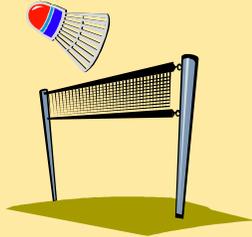




Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

July 2009

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Come One! Come All!!
To all of our friends and their families,
you are invited to join us for the

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

We invite you to join us as we spend time together with friends with whom we share a very special bond. We meet at monthly meetings, but don't get to spend time socializing. We invite you to bring your family and enjoy a fun-filled day. There will be swimming, volleyball, badminton and croquet.

The Chapter will provide crabs, chicken, hot dogs, hamburgers, sodas and ice tea. We ask everyone 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.

We hope you will all be able to join us. 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

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Rhonda and Norman French in memory of their son
Brandon Robert French
10/8/1983 - 7/29/2006

Brenda Diggs in memory of her son
Krey Jermaine Green
7/31/1984 - 10/27/2007



The Butterfly and the Sunflower

The delicate lavender butterfly
soaring through the garden
Spots a bright golden sunflower
Beginning to fly around it
with grace and comfort
The butterfly will never be alone
and neither will the sunflower
They share the beautiful signs of heaven
Never escaping our hearts

— Brooke French, BPUSA
Anne Arundel County, MD

Our lives will never be the same. Our hearts
cannot be repaired. Our hurts cannot be
healed. Everything has changed. Words cannot
express what this loss has done. We are
incomplete. We miss you more today than
yesterday. We love you more today than
yesterday. Always in our hearts, the family of
Krey Jermaine Green.




Next Meeting: July 2, 2009

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.

Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

The Beginning of Grief — This month's program will focus on the different experiences of bereaved parents, from the beginning of their losses through the first few years, with an emphasis on useful coping mechanisms.

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.



Bereaved Parents of the USA 2009 National Gathering

Light My Way
New York City

Friday through Sunday, July 10 - 12, 2009

To register for the Gathering, go to

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

Crowne Plaza Laguardia Airport Hotel

104-04 Ditmars Blvd., East Elmhurst, NY
Reservations BP/USA

The discounted room rate (Double/Single) is \$115.00 (w/taxes \$133.88). Call toll free 1-888-233-9527 or go to www.cplaguardia.com. If you haven't attended an Annual Gathering, we encourage you to make this one your first. Make your hotel reservation now to assure getting a room in the Gathering hotel and register soon, too.

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410.721.1359
tbelt@nahbrc.com

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Kathy Ireland
Eryn Lowe

Correspondence: Barbara Bessling

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Kathy Franklin

Programs: Paul Balasic
Jane Schindler



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

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



Grief

Grief is not a mountain to be climbed,
With the strong reaching the summit long before the weak.
Grief is not an athletic event, with stopwatches timing our progress.
Grief is a walk through loss and pain with no competitions or time trials.

— *Author Unknown*

You Can't Direct the Wind but You Can Adjust the Sails

I saw the above quote on a poster in our church, and it occurred to me that grief work is just that...adjusting your sails. When a child dies, our lives are changed forever. The wind changes direction. When the direction of our life is so tragically changed, we have two choices. We can deal with our grief and adjust our sails, or we can deny our grief and drift helplessly and hopelessly out to sea.

In the beginning stages of grief, we merely reef our sails and go with the tide. That is not a bad idea. At that time we are in a state of shock and not capable of sound decisions. We need quite a bit of time to ride out the storm. But when the initial storm of intense pain begins to subside, we need to adjust our sails for our own survival.

You and only you can make the decisions regarding the rest of your life. You may find fulfillment in reaching out to help others or becoming more active in your church or temple. Maybe you'll want to take a big step such as getting a job or returning to school. Perhaps you will make only subtle changes in your priorities. But if you have made the decision to have a direction instead of drifting, get started now. You may have several false starts before you are really on course again. That's okay. Don't give up! The healing is in the trying. If you don't give up, eventually you'll once again have smooth sailing.

