The Compassionate Friends, Lehigh Valley

Office Phone/Fax: 610 820-4004
Email: TCFLehighValley@gmail.com

Who We Are

The Compassionate Friends (TCF) is a national nonprofit self-help organization that offers friendship, understanding and hope to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. There are no religious affiliations and no dues. The mission of TCF 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.

About Our Meetings...

The Lehigh Valley Chapter meets monthly on the 2nd Monday from 7 to 9 pm at Sacred Heart Hospital (2nd Flr. Conference Center), 4th & Chew Sts, Allentown. Free parking deck passes are available at the meeting.

Meetings are open to all bereaved parents, grandparents and mature siblings. Younger siblings may benefit from one of the children’s bereavement groups listed below. Meetings vary, from sharing, to guest speakers, to special presentations. Separate sharing sessions are offered to new members. Participation in group sharing is confidential and voluntary. Our hope is that being among other bereaved parents you may feel free to talk, cry and share, but it is okay to just come and listen too.

We maintain an extensive free library of grief-related materials that is set up at meetings. Donations are always welcome.

We invite you to bring a picture of your child to display at the meeting for their birth or anniversary month or at any time. We also welcome refreshments brought in honor of your child.

TCF Lehigh Valley Calendar

Nov. 14 Support Group Meeting - Grave Blanket Making Demonstration Gene & Dawn DeLong / Sharing / Button Machine 6:30 - 7:00
Dec 11 Worldwide Candle Lighting - Light a candle from 7 - 8 pm in memory of a child who has died at home or participate in a local group candle lighting - see page 2 for locations
Dec 12 Candle Light Remembrance Service - See Pg 2

Button Machine

The button machine will be at this month’s meeting from 6:30 - 7 pm. To have a button made: Arrive early with a color or black & white COPY of a picture on Plain Paper (NOT photo paper) of your child. Buttons are 2 1/4 in diameter. There is no charge for the buttons but donations are gratefully accepted.

Other Local TCF Chapters Meetings

Carbon County
1st Wednesday 6:30 - 8:30 pm
Palmerston Community Ambulance Assn.,
501 Delaware Ave. Palmerston
610-837-7375 or 610-826-2938
Email: tcfcarboncounty@yahoo.com

Easton
2nd Thursday 7 - 9 pm
Good Shepherd Lutheran Church,
2115 Washington Blvd., Easton
610-866-5468
Email: szabojanos1@verizon.net

Quakertown
2nd Tuesday 7:30 - 9 pm
St. Lukes Quakertown Hospital
1021 Park Ave, Quakertown
215-536-0173
Email: tcfquakertownchap-ter@verizon.net

Local Children’s Support Groups

Ryan’s Tree for Grieving Children (ages 5-18)
Six week sessions are offered throughout the year for children ages 5 through 18
For more information or to register contact Erin McLean @ 484-241-8043 or visit www.slhn.org/ryanstree

Children’s General Bereavement Group (ages 5 - 13)
Counselor, Jeanette Laube, MA is available to facilitate a children’s bereavement group, as needed. Meeting day, time & place coincide with TCF, Lehigh Valley monthly meetings, allowing TCF members to attend the adult meeting while their children (ages 5-13) attend the children’s bereavement group. The group is run as needed, to register for the group or get further information contact Jeanette @ 484-515-4077

TCF Telephone Friends

Infant Cathy McDonald 610 391-1474 Suicide John & Maria Szabo 610 866-5468
Multiple Loss/General Betty Thompson 610 868-0303 Addiction Nancy Howe 484-863-4324
Only Child Shelly Garst 484 851-3450 Addiction/Sibling Melanie Howe 484-863-4324

Acknowledgement
Secretaries Pat Geiger & Sharon Yurick

Newsletter Editor
Kathleen Collins
2971 Pheasant Drive
Northampton, Pa 18067
610 837-6393 (Voice)
610 837-2195 (Fax)
TCFNewsEditor@gmail.com

Newsletter Mailing Coordinator
Brenda Solderitch

Publicity
George Geiger

Remembrance Secretary
Birthday Cards Maria Szabo

Steering Committee
Brian & Kathleen Collins, Gene & Dawn DeLong, George & Pat Geiger, Chet & Carol Kinsey, John Sulick, Brenda Solderitch, Sharon Yurick

