

The Compassionate Friends Newsletter is dedicated :

In Loving Memory of son, Christopher Cardwell by Kathy Lambert

In Loving Memory of daughter, Colleen by Kathy Kilker

In Loving Memory of son & grandson, Brady by The Tuliszewski Family

In Loving Memory of son, Andrew by Daphne Arnold

In Loving Memory of daughter, Jaclyn by Yolanda Gonzalez

In Loving Memory of son & brother, Zachary Hadlack by Teresa and Amelia Myers



**The Pocono TCF Newsletter MAY & JUNE 2023**

May was a beautiful month. Some days are so warm and we feel a little better. We go outside. We can take a walk. We can smile and see some beauty. Then, it is rainy and chilly... and we feel miserable ...we stay in. And, so it is with grief. We can feel a little stronger for a few days... and then, like with the weather... suddenly it's all hard again. You have to know... grief is like that.

When I see the trees blossom and beauty of May ...I am also reminded that out of the darkest winter... the beauty returns. It is with hopefulness that I feel that we can once again open our hearts to see the beauty again... and let the beauty surrounding us ease our broken hearts...and let our hearts be brightened. Sometimes...just the color of a flower can brighten your heart!!

May is also a most important time to remember with love and gratitude all those brave men and women who served our country and who gave their lives so we may live in FREEDOM. Please remember all our servicemen and women and keep their families in your hearts during this Memorial Day and always. We must never forget their sacrifice for all of us.

June is again another difficult month to face. It will be Graduation Time, Father's Day, and the start of the summer. The hardest part is that **summer** is usually a time of warm sun and family fun. Beth Seth, TCF of Madison, WI expresses it so well. She said, "One minute, we feel we can handle the upcoming days, and the next minute we feel saddened at just the mention of this summer season. \*\*\*Sometimes, if you feel strong enough, it is a good idea to do something meaningful and tangible in remembrance of your child, like planting a tree, or special flowers, donate a book to the Library, light a candle, or put flowers on the altar."

It is not easy... but TRY to let some sorrow go...to be replaced with some *Peace*... enjoy a beautiful sunset, a beautiful flower... any little thing that makes you smile!

Letting go of some of our sorrow does not mean we are forgetting our children, or moving on as all those friends want us to do...it means that we remember our children in all that we do and it is important to find a little Peace and Joy in our life for our children!

\*\*Our sadness and sorrow does not measure our love for our children...but our love is measured in our living for them, keeping them remembered, doing things they like to do, and helping others in their honor and memory. We from TCF do wish you summer PEACE and summer JOY. We are hopeful you can look at the blue sky, feel the warmth of the sun, and find some peace

in the beauty of summer and we hope see lots of butterflies!



May and June are the months to face **Mother's Day and Father's Day**... always so hard. *and it feels impossible to face*. Then again...isn't every day hard to face? But we have no choice, we have to face them. Just take... **ONE moment at a time** and always remember that **LOVE never ends**. Let their love make you smile...You are always a Mom! You are always a Dad!

**CONSIDER YOURSELF  
HUGGED !!**







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Please visit our Chapter's Website. [www.tcfpoconochapter.org](http://www.tcfpoconochapter.org)

Our chapter's email address is: [tcfpoconochapter@gmail.com](mailto:tcfpoconochapter@gmail.com)

Thanks to Ernie and Barb Camlet for this website!



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! And please 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. By: Rev. Simon Stephens, Founder of The Compassionate Friends



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".

We sincerely appreciate the generosity and kindness for sponsoring this newsletter and postage.

LOVE GIFTS - A THOUGHTFUL WAY TO REMEMBER

Love Gift - Postage and Newsletter Donation

Kathy Lambert - In Loving Memory of son, Christopher Cardwell

Kathy Kilker - In Loving Memory of daughter, Colleen Kilker

The Tuliszewski Family - In Loving Memory of son and grandson, Brady

Daphne Arnold - In Loving Memory of son, Andrew Arnold

Yolanda Gonzalez - In Loving memory of daughter, Jaclyn

Debbie Kolb - In Loving Memory of Colleen Clinton-Reilly

Teresa & Amelia Myers - In Loving Memory of son & brother, Zachary Hadlock TCF

SINCERELY THANKS YOU FOR YOUR LOVE GIFTS.

