



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS Newsletter

MEMPHIS, TN

MARCH/APRIL 2007

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

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Fax (630) 990-0246
www.compassionatefriends.org

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Steering Committee
David and Joanne Altizer
Sue Anne Duffy
Larry and Gwen Elrod
Bob and Sheila Foust
Bob and Betsy Friedl
Pri Morden

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Web Site Contact
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The Memphis Chapter of The Compassionate Friends conducts meetings on the first Thursday of each month from 7-9 p.m. at St. Louis Church located at 203 S. White Station at Shady Grove.

Be sure to bring a picture of your child to each meeting. We have a table set up for the placement of pictures of our children.

Next Meetings:
March 1st
April 5th



We are sorry that the February Meeting had to be cancelled due to inclement weather. For future references, we will not meet if there is any Winter Weather conditions or if there is any threat of conditions in the forecast. You can call any Steering Committee member or contact St Louis Church. We will notify St Louis the morning of the meeting.

Bob & Betsy Friedl
901-853-1855 Home
901-360-9197 Work

Larry & Gwen Elrod
388-3298 Home
546-2057 Work

Sue Anne Duffy
901-276-4134 Home
901-848-4134 Cell

Bob & Shelia Foust
662-895-1424 Home
901-496-9649 Cell

Pri Morden
901-274-9338 Home

David & Joanne Altizer
901-266-4139 Home

St Louis Church
901-682-6606

Memphis TCF Steering Committee



TCF Meeting Topic for March – “Memorializing Your Child”

Sharing ideas on how to honor the memories of our children.
Sue Anne Duffy will be our facilitator



TCF Meeting Topic for April – “I wish someone would...”

What do you need from your family and friends and how to ask for help.
Betsy Friedl will be our facilitator

Note: Due to conflicts if room scheduling, our April meeting will be held in the Pastoral Building at St Louis Church. This is the small building behind the main building and is the closest building to Shady Grove. You can park in the lot nearest the Pastoral Building.



TCF member Becky Maness Haynie, passed away Friday February 9th after a courageous two year battle with colon cancer. Bob and Becky joined our group after the death of their son Mark. We would like to extend our sympathy to Bob and his daughter, Vivian Haynie Jones and the rest of the Haynie family. Becky was a kind, compassionate and loving wife, mother, grandmother, sister and friend and will truly be missed by the Memphis TCF Chapter.

Announcements

TCF National Conference

The 30th annual conference of The Compassionate Friends will be held in the Cox Convention Center in Oklahoma City, OK July 20–22. “Trails of Tears to Healing Hearts” is the theme of The Compassionate Friends 30th National Conference. A pre-conference Professionals Day program will be presented Thursday, July 19 and the 8th annual Walk to Remember will be held Sunday July 22nd. Keynote speakers for this year conference include Elizabeth Edwards, bereaved parent, lawyer, and wife of declared presidential candidate John Edwards. Elizabeth shares the loss of her son, Wade. Elizabeth is a bereaved mother who has attended meetings of The Compassionate Friends and has sought support in other ways by reaching out to others who have suffered the loss of a child. In addition to Elizabeth, Simon Stephens who founded The Compassionate Friends 37 years ago in England and will be leading the celebration of the TCF USA’s 30th TCF National Conference. The registration brochure packet can now be viewed and downloaded from the national website at www.compassionatefriends.org. The conference will feature nearly 100 workshops covering many grief areas for families that have experienced the death of a child, grandchild or sibling. There will be workshops for bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents as well as a complete track for families that have no surviving children. Mark your calendars now and look for registration forms available online in early 2007. Rooms have been blocked and special rates negotiated at two hotels only a short walk from the Cox Convention Center, where the conference will be held. The Renaissance Oklahoma City has a covered walkway into the Convention Center while the Courtyard by Marriott is across the street. To reserve a room at either hotel you can also go on line at <http://cwp.marriott.com/okcbr/compassionatefriends>.