Treasurer
Katie Paone

TCF National Headquarters
PO Box 3696
Northampton, Pa 18067
610 837-7924

TCF Online Support Community
www.compassionatefriends.org
To participate, click on “Online Support” under the resource tab

Copyright © 2011 The Compassionate Friends, Inc
Inside this issue:

| Chapter News | 2-3 |
| Article - Thanksgiving | 3 |
| Poem - Some Suggestions for Thanksgiving | 3 |
| Article - Hope | 4 |
| Article - Yellow Butterflies | 5 |
| Poem - November Again | 5 |
| Article - A Thousand Ways To Grieve | 6 |
| Thoughts - How Long Will It Take? | 6 |
| Sibling Page - Why Can’t I Let Go; A Special Thanksgiving for Me | 7 |
| Our Children Remembered Birthdays | 8 |
| Our Children Remembered Anniversaries | 9 |
| Love Gifts | 10 |
| Love Gift Donation Form | 11 |

Events & Announcements

TCF Carbon County New Meeting Location

December 11, 2011

TCF Worldwide Candle Lighting

We do this . . . that their light may always shine!

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles to honor and remember children who have died. Candles are lit at 7 p.m. local time, creating a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. We encourage you to participate by joining us at one of the local observances or in your own home.

Local Observances

Lehigh Valley - hosted by Tom & Eva Siebert. The social begins at 5:30 pm with a covered dish meal followed by the candle lighting at 7:00 pm. All TCF members welcome! Covered dishes are appreciated but not necessary, candles provided. For Directions & RSVP call Tom and Eva at 610 967-5866.

Carbon County - hosted by TCF Carbon County at The Zion UCC Church, 2nd & Iron Sts, Lehighton. The program begins at 6:30 and includes readings, music & candle lighting, followed by refreshments and fellowship. Participants are encouraged to create a photo ornament for the Remembrance Tree. For More Information email: davelora@ptd.net

December 12, 2011

TCF Joint Chapter Candle Light Remembrance Service

Sacred Heart Hospital Auditorium 6:45 - 9 pm

We invite you to join us as we celebrate the lives of our children, grandchildren and siblings in this very special service of remembrance. The program includes remembrance music, poetry readings by parents and siblings, a slideshow of our children, a sibling candle wreath lighting, memorial scroll and much more. The program starts promptly at 7 p.m., so please try to arrive 15-20 minutes prior.

The Memorial Scroll, inscribed with the names of our children and siblings who have died, will be on display. If your child’s or sibling’s name has yet to be inscribed, you will have an opportunity to add it. A memory table will be set up to display your photos. Following the program a reception will be held in the meeting room across the hall from the Auditorium. Please bring one of your child’s favorite treats or finger foods to share.

Note: Volunteers are needed to help with the program. We also need sibling volunteers to light the sibling wreath. To volunteer with the program or as a sibling candle lighter please contact Kathy Collins at 610 837-6393.

2012 Butterfly Release

Volunteers are needed to begin planning the coming years butterfly release. Volunteers positions available are event coordinator, order tracker, t-shirt sales coordinator, business sponsor liaison; and day of the event personnel.

To Volunteer Call: Kathy Collins at 610 837-6393

Moving Vacationing??

The Post Office does not forward or hold bulk mail, it is returned to us at our expense. So, please inform us before moving or having your mail held.

Keywords: The Compassionate Friends, Lehigh Valley

Newsletter Submissions, Errors, Etc...

Submit articles and poetry to the editor by the first of the proceeding month. Include the author’s name & your contact information.

In the case of any errors or omissions, please notify me and I will try to make corrections in the following edition.

Find us on Facebook

Keywords: The Compassionate Friends, Lehigh Valley
Thanksgiving

By Priscilla J. Norton, TCF, Pawtucket, RI

I remember –
the inability to chew or swallow that first Thanksgiving after Linda died; the choke-backed tears, the sick heart, the hollowness, the painful memories of Thanksgivings past and the blessed relief sleep brought to my pain.

I remember –
the busyness of working as a volunteer that second and third Thanksgiving after Linda died; the good feeling it gave me of “running away” from it all, and the blessed relief sleep brought to my pain.

I remember –
the inability to prepare any of her favorite foods that fourth Thanksgiving after Linda died; the tears that fell at the smell of turkey cooking, the parade, football games, the emptiness, the incomplete family, and the blessed relief sleep brought to my pain.

