



The Compassionate Friends
Manhattan Chapter
 Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Our next meetings...
Mar 19
Apr 16
May 21
Jun 18

Manhattan Chapter Newsletter **March 2024**

OUR MARCH 19TH MEETING IN-PERSON

We will be in-person only March 19th. We are still working to figure out how and when we can work in on-line meetings. It's by far worth the extra effort to come in-person, but we recognize not everyone can.

YESTERDAY

Yesterday, I heard your voice.
 Today that voice is still.
 I yearn to hear it once again.
 I guess I always will.

Yesterday, I touched your face,
 as you lay safe in bed.
 If I could kiss you just once more,
 and stroke your precious head.

You touched my life so briefly,
 and the magic lingers on.
 It blesses me at twilight,
 and it wakes me with the dawn.

If I live until forever,
 'til my eyes no longer see,
 my mind will e're remember,
 what you were, and are, to me.

~ **Marcia Dyke, Ocala, FL**

ALWAYS YESTERDAY

by **Marie Levine**

I wrote this in 2000... seven years into my bereavement. Just seven years after Peter left this world I had already learned so many of the lessons I needed in order to achieve the coping skills that survival required. Re-reading it now, I am still amazed at what I thought in the beginning... that those who had been grieving for just a few years more than me were so far beyond the grief I was feeling. Now, so many decades later, I am reassured every day, that Peter is ever present. Not a day goes by that I don't think of him, miss him, long for him and love him. He is always on my mind.

The first time I walked in to a Compassionate Friends meeting, I had been a bereaved parent for 4 weeks. Some of the people who greeted me had been at it for two or three years. I remember one person who had been bereaved for 5 years and I think now about some of the thoughts that went through my mind then. That someone who was two years ahead of me was so beyond feeling what I was feeling...why, I thought, they're practically over it. Three years was further along than I could possibly imagine and 5 years...well, 5 years. What were they doing there?

A few days ago I spoke to a friend who I met during those first weeks. Her brother had died 3 years earlier and she was so broken hearted for me then. We bonded as bereaved people do and our friendship has flourished. The other day, she was tenderly commiserating with me as we contemplated the upcoming 7th anniversary of Peter's death and the 10th anniversary of her brother's. And what we realized as we spoke is that though we've come a long way, there is no time after the death of a child...or a sibling. In our world, it's always yesterday.

(con't on page 2)

TELEPHONE FRIENDS: When you are having the kind of day you feel only another bereaved parent or sibling can understand, we can 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
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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS MEETINGS are now monthly - always the third Tuesday of the month
WE MEET AT 7:00pm—arrive or sign on at 6:45pm
 This month, Mar. 19, 2024, we will be meeting only in person at 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.

Always Yesterday... (con't from page 1)

I've been in survival mode now for 7 years. I've learned a lot. I've learned some of the coping skills I need to live my life. I've learned to live with Peter as a more present aspect of my life than he might have been if he lived thousands of miles away. He is in my consciousness every minute. I've learned that no matter what the experts say about being a bereaved parent... no one has figured out how to describe the reality of our world. I've also learned how important it is to try. And I've learned that I will continue to learn how to go on. That I have no more answers about my life now than I did when Peter was alive. But I do have more questions.

I think about that first year a lot. I remember;

- waking up every day to discover the nightmare was real, sobbing uncontrollably at the reality,
- feeling a genuine hollow emptiness just below my heart,
- moving in slow motion,
- the "why's", "what if's" and "if only's",
- the torment of feeling he was going through the same struggle on the other side,
- forgetting to breathe...then suddenly gasping for air,
- becoming lost in thought and discovering almost a whole day had gone by,
- feeling like the world was out of sync, like a movie slightly off its soundtrack
- wondering, wondering how I could possibly survive and not even wanting to,
- feeling singularly punished by fate,
- wanting to feel "better" but not wanting to let go of the intensity of my pain
- seeing any eventual healing as a betrayal of my singular love for Peter,
- fearing that people would judge my behavior as a reflection of how much I hurt or didn't hurt. Knowing how much I always hurt,
- angry at all the platitudes directed at me – "Time heals...", "He's in a better place...", "You need to get on with your life...", and my favorite; "You're so unbelievable. If it were me, I would die!"

How was that supposed to make me feel? Did it mean they loved their children more? That their pain would be great enough to kill? That mine wasn't enough? Truth is, that's what I always thought when I heard about someone else. And that's the big revelation. We don't die. We go on, forced to learn a whole new way to cope with a totally new, unimaginable life.

I remember vividly my physical discomfort that first year. Uncomfortable in my own skin, desperate for some magical, impossible comfort, a release from my torment. Even while I feared losing that same pain. And I remember my anger – anger at the event, anger at my victimization, anger at those who tried to comfort me...anger at those who didn't. Surviving those first few years are as surprising as the event itself. It amazes me to this day that we continue to live our lives. Indeed, we even make plans!

Today, Peter is still on my mind every minute. But every minute is not filled with unmitigated pain and disbelief. That only happens sometimes. Most of the time I think of him with a smile, remembering what a wonder he was. I speak of him all the time, determined that he remain a part of this life. And now I know what every bereaved parent before me knew and what all those who will come after will learn. That there is no way we ever forget. That we'll never "get better" or "get over it". That

(con't in next column)

Always Yesterday... (con't from left column)

our children are with us every minute. That not a holiday, birthday, or anniversary goes by without noting their absence. That every day we wonder what they would be doing now. That no matter how far we travel on this journey, when we think of our children, it seems like just yesterday.

