



The Compassionate Friends

Lehigh Valley Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Volume 34 Issue 2

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Chapter 1562**
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The Compassionate Friends (TCF) is an international non-profit self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved families that have experienced the death of a child.

Our Mission: When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

Our Vision: Everyone who needs us will find us and everyone who finds us will be helped.

Our Chapter Meetings are held 2nd Monday each month from 7 to 9 pm at Sacred Heart Hospital (2nd Flr. Conference Center), 4th & Chew Sts, Allentown. Free parking is available in hospital parking decks. Newcomers please arrive a half an hour early for your first meeting

Meetings are open to all bereaved parents, grandparents and mature siblings. 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 invite you to bring a picture of your child to display at the meeting for their birth or anniversary month or at any time.

Tentative Meeting Schedule

April 13 - Tentative Meeting - General Sharing

May 11 - Tentative Meeting – General Sharing - Mothers Day

June 8 - Tentative Meeting – General Sharing - Fathers Day

Note:

See page 2 for important information regarding upcoming meetings

To Our New Members

Making the decision to come to your first meeting can be difficult. It can also be difficult to return for a second or third meeting, but we ask that you attend three meetings before deciding whether or not TCF will work for you. We cannot walk your grief journey for you, but we can take your hand and walk beside you if you allow us to. We have no easy answers or quick fixes, but we care, share and understand. Although our members circumstances may be different, we have all “been there”...we are all grieving the loss of a child and therefore we can truly say we understand. You are not alone.

To Our Seasoned Members

Think back to your first meeting, You were hurt, confused and felt alone in your grief. Remember the comfort you felt when you found you weren't alone and that others that had been where you were and survived. Remember the love and support you felt as fellow members offered on your grief journey. Now you are stronger and may not feel the need to attend meetings for aid and comfort. We need you though. New members need you. They need your encouragement, support and wisdom. If you haven't attended a meeting in awhile please consider coming back to offer hope to those who now feel lost and see no hope.

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Telephone Friends

For those times you need to connect with someone between meetings, the following members are available to listen and share

- Accident
Gene Delong 610-837-7924
- Infant -
Kim Szep 610-730-3111
- Only Child -
Shelly Garst 484-241-5396
- Addiction -
Nancy Howe 484-863-4324
- Suicide -
John & Maria Szabo 610-866-5468
- Homicide -
Ginger Renner 610-967-5113

To volunteer as a phone friend
Contact the newsletter editor

TCF Online Support
www.compassionatefriends.org
Click on "Online Support" under the "Find Support" tab

Chapter Notes

Coronavirus Update

At the time of publication of this newsletter we have no immediate plans to cancel meetings. In light of the global emergency of the new coronavirus this may change. The health and safety of meeting attendees is our utmost concern. If the meetings take place as planned please use good judgement in attending, if you are feeling ill, have been around someone who is ill or have a suppressed immune system please do not attend. If a meeting cancellation is necessary we will post the cancelation on our facebook page - facebook.com/TCFLehighValley, on our website homepage & calendar at www.lehighvalleytcf.org and on voicemail 484-891-0823. Please refer to these sources for updates on the meetings.

If you need to talk to someone please call one of the telephone friends listed on this page. Our volunteers are listed by the loss they have experienced but they are not limited to talking about that particular loss. They are available to speak with you about any loss because we all share the same loss, the loss of a child. Another option are TCF online support groups. To access the support groups go to: <https://www.compassionatefriends.org/find-support/online-communities/>

Newsletter Notes

This newsletter comes to you courtesy of The Compassionate Friends, Lehigh Valley Chapter with the hope that it will be a helpful resource for you on your grief journey.

