



The Compassionate Friends
Manhattan Chapter
 Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Our next meetings...	
Jun	14 & 28
Jul	12 & 26
Aug	9 & 23
Sep	13 & 27

Manhattan Chapter Newsletter **June 2022**

Father’s Day

Every father believes in his role as protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer and problem solver. He has been told since his youngest days that he must be strong – he must not cry.

But each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem solving, and protecting has been able to stop our child’s death. Inside, we must ask ourselves about our failure, and we must face our lack of omnipotence.

Father’s Day is often a forgotten holiday, overshadowed by the longer standing tribute to Mothers. But for the bereaved father it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness; sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost child. Bitter for the death and pain and recognition of the inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Oftentimes they are unable to do so, a remnant of childhood’s learning about the strength and stoicism of “big boys” A father may even be uncomfortable opening up to his wife, and the wife who encourages him to talk may be pushing too hard.

Father’s Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say “I’m sorry we haven’t talked. Let’s do it now”.

But it can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, does something special, helps with the chores, and mostly, lets him know how important and needed and loved he is. It is some of these things he has lost with the death of his child, and like Mother’s Day, the day set aside for fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in June. It can be any day and every day. Fathers often show their hurts differently, often, internally.

BUT THEY DO HURT...

~ **Gerry Hunt, White River Junction, VT**

Broken Dreams
 by Marie Levine

Recently, someone asked me to write down some of my thoughts about Peter. Who he was, how he was and how he impacted my life. At first thought the project appeared to be a breeze. The question was also asked of Phil. The inquisitor wanted to get a man’s view, a father’s take, as well as mine. In the almost seven years since he’s been gone, I’ve written and spoken volumes about Peter. To me, writing about him has kept him alive. But now, more than describing him, defining the loss of him may be a more accurate view.

To describe him is easy. He was an adorable child. He was bright, articulate beyond his years, funny and captivating. He grew into a young man of considerable charm, was a caring human being, considerate of his family and sensitive to his friends. Over the years he and I developed a particular rapport. He was so like me, I could anticipate his every response. And my ability to do that always knocked him out. We delighted in each others’ company to the point where Phil often felt left out of our little party. I thought Peter was the greatest thing since sliced bread, and he thought I could walk on water. It was a mutual admiration society beyond all explanation.

Peter was still living at home when he died. He had been away at college, but having just graduated, he had not yet gone out on his own. His world was contained within mine. I would still not fall asleep until I knew he was safely home. I was still the one to enjoy all the tales of his day each evening. Though he was a lover and had a significant girlfriend from the time he was 16, my position as the most important person in his life had not yet been compromised. In truth, on the eve of his 21st birthday he had been jilted by a college sweetheart who, he believed, was going to be “the one”. When she left him, it was to me he came and wept. During that last year of his life, he worked hard to get over a broken

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TELEPHONE FRIENDS: When you are having the kind of day you feel only another bereaved parent or sibling can understand, we are willing to listen and share with you. Don’t hesitate to call our Manhattan Chapter phone for meeting information **(917) 300 3706**. To speak with someone please call one of the following volunteers; Jacquie Mitchell (eves) (347) 414-1780 jacquienytcf@gmail.com and for siblings, Jordon Ferber (917) 837-7752, beatniknudnik@yahoo.com

TCF MANHATTAN CHAPTER email: tcfmanhattan@gmail.com
 TCF MANHATTAN website: www.compassionatefriends.nyc
 CO-CHAPTER LEADERS: **Dan Zweig:** danzweigtcf@gmail.com
Jordon Ferber: beatniknudnik@yahoo.com
 “Our Children” editor: **Dan Zweig:** danzweigtcf@gmail.com
 Newsletter Editor: **Marie Levine** marielevine2@verizon.net

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS MEETINGS are always the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month
WE MEET USING ZOOM AT 7:00pm—sign on at 6:45pm
 As soon as possible, we hope to return in person to the
 Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church
 55th Street and Fifth Ave (enter at 7 West 55th St.)

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. We are a group seeking support in our grief or are able to give it. Among us your religion, your race, your politics, your job or social standing are not important. We care about your grief—the tragedy that each of us have shared—and how we can grow through it, not back to the person we were, but to the person we can become.



TCF 45th National Conference
Houston, TX • August 5-7, 2022

45TH TCF NATIONAL CONFERENCE

LOVE SOARS THROUGH CLOUDS OF HOPE

Friday-Sunday, August 5-7, 2022 Houston, TX

[Click here for more information](#)



TCF 45th National Conference
Houston, TX • August 5-7, 2022

The 45th TCF National Conference August 5-7, 2022 in Houston, TX.

We are very pleased to welcome back TCF's annual national conference, this year in person! This eagerly anticipated event for those bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings who attend seeking renewed hope, ways of coping with their grief, and friendships made with those who truly understand the painful loss of a child, sibling, or grandchild. With inspirational keynote speakers, numerous workshops including a wide variety of topics, and the always memorable candle lighting program on Saturday evening, culminating with the popular Walk to Remember on Sunday morning, and so much more, the TCF 45th National Conference is a much-needed gift that we give to ourselves. Conference registration will open in mid-March.

This year's conference will be held at the Marriott Marquis Houston. Reservations can now be made [online](#) at TCF's dedicated reservation link. TCF's discounted room rate with Marriott is \$149 per night plus tax.

Please note that each attendee will only be able to reserve two rooms. Since the conference begins early on Friday and pre-conference activities are offered on Thursday evening, attendees usually find it beneficial to arrive on Thursday.

