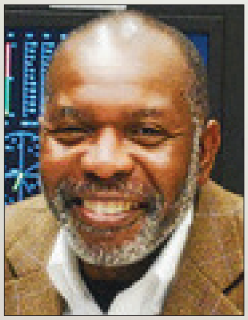
Brandon
Carrington Lee
Foundation
MAGAZINE
Winter 2024

When Grace Rang the Bell . . .

. . . and Other Survivor Stories



A Year of Ups and Downs Strengthens Family Bonds

The Lee Family (from right to left): Jefferi K. Lee; Erin and Jefferi II with their children–Josie, Jackson and June; and Tina Lee.

The year has been filled with many peaks and valleys. While we acknowledge that it is in the valley we grow, we also recognize that people diagnosed with cancer can encounter many unforeseen challenges. Some try to put on a brave face, while inwardly they are experiencing overwhelming and contrasting emotions.

We at the Brandon Carrington Lee Foundation have learned how helpful it is to share and hear from others who are in and have survived the struggle. In this issue, we present survivors who have a testimony, including BCLF chief executive Jefferi K. Lee.

Our cover story features Grace Callwood who was diagnosed with Stage IV non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma at the age of 7. Even then, as a "critically ill child," Grace was able to recognize the needs of others experiencing life-changing situations. In 2012, she founded We Cancerve Movement, Inc., a nonprofit organization to bring happiness to homeless, sick and foster youth. Now cancer-free, Grace's programs and initiatives have helped children across the United States and Africa.

Palliative care, which can essentially be seen as love in action, is a central focus of the Brandon Carrington Lee Foundation. To be loved is not a selfish want, but rather a need that binds us together. Our Grand Round Lectures this year led the charge on teaching others how to apply palliative care with a sense of humanity while we become agents of change. LifeBridge and MedStar summaries and pictures are on Pages 7-10.

At the tender age of 5, our cousin, Noah Amari Early, was diagnosed with a rare brain tumor that affects children. He lived boldly while battling cancer and always displayed care and concern for others even amid his own struggles. On September 5, 2024, at the age of 6, Noah earned his angel wings after touching the lives of so many people. Many of them were people he never met but were introduced to him through the strength in his struggle. We dedicate this year's edition of the BCLF Magazine to the life and legacy of Noah. See sidebar below: *Embracing the Now, Living with Loss.*

Early Family Embraces the Now, Lives with Loss

We believed God for Noah's healing miracle. After all, He allowed us to see so many marvels throughout his journey, so we prayed earnestly for Noah's complete healing; we prayed for him to return home with us.

That didn't happen.

Noah did not walk out of the hospital; we did not leave with him in our arms. But we know he is fine. Noah is at rest. It is well with our souls.

Our little angel fought so hard over the course of 10 months with the diagnosis of diffuse intrinsic pontine glioma (DIPG), a rare brain tumor that affects children. Even so, God granted the miracles of time, love, family, friends, peace and comfort. As a family who acknowledges God in all things, we are grateful to God and continue to cherish winks from Noah in the midst of our grief.

We live in the now while living with loss, a recognition that our current existence is linked to indescribable loss. We grieve. God comforts us. We live. We are warmed by precious memories of Noah. We feel his presence . . . like a warm hug from Heaven.

James and GiShawn with Nyelle, left, and Noah.

Bell photo on cover: Pexels

Grace Callwood: Service and Entrepreneurship Helped Her Beat Cancer

No one could blame Grace Callwood if she never wanted to hear the word cancer again. Stage IV non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, the most advanced stage, ambushed her in 2011 when she was 7 years old. But thanks to faith, family, physicians and friends the Maryland youngster survived. And since then, she has built a cancer outreach organization that serves children who are sick, homeless and in foster care.

The We Cancerve Movement, Inc., was Grace's way of fulfilling entrepreneurial dreams with her abiding sense of service, activism sparked by her parents—T'Jae Ellis, who serves on the organization's board of directors, and Theodore Ellis, a retired businessman. The website is a colorful mix of programs, events, pictures and videos. There's even a downloadable coloring book that helps explain cancer to kids.

