



# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

January 2010

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## Another New Year...

Who knew? Who knew that turning the first page of a calendar could be so painful? Isn't January just another month? I knew and expected the hurt that I would feel as I traveled through December with all of the parties, Christmas trees, and family gatherings. I knew and expected the hurt of going to bed on Christmas Eve knowing that one bed was empty. I knew and expected the hurt of waking up Christmas morning with just the three of us. But I didn't know and expect how hard going into the new year was going to be. It used to be – before I was a bereaved parent – that I longed for the new year in the same way that I used to long for the beginning of a new semester in school – a chance to wipe the slate clean and start anew. Now, as a bereaved parent, wiping the slate clean was no longer possible and going into a new year that my daughter would never experience – putting one more year between now and when I last saw her face – just didn't seem like a cause for celebration. Happy New Year? Not so much.

Fast forward through 14 holiday seasons...14 new years as a bereaved parent. I'm sorry, but I still don't like New Year's Eve. The reason remains the same, but the feelings surrounding the advent of a new year are much less raw, much less intense, and I am looking forward to a new year. There is still a void in my life, but I've truly learned to live with and accommodate that void, and slowly...very, very slowly...the void is being filled as I try to re-invest in life. Happy New Year? I think so.

— Terre Belt, BPUSA  
Anne Arundel County, MD

## 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](mailto:burash@verizon.com). Thanks for your help!



## Thank You For The Service of Remembrance *Our Children Remembered*

A warm and heartfelt thank you to everyone—especially Ann Castiglia and Janet Tyler and the many volunteers they leaned on—for making this year's Service of Remembrance special and memorable. The Service is truly a highlight of the holiday season for many and we owe much to those who made it happen.

Thank you!!!

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

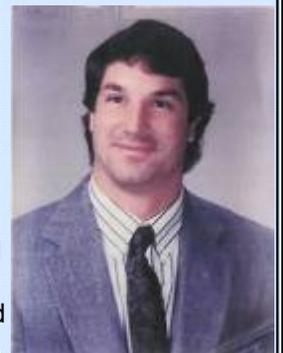


Rose Marie Carnes  
in memory of her son  
**Walter H. Maynard IV**  
January 2, 1965–April 14, 2006

Juliet and Leonard Rothman  
in memory of their son  
**Daniel Maurice Rothman**

January 20, 1971–September 17, 1992

Our son Daniel wanted to dedicate his life to healing those who were struggling and in pain. We dedicate this newsletter in his memory, that it may bring solace and healing to us all. He would have liked that.




**Next Meeting: January 7, 2010**

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

Facing the New Year – Revisiting the Grief Process Again — Beginning a new year without our deceased children with us physically can be very challenging. The January program will focus on looking ahead to the new year, as we continue to deal with the loss of our children.

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.

**Chapter Leader:** Terre Belt  
410.721.1359  
tbelt@nahbrc.com

**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 February newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by January 1  
[newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](mailto:newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)

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



## Thankful ... Me ... Not Hardly

What do I have to be thankful for?

The doorbell rang once, twice, three times, maybe more before I was aroused from my sleep. It was August 8, 1992, about 3:30 a.m. Saturday morning. I got out of bed, put on a pair of pants, and headed down the hall. As I went down the hall, I took a quick glance into Paul's room – he was not in bed. That must be Paul at the door, and he had forgotten his key. I went

down the stairs, opened the door, and there stood a Maryland State Trooper. Instinctively, I knew why the officer was at my door, and I immediately closed the door. I did not have anything to be thankful for.

After what seemed to be an eternity, I opened the door, and the officer entered the house. He explained to Sandi and me that Paul had been in an accident and had been pronounced dead at the scene of the accident. I did not have anything to be thankful for.

The officer described the scene of the accident and explained the circumstances surrounding Paul's accident. I did not have anything to be thankful for.

The officer left, and we were left with no son. I did not have anything to be thankful for.

As early Saturday morning turned into early morning, we started the agonizing task of contacting Paul's sister, our parents, family, and friends. I did not have anything to be thankful for.

