

The Primrose



Vol. 42, Issue 3

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Fall 2022



A First Love for Eternity

Most moms remember their child's first love as a sweet child, maybe in kindergarten, who stole their heart for just a little while. I remember my son's first love: the Pontiac GTO. The first GTO was a model. Todd carefully assembled that model over a period of a few days one summer. Then, after an extensive search, he found the perfect teal color for the model. I still have that model on a special shelf. Each time I look at it, I marvel at the amount of time he dedicated to that one tiny car model.

When Todd was 16, he bought a 1967 blue GTO. He worked on it, touched up the paint, kept it in pristine condition. He loved that car. But this wasn't his true love. His true love was always a 1965 GTO.

He and I talked about how he would find a GTO to restore. I suggested buying the mailing list of GTO owners in southeast Texas and sending out a postcard which is exactly what Todd did. For a week he heard nothing. Then one afternoon, a gentleman from rural east Texas called him and asked if he was interested in his 1965 GTO. Todd and my husband were on the way to the man's home within an hour. Todd came home with a 1965 GTO that evening. And the restoration began.

For 12 years Todd invested any extra money he had in his GTO. The ground up restoration started the fall that he entered college. It ended three years after he finished graduate school. Piece by piece, part by part, Todd restored that beautiful car to its original glory. He was so very proud of the finished product. His dream had always been to show his 1965 GTO at Autorama which he did at Thanksgiving. He joined the Gulf Coast GTO Club, and participated in their events and always tried to show his car with them. He won second place in the National GTO show one year in Dallas. He won first place at Autorama in his class. He had so many trophies.....he would line them up for the car show displays in an ever growing row.

Life had moved on: a wife, four children, a new home, another new home and finally the home of his dreams which he built in a lovely neighborhood west of Austin, took a great deal of time. But he always made time for his GTO. He kept his GTO spotless and drove it occasionally. He died five years after he completed his GTO restoration.

Last weekend we changed the oil in Todd's GTO, and I turned the key to make sure all was right. When I heard the sound of the engine, I could sense Todd sitting right next to me, smiling that big, happy GTO smile. If Todd is ever with me, it is when I sit in his GTO and listen to those three deuces purr as I glide through the four speeds. Unbidden tears ran down my cheek as I gradually increased the RPMs and reached over to touch the seat where I could feel Todd's presence. I whispered, "I miss you so much, Todd." I could hear him say, "I miss you, too, Mom." Peace comes to us in our beautiful memories.

Annette Mennen Baldwin, In memory of my son, Todd Mennen, TCF, Katy, TX

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
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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: 607 427-4043
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:

<https://www.stny.info/tcfbroome/>

For information pertaining to the
The Compassionate Friends of Broome County,
call: Shelley levchak (607) 759-0852

Monthly Meetings

First Monday of each month 6:00 - 8:00 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 -
Donna Cunningham 607 725-8574
Assistant Chapter Leader - Shelley Levchak
Outreach - Luann Ford , Elaine Sahre
Library - Sherry Bailey
Hospitality – Jean Scolaro
Treasurer – Val Ambrose
Newsletter Editor – Val Ambrose
Social Media -
FB - Karen Yeager & Kim Ford
Website—Jim Pratt
Secretary - OPEN

**Please consider joining
Steering Committee Meeting
October 20th 6 PM**

Contact Donna for details

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

Meetings:

First Monday 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM
Unless otherwise indicated
Third or fourth Saturday 10:00 A.M.
(Check calendar!)

NIMMONSBURG UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

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

September 12th, 2022 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Love is Timeless”

September 24th, 2022 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

October 3rd, 2022 (Monday)
6:00 PM “I Don’t Recognize Me”

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

October 20th, 2022 (Wednesday)
6:00 PM Steering Committee Meeting

November 7th, 2022 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Walk With Me Please”

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

December 5th, 2022 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Peace During The Holidays”

December 11th, 2022 (Sunday)
10:00 :00 PM Candle Light Service

December 17th, 2022 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

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 NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Hello Everyone,

It's the end of what we call summer though its still on our calendar for nearly another month. We finally after 2 years of being so careful with our health because of the pandemic were able to get out and enjoy this summer a bit. We had some very hot days and very little rain throughout but still comforting to feel the sun on your face.

