



# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

August 2009

Copyright © 2009 All Rights Reserved

## Annual Picnic for Bereaved Parents

2:00 p.m., Sunday, August 9, 2009

(Rain or Shine)



at the home of

Lisa and Chuck Beall



105 Dales Way Drive, Pasadena, Maryland 21122

RSVP: Please call 410-969-7597 or

Email: [djtyles@cablespeed.com](mailto:djtyles@cablespeed.com)

We invite you to join us – the Chapter will provide crabs, chicken, hot dogs, hamburgers, sodas and iced tea. We ask you to bring a side dish and/or dessert and anything special you would like to drink. Bring your bathing suit and a chair, and enjoy a relaxing day surrounded by friends.

Even if you haven't been to a meeting for a very long time, we would love to see you. We've been through the bad times together, now let's enjoy some good times.

— Janet Tyler, Picnic Chair, BPUSA  
Anne Arundel County, MD

## Are You There?

Misty breeze wraps about my shoulders, thinly clad.  
I shiver not, despite the coolness on my skin.  
Comfort, I now feel.  
Is it you my precious Angel?

Are you there? I cannot hear your quiet voice,  
But bird song fills the air  
From high treetops to grassy marsh.  
I wonder – is it you, Dear? Are you there?

The roses in your garden bloom large,  
And varied in hue from crimson deep, to barely pink.  
I cup the velvet bud, its fragrance soothes a troubled mind.  
This must be you, my little girl. Are you there?

Are you the fiery autumn maples,  
Or the star-like flakes of snow?  
Are you the sparkle in the water of the lake that we both loved,  
Or, perhaps, the warmth I feel in the sand beneath my toes?

Though your quiet voice I cannot hear,  
Nor can I see again your sparkling eyes,  
Or feel your dainty hand laid gently on my own,  
You are here.

For memory's book will never close –  
Each lovely sound, or sight, or scent,  
Another page from special times that we have shared.  
Oh, yes! You are here child – everywhere!

— Diane Robertson

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Billy and Jody Dale in memory of their son  
**Joshua William Sims Dale**  
8/30/80 – 8/30/07



We love you, Joshua. The hardest thing a parent will ever have to do is deal with the loss of a child. We miss your compassion, humor, independent approach to life and intelligent theories. Most of all, we just miss you. But we thank God for the 27 years He shared you with us.

Love, Mom, Dad, Parry, Courtney and Alex

Marlen and Gene Maier in memory of their son  
**Eric Eugene Maier**  
8/8/61 – 7/5/84

In memory of our long departed first born, a wonderful son, a great human being, who loved all around him and whom we loved so much that we still feel his loss after 25 years.




**Next Meeting: August 6, 2009**

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.  
Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

Men and Women Grieve Differently – or Do They? — We all grieve and express grief differently. These differences can introduce new stresses into a couple's relationship. Understanding these differences (and the similarities) can be helpful. During the general session we will have a presentation dealing with some of the underlying factors that influence how one grieves and expresses that grief. In addition to the First-Timers and the Newly Bereaved Sharing Groups, there will be a separate sharing group for men and another one for women.

Calvary United Methodist Church  
301 Rowe Boulevard  
Annapolis, MD 21401

Meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month and are open to anyone grieving the death of a child. Come around to the back of the church—there is parking and an entrance directly into our meeting room.

We are a self-help support organization dedicated to assisting parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and siblings toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child. We provide information and education to extended family and friends. Our greatest strength as bereaved families is the unity we find in shared experiences which can lead us out of isolation, give us a place to "belong," and offer us hope that together – we can make it.



### WHAT TO EXPECT AT OUR CHAPTER MEETINGS

Our Chapter gathers one evening a month to address topics and offer support to those who are mourning the death of a child. Our meetings last for approximately 2 hours. Sometimes we schedule a 30-minute presentation at the beginning of our meeting. When the speaker or panel has concluded the presentation, we introduce ourselves and say our child's name. We then take a short break before dividing into sharing groups.

Sharing groups are facilitated by fellow Chapter members and are completely confidential. During this time, the issues that are discussed—particularly for the newly bereaved—focus on the issues facing participants today.

