

The Compassionate Friends Newsletter for March is dedicated :

In Loving Memory of Jason Byrnes by Mom, Christine Byrnes

In Loving Memory of Zachary Hadlock by sisters,
Amelia, McKensie, & Elizabeth



♥ CONSIDER YOURSELF -
HUGGED !!



Your
friendship
is a
blessing.



March 2025

TCF Newsletter



Pocono Chapter of TCF

Dear Compassionate Friends,

It finally is feeling a little like Spring... Well almost!! It seemed as if the cold and dark of winter would not end...now, it seems like Spring is becoming a beautiful time of year... and for some grieving parents, it is a welcome change. It is a time to feel some hope of beauty in your life again. However, for some Compassionate Friends, spring can be a very painful season ...it is easier or feels safer to be in the darkness of winter.

Whether we want it to or not, spring arrives. Just as we think winter will never end, the spring buds and flowers brighten the world. It seems impossible that the tiny little crocus or daffodil plant would make its way up thru the hard frozen ground...but it does and it makes us smile. And so it is with us...we WILL Smile again.

It seems impossible that we can go on. We feel better to be in the darkness of our grief, but one day, we feel like we can grow again and we do grow and we will face the world again... FOR our child or our children.

Altho it is hard, and as the world "marches" on, we will help each other with the steps it takes to go on!



Save the Date
TCF Butterfly Release
Saturday, June 14th
at 12:00 noon at Posies Park
More info to come!





2.

Our Children Remembered Always Loved - Never Forgotten - Sadly Missed

March Birthdays

Kaitlyn Ann White	3/04
Tyler Rodimer	3/04
Allen Christopher	3/04
Tyler Balog	3/04
Blaze Morris Hendershot	3/07
Ethan Robles	3/07
Jason Quinn	3/08
Benjamin Orlando	3/09
David John Suppan	3/12
Jeff Young	3/12
Maxwell Christopher Keitt	3/12
Monica Leon	3/14
Skyler Miller	3/15
Salvatore Schippers	3/17
Ben Morris	3/19
Christopher Small Jr.	3/21
Kevin McDermott	3/23
Christopher O'Donnell	3/25
Evan Musselman	3/25
Alyssa Rachael Toner	3/26
Katrina Strausser	3/27
Athena Ford	3/30
Jonathan Ainsworth	3/30
Mitchell Cherry	3/31

March Angel Days

Terrence Martin	3/01
Ryan McCarron	3/01
Brian Sommers	3/01
Alyssa Rachael Toner	3/02
Lauren Emilie	3/03
Zachary Hadlock	3/03
Jason Byrnes	3/04
Rory Kay Moyer	3/04
Cory Kirkwood	3/08
Brian Buzzard	3/08
James Smith	3/11
Maxwell Christopher Keitt	3/12
Ethan Robles	3/12
Allen Christopher	3/14
Jeremy Steen	3/14
Trevor Roberts	3/17
Ryan Duroskey	3/17
Ryan McConnell	3/18
Nicholas Pierce	3/20
Anthony Ciervo	3/20
Tracy Coogan	3/22
Edward Paul Gleckler	3/22
Chen Cramer	3/24
Nicolas Correa	3/24
Briston Irby-Reynolds	3/25
Shawn Detweiler	3/26
Eric Mittereder	3/28
Tyler Rodimer	3/29
Khloe Heather Arroyo	3/29
Justin Kemly	3/31

*I can no longer see you
with my eyes or touch you
with my hands,
but I will FEEL you
in my Heart Forever!*

Never a day goes by, we don't think of you.
Never a night goes by, we don't hold you.
Never a season changes, we don't love you.
As long as we live, we will remember you.

"When you are sorrowful. Look again in your heart and you will see that in truth you are weeping (now) for that which has been your greatest delight." And so we remember them... Kahil Gibran



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Next TCF Meeting

March 17 at 7:00



Our Topic - March sometimes arrives like a Lion...

And Grief always arrives like a Lion!

We will talk about those Lion and Lamb feelings...
in our individual grief journeys.

