

# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

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

## SEPTEMBER 2013

### Inside Valley Forge



### Valley Forge Chapter

**Meetings are on the first Thursday** of every month at 7:45PM (ending at 9:30PM). We meet at Good Shepherd Lutheran Church Fellowship 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

- Sept 5 General Sharing, & Death by Suicide Parental & Siblings**
- Sept 7 Butterfly Release (see page 3)**
- Oct 3 General Sharing**

**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**

#### Chapter Leaders

Rhonda & Frank Gomez  
12 Brook Circle  
Glenmoore, PA 19343  
(484) 919-0820 Chapter cell phone  
email: [sugar@tcfvalleyforge.org](mailto:sugar@tcfvalleyforge.org)

#### Database Record Keeper

Frank Gomez

#### Webmaster

Frank Gomez  
[www.tcfvalleyforge.org](http://www.tcfvalleyforge.org)

#### Newsletter Editors

Marie & Ken Hofmockel  
340 Allendale Road  
King of Prussia, PA 19406  
(610)337-1907  
email: [kenhofmockel@comcast.net](mailto:kenhofmockel@comcast.net)

#### Chapter Advisors

Marie & Ken Hofmockel

#### National Headquarters

P.O. Box 3696  
Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696  
Toll Free: (877)969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)  
email: [national\\_office@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:national_office@compassionatefriends.org)

#### Regional Coordinators

Ann Walsh 717-515-3000  
Bobbi Milne 215-801-2840

#### 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.

NEW MEMBERS

**Susan McKelvey** son **John** (45)  
**Matt & Pety Suy Kuchler** son **Ethan** (3)  
**Pat Kuchler** son **Michael** (4) and grandson **Ethan** (3)  
**Maurice & Ruth Onraet** son **Thomas** (22)

-----

REFRESHMENTS

**Mary Lou Harrison** in memory of my son, **Scott** on his birthday August 4th.  
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.

-----

LOVE GIFTS

**June & Tsuneo Fujita** in memory and remembrance of our daughter,  
**Sharon Fujita** on her anniversary August 17th.  
**Elizabeth Miller** in loving memory of my son,  
**Jim Miller** on his birthday September 1st,  
and in memory of my deceased husband **Richard**.  
**Mary Jane & Thomas Poore** in loving memory of our son, **Bradley Poore** (19).  
**Mary & Donald Rose** in loving memory of our daughter,,  
**Margie Rose-Cottetta** on her birthday September 30th.  
**Patti Smith** in loving memory of my son, **Christopher Smith** (24).  
**Irene & Fred Sutton** in loving memory of our son,  
**Jim** on his birthday August 7th.  
**Melissa Warfel** (mother), **Kit Poulsen** (poppy), **Marie Poulsen** (Grame) &  
**Chris Poulsen** Uncle, in loving memory and honor of **Jerry August Warfel**  
on his birthday August 12th.  
We all love and miss our sweetest friend incessantly.

**THANKS FOR CARING**

Thank you for the many get well wishes I received after the surgery of my Aorta Heart Valve replacement.

Recovery is going well, your caring messages helped to brighten my days.

God bless, **Marie Hofmockel**

**BUTTERFLY RELEASE AND PROGRAM**

**Saturday, September 7, 2013 at 2PM**

**Upper Merion Township Park**

**175 West Valley Forge Road, King of Prussia, PA 19406**

Diagonally across from our monthly meeting place at Good Shepherd Church.  
This event will be held in back of the township building, **left of the gazebo.**

**August 17th WAS the last day to place an order.**

**There is no admission or parking fee.**

**Water will be provided by the chapter.**

**Please bring folding chairs or a blanket to sit on.**

---

**A BEREAVED GRANDPARENT**

I am powerless. I am helpless. I am frustrated. I sit here with her and cry with her. She cries for her daughter, and I cry for mine. I can't help her. I can't reach inside and mend her broken heart. I must watch her suffer day after day and see her desolate.

