



The Compassionate Friends
Manhattan Chapter
 Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Our next meetings...

Nov 9 & 23
Dec 14 & 28
Jan 11 & 25
Feb 8 & 22

Manhattan Chapter Newsletter

November 2021

The Way We Were
 by Marie Levine

The “Holiday” season comes barreling towards us like a runaway train. Contemplating an appropriate topic for this column and trying to avoid the obvious, I find the holidays just won’t stay down. I have no soothing platitudes to help us get through the coming weeks. As my fifth Thanksgiving without Peter looms, I am possessed by thoughts of how very different my life has become. Perhaps some of you can identify with these gleanings of happier time.

I used to look forward to the season. Though Christmas isn’t my holiday, one cannot help getting caught up in it. Besides being so pretty, there is an epidemic of almost tangible energy throughout the season that is unavoidably contagious. Everything is magnified. The color, the lights, the music, the joy. And now, the sadness. I used to look forward to the season. Now I look back.

It begins in mid-November, when cooking and menu planning begin weeks before Thanksgiving. Among civilians, there is the heightened sense of happy anticipation; travel plans being made; talk of family and friends being together. Then the fond wishes to co-workers on the eve of everyone’s departure to their turkey destination...the laughs, the pictures to be taken, the memories to be born, the partying, the revelry...

Now I am painfully aware of how quiet it has all become. There is no more family for me. I keep a low profile as those around me share stories, recipes and plans. On Thanksgiving Day, my husband and I will share the smallest turkey I can possibly find. We will spend the day quietly and alone, candles burning in memory, while we reflect with dismay on how quickly it all ended for us.

(cont’d page 4)

Finding Myself Again
 by Jordon Ferber

In July 2002, I was just two years into my burgeoning stand up comedy career when my only brother Russell, who was just about to embark on his own career as a pastry chef, was killed in a car accident.

He was 21. Just hours after his death, my dad asked me what kind of funeral he would have wanted. I told him I had no idea, I just knew the cake afterwards had better be amazing. And chocolate.

That’s the thing about the immediate aftermath of grief. You find yourself having surreal conversations about things like cake in the context of one of the most devastating moments one can experience.

That whole first year was something of a daze, to be honest. I watched myself living in slow motion a lot of the time. I was performing comedy almost every night, in-between handing out fliers for the show and screaming at strangers in Times Square, followed by hanging out and drinking all night with other comedians, and the occasional drunk audience member.

On the surface, I was getting by. But I was lost.

I wasn’t sure who I was anymore without my brother, and I was actively leading something of a double life, telling jokes and presenting a version of myself that didn’t represent at all what my life suddenly was. My whole worldview had been turned upside down, my ways of interacting with life fractured. I never talked about Russell on stage. I kept my material to surface level jokes about smoking pot, drinking and thoughts on pop culture. I was desperately trying to hold on to a version of myself that no longer existed. And it wasn’t working...

(cont’d page 3)

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

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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.

... in the Autumn

Some people love to see the changes in the colors of the leaves,
When the sky is clear and dark blue as the sea.
They love to smell the oak leaves burning but it is then my heart
is yearning
to be with ones I know I cannot see.
There's something in the autumn that makes my heart so heavy,
I miss them all but know they're where they should all be.
If I can make it through the winter, and see the spring unfold be-
fore me,
then I'll know once more they're there, and wait for me.
When the morning sun comes later, and the afternoons die ear-
ly,
And my spirits drop like leaves around my feet.
I'm so aware that I am mortal and I can almost see the portal
that I will pass through and be evermore complete.

Jim O'Neil TCF, Montgomery, AL

A Season of Many Feelings

Fall is a season of many feelings
Autumn is here once again
As it comes every year. And with the leaves my falling tears.
This time of year is the hardest of all
My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall.
Memories once so vivid are seeming to fade.
My time spent with you seems some other age.
This season reminds me of grief and of pain.
But yet teaches hope and joy once again.
For trees are still living beneath their gray bark,
And you my sweet child are alive in my heart.

Cinda Schake TCF, Butler, PA

Acceptance

How can there be acceptance
of a child's death?
How could I possibly
"take willingly, to say yes to"
her death
or "treat as welcome" or
"be willing to agree to" it?
No – I can do none of the above.

Oh – here's one more meaning
to the world acceptance:
"to take as true" –
to take as true.
Oh, yes. It took me quite a while,
but I now know it is true.
Yes. I do take as true
that she is no longer physically with us
and take as true
that my life has been changed
irreversibly.
I will never say yes to her death,
but I do accept it as true.

