



The Compassionate Friends NEWSLETTER

Manhattan Newsletter

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When I started writing shortly after Peter died in 1993, I thought I would be able to mark my progress through grief by looking back at my writing. Reading this, written only 7 years into my grief journey, I feel as if I could have written it yesterday...

ALWAYS YESTERDAY by Marie Levine

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 five 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 five years...well, five 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 seventh 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.

I've been in survival mode now for seven 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

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A DECADE AFTER...

by Nora Yood

This July will be the tenth anniversary since the death of my son David. A few weeks after thirtieth birthday, his life ended, and my life, as I knew it, ended as well. In the paradoxical way that time has of passing, it seems the years went by both quickly and slowly. For the first year, I stumbled along an endless march of minutes, greeting each new morning like a deer in headlights, my eyes remaining unnaturally round and wide -open, my face locked in a perpetual, ghost like stare. The soothing comfort of sleep never graced my lids. Making it through a day, a week, a month was a triumph of the will. I wondered how long I could keep up this altered state of existence. And now a decade has passed. I have been on a strange and scary roller coaster of despair and perseverance which as has, seemingly miraculously, delivered me to this landmark destination. Can it be possible that ten years have gone by? The search for some kind of understanding of this mysterious state of events has triggered deep and consuming introspection, trying to figure out how I survived the ride, and how the journey has changed me .

As humans, we need to believe there is purpose and meaning underpinning the actions that define our life. We want to feel control the outcomes of the endeavors we expend so much effort in planning, and we work so hard to achieve. If fate is random, indifferent, and arbitrary, this search becomes a gloomy challenge. By the time we are adults, most of us realize that misfortune is unavoidable, but we, at least, want to believe that our failures and losses teach some salient life lesson and bring redemptive value. We hope our tragedies generate a higher level of compassion, destroy complacency, reveal a more evolved, accepting humanity within us.

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TELEPHONE FRIENDS - When you're having the kind of day that 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 (212) 217-9647. However, if you need to speak with someone please call one of the following volunteers: Jacquie Mitchell (eves) (347) 414-1780 jacquienytcf@gmail.com.

SIBLINGS: Jordon Ferber, (917) 837-7752 beatniknudnik@yahoo.com

TCF Manhattan Chapter e-mail: tcfmanhattan@gmail.com
Co-Chapter Leaders: John Mitchell, johnmitchelltcf@yahoo.com.sg and Jordon Ferber, beatniknudnik@yahoo.com
Newsletter Editor: Marie Levine, marielevine2@verizon.net
"Our Children..." Editor: Dan Zweig, danzweig@aol.com
Regional Coordinator: John Mitchell, johnmitchelltcf@yahoo.com.sg

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS MEETINGS are always the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church,
55th and 5th Avenue. Enter at 7 West 55th street.
We start PROMPTLY at 7:00PM.

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents. We are a group of bereaved parents who are 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 has shared– and how we can grow through it, not back to the person we were but to the person we can become.

We feel we learn humility and not to be overcome with pessimism and defeat. When our child dies, the concept of the rewards of suffering becomes a noxious platitude that seems to mock the very essence of our being.

Yet, in the paradoxical way that suffering alters our perceptive, it is both regressive and transformative. In the period immediately following our child's death, there is pain, shock, disbelief, more pain. We regress to a state of helplessness and confusion. We are infants screaming and writhing with frustration and anger at the universe. Tears streaming down our swollen cheeks, fists clenched, legs kicking, we rail against the indifferent and cruel fate we don't serve and can't escape. As time passes, pain remains a part of our emotional make-up, but the suffering becomes something more profound, instructive and I, now, believe transformative. We honor in our gut--which is different from comprehending in our mind--the preciousness of life, how tenuous and unpredictable it can be, and how foolish it is to imagine that we can summon its arrival and forbid its departure. Most unexpectedly, and significantly, we are able to honor how fortunate we are to have had gift of parenthood.

