



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

February 2010

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The Beginning of the End of Winter

When February comes, there is finally an end in sight to the long winter. Sometimes, melting snow reveals the green tips of an early crocus or even the exquisite blossom itself, a soft flower of hope invading a harsh landscape of graying snow and biting wind and ominous sky. A small promise of new life to come.

My heart, grieving for my son who died, was like that image of winter. For somehow, even during the darkest, coldest moments, an unexpected sign of hope would intrude. And as the hours and days and months dragged on, my heart finally learned, once again, to be open to the promise of new life. Painful memories melted into loving ones. Life that seemed forever dormant once again sprang forth from my heart.

In living hopefully and lovingly, the seasons of the heart can change. The loving memories of your special child, like the flower in the snow, can be the beginning of the end of winter.

— *Maryann Kramer, TCF
Arlington Heights, IL*

~ **MAY LOVE BE WHAT YOU
REMEMBER MOST** ~



Certainty

Last night, in the glow of freshly fallen snow,
I felt for the first time in months a sense of peace.
A feeling of wonder overcame me
And I looked around to see if you were there.

Later, I thought to myself - "Why did I need to look?"

I know, as surely as I know how to breathe, that you are with me always.

You are closer to me now than ever before and the only difference is that instead of opening my eyes to see you, now I must open my heart.

— *Sandy Goodman*

Library Update – You Can Help

For many who come to our Chapter's meetings, the Library that is always available there is an excellent resource for learning how to cope with the death of a child. Very recently, Bob and Sandi Burash assumed responsibility for the Library, and they are in the process of developing an accurate inventory of the books in the Library. If you have a book checked out, that is okay. Please keep it for as long as you feel it is necessary. However, please either call or email Bob and Sandi and provide them with the title and author of the book you are using, so that we can make sure it is part of our inventory. They can be contacted at 410-551-5774, or burash@verizon.com. Thanks for your help!



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Kathy and George Ireland in memory of their daughter

Melissa Ireland Frainie

December 12, 1971 – February 12, 2007



In memory of our spunky and determined daughter & sister, Melissa. She touched the lives of so many and stood heads above in her love and courage. The echoes of her laughter bring smiles to our life. She is ALWAYS in our hearts. We love and miss you so much!

Love, Mom, Dad & Lisa




Next Meeting: February 4, 2010

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

Using Music in Dealing with Grief — Some bereaved parents find music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. A bereaved father will relate his experiences with music in his grief journey and talk about the role he believes music can play in the grief process. Members are urged to bring CDs or cassette tapes with music they have found particularly meaningful and helpful as they deal with their grief. We will use these as part of the discussion in some of our sharing groups.

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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Newsletter Team: Clare Harig-Blaine
Kathy Ireland
Eryn Lowe

Correspondence: Barbara Bessling

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic
Jane Schindler

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



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

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

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

Sandy Platts 410.721.6457 Infant death.

Tia Stinnett 410.360.1341 Miscarriages and infant death.

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



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

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BPUSA/AA County Chapter
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Valentine Love – New Meaning for Bereaved Parents

Though winter's delicate, lacy snowflakes may remind us of the lace-trimmed hearts of February's valentines, the "mourning" heart seems frozen in time. The bitter winds of loneliness blow mournfully through our souls.

Death has tapped us on the shoulder, introducing his brother, Grief, who has moved into our hearts to take up unwelcome residence. Worn and exhausted by our pain, we have little energy to evict the intruder. It's hard for us to remember that the sun still faithfully shines behind the clouds that have obscured our vision.

"Love" is apparently the thought of the season, and we are reminded of its tenderness at every turn. But a piece of the fiber of our lives has been torn away, and love seems a vague and unfulfilled promise that belongs only to others.

Hearts and flowers, lace and love, romantic verse and melody seem to have abandoned us as we grope in the darkness of our beloved's absence. Will the pain ever end? Will the hope and joy and renewal once again warm the frozen places in our hearts?

