

The Primrose



Vol. 32, Issue 2

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Summer 2012



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

Our Next steering committee meeting is Thursday September 27th and all are welcome!

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



One day you wake up and realize you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow.

One day — one glorious day, you wake up and feel your skin tingle again and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken — and it is a new beginning.

Susan Borrowman (TCF, Kingston, Canada)

For Our Newest Members

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?

A question that first- and second-year bereaved parents would like answered. Make this condition finite, please!

As long as it takes; that's how long it takes. It's not about forgetting. It's about hurting.

And I know that if I am alive 20 years from now, and I happened to look at a blue sky with puffy clouds and think of my son Fred, and figure how old he'd be, and what he'd be doing, and what his children would be doing- I'll hurt.

And I know if I can switch my train of thought from what is not, to what was, a happy memory, I'll be able to smile through the tears.

We don't stop hurting, ever. But so many things occur each day, so many events and thoughts and happenings intervene, that our focus is shifted. The death of our child changes from the main concern in our life to one of many.

A life may stop; but the loving goes on. To love deeply is to be vulnerable. For all our days.

Joan D. Schmidt, Central Jersey TCF

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)

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 September 27th
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.)

June 4th, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “Dads Please Come Forward”

June 16th, 2012 (Saturday)

10:00 OPEN FORUM

July 2nd, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “Summer Sadness”

July 16th, 2012 (Monday)

6:00 PM “Balloons to Heaven”

August 6th, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “Fearing the Future”

September 10th, 2012 (Monday)

7:00 “The Roller Coaster Ride”

September 22nd, 2012 (Saturday)

10:00 OPEN FORUM

September 27th, 2012 (Thursday)

6:00 Steering Committee Meeting

**Please note there are No Saturday Meetings
during July and August**

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:

Hi Everyone,

We live in a world that wasn't made for bereaved parents, everyday is hard for us. From simple conversations to going to the store- not to mention holidays, birthdays, and other important milestones we have to live through without our children; life is challenging. No one understands this more than another parent who has lost a child. Seventeen and a half years ago I felt like my life was completely erased. When my Sean died, a huge part of me died too. The first few days, weeks and months my pain was masked by the shock I felt. Did this truly happen? Will I wake up from this nightmare? People thought I seemed to be dealing well with the circumstances, but little did they know that I hadn't even begun to deal with what would be my lifelong journey through grief. When the shock started to fade, an incredibly raw and gut wrenching pain followed. I felt sad, depressed, lost, alone, confused, angry and hopeless. Some days the pain, would literally take my breath away. It was hard to function like a normal human being; hard to live knowing my child was not. Within days of Sean's death I had a friend that researched and found our group. To find other parents that had gone through what I was experiencing seemed like the thing to do. My friends and family did what they could but if they had not experienced the death of a child which none had, they could only do so much. Their lives went on, which they should have, and mine had STOPPED, permanently pausing on the day Sean died. Does this sound like you, and you, and you? Coming to TCF and talking to parents in various stages along their journey helped me understand what I was feeling was normal, my "new normal." I knew they were there for me and that they understood and that I wasn't alone. As hard as it was to feel all the pain and sadness in the room it was also comforting. Not one of us could change what had happened, nor did we believe we would ever get "better", knowing this wasn't an illness, but our child's death. Together we feed off each other and find ways to go on without our children. Maybe this summer we can do something in memory of our precious child, something they loved to do, maybe a bike ride or a hike or a trip to Discovery Center. Then there's the B-Mets, summer concerts, fishing, swimming, boating, I will leave it up to you. Discover that something they so enjoyed and do it! Allow yourself one day away from the sadness...

On a lighter note the final dedication of paver bricks at our Angel of Hope will be sometime this summer or early fall, a note will be sent giving you plenty of time to plan for the event., this has been a 10 year project. Unfortunately there are no more pavers available but I need to remind everyone that the angel has been placed in memory of all children, not just the names on pavers, two special paver bricks grace the base of the angel depicting just that. Visit the park, sit on a bench and take in the beauty, I like to believe that, "little by little hope happens there".

Just a gentle reminder during the summer months, July and August, our meetings will be on Mondays only. I know our grief does not take a vacation so if you need to talk on a Saturday reach out... Our Balloons to Heaven; family picnic and balloon lift-off will be held on Monday, July 16th at 6:00 p.m. at the John and Jeanne Wilfey Park in Port Dickinson. Bring family and friends, a dish to pass and we shall lift up balloons to our children. While at the park a visit to the angel is mandatory for many. A reminder postcard will be sent as the event gets closer.