Regional Conference

The Frankfort, KY Regional Conference “Harboring Hope – Healing Hearts” will be held March 9th and 10th. Keynote speakers at the conference will be Patrick Malone, three time bereaved parent, Bill and Judy Guggenheim, authors of “Hello from Heaven”, Alan Pederson, Songwriter, Recording Artist and bereaved parent, and Linda Blair, MSSW, CSW professional grief counselor. The cost is \$35.00 and will be held at First Christian Church, 316 Ann Street, Frankfort, KY 40601. For additional information regarding the conference you can contact Karen Cantrell at 502-320-6438 or by email at Karen821285@yahoo.com.

Amazon

The TCF National Chapter receives 5% of all Amazon purchases if you make these purchases through the amazon.com link on the National Chapter’s home page, www.compassionatefriends.org

New Parents

The Memphis TCF Chapter has a website with information about TCF and what is happening in the Memphis Chapter. We also have a page where we have pictures and personal comments and stories about our children. If you would like to have your child’s picture added to our website you will need to sign a release form which is required by our Webmaster and the National Chapter. Bring the picture and the written verbiage to our next meeting. The written verbiage needs to be prepared in WORD and saved on a disk. You can view our website at www.tcfmemphis.com. Click on “Our Children”, and then click on a specific child’s name.

TCF Wristbands

Compassionate Friends wristbands are imprinted with “Forever In My Heart” framed by two butterflies are available for \$1.00 If you would like to order TCF wristbands, call Gwen Elrod at 901-388-3298 or send your request by e-mail to gwenelrod@hotmail.com.

New Support Groups in the Memphis Area:

NICU Support Group & LIMB Support Group (Loss in Multiple Births) – Contact Michelle Juelfs at michelle@tmjavn@aol.com for additional information.

Birthday Table

Each month we provide a Birthday Table for the parents whose children would be celebrating a birthday. We invite you to bring pictures, scrapbooks and other mementos that belonged to your child to share with your Compassionate Friends.

TCF Library

We have an extensive TCF Library that is a valuable resource for our Chapter and new parents. We ask that you check them out by completing the check-out card in the front of the book and return what you have checked out in a few months. If you have any books you would like to donate to our Library, contact Pri Morden at 901-274-9338

TCF Newsletter

If you would like to submit an article or poem for the newsletter, please mail it to Gwen Elrod, 3612 Millie Drive, Bartlett, TN 38135.

March

March is a month of reflection and remembrance. Winter's days are numbered. Solitary flowers push upwards through snow covered hills. My thoughts linger in the cold atmosphere; unsmiling eyes recognize the sign of advancing spring months. I need the warmth of spring, but am reluctant to admit that need. I wander through depressing, barren fields moist with tears, unaware of the sun's touch on my back. Animals emerge, throwing off covers of twigs and branches that have protected them in these bitter cold days. Ground is broken under full moon's light to prepare soil for yet another planting. I realize that I must ready myself for the changing season imitating nature's cycle. I must shed the heavy and lingering depressing robes I wore in days past to experience the emergence of a new, lighter and warmer time.

Anita Moorehead TCF, Mercer Area, NJ

The Jelly Bean Poem for Grieving Families

- ❖ Red is for my love for you that will never sever; for love is not measured by the time we had together, but what's in our hearts forever.
- ❖ Green is for memories that I always will treasure; although time may pass, our memories will last forever and ever and ever.
- ❖ Yellow is for sunshine that you have given to me; you brightened up my life and made my world shine and will continue to shine brilliantly for the rest of time.
- ❖ Orange is for the candle flame I light in memory of you; a flame that glows so bright as I speak your name in prayer asking God to hold you close until I join you there.
- ❖ Black is for my grief from my broken shattered heart; taking each day one at a time as I keep your memory alive. Life is different; I am different but I Can and Will survive.
- ❖ Purple is for tears I shed as I remember you; precious memories you left behind preserved deep inside. You will always live on through our family forever by our side.
- ❖ White is for my hope and faith in God above; the promise of resurrection knowing we will reunite above the clouds over the rainbow in His everlasting light.
- ❖ Pink is for the signs you send from Heaven up above; lighting my path wherever I go and whatever I may do. My precious child I will always love and always remember you.

I will remember you on Easter as always.

Footprints Ministry, Inc.

