

The Primrose



Vol. 44, Issue 4

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Winter 2024



For almost 25 years I have been creating the newsletters for The Compassionate Friends of Broome. This has brought me a way to give back and also to honor my son Joshua, the less than perfect boy that drove me crazy many times. Doing this helped in the recovery process.

It is time to pass this on to someone else and I am hoping there is someone out there that will take it over my duties. I will help in the transition any way I can.

Please let me or Donna know if you would like to take over.

Val
Joshua's mom



Love Never Dies

Last night, in the glow of freshly fallen snow,
I felt for the first time in months
A sense of peace.
A feeling of wonder overcame me
and I looked around to see if you were there.
Later, I thought to myself –
Why did I need to look?
I know, as surely as I know how to breathe,
that you are with me always.
You are closer to me now than ever before
and the only difference is that,
instead of opening my eyes to see you,
now I must open my heart.

Written by Sandi Goodman

New Year

The New Year comes
When all the world is ready
For changes, resolutions
Great beginnings,
For us, to whom
That stroke of midnight means
A missing child remembered,
For us, the New Year comes
More like another darkness.
But let us not forget
That this year may be the year when
Love and hope and courage
Find each other somewhere
In the darkness
To lift their voices and speak:
Let there be light.

By Sascha Wagner

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 & others
Website—Jim Pratt
Secretary - Barbara Paugh

**Please join our
Steering Committee**

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.)

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

December 8th, 2024 (Sunday)
6:00 PM “Candle Light Service”

December 21th, 2024 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

January 6th, 2025 (Monday)
6:00 PM “2025 = Hope”

January 18th, 2025 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

February 3rd, 2025 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Family Grief”

February 15th, 2025 (Saturday)
10:00 AM Open Sharing

March 3rd, 2025 (Monday)
6:00 PM “Memory Night”

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

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆
 ☆ 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. ☆
 ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The Chapter Letter

Hello Everyone,

We are nearing the end of 2024 and with that said there are some that have just had their first Thanksgiving without their child, grandchild or sibling gone too soon. Starting with Thanksgiving, the most thankful dinner all year, we travel through the month of December with several different holidays, depending on your religious beliefs and ending with New Year's Day. We celebrate within our families, across our community, country and world. For anyone that has already gone through the 5 weeks between Thanksgiving and New Years Day you know the struggles, sadness and despair you were feeling. Let us come together to hold up the others that are being faced with this first; like others did before us.

October 16th my precious son Sean was gone 30 years, yes 30 long years, from this earth. For me it is like an entire lifetime, actually more than one of his. So many horrific memories of those first few weeks and months and if I need to revisit which I don't find necessary, I must dig deep within to remember details that I had buried many years ago. Details that bring back so many heart wrenching images and feelings. But fortunately I have worked long and hard to make sure most of my deepest darkest thoughts will never see the light of day again. For many years I have tried to live in an image Sean would be proud of. In the beginning of my time without him I would remind myself all the while in a state of hysteria, that he would not want me or anyone else missing him to be stuck in grief forever. He always was that positive, happy go lucky kid; his persona would spill over to anyone who knew him. There was no greater advocate for "the down and out" than my Sean. He was the most laid back, loving, funny, empathetic and caring son with the driest sense of humor. Always giving and protecting those he could. Loved his family deeply with all his heart. Was a force on the soccer field, being an incredible teammate, playing with most of the same boys through his soccer years; 8 years old to seniors in high school. Like most kids his age he loved to party and have a good time, often to my chagrin. I will love and miss him everyday, all day, for the rest of my days here on earth. And yes there are still tears that flow freely when I walk by a picture on the wall, see my grandson playing baseball (yes Sean loved that too), listen to someone share a story and watch my granddaughter be kind to someone on the street. At this stage of my life I keep Sean's memory alive by sharing him with my grandchildren; telling them his Uncle Sean would have been the funniest uncle and even though he is not here but in heaven he watches over them. I wish to remind everyone that in time our grief softens but we shall never forget our precious children, grandchildren and siblings gone too soon, holding them close in our hearts. We often get upset when others forget those important dates that are embedded within our souls; the birthday, death day and all the days within their dash. Be gentle they know not what they do.

