



# The Compassionate Friends

Greater New Orleans Chapter  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

VOLUME 5, ISSUE 4

April 2023

Chapter Leaders: William and Millie Hunton 504-265-0581 Email address: [tcfnola@gmail.com](mailto:tcfnola@gmail.com)

## SAVE THE DATE

**TCF Greater New Orleans Chapter Butterfly Release and Picnic**  
**Saturday, April 22, 2023 11:30 a.m.**  
**Lafreniere Park – Children’s Memorial Garden**

Bereaved families, relatives and friends who have experienced the death of a child are invited to attend The Compassionate Friends’ Annual Butterfly Release and Picnic in remembrance of all beloved children who have died. The picnic begins at 11:30 a.m. at The Compassionate Friends Children’s Memorial Garden. The garden is located behind the Foundation Center in Lafreniere Park. The picnic is a time to gather and socialize, to play, and to be family. Families are asked to bring their own food, tables, and chairs; or just bring a blanket to sit on. You may come for just the Butterfly Release ceremony scheduled to start at 1:00 p.m. There will be a program of readings, poems, and music. We will have 300 Painted Lady butterflies for our bereaved families. The butterflies are nestled in specially designed envelopes. It is an exciting and impressive sight to share as the envelopes are opened and the butterflies take flight! If you wish to bring a dessert to share, please do so by bringing individual serving items.

**A memorial table will be set up for framed pictures to be placed during the event. Please bring a framed picture of your loved one for our Memorial Table.** For more information, please contact William or Millie Hunton at 504-265-0581 or email [tcfnola@gmail.com](mailto:tcfnola@gmail.com).

\*\*\*\*\*

## THOUGHTS ON EASTER, BEFORE AND AFTER

Well...here we are again; another day that for many is a major holiday. It feels like it really was not that long ago that we were bombarded with the November/December holiday army that descended on us! Perhaps this is the first holiday since your child, sibling, grandchild, or other loved one died. Whether you are a new griever or a longtime one, or the holiday is Passover or Easter, Christmas or Hanukkah, Halloween or the 4th of July, we never forget that a loved one is missing from our family gatherings. No matter the days, months or years since they left us much too soon, it is always difficult.

**Continued on Page 3 – See EASTER**

\*\*\*\*\*

**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.**

\*\*\*\*\*

**BIRTHDAY RECOGNITION:** Birthdays can be found on “Our Children Remembered” page. We do encourage both you and your family to come when it is your child’s birthday month, to share your child with all of us with photos and memories. You will receive a special birthday gift in memory of your child. Bring that treasured picture of your child that always makes you smile so we may smile with you. Refreshments in honor of your child, grandchild, or sibling are welcomed.

### NEXT MONTHLY MEETING:

**April 10, 2023**

**Lafreniere Park Foundation**  
**Center Conference Room**

**7:00 – 9:00 pm**

**2<sup>nd</sup> Monday of every month**

### UPCOMING MEETINGS:

9 Jan 23	13 Feb 23	13 Mar 23
10 Apr 23	8 May 23	12 Jun 23
10 Jul 23	14 Aug 23	11 Sep 23
9 Oct 23	13 Nov 23	11 Dec 23 ZOOM

### REGIONAL COORDINATOR

Denise St. Pierre  
504-460-2970  
[denisestp12@gmail.com](mailto:denisestp12@gmail.com)

### NATIONAL OFFICE

The Compassionate Friends  
48660 Pontiac Trail # 930808  
Wixom, MI 48393

[nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org)  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)  
877-969-0010

### UPCOMING EVENTS:

#### **Butterfly Release**

April 22, 2023 – held in the Children’s Memorial Garden in Lafreniere Park

#### **Memorial Walk and Auction**

October 14, 2023 – held in the Children’s Memorial Garden in Lafreniere Park

#### **WorldWide Candle Lighting**

December 10, 2023 – Held in the Foundation Center Patio in Lafreniere Park

To all those newly bereaved, who are receiving this newsletter for the first time and to all our Compassionate Friends, we wish you were not eligible to belong to this group, but we want you to know that you and your family have many friends. We, who received love and compassion from others in our time of deep sorrow, now wish to offer the same support and understanding to you. Please know we understand, we care, and we want to help. **You are not alone in your grief.**

**Meetings are held the 2nd Monday of each month at the Foundation Center Conference Room in Lafreniere Park at 7:00 P.M.** We are a self-sustaining organization with no funds except what we receive through donations from members and newsletter recipients. Please join with us at a meeting.

