



# The Compassionate Friends

Supporting Family After a Child Dies



## Serving Upper Bucks and Montgomery Counties September 2016

**Quakertown Chapter**  
**PO Box 1013**  
**Quakertown, PA 18951**  
**Chapter Info Line: (267)**  
**380-0130**

[contact@TCFQuakertownpa.org](mailto:contact@TCFQuakertownpa.org)  
[www.tcfquakertownpa.org](http://www.tcfquakertownpa.org)

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**Remembrance & Thank You**

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

The Compassionate Friends is a nationally renowned 501 C (3) non-profit organization with 700 chapters in the US. All donations are tax deductible.

*The mission of The Compassionate Friends: 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.*



It is so hard to believe that summer is over! Even though summer is technically still here until September, the cool evenings we have been having, school starting, and football games being played are all signs that fall is here. And I love it!

To me, fall is the most invigorating time of the year. The crispness of the air, the beautiful coloration of the trees, the smell of leaf and wood smoke, the sky full of birds traveling south "talking" with one another as they go, are all part of this wonderful world we live in. I hope all of you will be able to feel and see the wonders of fall.

Sometimes we are so "down" and preoccupied with our child's death, and we are working so hard to just get through each day, that we are unable to appreciate what is going on in the world

around us. Try to take a few minutes each day and look around. If you can focus on a beautiful tree or leaf, smell the chrysanthemums blooming in the garden or bite into a fresh apple just picked and enjoy doing this for just a few minutes, it will make your day seem brighter. And, if you are up to it, go to a high school football game or a band competition. The enthusiasm of the young people participating in these events is contagious.

Yes, it sometimes hurts. We want our children to be there also, enjoying these activities. But it also gives us renewed faith that life does go on, and there is happiness and excitement in the world. I hope you all can find some beauty and peace in the fall months ahead.



Peggy Hartzell  
 TCF Ambler, PA

**We talk. We listen. We share. We care.**

**Our Support Group Meetings are the 2<sup>nd</sup> Tuesday of every month at St. Luke's Quakertown Hospital, 1021 Park Ave., Quakertown, in the Taylor Conference rooms A & B on the ground floor of the professional wing. Meetings are 7:30 - 9 PM. No need to register. No fees or dues. Just come as you are.**

## Self-help Program

The Compassionate Friends, Inc. is a mutual assistance, self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved families. Anyone who has experienced the death of a child of any age, from any cause is welcome. Our meetings give parents an opportunity to talk about their child and about their feelings as they go through the grieving process. There is no religious affiliation. There are no membership dues. The purpose of this support group is not to focus on the cause of death or the age of the child, as it is to focus on being a bereaved parent, along with the feelings and issues that evolve around the death experience of a child.

## To Our New Members

Coming to the first meeting is the hardest, but you have nothing to lose and everything to gain!. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not The Compassionate Friends will work for you. At the next meeting you may find just the right person or just the right words said that will help you in your grief work.

## To our Members who are further down the "GRIEF ROAD"

We need your encouragement and your support. Each meeting we have new parents. THINK BACK - what would it have been like for you at your first meeting if there had not been any TCF"veterans" to welcome you, share your grief, encourage you and tell you, "your pain will not always be this bad, it really does get better!"

## Information Regarding Our Meetings

PLEASE don't stay away from a meeting because the topic scheduled does not interest you. We are here to discuss whatever is on your mind, we don't stay on the topic only. This is YOUR group and we are here for each other. You do not have to talk at meetings. We welcome your participation in our group but it is not a requirement. Coming to listen to the others is Okay too. Remember also that our meeting is open to adult siblings, grandparents, or adult family members such as aunts or uncles.

## Support Group Meetings

We are so sorry for the cause that brings us together. It takes courage to attend a Compassionate Friends support group meeting. We understand how it feels to walk into a room of strangers and share personal feelings, especially when you are in so much pain. At your first meeting, we hope you find care, support, understanding and a group of friends to share with. Truly, there are no strangers among compassionate friends.

