

The Primrose



Vol. 44, Issue 3

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Fall 2024



A Letter to My Family and Friends

Thank you for not expecting too much from me this holiday season. It will be our first Christmas without our child and I have all I can do coping with the “spirit” of the holiday on the radio, TV, in the newspapers and stores. We do not feel joyous, and trying to pretend this Christmas is going to be like the last one will be impossible because we are missing one. Please allow me to talk about my child if I feel the need. Don’t be uncomfortable with my tears. My heart is breaking and the tears are a way of letting out my sadness. I plan to do something special in memory of my child. Please recognize my need to do this in order to keep our memories alive. My fear is not that I’ll forget, but that you will. Please don’t criticize me if I do something that you don’t think is normal. I’m a different person now and it may take a long time before this different person reaches an acceptance of my child’s death. As I survive the stages of grief, I will need your patience and support, especially during these holiday times and the “special” days throughout the year. Thank you for not expecting too much from me this holiday season.

Love,
A bereaved parent

Source: From “A Letter to My Family and Friends” in M. Cleckley, E. Estes, and P. Norton (Eds.), *We Need Not Walk Alone: After the Death of a Child*, Second Edition, p. 180. Copyright © 1992 The Compassionate Friends.

Autumn

In the fall
When amber leaves are shed,
Softly—silently
Like tears that wait to flow,
I watch and grieve.
My heart beats sadly in the fall;
'Tis then I miss you most of all.

Lily de Lauder TCF Van Nuys, CA



Accept me as I am
Grieving, Pained, Empty, Lonely.
Just love me and allow me
To feel what I must feel.
One day I will begin to heal -
I know not when.
Don’t be afraid of me—it is still me...
Struggling to find myself -
Outside this pain.
Please, just be my friend.

Marilyn Henderson



The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
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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 & othres
Website—Jim Pratt
Secretary - Barbara Paugh

**Steering Committee Meeting
October 24th**

Please come join us!

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 9th, 2024 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Mourning on my Mind”**

**September 28th, 2024 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**October 7th, 2024 (Monday)
6:00 PM “We Fall Down + Get Back Up ”**

**October 19th 2024 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**October 24th, 2024 (Thursday)
5:30 PM “Steering Committee Meeting”**

**November 4th, 2024 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Help I’ve Lost Control ”**

**November 16th, 2024 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**December 2nd, 2024 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Bah Humbug”**

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

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☆☆ If this newsletter was 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. ☆☆
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The Chapter Letter

Hello Everyone,

September 2024: at times it seems impossible to have lived through all we have, but we are living testaments to that very fact. There are days we are sad, days we muster up a smile or two and days we actually call good. All in a days work, right? In our group we have Gen Z's, Millennials, Gen X, Baby Boomers and the Silent generation. We come together to grieve the losses of our children, grandchildren and siblings gone too soon, allowing us to grow with each other during our darkest and hardest times. Doesn't matter if you are in your 80's or your 20's your grief is universal. As we share each other's pain, we also share each other's joy, when the life of our loved one is remembered and happier times revealed.

In July we held our annual butterfly family picnic, another brutally hot day, enjoying the company of all who attended and the great food we shared. I love reconnecting with our TCF family, there never seems to be enough time for all the conversations we crave to have. For all that couldn't attend, you were sorely missed. The butterfly messages you wrote to your loved ones will be flown high and then our Shelley and Chuck L. will sky-dive with Meghan releasing them back to the earth to seed the landscape with beautiful wild flowers in memory. So whenever you see a patch of random wildflowers they may very well be a product of your message. Just between you and I, although I know they are not environmentally safe I still miss tying a message to a balloon and watching Sean's balloon soar with all the other beautiful colors representing our children, grand's and siblings.

