



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

December 2009

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This Time of the Year...

This time of the year we celebrate family, friends, beliefs and traditions. We hope for love, joy and peace in our lives. But when we've lost our child, it's hard to continue the celebrations, to find any joy, especially in the early years of our grief. So much has changed in our lives. So much will never be the same.

We often have to find new ways to make it through these days. It may be hard, but take steps to bring some joy and peace back into your lives. Baby steps are OK. Take care of yourself. Do only what you feel you can do. Try to plan ahead. What seems like a small step, a small change, may turn out to be something that brings the most peace to your soul.

What is an old tradition to others, may be a new tradition to you. I have started buying ornaments for myself, my family and my friends. Ones that I can reflect on, and that stir my memories...stars, butterflies, tear drops, soccer players. This year I'm looking for a Spiderman ornament. Let me know if you see one somewhere. And ask me ...I'll be happy to tell you the story ...and stir my memoriesand bring some joy and peace to my soul.

And may each of you find some joy and peace during this Holiday Season.

— Carol Tomaszewski, BP/USA
Anne Arundel County, MD

2009 Service of Remembrance—Our Children Remembered

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

Please join us for this special Service sponsored by the
Anne Arundel County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA

3 p.m., Sunday, December 6, 2009

St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church
Severna Park, MD



Announcing the Chapter's Gift Giving

For many mourning the loss of a child, holidays are difficult days, and gift giving loses its luster. This year, consider buying a gift in memory of your child and bringing it to our monthly meeting in December. We'll donate these "love gifts" to children in need through local charities. Doing good deeds in memory of your child lets you stay connected to them while providing for children who have very little.



Worldwide Candle Lighting



On Sunday, December 13th, tens of thousands of families worldwide will light candles at 7 p.m. as an act of symbolic

remembrance. This annual event, sponsored by The Compassionate Friends, is marked by persons around the globe, united by the loss of a child, lighting candles for one hour the second Sunday in December. Candles are first lit at 7 p.m. local time just west of the International Date Line. As candles burn down in one time zone, they are then lit in the next, creating a virtual 24-hour wave of light as observances continue in countries around the world. Many of us have discarded old traditions, kept some traditions and found new rituals to connect us with our children. May this be one of your new traditions.

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Rick and Carol Tomaszewski in memory of their son

David W. Tomaszewski

September 4, 1974 – February 6, 2001

Memories of a Lifetime

Watching David catch chameleons, or play with big sister Beth...

The little league games and cheering at soccer matches...

Always teasing little sister Lara, with a smile on your face and love in your heart...

On your bike with son Joshua in the baby seat...

And always remembering hearing "Love you, Mom...love you, Pops..."




Next Meeting: December 3, 2009

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

Introducing Our Children — The focus of this evening will be on our deceased children, giving everyone the opportunity to tell others about who they were. There will not be a presenter; sharing groups will be the focus. For the non-newly bereaved sharing group, each person is asked to bring a picture or memento of his or her child; each person will then show the picture or memento and "introduce" that child and describe what he or she was like.

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
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Newsletter Team: Clare Harig-Blaine
Kathy Ireland
Eryn Lowe

Correspondence: Barbara Bessling

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic
Jane Schindler

Inclement weather on a meeting night? Our meeting is cancelled if Phase 1 of the Snow Emergency Plan is in effect that same day at 5:00 p.m. Please check our Chapter's website or call our Message Line for cancellation information.



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 January newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by December 1
newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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

When All You Can Do Is Buy Flowers



One of the many hurdles that I faced after my son Matthew died was not being able, during the holiday season, to buy him anything ever again. When the

holidays rolled around, I had such an empty feeling. I was buying gifts for my surviving children and all I could get Matthew was flowers for his grave. That just wasn't enough!

Shopping was such a chore because I didn't have the energy and the Christmas spirit just wasn't there. Not being able to buy anything for my Matthew was just unbearable.

