



The Compassionate Friends

Manhattan Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

MANHATTAN NEWSLETTER

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More thoughts on hope...

Reprinted from Fall 2005 issue

I recently met with a newly indoctrinated mom. Her precious 19 year old son died suddenly of what might have been a congenital heart problem only three months before. Clearly still in shock, trying desperately to understand what she's supposed to do now, we had a leisurely lunch and talked about our kids. We cried, we laughed, we reminisced as if we had known each other for years. We looked at pictures and gave a face to this unimaginable grief.

As always, talking with a Mom so new to this experience, brought it all back for me. All the pain I was so afraid of forgetting, the love and longing I feared to move away from – it was all there, as palpable as it was a dozen years ago. It really is never very far away. It's always just beneath the skin ready to erupt at the slightest suggestion. She was sorry she was bringing it all back. She tried to apologize. I recognized her feelings. I remember feeling badly for making other people feel badly when I had to tell them Peter had died. I went to some lengths to avoid people so I didn't have to make them feel badly. How ridiculous that seems now.

So confused, so disbelieving, in such seemingly mortal pain, so wanting to die, she asked me a question her husband suggested she ask me when we met. His question; what did they have to hope for? Now, I've been living and writing about this life for twelve years.

(Continued on page 10)

A EULOGY FOR ALL CHILDREN WHO LEFT US TOO SOON

by Nora Yood

It was the day of the eleventh anniversary of my son David's death when I saw her. For several moments I remained still, mesmerized by her face. She was so lovely and peaceful; yet her image so profoundly disturbing that my chest constricted and I felt as if my heart were breaking.

I was staring at picture of a young woman in a coffin. It was titled, "Monica 2000." Below the black and white photograph, a neatly typed caption reads: *Monica died from a gunshot wound on New Years. She was 19 years old. At the funeral parlor, Betty kneels by Monica's casket as Miguel and Tomar pay their respects. The District Attorney ruled Monica's death an accident.**

The day of my son's death is always tough, and seeing the dead teenager surrounded by her grief-stricken relatives intensified my already my dark mood. Yet I believe that I was meant to meet Monica that morning. There was something I needed to learn, and she was going to be my teacher. I decided to visit the exhibit because David loved art, and my ritual on this occasion of his departure, for lack of a better term, is to plan an activity that we would enjoy participating in together. When I got to the scene of Monica's

(Continued on page 10)

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.

NATIONAL SURVIVORS OF SUICIDE DAY

National Survivors of Suicide Day, sponsored by the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention. (The word 'survivors' in this case, refers to anyone whose life has been affected by the suicide of another person.)

Each year in the US, more than 30,000 suicides occur, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta. They range from children through elderly citizens. There are almost twice as many suicides as homicides.. Of those, about 850 of them are Georgia residents.

Experts say that each suicide leaves behind an average of 6 - 10 "survivors", so that means about 180,000 - 300,000 people each year are added to the list of those whose lives have been permanently affected by an incomprehensible action,

Some of the people affected by suicide may be in your circle of friends, family, co-workers, church members, club friends, or neighborhood. How others respond to them can make a difference in whether their grief processes in a healthy way or becomes dysfunctional.

In some ways, grief after a suicide is much like grief for other tragic losses. There is shock, anger, depression, guilt, and eventually resolution or healing. Suicide, however, sometimes produces additional issues to complicate grieving for friends or family members.

A few tidbits of information for those who want to be supportive to suicide survivors are below.

1. Even if you believe that the suicide victim was selfish, cowardly, or weak, don't express those negative sentiments to people who love them. They are having a hard enough time coping with the situation, so judgmental comments may hurt them more.

2. If your religious view is that suicide is a sin, that's your right, but those who are deeply grieving a loved one's suicide do not want or need to hear such comments.

3. Most people whose lives have been affected by suicide want to know why it happened. Some may become obsessed with doing research to find out why. The need to understand an irrational end is natural.

4. The determination of a suicide ruling after a self-inflicted death is dependent upon one word: intent.

5. Intent is not always easy to determine. 75% - 80% of those who die by suicide do not leave notes behind.

6. The final act that may have precipitated the suicide is not the cause of the suicide. It's simply the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back.

7. When someone dies by suicide, there may be rumors spread by people who thrive on gossip. Consequently, those who need support the most may not receive it.

