



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

November 2009

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Thankful versus Thankless

This is the time of the year when many bereaved parents start saying out loud what newly bereaved parents have been thinking for weeks and weeks: ***I am really dreading the holidays.*** And why not -- when your grief is so new that you haven't had the necessary time to accept life as it is for you now?

On the other hand, there are those of us who have had the necessary time and the proper support, who are able to observe the holidays in a less painful way. We have kept some of those old traditions that warm our hearts and thrown out those that are either too painful or meaningless now. We have created a life that doesn't include someone who was a vital part of who and what we were. We're different now, doing different things because losing a child forces you into that position if you are to survive in an emotionally healthy way.

The words thankful and thankless follow one another in the dictionary; so close together in a book, yet so far apart in meaning. When you think about it, the difference between the two words is "full" and "less." Those of us who have had more time than the more newly bereaved find our lives have fullness again because we have learned to be thankful and appreciate that which we have left in a way we never thought possible.

As you approach this Thanksgiving, if you haven't yet been able to make your adjustment, I hope you will feel what you must for now because whatever you are feeling is okay. It isn't until you have reached the place in your grief where the ability to make good choices returns to your life that you can make some important changes in how you approach the holidays.

I hope the transition from thankless to thankful will be soon in coming to you, for that will mean some peace has returned to your life. Above all, I do wish you peace during this holiday season. I wish you more of the same in the New Year.

— Mary Cleckley, BP/USA
Atlanta, GA
www.bereavedparentsusa.org

*One of the true highlights of the holiday season for me is our Chapter's annual **Service of Remembrance**....from the beautiful music and inspirational readings – to the message of hope – to the healing, cleansing tears -- to the sharing of grief and love with other bereaved families – to the lighting of candles and to the saying of our children's names. The Service has become one of the ways that our family has chosen to honor the memories of our daughter and our niece and to make them a very special part of every holiday season. The Service is not a tradition I planned for, but it's a tradition for which I am grateful.*

As we're all singing our songs of remembrance, I always have this image of Cortney and Traci and all of our children standing in a huge circle, holding hands, looking down at us – seeing the glow from our candles and knowing how much we love and miss them.

Please join us at this year's Service of Remembrance on December 6th at 3pm at St. Martins-in-the-Field Episcopal Church in Severna Park.

— Terre Belt
Chapter Leader




Next Meeting: November 5, 2009

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

What Do I Have to be Thankful For? Thanksgiving is a day when we “count our blessings” and take note of those things in our life for which we are thankful. After our child dies, it is hard to think of anything for which to be thankful, as our grief colors everything. A panel of Chapter members will relate their own experiences and what they have found to be thankful for in their lives.

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.

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Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Vacant

Programs: Paul Balasic
Jane Schindler



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

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

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

Sandy Platts 410.721.6457 Infant death.

Tia Stinnett 410.360.1341 Miscarriages and infant death.

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



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

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BPUSA/AA County Chapter
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The Holidays are Approaching

With Thanksgiving upon us, many of us are anxious about that empty seat at the family table. Perhaps feelings of thankfulness are difficult, if not impossible for you. Here are some ideas from various members of our group to help cope with the day:

- Go out to eat.
- Set a single flower at the empty place in honor of your loved one.
- Have a special toast to remember your loved one.
- Change the traditional menu, or time, or place.
- Fix your loved one's favorite dish.
- Communicate with others your need to talk about your loved one during the day. Encourage them to participate. If you all cry, it's okay.
- Acknowledge your limitations. It takes a tremendous amount of energy to grieve, which leaves little left for cooking a Thanksgiving spread, or socializing with a smile.
- Give a meal to a poor family to commemorate your loved one.
- Serve at a homeless shelter in honor of your loved one.
- Share dessert at the graveside, or go as a family to decorate with fall flowers.



— Jan Withers, TCF
Prince George's County, MD



Veteran's Day Tribute

When America had an urgent need,
These brave ones raised a hand;
No hesitation held them back;
They were proud to take a stand.

