



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

A self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved families

MARCH 2017

Inside Valley Forge

Meetings are on the first Thursday of every month at 7:45PM (ending at 9:30PM). We meet at Good Shepherd Lutheran Church Founders Hall, Valley Forge and Henderson RDs, King of Prussia, PA. Phone on meeting evenings only is 610-265-0733. All other times please call Rhonda at 484-919-0820.

Meeting Schedule and other TCF Events of interest

March 2 General Sharing

April 6 General Sharing

July 28-30 40th TCF National Conference
"Rays of Sunshine, Oceans of Hope"
Orlando, FL. (see page 2)

We encourage newsletter writings from our members. You may also submit articles written by others, please include the author of all articles submitted. **The cut-off date for newsletter entries is the 15th of the preceding month.**

ARTICLES SHOULD BE SENT TO THE NEWSLETTER EDITORS.

There are no dues or fees to belong to The Compassionate Friends, or to receive our newsletter. Your tax deductible donations (which we call love gifts) given in memory of your loved one enables us to defray the cost of chapter expenses, particularly the newsletter, meetings, and our outreach to the newly bereaved. **Please include any special tribute you wish printed in the newsletter along with your gift.**

If you donate to **United Way** at your place of work, and wish your contribution to go to the Valley Forge Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, you may do so by entering: **The Compassionate Friends - Valley Forge Chapter United Way ID# 04-104.** on your pledge form.

**PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
TCF VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER
SEND TO: CHAPTER LEADER
RHONDA GOMEZ**

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TCF Mission Statement

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.

INSIDE VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER

NEW PEOPLE

Jacqueline Bonney, daughter, *Genevieve* (8 days)

Priscilla & Urs Joho, daughter, *Ursula* (32)

Maureen & Patrick McCormick, son, *John* (36)

We welcome our newly bereaved friends, sorry for the cause that brings you. We have all been in the depths of despair, and offer unconditional love and understanding to all of you. It sometimes takes several meetings to feel the full benefit of group sharing.

REFRESHMENTS

Refreshments may be donated in memory of loved ones, please call **Rhonda (484) 919-0820**, or you may sign the refreshment chart located on the refreshment table.

Nina Berstein, in memory of her son, *Andrew*, on his anniversary 2/9

Rhonda Gomez, in memory of her brother, *Paul*, on his birthday 2/7

LOVE GIFTS

Rose Cote & Jamie Weaver, in loving memory of our son/brother, *Mark Cote*.

Shirley, Phil & brother Sean Kennedy, in loving memory of *Philip V. Kennedy*, on his birthday 2/22. Mom, Dad & brother, Sean.

Norine & William McDevitt, in honor of our son, *Sean Francis McDevitt*.

Beverly Rush, in loving memory of my daughter, *Kelsey*, on her anniversary 3/29.

Nancy & Art Singer, in loving memory of our son, *Jeffrey Vincent Singer*, on his birthday 3/9.

Lorraine Spear, in loving memory of my precious daughter, *Kimberly J. Spear*, on her 20th anniversary of her death.

This publication of the **TCF Valley Forge Chapter Newsletter** is funded by the **Steven Schneibolk Memorial Fund**.

Love gifts received December 2016

Helen Deery, in loving memory of my son, *Ronald Deery, Jr.* on his anniversary 12/20.

Jack & Freda Gross, in memory of our precious daughter, *Linda Joy Gross*, on her birthday 12/28 and her angel anniversary 2/25.

Robert & Kathleen Grossi, in loving memory of our son *James M. Grossi*.

Nancy & Gerald Hall, in loving memory of our son *Douglas Bryan Hall*.

Jacob & Rachel Himmelstein, in loving memory of our son *Benjamin Himmelstein*.

Esperanza & Libardo Toro, in loving memory of our daughter *Maria Eugenia Toro*.

JoAnne Sands, in loving memory of my son *Tyler Sands*.

Fred & Irene Sutton, in loving memory of our son *Jim Sutton*.



The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that Orlando Florida will be the site of the 40th TCF National Conference on July 28-30, 2017.