**Grief support after the death of a child**

The Compassionate Friends is a national non-profit, self-help support organization that offers friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. There is no religious affiliation and there are no membership dues or fees.

The secret of TCF's success is simple: As seasoned grievers reach out to the newly bereaved, energy that has been directed inward begins to flow outward and both are helped to heal.

The vision of The Compassionate Friends is that everyone who needs us will find us and everyone who finds us will be helped.

**Big Thanks to Our Steering Committee**

**Contact:**

**Phone: (504) 265-0581**  
**Email: [tcfnola@gmail.com](mailto:tcfnola@gmail.com)**  
[www.tcfneworleans.com](http://www.tcfneworleans.com)  
**1104 Colony Rd**  
**Metairie, LA 70003**

Chapter Leader	William Hunton
Chapter Co-Leader	Millie Hunton
Special Advisor	Denise St. Pierre
Treasurer	Isabel Vigne-Miranda
Facilitator	Millie Hunton
Newsletter Editor	William Hunton
Webmaster	William Hunton

**Steering Committee: William Hunton, Millie Hunton, Denise St. Pierre, Isabel Miranda-Vigne, Jan Dutilh, Linda Provance, and Dena Peters.**

**Denise St. Pierre, Regional Coordinator**  
 (504) 460-2970

TCF National (877) 969-0010

[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

**The Meeting Agenda**

**7:00 p.m.** - The meeting will begin with a short introduction followed by lighting of candle and then reading of the Credo. Remembering our children's birthdays of the month. Then followed by smaller groups of sharing.

**8:45 p.m.** - Meeting will close by recognizing our children's names. Feel free to visit with each other and check out a book from our library.

**Newsletter Submissions:** TCF Greater New Orleans welcomes all submissions to our newsletter. Send articles, poetry, love messages and scanned photos to: **TCF GNO, 1104 Colony Rd., Metairie, LA 70003**. You may also text photos and messages to 504-251-1938. As our chapter is only funded by your donations, we ask for a donation of **\$15** or more for a dedication for our newsletter. This is tax-deductible. We reserve the right to edit for space and/or content. Deadline for submissions is listed below. TCF Chapters may copy articles from this publication provided credit is given to the author and the original source. Errors and Omissions: Please notify me if any of your information is incorrect. Thank you!

**Newsletter Dedications to be put in our newsletter are due the 20<sup>th</sup> of each month.**

**A Newsletter Dedication:** is a special page dedicated in memory of your child with a poem or writing that you submit.

**A Love Gift:** is a short one or two sentence message in your child's memory.

\*\*\*\*\*



**BIRTHDAY CAKE:** Our child's birthday is still such an important day to us bereaved parents. In TCF this is where we can celebrate our child's birthday and remember the love we still have for them no matter how long it has been since they died. Our members are welcomed to bring a cake or individual snacks to recognize their child's birthday. Notification is not necessary, but you are welcome to inform me, **William Hunton (504) 265-0581**. Please bring necessary utensils as the facility does not offer any items in this matter.

\*\*\*\*\*

**TCF Greater New Orleans Memorial Candles and 3" Photo Buttons**

We are asking for donations of \$20 per candle. Candles will have 3 photos, name, dates, and an LED insert.

We are asking for donations of \$5 for each button or \$12 for three buttons.

Email Your Child's Photo to [tcfnola@gmail.com](mailto:tcfnola@gmail.com) or call William Hunton (504) 265-0581 for info.

Candles and/or photo buttons will be delivered to the next meeting if info is received 72 hours before meeting.

