



When I Close My Eyes....

The images are plentiful, varied, and constant. I take my thoughts inward, allowing those moments to conjure her face in my mind, picturing so many beautiful 'vignettes' of life with her; with our Kaitlyn. She lived to be 15, and had 3 full months after that summer birthday, filled with travel, sibling fun, savoring time with close friends, her beloved dogs and her dad and me. That span of 15 years, with lots of photos to document, to celebrate, to commemorate as well as capturing the seemingly mundane moments at home, are looked at frequently, with tears and smiles in equal measure. Naturally, we know now that even the most 'mundane' moments, are precious, for while they hung out in pajamas, ate meals, studied, listened to music, danced, dressed themselves up... and the dogs too - it was the amazing 'stuff' of life - all so special and irreplaceable. As Seals & Crofts wrote in their 1973 hit of the same name, 'We may never pass this way again...' and while that is true enough for folks with intact families, it is a more sorrowful and poignant truth for those of us living without our child, without our sibling.....without our grandchild. We can never reminisce with them about their days or years here with us.

It's a painful certainty that we cannot go back, except within our minds and hearts....remembering their smiles, their laughs, the contours of their faces, the way they gestured with their hands, the cadence of their walks, their handwriting, the sound of their voices, eyes that gleamed with love and countless other facets of what made them who they were - ARE. So many of you have lost younger children - even babies - and you weren't given the opportunity to see them grow and that stings relentlessly. Many of you tried your best to guide your adult children and siblings while they struggled mightily with substance abuse, with mental illness and deep depression. As a result, there were often very difficult years prior to their passing. Some of you weathered the 'storm' of a different agony, that of your beloved suffering a debilitating illness with surgeries, treatments, hospitalizations and ultimately, their deaths. Whether illness, accident, suicide or overdose, we struggle, we fall down, we make mistakes, we regain our footing.....we 'soldier on' in the aftermath of our losses, while their images remain with us ... in and around us.

Faces weave into our thoughts at any moment, cascading down to all our senses... our beautiful babies, our active toddlers, our vibrant and curious children or siblings, our adventurous, pushing-the-boundaries teenagers, and our fully grown and complex adults....son, daughter, sister, brother, grandchild. We see them crying, angry, frustrated and forlorn, and we remember them. We see them excited and passionate, with eyes wide open and eager to create art, music, a new sport, embrace a new love.....embrace YOU, and we remember them. We see them soothing, comforting and showing compassion to their friends, and to us, and we remember them.

I'll see my Kait for the rest of my life in photos, videos, and in my restless Mommy's mind. Her face would be 14 years older now but she is indelibly etched and forever that sweet girl - our Kay-Kay - in my heart.

For all of us and the images we hold so dear, of those we love & miss, forevermore.
In Friendship, Dawn Moriwaki (Kaitlyn's Mom)



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White Plains Chapter Website

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Providing Grief Support After
the Death of a Child



Our Compassionate Friendly Neighbors

	Meeting Times	Contact Info
Babylon	1st Friday	516 795-8644
Bronx	2nd Tuesday	914 714-4885 718 207-3552
Brooklyn	3rd Wednesday	917 952-9751
Carmel	4th Wednesday	845 225-5895
Flushing	3rd Friday	718 746-5010
Manhattan	2nd & 4th Tues.	212 217-9647
Rockville Center	2nd Friday	516 766-4682
Pearl River	3rd Tuesday	845 398-9762
Kingston	2nd Wednesday	845 255-4560
Stamford, CT	2nd Monday	203 762-1780
Staten Island	2nd & 4th Thursday 3rd Thurs. SIBLING MTG.	718 227-6516
Syosset	3rd Friday	516 767-0904
Smith Point	2nd Thursday	631 281-9004

Monthly Meetings

The White Plains Chapter of TCF meets the 1st Thursday of each month at 7:00pm, at the White Plains Presbyterian Church, 39 N. Broadway (between Barker & Rockledge Sts.), White Plains, New York.

Winter / Spring Meetings:

February 7th
March 7th
April 4th

*Islands.....Look for the small,
quiet islands of peace
that arise,unexpectedly
from out of the great sea
of your sorrow.*

*Sascha Wagner
(author, poet & bereaved mom)*

With all the love in our hearts, we remember our sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, grandsons & granddaughters. They shine brightly in our memories....FOREVER.

