



Our Children Remembered



*Together...
we share
we heal
we grow anew.*

2009 Annual Service of Remembrance

Anne Arundel County Chapter
BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA



**The Credo of the
Anne Arundel County Chapter of
THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA**

We are not alone.

We are the parents whose children have died.

We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren.

We are the aunts and uncles whose cherished nieces and nephews are gone.

We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life.

We are here to support and care for each other.

We are united by the love we share for our children.

We have learned that children die at any age and from many causes.

Just as our children died at all ages, we too are all ages.

We share our pain, our lost dreams and our hopes for the future.

We are a diverse family.

We realize death does not discriminate against race, creed, color, income or social standing.

We are at many stages of recovery, and sometimes fluctuate among them.

Some of us have a deep religious faith, some of us have lost our faith,
while some of us are still adrift.

The emotions we share are anger, guilt and a deep abiding sadness.

But regardless of the emotions we bring to our meetings,
it is the sharing of grief and love for our children that helps us to be better today
than we were yesterday.

We reach for that inner peace as we touch each other's lives
and place our handprint on each other's hearts.

Our hope for today is to survive the day;
our dream for tomorrow is gentle memories and perhaps to smile.

We are not alone.

We walk together with hope in our hearts!

25th Annual Service Of Remembrance

Anne Arundel County Chapter
BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

Sunday, December 6, 2009 | 3:00 PM
St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church
375 Benfield Road
Severna Park, Maryland

A Celebration Of Our Children

(*indicates that text is included in the program)

PRELUDE

Michaela Trnkoya

GREETING AND INTRODUCTION

Terre Belt, Chapter Leader

CREDO*

Janet Tyler

READING AND LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES*

Alli and Holly Enders

SONG*

A Mothers Prayer
Jacquita Ellis

RESPONSIVE READING*

We Remember Them
Led by Kathy Ireland

SONG*

Precious Child
Lisa Beall

SIBLING READING*

My Walk
Allison Tyler

GRANDPARENTS READING*

Over The River
Beverly Dunn

SONG*

Who You'd Be Today
Joey Giles
Accompanied by Erik Bouline

READING

Twelve Holiday Wishes*
Noel Castiglia

SONG*

You'll Never Walk Alone
Daryl Leger
Accompanied by Mike Swilley

MESSAGE OF HOPE

Fr. Godswill Agbagwa
Holy Trinity Catholic Church

READING*

Say Their Names
Paul Balasic

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

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

Slide Presentation

SONG* (All Friends Sing)

All I Ask of You
Led by Lisa Beall
Accompanied by Betsy Green

CLOSING

Ann Castiglia

SONG* (All Friends Sing)

Hymn of Promise
Led by: Lisa Beall, Jacquita Ellis, Jody Giles
and Daryl Leger
Accompanied by Betsy Green

*Special thanks to all who have given their time and talent to honor the memory of our children.
We are grateful to St. Martin's-in-the-Field for once again hosting this event.
Thanks to Homestead Gardens for the poinsettias that beautifully decorate
the sanctuary on this special day.*

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.

A Mother's Prayer Words and Music by Carole Bayer Sager & David Foster

I pray you'll be my eyes
And watch her where she goes
And help her to be wise
Help me to let go

Every mother's prayer
Every child knows
Lead her to a place
Guide her with your grace
To a place where she'll be safe

I pray she finds your light
And holds it in her heart
As darkness falls each night
Remind her where you are

Every mother's prayer
Every child knows
Need to find a place
Guide her with your grace
Give her faith so she'll be safe

Lead her to a place
Guide her with your grace
To a place where she'll be safe



We Remember Them

From Gates of Prayer, Reform Jewish Prayerbook

In the rising of the sun and its going down,
(ALL) 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 we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us,
as we remember them.