**Chapter Leader:** Terre Belt  
410.721.1359  
tbelt@nahbrc.com

**Newsletter Team:** Clare Harig-Blaine  
Kathy Ireland  
Eryn Lowe

**Correspondence:** Barbara Bessling

**Treasurer:** Fran Palmer

**Hospitality:** Carol Tomaszewski

**Librarian:** Kathy Franklin

**Programs:** Paul Balasic  
Jane Schindler



**Telephone Friends:** Sometimes we may have the need to talk to someone who can understand our pain. If you feel the need to talk, have questions to ask, or just had a difficult day, these people will welcome your call and are willing to listen to you.

**Bob Bramhall 410.867.4956** Daughter (19), drunk driver; men's grief.

**Marie Dyke** Daughter (17), single parent, only child; car accident.

**Sandy Platts 410.721.6457** Infant death.

**Tia Stinnett 410.360.1341** Miscarriages and infant death.

**Janet Tyler 410.969.7597** Daughter (5) and brother (33); car accident.



Submissions for the September newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by August 1  
newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

**REPRINT POLICY:** Material in this newsletter of the Anne Arundel County Chapter/ BPUSA may be copied only: 1) if the article is copied in its entirety; 2) if the person writing the article is identified as noted in the newsletter; 3) if it is clearly stated that it was taken from the newsletter of the Anne Arundel County Chapter/ BPUSA; 4) if our website is cited in the credits. This material is to be used and given to help persons with the grieving process and may not be sold or become a part of something being sold for profit, unless first obtaining the permission of the author of the article and/or the current Editor or Chapter leader as noted in this newsletter.

BPUSA/AA County Chapter  
P.O. Box 6280  
Annapolis, MD 21401-0280



## Someday

Someday, it won't hurt so bad and  
I'll be able to smile again.  
Someday, the tears won't flow quite as freely  
Whenever I think of what might have been.

Someday, the answers to "why" and "what if"  
Won't be quite as important.  
Someday, I'll be able to use what your death has taught me  
To help others with their grief.  
Someday, I'll be healed enough to celebrate your life  
As much as I now dwell on your death.  
And someday, maybe tomorrow, I'll learn to  
Accept the things I cannot change...  
But, for today...I think I'll just be sad.

— Steven L. Channing

## You're Still Here

At the finest level of my being,  
You're still with me.  
At that level beyond sight  
We talk and laugh with each other.  
We still touch each other on a level beyond touch.  
We share time together  
In a place where time stands still.  
We are still together on a level called love.  
But I cry alone for you in a place called reality.  
How I miss you, Nathan.

— Richard Lepinsky, TCF  
Winnipeg, Manitoba



## Rainy Day

It rained today  
And all the world seemed sad,  
While angels wept  
With tears of empathy.  
And all I thought about  
Was you, my son....

Remembering when  
You ran home through the rain,  
With dripping hair  
And raindrops on your nose,  
Glistening like my tears  
This rainy day.

— Lily de Lauder, TCF  
Valley, CA



## What Grieving People Want

I am not strong. I'm just numb.  
When you tell me I am strong, I feel  
that you don't see me.

I will not recover. This is not a cold or the flu. I'm not  
sick. I'm grieving and that's different. I will not always be  
grieving as intensely, but I will never forget my loved one.  
Rather than recover, I want to incorporate his life and love  
into the rest of my life. That person is a part of me, and  
always will be. Sometimes I will remember him with joy,  
and other times with a tear. Both are okay.

I don't have to accept the death. Yes, I have to understand  
that it has happened and it is real, but there are just some  
things in life that are not acceptable.

Please don't avoid me. You can't catch my grief. My  
world is painful. When you are too afraid to call me or  
visit or say anything, you isolate me at a time when I most  
need to be cared about. If you don't know what to say,  
just come over, give me a hug or touch my arm, and gently  
say, "I'm sorry." You can even say, "I just don't know  
what to say, but I care, and want you to know that."