I listen to her tell me over and over how she misses Emily, how she wants her back. I can't bring Emily back for her. I can't even buy her a better Emily than she had, like I could buy her a better toy when she was a child.

I can't kiss the hurt and make it go away. I can't even kiss a small part of it away. There's no Band-Aid large enough to cover her bleeding heart.

There was a time I could listen to her talk about a fickle boyfriend and tell her it would be okay, and know in my heart that in two weeks she wouldn't even think of him. Can I tell her it'll be okay in two years when I know it will never be okay, that she will carry this pain of "what might have been" in her deepest heart for the rest of her life?

I see this young woman, my child, who was once carefree and fun loving and bubbling with life, slumped in a chair with her eyes full of agony. Where is my power now? Where is my mother's bag of tricks that will make it all better?

Why can't I join in the aloneness of her grief? As tight as my arms wrap around her, I can't reach that aloneness. Where are the magic words that will give comfort? What chapter in Dr. Spock tells me how to do this? He has told me everything else I needed to know. Where are the answers? I should have them. I am her mother.

What can I give her to make her better? A cold wet wash cloth will ease that swelling of her crying eyes, but it won't stop the reason for her tears. What treat will bring joy back to her? What prize will bring that "happy child" smile back again?

I know that someday she'll find happiness again. That her life will have meaning again. I can hold out hope for her someday, but what about now? This hour? This day?

I can give her my love and prayers and my care and my concern. I would give her my life. But even that won't help.

*Margaret Gerner*

**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.**

**SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS**

**Jim & Michelle Angelini, son *Danny* 9/12**  
**David Bonga, daughter *Amanda* 9/15**  
**Marc & Jean Burock, daughter *Sophie* 9/1**  
**Robyn Buseman, daughter *Maya Buseman-Williams* 9/30**  
**Scott & Gail Campbell, daughter *Chelsea* 9/1**  
**Chris Carlton, brother *Eric* 9/5**  
**Judy & William Cosgrove, son *Michael Cosgrove* 9/4**  
**Reno & Bonnie Crescimone, son *Jonathan* 9/5**  
**Agnes & Alex Crisanti, Jr., son *John Crisanti* 9/6**  
**Dorothy & G. Robert Daily, Sr., son *G. Robert Daily, Jr.* 9/19**  
**Catherine Dardozi, grandson *Evan Schmidt* 9/29**  
**Robert Dilbeck, wife *Dolores Dilbeck* 9/4**  
**Michelle G. Doll, son *Justin* 9/1**  
**Bob & Connie Ercole, son *David* 9/26**  
**Julie & Joe Fabrizio, brother *John Russel Bryant* 9/24**  
**Sharon & Francis Gailey, son *Francis E. Gailey, III* 9/28**  
**Molly Gehring, son *Daniel* 9/12**  
**Rhonda and Frank Gomez, son *Frank Jr.* 9/30**  
**Jeanne R Helmers, sister *Mary Ann Helmers Kemme* 9/16**  
**Gail & Calvert G. Hess, Jr., son *Calvert G. Hess, III* 9/4**  
**Walt & Adele Higgins, son/stepson *Brian* 9/22**  
**Michelle Hillstrom, daughter *Jen* 9/26**  
**Jacob & Rachel Himmelstein, son *Benjamin Himmelstein* 9/25**  
**Lesley Jones, son *Christopher* 9/14**  
**Gwen & Dennis Kearns, son *Dennis J. Kearns, Jr.* 9/18**  
**Tobie Kessler, daughter *Beth Kessler Waasdorp* 9/16**  
**Jacquie Kilroy, son *Shilen Kenneth* 9/4**  
**Suellen & Stephen King, daughter *Danelle Rossi* 9/18**  
**Becky & Alan Logsdon, son *Nathaniel Logsdon* 9/25**  
**Elaine & James Madden, son *Andrew Madden* 9/26**  
**Frank & Bernadette McAllister, son *Christopher J. McAllister* 9/4**  
**Linda & Jim McGrath, son *Paul Drew McGrath* 9/26**  
**Alfred J. & Joan Michini, son *Adam Jonah Michini* 9/28**  
**Jeffrey & Christine Miller, daughter *Teresa Leanne Miller* 9/12**  
**Betty (Elizabeth) Miller, son *Raymond "Jim"* 9/1**  
**Barbara & Jeff Norris, son *Greg* 9/21**

**SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS continued**

Mary O'Halloran, brother *Thomas M. O'Halloran* 9/1  
Winnie & James O'Halloran, son *Thomas M. O'Halloran* 9/1  
Elizabeth Orbann, daughter *Linda Elizabeth Johnson* 9/15  
Linda & Andrew Peoples, Jr., son *Brian A. Peoples* 9/7  
Mary & Salvatore Perna, grandson *Nathan A. Bieber* 9/11  
Robert & Nancy Ricciardi, daughter *Jessica Lee Ricciardi* 9/23  
Ruth Richardson, grandson *Nicholas Richardson* 9/1  
Gina & Brian Richardson, son *Nicholas Richardson* 9/1  
Jacqueline Rider, daughter *Michelle Connelly* 9/24  
Margaret Rodalewicz, son *Shane Wooley* 9/23  
Donald & Mary Rose, daughter *Marjorie Rose-Cotteta* 9/30  
Margaret & Tom Saunders, daughter *Katie* 9/27  
Cathy Seehuetter, daughter *Nina Seehuetter* 9/24  
Cathy Siciliano, son *Anthony* 9/15  
Helen Smith, son *Patrick Kenneth "Kenny" Smith* 9/5  
Walter & Irene Stolarczyk, daughter *Barbara Stolarczyk* 9/11  
Emil & Joy Tkachick, son *David L. Tkachick* 9/11  
Sharon Venezia, son *Justin Negron* 9/9  
Shelly Wagner, son *Andrew Wagner* 9/29  
Terry & Susan Weikel, daughter *Jennifer* 9/26

**SEPTEMBER ANNIVERSARIES**

Laura Bedrossian, son *Teddy* - 9/24  
Jeff & Donna Brown, son *Kenneth Bernstiel* - 9/12  
Ann Bruner, sister *Katy Wade* - 9/27  
Marc & Jean Burock, daughter *Sophie* - 9/17  
Suzanne Carcarey, son *Eddie* - 9/21  
Phyllis & James Casey, son *Jim "Jimmer" Casey* - 9/17  
Tom & Irene Cornely, son *Tom* - 9/1  
Dorothy & G. Robert Daily, Sr., son *G. Robert Daily, Jr.* 9/19  
Catherine Dardozzi, son *James Dardozzi* - 9/7  
Michelle G Doll, son *Justin* - 9/4  
Sarah Fishel, daughter *Allyson* - 9/15  
Sherry Goldberg, son *Neal* - 9/3  
Suze Goldberg, uncle *Neal* - 9/3  
Judi Griffith, son *Steve* - 9/4  
Virginia Hagen, son *Matthew D. Hagen* - 9/28  
Jeanne R Helmers, daughter *Betsy Helmers* - 9/7  
Nancy Lee & Jerry Hess, son *Jerry R.L. Hess* - 9/28  
John Horulko, son *Daniel* - 9/30



**SHARED THOUGHTS ON THE COMFORTED BECOMING THE COMFORTER**

Guarding the safety of our children is probably one the highest priorities on every parent's list. Our children's dying diminishes us as human beings. We feel we have failed to protect the most important thing in our life. The death robs us of our zest for living. It can take the power, motivation, and joy from our jobs, whether it be a menial or the ultimate position in life. For this period of time it is essential that we become the comforted. Recognizing the depth of our loss and despair is not self-pity. It can help us justify our reactions and behavior, and know our feelings are normal for what we are experiencing. We must except our feelings, even though they are not happy, and cause much dampness from our tears. We need to keep grief alive long enough to resolve it. This does not mean a lifetime of grief, but it is much longer than we want it to be, and certainly much longer than non-bereaved people will allow us.

