



The Compassionate Friends

Greater New Orleans Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

VOLUME 8, ISSUE 3

March 2026

Chapter Leaders: William and Millie Hunton 504-265-0581 Email address: tcfnola@gmail.com

SAVE THE DATE!!

ANNUAL BUTTERFLY RELEASE

Saturday, April 11, 2026 at 10:30 a.m. See Page 9

A Story of Heritage, Love, and Community

It was 1976, just days after Millie and I were married, life began moving faster than either of us expected. I was in the military, and orders had come—England. A new marriage. A new assignment. A new life across the ocean.

But before we packed our bags for that next chapter, Millie looked at me with quiet determination and said, “Before we go to England, I want to go to Panama. I want to see my family.” So we did.

We made a two-week journey to Pedasí, the small town where her roots ran deep. Pedasí rests on the Azuero Peninsula, on the southeastern edge of Los Santos Province—an area often called the cultural heart of Panama. Known for its Carnival traditions, folkloric dress, music, and fiercely held family ties, Azuero is more than geography. It is identity. That is why Pedasí feels the way it does. It is not simply a beach town. It is **heritage**.

By William and Millie Hunton - See Heritage on Page 3

Grief moves through us like the seasons—sometimes a harsh winter, sometimes a quiet autumn of remembrance. There are days when everything feels bare, and days when gentle light returns without warning. Coping is learning to stand in each season without rushing it away. And trusting that even after the longest winter, the heart will find its spring.

BIRTHDAY RECOGNITION: Birthdays can be found on “Our Children Remembered” page. We do encourage both you and your family to come when it is your child’s birthday month, to share your child with all of us with photos and memories. You will receive a special birthday gift in memory of your child. Bring that treasured picture of your child that always makes you smile so we may smile with you. **The February Birthday Cake was sponsored by Eileen Brocato in memory of her daughter Lauren Brocato. The March Birthday Cake will be sponsored by Isabel Miranda-Vigne in memory of her brother Lazaro Miranda.**

Brick Orders Due March 1, 2026

Brick Form available at www.tcfneworleans.com or email me at tcfnola@gmail.com.

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

NEXT MONTHLY MEETING:

March 9, 2026

**Lafreniere Park Foundation
Center Conference Room**

7:00 – 9:00 pm

2nd Monday of every month

UPCOMING MEETINGS:

12 Jan 26	9 Feb 26	9 Mar 26
13 Apr 26	11 May 26	8 Jun 26
13 Jul 26	10 Aug 26	14 Sep 26
12 Oct 26	9 Nov 26	14 Dec 26

REGIONAL COORDINATOR

William Hunton
504-251-1938
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NATIONAL OFFICE

The Compassionate Friends
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www.compassionatefriends.org

877-969-0010

UPCOMING EVENTS:

Butterfly Release

April 11, 2026 – held in the Children’s Memorial Garden in Lafreniere Park

Memorial Walk and Auction

September 19, 2026 – held in the Children’s Memorial Garden in Lafreniere Park

WorldWide Candle Lighting

December 13, 2026 – Held in the VFW Post 3267, 1133 Hickory Ave., Harahan.

Our Monthly Meetings

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

Meetings are held the 2nd Monday of each month at the Foundation Center Conference Room in Lafreniere Park at 7:00 P.M. We are a self-sustaining organization with no funds except what we receive through donations from members and newsletter recipients. Please join with us at a meeting.

Grief support after the death of a child

The Compassionate Friends is a national non-profit, self-help support organization that offers friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. There is no religious affiliation and there are no membership dues or fees.

The secret of TCF's success is simple: As seasoned grievers reach out to the newly bereaved, energy that has been directed inward begins to flow outward and both are helped to heal.