What has helped me so much, throughout the years, is our St. Peters BP/USA support group meeting. At our December potluck picture and gift night, we are asked to bring a gift. The gift is something that we would have bought for our child if he/she were alive. This is not mandatory, but the majority of the group does participate. We go around the table and each person displays what he/she bought and explains why it was bought.

Hearing the funny stories that are told is just wonderful. I hear laughter and see tears at the same time. The gifts are later taken to a local children's home. At first, the gifts that were taken to the children's home consisted of a couple of bags. However, the generosity has grown more and more each year.

The parents that don't attend meetings anymore throughout the year will come to the meeting in December, just to bring a gift for their child. On Christmas morning when my surviving children are opening their gifts, I sit back and picture a child that probably would not have gotten a gift at Christmas, opening the gift that I bought Matthew. That gives me such peace.

I will not wish you joy this holiday season. That is something that will come later. But I will say this; do as much or as little as you can handle; don't push yourself too much. I will, however, wish you peace.

— Sabra Penrod, BP/USA
St. Louis, MO

Winter Memories



The days are getting colder
And the first snow's not too far off.
It used to be so pretty,
Gently falling from aloft.
But the snow won't be as pretty,
As it gathers on the ground,
'Cause there will be a snowman missing,
My son is not around.
The playing children's laughter
Used to be a special song,
But this year will be different,
Without my son along.
The song has lost its music
And it'll be just another day,
As I gaze down from my window
And watch the children play.
But the snow will again be pretty
In a far off distant time
And we'll build snowmen together
And we'll never look behind.
For now, I'll remain with memories
But the melting snow will fade.
And he builds snowmen to his heart's content,
'Cause he lives where it's made.

— Jeremiah Sundown, TCF
Nashville, TN

Memories Build a Special Bridge

Our memories build a special bridge when loved ones have to part
To help us feel we're with them still and soothe a grieving heart.
Our memories span the years we shared, preserving ties that bind,
They build a special bridge of love and bring us peace of mind.

— Emily Matthews



During the holiday season, it is our prayer that each of you finds peace in your heart, joy in your families, and hope in the future.



'Twas the Night before Christmas ~ For Bereaved Parents~

'Twas the month before Christmas and I dreaded the days,
That I knew I was facing – the holiday craze.
The stores were all filled with holiday lights,
In hopes of drawing customers by day and by night.

As others were making their holiday plans,
My heart was breaking – I could not understand.
I had lost my dear child a few years before,
And I knew what my holidays had in store.

When out of nowhere, there arose such a sound,
I sprang to my feet and was looking around.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The sight that I saw took my breath away,
And my tears turned to smiles in the light of the day.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a cluster of butterflies fluttering near.
With beauty and grace they performed a dance,
I knew in a moment this was not by chance.

The hope that they gave me was a sign from above,
That my child was still near me and that I was loved.
The message they brought was my holiday gift,
And I cried when I saw them in spite of myself.

As I knelt closer to get a better view,
One allowed me to pet it – as if it knew –
That I needed the touch of its fragile wings,
To help me get through the holiday scene.

In the days that followed I carried the thought,
Of the message the butterflies left in my heart,
That no matter what happens or what days lie ahead,
Our children are with us – they are not really dead.

Yes, the message of the butterflies still rings in my ears,
A message of hope – a message so dear.
And I imagined they sang as they flew out of sight,
"To all bereaved parents – We love you tonight!"

— Faye McCord, TCF
Jackson, MS

*In loving memory of her son Lane McCord and
dedicated to all bereaved parents*



That First Christmas



It was right before
Christmas that first
year after my son had
died, and although

my husband, my daughter and I had opted to
run away to the warmth of Florida and try to
forget the season, we still wanted to remember
each other with a gift. My husband needed a
new jacket, so we went shopping. We ended
up in the same department store where I had
sat the Christmas before – watching my son try
on and select a jacket that was to be our last
present to him.