I remember –
awakening with a lightness and joy in my heart that fifth Thanksgiving after Linda died; the thankfulness for having my remaining family together, the beautiful memories of past Thanksgivings, the “wholeness” of me and the blessed relief peace brought to my pain.

Some Suggestions for Thanksgiving

By Diane Zarnkoff, TCF, Simi Valley, CA

Throughout our lives, expectations of things to come are based upon past experiences. If, in the past, you had set a glorious table and were the perfect host or hostess, it is very possible that friends and family will expect more of the same this year. They may not be aware that you are not looking toward the holidays with a fun and games attitude. They probably do not know that in anticipation of Thanksgiving, Christmas and Hanukkah, you may feel anxiety and fear. They are probably thinking this year will be different and some sadness will accompany it, but I don’t think they are aware of your anguish, especially if it’s been “awhile.”

I would like to suggest to you that in fairness to yourself you need to be honest about your feelings and, just as important, you need to communicate these feelings to those around you. I really don’t think it is necessary for you to believe that because you set a tradition and always made the turkey, fried the latkes, and always had the family over, you need to feel obligated to do it again this year. Perhaps you would like to tell everyone:

• Someone else will have to do dinner this year.

• You want to make dinner in your home, but you need lots of help because you don’t have the energy to do it.

• You want to go to the parties, but you are afraid you may break down and cry and you want them to know in advance this is really okay.

• You want to tell them it’s okay to talk about your child. Not to, makes it very uncomfortable.

The list goes on, but the point is that to pretend everything is “just fine” is a lie, and that’s not fair to you or to the people who you love.

New Members

Welcome new friends. We regret the cause that has brought you to our group. As fellow bereaved we offer care, compassion, comfort and a deep understanding of the pain you are experiencing. Please give us the opportunity to reach out to you by attending at least a few meetings.

Lehigh Valley Jane & Dan Venkauskas Son Johnathan Venkauskas
Lehigh Valley Michael Vester Brother Robert Kish
Lehigh Valley Michael Figueroa & Jennifer Santos Daughter Illyana Figueroa
Lehigh Valley Kathleen Garrison Son Kevin Garrison
Hope
By Sally Migliaccio  “We Need Not Walk Alone” Copyright 1998

Last month the first holiday catalog was deposited in my mailbox, “So early,” I thought, with tired resignation and more than a little resentment. The catalog unmistakably heralded the approach of the season of good cheer, and somehow I would have to get through it. It meant weeks of feeling like a despondent bystander as the world cloaked itself with bright trappings of love, joy and goodwill toward men.

I was a bereaved parent, and I would spend yet another holiday caught up in the anguish of remembering. With the catalog indifferently grasped in my hand, I sat down in the kitchen, my heart heavy. My thoughts drifted back to last year’s holiday, and I again saw my husband’s melancholy face as he plaintively asked if we could put up just a small tree. I agreed only because it seemed important to him. It would be the first time since the death of our daughter that holiday decorations would grace our home. I had felt no joy, no solace when I looked at that tiny, glowing tree, but it was a huge relief not to feel the overwhelming pain I expected.

I sat in the kitchen, slowly turning the catalog’s pages. I was so lost in thought I scarcely saw what was in front of me. Last year the mailman had delivered greeting cards and best-wishes-for-the-season cards, as always. I had opened some with appreciation; others, the ones I knew would ignore our heartache, I tore open almost savagely. I had mailed my own greeting cards to many of these same people, and as had become my custom, each card was sent in memory of our daughter. It was the only way to manage the pain of a task I once loved.

It had been the fourth holiday season without Tracey. I found myself absently leafing through the last of the pages. Though absorbed in my reminiscences, I had carefully avoided looking at the many pages of toy offerings I knew I would pay a painful emotional price if I lingered there. Children’s clothing had to be desperately rushed by as well (though my well-trained eye caught the words “girl’s size fourteen” and stopped, despite all I could do...oh, Tracey). Housewares were fairly safe, though uninteresting, and these last pages depicted a wide variety of novelty items. A pair of butterfly earrings captured my attention, turning my thoughts immediately to one of my Compassionate Friends ...a truly loving friend who adored butterflies.

“I could order these as a gift for her,” I thought, and the idea startled me. With the notable exception of the painful purchase of a toy last year for my beloved daughter, I had not sought out a gift for anyone since her death. As the thought took root and began to flourish, I felt my heart, so long frozen with grief, begin to warm.