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



**Big Thanks to
Our Steering Committee**



Contact:

Phone: (504) 265-0581

Email: tcfnola@gmail.com

www.tcfneworleans.com

1104 Colony Rd, Metairie, LA 70003

Chapter Leader	William Hunton
Chapter Co-Leader	Millie Hunton
Treasurer	Isabel Vigne-Miranda
Facilitator	Millie Hunton
Newsletter Editor	William Hunton
Webmaster	Jason Vicari
Database Management	Jerrie Vicari
Outreach Committee	Dena Peters
Hospitality	Jan Dutilh
Coffee Hostess	Patsy Ashton
Memorial Park Director	Jacques Bitoun
Memorial Brick Director	Peggy Boardman
Memorial Brick Installer	David Ashton

Steering Committee: William Hunton, Millie Hunton, Jan Dutilh, Dena Peters, Isabel Miranda-Vigne, Patsy Ashton, and Christi Vercher.

Regional Coordinator – William Hunton

(504) 460-2970

TCF National (877) 969-0010

www.compassionatefriends.org

The Meeting Agenda

7:00 p.m. - The meeting will begin with a short introduction followed by lighting of candle and then reading of the Credo. Remembering our children's birthdays of the month. Then followed by smaller groups of sharing.

8:45 p.m. - Meeting will close by recognizing our children's names. Feel free to visit with each other and check out a book from our library.

Newsletter Submissions: TCF Greater New Orleans welcomes all submissions to our newsletter. Send articles, poetry, love messages and scanned photos to: **TCF GNO, 1104 Colony Rd., Metairie, LA 70003.** You may also text photos and messages to 504-251-1938. As our chapter is only funded by your donations, we ask for a donation of **\$15** or more for a dedication for our newsletter. This is tax-deductible. We reserve the right to edit for space and/or content. Deadline for submissions is listed below. TCF Chapters may copy articles from this publication provided credit is given to the author and the original source. Errors and Omissions: Please notify me if any of your information is incorrect. Thank you!

Newsletter Dedications to be put in our newsletter are due the 20th of each month.

A Newsletter Dedication: is a special page dedicated in memory of your child with a poem or writing that you submit.

A Love Gift: is a short one or two sentence message in your child's memory.



BIRTHDAY CAKE: Our child's birthday is still such an important day to us bereaved parents. In TCF this is where we can celebrate our child's birthday and remember the love we still have for them no matter how long it has been since they died. Our members are welcomed to sponsor our cake to recognize their child's birthday. Please notify me if you wish to sponsor our Birthday Cake, **William Hunton (504) 265-0581.**

TCF Greater New Orleans Memorial Candles and 3" Photo Buttons

We are asking for donations of \$20 per candle. Candles will have 3 photos, name, dates, and an LED insert.

We are asking for donations of \$5 for each button or \$12 for three buttons.

Email Your Child's Photo to tcfnola@gmail.com or call William Hunton (504) 265-0581 for info.

Candles and/or photo buttons will be delivered to the next meeting if info is received 72 hours before meeting.

Please make checks payable to: TCF – GNO, 1104 Colony Road, Metairie, LA 70003

CONT FROM PAGE 1 – HERITAGE

Just beyond town, the beaches unfold like living memories. Playa El Arenal stretches long and familiar, lined with fishing boats and the quiet rhythm of everyday life. It is not polished or postcard-perfect; it is honest, working-coast Panama. Farther along, Playa El Toro feels wilder and more reflective, a place where the wind carries silence and long walks seem almost sacred at sunrise or sunset. And then there is Playa Venao, a sweeping crescent bay alive with surf and motion, where music drifts from cafés and surfboards cut through the waves. Each beach holds its own spirit, yet all are woven into the soul of Pedasi.