We have lost two more TCF family members this fall. Bill Cady joined his precious daughter, Jessica, September 22 in heaven, leaving behind his wife Darlene, 3 sons and 4 grandchildren. Bill was the quiet soul, one of our special group dads, who sat beside Dar at every meeting. Often I would look over and he would have a smile, almost a smirk on his face. Even though he didn't say much I knew he was always listening. Bill loved Jessica so. In early October Rita Kelley, mother of Michele and grandma to Lorelai and JJ left for heaven. Rita moved to the Albany/ Saratoga area a few years ago to be closer to Michele and her grandkids. When Rita lived in the Binghamton area we were fortunate to have her as a member of our TCF family. Rita was always sharing videos and photos of her precious grandson James who was taken at a very young age. Rita was the best grandma she absolutely loved him. I was fortunate enough to stay in touch with her, she became my biggest private message cheerleader and she will be sorely missed.

Continued ➡

The Chapter Letter Continued...

Sunday, December 8th at 6:00 pm will be our annual candle light service. It's the one night of the year we gather in the sanctuary of the church to remember and reflect on our precious children, grandchildren and siblings. If you have never been or if this is your first year without your loved one, try making the effort to join us for a truly wonderful evening with readings, music, lighting of candles, names being read. After the service we gather in the fellowship hall for a potluck (bring a dish to pass), great sharing with our TCF family and the opportunity to meet friends you never knew you had. It's comforting to have family members or a friend join you.

Whether it's been one day, one year, five years or thirty we are fortunate to have the love, understanding, friendship and hope that TCF has bestowed upon all of us. Carry that with you throughout the year as you continue to make strides in feeling joy instead of sorrow. I wish you nothing less than peace...

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom

Tradition, Tradition, Tradition

Even in normal times, tradition isn't what it is always cracked up to be, and sometimes "tradition" gets in the way of sanity. Often we cling to tradition because it's easier, we don't want to offend others, we don't want to be embarrassed, or we don't know what else to do. When you are a grieving parent, giving in to tradition can drive you over the edge.

I found myself in the "tradition predicament" regarding putting up a tree the first Christmas holiday after my son, Chad died. I didn't want, need, or have the energy to put up a tree. Yet other family members wanted a tree and they wanted it as it always had been, big, bright, and decorated with ornaments they had purchased or made through the years. What eventually took place, with regard to a tree, changed our holiday forever and it has been a good thing for everyone involved.

I don't know the exact circumstances of how our "new tradition" came into being that first year. But I do remember frustration, tears, and upset people. I also remember my daughter saying to me it was her Christmas too and she needed a tree. It was her older brother, the one she remembered getting up with every Christmas morning when she was little that was dead, and she had to have something so she could deal with the emptiness. So she came up with a plan. She and her father would go find a tree and she would take care of the decorations all by herself.

That was ten Christmases ago and this year, once again, my husband and my daughter will leave early in the morning, a week before Christmas, and hunt for a tree, just the two of them. When they come home, I will prepare breakfast, while they get the tree in the holder, and move the furniture. We will sit down together and enjoy our meal and then my husband and I will leave for several hours. During that time we will do whatever we feel like doing. We have gone to the cemetery, gone for walks, gone to the bookstore, visited friends, etc. When we return, my daughter will have decorated our Christmas tree, and the whole house!

Every year the tree has been different, limited only to my daughter's imagination and the budget we keep her on. She didn't use our regular ornaments for a while and when she did, she told me ahead of time and said how meaningful it was for her to be the one who put Chad's ornaments back on the tree. We have continued this "new tradition" to this day. Now, I find angel ornaments to put on the tree to honor our missing angel, and enjoy with my husband, sons, and family, my daughter's traditional tribute to her brother. This "changing tradition" has been so healing. Our family has had the brightness and beauty that a lighted tree can provide, and I have been able to save my energy for other things I wanted to do.

