

The Primrose



TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Summer 2025



Dear Fellow Bereaved Parents,

To say that I don't feel the tug in my heart as I create this last newsletter with me as editor would be a lie. It has been a long walk along with so many of you and I will miss those nice comments and letters I often get with your Love donations. Oh so many children I have seen added to this list. Life as we know doesn't always go as planned.

I was quite surprised to learn that Jim Pratt had not only found us a treasurer, but also he would take over newsletter duties. Wow, is all I can say and thank you Jim for keeping the group going forward. I didn't want to walk away without someone else doing what I have done for so many years in memory of my son Joshua.

I remember those early days of wanting to do more for the group than just attend meetings. When the previous couple wanted to give up newsletter creation, I jumped to the chance. It has been quite fulfilling with my grief journey especially this edition as it falls to my shoulders in May to get it out to the printer so you have it before June's Monday meeting. May 1st is Joshua's day of death, followed closely by Mother's day and then ends with his birthday 4 weeks to the day of his death. He died when he was 20 and I had often said to him, "I can't wait until you turn 21". So yes, May has it's highs and lows for me every year.

This is not a departure, just a moving over for someone else. A new chapter for me as I move further into full retirement.

Peace and Love to All,
Val
Joshua's Mom Forever



Please Take note of new contacts for the following positions.

Treasurer

**Dianne Cappiello is all set up at the bank
and Love Gift donations can be sent to her
at this address:**

2221 Glenwood Rd. Vestal, NY 13850

**Make checks out to:
*The Compassionate Friends Broome***

Newsletter Editor

Jim Pratt
jpratt483@aol.com

Email Jim with any poems or articles
you would like included in the newsletter.
Please provide proper credits to the author.

The Chapter Letter

Hello Everyone,

I must say with wilted locks in anticipation of a very hot summer, how our weather has changed in the past several years. The fluctuating temperatures remind me of how we grieve; highs and lows, ups and downs and ins and outs. We learn to go with the flow of our grief, so to speak, as we maneuver through life one day at a time. The flow is never easy but as we know more than anyone life is not always a cake walk, grieving a loved one throws so many curveballs our way.

As I mentioned in the last Primrose Val Ambrose has decided to step down as our Primrose editor and treasurer after 20+ years of dedicated service. There are not enough words in a dictionary to thank her for her unwavering love for our group; her mothering of our children, grandchildren and siblings as she placed their names in the newsletter to memorialize their angel date during their month of passing. All the diligence she took in searching out the perfect pieces to place in our Primrose, plus her safe keeping of our funds. I met Val several years ago when she sought out our group after the death of her son Joshua. I have been fortunate, though our reason for meeting was the worst time of our lives, to call Val a friend for just as many years. I know internally since Val's announcement we were in a panic knowing her time was coming to an end, trying to find a person or two to take on her duties. I now have the opportunity of sharing the good news that we shall have a new newsletter editor. Jim Pratt, one of our group dads, bereaved father of Jonathan and baby Anette has decided from the goodness of his heart to take on editing our much received and beloved newsletter. I know I can speak for all of us that we appreciate you, Jim. We also have been graced with a woman, Dianne Cappiello to take over as our new treasurer. I believe we can thank Jim for securing her to be the keeper of our books. Good news is always the best news.

I know there have been many questions about the expansion and adding of new paver bricks at our angel in Port Dickinson at the John & Jeanne Wilfey Park. Many questions pertaining to when the new angel committee (which is not affiliated with our group) will start construction of the annexed areas around our angel, adding memorial bricks of our very missed loved ones. I can finally answer that question as construction began in early May with tons of digging, laying new footers and framing a new walkway. By now the work is probably progressing beautifully. Photos of the expansion are on our Facebook page. I believe the group is taking new orders for memorial bricks until mid-June, if you want one you can go to their Facebook page, Angel of Hope-Broome County NY. We promise to keep you all in the loop, as we become aware of any news. We did have a pre-spring clean-up in early April done by Rick Parisi and had planned a clean-up May 31st but with all the construction there is no need. We loved getting together to beautify the area, catching up with friends and having lunch after. Also I'm sure our children, grandchildren and siblings are always looking down and smiling as we gather in their memory. I believe Shelley and possibly Chuck Levchak will once again be the caretakers of the butterflies and help them fall safely back to earth.

