

The Primrose



Vol. 43, Issue 3

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Fall 2023



Autumn Tears

We look back on September and we realize that somehow we made it through those dreaded first days of school. Whether it was the anticipation or the actual days that were the worst, we survived. We used our faith, our support systems or just plain hard work and made it over yet another hurdle. We watched small children heading for their first day of kindergarten, listened to excited teenagers talk of high school and heard stories of children leaving home to attend post-secondary school. Somehow we rode the waves of grief and found ourselves ashore again.

As these waves subside new ones will build as we head into the holidays that speak of, and to, children. Halloween will soon approach and for some, painful memories. Thanksgiving arrives to exemplify family and togetherness and Christmas looms ahead. These special days are forever reminders of our loss—the costumes we'll never sew, the empty chair at turkey dinner, the fun and magic we'll never share with someone we love. Forever reminders that our child has died.

To survive when these events and anniversary days come around let's find time to think of the good memories we have—the announcement of our long awaited pregnancy at Thanksgiving dinner, the look of excitement on our son's first Halloween night, the vision of our daughter helping prepare the turkey dinner. These holidays will always be reminders that our child died. Let us also make them reminders that our child lived! They left us memories more precious than any others to hold and celebrate!

—Penny Young TCF Powell River, British Columbia

Another Halloween

Sips of cider, pungent with brown sticks of cinnamon, foretell the swift approach of fall. Another autumn, when the winds of change return the memories of Halloweens long past—devils, bunnies, pirates, gypsies, cowboys, too, and astronauts and bums and clowns—I made the costumes each fall for my two sons and also for my daughter. My daughter had not yet outgrown her love of Halloween the fall before she died. Though she was 25, she claimed the season as her own to execute a harmless prank on me, her mother—oh, maybe not for me alone, but rather planned to share the fun with all her friends.

Well—she became a nun. Her habit, black and white, was quite authentic. Her face was scrubbed and saintly free of rouge or gloss. Instead of oxfords, on her feet she wore a pair of disco-demiboots. Unlikely, yes—but black! She kept her normal stride (quite brisk and long) while walking through the hallowed halls of my office after class. She entered; but I, completely unaware of who she was, said, “May I help you?” Only when she laughed did I look again and recognize her cherub face. Then I laughed too, and laughing, told the story several times to others. One colleague laughed and added later, “Yes, I saw her too, and said to my companion, “Can you believe the shoes that nun is wearing?” And so I'll bet that she'll be up to her old tricks again this Halloween. And I'll be listening. The roar of heavenly laughter makes for wonderful imagining. -

Shirley Ottman, TCF North Texas, Denton, TX

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
National Office Information

Phone Number (toll free) (877) 969-0010
Fax Number (630) 990 -0246

Mailing address: P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696
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: 607 427-4043 |
| Illness - Shirley Mehal | 607 785-5710 |
| Adult child - 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: Donna Cunningham (607) 725-8574

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 - Jody Pangburn
Library - Liz & Brian Leonard
Hospitality – Jean Scolaro
Treasurer – Val Ambrose
Newsletter Editor – Val Ambrose
Social Media -
FB - Pam Kroft, Karen Yeager
Website—Jim Pratt
Secretary - OPEN

**Our Next
Steering Committee Meeting
Thursday October, 19th
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 11th, 2023 (Monday)
6:00 PM “So Many Emotions”**

**September 23, 2023 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**October 6th, 2023 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Love Keeps Us Connected ”**

**October 19th, 2023 (Thursday)
5:30 PM Steering Committee Meeting**

**October 21st 2023 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**November 6th, 2023 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Journaling is Good For the Soul”**

**November 18th, 2023 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**December 4th, 2023 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Holiday Help”**

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.

The Chapter Letter

Hello Everyone,

Bravo to all of you for surviving the hottest summer on record! All across the country we have been challenged with temperatures well above normal. I recently watched a Yankee/ Orioles baseball game where the ground crews were spraying hoses filled with cooling water at the fans. We had talked about attending that game; glad we didn't and stayed home. A special thank you to Delores and John for keeping our garden watered and clean at the angel. During normal conditions it's not an easy task, but during a heat wave it's brutal. D & J could still use a helping hand or two at the angel.

