



# The Compassionate Friends NEWSLETTER

Manhattan Newsletter

WINTER 2016 Vol. XXVIII No. 1

## A LITTLE MORE ABOUT ANGER...

I've been facilitating sharing groups at meetings for more than 20 years. One sensibility that is most often brought up during conversations is anger. In most instances, those that admit to feeling angry are a bit apologetic. There is a sense that anger is a bad thing and should be overcome. It always bothers me... why, I wonder do people feel anger is something to "get over". I remember being angry. I wrote about it often...

*"I was angry at those who avoided the subject of Peter's death for fear of my 'uncontrollable' response, anger at those who couldn't possibly understand what I was feeling, anger at my inability to make them understand. Anger at my own thoughts of what would make them understand (and my secret hope that someday they would). The anger at not being understood, at being pitied, at being singled out, at being given advice. The anger at being told when it was 'time' to 'feel better', 'move on' 'get on with your life'. anger at not having our children anymore while getting advice from the uninitiated." \**

Time has softened my anger. I no longer feel it bubbling below the surface as I did so many years ago. But I never felt compelled to suppress my anger. I treasured it. It gave me something almost palpable to hang on to while I floated in a sea of despair.

*(Continued on page 10)*

## After One Year -- What I Want to Know is, How Do I Go On From Here?

Many heads always nod in agreement when the question is asked at a Compassionate Friends meeting. Is that your questions, too? It has been over a year since your child has died. In your own way you have met and survived those special days, holidays, his or her birthday and all the events you had anticipated sharing with your child, at least once. Now what? Where do you go from here? Life is going on around you, yet your own life may seem at a standstill. It has had a drastic and traumatic change. A tug-o-war wages within your mind and body. Part of you wants to hang on tight to the life you knew when your family was whole. But after a year of grieving and crying for your child you realize that life as you knew it is no more. The separation death has brought is daily becoming more real.

If you are at this point in your grief, you know how it is. We are weary and tired from the constant effort and energy it takes to keep moving ahead each day. Possibly we find ourselves putting up a false front and saying "okay," "fine", when people ask how we are doing, because we think they feel that's how we should be by now. We remember a year ago, when we looked ahead to this time thinking we would be back to normal, our grief somehow healed and resolved. Now we often seem to be two different people. A person living with the burden of the loss of our child and the emotions, depth of sorrow and pain

*(Continued on page 11)*

**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) 414-1780jacquienytcf@verizon.net .

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**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.*

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## WHAT WE CHOOSE TO REMEMBER

Nora Yood

Since the death of my son, I have often meditated on what exactly memories are, and what role they play in a person's life. Are memories a mental bridge that connects who we are today to who we once were? True fictions portraying the docudrama of our encounters and relationships? Are they permanent monuments legitimizing success and triumphs, or delusional self-deceptions of what we wish we had said, done, achieved, but never did? Romanticized myths, rose colored by the march of time, or exaggerated betrayals to justify contemporary failures and grievances? I think they are a little of each. Memories are an essential part of what makes us human.

As a mother whose child has died, memories allow me to behave as if I were a functioning person, fully engaged in where I am, what I'm doing, and why I am doing it. Knowing I will never see, hear, or touch my son again would be too devastating to accept if he did not remain ever present in my consciousness. There he resides, a constant companion, regardless of whatever task awaits my attention. This may seem bizarre, even unhinged, but it is a conceit that works for me, this living in contradictory realities. On one hand, I appear to have adjusted, moved on, accepted what cannot be denied. On the other, this outward armor solidly secure, paradoxically, frees me to float unfettered in a parallel universe where time, space, and physical mass are superseded by a truer, transcendent way of embracing totality of my fate.

