

The Primrose



Vol. 41, Issue 2

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Summer 2021



Forget those calls for 'closure'

This morning there is an editorial in the Atlanta Journal Constitution entitled "As we move on, forget those calls for 'closure'". With a headline like that, I had to read the article & found I agreed with nearly everything the author, E.R. Shipp, wrote. I'm not going to include the entire editorial, but I would like to share a few paragraphs:

She starts with "Let's bring closure to "closure" Events of the past days are tragic reminders that the word is more wish than reality."

In the middle she writes "In Connecticut, where Michael Skakel is finally on trial in the long unsolved 1975 murder of Martha Moxley, her mother may be pleased that the prosecution has gotten this far, but even a conviction can never be her balm in Gilead. Her daughter is, and has been for nearly 27 years, dead, lost to her entirely. The pain will never subside; the memories will never be erased; the anger will only be tempered. And yet we talk of "closure".

She ends with: "My colleagues in the media should drop the word "closure", which they bandy about almost from the start of any tragedy. Rather than admit they are seeking ways to move on to something more immediate, they claim that what the rest of us want is "closure". But we cannot close ourselves off. We can never stop asking Why? Yes, we shall move forward. But forget "closure".

I just wanted to share this because I know there's been a lot of discussion here about closure and moving on. However, I preferred the author's terminology of "moving forward" which to me seemed very different from "moving on". I resent when someone tells me they expect me to move on. As though I could brush my hands of this disaster, put it away in a closet or the corner of the basement, way back to the deepest depths of my mind, and leave it there to "move on" to whatever else life holds. I can't move on in that manner of speaking, but moving forward, yes, there is little choice about that. With my son's spiritual presence as much a part of me as my hands and legs, with the past memories that I talk about although not nearly as much as the present goings on, with the tragedy of his death always with me, which has provided me with a new perspective & view of life, with the lessons I've learned from his life & death, moving forward becomes a reality, moving forward and taking tragic events & making triumphant changes, moving forward becomes a way of life. Moving on vs. moving forward - it may all be just a matter of semantics, but it is the way it is the way it is.

Meg Avery, Lawrenceville TCF

In opening to the presence of the pain of your loss, in acknowledging the inevitability of the pain, in being willing to gently embrace the pain, you in effect honor the pain.
Crazy as it may sound, your pain is the key that opens your heart and ushers you on your way healing.
Dr. Alan D. Wolfelt

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
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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

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.)**

June 7th, 2021 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Dads, Grandpas, Uncles & Brothers ”

June 19th, 2021 (Saturday)

10:00 AM Open Sharing

July 5th, 2021 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Life is about our Connection”

July 24th, 2021 (Saturday)

10:00 AM Open Sharing

August 2nd, 2021 (Monday)

7:00 PM “New Normal”

August 21st, 2021 (Saturday)

10:00 AM Open Sharing

September 13th, 2021 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Where are we Now?”

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.**

EVEN IN THE DARKNESS THERE IS LIGHT

When your child died, you were thrown into the dark night of the soul. You can hide in fear and despair or you can make friends with the darkness. Begin on a clear, starry night. Preferably, not when it is 30 below zero!

If you live in the country, you are in the right place. If you live in the city, get out of town! Get away from the lights and sounds of the city. Go find "the middle of nowhere" and step into the darkness with no distractions. Close your eyes and listen. Hear the howling of the coyotes in the coulees, the wind caressing the prairie and the beat of your own heart. Even the eerie whir of electricity as the energy surges the length of the high lines.

Now open your eyes and look at the ground around you. Then let your eyes move upward and outward. Are there trees nearby creating shadows in the moonlight? Do you see a yard light or two from country homes? Do you see the glow of a distant town on the horizon?

From the horizon, let your eyes scan upward to nature's nightlights. There is no more majestic sight than the night sky as it stretches over the prairie in all its glory. The stars are endless and fascinating. The ever-changing moon glows in gentle radiance. And if you are lucky, the aurora borealis blesses you with an appearance. Remember, even in darkness there is light.

