

The Primrose



VOL.45 Issue 3

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Fall 2025

My Child Did Exist

I've lost a child, I hear myself say, and the person I'm talking to just turns away. Now, why did I tell them, I don't understand. It wasn't for sympathy or to get a helping hand. I just want them to know I've lost someone, dear, I want them to know my child was here. My child left something behind which no one can see, so if I've upset you, I'm sorry as can be. You'll have to forgive me, I could not resist. I just want you to know that my child did exist.

Author Unknown

Treasurer

Dianne Cappiello is our new treasurer
Love Gift donations can be sent to her
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tcfbroome@gmail.com
Make Checks out to:
The Compassionate Friends Broome

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Email Jim with any poems or articles
you would like to be included in the
newsletter.

Please provide proper credits to the author.

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<https://www.stny.info/tcfbroome/>

**For information pertaining to the
The Compassionate Friends of Broome County,
call: Donna Cunningham (607) 725-8574**

Monthly Meetings

First Monday of each month 6:00 - 8:00 PM

Third or fourth Saturday 10 AM – 12 PM

Nimmonsburg United Methodist Church
918 Upper Front Street Binghamton, NY 13901
(across from BCC)

Steering Committee

Chapter Leader & Delegate -

Donna Cunningham **607 725-8574**

Assistant Chapter Leader - Shelley Levchak

Outreach - Jody Pangburn

Library - Liz & Brian Leonard

Hospitality – Jean Scolaro

Treasurer – Dianne Capiello

Newsletter Editor – Jim Pratt

Social Media -

FB - Pam Kroft & others

Website—Jim Pratt

Secretary- Barbara Paugh

**Please join our
Steering Committee**

We need Volunteers!

The Primrose is published quarterly

Deadline for newsletter materials:

February 1st: May 1st: August 1st: November 1st

Please send material to Jim

jpratt483@aol.com

Parents Resource Corner

Please feel free to call the following people if you wish to speak to someone whose child's death was caused in a manner similar to your child's

Accidental - Pam Kroft - Ph:607-427-4043

Illness - Open position

Adult Child - Karen Yeager - Ph:607-757-1852

Suicide - Sherry Bailey - Ph:607-797-8990

Substance - Shelley Levchak - Ph:607-759-0852

---MARK YOUR CALENDAR---

Meetings:

First Monday 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM

Third or fourth Saturday 10:00 A.M.

NIMMONSBURG UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

918 Front Street, Binghamton

(Across from BCC, next to the Credit Union.

Parking in the rear, enter through rear door.)

CALENDAR FALL 2025

September 8th	Monday 6:00 pm	"I Only See Grief"
September 20th	Saturday 10:00 am	"Open Sharing"
October 6th	Monday 6:00 pm	"Its OK To Smile"
October 18th	Saturday 10:00 am	"Open Sharing"
October 23rd	Thursday 5:30pm	"Steering Committee Mtg"
November 3rd	Monday 6:00 pm	"Gifts Beyond Our Grief"
November 15th	Saturday 10:00 am	"Open Sharing"
December 1st	Monday 6:00 pm	"Hope During the Holiday"
December 14th	Sunday 6:00 pm	"Candlelight Service"
December 20th	Saturday 10:00 am	"Open Sharing"

NOTICE

If you receive this newsletter,
forwarded from a Funeral Home
Please e-mail Dianne Capiello
tcfbroome@gmail.com
with Your correct address so
new issues can be mailed to you directly

The Chapter Letter

Hello Friends,

As I mentioned in our summer edition of the Primrose about anticipating a very hot summer it did after all come to fruition, temperatures above normal I believe in all 50 states. I for one am looking forward to the fall months, to be able to breath and enjoy some time outdoors. Walking and being with nature are a great soother for your mind, your heart and your soul.

On May 17th we lost another member of our group, Shirley Mehal, who has been reunited with her son Stephen (1985) and husband John (2017). My heart has a special place for Shirley, she was the first to take my depressing, desperate call after my Sean died. She listened as I rambled incessantly about Sean and how I could not possibly survive another day without him. Shirley, the chapter leader at that time, had the patience of Job as she reassured me that I would survive (which I didn't believe) and encouraged me to come to group. I did within 2 weeks, eventually finding hope, after much heart searching, that I would be ok. Shirley and her sidekick/bff Anne K were our kitchen leaders for many years at events, filling in as readers during our candlelight service, blowing up balloons and doing whatever was needed for group.