If you no longer wish to receive the newsletter please contact the newsletter editor by phone at 484-891-0823; by email: TCFNewsEditor@gmail.com or by mail: TCF News Editor, 2971 Pheasant Dr., Northampton, PA 18067

We welcome original stories and poetry from our members. We reserve the right to modify or reject submissions not in keeping with our mission. All submissions must include the author's name and your contact information. Send to The Compassionate Friends, C/O Kathleen Collins, 2971 Pheasant Dr. Northampton PA 18067 or email to: TCFNewsEditor@gmail.com by the following cutoff dates:

Newsletter	Cutoff Date	Newsletter	Cutoff Date
Jan, Feb, March	Dec. 1st	July , Aug, Sept	June 1st
April, May, June	March 1st	Oct, Nov, Dec	Sept 1st

NOTE: If you are Moving or going on Vacation and having your mail held or forwarded please inform the Newsletter Editor of your new address or of a hold or forward on you mail. The Post Office does not hold or forward the newsletter. They are returned at our expense and we in turn remove those individuals from the mailing list.

Love Gifts

Love Gifts are tax deductible donations that enable the chapter to continue to reach out to the newly bereaved and provide ongoing support to all members. They may be given in memory of a child or in memory of or in honor of a friend or relative. To make a love gift please use form in this newsletter.

We thank the following for their generosity

Contributor	Loved One
♥ Jack & Jule Leonard	John Leonard, Jr <i>In Loving Memory</i>
♥ Lucille Radocha	Peter A. Radocha <i>Happy 46th Birthday. So many family members now with you to celebrate.</i>
♥ Elizabeth Hotz & Keith	Jimmy Hotz <i>We miss you more every day and know you are bowling with Dad in Heaven</i>
♥ Cindy & John Chryst	Benjamin Fry <i>Always in our hearts! We love you & miss you!</i>
♥ Udo and Janet Virmalo	Sean Mikhail Virmalo <i>Always with us. Udo, Janet, Eric, [♥]Brett & Katelyn</i>
♥ Betty Schuler	Dean Lynn Schuler <i>In Loving Memory</i>
♥ Thomas and Karen Bailey	Mark Adam Bailey, John Sulick, Dawn DeLong <i>In Loving Memory</i>
♥ Shirley Grozier	Robert C. Grozier, II <i>Hi my Bob—Happy 7th birthday in heaven. No more pain. Love you and miss you . Mom</i>
♥ Fred and Pat Andrew	Jill Patricia Harris <i>We love and miss you and Dad. Mom, Jeff, Sam and Alex</i>

Donations & Contributions

- ★ **Sacred Heart Hospital, Allentown**
for meeting room and drinks
- ★ **Giant Food Store Employees United Way Contributions**
In Memory of David Todd Smith
- ★ **Mary Ann Donuts, Allentown**
for meeting snacks
- ★ **Everyone who volunteers their time and talents to the chapter and helping with the meetings**
- ★ **The Matt Kush Foundation**
In Memory of Matt Kush 8/1985 - 2/2001
- ★ **Aetna Payroll Contributors**
- ★ **United Way Payroll Contributors**

To set up United Way contributions to TCF, Lehigh Valley ask your employer for the appropriate form and use the number 12116 in the write-in area



Each of us is on our own journey,
Starting out with a sharp shock of pain,
Descend into a dark cave of grief;
Swallowed up in sorrow...

Open up
The possibilities are endless,
In sorrow and in pain.
I know that now and I know
That while the worst can happen,
Somehow we go on.

Open up To the limits of blue sky.
Starting in the dark cave of grief,
The beast uncoils.
Let it roar,
Let it whimper,
Let it go.

Open up
To the acknowledgment of pain.
To the knowing that
We are not in control.
We move in and out
From darkness
To possibilities.

Open up Like spring flowers pushing
Up through the snow.
Knowledge that while sorrow remains,
And the beast of grief lives on,
So too does memory.