As many of you already know I have stepped down as your chapter leader, it was affective in August. I will continue to be a presence on facebook with daily messages. Our group has been a part of my life for the past, soon to be 28 years. I have had the privilege of meeting so many of you and getting to know your children, grandchildren and siblings through you. All of you have been and always will be an important part of my life and my journey called grief. Without many of you I would not have made it. TCF certainly gave me purpose after Sean's death, leading me to a life of helping others through their darkest days. Donna Cunningham has taken on the duties of chapter leader and Shelly Levchak will be her co leader continuing with our mission of helping others through their darkness and hopefully back to the light. Their numbers are listed on page 2.

It seems like every issue of our newsletter I am sharing yet another death of a member, as we age that's what happens. Michaelene Elko passed away in June after an illness. Many of you did not know her but she was one of the charter members of our group in the 80's; meeting at Lourdes Hospital during lunchtime. I met Michaelene at my very first meeting and shall remember her as one that told it like it was. She pulled no punches where grief was concerned, being honest to T. Our sincere condolences to her husband Stephen and family.

Regrettably our steering committee secretary Angela Carro has resigned and we are looking for someone to fill her capable shoes. The position includes attending two steering committee meetings a year, taking notes and typing the minutes. Angela has offered to stay on to help with the anniversary cards and the angel tree at candle lighting. Angela, I will miss seeing you across the table from me, though I will be gone as well. Angela thanks for your years of service to our mission in memory of your precious son, Robbie.

Our annual picnic was held in July after two summers without one. No more balloon lift off but we did have bubbles to send to heaven, along with a bubble machine (thanks to Shelly and Chuck) and seeded paper butterflies that we wrote notes on to our loved ones. Hopefully by now they have been taken to the skies and are filling the earth with flowers. It was so good to see many "veterans" and new families as well. People are still skeptical gathering in large groups but it was just enough. A special thank you to our dedicated helpers, also to Val for the beautiful cake.

I know its only September but December will be here before we know it so we are looking for members to be a part of our candle lighting service on December 11th. It takes a TCF village to make this event a beautiful remembrance for our loved ones. Reach out to Donna or Shelly; there will also be a sign up sheet at meetings. Greeters, readers, kitchen help, etc. are needed.

While I am on the subject of helping since we have moved to Maryland, Karen Yeager has offered to lovingly take care of our angel of hope in the Port Dickinson Park on Chenango Street. She will need helpers to keep the angel garden swept, weeded, watered and just looking nice. We had several people reach out on facebook, which was appreciated. Karen will coordinate with you. For anyone that hasn't visited the angel I encourage you to stop by, it's a place of serenity and hope for families struggling after their losses. Though there are no longer personal bricks available the angel is there for all of us to visit. Sit on a bench and pull that special memory of your child, grandchild or sibling from your memory bank and possibly shed a tear or find a soft smile.

Donna, Shelly and Karen deserve huge KUDOS for stepping up and continuing our hopeful mission for the newly bereaved. It made it much easier to move knowing that our TCF family will be taken care of.

Continued on next page ...

Chapter leader Letter continued ...

This month MHASt will sponsor and Jody Pangburn will host the "Wings of Hope" a 4-mile walk for mental health, suicide and addiction awareness at Dorchester Park on Saturday September 10th. Registration starts at 9:00. We will have an information table set up, stop by. It's a great event, good food, butterfly release, music and walking. Come and build a memory poster to be placed along the walk, bring a photo to place on the poster. Any questions you can reach out to Jody @ 222-8262 or Sue Wheeler @ 765-7827.

