

# The Primrose



Vol. 44, Issue 2

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Summer 2024



## Summertime

It sounds so easy. A soft, warm word—time to run barefoot, time to leave windows open all night. Summertime. Somehow it seems, doesn't it, that it's especially meant for children. Children on beaches, children on swings, children in large pools, children in tiny tubs.

We who do not have all of our children with us may feel the summertime in two ways. One is to remember shared events and adventures—there were so many. Long rides in a hot car, a nap in the back seat. The famous question, "Are we there yet?" Everything from a heat rash to ice cream cones and sand castles.

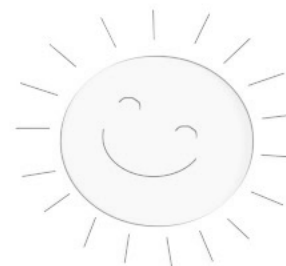
For us, another way to feel summertime is the special emptiness brought about by children who are no longer on this earth. They used to trot along on hikes in the hills; they used to gather wood for an evening fire. Now summer brings us again the melancholy awareness of their absence. Have you ever walked on some unfamiliar path, surprised about not having been there with the children? Even when there's nothing to remember, we are reminded of the children's absence.

We have been diminished by death. Some of us may still have living children. Other parents have no children left. They have lost an only child, perhaps. Or all of their children died. And here we are, grateful for the warmth of summer mornings, aware of the ripe beauty of nature, trying to deal with our children's absence with all the grace of which we are capable. Often we do not want to burden others with our grief. Or we may be convinced that others don't wish to share our distress. We have learned, after all, that the world around us is not always able to understand how we feel.

Besides, we were taught to be brave. Many of us will do everything we can to appear "normal" after our loss. But we were also taught to be honest. And when you feel the hurt, when you seem almost to be lost in the shadows of this golden summertime, don't hide your sorrow. The grief of your spirit can perhaps be kept a secret on the outside. Yet, your deepest feelings, unexpressed, can burn into your existence with harmful force.

You can be both brave and honest. You know that it's brave to share grief, be it old grief or new grief. And revealing that sorrow is also honest. Of course, nothing can wipe away much of your pain, but sharing grief is helpful. You will know that after you have expressed the painful sorrow you once kept hidden, and you find yourself, finally, smiling at the memories and the blessings of past summertimes.

Sascha Wagner



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.

**The Compassionate Friends, Inc.**  
**National Office Information**

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

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Web address: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://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**  
**TBA**

**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.)**

**June 3rd, 2024 (Monday)**  
**6:00 PM “Fathers Day is Near”**

**June 15th, 2024 (Saturday)**  
**10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**July 1st, 2024 (Monday)**  
**6:00 PM “Fireworks in my Heart ”**

**July 15th, 2024 (Monday)**  
**6:00 PM “Family Picnic”**

**July 20th 2024 (Saturday)**  
**10:00 AM Open Sharing**

**August 5th, 2024 (Monday)**  
**6:00 PM “Just Can’t Cry Anymore ”**

**August 17th, 2024 (Saturday)**  
**10:00 AM Open Sharing**

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

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](mailto: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 All,

As we head into the depths of the hot summer months, three tips to help you through, #1.Hydrate #2.Sunscreen #3.Repeat. Taking care of yourself is very important and then adding the element of your greatest loss, which takes the importance of self-care to the next level. We tend to give up on life after the death of our loved ones, which includes any semblance of feeling “good” and/or “normal”. I’m not saying lavish trips or expensive stuff, just simple care. We are usually caretakers for everyone else, depleting our energy and oomph. It’s hard to be kind to our being when we are hurting and have lost our way.

Memorial weekend I was thrilled to be able to come back and share a morning at the angel of hope for clean up/plantings and to have lunch with some of our TCF family at the church following our weeding, sweeping, planting, mulching, laughing and maybe a few tears etc. at the park. Again this day is a labor of love, thanks to all that showed up and gave their time so others may find peace, comfort and above all hope as they sit and reflect and remember their precious loved ones. I so miss going to the angel, when I do it’s very special. On more frequent visits are Delores and John who watch over and take good care of our angel of hope, becoming the official angel keepers.