Cautiously I pondered these emerging feelings. Was I ready for this? I was astonished to feel the ice encasing my heart begin to melt; emboldened by the warm feelings of caring spreading through me, I looked more closely at the remaining pages of the catalog. There! Another small item I was sure a second dear TCF friend would like. I found myself actually enjoying filling out the order form for both items. Enjoying???? Did I really use that word?

Had the pain and uncompromising grief, always intensified at holiday time, abated somewhat? Was I truly feelings lighter, more able to cope? Did this mean, could it mean, that I might one day step back into the world when it donned its festive mantle? I knew as I sat there I would always deeply love and ferociously miss my child...and I knew that grief would forever be a part of my life. Understanding that, might it still be possible to allow a small amount of holiday spirit to trickle into my life this year?

I think just for today I’ll hold onto that possibility, because today it seems I can imagine a less painful tomorrow. Today my heart contains a bit of warmth. It feels good!

---

Time lets you heal.
Love lets you remember.
Give thanks for Love and Time  Sasha Wagner
Yellow Butterflies
A message for Veteran’s Day
At the turn of the century, in a small town in Virginia
not far from Arlington, there lived a dear little flaxen-
haired boy named Jimmy. He had beautiful curly hair
and when he played in the sunlight, it made his hair
look like gold. His mother noticed yellow butterflies
hovering over him as he played and remarked that
they were the color of his hair. The child grew older
and was now ready to go to school for the first time.
His mother walked down the garden path to the gate
to see him off. She loved this little boy very dearly and
was quite sad, for she knew she would miss him very
much. As he went through the gate and was turning to
wave to his mother, the yellow butterflies flew all
around him; and one came to rest on his head. He
liked to see them near, and never tried to catch them
or harm them.

As he grew to be an older boy, for some reason the
yellow butterflies flew around him many times. The
years passed very quickly. Now the young man was
graduated. About this time there was dread and fear
of war. His mother’s heart was heavy, for her son,
Jimmy was already talking about enlisting if the
United States declared war. War was declared in April,
1917. He enlisted. The day he left for training camp,
his mother and childhood sweetheart went to the train
to see him off. He tried to be cheerful, and make them
feel the same, but his mother’s heart was nearly bro-
ken and his sweetheart was very sad. They heard the
train whistle and knew in a moment he would be
gone. But just before the train arrived, again the yel-
low butterflies were there...flying all around him. He
said, “The butterflies are still with me, and they will be
here to welcome me back.”

He went to war, and as soon as he could he wrote let-
ters home, telling his mother and sweetheart to cheer
up. The war would not last long, and he would soon be
back. They received many letters, but suddenly they
stopped coming. His mother thought he may be in ac-
tion and couldn’t write, and hoped to hear from him
later. But there were no letters for mother or sweet-
heart. They scanned the casualty list. He was never
reported wounded or killed in action, nor did they
hear anything from the government concerning him.
The war ended, and there was no news of any kind.
Time passed on. The broken-hearted mother read in
the newspapers of the dedication to take place in Ar-
lington. She went. There she saw the tomb and won-
dered who’s son was lying there. In her heart she felt it
might be her Jimmy. She tried to listen to the speaker,
but heard little of what was said. Her anguish and
pain was almost unbearable. At last she heard some-
ting like this: "We have come to honor this soldier. He
was selected from a number of unknown soldiers. No
one knows whose son is lying here."

Just then, Jimmy’s mother gasped. It was all she could
do to keep from crying out. Hovering all about the
tomb were swarms of beautiful, yellow butterflies. She
knew whose son was lying there. She thought, these
people have gathered here to honor my son. It is his
tomb they dedicate. And then she breathed a silent
prayer, “Oh God, I thank Thee for those beautiful but-
terflies. They have come to welcome Jimmy back home.
Anonymous, TCF, Providence, RI

NOVEMBER AGAIN

Leaves are turning the shades of Autumn.
Then falling, one by one,
to the misted ground below.
Summer flowers have faded and died.
The sun hides behind dark and dreary clouds.
It is November again.
Was it so long ago
that this month brought warm
Thoughts of Thanksgiving together?
The smell of wood burning,
wakes in the nippy air?
This is the month you left us.
And all the warm glow of November
went with you.
All that remains are the chrysanthemums
Planted in a special memorial
garden for you.
Ready to burst into beautiful shades
of yellow and orange.
They symbolize one more year without you.
But our love has not diminished.
Pat Dodge, TCF, Sacramento, CA
A Thousand Ways to Grieve
By Margaret Brownley, TCF, Simi Valley, CA

I'm an active griever. By active, I mean that during those first few months following my loss, I devoured every book on grief I could get my hands on. I poured out my agony in my writing, attended grief seminars, went through photo albums and searched the Internet for helpful sites. I cried and fumed and spent long hours talking to anyone who would listen.