Gradually, as the hurt begins to soften, the thawing relief of healing slowly begins to melt the icy grip of our pain; hope does begin to "spring eternal." Roses, traditional in February's favorite holiday, remind us that summer will return.

It's unlikely that we will ever again perceive the usual symbols of love in quite the same way as before, but in many ways our concepts of genuine love will be stronger, richer and less assailable. Frivolous and shallow affection are absent from our thoughts. Deeper commitments and more demonstrative attention have become our new marching orders.

In costly lessons, we've learned firsthand how fragile and fleeting life can be, and we are now resolute in our determination to announce to our remaining dear ones the importance of our bonds with them. We abandon the intimidation of "limits" such as the archaic notions that "men" mustn't cry or say "I Love You" or that we're too busy just not to pay attention to someone's needs.

As little by little, our pain softens and recedes, and we learn that suffering is but for a season, we also learn that LOVE doesn't die. In our emotional lives, Valentines can now take on a new significance as precious reminders of the love that still exists on both sides of life. Love lives within our hearts and even Grief cannot steal it away. Love is our bridge over the rainbow.

— Andrea Gambrill

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www.bereavementmagazine.com



Winter

Winter can be the cruellest season of the year, cold and dreary, depressing and long. This can also be true of your grief in winter: the air feels raw, days grow tedious, nights go on forever. The shock and numbness that first shielded you have worn away. Now you must face the fact head-on about what lies all around you – all that you miss and all that you fear, all your sorrow and all your dread. There can be a piercing loneliness to winter grief. Not only are you separated from the one who died, you can also feel isolated from those around you, perhaps even alienated from yourself. People who do not understand how plodding grief can be may not be ready to bear all of your moods or all of your moans, and your world can appear so different, so silent, so stark, so empty.

This is exactly the world you need. The winter of your grief is a time to do what is best for you; a time to be, just to *be*. A part of you may wish to push ahead. Winter says, "Take your time." A part of you may wish to get this over with as quickly as possible. Winter says, "Be patient." Something within you may want to escape. Winter says, "This is what you need right now."

This time offers an opportunity to do what you may not often do – sit and be quiet, walk and be aware, write or talk and be reflective. You can spend time with yourself and make a close friend. You can immerse yourself in the stillness and let it inform you. You can open your eyes to the starkness that is around you and find unusual beauty. You can use this time of barrenness to begin healing.

— James E. Miller
"Winter Grief Summer Grace"



A Father's Thoughts

It is now nearly fifteen and a half years since our son Philip lived his short life. During the holidays, we traveled to Pennsylvania and while there stopped by Philip's grave. Jane voiced the question, "Why, after all this time, does it still hurt so?"

Part of the reason, we who have had children die know, is that we have lost a chunk of our future.

Jane and I have also been aware that we have so little of Philip's life. He was born prematurely and died three days later of respiratory complications. We have no pictures, not even a toy or blanket, no article of clothing that would have been his. His early birth preceded showers and other preparations. The most prominent object of our memories is the stone that marks his grave.

TCF has provided for me needed encouragement to get in touch with Philip's life. Because of the discomfort it causes in conversations, we don't often talk about Philip to others. We usually only mention our two living sons when talk turns to children. I received a form to be completed with biographical data about myself and family. There were spaces for my parent's names. On the appropriate line I wrote my father's name and in parenthesis "deceased." A little further on the form were lines for our children's names – three lines. I hesitated a moment as I always do, and then on the top line wrote "Philip Donald (deceased)." I felt sadness and tears as I often do when faced with listing our children. But there was also a good feeling as I affirmed that, though, dead like my father, Philip, too, had lived – however briefly. He had created life and has left his impact on us. He lived.