Our pain can not be explained or finished. Our children are our very essence of life, and our joy of living. They have made us part of who and what we are. Life gave us the blessing of our children, how empty our lives would have been had we never known them. We savor the dreams of what they might have become. After much grieving and healing, we become stronger in the broken places. As Don Hackett writes about our dead children, he says, "they become gentle and soft music in our souls".

We all need to be comforted in early grief. Often, people try too soon to become a comforter to family members. Laying our grief aside to reach out can be a mistake. For we can help others most by letting our fragmented and fragile bodies and minds heal first. That is why airline attendants always say, in an emergency, to place your oxygen mask on before your child's, so you will be better equipped to offer help. After your grief has softened, we hope you will become a comforter to your family, and your Compassionate Friends. A large part of comforting should be to build comforters for those who will need us, and in turn, the comforter's reward is great and completes the grief cycle for them.

Healing can take place just by knowing others have survived what we feel is impossible to endure. Sometimes we have to struggle to do what we think we can not do. You can be happy again. We wish happiness could come sooner, but it doesn't. The loss is too great for a quick fix to be lasting. We must go through the sorrow and pain before we can hear the gentle and soft music in our souls. Often we have the volume control in our hand and blame our hearing, rather than turning up the music. Listen for and expect the gentle and soft music in your soul.

God Bless, *Marie Hofmockel*, TCF Valley Forge

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time.  
Some people bear three -  
All they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.  
**Edward Everett Hale**

God on His throne in heaven,  
looked around at his flowers so fair,  
And then He sought a blossom on earth,  
from those he had there.

To be a part of such heavenly company,  
the bloom must be pure and sweet,  
And the little bud that was chosen,  
was the child who played at our feet.

Sorrow is great at the loss of our child,  
at the parting of one we love,  
But parting was made that our child might go,  
to brighten the heaven above.

**Author unknown**

Luanne's prayer card  
Submitted by **Lucia Watters**  
To my daughter, **Luanne**  
on her third anniversary in heaven.

**To those I love and to those who have loved me.**

When I am gone, release me, and let me go,  
I have so many things to see and do.  
You must not tie yourselves to me with tears,  
Be happy that we had so many years.  
I gave to you my love, but you can only guess,  
How much you gave to me in happiness.  
I thank you for the love you have shown,  
But now it's time I traveled on alone.  
So grieve awhile for me, if you must.  
Then let grief be comforted by trust.  
It's only for a short time that we must part,  
So bless the memories with your heart.  
I won't be far away, but life goes on,  
So if you need me, call and I will come.  
Though you can't see me or touch me I'll be near,  
With all of my love around you soft and clear  
And when this way you must come,  
I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home.'

Author **Kendra Tyler**, Portland Oregon

Submitted by **Lucia Watters**

---

**My Dear sSon,**

We would like you to know that we miss you and that so much has changed because of you. We always thought this sort of thing happened to other people, not us. Maybe in your heart, you thought you were doing us a favor by taking your own life. What hurts most is that you never really said good-bye or gave us a chance to say good-bye to you. Our eyes have been filled with tears as we've tried to change what has been, tried to understand your despair, your mystery. At times, we have been angry with you for what you did to yourself, for what you did to us. At times we've felt responsible for your death. We've searched for what we did or failed to do -- for the clues we missed. Yet we also know that, no matter what, we couldn't choose for you. We are learning to stop feeling responsible for your death. If we were responsible for you, you'd still be alive! We all think of you so often, even when it hurts to remember. We are lonely for your presence and whenever we hear your songs, we still cry for you. We feel sad that you're not here to share so many events with us. That's when our mornings have no beginnings and our nights seem long as winter. Slowly, though, it's getting less hard. We try to remember the good times. Maybe, we are seen smiling a little more. Yes, we are learning to live again, realizing that we cannot die because you chose to die. We pray that you are at peace. At the end of our days, we look forward to being with you again.