The point of this this dual identity is not to live the past, or to fossilize it, but to keep it real-- or as real as I can. I fiercely resist the temptation stroll, nostalgically, down an idealized memory lane; rather, I seek a portal to what was happening in my former life, and how I responded to events as they were occurring. My son was no angel and I, most certainly, not a perfect parent. I own both portrayals. Memories are facts of the mind. I want to reenact them all: the wonderful and sublime, the terror filled and gut wrenching, the ordinary and bland. All of

categories are important to me. The joyous, innocent, uncomplicated recollections --the ecstasy of those moments when hopes and dreams and achievements mystically converge, or enter, blissfully unbidden, into my most private reveries. They are testimony to the grace of the gift of parenthood, which survives beyond the bodily manifestation of those we love. The sadness and despair -- the agony surrounding the death of my child that shades every color crossing my range of vision -- bear witness to the monumental force of my loss which can't be denied or forgotten. Any attempt to minimize or rationalize that loss only magnifies its pain. But the everyday pleasures and peevs, -- the inevitable argument about bedtime, the homemade birthday card with the coupon to clean his room, the lost keys, the sight of a peacefully sleeping child, pajama covered feet peeking out from under a superman quilt -- are the most precious and sacred of all.

No less heartfelt chronicler of human emotion than Barbra Streisand melodically croons that memories may be beautiful, but, those that hurt and bruise, people choose to forget. She continues with the advice to us, her listeners, to remember only the laughter, whenever we remember the way we were. That message does not resonate with me. As a bereaved parent, I want to keep all the memories I can. What is beautiful as well as painful. And especially was simply just normal, ordinary, and in retrospect, miraculous. To borrow another, slightly amended, quote from talented diva. Let all the memories live.



*“Everyone can master grief  
but he who has it.”*

**William Shakespeare**

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**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.

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**Leslie Kandell** in memory of her daughter **Elinor Friedberg Blume**, 3/10 - 7/7, forever 41

**Mitch & Lynn Baumeister** in memory of Matthew Baumeister, 4/5 - 5/11, forever 19

**Suzy & Joe Loughlin** in memory of their son **Trevor Loughlin**, 11/17 - 7/4, forever 21

**Barbara & Ben Denihan** in memory of their son **Charlie Denihan**, 5/24 - 3/16, forever 28

**Ward & Priscilla Woods** in memory of Willie Gwathmey, son of **Gaines Gwathmey** and **Rose Harvey**, forever 20

**Ron & Ronnie Moore** in memory of their son **Jonathan Harris Moore**, 1/12 - 12/2, forever 30

**Priscilla Perez** in memory of her son **George Michael Perez**, 2/24 - 9/15, forever 25

**Rosina Mensah** in memory of her son **Kofi A. Mensah, Jr.**, 5/31 - 11/29, forever 21

**Marie & Phil Levine** in memory of their son **Peter Adam Levine**, 7/14 - 8/7, forever 22

**Ann Marie Sinisi** in memory of her son **James Patrick (Jimmy) Sinisi**, 12/11 - 11/30



### ***For All Our Lost Children***

I will see you again  
In the fullness of time.  
You will reach out your hand,  
I will take it in mine.  
As together we walk,  
All the sorrow filled years  
Will dissolve in a cloud  
In the midst of our tears.

I will see you again,  
We will laugh as before.  
I will kiss your dear face,  
As I pass through the door  
To a place where you are,  
And a bright shining sun  
Will assure my glad heart  
That my life has begun.

I will see you again,  
Though the journey be long,  
I will try, for your sake,  
To sing some kind of song.  
And for you I'll endeavor  
to live through my pain,  
'til the moment, dear child,  
When I see you again.

**Betty Kenna,**  
TCF UK 2002

## I KNOW YOU

I know who you are...I see your face reflected in mine.  
Ravaged by tears, distorted by the pain of a lifetime  
You are a parent of a child who now lives on in your heart  
Joined in spirit, though physically torn apart

To live between two worlds is now our task  
To be recognized by others, we all have a mask  
But in the abyss, in the darkness of the in between  
We often fall to our knees,  
tearing away the pretense and silently scream.