Now 20, the organization's founder and chief executive is attending Howard University, where she is majoring in political science with a double-minor in sociology and Afro-American studies. Her long-term goal is securing a Ph.D. in public policy. She describes the goal as bridging the gap between community organizations that serve underserved people and the policies that support the work.

"A lot of people do a lot of good things, but they're unaware of the policies put in place that can make their work easier or more widespread," Grace says. "And I'm also very interested in addressing food apartheids in marginalized cities. I've been passionate about food insecurity ever since I was about eight or nine years old."

BCLF Editor Mike Tucker recently spoke with Grace via Zoom and found himself inspired by her works and grateful for her service. Here are excerpts from the interview:

Mike: In many hospitals ringing the bell symbolizes the end of active cancer treatment, celebrating progress and honoring resilience. What thoughts went through your head and heart when you rang the bell?

Grace: I did feel a slight sense of accomplishment, but also part of me felt like it wasn't real. Part of me was a little bit scared that it was too good to be true. I remember how excited my family was; I thank God that there was something I could do to solidify its realness and make me aware of it and feel comfortable. I was so grateful for my doctors . . . for my family being there; I was looking towards high school and applying to the International Baccalaureate program. I was excited knowing that there's one less thing to worry about . . . hopefully.

You've been featured on The Jennifer Hudson Show, CNN, and in dozens of local and national publications. Do you think you're a superstar?

Grace is a political science major at this leading HBCU.

At most a local celebrity . . . only because I have been recognized in my local grocery stores or out and about. And someone's like, "I volunteered with you . . ." and I say, "OK, that's awesome." People have distinct memories associated with serving with me and my family and my team, which has always been very nice. We have a culture which likes to be served as opposed to serving.

What do you want people to take from your journey?

I'm hoping that they take away inspiration. I've been passionate about community service ever since I was one and a half, and it was something that I believe was given to me by God, but also something that was reinforced by my family. It has been a habit of my parents through their youth. I hope they see I was able to find something that motivated me through a very tough time and that I was able to find a bright side.

And for those who are experiencing cancer now . . .

I hope that they're able to see that something is possible . . . that everyone has their own avenue as far as what helps them cope and what helps them get through the hard times.

So, service . . .

. . . was the main thing that gave me something to live for and something to keep going because I was so young. I feel like deep down, I understood the

Continued on page 4

> "I want them to know that their diagnosis is not their fault and that there are people who care about them and are actively working to stop the beast that is cancer."

–Grace Callwood reactions during her interview with BCLF Magazine.

All Photos Courtesy of WeCancerve

For Grace continued from page 3

severity of my diagnosis, but there was so much I didn't know that it was hard to understand. And so, community service served as something to keep me going.

Do you remember your treatment and how you coped?

Yes. My treatment, it was quite monotonous. I do remember watching the same movies, not that they didn't have a wide selection, but just the same movies. If I was either up to it or if my immune system could handle it, I'd go to the playroom . . . maybe sit on the waterbed or play video games for a little while. Mom and grandma were always great about making our own fun, like spelling games when I was little and learning how to read and write. I remember we watched the Olympics in this little hospital lounge area so I could get out of my room. Just having a different setting meant so much to me.

What's your message to kids, teens and adults currently dealing with cancer treatments right now?

I wish them peace and I hope they allow themselves to feel everything, but not feel that they need to be strong or act like it doesn't hurt. I want them to know that their diagnosis is not their fault and that there are people who care about them and are actively working to stop the beast that is cancer. They do not have to do this alone.

Grace enjoying one of the first donations of Books & Buddies, a WeCancerve program.

Grace is the founder and chief executive of the WeCancerve, a nonprofit that helps homeless, sick and foster youth.

Another initiative: TransFUNers.

Beach in a Bucket brings an outdoors experience indoors.