Challenges are a part of our daily lives. Since losing our child, grandchild or sibling we have seen our share of life's challenges, ups and downs and inside outs. We are tested with day-to-day normal living and then throw a bereaved mom, dad, grandma, grandpa, brother or sister in the mix and it's overwhelming. So my point is even though it was very uncomfortable with the rising temperatures we can pretty much handle that and all those little inconveniences thrown our way.

In July as we gathered with our TCF family to share friendships, blow bubbles and write messages on the seeded butterflies; plans were being made to take the butterflies up to the sky and let them fly in the wind as Megan skydives and Michael videos the spectacular trip across the horizon. This year the butterflies will be released above Bozeman Park near Yellowstone Park, check it out on a map. There is no definite date for the release you will be kept in the loop. I often wonder how many butterflies seeded into the earth last summer and how many are beautiful flowers, all in memory of our precious loved ones. If you are on Facebook check out all the photos of Bubbles to Heaven, the tiny bubbles filled the air marrying with the larger bubbles from the bubble machine. What a hopeful sight filled with rainbows! If you were fortunate enough to attend you could feel the love surrounding each bubble being sent to heaven. As we stop to thank all that helped that evening, especially Donna & Shelly, defining it a labor of love.

On Thursday October 19th @ 5:30 we will be having our steering committee meeting, come join us if you want to be in on the ground floor of our group and planning of events. We can always use a few more helping hands. This is time of year our wheels are turning planning our annual Candle Light Service to be held at Nimmonsburg Methodist Church on Sunday, December 10th @ 6:00 pm. A night filled with an overwhelming amount of love, compassion and hope with a few tears. Announcing the event is followed by my plea reminding everyone it takes a village to make our service a special evening in memory of those who have gone before us; our precious children, grandchildren and siblings. We have many tasks, large and small to fill, give Donna 607-725-8574 or Shelly 607-759-0852 a call or text if you are ready to help. It's a humble way to give back and send your love up above. Attending the candle lighting gives you an opportunity to see what TCF is all about, possibly giving you an extra nudge to attend a meeting, where you will be welcomed by other parents, grandparents and siblings who are where you are or have been in your grief work.

As we leave the high temperatures (I hope) in our rear view mirrors and feel the fall air fill our lungs let us take the tools we need to cope with our sadness, pain and loneliness. No one can "fix" us; we must do this at our own pace, in our own way and timeframe. As I've said many times we own our grief and we shall take responsibility to find hope, peace and eventually joy again. Just a gentle reminder there will always be a hand ready to take yours and to walk along side you, so you never need to walk alone. Our very mission of TCF leaves no one standing alone; we must take care of one another. All who enter our doors are looking for that one person with the kind face who will reach out and say, "We are glad you are here, but so sorry for the reason. Please come sit beside me."

May you all find hope in every smile, rainbow and butterfly you encounter...

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom



What is Our Option B?

We are over the halfway mark to five years, and it gives me the chills to think about the reality of our new life. We are NOT over it, as some may think. We never will be, of course. We try to figure out how to walk through the darkness, while trying to have a productive life.

I think about this book, *Option B: Facing Adversity, Building Resilience, and Finding Joy*, written by Facebook COO, Sheryl Sandberg, after the sudden passing of her husband. I relate to what she wrote. When we are faced with tragedy, we must make some decisions that are unthinkable! How can we possibly go on? How can we get out of bed, work, talk to people, and go on with our lives? This goes for bereaved parents, siblings, grandparents, and spouses. There is no discrimination when it comes to grief.

Like the author of the book, I have found that facing my grief head on, while difficult, has allowed me to go through the stages of grief and accept the unimaginable situation of becoming a bereaved mom. I thought that if people were uncomfortable talking to me about my child, I would make it a point to open the dialog.

Speaking openly about my Andrea, in a manner that is not sad. Keeping her beautiful soul alive by writing about her, laughing at the great memories we cherish as a family, and always putting love first and letting people know that it is okay to talk about her. I have consistently done this since July of 2015, and I have witnessed how engaging people can be. We have to remember that once upon a time, we were these people who did not know what to say, so it is okay to help them understand.

This process has strengthened me in a way I did not know possible. Why? Because keeping her memory alive allows me to grieve with a lot of love, a lot of tenderness. It allows me to feel her next to me.

