

The Primrose



Vol. 41, Issue 3

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Fall 2021



MY OLD FRIEND GRIEF

My old friend Grief is back. He comes to visit me once in awhile to remind me that I am still a broken man. Surely there has been much healing since my son died six years ago, and surely I have adjusted to a world without him. But the truth is, we never completely heal, we never totally adjust. Such is the nature of the loss that no matter how much life has been experienced; the heart of the bereaved will never be the same. It's as though a part of us dies with the person we lose through death.

And so my old friend Grief drops in to say "Hello". Sometimes he enters through the door of my memory. I'll hear a song or smell a fragrance. I'll look at a picture and I'll remember how it used to be. Sometimes it brings a smile to my face.... sometimes a tear.

One may say that remembrance is unhealthy... that we shouldn't dwell on thoughts that make us sad. Yet the opposite is true. Grief re-visited is Grief acknowledged and Grief confronted is Grief resolved. But if Grief is resolved, why do we feel a sense of loss when we least expect it? Because healing doesn't mean forgetting and moving on with life doesn't mean that we don't take a part of our lost love with us. Of course the intensity of the pain decreases over time if we allow Grief to visit from time to time.

Sometimes my old friend Grief sneaks up on me. It's as though the one's we have lost are determined not to be forgotten. My old friend Grief doesn't get in the way of living. He just wants to come along and chat sometimes.

Grief has taught me a few things about living I wouldn't have learned on my own. He has taught me that if I try to deny the reality of loss, I end up having to deny life altogether. Old Grief has taught me that I can survive great loss and although my world is different, it's still my world and I must live in it.

My old friend Grief has taught me that the loss of a loved one doesn't mean the permanence of death. My friend will be back again and again to remind me to confront my new reality and to gain through loss and pain.

~ Adolfo Quesda, TCF/Colorado

Autumn

In the fall
When amber leaves are shed,
Softly—silently
Like tears that wait to flow,
I watch and grieve.
My heart beats sadly in the fall; '
Tis then I miss you most of all.
Lily de Lauder TCF Van Nuys, CA

All these years later,
I STILL hear your gentle laughter.
STILL feel your love.
STILL see your light.

Helen Marm

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
National Office Information

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Regional Coordinator
Al Visconti (518) 756-9569

PARENTS RESOURCE CORNER

Please feel free to call the following people if you wish to speak to someone whose child's death was caused in a manner similar to your child's.

Accidental – Pam Kroft	Ph: 239-4222
Illness - Shirley Mehal	785-5710
Adult child - Kim Ford	244-0267
Karen Yeager	757-1852
Suicide - Sherry Bailey	797-8990

The Compassionate Friends of Broome County

1250 Front Street, # 147 Binghamton, NY 13901

Web Address:

Under construction

For information pertaining to the
The Compassionate Friends of Broome County,
call: Pam Kroft (607) 239-4222

Monthly Meetings

First Monday of each month 7:00 - 9:00 PM
Third or fourth Saturday 10 AM – 12 PM
Nimmonsburg United Methodist Church
918 Upper Front Street Binghamton, NY 13901
(across from BCC)

Steering Committee

Chapter Leader & Delegate - Pam Kroft
Assistant Chapter Leader - Donna Cunningham
Outreach - Luann Ford , Elaine Sahre,
Carol Selby
Library - Sherry Bailey
Hospitality – Jean Scolaro
Treasurer – Val Ambrose
Newsletter Editor – Val Ambrose
Social Media -
Kim Ford, Shelley Levchak
Secretary - Angela Carro

**Steering Committee Meeting
October 20th**

Contact Pam for details

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

Meetings:

First Monday 7:00 PM - 9:00 PM
Unless otherwise indicated
Third or fourth Saturday 10:00 A.M.
(Check calendar!)

NIMMONSBURG UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

918 Front Street, Binghamton
(Across from BCC, next to the Credit Union.
Parking in the rear, enter through rear door.)

September 13th, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Where are we Now?”