I want to reach out to all the new parents, siblings and grandparents that have walked through our door at TCF, and also the ones that haven't. You have all joined a journey that is not easy; we will always miss our children, wish things were different and wonder what should have been, but we must remember, we are not alone...Others have gone before us and others will come after us. We travel together, supporting, encouraging and understanding each others pain. It may never go away, but by leaning on each other, we can find the support and hope that there is a light at the end of this dark and lonely tunnel. Like I wrote earlier, "little by little HOPE happens here....."

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

Strange Bedfellows: Humor and Grief

By Cathy Seehuetter



At the opening ceremony of TCF's National Conference held in Atlanta on July 4, 2003, Maria Housden, author of the marvelous book, *Hannah's Gift*, was the featured speaker. She began by telling how that morning she had conversed with a man she met on the elevator. When he asked her why she was staying in Atlanta she told him that she was there as a speaker for The Compassionate Friends, an organization offering support and hope for parents, siblings and grandparents who had suffered the death of a child. As oftentimes happens when hearing what TCF is, the man suddenly was at a loss for words. As he got off the hotel elevator he broke the silence by turning to Ms. Housden and saying, "Well, knock em' dead!"

Of course, the man was mortified after he realized what he had just said; his inadvertent remark was simply a common phrase often used as a send-off to someone about to tackle an audience. Unfortunately, not exactly a well-timed or good choice of words considering the situation, but certainly not intentional!

It was easy to tell which people attending the opening ceremony were still quite fresh in their grief and which were the seasoned grieverers (those further down the grief road from their child's death) solely by their reaction to Ms. Housden's attention-grabbing opening to her speech. As I looked around at the faces of those sitting near me, it was quite obvious who was who.

I thought back to my own early grief. I had always considered myself someone with a fairly good sense of humor, but the days and months following her death I couldn't imagine finding humor in ANY situation EVER again. I remember witnessing the laughter of strangers and thinking, "*Don't they know my daughter was dead? Hasn't their world been shattered into a zillion fragments like mine has? Why are they laughing?*"

My first experience with someone trying to mix a little humor with grief was renowned and much loved speaker, Darcie Sims, a grief psychologist. I saw her at a conference for bereaved parents held in Minneapolis barely a year after my daughter's death. I was shocked at how someone could make me laugh out loud and then bring me to tears in almost the same breath. At first I was uncomfortable with my own laughter. But I think it helped that Darcie was herself a bereaved parent and therefore she had "been there" too. Just as I had seen the more seasoned grieverers in my TCF group enjoy laughter again, Darcie's humorous, yet poignant speech gave me hope that I, too, would one day hear the sound of my own laughter—something I thought was an impossibility.

There is, of course disgustingly unsuitable "humor" where grief is concerned. I am repeatedly appalled at what I see and hear from the so-called comedians on late-night TV, who seem to find hilarity in the most inappropriate topics: I have heard jokes made about drunk drivers, cancer, suicide, and AIDS with alarming regularity. Obviously, these same "comedians" have never felt the sting of death of someone they loved. My oldest daughter is an actor and used to perform for what are called Murder Mystery Dinner Theaters. For example, one of the advertisements read: "Where Murder is Always on the Menu!" She admitted that until her sister Nina died, she didn't really think about how, though seemingly innocent, these plays could be hurtful to those whose loved ones had suffered such an atrocity and how personally painful this mockery of death had become to her after the loss of her little sister.

I know what I, in my early grief, thought about laughter—truthfully, I didn't care if I laughed again or not. I remember a dear friend telling me how she was so tired of hearing from other non-bereaved. "Your daughter wouldn't want you to be so sad. She would want to hear you laugh." To which my friend sternly replied, "No she wouldn't —she would want me to hurt." This was early grief talking. The misconception here is that we oftentimes feel that by laughing, we are somehow dishonoring our children, by appearing as if our renewed interest in some enjoyment of life meant we stopped caring about and loving them. But we all know deep down that could never be true; we know it is possible to find some humor in unison with our intense and forever love of our children, no matter how much we miss them. I know that the aforementioned friend, who is now a "seasoned" griever, would agree. And though you may not be ready to hear it now, eventually, somewhere down the road (remember: there are no timetables in grief—our grief experience is as individual as we are), you will remember a funny story from your child's life and it will feel good to remember with laughter. And I truly believe your child will smile and laugh along with you.

