

The Primrose



Vol. 42, Issue 2

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Summer 2022



SEASONS CHANGE AND SO DO WE

These warm days remind us spring is here and summer is coming. Some of us, as bereaved parents, stare at the yard and think: "Where will the energy come from to prune and plant one more time now that our child is dead?"

Spring is a time of renewal, nature's loving promise of eternal life. So many things about our child will never die - the light in young eyes that came with a smile, the warmth of a hug, the joy we experienced as we watched the child discover and grow. These things came from love - our love and our child's love. Is there a way to take back love or the memories of it? Once experienced, love is eternal. Just as the awakening of each season occurs over and over and will always do so.

We can do some things even in our state of depleted energy. Touching growing things can rejuvenate a battered heart. Try planting a small flower bed or a pot of special flowers in memory of your child. Tend it with love and watch it respond. It will give you pleasure and a closeness with your child you can experience in no other way. The strength to face your bereavement will grow with the plants.

One of our members planted a rose garden in memory of her son. She speaks of how much she enjoys looking at the roses outside and bringing them in. Tending the rose garden is a special act of love, an act of cherishing.

Planting, tending and enjoying is a salute to our child and to the way the world is planned for eternal renewal and change. Perhaps it says we don't have the energy to recover all at once, so we will care for these tender plants as we heal. Healing is not instantaneous, even for a limb pruned by the clippers. When grass is mowed down, it's not back to its original height in the morning. If nature heals slowly, maybe this is the way set up for us, too.

Each season invited us to experience its cycle, its pattern which, while it involved change and, yes, even death, is a promise that as one stage of our lives turns into another, there can be beauty and joy mixed in with pain and loss. We do not believe when the trees bare themselves in the fall, there will never be green leaves again. So with the arrival of yet another cycle, touch, see, smell, taste, and perhaps enjoy nature's renewal. The eternal cycles are a promise that nothing ever goes away permanently, They speak to us of strength for change and immortality—our own and our child's.

Elizabeth B. Estes TCF, Augusta, OA

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
National Office Information

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Regional Coordinator
Al Visconti (518) 756-9569

PARENTS RESOURCE CORNER

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

Accidental – Pam Kroft	Ph: 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: 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
Secretary - Angela Carro

**Please consider joining
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 6th, 2022 (Monday)

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

June 18th, 2022 (Saturday)

10:00 AM Open Sharing

July 11th, 2022 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Celebrations are Though”

July 18th, 2022 (Monday)

6:00 PM Summer Picnic

July 23rd, 2022 (Saturday)

10:00 AM Open Sharing

August 1st, 2022 (Monday)

7:00 PM “You Matter”

August 20th 2022 (Saturday)

10:00 AM Open Sharing

September 12th, 2022 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Love is Timeless”

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 Friends,

June is here and I can say we finally made it. We've had a challenging year thus far, but life seems to be settling in with the warm temps and sunshine. Several of our members have had covid but as my Aaron says, " Mom, covid is here to stay, much like the flu". We must treat it accordingly, fortunately we know much more than we did in 2020.

Our meetings seem to be adding new and old members each month. I am very hopeful going forward we will continue to be in person, definitely needed. We have brought back food and drinks, come and join us for a few hours of comfort and caring twice a month.

We had a clean up day in May at our angel in Port Dickinson Park, thanks to all that came to help. We are always looking for people to help to keep the angel a special place for all who visit. I often encourage everyone if you visit the park to bring a broom and sweep away your angst; it's a beautiful place to feel their love.

Our summer picnic will be held at the church on Monday July 18th at 6:00 pm. No balloons to lift off because of the threat to our wildlife and environment but we will have a special tribute for our children, grandchildren and siblings. We will have our potluck picnic, so bring your loved ones favorite food to share with others. We have not broken bread in two years together so lets make this a special time reuniting with so many of our TCF family. Any questions give me a call @ 607-427-4043.

I'd like to remind all of you that fast forwarding through your grief does not ease your sadness. It's not our grief that keeps us connected with our child, grandchild or sibling. It's actually the love we shared. We tend to hang on to our sadness as a way of not forgetting them, feeling guilty if we have a "good" day. Being constantly in a grieving mode will destroy our chances of having a life after their death. We get stuck between a rock and a hard place. When I was stuck I thought the more I grieved the more I loved. Once I realized I could ease the grief by letting the love shine through, allowing Sean to be with me everyday. You too will feel the love again with less pain; hang tight.