— *Marge Frankenberg, TCF
Arlington Heights, IL*



What Is Left?

When a child dies, you ask, among other questions, what is left? A beautiful, sensitive, intelligent child has died. What can be left after such a crushing blow? Others will point out that you have a spouse, other children or grandchildren, perhaps relatives or friends; they are all left. Perhaps you have a career that is left. And yet, how meaningless all of those are to a bereaved parent, to one who is suffering the most devastating loss of all. So you continue to search for what it is that is left.

You read books on bereavement, scarcely remembering what you have read; you attend meetings, talk with others who have suffered a loss like yours. If you are fortunate, you have one or two good friends who, while they cannot fully understand, are there to love and listen. Perhaps there is a therapist who guides you in your search for an answer. But, for a long while everything you read or hear has little meaning and certainly cannot provide the answer to your question. Or can it? Does all that you have read and heard and experienced finally come together and answer the question of what is left?

For me it does. The answer was thirteen months in coming, but how clear it comes now. I am left. That's it! I am left and I have been left with the love of my child. It is a new love and it is different, more intense; it is understanding, it need not be reciprocated, there are no strings attached. I love this love of my child. It warms and comforts me. It is a wonderful love, but I cannot keep it. It is too precious to keep to myself. I am left with love to spare and love to share. It will never run out. My child will always be with me to replenish it. I have found my answer. I am left to share my child's love with you.

— *Betty Stevens, BPUSA
Baltimore, MD*



A Child Unborn

I knew within my heart
That I would bear a boy.
And all the while I carried you
I lived in a world filled with joy.

I know it isn't true
As I sit and grieve and mourn,
That you were "just" a miscarriage
A child never born.

And when I was sick because of you
I'd think of the day you would live.
That, within me, I was building a life
Some suffering for me wasn't too much to give.

You were here and made a memory
Before you were called on by the Lord.
And I will always remember you as
My son that I adored.

I dreamed of what you would look like
And what you would someday be.
But of all the things I wanted most
Was to hear you say, "Mommy."

— *Cindy Cummings, BPUSA
Sheboygan, WI*

But you didn't reach the breath of life
And I find it hard to deal.
People can't seem to understand
That the child I lost was real.



I Was Once You

I have never met Carlie Brucia's mother, Nicole Brown Simpson's mother, Polly Klass's mother, Princess Dianna's mother, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy's mother or Laci Peterson's mother. But I know them all intimately. I know what dwells in their hearts and souls everyday. Like them, I buried my daughter.

What am I now? Am I a daughterless mother? That sounds like an oxymoron, two words that contradict themselves. My eighteen-year-old daughter, Amy Marie, died on May 25, 2001. My life is forever changed. Burying a daughter is a surreal experience. There are no words in Webster's Dictionary that can explain the grief, the heartache, the pain, the depression or the anguish. Heartbroken is too small a word. The words don't exist because it is not supposed to happen. There are no plausible definitions that could accurately describe "bereaved parent." Groups of words can't be strung together on a typed page to accurately explain the grief. It is impossible to bury your child, yet it happened.

Logically, the factual part of my brain processed the information. The emotional part of my brain argues with the fact everyday. Each and every morning it is still a shock to my entire being! I still peek into her bedroom and expect to find her perfectly made bed a mess of jumbled covers with my daughter snuggled deep inside of them. Parents don't bury children! Headstones read "loving mother," "cherished wife." They don't read "beloved daughter." That is not the natural order of the universe. This was not supposed to happen to me. It always happens to other people. I see reports on the evening news, articles in the newspaper describing horrible events that resulted in the death of someone's child. It isn't supposed to be my child. How can this be? It can't be changed. I can't say, "Amy, want to go to the mall?" "Let's go out to lunch." She can't tell me about her "freaking bio test" that she has to study for all night long.

