

The Compassionate Friends Of Northeast Arkansas

Healing Hearts Newsletter


Up on the hill at Southside Community Church, in the Conference Room.

2211 Jones Road, Paragould, AR.

Email: tcfontheastarkansas@yahoo.com Webpage: tcfontheastarkansas.weebly.com

Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/tcfofnea/>

Our next meeting is September 12, 2013 at 7:00 P.M.

Inside This Issue		Quarterly Article from author Dawn Kidd
Article from author, Dawn Kidd	1	 <p>It was over a week ago that my body began to get sore. Soon after, I was running a fever and felt the effects of congestion. I headed to bed and stayed there for three days. When my fever broke, I had expected that I was on the mend. Waking up each day after, I had not improved much from what I had been the day before. The only words my husband heard me mumble repeatedly were, "I should be better by now!". The truth of the matter is I have a virus that just needs to run its course for another week. So, I try each day to gain more strength and work to rebuild my lowered immune system.</p> <p>In our process of grief, we can sometimes approach our pain in the same way. Well meaning family or friends may make us feel that we should be "over" things. We might even begin to tell ourselves, "I should be over this by now!". Just as I have more time of rest, the process of grief takes time. A hurting heart cannot recover, instead, it learns new ways to survive. Time does not heal all wounds like many people will tell you. Time allows your heart to understand, but never heal.</p> <p>Some people are afraid to go to a Compassionate Friends meeting. They have a fear that speaking of their loved one will un-do all the ground they have gained since their loved one passed. They also fear that they are alone in their feelings, or may become embarrassed if their emotions are revealed. This is not necessarily the case. When we are surrounded by others that have walked the same path we have, there is a bond of understanding and compassion that forms. It may hurt to hear the stories that others may tell, or to even tell our own stories, but in the end, help is always found. New friendships are formed and a sense of normalcy is found. Never allow anyone to tell you about your process of grief. Only you can determine what is appropriate for you. Daily triggers and reminders will make some days seem impossible, while other days will pass without recollection. Understand that like sickness, there is no way to predict when you will feel better.</p> <p>As I continue my road to health, make a promise to yourself. Promise that you will not ask more of yourself than what should be expected. Do not feel that you should be better ~ you are in the middle of a long road ahead. Progress is measured in moments during the process of grief. Plan to attend a Compassionate Friends meeting. Find friends and create lasting memories that your loved one would be proud of. After all, it truly is all about them!</p>
The Most Important Rose. A True Story	2	
The Most Important Rose. A True Story	3	
The Most Important Rose. A True Story	4	
Grandparents Day	5	
Telephone Friends & Upcoming Events	6	
Note from Chapter Leader, Tony Baker	7	
Lawrence County	8	
Balloon Release & Walk To Remember		
2014 National Conference	9	
TCF of NEA Picnic & Walk to Remember	10	
Our Children Remembered	11	
Love Gift Envelope	12	

If the future
seems overwhelming,
remember that it comes
one moment at a time.

~ Beth Mende Conny




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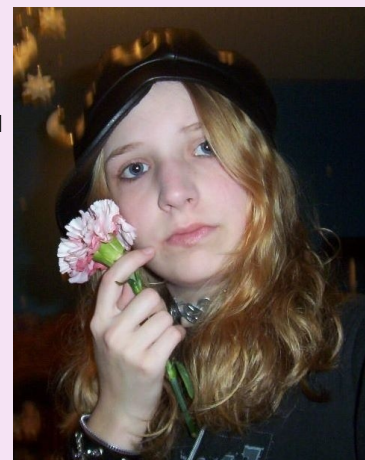


Note from the newsletter editor: This story was written by my daughter, Amber Lenox, shortly after the loss of a friend's daughter. I want to include this story because it is told from the perspective of a teenaged girl and how it affected her. Amber is also the sister of my daughter, Melissa, who died in 1985 at the age of 15. Amber was not born before Melissa died and never knew her. The death of the baby in the story is a true story, and affected everyone who was involved with sweet Gracie's short life. It's taken Amber seven years to finish this story. It's rather long, but each word is essential to the story. I inserted this note because on the last page is a picture of little Gracie Layne. Some people may prefer not to see the picture of this baby who was born so prematurely, and died so soon after birth, and that's OK if you prefer not to see it. I believe the parents of babies who were miscarried, or died shortly after birth, or stillborn, are often the forgotten bereaved. It's as if people think the parents will soon forget about the life, however short, or that it didn't matter. Rest assured, it matters every day for the parents.

