

FOR THOSE WHO GIVE AND GRIEVE



A quarterly newsletter for Donor Families, published by the National Donor Family Council of the National Kidney Foundation, Inc., to offer information about grief and support.

For Those Who Give and Grieve is provided to all families at no cost and is supported entirely by voluntary donations.


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Dear families and friends: For the past five years we have had the privilege of serving you as editors of this newsletter. You have shared your pain, your sorrow and sometimes your joy with us. You also shared a little bit about yourselves and your love through special poems, letters and phone calls. We will always be grateful.


We hope the newsletter has helped you on your journey through your grief. We know it has brought many of us closer together and allowed us to support one another in special ways. Never could we have imagined that our circulation would grow to 30,000 families in such a short time.


Many of you have offered to participate as donor family editors and to share with others what you have learned. One such person is Mary Ann Carpenter, the new editor of the newsletter. Mary Ann became a donor family member in 1991, and has been a donor family editor for a number of years. She will bring a new perspective, but keep what you like best about the newsletter. We know you will support her as you have supported us.

Thank you again for allowing us to be a part of your journey. You will remain in our thoughts. Please keep in touch. 

Sincerely,
Maggie & Jayne

Recipients who viewed the National Donor Family Quilt, displayed at the U.S. Transplant Games in Salt Lake City were touched in a special way and shared their feelings about the Quilt. These special gifts of love follow and can be found throughout the newsletter, denoted by a .



 *Trish, Haddom Heights, NJ—I am a liver recipient and words could never express how I felt when I saw this Quilt. I was overwhelmed and brought to tears. You should know how special each donor family member is. May God bless each of you and your very special loved one.*

 *Matt, Team CT—Brought tears to my eyes. Especially reading children's names. It's like the Vietnam Memorial for transplant.*

 *Eric, kidney recipient, 1992—The Quilt is a*

beautiful memorial to the many loved ones who gave me and others a gift that will be treasured for the rest of our lives. I am not a person who gets emotional very often, but this is something that touched me deeply. I would give each one a big hug if I could.




 *Lisa and Alan Gluck—The National Donor Family Quilt is incredibly touching. As we were reading and looking at each individual patch, my husband and I were crying. Words are inadequate to express our true emotions. As a pancreas-kidney transplant recipient, I feel so tremendously grateful to my donor and family. Of course, my husband feels the same way. Because of a donor with a family like yours, I've been given a second chance at living. We've been given a totally new life—it truly is a gift of life. The memory of your family's gift lives with us all the time and we are very thankful. *

THOUGHTS FROM DONOR FAMILIES



You Will Always Be My Wife

by Richard J. Maslar


ou were the light of my life
now it is dark and cold,
I'll remember the good times we had
even when I'm very old.

I miss you so much
it's lonely here without you,
You did so much for me
I didn't have a clue.

We had a lot of fun in our life
especially when you felt better,
No matter what we did
as long as it was together.

The sea and sand
the sun and surf,
It was our favorite place to be
on this great earth.

You meant so much to me
and still very much do,
To make you happy
was all I wanted to do.

Now that you are gone
A new chapter begins in my life,
No one will ever take your place
You will always be my wife. 


My Sweet Elena

by Toby Oppenheim, Elena's "Nana"

You came and settled in my heart,
Your sweet face, your lovely voice,
Your calls, "Nana, come and play,"
My heart was full of joy.

How can I look into each day?
How can I stand the void?
How can I look around and say,
"Elena's gone away?"


I miss the laughter and kisses of joy,
I miss the hugs, the cheer,
I miss the sweetness of your face,
The smiles you gave to me.

You were unlike another child,
You were a special one,
You touched my heart, you touched my core,
You'll be with me forever more. 




Thinking of Camilla

by Carol Ann, her friend

When we think of you in silence
and often speak your name,
all that's left to answer
is your picture in a frame.
Our hearts are full of sadness,
our eyes are full of tears,
if only God could have spared you
for just a few more years.
We know you walk beside us
and when our life is through,
we pray that God will take our hand
and lead us straight to you.
Until then, to your grave we'll go
and place your flowers with care.
But no one knows the heartache
as we turn and leave you there.
So one day at a time
is the way we will abide
until once again
we will be walking side by side.

We love you, Camilla. 

