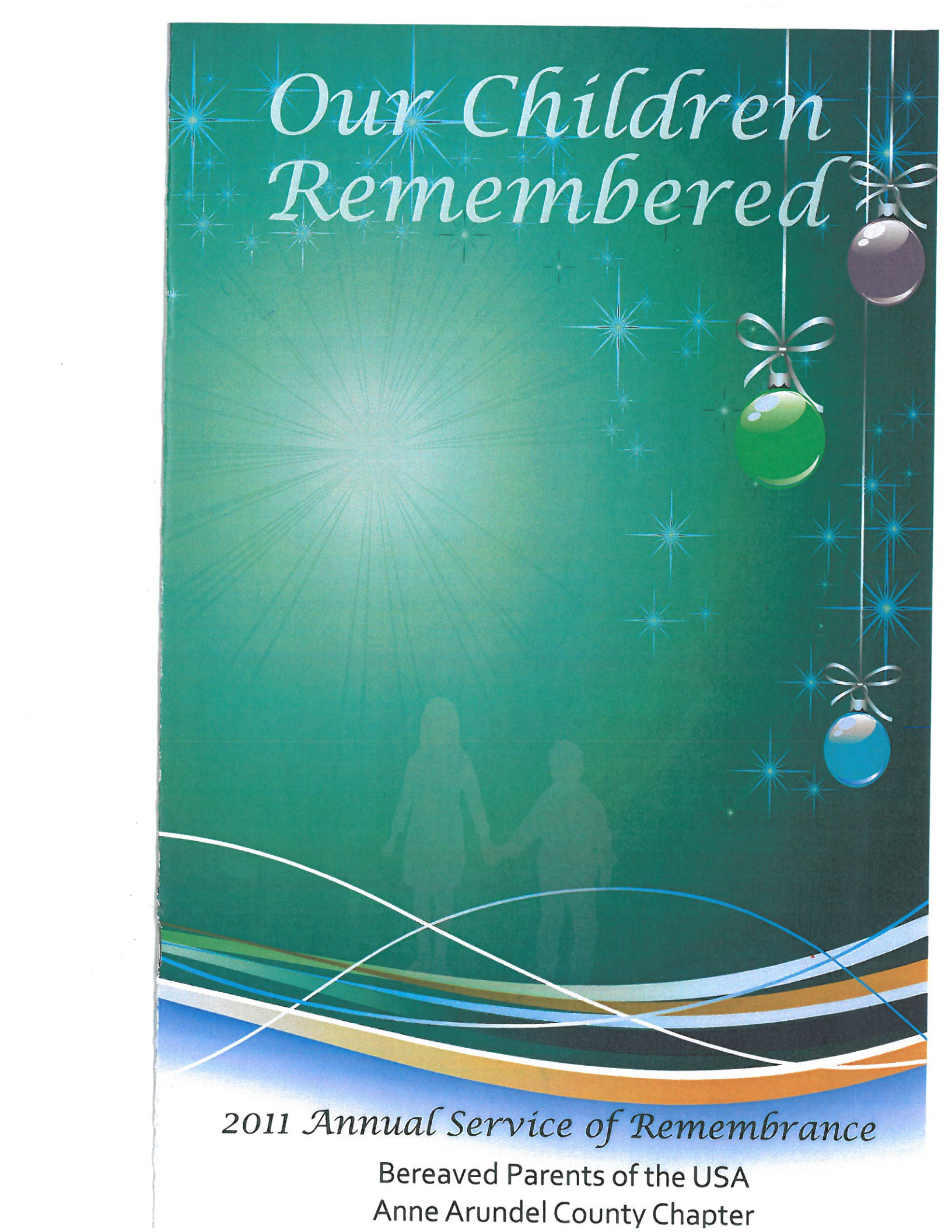


Our Children Remembered



2011 Annual Service of Remembrance

Bereaved Parents of the USA
Anne Arundel County Chapter

**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!*

27th Annual Service of Remembrance

Bereaved Parents of the USA
Anne Arundel County Chapter

Sunday, December 4, 2011 at 3:00 p.m.
St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church • 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*

Paul Balasic

READING AND LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES*

Chris and Janice Kunkel

SONG*

"Your Hands"

RESPONSIVE READING*

"We Remember Them"

Led by Kathy Ireland

A MOTHER'S READING*

"Remembering"

Carol Tomaszewski

SONG*

"Go Rest High"

SIBLING CREDO*

Andrea Campbell

MESSAGE OF HOPE

Clergy

SONG*

Precious Memories

READING*

Say Their Names

Ann Castiglia

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

OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED

Slide Presentation

SONG*

All I Ask of You

Led by Lisa Beall

CLOSING

Janet Tyler

SONG*

One Heart

Thank you to all who have given their time and talent to honor the memory of our children. A very special thanks to our musicians -- Eric Bouline, Treasure Camero, Greg Cottrell, and Jody Giles -- for their gift of music. We are grateful to St. Martin's-in-the-Field for once again hosting this event, and thanks to Homestead Gardens for the poinsettias that adorn the sanctuary on this special day and to Zancan Press, Inc. for the printing of the invitations and programs.