Through it All, I've Learned to Trust a Loving God

On October 23, 2020, while recovering from my fifth rotator cuff surgery (and six months after the United States began to implement shutdowns to prevent the spread of COVID-19), I was diagnosed with an aggressively growing diffuse large B-cell lymphoma (DLBCL).

This was also not my first dance with cancer. In 2005, I was diagnosed and survived prostate cancer. So, this cancer journey was not new or unique; just a different route to becoming a two-time cancer survivor who has arrived at a healthier state of spirit, soul and body.

Faith, family and friends blended to become the harmony that nurtured my body, soul and spirit from the day I learned of my diagnosis. My faith in God was never a question. The diagnosis and the need for aggressive chemotherapy to survive challenged what I came to realize was a dormant faith—a faith that was surviving but not thriving. God met me where I was, demonstrating his grace in tangible ways to preserve my—spirit, soul and body.

First, our realtor and friend Holly West, a breast cancer survivor, referred us to her doctor when I became ill while on vacation in North Carolina. Holly's physician accurately diagnosed what I thought was just acid reflux.

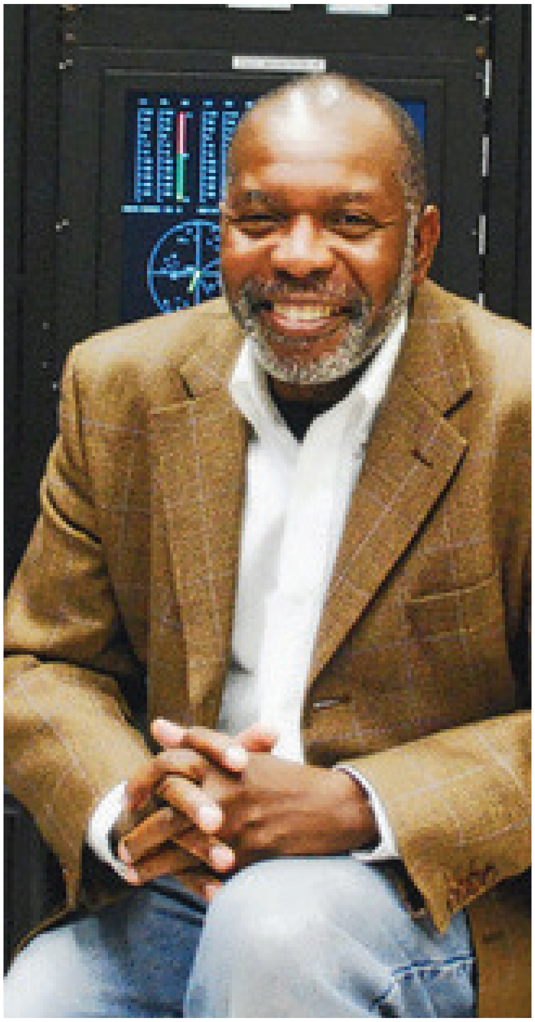
My wife's cousin, Dr. Freda Lewis Hall, made phone calls that opened the door to the staff and resources of The Sidney Kimmel Comprehensive Cancer Center at Johns Hopkins.

Dr. Lode J. Swinnen, a lymphoma specialist, reached out to us, and I will be forever grateful for the courage and care of his medical team, who, amid COVID-19, provided me and the patients around me with the highest quality medical care.

Howard Wolley, a caring and thoughtful friend who had cared for his wife, Gale, until her death from the effects of sickle cell anemia, provided a private car service to and from chemotherapy treatments, keeping me isolated and minimizing the burden on my wife, who nursed me through the chemotherapy aftereffects.

On one of my worst chemotherapy days, my cousins sent me a video of their mother, my then 91-year-old Aunt Margaret, and my father's baby sister of his 14 siblings. She was playing on her old upright piano — *The Lord Will Make a Way Somehow*, written by the father of Black gospel music, Thomas A Dorsey: "When the loads bear down so heavy, the weight is shown upon my brow. There's a sweet relief in knowing the Lord will make a way somehow."