September 25th, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

October 4th, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Grief Brain”

October 16th, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

October 20th, 2021 (Wednesday)
5:30 PM Steering Committee Meeting

November 1st, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Sibling Survival”

November 20th, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

December 6th, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Peace to All”

December 12th, 2021 (Sunday)
6 PM Candlelight Service

The Primrose is published quarterly
Deadline for newsletter materials:
February 1st: May 1st: August 1st: November 1st

Send Information to: Val Ambrose 730 River Rd.
Binghamton, NY 13901
Or email JTL7899@yahoo.com

NOTICE: If you receive this newsletter,
forwarded through the funeral home, please call
Val Ambrose at (607 648-8598) with your correct
address so new issues can be mailed directly to you.

Our Children Did Exist

I've lost two children,
I hear myself say.
And that person I'm talking to,
just turns away.

Now why did I tell them,
I don't understand?
It wasn't for sympathy,
or to get a helping hand.

I just want them to know,
we've lost something dear.
I want them to know,
that our children were here.

They left something behind,
which no one can see.
They made just two people
into a family.

So, if I've upset you,
I'm sorry as can be.
You'll have to forgive me,
I could not resist.
I just wanted you to know,
that our children did exist.

By Betty Schreiber, TCF N.E. Ohio

...in the autumn

Some people love to see
the changes in the colors of the leaves,
When the sky is clear and dark blue as the sea.

They love to smell the oak leaves burning
But it is then my heart is yearning
To be with ones I know I cannot see.

There's something in the autumn
That makes my heart so heavy,
I miss them all but know they're where
they should all be.

If I can make it through the winter,
And see the spring unfold before me,
Then I'll know once more they're there,
and wait for me.

When the morning sun comes later,
and the afternoons die early,
And my spirits drop
like leaves around my feet.

I'm so aware that I am mortal
and I can almost see the portal
that I will pass through
and be evermore complete.

By Jim O'Neil, TCF, Montgomery, AL

Borrowed Hope

Lend me your hope for awhile, I seem to have mislaid mine.
Lost and hopeless feelings accompany me daily.
Pain and confusion are my companions. I know not where to turn.
Looking ahead to the future times
Does not bring forth images of renewed hope.
I see mirthless times, pain-filled days, and more tragedy.

Lend me your hope for awhile, I seem to have mislaid mine.
Hold my hand and hug me, Listen to all my ramblings.
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.
Recovery seems so far and distant, The road to healing, a long and lonely one.
Stand by me. Offer me your presence, Your ears and your love.
Acknowledge my pain, it is so real and ever present.
I am overwhelmed with sad and conflicting thoughts.
Lend me your hope for awhile.
A time will come when I will heal.

By Eloise Cole, TCF Ireland Chapter

A NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Hello Friends,

It seems like I haven't had much good news in the past year and a half but as far as I know we will be able to be in person for our annual December candle lighting. That's where it stands today; of course depending on where the virus is or isn't come December. We surely will have to be mindful of others and if not vaccinated a mask must be worn. We will know more as December nears. I know for myself it will be a joyous evening to be able to honor our loving children, grandchildren, siblings, nieces and nephews together in the sanctuary. Check our Compassionate Friends of Broome County Facebook page for current updates or ask someone who does have access to it. I will also send updates to those that I have emails and cell #'s. Touch base with me if I don't have an alternative for you. We also will be recruiting members to be readers during the service, greeters at the entrances and kitchen help. No task is too little, it takes many people to make our candle light service a night of remembrance for those gone too soon. Please reach out to me if interested @239-4222 or you can wait for me to "find" you and trust me I will.

For anyone who has been a member of our group as far back as I believe 1997, has had the joy of knowing Mr. Hank Nanni. Hank and his wife Pat attended meetings until her death in 2002 and then Hank continued on as a constant dad in our group. The Nanni's lost their son Anthony in 1987. The past few years he hasn't been able to attend as regularly but for several years was sitting outside the sanctuary before our candle light service helping others fill in the name cards of their beloved and also a member of our steering committee. Hank literally has been our patriarch for all those years, helping parents along their journeys and especially showing the dads that even after 30+ years it's ok to still cry. We lost Hank in June, he would have been 96 in November; he had a good life but never stopped missing his Anthony. Please keep his family in your thoughts.

