



*Our Children  
Remembered*

2003  
*Annual Service of Remembrance*

***The Compassionate Friends of Maryland  
Bereaved Parents of the USA***

Anne Arundel County Chapter

# *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. Our children have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for our children 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 and creeds. 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 we feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength; some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression; 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 our children. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building that future together, as we reach out to each other in love, and 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.***

# Annual Service of Remembrance

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS OF MARYLAND  
BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

Sunday, December 7, 2003  
3 p.m.

St. Martins-in-the-Field Episcopal Church  
Severna Park, Maryland

## A Celebration of Our Children

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### PRELUDE

Marissa and Brianne Hession

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### GREETING AND INTRODUCTION

Dave Alexander, Chapter Leader

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### SONG

*"America the Beautiful"*\*

All friends sing. We will be led by Ariel Bumbalough.

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### THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CREDO\*

Ann Castiglia

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### SONG

*"Keeper of the Stars"*

Ariel Bumbalough, accompanied by  
Leanne Passmore

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### READING\* AND LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES

Bob and Sandi Burash

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### READING

*"We Remember Them"*\*

All friends participate. We will be led by  
Lisa Beall.

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### SONG

*"I Believe"*\*

Stephanie Leger, accompanied by  
Leanne Passmore

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### A GRANDPARENT READING

*"Over the River"* \*

Carol Boslet

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### THE SIBLING CREDO\*

Joey Tyler

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### SONG

*"You're Still Here"*\*

Stephanie Leger, accompanied by  
Leanne Passmore

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### A SIBLING READING

Michael Sheahy

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### SONG

*"All I Ask of You"*\*

All friends sing. We will be led by Ariel  
Bumbalough.

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### A MESSAGE OF HOPE

Pastor Susan Duchesneau  
Ferndale United Methodist Church

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### READING

*"Say Their Names"*\*

Gerald A. Valerio

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### THE LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES AND SAYING OF OUR CHILDREN'S NAMES

*Please see the bookmark for more detail.*

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### SONG

*"Treasure Each Moment"*\*

Ariel Bumbalough, accompanied by  
Leanne Passmore

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### CLOSING REMARKS

Janet Tyler

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### SONG

*"Let There Be Peace on Earth"*\*

All friends sing.

(\* indicates that text is included in the program)

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plan.  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years,  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears.  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

## LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES

The lighting of the first candle represents grief. The pain of losing a child is intense. It reminds us of the depth of our love for them.

The lighting of the second candle represents courage – to comfort our sorrow, to comfort each other, and to change our lives.

The lighting of the third candle is in our child's memory – the times we laughed, the times we cried, the times we were angry with each other, the silly things they did and the caring and joy they gave us.

The lighting of the fourth candle is the light of love. We light this candle that their light will always shine. As we share this day of remembrance with our families and friends, we cherish the special place in our hearts that will always be reserved for our children.

We thank you for the gift your living brought to each of us. We love you.

## WE REMEMBER THEM

*(From Gates of Prayer, Reform Jewish Prayerbook)*

In the rising of the sun  
and its going down,  
*We remember them.*  
In the blowing of the wind  
and in the chill of winter,  
*We remember them.*  
In the opening of buds  
and in the rebirth of spring,  
*We remember them.*  
In the blueness of the sky  
and in the warmth of summer,  
*We remember them.*  
In the rustling of leaves  
and in the beauty of autumn,  
*We remember them.*



In the beginning of the year  
and when it ends,  
*We remember them.*  
When we are weary  
and in need of strength,  
*We remember them.*  
When we are lost and sick at heart,  
*We remember them.*  
When we have joys we yearn to share,  
*We remember them.*  
So long as ye live, they, too, shall live, for  
they are now a part of us,  
*As we remember them.*

## I BELIEVE

(Words and music by Skip Ewing and Donny Kees)

Every now and then,  
Soft as breath upon my skin,  
I feel you come back again  
And it's like you haven't been  
Gone a moment from my side.  
Like the tears were never cried.

Like the hands of time  
Are holding you and me.  
And with all my heart I'm sure  
We're closer than we ever were.

