The Compassionate Friends

Quad City Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

November-December 2026, Volume XXXIX, Number 6

To those who are receiving our newsletter for the first time, we wish you were not eligible to belong to this group, but we want you to know that your family and you have many friends. We who have 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

Dear Compassionate Friends,

Last week, we were heading west for an adventure. I texted a friend to let her know we would not be attending our small group. She texted back she was heading east with her adult daughter to connect with some friends in South Carolina. I felt pleased for my friend thinking about her opportunity for quality time with her daughter but was suddenly overcome with one of those unexpected moments of deep sadness I think all bereaved parents experience even years after their child has died.

I had a daughter, but I will never experience a mother-daughter trip like my friend or like the adventures my daughter-in-law and granddaughter have had together. I have been greatly blessed to have a daughter-in-law, a granddaughter, two nieces, and a number of close friendships with younger women. I am grateful for all of those relationships, but it is not the same.

As I thought of my friend traveling with her daughter, talking, laughing, savoring fall beauty, I felt a little sad and a little envious.

I wondered, would I feel this wistful sadness and longing had I never had a daughter of my own? Perhaps. I shared with Jerry how I was feeling and decided it was OK to sit for a little while in my sadness and grieve the future I lost when my child died.

I only had four months to build memories with my daughter, but I am ever grateful for the privilege of being Anna's mother.

Sincerely,

Carol and Jerry Webb

The Compassionate Friends is a nonprofit, self-help organization offering friendship and support to families who have experienced the death of a child. Founded in England in 1969, the first U.S. chapter was organized in 1972. Since then, 635 chapters have been established. The current Quad City Chapter was formed in 1987 (http:// www.quadcitytcf.org).
TCF National Office: P.O. Box 46 Wheaton, IL 60187
Toll Free (877)969-0010
TCF National Website: www.compassionatefriends.org

Mission Statement

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

Vision Statement

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

Phone Support	If you need someone understands and will listen, feel free to call or email: • Rosemary Shoemaker, 309.945.6738, shoeartb4@gmail.com • Judy Delvechio, 563.349.8895, delvechiojudy@hotamil.com Rosemary and Judy are willing to take calls from bereaved parents, grandparents, or siblings who want to talk to someone who cares.

We need not walk alone is available to read on line without charge. Go to www.compassionate friends.org and review the options at the top of the page. TCF e-Newsletter is also available from the National Office. To subscribe to the e-Newsletter, visit the TCF National Website home page and click on the Register for the TCF e-Newsletter link.

Resources for Grieving Parents and Siblings

Previous Editions of the Newsletter	Looking for more articles or previous copies of this newsletter? Go to the Quad City Chapter of The Compassionate Friends for previous versions of the Newsletter in Adobe Acrobat format. www.quadcitytcf.org
TCF Online Support Community	TCF's national website offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The sessions last an hour and have trained moderators present. For more information, visit www.compassionatefriends.org and click "Online Support" in the "Resources" column.
TCF's Grief Related Resources	There are resources on elements of grief with well-known experts in the field. To view the resources, go to https://www.opentohope.com/tv/.
TCF National Magazine	*We Need Not Walk Alone* is available to read online without charge. Go to www.compassionatefriends.org and review the options at the top of the page. **TCF e-Newsletter** is also available from the National Office. To subscribe to the e-Newsletter, visit the TCF National Website home page and click on the Register for TCF e-Newsletter link.
Grief Materials	Looking for a particular grief book? Look no further than the Centering Corporation, the official recommended grief resource center of The Compassionate Friends. With the largest selection of grief-related resources in the United States, Centering Corporation will probably have just about anything you're looking for — or they'll be able to tell you where to find it. Call Centering Corporation for a catalog at (402)553-1200 or visit their website at www.centering.org. When ordering, be sure to mention you are with The Compassionate Friends and all shipping charges will be waived.
Amazon.com	When making a purchase from Amazon.com, enter through the link on the home page of TCF national website and a portion of the purchase price is donated to further the mission of TCF. This donation applies to all purchases made at Amazon.com.
Alive Alone	A newsletter for bereaved parents whose only or all children are deceased. A self-help network and publication to promote healing and communication can be reached at www.alivealone.org or alivealone@bright.net.
Bereaved Parents' Magazine	Online articles and poems. Reminder emails are sent notifying readers when new issues are available: https://bereavedparentsusa.org.
CLIMB-support.org Our newsletter	Published one to three times per year, when there is content to make a balanced issue, it usually contains 30 pages of personal stories and updates, poetry, subsequent birth announcements, and any new topical articles and information. Currently it is distributed electronically (PDF), but a printout is available to anyone without email access. To request a sample copy, please email Jean Kollantai at CLIMB-support.org. Please include your full name, your location, and your reason for interest.