*Melissa Anne Schroeter
TCF Rockland County, NY*



Our Children Remembered



Please keep the parents, grandparents and siblings of the following children in your thoughts and hearts

Birthdays and Anniversaries

	Birth	Anniv.
Walter Alfonso - Son of Joan Kunsman; Brother of Sherry Flanagan, Sandra Kunsman & the late David Kunsman & late Charles Kunsman, Jr	Aug 10	May 18
Patricia Arey - Daughter of Elizabeth & the late William Arey; Sister of Elizabeth Ann, Barbara, Rose Marie & Elaine	Apr 18	May 8
John Ashner, Jr. - Son of John & Grace Ashner; Brother of Suzanne & Michael	Jun 22	Nov 8
Mark Bailey - Son of Thomas & Karen Bailey	Jun 19	Apr 8
Graham Beckhorn - Son of Alice Keyes; Brother of Christopher & Patrick Beckhorn	Apr 20	Feb 14
Riccardo Brown, Jr. - Son of Lizbeth Gonzalez	Feb 18	May 28
Holly Cavanaugh - Daughter of Bill Cavanaugh & Beverly Ann Cavanaugh; Sister of Bo Cavanaugh	Apr 27	Sep 25
Matthew Chupella - Son of Maryann Chupella	May 18	Jul 31
Rachel Dallas - Daughter of Robert & Linda Dallas; Sister of Sadie Dallas	Jan 21	Jun 14
Denise Deiter - Daughter of Franklin & Lucille Reinhard; Sister of & Cheryl A. McCue & the late Cathy A. Mertz	Jul 3	Jun 11
Joel Frisby - Son of Caroline Frisby; Brother of Richard, Gregory, Michael & Timothy Frisby	Mar 26	Jun 4
Peter & Paul Fry - Sons of John & Cynthia Chryst; Brothers of the late Benjamin Fry; Brothers of Jeff Fry; Grandsons of Charles & Rose Giltner	Jun 1	Jun 1
Edward Gaydos, III - Son of Edward & Sally Gaydos; Brother of Blasia Gaydos	Apr 23	Apr 8
Elizabeth Gibson, MD - Daughter of Richard J. Brown & the Late Marilyn Brown; Sister of Margaret Nahrganl & Eric Brown	Jun 15	Apr 2
Jennifer Grider - Daughter of Carl & Joan Grider	May 18	Jun 29
Robert Grozier, II - Son of Shirley Grozier; Brother of Laurie, Brenda & Vance	Feb 15	Jun 11
James "Jim" Gum - Son of Sherwood & June Gum; Brother of Deborah Martini	Nov 21	May 1
Ryan Hamell - Son of Greg & Jeanette Hamell	Apr 6	Nov 23
Jill Harris - Daughter of Fred & Pat Andrew; Sister of Jeff	Nov 5	Jun 28
David Heard - Son of Susan Heard; Brother of Daisy Heard	May 20	Feb 10
David Hoagland, Jr - Son of Gypsy Garrett	Sep 24	Apr 26
Loren Holl - Son of Fern Gerth	May 31	May 30
Richard "Rich" Hollabaugh - Son of Linda Hollabaugh & the late Wayne Hollabaugh	Dec 20	Apr 10
James "Jimmy" Hotz - Son of Elizabeth Hotz	Apr 24	Jul 4
Jordon Hyndman - Son of Robin Hyndman; Brother of Shawna & Briana Hyndman	Nov 14	May 23
Colleen Kilker - Daughter of Mark & Kathleen Kilker; Sister of Meghan, Bridget & Mark Kilker	May 6	Jul 23
Audrey King Koch - Sister of Linda Hollabaugh	Jun 16	Dec 2
David Kunsman - Son of Charles & Joan Kunsman; Brother of Sherry Flanagan, Sandra Kunsman, the late Walter Alfonso & late Charles Kunsman, Jr	May 2	Jul 15
Trever Landis - Son of Robin Landis; Brother of Marlea, Dana & Kelsey Landis	Apr 16	Dec 9
Michael Malia - Son of Carol Malia; Brother of Brian Malia	May 24	Apr 2
Michael Milot - Son of John & Patti Milot; Brother of Jill	Jun 30	Feb 2
Frank Mirabile - Son of Joseph & Laura DeVito; Brother of Michael, Joseph & Nicholas	Apr 19	May 18
Michelle Motchos - Sister of Nicole Motchos	Mar 24	Apr 11
Cody Myers - Son of David & Denise Myers; Brother of Travis, Crystal & Benjamin Myers	Dec 12	May 15
Kelly Owens - Son of Douglas D. Owens & Judy Dorward	Jan 24	May 20
Angelo Providakis - Son of Michael & Joanne Providakis	Feb 7	Apr 9
Peter Radocha - Son of Lucille Radocha; Brother of Gina Sacco & Frank Radocha, Jr	Jun 13	Jul 1
Cory Ross - Son of Kathy Ross; Brother of Michael Ross	Jul 24	Jun 12
Eric Rute - Son of Linda Cavanaugh	Feb 15	May 20
Robert Rute - Son of Linda Cavanaugh	Jul 9	Apr 4
Nicholas Savacool - Son of Howard & Laura Savacool; Brother of Brandon, Candace & Lacie	Feb 27	Apr 1
Dean Schuler - Son of Betty Schuler & the late Lester Schuler	May 22	Nov 19



