



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

ALBANY/HAROLD MITCHELL CHAPTER & SARATOGA SPRINGS CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

WWW.TCFALBANY.ORG

MARCH—APRIL 2021

ALBANY/HAROLD MITCHELL CHAPTER

3rd Tuesday every month at 7:30 pm
ZOOM MEETING

Please contact Kathleen Kelleher at
Kathleen.Kelleher17@gmail.com or
518-439-1114 for instructions on how
to join the Zoom meetings.

OTHER LOCAL CHAPTERS

Due to the Coronavirus, many chapters have ceased in-person meetings, but may be holding virtual meetings. Please call your local chapter to inquire about meetings.

SARATOGA SPRINGS CHAPTER

Gabby Gravelle 518-596-4275

SCHENECTADY CHAPTER

JoAnn Bomeisl 518-372-8215

tcf1389@gmail.com

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COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS GREENE COUNTY CHAPTER

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FOR EASTER - MOTHER'S LOVE

Long, long ago, so I have been told,
Two Mothers once met on the streets paved with gold.

“By the stars on your crown”, said one to the other,
I see that on earth, you too were a Mother, and by the blue tinted halo you wear,
you too have known sorrow and deepest despair.

“Ah yes”, she replied, “I once had a son,
a sweet little lad, full of laughter and fun,
but tell of your child...”

“Oh, I know I was blest from the moment I first held him close to my breast. And
my heart almost burst with the joy of that day”.

“Ah, yes”, said the other.. “I felt the same way”.

The first one continued, “The first steps he took...so eager and breathless...the
sweet startled look which came over his face: he trusted me so”.

“Ah yes”, said the other. “How well do I know”.

“But soon he had grown to a tall handsome boy, so stalwart and kind: it gave me
such joy to have him walk down the street at my side”.

“Ah yes”, said the other. “I felt the same pride”.

“How often I shielded and spared him from pain, and then he, by others, was so
cruelly slain; they crucified him, and spat in his face. How gladly I would have
hung in his place”.

A moment of silence....

“Oh , then you are she, the Mother of Christ”, and she fell on one knee. But the
blessed one raised her up. Then drawing her near, she kissed from the face of the
woman, a tear.

“Tell me the name of the son you loved so, that I may share with you your grief
and your woe”. “He was Judas Iscariot...I am his Mother”.

-Lovingly lifted from TCF Australia



LOVE GIFTS

Living on in our hearts.

This newsletter is made possible by donations through love gifts. Love gifts are a way that we can honor our children throughout the year, on their birthday, anniversary of their death or during the holidays. Please consider giving a love gift in memory of your children. Love gifts can be made in any dollar amount and mailed to Debbie Bouchey, 26 Berkshire Drive, East Greenbush, NY 12061.

Call for Submissions

Anyone wishing to submit an original poem or story for publication in our newsletter can do so by sending the writing to Debbie Bouchey at alyssabob@yahoo.com

Please remember that editing may occur and not all submissions are guaranteed to be printed.

In loving memory of my son, TOM, who went home after a 10 year battle with leukemia. He was 24 years old. Although it was 31 years ago, at times it still seems like yesterday. He is dearly loved.

Love, Mom (Elaine Christopher)

In loving memory of our daughter, LISA GERHAN (1971-1997) who is always in our hearts and minds.

Love Mom, & Dad (David Gerhan & Anita Paul)

In loving memory of TIMOTHY KNORR MCFARLAND on the 8th anniversary of his death on March 20th. You are always in our thoughts and forever in our hearts.

Love, Your family & friends (Gloria Jean Knorr)

Open Letter to Our Siblings

Dear Sibling:

How can I possibly tell you how much I miss you? But of course you probably know—since you knew me better than anyone. No matter how much time passes, I still wish you were here to share our lives and the future I expected us to have together.

Even though we fought and at times neglected each other, I just assumed that you would always be there. That we'd grow old together and remember stories of growing up and laugh at each other as we looked and acted more like our parents. That we'd share our joys and set-backs, and adore each other's children.

Your death has rocked me harder than I could imagine I'd survive. Ultimately, there are no answers to my questions. There is no replacing you and there is no solace for my grief.

