

The Primrose



Vol. 41, Issue 4

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Winter 2021



Reflections:

About Time and Change

By Dennis Klass, TCF St Louis, USA

I often wonder what people are thinking when they say, "You'll get over it". Sometimes it sounds as if they are talking about a case of the mumps or my despair at income tax time. But what can they mean when they say it about my grief? Maybe they mean that grief is just an interruption in life. Their theory seems to be that life is basically happy - buying stuff, working, watching TV - but that death and grief is an unnatural sad time in that happy life.

I cannot agree with that view.

Time can lessen the hurt; the empty place we have can seem smaller as other things and experiences fill our life; we can forget for periods and feel as if they didn't die; we can find sense in the death and understand that perhaps this death does fit into a bigger design in the world; we can learn to remember the good and hold on to that.

But we cannot 'get over it', because to get over it would mean we were not changed by the experience. It would mean we did not grow by the experience. It would mean that the child's death made no difference in our life.

There is an interesting discussion in the Talmud, an ancient Jewish writing. Those Jews had the custom of rending their garment - literally tearing their clothes - to symbolize the ripping apart that death brings. But the question was raised: After the period of mourning, could you sew the garment up and use it again? The teachers answered: Yes, but when you mended it you should not tuck the edges under so it would look as if it had never been torn.

This symbolized the fact that life after grief is not the same as before.

The rend will show.

The next question was: Can you sell that garment?

The teachers answered: No.

The rending and mending of our life is ours and others cannot wear it.

No, we don't get over it. We change and grow. Our life has a difference which is ours alone.

Perhaps as compassionate friends we can help each other make that difference the kind of difference that increases the world's supply of compassion, love and healing.

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
National Office Information

Phone Number (toll free) (877) 969-0010
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E-mail: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org
Web address: www.compassionatefriends.org

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: 607 239-4222
Illness - Shirley Mehal	607 785-5710
Adult child - Kim Ford	607 244-0267
Karen Yeager	607 757-1852
Suicide - Sherry Bailey	607 797-8990
Substance - Shelley Levchak	607 759-0852

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,
Shelley Levchak
Library - Sherry Bailey
Hospitality – Jean Scolaro
Treasurer – Val Ambrose
Newsletter Editor – Val Ambrose
Social Media -
FB - Karen Yeager & Kim Ford
Website—Jim Pratt
<https://www.stny.info/tcfbroome/>
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.)

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

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

December 18th, 2021 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

January 3rd, 2022 (Monday)
7:00 PM “New Year, New Hope”

January 15th, 2022 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

February 7th, 2022 (Monday)
7:00 PM “I Wasn’t Through Loving You”

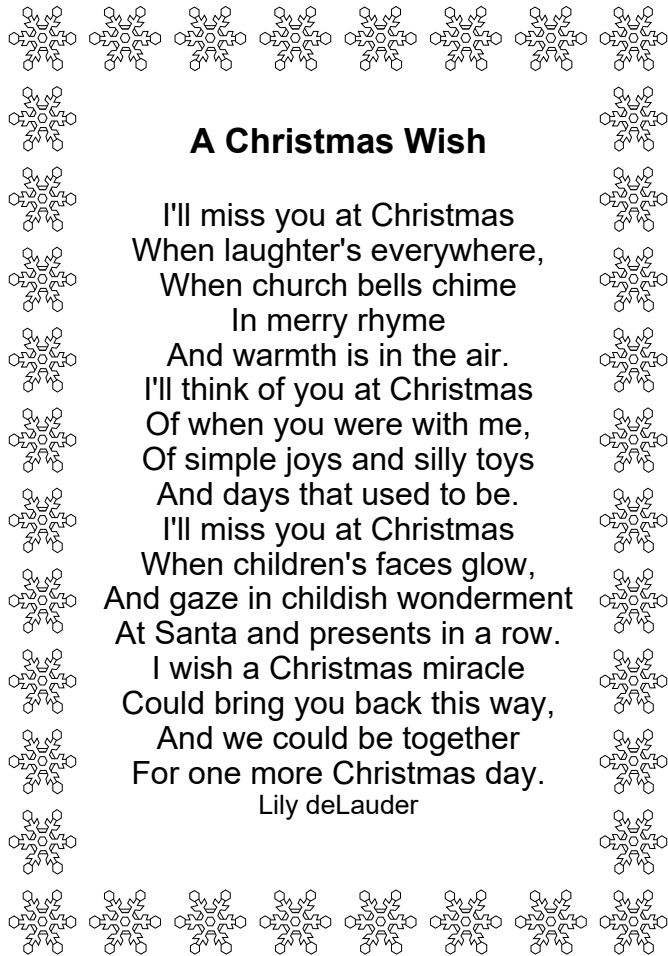
February 19th, 2022 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

