



The Compassionate Friends NEWSLETTER

Manhattan Newsletter

WINTER 2017 Vol. XXIX No. 1

SURPRISE

Surprise is the opposite of expected. The first thing that pops into mind with the word surprise is “happy”. I never liked “surprise” parties, but that’s the first thing that comes to mind when I hear the word. But truth is, most of life is a surprise. As I write this on the day before New Year’s eve, I think back on 2016 as an apocalyptic year of surprises - both the winners and the losers were surprised.

So many celebrity loses in 2016. So many surprises. Carrie Fisher dies suddenly. And the next day her Mom, joins her. We all get it. It’s what we all wished we could do that terrible next day after our own surprise.

After living a reasonably long lifetime, ruminating on the vicissitudes of my life I am left wondering once again about possibilities. As it turns out, “Surprise” (the unexpected) and “predictable” (the expected) appear to be two sides of the same coin - a coin called “life”. We stumble through life doing our best to avoid surprises (bad) and strive to create predictable outcomes (good). Then life happens.

What is interesting is that we do manage to incorporate everything we experience - the good and the not-so-good - into an acceptable life. We expect certain occurrences and passages. We expect to grow up. We expect to grow old. We expect to go to school, to learn, to graduate.

(Continued on page 8)

A NEW YEAR BEGINS

Living life with a heart badly broken by loss is a difficult life to be sure. When the broken heart’s caused by the death of one’s child, grief’s an agony hard to endure.

I began this new year without promise or hope, bewildered, bereft and bereaved. missing you; you anchored my world in its place, now I struggle through pain, unrelieved.

I know life is in constant renewal, death takes to make room for the new. mankind’s not exempt from this process, we expect death will come when it’s due.

But I find myself needing to question if a maker has planned out this scheme... for the parting of parent and child by death has no rational part of this theme.

What’s the point? What’s the plan? Are there rules? It might help if I knew where I stood. Did I cherish, and love, and nurture my child just to suffer the trauma of losing for good?

I know there aren’t answers to questions I pose, I must search for my solace within. Making peace with the pain and the anger and grief through tears that seem never to end.

Living life with a heart badly broken by loss is a life that is empty and sad... And I mourn for the years that are lost to us now, for the future my child never had.

As I face this new year without her sweet smile I yearn for what now cannot be... But her memory lives on through the words that I share of the beauty and joy that was she.

~ Sally Migliaccio, in memory of Tracey, always

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.

YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND

by Nora Yood

You have just learned your child has died. You heard the words informing you of this. You cannot comprehend them. You are in an altered state, the ties that tethered you to the known world broken. You have been left adrift, free falling through a strange and scary universe where gravity has been suspended. How you will survive another second, yet alone whatever desolate fate awaits? Sobs erupt, uncontrollably from a deep, dark churning pit within, a whirlwind of toxic energy powered by the sheer force of inconsolable heartache, too visceral to express. I write this for you; you who are in the first days, months, years of your loss. And I write this for me. When I see you and meet with you, I am you. Right back to those early days, the numbness, and anger, and despair resurrected as if divinely conjured. But nearly a decade has passed since my son's death, and I have also become something else as well -- a survivor. And I want let tell you, even if, at this moment, my words seem empty or superficial and without substance or comfort, there is a friend who will help you return to yourself.

That friend is *time*. Time will not bring back your child, or take the pain away, or provide a satisfying reason for the tragedy that has come to define your life. But time will be a steadfast

and constant friend, never leaving your side as you make the journey toward reimagining your relationship to your child who is no longer physically here, and how you will continue to exist after his or her death.

The bond you have with your child is stronger than death and the love you feel for your child is deep enough to lead you back into the land of the living. The trip is difficult, with no specific road map, and takes a long time. It's destination is not clear, and may involve many unexpected detours. No oozing down the road in a pink Cadillac as you navigate the twisting, treacherous highway of grieving and acceptance. However, be assured, your friend time will never desert you. Whether you realize it or not, time is right there with you, slowly, discreetly, in tiny increments, soothing you with an invisible balm that can ease you back to the here and now and lead you into the future.

In the early days following David's death, time stood still. Just making it through the day seemed like a herculean task requiring enormous endurance and the harnessing of every fiber of my will. I could not casually be around other people, but left to my own devices, my inner monologue was laced with negativity and self pity. During this purgatory of despair, my friend time stayed close, a silent,

patient companion. The trauma I suffered started to become less acute. My emotional wounds, as pernicious as any skin lesion or broken limb, began to develop scar tissue. I was not healed, back to normal, over *it*, but at least I was not *emotionally bleeding* at social encounters or family gatherings, or non stop bawling into my pillow every night.