My husband, our daughters and I all grieve differently as I have often written, but we have one thing in common – the love and memories of Andrea and the unbreakable desire to honor her, act in a way to make her proud, and continue her legacy. We are smiling and laughing, the smiles are starting to be real and joy is starting to come back. It is different, but it exists.

I have chosen to go through this unthinkable tragedy with hope. Andrea was a very spiritual being, who always trusted the Universe. I am choosing to trust the path chosen for her and for us by the Universe. Just by thinking this way, I know she is proud of us, and THAT makes me smile and brings me joy.

She did not go in vain, and my new purpose in life is to continue her legacy, and to give hope to those who are lost, as I once was, not so long ago.

We as a family, so often hear her words of wisdom resonate in our hearts – “Trust the Universe, surround yourself with positive energy, and you will find joy, even in adversity.” Since her passing, not only I, but all of us, have been in tune with our feelings, our thoughts, and the life lessons that she taught us. Learning to cut the negativity in our lives, and control what we can control has made our grieving journey not only bearable, but it has become a way of life that we are embracing. It is our Option B.

Ghislaine Thomsen

What's in it for you?

Compassionate Friends is here to help—to listen, to suggest, to understand.
If you handle your grief well, you do not need Compassionate Friends. But we need you.
Your approach or method of dealing with grief could help one or more of us.
Please come share it.

Bob Watts TCF Stamford, CT

Thanksgiving

The time draws near
And the calendar says
Thanksgiving is really here.
Time to reflect and time to gather
Thoughts of what to be thankful of.
Thankful? I think not.
My life is not full these days
And to be thankful is beyond my grasp.
But to give thanks?
This, I believe, can be done.
Searching my soul deep within
Reasons to give thanks surface to the edge
Yes, I give thanks
For the memories of yesterdays,
The love, the laughter,
the joy of each day when James was with us
The trials and tribulations
of being an active parent,
The rewards and the challenges
of raising a child,
The days of blissful ignorance when I thought
tragedy would never visit our home,
The days when life was normal, even though I
took it all for granted.
For the treasures of today,
The sunrise, sunset,
the changing of the seasons,
The new found friends along this journey I
reluctantly travel
The tried and true friends who stand by me still,
The strong and everlasting love of my husband
The warmth of wet kisses from my canine com-
panion and feline friend,
The encouragement and support, compassion
and caring I give and receive as I survive and
help others survive.
For the hopes and possibilities
of a peaceful tomorrow
With faith, love, and perseverance as I
struggle to move on
With James in my heart forevermore,
spiritually guiding me with his new presence,
With sorrow and reluctance, each new day,
To yet, somehow, be open and loving,
Not to forsake what I've learned
Because of what I've lost.
You see, it's not about keeping up with the
Jones' having an SUV or two in the garage or
the newest, most improved, latest and greatest
new gadgets, not even being up to date with
state of the art technology –
It's about love – it's about the gifts of
yesterday, blended with the blessings of
today to make meaning for tomorrow.

--Meg Avery TCF Lawrenceville, Ga

Where You Are...

Are my tears holding you back,
is my pain holding you down,
do you yearn to fly... to be free?
But you are no longer here...
I hope you are where you need to be to fulfill
your destiny and not hold back to appease
my sadness...
In actual time, on this plane...
it has been a long time...
in my heart time has stopped...
you were here just a short while ago...
in whatever plane and space your spirit dwells,
I desire nothing but peace for you...
I set you free from a place of deep love...
a place of gratitude for having chosen me as your
mother during your brief stay this time around...
I see you in my mind,
I feel you in my heart...
that will never, never change...
I will know, when the time is right,
where you are...
I imagine that will come to be when I leave this
place I know as life...
Until then...
Mama

By Kitty Forstner, TCF Marin County Chapter

Your Pup and I

Your old pup sleeps before the fire,
Muzzle resting on outstretched paws.
He twitches with a little yelp,
Reaching to a dream gone bad
that he can't help.
A sound from outside jerks his head alert,
Ears listening intently,
Radar in search of your special step.
Not hearing the sound that he wants,
he looks hurt.
His head goes down with a sigh.
He looks to me with mournful eyes.
I declare I think that dog sometimes cries...
He, like I,
never dreamed you'd be the first to die.
He misses you as badly as I.
Even old pups want to know why...
And they grieve, like us, for one last good-bye,
And tonight I joined him as he cried.