March 7th, 2022 (Monday)
7:00 PM “Yearly Memory Night”

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.**



A Christmas Wish

I'll miss you at Christmas
 When laughter's everywhere,
 When church bells chime
 In merry rhyme
 And warmth is in the air.
 I'll think of you at Christmas
 Of when you were with me,
 Of simple joys and silly toys
 And days that used to be.
 I'll miss you at Christmas
 When children's faces glow,
 And gaze in childish wonderment
 At Santa and presents in a row.
 I wish a Christmas miracle
 Could bring you back this way,
 And we could be together
 For one more Christmas day.

Lily deLauder

Gifts I Would Leave for You

The gifts I would leave beneath your tree
 Aren't those you could touch or see
 Not wrapped in Christmas tissue gay
 But a gift of life to live each day.
 The gift of love, warm and true
 And health your whole life through
 Smiles, and happiness, and cheer
 To keep us happy through the year.
 These are the gifts I'd leave for you
 Though I know your life is through
 Even if my heart has no song
 I feel you here to guide me on.

Jeffrey E. Meredith, TCF- Atlanta, GA
 Twin brother of **Scott Meredith**

*Goodbyes hurt the most,
 when the story was not finished ...*



To Crystal

by Debbie Thornton

How many times a day do I think about you? Never counted but it is a lot - especially with the holidays, you're in my mind even more. You loved all the chaos of Christmas – the shopping, the wrapping the going way over your budget, etc.

You always love the excitement and the traditions of the season. I miss that – and you were my shopping buddy, my wrapping buddy, your Dad's Black Friday 5 AM shopping buddy. I miss you coming in “look Mom, we found this or that... or I had to substitute this for...” You loved decorating the tree and had all the kids right there helping. Thankful, never breaking any ornaments!

There is an empty spot in the middle of my heart where you had always filled with laughter, LOUDness, chaos, a temperament quick to light, to fight for what you thought was right (and heaven help the person who got in your way!)

There were many ways we were alike, but oh so many different ways, too, often causing us to butt heads. It wasn't a perfect life, there were problems we had to deal with, but what I would give to have one more day to deal with the loud, boisterous Crystal!

Now, you live on in my heart, I see through your beautiful daughter, remembering all the times this or that happened. You live through the times I say your name whether it slips out when I meant someone else, or the times it was intentional. I will talk about you and laugh or cry. Although not many may see the tears, they are there – sometimes dripping on the inside of my broken heart.

You left a legacy through all the lives you touched, all the kids you loved, and it grows through your daughter, Faith.

I love and miss you greatly,
 Love Mom

A NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Hello Friends,

We have just passed the first holiday of the season; Thanksgiving. A day for family and friends to gather to give thanks for the blessings they have received throughout the year. I know if you are newly bereaved this season is brutal and often too much to process. The season of music, shopping, parties, holiday dinners, fun and laughter fills the air. It's easy for us to get lost in the excitement, cowering in the background. It doesn't mean we don't love the celebrations it simply means we are dealing with a grief so deep we can't, we just can't. All we ask for is a little empathy for what we are going through. In time we will return to those gatherings hopefully with a new zest for celebration. But before we can even think about that it's ok to grieve your child, grandchild or sibling. We are thankful for others that give us the space we need to grieve and the respect to do it our way. It takes time to figure it all out and what's working and what's not. Patience and respect from others are the perfect gifts we could receive this holiday season.

As I pen this letter we have the go ahead for an in person candle light service on Sunday, December 12th. As with anything else in our current life that is certainly subject to change, but we pray it doesn't. We deserve to have this evening to "celebrate" our children, grandchildren and siblings. The candle lighting is not just a service it is an experience. Sitting in the sanctuary with so many others that have joined together to light candles as the name of their loved one is read aloud. The night fills our hearts with hope and of course our eyes with tears of love. I hope to see many of you there. If you aren't able to attend but want a name read please touch base with me, just leave a message.