Edward Jones, Jr.
General Manager
UDC Cable Television
Washington, D.C.



Ed, a local TV executive, leaned on his faith.

Ed seen gathering fresh greens for a healthy meal.

My Witness is My Message of Hope and Love

I am a survivor . . . twice. The first time was nine years, 11 months and a couple of days ago. The second time began this year and was different.

I had believed that the cancer couldn't recur. In the Spring, when my physician told me, "Your cancer has returned," I felt as though I had walked into a wall; that I was being hit by a jackhammer that wouldn't stop pounding. Yet, that was the very moment I became a survivor . . . again.

With the help of others, the focus was on living.

For nearly ten years before, I saw people with malignancies of almost every kind: brain, prostate, uterine, liver, colon, breast, and few rare cancers. I witnessed some who were devastated by their diagnosis; drained by their post-operative treatments; and looked in vain for experimental trials they might join. Many gave up. Others trusted God for miracles.

My husband/partner, Joseph, joined me in receiving my diagnosis, which we shared with family and friends, and a community of faith that undergirded me. They operated as a kind of Divine transport that gave me a feeling of being carried when all I could do was crawl. They met me at that moment and refused to let me wallow, reminding me I was not alone. "God's got you," they repeatedly said as they became His instruments. They helped me survive.

From diagnosis through surgery and beyond, they prayed: while shopping for groceries, running errands and performing routine chores. They picked up meds, answered phone calls, and designed a healing strategy that rivaled the best. They literally washed my body with herbal cleanser and fed my imagination with optimism. They cheered me through tests, cooked healthy meals, and showered me with cards. They were my purveyors of hope.

I thank God for my generous community of faith, for the many ways they lifted and encouraged me while taking the idea of service to another level. They loved me into doing my part in surviving and I'm grateful. It is a lesson I will remember and pass on for the rest of my life.

Judi Moore Latta, Ph.D.
Award-winning Producer
Professor Emerita, Howard University

Dr. Latta's Cover Photo: Jason Miccolo Johnson

Dr. Latta is known for her creative approaches in production and in the classroom.

Judi enjoying time on the water with husband, Dr. Joseph Latta, a dentist.

Judi flanked by friends, Dr. Brenda Kelly and Rev. Dr. Donald Kelly.

LifeBridge *Reception and Lecture*

In October, BCLF presented its third annual Grand Rounds lecture at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore, featuring Dr. David N. Korones, founder and director of the Pediatric Palliative Care Program at Golisano Children's Hospital in Rochester, New York.

Dr. David N. Korones, who delivered the Grand Rounds lecture, enjoying the reception.

Dr. Yoram Unguru with Jeri and Patricia Lee.

Brandon's uncles — Jeri Lee, left; Juan Lee, right — with Jeff Lee.

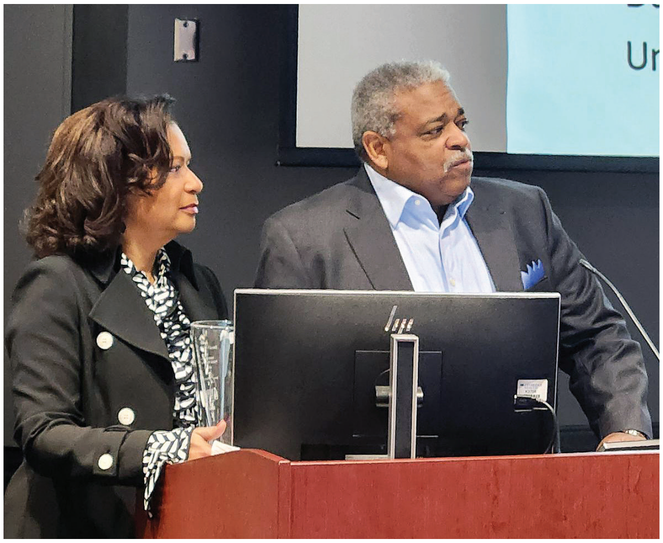
Dr. Amy Shlossman, president and chief operating officer of Sinai Hospital and Grace Medical Center, offers remarks at the reception.

