



The Compassionate Friends NEWSLETTER

Manhattan Newsletter

FALL 2015 Vol. XXVII No. 3

MARKING TIME

It seems we spend our whole lives “marking time”. When we are born our parents mark the first twelve months until we reach the remarkable age of one year. They don’t get excited again until they mark five years and then ten. For the rest of our lives we mark every five years and really celebrate every ten - our lives are measured one decade at a time. We refer to each of these birthdays as “milestones”.

So it is natural then that we think of time as distance. The distance from birth to one year is certainly amazing. As are the changes that we experience as we grow and travel further and further away from our beginnings.

Marking time becomes even more pronounced after we have our own children. Only then do we recognize our own parents’ delight in our milestones. As parents we begin to mark time by the changes in our children. Time is no longer a measure of us, it’s a measure of them. After we lose a child our lives become divided into two clearly defined parts - before and after. Marking time after such a loss becomes a method of measuring distance as well - but not as we’ve always understood it. Measuring time after losing a child becomes acute. More like “timestones” than “milestones.”

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LOCALLY GROWN, NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED

by **Jordon Ferber**

This past summer marked the 13-year anniversary of the death of my brother Russell. He was 21 years old, and not a day goes by that I don’t think of him. This year was also my 10th national TCF conference, and I have to say it was easily the most impactful experience I’ve had at these conferences.

First off, let me just say that I was not open to the conference being something that was going to be helpful to me. (let alone actual TCF local meetings) As I have often said, the irony of the position I find myself in these days is not lost on me. I initially went to TCF at all because my parents kept mentioning that there was a sibling group. I figured, all I’d have to do is come once, and we’d never have to talk about it again. Hah. The joke was most definitely on me, as my parents don’t even come to the group anymore, and I have been RUNNING my local siblings group for the last 6 years.

TCF saved me because I finally had a place to TALK about it. I had a NEED to talk. I’m a comedian and a New Yorker, so I come from a long line of over-sharers. As a comedian it was surreal to be on stage presenting a version of myself to an audience that did not reflect at all what I was going through.

In 13 years I’ve only written ONE joke about my grief, and I only wrote it just this year. I tell audiences,

(Continued on page 3)

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.

THE SPORT OF GRIEVING

by Nora Yood

It's not over till it's over, and it's never over. Wisdom taken from the people's philosopher and baseball great Yogi Berra. Strictly understood, it refers to the vicissitudes of the sports field. However, like many other Yogi-isms, its message reaches way beyond the ball park. For me, the expression is the perfect summary of the grieving process experienced parents whose children have died. The game of life moves on. But the sense of loss and emptiness does not. The wish to see my son again, to be part of his evolving, maturing life, to leave this world knowing he will remain after I am gone, as is the natural order of existence, is a fantasy I cannot relinquish.

Meeting ordinary challenges seems as daunting as participating in a championship series that does not end. Succeeding at carrying out the mundane for a bereaved parent is akin to practicing a sport. I have begun to think of myself as an athlete, always in training, trying to improve my performance as a normal person. I visualize myself alert at bat; speeding, lightning fast, past the bases; sliding smoothly, safely home. All while having a whole in my heart from missing my son. Whatever is going on the outside, inside I am in a state of chronic grieving.

Chronic grieving, of course, is different than the pained paralysis immediately following the loss of a loved one. Eight years have passed since my son died, and my mourning has taken on a very different form than it did at eight months, eight weeks, or even eight days ago. I have more practice in fielding the curve balls that come my way. Routine inquiries like how many children do you have, or what are you doing for Mother's Day no longer send me in to a spasm of confusion and inarticulateness. I am not hurled into a silent rage, lips clamped tightly shut to avoid inappropriate retort, when privy to a long winded diatribe about parents' inane complaints about their kids. I am even able to muster sufficiently comforting commentary regarding the loss of a pet. I have become able to attendant celebration of contemporaries of my son. I can talk about my son in a neutral tone and move on in the

conversation without having to excuse myself and take a time-out for a private crying jag.

Yet I still feel like a loser, in the sense that part of me is missing and always will be. The seduction of giving into depression still beckons. The opponents guilt, despair, resentment remain ready to attack when least expected. Refusing to give up on the future requires the practice, dedication, and the willingness to consistently step up the plate and perform line an A-list athlete. A parent whose child has died, shows the world the resilience and courage of grace under the pressure of grieving.