Please don't say, "Call me if you need anything." I'll never  
call you because I have no idea what I need. Trying to  
figure out what you could do for me takes more energy  
than I have.

So, in advance, let me give you some ideas:

Bring food.

Offer to take my children to a movie or a game, so that I  
have some moments to myself.

Send me a card on special holidays, birthdays (mine or  
his), or the anniversary of the death, and be sure to mention  
his name. You can't make me cry. The tears are here,  
and I will love you for giving me the opportunity to shed  
them, because someone cared enough about me to reach  
out on this difficult day.

Ask me more than once to join you at a movie or lunch or  
dinner. I may say "no" at first, or even for awhile, but  
please don't give up on me, because somewhere down  
the line I may be ready. And if you've given up, then I  
really will be alone.

— Virginia A. Simpson  
news@beyondindigo.com



### Falling Apart

I seem to be falling apart.  
 My attention span can be measured in seconds.  
 I cry at the drop of a hat.  
 I forget things constantly.  
 The morning toast burns daily.  
 I forget to sign the checks.  
 Half of everything in the house is misplaced.  
 Feelings of anxiety and restlessness are my constant companions.  
 Rainy days seem extra dreary.  
 Sunny days seem an outrage.  
 Other people's pain and frustrations seem insignificant.  
 Laughing happy people seem out of place in my world.  
 It has become routine to feel half crazy.  
 I am normal I am told.  
 I AM A NEWLY GRIEVING PERSON.

— Eloise Cole  
*Thanatos Magazine, Winter 1985*

### Like the Butterfly



It fluttered there above my head,  
 Weightless in the soft breeze.  
 I reached up my hand,  
 It lit upon my finger.

Waving glistening wings together,  
 It looked at me for timeless moments.  
 I smiled, reached deep, and,  
 Finding all those cherished memories,  
 As it flitted off through the sunlit morn.

I knew we had said Hello  
 Once more.



— Lezlie Langford, TCF  
 North Platte, NE



### Anniversaries

When we have lost someone special in our lives, we know how much anguish we experience as the death anniversary approaches. It seems every single cell of our bodies remembers. Even if we want to forget the day and the pain associated with it, our bodies won't let us. Some people say it's a day to stay in bed and pull the covers up

over our heads. But others, like me, feel it is a day to do something special to remember my special persons – in my case, my 19-year-old daughter, Peggy, and my 21-year-old son, Denis, who died 4 days apart from the same car accident.

It has been 13 years for me without my beautiful Peggy and my first-born Denis. Thirteen years without their smiles, hugs, jokes, teasing, laughter, gossip, tenderness, music, voices, chatter, noise, and endearing mannerisms. At each anniversary, my husband and I have always chosen to do something they would have enjoyed or perhaps would have wished us to do. It could be shopping till I drop, which was Peggy's specialty; eating Rocky Road ice cream, a favorite of hers; baking chocolate chip cookies, for which she was famous; having a barbeque with friends, of which she had many. It could be attending a concert, which Denis loved; walking along the beach or having a picnic dinner where Denis was a lifeguard; renting a movie that I know he would have loved; making French toast, his all-time favorite waker-upper; playing with our dog, whom he would have gone wild over, since he always wanted a pedigreed black lab of his own.

Attending local street festivals, going swimming, watching tennis matches, having a beer, enjoying a lobster fest, playing favorite cassette tapes of theirs, installing a garage-door opener (which they would have loved), eating in an oceanfront haunt of theirs, having special masses in their honor and inviting close friends and relatives to attend, reminiscing together, planting flowers and shrubs in their memory, sharing their story with others, praying to them, lighting candles for them, writing an article in their honor – all these things keep them close to my heart and make their anniversary days special.

Tears can fall, and that's okay, because tears bring a sense of release and healing. The funny thing is, the tears are a mixture of happiness and sadness that we can't really separate – a combination of tears of joy for having memories to touch our hearts, and tears of sorrow wishing they were here with us, holding our hands and saying all those things we want to hear repeated.

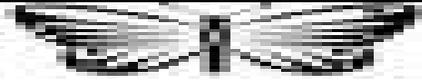
Anniversaries are a time to share with others our special love for the people we miss. I call it "Sharing Peggy and Denis with the world." It keeps their memories alive in others, and it makes my heart feel so much better.