Reality finally had to be reckoned with. My son no longer lives in the domain of time and space. Nurturing a perspective that allows us to acknowledge the end of our child's physical presence but to honor the primacy and relevance of his/her spiritual presence is a hard won wisdom. This is the gift from our friend time. As the years pass, time makes it possible to continually discover ways to make the memory of our beloved children a blessing. Although my thoughts still remain crowded with regret that my son's stay on earth ended so much sooner than it should have been, now, room has become available in my mental landscape to take pleasure recalling sweetness of his youth and the happiness I felt being his mother. My friend time has allowed me to see the truth that my son will always be part of my life, present and cherished, until that time that I, too, move on beyond the realm of time.

“The rational mind is not capable of truly understanding this loss; only the heart has a chance to accept and transform this suffering. For it is not the mind that has been dealt this blow, it is the heart, and it is only there that healing is possible.

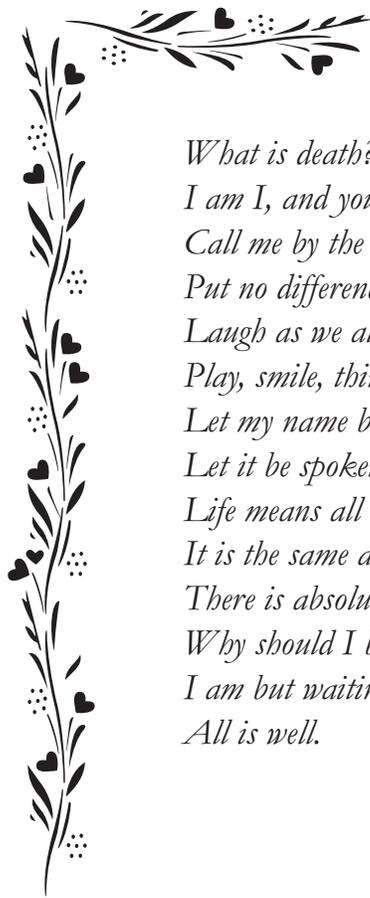
The heart, where the entirety of my experience resides in memory and imagination, in the deepest recesses of my soul. It is there I will look for a way out of this hell.”

~ Molly Fumia

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.



Judy & John Ebert	In memory of their daughter Christine Ebert , 1/8 - 4/4, forever 35
Carol Gertz	In memory of her daughter Alison Gertz , 2/27 - 8/8, forever 25
Jody Campderrich	In memory of her son Charlie Campderrich , 1/21 - 10/12, forever 23
Rosanna & John Gowell	In memory of their daughter Maggie Gowell , 3/8 - 1/22, forever 29
Alison Rosen & David Hantman	In memory of their son Michael Vincent Rosen-Pepitone , 2/29 - 5/25, forever 21
Lillian Hass	In memory of her daughter Michele Siegel , 7/15 - 2/18, forever 29
Peggy Lang	In memory of her son David Lang Barek , 3/28 - 12/25, forever 19
Ruth Lederman	In memory of her son Justin Craig Lederman , 2/17 - 11/1, forever 33
Nahma Sandrow Meyers	In memory of her son Isaac Jacob Meyers , 2/2 - 3/17, forever 29
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 Perez , 2/24 - 9/15, forever 25
Barbara Russell	In memory of her daughter Blakely Russell Kay , 2/20 - 6/7, forever 25



*What is death? Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other we are still.
Call me by the old familiar name. Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference in your tone. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.
All is well.*

*Henry Scott Holland
1849 - 1918*



NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS FOR BEREAVED PARENTS

I resolve...

