

# The Primrose

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Winter 2025

VOL.45 Issue 4

## Where You Are...

Are my tears holding you back, is my pain holding you down,  
do you yearn to fly... to be free?  
But you are no longer here...  
I hope you are where you need to be to fulfill your destiny and not hold back to appease  
my sadness...  
In actual time, on this plane... it has been a long time...  
in my heart time has stopped...  
you were here just a short while ago...  
in whatever plane and space your spirit dwells, I desire nothing but peace for you...  
I set you free from a place of deep love...  
a place of gratitude for having chosen me as your mother during your brief stay this time around...  
I see you in my mind,  
I feel you in my heart...  
that will never, never change...  
I will know, when the time is right, where you are...  
I imagine that will come to be when I leave this  
place I know as life... Until then...  
Mama

By Kitty Forstner, TCF Marin County Chapter

## Treasurer

Dianne Cappiello is our new treasurer  
Love Gift donations can be sent to her  
at this address:  
2221 Glenwood Rd. Vestal, NY 13850  
e-mail:  
tcfbroome@gmail.com  
Make Checks out to:  
The Compassionate Friends Broome

Newsletter Editor and Publisher  
Jim Pratt  
tcfbroome@gmail.com

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

**The Compassionate Friends, Inc.**  
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**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

**The Compassionate Friends of Broome County**

1250 Front Street, # 147 Binghamton, NY 13901

Web Address:

<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!**

**---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 WINTER 2025**

December 8th	Monday	6:00 P.M.	"Holiday Despair"
December 14th	Sunday	6:00 P.M.	"Candle Light Service"
December 20th	Saturday	10:00 A.M.	"Open Sharing"
January 5th	Monday	6:00 P.M.	"Another Year?"
January 17th	Saturday	10:00 A.M.	"Open Sharing"
February 2nd	Monday	6:00 P.M.	"I Know I Loved Well"
February 21st	Saturday	10:00 A.M.	"Open Sharing"
March 2nd	Monday	6:00 P.M.	"Memory Night"

**NOTICE**

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

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](mailto:jpratt483@aol.com)

## The Chapter Letter

Hello Everyone,

I so remember the first Christmas without Sean, it was only 2+ months after he went to heaven and I didn't have the strength or want to celebrate in any way, shape or form. For Aaron, my surviving child, I felt it was necessary for some semblance of a holiday. We ventured out to our local home improvement store, Rickles and purchased a three-foot-tall Norfolk pine tree in a pot to be placed in our living room and possibly decorated at a later time. I believe it had little red bows on the branches, which stayed throughout the holiday for it was impossible for me to open one box of ornaments, nor could the delicate branches of the pine support anything more than a few red bows. For several years after Sean's death how I would search for a giving Christmas tree with tags looking for his name. I was quite successful for many years but then the trees became fewer and fewer throughout our town. I feel Covid may have finished that sacred tradition for me. Last evening I was at church for a meeting and the entire vestibule was lined with tables with tons of school supplies, shoes, games, toiletries, hair brushes and combs, anything a child could use in their daily lives. All the items were to be put into shoeboxes to be sent to children across our country not so fortunate. The youth group was going to fill each box with loving care and a small bible. In a few weeks we will get our shoe box to fill with stuff, in fact my granddaughter asked me if the boxes were available yet, in anticipation of shopping and filling them. Last year we did four boxes, two girls, two boys and I always hoped one of those little boys who opened our box was named Sean? We do what we can to get through...

Our annual candle lighting will be happening in a week or so, Sunday, December 14th at 6:00 pm. I encourage all to attend to share in an evening of love, hope and friendship. I always feel as I sit in the sanctuary of the church that our children, grandchildren and siblings gone too soon are peeking through the clouds from heaven and listening for their name to be read during the lighting of the candles. If you've never ventured out to the church take a few hours on the 2nd Sunday in December to join others that are anticipating this holiday season just like you and I. For me it's always been the beginning of my Christmas season, doesn't seem to matter how long it's been the void is still there. We will have a potluck dinner after the service, bring what you like if you are up to it, invite your family who loved your child, grandchild and sibling as much as you do. We will have a picture table where you can share a beloved photo and name cards will be available, we love to put a name with their precious faces.