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 *In a world where the 6:00 news is a litany of the terrible things that people can do to each other, your compassion and generosity are vehicles that the majority of people are still loving, caring, moral and upright. Thank you for this inspiration. Your selfless acts will be returned ten-fold.*  

THE PRIVILEGE OF CARING



Dear Donor Family:

If circumstances had been different, we would never have met, but our lives were closely intertwined for a short period of time. As an intensive care unit trauma nurse, I frequently see how people's lives, as well as those of their loved ones, are suddenly and drastically changed by a traumatic event. As a wife, mother, daughter and sister, my heart goes out to you as I witness your fears, sorrow and grief.

When someone dies in my unit, the situation changes for all involved, resulting in different roles and decision making. The nurse, who uses her knowledge and skills to promote life, must now do the same with death. You also must adjust your way of thinking. The challenges are many—dealing with an unfamiliar environment and its advanced technology and medical terminology, coping with one's feelings, and trying to comprehend the wide range of emotions that occur.

It is by my choice that I am deeply committed to you and your loved one. This

commitment means that I will treat you and your loved one with the greatest dignity and respect. It also means that you will be given the opportunity to give the gift of life. What a beautiful tribute it is to your loved one that he or she can still give even after death.

I want you to know that there are people who truly care about you and your loved one and would do anything within their power to ease your anguish. In my 20-year nursing career, I have based my practice on the philosophy of treating others as I would want to be treated.

The final hours that you spent with your loved one were very precious and intensely personal. I am honored to have shared the moments of your deepest grief as well as observed your tremendous courage and generosity.

Hopefully, you will find comfort and a little peace in knowing something about me and the other professionals that cared for your loved one. You have our support and admiration. God bless you.

*Susan Hartmus, RN, CCRN
Falls Church, Virginia*

Little Angels

When God calls little children
to dwell with him above,
We mortals sometimes question
the wisdom of his love.

For no heartache compares with
the death of one small child
Who does so much to make our
world seem wonderful and mild.

Perhaps God tires of calling the
aged to His fold,
So He picks a rosebud before it
can grow old.

God knows how much we need
them, and so He takes but few
To make the land of Heaven
more beautiful to view.

Believing this is difficult,
still somehow we must try.
The saddest word mankind
knows will always be "goodbye."


So, when a little child departs,
We who are left behind must
realize God loves children.
Angels are hard to find.

*In loving memory of my little angel,
Michelle N. Lai.
March 16, 1979-September 20, 1994
—Pamela Little, Michelle's mom*


Special Traditions



Holiday Tributes To Our Loved Ones

 We thank our readers for sending suggestions on how to cope at this time of year. We welcome you to share your ideas with families for next year. Here are ten ways to remember your loved ones on special days:

- (1) Light a special candle.
- (2) Hang a stocking and fill it with notes.
- (3) Buy a new ornament each year.
- (4) Sing a significant song or read aloud a poem or story.


- (5) Serve your loved one's favorite dish at your holiday meal.
- (6) Buy a book about an interest your loved one had and donate it to a library in his or her name.
- (7) Make a donation to a charity in your loved one's name.
- (8) Do something special at the cemetery.
- (9) Write a holiday card telling your loved one that you are thinking about him or her.
- (10) Make a quilt square for your loved one. 

** Vivian Vamvas, Team Philadelphia, double lung transplant—I probably will never know my donor family, but seeing this Quilt today makes me feel again the strong bond that I have with all donor families. The gift of life that I was given can only come from a warm, loving family, who in their time of loss, cared enough to make my second chance at life possible. When I look at all the panels with names and faces, I am overwhelmed by a sense of tremendous love both for the loved ones lost and the gift of love that they gave to others. May God bless them all.*

** Tears... Tears of Sadness/Tears of Joy/Touching*

someone very special/Tears for the miracle standing next to me/Tears for what might have been.

** Thank you for giving my fiancé the gift of life. Without you, I would be without him.*

** S. Grogan, S. Pearson, M. Allen, M. Bley, M. Phillips, heart transplants: To all donor families: Without you, so many people would not be here to share precious moments with us. Because of your unselfish generosity, so many have a second chance of life. Words can never express how appreciative we all are, for you are the true heroes. Our love, thoughts, prayers are with you always. Thanks. We appreciate you all. *

Council News

1. Fourth Annual National Donor Recognition Weekend

The Fourth Annual National Donor Recognition Weekend, sponsored by the Division of Transplantation, the National Donor Family Council and other organizations, will be held in Washington, D.C. from April 12-13, 1997. For more information about donor family programs, please call the National Donor Family Council.