Also in July the newly formed angel of hope expansion committee held a ground breaking at the Angel of Hope in Port Dickinson Park. Their plans are to enlarge the area to accommodate more engraved paver bricks and gardens. This is actually good news for those who do not have one currently at the angel. Though we are not directly affiliated with this new committee, I heard many of our members were there for the ceremony and said it was lovely. A group of our TCF family has worked many years preserving the angel and the surrounding garden area. We dedicated the angel and the first group of pavers on July 11th 2004 and the last pavers in the fall of 2012, since then many parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters have lost their child, grandchild and sibling so they will have the possibility of a paver. There is a Facebook page with information to order, Angel of Hope- Broome County, NY. If you haven't been to the Port Dickinson Park on Chenango Street please visit, it's the perfect spot to reflect and remember.

On Thursday October 24th our semi-annual steering committee meeting will be held to discuss what's been happening within our group, any concerns that may have arisen and always a financial status. Our group is solely funded by donations, mostly through our members who give generously in memory of their loved one. If you are able to give we thank you, also a special thanks to all who have given in the past and continue to do so. Our needs are few; we need just enough to carry on our mission to show others there is hope and a reason to go on.

We are gearing up for our annual candle lighting to be held Sunday December 8th at 6:00 p.m. As I say year after year it takes a village to make this evening special for everyone who attends. There are several tasks to be done, if you are softening in your grief and would like to honor your child, grandchild or sibling by being a "cast" member, a greeter, kitchen staff, part of the set up or clean up crew give Donna 607-725-8574 or Shelley 607-759-0852 a call. If not able to join the effort we hope to see you sitting in the sanctuary lighting a candle on December 8th, an evening filled with hope and love.

As we have grown in our mission of helping loved ones survive after their tragedies so has the National TCF, reaching out through local groups to thousands that are holding on by a very thin thread to any sanity they thought they had left .

Continued 

The Chapter Letter Continued...

Our mission statement, "When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or daughter, a brother or sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family." I often write in my daily message about all the blessings we have though not always easy to see with sadness blurring our eyes. TCF gives us hope for a future, a true blessing.

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. The second, third, or fourth meeting might be the time you will find the right person or just the right words that will help you in your grief or comfort you. Remember we have all been there and even though circumstances may be different, we really do understand. You are not alone.

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

I Heard Your Voice In The Wind Today

I heard your voice in the wind today
and turned to see your face;
The warmth of the wind caressed me
as I stood silently in place.

I felt your touch in the sun today
as its warmth filled the sky;
I closed my eyes for your embrace
And my spirit soared high.

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

As long as the sun shines...
the wind blows....
the rain falls...

You will live on inside of me forever
for that is all my heart knows.

About Being Strong

Many people are convinced
That being strong and brave
Means trying to think
And talk about "something else"

But we know
That being strong and brave
Means thinking and talking
About our dead love,
Until your grief begins to be bearable.

That is strength,
That is courage.
And only thus can
"being strong and brave:
Help you to heal.

Sascha

When Autumn grieves, she bows her
head, so rainbow-tears fall gently on
her leaf-bed.
Angie Weiland-Crosby



I Can Only Imagine

I can only imagine
What our hearts would feel
If that day had never happened
If your death had not been real

I can only imagine
What our eyes would see
If they hadn't shed a million tears
Pleading, Why you? Why not me?

I can only imagine
A happier life
One where all your dreams came true
You fell in love and took a wife

I can only imagine
What a wonderful father you'd be
What names you'd give your children
Would you be anything like me?

I can only imagine
If I'll live to see the day
When the mere thought of you
No longer takes my breath away

I can only imagine
If things had ended differently
A family of four, now a family of three
But the one that's missing should of been me

When our work is done
And our time to go has come
Our arms at last again will hold
Brennan, our beloved son
I can only imagine...

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

I can limp with grief & dance with joy all at
once. I don't have to choose anymore. I weep
and smile in the same moment, a once con-
fusing struggle these two emotions have be-
come so deeply webbed inside of me, there
are no longer opposites, they are one.