Our Children Remembered



Please keep the parents, grandparents and siblings of the following children in your thoughts and hearts

Birthdays and Anniversaries

	Birth	Anniv.
Steven Seibert - Son of Thomas & Eva Seibert; Brother of Nick & Krista Seibert; Grandson of Eva Juhasz	Jun 27	Dec 22
Andrew Siegfried - Son of Rich & Ruthann Siegfried; Brother of Ben Siegfried	Mar 27	Apr 18
Jonelle Sisonick - Daughter of Rella Sisonick Daniels; Sister of Nicholas Sisonick	May 22	Aug 3
Keith Storat - Son of Richard & Susan Storat; Brother of Todd & Greg	May 18	Jul 22
Jared Thomas - Son of Sandra B. Schueck	Aug 31	Jun 22
Shane Uttard - Son of Brenda Deubler	Jan 15	May 13
Sean Virmalo - Son of Udo & Janet L. Virmalo; Brother of Eric, Brett & Katelyn Virmalo	Sep 13	Apr 28
Joseph Visnosky, Jr. - Brother of Grace L Ashner	May 27	May 4
Joshua Wersinger - Son of David & Joanne Wersinger; Brother of Patrick, Hope, Joeseeph, Gertrude & Marjorie	Jan 19	May 17
Craig Yurick - Son of Robert & Sharon Yurick; Brother of Todd Yurick	Aug 5	Jun 21
Beth Anne Mather - Daughter of Peter Mather & the Late Elizabeth Mather	Mar 12	Jan 17

The Seasons of Grief

By Shirley Melin TCF, Aurora, IL

The seasons take on new meanings when a child dies. The snow of winter melts into the first breath of spring. How well I remember the first spring of my grief. I looked forward eagerly to its coming . . . surely when the long dark days of winter are past, surely spring will be better.

How surprised I was at tears springing forth with the discovery of each new crocus and every bursting bud and spring flower. Yes, spring was beautiful, but oh, so sad, that first year without my son to share it with. For suddenly I realized that it was he who gave me my first crocus, bulb and all, when he was 5 and he who gave me my first bedding plants for Mother's Day each year.

And now, the Lenten Season unfolds once more, and I'm aware of other bereaved parents who will withdraw to the privacy of their personal and painful world of memories with this new season for them. Ash Wednesday . . . Easter . . . Passover for my Jewish friends . . . these are a totally new experience in the first years of grief. The liturgical words are a thousand years old; yet tears blur the painful newfound meaning.

