

The Primrose

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Summer 2026

VOL.46 Issue 2

“Love and Loss”

When someone you love dies, the loss stays with you as long as your breath does—which is far longer than the days immediately following the funeral. At first, people gather around you, offering comfort and support. But eventually, they drift away—not because they don’t care, but because life pulls them back into their own routines.

Some leave because they feel out of place in the presence of death. They may have known you as one half of a couple, or as a parent, child, sibling—but now, after the loss, they’re unsure how to connect with this new version of you.

They knew how to be with you, but they don’t know how to relate to grieving you.

Sometimes, others will see your ability to function—your outward stability—and mistake it for being “over” your tragedy. They assume you no longer need them. What they fail to understand is that just because you appear okay on the outside doesn’t mean you aren’t falling apart when you’re alone.

People might say, “You’re so strong,” but deep down, you know better. You’re not strong—you’re surviving. All you’re doing is what must be done to keep moving forward.

Here’s the truth: the time when you need people most isn’t during the immediate aftermath of the loss—it’s in the days, months, and years after the funeral.

That’s when loneliness sets in. When all those who showed up at the beginning have gone back to their lives, leaving you to navigate the endless road of grief by yourself.

It’s in these quiet, ordinary moments—the ones where grief sneaks up unexpectedly—that the pain hits hardest. It can feel as raw and overwhelming as the very day the loss occurred.

And unfortunately, it often falls on you—the one enduring the heartache—to reach out to others long after the funeral fades from memory.

Death is a date on the calendar...but grief is the calendar.

From the site “Deep Feelings”

Treasurer

Dianne Capiello is our 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.

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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 SUMMER 2026

June 1st	Monday 6:00 p.m.	“Honor our Dads”
June 20th	Saturday 10:00 a.m.	“Open Sharing”
July 6th	Monday 6:00 p.m.	“Who is that in the Mirror?”
July 18th	Saturday 10:00 a.m.	“Open Sharing”
July 20th	Monday 6:00 p.m.	“Family Picnic”
August 3rd	Monday 6:00 p.m.	“Searching for Purpose”
August 15th	Saturday 10:00 a.m.	“Open Sharing”
September 7th	Monday 6:00 p.m.	“Who am I Now?”

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 Primrose is published quarterly

Deadline for newsletter materials:

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

Please send material to Jim

jpratt483@aol.com

The Chapter Letter

Hello everyone,

I'm sure the anticipation of a long-awaited summer has been too much for any faint heart. Our spring has been cool and rainy, with sporadic white flakes falling from the NY skies. I believe our friend, foe or favorite groundhog Phil, was right again. We often feel less enthralled by our grief if we are able to get outside to have sun overhead with its needed Vitamin D boring into our bodies and to watch the rebirth of our earth, giving us much deserved hope. I've really taken more time this spring to embrace the new growth that colors our trees and bushes, and to appreciate its beauty which can fill us with awe. It's ok to gently warm your heart again.

On February 10th of this year we received sad news on the passing of Olivia, or for many Livy, Curtin as she closed her eyes and was lifted up to meet her sweet daughter, Mary, who has been gone from this earth for 29 years. I've known Livy for all those years as she and Marty came to group to share Mary's life and their sadness with us. Livy took so many bereaved moms under her soft wing and spoke with them with an honesty about death and grief. She was well respected among her peers, including our TCF steering committee. Many of our books that sit upon our red library cart were donated by Livy, including the precious book, *The Next Place*. Marty and Livy have made sure our newsletter is sorted by zip code and transported to the post office to be mailed to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings across our country, a task under their watch for many years and certainly never underrated. On a more personal note, I was so fortunate to golf with Livy at Chenango Bridge Golf Course after work on a women's league. She was so encouraging, I would end up in the water many times on the very first hole, though through our time together I did improve. Also, when I went to the house, she would always insist I sat for tea, a cookie and conversation, listening with her caring ear. One of my fondest memories were the Mother's Day Tea she would host at her home for the moms in our group, everything just like Livy.

