

The Primrose



Vol. 41, Issue 1

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Spring 2021



Small, Sweet Surprises

Toni Nesheim, TCF, Northern Lake County, Illinois

There are many surprises that we experience as grieving parents.

After the initial shock of learning that our child has died, there comes the many surprises that we experience as we adjust to a new life without that beloved child. We know that it will be long and arduous and sometimes we instinctively know that the recovery will take a lifetime.

I tried to “de-mystify” and understand grief by reading many books and articles, going to therapy, attending workshops and The Compassionate Friends meetings. It all helped me to process and give words to what was the unthinkable, worst experience of my life. I was looking for a salve or a solution to the problem of grief and sorrow. In spite of all the “processing”, I found and continue to find surprises in the grief journey.

I was surprised to learn how physically ill grief can make you feel. I was surprised at how instantly the tears could arise as other people talked about their living daughters. I was surprised that I didn't want to socialize with other people. I was surprised at the extreme fatigue and forgetfulness that I had. I was surprised that I had anxiety attacks in the grocery store and the mall. I was surprised that the first few times I laughed with other people, I felt guilty because my daughter could no longer laugh. I was surprised at the many unexpected moments when I would cry without provocation. We can all make a long list of the unhappy surprises we experienced as we learned how to function again with grief residing within us.

Now, seven years later, come other surprises. These are the small, sweet surprises that now bring smiles and flashes of memory that are pleasant and warm. I was surprised to find old Christmas ornaments that my daughter had made and I didn't cry. I found an old pair of her extra warm socks that surfaced in the laundry and I wore them with pleasure. I can go to her room and look at the many items still there and remember how we purchased them together and how enthusiastically she had redecorated her room. I was recently surprised when cleaning out the pockets of an old coat for donation, I found a little note that my daughter had written. That is the sweetest surprise.

As we enter a new year, we will have new experiences and we will all continue to work through our grief. Whether our grief is new or years old, there is still work to do and hopefully many sweet surprises will arrive in 2014.

“She was no longer wrestling with the grief, but could sit down with it as a lasting companion and make it a sharer in her thoughts.”

Newly Bereaved . . . Time will ease the hurt

The sadness of the present days is locked and set in time, and moving to the future is a slow and painful climb. But all the feelings that are now so vivid and so real can't hold their fresh intensity as time begins to heal. No wound so deep will ever go away, yet every hurt becomes a little less from day to day. Nothing can erase the painful imprints on your mind; but there are softer memories that time, will let you find. Though your heart won't let the sadness simply slide away, the echoes will diminish even though the memories stay.

Bruce Wilmer TCF/NJ newsletter

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
National Office Information

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Web address: www.compassionatefriends.org

Regional Coordinator
Al Visconti (518) 756-9569

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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 - Karen Yeager,
Kim Ford, Shelley Levchak
Secretary - Angela Carro

Steering Committee Meeting

May 19th 2021—5:30PM
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.)

March 1st, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Memory Night”

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

April 5th, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “How do we Spring Forward?”

April 17th, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

May 3rd, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Moms, Grandmas, Aunts & Sisters”

May 15th, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing
1:00 PM “Clean up at the Angel”

May 19th, 2021 (Thursday)
5:30 PM Steering Committee Meeting

May 22nd, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM “Rain date for Angel Clean up”

June 7th, 2021 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Dads, Grandpas, Uncles & Brothers ”

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.

March – A Month of Transition

The first day of any new month seems reason enough to pause, perhaps, and reflect on the significance or meaning that each of us might associate with a new month. For me, March has always signified a time of transition, a slow but steady emergence from the dark depths of winter into the first, but sure, signs of spring. Something like the “light at the end of the tunnel.” This spring will have a different meaning for each of us. For some, especially the newly bereaved, there will be a reluctance to accept it—a feeling of longing for the child with whom we would have liked to share it. You may wish to ignore the signs of this year’s spring, but it will happen anyway—you don’t have to enjoy it. Your sorrow is too new to let you enjoy anything. We understand this feeling. It’s part of the guilt we feel for surviving the loss of a child. It just won’t seem fair to you that the world goes on much the same as before .