The physical manifestation of my son is gone, but his being is not. I would prefer to have here, next to me, growing older as I grow old, but I must be satisfied with the reality of his presence in my consciousness only, evergreen and constant, forever young. Grieving is a way of accessing that presence. It is part of my emotional makeup. I welcome and embrace it. I have come to believe that grieving is an expression of love, and the love of your child is never over.

“ I know our sorrow and I know that for the likes of us there is no ease for the heart to be had from words or reason and that in the very assurance of sorrows fading, there is more sorrow. So I offer you my deeply affectionate and compassionate thoughts and wish for you that the strange thing may never fail you - whatever it is - that gives us the strength to live on and on with our wounds. ”

~Samuel Beckett

submitted by **Lynn Rosenthal**
in loving memory of **Alan Rosenthal**

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 & Patrick Denihan** In memory of their son **Charlie Denihan**, 5/24 - 3/16, forever 28
- Nora & Barry Yood** In memory of their son **David Yood**, 5/19 - 7/30, forever 29
- Barbara Chasen** In loving memory of her son **Shaun Beckwith-Chasen**, 7/23- 9/6, forever 12
- Dick & Mary Auletta** In memory of their daughter **Kelli Anne Auletta**, 11/7 - 2/19, forever 39
- Mitch & Lynn Baumeister** In memory of their son **Matthew Baumeister**, 4/5 - 5/11, forever 19
- Marie & Phil Levine** In memory of their son **Peter Adam Levine**, 7/14 - 8/7, forever 22
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LOCALLY GROWN... (continued from page 1)

"I go to a support group for bereaved siblings, -- and that's a great sentence YOU can use if you ever want to get out of a conversation. In my experience, that should be followed by you being alone with your thoughts again."

As helpful as attending my local group as helped, and it honestly has been just about the ONLY thing that's helped (just getting the acknowledgement and understanding that only other bereaved siblings can provide has kept me sane), it was truly at the conference that I started to re-discover myself.

After my Russell died, I was lost. I was broken. I had lost a part of myself. I literally didn't know how to be myself anymore, not without my brother to counter balance me. I literally had to relearn just how to BE, how to exist. It was at the national conferences that I started that learning process.

And it didn't happen in any of the workshops. It was outside the workshop that I found myself. It was in the lobby of the hotel; it was in the bar, in the butterfly boutique, in line to get some buttons of Russell made. It was in the in-between times that I found myself in situations where I was able to be social. People who I talked to wanted to learn who I was, who my brother was! I got to talk about my life in a way where I didn't have to explain anything, and I didn't have to wonder how long the person in front of me was going to try and change the subject. I was able to connect to other people in a way that I hadn't been allowed to do. It was in these moments that I was able to re-connect with myself again.

It's always been strange to me that when I tell people that I'm going to my bereavement conference, they seem taken aback, usually asking me something along the lines of, "Well that sounds about as depressing as anything. Why would you want to go to a whole convention of sad people? Doesn't it make you feel sadder to be surrounded by so much grief, and brutally reminded of your own?"

The truth is exactly the opposite of this kind of statement. It is more depressing to be around people who don't acknowledge my struggle, who don't ask me about my brother, who don't ask how I'm doing, who don't let me express myself the way I can when I'm at the conference. Being in a hotel completely populated with people who "get it" is a breath of fresh air. It is heartwarming and beautiful, and it's one of the only times all year that I get to feel as close to Russell as I want, and the moment it's all over, I already can't wait until the next one.

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©*

With the death of a child we as parents experience the ultimate failure - we are supposed to be invincible where our children are concerned and now we have failed to keep our child alive! Suddenly our belief system is shattered. The suddenness of the death has robbed us of our confidence in ourselves. We have low self-esteem; we suffer from lack of motivation due to our severe fatigue. We have nothing left to believe in, not even God for some. We are totally insecure. We are placed in the position of continuing to deteriorate or to begin to rebuild our lives by rebuilding our beliefs, our self-confidence and our self-esteem. The choice is ours. Choose to live. Our children would want us not only to just live, but continue to grow and love.

~ **Faye Harden**, TCF Tuscaloosa, AL
Reprinted from *We Need Not Walk Alone*

THE SAME TO ME

You'll always be the same to me
as when I knew you last.
You've no tomorrow in this world
but live in recent past.

So I will watch your sisters,
your classmates and your friends,
grow to their adulthood
and dream-filled ends.

And soon they'll have their families
and years will pass them by.
Still I know what I shall hold
and cherish in mind's eye.