As you slowly restore your faith in life after spending days, months and possibly years of grieving and as you remember the very sadness you felt in the beginning let yourself catch sight of where you are today. Yes, there will always be triggers that will put us in a funk for a bit but overall, we need to be open to the grief and accept it as the love we shared while our children, grandchildren and siblings walked with us on earth. As you take one step forward don't get discouraged if you take two steps back. For the newly bereaved you have begun the hardest job of your life, grief work. For all others I know how hard you have worked to find the hope and peace to ease your soul. If you are in need of some extra care, find your way to a TCF meeting and feel the empathy and compassion in the room, you might find yourself wanting to come back.

Continued



The Chapter Letter Continued...

Always remember there are people out here willing to talk, to hug and to walk with you through your hardest times. May your summer be a time for soul searching and renewal in what is good. I have been at this a very long time and there are still days it seems like Sean's accident was yesterday. We shall carry them with us forever...

Hugs to all,
Pam Kroft
Sean's Mom

Holding On and Letting Go

We are on a journey. The journey of grief. At the start of the journey we let go of our loved ones. Whether we were ready or not, we had to let go. At the start of the journey we were in shock, going through the motions of calling hours, funerals, and talking with friends and loved ones, as they said their good byes. Soon after, we start sorting, sorting out what happened, how it happened, and what to do next. We can start sorting clothes, personal items, and pictures. How do we know what to keep, what to give away – what to let go of. It's hard, and painful, and that's just the physical stuff.

During this time, we are also sorting out memories, memories that we never want to let go of, and other painful ones, we all want to let go of, but it takes time. The memory of how the shirt looked on him. Where you were and what you were doing the last time he wore it. Hold on to that memory. Try to smile how you smiled when it happened. Not easy right now – when will it get better?

Memories are the precious items we have. They will keep our loved one alive forever. Remembering and sharing things about them, that's what we have to hold on to. That's what we want to share with others

In time we can start letting go of the guilt and the pain. The grief subdues a little at a time. Letting go of these is a good thing, it means our hearts are healing little by little. Never fully, but the hurting empty hole left there is getting smaller. Are we getting used to living with the hole? Or are we filling in parts with loving memories of our loves ones. Our lives go on, without them physically, but their spirit is with us. Sitting by us, or on our shoulder watching, guiding, even laughing. (You know when you stumbled they laughed, or when the ketchup fell on to the front of your shirt). We talk to them, think of them, we hold on to them, tight. We use their teachings keeping us going, we hold on. We can't let go, we don't want to forget them, we talk to them, we look for signs, we hold on. Each of us goes forward at our own pace, and with our own style.

Do you wear their clothes, visit their room, with hopes of their scent? That's okay, hold on to it, don't let others say "You should be done" or things like "It's been a year, you should be better now" and think you are crazy

What do they know? You are the one grieving. We all grieve at our own pace. Hold on to whatever you need to, keep the memories alive, keep them alive. Hold on to your loved ones, in your hearts and mind forever.

What do you let go of? The guilt, the what if's, the negatives, and maybe the people who just don't get it... The list is different for everyone. BUT NEVER LET GO OF YOUR LOVED ONE'S MEMORY. They will be Forever in our hearts. -

-George Carafos, in loving memory of son David TCF, Rochester New York

Suicide

Jeremy, Jeremy, my last-born son,
Whatever possessed you
to pick up that gun?
Even with the comfort
of knowing you're now in God's care.
The pain and hurt
sometimes is just too hard to bear.
I go around
with an emptiness deep down in my soul,
So I pray each and every night
that God will make me whole.
--Marjorie Brewer

In The Silence

In the silence Mom you hear me,
in the silence I am here.
In the silence you can feel me
and in the silence it is clear.
That my spirit hasn't left you,
I am just a thought away.
You can see me in the shadows,
anytime you look my way.
Look for me in the sunshine,
and in the stars at night.
In the wind, trees and flowers,
everything that is in sight.
Talk to me, say my name and know
that I'm still here.
In my death I have a new life
and one day it will be clear.
So talk to me and look for me,
in everything you do.
For I haven't gone so far away,
I'm really right next to you.