Others of us, with the aid of time, sometimes much time, can face spring with a little more resolve. The resolve to accept things the way they are. Somehow we learn to recognize our limitations, and we stop hurting ourselves with guilt or with the responsibility to change things. There is no way to change the fact that our children have died. The only thing we can change is ourselves. Those children will always be with us in our minds and our hearts. When we become secure in that belief, we will have changed. The changed person can accept life again and still be faithful to the memory of his child.

Bob McCollough
TCF Burlington Chapter

Around the Corner to Spring

Heavy, gray clouds; wet, cold rain; winters in the Pacific Northwest can be long and lonely. The promise of spring is a faraway thought. But just as winter engulfs us now, spring is peeking around the corner. Daffodils will bravely break the hard ground, colorful tulip cups will catch spring showers, and slowly but surely, trees will bud, birds will sing and the sun will shine.

We have all encountered unspeakable pain in the loss of our child, and the seasons of recovery may also seem overwhelmingly dark and cold. Through this tremendous trauma, each of us finds a way to survive—a strength many could not imagine, yet here we are.

Each day, season, and year that we survive beyond that unforgettable day, I believe our children nurture the seeds of love they planted in our hearts; and it is this enduring love that helps us discover life again.

Spring is often known as the "season of hope". Yes, there will still be spring showers (just as there will always be a tear for our loved ones), but they are often punctuated by breathtaking rainbows stretching across the heavens and the promise of blue skies once again. The air seems lighter and fresher, filled with floral aromas and the scent of 'life'!

As we close out these last weeks of winter and look ahead to brighter days, my wish to all families is that you celebrate your strength, honor your tears, and share a word of hope and support to others who are newly bereaved. May we all find spring in our hearts!

D. Barta, TCF Portland OR



A NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Hello Friends,

I must say it's now been almost a year that we have been dealing with this pandemic, challenging us at every corner. I think we have turned yet another corner, giving us hope as each one is vaccinated against this deadly virus. We all have known people, loved ones, that have had covid and recovered or the ones not as fortunate as they lost their life to it. It's definitely been a weird time in our lives. We have had sadness and sorrow because of our children, grandchildren and siblings who have passed, but to see the entire country, no, the entire world in a state of sorrow has been eye opening, at least for me. I still own my sorrow over the loss of my Sean and will always mourn his death. I feel I have been given a "second chance" so to speak as I have witnessed this past year how really important life is, not that I didn't already know that, but watching the death numbers grow each day in a country that has the best medical facilities anywhere in the world, puts a vulnerability on all of us. Hopefully this will be in our rear view mirror, sooner than later.

I ache for the days we can once again meet safely and share a hug or two. We so deserve that, you and I. I feel such a total disconnect with everyone and I know when our day comes to be reunited it will be a wonderful, loving day. We have had many new parents in the past year that we haven't been able to comfort in our usual way, giving them a sense of hope as we sit and share our children, telling stories of their lives, seeing a smile or two, in between their tears as they remember.

I hope you all were able to view our candle lighting in December, it was so different but a beautiful evening remembering our children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews and siblings gone too soon. Because of Pastor Jenni, Jim, Cindy, Steve, Donna and Shelley we pulled it off. I so missed everyone but to be safe this was our alternative. I can only pray December of this year will be different and we can once again be at the church together; celebrating their lives with music, candles, readings, great food and our TCF family.

Our events and meetings will be at the mercy of the virus, so be safe and continue to be diligent in your efforts to do your part. I know that the isolation we have endured has been brutal for all of us, especially separation from our families and friends. Take heed in all efforts to curb this darn thing. By the time this goes to print I am sure we can see a light of hope, if only in a distance.