I'll see others get grey-templed
and paunchy in the waist.
And doing in slow-motion
what once was done in haste.

And they will all be care-worn
from their many daily trials.
As taxes, jobs and housework
erode those youthful smiles.

But I'll take comfort having
what time can't tear apart.
For you'll be that forever teen
to keep within my heart.

~**Ken Falk**, TCF Connecticut

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS...

Yesterday...

We dreamed of how our future would be,
of times we'd share, my child and me.
Whether joy or pain, laughter or tears,
we'd stand together throughout the years.
A promise of what life should always be,
for a child so dear, ever loving me.

Today...

My heart sobs with uncontrollable grief,
I search for answers but find no relief.
The skies have darkened, no longer bright,
for my child is gone forever from sight.
The dreams we shared can never be,
They're left to linger in my memory.

Tomorrow...

My heart will push aside this cloud
that darkens my life like a heavy shroud.
Once again I'll see the dawning light
and know my child's love still burns bright.
I'll remember the moments that we both shared;
I'll remember our love and how we cared.
I'll remember my child now lives in me,
and his yesterdays shall always be.

~ **Carol Cichella**, Rockfort, IL



If I had written the greatest book, composed the greatest symphony, painted the most beautiful painting or carved the most exquisite figure, I could not have felt the more exalted creator than I did when they placed my child in my arms”

~**Dorothy Day**

STRANGE WORDS WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

I am always amazed at the instant empathy we each feel as new members come to their first meeting. We have the strangest welcome for these parents: "We are so sorry you have to be here".

In other organizations, the questions are probing; where did you go to school? where do you work? where do you live? All designed to "size up" the newcomer, put him or her in the proper perspective of a neatly ordered world. For us, this information is meaningless. We know this world isn't neat and orderly; we discovered that when we lost our children. We care about you, the newly bereaved parent, whose life was tossed into a cosmic blender when your child died. We

care because we are you. We have been here a while, in this purgatory of pain. We have learned to live our lives in a different way, to place value on understanding and hope, the intangibles of the purest meanings of life.

We have learned to value each other, to reach out and talk, to wait patiently during the silences needed to form thoughts. We listen intently as you quietly say your child's name, tell your child's story, speak of your heartbreak.

Yes, this is a different kind of welcome. But it is the most deeply sincere welcome we will ever receive. We are kindred souls, you and I. Each of us lives in the "after death"

world of losing our child. Each of us has learned gradually that the hope we have attained has made life better, lessened the pain, moderated the isolation, tears, emotional devastation and pure mayhem that once overtook us. Each of us has learned this slowly, in our own time and in our own way.

Each month new parents who have suffered the most horrific loss that a human can endure are welcomed into our group. We reach out, we listen with our hearts and we remember.

~**Annette Mennen Baldwin**,
TCF, Katy, TX
in memory of her son, **Todd Mennen**

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 loving memory of Neill Perri, 1995

WHAT WE SHOULD ALL STRIVE FOR...

On Nov. 18, 1995, Itzhak Perlman, the violinist, came on stage to give a concert at Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center in New York City. If you have ever been to a Perlman concert, you know that getting on stage is no small achievement for him. He was stricken with polio as a child, and so he has braces on both legs and walks with the aid of two crutches. To see him walk across the stage one step at a time, painfully and slowly, is a sight. He walks painfully, yet majestically, until he reaches his chair. Then he sits down, slowly, puts his crutches on the floor, undoes the clasps on his legs, tucks one foot back and extends the other foot forward. Then he bends down and picks up the violin, puts it under his chin, nods to the conductor and proceeds to play.

By now, the audience is used to this ritual. They sit quietly while he makes his way across the stage to his chair. They remain reverently silent while he undoes the clasps on his legs. They wait until he is ready to play. But this time, something went wrong. Just as he finished the first few bars, one of the strings on his violin broke. You could hear it snap - it went off like gunfire across the room. There was no mistaking what that sound meant. There was no mistaking what he had to do.

People who were there that night thought to themselves: "We figured that he would have to get up, put on the clasps again, pick up the crutches and limp his way off stage - to either find another violin or else find another string for this one."

But he didn't. Instead, he waited a moment, closed his eyes and then signaled the conductor to begin again. The orchestra began, and he played from where he had left off. And he played with such passion and such power and such purity as they had never heard before. Of course, anyone knows that it is impossible to play a symphonic work with just three strings. I know that, and you know that, but that night Itzhak Perlman refused to know that. You could see him modulating, changing, re-composing the piece in his head. At one point, it sounded like he was de-tuning the strings to get new sounds from them that they had never made before. When he finished, there was an awesome silence in the room.