One of our members, Alicia Garrard, now an ordained pastor, has written a book, titled Waiting for the Cry. It is now available on Amazon if you have the Kindle app. Alicia's pen name is Alicia Dawn. Alicia and her husband Larry attended our meetings several years ago after the loss of their two precious baby boys, who were delivered stillborn, four years apart, hence the name of the title. I can share with you that when they came to group their prospective on child loss was clearly heart breaking and eye opening to many of us, their courage to sit in group month after month with a room filled with parents whose children were born and lived a life, maybe 2 years or 40 years. I encourage all who are grieving and those who have lost a child by stillbirth or miscarriage to read within the pages of Waiting for the Cry.

During this upcoming holiday season, I wanted to reach out to the siblings in our group. Often called the forgotten mourners, in our eyes that is not true. Like us brothers and sisters' lives are forever changed, throwing a wrench into the future of our families. Siblings often feel the responsibility to be strong for us the parents, though their hearts are broken as the family tries to mend all hearts. A special hug to all that have a sibling who has left this earth too soon.

As we approach 2026 let us be reminded of our commitment to keeping our child's, grandchild's and siblings' memory alive in the hearts and minds of those we love. This very season volunteer in memory at a food bank, a shelter, adopt a family in need, find a giving tree, donate to a toy drive, send cards of joy to the nursing homes or go and visit, ring the bell for the Salvation Army, keep hats and mittens in your car to pass out to those in need, come and help at our candlelight service. The opportunities are endless and the reward gives us the sense of purpose, which many have lost, and you will feel fulfilled as you help others. Just a thought...



Continued

## The Chapter Letter continued

As I close this letter, may 2026 bring the hope you have been looking for through your tears, the empathy you so deserve from your family and friends, the understanding from all around you and the peace in your heart as it mends from your loss. I am looking forward to seeing you at the candle light service, as you light candles in memory of your loved ones.

Hugs to all,

Pam

{Sean's mom}

## Your Pup and I

Your old pup sleeps before the fire, Muzzle resting on outstretched paws. He twitches with a little yelp, Reaching to a dream gone bad that he can't help.

A sound from outside jerks his head alert, Ears listening intently, Radar in search of your special step. Not hearing the sound that he wants, he looks hurt.

His head goes down with a sigh. He looks to me with mournful eyes.

I declare I think that dog sometimes cries... He, like I, never dreamed you'd be the first to die.

He misses you as badly as I. Even old pups want to know why...

And they grieve, like us, for one last good-bye,  
And tonight I joined him as he cried.

Fay Harden, TCF Tuscaloosa, AL

## Remember Me

Remember Me as the wind stirs the leaves,  
Remember Me as the evening sunset casts it's rosy glow,  
Remember Me as you smell the earth after a fresh, spring rain,  
Remember Me as you hear the sound of a child's laughter,  
Remember Me as the warm summer sunshine caresses your skin,  
Remember Me as the first winter snowflakes fall to the ground,  
Remember Me as the smell of spring flowers tantalize our senses,  
Remember Me as you awaken in the morning by the song of a bird  
Remember Me as you greet a smile on a friendly face  
Remember Me as the days gently ease, one into another  
Remember Me as you walk through life  
Remember Me For I Shall Remember You.

## I Am Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free  
I'm following the path God laid for me  
I took His hand when I heard Him call  
I turned my back and left it all.  
I could not stay another day  
To laugh, to love, to work or play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way.  
I found that place at the close of day.  
If my parting has left a void,  
Then fill it with remembered joy.  
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,  
Ah yes, these things, I too, will miss.  
Be not burdened with these times of sorrow,  
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.  
My life's been full, I savored much,  
Good friends, good times,  
A loved one's touch.  
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief;  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your heart and share with me.  
God wanted me now, He set me free.

Author unknown  
In memory of Brent D. Pangburn  
Submitted by Jody Pangburn

“Before you do anything else,  
You need to lean into the grief of your loss and put aside other things  
(linked to how your loved one died). Focus towards your loss.  
That’s where your energies need to go.”

Lt. Carl McDonald, father of Carlie, 5,

## What's in it for you?

Compassionate Friends is here to help—to listen, to suggest, to understand.  
If you handle your grief well, you do not need Compassionate Friends. But we need you.  
Your approach or method of dealing with grief could help one or more of us.  
Please come share it.