--By Joy Curnutt - St. Clair County, IL

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

What Grieving People Want You to Know

- ♥ I am not strong. I'm just numb. When you tell me I am strong, I feel that you don't see me.
- ♥ I will not recover. This is not a cold or the flu. I'm not sick. I'm grieving and that's different. I will not always be grieving as intensely, but I will never forget my loved one and rather than recover, I want to incorporate his life and love into the rest of my life. That person is part of me and always will be, and sometimes I will remember him with joy and other times with a tear. Both are okay.
- ♥ I don't have to accept the death. Yes, I have to understand that it has happened and it is real, but there are just some things in life that are not acceptable.
- ♥ Please don't avoid me. You can't catch my grief. My world is painful, and when you are too afraid to call me or visit or say anything, you isolate me at a time when I most need to be cared about. If you don't know what to say, just come over, give me a hug or touch my arm, and gently say, "I'm sorry." You can even say, "I just don't know what to say, but I care, and want you to know that."
- ♥ Please don't say, "Call me if you need anything." I'll never call you because I have no idea what I need. Trying to figure out what you could do for me takes more energy than I have. So, in advance, let me give you some ideas:
- ♥ Bring food.
- ♥ Offer to take my children to a movie or game so that I have some moments to myself.
- ♥ Send me a card on special holidays, birthdays (mine, his or hers), or the anniversary of the death, and be sure to mention her name. You can't make me cry. The tears are here and I will love you for giving me the opportunity to shed them, because someone cared enough about me to reach out on this difficult day.
- ♥ Ask me more than once to join you at a movie or lunch or dinner. I may say no at first or even for a while, but please don't give up on me because somewhere down the line, I may be ready, and if you've given up, then I really will be alone. --

Virginia A. Simpson Tyler TX newsletter

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.*



06/02 **Mark** son of **M/M Alan French** Endwell, NY
06/02 **Jason** son of **June Moore** Warren Center, PA
06/05 **Ronald** son of **Sylvia Behal** Johnson City, NY
06/05 **Cory** son of **Toni & Larry Sherling** Endicott, NY
06/06 **Venus** daughter of **Alyce Katen** Binghamton, NY
06/12 **Daniela** daughter of **Nilsa Mariano** Cicero, NY
06/12 **Connor** daughter of **Jen Hall** Binghamton, NY
06/13 **Jordan** son of **Brad & Laurie Thompson-Fish** Kirkwood, NY
06/17 **Robert** son of **Frank & Angela Carro** Johnson City, NY
06/20 **Jeffrey** son of **Marlene Tuttle** Johnson City, NY
06/21 **John** son of **Joseph & Arlene Bigart** Binghamton, NY
06/21 **Stacy** daughter of **Ivy Carroll** Atkinson, NC
06/22 **Tommy** son of **John & Lisa Scannapieco** Chester Springs, PA
06/23 **Nicole** daughter of **Joanne & Jim Packer** Northumberland, PA
06/25 **Paul** son of **Gloria Carpenter** Binghamton, NY
06/27 **Richard** son of **Nancy Rinehuls** Binghamton, NY
07/02 **Mark** son of **Carol Botting** Binghamton, NY
07/02 **Marrah** daughter of **Helen Croucher** Endwell, NY
07/04 **Alicia** daughter of **Paul & Kimberly Reger** Lebanon, PA
07/06 **Thomas** son of **Kathleen Jones** Vestal, NY
07/07 **Jonathan** son of **Rita Searles** Chenango Forks, NY
07/08 **Brigette** daughter of **Jackie Ceiri** Johnson City, NY
07/10 **Scott** son of **Mary Lee Wittling** Windsor, NY
07/13 **Jason** son of **Kathy Beers** Endwell, NY
07/13 **George** son of **Mary Gilg** Harpursville, NY
07/14 **Philip** son of **Cheri Hohn** Binghamton, NY
07/18 **Alexander** grandson of **Diane Dobish** Binghamton, NY

Continued ➡

Our Children Remembered cont.

