



Newsletter of the San Diego
Chapter of "TCF"

The Compassionate Friends

*A non profit self-help organization
for families who are grieving the death of a child.*

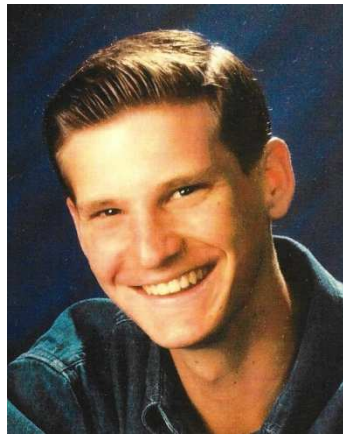
These pages Dedicated with Love to:



Kristina Michelle Bennett



Allen J. Kha

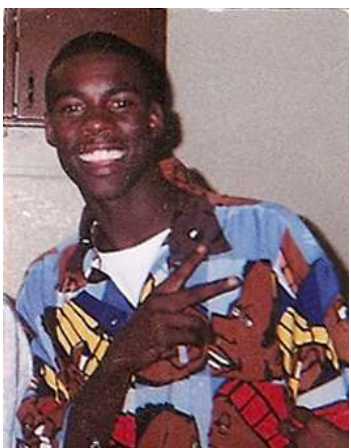


Ethan Estin Wozniak



Cynthia Lee Kessler

♥ Always In Our Hearts ♥



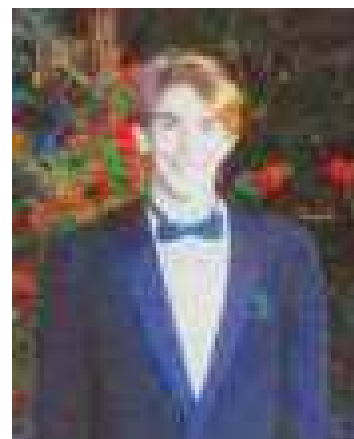
Richard Wilson



Joshua James Lubrich



Rick E. Pieramico



Craig Thomas Markley

San Diego Chapter of TCF
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(619) 583-1555
www.sdtcf.org

Chapter Co-Leaders
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P. O. Box 3696
Oakbrook, IL 60522-3696
Phone toll free (877) 969-0010
Web Site:
www.compassionatefriends.org/

**IMPORTANT NOTICE: Wednesday Meeting Location CHANGED see page 3.
Annual Holiday Candlelighting CHANGED see page 5.**



**November /
December
2019**

Issue 146

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**LOCATION
NEW
see p. 3**

Next Meeting

**Wednesday
November 6th**

**Wednesday
December 4th**

Donations and Love Gifts

Dedications and Love Gifts go towards the cost of: printing and mailing of this Newsletter; outreach activities to the newly bereaved; and other expenses necessary to continue our chapter in San Diego. These donations are tax deductible. Our sincerest thanks to all who honor their children in this way.

- ♥ Steve & Suzanne Wozniak — In Loving Memory of their son Ethan.
- ♥ Susan Wen & Long Kha — In loving memory of our beloved son Allen.
- ♥ Judy Markley — “In memory of Craig Thomas Markley also honoring Craig's father, Thomas Craig Markley who passed away on Jan 11, 2019. Father and son together again.”
- ♥ Gordon R. Collins — In Loving Memory of his daughter Cynthia.
- ♥ Marchell Crain — In Loving Memory of her son Richard. “Holiday Days Richard, we all miss you. Have a Blessed and Fantastic time in Heaven.”
- ♥ Hedy Pieramico — In loving memory of Rick Pieramico from Mom, Neil and Lisa "One of the hardest parts of healing after you've lost someone you love is to recover the you that went away with them."
- ♥ Yvonne & Lucien Bennett-Niang — In Loving Memory of their daughter Kristina. “HAPPY BIRTHDAY TINA. UNFORGETTABLE.” LOVE DAD AND MOM
- ♥ Sandi and Mark Terrell — In Loving Memory of Joshua. Happy 30th Heavenly Birthday Joshua!! To our beloved son & brother, Joshua: “We Love You and Miss You Forever and Always!! You will always be our "Jewel" in the family, one to be "Gone But Never Forgotten!" We miss you more with each passing day! You're still a part of everything we do; you're on our hearts, just like a tattoo, just like a tattoo, we'll always have you. Love, Mom, Dad, Best Friend Zachary and Stephane, Ryan and Kiersten with baby Lily Mae, Andrew and Virginia with baby Andrew Joshua and Austin Lee, Best Friend Jason and Brittney with baby Dylan Amir and Jayce Benjamin and Best Friends Forever, Persio!”