Please make checks payable to: TCF – GNO, 1104 Colony Road, Metairie, LA 70003.

## EASTER (cont.)

This time of year, my family celebrates Easter. I remember the busyness of those Easter weekends...last minute shopping for something I forgot for one of my children's Easter outfits...freaking out that I didn't have enough can for their baskets and running from store to store to find everything horribly picked over; trying to find clever hiding places for them (not too hard for the little ones or too easy for the older ones who weren't ready to give up "believing" in the Easter Bunny so they could still get candy); getting up early to watch said children find them; rushing around getting all of us ready for church, and cooking an Easter dinner for 25...it was chaotic and crazy and I was exhausted by the time everyone left. And, though I wouldn't have believed it at the time, I miss it and would do it all over again in a heartbeat! I didn't know then that I would look back at those days with longing...when our family was complete, before the unthinkable happened and Nina died suddenly and then Chris some years later. Those days of innocence gone forever...never to spend another holiday happening with all of our children together ever again...

As the years have gone on, I now try to remember a holiday memory that makes me smile. This is not always easy, especially early on. But in time the good memories become easier to find. You may find that hard to believe, no matter where you are in your personal grief journey. I know I thought the same...but it really did happen." For example, right now I am thinking about the fact that Nina just loved those awful marshmallow Peeps...they almost make your teeth hurt they were so full of sugar! She was the only one who liked them so I bought them especially for her. She liked when they got hard on the outside but still soft in the middle. To me, they were the yuckiest of Easter treats! But not to her...she loved them! I thought about how she would have gotten a kick out of the Peeps diorama contest held through our capital city's newspaper, the St. Paul Pioneer Press...or maybe she would have thought it was a waste of a lot of good Peeps that could have been eaten : ) Anyway, thinking about that made me smile. If Easter is your springtime holiday, someday you too will think of things from Easter's past that makes you smile too.

Now, Easter is more than just bunnies, dying eggs and filling Easter baskets to our family. I remember the first year after Nina's death that I really thought--probably for the first time in a very long time--about what I felt was the true meaning of Easter. At least, what it meant to my family and myself. And because of that, Easter became, for us, a holiday of hope. We believe that the promise of Easter was that we would see Nina, Chris, Mom, and all our other loved ones again, who are now gone from our sight but never our hearts. It doesn't mean that we don't miss them fiercely and wish they were here. We will always want them here with us; that our unthinkable losses had never happened! It just means that, down the road, the "awfulness" we felt earlier on our grief journey very gradually has lost some of the power it held over us.

May a time come soon that your memories bring more sunshine than rain, more smiles than tears. Though there will still be some bitter lingering with the sweet, you will eventually find reasons--in your own time, no matter how long it takes-- to remember the love and the laughter too.

CATHY SEEHUETTERTCF, Nina's Mom

\*\*\*\*\*

## What Are The Odds?

It was 2004, and our oldest daughter, Jessica, had decided she would travel to England and hitchhike across the countryside. As parents, we were objective to the idea. She was barely 18. We understood her intentions to go back to the country where she was born, but it just didn't sound safe. So, we suggested that we could make a family trip out of it. The four of us, mom, dad, Jessica, and Chelsea.

Our daughters were born in England as my husband, William, was stationed there with the U.S Air Force. Jessica was born at RAF Mildenhall in the base hospital, but Chelsea was born in Ipswich in the municipal hospital. The remainder of their childhood was spent in Canada and Germany before retiring in New Orleans. So, the thought of going back to the country where they were born seemed pretty exciting.

William planned the trip. He arranged the flights, rental car, and places to visit. We wanted to visit all the places we had seen while living in England when the girls were too young to remember. And the first stop was Blenheim Palace. Blenheim Place is a great country house located in Woodstock, Oxfordshire, England, and is the birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill. We had taken hundreds of pictures throughout the trip, but one of the most memorable were the ones standing at the courtyard gate with this majestic palace in the background. The trip was ten days in England and ten days in Germany. Truly the best family vacation we had ever taken after retiring from the Air Force.

