



The Compassionate Friends
Manhattan Chapter
 Supporting Family After a Child Dies

MANHATTAN NEWSLETTER

WINTER 2018 Vol. XL No. 1

KINTSUGI



Some years ago, during a sharing session at our regular monthly meeting, a sad, frustrated, despairing father asked, “Just tell me - when will I feel like myself again?!”

The group was silent, just staring at the distraught man, unable to respond, understanding that he really thought there was a timeline and that he would someday feel “like himself again”. As gently as I could, I told him about a beautiful vase - a vase that shatters and because of its value, is slowly glued back together so that it once again functions as a vase. It holds water, and flowers and is beautiful once again- but the cracks will always be there - the cracks will become part of what the vase is and what its history is. That the vase was worth restoring to be enjoyed again. That, I told him, is what his new self will become. We are like that vase. We can discard the broken pieces or we can be restored. At TCF we are restored.

Recently, I learned about an ancient Japanese art form called Kintsugi. This is a method of restoring cracked and broken pottery with a medium mixed with gold. The method enhances the cracks making it part of the design and emphasizing the beauty of the objects and its experience - its history.

Those of us who have been traveling on this path for many years will recognize Kintsugi in our own

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HEARING “INTENT”

by **Debbie Rambis**, *TCF Executive Director*

The Dr. Phil Show left a voice mail for The Compassionate Friends, requesting a return call as they were looking for someone who had “successfully gotten over their grief”.

Before returning the call, I mused over the “successful” phrase. One thing I have learned, and still need practice in, is listening, not to the actual words said but rather to the person’s *intent*.

I have learned I must listen differently than I listened before Tony drowned. Before, I could listen and take what someone said pretty much at face value. For example, if someone asked how I was doing or how my day was going, I knew they didn’t necessarily want a minute-by-minute recap of things, but were probably interested in hearing a quick summary of how I was doing or how my day was going.

After Tony died, when someone asked how was I doing or how my day was going, I learned to hear their intent which was something different than the words spoken. I learned they really were not asking those questions. I learned in the early years, with the exception of my “special” friends, when someone asked those questions, they really only wanted to hear that things were “okay”

(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.

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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.

THE POWER OF PARADOX by Nora Yood

It is ten years since my son died. His physical form is no longer a constant in my life, but his presence looms large in my psyche. The thought of him is a recurrent theme that loops soundlessly through my mind. The snooze button on the refrain of his *missingness* never kicks in. He is often the last preoccupation that grips me as I try to drift off into sleep, and the early morning focus of the approaching day's agenda. The chronic insomnia that vanquished any attempt at restorative sleep during the months immediately following his death, for the most part, no longer plagues me. However, the knowledge that he has ceased being part of the here and now is a throbbing ache that never goes away.

How can a person be a mother to a son who no longer exists? I know with more certainty than I can claim for most things that I remain David's mother, but I am not sure about what that actually means anymore. While I have no official duties or responsibilities, that doesn't translate to my having relinquished the parental role. I am never totally free of obsessing about the myriad of *what ifs* that could have resulted in a different fate for him. I still mourn his absence at predictable times-- his birthday, for example-- or just randomly, without an explanatory trigger. And even though he is gone for more than a decade, I fantasize that I might have even one more day to spend with him.

The unbelievable, brutal reality of his death colors every surface of my world view. My son, morphed into phantom offspring, no longer makes any demands on my schedule, for advice, interventions, a favorite meal. Yet, here is the paradox. *Dead, he takes up more space and time in mental landscape than if he had become the functioning adult that he should be today.* And that is okay. More than okay, because despite the permanent residual coating of sadness and resentment, the centrality of his essence fills the void left by his absence, and has enabled me to gain the willingness and optimism to function in the altered world I have been left to inhabit.

Motherhood after a child's death abounds with such paradoxes. For example, my son's physical stay here on earth among us who love him and miss him was much too short, taken as he was so early in his journey, but the reach of his influence and legacy is long and transformative, well beyond ordinary memories and recollections. Another paradox: In the search to create a viable identity within my altered state of mothering, there has been a role reversal. My son, as he inhabits my soul, seems to have become the parent and I the child; he the guru and I the unenlightened acolyte whose eyes have been opened to discern the truth hidden beneath surface appearances. The emptiness in my

broken heart has left room for his spirit to root and take blossom, connecting me to others who have suffered all kinds of tragedies and loss, physical or emotional trauma, loneliness, dislocation, abandonment, despair. Memories of my limited, precious time with him nourishes and sustains my compassion for myself and others. Thinking about the all the ups and downs we shared and the ultimate devastating outcome, encourages me to respect, cherish, uphold, affirm an support without judgment, conditions or criticism those, like me, who have been crushed by loss; victims of inexplicable, undeserved tragedies.

