

# The Primrose



Vol. 32, Issue 4

TCF Broome County Chapter Newsletter

Winter 2012



Our chapter is operated entirely by volunteers dedicated to furthering the work of TCF. Your voluntary, tax deductible donations honor your loved one(s) in a meaningful way by enabling us to print and mail this newsletter and meet other expenses involved in reaching out to other grieving families (100% of funds are used for this outreach)

**THANK YOU**

Our committee members donate their time and supplies in memory of their children. I would like to mention them here since they deserve a thank you too.

LuAnn Ford in memory of Kelli

Jean Scolaro in memory of Michael

Elaine Sahre in memory of Kenny

Sherry Bailey in memory of Ryan

Angela Carro in memory of Robert

Claudia Simonis in memory of Mark

Marv Conover in memory of Micha

Pam Kroft in memory of Sean

Valerie Ambrose in memory of Joshua

**"Who then can so softly bind up  
the wound of another as he who has felt the  
same wound himself?" –Thomas Jefferson**

## Bittersweet Memories

One of the most precious things to a parent who has lost a child is the memories. Without them, it would be as if their child never was. With them, it is so bittersweet that it can make a parent laugh and cry, rejoice and anguish, touch the sweetness to the lips and taste the salt from the tears.

Memories keep the heart from crushing under the weight of sorrow. They give a parent the chance to be with their child again. They can walk through their memories like they were a movie. When the memories are so vivid, you can almost feel them, touch them, hug them, and kiss them. It is so bittersweet when the reality comes and you realize it is just a memory, a thought and you are reminded of what you have lost.

If you asked a parent if they would give up the memories so they did not have to feel the pain of knowing their child is gone, they would tell you no. As painful as it may be, not having the memories or feeling their presence, is just as unbearable as losing them.

There is no happy place to go to, but there is a place to be with your child. You know before you step into that realm that it will be painful, but you know that it will be joyful too.

So as we let the memories take us to a time that our child was safe with us, just rest a while until it is time to go and the next time try not to think of what is gone but what is still in your heart and will always be.

*Vickie Van Antwerp TCF, Brevard, NC*

## **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

Assistant Chapter Leader - Donna Cuninghame

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**

**TBA**

**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 3rd, 2012 (Monday)**

**7:00 “ Help, Holiday, Help ”**

**December 9th, 2012 (Sunday)**

**6:00 PM “ Candle Light Service ”**

**December 15th, 2012 (Saturday)**

**10:00 OPEN Discussion**

**January 7th, 2013 (Monday)**

**7:00 “New Year, New Hope ”**

**January 19th, 2013 (Saturday)**

**10:00 OPEN Discussion**

**February 4th, 2013 (Monday)**

**7:00 “Lets Talk about “It” ”**

**February 16th, 2013 (Saturday)**

**6:00 PM 10:00 OPEN Discussion**

**March 4th, 2013 (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:

Hi Everyone,

The calendar tells me it's December and that seems unbelievable to me. For many of us this year has dragged as our grief is so saddening that it's so hard just to catch our breath and for others who are further along life has settled in and time is speeding up. We are all at different stages of our grief putting us somewhere between life in the "barely able to get out of bed" mode and life "flying by." There was a time when the clock on the wall barely moved and time seemed to stand still and my grief was so overwhelming and the sorrow never seemed to end. During those years I wanted the hands on the clock to move quickly: getting me to the end of all the pain and sadness. I can honestly share with you that after 18 years I want that same clock to slow down and let Joy back in: shelving the sadness and grief in a safe place, accessible only to me. Through the years I have often watched Joy get close before stopping her; halting her because with Joy I would somehow be disrespecting Sean's life and subsequently his death, for I vowed all those years ago that I would never feel Joy again. It is so wrong that we had to bury our children but by vowing to never feel Joy is wrong as well. Life continues on and we can't keep punishing ourselves for what we could not fix or change, as much as we tried. I will always embrace the love for my son and the life he had even though too short, as long as I live I will have thoughts of him and questions about what might have been. Listen, someday you too will let Joy back in, she will come slowing sneaking around corners and one day you will laugh aloud and wonder who is that as you really thought you had forgotten that unfamiliar sound.