Speaking of the angel I was contacted back in December about plans to expand our angel park by a community committee in Port Dickinson. Several years ago our angel committee gifted our angel of hope to the Village. There are plans drawn for 3 new areas for memorial pavers and some improvement to our existing garden. They have promised the integrity of the angel will stay intact, that was our biggest concern and Marilyn stressed that through the meetings thus far. The good news is there will be paver bricks available at some point (not sure when) for anyone who currently does not have one. This committee is in the early stages of planning but there is a ground breaking on the calendar for Thursday July 11th, no time set as of yet. I will keep everyone in the loop through our TCF Facebook or by sending texts/emails to those on my list. If you would like to be updated and don’t have Facebook or you are not currently getting daily messages from me please email me at [pkroft23@yahoo.com](mailto:pkroft23@yahoo.com) or better yet text me at 607-427-4043. During our early years after loss it’s hard to look forward to much but having your child’s, grandchild’s or siblings name on a memorial paver can be comforting and for me reassuring that they will never be forgotten. I love seeing Sean’s name and feeling our angel watches over him and all the other children. Stay turned for future news on the project. But in the meantime please visit the angel and bask in her beauty and know she is there for all of us to come and sit quietly and get lost in all our memories.

Monday, July 15<sup>th</sup> our annual summer family picnic will take place at the church, Nimmonsburg Methodist on Upper Front across from SUNY BROOME. Starting time is 6:00 pm, it is a potluck supper and all family members are invited to attend. It’s a mid-year event to reconnect with everyone, eat favorite foods and just relax. We would love to see you there. A little birdie told me there will be butterflies available to write a message on again this year.

Today I saved the saddest news for last. On Good Friday Toni Sherling lost her husband Larry as he gave up the good fight and walked his way into heaven. Larry was one of our group dads, a kind man and a beloved husband, father and friend. One of Larry’s best accolades was his strawberry cake, which many of us looked forward to eating when Larry came to group. I’m sure his son Cory, daughter Jaimie and grandson Dillon met him as the gates of heaven opened.

Another sad loss in our TCF family; Sylvia Behal’s grandson Joe Behal lost his life in a hit and run accident as he was riding his bicycle in Florida on February 15<sup>th</sup>. Sylvia has buried three of her four children; Jerry, Teresa and Ron, who was Joe’s dad, all within 18 months.

Continued ➡

## The Chapter Letter Continued...

Our sincere condolences and heartfelt sorrows to Toni, Sylvia and their families as their lives have been changed once again.

As summer starts may you all be comforted by the love you have for your children, grandchildren and siblings who have gone on before you. May you smile at the silliest memory and cry because you can. Grieving because we loved is so hard, some of the hardest work we will ever do. Also remember you never have to do it alone, there is always someone to walk with you, sit with you and listen to you as you tell your story. Hope will come to you in unassuming ways, embrace it.

Hugs to all,  
Pam Kroft  
Sean's Mom

### Miss Me but Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me; I want no rites in a gloom filled room; why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little, but not too long, and not with your heads bowed low. Remember the love that we all shared, miss me but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take; and each must go alone; it's all a part of the master's plan, a step on the road to home. So, when you are lonely and sick of heart, go to the friends we know and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.

**Miss me but let me go.**

### That Anniversary

All our lives we've known about anniversaries. Our parents celebrated their Anniversary; the school we attended marked its Anniversary; the company honored your Anniversary when you started your career; the Lions Club held a gala to remember its Anniversary; but there is one Anniversary that we're never eager to recall, it's That Anniversary. When a child dies, we retain vivid memories of that fateful day. Time cannot rob us of the memory and the grief of that awful and confusingly sad day. Unlike your wedding date or your first day on the job or when you graduated from school, which may have become hazy over time, the circumstances and ticks of the clock of That Anniversary remain etched in our minds. Some of us do special "things" on That Anniversary. We pray, we cry, we grieve, and some make an effort to try to distract the intense sadness that That Anniversary brings. Some walk on the beach or take a ride in the country. We look at old photos or other memorabilia to remember and to ward off anything that might cloud the memory of our daughters and sons. Friends and relatives also remember That Anniversary and may send a card or ask you out to lunch or choose not to visit you showing respect for your need for solitude. Regardless of how you deal with That Anniversary, you cannot avoid it. Sometimes even the days leading up to That Anniversary bring apprehension and uneasiness. That's OK. That Anniversary will always come and go as will the days before and after, too. The Compassionate Friends understands that on That Anniversary, as when it occurred, your heart is heavy yet empty at the same time. It can be a confusing time. There may be guilt or remorse or simply confusion. But it is up to you to sort it out and move ahead because after That Anniversary there will be another and another. Surely your heart may not feel as heavy or as empty as time passes, but That Anniversary will always be there. How you face it, how you mark it, how you remember it and how you caress it is the key to moving forward and conditioning yourself for the next time That Anniversary occurs.

