

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

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

Inside Valley Forge

Meetings are on the first Thursday of every month, at 7:45 PM (ending at 9:30 PM) We meet at Good Shepherd Lutheran Church, Founders Hall, Valley Forge Road and Henderson Rds., King of Prussia, PA

For info call Rhonda @ (484) 919-0820

Meeting Schedule and other TCF Events of Interest

General Sharing February 6th at
7:45 p.m.

General Sharing March 5th at 7:45
p.m.



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 editor.

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 the 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 the 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.

Please make all checks Payable to:
TCF VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER
Send to Rhonda Gomez

February 2020

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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.

NEW FRIENDS

Susan Utain, Her son Alex (35)

Joe & Germaine DePiano their son Luke (17)

We welcome our newly bereaved friends, sorry for the cause that brings you. We all have 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. We offer confidentiality, unconditional love and understanding to all of you.

IN MEMORY

Sadly, **Philip C Kennedy**, Shirley Kennedy's husband died on June 6, 2019

LOVE GIFTS

James & Maryellen Madden in memory of our daughter **Anne Marie Madden 7/28**

Janie & Joseph Dougherty In memory of our son **Brendan K Dougherty 1/20**

Nancy & Gerald Hall In memory of our loved son **Douglas Byron Hall 1/25**

Shirley Kennedy In memory of my son **Philip V Kennedy 9/23**

REMINDER

Did you wake up in the morning
with tears in your heart?
And did you say to yourself
"I should not feel like crying
not like this, every morning.

"But you do know the truth, don't
you? When life deals us such a
tragic blow, such enormous dam-
age, We need many mornings to
recover.

We need more than a few moments
to heal. Take for yourself the grace
of one quiet healing-step at a time.

Trying to rush the work of grief,
will slow down your renewal.

You only need to remember
that you will recover some day.
You only need to remember
that we all have our own pace,
and we all move in our own meas-
ure.

Healing takes time.

Sascha Wagner

DEDICATED TO MY SWEET AND GENTLE DAUGHTER, HEATHER

From her Mom How can two dates mean so much to me, and yet so little to those who pass by? June 4, 1981, the happiest day of my life when my child was born ... then "the dash" that will never be long enough. Her time with us shorter was than we ever knew it would be. Then January 19, 2002 ... the worst day of my life ... the day that changed who I am, forever. The full-ness and hope that June 4th held; the emptiness and despair that was January 19th; a short 20 years later. A heartblink in time. I walk the Earth, existing, smiling, cheery to those around me, but inside I continue to grieve, to mourn, and to die more each day ... until I am with you in some other form. I love you so.

Heather Dillman - TCF, Valley Forge Chapter

AN ANGEL WITHIN MY HEART

On March 18th of this year, it has been twenty one years since my son, Damon, has passed away
Since the snow is now falling once again, it makes every year seem just as hard as the last.

I have tried to hold back the tears that come to my eyes, but being brave is not an option.

Being a mother and having a child pass away was and is difficult.

It feels like my heart was taken away from me. I know I shouldn't feel this way.

However, I am so thankful for the friends that surround me here at Manor Care Nursing Home.

A good friend of mine, Katie, comes to see me.

She came in at 2:30 a.m. to help me through the death of my son, Damon.

I am so grateful to have her as a friend.

I knew that I would be unable to attend the funeral,
so a pastor friend performed a little service for Damon.

It took a lot of grieving to get over my son's death.

My son Damon is my angel and he will always be close to my heart.

May God Bless and protect my son, Damon.

Help me to envision my son walking and being happy forevermore.

In memory of my son Damon, 11/21/79 - 3/18/99

Linda Weaver - TCF Valley Forge Chapter

Newsletter

The newsletter will be available by email to those who wish to receive it in this form, however, There are many reasons you will not get it, Your box could be full or your server does not accept it or the server just believes it is spam, sometimes it just says, it can not find your email address , when I know very well it is there. When that happens you will not get the newsletter. I know about it but I can not make the change on the fly. It is much more reliable for you to get it via US mail. And I have been changing those who don't get the email newsletter to the printed version. I hope you don't mind. Even if you do not receive the newsletter, it will be on the web site every month.