Plan ahead. Include dear friends. Surround yourself with loving people who make you feel comfortable and cared about. Share your memories. Tell those funny stories. Don't be afraid of tears. Give a toast to your special person. Release some balloons. Do what is good for your heart.

— Elaine Stillwell  
 Reprinted from the July/August 1999 Bereavement Magazine



## SIBLING PAGE



### Who am I Now?

Who am I now that my sibling has died? I have asked myself that question many times over the last four years. When I think of my brother, Sean, I think of how things used to be. I also think of all the things that he will miss. For example, my husband or my children will never know Sean. Sean will never have children. There are just so many things that he will miss. I began to question who I was about a month after Sean died. He and I shared a great love of music. When I think of music, I think of Sean. At first, every song I heard made me cry. After a while though, I began to try to find a deeper meaning in the songs. I know that a lot of teenagers and young adults identify important times in their lives by music. I am one of those people. Now I am trying to figure out what place the music has in my life. After Sean died, music took on new meaning for me. The music I sing and listen to is my special connection to my brother. The song "Because You Loved Me" by Celine Dion was especially powerful for me. I came to realize that through simply loving and supporting me, my brother had helped to shape the person that I was becoming and who I want to become. I have realized now that my life's direction has taken a slight detour. I have had to reroute my image of myself. When I hear music, I see my brother and I hope that will never change. When I saw myself in the past, I saw Sean by my side. That picture has now been altered. The biggest part of the question, "Who am I now?" is also "Am I still a sister?" The answer to that is a simple yes! Sean will always be my brother and I will be his sister. Forever.

— Traci Morlock, BPUSA  
St. Louis, MO

### Please Don't Discount Sibling Grief

I have come to think of sibling grief as "Discount Grief." Why? Because siblings appear to be an emotional bargain in most people's eyes. People worry so much about the bereaved parents that they invest little attention in the grieving sibling.

My personal "favorite" comforting line said to siblings is "you be sure to take care of your parents." I wanted to know who was supposed to take care of me...I knew I couldn't.

The grief of a sibling may differ from that of a parent, but it ought not to be discounted. People need to realize that while it is obviously painful for parents to have lost a child, it is also painful for the sibling, who has not only lost a sister or brother, but an irreplaceable friend.

While dealing with this double loss, he or she must confront yet another factor. The loss of a brother or sister is frequently the surviving sibling's first experience with the death of any young person. Young people feel they will live forever. A strong dose of mortality in the form of a sibling is very hard to take.

The feelings of the siblings are also often discounted when decisions are being made...on things ranging from funeral plans to flower selections. Parents need to listen to surviving siblings who usually know a lot about the tastes and preferences of the deceased.

Drawing on the knowledge that surviving siblings have about supposedly trivial things...such as favorite clothes or music...can serve two purposes when planning funeral or memorial services. First, their input helps ensure that the deceased receives the type of service he or she would have liked. Second, their inclusion in the planning lets them know they are still an important part of the family.

I realize that people are unaware that they are discounting sibling grief. But then, that's why I'm writing this...so people will know.

— Jane Machado  
Tuland, CA

### Questions and Answers from Bereaved Siblings

#### All of a sudden I burst into tears and cannot control crying.

You have the freedom to cry when you need to. Crying is a normal reaction. You may feel embarrassed, but most people will react with sympathy and wish for themselves that they could cry freely. Crying is a natural outlet to grieving.

#### I can't concentrate. I can't think and I can't remember anything. I think I am losing my mind.

You are not losing your mind, although it may feel that way. Your mind is probably overloaded. Not only do you have to continue to go through your daily routine, but your mind is flooded with thoughts and feelings for your brother or sister. This is temporary; your memory and concentration will return over time.

#### I have terrible nightmares. Sometimes I dream I am dying. I can't tell anyone because they will think I am crazy. Am I?

Some grieving people experience intense dreams. Dreams serve as a healthy outlet for the intense feelings you have during the day. As time goes on and you deal with your feelings, your dreams will become less frightening.