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".



Telephone Friends

Ever feeling blue and need someone to talk to, who understands and cares. Just pick up the phone and call:

LONG TERM ILLNESS Lynn Lyon
(760) 639-4601

ONLY CHILD Wendy Jones
(619) 371-2335

ALCOHOL RELATED Elizabeth Richardson
(619) 280-1832

PARA HABLAR EN ESPAÑOL David Bolaños Keyser
(760) 310-3632

Meeting Place and Times THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF SAN DIEGO MEETS ON

1st Wednesday of each month at 7 P.M. at:
North Clairemont Recreation Center
4421 Bannock Ave.
San Diego, CA 92117

From I-805 take Clairemont Mesa Blvd. head west, turn left (south) on Genesee Ave., two blocks, right turn (west) to Bannock Ave.; turn left into second driveway into parking lot.
(Recreational area) Enter building, meeting in room #2

Genesee Ave. runs north and south about one mile or so west of I-805 and can be accessed from Clairemont Mesa Blvd.; Balboa Ave.; or Hwy 52.

OF NOTE

The Compassionate Friends is not a religious organization. All bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents are welcome to TCF no matter your personal religious beliefs.

About Our Newsletter

Cost of printing and mailing our newsletters is expensive. Thanks to all of you who send in a Love Gift whenever you can, we are able to keep our monthly newsletters going. It encourages us when we hear from you.

We hope to hear from each of our readers sometime during the year. Your gift does not need to be a great amount to make a difference. It all helps...and it offers each of us the opportunity to remember your child, too, in a special way when we see his or her name. Each child touches our hearts, and in various ways, bonds us together.

To Place Child's Picture In Newsletter

If you wish to have your child's picture in our newsletter please use the Application / Love Gifts form on the back page. Recommended for Love Gifts is \$30. Donations / Love Gifts are always greatly appreciated.



Our Children – Loved, Missed and Remembered November & December

We remember the families of:



Birthdays

**Luis Walter & Teresa Carolina
Bernal, born 11-1**
Davey Johnson, born 11-2
Sammy Fishkin, born 11-2
Gregg Garon, born 11-3
Joshua James Lubrich, born 11-3
Sumi Suresh, born 11-4
Monica Castellozzo, born 11-7
Allen J. Kha, born 11-10
Jameson Connor Segel, born 11-13
Craig Thomas Markley, born 11-16
Rick E. Pieramico, born 11-19
Kristy Shoemate, born 11-24
Josh Forness, born 11-27
Eddie Diaz, born 11-27
Dylan Libby, born 11-28
Mikael Larson, born 12-2
Stephen Mathew Kraft III, born 12-4
Malini Elizabeth Sathyadev, born 12-7
Ronald Jack Drew, born 12-7
Tavion Jackson, born 12-8
Anthony James Shott, born 12-13
Rick Nolin, born 12-21
Milton (Danny) Smith, born 12-28
Jasmine Bellofatto, born 12-29
Ron Laverty, born 12-30

Anniversaries

Azja K. Ostrye, died 11-4
Mark E. Gannon, died 11-11
Gary R. Lopez, died 11-12
Alan H. Balsam, died 11-13
**Luis Walter & Teresa Carolina
Bernal, died 11-1**
Philippe Leyva, died 11-17
Reese Kaitlyn, died 11-19
Skip Anaya-Summers, died 11-21
Monica Castellozzo, died 11-24
Alan James Hein, died 11-25
Alexander Joseph Niazi, died 11-26
Allison Anne Dunn, died 11-30
Daniel R. Keyser, died 12-2
Christopher L Mariano, died 12-7
Justin Scott, died 12-9.
David Sullivan, died 12-9
Stephanie Johanna Westrich, died 12-10
Riley Gail Horgan, died 12-11
Vincent Glen Ruddy, died 12-13
Megan Ashley Landis, died 12-17
Marsha Cushing, died 12-19
Wallace Michaelson, died 12-19
Andrea Lynn Montisano, died 12-19
Ryan Kelley Spohr, died 12-20
Amy Sara Bowden, died 12-21
Andres Saputo, died 12-23
Jennifer Ann Donnell, died 12-24
Anthony James Shott, died 12-25
Ethan Estin Wozniak, died 12-26
Anthony William Bane, died 12-30

**Annual Holiday Program
And
Candle Lighting Ceremony**
“...and that their may always shine”
Sunday December 8, 2019
—Start Time—6:00 to 8:00 pm
—New Location—

Pioneer Ocean View United Church Of Christ
Fellowship hall
2550 Fairfield St.