Starting this month our Monday night meetings will begin at 6:00 p.m. and end around 8:00 p.m., giving way to less nighttime driving. Always check your calendar for any updates on times. Saturdays will stay the same, 10-12.

I certainly had a ton to share but in the back of my mind are your challenges as you try to go on and learn to live a productive life after the loss of your loved one. I hope through our sharing and caring you realize we are all alike; parents, grandparents and siblings looking for purpose (just like I was afforded all those years ago), after the death and finding the hope to live a full life. We recently discussed the feeling of joy and how it takes a very long time to once again feel it. It takes time to want to join life again, don't beat yourself up for feeling like you do. You too will come out of the darkness and into the light.

There will be no goodbyes today but rather "until we meet again." I am on my new adventure and will find new ways to honor and keep my Sean alive in the hearts of others.

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom

I would like to take a moment to Thank Pam Kroft for all her years of service to our chapter of The Compassionate Friends. She means so much to the members of our group and her presence will be missed immensely. She has been a positive force for so many of us.

Also, please consider giving some of your time to our organization. Many of us are getting up in years and we could use the help. I want this chapter to continue to thrive and with more volunteers it is guaranteed!

Thank you Pam so very much!

The Compassionate Friends is for Sharing

Many people may think that meetings of The Compassionate Friends consist of bereaved people who sit and cry most of the evening, but that is certainly a misconception. It is normal to shed tears as we talk about our child's death, and we would expect a newly bereaved person to cry. We understand that completely. But we don't just sit and cry. Would you believe that most of the time we spend in our sharing group circle we may enjoy hearing others' stories about their children, or even sharing our own? Our meetings are usually about our memories, our questions and also telling what has helped us to cope with it all. We all have ideas that we share with others in the hope that they may reach a point of "good memories" instead of bad memories of the child's death.

A support group should be very comforting and welcoming to those who attend and should always have non-judgmental members. We are less concerned at how the child died (even though we do care) and we are more concerned that we be there for the parents, siblings or grandparents who need us. They have a desire to talk and share about their loved one. We want to let them lean on us in their time of pain, just as we had others before us who let us lean on them. It does come full circle.

Jackie Wesley ~ TCF, East Central Indiana & Miami-Whitewater Chapters

BITTERSWEET MEMORIES

One of the most precious things to a parent who has lost a child is the memories. Without them, it would be as if their child never was. With them, it is bittersweet that it can make a parent laugh and cry, rejoice and anguish, touch the sweetness to the lips and tastes the salt from the tears.

Memories keep the heart from crushing under the weight of sorrow. They give a parent the chance to be with their child again. They can walk through their memories like they were a movie. When the memories are so vivid, you can almost feel them, touch them, hug them, and kiss them. It is so bittersweet when the reality comes and you realize it is just a memory, a thought and you are reminded of what you have lost.

If you asked a parent if they would give up the memories so they did not have to feel the pain of knowing their child is gone, they would tell you no. as painful as it may be, not having the memories or feeling their presence, is just as unbearable as losing them.

There is no happy place to go to, but there is a place to be with your child. You know before you step into that realm that it will be painful, but you know that it will be joyful too.

So as we let the memories take us to a time that our child was safe with us, just rest a while until it is time to go and the next time try not to think of what is gone, but what is still in your heart and will always be.

Vickie Van Antwerp, TCF Brevard, N.C.

Closure – A Misnomer

In the past few years, the non-bereaved seem to have won the battle, and it all came about as the result of someone discovering there is a word in the dictionary called "closure." What battle, you say? Those of us who have suffered the death of someone vital to our lives recognized the need for such a word. Not our word, surely, but the need for the non-bereaved, for, as Shakespeare once said, "Everyone can master grief but he that has it." It's difficult to have a day go by that someone doesn't insinuate, with seeming great authority, that those of us who grieve and can't seem to put it all behind us, simply haven't put their hearts into achieving "closure." Bear in mind now, that's the same heart that has been broken, maybe many times over. Do these people who casually demand "closure" of us not realize that, like Humpty-Dumpty, "All the king's horses and all the king's men" couldn't put all the pieces together again?