During the next few weeks, I hope you will make the activities of the season as stress free as you can. I hope that you will feel free to experiment with new traditions, knowing there is no "right way" to go through this season, only "your way." I hope that you will remember Christmas is only one day and that the time leading up to that "one day" will probably be more difficult than the actual day. And finally, I hope for peace in your hearts, if not today then tomorrow, or the tomorrow after, or the tomorrow after that.

Sue Anderson TCF, South Bend, IN In Memory of my son, Chad

First Christmas

It can't possibly be Christmas
without her being here.
Yet the world is singing round me,
joyful tidings and good cheer.

Though I try to put on armor
and brave the sights and sounds,
a few moments worth of shopping,
and the tears are spilling down.

I pray for strength to do it,
find a path through holidays,
look for shortcuts, good ideas,
some directions through the maze.

Then I find at last the answer:
I'll include her symbolically.
And the giving becomes perfect;
her love's flowing down, through me.

Genesse Bourdeau Gentry from
Stars in the Deepest – After the Death of a Child

Carrying Memories Into The New Year

With the church bells' ringing
the new year enters
echoing the days of yesteryear
memories of happiness
the smiles of our children
the sunlight within each face
Who will remember these dear ones
far from our yearning arms
Who remembers all they were
the way she danced, the hat he wore
With the old year gone, will they
no longer be known?

We will remember them, each one
We will hold them in our hearts
as we carry memories
into this new year.
We will allow the memories to
make us laugh, to make us sing.
Their lives will fill the air
as the church bells ring.

---Alice J. Wisler

Each Life Is Like a Song

A life is like a song we write
In our own tone and key,
Each Life we touch reflects a note
That forms the melody.

We choose the theme and chorus
Of the song to bear our name,
And each will have a special sound,
No two can be the same.

So when someone we love departs,
In memory we find
Their song plays on within the hearts
Of those they leave behind.

Elma Burns Semko, Atlanta, GA
Mother to Bobby Burns

Winter

This winter's desolation is my desolation,
It's barrenness, my heart.
Some say spring will come
Trees will leaf,
Buds will swell, New life will emerge.

But I feel winter in my heart,
In my soul,
In my being,
I wonder if the ice will ever thaw
So I can drink from it again
To nourish my spirit.

by Roberta Hermansen

~And can it be that in a world so full and busy, the loss of one weak
creature makes a void in any heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the
width and depth of eternity can fill it up!

~Charles Dickens

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.*



- 12/01 **Christopher** son of **Crystal Murphy** Windsor, NY
12/02 **David** son of **Amy Snell** Barton, NY
12/02 **David** brother of **Jacob Snell** Owego, NY
12/02 **Shelly** daughter of **Roger & Sherry Haskell** Binghamton, NY
12/06 **Peter** son of **Joel & Robin Vermaat** Port Crane, NY
12/09 **Matthew** son of **Frank & Joanne Calvey** Whitney Point, NY
12/11 **Joe** son of **Ron & Michele Summers** Castle Creek, NY
12/13 **Kyle** son of **Bob Batal** Berkshire, NY
12/14 **Jacob** son of **Jennifer Whitmarsh** Binghamton, NY
12/16 **Catherine** daughter of **Angela Coyle** Binghamton, NY
12/18 **Lon** son of **Beth McCarthy** Susquehanna, PA
12/19 **Brianna** daughter of **Tom & Megan Lander** Binghamton, NY
12/19 **James** son of **James & Mary View** Vestal, NY
12/25 **Magill** daughter of **Elaine Madigan** Binghamton, NY
12/31 **Tanya** daughter of **Patricia Rushanski** Endicott, NY
01/01 **Anthony** brother of **John & Shelly O'Neill** Vestal, NY
01/02 **Nicole** daughter of **Sue Miller** Endicott, NY
01/02 **Kenneth** son of **Elaine Sahre** Vestal, NY
01/03 **Jessica** daughter of **Michelle & Jammie Simonds** Milford, PA
01/11 **Sammy** son of **Mary Ellen Arnold** Johnson City, NY
01/11 **Thomas** son of **Debbie Sovine** Endicott, NY
01/11 **Laura** daughter of **M/M Robert McGuigan** Conklin, NY
01/15 **Michael** son of **Amy Back-Vangorden** Windsor, NY
01/16 **David** son of **Patrick & Joyce Crowley** Endicott, NY

Continued 

Our Children Remembered cont.