Support Groups for Grieving Parents and Siblings	
The Compassionate Friends Quad City Chapter's Monthly Chapter meeting. 	The Compassionate Friends, Quad City Chapter Meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month, at the East Moline Library, 745 16th Avenue in East Moline, Illinois, from 6:00 pm to 7:30 pm. November's meeting will be held on ***Thursday, November 19th*** because of Thanksgiving. ***December's meeting*** will be held on ***Sunday, December 6th*** at the Angel of Hope Memorial Garden in the Moline Memorial Cemetery, 5001 34th Avenue, Moline, Illinois, Illinois at 7:00 pm. This is the A**nnual Candle Lighting Service** for bereaved parents who would like to have their child(ren) remembered. There will be music and reflection, and a procession of light to the angel. We will gather in the chapel (just south of the memorial garden) for a short service, and following the service, we will proceed to the Angel of Hope to place a candle and a white flower at the foot of the monument. Please bring a photo of your deceased child to the service. If you cannot attend and would like a candle lit in your child's memory, please contact Lisa Rains at 2341 7 ½ Street, East Moline, Illinois 61244, with your child's name and the parents' names. The next chapter meeting will be held on ***Thursday, January 28th, 2027***.
The Compassionate Friends of Muscatine	Meets the second Sunday of each month at 2:00 at the Snyder and Hollenbaugh Funeral Home, 2907 Mulberry Ave., Muscatine, Iowa (in the community room). Tom Summit can be contacted tcsummit@machlink.com or at (563)506-0103.
Rick's RAY of Hope	Rick's RAY of Hope has been the regional center for grieving and traumatized youth for the past 16 years, offering hope and guidance to children experiencing grief, loss, or trauma issues. The center became a program of the Vera French Community Health Center in July of 2015 as Rick's House of Hope and was renamed in September 2023. Ricks' RAY of Hope offers fall, winter, and spring support groups for children of all ages and developmental levels, special holiday events for coping with that time of year, and crisis debriefing for traumatic situations involving children. For more information, please contact them at (563)383-1900.
SHARE-Quad Cities	A support group for parents who have lost a child through miscarriage, stillbirth, or early infant death. For more information, please contact Holly at sharequadcities@gmail.com, (309)779-8283, or visit the Facebook page at Quad Cities Share Group.

Monthly Reflection Articles

Two days after Thanksgiving, our second child and only daughter was born. She lived only four months, succumbing to the impact of multiple birth defects. When she was born, our hearts soared with joy. We fought diligently for her life, treasuring each small accomplishment, believing, with constant hope, she would thrive, in spite of the many difficulties she faced. When she died, our hearts were broken.

In her book, *A Good and Perfect Gift*, Amy Julia Becker shares her thoughts and feelings related to the birth and early years of her daughter, Penny, born with Down Syndrome. One of her statements resonated deeply with me. "All life is fragile and uncertain with potential for heartbreak and potential for great delight."

When we become parents there are no guarantees. Our child's life is a precious gift, but with the advent of every child is the reality we do not know what challenges will face them or us. Yet the joy each child brings is immeasurable. Each life precious, no matter how long they live. Each of our children becomes part of who we are regardless of how long we are able to parent them. While Anna's death brought heartbreak we could not imagine, we give thanks for the great delight of knowing her, even for so brief a time, and the impact her life continues to have on our lives.

-Carol Webb, TCF Quad City



The reality is that we don't forget, move on, and have closure, but rather we honor, we remember, and incorporate our deceased children and siblings into our lives in a new way. In fact, keeping memories of your loved one alive in your mind and heart is an important part of your healing journey.