The Most Important Rose

Written by Amber Danielle Lenox

One day, when I was 18 years old, my mother and I went to the hospital in our little town to visit my sister, Meredith. She had to stay overnight for a hysterectomy. Hospitals tend to make me a bit nervous, but at this point in my life I'd, of course, never experienced issues with visiting a loved one for support. We walked through the double doors into the cold lobby with high ceilings and gave a smile and nod to the receptionist as we passed through. However, as we traveled up the stairs and rounded the corner, I never could have anticipated what would happen next. The smell of this place was enough to make my head spin. It's not necessarily an unclean scent, but one of desperation, fears, and loss. It smells like sickness. The fluorescent lights blinded me and the smell filled my soul with memories. The sickness and sadness engulfed me as I slowly placed one foot in front of the other. Misery and hope lingered in those halls. I started seeing things in slow motion. Suddenly, a harsh reality slapped me in the face- due to the fact that Meredith was in the hospital to have a hysterectomy, her room was in the maternity ward. For most people this would not be a significant detail, but to me, it presented itself as a rude awakening. I didn't know it before that moment, but I couldn't stand being in that place. It was something that I physically, mentally, and emotionally could not handle. A flash of something struck me and sent chills up my spine. I stopped immediately as if I'd hit some imaginary brick wall. I could feel my face becoming red hot, my palms clammy, and my knees shaking. I could feel a few tears, held off by mere will, trying desperately to escape my head. I don't think my mother realized what was happening to me at that moment. She knew what it looked like to see me in the middle of a panic attack, but why the maternity ward? Why right there, at that moment? She only said, "What's wrong?"



My eyes darted around the scene and took it all in: Nurses' station, waiting area, the room built for viewing newborns, and those large, scary double doors. Along with every place and every object came a separate vision. Each flashback became more and more intense and I felt like I couldn't breathe. It was at that point in which Mom recognized my terror. She took hold of my clammy hand and a part of me faintly heard her ask me if I wanted to leave. I told her that Meredith was waiting for us. In the back of my mind, I began to feel self-conscious. I considered the people who could see me standing in that hallway- an eighteen year old girl about to throw a tantrum in the middle of the maternity ward. I wanted to prove that it was possible for me to move on. I tugged her arm like a child to indicate that we should continue.

If you've never had a panic attack, it's completely impossible to imagine the pain. To me, it feels like I've lost all hope and all control. My body goes into tremors, and I feel like there is an elephant sitting on my chest. Everything around me becomes intensified and I am reduced to the most insignificant piece of trash on Earth. I don't know how much of this my sister saw that day when she looked at her baby sister. I don't know how much it mattered. I can't remember anything about my sister that day. I can't tell you what they said, or when she'd be coming home. I was a shaking, sweating ball of fear. I simply stared hard into the corner of the room at an apparition that was not actually present. We did not stay at the hospital long. When we arrived to the safety of the car, I let out a million tears. My mother sat with me while I cried it all out and she held my hand and helped me to calm myself. When it finished, we began our trip home. I told Mom everything I saw in the hospital that day. I told her all of the feelings that I thought I had buried deep, yet rose all too easily to the surface. In order to understand what happened at the hospital that day, I have to back up a couple years to my adolescence and to the event that prompted my new-found fear of maternity wards. I often pick out moments in my life that were clearly the most influential in shaping who I am now and who I will become. I line up these experiences and catch glimpses of them in snapshots. Some of these are very sharp and focused, and others rather blurry. I grasp tightly not to lose these memories among all of the pieces of life that I absorb on a day-to-day basis. Some of these recollections are merely brief side notes. I see my childhood home and the forest behind it, sprinkled with rain, as I ran deep into it searching for sanctuary from an argument