Marie Levine, August 2000

My Daughter's Future Was Taken From Her, and From Us

by Sarah Wildman

Ms. Wildman is a NY Times staff editor and writer in Opinion.

In late 2008, toward the end of my pregnancy with Orli, I interviewed the actor [Harvey Fierstein](#), then starring in "Hairspray." As I made my way through the crowd backstage at the Neil Simon Theater, past cast members and stage managers, hangers-on and well-wishers, Mr. Fierstein caught a glimpse of my belly. "Make way!" [he barked, raspily](#). "This woman is carrying the hopes and dreams of her entire family!" Everyone laughed.

I have thought of that moment often in the bewildering, terrible weeks since Orli's death, at 14. I have thought of how incredibly buoyant I felt, how much anticipation we all seemed to share.

I thought of that night when I added woeful words to my vocabulary. My partner, Ian, and I are, in Hebrew, "av shakul" and "em shakula" — a bereaved father and mother. In English the term "bereaved" feels polite, even sanitized. I needed a word as crushing as the experience. We are parents who have seen a future stolen. To raise a child is to assume you will leave that child first, but we have buried our firstborn. I have tried to process it through other languages. "Estoy de luto" — I am grieving for all that was, and all that could have been. "Je suis en deuil" — I am in mourning.

Some weeks after Orli was born, I took her along with me on a reporting assignment. She began to fuss. "Who are you going to be, girl?" the man I was interviewing cooed at her. "Who are you going to be?" The world then seemed open, awakened by her newness, with that guileless sense that, as my father assured me early on, I need not fear mucking it all up. After all, we had survived as a species.

All that potential seemed to bear out, too, in Orli, and then later in her sister, Hana — in their temperaments, in their curiosity and, eventually, in their resilience over three and a half years of terrible illness. Orli's cancer diagnosis didn't warp the wonder they shared; it sharpened it, made it less random. There were no minor experiences once so many hours of so many weeks had been swallowed up by hospital days of leaden time in airless, fluorescent-lit hallways, endless blood draws and treatments that at times seemed to draw more from the era of barbershop medicine than modern science. Joy could be found in a late-night city walk, a streaming series binge, a bowl of great ramen, a round of laughter, a perfect dandelion puff, a shareable tree swing or in unexpectedly adding an extra night to a vacation. Pride came in the hard-won knowledge Orli would impart to others in how to navigate some of the most impossible things a person can face.

I have struggled, since writing a eulogy for my 14-year-old, to use the past tense. How can I apply the past tense to someone so fully present? So fully herself, so fully formed, so insistently alive? When doctors asked her if it was really her wish to continue treatment, she replied, insistently and with exasperation, "Yes! You've given up on me!"

(con't on page 3)

My Daughter's Future

(con't from page 2)

That said, Orli wasn't fearless. She engaged with fear: She spoke to it, got under it, wanted to understand it, didn't run from it. She insisted that we, her parents, sit with it and not lie to her about it. She did not want to die, contrary to the fallacy, seemingly held by some of our doctors, that her will to live might fade as her prospects dimmed. Even when cancer robbed her of so much personal agency, of moments of dignity, eventually of her mobility and even, frustratingly, some of her precious words, she did not want to leave this world behind.

In her last weeks, I understood, viscerally, why washing someone's feet is a holy act.

As our world narrowed, no one could sufficiently explain how to help us — or her — contemplate, without rage or hysteria, the monstrous possibility of death at such a wrong age. We had so much forward momentum for so long, it seemed inconceivable.

Still, at some point, her sense of time seemed to shift: Where once she had talked about college, now she just wanted to go to high school. She asked me why I hadn't yet enrolled her in summer camp. One visiting hospice doctor, at her bedside, asked her if she had any places she'd still like to see. She told him she wanted to go to Tokyo.

The loss of Orli is a phantom limb that wakes me in the night or, sometimes, lies dormant with me for hours; I never know which will happen. Seeing old friends recently I joked, dry-eyed, about the wonder and terror of the first seven days of Jewish mourning — the shiva — being like a sort of cocktail party in hell. The night before, at a lovely restaurant, apropos of nothing at all, I started weeping into my food and ran to escape the table. I wear only waterproof mascara now.

Her absence is a palpable presence. As Hana said to me, "This is our first May without Orli." We have already gone on our first road trip without her, taking as a paltry stand-in one of Orli's beloved stuffed foxes. We each see a new place as we imagine she might see it, old places as she once walked them; we worry over how hard it will be to do the things she desperately wanted to do without her.

There is a blurry quality to time now. The other night, I took a dance class thinking I would focus on movement — until I signed in and realized it was the very studio where Orli danced until she first fell ill. I could see myself there, some 40 months earlier, talking to her teacher about the strange pain keeping my daughter from class.

I am queried, daily, by friends and colleagues about how I'm feeling. I try to explain that I am terrifically, ineffably, surrealistically sad, but I am not always unhappy. Hana, after all, is our joy. But the pain she feels over losing her sister is concrete and multidimensional; it is preoccupied with the altered present and it is aware of a changed future. In the early days, her hurt was so raw we could just barely keep hold of her in its tumult. Hana worried that she was so angry with God that God would be angry with her. We explained to her that we come from a tradition of questioning and of confronting God. We reassured her: We are all angry. She is, after all, only 9. She still needs us to run with her to the park, to continue to experience the world anew. We cannot sink. We must all float together.