As you read this issue be reminded that the calendar is not set in stone. If you have Facebook you can view the cancellations on our page, or for some I send emails or texts. To be added to any of those lists or to double check a meeting please call me at 427-4043, leave a message and I will get back to you.

As our "new normal" continues to be our life, understand in the first few months and sometimes years of your bereavement it's hard to find any sense of anything normal. Not one of us were even remotely prepared for what we have endured. The beginning is filled with a pain so great that at times we aren't sure if we can get through it. The emotion is much like the first time you took a ride on a roller coaster, never knowing what is coming next, a highly emotional ride for sure. The roller coaster ride will continue for some time. I often stress the importance to rest, hydrate and be kind to yourself. There are no set rules for grief, but I highly recommend you reach out to someone you trust to be with you, to listen to you and to hold you when needed. There are times we do prefer to be alone but if not have a person at your ready to lean on.

I do have a prayer request please. Shirley Mehal, one of our very longtime members fell and broke her hip, hopefully she is now on the mend. Shirley was the very first bereaved mom I talked to after Sean's death, she holds a very special place in my heart.

continued 

A note from the Chapter Leader... continued

There is not much news to share as our lives have been quiet for several months. When you view our calendar for the spring the meeting subjects will be last years because we never met during those months. I can only hope that by our next newsletter we will be together as one family, sitting together in our meeting room, sharing our children, grandchildren and siblings. With that I bid you all a “till next time”.

Hugs to all,
Pam
Sean’s Mom



Thought for the Day

It is not easy returning to the world of normalcy when your world is so upside down. It is not easy to stop being a mother or father to your child that has died. The thought for the day is a word — patience — patience with yourself who suddenly and powerlessly has been thrown into this horrid nightmare; patience with your spouse who always seems to be having an up day when you are having a down day; patience with relatives and friends who wish to help but seem to hurt with hollow advice and logical words; and patience with time, for it takes time to adjust, and time can move so slowly. PATIENCE!

Rose Moen TCF Carmel-Indianapolis, IN

SPRING

I'm afraid of the Spring,
I'm afraid you might say
Of other children's voices
As they come out to play

I'm afraid of the feelings
deep down in my heart.
With all the pain and the hurt,
I may fall apart.

Shall I shut all the windows
So I don't hear a thing?
Shall I shut my eyes
So I can't see the Spring?

Shall I let winter live
The whole year through?
And feel safer inside
And a lot colder too?

By Penny Lenehan
TCF Brookside, NJ

SEASONED GRIEF

Eva Lager TCF, Perth, Western Australia

There used to be a point to summing up a year just past not as a personal accomplishment but as a reflection. Leaving previous hurts behind was welcomed and the sensible thing to do. I thought I was getting wiser as I was getting older.

With new years clean and full of possibilities, becoming a better person seemed simple, another chance at getting it right, like a redemption, being forgiven for having blundered or been found wanting.

But death changed everything, without permission. Resolutions, made sincerely and broken quickly, offended my need to hold on to the past, to rewind life, fast backwards, so I could capture what I had lost.

Still, time went on, regardless of my pleas. And when exhaustion set in, as eventually it must, I understood there would be another future, not the one I thought I had the right to expect but one where I dared carry hope in my heart again.