Bob Watts TCF Stamford, CT

## 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.

12/01 Christopher son of Crystal Murphy Windsor, NY  
12/02 David son of Amy Snell Barton, NY  
12/02 David brother of Jacob Snell Owego, NY  
12/02 Shelly daughter of Roger & Sherry Haskell Binghamton, NY  
12/06 Timothy son of Julie & Greg Deemie Johnson City NY  
12/06 Peter son of Joel & Robin Vermaat Port Crane, NY  
12/09 Matthew son of Frank & Joanne Calvey Whitney Point, NY  
12/11 Joe son of Ron & Michele Summers Castle Creek, NY  
12/13 Kyle son of Bob Batal Berkshire, NY  
12/14 Jacob son of Jennifer Whitmarsh Binghamton, NY  
12/16 Catherine daughter of Angela Coyle Binghamton, NY  
12/18 Lon son of Beth McCarthy Susquehanna, PA  
12/19 Brianna daughter of Tom & Megan Lander Binghamton, NY  
12/19 James son of James & Mary View Vestal, NY  
12/25 Magill daughter of Elaine Madigan Binghamton, NY  
12/31 Tanya daughter of Patricia Rushanski Endicott, NY  
01/01 Anthony brother of John & Shelly O'Neill Vestal, NY  
01/02 Nicole daughter of Sue Miller Endicott, NY  
01/02 Kenneth son of Elaine Sahre Vestal, NY  
01/03 Jessica daughter of Michelle & Jammie Simonds Milford, PA  
01/11 Sammy son of Mary Ellen Arnold Johnson City, NY  
01/11 Thomas son of Debbie Sovine Endicott, NY  
01/11 Laura daughter of M/M Robert McGuigan Conklin, NY  
01/15 Michael son of Amy Back-Vangorden Windsor, NY  
01/16 David son of Patrick & Joyce Crowley Endicott, NY  
01/17 Stephen son of Sherry Klenotiz Owego, NY  
01/17 Christine daughter of Francis Sullivan Binghamton, NY  
01/19 Aaron son of Ralph DeRigo Binghamton, NY  
01/19 Timothy son of Gordon & Mary Shiner Vestal, NY  
01/20 Abel son of Jennifer Heggelke Binghamton, NY  
01/20 Abel grandson of Lisa Koltz Binghamton, NY  
01/24 Sheri daughter of Jackie Ceiri Johnson City, NY  
01/24 Chad son of M/M Carl Eldridge Glen Aubrey, NY  
01/28 Isiah son of Dawn Hill Binghamton, NY  
01/29 John son of Corky Clark Binghamton, NY  
01/31 Michael son of Michael & Jo-Anne Oliver Johnson City, NY  
02/05 Keara daughter of Dane & Kaethe Mitchell Binghamton, NY  
02/07 Caetlin daughter of Tomann Rice Franklin, PA  
02/10 Adam son of Lori Petzack Sidney, NY  
02/10 Joni daughter of M/M Robert McGuigan Conklin, NY  
02/14 Paul son of Toni & Maria Fusco Endicott, NY  
02/17 Tyler son of Shanay Beschorner Binghamton, NY  
02/18 Jason son of Carol Radice Binghamton NY  
02/20 Chuck son of M/M Carl Eldridge Glen Aubrey, NY  
02/22 Cindy daughter of Peter & Barbara Metritikas Vestal, NY  
02/24 Joelyn daughter of Nancy Moffitt Bainbridge NY  
02/24 Michael brother of Patti Klepfer Greene, NY  
02/24 Michael son of Toni Robinson Binghamton, NY  
02/25 Courtney daughter of Marilyn Eck Endwell, NY  
02/26 Scott son of Thomas & Marcia Glosick Apalachin, NY

## Time Will Ease The Hurt

The sadness of the present days  
Is locked and set in time, And moving to the future  
Is a slow and painful climb. But all the feelings that are now  
So vivid and so real  
Can't hold their fresh intensity  
As time begins to heal.  
No wound so deep will ever go  
Entirely away,  
Yet even hurt becomes  
A little less from day to day. Nothing can erase the painful  
Imprints on your mind,  
But there are softer memories  
That time will let you find. Though your heart won't let the  
Sadness simply slide away.  
The echoes will diminish  
Even though the memories stay.

Bruce B. Wilmer

Today I wrote a note to a bereaved mother...

I wanted to say don't believe all those sympathy cards. The ones that say "time heals" and "God only takes the best" and "may your sorrows be lessened." You'll only be disappointed. I wanted to say this is the most heart-wrenching, chest crushing, breath stealing tragedy on earth. I wanted to tell her there will be days she wants to die, and friends who will not understand some of the things she does or says.

I wanted to tell her she will still feel her child's presence at times, sometimes so strongly that it is as if they are dancing just at the edge of whatever activity is going on. And other times she might not feel their presence at all.

I wanted to tell her that her life will not go back, that she will never be the same, because a piece of her left with her child. And that even though the pain does not go away, somehow her soul will eventually make enough room so she can hold it all— the grief, the pain, the joy and the love.