My husband simply withdrew and grieved in silence. Though we lived in the same house, grieved the same loss, and shared a life together, we were apart in our grief.

We all have our own ideas on how to grieve and we're quick to judge those who don't conform to our way of thinking. When Prince Charles wore a blue suit to Princess Diana's funeral, he was condemned by the press until it was learned it was his former wife's favorite.

A friend of mine was criticized for wearing a pair of red strap, high-heel shoes to her husband's funeral, the same shoes she wore on the day they met.

If we are to grieve in harmony with those around us, we must give up the notion that grief can be expressed in limited ways. I once thought that grief manifested itself only in tears and depression. But I've since seen what others whose vision is greater than mine have accomplished in the name of grief. Candy Lightner, the founder of Mothers Against Drunk Drivers, is a good example.

Resolve to make peace with someone who grieves in ways that seem odd to you. Try expressing your grief in a new way: write a poem or song, start a journal, buy your loved one a gift and send it to someone you know who would love and appreciate the gesture. Wear something outlandish. Buy a bouquet of balloons in your loved one's favorite color. Laugh at something that would make your loved one laugh.

Tears, depression and sadness are all acceptable ways to show grief. So are blue suits and red shoes.

How Long Will it Take to Get Over It?

How long will it take to get over the feeling of sorrow? How long will I continue to feel guilty? How long will it take to get over my anger? Why do friends give such horrid advice? Will I ever be happy again, and able to laugh?

How long is long? As long as it takes for you to go through the process. Each individual has his or her timetable.

From TCF Fort. Lauderdale, FL

The heart of grief,
Its most difficult challenge,
Is not “letting go” of those who have died
But instead making the transition
From loving in presence
To loving in separation

Thomas Attig, “The Heart of Grief”
WHY CAN'T I LET GO
By Stephen Welch, TCF, St Louis, MO

You were always my hero.  
I always wanted to be like you.  
Your were my younger brother,  
Still, I always looked up to you.

You were always there for me,  
Even when things were at their worst.  
You helped me through my hardest trials,  
And we always made it through.

Now as I set here, writing these words,  
Remembering you and times gone by, I  
'Im trying to find a way to tell you,  
I'm trying to say good-bye.

Nineteen years are just too many,  
To just let you go,  
I can't believe you're gone, you died,  
And left me here alone.

Some days I'm fine, some days I'm low,  
But most days, I just miss you so.  
It was you and me,  
But now, what do I do?

Each night I ask why?  
Why I'm so angry?  
Why I can't cry?  
Why I can't let you go?

I know we'll see each other again,  
But the years seems so long.  
I long for the day I'll see you again,  
Waiting for me with open arms.  
Brother, I love you and miss you so.  
But now I need you most.  
This time in my life is oh so hard,  
I just can't let you go.

A Special Thanksgiving for Me
By Bonnie, TCF, Burlington County, NJ

This Thanksgiving is different but special  
And I want to make it clear  
That we still must be very thankful  
Because of the presence that is here

On the table there is food to eat  
At our sides, are people we love  
A warm house is under our feet  
And our dear Bryan is right above

Although he's only here in spirit  
At this special Thanksgiving meal  
He should not be put out of our minds  
For our memories are very real

Think of one wonderful moment  
When Bryan made you smile  
And be thankful for that memory  
For that makes this time worthwhile

As I feel a tear form in my eye  
I smile instead of cry  
Because I know that is a tear  
That will not be shed by Bry

For he now is in a place  
Where he will be happy forever more  
And we will all see him again  
That is what I'm thankful for...