Feel and see the immensity of it all. Know the darkness. Feel the darkness. Wrap yourself in it and release your fears. Exchange them for familiarity with and knowledge of the night. Absorb the solitude and peace of the world around you. Just as your physical senses can make peace with the darkness in this world, so can your spiritual senses make peace with the darkness in your soul. There are tears and anguish there, but there are also lessons to be learned and there is rest to be found.

Do not rush to leave the darkness. Be calm there. Feel it, absorb it. Let the darkness be a place where you learn to be patient with yourself and gain the wisdom and strength to go on. Let people you love and those who love and care about you provide the star-shine and moonlight.

Remember, even in darkness there is light. Know this, most of all: that the darkness in your soul is part of the cycle of life. You will again walk in the light of day where you will carry the remembrance of your child and live the lessons you learned in your soul's deepest night.

~ JoAnne Rademacher, TCF/Minot, ND

Blessings Inside Sorrow

There are blessings inside sorrow, or so I have been told. I am not sure I always agree. At times I can see the gifts I have been given. Love ... without measure... fills my heart when I think of you. But I loved you then too, when you were in my arms, not in my heart. And I miss you now. The emptiness you left can never be filled, not by any blessings I might receive from sorrow.

And yet, still, I wonder. Are there blessings? Would I have known how much I cared for you... for your brothers, for your Dad, were it not for your coming, and so suddenly, softly, leaving, without a good-bye? Would I treasure the life I have remaining if it weren't for your loss? Certainly, I loved, and treasured before you left, but hasn't my sorrow caused me to express that love and to treasure more highly those around me? I KNOW I can't take for granted that they will always be.

In the aftermath of losing you, when life lay crumbled around me...still was there not a glimmer of hope? That life would go on, and, somehow, we would survive, and build on the ashes of our broken hearts. Building somehow in spite of our pain. Mixing the cement of our love with tears, we bound ourselves together even more tightly than ever before. And our love grows stronger. And we have not forgotten.

What a bitter lesson! And still, the emptiness will never be filled. There yet remains a hole in my heart... and in all our hearts. Dear son, we will never forget you. The blessings inside our sorrow will never fill the hole you left in the fabric of our lives. It remains open, a testament that you mattered, and that your coming and soft going made a difference. And in that difference lies the blessing inside our sorrow. We were blessed to have held you for a time, even though you could not stay. And even through our tears, we smile at the memories. And we know that you are not completely gone. You shadow our lives, affecting them in big ways and small. And though I would trade these blessings in a minute just to have you back in my arms, I am indeed grateful for the blessings inside sorrow.

Lisa Sculley TCF Jacksonville/Orange Park Chapter, FL In Memory of my son, Joey (2/25/99)

A NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Hello Friends,

Summer 2021, we are now over a year being challenged by this pandemic. Our lives are slowly showing some sense of “normal”, getting back to everyday stuff. You and I have survived the very worst tragedies ever and now this past year and a quarter has given us even more obstacles. The isolation I believe has been the hardest, not being able to physically see and touch our loved ones. We already knew isolation; it came quickly after our child, grandchild or sibling passed. No more talking face-to-face and no more bear hugs. We have learned through our own grief journeys to deal with it and to live around it. It doesn't take away the fact that we are missing our child, grandchild or sibling and will be forever. During recent isolation we had many moments to remember and reflect on what was and what is and what shall be. There are never answers to the questions we ask, but together we have managed to see a bit of light and with that a whole lot of hope. Thank you all for keeping in touch through our many platforms, we all appreciate a quick hello now and then.

We are now back to group at the church, we follow all the updated rules; still vigorously washing our hands, mask wearing, hand sanitizing and social distancing. Our meetings have been small but as more of us are vaccinated and feel safer among our peers I hope we will grow in numbers, greeting old members and welcoming the newly bereaved. Fortunately we are a safe haven for all you need and feel you want to share. There is no judgment in our family, everyone is respected and allowed to grieve openly. Tears are welcome as we try to understand what is happening with our hearts. Come when you are comfortable to do so.