7. Finally, those whose lives are affected by a suicide may become extremely depressed themselves, and sometimes, the depression may manifest itself in other unhealthy actions. They may resort to excessive drinking or over self-medication; they may turn their pain inward and wind up with more serious health problems, and in some cases, they, too, may become suicidal.

When friends or family members die by suicide, grief may be complicated. Very often, those most closely affected need additional support. Self-help support or discussion groups can be very helpful in dealing with suicide grief. Sometimes, therapy through a professional counselor is also needed.

According to the American Association of Suicidology, in the US, one person ends his or her life every 18 minutes, so chances are that while you were reading this article, one more person responded to the feelings of helplessness and hopelessness by suicide.

On November 20th at 12:00 noon, EST, the AFSP will hold a teleconference available in 90 cities nationwide.

For those who cannot attend the teleconference in person, the teleconference will be presented live via webcast on the AFSP site, followed by a live chat. Registration in advance is required.

To register for the webcast and/or chat, go to www.afsp.org and follow the directions.

Love and peace,
Karyl, mother of Arlyn
arlynsmom@cs.com

SIBLINGS

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.*

Re-entering School after the Death of a Sibling

Going back to school after the death of your brother or sister is a hard thing to go through. At first there are three groups of people to deal with: people who give you a lot of support, people who don't know what to say, and those who give you weird looks and stay away from you. This lasts for a little while. After a short time, changes with each group occur.

Those who didn't know what to say start to speak or begin to talk. The group who kept away stop ignoring you. The people who gave you a lot of support, slowly return to their own

affairs. After about a month and a half, everything goes back to normal and is over to everyone except you.

This is very difficult to accept and makes you feel all the more alone. After a while the shock for you goes away and it is then that you need the support from your friends, peers and teachers.

This month is the first anniversary of the death of my brother. Most people will have forgotten and everything is right with the world. But it is not! Certainly not to my mother and me.

~Jordan Ely

TCF Albany/Delmar, NY

Anonymous in Raleigh, N.C. The following is a response sent to Ann Landers by Dawn Morville Johnson, sibling representative on the TCF National Board of Directors.

Dear Ann Landers:

As a bereaved sibling, I was disappointed in your response to "Anonymous in Raleigh, N.C.," who asked whether it would be appropriate to send her parents a card on the anniversary of her brother's death. You advised her not to send a card, but to take her parents to dinner "with no mention of the sad anniversary."

Bereaved parents will tell you that the one thing they want to do is talk about their child. Ignoring the anniversary of a child's death is the same as ignoring the child's birthday: it makes bereaved parents feel as though their child did not exist. Many bereaved parents have told me that their surviving children will not talk about their brother or sister who has died. Often this is because they are afraid of upsetting their parents. However, bereaved parents yearn to hear their children mention the dead child's name. "Anonymous" should be encouraged in her efforts to remember the anniversary of her brother's death by sending a card to her parents.

On the anniversary of my brother's death, I send a special card to my parents to tell them that I am thinking about them and remembering my brother. We open our hearts to each other and share our memories of him and how much we miss him. We also put flowers on his grave that day and have flowers on the church altar in his memory on the Sunday closest to the anniversary of his death. In other words, the day is not like any other day, so I don't treat it as such. My life and my parents' lives changed forever the day he died. Making no mention of it would only be another tragedy.

~lovingly lifted from TCF Southern OR Online Newsletter

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

When a child dies, grief is a family affair. It hits Mom and Dad and siblings with equal despair. Mom cries and cannot get out of bed. Dad holds in emotions and leaves much unsaid. Sisters and brothers simply cannot understand. Why death came and dealt this kind of hand. No one acts as if they should and nothing is the same. The family wants to draw together but seems to share only pain. Someone must be responsible when a child dies. Each family member thinks in some way its them, and cries. But no one is responsible for things we cannot control. So reach out to each other and keep the family whole. Don't let the difference in how you each grieve change the love in your family or its belief. Be strong when you can and weak when you must. And love each other with kindness and trust. To keep the family with love and you will all survive. For we who have been there and made it through together can say that holding on to each other makes love last forever.