Things I want to say to her are forever left unspoken. How will I go on? I can't go on, yet I do. My body wakes up each day. I don't ask for this to happen, it just does. My lungs take in air, it is automatic, something that I have no control over. My physical body now controls the course of events in my life. I breathe, I eat, I walk, I talk, I put one foot in front of the other. I load the washer and shop for food. I can work. I can teach. I can think on the job about the job. My spiritual being merely exists. It cannot flourish or soar ever again.

When my daughter died, my emotional self was buried with her. When she died, I also buried her future husband to be, my future grandchildren, my daughter's future wedding, my daughter's college graduation ceremony, my holiday, my joy. I buried my best friend. I buried the once perfect life that I knew and lived everyday. Tucked into the corner of Amy's casket is my happy husband. My despondent bereaved husband now lives with me. I buried my fifteen-year-old daughter's future matron of honor. I buried Renee's future nieces and nephews. There is not enough room in Amy's casket for all the things that died with her. Dreams, hopes, joys, lives, emotions, hearts and souls slipped into that casket with Amy. They occupy every square inch of that place. One day my fifteen-year-old daughter will be older than her older sister. Can my brain ever understand that? Renee will have a nineteenth birthday. Amy did not. How can the impossible happen?

Bereaved parents go on. We go on because we have no other road to travel. It is just we are not "normal" anymore. We used to be you. We used to be the PTO moms and the Girl Scout leaders. We bought lovely frilly fancy holiday dresses for our daughters. We were once carpool moms and soccer moms. We sat at musical recitals and listened to the first melodious squeaks and squawks of their instruments. Forgotten homework assignments were rushed to school for our children. In our heads we planned our beautiful daughter's future wedding. Visions of the bridal gown and the reception danced in our heads. We couldn't wait to have grandchildren and babysit and enjoy. We wanted to tell our daughters that their children were just like them. Our daughter's christening gown is carefully preserved and awaiting to be worn by her own children. We wanted to hold our grandchildren's chubby little fingers in our hands and remember holding our daughter's chubby little fingers in our hands. We used to answer the telephone and hear, "Hey mom, what's up?" Now the phone doesn't ring. And it will never ring again with that sweet voice we so desperately would love to hear. Now we are set apart. We are not normal anymore. People choose to walk down a different aisle to ignore us. It is too painful for them to think about our lives. They might take a moment to wonder how we go on. They say, "I can only imagine your pain." That is not true. No one can imagine it unless they live it. We now belong to a new group. We never wanted to be a part of this group, bereaved parents. No one lines up for this membership. We wish our membership would never grow. I am glad you are not me.

— Colleen Fledderman
Newtown Square, PA

Taken from "A Journey Together," www.bereavedparentsusa.org

SIBLING PAGE

My First Five Years As An Only Child

I've been without my brother for five years. I guess the hard part is over now. Sometimes I think I've aged thirty years in the past five. In a strange way, these past five years have been the best and worst years of my life. I've accomplished the many things of a typical young adult – learning how to drive, graduating from high school, going to college, and starting a career. Every one of my accomplishments has been clouded by the fact that my brother George is not here to share each milestone and is not achieving anymore milestones himself. He was cheated out of so many things. He will never graduate, get married, have children, or travel. He will never grow old, and I will never have a brother to grow old with. I'll never have nieces or nephews. The sibling relationship, usually the longest relationship of one's life, has been cut short for us. In these past five years, although I've learned to accept that he's not coming back, the difficult part is dealing with it day by day.

My relationship with George ended just when we started to become friends. The childish fights and other annoyances of having a big brother were changing to real conversations and to having an occasional ally. I'm angry about all of the things that we've missed and all of the things that will never be, and I guess I always will be. Five years heals a lot of wounds, but the hurt will always be there, no matter how many years pass.



In these past five years, I've been forced to grow up too fast. I've been forced into a new outlook on life. I've felt lonely and alone. I now realize that I will never be the same person as before. That person is locked away and is gone forever. Maybe I'm a better person now because of what I've been through. Five years ago I never thought I'd survive, but I'm still here dealing with it every day. I don't know what the next five years will bring, but at least I've made it this far.