Dr. Aziza T. Shad, Brandon's oncologist, with Dr. David N. Korones.

LifeBridge Photos: Marc Summerfield and Geannine Darby

LifeBridge *Reception and Lecture*

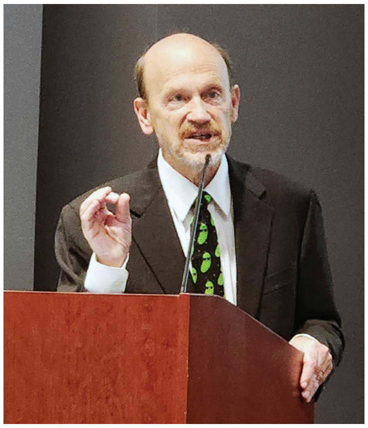
Dr. Korones' lecture, entitled Hope*, described its history in medicine and analyzed what it means to children with life-limiting disease and their parents.*



The Lees prepare to present award to Dr. David N. Korones.

Dr. Jennie Hart, Gila Unguru, and Dr. Jackie Bamme.

Dr. David N. Korones featured at the BCLF Pediatric Palliative Care Grand Rounds.



Dr. Aziza T. Shad with Dr. David N. Korones, and Tina and Jefferi Lee.

Isabella Uguru, Dr. Yoram Unguru, Grace Callwood, Jeff Lee, Dr. Aziza Shad, T'Jae Ellis (Grace's mother), and Tina Mance-Lee

Dr. Aziza T. Shad with Tina and Jeff Lee.

MedStar Reception & Lecture

In September, Childhood Cancer Awareness Month, BCLF presented the ninth annual Pediatric Palliative Care Grand Rounds lecture at MedStar Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C. Our presenter was Blyth Lord, founder and executive director of Courageous Parents Network, a U.S.-based non-profit that orients, empowers and equips parents and others caring for children with serious medical conditions.

Michael Skehan, Tina Lee, Andrea Roane and Jeff Lee.

Dr. Rachel Adams talking with Blyth Lord.

Janet and Dr. Alfonso Campbell.

Lecture attendees listening to Blyth Lord, whose daughter, Cameron, died of Tay-Sachs disease in 2001,

Blyth Lord's lecture provided hope and valuable information to those who care for sick children.

Dr. David Nelson and Lauren Majeski.

Leslie Nelson and Lauren Majeski.

MedStar Photos: Kea Taylor and Imagine Photography

MedStar *Reception & Lecture*

Ms. Blyth's daughter, Cameron, died of Tay-Sachs disease in 2001 and her lecture was presented as an Invitation (and Imperative) to Provide Anticipatory Guidance to Caregivers of Children Living with Serious Medical Conditions.

Plaque Awarded (from left): Jeff Lee; Blyth Lord, who presented at the MedStar event; Tina Lee; and Dr. Michael Donnelly. Ms. Lord is founder and executive director of Courageous Parents Network, a nonprofit that helps parents and others caring for sick children.

Erin Lee, Brandon's sister-in-law with daughter June smiling.

Wally Ashby, his wife Lea; Jacqueline and Dash Parham, BCLF designer.

Dayna A. Kuhar enjoying BCLF Reception.

Mike Tucker, BCLF editor.

A Prayer for the Brandon Carrington Lee Foundation

Learning to Live . . . Through Life and Beyond

Let us not look for you only in memory, Where we would grow lonely without you. You would want us to find you in presence,
Besides us when beauty brightens, When kindness glows And music echoes eternal tones.

–John O'Donohue, Poet

Memory

I did not know what to expect that day. Walking into your family home, Mom and Dad only told us that we were gathering to pray for Brandon.

We hadn't seen you for nearly a year. We were in high school now, our shared childhood a joyful memory that grows more and more. Childhood is so special because it involves curiosity, exploration and play. Childhood permits dreaming. It is where we learn to be human — from learning the sport of basketball to playing outside all day at Camp Shaunda in the hot summer sun. We were simply kids without a care in the world.