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.*



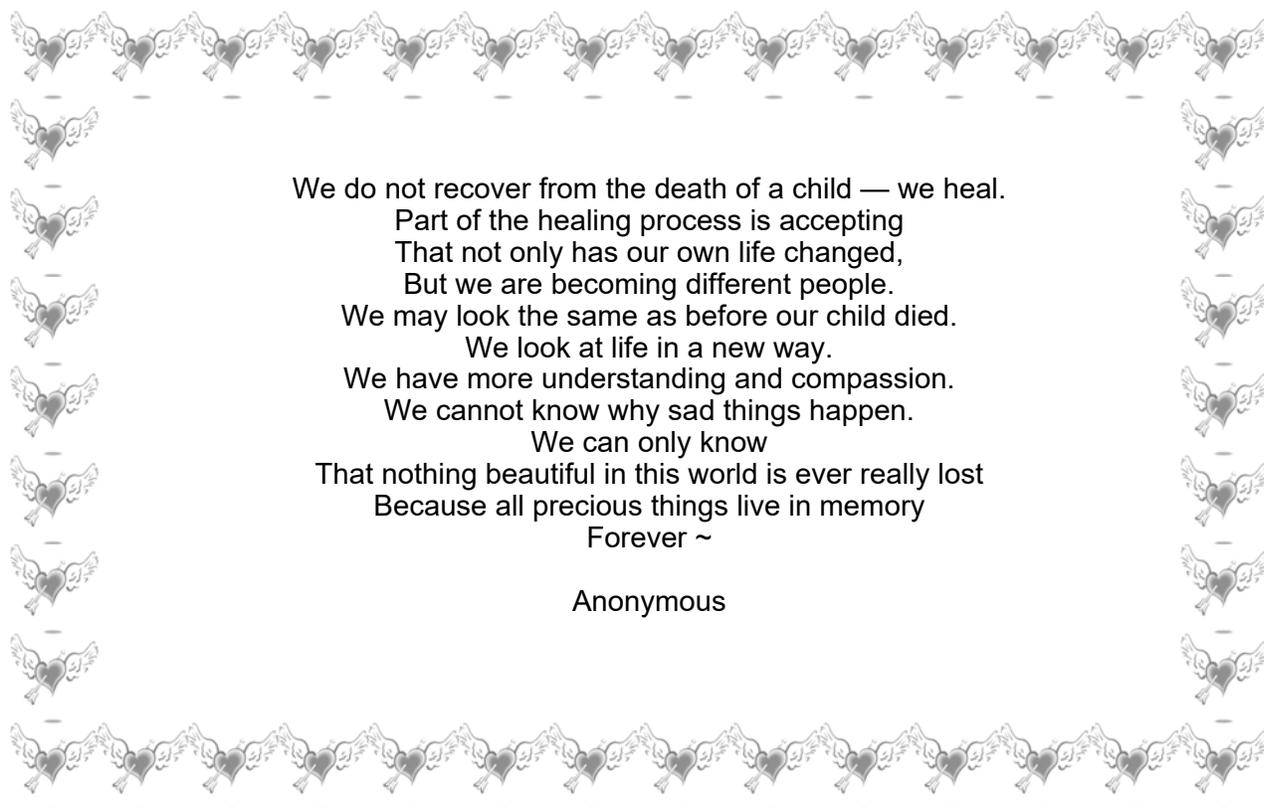
- 03/02 **Matthew** son of **M/M Gary Titman** Endicott, NY
03/08 **John** son of **Margaret Turna** Binghamton, NY
03/08 **Eddie** son of **Ed & Ellen Maslowsky** Binghamton, NY
03/09 **Annette** daughter of **M/M James Pratt** Binghamton, NY
03/09 **CJ** son of **Charles & Shelley Levchak** Kirkwood, NY
03/14 **Andrew** son of **Ray & Lori Benjamin** Binghamton, NY
03/15 **Mary** daughter of **Martin & Olivia Curtin** Endicott, NY
03/16 **Jessica** daughter of **William & Darlene Cady** Binghamton, NY
03/16 **Krystal** daughter of **Stephen Rinker** Johnson City, NY
03/16 **Dylan** son of **Kelly Buckland** Binghamton, NY
03/17 **Michael** son of **Paul & Jean Scolaro** Endicott, NY
03/22 **Christina** daughter of **Frank & Kathy Rumpel** Binghamton, NY
03/25 **Dillion** grandson of **Toni & Larry Sherling** Endicott, NY
03/25 **Stavros** son of **Peter & Barbara Metritikas** Vestal, NY
03/31 **Nicholas** son of **Holly McEneny** Endicott, NY
04/02 **Michael** son of **Howell Larnerd** Binghamton, NY
04/02 **Michael** son of **Barbara Lewis & Nancy Arnold** Binghamton, NY
04/03 **Jeremy** son of **Robert & Patricia Walberg** Afton, NY
04/04 **John** son of **Carol Gabriel** Binghamton, NY
04/04 **Nicholas** son of **Amy & Joe Gabriel** Binghamton, NY
04/12 **Joseph** son of **Michael & Christina McAfee** Binghamton, NY
04/13 **Shane** son of **Karl & Cindy O'Neill** Windsor, NY
04/13 **Michael** son of **Mike & Cathy Magee** Endicott, NY
04/15 **Ryan** son of **Ron & Sherry Bailey** Johnson City, NY
04/18 **Philomena** daughter of **Frances Liparulo** Binghamton, NY
04/20 **Jacob** son of **Sharon Gana** Little Meadows, PA