Katie Jameson

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
09/06 **Jason** son of **Nuria Bronson** Conklin, NY
09/09 **David** son of **Renny Zanker** Lisle, NY
09/11 **Cheryl** daughter of **M/M Frank Lockwood** Binghamton, NY
09/11 **Scott** son of **Karen Yeager** 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 **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** Mechanicsville, VA
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
10/03 **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
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
11/18 **Patrick** son of **Dale Murray** 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

What is Left?

When a child dies, you ask, among other questions what is left? A beautiful, sensitive, intelligent son has chosen to end his life. What can be left after such a crushing blow? Others will point out you have a spouse, other children or grandchildren, perhaps relatives and friends. They are left. Perhaps you have a career that is left. And yet how meaningless all of those are to a bereaved parent, to one who is suffering the most devastating loss of all. So you continue to search for what it is that is left.

You read books on bereavement, scarcely remembering what you have read: you attend meetings, talk with others who have suffered a loss like yours. If you are fortunate, you have one or two good friends who, while they cannot fully understand, are there to love and listen. Perhaps there is a therapist who guides you in your search for an answer. But for a long while everything you read or hear has little meaning, and certainly cannot provide the answer to your question. Or can it? Does all that you have read and heard and experienced finally come together and answer the question of what is left? For me it does. The answer was 13 months in coming, but how clear it seems now. I am left. That's it! I am left and have been left the love of Scott. It is a new love, it is different, more intense, it is undemanding, it need not be reciprocated, there are no strings attached. I love this love of Scott's. It warms me and comforts me. It is a wonderful love, but I cannot keep it. It would be wrong to do so; this love is too precious to keep to myself.

I am left with love to spare and love to share. It will never run out. He will always be with me to replenish it. I have found my answer!

Am left to share Scott's love with you.

Betty Stevens, TCF Baltimore, MD

Ugly Shoes

I am wearing a pair of shoes.
They are Ugly Shoes.
Uncomfortable shoes.
I hate my shoes.

Each day I wear them, and each day I wish I had another pair.
Some days my shoes hurt so bad that I do not think I can take another step.
Yet, I continue to wear them.

I get funny looks wearing these shoes.
They are looks of sympathy.
I can tell in others eyes that they are glad they are my shoes and not theirs.
They never talk about my shoes.

To learn how awful my shoes are might make them uncomfortable.
To truly understand these shoes you must walk in them.
But, once you put them on, you can never take them off.
I now realize that I am not the only one who wears these shoes.
There are many pairs in this world.

Continued...



Ugly shoes continued...

Some women are like me and ache daily as they try and walk in them.
Some have learned how to walk in them so they don't hurt quite as much.
Some have worn the shoes so long that days will go by before they think about how much they hurt.

No woman deserves to wear these shoes.
Yet, because of these shoes I am a stronger woman.
These shoes have given me the strength to face anything.
They have made me who I am.
I will forever walk in the shoes of a woman who has lost a child.



Falling for you....

....while leaves fall, the river drifts by and friends sit, speaking of loved ones lost to suicide. Like the river, conversation drifts. Some smile at memories shared. Others cry tears of regret, anger, guilt, despair; tears for what could have been, but is no more. Through the years, this group of friends has learned that words fall short of describing sorrow. And so we sit silently, watching the....

....falling leaves....falling tears....falling for you....

....until the time comes to fall in line and drift toward a table adorned with recently fired clay shapes. At an earlier gathering, I molded soft gray clay then impressed it with words and symbols of your life. Although I don't speak of it, I know that yours is not the only life interrupted. My life is also damaged, diminished, in danger of falling apart in oh so many ways. This small group shares space with those we miss and love, both living and dead; in this, my child's birth and death season. How I long to see you float free with the....

....falling leaves....falling tears....falling for you....