I now have some news I must share with you. First let me remind you TCF has been my embedded mission for nearly 28 years; chapter leader for 27. I found comfort within the walls of TCF when I thought my life was over after Sean's death. The friendships that have been made through the years, which I know will continue on has made me forever blessed.

The good news is that Steve and I are moving to Maryland to be closer to Aaron, Mila and our grandchildren. I am sad to leave but extremely happy to be near my family. I wanted nothing more than to have grandchildren but more than that to have a day-to-day relationship with them, like I had with my grandparents. A lot of my best memories are with my grandparents, including memories with my Sean and Aaron. Sean and Aaron were both very close to their great grandparents. As I look into the eyes of my grandchildren I feel joy that for many years after Sean's death I couldn't or wouldn't feel maybe out of fear of not respecting him. That's why I need to be there, to feel that joy more than every 6 weeks. If the isolation of covid and Sean's death has taught me anything it's that life is precious and way too short. The expression bittersweet certainly pertains to this happy/sad situation. I want everyone to be happy for us, as this decision was not made lightly. I have lived my whole life here and it will be hard to leave but we are treating it as an adventure and a new chapter. I am counting on all of you to keep our chapter going so it can be here for many years to come assisting families seeking comfort, love, hope and understanding. The transition into new leadership will be seamless, as Donna and Shelley will co share the duties of chapter leader. Donna has been at my side for many years and I am forever grateful to her. Shelley has offered to join Donna and I know with those two at the helm our group will thrive. Our group will always be a part of my heart and soul. We are always looking for new steering committee members as well. If you are thinking of giving back this is an opportunity to do so. I will be around for a few more months before our new adventure begins. I will truly miss all of you but because of the technology we have we will always be connected, even if its snail mail. Be happy for me and I hope you all understand my decision. I am sure you will be seeing and hearing from me from time to time.

I hope you all will find pockets of peace in the days and weeks ahead, easing your sadness as their love flows through you...

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom

Grief

It's an entity all its own,
with its pain that's never really gone.
It has many thoughts and faces,
but very few reality traces.

It makes you ask many a question,
all of which you try to shun;
What-When-Where-If-Why?
Could I have done something
so my child wouldn't die?

These are what every parent asks;
this part of grief is a heart wrenching task.

Hours turn to days; days to months; months to a
year,
this is the war you fight without gear.

You feel bare and naked and all alone,
at times you feel like you can't go on.

You say "This happens to someone else, not me!"
This I think, every parent would agree.

But this time it really was you,
you scream, No, No, No, but it's oh so true.

This nightmare that never seems to end,
with these feelings you cannot pretend.

People say "Well you sure look good."
Don't they know that we would die if only we
could.

Yes grief has its own way,
while we endure it and live day to day.

Judy Craig, TCF Memphis, TN
Written in memory of her son, Travis Carter

Buried Heart

My heart stopped the day you died
I put it away in a heavy, metal box
Away from laughter and sunlight.

I buried the box
Beneath guilt, regrets
and the pain of not saying goodbye
Deeply buried under the pain of missing you

I went searching for you
In forests, mountains and jungles
In deserts, meadows and beaches
Searching for a look, a trace, a glimpse of you

But you came looking for me
In strange, unexpected places
You'd show up for a brief moment
when least expected
Bringing me a bird, a song, a sign
Unmistakably you

To show your love for me
To comfort me
To sustain me until we embrace again

Karen Howe, for Claire

Last Moments

Last moments
Snatches of conversation
That echo across all decades...
Priceless words
Indelibly etched on the heart.

Sometimes
Thoughts were never spoken
But unexpected sentiment—
A quick embrace, a silly smirk,
Or joyous laughter—
Reaches through the pain
And warms the heart.

We came too soon to understand
The folly of harsh words
Or neglected touch,
For who can know which
Taken-for-granted event
Will become
A last moment.

Diane Fields, TCF, Westmoreland, PA

"So what do we do?
Give ourselves
TIME to hurt, to grieve, to cry.
TIME to choke, to scream.
TIME to be "crazy" and
TIME to remember.



Be nice to yourself! Don't measure your progress
through grief against anyone else's. Be your own
timekeeper."

