

BEREAVED PARENTS of the USA

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On Saturday, October 3, the Anne Arundel County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA is hosting its seventh annual Memory Walk to remember all children who died too soon, but who still walk in the hearts of their family and friends.

Please join us in helping our Chapter advance its mission to assist grieving families toward the positive resolution of their grief and to provide information and education to help others be supportive. Ask friends, family and businesses to back you with pledges to support our work. Whether you walk two miles or a hundred feet – or whether you make a pledge or not – doesn't really matter. What matters is that you have taken the time to join with family and friends – new and old – to remember, and to support others on their grief journeys.

Our Chapter's First Memory Walk

We were unsure what to expect, but it turned out to be what can only be described as a glorious, sharing, healing event. The Walk turned out to be a very appropriate model of our journey through the grief process. Going into the event this wasn't apparent. Coming out of the event the observations and comments of many of the participants were insightful and reflected this view. We'd like to share some of them below. In the Walk as in our grieving process:

- Sometimes we walked alone, and sometimes we walked with our family and friends.
- Sometimes the walk was easy, along a straight and level path, and sometimes it was difficult, going up and down hills.

- Sometimes we walked in the warm sun, and sometimes we walked in the cool, cold breeze.
- Sometimes the path ahead was clear and visible, and sometimes it twisted and curved so we were not quite sure where we were going.
- Sometimes we walked in the living forest, and sometimes we were walking among dead and fallen trees.
- And as in the rest of our life since our children have died, we participated in this Walk with them in our hearts. And we cried and smiled and remembered.

Parking is free at Quiet Waters Park for those participating in the Anne Arundel County Chapter's Memory Walk. Indicate to the attendant at the entrance booth that you will be participating in the Walk. Once again we will be posting pictures of our children along the course of the Walk. If you are going to join us at the Walk and would like your child's picture posted, please send an email to <u>dralex@sdalex.com</u>. Attach a digital picture to the email or send a photo to the address below. If your child's photo was in the 2008 Service of Remembrance slide show, you don't need to submit an additional photo.

For more information or to help with the Walk, call Barbara Bessling at 410-761-9017, or email <u>BeBessling@aol.com</u>, or go to our website at <u>www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org</u>.



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Sue and Dave Alexander in memory of their son James William Henry Alexander October 12, 1970 – October 26, 1998

Jamie, as life eddies and flows, we're sadly drawn along without you. As we float by each moment -- good and bad -- in the flow of our lives, we miss you and the caring and wonderful things you did. But we carry your joyful spirit with us -- you're with us always.

Dave, Sue, Scott, Alicia, Steve and Ann



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Next Meeting: October 1, 2009	
Doors open at 7:15 p.m. Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.	

<u>Making it Through the Holidays and Special Days</u> — The holidays, particularly those in November and December, can be very difficult for bereaved parents. A panel of Chapter members will discuss these issues and offer suggestions on preparing for and dealing with holidays and other significant and special days (i.e., your child's birthday or death date).

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 <u>confidential</u>. During this time, the issues that are discussed—particularly for the newly bereaved—focus on the issues facing participants today.

Chapter Leader:	Terre Belt 410.721.1359 tbelt@nahbrc.com
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Treasurer:	Fran Palmer
Hospitality:	Carol Tomaszewski
Librarian:	Vacant
Programs:	Paul Balasic Jane Schindler

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



<u>Telephone Friends</u>: 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.

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Bereaved Parents of the USA/AA County

October 2009



My Cousin and My Friend

She walked beside me quietly, speaking here and there She told me of her ups and downs and asked me if I care. I said I had no judgment, that on me she could depend I loved her always, for she was my cousin and my friend.

Through the years we watched her grow more beautiful each day, Stubborn, tough, she spoke her mind and liked to have her way. She also was kind-hearted, creative, sweet and smart Proud of the accomplishments she held close to her heart. She loved to care for children, loved her family and her friends And offered help to others with any hand that she could lend. I never will forget her laugh, her blue eyes and blonde hair.

Our Christy was beautifully unique, to lose her seems unfair. I know she walks beside me still, and though my heart will mend. I never will stop loving her, my cousin and my friend.