We had to begin making arrangements for Paul's viewing, a church funeral, finding a cemetery, buying a casket and burial plot. Too many decisions to make. I did not have anything to be thankful for.

I was not thankful that day, or the next.  
I was not thankful the next week, month, or year.  
I was not thankful for several years.  
I did not have anything to be thankful for.

One day, I was thinking about Paul's accident and death, and realized I was thankful. I do not know how far in the future that day might have been, but I remembered how much my daughter and son-in-law had done for us in those first days. How they had helped us make the arrangements, and how they had gotten us through those first days and weeks.  
I am thankful.

There was my grandson Matt. He was only 15 months old when Paul died. Over the days, months, and years, Matt brought joy and happiness back into my heart. Now I have five grandchildren and all of them are treasures.  
I am thankful.

My sister-in-law, Paul's aunt, always sends cards for Paul's birthday, death date, Christmas, and a couple surprise times during the year. She has been doing this for 17 years. In each card she sends she writes something about Paul. It is always different. It is always from her heart, and almost always something I did not know about Paul. What a wonderful gift Pam gives me.  
I am thankful.

Sandi has been by my side for the 17 years since Paul's death. She has never wavered. She has helped me through some tough times, even when she was struggling with her own grief. We have journeyed the grief path together, but separately. Without her by my side, I do not know where I would be today.  
I am thankful.

Paul was in my life as a happy, loving, energetic, and kind soul. Oh to be sure, he sometimes gave me fits, and I gave him fits. Paul was in my life for twenty and a half years.  
I am thankful.

I am very thankful.

— Bob Burash, BP/USA  
Anne Arundel County, MD  
In loving memory of Paul J. Burash



## All in Good Time

I lie around with nowhere to go, like in a crumpled, discarded coat. The pursuits of the past fail to interest me in the bitter present. All the color has gone out of the world, life has been redone in grays, dull and uninviting. But while today it seems appropriate to give in to mourning, I notice the slowly widening pastel of the horizon. The sorrow will not be forever. I will have somewhere to go again, and new interests to draw me there. All in good time, they say. And even now, while time stands stubbornly still, I know that is it true.

— Molly Fumia  
From "Safe Passage"



## So What Does a New Year Mean?

In simplistic terms when life was uncomplicated by grief, it meant starting over...a clean slate... making resolutions to clean up our act. Some of us like the feeling of getting a fresh start and forgetting the past. We

like believing that, during this next year, things will be better.

But when we are grieving, our tendency is to stand at the threshold of a new year looking back rather than forward. We fear that to walk through that door into a new year means leaving our lost loved one behind. To move on seems like an act of betrayal or abandonment of the one we love. There may also be a fear of forgetting, or maybe a fear of letting go. We experience a contradiction: we want to feel better, but at what cost?

Remember, January 1, 2010, is just another day. It has no meaning or power except the meaning we choose to give to it. Acknowledging our special needs as grieving persons, we can choose to make softer resolutions for the new year – resolutions that can still be challenging, yet are not unrealistic. Why not frame your New Year's resolutions in terms of hope for a gentler year; for gaining control of your emotions, for better understanding of the grief process and what we can learn about ourselves as we journey through it? Why not resolve to enter into a future that can be good, even though it lacks all that we might desire, and offers a hope that we will be at peace with sorrow and enjoy life even though we grieve.

We've learned a lot this past year...We know we are not the only ones who grieve, though sometimes we have felt all alone. And still we survive, even though at times we questioned if the struggle was worth it. We have tasted the bitterness of loss but have not allowed it to destroy us. And together we will rise out of the ashes of grief and say YES to life. None of us can do it alone. We need each other to lean on and celebrate our newness.

— Pat Schwiebert, R.N.

## A Beginning

One day you wake up and realize you must have survived it, because you are still here, alive and breathing.

But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow.

One day...one glorious day, you wake up and feel your skin tingle again, and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken... and it is a beginning.

— Susan Borrowman, TCF



## Time

"How long" you ask me, "has it been Since your child went away?"  
"By the calendar it's been eight years, Yes, eight long years," I say.  
But, when I think about it, That doesn't seem quite right.  
It seems like a hundred years ago...  
Or, was it just last night?