[Click here for more information](#)

MEN DO CRY

I heard quite often "men don't cry"
Though no one ever told me why.
So when I fell and skinned a knee
no one came to comfort me.
And when some bully boy at school
would pull a prank so mean and cruel,
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip
"It doesn't hurt!" and bite my lip.
So as I grew to reasoned years
I learned to stifle any tears.
Though "be a big boy!" it began,
quite soon I learned to "be a man!"
And I could play that stoic role
while storm and tempest wracked my soul.
No pain or setback could there be
Could wrest one single tear from me.
Then one long night I stood nearby
and helplessly watched my son die.
And quickly found to my surprise
that all that tearless talk was lies.
And still I cry and have no shame.
I cannot play the "big boy" game.
And openly, without remorse
I let my sorrow run its course.
So those of you who can't abide
a man you've seen who's often cried.
Reach out to him with all your heart
as one whose life's been torn apart.
For men do cry when they can see
their loss of immortality.
And tears will come in endless streams
when mindless fate destroys their dreams.

Ken Falk

Gifts of Love

A Love Gift is a donation given in memory of a child who has died, or sometimes a memorial to a relative or friend. It can be in honor of a happy event that you would like to acknowledge, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of our chapter.

All TCF chapters are totally dependent on funds from our families. We DO NOT receive funds from our National Office. Everything we need to operate our local chapters is paid directly from our local resources and our local family contributions. Thank you to all who can contribute and support this chapter. Please see 'Making a Contribution' below:

Passing the Basket – During normal times, we raise needed funds at each meeting by passing a basket for voluntary contributions. In this time without in person meetings, the Manhattan Chapter is going without the resources we usually get from the basket passed during our meetings. We are so glad to be able to hold the online meetings, and if you are able to, once a month or whenever you can, please help and make a 'Basket' contribution to help our organization.

Making a contribution –

Easiest way – online – use a credit card securely with Paypal – Click this link: [Please donate here](#)

Or you may mail a check to The Compassionate Friends, c/o Sally Petrick, 945 West End Ave Apt 2B, New York, NY 10025. Please make your check payable to The Compassionate Friends – Manhattan Chapter. We need and appreciate your support.

Broken Dreams

(con't from page 1)

heart that he exposed to me...his mother..in all its merciless pain and ego smashing cruelty. We became even closer in that year, if that is possible.

And so, to have seen him robbed of his life before he could even heal from the devastation of a lost love so important to him...to know he was gone into some unknown never never land where perhaps on some level he might be conscious of my torment...this prince, this lover, this marvelous, beautiful, sensitive, caring, tender creature...how do I now try to bring my 7 year old loss into some perspective to those who are fairly convinced that Phil and I are well on our way to (oh, dare I say it?..) "closure".

Peter was the most miraculous thing that could ever have happened in my life. I am blessed (or cursed) with an inordinate instinct about life. I always had a sense of life being much bigger, much more than my small place in it. Growing up, they said I had a "maturity" beyond my years. History always intrigued me, especially that of my family. The endless conversations I listened to between my mother and her mother, the family "gossip" and speculation of the goings on among the family's historical, long gone ancestors were recollections I had always hoped to put into a journal for our heirs. As Peter grew, he became the young participant, listening as my mother and I continued the family tradition...carrying tales of the past into a future that Peter now had in hand. It would fall to him to carry these family sagas down to the next generation.

And then, suddenly, in a microsecond, it was all over. Peter killed on a dark, rainy night, the driver of a careening container of death and destruction, blissfully unaware of his possible cosmic impact on the lives of so many innocent victims. As has happened countless times before, and countless times since, Peter, Phil and I were caught in what we all think of as an impossible event. Something that only happens to other people. Something that had never happened to anyone we knew. Something that could never happen to us. Simply said, our world ended.

People say time heals. People say we have much to live for. People say we must get on with our lives. People say we were lucky to have had him for 22 years. People say lots of things. And because of what people see, much of what they say has some truth in it. We look okay, if considerably older (we've both put on about 50 pounds). We seem to be getting on with our lives. We are definitely lucky to have had Peter at all. He was, as it turns out, what life was all about. Now, we simply go on. Some days, we even have a few laughs. And if life, as we now know it, appears to have some good time, those in the know recognize the reality of what is missing. It is joy.

Peter used to regale me with his daily adventures. This handsome person, fully grown, that I clearly remembered as a blob requiring care and feeding, entertained me daily with recollections of his daily experiences of discovery. He shared with me all of his hopes, his dreams...all the promise his future held. He kept me young. He chastised me when I came home late. I reveled in his caring for me. And during the stupid years, when young adults realize that only *they* have all the answers, and that parents are a miracle in that they have survived at all without the sage advice of their children, I used to love being told the right way to do things by my treasured child. I loved being his Mom. And I loved being loved by him. No matter what I did, history guaranteed he would still love me. People can say what they will. The loss of that unequivocal love defies description.

(con't in next column)

Broken Dreams

(con't from left column)

And I appreciated him. Without Peter I would never really have understood what my mother and father went through raising my sister and me. It was living through his life that I came to understand my own. And losing him has defined what I have become. I live every day with death as my companion. There is no getting away from it. It colors everything. I see young people, the children of my friends, marrying now. And I watch and wonder what tragedies will befall them in their lives. I hate when that thought jumps into my head. I'm shown photos of the young children of my co-workers and I wonder---will they live into adulthood? Stop! Stop! I tell myself. Someone I know suffers a death in their family. Everyone gets upset. I shrug. I wish I could commiserate more. But I can't. When someone loses a mother or father, I can't be sad. I think of them as having been lucky enough to die without ever burying a child. My perspective on life and what is important has shifted dramatically. And having to conclude how insignificant my life is, with no child or grandchild to remember me or be impacted by my having lived brings on an almost palpable sadness.

I spend an inordinate amount of time wondering about and planning my own end. I fear for Phil, if I die first and I fear more for me if he dies first. Nothing seems to matter anymore. My passion is gone. I surround myself with pictures of my past. Peter smiles down at me from everywhere. He is ageless. I live in a future I could never have imagined, looking back upon a past that was far too short. There is never anything beyond today. Thinking of the future makes me wistful, often sad. The future is filled with "what might have beens". I try to stay in the moment and am daily brought back to what once was. Peter will never call me again. He will not suddenly appear at the door. He will not marry, he will not enjoy even the little that Phil and I have. He won't have a career; he won't make an impression on his children. He will never be a man in full. He will never have my grandchildren. He will not do so much more than he ever did.