Years have passed. It has been four years since we lost Chelsea in 2016 to an accidental drug overdose. Words just could not describe the horror of that day...such a beautiful girl filled with love and zeal for life. She indeed had a passion for fine art, fashion, and fun. And then gone!

William and I manage, but it is not easy. Some days are difficult beyond description. We do what we can to carry on the way Chelsea would have wanted us to do. And we occasionally get some signs. The odd penny in a place where you would never expect it to be. The passing by of a butterfly when it truly touches your heart. Missing her is an everyday event of every minute of every hour. But then there was that one event where you have to ask yourself, "What are the odds?"

It was the beginning of Mardi Gras, 2020. William and I and my good friend Leslie decided to spend the day in the French Quarter in New Orleans just to tour the sights and then watch the parades that evening. We planned a late lunch in one of those quaint restaurants in the French Quarter known for its famous BBQ Shrimp dish. There was a line to get in with a 45-minute wait. But what else did we have to do? The café had less than a dozen tables, most seating only two or four people each. But there was that "one" table. A large table. It could comfortably seat eight, and it was the only one.

It was Coop's Place on Decatur Street. It has that rustic look with a bleached masonry and high archways above the windows. We entered the doorway, and the hostess asked, "How many in your party?" "Three," I said. She sat us at the large table. We sat on one end with room to spare. The atmosphere was typically New Orleans, rough grouted slate floors, masonry walls, and the smell of a bar that never closes. It wasn't known for its quiet atmosphere. It was robust with life, music playing, people chatting, bartenders, and waitresses calling out orders. It was definitely the kind of place Chelsea would have loved.

We had only just sat and started to absorb the ambiance of the café. We were still taking in the sights and sounds when the hostess arrived with a party of four who settled in on the other end of the only big table in the room. There was plenty of room, and the addition of new patrons to the table made it more homely. They were two couples, friends, and casually dressed. I kicked off the conversation, "Are you locals?"

They commenced into their adventure, explaining they were here for the weekend. They were from Atlanta and decided to visit New Orleans when they had the opportunity of a 99 cent bus trip from Atlanta. We were all in astonishment and all laughing. One couple boasted, "Yeah, I offered to pay for the travel as long as he paid the lodging." Guess you just can't beat a deal like that. After the laughter calmed down, I stated, "Oh, what a coincidence, we are going to Atlanta in July."

I went on to explain that after the passing of our daughter, Chelsea, we had joined an organization called The Compassionate Friends (TCF). And that we were going to the National TCF Conference in Atlanta since my husband and I have become the Chapter Leaders of the Greater New Orleans Chapter. Maria responded with awe, "Oh, I know that group. I had been involved with them a few years after I lost my sister to suicide." We all sat back for a few seconds with a moment of silence. But it didn't take long before Maria said, "Just a sec, I have a picture to show you."

Maria pulled out her iPhone and started flipping through the photos. "Oh, here it is," she said as holding out her phone. My jaw dropped. I looked up and saw William's wide-open eyes with that look of astonishment. A picture we knew so well, an image we cherish still today. It was Chelsea in her winter coat with the fur hood up, standing at the courtyard gate with that majestic palace in the background, Blenheim Palace. But, how could this be? It was Maria's phone.

Maria, not knowing what we were experiencing at the time said, "This is my sister in England." "I know, isn't that Blenheim Palace?" She confirmed it was, while I was thumbing through the photos on my phone. Then I showed Maria. She looked, but there was no reaction. The bustling and noise continued in the room, but we heard nothing. There was only silence at our table; we were in a bubble, concealed from the rest of the world. Maria looked up, our eyes met, and tears started flowing down both our cheeks.

What are the odds? This couple had traveled all around the world. We had done the same. Yet, each of us held in front of us a picture of our loved one. Our loved one who had died too soon. The photos were the same. Each image showed our loved one in a winter coat, fur-trimmed hood snugly wrapped around her head, each standing in front of the same gate of the same palace in the same country at the same time of the year. The similarity in the photos was astounding, breath-taking, and almost frightening.