Gloria Murphy, a bereaved mom for 20 years passed over to the arms of her beloved son Brian and her late husband Jim on March 31st. Gloria never actually came to group but read our newsletter faithfully and mourned her son for the rest of her days on earth. Again, my relationship was more than bereaved mom with Gloria. My Sean and Gloria's youngest child Tim were best friends from kindergarten on up. Sean was considered part of the Murphy family, even going on vacation with them. On the day Brian died I got in my car and drove the four blocks, knocked on the door and we cried together. Gloria said to me, "I never realized how you felt, but now I do." As we say at group, we don't want one more mom or dad to feel what we feel. Gloria's death hit me pretty hard as the Murphys treated Sean as a fourth son.

I'm sure Livy and Gloria are flying high with their precious children gone too soon.

Finally I believe the paver bricks will be engraved, hopefully soon. Not sure when we will have an official clean up, waiting on them, I guess. I know so many of you are anxious about your pavers with just concern. If we hear anything you will be the first to know.

Our summer potluck picnic will be held Monday July 20th at 6:00. Come, see old friends, make new ones and enjoy all the culinary picnic delights. Please bring your family, a dish or dessert to share, if you feel up to it, drinks will be provided. I heard from a little birdie the fellowship hall will have air conditioning, a much-needed addition.

A while ago my morning message was a photo of a butterfly on the arm of the girl sitting in front of me in church. This past week a girl sat in front of me with the most beautiful butterfly hair clip. After church I was able to have a conversation with her, explaining how her hair clip was a sign for me from Sean and that it brought a smile to my face. She got tears in her eyes and told me her cousin Elizabeth had died in a car accident last summer. We were brought together for a reason, a brief moment of hope. I'm sure you have had an unexpected encounter with a bereaved parent, grandparent or sibling, just by chance; a moment of hope for you and them. I've been blessed to hear many stories of your encounters. ➡

The Chapter Letter Continued.....

I used to think we had little magnets that brought us together, but in all probability our children, grands and siblings are responsible. Reminders to get through our worst days. 1. Allow yourself time to grief, don't suppress your sadness. 2. Lean on family and friends. 3. Attend a TCF meeting. 4. Find yourself a good listener. 5. Continue to tell your story. 6. Attend your 2nd TCF meeting. 7. Be honest with others about your needs. 8. Remember you are never alone. 9. Attend your 3rd TCF meeting. 10. Never give up on yourself. While in the middle of a bad, sad day it's not easy to reach out to another or do anything for that matter. Do what you can to get through that day and then wake up the next morning realizing you made it through. One day at a time, my friend. Smiles eventually will return to your faces, your hearts will mend with jagged stitches and life will feel like living again. Patience is not a word we embrace in 2026 as everything is so fast and furious. Grief is one emotion that can't be rushed, it has no timeline and no end date.

Hugs,
Pam Kroft
(Sean's mom)

THE GAP BETWEEN THOSE WHO HAVE LOST A CHILD AND THOSE WHO HAVE NOT.....

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 and what they bear. Our children come to us through every blade of grass, every crack in the sidewalk, every bowl of breakfast cereal. We seek contact with their atoms, their hairbrush, their toothbrush, their clothing. We reach for what was integrally woven into the fabric of our lives, now torn and shredded. A black hole has been blown through our souls 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 and a further measure, however unwittingly, to an already heavy burden. Assuming that we may be feeling "better" six months later is simply "to not get it." The excruciating and isolating reality that bereaved parents feel is hermetically sealed from the nature of any other human experience. Thus it is a trap - those whose compassion and insight we most need are those for whom we abhor the experience that would allow them that sensitivity and capacity. And yet, somehow there are those, each in their own fashion, who have found a way to reach us and stay, to our comfort. They have understood, again each in their own way, that our children remain our children through our memory of them.

Their memory is sustained through speaking about them and our feelings about their death. Deny this and you deny their life. Deny their life and you no longer have a place in ours. 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 carries a silent, screaming anguish that companies 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 recovered 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 or 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.

-Author UNKNOWN

Mom, I'm every place!