~ Genesse Bourdeau Gentry
From Catching the Light

TCF Worldwide Candle Lighting

Sunday, December 12, 2021 - Ceremonies begin at 6pm sharp
Remember your children & siblings in our Holiday Slide Show.

[Click here for more information about the Manhattan Event
and about submitting your loved one's photos for the event](#)

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 are able to, 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.

Finding Myself Again...

(cont'd from page 1)

Offstage was no easier. Grief is so often swept under the rug, and we are encouraged to engage in it privately, if at all. Sibling loss in particular is one of the most under-acknowledged losses in my experience. We are often called "the forgotten mourners." For good reason. There are more books about pet loss than sibling loss.

People seemed insensitive, almost dismissive to my grief, which was further isolating. The first question I often got when someone found out I'd lost my brother was often, "How's Your Mother?" It was rarely followed up or paired with, "How are YOU?" People said I had to be strong for my parents. They just lost a *child*, it must be very hard for *them*.

Fortunately, I had the wherewithal to push back a little. I rarely let anyone off easy. I would often say, "Yes, I imagine they are doing about as badly as I am." Friends were difficult to deal with, as well. Those who knew me before Russell died had a hard time dealing with the new version of me, a darker, more troubled version of myself.

My parents started attending a self-help support group called The Compassionate Friends, and encouraged me to come, as they had an active siblings group as well. I resisted for a while, but I ultimately went to a meeting, if only to shut them up. My feeling was, it wasn't going to be helpful, and we'd never have to speak about it again. Ironically, all these years later, my parents no longer attend and I now run that sibling support group.

This is really when things started to change for me. I had found a place where my feelings were validated, where my struggle was acknowledged, and my process was not judged. A place where I met other people going through a similar process who told stories of their own that I related to, where I wasn't alone. I could even joke about it in my group. Finding humor in the uncomfortableness of grief and death in general has been extremely cathartic. It has allowed me to talk about my grief and my loss in the same way that I talk about everything else.

It was when I started to embrace this new version of me that I started to see real progress. When I let go of wanting to go back to being the person I had been, I was able to start getting to know this newer me. Not the old me. A new, still heartbroken version, who had found a way to go on.

In the intervening years, I started a podcast called *Where's the Grief?* In which I interview comedians and other creative types who have also experienced tragic loss. (I often remark that it's not ALL comedians, I do interview other sad people too). It felt like I had finally "come out" as a bereaved sibling, proud of finally being able to talk about my brother without making it weird. And in doing so publicly, I started to see how much of a universal experience grief and loss can be. Showing all the different versions of what grief looks like, and sharing those conversations with others in need who are perhaps at an earlier stage of their journey has been very rewarding. To show other people that its OK to do it however works for you is also to re-affirm it for myself. Society in general does not deal with the extremes of grief well. Because there is no blueprint, I often thought I was doing it wrong.

(continued in next column)

Finding Myself Again...

(continued from left column)

People expect you to "go back to normal" at some point. People seem to think there's a standard timeline for healing. They will ask, when it's clear you're still struggling well past whatever that time frame is, "STILL? Aren't you over that yet?" they say, "your brother wouldn't want you feeling this way."

Oh really? NO shit. What an incredible insight. What I wanted to say, to all those who were disappointed in my grief process, was You think I WANT to feel this way? I don't! But this IS how I feel. Also, Russell isn't here, so he doesn't get a say.

In the early days, grief was so hard particularly because it was so UNfamiliar. . . I was constantly blindsided by it. It would come out of nowhere. Standing in a supermarket staring at a carton of Apple and Eve apple juice. Hearing one of his songs (P. Diddy, Bad Boy For Life) blaring from a car radio. Even just passing a spot in the neighborhood that held the most mundane of childhood memories could be an emotional roller coaster. For me, one thing I've learned is that it's only by acknowledging how I feel that I can DEAL with it. I have found that over time, just simply by doing that, the moments of intense grief pass much faster than had I repressed them or ignored them altogether.

There are still moments that come out of nowhere, but I'm much better equipped at managing them. The knowledge that dealing with Russell's absence in my life is a lifetime process is a lot different than the scary thought in the early days of wondering when this pain would go away. Now I know. Loss does not go away.

I am now into my 20th year of grieving - not just for my brother and the life he didn't get to lead, but for the life I knew as well. I lost a part of myself in the process, and while it took time, I feel like I have finally gotten to a place where I feel like myself again. I have done it by really allowing myself to feel all the feelings, to acknowledge my pain, to incorporate this into my life.

I will ALWAYS miss my brother, and I will ALWAYS wonder what he'd be doing if he were still here, what WE would be doing together. But as time has gone on it's not as scary or deeply distressing that it will never go away. It's a reminder that my memories and my feelings about my brother will ALSO never go away.