I know who you are, your voice sounds as familiar as mine.  
It calls out, vibrating throughout all of eternity, searching  
Trying to find you.  
"Where are you my child? I hear you in my mind,  
but I cannot find the way.  
Somehow I have gotten lost,  
where are all of my yesterdays?"

In the void, a child's voice has fallen silent.  
Deafening silence, echoing cries..  
We are left to follow each other in the darkness,  
always asking Why?

Into the unknown, we stumble along.  
The sun will rise and another day will begin.  
But the only light I can see is in the outstretched hand  
of a kindred soul, another grieving friend.

I know who you are. Your heart is shattered,  
your soul is broken, just like mine..

And though the pieces may fit back together,  
one tiny fragment at a time  
We will never again be whole,  
for there is a gap in our lives where our child should be  
The child that lives in our hearts,  
dances deep in our souls, laughs in our memories.

I know who you are...I can feel your pain  
We will never be the same

I cry the same tears  
We have the same fears  
Alone in a crowd,  
We both cried aloud

As our dreams came to an end,  
I know you, my grieving friend.

You are not alone, look in the mirror and you will see  
Standing next to you...is a reflection of me.

**Lisa Comstock**, Florence, KY - TCF Atlanta Online  
~reprinted from TCF Atlanta Newsletter Jan/Feb 2001

## EPITAPH

by **Merrit Malloy**

When I die  
give what's left of me away  
to children  
and old men that wait to die.  
And if you need to cry,  
cry for your brother  
walking the street beside you.  
And when you need me,  
put your arms around anyone  
and give them  
what you need to give me.

I want to leave you something,  
something better  
than words  
or sounds.

Look for me  
in the people I've known  
or loved,  
and if you cannot give me away,  
at least let me live on in your eyes  
and not on your mind.

You can love me most  
by letting  
hands touch hands,  
by letting bodies touch bodies,  
and by letting go  
of children  
that need to be free.

Love doesn't die,  
people do.  
So when all that's left of me  
is love,  
give me away.

~submitted by **Peggy Lang** in loving  
memory of her beloved son **David Lang Barek**  
3/28/82 – 12/25/01

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**Siblings** - *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. At other times 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 the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than many 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©*

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## MY FIRST FIVE YEARS AS AN ONLY CHILD

I've been without my brother for five years. I guess the hard part is over now. Sometimes I think I've aged thirty years in the last five. In a strange way, these past five years have been the best and worst years of my life. I've accomplished the many things of a typical young adult - learning to drive, graduating from high school, going to college, and starting a career. Every one of my accomplishments has been clouded by the fact that my brother George is not here to share each milestone and is not achieving any more milestones for himself. He was cheated of so many things. He will never graduate, get married, have children, or travel. He will never grow old, and I will never have a brother to grow old with. I'll never have nieces and nephews. The sibling relationship, usually the longest relationship of one's life, has been cut short for us. In these five years, although I've learned to accept that he's not coming back, the difficult past is dealing with it day by day.

My relationship with George ended just when we started to become friends. The childish fights and annoyances of having a big brother were changing to real conversations and to having an occasional ally. I'm angry about all of the things that we've missed and all of the things that will never be, and I guess I always will be. Five years heals a lot of wounds, but the hurt will always be there, no matter how many years pass. In these past five years, I've been forced to grow up too fast.

I've been forced into a new outlook on life. I've felt lonely and alone. I realize I will never be the same person as before. That person is locked away and is gone forever. Maybe I'm a better person now because of what I've been through. Five years ago I never thought I'd survive, but I'm still here dealing with it every day. I don't know what the next five years will bring, but at least I've made it this far.

**Kristina Steiner**

TCF, Staten Island, NY

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## A TRIBUTE

I think of you in silence  
my feelings seldom show,  
but how it hurts to lose you  
no one will ever know.

I hope there is eternal life,  
so we can meet again.  
I not only lost my brother,  
I lost my best friend.

The reason you left so early  
I'll never understand why.  
I just wish I'd known you were never coming back,  
'cause I would have said good-bye.

