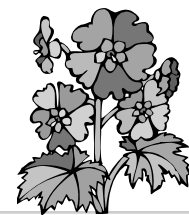


The Primrose



Vol. 32, Issue 1

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Spring 2012



IMPORTANT



Our TCF steering committee is in need of more volunteers. It is a great way to do something in honor of your child. Without these caring and compassionate individuals TCF would not exist.

We have a couple of positions open including our main chapter leader position. Even though our current leader has been in that position for many years, the next leader does not have to stay as long. It might also be nice to have a leader and co-leader to help with our chapter.

**Our Next steering committee meeting
Is Thursday May 24th and all are
welcome!**

***** We Need Your Involvement ***
Please consider joining our steering
committee**



A Tear Fell

I rode by your school by chance today
And I just happened to look that way.
The boys all had their ball caps on;
Then I remembered my son was gone.
Just when I thought I was doing so well,

Before I knew it - a tear fell.

Then on Sunday as I sat in church
I looked around and missed you so much
I saw other boys in their Sunday suits
And I remembered you were just as cute.
People all think I'm doing so well;

They don't know today a tear fell.

When I'm reminded of what might have been
It gets too hard to hold it in,
When life will catch me off my guard,
That's when I seem to be hit so hard.
It seems all roads lead back to you
As I take each day and try to get through.
They say time makes it better,
but I cannot tell;

I only know today - a tear fell.

by Melanie Romero
in loving memory of her son,
Matthew Ryan Romero
6/13/86 - 3/21/97



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

Outreach - Luann Ford & Elaine Sahre

Library - Sherry Bailey

Hospitality – Jean Scolaro

Treasurer – Val Ambrose

Newsletter Editor – Val Ambrose

Website Master - Marv Conover

Community Awareness Coordinator - Claudia Simonis

Secretary - Angela Carro

Programs/Events - OPEN

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

**Please consider joining our steering
committee**

**Next steering committee meeting
Thursday May 24th
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.)

March 5th, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “Memory Night ”

March 17th, 2012 (Saturday)

10:00 OPEN FORUM

April 2nd, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “ Why The Anger?”

April 28th, 2012 (Saturday)

10:00 OPEN FORUM

May 7th, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “ Hugs to Moms and Grandmas ”

May 19th, 2012 (Saturday)

10:00 OPEN FORUM

May 24th, 2012 (Thursday)

6:00 Steering Committee Meeting

June 4th, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “Dads it’s ok to Cry ”

June 16th, 2012 (Saturday)

10:00 OPEN FORUM

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.**

A NOTE FROM OUR CHAPTER LEADER:

Dear Friends,

In July I wrote of the hottest summer ever and this winter we have carried the trend into 2012, our winter, at least at print time, has been exceptionally warm and unhealthy to a sense. What happened to those minus zero days when we must wrap ourselves in our warmest winter wear and our boots crunch as we walk across the frozen earth? Rarely is there a snowman standing proudly in a front yard, no skating on the ponds and skiing is only done with snow blown from a machine. We are all adjusting to the changes Mother Nature has bestowed upon us, now we must face our biggest challenge, learning to live again after the death of our child. Someone may ask you, "When do you think you will be ready to live again?" Depending on the distance from your child's death will surely determine your answer. There was a time my response to that absurd question would have been a definite "Never, I can't, I hurt so deeply and I will always feel this way and I don't care if I live or die, how can I possibly want to live when my child has died?" As time led me further from the day Sean died, my responses changed, I began to slowly, ever so slowly live again, not just behind the mask, but truly live. My response today would be, "I am living and have been for awhile, though it took me a very long time to feel o.k. doing it." What works for me is always reminding myself that Sean would want me to have life, to enjoy all it has to offer. Between you and I there will always be a part of me that will stay back and watch life from a distance.

In December our candle light service was held and what a wonderful evening, the music and songs, the light from the candles illuminating the sanctuary, the readings the poems and each of our child's names read aloud. Reading our children's names is a very sensitive matter and I apologize for names that were not read and for the ones mispronounced. Our readers do their best, that part of the service can be emotional for all. After the service the fellowship hall was bustling with friends reconnecting and with everyone sampling food from the buffet and desserts for all. The angel tree was again a success, and all the photos of our children covered the table for all to see, what a handsome bunch they are. A special thank you to all that worked so hard to make this night happen. You all make my part in the evening a lot simpler, so thank you.....

We are still taking names and orders for the paver bricks at the Angel of Hope. At this time there are still several empty bricks to be engraved with our children's names. I just want to reassure everyone that you are not forgotten and we will contact you when we have a date for the dedication.

This month, March, come and share a favorite memory of your child with the group, those memories not only warm your heart but give the group an opportunity to learn more about your child. April will take on an old topic, Anger, we have all experienced it and for many it doesn't go away. Sharing how you coped with the anger and how you moved past it can help others who are trying to put the anger of losing their child in some perspective. The mission of our group has always been to help each other after the death of our child, to give each other hope to go on, to understand our grief as no one else can. May and June meetings will be filled with Moms and Dads sharing their stories, that's what we do best. How I love a place where after all these years I can still share Sean, I am grateful for TCF.

Recently I received an email from a friend and the following quote was at the end of her email and I thought what an appropriate ending to this letter as well. Thanks Marilyn for reminding me of this quote. Rose Kennedy is the author of this quote; she who endured so much sadness and sorrow in her life, having lost several children and this is truly spoken from her heart:

"It has been said that time heals all wounds. I do not agree. The wound remains. In time the mind, protecting its sanity, covers them with scar tissue and the pain lessens, but it's never gone."

This spring let us reach out and take the hand of someone who is hurting after the death of their child, give them the understanding they deserve and show them that there is hope, by offering them friendship. You may be surprised by the reward of your kindness and compassion.

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

MOTHER'S DAY AND MIRACLES

You might believe in miracles.

I have been a bereaved mother for 38 months this May. This is the fourth Mother's Day that will include a visit to my 20-year-old-son's grave. I miss him terribly. Mother's Day reminds my heart of so much.

I have been involved in The Compassionate Friends since soon after his death. I have met literally hundreds of other bereaved parents, and am frequently asked by the newly bereaved, "When will I start to feel better?" I always try to answer as honestly as I can. I know that, as unique individuals, we all must deal with grief in whatever way brings the most positive results.

I am different from the majority, because in those first months of overwhelming sorrow, I never asked someone further along, "When will I start to feel better?" I truly never felt it was possible to ever really feel any better. Maybe I didn't really want to. I felt that joy and happiness were gone from my life forever. The "candle" that was my son, David, had suddenly been blown out, taking with it my heart and my capacity for joy and happiness.

Everything I believed in was gone. Like - "bad things happen only to bad people." And my belief that I had control over my life...Gone! Just like David - like the candle in the wind. I did expect to function again some day, and cope, maybe even smile again (usually at a memory), but true joy - never.

I was partly right. I do not feel exactly as I did before his death, or look at the world in quite the same way. I have learned, as portrayed so beautifully in the book, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, that bad things do happen to good people. We truly do not know what tomorrow brings. It could be a miracle...

At a recent TCF meeting, with many newly bereaved in attendance, I took a moment to just look around the room. What I experienced was a miracle. People surviving tragedies and finding hope and strength.

Sometimes our miracles come when we least expect them. Just when you feel you cannot go on, the unexplainable happens. It might be as simple as the message in a poem or song, a butterfly at just the right moment, a telephone call that lifts you up and lets you know you are not alone - a dream so real that you know your soul has been touched by a powerful and loving force.

You start to feel some hope, and with hope comes healing - and with healing comes, what for me was unexpected, joy and happiness. When you let these miracles happen, you can almost hear your deceased child whispering in your ear - straight to your heart, "Any happiness you give and receive is a tribute to me, and a beautiful statement of our unconditional and everlasting love. Happy Mother's Day, Mom ~ Keep believing in miracles."

Sherry Hall, TCF, Lakeland/Polk FL
TCF National Magazine
"Friends, Caring & Sharing



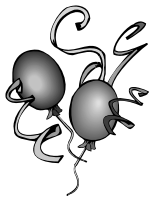
VULNERABLE

I have found in the years that have passed that I am most vulnerable at times of remembrance. The word "Anniversary" no longer holds a promise of celebration. Instead, holidays and birthdays, family gatherings and otherwise joyous occasions contain an undertow of sorrow. If I get caught up in it, I quickly get pulled under and wind up gasping for breath. *It is ironic that the presence of the absence can be emotionally devastating.*

You'll excuse me if the bounce is gone from my step; or the depth of my laughter has changed. Issues that were once monumental now seem insignificant. Please excuse me if I don't commiserate that your car needs repair or the faucet leaks. My focus on life has forever changed. You'll excuse me if my spirit seems lost during holidays of any kind. They are now days "to bear" rather than days to share and enjoy. You'll pardon me if I bring you down or make you feel discomfort, and I'll pardon you for not understanding that my life will never be the same, that although I'll survive, there will always be sorrow.

-Joan Fischer, Nassau County Chapter, NY

IT WILL BE ANOTHER BIRTHDAY WITHOUT YOU



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

Alice J. Wisler ~ Daniel's mom
Wake County, NC



"HOPE FOR THE DAY" from SilentGrief.com

Grief seems to hit us like a tidal wave at times when we least expect it. We can be plodding along in life "okay" when all of a sudden we get smacked hard with the reality of our loss, and we're left feeling like we are drowning in a sea of sorrow with no life jacket in sight.

Being aware of how grief works is a critical part of our grief journey. Knowing that we can get these "grief attacks" unexpectedly can actually help us to prepare for them.

When your tidal wave of grief hits, takes some long deep breaths and prepare to wait it out. Don't fight it or try to swim against the tide. You will only exhaust yourself both physically and emotionally. Feel the pain with the acknowledge that following this storm, the seas will once again return to calm, and you will have better days ahead.

The pain will begin to subside as you begin to acknowledge the fact that grief attacks are only momentary in nature. The raw part of grief work has already been done, and you will be able to manage your grief by thinking more calm thoughts, journaling your emotions, taking a walk among nature, and calling on a friend or two for some encouragement.

Did you get hit by a tidal wave today? Take courage in knowing that you're going to make it. Others have walked this path before you and they've made it and you will, too. Your hope is bigger than your fear. Your courage is stronger than your pain. And, your hope is always alive and at work! -- Clara Hinton

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*



Yours to Keep

Memories- tender, loving, bittersweet. They can never be taken from you. Nothing can detract from the joy and the beauty you and your loved one shared. Your love for the person and his or her love for you cannot be altered by time or circumstance. The memories are yours to keep. Yesterday has ended, though you store it in the treasure house of the past.

And tomorrow? How can you face its awesome problems and challenges? It is as far beyond your mastery as your ability to control yesterday. Journey one date at a time. Don't try to solve all the problems of your life at once. Each day's survival is a triumph.

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



Spring's Tears

When the sun's sharp brilliance echoes in the luminescent blue
A grim, oppressive darkness stabs my aching heart anew.
Its golden glow upon my face, the warmth of winter's sun
Holds the promise of renewal when the icy months are done.
It is this vow of nature's resurgence in the spring
That bows my head, and breaks my heart; unlocks my suffering.
For you will miss again the beauty of this time of year
The growing warmth, the sunny days when life will reappear.
For nature has no power over death that holds you still,
And though I know, I still resent spring's early daffodil.
Oh, would that I could speak to Mother Nature face to face!
To beg she work her magic on your lonely resting place.
Why can't it be YOUR rebirth when the gray, cold days are done?
Why mightn't YOU not live again to see spring's fresh new dawn
and feel the warmth of sunshine
relish in the greening earth...
to open arms, embracing life
why can't it be YOUR birth?
You were so young, your life so new when death crept in the door,
And in my grief, beloved child, I'll ask forever more
The reason why the earth's renewed when spring comes 'round each year
Yet in your grave you're silent still,
and I condemned am here.

Sally Migliaccio ~ TCF, Babylon NY ~ remembering Tracey, always



March

The Month of In Between
In Between Winter
And in Between Spring
Your death has left me
feeling in between
In between this world
and in between the next
Since you died
Nothing's the same
I no longer feel like I belong
Yet I haven't wings for heaven
Though I have no heart for Earth
So I'm somewhere with March
I'm somewhere in between

Naomi Holzman
TCF-Volusia/Flagler, FL



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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Love Gifts continued...



Please check your mailing labels for an expiration date. Let me know if you want to continue to receive the Primrose before you expire. Also, let me know any corrections to names or addresses.

****** NOTICE ******

The Primrose Newsletter, published quarterly, is available for a year with a suggested subscription of \$8.00 - \$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 _____

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 will be mentioned in the Love gift section of the newsletter.

"DON'T STEAL MY GRIEF"

Don't try to make me feel better,
By quipping your cute jokes.
Don't try to rob me of my pain,
When I need it as my cloak.
I know you probably think,
You're doing me a favor.
But what you don't understand,
Is that my sadness is my savior.
Don't try to steal my right,
To express my grief in my own way.
You see, I lost my child,
And grief is the price that I must pay.
I need to feel the hurt and pain,
As it beats inside my chest.
Don't try to steal my grief,
When it's the only feeling I have left.

By Faye McCord, Co-Chapter Leader,
TCF / Jackson, MS
In loving memory of my son,
Lane McCord (1/26/65 - 9/13/98)



Where are you now

where are you now
but in my heart
your voice clear in my mind
I know we're never far apart
mind to mind
heart to heart
and, maybe, if I'm fortunate,
soul to soul
we connect
you, watching over me
me, so unaware
but, oh, to actually see you
how you've grown and changed
still, oh, to embrace you
feeling your strength and youth
breathing in your life
now held only within
mind's eye
heart of hearts
and lonely soul

Victor Montemurro, TCF Brookhaven in Medford, NY

Bereaved Parents Group

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

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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
BROOME COUNTY CHAPTER
Supporting Family After a Child Dies