Frank

I WILL NOT FORGET

I will not forget you.
Boy with hazel eyes.
I will see you shining
In every new sunrise.

I will not forget you
Child with golden hair.
I will feel your presence
You are every where.

I will not forget
Your grin with dimples deep.
I'll hold you in my dreams
While in my deepest sleep.

I will not forget you
Sweet memories make me glad.
I will not forget you
Not all the love we had.

I will not forget
Your laughter or your smile.
You'll be right beside me
And walk my every mile.

No, I will not forget you
Your spirit fills my soul.
I will not forget my son
Your memory keeps me whole.

Jacqueline Brown Peace Valley TCF New Britain PA

ADJUSTED

"It's been several years since you died,"
They say, "Surely, you must have adjusted by
now."

Yes, I am adjusted
-- Adjusted to feeling pain
And sadness and grief
And guilt and loss.
Adjusted to hurting and unexpected tears.
Adjusted to seeing people made uncomfortable
upon
Hearing me say, "My son died."
Adjusted to losing my best friend because
I'm not always "up."
Adjusted to people acting as if grief is contagious
And TCF meetings are "morbid."

Adjusted? Oh yes, to many things
Knowing I won't hear his voice, but listening for it
still
Knowing I will not see his Toronado.
But staring at every one I see
Adjusted to feeling empty on his birthday
And wishing for just one more time with him.
Adjusted as life goes on -
To realizing I cannot expect every one I meet
to Wear a bandage— just because
I am still bleeding

Shirley Blakely Curle TCF, Central AR

SITTING HERE

To sit here and not think of you is impossible.

To sit here and not be able to touch you is unbearable.

To sit here and not be able to hear your voice is torture.

o sit here and not be able to watch you play outside with your brother is
pure agony.

To sit here and watch your daddy and brother play to-gether and see that
certain look in their eyes that says, "We wish you were here," makes my
heart ache.

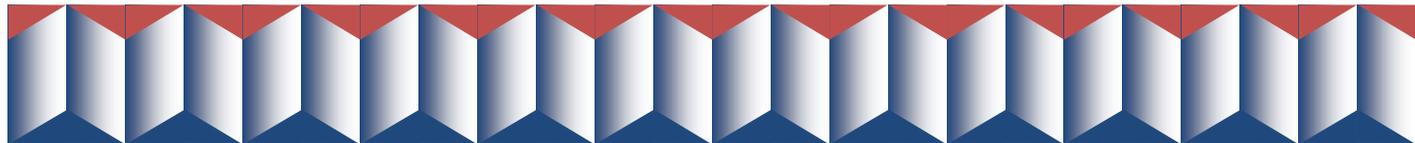
But to be able to sit here and remember your smile, your touch, hearing
your voice, thinking of times you did play outside with your brother, and
thinking of the times I'd kneel beside your bed as you slept and cry a tear
because I love you so, are pure heaven.

Because no one can ever take my memories away.

To sit here and be with you in my heart is truly a wonderful time in my day.

To sit here...

Nancy Barrs - Salina, CA TCF



“I believe that man will not merely endure, he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he is alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance”

William Faulner

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.