Continued on page 3



between my parents. Some of the snapshots represent the memories I will never forget- reflections which are much greater mile-markers. I can see the audience at my high school graduation ceremony as I marched out, glancing up toward the faces of my family members as they cheer me on. I can see my first love mouthing out the words, "I love you," as he smiled down at me. As I sort through these pictures, whether they be haunting or exciting, one memory always projects itself to the forefront of my mind. For a long time, this memory remained preserved by a rose, which symbolized everything I knew about living through such a tragedy. This delicate pink rose rested in a pretty little vase on my dresser for years.

My intentions are not to trace over every event in my adolescent years and pretend that they all held significance. I am not sticking pictures in my scrapbook. The man I married days after graduation (and then separated from a year later) does not matter. My favorite place nestled between the trees that made me feel so safe was eventually destroyed to widen the highway, yet also does not hold value to this story. I want to tell about a baby girl that touched so many more lives in a day than most people accomplish in a lifetime. I want to talk about the love and the pain we all felt and still feel and the way it changed my life. I am ultimately an outsider in the play of these events. This baby was not mine to carry. She was not my sister, my cousin, or niece. She is, however, a part of me, and continues to glisten in my mind and my heart even long after she left this Earth.

When I was a teenager, Nikki and Plaid were my two closest friends. Relax; her name is not actually Plaid. Someone gave her this nickname when she was around 13 years old because she was wearing plaid pajamas at my house for a sleep-over. Somehow, the name stuck like glue, and she became "Plaid." Her real name is Sarah, but to me, she will always be Plaid. For several years the three of us were always together. Nikki has been like a sister to me since pre-K and we stayed attached at the hip from day one, but Plaid came along later. We met her when she was 12 and Nikki and I were 14. Nikki's cousin was dating Plaid's mother, but Nikki began referring to Plaid as her cousin immediately. Plaid and her mother moved into Nikki's great-grandmother's old house that was nestled in the middle of the endless fields near Nikki's house. At first, I only heard stories about this Sarah girl. They rode four wheelers out in the fields all the time and I was so jealous to have to share my best friend for the first time. Naturally, I hated her before I ever met her. However, immediately after I was introduced to Plaid, my hatred transformed into pure love. Some natural component in our hearts and brains just clicked together like puzzle pieces and our little group was complete.

Even though she was a little younger than us, Plaid was very mature and intelligent. She was the most free-spirited person I had met at that point of my life. We spent every possible free minute together. The three of us started wearing "weird" clothes and bracelets up to our elbows. We held hands everywhere we went. I have always had a reserved personality, but when I was with my girls, none of us cared what anyone thought of us. We just did whatever we thought would be fun at that moment. We brought Plaid's snake along when we went driving around town with the intention of scaring the boys (it works, by the way). We would get bags of sundae nuts from fast food restaurants and throw them at random people who, to our credit, usually thought it was funny too.

Plaid liked to write, just like I did. We also were both teenaged insomniacs. For Plaid, this started when someone hit her in the head with a dodge ball in gym class, which left a permanent injury. She had to take medication for seizures and frequently fell ill with intense headaches. I still can't figure out my issue. I simply couldn't ever sleep well and still have the same problems. Due to these insomniac tendencies, Plaid and I would stay up all night writing and taking pictures. We got so close that our handwriting started looking identical and we would have to figure out in the morning who wrote which poems.

Back then, Plaid took care of me. Whatever the crisis, she was always there to fix me- to come to my rescue. I met my first love the year I turned 16 and he cheated on me for the first time within the first few months. Plaid was always the one I came crying to. No boy could ever be good enough for one of us, though. The three of us became each other's fortress. We knew no matter what some guy did to us we would love each other forever without conditions. I discovered a lot about myself during those years and at the time I believed it was because I learned that I was bipolar and I started battling some emotional issues that were very trying at times. Now I know it was because these were the best years of my life. We took care of each other, which was very important once the storm clouds rolled in.