TAKE TIME TO GRIEVE. Take time for the memories of other Easters. Take time to mourn what might have been. Indulge yourself in the beauty of an Easter Lily. Don't be afraid if at first there seems more pain than comfort in the age-old words and the beautiful music of Easter. And never be ashamed of your tears. One day you, too, will say, "It is finished."

To walk through grief is not easy. When the shock and numbness have gone, we are left with reality, the reality that life includes pain and loss. Easter is a season of many feelings . . . a time of pain and loss. It is also a time of rebirth, and of real personal growth. So, also, are the Seasons of Grief.



Easter Thoughts

*One more winter overcome, one more darkness turned to light and promise.
Winter is the price for spring. Struggle is the price for life. Even in sorrow, remember to prepare your heart for celebration... next spring perhaps Or the spring after that...*

~Sascha Wagner, TCF Des Moines, IA

Mother's Day Revisited

By Barbara Atwood, In memory of Jacob, TCF, Tucson AZ

Many of us in TCF do not look forward to Mother's Day. On this holiday, when the whole nation is celebrating the joys of parenthood, grieving parents often feel a special anguish. Mother's Day this year looms as a particularly difficult milestone for me. Sunday, May 10, 1998, is not only Mother's Day but also the second anniversary of the death of my ten year old son, Jacob. Because this day of private sadness also happens to be a day of public celebration, I decided that I should start thinking early about the occasion. I engaged in a little research about the holiday and learned a story that I think is worth sharing.

Mother's Day was the creation of a woman named Anna Jarvis in the early years of this century. Anna, who never married and never had children of her own, devoted herself to establishing a national Mother's Day as a way of honoring her beloved mother, who died on May 9, 1905. In Anna's view, her mother deserved a memorial because she had lived selflessly and endured considerable suffering. Seven of her eleven children had died in early childhood. According to historians, Anna's mother mourned the deaths of her children throughout her life.

Anna insisted that the holiday always fall on a Sunday so that it would retain its spiritual moorings. Because of her efforts, President Woodrow Wilson finally proclaimed the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day. Although Anna couldn't prevent the new holiday from quickly becoming a marketing phenomenon, she did try. Speaking out against the mire of "commercialization" that threatened to engulf Mother's Day, Anna attempted to preserve her creation as a true "holy day," a time for solemn reflection and prayer.

Mother's Day, then, was born of a

daughter's grief and love. More importantly, it was intended as a tribute to a bereaved mother. A brave woman who lost multiple children but who managed to live with an abiding kindness and generosity toward others. I like knowing this background, and my attitude towards Mother's Day has been colored by the knowledge. The holiday now makes me think of the common sorrow that links all bereaved parents. I feel a bond with Anna's mother that stretches over time and space.

In a broader sense, the woman for whom the holiday was founded reminds me of people I've met at TCF who have continued to live productive, meaningful lives in the face of unthinkable loss. Finally, Mother's Day in its origins symbolizes both the joy and the vulnerability inherent in parenthood. Anna's mother knew all too well that from the moment a child is born, hope and the possibility of tragedy go hand in hand. She understood the fragility of life. Enriched by its own history, Mother's Day is easier for me to tolerate. The coincidence of dates this year, Mother's Day and the anniversary of my son's death, is not as jarring as it once seemed. Although the commercial images of the modern Mother's Day still make me wince, I can turn off the television and envision the kind of day that Anna Jarvis had in mind: a time for quiet reflection and the sharing of cherished memories.