01/17 **Stephen** son of **Sherry Klenotiz** Owego, NY
01/17 **Christine** daughter of **Francis Sullivan** Binghamton, NY
01/19 **Aaron** son of **Ralph DeRigo** Binghamton, NY
01/19 **Timothy** son of **Gordon & Mary Shiner** Vestal, NY
01/20 **Abel** son of **Jennifer Heggelke** Binghamton, NY
01/20 **Abel** grandson of **Lisa Koltz** Binghamton, NY
01/24 **Sheri** daughter of **Jackie Ceiri** Johnson City, NY
01/24 **Chad** son of **M/M Carl Eldridge** Glen Aubrey, NY
01/28 **Isiah** son of **Dawn Hill** Binghamton, NY
01/29 **John** son of **Corky Clark** Binghamton, NY
01/31 **Michael** son of **Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver** Johnson City, NY
02/05 **Keara** daughter of **Dane & Kaethe Mitchell** Binghamton, NY
02/07 **Caetlin** daughter of **Tomann Rice** Franklin, PA
02/10 **Adam** son of **Lori Petzack** Sidney, NY
02/10 **Joni** daughter of **M/M Robert McGuigan** Conklin, NY
02/14 **Paul** son of **Toni & Maria Fusco** Endicott, NY
02/17 **Tyler** son of **Shanay Beschorner** Binghamton, NY
02/20 **Chuck** son of **M/M Carl Eldridge** Glen Aubrey, NY
02/22 **Cindy** daughter of **Peter & Barbara Metritikas** Vestal, NY
02/24 **Michael** brother of **Patti Klepfer** Greene, NY
02/24 **Michael** son of **Toni Robinson** Binghamton, NY
02/25 **Courtney** daughter of **Marilyn Eck** Endwell, NY
02/26 **Scott** son of **Thomas & Marcia Glosick** Apalachin, NY



Bereavement is like a journey;
We travel from one place of happiness, searching for another place of happiness to call home.

Know that there is hope. Know that many, many bereaved parents who have been in the same painful place that you are now have found life meaningful again. Know that you will too.

Finding the Magic

Once again, it's that time of year. Will this year be different from the last seven? Will I find the magic again? Wait. Let me revise that question: Did I ever feel the magic?

As a bereaved parent, I have experienced only two holidays seasons. While I have physically lived through 49 hell-idays, emotionally, there have been only two types: the ones before and the ones after Jason's death. The two categories are distinctly different.

If memory serves me correctly, which it doesn't always do, I spent the first 42 years focused on material issues. First as a child...What would I get?...What did I want?...What would make me the happiest child in the whole wide world? As I grew older and had my own little family, I spent the next 22 years asking myself what I would get them. What did they want? What would make them love me more? How would I manage to pay for all of it? I always felt there was something missing...but I didn't really have the time or interest to find that missing something. Besides, why borrow trouble? Each year, by the time I realized that something was missing, the decorations were packed in their boxes and the kids had gone back to school. I could always find the magic next year

In 1996, Jason died. Suddenly, my life ended its forward march, and everything I had ever regarded as important became nonsense. My heart was not simply broken-it was ripped into shreds, emptied of what had fueled it over the span of my life. I had no hope of waiting for it to heal and had to face the reality that only a total reconstruction would suffice. I would have to create a new heart...from scratch.

The first fall was difficult. I was still numb, still cushioned from reality, but the pain of Jason's death was beginning to seep in. Then it was Halloween, and the horror of what had happened was upon me. Thanksgiving came with Christmas on its tail, bringing an empty chair, an unbroken wishbone, and silence where laughter had once prevailed.

I was sure it could not get any worse, but life always surprises us. The holidays of 1997 and 1998 were devastating. The numbness that had protected me that first season was gone. Reality had arrived, and I could not escape it. I would never again see Jason walk through our front door with that grin that always made me nervous, tracking snow across my "freshly waxed for the holidays" floor. I was sure I would never again buy two of everything for Jason and his twin brother. I would never again enjoy the holidays...or life.

