



Remembering Those Who've Cared

Yesterday I sat shiva at the home of a family whose husband and father had died just days before, following a brief-yet-valiant battle with cancer. Mr. Falber, an educator of nearly 40 years, was our daughter Kaitlyn's beloved 5th grade teacher, and long after she'd graduated from grade school, she loved visiting him in his classroom, catching up and sharing her impressions of middle school, 9th grade and in her last visit, days before she passed away in October of her 10th grade. I attended the shiva with a school colleague; someone whose child had also had this great man as a teacher and upon entering the home, we were led to Mr. Falber's wife by his adult children.

We told her how very sorry we were that he was gone and how much our children loved being in his class. She asked for our names, and while we realized he'd had hundreds of students over the decades, we quickly introduced ourselves. When I said my name - Moriwaki - she gasped, looked intently in my eyes, rushed forward and held me in a close embrace. "He and I talked about your daughter SO many times over the years....her death really affected him. It affected us both." For a moment, I lost myself in that familiar mother's grief, as she continued to gaze at me and murmur comments about how hard it must have been for our family. I then pushed myself to refocus on her husband and the difficult loss her family had just suffered.

As the years have slipped past us in the aftermath of losing our youngest child, I am still awed and grateful for the people in Kait's life who helped her, taught her, supported her, championed her, and took delight in her friendship. I know that so many of you feel the same way about teachers, coaches and mentors who loved working with your child, or your sibling or a precious grandchild. While it's painful to conjure those memories of when your loved one was alive and well, connecting with these significant adults and learning so much along the way, it's also very comforting to learn that people cared that much. It's special to discover that your child meant something and to understand that their deaths had a lasting impact on the adults they left behind.

When Kait first left us, and we were in deep shock and sorrow, Mr. Falber came to our house to reminisce about her and his biggest memories were tied up in how she had wisdom he trusted and a moral 'compass' he admired greatly. Following disputes or reprimands in the classroom, he would often counsel with her, asking if he'd been too stern or not fair enough. He said her honesty and kindness was something he always appreciated. He trusted her perspective and her conciliatory ways. Her dad and I cried in hearing this; we felt so proud of her.

Our time at the shiva came to an end, but not before Mrs. Falber brought her son and daughter back over to me. "This is Kaitlyn Moriwaki's mom." They looked at me through different eyes, as the realization washed over them, and they each hugged me with such sincerity. Their dad must have talked about our girl, even with them. Her life - and her death - meant something to this family. My sadness for their loss was tempered with my profound feeling of gratitude that this man cared about Kaitlyn, and Kaitlyn certainly thought the world of him. A tragedy that they are both gone....a blessing that their worlds intersected in such a lovely way.

To our cherished loved ones, as they were cherished by others too.

Dawn Moriwaki (Kaitlyn's Mom)

November Remembrances

11/02 Joseph Thornton
11/02 Laura Beth Deutsch
11/04 Seth Jay Kahn
11/07 Gavin Joseph Murphy
11/08 Becca Obermeier Coyle
11/09 Brandon M. Kucker
11/11 Julianne Borsella
11/11 Morgan Goodman
11/15 James Francis Russo
11/15 George Michael Droukas
11/16 Jonathan Taylor Pawell
11/17 G. Bailey Holt
11/23 Githa Rosanna Ong
11/23 Benjamin Strauss
11/23 John Paul Downey
11/24 Robert Michael Cerullo
11/26 Charles Steven Gill
11/26 Omar Perez
11/27 Scott Edward Pulik
11/28 Ryan Isaiah Kisslinger

November Birthdays

11/02 Kathy Morris
11/03 Evan Justin Bookstaver
11/04 Kevin Mitchell
11/04 Jason Soury
11/04 Miles Coughlin
11/05 Kathryn Simonetti Green
11/05 Rose Mayr
11/05 Gregory Cea
11/05 Christopher Rubow
11/07 Lisa Deutsch
11/07 Gavin Joseph Murphy
11/10 Avery Grace Offner
11/10 Thomas M. Conaty
11/10 Alexandra LeClair
11/15 Joseph O'Toole
11/18 Christine Premuroso
11/18 David John DeGasperis
11/20 Ryan Solomon Smith
11/21 John Krankus
11/23 Evan Charles McNulty
11/23 Morgan Goodman
11/29 Scott McMurray
11/30 Thomas Michelin
11/30 Miranda Kaylee Pascal