It is unlikely that an individual can reach adulthood without noticing that real life is not accurately portrayed in television sit-coms, Hollywood romances, or feel good, superficial self affirmation slogans. Those of us who buried a son or daughter know only too well that there is no *happily ever after* ending for our families. Still, we are left here after our children are gone, unsure how we will survive the horrific plot twist that our personal stories took. We have to learn a way to be happy while part of us will always remain grieving, hopeful when we often feel that there is nothing to look forward to, grateful for the gift of our children's life despite the our inability to totally let go of our anger and bitterness about their untimely death. We have no other choice but to accept that the world is complex, arbitrary, full of contradictions that defy simple resolution, and that most of the crucial things we encounter are beyond our understanding or control. We human beings cannot outfox the paradox. Rather we need acknowledge the power of paradox and embrace as best we can fullness of life; its misery, mystery, marvels, and miracles.



*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
the 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"

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.



- Barbara Fisher** in memory of her son, **Andy Fisher**, 3/18 - 5/5, forever 40
- Evelyn Rabi** in memory of her daughter **Yvonne Laurice Ajake**, 1/21 - 7/20, forever 23
- Leslie Kandell** in memory of her daughter **Elinor Friedberg Blume**, 3/10 - 7/7, forever 41
- Leah Peskin** in memory of her son **Gavin Peskin**, 5/2 - 11/5, forever 35
- 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 26
- Stephen Palley** in memory of his son **Jeremy Palley**, 3/26 - 4/18, forever 26
- Marie Jones** in memory of her daughter **Laurie Nichols**, 8/7 - 2/17, forever 49
- Dan Zweig** in memory of his sister **Joanna Sylvia Zweig**, 10/9 - 8/23, 72 forever
-

“I REMEMBER YOU”

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since you've been gone from me.

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since we hugged each other oh, so tight, and said goodnight one last time.

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since I awoke that fateful morning to find you in your forever sleep.

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since the paramedics pronounced you had passed.

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since I felt a shotgun had blown a hole through my heart, as the room was spinning, and the floor had just fallen and swallowed me whole.

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since I stroked your beautiful brown hair and softly whispered, "Georgie, please don't be afraid...be a good boy in Heaven.

Remember how much I love you."

Please don't tell me it's been ten years since the Medical Examiner took you away as I watched with tears streaming down my face, and my heart shattered into millions of pieces.

For so long I could not breathe, I could not eat, I could not sleep, I could not focus.

How have I survived? Why am I still here? What purpose do I serve?

And yet, ten years later, I exist to keep your memory alive.

I remember you when the sky is painted gold and red at day's beginning and day's end.

I remember you beneath the night's vast sky as the moon parts the clouds, and stars fill the heavens.

I will think of you, I will remember you, and your soul will live on in me.

Heaven must be filled with so many angels such as yourself.

Gone too soon, so much more to have been done...so many more hugs, so much more love to share...oh, what could have been...

I remember you every moment of every day...until we meet again on the other side.

Marilyn Maras

2/16/2017

FOR THE NEW YEAR

Instead of the old kind of New Year's resolutions we used to make and break, let's make some this year and really try to keep them.

1. Let's not try to imagine the future – take one day at a time.
2. Allow yourself time to cry, both alone, and with your loved ones.
3. Don't shut out other family members from your thoughts and feelings. Share these difficult times. You may all become closer for it.
4. Try to be realistic about your expectations – of yourself, your spouse, other family members and friends. Each of us is an entity, therefore different. So how can there be perfect understanding?
5. When a good day comes, relish it – don't feel guilty and don't be discouraged when it doesn't last. It WILL come again and multiply.
6. Take care of your health. Even though the mind might not care, a sick body will only compound your troubles. Drink lots of water and take stress-type multiple vitamins, rest (even if you don't sleep), and get moderate exercise. Help your body heal, as well as your mind.
7. Share your feelings with other Compassionate Friends (or other groups you may choose) and let them share with you.

As you find you are caring about the pain of others, you are starting to come out of your shell – a very healthy sign. I know following these suggestions won't be easy. But it's worth a try, don't you think? Nothing to lose and perhaps much to gain.

Mary Ehmman, TCF, Valley Forge, PA

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 purpose 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

SIBLING CREDO: *We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. Other times we will need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brothers and sisters; however, a special part of them lives on within us. When our brothers and sisters dies, our lives changed. We are living a life that is different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.*

SIBLINGS

People think we're fine. You know, they say, "Oh siblings heal so fast."
But they don't know the empty feelings of our longing for the past.

People think we're fine. You know, "look how they resumed their lives," they say.
But they don't know of our troubled hearts or the loneliness from day to day.

People think we're fine. You know, "See how they're getting over it?" they surmise.
But they don't know that we've learned to laugh and smile only to complete our broken heart's disguise.

