



The Compassionate Friends NEWSLETTER

Manhattan Newsletter

SPRING 2017 Vol. XXIX No. 2

A DIFFERENT KIND OF LOVE... A DIFFERENT KIND OF GRIEF

I thought I knew what love is. I learned about love early. I adopted a kitten. I knew I 'loved' my mother and my father... but I really, really loved my Grandma... nobody made potatoni like she did. When I was 12 I fell in love with a boy at school. I thought that was love until I fell in love flavored with lust in high school and ultimately fell madly in love with Phil. I was pretty sure by then I had it all sorted out and knew what *real* love is. Then I had Peter. Love took on a whole new meaning.

I thought I knew about grief. When I was a young child I lost a precious toy. I was inconsolable. When I was 10 my best friend moved away. When I was a teenager my grandma died. As a young adult my boyfriend dumped me. In college I failed Spanish. In my thirties my father died. I thought I was having a nervous breakdown. In my forties my mother died. I realized I was an orphan. It was a life changing moment. For several years I longed to talk to her. I grieved daily. It took years until I accepted the loss and managed to move beyond the acute pain that loss caused. Having suffered so many of life's disappointments and losses, I knew that life goes on and time would restore me. Then Peter died. In the world of loss and grieving, nothing comes close to this.

How to describe this. Shock, disbelief, despair, anguish, physical pain, devastation, confusion, anger, impossibility, wonder, frustration, paralysis,

(Continued on page 10)

A BROKEN HEART IS AN OPEN HEART Nora Yood

This summer I will be celebrating the tenth anniversary of my son's death. On the next to the last day of July – blazing sun and oppressive humidity – he was buried. Once the funeral concluded and the morning in hell finally over, there could be no hiding from the truth that the young man who had had been my son was gone, leaving all of us who loved him numb with pain and disbelief. How would I survive knowing I would never see him again? *Celebrating* may seem like a strange term for commemorating the anniversary of his death. Perhaps *marking*, or, even better, *mourning* would be more accurate. However, I choose the word deliberately, purposely, to express how I plan to observe this milestone in my relationship with my son. Coming on a decade of living with his loss, I have decided to embark on a alternative way of understanding and accepting what will always be incomprehensible and beyond reason.

When I said farewell to my child, he was a few weeks shy of his next birthday. He remains, to borrow a term from the bereavement lexicon, *Forever Thirty*. I, on the other hand, have grown older. The the progress of aging is very much evident in my physical appearance. An intricate pattern of wrinkles embroider the corners of my eyes and my and upper lip, my hair is mostly salt not pepper, and I don't see, hear or move as well as I once did. The biggest, most significant change has little to do with how I look. The

(Continued on page 2)

TELEPHONE FRIENDS - When you're having the kind of day that you feel only another bereaved parent or sibling can understand, we are willing to listen and share with you. Don't hesitate to call our Manhattan Chapter phone for meeting information (212) 217-9647. However, if you need to speak with someone please call one of the following volunteers: Jacquie Mitchell (eves) (347) 414-1780jacquienytcf@verizon.net .

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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS MEETINGS are always the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church,
55th and 5th Avenue. Enter at 7 West 55th street.
We start PROMPTLY at 7:00PM.

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents. We are a group of bereaved parents who are seeking support in our grief or are able to give it. Among us, your religion, your race, your politics, your job or social standing are not important. We care about your grief –the tragedy that each of us has shared– and how we can grow through it, not back to the person we were but to the person we can become.

issue involves an internal abnormality. Since the death of my son, I have experienced a change in the functioning of my heart, although the problem is not reflected on an electrocardiogram. My heart has been broken, leaving a metaphorical hole in its center that cannot be mended with surgery, pills, or pacemaker. And it is this damaged, sensitive, bleeding heart that has allowed me to make peace with the random, senseless and cruel fate that is the defining reality of my life .

A broken heart is an open heart. An open heart is able to notice, be aware and receptive to the suffering of others even while in state of crisis itself. It recognizes that it shares the need for comfort and companionship with others who are also wounded and hurting. It's not that the person I used to be before David's death was especially self centered, unmoved by injustice, dismissive of the serious problems that can devastate individuals, and ignorant of the victimization of certain groups today and throughout history. Of course, I knew that bad things happen to good people and that life is not fair. But from my present vantage point, back then, I was a bit clueless about the enormity of the damage wrought by traumatic experiences, and a little too myopic and certain about my own assumptions, values and judgments. My world view had not yet been tempered by the fiery furnace of tragedy which has forced me to look beyond superficial platitudes

and generic formulas and apprehend the fragility and precariousness the human condition.