I was just made aware of another of our TCF dad's who passed in March of this year, Jim Moore. Jim and his wife June attended our group after the passing of their son, Jason in 2002. Jason was 18 and succumbed to a car accident on his way to work. They also had an infant son Jordan that had passed years before. Jim and June came to group seeking help in how to go on, like all of us after our tragedies. Even after all these years I would think of them as I traveled Pennsylvania Ave towards Little Meadows and beyond. Ironically it would be Hank Nanni who would remember Jim and June. Our condolences to the Moore's and especially Jim's beloved wife, June.

As I was about to finish this letter I opened the newspaper this morning and read that another one of our members, Carol Utter had passed at the end of July. It saddened me yet again as Carol was at the very first meeting I attended, giving her guidance and love to the newly bereaved. During her years before and with TCF she lost two of her beloved children. Her son Kirk passed before she attended meetings and then her daughter Nancy years later. I remember Carol, her infectious laugh and her very calming voice, reassuring others that they too would survive. She will be sorely missed.

We are still having bi-monthly meetings (fingers crossed) and our membership is continuing to come back. Some are still leery and I certainly can understand the hesitancy. We are following any new prodigals and health regulations that may arise. We are still taking temps and have sanitizer available to all. We have many new members that need the guidance to know that they too shall survive. There are no magic words or remedies for their broken hearts just kindness, compassion, friendship and hope that is foremost at our meetings. We all remember those early minutes, hours, days, weeks and months when we weren't sure if we would survive. Reaching out and helping others will be healing not only for them but for us as well. Many years ago someone told me I would survive (didn't believe them) and I did. No matter how far along you are after the death TCF is a place to share and to vent, it's like a warm hug. My motivation to attend TCF meetings is without a doubt to be there for others as they muster up the courage to walk through our door, to enter a room for the first time not knowing what to expect. There are kind people with soft words to greet you and keep you safe at least while we are together. Also meetings will always be the one constant in my life where my Sean is welcome without any hesitation or fear of someone saying, "That's still bothering you?" Four little heart breaking words that should never be uttered to any one experiencing heavy grief.

continued ➡

A Note from our chapter leader continued...

I hope you find the peace you are searching for during your unsettling grief journey. The road is long and filled with challenging twists and turns, but just like I was told all those years ago, you too shall survive. I hope to see you soon, if not check out our daily message on our Facebook page, or we are just a phone call away.

Hugs to all,
Pam
Sean's Mom

The Gift of Grief

Death takes away. That's all there is to it. But grief gives back. By experiencing it, we are not simply eroded by pain. Rather, we become more compassionate, more aware, more able to help others, more able to help ourselves.

Grief is powerful. It plunges us into the depths of sorrow and forces us to face the finiteness of life, the mightiness of death, and the meaning of our existence here on this earth.

It does more than enable us to change: it demands it. The way we change is up to us. It is possible to be forever bowed by grief. It is possible to be so afraid of one aspect of it that we become frozen in place, stuck in sorrow, riveted in resentment or remorse, unable to move on.

But it is also possible to be enlarged, to find new direction, and to allow the memory of our beloved person who has died to live on within us... not as a monument to misery, but as a source of strength, love and inspiration.

By acting on our grief, we can eventually find within ourselves a place of peace and purposefulness. It is my belief that all grievers, no matter how intense their pain, no matter how rough the terrain across which they must travel, can eventually find that place within their hearts.

MAY I GRIEVE?

In the daytime, I walk and work, and all;
But at home, in the evening,
I stumble and fall.
The office says, "Function, smile and get control."
But at home I can grieve to cleanse my soul.
Must I be two people for the rest of my life?
If I could be just one person for more than one day,
My freedom to grieve would help light the way.
But society tells me not to be sad,
They say, "She's at peace now
and you should be glad."
When grieving the loss of a child is perceived,
How much easier it is for we the bereaved.