Years four through seven, we bought gifts for needy families, hung Jason's stocking right beside the rest of ours, illuminated special candles to include him in our celebrations, and smiled cheerfully at everyone who offered us their joy-filled "Merry Christmas." And as I spread my Christmas cheer and goodwill toward men, I had only one thought in my mind. It became my mantra: If I can just make it through December, I will be okay. I was no longer focused on the material side of the season. I was no longer focused on the season at all. I wanted it over.

And now, here I am, at year eight. My eighth season of joy, my eighth year of decking the halls, my eighth year of Jason's physical absence. You probably think I am going to tell you that this year will be no different from the last seven. You might even anticipate that I am going to tell you that it never gets better, that there is on such thing as healing, and that grieving parents will always be bitter and angry, especially during the times when families everywhere celebrate the season of giving. Wrong. But don't feel bad; this revelation has totally shocked me also.

A few days ago, I woke up and was amazed to see that it was snowing. Overnight, the world had gone from brown to pure glistening white. It was beautiful. Later that day, I heard someone in my home actually humming Christmas carols. How dare they! But...I was alone. It was me. That evening, I spent an hour printing up a beautiful green and red Christmas "wish list" with graphics! That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Suddenly, it hit me. And no matter how guilty I feel in acknowledging it, I have to tell you: I am looking forward to the holidays. How can this be? Why is this happening?

Continued 

Finding the magic continued...

Well, after much pondering, I think I know why. I think I spent 42 holidays looking through a lens that focused only on black and white, on the physical, on that which can be seen and physically felt. The lavishly wrapped gifts, excessive food, amount of money spent, and glittering (sometimes gaudy) lights on the tree. The next seven were spent looking through a lens that was distorted and scarred by grief. I focused on what was missing rather than on what was still here. I think I wanted it that way.

But now, I feel I've learned how not only to endure—but to enjoy—a memory that can be defined only as bittersweet. I've come to appreciate that feeling emotional is really about feeling impassioned. And I think this year, as the songs start to play on the radio and the cards begin filling our mailbox, I will choose a different lens, a lens that captures what we cannot see or physically touch. A lens that goes beyond.

Not everything will change. I will still hang Jason's stocking beside ours, buy gifts for the needy, light candles in his memory, and all of the other things that have made the last seven years bearable. But this year, I hope to do these things with joy rather than with bitterness and sorrow. This year, I want to grasp the hand of a homeless mother, kiss the cheek of a newborn baby, and hold a sleeping kitten while it plays in its dreams. I want to watch Santa as he holds wiggly toddlers on his lap. I want to sing "Silent Night" on a snowy night in mid-December when it feels as if all the world is sleeping. I want to feel the Christmas that we cannot see.

This year, I want to remember who I really am. I want to enjoy the months ahead. Not because I need to or because someone says it's time to—but because—well, because I can. This year, I want to find the magic before it is time to put away the boxes. And I won't stop searching until I find it.

Merry Christmas to you and yours.
Believe in magic And always...expect miracles.
Sandy Goodman In Memory of Jason

A Love Story

Once upon a time, there was an island where all the feelings lived: Happiness, Sadness, Knowledge, and all of the others including Love. One day it was announced to the feelings that the island would sink, so all repaired their boats and left. Love wanted to persevere until the last possible moment. When the island was almost sinking, Love decided to ask for help. Richness was passing by Love in a grand boat. Love said, "Richness, can you take me with you?"

Richness answered, "No, I can't. There is a lot of gold and silver in my boat. There is no place here for you."

Love decided to ask Vanity who was also passing by in a beautiful vessel, "Vanity, please help me!" "I can't help you Love. You are all wet and might damage my boat." Vanity answered.

Sadness was close by so Love asked for help, "Sadness, let me go with you." "Oh....Love, I am so sad that I need to be by myself!"

Happiness passed by Love too, but she was so happy that she did not even hear when Love called her!