For a few very special moments, I flashed back to those moments we stood outside the hospital nursery. I remembered how we talked about his courage and fight as he struggled against insurmountable odds, and the handsome features of his tiny body. I remembered how our love and prayers penetrated the glass of the nursery window to him. And in those special moments of memory, I realized that while it had been all too short, we had a relationship with Philip and he has left a mark on our lives. And after all of this time, there were tears of joy mixed with the sorrow, and there was a touch of peace.

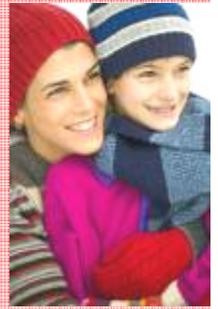
I still do not know the why of his death, but for me at last his life is no longer locked behind the gravestone. I still wish he had lived, even that we could have held him – touched him – in those brief hours of his life, that we had a picture to aid our memories. But the memories I have of his life are precious, and I feel love and pride for Philip even as I do for Joel and Matt. And with that feeling, a little more of the grief heals.

— Don Ray
Jamestown, NY

A Special Valentine

A touch of your hand
A smile on your face
Another time, another place.
You were my girl,
I was your mom.
Together we met the world head on.
Death cannot dim the memories so fine.
Your place is there,
This world is mine.
But you will always be
MY SPECIAL VALENTINE.

— Arlene Burroughs, TCF
Pikes Peak, CO



***I dropped a single tear into the ocean;
When you find it, that's when I'll stop missing you.***

Tell Me

Tell me, what is it like when the
bottom falls out of your world?
When life ceases to have any meaning
and your future is no more?
When your heart breaks in two
and there seems no reason to go on?
How do you find motivation for tomorrow?
Perhaps there is no answer
And you ask "Why does God permit such tragedies?"
You live your life as best you can
You help others along the way
and yet...
You are rewarded with such pain.
How do you face another day
when half your life is no longer here?
Do you give up and walk away
with happiness a distant place?
Or do you leave the door of your heart ajar
so that healing will enter and life reborn?
For God comes to those that weep
It is He who will get you through
Out of tragedy new life will come
Out of darkness will come light
Be brave, be strong and light the candle of tomorrow.

— D. Dobson





SIBLING PAGE




Letter to My Brother

Suddenly you're gone. I'm still here. Why? How can this be? Someone tell me the reason, the answer. How can I fill the void, the space once so full of life? What will I do? How will I be strong for others when the sting of pain is so real, so near? Though everyone seems calm, my soul screams at the injustice, the unfairness of losing you. I miss you. I think of you every day and feel you in my heart always. Whatever the reason for your leaving, I know your living had a reason. Despite the brevity of your life, you lived a lifetime's worth. You blessed us with your presence, your specialness. I have only to think of you to feel the joy you've left as a legacy. You shaped the purpose of my life. I can see the world through your eyes.

— Robin Holemon, TCF
Tuscaloosa, AL

Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together big sister, little brother. I took care of you until you were old enough to care for yourself. Though you didn't say, I knew you loved me.

We played in the sunlight, you and I. Remember the games of mother-may-I and hide and seek?

Sure we had our fights as all siblings do. But through it all we never lost our love for each other.

Now you're gone. I'll never see you again, except in the memories of those sunny days. You will forever be sixteen, far too young to die. You had your whole life to live. I'll always grieve, but I must go on. Still, without you, I play alone in the shadows.

— Cheryl Larson
Pikes Peak, CO



How Can They Move On?

How can they move on? Every day I realize that while my brother's death may have touched many people's lives, they seem to be able to just pick up where they left off and continue with their lives. For me, it has been so much harder.

I learned this week, that last year, my brother's girlfriend had gotten married. While I am very happy for her to have finally been able to love again, my happiness is also filled with a little jealousy. I think of my brother at some point every day. Does this mean that she has forgotten him? I have asked myself this question all week. I hope that she hasn't and at least remembers the good times that they had sometimes. I find it hard to think of her with someone else, but she was so miserable for so long, she deserves a little happiness. I was also told that she is pregnant and is having her baby soon. When I heard this I almost cried. I think that was harder than finding out that she was married. Then a real jealousy kicked in. I thought, "Hey, what about Sean's baby?" He'll never know the joy of being a parent.

After mulling this around for awhile, I realized that everyone must move on. Sometimes I feel as if I can't go on another day because I feel so much pain. That pain is not so strong as it was two or three years ago, but it does come back to visit now and then. When Sean first died, a few of his friends came over a lot. Over the past few years, that began to happen less and less until his friends stopped coming at all. One of his friends still comes by or at least calls my mom at Christmas. Another puts presents on his grave occasionally.

I know that a lot of people cared about my brother, but I think that knowing him for 19 years and being as close as we were has made it all the harder for me. I know that he watches over our family and is always with us. I know in my heart that moving on is not the same as forgetting. I hope with my heart that all who knew Sean still spare at least one thought for him once in awhile. While I wish every one of his friends much happiness in their lives, I hope that they will never forget.

— Traci Morlock, BP/USA
St. Louis, MO

The Sibling Poem

Will we ever meet again? And what will be our first reaction? Will we hug? Or will we cry? Will we laugh? Or will we just hold each other? Will you remember me as the last time you saw me? Or will you try to imagine how I have changed? Will we reminisce about the good old days? And cry about all of the bad days? The ultimate question is: Will we ever meet again?

— Jenny McDermott
In memory of her sister, Meggan McDermott

What They Say

Easy to recall the often heard and meant to be consoling -- yet unsettling and sometimes thoughtless -- words spoken or written to grieving parents. I've noticed that over time, many bereaved parents begin to laugh, forgive and even understand the intent behind these comments:

"I know how you feel."

"God wanted him home, or God had his own reason, or it was meant to be so you have to accept it and move on."

"Some day you will have closure."

"Let's talk about something else since this is obviously upsetting you."

"At least he's with God. He's not suffering anymore. Or, at least he didn't suffer."

"Someday you'll be together."

"Time heals all wounds."

"You have other children or you can have another child."

Many will never know the loss of a child and for that I'm thankful. What we know would be best said is the simple but true, "I'm sorry." Finding a good listener is also a gift. Sometimes someone will ask, "What can I do to help?" I answer, "You can keep us in your thoughts and prayers and remember our son." I have been able to say to another when I'm feeling up for conversation, "You know, I don't feel that way. I feel...or I let my response hang when I don't know how to quite respond to what 'they' are expressing but they're trying hard. It really ends there usually when they're trying hard. I don't have to explain how I really do feel, why I feel, how I feel, or what it feels like. The education is mine alone. Simple enough to say, 'I can't really explain it to you.'"

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



Just for a Moment

Just for a moment
 we held in our hands
 a gift so precious, so rare.

Just for a moment
 we beheld with our eyes
 her face so lovely, so fair.

Just for a moment
 her sensitive touch;
 just for a moment
 her lyrical songs;
 just for a moment
 she really was here
 with us, where she belongs.

Just for a moment
 we heard with our ears
 her laughter thrilling the air.
 The echos are lingering still;
 they always will.
 Now, just for a moment
 she lives in our hearts
 cherished with tenderest care.
 For as long as we live,
 for as long as we love,
 she will always be there.

— *Philip Jones, BP/USA*
Calgary, Canada

Panache

While I was working out the other day, the pastor asked how I was doing with Matt's death. Raised in a German family who would say they were fine if their arm was falling off, I was of course fine. But the question raised some interesting thoughts. If you mean am I eating, sleeping, exercising more normally, I am. If you mean do I cry less and laugh more, I do. If you are asking if I've reached closure, the answer is another story.

Several years ago, I was teasing the quarterback that he should try softball. The girls could help his throwing motion. In response, he tossed me a pass. As the ball sped towards me, I raised my right hand to catch the pass. Bam, the ball hit me in the face. I'd forgotten that my right arm was frozen.