07/27 **Aaron** son of **Diana Rathman** Binghamton, NY
07/31 **Joseph** son of **M/M Joel Troutman** Binghamton, NY
08/01 **Seth** son of **Darwin & Robin McKitrick** Maine, NY
08/02 **Rob** son of **Judy Lundvall** Johnson City, NY
08/02 **Brian** son of **Brian & Lizabeth Leonard** Vestal, NY
08/02 **Erin** daughter of **Barbara & Rick Paugh** Conklin, NY
08/03 **Ryan** son of **Tamara Harman** Endicott, NY
08/05 **Amber** daughter of **Joanne Brockway** Watkins Glen, NY
08/06 **Ryan** brother of **Scott & Elizabeth Taylor** Johnson City, NY
08/13 **Kyle** son of **Jerry & Sandy Wilcox** Binghamton, NY
08/17 **Sarah** daughter of **Stephen and Beth McKeown** Endicott, NY
08/20 **David** son of **David & Colleen Hanzas** Binghamton, NY
08/22 **Matthew** son of **Thomas & Diane Ellis** Castle Creek, NY
08/23 **Kelsey** daughter of **Kate Chambers** Nichols, NY
08/24 **David** son of **Rodney & Janice Black** Binghamton, NY
08/27 **Robert** son of **Francis Sullivan** Binghamton, NY

Starting Over Again

As parents, how many times have we told our children to “try, try again?” “You can do it, just start over,” we’d say, be it a coloring book not kept within the lines, learning to tie shoes, school assignments, or later, other difficulties that life brings. Little did we think that this well-meaning advice we gave out of love for our children’s well-being would be the words that we must follow. “Hang on.” “Don’t give up.” “Try again, and start over.” All this now applies to us. Had the situation been reversed, we would not have wanted our children to live out the rest of their lives in pain, and unable to go on. We would have wanted them to continue, not in constant sorrow, but with hope for renewal and better days ahead.

As we have said to them—they would be throwing it right back to us—it is a hard road that you must travel, but you can do it. What you wanted for me, I want for you. Do what you have to, to find your way out of the dark tunnel, and when you fail, pick yourself up and start over again. You can do it. What we wanted for our children is no less than they would want for us. If we could hear them, right now, they would be saying: LIVE, for life is not a moment. LOVE, for that is what really matters. GO ON, for we shall be together again, someday.

-Mary Ann L. ~ TCF, Gloucester County, NJ

The Grief Gremlin

The toothbrush holder, the laundry basket, the magazine rack, a kitchen shelf— each of these is such an ordinary, simple part of any home. Yet, each can be so completely associated with grief as to cause our chests to heave deep sobs with just one glance. That seems obvious to all of us survivors, but to the outside world, that first sentence must appear to border on insanity, don't you think?

Let's take a look at them, one by one. Who can forget walking into the bathroom for the first time after death has visited your home and seeing one toothbrush that won't be used again? It doesn't seem important to those not trying to survive a loss, but just the sight of a never-to-be-used-again toothbrush is akin to a body blow. Oh, how it hurts! Is it possible that it was being used only yesterday?

Maybe your laundry basket was always full, and load after load of clothes were washed and dried, keeping you plenty busy. Suddenly, you look in there and without your son or daughter, it seems nearly empty. Just the sign of that basket seems to scream out "She's gone! No cheerleader uniform to clean; no soccer shirt to coat with Spray 'n Wash, no grumbling to be heard if the socks got mixed up or one is missing. Or maybe you've not always emptied the basket but focused on doing the essentials first. Suddenly, with less wash, you notice your son's football socks lurking in the bottom of the hamper. Oh, to have the opportunity to wash them for Friday's game; to see him proudly running onto the field in his uniform!

A magazine rack seems non-threatening, doesn't it? Why in the world would that be associated with instant grief? Maybe you don't dig down into it very often but just keep piling on the latest issues. At some point, you mindlessly curb the overflow by weeding through the old issues. Suddenly, there it is: his Golf Digest; her Teddy Bear catalogue; his Cruise Travel. Oh! It literally sucks the air out of your lungs.