-Fay Harden, TCF Tuscaloosa, AL

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 **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** Endicott, 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
09/18 **Todd** son of **Carol Selby** Cantonsville, MD
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 **Stephen** son of **Shirley Mehal** Endwell, NY
09/26 **Julie** daughter of **Bonnie Blair** Binghamton, NY
09/29 **Susan** daughter of **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 **David** son of **Shirley Rigo** Binghamton, NY
10/16 **Sean** son of **Pam Kroft** Frederick, MD
10/23 **Micha** son of **Marvin & Donna Conover** Binghamton, NY
10/26 **Joel** son of **Renee Radicchi Spicer & Steve Spicer** Owego, NY
11/07 **Jenna** daughter of **Maureen Mosher** Endicott, NY
11/15 **Gail** daughter of **Ray & Lori Benjamin** Binghamton, NY
11/15 **Matthew** son of **Martin & Carol Porcino** Johnson City, NY
11/16 **Ryan Alexander** 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

Navigating The Ebb and Flow Of Grief

At almost four years after the death of my daughter, I had thought it would be easier than this. In those early days and months when my grief made it feel like I simply couldn't survive this loss, I saw others in support groups who had lost their loved ones many years before, and they seemed ok. They looked almost "normal" again. They told me it wouldn't always be like this. They said you learn to live with the pain, and it would lessen over time. They said you will eventually find joy and happiness again. They said you create a "new normal." And they were right.

I have worked hard for almost four years on working through my grief. I have faced it head on through continual counseling and support groups and still seek out ways to express my pain, so as not to hold it in and let it consume me. Along the way, I have given myself permission to smile once more, and even to allow joy to enter my heart again. I have enjoyed my other children. I have volunteered my time with The Compassionate Friends. I have created my own grief support website. I have consciously tried to focus my energies on remembering my daughter's life rather than only looking at the pain her death has brought.

And yet grief remains a constant part of my life. Grief is fickle. Unpredictable. And indifferent to whatever mood I'm in. Most days my grief lies dormant under the activities of everyday life. Little triggers will continually remind me it's there. A sad news story on the TV. A girl at the park who reminds me of my daughter. But I can go about my regular routines with no interruptions. Other times, the triggers are bigger, and the grief bubbles up and takes over my mood. Tears well up behind my eyes, ready to release at the first opportunity. My patience seems to evaporate and everyday tasks become cumbersome, meaningless, and even difficult. Usually the bursts of grief from larger triggers only last a few hours or at most a few days. But sometimes it lingers and grows. What I didn't expect is that even coming on four years after her death, I still find myself in situations where grief becomes so overwhelming again that it feels like I've gone right back to the debilitating early days of grief. Feelings of sadness, pain, lethargy, disinterest in things I normally enjoy. Going to work becomes a struggle. Even taking care of my kids feels like a burden. I know these periods require extra attention and care, and I navigate through the best I can, asking for support along the way. I just wonder if these episodes will ease over time, or if I should just expect them to become a permanent fixture of my "new normal" life? If the death of my daughter has taught me anything – and it has taught me A LOT – it has taught me that we have more inner strength than we can ever imagine, and that with time, attention, and support, we can navigate through just about anything life might throw at us.

Maria Kubitz TCF Contra Costa County, CA
In Memory of my daughter, Margareta

Thanks

Thanks to the friend who did know the right words to say:
"There is a group in town that might help you."

Thanks to the parent who somehow found the courage to call
that phone number and find out about "that group."

Thanks to the mother who went to that first meeting knowing it would really hurt to talk — and talked.

Thanks to the dad who said after the first meeting that he could never come back — but did.

Thanks to the parent who, at the fifth meeting,
put her arms around a "new one" and said: "They really can help."

Thanks to the mom who, for the first time, was again able to bake cookies —
for her "Compassionate Friends."

Thanks to the homemaker who could never talk in front of people — who became a facilitator.

Thanks to the six-foot father who cried in front of the other men — and didn't say he was sorry.

Because of you, we will be able to help someone we don't even know — next month.

John DeBoer TCF Greater Omaha, NE

Thanksgiving

You may ask, "What do I have to be thankful for now that my child is dead?" After the death of a child, where is the joy in a day off from work? What pleasure can we derive from sitting around a table when someone is missing, and an uttered prayer of thanksgiving echoes hollow in our hearts?