....and I long to connect again with you but my plea falls on deaf ears. I'm left with the task of creating your wind chime. A year ago, on your birthday, leaves fell as I stamped the soft clay heart with musical notes, falling stars, hovering doves and the words "treasured memories." Now the clay has cured and along the holes in the edge of the stamped heart, I tie other clay shapes with lengths of string – my heartstrings. I add an anchor, a porcelain leaf inscribed with the words "falling in love." The pieces fall in place like....

....falling leaves....falling tears....falling for you....

....and then I playfully brush my fingers through your wind chime; fingers that long to run through your hair. The chime whispers your name but its music can never fill my heart like the sound of your voice. Fall – a time for friends to make wind chimes and memories.

A time for....falling leaves....falling tears....falling eternally for you.

Carol Clum TCF Medford Oregon

Hope changes as we do, and it can be so disguised, that we don't recognize it, but it can be found
~ In the moments of our Memories. Darcie Sims

Eight Holiday Gifts to Give Bereaved Families After the Death of a Child

When a child has died, the normally festive holiday season can be one of great sadness and pain for the family that finds itself with an empty chair at the dinner table. Friends and family so often ask us what they can do to help those mourning the death of a child at the holidays, says Patricia Loder, a bereaved parent herself, and Executive Director of The Compassionate Friends, the nation's largest self-help bereavement organization. There are many gifts that cost very little for friends and family to give, but can be very helpful to the bereaved at this time of the year.

- ♥ **The Gift of Remembrance** -- When you send a card or talk with the family, remember the child by name. While you might think this would bring pain to the family, there is more pain when it appears the child has been forgotten.
- ♥ **The Gift of Understanding** -- Realize things will be different this holiday season than before the child died. Tasks which were routinely completed in the past may now go undone.
- ♥ **The Gift of Self** -- Help the bereaved with some of those routine things that need to be done such as shopping and preparing meals. Bring some holiday goodies.
- ♥ **The Gift of a Memorial Donation** -- Make a donation in remembrance of the child to a favorite charity that the family may find important in their lives.
- ♥ **The Gift of Hope** -- Make them aware of a local self-help bereavement organization whether it be The Compassionate Friends or another group where the members have gone through a similar loss and are ready to help families that are grieving
- ♥ **The Gift of Kindness** -- If there are children in the household, offer to take them shopping for whatever holiday presents they may wish to purchase. The hustle and bustle of the stores with holiday music blaring can be overwhelming to bereaved parents.
- ♥ **The Gift of Time** -- Offer to drive the family to a remembrance service, whether it be through a Compassionate Friends chapter, another bereavement group, hospital, funeral home, or church. Your presence will show that you truly care.
- ♥ **The Gift of Love** -- Let them know that, even though the family feels very alone, there are others who care deeply about them and will truly be there to provide support along the way.

I just wanted the world to go away. I just want to go away. I wanted to be left alone.

I couldn't take the pain of being With others, and yet, it was so Painful to be so utterly alone.

There was no place to hide. There was no place to run. I was left with two choices
— self destruct or heal.

Benjamin Allen

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:

- Nilsa Mariano** in memory of her daughter **Daniela**
- Patricia Rushanski** in memory of her daughter **Tanya**
- Chuck & Shelley Levchak** in memory of their son **CJ**
- Jacqueline Ceiri** in memory of her daughters **Sheri & Brigette**
- William & Kate Stacy** in memory of their son **Philip**
- Kathy Beers** in memory of her son **Jason**
- Sam & Shelley Allegrino** in memory of their son **Allan**
- Paul & Kimberly Reger** in memory of their daughter **Alicia**
- Carlo & Samantha Carlini** in memory of their daughter **Samantha**
- Robert & Kim Meier-Carroll** in memory of their son **Christopher**
- Shelly & John O'Neill** in memory of their son **Brian**
- Thomas & Diane Ellis** in memory of their son **Matthew**



Evolving Through Grief

When you start to feel your sanity slip, do whatever positive thing you can think of to hold on: pray, meditate, go get a full body massage at a spa, scream at a starlit sky, take a trip to a new place, stare at sunsets, lay in an open field and watch the clouds drift, or do all of these things at once: Just do something for you! And don't feel guilty about being selfish about it. You can't do anything for others if you don't take care of yourself first. You can't be loving to others if you aren't loving to yourself first. Then, when you start to feel a sense of renewal, think about extending the love you still want to express for your child in a way that will benefit others.

by Roe Ziccarello From ebook

Did You Know That They Were Parents?