Continued



Our Children Remembered... continued

- 04/21 **Aurora Rose** granddaughter of **Patty Boorum** Binghamton, NY
04/21 **Aurora Rose** daughter of **Jason & Stephanie Blaisure** Binghamton, NY
04/22 **Kelli** daughter of **M/M George Ford** Newark Valley, NY
04/24 **Samantha** daughter of **Carlo & Samantha Carlini** Endicott, NY
04/27 **Daniel** son of **Trina Caputo** Glendale, NY
05/01 **Joshua** son of **Valerie Ambrose** Binghamton, NY
05/05 **Kevin** son of **Nate & JoAnn Walz** Endicott, NY
05/05 **Anthony** son of **James Vazquez** Binghamton, NY
05/05 **Allan** son of **Samuel & Shelley Allegrino** Endwell, NY
05/06 **Cooper** son of **Steve & Tara Busch** Binghamton, NY
05/06 **Cody** son of **Jeff & Debbie Hetherly** Binghamton, NY
05/08 **Anatolio** son of **Dora Mancini** Endicott, NY
05/22 **Matthew Stacey** son of **Charles & Susan Taft** Byron, MI
05/30 **Philip** son of **William & Kate Stacy** Greene, NY
05/31 **Teresa** daughter of **Sylvia Behal** Johnson City, NY



We do not recover from the death of a child — we heal.
Part of the healing process is accepting
That not only has our own life changed,
But we are becoming different people.
We may look the same as before our child died.
We look at life in a new way.
We have more understanding and compassion.
We cannot know why sad things happen.
We can only know
That nothing beautiful in this world is ever really lost
Because all precious things live in memory
Forever ~

Anonymous

What's in a Word?

By Sascha Wagner
TCF - Aurora CO

I do not think that 'handling' grief is an accurate concept. I see grief as a force of nature, much like an avalanche or an earthquake or a tornado. That's hardly the sort of thing human beings 'handle' — such a force of nature handles **us** — and we can at best react to it, do damage control, maybe. There may even be limited ways in which to prepare for the impact of such a force of nature. We can construct buildings that are more earthquake proof, or we can blast overhanging snow masses. We can at least try to escape major injury by finding a safe place in a tornado. But we can hardly call that 'handling' the event, can we?

In a similar way, we may be able to do things about surviving tragedy, enduring great emotional disasters, outlasting enormous grief. The first step about preparing for grief is to be honest about it — fact is that grief comes everyone's way at one time or another, and we only THINK that we are helping ourselves if we deny the possibility of grief in our life. Being aware of that possibility might fortify us to a small extent against the absolute devastation which grief can create. Perhaps we can think about help, i.e. to discover in advance a safe place where to survive the tornado of grief. Perhaps we can develop an attitude of acceptance, to lessen the impact of grief's emotional avalanche. But these are by no means guaranteed safeguards.