—Darcie D. Sims

BUTTERFLIES MAKE ME HAPPY

Sometimes in our grief we truly believe we are going crazy. We hurt so bad we don't think we can manage to go on living without our precious child here with us. Part of the grieving process is learning how to do just that. Some parents need the reassurance that their child is okay. I think the human mind can only take so much pain and jumps at the chance to see signs from their children, reassuring them that they are okay.

The way I look at it, if you get comfort from a dream or a sign — enjoy it. You've suffered enough, and believing in signs, butterflies, dreams or whatever else gives you comfort and hurts no one else, is your right as a bereaved person.

Are these signs real, or just in my imagination? Can I prove they are messages from my son? Does it even need to be proven? No, I can't scientifically prove it. But I know that dreams, butterflies, signs and enjoyment in nature makes me feel closer to Eric, and therefore I will continue to enjoy them. It hurts no one, I'm not obsessive about it and anyone who chooses to think I'm nuts for believing in such things, can think I'm nuts.

We've all heard how the butterfly is a symbol of rebirth. Whether it's our child moving from this world onto a higher plane, or a bereaved parent emerging from the cocoon of grief into a world without our child here. With us, butterflies are a comfort for many. When I'm missing my son and see a butterfly flittering from flower to flower, I smile and feel better. When I'm in a happy mood and see a butterfly, I enjoy the beauty of such a delicate creature. Taking the time to slow down and watch such a fragile creature going about its business is calming and I don't think anyone should discount the benefits from having a calming moment.

About four months after Eric died, I had a dream about him. I woke myself up from tears of joy running down my face, I knew he was okay... what a relief that was. I still hurt terribly and missed him more than I thought I could endure, but I felt comforted by the dream. Some could say it was my subconscious trying to sort things out, but I choose to believe it was his way of trying to comfort me. Either way, it made me feel better.

Maybe it's because bereaved parents walk around in such a fog and function on automatic pilot that we are moving slow enough to notice the signs that are around us. Maybe dreams are one way for us to accept messages we need to hear and take into our hearts without logically trying to interpret them. Maybe faith is what we rely on when nothing else makes sense and we instinctively know we need something to hold on to. Whatever it is, just give me a second helping; I like feeling closer to my son!

Lynn Vines - TCF South Bay/L.A., CA



Come, let me take your hand

For where you must walk, I too, have walked. The road we must walk is not one that we would choose to walk: it is a difficult road, full of many obstacles. Yes, we are still fathers. We love and remember our sons or daughters who have died. Their deaths have left us with a hole in our hearts, an ache in our stomachs, a pain in our chests, and eyes that cannot see as they are filled with tears. We must grieve because we dared to love, and it is through grief that we will recover. We may never have the life that we once had, but we can build another life. Our hearts will heal, our pain will lessen, and we will be able to talk about our son or daughter without tears. There will come the day when we dare to laugh again. Sometimes life feels like a car wash and you're going through it on a bicycle.

by Paul Kinney, TCF Louisville KY

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 **Jason** son of **June Moore** Warren Center, PA
06/02 **Mark** son of **M/M Alan French** Endwell, NY
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
06/11 **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
06/20 **Jeffrey** son of **Marlene Tuttle** Johnson City, NY
06/21 **Stacy** daughter of **Ivy Carroll** Atkinson, NC
06/21 **John** son of **Joseph & Arlene Bigart** Binghamton, NY
06/21 **Greg** son of **Keith Solomon** Endicott, NY
06/22 **Tommy** son of **John & Lisa Scannapieco** Chester Springs, PA
06/23 **Nicole** daughter of **Joanne & Jim Packer** Northumberland, PA
06/23 **Rodney** son of **Joyce & Charles Ritzler** Spencer, NY
06/27 **Richard** son of **Nancy Rinehuls** Binghamton, NY
07/02 **Marrah** daughter of **Helen Croucher** Endwell, 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 **Brigette** daughter of **Jackie Ceiri** Johnson City, NY
07/10 **Scott** son of **Mary Lee Wittling** Windsor, NY
07/13 **Jason** son of **Kathy Beers** Endwell, NY
07/13 **George** son of **Mary Gilg** Harpursville, NY
07/14 **Philip** son of **Cheri Hohn** Binghamton, NY
07/18 **Alexander** grandson of **Diane Dobish** Binghamton, NY
07/22 **Aaron** son of **Terri Borush** Johnson City, NY
07/31 **Joseph** son of **M/M Joel Troutman** Binghamton, NY