One of our very dear moms, Pauline Stevens passed away in March. Pauline's son Joe died many years ago and she also has lost 2 grandchildren, Garth and Joelyn. Continue to keep Pauline's family (Nancy Moffitt) in your thoughts and prayers. She will be remembered fondly.

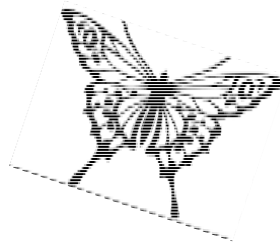
I am sad to report that our summer picnic will once again be on hold until next year. I know how much we look forward to this event and what a disappointment it is. It's our semi annual event to reconnect with old friends. There is just too many of us to do it safely. I will bet my last dime that 2022 (don't hold me to that) will be the best picnic ever. We are working on some good ideas for an alternative balloon lift off. If anyone has any thoughts please feel free to contact anyone on the steering committee. Our children, grandchildren and siblings shall always be our main focus and anytime we can get together to share them we will. At this point in time we are not canceling our in person candle lighting but again its too far out to predict what will happen. I have no magic wand, I wish I did. The only recourse is to hope.

Last summer we found ways to get outside and be active while still following the covid rules. This year at least we are able to meet again in person with family members and friends. Treat it like the tiny gift it is, allowing our people to warm our hearts as we reach out in person. We have missed a ton of our everyday living but going forward let us be reminded of what can be. For our newly bereaved families your hearts are still in the depths of being so broken you are uncertain of what can or will be, especially in the near future. Your grief will lead you where you need to go; your survival will win out, as you grieve in your own way. There will always be good days and bad days no matter how many years of bereavement you have endured. I always say you need a person that you can trust with your deepest darkest thoughts, that person who gives you a soft place to land.

This summer we will have both Monday and Saturday meetings. We need to be together sharing our stories and lending an ear, bringing the newly bereaved and our “seasoned” members together. We all need to know that we never have to walk alone, regardless of years spent on our grief journey.

I hope you all find some peace as your summer begins though still missing your beloved children, grandchildren and siblings. We will be reminded of them with every breath we take and each moment we are granted here on earth.

Hugs to all,
Pam
Sean's Mom



AND THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE

I watched the spectacular bursts of colors. It was always such a treat. The star bursts, the swirls, the straight ones, making their noisy banging trajectories into the night time sky.

Throughout these exciting displays, tears ran down my face. Inconceivable that I am here to enjoy this and you, my beautiful Cheryl, are not.

Then new thoughts rolled through my mind. Perhaps you are viewing thee fireworks and many more from a higher vantage point, where the colors and designs shine more vividly. Perhaps you are seeing and understanding things that I can neither see nor understand. Perhaps your world is filled with rainbows and flowers and butterflies. Perhaps you are surrounded by love, music, beauty and unbounded joy. Perhaps my love. I can only hope...

~ Carol Silverman, TCF/Elkins Park, PA

Finding Hope

Some find hope in butterflies, and some in children's smiles.
Some find hope in photographs, and some in walking miles.
Some find hope in quietness and solitary reflection.
Some find hope in helping others and sharing friendly affection.
Some find hope in holding tight to all the old traditions.
Some find hope in the creation of a special new variation.
Some find hope in family gathered, and some in cherished friends.
Some find hope in seeking God and feeling the peace worship brings.
Beyond the sad and beyond the past,
Beyond the ache that lasts and lasts,
There is a path that winds its way into your future and a hopeful day.

~ Karen Pope +



My 3 Gifts For Lexi

I gift to you a bucket, to hold a bucket full of tears,
I've shed for you while grieving
These past long, long three years.

I gift to you a special place, in the corner of my mind.
For you to stay forever,
and pop out from time to time.