**Martha King**

TCF, Concord, NH

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## New Year's Wishes For Bereaved Parents

### **To the newly bereaved:**

We wish you patience - patience with yourselves in the painful weeks, months, even years ahead.

### **To the bereaved sibling:**

We wish you and your parents a new understanding of each other's needs and the beginnings of good communication.

### **To those who are single parents:**

We wish you the inner resources we know you will need to cope, often alone with your loss.

### **To those experiencing marital difficulties after the death of your child:**

We wish you a special willingness and ability to communicate with each other.

### **To those who have suffered the death of more than one child:**

We wish you the endurance you will need to fight your way back to a meaningful life once again.

### **To those of you who have experienced the death of an only child or of all your children:**

We offer you our eternal gratitude for serving as such an inspiration to the rest of us.

### **To those of you who are plagued with guilt:**

We wish you the reassurances that you did the very best you could under the circumstances, and that your child knew that.

### **To those of you who are deeply depressed:**

We wish you the first steps out of the "Valley of the Shadow".

### **To all fathers and those of you unable to cry:**

We wish you healing tears and the ability to express your grief.

### **To those of you who are exhausted from grieving:**

We wish you the strength to face just one more hour, just one more day.

### **To all others with special needs that we have not mentioned:**

We wish you the understanding you need and the assurance that you are loved.

From a speech by former TCF President, **Joe Rousseau**.

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## MY SILENT COMPANION

I see you in my dreams--  
Laughing happily, free from sorrow  
And safe from life's misfortune.  
The joy that lights your eyes fills me with  
comfort,  
And I know that every step I make,  
You also take.  
Guiding me down life's path,  
through obstacles in my way--  
You are my silent companion.  
When God took you back--it changed  
our lives,  
And our perspective.  
We now see the vibrant glow  
That lives in every one of His creations,  
And that reminds us of you.  
I hear your laugh in the crashing surf  
and feel warmed by your hugs in the  
soaking sun.

You are everywhere--  
You are my silent companion.  
Though I want to reach out to you  
And hold you tightly in my sorrow,  
I know you can feel my tears on your  
shoulder  
As you surround me in your soul.  
You sprinkle my life with tokens and  
treasures,  
Reminders and reassurances of how  
much you love me.  
I know you'll live inside my heart  
And walk with me until I can join you--  
Forever as my silent companion.

**Jennifer Forrest** TCF, Orange Coast, CA  
~reprinted from South LA Bay Jan/Feb 2003 Newsletter  
and gently lifted off the Atlanta Online Sharing website

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## GRIEF: OUR ACT OF LOVE

“I had a child who died”. How simple these words are, yet how painful they are to say. The death of a child is the harshest blow life has to offer, it destroys our trust in the world at the most basic level. Grief is our total response to the death of our child; our body, mind, emotions and spirit all react to the loss. While many of us wish to stop the intense grief work we are doing, we find it impossible for many reasons.

First, grief is an act of love, not a lack of strength or faith. The more we loved our child, the greater will be our grief. The more integrated our lives were with the life of our child, the more we will miss his or her presence. The intensity of our grief is often representative of the intensity of our love.

Second, grief is a process that we must go through in order to maintain our wholeness and our sanity. One of the earliest and hardest lessons we bereaved parents learn is that men and women grieve differently; women generally grieve more openly than do men, and women on the whole are more comfortable verbally expressing their feelings of loss. While segments of our culture dictate that it is more “manly” not to cry, we know this is not true. In fact, it has recently been found that tears of sadness contain enzymes that inhibit the concentration of gastric acids; therefore crying during times of stress will actually decrease

the incidence of gastric ulcers many of us develop as a result of our loss.

Grief work also helps us to complete unfinished business with our child and close the past relationship that we had. We will never “get over” the loss of your child not would we really want to. We are who we are partly because of our relationship with our child. Our lives will always be influenced by our son or daughter, but most of us will eventually learn to live a meaningful life, despite our tragedy. Our child will always be with us in spirit and in love and we often feel a need to hold on to tangible items, such as toys or clothes, to maintain that feeling of closeness. But, intense grief work allows us to let go of the relationship we had and create a new relationship with our child. Our memories, love and feelings of oneness with our child can never be destroyed...