I will always strive to find ways to be more happy and grateful to have had Russell in my life in the first place than to be soul crushingly depressed that I have to live the rest of my life without him. In a way it's a conscious choice I have made. I don't always succeed, but the knowledge of the possibilities gives me hope for my future.

Jordon Ferber

The Way We Were...

(cont'd from page 1)

Oh, don't get me wrong. We tried that first Thanksgiving to remain part of it all. My sister, her husband and her two grown children went to great effort and expense to come to New York and try to "replicate" a family holiday. But coming from California and North Carolina, it was the first and only time we had ever been together for Thanksgiving. And with my nephew away at school they had all been apart for months so it was quite a reunion for them. It shouldn't have surprised me that their presence only magnified the absence of Peter. Naturally, they never got it. To this day I'm sure they believe they did everything they could to be some comfort. The weekend remains a bitter memory for me – especially now – when years later we rarely speak. It's not that my family is any different. It's that I am so changed.

We've decided it's better for us now, to stay softly, gently in the background and reflect on what we did have. We did, after all, have so much.

It gets easier after Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving remains the point of entry to the "holiday season". With all its memories, it has become a painful rite of passage into the most relentlessly joyous time of the year. By Christmas, the activity takes on a life of its own. It becomes so frenetic there is hardly time to be sad about what we have become. I can get caught up in the manic hysteria without being emotionally involved. I can buy a few impersonal gifts; stuff envelopes with cash to thank the many people who service our lives, go to a few office parties, and have a few laughs without batting an eye.

No, on reflection, it's Thanksgiving that gives me the greatest pause. Because Thanksgiving is that once-a-year day that really underscores the past, and exposes me as the changed, vulnerable person I've become. Thanksgiving when I must be thankful for everything I had and everything we were.

Marie Levine, 1997

**Epilogue: It's been 24 years since I wrote this column. Much has changed in my life once or twice again. I've always shared my journey with my compassionate friends in the belief that in sharing our experiences we find comfort recognizing some of the similarities in our circumstances. It's that thought process that I feel compelled to report on my own progress the past two decades. I no longer dread the holidays. I simply avoid them by going on vacation. I actually enjoy Thanksgiving now, with a young family that I thought I had adopted a few years after Peter died but discovered soon after that they had actually adopted me. A few days later I escape to the Caribbean where I remain until the season of joy has returned to normal. I share this in the spirit of assuring those new to this life, that time is on your side. Choosing to be open to opportunity and new experiences can have an unexpected impact on our lives. Despite what those newer to this experience may think, hope lives!*

Marie Levine, 2021

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

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](#)

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, continuing 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.

TCF WORLDWIDE CANDLE LIGHTING

Sunday, December 12, 2021

Ceremonies begin at 6pm sharp—candles lit at 7pm EDT in Manhattan

[Click here for more information about the Manhattan Event and about submitting photos for the event](#)

...for siblings

DAYS IN THE VALLEY

An early morning phone call brought news that irreversibly changed my life. My parents called to tell me my younger brother had been killed in a car accident. They wept as I spoke to them. I had never heard my Dad cry before. Numbly, I hung up the phone. I didn't cry. There was no time for tears. Flight plans had to be made, clothes packed. I had to think clearly and act quickly.

The 100-mile trip to the airport seemed especially long and dark as I drove alone that morning. Later, aboard the plane, I looked out the window and tried to comprehend what had happened, Maybe it wasn't him I thought. Maybe they got him mixed up with someone else. I dreaded the scene that awaited me at home, yet I couldn't get there quickly enough. I longed to comfort Mom and Dad, to be with them.

Arriving in Des Moines, I was met by relatives. At last I could let myself cry. When I reached my parents' home I was relieved to finally grieve with them, but a terrible pain was burrowing deep within as the reality of what happened began to sink in. Funeral arrangements were made. People gave their condolences. Stacks of cards arrived daily. The pain remained. I sensed God's presence as friends and family gathered. Words meant nothing, but those who came and cried with us were the ones who gave comfort. They didn't quote bible verses. They didn't try to explain why it happened. They just hugged us and cried.

For almost a year, I replayed again and again those events as if they had been stored on videotape. Every sight, every sound, every pain was as vivid as if it had happened the day before. Time has numbed the pain and faded the "tapes" to some degree, but my life will never be the same. There will always be a hole in our family that cannot be filled.

I see life differently now. I've learned things that have made me more mature. Tragic loss demands finding something meaningful in it or retreating onto bitterness. When I said goodbye to my brother, I never dreamed it would be the last time I would see him. Words left unsaid echoed in my mind for many months. Now, taking time to say things I used to put off is more important. Treating each opportunity to be with friends or loved ones as if it might be the last time I will see them gives me the incentive to resolve conflicts and say the things that need to be said. Problems and disagreements are never insurmountable.