We are back pretty much full steam with our bi monthly meetings, following all the church prodigal dealing with the virus. Never would we do anything to jeopardize anyone's health or well being. It was a long drought of 2020 without meetings and being able to physically see our TCF family. If you wish to attend please bring a mask.

In our fall newsletter we shared the deaths a few of our members, last month we lost another one of our cherished members, Bertie Sullivan. Bertie was another mom that was there when I first came to group. It saddens me to have to share this news with you. Bertie and her husband Fran have had two precious children that have gone too soon, Robert and Christine and a loving grandson, Michael. Michael was Chris's son. For anyone at our September Monday meeting we were blessed to see Bertie, she was fine and looking forward to her yearly trek with Fran to Florida for the winter. We send our thoughts to Fran and all the Sullivan's.

We have welcomed a new member to our steering committee, Jim Pratt. Jim is our latest Webmaster and has created a new website for us to enter for all kinds of info pertaining to TCF, especially our local chapter. There is a link on our Facebook page but for those without Facebook here it is: <https://www.stny.info/tcfbroome> One of our outreach steering committee members, Carl Selby has moved out of the area to be closer to her son, we wish Carol much happiness in her latest chapter. Carol also was a great helper at our angel of hope garden.

The New Year 2022 is knocking on our door; hopefully it will enter with a newfound hope and acceptance for all the challenges we might encounter. One of the most comforting things we can have in the New Year is peace of mind. A tiny little request for many but for us as big as the sky. With a little bit of hopefulness I pray everyone will find just a bit of that peace in 2022. With that I shall close this letter and encourage you to always reach out if you are in sadness and in need of a lifeline, there is always someone here to listen.

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom

I Heard your Voice In The Wind Today

I heard your voice in the wind today
and I turned to see your face.
The warmth if the wind caressed me
as I stood silently in place.
I felt your touch in the sun today
as its warmth filled the sky.
I closed my eyes for your embrace
and my spirit soared high.

I saw your eyes in the window pane
as I watched the falling rain;
It seemed as each raindrop fell
it quietly said your name.
I held you close in my heart today
it made me feel complete;
You may have died...but you are not gone
you will always be a part of me.

As long as the sun shines...
the wind blows...
the rain falls...
You will live on inside of me forever
for this is all my heart knows.

Carrying Memories Into The New Year

With the church bells' ringing
the new year enters
echoing the days of yesteryear
memories of happiness
the smiles of our children
the sunlight within each face
Who will remember these dear ones
far from our yearning arms
Who remembers all they were
the way she danced, the hat he wore
With the old year gone, will they
no longer be known?
We will remember them, each one
We will hold them in our hearts
as we carry memories
into this new year.
We will allow the memories to
make us laugh, to make us sing.
Their lives will fill the air
as the church bells ring.

---Alice J. Wisler

This Mixed up Grief

Have you ever noticed the many mixed-up, confusing emotions involved in grieving?

On the one hand, you feel restless; on the other hand, you feel like you don't want to move at all. You feel desperately alone, yet you don't want anyone around. You feel scatterbrained, forgetful and yet frantically meticulous. You feel like crying at nothing, and sometimes laughing at anything. (Or do I have that backwards?) Being in a crowd of people is fine as long as they don't talk to you. And yet, if they don't talk to you, you feel as if nobody cares. You want so desperately for someone to mention your child, to remember the life that once was. And yet it can make you furious if ALL they want to talk about is the dead one, and never even mention the living ones.

Grief settles over you like a hot blanket. You're as cold as the winter snow. Grief presses on you like a steamroller. You're floating in a bubble above yourself. Grief boxed you in on four sides and introduces you to a pain no one should have to know.

But then, once again, you begin to feel compassion. You relate to other parents who have had an experience similar to your own. And eventually, with a light as sharp as a sunburst, you hear yourself saying your child's name with an unfamiliar smile on our face. You remember some of the funny times and feel laughter building in your throat. One morning you notice the sun is shining. Many days, months, and possibly years have passed unnoticed...and somehow, you are still here. Even though your child is still...There. You feel your heart swell with a love you never even knew could exist. And you find a place in your life for something called (dare I say) peace.

And then, ever so gently, the memories enfold you in a warmth as soothing as a cool shower on a hot summer day, so you find you WANT to remember. And tender memories of love lift you to unreachable heights to the brightest of stars, to the loveliest touch of your child.