In September we dedicated the last of the memorial pavers at our Angel of Hope. This completes a vision that started as a dream in 2001. After several years of dedicated time and effort put in by the committee our angel is complete with the loving names of our children placed at its base. The day was rainy and cold but for all that came out what a glorious time, as the sun appeared right before our 1:00 event. There were tears and laughter and old friends reunited. Alan Pedersen performed and gave great words of wisdom encompassing his grief journey. After the service, held in the pavilion because of threatening weather we walked down the path being led by the bagpipes. As we circled the angel reading the pavers; carnations were laid on the bricks, paying tribute to a child, a child gone too soon. At the event we played a song called Angel of Hope that was written for our very own angel by Donal O'Shaughnessy, the CD will be offered at our candle lighting.

Our next event will be our annual candle lighting to be held on Sunday December 9<sup>th</sup> at 6:00 p.m. at Nimmonsburg Methodist Church. Every year we come together at the church to light candles in memory of our children, to listen to music written for our children and to reconnect with our "friends for life" as we share potluck. I hope all can join in this very special evening, a dish to pass is appreciated and please bring a photo of your child for the memory table; any questions please call 239-4222. If there is a state of emergency, the event will be cancelled; otherwise we will see you at the church. For anyone who can not make the event please call me and your child's name will be read and a candle lit for them.

We have a new member to our steering committee, Donna Cunningham. Donna has offered to come aboard to help at meetings, leading and guiding us all. She will be a definite asset to our group and a much needed assist for me. Thanks, Donna. We are always looking for new steering committee members, think about it as you get to that place where you feel its time to give back, we would love to welcome you as we have Donna.

Money is a subject I try to steer clear of but as tough times have touched all of us it also has had an impact on our group. We have very generous members that do not ask for reimbursement for supplies, stamps, copies etc but we are in need of new books and as printing costs rise our newsletter costs go up as well, it has become difficult to provide what we need for our members. As you give this holiday season please remember us in those thoughtful donations, accept our special thank you for your generosity.

As I close may you have a safe and healthy winter, always remembering but never forgetting the love we have for our children and the hope, understanding and friendship we have for each other. How blessed I have been since Sean's death to have met so many along my path that have reached out to take my hand and walk with me, each of us helping the other along this road, this long, long road, called grief. May your sadness lessen and your hearts once again beat Joy as you let her reenter your life.

Hugs,  
Pam Kroft  
(Sean's Mom)

## The Gift of Someone Who Listens

Those of us who have traveled a while  
Along this path called grief  
Need to stop and remember that mile,  
That first mile of no relief.  
It wasn't the person with answers  
Who told us of ways to deal.  
It wasn't the one who talked and talked  
That helped us start to heal.  
Think of the friends who quietly sat  
And held our hands in theirs.  
The ones who let us talk and talk  
And hugged away our tears.  
We need to always remember  
That more than the words we speak,  
It's the gift of someone who listens  
That most of us desperately seek.

*Nancy Myerholtz TCF Waterville/Toledo, OH*

## Remember

Remember the children, we ask tonight,  
As we continue this wave of light.  
Remember the babies, never given a chance,  
To grow, to play, to love, or dance.  
Remember the toddlers, just starting to live,  
Teddy Bears and blankies and big hugs to give.  
Remember the children, who grew strong and true,  
Maybe struck by an illness that devastated you.  
Remember the teen-agers and the promise in each,  
Taken suddenly or slowly, beyond our reach.  
Don't forget the adult child, fully grown,  
Whether 18 or 80, we still called them our own.  
Our grandchildren, sisters and brothers have died,  
For nieces and nephews and cousins, we've cried.  
Some of us say, "I've lost my dreams,"  
While others say, "my memories."  
So tonight we remember with this candlelight,  
So like our love that shines so bright.

*Marilyn Rollins TCF Lake-Porter County, IN*

## Borrowed Hope

Lend me your hope for a while  
I seem to have mislaid mine.  
Loss and the hopeless feelings accompany me daily.  
Pain and confusion are my companions.  
I know not where to turn.  
Looking ahead to the future times  
Does not bring forth images of renewed hope.  
I see mirthless times, pain filled days,  
and more tragedy.  
Lend me your hope for a while.  
I seem to have mislaid mine.  
Hold my hand and hug me.  
Listen to all my ramblings.  
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.  
Recovery seems so far distant.  
The road to healing, a long and lonely one.  
Stand by me. Offer me your presence.  
Your ears and your love.  
Acknowledge my pain, it is so real and ever present.  
I am overwhelmed  
With sad and conflicting thoughts.  
Lend me your hope for a while.  
A time will come when I will heal.  
And I will lend my renewed hope to others.