~ Susanne Demars, TCF/Hingham, MA

Autumn in Grief's Garden

There is an underlying
sadness to autumn.
It is the beginning of the end of things –
and fueling the flames,
its exquisite beauty
burns open our hearts,
and for those
brimming with grief,
or remembering gladness,
tears overflow
from deep within the wells of sorrow.

From Catching the Light: Coming Back to Life after the
Death of a Child by Genesse Gentry

Our Children Remembered

*As long as we live, our children too shall live,
for they are part of us in our memories.
We lovingly remember the following children on
Their Anniversary.*



09/01 **Kathleen** daughter of **Frank & Jeannine Wells** Endicott, NY
09/01 **Cindy** daughter of **Bonnie Blair** Binghamton, NY
09/05 **Ruth** daughter of **Norma Manning** Binghamton, NY
09/11 **Cheryl** daughter of **M/M Frank Lockwood** Binghamton, NY
09/13 **Kaitlin** daughter of **Maureen Mosher** Newark Valley, NY
09/14 **Rebecca** daughter of **M/M Harold F. Weitsman** Vestal, NY
09/15 **Jonathan** son of **M/M James Pratt** Binghamton, NY
09/18 **Todd** son of **Carol Selby** Johnson City, NY
09/20 **Shawn** son of **Carol Ferraro** Binghamton, NY
09/24 **Maura** daughter of **Joseph & Maureen Johnson** Binghamton, NY
09/25 **Karen** daughter of **Sandy Iannuzzi** Vestal, NY
09/26 **Stephen** son of **Shirley Mehal** Endwell, NY
09/26 **Julie** daughter of **Bonnie Blair** Binghamton, NY
09/29 **Susan** daughter of **Richard & Helen Kachmarik** Binghamton, NY
10/02 **Alex** son of **Tammy Drost** Vestal, NY
10/03 **Traci** daughter of **Gordon & Mary Shiner** Vestal, NY
10/09 **Tyler** son of **Sharon Stento** Binghamton, NY
10/11 **Jerry** son of **Sylvia Behal** Johnson City, NY
10/15 **William** son of **Delores Bentley** Binghamton, NY
10/16 **David** son of **Shirley Rigo** Binghamton, NY
10/16 **Sean** son of **Pam Kroft** Endicott, NY
10/19 **Angie** daughter of **Myrtle Howe** Aylett, VA
10/23 **Micha** son of **Marvin & Donna Conover** Binghamton, NY
10/26 **Joel** son of **Renee Radicchi Spicer & Steve Spicer** Owego, NY
11/05 **Francis** son of **Tina Knapp** Binghamton, NY
11/07 **Jenna** daughter of **Maureen Mosher** Newark Valley, NY
11/14 **Megan** daughter of **Roy and Molly Santa Croce** Binghamton, NY
11/15 **Gail** daughter of **Ray & Lori Benjamin** Binghamton, NY

continued ➡

Our Children Remembered... continued

- 11/15 **Matthew** son of **Martin & Carol Porcino** Johnson City, NY
11/16 **Ryan** son of **Donald & Suzanne Carr** Binghamton, NY
11/20 **Paxton** daughter of **Drew & Kim Prochazka** Hancock NY
11/26 **Thomas** son of **Margaret & James Isaminger** Johnson City, NY
11/26 **Phelan** son of **Kelly Smith** Barton, NY
11/30 **Cynthia** daughter of **Marilyn Eck** Endwell, NY

The loudest noise in the world is the absence of a child. Josh Picoult

Shared Thoughts on Healing

Healing is the one gift all bereaved parents & siblings are searching for. Because our pain is so all consuming and overwhelming, it makes us feel that it would be impossible to laugh or be happy again. We and all those around us want the impossible, which is to return to the way we were before the death of our child or sibling.