- That I will grieve as much, and for as long, as I feel like grieving, and that I will not let others put a time table on my grief.
- That I will grieve in whatever way I feel like grieving, and I will ignore those who try to tell me what I should or should not be feeling and how I should or should not be behaving.
- That I will cry whenever and wherever I feel like crying, and that I will not hold back my tears just because someone else feels I should be “brave” or “getting better” or “healing by now.”
- That I will talk about my child as often as I want to, and that I will not let others turn me off just because they can't deal with their own feelings.
- That I will not expect family and friends to know how I feel, understanding that one who has not lost a child cannot possibly know how it feels.
- That I will not blame myself for my child's death, and that I will constantly remind myself that I did the best job of parenting I could possibly have done. But when feelings of guilt are overwhelming, I will remind myself that this is a normal part of the grief process and it, too, will pass.
- That I will not be afraid or ashamed to seek professional help if I feel it is necessary.
- That I will commune with my child at least once a day in whatever way feels comfortable and natural to me, and that I won't feel compelled to explain this communion to others or to justify or even discuss it with them.
- That I will try to eat, sleep, and exercise every day in order to give my body the strength it will need to help me cope with my grief.
- To know that I am not losing my mind, and I will remind myself that loss of memory, feelings of disorientation, lack of energy, and a sense of vulnerability are all normal parts of the grief process
- To know that I will heal, even though it may take a long time. To let myself heal and not to feel guilty about feeling better.
- To remind myself that the grief process is circuitous - that is, I will not make steady upward progress. And when I find myself slipping back into the old moods of despair and depression, I will tell myself that ‘slipping backward’ is also a normal part of the grief process and these moods, too, will pass.
- To try to be happy about something for some part of every day, knowing that at first, I may have to force myself to think cheerful thoughts, so eventually they may become a habit
- That I will reach out at times, and try to help someone else, knowing that helping others will help me to get over my depression.
- That even though my child is dead, I will opt for life, knowing that is what my child would want me to do.

~ Nancy A. Mower, TCF - Honolulu, HI

DON'T TELL ME

Don't tell me that you understand
don't tell me that you know.
Don't tell me that I will survive,
how I will surely grow.
Don't tell me this is just a test,
that I am only being blessed,
that I am chosen for this task,
apart from all the rest.
Don't come at me with answers
that can only come from me.

Don't tell me how my grief will pass,
that I will soon be free.
Don't stand in pious judgment,
of the bonds I must untie,
don't tell me how to suffer,
don't tell me how to cry.
My life is filled with selfishness,
my pain is all I see,
but I need you, I need your love,
unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,
I need someone to share.
Just hold my hand and let me cry,
and say “my friend, I care.”

~ Joanena Handel,
TCF S. Dade, FL

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.*

THE SIBLING PRAYER

Beneath the amber glow
of the newly rising sun,
Or standing on the hillside
When the day is nearly done,
Riding down the highway
When my work day is at end,
Or sitting on a park bench,
Talking to a friend –
No matter where I am in life,
No matter what my task,
Please give me peace of mind, dear Lord,
That is all I ask.
And when those haunting memories
Of the night he passed away
Come rushing in my broken heart,
Please do not delay.
Remind me that he is in
A far, far better place,
And grant me a glimpse of his hazel eyes
And sweet angelic face.
Please grant me reassurance
That we'll someday meet again
In heaven's bright tomorrow.
In your name I pray. Amen.

~Laura Carpenter, Onancock, VA
The Sibling Newsletter, Summer '93

REFLECTIONS

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life really isn't always fair or predictable; that sometimes even my best still isn't good enough; and that from the day of her death, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor and to have a successful career and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss.

I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all I have been given the gift of time – time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.

Cathy Schanberger,
TCF Sibling

HE LIVES IN ME

I shall see him
in the beauties of the earth,
in the loveliness of summer sunsets,
and the loneliness of winter winds.
in the delicate new life
of springtime trees,
in the blazing glory
of Fall's bright leaves.

I shall see him in the face of youth
seeking, straining for love and truth.
And in the peaceful face of age
completing the journey of our days.
I shall see him
in the ocean's mighty power.

I shall see him
in the wonder of the stars.
I shall see him
in the face of happiness and care.
I shall see him everywhere.

~E. Rita Asher, TCF, Cape Cod, MA
*(written at dawn
the day after her brother died.)*

SURPRISE... (continued from page 1)

We expect to fall in love and we anticipate a natural progression through life - careers, marriage, children. We even learn to expect and survive loss. We lose a pet, a best friend moves away, a young love fades, a grandparent dies. We suffer these losses and we learn to survive them. Some stay with us as dusty memories. Some fade away to some far off place too deep to even recall. But we learn that losing is a constant. There will be loss. It can be expected. No one gets out of here alive.

We know too that even we will join those who left this world before us. But in our children we find comfort, for they will be our continuum. Through them we will experience the future. They are us. They do not die.

And then they do.

Surprise. Now what? We have done everything a human does to incorporate life's surprises into our somewhat ordered life. We've learned that no one knows what life has in store, that control is limited, that loss is predictable. *But nowhere was it ever thought possible that a child could die.* Our child. A living, breathing part of our heart. No one told us this was possible. How do we continue with such a broken heart? How do we re-order our remaining lives?