Lifted from McMinnville TCF by the Verdugo Hills Chapter and lovingly borrowed here

As long as I can
I will look at this world
for both of us.
As long as I can
I will laugh with the birds,
I will sing with the flowers,
I will pray to the stars,
for both of us.
As long as I can
I will remember
how many things
on this earth
were your joy.
And I will live
as well as you
would want me to live
as long as I can

~Sascha

"For both of Us" Wintersun
Lovingly borrowed from TCF,
Verdugo Hills chapter

THE LIGHT WITHIN

Many grieving parents and siblings long for a sign that their dead child, sister or brother is not “lost” to them. So it is quite normal that grievors often have moments when they feel somehow “in touch” with the dead child. This feeling may be triggered by a dream that was clearer than other dreams - our awareness seemed heightened, our dream experience was immediate, direct, unmistakably “true.” Perhaps we were startled by an event that brought our dead child to our presence in an oddly tangible way. We may have visited a psychic who comforted us with sensitive thoughts and messages.

And so we find her/his image in familiar places; we hear him/her speak words within our mind; we feel a touch, a breath, a presence unbelievably close. But we are expected and we expect ourselves to accept only those things which “make sense” in terms of what the human mind, at present, can recognize as “a fact.”

Some of us can take unusual occurrences in stride, but many more, for reasons of faith or logic, are shaken and even disturbed by such events. We worry about offending some requirements of tradition or religion. We wonder are we losing our mind, are we mentally sound or has the fact of our child’s death completely distorted our senses?

Don’t be alarmed. The first thing to remember is that all things which happen are natural, by definition. The so-called supernatural is only a word coined to describe natural things that do not fit into the framework of what we are at present able to understand. We only have

to consider, for instance, that two hundred years ago television would have been regarded as supernatural; actually, TV was even then a natural possibility, but no human had yet been able to put its components into practice.

In a similar way, we may not see the factors at work when we feel “in touch with our dead child. But the idea of such communication can become more understandable, when we remember how connected to most of our children’s experiences we are. To some extent, our children’s responses are as familiar to us as our own thoughts. Of course, we do not completely and always know how our children feel about absolutely everything (just as we do not always know our own mind). But we have probably internalized our children’s way of communicating so well that we can share thoughts after our child is gone, in a very immediate way - whether this should be called psychic or not is beside the point.

We can be “in touch” with our dead children, sisters and brothers who exist in us from the depth of a shared life. Sometimes we hear their words, sometimes we recognize them in images, sometimes we feel their touch. This is our legacy, given to help us heal and grow in spirit.

There is a light of understanding and communion within us, softly illuminated by love, insight, and familiarity. Find its comfort, and trust its wisdom.

-Sasha, LARGO Newsletter, 3/96

THE PLACE OF WHY

I’m in the place of Why?
Looking for answers that won’t come,
For life does not always have a reason
that we can touch.

I’m in a place called Why?
Feeling a spirit enveloping my soul...
The ancestors reaching out comforting
my aching heart.

Where are you?
I saw you disappear...
to a place I do not know

but perhaps will find,
when I too am elevated\
to a higher ground.

Here I am in the place of Why?
Nothing is clear but the dust I stand in
while you went off to a new frontier.

Which road is my tomorrow
and is the answer to be found?
Perhaps I must accept
it was your time.

You did your life’s work so quickly,
and told tales while leaving messages
for us to discover.

I will try to wear my Why gallantly
as you stand vigil.

I need your spirit to give me strength.
While I know you are in peace,
wipe my tears.

~Pat Travis Rosenberg
From her book,
Flying Through Clouds

MEETINGS PAST

Occasionally a meeting topic may cause us to hesitate and wonder, will this subject cause more pain or might this be an opportunity for healing? It's not unusual to resist looking deeply into our grief. That was my gut reaction when our September meeting opened with the question, "What do you worry about?". Somehow our group found the strength to share concerns, reach out for healing and offer support.

We found that some individuals believe in an afterlife but continue to worry that their children are okay, safe, happy, or with other family members.

Others, asked if our children know how much we love them

and that we think of them always. We expressed concern over whether our children know we did, or would have done, anything to prevent their death. And most of us worry that our child will be forgotten by family and friends or that we will slowly lose pieces of our memories over time. We also worry about any remaining children--will they be safe? And we sometimes worry about our own health during this exhausting journey.

As I listened that evening, I was surprised by feelings of peace as threads of hope were woven among the worries. For, although we worry about many things, some of us are blessed with a renewed sense of pur-

pose as a result of the grief journey. Others have found peace in spiritual experiences that were expressed so beautifully. Still others offer reassurance, that we all did our best, that our children know this and that we will be happy again. It's a wonderful truth that in helping others, we help ourselves. Wherever we are in grief, by sharing our experiences along the way, we continue to keep the memory of our children alive and through this sharing, healing becomes possible.