Our summer potluck picnic was held on Monday July 21st at the church. How elated were you that there was air conditioning in the fellowship hall, a much better climate for those hot summer months. I can guarantee friendships were made and renewed as everyone enjoyed culinary delights and last but certainly not least, lots of hugs. Per all, the hot dogs were again a great hit! I wish I was able to attend this year, I missed all those big bear hugs!

Even though we were brought together due to our overwhelming sadness, going forward we have the privilege to gather in memory of our precious children, grands and siblings. Whether you have been attending group for one week or ten years, you are cared for with an overwhelming empathy only a bereaved parent, grandparent or sibling can give.

I promised to update you on the Angel of Hope Garden progress. I believe most of the construction has been completed, all pavers are laid but none engraved as of yet. Not being in the inner loop of the new committee taking care of this second phase, that's pretty much all I have. I wish there was more to share but for anyone on Facebook we will have current news on our page, as soon as we know you will know. I know for those that purchased a memorial paver for their loved ones it's an anxious time, waiting for the names to appear. The second phase committee does have their own Facebook page titled "Angel of Hope-Broome County, NY.", feel free to wander there. As of today, the last post was in June.

We are gathering our wits and thoughts on the planning of the candle light service to be held on Sunday December 14th at 6:00 p.m. I know I reiterate year after year that it takes a village to pull off this evening, but it truly does. Donna, Shelley and I are hoping this year to have some new faces involved in this beautiful, meaningful service, a tribute to those gone too soon. Does anyone love to sing? Play piano or guitar? Public speakers who would be a reader? Be a greeter, kitchen worker or clean-up crew? We lost our music/video expert, Jim Tregaskis, in January. He was the master behind the digital element of our program, so if you are tech savvy please reach out, much appreciated for this and any of the above mentioned. If you are not ready to be a cast member, I totally understand but sometimes stepping out of your comfort zone can/will bring peace and hidden joy as you are doing it in memory of your child, grandchild and sibling gone too soon.

As the summer comes to a close and the temperatures will gently lower their high heat intensity, may relief be just around the corner. Now is the time to call a trusted friend, grab some coffee and take a walk along the rail trail or in your neighborhood. Friends are an important cog in your grief support wheel.



Continued

The Chapter Letter Continued

We all need our grief space, a safe place to cry and to laugh about something silly we remember. TCF meetings can be another part of your support wheel; parents, grands and siblings sitting at our safe table offering tons of encouragement as you muster up the strength to share your story. While others often prefer to keep their sadness and grief to themselves, not wanting to burden others. There is no right or wrong approach to unraveling what is the best course for you. Try all three and see where you land, 1, 2 or 3. My number 1 was attending group, sitting at the safe table with people willing to listen with no judgement. I also had many one on ones with friends and also much needed quiet solitary time to reflect on my loss and how it changed my life.

Grief work is very difficult, intense work plus extremely exhausting, leaving us fully drained at the end of the day. As your days pass and your memories become less foggy, I wish you much peace and hope for a softer tomorrow.

Hugs,
Pam Kroft
Sean's mom

As Time Goes By... Twenty-Five Years Later

Somehow it never occurred to me twenty-five years ago on August 11 that I would see myself in the far distant future writing about this long journey without our Kenneth. I couldn't see surviving more than one day at a time. In the beginning when I saw other Compassionate Friends who were five-year survivors it was incomprehensible that they had even been able to go on living at all.

But here we are; twenty-five visits for every occasion and anniversary to the lake where we took his ashes. Death day, Birthday, Father's Day, Mother's Day, any day at all. Scatter our roses, release our balloons, drink in the beauty of nature while silently contemplating and communing with his presence. We never say much, we don't have to, we know each other too well.

There have been lots of changes since that terrible day; joys of new grandchildren, a great grandchild. Other sorrows and leave-takings of precious family members and friends. Life having its way. We go on, we live, we laugh, we cry. But never for a moment do we forget to bring Kenneth's precious memory forward with us in all of our celebrations, sorrows and everyday situations that make us recall his laughter and funny sense of humor. We look at his pictures, hear certain songs, see a reflection of him in a smile, eyes, hair, eyebrows, lips, DNA all over the place!