If we keep in mind that grief is handling us, instead of expecting to 'handle' grief, our chances for positive survival are much better. True, 'handling' grief is only a word — yet it can inadvertently convey the wrong idea at the worst possible time. Grief handles us. Grief is the master here, and a difficult master at that.

The first thing we need to learn is to stop fighting — grief only tightens its grip if we try to do battle against our feelings. Once we have learned (grudgingly) to accept and even respect grief, the workload eases a bit. By and by the master lets us do our work without that heavy hand constantly on our heart. We can start to arrange our life schedule, and our reactions, on our own, much like straightening our devastated house after a flood. That is the time, when we find that grief has taken away, or ruined, much of what we had and loved. And that is also the time when we must examine our attitude about grief, again. Do we look to new ways for living? Do we recover some treasures from the devastation? Do we have some things left to go on with? Do we find the strength to feel thankful for having had treasure at least for a while?

To paraphrase Victor Frankel, we are only in charge of one thing: the attitude we bring to the tragedy. And this attitude is not something we just naturally develop over a few days or weeks. Neither can this attitude be fully realized in theory — our attitude about grief emerges in total only during our presence in the reality of grief. Most of us need a few semesters of intensive study and practice in that reality, to give us at least the ability to cope. We could speak about coping with grief, like working with an unreasonable monarch.

What we are really 'handling' then, is not our grief, is not the flood, the avalanche, the tornado — what we are handling is ourselves. And the more we do the necessary work, the more we look honestly on the force of nature which is grief — the more we will be able to heal and to go on. And just as the results of a natural disaster can take a long time to disappear, so the results of grief will not become manageable overnight. We must sift through many rooms, many memories, many feelings, until we can say: "This is what is left, I have salvaged some treasure, I have restored rich memories. I have recovered many feelings. But I will always remember this event in my life, it will always be part of me — I have been changed. Grief has handled me.

sascha

My Heart Catches

Years ago when my mother-in-law would see a little girl that for a moment looked like her daughter that had died, she would say "my heart catches" and we would say to each other "after all these years!" Now I know what she meant, for it's been ten years since Phyllis died and every once in a while I see a young woman who at a glance resembles Phyllis and "my heart catches." Now "after all these years" doesn't mean a thing—time is irrelevant.

Essie Proudman TCF, Jamestown, VA

My Darling Child

I thought of you and said a little prayer

This morning when I awakened
And saw the sun above,
I softly said, "Good Morning Lord,
Bless everyone I love."

Right away I thought of you
And said a loving prayer
That he would bless you specially
And keep you free from care.

I thought of all the happiness
A day would hold in store
I wished it all for you
Because no one deserves it more.

I felt so warm and good inside
My heart was all aglow
I know God heard my prayer,
He heard them all you know.

Just to let you know I'm thinking of you.