Yes, we are getting on with our lives, living while sparing everyone around us what has become our daily reality. But the truth is life has become quite a balancing act.

March 2000, Marie

The rational mind is not capable of truly understanding this loss; only the heart has a chance to accept and transform this suffering. For it is not the mind that has been dealt this blow, it is the heart, and it is only there that healing is possible.

The heart, where the entirety of my experience resides in memory and imagination, in the deepest recesses of my soul. It is there I will look for a way out of this hell.

Molly Fumia "Safe passage"

Viewpoint!

It's been 24 hours. Twenty four hours ago another sick, misguided young male person with a machine gun walked into a school and killed another 19 children and two young adult teachers. I heard the news last night after a meeting of my compassionate friends but was too emotionally worn to listen to the news and escaped to unconsciousness and my cozy bed knowing tomorrow was another day.

And now it is today – again.

This morning I immersed myself in the news. I listened to the reports, I wept and watched as pictures of the children flashed on the screen, I wept as I watched the parents scrambling around the scene desperately searching for their children or for information. I listened to the president – a bereaved parent multiple times desperately begging for something to be done. I listened as one congressman begged on his knees for something to be done. I listened as one commentator after another verbally threw up their hands and declared that nothing would change – that hopes and prayers would be declared candles would be lit, promises would be made – but nothing would change. And I am afraid I agree. I have spent the last 29 years learning about hope and sharing what I've learned with so many of my compassionate friends. Having lost my only child, I have worked so hard at restoring hope to my own life and I know it is possible. I consider my own experience as an example and have offered it to the many devastated moms and dads I've met through the years – hope can be restored. Joy can be experienced again. Grief can be endured and memory can be reclaimed. But today I can only think about the beautiful children who are no longer here.

I can only think about the families that must begin to follow this well worn path of trauma and tragedy.

I can only think of all the living children who must now learn how to live in this terror haunted world and those who have been directly affected by watching the results of their sisters and brothers having been taken so cruelly from their families.

I heard a commentator refer to Emmet Till's mother and how she insisted on an open coffin so that the world could see what "they" had done to her son. I wonder what it would take to change the minds of those who refuse to make changes in the law. Would showing the corpses of these children stir something in the stony frozen hearts of legislators? How many corpses would it take at one time – if 19 or 20 aren't enough would it take 50? 100? 500? What would it take to make the changes necessary to stop this relentless insanity?

Why I wonder are assault weapons being made? Why I wonder do Americans so covet these weapons of destruction? When the second amendment was written, there wasn't even the existence of bullets. Muskets were the thing. Why is this government going to such lengths to protect the unborn, but enabling the mass killing of the recently born?

Investigations are about to commence. Who was this killer? What made him into the aberration he became? Who sold him the equipment? What was the timing – yada, yada, yada. Who cares? None of it matters. Will having answers to these questions change anything? What matters is that 19 newly dead children need to be buried. Ten adult people killed in a mass shooting last week are yet to be buried. Surviving families – Moms, Dads, little sisters and brothers, grandparents – must all begin a lifetime of sorrow. And we must all watch and wait. Tomorrow will probably bring the next tragedy. We've become numb to the insanity. It's become a fact of life. For the first time in my life, I'm not hopeful.

Marie Levine, May 25, 2022

To the Mother Who Feels the Same Grief as me...

Most of you I have never met, but yet we visit the same place every day. We all walk down the same dark path. We cling to memories as if it's our life support. Our minds drift off to that same place, the place that temporarily distracts us from our grief.

You are the one person who knows the way my stomach feels – the unhealed knot in the center of my gut. You know the hollowness in my heart. Your tears are the same shape as mine, and they roll off the cheek without warning. You smile just like me. It's a smile that has been perfected so others would stop wondering about your state of health and when or if you would pull through this.

Our deep exhale has been performed countless times, since the reminder to breathe is still needed.

Only you understand the box in the closet where we keep the little things – the items that most people wouldn't find a connection to. But we do. We can find that connection. Maybe it's a ribbon, a stone, or a piece of paper someone had written your child's name on. An article of clothing that was last worn as we try desperately to preserve their smell.

This isn't the same box with all the newborn items in it. This is a different box than the cutely decorated one that holds baby's blankets, hospital bands, old pacifiers and first haircut clippings. This box is kept much further back in the closet, almost hidden as if it is a secret.

You are the only one in the world who can look me in the eyes and say "I get it." Dear friend, how I wish you didn't get it. Like clockwork, I lie awake in my bed at night. I know you are probably doing the same. As lonely as I feel sometimes, I know you are feeling lonely too. As indescribable as my pain is, I know you understand. It's like a silent language that neither one of us wants to speak.

Our children's stories are most likely different. The paths that led us here are probably nothing alike. It's what happened in the after that forever bonds us now. It's the pain of burying our child that makes our scars the same and our paths cross.

I wouldn't wish this feeling on anyone, but yet, to know you exist is somewhat of a selfish comfort for me. It's the only place where I can find acceptance – to know that someone out there is just like me.

I know with you that my tears aren't measured and my sadness is never judged. The length of time I grieve will never be rushed, all the wrong things will never be said, and you understand sometimes silence is enough.

My sadness will never make you uncomfortable because our words fit together like a puzzle. Even though I am a stranger, my heartache brings you to tears. You live with that forever emptiness too.

So as I pray my nightly prayers, I always include you – the mother I'll never meet. You're the other person out there who shares my same grief. I hope you find some comfort in knowing you're not alone and there's someone out there like you.

~ Michelle Haxby

Today June 24th US Congress passed their first gun limiting legislation in 30 years, a day after the Supreme Court invalidated New York's laws limiting concealed carry of guns.

