the same time, I come to learn there is no judgment when it comes to grieving. My mother has not cried since losing her first grandson, whom she adored. My husband tears up and has his own set of triggers, such as listening to the lyrics of a particular song, but he does not sob loudly like I do, although I can see that he suffers quietly. A lesson that settles in is that we all grieve differently, in our time and in our own way.

In the second year of my grieving, the shock wears off and is replaced with the harsh, cold truth. I react with wild emotional swings — good day, bad day — good week, bad week. I start out my morning feeling stable, and I am angry and exhausted at sundown. I am a pendulum, swinging to its farthest extreme, and then to the other way. I remind myself that my grief has no timeline, no rules, and no judgment, but I know that I need to think more about what is healing and helpful for me. I start to listen and look around for more, and I am open to whatever comes through.

I have always known that the best place to feel and to heal is by taking walks, as my son always lets us know he is with us. He is a gorgeous red cardinal singing his glorious soundtrack on a branch above my head. He is a bold dragonfly that circles, passes close to my face, and lands on my hands, allowing me to stroke his

wings. He is the young deer that lives around my home that locks eyes with me before running off into the woods, always with one last look over his shoulder before he disappears. On my worst days of just wanting to lie in bed, I force myself to go outside to see the sun, the clouds, the trees. When I am in nature, he is most dearly with me, and I am grateful for his presence and his playfulness as my feet connect to the earth and my head is tipped to the sky.

In dreams, I see him as my beautiful boy who looks into my eyes, talks to me without words, and hugs me. The dreams of visitations are filled with the presence of love and an absence of pain on his sweet, angelic face, sometimes as an adorable child, a bouncy pre-teen, or handsome young man. Although they are rare, I treasure each visitation dream as my greatest gifts, carefully recording them in my journal. I do not want to lose or forget these dreams, as they keep me going during my toughest times.

I increase self-care, self-love, and my understanding of what has happened to me, to him, and to our family. I read books on grief, death, and spirituality. I purchase yoga props to inspire a restart of my home practice. I commit to and deepen my daily meditation practice. I make a career change from teaching to writing. I attend weekly virtual therapy sessions and make a commitment to travel to Kripalu, a beautiful retreat in Lenox, MA, where I take live yoga classes, participate in heart-opening, mind-expanding workshops, and meet other spiritual seekers.

Early on, we set up a cabinet in the family room to proudly display mementos and achievements to honor our son's life. Two years went by with our not making any kind of home improvements, as we were just getting by, surviving day to day. Now, we are in the creative process of renovating and redesigning spaces that need greater beauty, for our healing.

There is a lovely walking path created in honor of my son on the side of our house with flowering plants, bright, hand-painted stones, and a bench that faces the morning sun. I walk the path every day. I send love to all who are walking their own path of grief.

Jean and her husband Jim loved and continue to love their son Andrew dearly, who they lost to suicide at age 24 in 2020. They are also proud, loving parents to their adult daughter Michaela. Jean's first career centered around dance and theater, and she feels grateful for the opportunity to perform as a professional around the country. She also directed and choreographed many plays and musicals and taught yoga. Her second career was as an English teacher in middle and high school. Her greatest loves are her two children, husband, family, cats, nature, yoga, and meditation.

WHAT GRIEVING MOMS WANT FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Acknowledgement is what grieving mother's want most for Mother's Day, suggests a survey by www.thecomfortcompany.net, a website that specializes in meaningful sympathy gifts. The online survey asked, "What can others do to ease your pain on Mother's Day?" Over 80 percent of the 200 respondents answered, "Recognize that I am a mother."

"While Mother's Day is generally considered to be a day of celebration, for many women it is a day of pain and loss," says Renee Wood, former social worker and founder of the Comfort Company. "It's important to remember those moms who have had a failed pregnancy or who have lost a child at any age."

In response to the survey result, The Comfort Company has issued a list of ten simple ways to reach out to a grieving mother on this difficult holiday.

- 1) Recognize that they are a mother. Offer a hug and a "Happy Mother's Day." Send a card to let them know you remember they are a mother even though their child is not with them physically.
- 2) Acknowledge they have had a loss. Express the message, "I know this might be a difficult day for you. I want you to know that I am thinking of you."
- 3) Use their child's name in conversation. One mother responded, "People rarely speak his name anymore, but when they do it's like music to my ears."
- 4) Visit the grave site. Many a mother felt it was extremely thoughtful when others visited their child's grave site and left flowers or a small pebble near the headstone.
- 5) Light a candle. Let the mother know you will light a candle in memory of her child on Mother's Day.
- 6) Share a memory of a picture of the child. Give the gift of a memory. One mother wrote that the "greatest gift you can give is a heartfelt letter about my child and a favorite memory with them."
- 7) Send a gift of remembrance. Many mothers felt a small gift would be comforting. Suggestions included an angel statue, jewelry, a picture frame or a library book donated in the child's name.
- 8) Don't try to minimize the loss. Avoid using any clichés that attempt to explain the death of a child ("God needed another angel.") Secondly, don't try to find anything positive about the loss ("You still have two other healthy children.")
- 9) Encourage self-care. Self-care is an important aspect of the "healing the mind and spirit effort" according to several mothers. Encourage a grieving mother to take care of herself. Give her a gift certificate to a day spa or any place where she can be pampered.