I wanted to tell her... but I didn't. Instead, I wrote this: I'm sending love, for words are pointless right now. And that is the truth.

—by Susi Costello Shared by Hope's Seed

"Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal."

~ From a headstone in Ireland

## 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

## You Did Not Die

You live in the beautiful wind that blows. You live in the sound of birds that crow. You live in the sun that shines so bright. You live in the peaceful dark at night. You live in a star I see in the sky.

You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide. You live in the smell of flowers and grass.

You live in the summer that goes so fast. You live in my heart that hurts so much.

You did not die, we only lost touch.

Shari Swirsky TCF Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Today I wrote a note to a bereaved mother...

I wanted to say don't believe all those sympathy cards. The ones that say "time heals" and "God only takes the best" and "may your sorrows be lessened." You'll only be disappointed. I wanted to say this is the most heart-wrenching, chest crushing, breath stealing tragedy on earth. I wanted to tell her there will be days she wants to die, and friends who will not understand some of the things she does or says.

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I wanted to tell her... but I didn't. Instead, I wrote this: I'm sending love, for words are pointless right now. And that is the truth.

—by Susi Costello Shared by Hope's Seed

The rules for surviving holiday grief:

Do what You need to do to Survive.

Honor your loved one how you need to, and do what feels best for your fragile, aching heart. You are missing a huge piece of you, so do whatever you need to do to find a sliver of peace.

Author Unknown

## 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:**

Frank & Angela Carro - in Memory of their son Robert  
Sam & Shelley Allegrino – in Memory of their Son Allan  
Suzanne & Donald Carr – in Memory of their son Ryan Alexander  
Barbara Lewis & Nancy Arnold - In Memory of Michael  
Carol Radice - In Memory of her son Jason  
Sylvia Behal - In Memory of son Joseph  
Shelley & Charles Levchak - In Memory of their son C.J Levchak  
Samantha & Carlo Carlini - in Memory of their Daughter Samantha  
Kathy Beers - In Memory of her son Jason  
Michael & JoAnn Oliver - In Memory of their son Michael  
Joel & Robin Vermant - In Memory of their son Peter  
Helen Jane Kachmarik - In Memory of her daughter Susan Marie  
Michael & Christina McAfee - In Memory of their son Joseph  
Jeannine B Wells - In Memory of her daughter Kathleen

Tough love...

Whoever said tough love was the thing to do .... surely never lost someone as beautiful as you. For in the letting go... I didn't realize ... the guilt that I would carry for not being by your side. You came to me in sadness .... just wanting to share ...the deep pain you were going through.... and how it got you there.

I'll always see you standing in my front doorway... asking me to come inside... you had no where to stay. I let you in and I could see ...the relief upon your face ...but I was so quick to let you know ... this home was not ....your place. You talked and talked about your life and what you were going through...but In my mind... I shunned your words...to protect myself from giving in to you. As the sun began to rise .. I knocked upon your door..please get up...get out of bed... you can't be here anymore. I was brief and blunt ..about what I wanted you to do... find a place where you could stay before the day was through. And as I tried to lecture you ...about all that you had done... you looked at me with sadness ..saying shame...has helped no one. Oh... these words will haunt me ... until my days are through ..the grief that I will carry for not being there for you. It wasn't long after ...you were again at my home ...you didn't knock to enter...just pushed right through my door

I didn't realize at the time your spirit had arrived .... but soon I'd learn to my disbelief... my baby girl had died. I sometimes think and wonder ... why you came here to me... maybe to help ease the grief that's deep inside of me. So when they try to tell you tough loves the way to go...know it may come with consequences ...that you don't want to know. ERIN August 2, 2022. 3:21pm

ERIN,

May God forgive me for letting you and myself down. Instead of following my heart I let outside influences dictate what I should and shouldn't do for you. My own grief and pain for your situation made me block the gentleness and compassion you deserved. As your body began to show the tiredness of your illness ..you asked if you were still as beautiful as your sister...I said ERIN... your beauty is timeless....little did I know how true that would be.

Submitted by Barbara Paugh

“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

“Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.”

~ William Shakespeare

“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

\*\*\*\* 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)

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

Just when the caterpillar thought her life was over, she began to fly

- Author Unknown -

“Memory is a way of holding onto the things you love, the things you are, the things you never want to lose.”

~ From the television show The Wonder Years

“The deep pain that is felt at the death of every friendly soul arises from the feeling that there is in every individual something which is inexpressible, peculiar to him alone, and is, therefore, absolutely and irretrievably lost. “

~Arthur Schopenhauer

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