#### I feel so guilty at the way I yelled at my brother. We would fight about the silliest things. I'll never be able to tell him how sorry I am.

Brothers and sisters in every family quarrel and don't apologize for every argument. Even though you fought, you still loved your brother and he loved you.

#### Suddenly my parents expect me to parent them. I just can't handle it.

This is truly one of the most unfair positions your grief puts you in. Try to share these feelings with your parents. Hopefully you will be better able to understand one another.

— BPUSA, Baltimore, MD



## There's An Elephant in the Room

There's an elephant in the room.  
It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it.  
Yet we squeeze by with, 'How are you?' and 'I'm fine,'  
and a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.  
We talk about the weather. We talk about work.  
We talk about everything else, except the elephant in the room.

There's an elephant in the room.  
We all know it's there. We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together.  
It is constantly on our minds. For, you see, it is a very large elephant.  
It has hurt us all.

But we don't talk about the elephant in the room.

Oh, please say his name.  
Oh, please say his name again.  
Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.

For if we talk about his death, perhaps we can talk about his life.  
Can I say his name to you and not have you look away?  
For if I cannot, then you are leaving me....  
alone....  
in a room....  
with an elephant.

— Terry Kettering

## Remembering

Go ahead and mention our child.  
The one in heaven you know.  
Don't worry about hurting us further.  
The depth of our pain doesn't show.  
Don't worry about making us cry.  
We're already crying inside.  
Help us to heal by releasing the tears we try to hide.  
We're hurt when you keep silent,  
Pretending he didn't exist.  
We'd rather you mention our child,  
Knowing that he will be missed.  
You ask us how we are doing.  
We say, "pretty good" or "fine."  
But healing is ongoing.  
We feel it will take a lifetime.

— Elizabeth Dent



## Changes

Be aware that new grief  
changes all of your emotions  
for a time.

But grief does not change  
all of your emotions  
forever!

Some of your old feelings  
will return to you.

Please be patient.

— Alexandra Sascha Wagner



## The Precious Gift

One gift, above all others  
God gives to us to treasure  
One that knows no time, no place  
And one gold cannot measure.

The precious, poignant, tender gift  
Of Memory – that will keep  
Our dear ones ever in our hearts  
Although God gives them sleep. It  
brings back long remembered things;  
A song, a word, a smile  
And our world's a better place  
---because  
We had them for awhile.

— Author Unknown

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.

— Kenny Chesney



### At First

At first...  
My very name was grief.  
My eyes saw only grief,  
My thoughts were grief.

And everything I touched  
Was turned to grief.

But now...

I own the light of memories.  
My eyes can see you,  
And my thoughts can know you  
For what you really are:  
More than a young life lost,  
More than a radiance  
Gone into night.

Today...you have become  
A gift beyond my grief,  
A treasure to my world---  
Though you have left  
My world and me behind.

—Sascha Wagner  
From her book *Wintersun*

### Water Bugs and Dragonflies

Once, in a little pond, in the muddy water under the lily pads, there lived a little water beetle in a community of water beetles. They lived a simple and comfortable life in the pond with few disturbances or interruptions.

Once in a while sadness came to their community when one of their fellow beetles would climb the stem of a lily pad and would never be seen again. They knew, when this happened, their friend was dead – gone forever.

Then one day one little water beetle felt an irresistible urge to climb up that stem. However, he was determined that he would not leave forever. He would come back and tell his friends what he had found at the top.

When he reached the top and climbed out of the water onto the surface of the lily pad, he was so tired and the sun felt so warm that he decided to take a nap. As he slept, his body changed, and when he woke up, he had turned into a beautiful blue-tailed dragonfly with broad wings and a slender body designed for flying. So, fly he did. And, as he soared, he saw the beauty of a whole new world and a far superior life to any he had known existed.

Then he remembered his beetle friends and how by now they were thinking he was dead. He wanted to go back and tell them – explain to them – he was now more alive than he had ever been before. His life had been fulfilled – not ended! But, his new body would not go down into the water. He could not get back to tell his friends the good news. Then, he understood that their time would come, when they, too, would know what he now knew. So, he raised his wings and flew off to his joyous new life.