A Pair of Shoes



I am wearing a pair of shoes. They are ugly shoes, Uncomfortable shoes. I hate my shoes. Each day I wear them, and each day I wish I had another pair. Some days my shoes hurt so bad that I do not think I can take another step. Yet, I continue to wear them. I get funny looks wearing these shoes. They are looks of sympathy. I can tell in others' eyes that they are glad they are my shoes and not theirs. They never talk about my shoes. To learn how awful my shoes are might make them uncomfortable. To truly understand these shoes you must walk in them. But, once you put them on, you can never take them off. I now realize that I am not the only one who wears these shoes. There are many pairs in this world. Some women are like me and ache daily as they try and walk in them. Some have learned how to walk in them so they don't hurt quite as much. Some have worn the shoes so long that days will go by before they think about how much they hurt. No woman deserves to wear these shoes. Yet, because of these shoes I am a stronger woman. These shoes have given me the strength to face anything. They have made me who I am. I will forever walk in the shoes of a woman who has lost a child. ~ Author Unknown

*You are present in every inhalation and
Your light shines brightly in my sky,
Your memory surrounds me every moment
It's Mother's Day and I miss you, precious child*

Joanne Cacciatore, PhD



The Old Yellow Truck

By Gary Piepenbring TCF/Penn-Maryland Line Chapter

Several weeks ago I sold my old, rusty yellow pickup truck. I placed an ad in the Baltimore Sunday paper which read: For Sale - 1978 Toyota pickup truck, 110 K miles - as is \$450. Call. Someone called, paid me \$400, and drove away - all in the same day. I should have been happy to get rid of it, but instead, I ended up feeling depressed.

If I could have advertised the truck in our TCF Newsletter, the ad would have read: For Sale (regretfully) 1978 Toyota pickup truck used by college student when he was home for weekends or semester breaks. Provided safe transportation through a snowstorm on his last New Year's Eve. Four-speaker stereo radio with rock music stations preselected. Ashtray clean except for old bank receipts. Truck used by father for hauling things while thinking about son. Priceless. Don't call.

It has been 18 months since my son died, and yet it is still difficult to part with certain things - even things that did not belong to him. This is a problem with which we are all faced. What to keep? What to let go? The practical side of us says these things are no longer needed, so we should get rid of them. The heart says my son owned these things or used them; they bring back memories, so we should keep them. There is not a right or wrong answer as to what we keep or what we let go. I reassure myself by noting that these memories of my son didn't leave with that old yellow truck. They still remain locked in my heart forever.

The Grief of Father's Strength

By Terry Jago, TCF Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

In the early days of my grief,
a tear would well up in my eyes,
a lump would form in my throat,
but you would not know -
I would hide it,
And I am strong.

In the middle days of my grief,
I would look ahead and see that wall
that I had attempted to go around
as an ever-present reminder of a wall
yet unsealed.
Yet I did not attempt to scale it
for the strong will survive -
And I am strong.

In the later days of my grief,
I learned to climb over that wall - step by step -
remembering, crying grieving.
And the tears flowed steadily
as I painstakingly went over.
The way was long, but I did make it,
For I am strong.

Near the resolution of my grief,
a tear will well up in my eyes,
a lump will form in my throat,
but I will let that tear fall and you will see it.
Through it you will see
that I still hurt and I care,
For I am strong.

“Courage doesn't always roar. Sometimes courage is the little voice at the end of the day that says I'll try again tomorrow.”

Mary Anne Radmacher

The Courage To Let Life Go On

By Britta Nielsen, TCF Manhattan, NY 2004

"The bravest thing I ever did was continuing my life when I wanted to die."
-Juliette Lewis

"Life goes on" - I have often heard this sentence, said perhaps to console me, or perhaps as a way to put an end to a conversation about loss and death. Of course, life goes on, no matter how shattered our lives are by the loss of someone we love so dearly. Life doesn't ask whether we want to go along. We want the world to stop turning because of our loss. Days turn into nights, again and again, and this is how we arrived at this day. Suddenly another month, another year has gone by, although we all probably asked ourselves how we would be able to go on living. It just happens. We do not die because of the pain. We keep on living and I still wonder how this can be.