-Author Harriet Schiff, *The Bereaved Parent*

Just Flow with the Season and Take Care of Yourself

We're well into November and it's almost time to take the "January pill." After Tricia died, I decided I'd invent a pill you could take the week before Thanksgiving and, when you came to, it would be January! I'm still working on the invention. In the meantime, I know many of you are already dreading the approaching holidays.

The true spirit and meaning of Thanksgiving and Christmas are not necessarily exemplified by some of our "traditions." You are re-evaluating many aspects of your life so let this also apply to the coming holidays. You will not always feel as you do now. You will find joy in holiday activities, but maybe not in all the things you once thought so very important.

Flow with the season and with your sadness, knowing strength will come as you work with what you can do without overtaxing yourself. Resolve to be as generous with your energy as you can and as selfish as you have to be to protect the emerging person you will become as a result of your loss.

This person can be truly beautiful and loving because of what you have learned through grief. You will miss your child; no magic potion can wipe the pain away. Enjoy what you can – you deserve some pleasure. And may some measure of peace overtake you before this year ends.

-Elizabeth B. Estes, TCF Augusta, GA

We have such strong traditions and strong memories around the holidays that use all of our senses – the taste and smell of food, sounds of music, prayers, touch and feeling. The hugs and love from people such visceral and strong memories of our loved ones and grief just comes up from that.

-Dr. Amber Cohen

The holidays are such a tender time, and our feelings are so close to the surface. Sometimes I would like to say to family members and friends who have not suffered the loss of a child:

If you only knew how difficult it is to attend holiday gatherings and not hear one mention of my dead child's name. It is difficult to watch your children grow, graduate, marry, and have children of their own, and I know that will never happen for my son.

I wouldn't wish the loss of a child on anyone. But, how nice it would be if someday, someone would just say, "I still miss Keith after all these years." Then I would know he is not forgotten.

-Judy Jarboe TCF Central Iowa

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 though 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



Holidays are frequently difficult times for survivors. Family gatherings just don't seem the same without our loved one.

I recall, after my brother had taken his life, my family was planning the memorial service. We got into a rather heated argument over what should be done and how it should be done. The frustration and anger following a suicide often leaves survivors in a frenzy. Finally, in exasperation, I said "I don't want to go to the memorial service. It isn't what Ken would have wanted anyway." The room quieted and my mother looked at me and said, "The memorial isn't for Ken. It's for us. To help us deal with it." It was stark and it was clear. So right.

Months later, Christmas was approaching. My mother spoke about "canceling" Christmas. She lamented the holidays would not be the same without Ken there. I thought about the fact my brother had always been the life of the party at holiday gatherings. He trotted out old stories deliberately designed to embarrass everyone but himself. He presented us with a "gag gift" every year. It could be a rock, a can of pork brains, or the smokeless ashtray he and my brother Tony gave back and forth every year. He had all the best quips. He made us all laugh and enjoy the season. But in the end, I recalled my mother's earlier words and paraphrased them back to her. "Mom, holidays are for the living. This Christmas is for us." It seemed almost callous, but it was the truth. And we had a nice Christmas that year. No, it wasn't the same. How could it have been? But life, including holidays, must go on.

One of the most bitter pills for me to swallow during my brother's memorial service was the preacher saying "Life must go on." For me and my family, life had seemingly stopped. But it does go on.

Our loved ones could not have known the extent of emotional and social paralysis their irrational act would leave us with. We might ask ourselves if our loved one would want us to languish in our pain and avoid carrying on tradition with our friends and families. Better still, we might give ourselves the ultimate Christmas gift of allowing ourselves to experience some joy.

Wading through the holidays soon after the loss of a loved one is difficult. Oftentimes you won't believe you can ever find the holiday spirit again. Sometimes the old traditions have to be changed. The arms and shoulders of friends and family help to pull us through. Sometimes you won't feel at all like having fun. Allow yourself your grief. Listen to the clues our hearts, minds, and bodies give.

Whatever you choose to do, remember that the holidays are for family. They're for your children, your parents and your siblings. And you. Peace.