ANNIVERSARIES

- Gary & Phyllis Adler** - son - **Matthew** - 2/18
- Marilynn Anton** - cousin/godmother - **Douglas Hofmockel** - 2/7
- Nina Bernstein** - son - **Andrew Voluck** - 2/9
- Donna & Gregory Class** - daughter - **Megan Maria Class** - 2/9
- Allison Crowder** - daughter - **Amber** - 2/21
- Linda Cymbala** - son - **Nicholas cymbala** - 2/5
- Carol Dawidziuk** - son - **Michel** - 8/21
- Emilie Degville** - daughter - **Madeline** - 2/8
- Jennifer Dixon** - son - **Graham** - 2/14
- Harold & Marcia Epstein** - grandson - **Andrew Voluck** - 2/9
- Danielle Evelyn** - son - **Samir** - 2/12
- Rita Gibbons** - daughter - **Patricia Gibbons** - 2/1
- Jack & Freda Gross** - daughter - **Linda Joy Gross** - 2/25
- Frank Harms** - son - **Tyler** - 2/16
- Kimberlee Hills** - brother - **Chuck Hills** - 2/24
- Marie & Ken Hofmockel** - son - **Douglas Hofmockel** - 2/7
- Robert Huss** - son - **Daniel** - 2/27
- Tash Jackson** - cousin - **Peter Simmons Jr** - 2/14
- Ginger Jarrett** - daughter - **Adrienne** - 2/4/
- Jack & Stacy Kabic** - daughter - **Brithy** - 2/3
- Vern & Joyce Kaiser** - son - **Michael** - 2/2
- Barbara & Michael Kaner** - son - **Max Steven Kaner** - 2/7
- Sandi Kensicki** - sister - **Rose** - 2/5
- Rhoda & Melvin Kreiner** - daughter - **Anna Kreiner** - 2/10
- Lynette Lampmann** - son - **Shawn** - 2/13
- Sue Lawlor** - son - **Jim** - 2/17
- Janet Leflar** - son - **Scott** - 2/22

Mary Mac Farland - son - **Marc** - 2/12
Carl & Josie Malitsky - daughter - **Cynthia Malitsky** - 2/8
James & Mary Beth Mattiford - son - **Scott Mattiford** - 2/26
Pat & Harry McCullough - son - **Brian** - 2/10
Debra McKinley - Hastings - brother - **Ken** - 2/17
William & Carol Meehan - son - **Patrick W. Meehan** - 2/11
Alexandra Milas - mom's sister - **Demitra Vallianos** - 2/17
Andrew Miller - daughter - **Perri** - 2/5
Thelma Miller - son - **Lowell Bruce Miller** - 2/23
Betty (Elizabeth) Miller - husband - **Dick Miller** - 2/8
Jeffrey & Christine Miller - daughter - **Teresa Leanne Miller** - 2/20
Kathleen Mitchel - brother - **Jeffrey Hathaway** - 2/2
Fran & Kathy Moran - daughter - **Denise Nicole Moran** - 2/3
Aminah Na'im - son - **Dawann** - 2/14
Dale & Helen Ninneman - son - **Dale Ninneman II** - 2/29
Carol Phipps - daughter - **Casey** - 2/16
Thomas & Jeri "Bubbles" Reinert - son - **Thomas Reinert, Jr.** - 2/19
Susan Reynolds - son - **Craig Anderson** - 2/3/
Pamela Schneibolk - brother - **Douglas Hofmockel** - 2/7
Felicia Skalecki - - **Zuko Iroh McNulty** - 2/4
Melissa Smith - daughter - **Ava** - 2/5
Penny & Steve Stanaitis - daughter - **Mikayla Faith** - 2/20
Luanne Stetler - grandson - **Jordyn** - 2/25
Ellen & Frank Svitek - daughter - **Kate Elizabeth Svitek** - 2/9
Mary Ellen Swider - daughter - **Kelly Swider** - 2/8
Elaine & Tim Thomas - son - **Seth Peterson** - 2/9
Marilyn Toole - son - **Ted Toole** - 2/26
Laura & Leo Weishew - brother - **Steven McGowan** - 2/2
Kathryn & Pat White - son - **Steven White** - 2/9
Terry & Bob Wolfe - son and stepson - **Steven Moyer** - 2/15
Rose Yanni - nephew - **David Yanni** - 2/10
Frank Yanni - son - **David Yanni** - 2/10
Anthony & Cindy Zalesky - grandson - **Max Zalesky** - 2/12



