



# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

June 2009

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## *Just Keep Moving*

The gleeful chirping of birds. The brilliant green of new leaf growth. The squirrels as they chase each other erratically around their playground of trees. The distant squeals of laughter as children are drawn by the warm weather to play outside. The smell of freshly mowed grass. The menacing buzzing of bees and the seemingly non-stop croaking of frogs. The longer days and comfortably warm nights. The Father's Day celebrations, graduation parties, bridal showers, and weddings. The much anticipated family vacation.

The sights and sounds and smells of Summer are undeniable. Time does move on, whether we're ready or not. Seasons change, and so do we.

In the early years of grief, we may be totally oblivious to these signs of Summer, or we may consciously choose to ignore them. I saw them as a frontal assault on my very being – how could life be moving on as usual when my daughter was dead? How could I possibly endure yet another season without her?

But further down the grief road, these signs of Summer transform into welcome signs as our perspective changes. The signs of Summer reassure us that not everything in our world has changed – Winter ends and Summer begins. The world is reborn and there is once again excited anticipation for the lazy, hazy, crazy days of Summer.

Time does move on – that doesn't change. And Summer -- and every other season – offer their special challenges for bereaved parents. But, if you just keep putting one foot in front of the other, if you just keep moving, you're sure to get to a different place. Your perspective will change.

This grief journey is a marathon – it's not a sprint. Little by little, the sun will shine more brightly in your world, too. In the meantime, find peace where you can. Enjoy what you can of Summer. Better days are ahead, if you just keep moving.

— Terre Belt

*In Memory of her daughter Courtney and her niece Traci*



Seasons change  
And so will you  
  
What brings tears today  
May bring peace tomorrow  
  
Enjoy what you can  
When you are ready  
  
Take your child with you  
As you travel through time  
  
Time lets you heal  
Love lets you remember  
Give thanks for  
Love and Time.  
  
— Last stanza from the  
St. Louis BPUSA website

*Don't be afraid of going slowly  
Be afraid of standing still.*

☆ Sometimes healing needs no words, but happens one small moment at a time around the edges—like stars on a spring night, each one bringing its small gift of light and hope, enough to bear us home across the twilight. ☆



— Lois Bressell




**Next Meeting: June 4, 2009**

Doors open at 7:15pm

Meeting begins at 7:30pm

A Father's Grief — Every child and parent are unique, but we can learn from each other. Three fathers will talk about their experiences on their grief journeys and they'll give tips about what has helped them to survive.

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—do not necessarily have to focus on the evening's topic, unless it is relevant to the group.



**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](http://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](http://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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**Programs:** Paul Balasic  
Jane Schindler



Submissions for July newsletter  
due to Newsletter Team by June 1  
[newsletter@acounty-md-bereavedparents.org](mailto:newsletter@acounty-md-bereavedparents.org)

## There's A New Man in Town



My son is dead. The moment I was told my son died in an auto accident, there was a new man in town. The old man would find a way to fix "it" or at least make "it" better. The new man couldn't fix a thing. Oh, he could

make arrangements, settle accounts, acknowledge condolences as though he were really there but the new man was far off, living in a protective shell hardened by disbelief and shock. Yes, he did things, but he didn't feel in the old ways, he was far off being reborn.

My wife's grief would bring the new man back, at least for a while. There was no fixing her, just acknowledgement of the hurt and pain and helplessness we both felt. I was there for her as she was there for me and we bonded in our grief at depths we did not know existed. My son did not die to make our marriage better or worse and his death did not change what it fundamentally was and is. There is, however, a new level where we meet to hurt and feel together.

When a baby is born, there are pain and tears followed by profound joy. If that baby dies before his parents, there are pain and tears and a longing for peace.

No man can anticipate the number of tears that will flow during his rebirth. The half hour drive to work each morning was a time of nothing but tears and pain and guardian angels to provide safety for myself and those around me. The new man was every bit the good driver the old man was, but he wasn't there, he was far off being reborn in those unstoppable tears. Peace was nowhere to be found.