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.



Your Hands



Written by Katie Herzig, J.J. and David Heller

I have unanswered prayers
I have trouble I wish wasn't there
And I have asked a thousand ways
That you would take my pain away
You would take my pain away
I am trying to understand

How to walk this weary land
Make straight the paths that crooked lie
Oh Lord, before these feet of mine
Oh Lord, before these feet of mine

*When my world is shaking, heaven stands
When my heart is breaking
I never leave your hands*

When you walked upon the earth
You healed the broken, lost and hurt
I know you hate to see me cry
One day you will set all things right
Yeah, one day you will set all things right

*When my world is shaking, heaven stands
When my heart is breaking
I never leave your hands*

Your hands
Your hands that shaped the world
Are holding me
They hold me still
Your hands that shaped the world
Are holding me
They hold me still

*When my world is shaking, heaven stands
When my heart is breaking
I never leave you ...*

*When my world is shaking, heaven stands
When my heart is breaking
I never leave your hands*



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 we live, they, too, shall live, for they are now a part of us,
As we remember them.





Remembering



By Carol Tomaszewski

There are significant times and events in our lives that we will always remember.

I remember falling off a swing and breaking my shoulder.

I remember the day JFK was assassinated.

I remember my wedding day.

I remember my children's births... and their weddings.

I remember 9/11/2001.

And I will always remember the day my son died.

Then there are fleeting memories that come back to us to remind us of times past, places past, and people past.

I remember working in the garden with my Dad.

I remember learning to embroider at a Girl Scout meeting.

I remember having my Mother as my 5th grade teacher.

I remember sitting on the beach watching my children play in the ocean.

I remember cheering at softball, soccer, and volleyball games.

And I will always remember the day my son died.

Some of our memories are so sharp and searing that we have a hard time coping, and they can sneak up on us when we least expect it. We have all shared this sense of helplessness, despair and total loss because of our grief.

But these moments can be softened by
Remembering the sound of our child's laughter,
How their hugs felt,
The twinkle in their eyes,
Soft baby sounds or loud yells from the backyard,
Moments that made you proud of them,
Times that warmed your heart.

And now we build new memories of our children.
Planting a tree or garden to honor them,
Sending balloons to heaven,
The butterfly that landed next to you,
The whisper of the wind in the trees as it caresses your cheek,
The still small moments when you sense their presence.

I cherish all of my memories. I welcome them into my days and nights.
They are all part of me and who I am.

And I will always remember the day my son died.



Go Rest High



By Vince Gill

I know your life
On earth was troubled
And only you could know the pain
You weren't afraid to face the devil
You were no stranger to the rain

*Go rest high on that mountain
'Cause, Son, your work on earth is done
Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son*

Oh, how we cried the day you left us
And gathered round your grave to grieve
Wish I could see the angels' faces
When they hear your sweet voice sing

*Go rest high on that mountain -
'Cause, Son, your work on earth is done
Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son*

*Go rest high on that mountain
'Cause, Son, your work on earth is done
Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son*

*Go to Heaven a shoutin'
Love for the Father and the Son*



Siblings Walking Together



(Formerly the Sibling Credo of The Compassionate Friends)

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 the forgotten mourners that we sometimes are,
but to walk together to face our tomorrows as surviving siblings of
The Compassionate Friends.

Precious Memories



Music and Lyrics by J.B.F. Wright

Precious memories, unseen angels
Sent from somewhere to my soul
How they linger, ever near me
As the sacred past unfolds

*Precious memories
How they linger
How they ever flood my soul
In the stillness of the midnight
Precious sacred scenes unfold*

Precious Father, loving Mother
Fly across the lonely years
In old home scenes of my childhood
In fond memory meet me here

*Precious memories
How they linger
How they ever flood my soul
In the stillness of the midnight
Precious sacred scenes unfold*

As I travel down life's highway
I know not what the years may hold
As I ponder hope grows strong
Precious memories flood my soul

*Precious memories
How they linger
How they ever flood my soul
In the stillness of the midnight
Precious sacred scenes unfold*





Say Their Names

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 ghost walk our souls, beckoning in future welcome. You say they were our children. We say they are.