As August 11 is the anniversary of Kenneth's death, so October 30 is the celebration of his birth. Kenneth would have turned 49 this year. It seems impossible to equate that age with the fun-loving, happy 23 year old he will forever be.

And so we go on twenty-five years later. Some things have changed; the acute pain of new grief softens into the rosy scar of an old battle wound. Sometimes it unexpectedly screams like the phantom pain from a severed limb, but only some times. Most times that dull ache is overcome by the joy and thanksgiving of having this loveable, quirky, all too human among us. The circle is unbroken.

Thanks be.

Arleen Simmonds, TCF Kamloops B.C. In loving memory of Kenneth Bruce Simmonds

It Will Be Another Birthday Without You

The sun will shine, roses bloom, geese fly throughout the sky stocks will trade,
the weatherman predict politicians debate It'll seem like another day just a day, same 24 hours
not a special holiday But to this mother who will stand at the grave lifting balloons into the sky
serving angel food cupcakes with rainbow icing coated with tears fluctuating between emotions:
the grief over death the celebration over birth For this mother It will be yet another birthday without you.

Alice J. Wisler

In loving memory of son, Daniel

The Solitude of Grief

There are wounds one can't assuage For the cut is deep and bleeding Some wounds show no outward
trace

For it's the heart that's sore and needing

How does one cope with a broken heart
A heart that's cold and lonely
From where the strength to carry on
From a grief that's shared . . . but yours only

Still in dreams we see them yet
So young, so fair, so alive
I don't know how we cope with death
But somehow—somehow we do survive

Always a part of this heart of mine
Now tossed like a windblown leaf
And I imprisoned in a world not mine In the solitude of grief

—Harvey Hockstein

Grief is not a disorder, a disease or a sign of weakness. It is an emotional, physical and spiritual
necessity, the price you pay for love. The only cure for grief is to grieve.

Earl Grollman

Our Children Remembered



As long as we live, our children too shall live, for they are part of us in our memories. We lovingly remember the following children on their Anniversary.

09/01 Cindy daughter of Bonnie Blair Binghamton, NY
09/06 Jason son of Nuria Bronson Conklin, NY
09/09 David son of Renny Zanker Lisle, NY
09/11 Cheryl daughter of M/M Frank Lockwood Binghamton, NY
09/11 Scott son of Karen Yeager Binghamton, NY
09/13 Kaitlin daughter of Maureen Mosher Endicott, NY
09/14 Rebecca daughter of M/M Harold F. Weitsman Vestal, NY
09/15 Jonathan son of James Pratt Binghamton, NY
09/15 William brother of Robin McCall Binghamton, NY
09/18 Todd son of Carol Selby Cantonsville, MD
09/20 Shawn son of Carol Ferraro Mechanicsville, VA
09/24 Maura daughter of Joseph & Maureen Johnson Binghamton, NY
09/25 Karen daughter of Sandy Iannuzzi Vestal, NY
09/26 Stephen son of Shirley Mehal Endwell, NY
09/26 Julie daughter of Bonnie Blair Binghamton, NY
09/29 Susan daughter of Helen Kachmarik Binghamton, NY
09/30 Richard son of John & Michelle Lupo Endicott, NY
10/03 Traci daughter of Gordon & Mary Shiner Vestal, NY
10/11 Jerry son of Sylvia Behal Johnson City, NY
10/15 William son of Delores Bentley Binghamton, NY
10/16 Sean son of Pam Kroft Frederick, MD
10/16 David son of Shirley Rigo Binghamton, NY
10/23 Micha son of Marvin & Donna Conover Binghamton, NY
10/26 Joel son of Renee Radicchi Spicer & Steve Spicer Owego, NY
11/07 Jenna daughter of Maureen Mosher Endicott, NY
11/15 Gail daughter of Ray & Lori Benjamin Binghamton, NY
11/15 Matthew son of Martin & Carol Porcino Johnson City, NY
11/16 Ryan Alexander son of Donald & Suzanne Carr Binghamton, NY
11/18 Patrick son of Dale Murray Binghamton, NY
11/26 Phelan son of Kelly Smith Barton, NY
11/26 Thomas son of Margaret Isaminger Johnson City, NY
11/30 Cynthia daughter of Marilyn Eck Endwell, NY

When I am gone, do not fear my memory.

Do not be afraid to speak my name or look through old photographs.

Do not be scared to play old videos so that you might hear my voice and see me laughing.