They left their friends and family;
They gave up a normal life;
To serve their country and their God,
They plowed into the strife.

They fought for freedom and for peace
On strange and foreign shores;
Some lost new friends; some lost their lives
In long and brutal wars.

Other veterans answered a call
To support the ones who fought;
Their country had requirements for
The essential skills they brought.

We salute each and every one of them,
The noble and the brave,
The ones still with us here today,
And those who rest in a grave.

So here's to our country's heroes;
They're a cut above the rest;
Let's give the honor that is due
To our country's very best.

— Joanna Fuchs
www.poemsource.com

Memories of Thanksgivings Past

As Thanksgiving approaches, my husband, my daughter and I were recently recalling our first Thanksgiving without Jack. We simply ran away that first year. Since Jack's birthday always fell near Thanksgiving, even though we celebrated his day on his day, everybody always knew that Thanksgiving dinner was really his birthday dinner. He truly loved that meal. I found that I couldn't cook it that year, nor the next – and I also found nobody wanted me to. So, we ran away – as far away from tradition as we could. They laugh at me in the groups when I tell them we had dinner that first year at the Benihana of Tokyo restaurant! As my family talked about it, we all agreed we would do it again given the choice. It was right for us.

What is right for you this Thanksgiving? Really think about the choices you have available to you – and do what will help you through this special family time with the least pain. There is no rule that says you have to do it as you always have, you know. I can assure you Benihana of Tokyo will be able to accommodate you should they be your choice. Just isn't a busy day for them for some reason!

I can also assure you that eventually you'll be able to approach the holidays without this overwhelming fear and dread. It was the third year before we were ready to return to some of our old traditions. We now fill that empty chair with some person or persons who need to have a place to be that day – and we feel good about that. It doesn't completely fill his chair, but it helps, and we do give thanks for those we have left.

I am now able to prepare our traditional turkey, dressing, wild rice, green beans, sweet potato soufflé, and ambrosia – and have done so for the past four years. I knew I was better when I was able to do that. Don't you have to measure progress in strange ways when you're recovering from the loss of your child? I can tell you it is nice to have progress to measure. Don't despair. You'll get there, too.

— Mary Cleckley, BP/USA
Atlanta, GA

An Attitude of Gratitude

As Thanksgiving approaches, I find myself thinking of people, events, feelings and things I am grateful for. However, the first Thanksgiving after my son died I cannot say I possessed an attitude of gratitude. My 16 year old son Cameron died in an automobile accident on June 4, 1999. That first Thanksgiving after he died all I could think of were the things he didn't get to experience, the places he never got to go, items I never got to buy for him, subjects we never got to discuss, arguments I wished we hadn't had, finding out how his life would have unfolded, what he would have become, who he would have married, how many children he would have had, where he would have lived, etc., etc., etc.

If you are newly bereaved, I know you relate to those thoughts. My head was so full of the thoughts of what death cheated Cameron out of, I felt singled out and alone. Life wasn't fair and I felt cheated. I was hurt, angry and in pain. But, along the way, I was blessed to find fellow travelers on the journey through grief. I found out that it was normal to have these thoughts. I feared that I would forget some of Cameron's ways and mannerisms that made him so unique. I have gained strength, insight and hope from other bereaved parents. I encourage you to go to support groups for bereaved parents, siblings and grandparents and just talk. Tell your story as many times as you need to. Listen as others share their experience, strength and hope. I promise you that if you do the grief work and, yes it's probably the hardest work you'll ever do, you will reach a point in time when you, too, can have an attitude of gratitude.

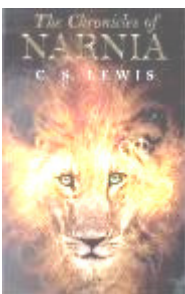
This Thanksgiving finds me with an attitude of gratitude. I am grateful that I had a son named Cameron. I'm grateful for my two surviving children, Aaron and Joselyn, my husband Gene, and my son-in-law Doug. I'm grateful for all the special people I have met on this unwanted journey through grief. I'm grateful for friends and family who supported me. I'm grateful that we can talk about Cameron and share special memories we have of him. I'll always miss him and wonder how his life would have unfolded. I'm grateful that I'm at this place in my journey through grief. I can, once again, participate and be a part of life; I have learned to love Cameron in death as much as I loved him in life. Today, I can talk about Cameron, share memories of him and smile.