BIRTHDAYS



Madeleine & Adler - son - **J. Peter Adler** - 2/5
Donna & Gregory Class - daughter - **Megan Maria Class** 2/7
Wendy Coleman - daughter- **Gabrielle** - 2/19
Liz & Scott Conaghan - brother - **Jan** - 2/6
Jane Cox - son - **Bill** - 2/21
Bud - Cunnane - son - **Patrick** - 2/14
Jim & Ruth Fairley - son - **David Fairley** - 2/5
Rochena & Pat Fatale - son - **Mark Longan** - 2/21
Charlie & Jill Fick - son - **Michael Sternberg** - 2/10
Frank & Rhonda Gomez - brother - **Paul** - 2/7
Sandra Greenly - son - **Michael Greenly** 2/18
Tim & Rosemarie - Griffiths - son - **Timothy Griffiths** - 2/18
Cathy - Grosshanten - son - **Gary** - 2/16
Lee & Patricia Grossman - daughter - **Rachel Leah** - 2/2
Jean & James Hayden - son - **LCDR. Timothy M. Hayden** - 2/17
Othell & William Heaney - son - **Kevin** - 2/14
Kimberlee Hills - brother - **Chuck Hills** - 2/10
Sigrid Hirschhorn - daughter - **Samantha** -2/20
Thomas & Virginia Hoesch - son - **William E. "Buddy" Hoesch** - 2/16
Sally Ivory - son - **Jimmy Ivory** - 2/4
Joan Jagers - son - **John Costello** - 2/17
Deborah Keevill - son - **Brandon** - 2/23
Shirley Kennedy - son - **Philip V. Kennedy** - 2/22
Margaret & Edward Kiefski Sr. - son - **Edward Kiefski Jr.** - 2/11
Lynette Lampmann - son - **Shawn** - 2/10
Marlene & Jerry Lener - **Daniel** 2/11
Liz & Joe Loeper - son - **Jamey** - 2/27
Andie Lunkenheimer - brother - **Brennan** - 2/26
Julie & Richard May - son - **William L. May** - 2/25
Jennifer McGowan Clark - brother - **Joseph McGowan** - 2/25
Sue McMaster - cousin - **Laura** - 2/28
Sharmell & Chris McMurray - son - **Ryan** - 2/17

BIRTHDAYS CONTINUATION

Kathleen Mitchel -brother - **Jeffrey Hathaway** - 2/19
Audrey Morasco - son - **Christopher Morasco** - 2/22
Mary Mulholland - son - **Joseph McGowan** - 2/25
Marian Mullahy - brother - **Matt** - 2/28
John & Mary Ann Murphy - daughter - **Maureen Murphy** - 2/13
Dale & Helen Ninneman - son - **Dale Ninneman II** - 2/24
Connie & Richard Nolan - son - **Christopher Nolan** - 2/9
Emil Nunez - son - **Oliver Nunez** - 2/12
Robert & Jean Phillips - son - **Robert Phillips** - 2/23
Carol Phipps - daughter - **Casey** 2/18
Joan & Earl Reigel - daughter - **Melissa Reigel** - 2/19
Thomas & Jeri (Bubbles) Reinert - mother (Bubbles) **Theresa Volpe** - 2/27
Tony & Toni Riccardi - son - **David Riccardi** - 2/17
Barbara Rossman - daughter - **Kickole Lyn** - 2/13
Linda Sandlin - brother - **LCDR. Timothy M. Hayden** - 2/17
Rosemarie Scott-Griffiths - stepson - **Timothy F. Griffiths** - 2/18
Frank and Kay Shinnners - son - **Erik Shinnners** - 2/22
Felicia Skalecki - **Zuko Iroh McNulty** 2/4
Janemarie Smith - daughter - **Beth Jovanovic** - 2/6
Gary Snyder - daughter - **Alyse** - 2/16
Margaret & Wade Stallard - son - **Wade Hampton Stallard III** - 2/21
Elaine & Joe Stillwell - son - **Denis E. O'Connor III** - 2/4
Nancy Thompson - friend - **J. Peter Adler** - 2/5
Esperanza & Libardo Toro - daughter - **Maria Eugenia Toro** - 2/9
Barbara Torrens - brother - **Robert Birmele** - 2/18
Steven Tucker - son - **Steven II** 2/27
Mek Wagner - daughter - **Paige** - 2/1
Henry & Elizabeth Weaver - grandson - **Donald Smith Jr.** - 2/24
Linda & John Wilson - son - **Sean Elliot** - 2/18
Gisela Witte - son - **Bruce G. Edlund** - 2/24