Choosing Hope

Robert Frost once wrote, “you have freedom when you’re easy in your harness.” I believe I read that in junior high school. It had no real meaning to me then. But many years and many tears later, I have come to realize what Frost was referencing.

Soon I will be marking the seventh anniversary of the death of my only child, Todd Mennen. Seven years seems, perhaps to some, a milestone. But it is not really. There are no “milestones” on this journey of grief after the death of our children. But we do change. We have no choice. We weep, we evolve, we change, we grow, we learn, we share, we ask for help, we give help, we reach out and finally, we become someone different than we once were. That is the reality of this grief.

Becoming easy in my harness was no small task, nor did it happen in magical stages with epiphanies proclaiming “here is a milestone, a moment you can remember for the wisdom you found!”

Wisdom doesn’t arrive with fanfare; wisdom seeps slowly into one’s mind, forming an ever-changing perspective, until at last, we have come to accept our “harness”. Our harness is the death of our child. Once we accept this fact, we move forward into the light of hope and we begin to feel hope and a different type of freedom.

Am I “easy in my harness?” Finally I can say that I probably am most of the time. There are days when I find it chokingly restrictive and cruel in its pain. But these days are fewer as time passes.

I have found a new kind of “freedom in my harness”. It isn’t the joyful freedom from the days before my child died, but it is a freedom nonetheless. My freedom is the light of hope that shines from deep within my soul as I now hold my child in my mind and heart. My child is with me in my harness as I continue on the balance of my life’s journey. For this mother, hope is knowing that death does not restrict me from my child’s life. Death changes only the plane of our relationship, for I am his mother and he is my son. We will love our children for all of eternity. That is the freedom in our harness that comes with consciously choosing hope.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF, Katy, TX

TUESDAYS

TUESDAYS AT 7:00PM

With Jordon Ferber - Sibling Leader

Siblings in the Manhattan Chapter meet every Tuesday of the month and more.

Sign up to get our siblings schedule emails

[Click here for exclusive sibling emails](#)

And access our regular Chapter website for the parent/sibling meetings and activities.

www.compassionatefriends.nyc

A Prayer For Spring

Like Springtime, let me unfold and grow fresh and anew from this cocoon of grief that has been spun around me

Help me face the harsh reality of sunshine and renewed life as my bones still creak from the winter of my grief.

Life has dared to go on around me and, as I recover from the insult of life’s continuance, I readjust my focus to include healing and growth as possibility in my future.

Give me strength to break out of the cocoon of my grief, but may I never forget it is the place where I grew my wings, becoming a new person because of my loss.

~Janice Heel, TCF, Ocala, FL

The Compassionate Friends Sibling Credo

We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends

We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters

Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us.

Sometimes we need our families to be there.

Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, to become the individuals we want to be.

We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however a special part of them lives on with us.

When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed.

We are living a life very different from what we envisioned and we feel a responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak.

Yet we can go on because we understand better than many the value of family and the precious gift of life.

Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we are, but to walk together to face tomorrow as the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.



OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED

JUNE BIRTHDAYS



- 6/1 **TSAIGH GREENIDGE-JAMES**, son of Sinaya Greenidge, brother of Niasia Greenidge-James
- 6/3 **JESSE VALENTINE**, son of Joanna Valentine
- 6/4 **ADAM JACOBS**, son of Rick Jacobs
- 6/5 **JOHN COOPER JR.**, brother of Keith P. Cooper
- 6/5 **MAYA**, sister of Matt Klegon
- 6/6 **HOLLY OESTREICH**, daughter of Joyce Oestreich
- 6/6 **ZACH HOWELS**, brother of Matt Howels
- 6/7 **JOSETTE GIBBS**, daughter of Juanita Gibbs
- 6/9 **JOEY**, son of Shantel Morrison & Tamara Cantave
- 6/9 **RASHID WASHINGTON**, son of Chakaina Anderson
- 6/9 **TIMOTHY KOK**, brother of Tse Wei Kok
- 6/10 **BLAKE GARY**, daughter of Denyze Gary
- 6/10 **LOUIS DEDAJ**, brother of Victor Dedaj
- 6/10 **MARLON LABOVITCH**, son of Hannah Labovitch
- 6/10 **NOAH GLARPHAM**, son of David & Heather Kopp
- 6/10 **ORIYAH GRAY**, daughter of Chelsea Conklin
- 6/10 **TAYLOR HOLLOWAY**, brother of Brittany Holloway-Brown
- 6/11 **BENJAMIN GOURDJI**, son of Anna Gourdji
- 6/11 **RUSSELL GABAY**, brother of Lori Gabay
- 6/14 **ORION DUMITRIU**, son of Winnie Yang
- 6/15 **AODHAN CUMISHEY**, daughter of Donal Cumishey
- 6/16 **JASON ZAINTZ**, son of Linda Zaintz
- 6/16 **SHAY DORRITIE**, son of Richard Dorritie
- 6/17 **REBECCA MOORE**, daughter of Debra Phillips
- 6/17 **VICENTE EDUARDO**, son of Tomasina Eduardo
- 6/18 **CHANDI PYTOWSKI**, daughter of Rosanne Cosentino & Bronek Pytowski
- 6/18 **JACK FREYTES**, son of Olga Lopez & Elvin Freytes