continued ➡

Our Children Remembered... continued

- 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
08/03 **Ryan** son of **Tamara Harman** Endicott, NY
08/04 **Justin** son of **Julie Lee** Binghamton, NY
08/05 **Amber** daughter of **Joanne Brockway** Watkins Glen, NY
08/05 **Amber** niece of **Donna Cunningham** Endicott, NY
08/06 **Ryan** brother of **Scott & Elizabeth Taylor** Johnson City, NY
08/13 **Kyle** son of **Jerry & Sandy Wilcox** Binghamton, NY
08/17 **Sarah** daughter of **Stephen and Beth McKeown** Endicott, NY
08/20 **David** son of **David & Colleen Hanzas** Binghamton, NY
08/22 **Matthew** son of **Thomas & Diane Ellis** Castle Creek, NY
08/23 **Kelsey** daughter of **Kate Chambers** Nichols, NY
08/24 **David** son of **Rodney & Janice Black** Binghamton, NY
08/27 **Robert** son of **Francis Sullivan** Binghamton, NY
08/27 **Bhrett** son of **Christina Berg** Johnson City, NY

The Day the Earth Stopped Spinning

When I lost my child, the earth ceased to spin.
The moon will not rise, the tide won't come in.
The sun insists on having its way,
Blasting its rays and rising each day.

Another day comes, my child is not here;
Another day comes, I live my worst fear.
Each morning I wake with the same painful thought;
Why am I here when my sweet child is not?

All moments that pass, I question this fate;
While other lives carry on, I sit and I wait.
I wait for an answer, for some reason why...
Praying for it to be me that could die.

Ujiiii

Through my sorrow and grief, I have made a life choice;
To keep my son's memory alive and give him a voice.
I share stories of my son, and the man he would be;
A boy who lived life and was a hero to me.

Who would grow up and make the world a better place.
Who would save the seas and the oceans from the hu-
man race.

When I lost my child, the earth ceased to spin.
But the moon still must rise and the tide must come in.

And since the sun insists on having its way,
I will live in my child's memory each and every day.

Kim Turner in memory of Matthew Beard,
1/20/85-12/29/06

A Year in the Life

How can we ever understand
The loss of a life so dear
It's still so hard to believe
It's almost been a year

We miss your love
We miss your smile
We pray that you are near
We pray that you will help us
Through relentless sadness
And endless tears

You're in a better place now
By God you were received
You'll never feel life's pain again
In that we do believe

We make our weekly journey
To the place you now call home
Across hillsides made of monuments
To touch your name carved in stone

We stand alone, we cry, we pray
Your brother, mom, and dad
A full year gone and counting
Our lives forever sad

Tom Murphy Greater Cincinnati TCF, East Chapter, OH
In Memory of my son, Brennan Murphy

Grieving Is A Lonely Job

I don't care what anybody says... grieving is a very lonely job. Friends and family try to help in their own caring ways, but sometimes it's almost too much effort to try to explain how you feel inside.

In fact, I'm not so sure that there are words to describe the feeling. It isn't "physical pain," and I don't know if "emotional pain" is any more descriptive. It's just a feeling that's always there. The sadness... the loneliness... the helplessness. On the outside, of course, no one would know. From the beginning people would always tell me how great I looked or how well I was doing. What did they expect? Sometimes I'm tempted to ask, "Well, how do you expect me to look?" But I don't. They mean well. They just don't know what else to say.

Oh, it's true, the last 15 months since my 17-year old son, Shane, was killed in a motorcycle accident with his friend, I've come a long way. Life is good... and I have much to look forward to each day. A challenging job, terrific friends, a great family... including Shane's 14 year-old brother, Zachary. But there are days when it's just not enough.

It's interesting how your entire perspective about life changes when you're forced to endure a personal tragedy. I call it my "BIG DEAL SCALE." Losing Shane was the "biggest deal" I've ever experienced. It gives me a tool in which to measure the trivial ups and downs of life. We all have the strength to endure a tremendous amount of pain. We just have to get it in perspective.

It doesn't come easy. I consciously work at it everyday. I wonder if it will ever go away. Sometimes I hope it doesn't. I guess it's my way of remembering... of holding on.