The fact is my son's life was too short. He did not live to be and do all the things that I envisioned in his future. By all rational calculations, it does not compute that it was I who buried him, not the other way around. Yet as you my compassionate friends know, so many of our beautiful, beloved sons and daughters, brothers and sisters are taken from us before their actuarial timetable predicts. Becoming a parent is a privilege, neither a right nor a certainty. Once we become a parent, our child becomes a part of our identity, consciousness, even physical health and well health. Our children always belong to us, and always will. But they are not our possessions. As much as they are the most value and loved entity our lives, we cannot put them in a safe-deposit box and protect them from their future.

I know that the period of mourning for David will never be over for me. The pain of missing him is indelible evidence that my heart may be beating normally, but is permanently broken. This is true and honest, and how it must be. As I begin the next decade in this experiment of living a reality I never thought could possibly accept, I want to share with my compassionate friends earlier in their journey my thoughts on this special anniversary of my son's death. Pain will always be part of who we are, a testimony to the gravity of our loss. But there is also the continuity of love, the constant presence of our child in rhythm of our heartbeat. Though we wish we never had to cultivate this spiritual epiphany, we are able to acknowledge that time we had with our children is a wonderful gift, powerful and indestructible, connecting us, forever, to our loved ones.

I LOST MY CHILD TODAY

I lost my child today.
People came to weep and cry,
as I just sat and stared, dry eyed.
They struggled to find words to say
to try and make the pain go away.
I walked the floor in disbelief,
I lost my child today.

I lost my child last month.
Most of the people went away,
some still call and some still stay.
I wait to wake up from this dream.
This can't be real, I want to scream.
Yet everything is locked inside.
God help me, I want to die.
I lost my child last month.

I lost my child last year.
Now people who had come, have gone.
I sit and struggle all day long
to bear the pain so deep inside.
And now my friends just question, Why?
Why does this mother not move on?
Just sits and sings the same old song.
Good heavens, it has been so long.
I lost my child last year.

Time has not moved on for me.
The numbness it has disappeared.
My eyes have now cried many tears.
I see the look upon your face
"You must move on and leave this place."
Yet I am trapped right here in time,
The songs the same, as is the rhyme.
I lost my child... TODAY...

~written by **Netta Wilson**
In Memory of her Daughter
Caprice Cara Wilson
December 2, 1968 - November 20, 1994

~reprinted from May/June 2001
TCF Atlanta Newsletter

A LOVE GIFT is a donation given in memory of a child who has died, or sometimes as a memorial to a relative or friend. It can be in honor of a happy event that you would like to acknowledge. Your contributions can be in any amount, are tax deductible and are a source of income for our chapter that helps us to reach out to bereaved parents and siblings through books, programs, meetings and this newsletter. In this issue we want to thank and acknowledge the following for their generous support of our chapter and especially, our newsletter. Note, on advice from our National office, because of concerns about identity theft we have changed our format and eliminated years from birth dates and anniversary dates.



Nora & Barry Yood	In memory of their son David Yood , 5/18 - 7/30, forever 29
Lynn & Mitch Baumeister	In memory of their son Matthew Baumeister , 4/5 - 5/11, forever 19
Laurie Smith & Roger Dowdeswell	In memory of their daughter Shana Dowdeswell , 4/1 - 12/12, forever 23
Claudette Hannibal	In memory of her son Troy Meyers , 5/30 - 12/20, forever 33
Marie & Phil Levine	In memory of their son, Peter Adam Levine , 7/14 - 8/7, forever 22
Rosina Mensah	In memory of her son Kofi A. Mensah, Jr. , 5/31/ - 11/29, forever 21
Ervine & Noah Kimerling	In memory of their son Sean Kimerling , 4/17 - 9/3, forever 37

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

If only they knew that when I speak of him, I am not being morbid. I am not denying his death, I am proclaiming his life. I am learning to live with his absence. For twenty six years he was a part of my life, born, nurtured, molded and loved; this cannot be put aside to please those who are uncomfortable with my grief. If only they knew that when I sit quietly, apparently content with my own company, I am not self indulgently unhappy, dwelling on things that cannot be changed; I am with him, I am seeing his face, hearing his voice, remembering his laughter, recalling his excitement and joy in life. Please allow me this time with him, as I do not begrudge you your time with your children.

