

# The Primrose



Vol. 31, Issue 4

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Winter 2011

**IMPORTANT**



## Announcement

A key component of TCF has always been the Chapter Leaders. Without these caring and compassionate individuals TCF would not exist.

Pam Kroft has been the leader of our chapter for 14 years and she is resigning early next year.

If you have any interest in stepping up as our new chapter leader, please contact Pam.

**\*\*\* We Need Your Involvement \*\*\***



Our Candle Light Ceremony will be held on Sunday December 11th. Please join us at 6 PM for a celebration in memory of our children.

If you would like to help with the Candle Lighting set-up and take-down and anything in between, please call Pam. This is a great way to meet and get to know the members of The Compassionate Friends.

## 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 go forward. If we don't, we stay stuck at the point 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 share 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.

*Renee L. ~ TCF, Fort Collins, CO*

## **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](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org)

Web address: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://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 January 19th  
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.)**

**December 5th, 2011 (Monday)**

**7:00 “ Holiday’s, help me! ”**

**December 11th, 2011 (Sunday)**

**6:00 PM “Candlelight Service”**

**December 17th, 2011 (Saturday)**

**10:00 OPEN FORUM**

**January 2nd, 2012 (Monday)**

**7:00 “ New Year, Same Grief ”**

**January 19th, 2012 (Thursday)**

**6:00 Steering Committee Meeting**

**January 21st, 2012 (Saturday)**

**10:00 OPEN FORUM**

**February 6th, 2012 (Monday)**

**7:00 “ Our Faces of Grief ”**

**February 18th, 2012 (Saturday)**

**10:00 OPEN FORUM**

**March 5th, 2012 (Monday)**

**7:00 “Memory Night ”**

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](mailto: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:

Hello Friends,

Let me take you back to the fall of 1994, it is October 15<sup>th</sup>, a Saturday and my life is good, both my boys are healthy, safe, playing soccer....One day later my Sean has been in a fatal accident...How our lives are changed overnight... Two weeks later I went to my first TCF meeting, scared and so sad I could hardly go one minute without crying. Because I went back to work I had trained myself to hold my emotions the best I could while I was there. When I left work and got into my car, the flood gates opened and I would cry uncontrollable all the way home. Actually my ride to work was the same, wasn't sure how I would go on without my Sean. The pain and sadness wrapped around me like a wet blanket, at times smothering me and taking my breath away. I paced a lot in those early days and I gauged my life and my sanity on my next TCF meeting, counting off the days on the calendar, 30,29,28,27.....3,2,1. Going to the safe place where everyone understood and did not question my grief, all the while giving support and comfort, encouraging me to share my story and most of all to share Sean. In the summer of 1997 the chapter leader approached me and asked if I would be willing to help her at the meetings. I said yes and the very next month she took sick and I was the new chapter leader. I was still engulfed in my grief but I can say sitting in that chair has helped me through the years, moving forward but never forgetting my precious Sean. Fast forward fourteen and a half years later and I am still the chapter leader, facilitating two meetings a month. I have met so many wonderful parents through my years and I hope to continue to meet new parents as they too struggle to go on after the death of their child, but I hope to do that as a member of TCF and not the chapter leader. As of April 1<sup>st</sup> next year I am resigning from my position and with that I am putting a plea out to our membership for someone to come forward and sit in my chair. I am not asking for you to stay for 14 years, but as the TCF by-laws state, only two years. Maybe a couple would like to take on the leadership, or two couples sharing the duties every other month. I will help with the transition, the position comes down to being there for the newly bereaved and be able to take phone calls. Compassion is the top job requirement, with being a good listener a close second and lets throw in dedication as a third. This group needs to continue and I know there is someone out there that wants to give back, to be there for the new moms and dads entering our door, just like someone was there for us. Together we can make this change work....If you think you might be interested please give me a call 239-4222 and we can chat.

We do have an angel update, don't wait if you are interested in having a memorial brick at the angel of hope at Port Dickinson park. There aren't too many spots left we are hoping to fill the remaining bricks and have the final dedication in the summer or early fall of 2012. What a nice gift for the holidays, the angel is our place to go and reflect and remember. Our angel was also a victim of the flood., though she survived once again.