2. National Donor Sabbath

The first National Donor Sabbath will be held from November 15-17, 1996. The events of this weekend will encourage clergy to recognize and remember our loved ones who have given the gift of life and raise awareness about donation and transplantation. This may also be an opportunity to work with your local procurement agency. For a packet of materials, contact Venus Walker at the Division of Transplantation at (301) 443-7577.

3. National Donor Family Quilt

• The quilt continues to grow. There are now six panels and over 425 "Patches of Love!" **If you would like to submit a square but need help, or if you would be willing to help another family complete a square, please call the National Donor Family Council.** Participating in this national project can be a special way to journey through your grief. If you submitted a square and have not received a confirmation, please contact us.

• Similar projects in Miami, FL; Washington, D.C. and Long Island, NY, recognize and remember donors and raise awareness about donation. If you are participating in your local area, you can also submit a square for the National Donor Family Quilt so that your loved one's donation will be shared with people throughout the U.S.

• If you would like to schedule the quilt for your church, civic organization, school or place of business, please contact the National Donor Family Council as soon as possible. See page 11 for the quilt schedule. 

When There Was No Hope for a Transplant “Miracle”

by Patricia Aiken O'Neill

My sister, Paula Lindsay Aiken, died of kidney disease long before transplants were routine, long before any “miracle” was available. Her story may not seem relevant to donor families or to the donation cause, but it is. We are all bound together by our loss, and the one solace that may comfort donor families is the knowledge that someone is alive as a result of their generosity and that a part of their loved one lives on. Perhaps hearing the difference donation would have made in our lives and to Paula, will reinforce the nobility of your decision and encourage others to donate.

In 1961, Paula graduated with a degree in economics and returned to Washington to work. She caught what we thought was a cold, then an infection, and, finally, she was diagnosed with a disease. It was one of those inexplicable dramas; we were told that it may have lingered in her body for years, since her bout with scarlet fever as a child. The disease had destroyed both kidneys over an 18-year period. We searched our memories and photos of her for signs of her hidden foe, but she always looked fine. She quickly became very ill and was admitted to the hospital, which became her home for the last six months of her life.

6 She was my older sister and I confided in her and adored her. As she became weaker we exchanged roles. I cared for her; she lived through me. For Paula, there was no promise; her charmed life was compromised and my unremarkable life remained unmarred. Mother and I feverishly lit candles in church, hoping to command the attention of St. Jude, the patron saint of hopeless causes. We murmured novenas, sincere in our entreaties to make Paula well, but, perhaps, never sincerely believing that a recovery would happen. We spoke to God about Paula's prospects, never to each other. There was a sense then that to acknowledge aloud what we inwardly feared might make it real. So the members of my family kept our own

counsels in the vain hope that silence could stave off the inevitable.

Paula may not have known the inevitable; despite the severity of her illness, death at 23 is an oxymoron. It was not common practice then for doctors to consult with the patient; they relayed the “bad news” to the family first, to spare the patient and preserve hope. It was a brief, intense period and her disease remained a stranger to us; we never understood it, and, more precisely, we never accepted it.

When a young person dies the family dynamic changes, and each individual must reconcile the pain and the tragedy. Grief is universal and pain is not meant to be measured. I passed through the expected stages of denial: numbing sadness; guilt (that I had lived); and, eventually, acceptance. People, particularly parents, never “get over it.” Mine didn't.

The challenge is to get beyond it. After Paula's death, I tried to make up for my parents' loss; in a sense, she became my superego. Whenever I was tempted to do something crazy, thoughts of Paula and my parents' continuing pain put it into perspective. I became more interested in achieving; someone needed to pick up the banner. I have always tried to engage life to the fullest, to make up for her half-cup.

If the year had been 1992 instead of 1962 there would have been expectation, and with it, more hope. For that to be realized it takes sacrifice—the sacrifice of donor families and brave people who commit, like you. The realization that there are not enough people willing to make a miracle makes the pain all the more intense and the tragedy all the more unnecessary. In sharing your decision or respecting that of your loved one, you have saved lives. There are other “Paulas” alive today to thank you.

Patricia Aiken O'Neill is the president/CEO of The Eye Bank Association of America.