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

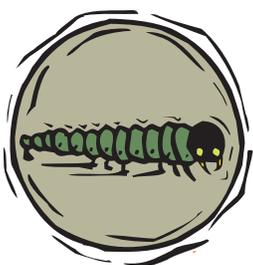
When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see if the sun should rise and find your eyes all filled with tears for me. I wish so much you wouldn't cry the way you did today while thinking of the many things we did not get to say. I know how much you love me, as much as I love you and each time that you think of me I know you'll miss me too. But when tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand an Angel came and called my name and took me by the hand. He said my place was ready in Heaven far above and that I'd have to leave behind me all those ones I dearly love. But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye; for all my life I'd always thought I didn't want to die. I had so much to live for, so much left yet to do it seemed almost impossible, that I was leaving you. I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad; I thought of all the love we shared and all the fun we had. If I could relive yesterday, just even for a while; I'd say good-bye and kiss you, and maybe see you smile. But then I fully realize, that is could never be, for the emptiness and memories would take the place of me. And when I thought of worldly things that I might miss come tomorrow I thought of you and when I did my heart was filled with sorrow. But when I walked through Heaven's Gate, I felt so much at home; God looked down and smiled at me from His great golden throne. He said, "This is Eternity and all I've promised you, today your life on earth has passed and I promise no tomorrow. But today will always last; and since each day is the same, there's no longing for the past. You've been so faithful, so trusting and so true, though there were times you did some things you knew you shouldn't do. But you have been forgiven for all your sins and now at last you're free. So won't you come and take my hand and share your life with me." So when tomorrow starts without me don't think we're far apart for every time you think of me I'm right there in your heart.

Unknown

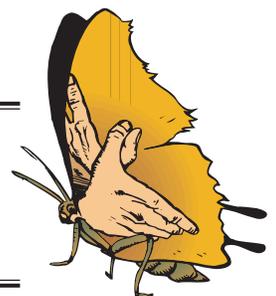
To Those Who Come After

I never knew my brother, yet I knew him well through my Mother's eyes, I have seen him and love him still. I'll grow tall and strong like him, yet not like him at all. He'll be my guardian angel, and we'll grow through life together, as one. I have his clothes and his toys and his photos. I hold them dear to me. But most of all, I treasure the loving memories, the memories my Mother gave me.

Karen Holland TCF, Brisbane, Australia



What the caterpillar thought was the end of life;
the butterfly knew was just the beginning.



Ask My Mom

Ask my Mom how she is. My Mom, she tells a lot of lies, she never did before. From now until she dies, she'll tell a whole lot more. Ask my Mom how she is and because she can't explain, she will tell a little lie because she can't describe the pain. Ask my Mom how she is, she'll say "I'm Alright." If that's the truth, then tell me, why does she cry all night? Ask my Mom how she is, she seems to cope so well, she didn't have a choice you see nor the strength to yell.

Ask my Mom how she is, "I'm Fine, I'm Well, and I'm Coping." For God's sake Mom, just tell the truth; just say your heart is broken. She'll love me all her life; I loved her all of mine. But if you ask her how is she, she'll lie and say she's fine. I am here in Heaven, I cannot hug from here. If she lies to you don't listen, hug her and hold her near.

On the day we meet again, we'll smile and I'll be bold. I'll say, "You're lucky to get in here Mom, with all the lies you told!"

Unknown

"Don't Cry Because it's Over, Smile Because it Happened"

I cry when I think about how much I miss my brother. I cry when I long to hear his voice, or see him come around the corner. I cry when I think about all the times we won't be sharing together anymore; holidays, birthdays, and family times. I cry when I think about the wonderful person he was, and how many more incredible things he could have accomplished, if he was still here. I cry when I think of why he had to go so soon, and what I could have done to help him stay with us a little longer. I cry when I think of his pain, and I think of why it had to happen to someone so undeserving of it. I cry when I think about my own two children, and the uncle they will never get to truly know, and the fun times they will never get to have together. I cry when I think of all the people who will never get to meet my brother, and who will never get to experience his warmth and caring. I cry when I think of the family of his own, that my brother will never get to have. I cry when I think of the pain and hurt I see in my parents, as they endure the suffering caused from losing a child. I cry when I think of the pain my sister and I share, as we work through the loss of our little brother. I smile when I think of the thirty years of great times we had together. I smile when I think of how happy we were to get a little brother. I smile when I think of how much he was spoiled by us, as the baby of our family. I smile when I think of how much I respected him, as he grew up to become an outstanding young man, Marine and Police Officer. I smile when I think of his humor, outgoing personality, and awesome smile. I smile when I think of our last few times together, and the talks we had, and support he was there to lend. I smile when I think of the all-too-few years my children got to spend with their Uncle Denny. I smile when I think of all the people he touched, and the lives he made such a difference in. I smile when I think of how proud my family has always been of my brother. I smile when I think of how loved my brother is, and always will be, no matter where he is. I smile when I think about how lucky I am to have