I am not going into detail into the many ways I think I have changed. Believe me, I have changed and so have you, fellow bereaved father. I cannot believe my son died to make me a better man. I do believe that my son's death shocked me into holding dear all that was always precious to me with the new knowledge that "it" can all end in an instant, and neither the old man nor the new man can ever fix "it." The protective shell is fading away and real peace is finding its way into my heart and soul. But the shell will never be completely gone and the peace will never blend into complacency. We are new men with new priorities and new things to do. This does not mean we abandon all that was of the old man, the newness is in our attitudes and understanding and acceptance of vulnerability.

— Dave Simone  
from the BPUSA website



## A Man in Grief

It must be very difficult  
To be a man in grief,  
Since "men don't cry" and "men  
are strong"  
No tears can bring relief.

It must be very difficult  
To stand up to the test  
And field calls and visitors  
So she can get some rest.

They always ask if she's all right  
And what she's going through,  
But seldom take his hand and ask,  
"My friend, but how are you?"

He hears her crying in the night  
And thinks his heart will break.  
He dries her tears and comforts her,  
But "stays strong" for her sake.

It must be very difficult  
To start each day anew  
And try to be so very brave –  
He lost his baby, too.

— Eileen Knight Hagemeister

## Men Do Cry

I heard quite often "men don't cry,"  
Though no one ever told me why.  
So when I fell and skinned a knee,  
No one came by to comfort me.

And when some bully-boy at school  
Would pull a prank so mean and cruel,  
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip,  
"It doesn't hurt," and bite my lip.

So as I grew to reasoned years,  
I learned to stifle any tears.  
Though "Be a big boy" it began,  
Quite soon I learned to "Be a man."

And I could play that stoic role  
While storm and tempest wracked my soul.  
No pain or setback could there be --  
Could wrest one single tear from me.  
Then one long night I stood nearby  
And helplessly watched my son die.  
And quickly found, to my surprise,  
That all that tearless talk was lies.

And still I cry, and have no shame.  
I cannot play that "big boy" game.  
And openly, without remorse,  
I let my sorrow takes its course.

So those of you who can't abide  
A man you've seen who's often cried,  
Reach out to him with all your heart  
As one whose life's been torn apart.

For men DO cry when they can see  
Their loss of immortality.  
And tears will come in endless streams  
When mindless fate destroys their  
dreams.

— Ken Falk, TCF  
Northwest Connecticut Chapter



## The Wounded Heart

Children have preceded their parents in death for eons of time. We are not the first, nor will we be the last to enter the realm of Bereaved Parents.

But for now – right now – it is OUR HEARTS that are freshly wounded and OUR HEARTS are in need of mending.

Wounded hearts must be allowed to mourn and lament their loss; to pour out their pain, Agony, sadness, hurt and anger, and to release their well of tears.

Wounded hearts need to be wrapped in quietness, gentleness and compassion, Away from the turmoil of daily life.

A wounded heart, not allowed to mend from the depth of its agony, will be as an abscess To swell and undermine – erupting at a distant time.

Or, suppressed, will slowly choke the spirit of its host.

Only the bearer will know when his heart has healed.

The wounded heart, encouraged and given the time and freedom to mend, Will carry in its chambers the memory and shared love of a precious child.

— Nancy Green, TCF  
Livonia, MI



## Now I Know

I never knew, when you lost your child,  
What you were going through.  
I wasn't there, I stayed away,  
I just deserted you.

I didn't know the words to say,  
I didn't know the things to do.  
I think your pain so frightened me,  
I didn't know how to comfort you.

And then one day my child died.

You were the first one there.  
You quietly stayed by my side,  
Listened and held me as I cried.

You didn't leave, you didn't go.  
The lesson learned is...

**Now I know.**

— Alice Kerr, BPUSA  
Lower Bucks, PA



## A Hundred-Twenty, Less One

I arrive late and alone  
This evening in June.  
And the band strikes up  
The time-honored tune.  
Pomp and circumstance  
Resounds through the room  
But the uplifting notes  
Displace none of my gloom.

I slip into a seat  
Far removed from the crowd.  
As the grads file in  
Deservedly proud  
I pause for a moment.  
My head is bowed  
But to honor these students  
Was something I'd vowed.

They had comforted me  
In my hours of need  
Since the death of my daughter  
At the age of sixteen.  
Halfway through  
Their junior year

They had lost a friend  
Whom they held dear.  
They take their seats  
A hundred-twenty, less one.  
I regain control  
Though my heart weighs a ton.  
Speeches begin.  
They mention her name  
Because they're less one.  
They won't be the same.