> — Laura Tino, BPUSA Cousin of Christine Kelly Enders Anne Arundel County, MD Submitted by parents Holly and Alli Enders



The First Anniversary of Loss

Here it comes, the dreaded anniversary. You may be wondering, "How will I deal with it? If the stress today is this bad, how horrible will I feel on the actual date?"

As the first anniversary looms closer on the calendar, you may find yourself visiting the past, reliving the days of your loss, the deep sadness and maybe remembering the shock of your loved one's passing. We know the day is getting nearer, and it is the anticipation of special days that cause our mind to go back. Fortunately, many feel the anticipation of

the date is worse than the actual date itself.

The first year after a loss is so difficult because it is a year of firsts. The first Christmas, New Year, Birthday (yours and theirs), Mother's Day, Father's Day, Valentine's Day...each of these special dates brings the pain and the anguish of living without your loved one. It is not unusual to relive the intense emotions that you experienced when your loss was new. Getting through the first year is hard.

Nobody really can know what is in store for them in their grief journey. It is different for each of us. But after making it through the Year of Firsts, we begin to see and know we will survive. We made it through the funeral and memorial service,

read and responded to all the sympathy notes, took the flood of calls that are each in their own way so hard to bear. Then the quiet time settles in; when the calls and notes stop coming, the visits from well-wishers are fewer and farther between. We have faced some of the difficult milestones – isn't this enough?

Unfortunately, grieving does not "turn off" after one year. Time does not erase the past but it does provide an opportunity to think about our loved one, process our loss, and find meaning. Anniversaries and reminders, although painful at first, do become easier. These important dates give us a perfect chance to remember the happy things that made our loved one special, and bring opportunities to build memorial traditions.

— Corinne O'Flynn

There is a time for everything,

A season for every activity under heaven: A time to be born and a time to die.

A time to plant and a time to uproot,

A time to kill and a time to heal,

A time to tear down and a time to build,

A time to weep and a time to laugh,

A time to mourn and a time to dance.

(Ecc 3:1)

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Suicide: How Do We Say It?

From the moment we learned of our daughter's death, I knew that the word "suicide" had the power to erase her life while emblazoning her death in neon letters in the minds of her friends and colleagues.

During the unremitting misery of those early days, I even toyed with the idea of telling no one she was gone, willing her to stay alive in the thoughts of those who knew her, forgetting that I'd already notified our family and closest friends. It was a fairy tale wish I contrived as a way of allowing myself a momentary escape from the unthinkable reality of her death. If her death were never acknowledged, would she still be here?

My fantasy vanished in the cold light of the days that followed. I knew that we could never dishonor Rhonda's memory by concealing her suicide. I wrote a letter to friends and relatives, informing them of the events leading up to her death. I hoped my letter would quell the inevitable whispers by openly acknowledging her depression and her decision to end her own life. I implored them to speak often and openly about her to us; to do otherwise would deny her existence.

I never intended to embark on a campaign to confront, let alone eradicate, the stigma of suicide. What mattered most was that we who loved Rhonda must not let the circumstances of her death diminish her memory or her accomplishments. I explained that she had "taken her own life" or that "she died of suicide."

An expression I refused to use then and refuse to use to this day, is the despicable "committed suicide," with its implications of criminality. Historically, that term was an instrument of retaliation against the survivors, and it has no place in today's enlightened society.

Many people prefer to say, "completed suicide," but as a parent who witnessed my child's 20-year struggle against the demons of clinical depression, I don't care much for that either. "Died of suicide" or "died by suicide" are accurate, emotionally-neutral ways to explain my child's death.

My first encounter with suicide occurred many years ago when my dentist, a gentle family man in his mid-30's, took his own life. Since that time, I have known neighbors, relatives, friends and other hard-working, highly respected individuals who died this way. I've facilitated meetings in which grieving parents declined to speak about their children because they couldn't handle the group's reactions to the dreaded "s" word. I've known parents who never returned to a chapter meeting because of negative comments about the way that their child died.

Rhonda was a gifted scholar, writer and archaeologist who, like my mother, suffered from adult-onset manic depression (also called bipolar disorder). She made a lasting contribution in her field, and a wonderful tribute to her life and her work appeared in American Antiquity, Journal of the Society for American Archaeology (October, 1994).

Both my daughter and my mother suffered tremendously in their struggles to conquer and conceal their illness. Neither of them won that battle, but my mother responded to medications that minimized the highs and lows, and she died of cancer at 87. Sadly, doctors never discovered a magic formula that could offer Rhonda the same relief. She ended her own life at age 36, after a year of severe depression that was triggered by life stresses beyond her control. I saw her battle firsthand, and I witnessed her valiant struggle to survive. She wanted desperately to live; she died because she thought she had no alternative.

In his revealing book, Telling Secrets, the great theologian Frederick Buechner describes his father's suicide, which occurred when Buechner was just a boy. The conspiracy of silence that was imposed on Buechner and his brother had a profound effect on their development and their relationships with other family members. "We are as sick as our secrets," he concludes.

We whose children have taken their own lives must do all that we can to help eradicate the secrecy and stigma that surround their deaths. If we allow these to persist, we allow their lives to be diminished. We owe our children more than that.

— Joyce Andrews, TCF Sugarland, TX Lovingly lifted from Special Suicide Newsletter by Kitty Reeves

In Loving Memory

Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped into the next room. I am I and you are you: Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone: wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity. What is death but a negligible accident? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well.

Bereaved Parents of the USA/AA County

October 2009





SIBLING PAGE

What Siblings Think About

If I could speak for all bereaved siblings out there, I'd say: I know you're frightened and maybe feel anger and guilt, for those are normal feelings at times like these. I know that it isn't fair, but some of life isn't. It's hard to accept that fact, isn't it? I know you may even resent having some special time in your life interfered with because of your parents' prolonged grieving. Be patient. There will be better days.

I know you may be sorry that you said or did some things that involved your dead sister or brother. Sibling rivalry is a normal and natural thing. All of us do and say things we wish we hadn't. That's a part of being human. Forgive yourself for being human, and try to remember the good times, too.

If you're older, I know you find it difficult to share the pain you're feeling with your parents because you can see they're having a hard time. Your impulse is to protect them, and that includes from your own pain. Sometimes you become the parent and they the child. Do you realize that if you do too good a job of disquising your grief, your parents may misunderstand and think instead that you aren't grieving at all? Share some parts, at least, with them if you can. It is better for you and them to release your feelings than to bottle them up and pretend everything is okay.

I know you become discouraged after awhile when you find you aren't able to make your parents "better." It isn't a failure on your part that this is true. Try to accept the fact that it takes much time and grief work before they can be better. They and you have lost something very important, and it isn't possible for them to put it all behind them and go on as though nothing has changed. All of the crying and unhappiness you are seeing is necessary for them to go through before they can reach the other side of the grief process where it is less painful.

I know you begin to wonder if your dead sibling was your parent's favorite child – and if you really matter at all. Oh! You do! Had it been you or any of your brothers and sisters, it would be the same, for this is the way it is when any child dies. It may take some time before your parents can show it in obvious ways, but you are one of the major reasons they struggle so to regain some equilibrium in their lives. You are important!

I know you wonder, sometimes, if you and your parents are remembering the same person since they only seem to remember him or her as being a perfect angel with no faults. You, on the other hand, may remember some qualities that weren't so saintly. When you are remembering your sibling, bring up some of the irritating things he or she used to do so that everybody can remember him or her, as he or she really was – a human being complete with good and bad. It's hard to live with the memory of a saint, isn't it?

I know it may be bothersome if you find your parents are overly concerned for your safety now. They may tend to overprotect, but you need to understand that they now know that bad things do, indeed, happen to good people, and their security is shattered. Just a simple thoughtful act like calling if you're going to be later than expected can really help them at this time and make them less anxious.

Holidays and birthdays will be more painful than fun in the beginning. Try to understand if old traditions are put aside right now and don't demand everything be exactly as it used to be. Given time, you and your family will work out just how you want and need to observe special family occasions, and there will be enjoyable times in your home again. They just may have to be observed in different ways than before.