2012 is fast approaching and as a community we can only hope for a better year. Our towns were devastated this past September as the rains filled our creeks and rivers, overflowing our flood walls and the water soaked ground spewed back into our basements. The rivers and creeks were powerful and destructive; they filled our hearts with sorrow and our minds with defeat. We watched as our neighbors, family and friends put their lives to the curb waiting for the trucks to take their precious items to the landfill joining thousands of households across our region. Businesses closed and houses were condemned all the while bringing us closer together as a community. The Nimmonsburg Church where we hold our meetings also was flooded with nearly 6 feet of water. Our library was saved but we did lose some of our belongings, not sure yet what was saved. It will be a long, long road to recovery and several more months of rebuilding, but we shall prevail.

Our annual candle lighting will be held Sunday December 11<sup>th</sup> at 6:00 p.m. at the church. After the service we shall have a potluck dinner, bring a dish to pass. Also bring a photo or memento of your child to share. If you can not attend light a candle at 7:00 p.m. as candles will brighten the skies across of the world for 24 hours. If you would like a candle lit at our service and your child's name read because you can't attend give me a call and it will be done. This night belongs to our children that have gone too soon, we come to remember them and as the love fills the sanctuary we find the hope to carry on. This thing called grief is exhausting and time consuming but one night a year we are able to embrace their [our child's] love surrounded by our TCF family with the flickering of the candles and the softness of their names being read, let us all be a part of this very special evening.

Continued on next page ...

## A Note from our Chapter Leader continued ...

This next year will bring not only challenges in our daily lives as we continue to go on without our precious children, but as a community, trying to survive the flood of 2011. The first two months of 2012 our meetings will reflect the issues at hand and our March meeting will be a night of memories, a night to bring that very special story or photo of your child to share with everyone.

As 2011 comes to an end let me thank our steering committee for all the work they do to keep this group going, you the parents that have found that little bit of strength to get yourselves to a meeting and to Nimmonsburg church for believing in our mission and giving us a safe place to meet. Through my years with TCF I have found such a sense of family. I want to thank the new chapter leader, whoever you are for taking on the position, believe in yourself, you can do it. I have been the chapter leader for most of my days without Sean, I shall miss it but it's time to pass the torch to someone new, someone who has the compassion and believes in the mission. As a group we will continue to find the hope, the love and the understanding to go on.

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

### Shared Thoughts on Healing, but Never Forgetting

We lost our son, Doug, 25 years ago. I did not run away from anything. I met it all head-on, but all the while, feeling the intensity of the pain would last a lifetime. I did my grief work, I shared my grief with most anyone who wanted to listen (probably with some who did not want to listen). After a while, I noticed I did not have the need to speak of my grief, and could find healing in listening to, and trying to salve other's pain. This played a big role in my becoming functional again. For the most part, my life is enjoyable and filled with anticipation and looking for a tomorrow.

The one thing I cannot get past is feeling the pain for the newly bereaved. Because I have "been there" their pain becomes my pain. A few years ago, our steering committee decided it would be beneficial for those attending a Compassionate Friends meeting for the first time, to meet separately. Having previously talked to most of these people by phone, gave me some insight on their background, therefore I seemed the logical one to facilitate this group.

This was a very good experience for me. It reiterated that we heal, but we don't forget. Perhaps the remembering is what gives us compassion and the desire to reach out to those hurting so badly. Much of the devastation of our loss is the same for all of us, the deep depression, anger, guilt, no interest in life around us, "going over the edge", worry about losing another, crying, can't cry, marital deterioration, unable to fulfill obligations with our family and work situations. I so want to make them better now, teach them to love again (particularly themselves), restore their faith in their supreme being, help them sort grief from true marital problems, and tell them we have all felt like we were going over the edge (but didn't).

It seems so little to offer, "your feelings are normal, you will get better, and become functional again." If the newly bereaved could truly believe these words, then I guess that is a lot to offer. But I feel most of them are saying "you don't know how deep I have fallen in the pit" and this transition could never happen to me. (This was my reaction in the early stages) Believe me, we know where the bottom is, we've been there. We can learn to smile again; we can even learn to live again, once we have let go of some of the pain. Be patient, this doesn't happen soon. If it has not been long enough for you to see progress, look at those at The Compassionate Friends meetings, who have moved ahead in their grief. They didn't love any less, they have not forgotten how intense your pain can be, and they are just in a different place in their grief. Many have stayed to help you through your loss; their very presence says its possible to survive.

They are healing, but never forgetting.

*God Bless, Marie Hofmockel, TCF Valley Forge, PA*

## I'm Sorry

*I'm sorry, I thought I knew.  
I'm sorry you lost your child.  
Surely time will heal your hurt,  
Your suffering, your pain.*

*I'm sorry, I thought I knew.  
How deep it must hurt.  
The sadness of losing your child...  
The ache in your heart will go away.*

*"Oh, it will take time,  
You need to mourn, it is good for you."  
"I'm sorry but it will get better."  
"I'll be there for you."*

*I'm sorry for how long it's taking.  
I didn't know you were still grieving  
And your thoughts were consumed  
Every moment of every day.*

*I'm sorry I didn't know that  
You don't get over it.  
Time may soften the pain but  
You never completely heal.*

*I'm sorry, for now I know  
Of your true pain,  
Your true loss,  
Your true sorrow,  
For I too have lost my child.*

*By Stewart Levett January 1, 2006*

### **Memories**

The certain special memories  
That follow me each day,  
Cast your shadow in my life  
In a certain way.  
Sometimes the blowing wind  
Or the lyrics of a song  
Make me stop and think of you  
Sometimes all day long  
Memories are good to have  
To share and keep in my heart,  
Just knowing that you're still inside  
Makes sure we'll never part.

*Collette Covington TCF, Lake Charles, LA*

## **Candles in the Night**

A heart broken by the death of a child can never be healed. As parents we try every way that can be thought of to cope with the loss, but the void will always be there. At first that emptiness seems to take your breath away and most times we wish it would.

This becomes different with the passage of time. It never goes away, but at some point we learn to live with it, and in fact this horrible feeling becomes a lifeline of sorts. One of our biggest fears is to forget our children. Forget how they looked or how their voices sounded. The smiles and tears that blur together to make a child. This emptiness in effect becomes a constant yearning to remember our children.

Our hearts force us to find ways to fill that void to maintain our role as parents. Some are as simple as visiting the cemetery and some are as complex as changing our entire lives, dedicated to the memory of our child. In between are the many rituals we create or borrow from others to honor the memories and to keep our child's name alive.

Lighting a candle and saying a child's name keeps their memory burning bright. It means we are struggling to cope with this unwanted role of bereaved parent in the only positive manner we can. We will most certainly shed tears every time and we will still miss our child, but we are doing something that allows the world to hear our child's name and for that one moment the candle means so much more than anyone else could ever understand.

For a fleeting second that is our universe and every memory we have comes flooding back to us as we see the flame through tears, distorting it into something magical. It's the only gift we can give our children. This is as close as we can get to our child now. A tiny, flickering flame that can warm the heart and it's nice to think that perhaps they can see it also. It's a beacon, our light in the window, our shining star in the darkness. It's an opening of our hearts and a way to share our grief.

We gather to honor the memories of our children and to share this bond of lighting a candle for the children all over the world. We miss them so much.

Jim Lowery TCF-Sugar Land/SW Houston Chapter

## 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*



### The Dream

You came to me this morning in a dream just before I woke. I recognized you as you turned the corner. I looked at you; waiting for the transience of dream forms and saw it was not to be. You stayed together, the same age, with the same smile.

We both knew this was just a visit. You and I both knew this was special. We both knew that my dream was where our two worlds could meet.

I looked at you waiting for the transition, waiting for the change but it did not come. This dream was not of my own making but was shared by you and inhabited by you.



I kissed your cheek and felt your skin and felt my arm around your neck. But that's where it ended. I closed my eyes and felt the distance grow as I rose to awareness and you retreated to longing.

*Written by June O'Connor TCF, Central Connecticut Chapter*

#### **“You are so strong”**

Empty words  
That don't touch the reality  
That my life has become.  
Walking through fog  
Incredible pain  
Searching for the beloved face  
I crave to see  
The voice that I strain to hear over the noises  
Of people who have no idea  
Of what the world has lost

*Charisse Smith ~ TCF, Tyler, TX*



"Whether we cry on the inside or cry on the outside is predetermined by society, our genetics and a host of other factors. But we do cry these beautiful tears for our deceased children. These tears somehow remind us of the connection to our children, their departure and our deep, deep loss."

*—Annette Mennen Baldwin*



## Adjusted

"It's been several years since your son died,"  
They say, "Surely, you must have adjusted by now."

Yes, I am adjusted—

Adjusted to feeling pain  
And sadness and grief and guilt and loss.  
Adjusted to hurting and unexpected tears.  
Adjusted to seeing people made uncomfortable upon  
Hearing me say "My son died."  
Adjusted to losing my best friend because  
I'm not always "up."  
Adjusted to people acting as if grief is contagious.  
And TCF meetings are "morbid."  
Adjusted? Oh, yes, to many things.  
Knowing I won't hear his voice, but listening for it still.  
Knowing I won't see him drive his Toronado,  
But staring at every one I see.  
Adjusted to feeling empty on his birthday  
And wishing for just one more time with him.  
Adjusted: As life goes on—  
To realizing I cannot expect everyone I meet  
To wear a bandage—just because I am still bleeding.

*Shirley Blakely Curle ~ TCF, Central AR*

## Last Moments

Last moments  
Snatches of conversation  
That echo across all decades...  
Priceless words  
Indelibly etched on the heart.  
Sometimes  
Thoughts were never spoken  
But unexpected sentiment—  
A quick embrace, a silly smirk,  
Or joyous laughter—  
Reaches through the pain  
And warms the heart.  
We came too soon to understand  
The folly of harsh words  
Or neglected touch,  
For who can know which  
Taken-for-granted event  
Will become  
A last moment.

*Diane Fields ~ TCF, Westmoreland, PA*

## HAPPY NEW YEAR??

Happy New Year," my friends wish me. And I mimic them back, "Happy New Year to you too." But what I'm really thinking is... "Are you CRAZY ????" How could I possibly have a happy year when I have lost my child? No, they're not crazy, many of my friends just don't know what it's like to lose a child. And what I really wish for them, is that they never know what the years are like for me now.

For us, tragedy has come into our lives, and the years are never the same as before. It's possible that our priorities change, our relationships change, and our daily lives change. Each of us faces the changes in our lives and finds ways to cope. There is no right or wrong way to cope with our grief, just our own individual way to make it through the years, often with the help of others.

Without our child, our lives morph into a new dimension... and a new direction. My life now includes many moments of spiritual reflection, perhaps yours does too..... When memories of our child consume us, when we long for just one more day with our child, when we get "pennies from heaven," when we catch a glimpse of a shadow across the room, when we feel the brush of a kiss on our cheek....

Each year, I have managed to find moments of peace that comfort my soul..... moments of joy that brighten my day..... and moments of love that will last forever.

As you face this new year, I wish you moments of peace, joy and love....forever.



## **How to Deal with the Unbearable Grief of Losing a Child**

**By Randy Gilbert**

The loss of a child is something most parents cannot even bear to contemplate. It is such a horrible thought that most people do not envision it. They feel everything will follow the normal path of everyday life. Their children will grow to adulthood and go on to live happy lives of their own.

Cathy James, who lost her daughter in an accident says, 'The one thing I would hope if nobody does anything else is, please know that you will see joy. You will see joy again. There is help out there. Your child was absolutely a gift. If you had to do it all over again, you would have that child over again, because of how much you love them. You would still do it all again and have the pain, because you had the love.' Cathy and Frank James live every parent's greatest fear. Every day they grieve the loss of their 17-year-old daughter, Valerie. Their journey of grief led them to write a book explaining strategies they used to deal with the emotional pain of their loss. They are committed to helping one parent at a time cope with the aching loss of a child. Using their proactive strategies will assist those suffering from a devastating loss, coping in the days to come:

- \* Do not try to rush the grief journey. Let it be in your own time. Everyone is different and grieves in his or her own way.
- \* Find what works for you.

Do something special to honor your lost child. Make it a monthly or yearly project. Get the other members of your family together and coordinate it. It can be anything that makes you feel closer to your child: scholarships, memory gardens, scrapbooks, gift baskets to your child's friends. Parents can do a number of things to keep their child's memory alive.

Move forward. Find ways for you and your family to adjust to the loss.

- \* Rearrange the seating at your dinner table so that the empty chair will not always be a reminder that a family member is missing. Do the same thing with the family car. Sit in a different place than you normally do.
- \* Physical activity helps. Whether it is walking, biking, swimming, or just walking the mall, the activity helps you cope as each day passes.
- \* Helping others is the best way to heal yourself. Get involved in a selfless project. The satisfaction and gratitude you receive from helping others will soothe you.
- \* Attend a grieving organization meeting. They are located in almost every state. They lend support and walk beside you in grief, because they have lost children also.

Sometimes the days will feel just too hard to get through, but with the help of your family, it will get easier. Develop a family plan; establish catch phrases or code words to use. If you or a family member realizes that the situation is emotionally unbearable, mention the code word and leave the situation. Once each member of the family hears the code word, you all turn and walk away, no arguments, no forcing, and no questions. You are going to have good days and bad days. The love you have for your lost child will always be there. It never goes away. However, realize that you will experience joy again. Do the best you can. Your grieving journey will teach you what is important in life: love, concern for others, caring for others, and doing things without the possibility of benefit to help others. Through all these things, you will learn about hope, joy, and the things that are of real value.

Follow these proactive strategies to cope with the loss of a child. There is no right or wrong method to learn to cope, and there is no timeline to follow. Take your time; do not burden yourself with self-doubt about what should be normal. You will find your way, feeling hope and joy in your life again.

*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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If you make donations to the **United Way** you can specify that the monies go to our local TCF chapter. All you have to do is complete a Donor Choice Card and indicate that you want your donations to go to **The Compassionate Friends of Broome County** 1250 Front Street, # 147 Binghamton, NY 13901.

**\*\*\* 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*



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Please check if new  
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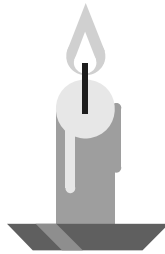
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Child's Name \_\_\_\_\_ DoD \_\_\_\_\\_\_\_\_\\_\_\_\_

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.

## Light One Candle

Light one candle, take my hand.  
Move closer to each other,  
All who want to smile again.  
In this blessed time of year,  
with your sorrow and your tears,  
Come together to remember & to  
Light one candle.  
The light is for strength to face  
The pain welled up inside.  
The light reminds us of  
shattered dreams,  
not to be denied.  
The light is for courage  
to beckon others to our side  
For every tear we cried...  
We light one candle.  
We all know the reason  
That we value the flame.  
It's a commitment to each other  
To remember every name.  
And a promise that in our hearts  
Forever they'll remain.  
Out of love we came  
To light one candle



## Listen

Listen gentle people, and hear my truest needs...  
I hear you stumbling for words.  
Relax; There are no words...

I hear you remembering a funny story about my  
loved one and looking embarrassed because you  
are laughing. Share with me. Let me laugh. It gives  
me something to hold onto in the middle of the night  
when I feel only pain.

Be happy yourself...and let me be me...

On days when I can laugh, I will.  
On days when I can speak of my loved one,  
I need you to share my memories..  
You don't have to give me answers, for I will  
learn to live without them. You don't have to pretend  
that my loved one never existed, thinking I would  
forget if you do. Let me speak his name, and you  
speak it too. He is always a part of who I am. If you  
take that from me, I will be less than who I am.

*From Want to Help, But I Don't Know How  
by Jacqueline Rogers*

# *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