The peculiarity of grieving an adolescent is that there is still so much Orli to absorb. Some of it comes by way of anecdotes offered by friends and acquaintances, some from her written journals. A vast majority of it is from her phone, which is alive with her photos and videos, beginnings of stories she wrote, with talent

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My Daughter's Future

(con't from left column)

and snark, with worldly observations, with anger. The Orli in her phone isn't bound by the terrible chronology of her illness; she can walk, she can dance, she can narrate her own story. I sometimes miss her phone when I am away from it. I crave it. I dole it out to myself in tiny doses.

But the stories in Orli's phone are finite. I have all the Orli photos I will ever have. I can only look backward.

Nor can I change what remained for her unresolved. I cannot finish the stories she started writing, answer the texts that remain unanswered. I cannot demand engagement from those who had stopped engaging.

"I haven't had one full year since this began," she told me a few weeks before she died, meaning a year exclusively devoted to school and childhood, free from those hospital hallways, from surgery and radiation, chemotherapy and blood draws and fear. She once told me life had ended for her when cancer began. But that wasn't really true. She lived every moment hugely. It just was no longer entirely a life of her choosing, or ours. Orli knew that she was both more mature than her peers and missing out on all the things that make a childhood a childhood and allow one to mature to maturity.

A few weeks after the funeral, I dreamed that my wallet was stolen. I begged everyone around me to return it, irrationally crying about how I had also lost my daughter. When I woke, I realized the wallet I described in the dream — a small, zippered, purple bag with "Steve's Packs Jerusalem" on it — was the one I carried the year I turned 20, when my life, all potential and theoretical joy, was in front of me. Back then, I knew nothing of this pain, this feeling I have sometimes of walking around with no dermal layer protecting me from the world at all. In the dream, Orli's wallet was returned to me instead of my own.

In the heartbreaking time since she left us, we have struggled to understand how it's possible such a big life is no longer here. I have taken some comfort in knowing, the night before she died, that her final words were to tell her sister she loved her. I have taken some comfort in knowing how we all whispered to her, again and again and again, that we loved her, even in those last moments, even as I felt her leaving me. I lay with her for hours after she was gone, knowing I would never have the chance again, until Ian had to gently tell me it was time to let the men from the funeral home in

Recently, several people quietly told me that she had helped them in some way, inspired them or helped them with their pain. If she could continue to engage, to be concerned beyond herself, they could, too. Her instinct was always to assist, to write to the kid on the other side of the country struggling with chemo-related hair loss, to find out if a friend's sibling headed to the hospital needed advice on how to navigate hospital time, to see if a newly diagnosed child wanted tips on making life in cancer care more bearable, or even to encourage someone going through a divorce to dance. And so, even when I'm crushed with grief, Orli continues to teach me. Some of the lessons are basic but worth repeating: It matters to reach out, over and over, even in minor ways. It matters to visit. It matters to care.

Shockingly, I still wake each morning. In the first moments of each day a part of me still wonders if somehow reality will realign or if this new disorder is here to stay. The honor of Orli's physical presence was only ours for 14 years. But her immediacy, her insouciance, her joy and her pain are ours forever, even if we live another 50 years without her.

Sarah Wildman is a NYTimes staff editor and writer in Opinion. She is the author of "Paper Love: Searching for the Girl My Grandfather Left Behind"

Change and Challenge

As I look back over the past six years since our son died, I realize how much I have changed. When we talk about grieving, we often forget to mention that we grieve, too, for the person we were before our child died. We might have been energetic and fun-loving but are now serious and absorbed.

Our friends and family miss the “old us” too, and their comments show it. “Don’t you think it’s time to return to normal?”, “you don’t laugh as much as you used to.” They are grieving for the person who will never be the same again.

Like the caterpillar who shrouds itself in a cocoon, we shroud ourselves in grief when our child dies. We wonder, our family wonders, our friends wonder – will he or she come out of it? Will they make it through the long sleep? What hues will show when they emerge? If you’ve ever watched a butterfly struggle from the safety of a cocoon, you’ll know that the change is not quick or easy – but worth the effort!

We begin to mark our struggle from the cocoon of grief when we begin to like the “new us”. When our priorities become different and people become more important than things; when we grasp a hand that reaches and reach in turn to pull another from his own cocoon; when we embrace the change and turn the change into a challenge, then we can proudly say, “I have survived against overwhelming odds. Even though my child’s death is not worth the change in and of itself, the changes and the challenges give us hope that we can be happy, we can be fulfilled again, we can love again.”

~ **Sherry Mutchler**, TCF, Appleton, WI

“I was shocked that I did not die from grief. And I know now that I will not die from it, because I choose not to. I may run, or shake wildly, or lie paralyzed on the ground for a while, but I will not ultimately succumb”

~ **Molly Fumia**, “Safe Passage”

“ I know our sorrow and I know that for the likes of us there is no ease for the heart to be had from words or reason and that in the very assurance of sorrows fading, there is more sorrow.

So I offer you my deeply affectionate and compassionate thoughts, and wish for you that the strange thing may never fail you – whatever it is – that gives us the strength to live on with our wounds.”

~ **Samuel Beckett**

Since I Lost You

I awaken every morning
drowning in the pain
and the incredible realization
that I won’t see you again.

My heart is very heavy.
The grief is so immense,
no physical ache or pain on earth
could be as agonizing or intense.

The doctors found no answers.
I can’t fathom any plan.
Was robbing you of the rest of your life
an act of God or man?

How can you be gone for good?
There’s no reason nor no rhyme.
They tell me not to reason why;
that my wounds will heal with time.

Time is what you didn’t have,
time to laugh and cry.
Time to learn and time to love
before your time to die.

Faith is what I used to have,
when I still had my son.
Anger and doubt have destroyed my faith.
My hell has just begun.