-Kevin Wade, Survivors of Suicide Support Group

Christmas cards

To send or not to send, what to write, how to cope with sending a card and to include or not include our child's name in some way. That is a dilemma facing bereaved parents every year The first couple of years after James died, we did not send any cards. Then when I wanted to send cards, it seemed impossible to sign just my husband's name and mine and leave James out. How to compromise and do something in between? Every year we've added some verse or quote or phrase that includes James in the card; usually on the other side of the card.

This year I found cards that had three ornaments on the front - three is symbolic to me representing mom, dad and James. Beside the first red and silver ornament was "Remembering the past," next to the second green and silver ornament was "Celebrating the present," and next to the third blue and silver ornament was "Believing in the future," these quotes seem so especially appropriate to how far we've come, this is our 12th Christmas without James.

Then I wanted to come up with a poem about ornaments. This is what I wrote opposite the card's inside greeting of "Wishing you a delightful Christmas filled with joyful memories and bright hopes" which again, is so perfect. What I savor the most about Christmas are memories.

Hoping everyone has a Christmas with treasured memories of years past, special new memories and treasured gifts of love, hope, joy, and peace.



A Thousand Ways to Grieve

I'm an active griever. By active, I mean that during those first few months following my loss, I devoured every book on grief I could get my hands on. I poured out my agony in my writing, attended grief seminars, went through photo albums, and I searched the internet for helpful sites. I cried and fumed and spent long hours talking to anyone who would listen.

My husband simply withdrew and grieved in silence. Though we lived in the same house, grieved the same loss, and shared a life together, we were apart in our grief.

We all have our own ideas on how to grieve and we're quick to judge those who don't conform to our way of thinking. When Prince Charles wore a blue suit to Princess Diana's funeral, he was condemned by the press until it was learned it was his former wife's favorite.



A friend of mine was criticized for wearing a pair of red strap, high heeled shoes to her husband's funeral, the same shoes she wore on the day they met.

If we are to grieve in harmony with those around us, we must give up the notion that grief can be expressed in limited ways. I once thought that grief manifested itself only in tears and depression. But I've seen what others whose vision is greater than mine have accomplished in the name of grief. Resolve to make peace with someone who grieves in ways that seem odd to you.

Try expressing your grief in a new way: write a poem or song, start a journal, buy your loved one a gift and send it to someone you know who would love and appreciate the gesture. Wear something outlandish. Buy a bouquet of balloons in your loved one's favorite color. Laugh at something that would make your loved one laugh.

Tears, depression and sadness are all acceptable ways to show grief. So are blue suits and red shoes.

-Margaret Brownley, *Bereavement Magazine*

The Brain Fog of Grief

Something happened to my brain when my son died. I felt like it was shrouded in a dense fog. Like I was wandering an unfamiliar road, in the dark, with no idea how I got there. I'm not sure if it was a betrayal or kindness, but it's definitely a thing. It's going on 18 months for me, and I still can't think clearly most days. It seems like all the brainpower I have has been routed to the "loss."

My brain is trying to protect me from living in a constant state of panic, to keep me from shutting down and to protect my heart. If I was living each day in the full knowledge of what had happened, what we lost, I'm not sure I could handle it. I feel like God designed our brains to meter out reality in small, more manageable pieces. This reality is spoon-fed to us a bit at a time, as the days turn into months and the months into years.

You live so distracted in grief. The other day, I walked into the house with the mail in my hand, went straight to the garbage can, popped the lid and threw it all away. About five minutes later, a niggling little thought surfaced that something was amiss. I had to really stop and think about what I had just done. You learn to listen to those feelings and remind yourself to engage in the moment.

In those first few days, I remember questioning whether or not we should be driving. I wondered if I was still capable of filling out paperwork at my job. I lost the ability to read and comprehend. Book club was no longer an option. Important decisions? Try not to make any. Except of course for planning an enormous get-together (aka funeral), deciding where you want your loved one to be buried, and picking out a granite edifice that will last for several generations.

Chunks of time disappeared. The loss seems like yesterday and a hundred nightmares ago, all at the same time. I understand, rationally, people are thinking we should be "moving on" and "getting better." But time does not work that way in grief.

I have a hard time believing that 18 months have passed. I'm still trying to wrap my head around the fact that he is gone, let alone the fact that six seasons have passed and two years is quickly approaching. How can that possibly be? I still feel exactly the same.