If only they knew that when I sometimes weep quietly, I do not cry in self pity for what I have lost. I weep for what he has lost, for the life he loved, for the music which filled his very being, and for all he still longed to hear, for the poetry which moved him to tears, for the beauty about him that daily fed his soul, for the exhilaration and excitement of flying the skies, of searching for his God in the vast space of the universe. For all that he loved and lost, I cry.

If only they knew the feeling of deep grief, the emptiness, the dull pain, the endlessness of death, if only they understood the insanity of platitudes so freely spoken that “time heals”, “that you’ll get over it”. That “it was for the best”, that “God takes only the best”, and realize that these are more of an insult than a comfort, that the warm and compassionate touch of another means so much more.

If only they knew that we will not find true peace and tranquillity until we are prepared to try to stand in the shoes of others. We will not be understood until we learn to understand compassionately and we will not be heard until we learn to listen with hearts, as well as minds.

Jan McNess, TCF Victoria, Australia
We Need Not Walk Alone Newsletter,
Spring 1998

WRITING AS THERAPY

I think that because the pain, the grief and the despair that comes with the death of one's child, is so totally incomprehensible and thus so totally indescribable, we find ourselves determined to describe it to a world incapable of comprehending it...including ourselves.

I recently attended the TCF national conference, held this year in Dearborn, Michigan. Once again, for me, it was an amazing opportunity to meet old friends, make new friends and continue to learn more about my reconstituted life. As I always do, I spent a lot of time in the bookstore, set up by Centering Corporation, the largest distributor of grief books in north America. I hungrily bought up a new supply of books to supplement our already rich library, and met several new authors who were there to sign their books. It brought me back to my earliest days as a bereaved parent, on many levels.

When Peter died in 1993, I remember feeling that there seemed to be hundreds of well-meaning people around me, encouraging me to "seek help. Don't try to do this alone". My instincts told me that somewhere there might be some literature explaining what I was going through and even more, describing the territory I was now sentenced to travel. An old friend, visiting that first week, gave me a book. It was called "Roses in December" and was written by a woman who described how she survived the loss of three of her children. Her name is Marilyn Heavilin. She's written several books since but that book convinced me that I could learn about this experience by reading about others who had survived the experience and I headed to the bookstore to learn more. As it turned out, there weren't many books back then – so I read all that I could find. And it did help to learn that I wasn't alone and that there was hope that I could indeed redefine my life. It wasn't long before I too began to write about my experience.

I met Marilyn Heavilin at the conference this year. She is an adorable woman with a healthy sense

of humor and we became new friends. It was a joy for me to meet her and be able to tell her what an impact her story had on me and my subsequent survival. We've become fast email friends. Other authors I've come to know and love include Genesse Gentry, (Stars in the Deepest Night), Sandy Fox (I Refuse to Say Goodbye), Carla Blowey (Dreaming Kevin) and Mitch Carmody (Letters to my Son).

Unlike the scarcity of books on the subject back in 1993, today there are many books to help us through our grief. They aren't written by professionals, rather by griever just like us. They are books telling the stories of surviving parents and siblings by the very parents and siblings that endured similar travails to our own. Some are written well, some not so well. But all tell a story that is designed to help each of us drag ourselves back on to a road well traveled – by compassionate friends who are always prepared to offer a helping hand of support and understanding.

Writing, as a tool to healing is a mighty therapy. At a recent meeting, two of our more newly bereaved moms told how they write regularly to their missing children. I have no doubt their kids read every word and are grateful for the ongoing communication. As someone who has survived this journey pretty well, and even documented my own journey through this column and my book, "First You Die", I strongly recommend that you try your hand at writing. Get a notebook or a journal. It's amazing how helpful it is to write about what we are feeling.

Don't write for anyone else. Write for yourself. As I wrote several years ago, "Such deep, unfathomable grief makes poets of us all. Only the quietly written word wrenched from the depths of the soul, comes close to describing the pain. We the grieving translate the keening cries and the desperate screams of disbelief into the poetry that consoles us".

Marie Levine
2006

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 will need the support of our friends. Other times we will 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 brothers and sisters; however, a special part of them lives on within us. When our brothers and sisters dies, our lives changed. We are living a life that is different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.*

SIBLINGS

You're such a cold, insensitive thief.
How could you try to steal my grief?
You say to forget and look ahead.
I can't forget my brother's dead.