As a reminder to families that would like to attend a support meeting. Please allow yourself at least 3 or 4 meetings of attendance to determine if they are for you. It may take a few meetings before you are able to talk about your loved one and that is understandable. What you say at our meetings is kept in the meeting, you can cry, hug, talk about how you are feeling freely. Our meetings are for parents, grandparents and siblings in grade 9 or above and adult siblings.

Your Friends at TCF Quakertown Chapter

## Library Books

We have a nice library of books for our members to check out and read and return them back to our library. A problem we currently have is that some books have not made their way back to our library and our library is shrinking. If you have checked out a book or magazine from our library and are done reading it won't you PLEASE return it to us at our monthly meetings. If you are not able to make the meeting you may mail it back to us or have someone else return it to us. Also, if you have any books that would help other grieving families through their journey and would like to donate them to our library please give them to our librarians.

## Newsletter Errors and Omissions

For any errors or omissions please contact Linda via email at kt4ever@mac.com with the error and the correction for the next month newsletter. Please remember we are all volunteers and grieving

## About This Newsletter

This newsletter comes to you courtesy of The Compassionate Friends, Quakertown Chapter with the hope that it will be a helpful resource for you on your grief journey.

If you no longer wish to receive the newsletter please contact the newsletter editor by email:

newsletter@tcfquakertownpa.org

PLEASE NOTE: If you are moving or your email has changed please notify the newsletter editor so that we can update your information and you continue to receive the newsletter. If the newsletter is returned to us either via mail or your email bounces back and you have not notified us you will be removed from the mailing list.

Newsletter submissions:

Submit articles and poetry to the editor by the 15th of the preceding month. Include the author's name & your contact information. You may mail to our PO Box 1013, Quakertown PA 18951 or email as a pdf file or word document to:

newsletter@tcfquakertownpa.org

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# “We are the Siblings”

By: Crystal Hunter

We are the siblings who need each other.  
We are the children of the parents who are  
grieving their child.

We are the siblings who have lost a piece of our  
past, present, and future.

We are the siblings of the children we are  
remembering.

We have learned our siblings will always be our  
siblings, no matter what.

We don't say We Had Five Siblings—we say We  
HAVE Five Siblings.

We ask others to never forget us – the surviving  
siblings.

We gather strength as we watch our parents live  
each day, one day at a time,  
in their “new normal” way of life.

We listen while our parents worry about us, and  
we worry about them each day.

We are the siblings of the children we are  
remembering.

We lost the one person who shared all our  
childhood experiences.

We hurt when we realize our sibling will miss all  
the future events,  
even their young niece's and nephew's future  
weddings.

We become frustrated when people say we need  
to move on and be the person we use to be.

We try to stay positive when we realize our  
siblings are with us—in their own special  
way.

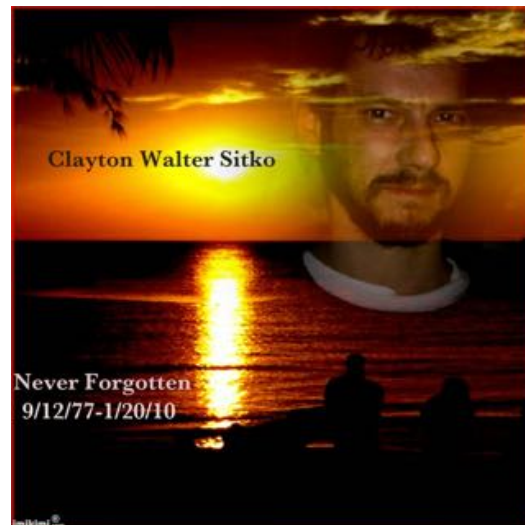
We cry when we can't call our sibling to explain  
our good news.

We are the siblings of the children we are  
remembering.

We have become a group of siblings who lean on  
one another.

We have burdens and sadness that only we  
understand.