gotten to have someone like my brother in my life, no matter how far-too-short our time was together. I smile when I think of him watching over me, and being with me, wherever I go, in my heart, where he will never be forgotten. Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened.

Kelly Mallory Herrman

Spring Is Coming

If you are newly bereaved and looking toward your "first" spring, you may be surprised at some of the feelings you may experience during the next few weeks. We hear so much about the beauty of spring; the new life and the feelings of renewal that are supposed to accompany this lovely time of year. During my first year, I expected that spring would cheer me up, and make me feel lots better. How surprised and frustrated I was when, one of those truly magnificent spring days as life seems to burst forth everywhere, "I was in the pits." When a friend said to me, "Doesn't a day like this really lift your spirits and make you feel better?" I had to reply honestly that I was having a really bad day, with the sense of loss and emptiness greatly intensified. Gradually, I began to realize that my expectations for spring were unrealistically high. I had looked forward to spring with the wrong kind of hope. When we are newly bereaved, we are constantly looking for something to take away the pain and make our lives all right again. Unfortunately, there is no magical event or moment when this takes place. It does happen, but only with time and the grief work we all must do before we can be healed. The coming of spring cannot make everything okay again. What it can do however, is remind us that regardless of what happens in our lives, nature's processes will continue, and that can offer us hope. I am looking forward to spring this year. I welcome the sun's warmth, the return of the birds from this winter in the south, the forsythia, the daffodils, and the greening of the world. Know that someday you will once again welcome spring. Be gentle and patient with yourself and with nature. Don't expect too much. Be ready to let a little of the hope that spring can offer into your heart.

Evelyn Billings TCF, Springfield, MA

Newly Bereaved – Thoughts When You Are Depressed

Don't ever try to understand everything; some things will just never make sense. Don't ever be reluctant to show your feelings, when you're happy, give in to it. Don't ever be afraid to try to make things better, you might be surprised at the results. There is always somebody there for you to reach out to. Don't ever forget that you can achieve so many of the things you can imagine. Imagine that! Don't ever stop loving; don't ever stop believing and don't ever stop dreaming your dreams.

TCF, Orange Coast, CA



Grief

It's an entity all its own, with its pain that's never really gone. It has many thoughts and faces, but very few reality traces. It makes you ask many a question, all of which you try to shun; What-When-Where-If-Why? Could I have done something so my child wouldn't die? These are what every parent asks; this part of grief is a heart wrenching task. Hours turn to days; days to months; months to a year, this is the war you fight without gear. You feel bare and naked and all alone, at times you feel like you can't go on. You say "This happens to someone else, not me!" this I think every parent would agree. But this time it really was you, you scream, No, No, No, but it's oh so true. This nightmare that never seems to end, with these feelings you cannot pretend. People say "Well you sure look good" don't they know that we would die if only we could. Yes grief has its own way, while we endure it and live day to day.

Judy Craig TCF, Memphis, TN

Written in memory of her son, Travis Carter

Homesick

You're in a better place, I've heard it a thousand times. And at least a thousand times I've rejoiced for you; but then the reason why I'm broken, the reason why I cry, is how long must I wait to be with you? I close my eyes and I see your face, if home's where my heart is then I'm out of place. Lord, won't you give me strength to make it through somehow. I've never been more homesick than now. Help me Lord, because I don't understand your ways; the reason why, I wonder if I'll ever know. But even if you showered me, the hurt would be the same, because I'm so far away from home. I close my eyes and I see your face, if home's where my heart is, then I'm out of place. Lord, won't you give me strength to make it through somehow; I've never been more homesick than now. In Christ, there is no good-bye, and in Christ, there is no end; so I'll hold onto Jesus with all that I have; to see you again. I close my eyes and I see your face, if home's where my heart is, then I'm out of place. Lord, won't you give me strength to make it thorough somehow? I've never been more homesick than now.