Directions: From I-5 exit Clairemont Dr. east, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mi. to Fairfield St.
From Balboa Ave., exit Clairemont Dr. heading south, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. to Fairfield St.
Fairfield St. only goes south, follow to end, enter church parking lot. Fellowship hall is
to the rear, follow walkway.

Please join us as the light is passed on from the Mountain to the Pacific Time zone.
It is then passed on its 24-hour trip around the world in our children's memory.
This night is dedicated to our children. We invite grandparents, aunts, uncles,
brother, sisters and friends in this night of sharing.
If you wish, please bring a favorite food to share.



**Limited Readings
Two on program**

Creating Luminarias

In place of having individual readings this year, families/friends will have an opportunity to create a luminaria in honor of their son or daughter, brother or sister, or a grandchild. All materials will be provided and available at Dec. 4 monthly meeting and Dec. 8 day of candle lighting.

For more information contact:
Lisa Hohman 619-287-4253

Our children's photos will be shared in a video presentation. If your child's picture is not on our picture board and you wish it to be in the video presentation, please try to have it available by the November TCF meeting. Or email picture to: Norval Lyon 2zimba2@gmail.com or send by regular mail to: **Norval Lyon, 3754 Scenic Way, Oceanside, CA 92056.** Please no later than November 15.



David Keyser with Nivia Vazquez

At the last conference where Nivia was honored with TCF's highest award. Here The Keyser's celebrate with Nivia (Ruth taking this picture). Nivia and David work closely with the Spanish speaking people.

Part of the description below taken from: Program Book, 42nd National Conference.

NIVIA VAZQUEZ I Simon Stephens Award

The recipient of this award shall have made significant contributions that have fostered and furthered the philosophy of TCF by practicing or promoting its mission and goals.

When her oldest son Jose Francisco "Yoito" Barreto Vazquez died in a car accident on June 6, 1993, Nivia Vazquez was devastated. He had just graduated as a pilot from American Flyer's College in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida exactly the month before.

In addition to the help she received from health professionals she deeply needed to connect with persons who she could identify with and would understand what she was experiencing. She contacted The Compassionate Friends via a very close friend who ten years earlier had suffered the

death of his only son. After attending her first International Conference in Philadelphia in 1995 and with the support of four bereaved parents she chartered Los Amigos Compasivos in San Juan, Puerto Rico. She has been their Chapter Leader for nineteen years and has overseen the establishment of two additional chapters in the Island. Every year she coordinates the candlelight ceremony that is attended by 400-500 persons. She has secured donations for her chapter that have enabled it to further TCF's mission not only in San Juan, but also in the countryside where bereaved families are unable to travel to the San Juan meetings. Today it is the largest bereavement group for families that experience the death of a child, brother, sister or grandchild in the Island.

Within TCF she served two terms as Secretary of the Board of Directors, she chaired the Nominations Committee, the Diversity Commission, was instrumental in revising most of TCF's brochures for inclusiveness, is currently a member of the Finance Committee, and is chair of the Sharing Sessions Committee for the 2019 TCF Conference.

For years, Nivia has been translating TCF brochures into Spanish which provide a valuable resource and outreach service to Spanish-speaking and bilingual bereaved families. For the first time in TCF's history, she has been offering a workshop and sharing session for Hispanics/Latinos. She has presented a workshop on Diversity and was selected as one of 32 messages of hope in TCF's website in Spanish.

Through her chapter she was instrumental in providing water, TCF shirts, bags, literature and a shoulder to cry on to many families that were affected by the Pulse Tragedy in Florida and category 5 Hurricane Maria that devastated Puerto Rico.

Nivia was married to Jose Luis Barreto who passed away in 2008. She is also the mother of Roberto Jose Barreto Vazquez and is Teresita and Miguel's surviving sister and Myrna's cousin. She lives in Guaynabo, Puerto Rico.

MOON SETTING ON GRIEF, RISING ON WINSTON

By Carrie Clay

Light meeting dark. Slowly making it's descent. Can the light ever cover it up? Hmmm, cover what up? Is the light coming down to meet the dark or is the dark coming up to meet the light. How can I know? Loss is like that. Are we right side up or upside down? Does it make any difference? Is Spencer coming to meet me as the moon sets on the horizon out my window? Are you as close to me baby as I think and feel you are? I hope so. But just like the moon setting, I will never see exactly where the moon went. Did it just sink into oblivion, like I feel when I miss you everyday?