Do not be wary of visiting my favorite places or eating my favorite foods or singing along to my favorite songs. I know it will hurt. Those memories will remind you that I am gone. They will stab at you like a knife in an open, gaping wound. Raw, excruciating pain. But after a while the knife will become less sharp, the wound will become less open and the pain will become less raw. And those memories will remind you that I was here. That I lived. Do not reduce my life to my death. Speak my name, hear my voice, sing my favorite songs and visit my favorite places. Because that's how I can stay alive a little. Right here with you
Becky Hemsley 2022

The Gap

The gap between those who have lost children and those who have not is profoundly difficult to bridge. No one whose children are well and intact can be expected to understand what parents who have lost children have absorbed, what they bear. Our children now come to us through every blade of grass, every crack in the sidewalk, every bowl of breakfast cereal, every kid on the scooter. We seek contact with their atoms — their hairbrushes, toothbrushes, their clothing. We reach out for what was integrally woven into the fabric of our lives, now torn and shredded. A black hole has been blown through our world and, indeed, it often does not allow the light to escape. It is a difficult place. For us to enter there is to be cut deeply and torn anew, each time we go there, by the jagged edges of our loss. Yet we return, again and again, for that is where our children now reside. This will be so for years to come and it will change us, profoundly. At some point, in the distant future, the edges of that hole will have tempered and softened, but the empty space will remain — a life sentence.

Our friends will change through this. There is no avoiding it. We grieve for our children in part, through talking about them, and our feelings for having lost them. Some go there with us; others cannot and, through their denial, add a further measure, however unwittingly, to an already heavy burden. We recognize that we have moved to an emotional place where it is often very difficult to reach us. Our attempts to be normal are painful and the day to day activities carry a silent, screaming anguish that accompanies us, sometimes from moment to moment. Were we to give it its own voice, we fear we would become truly unreachable and so we remain "strong" for a host of reasons even as the strength saps our energy and drains our will. Were we to act out our true feelings, we would be impossible to be with. We resent having to act normal, yet we dare not do otherwise. People who understand this dynamic are our gold standard. Working our way through this over the years will change us as does every experience — and extreme experience changes one extremely. We know we will have actually managed to survive when, as we have read, it is no longer so painful to be normal. We do not know who we will be at that point nor who will still be with us. We have read that the gap is so difficult that, often, bereaved parents must attempt to reach out to friends and relatives or risk losing them. This is our attempt. For those untarnished by such events, who wish to know in some way what they, thankfully, do not know, read this. It may provide a window that is helpful for both sides of the gap.

Gail Schroeder, Boca Raton Chapter

As the day approaches,
I wonder how I will react –
am I still a father? I will sit quietly
never allowing friends and family
to see how I feel. I miss my child,
but I can't allow myself to "break." I must remain strong
and always be the "rock."
I wish I could just let someone know how much I miss my little Angel.
How much I cry
and how much I miss hearing "Dad, I love you." I am a father
but I wonder will I just pretend
as usual that "It doesn't bother me." Remember me.
For I hurt too on this special day!
Author Unknown

What Goes On At A Compassionate Friends Meeting?

A question that is asked frequently by newly bereaved parents who have never attended a meeting is, "What do you do?" or rather, "What will you expect me to do?" In answer to the last question, we expect and require nothing more than your name. Our meetings are informal. We open the meeting with introductions by mentioning our name and child's name, but if you feel that you can not do this, it is okay, also. We have all, at one time or another, choked up on the mention of our child's name or the circumstances of his or her death.

Some people attend meetings several times and do not enter any discussion or voice their feelings. They absorb some ideas and discard others that do not meet their immediate needs. But, inevitably, someone around the table will say something that is tuned to the exact way you feel. Then the realization comes that one is among friends, people who really understand and care about them and their sensitive feelings. Some parents are more vocal from the start, and they find willing listeners who neither criticize or pass judgment on them. We most likely have the same feelings of anger, despair, longing, pains, and a multitude of others.

Now a word about crying. PLEASE don't stay away because you are afraid you will cry! We have all cried many times. Perhaps we've attended several months and didn't shed a tear. Then something is said or a memory comes back that brings tears to our eyes. Compassionate Friends can accept the gamut of feelings from tears to laughter. Laughter? Of course! We are, after all, human and our emotions are many and varied. If we can accept each other's feelings, this must include all ranges of emotions.