“The best and most beautiful things
in the world cannot be seen, nor
touched, but are felt in the heart“
Aaron Abud  
Son of Jose and Susan Abud; Brother of Ariana & Sophia and Susan Abud  
Nov 14

Brian August  
Son of Edward & Debbie August; Brother of Lisa & Eric August  
Nov 17

Salvatore Bartolotta  
Son of Salvatore & Mary Bartolotta  
Nov 26

Natasha Bartosic  
Daughter of Traci Jennings; Sister of Aaron Bartosic & the late Joshua Michael Bartosic  
Nov 21

Carlos Berra  
Son of Jose & Rita Familia Brother of David Familia;  
Nov 2

Cheyenne Brown  
Daughter of the late Holly Ada Brown; Granddaughter of Janice A. Picard  
Nov 25

Gregory Burns  
Son of Pam Sutliff  
Nov 9

Christopher Carman  
Son of Carol Carman; Brother of Fran Catino; Bruce Virga & The Late Brian Virga  
Nov 22

Barry Donchez  
Son of Edward & Olga Donchez; Brother of Linda Shive & Mike Donchez  
Nov 28

Donald Freudenger  
Son of Nola Freudenger  
Nov 8

Steven Fussner  
Son of George & Linda Fussner; Brother of Kathleen Kowker & Jeffrey Fussner; Father of Alyssa & Kaitlyn  
Nov 5

Scott Gollatz  
Son of James & Vivien Gollatz; Brother of Stephen Gollatz  
Nov 3

James "Jim" Gum  
Son of Sherwood & June Gum; Brother of Deborah Martini  
Nov 21

Timothy Hamm  
Son of Shirley Hamm  
Nov 1

Robert Handwerk  
Son of Martha Handwerk  
Nov 22

Jill Harris  
Daughter of Fred & Patricia Andrew; Sister of Jeff; Mother of Sam & Alex Harris  
Nov 5

Jordon Hyndman  
Son of Robin Hyndman; Brother of Shawna & Briana Hyndman  
Nov 14

Jessica Irizarry  
Daughter of Marisa Irizarry; Sister of Jacqueline & Rafael  
Nov 20

William "Bill" Kehley  
Son of Charlotte Kehley  
Nov 17

Matthew Kolb  
Son of Robert & Debbie Kolb; Brother of Sarah & Andrew Kolb  
Nov 26

Todd Kuhns  
Son of Leonard & Shannon Kuhns; Brother of Leonard & Londa Kuhns  
Nov 9

Nathan Loiacano  
Son of Andrew & Brenda Loiacano; Brother of Andrea Loiacano  
Nov 17

Joy Loube  
Daughter of Barry and Jeanette Laube  
Nov 3

Kevin Martin  
Son of J. Ronald & Linda Martin  
Nov 7

Teddy Menegatos  
Son of Nick & Mary Ann Menegatos  
Nov 20

Jacob Miller  
Son of William R & Caroline P Miller  
Nov 15

Thomas Miller  
Grandson of Emma Butz  
Nov 21

Glenn Miller, Jr.  
Son of Lin Miller; Brother of Lorri Woolever  
Nov 20

Daniel Ostertag  
Son of Rosemary Ostertag & George Ostertag; Brother of Noel & Patrick Ostertag  
Nov 2

Daniel Rostkowski  
Son of Shirley May Rostkowski; Brother of Janet Wise & Andrew Rostkowski  
Nov 28

Kevin Snyder  
Son of Jim & Sandi Eckhart; Brother of Brian, Scott & Kerri  
Nov 6

Matthew Solderitch  
Son of Brenda Solderitch & the Late Stephen Solderitch Sr.; Brother of Tina Lieberman  
Nov 24

Jason Steigerwalt  
Son of Sandra Steigerwalt  
Nov 8

Debra Sweeney  
Daughter of Richard & Doris Hosler; Sister of Donna Mallard  
Nov 16

Eric VanArman  
Son of John & Kathy VanArman; Grandson of Bertha Eyler  
Nov 30

Richard "Rick" Wetherhold  
Son of Franklin & Eleanor Wetherhold; Brother of Michael Wetherhold  
Nov 20