How can you act like nothing's changed?
When my heart has been so rearranged.
Even if you can't understand,
couldn't you just extend a hand?

"Friend" is what I called you before,
but that was before you closed your door.
You don't want to see my tears or frown,
you can't be bothered or brought down.

You're so selfish and appear so cool,
like nothing will harm you - what a fool!
You say "if" I die instead of "When",
the way you think is such a sin.

You think your loved ones will live forever.
What a trick! You're really clever.
You assume they'll always be so near ..and
that you've nothing ever to fear.

You won't imagine what I'm going through
Because it hasn't happened to you.
Your eyes are vacant as they look at me.
My heart is broken, can't you see?

You think that death is just a story
and that you have no reason to worry.
You really haven't got a clue.
Until, ex-friend, it happens to you.

Becky Schultz, Aptos CA
from Bereavement Magazine
October 1993

IT'S THE MUSIC THAT BONDS THE SOUL

The room you once lived in
doesn't look the same.
The people who used to call you
Never mention your name.

The car you used to drive
they may not make anymore.
And all the things you treasured
are boxed behind closed doors,

The clothes you set the trends by
are surely out of date.
The people you owed money to
Have wiped away the slate.

Things have changed and changed
Since you went away,
but some things remain the same
each and every day.

Like the aching in my heart -
a scar that just won't heal.
Or the way a special song
can change the way I feel.

Brother, you must know that the music
bonds us and will keep us close;
because secretly I know in my heart
it's the music you miss most.

So let the world keep turning,
time can take its toll.
As long as the music is playing
You'll be dancing in my soul.

~ **Stacie Gilliam**, TCF
N.Oklahoma City, OK

NEVERNESS

It's the *neverness* that is so painful.
Never again to be here with us -
never to sit with us at the table, never
to travel with us, never to laugh with us,
never to cry with us, never to embrace us as he leaves for
school, never to see his brothers and sister marry.
All the rest of our lives we must live without him.
Only our death can stop the pain of his death.
A month, a year, five years - with that I could live...
but not this forever.

I step out to the moist, moldy fragrance of an early summer morning and arm in arm with my enjoyment comes the realization that never again will he smell this.

One small misstep and now this neverness.

~ **Nicholas Wolterstoff**
from his book, *Lament for a Son*

SURVIVING

There is no way to know
in those first early years,
if the crying will stop,
be an ending to tears.

But slowly, so slowly
through grieving and time,
will come moments and days
when hopefulness shines.

Backwards and forwards,
into darkness then out,
we begin to start living;
scraps of new life peek out.

This happens most surely,
survivors will tell,
when we find time for others,
and give of ourselves.

~ **Genesse Gentry**
Stars in the Deepest Night

You asked, "How are you doing?" As I told you, tears came to my eyes. . .and you looked away and quickly began to talk again. All the attention you had given drained away.

"How am I doing?" . . . I do better when people listen, though I may shed a tear or two.

These feelings are indescribable. If you've never felt them you cannot fully understand. Yet I need you. When you look away, when I'm ignored, I am again alone with them. Your attention means more than you can know.

Really, tears are not a bad sign, you know! They're nature's way of helping me to heal. . .They relieve some of the stress of sadness.

I know you fear that asking how I'm doing brings me sadness. . . but it doesn't work that way. The memory of my loved one's absence is with me, only a thought away.

My tears make my loss more visible to you, but you did not cause this sadness, it was already there.

When I cry, could it be that you feel helpless, not knowing what to do? You are not helpless, and you don't need to do a thing but be here for me. When I feel your permission to allow my tears to flow, you've helped me. You need not speak. Your silence as I cry is all I need. Be patient. . .do not fear.

Listening with your heart to "how I am doing" validates what I am going through, for when the tears can freely come I feel lighter.

Talking to you releases what I've been wanting to say aloud, clearing space for a touch of joy in my life.

I'll cry for a minute or two, then I'll wipe my eyes, and sometimes you'll even find I'm laughing in a while.

When I hold back my tears, my throat grows tight, my chest aches, my stomach knots. . . because I'm trying to protect you from my tears.

Then we both hurt. Me, because my feelings are held inside, causing pain and a shield against our closeness. You, because suddenly we're emotionally distant.