We shared other photos and talked about our travels, but the conversation always came back to these two photos. What are the odds that we had such similar photos, lived so many miles apart, but was destined to sit at the same table in the same restaurant at the same time? Then someone mentioned "Divine Intervention."

Could it be so? Could these two girls have conspired to bring us together? Was our meeting a mere chance? It truly makes you wonder. We attribute this event as Chelsea's most potent sign to us so far. This could not have happened just by mere chance. So, we look back and say, "Thank you, Chelsea."

**By Millie Hunton, Co-Leader, TCF Greater New Orleans Chapter**



**NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**

***Chelsea Marie Hunton***

**April 17, 1986 ~ October 17, 2016**



**Happy Heavenly 7<sup>th</sup> Birthday Chelsea**

Over six years has passed and our hearts are still aching. No one can give us the comfort we crave by bringing our Chelsea back. We desperately desire to hold you in our arms, to hug you, to kiss you, and to hear your sweet voice again. At times, I feel you are near and must know how much we miss you and what is happening in our lives. But, our dreams have the power to momentarily bring you back to us. We often feel your presence in our dreams where we would visualize her taking our hand and we would wrap our arms around her, not wanting to ever let her go. We sit quietly alone, listening to her voice, touching her hand, kissing her face, and seeing the sparkle in her beautiful blue eyes. We would picture her free from life's problems, all her ailments, and her suffering. Now, being free to pursue the glories of Heaven. But, after awakening from the dream, we plunge back to darkness and gloom. Her death was sudden and we continue to feel horrible with such a broken heart that we were not with her to comfort her as she went through such pain of feeling she needed to turn to drugs. Chelsea left this life too soon and we would have given anything to prevent her death. Chelsea's death left a deep and lasting impact on those she touched. We keep her alive in our memories picturing her beautiful smile, her happy soul, her gust for life, and her constant desire to help others. As time passes, the pain dulls. But, we will never be as we were before. Her death has changed us as her parents, and nothing could have prepared us for the heartbreak of losing our child. Many days have gone by and memories are all that we have. We continue to say her name and talk about our beautiful memories we had together. Somehow, we continue to go forward. We are strong, we are weak. Grief doesn't go away. But just remember you are always in our hearts and one day we will all be together again – as long as we breathe you'll always be remembered.



*Love Mom & Dad*



Dedication sent in by Millie and William Hunton



**NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**

*Sean Barringer*

**April 2, 1996 – April 26, 2018**

**Empty Places**

I drove the old way yesterday.  
It'd been a while, you see.  
And there, without a warning,  
the pain washed over me.

I drove the old way yesterday  
and sadness came on strong,  
taken back by so much feeling,  
since you've been gone so long.

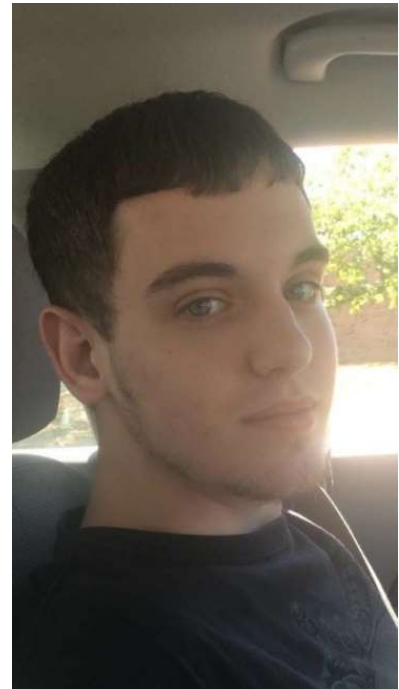
Places seem to lie in wait  
to summon up the tears,  
to say remember yesterday,  
those days when you were here.

Places where you laughed and played  
are places where I cry.  
These places hold the memories  
that will live as long as I.