Nine years and it was yesterday. What comforts me is knowing you will always stay with me. You are not going to "move on". You want to be here and you are happy. Winston Spencer asked me last night to see the moon. Wow! How did he even know about the moon? He was adamant to see it. Amazing timing. And right after I finished this writing. So nice to know honey that you visit Winston in such an undeniable magical way. The next day when all he could find was the sun, he pointed to the sky and said, "goodbye moon".

We are so loved by you. You are our spiritual inspiration. You help when asked and often you don't even need to be asked. It took awhile, but finally the moon did set, taking the moonshine with it. I love to watch it, but feel a sense of loss when it is gone. The moonshine is like a white sparkling crushed diamond path from somewhere; or is it to somewhere? I know that if I stay up tonight again to watch it, it will be an hour later. Later every night until I just have to miss it. Just like you my baby. Just because I can't see you doesn't mean you aren't right here.

My Moonshine. The moon shines courtesy of the sun. If the sun went out we would see no moon. Whoa. This shows me the way. When You died, your light did not go out. Your light and spirit are available to me with every moon and ray of moonshine. Now I know why I feel so connected to the moon! Why, when I am camping, watching the moonshine, I move my chair to lay in its path. And why I stand in the light of the moon and can't get enough.



The moon doesn't consider one phase better than another;
She just glows equally stunning at each turn.

Why should I be any different? C. Rodgers



I DIDN'T SAY GOODBYE

Posted on October 20th, 2019

There simply wasn't time to finish the sentence or to make sure he had everything he needed: watch, money, schedule, notes, clean underwear. I had planned on having a nice, leisurely moment or two, simply gazing into one another's eyes, memorizing the lines that come in the crease of the face and breathing in the faint smell of soap and body talc. I had planned on a longer hug than I got, and I had planned on saying something more profound than, "Be careful."

But, as usual, the day got away from me, and even though it was early, I was already behind. So, in the end, it was the dash to the door and the hurried-up hug that separated us that day. A kiss on the cheek, a wave of the hand, and we were apart; each turning our attention to our separate appointments, meetings and tasks. I didn't get to say goodbye. It was, in other words, the beginning of another ordinary day in the hurry, rush-rush world we so comfortably live in. It was so ordinary.

But it was not to remain ordinary and now the entire world will long remember *that* day September 11, 2001 as a day of endings, a day of beginnings, a day of terror, a day of death. The bombings of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon and the aborted attempt at another site by terrorists flying jetliners loaded with men, women and children will take its place in history as one of the most horrifying terrorists activities of all time. To use

human beings as weapons of destruction is simply unthinkable, unimaginable, indescribable, inhuman, insane.

Forever, we are all changed. We weep for those who died, for those whose loved ones were lost in the destruction, for those whose hopes were crushed in the falling towers. We weep for those whose dreams of tomorrow will never be realized, for those who witnessed the horror and for those who felt it. We weep for those who lost their freedom, their spirit, their lives. We weep for ourselves as we realize how little we can save of any one day and how much hurt we can carry for one lifetime. We weep for the deaths of thousands and for the death of innocence for all of us.

It was just an ordinary day in early fall. And now, like so many other days, it is etched into the history books for the future to know. Each generation has had their historical marks to guide them through the passage of time and now September 11, 2001, has become one of those dates carved into the memory of every living soul. It was a dark day, and for many, the light has not yet returned. It began as such an ordinary day, and now I'm wondering why my own grief has come back these past months as I have watched those newly struggling with their hurts. Am I grieving again because I did not "finish" my own grief journey? Did I fool myself into thinking that I was "over" my own grief! Or, am I "re-grieving" because I simply ache for the loss of life, security and innocence for our entire nation?

I have listened to the news and read the accounts of those directly involved in the bombings and have shared their grief as they face their own uncertain futures. I have listened to the ache of thousands of hearts who, like me, didn't get to say goodbye that day. Sometimes, we never get to say goodbye, and at other times, we have the opportunity and it just doesn't seem to be the "right word." So much grief has been spent on not saying a farewell. So much additional hurt has been felt because someone did not get to say goodbye. It was an ordinary day, and there was no special reason to say goodbye. No one knew it would be their last day. Hardly anyone ever does. Over and over again, we have heard stories of cell phone calls made in the last horrifying moments to loved ones on the ground. We have read the stories of those calls made by

(Next page)

brave men and women as they faced their last moments of life. Sermons have been preached and poetry written about saying goodbye. As a therapist, I have listened to thousands of bereaved lament their last words spoken to loved ones, and so many of them wept in grief over not saying goodbye.