The shock of our loss usually insulates us, which helps us to get through those first few weeks of grief, but unfortunately that is about as long as some of our friends and family will hang in there with us. We are grieving for our child or sibling, but most friend's primary grief is for us and the pain we are going through, their tolerance for our extended grief wears thin. They want us to hurry and feel better so that their pain will go away.

About this time even we ask ourselves, "when will I feel better?" I can remember, after Doug's death, of wondering if the pain would ever ease. Life seemed so pointless and without hope. Just to survive a day seemed so difficult and demanded every ounce of strength I had.

Gradually, (and never as soon as we would like it to come), we do feel a glimmer of hope for some small interest in life again. No matter how small our accomplishment, we need to recognize this as healing. Little by little our empty feelings diminish, even though they are not gone. Since our healing time is proportionate to our loss, the road is very long and hard.

We at Compassionate Friends, have traveled the road. We never want to forget our loved ones. Our child or sibling died, but the love lives on, and what ever we were to one another, we still are. Healing is not forgetting, it's remembering without pain.

Our deep pain blocks our objectivity, but someday this agony (and the love for our child or sibling) will bring us new meanings about life. We have to choose our own path for peace and healing.

During your grief, if you feel more compassionate toward another's loss, refine your priorities, are less judgmental, want to ease someone's pain, or can remember your loved one without intense pain. You are healing!

Come share—we need one another to get to the other side of grief.

God Bless, Marie Hofmockel, TCF Valley Forge, PA

COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS HAS MEANT TO ME

Survival in an often unfair world

Unspoken understanding of seemingly unbearable pain

Sharing — dividing that pain and making it bearable

Caring — reaching out to one another

Joy — in the delight of another's progress

Love — instant and unquestioned because of our mutual but uncommon loss.

Faye Harden, TCF, Tuscaloosa, AL

THE BARK AND THE TREE

My first night at our Compassionate Friends meeting, after the meeting had ended, a few of us sat talking. It had been only about a month since my daughter's tragic accident and I was that combination of foggily numb, angry, cloudy and very depressed that most of you know so very well from your own journey. In my heart I knew that my life could never be anything but what it was at that moment.

An analogy was shared with me that evening that I absorbed as much as I could absorb anything in that fogginess. My daughter used to call me, not necessarily with great fondness, The Queen of Analogies. I had used them, often to her annoyance, so frequently as she was growing up to illustrate points and teach lessons. They didn't always make sense to her, but being The Analogy Queen, I coveted any good one that I heard and make up scores of others on my own.

Over the course of the following months after that night, I found myself drawn back to the Tree and Bark Analogy when people would ask how I was doing. "Today I only know THE BARK", I might reply, or "There may be a vague sighting of something that could be a tree", I might say at another time. And then I would have to explain what I meant, having turned THE BARK of the Tree into an analogy that spoke to my emotions.

In the very beginning following the death of our loved one, it is as if we are standing in a forest, but with our faces pressed up against THE BARK of a single tree. It is all that we can see. It blocks out the sun and obscures everything else. All we know, all we are, everything that exists for us is that blurred bark of the single tree.

As time passes, we might, some days, notice that there may be a butterfly lit upon that patch of bark, or a bit of life sustaining sap trickling upon the grain. Maybe, on one particularly day, we might notice that the patch of bark is actually part of a tree. And as some time passes, we might begin to notice that the tree has another that stands next to it; and another and another and that there is actually green grass making up their bed and blue sky welcoming their outreaching branches. On a particular day we might notice that THE BARK on The Tree is actually part of a forest and that other life, other animals weave among the trees and fly among the branches. Our ears may hear the babbling of a distant brook or the songs of the birds. We might actually feel the warmth of sun or a cool breeze tickling our skin. And, then, some days, again and again, all we can see is THE BARK

THE BARK never goes away. It is always part of our picture. Some days, especially in the beginning of what is now our Lifetime Journey, THE BARK is all that we can handle, all we can see, all we know exists. Sometimes, even on that same day, we might get a glimpse of the trees or feel the sun, but then are pulled back to seeing only THE BARK. Yet the forest remains, too, even if sometimes it is out of our ability to comprehend its existence.