We talk to each other and do not have to explain



C- compassionate, car mechanic,  
courageous, captain, calculating, camper,  
capital, camera, carburetor, carrots, canoe,  
cabin, cloudy, clubhouse,

W- woolly headed, wondrous, wild, warmth,  
wallet, waiting room, wages, windy, whip,  
wisdom, willing, wishful, whisper, waders,  
waddle, water park, water play, why

Sitko- strong, speed, supped up, special,  
snakes, snails, slugs, shore, surf, short,  
sharp, sacrifice, sadness, scientist, scholar,  
shadow, sunshine, speak n spell, speaker

As time passes, we miss you and continue  
to mourn your absence. Yet, our memory of  
you is crisp and clear. Each one of these  
words sparks a memory that we have of you.  
All of them cherished as they are precious  
and rare gifts. Love you, Clayton.

why we are having a bad day.

We don't need to explain our story on those  
special days that just creep up onto you.  
We are thankful for the siblings we have met,  
but regret the reason we met.

I am the sister of Justin.

We are the siblings of the children we are  
remembering.

**Written for the 2012 Candle Lighting Ceremony  
for Quakertown Compassionate Friends  
In Memory of my Big Brother,  
Justin Patrick Hunter (3/31/1979-9/1/2009)**

## Healing Through Rituals

Early in my grief, one of our monthly TCF meetings was on the topic of rituals and how they help us in the grieving process. I was a little leery of the word ritual at that time because my only perspective of the word was from a religious context. But I soon learned, a ritual in the context of processing grief is simply "a specific action that makes us feel connected to a loved one that is taken on a regular basis."

The best part about our meeting that night was that other people shared their rituals. One woman had a special small lamp that she kept lit every night in the window of her daughter's bedroom. Another couple built a small memorial garden in their yard with a special bench they would sit on. One of the fathers in our group would kiss his fingers then place his fingers on a picture of his son each morning as he was walking out the door to work. Another mother went into her daughter's room and read a bedtime story.

Nearly everyone in the group said many of their friends and families didn't understand why they continued doing these rituals and it was great to share them with others who got it. Over the years I have gotten to know thousands of grieving

parents, grandparents and siblings who have shared hundreds of rituals with me and the healing impact of practicing these rituals regularly. Regardless of which ritual people use, the common theme is that those who practice rituals feel it gives them a feeling of undivided attention toward their loved one and presents an opportunity to truly connect with the love they so strongly feel for them.

One ritual many of us participate in is The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting held on the second Sunday of December each year. There is no telling how many thousands of people light a candle at 7 PM in their local time zone year-after-year on this very special day whether they attend one of our hundreds of public ceremonies or in the privacy of their own homes.

Like many of you, I have developed my own set of rituals and they have helped me greatly. I have learned that it is OK to add new rituals as you grow in your grief and drop others if it feels right to you. One of my favorite rituals was inspired by one of my earliest TCF friends who wore mismatched socks in honor of his daughter Ginger. This inspired me to perform for an entire year in 2011

wearing mismatched fuzzy socks on stage every night.

I will be in Colorado marking the 15th anniversary of my daughter Ashley's death. I will be traveling with a dear TCF friend retracing Ashley's journey west from Denver, stopping at each of the places I know she visited on her intended trip to California. At 1:47 PM, I will place a single red rose and oranges (you would have to know Ashley to understand this) on the very spot where she died at the exact time of her accident.

This will be a new ritual for me to explore on this landmark anniversary year. I share this with you in hopes that you will share ideas and actions you can take to continue the bond and shine a light on the connection to those we love who have died. Rituals help us help ourselves.

*By Alan Pedersen, submitted by Barbara Reboratti, TCF Quakertown*

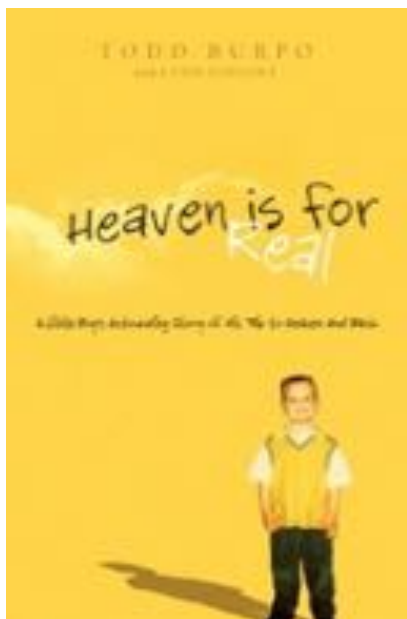


### Worldwide Candle lighting Memories Light Our Darkest Hours

Save the date Sunday December 11 @6:30 First UCC, Park Ave.,  
Quakertown (same place as last year)