Life as I knew it has ceased to exist,
my world is not the same.
I cry and curse and rage and scream.
Where do I place the blame?

Do not weep on my behalf,
we all have paid the cost,
for a noble life that was not to be
and the light the world has lost.

~ **Madelaine Perri Kasden**
In loving memory of **Neill Perri**

CONFERENCE REGISTRATION NOW OPEN

www.compassionatefriends.org

July 12-14, 2024

Compassion
FILLS THE AIR



TCF 47TH NATIONAL CONFERENCE 2024
New Orleans, LA

Recommended reading...

- ◆ The Bereaved Parent by Harriet Sarnoff
- ◆ First You Die by Marie Levine
- ◆ Talking to Heaven by James Van Praagh
- ◆ Beyond Tears by nine mothers
- ◆ Love Never Dies by Sandy Goodman

⇒ take advantage of the book list on the TCF website www.compassionatefriends.org

⇒ go to www.centeringcorp.org, for an extensive list of resources for ALL those grieving for every possible reason – for parents, grandparents, siblings, mothers, fathers, teens, children...because of sudden death, accident, long term illness, infant loss, miscarriage, homicide, substance abuse, etc.

Reading other bereaved people's stories helps us. Take advantage of these resources. Discovering how much of what we feel is being experienced by fellow travelers helps us understand the process and restores hope.

...to our new members

Attending your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. Often, it is the second, third or fourth meeting where you will find just the right person or the right words said that will help you along in your grief.

...to our long standing members

We need your encouragement and continued support. You are what ties our group together. Sadly, each meeting brings new parents. *THINK BACK...* what would it have been like for you if there had not been any "oldtimers" to welcome you and share your grief and encourage you and tell you that in time, the pain will soften...with time, there is hope.

~ ~ ~

The Compassionate Friends Credo

We need not walk alone.

We are The Compassionate Friends.

We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope.

Our children have died at all ages and from many different causes,

but our love for our children unites us.

Your pain becomes my pain just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances.

We are a unique family because we represent many races and creeds.

We are young and we are old.

Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh,

and so intensely painful that we feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength; some of us are struggling to find answers.

Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or deep depression; others radiate an inner peace.

It is pain we will share just as we share the love for our children.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves,

but we are committed to building a future together as we reach out to each other

in love, and share the pain as well as the joy,

share the anger as well as the peace,

share the faith as well as the doubts,

and help each other to grieve, as well as to grow.

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS.

~ ~ ~

Online Support from the National Compassionate Friends Website

Live Chats

The Compassionate Friends offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions.

Click [HERE](#) for more information and a list and schedule of Live Chats.

Private Facebook Groups

The Compassionate Friends offers a variety of Private Facebook Groups. These pages cover a wide range of topics and are moderated by bereaved parents, siblings, or grandparents. They may accessed only after a request to join is approved by a moderator.

Click [HERE](#) for more information and a list of Private Facebook Groups.

Siblings

I recently came upon an excellent book for those coping with sibling grief. It is called **“Healing the Adult Sibling’s Grieving Heart”** by **Dr. Alan D. Wolfelt**, a highly respected grief therapist and author of many books on the subject of grieving. This book offers 100 ideas and practical advice to those grieving the loss of a brother or sister. In the interest of offering the same comfort and validation this newsletter offers to those of us grieving the loss of a child, I plan to bring much of Dr. Wolfelt’s thoughts and advice to our treasured sibling members through this newsletter. ~Marie

Here is the foreword to **“Healing the Adult Sibling’s Grieving Heart”** written by sibling **Amy Anderson**:

Seven years ago, my life changed forever.

It started with the fateful phone call from my panic-stricken mother. I will never forget that conversation. The moment in time is as real now as it was that day. Her piercing words are still ringing in my ears. The scream that erupted from my own lungs is still vivid and painful. My exact location, my clothing, the weather and even the short drive I had in front of me is so real, As if it just happened.

Her words were, “Amy, your brother is dead.”

And everything changed.

My future changed.

My past changed.

My life changed.

Forever.

My strong, intelligent, “on-top-of-the-world,” entrepreneurial, well-liked, supportive, understanding, funny, charming, loving adult brother was gone. My best friend and confidant was gone. Forever. And my life would never be the same.

My dreams for him, for our future together, were gone. I would never have a sister-in-law, a niece or nephew, a large gathering full of family... my family. The reality that I was “it” – alone, the only child, the only person left to take care of our parents in the future – hit so hard. Not Mitch and I, as we had joked and teased about for years. Just me.

People often ask me how my parents are doing since Mitch’s death. How my grandparents are doing. How my children are doing. And even how my brother’s dog is doing. What they don’t ask is how I’m doing. It’s just understood that because I’m an adult, I’m dealing with this loss differently or more valiantly than others. Or perhaps it’s that the relationship I had with Mitch was different than the relationships they share with their siblings. I’m not sure.

I do know that I lost my “partner -in-crime,” a person I don’t remember life without, my best friend. I am blown away with emotion. I have deep sadness for the things that will never be the same and for the things I will never have with my brother. I miss the childhood validation I got from him and our long talks about what we looked forward to in the future.

It has been eight years since Mitch died, and I can say that my grief has softened. In the beginning, I couldn’t talk about his life or death without crying and feeling gut-wrenchingly devastated. Now I’m more able to remember his life, not just his death.

What has helped me with my grief? Talking about him has been the biggest help. Every time I tell the stories of his life and death, my emotions get a little less raw and I feel a little stronger. In (this) book Dr. Wolfelt advocates actively remembering your brother or sister who died. It’s true. The more you remember, and the more you share those memories – good and bad – aloud with others, the more you will begin to heal.