Helen Hayes, one of only two women to receive all four prestigious entertainment awards: a Tony, Oscar, Emmy and Grammy, was the "first lady" of stage and screen throughout most of the 20th century. Encouraged by her mother, Helen began performing at an early age and 'wowed' Broadway with her "beauty and girlish actuality" playing, at age seventeen, a much younger Pollyanna. She seemed to have the dream life; fame, fortune and family.

She and her husband, Charlie MacArthur, raised two children: Mary (who had a short career on stage), and James (who starred as Danny on Hawaii Five-O). After winning the Oscar for her role in Madelon, she returned to Broadway to portray Queen Victoria, the role for which she is most remembered. Then tragedy struck. Mary, who had appeared on stage with her mom, contracted polio and died.

The MacArthur's were devastated. Charlie turned to drink and died not long after; many say from a broken heart. Helen returned to acting, knowing that staying busy with work could help her get past the all encompassing sadness. Also Miss Hayes established the Mary MacArthur Fund to assist her friend, Jonas Salk, in raising awareness and financial support to advance his efforts to find a cure for polio.

Helen Hayes honored the life of her daughter by continuing to act and her humanitarian work. Delighting audiences well into her senior years, she won an Oscar for her supporting role in Airport. "I gratefully was able to throw myself into constructive activity and the work I did allowed me release, carrying me over the abyss, back to the land of the living. Being needed saved my sanity.

Then the theatre, as always, came to my rescue," Helen wrote in On Reflection, her autobiography. Perhaps her most important role was helping find the cure for polio and thereby saving uncountable parents from the grief she endured.

Grief is the expression of Love we have for the one we have lost

**** NOTICE ****

There are no monetary dues or fees to receive The Primrose, the TCF Broome County's newsletter. 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...)

The Fall of Fall

What is it about the season that takes me back in time Everything I do, I find you are on my mind. Haunting dreams find me at night when I try to sleep And every little detail is replayed, and the sadness falls so deep. Something about the close of summer seems to bring it back Making it so hard to move onward and stay on track. Something about the dying and fading of the trees Brings my heart to sorrow, with the falling of the leaves. How I long to stop it, to keep the fall away But time marches on, and summer just won't stay. I know with the fall, winters not far behind Another lonely season, and the memories flood my mind. I cry my tears of sorrow, and pray for spring to come A rebirth of the earth, and the warmth of the sun. It makes the memories softer and gentler to recall But now my life is saddened with the nearing of fall.

Wearing a Mask

Halloween is a great time to pretend to be someone else. You can be mean and nasty even though you're usually a pretty nice person, or you can be scary when you usually are the one that gets scared. You can pretend to be strong and powerful or beautiful or mysterious or famous. You can pretend to be anything on Halloween. It isn't fun, though, to try to always wear a mask. Sometimes, for a person who is grieving, it seems like you need to always pretend to be your old happy self. Your friends and others may want you to forget about your loss and go on as if nothing much has changed. But it is really hard to mask your true feelings all the time. It is much better for you, if you can, to take off your mask and just be yourself sometimes. If you let your feelings out, then you are being honest with yourself and others. By taking off your mask and revealing your true self, you will be a much more REAL person. It's better to save masks for Halloween.

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The Compassionate Friends
Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies
1250 Front St., PMB 147
Binghamton, NY 13901-1043
(Address Service requested)