During the early period of bereavement, I often felt I was singled out as the main protagonist in a Greek tragedy and that because of my limitations, I deserved the harsh outcome meted out to me. I built a wall of anger, guilt, resentment, and despair to shut out the demons that plagued me as I tried to make sense of what happened to my son. As months, then years, passed, I began to realize, not because I thought about it, but because my open heart made me feel connected to other ordinary people, who like me, faced extraordinary challenges, and like me, were involved in a deep and existential struggle to find a way to face life on life's terms. I was filled with compassion for them, and for myself.

Experience has not made me a wiser, and stronger person. Just the opposite. I now know I have no answer to satisfactorily explain why events play themselves out as they do. I now know that I am vulnerable and sometimes afraid, and that is an acceptable response to many situations. I am sadder, though not nihilistic or hopeless toward the future. Rather, I am chastened and mindful that injustice, misfortune, and pain are unavoidably part of living. The emptiness left by the loss of my son can never be filled, but the fullness of his presence will always be felt by or those who loved him. His memory is a blessing. That is what I am celebrating.

NO VACATION

There is no vacation from your absence
Every morning I awaken
I am a bereaved parent
Every noon I feel a hole in my heart.
Every evening my arms are empty.
My life is busy now, but not quite so full.
My heart is mended, but not quite healed.
For the rest of my life every moment will be
lived without you.
There is no vacation from your absence.

~ **Kathy Boyette**, TCF Miss Gulf Coast

“So I am glad not that my loved one has gone, but that the earth that she laughed and lived on was my earth too. That I had known and loved her, and that my love I’d shown. Tears over her departure? Nay, a smile. That I had walked with her a little while”

~ **Barbara Bush**

A LOVE GIFT is a donation given in memory of a child who has died, or sometimes as a memorial to a relative or friend. It can be in honor of a happy event that you would like to acknowledge. Your contributions can be in any amount, are tax deductible and are a source of income for our chapter that helps us to reach out to bereaved parents and siblings through books, programs, meetings and this newsletter. In this issue we want to thank and acknowledge the following for their generous support of our chapter and especially, our newsletter. Note, on advice from our National office, because of concerns about identity theft we have changed our format and eliminated years from birth dates and anniversary dates.



Irma Schubert in memory of her son **William E. Schubert**, 6/2 - 5/2, forever 34
Leah Peskin in memory of her son **Gavin Peskin**, 5/2 - 11/5, forever 35
Carolee Stermer in memory of her brother **Harvey Stermer**, 5/31 - 6/9, forever 59
Deanna & Kent Grant in memory of their son **Alexander M. Grant**, 11/26 - 3/6, forever 19
Suzy, Joe & Juliette Loughlin in memory of their son and brother **Trevor Loughlin**, 11/17 - 7/4, forever 21

SUPPORT THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Be sure to place your ad in our conference program journal.
ADS MUST BE SUBMITTED BY JUNE 16TH



Dear compassionate friends,

This year will be our 40th National Conference in Orlando, Florida, July 28-30. To mark this anniversary we are creating a commemorative journal, giving us all an opportunity to place an ad that can include a photo. Since we are a 501(c)3 organization, your ad is a charitable contribution and is tax deductible. Whether or not you plan to attend the conference, be sure your child, your sister or your brother, is included in the journal and please encourage those you know to take an ad (as a memorial or in honor of). To place your ad go directly to:

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/ad-national-conference-program-book/>.

Your ad can include your child's, grandchild's, brother or sister's photo. You can include a poem, a quote, a message (be sure to attribute authorship if not written by you!)

A sample business card size ad might look like this:

<p>PHOTO</p>	<p>SAMPLE COPY OR ARTWORK:</p> <p><i>Thank you TCF for a lifetime of support & hope!</i></p>
<p>NAME 19xx - 20xx</p>	

AD SPECIFICATIONS:

Full page, 7 ½" x 10",	\$400
Half page, 7 ½" x 5",	\$200
Quarter page, 3 ½" x 5",	\$100
Eighth page, 3 ½" x 2 ½" (business card)	\$50

FATHER'S DAY

Every father believes in his role as protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer and problem solver. He has been told since his youngest days that he must be strong - must not cry.

But each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem solving and protecting has been able to stop our child's death. Inside we must ask ourselves about our failure, and we must face our lack of omnipotence.