Mostly, in the first year of the past 495 days, I've had my face pressed up against THE BARK and was often aware of little else. Occasionally I would surprise myself, when someone asked, to admit that there were times, when I might believe in the possibility that I could see other trees someday. And once in a rare while, now, I do catch a blurred glimpse of The Entire Forest. Yet some days, especially the days that Robyn's Void screams so loudly that I can hear nothing but how deeply I miss her and grieve for the absence of our daily teasing, talking and friendship, that there exists only the fogged coarseness of THE BARK.

It was more than a year after my first meeting that I discovered who had presented the analogy to the women who had shared it so kindly with me that first night. She is Toni Wood, Barry's mom, and had long been a Compassionate Friend to the members of This Ugly Club that we all, so deeply against our will, were forced to become part of. I was able to talk with Toni about the origin of The Trees and she shared this with me:

"...To tell you the truth I have no clue where I got that from... but I used it because it worked for me. I can see the tree now more clearly and the memories don't always make me cry now ~ most of the time, but not all. When I first thought about this analogy all I could see was the ugly knot of Barry's death. I could not see the good memories, the wonderful things he did and said. I had to step back and get my nose away from the knot in the tree so I could see more of the tree ~ his life. The roots of the tree ~ the family. The branches ~ his son and wife and friends. The leaves and flowers are the good and the bad things he did in his life. Even bad things are good memories now."



The Bark and the Tree continued...

What I do know now to be true, is that THE BARK will never completely go away for me, though, someday, it might become 'the bark'. And I have found that sometimes I might be having a "Forest Moment"; like the day I officiated my son and my daughter-in-law's outdoor Vermont winter wedding. Their vows were shared next to a gorge, a shivering waterfall and among the birds and trees. I was in "The Forest" when all of the sudden a painful spasm of Robyn's Absence, hurled me back toward THE BARK. I know that even at a time when I might feel the sun, that I can suddenly crash right back into THE BARK of the Tree. That is The Reality of Missing My Child.

Perhaps the irony is that, as a family, we bought 30 acres of forest that we built our family home on together. We used to play among the trees and go "tree hunting" for games of hide and seek and scrap wood for our cozy fire circles. Trees always used to make me smile and feel comforted. Perhaps, someday, again, I will see them and appreciate their beauty. For right now, I am still all too well aware of THE BARK. ♥

Bettie-Jeanne Rivard-Darby, Ellington, CT Robyn April's mom

No one is asking us to forget, to turn away from all that we loved and cherished in the one we have lost. We couldn't do that even if we wanted to.

The task before us - and it can take a very long time - is to incorporate this grief and loss into the rest of our lives, so that it doesn't continue to dominate our lives. It's no longer the first thing we think of when we wake up in the morning, or the last thing we relinquish before we sleep.

A child said to his mother, in regards to the outpouring of kindnesses after his father's death. "There are so many good things. There's just one bad thing."

"The "bad thing" will always be there, but when it begins to take its place among the good things life offers, we're on our way. Even in my sadness I will be open to new adventure.

Elisabeth Kubler Ross

THE FIX-IT MAN

Being a "jack of all trades and master of none" all my life, our children thought I could fix anything that they broke. I myself thought that anything that was made could be fixed, and maybe even fixed better than when it was new. Many times one of our children would bring me something that had broken, though they didn't know how it got broken, and asked me if I would attempt to fix whatever it was, and one way or another, I would succeed.

Then one day something broke that I never will be able to fix. One of our children died. This time, the something that broke, I could not fix. There are no tools to bring a dead child back to life.

All I can think and wonder is, how and why did I end up with something I cannot fix? Since that time, it is hard for me to fix something that breaks. It brings to mind the one big thing I will never be able to fix, the death of our child.

Bill Krieglestein, TCF/Fox Valley

Love Gifts

Our chapter is a self-help group with no required dues. We rely solely on contributions. Your donations help us pay for the cost of this newsletter, the postage, all the books in our library, meeting and event supplies which are a great help to bereaved parents.