— Martha Honn, BP/USA
S. Illinois Chapter

A Memory Hug

Your loss has left a hole in your heart.
That hole never goes away...
You learn to live with it.
With acceptance of the loss
And changes in your life,
The pain lessens.
Eventually memories fill up the space,
But it never goes away.
Then, when you least expect it,
A memory spills out
Of the hole in your heart
And washes you clean again with tears.
Think of it as a "Memory Hug."

— Author Unknown
www.miamivalleytcf.com



Simplicity

C.S. Lewis, the author of *The Chronicles of Narnia*, married late in life and lost his wife to cancer after only a few years of a happy marriage. He wrote of his grief, which was then transformed into the movie "Shadowland."

"Heaven will solve our problems, but not, I think, by showing in subtle reconciliations between all our apparently contradictory notions. The notions will all be knocked from under our feet. We shall see that there never was any problem. And, more than once, that impression, which I can't describe except by saying that it's like the sound of a chuckle in the darkness. The sense that some shattering and disarming simplicity is the real answer."

When I read this quote from Lewis, I find meaning in the advice that Lewis seems to be offering. Simplicity is the true nature of loss and grief. I was told my grief was complicated. I was convinced that it was, at the time.

Now, I believe I have come to a realization that my son, Galen, is gone forever and I am left here, alone, without my youngest child. I didn't want to accept that, initially, but it's the reality that I accept now.

It is my hope that all members of Bereaved Parents will come to a point where viewing their grief will settle and simplify, where you will find a measure of peace in remembering all the love you shared with your child.

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

SIBLING PAGE

The Death of My Sister

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life really isn't always fair or predictable, that sometimes even my best still isn't good enough, and that from that day on, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. Because of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor; to have a successful career and a productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss. I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all I have been given the gift of time – time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.



— *Cathy Schanberger, BP/USA
Baltimore, MD*

Your Presence is Missed

Your presence is missed.
The anger, the tears,
The questions unanswered
Bring unknown fears.

Time passed by
As we never thought it could
They say, go on with your life,
Remember the good.

I see a glimmer of life
In your pictures astray.
My brother,
What a price you had to pay.

Today the sun comes up
As it always does.
And sets peacefully
Under the clouds above.

I often wonder if you can see the light,
Of a world you were once part of,
Do you still sleep at night?

There's a hole in my life now
That I can't seem to fill.
When I think of that day
Up my spine runs a chill.

I can never make sense
Of why it was your fate.
You were good in heart
You didn't hate.

Sweet brother Richard,
I'll meet you when I die.
Until that day comes
Remembering you, I'll cry.

— *Julie Cooper*

Davey

Living yet dead
How days feel
Stumble through life
No longer real

Many years ago
I died with you
Consuming my thoughts
Everything I do

Darkness took over
The day you fell
Nothing left for me
Life living hell

I'm getting older
Years rolling by
Biding my time
Inside I cry

Praying for you
Wishing you were here
Closing my eyes
Nothing but tears.

— *Justin Dunavant
In dedication to his brother*



Death's Cavern

Death is a man
In a long, black coat.
His face is grim
And shows no emotion,
For he sees
What no one else dares to see.
He looms over you
With grief and sorrow at his side.
The sickening scent of lilies
Fills the putrid air –
For this is Death's Cavern.
Behind those walls of crying
Are walls of grief –
And behind those walls of grief
Are walls of agony.
But behind those many walls
Are more walls –
Of laughter and love.
And when you get to those walls of love,
You cry no more.
For now you blame no one
But Death himself.
You remember times
Of laughter and happiness,
Before you knew those walls
Of grief and sorrow.
You remember sunshine,
The warmth of it.
And you try to forget
The coldness of Death.
And, as the years go by,
You tend to put Death himself away.
But although you have love and laughter,
You will never completely forget
Death's Cavern.