Christopher Williamson  
Son of Chris & Kim Williamson; Brother of Christina Joy Williamson  
Nov 12
FYI - If this is your child or siblings birth month and their name does not appear in this section or there is an error, please fill out the update form on the last page (below the love gift form) and mail to the address listed.
## Love Gifts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Message</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Donald and Susann Southgate</td>
<td>Troy G. Southgate  &lt;br&gt; We love and miss you very much. Always in our hearts. Love Mom, Dad &amp; Marty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Sensinger</td>
<td>Thomas Sensinger  &lt;br&gt; In loving memory of our son</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauretta Coyne</td>
<td>Carol Ann Johnson  &lt;br&gt; In Loving Memory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernice Kushnerick</td>
<td>John &quot;Jack&quot; Kushnerick, Jr.  &lt;br&gt; In memory of our beloved son, Jack, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elwood and Shirley Rush</td>
<td>Elwood James Rush  &lt;br&gt; In Loving Memory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John and Nancy Blosky</td>
<td>Kevin Thomas Blosky  &lt;br&gt; In memory of our grandson, Kevin. Never forgotten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John and Grace Ashner</td>
<td>John Ashner, Jr.  &lt;br&gt; We love and miss you more each day. Mom &amp; Dad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken &amp; Barbara Zellner</td>
<td>Kenneth Samuel Zellner  &lt;br&gt; In Loving Memory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brenda Solderitch</td>
<td>Matthew Solderitch  &lt;br&gt; Happy 33rd Birthday. Love and miss you more every day. Love Mom, Sister Tina and Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gene &amp; Dawn DeLong</td>
<td>Tracy Donovan  &lt;br&gt; In Loving Memory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gene &amp; Dawn DeLong</td>
<td>John Katsaros  &lt;br&gt; In Loving Memory</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Donations & Contributions

We thank the following for their thoughtfulness and generosity:

- Sacred Heart Hospital for TCF, Lehigh Valley's meeting room & beverages
- Mary Ann Donuts for our meetings treats
- Contributions from the Employees of Giant Food Store at Village West Shopping Center, Allentown
- United Way Payroll Donation Contributors
- Palmerton Community Ambulance Assn. for TCF Carbon County's meeting room

---

I do not ask that you forget your dear departed.<br>
I want you to remember. I only ask that you remember more than<br>
The moment of death, more than the funeral,<br>More than the house of mourning. Remember Life!<br>Remember the whole life, not just the final page of it

Rabbi Maurice Davis
**Love Gift Form**

Please consider making a Love Gift to support the Compassionate Friends today. 
Your gift will help defray the cost of chapter expenses such as the newsletter mailings, meetings and our outreach to the newly bereaved. 
The Compassionate Friends is a 501c(3) non-profit organization and your donations are fully tax deductible.

Please Print, Send Form & Check by the 1st of the Month Prior to the Month You Wish Your Gift Published

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contributor Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phone</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I would like to make a donation ☐ In Memory of ☐ In Honor of ☐ A Chapter Gift (without memorial or honorarium )

Name of person gift given for

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Edition Month</th>
<th>Submit by the 1st of the month prior to be published</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Special Text - Brief Messages Please. Poems & story submissions are always welcome and should be sent directly to the Newsletter Editor for inclusion in the newsletter.

Enclosed is my donation of $ ☐ Lehigh Valley ☐ Carbon County ☐ Easton

Note: Please mail gifts for Carbon County & Easton to the addresses listed below

If your gift is for Lehigh Valley please designate which of the following your gift is for (you may circle more than one)

- Newsletter Mailing
- Office Expenses
- Outreach Program
- Special Events (ie Picnic, Candle Lighting Etc…)

**Mailing Addresses for Carbon County and Easton Chapters**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Carbon County</th>
<th>Easton</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Compassionate Friends, Carbon County</td>
<td>The Compassionate Friends, Easton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C/O Patti Bissell</td>
<td>C/O John Szabo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>365 Drift Rd</td>
<td>1514 Sculac Dr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmerton, PA 18071</td>
<td>Bethlehem, Pa 18020</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Our Children Remembered Permission/Update Form**

The purpose of this form is to change, update or grant permission for your child's Birth and Anniversary dates to be printed in the newsletter. If you have given permission it is not necessary to do so again. Contact the Newsletter Editor if you have questions.

Mail this update form to: Kathleen Collins, 2971 Pheasant Dr., Northampton, PA 18067

The following is a ☐ Change or Update (ie name change, sibling name addition etc) ☐ New Permission

☐ I give my permission to publish my child’s birth and anniversary dates in the Our Children Remembered section of the newsletter

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Required Authorization Signature</th>
<th>Phone Number</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Child's Name</td>
<td>Date of Birth</td>
<td>Date of Death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parent's Names</td>
<td>Sibling's Names</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If this is a change … please explain briefly what the change is (ie sibling surname changes from smith to jones)
We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding and with hope.

The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain just as your hope becomes my hope.

We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races and creeds and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that we feel helpless and see no hope.

Some of us have found our faith to be a source for strength; while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in a deep depression; while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died.

We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building that future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts and help each other grieve as well as to grow.

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends.