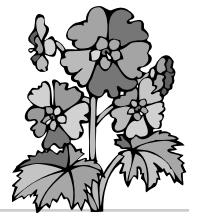


The Primrose



Vol. 33, Issue 3

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Fall 2013



The Gap...

The gap between those of us 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 add a further measure, however unwittingly, to an already heavy burden.

Assuming that we may be feeling "better" six months later is simply "do 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 harbor 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 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 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 people on both sides of the gap.

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.

National Office Information

Phone Number (toll free) (877) 969-0010

Fax Number (630) 990 -0246

Mailing address: P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696

E-mail: nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

Web address: www.compassionatefriends.org

Regional Coordinator

Al Visconti (518) 756-9569

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: 239-4222
Illness - Shirley Mehal	785-5710
Adult child - Claudia Simonis	648-6715
Suicide - Cindy Hutchinson	757-9465

The Compassionate Friends of Broome County

1250 Front Street, # 147 Binghamton, NY 13901

Web Address:

<http://tcfbc.homestead.com/Home.html>

**For information pertaining to the
The Compassionate Friends of Broome County, call:
Pam Kroft (607) 239-4222**

Monthly Meetings

First Monday of each month 7:00 - 9:00 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 - Pam Kroft

Assistant Chapter Leader - Donna Cunningham

Outreach - Luann Ford & Elaine Sahre

Library - Sherry Bailey

Hospitality – Jean Scolaro

Treasurer – Val Ambrose

Newsletter Editor – Val Ambrose

Website Master - Marv Conover

Secretary - Angela Carro

Programs/Events - OPEN

***** We Need Help *****

**Please consider joining our steering
committee**

**Next steering committee meeting
September 19th, 6:00 PM
Call Pam Kroft for information**

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

Meetings:

First Monday 7:00 PM - 9:00 PM

Unless otherwise indicated

Third or fourth Saturday 10:00 A.M.

(Check calendar!)

NIMMONSBURG UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

918 Front Street, Binghamton

(Across from BCC, next to the Credit Union.

Parking in the rear, enter through rear door.)

September 9th, 2013 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Journaling My Story”

September 19th, 2013 (Thursday)

6:00 PM Steering Committee Meeting

Call for location

September 21st, 2013 (Saturday)

10:00AM OPEN discussion

October 7th, 2013 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Circles of Love”

October 19th, 2013 (Saturday)

10:00AM OPEN discussion

November 4th, 2013 (Monday)

6:00 PM “Escape My Sadness by...”

November 16th, 2013 (Saturday)

10:00AM OPEN discussion

December 2nd, 2013 (Monday)

7:00 PM “Holiday Coping”

December 8th, 2013 (Sunday)

6:00 PM “Candle light Service”

The Primrose is published quarterly
Deadline for newsletter materials:
February 1st: May 1st: August 1st: November 1st

Send Information to: Val Ambrose 730 River Rd.
Binghamton, NY 13901
Or email JTL7899@yahoo.com

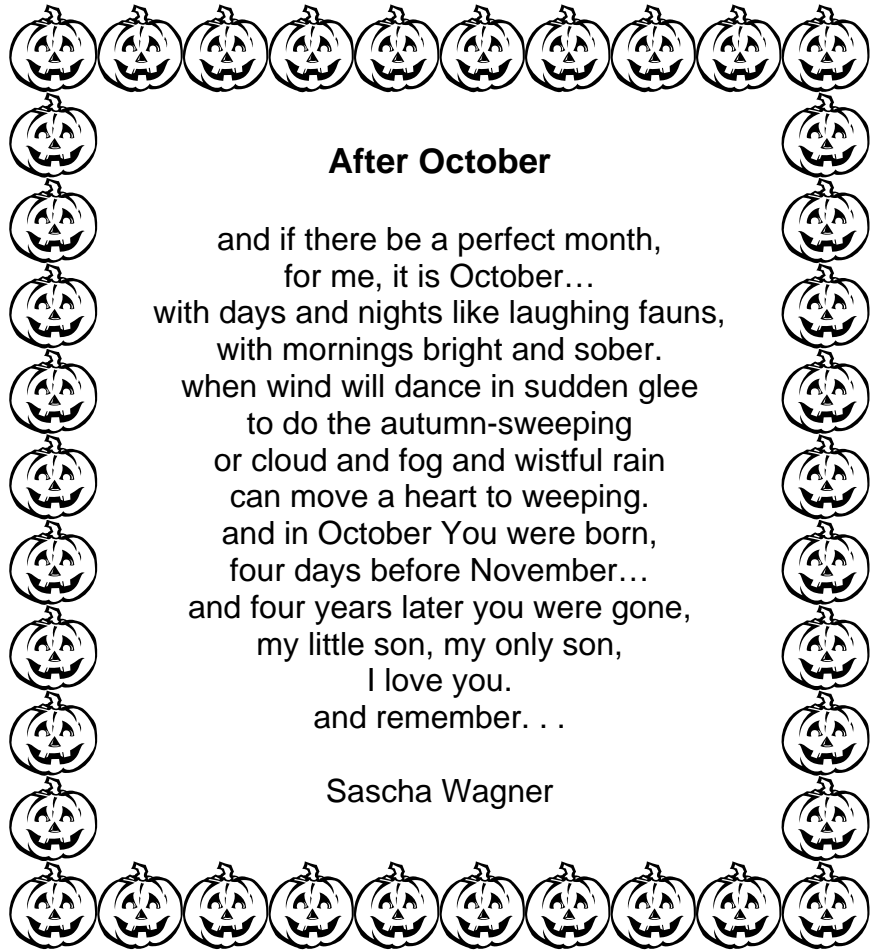
**NOTICE: If you receive this newsletter,
forwarded through the funeral home, please call
Val Ambrose at (607 648-8598) with your correct
address so new issues can be mailed directly to you.**

**Member Submitted
By Sherry Klenotiz**

When dreams seem all to broken
And all Hope seems to fade
Look deep into your soul
And never be afraid

Where love once lived
Will still remain
It's always worth the fight
They're never really gone
They're shining in the light.

Little by little, step by step
I learned that I didn't need
to hold onto the death
to remember the life
What a joyous
discovery!



After October

and if there be a perfect month,
for me, it is October...
with days and nights like laughing fauns,
with mornings bright and sober.
when wind will dance in sudden glee
to do the autumn-sweeping
or cloud and fog and wistful rain
can move a heart to weeping.
and in October You were born,
four days before November...
and four years later you were gone,
my little son, my only son,
I love you.
and remember. . .

Sascha Wagner

FEED THE CAT?????

My son is dead — and you expect me to feed the cat??? Isn't it amazing how society is so rigid in their expectations? "There are rules you know...Steps we must all take..." Whoever set these standards obviously has never lost a child, the core of your heart and soul. It just doesn't work that way.

Simple everyday tasks are impossible to complete. The only constant in your upside-down world is pain, unlike any pain you have ever known. Shortly after your child's death, you are expected to return to your job, take care of your household, pay the bills, and yes, feed the cat! It has been a year for me, since I lost my son, and I still go blank mid-act. I stand in a store with no idea what I came in for, or I cry over bananas, because Lee loved them. I can go from laughter to tears in 1.1 seconds.

The Compassionate Friends has been a life saver (or perhaps a heart saver) for me. Only those who have experienced the same heartache will understand when you say I need to be alone — but I can't stand to be alone! Each grieving parent must heal in his or her own way, in his or her own time. One step forward, 15 back, spin around...you get the picture. But you don't have to heal alone. You need not walk alone. Join us, we know you're not crazy — just a grieving parent. We do care.

By Ann, TCF Roseburg, OR



A NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Hello Everyone,

This summer I was fortunate to attend the National Compassionate Friends Conference held in Boston over the Fourth of July holiday. The event was four days of workshops, guest speakers, a great bookstore, a butterfly boutique, reflection room [where I placed a seashell with our chapters' name] comforting music and bereaved parents with a likeness to you and me. There was also a strong sibling and grandparent presence, the siblings have their own workshops and even perform as a group at the closing on Sunday. I wore Sean's photo pinned on my shirt above my heart for all to see and his name on my badge. Everyday Sean and his memory reside in a safe place tucked away in my heart, but that weekend was special and I felt a closeness with him so comforting that I did not want the conference to end. I felt as if he was with me as I laughed and cried with others as they shared their child and their story. I was able to reunite with so many parents I have met through the years and there was a tremendous amount of hugs, those four days. We were 1000+ strong as we walked to remember our children at the Boston Commons. My sister and I wore our chapter children's names on our backs displaying for all to see. The guest speakers at the conference were incredible, parents just like us sharing their stories and their children gone too soon. Saturday evening after dinner there was a candle light service with 1800 candles shining bright throughout the dining room. If you ever get the chance to attend a National I would highly encourage you to do so. Chicago has been chosen to host the event in 2014.