And, I gift to you that little piece, of my aching heart,
That you took along with you
When we had to part.

For I have plenty more tears, and my mind has lots of space.
And, my heart is scarring over.
It forms a mask to hide my face.

These little things I gift to you, please accept them with my love.
And I know that you are forever near.
Whether spirit, or angel above.

~ Jim Wells, TCF/Jefferson City, MO In Memory of my daughter, Lexi

TIME

Ten years
Came and went
Quietness
Emptiness
Loneliness
No laughter
No conversations
No hugs and visits
No amount of time
Can take away the pain
Of losing you
But time
Filled my heart
With loving you.
Love you so much, Mom ~

Sherry Lassle, TCF/Fargo, ND In
Memory of her daughter, Jayme



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.*



06/02 **Mark** son of **M/M Alan French** Endwell, NY
06/02 **Jason** son of **James & June Moore** Warren Center, PA
06/03 **Asa** son of **Amanda Miller** Middleburg, PA
06/05 **Ronald** son of **Sylvia Behal** Johnson City, NY
06/05 **Cory** son of **Toni & Larry Sherling** Endicott, NY
06/06 **Venus** daughter of **Alyce Katen** Binghamton, NY
06/07 **Daniel** son of **Ronald and Isabel Dwornik** Endwell, NY
06/11 **Joshua** son of **Mike & Michelle Cooper** Kirkwood, NY
06/11 **James** grandson of **Rita & Michele Kelley** Saratoga Springs, NY
06/12 **Daniela** daughter of **Nilsa Mariano** Cicero, NY
06/12 **Connor** daughter of **Jen Hall** Binghamton, NY
06/13 **Jordan** son of **Brad & Laurie Thompson-Fish** Kirkwood, NY
06/17 **Robert** son of **Frank & Angela Carro** Johnson City, NY
06/21 **Greg** son of **Keith Solomon** Endicott, NY
06/21 **Stacy** daughter of **Ivy Carroll** Benson, NC
06/21 **John** son of **Joseph & Arlene Bigart** Binghamton, NY
06/22 **Tommy** son of **John & Lisa Scannapieco** Chester Springs, PA
06/22 **Rachel** daughter of **Tim & Michaelene Peters** Newark Valley, NY
06/23 **Garth** son of **Chad & Nancy Moffitt** Afton, NY
06/23 **Garth** grandson of **Pauline Stevens** Bainbridge, NY
06/23 **Rodney** son of **Joyce & Charles Ritzler** Spencer, NY
06/23 **Nicole** daughter of **Joanne & Jim Packer** Northumberland, PA
06/27 **Richard** son of **Nancy Rinehuls** Binghamton, NY
07/02 **Mark** son of **Carol Botting** Binghamton, NY
07/04 **Alicia** daughter of **Paul & Kimberly Reger** Lebanon, PA
07/06 **Thomas** son of **Kathleen Jones** Vestal, NY
07/07 **Jonathan** son of **Rita Searles** Chenango Forks, NY
07/07 **Mark** son of **Claudette Simonis** Binghamton, NY
07/08 **Brigitte** daughter of **Jackie Cieri** Johnson City, NY
07/10 **Scott** son of **Mary Lee Whittling** Windsor, NY
07/12 **Sandy** son of **Rebecca Oney** Endicott, NY
07/13 **Jason** son of **Kathy Beers** Endwell, NY
07/13 **George** son of **Mary Gilg** Harpursville, NY