*Eloise Cole TCF Phoenix, AZ*

*Light a candle for all the children that  
have died*

*... that their light may always shine.*



*The Compassionate Friends  
Candle Light Service*

*Sunday, December 11, 2011 6:00pm  
Nimmonsburg Methodist Church  
Front St. Binghamton NY*

A dish to pass is appreciated and  
please bring a photo of your child for  
the memory table; any questions  
please call Pam at 239-4222.

## What is New About the New Year?

There is a lot of silliness about ringing in the New Year, and I have never been able to enter into the spirit with noisemakers, funny hats and loud hurrahs. Since the death of my son, I especially find myself wondering what this is all about. I think some of the partying and celebrating are motivated by a deep desire for a new start in our lives; a desire to leave behind some of the problems, sorrows, worries and pain of the year just ending. The short, sunless days and long, dark nights make us want something to cheer us. So we give the New Year's Eve party a try.

But it really doesn't work for most of us; we see now that we are just the same and the heaviness in our hearts, as we continue with the struggle to cope with the loss of our child, remains with us. Can we find new ways to live our lives in the New Year?

I'd like to suggest a few things we can try. Let's make an effort to find new friends. A good place to start this is at Compassionate Friends meetings. Here you are with a group of people who care about each other in special ways. We understand the pain and anger, the confusion and the inertia suffered by bereaved parents.

In the New Year, let's also find new ways to be close to the family that we have left. We feel regrets about hugs not given, letters not written, "I love you" not said often enough. We can do all these things now. We can establish new memories with the family we have right now.

Another way to move into this New Year with a better feeling is to think about what we can do for others, because that is truly a way to help ourselves, too. If we can reach out to other sorrowing families, give a gift of our time, a note of love, a listening ear, or a shoulder to lean on, we'll grow stronger ourselves.

For those parents who are suffering the deep pain of the newly bereaved, none of the things I've mentioned may be possible yet. For you, I hold out the hope that soon your days will be just a bit better, your sorrow a little lighter, your tears healing, your friends strengthening and your memories filled more with the good times and less with the unhappiness of your grief.

*Dory Rooker ~ TCF, Upper Valley, VT*

### Dancing In The Air

Life is so fleeting you never know  
When our spirits will bound or decide to flow.  
We dance with rhythm  
Keeping in cadence with the rhyme  
Trying to find our niche in the allotted time.  
So are you there dancing in the air  
You had much more magic to share.  
Give me a whisper, any subtle sign  
Or just one familiar, poetic line.  
You filled the world with love and care  
Your untimely journey just doesn't seem fair.

By David Denny - D. C. Metro Area Street Newsletter

### 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*

## 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*



### **Your Loved One lives In Your Heart**

~ Helen Steiner Rice

Many tender memories soften your grief,  
May fond recollection bring you relief,  
And may you find comfort and peace in the thought  
Of the joy that knowing your loved one brought...  
For time and space can never divide  
Or keep your loved one from your side  
When memory paints in colors true  
The happy hours that belonged to you

### **Endowment**

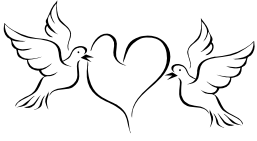
*By Sascha*

Hope gives us vision for regaining the tenderness of memories. Hope carries us through to survival and healing. Hope offers us courage for acceptance and overcoming. Hope gives us new spirit and new laughter. Hope is among the greatest gifts to be found in time of sorrow. But hope cannot restore what is lost to death. Hope can only go forward and make us new. Give space to hope in your life.

### **Holidays in Heaven**

The Holiday Season is just not the same,  
A smile is missing when saying one name.  
For parents who've lost a daughter or son,  
Nothing can bring back the delightful fun,  
Of watching them talk, laugh, or just run.  
The memories are all that we do have now,  
We do go on.....only God knows how.  
A New Year comes as midnight arrives,  
Our Angels still a big part of our lives.  
If only we could trade the presents we receive,  
For one more day with those whom we grieve!  
But nothing can bring back our beloved child,  
The one that laughed, cried, and often smiled.  
They are together in a much better place,  
Watching us cry.....touching our face!  
Although we miss them on Holidays to share,  
Be assured their loving presence fills the air,  
At home, in church,  
at New York's Times Square!  
So celebrating the Holidays are now hard to do,  
But always remember  
they are thinking of you too,  
Wishing you happiness and showing their love,  
Not on this Earth, but from Heaven above!