As I remembered, the pain flooded over me,
totally overwhelming me. I sat helplessly in the
chair, crying. My husband turned away from
the mirror and the salesman who was helping
him and came to my side to comfort me as best
he could. The salesman must have thought
me mad as a hatter. Certainly, he must have
thought the coat can't be that bad. Having a
need to explain, my husband said to him,
"We've had a tragedy in our family." The
salesman said simply, "Oh," and disappeared
in a matter of seconds at a rate that could
adequately be described as a trot, or something
closely akin to. He never returned and we left
without the jacket.

Isn't that first year awful? And don't the
inadequacies of our society hurt? And isn't it
good to know that you can't hurt forever with
the intensity of that first year? I'm glad it's easier
for me now. I hope it soon will be for you, too.

— Mary Cleckley, BP/USA
Atlanta, GA

How Many Stockings Shall I Hang?

What a torment! Funny how you worry what your friends will
think. For days, I worried. And finally, I hung three upon the
fireplace wall, and laid one gently on the mantel.

But that was last year! And this year, I shall hang all four above
the fireplace. For this year the confusion of the mind has found
new answers – with conviction! For it does not really matter
whether my oldest daughter lives in Tucson, or my youngest son is dead – these are my children – our family – and as
long as we hang the Christmas stockings, we shall hang them all...with love.



— Shirley Melin
Aurora, IL

SIBLING PAGE



You Alone

A part of me, my only sibling,
You alone hold the history of my youth.
The barbeques at Grandma's and

fishing at the dam,
The Easter egg hunts, and sparklers on the Fourth.
When little, we fought like brothers sometimes do,
But more often played, and laughed, and teased.
I tried to be what I thought a big brother should be,
And you played the younger equally well.
Then we reached that age when interests differ;
I thought you were too crazy and wild,
And you were sure I was too uptight.
Neither of us planned to get together,
Thinking we would always have the time.
It was only when they came to tell me,
After leaving a note on Mom's door,
And again, I had to be the big brother,
To let her know you weren't coming back.
For a while I believed it should have been me,
Since I had failed; I hadn't watched over you.
And it was so hard to see how much Mom hurt,
Wondering if there was something I could have done.
But then I finally realized, probably with your help,
That I did nothing wrong; it was just your time.
The love we've always had will never leave,
And the memories we share will always be alive.
So even though I'll always be the big brother,
I realize my baby bro has some special gifts now,
And I want to thank you for being that rascally angel
Who often lets us know he's around.

— David Ardenall

From *We Need Not Walk Alone* magazine



This Can't Be

This is still such a shock to me
This really can't be
I don't want to believe this is real.
This is not something that I want to feel!
You just come back...
You can't leave for good.

If I could change this all – I would.
You were the one that was always there –
You were the one to always care.
Now a picture is the only way to see you
I really don't know what to do.
You'll always be my big sister,
But life's not the same –
Life without you now seems so lame.
No more car rides, no more late nights,
No more singing and no more play fights.
Where are you? You should still be here.
Where are you?
I can't find you anywhere.
I need you still...you just can't go away.
I need you here...
Please come back and stay!
Useless to pray you'll come back
You're gone.
God took you with Him to call His own.
But you'll always be present here in our hearts,
You always have been...
Right from the start.
This is still a shock to me...
This really can't be!

— Lilliam Pugh
Houston, TX

My Sister

My sister always had a way of making people feel better. Whether it was inviting someone who had no family over for the holidays, or agreeing with me that my boyfriend was acting like a jerk, she had a way to make people's attitudes change from mad to glad.

Even though she is gone, she is still making people feel good to this day. She has her little ways of showing us that she is still here and continues to love us. It may be a beautiful butterfly that happens to land right in front of you or suddenly hearing one of her favorite songs play while you are shopping.

Today for me, it was seeing a large iguana mysteriously appear in my backyard. I'm sure to anyone else, besides my family, that it may seem strange, but definitely not some sort of sign.