Jon Russell Aikin
James William Aikin
James "Jamie" William Henry Alexander
Jordan Edward Ambrozewicz
Christopher T. Ammon
Glorimar Arán
Cito Arán
Douglas Lee Baer III
Bethany Anne Balasic
Jeff Baldwin
Donald Gordon Barrett
Cortney Michele Belt
Jamie Bessling
Richard Allen Bessling
Wendy Jean Bolly
Traci Lynn Boone
Christopher Ryan Boslet
Linda Lou Boyce
Paul Shane Brough
Johnny Sivert Brungot
Paul John Burash
Hannah Lindley Campbell
Faith Campbell
Bryan Cannon
William Frederick Carter, Jr.
Tria Marie Castiglia
Jean Michael Citron
Chrystal Marie Clifford
O. Steven Cooper
Jada Cruz
Joshua "Josh" William Dale
John Mario DeMichiei, Jr.
Michael J. Dickens, Jr.
Dayden Alexander Dunn
Zachary Lee Dukes
Jack Dumont
Michelle Marie Dyke
Jason T. Easter

Timothy Easton
Isaac Paul Elliott
Christine Kelly Enders
Alice Engleman
Jenna Leigh Erickson
Joseph Fredrick Errichiello, Jr.
Michael Espach
Joseph A. Esterling, Jr.
Ronald Wesley Farley
Barbara Jean Fennessey
R. Daniel (Danny) Ferrer
Tracy Ann Fotino
Melissa Ireland Frainie
Katie Fritz
Kimberly Judith Gardner
Theresa Karen Gardner
Andrew Thomas "Drew" Gawthrop
Carolyn A. Griffin
Jeffrey Andrew Grimm
Romana Alice Hale
Brian Jeffrey Haley
Kevin Hall
Jennifer Lynn Hamilton
Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
Michael James Hayes
Traci Jeanne Heincelman
Charles "Chip" Marshall Hodges
Kole William Hoffman
Patrick H. Hurd
Roger Wallace Johnson
Kurt W. Johnson
David Lawrence Johnston
Brian Keith Jones
Jeremy Scott Jones
Kenneth "Chuckie" Jones
Scott Andrew Katsikas
Matthew James Katz
David Kohl

Say their names to us and say their names again. It hurts to bury their memory 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, and 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!*

Bryan Adam Krouse
Michael Robert Legér
Deana Jean Marie Lenz
Nicholas Paul Liberatore
David A. Lombardo
Zachary Laurence Luceti
Timothy Jarrett Mabe
Eric Eugene Maier
Walter H. Maynard IV
Jolene Dawn McKenna
Brian Richard Melcher
Graham Kendall Miller
Daniel "Dan" Michael Milord
Edwin Brandon Molina, Jr.
Kevin Michael Morris
Ryan John Mulloy
David M. Murnane
Craig Steven Nelson
John David "JD" Openshaw
Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega
Robert Adam "Robby" Ostrowski
Scott Thomas Palmer
Gregory Andrew Paroulek
Sydney Elaine Patronik
John Christopher Poe
Nicholas Grant Poe
Jayla Monet Powell
Justin Paul Raddie
Samantha Ann Rankin
Alix Rasmussen
Steven Craig Rasmussen
Thomas H. Redmiles
Joseph William Remines
Robert William Rey II
Tanager Rú Ricci
Zachary Daniel Robertson
Dennis Richard Rohrback
James Ryan Rohrbaugh

Daniel Maurice Rothman
Andre Marc Sanders
Wendy Dawn Saunders
Thomas Jeffrey Schall
Emily Ann Schindler
David C. Schmier
Michelle Inez Scott
Kelly Ann Schultz
Nicholas Secor
Thomas "Tommy" Richard Short
Kelsey R. Silva
Deonte Joseph Simms
Jason Edward Skarzynski
Mark Edward Smeltzer
Christopher John Smith
Patrick Francis Smith
Daniel John Sohovich II
Gary "Jake" David Spirt
Derrick Antonio Stevens
Karen Leese Stevens
Christopher Lewis Strader
Tenoch Bennett Sweeney
Russell "Rusty" Joseph Tarr
David William Tomaszewski
Brittany Nicole Tyler
Timothy Allen Umbel
Cindy Sue Walker
Carole Anne Wilford
Daniel Alfred Samuel Whitby
David William Whitby
Albert Wallace Whitby, Jr.
Samuel Mark Williams
Grant Alan Williams
Edward Williams, Jr.
Matthew Tyler Williams
Miriam Luby Wolfe
Eryn Bryce Wygal
Maraki Yemane

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.