Memory can be confusing,  
Sometimes sad, sometimes amusing.  
Making it seem like yesterday  
When last we saw our child at play.  
Other times it seems so long  
Since we last sang our child a song,  
A lullaby, as they went to sleep.  
It makes us sigh, and sometimes weep.

The days and weeks go slipping by,  
And the deepest of wounds that heal,  
They rob us of youth and some joy of life,  
But our memories they cannot steal.

"How long," you ask me, "has it been  
Since your child went away?"  
"By the calendar it's eight years," I say,  
"But I spoke to her just today."

— Dleanor Hollahan  
Ocala, FL



## SIBLING PAGE



### Grief is Lonely

Grief is lonely. When my sister died two years ago, everyone knew about it and talked about it. Everyone was in shock – but now, two years later, the anniversary of her death came and went without even a card in the mail. No one at work remembered the day. No one called to say, “I am thinking of you.” No one asked, “How are you feeling?” My family has stayed in close contact and we talk about Susan all the time. But when it comes to grieving over Susan, everyone grieves alone. No one knows how I feel about my little sister and how it hurts me so deeply to know she is not here. Everything else in life can be shared with someone else, but not grieving. No one can fully understand the pain because everyone’s pain is different. When the pain is the greatest, the loneliness is the greatest, too. I never thought I could feel this much pain and still survive. I am alone in my grief. There is no one else here with me. Susan was born when I was almost 11. She died by suicide when she was 16. The baby of the family, the youngest of four kids; our hearts are broken forever.

— Cherie Bagadiong, TCF  
St. Mary’s County

### Table for Four

We walked slowly, cautiously into the musky, dim room.  
We had put on our Saturday best to eat steak, And take our minds off of the harsh reality of our new lives.  
In a daze, we almost ran into the hostess desk. She smiled, “A table for how many?”  
The question lingered in the air,  
On our minds,  
The words turning our stomachs.  
We shifted uncomfortably, waiting for one of us To answer the heart-stopping question.  
My father’s voice boomed as though he had no control. “We’re four.”  
The number made me shudder,  
As hot tears burned behind my eyes.  
My mother’s face had turned red.  
Tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably.  
My brother stood in silence,  
Eyes glazed over in a coma.  
My brain told me “no,”  
For I did not want to be here,  
But my legs told me “yes.”  
My first steps were uneasy  
As though the ground had become soft.  
Together we solemnly walked  
To the table of our new life.

— Lauren Alperstein  
In memory of her brother Ethan



### The Grief Thief

You’re such a cold, insensitive thief.  
How could you try to steal my grief?  
You say to forget and look ahead.  
You say to forget my brother’s dead!

How can you act like nothing’s changed  
When my heart has been so rearranged?  
Even if you can’t understand,  
Couldn’t you just extend a hand?

“Friend” is what I called you before,  
But that was before you closed the door.  
You don’t want to see my tears or my frown,  
You can’t be bothered or brought down.

You’re so selfish and appear so cool,  
Like nothing will harm you – what a fool!  
You say “if” I die instead of “when.”  
The way you think, it’s such a sin.

You think your loved ones will live forever.  
What a trick! You’re really clever.  
You assume they’ll always be near,  
And that you’ve nothing ever to fear.

You won’t imagine what I’m going through,  
Because it hasn’t happened to you.  
Your eyes are vacant as you look at me.  
My heart is broken, can’t you see?

You think that death is just a story.  
And that you have no reason to worry.  
You really haven’t got a clue  
Until, ex-friend, it happens to you.

— Beck Shultz  
Aptos, CA



## But Love...Love is Immortal

It is a new year. As bereaved parents it can be happy for us, or not, depending upon our own state of mind and our particular juncture on the road of healing.

Many of us will resent the lengthening of time between our child's life and our own present. Others may welcome the increasing distance in the hope that time itself will be a balm to pain.

Yet all of us perceive, beyond all the hype and expectations, that new years and seasons are merely calendar events. Whatever problems we have had in the past will follow us into the present. There is no inner demarcation with hurting behind and joy ahead.