Michael Tyler TCF Lighthouse Chapter Lewes, DE

## **A Year**

The year was short. The year was long. Losing a child offers up many perspectives. While we grieve the loss of Dwight, having him in our lives was a blessing. For all those who have lost a son/daughter please allow this simple piece to serve as an honoring of your pain.

### **Timeless**

A Life so short  
And this year still long  
Time may heal all wounds  
But rights few wrongs  
We miss those hugs  
We miss those smiles  
It's never simple  
When you lose a child.  
Still our days  
Were filled with cheer  
Despite all of the challenges  
Your life was dear  
The prayers we share  
Deep into the night  
Will always include  
Our love for Dwight.

This poem was written by Bob Houghtaling in honor of Dwight Furey who passed away February 21, 2019.

## **Good-bye**

It's August again,  
Different than last.  
A hot blanket covers the earth.  
Blood red roses droop over your casket.

With weak limbs I stand.  
Misty eyes gaze at you,  
My only brother,  
Lying prepared for earth.

Today we were to go hiking,  
Explore the vast countryside,  
Just you and I.  
Tomorrow we would try golf,  
or maybe just talk.

You told me yesterday of your pride in me  
That I might strive for more.  
"But it is you I follow," I say.  
And we broke through the barrier,  
declaring us true friends.

To say good-bye is to remember this,  
and smile.

And if I look, I will find them—  
Memories that smother the good-bye,  
And let me cling to your life.

Laura W., TCF Champaign, IL

## **The Space Between Thoughts**

You are no longer in my thoughts constantly.  
You are now dwelling in the space  
between thoughts,  
a part of my every moment whether joyful or sad  
or in between, or both simultaneously.  
I walk, talk, work, play and you surround me.  
You are in the sparkle of my smile  
the wisdom in my thinking  
the rainbow circles in my life.  
As I breathe and live, you breathe and live.  
As I learn, you are teaching, not only me  
but all those who are in my life today.  
You are a blessing, dear child, for all you were  
and all you are and all you'll forever be.

Genesse Bourdeau Gentry, June 2001  
TCF Marin Chapter Leader, N. CA Regional Coordinator

## **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

## *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 **Mark** son of **M/M Alan French** Endwell, NY  
06/02 **Jason** son of **June Moore** Warren Center, PA  
06/05 **Ronald** son of **Sylvia Behal** Johnson City, NY  
06/05 **Cory** son of **Toni 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 **John** son of **Joseph & Arlene Bigart** Binghamton, NY  
06/21 **Stacy** daughter of **Ivy Carroll** Atkinson, NC  
06/22 **Tommy** son of **John & Lisa Scannapieco** Chester Springs, PA  
06/23 **Nicole** daughter of **Joanne & Jim Packer** Northumberland, PA  
06/25 **Paul** son of **Gloria Carpenter** Binghamton, 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  
07/08 **Brigette** daughter of **Jackie Ceiri** Johnson City, NY  
07/10 **Scott** son of **Mary Lee Wittling** Windsor, NY

continued ➡

## Our Children Remembered cont.

07/13 **George** son of **Mary Gilg** Harpursville, NY  
07/13 **Jason** son of **Kathy Beers** Endwell, NY  
07/14 **Philip** son of **Cheri Hohn** Binghamton, NY  
07/18 **Alexander** grandson of **Diane Dobish** Binghamton, NY  
07/27 **Aaron** son of **Diana Rathman** Binghamton, NY  
07/31 **Joseph** son of **M/M Joel Troutman** Binghamton, NY  
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  
08/02 **Erin** daughter of **Barbara & Rick Paugh** Conklin, NY  
08/03 **Ryan** son of **Tamara Harman** Endicott, NY  
08/05 **Amber** daughter of **Joanne Brockway** Watkins Glen, NY  
08/06 **Ryan** brother of **Scott & Elizabeth Taylor** Johnson City, NY  
08/08 **Toby** son of **Diane Boynton** Owego, 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

Grief over the death of a child is the hardest work that most of us will ever do. While we all wish for the pain to stop, we need to remember that we grieve intensely because we loved so intensely. It is unrealistic to expect that grief to ever totally go away because the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love and it is nothing for which we should be ashamed.

Elaine Grier, TCF, Atlanta, GA

We need not walk alone



### How did I get to this place?

One minute, one hour, one day, one week, one month at a time.  
It is a slow journey from crawling through the pits of hell in deep grief  
to coming back to the reality of here and now.  
It's as close to a near death experience as I can imagine."