We visited aunts and uncles, cousins and grandparents. Doors were always open. Tables were always full. Stories flowed as easily as the ocean breeze. At the center of it all stood the matriarch, Mama Chede—short for Mercedes—mother of six: Nonguito, Lingo, Malvena, Elvia, Dilsa, and Jilma. Mama Chede's presence anchored the family like the tide anchors the shore. Each sibling carried a family nickname spoken with affection and history — and Jilma was no different. To everyone who knew her, she was simply Niña. Niña was Millie's mother, her anchor in this world. She was Pedasi strength wrapped in gentleness — a woman whose love was constant, whose faith ran deep, and whose presence felt like home itself. To know Millie was to see Niña's imprint, because she was not just her mother — she was her heart.

One sibling figure stood out in particular on that first visit—Nonguito. In his sixties then, steady and thoughtful, he was the longtime keeper of the lighthouse perched on the peninsula—the same lighthouse where Millie's father had once served with the U.S. Coast Guard, protecting the peninsular, and then marrying Niña. Nonguito carried history in his voice. He spoke of families who had married Americans, moved north to build new lives, and then returned to visit—always drawn back to the same sea, the same streets, the same embrace of community. Heritage, he seemed to say without ever speaking the word, is something you carry with you. But it is also something that calls you home.

After that visit, we went on to England and embraced the new adventure. In time, we returned to the States—and then back again to England for another three-year tour. During those years, our daughters were born—Jessica first, then Chelsea. Our family was growing, stretching across continents, yet always tethered to the same roots.

While at Loring Air Force Base in Maine, we returned once more to Panama—this time with Jessica toddling beside us and baby Chelsea cradled in our arms. It was then that I first witnessed Carnival.

It reminded me of Mardi Gras in New Orleans, yet its heart was uniquely its own. Calle Arriba and Calle Abajo—two rival sides of town—each celebrating for four magnificent days, competing in music, color, pride, and devotion. It was festive and radiant, but intimate—less spectacle, more soul. To sit there watching the two sides pour themselves into celebration was to witness Pedasi pride in full color.

Now, forty years later, we have returned again. Pedasí has changed. What was once a modest celebration led by marching bands has grown into something grand—thousands gathering, elaborate floats, dazzling decorations, each side striving to outshine the other. The small town now hosts the world.

And yet, in the midst of all that change, something remains beautifully the same.

We sit with cousins and aunts and uncles—those still here—and speak softly of those who are gone. Mama Chede. Nonguito. Elvia. Lingo. Niña, Millie's mother, and Niva, Millie's sister. And our beloved Chelsea. And our beloved Chelsea. Chelsea, whose beautiful life was tragically cut short at the age of thirty by an accidental fentanyl poisoning.

They all remember Chelsea. They remember the infant carried through these streets and the teenager who later walked with them in laughter. They remember her eating ice cream in the plaza, wandering the beaches, and strolling along the quiet sandy streets of this quaint beautiful village. We feel her presence everywhere—especially in the quiet, unexpected moments when a radiant butterfly crosses our path. Again and again, they appear, as if carrying gentle messages heavenward, reminding us that love does not leave and that she still walks beside us.

Places hold memory. But people give it life. As we walk through Pedasí now—past familiar restaurants, along sunlit beaches, through streets dressed in Carnival colors—we feel time layered upon itself. We see our younger selves. We see our daughters. We hear echoes of laughter carried on the wind. And we feel the embrace of a community that has never treated us as visitors, but as family.

So much has changed. So many are gone. And yet, the heritage remains.

It lives in the stories told around crowded tables.

It lives in the rivalry of Calle Arriba and Calle Abajo.

It lives in the lighthouse that still stands watch over the sea.

It lives in the memory of a little girl named Chelsea who once ran through these streets and forever connected two worlds—America and Panama, past and present, love and loss.

Pedasí is more than a destination. It is a thread woven through our marriage, our children, our grief, and our joy.

It is love carried across oceans.

It is heritage returned to, again and again.

And it will always be home.

As the years pass, we have come to understand that heritage is more than history—it is an anchor. It steadies us when grief threatens to pull us under. The journey of loss is not a straight path; it bends and circles back, carrying both sorrow and sweet remembrance. In our grief for Chelsea, we have found unexpected comfort in returning to the places, the people, and the traditions that shaped us. In the rhythm of the waves at Playa El Arenal, in the laughter echoing through Carnival streets, and in the stories shared across generations, we feel her presence woven into our story.