— *Anna Kichorowsky, TCF
North Shore, MA
In loving memory of her brother Daniel*

Hurricane Houses

We grievors remind me of people who live by the ocean, where they build sturdy, good looking homes which offer most spectacular views. One can tell how their owners cherish these well-tended houses with shiny clean windows like eyes watching the beautiful, unpredictable sea.

But then, there comes a hurricane. In a matter of minutes the treasured, handsome houses are struck, broken, swept away by wind and water, covered by an avalanche of uncaring sand.

I have wondered, weren't the people afraid of another hurricane? Yes, of course, they were afraid, but there was no better place in all the world to live, and so they would stay, they would risk it all again.

I understand those people in their hurricane houses. My life, too, has felt like a hurricane house at times. My children died, taken by one drowning and by one suicide – leaving me broken and swept aside by a storm of tragedy, overwhelmed by loss.



Yet, if someone asked me about it today, I would say that, while I was bitterly hurt and hopeless then, I see that my place in life is still the finest because I once had my children. I have learned to accept the lonely beach. I build another house and now a changed "me" lives there in those rooms filled with welcome feelings and cherished memories.

I think that a veteran griever will know what I mean, while a "hurricane house" may seem impossible for most newly bereaved parents. Perhaps we will all understand next year...or the year after that. There is no hurry.

To honor the legacy of times remembered, to find a new view of life, and for the sake of those who survived with us, many of us have decided to stay on the dangerous beach and to restore our hurricane house with its shiny, clean windows like eyes watching the beautiful, unpredictable sea.

—Sascha Wagner

Remembrance

Remembrance is a golden chain
Death tries to break
But all in vain.
To have, to love, and then to part
Is the greatest sorrow of one's heart.
The years may wipe out many things
But some they wipe out never.
Like memories of those happy times
When we were all together.

— Author Unknown



My Garden

If I had a single flower
For every time I
Think of you,
I could walk forever
In my garden.

— Claudia



You're Just a Thought Away

Distance takes us far apart
And darkens my today,

I have to keep remembering –
You're just a thought away.
When the world is too confusing,
And times are hard to bear,
I pull your precious meaning,
Your bright spirit, from the air.
And if I sometimes drift
Into a lonely state of mind,
I gather up the memories
Of the days now left behind.
And though you're not beside me
I can tap into my heart
And draw upon the warmth and love
That now lives while we're apart.
And with these fond reflections
On the times when you were near,
I sense a little bit of what
It's like to have you here.

— Bruce B. Wilmer, TCF
Brisbane, Australia

Love and Hope

On a cold winter day, the sun went out,
Grief walked in to stay.
I turned away from the unwanted guest
And bid him be on his way.

Grief was merciless, he brought his friends,
Loneliness, Fear and Despair.
They walk these rooms, unceasingly,
In the somber cloaks they wear.

Every so often now, Love pays a call
She always has Hope by her side.
I welcome Love as well as Hope,
For I thought surely they had died.

Love counsels Grief in a most gentle way,
Bids him be still for awhile.
Then Love walks with me through memory's hall,
And for a time...I can smile.

— Kerry Marston, TCF
Grand Junction, CO
In loving memory of his son Michael



Closure: Maybe Not Such a Horrible Word

Soon after our son, Brendon, was murdered in March of 1998, some said that as soon as his killers

were caught, we would find closure. At that time, those comments angered and offended me, even though they were meant to comfort. My wound was so deep – how could I ever have closure about anything involving Bren's death?

Over time I have let that word and concept soften in me. Before Bren died, my life was like a house with all the doors and windows closed tightly, keeping me safe. The instant I heard of Bren's death, every door and window exploded open, and the terror of that event flooded my house, my life. How could I ever get those doors and windows to close and help calm my heart?