December Remembrance Days

12/03 Dexion Denville Gordon
12/04 Gregory Cea
12/05 Christopher Morelli
12/05 Andrew Rice
12/08 Alex Harry Singer
12/11 Thomas E. Pearson
12/15 Christopher Puotinen
12/17 Valentine Echevorria, Jr.
12/19 Marcus Donnell Parker
12/22 Robert John Orlando
12/26 Marc Sandy Goldsmith
12/29 Thomas M. Conaty

December Birthdays

12/01 Patrick Bianco
12/04 Seth Jay Kahn
12/04 Ryder Brown
12/05 Tyler Madoff
12/07 Jacob Santoriella
12/08 Elizabeth Aceituno
12/08 Brian David McCallum
12/09 Julius Delahoz
12/11 Khalil Leak
12/14 Lisa Weiner
12/14 Devon Freiburger
12/15 William Sofsky
12/16 Joseph W. Marino
12/17 Marc Sandy Goldsmith
12/17 Nicholas Novak
12/18 Scott Joseph Plantholt
12/19 Carlos Lopez
12/20 Domenick M. Aliberti
12/20 Scott Edward Pulik
12/22 Matthew Dylan Sigona
12/23 Githa Rosanna Ong
12/28 Jessica Engerson
12/28 Jonah Israel Silverberg
12/29 Dana Rene Gibson
12/29 Lisa Herman
12/30 Danielle Rice
12/30 Andrew Grosser
12/31 Brandon Michael Jones
12/31 Caitlin Parrish McDonough

January Remembrance Days

1/02 Timmy Gleason
1/03 Erica D'Alessandro
1/05 John Limato
1/07 Lisa Deutsch
1/07 Daniel Keegan
1/08 Leah Garcia
1/09 Khalil Leak
1/12 Palma Malatesta
1/18 Ryder Brown
1/18 William Sofsky
1/20 Dylan Copeland
1/21 Gina Georgette Murphy
1/22 Michael Rath
1/24 Michele Scarpa
1/24 Steven Kompar
1/27 Daniel Marcus
1/31 Alexander Page



January Birthdays

1/02 Lauren Greer
1/03 Quentin Lupo
1/04 Valentine Echevorria Jr
1/05 Stephen Pappadake
1/06 Steven Medeo
1/06 Philip Traub
1/08 Andrew Rice
1/13 Michael Rath
1/15 Christopher Puotinen
1/20 Tyler Marchese
1/23 Amanda Rachel Archer
1/23 Thomas E. Pearson
1/27 David John Pagliaroli
1/27 Daniel Keegan
1/28 Alexander Page
1/30 Gladys Valdiuezo

In spite of best efforts, a name may be omitted or a mistake may appear on this page, for which we apologize. Please notify us as soon as you can and the necessary corrections will be made for the next corresponding newsletter. Thank you for understanding.

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www.tcfwhiteplains.com



Providing Grief Support
After the Death of a Child

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

Fall/Winter Meetings:
November 1st
December 6th
January 3rd



OUR COMPASSIONATE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

	Meeting Times	Contact Information
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 Tuesday	(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 Thursday: SIBLING MEETING	(718) 227 - 6516
Syosset	3rd Friday	(516) 767 - 0904
Smith Point	2nd Thursday	(631) 281-9004

TCF's Worldwide Candle Lighting ceremony will be held on **Sunday, Dec. 9th**, at **7pm**. This event occurs around the globe as family and friends light candles to honor and remember children, siblings & grandchildren who have died at any age and from any cause. Candles are lit in a synchronized timing around the world, creating a virtual wave of light. This great tradition honors the memories of children in a way that transcends all ethnic, cultural, & religious boundaries. On this evening we'll read special poems, play a favorite song and share a favorite photo or say something special about our children, who have gone too soon. We welcome you to join us for this event. Once again, **Marianne & Mike Madoff, parents of Tyler**, are generously hosting the evening. An email will go out in the weeks to come, with directions to the Madoff home in White Plains. Dinner will be potluck style, so we will advise on dish contributions. It will indeed be special to remember our kids, sibs & grandkids, as we share important time together.



An Army of Love

When my daughter, Debbie, was turning 40, she planned her own party to honor this life milestone. She called it, fittingly, "DEBSTOCK".