All I Ask of You

By Gregory Norbert



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

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.



One Heart



Written by Tom Kimmel and Michael Lille

Well the storm on the ocean is the rain downtown
The sun shines somewhere when the night comes down
The moon's still dancing when the sky turns blue
And the love I'm feeling is the love in you

*One heart, one mind
One love is with us all the time
One life, one light
One spirit in the world tonight*

You know the clouds weigh heavy in the summer air
The wind shakes autumn 'til the trees are bare
The snow in December fills the warm blue sea
And the love you're feeling is the love in me

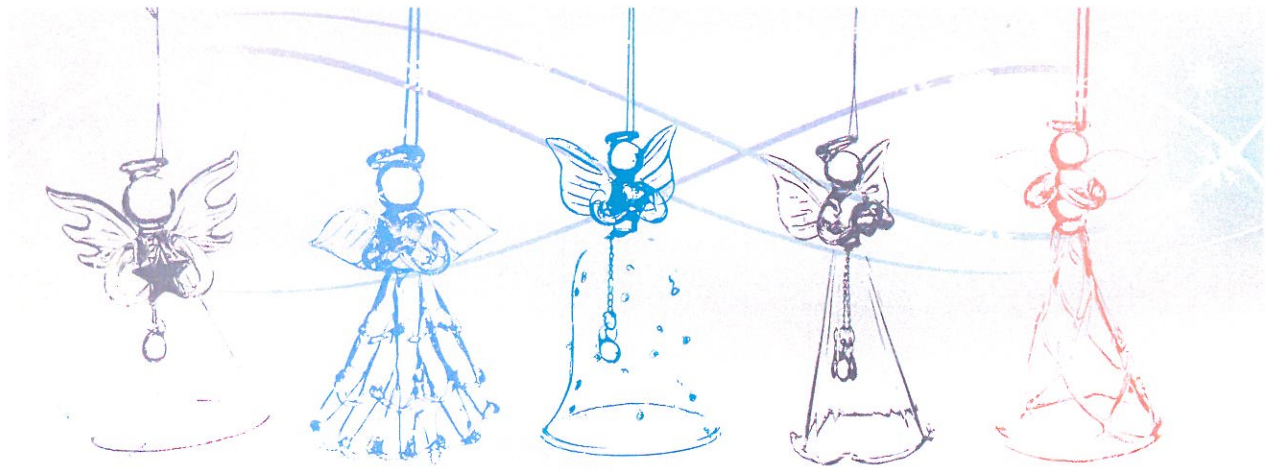
Chorus

Find our way, make our peace
Accept on faith things we cannot see
And carry on, see it through
One for all, all for me and you

Now the song I'm singing goes a long way back
Its love's own engine running down this track
The light in the tunnel coming into view
Says the hope I'm feeling is the hope in you