Our Balloons to Heaven was held in July with many families in attendance. The potluck supper was superb and the balloons soared high above the clouds to get our messages to our children and only a few got tangled in the tree branches. Our Angel of Hope was visited by many parents, siblings and grandparents. The angel symbolizes all our children, giving us a moment of peace and hope while we visit. Helen Jane, Dick and Carol thank you for beautifying the angel garden. Also many thanks to everyone that came early to set up for the picnic and for those that stayed late to make sure the pavilion was how we found it, we truly have so many kind and caring parents in our group.

As our summer is winding down do we often think about how happy we were before our child died? Can we even remember that happiness? Did we bury that along side our children? We have become so vulnerable, you and I, being changed forever, losing the feeling of being in control and realizing that bad things do happen to good people. We were all so happy before the dreaded day that changed our lives and each one of us deserves to find that again. For the newly bereaved you may think I have lost my mind as you are sure happiness will never enter your thoughts again. For the parents further along you also may think I am crazy, that piece of happiness has not reentered your life, but for those that have several years from that day you know what I write is attainable with a ton of hard work, grief work. Believe me when I say, "Don't give up on yourself, you too will smile again. It may be a memory that comes one day and before you know it a smile appears ever so slight but that's a start." We must all figure out what's best for us, how we handle the rest of our lives, but with the help of TCF it's takes a big edge off the pain and sadness. Being with other parents that have experienced and survived will give us the hope we need and someday the smile that will lead to happiness. It may never be the happiness we lived before our child's death but as our lives have been redefined with a "new normal" we find a way to tuck their memory deep within that safe place, our heart. It's not easy to reinvest in living life again, not short term nor long term, but rather a lifetime process.

Our next event is our annual TCF Candle Lighting which will be held December 8th at 6:00 p.m. at the church. It's a beautiful evening filled with the presence of love and hope, all done in memory of our children. If you are ready to give back and would like to play a part in the event let me know, pkroft23@yahoo.com or call 239-4222. There are many tasks that make the candle lighting a success. No task is ever too small so come and join us.

As we travel into the fall months I hope we learn the skills and have the tools necessary to teach us how to cope, ease our pain and help us survive, constantly reminding ourselves to do this at our own pace. No one can fix this for us, be patient with yourself and one day try to conjure up some of that happiness, don't feel guilty, let it come slow and natural, giving you a feeling of peace. We hope to see you at a TCF meeting but if not surround yourself with people who will listen and let you tell your story. Always remember that you should never walk alone, that someone is willing to take your hand and walk with you.

Hugs for all,
Pam Kroft
(Sean's Mom)

IS IT EASING?

I heard your name today and my heart did not skip a beat, nor was my mind flooded with the emotion of losing you. I heard your name today and it did not bring back the terrible hurt feelings of when you first left me.

I heard your name today with a calmness that surprised me. Many another child carries your name, and it had been torture hearing it and seeing the smiling faces on those little girls.

But today I knew – I found out – what others in my footsteps found out and tried to tell me. The hurt will ease; but the memories, the love, the good times will never go away.

Phoebe C. Redman, TCF Bradenton, FL

Autumn

In the fall
When amber leaves are shed,
Softly—silently
Like tears that wait to flow,
I watch and grieve.
My heart beats sadly in the fall;
'Tis then I miss you most of all.

Lily de Lauder, TCF Van Nuys, CA

SEASONS

The change of seasons is difficult. It reminds me that I must change if I am to live again.

We can become stuck in our grief, full of self-pity and overwhelmed with pain. I do not believe our children would want us to live the rest of our lives in pain and misery. It is so easy to fall into the “black pit” and never have the strength or courage to crawl out – because crawl out we must - on our bellies.