Continued ➡

Our Children Remembered... continued

07/14 **Philip** son of **Cheri Hohn** Binghamton, NY
07/14 **George** son of **Christina Noel Vestal**, NY
07/21 **John** son of **Frances Liparulo** Binghamton, NY
07/23 **Anne Maria** daughter of **Frances Liparulo** Binghamton, NY
07/28 **Sheri** daughter of **Dianne Lunn Hilton**, NY
08/01 **Seth** son of **Darwin & Robin McKitrick** Maine, NY
08/02 **Brian** son of **Brian & Lizabeth Leonard** Vestal, NY
08/02 **Rob** son of **Judy Lundvall** Binghamton, NY
08/05 **Amber** daughter of **Joanne Brockway** Watkins Glen, NY
08/06 **Ryan** brother of **Scott & Elizabeth Taylor** Johnson City, NY
08/13 **Kyle** son of **Jerry & Sandy Wilcox** Binghamton, NY
08/14 **Julie** daughter of **Daniel & Lori Osborn** Hallstead, PA
08/16 **James** son of **Harold & Jacqueline Heinle** Binghamton, NY
08/17 **Sarah** daughter of **Stephen and Beth McKeown** Endicott, NY
08/20 **David** son of **David & Colleen Hanzes** Binghamton, NY
08/22 **Matthew** son of **Thomas & Diane Ellis** Castle Creek, NY
08/24 **David** son of **Rodney & Janice Black** Binghamton, NY
08/27 **Bhrett** son of **Christina Berg** Johnson City, NY
08/27 **Robert** son of **Francis & Bertie Sullivan** Binghamton, NY

LOVE

“...Grief is the price we pay for love. We did not lose our children. They died, taking with them our hopes and dreams for the future, but, never, never taking away their love. Though death comes, love will never go away. Hold it tight, the love our children gave us. Hold it tight through the storms of grief and bring it with you into today. Love never goes away...” ~ Darcie Sims

A Father Speaks

Driving to work with the radio on, I sit next to a fellow coworker and friend in the passenger seat. It's early in the morning, and the conversation is light. A song reminds me of Jesse, my deceased son, so I tell a story about Jesse. A cloud of silence and dread fills the car. My friend shifts his position, and I can feel how uncomfortable he is. I swallow the memories of Jesse and switch the conversation to last night's ball game. Sound familiar? It's painful to your friends to hear about your deceased child, and it's painful for you to silence your memories, too.

Certain studies claim that women are social beings and are more able to communicate their emotions than are men. The same studies state that men are mostly competitive and tend to hide their negative emotions, such as sadness or grief, especially from other men. Does that mean that men have less need to deal with their emotions? I don't think so. From personal experiences and experiences of other men whom I have known, grief is one emotion that demands relief. Without grief recovery, grief can become a destructive force that at some point can consume you— your physical as well as your mental and spiritual health.

Bereavement support groups remind us that we need not walk alone. From a man's viewpoint, I think our support group's monthly gatherings offer an important avenue for men to work through the grief recovery process. Other doors are often shut to men who need to discuss their anger, guilt, sadness, and even happy memories concerning their deceased children. Let's talk with and listen to each other.

~ Jim Hobbs, Bereaved Parents of North Texas

Helping Yourself by Helping Others

"Is it ever over?" I asked myself. It's been twenty-two years since "forever" began. "Forever" being when six people came into my home to inform my husband and me that our seventeen-year-old son, Jimmy was dead; killed in an alcohol related car crash. Just like that! In the blink of an eye, our lives were changed forever. But you know about that, don't you; for you lost a child to death also. Know that my heart grieves for you too.

Being forced into a journey never anticipated, I realized I needed the support and encouragement of people who could understand the depth of my pain. I also needed to borrow their courage, for I didn't want to, nor did I think I could live the rest of my life without Jimmy. After six months, my husband, my priest, and I formed a self-help group for grieving parents. It grew and I evolved with it. In order to be taken serious by professionals in the helping fields, I went to undergrad and grad school. My degrees are in human services and counseling. My reputation as a wounded healer grew, and I was asked to run a weekly support group for The Bereavement Center of Westchester. Their dedication to grieving people offers a warm light for the darkness of the soul.