February Remembrance Days

2/01 Thomas Michelin
2/04 Kevin Callaghan
2/04 Lisa Herman
2/04 Rebecca Stempel
2/06 Eshita Pathak
2/07 Scott Philip Troiano
2/09 Michael A. Stingone
2/11 John Cranks
2/12 Dustin C. Levine
2/12 Raju Patel
2/13 Jared Dubro
2/15 Ashah Emery
2/15 Neal Spicehandler
2/17 Rob Holt
2/17 Robert Goncalves
2/20 Matthew DeMarco
2/21 Nicholas R. Anselmo
2/21 Debbie Orlando
2/22 Carl Anthony Tate
2/22 Patrick Casabona
2/23 Douglas Manna
2/24 Vanessa Gonzalez
2/24 Aliza Caplan
2/24 Alyssa Charway
2/26 James P. Elenidis
2/27 Jon R. Barnes-Klarner

February Birthdays

2/01 Carl Anthony Tate
2/03 Kevin Callaghan
2/03 Manfred Werner
2/04 Karen Knoebel Siegel
2/05 Josh Borofsky
2/06 Daniel Marcus Laitman
2/07 Lawrence Levine
2/07 Eric John Tutera
2/09 Jon Barnes-Klarner
2/11 Charles Stephen Gill
2/11 Neal Spicehandler
2/16 Gabe Shepard
2/16 Beth Schatkun
2/16 Raju Patel
2/20 Zachary Cohn
2/23 Alanna O'Reilly



March Remembrance Days

3/03 Danielle Delango
3/06 Audrey Kessner
3/08 Andre Jamal Panoram
3/08 Laura Kate Winterbottom
3/11 Dana Marie Regan
3/14 Thomas LaBella
3/16 Tyler Marchese
3/21 Jelani Carter
3/22 Tyler Rush
3/23 Ernest Robert Ferraro
3/24 Callum Thomas Roche
3/24 Ryan Solomon Smith
3/27 Jonathan David Pfeffer
3/30 Steven Joseph Piccolo
3/31 Erica Kochman Warshal
3/31 Thomas Turiano

March Birthdays

3/01 Mark Kaufman
3/01 Logan Vargas
3/03 Jeremy Leaf
3/03 Fallon O'Toole McIntyre
3/03 Tanya Guziczek
3/05 Stephanie Iris Prezant
3/08 Erica D'Alessandro
3/09 Jacqueline Philis
3/09 James F. Bodeker
3/20 Daniel Robinson
3/22 Steven Kompar
3/25 Nija Williams
3/25 Jose "David" Hernandez, Jr.
3/27 Jacob Curtis Murtha
3/28 Ashah Emery
3/29 Thomas Turiano

April Remembrance Days

4/01 Kimberly Pacent
4/06 Justin Salandra
4/09 Matthew Cherney, MD
4/11 Kyle Empey
4/12 Quentin Lupo
4/14 Kathy Morris
4/15 Dustin Murphy
4/16 Carlos A. Lopez
4/18 John E. DiLorenzo
4/20 Morgan Meredith Rohde
4/20 Alan Mark Friedman
4/23 Michele Scarpa
4/23 Danielle Rice
4/23 Tanya Guziczek
4/25 Eric Peter Murphy
4/26 Scott Joseph Plantholt
4/26 Mark Kaufman
4/27 Ellen Dale Lerner
4/27 Gabrielle M. Acevedo
4/27 David John DeGasperis
4/28 Jimmy Smith
4/29 Joshua NamSun Levin
4/29 Stephen Pappadake
4/29 Stephanie Iris Prezant
4/30 Grace Fox Donati

April Birthdays

4/04 Sharon Angela Sperazza
4/07 Kim Pacent
4/09 Jack Francis Mooney
4/10 Julianne Borsella
4/12 Eric Peter Murphy
4/13 Marcus Donnell Parker
4/13 Frank Carpenito
4/16 Douglas Manna
4/19 Brandon Matthew Kucker
4/20 James Paul Franggos
4/29 Ellen Dale Lerner
4/30 Messiah Mackie-Morgan

If we've omitted a beloved name or made a mistake on this page, we apologize. Please notify us as soon as you can, so we may correct our error.