Now, I'm not crazy. If I'd been filling out forms in the doctor's office, I would have included a frozen right shoulder, but my actual reaction was to use the arm which wasn't there anymore.

That's where I am with Matt. I still get the urge to call and talk wrestling. I start to write him a note describing class. When we beat L-C, I had to share the night with him. When Laura passed her nursing test, I couldn't wait to share. Matt is very much a part of my daily life. I'm not crazy. The only hugs I get are from my memory, but Matt will always be a part of me. Buddhists understand. We all share multiple planes and although Matt's body is gone, we are joined at many overlapping levels. Frost said, "The grave is lovely, dark, and deep, but I have miles to go before I sleep, miles to go before I sleep." Someday we will share all planes. Today, I'm better.

Rooms and Things

How many people have suggested to you, in subtle and not so subtle ways, that you'd be better off if you'd only go ahead and get rid of your child's things and redo the room? You see, they think that holding on to these things is morbid. These people who have never suffered the loss of their children really do not understand that you have to do your grief work and whether you do this sad task now or later really doesn't affect the length nor depth of your pain.

Some parents need to make the changes and decisions about personal belongings as soon as possible after the death. Having the chore ahead of them is more painful than the doing. These parents are advised, however, to go slowly when disposing of belongings. It may seem to you also that not seeing or having anything around to remind you of your dead child will somehow make your pain less. Later though, when your grief has softened, you may find you need that special something but, by then, it's too late.

On the other hand, you may try to keep everything and it may take many months and several acts of sorting through the belongings at intervals before you are able to decide on just the special things you want as mementos. As time goes by, you will be able to let go of the less important things without that having to rip you to pieces. Not everything will forever have the same value to you. You may change in how you feel and find that it comforts instead of hurts to see your subsequent child wearing some of the baby's clothes, or that catching a glimpse of an old familiar shirt on one of your teenagers brings a warm feeling.

Whether you've made changes or haven't been able to make changes, it's okay. There's no rule about when you do it and don't let well-meaning friends or relatives make you feel guilty because your needs don't meet their timetables. What we would like to suggest to you, though, is that there are no rules about when you do it, but that you do have as a goal eventually making the changes. Otherwise, the room and things become a shrine and if you have surviving children or a spouse, they may find it difficult to live in this atmosphere. If children could just be honest with you, many would tell you that they don't want their sibling punished; instead, bring the record player and records into the den or use the backpack and tent, or whatever, because it comforts them to feel that their sibling has once again become a part of the family and not relegated to the "room." I don't think I know of anyone who hasn't kept some belongings of their dead child, so that must be normal. What we learn after the death is that life is tenuous at best and, rather than hanging on to an unchanged room, we try to value the important people who are left in this life, be they family or friends, and savor them along with the memories of our dead child. For, when all is said and done, those memories are truly the important part of your dead child. That's a truth that doesn't need changing.

— Mary Cleckley, BP/USA
Atlanta, GA

Pennies from Heaven



I found a penny today
Just laying on the ground
But it's not just a penny
This little coin I've found

"Found" pennies come from heaven
That's what my Grandpa told me
He said angels toss them down
Oh, how I loved that story

He said when an angel misses you
They toss a penny down
Sometimes just to cheer you up
Make a smile out of your frown

So don't pass by that penny
When you're feeling blue
It may be a penny from heaven
That an angel tossed to you.

— C. Mashburn

Dear Child of Mine

Dear child of mine, who died before your time

I am grateful for your life.

Though death brought the end of hopes and dreams

Still I am grateful for your life.

Through you I have known joy and sorrow, laughter and tears.
Through you my life has been enriched, compassion heightened
And I am more keenly aware of the grief of others.

I am grateful for your life.