Genesse Gentry, TCF Marin County, CA, In Memory of Lori Gentry

Dedication sent in by Hugh Barringer

*Love you, Dad*



\*\*\*\*\*

**NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**

*Amina*

**April 13, 2016 – October 17, 2017**



There has never been a day when I don't miss and long for you, my beautiful baby Amina.

It's so hard for me to imagine that you'd be seven years old, when you left at just one and half.

I always keep wishing for you-- wishing I knew the person you would have become, the milestones you didn't get to celebrate, all the things that were stolen from you.

And then of course there are the ways your death has shaped me, and the many parts of myself I wish I didn't know or wasn't as familiar with.

Yet, because of grief, and in your name, we can pour much more compassion into the world. Help children when they are most vulnerable and whisper your name. Make tiny efforts to make this planet better, and picture your face before me.

I miss your laugh and I miss your love and I miss the soft fuzz on your hair rubbing against my cheek when I carried you. The weight of you. But I'm so grateful you're still on my heart.

I love you forever. Happy Birthday, my beautiful sweet baby, Amina. You are present every day.

I love you forever, *Love, Mama*

Dedication sent in by Monika





**NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**  
*Zane Rainier Vicari*

**12 April 2011**

**Countless....Endless....**

Countless times have I cried just saying your name.

Endless hours have I wasted away dreaming of what you could've been.

Countless times I have screamed into a pillow so Daddy couldn't hear me.

Endless tears I've shed sitting all alone in a room.

Countless time I've needed to talk myself out of it.

Endless times I've wanted to hold you.

Countless times I've seen someone's pity on their faces.

Endless times I've needed to take a deep breath before I talk about you.

Countless are the days, hours, minutes, second until I get to see you again.

Endless is the sorrow that I feel without you here with me.



Some days are ok my little love and some days are extremely difficult. The time I get to see you gets closer everyday but still not yet. We miss you more than I can ever explain and I love you with all of our hearts.



♥ Momma & Daddy



Dedication sent in by Jerrie and Jason Vicari

\*\*\*\*\*

**LOVE GIFT DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**

*Lisa Ann Eschmann*

April 22, 1973 ~ February 15, 1981

*With all of our Love*



**LOVE GIFT DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**



***Tynia C. Alexander***  
April 10, 1977 ~ May 14, 2008  
*With all of our Love*



\*\*\*\*\*

**NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**  
***Jessica Talley***  
**April 28, 1984 – January 31, 2021**



in by Jerrie a



January 31<sup>st</sup> made two years that my beautiful daughter Jessica gained her wings and went to her eternal home. We didn't know we only had 36 years to make memories, but because of Jess we have so many memories to keep alive. She taught me so much in life! Her attitude was always positive even during her last days. She taught me to live life to the fullest, and most of all, to always have faith and hope, and to always stay close to your family and friends. Jessica was the best mother to her sweet little girl! While I was blessed to have Jess for 36 years, her daughter only had four years with her mother. In those four years, Jessica devoted her whole life to Loving and caring for her little girl. Thank you Jessica for loving me and for being my best friend. You gave me the courage and strength to keep breathing and living. "Everything will be okay". Fly high my baby girl and until we meet again please keep watching over all us every day.

*Love you with all my heart. Mom.*

Dedication sent in by Cindy Lacour

\*\*\*\*\*

**Save the Date! 46th TCF National Conference!!**

We are very pleased to announce The Compassionate Friends (TCF) 46<sup>th</sup> Annual National Conference in Denver! TCF's National Conference is an enriching and supportive event for many newer and long-time bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. Attendees come and find renewed hope and support, as well as strategies for coping with grief, all while making friendships with other bereaved people who truly understand the heartbreaking loss of a child, sibling, or grandchild. Lifelong friendships are often formed and rekindled each year at TCF conferences.

Unique and cherished highlights of our conference include our heartfelt Saturday evening Candle Lighting Program, Sharing Sessions, Keynote Addresses, Healing Haven, Butterfly Boutique, Crafty Corner, and Silent Auction. Our weekend of inspiration, sharing, and learning is followed by the Walk to Remember on Sunday morning.