My family also makes a point of remembering Mitch on special days. We tell stories about him on holidays and we honor him in other ways. For us, it helps to acknowledge Mitch’s life even as we move forward with our own.

(con’t in next column)

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.

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](#)

TCF SIBLING CHATS

Some online chats for adult and teen siblings to share concerns and feelings are available on the TCF National website

[Click here to display the full schedule of chats for both parents and siblings](#)

Exploring my spirituality after Mitch’s death has also helped me heal. My faith has changed and deepened since Mitch died. At first, I was furious with God, but by exploring my spirituality through discussions with spiritual leaders and friends, and after reading many books, I’ve found hope.

Even though Mitch is no longer here, I know he’s not gone either.

I encourage you to try some of the excellent ideas in Dr. Wolfelt’s compassionate book. Learn more about grief and mourning. Find people who will listen to you tell your story of love and loss for your sibling. Become an advocate for yourself and your own healing – especially in our culture, which tends to downplay the importance of sibling loss.

You miss your brother or sister. I deeply miss Mitch too. We understand each other, you and I. I hope you will be comforted in the knowledge that others have walked the same path you walk and have ultimately found a sense of peace.

~ Amy Anderson

MARCH BIRTHDAYS



3/1 **JO ANNA BURRO**, daughter of Jeanette Burro
 3/1 **RISA FIELD**, sister of Barbara Field
 3/1 **ROSARIO TORANZO**, sister of Carmen Toranzo
 3/1 **SCOTT DEMEL**, son of Caren and Marc Demel
 3/3 **AREIS GORDON**, son of Joselyn Gordon
 3/3 **DAVID MILLER**, brother of Jeanie Miller
 3/3 **DIANE HASS**, daughter of Lillian Hass
 3/3 **JENNA AGULE**, sister of Devon Agule
 3/4 **CHRISTOPHER ROMINE**, brother of Jennifer Romine
 3/4 **JASMINA ANEMA**, daughter of Theodora Anema
 3/5 **PAMELYNN SAMUEL**, daughter of Madelaine Samuel
 3/5 **RAY RATTRAY**, son of Amy Schrier & Dan Rattray
 3/5 **STEFANO AGOSTINELLI**, son of Pascale Agostinelli
 3/6 **LEAH NICO**, daughter of Linda Sacks, sister of Mara Bragg
 3/6 **PARKER KOLTCHAK**, son of Deb Capone
 3/6 **SITA OLIVE SINGH DUTTON**, daughter of Nirvani Bissessar and Edward Dutton
 3/7 **CHRISTIAN FUERSICH**, son of Janet Fuersich
 3/7 **RORY DAZE CHONG**, son of Pam Chong
 3/7 **SHIMMER HALL**, daughter of Janine James
 3/8 **DANIELLE ALEXANDRA GORDON**, daughter of Fran Gordon
 3/8 **MAGGIE GOWELL**, daughter of John & Rosanna Gowell and sister of Jesse
 3/9 **ANJELINA PATRICE WILLS**, granddaughter of Patricia Tyler-Owens
 3/10 **CYBELE ELIZABETH FISHER-KOPPEL**, daughter of Phyllis & Jack Fisher, sister of Remy Fisher-Bauman
 3/10 **ELINOR FRIEDBERG BLUME**, daughter of Leslie Kandell
 3/10 **JULIAN SERAFIN**, son of Agata Lisok-Serafin
 3/11 **GRACE CORDERO**, daughter of Margarita Zambrano
 3/11 **LYNDON HOWARD**, son of Lila Howard
 3/11 **SEAMUS WOOD**, son of Will Wood & Deb Funkhouser
 3/12 **BENJAMIN RONALD OJEDA-FEINSTEIN**, son of Talo Ojeda & Reva Feinstein
 3/13 **ALEXANDER ANDUJAR JR.**, son of Madelaine Colon
 3/13 **ROBERT CABALES**, son of Susan Cabaales
 3/14 **ALEXANDRA POLLIO**, daughter of Kathleen Curcio
 3/14 **BENJAMIN LEWIS KAPLAN**, son of Barbara Lewis Kaplan, brother of Julia Kaplan
 3/14 **WILLIAM JOHN BERTRAND**, son of MaryLee Bertrand
 3/15 **ROBERT PATRICK JENKINS**, son of Barbara Jenkins, brother of Cheryl