"Boys, Brandon has cancer," Mom said as tears welled in her eyes. I remember thinking, "Cancer? We're in middle school. Cancer isn't for kids."

A few years later, we came to visit, and I thought, "What will he look like? How will his spirit be? How do we approach him?

As we entered the living room, there you sat. Surgery and cancer treatment had altered your appearance. I saw that. But I saw something I did not expect. I saw your smile. I saw you. Still Brandon. That inner child still present. All notions of how I should be quickly left, and just like that, we were children again. Learning to be human, shedding tears, knowing God was there.

To my childhood friend who taught me to live . . . I love you.

Rev. Alfonso L. Campbell III

Prayer

God of life . . .

We thank you that eternal life is not experienced after death. But before death. You have gifted us with the way we live this life. And we thank you, O God, for the way Brandon lived his life, an example of a life well lived.

We thank you for his smile. We thank you for his faithfulness. We thank you for his eternal light that guides us even now.

We thank you for his parents, Jeff and Tina Lee, and his brother Jefferi. We thank you for how they have carried on Brandon's legacy so that others may experience the presence of Brandon Carrington Lee.

Be with all families facing a cancer diagnosis, with every patient walking that difficult road, and with all the doctors who work to bring healing.

May we live like Brandon.

May we stop and be children and learn to be human every now and again.

May we forever know death is not the final determination of healing. Living is.

And may we meet each moment of our lives knowing that nothing can separate us from your love

Amen and (in Yoruba) Àshe.

Written by Rev. Alfonso L Campbell III
Associate Pastor to Youth, College and Young Adults
Mt. Ennon Baptist Church
Clinton, Maryland

Childhood buddies at Camp Shaunda: Brandon is on the bottom row, second from the left in a red, white, and gray striped shirt; his brother, Jefferi, is on the top row, third from the right with a green and yellow striped shirt; and his friend, Alfonso III, is on the top row to the left in a gold shirt.

Prayers and a Great Quarterback Make a Difference

This letter is to my wife and all the other quarterbacks of teams of caregivers of cancer patients.

In 2003, after hearing those devastating words from a doctor, "Your child has cancer," I heard something similar in 2019. This time it was my doctor, and he was saying it to me, "Mr. Lee, you have Stage 3 colon cancer."

During Brandon's journey with cancer, I had coined a phrase that went like this — "He is not dying from cancer; we are living with cancer." So, that was the approach I took. How do I live with this diagnosis of cancer and not dwell on whether it would kill me? While that was one of the first questions I asked Brandon's doctor — "Could this disease kill him?" — I never asked either of my doctors that question about me.

I immediately asked my doctors, "So, what is the plan?" I had three doctors at that time. My alternative health care provider told me about non-surgical options that existed in Mexico, and that I would not have to have surgery or chemotherapy. That sounded really appealing. My second physician told me about the traditional path of surgery and chemotherapy. A third set of doctors told me about surgery and a new protocol for chemotherapy. Options, options, options. Couldn't I just take a pill?

The most important thing I learned on our journey of living with cancer with Brandon was that cancer treatments were are all about teamwork. There are hospital administrators, insurance companies, the doctors, nurses, technicians, families, friends and the hospital cleaning crews; all are part of the team. So, I became the coach of my cancer treatment team, deciding: Which doctors do I go with? Which medications should I take? Which protocols can they use?

Tina and Jeff Lee

I thought that I had everything under control and was ready for my Cancer Journey. But, just as every good football team has a coach, it is the quarterback who really runs the show . . . and I had a Hall of Fame quarterback.

When Brandon was diagnosed with cancer, my wife, Tina, immediately stepped into the quarterback position and began to run the show. Not only did she start scheduling appointments, researching medications, treatments and vetting physicians, she was the family's primary communicator to our family, friends and faith family about what was going on. She was the quarterback of Team Brandon. She was the rock that stood strong while all around her was in turmoil.