Annette Mennen Baldwin

## See It, Snap It, Send It ...

Having his picture taken was not one of my son's favorite things. Seth was often the one behind the camera or the one who was videotaping the family field day to catch the best parts on film. It has been two years and six months since my precious son, 29 years old, took his life. I avoid the word 'suicide' because somehow in my mind I want to believe it was his choice, however, confused or desperate.

I need to look at all the pictures I do have of him now when I feel the emptiness and pain in my heart. I have to send those memories to that place so it will help ease that loneliness and to replace it with a celebration of his life. I make him present again by reliving those memories of his laugh, his successes, his serious conversations, his challenges, his doubts, his hugs.

There are times when I can laugh and sing again. I don't dance any more. The joys I feel are jaded somehow feeling something is missing to make it whole. There are times when my life is a series of just distractions: work, shopping, church, cleaning, etc. etc. etc. just to avoid facing the bitter emotional reality of grief yet again. There are moments also that I have to lean into the pain of his loss and let it hurt and cry to move forward.

Some helpful skills I have learned is to live in the present, that I can control my thoughts. I have to avoid the 'what ifs' the 'why me' the 'what could I have done...' Seth is present now in my life and my heart in a different way than he was when he was alive; and I have learned to love him in a new way.

I am a better person because of his life and his love for the short 29 years he lived. My love for him grows stronger every day just as it would have if he was here for me to talk with again. Compassionate Friends has helped me to acknowledge that my loss, my pain, my survival is precious to others who have lost children. The pain which binds us will also help us to survive one day at a time.

The day Seth died, my bishop came to the house, and blessed the place where he took his life. Then he turned to me and said "Each day you awake is one day closer to when you will see him again." Whatever your religious beliefs I pray that this will give you hope and comfort as it does for me.

So my prayer for each of you who have lost a loved one is that you can find some comfort and joy in revisiting those precious memories of their beautiful lives. So take lots of pictures of those who are still with you and celebrate their lives too. God bless your pain and give you peace.

Linda Khirallah Porter, TCF, Tyler, TX  
In honor of my son, Seth Henry Porter

### The Butterfly

The last, the very last, so richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow; perhaps if the sun's tears would sing against a white stone. Such a yellow is carried lightly way up high. It went away I'm sure because it wished to kiss the world goodbye. For seven weeks I've lived in here, penned up inside this ghetto but I have found my people here. The dandelions call to me and the white chestnut candles in the court. Only I never saw another butterfly. That butterfly was the last one. Butterflies don't live in here, in the ghetto.

Pavel Friedmann 4-6-1942



## Freedom for Bereaved Parents?

July 4th, Independence Day, a day most Americans celebrate their freedom; for bereaved parents, unfortunately, freedom of the body is far different than freedom of the mind. Before our children died, we knew we had the freedom to: watch them take their first step; listen for their first word; watch them step onto the school bus for the first time; watch them go on their first date watch them graduate; watch them walk down the aisle to be married; see our grandchildren born. For bereaved parents these freedoms are gone forever. Why did we have to lose these freedoms? Sometimes we lost these freedoms because the world has the wrong priorities. Sometimes we lose them because people abuse their freedom. What freedoms must be changed? the freedom of cancer to strike our children; the freedom of a drunk driver to be put back on the road with a slap on the wrist; the freedom of AIDS to run rampant; the freedom of criminals to have ready access to guns; the freedom of drivers to ignore the speed limits; and on and on and on. When those freedoms are exercised and we are unable to stop them, the deaths of our children cause us to lose our freedom to pursue happiness in our lives. The country must wake up to the fact that freedom is a fragile commodity. For us, as bereaved parents, we have become a living testimony to this fact.

Wayne Loder TCF, Lakes Area, MI

## Thoughts About Progress

One thing that is frequently discussed at our meeting is the despair of thinking you are on the road to "recovery," when all of a sudden you seem to be back at square one. But are you really?

Let's keep in mind most of us have had no experience in "recovering" from the loss of a child. Therefore, we have no point of reference—it's all new to us. Actually the "roller coaster" of emotions is perfectly normal. In the very beginning most of us seem to vacillate between dead numbness and excruciating pain. Constant crying, to not a tear left—just dried up and limp. We actually are living minute to minute.

After a couple of months we might actually have a few hours that we have not cried or felt that deep overwhelming despair. Then—wham—back to where we started. We tend to panic and think something is wrong with us. Let's be realistic! There is something wrong—terribly wrong. We have each lost a child.