We Fondly Remember



Jessica Pelletier
1975-April 27, 1994



McDawson Winkle
February 2, 1976-
July 6, 1994



Jeffery Scott Mooney
October 9, 1980-
June 15, 1994



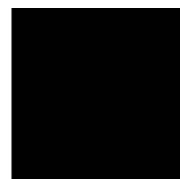
Donna Sue Steen
March 23, 1968-
December 8, 1994



Carl Robert Lewis, Jr.
June 1, 1972-
June 5, 1994



D. Bently Childress
July 21, 1961-
February 6, 1986



Douglas Trent Hughes
1962-1993



Clinton H. Atkins
February 3, 1945-
June 11, 1993



Melissa Loudermilk
Warden
December 11, 1967-
March 28, 1989



Bernard Washington
June 27, 1961-
July 30, 1995



Gloria Peik
February 7, 1976-
March 24, 1996



Sharon Lynn Glass
May 14, 1941-
April 28, 1995

The Legacy of Becky DeWine

Submitted by Kristine A. Nelson, article by Sarah Pekkanen

Nearly three years after his 22-year-old daughter, Becky, died in a car accident, Ohio Senator Mike DeWine first spoke publicly about the tragic event.

In March 1996, the senator concluded his speech on the importance of National Eye Donor Month by discussing the decision that he and his wife, Fran, made to donate Becky's eyes. As a founding member of the Congressional Task Force on Organ and Tissue Donation, Senator DeWine has made a strong and active commitment to educate his colleagues and the public about the importance of organ, tissue and eye donation. This article is adapted from a story, written by Sarah Pekkanen, that was published in The Hill on April 17, 1996.

“When you lose a child, you are changed forever. I try to do things I wouldn't have done except for her death. I try to do things I wouldn't have but for the fact that she lived,” Senator DeWine recently said. Becky was the third of the DeWines' eight children. She had just graduated from Ohio's College of Wooster and had obtained a summer internship at a local newspaper, the Xenia Daily Gazette.

Senator DeWine was 200 miles away when his wife telephoned and told him that Becky had been in a car accident. Within an hour, he reached the hospital via plane and learned that his daughter had been dead when the medevac helicopter landed at the hospital.

A hospital employee approached the DeWines and asked if they would consider donating Becky's eyes. “That's what she would have wanted,” Fran DeWine said, and her husband instantly knew that she was right. At the hospital, the DeWines received Becky's wallet. Inside were seven library cards and three Red Cross blood donor cards. Her father had not known that Becky had given blood.

A month after Becky's death, Senator DeWine told his family that he wanted to withdraw from his Senate campaign. But

he realized that Becky would not have wanted her death to end his political goals. Still, there were many days, as he drove to campaign events, that he was not sure whether he could carry out his decision. As he sat in a chair crying at home in the evening, his one-year-old daughter, Anna, would pat his back to comfort her grieving father.

In November 1994, on election night, Senator DeWine asked two of Becky's closest friends to join the family on the stage for his victory speech.

“My wife and I and our children had never discussed the issue of organ donation, and when Fran and I were at the hospital and were asked to donate Becky's eyes, we said ‘yes.’ We said ‘yes,’” explained Senator DeWine, “because we knew that is what our daughter would have wanted us to do.”


As a member of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, Senator DeWine became acutely aware of the success of transplantation and the great need for organ and tissue donation. In honor of his daughter's memory, and in an effort to positively impact the organ donor shortage, the senator is dedicated to promoting organ, tissue and eye donation. He has taken an active role in numerous state and federal programs and activities aimed at increasing donation. As a donor family member, he testified before the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee on April 23, 1996, during the hearings on organ and tissue donation. Never before had a hearing of this kind been held in the U.S. Senate.

Through his work, Senator DeWine is doing what he asked others to do at Becky's funeral. “Think about her, remember her, talk about her,” he told mourners the day she was buried. “And the joy and love that Becky brought to all of us will live on.”

Sarah Pekkanen's article is adapted with permission from The Hill.


Time for Me

by Karen Waddell

y son, David, died eight years ago due to injuries from a car accident. It feels like forever and it feels like yesterday, and, at times, it also feels like this couldn't have really happened at all.