Suddenly, there was a voice, "Come Love, I will take you." It was an elder. Love felt so blessed and overjoyed that he even forgot to ask the elder his name. When they arrived at dry land, the elder went his own way. Love realizing how much he owed the elder and asked Knowledge, another elder, "Who helped me?"

"It was Time," Knowledge answered.

"Time?" asked Love. "But why did Time help me?"

Knowledge smiled with deep wisdom and answered, "Because, only Time is capable of understanding how great Love is."

Gifts of Love

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:

- Mary & James View** in memory of their son **James**
- Sam & Shelley Allegrino** in memory of their son **Allan**
- Tom & Marcia Glosick** in memory of their son **Scott**
- Frank & Angela Carro** in memory of their son **Robert**
- Marvin & Donna Conover** in memory of their son **Micha**
- Harold & Sandra Weitsman** in memory of their daughter **Rebecca**
- Gordon & Mary Shiner** in memory of their children **Traci and Timothy**
- Kathy Beers** in memory of her son **Jason**
- Charles & Shelley Levchak** in memory of their son **CJ**
- Kathy Jones** in memory of her sons **Thomas and Christopher**
- Elaine Madigan** in memory of her daughters **Dacey and Magill**
- Carlo & Samantha Carlini** in memory of their daughter **Samantha**
- Jeannine Wells** in memory of her daughter **Kathleen**
- Joel & Robin Vermaat** in memory of their son **Peter**
- Larry & Toni Sherling** in memory of their children **Jaimie and Cory** and grandson **Dillion**
- Michelle & John O'Neill** in memory of their son **Brian** and brother **Anthony**
- Sandy & Jerry Wilcox** in memory of their son **Kyle**
- Robert & Kim Carroll** in memory of their son **Christopher**



WINGS

Sometimes the people we love, leave
and much is left unexplained, so, we find it hard to believe

We are left standing with heart wrenching pain
we ask ourselves why go on when nothing will change

She had bright silver wings
I want peace of mind not bitter stings

With a shotgun size hole blown through my life
I must never give up for God gave her wings to take flight

With hope of understanding my pain
like the caterpillar to the butterfly, she changed

The faint flipping of whispering wings, I sense here near
with every fiber of being, I wish she were still here

Yet, through my heart breaking pain I remember
God gave her wings and nothing stays the same

I, who got left behind
realize God gave her wings
because angels are hard to find

And with wings pure as light
she took flight
And flew away home.

by Kimberly K. Cole, Canton, GA
In Loving Memory of her daughter Christina M. Edwards

We welcome you with Compassion, Love and Hope

It is always difficult to say,
“Welcome” to people coming
to our meetings for the
first time because we are
so very sorry for the reason
they came.

For some, the first meeting
or two can be rather overwhelming,
especially if they are newly bereaved.
We hope that anyone feeling
that way will return to at least
a couple more of our meetings.

Everyone is welcome to attend
our meetings, regardless of the
age at which their child died or
the length of time that has
passed since that day.

**** 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 Child That's Not There

The child that's not there
Takes up every piece of me
The child that's not there
Consumes my every thought
The child that's not there
Makes me feel like I failed
The child that's not there
Took away a main reason for being
But ...

The children that are there
Still somehow bring me joy
The children that are there
Still need my love
The children that are there
Don't need any more grief
The children that are there
Force me to go on.

By Tricia Palmer, TCF, Tidewater, VA
In memory of my son, Gabriel Boyer

In The Silence

In the silence Mom you hear me,
In the silence I am here.
In the silence you can feel me,
In the silence it is clear.....
That my spirit hasn't left you,
I am just a thought away,
You can see me in the shadows,
Anytime you look my way.
Look for me in the sunshine,
And the stars at night.
In the wind, trees and flowers,
Everything that is in sight.
Know that I'm still here,
In my death I have a new life,
And one day it will be clear.
So talk to me and look for me
In everything you do,
I'm really right next to you. -

- Joy Curnutt

NON-PROFIT
US POSTAGE
PERMIT # 52
ENDICOTT NY

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