—Renee Wood

www.thecomfortcompany.net
(posted by Sara Ziegler on 5-10-2017)

What Do I Do With My Child's Things?

This is a problem that faces all bereaved parents. We discuss it from time to time at our meetings. Some of us keep the child's room just as it was before the death. We don't want anything touched or removed. Some find solace in giving things away to close friends or relatives. Knowing someone we love is wearing our child's clothes, or playing with his or her toys, brings us comfort.

Some of us find we can deal with only a few items at a time; clothes, one month; books another; perhaps toys, a few months later. Some of us find that, as time goes on and we would have gotten rid of things anyway, it becomes easier. For instance, after awhile we realize that if the child were still alive,

he or she would have outgrown clothes. Then it is easier to give them away. Or your child would have graduated from college this year, and therefore would no longer use the study desk or clock radio. We can give these things away in the normal time sequence.

The important thing is not to let others rush us into doing something before you are ready and not to let ourselves feel guilty about the amount of time it takes us to make decisions. When the time is right, and the decision is right for us, we'll know what to do.

TCF, Honolulu, Hawaii



How to Honor a Bereaved Mother on Mother's Day



As I write these words my best friend is arranging funeral services for Emree, the baby she recently miscarried. Yesterday she told me that when she passed the racks of infant clothing at Target, she nearly wept. It is without a doubt that Mother's Day will be a challenging time for my friend as it is for many mothers without their children—mothers like me.

My second child, Zachary, died of a random genetic abnormality in 2010, just moments after he was born. Since then, I've approached Mother's Day with mixed emotions. At first, the day made me feel like a failure as I asked myself, "What did I do wrong?" Then, as the years passed and I had another baby, Mother's Day regained some degree of joy. Still, four years later my heart continues to ache for my second born.

Mother's Day is a challenging celebration for any woman who has experienced the death of her child. She may feel isolated, sorrowful and even confused about her claim to motherhood. Mother's Day is one of many "triggers" that will remind her of her baby and the milestones and future that will never be. A trigger can be anything that causes the bereaved to reflect on their loss; a name, location, smell, anniversary, article of clothing—or even a bunch of balloons that boast, "MOM," in colorful letters.

Have you or someone you know lost a child? While Mother's Day may be a painful trigger for bereaved moms, it is also an opportunity to celebrate these women and their children. Here are some ideas to honor them this Mother's Day:

Affirm her identity as a mother

A woman's love for her deceased child never dies, nor does her motherhood. Celebrate the mom who carried her baby, no matter how briefly, and is strong enough to wake up each day and keep going after the death of that child. Recognize her by wishing her a "Happy Mother's Day;" she is a mother and deserves happiness. Let her know you are thinking of her.

Celebrate her child

Talk about the baby that died and use the child's name. Look at pictures and discuss the experience. Bereaved mothers will generally commemorate the anniversaries of the baby's birth and death, but Mother's Day provides another cherished opportunity

for remembrance.

Spend quality time together

On a day that is likely to be lonely for the bereaved mom, instead of a card in the mail, give the gift of time. Your attention and friendship will create a lasting impact. Have lunch in a restaurant, go for a hike or create a new memory together. The mother may wish to visit her child's gravesite, light a candle or scrapbook the baby's footprints or funeral program. Doing these activities with the bereaved mother will be quality time she will greatly treasure. In the case that the mother wishes to be alone, suggest another time to do something meaningful together.

Give thoughtful gifts

While a dozen roses and a box of chocolates may be nice, show you care through a meaningful and relevant gift. There are many companies that make bereavement jewelry, statues and ornaments. Other ideas include books, picture frames, candles or personalized keepsakes. Or you could make a donation to a hospital, bereavement program or charity in the child's or mother's name. Even a thoughtful letter may be the perfect way to show you care.

Ask how she is doing and listen

Ask the mother how she is coping and welcome her vulnerability. The best approach is to let her do the talking. Know that you do not need to solve the event or fix the emotions; these things need to be experienced and expressed and this is often helpful in itself. Create a safe environment for the bereaved mother to share. You can do this by open body language, eye contact and active listening. If the mother is struggling, encourage her to take good care of herself and find support.

A woman never stops being her child's mom, whether her baby is with her or not. Bereaved mothers have survived excruciating pain and yet carry on. This bravery deserves recognition—especially on Mother's Day.

—by Alexis Marie Chute

Alexis Marie Chute's son Zachary died in her arms moments after his birth. His short life transformed every part of who she is. As an artist, photographer and writer she has found healing through creative expression. **Wanted. Chosen. Planned** is her legacy for Zach. She lives in Alberta with her husband and two children.



LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED

MAY CHILDREN Birthdays



Nicholas Dembkoski	Son	Angela & Gene Dembkoski
Ben Feldman	Son	Polly Feldman
Rich Payne	Son	Laurie & Jeff Barnhart
Christopher Hamilton	Son	Lisa & John Hamilton
Tyler Gilreath	Son	Tamra Demello
Cassandra Larimer	Daughter	Lori Larimer
Jesse Aaron Mellott	Son	Sue & Randy Mellott
Corey Chapman Haddon	Daughter	Diane & Chap Haddon
Carol Stamper	Daughter	Mark & Lynn Stamper
Michael Assaff	Son	Janet & Mark Anderton
Sundari Fay Hall Wilkins	Daughter	Natisha Hall & Philip Wilkins
Lori Schooley	Daughter	Elizabeth & Virgil Carden
Skyler Norris	Son	Carol Norris
Jonna Brady Evans	Daughter	Jon Evans
Erin Brylski	Daughter	Martha & Ronnie Card
Timothy Bassett	Son	Alyce Laird
Melissa Gray Watkins	Daughter	Larry & Barbara Watkins
Jason Stutts	Son	Joan & Tony Stutts
Sean Kumhyr	Son	Valerie Kumhyr
Nathan Motley	Son	Connie & Greg Cooper
Paisley Cookson	Daughter	Shirley & Robert Register
Tommy Ray Mendoza	Son	Jeana & Meliton Mendoza
Pamela Jenks McAteer	Daughter	Carolyn Nelson
Annette White-Williams	Daughter	Aimee White
Christian Williams	Son	Charlene & Milton Peacock
Angel Woods	Daughter	Ronette Wheeler
Colton Turner	Son	Tiffany High
Mark Grzyboski	Son	Jane Rockwell
Christopher MacEntee	Son	Caren & Duane MacEntee
Alexandra Tweedy	Daughter	Robert & Susan Tweedy
Angela Joy Harris	Daughter	Jim & Bonnie Harris
Reece Michael Melton	Son	Debbie & Chris Strickland
William Earnest Davis	Son	Mary D & James Malone
Amy Newton	Daughter	Libbie & Steve Toth
Nathan Cotter	Son	Felicia & Eric Walker
Landen Bass	Son	Kristie Bass





LOVED & ALWAYS REMEMBERED
OUR MAY CHILDREN
Anniversaries



Eric Brady	Son	Debbie & Steve Brady
Thomas Winar	Son	Thomas & Debra Winar
Gregory William Smith	Son	Ann Conlon-Smith & Shepherd Smith
Michael William Bernstein	Son	Larry Bernstein
Jonathan Dail	Son	Diane & Ralph Zeuner
Karl "KJ" Davis II	Son	Selina & Karl Davis
Amanda Dare Clifton	Daughter	Doug & Debbie Clifton
Michelle Danko	Sister	Stephanie Riggan
Midder Mines	Son	Katie & Pete Mines
Rebecca (Becky) Schwartz	Daughter	Pam & Aaron Graber
Jason Stutts	Son	Joan & Tony Stutts
Benjamin "Ben" Woodruff	Son	Bonnie & Leon Woodruff
Ashley Duncan	Daughter	Judy Allen
Paul Michael Spampinato	Son	Thomas & Maria Spampinato
J.R. Butler	Son	Linda & Michael Godwin
Martha Williams	Daughter	Charlotte & Berry Williams
Kevin Allen	Son	Phyllis & Keith Allen
Sean Kumhyr	Son	Valerie Kumhyr
Joey Goolden	Son	Pam Goolden
David Bundy	Son	Jim & Faye Bundy
Meredith Ann Forlenza	Daughter	Elizabeth "Ann" Riddick
Johnny Luciano	Son	Debbie Houston
Nathan Motley	Son	Connie & Greg Cooper
Christopher (Chris) Pecoraro	Son	Anthony & Betty Dodd Pecoraro
Jeremy Davis	Son	JoAnne & Wayne Liesegang
Suzanne Ridgill	Daughter	Pete & Kathy Montague
Ricky "Lee" Walker	Son	Kim Walker
Christopher Maness	Son	Randy Maness
Thomas Greenhalgh	Son	Bonnie Greenhalgh
Lynn Williams	Daughter	Wilson & Ann Williams
Christopher MacEntee	Son	Caren & Duane MacEntee
Lee Moore	Son	Cynthia Kay Moore
Ryan Hamilton	Son	Harold & Sandra Hamilton
Chase Rodgers	Son	Kimberly (Kim) & Darryl Rodgers
Bryan Reaves	Son	Ed & Irma Reaves
Matthew Yurcak	Son	Gary & Susan Yurcak
Hayward Woo Young, Jr., MD	Son	Jacqueline Young
Alecyn Elizabeth Ross	Daughter	Alexander & Cynthia Ross

LOVE — GRATITUDE

The agony is so great and yet I will stand it... Had I not loved so much. But, goodness knows, I would not want to diminish that precious love by one fraction of an ounce. I will hurt, and I will be grateful to the hurt for it bares witness to the depth of our meanings. And for that I will be eternally grateful.



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**



**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, INC.
Wake County Chapter
PO Box 6602
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