I don't have to hear or see.  
I've got all the proof I need.  
There are more than angels  
watching over me,  
*I believe. Oh I believe.*

Now when you die your life goes on.  
It doesn't end here when you're gone.  
Every soul is filled with light.  
It never ends, if I'm right.  
Our love can even reach across eternity,  
*I believe. Oh I believe.*

Forever you're a part of me,  
Forever in the heart of me.  
I will hold you even longer if I can.  
Oh, the people who don't see the most  
See that I believe in ghosts.  
And if that makes me crazy, then I am  
'Cause I believe, Oh I believe.  
There are more than angels watching over me,  
*I believe. Oh I believe.*

Every now and then soft as breath  
upon my skin  
I feel you come back again  
*And I believe.*

## OVER THE RIVER

(By Laura J/Heavenly Lights Children's Memorial)

Over the river and through the woods  
To Grandma and Grandpa's house we go.  
Oh, if only it were that simple now,  
But we know there is still a path to our place.  
Maybe...over the clouds  
and through the skies,  
For nothing can separate us – not even space.

Oh, how I remember you would run to me  
And climb upon my knee.  
Rocking in the rocking chair,  
It was just you and me.

We remember how you would  
hold our hands  
As we walked along at the same pace.  
Just the two or three of us  
With smiles upon our face.

We remember reading stories  
From "Good Night Moon"  
To "Green Eggs and Ham"  
Never knowing it would end so soon.

I remember you were my baking buddy,  
Oh, the messes we would make.  
You would lick the batter from the bowl  
and spoon  
And eat the icing off our cake.

I remember you loved to fish,  
Just Grandpa and you.  
It didn't matter if you caught fish or not.  
It was so much fun for you two.

We remember we would kiss it  
and make it better  
Whenever you would get hurt and cry.  
But this was something we could not fix.  
Oh, how we wish we didn't have  
to say good-bye.

But, the days still go on  
As we think of you and pray.  
And we will always remember you  
With each and every passing day.

We will look to the stars  
And we will look to the moon  
And tell you that we love you  
And we will see you soon.

Yes, there is still a path to Grandma and  
Grandpa's house I know,  
Because I can feel you here.  
And you light up the room  
like you always did  
And always will each day  
throughout the year.

## YOU'RE STILL HERE

(Words and music by Aimee Mayo and Matraca Berg, recorded by Faith Hill)

Thought I saw you today.  
You were standing in the sun,  
Then you turned away.  
And I knew it couldn't be  
but my heart believed.  
Oh, it seems like there's  
something every day.  
How could you be so far away?  
When you're still here,  
When I need you, you're not hard to find.  
*You're still here.*

I had a dream last night  
That you came to me on silver wings and I,  
I flew away with you in the painted sky.

And I woke up wond'rin what was real.  
Is it what you see and touch  
or what you feel?  
'Cause you're still here.  
Oh, you're everywhere we've ever been.  
*You're still here.*

I heard you in a stranger's laugh  
And I hung around  
to hear him laugh again,  
Just once again.  
Oh...Thought I saw you today  
You were standing in the sun,  
Then you turned away,  
Away....

## ALL I ASK OF YOU

*By Gregory Norbert*

Deep the joy of being together in one heart  
And for me that's just where it is.  
*But all I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you.*

As we make our way through  
all the joys and pain,  
Can we sense our younger, truer selves?  
*But all I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you.*

Someone will be calling you  
to be there for awhile.  
Can you hear their cry from deep within?  
*But all I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you.*

Laughter, joy and presence:  
the only gifts you are!  
Have you time? I'd like to be with you.  
*But all I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you.*

Persons come into the fiber of our lives  
And then their shadow fades and disappears.  
*But all I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you.*

Grief is not eternal, but love is.

They are not gone who live in the hearts they left behind.

May the spirit of the child who lives so deep within your heart  
help you through this month and through every moment  
of re-establishing your life.

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We wish to thank St. Martins-in-the-Field for hosting this Service of Remembrance. We also wish to thank the talented musicians for their healing gift of music, and all those Compassionate Friends, especially Janet Tyler, who contributed so generously to make this day possible for all of us.

This program was created lovingly by Terre Belt in memory of her daughter Courtney and her niece Traci, and by Mary Memminger in memory of her brother Jack Matthew Memminger.