-Dan Bryl, Lawrenceville, GA TCF  
In Memory of his daughter, Jessica



## Continuing Your Relationship with Your Child

Theresa Valentine, Sean Valentine's mother Anywhere, USA

Does it just eat at your heart when you are in line at a store and the clerk reminds you to — have a good day It's hard to have a —good day when you're longing for your child is the only connection you seem to have to them.

Children are part of us. We created them, we nurtured them, we cherish them, we watched them grow, guided them throughout their life.

Then they died; many of them suddenly and unexpectedly. When our son, Sean, died I felt that my connection to him was severed. I wasn't prepared for that; didn't want it; I still needed him in my life.

One of the most difficult — “tasks” that we face in our grief work is figuring out how to continue our relationship with our child. Parents, especially Mothers, begin establishing a relationship with their children before they are born. That relationship does not end when our child dies; the problem is we have to figure out for ourselves what the relationship will now look like in our life.

Do you — “talk” with your child when you visit the cemetery? Do you write to them in your journal? Do you pray to them at night? Do you ask them questions; or for help or strength? Many of us have done that, it is a way of staying — “connected”. Or, put another way, of continuing the relationship.

Some months after Sean's death I told a trusted friend that it felt like I was — “loosing” him, he was receding into a fog. What I meant, but could not articulate, was that I felt as though I wasn't — “connecting” with him, my life was changing and he wasn't part of the changes. For example before his death I was shopping for a new car, about 6 months later I got a car but instead of it being fun or making me excited it made me sad because I no longer had the car that I had used to chauffeur him around.

I kept looking for — “signs” that he was still —with “me”, at least his spirit. If I saw a butterfly I wanted to believe that he — “sent” it to me. If a rainbow appeared I took it as a — “gift” from Sean. Were these truly signs or messages that his spirit was sending to me? I don't know; what I do know is that they made me feel better, at least for a moment, because I *believed* in them. The point is to use what makes *you* feel good. If you *want* it to be a sign, it becomes *your* sign; you may not always need this but if it works for you now accept it.

Often the things that we take as our signs help us in reestablishing our connection. I wanted to believe in them and so I did; others may not feel the need for this method of keeping the connection and will find a way that works for them.

During the first year after his death I became afraid of forgetting the details of him and of his life. I know now that I needn't have worried, but I did because I had not experienced the cycle of grief and because I had that — “fog” thing going on in my brain.

This fear of forgetting caused me to keep holding tight to my pain; I felt like it was all I had left of him. I was afraid that if I let go of the pain I would lose the last connection I had to him. I was using the pain as a connection, I don't recommend this but as I said there aren't many models for this so I had to go down a few blind canyons before I found the right path.

At some point I realized that Sean — and his life was about more than pain. And I knew that I needed to let go of a little of my pain. Boy was that scary!

But it was rewarding. A funny thing happened. Spontaneous memories came to me and were a joy and a reassurance that I wouldn't forget. I found I was able to laugh and enjoy some of those memories, and people in my life were willing to share their memories. It became easier to talk about him without crying. When this happened friends and extended family began to talk about him as well; they had been afraid of causing me to cry. I had reclaimed some of the joy that his life had brought. I began to develop a subtle, but very real, sense that he was — “with” me; I no longer needed to ask — “where are you, are you OK”.

I began to relate with him in more peaceful ways. He is with me always. He lives in my heart now. When I am happy I communicate that to him; when I see something beautiful that he would have enjoyed I — “share” it with him; when his niece was born I told him about how cute she was, and later about her first steps.

Continued on next page ... ➡



## Continuing Your Relationship with Your Child ... continued

Yes, when I am sad I share that too. My strongest memories today are not of his death (although I will never forget it), but of his life. The fact that he lived is more important than the fact that he died. Do I wish that he were still living?? Of course. Do I get sad sometimes; Do I cry? Yes. But his LIFE is what I focus on. I am who I am today and I do what I do because he died – But also because he LIVED. The lessons I learned came from his life and his death.