Dana Gensler TCF-Kentucky

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.*



- 12/02 **David** son of **Amy Snell** Barton, NY
12/02 **David** brother of **Jacob Snell** Owego, NY
12/02 **Shelly** daughter of **Sherry Haskell** Binghamton, NY
12/06 **Peter** son of **Joel & Robin Vermaat** Port Crane, NY
12/09 **Matthew** son of **Frank & Joanne Calvey** Whitney Point, NY
12/09 **Dr. Kelly** daughter of **Charles & Marcia Cheeseman** Apalachin, NY
12/11 **Joe** son of **Ron & Michele Summers** Castle Creek, NY
12/13 **Kyle** son of **Bob Batal** Berkshire, NY
12/16 **Catherine** daughter of **Angela Coyle** Binghamton, NY
12/19 **Brianna** daughter of **Tom & Megan Lander** Binghamton, NY
12/19 **James** son of **James & Mary View** Vestal, NY
12/31 **Kristie** daughter of **Ken & Karon Clark** Hancock, NY
12/31 **Tanya** daughter of **Patricia Rushanski** Endicott, NY
01/01 **Tammi** daughter of **Tom & Carol Young** Schenectady, NY
01/02 **Kenneth** son of **Elaine Sahre** Vestal, NY
01/03 **Jessica** daughter of **Michelle & Jammie Simonds** Fayetteville, NY
01/11 **Laura** daughter of **M/M Robert McGuigan** Conklin, NY
01/11 **Sammy** son of **Mary Ellen Arnold** Johnson City, NY
01/12 **Abbey** daughter of **M/M Lars Luffman** Owego, NY
01/15 **Michael** son of **Amy Back-Vangorden** Windsor, NY
01/16 **David** son of **Patrick & Joyce Crowley** Endicott, NY
01/17 **Christine** daughter of **Francis Sullivan** Binghamton, NY
01/19 **Timothy** son of **Gordon & Mary Shiner** Vestal, NY
01/19 **Aaron** son of **Ralph DeRigo** Binghamton, NY
01/20 **Abel** grandson of **Lisa Koltz** Binghamton, NY
01/20 **Abel** son of **Jennifer Heggelke** Binghamton, NY
01/24 **Chad** son of **Carl & Sharon Eldridge** Glen Aubrey, NY
01/24 **Sheri** daughter of **Jackie Ceiri** Johnson City, NY
01/29 **John** son of **Corky Clark** Binghamton, NY

continued →

Our Children Remembered... continued

- 01/31 **Michael** son of **Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver** Johnson City, NY
- 02/05 **Andrea** daughter of **Rich Olmstead** Apalachin, NY
- 02/05 **Keara** daughter of **Dane & Kaethe Mitchell** Binghamton, NY
- 02/07 **Holly** daughter of **Tim & Michaelene Peters** Newark Valley, NY
- 02/09 **Mark** son of **Tim & Michaelene Peters** Newark Valley, NY
- 02/10 **Adam** son of **Lori Petzack** Sidney, NY
- 02/10 **Joni** daughter of **M/M Robert McGuigan** Conklin, NY
- 02/14 **Paul** son of **Toni & Maria Fusco** Endicott, NY
- 02/17 **Joseph** son of **James & Gigi Parrillo** Johnson City, NY
- 02/17 **Caetlin** daughter of **Tomann Rice** Franklin, PA
- 02/19 **David** son of **Pamela Callahan** Binghamton, NY
- 02/20 **Charles** son of **Carl & Sharon Eldridge** Glen Aubrey, NY
- 02/21 **Elizabeth** daughter of **Stanley & Julie Masters** Vestal, NY
- 02/22 **Cindy** daughter of **Peter & Barbara Metritikas** Vestal, NY
- 02/24 **Joelyn** daughter of **Chad & Nancy Moffitt** Afton, NY
- 02/25 **Courtney** daughter of **Marilyn Eck** Endwell, NY
- 02/26 **Scott** son of **Thomas & Marcia Glosick** Apalachin, NY

If I can concentrate on the moral and spiritual side of the holidays I can make it through.
If I can absorb the love and warmth that was the beginning I can give love back.
If I can share the grief and love that is in me through these holidays I can start a new year.
Tom Spray TCF Ventura, CA

Winter

by Roberta Hermansen

This winter's desolation is my desolation,
It's barrenness, my heart.
Some say spring will come
Trees will leaf,
Buds will swell, New life will emerge.