The school is presented  
A gift from the class—  
Beautiful trees in her honor  
Along with a plaque  
Proclaiming affection  
For a friend who is gone  
That they, too, are sad.  
They're a hundred-twenty, less one.

My vision's an ocean  
Of blurred red and white  
As I try to focus  
To see their delight.

As they leave the stage  
Diplomas in hand  
Their parents rejoicing  
Beginning to stand.  
I cannot move  
'til it's over and done  
Mortorboards flying -  
A hundred-twenty, less one.  
I quickly slip out  
The way that I came  
Not wanting to dampen  
Their dazzling flames.

My tears run unchecked.  
I can't stop them now.  
I've gotten through it  
Though I'll never know how.  
My one consolation  
This moment in time -  
She, too, has graduated,  
But to heights sublime.

— Susan Presler, BPUSA  
Western, NY

# SIBLING PAGE

## I Am Your Sister and Always Will Be

"I am your sister and always will be." That's how Susie signed her cards to me. After a while, she shortened it to "I am...." And, of course, I knew the rest of it. Susie was two and one-half years younger than I. She was alive one evening talking on the phone to Mom about the Oscars and to Dad about moving. The next day she was found. Whatever it was – it ended her life and changed mine forever.

There was a wonderful side of my sister that I didn't pay enough attention to. She was a kind and loving person, always ready to shelter lost animals and lost souls. When she was in a good mood, her smiles warmed my heart. Yet, I spent most of my life wishing that things were different: wishing that she thought more of herself, wishing that she would take my advice, wishing that she were happier, wishing that we could accept each other.

Now, for two years, I've done nothing but wish she were here so we could have another chance to work at our relationship. Now, I wish that I had been able to give her my unconditional love and support. (She needed it and deserved it.) Now, I wish that I could have been with her that night so she would not have been alone. Now, I wish that I would have held her in my arms and told her how very much I loved her. Because, Susie, I am your sister and always will be.

— Michele Waters, TCF  
Baltimore, MD

## I Want to Say...

I want to say I'm sorry for many reasons left unsaid.  
I want to say I miss you and the life that we once led.  
I want to be forgiven and forgive myself as well.  
I want to hold my head up high and no longer sit and dwell.  
How do you learn to love yourself after perfecting self-hate?  
I want to shout ' I miss you so' yet knowing I'm too late.  
So much time has already passed but one thing remains.  
The thought of you brings warmth to me and that will never change.  
We all make mistakes in life, Lord knows I've made a few.  
Please know that doesn't change the fact I truly cared for you.  
The love we shared may have been brief, and now it's just our past.  
But the impact that you have left on me will forever last.  
No matter where we go from here, no matter where we've been.  
What I miss most of all, is not my sister, it's my friend.

— Lisa M. Tate

## I'm Sorry

It's just a place to come to,  
So I can show my love.  
I know that you're not here now.  
You're with the Lord above.  
But it's all that I have left now,  
It's where we said goodbye.  
I like to come and bring a flower,  
and have a little cry.  
I know it will never bring you back again,  
but as I walk away, I feel I've spent some time with you,  
And it brightens up my day.  
Sis, I'm so sorry and I love you,  
For all the time we spent.  
If I could turn back time, I'd swap places with you,  
And I'd be heaven sent.  
All my love.

— Jack Tanner

## To My Sister

You touched us all  
You loved us all  
Forever giving  
Forever caring  
Forever forgiving  
Never wanting in return  
Blessed are those who shared your life  
Rich are those who carry your memories  
Please rest now  
Your chores we will finish  
Til we meet again....

— Cindy Keitz, TCF  
Arlington Heights, IL



## The Dress of Grief

She wears her grief like an old worn out dress.  
It hangs heavily on her shoulders.  
It is shabby and ugly and carries anger and denial with it.  
Sometimes she thinks she has shed her grief.  
She feels free and sees some sunlight in her dreary world.  
But then grief commands her to put it back on.  
And then her pain begins all over again.

Sometimes grief comes in a different form.  
Sometimes it comes as anger and fills her from the inside.  
It burns her stomach and throat like a hot cup of coffee.  
It is bitter and distasteful.  
But it is all she can think about as it grows and grows.  
She thinks it is well hidden, but it is visible to others.  
It lives in the face she wears behind that mask...  
The mask that refuses to hide all that lies within her.