“Rays of Sunshine, Oceans of Hope” is the theme of this year’s event.

TCF Facebook

Join 22,000 people who are sharing their grief journey at The Compassionate Friends Facebook page. The page is designed to be informative and supportive. Check out the question or quote of the day. You can find the page by going to TCF’s website home page at www.compassionatefriends.org and clicking on the Facebook icon. Or you can go to Facebook and do a search for “The Compassionate Friends/USA.” Join us and contribute to the conversation.

NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL

We are asking if possible , would you please receive your newsletter by email.

We do not want to remove anyone from our newsletter mailing list who is benefiting from receiving it. We hope it is a help to you while going through your grief, giving you better understanding of your feelings, and letting you know **“We need not walk alone”**.

A newsletter helps to keep our TCF family informed of local and national events.

We consider this an important function of our program.

We are asking if you have email, would you consider receiving your newsletter in email format. You will receive your copy earlier if you opt to receive it by email. If you chose to use the email method of receiving your newsletter, you will have the option to switch back to the old method. If you wish to receive the newsletter by email please contact: frank@tcfvalleyforge.org

OUR CHILDREN & SIBLINGS LOVED, SADLY MISSED AND REMEMBERED

Each month some of us must face those special, but difficult days of birthdays and anniversaries. This month we ask your thoughts and prayers for the parents/siblings/relatives of the following children:

We will no longer list the birth and death years of deceased persons in our newsletter. We have concerns this information could be misused, and result in an adversity for the families.

MARCH BIRTHDAYS

Catherine Dardozzi, son *James Dardozzi* 3/7
Janie & Joseph Dougherty, son *Brendan K. Dougherty* 3/29
Robert & Lee Duffield, son *Michael Robin* 3/31
Richard & Martha Fenoglio, daughter *Judith Fenoglio Daw* 3/30
Sarah Fishel, daughter *Allyson* 3/26
Bill & Karen Flavin, son *Chad Flavin* 3/7
Lisa Foos, son *Curtis* 3/14
Kate Gara, godchild *Colin* 3/27
Jo Ann Gatlin, daughter *Lisa Diane Gatlin* 3/20
Marco & Patricia Giubilato, daughter *Robin Giubilato Zarelli* 3/18
Danielle & Joshua Graham, brother *Jake* 3/27
Elizabeth Haney, son *Christian* 3/6
Nora & Peter Heiss, daughter *Kathleen Heiss McCaughan* 3/25
Margaret C. Jones, son *Christopher* 3/17
Jack & Stacy Kabic, daughter *Brithy* 3/29
Joan Kellett, grandson *Keith Mastronardo* 3/23
Terry Kozlewski, son *Frankie* 3/12
Tracey-Anne Langley, sister *Nataly* 3/25
Julie Lauderback, son *Donovan Lauderback* 3/5
Fred & Kay Lokoff, daughter *Terry Lokoff* 3/17
Vivian & Kenneth Maahs, daughter *Kirsten* 3/22
Lorelei Malandra, brother *Jeff Singer* 3/9
Tom & Charmaine Malik, son *Danny Malik* 3/3
Shannon Mastronardo, son *Keith* 3/23
Lee & Laurie Maxwell, son *Dan* 3/14
Jeff and Kathy McCarron, daughter *Sarah* 3/30
William & Carol Meehan, son *Patrick W. Meehan* 3/11
Greg and Mary Miller, son *David* 3/26
Beth Mohr, brother *Matthew Bock* 3/18
John Mscisz, grandson *Liam John Willamson* 3/8
Aminah Na'im, son *Dawann* 3/3
Kimberly Newman, mother *Margaret Haffey* 3/3
Marie O'Connon, son *Curran J.* 3/27
Steve Patrizio, son *Stephen* 3/12