— Doris Stickney  
The Pilgrim Press

### What Do You Call Them?

Have you noticed how if we are open to the “signs” we are given that we will see them? These are gifts to us to help us through this journey. They bring us comfort. I have written about some of the different gifts we have been given like the mourning doves, the butterflies, the songs that come on the radio at just the right time, the mention of our children’s names at a certain time by strangers. We feel like our children are almost right “there” with us when these little gifts are given to us.

One day this past week my husband and I were at the cemetery sitting on the grass of our kids’ graves. It was a warm day and the yellow mums were so beautiful. They were covered with little yellow butterflies. We had been there for awhile and so I had just said, “Well, I guess we should go”...when along came a dragonfly and landed right on Doug’s leg as if to say “Bye”! We both looked at each other and couldn’t help but know this was special.

This week has been filled with those special moments. Today, twice...we went back to the gym after not being there for several months. This was a place that both Josh and Lindsay frequented. I had to try to really motivate myself to go. I had just gotten my sneakers on and Doug turned on the stereo. The very first song that came on the radio was “In the Arms of an Angel” by Sarah McLaughlin. The words are very comforting to me and the one lyric says...”May you find some comfort here.” I went on my favorite machine with tears streaming down my face perhaps, but knowing that the kids were encouraging me. After our workout, Doug asked me if I wanted to go to the cemetery to check on the flowers because we received our first snowfall. Right after he said it, Josh’s song, “I Can Only Imagine” that we played at his funeral, came on the radio. We drove into the cemetery and rolled down the windows so we could hear it as we were there. I realize that not everyone will embrace these special signs as gifts, but will see them merely as “coincidences.” We just believe differently. What do you call them?

— Deb Jerdo, BPUSA  
Adirondack, NY Chapter

## Our Children Remembered

Karlee Marie Andrews  
Daughter of Brian Andrews  
November 15, 1992 - August 11, 2007

Elizabeth Sinton Archard  
Daughter of Barbara Hale  
September 25, 1964 - August 27, 1978

Douglas Lee Baer III  
Grandson of Shirley Baer  
August 21, 1983 - November 14, 2006

Deneen Leigh Bagby-Lins  
Daughter of Jack and Audrey Bagby  
June 21, 1957 - August 6, 1987

Cortney Michele Belt  
Daughter of Terre and John Belt  
Sister of Eryn Belt Lowe  
Niece of Ed and Jeanne Heincelman  
August 26, 1979 - July 9, 1996

Morgan Jane Elizabeth Beverly  
Daughter of Kimberly and Wayne Beverly  
August 17, 1992 - January 25, 2009

Traci Lynn Boone  
Daughter of Bonita Boone-Adamecz  
September 17, 1964 - August 17, 1986

Paul John Burash  
Son of Robert and Sandra Burash  
January 18, 1972 - August 8, 1992

Mary Kathleen Carmody  
Daughter of Mary Carmody  
August 24, 1958 - September 17, 1998

William Frederick Carter Jr.  
Son of Dot Carter  
April 24, 1959 - August 16, 1992

Ronald Joel Copas  
Son of Anne Copas  
August 22, 2001 - February 11, 2004

Brenda Leeann Costello  
Daughter of Tana and David Duley  
August 29, 1983 - May 28, 2002

Joshua "Josh" William Sims Dale  
Son of Jody and Bill Dale  
August 30, 1980 - August 30, 2007

Robert Michael Davidson  
Son of Donna and Kevin Davidson  
August 17, 1981 - February 21, 2004

Alexandra "Allie" Ann Denevan  
Daughter of Gregory J. Denevan  
September 18, 1985 - August 21, 2002

Kathleen "Tink" Yvette Denevan  
Daughter of Gregory J. Denevan  
August 10, 1970 - May 13, 1971

Isaac Paul Elliott  
Son of Debbie and Paul Elliott  
August 24, 1979 - April 27, 2003