I know that you need to hear that your family will survive this tragedy. Your parents may need that same assurance. Those of us who have had the necessary time for our adjustments do offer you and your family that assurance. It will never be the same, but you will come to value each other in ways not previously thought of. Now is the time for your family to be pulling together - not apart. A loving family will survive. Try to share and communicate your feelings. If you can't talk with your parents, find somebody who cares and who can listen. It can help all of your family recover in an emotionally healthy way.

> - Mary Cleckley, TCF Atlanta, GA



A Sister's Love When the visions around you Bring tears to your eyes I'll be your strength I'll give you hope For a sister's love never dies

I promise you never Will you hurt anymore I'll be your strength I'll give you hope For a sister's love never dies Over and over your heart breaks You are never alone Without me in your life I'll be your strength I'll give you hope For a sister's love never dies

I will love you forever Even now that my life is through I'll be your strength I'll give you hope For a sister's love never dies

My arms are always wrapped around you I'll be your strength I'll give you hope For a sister's love never dies

— Holly Graham

Ways to Find Hope and Survive

1. Brush your teeth, every morning. No matter what else happens, do that and you are on your way to "recovery." Of course, if you don't want to recover, you still should brush your teeth. Just keeping a routine is a way to counteract the craziness. It is a "responsible, adult" thing to do and is a start. Just do it. Your

dentist, mother and everyone you encounter will be glad you did.

2. Take out the trash. Just get it out of the house. Someday you can try getting it out on the right day.

3. Eat. Whatever you want. Skip the "oughts" and "shoulds" right now and concentrate on comfort foods. You can't eat this way forever, but you might as well take advantage of your grief and treat yourself. If you find you can't eat "a thing," send it to me and I'll help. We'll diet together next month.

4. Buy a gift for yourself. Wrap it, but don't hide it! Just when you think you are going "off the deep end," open it up and enjoy.

5. While you are buying a gift for yourself, buy one for your loved one as well. Wrap it up and give it away to someone who might not otherwise have a gift. Pass on the love you shared together and it can never die.

6. Breathe. In and out. In and out. It's that simple and that hard. Some days just breathing is all you can manage. Other days it's a bit easier so relax and enjoy those moments when you can remember your loved one's life instead of focusing only on the death.

Surviving really isn't too hard. Living can be. No matter how crazy the world or out of "sync" you feel, don't lose the treasure of your loved one's presence in your life. You don't have to say good-bye. You don't stop loving someone just because he died.

Put something that reminds you of your loved one in your pocket and every time you need a hug, just pat your pocket and recall the loving connection between you. I carry a rock with me always, to remind me of the steadiness, security and sturdiness of his love. I've carved the work HOPE on that rock so I won't forget what hope is all about.

Hope isn't a place or a thing. Hope isn't the absence of pain, or sadness or sorrow. Hope is possibility. Hope is the memory of love given and received.

In addition to carrying a rock in my pocket, I've decided to create a new holiday for the bereaved. Since we can't remember what day it is or how we are supposed to behave, we'll just celebrate everything all at once. You'll get one card a year and just keep opening it on whatever days are appropriate for you. Love you and want to send my thoughts and hugs, but with all the changes occurring in my life, I just may serve a watermelon in December and frost the cookies bunny pink in October. Whatever, I'm trying and that's what counts!

Hang in there. It gets better, honest. I just can't remember when.

— Darcie Sims

A Season of Many Feelings

Fall is a season of many feelings Autumn is here once again As it comes every year And with the leaves my falling tears.

This time of year is the hardest of all My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall. Memories once so vivid are seeming to fade.

My time spent with you seems some other age. This season reminds me of grief and of pain. But yet teaches hope and joy once again.

For the trees are still living beneath their gray bark. And you my sweet child are alive in my heart.



I do not ask that you forget your dear departed. I want you to remember. I only ask that you remember more than the moment of death, more than the house of mourning. Remember life! Remember the whole life, not the final page of it."