There is only the simple choice I make every day to live on in the honor of your memory and the love we shared. To strive to carry on the best of who you were. To cherish the brief time we have with others. To celebrate the opportunities to be alive. To have compassion for the pain of others as well as my own. To have the courage to love fully as I have loved you and to remember that you would want me to go on and find joy again.

You gave me so many gifts while you were alive and I continue to discover the gifts in this loss. I am so thankful you were born my sibling. I would not have traded our time together for anything. You are always with me because you are a part of me.

Mary Lamourex
TCF Marin County, CA

LOVE GIFT DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT NEWSLETTER:
April 20, 2021

The Color of My Joy

It was not planned, yellow meaning so much to us. First, a yellow scarf, given to me by one of Tom's high school teachers, a thoughtful gift to wrap me up through my grief. Then the question asked, "What was Tom's favorite color?" When he was young, it was yellow (or "lellow," as he said before speech therapy). Finally, the realization during that first week of loss, yellow is the color for suicide prevention. So yellow became forever tied to the memory of my beautiful son who left this world too soon. Now everywhere I see yellow, whether natural or human-made, magnificent or mundane, I am reminded of him.

Flowers in the yard, cemetery, or in vases given to us by those who continue to care for us.

The fire hydrant in our yard.

The bracelet I wear in his memory.

The Pikachu alarm clock and giant stuffed Pikachu, both in our Toffice (Tom's room + now our office).

The owl kitchen timer.

The ribbon pinned to his favorite stuffed animal, Bubby.

The teardrop gem necklace I am wearing right now.

The stuffed duck dropped off a few days ago along with a heartfelt card.

The cookies a student gave me last week.

The crocheted afghan, a gift from a student, placed lovingly on a chair in our family room where Tom spent most of his time.

The Dollar Tree crown resting on the head of his Mariners stuffed teddy bear.

The heart painted on a sign made for us.

The yellow ribbon bow, quietly place on the banister leading up into my high school classroom.

The blow glass heart, a gift after his passing, showcased in our shadow box of Tom's special items.

A sunset.

Just yesterday I realized anew I will never see him or hold him, hear his laugh, or roll my eyes at his bad puns again, at least in this life. But he lives on in me and around me in so many ways. So although blue is the color of my grief, yellow is the color of my joy, because when I see it, I am reminded of him and that others remember and miss him too. Despite the fact he is no longer here with me, he is everywhere, every day.

Kimberly Starr

*TCF Facebook Loss to Suicide Group
In memory of my son Tom*

Just One More Time

How many times have I woke on an Easter morning and smiled, knowing that the baskets were all set, the eggs dyed, and new clothes were waiting? How many times have I watched with joy as the little hands reached for chocolate bunnies and jellybeans? The joy of those mornings will forever be etched in memory, sitting, waiting for a time to be brought to remembrance.

The children are grown now, except one, who is forever frozen in time. The egg dye has been put away, the baskets hid in the attic with all the other keepable things from holidays and special events. The children now have children and they go on their way in life, except one, who is forever frozen in time. The new clothes to be worn are now packed away in storage boxes filled with mothballs, hoping to be kept forever, never to be worn by one gone from my sight.

The waking hours of that Easter morning are different now. No longer do I lie in my bed and wait for those sounds of joy and laughter coming down the hall. The children are all grown now, except one, and she is gone from me. She was too old for childish things, stuffed bunnies and jellybeans, yet too young to give it all up. "Just one more year, mama, let me hold on to my youth and enjoy the wonders of that day", she said. Just one more year. Now she is gone, forever frozen in time, and her memory is engraved in my mind.

"Just one more time"...

*In memory of Ashley Marie
Barbara Sockwell
TCF/Lawrenceville, GA*



Leadership

Albany Co-Leader: Jan Messina 518-439-0346

Albany Co-Leader: Kathleen Kelleher
518-439-1114

Saratoga Springs Leader: Gabby Gravelle
518-596-4275

Newsletter Editor: Debbie Bouchey
518-435-5321 or alyssabob@yahoo.com

Regional Coordinator:

Al Visconti: 518-756-9569

TCF's MISSION: 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.

TCF's VISION: That everyone who needs us will find us and everyone who finds us will be helped.



National Headquarters, P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522, 877-969-0100 (toll free)
www.compassionatefriends.org

The Compassionate Friends
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East Greenbush, NY 12061

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