

# **Bereaved Parents of the USA**

# **Anne Arundel County Chapter**

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### **The Grand Finale**

It's getting late
And dusk is setting in.
The 4<sup>th</sup> of July fireworks
Are about to begin.

I wonder how far is Heaven
As I look up to the night sky.
And wonder if my child is watching
Just from the other side?

The fireworks have begun As they fly into the sky Just like my child, my angel Who is forever soaring high.

The colorful bursts explode Into a spectacular show of lights And fill the heavens above It's so beautiful and bright.

And as the fireworks fall
From the Heavens way up high.
They burn out and it's dark again
And the crowd lets out a sigh.

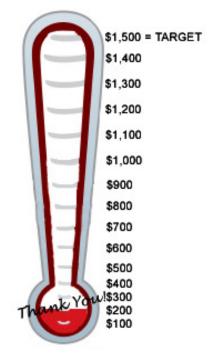
But then another is lit...sparkling brilliantly
As the light trails through the night's sky.
I think I am beginning to understand
For it's the same when our loved ones die.

For a life that has burned brightly
Can never fade away
For it's rekindled through our memories
Each and every day.

So even though my child is gone
To the Heavens up above.
Their light will always remain
And shine down on me with love.

And our Grand Finale will come
When we are reunited in Heaven again.
But their light will always remain lit
Until then.

Laura, Heavenly Lights Memorial



Our Chapter is purchasing a teak bench dedicated to our children. The bench will be located in Quiet Waters Park and will be the focal point of our 25th Anniversary Celebration and Memory Walk on October 2nd. Please consider donating to this effort.



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Charles and Jane Schindler in memory of their daughter **Emily Ann Schindler**July 27, 1985 - January 27, 2004

Happy 25<sup>th</sup> Birthday, Emily! Missing you always, loving you forever. Dance, dance wherever you may be! Love. Mom. Dad. Charlie and Claire

The Belt and Lowe families in memory of

their daughter and sister **Cortney Michele Belt** August 26, 1979 - July 9, 1996



their niece and cousin and **Traci Jeanne Heincelman** October 6, 1980 – March 10, 2002



The moon will rise; the sun will set; we won't forget; not now, not ever. Loving and missing you forever...

Next Meeting: July 1, 2010

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

<u>Writing as a Healing Tool for Grief</u> – Laurel Goodrick of Gilchrist Hospice will discuss how writing can be healing and will show members different types of writing that may work for them. She will share guidelines for creating a comfortable and safe writing environment and will provide handouts for those interested.

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

**Newsletter Team:** 

410.721.1359 tbelt@nahbrc.com

Clare Harig-Blaine

Kathy Ireland Eryn Lowe

Correspondence: Barbara Bessling

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

**Librarian:** Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic

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



# Bereaved Parents of the USA 2010 National Gathering

Little Rock, AR July 9 – 11, 2010

To register for the Gathering or for more

information, go to

www.bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html



#### 2010 TCF National Conference

Arlington, VA
July 2 – 4, 2010
Egister for the Gathering or f

To register for the Gathering or for more information, go to

www.compassionatefriends.org

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#### THE MYTH OF CLOSURE

"When will I begin to feel better? When will I return to normal? When will I achieve some closure?" grievers often ask. Closure, our culture tells us, will bring about a tidy ending, a sense of completion. Some grievers hope that the desired magical closure will occur after the funeral or memorial service. Others are confident it will come once they have cleared out their loved one's room. Or maybe after a special personal ritual. Or perhaps after the first anniversary comes and goes - "surely then, we will have closure," we think. We pray.

The reason we long for closure, of course, is because we would like to neatly seal away all of this pain. We would like to close all the sad, confused, desperate angry feelings out of our life. We would like to put all of this behind us.

Closure. What an odd concept really, as if we could truly close the door on pain—turn the lock and throw away the key. The truth is far more complex, of course.

Closure is for business deals. Closure is for real estate transactions. Closure is not for feelings or for people we love.