Their programs benefit children and adults who have experienced grief. They have a school outreach program and offer individual bereavement counseling as well. My painful journey also affected my spiritual dimension. I questioned all my beliefs about God and the afterlife. I felt abandoned by God; I was angry and felt like I was broken in pieces. Looking back, I can see how I wasn't abandoned. In fact, to help me, God sent many people who filtered in and out of my life. Three years after Jimmy died, I hit bottom both spiritually and emotionally. I think for the whole first year I was numb and the second year I began to "defrost" and get in touch with my anger.

Luckily, or as I think of it now, God placed a gift in front of me in the form of a wonderful Capuchin priest and counselor. Father Ray allowed and encouraged me to express all my negative thoughts and feelings about God, life, and anyone who could not understand the depth of my pain and the profound grieving process I was experiencing. There were so many people who couldn't understand the length of time it takes a grieving parent to go through the process.

From my personal and professional experience, I would say it takes anywhere from seven to nine years before a bereaved parent can say, "OK, I know how to handle the bad days now, and I can live with this pain." This is not to say that a grieving parent is in constant emotional pain for all those years. A healthy response to grief will initially include intense pain, which will eventually diminish over the years. It will never go away completely; I promise. Birthdays, holidays, and the yearly anniversary of the death will always be a reminder of the loss and will rekindle sadness and a sense of longing for what could have been; what should have been. One of the things that blest me was for me to help others. Somehow, my emptiness helped to fill up their emptiness and their emptiness filled up mine.

That wonderful priest and I developed a spiritual retreat for bereaved parents. I've heard it said that grief shared is grief diminished, and the weekend spent at the retreat helped do that for many people over the years. During the retreats, we would do "The Angels Walk." It was a very healing visualization and meditation on what happened at the moment of death and how the angels carried the child into the arms of a loving God. The evaluations received afterward spoke to how consoling and healing that experience was.

Looking back, I can see I reached out in many different ways to help myself. If I read about a child who died, I wrote a note to the parents. I shared with them that there were many other bereaved parents who knew what they were going through and would keep them in their thoughts and prayers.

I also made myself available to speak with anyone who needed encouragement and support. I even wrote a book called, *Healing Broken Hearts: A Book of Signs*. It is a collection of letters from bereaved parents who received signs from God and/or their deceased children, as well as chapters written by me and other professionals in the field. Writing was very cathartic for me.

If I could leave you with a thought, it would be this: you will help yourself by helping others. That was the lesson I learned from my painful journey. We are all here to help one another; try it.

~ Anne Byrnes

After

After all the pain
We still can feel the sun.
Not without pain though,
Not without recrimination.
After all the sorrow
The sun still shines.
Not without sorrow though,
Not without repercussions.
For nothing is the same
And everything is different
After
My eyes open each morning
But not to you.
Sun shines,
Rain falls,
The earth revolves,
The moon shines full each month.
But you're still gone.
After.
The years go by,
On and on,
Milestones pass,
but I can't share with you,
After.
When death happens
There is an illusion of time stopping
Just an illusion
For the living go on
After all.

~ Melissa Anne Schroeter, TCF/Rockland County, NY
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The Anniversary

The sounds in the room
The smell in the air
The feel of the wind
The warmth of the sun
The colors around me
The darkness descending
The feelings of fear
The things that were said
The determined hope
The reality dawning
The unbelievable love
The unimaginable pain

The details of that day
Forever engraved on my mind
And my love for you forever
In my heart

Tanya Lord

Survival Is Possible

As you travel Through the maze of living
Seared by the sorrows
Life hands out
You can survive
You can recover
Learn to live again
Get familiar with your transformed self
Discover new reasons to go on
If only you will reach out.
Helping others with their agonies.
You will survive If you never lose sight of Hope.

~ Norma S. Grove, TCF/W. Central Iowa

He's Doing So Well

I saw him today;
he's doing so well.
It's hard to imagine
he's walking through hell.
He smiles and he nods
just like nothing were wrong;
I still can't believe
that his son is now gone.