Each of us has the same opportunities now as we had before. We can permit time to simply pass, or we can work to mold its passage into constructive growth.

In the deaths of our children we have discovered with certainty that we lack the means to control the most cherished elements of our lives. But we also know that within each of us is the potential to rise above the debilitating anguish we have experienced.

Time continues to move forward and most of us have been too damaged to even play the games of New Year's resolutions. We are beyond the futility of such exercises. But let us confront this moment and time with an inward commitment to recovery, to living the hours which comprise our existence with all the fullness and love of which we are capable.

Hurting will ultimately lessen. Pain will slowly become more bearable. Fears and guilt will gradually pass away. But love, that inner dance of the heart which leaps to our child's name or the memory of an especially close experience that bears only the mantle of endless joy, will not pass away. All else, fame and fortune, distress and dismay, wealth and power, even ourselves, will at the last be done. But love...love is immortal.

At the dawn of this new year, may the immortality of love grow secure and healthy again within each of us.

— *Dan Hackett*



### The Memories Go On

I have this feeling there's one more star up in the sky tonight. And even though it's far away, its brightness and warmth still reach us here to make the night a little less dark.

Like a song that remains in the heart when the music is playing no more,

Like a fragrance that stays in the air where a flower has blossomed before,

Like a star that continues to glow long after the breaking of dawn,

The ones we have loved remain with us still,

And the beautiful memories go on.

— *Author Unknown*

### For the New Year

Where there is pain,

Let there be softening.

Where there is bitterness,

Let there be acceptance.

Where there is silence,

Let there be communication.

Where there is loneliness,

Let there be friendships.

Where there is despair,

Let there be hope.

— *Ruth Eiseman, TCF  
Louisville, KY*



### Late in the Night

At the back door  
I wait for you to come home.  
As I always did, late in the night.

Sometimes if I try very hard  
I can imagine that I see

The headlights of your car  
Turn down the alley to our garage.

Then something comes over me  
And I think I can see you  
Walking up the sidewalk  
To our back door  
Just the way you always did,  
Late in the night.

I remember how I could somehow  
Breathe easier when I'd see you then.  
You know how much I worried about you  
Until you would come home,  
Late in the night.

But no, I do not see your headlights  
Or you walking up the sidewalk  
To our back door.

My imagination is not strong enough  
To hold the vision for very long.  
It's only my yearning  
That makes me see what I hope to see.

For you will never again  
Come to our back door,  
And no, I will never have  
To worry about you any more.

But what a price to pay  
Late in the night  
So very late in the night...

— Kathleen Leeper

*In memory of her son Shaun Michael Leeper*

### The Child We Had

O precious, tiny, sweet little one  
You will always be to me  
So perfect, pure, and innocent  
Just as you were meant to be.

We dreamed of you and of your life  
And all that it would be.  
We waited and longed  
For you to come  
And join our family.

We never had the chance to play  
To laugh, to rock, to wiggle.  
We long to hold you,  
Touch you now  
And listen to you giggle.

I'll always be your father,  
She'll always be your mom.  
You will always be our child  
The child we had.

But now you're gone...  
But yet you're here.  
We'll sense you everywhere.  
You are our sorrow and our joy.  
There's love in every tear.

Just know our love goes  
Deep and strong.  
We'll forget you never –  
The child we had,  
And will have forever.

— Author Unknown

from [www.mend.org/newsletters](http://www.mend.org/newsletters)



### Energy Drain

It is surprising to me that much bereavement literature omits mention of the huge energy drain which comes with grief.

If you are newly bereaved and have yet to realize that nearly all of your energy is required just to deal with these many emotions you are confronting, then let me assure you that this is the case.

Don't expect yourself to complete projects within the same timeframe as you were once able to, nor expect yourself to be able to dazzle customers or clients with pizzazz or gusto.

It simply takes too much energy just to dress in the morning, to make the simple decision to eat, to stifle tears in public, to keep your anger from inappropriately erupting.