Closure simply does not exist emotionally, not in a pure sense. We cannot close the door on the past as if it didn't exist because, after losing someone dear to us, we never forget that person or the love we shared. And in some ways, we never entirely get over the loss. We learn to live with the loss, to integrate it into our new identity.

Imagine if we really could end this chapter in our life, completely. It would mean losing our memories, our connections to those we love. If we really found closure, it would ironically hurt even more because the attachment is vital to us – the memories are treasures to be held close, not closed out.

Perhaps it is better to think in terms of healing. Yes, we can find ways to move on and channel our pain into productive activities. Yes, we can even learn to smile again and laugh again and love again.

But let's not ever think that we'll close the door completely on what this loss means, for if we did that, we would unwittingly close the door on all the love that we shared. And that would truly be a loss too terrible to bear.

— Ashley Davis Prend Hospice of North Idaho

#### At First

At first...
My very name was grief.
My eyes saw only grief,
My thoughts were grief.
And everything I touched
Was turned to grief.



But now...
I own the light of memories.
My eyes can see you,
And my thoughts can know you
For what you really are:
More than a young life lost,
More than a radiance
Gone into night.

Today...you have become A gift beyond my grief, A treasure to my world---Though you have left My world and me behind.

- Sascha Wagner

#### Time

Time called, and it was your day to go, time to look ahead instead of looking back; a time for those who are bidden to know what is wishful thinking, and what is fact.

I believe our loved ones come to meet us with open arms to take our hands; and walk with us on our journey home where all pain is gone, and beauty stands.

Where age and grief and sickness have no meaning, and grace and love and brightness all abound; where peace and forgiveness reign over all,

and love and eternal peace are finally found.

Go, and find your land of eternal rest,

where all who chose to love are blessed.

## July

Fireworks lighting the night in thundering array Fireflies and butterflies on the air do play. Squeaky chain on the old back porch swing The chirping of crickets and frogs as they sing. Watermelon in sweet juicy red Summer vacations, sleeping in Grandma's bed. Long days filled with carefree play Corn on the cob, the sweet scent of hay. Sun-browned from swimming and fishing down at the Lake Dairy Queen sundaes and thick milkshakes. Family reunions with family and food all around Spreading a blanket out on the ground. Warm rain fills puddles, inviting to splash with barefoot feet But my Birthday is by far the best July treat! But if this is the month I should leave Remember these things when your heart grieves. Look at the beauty that fills this time And remember forever our hearts are entwined.



- Sheila Simmons

## July's Child

Fireworks race toward heaven
Brilliant colors in the sky.
Their splendor ends in seconds
On this evening in July.

"Her birthday is Saturday,"
I whisper with a sigh.
She was born this month,
She loved this month

And she chose this month to die.

Like the bright and beautiful fireworks
Glowing briefly in the dark
They are gone too soon, and so was she
Having been, and left her mark.

A glorious incandescent life,
A catalyst, a spark...
Her being gently lit my path
And softened all things stark.

The July birth, the July death of My happy summer child Marked a life too brief that ended Without rancor, without guile.

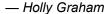
Like the fireworks that leave images
On unprotected eyes...
Her lustrous life engraved my heart...
With love that never dies.

 Sally Migliaccio, TCF Babylon Long Island, NY

# SIBLING PAGE

### Remembering Megan

As the strings slip through my hand I think of the beauty you brought to this land I watch as the balloons float away Just like when you left me that day They float into the beautiful cloud I hear you laughing loud and proud Up to the heavens above Carrying a note from me with love The life you lived celebrated this day That is what the balloons are meant to say Receive the balloons with gentle care They symbolize the love that is still there Balloons, I release you to float away Make sure you get up to our loved ones this day We release you into the sky We watch you float, we watch you fly Loved ones, catch these balloons on this bittersweet day Read the notes and then go play Keep us in your hearts You may be gone but we shall not part



So float in the heavens and play in the clouds

Releasing the balloons from our hearts so proud



#### To Eddie

I can imagine you a blanket covering me with security.
I can imagine you a record player soothing me with music.
I can imagine you the sun giving me warmth.
I can imagine you the moon looking down on me at night

looking down on me at night.
I can imagine you a book
educating my brain.
I can imagine you a tear
creating my sorrows.

creating my sorrows.