Cathy Seehuetter's daughter, Nina, died on her birthday, May 11, 1995, the victim of a car accident caused by an alcohol-impaired driver while they were vacationing in Florida. Cathy has been a Regional Coordinator for Minnesota, and served on TCF's Board of Directors for six years. She was the chairperson of last year's national conference in Minneapolis/St. Paul Minnesota. Darcie Sims, mentioned in this article, is a keynote speaker at this July's 2012 TCF National Conference/5th International Gathering in Costa Mesa, CA July 20-22 and will be featured as the Friday night entertainment, "An Evening with Darcie Sims."



Balloons to heaven



Yesterday we sent balloons up in the air
 With messages to our children
 Now gone
 The mothers, fathers
 grandparents
 Sisters and brothers
 Stood in the heat
 Trying to trail their particular balloon
 Pink,blue,yellow,green globes
 Up up they slowly rose
 We squinted our eyes
 As young men cried
 Necks arched
 Our hearts aching and shattered
 Tears blurring our vision
 Wanting to go
 Up
 With them
 One by one we tear away
 We sneak glances at the sky
 Dreaming of miracles
 we pet, touch and pat strangers
 No decorum in grief
 Lined up to fill our plates
 with cake
 Brownies and cookies
 We each stand in our own hell
 Hoping to defeat the taste
 Of grief in our throats
 And mouths
 With our children's favorite
 Treats.

Today a telemarketer
 Asked if you were home
 Slamming the phone down
 Trying not to scream
 I wished you back
 As someone scratched
 Your name
 Off a list
 Each stroke
 A stab
 In my heart.

Nilsa Mariano, Binghamton,TCF

A Balloon Tribute

A balloon is a symbol,
 A reminder of our own childhood past,
 A reminder that we were all children once.

A balloon changes and grows as it is blown up.
 Childhood is also a time for change and growth,
 Although for us,
 part of that time is a frozen memory.

A balloon suspended in air between
 heaven and earth,
 Kept here only by the ribbon in our hand.
 Another reminder that life is the ribbon
 that binds our spirits to earth.
 How tightly we cling to that ribbon at times.

The time we hold the balloon is short.
 Painfully, we remember the time
 we held our children was too short.

The balloon will be gone before
 we really have time to enjoy it.
 And for some of our children,
 life was over before it really began.

The act of letting the balloon go is symbolic, too.
 This time, a deliberate and conscious act.
 Quite unlike those circumstances past
 That made us struggle
 with letting go of our precious children.

As the balloon rises swiftly and sails out of sight,
 Another reminder that one day,
 we too, like the balloon
 Will pass to another place—our new destination.
 A place more beautiful and perfect
 than any of us can imagine.
 And that hope gives us courage
 to face a new day.

So, from outstretched arms
 that ache to hold you once again
 And a broken heart
 that knows this side of heaven,
 they never will



We send you this symbol
 of our undying love and affection.
 Because you were, and will always be
 Our precious children.

Lamar Bradley TCF Nashville, TN

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

...That their light may always shine...

We know how important it is for your child's name to be included on these pages. We apologize if we missed anyone. We encourage you to notify us if you notice an error or if you would like us to update information.

A Father's Hands

*My hands are aged and have worked on much,
The years of calluses make them rough to the touch.
Their strength has diminished through time,
Working in wood, yards, often covered in grime.*

*They held hoes, rakes, hedge trimmers and more,
Handling the hard jobs no matter what the chore,
They have known the feel of heat and cold,
And now are starting to feel just a little old.*

*They have also known the joy of combing silky hair,
Our daughter tolerated my styling attempts from her chair.
They often held her hand while walking with her as a child,
And later willingly pushed her wheelchair, the ride was wild.*

*Often they were held against hers to compare the size,
She was proud of her large hands,
much to everyone's surprise.*

*I remember holding her tightly during her last amazing hour,
The memory of that time has such an incredible power.*

*These hands that held her
with parental love that was selfless,
Would become weak and useless and felt utterly helpless.
These hands that held her
and carried her and miss her so badly,
Are the longing, searching, caring hands of her Daddy.*

*I'll keep them working and toiling making new plans,
Waiting to reach out and hold her again
with these father's hands.*