Unknown

The Child Who Wasn't Perfect

I cannot say, as I have heard other parents say, "My child has always been a joy and pleasure; never gave me a minute's trouble," I cannot say that. I had a son who was always trouble. He was born cross and irritable, real trials from the word go. He seemed to be in protest at having been born, from his very first breath and outcry, through the rest of his life. His thirty-seven years of life were one long outcry of protest, misery and unhappiness. He expressed his tormented spirit through music, poetry and a beautiful American Indian spirituality. But in

spite of the pain that was in his heart, he had a wide smile and a hearty big laugh for everyone that belied the torment that raged inside him. He had a strange, mysterious wild charm, to which all who met him fell victim. He seemed to be born in the wrong time, wrong culture, with a crippled spirit, and a body that carried a fatal flaw; the fatal flaw of addiction. He put himself and his family through the agony of the damned. Step by step, he destroyed himself, as we watched with grieving hearts. He rejected every effort to save him. Then came that fateful week; some mystery reached out for him; his body, his spirit defied every weapon at science's disposal to diagnose and save him. One by one his vital functions failed and he was gone. The word "forever" suddenly had a new and terrible meaning. So, he was hard to love; but we loved him every step of the way. We had him because we wanted him and we loved him every minute of his life. Our grief has been no less because he was not a perfect child. It has just been an extension of the agony that we were helpless against the monster called addiction that destroyed him. Yesterday, was his birthday, I longed for the sight and sound of him, and that wild melancholy charm that vanished a year and a half ago. My heart stays full of tears; they are always just beneath the surface. I struggle daily to keep them out of sight and my fellow man, who does not want to share my pain. So, I come home and sit on my porch in the dark; listen to the night sounds; stare into space and I cry for my child who wasn't perfect.

Jane Miller TCF, Atlanta, GA

Stillborn

With love I conceived and I bore you, I dreamt of you when I was a child. As I felt you grow I adored you, with your first feeble flutter I smiled. Happily I hummed an old lullaby, while I readied your room and layette. With thumps and bumps I felt you reply, playing percussion in a happy duet. Each day that passed our future I planned, where we would go and the things we would do. We'd takes trips to the beach and play in the sand, and go to the circus and visit the zoo. Nine joyful months together we spent, looking ahead to all that would be. Quickly you came, and just as quick went, and the two of us now is just me. A past that has passed; a future that's gone; everyone's back to normal again. While here I am, lost and alone, torn by thoughts of what might have been. Memories die out like an ember, I struggle to hold them. And yet it's very hard to remember, when you were not here to forget.

Rachel's Cry – A Journey Through Grief

Pain becomes bearable when we are able to trust that if won't last forever, not when we pretend that it doesn't exist.