We are different now, with different priorities and goals. We must find a new purpose for going on, and we must accept the changes in our lives – including ourselves, for we are different now.

We cannot go backward, though there are times we yearn to. We must move forward. If we don't, we stay stuck at the point that our world changed. I used to say “ended.”

Change is difficult. To accept the loss of our child is the most difficult of all. Our comfort comes from believing that the love we shares will go on for all eternity and that we will be reunited again – and each day brings us closer. We must learn to live again, love again, feel joy and peace again – or our survival will be without value to ourselves or others.

Renée Little
TCF, Fort Collins, Colorado



We are doing well with our grief
when we are grieving.
Somehow we have it backwards.
We think people are doing well
when they aren't crying.
Grief is a process
of walking through some painful periods
toward learning to cope again.
We do not walk this path without pain and tears.
When we are in the most pain,
we are making the most progress.
When the pain is less,
we are coasting and resting up for the next steps.
People need to grieve.
Grief is not an enemy to be avoided;
it is a healing path to be walked.
~ from HOPE Line Newsletter,

YOUR HEART WILL MEND,
BUT IT WILL...
Be a different heart.
...wearing a deep and lasting scar,
...be a more compassionate heart,
...know life in a new and different way
...understand the Eternity of Love

Nancy Green, TCF, Livonia, MI

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

In each issue, we reach out with our arms and hearts to the parents who will be facing difficult days during the next three months. Please remember them on the anniversary of the death of their child. The children's names listed are those of parents who have made a love gift and are subscribing to the Primrose.

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OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED *continued*



Hidden Emotion

Hidden deep inside my breast is a longing that has been suppressed. The feeling is always there ---longing---longing to see you, to hug you, to know who you are at this time in your existence. It stays hidden for a period of time and then --- when I least expect it --- rises to the surface and must be tended to.

At times I feel as if I cannot breathe, as if I will suffocate trying to suppress the pain. At other times a tear comes from nowhere and trickles down my cheek. Occasionally, something inside of me explodes causing me to weep uncontrollably. I can only guess what causes these unbidden emotions. Is it the song that's playing on the radio? Can it be the changing of the seasons? Do the budding trees beginning new life cause me to let down my guard? The longing never goes away.

I feel like a tight rope walker never knowing if I will make a misstep, causing me to fall into the stream of emotional pain that forces me to cry out, as I long to see you again.

With the passing of years, I have learned that if I can hang on for just a little longer, these emotions --- strong as they are --- will pass and I can live again with the longing hidden deep inside my breast.

Shirley Muller, TCF, Lafayette, Indiana

"The Forgotten Griever"
our children who grieve the loss of a sibling
an essay by Caroline Flohr, author of Heaven's Child

Two weeks after my 16-year-old twin daughter, Sarah, died, I found a newsletter from my local Compassionate Friends Chapter in my mailbox. Before Sarah's accident, I didn't know who Compassionate Friends were. Eight years later, I know them well. So when the request came to speak to a local chapter about "The Forgotten Griever," our children who grieve the death of a sibling, that was a topic near to my heart. I had overlooked my son's grief when his sister died. Fortunately, not too much time had passed. I put pen to paper and began writing...

The sibling bond is often overlooked when a sibling dies...and siblings do have a very special relationship. When considering grief, it's the familial relationship least studied. It's most unfortunate because our children who live often become the "forgotten griever." And yet, just like us, their lives are not the same because relationships change when a child dies.

Losing a sibling has a special grief all its own. It's as if they've lost part of their past and their future. When one child dies, the surviving sibling must grow up faster than anyone should, losing the innocence of childhood. Most often they find themselves in a new role - taking care of others, and their identity is gone. Sometimes they feel they've lost their parents to the overwhelming grief because we, as parents, do not function as before our child died. And watching us grieve can be harder than their own grief.