Maybe we have been concentrating on the loss which has brought the overwhelming sorrow of death, and have forgotten the complete joy of life. When I remember laughing brown eyes, a mischievous grin, a scraped knee that Mommy could fix, a new word learned, even the memory of the realization that I had a baby boy, I have a great deal to be thankful for. I had 1 ½ years of a dream come true, and I'm truly thankful I had my child.

Sure, the agony of grief, the anguish of losing my precious child to death, the torture of wanting to see that child grow and mature and the pain of never knowing, rips me up. There is no Thanksgiving in entertaining these thoughts, so this month I am going to concentrate on the Living of my child. The Life that brought me so much joy. In this I am thankful that Evan was born, thankful that he lived, thankful that even for those short 30 months—I lived them too.

Even so, as he lived once, I live now and want a productive life. I am thankful I have come that far in my grief work to know I want to live and remember the good times without sorrow. And, I am thankful for my husband, who stood by me during the rough times. The husband who is the father of the child of our love. In him I have found my child, in our marriage I have found love, and that love taught us how to love that child. I am also thankful for you, my real friends. Compassionate Friends.

Eddie Kaplan TCF, Ft. Lauderdale, FL



Mourning Is My Mode

Today I realized that I have become a shell of the person I once was. What would my child think of this? I am alone, my only child is gone, yet I know he would not be pleased with the way I have isolated myself, wrapped in invisible crepe, sheltered by a mental wall. This is not the mom he knew. I am someone different now. What am I to do with this? I feel like a lonely, mourning swan, swimming endlessly from shore to shore. I have no direction, I want no direction, I just keep moving with no purpose. I must get a grip on myself. I know my motions must take on some meaning. I look to others for help. Yet I realize that if I do not reach out and help myself, I will crash on the rocks with the raging tide.

I decide I will add one new thing, one new event, one new person or one new writing to each day. I will reach out to others. I will force myself to move slowly back into life. I will spend some time with my family. I will enjoy their children. I will mentor a child. I will start putting my thoughts into a written form.

I begin to do these things. I feel better. I attend another meeting of the parents who have lost their children. I feel as if I do belong here. It has been four months since my son died. I am overwhelmed.

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

I Said I Could Not Do It, But I Did!

Exactly 8:05 a.m., Friday, July 9, 1971, was the last time I looked at my eight year-old daughter with her eyes open. I walked beside her as they rolled her down the hall to the elevator that would take her down to the operating room for her simple, routine tonsillectomy.

At exactly 1:30 that afternoon, I was told she was dead. I said then I could not live a day without her. I just could not do it.

BUT I DID

During the drive home, I said I would never be able to walk in that house without her.

BUT I DID

As I walked in that empty house, someone quickly ran and shut her door—the door to her room where she kept all the things she loved. The room where she played and slept. I said I could never go in there again. I said I could not do it.

BUT I DID

When they said, “Come, let’s go to the funeral, the Rosary, the Mass,” I said I could not do it.

BUT I DID

For months that followed, I just knew my life would never be the same, and it wasn’t. All the things I said I could not do did get done. All the life I said I could not live did get lived. Differently, but I did live. Now comes today—16 years later. I have to admit, I had to look it up to be sure. Sixteen years! Palmer Ann would have been 24 years old. I had to stop and think about that, too.

I stood before her portrait today and stared a long, long time, and yes, I remembered the pain with total recall of July 9, 1971. I reached out, touching what’s left of my memory of her and I offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to God—a prayer of gratitude, for giving me such a beautiful eight years with a lovely daughter, and most of all, the opportunity to be able to stand there and realize that I had said I could not do it, but I did.

YES I DID

And each month when I come to a Compassionate Friends meeting with you, the new member, I share the pain that I know you are feeling—that hopelessness of the future. I smile to myself, because inside I know a secret—you will be okay. You will touch again, love again, laugh again, and live again. After all, I said I could not do it, but I did and...

YOU WILL, TOO!

Betz Crump TCF Ft. Lauderdale, FL



The rules for surviving holiday grief:

Do what You need to do to Survive.

Honor your loved one how you need to, and do what feels best for your fragile, aching heart.
You are missing a huge piece of you, so do whatever you need to do to find a sliver of peace.