There is very little energy for anything else. Everything will take longer than you think, including grief recovery.

You will, however, gradually rediscover yourself and build a new life. Your life will be a rich and full one where the memories of your child will no longer produce pain. In fact, those memories will enrich your life. And that's the truth!

Meanwhile, conserve your energy when and where you can, and allow yourself time to grieve.

Those people who deny their grief simply delay the process.

The quicker way to recovery is straight through the grief, not around it.

— Shirley Ottman, BP/USA  
Denton, TX

## Our Children Remembered

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

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

Morgan Jane Elizabeth Beverly  
Daughter of Kimberly and Wayne Beverly  
August 17, 1992 - January 25, 2009

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

Emily Ann Blazejewski  
Daughter of Lee Ann and Doug Blazejewski  
January 27, 1997 - January 2, 2004

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

Paul John Burash  
Son of Robert and Sandra Burash  
January 18, 1972 - August 8, 1992

David Ronnie Cain III  
Son of Ginny and Donald Bussink  
March 17, 1983 - January 31, 2003

Scott Eric Caplan  
Son of Nancy Caplan  
September 20, 1986 - January 6, 2006

David Michael Copeland  
Son of Jay and Lois Copeland  
March 27, 1978 - January 30, 2000

Mark Allen Craft  
Son of Marika Bates  
January 24, 1961 - January 20, 2004

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

David Michael Cutter  
Son of Jim and Anne Marie Cutter  
September 16, 2002 - January 2, 2003

Jason T. Easter  
Son of Janice and Chris Kunkel  
January 30, 1973 - September 9, 1999

Sherri Leigh Fant  
Daughter of Vern Pierce  
January 24, 1958 - April 1, 2003

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

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

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

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

Alison Marie Hylan  
Daughter of Jan and Leo Hylan  
April 24, 1986 - January 9, 2005

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

Mark Edward Keefe  
Son of Debra and Mark Keefe  
September 13, 1974 - January 8, 1991

Kevin Murray Kerr  
Son of Debra and Richard Kerr  
January 19, 1980 - September 4, 2001

Stephen William Kilian  
Son of Billy and Aimée Kilian  
Grandson of Jay and Debbie Kilian  
Grandson of Andre and Anne Denault  
January 15, 2004 - March 18, 2006

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

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

Walter H. Maynard IV  
Son of Rose Marie Carnes and Walter Maynard III  
January 2, 1965 - April 14, 2006

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

James Allen McGrady  
Son of David and Shirley McGrady  
January 15, 1968 - August 10, 1987

Michele Noble McKinley  
Daughter of Louisa and Sheldon Noble  
August 25, 1956 - January 29, 2005

## Our Children Remembered

William A. Miller  
Son of Mary J. Miller  
Brother of Marlene Miller  
September 1, 1964 - January 18, 2004

Richard "Todd" Mohr  
Son of Jeannie and Ron Anderson  
January 12, 1974 - September 25, 2007

Craig Steven Nelson  
Son of Karen Coulson  
April 2, 1974 - January 31, 1995

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

Kevin Eric Reichardt  
Son of Carol and Karl Reichardt  
January 20, 1975 - January 26, 1995

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

Charles "Charlie" Hubner Rice  
Son of Doug and Stephanie Rice  
January 12, 2002 - January 11, 2002

Phillip "PJ" Bernard Riek Jr.  
Son of Pamela and Tracy Peterson  
December 29, 1989 - January 17, 2000

Daniel Maurice Rothman  
Son of Juliet and Leonard Rothman  
January 20, 1971 - September 17, 1992

Thomas Jeffrey Schall  
Son of Tom and Joyce Schall  
January 16, 1963 - January 7, 2002

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

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

Jonathan Miles Schuppe  
Son of Martha and Jim Schuppe  
January 18, 1982 - January 3, 2005

Misty Dawn Smith  
Daughter of Anne and DeWitt Wilcox  
March 15, 1976 - January 12, 1997

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

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

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

Daniel "Danny" A.S. Whitby  
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.  
January 10, 1959 - August 15, 1974