Father's Day is often a forgotten holiday, overshadowed by the longer standing tribute to mothers. But for the bereaved father it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness; sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost child. Bitter for the death and pain and recognition of the inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Oftentimes they are unable to do so, a remnant of childhood learning's about the strength and stoicism of "big boys". A father may even be uncomfortable opening up to his spouse, and the wife who pushes him to talk may be pushing too hard.

Father's Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say "I'm sorry we haven't talked, let's do it now".

But it can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, does something special, helps with the chores, and mostly, let's him know how important and needed and loved he is. It is some of these things that he has lost with the death of a child, and like Mother's Day, the day set aside for fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in June. It can be any day and every day. Fathers often show their hurts differently, often internally.

But they DO hurt.

~ **Gerry Hunt**, TCF White River Junction, VT

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS...

YESTERDAY ...

We dreamed of how our future would be
Of times we'd share, my child and me
Whether joy or pain, laughter or tears,
we'd stand together through the years.
A promise of what life should always be,
of a child so dear, ever loving me.

TODAY ...

My heart sobs with uncontrollable grief.
I search for answers, but find no relief.
The skies have darkened, no longer bright,
for my child is gone forever, from sight.
The dreams we shared can never be,
they're left to linger in my memory.

TOMORROW ...

My heart will push aside this cloud
that darkens my life like a heavy shroud.
Once again I'll see the dawning light
and know my child's love still shines bright.
I'll remember the moments we both shared;
I'll remember our love and how we cared.
I'll remember my child now lives in me,
and his yesterdays shall always be.

~ **Carol Cichella**, Rockfort, IL

GRANDPARENTS' REMEMBRANCE

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a

grandparent shares with a grandchild and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to

accommodate their loss. We support the new ones which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

~ **Susan Mackey**,
TCF, Rutland, VT

SIBLING CREDO: *We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. Other times we will need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brothers and sisters; however, a special part of them lives on within us. When our brothers and sisters dies, our lives changed. We are living a life that is different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.*

PLEASE DON'T DISCOUNT SIBLING GRIEF

I have come to think of sibling grief as "Discount Grief". Why? Because siblings appear to be an emotional bargain in most people's eyes. People worry so much about the bereaved parents that they invest very little attention in the grieving sibling.

My personal "favorite" comforting line said to siblings is "you be sure and take care of your parents". I wanted to know who was supposed to take care of me - I know I couldn't.

The grief of a sibling may differ from that of a parent, but it ought not to be discounted. People need to realize that while it is obviously painful for parents to have lost a child, it is also painful for the sibling, who has not only lost a brother or sister, but an irreplaceable friend.

While dealing with this double loss, he or she must confront another factor; the loss of a brother or sister is frequently the surviving sibling's first experience with death of any young person. Young people feel they will live forever. A strong dose of mortality in the form of sibling death is very hard to take.

The feelings of the siblings are often discounted when decisions are being made - on things ranging from funeral plans to flower selections. Parents need to listen to surviving siblings who usually know a lot about the tastes and preferences of the deceased.

Drawing on the knowledge of surviving siblings have about supposedly trivial things - such as favorite clothes or music - can serve two purposes when planning a funeral or memorial service. First, their input helps ensure that the deceased receives the type of service he or she would have liked. Second, their inclusion in the planning lets them know they are still an important part of the family.

I realize that people are unaware that they are discounting sibling grief. But then, that's why I'm writing this - so people will know.

~ Jane Machado, TCF Atlanta, GA

MATT

He was my brother.
He was my father.
He was my best friend.
He was my breath.

He picked on me like any brother does.
He picked me up more than any brother would.
And I loved him more than life itself.

He stood by me at my worst
and was proud of me at my best.

He was my sun.
He was my angel.
He was everything I hoped to be.

It never occurred to me that I could lose him
No one ever told me my brother might die.
I would have cherished every moment I had
with him
instead of taking for granted the little time we
had together.

So now I live in the present leaving Matt in the
past,

gazing at stars that will never shine down on
him,

hearing music that will never find his ears,
and living a life I can never share with my
brother.

Having nothing but memories to guide me
through the darkness

and the love of Matt forever entrenched in
my heart.

~ John Leano, TCF Rockland County, NY

GRIEF WISDOM AND REALIZATIONS

First...

Allow yourself to feel whatever you need
Cry wherever and whenever
Sob if your heart calls for it
Find a space to scream as loud as you can
Freak out and take many deep breaths
Be as angry as you need to release the emotions
that are not healthy for you

Then...