Your contributions are tax deductible and very sincerely appreciated. The following donations were received since the last Primrose deadline:

Nancy Rinehuls in memory of her son **Richard**

Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver in memory of their son **Michael**

Anne Pilotti in memory of her granddaughter **Catherine**

Jackie Ceiri in memory of her daughters **Brigette and Sheri**

Sam & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**

June Moore in memory of her son **Jason**

Frank & Angela Carro in memory of their son **Robert**

Rita Kelley in memory of her grandson **James**

Nancy Arnold & Barbara Lewis in memory of their son and brother **Michael**

Tom & Marcia Glosick in memory of their son **Scott**

Rita Searles in memory of her son **Jonathan**

Sherry, Ron & Brianna Bailey in memory of their son and dad **Ryan**

Paul & Kimberly Reger in memory of their daughter **Alicia**

Keith Solomon in memory of his son **Greg**

Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**

Sandy & Jerry Wilcox in memory of their son **Kyle**

Shelley & Chuck Levchak in memory of their son **CJ**



Love Gifts given in memory of Hank Nanni the bereaved father of Anthony

For many years Hank gave money to our group in memory of his son every Newsletter so it wasn't a surprise that his obituary mentioned gifts to our group. I want to thank the Nanni's and the following friends for giving. We will miss Hank...

Kathleen & Matthew Evans

Patrick DeRose

Suzanne Carr

John & Kathleen Mollo

Petre Ann & James Mondolfi

Diane & Jim Julian

Karen & Andrew Schaefer

Joseph & Dawn Graney

Thank You

"You once did something for me more meaningful than the greatest of deeds; you held me in your arms and let me cry."

Bonnie Jison, TCF/Topeka, KS

****** NOTICE ******

There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends. Our largest expense is the printing and mailing of newsletters to our members. Your tax deductible Love Gift donation enables the chapter to continue our mission of reaching out to the newly bereaved and providing ongoing support to all our members.

Your expiration date is shown in the right hand corner of your mailing label. Please let me know by this date if you wish to continue receiving the Primrose. This is my way of knowing if you want the newsletter.

Send donations to: Mrs. Valerie Ambrose 730 River Rd. Binghamton, NY 13901

Make checks payable to: *The Compassionate Friends Broome*



Name _____

Please check if new Address

Address _____
(if new)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (____) _____ Child's Name _____ DoD ____ \ ____ \ ____

Newsletter \$ _____ Library \$ _____ Other (specify) \$ _____ Generic \$ _____

Please specify if there is a specific fund you want the money used for (newsletter, books, supplies, ect...)

ALL donations are mentioned in the Love gift section of the newsletter.

Love & Hope

On a warm summer day the sun went out
Grief walked in to stay
I turned away from the unwanted guest
And bid him on his way

Grief was merciless, he brought his friends....
Loneliness, Fear, and Despair.
They walk these rooms unceasingly
In the somber cloaks they wear.

Every so often now, Love pays a call
She always has hope by her side,
I welcome love as well as hope,
For I thought they surely had died.

Love counsels grief in a most gentle way,
Bids him be still for awhile,
Then love walks with me through memories hall,
And for a time..... I can smile.

Geoff & Jan Hanan
In loving memory of our son Justin Michael Hanan
February 21, 1966—December 22, 2000

Farewell to Dreams

Once upon a time we lived a fairy tale
Where all lived happily ever after
God's sun was bright and the stars at night
Joined in the joy and laughter

We met each day in a composed way
And met also each tribulation
We survived each blow and resultant woe
And loved without ration

Then one day the dreams went astray
We bid goodbye to "ever after"
Eyes filled with tears dissolved the cheers
And goodbye to joy and laughter

Unhappily tossed, our dreams were lost
In clouded skies there are no beams
Ours to remember a glowing ember
But goodbye to tales and farewell to dreams

Harvey Hockstein TCF Morris Area, NJ
In Memory of my daughter, Marilyn



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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