# Books for Help and Healing

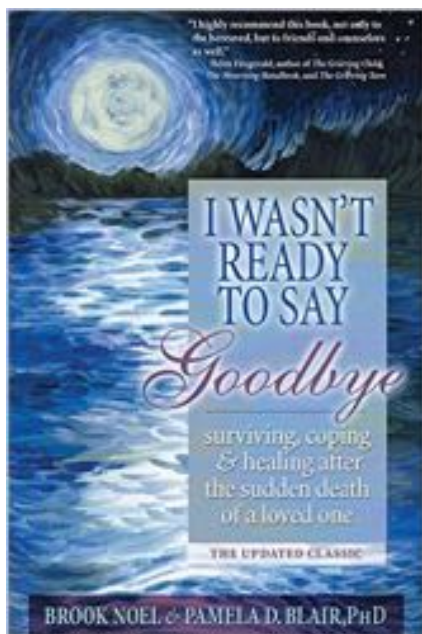


## TCF Quakertown Book Review

### Heaven Is For Real, by Todd Burpo

This charming and easy to read book about a child's near death experience, is spiritually uplifting and well written. Colton Burpo's father, Todd, is a Pastor and it takes him awhile to adjust to Colton's claims of visiting heaven. Colton amazes his parents with tales of meeting his grandfather and unborn sister in heaven, even though he had never met them on Earth. Colton's glimpse of heaven is very encouraging to all those that grieve loved ones.

Submitted by,  
Ginny Leigh-Manuell  
Chapter Leader



*Now there is a hand to hold...*  
Each year about eight million Americans suffer the death of someone close to them. Now for those who face the challenges of sudden death, there is a hand to hold, written by two women who have experienced sudden loss. This updated edition of the best-selling bereavement classic will touch, comfort, uplift and console. Authors Brook Noel and Pamela D. Blair, Ph.D. explore sudden death and offers a comforting hand to hold for those who are grieving the sudden death of a loved one. Featured on ABC World News, Fox and Friends and many other shows, this book acts as a touchstone of sanity through difficult times. *I Wasn't Ready to Say Goodbye* covers such difficult topics as the first few weeks, suicide, death of a child, children and grief, funerals and rituals, physical effects, homicide and depression. New material covers the unique circumstances of loss, men and

women's grieving styles, religion and faith, myths and misunderstandings, *I Wasn't Ready to Say Goodbye* reflects the shifting face of grief.

These pages have offered solace to over eighty thousand people, ranging from seniors to teenagers and from the newly bereaved to those who lost a loved one years ago. Individuals engulfed by the immediate aftermath will find a special chapter covering the first few weeks.

Tapping their personal histories and drawing on numerous interviews, authors Brook Noel and Pamela D. Blair, Ph.D, explore unexpected death and its role in the cycle of life. *I Wasn't Ready to Say Goodbye* provides survivors with a rock-steady anchor from which to weather the storm of pain and begin to rebuild their lives.



Have you found a book, website or blog that you'd like to share? Please send it to [newsletter@tcfquakertownpa.org](mailto:newsletter@tcfquakertownpa.org). Please include title and author of books and URL of websites!

## My Child Did Exist

I've lost a child, I hear myself say,  
And the person I'm talking to just turns away.  
Now why did I tell them, I don't understand.  
It wasn't for sympathy or to get a helping hand.  
I just want them to know I've lost something dear,  
I want them to know my child was here.  
My child left something behind which no one can see,  
So, if I've upset you, I'm sorry as can be.  
You'll have to forgive me, I could not resist  
I just want you to know that my child did exist.

Author Unknown

### Back to School

September brings with it a difficult time for many of us. The stores are filled with school supplies, backpacks, notebooks, pens and pencils, markers and lots of memories. Shopping for school or dorm supplies holds lots of happy memories. Sharing the joys of picking out a bedspread for the dorm or posters for the walls. Loading the van with half of the contents of their bedrooms and carrying it up two flights of stairs. Trying not to cry when you give them that final hug and drive away. Letting go, not seeing them every day, hoping you've taught them how to survive on their own.