Heritage reminds us that love does not end. It continues—in memory, in tradition, in the land that holds our footprints year after year. Pedasí is not simply where our story began; it is where our hearts return to heal. Through our heritage, we find strength. Through our memories, we find connection. And through both, we continue forward—carrying love with us always.

We are a family circle forever changed by the loss of our loved ones, yet bound together by an unbreakable love. Though our hearts may ache, love is the thread that mends us, the light that guides us, and the memory that endures. Let love — always and above all — be what you remember most.

Story told by William and Millie Hunton, parents of Chelsea Hunton

NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Barry James Boudreaux

March 7, 1966 – September 7, 2021



Dear Barry, our Precious son,

Happy Heavenly Birthday, Son! Daddy and I miss you every minute of every day! Our Prayer for you is to be in the presence of Jesus and to be full of Joy and Peace.

We thank you for all you did for us by being the kind, strong, gentle man you are. We will see you again someday, until then, we pray you are smiling and holding us close. Lead us in Heaven's direction.

All of our love, Mama and Daddy

Dedication sent in by Melanie and Jim Boudreaux

KEEP YOUR TCF MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE

If you have loss an additional child, grandchild, or sibling since originally joining TCF Greater New Orleans Chapter, please provide us your updated information so we recognize your loved ones. Also, please provide updates if your address, email, or phone has changed.

Please email me your info at tcfnola@gmail.com.



NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Daniel B. Bolner, III

March 9, 1988 ~ March 9, 2016



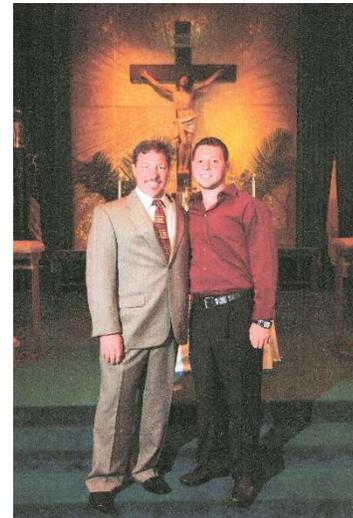
Simple Man

Lynyrd Skynyrd (modified)

Daddy told me when I was young
"Come sit beside me, my only son
And listen closely to what I say
And if you do this it'll help you some sunny day"

"Danny, take your time, don't live too fast
Troubles will come and they will pass
You'll find a woman and you'll find love
And don't forget, son, there is someone up above"

"Danny, be a simple kind of man
Oh, be something you love and understand
Danny, be a simple kind of man
Oh, won't you do this for me, son, if you can"



"Forget you lust for the rich man's gold
All that you need is in your soul
And you can do this, oh Danny, if you try
All that I want for you, my son, is to be satisfied"

"Danny, don't you worry, you'll find yourself
Follow your heart and nothing else
And you can do this, oh Danny, if you try
All that I want for you, my son, is to be satisfied"



"They wrote this song for you and me Daddy."

Love Daniel Bolner III

In loving memory of Daniel Bolner, III

Dedication sent in by Daniel Bolner, Jr.

"WHEN A LOSS HITS US, WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE PARTICULAR LOSS TO MOURN BUT ALSO THE SHATTERED BELIEFS AND ASSUMPTIONS OF WHAT LIFE SHOULD BE."

—ELISABETH KÜBLER-ROSS AND DAVID KESSLER

"HOW LUCKY I AM TO HAVE SOMETHING THAT MAKES SAYING GOODBYE SO HARD."

—WINNIE THE POOH



NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Denise Gorman

March 21, 1960 ~ August 3, 2021



Happy Heavenly 66th Birthday Denise!