Well, they may not know that my sister loved animals. They may not know that she owned a huge, beautiful iguana named Iggy. They may not know that I had recently been in a car accident, broke my thumb, and was very frustrated that they had to replace my splint with a cast today.

Then I came home and saw the iguana. Thank you, Amy. You made me feel better. I love you, too! I think of you and miss you every day.

— Sandra Bowden
San Diego, CA
Sister of Amy Bowden



Winter Dreaming

Winter sun slants down, no warmth in its rays
 Warm spring is sleeping, under the snow she lays.
 Barren tree branches dance
 In time to the cold wind's song.
 Nights are dark and oh, so long.
 But your memories are my blanket of warmth
 And I pull them close to me,
 Waiting for spring to come forth.
 A time of warm breeze, to chase away the cold
 But now in the winter,
 Warm memories I hold.

— Sheila Simmons
 From the TCF Atlanta Sharing Line

**The One Who Leaves**

The one who leaves
 A legacy of love
 To generations that follow
 Has lived a life worth remembering.
 The one who leaves
 Gentle footprints
 On our hearts
 Has left a story worth telling.
 The one who leaves
 Happy memories
 Dancing in our thoughts
 Has given the gift of timeless moments
 Worth holding in our hearts
 FOREVER.

— Author Unknown

Adjusted

It's been several years since you died, they say, "Surely you must have adjusted by now." Yes, I am adjusted – adjusted to feeling pain and sadness and guilt and loss. Adjusted to hurting and unexpected tears. Adjusted to seeing people made uncomfortable upon hearing me say, "My son died." Adjusted to losing my best friend because I'm not always "up." Adjusted to people acting as if grief is contagious and bereaved parents' meetings are "morbid." Adjusted? Oh, yes, to many things. Knowing I won't hear his voice, but listening for it still. Knowing I won't see him drive his Toronado, but staring at every one I see. Adjusted to feeling empty on his birthday and wishing for just one more time with him. Adjusted – as life goes on – to realizing I cannot expect everyone I meet to wear a bandage – just because I am still bleeding.

— Shirley Blakely Curle, TCF
 AZ

Singular

A petal drops into a stream and travels unexpectedly.
 Down drifting stream, past unmoved rock.
 The petal suddenly disappears.
 Sinking?
 I no longer see its beauty and tranquility.
 I remember purity, freshness, innocence,
 In future springs of blooming buds.



— Clare Blaine, BP/USA
 Anne Arundel County, MD
 In memory of Galen Harig-Blaine

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
 I am not there, I do not sleep.
 I am in a thousand winds that blow,
 I am the softly falling snow.
 I am the gentle showers of rain,
 I am the fields of ripening grain.
 I am in the morning hush,
 I am in the graceful rush
 Of beautiful birds in circling flight,
 I am the starshine of the night.
 I am in the flowers that bloom,
 I am in a quiet room.
 I am in the birds that sing,
 I am in each lovely thing.
 Do not stand at my grave and cry,
 I am not there. I did not die.

— Mary Frye



Candles in December

My sadness seems reflected in the music that I hear...
 Every young one's glowing face reminds you're not here.
 Shoppers crowd the festive stores, emotions all run high,
 This world I was a part of once, seems to pass me by.
 The season's meant for happy times, for love, warm
 hearts, and cheer,

But grieving families around the world remember those not here.
 We struggle through the season, lighting candles to proclaim,
 Our children aren't forgotten, round the world our candles flame.
 I slowly pass through the gates thrown wide, one clear, cold Christmas day,
 No toys or gifts do I bring – those gifts of yesterday.
 I carry with me just a polished heart of granite made,
 And walk with grief to where my baby lies,
 In a silent silvered glade.
 "Merry Christmas, Love" I whisper, the quiet words seem so forlorn,
 "I've brought my heart for you to keep,
 My gift this Christmas morn.
 It is filled with all my love, though this one's carved of stone,
 I'll place it here – it will be near – you'll never be alone.
 Please keep my gift, beloved child to where you lie
 And know my love surrounds you
 Until the day, I, too, shall die."