And then people rose and cheered. There was an extraordinary outburst of applause from every corner of the auditorium. We were all on our feet, screaming and cheering, doing everything we could to show how much we appreciated what he had done. He smiled, wiped the sweat from this brow, raised his bow to quiet us, and then he said, not boastfully, but in a quiet, pensive, reverent tone, "You know, sometimes it is the artist's task to find out how much music you can still make with what you have left."

What a powerful line that is. It has stayed in my mind ever since I heard it. And who knows? Perhaps that is the way of life - not just for artists but for all of us. Here is a man who has prepared all his life to make music on a violin of four strings, who, all of a sudden, in the middle of a concert, finds himself with only three strings. So he makes music with three strings, and the music he made that night with just three strings was more beautiful, more sacred, more memorable, than any that he had ever made before, when he had four strings.

So, perhaps our task in this shaky, fast-changing, bewildering world in which we live is to make music, at first with all that we have, and then, when that is no longer possible, to make music with what we have left.

-- **Jack Riemer**, Houston Chronicle

The Precious Gift

One gift, above all others
god gives to us to treasure.
One that knows no time, no place,
and one gold cannot measure.

The precious, poignant, tender gift
Of memory - that will keep
our dear ones ever in our hearts
although they are asleep.

it brings back long remembered things,
a song, a word, a smile.
And our world's a better place --- because
we had them for a while.

~**Jessie H. Fairweather**

THE RIGHT WAY TO GRIEVE

People mean well. They really do. They want to help. But more often than not, they rush in with mistakes and often controlling ideas about what is helpful when your world has fallen apart. They tell you to get rid of your child's clothing and belongings right away. They tell you to have another baby, right away, or don't have another baby, go back to work or quit your job. Don't cry. Be brave. Don't be brave. Hide your emotions. Show your emotions.

Grieving people often find themselves comforting well-meaning comforters. Death turns our world upside down. The last thing we need is a lot of advice on how to grieve. Grieving is so natural that the only rule is that there is no wrong way to mourn, as long as what one does is not self-destructive or harmful to others.

Some people laugh and dance, play music, throw parties. Others cry, tear their clothing, retreat from social life and wear black. Some people keep their loved one's room intact

for months, even years, while others ritualistically get rid of everything that would remind them of their loss. Some people have family reunions and potluck luncheons. Others withdraw and eat nothing.

All of these people are grieving in the right way. Grief is like a river. Someone once said, "you can't step into the same stream twice". The river changes constantly, following a natural path. Such is the way of grief.

Jerry Brinegar

New Beginnings, 1992

MARKING TIME... (continued from page 1)

During our first year as a bereaved parent, while deeply in shock and disbelief, we mark all the firsts; the first week, the first month - the first birthday without them, the first valentine's day, first Easter/Passover, first Spring, first Summer, first Halloween, first Thanksgiving, first Christmas/Chanukah - first New Year - crossing over into a year our child will never know - and then, the first anniversary.

For the rest of our lives we mark time. The dreaded first anniversary that leads us to believe things will be different, that the pain will abate. Discovering that the intensity of marking all the firsts has been a distraction - that now, in the second year the reality of absence is the major focus. We wonder if the despair will ever lift. We mark the second anniversary - the second "timestone".

Grief work consumes us. Then one day we realize there was a millisecond of thought that wasn't accompanied by the permanent reel running in our head. It is a beginning - another "timestone". We

continue our struggle to survive and we do - marking each year until we have lived five years without our child's presence. Five years. Another "timestone".

We expected to be much further along after so much time. But it seems like only yesterday. Until you meet another bereaved parent who just landed here. Then you recognize the distance you've traveled - the time you've marked.

And so it will be for the rest of our lives. Learning to remember our kids with a smile and reaching all the timestones that await. The ten year mark, the twenty year mark...getting closer and closer to our waiting children even as we continue to treasure their memories while we continue to remind the world they were indeed here.. Ultimately we recognize how they enriched our lives, how much better we are for having had the joy of them. We are who we become because they lived and taught us a whole new dimension in loving. Coming to that realization is the ultimate "timestone".

~Marie Levine

BECAUSE YOU ONCE WALKED THROUGH

Now more years have passed us by
and thirty-five you'd be.
The years have come; the years have gone
And you are what I see.