I have given closure much thought since then and have decided that closure is not a single event or a one-time realization. Even though I will never have complete closure over Bren's event or a one-time realization, I can have moments of healing that will shut a window or close a door and create partial closure.

For instance, when I was able to acknowledge the fact that Bren's physical body was never coming back, a window closed. When I heard myself laugh (and I didn't have to fake it), I closed a door. When a memory of Bren brought me a smile and not a tear, another window closed in the house of my life. There will always be at least one window or door open. They will never all close, but as I do my grief work and move along my journey and heal, partial closure can indeed bring comfort and hope.

So the next time someone mentions the word closure, maybe we thank them for their concerns but remind them that the death of our children does not go away and the doors and windows in our new house of life will never be completely closed.

— Rob Anderson,
Geneva, IL

~ Grief is a tree that has tears for its fruit. ~

— Philemon

I Wish for You

Comfort on difficult days,
Smiles when sadness intrudes,
Rainbows to follow the clouds,
Laughter to kiss your lips,
Sunsets to warm your heart,
Gentle hugs when spirits sag,
Friendships to brighten your being,
Beauty for your eyes to see,
Confidence for when you doubt,
Faith so that you can believe,
Courage to know yourself,
Patience to accept the truth,
And love to complete your life.



— Author Unknown

~ Often the test of courage is not to die but to live. ~

— Vittorio Alfieri



Memory Walk of Love

They came with their hearts broken in pain
We came to share our love again
On the Memory Walk of love

They came with unanswered questions
We came with a new life's direction
On the Memory Walk of love

They came alone in melancholy
We came with friends and family
On the Memory Walk of love



They brought unbearable sadness
Diminished by sharing moments of gladness
On the Memory Walk of love



They came hoping for assurance
We came tempered by agrievance
On the Memory Walk of love

They came for a sense of renewal
We brought the coping for a life cruel
On the Memory Walk of love

Our eyes welled in the shadow of trees
Looking at photos knowing the never "be's"
On the Memory Walk of love

Holding hands together, sharing our love
Singing our hearts to our children above
On the Memory Walk of love



Leaving warmly together, despite all the tears
Happy, this day, our children in heaven – ever near

— Bob Katz, BP/USA
Anne Arundel County, MD
In loving memory of Matthew Katz

We would like to thank the following individuals for supporting the Memory Walk:

<p>Barbara Michanx in memory of Christy Enders Alli & Holly Enders in memory of Christy Enders Ken & Donna Berry in memory of Christy Enders Candy Winegrad in memory of Christy Enders Erica Chapman in memory of Jayla Powell Eric Boston in memory of Jayla Powell Doris Powell in memory of Jayla Powell Dorie Powell in memory of Jayla Powell Carol Fritz in memory of Katie Fritz Ned Wright in memory of Katie Fritz Beverly Dunn in memory of Dayden Alexander Dunn Irelynn Dunn in memory of Dayden Alexander Dunn Amanda Guinn in memory of Dayden Alexander Dunn Mary Miscavich & Brenna Glass in memory of Dayden Alexander Dunn Janet & Allison Tyler in memory of Brittany Tyler Lisa Beall in memory of Brittany Tyler & Fred Carter Brenda Diggs in memory of Krey Green Joan Beall in memory of Joyce Lynn Beall Deborah Simms in memory of Deonte J. Simms Gwendolyn Blunt in memory of Deonte J. Simms Barbara Palmer in memory of Deonte J. Simms Josh Barron in memory of Deonte J. Simms Eryn Lowe in memory of Cortney Belt & Traci Heincelman Terre & John Belt in memory of Cortney Belt & Traci Heincelman Holly Mullen & William Aikin in memory of Cortney Belt Kathy McIntire in memory of Cortney Belt Mike Cole in memory of Cortney Belt Scott Taylor in memory of Cortney Belt Roger Smith in memory of Cortney Belt Robin Troiceno in memory of Cortney Belt Jimmy Cunningham in memory of Cortney Belt Phil Sheridan in memory of Cortney Belt Rich Pranschke in memory of Cortney Belt Caitlin Pavon in memory of Cortney Belt Leah Carter in memory of Cortney Belt Barry & Elizabeth Aikins in memory of Jon Russell Aikin & James William Aikin Patty Lenz in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Michele Gavin in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Shelly Jordon in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Vangie Vizaniaris in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Pat MacGill in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Chrissy, Mike & Rachel in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Laura Bucklew in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Flory Hill in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Tracy Lamb in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Margie Cook in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Art & Zachary Bucklew in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz</p>	<p>Pat Hall in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Gretchen Smith in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Laura Caulkins in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Bill Weikert in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz John Evans in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Chuck Lewis in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Mary Krafy in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Patty Wortin in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Jim Lenz in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Barbara & Michael Venturella in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Estelle Hardesty in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Kristy Wallace in memory of Deana Jean Marie Lenz Mary Mabeus in memory of Samuel Mabeus Hannah Mabeus in memory of Samuel Mabeus Caroline Mabeus in memory of Samuel Mabeus James Mabeus in memory of Samuel Mabeus Adam Mabeus in memory of Samuel Mabeus Hailey Mabeus in memory of Samuel Mabeus Bob & Sandi Burash in memory of Paul Burash Janice & Chris Kunkel in memory of Jason Easter George & Kathy Ireland in memory of Melissa Ireland Frainie Barbara Bessling in memory of Ricky Bessling Wayne & Wanda Bessling in memory of Ricky Bessling Kerri Miller in memory of Ricky Bessling & Michael Kramp Amy & Madelyn Messina in memory of Andrew Gawthrop Mitchell Gawthrop in memory of Andrew Gawthrop Brenda Gawthrop in memory of Andrew Gawthrop Norma Jean, Donald & Cheryl Melcher in memory of Brian Melcher Jennifer Gould in memory of Cortney Belt, Christie Brown, Erin Leigh Sullivan Dave & Sue Alexander in memory of Jamie Alexander Judy Bolly in memory of Wendy J. Bolly Steve Browning in memory of Orville Mooney Judith Donnelly in memory of Wendy J. Bolly & Roger Harrison Frances Palmer & Rich O'Donnell in memory of Scott Thomas Palmer & Steven Cooper Cori Boyce in memory of Lindi Boyce Noel & Ann Castiglia in memory of Tria Castiglia Tom & Joyce Schall in memory of Tommy Schall Robert & Sue Katz in memory of Matthew Katz Karen Coulson in memory of Craig S. Nelson Linda Huey East in memory of Zachary Laurence Luceti Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino Mary K. Studham in memory of Eric Herzberg, Brandon French, Melissa Ireland Frainie, Anthony Ferro and Tucker Jack Gilleland Participants walking in memory of Sarah Patterson</p>
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~ I have developed a new philosophy – I dread only one day at a time. ~

— Charles M. Shultz, *Peanuts*

Our Children Remembered

Jon Russell Aikin
Son of Susan Eisel
Grandson of Elizabeth and Barry Aikin
September 4, 1983 - November 19, 2001

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

Joseph Benjamin Antonelli
Son of Carole Antonelli
November 6, 1961 - September 9, 2003

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

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

David A. Boss
Son of Ron and Sally Boss
January 6, 1968 - November 5, 2000

Linda Lou Boyce
Daughter of Cori Boyce
Sister of Lisa Schell
March 29, 1967 - November 30, 2004

Stanley Eugene Bright
Sister of Keya Belt
May 23, 1972 - November 26, 1996

Eric Reynolds Burns
Son of Beth Burns
October 20, 2000 - November 7, 2002

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

Kevin Machado Da Silva
Son of Susan Da Silva
November 18, 1995 - November 20, 2003

Kevin Grady Davis
Son of Debbie Jasper
November 16, 1975 - November 16, 2006

Raymmy Day
Son of Donna Day
Grandson of Ruby Russell
Nephew of Patricia Brightwell
November 11, 1968 - October 22, 2005