3/17 **ELYSE CARVER**, daughter of Violette Carver
 3/17 **GERSON JAIR SALMON**, son of Ivette Salmon
 3/17 **SOLOMON LEVINE**, son of Debby Levine
 3/17 **WILLIAM FISHER**, son of Sally A. Fisher
 3/18 **ANDY FISHER**, son of Barbara Fisher
 3/18 **ANDY PERSAUD**, son of Dennis Persaud, brother of Andrea Persaud
 3/18 **DESHA BEAMER**, sister of Laura Beamer
 3/19 **CHARLOTTE MILLER**, daughter of Caitlin Felton & Barney Miller, sister of Clara
 3/20 **ISABEL L. DODWELL**, daughter of Amy & William Dodwell
 3/20 **PHILIP GOODFRIEND**, son of Debbie Goodfriend
 3/21 **JOSHUA UNDERWOOD**, brother of Sarah Underwood
 3/22 **DARIA NORTON**, daughter of Charlotte Savino & Lee Norton
 3/23 **ALEXANDER ROBERTS**, son of Nancy Roberts
 3/23 **GLENN GILLIARD**, son of Rose Chaney
 3/23 **MANUEL RODRIGUEZ**, son of Irene Rodriguez
 3/24 **BRYANT GIBBS**, brother of Cynthia Gibbs-Pratt
 3/24 **RONAN CHRISTOPHER LOUIS**, son of Rick Louis
 3/25 **AUDREY NIBLO**, daughter of John Niblo
 3/25 **JADEN MAXWELL THOMAS**, son of Louise Thomas, brother of Tanya
 3/25 **RICHARD CONLEY**, son of Phyllis Conley
 3/26 **BEN BREEN**, son of Carol Breen
 3/26 **JEREMY PALLEY**, son of Iris Palley and Stephen Palley
 3/26 **NOAH COMPTON-MEYER**, nephew of Allison Meyer
 3/27 **CHADWICK ALEXANDER ANDERSON**, son of Stacie Hawkins
 3/27 **STEVEN HOUTERMAN**, son of Awilda Rodriguez Houterman
 3/28 **DAVID LANG BAREK**, son of Peggy Lang
 3/29 **BRANDON WEDEL**, brother of Brittni Wedel
 3/29 **MICHAEL VINCENT ROSEN PIPITONE**, son of Alison Rosen & David Hantman
 3/29 **ROBERT VRABLIK**, brother of Lauren Vrablik
 3/30 **ALEX REY**, son of Alex and Myrna Rey, brother of Amanda Rey
 3/30 **AURELIE FRANCHITTI**, daughter of Marianna Vertsman, sister of Valerie Franchitti
 3/30 **SANDY SMITH**, sister of Cindy Smith
 3/30 **ZANE MANDEL-MICHALAK**, son of Janet Robinson
 3/31 **ADAM RAPOPORT**, brother of Lindsay Rapoport
 3/31 **ROBERT RODRIGUEZ**, son of Caroline Linares





OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED



MARCH ANNIVERSARIES

3/2 **DANIEL ALBERT**, son of Anita Albert, brother of Jenna Van Dusen
 3/2 **NATASHA GEMBKA**, daughter of Tim & Alexis Gembka
 3/2 **TY PICKETT**, son of Jan Pickett
 3/3 **ERIC LINETT**, beloved nephew of Roberta Schine
 3/3 **LOUIS ARESU**, son of Elizabeth Sperrazza, brother of Maria Sperrazza
 3/4 **EDDIE WALSH**, twin brother of Tricia Walsh
 3/4 **SAESHA KAYTAL**, daughter of Supriya & Sid Kaytal
 3/4 **WILL EARLE**, son of Nancy Earle
 3/5 **MICHAEL MCFARLAND**, son of Tamara McFarland
 3/6 **ALEXANDER MAXWELL**, son of Deanna & Kent Grant
 3/6 **DANIELLE BAKER**, sister of Tiffany Baker
 3/6 **DIMITRI VAZQUEZ**, son of Maria Bryant
 3/6 **RICHIE BENANTI**, son of Monica Benanti
 3/7 **PETER SCHLENDORF**, son of Karen Schlendorf
 3/9 **DAVID 'JESSE' REISSMAN**, brother of Phil Reissman
 3/9 **DONNA MALIZIS**, daughter of Agata Malizis
 3/9 **ROBERT VRABLIK**, brother of Lauren Vrablik
 3/9 **ROSARIO TORANZO**, sister of Carmen Toranzo
 3/10 **BRIAN MARC LIPTON**, son of Nancy & Charles Lipton
 3/11 **GRACE CORDERO**, daughter of Margarita Zambrano
 3/11 **MILO KESSLER**, son of Alana Fishberg & Daryl Kessler
 3/12 **AMOL VADEHRA**, brother of Mallika Vadehra
 3/12 **BURTON SANDLES**, son of Ina Sandles
 3/12 **TEREL SMITH**, son of Cathy Philbert
 3/13 **JACK CASSELS**, son of Ellen Cassels-Conde & John Cassels, brother of Collin Cassels
 3/13 **JOHN CORBETT**, brother of Sara Corbett
 3/13 **JUDAH GUBBAY**, son of Marge Gubbay
 3/13 **NOAH COMPTON-MEYER**, nephew of Allison Meyer
 3/14 **AMY KIMM**, daughter of Arleen Becker
 3/14 **MICHAEL ANTHONY EAGLE**, son of Leslie Katina Eagle
 3/15 **DANIELLE ALEXANDRA GORDON**, daughter of Fran Gordon
 3/16 **ARTHUR KOZLOVSKI**, brother of Kristina Kozlovski
 3/16 **CHARLIE DENIHAN**, son of Barbara and Ben Denihan, brother of Krissy and Kate