*Holding firmly onto the
memories of Pride.*

Dan Gardner TCF, Nashville, TN



REMEMBRANCE

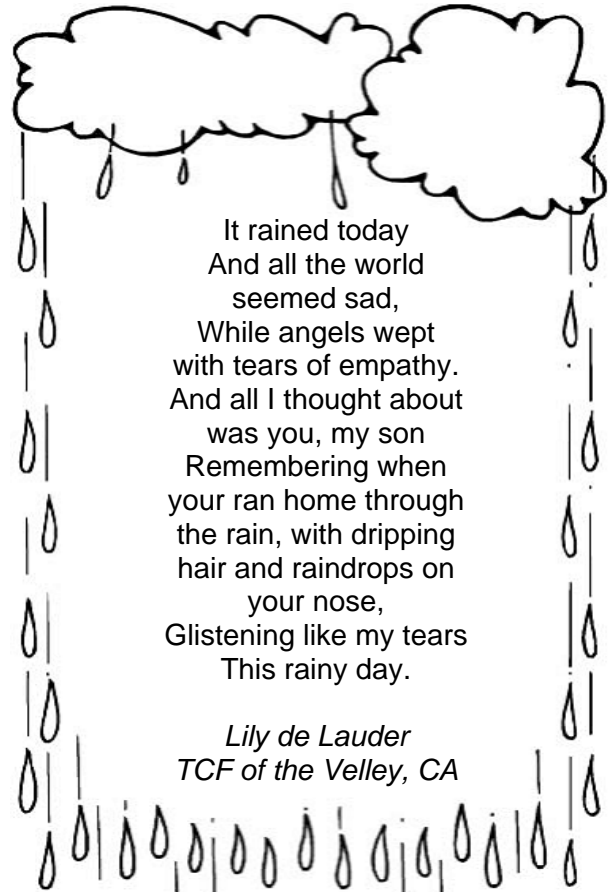
*I see your smile in the brightness of the summer sun.
A gentle breeze is the touch of your hand on mine.
A wave breaks softly on the shore and I hear you whisper,
Remember me...
A winged bird begins its flight into the distant sky.
The sound of children's laughter fills the air.
The evening stars become your eyes, and I reply
You are ever near...*

-- Priscilla Kenney, TCF, Kennebunk, ME

I Wonder

*When did the sadness stop
covering everything?
I don't know.
It must have first been for moments,
then maybe hours,
days eventually.
Then for a long time
no longer ever-present,
but just below the surface
waiting for a thought to trigger it.
Now, the ingredients of my life
are suffused with contentment and joy,
but even so,
sadness can surface
unexpectedly
as the dark shape of loss
stirs the cauldron
and tears are added to the soup of life,
salty still,
but not as bitter
or overpowering,
adding an important flavor
to the whole of me.*

*Genesse Bourdeau Gentry
From Catching the Light*



*It rained today
And all the world
seemed sad,
While angels wept
with tears of empathy.
And all I thought about
was you, my son
Remembering when
your ran home through
the rain, with dripping
hair and raindrops on
your nose,
Glistening like my tears
This rainy day.*

*Lily de Lauder
TCF of the Velley, CA*

Healing vs. Recovery

I have heard the term “recovery” and “healing” used interchangeably to refer to the goal of processing grief. I would like to propose the idea that recovery carries with it the assumption of an injury or illness and that when the necessary repair has taken place, the person will return basically to the same person he was previous to the injury or illness.

When a child dies there is, in deed, an injury of massive proportions. All systems—physical, mental, and spiritual—are affected. There is physical pain, emotional retching, spiritual upheaval, and struggling. All this may be occurring simultaneously. Though there may not be bleeding in the physical sense, there is emotional hemorrhaging. The body and psyche are in crisis. Bereaved parents are often unable to eat, they may experience sleep disturbances and disorientation. Believe it or not, all these reactions are normal. Grief is a normal part of life. This is not a mental illness or some chemical imbalance in the brain. What is not normal is to experience the death of a child.

The major difference between recovery and healing is that the goal is not to return to who we were before our child died. That goal is impossible to achieve. To continue to try to achieve a goal of recovery is to assume that life will be basically the same, with a few minor adjustments...such as we will set one less place at the table, buy less food, feel sad on holidays and cry a bit more. But our lives have been permanently and irrevocably changed and we are, in fact, becoming different people. The “becoming” is the healing.

During this process we examine every facet of our lives and or belief systems. This is a journey, not a “repair.” By living through this journey we become different people. True, we may basically look the same, but we are not the same as before our child died. We look at life in a new way. Our interests change and our priorities change. We will have a new and deeper level of understanding and compassion for those experiencing pain—all kinds of pain. We will have a different understanding of spirituality. We ourselves will feel new and different. We will carry some of the old person with us through the healing process, but we will emerge different.

We are healed...not recovered.

By Birdie Tracy, TCF Shoreline Chapter

The End of Summer

On the beach, cool breezes blow across the water, but the sun’s rays feel warm upon my face. The ocean laps gently at the shore. I see one golden haired lad with shovel and pail filling the moat around his carefully constructed sandcastle.

I remember another golden haired boy of years long past, wearing his bright red swimsuit, busy at his task and oblivious to all around him. Carefully, patiently, he fills and empties his pail again and again, molding and shaping the sand until he has it just right, until his perfect castle is completed. He runs to me, eyes aglow with pride, his dimpled smile stretched from ear to ear. He dances around me.

“Mommy, come see! It’s finished! It’s perfect!” We stand and admire it together. One bucket of sand turned upside down, a tiny trench encircling it. To us, it’s a perfect sandcastle.

But then it happens. A wave, much bigger than the rest, washes away his labor of love. His green eyes fill, his lip quivers momentarily and then he squares his shoulders and announces, “Oh, well, I’ll begin again tomorrow.”

And now, recalling that other sunny summer day, my own eyes fill with tears, my own lip quivers, until I remember that I, too, can square my shoulders and begin again—tomorrow.

Betty Stevens TCF, Baltimore, MD

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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Seasons Change and So Do We

Spring is a time of renewal, nature's loving promise of eternal life. So many things about our child will never die—the light in young eyes that came with a smile, the warmth of a hug, the joy we experienced as we watched the child discover and grow. These things came from our love—our love and our child's love. Is there a way to take back love or the memories of it? Once experienced, love is eternal, just as the awakening of each season occurs over and over and will always be so.

We can do some things even in our state of depleted energy. Touching growing things can rejuvenate a battered heart. Try planting a small flower bed or a pot of special flowers in memory of your child. Tend it with love, and watch it respond. It will give you pleasure and closeness with your child you can experience no other way. The strength to face your bereavement will grow with the plants.

Planting, tending, and enjoying is a salute to our child and to the way the world is planned for eternal renewal and change. Perhaps it says we don't have the energy to recover even for a limb pruned by the clippers. When the grass is mowed down, it's not back to its original height in the morning. If nature heals slowly, maybe this is the way set up for us, too.

Each season invites us to experience its cycle, its pattern, which, while it involves change, and yes, even death, is a promise that as one stage of our lives turns into another, there can be beauty and joy mixed in with pain and loss. We do not believe when the trees bare themselves in the fall, there will ever be green leaves again. So, with the arrival of yet another cycle, touch, see, smell, taste, and perhaps enjoy nature's renewal. The eternal cycles are a promise that nothing ever goes away permanently. They speak to us of strength for change and immortality—our own and our child's.



Elizabeth B. Estes TCF, Augusta, GA



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.

The Old Yellow Truck

Several weeks ago, I sold my old, rusty, yellow pickup truck. I placed an ad in the Baltimore Sunday paper which read: *For Sale — 1978 Toyota pickup truck, 119 K miles—as is \$450. Call.* Someone called, paid me \$400, and drove away — all in the same day. I should have been happy to get rid of it, but instead I ended up feeling depressed. If I could have advertised the truck in our TCF newsletter, the ad would have read:

For sale (regretfully) 1978 Toyota pickup truck used by college student when he was home for week-ends or semester breaks. Provided safe transportation through a snowstorm for his last New Year's Eve. Four-speaker stereo radio with rock music stations pre-selected. Ashtray clean except for old bank receipts. Truck used by father for hauling things while thinking about son. Priceless. Don't call.

It has been eighteen months since my son died, and yet it is still difficult to part with certain things — even things that did not belong to him. This is a problem with which we are all faced. What to keep? What to let go? The practical side of us says these things are no longer needed, so we should get rid of them. The heart says my son owned these things or used them; they bring back memories, so we should keep them.

There is not a right or wrong answer as to what we keep or what we let go. I reassure myself by noting that these memories of my son didn't leave with that old yellow truck. They will remain locked in my heart forever.

Gary Piepenbring TCF, Penn, MD



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