MARCH BIRTHDAYS continued

Janet Patrizio, son *Stephen* 3/12
Terri Pfeiffer, son *Matthew* 3/6
Raymond & Marguerite Posluszny, son *Alex Posluszny* 3/22
Rusty & Anthony Puglisi, son *Michael Puglisi* 3/5
Susan Reynolds, son *Craig Anderson* 3/24
Thelma Rosen, nephew *Charles Carswell* 3/26
Lisa and John Russo, son *Casey* 3/17
Susan & John Rutland, son *Justin Rutland* 3/28
Carol Sannella, son *David Sannella* 3/18
Abigail Schwartz, brother *Jake* 3/27
Arthur & Nancy Singer, son *Jeffrey Vincent Singer* 3/9
Jeffrey Smith, son *Jacob Smith* 3/2
Mary Ellen Swider, daughter *Kelly Swider* 3/25
Allan Thomas, son *Vernon Odins* 3/5
Peggy Tweed, son *Matthew Bock* 3/18
Peggy West, daughter *Kelly Ann West* 3/8
Mary Willinger, sister *Annette* 3/6
Carolyn & Tom Yuhás, son *Eric Whitelock* 3/4
Judi Zollers, son *Sam* 3/6

Omission from February 2017 newsletter Anniversary listing
Frank Yanni, son *David Yanni* 2/10
Rose Yanni, nephew *David Yanni* 2/10

MARCH ANNIVERSARIES

Loretta Bovell, daughter *JoAnna* - 3/7
Gary Chavez, wife *JoAnn* - 3/31
Rose Marie Cote, son *Mark J. Cote* - 3/26
Jamie (Germaine) Cote Weaver, brother *Mark Cote* - 3/26
Barbara Cotteta, granddaughter *Denise* - 3/28
Linda DiPasquale, son *Thomas* - 3/24
Ginny Ebert, son *Jason* - 3/25
Tom & Irene Edmunds, son *Kyle Derek Edmunds* - 3/17
Bob & Dena Filipone, daughter *Denise* - 3/8
Kate Gara, godchild *Colin* - 3/13
Rita Gibbons, son *Paul Gibbons* - 3/20
Herb & Karen Grant, son *Ryan* - 3/8
Ronald J. & Margaret Halas, daughter *Desiree A. Halas* - 3/11
Othell & William Heaney, son *Kevin* - 3/10

MARCH ANNIVERSARIES CONTINUED

Brad Ingerman, son *Justin* - 3/18
Michael & Betsy Jarrett, son *Michael Jarrett* - 3/10
Joan Kellett, grandson *Keith Mastronardo* - 3/19
Jacque Kilroy, son *Shilen Kenneth* - 3/21
Suellen & Stephen King, daughter *Danelle Rossi* - 3/12
Sherri Leco, daughter *Sommer Leigh Leco* - 3/11
Susan Lipson, nephew *Justin Ingerman* - 3/18
Stacy Ludy, daughter *Alyssa Kenny* - 3/10
 granddaughter *Anastasia* - 3/10
Lorelei Malandra, brother *Jeff Singer* - 3/9
Dan Markle, brother *Matt Markle* - 3/3
Shannon Mastronardo, son *Keith* - 3/19
Anne McClenachan, brother *Andy McClenachan* - 3/30
Kevin & Nancy McKelvey, son *Michael* - 3/30
Barbara Meisenhelder, daughter *Renee Meisenhelder* - 3/2
Bob & Janet Milnazik, daughter *Kim* - 3/3
Beth Mohr, brother *Matthew Bock* - 3/16
Ann Murray, son *Brian Rapoport* - 3/9
George & Estelle Null, daughter *Kathleen "Kathy" Null* - 3/7
Betty & Richard Owens, Sr., son *Richard H. Owens, Jr.* - 3/26
Thomas & Mary Jane Poore, son *Bradley Poore* - 3/19
Kelly Rossi, brother *Kevin* - 3/8
Becky Rotkowski, brother *Brian* - 3/14
Beverly & Joe Rush, daughter *Kelsey* - 3/29
Arthur & Nancy Singer, son *Jeffrey Vincent Singer* - 3/9
James & Betty Treichler, son *James Treichler Jr.* - 3/13
Akhil & Judy Tripathi, son *Sunil* - 3/17
Peggy Tweed, son *Matthew Bock* - 3/16
Hans & Margaret van Naerssen, son *Eric* - 3/25
Linda Weaver, son *Damon Weaver* - 3/18
Laurie Wyche, son *Jameson Wyche* - 3/1

MAY I GRIEVE?