I think of the millions who came before me and lived this calamitous life experience. I recognize now the countless lifetimes that were spent figuring out what it takes to survive. For it does take a lifetime. I think about how every newly grieving parent had to start from scratch - there's no playbook or how-to survive this unbelievable, indescribable hurt. Every new resident of this parallel universe must discover for themselves what it will take to survive to the end. *And must decide how they want to.*

It's another New Year. Some of us are at the beginning of this sorrowful journey. Some of us are far along, getting closer and closer to re-uniting with our missing children. We can only hope that the future holds only manageable surprises and 2017 surprises us by meeting our expectations.

Marie Levine

MY FATE

How can you after all this time
say you miss him so?
Why not forget what could have been
and simply let him go?

Why have shelves of memories,
reminders that he lived?
why, when he died a man
still think of him as your kid?

Clearly you've gone on with life,
know love and happiness.
Engaged in helping others,
so why still reminisce?

These questions caused me pause,
for how could I explain?
My son was so much more to me
than photos and a name.

Yes, I've again found happiness,
contented most the time.
I know what really matters,
careful how I use my time.

My intent had never been
to build a shrine you see.
I'd connect by phoning him
and sometimes he'd call me.

"Hi Mom," he'd say. "It's Zach."
then talk about his day,
giving me great comfort,
knowing everything's okay.

In death, as with his life
part of me he'll always be.
Mementos soften the effects
of stark reality.

His dreams and future are no more,
I can't participate.
Remembering his past upon
his death became my fate.

~ **Georgia A. Cockerham**
from her book, *"Why? Why? Why?"*

CHILDREN DON'T ALWAYS LIVE

by Jason Greene

(*excerpts from The NY Times, Sunday Review, 10/23/16*)

My daughter, Greta, was 2 years old when she died — or rather, when she was killed. A piece of masonry fell eight stories from an improperly maintained building and struck her in the head while she sat on a bench on the Upper West Side of Manhattan with her grandmother. No single agent set it on its path: It wasn't knocked off scaffolding by the poorly placed heel of a construction worker, or fumbled from careless hands. Negligence, coupled with a series of bureaucratic failures, led it to simply sigh loose, a piece of impersonal calamity sent to rearrange the structure and meaning of our universe.

She was rushed to the hospital, where she underwent emergency brain surgery, but she never regained consciousness. She was declared brain-dead, and my wife and I donated her organs. She was our only child.

Over the next year, we became another local story about the quiddities of fate, the heartless absurdity of life in the big city. "Oh, you're *that* couple," a father said gravely when we introduced ourselves at a support group for bereaved parents. The attention was both bewildering and gratifying. We met couples whose children had died at home, in private, with only their shattered family to help them cope. There was succor to be drawn from all this awe and care, and I found myself leaning into it as often as I pushed it away.

Seven weeks ago, our second child was born; a son, Greta's younger brother. They would have been exactly three and a half years apart. With his birth, I have become a father to a living child and a spirit — one child on this side of the curtain, and another whispering from beneath it. The confusion is constant, and in my moments of strength I succumb to it. I had a child die, and I chose to become a father again. There can be no greater definition of stupidity or bravery; insanity or clarity; hubris or grace.

Lying on the floor, talking to my son in soothing tones and jingling bright, interesting-looking things in front of his eyes, as I did with his sister, I yearn for him to feel his sister's touch. Then I remember with a start:

We were never going to have him. We always said Greta was enough — why have another kid? I gaze in awe. He wouldn't exist if his sister had not died. I have two children. Where is the other one?

Becoming a parent is already a terrifying process. After a child's violent death, the calculations are murkier. What does my trauma mean for this happy, uncomplicated being in my care? Will it affect the choices I make on his behalf? Am I going to give a smaller, more fearful world to him than I gave to Greta? Is he doomed to live under the shadow of what happened to his sister?

Life remains precarious, full of illnesses that swoop in and level the whole family like a field of salted crops; there are beds to tumble from, chairs to run into, chemicals and small chokeable toys to mind. But you do not see death at every corner, merely challenges. The part of you that used to keep calculating the odds of your child's existence has mostly fallen dormant. It is no longer useful to you; it was *never* useful to the child; and there is so much in front of you to do.

At 2, your child is a person — she has opinions and fixed beliefs, preferences and tendencies, a group of friends and favorite foods.

What happens when that child is swiftly killed by a runaway piece of everyday environment, at the exact moment you had given up thinking that something could take all of this away from you?

When I am on the playground years from now, watching my son take a fall from the monkey bars, I might not panic. But some part of me will remember: *A heartbeat can stop.* Hearing a heartbeat for the first time during the ultrasound, and then watching doctors shine light on unresponsive pupils two years later, you stop thinking of a heartbeat as a constant, and more as a favorable weather condition. Now I am a reminder of the most unwelcome message in human history. Children — yours, mine — they don't necessarily live.