Grief over the death of a child is the hardest work that most of us will ever do. While we all wish for the pain to stop, we need to remember that we grieve intensely because we loved intensely. It is unrealistic to expect the grief to ever totally go away, because the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love.

**Elaine Grier, TCF Atlanta 1996**



### SEASONS



The change of seasons is difficult. It reminds me that I must change if I am to live again. We can become stuck in our grief, full of self-pity and overwhelmed with pain. I do not believe our children would want us to live the rest of our lives in pain and misery. It is so easy to fall into the “black pit” and never have the strength or courage to crawl out – because crawl out we must...on our bellies.

We are different now, with different priorities and goals. We must find a new purpose for going on, and we must accept the changes in our lives – including ourselves, for we are different now. We cannot go backward, though there are times we yearn to. We must move forward. If we don't, we stay stuck at the point that our world changed. I used to say “ended.”

Change is difficult. To accept the loss of our child is the most difficult of all. Our comfort comes from believing that the love we shares will go on for all eternity and that we will be reunited again – and each day brings us closer. We must learn to live again, love again, feel joy and peace again – or our survival will be without value to ourselves or others.

**Renée Little**, Fort Collins, Colorado  
~reprinted from Denver Area October  
2005 Newsletter

Now my anger has turned on those who continue to suggest that anger is a negative - something to get past or over. In my view, working on dispelling anger dilutes the effort of grieving. Those of us who suffer the loss of a child have a right to be angry. We come by it honestly. It's not the result of some psychosis. We have a right to be angry that our children are no longer with us - forever. I'm not a fan of forgiveness. Nor am I raving, bitter harridan. But I am still angry. I just manage it better.

Many newly bereaved parents seek help from professional therapists. Some therapy is successful. Many therapists refer clients to TCF. They recognize how complicated grief for a child is. And invariably those who join a TCF meeting find considerable relief being in the company of others who feel what they have been unable to describe. It is validating to be in the company of fellow strugglers. We always assure new visitors that our meetings are a safe place, without professionals trying to 'cure' us. We don't give advice. We share our individual experiences and become reassured when we discover that thoughts and feelings we are having, thoughts that confuse us because we think they are individual to us and not healthy, are being felt by others. That we are all struggling to understand what we are thinking - that we're not losing our minds or sinking into an abyss of incurable despair.

At a recent meeting, a newly bereaved mom attended with two friends who came as her support system. I commended them when they signed in and remarked

on how lucky this Mom was to have such supportive friends and commended her friends for being such a support system. We all wound up in small sharing group of several newly bereaved Moms and Dads. During the discussion one of the Dad's brought up the "stages" of grief. To his credit, he had done some reading on grieving the death of a child and learned of the five "stages" of grief as told by several clinical specialists. Now to be honest, I hate the suggestion of grieving sensibilities being experienced in stages. In my experience, grief doesn't happen in stages and so I jumped in to refute the concept. (Even Kubler-Ross, who invented the term, ultimately regretted the label). At this point, one of the supportive friends sat forward and offered what I recognized immediately as a clinical, positive explanation of what the stages were designed to do. I was amazed at my angry response. "Are you a therapist" I asked. "Yes" she answered (somewhat smugly, I thought). I reminded everyone that I had assured the group during the introduction that our meetings were a safe place where no professionals would offer advice. It created an uncomfortable kerfuffle for a few minutes but ultimately the group got back on track. As a facilitator, my responsibility was to keep the conversation going, not to get personally involved. I felt bad (for maybe a minute) but what really came home to me was the realization that my anger is alive and well. Unlike my son. Along with my love, my grief and my anger are all I have and I will never relinquish them. They are a quiet treasure I keep in my heart where Peter lives..