Amber, Nikki and Sarah (Plaid)

While we were being silly teenagers, Plaid's sister, Heather, got married and soon after, pregnant with a baby girl. We were all excited. None of us knew that we were about to go through one of the hardest emotional

Continued on page 4



trials of our lives. We soon learned that there was a problem, and the doctors worried that Heather would not be able to carry the child to term. At the time, this didn't occur to me as a serious issue. Nikki was born at six months and survived in 1988. We believed that 16 years of medical advancement were on our side. One incident occurred in which Heather had to be rushed to the hospital going into labor way too early. They managed to stop it in time, but it presented us with a scary reality. We began to count the weeks like trophies, cheering her on. "Come on; baby Gracie, only a few more months to go!"

Right before the beginning of winter that year and 4 months before baby Gracie was expected to arrive, I received a call from Nikki. They had rushed to the hospital early that morning. Heather was in labor. Never before and never again had I experienced such sadness and panic from hearing that one of my friends was about to have a baby. I could hear the desperation in Nikki's voice. No one was celebrating, and sweet Nikki couldn't stop crying, "It's just too soon... They don't think she's going to make it. Can you come here?"

I don't even remember getting dressed. I don't remember asking Mom to drive me. Everything just happened. When I arrived, my dear friends were in the waiting room alone. Nikki was crying and praying. I can still see her rocking back and forth with a bowed head in the floor of that waiting room. Plaid was still and staring at the dull walls with an empty expression. The hours that followed could have defined a whole lifetime's worth of emotion. We reached a new level of denial. We were defiant. We simply wouldn't allow that baby to die. We would pray and God would save her and show us that he is merciful. We prayed so hard that day that reality began to slip away. We held each other and cried so often that I didn't believe I'd have any tears left after it was done. Nikki told me repeatedly that she planned to make tiny pink infant socks for Gracie- little bitty ones that would fit her premature feet. She hadn't made them yet, but she would. Gracie had to live so she could wear those socks her cousin made for her. We built logic out of thin air and naïve hope. Anything we could tell ourselves would suffice as long as the story didn't end with a newborn baby dying on her first day on Earth. Everything was plausible except God taking this child from her mother.

Ultimately, all of our hopes and wishes existed only in our heads. Gracie was born, and then died hours after her arrival. They dressed her up in this pretty pink frilly dress. It was the dress that Heather wanted to bring her home in, and now she couldn't. We all took turns going in to see her. Gracie's mother and grandmother were crying softly in the room. I could tell by looking at her that all of our hopes were far from justified. From her skin, to her eyes, and her tiny feet, nothing was developed enough to present a full-formed child. It didn't matter what she really looked like, though. To us, she looked like a beautiful baby angel sleeping in that room.

My mother said she would come to get me. She told me to give the family room to grieve. I told Mom that I couldn't leave Plaid. My friend didn't have to say a word for me to see the hopelessness in her face. She looked so tired, so defeated. I knew she hadn't eaten or slept and I took her home with me to make her better. I wanted to take her away from the death, and I wanted to give her sanctuary. I would have done anything to ease her pain. As soon as she came in, I fixed us some macaroni and cheese, but when I brought it back to my room she was already asleep. I placed a blanket over her and watched her sleep for a moment. I wondered what she was dreaming about. Could she have been dreaming about baby angels? That night Plaid and I stayed in our fortress together and didn't talk much about the heartbreak that occurred earlier in the day. We did what we always did- played some music on my computer and wrote new poems in our notebooks. That night the first snow of the year fell and we watched outside the window in awe. I always thought it happened just for that baby girl. A blanket of snow fell clean and fresh as if it could erase our heartache and the world would become new again. I wanted to help Plaid escape but I know that neither of us could escape those thoughts of loss, life, and death. I thought about pink socks.

So, when I line up the snapshots of memories of Gracie in my mind, I see a portrait of those teenagers crystal clear. I see three girls standing in a dreary graveyard on an overcast day with tears streaming down their faces. I see us all holding hands as if it would keep us from falling down- as if it could save our faith. We buried a perfect little girl in her pretty pink dress. Even her name rings like a bell in my heart- Gracie Layne. I took a rose from her funeral and placed it lovingly in a vase on my windowsill. I never took it out of that vase, which was in the shape of a hand that held the rose in place. Sarah stayed with me a lot during that winter. She even spent Christmas with my family. Life kept going, somehow, and Heather went on to have a healthy baby boy. His name is Mikey.