—Sibling Section—

Garry Shandling & Brother Barry - A letter from the late actor & comedian, Gary Shandling, to his brother Barry, who died from Cystic Fibrosis when Garry was 10 and Barry was 13, was found among his journals and written years into adulthood. This was Garry's expression of saying goodbye to his beloved only sibling, that he was unable to say at the time of Barry's passing. Garry had been very upset that he was never allowed to go to him and say goodbye and additionally, his mother hadn't allowed him to attend the funeral in her misguided attempt to protect him. Many extended family members and close friends feel that, because of these missteps in guiding young Garry, he wasn't given a way to work through his grief over losing a brother he adored.

"Dear Barry,

You died during the night. My hunch is you were a special spirit.... When you died, I died...

Being alone in that house, without a brother, without you, the emotional pain was immense...

I claim victory for you, for me, for us. So, Barry, I tell you that I love you. You were, are...joy.

Goodbye from this world. Goodbye from the pain of your body. I honor your life... Thank you.

See you on the other side."



"She's my favorite topic of conversation. I LOVE talking about her.

Morgan Miller, wife of Olympic gold medal skier Bode Miller, and mom of toddler Emeline 'Emmy', who drowned in a neighbor's swimming pool.

Morgan wrote this to her beloved Emmy: "I wish I could have one more day to hold you, but until that day comes, continue to work through me and give me the strength to bring awareness, my love. I told you as I held you in this moment that you could still change the world, you could move mountains. Every step we take forward is because of you (and brother) Levi. Your footprint will forever be left on this world. I love you, my baby girl..."

Hummingbird Memorial

One day in late October
They are just gone

How do they know
the time to go

No more do we hear
The rapid beat of wings

When sound vanishes
There is a voice in stillness

Vibrations linger in the ear
They disappear yet they are there

Vision is more than sight
Horizons are just lines

We know what will be
But not when

Memories of their time
Stronger than any clock

by Ned Winterbottom
(father of Laura Kate Winterbottom)



Love Gifts

We are grateful to who, in giving Love Gifts, honor children, siblings & grandkids who have died. Love Gifts allow us to offer resources to assist bereaved families, as well as pay for our meeting space, our chapter phone line & and our P.O. Box. Love Gifts are tax-deductible. Thank You!

In loving memory of:

Print out this form, fill it out, along with a check & bring it to the next meeting OR mail it to:










Message to share:

TCF White Plains Chapter
P.O. Box 48
White Plains, NY 10602

From:

All Love Gifts will be announced in a future newsletter.

 Recent Love Gifts....

-  3 love gifts were given in memory of Devon Freiberger, by parents Gary & Ellen Freiberger: "We always love & miss you...Happy Birthday!"
-  A love gift was given in memory of Joshua Borofsky, by his mom, Annie. "I am shattered; never completely shattered, so I can always remember you. I love you, Son. Your Mom"
-  A love gift was given, "with love, in memory of Messiah," by his mom, Chappy.
-  A love gift was given in memory of Miles Coughlin, by parents Buddy & Mary Coughlin.
-  A love gift was given in memory of "our loves, Tyler and Dani, Love, Mom, Dad & Bonne-Daman."
-  A love gift was given in memory of John A. Krankus, by his mother, Mary Ellen Krankus: "Love You Always! You are always in my heart! Love you, Mom"
-  A love gift was given in memory of Robyn Reznik, by her mother, Donna Reznik. "Always on my mind and in my heart."
-  A love gift was given to our chapter, by Daniel's mom, Isabelle: "In memory of our children we love and miss...."
-  A love gift was given in memory of Adam Jacobs, by his dad, Rick: "Love you always, Dad"

Reflections on TCF's Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting Event

On Sunday, Dec. 9th, we had a lovely evening, once again, at the home of Michael & Marianne Madoff (parents of Tyler), and after the ceremony in which candles were lit while the names of precious sons, daughters, brothers, sisters & grandchildren were called, we all enjoyed savory & sweet dishes - and in many cases, sentimental favorites of our loved ones - while the conversation, flowed in measures of laughter, tears, and reminiscences of times gone by. We appreciate the kindness, generosity and hospitality of Tyler's parents, so very much.

TCF White Plains Chapter Worldwide Candle Lighting:

Right- Kaitlyn's Mom & Tyler's Mom light candles of love & remembrance.

Middle (from left to right)- Parents of Adam, Devon, Andrew, Robyn, Alex & Lisa read from our candle lighting program.