This year's conference will be held at the Sheraton Denver Downtown. Many attendees arrive on Thursday since the conference begins early on Friday morning. We also have pre-conference activities that are offered on Thursday evening, that attendees find beneficial. We look forward to seeing you in Denver!





**NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF**  
**John "Jay" Joseph Lawson V**  
**April 26, 1988 ~ June 27, 2021**



**Happy Heavenly Birthday**

To My Son, Happy 35<sup>th</sup> Heavenly Birthday  
 Each year on this special day I celebrate your birth, Jay.  
 Today and always will never become just another day,  
 I will remember and honor you in every special way.  
 I will treasure the memories of your birthdays I was able to share and  
 get you through,  
 You are with me still in everything I do.  
 Having to live this life without you in it is a pain I wish I never knew,  
 But each day that passes brings me closer to you.  
 There will always be Sadness, Heartache, Grief, Pain, and Tears,  
 That will never go away no matter the years.  
 I cherish and hold onto what you mean to me,  
 How much you mean to me you can now see.  
 Every day of every hour I miss you more and more,  
 The hole in my heart and emptiness I feel I cannot ignore.  
 You are always in my thoughts and how much I Love you so,  
 I'll never get over having to let you go.  
 Please continue watching over us all from Heaven above,  
 The memory of you will forever live on with our never-ending Love.  
 I would give anything to be able to hug you, kiss you, hear your voice again,  
 But for now, I close my eyes and I can see your face, Until then.  
 Love you Always,

*Mom, Codi and Margaret*





# MEMORIAL NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN MEMORY OF *William E. Laderer, IV*



October 17, 1990 – April 11, 2021



*To My Baby Brother:*

*"If tears could build a stairway,  
and memories a lane.  
I would walk right up to Heaven  
and bring you back again.*

*No farewell words were spoken,  
No time to say "Goodbye".  
You were gone before I knew it,  
and only God knows why."*

*Forever Missing and Loving You My Baby Brudder,  
your sister, Jolie*

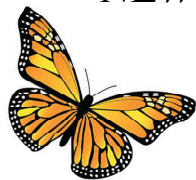
*Words cannot express how much I miss you and the void that will always  
exist. I am grateful for your legacy because I get to enjoy your smile in  
your son and it brings comfort. I love you with all my heart, my brother.*

*I love you with all my heart and miss you, Billy. . Your sister,  
Noelle*

*Billy, Life is just not the same without you here, but I will see you soon! With all my love, Ma*

Dedication sent in by Andree Charvet

\*\*\*\*\*



# NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF *Tabitha Hingle Duvernay*

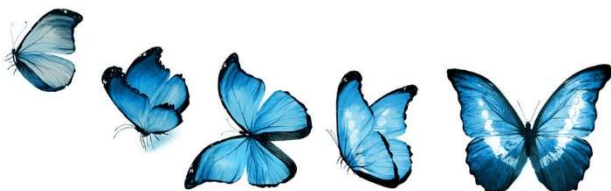
April 4, 1980 ~ December 1, 2021

My days and nights are filled with missing you.  
There are moments I have to breathe harder to keep  
going.  
I pray for strength to keep me going so I can see your  
children through their special moments in life and that the  
good lord allows me to see your eyes in your future  
grandchildren's eyes.

*Love and miss you*

*Mom*

Dedication sent in by Cindy Masters



## THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CREDO

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. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow. We Need Not Walk Alone. We are The Compassionate Friends.

.....