Why do we spend so much time and grief over not saying goodbye? Why do we wash away the words we did get to say over a lifetime of loving someone with the single lament, "But I didn't get to say goodbye"? Why are those words so important that the lack of them creates a lifetime of additional hurt and pain?

Twenty-five years ago I did get to say goodbye. I knew the end of our son's life was approaching, and I got the chance to give one last hug and say one last sentence. I got the chance to say goodbye and I *didn't* take it. In the last moments of my son's life, and years later, of my parents' lives, I did not say goodbye. Goodbye? Why would I want to say goodbye? I wasn't through saying hello!

With the very last breath of my son's life, I simply said, "I love you." I was able to be with my mom in her final hours, and I did not say goodbye. I said, "I love you." And although I was not with my dad when he died, the last words I shared with him as I left his home on what was to be his last night, I kissed him and said, "I love you." And that is exactly what those cell phone calls said, too. They called to tell the world what was happening and then, in the last breath, they said, "I love you!"

Let go of the hurt you are experiencing if you did not get to say goodbye. You would not have said it even if you had had the chance! You would have said, "I love you." Goodbye is simply too final, too harsh, too forever. Surely our loved ones knew we loved them. Surely our loved ones knew we cared. And even if you don't believe they knew, you can do something about that right now.

Go outside, find your special star, and with all your might, whisper, speak or yell out loud, "I LOVE YOU!" Trust me, the universe is listening, and your words of love will travel far to reach the heart of those no longer within hug's reach. I guess you could yell goodbye, too, if you really want to...but why? Why let the grief of not saying goodbye rob you of the memories of what you did get to say and how you lived your lives together? Why let not saying goodbye steal away the joy of knowing your

loved one was in your life and is still a thread in your fabric, to be woven forever around your heart?

Goodbye? I'd rather live my life so that my last words are, "I love you." We never know when an ordinary day will turn into a day that gets marked down in the family history as a not-so-ordinary day. But all of us can live our lives so we can leave with few regrets. Don't let the events of the past several months rob you of your hope, your passion, your joy in living. Let it become a lesson for all of us to live our lives as if there were only moments left...because that is all there really are anyway.

Moments...just moments, one after another, each special and sacred in its own way, each waiting to be etched forever on our memories or lost in the sea of millions of other ordinary moments. I learned so long ago that any moment can be the last one, so I no longer waste too many of my moments. Oh yes, there are days when I simply plod through the moments, not even aware of their passing. It often takes a cataclysmic event to shake me out of my reverie and reawaken me to the specialness of each moment. Hopefully, those shake-up events are not as devastating as those of September 11, 2001. But even that day can have meaning if each of us makes a commitment to never let another moment pass without our being aware of its passing. Take advantage of the moments we have and spend them wisely. Spend them saying, "I love you," instead of wishing you had said, "Goodbye."

I grew up military, married military and gave birth to military, and goodbye has always been a part of my life. But I gave up saying it long ago when I realized "I love you" lasts far longer and feels so much better. Goodbye? I'm not through saying, "Hello" and, "I LOVE YOU!"

Darcie Sims

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Bereavement Magazine

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January/February 2002

1-888-604-4673

www.bereavementmag.com



DARCIE SIMS

Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., CHT, CT, GMS was a bereaved parent, a grief management specialist, a nationally certified thanatologist, a certified pastoral bereavement specialist, and a licensed psychotherapist and hypnotherapist. She was an author of many books on grief and bereavement including *Why Are the Casseroles Always Tuna?*, *Footsteps Through the Valley* and *If I Could Just See Hope*. She was an internationally recognized and popular speaker having keynoted at numerous bereavement conferences nationally and around the world. She served on The Compassionate Friends (TCF) national board of directors and the Association of Death Education and Counseling. Darcie received the TCF Professional Award in 1999. She was president and co-founder of Grief, Inc. and Director of American Grief Academy. She also was Director of Training and Certification for Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors (TAPS). Sadly, Darcie died suddenly and unexpectedly in February of 2014.