Soon after Dave died I had a tremendous need to help in some way. I called the area hospice organization to find out about being a hospice volunteer. I wanted to be there for anyone grieving the death of a loved one. I was told that I would need to wait a year. I could go through the training course, but couldn't volunteer for a year to allow time for my own grieving. I was told about a parent bereavement group offered through the hospice organization. I started to attend monthly meetings. I met many wonderful people who were going through the same pain, the same questions, the same anger and the same acceptance one day and denial the next. There is an unspoken bonding of people who have gone through similar experiences—"knowing" of each other's pain without speaking a word.

I became active in donor awareness. I met wonderful, generous and giving people. The donor families gave a "gift of life" to complete strangers and expected nothing in return. I also met the nurses who care for dying patients and the wonderful chaplains who walk the pain-filled frightening journey with families of the dying loved ones, and with the families of transplant recipients and candidates. I met organ recipients who were complete strangers, but still came up and gave me hugs just because I was one of the "revered" donor family members. I met people on the transplant waiting list, those who walk a frightening fine line between being sick enough to go on the waiting list and not too sick to be given a transplant. I met Dave's heart recipient. Our family has formed a warm relationship with this person, which is still truly a miracle.


 I became active in promoting organ donation because I was still Dave's mom, and if his purpose was to be an organ donor, I wanted to do all I could to help him fulfill that purpose. *Being a mother does not end in death.* My greatest fear was that Dave would someday be forgotten, and I wanted to do all I could to keep that from happening. I have since

found other motivation. Meeting people who need transplants and knowing they can have a whole new chance at life if they receive a transplant is something really worth working for. I never know if the next person to go on the waiting list might be a loved one of mine.

Many things happened in my life the first five years after Dave died: a divorce, a change in a long-term job, selling my home, building my new home, my daughter's marriage and starting my own business. *I was very aware of the need to grieve, especially other people's need to grieve. I really did try to stay in tune with my need to go through the pain.* But, at first, there just didn't seem to be the time or the energy. And I further diverted my attention to donor awareness and "doing." I felt if I stopped, I would get so overwhelmed with the pain and the other turmoil in my life I would never be able to get going again.

In the last couple of years I haven't done much of any donor awareness work. I am one of the donor family editors for NKF and have not made much contribution. I have realized the need to pull back and just be quiet many times. I have recently had the "luxury" and the "curse" of having more unscheduled time. The luxury is being able to sit and listen to music and read or write. The curse is that the quiet, unhurried times allow the unresolved pain and turmoil of the past to come bubbling up and creeping out of the corners.

Writing is becoming very therapeutic for me. I have been planning to write for eight years, but didn't take the time. Writing this article has been very healing for me, and if there is a message in it for anyone else, it would be, "The need to grieve comes and goes, and it is important to pay attention to it." Grieving doesn't last a predictable amount of time as our society would have us believe. It comes and it goes and takes as long as it takes.

Karen Waddell is a Donor Family Editor for For Those Who Give and Grieve. We thank her for her honesty and sharing her pain and journey with us. Karen lives in Janesville, Wisconsin. 

Bereaved Parents' Reactions to Grief

by Sara Wheeler

The sudden and traumatic way in which Karen's son, David, died (see "Time for Me" on facing page) left her feeling stunned and unprepared to begin to cope with the tremendous void left in her life. It is important to remember that healing after a loss does not necessarily mean that you have found new meaning in your life and moved on. You *may not* work through the bereavement process and feel renewed. Your past experiences in coping with loss, the surrounding environment and the perception of loss may make it difficult to heal. Research has shown that bereaved parents usually cope with their loss in one of three ways, or a combination of these behaviors.

1. Some parents cope with death by consciously putting it behind them.

Encouraged by family and friends, they spend energy suppressing the thoughts, feelings and emotions that occur after the death of their child. They hear, "You just have to put this behind you," so they do.

2. Other parents cope by keeping busy.

They may eat or drink too much, or work more than usual. They may get heavily involved in a support group or volunteer work. The restless physical energy that is generated after a loss is put to good use. It may help to make sense out of a terrible tragedy. Sometimes, however, so much energy is expended that there is no time for their own grief or for other family members, who may be coping differently.