~ **Mary Matthews**, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

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 her brother died

The loss of a sibling - no matter how old, no matter how close or not, and no matter how often death has occurred to others we know, is like losing part of our own lives and part of ourselves. Who will be left now to remember us as the children we once were? Who will be able to remember our parents the way we do and as only their children can? Who will there be who lived in the same house, tasted the same foods, heard the same stories, were taught the same lessons as we were? We still have our own memories of course, but without someone who shared them and can relive them with us, they become mere ghosts...

When we lose a sibling, we lose not just the particular person or relationship, but perhaps our last remaining link with our past. Our siblings are special people in our lives, i.e. sometimes they are supports and sometimes they are stresses or even strangers to us. But it does not really matter because regardless of whether we like each other, we have intimately shared and shaped each others' past and been shaped by them. So when our siblings age and fail, our own lives are changed too.

And when our siblings die, we know there is no one else - no matter how close to us they may be - who can bring back the particular part of our life we have lost.

~ **Lillian Hawthorne**
Senior World Magazine

THE PROMISE

Your birth brought me starshine,
the moon and the sun;
my wishes, dreams gathered
'round my little one.

My life became sacred,
full of promise and light,
all wrapped in the girl-child
bringing love at first sight.

The years of your living
filled with laughter and tears,
excitement, adventure,
some boredom, some fears.

but ended too quickly,
ahead of its time.

The loss so horrendous,
such heartbreak was mine.

But from the beginning,
one thought rose so clear:
never would your death erase
the years that you were here.

I would not be defeated
or diminished by your death;
I would hang on, learn to conquer,
if it took me every breath.

For if your death destroyed my life,
Made both our lives a waste,
'twould deny your life's meaning
And all the love you gave.

I vowed that years of sadness
would change with work and grace,
to years of happiness, even joy,
in which you'd have a place.

Memories of you, like shining
stars
in the patterns of my soul,
are beacons flashing light and love,
and with them I am whole.

In your honor I live my life,
Now living it for two.
Through all my life, you too will
live,
you lived, you live, you do.

~ **Genesse Bordeau Gentry**
In memory of Lori
From "Stars in the Deepest Night"

BORROWED HOPE

Lend me your hope for awhile,
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Lost and hopeless feelings accompany me daily.
Pain and confusion are my companions.

I know not where to turn.
Looking ahead to the future times
Does not bring forth images of renewed hope.
I see mirthless times, pain-filled days, and more
tragedy.

Lend me your hope for awhile,
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Hold my hand and hug me,
Listen to all my ramblings.
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.

Recovery seems so far distant,
The road to healing, a long and lonely one.
Stand by me. Offer me your presence,
Your ears and your love.
Acknowledge my pain, it is so real and ever
present.
I am overwhelmed with sad and conflicting
thoughts.

Lend me your hope for awhile.
A time will come when I will heal,
And I will lend my renewed hope to others.

~ **Eloise Cole**

SINCE I LOST YOU

I awaken every morning
Drowning in the pain,
And the incredible realization
That I won't see you again.

My heart is very heavy,
The grief is so immense,
No physical ache or pain on earth
Could be as agonizing or intense.

The doctors found no answers,
I can't fathom any plan.
Was robbing you of the rest of your life
An act of god or man?

How can you be gone for good?
There's no reason nor no rhyme.
They tell me not to question why
That my wounds will heal with time.

Time is what you didn't have,
Time to laugh and cry,
Time to learn and time to love
Before your time to die.

Faith is what I used to have,
When I still had my son.
Anger and doubt have destroyed my faith.
My hell has just begun.

Life as I knew it has ceased to exist,
My world is not the same.
I cry and curse and rage and scream
Where do I place the blame?

Do not weep on my behalf,
We all have paid the cost,
For a noble life that was not to be,
And the light the world has lost.

Madelaine Perri Kasden
In memory of Neill Perri
TCF, Manhasset

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

lives. Our experience has shattered us and seemingly rendered us unusable. But in our desperate attempt to understand what has happened to us - even without being aware - we begin to restore ourselves - with gold. We talk endlessly about our children and our siblings; how they impacted our lives, how we will never be the same without them. Golden conversations. We talk about our memories of them - what we had, what we'll miss. Golden memories. We think constantly about them. Things we shared, times we spent together, plans we had. Golden thoughts. We figure out ways to memorialize them, to keep them here; we create scholarships, plant gardens, write books, start foundations - pure gold. We reach out to others new to our world and assure them compassionately. We ultimately recognize how much better we are for having had our children in our lives. That understanding becomes our own Kintsugi - the cracks will always be there, enhanced with gold - our lives, like the vase, richer for the experience of having had our children.