She finds relief in her denial.  
She hides that old dress in the closet.  
She puts on a pretty new one and pretends that the grief is all gone.  
She is done with grief.  
But grief doesn't give up so easily.  
She opens that closet door to find another new dress.  
But grief is hanging there, front and center,  
Imploring her to put it back on.  
She has no choice but to obey.  
Grief is not done with her yet.

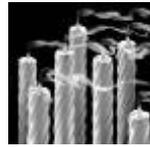
It takes strength and courage to live with grief.  
Grief is ugly and mean.  
It eats at the very depths of your soul and it is relentless.  
We only think it relents.  
But it is always present.  
It disguises itself in new ways and then it emerges and  
Laughs at us for being so naïve to think that we defeated grief.

Just as grief thinks it has won the battle  
It realizes that it has only given us strength.  
Grief has given us the power to defeat it.  
Grief has made us stronger and  
It has made us open our eyes to the blessings in our life.  
We appreciate the goodness and gifts that we so long took for granted.  
It has molded us into women who can fight any battle.  
We have been armed with the armor of grief.

So we laugh at grief.  
We embrace it!  
We take out that old shabby dress and we wear it with pride.  
For we have defeated grief!  
We have discovered hope and the possibility of joy again in our lives.  
And our children smile from heaven watching our growth;  
Knowing that we will be okay.

They know it will never be the same  
But they are proud that we have chosen to live our lives in that old dress.  
And that we wear it as a medal of honor.  
For it is exactly that.  
We wear that old dress with honor  
And with love.

— Lana Golembeski



## A Birthday Table

No rustling tissue paper  
Scattered ribbons or burst balloons  
No shouts of Happy Birthday  
Break the silence in this room.

Nonetheless, a birthday has rolled around again  
Though the beloved children  
Who reveled in the cheer  
No longer blow the candles out  
At the turning of the year.

Loving hands may bring  
A photograph of that precious life to share  
And place it on the birthday table  
With utmost tenderness and care.

For though the world may not recall  
The laughter or the joy  
We treasure every memory  
Of our birthday girls and boys.

— Frankie Wilford, TX

## Memory

Is a form of immortality.  
Those you remember never die.  
They continue to walk and talk with you.  
Their influence is with you always.

— Wilfred Peterson  
Toms River, NJ

## Don't Steal My Grief

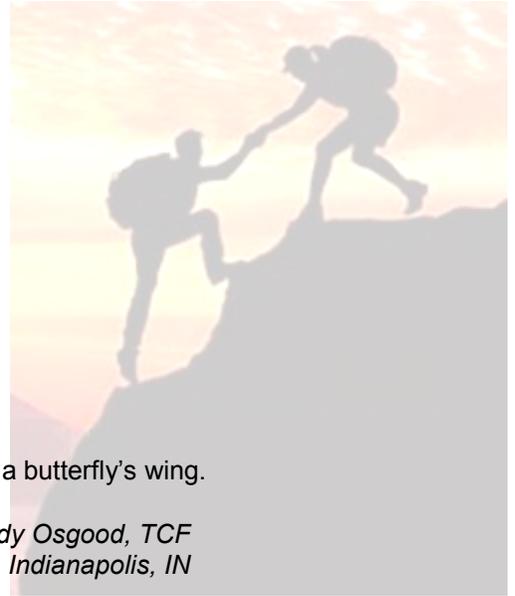
Don't try to make me feel better  
By quipping your cute jokes.  
Don't try to rob me of my pain,  
When I need it as my cloak.  
I know you probably think  
You're doing me a favor.  
But what you don't understand  
Is that my sadness is my savior.  
Don't try to steal my right  
To express my grief in my own way.  
You see, I lost my child,  
And grief is the price I must pay.  
I need to feel the hurt and pain  
As it beats inside my chest.  
Don't try to steal my grief  
When it's the only feeling I have left.