> — Rabbi Maurice Davis, BPUSA Baltimore, MD



Halloween

It is here, this day of merriment And children's pleasure. Gremlins and goblins And ghosties at the door of your house.

And the other children Come to the door of your mind. Faces out of the past, Small ghosts with sweet, painted faces. They do not shout.

Those children who no longer March laughing On cold Halloween night, They stand at the door of your mind And you will let them in, So that you can give them The small gifts of your Halloween – A smile and a tear.

> —Sascha Wagner From her book <u>Wintersun</u>

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief...and unspeakable love.

Nature's Solace

Look for me in nature, now that I am gone. In all the paler, sender hues, Beneath a morning sun. The softest breezes passing by, Pressed grass beneath your feet, The smaller flowers on slender stems With perfumes fresh and sweet.

Look for me in nature, now that I am gone. In all the evening's pearling that Spread with the setting sun. The whispered hush of eventide that dims To first starlight's gleam. And I am but a breath away If you close your eyes and dream.

> – Shella Akerstorm, TCF England



Journey through Grief

l've run so fast Since you've been gone. Whirling in circles, To find – I know not what.

Sometimes I tumble And rise again, Forever compelled To run Away from pain.

To hope that never-ending, Wistful hope, That someday I'll stop running And searching, And cry no more...

> — Lily deLauder, TCF North Hollywood, CA

She whom we love And lose is no longer Where she was before She is now wherever we are.

— St. John Chrysostom

Grief walks with you today, Your constant companion. But in the morning, tomorrow, The sunrise of hope waits for you.

> —Sascha Wagner From her book <u>Wintersun</u>

A Family Grieves

That old expression, "Not all there," Is true when said of me, For time has not consoled my mind, Nor made my heart grief-free.



Most days I cannot concentrate, Or do the things I should do. The simplest task seems just too hard To try to make it through.

I dread the long and sleepless nights. I hate to face the day. The sunshine does not chase the clouds Of sorrow from my way.

The world continues just the same, It thinks I'm "doing well." It doesn't seem to know or care I really feel like Hell.

It cannot see that deep inside A part of me is dead; How much the rest is hurting Or the silent tears I shed.

For no one really wants to see The pain and grief I bear. I walk a long and lonely road That seems to go nowhere.

The greatest comfort that I have Is my remaining son. And he is just as dear to me As the departed one.

So when he sees me crying hard And hurting to the core, I tell him that I love him now, Not less, but even more.

He, too, is hurting from that loss. He loved his brother, too. He mourns that brother as deeply As his dad and mother do.

When we comfort one another We can remember happy things, Thus an inner strength and courage To each the other brings.

But, even though that sharing helps To ease the heavy load, In deepest grief, each walks alone Along a lonesome road.

~ Many different kinds of love touch us; the very best kind last forever. ~ — Janet Barton, TCF Central NJ

Our Children Remembered

James "Jamie" William Henry Alexander Son of Dave and Sue Alexander Nephew of Jeanne Angier October 12, 1970 - October 26, 1998

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

lan Andrew Baggett Jr. Son of Debbie and Scott Brengle October 18, 1983 - October 27, 2007

Heath Brad Balick Son of Beth and Larry Balick October 20, 1984 - May 8, 2009

Joseph Phillip Baressi IV Son of Sandy and Joseph Baressi October 26, 2002 - October 28, 2002

Lydia Suzanne Barr Daughter of Cyndi Barr October 15, 1996 - October 18, 1996

Jamie Bessling Son of Judy and Ed Bessling October 23, 1974 - September 23, 2002

Wendy Jean Bolly Daughter of Judith and Louie Bolly April 6, 1977 - October 11, 2002

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

Hannah Lindley Campbell Daughter of John and Cathi Campbell October 10, 1992 - October 10, 1992

John Christopher Campbell Son of Kathy and Jeff Campbell April 18, 1981 - October 9, 2002

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

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

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

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

Christine Kelly Enders Daughter of Holly and Alli Enders September 26, 1986 - October 15, 2008

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

Andrea Faith Fiscus Daughter of Debby and Kenny Fiscus April 27, 1982 - October 9, 1993