- 6/18 **JOSIAH BAAWUAH**, son of Porsha & Terry Baawuah
- 6/18 **JUDAH GUBBAY**, son of Marge Gubbay
- 6/18 **KASRIEL BENJAMIN**, son of Sarah & Tony Benjamin
- 6/19 **RACHEL AUSTER**, daughter of Gail Auster
- 6/20 **PAUL FONGKIN**, brother of Desiree Brown
- 6/20 **YULIA KRASHENNAYA**, sister of Deb Faynshteyn
- 6/21 **RALPH JOSEPH GONZALEZ**, son of Blanca Gonzalez
- 6/21 **WILLIAM EDWARD SHUBERT**, son of Irma E. Shubert
- 6/22 **CELINA PACHECO**, daughter of Evelyn Gonzalez
- 6/22 **JELANI CARTER**, son of Darlene Hoffman
- 6/23 **JOE MCCLENAHAN**, brother of Michael McClenahan
- 6/23 **PAUL WALKER**, son of Ellen Walker
- 6/24 **HUMZA MALIK**, brother of Amani Malik
- 6/25 **JASON R. CHIN**, son of China Chin
- 6/25 **SANDRA CHU**, Best friend of Emanuel Veras
- 6/26 **ALAN SOLITAR**, son of Susie & Bruce Solitar
- 6/26 **ANTHONY HELZER**, son of Donna Romer
- 6/28 **CIANNA L. ALEXANDER**, daughter of Rebecca Harper-Alexander
- 6/28 **VIRGINIA JOHNSON**, sister of Angela Pistilli
- 6/29 **DAVID ZABLIDOWSKY**, son of Doris & Martin Zablidowsky
- 6/29 **JAVAN STEWART**, son of Omarr & Ursula Stewart
- 6/29 **KAREEM EDWARDS-MITCHELL**, son of Jacquie & John Mitchell, brother of Kristopher & the late Kevin Mitchell
- 6/30 **CAROLINE MASON**, daughter of Rachel Mason
- 6/30 **IAN BYSTOCK**, son of Marc Bystock
- 6/30 **JORGIE PEREZ**, sister of Janeisy Perez
- 6/30 **LINDA MARQUEZ**, daughter of Hilda Mendoza
- 6/30 **SAVANNAH WIGGINS**, daughter of Dolores Wiggins



Our Children Remembrances — Changes

A longstanding tradition in our Manhattan Chapter of Compassionate Friends newsletter has been the listing of our children’s and sibling’s birthdays and anniversaries. I know I look *first* at each issue of the newsletter to see my child’s listing, my sister’s listing, and scan for the birthdays and anniversaries of my TCF friends loved ones.

It is very important that our listings are correct and meaningful and we try to keep the listings as accurate and up to date as possible, but we are not perfect. Should you desire a change to your loved one’s listing or if your listing is missing, please let us know. Email to tcfmanhattan.nyc@gmail.com and tell us what needs to change.

Dan Zweig



**OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED
JUNE ANNIVERSARIES**



- 6/1 **LOUIS PEREZ**, son of Mercedes Tapia
- 6/1 **WILFRED DELVALLE**, son of Carmen DelValle, brother of Judy DelValle
- 6/2 **NICHOLAS SOTO**, son of Deborah Freeman & Eddie B. Soto, Jr.
- 6/2 **WILLIAM MAEROV**, son of Lance Maerov
- 6/4 **SACHA REID KANTOR**, son of Kathy Landau & Michael Kantor
- 6/6 **JOCELYN REED**, daughter of Cynthia Powell
- 6/7 **ANDREW MARTIN ARNOLD**, brother of Barbara Arnold
- 6/7 **BLAKELY RUSSELL KAY**, daughter of Barbara Russell
- 6/7 **VIRGINIA JOHNSON**, sister of Angela Pistilli
- 6/9 **HARVEY STERMER**, brother of Carol Lee Stermer-Aulicino
- 6/9 **JENNIFER CARGILL**, daughter of Virginia Crosby
- 6/9 **STEVEN SCHWARTZ**, son of Ellen Schwartz
- 6/10 **BRYAN KELLY**, son of Sean Kelly
- 6/10 **DAVID GIBBS**, son of Ann Gibbs
- 6/10 **MIKE CHARY**, brother of EllaRose Chary
- 6/10 **REBECCA MOORE**, daughter of Debra Phillips
- 6/10 **SCOTT LACROIX**, brother of Kendra Lacroix
- 6/10 **ZIGGY MARTINEZ**, daughter of Sally Tucker
- 6/12 **CHRISTOPHER WAGNER**, son of Linda & Edward Wagner
- 6/12 **FRANK UNTENER**, son of Barbara Chase
- 6/12 **LUIS A. GARCIA**, son of Tania Germes
- 6/12 **PATRICK CESARIO**, son of Sharon Cesario, brother of Frank Cesario
- 6/13 **STEFANO AGOSTINELLI**, son of Pascale Agostinelli
- 6/14 **AHMAD SHARRIEFF-AL-BEY**, son of Rashied Sharrieff-Al-Bey
- 6/15 **CHRISTOPHER ROMINE**, brother of Jennifer Romine

- 6/15 **NEILL PERRI**, son of Maddie & Cliff Kasden
- 6/15 **PIERRE MCALOON**, son of Peggy McAloon
- 6/16 **BRIAN GOLDBERG**, son of Gloria & Arthur Goldberg
- 6/16 **JOSH GROSSE**, son of Susan Grosse
- 6/18 **BLAKE GARY**, daughter of Denyze Gary
- 6/18 **LISA WEINER**, sister of Abby Moller
- 6/20 **AARON BENVENISTE**, grandson of Susan & Richard Rosenbluth
- 6/20 **ALEX KNEPPER**, son of Lisa & Emanuel Psychojos
- 6/20 **JAKE MAJER**, grandson of Linda Reed
- 6/21 **MARIA**, daughter of Gigi Semone
- 6/22 **KAREN CASBAY**, sister of Laura Reissman
- 6/23 **ANDRE AMES**, son of Jacqueline Jackson
- 6/23 **ROBERT WILLIAMS JR.**, son of Kimberly Hatwood
- 6/24 **PETER TRAKIS**, son of Dolores & John Trakis
- 6/26 **CAMERON NICHOLLS**, son of Stephanie Moore Nicholls
- 6/26 **JULIETTE DICKSTEIN**, daughter of Gail Luria
- 6/27 **ANJELINA PATRICE WILLS**, granddaughter of Patricia Tyler-Owens
- 6/27 **BETTY DIBIASO**, daughter of Susan Carty
- 6/27 **JAQUELINE AHERN**, niece of Nan Ahern
- 6/27 **JASON MARKS**, son of Helena Marks
- 6/28 **ANTONIA DALEY**, granddaughter of Linda Daley
- 6/28 **MALIK DUFOR**, son of Waltrina DeFrantz-Dufor
- 6/30 **DAVID PICARD**, son of Darlene Picard
- 6/30 **KAREEM EDWARDS-MITCHELL**, son of Jacquie & John Mitchell, brother of Kristopher & the late Kevin Mitchell
- 6/30 **MITCHELL WALKER**, son of Fountain Walker
- 6/30 **ROMEL ARIAS**, son of Luisa Cabrera