— Kristina Steiner, TCF
Staten Island, NY

About Feeling Guilty

Do you blame yourself?
Are you strangled by the burden
Of things you did not do
And things you should have done,
As if these were the things
That killed him?
What can you do
With this relentless torment?

Dear Griever,
Take time to remember
That grief makes all of us
Look for escape routes
Where there can be no escape

Death is not in your hands.

Grief makes you look for reasons,
Where often there are no reasons.
Blame is not the answer.
Hold on to your heart now
With the tenderness
Your love deserves.

— Sascha Wagner
From her book *Wintersun*



The Battle

It seems we're all alone, like a few army troops in the jungle struggling to stay alive and keep our sanity. Sometimes right when it seems it's over and you can go home, you're ambushed and you realize you're at the beginning. Later, after this happens over and over again, you know you'll be fighting forever. Grief is a battle that cannot be won but just gets easier to live with. I'll always love and remember my big brother. As my battle goes on and others begin, we all can come together and try to overcome this everlasting battle – grief.

— Justin Jenkins, TCF
Mesquite, TX

People Think...

People think we are fine, you know.
They say, "Oh, siblings heal so fast."
But they don't know the empty feelings,
Or our longing for the past.

People think we are fine, you know.
"Look how they've resumed their lives," they say.
But they don't know of our troubled hearts,
Or the loneliness from day to day.

People think we are fine, you know.
"See how they are getting over it," they surmise.
But they don't know that we have learned to laugh and smile
Only to complete our broken heart's disguise.

— Mary Matthews, TCF
Fort Lauderdale, FL



He Was More Than the Way He Died

"My son died of a drug overdose." This is one of the most difficult sentences I have ever spoken in my life. Every time I opened my mouth to speak these words, my throat felt as though it was closing. I wanted to be truthful about his death in the hope that someone else could benefit from this tragedy. I also felt I owed it to family members to be honest with myself and with others. Oh, but the pain was so deep and heavy.

There were times I privately wished the cause of death had been different. I imagined another cause would not have had the same level of shame and guilt attached. I wondered if perhaps I would not have felt the same level of isolation if the cause had been different.

I now believe that no matter the cause of death, the pain of losing a child is basically the same for all parents. With this in mind, I believe we each must learn to process the factors that make our loss unique.

Five years before Clint's death, we battled the challenges and struggles that come along with a mental illness and drug addiction. Our lives were turned upside down with chaos and confusion. Soon after my son's death, it seemed I could only recall every argument we had ever experienced. The tapes continued to play in my head, each time finding a decision I now questioned.

These thoughts added to my pain. Weeks grew into months and I continued to view myself as the worst mother on earth. I couldn't remember anything positive I had ever done. I heard that talking and sharing were an important part of the healing process. Yet, I held all these thoughts inside. I was so ashamed; how could I share these feelings with anyone?

I remember rejecting my first positive memory. Then I realized how unfair I was being with myself. From that moment forward, when a negative memory came to mind, I forced myself to recall a positive memory from our history as mother and child.



Soon I began to accept the truth; we had shared far more wonderful memories than negative ones. And most of all that even during the difficult times, we were being a typical family responding typically to a stressful situation. Slowly, I began to understand that each of us had done the best we could with what we knew and understood at the time. It was unfair to judge myself with any new information I had gathered after his death.

Eventually, I found my voice along with a level of peace. I no longer feel the same anger and guilt. I know that had Clint lived and matured, we would have worked past our struggles. Now, it was up to me to work past these for both of us. I am learning that with time and healing, I can honor all my feelings. Drugs are no longer in the forefront of the memories of my precious son. My son's life was more than the way he died.

— Debra Reagan

Lovingly lifted from www.clint-reagan.memory-of.com



Memories of Music

When my son was alive, music was a large part of our lives. We listened to rock, Celtic, folk, moldy oldies, jazz, country, blue grass, rock – you get the idea. We went to hear live music when we could and at home we had instruments to play and sing of versions of our favorites.