As noted in her obituary, Debbie was a "self-proclaimed 'Bloodthirsty Flowerchild'". So a weekend-long party near the original Woodstock site could not have been more fitting. There were Grateful Dead cover bands, DJ's, artisans, dancers and merrymakers. DEB STOCK truly was the ultimate celebration.

What Debbie didn't know is that her 40th birthday would turn into a five-year-running event in her honor. She died on a cold day in February of 2014. She had a history of mild asthma and was in treatment, but the cold weather brought on 'status asthmaticus'...an attack from which she could not be revived. I would like all to know that asthma can be a fatal disease. It kills 10 people a day in the United States.

Debbie also left us a parting gift: an ability to bring people together and to throw a good party. For the past 5 years, DEBSTOCK has been going strong in her memory. Led by a small group of her closest friends and held in the same place as the original DEBSTOCK, a family-run local resort in the Catskill Mountains of New York - Villa Vosilla.

Her friends continue to honor her memory through music, art, merriment, and the coming together of many families and maybe, most important, through children. Every year we have children of all ages running around in costumes, face paint, a pajama party,....setting their spirits free....just what Debbie would have wanted.

DEBSTOCK has brought our family and Debbie's friends many memories. These events are always for her two sons, her sisters Karen and Emily and me. But they are also for all the people who come together to honor her.

Debbie loved to bring people together and have a good time. We are continuing to do just that and we're celebrating in her honor.

By Rita Orlando, mom of Debbie (of DEBSTOCK fame)



Love Gifts

We are grateful to all 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 paying for our meeting space, our chapter phone line, and our P.O. Box. All Love Gifts are tax-deductible. (if personal check is used for record). Thank you!

In memory of:

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

Message:

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

From:



RECENT LOVE GIFTS

1. A love gift was given in memory of Jared Dubro, by his parents. "We love you forever..."
2. A love gift was given in memory of 'Joshy' Borofsky, by his mom, Annie. "I am trying to make it without you. I love you, Mom."
3. A love gift was given in memory of Adam Jacobs, by his dad. "Love you..."
4. A love gift was given in memory of Devon Freiberger, by his parents. "We love and miss you so much."
5. A love gift was given in memory of Kathryn Simonetti Green, by her parents, Barbara & Hal Simonetti. "She left us 12 years ago and is ever present in our lives each day. Our love always....Mom & Dad."
6. A love gift was given in memory of Kaitlyn Moriwaki, by her family. "We love you, sweet Kait."

About A Dream

I had a dream that your mother turned against me
And that my friends were on her side
That they didn't want to let me see you
So they told me that you had died
I had a dream that it was only a movie
But it doesn't make it so easy that everybody knew me
And that they always looked up to me
But they stood by allowing you to lose me
And now they're all gone

I had a dream that they took you away
Said you wouldn't be safe with me
They said I was going to hurt you
You would never be safe with me
I had a family now they're gone
No one left where I come from
They disappeared one by one
Don't know why 'cause it's been too long
Never said goodbye never said so long....To me

Then I cried when they said "It's all right"
Then I cried when they said "It's all right"

I had a dream about a change in the weather
Got so cold I thought I could die
Then I saw you little blue feather and I took it as a sign
That I will be flying next to you
Maybe the last thing that I do
Like a white butterfly
And you will take my hand
We'll never see the end
Of you and I

Then I cried when they said "It's all right"
And I cried when I said "It's all wrong"
We all cried when I said "It's all wrong"

So you will hold my hand when I die
Unless it's you not I
Then I'll be there for you

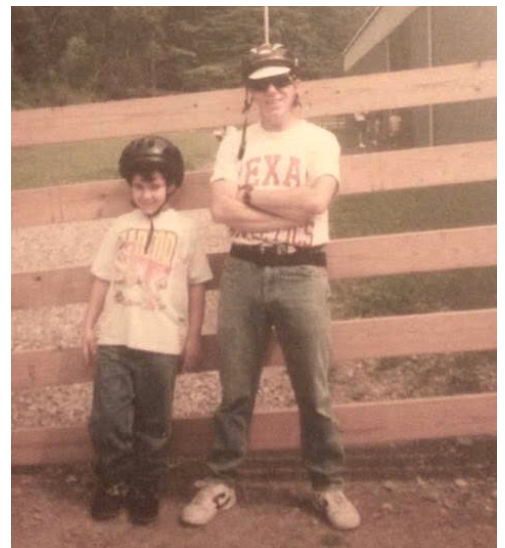
Song written by Buddy Coughlin (Pleasant Bud)
father of Miles Coughlin