Precious Child

Written by Karen Taylor-Good in loving memory of her nephew, Paul Rodgers

In my dreams, you are alive and well
Precious child, precious child
In my mind, I see you clear as a bell
Precious child, precious child

In my soul, there is a hole
That can never be filled
But in my heart, there is hope
'Cause you are with me still

In my heart, you live on
Always there, never gone
Precious child, you left too soon
Tho' it may be true that we're apart
You will live forever... in my heart

In my plans, I was the first to leave
Precious child, precious child
But in this world, I was left here to grieve
Precious child, my precious child

In my soul, there is a hole
That can never be filled
But in my heart there is hope
And you are with me still

In my heart you live on
Always there never gone
Precious child you left too soon,
Tho' it may be true that we're apart
You will live forever... in my heart

God knows I want to hold you, see you, touch
you
And maybe there is a Heaven
And someday I will again
Please know you are not forgotten until then

In my heart you live on
Always there never gone
Precious child you left too soon
Tho' it may be true that we're apart
You will live forever... in my heart



My Walk

Written in memory of Brittany Tyler by her sister and mother

I walked the Memory Walk today
I do this every year
There's something in the air down there
I almost feel you're here

As I walk I think of you
And wonder who you'd be
The highlight of the walk for me
Will be finding your picture on a tree

I never got to know you
You were gone before I came
But that doesn't change the way I feel
My love for you is the same

I wish I could have had you
for oh so many years
And been able to share with you my big
and little things

But instead I'll have to just accept
That you've already earned your wings

So for the rest of my days on earth
I will look up and talk to you
And at every special moment
I'll know you're smiling too

Over the River

Adapted from a poem by Laura JI Heavenly Lights Children's Memorial

Over the river and through the woods
To Grandma and Pop's house we go.
... 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.

How I remember you would 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 "Mr. Brown Can Moo"
Never knowing it would end so soon.

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

We remember we would kiss it and try to
make it better
Whenever you would get hurt and cry.
But this was something we could not fix.
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
Pop's house we know,
Because we can feel you here.
And you light up the room like you always did
And always will each day throughout the year.

Who You'd Be Today

Written by Aimee Mayo and William C. Luther

Sunny days seem to hurt the most
I wear the pain like a heavy coat
I feel you everywhere I go
I see your smile, I see your face
I hear you laughing in the rain
I still can't believe you're gone

It ain't fair you died too young
Like a story that had just begun
The death tore the pages all away
God knows how I miss you

All the hell that I've been through
Just knowing no one could take your love away
Sometimes I wonder who you'd be today

Would you see the world?
Would you chase your dreams?
Settle down with a family?
I wonder, what would you name your babies?
Some days the sky's so blue
I feel like I can talk to you
And I know it might sound crazy

Today, Today, Today
Today, Today, Today

Sunny days seem to hurt the most
I wear the pain like a heavy coat
The only thing that gives me hope
Is I know I'll see you again someday

You'll Never Walk Alone

Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
'cause at the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of the lark

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

*...Gone with the breeze, chaff in the wind,
battered and ragged, I store in my mind
photographs of the years gone by,
as tendrils of Hope through
my memory wind.*

Joyce P. Hale 2009



Say Their Names

(from "Say-Olin to Say Good-bye," by Don Hackett)

THE TIME OF 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 effects on us are timeless. **Say their names to us.** On the stage of our lives they have been both lead and supporting actors. Do not tiptoe around the greatest event 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 they live. They ghostwalk our souls, 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

James William Aikin

Jon Russell Aikin

James William Henry
Alexander

Jordan Edward
Ambrozewicz

William P. Anthony Jr.

Cito Arán

Glorimar Arán

Elizabeth Sinton Archard

David Sheridan Astle

Douglas Lee Baer III

Deneen Leigh Bagby-Lins

Bethany Anne Balasic

Jeff Baldwin

Heath Brad Balick

Joseph Phillip Baressi IV

Jessie W. Barnett IV

Susan Lawrence Barr

Joyce Lynn Beall

Cortney Michele Belt

Richard Allen Bessling

Morgan Jane Elizabeth
Beverly

Emily Ann Blazejewski

Alexandra Elizabeth
Bolander

Wendy Jean Bolly

Traci Lynn Boone

Christopher Ryan Boslet

Nicholas Allen Bowling

Linda Lou Boyce

Stanley Eugene Bright

Paul Shane Brough

Steven Allan Brown

Adam Nathaniel Buck

Paul John Burash

Herbert John Buzby

Russell Joseph Calo Jr.

Faith Campbell

Hannah Lindley Campbell

William Frederick
Carter Jr.