3/16 **MICHAEL KAMEO**, son of Mordi and Keren Kameo
 3/16 **NICHOLAS MONICO**, son of Lisa & Craig Monico
 3/17 **ISAAC JACOB MEYERS**, son of Nahma Sandrow Meyers, brother of Hannah Meyers
 3/17 **LAUREN HAROPULOS**, daughter of Mike & Barbara Haropulos
 3/18 **CATHERINE CORENU**, daughter of Carrie Tuhly
 3/18 **CHARLENE ALVAREZ**, daughter of Charlie Alvarez
 3/18 **DAVID MILLER**, brother of Jeanie Miller
 3/19 **DAVID KRANZ**, son of Denise Kranz and Charles Katz
 3/19 **SITA OLIVE SINGH DUTTON**, daughter of Nirvani Bissessar and Edward Dutton
 3/20 **MICHAEL STEIN**, son of Eric Stein
 3/20 **RASHID WASHINGTON**, son of Chakaina Anderson
 3/21 **JELANI CARTER**, son of Darlene Hoffman
 3/21 **LOUIS KORENMAN**, son of Sanders Korenman
 3/21 **MELANIE DINOWITZ**, daughter of Elaine Dinowitz
 3/21 **MICHAEL CYRUS**, son of Linda Reed
 3/22 **CARRA POLEN**, daughter of Nella Hahn
 3/22 **LIN GUO**, brother of Sylvia Guo
 3/23 **ARIELLE ANEY**, daughter of Jenelle & Christopher Aney
 3/24 **CALLUM ROCHE**, son of Sean Roche
 3/24 **SUZANNE PAGE**, daughter of Timmie Ross
 3/25 **MATTHEW CARLSON LUTZ**, son of Linda L. Carlson
 3/26 **AIMEE GANDOUR**, sister of Molly Gandour
 3/26 **CLARIS GLOVER**, daughter of Crystal Glover
 3/27 **ASHLEE D. BLAKE GUTIERREZ**, daughter of Marlene & Francisco Gutierrez
 3/28 **ROBERT GRAUP**, son of Leona Graup
 3/28 **TEPLY RACHMEL**, daughter of Alllison Tepley & Nir Rachmel
 3/28 **ZAIDA SANTIAGO**, daughter of Selena Santiago & Lewis Harbour
 3/29 **GARY LEUNG**, brother of Tony Leung
 3/29 **KHEMALI MURRAY**, daughter of Georgette Murray
 3/29 **NICOLAS DE LAVALETTE**, brother of Sebastian Lavalette
 3/31 **GRANT PHILLIPS**, son of Linda Phillips
 3/31 **HARRIS KAPLANSKY**, son of Denise Gelfand





OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED



APRIL BIRTHDAYS

- 4/1 **ALAIA MOSLEY**, daughter of Patricia Mosley
- 4/1 **JOEY MASLIAH**, brother of Amanda Rockoff
- 4/1 **SHANA DOWDESWELL**, daughter of Laurie & Roger Dowdeswell
- 4/1 **TEREL SMITH**, son of Cathy Philbert
- 4/2 **ALI SEEDAT**, daughter of Deborah McKinzie
- 4/3 **KYLE DANE**, son of Madelaine Samuel
- 4/3 **NATASHA GEMBKA**, daughter of Tim & Alexis Gembka
- 4/4 **ALEX BHAK**, son of Karyn Bhak
- 4/4 **DANNY MAZRAANI**, brother of Mona Mazranni
- 4/4 **JORDAN MITCHELL**, son of Melody Mitchell
- 4/4 **LORI HEALY**, daughter of Tom Healy
- 4/5 **CHRIS MASARONE**, twin brother of Nic Masarone
- 4/5 **MATTHEW BAUMEISTER**, son of Lynn & Mitch Baumeister
- 4/5 **SEAN MERCEDES**, son of Lenin Mercedes & Virginia Rivas
- 4/7 **AMIR PRIZANT**, brother of Ayelet Prizant
- 4/7 **CYRUS WANECKE**, son of Nolan Wanecke & Talya Ramchandani
- 4/7 **JASON KLEIN**, son of Jeanette LaBarb
- 4/8 **CYRUS**, son of Francine Figueroa
- 4/8 **JUSTIN R. NEGRON**, son of Nancy Negron, brother of Samantha
- 4/8 **LISA DONOFRIO**, daughter of Christina Korteweg
- 4/8 **VICTOR CHEN**, son of Vivien Chen
- 4/10 **MELANIE DINOWITZ**, daughter of Elaine Dinowitz
- 4/10 **SARAH KATZ**, daughter of Michael & Jill Katz, sister of Dana Katz
- 4/10 **SHONEN CHAMBERS**, sister of Tiffani Chambers
- 4/11 **AYDIN HOSSAIN**, daughter of Beth & Abir Hossain
- 4/12 **ETHAN MAGDER**, son of Andrea & Gary Magder, brother of Abbi Magder
- 4/13 **DR. AMY BETH ROSEN**, daughter of Helen Rosen
- 4/13 **ISAIAH VILLAFANA**, son of Camille Evans & Elijah Burgos
- 4/14 **SUZANNA ZHOU**, sister of Susan Zhou
- 4/15 **MATTHEW CARLSON LUTZ**, son of Linda L. Carlson

- 4/15 **NONI BIALE**, daughter of Margaret and Noam Biale
- 4/16 **ELLA BANDES**, daughter of Judy Kottick & Ken Bandes
- 4/16 **NICHOLAS MONICO**, son of Lisa & Craig Monico
- 4/16 **RICHARD WARNOCK**, son of Claire Warnock, brother of Susan Warnock
- 4/17 **CINDI DIMARZO**, sister of Jodi DiMarzo
- 4/17 **SEAN KIMERLING**, son of Ervine & Noah Kimerling
- 4/18 **HARRY GANDEL**, grandson of Karen & Meyer Gross
- 4/18 **NICOLAS DE LAVALETTE**, brother of Sebastian Lavalette
- 4/19 **SOPHIE ANN MISSHUK**, daughter of Evan Misshuk
- 4/19 **WILL TANG**, brother of Sandra Tang
- 4/20 **ASHER FERGUSON**, son of Ryan Ferguson & Christine Tran
- 4/20 **LAURA FELDSTEIN**, daughter of Marilyn & Al Feldstein
- 4/20 **MARSHALL FORDE**, son of Asurf Forde, brother of Marcel Forde
- 4/20 **NAOMI STOLAR**, sister of Susan Schindler
- 4/21 **AIDAN HERNANDEZ**, son of Maura Moloney & Victor Hernandez
- 4/21 **BARBARA STRAUSS**, sister of Joanne Shapiro
- 4/22 **DANIEL ALBERT**, son of Anita Albert, brother of Jenna Van Dusen
- 4/24 **PAUL HENNESSEY**, brother of Kevin Hennessey
- 4/24 **SAM BINNICKER**, brother of Griffin Binnicker
- 4/25 **DANIELLE BAKER**, sister of Tiffany Baker
- 4/25 **JONATHAN JUSTIN RODRIGUEZ**, son of Gina Rodriguez, grandson of Maggie Valentin
- 4/25 **KRISTEN SANCHEZ**, sister of Melissa Rosario
- 4/26 **SEAN COLLINS**, brother of Kelly Collins
- 4/27 **BENJAMIN HARTFORD**, son of Nora Madonick
- 4/27 **BRONWEN PRADT**, daughter of Katherine Pradt
- 4/27 **GRETA GREENE**, daughter of Stacy & Jayson Greene
- 4/30 **KIARR LACEY MONROE**, son of Xenia Vasquez & Lacey Monroe
- 4/30 **LOUIS ARESU**, son of Elizabeth Sperrazza, brother of Maria Sperrazza