Sitting here wondering how it came to be 66 years since you were born. We were so happy to have a daughter. That day I promised to do all in my power, to be sure, you had a wonderful life and to give you all the things I never had.

As our family grew, you three were everything I had wished for. You were always so kind and sweet to everyone. You were a model student in grade and high school. As you continued in dancing school, you became graceful and confident, and we both loved every minute of it. Later you became the family and friend Cake Maker.

We went through many changes in our life. You all were right by my side.

When you got sick in 2008, we pledged to fight it as family and we did. You never complained, even on the hardest days. You fought to live and, God, I wish you had lived a little longer. Never, ever forget how much you were loved by so many. Happy Heavenly 65th birthday, my sweet beautiful Denise. Gather all the Heavenly family members. Give everyone hugs for me. Know that I miss you with every breath I take.



Love and hugs.

Mom & Family

Dedication sent in by Charlene Gorman



NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Lazaro Miranda

March 22, 1963 ~ July 2, 2023

*In this life, we will never Truly be apart,
for we grew to the same beat
as our mother's heart.*

- Daphne Fandrich



*Thinking of you every day! With all my heart,
Love Isabel*

Dedication sent in by Isabel Miranda-Vigne

NEWSLETTER DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Devon K. Shelton

November 29, 2007 ~ March 17, 2025



Never in this world did I think I would be writing something like this to you. I used to call you my angel because you were always so sweet, kind, and such a gentleman; now you're our real Angel. I Never thought I would say that. You are our world! You are missed more than words can express and our lives have been forever changed.

It's been a year now and yet for us it feels like yesterday we were having dinner, laughing and cutting up while watching anime or Star Wars. The world seems to keep turning for everyone, but not for your father and me. Our world stopped the day we lost you. I miss the look you would give me when I would say my not so funny "mom jokes" while I cracked up laughing and you were there with the straightest face.

We can't wait to see you again and hold you close and give you more kisses that you want. Haha. We pray you are doing amazing and are at peace and happy. Please wrap us in your gentle wings and watch over us. We need you now more than ever. Devon, know your passing will not be in vain, we will turn this into something good somehow. We love you dearly and I hope you know that. Rest sweet until we see you again.

#DoingitforDevon

~ Love you my boy, love Mom and Dad ~



Dedication sent in by Sara Brannon and Rick Ford



LOVE GIFT DEDICATION IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Todd Leveritt

March 27, 1981 ~ June 27, 2006

The Greatest Marine I ever knew!

Dedication sent in by Jason Leveritt



LIVING IN TWO WORLDS - MISSING MY DAUGHTER, CHRISTY,

I live in two worlds now.

In one world, the sun still rises. Morning light spills across the floor. Laughter still slips out of me sometimes before I can catch it. In that world, people tell me I am strong. They say I am carrying on. They say this is what she would want.

In the other world, my only child is gone.

And the doorway between those two worlds is made of guilt.

When I lost my daughter, it felt like the earth should have stopped turning. The air should have thinned. The birds should have gone quiet out of respect. How can a world continue when mine ended? How can I?

There are moments — small, treacherous moments — when I forget. A joke lands just right. A memory warms instead of wounds. I feel the edges of joy brush against me like a shy cat. And for one heartbeat, I am just a woman living an ordinary life.

Then it hits me. You're gone. And the happiness curdles inside me.

How dare I laugh when you cannot?

How dare I sit in the sunlight when you no longer feel its warmth?

How dare I plan tomorrow when your tomorrows were taken?

The guilt is sharpest in the quiet. At night, when the house exhales and there is no one left to perform strength for, I replay everything. The "what ifs." The "if onlys." The invisible crossroads where I convince myself I should have turned left instead of right. A mother is supposed to protect her child. That is the sacred contract. And even when loss was not my fault, my heart still whispers: You failed.

But there is another whisper too. It sounds like you.