Tria Marie Castiglia

Chrystal Marie Clifford

O. Steven Cooper

Ashlea Marie Cranston

James Cranston

John Cranston

Joseph William Cranston

Joshua William Sims Dale

John Mario DeMichiei Jr.

Vincent Mark DiBerardinis

Michael J. Dickens Jr.

Dayden Alexander Dunn

Michelle Marie Dyke

Jason T. Easter

Bryan Clinton-Duvall
Edwards Jr.

Brian Patrick Elero

Isaac Paul Elliott

Christine Kelly Enders

Joseph Fredrick
Errichiello Jr.

Joseph A. Esterling Jr.

Rebecca Lynn Faires

Barbara Jean Fennessey

Zachary Jay Forman

Tracy Ann Fotino

Melissa Ireland Frainie

Daniel Paul Freeburger

Brandon Robert French

Katie Fritz

Craig Robert Galyon

Kimberly Judith Gardner

Theresa Karen Gardner

Xavier William Garrett

Jennifer Marie Garvey

Steven Joseph Garvey

Andrew Thomas Gawthrop

Christopher George
Gilmour

Christopher David Gipson

Phillip Wayne Gray Jr.

Sarah McSweeney Gray

Jeffrey Andrew Grimm

Robert Joseph Griffith III

Romana Alice Hale

Brian Jeffrey Haley

Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine

Michael James Hayes

Eric Paul Haynal

Traci Jeanne Heincelman

Eric William Herzberg

Paul Alan Hillier

Charles Marshall Hodges

Sara Elizabeth Hohne

Kelly Lynn Hopkins

Damian Antwan Johnson

Roger Wallace Johnson

Brian Keith Jones

in silence. What they were in flesh lies buried miles away. What they are in spirit stirs within us always. They are of our past, but they are part of our now. They are our hope for the future. 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 expectations 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 have never parted. They and their lives play light songs on our minds, sunrises and sunsets on our dreams. They are real and shadow, were and are. **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!**

Jeremy Scott Jones
Traykia Melisa Jones
Scott Andrew Katsikas
Matthew James Katz
Darin Michael Kilton
Bryan Adam Krouse
Logan Robert Kugler
Michael Robert Legér
Deana Jean Marie Lenz
Nicholas Paul Liberatore
Zachary Laurence Luceti
Timothy Jarrett Mabe
Samuel Charles Mabeus
Eric Eugene Maier
Demrick Paul Mayes
Walter H. Maynard IV
Jolene Dawn McKenna
Brian Richard Melcher
Kenneth Lee Merson
Benjamin James Miller
Calvin Russell Miller
Graham Kendall Miller
Kyle Brenner Millman
Daniel Michael Milord
Edwin Brandon Molina Jr.
John Carl Moreland
Kevin Michael Morris
Chad William Muehlhauser
Ryan John Mulloy
Melanie Carol Murphy
Jennifer Margaret Neafsey
Craig Steven Nelson
Kim Jonathan Nixon

Michael Dwayne Nokes
Elizabeth Dee Oates
Michael Henry O'Malley
John David Openshaw
Adrian Bernard Andrew
Ortega
Scott Thomas Palmer
Brian James Para
Sydney Elaine Patronik
Sarah Elizabeth Patterson
Michael Alfred Persetic
Arthur Gordon Phillips
John Christopher Poe
Nicholas Grant Poe
Jayla Monet Powell
Rebekah Anna Raftovich
Joseph William Remines
Robert William Rey II
Tanager Rú Ricci
Charles Hubner Rice
Zachary Daniel Robertson
Solymar Rodriguez Torres
James Ryan Rohrbaugh
Daniel Maurice Rothman
Philip Francisco Saff
Wendy Dawn Saunders
Thomas Jeffrey Schall
Emily Ann Schindler
David C. Schmier
Kelly Ann Schultz
Ryan Michael Sheahy
Thomas Richard Short
Deonte Joseph Simms