But I feel winter in my heart,
In my soul,
In my being,
I wonder if the ice will ever thaw
So I can drink from it again
To nourish my spirit.

You will live in me always,
Your words, your touch, your heart,
your soul are all a part of me.
My heart is full of your memories.
My soul has been
Forever touched by you.

Thank you for the gift of your life.
I will never forget you.

From *ANGEL CATCHER*,
by Kathy and Amy Eldon.

The Candle on the Mantel

By Glen Lord

Tonight might be your first Candle Lighting or you may have been to so many that you cannot remember them all. Either was for me every one has been and is special. I have been where I had no hope and I have been to ones where I was full of hope.

My son Noah died at four and ½ years old on June 14 1999 from complications if a tonsillectomy. He was my first born and at the time my only son, my future and my joy and on that day my hope, my joy and my future were taken away. I had no idea what to do, I had never truly learned how to grieve or even what grief really was. I had experienced death before but what it had taught me did not help.

When I was about 12 my grandmother on my father's side died and I found out by answering the phone being asked when the funeral was.

When I was about 18 my other grandmother died, in many ways she was a mother to me, as she had lived with me my entire life. I did not even go to her funeral, she is buried at Arlington Cemetery, only went to her grave years later.

My family did not talk about death or have the dead in any way as part of our lives. All I had ever seen and all that I had ever learned about grief was to avoid and deny it. My son was dead and I knew this would not work, the darkness surrounded me and I had no hope.

That first year I went to my first candle lighting. I was so full of pain and desperate for anything. We lit our candles and passed the light around and for the first time since Noah died as I held tight to that candle I felt hope, and saw it in the flame of that one small candle, hope.

When it came to put it out I used my fingers I wanted to feel the pain, I wanted to take the flame with me, I wanted the hope in me. I felt closer to my son than I had since his death. It hurt and it was beautiful.

Shortly after the candle lighting with the Holidays approaching I knew I would do what I had always done. Every year of my life except the year Tanya, my wife was pregnant with Noah, I have been at my parent's home. I was so conflicted, I did not know how I could possible do the holidays without including Noah. I was engulfed by the darkness.

This first holiday was a disaster. No one but my wife and I acknowledged our son, we literally sat in the dark and cried. We ended up leaving earlier than we planned.

We returned home and I knew I was done living grief the way I learned. We purchased a big candle and placed it on the mantel. We kept it or its replacement lit all the way to January 26th, his birthday. I cried but there was hope in that flame. There was more than one night when I would sit and stare at the candle only to wake in the same chair after only a few hours of fitful sleep.

I dreaded the second candle lighting, and yet at the same time looked forward to it. It was my time to sit publicly with my son along with so many people who understood, I knew that this second year must be different many people shared their reality of what they had done and what their fears were it was hopeful to see so many others understand.

I knew I had to reconcile how to include Noah in my holiday and yet deal with my family that did not know how. That candle had been the symbol of my hope and I wanted to share that hope.

The second year I brought my Compassionate Friend's candle to my parents home, before anything started Tanya and I got up, spoke his name, Noah, and lit the candle. We set it on the mantel, my mother commented on the candle, so did my dad. I told them it was Noah's candle and to my surprise they teared up and we all cried. Noah was spoken of for the first

Continued ...

The Candle on the Mantel continued

time and it was good. The holidays that year were hard and they were painful but Noah was a clear part of them.

The third holiday I showed up at my parent's home and to my shock, there with the decorations was a candle already lit. My mom said "I hope it was ok, I lit the candle before you arrived. Was it OK?" It was beautiful. The love of that gesture lit the room.

I also noticed hanging on the mantel was a stocking with his name on it and a journal in it. My mom told me this was so every year we could all share a memory of him and it would grow and he would always be a part of our lives. He would be known by those who would never meet him. I was full of pain and also full of hope. An impossible to understand paradox except by those who know it.

The fourth year without my son the candle on the mantel was again lit for his birthday, for his anniversary, or any time I need an outward representation of hope. The hope had begun to spark my heart, not only in the flame of the candle. That year I looked forward to the tears as well and the hope of the candle lighting, the missing him yet the realization that he is with me all the time. My family's holidays are now full of signs of him, we not only speak of dead, we include them in all we do. The light of the candle on the mantel has transformed an entire family, we now have grief shared, not denied. That candle now sits permanently on the mantel.