I don't know if I ever told Plaid that I panicked in the hospital when I went to see Meredith. I probably did, but that's not important. I probably didn't tell her that my counselor told me that the event may have caused my depression (which I do not believe in the slightest,) but that doesn't matter either.

End and picture continued on page 5





The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas



Healing Hearts Newsletter

I cried uncontrollably when my ex-husband smashed the vase and through the rose away after I left him, but truly, this is irrelevant. The memory is the detail that holds significance. When I look back at my life and see these pictures, the one of Gracie is full of love.

In loving memory of Gracie Layne Robbins, 2004



Grandparents Day is September 8, 2013

The grandparent-grandchild relationship is very special. When a grandchild dies, the grief of grandparents is complicated because not only do they mourn for their grandchild, but they also feel the hopelessness of not being able to take away the pain felt so intensely by the parents of their grandchild, one of whom is their own child. Both parents and grandparents have lost a part of their future.

Because grandparents love their children, they often are torn between this life and the fear of loving too much, lest they then lose a child or another grandchild. Grief over a death long past may resurface. Often, as in the multiple losses that may occur from an accident, the grandparents are grieving not only the loss of a grandchild, but also the death of a child in the same tragedy. Guilt may occur because the grandparents live on, while the young ones die. Grief is the price we pay. For living. Grandparents love both the grandchild who died and the grieving parents. As grandparents grieve and try to understand and support the parents, healing will take place. Just as love remains and will never leave, time will bring healing. Though they retain hidden scars, grandparents will recall the happy times they once shared with their children and their grandchild, and not just the tragedy and sense of loss. They have come to know.

Advisory Board Members

David Lange, Executive Director of The Paragould Housing Authority

Pat Graham, Associate Pastor LMSW

Melissa Phillips, Owner of Bren's Flowers

Crystal Baldwin, MSNFP-BC

Mariah Bryson, General manager of Zaxby's

Thank You All, Advisory Board Members

Meeting Time and Place

Southside Community Church
conference room, up on the hill
2211 Jones Road, Paragould
2nd Thursday of the month

At 7:00 P. M.



The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

Healing Hearts Newsletter



Telephone or email Friends

If you need someone to talk to.....

Toni Baker, 870-476-6025 or baker2205@msncom

Toni's son Jayson died in a motorcycle accident.

Linda Lenox, 870-573-6920 or linda@thelenoxfamily.com

Linda's daughter Melissa died in a flooded creek.

Jo Cook, 870-249-1290

Jo's daughter, Jennifer died in an accident with a train.

Upcoming Events!

TCF of NEA will host a family style picnic and "Walk to

Remember" at the large pavilion at Walcott State Park October 12th.

We will meet at 1:30 and TCF will provide meat main dish, baked beans, chips and drinks.

Guests are welcomed to bring a covered dish to share with the group

December 8, 2013 - Annual Candle Lighting Coincides with

National Worldwide Candle Lighting, Always held on the 2nd Sunday of December

The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

Has a Facebook Page!

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/tcfofnea/>

And a Webpage:

www.tcfofnortheastarkansas.weebly.com

The Compassionate Friends

State of Arkansas

Regional Coordinators

David and Dana Penn

870-759-1299

www.djdp32@hotmail.com

Our next 3 Meetings!

October 10, 2013

November 14, 2013

December 12, 2013

Mark Your Calendars!



The Compassionate Friends does not espouse any religious ideologies. Southside Community Church has graciously offered the use of it's conference room as a place for us to hold our meetings

Thank You Southside Community Church!



Note From Chapter Leader, Toni Baker

Greetings From Your Chapter Leader, Toni Baker

Fast approaching are the holidays and I'm sure some are getting anxious and nervous about them and you certainly have a right to be. Holidays are hard, especially with so many family gatherings and yet a loved one is missing. In the next few months we will be doing some special things at our meetings along with information on how to handle the holidays. Please keep in mind:

"WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE"!