Andrew George Eser  
Son of Karl and Linda Eser  
August 12, 1982 - October 10, 2000

Barbara Jean Fennessey  
Daughter of Ray and Kay Fennessey  
August 30, 1960 - August 4, 1989

R. Daniel Ferrer  
Son of Anna Ferrer Severn  
May 25, 1972 - August 26, 1986

Donald Richard Forbes III  
Son of Janet Lynn Hall  
Brother of Carrie Forbes-Reitzel  
August 3, 1975 - April 12, 2002

Tracy Ann Fotino  
Daughter of Martha Murphy  
Niece of Kenneth Smith  
May 14, 1971 - August 25, 2000

Craig Robert Galyon  
Son of Susan Galyon-Pyle  
August 23, 1979 - October 11, 2001

Kimberly Judith Gardner  
Daughter of Joan F. Gardner  
February 6, 1968 - August 16, 1992

Andrew Thomas "Drew" Gawthrop  
Son of Brenda Gawthrop  
May 25, 1990 - August 12, 2002

Michael G. Hartline  
Son of Kathleen Hartline  
August 27, 1975 - August 16, 2001

Kelly Lynn Hopkins  
Daughter of Denise Morin  
August 24, 1974 - February 11, 2009

Colin David Humphrey  
Son of Robert and Julie Humphrey  
August 23, 1998 - June 16, 2001

Allison Carol Jimenez  
Daughter of Carol and Russell Fritz  
June 29, 1973 - August 2, 2005

Kurt Willard Johnson  
Son of Willard and Marian Johnson  
December 9, 1963 - August 11, 2003

Roger Wallace Johnson  
Son of Walter and Shirley Johnson  
Brother of Jeanne Jones  
July 10, 1947 - August 23, 1986

Jeremy Scott Jones  
Grandson of Walter and Shirley Johnson  
Son of LeRoy and Jeanne Jones  
August 4, 1976 - August 21, 1986

## Our Children Remembered

Doray Delente Jones  
 Son of Margie Johnson  
 November 13, 1985 - August 20, 2004

Chloe Victoria Kimbrell  
 Daughter of Stephanie and Ben Kimbrell  
 August 18, 2004 - November 7, 2004

Stephen Aaron Luck  
 Son of Paul and Charlette Koehler  
 August 2, 1966 - May 27, 1985

Eric Eugene Maier  
 Son of Gene and Marlen Maier  
 August 8, 1961 - July 5, 1984

Demrick Paul "Rick" Mayes  
 Son of Rosemary and Steve Poppish  
 August 11, 1961 - October 11, 2008

James Allen McGrady  
 Son of David and Shirley McGrady  
 January 15, 1968 - August 10, 1987

Michele Noble McKinley  
 Daughter of Louisa and Sheldon Noble  
 August 25, 1956 - January 29, 2005

Brian Richard Melcher  
 Son of Norma and Donald Melcher  
 Brother of Cheryl Lewis  
 August 30, 1960 - June 14, 2002

Julia Lyn Moore  
 Daughter of Dorothy Becker  
 August 22, 1973 - June 19, 2002

Ryan John Mulloy  
 Son of John and Suzanne Mulloy  
 August 19, 1975 - August 12, 1993

Eric Richard Munz  
 Son of Barbara and Richard Munz  
 September 21, 1963 - August 14, 2002

Michael Henry O'Malley  
 Son of Margie and John O'Malley  
 August 25, 1971 - December 7, 1991

Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega  
 Son of Rachael Hand  
 August 28, 1964 - February 17, 2005

Scott Thomas Palmer  
 Son of Frances Palmer  
 Grandson of Thomas and Ethel Cleary  
 August 3, 1983 - September 1, 1996

Arthur Gordon Phillips  
 Son of Cheryl Alderdice  
 August 24, 1983 - November 26, 1999

Solymar Rodriguez Torres  
 Daughter of José Rodriguez and Vanya Torres  
 August 27, 1993 - April 13, 2007

James Ryan Rohrbaugh  
 Son of Doug and Donna Rohrbaugh  
 August 30, 1983 - September 5, 1983