— Faye McCord, TCF  
Jackson, MS

## You Know You're Making Progress When...

You can remember your child with a smile.  
 You realize the painful comments others make are made in ignorance.  
 You can reach out to help someone else.  
 You stop dreading holidays.  
 You can concentrate on something besides your child.  
 You can be alone in your house without it bothering you.  
 You can talk about what happened to your child without falling apart.  
 You can tolerate the sound of a baby crying.  
 You don't have to turn off the radio when his or her favorite music comes on.  
 You can find something to laugh about.  
 You can drive past the hospital or that intersection without screaming.  
 You no longer feel exhausted all the time.  
 You can appreciate a sunset, the smell of newly mown grass, and the pattern on a butterfly's wing.

— *Judy Osgood, TCF  
Indianapolis, IN*



### I Never Believed

I would see another season change with gladness. I never believed I would see the world again without the haze of tears. I never expected

to actually laugh again. I never felt my smile would return and feel natural on my face. I never hoped for another day when I would not want to die. I never envisioned a world that could again be bright and full of promise. I believed that all that had passed from me the day he died and went away, never to return. But I was wrong and I know that in the fullness of your grieving, you, too, will come to understand that life goes on...that it can still have meaning...that even joy can touch your life once more.

— *Don Hackett, TCF  
Hingham, MA*



### Time Distortion

"I don't know what day it is, let alone what time it is!" This kind of comment is not unusual when you are mourning. Sometimes, time moves so quickly; at other times, it merely crawls. Your sense of past and future also may seem to be frozen in place. You may lose track of what day or even what month it is.

This normal experience of time distortion often plays a part in the "going crazy syndrome..." No, you are not going crazy. But if you don't know this is normal, you may think you are.

From *Understanding Your Grief*  
by Alan Wolfelt, Ph.D

### Do It Your Way

I think it's only fair to tell you – there is no bereaved parent of the month award or an award for the one with the stiffest upper lip. In fact, what you will find if you try to be the most stoic, brave and strong, the one doing too well, is instead of a reward, you suffer the consequences.

It is not possible to lose someone as vital as one's child and not have the pain or deep grief. You will find a great many non-bereaved people will encourage you to play the old, "if you pretend you're okay and it's really not so bad, we'll let you come play with us, but if you're going to cry and talk about your dead child, then you can't play the game."

This is one time in your life you don't have to meet anybody else's standards. There is nothing more unique about you than the way you express your grief – and you have the right, however it is manifested. A great deal of how you go about it is determined by how you have handled previous problems.

So, if someone tries to influence you to play the old game of rewarding you with attention because "you are doing well," tell them you're not doing well, that your child has died and you're hurting. Let them know it doesn't help you to pretend everything is okay. Do whatever it is you need to do to survive this trauma and don't worry about whether it pleases or displeases other people.

**Do it your way!!**

— *Mary Cleckley  
Atlanta, GA*

## Our Children Remembered

James William Aikin  
Son of Earle Cleek  
Grandson of Elizabeth and Barry Aikin  
June 5, 1982 - March 18, 2008

William P. Anthony Jr.  
Son of Bill and Linda Anthony  
June 1, 1965 - January 2, 1999

Veronica "Ronnie" Anne Arata  
Daughter of Rick Arata  
June 12, 1968 - May 25, 2000

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

Jay W. Barnett  
Son of Virginia Barnett  
March 13, 1988 - June 15, 2005

Travis Brandon Beyerle  
Son of Maren O. Sheidy  
April 17, 1981 - June 23, 1995

Steven Allan Brown  
Brother of Nancy McCamish  
June 24, 1961 - June 17, 2007

Maranda Mabelle Callender  
Daughter of Dean and Christina Callender  
November 11, 1988 - June 2, 2006

Owen F. Carr IV  
Son of Peggy Carr  
June 29, 1978 - February 18, 2003

Joseph William Cranston  
Son of Thomas and Mary Cranston  
June 11, 1972 - June 11, 1972

Vincent Mark DiBerardinis  
Son of Laura and Mark DiBerardinis  
October 16, 1996 - June 14, 2002

Jack Turner Dumont  
Son of Jill and Dave Dumont  
June 26, 2003 - June 26, 2003

Dayden Alexander Dunn  
Son of Ryan Dunn and Amanda Guinn  
Grandson of Beverley and Wayne Dunn  
Grandnephew of Mary and Ron Miscavich  
September 12, 2006 - June 1, 2008

Mary Senier Egan  
Daughter of Mary M. Senier  
Sister of Terri Hayden-Molton  
May 8, 1951 - June 24, 1993