If anyone has a special request for a meeting, please let me know and we'll see what we can do. If anyone ever feels like sharing a snack just let me know.

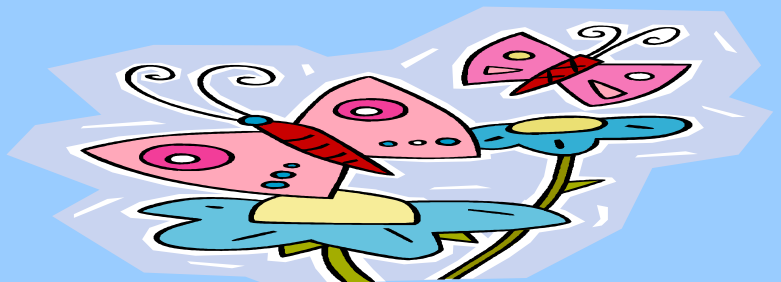
I'm so looking forward to **OUR FIRST ANNUAL "WALK TO REMEMBER" AND FAMILY PICNIC** on Saturday, October 12th. We will begin meeting at the Pavilion by the lake, at Crowley's Ridge Park at 1:30pm. TCF of NEA will provide the main meat dish along with chips, baked beans and drinks. If you would like to bring your favorite covered dish to share that would be wonderful.

The walk will consist of carrying our loved ones name with us around the lake. If you are not able to walk we will be more than happy to carry your child's name so all children will be remembered.

We are still looking for volunteers for grant writing, fundraising chairperson, help with mailing newsletters, and someone to keep up on making sure newspapers, TV channels, etc know about meetings and events. (Thank you Crystal Baldwin) on keeping up with the obits. Let me know if you are willing to volunteer for one of these responsibilities. Thank you!!

Looking forward to seeing you at this next meeting on Thursday, September 12th at 7pm. Any questions, please call me at 870-476-6025.

Love and Hugs, Toni





The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

Healing Hearts Newsletter



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS /
OF LAWRENCE COUNTY

Annual ~ BALLOON RELEASE & WALK TO REMEMBER

Saturday, September 21, 2013 @ 1:45 p.m.

Cavanaugh Chevrolet's Rock & Roll Hwy. Stage

The Chevrolet Main Stage will be behind Carpet World, in the parking lot across from the Community Room/Library, facing Regions Bank.

Beatles at the Ridge Music Festival

Downtown ~ Walnut Ridge, AR. www.beatlesattheridge.com



Balloons can be picked up @ TCF Booth

Contact : Dana Penn, Chapter Leader @ 759-1299



The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas



Healing Hearts Newsletter



From The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas and Lawrence County: If you are interested in going to the National Conference on the weekend of July 11-13, 2014, in Chicago, please let us know. Travel and lodging expenses must be paid by the people who want to go. We will have almost a year to save up for the trip.

Check with the National Office webpage for more details.
www.compassionatefriends.org

TCF 2014 National Conference

SAVE THE DATE: The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that Chicago, IL will be the site of the 37th TCF National Conference July 11-13, 2014. "Miles of Compassion through The Winds of Hope" is the theme of next year's event which promises more of this year's great national conference experience, which ended in Boston to a standing ovation at the Sunday closing. The 2014 conference will be held at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare right near the airport. We'll keep you updated with details here, on the national website as well as on our [TCF/USA Facebook Page](#) and elsewhere as they become available. Plan to come and be a part of this heartwarming experience!

[Workshop presenter submission forms](#) for the 2014 national conference in Chicago are now being accepted until October 15, 2013.