**Marie Levine**

\* from "First You Die" by Marie Levine

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*No one is free who cannot say with feeling*

*"I am not what happened to me,*

*I am what I chose to become";*

*"I am not my roles, I am my journey".*

*"I am not my limiting experience, I am the creative power of my potential".*

**James Hollis**



which only another bereaved parent can understand; and at the same time a person going through the motions of living in the normal world of everyday work, activities, friends and problems, which we often are tempted to let go on without us. A feeling of panic isn't uncommon, yet you must have developed some survivor skills if you have come this far.

How do we get out of there and go on without leaving the life of our child behind? Some helpful words might be slowly, carefully, patiently, and prayerfully, accepting ourselves as we are, and truthfully facing our feelings. Our own son was killed 18 months ago by a hit and run driver. If you were to peel back my outer shell right now and expose my thoughts, you would see that loving, exciting seventeen year old we shared so many good times with and my wish to have him here on his 19th birthday this month. You would see my desire to know more about heaven and God's plan for eternal life, a deep loneliness, fatigue and many unanswered questions. It's strange. I have apprehension as I move back into life, yet a real fear of staying emotionally where I am.

Yes, it is hard to go on because no one can do it for us. The great effort it takes to get out of bed on time in the morning, to plan ahead for dinner and to make the best of each new day must come from within each of us. Now is a good time to take inventory of our resources. Do you have your health, home, husband, other children, other family members, friends, a job, faith in God? Do you have talents which you have neglected or something you always wanted to do which could be developed?

Making an appointment for health or dental check-up, deciding to lose those pounds you gained through frustrated eating; planning some special times with your family, initiating contact with old friends and rebuilding relationships, releasing new energy into your job, taking time to seriously study your faith, enrolling in a class to learn something new may be the boost you need. Do you have strengths of understanding love, caring, listening? No doubt you have already reached out to help someone else in their need or grief because you know how that kind of love has helped you.

Last summer, a "Things to do" list evolved out of my own frustration of not being able to budge or take even one step forward. Each day I tried to accomplish at least one small task from this list.

As I saw little bits of progress, my attitude and depression began to lift. I kept my list very simple thinking of those things which would encourage me to succeed in areas I was weak, such as house work, planning meals and meeting the needs of my family; yet allowing me time for a quiet half hour by myself, going out to dinner with my husband, taking a walk, a bike ride or playing the piano and being available to care for others in a helpful way, especially other bereaved families. Of course some days are still hard, but over the months my ability to move ahead has gradually increase. If you are stuck in one spot and the obstacles ahead seem too big, I encourage you to make a list of your own to fit your own lifestyle, talents and strengths. Our life is still worth while even as we continue to work through our grief.

~ **Phyllis Sewell**, TCF, Van Nuys, CA

#### A YEAR JUST PAST

There used to be a point to summing up a year just past Not as a personal accomplishment but as a reflection. Leaving previous hurts behind was welcomed and the sensible thing to do.

I thought I was getting wiser as I was getting older. With new years clean and full of possibilities, becoming another person seemed simple, another chance at getting it right, like a redemption, being forgiven for having blundered or been found wanting.

But death changed everything, everything without permission.

Resolutions, made sincerely and broken quickly, offended my need to hold on to the past, to rewind life, fast backwards, so I could capture what I had lost.

Still, time went on, regardless of my pleas.

And when exhaustion set in, as eventually it must I understood there would be another future, not the one I thought I had the right to expect but one where I dared carry hope in my heart again.

~**Eva Lager**

TCF, Perth, Western Australia

## THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CHAT SCHEDULE

**Go to:** [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://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  
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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:  
**FEB 9    MAR 8    APR 12    MAY 10    JUN 14**  
**FEB 23    MAR 22    APR 26    MAY 24    JUN 28**

### 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
Broroklyn	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	(631) 653-9444
Marine Park, Bklyn	3rd Friday	(718) 605-1545	White Plains	1st Thursday	(914) 381-3389
			HOT LINE		(516) 781-4173



**The Compassionate Friends**

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