My biggest source of strength comes from Zachary, though. My heart aches for him; knowing how close he was to Shane. The first few days after the accident, he said, "Shane was my idol. He always helped me and taught me things." It's hard for me to imagine what it must be like for him. Still sleeping in the same room that they shared for 13 years. Although, now he sleeps in Shane's bed. And does his homework at Shane's desk. He says he likes it like that. I guess it's just his way of remembering... of holding on

Months ago when Zachary asked when the "hurt" would stop, I didn't have an instant answer. Grieving is a lonely job. To be done in individual time frames. But, what I did tell him was, "Trust me. The pain will eventually fade... but, the memories will last a lifetime." And just the other day he said to me, "You're right, Mom. The hurt is much better." I can see it in his face, in his eyes. He has matured so much this last year. It seems like he was just a baby when this all happened. Now, I can see so much of Shane in him. And, I know that if he can handle this "job," he can handle anything. And so can I.

Susan Hedlund, TCF Portland, OR

Despair and Hope

I find myself thinking a great deal about despair. I think about it often enough that I actually looked it up. It means "to lose hope." I don't have a great deal of previous experience with despair. But now I belong to a new group. This group knows a great deal about despair. My previous group really didn't. When I try to think of times I've felt despair before, it mostly takes me back to much younger days and failed romances. In the scheme of things, those problems (and others) no longer seem worthy of despair. In our bereavement, I believe a big challenge is to cling to our hope...to hope that may be small and quiet and fragile. Like Pandora, the figure in Greek mythology, as the world's unleashed trials and troubles swirl around us, we struggle to shut the lid on the box and preserve that one last potential comfort: hope. It's not easy.

Peggi Johnson, TCF, Arlington, VA

You Are My Sunshine

As a child, I learned to sing on road trips in the family car. We sang "She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain", "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" and my favorite: You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, You make me happy when skies are gray. You'll never know, dear, how much I love you. Please, don't take my sunshine away.

Since my son's death, whenever I hear this song, I mentally change the spelling to 'son-shine.' When he left, skies surely turned gray. Gray skies continue to visit me in random moments of grief to the point that at times, it's impossible to see the sun. And when summer brings sunny days, it breaks my heart that he can't be here with me to light up my life.

Grief enhances our senses so that the absence of light allows us to perceive our need for light. A good example came one dark and dismal day as I sat reading, a part of me dwelling on my missing child. Ever so softly, warmth crept across my outstretched leg. I shot a glance in its direction and discovered a stream of golden sunshine. In my preoccupation, I hadn't noticed the parting clouds outside--the transformation from gloom to gleam. If I had not been sitting quietly, thinking of my child, I would have missed the gift--missed an opportunity to find joy in that brief moment when 'son-shine' paid an unexpected visit. What a blessed gift it is to remember my child with joy.

There's a scientific reason that a sunny day brings some joy and energy to our lives. Bright light makes a difference to the brain chemistry. Lack of light causes a condition called Seasonal Affective Disorder. SAD doesn't occur only in the dark winter months. If you work the night shift or you spend all day in an office, wear sunglasses outside, spend your days off in a dimly lit home you may not be getting adequate light. All the more reason to grasp at every golden moment that comes our way.

The true lifesavers in my grief journey are those small surprising occurrences that often go unnoticed. When memories arrive on beams of joyous sunlight, I'm learning to take notice, to savor, then stock pile the simple pleasures that somehow appear in spite of heavy days. Sometimes light comes from deep within our hearts. Sometimes friends arrive with small rays of hope, guiding us through the darkest hours. Summer brings moonlit evenings, the flash of lightening across an endless sky, fireflies in a Mason jar, the beam of a flashlight piercing the darkness, yellow butterflies at the break of day; all reminders that our children were bright and full of life.

We are on a dark journey. At the same time, we are on a righteous search for light, grasping at hope wherever we find it. When gray days return and winter seems endless, remember--it's not. As grief changes, we learn to survive the darkness, believing that light lies ahead. May sunshine bless you with small, precious moments of hope and joy in the coming summer days.

Carol Clum, TCF Medford, OR

The Dream

You came to me this morning in a dream just before I woke. I recognized you as you turned the corner. I looked at you; waiting for the transience of dream forms and saw it was not to be. You stayed together, the same age, with the same smile.

We both knew this was just a visit. You and I both knew this was special. We both knew that my dream was where our two worlds could meet.

I looked at you waiting for the transition, waiting for the change but it did not come. This dream was not of my own making but was shared by you and inhabited by you.