At times, my husband and son played "gigs" at school, church, Celtic venues, friends' homes and parties, and they never turned down a request to play.

As my son grew up he drove himself to friends' houses for jams and invited them to our house for the same. At the time he died, he had amplifiers, drums and various instruments downstairs after an evening of playing. Later, he drove to Peabody in Baltimore to try out and play in the young artists' orchestra where he played in the second seat. He loved the opportunity and knew that this made us very proud. His sister lived nearby so he always knew he had someone in Baltimore in case he had a need.

I want to chronicle these good days to remember all that was special to me and to my husband. I am looking forward with memories that are brighter and affirming to my life.

— Clare Harig-Blaine, BPUSA
Anne Arundel County, MD

In memory of her son, Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine

What's It Like After All These Years?

I'm a proud and grateful member of the "Class of '96." Unfortunately, the price of membership was very high, for members of the Class of '96 gained membership because their children died in '96 – in vehicular accidents, to health complications, and in simple slips in the shower.

I'm a proud member because I'm a functioning human being again. I'm a grateful member because without my fellow Classmates, I'm not sure that would have ever happened.

Time – especially when measured in years -- does have a way of softening the grief, but in the beginning, when grief is new, time moves ever so slowly. Survival often comes one minute at a time.

Years down the road, which is now my perspective, the agonizing pain of the early years is a pain that has mostly subsided. That agonizing pain has been replaced by a dull ache that is only there sometimes. While it's always just beneath the surface, it remains "unagitated" most of the time.

That's not to say that I've given up crying. I wish that were true, but crying is a part of living for me since my daughter died, but at least it's no longer accompanied by the agonizing pain – just that dull ache.

I have to admit that even after 13 years, there's still a part of every day – albeit marked in seconds many days – when I have to stand still and let the reality of my daughter's death wash over me again. I don't know why. Maybe I am crazy, but it still seems so unbelievable.

But now there are also parts of every day when I stand still and remember my daughter with love and warmth and a tender longing – and smiles replace the tears.

There are never days when she doesn't come to mind. I don't know if there ever will be.

I can have fun again – I can laugh heartily. I look forward to special events. I am grateful for family and friends.

But I also know that when anything really good or really bad happens, I'll forever miss sharing it with my daughter who is gone. There are still "emotional triggers" that bring me to my knees, but now I have the strength and the tools to help me get back on my feet.

I now spend time looking for spiritual signs from my daughter – call me crazy, call me weird, but the search provides moments of comfort and sometimes the signs seem undeniable.

So after 13 years of grieving the loss of my daughter, life is better. Time does heal, but it won't ever erase what has been.

— Terre Belt, BPUSA
Anne Arundel County, MD
In memory of her daughter, Cortney Michele Belt

Listen with Your Heart

Memories are a treasure
Time cannot take away
So may you be surrounded
By happy ones today.
May all the love and tenderness
Of golden years well spent
Come back today to fill your heart
With beauty and content.
And may you walk down Memory Lane
And meet the child you love.
For while you cannot see them
They'll be watching from above.
And if you trust your dreaming
Your faith will make it true.
And if you listen with your heart
They'll come and talk with you.
So for their sake be happy
And show them that their love
Has proven strong and big enough
To reach down from above.
And you will never walk alone
When memory's door swings wide
For you'll find that your beloved child
Is always at your side.