Then there comes an ordinary weekend of returning to campus, not knowing it would be the last hug, the last, "I love you, be safe." The last time I held her in my arms, the smell of her hair, the sound of her voice, that beautiful smile. Gone, with no warning, no reason, no way to fix it.



### The Last Time

From the moment you hold your baby in your arms, you will never be the same. You might long for the person you were before, When you had freedom and time, And nothing in particular to worry about. You will know tiredness like you never knew it before, And days will run into days that are exactly the same, Full of feeding and burping, Whining and fighting, Naps, or lack of naps. It might seem like a never-ending cycle.

But don't forget...

There is a last time for everything.

There will come a time when you will feed your baby for the very last time.

They will fall asleep on you after a long day And it will be the last time you ever hold your sleeping child.

One day you will carry them on your hip, then set them down,

And never pick them up that way again.

You will scrub their hair in the bath one night

And from that day on they will want to bathe alone.

They will hold your hand to cross the road, The never reach for it again.

They will creep into your room at midnight for cuddles, And it will be the last night you ever wake for this.

One afternoon you will sing 'the wheels on the bus' and do all the actions,

Then you'll never sing that song again.

They will kiss you goodbye at the school gate,

the next day they will ask to walk to the gate alone.

You will read a final bedtime story and wipe your last dirty face.

They will one day run to you with arms raised, for the very last time.

The thing is, you won't even know it's the last time until there are no more times, and even then, it will take you a while to realise.

So while you are living in these times, remember there are only so many of them and when they are gone, you will yearn for just one more day of them

For one last time.

Author unknown

# Thank you, Thank you, Thank you

Thank you to Craig Duval, son Kinsey, Maria Schultz, son Petie Linda Ervin, daughter Crystal and Rebecca Scheck, daughter Jaime, for providing our August refreshments. *If you would like to sponsor refreshments or bring some in remembrance of your loved one at a meeting please call Carol Graham at 215-538-3651.*

A special thank you to Mary Ann Kulp, Nancy Eisenhart, Lynette Lampmann, Ginny Leigh-Manuel, Kelly Logan and Jennifer Pini for the Remembrance and Thank you cards that you receive. They do this in remembrance of their children/siblings, son, Tony (MaryAnn), daughter, Kelly (Nancy), son, Shawn (Lynette), son, Brian (Ginny), and brother, Jason (Jennifer), Kelly does it in remembrance of all those who have gone too soon. An appreciated Thank You to our members for helping to set up and tear down for our meetings, they do this in remembrance of their children and siblings. A special thank you to St. Luke's Hospital for providing us with our meeting rooms each month.

Thank you to Linda Stauffer for doing our newsletter. She does this in memory of her daughter Katie. Thank you to, Betty and Charlie Hottenstein, for taking on the monthly task of addressing our monthly newsletters for mailing, they do this in remembrance of their daughter. Tracy Hottenstein.

Thank you for your Love Gifts and Support

We the parents and families of the Quakertown Chapter of Compassionate Friends would like to send a special Thank You to the following donors. Without their generosity in giving to a good cause we would not be able to continue reaching out to newly bereaved parents and families with our Outreach packet and newsletters.



## Love Gifts for September

Jean Hellerman in loving memory of Thomas Richards. You will never be forgotten.

Rebecca Scheck in loving memory of her sister Jenny.

Charles McCans in loving memory of our son Bobby.

Patricia Ulmer & Family in loving memory of Christopher S. Ulmer, always and forever in our hearts.