In the course of discussion, you may hear the answer to a question or problem that has been plaguing you. Several parents may tell you how they handled the question of what to do with their child's possessions - clothes, toys, books, etc., or how they have gotten through holidays, birth- days, and other difficult days. Maybe you will pick up something that will be helpful in dealing with your surviving children's problems; how to deal with a seemingly uncaring relative or friends— to hurtful remarks, or how to answer the question "How many children do you have?" Sometimes what has helped one may not have worked for another, but what is important is the open and honest discussion and the chance to decide for yourself.

Please don't let the word meeting intimidate you. Perhaps we should call it a gathering. Whether our gathering consists of a program featuring a film, a speaker, a tape, or general discussion, please don't hesitate to join us! A parent who has "survived" the loss of their child will always be there to greet you and understand.

--Verdugo Hills, CA newsletter

The Crayola Desk

I did something today. Something I was pretty certain I would not do—did not want to do to be honest. I took my very first step, after almost 13 years, to prepare to part with some of Christopher's things. A light bulb went on over my head suddenly. I realized that most of these "things" I have clung to—almost desperately—would have been gone a long time ago. I understand much like with my son and daughter still here, these things would have been outgrown or simply lost their appeal. He would be a 19-year-old young man—experiencing his college years, working a job or maybe just plain trying to figure out what he wanted to do. He certainly would not be sitting at his Crayola desk drawing or coloring, playing with the power rangers or pokemon—figures he so dearly loved. And that old Gameboy—it would have undoubtedly been traded up for a newer model.

As I cleaned up the desk, I recalled how excited he was the day we gave it to him. How many times he sat in the little blue and red spinning chair making himself dizzy then trying to see if he could draw a straight line. He loved how the drawing area lit from below allowing him to trace his favorite coloring book pages, his tongue hanging out to the side between his teeth in intense concentration.

I took a magic eraser and started to clean that little desk. I never dreamed I would be unable to wipe away the marks and drawings made with his crayons. I kept thinking no one is going to want this if I can't get it looking like new. There is a lazy susan of sorts for the crayons in the lower right corner. Little holes in a plastic turntable, the perfect size for a crayon to stand on end and spin around making them easy to access. Instead of utilizing this item for its intended purpose, Christopher thought it would be more fun to stick marbles in those holes. Here I was standing over my kitchen counter with an array of screw drivers, a pocket knife and butter knife, trying over and over again to pry each of those well lodged marbles out of their holes. I think only for a second that I have a hundred other things to do, that I am spending too much time trying to clean up "this mess."

Immediately I can't help but miss all the other messes I missed out on. I find myself wishing there had been a thousand more. I wonder if I had attempted to do this when he was still here if I might have scolded him. Instead I find myself smiling, with my tongue out to the side between clenched teeth, grateful to get to clean up "his mess."

In memory of Christopher, Tina Loper, TCF, Tyler, TX

"The Compassionate Friends is about transforming the pain of grief into the elixir of hope. It takes people out of the isolation society imposes on the bereaved and lets them express their grief naturally. With the shedding of tears, healing comes. And the newly bereaved get to see people who have survived and are learning to live and love again."

—Simon Stephens, founder of The Compassionate Friends

Gifts of Love

Our chapter is a self-help group with no required dues. We rely solely on contributions. Your donations help us pay for the cost of this newsletter, the postage, all the books in our library, meeting and event supplies which are a great help to bereaved parents.

Your contributions are tax deductible and very sincerely appreciated. The following donations were received since the last Primrose deadline:

David & Colleen Hanzes – in Memory of their son David
Sam & Shelley Allegrino – in Memory of their Son Allan
Sandy & Jerry Wilcox – in Memory of their son Kyle
Suzanne & Donald Carr – in Memory of their son Ryan Alexander
Kate & Bill Stacy – in Memory of their son Phillip
Thomas & Marcia Glosick – in Memory of their son Scott
Kim Meier-Carroll – in Memory of their son Christopher
Kathleen & Frank Rumble – in Memory of their daughter Christina
Samantha & Carlo Carlini - in Memory of their Daughter Samantha
Kathy Beers - In Memory of her son Jason
Maureen & Joseph Johnson in Memory of their Daughter Maura
Alyce & Charles Katen in memory of their daughter Venus
Helen Jane Katchmarik in memory of her daughter Susan Marie