## 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*



## Our Children Remembered



### Angel Birthdays

Chad Wershbaile	Apr 1	Son of Debbie Wershbaile; Sister of Brandi
David Allen Ashton, Jr.	Apr 1	Son of Patsy and David Ashton, Sr.
Sean Barringer	Apr 2	Son of Hugh Barringer
Lindsay Nichols	Apr 2	Daughter of Jolene Dufrene; Mother of Peter
Tabitha Hingle Duvernay	Apr 4	Daughter of Cindy Masters
Rennie Lee Coludrovich, Jr	Apr 5	Son of Lana Coludrovich
Marc Lundberg	Apr 7	Son of Olie and Anna Lundberg
Aaron Stephen Lopp	Apr 9	Son of Sonya Batten
Tynia C. Alexander	Apr 10	Daughter of Charlene Alexander; Sister of Rickie, Jr., and Tiphane
Challing Eugene Albert	Apr 11	Son of Liz and Stephen LeBlanc
Zane Rainier Vicari	Apr 12	Son of Jerrie & Jason Vicari
Jessica Lynn Smith	Apr 13	Daughter of Connie Smith
Amina Gerhart Hambrick	Apr 13	Daughter of Monika Gerhart-Hambrick
Jeremiah Palmisano	Apr 15	Brother of Amanda Palmisano
Jonathan Miller	Apr 15	Son of Darwin and Dawn Miller
Chelsea Marie Hunton	Apr 17	Daughter of William and Millie Hunton; Grand-daughter of Joe and Sharon Meyers
Laura Whittaker	Apr 21	Daughter of Karen Whittaker
Lisa Ann Eschmann	Apr 22	Daughter of Nancy and Dennis Eschmann
Brandon J. Bartholomew	Apr 23	Son of Ellen Bartholomew
Paul –Anthony A. Fenasci	Apr 25	Son of Nicole Fenasci
John “Jay” Joseph Lawson V	Apr 26	Son of Christi Vercher
Jane O’Neal Dixey	Apr 27	Daughter of Rusty Dixey
Jessica Talley	Apr 28	Daughter of Cindy M. Lacour
Mary Lee Bonura	Apr 29	Daughter of Judy and Dominick Bonura
Andres Pelaez	Apr 29	Son of Nancy and Armando Pelaez; Br of Alejandro, Daniel and Felipe

### Angel Anniversaries

Brent Ashley Isenberg	Apr 2	Son of Sandra and Jack Isenberg
Nancy Elizabeth Lamantia	Apr 3	Daughter of Pat & Steve Lamantia
Paul Mills	Apr 3	Son of Susan Monroe
Chad Sievers	Apr 4	Son of Debbie and Keith Schexnayder
Heather Ashleigh Butler	Apr 7	Daughter of William and Elizabeth Butler
Nicole “Niki” Gustin	Apr 9	Daughter of Annette Gustin; Niece of Ann and Richard Folk
Andrew Banks	Apr 9	Son of Margaret and Andrew Banks
Monica Lynn Savoie	Apr 9	Daughter of Susie and Ron Savoie
Amielyn Cortez Melancon	Apr 10	Daughter of Eugene Cortez, Jr.
Billy Laderer	Apr 11	Son of Andree Charvet
Rene Pierce	Apr 11	Brother of Prashanti van Calsem
Zane Rainier Vicari	Apr 12	Son of Jerri & Jason Vicari
Joseph “Joe” Sauvinet	Apr 17	Son of Sherry and Eric Sauvinet
Destinie Fate LeBlanc	Apr 21	Daughter of Jolene and Mark Conlin
William M. Cain, Jr.	Apr 21	Son of Vicki Cain
Sherrell Ann Gorman	Apr 23	Daughter of Charlene Gorman
Erskine Rockie Webster III	Apr 24	Son of Charisma Bennett; Grandson of Sandra Webster
Sean Barringer	Apr 26	Son of Hugh Barringer
Dawson A. Theriot	Apr 28	Son of Sheri Theriot
Michael Baker	Apr 26	Son of Shoneka and Alexander Hamilton



### **Phone Friend List**

*Our listeners are willing to listen, understand, and share.*

504-454-3293 – Melva Duhon, son, 41, suicide  
 504-456-8248 – Patsy Ashton, son, 24, drug overdose  
 504-559-2438 – Jaimie Kimball, sibling, 12, vehicle accident  
 504-265-0581 – William and Millie Hunton, daughter, 30,  
 accidental overdose