— Author Unknown

Please Ask

Someone asked me about you today.
 It's been so long since anyone has
 done that. It felt so good to talk about
 you...to share my memories of you...to
 simply say your name out loud. She
 asked me if I minded talking about
 what happened to you or would it be
 too painful to speak of it. I told her I
 think of it every day and speaking about
 it helps me to release the tormented
 thoughts whirling around in my head.
 She said she never realized the pain
 would last this long. She apologized for
 not asking sooner. I told her, "Thanks for
 asking." I don't know if was curiosity or
 concern that made her ask, but I told
 her: "Please, do it again, sometime
 soon."

— Barbara Taylor-Hudson
 Cincinnati, OH



SNOWFLAKES

It finally feels like wintertime outside...the air has a chill and there's a chance for snow. My youngest daughter, who is a young adult, is just like a little kid waiting for the snow. She tells me it's her favorite time of the year.

For me, I prefer to bask in the summertime sunshine. Since my son died, I often feel like it's wintertime all year long. I feel chilled to the soul. I want to stay home and snuggle in bed and ignore the rest of the world. I want to eat chicken soup and chili...comfort food for a cold day. I want to grumble and grouch at the world.

So I prefer the warmth and sunshine as I hope to get rid of some of that wintertime feeling.

Yesterday my daughter reminded me that every snowflake is unique, even though we can't see the difference. She continued to say that snowflakes are like our grief. Everyone grieves differently and therefore our grief is unique. What looks like it's the same to everyone who has not experienced the loss of a child is really something very special and unique to each one of us.

And...sometimes it comes in light flurries or huge drifts. Sometimes it lasts for days...or only minutes. Sometimes we're able to plan ahead and other times it takes us by surprise.

Now when the snow falls I will be reminded that I am unique, as are my daughters and my son. I may even go outside and let the beauty of the snow fall around me.

— Carol Tomaszewski, BP/USA
 Anne Arundel County, MD
 In loving memory of David Tomaszewski

Our Children Remembered

Cito Arán
Son of Sandra Arán
December 2, 1978 - July 11, 2000

David Sheridan Astle
Son of John and Jayne Astle
October 21, 1974 - December 6, 1997

Matthew Stephen Auer
Son of Carol and Steve Auer
December 11, 1982 - May 4, 2004

Christopher Lewis Borngesser
Son of Diane Borngesser
December 21, 1961 - May 28, 2001

Nicholas Allen Bowling
Grandson of Jack and Audrey Bagby
December 27, 1979 - July 31, 1985

Christine Elaine Bramhall
Daughter of Robert and Patricia Bramhall
December 21, 1961 - May 9, 1981

Herbert John Buzby
Son of Gerlinda and Clark Coleman
December 31, 1961 - December 19, 2003

Russell Joseph Calo Jr.
Son of Denise and Russell Calo
Grandson of Virginia Potts
Nephew of Karen Brown
March 15, 1983 - December 30, 2006

Gary Lee Downey Jr.
Son of Pat and Gary Downey
Brother of Melissa Barnhart
October 30, 1980 - December 24, 2005

Tyler Dudley
Son of Julie Cremen
December 29, 2000 - February 23, 2001

Rebecca Lynn Faires
Daughter of Georgia Nelsen
March 16, 1985 - December 18, 2003

Christina Ann Fisher
Daughter of Rick and Carol Wilson
December 17, 1985 - June 30, 2001

Melissa Ireland Frainie
Daughter of Kathy and George Ireland
December 12, 1971 - February 12, 2007

Brian Christopher Gray
Son of Mary Gray
Grandson of Peggy Campbell
July 26, 1987 - December 10, 2007