3. The bereaved may develop special rituals to remember their loved one daily or on special occasions.



There is no magic timetable for mending a broken heart after the death of a loved one. A deep wound may take a long time to heal, or there may be an infection or a terrible scar. Sometimes, the wounds never heal. In any case, there are some warning signs that indicate if you are not healing:

- ✘ thinking of suicide;
- ✘ isolating yourself and feeling hostile;
- ✘ gaining or losing a lot of weight;
- ✘ increasing your use of alcohol, nicotine or other drugs to numb your pain;
- ✘ being persistently unable to sleep;
- ✘ being unable to care for yourself and your family;
- ✘ throwing yourself into work or religion or other activities excessively; and
- ✘ spending increasing periods of time away from home.

If you recognize these behaviors in yourself or your family members, you may want to discuss your feelings with someone you trust.

Everyone's grief is unique, and we all cope in our own way. Take time to educate yourself about grief, reflect on where you are and seek support from those around you. Always remember that the love you shared with your loved one is forever.

Sara Wheeler is a Professional Editor for For Those Who Give and Grieve.

The Eye Bank Association of America (EBAA) is a non-profit organization of eye banks dedicated to the restoration of sight through the promotion and advancement of eye banking.

Established in 1961 by the American Academy of Ophthalmology's Committee on Eye Banks, EBAA's member eye banks are located in 50 states and around the world, making possible more than 44,000 sight-restoring transplants annually.

An eye bank obtains, evaluates and distributes eyes from humanitarian-minded individuals for use in corneal transplantation, research and education.

Over 40,000 Americans suffer from corneal blindness each year. With a success rate of over 90 percent in saving sight and improving vision, transplants bring light to the world of the infant only a few days old, and to the great-grandfather in his 80s. There is no substitute for human tissue; the transplant process depends upon the priceless gift of corneal donation from one human to the next.

EBAA wishes to thank all those who generously offer their support of eye banking and especially those who have given the gift of sight. For more information, please call (202) 775-4999.

FOR THE NEWLY BEREAVED

Our Daughter Michelle Is Home

by Cindy Jo Greever



If you are fresh in your grief or are continuing your journey, I hope that my story is of some comfort and assurance to you. You can look forward to a new day, though it may not seem possible now. I survived the third anniversary of my daughter Michelle's parting, which I never thought was possible! Grieving is no easy task, but the biggest lessons in life never are. You will be strengthened from this journey and you may find many blessings along the way.

On a beautiful summer day in August 1984, our third, and youngest, child was born. We named her Michelle Marie. She joined her four-year-old brother, Michael, and her three-year-old, sister, Melissa. Michelle kissed mommy for the first time when she was only three weeks old and started to exhibit very special traits from an early age. She was musically and artistically gifted, startling her teachers and amazing those around her. She loved animals, nature, people and God.

On the night of November 3, 1993, after six years of memorizing Bible scripture, Michelle had what was to be her last memorized verse signed in her Awana book—John 10:28-29. Michelle told me she would be with me forever and we could never truly part; little did we know that two days later, nine-year-old Michelle would be ushered to Heaven.

We didn't believe in saying goodbye because we knew we would always be together, so when Michelle left for her school bus the morning of November 5, 1993, we chirped our birdtalk for the last time—"Rove you. Wove you. Love you." Our Michelle was struck by a car, attempting to reach her bus stop, and was killed instantly. My husband was home that Friday from work, and immediately began resuscitating Michelle. He breathed for her until help arrived. Later, after being flown to the hospital in a helicopter, Michelle was declared brain dead. Michelle looked so peaceful, as though she

were just asleep. There were no outward signs of injury, but her brain stem had been damaged, and there was nothing the doctors could do.

We were asked if we would donate Michelle's organs, and I said Michelle would want it that way. She lived her life for others—always giving—and she would have said, "I will give it all!"

Two men in their 30s received Michelle's corneas, a little girl in Oregon received a kidney, and two baby boys in Dallas received her heart valves. (There were two other recipients, but their transplants weren't successful.) We are forever grateful that we could make a decision that in some way could


Knowing that Michelle wants us to be happy keeps us going and heals our spirits.

bring about life and hope for others; it is the kind of testimony that others are softened by and find a bittersweet joy in. Life does go on, and through organ and tissue donation, many miracles do take place!

Knowing that Michelle wants us to be happy keeps us going and heals our spirits. It has helped us tremendously in dealing with the pain and sorrow, which will never completely cease, but eases as time goes by. This kind of tragedy is known to bring about a lot of discord for marriages and relationships, but the good news is that you can and will overcome it through perseverance and confidence that others have made it and so can you!