I feel you in the sunset
and as each new day dawns.
You're with us in the starlight
and as the day draws on.

You hold a place much altered
From when you once were here.
But nothing's changed the way we feel.
You're in the love we share.

We may not hug or hold you
Except for in our dreams
But you have shown us, given proof
That life's not what it seems,

that death is not the end of life,
you're not so far away,
that your life flows through each of us
as we love and laugh and play.

So dear child, as we go on
With and without you here
Send your light to help us see,
A guide through smiles and tears.

And our lives will be a tribute.
We'll do our best for you.
The world will be a better place
Because you once walked through

~**Genesse Bourdeau Gentry**
from "Catching the Light"

WHY WAS HE TAKEN?

My little boy was only four
When God took him away
it broke his father's lonely heart
on that very tragic day.

I thought I heard God speak to me
from all the way up there.
He said that in my memories
I'd find him everywhere.

He'd call to me, I'd call to him
I would not be alone
despite that sudden moment when
God called him to his own.

Yet why would God in all his might
create such pain and strife,
by taking him away like that and
ending his young life?

God must have loved my boy so much
He could not bear to wait
until he grew to be a man,
however good and great.

And now I'm told I must not ask
the reason and the why.
I must accept my bitter fate
until the day I die.

But ask I do, I seek to know
the reason and the why.
To no avail, I cannot learn
what plans are way up high.

I'm only told that I must wait
until my life is done.
So I will wait in grief and pain
until again I meet my son.

And when that die arrives at last
I want to ask God why
he took my boy without a word
leaving me to mourn and cry.

In loving memory of **Eric Adler**
Mark & Joan Adler, TCF, Morris Area, NJ

October 9-11, 2015 ~ King of Prussia, PA
“From a Broken Heart.....Emerges Hope and Healing”
Radisson Hotel Valley Forge, King of Prussia, PA

Please come and share the experience of the Eastern PA Regional TCF Conference being held in October, 2015. The committee has been hard at work preparing a program that will hopefully meet the needs of all attendees, starting with

a dinner and guest speaker Friday night, to be followed by sharing sessions. There will be 24 adult workshops including a special workshop in Spanish for the Latino community. Also scheduled are 8 sibling workshops.

On Saturday night, there will be a guest speaker, the candle lighting service, all followed by sharing sessions. On Sunday morning we will host a butterfly release in lieu of a walk, with breakfast and a special guest speaker to end the conference.

Go to www.compassionatefriends.org to download a registration form. If you need further information, would care to volunteer, be a sponsor or donate to our conference please contact Bobbi Milne (mcfly423@aol.com) or Ann Walsh (tcfeastrc@yahoo.com)

CHAPTER NOTES...

HOSPITALITY – Want to commemorate a birthday or an anniversary? Bring in a framed portrait of your child or sibling to display on our hospitality table along with refreshments for that night’s meeting. Or, if you prefer, with a \$25 contribution, our hospitality committee will provide the goodies along with a notice that the refreshments were provided by you in memory of your child or sibling. If you have a date in mind that you would like to reserve, be sure to let Jacquie or John know in advance – jacquietcf@verizon.netBe sure to let us know in advance if you intend to provide refreshments at any meeting – don’t want to duplicate our efforts.

CANDLE LIGHTING December 13, 2015 – We are excited to announce that our 2015 candle lighting will be on the same night as the World

Wide Candle Lighting Sunday, December 13th at the Affinia Hotel in Manhattan. Those who attended last year’s event will remember what a memorable evening it was.

We plan to have our traditional ongoing slide show of our children. If you wish your child or sibling to be included you must submit your two photos no later than October 31st to: photosmtcf@gmail.com Send in a ‘sunrise’ photo (a baby or childhood photo) and a ‘sunset’ photo – a photo taken closer to their last birthday. We prefer that photos be scanned and emailed but if you are unable to do that, mail photos along with name and significant dates written on the back to:

Dan Zweig
945 West End Ave 2B
New York, NY 10025

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
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www.compassionatefriends.org
email: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

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

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

Mark Your Calendars!
Our next Chapter meetings are Tuesdays:

SEP 8	OCT 13	NOV 10	DEC 8
SEP 22	OC 27	NOV 24	DEC 22

OUR COMPASSIONATE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

Brookhaven	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809	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
Rockville Centre	2nd Friday	(516) 766-4682	HOT LINE		(516) 781-4173
Rockland County	3rd Tuesday	(845) 398-9762			



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