Unbeknownst to us, fear sets in and consumes their thoughts. Will someone else they love die? Loneliness can overwhelm with the realization that there is no shared future, only memories to recall. And often times, friends do not know how to respond. When an important event occurs, the grief gets reprocessed. It comes back in waves. Anxiety, panic attacks, sleeping issues, and depression are common. Medication and sleeping aids can help. Sleep is very important in the healing process. Suicidal thoughts are not far away. Isolation from the lack of attention and support can also lead surviving siblings down this path. They may want to be with their sibling again. Some will attempt suicide at least once. But thankfully, lingering in the back of minds is the hurt it would inflict on parents and others they love. Professional therapy can help, if the sibling is open and willing. Sometimes the surviving sibling just needs someone to talk to. Sometimes the therapist can offer insight that their feelings are normal. Sometimes therapy isn't productive. And that's okay. Or maybe the child who lives believes that Heaven awaits them, where their sibling now is. In either case, hopefully the attachment to immediate family awakens and strengthens with more appreciation, openness and love.

In the early days, if possible, focus on your children who live. Children are often more resilient than us. As I found my daughter, Sarah, alive within, I discovered more grace to confront my own grief. And as I watched my surviving children navigate their days with more depth and return to the joys and pleasures of life before their sibling's death, then my daily routine became more manageable. Just as we find ourselves struck with denial, anger, guilt, and regrets, so do our children who live. I learned from my children who live that these three actions were most important to them when grief set in.

LISTEN...because I will hear.

BE PHYSICALLY PRESENT and **PATIENT**.

I cannot eliminate their pain. But my presence and my caring response let them know that they are not alone. I schedule one - on - one time with each of my children just as I schedule a date with a friend. I am learning to truly embrace their unique qualities.

SAY THE NAME OF THE DECEASED SIBLING frequently. I weave Sarah's name into everyday conversation. It lets my family know that Sarah is not forgotten. We share stories and memories. I am learning to keep communication open. I ask my children to be open to signs from their sister. Those signs offer great comfort.

Continued on next page

Each of us grieves, and each griever must find his own way. Grief doesn't necessarily coincide with any stages. We must honor the uniqueness of grief. It's a life-long process of jumping back and forth and every place in between. And when in our darkest moments, look to the love and spirit of our children who live. I have found that the love and resilience of my four children who live heals and strengthens me in ways I'd never known before my daughter, Sarah, died. Today we all walk together.

Caroline Flohr Author of a true story, Heaven's Child

www.HeavensChild.com

Print edition at Amazon, B & N, and your local bookstore

eBook on Kindle and Nook

Caroline has been kind enough to donate her book to our Library. Check it out

The Harvest of Your Grief Work

By Margaret Geerner St Louis, MO

"It isn't right! I go a month sometimes and don't cry. I actually get involved in something and don't think about my daughter for hours. I had fun at the company picnic last week. "I feel so guilty. Am I forgetting my daughter?"

This mother was two years into her grief. She was doing good grief work leaning into the pain, talking out feelings, expressing emotions and attending Bereaved Parent's meetings regularly. But she was hurting less.

When parents begin to reap the harvest of their grief work well done, they fear they are losing their children.

The truth is they are just reaping the harvest of their grief work done well.

In the first couple of years, pain ties us to our children. During that time we equate pain with love. By the time we are beginning to resolve our grief (and that is what is happening), pain has been our companion for so long we feel lost without it.

This is one of the few places in grief where our mind needs to take over for a while. We need to look at the illogic of prolonged grieving. We need to see that we are beginning to reach the goal we hoped someday to reach.

Self-talk can help us rid ourselves of this illogical emotion. Ask yourself:

If you believe to keep your child in your heart for the rest of your life, you must hang onto the pain

Will your prolonged misery make your child less dead?

Does the fact that your child is dead mean that you must die also?

Does your prolonged misery accomplish anything? What purpose does it serve?

Will hanging onto your pain make you grow and change, or will it make you unhappy and bitter?

What effect will your prolonged grief have on your marriage and/or surviving children?

Do you really want to stay in the pit indefinitely?

Will your continuing grief honor your child?

These questions can help you see that beginning grief resolution is as healthy and normal after a couple of years, as allowing yourself to enter fully into your grief in the early months after your child has died. Rethink your reactions. Let yourself get to the other side of your grief. Let yourself appreciate the peace and comfort that is beginning to be yours. Most importantly, let yourself feel the joy of remembering your child without the deep searing pain you have felt for so long.