Experts say the grieving process should end with the acceptance of death. Instead of accepting my brother's death, however, I have only acknowledged it. Death, like an unwanted visitor, doesn't have to be catered to, but it does have to be acknowledged for the healing to begin. I can't say I understand why my brother was killed, but God has given me the strength to go on. Though at times it appeared that there was no way out of the valley, time has brought me renewed strength. Time does not heal all wounds, but it does bandage those it cannot heal.

~ Rick Bunkofske, TCF, North Central Iowa chapter

Becoming Stronger At the Broken Places

If I am what I do, and I don't, then I'm not. Those words have been spinning around in my head ever since I heard someone comment on how we tend to define ourselves by what we do rather than by who we are. I thought about those words incessantly, almost to the point where they became nonsensical. But they aren't.

Until April 25, 1978, the day of my son Bryan's death, I'm afraid I was guilty of defining myself by my roles in life; computer marketer, husband, father – and without being really aware of it, mostly in that order. I was caught up with "bringing home the bacon", "making a name for myself". And the tunnel vision that goes with all of that. My sense of self-worth was wrapped up with those feelings.

One of my colleagues used to call me "Rapid Robert" because of my pace in going places – or was it a treadmill? I was a workaholic, and only too often by the time I'd gotten around to family matters, I'd run out of steam.

Then my son Bryan died. The superficiality of my life smashed headlong into a brick wall. For months I felt like I was sitting in the middle of a field scattered with pieces of my life; job pieces askew here, family relationships trailing off there, dreams piled akimbo over here, hopes were asunder over there.

As I listened to my son's friends at the two remembrances for him, it dawned on me that at nineteen a young man doesn't have a long list of credits and accomplishments. Bryan hadn't "made a name for himself". Bryan was Bryan. No more, no less. His many friends loved him for who he was, not what he was.

Strange the lessons fathers learn from sons – to care – to share – to be there.

I wrote these words blinded by pain, and I could sense what it was that brought together people from all over in a common bond of shared grief – Bryan cared about them. I wondered if I were to die suddenly, after more than fifty years of life, how would I be eulogized? "A real professional, a true marketer, a dedicated employee..." I'd settle for two words..."he cared."

I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together again, but I've tried to be selective. I've left many pieces lying in that field because they don't fit anymore. And I've fashioned new pieces, each in some way inspired by the lessons of Bryan's life.

Hemingway wrote, "Sooner or later life breaks everyone, but afterwards, some are stronger at the broken places." I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together selectively. As bereaved parents, we have a choice; we can fixate on the death or we can affirm life. I know which my son would have wanted me to do.

~ Robert Rosenberger, TCF, Burke, VA



OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS



- 11/1 **BRETT DOUGLAS**, brother of Danielle Monaco
- 11/1 **FLORENCE FRAZER**, sister of Harri Molese
- 11/1 **LIAM ARDEN**, son of Esther & Patrick Arden
- 11/1 **OLIVIA LAURA CASTRO**, daughter of Gigi & Robert Castro
- 11/2 **STEVEN SCHWARTZ**, son of Ellen Schwartz
- 11/2 **TERESA MILLER-D'ALESSANDRO**, daughter of Mariana & Bob Miller-D'Alessandro
- 11/4 **ASHLEE D. BLAKE GUTIERREZ**, daughter of Marlene & Francisco Guttierrez
- 11/4 **DMITRI PAJITNOV**, son of Nina Pajitnova
- 11/4 **KEVIN MITCHELL**, son of Jacquie & John Mitchell, brother of Kristopher & the late Kareem Mitchell
- 11/5 **PAULA VOLEN**, daughter of Raizy Volen
- 11/5 **ROSE MAYR**, sister of Anna Mayr
- 11/6 **BENJAMIN ZWEIG**, son of Sally Petrick & Daniel Zweig
- 11/7 **KELLI ANNE AULETTA**, daughter of Dick & Mary Auletta, sister of Kimberlee
- 11/7 **MALIK DUFOR**, son of Waltrina DeFrantz-Dufor
- 11/7 **MARY GIBBS**, sister of Cynthia Gibbs-Pratt
- 11/7 **NICHOLAS SOTO**, son of Deborah Freeman & Eddie B. Soto, Jr.
- 11/8 **ADAM WEINER**, son of Susan Weiner
- 11/9 **AIMEE GANDOUR**, sister of Molly Gandour
- 11/9 **CHRISTOPHER ROTH**, brother of Stephanie Roth
- 11/9 **ISAIAH WINCH**, son of Jesse Winch, brother of Louisa-Carpenter Winch
- 11/9 **MICHAEL RAMIREZ**, son of Michele Cennamo
- 11/9 **SANDRA PLOUFFE**, daughter of Margie & Bram Jelin
- 11/10 **DONNA MALIZIS**, daughter of Agata Malizis
- 11/10 **MATTHEW GORDON**, brother of Elizabeth Stilwell
- 11/10 **MAX JACOBSON**, son of Terry & Hugh Jacobson
- 11/12 **BURTON SANDLES**, son of Ina Sandles
- 11/12 **HENRY JAY**, brother of Daniel Jay
- 11/13 **THOMAS J. MANNO**, son of Elizabeth M. Davey
- 11/14 **CATHERINE CORENU**, daughter of Carrie Tuhy
- 11/15 **AARON HOROWITZ**, son of Allan & Liz Horwitz
- 11/15 **DYLAN RANDALL**, son of Yenya & Robert Randall
- 11/15 **JORDAN WEINSTEIN**, daughter of Wendy J. Schriber