If it is your first meeting... We will help you...

Please know, we are all here for each other
with Love and Hope and Understanding!

It is in sharing our grief and sorrow that we can help each other!

Please visit our Chapter's Website. www.tcfpoconochapter.org

Our chapter's email address is: tcfpoconochapter@gmail.com



Welcome to our The Compassionate Friends (TCF)

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual-assistance, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. We are a small group and we welcome you...

it is in helping others that we help ourselves.

We are so sorry for the circumstances that bring you to us, but we hope that we can be of some assistance to you as you work through your grief. You are cordially invited to attend our meetings each month.

Nothing is required of you! There are no dues, or fees and you do not need to speak a word. Attending your first meeting does take some courage, but most parents and others find a comforting network of support, friendship, and understanding that only those who "have been there" can give.

Please come COME BACK!!!

"Those of us who have worked through our grief and found there is a future are the ones who must meet others in the valley of darkness and bring them to the light." Rev. Simon Stephens, Founder of The Compassionate Friends

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LOVE GIFTS- A thoughtful way to remember

The love and generosity which prompted these gifts are greatly appreciated.

There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends. As parents find hope and healing within the group and through the newsletter, they often make a "Love Gift"..



Love Gift - Postage and Newsletter Donation

In Loving Memory of son Jason Byrnes by his Mom, Christine Byrnes.
In Loving Memory of Zach Hadlock by Zach's Sisters,
Amelia, McKensie, Elizabeth



*Please remember to fill out the form on the last page of this
newsletter to make

A Love gift in Loving Memory of YOUR child.

It is a way for your child to be remembered and to help others!

☺THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE GIFTS.

TCF SINCERELY THANKS YOU FOR YOUR LOVE GIFTS *These gifts are greatly appreciated!*

(Love Gifts to TCF are Tax Deductible)

Our chapter's email address is: tcfpoconochapter@gmail.com

****Remembrance**  Cards and Notes:

Very Special Thanks to Teresa Myers -Zach's Mom for sending Birthday and Angel Day Remembrance cards. Those cards are a very special way to remember our children and send our wishes of comfort and peace to the family.



TCF Library

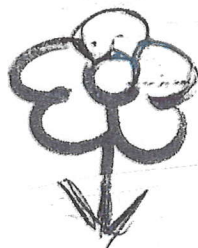
We have a Lending Library with books available for our Compassionate Friends to borrow and return when they are finished. We know that reading books on how others faced their sorrow helps us face our own sorrow too. **Huge and heartfelt thanks to Kevinn Kramer (Peter's Dad) for being our Librarian



NEW MEMBER OUT REACH - Kathy Tuliszewski (Brady's Grandma)

Our Motto states... TCF helps us to grieve as well as to grow.

Kathy reaches out to the newly bereaved with notes or calls and sends helpful info about TCF. She also follows up when new parents come to our TCF Meeting to welcome them and be a source of strength. She is an excellent source of support for TCF members with calls and notes. ** Special heartfelt Thanks to Kathy for reaching out to help new families



5.
— From One of our
first TCF newsletters ...

March 9, 2003



It is still winter and you are still gone. The days run together in an endless storm of snow and ice. I wage a constant battle against the cold that nips tirelessly at my soul. The frost seems to invade every corner of my world and I am frozen through and through. It appears this chill will never ease let alone cease. Frozen in time, I look for signs of hope.

What does hope look like and how will I recognize it? I fear it will present itself and pass right by unnoticed. What if hope, like opportunity, only knocks once? What are the indicators that hope is still among us? If hope is hidden with in the snowy landscape, can it still be found? These questions and many more like them run through my mind in the quiet moments of the day. I think and think of hope and soon can think of nothing more. And before I know it, hope overtakes my thoughts and sneaks towards my soul. Yet, I don't see it coming.