Miles & his Dad, right



The Remembrance Tree - A ribbon ceremony to remember children who passed, will take place on

Sunday, Nov. 18th, at 2pm in the park at the corner of Palmer Ave. & Weaver St. in the town of Mamaroneck. The Remembrance Tree was born out of a quest between two families who had each lost a child, to unite other families in the community who had lost children of all ages, and due to any circumstances. The holidays can be especially difficult and families need to know that their children are always remembered. In that spirit, this is now an annual event in the Palmer-Weaver park. Loved ones are invited to bring a white ribbon with the name of their child, sibling or grandchild written on it so that it may be tied to a branch of the 'Cedrus Deodara' evergreen, where the remembrance plaque sits. This will be a reminder during the winter holidays that the light and spirit of their loved one, continues to shine.



My Dear Little Baby Brother Denny



He was only three when he said to mom,
"Let's play house. You be Ronnie and I'll be Neisha from next door and I come to visit for coffee."
Sitting down at the kitchen table with a chipped mug in his hand he said, "I guess you're wondering why my bosoms are missing.
This morning I was bending down to feed the fish and whoops! They're missing!"

Denny went to St. Martin of Tours Catholic School.
Every day he would come home and tell us about his friend Joseph, the bad kid who got into trouble for pulling the girls' hair and teasing them or laughing in the cloak room.
On open school night Mom went up to school and asked the teacher who Joseph was.
The teacher said, "There is no Joseph in our class," and Mom realized it was Denny who got into trouble.

One afternoon we heard sickening screeching brakes in front of our house.
Several kids were yelling, "Joseph! You ran over Joseph!"
The lady driver got out of her car, shaking and Neisha's cat came running out from underneath the car, unharmed and the lady said, "That's Joseph?"

Years later Denny sent me tickets to meet him in California.
Picking me up at the airport he looked slightly thinner and a bit weary.
His hair was darker than I remembered. He no longer reminded me of Robert Redford.
Stroking his dirty blond goatee, smiling, he said, "Sis, do you like my beard?"
"Do I look like St. Joseph? Ya know I took the name for confirmation.
I figure he got me out of a lot of scrapes."

A few months after my visit Denny lie in a hospital bed, fighting AIDS.
He didn't want us to go there and see him in pain.
I never did get to say goodbye to my dear little baby brother, Denny.

Mary L. Coughlin, brother of Denny

SHARED AT A RECENT MEETING.....

- * "Here is the only place I can let my guard down...."
- * "We're surviving but not thriving."
- * "What will I do with my love for you?"
- * "I would see him in every full moon, in each brilliant day."
- * His friends continue to visit. My heart tightens when I see them. Their presence illuminates our immeasurable loss..."
- * I will carry this child for the rest of my life. He lives within me, forever a young man of 22."
- * I simply couldn't transfer my love for him to them. It was him alone."

Those I have loved, though now beyond my view,
Have given form and quality to my being,
And they live on, unfailingly feeding
My heart and mind and imagination.
They led me into the wide universe
I continue to inhabit, and their presence
Is more vital to me than their absence.
What you give to me, O God,
You never take away
And bounties once granted
Shed their radiance evermore.

(Shared with us by Barbara Simonetti, mom of Kathryn, who said, "This was taken from a Jewish prayer book service. It speaks for us all.")

*I say I miss you all the time
but really, that just doesn't
quite cover it....*

*You are missing from my
world and there just aren't
any words that could
describe how truly difficult it
is most days, to exist
without you.*

*It gets better but even that
has its own hurt too...*

Those we love
don't go away,
they walk beside
us
every day....
unseen, unheard,
but always near,
still loved,
still missed
and very dear.

Recently, it was Bereaved Parents Month. People around the world have been embracing this sculpture, called Melancholy, as a powerfully moving symbol of the desolation and devastation grieving parents experience - and carry with them - after the death of their children. It captures, in haunting detail, the 'emptiness' bereaved moms and dads feel so continuously. The sculpture was crafted by Albert Gyorgy and is on display in Geneva, Switzerland.



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.