Some people have been fortunate enough not to know that particular pain, but maybe those of us who do know that pain are more finely attuned to life's realities. The reality that says grief is not a simple set of stages, once accomplished, each stage goes away. Instead, some particular stages may visit you time and again. There is some truth in the old saying, "Time heals all wounds," but there is more truth in the simple knowledge that, with time, life does go on for those who grieve. The reality is life's cadence is never the same, for grief has a tempo of its own.

Understanding that the ones who haven't a clue, as the modern saying goes, are really more comfortable believing that closure is possible and that loss isn't really so bad. How can they know how it feels to have part of you amputated without the benefit of anesthesia? If I didn't know how it feels, I too would wish for it not to be so bad and would shy away from reality. My dictionary says closure is defined, in part, as "a finish; end." In the twenty years since my son died I know now that closure is not possible. Instead, his death has become a part of the fiber of my life. It is more accurate to say that I have learned to live with my loss more comfortably, but "finished; ended?" That's truly a misnomer.

-- Mary Cleckley CF Atlanta GA

Our Children Remembered

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



- 09/01 **Kathleen** daughter of **Frank & Jeannine Wells** Endicott, NY
09/01 **Cindy** daughter of **Bonnie Blair** Binghamton, NY
09/05 **Ruth** daughter of **Norma Manning** Binghamton, NY
09/06 **Jason** son of **Nuria Bronson** Conklin, NY
09/11 **Scott** son of **Karen Yeager** Binghamton, NY
09/11 **Cheryl** daughter of **M/M Frank Lockwood** Binghamton, NY
09/13 **Kaitlin** daughter of **Maureen Mosher** Newark Valley, NY
09/13 **Solomon** grandson of **Pamela Callahan** Binghamton, NY
09/14 **Rebecca** daughter of **M/M Harold F. Weitsman** Vestal, NY
09/15 **Jonathan** son of **M/M James Pratt** Binghamton, NY
09/15 **William** brother of **Robin McCall** Binghamton, NY
09/20 **Shawn** son of **Carol Ferraro** Binghamton, NY
09/24 **Maura** daughter of **Joseph & Maureen Johnson** Binghamton NY
09/25 **Karen** daughter of **Sandy Iannuzzi** Vestal, NY
09/26 **Julie** daughter of **Bonnie Blair** Binghamton, NY
09/26 **Stephen** son of **Shirley Mehal** Endwell, NY
09/29 **Susan** daughter of **Richard & Helen Kachmarik** Binghamton, NY
09/30 **Richard** son of **John & Michelle Lupo** Endicott, NY
10/02 **Alex** son of **Tammy Drost** Vestal, NY
10/03 **Traci** daughter of **Gordon & Mary Shiner** Vestal, NY
10/11 **Jerry** son of **Sylvia Behal** Johnson City, NY
10/15 **William** son of **Delores Bentley** Binghamton, NY
10/16 **Sean** son of **Pam Kroft** Frederick, MD
10/16 **David** son of **Shirley Rigo** Binghamton, NY
10/23 **Micha** son of **Marvin & Donna Conover** Binghamton, NY

continued ➡

Our Children Remembered... continued

10/26 **Joel** son of **Renee Radicchi Spicer & Steve Spicer** Owego, NY

11/07 **Jenna** daughter of **Maureen Mosher** Newark Valley, NY

11/15 **Matthew** son of **Martin & Carol Porcino** Johnson City, NY

11/15 **Gail** daughter of **Ray & Lori Benjamin** Binghamton, NY

11/16 **Ryan** son of **Donald & Suzanne Carr** Binghamton, NY

11/26 **Phelan** son of **Kelly Smith** Barton, NY

11/26 **Thomas** son of **Margaret & James Isaminger** Johnson City, NY

11/30 **Cynthia** daughter of **Marilyn Eck** Endwell, NY

“The Compassionate Friends is about transforming the pain of grief into the elixir of hope. It takes people out of the isolation society imposes on the bereaved and lets them express their grief naturally. With the shedding of tears, healing comes. And the newly bereaved get to see people who have survived and are learning to live and love again.”