Phillip Wayne Gray Jr.
Son of Joan Gray
July 8, 1970 - December 22, 1986

Michael Thompson Heany
Son of Frank and Jean Heany
February 7, 1973 - December 23, 2004

Mallory Heffernan
Daughter of Dianne and Edmund Heffernan
December 19, 1985 - April 18, 2003

Damian Antwan Johnson
Son of Joycelyn Jones
September 21, 1986 - December 10, 2005

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

Gary Wayne Keats
Son of Delores Shuey
December 3, 1964 - March 8, 2004

Logan Robert Kugler
Son of Sherry Kugler
December 10, 2000 - December 10, 2000

Michael Robert Legér
Son of Daryl and Elizabeth Legér
July 11, 1986 - December 29, 2000

John F. Marinelli
Son of William and Annette Marinelli
May 30, 1964 - December 19, 1986

Joseph A. Miller
Son of Mary J. Miller
Brother of Marlene Miller
December 13, 1956 - May 12, 1977

Stephanie Victoria Mimless
Daughter of Paul and Jackie Mimless
March 20, 1985 - December 3, 2008

Kim Jonathan Nixon
Son of Stephen and Carolyn Tew
December 5, 1957 - December 16, 1984

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

Michael Patrick Patterson
Son of Sylvia Simmons
September 6, 1965 - December 18, 2006

Rebekah Anna Raftovich
Daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Raftovich
December 24, 2002 - June 25, 2009

Phillip "PJ" Bernard Riek Jr.
Son of Pamela and Tracy Peterson
December 29, 1989 - January 17, 2000

Aaron Sebastian Royer
Son of Diane and Robert Royer
December 21, 1982 - July 5, 2001

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

Timothy A. Scaggs
Son of Bette and Tim Scaggs
December 29, 1996 - March 23, 2005

Our Children Remembered

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

Donald "Donny" Lee Seyfferth Jr.
Son of Jody Seyfferth
December 16, 1977 - May 8, 2000

Phillip David Sharrow
Son of Sandra Sharrow

December 8, 1976 - November 17, 1995 Victoria
Shimonkevitz
Granddaughter of Jim and Margaret Williford
December 9, 1993 - December 12, 1993

Jason Edward Skarzynski
Son of Benjamin and Sharon Skarzynski
December 19, 1977 - December 14, 1995

Mark Edward Smeltzer
Son of Peggy Smeltzer
December 11, 1969 - March 15, 1997

Russell "Rusty" Joseph Tarr
Son of Lorraine A. Tarr
December 22, 1963 - May 12, 1994

Marie Rose Trehey
Daughter of Greg and Chere Trehey
December 21, 2000 - December 21, 2000

Austen Lee Tulley
Son of Brandy and Nick Tulley
December 25, 2008 - May 26, 2009

Renetra "Nee" Lotrice Wallace-Connor
Daughter of Pamela Davis
Daughter of Vernon Wallace
December 22, 1972 - September 22, 2006

Richard C. Watts
Son of Tom and Fran Cease
December 28, 1966 - October 28, 1998

Miriam Luby Wolfe
Daughter of Larry and Rosemary Mild
September 26, 1968 - December 21, 1988

Note: If your child's name appears in the printed version of our newsletter but does not appear in this online version, it is because we have not received explicit permission from you to list it online. If you would like your child's name to also appear in future online editions of the newsletter, please send an email to dralex@sdalex.com

**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:**

Memory Walk

Kathy Franklin in memory of Tanager Rú Ricci
Joanna Salgado in memory of Kelly Ann Schultz
Richard and Mary Ann Umbel in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Kendra Berry in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Shawn Nichtan in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Ron Opel in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Lynn Coburn in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Sharon Derlan in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Debra Ahern in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
A. Morris in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Gary Reichenbecher in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Jackie Hawkins in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel

Barb Law in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Amanda Bart Shaffer in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Eric Perfetti in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel
Richard McCrobie in memory of Timothy Allen Umbel