Michelle Marie Dyke
Daughter of Marie Dyke
May 19, 1975 - November 10, 1992

Christopher Joseph Galdi
Son of Kathy Galdi
November 14, 1985 - February 20, 2003

Jennifer Marie Garvey
Daughter of Mark and Cheryl Sylce
November 4, 1983 - October 18, 1999

Lauryn Beth Grapski
Daughter of Kathleen Grapski
September 17, 1980 - November 17, 2000

Sarah McSweeney Gray
Daughter of Kathy and Bob Gray
November 12, 1983 - September 21, 2003

Jeffrey Andrew Grimm
Son of John and Linda Grimm
November 25, 1973 - September 28, 1989

Romana Alice Hale
Sister of Bobbi Remines
October 8, 1948 - November 5, 1976

Devin Hall
Son of Cyndia Hall
November 10, 1985 - May 17, 1990

James Michael Hall
Son of Pat and George Hall
November 4, 1965 - March 28, 1992

Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
Son of Clare and Stephen Blaine
November 14, 1989 - April 22, 2007

Michael James Hayes
Son of Belinda Hawkins
August 16, 1975 - November 22, 2008

Paul Alan Hillier
Son of Judy Clark
April 14, 1969 - November 26, 2008

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

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

Jolene Dawn McKenna
Daughter of Charlene Kvech
February 8, 1967 - November 22, 1971

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

Our Children Remembered

Julia Milesky
 Daughter of Stanley Milesky
 October 26, 1986 - November 22, 2003

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

John Carl Moreland
 Son of Debbie and Fred Moreland
 November 7, 1981 - October 28, 2007

Michael Dwayne Nokes
 Son of Ellen Foxwell
 November 9, 1963 - March 15, 1988

John David "JD" Openshaw
 Son of David and Lily Openshaw
 November 9, 1994 - February 21, 1997

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

Nicholas Grant Poe
 Son of Karen and Michael Willey
 Son of Nelson and Shirley Poe
 November 9, 1982 - January 23, 2002

Joseph William Remines
 Son of Bobbi and Jim Remines
 November 16, 1980 - January 3, 1994

Christopher J. Rogers
 Son of Louise G. Rogers
 February 21, 1990 - November 4, 2003

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

Phillip David Sharrow
 Son of Sandra Sharrow
 December 8, 1976 - November 17, 1995

Gary "Jake" David Spirt
 Son of Dee Spirt-Rayment
 November 19, 1962 - November 21, 2002

William Henry Stevens
 Son of Peg and Lou Stevens
 February 26, 1965 - November 28, 2003

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

Shonto Taylor
 Grandson of Stephen and Carolyn Tew
 September 7, 1979 - November 7, 1994

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

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

Reece Nelson Tolbert
 Son of Jamie Tolbert
 January 7, 2005 - November 6, 2005

Ralph L. Tongue
 Son of Mary Jackson
 September 22, 1985 - November 9, 2008

Marshall Maurice Tullier
 Son of Martin and Kathryn Tullier
 October 29, 1986 - November 10, 1986

Robert Matthew White
 Son of Kathleen Savage
 September 20, 1972 - November 13, 1993

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

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

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

Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org



NEXT MEETING November 5, 2009



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UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

What Do I Have to be Thankful For?

Thursday, November 5, 2009

Thanksgiving is a day when we “count our blessings” and take note of those things in our life for which we are thankful. After our child dies, it is hard to think of anything for which to be thankful, as our grief colors everything. A panel of Chapter members will relate their own experiences and what they have found to be thankful for in their lives.

Introducing Our Children

Thursday, December 3, 2009

The focus of this evening’s meeting will be on our deceased children – giving everyone an opportunity to share the essence of who they were. There will not be a presenter; sharing groups will be the focus. For the non-newly bereaved sharing groups, each person will bring a picture or memento of his or her child, using it to introduce and describe the child. Everyone is invited to bring a gift in memory of his or her child to be donated to a needy child.

Service of Remembrance

Sunday, December 6, 2009

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.