— Helen Steiner Rice

Yesterday

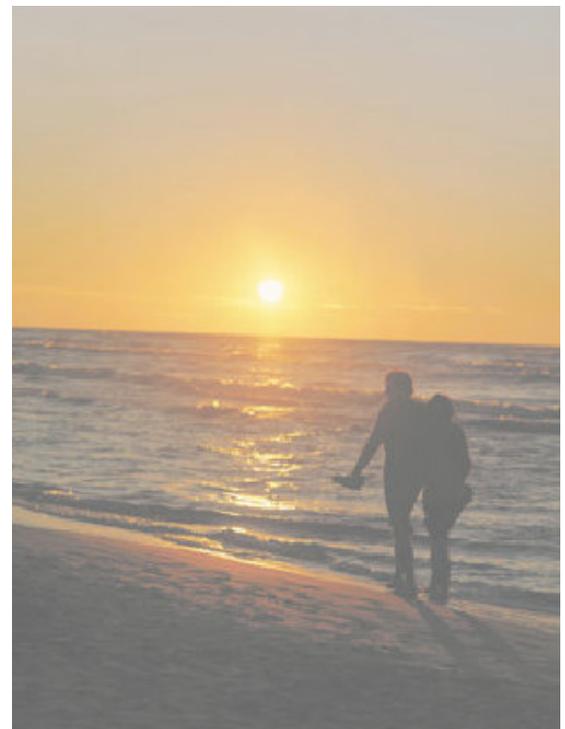
Yesterday, I heard your voice.
Today, that voice is still.
I yearn to hear it once again,
I guess I always will.

Yesterday, I touched your face
As you lay safe in bed.
If I could kiss you just once more
And stroke your precious head.

You touched my life so briefly,
And the magic lingers on.
It blesses me at twilight,
And it wakes me with the dawn.

If I live until forever,
'Til my eyes no longer see,
My mind will e'er remember
What you were, and are, to me.

— Marcia Dyke
Reprinted from Food for the Soul



Our Children Remembered

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

Glorimar Arán
Daughter of Sandra Arán
July 26, 1989 - November 11, 2001

Susan Lawrence Barr
Daughter of Bryant and Missy Lawrence
July 14, 1961 - February 16, 1991

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

Lisa Marie Bishop
Daughter of Diane and Michael Eye
January 29, 1966 - July 20, 2004

Edward Calvin Blakeney III
Son of Bonnie and George Hughes
July 2, 1976 - July 14, 2001

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

Elizabeth Caitlyn Carr
Daughter of Sandy and Bill Carr
July 13, 1989 - February 24, 2003

Tria Marie Castiglia
Daughter of Noel and Ann Castiglia
Sister of Carla Castiglia
July 6, 1963 - October 14, 1984

Chrystal M. Clifford
Marilyn Mabe's son's fiancé
July 16, 1978 - February 17, 2001

O. Steven Cooper
Nephew of Thomas and Ethel Cleary
Cousin of Frances Palmer
July 5, 1954 - September 26, 1998

Ashlea Marie Cranston
Daughter of Thomas and Mary Cranston
July 4, 1985 - February 24, 1986

James Cranston
Son of Thomas and Mary Cranston
July 2, 1974 - July 2, 1974

John Cranston
Son of Thomas and Mary Cranston
July 2, 1974 - July 2, 1974

Andrew Thomas Cutter
Son of Jim and Anne Marie Cutter
July 12, 1997

Michael J. Dickens Jr.
Son of Michael and Marla Dickens
July 7, 1968 - March 29, 1996

Brian Edward Durner
Son of Lynn and Bill Durner
Brother of Jamie Durner
March 24, 1983 - July 8, 2005

Brandon Robert French
Son of Rhonda and Norman French
October 8, 1983 - July 29, 2006

Theresa Karen Gardner
Daughter of Joan F. Gardner
July 28, 1962 - January 7, 1994

Xavier William Garrett
Son of Lisa Grant
July 3, 2002 - January 22, 2009

Christopher David Gipson
Son of Cynthia Gipson
April 3, 1987 - July 3, 2008

John Joseph Goetz Sr.
Son of John and Mary Goetz
May 6, 1958 - July 21, 1996

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

Matthew Gordon Haines
Son of Gordon and Peggy Haines
May 3, 1977 - July 4, 1996

McKayla Raeanne Hall
Daughter of Tammey Decker
July 22, 2000 - September 20, 2003