Reprinted from A Journey Together. www.bereavedparentsusa.org

Love Gifts

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:

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The Sign

As a little boy Jody loved to pick Black-eyed Susan's. He'd pick those wild flowers and bring them to me with such love and pride in presentation. The last bunch he picked for me was on my birthday before his death, August 4, 1976.

The Black-eyed Susan is an independent wild flower that cannot be forced to grow out of season. The growing period for these wild flowers is the middle of June to the middle of August. But there, the first of September in the year of my son's death, in the center of Jody's grave, was a single perfectly formed Black-eyed Susan. It stood with strength and reassurance. It was all alone in the still, unsettled dirt covering the grave. There was not even a blade of grass or a single weed around.

I wept with mixed emotions of intense loss and love, feeling both distance and closeness, sadness and sudden relief. I saw it as a sign from my darling Jody. It spoke to me words from my dead child. "Do not cry. Do not despair. I love you and never intended for you to suffer so much. Please forgive me, and please be happy with the rest of your life. Please believe that I'm okay and at peace."

Whether it was a sign from Jody or from God, perhaps a bird dropped a Black-eyed Susan seed on the fresh grave, it brought me relief. I felt that my son wasn't so far away, and that his spirit would always be with me.

If nothing more, it helped me to begin to think of Jody there at the gravesite. He was dead, and I began to accept that. I started to realize that I would never again see his form as I had known it. But his spirit would be close and would guide me. I would not forget him and what we shared. He would always be special. What we gave to one another, what we had meant to each other, would not die or diminish with the passage of years, and it has not.

Each year since Jody's death, a single Black-eyed Susan has grown on his grave. It is a comfort and a joy. It is a remarkable phenomenon that now makes me smile rather than cry. Jody was a kid who never forgot my birthday, and never outgrew giving his mom flowers. I choose to believe he still hasn't. There are many mysteries in life and death that can't be explained, and I think shouldn't be, just accepted.

Susan White-Bowden In memory of Jody "From a Healing Heart"

**** NOTICE ****

The Primrose Newsletter, published quarterly, is available for a year with a suggested subscription of \$10.00. You may pay as little or as much as you like towards our newsletter printing and mailing fund. Your expiration date is shown in the lower right hand corner of your mailing label. Please let me know by this date if you wish to continue receiving the Primrose. This is my way of knowing if you want the newsletter.

Send your Tax deductible donations to: Mrs. Valerie Ambrose 730 River Rd. Binghamton, NY 13901

Make checks payable to: *The Compassionate Friends Broome*



Name _____

Please check if new
Address

Address _____

(if new)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (____) _____ Child's Name _____ DoD ____________

Newsletter \$ _____ Library \$ _____ Other (specify) \$ _____ Generic \$ _____

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

ALL donations are mentioned in the Love gift section of the newsletter.

Doves of Hope

A dule of lovely snow white doves,
Soaring in the sky above,
Released in honor of our daughters, and sons,
Who now reside in Heaven

Messengers of joy, love and peace,
Help us find the peace we seek,
Symbols of triumph of life over death,
A hope we believe until our last breath.

As we watch the doves in flight,
Although tears may blur our sight,
We send our love and gratitude,
To our children beyond a sky of blue

Fly doves, above the clouds on high,
Our love for our children will never die,
We celebrate their love and life,
Until the day we reunite.

Ann Stevenson

Getting Better

My tears feel warm on my cheeks now
Not burning hot.
Is this a sign I'm "getting better"?
When I cry now I am almost often alone.
In the car, in the shower.
Or sometimes taking a walk.
I do not cry in public or feel as much panic.
Is this a sign I'm "getting better"?
I sleep the night through sometimes
And awaken without tears
for awhile.
They come now while I'm brushing my teeth.
Or making coffee
And are always gone before I say "Good morning."
Is this a sign "I'm getting better"?
Yes, I think so
but when does the pain end?
Perhaps when I no longer ask
Is this a sign I'm "getting better"?

Shirley Blakely Curle, TCF Central Arkansas



The Compassionate Friends

Broome County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

1250 Front St., PMB 147
Binghamton, NY 13901-1043
(Address Service requested)

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