I can imagine you a kiwi satisfying my taste buds.

I can especially imagine you here being my friend and brother.

— Ramon Lopez, TCF Jacksonville. FL



## My Biggest Fear

I guess my biggest fear would be dying alone. I guess that means I'm afraid of being alone in general. Maybe that's the reason I hold on so tight. I think about what I would do if you weren't here. The reason I think of that so much is I didn't do it before. I never thought what it would be like without a sister. I always thought she would be there. I took that for granted. Now that she's not here I blame myself for not spending enough time with her. Not telling her I love her. Not being her big brother I should have been. I could have done something about that. I could have been in that car. It should have been me. She had so much going for her. She had more going for her than I ever will. She could have changed the world. And it's my fault she'll never be here again.

I have dreams. Dreams that show the future we could have had. We could be sitting at one of our houses talking about the trouble we caused. Now I have no one. I'll never be called uncle. I'll never get to tell her kids about all the things we did wrong or how mean we were to each other. But the biggest thing is I'll never get to tell her how much I love her. Or thank her for the things she did for me. I wish I could tell her thank you for sticking up for me one time when I was in the sixth grade and three kids tried to jump me. I'll never forget that. I'll also never forget the great memories she gave me. Thank you for helping me fix the path I was taking. I owe all my success to her, dad, and the family that is still here to support me.

If there was one wish that could come true, it would be that she was here so I could have taken her place. I guess the one thing that breaks my heart is that I didn't get to say goodbye. I didn't get to tell her I love her one last time. I never got to tell her she was my best friend. Never got to apologize for the mean things I did to her. And what brings me to my knees is that I'll never hear her voice again. I don't get to hear her yell at me for eating all the cereal or hear her complain about going through her stuff.

After two and a half years I still find me crying myself to sleep. I can't visit her grave because I would probably go into a nervous break down. I don't talk to my mom because it would tear her apart. It takes everything out of me to hold myself together. Even though it was so long ago, it feels like it was yesterday. You can look at me and think I'm great, but there are those times where I'm in so much pain it's unbelievable.

All I can really say is that I took it for granted that my sister would be here forever. But I was wrong. We fought with each other all the time. But that's what brother and sister are supposed to do. You just can't forget you love them. Don't forget that. Don't forget to tell them, because one day you might wake up into a nightmare that you never expected. Don't ever say you hate them. Don't leave the fight until you solved it. Because everything changes in seconds. You can't tell the future.

# I Noticed....My World Had Changed

Prior to becoming a bereaved parent, I thought I had a glimpse of what parents who have lost a child go through. I was an emergency room nurse. The sad part of my job was to inform parents that their child had died. After delivering this most devastating news, I would sit and cry with the parents. When I'd go home at night, I would think about the parents, and pray for them and thank God my two little boys were safe and that my family was intact.

Four years ago on September 13, 1997, I became a bereaved parent when the police informed me that my son Andrew had an auto accident and was dead. My life stopped. I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to breathe again without my son, let alone survive his death. In the days that followed, I found out one thing was for sure, I didn't have a glimpse about what happens to a person when their child dies.



As I walk this journey of a bereaved parent ..... I notice my whole world changed. My beliefs aren't the same. My priorities weren't the same and my future was changed forever. My whole life was shattered and I didn't know where to begin to pick up

the pieces or if I had the will to pick up the pieces. Everyone around me, even though very attentive to me, continued functioning in their own lives. I didn't know where I fit in any more. I was alone ... trying to figure out what happened in that split second, when they told me Andrew was dead.

I noticed many things about my new world that I didn't like. I knew then, if I was to survive my son's death, things must be changed and it was up to me to change them.