IN THE FALL

When amber leaves are shed, softly, silently
like tears that wait to flow
I watch and grieve
My heart beats sadly
in the fall,
tis then
I miss you most of all.

*In memory of Vince and Gary from their Mom.,
Barbara Lopez*

First Thanksgiving

The thought of being thankful
fills my heart with dread.
They'll all be feigning gladness,
not a word about her said.

These heavy shrouds of blackness
enveloping my soul,
pervasive, throat-catching,
writhe in me, and coil.

I must, I must acknowledge,
just express her name,
so all sitting at the table,
know I'm thankful that she came.

Though she's gone from us forever
and we mourn to see her face,
not one minute of her living,
would her death ever replace.

So I stop the cheerful gathering,
though my voice quivers, quakes,
make a toast to all her living.
That small tribute's all it takes.

Genesse Bourdeau Gentry, from *Stars in the Deepest – After the Death of a Child*

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

I'm thankful this Thanksgiving
That my grief is not so new.
Last year it was so painful
To think of losing you.
Death can't claim my love for you
Tho we are far apart,
Sweet memories will always be
Engraved upon my heart.
Time can never bring you back.
But it can help me be
Thankful for the years of joy
You brought our family.
To all the parents with grief so new
I share your loss and sorrow.
I pray you find with faith and time
The blessings of each tomorrow.

Charlotte Irick
TCF, Idaho Falls, ID

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① OUR LOCAL WEB SITE

Visit the San Diego Chapter homepage:

www.sdtcf.org

Email: leaders@sdtcf.org

The San Diego chapter home page has information about our chapter and links to more grief resources.

TCF Regional Coordinator

① OTHER LOCAL RESOURCES

MADD 858-564-0780
Empty Cradle 619-595-3887

Survivors of Suicide
619-482-0297
info@SOSLsd.org

Bereaved Parents of the USA
www.bereavedparentsusa.org

Parents of Murdered Children
National 888-818-POMC
Local 619-281-3972

Alive Alone - for now childless parents
www.alivealone.org

① INFORMATION ON THE NET

Visit the TCF national homepage:
www.compassionatefriends.org

The national home page is filled with information and grief resources on-line. A "chat" room for on-line discussion with bereaved families is available.

Chat Room schedule:

Mon 9-10 pm EST: General Bereavement
Mon 10-11pm EST: Men's Chat
Tue 9-10 pm EST: Pregnancy and Infant Death
Thur 8-9 pm EST: No surviving children
Thur 9-10 pm EST: Siblings (Minimum age is 13)
Thur 10-11 pm: Grieving Alone (Single parents)

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Elene Bratton
jamiesjoy@simplynet.com
www.jamiesjoy.org

Tami Carter haley1@san.rr.com

TCF INFORMATION PACKAGE

If you would like to send an information package on TCF to someone you think could benefit, (either for themselves or others) phone 619-583-1555. Leave a message with your name and phone number and the name and full address of the person you would like to receive the package.

Be a compassionate friend

Our Lost Children's Photos for Newsletter

The recommended donation for your child's photo in our newsletter is \$30. Children's pictures will be in color. Donations and love gifts are always greatly appreciated.

WE WELCOME YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS



Deadline for submission to
the
January / February 2020
Issue of The Compassionate
Friend is

December 15, 2019

We warmly welcome your contributions, both original and inspirational writings. Please indicate sources of any non-original texts.



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies
San Diego County Chapter

3555 Rosecrans St. #114-569, San Diego CA 92110

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

November / December 2019

Love Gifts

Donations and love gifts in memory of your loved one enable us to reach bereaved parents with telephone calls and information, and help defray newsletter and mailing expenses. Please indicate any special tribute you wish printed in our newsletter. When making a donation, please specify the San Diego chapter. Make your checks payable to:

TCF, San Diego Chapter, 3555 Rosecrans St. #114-569, San Diego CA 92110

From: _____ In Memory Of: _____

TCF The Compassionate Friends *newsletter application*

New Address ☐

New subscription ☐

Remove from list ☐

☐ Please send newsletter by regular mail.

☐ By email, address _____

Your name: _____

Child's Full Name: _____

Address _____

Birth date: _____

City: _____

Date of death: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Cause: _____

Home phone: () _____

Your relationship to child: _____

Siblings/Ages: _____

☐ Yes, I would like my child's name to be listed on the anniversary pages of the chapter newsletter

☐ Yes, I would like my child's name to be listed on the anniversary pages of the chapter web site
If you have lost more than one child, please use a separate form for each child.