**Rusty Puglisi**, TCF Valley Forge Chapter, PA  
To my son, **Michael Puglisi** -9/10

**On Sibling Grief  
From a Grieving Sibling**

I am a surviving sibling. Fifteen months ago I was not even familiar with the term...now I am one! How am I doing? What are the guidelines to measure my progress? Why can't I remember when I was told of my brother's death...or the days following the accident for that matter? Did I go crazy? Was it yesterday, or was it over a year ago? Did I laugh just today when I never thought I would laugh again? What is this peaceful feeling that I feel from time to time? Is it healing?

Lee, 29, was my little brother. I remember trying to alternately protect or tease him, make him laugh or make him cry. He was like having a real live baby doll to play with since I was 10 years older than he. (Our Mother said he was the cleanest little boy in the neighborhood. I guess having 3 older sisters is the reason for that!!!)

How can I explain the pain I felt on learning of his accident. I wanted to go to him right away to see that he was OK, but our cousin, Judy, said that wasn't possible. I guess that was when I was told that he was dead...but I don't remember that. I only remember screaming.

When was it that I began to heal? Probably at the same time that I thought I was going totally, certifiably crazy! Then, someone told me about The Compassionate Friends and what they did. I wondered if they could help me but doubted that they could. After all, how could they understand how much I hurt at having lost my precious baby brother or how close we had always been and how he always helped me. Why should they even care about me? But, you know what...they did help. With the help and support of this group of wonderful caring people, I am alive today and working toward a fruitful life. I will never be the same as I was before June 18, 1992, but I truly believe I have become a better person.

While Lee's life taught me so much, his death taught me some invaluable lessons. I have learned to become more aware of life and my own mortality and am more attuned to other needs. I no longer take anything for granted. I miss him terribly but take solace in the belief that he is happy in his new world and that one day we will be reunited.

Sibling grief takes a tremendous amount of time and work. Sometimes just thinking of my brother, looking at his picture, or hearing his favorite song, "God Bless America," reduces me to a teary mess. Sometimes these same things make me smile. But, I am surviving and have developed a new perspective on life. I am closer to and cherish my family more than ever and realize how very important they are. I am dedicated to helping other surviving siblings work through their grief. I pray daily for peace, not only for myself and my family, but for everyone making this journey through grief. One thing that I have found to be most helpful during the past fifteen months of grief work has been to talk about and to be honest about my feelings. I encourage siblings (and parents) to try to hook up with a support group such as The Compassionate Friends to talk out your feelings and concerns. After all, we've already paid an extremely high price to join this group...the life of our loved one...so why not take advantage of what they have to offer.

You may even find yourself helping someone else (even though you might not believe that now.)

*Sunday Lee Stanton*  
Wyoming Valley, PA

**Random Reflections**

It's been a year now  
And the books say I should be  
Getting back to "normal."

But I still can't pass your picture  
On the bookcase without  
Touching your face.

I still wake up in the night  
Sometimes and can almost  
Hear your voice in the quiet.

I still run to the window when the  
Dogs bark at night with the hope  
In the back of my mind that somehow  
You've wandered into the yard.

I still whisper your name into the wind  
When I walk down our lane in the still  
Of evening and strain to hear an answer.

When I'm troubled and upset  
I still talk to you like  
I always did and  
Imagine the advice you'd give me.

I still stop on our dark country road  
Sometime and turn off the car engine  
And lights and wait and hope that  
I can see or hear you.

It's been a year now and the  
Memories are still so vivid  
That I can almost touch them.

It's been a year now and I know  
With all my heart that your  
Presence will never fade in my mind.