As others live on because of our generosity in giving, the memories of our loved ones sweetly live on in our hearts. Now our baby is truly home, and some day we will join her! Let us be a testimony to you, and let the lives your loved ones have touched through organ and tissue donation be a rewarding and sweet memory in honor of your loved one. God bless you.

Cindy Jo Greever is a Contributing Editor for For Those Who Give and Grieve.

I am a 30-year-old widower. My wife of one year and one month passed away seven months ago. I would love to hear from anyone in my age group. I could use your help. 

DF62


Names & addresses of people placing ads will be kept strictly confidential. Responses will be forwarded directly to you. Please send your ad to: *Donor Family Friends*, c/o The National Kidney Foundation, Inc., 30 East 33rd Street, New York, NY 10016. If you are responding to the above ad, please use the above address and include the ad number (DF62).

The Legacy Continues

A Grassroots Effort: We Need Your Help!


Please encourage the funeral directors in your area to offer bereaved donor families an opportunity to include information about the donation of their loved one's organs and/or tissues in the obituary, if they choose.

Please let Judy Palumbo (175 Meriline Avenue, Waterbury, Connecticut 06705) know who you contacted, so she can keep a national tracking map. By working together we can raise awareness about donation and help other families to memorialize their loved ones.

If you are doing something in your community to educate the public about donation and transplantation, please let us know. 


The Quilt on Tour

Nov. 14-15	South Texas Organ Bank Symposium '96	San Antonio, TX
Nov. 14-16	NKF of Maryland Black Tie Gala	Baltimore, MD
Nov. 15- 17	NKF of New Hampshire Great Chef's Gala	Concord, NH
Nov. 18-25	Tennessee Donor Services	Knoxville, TN
Nov. 22-23	Trauma Conference	Pensacola, FL
Nov. 24	Utah Southwestern	
Dec. 4-14	Midwest Organ Bank	Topeka, Wichita, Kansas City
Dec. 8	New York Regional Transplant Donor Luncheon	New York, NY
Dec. 9-13	UNOS offices	Richmond, VA
Dec. 16-20	Virginia State Capitol	Richmond, VA
Jan. 14, 1997	The Gift of Life Conference	St. Paul, MN
Feb. 22	LifeSource Health Fair	Mitchell, SD

 *If you would like to view the quilt at any of these meetings or would like to submit a square, please contact the National Donor Family Council.*

Community Donor Family Services

Do you participate in programs for donor families in your community? Please share the names and phone numbers of these organizations with us. We will publish them in this column so others who are looking for such organizations may contact them.

Examples of such programs include: • Washington Regional Transplant Consortium Aftercare Program and Grief Education (703) 641-0100 • The Sharing Network of New Jersey Aftercare Program (201) 379-4535. 

FOR THOSE WHO GIVE AND GRIEVE



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PERSPECTIVES

Dear National Kidney Foundation:

I am writing in regard to your "Perspectives" article in Volume 5, Number 1, in the *For Those Who Give and Grieve* newsletter. I am in favor of the patient's wishes being honored, not the next of kin. I believe if a driver's license, donor card or other document is signed by the patient, stating that he or she would like to be

a donor, then that is what should be done. I do not think the next of kin should have a right to override the wishes of the patient. 

Sincerely,
Kelly Kinney

Please send your questions and comments to the National Donor Family Council.

A Unified Message in Support

As a result of your generosity, thousands of lives are saved each year. However, thousands more die due to a shortage of transplantable organs and tissues. The lack of a unified public message about donation and transplantation contributes to the problem throughout the U.S.

The Coalition on Donation was established in 1992 to address ways to increase organ and tissue donation. The Coalition is comprised of 49 national organizations and 48 local coalitions working together to educate the public, correct misconceptions and create a great willingness to donate.

The Coalition's goal is to ensure that all Americans understand the need for organ and tissue donation and accept donation as a fundamental human responsibility.

The Coalition partnered with the Ad Council to develop a public education campaign. Phase I introduced a national logo and slogan— ORGAN & TISSUE DONATION:



SHARE YOUR LIFE.
SHARE YOUR DECISION.
This slogan has been adopted by members of the transplant community.

Phase II features first-person accounts from donor and nondonor families about the importance of family discussion.

In 1996, basketball superstar Michael Jordan signed on to appear in an ad campaign. By summer 1996, 28 local Coalitions on Donation had incorporated Michael Jordan materials into their local

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