Joseph A. Esterling Jr.  
Son of Joe and Michelle Esterling  
June 7, 1967 - April 27, 1990

Ronald Wesley Farley  
Son of Dorothy and Donald Farley  
September 15, 1955 - June 28, 2000

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

Daniel Paul "Danny" Freeburger  
Son of Melanie Freeburger  
June 4, 1959 - October 20, 2007

Eric William Herzberg  
Son of Gina Barnhurst  
June 7, 1986 - October 21, 2006

Sara Elizabeth Hohne  
Daughter of Donald and Karen Hohne  
January 2, 1980 - June 13, 2003

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

Darin Michael Kilton  
Son of Gil and Twanda Kilton  
March 21, 1974 - June 5, 1985

Mark Charles Knepper  
Son of Pat and Joe Knepper  
June 28, 1968 - October 17, 1988

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

Bryan Adam Krouse  
Son of James and Judy Krouse  
March 11, 1965 - June 29, 2007

Nicholas Paul Liberatore  
Son of Larry and Pat Liberatore  
September 27, 1980 - June 9, 1997

Michelle Anna Markey  
Daughter of Shirley and Rick Markey  
Sister of Robert Markey  
June 19, 1992 - June 9, 2004

## Our Children Remembered

Christopher "Chris" Logan McFeely  
Son of Samantha and Darell Sistik  
Brother of Taylor Sistik  
June 27, 1987 - January 15, 2005

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

Kenneth Lee Merson  
Son of Dottie Merson  
September 1, 1960 - June 5, 2007

Benjamin James Miller  
Son of Laura and Curtis Miller  
June 2, 2003 - June 6, 2003

Michael Wesley Miller Jr.  
Son of Michael Miller Sr.  
November 11, 1981 - June 19, 1985

Kyle Brenner Millman  
Son of Susan Millman  
October 27, 1976 - June 10, 1989

Gavin Alder Moore  
Son of Karen Fedor and Jerry Moore  
June 11, 2004 - June 11, 2004

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

Robert Antonio Morgan Jr.  
Son of Paul and Kathy Waters  
April 23, 1984 - June 21, 2003

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson  
Daughter of Cindy Patterson  
June 28, 1987 - September 19, 2006

Connor S. "Jag" Persons  
Son of Deirdre Persons  
June 19, 1990 - October 16, 2002

Daniel Keith Rogers  
Son of Thomas and Lauri Rogers  
June 16, 1981 - March 18, 2000

David C. Schmier  
Son of Gordon and Virginia Schmier  
June 26, 1964 - February 10, 1992

Karen Ann Scully  
Daughter of Ann Boteler  
June 30, 1970 - November 14, 2004

Scott Christopher Shaffer  
Son of Barbara Shaffer  
March 17, 1967 - June 5, 2004

Jeffrey Steven Simpson  
Son of Stephen and Linda Maszgay  
June 3, 1972 - June 21, 2002

Christopher John Smith  
Son of Debi Wilson-Smith  
March 27, 1981 - June 30, 2000

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

Christopher Lewis Strader  
Son of Lewis and Peggy Strader  
May 27, 1979 - June 21, 1997

Deon J. Summers  
Son of John E. Summers  
June 5, 1989 - September 2, 2003

Heather Brooke Tepper  
Daughter of Michelle Tepper  
Granddaughter of LaVern Gipprich  
June 11, 1986 - April 3, 2005

Michael Shane Wheeler  
Son of Lita L. Ciaccio  
June 22, 1976 - January 11, 1997

Albert Wallace "Wally" Whitby Jr.  
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.  
April 25, 1951 - June 2, 1981

Sean Amaro Wilcox  
Son of Anne and DeWitt Wilcox  
June 25, 2003 - June 24, 2003

Wayne Wilson Jr.  
Son of Needra Gorman  
November 22, 1968 - June 24, 2003

*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](mailto: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:

Kathy Franklin in memory of her son Tanager Rú Ricci  
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



***NEXT MEETING June 4, 2009***



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## **UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:**

### **A Father's Grief**

**Thursday, June 4, 7:30 P.M.**

Every child and parent are unique, but we can learn from each other. Three fathers will talk about their experiences on their grief journeys and they'll give tips about what has helped them to survive.

### **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.

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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).

## **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