I have been bereaved for a long time. This is my 15th candle lighting and over those years the tradition of the candle has grown. My family has also grown, I now have two other sons who, although they have never physically been in the same room as Noah, they know him as a brother. My sister in law and nieces that have never experienced the brilliance of his smile know the joy that a 4 and ½ year old was so full of.

In 2007, my wife's mother Gretchen, died and we began to light the candle in Noah's and her name. In 2008 my sister in law's father died and we lit the candle in the memory of their lives. The next year a cousin of mine died and we began to light the candle in the realization that they were all still with us and that they belonged in a place of prominence in our lives.

Hope has continued to return. What was once a candle I fell asleep to that first birthday without him, has become a flame that rises up in me. It no longer only burns on a mantel but burns brighter, stronger and forever in my heart. I live daily with the pain of missing him and yet I live with the paradox of hope, knowing he is always with me.

No matter where you are on your grief journey, may you find hope, if not your own hope, then hope from the communal flame of your Compassionate Friends that we will bring to the surface in the next few minutes, the one that burns in all of us. We will have to extinguish the flame from the candle we pass, however, just as the candle on the mantel sits there as a permanent part of my life, the flame of hope in our hearts is fueled by Love and is never extinguished.

Love lives on. Love never dies.

Let us be grateful to people who make us happy;
they are the charming gardeners who make our souls blossom.
Marcel Proust

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:

Shelley & Chuck Levchak in memory of their son **CJ**
Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver in memory of their son **Michael**
Joel & Robin Vermaat in memory of their son **Peter**
June Moore in memory of her son **Jason**
M/M Robert McGuigan in memory of their daughters **Laura & Joni**
Sandra & Harold Weitsman in memory of their daughter **Rebecca**
Tom & Megan Lander in memory of their daughter **Brianna**
Marilyn Eck in memory of her daughters **Courtney & Cynthia**
Nancy Rinehuls in memory of her son **Richard**
Mary & James View in memory of their son **James**
Marcia & Charles Cheeseman in memory of their daughter **Dr. Kelly**
Frank & Angela Carro in memory of their son **Robert**
Sam & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**
Shelly (Nanny) O'Neill in memory of her brother **Anthony**
Liz & Brian Leonard in memory of their son **Brian**
Bonnie Blair in memory of her daughters **Julie & Cindy**
David & Colleen Hanzes in memory of their son **David**
Michael & Christina McAfee in memory of their son **Joseph**
Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**
Carlo & Samantha Carlini in memory of their daughter **Samantha**
Robert & Patricia Walberg in memory of their son **Jeremy**
Margaret Turna in memory of her son **John**
Joseph & Maureen Johnson in memory of their daughter **Maura**
Thomas & Diane Ellis in memory of their son **Matthew**
Kate & Bill Stacy in memory of their son **Philip**



Love Gift given in memory of David Yeager father of Scott
Given by Robert & Patricia Walberg

Love Gifts given in memory of Alberta (Bertie) Sullivan the bereaved mother of
her son Robert, daughter Christine, and grandson Michael.

US Submarine Veterans (Shipmates of Fran Sullivan)
Bertie's Graf Family Cousins
Bereavement Committee from her son's David co-workers
Clara Wittek & Family
Robert & Holly Belveg

Thank You

Comfort comes from knowing that people have made the same journey.
And solace comes from understanding how others have learned to sing again.
Helen Steiner Rice

**** 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.

The breath of winter
painted fragile stars
on all the windows
of my quiet house.
And there I found
your face,
more fragile even
than the season's art -
a wonder to my eyes.
How can it be
that winter paints
such secret things
in white-and-silver sheen
for those who cry alone
at frosted windows?

~ *Sascha Wagner*

New Year

The new year comes
when all the world is ready
for changes, resolutions - great beginnings.

For us, to whom that stroke of midnight means
a missing child remembered,
for us the new years comes
more like another darkness.

But let us not forget that this may be the year
when love and hope and courage
find each other somewhere in the darkness
to lift their voice and speak:
let there be light.

"The Sorrow and the Light" by Sascha



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

1250 Front St., PMB 147
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