Part of the reason this concept of a continuing relationship is so tough to figure out is that all relationships are unique. Parents have a relationship with each child that is unique to that child, now you are trying to —“remodel” that unique relationship so that it fits the reality of your continuing life. No one can tell you exactly how to do this because it is so personal. I hope I have helped you think about how you might begin the process. I can assure you that it is possible and rewarding and you will be glad you put the effort into it. As I am writing this it has been 22 years since Sean’s death and he is still very much a part of my life, and the life of the rest of our family. I really believe that this is because I muddled through the details of that connection even when it hurt to do so. I know you can do it too.



### Holidays

November, December and January – some of the toughest months to get through when you’re newly bereaved (and sometimes when you’re not so newly bereaved). Changing seasons. A sense of foreboding about the dreaded march toward the cold winds of winter. And around every corner, the signs and sounds and smells of the family holidays to come. For some, the signs may be comforting, but in the beginning of a grief journey, for most, they seem to make an already challenging life even more challenging.

During the 12 holiday seasons that I have lived without my daughter, I have been fortunate to have been a part of our support group, where other bereaved parents have shared their —holiday lessons with me: It’s going to be tough. (For a few, it will not.) Sometimes acknowledging that right up front seems to help. Make some plans – they seem to help many get through the special days. But, feel free to abandon the plans if you can’t go through with them when the time comes.

You CAN and WILL make it through. As we all know, when our worlds stopped, everyone else’s kept right on moving. And so it is with holidays and seasons. While they may seem to last forever, they won’t. For many of us, the anticipation of the special days is sometimes far worse than the days themselves.

Allow yourself to feel whatever you feel. Friends in our group repeat this message often because as bereaved parents we feel certain that we must be —losing it when we experience such a wide range of emotions during the holidays. But many have said that we need to acknowledge, not deny or judge, our feelings – whatever they are – and let them flow.

Take care of yourself and do only what you can do. Don’t let others set your schedule or detail your day’s activities. As hard as it is for a parent to do, you may need to put yourself first this time around. Your world has changed, and you are allowed to establish new — “ground rules.”

Bring your deceased children with you into the holiday season. From lighting special candles on special holidays in memory of your children, to giving special gifts that you think your child may have given to siblings or grandparents – or gifts that are in memory of or have a connection to your child. Including and remembering our children in the holidays can be quite comforting before and after the holidays.

Good luck to each of you as enter this holiday season! Our support group welcomes you to our meetings in November, December and January – we understand how you feel and want to hear how you’re doing.

*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 cont.*



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.

## Thanksgiving

You may ask, "What do I have to be thankful for now that my child is dead?" After the death of a child, where is the joy in a day off from work? What pleasure can we derive from sitting around a table when someone is missing, and an uttered prayer of thanksgiving echoes hollow in our hearts?

Maybe we have been concentrating on the loss which has brought the overwhelming sorrow of death, and have forgotten the complete joy of life. When I remember laughing brown eyes, a mischievous grin, a scraped knee that Mommy could fix, a new word learned, even the memory of the realization that I had a baby boy, I have a great deal to be thankful for. I had 1 1/2 years of a dream come true, and I'm truly thankful I had my child.

Sure, the agony of grief, the anguish of losing my precious child to death, the torture of wanting to see that child grow and mature and the pain of never knowing, rips me up. There is no Thanksgiving in entertaining these thoughts, so this month I am going to concentrate on the Living of my child, the Life that brought me so much joy. In this I am thankful that Evan was born, thankful that he lived, thankful that even for those short 30 months—I lived them too. Even so, as he lived once, I live now and want a productive life.

I am thankful I have come that far in my grief work to know I want to live and remember the good times without sorrow. And, I am thankful for my husband, who stood by me during the rough times. The husband who is the father of the child of our love. In him I have found my child, in our marriage I have found love, and that love taught us how to love that child. I am also thankful for you, my real friends—Compassionate Friends.

*Edie Kaplan, TCF Ft. Lauderdale, FL ~ In Memory of my son, Evan*

## *Bereaved Parents Group*

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

|  |
|--|
| NON-PROFIT<br>US POSTAGE<br>PERMIT # 52<br>ENDICOTT NY |
|--|



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