Carole Anne Wilford  
Sister of Aljuana Saunders  
January 7, 1944 - May 4, 1998

Faith Jordan Williams  
Daughter of Nicole Hawkins  
September 26, 1998 - January 11, 1999

Roy James "Jay" Wyrick  
Son of Patricia Wyrick  
August 8, 1962 - January 10, 2002

*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](mailto:dralex@sdaalex.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:**

**General**

Judy Clark in memory of her son Paul Alan Hillier  
Linda Huey East in memory of her son Zachary Laurence Luceti  
Kathy and George Ireland in memory of their daughter Melissa Ireland Frainie  
Chris and Janice Kunkel in memory of their son Jason T. Easter  
Lily Openshaw in memory of her son John David "JD" Openshaw  
Juliet and Leonard Rothman in memory of their son Daniel Maurice Rothman  
George and Cathy Schindler in memory of their niece Emily Ann Schindler  
Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino  
Carol and Rick Tomaszewski in memory of their son David William Tomaszewskii

**Service of Remembrance**

Shirley Baer in memory of her son Douglas Lee Baer III  
Carol Boslet in memory of her grandson Christopher Ryan Boslet  
Jenny Bush and Nicholas Bush in memory of her son and his brother, Bryan Clinton-Duvall Edwards Jr.  
Rose Marie Carnes in memory of her son Walter H. Maynard IV  
Mary and Thomas Cranston in memory of their children Ashlea Marie Cranston, James Cranston, John Cranston, and Joseph William Cranston.  
Brenda Diggs in memory of her son Krey Jermaine Green  
Beverley Dunn in memory of her grandson Dayden Alexander Dunn  
Melanie Freeburger in memory of her son Daniel Paul Freeburger  
Needra Gorman in memory of her son Wayne Wilson Jr.  
Kathy and George Ireland in memory of their daughter Melissa Ireland Frainie  
Bob and Sue Katz in memory of their son Matthew James Katz  
Katharine Lawrence in memory of her daughter Susan Lawrence Barr  
Laura Miller in memory of her sons Benjamin James Miller and Calvin Russell Miller  
Virginia Schmier in memory of her son David C. Schmier  
Karen Short in memory of her son Thomas "Tommy" Richard Short  
Peggy Smeltzer in memory of her son Mark Edward Smeltzer and her friend Robert William Rey II  
Peggy and Lewis Strader in memory of their son Christopher Lewis Strader  
Geri Thompson in memory of her daughter Tyler Hill Stubbs  
Rita Whitby in memory of her sons "Albert "Wally" Whitby Jr., David William Whitby, and David Alfred Whitby.  
Karen Willey in memory of her son Nicholas Grant Poe  
Mary Ellen Young in memory of her son Zachary Daniel Robertson

# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280  
Annapolis, MD 21401-0280  
www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org



***NEXT MEETING January 7, 2010***



**RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED**  
DATED MATERIAL



## **UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:**

### **Facing the New Year—Revisiting the Grief Process Again** **Thursday, January 7, 2010**

Beginning a new year without our deceased children with us physically can be very challenging. The January program will focus on looking ahead to the new year, as we continue to deal with the loss of our children.

### **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.

## **RESOURCES**

Bereaved Parents of the USA  
[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org) or 708-748-7866

Hospice of the Chesapeake  
[www.hospicechesapeake.org](http://www.hospicechesapeake.org) or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center  
[www.mdcrimevictims.org](http://www.mdcrimevictims.org) or 410-234-9885

Suicide Support Group  
410-647-2550; meets the first Tuesday of each month  
in Severna Park, MD

MIS Support Group (miscarriage, infant death or stillbirth)  
443-481-6114; meets the first Monday of each month  
in Edgewater, MD

Grief Recovery After a Substance Passing (GRASP)  
[www.grasphelp.com](http://www.grasphelp.com) or 843-705-2217

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact one of our Program coordinators:

Paul Balasic at [pjbspmd@gmail.com](mailto:pjbspmd@gmail.com) or 443.566.0193, or Jane Schindler at [cwschind@cablespeed.com](mailto:cwschind@cablespeed.com).