Gifts of Love

A Love Gift is a donation given in memory of a child who has died, or sometimes a memorial to a relative or friend. It can be in honor of a happy event that you would like to acknowledge, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of our chapter.

All TCF chapters are totally dependent on funds from our families. We DO NOT receive funds from our National Office. Everything we need to operate our local chapters is paid directly from our local resources and our local family contributions. Thank you to all who can contribute and support this chapter. Please see 'Making a Contribution' below:

Passing the Basket – During normal times, we raise needed funds at each meeting by passing a basket for voluntary contributions. In this time without in person meetings, the Manhattan Chapter is going without the resources we usually get from the basket passed during our meetings. We are so glad to be able to hold the online meetings, and if you are able to, once a month or whenever you can, please help and make a 'Basket' contribution to help our organization.

Making a contribution –

Easiest way – online – use a credit card securely with Paypal – Click this link: [Please donate here](#)

Or you may mail a check to The Compassionate Friends, c/o Sally Petrick, 945 West End Ave Apt 2B, New York, NY 10025. Please make your check payable to The Compassionate Friends – Manhattan Chapter. We need and appreciate your support.



OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED



JULY BIRTHDAYS

- 7/1 **JONAH BING**, son of Dana Lodge
- 7/1 **NOAH MITCHELL**, son of Melody Mitchell
- 7/3 **CORLYN HAYNES**, daughter of Yvonne Haynes
- 7/3 **MICHAEL CYRUS**, son of Linda Reed
- 7/5 **PIERRE MCALOON**, son of Peggy McAloon
- 7/6 **NARI GAJADHAR**, son of Beena Bermingham, nephew of Asha Singh
- 7/6 **RASHID SOLIS**, son of Frank Solis
- 7/7 **TODD C. FIORE**, son of Yvonne Fiore
- 7/8 **CHRISTOPHER MURPHY**, brother of Nina Murphy
- 7/8 **MICHAEL SINCLAIR**, son of Susan Sinclair
- 7/8 **TIONNIE MURRAY**, daughter of Marie Caballero
- 7/9 **DYLAN LAKER**, son of Claudette Kraus & Robert Laker
- 7/10 **DANILO RODRIGUEZ**, sister of Enrique Rodriguez
- 7/11 **MILES STEPHENSON**, son of Syntyche Stephenson
- 7/12 **ELIOT BARTLETT**, brother of Emanuekl Bartlett
- 7/12 **ELIZABETH O'HARE**, sister of Christopher O'Hare
- 7/12 **KANNE IKONOMOU**, sister of Natasha Ikonomou
- 7/12 **KARINA VETRANO**, sister of Tara Vetrano
- 7/12 **SARAH AKHTAR**, sister of Alafia Akhtar and Rahil Darbur
- 7/12 **THOMAS PARISI**, son of Pamela Parisi
- 7/13 **LAVONE SKY SANTANA**, son of Istrha Santana
- 7/13 **MICHAEL WHITLOCK**, son of Peggy Whitlock
- 7/14 **CAMERON CHIANG**, daughter of Joanna & Chris Chiang
- 7/14 **MIA SACASA**, daughter of Malik Sacasa
- 7/14 **PETER ADAM LEVINE**, Beloved Son
- 7/15 **BRIAN MEEHAN**, brother of Kevin Meehan
- 7/15 **JEM MAIR**, daughter of Ilana Mair
- 7/15 **MICHELE SIEGEL**, daughter of Lillian Hass
- 7/16 **AMIAS**, son of Samantha Diaz, nephew of Jasmine Burney
- 7/16 **LUIS A. GARCIA**, son of Tania Germes
- 7/16 **MICHAEL KAMEO**, son of Mordi and Keren Kameo

- 7/17 **JACK PAHLE**, brother of Rebecca Pahle
- 7/17 **MICHAEL DURNIN**, son of Karen & Mike Durnin
- 7/17 **TEPLY RACHMEL**, daughter of Alllison Tepley & Nir Rachmel
- 7/17 **TYREE SHEPPARD**, son of Laura Sheppard
- 7/18 **CALLIE LONG**, daughter of Jackie Long
- 7/18 **JEFFREY VANCHIRO**, son of Sylvester (Sly) Vanchiro
- 7/18 **RHETT THOMPSON**, son of Gayla Thompson
- 7/19 **JOSH GROSSE**, son of Susan Grosse
- 7/20 **ANDREW MARTIN ARNOLD**, brother of Barbara Arnold
- 7/20 **OSCAR REED PUGH**, son of Jon Pugh & Rachele Guiragossian
- 7/20 **ROBERT GRAUP**, son of Leona Graup
- 7/22 **MAHLIK WILLIAMS**, son of Ramona Williams, brother of Mekael Williams
- 7/22 **NATALIE JOY HERTEL-VOISINE**, daughter of Barbara Hertel & Don Voisine
- 7/23 **ANYA GABRIELA KUPPERSMITH**, daughter of Judith Koppersmith
- 7/23 **GINO FONGKIN**, brother of Desiree Brown
- 7/23 **PETER SCHLENDORF**, son of Karen Schlendorf
- 7/23 **SHAUN BECKWITH CHASEN**, son of Dr. Barbara Chasen
- 7/24 **LUIS LARA**, son of Harry & Maria Ruff
- 7/25 **BRENDAN BITTNER**, brother of Jessica Bittner Markus
- 7/25 **KHALIL KNOWLEDGE SMITH**, son of Malazha Wright
- 7/28 **ANTONIO LAW**, son of Jacqueline Law
- 7/28 **JASMIN REQUENA**, daughter of Eleanor Requena, sister of Jaqueline
- 7/29 **CLARIS GLOVER**, daughter of Crystal Glover
- 7/29 **CRYSTAL LAUZAU**, daughter of Gwyneth Hotaling
- 7/29 **RICK HOWELL**, brother of Annie Howell
- 7/30 **BRITTANY MCGRATH**, sister of Chelsea McGrath
- 7/30 **JUSTIN HOLLAND**, son of Carole & Marvin Holland
- 7/31 **PAIX MICHAEL BARILLON**, son of Christine & Benjamin Barillon