In the daytime, I walk and work, and all;
But at home, in the evening, I stumble and fall.
The office says, "Function, smile and get control."
But at home I can grieve to cleanse my soul.
Must I be two people for the rest of my life?
If I could be just one person for more than one day,
My freedom to grieve would help light the way.

But society tells me not to be sad,
They say, "She's at peace now
 and you should be glad."
When grieving the loss of a child is perceived,
How much easier it is for we the bereaved.

Susanne Demars
TCF, Hingham, MA

SHARED THOUGHTS ON SPRING

Our Douglas had died in February, so we moved into springtime almost immediately. This caused resentment, to see renewal of the earth's life. Yet, the life that we desperately wanted renewed, did not occur, it just didn't seem fair. Man, who had so much dominance in the world, had no control as to what would return to life in the springtime.

As much as all these changes saddened me, I felt drawn to daily look for all the new growth. It was as though I was greeting each plant by saying, "you survived, you made it". It was as though they offered hope that things could get better. At this point the most I could expect was it **could** get better, I wasn't ready to say it **would**. I began to realize I was using the wrong analogy by liking the death to nature's return of spring. Spring had returned to say, "I'm here in all my beauty for you to enjoy me as much as you can, or as little as you may, and that things in the world can bring beauty again even though they have had a traumatic experience", and with nurturing can even blossom again. If dirt and repulsive smelling fertilizer can bring new growth, perhaps the poignant grief could heal pain and someday cause new growth.

Fresh grief certainly is not ready for any new growth, when you are in the pit so deep, and not even sure you are going to survive the situation. Many times when you feel it is as bad as it can get, the next day will prove you wrong. It takes all the courage you can muster just to face each new day.

As we got further into springtime, I found the right analogy for me is when the caterpillar left his cocoon to become a beautiful butterfly. This had to be the perfect analogy. I feel our children & siblings do not die, they have gone to a higher stage of development which is more than earth can offer. This is paramount in easing my pain about death.

The pain of knowing we can not share our daily living with our child or sibling can still be very intense. It helps to come to the realization that they can be part of our daily lives, if we direct our love and thoughts to them. If they are in a higher stage of development, then they certainly are capable of receiving love. The open line of communication of expressing our love and feelings to them can bring much healing. Frequently the healing has to come through tears, don't chase them away, let them wash your heart and mind, so you can see the love and memories more clearly.

Those who have never lost a loved one can easily say "Don't cry, in time you will be better". They don't realize it takes time and tears to be better. We must remember they have only walked the rim of the pit as an onlooker. They have never been in the pit grappling for a way out.

We at The Compassionate Friends don't have any magic maps or recipes for getting to the other side of grief. **We do know where a few of the stepping stones are, and are always willing to extend a hand to help stable you, a shoulder to cry on (or a heart to cry with you), and a record to prove "together we can do it"**.

God Bless, *Marie Hofmockel*, TCF Valley Forge

**Good memories are the perennials
That bloom again after the hard
Winter of grief begins to yield to hope
Sascha**

Some Common Thoughts Following the Death of Your Child

- It is not uncommon to feel bitterness or a sense of injustice when one loses a child. So if you find yourself thinking, Why me?, Why my child?, Why our family?, You are in good company.
- Some parents describe “an irrational sense of self-blame” following the death of a child. I never was able to figure out what a rational sense of self-blame might be. But I do know that many of us blame ourselves. We replay the what-ifs of our child’s life and death a thousand times a day. Almost always self-blame is misplaced.
- Grief over the loss of a child lasts longer than any other kind. It heals more slowly and causes the most monumental disruption for those who survive. This is because a child is a part of what psychologists call our internal psychological structure - meaning that in a way, part of the parent dies too.
- Most experts believe that loss and helplessness are the greatest tests any human can face. A child’s death is off the charts in both categories.
- You may be strong, smart, and highly resilient. But nothing can prepare you for the loss of a child.
- One reason the loss feels so enormous is that a child’s death violates an implicit generational contract that our own children will survive us.
- A child’s death also challenges the fundamental instinct of parents to protect their child. That is what we are supposed to do, isn’t it? To make the world safe? The feeling that we have failed to do so can haunt us, compounding our sadness.
- In an era of medical miracles, we are less culturally conditioned to expect a child’s death than in previous generations. On the contrary, the prevailing assumption is that science and technology can and will work wonders.
- Some experts estimate that in the face of a child’s death two years is a reasonable grieving period. Others double that figure. The truth is, it takes as long as it takes - sometimes a whole lifetime. But if you are lucky, the grief will transmute. Even its physical properties will transform. Its weighty presence abates. The grief becomes gentler - less terrifying - and sometimes, paradoxically, rather sweet.