Nobody ever said grief would be so personal, so every day, so vicious to attack in such unexpected ways!

Those kitchen shelves appear innocent at first glance, too. But then, the summer heat is replaced by fall's nip in the air, and a hot mug of cider would be just right. So you reach up and, oh! There's her mug. The Precious Moments winter scene she loved to show off at work, or his favorite row of free Credit Union mugs that you tried to retire to the Goodwill box, but he insisted were vital to life itself! Ugh. It's that blow to the heart again. And you think, but all I wanted was a cup of cider, and I end up with a box of Kleenex? How?

It's the Grief Gremlin. He shows up when least expected. He seems to have an internal clock that tells him to avoid holidays, birthdays, anniversaries — those days when we would expect to be zapped by grief reminders. The Grief Gremlin puts in his appearance when we're going about our daily routines, when we finally have a grip on the start of another day and think we might survive a few more hours of it; when someone has cracked a joke, and we actually chuckled just a little. Then, wham! Without warning, he jumps us and suddenly turns an ordinary minute into a gut-wrenching memory moment instead. It isn't easy when he appears, is it?

I think the hardest part is that we can't get ready for him! We try to plan ahead for hard holidays, but when the Grief Gremlin shows up, we can never be prepared.

Reprinted with permission from Bereavement Magazine, www.bereavementmag.com.

Summer of Grief

Summer is here and along with a new season comes a new batch of things we will no longer be able to do with a child who has died. Vacations, picnics, bike riding, even mowing the yard can become filled with painful reminders of what was or should have been. There are no road maps for this journey, no easy steps to follow but here are a few things I've learned to help me cope.

I keep pictures of Missi in my car, wallet, and suitcase - these remind me of the memories I carry in my heart. I retrieve them often.

When I go to a special event, such as a wedding, I visualize Missi in a conspicuous spot like perched on a beam or anyplace a mischievous angel might alight. In my mind, she is always smiling, enjoying the event and adding her own twist of humor to the proceedings.

I always find at least a few minutes to be alone with my sadness and regrets. I shed a tear if I feel the need. I need this time to pull myself together and find enough inner peace to be a part of the living world. I remind myself that many of the people around me grieve for Missi, too. As central as my grief is to my world though, they have a right to enjoy the celebrations of life without my grief at the forefront. My love for them shares their joys, just as their love for me shares my grief.

I will often bring a flower or some little souvenir from an event to her grave. One summer, after a trip, I left a map we had used there, marked with our route. Sometimes I'll just stop and buy a rose on my way home to leave like a "wish you were here" postcard.

I dry and save the petals from roses I bring home or receive as gifts in her memory. In the summer, I sprinkle them on her grave. I hope that these grief strategies of mine might help you this summer. These strategies have developed over a period of nearly 6 years now. It never gets easy, but as time passes, I do get more creative.

Don't pressure yourself to do things or go places you are not ready for. Don't be bullied by the expectations of others. A quiet, "I'm just not ready for that," will usually spark their compassion for your heart's journey.

--Joanne Rademacher, TCF Minot, ND

No One Else Can Do this For You

People will speak of "closure," of "moving on," of "getting over it," of grief coming to an end. Smile kindly, and know, anyone who says these things hasn't lived this thing called grief.

To lose a child is to lose the very heart and soul of you. It is overwhelmingly disorienting. It takes a long, long time to find yourself again. It takes a long time to grow new life around the chasm of such grave loss. It takes a long time to grow beauty from ashes.

There will always be a hole in your heart, the size and shape of your child. Your child is absolutely irreplaceable. Nothing will fill the void your child left. But your heart will grow bigger— beautifully bigger— around the empty space your child left behind. The love and pain you carry for your precious child will be woven into every thread of your being. It will fuel you to do things you never dreamed you could do.

Eventually, you'll figure out how to live for both of you. It will be beautiful, and it will be hard. But, the love you two share will carry you through. You will spread this love everywhere you go. Eventually, you'll be able to see again. Eventually, you'll find your way again. Eventually, you'll realize you survived.