Mother, please don't mourn for me; I'm still here, though you don't see.
I'm right by your side each night and day and within your heart I long to stay.
My body is gone but I'm always near, I'm everything you feel, see or hear.
My spirit is free, but I'll never depart as long as you keep me alive in your heart.
I'll never wander out of your sight; I'm the brightest star on a summer night.
I'll never be beyond your reach -- I'm the warm moist sand when you're at the beach.
I'm the colorful leaves when fall comes around and the pure white snow that blankets the ground.
I'm the beautiful flowers of which you're so fond -- The clear cool water in a quiet pond.
I'm the first bright blossom you'll see in the spring; The first warm raindrop that April will bring.
I'm the first ray of light when the sun starts to shine, and you'll see that the face of the moon is mine.
When you start thinking there's no one to love you, you can talk to me through the Lord above you.
I'll whisper my answer through the leaves on the trees, and you'll feel my presence in the soft summer breeze.
I'm the hot salty tears that flow when you weep and the beautiful dreams that come while you sleep.
I'm the smile you see on a baby's face. Just look for me, Mom, I'm every place!

Author Unknown

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

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 Tonianne 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 Garth son of Nancy Moffitt Bainbridge NY
06/23 Nicole daughter of Joanne 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
07/19 Brent son of Jody & Doug Pangburn Lisle NY
07/23 Briana daughter of Linda & Steve Burghardt of Lisle NY
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 Christopher son of Julie & Greg Deemie Johnson City NY
08/20 David son of David & Colleen Hanzes 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

OKAY, BUT NOT OKAY ... AND THAT'S OKAY

The funeral director told us it was time to close the casket and suddenly I gasped for air and tried to hold back my tears - but nothing could stay my sorrow. This was it. I wasn't ready to look upon my son for the last time – to say goodbye to his little body, his sweet face ... this little boy I used to cuddle, hug and laugh with. My youngest son, Wyatt stood beside me and watched me in grief and sorrow tuck his older brother one last time.

I carefully pulled Mitchell's favorite blanket up to his chin, like I did every night, and said "I love you little boy ... my sweet son. Oh, how I love you." I cried a father's tears ... and until that moment I had tasted no deeper tears. I had never known so great a sorrow as to say goodbye to my child. Sweet Mitch trusted that I could keep him safe from harm. He thought there wasn't anything I couldn't do. When he looked at me he saw superman. When I looked in the mirror I saw a broken man. But I tried. God knows how hard I tried. But I was only human.

Months later, my oldest son, Ethan, came into my office while I was writing an entry for Mitchell's Journey. I was unprepared for the interruption and my eyes were red and filled with tears. Ethan asked, "Dad, are you okay?" I immediately tried to be superman and put on a brave face, wiping my eyes and said, "Yeah, I'm okay" ... as if to suggest all was well and that I was simply rubbing my tired eyes. But Ethan was discerning and knew better ... I could tell by his expression he knew I was grieving.

In that moment I thought to myself, "What good do I do my children when I pretend?" I realized I do him no favors when I am not being real. I paused a moment then looked Ethan in the eye and said, "Actually, I'm not okay. But I'm okay. Do you know what I mean?" Relief washed over his face and I could tell he not only understood but that he was glad I was being real ... as if it gave him permission to be real, too. I wanted my son to know that it is okay to hurt ... that you can be "okay" but "not okay" and that's okay.

Ethan and I talked about Mitch for a while and he shared some of his sorrows about losing his younger brother. We both cried together. I hugged Ethan and let him know how much I loved him – every bit as much. We crossed a threshold with grief that day. My son knew it was okay to hurt and that pretending otherwise serves nobody, not even ourselves. To the contrary, we do a great disservice when we pretend.

I had a moment of truth a few years prior when I read the words of an 18th Century French writer who observed, "We discover in ourselves what others hide from us, and we recognize in others what we hide from ourselves." When I read those words I vowed to retire my masks and get real.

I've tried to have similar exchanges with my other kids. My children, each unique, process their grief differently. And that's okay, too. In all things I want to be real with them – for it is when we're real that we become equipped to deal with real life.

I am still walking on Jupiter. The gravity of grief is great. The air is thin and my tears fall as generously as spring rains. Yes, I have moments of sweet relief and happiness is returning – but grief and sorrow linger. I cannot run from sorrow any more than I can run from my shadow on a sunny day. I must learn to live with love and sorrow – there seems no other way.