## SAY THEIR NAMES

The time for concern is over. No longer are we asked how we are doing. Never are the names of our children mentioned to us. A curtain descends. The moment has passed. Lives slip from frequent recall. There are exceptions: close and compassionate friends, sensitive and loving family. For most, the drama is over. The spotlight is off. Applause is silent. But for us, the play will never end. The effect on us is timeless. Say their names to us. On the stage of our lives they have been both lead and supporting actors and actresses. Do not tiptoe around one of the greatest events of our lives. Love does not die. Their names are written on our lives. The sounds of their voices replay within our minds. You feel they are dead. We feel they are of the dead and still live. They ghostwalk our soul, beckoning in future welcome. You say they were our children. We say they are. Say their names to us and say their names again. It hurts to bury their memory in silence. What they were in flesh is no longer with us. What they are in spirits stirs within us always. They are of the past, but they are a part of our now. They are our hope for the future.

Jon Russell Aikin	David Michael Copeland	Phillip Wayne Gray Jr.
James "Jamie" W.H. Alexander	Ronald E. Cordell Jr.	Matthew Gordon Haines
Jordan Edward Ambrozewicz	Ashlea Marie Cranston	Romana Alice Hale
William P. Anthony Jr.	James Joseph Cranston	Brian Jeffrey Haley
Veronica "Ronnie" Anne Arata	James William Cranston	James Michael Hall
David Sheridan Astle	Joseph William Cranston	Michael G. Hartline
Bethany Anne Balasic	Jack Turner Dumont	Mallory Heffernan
Hope Barber	Jason T. Easter	Traci Jeanne Heincelman
Michael Allen Barker	Isaac Paul Elliott	Todd Stafford Henschen
Cortney Michele Belt	Sherri Leigh Fant	Daniel Embert Hinton Jr.
Richard Allen Bessling	Ronald Wesley Farley	Sandrine Ingulia
Edward Calvin Blakeney III	Barbara Jean Fennessey	Kurt Johnson
Wendy Jean Bolly	R. Daniel Ferrer	Brian Keith Jones
Christopher L. Borngesser	Lisa Michelle Foster	Jeremy Scott Jones
Paul Shane Brough	Lisa Michelle Foster	Matthew James Katz
Paul J. Burash	Tracy Ann Fotino	Kevin Murray Kerr
John Christopher Campbell	Katie Fritz	Darin Michael Kilton
Elizabeth Caitlyn Carr	Craig Robert Galyon	Mark C. Knepper
William F. Carter Jr.	Kimberly Judith Gardner	Logan Robert Kugler
Tria Marie Castiglia	Theresa Karen Gardner	Michael Robert Leger
Chrystal Clifford	Jennifer Marie Garvey	Nicholas Liberatore
O. Steven Cooper	Steven Joseph Garvey	Stephen Aaron Luck
	Andrew Thomas "Drew" Gawthrop	Timothy J. Mabe
	Christopher George Gilmour	



You say not to remind us. How little you understand we cannot forget. We would not if we could. We understand you, but feel pain in being forced to do so. We forgive you, because you cannot know. And, we would forgive you anyway. We accept how you see us, but understand that you see us not at all. We strive not to judge you, for yesterday we were like you. We love you, will make no exceptions toward you. But we wish you could understand that we dwell both in flesh and in spirit. The mystery is that you do, too, but know it not. We do not ask you to walk this road. The ascent is steep and the burden heavy. We walk it not by choice. We would rather walk with them in flesh, looking not to spirit roads beyond. We are what we have to be. What we have lost, you cannot feel. What we have gained, you cannot see. And, we would not have you. Say their names, for they are alive in us. They and we will meet again, though in many ways we've never parted. They and their lives play light songs on our minds, sunrises and sunsets on our dreams. They are real and in shadow, were and are. So, say their names to us and say their names again. They are our children, and we love them as we always did. Say Their Names!