—Simon Stephens, founder of The Compassionate Friends

Giving Thanks

I cannot hold your hand today-
I cannot see you smile -
I cannot hear your voices now,
My Children, who are gone.

But I recall your faces still -
The songs, the talks, the sights -
And my story times and winter walks,
And sharing secret things.

I know you helped my mind to live
Beyond your time with me.
You gave me clearer eyes to see,
You gave me finer ears to hear,
What living means, what dying means,
My Children.

So here it is Thanksgiving Day.
And you are not with me,
And while I weep a moment's tear,
I thank you for the gifts you were
And all the gifts you gave me.
My Children.

Sasha

We are doing well with our grief when we are grieving. Somehow we have it backwards. We think people are doing well when they aren't crying. Grief is a process of walking through some painful periods toward learning to cope again. We do not walk this path without pain and tears. When we are in the most pain, we are making the most progress. When the pain is less, we are coasting and resting up for the next steps. People need to grieve. Grief is not an enemy to be avoided; it is a healing path to be walked.

~ from HOPE Line Newsletter, August 2002
Web site: www.hopeforbereaved.com

When you remember me, it means that you have carried something of who I am with you, that I have left some mark of who I am on who you are. It means that you can summon me back to your mind even though countless years and miles may stand between us. It means that if we meet again, you will know me. It means that even after I die, you can still see my face and hear my voice and speak to me in your heart.

~Frederick Buechner

Differences Between A Man's Grief and A Woman's Grief

I have attended many support groups since my daughter, Kristina's death May 26th, 2008. I have observed differences in how grief is experienced in men and how grief is experienced in women. I have also heard it said by many leaders and in many articles how unique grief is to each individual. So even though I feel I can make some generalizations based on what I have personally seen and heard, there will invariably be many exceptions.

My opinion is that the difference in how grief is experienced is at its peak in the earliest days, weeks, and months of the grief journey. There may still be differences after six months and to a lesser extent after a year, but over time as grief is processed men and women seem to become more similar in handling grief. I have noticed how men differ from women when they speak at support group meetings. Many men will choke up and become unable to speak. Women may become very emotional, but most women still can speak even if it is with difficulty. Also, the men seem to be more of one extreme or the other, either they become too choked up to speak, or they can speak about their loss with apparent ease. Many women need to have a number of friends to repeat their story over and over. Men, on the other hand, have very few friends they choose to share with, and many times no one at all. Another difference I have experienced more myself than observed at meetings is called "compartmentalizing." I assume I am not the only one to experience this because I ran into a description of this in a book also.

It seems like men in general have difficulty with verbalizing about their loss. Many times it seems to bring on an intense emotional experience which has happened to me at times. I think it is for that reason many men do not attend support group meetings. Many times men will attend one meeting and never return. A number of those tried to speak at a meeting and found themselves unable to speak because of being too choked up. Women seem to be able to speak even at times they become emotional. This has varied widely in the groups I have attended, sometimes women can speak fairly freely and other times have a great deal of difficulty.

There is a video/book called "Tear Soup" that deals with the subject of loss from many causes. The premise is that grief can be from many things, not only from a death. The video portrays the man keeping off to himself while the woman is talking to many others. This seems to me like a realistic portrayal based on what I have heard in support groups. In my opinion this is most relevant in the first few weeks after a loss, as the shock starts to wear off the men will socialize more, but not necessarily talk about their loss. Women will look for people to talk to from the beginning. My experience was similar to men in general, I had one special person that I talked to about my feelings of grief, rather than many. It seems that women are better than men at listening, especially when it comes to feelings, and the person I talked to was a woman. She was willing to take a call about anytime, although for me the early morning hours were the most common time for intense sadness. I will never know what would have happened if I there had not been that special person to listen to me.

The concept of "compartmentalizing" I have found varies so much between people that some people seem to understand the concept immediately when it is introduced into a conversation and others seem to have no idea what it is. In my opinion this compartmentalizing is more common to men than women, but by no means exclusive. A leader in one of my support groups feels a more logically minded person is more prone to this compartmentalizing than a person who is not as logical in their thinking. In my reading I don't find this to be supported. In any case the way this is manifested is the rational side of the mind "knows" the truth, understands the death, but the emotional side does not. For me it was the strangest feeling when this was more intense, how can you know that something has happened and "feel" like it has not? I have had this sense of "unreality" become more intense and less intense at various times. Even after two or three years these feelings resurface at holidays, these feelings of "unreality." The explanation given for this in books I have read is that it is the mind's way of protecting itself. From that perspective the grief journey is more difficult for those that do not have so much of a gap between rational understanding and emotional understanding .

While the grief journey for men and woman starts out very different they become more similar over time. Men tend to stay off to themselves in the early months of grief, then gradually resume being more social. The people that have strong compartmentalizing in the early months of grief, more men than woman, find that this lessens over time.

Lance Beigh TCF of the Greater Kankakee Area, IL

Hope Defined

“H”

TCF offers us help in learning how to heal when we don't know where to begin. TCF offers us a hand to hold when we feel lost and a reassuring hug when times are tough. TCF offers us an opportunity to be honest about our feelings without fear of judgment or censure. TCF shows us that happiness can again be possible as we move once again into life, honoring our children's memory as we go.

“O”

TCF gives us an opportunity to be open and forthright in expressing our deepest emotions. TCF gives us an outlet for our anger, frustration, and guilt. TCF provides ongoing outreach and support when those in our other support systems may have receded or disappeared altogether as our grief journey moves from days and weeks into months and years. TCF offers us a sense of optimism that life can be good again and that the intense pain of early grief will not last forever.

“P”

TCF helps us gain perspective on what we are experiencing, yet has the patience to listen to our story as many times as we need to tell it. TCF offers us a place where we may feel safe and protected as we share our pain and our memories. TCF offers us the promise of more inner peace as we move toward a place of remembering more about our children's life and dwelling less on the circumstances of the death. TCF helps us understand the need to pardon ourselves for any mistakes we may feel we made as parents and not to blame ourselves for our children's death.

“E”

TCF provides education about the grief process, so that we may better understand and cope with what is happening to us. TCF offers encouragement that our pain will not always be so great and that we will survive. TCF members provide the true empathy that only those who have walked our path can know. TCF offers us a chance to express what is in our hearts and embraces us with understanding.

Susan Chan, Topeka, KS, TCF Chapter

A Bit Richer

I've heard it said that what you get out of a book depends not on what the book brings to you, but on what you bring to the book.

It's hard to fathom—much less accept—that we can gain anything by losing a child. Once the black hole has been created, we can't imagine that any light will ever enter it. But, in time, tender mercies start to trickle in. If we keep our eyes and hearts open, we do gain a more insightful view of life. We see and feel things at a deeper level than others can even imagine.

I find as a speaker and writer, when I quote books and use examples from movies to help illustrate or clarify my feelings about bereaved parenthood—or more often, life in general—people will say, “I don't remember reading that” “I didn't get that out of it.” “I never made that connection.”

Little Women, Pay It Forward, Gladiator, Lost in Yonkers, and yes, the classic Gone with the Wind are just a few of the books and movies that portray the depths of life as WE know it while others merely read words or watch actors on a screen.

I don't like being where I am. I certainly would never choose to be here. But as I go back to favorite books and movies, I find comfort not only in the familiar, but also in the farther-reaching themes that I didn't see before.

Revisiting books and movies will never make up for the loss of my son, but it can make my life a bit richer. And long as I'm still alive, I'm going to grab whatever I can get.

Susan Larson (Loren's Mom), TCF, Atlanta, GA

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:

Arlene & Joseph Bigart in memory of their son **John**
Judy Lundvall in memory of her son **Rob**
Nancy Rinehuls in memory of her son **Richard**
Mary & James View in memory of their son **James**
Margret & James Isaminger in memory of their son **Thomas**
Frank & Angela Carro in memory of their son **Robert**
Frank & Barb Lockwood in memory of their daughter **Cheryl**
Nancy Arnold & Barbara Lewis in memory of son and brother **Michael**
Sam & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**
Charles & Susan Taft in memory of their son **Matthew Stacey**
Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**
June Moore in memory of her son **Jason**
Howell Larnerd in memory of his son **Michael**
Samantha & Carlo Carlini in memory of their daughter **Samantha**
Angela Coyle in memory of her daughter **Catherine**
Paul & Kimberly Reger in memory of their daughter **Alicia**
Sylvia Behal in memory of her daughter **Teresa** and sons **Ronald & Jerry**
Charles & Shelley in memory of their son **CJ**



“We do not "get over" a death.
We learn to carry the grief and integrate the loss in our lives.
In our hearts, we carry those who have died.
We grieve and we love. We remember.”
— Nathalie Himmelrich, Grieving Parents: Surviving Loss as a Couple

Holliday Shopping Reminder: Support TCF with Amazon Smile!

If you are doing any shopping on Amazon, please consider using **AmazonSmile** to benefit our local chapter. This is an easy way for you to support our chapter every time you shop on Amazon — at no cost to you.

Here's how:

- ♥ Go to smile.amazon.com
- ♥ Search for "The Compassionate Friends Broome County Chapter" as your charity.
- ♥ Shop as you normally would, finding the exact same prices and selections as on Amazon.com, with the added bonus that Amazon will donate a portion of the purchase price to our Chapter.
- ♥ Remember, you need to start each shopping session at the AmazonSmile URL: **smile.amazon.com**.

I have been doing this for years and yes we do get a deposit every quarter from Amazon.

The Love You Bring

I looked toward the clouds today
and for a moment saw your face
And wondered just where you have gone
with the hope it's a peaceful place
Did you show yourself to me today
to tell me you're all right?
Or was it just a daydream
playing tricks upon my sight
Then I thought of when you left
still too young to say a word
Yet the look you gave us said it all
in our hearts, your good-bye was heard
You have changed our lives forever
your short time here not in vain
and hope you know we tried it all
to keep you safe from pain
We will always feel the void inside
because you are not here
But each new thought you send our way
let's us know you're always near
So until our journey nears its end
and we hear the Angels sing
We'll face each new day as it comes
and live off the Love you bring.

--By James Sullivan

**** 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: 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.

November Again

Leaves are turning the shades of Autumn,
then falling one by one, to the misted ground
below. Summer flowers have faded and died.
The sun hides behind dark and dreary clouds.
It is November again.

Was it so long ago that this month brought
warm thoughts of Thanksgiving together?
The smell of wood burning, walks in the nippy
air. This is the month you left us. And all the
warm glow of November went with you.

All that remains are the chrysanthemums plant-
ed in a special memory garden for you. They
are ready to burst into beautiful shades of yel-
low and orange. They symbolize one more year
without you. But our love has not diminished.

Pat Dodge, TCF Sacramento CA

Veteran's Day

Remember it was the Veteran, not the reporter,
Who has given us the freedom of press.

It was the Veteran, not that poet
Who has given us freedom of speech.

It was the Veteran, not the lawyer,
Who has given us right to a fair trial.

It was the Veteran, not the campus organizer,
Who has given us freedom to demonstrate.

It is the Veteran, who salutes the flag,
Who served under the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag,
Who allows the protester to burn the flag.

Written by Father Denis Edward O'Brien, USMC

All Gave Some — Some Gave All



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

1250 Front St., PMB 147
Binghamton, NY 13901-1043
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