So please, take my hand and see me through my tears. . .then we can be close again.

Romaine Presnell, Portland OR
From www.i-remember.org message board

MEMORY

There is a place called memory
where we sometimes like to roam,
through hills of love and laughter,
a place we know as home.
A place that's free from all this pain
where our hearts are light once more.
A place that lives forever,
where life is as it was before.

Our children live in memory.
They laugh and dance and sing.
Their lives are filled with magic
that only heaven can bring.
They feel no hurt or anger,
their spirits are free as air,
and God's love will always protect them
in times when we aren't there.

Cherish this place called memory.
Feel the love that lives there.
Remember the joys, the warmth of the sun
and the bond you will always share.
Smile at happy moments,
laugh at times gone by.
Let the tears you cry be happy ones,
know love will never die.

Have no fear of visiting,
the joy will outweigh the pain.
Learn to treasure memory
for there is much you will gain.
And though life is not as it was before,
and never will be again
our memories are much richer
than if love had never been.

~Vicki Tushingham
TCF Bergen/Passaic NJ

BURDEN OF GRIEF

As I struggle with words to find answers
Reading and writing my pain,
the pages grow blurred before eyes that are tired
from this crushing emotional drain.

The relief that comes from the writing
Parallels what I feel when I read.
To open myself to the torture of loss
seems to soothe this unbearable need.

There's no pleasure in life at this moment.
It's an effort to get through the day.
And I labor to stay above water...
but the shoreline is so far away.

So I pick up a pen, or a book about grief
And it serves as a raft for a while.
And I hope, as my tears fall on pages of pain
that one day I'll recall how to smile.

As I swim towards the shore of acceptance
I pray for the peace of belief.
That heaven's your home and you're waiting for me
Then I'll finally be free of this grief.

By **Sally Migliaccio**, TCF Babylon, NY
from Tracy, An Extraordinary Child ©1988

STARTING OVER AGAIN

As parents, how many times have we told our children to try, try again? "You can do it, just start over" we'd say, be it a coloring book not kept within the lines, learning to tie shoes, school assignments, or later, other difficulties that life brings.

Little did we think that this well meaning advice we gave out of love and concern for our children's well being would be the words that we must follow.

"Hang on. Don't give up, try again and start over". All this now applies to us. Had the situation been reversed we wouldn't

want our children to live out the rest of their lives in pain, unable to go on. we would want them to continue, not in sorrow but with hope for renewal and better days ahead.

As we have said to them - they would be throwing it right back at us - "It's a hard road that you must travel, but you can do it. What you wanted for me, I want for you. Do what you have to, to find your way out of this dark tunnel, and when you fall, pick yourself up and start over again. You can do it".

What we wanted for our children is not less than they would want for us. If we could hear them, they would be saying: "LIVE, for life is but a moment. LOVE, for that is what really matters. GO ON, for we shall be together again, someday".

Mary Ann Lambden
TCF, Giouster Country, NJ

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 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.

August 2000

I cry and I cry. I respond to every turn of the day with tears, wondering, now and then, how my incessant weeping appears to those around me. It is coming clear to me. Only tears encourage time to pass. Only tears anoint the endless waiting with tender hope that the days to follow might flow more kindly into understanding.

Molly Fumia
Safe Passage



PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUPS

The Compassionate Friends offers a variety of private Facebook Groups. These pages are moderated by bereaved parents, siblings, or grandparents, and may not be accessed unless a request to join is approved by a moderator. A private message will be sent prior to approval. Please reply to the message so we can confirm your request. Please be sure to check your mailbox marked “Message Requests” if you do not receive one in your main mailbox. You may need to look under message requests that have been filtered by Facebook. If you are waiting approval, please message one of the administrators. Join requests to our Facebook groups must be requested personally, therefore when you wish to share the group with someone please pass along the link to the group.