Jason Edward Skarzynski
Mark Edward Smeltzer
Christopher John Smith
Michael Leeman Smith
Gary David Spirt
Christopher Lewis Strader
Tyler Hill Stubbs
Erin Leigh Sullivan
Russell Joseph Tarr
Heather Brooke Tepper
Michelle Marie Tewey
Catie Lynne Thrift
David William Tomaszewski
Ralph Leroy Tongue Jr.
Austen Lee Tulley
Brittany Nicole Tyler
Timothy Allen Umbel
Renetra Lotrice
Wallace-Connor
Richard C. Watts
Michael Shane Wheeler
Albert Wallace Whitby Jr.
Daniel Alfred Whitby
David William Whitby
Carole Anne Wilford
Grant Alan Williams
Samuel Mark Williams
Wayne Wilson Jr.
Miriam Luby Wolfe
Samuel Kingsley Wood
Eryn Bryce Wygal
Ashley Jayné Younger

Twelve Holiday Wishes

Written and read by Noel Castiglia

I WISH YOU:

1. THE ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE.

An openness in sharing your grief and talking about your child.

2. THE ABILITY TO CONQUER FEAR & MAKE A PLAN.

To overcome anxiety surrounding the holidays and those special days. And make an action plan for that day.

3. A SAFE PLACE TO SHARE YOUR GRIEF.

Someone to listen. Someone you trust. Someone to be with who cares. Or your own personal safe refuge alone.

4. PERMISSION TO FORGIVE YOURSELF.

For backsliding into deep grief, or for at times feeling guilty about feeling good, after the death of your child.

5. THE ABILITY TO BE ABLE TO DO OR CHOOSE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOUR CHILD.

Perhaps a candle, a tree, a special tribute to their memory.

6. PLEASANT MEMORIES.

The days you were together as a family. Those magic moments in life to reflect on. Peaceful thoughts.

7. OPTIMISM AND NEW HOPE.

Thoughts of a cup half full, not half empty and new hope by finding new dreams for the future in your life.

8. THE ABILITY TO LIVE WITH AND EXPERIENCE THE CHANGES IN YOUR LIFE.

Whether it be new friends, new surroundings, new job, new family, new dreams or new goals.

9. THE ABILITY TO GIVE OF YOURSELF.

To be able to do something positive with your life, like helping others. Hug another and empathize.

10. THE ABILITY TO ACCOMMODATE YOUR LOSS.

Not the deep well of sorrow, regret and despair. To grow stronger with each passing holiday.

11. THE ABILITY TO PARTITION YOUR GRIEF.

To accept life itself. Live in the "here and now." Accept the joy, the pain, the love, the anger, the hugs, the laughter, and enjoy the moment.

12. THE ABILITY TO SAY YOUR CHILD'S NAME WITHOUT PAIN.

AND PERHAPS, MOST OF ALL, THE ABILITY TO ACCEPT MY SHOULDER TO HELP SHARE THE BURDEN.

The Lighting of the Candles and Saying of Our Children's Names

Ushers will escort those who choose to participate, row by row, to the front of the church to light a candle and to say their child's name. Parents, family and friends are invited to come forward at that time and light a candle in memory of their beloved child. (Participation is optional.)

All I Ask of You

Gregory Norbert, O.S.B.

Deep in the joy of being together in one heart and for me that's just where it is.

(ALL) 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?

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?

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.

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.

Hymn Of Promise

Words and music by Natalie Sleeth

In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed, an apple tree;
In cocoons, a hidden promise: butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until it's season, something God alone can see.

There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody;
There's a dawn in every darkness bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future; what it holds, a mystery,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity;
In our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

After the Annual Service of Remembrance

We were glad to have you with us today.
As you leave the sanctuary, you will be given
a flower bulb wrapped in tissue paper.
Plant this now and when the flower blooms next spring,
be reminded of the beauty of your child and of our time together today.
Please join us for refreshments immediately following the service,
which will be served down the hall from the sanctuary.
Special thanks to those whose generous
contributions and labor of love made possible
this celebration of our
children's lives.





Hope

....the silver lining behind the cloud,
the still, small voice on the whispering wind,
the light at the end of the tunnel dark,
the lark that sings through the morning dim.

Each thought is a candle in the fog
from someone dear who understands.
Each fall will be helped by one who cares,
who reaches out with loving hands.

We know not what the future holds,
Nor what the next day brings anew;
I only know each day is a chance
to let Hope and loving see us through.

Joyce P. Hale 09/06/09

Composed for this Service Of Remembrance

*May the memories of this season come on gentle wings
to bring you love and peace.*

For more information, write to:

BPUSA/ Anne Arundel County

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org