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.



OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED



APRIL ANNIVERSARIES

- 4/1 **MARCUS PRESTON**, son of Valerie Preston
- 4/1 **RORY STAUNTON**, son of Orlaith & Ciaran Staunton
- 4/2 **ALEX BHAK**, son of Karyn Bhak
- 4/2 **ANDREW SCHLEIFER**, son of Kittyhawk Schleifer
- 4/2 **LYLA SKYE MEDICI**, daughter of Mimi Delle Donne, sister of Meghan Matias
- 4/3 **DANA FLAX**, sister of Casey Flax
- 4/3 **KRISTOFFER SALAVANTE**, son of Maria & Eliezer Salavante
- 4/3 **SAGE JOSEPH**, daughter of Debra Driscoll
- 4/4 **CHRISTINE EBERT**, daughter of Judy & John Ebert
- 4/4 **JORDAN MITCHELL**, son of Melody Mitchell
- 4/6 **MICHAEL WHITLOCK**, son of Peggy Whitlock
- 4/6 **TREVOR MATTHEWS**, son of Angela Matthews
- 4/7 **BRIAN QUINN**, son of Susan Quinn
- 4/8 **ALEXANDER ANDUJAR JR.**, son of Madelaine Colon
- 4/8 **CYRUS**, son of Francine Figueroa
- 4/9 **ANDREW FREDERICK RUBIN**, son of Barbara & George Rubin
- 4/10 **DAN OSHINSKY**, brother of Julie Mintz
- 4/11 **DAVID ALEXANDER**, brother of Farah Alexander
- 4/12 **CHRIS BALDWIN**, brother of Brooke Baldwin
- 4/13 **AYDIN HOSSAIN**, daughter of Beth & Abir Hossain
- 4/14 **BRITTANY MALVEAUX**, sister of Jordan Malveaux
- 4/14 **SEAN MERCEDES**, son of Lenin Mercedes & Virginia Rivas
- 4/14 **TYREE SHEPPARD**, son of Laura Sheppard

- 4/16 **DANNY MOONEY, JR.**, son of Danny Mooney
- 4/16 **IAN BYSTOCK**, son of Marc Bystock
- 4/17 **MICHAEL MOUSSA**, son of Mariam Moussa
- 4/18 **JEREMY PALLEY**, son of Iris Palley and Stephen Palley
- 4/20 **KYLE DANE**, son of Madelaine Samuel
- 4/22 **RASHID SOLIS**, son of Frank Solis
- 4/23 **ALIYAH RABSATT**, daughter of Patricia Rabsatt
- 4/23 **KERRY STONE**, brother of Catherine Kells
- 4/23 **KEVIN DEL ROSARIO**, son of Annaliza del Rosario
- 4/23 **PABLO RAMIREZ**, son of Carlos Ramirez
- 4/23 **RISA FIELD**, sister of Barbara Field
- 4/24 **BRANDON MYERS**, brother of Rachel Myers
- 4/24 **CHRIS MASARONE**, twin brother of Nic Masarone
- 4/24 **EREZ KLEIN**, son of Rachel Gordon
- 4/24 **NATALIE JOY HERTEL-VOISINE**, daughter of Barbara Hertel & Don Voisine
- 4/25 **CINDI DIMARZO**, sister of Jodi DiMarzo
- 4/25 **JORGIE PEREZ**, sister of Janeisy Perez
- 4/26 **JAMES HAYS**, brother of Claire Hays
- 4/27 **MARGARET BRAUN-GRIEP**, sister of Helen Braun
- 4/27 **MATTHEW GORDON**, brother of Elizabeth Stilwell
- 4/27 **OLIVIA PETRERA COHEN**, daughter of Nancy Petrera
- 4/27 **TRAVIS FREEMAN**, son of Daniel Freeman & Elizabeth Morse
- 4/29 **MAX GLEZOS-CHARTOFF**, son of Julie Chartoff & Irene Glezos
- 4/29 **SOPHIA JOLIET AGUIRRE**, daughter of Monica Deliz



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 – We raise needed funds at each meeting by passing a basket for voluntary contributions at our in-person meetings. We are so glad to hold online meetings whenever possible, but there is no 'basket' at our online meetings. If you are able to, whenever you can as an online participant, 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.

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 the 3rd Tuesday of each month:
MAR 19 APR 16 MAY 21 JUN 18

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

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

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](#)