*These gifts are greatly appreciated!*



**\*\*Compassionate Friends meet the THIRD MONDAY of each month at**

**Our Lady of Victory Church at 7:00 Mark your Calendar -**

**Next meetings - June 19, July 17, August 21**

**Hope you can come!**

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2.

**REMINDER: This Saturday - Butterfly Release - June 17\* 12:00**



*An Indian Legend says that if anyone desires a wish to come true, that person must capture a butterfly and whisper that wish to it. Since butterflies make no sound, they can't tell anyone but The Great Spirit. By making a wish and releasing the butterfly your wish will be taken to the Heavens and be granted.*

**We will gather to whisper our wishes to the butterflies on**

**Date: Saturday, June 17 2023 (Rain or shine)**

**Time: 12:00**

**Place: Posie's Park**

*This will be a celebration of our children  
and the LOVE that keeps us connected to them!*

*As we gather together at our REMEMBRANCE WALKWAY,  
we can share our memories and release our butterflies.*



**\*\*Call Barb and Ernie Camlet if you have questions about butterflies you ordered.**

Ernie 570-460-3044, or Barbara 570-460-1764

**\*Please note:** In the event of rain, we will still gather at Posies Park to give you your butterflies and instructions. You can then release them at your home after the rain has stopped



**\*\*Remembrance Cards and Notes:**

Very Special Thanks to Teresa Myers 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.

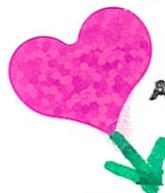
Our TCF chapter sincerely thanks to Karen Siegel, Vanessa's Mom for her dedication to sending cards over these past years. We appreciate your kindness and willingness to help!



**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.**

Lord Grant me the grace to seek a rainbow,  
but most of all grant me the courage to go into the rain  
Valley Forge TCF



Sometimes life feels like a carwash  
And you're going through it on a bicycle.  
Atlanta, Ga. TCF







*Our Children Remembered*  
*Always Loved - Never Forgotten - Sadly Missed*

May Birthdays

Jasmine Fonseca	5/02
Tim McKee	5/05
Colleen Kilker	5/06
Lauren Emilie	5/07
Emma & Lexi Masotti	5/07
Zachary Hadlock	5/09
Sean Pressley	5/10
Russell Azzarello	5/11
Brian Sommers	5/11
Jeff Stevenson	5/13
Christopher Cardwell	5/15
Eric Smith	5/15
Lorena Lauer	5/15
Cassie Kemmerer	5/16
Tomas Edward Lynch	5/17
Rory Kay Moyer	5/17
Joseph Grampp	5/22
Colleen Clinton Reilly	5/22
Jonathan Bogli	5/25
Scott Domanowski	5/25
Trinity Vanwhy	5/25
Chen Cramer	5/28
Keith Landon	5/29
Robert Buonacore	5/29
Cheryl Szewczyk	5/31

May Angel Days

Ben Orlando	5/01
Frankie Benincasa	5/01
Mark Sinclair	5/01
Hunter Pedersen	5/03
Carissa Supino	5/04
Russell Azzarello	5/04
Tanner Jacob Dohrman	5/05
Kayla Crawford	5/05
Austin Scarpone	5/06
Brady Tuliszewski	5/06
RD Healey-Everett	5/08
Steven Lippincott	5/08
Timothy Grzywacz	5/10
Brian Crossan	5/11
Bob Fish	5/13
Thomas Thornton	5/14
Philip Constantino	5/15
Sarah Autumn Davis	5/16
Erika Rossi	5/16
Sean Umstead	5/16
Frank Mirabile	5/18
Jonathan Bogli	5/19
Andrew Arnold	5/20
Jennifer Hall	5/21
Jason Clark	5/21
Jaclyn Gonzalez	5/27
Adam Repella	5/28
Khloe Heather Arroyo	5/29
Jeremy Schessler	5/31



**"Memory is a way of holding onto the things you love, the things you are, the things you never want to lose."**

*From THE WONDER YEARS, ABC TV*

**"They whom we love and lose are no longer where they were before. They are now ... wherever we are."**

*St. John Chrysostom*



*Our Children Remembered*  
*Always Loved - Never Forgotten - Sadly Missed*

June Birthdays

Stephen Nordmark	6/02
Treasure Gonzalez	6/04
Jeremy Michael Steen	6/05
Emma Schultz	6/07
Daniel Blazier	6/09
Kaitlyn Habel	6/10
John Paul Jones	6/14
Caleb Casey	6/17
Ryan Cramer	6/22
Dylan Krum	6/22
Elisabeth Campanelli	6/23
Steven Mitchel	6/25
Nicholas Cannon	6/26
Jameson Arcuri	6/26
Seamus Riley	6/27
Steven Dienno	6/29

June Angel Days

Diane Ruffino	6/04
Jeremy LeDuc	6/05
Scott Kaar	6/06
Connor Howell	6/06
Erin Elizabeth Hagzan	6/06
Kevin Smith	6/07
Michael Spencer Jr.	6/10
Christopher Wagner	6/12
David Baxter	6/13
Christopher Cardwell	6/14
Lexi Masotti	6/15
Joshua Rinehart	6/17
Trinity VanWhy	6/17
John Paul Jones	6/18
Kyle Tierney	6/19
Katrina Strausser	6/21
Dale Lockard	6/23
Larry Brady	6/25
Matthew Greene	6/25
Peter Casey	6/26
Shawn Pase	6/26
Jameson Arcuri	6/26
Michael Winkelman	6/27
Dean Loukas	6/28
Marielle Mendez	6/28
Tanya Frey	6/29
Steven Mitchel	6/29
Kim Giganti	6/30



*Remember Me*

*To the living, I am gone  
 To the sorrowful, I will never return  
 To the angry, I was cheated  
 But, to the happy, I am at peace  
 And to the faithful, I have never left  
 I can not speak, but I can listen  
 I can not be seen, but I can be heard  
 So as you stand upon the shore  
 Gazing at the beautiful sea, remember me  
 As you look in awe at a mighty forest  
 And its grand majesty, remember me  
 Remember me in your hearts,  
 In your thoughts, and the memories of the  
 Times we loved, the times we cried, the  
 Battle I fought and the times we laughed  
 For if you always think of me,  
 I will have never gone.*



*Little by little, step by step,  
 I learned that I didn't need  
 To hang on to death  
 To remember the life.  
 What a joyous discovery!*



Kittie Brown McGowin  
 TCF - Montgomery, AL





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**REMEMBER ME WITH LOVE...BY Gail Fasolo**



As years pass by, and others rarely mention my name, remember me with love.

When my anniversary date arrives, take a moment to say my name out loud. If tears fall, let them!

Wherever you are - I am. I live in your heart, mind, and soul. Don't worry, you will never forget me and we will be together again.

I have taught you about a mother's love in a way nothing else possibly could. Don't waste this lesson. Use the love you still possess to give to others. Comfort others who've had a loss; do it in my memory. And beside that, a little bit of me lives on in each person you touch. You have the power to make my legacy one I would be proud of.

Light a candle, buy a rose, perform an "act of kindness". Simple things. But then, our love is so great, no remembrance could ever be large enough to show how much you love me. For true love has no boundaries. And, don't forget...I love you, too! Look at a puffy cloud, flower or bird. Have no doubt "my angel spirit" is...

Contemplate the many gifts I've left, and how I've affected your life in a good way. I've shown you how precious life is and have given you a greater appreciation of it. I've let you discover how strong you really are. I hope my short time here had made you discover what's really important. Has it made you a better person. I hope so!

Your faith has been tested and, hopefully, strengthened. I hope your heart is filled with peace. Most of all, know that our love is eternal!

"If you think of me today  
I'll be rejoicing from above  
To know you have remembered me  
With your precious mothers' love."



*Gail and Philip Fasolo are the parents of Christine Fasolo, born still February 4, 1991 and year old, Mario Leo SHARING May-June 2003, Volume 22 - Issue 3 Recited by Linda Hollabaugh - April 2005 Chapter Meeting*



To all Mothers and Grandmothers ...  
Death may rob you of your child,  
But it cannot rob you of the love  
And memories you shared.



Sometimes life feels like a carwash  
And you're going through it on a bicycle.