[TCF – Loss of a Child](#)

*Moderators: Jennifer Dixon, Janet Ferjo,
Donna Goodrich, and Goody Tendall*

[TCF – Loss of a Stepchild](#)

Moderator: Babe Muro

[TCF – Loss of a Grandchild](#)

Moderators: Debbie Fluhr and Jennifer “Sue” Hale

[The Compassionate Friends Sounds of the Siblings \(for bereaved siblings\)](#)

Moderators: Tracy Milne Edgemon and Keith Singer

[TCF – Men in Grief](#)

Moderators: Gary Odle and Mark Rambis

[TCF – Grandparents Raising their Grandchildren](#)

Moderators: Diana Marie

[TCF – Sudden Death](#)

*Moderators: Carol Ladouceur, Bettie-Jeanne Rivard-
Darby and Dana Young*

[TCF – Loss to Substance Related Causes](#)

*Moderators: Barbara Allen, Karen Colangelo,
Mary Lemley, and Karen Zaorski*

[TCF – Sibling Loss to Substance Related Causes](#)

*Moderators: Barbara Allen, Kristy Flower, and
Andrea Keller*

[TCF – Loss to Suicide](#)

*Moderators: Donna Adams, Donna McGrew
Anderson, Leanna Leyes, Barbara Reboratti and
Mary Ann Ward*

[TCF – Loss to Homicide](#)

*Moderators: Pete Dorough, Rebecca Perkins and
Dawn Wassel*

[TCF – Loss to a Drunk/Impaired Driver](#)

Moderators: Michelle Arrowood and Robin Landry

[TCF – Loss to Cancer](#)

Moderator: Rita Studzinski

[TCF – Loss of a Child with Special Needs](#)

Moderators: Donna Reagan

[TCF – Loss to Long-term Illness](#)

Moderator: Debbie Gossen

[TCF – Infant and Toddler Loss](#)

Moderators: Julia West and Deanna Wheeler

[TCF – Loss of an Only Child/All Your Children](#)

*Moderators: Becky Barch, Joannie Kemling, and
Tonja Knobel*

[TCF – Loss to Miscarriage or Stillbirth](#)

Moderators: Libby Hall and Kelly Kittel

[TCF – Loss to Mental Illness](#)

Moderators: Sherry Cox and Annette Swestyn

[TCF – Crafty Corner](#)

Moderators: Gail Lafferty and Kathy Rambo

[The Compassionate Friends Chapter Leadership \(for anyone currently serving on a Chapter steering committee\)](#)

Moderator: Debbie Rambis

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CHAT SCHEDULE

The Compassionate Friends National Office
 P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696
 Toll Free (877) 969-0010
 www.compassionatefriends.org
 email:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

We Need Not Walk Alone
 TCF National Magazine
 1 yr. subscription \$20

Deadline for Newsletter article submissions:
 Fall: August 1st Spring/Summer: April 1st
 Winter: February 2nd Holiday: October 1st

Mark Your Calendars!
 Our next Chapter meetings are Tuesdays:

SEP 12	OCT 12	NOV 9	DEC 14	JAN 11
SEP 26	OCT 26	NOV 23	DEC 28	JAN 25

EDT	9:00-10:00AM	8:00-9:00PM	9:00-10:00PM	10:00-11:00PM
MON			General Bereavement Issues & Grandparents/Stepparents	General Bereavement Issues & Men's Chat
TUE			General Bereavement Issues, Bereavement over 2 years & Pregnancy Loss/Infant Death	General Bereavement Issues & Pregnancy Loss/Infant Death
WED	Newly Bereaved		September 11 Families & Siblings	General Bereavement Issues
THU		No Surviving Children	General Bereavement Issues & Siblings	General Bereavement Issues
FRI		Suicide	Special Needs Children	General Bereavement Issues
SAT				General Bereavement & Siblings
SUN	Siblings		General Bereavement Issues & Siblings	General Bereavement Issues & Siblings

OUR COMPASSIONATE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS						
Babylon	1st Friday	(516) 795-8644	Medford	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809	
Bronx	2nd Tuesday	(914) 714-4885	Rockville Centre	2nd Friday	(516) 766-4682	
Brookhaven	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809	Rockland County	3rd Tuesday	(845) 398-9762	
Brooklyn	3rd Wednesday	(917) 952-9751	Staten Island	2nd and 4th Thursday	(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	
			HOT LINE		(516) 781-4173	



The Compassionate Friends
 P.O. Box 86,
 New York, NY 10159-0086