Take responsibility of taking care yourself
Build courage to get through the day
Do what you need to let the moment(s) pass
Let go of people and things that do not serve you
Workout your frustrations as much as you can
because you deserve to de-stress and look
gorgeous
Surround yourself with people who are non-
judgmental and low maintenance

Lastly...

Laugh, laugh a lot
Dance, dance until you cannot stand anymore
Smile, as your sibling wants you to be happy
Hug, as you deserve to be loved as much as you
love your sibling
Breathe deeply, as that is what you need for
survival
Cherish the moments and stories that honor your
sibling
Love others as you do your sibling
Surround yourself with compassionate people,
people who get it, people who love you and
understand your grief or is just willing to be there
to hold your hand or just cry with you

Give yourself time to redefine yourself and your
identity

Live the life that your sibling would want you to
live

Fight for your own happiness because your
sibling wants to see you thrive

Just be your own true self and do not give a
damn about what others think as they do not
know the deep relationship and connection that
you have with your sibling

Always...

Reflect and recognize how far you have come in
your grief process

Self reflect and follow your inner calling

Yearn to do good things in this world that your
sibling did not get a chance to do

Admire how far you have come in this process
and do not question the choices that you or your
sibling have made

Love, love, love, love and love unconditionally

When you need a little inspiration...

Reach out to a compassionate friend

Release in your journal

Let things be, keep calm, be more spiritual

Give yourself a lot more credit

Remind yourself the love you have for your
sibling

Make your sibling proud of the person that they
love and will love always

by **Susan Zhou**, TCF Manhattan

“Happily Ever After” Endings Evade Some Mothers

by Erma Bombeck

If you're looking for an answer this Mother's Day on why God reclaimed your child, I don't know. I only know that thousands of mothers out there today desperately need an answer as to why they were permitted to go through the elation of carrying a child and then lose it to miscarriage, accident, violence, disease or drugs. Motherhood isn't just a series of contractions; it is a state of mind. From the moment we know life is inside us, we feel a responsibility to protect and defend that human being. It's a promise we can't keep. We beat ourselves to death over that pledge. "If I hadn't worked through the eighth month," "If I had taken him to the doctor when he had a fever." "If I hadn't let him use the car that night." "If I hadn't been so naive, I'd have noticed he was on drugs."

The longer I live, the more convinced I become that surviving changes us. After the bitterness, the anger, the guilt and despair are

tempered by time, we look at life differently. While I was writing my book "I want to Grow Hair, I want to Go To Boise", I talked with mothers who had lost a child to cancer. Every single one said that death gave their lives new meaning and purpose. And who do you think prepared them for the rough, lonely road they had to travel? Their dying child.

..children make your life important.

~ Erma Bombeck

They pointed their mothers toward the future and told them to keep going. The children had already accepted what their mothers were fighting to reject. The children in the bombed-out nursery in Oklahoma City touched more lives than they will ever know. Workers who had probably given their kids a mechanical pat on the head without thinking that morning were making calls home during the day to their children to say "I love you."

This may seem like a strange Mother's Day column on a day when joy and life abound for the millions of mothers throughout the country. But it's also a day of appreciation and respect. I can think of no mothers who deserve it more than those who had to give a child back. In the face of adversity we are not permitted to ask, "Why me?" You can ask, but you won't get an answer. Maybe you are the instrument who was left behind to perpetuate the life that was lost and appreciate the time you had with it. The late Gilda Radner summer it up pretty well. "I wanted a perfect ending. Now I've learned the hard way that some poems don't rhyme and some stories don't have a clear beginning, middle and end. Life is about not knowing, having to change, taking the moment and making the best of it, without knowing what is going to happen next. Delicious ambiguity."

SPRING'S TEARS

When the sun's sharp brilliance echoes in the luminescent blue,
a grim, oppressive darkness stabs my aching heart anew.
It's golden glow upon my face, the warmth of winter's sun
holds the promise of renewal when the icy months are done.

It is this vow of nature's resurgence in the spring
that bows my head, and breaks my heart - unlocks my suffering..
for you will miss again the beauty of this time of year,
the growing warmth, the sunny days when life will reappear.

For nature has no power over death that holds you still,
and though I know, I still resent spring's early daffodil..
oh, would that I could speak to Mother Nature face to face!
to beg she work her magic on your lonely resting place.