I noticed ....The silence of people not mentioning Andrew's name or his life was deafening to me. There were no stories about him anymore. It was like out of sight out of mind. I wondered what this world was doing to me. My son lived. He was a part of my life. I had dreams for him. He was my future. I was so frightened that everyone would forget him. I needed to hear other people say my Andrew's name. I needed to say his name and to tell stories about him. I could not stand the thought of going through the rest of my life not ever hearing or saying his name again. I knew then that part of my survival was going to involve keeping the memory of my son alive.

I noticed .... People removed Andrew's picture and other remembrances of him from their homes, thinking it was going to upset me seeing them. I needed to know that he was important to other people. Just because he died, it didn't mean that memories of him couldn't still exist. As part of my healing I gave framed pictures of Andrew to family and friends to display in their homes. This let them know I needed to have him around me.

I noticed .... People would shy away from me, run down the other aisle of the grocery store rather than chance running into me. I needed more than ever for people to come up to me and give me a big hug, rather than shy away.



Depending on how I felt that day, I would hunt those people down in that other aisle and show them that talking with me was not going to be a painful experience for them and that being a bereaved parent was not contagious.



I noticed .... I struggled with something as simple as not being able to sign a birthday or anniversary card from our family because to do that, I would have to leave Andrew's name off the card. I had signed his name for 23 years and there was no way his name could be left off the card. I also knew I needed to continue to write his name or people would forget him. I now sign all cards "With Love and Memories of

Andrew." It's funny, I rarely sent Christmas cards before Andrew died. Now I make sure that I send cards to everyone I know so I can write his name to keep his memory alive. What's great is that people sent cards back to me with the same message.

I noticed .... People were uncomfortable about what to say to me, so they would avoid mentioning Andrew's life or death for fear they would remind me of him. They would also feel bad if they thought they would make me cry and then "what would they do with me?" It was easier for them not to say anything. What these people didn't know is that they don't remind me of Andrew. I think about Andrew every minute of every day. I will never forget his life or his death. Their mentioning Andrew's name only made me feel better. After experiencing a few of these encounters, I knew then, I had to make people feel that it was okay to talk about Andrew and that if there were tears, that was okay, too. I always thanked people for bringing Andrew's name up and remembering him. If tears came first, I would explain that they did not make me cry and I really appreciate them talking to me about

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Andrew. I noticed .... When I entered the room at my first bereaved parent meeting, I was surprised to find other people in that room smiling. some laughing, and some



...boy, I am really in the wrong place. It was inconceivable to me that I would ever smile or laugh again. I thought that they must not love their child as much as I did. Once the meeting began, I learned that these parents did love their child as much as I loved Andrew and that maybe I. too, would someday smile and laugh again. Just maybe... there was a glimmer of hope that I might survive and they would lead the way.



I noticed.... At my meeting I learned a lot about my new world from parents who have walked the path before me. They brought to my attention the situations I may encounter and offered suggestions in how they dealt with the issues. They didn't theorize grief; they lived it everyday and shared their coping skills with the group. They gave me

strength and confidence and validated that I was on the right path in keeping the memory of Andrew alive. They were patient with me. I knew I was in a safe place where people understood me. They wanted to help me get better. They knew something I didn't know at the time....that I was going to survive.



I noticed .... Some people thought that because my son was 23 years old, somehow he wasn't my child anymore. Even though I was his parent, they assumed the grief would not be as intense as if he were a baby or young child. I'll never forget a 70 year old man

coming into the ER, dead on arrival after a heart attack. I was told his mom was on her way to the ER. When his frail, 90 year old mom entered the room, she screamed out "My baby, my baby." She sobbed. She hugged him. She held and rocked him. She kissed him all the while saying, "My baby, my baby." I learned that night, it doesn't matter how old your child is because the parent/child relationship is for life. That night her baby died. The night Andrew died was the night my baby died. Our children are our children forever.

I noticed .... I didn't know what to say when people asked me "how many children do you have?" This caused me great anxiety when it came up in a conversation. I let them know, I had two boys. Most of the time that was sufficient. If the conversation required more information, I told them that my oldest son, Andrew, died in an auto

accident and he was a mechanical engineer. My younger son, Elliott, is alive and well and is a graphic designer. I told them about Andrew, not so they could feel sorry for me, but because I will always be his mom, he will always be my child, and I could not deny he had lived.