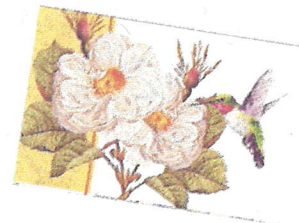
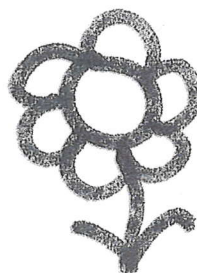
Hope begins like springtime. You cannot see it coming. It starts to work its cycle deep down where it can't be seen, only believed. Under the blanket of snow the process begins. Roots begin to search and reach and cling. Buds and bulbs start to sprout long before they can be seen. The sun starts to thaw the land and the light lingers with the promise of more. Suddenly, spring presents itself and refuses to be overlooked.

Hope grows slowly under our own blanket of cold and winter. We are all in the winter of our hearts. Hope grows without our knowing, silently clinging to us like the subtle springtime. Hope cannot be overlooked. And surely like the spring, hope will come full circle in her own season.

May you find your season of hope in this time of spring and renewal. It is my sincere wish that you find your peace as you journey through this grief.

Amy Amendola
Scranton/Stroudsburg TCF

**WE WISH YOU
PEACE AND HOPE
THIS SPRING.**





Love Never Goes Away

"Why does it hurt so much? Why is this grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren't so crushing?" All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous 'ouches' can compare with the hurt we now feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying your child.

Yet most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have. So...we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely we can't live like THIS forever.

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few commonly recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable...some day.

TIME...the longest word in our grief. We used to measure TIME by the steps of our child...the first word, first tooth, first date, first car...now we don't have that measure anymore. All we have is TIME, and it only seems to make the hurt worst!

So what do we do? Give ourselves TIME...to hurt, to grieve, to cry. TIME to choke, to scream. TIME to be 'crazy' and time to remember.

Be nice to yourself!! Don't measure your progress through grief against anyone else's. Be your own timekeeper.

Don't push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and the moments...but don't expect them to go away. We will

always hurt. You don't get over grief...it only becomes tolerable and livable.

Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost - try thinking of how much you had. Try letting the good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn't lose our child...HE DIED. We didn't lose the love that flowed between us...it still flows, just differently now. *

Does it help to know that if we didn't love so much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I'm very, very glad I loved!

Don't let death cast ugly shadows, but rather warm memories of the loving times you shared. Even though death comes, LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY!! *

Darcie D. Sims TCF San Antonio TX

FOR SIBLINGS

Rest my brother
You now have peace
The wars with you
All have ceased.

And with the rising
Sun each day
Upon the heavens
You will play.

Until that day
We meet again
Know I love you,
My brother, my friend.

*Sandra Evans, TCF Kearsarge Area NH
In memory of her brother*

In March, it is as if the higher powers know we need to be shaken out of the lethargy of winter, awakened, prepared for growth.

Winter is again almost behind us although the hardwoods very stubbornly hold onto the last leaves of autumn. Is there a power of nature that knows that the trees, the plants, and we humans are still within our lethargy, fixed in modes of inactivity, semi-dormant, and like all sleepers, resentful of rough disturbance?

Is there a knowledge that remembers the need for all things to bend, lest they break? March "comes in like a lion" and "leaves like a lamb" Perhaps we have a primordial need for the shake the month gives us each spring, and the ensuing lamb is only a resting lion, all work done for this period of renewal.

Suddenly the peaceful quiet of winter days is much disturbed by violent wind gusting! Stark limbs are pushed to strive and snap back against a still gray sky. The hangers-on, the last dead leaves, are torn from their resting places, as if the stark trees are told there must be room for new growth! Neighbors complain as their resting places, as if the stark trees are told there must be room for new growth Neighbors complain as the wind moves all trash, seemingly deposits it where it knows it will be cleared. March is not a gentle month, but perhaps it is the most playful of all months, a very young month! March is a playful as an adolescent child, a big friendly puppy, and awkward kitten.

What message does an ancient tree receive when its limbs are flung against the sky, repeatedly exercised, threatened with severe harm, and small wounds cause the flow of healing juices? What happens to the roots in their winter sleep when shaken by the wind-flung tree?