Our Children Remembrances — Changes

A longstanding tradition in our Manhattan Chapter of Compassionate Friends newsletter has been the listing of our children's and sibling's birthdays and anniversaries. I know I look first at each issue of the newsletter to see my child's listing, my sister's listing, and scan for the birthdays and anniversaries of my TCF friends loved ones.

It is very important that our listings are correct and meaningful and we try to keep the listings as accurate and up to date as possible, but we are not perfect. Should you desire a change to your loved one's listing or if your listing is missing, please let us know. Email to tcfmanhattan.nyc@gmail.com and tell us what needs to change.

Dan Zweig



OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED

JULY ANNIVERSARIES



- 7/1 **ALAI A MOSELEY**, daughter of Patricia Mosley
- 7/1 **NOAH MITCHELL**, son of Melody Mitchell
- 7/1 **SEAMUS WOOD**, son of Will Wood & Deb Funkhouser
- 7/2 **KEVIN MITCHELL**, son of Jacquie & John Mitchell, brother of Kristopher & the late Kareem Mitchell
- 7/2 **MELISSA ANN WALSH**, sister of Stephanie Walsh
- 7/2 **NATHANIEL LOUIS RAND**, son of Jacob Rand
- 7/3 **DMITRI PAJITNOVA**, son of Nina Pajitnova
- 7/4 **JONAH BING**, son of Dana Lodge
- 7/4 **LISA**, daughter of Masha Leyn, sister of Max Leyn
- 7/4 **TREVOR LOUGHLIN**, son of Suzy & Joe Loughlin, brother of Juliette Loughlin
- 7/4 **TYLER MADOFF**, son of Michael & Marianne Madoff
- 7/5 **ALAN ROSENTHAL**, son of Lynne Rosenthal
- 7/6 **BENJAMIN IMBROGNO**, son of Naomi Imbrogno
- 7/6 **EVAN MAXWELL**, brother of Jean Maxwell
- 7/6 **RUSSELL FERBER**, son of David Ferber & Dorothy Jordon, brother of Jordon Ferber
- 7/7 **ELINOR FRIEDBERG BLUME**, daughter of Leslie Kandell
- 7/8 **JACK PAHLE**, brother of Rebecca Pahle
- 7/8 **LATASHA ALCANTARA**, daughter of Anita Guy-Martin
- 7/8 **MICHAEL KLINOFSKY**, brother of Melanie Klinofsky
- 7/8 **SEAN MCCLURE**, son of Patricia McClure
- 7/9 **LAURA NAMIE**, sister of Matthew Namie
- 7/11 **ELYSE CARVER**, daughter of Violette Carver
- 7/13 **GAIL ROACH**, daughter of Joyce Roche
- 7/13 **JULIAN SERAFIN**, son of Agata Lisok-Serafin
- 7/13 **KIARA KHARPERTIUM**, sister of Devin Kharpertium
- 7/14 **DAVID ZABLIDOWSKY**, son of Doris & Martin Zablidowsky
- 7/14 **DWAYNE NELSON**, son of Amelia Brewer-Nelson
- 7/15 **NATHANIEL HILL JR.**, son of Lynette & Nathaniel Hill, sister of Lenise
- 7/15 **ZACHARY JAMES MILLIKEN**, son of Vigi Cadunz
- 7/16 **ARTHUR DUDIN**, son of Stan & Irina Dudin
- 7/16 **IRIS**, daughter of Alyson Ben-David
- 7/16 **SHAY DORRITIE**, son of Richard Dorritie
- 7/20 **IAN MALSON**, brother of Caitlin Malson
- 7/20 **JOHN BARNES (KOKO)**, son of Hana Barnes