*Tammy Walmann* – Miami Co., KS

**THE PATHWAY OF TEARS ... TO THE HAPPINESS OF MY MEMORIES**

I walk in turmoil, I walk in peace.  
I walk in loneliness, I walk with love.  
I walk in sadness, I walk in happiness.  
I dwell in the depths of despair, yet soar to the ecstasy of beyond.  
I dwell in the shadows of darkness, yet strive for the light afar.  
I feel the emptiness, the pain, the grief, the heavy grief  
Yet search for the splendor of butterflies and the glory of rainbows.  
I feel trampled and wasted and without cause.  
I feel nothing.  
I feel the love of memories overflowing within me.  
I feel the warmth of his smile, his touch, his kiss, his arms around me, his innocence.  
I remember the hurt, the misunderstanding, the alienation, the darkness, the  
bleakness, the hopelessness, the devastation.  
I remember his love, his caring, the scent of his hair, the touch of his hand, the little  
boy playing in the sun.

And I remember the family I found who understood when no other wanted to understand.  
I remember the guilt, the tears, the anger and hostility, the inability to carry on, to forgive,  
to laugh again.  
And I remember the family of Compassionate Friends who allowed that multitude of  
feelings to flow, to surface and to happen, thus finally allowing me to forgive, to live again,  
to smile again, to let happiness override unhappiness.

I thank my Nathan for his lessons of love, for his ability to see the beauty and life, in all  
creatures, great and small.  
I thank that little boy for his warmth, his sunshine, his gentleness, his wisdom, his innocence.  
And I thank The Compassionate Friends for their patience, their understanding, and love,  
their acceptance.

I know that as long as I live I will remember, sometimes I will hurt, I will ache and I  
will weep in remembering.

Do we ever really let go? I doubt that it is possible to ever let go of that precious part of  
ourselves that has ceased to be. That is how it is - in spite of ourselves, and despite  
anyone else's beliefs.

Remember, remember the happiness of memories.  
Remember the sadness, the tears of memories.  
Remember always our children of the past; they dwell in the present of our hearts forever.  
AND TRUE LOVE NEVER REALLY ENDS...

**HELPING OTHERS HELP YOU - 10 RULES FOR SELF HEALING**

1. Tell friends to call you often. Explain that after the first couple of months you'll need their calls.
2. Tell your friends to make a specific date with you; none of this "we must get together for lunch". Remind them that you're bound to have "down" times and their patience would be appreciated.
3. Tell them to please feel free to talk about the person that has died -- and don't avoid that person's name.
4. It's important for friends to understand that you may appear to be "doing so well" but on the inside you still hurt. Grief is painful, it's tricky and it's exhausting.
5. Ask your friends to care but not to pity you.
6. Make plain that friends and relatives can still treat you as a person who is still in command and can think for yourself.
7. Tell your friends that it's all right to express their caring. It's OK for them to cry; crying together is better than avoiding the pain.
8. Let your friends know too, that it's all right to say nothing. A squeeze or a hug are often more important than words.
9. Let people know that they can invite you to socialize, but that you might decline.
10. Ask your friends to go for walks with you. You and your friends can "walk off" feelings. Walks promote conversation and help fight depression.

*Ruth Jean Loewinsohn*

**IF I SHOULD TELL YOU**

If I should tell you  
That it will get better  
In time (just when I don't know)  
Will you look at me  
With lifeless, leaden eyes, with sagging shoulders,  
And turn away in forlorn disbelief?

If I should tell you  
I, too, like you have been there,  
Have struggled, rebounded, and  
fought my way back.  
The nights will become softer,  
The days less relentless.

If I should tell you  
That this damnation will fade  
Slowly, slowly, ever so slowly,  
As you battle the pain, such riveting pain,  
That enervates and drains your very being,  
will you believe me?

If I should tell you  
You will live again, you will live again.  
And somehow, somewhere,  
You will love again, you will love again.  
And embrace, and caress, and encompass  
The memory of that beautiful child of yours.

**YOU WILL.**

If I should tell you  
That that Gordian knot  
So relentlessly snarled  
Will gradually fray and unravel  
And you will start to rise up again.

Will you believe me? Please do.

*Dave Ziv* - Bucksmont Chapter, P.