### LOVE GIFTS

A LOVE GIFT is a gift of money to The Compassionate Friends. It is usually in memory of a child who has died; either on his/her birthday or anniversary of the death. It can also be from someone who wants to honor a friend or relative who has died, or anyone who wants to help support the work of TCF. Your LOVE GIFTS are TAX DEDUCTIBLE, and are the Chapter's main monetary support. Chapter Non-profit #2053

I wish to make a donation in memory \_\_\_\_\_ honor \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ \*\*Birth date  
\_\_\_\_\_ Death date \_\_\_\_\_

Love gift message  
\_\_\_\_\_

Please send your check payable to: TCF Quakertown Chapter and mail to: TCF Quakertown Chapter, PO Box 1013, Quakertown, PA 18951

I / We would like our Love gift to be used for: \_\_\_\_\_ Special Events /Speakers/community outreach \_\_\_\_\_ Memorial Garden  
\_\_\_\_\_ Candle Lighting Program \_\_\_\_\_ Memorial Walk & Butterfly Release \_\_\_\_\_ General operating expenses

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_ email \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_





## Our Children Remembered on their September birthdays

**Sullivan Burd**, son of Jessica & Glenn Burd, 9/1  
**Cpl. Elliot Teisler**, son of Daniel & Roberta Teisler, 9/1  
**Genine Leary**, daughter of Jon & Sylvia Holznagel, 9/3  
**Rob Tarr**, son of Robert & Susan Tarr, 9/6  
**Jim Roberts III**, son of Sue and Jim Roberts, 9/9  
**Matthew Detweiler**, son of Eleanor Detweiler, 9/10  
**Christopher Detweiler**, son of Jean & Vern Detweiler, sibling of Matthew Detweiler, 9/10  
**Calvin Gross**, son of Karen Gross, 9/10  
**Justice Goodwin**, son of Holly & Keith Goodwin, 9/11  
**Christopher Accardi**, son of Anthony & Mary Ellen Accardi, 9/12  
**Joey Siedlecki**, son of Monica Siedlecki, 9/12  
**Jenny Bender**, daughter of Clarke & Dawn Fulton, 9/15  
**Clayton Sitko** son of Henry & Theresa Sitko, sibling of Mandy , 9/15  
**Glen German, Sr.**, son of Albert & Betty German, 9/18  
**Gregory Giachetti**, son of Lawrence & Wanda, sibling of Jeffrey & Susan Giachetti, 9/18  
**Patti Mood**, sibling of Paula Fritch, 9/18  
**Andrew Lister**, son of Jennifer & Kevin Lister, 9/22  
**Wyatt Gansz**, son of Marc & Melissa Gansz, 9/23  
**Nathaniel Rocque**, grandson of John & Marie Rocque, 9/23  
**William Scott III**, son of Ruth Scott, 9/24  
**Christopher Dixon**, son of Steve & Kim Dixon, 9/25  
**Joseph Harper**, son of Chris & Janeen Harper, 9/25  
**Michael Adamson**, son of Darlene & Daniel Dean, 9/26  
**Marc Landis**, son of Anne & Craig Landis, 9/26  
**Ashley Nemec**, granddaughter of Margo Staats, 9/28  
**Adrienne Heber**, daughter of Anna & John Heber, 9/30

## Autumn Memories

My son and I always enjoyed the autumn season. Yes, when we lived in the cold zone, we knew that winter's winds and snows were on the way. But, yet, we took time to enjoy the beautiful array of colors that nature gave us as a final salute to the growing season.

Todd and I loved to look at the changing leaves along the bluffs of the river. We would drive on weekends and find the best view. Then we'd park and marvel at nature's wonder. The big bluffs, the turning leaves, the eagles soaring above us. Ducks flying south...even the occasional group of geese overhead...honking, honking as they journeyed to a warmer climate.

The light is different in the autumn...it's diffused somehow. It's different than the light in any other season. Autumn sun was our favorite light. It seemed less harsh, more forgiving, gentler in a strange sort of way. That was another time and another place.

Now in the autumn I remember all the special times I shared with my child. Looking at leaves, collecting leaves, raking leaves.....we did this together, just the two of us. "Mom, when are we going to go look at leaves?" Todd would ask. That was my cue to load up some soft drinks and sandwiches and head out on the first sunny Saturday. We'd repeat this ritual until the leaves had all fallen and it was time to rake.

When we moved to the Houston area, Todd was 12, and we talked about the seasons. He told me about his great memories of leaves and drives and time together. He said he would miss autumn with me. That made me feel good. These were memories that we shared, of a time when it was just Todd and me for those special moments. Looking back, I am so glad that I spent the time to make memories. I thought I was making memories for my child, but in fact, I was making memories for us both. And now those memories are my memories.....good memories.....memories that I will cherish always.