March roars in like a lion, but no great harm results. March rages like an upset mother, but we know that she loves us. March is playful. March rests, and storms again in case we again sleep. March cleans the trees, moves the dead leaves, rearranges all trash, and knows we will complain and clean it all again. It takes will, caring, and health to complain. March laughs, and all of us who forgot how to laugh are reminded. Laughter is healthy. Playful is cheerful. Confusion awakens us. Storm threats alert us.

Every year March rages, rests, upsets, moves, surprises, and repeats its lively repertoire; adolescent, out of sequence, full of surprise. Bare trees flail against the sky. The waters of the lake are roiled. New plants are rudely pushed about. Old ones are roughly awakened by the boisterous side of nature. March is the exuberant one of all the months. March insures that, ready or not, we will greet the renewal of nature, new growth, new challenge. We are simply not allowed to hide in our comfortable "rut." March is a month that refuses to be ignored. We are thrown out of the comfort of the winter shell. March's message seems to be "Ready or not, it's time to be alive again."

We Compassionate Friends all seem to go through a period of dormant life and growth as we struggle to assimilate our great losses. With the passage of time, there is then a period of renewal, of interest in life, and an ability to accept new growth, new tasks, and life's challenges, awareness that we can leave some of our cold winter behind us.

Even in deep grief we, too, seem to come out of our lethargy and be cheered by the renewal so apparent in spring. We hope that you, this year, will enjoy the gusting winds of March and be stirred and cheered by March's playful prelude to the coming spring.

Dayton Robinson, TCF Tuscaloose, AL

TRADITIONAL IRISH POEM



May you always walk in sunshine
And God's love around you flow,
For happiness you gave us,
No one will ever know.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you did not go alone;
A part of us went with you
The day God called you home.
A million times we've cried.
If love could only have saved you,
You never would have died

Reflections of March

March is a month of renewal. The dormant trees begin to stir; the birds optimistically sing of Spring; the winds, sometimes violent, wake us; perhaps we need a 'shake' out of our winter lethargy; an awakening.

There is that urge to plant, to nourish, to grow a tree or a flower. There is the primordial urge to feel your hands digging in the warming earth. Perhaps we plant because we know that someone will see the results, as we have enjoyed the results of other's work. It could be called a debt of renewal, a repayment for that which we have enjoyed. As we nourish small seedlings, we visualize the end results. That tree may die, as our children have died. That tree may flourish beautifully, or it may meet ultimate disaster, but if that tree does well, it could be a source of great pleasure and of beauty for many coming years. We can believe that a seedling will be a glorious tree enjoyed by many. It is a nice dream.

"To all things there is a season", and as life goes by, we simply cannot afford to miss the seasons, the renewals, the chances for new growth. Regardless of our grief and regrets, life goes on, and we must try not to miss a season of it. Life simply will be, whether we participate or not. Someone will benefit from constructive growth if we can find the energy to make the effort.

Severe grief, for a time, reduces our interest and our ability to participate fully in life. With a low energy level and little initiative and with our hopes for the future severely damaged, it requires great effort for the bereaved to learn to again enjoy the small things that make up most of our lives. Our hopes for the future are so damaged that there is little incentive to work today for the future. The things that exist today comprise the basics of our future. We run a risk and a danger of missing the good things that are to be, because we do not have the wish to participate in the things that are today.

Although we need a time of some withdrawal, some time to ponder the unanswered questions, some time to heal, we also need to be aware of the lives that are passing. Regardless of our grief, life simply goes on, and there is much good that we risk

losing if we stay too long in a state of suspense of the present and a sad review of the past.

A part of learning to "accept the unacceptable" is to learn to make the effort to sort out the good memories and take them with us into a future that will be happy again.

There comes a time when the harsh winter of our damaging grief will give way to some awakening; a time when we, like nature, can shake off some of the lethargy and see and feel the renewals life offers. Our choice is to remember that we could not control the advent of disaster. We can only control our response. Our choice is now only in the way in which we respond to the necessity to pick up the threads of our life and go on.

We owe it to ourselves, Compassionate Friends, to make a positive effort. We can hope that those buffeting winds of March can help us awaken to the renewals of spring and put the "winter of our disaster" in its place, now a part of our ongoing lives.