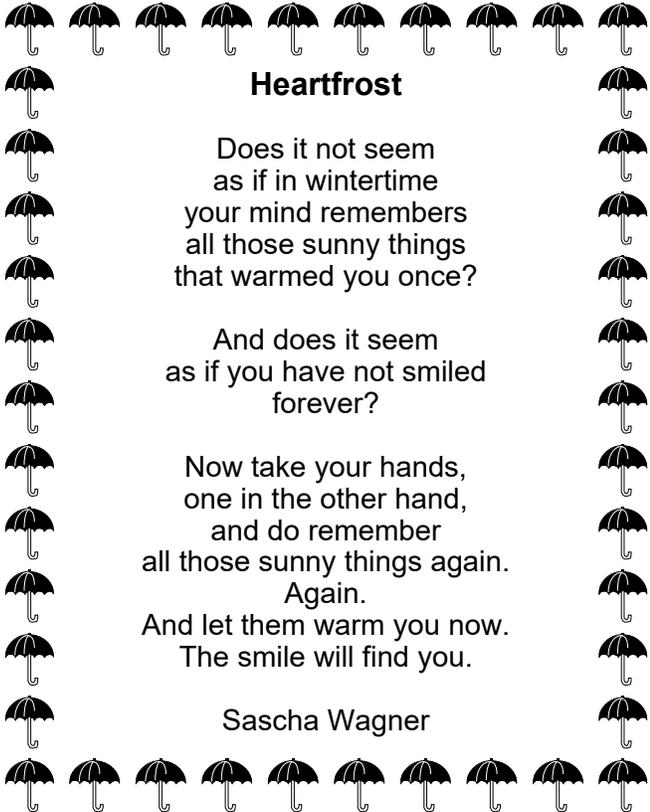
Anonymous

Submitted by Bonnie Blair, TCF Binghamton

The Piano Sits Silent

I etch her name in the dust.
Run my hands over the keyboard,
too long untouched
by the pianist;
The one no longer
physically here,
who played the songs,
badly at times,
yet was unstoppable
in her need to make music,
As if she knew
there was little time
to master the melody
So she played and played.
Melancholy tunes that spoke
of lives gone too soon.
I would call to her
"You're playing too loud,
I can't hear myself think."
If I could just take back those words,
for I long to hear
my beloved child play the music
that once rang through these halls.
Those uneven strains
would be the sweetest music to my ears.
I touch the ivories
and hear the foreign sound
of this long silent instrument.
And remember my precious child,
remember the joy her efforts brought her...
Remembering, remembering...
Though my tears fall gently,
my heart smiles as I recall
the sweet sounds of her life.
And even as the piano sits silent,
My memories resound
and I recall the love,
always the love.

Cathy Seehuetter TCF, St. Paul, MN



Heartfrost

Does it not seem
as if in wintertime
your mind remembers
all those sunny things
that warmed you once?

And does it seem
as if you have not smiled
forever?

Now take your hands,
one in the other hand,
and do remember
all those sunny things again.
Again.

And let them warm you now.
The smile will find you.

Sascha Wagner

Gardens of the Heart

*How comforting are our memories
They sustain us in our sorrow
And give us reassurance
As we face a new tomorrow.*

*And though the world seems barren
When our loved ones depart
Their memory blooms forever
In the gardens of the heart.*

TCF, Houston, TX

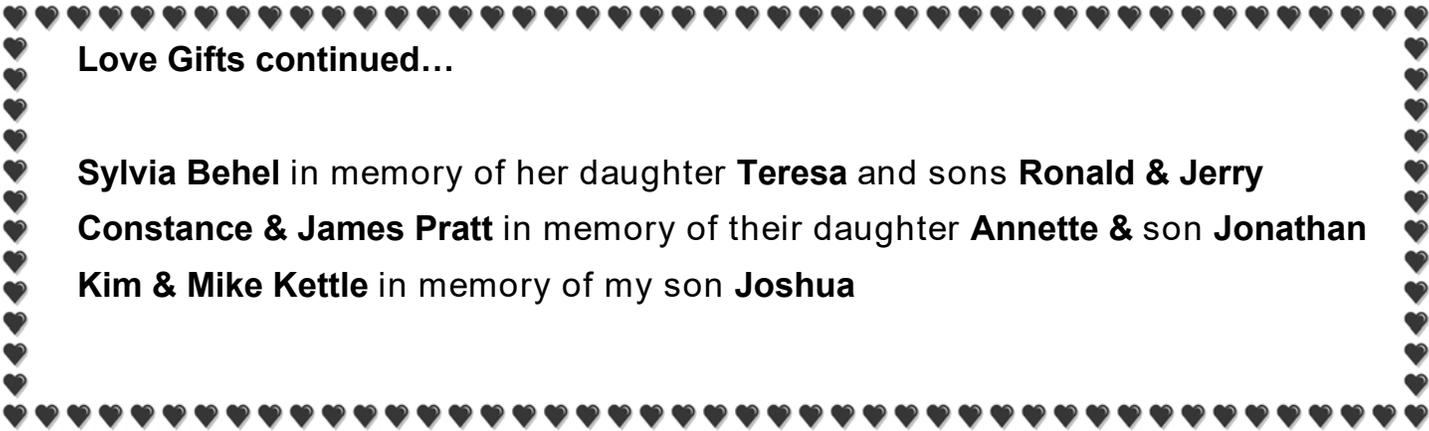
Love Gifts

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:

Jackie Ceiri in memory of her daughter **Sheri**
Kathy Jones in memory of her son **Thomas**
Diane & Tom in memory of their son **Ellis Matthew**
Nancy Rinehuls in memory of her son **Richard**
Renee Radicchi Spicer & Steve Spicer in memory of their son **Joel**
Shirley Rigo in memory of her son **David**
Janice & Rodney Black in memory of their son **David**
James & June Moore in memory of their son **Jason**
Marilyn Eck in memory of her daughters **Courtney & Cynthia**
Paul & Kimberly Reger in memory of their daughter **Alicia**
Luann & George Ford in memory of their daughter **Kelli**
Sam & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**
James & Mary View in memory of their son **James**
Ivy Carroll in memory of her daughter **Stacy**
Bonnie Blair in memory of her daughters **Julie & Cindy**
Frank & Jeannine Wells in memory of their daughter **Kathleen**
Hank Nanni in memory of his son **Anthony**
Nilsa Mariano in memory of her daughter **Daniela**
Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**
Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver in memory of their son **Michael**
Dane & Kaethe Mitchell in memory of their daughter **Keara**





Love Gifts continued...

Sylvia Behel in memory of her daughter **Teresa** and sons **Ronald & Jerry**

Constance & James Pratt in memory of their daughter **Annette** & son **Jonathan**

Kim & Mike Kettle in memory of my son **Joshua**

The Not So Perfect Child

As much as you hear it proclaimed in the meetings, not all children who died were perfect... In this day and time you're fortunate if your children escape some of the horrors that are available to them. I've watched some of my friends and neighbors do a good job of parenting only to have the peer influence negate the positive input of the parents.

Many of our people have children die from incidents that were drug related. These parents are often left with doubts about their parenting skills because of the guilt that is inherent in the grief process. It is easy for them to take all the blame onto themselves, losing sight of the fact that parents aren't all powerful people who can control all the good and bad things that happen to their children.

If you are out there feeling guilt or stigma because of the way your child lived and died, I hope you will begin today trying to forgive him and yourself. You have both been victims of the times, but it is up to you to see you aren't victims forever. There are good memories buried back there somewhere. Get in touch with them and remember all of the facets of your child's life—the good and bad. We each have some of both, you know.

Mary Cleckley TCF, Atlanta, GA

****** 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.

Prayer for Spring

Janice Heil, TCF Vancouver

Like springtime, let me unfold
and grow fresh and new
from this cocoon of grief
that has been spun around me.
Help me face the harsh reality of
sunshine and renewed life
as my bones still creak from
the winter of my grief.
Life has dared to go on around me.
As I recover from the insult
of life's continuance,
I readjust my focus to
include recovery and growth
as a possibility in my future.
Give me strength to break out of
the cocoon of my grief.
But may I never forget it as
the place where I grew my wings,
becoming a new person
because of my loss.

Valentines in Heaven

Are there Valentines in Heaven?
Are there Red Hearts everywhere?
Do they line the golden streets,
Or is that very rare?
I wish that I could send you one,
Right through Heaven's Gate,
To say how much we miss you,
On this special date.
I'd like to send a Candy Heart,
That is printed, "I Luv U,"
And maybe you would whisper back,
"I know, I Luv U too."

Marilyn Rollins TCF Lake-Porter, IN



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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