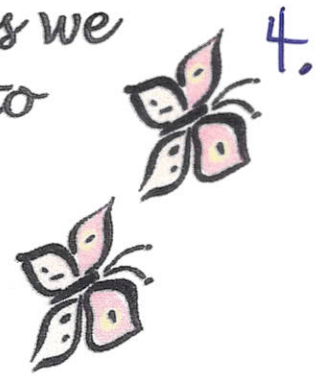
Adapted by TCE



One of the most valuable things we  
can do to heal one another is to  
listen to each other's stories.

By Rebecca

**JUST FOR TODAY** – I will try to live through  
*this day only*, and not try to handle all my  
problems at once. I will start learning to live one  
day at a time.



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TCF Newsletter  
Lancaster County, PA

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### BUTTERFLY AS A SYMBOL OF NEW

The butterfly has often been a symbol of resurrection and new life. Its life cycle involves birth, death, burial and an awakening to new life.

The caterpillar begins its life as an egg, protected and sheltered from harm. It breaks forth into the realities of life and tends to the day-to-day chores of living, growing slowly without much notice.

Then changes take place. The caterpillar buries itself in a cocoon, sheltered away from the world in solitude and isolation. Its growth is a mystery resembling death and it grows and changes, developing wings.

With the spring, the butterfly struggles to unfold its wings and break from its cocoon. It flutters its wings, struggling against the walls of its sturdy cocoon. Yet, it is in that very struggle that the butterfly develops its muscles so it can take flight. If one were to help the butterfly emerge from its fortress, it would not have the strength to fly.

Eventually, after struggle and hard work, the butterfly emerges, beautiful and inspiring as nature's work of art. It gracefully flies from flowers to tree freed from its cocoon.

Grief is very similar. Early in our lives we feel immune, protected from all harm. When reality strikes, we long to shut ourselves away from the world. Slowly we grow and change in the places that are safe for us. We hardly notice at all the changes that are happening as we struggle with the death of a child or loved one. It is in that struggle that we are given strength. In time we slowly emerge, from the cocoon into the light of living again. We see things from a new vantage point. No longer confined to the ground, we see things from new heights and appreciate each moment.

What could a butterfly say to a caterpillar to make it understand what it would have to go through? No one could truly understand but another butterfly. Likewise, those in grief are often misunderstood because others haven't experienced the death of a child or loved one. It is difficult for others to understand why someone might want to pull away into a cocoon, never realizing what may emerge later.

The analogy of the butterfly is merely symbolic. But doesn't that symbol offer us hope that we can grow in positive ways from this horrible experience? Our children and our loved ones life's can transform us even after death. That is hope of renewal and promise of spring.

"It is in that struggle that we are given strength. In time we slowly emerge from the cocoon into the light of living again."

The Bereaved Parents of the USA/Tampa Bay Chapter/TCF of MD, Inc and BPUSA, Inc. newsletter July 2004

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What we have once enjoyed  
We can never lose  
All that we love deeply  
Becomes a part of us.



## With a Little Help From My Friends

Feelings and emotions.....our lives are now about feelings and emotions. Our children have died under different circumstances and at different ages, but the reality of our child's death is the same for each of us.

Science now tells us that people can die of a broken heart. The heart is not damaged, there has been no heart attack, but the emotions are so great that the heart malfunctions and people die. Each of us was convinced when our child died that we, too, would die and the cause would be our broken heart.

But we didn't die. Initially, we lived in a state of shock. Then as time progresses we live in a state of suspension, depression, anxiety, grief, anger, resentment, overwhelming emotions and deep, deep sadness. We ask ourselves how anyone can move forward after this terrible loss. A parent's worst fear is now our reality each morning, each night, each day for the rest of our lives.

Or is it? The answer to that question is as complex as the universe and as simplistic as a paperclip: we shape and define our reality. We take control of our perspective.

We can choose to remain angry. We can choose to walk the nightmarish tightrope we have designated for our lives. We can choose not to forgive. We can choose to remember our child's death and not our child's life. We each will choose to perceive this tragedy differently throughout the process.....from the death of our child until we, ourselves, die.

For those of us in the Compassionate Friends organization, the choice is one of hope.

Hope that we can laugh again, hope that we can take the edge from the pain, hope that our child's story will be remembered and told over and over again, hope that we will grow and learn to deal with the worst loss a human can endure. We each hope to learn serenity and find peace.