Alla Bozarth-Campbell



OUR CHILDREN LOVED AND REMEMBERED



MARCH 2007

Erika Rachel Tritsch Barlow
10/17/68 – 03/25/95
Brandon James Baysingar
03/19/87 – 03/30/02
Christopher Allen Beshires
03/01/75 – 07/10/04
Robyn Bryan
07/01/75 – 03/03/04
Nancy Ruth Creery
03/06/77 – 12/10/99
Hunter Ryan Davidson
04/12/91 – 03/05/04
Angela Gayle Dodd
03/24/78 – 02/26/01
Charles "Chad" Wilson Eatherly
03/04/78 – 03/05/99
Alexandra Mae Sutton Ellsworth
01/10/03 – 03/04/03
Jillian Kate Frevert
03/05/87 – 11/02/04
James "Jamie" Wade Gillespie
02/15/77 – 03/15/95
Jeremy "Jer" Gingery
6/14/82 – 3/18/06
Darren E. Gray
9/28/81 – 3/20/05
John Calvin Hayes, Jr.
03/10/74 – 01/06/97
J.T. Johnson
10/23/87 – 3/21/06
Heather Kam
10/16/73 – 03/25/01
Todd "Hayes" Kent
03/14/85 – 01/27/02
Kyle William Kiihnl
03/20/85 – 05/05/02
Peter Henry Kling
09/12/67 – 03/12/83
Zachariah Moubasher
03/11/04 – 04/01/04
Samuel Moubasher
03/11/04 – 04/02/04
Daniel Alexis Muldrow
03/28/83 – 05/30/00
Carter Lee Murray
03/12/76 – 09/26/92
James Earl "Jim" Nordan
03/31/77 – 04/04/95
Wade Robinson Pennebaker
03/18/80 – 04/25/04
William Shae Pierce
12/30/97 – 03/20/01
Kaleigh Ann Bogard Riordan
02/09/00 – 03/25/00
Kristopher Ray Rogers
02/10/78 – 03/04/01
Olivia Grace Rogers
03/27/02 – 05/17/02
Ellen Sarah Hyman Rose
06/05/46 – 03/01/96
David Alan Shaw
12/26/67 – 03/18/95
Paul Christopher Smith
02/05/73 – 03/06/04
Tommy Smith
12/09/73 – 03/18/00
Mark Adam Stallings
02/28/79 – 03/06/02
Jay Swamy
03/02/78 – 07/31/03
Hannah Olivia Thody
08/27/02 – 03/18/03
Heather Thorne
09/23/76 – 03/27/05
Michael Allan Tiburzi
03/22/68 – 07/19/89
Matthew "Mat" Scott Tremblay
03/21/86 – 02/07/04
Samuel James Trucks
10/10/01 – 03/30/04
John George Walgrave
03/25/41 – 01/03/00

Thomas & Sharon Tritsch
James, Peggy, & Travis Baysingar
Johnny & Virginia Miller
Karen Gale
Pres & Kitty Creery
Brad & Kathy Davison
Brad & Sandra Dodd
Charles & Cheryl Eatherly
Robert & Rita Ellsworth
Owen & Lynne Frevert
Sandra Gillespie
Jean Gingery
Ron & Wanda Gray
Rita Oaks
Johnny & Tammie Johnson
Roxanne Anderson
Scott & Beth Hall
Kathi Wright
Joan Kling
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
Toni Muldrow
Seldon & Carolyn Murray
Earl & Joyce Nordan
Cliff & Leslie Acred
Robin Martin
Lucy Pennebaker
Todd & Dawn Pierce
Kevin & Lisa Riordan
Tracy Peterson
Michael & Emily Rogers
Jerry & Yvonne Bohnert
Erin Bohnert
Jerry & Estelle Hyman
Charles & Rita Shaw
Robert & Teresa Liles
Patrick & Linda Smith
Dale & Sylvia Stallings
Al & Kala Swamy
Josh & Janine Thody
Jack & Peggy U'Ren
Allan & Karen Tiburzi
Nancy Tremblay
James & Erin Trucks
Debbie Sater
Miriam Croegaert

Jamal Duan Walker
07/13/81 – 03/07/00
Marchello Walls
12/29/81 – 3/22/06
Eric Flynn Wolf
03/26/70 – 06/14/99
Steven Andre Woodard
06/25/80 – 03/24/02
Michael Brooks Bell
04/09/82 – 09/19/99
Cristy Darlene Buford
04/07/78 – 12/02/95
Eric R. Calvin
06/19/88 – 04/11/01
Jacqueline Jean Thompson Carroll
04/12/51 – 11/25/98
Jonathan William Carter
11/17/86 – 04/14/04
Richard Aaron Cohn, M.D.
11/19/49 – 04/04/83
Hunter Ryan Davidson
04/12/91 – 03/05/04
Tripe Graham Detamore
04/08/93 – 07/04/93
Jamie Elaine Doyle
04/28/76 – 05/05/02
Scott Alan Elrod
05/07/82 – 04/04/00
Joshua Foust
01/19/87 – 04/09/04
Michael Paul Fultz
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Jessica Sue Gafford
04/10/78 – 11/28/95
Jennifer Anne Gafford
04/10/78 – 06/20/99
Aaron Scott German
06/10/85 – 04/23/04
Sarah Emily Griffith
04/01/82 – 12/06/02
Abigail "Abby" Louise Hamric
04/10/95 – 09/23/99
John David Hatch
11/01/73 – 04/24/01
Jocelynn Sarah Tina Holmes
05/09/02 – 04/26/03
Traci Anne Leonard
09/12/65 – 04/17/82
Bruce Daniel McSparrin
04/01/94 – 10/03/99
Kyle Morden
04/24/83 – 11/06/02
Zachariah Moubasher
03/11/04 – 04/01/04
Samuel Moubasher
03/11/04 – 04/02/04
Ashley Danielle Muriel
04/08/97 – 07/17/98
James Earl "Jim" Nordan
03/31/77 – 04/04/95
Susi Norris
01/13/44 – 04/01/00
Wade Robinson Pennebaker
03/18/80 – 04/25/04
Martin Justin Perry
08/17/80 – 04/13/01
Acquina LaShae Ralston
06/14/96 – 04/30/05
Teresa "Terri" Lanette Sax
11/08/83 – 04/24/00
Audrey Elizabeth Southall
04/12/83 – 08/05/87
Roger Randall Sullivan
4/25/53 – 4/30/05
Natalie Emma Elizabeth Thomas
04/17/92 – 05/04/92
Cullen Lee Waddell, III
06/29/83 – 04/24/03