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:

William and Darlene Cady in memory of their daughter **Jessica**
Barbara & Rick Paugh in memory of their daughter **Erin**
Dora Mancini in memory of her son **Anatolio**
Michael & JoAnne Oliver in memory of their son **Michael**
June Moore in memory of her son **Jason**
Shelly & John O'Neill in memory of their son **Brian** and brother **Anthony**
Carlo & Samantha Carlini in memory of their daughter **Samantha**
Nancy Rinehuls in memory of her son **Richard**
Samuel & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**
Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**
Patrick & Joyce Crowley in memory of their son **David**
Maureen & Joe Johnson in memory of their daughter **Maura**
Charles & Shelley in memory of their son **CJ**
Margaret Turna in memory of her son **John**

**A special thank you for the love gifts given
In memory of Pam's mother, Shirley**

Sandra Shapiro
Patricia & James Murphy
Tom & Martha Bushnell - brother
Terri & Joe Swam - niece
Todd & Kathie Bushnell - nephew
Toni & Kevin Kroft
Kathleen Bailey



Today I wrote a note to a bereaved mother...

I wanted to say don't believe all those sympathy cards. The ones that say "time heals" and "God only takes the best" and "may your sorrows be lessened." You'll only be disappointed. I wanted to say this is the most heart-wrenching, chest crushing, breath stealing tragedy on earth. I wanted to tell her there will be days she wants to die, and friends who will not understand some of the things she does or says.

I wanted to tell her she will still feel her child's presence at times, sometimes so strongly that it is as if they are dancing just at the edge of whatever activity is going on. And other times she might not feel their presence at all.

I wanted to tell her that her life will not go back, that she will never be the same, because a piece of her left with her child. And that even though the pain does not go away, somehow her soul will eventually make enough room so she can hold it all— the grief, the pain, the joy and the love.

I wanted to tell her... but I didn't. Instead, I wrote this: *I'm sending love*, for words are pointless right now. And that is the truth.

—by Susi Costello Shared by Hope's Seed

You Did Not Die

You live in the beautiful wind that blows.
You live in the sound of birds that crow.
You live in the sun that shines so bright.
You live in the peaceful dark at night.
You live in a star I see in the sky.
You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide.
You live in the smell of flowers and grass.
You live in the summer that goes so fast.
You live in my heart that hurts so much.
You did not die, we only lost touch.

Shari Swirsky TCF Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Life will not go on in the same way
without your child.
If it were the same,
we could only conclude that child's life
meant nothing, made no contribution.
The fact that your child
left behind a place that cannot be filled
is a high tribute to the uniqueness of your child.

**** 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.

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 \$ _____ Suplies \$ _____ Postage \$ _____ Other (specify) \$ _____

Please specify if there is a specific fund you want the money used for (newsletter, postage, supplies, ect...)

ALL donations are mentioned in the Love gift section of the newsletter.

Time Will Ease The Hurt

The sadness of the present days
Is locked and set in time,
And moving to the future
Is a slow and painful climb.
But all the feelings that are now
So vivid and so real
Can't hold their fresh intensity
As time begins to heal.
No wound so deep will ever go
Entirely away,
Yet even hurt becomes
A little less from day to day.
Nothing can erase the painful
Imprints on your mind,
But there are softer memories
That time will let you find.
Though your heart won't let the
Sadness simply slide away.
The echoes will diminish
Even though the memories stay.
Bruce B. Wilmer

Remember Me

Remember Me as the wind stirs the leaves,
Remember Me as the evening sunset casts it's rosy glow,
Remember Me as you smell the earth after a fresh, spring rain,
Remember Me as you hear the sound of a child's laughter,
Remember Me as the warm summer sunshine
caresses your skin,
Remember Me as the first winter snowflakes fall to the ground,
Remember Me as the smell of spring flowers
tantalize our senses,
Remember Me as you awaken in the morning
by the song of a bird
Remember Me as you greet a smile on a friendly face
Remember Me as the days gently ease, one into another
Remember Me as you walk through life
Remember Me For I Shall . . . Remember You.

By Libby Graham



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

1250 Front St., PMB 147
Binghamton, NY 13901-1043
(Address Service requested)

NON-PROFIT
US POSTAGE
PERMIT # 52
ENDICOTT NY