- 11/17 **ADRIAN PURICELLI**, son of Denise Puricelli, brother of Vironika
- 11/17 **KATHLEEN BEAMER**, sister of Laura Beamer
- 11/17 **LYLA SKYE MEDICI**, daughter of Mimi Delle Donne, sister of Meghan Matias
- 11/17 **TREVOR LOUGHLIN**, son of Suzy & Joe Loughlin, brother of Juliette Loughlin
- 11/18 **JAMILA IRONS-JOHNSON**, daughter of Jeannine Irons
- 11/19 **CRAIG MARTINEZ**, son of Louis Hampton Martinez
- 11/19 **SARA CHANGHONG ADAMS**, daughter of Muriel Adams
- 11/20 **DAVID LESSER**, brother of Debbie Lesser
- 11/20 **JEFFREY CARTER**, son of Linda Carter
- 11/21 **JACK ROBERTS**, son of Joanne Wright
- 11/23 **INSANN LAWLOR**, son of Serena Bhaduri
- 11/23 **JENNA HERNAN**, daughter of Maria Hernan
- 11/23 **TERRANCE RICHARDSON**, son of Theresa Richardson, brother of Francina Branch Elysee
- 11/24 **ARTHUR DUDIN**, son of Stan & Irina Dudin
- 11/24 **ERIK BANKS**, son of Laurene Buckley
- 11/26 **ALEXANDER MAXWELL**, son of Deanna & Kent Grant
- 11/26 **CLARISSA JACKSON**, sister of Jillian Jackson
- 11/26 **MARLA SUE COLLAZO**, daughter of Lita & Joe Robinson
- 11/26 **NOEL AMELLIO**, son of Margaret M. Amellio
- 11/27 **CASEY ACKERMAN**, son of Melissa and Hal Ackerman
- 11/27 **DANIELLE HYMOWITZ**, daughter of Karen Hymowitz
- 11/27 **ISABEL XIE**, baby daughter of Denise Chow & Wayne Xie
- 11/27 **KEVIN DEL ROSARIO**, son of Annaliza del Rosario
- 11/27 **LUCAS SCOTT**, brother of Erin Scott
- 11/27 **RED LAYNE**, daughter of Greg & Trillich Layne
- 11/28 **ALAN ROSENTHAL**, son of Lynne Rosenthal
- 11/28 **GABRIEL ROCCOFORTE**, son of Judith Weiss
- 11/28 **SEAN COYLE**, brother of Krista Coyle
- 11/28 **VYLETTE MOON**, daughter of Jackie Hakiki
- 11/29 **EVAN FRIEDLANDER**, son of Kathy Friedlander
- 11/29 **MAMADON JOHNSON**, sister of Djassi Johnson
- 11/29 **STEVE DAVOREN**, brother of Doug Davoren
- 11/29 **TREVOR MATTHEWS**, son of Angela Matthews





OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED



NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

- 11/1 **JUSTIN CRAIG LEDERMAN**, son of Ruth Lederman
- 11/1 **MATT BEHAN**, brother of Chris Behan
- 11/1 **OLIVIA LAURA CASTRO**, daughter of Gigi & Robert Castro
- 11/1 **SHANEIREE DAMES**, daughter of Vivian Richardson
- 11/1 **SKYLER CAGHLIN**, son of Seana Caghlin, brother of Cassandra Richardson
- 11/2 **JASON ZAINITZ**, son of Linda Zaintz
- 11/2 **KRISTEN DUBERRY**, daughter of Michael Duberry
- 11/3 **VISHAL TUNGARE**, brother of Ajay Tungare
- 11/4 **ILIA KRASOTINA**, sister of Sofiya Krasotina
- 11/4 **PARIS CAVIC**, sister of Mel Cavic
- 11/4 **SETH KAHN**, son of Debbie & Harold Kahn
- 11/5 **CASSIE WILSON**, sister of Kaylie Wilson
- 11/5 **GAVIN PESKIN**, son of Leah Peskin
- 11/5 **RACHEL AUSTER**, daughter of Gail Auster
- 11/6 **DAVID LESSER**, brother of Debbie Lesser
- 11/6 **RUSSELL GABAY**, brother of Lori Gabay
- 11/8 **JAMES GIBBON**, son of James (Jimie) Gibbon
- 11/9 **ALI SEEDAT**, daughter of Deborah McKinzie
- 11/9 **QUINDORA PERSUAD**, daughter of Maria Cabassa
- 11/10 **PARKER KOLTCHAK**, son of Deb Capone
- 11/10 **STEVEN HOUTERMAN**, son of Awilda Rodriguez Houterman
- 11/11 **BRENDA CHAPMAN**, daughter of Della Scrugs
- 11/11 **LINDA GIOVE**, daughter of Arlene Schechter
- 11/11 **MYLES CHANDLER**, son of Marcia Chandler
- 11/12 **JON ROMULO**, son of Tocy Friend
- 11/13 **HENRY JAY**, brother of Daniel Jay
- 11/13 **MICHAEL AARONSON**, son of Dorothy Aaronson, brother of Robert Aaronson

- 11/13 **ROBERT CABALES**, son of Susan Cabaales
- 11/14 **VICENTE EDUARDO**, son of Tomasina Eduardo
- 11/16 **JAY SCHNEIDER**, son of Bonnie Bowes
- 11/17 **DYLAN LAKER**, son of Claudette Kraus & Robert Laker
- 11/17 **JASON ELLIS**, son of Michael Ellis
- 11/18 **CHRISTOPHER MEYER**, brother of Kimberly Meyer
- 11/18 **KIERNAN BLAKER**, brother of Darby Blaker
- 11/20 **"SPROUT" WILSON**, son of Elizabeth Minei
- 11/20 **NOEL AMELLIO**, son of Margaret M. Amellio
- 11/20 **RORY DAZE CHONG**, son of Pam Chong
- 11/21 **GEORGE MICHAEL KOTSIS**, son of Doris Kotsis
- 11/21 **KATHLEEN BEAMER**, sister of Laura Beamer
- 11/22 **AMIR PRIZANT**, brother of Ayelet Prizant
- 11/22 **ETHAN WASSERBERGER**, son of Simon & Cynthia Wasserberger
- 11/24 **CHRISTOPHER EISELE**, son of Kathleen & John Montoya
- 11/25 **JESSICA REVELEY**, sister of Britt Bonney
- 11/26 **ALEX REY**, son of Alex and Myrna Rey, brother of Amanda Rey
- 11/26 **DR. AMY BETH ROSEN**, daughter of Helen Rosen
- 11/28 **RUBY MANE**, daughter of Mohasin Mane
- 11/29 **BRONWEN PRADT**, daughter of Katherine Pradt
- 11/29 **KHALIL KNOWLEDGE SMITH**, son of Malazha Wright
- 11/29 **KOFI A. MENSAB JR.**, son of Rosinah Mensah & the late Samuel A. Mensah, brother of Dr. Kofi A. Mensah, Ph. D
- 11/30 **GINGER SIMMS**, daughter of Larry Simms & Alison Ho
- 11/30 **JAMES PATRICK (JIMMY) SINISI**, son of Ann Marie Sinisi
- 11/30 **JESSE VALENTINE**, son of Joanna Valentine
- 11/30 **LYDIA WOOD**, daughter of Matt Wood
- 11/30 **SHIMMER HALL**, daughter of Janine James