Charlie Mae Walker
Beverly Walls
Sandy Wolf
Andrew & Linda Woodard

APRIL 2007

Don & Kathy Bell
Bob & Johnnie Buford
Chris & Teresa Calvin
Jack & Dot Thompson
Beth Carter
Dorothy Cohn
Brad & Kathy Davidson
Wade & Anita Detamore
James & Virna Ruth Doyle
Larry & Gwen Elrod
Cathy Foust
Paul & Nancy Fultz
Troy & Lee Anne Gafford
Troy & Lee Anne Gafford
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Lowell & Betty Salmon
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Ken & Rebecca Hamric
Debbie Hatch
David Hatch
Karen Johnson
Janet Zimmerman
Karen R. Taylor
Pri Morden
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
Steve & Shaun Moubasher
David & Holly Muriel
Earl & Joyce Nordan
Cliff & Leslie Acred
Robin Martin
Polly Arnold
Lucy Pennebaker
Gail Haley
Vonell & LaSonja Ralston
Tommy & Christy Sander
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Bobbie J. Sullivan
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Lee & Kathy Waddell
Randy & Kelly Fears

 **LOVE GIFTS** 

Love Gifts are tax-deductible donations to the Chapter in memory of your child, grandchild or sibling or in honor of a loved one or friend. Our Chapter depends on these donations to help us reach out to others by sending the newsletter, purchasing books, brochures, and tapes/videos for our library, educating others about what we do and maintaining our relationship with the TCF National Chapter. Thank you for your support.



Faye Eubanks

In memory of her son Raytheon D. "Ray" Perry

In Remembrance of Drew

Have you ever thought of what would happen if you died? Most people our age don't usually think about dying. Hopefully, you won't need to think about it for a long time. I probably would never think about it if tragedy had not struck my family. My brother, Drew, died on October 9, 1999 from injuries he received in a car accident. Drew was real funny and nice. He always cared about other peoples' feelings. In fact, right before his accident, his classmates voted him class favorite. Some of my vivid memories of Drew have started to fade away. Though I do remember some things like how we used to wrestle and how he played with me. When I was younger, I used to say that Drew had my favorite face, meaning that he was my favorite person in the world. He was a pitcher for Collierville High School and he was a great athlete. Drew will always be remembered for many things. My little sister is named after him. Her middle name is Drew. The high school's new baseball field is called the "Drew Lawrence Memorial Ball Field" and they also have a baseball tournament named for him. There is also the Drew Lawrence Memorial Scholarship that is given to one lucky Collierville High School senior baseball player. The most important thing that Drew will be remembered for is being a donor. Drew always believed in the importance of being an organ donor. When Drew got his driver's permit, he marked on the back that he wanted to be an organ donor and made sure everyone knew. Ironically, a week after doing this, he was in need of a liver and kidney transplant to survive. He was number one nationwide on the transplant list. He received the organs, but died before they could perform the surgery. Because of his injuries, he was unable to donate his organs, but he was able to donate tissue, veins, and bones. Because of his donations, two people were able to get hip replacements and two people received bones and tissue for back surgery. A fifteen-year-old athlete received tissue for ACL repair. In all, eight people were helped by his donations. I want to share some interesting facts for you to think about from the Mid-South Transplant Foundation