I do not want life to go on, but to stop it right here, or better yet, to turn back to the day when I lost my sister and baby niece. I do not want the changes life brings. Each change seems to increase the distance between the life I knew with them and the life I live today. I cannot ask my sister's opinion

about the new things that happen. I cannot share them with her, tell her about them, laugh or cry with her about them. Changes make me aware that in fact life does go on, without her. My birthdays make me sad because they change the difference in age. My sister was always four years older than I was, and now we are down to three years. Sometimes I feel guilty that I live on. I breathe, smell, touch, feel, see and experience life, while my sister and her daughter were ripped away from it. My sister and I never talked about death or losing each other, but if we had, I am sure that we both would have said that we could not imagine life without one another. If it had been me, my sister would have been forced to do exactly the same: go on living despite the agony, just because there is no choice.

Before I lost them, I trusted life to be good. I believed in fairness; if we are good, life will spare us tragedies, and besides, these tragedies only happen to other people, those I do not know, those I read about in the papers, distant, easy to forget about. I lost this sense of security and trust in life. I

now find that living takes courage.

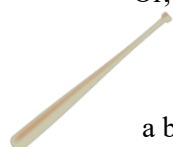
Life becomes meaningful through love and friendship, but loving someone is what makes us vulnerable. Daring to invite love into our lives means to increase our vulnerability to the threats that seem to be around every corner. Instead of asking "why us?" I often find myself asking "why not us?" Tragedy hits good and bad people for no reason. It seems the world is just random and unpredictable. Just because I am a good person and I already lost so much, does not mean that I will be spared from more pain.

Life goes on, and because it does, with all the good and bad things that happen to us, it scares me to live and particularly, to love. What if more happens? The fear is paralyzing. I pray to God, to my sister and my niece to protect us, although I know they don't have the power to prevent other bad things from happening. What then can I ask them for? Courage, I guess. Courage to let life go on, to give myself a chance that new and good things happen to me that will add joy to my life.

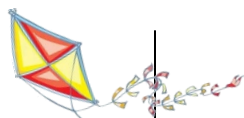
Did You Know?

By Kathi Guthrie TCF Cape May County, NJ

Did you know:
you need to rip up sheets
to make a kite that flies.
That you cannot build a fort
without a tree with Y's.
That matchbox cars run better
when they are full of paint.
Or, if you hold your breath too long,
you probably will faint.



Did you know:
a baseball bat makes a terrific gun.
And, yes, an egg can really fry when left out in the sun.
And cardboard boxes seem to make



the most terrific trains.
And you can swim in puddles
after gentle summer rains.



Did you know:
that baseball cards clipped upon your bike
will make the awful clicking noise that parents never like.
A crab trap can be used to catch the most exquisite birds
and pig Latin serves to provide a private world of words.

And did you know my brothers?
They died a few years back.
They taught me all these marvelous things
That sometimes sisters lack.



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS,
LEHIGH VALLEY**

Phone: 484-891-0823

E-mail: tcflehighvalley@gmail.com

**Other Local TCF Chapters and
Support Groups**

TCF Carbon County Chapter - 1st Tuesday 7-9 pm Leaders - Dave & Lora Krum, Phone: 484-719-6753 Email: tcfcarboncounty@gmail.com

TCF Easton Chapter- 2nd Thursday 7 - 9 pm Leaders John & Maria Szabo, Phone: 610-866-5468 Email: szabojanos1@verizon.net

TCF Quakertown Chapter - 2nd Tuesday 7:30 - 9 pm Phone: 267-380-0130, Email: contact@tcfquakertownpa.org

TCF Pocono Chapter - 1st Monday 7:00pm Leader Teresa Myers Phone: 570-350-6695, Email: tcfpoconochapter@gmail.com

GRASP (grief recovery after substance passing)
Contact: Nancy Howe 484-863-4324; 484-788-9440; nancyhowe@ymail.com or Jenny Kemps - 610-442-8490

The Compassionate Friends Credo

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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, 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 they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in 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 a 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 to grieve as well as to grow.

We Need Not Walk Alone. We Are The Compassionate Friends.