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



DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

- 12/1 **GLEN FRASER**, son of James Fraser
- 12/1 **ROBERT GOODEN**, son of Tonya & Frank Gooden
- 12/2 **FORREST RYZY-RYSKI**, brother of Sophia Rzyz-Ryski
- 12/2 **JANIE GONG**, daughter of Alan & Daisy Gong
- 12/2 **JENNIFER CARGILL**, daughter of Virginia Crosby
- 12/3 **PAULINE FUCHS**, daughter of Carolin Fuchs & Rene Groth
- 12/3 **YVONNE BURDEN**, sister of Crystal Burden
- 12/4 **MEGAN YODER**, sister of Kyle Yoder
- 12/4 **SETH KAHN**, son of Debbie & Harold Kahn
- 12/5 **GLENN SPELLER JR.**, son of Glenn Speller Sr.
- 12/5 **MEGAN SMITH**, daughter of Ann Smith
- 12/6 **AARON BENVENISTE**, grandson of Susan & Richard Rosenbluth
- 12/6 **DESIRA (Desi) PACUK**, sister of Nikkie Pacuk
- 12/6 **YEHUDA MILSTEIN**, son of Edith Bayne, brother of Ilana Milstein
- 12/7 **JOHN BARNES**, son of Hana Barnes
- 12/7 **RYAN THOMAS**, son of Jacqueline Thomas
- 12/8 **SAMMY COHEN ECKSTEIN**, son of Amy Cohen & Gary Eckstein
- 12/10 **JONAH HENIG**, son of Abby Henig
- 12/11 **JAMES PATRICK (Jimmy) SINISI**, son of AnneMarie Sinisi
- 12/11 **MIKE**, brother of EllaRose Chary
- 12/13 **CAMDYN JAYEL DUCKWORTH**, daughter of Tiffany Clark
- 12/14 **AMELIA (Yannie) CORBETT**, sister of Sara Corbett
- 12/14 **DUSTIN TUNICK**, son of Jenifer Kelly
- 12/14 **DYLAN BISCH**, son of Eileen Eck
- 12/14 **LISA WEINER**, sister of Abby Moller
- 12/14 **MATTHEW SADI**, son of Sheri & Tzuri Sadi
- 12/14 **MICHAEL MOUSSA**, son of Mariam Moussa
- 12/15 **BRANDON MYERS**, brother of Rachel Myers
- 12/15 **HAYLEE LABBAN**, daughter of Penelope Coward
- 12/15 **THOMAS ROBERTS**, brother of Victoria Roberts-Wierbowski

- 12/16 **MICHELLE GITTENS**, daughter of Lenise Ballard-Gittens
- 12/16 **WILFRED DeIVALLE**, son of Carmen DelValle, brother of Judy DelValle
- 12/17 **JAMES MONTGOMERY**, son of Denise Montgomery
- 12/17 **RICKY BATASHOFF**, brother of Dana Stein
- 12/17 **STEFAN PAKULSKI**, brother of Marek Pakulski
- 12/18 **DAVID GLASS**, son of Jack & Laura Glass
- 12/18 **ZIGGY MARTINEZ**, son of Sally Tucker
- 12/20 **DANIEL O'NEILL TOLEDO**, son of Kathleen O'Neill
- 12/20 **EUGENE BONACCI**, brother of Meredith Bonacci
- 12/21 **DAVID ALEXANDER**, brother of Farah Alexander
- 12/21 **MELISSA AVRIN**, sister of Andrew Avrin
- 12/22 **MATT BEHAN**, brother of Chris Behan
- 12/23 **JON MICHAEL CAMINITI**, son of Charles & Linda Caminiti, brother of Jacqueline Caminiti
- 12/26 **ETHAN WASSERBERGER**, son of Simon & Cynthia Wasserberger
- 12/26 **OWEN MULLER** son of Jane K. Muller
- 12/27 **NORBI MORGENSTEIN**, son of Gary Morgenstein
- 12/28 **SCOTT LACROIX**, brother of Kendra Lacroix
- 12/29 **ARTURO LAULO**, brother of Luz Laulo
- 12/29 **CALEB SANDE**, grandson of Renee & Hervey Sande
- 12/29 **VALDING DURAN**, son of Milagros Bueno
- 12/30 **MICHAEL McGOVERN**, son of Harri Molese
- 12/31 **JOEY HOLLIDAY**, son of Billy & Terry Holliday
- 12/31 **ROBERT WILLIAMS JR.**, son of Kimberly Hatwood
- 12/31 **RUSSELL FERBER**, son of David Ferber & Dorothy Jordon, brother of Jordon Ferber
- 12/31 **WILLIE GWATHMEY**, brother of Katie Gwathmey