I kissed your cheek and felt your skin and felt my arm around your neck. But that's where it ended. I closed my eyes and felt the distance grow as I rose to awareness and you retreated to longing.

June O'Connor, TCF Central Connecticut Chapter

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:

Kate & William Stacy in memory of their son **Philip**
Peter & Barbara Metritikas in memory of their children **Stavros and Cindy**
Bonnie Blair in memory of her daughters **Julie and Cindy**
Nancy Rinehuls in memory of her son **Richard**
Marty & Carol Porcino in memory of their son **Matthew**
June Moore in memory of her son **Jason**
Gordon & Mary Shiner in memory of their children **Traci and Timothy**
Constance & James Pratt in memory of their children **Jonathan and Annette**
Carol Gabriel in memory of her son **John**
Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**
Luann & George Ford in memory of their daughter **Kelli**
William & Darlene Cady in memory of their daughter **Jessica**
Joanne & Jim Packer in memory of their daughter **Nicole**
Frank & Angela Carro in memory of their son **Robert**
Jackie Cieri in memory of her daughters **Brigette and Sheri**
Dora Mancini in memory of her son **Anatolio**
Sam & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**
Steve & Beth McKeown in memory of their daughter **Sarah**
Carlo & Samantha Carlini in memory of their daughter **Samantha**
Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver in memory of their son **Michael**
Alyce Katen in memory of her daughter **Venus**
Frank & Kathy Rumpel in memory of their daughter **Christina**
Michelle & Jammie Simonds in memory of their daughter **Jessica**
Joyce & Charles Ritzler in memory of their son **Rodney**

A very special thank you to **Carol, Dave and Jody Cooley** of
MacPherson Funeral Home



Lost Potential

Last year I attended a workshop presented by a specialist in grief named Dr. Cable. Dr. Cable said many important things about the grief process, but as a bereaved parent, one thing stuck in my mind.

He said that if you ask a bereaved person to describe his deceased mother, he will say, "Oh, she was so sweet. She always wore flowered dresses and loved to bake cookies." But, if you ask a bereaved parent to describe her deceased child, she will say, "Oh, he would be five this year and just starting kindergarten," or, "She would be twenty-two this year and graduating from college."

You see, we bereaved parents grieve the lost potential of our children. Our children don't stop growing in our minds. We grieve again and anew each year as our child would have been a different age.

Chris Anderson, TCF Walla Walla, WA

WE ARE YOUR ORGANIZATION

We are your organization. We ARE you. No better, no smarter, no more experienced, just fellow bereaved parents struggling along. Among our group are homemakers, bankers, teachers, office workers, physicians, police officers, waitresses, accountants, justices of the peace.... In short, the whole human spectrum. Just people, grieving parents who are trying to help themselves and others. No pat answers, no glib replies, no religion, no color, no judgments - truly. We ARE you. You may not know us all so well. Say nothing or say a lot. No barriers, no requirements, only the promise that whether you listen or lead, you will find genuine understanding and shared experiences. No need to spill your guts or bare your soul; just come to a meeting and realize that you are truly not alone in your grief and loneliness, in your anger and "craziness" and pain. We ARE you.

Linsey Maddex, TCF Bryan TX

**** 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 Love

I need no pictures
to remember your warm smile;
the lines of your face are embedded
in my memory of you.
I gave you life in one second of pain,
for which you returned 13 years of yourself
sometimes quiet, sometimes noisy,
but always thoughtful.
Sometimes I hear a voice that sounds like you,
and I pause.
That pang of hurt stems from a tiny empty spot
you have left in my life.
I carried you in my womb,
then later in my arms,
but I will carry you in my heart forever.

by Joy Morning,
for her friend, Ginny Pelczynski,
in memory of Billy, TCF, Phoenix, AZ



Wasn't it a lifetime ago that you gave me a hug
And I thought my world was safe and snug.
If just once more I could hear you laugh
And could call you in to take your bath.

Oh, how I wish I could hear you say,
"Mom, I'm going outside to play".
And how I've longed to see your smile
For it made my day seem so worthwhile.

How I wish we could say "Goodnight"
And I could tuck you in and turn out the light.
If just once more you could hold my hand
And once again be Mama's little man.

Sometimes all these things seem so far away
When remembering what was part of yesterday.
If only I could hear "Mom, I love you so"
For son it's been such a lifetime ago.

Carolyn Bryan



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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