The process is a long one. The Compassionate Friends are important new companions on this journey because our lives are now divided into two segments: before our child died and after our child died. Many friends from before cannot understand why we don't get on with life. Some avoid us, others berate us, cajole us and generally irritate us because we can't "get over" this loss. Some people from our life before step toward us, stand by us and listen. These people will remain in the second segment of our lives. This second segment is now thought about as the "after our child died" portion. The people we meet in Compassionate Friends understand us. They are us. They listen and speak with their hearts. They have each experienced the loss of a child. They hurt with us, and their pain is as real as ours. We learn from each other.

Finding where we fit into the puzzle of life is not an easy task. Our Compassionate Friends will help us on that journey. Some will be years into their grief; some will still be in shock over the recent death of their child. But each of these people chooses to be here for us. They choose to share their pain and their methods of coping and regaining a semblance of a life. They choose to visit with us each month, talk to us on the telephone, e-mail us and be there when we need them. These new friends share our burdens, our heartaches, our triumphs and our biggest tragedy. They help us to focus on the permanently altered core of our being: the loss of our child.

Speaking openly, repeating our child's name and our pain is cathartic. Getting feedback from others who share in our growth is a positive, reinforcing necessity. For if we are to become the person we want to be, we need to hear what others have to say about their journey, their child, our journey and our child. We need to tell them what we have to say as well.

With tears and broken hearts we gather to talk and listen, to share and suggest, to ask and to answer. For we are the Compassionate Friends. We are kindred souls who come from every walk of life but who are bound together by one all-encompassing loss. Our children are dead. We choose to explore our loss, our feelings and our emotions together.

One day each of us will see a new day dawning and feel at peace within ourselves and the world. We will hold our child in our hearts as we gaze upon the beauty and wonder of life on this earth. We will think about our child with joy...joy that our child lived and loved and laughed. And we will remember the continuing hope provided by our Compassionate Friends that helped us find this new place of peace.

Annette Mennen Baldwin  
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen  
TCF, Katy, TX



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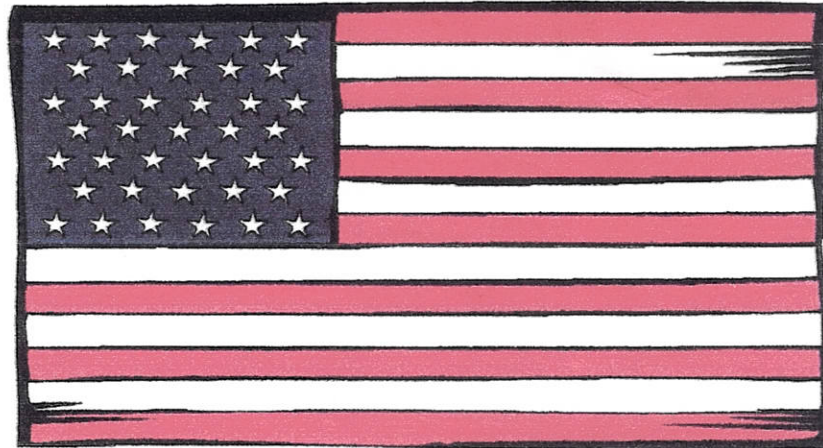
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*May 30<sup>th</sup>* - On this Memorial Day – Please pause to reflect on just what has been given, and sacrificed so freely, so that Freedom could ring across this great land.

MEMORIAL DAY

*In Loving Memory, we especially remember this Memorial Day:*

*Lance Cpl. Jeffrey S. Stevenson  
Who lost his life for our freedom.*



MEMORIAL DAY

For each grave where  
A soldier lies at his rest

For each prayer that is  
Said today out of love

For each sigh of remembering  
Someone who died

Let us also give thought to  
the mothers and fathers  
the brothers and sisters  
the friends and the lovers  
whom death left behind.

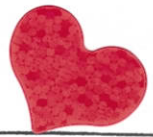
Sasha Wagner, L.A.R.G.O.

*Helpful Hint*

You have good memories  
Don't crowd them out.  
Think about them - treasure them  
And let them bring you solace  
and a measure of joy.







## DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT



It was nine years ago on July 18, 1992 that two police officers came to our door with news that no parent expects or wants to hear. "We are sorry to inform you that your son was killed by a suspected drunk driver tonight."