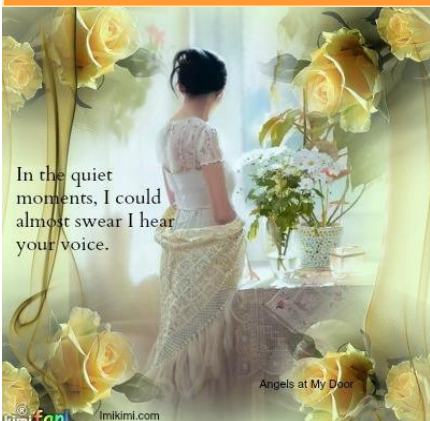
If you're seeking a way to remember and grieve for your child, sibling, or grandchild with people who understand and don't expect you to be "back to normal," give yourself a gift of hope and healing by attending next year's 37th Compassionate Friends National Conference being held in Chicago July 11-13. This is an opportunity to be surrounded by a safe-haven that comes along only once a year. See old friends and make new ones while learning coping mechanisms and skills that will help you and surviving family members through the rough times.

If you're not able to attend the conference, there will still be plenty of opportunities to participate in the event by ordering a unique conference memento, by creating a memorial website and raising donations for TCF and its chapters through the Friends Asking Friends® Walk to Remember program, or by submitting the name of a child to be carried by volunteers in the Walk to Remember. Stop back here for more on these opportunities!

Compassionatefriends.org

The Compassionate Friends Mission Statement

When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.



The Compassionate Friends
Supporting Family After a Child Dies





The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

Healing Hearts Newsletter



The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

1st Annual Family Picnic & Walk to Remember

October 12th, starting at 1:30 P.M.

At Beautiful Crowley's Ridge State Park,

In Greene County, Arkansas

In the big pavilion by the lake! Admission is free!

We will be grilling the main dish,

And providing baked beans, chips and drinks!

Everyone is welcome to bring their own, favorite covered dish!

We will have our "Walk to Remember" by walking around the lake in honor of our children gone too soon. If you are unable to walk, your loved one will still be included.

Door Prizes will be Given!!

For more information call: Toni Baker, 870-476-6025

Please call so we can have an idea how much food we will need





Our Children Remembered

Melissa Wilkinson	Jayson Baker
Cooper Catharine Porter	Nathan Kidd
Haylee Kidd	Nicholas Zurosky
Jennifer Cook	Timothy Lee Fitzwater
Samantha Cook	Shane Mathew Fitzwater
Jennifer Lee Hancock	Aaron Scott Boyer
Ashlyn Dunn	Isaiah Aidyn Queen
Annaya Marie Edwards	Shane Palmer
Tabitha Marsh	Steven Charles Garland
Stephanie Sluder	Timothy House
	Carter Smith
	Tyler James Tritch
	Terry Brown
	Jayden Wilkinson
	Caiden Billups
	Blake Howerton
	Andrew Wayne Myers
	Jon David Penn

If you would like your child added to this list, contact:

linda@thelenoxfamily.com



In Loving Memory...

There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends. We have all paid the ultimate price; the loss of our loved ones. Through "Love Gifts," parents and others who wish to help, may provide financial to support our chapter.

We appreciate these gifts and use them in our chapter's work to be there to help other people who have lost a precious a child, or grandchild, or brother or sister.

The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

We ask for donations in memory of our children who have died. Our activities support the grief work of families in our area. Our work also goes to educate the community about the grief process and how everyone can help and give emotional support to bereaved families.

Please help us help others by making a "love gift"

Tax deductible love gifts may be sent to:

TCF of Northeast Arkansas, c/o Toni Baker, chapter leader

2703 Stonegate Drive, Paragould, AR 72450

This page can be printed to form an envelope for your love gift. Fold as directed,

insert your check. and tape the ends closed

I would like to give a love gift of \$ _____ in memory of _____

From (relationship) _____

If you choose to give a love gift, please add your return address to receive your tax deductible receipt

May we acknowledge your love gift in our newsletter: Please Circle YES NO

If you would like your loved one's name added to our memorial page,

"Our Children Remembered" in our newsletter, Please submit the following information:

Child's full name _____

Your relationship _____

If you no longer wish to receive this newsletter, please check this box and return it to us.

Or email: linda@thelenoxfamily.com



The Compassionate Friends of Northeast Arkansas

2703 Stonegate Drive

Paragould, Arkansas 72450

Address Service Requested