But life goes on,
is what we all say
Just before we tell them to
"Have a nice day!"
So seldom we see him
with his teeth clenched tight;
As he struggles against
choking on the knot in his throat.
While his soul screams out
to get on with the fight.
He so desperately wants
to hold his son once more.
Before he hears the thud
of death's door.

He's doing so well
He's so strong
Yes, how brave.
How lonely,
with no son left to save.

Jack Frost, Jason's dad TCF So. Central KY

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:

Carlo & Samantha Carlini in memory of their daughter **Samantha**

Charles & Shelly Levchak in memory of their son **CJ**

Patricia & Robert Walberg in memory of their son **Jeremy**

Tom & Megan Lander in memory of their daughter **Brianna**

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

Marv & Donna Conover in memory of their son **Micha**

Brian & Liz Leonard in memory of their son **Brian**

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

Carol Botting in memory of her son **Mark**

Henry Nanni in memory of his son **Anthony**

Dora Mancini in memory of her son **Anatolio**

Carol Selby in memory of her son **Todd**

James & June Moore in memory of their son **Jason**

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

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

Deloris Bentley in memory of her son **William**

Mary & James View in memory of their son **James**

Gordon & Mary Shiner in memory of their daughter **Traci** and son **Timothy**

Jim & Joanne Packer in memory of their daughter **Nicole**

Bonnie Blair in memory of her daughters **Julie** and **Cindy**

Kate & William Stacy in memory of their son **Philip**

Tony & Maria Fusco in memory of their son **Paul**



Love Gifts continued...

Joyce & Charles Ritzler in memory of their son Rodney

Stephen & Beth McKeown in memory of their daughter Sarah

Kathy Beers in memory of her son Jason

Howell Larnerd in memory of his son Michael

Frank & Kathy Rumpel in memory of their daughter Christina

William & Darlene Cady in memory of their daughter Jessica

Carol Ferraro in memory of her son Shawn

Thank you Hopley & Eschbach Funeral Home for the love donation

"There is no definition for a grieving parent. We live in both the present and the past. Laughter and pain are intimate and yet written all over us. We feel joy, but it will always be tempered with a little sadness. Anxiety and peace are interchangeable, sometimes moment to moment. We love and hate, nurture, live, laugh and know how fragile life is. We are weak and yet, we are strong. We unite against the one thing we could not prevent...the loss of our precious child. This makes us whole when we feel broken, gives us peace when we feel hopeless and empowers us to honor our children in the only way we can...by loving and helping each other, all while learning to live with our new normal."

Cyndi Reinhardt [Mother of Tom and Chris Reinhardt]. TCF Albuquerque

**** 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



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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.

A Mother's Tear

A single tear trickles down my cheek.
It tells a tale I cannot speak
Of days gone by that have been stilled.
It tells of dreams left unfulfilled.
Its wetness holds "what might have been."
Not going to the Senior Prom.
No more "I love you, Mom."
No cap and gown on graduation day.
No wedding bells in the month of May.
No more family birthday celebration,
No voting for the leader of our nation.
Gone, the dream of horse and farm,
Never mine, to hold her babes in arm.
You've followed the path of my lonely tear,
It speaks of one that I hold most dear.
Now, you'll hear this mother cry,
"Why God, Why did my daughter die?"

~ Karen Bell, Bereavement Magazine

The Empty Space On The Wall

There's an empty space on our living room wall
Where your senior picture should be
Each time I pass by the empty space
It seems to call to me.
You left us to go live with the angels
So a senior picture you never will be.
Yet, I can't bear seeing that empty space
That seems to call out to me.
So, I'll frame your sophomore picture
And hang it with loving care
Then when I pass that space on the wall
Your precious face will be there.
Still I know each time I look at your face
The tears are certain to start
I'll have filled the empty space on the wall
But I can't fill the one in my heart.

~ Maxna Atherton, In loving memory of my Grandson,
Lee Dean Anderson



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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Binghamton, NY 13901-1043
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