Now I draw upon my memories of you – some happy and some sad.
They are priceless, precious memories that help me bear the pain.
Through them I will learn to live again.

I am grateful for your life.

I have been blessed by your life and left with your love.
I will share that love and strive to live to be a blessing to others.
Dear child of mine, though you died before your time, you are never far away from me.
I have locked you in my secret heart of hearts and there I will love you through eternity.

I am grateful for your life – dear child of mine.

— Betty Stevens, BP/USA
Baltimore, MD

Unwelcome Grief

I miss my life, before grief walked in, and made itself at home.
 Grief is something I wish would go away and forget how he found his way here.
 Who does he think he is, just showing up unexpected, taking control.
 I want him to go away, never to return.
 Grief is so powerful, it causes so many emotions.
 Grief can silence you, but can make you want to scream.
 Grief will bring you to your knees, but also make you want to run as far away as you can.
 Reading a good devotional can bring you comfort, and going into the woods and yelling at trees can be as soothing.
 Grief is so powerful.
 I want it to go away, but I also need it to stay.
 It makes me numb, but also make me feel.
 Grief is so confusing, but makes so much sense.
 Grief can stay in my house.
 Grief can be overpowering but can be contained.
 Mature grief can be told when to go away and when it is needed.
 Mature grief can be entwined in my life and lived with.
 Grief. My life. Forever my enemy and my companion.

— Lee Ann Hutson BP/USA
 Montgomery County, IN



Sometimes

Sometimes something clicks
 And with a tear
 Remembrance of the pain
 And the loneliness
 Flood the heart.

Sometimes something clicks
 And with a smile
 Remembrance of the love
 And the laughter
 Flood the senses.

And there are times
 When nothing clicks at all
 And a voice echoes
 Through the emptiness
 And numbness
 Never finding the person
 Who used to fill that space.

And sometimes
 The most special times of all
 A feeling ripples through your
 Body, heart, and soul
 That tells you
 That person never left you
 And he's right here with you
 Through it all.

— Kirsten Hansen

My happiness grows in direct proportion to my acceptance, and in inverse proportion to my expectations.

— Michael J. Fox

One Small Star

When I need to feel you near me
 I stand in this quiet place
 Where the silver light of countless stars
 Falling on my face
 Though they all shine so brightly
 Somehow it comforts me to know
 That some that burn the brightest
 Died an eternity ago

But your light still shines
 It's one small star to guide me
 And it helps me to hold back the dark
 Your light's still shining in my heart

I'm learning how to live without you
 And I never thought I could
 And even how to smile again
 I thought I never would
 And I cherish your heart's memories

Cause they bring you back to life
 Some caress me gently
 And some cut me like a knife

Can your soul be out there somewhere
 Beyond the infinity of time
 I guess you've found some answers now
 I'll have to wait for mine
 When my light joins with yours one day
 We'll shine through time and space
 And one day fall on a distant age
 Upon some stranger's face

But your light still shines
 It's one small star to guide me
 And it helps me to hold back the dark
 Your light's still shining in my heart

— John McDermott

Our Children Remembered

Bethany Anne Balasic
Daughter of Paul and Claudia Balasic
February 13, 1981 - April 5, 1996

Michael Allen Barker
Son of Diane and Seth Barker
January 18, 1990 - February 10, 1999

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

Alex Blake
Son of Bob and Veronica Blake
February 1, 1982 - September 25, 2004

Darius JoVan Brown
Son of Victoria and Robert Brown
February 1, 1992 - May 30, 2004

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

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

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

Ronald Joel Copas
Son of Anne Copas
August 22, 2001 - February 11, 2004

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

Kevin Michael Crine
Son of John and Jean Crine
January 30, 1974 - February 8, 2006

Robert Michael Davidson
Son of Donna and Kevin Davidson
August 17, 1981 - February 21, 2004

John Mario DeMichiei Jr.
Son of John and Linda DeMichiei
February 24, 1979 - October 23, 2008