Lower left- Our candles are illuminating the love we all share for our beloved children.

Lower right- In the foreground, a candle shines brightly in memory of Domenick Aliberti, brother of Louise.



Overheard at a recent meeting.....

- * *"I learn new skills to live without him..."*
- * *"I want to boycott holidays."*
- * *"Everything we feel and everything we do, is magnified by her not being here."*



Contemplative 'food for thought' from
The Book of Joy
(shared by Gary Freiberger, dad of Devon)

The Dalai Lama expressed his views on thinking beyond ourselves: "Many of us have become refugees, and there are a lot of difficulties in my own country. When I look only at that, then I worry. But when I look at the world, there are a lot of problems. When we see these things [pain & suffering], we realize that not only do we suffer, but so do many of our human brothers and sisters. So when we look at the same event from a wider perspective, we will reduce the worrying and our own suffering."

One of 3 authors of The Book of Joy, Douglas Carlton Abrams (the other two being the Dalai Lama and Desmond Tutu), Abrams goes on to say, "I was struck by the simplicity and profundity of what the Dalai Lama was saying. This was far from 'don't worry, be happy,' as the popular Bobby McFerrin song says. This was not a denial of pain and suffering, but a shift in perspective - from oneself and toward others, from anguish to compassion - seeing that others are suffering as well. The remarkable thing about what the Dalai Lama was describing is that as we recognize others' suffering and realize that we are not alone, our pain is lessened. He was not contrasting his situation with others, but uniting his situation with others. This recognition that we are all connected, is the birth of empathy and compassion."

This philosophy and world view has a ring of connectedness to what makes The Compassionate Friends meetings, friendships and mutual experiences of support and compassion so vitally important and helpful. Looking beyond our own suffering, to folks who are bereft, confused and lost, brings us all together, as we share all that we can.

The TCF National Conference will be held in Philadelphia, on July 27-29, 2018. The theme will be 'HOPE Rings in Philadelphia,' and promises many of the same great opportunities for workshops, presentations, and friendship-building with fellow bereaved parents, siblings & grandparents from all over the U.S. (and beyond). It culminates in an amazing 'Walk to Remember' experience. For more information and registration, visit TCF's national website.

For so many, this is a memorable and heartwarming event!



All That We Share

by Perry Grosser, father of Andrew

During our last meeting I noticed that there were several couples who come together, who both have the desire to attend meetings and support each other. Then there are also those individuals whose spouses prefer not to attend for whatever reason, but they still come every month and look forward to our time together.

I also noticed that there are members who love to talk, love to share, and are always there to open up if a silence befalls the room. They can start a new topic, or just add their insights to whatever we are talking about. Then there are those who choose to sit quietly, absorb other people's comments and insights – until Dawn asks them how they are doing, then they open up and share their thoughts and life.

When we talk about the books, our great lending library, some people recall a dozen or two dozen titles and authors that they have read and how the books have helped them process their grief. While other say that they cannot concentrate anymore and find reading to difficult. Some benefit from what the books try to say, while others are confused and don't agree with the five or seven or twelve steps of grief.

Many months back I noticed a couple of people leaving the meeting a few minutes early, consistently. I asked them why. They told me that the last part of the meeting was too emotionally hard on them. Standing up, holding hands, saying goodnight to their lost children was too difficult for them to do, and leaving just a few moments earlier was much better for them. But for me, and many others, those last few moments I cherish – sometimes I say goodnight, other times I say I love you. Sometimes I say it to Andrew, and other times to Thor, my favorite nickname for Andrew.

Some of us have been in the group for five, six seven or more years, not so much as helping ourselves any more, but there to support the newly bereaved members. Being there to help like those who helped us during our first few precarious meetings. Others are there just one or two meetings still trying to get their voice back and the courage to speak.

The thing we all have in common is our deep, never ending love for our lost child, sibling, or grandchild. We are all so very different. Some of us lost our child suddenly, unexpectedly, within seconds. Others had to withstand the slow loss of their child over many days or even months. Some of us had our children for decades to grow and love. While others had their precious baby but for a few moments or days – to love them as much as we did for years. We are all such a diverse group of people, such diverse set of circumstances for our losses, so different, and yet so much alike.

I guess that is what makes us such a great group of friends and such an amazing support system.

TCF 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.