Why can't it be YOUR rebirth when the grey cold days are gone?
Why mightn't YOU not live again to see Spring's fresh new dawn..
and feel the warmth of sunshine,
relish in the greening earth...
to open arms, embracing life,
Why can't it be YOUR birth?

You were so young, your life so new when death crept through the door,
and in my grief, beloved child, I'll ask forever more,
the reason why the earth's renewed when Spring comes 'round each year..
Yet in your grave, you're silent still
and I, condemned, am here.

~ Sally Migliaccio, for Tracey, always

hopelessness... the magnitude of pain is beyond description. There is simply no language that is sufficient. My mind shut down. Trying to reference past experiences that might help to rationalize this reality was impossible. I was in uncharted territory. And so was Peter. I suffered for him too because I just knew he was as upset as I was on the other side. I knew when he discovered he was dead, his despair was as acute as mine - not only discovering he was on the other side, but more, knowing he had left me here. I suffered doubly knowing my child was in such pain. I was falling down a black hole. There would be no end to this forever.

While my world was crumbling, those around me made pitiful attempts to comfort and assure me of my survival. They didn't understand that I had no desire to survive. Truth was I was sure I wouldn't survive. That was the only thought that comforted me. I would be with Peter soon. I had only limited

time to get my life in order before I joined him. Remembering those early days, knowing now how universal that devastation is to every newly bereaved parent, compels me to reach out to every new parent that lands disbelieving and devastated into our world. It pains me to think anyone else must live through this.

I'm still here. Though Peter has preceded me into that great unknown, I am sure that we will be together again. I long for him still. I still cannot believe he is not in this world. But this indescribable love we share is ongoing. We are cosmically connected. He is my son and he is invisible. He taught me what love is and I love him still and always. As long as I live, he will live ...in my life, and in the lives of all I have come to know and will continue to meet for all the years that remain.

Marie Levine
April 2017

BORN STILL: A MISUNDERSTOOD GRIEF

I find myself writing this maybe because I hurt, maybe because I feel the need to educate others, maybe because I just have to.

I am just two years bereaved, and have belonged to TCF for about a year and a half now. My son died when I was full term with him. In my search for help to assist me through my own grief (have tried to help others understand what it is that we who have lost a baby - a child at birth - feel. Sometimes it is very difficult to explain my feelings, because Sean never lived outside my womb. But because he was vibrantly alive inside of me for nine months I grew to know him as he developed.

Sometimes I think back and try to remember the happy memories of the time with my son. He loved fettucine alfredo, but it had to have broccoli or shrimp in it. I think about the kind of music he liked, and of the songs he liked me to sing to him.

Sean liked me to rub him to sleep. I remember that he hiccupped so often it sometimes drove me nuts! Oh, how I miss those days. But because of those days - even through this intense pain - I also have joy. I have joy because I had my son at all; because I loved my son, because I mothered him.

When I was first bereaved, I looked at people who had "time" with their children and thought to myself, "well, at

least you had them for (however long it was). I know other grieving parents look at me and think, "well at least you didn't get to know him". I know now how wrong I was, and also how wrong they are. No matter what amount of time we have with our child, we all feel the same pain of loss.

We should never have to bury our children.

I have pain because Sean died, because I had only ten minutes with him outside my womb, because I never saw his eyes open, never saw him smile, never heard him make a sound. The silence in the delivery room was deafening. I have pain because he lay in a morgue for days, waiting to be buried. I have the pain of seeing my son in his coffin, seeing that coffin closed, having a funeral, putting him into the ground, saying goodbye. Pain because I now must visit him at a cemetery. I grieve his loss terribly, and feel a crater burned into my heart. I feel the emptiness that will never be filled, I feel the loss of my future, my life.

You see, I feel what you feel. Our experiences may be different; you may have had your child longer than I did, but our pain is all the same. Losing a child is a life-altering experience. Things will never be the same. I will never be the same, and I don't want to be!

~ **Kathy Evans**, In loving memory of my son **Sean**

WHAT SHOULD I EXPECT?

When a grieving family attends a TCF meeting, they may be so full of emotional pain that they can only sit and listen. To talk might require more emotional composure and energy than they possess. Other, fresh in their grief and quite possibly still residing in shock might choose to talk non-stop; others may choose to hide their tears and actually find ways to joke about life. All of those ways are considered normal and acceptable. But, either way, talking or listening, laughing or crying, dialog with other families who know and understand what you are going through will eventually be of extraordinary benefit.