Lisa Michelle Foster Daughter of Audrey E. Foster October 17, 1979 - October 11, 2003 Daniel Paul "Danny" Freeburger Son of Melanie Freeburger June 4, 1959 - October 20, 2007

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

Katie Fritz Daughter of Carol Fritz October 29, 1977 - February 27, 1993

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

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

Christopher George Gilmour Son of Carole and Paul Gilmour October 17, 1997 - April 2, 2003

Andrew Thomas Gwaltney Son of Hope Dorman October 1, 1987 - April 6, 2004

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

Brian Jeffrey Haley Son of Jerry and Pam Haley October 26, 1973 - March 4, 1990

Traci Jeanne Heincelman Daughter of Ed and Jeanne Heincelman Niece of Terre and John Belt Cousin of Eryn Belt Lowe October 6, 1980 - March 10, 2002

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

Charles "Chip" Marshall Hodges Son of Betty and John Hodges October 24, 1954 - March 14, 2005

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

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

Steven J. Landis Son of Edwin and Susan Landis April 4, 1968 - October 10, 1991

Raymond Wilson Leager Son of Tom and Betsy Leager October 3, 1991 - October 3, 1991

Temple Sidney Leager Daughter of Tom and Betsy Leager October 3, 1991 - October 3, 1991

Andrea Jean Loatman Daughter of Janet and John Hewitt January 12, 1980 - October 5, 1999

Timothy Jarrett Mabe Son of Marilyn Mabe October 29, 1977 - February 18, 2001

Our Children Remembered

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

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

Calvin Russell Miller Son of Laura and Curtis Miller October 11, 2003 - October 11, 2003

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

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

Kevin Michael Morris Son of Gayle and David Morris October 7, 1982 - March 30, 2007

Chad William Muehlhauser Son of Paula and Bill Muehlhauser October 3, 1983 - September 16, 1992

Melanie Carol Murphy Daughter of Fred and Phyl Murphy April 21, 1966 - October 17, 1985

Glynn Allen Owens Son of Michael Owens October 21, 1973 - April 2, 2003

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

John Christopher Poe Son of Sharon and Ben Poe October 12, 1967 - September 24, 2001

Jayla Monet Powell Daughter of Dorie Powell Granddaughter of Doris Powell September 26, 1998 - October 22, 2005

Robert William Rey II Friend of Peggy Smeltzer September 14, 1965 - October 2, 2003

Tanager Rú Ricci Son of Kathy Franklin October 19, 1977 - February 16, 2004

Zachary Daniel Robertson Son of Mary Ellen and Jim Young March 3, 1978 - October 26, 2006

David John Rose Son of Carol Rose McAuliffe October 21, 1969 - September 1, 1988

Thomas "Tommy" Richard Short Son of Karen Short September 25, 1997 - October 16, 1997

Rachel Beth Showacre Daughter of Daynie Showacre May 7, 1980 - October 30, 2002 Deonte Joseph Simms Grandson of Deborah Simms October 1, 1981 - September 8, 2001

Jami Leigh Smith Daughter of Deannie and Gerry Smith October 19, 1977 - September 30, 1987

Matthew Jason Temple Son of Jim and Karen Temple October 6, 1987 - April 23, 1995

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

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

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

Kevin Michael Wengert Son of Debbie and David Wengert October 2, 1987 - September 3, 2005

Grant Alan Williams Son of Mark and Randye Williams October 25, 2000 - October 25, 2000

Hope Marie Williams Daughter of Nicole Hawkins September 26, 1998 - October 6, 1998

Samuel Mark Williams Son of Mark and Randye Williams October 25, 2000 - October 25, 2000

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:

Sandi and Bob Burash in memory of their son Paul John Burash Fran Palmer in memory of her son Scott Thomas Palmer 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 October 1, 2009



RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

DATED MATERIAL

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Making it Through the Holidays and Special Days Thursday, October 1, 7:30 p.m.

The holidays, particularly those in November and December, can be very difficult for bereaved parents. A panel of Chapter members will discuss these issues and offer suggestions on preparing for and dealing with holidays and other significant and special days (i.e., your child's birthday or death date).

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.

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.