Here it is autumn again. Soon Todd will be gone five years. The memories are flooding back: the first day of each school each year, the changes as he grew to become a man. High school, college, graduate school....all began in the autumn. Autumn marks the beginning of many good memories for me. I listen as the school bus stops in front of our house to pick up today's children. Once in a while I go to the door and watch them load up, chatting with each other as they take their seats. I think of my 12 year old son, getting on that bus in front of our home for the first time: the first day of school in Houston. And for a moment, just a fleeting moment, I think I can see him sitting at a window seat, waving at me. Waving goodbye.

Annette Mennen Baldwin  
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen



*Goodbyes hurt  
the most, when the  
story was not  
finished...*



[www.facebook.com/Missinglovedone](http://www.facebook.com/Missinglovedone)

### September Anniversaries

**Kevin Figanial**, son of Thomas & Valerie Figanial, 9/1

**Justin Hunter**, son of Pat & Annette Hunter, 9/1

**Matthew Hawk**, son of Carol Hawk, 9/3

**Aaron Abud**, son of Susan Abud, 9/4

**Ryan Heimerdinger**, son of Robert & Barbara Heimerdinger, 9/4

**Charles Hartnett**, son of Barbara Hartnett, 9/5

**John Jarema III**, son of Josephine Lenhart, 9/5

**Richard Cantando**, son of Stephen & Kathryn Cantando, 9/6

**Billy Klinedinst**, son of Michelle Klinedinst, 9/6

**Jennifer Rose**, daughter of Michael & Donna Rose, 9/6

**Farrald Lee III**, sibling of Kendra Stenack, 9/6

**Sullivan Burd**, son of Glenn & Jessica Burd, 9/9

**John Ruch**, son of Christina Dunning, 9/10

**Cristina Ewers**, sibling of Mark & Jacqueline Teufel, sibling of Phillip & Linda Emery, 9/14

**Gregory Giachetti**, son of Lawrence & Wanda, sibling of Jeffrey & Susan Giachetti, 9/15

**Sophie Burock**, granddaughter of Russ & Theresa Burock, 9/17

**Cole Ferdock**, son of Kelly Ferdock, 9/17

**Susan Sine**, daughter of Dorothy & Lynn Miller, 9/17

**Billy Boor**, son of Tina & Randolph Merl, 9/20

**Ellen Crooke**, daughter of Annette & Daniel Crooke, 9/20

**Geneva Doll**, daughter of Keith & Barbara Doll, 9/21

**Justin Powis**, son of Jennifer and William Powis, 9/21

**Tara Sciss**, daughter of Todd Sciss, 9/23

**Petie Shultz**, son of Maria Shultz, sibling of Maria, 9/24

**Gregory Teufel**, son of Mark & Renee Teufel, 9/24

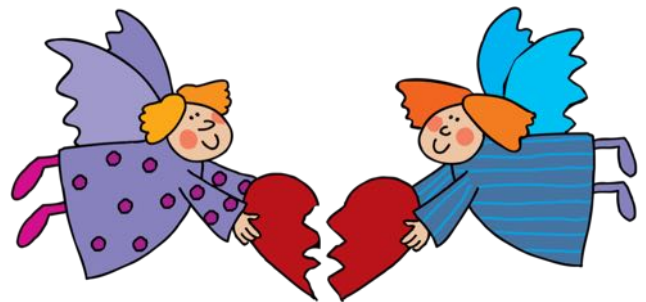
**Jean Marie Moyer**, daughter of Joe Siedlecki & Monica Siedlecki, 9/25

**Matt Dillie**, son of Patti & Joe Dillie, 9/26

**Nathaniel Rocque**, grandson of John & Marie Rocque, 9/27

**Karen Murray**, daughter of Nancy Perrin, 9/28

**Tyler Schultz**, son of Debbie & Gary Shultz, 9/30



*"There are things that we don't want to happen but have to accept, things we don't want to know but have to learn, and people we can't live without but have to let go". Author unknown.*