- 7/20 **YVONNE LAURICE AJAKIE**, daughter of Evelyn Rabi
- 7/21 **MIKEY HARTNETT**, son of Jessica & James Kerwin
- 7/21 **OSCAR REED PUGH**, son of Jon Pugh & Rachelle Guiragossian
- 7/21 **RED LAYNE**, daughter of Greg & Trillich Layne
- 7/21 **SEAN COLLINS**, brother of Kelly Collins
- 7/21 **SONU ADAMS**, daughter of Una Chaudhuri & Michael Adams, sister of Nathaniel Adams
- 7/21 **STACEY LEONDIS**, sister of Diana Liondis
- 7/21 **THOMAS PARISI**, son of Pamela Parisi
- 7/22 **ANDREW MARTIN**, son of Marina Re
- 7/22 **JUSTIN R. NEGRON**, son of Nancy Negron, brother of Samantha
- 7/22 **MILES STEPHENSON**, son of Syntyche Stephenson
- 7/22 **SAM BINNICKER**, brother of Griffin Binnicker
- 7/22 **WILL GARRIGAN**, brother of Erin Garrigan
- 7/24 **MAYA**, sister of Matt Klegon
- 7/24 **THERESA MARTIN HOUGH**, daughter of Sara Martin
- 7/25 **ABIGAIL BURG**, daughter of Jean & David Burg
- 7/25 **ARJUN VEER SHARMA**, son of Vikas & Priyanka Sharma
- 7/25 **ISABEL L. DODWELL**, daughter of Amy & William Dodwell
- 7/26 **ANTHONY & NICHOLAS AURELIA**, twin sons of Patrick Aurelia
- 7/26 **DANIELLE HYMOWITZ**, daughter of Karen Hymowitz
- 7/26 **LAEL MASE**, daughter of Marla Mase
- 7/26 **MARSHALL NEIDIG**, son of Quinn and Joe Neidig
- 7/27 **DANA YONATAN**, sister of Nirit Yonatan
- 7/27 **ALEXIS NICOLE NEGRON**, daughter of German (Herman) Negron
- 7/27 **ANAYA TAHA**, granddaughter of Soheir Kache
- 7/27 **MARK COOKE**, son of Maureen Cooke, brother of Jamie
- 7/27 **MICHAEL SINCLAIR**, son of Susan Sinclair
- 7/28 **EMILY MACKEY**, sister of Lauren Minchen
- 7/28 **OSCAR JOAQUIN**, son of Dru Levasseur
- 7/28 **VALDING DURAN**, son of Milagros Bueno
- 7/30 **DAVID YOOD**, son of Nora & Barry Yood
- 7/30 **ORIVAH GRAY**, daughter of Chelsea Conklin
- 7/31 **JASON SCHECHTER**, son of Leo Schechter
- 7/31 **PAIX MICHAEL BARILLON**, son of Christine & Benjamin Barillon
- 7/31 **RENEE THOMPSON**, daughter of Gregory & Joy Thompson



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CHAT SCHEDULE. Click here to display exact times and to see entire schedule			
ET	MORNING	EARLIER EVENING	LATER EVENING
MON	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings	First time CHAT orientation	General Bereavement Parents/Grandparents/Siblings
TUE		Loss to Substance Related Causes First time CHAT orientation	Bereaved less than 2 yrs Bereaved more than 2 yrs
WED	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings	First time CHAT orientation	General Bereavement Parents/Grandparents/Siblings
THU		No Surviving Children First time CHAT orientation	General Bereavement Parents/Grandparents/Siblings
FRI	General Bereavement Parents/Grandparents/Siblings	Pregnancy/Infant Loss	General Bereavement Parents/Grandparents/Siblings
SAT			General Bereavement Parents/Grandparents/Siblings
SUN		Suicide Loss	General Bereavement Issues Parents/Grandparents/Siblings

The Compassionate Friends National Office
48660 Pontiac Trail #930808, Wixom, MI 48393
Toll Free (877) 969-0010
www.compassionatefriends.org
email:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE
TCF Online National Magazine
[Click here for Information](#)

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!
Our next Chapter meetings are Tuesdays:
JUN 14 JUL 12 AUG 9 SEP 13
JUN 28 JUL 26 AUG 23 SEP 27

Newsletter article submissions are welcome.
Please email to marielevine2@verizon.net

MAKE A DONATION
[Click here to Donate to the Manhattan Chapter](#)

OUR COMPASSIONATE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

Babylon	1st Friday	(516) 795-8644	Rockville Centre	2nd Friday	(516) 766-4682
Bronx	2nd Tuesday	(914) 714-4885	Rockland County	3rd Tuesday	(845) 398-9762
Brookhaven	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809	SmithPoint/Mastic	2nd Thursday	(631) 281-9004
Brooklyn	3rd Wednesday	(917) 952-9751	Staten Island	2nd & 4th Thurs.	(718) 983-0377
Flushing	3rd Friday	(718) 746-5010	Syosset (Plainview)	3rd Friday	(718) 767-0904
Manhasset	3rd Tuesday	(516) 466-2480	Twin Forks/Hamptons	3rd Friday	(646) 894-0317
Marine Park, Bklyn	3rd Friday	(718) 605-1545	White Plains	1st Thursday	(914) 381-3389
Medford	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809			

PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUPS

Click below for National Website's Listing of groups.

24/7 PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUPS

- | | |
|---|--|
| <u>TCF – Loss of a Child</u> | <u>TCF – Loss of a Grandchild</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss of a Stepchild</u> | <u>TCF – Grandparents Raising their Grandchildren</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss of an Only Child/All Your Children</u> | <u>TCF – Miscarriage, Stillbirth, Loss of an Infant Grandchild</u> |
| <u>TCF – Multiple Losses</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to Long-term Illness</u> |
| <u>TCF – Daughterless Mothers</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to Cancer</u> |
| <u>TCF – Men in Grief</u> | <u>TCF – Loss After Withdrawing Life Support</u> |
| <u>TCF – Bereaved LGBTQ Parents with Loss of a Child</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to Mental Illness</u> |
| <u>TCF – Bereaved Parents with Grandchild Visitation Issues</u> | <u>TCF – Sudden Death</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss to Miscarriage or Stillbirth</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to Suicide</u> |
| <u>TCF – Infant and Toddler Loss</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to Homicide</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss of a Child 4 -12 Years Old</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to Substance Related Causes</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss of a Child 13-19 Years Old</u> | <u>TCF – Loss to a Drunk/Impaired Driver</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss of an Adult Child</u> | <u>TCF – Grieving with Faith and Hope</u> |
| <u>TCF – Loss of a Child with Special Needs</u> | <u>TCF – Reading Your Way Through Grief</u> |

The Compassionate Friends
c/o Sally Petrick - Treasurer
945 West End Ave Apt 2B
New York, NY 10025

Making a Donation—Now Online

Many of us are grateful for what Compassionate Friends has done for them and want to lend their support, even those who do not currently attend our meetings. You can still mail a check to the address to the left or donate online.

[Click here to Donate to the Manhattan Chapter](#)