---Dayton Robinson
TCF, Tuscaloosa, AL

Let's Go Home

Let's go home...

My eyes pleaded to my husband.

We don't belong here.

This is crazy... these people are still hurting.

Two, five years later and they are still coming here.

Let's go home. We don't belong here.

We won't, we can't be like that. Perhaps...

If I don't speak,

If I don't tell them why we came...

It won't be true.

But wait... Why are they laughing?

They all lost children, yet they are laughing

At something, somehow.

And wait... Why am I nodding at what he's saying?

Why do I feel I must say something to that couple

Who are in this nightmare even less time than we?

They all seem to know what I'm feeling...

Without my even saying it...

Just not flinching at my tears.

That steady, endless stream of tears that seems to never stop.

Perhaps... one day I'll join their laughter...

Let's wait... perhaps we shouldn't leave just yet.

---Sandy Fein, Manhasset, NY

Please come to TCF

Message for
TCF !
♥



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In Loving Memory of Zachary Hadlock by sisters,
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*Compassionate Friends Helping
Compassionate Friends*

**Many TCF Members have Activities or Fundraisers
in their Child's or Children's Memory!**

**Please let us know and we will post it here so
we can help and support each other and help
OUR CHILDREN always be remembered!**

APRIL 27TH 2025 AT NOON

KATIE'S 2ND ANNUAL REMEMBRANCE BOWLING FUNDRAISER



**Where: Summit Lanes,
Pocono Summit, PA**

**Cost: \$30 per bowler/six
bowlers per lane. Includes two
games of bowling
and shoes**



**All proceeds will be
donated to the Kaitlyn
Carson Memorial Foundation**

**Bring books and school
supplies. They will be donated
locally in Katie's memory**

**For booking, contact Denise Doremus
at zebby88@gmail.com**

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Those who pass by and touch us with their Love, give us reason to live.
Love Gifts are helpful to our TCF and a thoughtful way to HONOR your loved one.

If you would like to make a Love Gift donation to our TCF,
Please send a check made out to TCF and mail check and this form to our TCF Treasurer
Lori Gibson TCF 2334 Rimrock Dr. Stroudsburg, PA. 18360.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____ e-mail _____

Child's name _____ Relationship to child _____

Birth date _____ Angel Date _____

Love Gifts

Please check one or more that applies:

_____ Dedicate / Sponsor the Newsletter in the month of _____

In Loving Memory of _____

(donation- \$25.00)

_____ Love Gift for postage for our monthly newsletter

In Loving Memory of _____

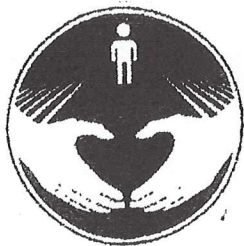
(donation - \$25.00)

_____ A Love Gift of _____

In loving Memory of _____

Thank you for your Love Gifts.



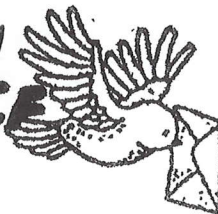


THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

ESKIMO LEGEND

Perhaps they are not the stars, but rather openings in Heaven where the love of our lost ones pours through and shines down upon us to let us know they are happy.

* March 17
April 21
TCE



Grief support after the death of a child

The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.

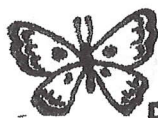
The Compassionate Friends is a national nonprofit, self-help support organization that offers friendship and understanding to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. There is no religious affiliation and there are no membership dues or fees.



The secret of TCF's success is simple: As seasoned griever reach out to the newly bereaved, energy that has been directed inward begins to flow outward and both are helped to heal.

Life goes on, as the seasons do,
But there's one thing that stays the same,
And that is our LOVE for you!

Jean Stajcar - Central Iowa TCF



TCF

Pocono Chapter

c/o Debbie Kolb

1287 Mutton Hollow Rd.
Stroudsburg, Pa. 18360



♥ Consider Yourself -
HUGGED !!