~ **Carol Clum**, TCF,
Medford, OR

GRIEF: WHEN DOES IT STOP HURTING

By **Anna Quindlen**

Grief reminds one of the few things that has the power to silence us. It is a whisper in the world and a clamor within. More than sex, more than faith, even more than its usher death, grief is unspoken, publicly ignored except for those moments at the funeral, that are over too quickly, or the conversations among those of us who recognize in one another a kindred chasm deep in the center of who we are.

Maybe we do not speak of it because death will mark all of us sooner or later. Maybe it is unspoken because grief is only the first part of it. After a time

it becomes something less sharp, but larger, to a more enduring thing called loss. Perhaps that is why this is the least explored passage: because it has no end.

The world loves closure, loves a thing that can, as they say, be gotten through. This is why it comes as a great surprise to find that loss is forever, that two decades after the event there are those occasions when something in you cries out at the continual presence of an absence. The landscape of all our lives becomes as full of craters as the surface of the moon. We are all defined by who we have lost.

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

I am flesh and blood, torn mind,
and broken heart.

I feel at times like a wise old woman -
but then in the next moment like a
small child.

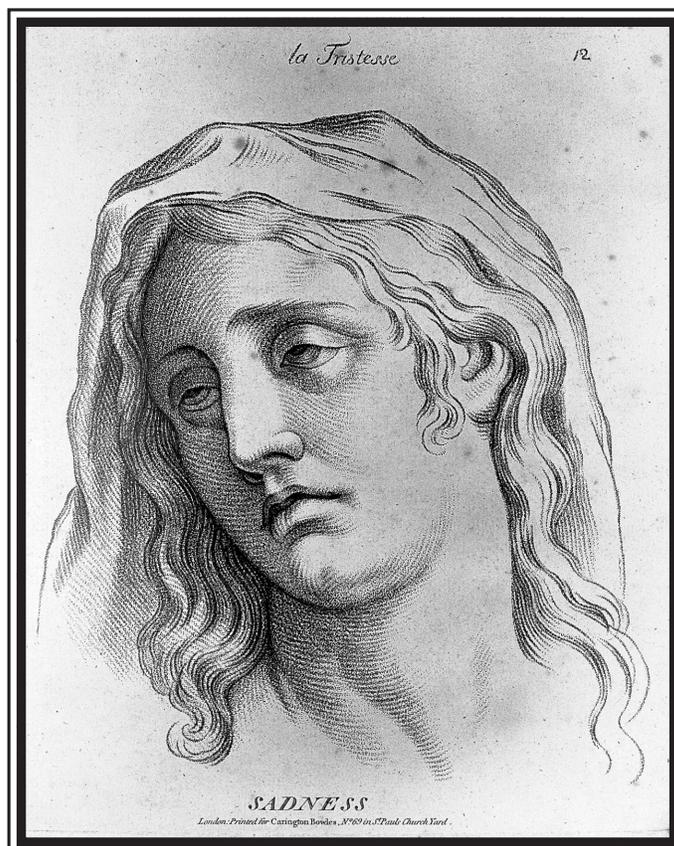
I admit total
confusion.
I look in the
mirror and see
someone I'm
not sure
I know.
I want an
answer; I want
a solution - to
a problem that
has neither on
this earth.

It seems
that nothing
matters
anymore and
yet at the same time I have learned
that everything does.
That there are millions of people on
this earth.
When one of them dies, it matters.

I ache to a degree that only another
who has crossed this bridge could
gauge.

And only they can for a moment
understand my torment.

Do you know who I am?
I am a bereaved mother - the last
thing I ever thought I would be.



My child has
died before
me, the most
unnatural thing
in the world.
And my
continued being
seems the next
most unnatural
thing.
A portion of my
heart, spirit, and
dreams - and all
thoughts of total
peace, are with
Ryan, never to
be recovered to
make a whole

until I can see him again.

The tears I cry are not for me, but
for the beautiful life that ended far
too soon.

And the utterly helpless frustration
of not being able to do anything to
change that.

--Deborah Wiseman
TCF of Nashville, TN

FIVE YEARS

The other night, my husband and I were discussing our “new” life. We do this often as we continue in our fifth year without Marc, not so much to try to make sense of all this but rather to encourage ourselves to move forward in as positive a way as we can.