(*continued from page 10*)

Since my son was born, I've caught myself making concrete plans for my suicide if he were to die. I will draft a letter to my parents, or even tell them face-to-face. "I'm going to meet my children," I will say. If the world takes this one, I am not meant to be here. It is a frightening thought because it is so logical. How would anyone argue me out of it? Who would even try?

Some part of me is grimly certain he will die at 2. The evidence is all on my side: 100 percent of my children have suffered this fate. Even as I carry my baby into the world — this crowded, clamorous, septic world — I am holding a breath that I will not release until he turns precisely one day older than Greta.

My wife and I are young still. With our son's birth, we have committed to another round here on earth. My son will always have a dead sister; when I am 50, my heart will ache in this exact same way it does today. Children remain dead in ways adults do not, and on bad mornings, in the wrong light, everything from here on out feels like ashes.

Thankfully, I see it that way only in the margins. A breezy day, a good drink, my wife laughing, holding my son's head to my chest — these things help dispel it. I look at my boy, a beautiful already-fattening baby, and this world, the one that senselessly killed my daughter, is benevolent once more.

I talk to him about his sister, whom I think he met before arriving. "Your daddy will always be sad your sister's not here," I tell him. "But you fill Daddy's heart up with joy and he loves you more than everything." I also want to say, but do not: I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I'll never be the same father I was before. I'm sorry that you will live with me, to some degree, in grief.

But life is good: Greta *loved* it. She found every second of it delightful, and at its best when appreciated with others. I think of her hand touching my cheek and I muster up every drop of bravery I can: "It is a beautiful world," I tell him, willing myself to believe it. We are here to share it.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

by Marilyn Maras

What does it mean
to pass away?
Not seeing you
from day to day.

No more phone calls,
nor letters too,
no greeting cards
stating "I love you."

Yet thoughts of you
are in my mind
from sunrise 'till
day's end of time.

I lost my mom,
I lost my dad,
but grief like this
I've never had.

You were my child,
will always be,
in God's house now,
from pain you're free.

But missing you
not one year yet,
as seasons change
I can't forget

the pain I feel
as tears now fall
from losing you,
as I recall

your precious laugh,
your voice, your smile,
try to remember
all the while,

the good we shared
when you were here,
the laughs, the hugs
when you were near.

Those memories
must warm my heart
when pain of loss
tears me apart.

Until my tears
will fall no more,
and heaven will
open its doors.

Until it's time
for me to say,
"Hello my son,
I'm here to stay."

COLLECTIVE CHILDREN

Dedicated to all compassionate friends

In my mind's eye
I know all your children well.
I've never met them personally, but
through stories that you tell.
I've come to know the qualities
that make each of them unique.
I've come to hear their voices,
when their hopes and dreams you speak.

I think of all your children
as I move from day to day,
Their names, ages, birthdays,
how and when they passed away.
Pieces of a puzzle,
sums of parts equaling wholes.
I wouldn't know their faces but,
I'd recognize their souls.

Why do I dwell upon
boys and girls I've never met?
Why are they so dear to me?
They shouldn't be, and yet,
I cherish every anecdote,
every portrait drawn by you.
For whatever all your children are,
my Neill is with them too.

~ **Madelaine Perri Kasden**

*There is an instant between
awakening and awareness that I
float free of remembrance and reality.
For only a moment, things are as they
were, and this present pain is not at all.
I wish not to move on, but to stay safe
in that nothingness, to linger, while I can,
just ahead of the dreaded truth.*

~ **Molly Fumia**
Safe Passage

40TH TCF NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Our National conference will be held in
Orlando Florida from July 28-30, 2017.



If you have never
attended one of
these amazing events,
you should do whatever
you can to get there.
For three days you will be
in the company of fellow

travelers from all over the country.

With more than 100 workshops to choose from,
with banquet speakers, a candle lighting ceremony,
daily sharing sessions and the Walk to Remember
on the final day, you will learn so many of the
coping skills we all seek in our healing journey.

Hotel reservations will open on February
15th and will sell out quickly. If this is your first
conference talk to your chapter leaders about your
intent to attend so we can arrange to offset your
conference registration fee.

go to www.compassionatefriends.org for details



SAVE THE DATE !!!
Monday, June 5, 2017

Our Spring dinner will be held at



PASTA LOVERS
West 49th St.

See Invite at www.compassionatefriends.nyc

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

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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:

FEB 14	MAR 14	APR 11	MAY 9	JUN 13
FEB 28	MAR 28	APR 25	MAY 23	JUN 27

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

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