**SHOCK**~ My first reaction was disbelief. How could Marc be dead? He has his whole life ahead of him. He was driving a friend home and I was waiting up for him. No, this can't be! But it was the harsh reality that I could not fathom at that moment that caused me to slip into the nice protective overcoat named "SHOCK." Thank goodness for the 'shock' factor because that is what allowed me to make the necessary arrangements for the days that were to follow.

**ANGER**~ From the minute I was told that Marc had died I was angry with God. I talked, screamed and wrote in my journal about being so mad that God did not protect us under His umbrella that I thought was in place for our family. No, I do not believe that God planned for Marc to die at age nineteen or even that it was God's will. It has taken me years to understand that we, all of us have 'free will' and one 42-year-old man used his 'free will' to drink and drive that fateful night that killed our son within one mile of our home.

**BARGAINING**~ The funeral was held here and a week later we drove home to Topeka, Kansas where we had a Memorial Service for friends and family. We drove back to Georgia arriving late one night after the 14-hour drive. I unpacked a few things in the kitchen while my husband was upstairs taking a shower. When I had finished I tried to climb the stairs, but I froze and then fell grasping at the carpet on the stairs sobbing loudly in the entryway. I cried out to God asking, "why didn't He take me instead?" I told him he could make the change right here, right now and no one would ever know the difference.

**PAIN**~ As the shock began to wear off, I felt the intense excruciating pain. It was so deep and cut like a knife. I thought that the pain was going to kill me it hurt so bad. It felt like someone had ripped my heart out. I felt gutted and empty inside. I was surprised to learn that grief is not just about feeling sad. When you experience grief, there is a real physical pain and mine was in my chest that hurt for many months every waking moment. I remember I wanted to die. More importantly I wanted to be with Marc.

**TEARS**~ I did not know there were so many different ways to cry or different sounds one could make while crying. I would be sitting in my chair and begin to cry and invariably I would end up on the floor, face down in the carpet crying my eyes out. At other times, I rocked back and forth sobbing so hard and speaking gibberish that even I could not understand what I was saying. Our older son told me that I even cried in my sleep because he had heard me one night.

**DEPRESSION**~ I kept the drapes drawn that first year and withdrew from the world. I was like a frightened animal huddled in a corner. My first thought upon waking each morning was that Marc was dead. I would curl up in a fetal position and cry. I had trouble concentrating, remembering things and making decisions. My mind would wander constantly. I had no energy—none—zip! I remember being so proud of myself the time that I completed mopping my kitchen floor that had taken me three days to do.

**RECONCILIATION**~ I am nine years into my grief journey. For me, it has been about 'leaning into my pain' and stumbling around in the dark searching and trying different ways to cope since the death of our son, Marc. I read grief books, I journal, I attend bereavement seminars, I visit the cemetery and most importantly, I cry.

**"DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT"**—but stand toe to toe with the beast called grief! Do not be afraid of your thoughts, feelings, and pain. They are ALL normal reactions to the death of your dear child. Instead I ask you to wrestle grief down to the ground, screaming, kicking and crying until you have made grief your equal and more manageable.

I heard a speaker say, "we did not expect to outlive our child, but we can make a choice as to whether we will become bitter or better with the time we have left." Let's begin to take control of our life, picking up the pieces and make the choice to be a better person. If not for ourselves, let's do it for our children.

*In Loving Memory of Our Children'*  
~Susan Van Vleck, TCF, Marietta, GA





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:

Debbie Kolb 1287 Mutton Hollow Pd. Stroudsburg, PA. 18360.

6.

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.



*A child's light will  
Never go out As long  
as it shines in someone's heart. By Sascha Wagner*

TCF Meetings - Third Monday of every Month

Our Lady of Victory Church

327 Cherry Lane Rd.  
Tannersville, PA 18372



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

See you there!

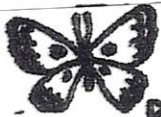
June 19

## 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 grievers reach out to the newly bereaved, energy that has been directed inward begins to flow outward and both are helped to heal.



**TCF**

Pocono Chapter

c/o Debbie Kolb

1287 Mutton Hollow Rd.

Stroudsburg, Pa. 18360

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