Chorus

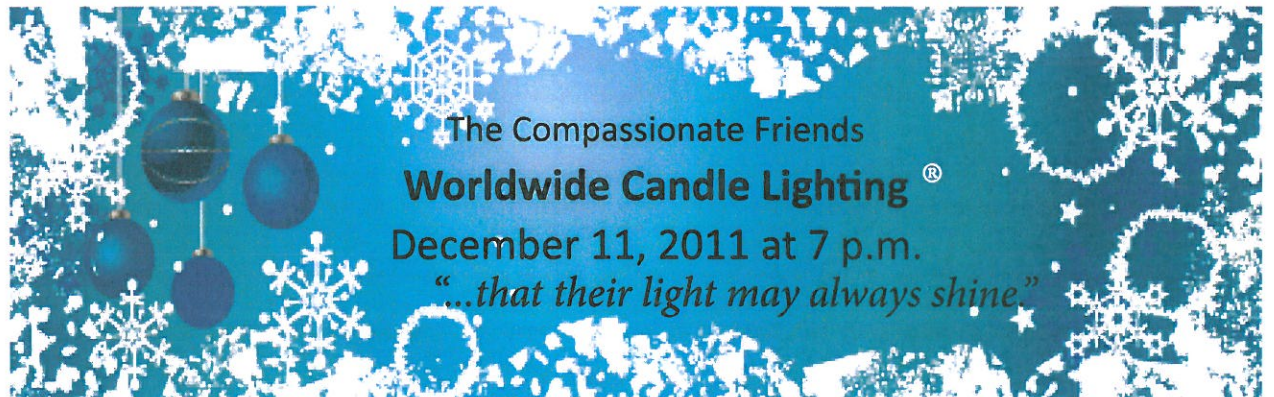
Chorus



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

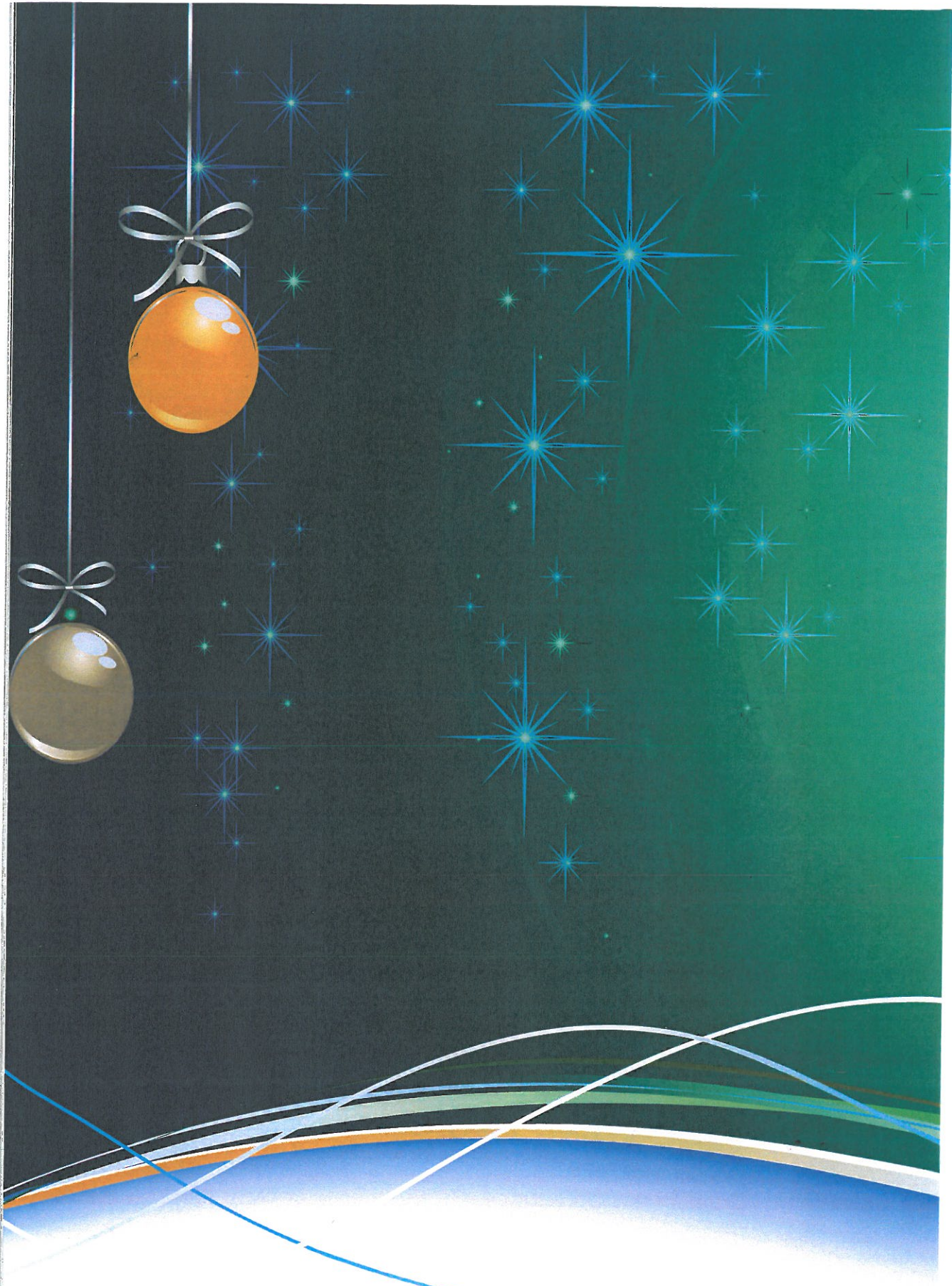
As you leave the sanctuary this afternoon, you will receive an indoor Narcissi bulb, wrapped in tissue paper and accented with a butterfly. Plant this bulb and when the flower blooms, remember your child and our time together for this year's Service of Remembrance.

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



The Compassionate Friends
Worldwide Candle Lighting®
December 11, 2011 at 7 p.m.
"...that their light may always shine."

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



For more information, write to:

BPUSA/Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org