What helps? Embrace your phone's calendar and notes feature. Add details to contacts so you can access it later. If someone recommends a book or podcast, write it down immediately. I know that I won't be able to recall it later. Even when I'm fully engaged in listening, it seems like there is just no space left to retain details.

Give yourself time and be kind to yourself. You've been through terrible trauma and you should respect that.

Guard your heart. Keep talking to Jesus. Practice self-care and try to get enough sleep. Don't put yourself in situations where you know all your buttons will be pushed. Limit your exposure to people if you need to. Understand that you don't have to engage in conversations that you aren't ready to have or answer questions that you aren't comfortable with. You can say no. You can set up boundaries. You can walk away.

Your brain needs time to heal…to understand what has been taken from your heart.

[redacted]

Contact the Editors

If you read or write an article or poem which might be helpful to other bereaved parents...

If you move and would like to receive the electronic version of the newsletter, please send us your new email address...

If you know someone you think would benefit from receiving the newsletter, send his/her/their name and email address...

If you prefer to no longer receive the newsletter or your contact information has changed...

Please contact Jerry and Carol Webb at 390 Arbor Ridge, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022, or email CarolynPWebb@gmail.com or webbjerryd@gmail.com



Love Gifts/Donations

As parents and other family members find healing and hope within the group or from this newsletter, they often wish to make a **Love Gift** to help with the work of our chapter. This is a way to remember a beloved child and to help other parents who mourn the loss of their child.

Donations are used for mailings to recently bereaved families, for the materials shared at our meetings, and/or to purchase books for our library. Thank you to the many families who provide love gifts so the work of reaching out to bereaved parents and families can continue.

Thank you to Jerry and Carol Webb for their year-end donation in memory of their daughter, Anna.

If you would like to send a donation or love gift, please send it or to the Chapter Treasurer, Laurie Boyce-Steinhauser, 397 W. Wachter Rd., Galena, IL 61036. Checks should be made to *The Compassionate Friends*. **Your gifts are tax deductible**.

Surviving the Holidays

Do you ever wish holidays after child loss would come with a user manual? We used to know how to do holiday, but now we are at a total loss.

Unfortunately, there is no user manual available, because we are so different, and our life situations differ too. Some of us have other children. Some of us lost our only child. For some, it's been a while since the loss; for some, it's fresh. Some of you even lost your child around this time of year. For some, it's essential to pay tribute to your child and continue the celebrations the same way as before. Some want to skip it all and be on an uninhabited island with no Xmas trees, decorations and TV that keeps blasting us with images of perfect happy families having perfect holidays.

So how do we survive holidays best?

Let me share my first experience. I lost my son in March, so by December, I was kind of robotically functioning. Since it was just two of us – my husband and me, we decided to travel. We spent Christmas Eve on the plane, which was fine by me. I didn't feel like celebrating or putting up decorations at home. My family was not happy about my decision to go away, but I made this decision for myself because that was the best decision for me then. We celebrated New Year's Eve at a hotel. There was a dinner party, and the beginning was quite civilized. I got dressed and put on make-up, we sat at a table and had some food, but when midnight approached, I broke down. I was overrun by immense sadness. I couldn't believe I had to celebrate New Years without my son. So I excused myself and went back to my room, where I cried for probably a couple of hours until I fell asleep. So, the civilized me didn't even last until midnight.

My story might not be everyone's story, but the reason I'm sharing it is:

Holidays heighten emotions – sadness, anger, resentment. You can almost count on it. It might come from many different sources – holiday cards, movies, ads, songs, memories – you name it. So, let's assume that it will be hard, whether it's your first holiday after you've lost your child, second or eighth like in my case. There will be tough moments. And if your think about it, something would be wrong if we wouldn't have them because great love comes with great sorrow. So, let's not pretend we are fine because we are not and neither should we be.

So, how can I care for myself when it's hard? What do I need to take care of myself? These are the questions that help to decide how to spend this holiday season. And you shouldn't feel guilty about your decisions – about not doing what other people like you to do, saying yes to something and then changing your mind. Give yourself flexibility. Decide if you wish to decorate your house or not, whether you wish to have people over or stay home alone. And I genuinely believe that you can trust yourself to know what you want for yourself if you ask yourself: What do I need this holiday season? Listen to what comes up. You will know what you want.