It reminds me that you loved life. That you laughed loudly. That you were beautiful and vivacious and stubbornly alive. It tells me that shrinking myself will not bring you back. That punishing my own happiness will not rewrite what happened.

Still, the conflict lives in me.

I miss you so fiercely it feels like a physical wound — like something has been torn from my chest and the space it left will never close. You were not just my child. You were my witness to the world. The keeper of shared memories. The only person who called me "Momma" with that particular tone that made everything okay.

Now I carry both love and absence everywhere I go.

I am learning — slowly, reluctantly — that continuing to live is not betrayal. It is endurance. It is carrying you forward in ways no one else can. When I smile, it is because you taught me how. When I love someone, it is because loving you stretched my heart wide enough to survive this.

The guilt still comes. It probably always will. Grief and guilt are close cousins. But I am beginning to understand something that feels almost like permission:

My happiness does not erase you.

My laughter does not replace you.

My life continuing is not proof that you mattered less.

It is proof that you mattered so much that even in your absence, you are still shaping the way I breathe.

I will always live in two worlds. One where you are gone. And one where your love remains.

And maybe — just maybe — learning to stand in both at once is what surviving looks like. 

Love Mom

Story by Debbie Glory-Maxwell, TCF-GNO member and event performer, mother to Christy

TCF Greater New Orleans Chapter Butterfly Release

Our Annual Butterfly Release Ceremony will be **Saturday, Apr. 11, 2026.**

Bereaved families, relatives and friends who have experienced the death of a child are invited to attend The Compassionate Friends' Annual Butterfly Release and Picnic in remembrance of all beloved children who have died. The picnic begins at 11:30 a.m. at The Compassionate Friends Children's Memorial Garden. The garden is located behind the Foundation Center in Lafreniere Park. The picnic is a time to gather and socialize, to play, and to be "family." Families are asked to bring their own food, tables, and chairs; or just bring a blanket to sit on.

You may come for just the Butterfly Release ceremony scheduled to start at 1:00 p.m. There will be a program of readings, poems, and music. We will have 300 Painted Lady butterflies for our bereaved families. The butterflies are nestled in specially designed envelopes. It is an exciting and impressive sight to share as the envelopes are opened and the butterflies take flight! We will also have a mass release of 100 butterflies which is a beautiful sight to see!

The Butterfly Release is not a time to mourn for our children who have died too soon. It is a time to Celebrate that They Lived! Since early times the butterfly has symbolized renewed life. The Compassionate Friends has adopted the butterfly as one of its symbols and a sign of hope to us that our children are living in another dimension with greater beauty and freedom.

If you wish to bring a dessert to share, please do so by bringing single-serve items. Please feel free to bring a Self-Standing Framed Photo of your loved one to be placed on our Memorial Table during our Butterfly Release. Please try to keep the Frames under 11x13 in size. For more information please contact William or Millie Hunton at 504-265-0581 or email tcfnola@gmail.com.

THE PAGE

Grief has a way of arriving unannounced, settling into the quiet corners of the day and the sleepless edges of the night. It lingers in memories, in songs, in places that once felt ordinary and now feel sacred. Some days it is a whisper; other days it is a wave.

*And when the weight of it feels too heavy to carry alone, I have learned to turn to the **page**. Writing gives my sorrow somewhere to go. It allows me to speak the name, to tell the story, to remember the laugh, the touch, the love that still echoes. When I write, I am not trying to fix the pain or rush it away. I am simply honoring it. I am giving shape to what feels shapeless and breathing space into what feels suffocating.*

*The **page** does not judge. It does not interrupt. It holds every tear-stained sentence and every unfinished thought. In writing, I find a quiet companion for my grief — a steady place where love can still live, where memory can still speak, and where my heart, even in its brokenness, can slowly learn how to breathe again.*

By William Hunton, TCF-GNO Chapter Leader, Father to Chelsea Hunton

"The melody that the loved one played upon the piano of your life will never be played quite that way again, but we must not close the keyboard and allow the instrument to gather dust. We must seek out other artists of the spirit, new friends who gradually will help us to find the road to life again, who will walk the road with us." —Joshua Loth Liebman