Ty'Lik De'Shawn Jenkins
Son of Tonya Lyons
July 28, 1999 - October 16, 2001

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

Charles William Kelm
Son of Kathy Kelm
July 17, 1974 - February 26, 1995

Megan Kennedy
Daughter of Chris and Steve Bacon
July 8, 1974 - February 25, 2008

Scott E. Klima
Brother of Kristy Klima-Flower
July 20, 1984 - May 19, 2007

Adalbert Peter Kopec III
Son of Sue and Dal Kopec
Brother of Kelly Kramer
July 10, 1968 - June 21, 2008

Aaron Corban Lawson
Son of Loretta Lawson-Munsey and Matthew Munsey
July 8, 1978 - April 21, 2007

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

Our Children Remembered

Zachary Laurence Luceti
Son of Linda East
April 20, 1978 - July 4, 2003

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

Paul Brian Michael
Son of Deborah Michael
November 23, 1971 - July 19, 1991

Daniel "Dan" Michael Milord
Son of Mike Milord
July 15, 1982 - May 5, 2004

Edwin Brandon Molina Jr.
Son of Carole and Edwin Molina
July 6, 2005 - March 3, 2007

Kathleen "Katie" O'Connor
Daughter of Anne and Jim O'Connor
September 21, 1986 - July 11, 2003

Emily Marie Parker
Daughter of Valerie Nowak and Brian Parker
May 9, 2002 - July 18, 2002

Michael Alfred Persetic
Son of Joan Persetic
March 26, 1968 - July 2, 1986

Dennis Richard Rohrback
Son of Dennis and Joan Rohrback
April 8, 1964 - July 3, 1988

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

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

Anthony John Schaefer
Son of LuAnn Schaefer
July 13, 1979 - April 7, 2003

Emily Ann Schindler
Daughter of Charles and Jane Schindler
July 27, 1985 - January 27, 2004

Kelly Ann Schultz
Daughter of Jim and Pat Schultz
July 19, 1964 - January 1, 1996

Laura Ann Smith
Daughter of Lois and Joel Smith
July 30, 1985 - June 7, 2003

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

Gregory Adam Thorowgood
Son of Margie Strong and Kenneth W. Wenk
July 24, 1975 - April 7, 2004

Catie Lynne Thrift
Daughter of Sheila and John Thrift
July 24, 1995 - November 27, 2004

Darin Lacey Valerio
Son of Sharie and Gerry Valerio
July 26, 1967 - March 18, 1991

Anthony Gerald Villella
Son of Judy Villella
July 3, 1987 - February 10, 2007

John Kirkpatrick Wallace
Son of Catherine and James Wallace
March 3, 1953 - July 14, 1971

David William Whitby
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.
July 14, 1954 - July 4, 1987

Alisa Joy Withers
Daughter of Jan Withers
July 7, 1976 - April 16, 1992

Jeffrey Kevin Withers
Son of Jan Withers
July 30, 1975 - September 28, 1975

Samuel Kingsley Wood
Son of Melanie Loughry
April 14, 2003 - July 26, 2005

Eryn Noel Wright
Daughter of Vincent and JoAnn Wright
September 24, 1982 - July 5, 2001

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:

Sue and Dave Alexander in memory of their son Jamie Alexander
Clare and Stephen Blaine in memory of their son Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
Ann and Noel Castiglia in memory of their daughter Tria Marie Castiglia
Elsie Cooper in loving memory of her son Steven Cooper and nephew Scott Palmer
Bernie and Beverly Elero in memory of their son Brian Elero
Marlen and Gene Maier in memory of their son Eric Eugene Maier
Charlotte and Don Scott in memory of their daughter Michelle Inez Scott

Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org



NEXT MEETING July 2, 2009



RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

DATED MATERIAL



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

The Beginning of Grief

Thursday, July 2, 7:30 p.m.

This presentation will focus on the different experiences of bereaved parents, from the beginning of their losses through the first few years. Discussion will include individual experiences in the beginning and travels through the first few months, with emphasis on useful coping mechanisms.

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. 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.

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.

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.graspshelp.com or 843-705-2217