Thomas Barnard Doyle
Son of Timothy and Kathleen Doyle
February 19, 1999 - February 2, 2007

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

Zachary Jay Forman
Son of Marge Forman
February 11, 1977 - April 10, 2005

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

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

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

Kimberly Judith Gardner
Daughter of Joan F. Gardner
February 6, 1968 - August 16, 1992

Steven Joseph Garvey
Son of Mark and Cheryl Sylce
January 21, 1985 - February 1, 1985

Robert Joseph Griffith III
Son of Johnna Griffith
February 17, 1978 - July 11, 2009

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

Kelly Lynn Hopkins
Daughter of Denise Morin
August 24, 1974 - February 11, 2009

Thomas "Tommy" Michael Howard
Son of Thomas and Donna Howard
May 27, 1984 - February 10, 2000

Sandrine J. Ingulia
Daughter of Michele Ingulia
January 17, 1965 - February 14, 2003

Chrystal Lynn Isaacs
Daughter of Tish and Darrel Isaacs
April 12, 1984 - February 1, 2003

Traykia Melisa Jones
Daughter of Rochelle Kennedy
February 19, 1988 - May 11, 2004

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

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

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

Our Children Remembered

Samuel Charles Mabeus
Son of Mary and Jim Mabeus
July 17, 2006 - February 29, 2008

Ethan Matthew MacPherson
Son of Kim and Scott MacPherson
January 22, 1994 - February 13, 1995

Kyle Patrick McDonough
Son of Judy McDonough
February 25, 1982 - May 15, 2005

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

Richard McKinney Jr.
Son of Richard and Ellen McKinney
March 6, 1975 - February 19, 1998

Graham Kendall Miller
Son of Ken and Abby Miller
February 3, 1981 - May 4, 1999

Jennifer Margaret Neafsey
Daughter of Beth Neafsey
March 20, 1969 - February 25, 1984

Jonathan Michael Noon
Son of John Noon
February 3, 1982 - April 18, 2004

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

Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega
Son of Rachael Hand
August 28, 1964 - February 17, 2005

Brian James Para
Son of Joan Para
February 19, 1970 - March 19, 1991

Mackenzie Jean Payne
Daughter of Karyn and Eric Payne
February 2, 2003 - February 2, 2003

Jackson Platts
Son of Sandy and Jeff Platts
February 7, 1998 - February 10, 1998

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

Zachary James Rich
Son of Peter and Tracy Rich
February 25, 1999 - February 11, 2001

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

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

Donna Jean Shrodes
Daughter of Lydia Shrodes
February 5, 1974 - May 23, 2002

Roderick "Rod" William Stallings
Son of Robin Stallings
February 7, 1967 - September 14, 1996

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

David William Tomaszewski
Son of Richard and Carol Tomaszewski
September 4, 1974 - February 6, 2001

Timothy Allen Umbel
Son of Richard and Mary Ann Umbel
Brother of Dawn Umbel
Brother of Christina Umbel
February 16, 1982 - September 15, 2002

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

Justin James Watts
Son of Jan and Jim Watts
February 15, 1985 - January 14, 2006

Evyn Bryce Wygal
Son of Pam and Bill Wygal
February 15, 1991 - February 24, 1994

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@sdaalex.com

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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NEXT MEETING February 4, 2010



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Using Music in Dealing with Grief

Thursday, February 4, 2010

Some bereaved parents find music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. A bereaved father will relate his experiences with music in his grief journey and talk about the role he believes music can play in the grief process. Members are urged to bring CDs or cassette tapes with music they have found particularly meaningful and helpful as they deal with their grief. We will use these as part of the discussion in some of our sharing groups.

Nothing Lasts Forever

Thursday, March 4, 2010

Father Godswill Agbagwa, from Holy Trinity Catholic Church, will offer attendees a message of hope. Join us as he shares his perspective for us to consider.

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.