Now I had a cancer diagnosis and needed a quarterback. Could she do it again? Did she have the strength to put herself second and care for me as a cancer patient? Once again, Tina stepped into the huddle and began calling the plays as my care provider. She was and is my rock. A diagnosis of cancer is scary, and can have you asking all kinds of questions, but if you have a personal care provider or quarterback on your team like I had, with God's grace, whatever comes, you will be better able to handle it.

SO, TO ALL THE CAREGIVERS AND QUARTERBACKS OF CANCER TEAMS, MAY GOD BLESS YOU!

Jefferi K. Lee,
Tina's husband, now celebrating five years cancer free!
Chief Executive Officer
Brandon Carrington Lee Foundation

'I became the coach of my cancer treatment team, deciding: Which doctors do I go with? Which medications should I take? Which protocols can they use?'

Trust in the Lord with all your heart, And lean not on your own understanding; In all your ways acknowledge Him, And He shall direct your paths.

—Proverbs 3:5-6 (NKJV)

Trusting God Means Keeping Faith During a Crisis

Trusting in the Lord is easy when all is well but what happens when you get the dreaded call from the doctor that you have a major health issue like prostate cancer?

When I received the news, I immediately started thinking about all the terrible things that could happen. There was a moment while I was working at my church that tears flowed and would not stop. I remembered my dad, who died from prostate cancer and asked God if that was my plight. But the Holy Spirit calmed me and said, "trust."

I've been trusting ever since, and God has taken care of me. My prostate was removed October 2022 and problems have been undetectable during my last three PSA tests. I do not have incontinence, but I do have to deal with erectile dysfunction, a side effect of prostatectomy, I'm told. But I'm still here. And I'm thankful for positive role models like my uncle, who also battled prostate cancer, and is now 85—cancer-free for more than 20 years.

Mr. Ruth: "Thankful for positive role models."

Physically, I am not the man I used to be but I still exercise, eat right and believe in prayer. My wife Tela has been a blessing to me. She has been by my side every step of the way and because of her I continue to keep my faith and am determined to live a long life with her with Christ's blessings.

I scheduled and went in for my annual physical exams and as a result my cancer was caught early. Now I have hope. So keep hope alive and trust in God.

Michael Ruth
Educator, Pike High School
Deacon, Nu Corinthian Church
Indianapolis, Indiana

Mekayla Lee: Brandon's Support Was Invaluable

I have a vivid memory from my childhood when I faked an injury to go to the hospital. I was always envious of my twin brother, Malcolm, who frequently visited the emergency room for ear infections and injuries. One night, I pretended to have severe pain in my right knee to experience what it was like to go to the hospital . . . like my brother. My concerned mother canceled her work and took me. Little did I know that this visit would change my life.

At the age of nine, I was diagnosed with osteosarcoma in my right femur. Although I didn't fully comprehend the gravity of my condition, the unwavering support of my family gave me the strength to face it. Due to my treatments, I had to be homeschooled. I really missed going to school and being with my friends. However, having my best friend over and receiving heartwarming gifts from classmates lifted my spirits.

During my hospital stays for treatments, I found solace in entertaining myself by riding my IV machine up and down the hallway, bringing joy to myself and other kids in the hospital. It truly takes a village to support each other during tough times.

The initial phase of my chemotherapy was in Pittsburgh. My dad was in Maryland for work, but my mom accompanied me to every treatment. It meant a lot to me when she arranged for family members to stay with me, ensuring that I was never alone. Additionally, she often brought my siblings to visit me in the hospital.

One significant memory: meeting Brandon, who had been through similar experiences. His advice and support were invaluable, and I'm forever grateful. I also want to thank all the medical professionals and compassionate individuals I encountered during my journey.

And my father's words, "Tough times don't last long. Tough people do," were a source of strength whenever I felt scared, hurt or angry. After two and a half years, I was finally informed that I was in remission.

Ms: Lee: "It takes a village to support each other during tough times."