MY PAIN HELPS ME LIVE WITH MY LOSS

The morning our 20-year old daughter Lee took sick with her last illness, I was trying to write a letter of sympathy to a friend, wondering if it would make any difference.

Five days later, I knew. It made a difference. I discovered it was better to reach out than turn away, to say the wrong thing than say nothing. But in living through losing Lee, I also discovered I had something to say to others who suffered the loss of someone they loved.

Pain is better than forgetting. It has been almost 18 years since she died, but Lee is still with us. The pain has not so much lessened, as it has become familiar, like the pain that continues in the leg that has been amputated. Her death is part of us.

I steel myself pretty well for the expected moments of pain. Her birthday in March, her death day in August, Thanksgiving, Christmas, even, these days, listening to an Albinoni oboe concerto knowing it is not she practicing in the next room.

But there is no protection from the blindside hit. Lee waves from a passing car. She appears ahead of me on a street in Siena, wearing a backpack; I rush to catch up with her but she turns a corner and is gone.

She stands in the shadows, just outside the living room. I hear her counsel when I have a problem and pay attention. At the concert I sit beside her in the center of the orchestra.

It is not all tears. We laugh at the same old jokes - and some new ones. Every submarine sandwich, I eat, I share with Lee. It was her favorite.

When I thought I was dying of a heart attack, Lee stood - in the blue jumper she had made - waiting at the end of a brightly lit tunnel, smiling.

But, I often say in a letter of sympathy, people will want you to get over it, snap out of it, buck up, forget. Of course we have to get on with life, to find salvation in routine that suddenly seems trivial, to fulfill our responsibilities to the living. But not to forget.

It is far better to remember, to mourn! To weep, to rage, than to allow the one who is gone to disappear.

In a way, I welcome the pain. I hurt; I remember. So, I say in my sympathy letter, they should learn to accept the pain, even in a way welcome it, by comparing it to the terror of forgetting.

And as an elder of the tribe who has experienced loss, I write for them to remember in their own way, to mourn in their own way, to do what would be appropriate for the person who has gone and, more important, to do what needs to be done for the living.

The night Lee died we went to a musical in which her sister was appearing in the chorus. Lee would have wanted that, no matter if others approved.

We chose cremation because it was what we thought she would have wanted and it was, we discovered, what each of us wanted for ourselves. We paid no attention to the relative who said, "I don't know how you could burn her up."

We did what we had to do. We could not handle a formal funeral, bringing the family from afar, after her quick dying, so we had a private service at the graveside.

I wept - frequently - and Minnie Mae did not. No guilt, no public measuring of pain. I dream of Lee and Minnie Mae does not. That does not mean that one of us mourns more deeply than the other. No guilt. No keeping score.

We love in our own way; we grieve in our own way.

And in this terrible loss we have found strength. When we are tested by other events, we have a measure of our ability to survive.

And we are also reminded that life is fragile. In my letters reaching out I tell others what Lee's passing taught us: to listen to each other and to ourselves, to live the gift of life with caring and celebration. Today. Right now.

By Donald M. Murra

SIBLING CORNER

SPRING

; Bridgette

That time of year
The flowers bloom
But you're not here
The children go outside
Laughing and they play
But I'm too sad so
I sit inside all day
I miss you more
Than words can say
Physically, emotionally
Each and every way
It's almost summer time
And school will be done
But you won't be Here
to share the fun
And now it's time to end
And I will say good-bye
I close this poem
With hope and a sigh.

*Frances Santoleri TCF - Valley Forge, PA
written for her sister, Katie*

WHERE DOES THE SISTER COME IN?