*From "Say Olin to Say Good-bye" by Don Hackett*

Ethan Matthew MacPherson	Mackenzie Jean Payne	Misty Dawn Smith
Eric Eugene Maier	Cedric John Peoples	Gary David Spirt
James Allen McGrady	Connor "Jag" Persons	Roderick William Stallings
Jolene Dawn McKenna	John Christopher Poe	Luther "Scamp" Stowe II
Brian Richard Melcher	Nicholas Grant Poe	Christopher Lewis Strader
Paul Brian Michael	Kevin Eric Reichardt	Deon J. Summers
Matthew David Miles	Joseph William Remines	Russell "Rusty" J. Tarr
Baby Boy Miller	Robert Rey	Matthew Jason Temple
Benjamin James Miller	Charles Hubner Rice	David W. Tomaszewski
Graham Kendall Miller	James Ryan Rohrbaugh	Marie Rose Trehey
Scott Joseph Mohan	Daniel M. Rothman	Marshall Maurice Tullier
Robert Antonio Morgan Jr.	Gary Lee Ryon Jr.	Brittany Nicole Tyler
Chad William Muehlhauser	Philip Francisio Saff	John Kirkpatrick Wallace
Amelia Evans Mufson	Wendy Dawn Saunders	Michael Lee Wallace II
Ryan John Mulloy	Thomas Jeffrey Schall	Richard C. Watts
Craig Steven Nelson	Kelly Ann Schultz	Michael Shane Wheeler
Michael Nokes	Donald "Donnie" L. Severe Jr.	Sean Amaro Wilcox
Kathleen "Katie" O'Connor	Donald "Donny" Lee Seyffert Jr.	Carole Anne Wilford
Michael Henry O'Malley	Ryan M. Sheahy	Grant Alan Williams
Scott Thomas Palmer	Daniel R. Shockey	Samuel Mark Williams
Brian James Para	Mark Edward Smeltzer	Miriam Luby Wolfe
Emily Marie Parker	Laura Ann Smith	Evyn Bryce Wygal
Sydney Elaine Patronik		

## TREASURE EACH MOMENT

*(Words and music by Joseph M. Martin)*

Treasure each moment, live every day.  
Drink from the cup that God fills with His  
grace.  
In sorrow and laughter, joy and in strife,  
treasure each moment of life.  
Treasure each moment, time does not wait.  
Touch those around you and feel their  
embrace.  
In hard times and plenty, God will  
provide.  
Treasure each moment of life.  
Treasure each moment sent from above.  
Live in thanksgiving, reflecting God's love.  
In springtime and winter, come rain or  
shine, treasure each moment of life.  
Treasure each moment of life.

## LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

Let there be peace on earth,  
And let it begin with me.  
Let there be peace on earth,  
The peace that was meant to be.  
With God as our Father,  
Brothers all are we.  
Let me walk with my brother,  
In perfect harmony.

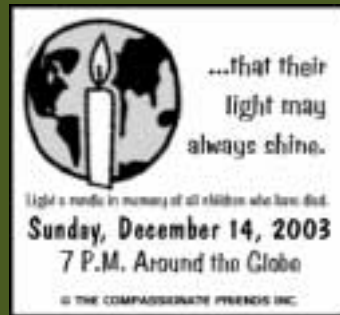
Let peace begin with me  
Let this be the moment now.  
With every step I take,  
Let this be my solemn vow:  
To take each moment and live each  
moment  
In peace eternally.  
Let there be peace on earth  
And let it begin with me.

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When the time comes for lighting festive candles,  
let them remind you not only of what you lost,  
but also of what you had.

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## *Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting*



## MAY THE MEMORIES OF THIS SEASON COME ON GENTLE WINGS TO BRING YOU LOVE AND PEACE


As you leave the sanctuary this afternoon, you will receive an indoor Narcissi bulb, wrapped in tissue paper and accented with a butterfly. Plant this bulb and when the flower blooms, remember your child, and our time together for this year's Service of Remembrance.

Please join us for refreshments immediately following the service down the hall from the sanctuary. A special thanks to Barbara Bessling for her generous contribution and hard work...she has made possible this opportunity for us to feast, to chat with friends and family, and to remember.

# *The Sibling Credo*

We are the surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends. We are brought together by the deaths of our brothers and sisters. Open your hearts to us, but have patience with us. Sometimes we will need the support of our friends. At other times we need our families to be there. Sometimes we must walk alone, taking our memories with us, continuing to become the individuals we want to be. We cannot be our dead brother or sister; however, a special part of them lives on with us. When our brothers and sisters died, our lives changed. We are living a life very different from what we envisioned, and we feel the responsibility to be strong even when we feel weak. Yet we can go on because we understand better than many others the value of family and the precious gift of life. Our goal is not to be forgotten mourners that we sometimes are, but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of The Compassionate Friends.





**We need not walk alone –  
We are The Compassionate Friends.**

**For more information, write to:**

**TCF  
P.O. Box 6280  
Annapolis, MD 21401**

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