Two more things I've learned during my journey:

- First, the fact that you feel more fragile, sad, and broken during the holiday season doesn't mean anything about your progress or how you handle the grief; it also doesn't mean anything about the future holiday. The fact of how you are feeling today doesn't mean you'll be feeling like that for the rest of your life.
- Second, it's ok to experience some joy, laughter, and moments of happiness during the holidays too. Moments of happiness and joy don't mean you are not grieving the loss. Grief is a lifelong marathon filled with many things, so allow for the moments of joy and happiness when they come and don't be afraid of sadness, anger, and disbelief – all part of the journey. Lots of love,

-Liene Ciguze - Davids's mom

The Future Still Remains

I am at a loss for words. I just can't describe how I'm feeling. I've been a mom for 28 years and this weekend, this day, will be the very first opportunity I've had to witness one of my four children graduate from high school.

I know it's a lot to place on a child, but it's almost as if my son is graduating for himself as well as his sister and brother. I'm nervous, excited, overwhelmed, and yes, teary-eyed.

My daughter Stephanie was eight-years-old and my son Stephen was just five-years-old when they were killed by a speeding motorcycle 20 years ago. Our hearts were broken into a million pieces. My husband and I made the difficult decision to have more children. Christopher is now 18 and graduating from high school. Katie is 17 and a junior.

Now, 20 years after Stephanie's and Stephen's deaths, my son, Chris, stands proud and strong in cap and gown, his honor cords draped around his neck. I'm so proud, so happy, and yet, I must admit to the tinge that I'm feeling deep in my stomach that comes at times like this when there's the feeling of what could have been, what should have been.

My mind wanders back to the first graduation Wayne and I attended after Stephanie and Stephen died. It was the graduation of our nephew, and we felt it was important that we attend. It's funny how all these years later I still remember his class motto: *"When all else is lost, the future still remains."*

I guess it remained indelibly etched in my mind because my husband read the motto and whispered to me while pointing at it, "Whoever chose that saying sure wasn't a bereaved parent."

It was a terribly bleak time in our lives. Fate had ended our "complete" family. We felt that everything of true meaning in this life was lost and the future seemed hopeless.

But now, 20 years after having to face the deaths of our two children, that class motto from years ago pops into my mind and I think about the words and ponder. I look down from the bleachers to the floor, where the 300 plus graduates file into the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance," and I pick my son out of the crowd. My heart fills with love and a tremendous amount of pride. All these years later, I get it. I realize how true that class motto was all those many years ago: *"When all else is lost, the future still remains."*

Wayne and I put one foot in front of the other, one day in front of the last, and learned to live again. We built a new future. It wasn't the one we originally thought we would live, but it's a good future, one with love and pride and filled with memories of all four of our wonderful children. Two of our children will go on to make more memories that we will be a part of. But our memories of Stephanie and Stephen continue to float through our minds like feathers in the wind, allowing us to grab them and caress them with love.

-Pat Loder, *We Need Not Walk Alone,* Summer 2011



The Angel of Hope Monument, located at the Moline Memorial Cemetery, 5001 34th Avenue in Moline, Illinois, offers grieving parents a way to honor the child who has died. The brick apron in front the Angel of Hope statue is paved with bricks honoring those offspring who have passed. If you would like to purchase a brick, the order form is on the right with instructions.

Call (309)781.9074 with questions or for more information. Make checks payable to "Angel of Hope Memorial Garden." Please mail your completed order form to:
Angel of Hope Memorial Garden
c\o Christie Hoffman, 11618 6th Street,
Milan, Illinois 61264

Angel of Hope Memorial Brick Order Form

Name						
Address						
City, State, Zip						
Email Address						
Telephone						
4" x 8" Brick	$100	Inscription Limits: 13 characters per line (including spaces and punctuation) 1 to 3 lines.				
8" x 8" Brick	$200	Inscription Limits: 13 Characters per line (including spaces and punctuation, 1 to 6 lines.				

Inscription on a 4" x 8" brick (print):

Inscription on 8" x 8" brick (print):