Norm asked me why it was that we find it difficult to be back in our old circle of friends. We know they would be happy to see us. We know it is our decision not to go. I said it’s because we cannot talk about Marc and so much else about our life as it now is. I said that superficial conversation leaves me cold. Norm summed it up by saying that, once you decide to spend your time and your effort on a regular basis with new friends who have also lost children, there is not enough energy left to deal with the niceties required to conduct social life on an ongoing basis as we all used to know it. He’s right. When you boil it all down, that is the answer. It is an answer that contains many complexities.

Our friends are still good people, and we still see them from time to time. But we are not as interested, if at all, in most of what gets talked about. People do not say what is really in their hearts. We have shared with them our deepest despair. They talk about the stock market. I tell them of my small miracles. They talk of weddings and graduations. I talk of my children. They clam up. It sure is different. These are not bad people. These are scared people. If it could happen to me, it could happen to them. They have heard enough, and I know that they hurt, too. But not the way I do. I am so much better than I was but not where they are- and I never will be: my life more or less intact, my family together. This seems to be a barrier too steep to climb, or it takes too much effort from both sides. I suppose I am jealous and perhaps sometimes irreverent about their concerns.

They seem inconsequential to me now; they would not have before. They haven’t changed; I have. I have taken that left turn on the new road. Now my life goes in a different direction. I can’t go back. I must, with much effort, build a new life that will be rewarding, happy and as fulfilling as possible. I do that with my new friends- the compassionate friends who have stood by my side for all these years.

I like my new life; surely not so well as my old life, but I like it. It is beginning to be comfortable, although there are times on this new road when I do not easily know where to turn. It is as they say, “the road less traveled”, but it is still a worthwhile and satisfactory road that is filled with the unexpected blessings of many new friends and relationships! Yes, I have accepted that fork in the road, it just sometimes remains a little bumpy.

Toby Eisenberg,
TCF San Diego, CA

Memories

The certain special memories
That follow me each day,
Cast your shadow in my life
In a certain way.
Sometimes the blowing wind
Or the lyrics of a song,
Make me stop and think of you
Sometimes all day long
Memories are good to have
To share and keep in my heart,
Just knowing that you’re still inside
Makes sure we’ll never part.

~Collette Covington, Lake Charles, LA

People tell me that no matter how dark my thoughts are, I always seem to end on a hopeful note. I've thought about that and in truth, it is a tough question. After all, I've always found the biggest surprise about this experience is that we don't die from it. I still think it is amazing that we don't and considering the pain we must slog through for a lifetime, we probably should. But since we don't and I still haven't after all this time, I have given some thought to what I think hope is now.

I guess I hope for the smaller things in life. Actually, the smallest things in life. Since I cannot hope for the big things (dancing at my son's wedding, grandchildren... peace in the world) I hope for achievable things:

- * a sunny day
- * a painless hour
- * thinking of Peter with a smile
- * enjoying a laugh with friends
- * watching my garden grow
- * reading a good book
- * having a "good" day

So when I am reminded by my friends that no matter how dark, bleak or despairing my writing, I always seem to end on a mildly hopeful note, it's not intentional. But it is natural. I think now that I am fortunate, in a way, that throughout my life, my glass has always been half full. That instinct has served me well during these very dark years. I've always been fairly certain I will eventually see some light at the end of the proverbial tunnel. Even while I struggle with the absolute knowledge that I won't see Peter again in this world, I've wrapped myself around the possibility that I will see him in the next.

Today, I can honestly say I'm not sorry I didn't die. I've managed in twelve years to keep Peter in this world a bit longer than if I had joined him. I see how quickly life rushes by. No need to push it. Peter is so present in my life, I wonder now how intensely together we would have been had life been a bigger presence than death. Weird thoughts. Hope? I hope my belief that we'll all be together again someday is true. I hope that someone takes some comfort in finding that they aren't crazy when they read what I write and recognize they have some of the same thoughts and feelings. I hope that Peter comes to me in another dream someday soon.

I continue to grieve for my lost child and my lost life. But I recognize now that I am not unique. My family has been dealt a lousy hand but we can't simply leave the game. We must play out this hand and honor each other as best we can. I'm a very different person today than I was then – not better – just different. And finally, I hope that everything I've learned about survival and everything I do to share that knowledge, will serve as a fitting tribute to my son – a young man whose abbreviated life here on earth may have served some purpose beyond my understanding.

It's been a hot summer. Now we must gather our strength for the seasons ahead. School's back in session - can Halloween and the holidays be far behind? Life goes on my dear, dear friends. Hope for the best.