Kintsugi. Our lost children become the gold in our lives. Loved while they're here, adored once they're gone. Kintsugi. The cracks in our lives even more visible when tinged with the gold of memory. How rich we are for having had them. I've been in restoration mode for almost 25 years now. While my tears have been reduced to only once or twice a week, my current activities are almost all a result of Peter having lived and been the most meaningful part of my life. My golden boy. The shattered pieces of my life have been glued back together with the golden treasure of the impact he brought to the world and which I continue to nurture in his memory. Kintsugi. An ancient art form perfectly suited to mend a broken heart.

Marie Levine
January 2018



and for me to know they were thinking about me. I base this observation on the times I did actually answer their questions instead of their intent.

When I gave them the honest answer of still feeling lost, of wondering what my purpose was, or of the extreme feeling of near constant fatigue mixed together with anxiety for nearly everything, facial expressions instantly changed to dismay and awkward transitions to other meaningless conversation occurred, if the person didn't just find a reason to suddenly disappear.

After slowly learning this lesson, I forced myself to try and hear their *intentions* rather than their absolute words. From that point forward, if someone, other than a "special" friend, asked me how I was doing, I realized their intent was to let me know they were thinking about me. They didn't want to hear how horrific the grief journey of losing a child, grandchild, brother or sister was, but simply to let me know they were thinking of me.

Subsequently, when well-meaning people said things that might have earlier resulted in my impulsively asking why they would say something so ridiculous, I paused and instead heard their intent. I heard them say they were sorry and they just didn't know what to say. Now, when someone says something like, "At least you have other children," I hear their intent of trying to comfort me.

When I listened to the young lady's voice say "someone who had successfully gotten over their grief", I paused, thought, and heard the intent of the message. The intent, I believe, is that the producers wanted someone who could attempt to explain how an individual can go on living after such a horrific loss.

At the taping of the Dr. Phil Show on Wednesday, 1/24, I will tell them how all of us are able to survive and about the life-saving support received from "special" friends, The Compassionate Friends.

Posted on January 22nd, 2018



CLOSED FACEBOOK PAGES

TCF – Loss of a Child

Moderators: Kelly Coccia-Stanczak, Jennifer Dixon, Janet Ferjo, Donna Goodrich, Eileen Nittler, Rebecca Perkins and Goody Tendall

TCF – Loss of a Stepchild

Moderator: Babe Muro

TCF – Loss of a Grandchild

Moderators: Debbie Fluhr and Jennifer “Sue” Hale

The Compassionate Friends Sounds of the Siblings (for bereaved siblings)

Moderators: Tracy Milne Edgemon and Keith Singer

TCF – Multiple Losses

Moderators: Karen McCormick and Bettie-Jeanne Rivard-Darby

TCF – Men in Grief

Moderators: Gary Odle and Mark Rambis

TCF – Sudden Death

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

TCF – Loss to Substance Related Causes

Moderators: Barbara Allen, Karen Colangelo, Mary Lemley, Carol Wiles, and Karen Zaorski

TCF – Sibling Loss to Substance Related Causes

Moderators: Barbara Allen, Kristy Flower, and Andrea Keller

TCF – Loss to Suicide

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

TCF – Loss to Homicide

Moderators: Rebecca Perkins and Dawn Wassel

TCF – Loss to a Drunk/Impaired Driver

Moderators: Michelle Arrowood and Robin Landry

TCF – Loss to Cancer

Moderator: Rita Studzinski

TCF – Loss of a Child with Special Needs

Moderator: Donna Reagan

TCF – Loss to Long-term Illness

Moderator: Debbie Gossen

TCF – Loss to Mental Illness

Moderators: Sherry Cox and Annette Swestyn

TCF – Loss to Miscarriage or Stillbirth

Moderators: Libby Hall and Kelly Kittel

TCF – Infant and Toddler Loss

Moderators: Julia West and Deanna Wheeler

TCF – Loss of a Child 4 -12 Years Old

Moderators: Heike and Brian Mayle

TCF – Loss of an Only Child/All Your Children

Moderators: Becky Barch, Joannie Kemling, and Tonja Knobel

TCF – Grandparents Raising their Grandchildren

Moderators: Diana Marie

TCF – Bereaved Parents with Grandchild Visitation Issues

Moderator: Rita Studzinski

TCF – Crafty Corner

Moderators: Gail Lafferty and Kathy Rambo

TO OUR NEW MEMBERS:

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. Often, it is the second, third or fourth meeting where you will find just the right combination of people, or just the right words that will help you along in your grief work.

TO OUR LONG STANDING MEMBERS:

We need your encouragement and continued support. You are what ties our group together. Sadly, each meeting brings new parents. THINK BACK.... what would it have been like for you if there had not been any “old timers” to welcome you and share your grief and encourage you and tell you that in time the pain will soften... with time there is hope.

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
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 13	MAR 13	APR 10	MAY 8	JUN 12
FEB 27	MAR 26	APR 24	MAY 22	JUN 26

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
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