Compassion

I cry when a tear rolls down your cheek
I agonize when you weep
I know that you question
I know that you pray
That you scream at night in your sleep
I'm aware of your quavering voice when you speak
Of your lank, straightforward stare
I know of your pain.
Your depression, your guilt.
That you search for 'a face' everywhere.
I watch as you walk with your head bowed low With despair written over your face
I hear the quick sigh, the internal cry
I know how you wearily pace
I see how you search, for a sign, for some hope That the light will still shine in your life I know how you live,
I know that you die from the harsh words
that wound like a knife.
I empathize most with your loneliness now
Even though you're not always alone
I see the rapture as you speak your child's name
For, I've lost a son of my own.

Charmaine H. Stickel E

Yours to Keep -
Memories- tender, loving, bittersweet. They can never be taken from you. Nothing can detract from the joy and the beauty you and your loved one shared. Your love for the person and his or her love for you cannot be altered by time or circumstance. The memories are yours to keep. Yesterday has ended, though you store it in the treasure house of the past. And tomorrow? How can you face its awesome problems and challenges? It is as far beyond your mastery as your ability to control yesterday. Journey one date at a time. Don't try to solve all the problems of your life at once. Each day's survival is a triumph.

From Living When a Loved One Has Died
By Rabbi Earl A. Grollman

The Song Is the Same -
Different are the circumstances of our child's death,
Different are their names,
Different was their life and the length of it, But their song was the same.
They lived for one brief moment in history,
Much too soon they were gone, They left us here,
parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters,
To remember the gift of their life and somehow go on.
Whatever the time that has passed for us, Whatever the pain and grief that we claim,
We are all here together to remember our kids, So your song becomes my song
and our song is the same.

Barb Seth TCF Madison, WI

If Only our Tears Could Talk.....

**** NOTICE ****

There are no monetary dues or fees to receive The Primrose, the TCF Broome County's newsletter. Our largest expense is the printing and mailing of newsletters to our members.

Your tax deductible Love Gift donation enables the chapter to continue our mission of reaching out to the newly bereaved and providing ongoing support to all our members.

Send donations to: Dianne Cappiello 2221 Glenwood Rd. Vestal, NY 13850 - tcfbroome@gmail.com
Make checks payable to: The Compassionate Friends Broome

Name _____o Please check if new address

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (____) _____ Child's name _____ Date of death ____ \ ____ \ ____

Newsletter\$ _____ Supplies\$ _____ Postage\$ _____ Other (Specify)\$ _____

Please specify the fund you want to donate to

Please specify if there is a specific fund you want the money used for (Newsletter, Postage, Supplies, Etc)

Deep Feelings - Whispers of the Heart

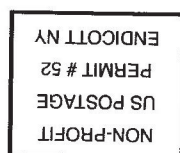
It wasn't instant. Some days, heartache was louder than her faith. Some nights, tears spoke more deeply than any words ever could. But still, she showed up—to prayer. to healing. to the slow, sacred work of rebuilding herself. And slowly, grace met her right where grief used to live. Peace filled in the cracks he left behind. Joy returned—not forced, not rushed—but real. Because what walked away didn't define her. What remained did. And through it all—God never left. He stayed close, quiet, and faithful... loving her through every broken piece.

Author Unknown

Love and Loss

Grief isn't just a feeling—it's a shift, a deep change inside where something once lived but now feels missing. It doesn't just hurt—it unsettles you. It creates a space where love used to be, and that space echoes with silence.

At first, it can feel like too much, like a pain that might never end. But slowly, the sharp edges soften. The wound begins to heal, even if the scar always stays. And that's the truth—you don't simply "get over" grief. You carry it. You grow around it. The love you felt doesn't disappear. It changes. It lives on in old photos, shared laughter, familiar places, and quiet moments when your heart reaches for what used to be. Grief isn't something to hide or feel ashamed of. It's proof that something deeply meaningful existed. It means you loved. You cared. You connected. There's no right way to grieve. Some days you'll feel okay. Others, not so much. And that's perfectly normal. Let yourself feel it. Let yourself remember. Grief is sacred—it's love, still living, in a different form. With time, you'll find peace—not because you forget, but because you learn to carry both love and loss in the same heart. Author Unknown



The Compassionate Friends
Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies
1250 Front St., PMB 147
Binghamton, NY 13901-1043
(Address Service requested)