Faith Leads to a Poetic Testimony

My entire body went numb when I heard the words, "This is a life-threatening illness."

Suddenly, all my accomplishments in life and all my material possessions meant nothing.

My life flashed before me as I asked myself, "If this is the end, what about my daughter?"

Then, I thought about my faith in God. He had brought me through so many things, why would this be any different? Still, I was afraid. I did not know what to expect.

As the doctors explained my medical situation, it seemed that my ears muted the sound. My thoughts were focused on prayer and connecting with my Lord and Savior. I knew if I rested in His bosom, my fears would be relieved, and they were. I began to feel relief because I knew God was going to work it out. I believed in my heart that whatever happened, everything was going to be all right.

Jesus As a Hiding Place

When all others have forsaken thee, and to you
The world has covered its face,
Just know, there's a hiding place.

Somewhere, and someone to whom you can turn
Whenever it seems you're alone,
Without a friend and family to comfort you
And it seems no place is home.
There's shelter, a pavilion, that's been reserved for vagabonds like you
No matter the baggage or trials that are challenging,
His goodness and mercy shine through.

The darkest hour, and remotest abyss
From which one can't find their course,
A path has been paved to mountains on high
Inner strength is now gained from a higher source.
Sometimes daily existence is overwhelming.
Just can't seem to keep pace,
Someone has already died for your sins
In Jesus, there's a hiding place.

He's the answer and solution
To problems that trouble you so,
Open honesty and an earnest heart
Is all's needed, when on bended knee you go.

Prayer to him changes things
No matter how rough the road may be,
Regardless the weight of your burdens
Relying on him is the key.

To locked doors, new beginnings
and horizons seemingly beyond reach
Lift thy head to the Son of God,
For his help and wisdom, you beseech.

All one has to do is ask
And thou shalt conquer any race,
Seek sanctuary in his tabernacle
To find in Jesus, there's a hiding place.

Dr. Cherie A. Ward
Director, Jim Vance Media Program
Archbishop Carroll High School
Washington, D.C.

Dr. Ward being honored at Archbishop Carroll High School.

On the set of Lumumba's Playground, a TV show Dr. Ward created.

Dr. Ward being interviewed as students watch.

Brandon's Doctor Honored for Her Leadership

Dr. Aziza T. Shad, Brandon's oncologist, was recently honored with an "Agent of Change" award at the United Nations in New York. "I have never had to speak or be in in the company of so many ambassadors, ministers and world leaders," said Dr. Shad, recognized for her work in Africa through The Aslan Project, her nonprofit that builds programs in pediatric cancer in countries with low resources. "Quite an experience."

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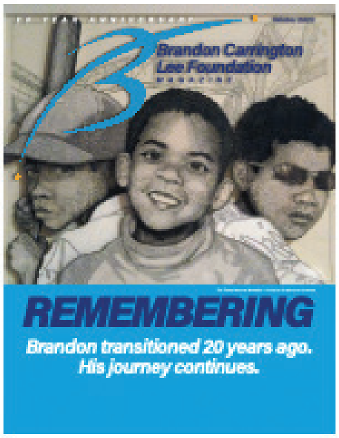
bclfoundation.org

We hope . . .

. . . that you will fill out the enclosed card and send your donation to help us continue the fight against childhood cancer.

We ask . . .

. . . that you think about expanding your support through your estate planning, as our mission provides comfort and hope to those in need of His strength and light.



The Brandon Carrington Lee Foundation is a component fund of the Greater Washington Community Foundation EIN: 23-7343119

Teatime: Treat Yourself and Family to a Tasty Brew

The Brandon Carrington Lee Foundation encourages you to take time for a cup of tea on Saturday, November 23, 2024, in memory of Brandon and countless others who have battled cancer. Then, fill out the enclosed card and send your donation to help us continue the fight against childhood cancer. Please think about expanding your support through estate planning, as our mission provides comfort and hope to those in need of His strength and light. Thank you.

BCLF Magazine:
Editor, Mike Tucker;
Designer, Dash Parham