I noticed .... That people compared my loss to their father dying, grandmother dying and yes, I had one person compare my loss to their dog dying. I knew these people didn't have any intention of hurting me. They were just trying to relate to probably the very worst experience they had ever had with death. I needed to let them know my father had died, my grandmother and grandfather, my friend, my aunts and uncles and even my dogs died. My Andrew dying was like no other experience I have had with death or hopefully will ever encounter again. My life didn't stop with all the other deaths...like it did when Andrew died. Even though I grieved the other deaths, they didn't hit the core of my existence...like Andrew's death. My heart didn't ache every minute of every day of every year, like it did when Andrew died. The difference... I would have given my life to let Andrew live, but I wasn't given the choice.

I noticed .... That the old family traditions at Christmas, Andrew's birthday and other holidays needed to be changed to include something that kept Andrew's memory alive. We started new traditions. At Christmas, I give everyone an ornament that reminds me of Andrew and his life. Friends and family give me Christmas ornaments that reminded them of Andrew to hang on our new "Andrew tree." We continue to gather on his birthday to celebrate his life. It's not about the ornament, the tree, or his birthday. It's about family and friends taking the time to remember Andrew. To say his name. To let me hear his name. To tell me a funny story they remember. It means so much to me and has allowed me to continue to survive.

I noticed .... That even though it's been four years, Andrew continues to live in the lives of others. What I love most is when my nieces say "Aunt Sharon, I felt Andrew today all around me" or "I heard his song and remember when..." Or when my nephew comes into the house with a



new friend and asks, "Where are the pictures of Andrew? I want to introduce him to my friend." When the little guys say "I needed to get to first base last week and I asked Andrew to help me and I made it." Or when friends and family send me cards or mementos on his angel date or birthday. I will forever need to know that Andrew has not been forgotten. These little mentions of his name let me know, I will survive.

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I noticed .... After a year or two people were expecting the "old Sharon back." They wanted me to move on with my life, to be happy and to try to forget my son's death. I guess they read one of those psychology or medical books that give bereaved parents one year to recover. I know now, that the writers of those books never consulted a bereaved parent. Society doesn't understand or seem to want to give us the time it takes to get better. I let people know that I was working very hard on my recovery. I didn't want pity. I wasn't attention seeking or being a martyr when I cried. I wanted more than they did to feel like my old self again. I wanted the intense pain to stop. I hated where I was in my life and feeling this bad.

I let them know....I heard...that as the years pass, the pain gets softer, and the tears less, but I will never fully recover. I will always miss Andrew. I will always grieve his death. He will always be a part of my life and I will never forget him.

My wish for you is that you will find peace and to know that your child is with you and will never be forgotten.



— Sharon Krejci St. Louis, MO



## Fireflies Delight

Fireflies
When we were young
Summer nights
We were having fun.
And I miss you, My Friend.
I miss you.

Precious smiles Show me you care. Sparkling eyes How we both would dare To be alive. My Friend. I miss you.

And years have passed. I dream of you Midnight lights And a sunrise view. My soul survives, My Friend. Do you?

Ocean waves, Sunsets so bright. I search for you Dancing stars in flight Like fireflies, My Friend. I see you.

Fireflies within, It's you.

Fireflies delight My summer nights.

— Nancy Braxton, TCF Louisville, KY







#### **Grief Camp for Children & Teens**

The Hospice of the Chesapeake's camps for children and teens will be held the weekend of August 13 and 14 at Arlington Echo.

Camp Nabi, which is Korean for "butterfly," supports children who have experienced the death of a parent or sibling or other close family member. Through group activities and discussion, as well as fun activities such as canoeing, crabbing, and theatre—children can give expression to their grief and know they are not alone.

Phoenix Rising, which is a camp for teens, is held concurrently with Camp Nabi. It is a weekend retreat for teens grieving the death of a loved one. Through a variety of activities, including the Initiative and Confidence Course, teens express and work through their grief together.