Taken from *After the Darkest Hour the Sun will Shine Again*
By **Elizabeth Mehren**

A LOVE LETTER TO MY CHILDREN

You are great kids. You have always been great kids, although I haven't always been a great mom. After your brother died, I was hardly any kind of mom at all. I was so lost in my own grief; I wasn't there for you. You were bewildered, scared, and hurt, but I couldn't seem to reach out to you beyond my own pain. I was like a day-old helium balloon drifting along, not sure whether my place was with you or with your brother.

I didn't drift for long. You grabbed my string and yank me back! The yowls and shrieks still ring in my ears. "Mom all my underwear is dirty!" or "Mom, I'm starved!" or "Mom, he punched me!" Your brother was being cared for by his heavenly Father, but you needed your earthly mother. It was your need for me that saved my life.

I'm sorry that your brother's death robbed you of your childhood. While other kids fretted about what to wear or which movie to see, you wondered when the tears and sadness would ever end and if we would be a family again. If I could have shielded you from such great sorrow. I would have; but I couldn't.

Your lives were changed forever, and the future was uncertain, but you kept going. You supported and inspired me as we traveled that rocky road of grief together. You talked about your brother when no one else would say his name. You kept his picture in your rooms and proudly pointed out to friends. "This was my brother." You used his things, but gently. You reminded me of the cute, funny things he said and did. You included him in your bedtime prayer. You still do. Someday I believe you will tell your own children about your brother. Thank you for keeping his memory alive.

Because of the tragedy you experienced, you are more mature than other kids your age. You possess strength and courage beyond your years. You are resilient; little things don't get you down. Best of all, you are kind, sensitive and compassionate to others. I adore you. You are my life.

Love, Mom

Patricia Dyson - TCF, Beaumont, TX

DEALING WITH RAGE

One the most important ways of dealing with rage is trying to **forgive** yourself and others. Note: **forgive** contains the word **give**.

You **give** yourself the opportunity to place behind you those past agonies that diminish your strength and vigor.

You **give** yourself new energies to move on and meet new challenges.

You **give** yourself permission to live in an unfair, disappointing world.

Forgiveness offers a very powerful way to pull yourself out of the negative spiral of bitterness and hard feelings.

From "Straight Talk for Teenagers"
by *Earl Grollman*

ONE SWEET DAY

I can't wait till that ONE SWEET DAY,
When I see her again.
In the streets of gold and the heavens so, so bright.

I just can't wait till that ONE SWEET DAY.
When I was young, she would take me everywhere.

She would always be there.
Till one day she was there no more.

I just can't wait till the ONE SWEET DAY,
When I see her again.

by *Lynn M. Fischer*, age 10
for her sister: *Lisa M. Fisher*, age 23
Valley Forge, PA

LISTENING

Please listen to me.
 Hear what I'm saying.
 Not just the words that come from my mouth
 For I can talk and not really say what I mean.
 Words can cover up, a mask,
 So listen carefully,
 I'm crying for help.
 My heart speaks, pay attention,
 It takes courage to share with you
 And let you see me as I am.
 It takes time to drop the façade
 So stay quiet and listen.
 Listen with more than your ears.
 Listen until I've said what I ache to say.
 If you rush me with good advice
 And tell me not to worry,
 I'll clam up.
 I'll think you don't really understand.
 I'll sink deep into myself
 And hide.
 So please...
 Accept my problem and take a share.
 Don't push me aside
 As if it doesn't matter.
 Be here with me.
 And cry with me.
 And then I'll know you've truly listened.
 And heard and understood
 Then...I'll be comforted.