Website

Kathy Franklin in memory of Tanager Rú Ricci

General

Barbara Hale in memory of Elizabeth Archard
Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino

Donations (continued):**Service of Remembrance**

Elizabeth and Barry Aikin in memory of their grandsons Jon Russell Aikin and James William Aikin

Madeline and Phil Ammon in memory of their son Christopher T. Ammon

Theresa and Steve Bleemke in memory of their son Paul Shane Brough

Bonnie Boone-Adamecz in memory of her daughter Traci Lynn Boone

Cori Boyce in memory of her daughter Linda Lou Boyce

Cathi & John Campbell in memory of their daughters Hannah Lindley Campbell and Faith Campbell

Rose Marie Carnes in memory of her son Walter H. Maynard IV

Ann & Noel Castiglia in memory of their daughter Tria Marie Castiglia

Gerlinda Coleman in memory of her son Herbert John Buzby

Karen Coulson in memory of her son Craig Steven Nelson

Marie Dyke in memory of her daughter Michelle Marie Dyke

Holly & Alli Enders in memory of their daughter Christine Kelly Enders

Aurelia Ferraro in memory of her son Jeff Baldwin

Ellen Foxwell in memory of her son Michael Dwayne Nokes

Carol Fritz in memory of her daughter Katie Fritz

Betty Hodges in memory of her son Charles "Chip" M. Hodges

Mary Jackson in memory of her son Ralph Leroy Tongue Jr.

Jeanne and Leroy Jones in memory of their sons Brian Keith Jones and Jeremy Scott Jones and Leroy's brother Roger W. Johnson

Twanda and Gilbert Kilton in memory of their son Darin Michael Kilton

Kathleen & Donald McGlew in memory of their daughter Jennifer L. Hamilton

Don and Norma Melcher in memory of their son Brian Richard Melcher

Rosemary Mild in memory of her daughter Miriam Luby Wolfe

Michael Milord in memory of his son Daniel Michael Milord

Paula Muehlhauser in memory of her son Chad William Muehlhauser

John and Suzanne Mulloy in memory of their son Ryan John Mulloy

Phyllis Murphy in memory of her daughter Melanie Carol Murphy

Elizabeth Neafsey in memory of her daughter Jennifer Margaret Neafsey

Margie and John O'Malley in memory of their son Michael H. O'Malley

Joan Persetic in memory of her son Michael A. Persetic

Sharon Poe in memory of her son John Christopher Poe

Linda Rasmussen in memory of her son Steven Craig Rasmussen

Kathleen Savage in memory of her son Robert D. White

Joyce and Tom Schall in memory of their son Thomas Jeffrey Schall

Dorothy and John Schanberger in memory of their daughter Mary Elizabeth Schanberger

Sharon and Benjamin Skarzynski in memory of their son Jason Edward Skarsynski

Dee Spirt-Rayment in memory of her son Gary David Spirt

Carol and Rick Tomaszewski in memory of their son David W. Tomaszewski

Lorraine Tarr in memory of her son Russell "Rusty" Joseph Tarr

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

NEXT MEETING December 3, 2009



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Introducing Our Children **Thursday, December 3, 2009**

The focus of this evening will be on our deceased children, giving everyone the opportunity to tell others about who they were. There will not be a presenter; sharing groups will be the focus. For the non-newly bereaved sharing group, each person is asked to bring a picture or memento of his or her child; each person will then show the picture or memento and "introduce" that child and describe what he or she was like.

Service of Remembrance **Sunday, December 6, 2009**

Happy New Year—Revisiting The Grief Process **Thursday, January 7, 2010**

A panel of bereaved parents will talk about looking ahead to a new year while continuing to deal with the loss of a child.

RESOURCES

Bereaved Parents of the USA
www.bereavedparentsusa.org or 708-748-7866

Hospice of the Chesapeake
www.hospicechesapeake.org or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center
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 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 or 443.566.0193, or Jane Schindler at cwschind@cablespeed.com.