Campers at both camps stay over two nights in (air conditioned) cabins and have guidance and supervision from a cadre of well-trained volunteers and professionals.

The cost of the camp is covered mostly by grants, so it can be offered at the greatly subsidized rate of \$100/weekend. If a family is unable to cover the fee, a waiver of part or all of the tuition (based on need) will be considered.

For camp applications or any questions regarding the program, e-mail Karen Frank at <a href="mailto:kfrank@hospicechesapeake.org">kfrank@hospicechesapeake.org</a>, or call Karen or Amanda at 410-987-2129. They look forward to hearing from you.

# Our Children Remembered

Cito Arán Son of Sandra Arán December 2, 1978 - July 11, 2000

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

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

Joyce Lynn Beall Daughter of Joan Beall July 31, 1962 - July 4, 2009

Cortney Michele Belt Daughter of Terre and John Belt Sister of Eryn Belt Niece of Ed and Jeanne Heincelman August 26, 1979 - July 9, 1996

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

Edward Calvin Blakeney III Son of Bonnie and George Hughes July 2, 1976 - July 14, 2001

Nicholas Allen Bowling Grandson of Jack and Audrey Bagby December 27, 1979 - July 31, 1985

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

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

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

Mark Stuart Conlin Son of Henrietta and Frederick Conlin August 5, 1952 – July 17, 2009

O. Steven Cooper Nephew of Thomas and Ethel Cleary Cousin of Frances Palmer July 5, 1954 - September 26, 1998

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

James Cranston Son of Thomas and Mary Cranston July 2, 1974 - July 2, 1974

John Cranston Son of Thomas and Mary Cranston July 2, 1974 - July 2, 1974

Andrew Thomas Cutter Son of Jim and Anne Marie Cutter July 12, 1997

Michael J. Dickens Jr. Son of Marla and Michael Dickens Sr. July 7, 1968 - March 29, 1996 Brian Edward Durner Son of Lynn and Bill Durner Brother of Jamie Durner March 24, 1983 - July 8, 2005

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

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

Christopher David Gipson Son of Cynthia Gipson April 3, 1987 - July 3, 2008

John Joseph Goetz Sr. Son of John and Mary Goetz May 6, 1958 - July 21, 1996

Brian Christopher Gray Son of Mary Gray Grandson of Peggy Campbell July 26, 1987 - December 10, 2007

Phillip Wayne Gray Jr. Son of Joan Gray July 8, 1970 - December 22, 1986

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

Matthew Gordon Haines Son of Gordon and Peggy Haines May 3, 1977 - July 4, 1996

McKayla Raeanne Hall Daughter of Tammey Decker July 22, 2000 - September 20, 2003

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

Roger Wallace Johnson Son of Walter and Shirley Johnson Brother of Jeanne Jones July 10, 1947 - August 23, 1986

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

Scott E. Klima Brother of Kristy Klima-Flower July 20, 1984 - May 19, 2007

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

# Our Children Remembered

Aaron Corban Lawson Son of Loretta Lawson-Munsey and Matthew Munsey July 8, 1978 - April 21, 2007

Michael Robert Legér Son of Daryl and Elizabeth Legér July 11, 1986 - December 29, 2000

Zachary Laurence Luceti Son of Linda Huey East April 20, 1978 - July 4, 2003

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

Eric Eugene Maier Son of Gene and Marlen Maier August 8, 1961 - July 5, 1984

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

Daniel "Dan" Michael Milord Son of Mike Milord July 15, 1982 - May 5, 2004

Edwin Brandon Molina Jr. Son of Carole and Edwin Molina July 6, 2005 - March 3, 2007

Elizabeth Dee Oates Daughter of Judy Geiser July 3, 1959 - April 19, 2009

Emily Marie Parker Daughter of Valerie Nowak and Brian Parker May 9, 2002 - July 18, 2002