I'm okay ... but I'm not okay ... and that's okay. That is part of being human.

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

Life will not go on in the same way without your child.
If it were the same,
we could only conclude that child's life meant nothing, made no contribution.
The fact that your child
left behind a place that cannot be filled
is a high tribute to the uniqueness of your child.

Author Unknown

My mom, she tells a lot of lies.
She never did before.
But from now until she dies,
She'll tell a whole lot more.
Ask my mom how she is,
And because she can't explain,
She will tell a little lie
Because she can't describe the pain.
Ask my mom how she is,
She'll say that she's alright.
If that's the truth, then tell me,
Why does she cry each night?
Ask my mom how she is,
She seems to cope so well.
She doesn't have a choice, you see.
Nor the strength enough to yell.
Ask my mom how she is,
"I'm fine, I'm well, I'm coping."
For God's sake mom, just tell the truth.
Just say your heart is broken.
She will love me all her life.
I sure loved her all of mine,
But if you ask her how she is
She'll lie and say she's fine.
I am here in Heaven,
I cannot hug her from here.
If she lies to you, don't listen.
Hug her and hold her near.
On the day we meet again,
We'll smile and I'll be bold.
I'll say, "You're lucky you got in here mom,
With all the lies you told!"
-Author: Joanne Burr

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:

Sam & Shelley Allegrino – in Memory of their Son Allan
Carol Radice - In Memory of her son Jason
Charles & Susan Taft - In Memory of their son Matthew Stacey
Tom & Diane Ellis - In Memory of their son Matthew
Carlo & Samantha Carlini - In Memory of their daughter Samantha
Kathy Beers - In Memory of her son Jason
Charles & Shelly Levchak - In Memory of their son CJ Levchak
Beth & Stephen McKeown - In Memory of their daughter Sarah
Jacqueline Ceiri - In Memory of her daughters Sheri & Brigette
Joanne & Jim Packer - In Memory of their daughter Nicole
Thomas & Marcia Glosick - In Memory of their son Scott
Kathleen & Frank Rumpel - In memory of their daughter Christina
Jo-Anne & Michael Oliver - In memory of their son Michael

Grandparents Credo

We are the grieving grandparents,
the shepherds of our children and the grandchildren's lives.
Our grief is two-fold and at times, we feel powerless to help.
We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief.

And yet, we need the time and space
to face our own broken hearts.
We have been robbed of the special tender touch
a grandparent shares with a grandchild...
we have lost a symbol of our immortality.

As we walk by our child's side,
we both give and draw strength.
We reach into their hearts to comfort them.
And when they reach out to us in their distress,
We begin the journey to heal together.

Mourning Is My Mode

Today I realized that I have become a shell of the person I once was. What would my child think of this? I am alone, my only child is gone, yet I know he would not be pleased with the way I have isolated myself, wrapped in invisible crepe, sheltered by a mental wall. This is not the mom he knew. I am someone different now. What am I to do with this? I feel like a lonely, mourning swan, swimming endlessly from shore to shore. I have no direction, I want no direction, I just keep moving with no purpose. I must get a grip on myself. I know my motions must take on some meaning. I look to others for help. Yet I realize that if I do not reach out and help myself, I will crash on the rocks with the raging tide.

I decide I will add one new thing, one new event, one new person or one new writing to each day. I will reach out to others. I will force myself to move slowly back into life. I will spend some time with my family. I will enjoy their children. I will mentor a child. I will start putting my thoughts into a written form.

I begin to do these things. I feel better. I attend another meeting of the parents who have lost their children. I feel as if I do belong here. It has been four months since my son died. I am over-whelmed.

Annette Mennen Baldwin In memory of my son, Todd Mennen TCF, Katy, TX

**** 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)

For the THREE of US

As long as we can,
We will look at this world for all three of us,
As long as we can.
We will laugh with the birds,
We will sing with the flowers,
We will pray to the stars,
For the three of us.
As long as we can
We will remember how many things
On this earth were your joy,
And we will live as well
As you would want US to live
As long as we can.

Author Unknown

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The Compassionate Friends
Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies
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