Our Children Remembered



Angel Birthdays

Kenneth "K.C." Heckathorn	Mar 1	Son of Betty Cefalu
Jacey Makai Wrather	Mar 1	Daughter of Tanisha Wrather
Thomas C. Hand, Jr.	Mar 3	Son of Bev Hand
Chris John Doyle III	Mar 3	Son of Jeanne Labat; Brother of Megan Doyle
Alex Newchurch	Mar 5	Brother of Julie Henderson
Barry James Boudreaux	Mar 7	Son of Melanie Boudreaux
Daniel B. Bolner, III	Mar 9	Son of Daniel Bolner, Jr., Father of Gracen Bolner
Kirkwood "Kirk" Kahn	Mar 15	Brother of Leah Kahn
Priscilla Giraud	Mar 15	Daughter of Paige Leysath
Amielyn Cortez Melancon	Mar 18	Daughter of Eugene Cortez, Sr.
Denise Olga Gorman	Mar 21	Daughter of Charlene Gorman
John Michael Smith	Mar 22	Son of Carole A. Clark
Amie Miller	Mar 22	Daughter of Dawn and Darwin Miller
Lazaro Miranda	Mar 22	Brother of Isabel Miranda-Vigne
Jonathan Coslan	Mar 23	Son of Sheila and John Coslan
William John Smeltz	Mar 24	Son of Janice and Victor Smeltz; Brother of Nicholas
Gerry Provance	Mar 25	Son of Gerry and Linda Provance; Brother of Deena
David P. Reinhardt	Mar 26	Son of Debra Becnel
Christopher Brady	Mar 26	Son of Janice Brady
Todd Leveritt	Mar 27	Brother of Jason Leveritt
Rachel Marie Scillitani	Mar 27	Daughter of Samuel J Scillitani, Jr.
Michelle "Shelly" Haensel	Mar 30	Daughter of Cookie and Bill Haensel; Sister of Nicole and Natalie
Brooke Anne Matlock	Mar 31	Daughter of Teresa Johnson; Sister of Amy; Granddaughter of Dixie Wherry

Angel Anniversaries

Lance Joseph Lenfant	Mar 5	Son of Gina Lenfant
Brandon J. Bartholomew	Mar 7	Son of Ellen Bartholomew
David P. Reinhardt	Mar 8	Son of Debra Becnel
Beth Ann Henson	Mar 8	Daughter of Jane Henson
Keith Howard Reppel	Mar 8	Son of Keith Reppel
Daniel B. Bolner, III	Mar 9	Son of Daniel Bolner, Jr., Father of Gracen Bolner
Kevin Lamar Minchew	Mar 9	Son of Sharon & Joseph Meyers, Step-brother of William Hunton
Richard "Ricky" Smith	Mar 13	Son of Carole A. Clark
Robert Teague	Mar 13	Son of Deborah Teague
Hassaan Riles	Mar 13	Son of Hishaunda Riles
Brian Storms	Mar 14	Son of Barbara Storms
Carrie Ellen Gore	Mar 15	Daughter of Don & Ann Gore
Devon K. Shelton	Mar 17	Son of Rick Ford
Ayme Mills Hopkins	Mar 23	Daughter of Susan Monroe
Michele C. Hogan	Mar 23	Daughter of Wanda Hogan
Vinny Snow	Mar 29	Son of Carmen Snow, brother of Gianna Sensat
Rene James Rachel	Mar 29	Son of Kathy Rachel



**Phone
Friend
List**

Our listeners are willing to listen, understand, and share.

504-456-8248 – Patsy Ashton, son, 24, drug overdose

504-559-2438 – Jaimie Kimball, sibling, 12, vehicle accident

504-265-0581 – William and Millie Hunton, daughter, 30, accidental overdose