Let's be fair to ourselves. We started to play a role to the outside world. Like the old song says, "laughing on the outside—crying on the inside." We want to be acceptable to society. "You are doing so well," we hear. If only they knew! We may feel we have to fool others, but let us really be honest about our feelings. To deny our feelings, particularly to ourselves, is to block the road to recovery. Remember that recovery in this case does not mean "getting over it;" it means to gain control of our lives again.

So, let's not worry about what other people think, say, or expect. Our friends (well—meaning as they are), sometimes members of our family, even someone who has lost a child, should not sit in judgment. Each person grieves differently, due to a person's general make-up and the relationship with the dead child. Unless someone has totally withdrawn from everything and everybody over a lengthy period of time, the chances are all is in the realm of normalcy. Only after we have walked down the long road of grief and can look back, remembering those early days and weeks, can we see we really are not on square one again. We have just slipped backwards for a time. This is all. Allow yourself that and then strive forward again. It takes time, a lot of time! We tend to expect too much from others, others expect too much from us and therefore, we tend to expect too much from ourselves.

Mary E., TCF Valley Forge, PA

## 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**

**Helen Kachmarik** in memory of her daughter **Susan**, and her husband **Richard**

**Frank & Kathy Rumpel** in memory of their daughter **Christina**

**Brian & Liz Leonard** in memory of their son **Brian**

**Margaret Turna** in memory of her son **John**

**Nancy Rinehuls** in memory of her son **Richard**

**Sam & Shelley Allegrino** in memory of their son **Allan**

**Kathy Beers** in memory of her son **Jason**

**June Moore** in memory of her son **Jason**

**Christina & Michael McAfee** in memory of their son **Joseph**

**Carlo & Samantha Carlini** in memory of their daughter **Samantha**

**Jim & Joanne Packer** in memory of their daughter **Nicole**

**Toni & Larry Sherling** in memory of their son **Cory** and daughter **Jaimie**

**Chuck & Shelley Levchak** in memory of their son **CJ**

**M/M Carl Eldridge** in memory of their sons **Chad & Chuck**

**Rita Searles** in memory of her son **Jonathan**

**Steve & Beth McKeown** in memory of their daughter **Sarah**

**Susan Taft** in memory of her son **Matthew Stacey**

**Valerie & Mark Ambrose** in memory of their son **Joshua**



## Time

"Time marches on" is the old cliché. It does march on with fury and determination, but some things stay the same. Your seat is still empty at the dinner table. Your bed is still not slept in. The sound of your laughter is only in our memories. Your photo framed in the family gallery of pictures stays the same while everyone else's ages. Your phone number never shows on the caller ID. Your clothes are never found in the laundry; your name is hardly mentioned. But time marches on no matter how much we wish we could go back in time to the days when these things were common occurrences.

Somehow we have managed to move along with time. At times it has been a real conscious struggle to keep afloat. We resist, not wanting to leave you in times past. We have managed to survive your death, but we are forever wounded. Sometimes the wound doesn't show to others. Only to those who really take time to "peer" into the question. "How are you?" Those that dare venture and ask the question sincerely waiting for a heartfelt answer are truly special to us. These individuals touch our hearts in that special place where our children still live. They can make us smile and the tears flow without shame, just by acknowledging the pain is still there. They validate our child's existence.

To have someone mention our child is truly a gift to a bereaved parent. Few are the non-bereaved that will venture to this "special place" and have the courage to enter. You can be assured that the bereaved parent doesn't forget these instances when permission was given by you to share their son or daughter.

Karen C., TCF Frankfort, KY

**"They came together in their suffering. Though unable to prevent the pain, these fellow grievers found that by sharing their hurt, standing together and supporting one another they could endure devastating losses." —Polly Moore**

### \*\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*\*

There are no monetary 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.**

## The Elephant in the Room

There's an elephant in the room. It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it. Yet, we squeeze by with, "how are you?" and "I'm fine"... and a thousand other forms of trivial chatter. We talk about everything else except the elephant in the room. We all know it's there. We are thinking about the elephant as we talk. It is constantly on our minds. For you see, it is a very big elephant. But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.

Oh, please, somebody say my child's name.  
Oh, please, say it again. Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room. For if we talk about their death, perhaps we can talk about their life.

Can I say their name... and not have you look away? For if I cannot, you are leaving me alone... In a room... with an elephant.

Author Unknown

## 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

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Broome County Chapter  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies  
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