A EULOGY FOR ALL CHILDREN... (continued from page 1)

funeral, the melancholy I brought with me to the photography show escalated. My reaction was visceral, acute, overwhelming. Uncontrollably, my eyes filled with stinging tears. The memory of David's funeral materialized, resurrected by the somber sight of this no longer living young person. Monica, barely twenty years old, her life stolen from her so violently, and senselessly. Describing her death as an accident seemed an affront. She became a symbol of all the beautiful children and young people, like my son, taken from this earth much too early. I felt I knew her and I grieved for her, her loved ones, and for all of us who have sat beside the casket of a son or daughter.

Since my son died, I have met many people who have lost their children. I have read many memoirs about children by bereaved parents. Every day, in the papers or on television, there is another story about the tragic passing of a young person. The details are different. Death can be swift and sudden or slow and drawn out. The dreary outcome is the same. Bereaved parents left behind, trying to rewrite the script of their life without the language to do so.

The death of a child upends a parent's hopes and dreams of the future, debunks the natural

order of events, renders the rhythm of the passing of time out of sync and dissonant. But the evolution we must undergo -- not easily or quickly -- requires relinquishing complacency about the assumption of what is normal and rational, and ultimately manifests a different kind of world view. One that is more somber, realistic, spiritual, and compassionate.

Our respect and reverence for the fragility of life becomes something palatable and undeniable. The truth that our flesh and blood selves can end in a second ceases to be a philosophical meditation. At some point, we can no longer fantasize that the death of our child is just a horrific nightmare, and we acknowledge that our beloved child is longer with us. The only choice available is how we process that brutal fact, and discover ways of living with its consequences. Thus we learn to appreciate the life of our child, each one of whom was unique, loved, valued and longed for, and to understand that while the period they were here with us was much too short, it was still real and purposeful, and enriched us in ways we could never have imagined.

We have become more human in the sense that we recognize both our powerlessness and our strength. We feel regret and we grieve, never fully forgiving ourselves for not being able to save our children, even when we finally admit that was never a possibility. Yet we affirm our resilience and our ability continue to survive, be productive, and to be grateful for the time we had with our child. We connect with others who have suffered loss, and we share a tacit wisdom about how difficult, and painful life can be, and still how precious it is. Despite the traumas and tragedies we faced, we manage to endure. Every David and Monica, every one of our beloved children, was a soul who graced this world, lived out its destiny, was taken too soon, but is mourned and loved, missed and remembered.

** The photo "Monica 2000" is part of an exhibit, Beyond Grand Street , Brooklyn, NY. at LaGuardia Community College,*



THE MISSING GOES ON

by Sally Migliaccio

Are the grim, leaden skies somewhat lighter?
Have I learned even black clouds might part?
Has the pain that once battered me morning and night
finally lifted a bit from my heart?

"Not so!" I whisper defensively.
Grief's claws are still raking my soul.
I've battled this sorrow for many a year
to wrestle away its control.

I've an uneasy truce with unbearable pain,
most times its quiescent within.
Then there are times when with teeth bared, it strikes
and I'm thrust back to raw grief again.

I've waged a fierce war for relief from the pain,
feeling guilty for wanting some peace.
Though I know that less pain doesn't equal less love,
I'm torn between pain and release.

My daughter was born in the month of July,
and July was the month that she died.
She molded my life in the time she was here,
in death she continues to guide.

I love her no less than I did in her life,
and I've learned the missing goes on...
so if misery takes time off for a night,
it will surely return with the dawn.

Written in memory of her beloved daughter, **Tracey**

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CHAT SCHEDULE

Go to: www.compassionatefriends.org, and click on CHAT. Times are Eastern Standard Time.

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

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
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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 11	OCT 9	NOV 13	DEC 11	JAN 8
SEP 18	OCT 23	NOV 27		JAN 22

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	SmithPoint/Mastic	2nd Thursday	(631) 281-9004
Flushing	3rd Friday	(718) 746-5010	Staten Island	2nd and 4th Thursday	(718) 983-0377
Manhasset	3rd Tuesday	(516) 466-2480	Syosset (Plainview)	3rd Friday	(718) 767-0904
Marine Park, Bklyn	3rd Friday	(718) 605-1545	Twin Forks/Hamptons	3rd Friday	(646) 894-0317
			White Plains	1st Thursday	(914) 381-3389



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