Angela Miller

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:

Kate & Bill Stacy in memory of their son **Philip**

Sam & Shelley Allegrino in memory of their son **Allan**

Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver in memory of their son **Michael**

Susan & Chuck Taft in memory of their son **Matthew Stacey**

Steve & Beth McKeown in memory of their daughter **Sarah**

Paul & Kimberly Reger in memory of their daughter **Alicia**

Jim & Joanne Packer in memory of their daughter **Nicole**

Kathy Beers in memory of her son **Jason**

Carlo & Samantha Carlini in memory of their daughter **Samantha**

Mary & James View in memory of their son **James**

Robert & Kim Carroll in memory of their son **Christopher**



"Grief over the death of a child is the hardest work that most of us will ever do. While we all wish for the pain to stop, we need to remember that we grieve intensely because we loved intensely. It is unrealistic to expect the grief to ever totally go away because the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love and is nothing for which we should be ashamed."

--Elaine Grier TCF, Atlanta, GA

"Compassion is not a relationship between the healer and the wounded. It's a relationship between equals. Only when we know our own darkness well can we be present with the darkness of others. What gets me up and going each day is knowing that how I live my life and treat others will be the only reflection and definition of my son that people who never met him will ever get to see."

-Tanya Pearce

Change and Challenge

As I look back over the past six years since our son died, I realize how much I have changed. When we talk about grieving, we often forget to mention that we grieve, too, for the person we were before our child died. We might have been energetic and fun loving, but now are serious and absorbed.

Our friends and family miss the "old us" too, and their comments show it: "Don't you think it's time to return to normal?" or, "You don't laugh as much as you used to." They are grieving for the person who will never be the same again.

Like the caterpillar who shrouds itself in a cocoon, we shroud ourselves in grief when our child dies. We wonder, our families wonder, our friends wonder – when will they come out of it? Will they make it through the long sleep? What hues will show when they emerge? If you've ever watched a butterfly struggle from the safety of a cocoon, you'll know that the change is not quick or easy – but worth the effort!

We begin to mark our struggle from the cocoon of grief when we begin to like the "new us." When our priorities become different and people become more important than things – when we grasp a hand that reaches and reach in turn to pull another from his own cocoon, when we embrace the change and turn the change into a challenge. Then we can proudly say, "I have survived against overwhelming odds. Even though my child's death is not worth the change in and of itself, the changes and challenges give me hope that I can feel fulfilled again. I can love again."

-TCF, Appleton, WI

"Remember how far you've come, not just how far you have to go. You are not where you want to be, but neither are you...where you used to be."

Rick Warren

**** 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

Make checks payable to: *The Compassionate Friends Broome*



Name _____



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Address _____
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Please specify if there is a specific fund you want the money used for (newsletter, postage, supplies, ect...)

No More Secrets

After quite a number of years living with the grief of suicide loss, I took the chance of talking about it with selected individuals. These were people I thought I could trust. Up to that point, I was convinced that it was a horrible secret I would just have to carry for the rest of my life. Instead what I heard surprised me. Many of the people I spoke to were either, wrestling with their own grief over suicide loss or knew someone who was. They ended up asking-me- for-advice! I knew then that I was not alone in my dilemma. So many people are hurting from suicide loss. And secrets just compound the pain. Today, I know that trusting people and reaching out to people is my lifeline to healing from suicide loss.

-Reprinted from Healing the Hurt Spirit, Daily Affirmations for People Who Have Lost a Loved One to Suicide by Catherine Greenleaf.

And the Rocket's Red Glare

I watched the spectacular bursts of colors. It was always such a treat. The star bursts, the swirls, the straight ones, making their noisy banging trajectories into the night time sky. Throughout these exciting displays, tears ran down my face. Inconceivable that I am here to enjoy this and you, my beautiful Cheryl, are not. Then new thoughts rolled through my mind. Perhaps you are viewing the fireworks and many more from a higher vantage point, where the colors and designs shine more vividly. Perhaps you are seeing and understanding things that I can neither see nor understand. Perhaps your world is filled with rainbows and flowers and butterflies. Perhaps you are surrounded by love, music, beauty and unbounded joy. Perhaps my love.

I can only hope...

-- Carol Silverman, Elkins Park, PA

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