and the National Kidney Foundation. There are currently over 93,000 people waiting for organ transplants nationwide. Nearly 4,000 new patients are added to the waiting list each month. In the Memphis area alone, there are 548 people waiting for an organ. Last year, 28,108 Americans received an organ transplant, setting a new national record. That means each day about 77 people receive transplants. Sadly, about 19 people die daily while waiting for transplants because there is a shortage of organ donors. Approximately 10% of patients currently waiting for liver transplants are young people under the age of 18. One organ and tissue donor can help save or improve the lives of as many as 50 people. If you are interested in being an organ or tissue donor, please make sure your family and your doctors know your wishes. Once again, what would happen if you died? Would you take your organs with you or give someone else the chance to live? Give the gift of life, be an organ and tissue donor. Always remember this famous line "Don't take your organs to Heaven; Heaven knows we need them here." If you would like more information on being an organ and tissue donor, please contact the Mid-South Tissue Bank or the Mid-South Transplant Foundation. Thank you for your attention.

Tyler Lawrence

Written in memory of his brother, Drew Lawrence

Tyler is a 6th grade student at Collierville Middle School, Collierville, TN. Tyler wrote this as a speech assignment and presented it at Collierville Middle in 2006. Tyler was asked by the faculty of Collierville Middle to represent their school at the Shelby County Competition. Tyler won first place for his project and will compete in a Regional Competition in Haywood County in 2007.

In three words I can sum up everything
I've learned about life, it goes on.
Robert Frost

You may send your Tax-deductible Donation to:	The Compassionate Friends
	P. O. Box 38653
	Germantown, TN 38183-0653
Child's Name _____	
Parent's/Grandparent's/Friend(s) Name _____	
Love Gift (Any Donation Amount) _____	
In Memory Of _____	
On The Occasion Of _____	

I Remember, I Remember

In the spring, when the first crocus pokes its head out of the frozen ground, I think of you and I remember. In the summer, when the blaring heat wilts the rose petals and paints unsightly cracks in the ground, I think of you and I remember. In the autumn, when the trees are ablaze in the glory of fall and my shoes make crackling sounds as I walk, I think of you and I remember. And in the winter, when I stand at my window to watch a blizzard whirl snow around my grief and loneliness then, too, I think of you and I remember.

Joy Johnson

I wish you gentle days and quiet nights. I wish you memories to keep you strong. I wish you time to smile and time for song. And then I wish you friends to give you love, when you are hurt and lost and life is blind. I wish you friends and love and peace of mind.

Sascha

Our losses change us and change the course of our lives. It's not that one can never again be happy following an experience of loss; the reality is simply that one can never again be the same.

Anne Kaiser Sternes, Living Through Personal Crisis

The Compassionate Friends
P.O. Box 38653
Germantown, TN 38183-0653

March/April 2007



Our Next Meetings: March 1st, April 5th

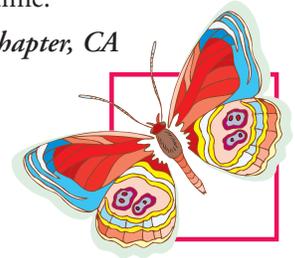
The clock of life is wound but once, and no one has the power to tell just when the hands will stop at late or early hour. Now is the only time you own; live, love, toil with a will; place no faith in tomorrow, the clock may then be still.

Roz Davies

If Only, One More Time

To hear your voice loud and clear; to see your image as if you're here; to feel your warmth like you are near, if only, one more time. To hear you call, "Mom, I'm home," to keep me company when I'm alone; to watch you run and grab the phone, if only, one more time. To watch you sit quietly and read; to buy you things you say you need; to see you do a thoughtful deed, if only, one more time. To find a note written by you; to walk upstairs and trip over your shoe; to comfort you when you're feeling blue, if only, one more time. To feel your arms in a soft embrace; to see that smile upon your face; to understand when you needed space, if only, one more time.

Vicki Richey TCF, Orange County Chapter, CA



Printing of our newsletter is provided by Paulsen Printing Company, Jim and Judy Paulsen, Owners; In Loving Memory of their son Randy.