Carolyn Hooper TCF, Pawtucket, MA

GENTLE ON MY MIND

When a soft wind stirs the trees,
 When a gentle rain falls upon the roof,
 When the silent snow falls,
 When the waves reach the shore,
 He will be on my mind.

When the sun rises and when it sets,
 When the leaves fall,
 When the flowers bloom,
 When the water across the lake is calm,
 He will be on my mind.

When I hold a puppy,
 When a kitten purrs,
 When I see a hummingbird,
 When a deer lowers its head to feed,
 He will be on my mind.

When my world is calm
 When my thoughts are pure,
 When I define courage,
 When I need strength,
 He will be on my mind.

When I think of *Jeff*
 My spirit will soar;
 For he will always be
 Gentle on my mind.

Ron Counts

 BUT IT HURTS DIFFERENTLY

There is no way to predict how you will feel. The reactions of grief are not like recipes with given ingredients and certain results. Each person mourns in a different way. You may cry hysterically, or you may remain outwardly controlled, showing little emotion. You may lash out in anger against your family and friends, or you may express your gratitude for their concern and dedication. You may be calm one moment ... in turmoil the next. Reactions are varied and contradictory. Grief is universal. At the same time it is extremely personal. Heal in your own way.

Earl Grollman, from "Living when a Loved One Has Died"

THE CHILD WHO WASN'T PERFECT

I cannot say, as I have heard other parents say, "My child has always been a joy and pleasure; never gave me a minute's trouble." I cannot say that.

I had a son who was always trouble. He was born cross and irritable; a real trial from the word "go." He seemed to be in protest at having been born, from his very first breath and outcry, through the rest of his life. His 37 years of life were one long outcry of protest, misery and unhappiness.

He expressed his tormented spirit through music, poetry and a beautiful American Indian spirituality. But in spite of the pain that was in his heart, he had a wide smile and a hearty, big laugh for everyone, that belied the torment that raged inside him. He had a strange, mysterious wild charm, to which all who met him fell victim.

He seemed to be born in the wrong time, the wrong culture, with a crippled spirit, and a body that carried a fatal flaw; the fatal flow of addiction. He put himself and his family through the agony of the damned. Step by step, he destroyed himself, as we watched with grieving hearts. He rejected every effort to save him.

Then came that fateful week.

Some mystery reached out for him. His body, his spirit defied every weapon at science's disposal to diagnose and save him - and one by one his vital functions failed - and he was GONE.

The word "forever" suddenly had a new and terrible meaning.

So, he was hard to love.

But, WE LOVED HIM EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

We had him because we wanted him and we loved him every minute of his life.

Our grief has been no less because he was not a perfect child.

It has just been an extension of the grief we lived with all those years, as we watched him destroy himself; an extension of the agony that we were helpless against, the 'MONSTER' called addiction that destroyed him.

Yesterday was his birthday. I longed for the sight and sound of him and the wild, melancholy charm that vanished a year and a half ago.

My heart stays full of tears; they are always just beneath the surface. I struggle daily to keep them out of sight of my fellow man, who does not want to share my pain.

So, I come home and sit on my porch in the dark; listened to the rain or the night sounds; stare into space. And I cry - and I cry - and I cry -

For my CHILD WHO WASN'T PERFECT.

Jane Miller, TCF Atlanta, GA

MY PRAYER

Lord, please help me to know:

- that just because something bad has happened to me, I still don't have a protective umbrella over my head:

- that my experience of losing my child hasn't given me an immunity to further loss;

- That, unfortunately, it doesn't work like an immunity shot.

Therefore, Lord, help me to value those I have left as much as those I have lost. Amen.

Mary Cleckley



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS, INC.**

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**...A bereavement organization
For parents, siblings & families
We offer friendship, love and understanding
We talk, we listen, we share, we care**

The Compassionate Friends Credo

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. ©2007