Sometimes parents attend a couple of meetings of The Compassionate Friends hoping for a ninety minute miracle. Then, when the pain remains, or actually becomes more intense as it surfaces, they decide not to attend any more meetings, where painful memories might evoke tears. Sometimes the newly bereaved just don't have enough physical energy to attend a meeting. They struggle just to make it through the day. Others assume the mistaken belief that if you just don't dwell on it, it will get better with time. These parents may try to force the grief down deep inside, and some people carry the unexpressed pain inside for years, where it continues to simmer and fester until it manifests in serious physical consequences.

Unresolved grief does not go away. It can be eased or masked for a time with drugs, and often a parent turns to tranquilizers, anti-depressants or other medicinal chemicals with unknown risk, seeking permanent relief from the emotional devastation. But true healing occurs through a long process involving time, love and understanding of others, and by acknowledging, discussing and ultimately learning to accept all the feelings and experiences which surrounded the loss.

It takes inordinate courage to confront the Demon of Death and the loss of a child. It also requires a certain amount of love and care for your fellow human beings to continue to share with other newly bereaved. But ultimately, when we decide to walk this walk with The Compassionate Friends, the love and support we offer to one another - as together we travel the road to healing - brings comfort, strength, understanding and finally, a newfound sense of purpose in our life. We are not alone, and by truly caring for one another, we can help each other go way beyond "just surviving". We are truly sorry for your loss and we extend ourselves to you with compassion and love.

~ Sharon Steffke, 1998

40TH TCF NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Our National conference will be held in Orlando Florida from July 28-30, 2017.



If you have never attended one of these amazing events, you should do whatever you can to get there. For three days you will be in the company of

fellow travelers from all over the country.

With more than 100 workshops to choose from, with banquet speakers, a candle lighting ceremony, daily sharing sessions and the Walk to Remember on the final day, you will learn so many of the coping skills we all seek in our healing journey.

Hotel reservations will open on February 15th and will sell out quickly. If this is your first conference talk to your chapter leaders about your intent to attend so we can arrange to offset your conference registration fee.

go to www.compassionatefriends.org for details



SAVE THE DATE !!!
Monday, June 5, 2017

Our Spring dinner will be held at



PASTA LOVERS
West 49th St.

See Invite at www.compassionatefriends.nyc

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CHAT SCHEDULE

Go to: www.compassionatefriends.org, and click on CHAT. Times are Eastern Standard Time.

EDT	9:00-10:00AM	8:00-9:00PM	9:00-10:00PM	10:00-11:00PM
MON			General Bereavement Issues & Grandparents/Stepparents	General Bereavement Issues & Men's Chat
TUE			General Bereavement Issues, Bereavement over 2 years & Pregnancy Loss/Infant Death	General Bereavement Issues & Pregnancy Loss/Infant Death
WED	Newly Bereaved		September 11 Families & Siblings	General Bereavement Issues
THU		No Surviving Children	General Bereavement Issues & Siblings	General Bereavement Issues
FRI		Suicide	Special Needs Children	General Bereavement Issues
SAT				General Bereavement & Siblings
SUN	Siblings		General Bereavement Issues & Siblings	General Bereavement Issues & Siblings

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We Need Not Walk Alone
TCF National Magazine
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Deadline for Newsletter article submissions:
Fall: August 1st Spring/Summer: April 1st
Winter: February 2nd Holiday: October 1st

Mark Your Calendars!
Our next Chapter meetings are Tuesdays:

MAY 9	JUN 13	JUL 11	AUG 8	SEP 12
MAY 23	JUN 27	JUL 25	AUG 22	SEP 26

OUR COMPASSIONATE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

Babylon	1st Friday	(516) 795-8644	Medford	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809
Bronx	2nd Tuesday	(914) 714-4885	Rockville Centre	2nd Friday	(516) 766-4682
Brookhaven	2nd Friday	(631) 738-0809	Rockland County	3rd Tuesday	(845) 398-9762
Brooklyn	3rd Wednesday	(917) 952-9751	Staten Island	2nd and 4th Thursday	(718) 983-0377
Flushing	3rd Friday	(718) 746-5010	Syosset (Plainview)	3rd Friday	(718) 767-0904
Manhasset	3rd Tuesday	(516) 466-2480	Twin Forks/Hamptons	3rd Friday	(646) 894-0317
Marine Park, Bklyn	3rd Friday	(718) 605-1545	White Plains	1st Thursday	(914) 381-3389
			HOT LINE		(516) 781-4173



The Compassionate Friends

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