OUR CHILDREN—LOVED AND REMEMBERED



DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

- 12/2 **JONATHAN MOORE**, son of Ron & Ronnie Moore
- 12/2 **SAVANNAH WIGGINS**, daughter of Dolores Wiggins
- 12/2 **SUZANNE ZHOU**, sister of Susan Zhou
- 12/3 **HENRY SZOR**, son of Eva Grin
- 12/3 **VYLETTE MOON**, daughter of Jackie Hakiki
- 12/4 **ROBERT PATRICK JENKINS**, son of Barbara Jenkins, brother of Cheryl
- 12/6 **ALEX HARRY SINGER**, son of Susan & Lewis Singer
- 12/6 **DYLAN JOSEPH MAIDA**, son of Lisa Burns & Sal Maida
- 12/8 **DYLAN RANDALL**, son of Yenya & Robert Randall
- 12/8 **JADEN MAXWELL THOMAS**, son of Louise Thomas, brother of Tanya
- 12/9 **AREIS GORDON**, son of Joselyn Gordon
- 12/9 **SHONEN CHAMBERS**, brother of Tiffani Chambers
- 12/10 **CHRISTOPHER ROTH**, brother of Stephanie Roth
- 12/10 **JOHN HULWIYA**, brother of Vanessa Hulwiya
- 12/10 **ZUNILDE (ZUNNY) MARTE**, daughter of Victor Marte
- 12/11 **HARRY GANDEL**, grandson of Karen & Meyer Gross
- 12/11 **JONAH HENIG**, son of Abby Henig
- 12/12 **CALLIE LONG**, daughter of Jackie Long
- 12/12 **CIANNA L. ALEXANDER**, daughter of Rebecca Harper-Alexander
- 12/12 **DANNY VOLEN**, brother of Raizy Volen
- 12/12 **PAULA VOLEN**, daughter of Raizy Volen
- 12/12 **SHANA DOWDESWELL**, daughter of Laurie & Roger Dowdeswell
- 12/13 **ALAN MYL** son of Joanne Myl
- 12/13 **AMBER ASHTON**, daughter of Tom & Eleanor Ashton
- 12/13 **GEORGE DAVID MARAS**, son of Marilyn Maras
- 12/14 **DANNY MAZRAANI**, brother of Mona Mazraani
- 12/14 **JIMMY ARMSTRONG**, brother of Siobhan Armstrong
- 12/15 **JEFFREY VANCHIRO**, son of Sylvester (Sly) Vanchiro
- 12/15 **JOSE SANFORD**, son of Yolanda Rosado Ortiz & Gloria Perez
- 12/16 **DARIA NORTON**, daughter of Charlotte Savino & Lee Norton

- 12/18 **ALEX BIBLER**, son of Lindsay Bibler
- 12/18 **ARON LINDELL**, son of Julie Lindell
- 12/18 **CHRISTOPHER DOMBROWSKI**, brother of William & Brianne Dombrowski
- 12/18 **DESTINI DOYLE**, daughter of Annette & Kendall Doyle
- 12/19 **JOSHUA ROBERT ESFORMES**, son of Susan Esformes, brother of Jacob
- 12/19 **JUSTIN ALMON** brother of Kristina Adam
- 12/19 **ROBERT RODRIGUEZ**, son of Caroline Linares
- 12/20 **TATE RAMSDEN**, brother of Ashley Ramsden
- 12/20 **TROY O. MEYERS** son of Claudette Hannibal
- 12/21 **BAYLIN CODDINGTON**, son of Debra F. Coddington
- 12/21 **JUDAH BRYNDAL**, son of Dusty & David Bryndal
- 12/22 **GREGORY ROTH**, brother of Stephanie Roth
- 12/22 **TODD C. FIORE**, son of Yvonne Fiore
- 12/23 **AMANDA RUSSELL**, sister of Katie Turner
- 12/23 **QUENTIN MUNDY**, son of Terri Mundy
- 12/24 **ADAM AZZOLI**, son of Amanda Azzoli
- 12/24 **DANIEL O'NEILL TOLEDO**, son of Kathleen O'Neill
- 12/24 **MONTE JONATHAN GOLLUB** son of Ellie Gollub
- 12/24 **RICHARD CONLEY**, son of Phyllis Conley
- 12/25 **CHARLIE SINISI**, son of Ann Marie Sinisi, brother of Kelly and Dawn and the late Jimmy Sinisi
- 12/25 **DAVID LANG BAREK**, son of Peggy Lang
- 12/25 **LILY, SARAH & GRACE BADGER**, daughters of Madonna Badger and Matt Badger
- 12/25 **ROBERT SULKOWSKI**, brother of Sarah Sulkowski
- 12/27 **SAIGIA BRON**, daughter of Florence Layayette
- 12/27 **SANDRA CHU**, Best friend of Emanuel Veras
- 12/27 **THOMAS ROBERTS**, brother of Victoria Roberts-Wierbowski
- 12/29 **PAULINE FUCHS**, daughter of Carolin Fuchs & Rene Groth
- 12/30 **KELLY ERIN GRAVES** daughter of Gail Graves



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
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Toll Free (877) 969-0010
www.compassionatefriends.org
email:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

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MARK YOUR CALENDARS!
Our next Chapter meetings are Tuesdays:
NOV 9 DEC 14 JAN 11 FEB 8
NOV 23 DEC 28 JAN 25 FEB 22

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

MAKE A DONATION
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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](#)