My brother was killed
He was murdered for no reason at all
My pain is so sharp, so close
But THEY think I shouldn't
be suffering as much
As much as his wife,
who grieves for her love
and her future.

As much as his son,
who will never know his daddy.
As much as his parents,
who have lost their only son,
their first born, their child.

I have lost my closest friend, the man I
admired most in my world: the person I
spent most of my free time with—only
for the company; the person I played
Yahtzee with until 2 a.m., knowing
I'd beat him soon: the boy I grew up
with and followed around constantly the
love that only a brother and a sister can
know; the respect he had for me; the talks
and the personal jokes.
I have lost my brother.
It hurts just as much.

Bridgette Huard

A SISTER'S LOVE

First there's the fear,
followed by disbelief.
Then there's the tears,
followed by the grief.
Could it really be true
that they say she may die?
The pain is so deep seated
why her, Father, why?
Time can never change the hurt,
and the tears, they never dry.
Things can never be the same,
A child should never die.
She did though, on a summer day,
one I won't forget.

I loved that girl, oh, so much,
now memories are all that's left.
Is it fair to live on without you, girl?
I think that's what you'd like,
The house has an empty feeling,
your room is dark, day and night.
I won't forget you, don't you fear,
you'll always have a place in my heart.
My love for you lives on.

Looking back through the book of my life,
YOU are in my favorite part!

Helene Ann Marie Naselli TCF - Rockville Centre, NY

HOPE

I am here to offer you hope
 How can I give this to people who come here
 with no hope?
 People whose hope dies with their children
 Look at us -- we who have come here before you
 Just as those who came before us
 They set the example -- and led the way
 They said to us, as we say to you
 "We are no different than you"
 We have no special abilities -- no magical powers
 We too are in pain and vulnerable

There was a time when we listened
 And never believed we could do
 What we now know we are capable of doing
 We said to ourselves -- if they can do it, we can try
 For we don't want to live like this forever

So we took one day at a time
 We dug in with our fingertips
 We pulled ourselves up each day
 We endured the pain and the disbelief and
 All the other things that come with this legacy of death
 We survived (survival is the first goal)
 We held onto what we did have
 Each other -- family - friends
 Surprisingly we persevered

Somehow -- almost unnoticed at first
 We were able to reach out to others
 We were able to say and do
 What we never thought we would again
 We had become believers

The pain is not gone
 We truly are forever changed and different people
 Our world is different not -- our children live
 in other ways
 But something happened with time and hard work --
 And our "Friends"

We can now laugh, feel happiness even occasional
 joy
 We now know that pain can wound us
 -- but not destroy us

We have experienced trial and error
 Gained more knowledge of ourselves as
 bereaved parents
 We now have expectations of pain -- but also
 Expectations of happiness
 For us this is not a contradiction -- it is a reality
 We have come to a place
 Where we can rise each day and face the pain
 Knowing that we can look ahead with anticipation
 or the good things to come

THAT - IS HOPE

We have turned a corner
 On the most difficult journey of our lives
 There are still many obstacles ahead
 But we now know we cannot only survive
 We can endure and overcome as well
 We have paid a terrible price
 But we are stronger and wiser than we have ever
 been

And most of all - WE HAVE EACH OTHER

We know that there are those of you
 Who cannot relate to these words
 (We too could not relate when we were
 where you are now)
 We ask you to say -- "If they can do it, we can try"
 What we offer you is Our hope
 As the days turn into weeks and the weeks into
 months and the months into years
 Our hope will become yours as well -- that
 Someday you will echo these words and pass them
 onto others

WE ARE HERE FOR YOU AND TOGETHER WE WILL GO ON

Survival + Hard Work = HOPE

Moe Beres, TCF Babylon NY-





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.



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Valley Forge PA Chapter
Frank & Rhonda Gomez
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***A bereavement organization
For parents, siblings and families
We offer friendship, love and understanding
We talk, we listen, we share, we care.***