Justin Michael Romberger  
 Son of Karen and Steven Facemire  
 July 29, 1985 - August 12, 2006

Gary Lee Ryon Jr.  
 Son of Betty Ryon  
 August 24, 1989 - December 1, 2002

Donald "Donnie" L. Severe Jr.  
 Son of Chuck and Issy Mattis  
 August 23, 1956 - December 13, 1984

Michael Leeman Smith  
 Son of Pat Coja  
 August 9, 1962 - August 7, 2008

Heather M. Spindler  
 Daughter of Rich Sues and Becky Spindler  
 Sister of Amber Faul  
 August 7, 1985 - September 3, 2006

Luther "Scamp" Stowe II  
 Son of Agnes and Luther Stowe  
 August 27, 1963 - November 12, 2001

Scott Talbott  
 Son of Deb and Stan Talbott  
 July 19, 1989 - August 3, 2003

Michelle Marie Tewey  
 Daughter of Michael and Marie Tewey  
 August 26, 1980 - November 15, 1998

Brittany Nicole Tyler  
 Daughter of Janet and Dan Tyler  
 October 12, 1986 - August 23, 1992

Daniel "Danny" A.S. Whitby  
 Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.  
 January 10, 1959 - August 15, 1974

Andrew Wilcox  
 Son of Peter and Margaret Wilcox  
 August 30, 1985 - August 30, 1985

Roy James "Jay" Wyrick  
 Son of Patricia Wyrick  
 August 8, 1962 - January 10, 2002

Ron Zseltvay Jr.  
 Son of Ron and Jeanie Zseltvay  
 August 24, 1979 - November 16, 1999

Donations may be made to offset the costs of our local Chapter's events and communications. We gratefully acknowledge the following donations made in the last month:

Brenda Diggs in memory of her son Krey Jermaine Green  
 Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino

# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

[www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)



***NEXT MEETING August 6, 2009***



### **RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED**

DATED MATERIAL



#### **UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:**

##### **Men and Women Grieve Differently - Or Do They?**

**Thursday, August 6, 7:30 p.m.**

We all grieve and express our grief differently. These differences can introduce new stresses into a couple's relationship. Understanding these differences (and the similarities) can be helpful. During the general session we will have a presentation dealing with some of the underlying factors that influence how one grieves and expresses that grief. In addition to the First-Timers Sharing Group and the Newly Bereaved Sharing Group, there will be a separate sharing group for men and another one for women.

##### **Memorial Shirts for the Memory Walk**

**Thursday, September 3, 7:30 p.m.**

The program will consist of a short discussion about the emotional value of making a memorial, followed by instructions and construction of your special Memory Walk shirt. Please bring the shirt (t-shirt, button down, etc.) you wish to decorate and the picture that you would like to have copied, to iron-on your shirt. Choose a picture close to the size (no larger than 8 ½ x 11) you would like to iron on, the sharper the photograph, the better the iron-on will come out. For shirts, white or light colors work best, the fabric of the shirt should not be too stretchy and needs to accept a hot iron. We will have fabrics and other supplies for you to use. We will scan and create one photo for each person, after everyone has one, if time allows we will do others. Come join us in making memories and learning more about your children and ours.

#### **RESOURCES**

Bereaved Parents of the USA

[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org) or 708-748-7866

Hospice of the Chesapeake

[www.hospicechesapeake.org](http://www.hospicechesapeake.org) or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center

[www.mdcrimevictims.org](http://www.mdcrimevictims.org) or 410-234-9885

Suicide Support Group

410-647-2550; meets the first Tuesday of each month in Severna Park, MD

MIS Support Group (miscarriage, infant death or stillbirth)

443-481-6114; meets the first Monday of each month in Edgewater, MD

Grief Recovery After a Substance Passing (GRASP)

[www.grasphelp.com](http://www.grasphelp.com) or 843-705-2217

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact one of our Program coordinators:

Paul Balasic at [pjbspmd@gmail.com](mailto:pjbspmd@gmail.com) or 443.566.0193, or Jane Schindler at [cwschind@cablespeed.com](mailto:cwschind@cablespeed.com).