Michael Alfred Persetic Son of Joan Persetic March 26, 1968 - July 2, 1986

Dennis Richard Rohrback Son of Dennis and Joan Rohrback April 8, 1964 - July 3, 1988

Justin Michael Romberger Son of Karen and Steven Facemire July 29, 1985 - August 12, 2006

Aaron Sebastian Royer Son of Diane and Robert Royer December 21, 1982 - July 5, 2001

Anthony John Schaefer Son of LuAnn Schaefer July 13, 1979 - April 7, 2003

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

Scott Talbott Son of Deb and Stan Talbott July 19, 1989 - August 3, 2003

Gregory Adam Thorowgood Son of Margie Strong and Kenneth W. Wenk July 24, 1975 - April 7, 2004

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

Darin Lacey Valerio Son of Sharie and Gerry Valerio July 26, 1967 - March 18, 1991

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

John Kirkpatrick Wallace Son of Catherine and James Wallace March 3, 1953 - July 14, 1971

David William Whitby Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr. July 14, 1954 - July 4, 1987

Alisa Joy Withers Daughter of Jan Withers July 7, 1976 - April 16, 1992

Jeffrey Kevin Withers Son of Jan Withers July 30, 1975 - September 28, 1975

Samuel Kingsley Wood Son of Melanie Loughry April 14, 2003 - July 26, 2005

Eryn Noel Wright Daughter of Vincent and JoAnn Wright September 24, 1982 - July 5, 2001

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:

Kathy Franklin in memory of her son Tanager Rú Ricci Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino Valerie Sullivan in memory of her granddaughter Erin Leigh Sullivan

# It's time to update our Chapter's mailing lists. Please help us!!!

We would like to make sure that each person on our mailing list is receiving from the Chapter exactly what they want to receive...and nothing more. We want to provide all available information to anyone who wishes to receive it, but as you might imagine, printing and postage for the monthly newsletter and invitations to Chapter activities consume much of the Chapter's financial resources each year.

So, if you are receiving the newsletter or other mailings from the Chapter that you would prefer NOT to receive – please let us know by filling out the form below. Or, if you're interested in switching to receiving the newsletter online, you can let us know that, too.

We would like to hear from everyone -- <u>even if you have no changes</u> -- to make sure our database information is current. If we don't hear from you by June 30th, we will drop you from our mailing lists. Thanks for your help!

— Terre Belt, Chapter Leader

Provide the information below by checking the appropriate boxes. Then mail this form in an envelope by June 30, 2010 to:
BP/USA AA County PO Box 6280 Annapolis, MD 21401
☐ Remove me from all of the Chapter's mailing lists
☐ Keep me on all of the Chapter's mailing lists
☐ Keep me on your newsletter mailing list
☐ Remove me from your newsletter mailing list
I would like to receive the newsletter via email and a link to the Chapter's website.  My Email Address:
Keep me on the mailing list for the following events:
<ul> <li>☐ Annual Conference</li> <li>☐ Annual Service of Remembrance</li> <li>☐ Annual Memory Walk</li> <li>☐ Chapter Picnic</li> </ul>
Comments:

# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

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

### RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

**NEXT MEETING July 1, 2010** 



#### **UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:**

## Writing as a Healing Tool for Grief

Thursday, July 1, 2010

Laurel Goodrick of Gilchrist Hospice will discuss how writing can be healing and will show members different types of writing that may work for them. She will share guidelines for creating a comfortable and safe writing environment and will provide handouts for those interested.

## Losing a Child to Drugs or Alcohol

Thursday, August 5, 2010

A panel of bereaved parents who have lost their children to drugs or alcohol will share their stories and offer insights into the unique issues associated with their losses.

#### RESOURCES

Bereaved Parents of the USA <u>www.bereavedparentsusa.org</u> or 708-748-7866

Hospice of the Chesapeake www.hospicechesapeake.org or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center <a href="https://www.mdcrimevictims.org">www.mdcrimevictims.org</a> 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) <a href="https://www.grasphelp.com">www.grasphelp.com</a> or 843-705-2217

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at pibspmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193.