



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

September 2010

Copyright © 2010 All Rights Reserved

**EIGHTH ANNUAL
ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY CHAPTER
BEREAVED PARENTS of the USA
MEMORY WALK**
8:30 a.m., Saturday, October 2, 2010
Dogwood Pavilion at Quiet Waters Park
600 Quiet Waters Park Road
Annapolis, MD 21403
Rain or Shine!

On Saturday, October 2, the Anne Arundel County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA is sponsoring the eighth annual Memory Walk...to remember all of our children who died too soon, but who still walk in our hearts and in the hearts of family and friends.

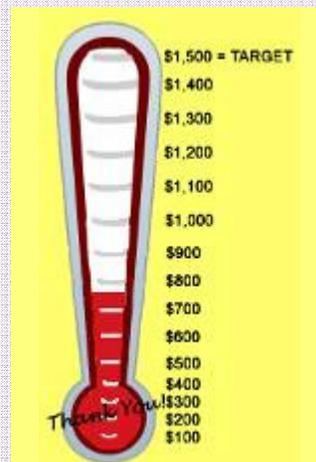
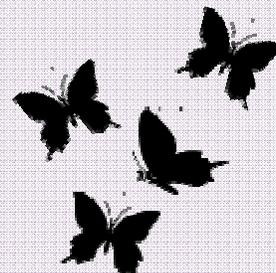
We will meet in the Dogwood Pavilion beginning at 8:30 a.m. for registration, light refreshments, and a few moments of fellowship before we proceed on the Walk.

This year's Memory Walk is extra special, because we're going to conclude our Walk by celebrating the 25th Anniversary of the Anne Arundel County Chapter of BP/USA. We want to recognize and express appreciation for the 25 years of Chapter volunteers – fellow bereaved parents, siblings, aunts, uncles and cousins – who assist grieving families toward the positive resolution of their grief, and who provide information and education to help and support others.

During the 25th Anniversary Celebration that will end our morning together, we will dedicate a teak bench in memory of our children. The bench, being purchased with Chapter donations and installed at Quiet Waters Park, seemed a fitting way to commemorate our Chapter and our children. We'll also be burying a time capsule under the bench, and we'll provide note paper at the Walk so that you can write a message to include in the time capsule. We'll also be handing out the note paper at our September Chapter meeting, or you can send in a note no later than September 24th to PO Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280, and we'll be sure to include it in the time capsule. Please limit the paper size to 4.5 by 5.5 inches.

Please come join us to remember...and to recognize and celebrate an important milestone for our Chapter.

Parking is free at Quiet Waters Park for those participating in the Chapter's Memory Walk. Indicate to the attendant at the entrance booth that you will be participating in the Walk. Once again we will be posting pictures of our children along the course of the Walk. If you are going to join us at the Walk and would like your child's picture posted, please send an email to pjbspmd@gmail.com. Attach a digital picture to the email or send a photo to PO Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280. If your child's photo was in the 2009 Service of Remembrance slide show, you don't need to submit an additional photo.



Donations for the Teak Bench to be dedicated in memory of our children at Quiet Waters during our October 2nd Memory Walk – please help us reach our goal!

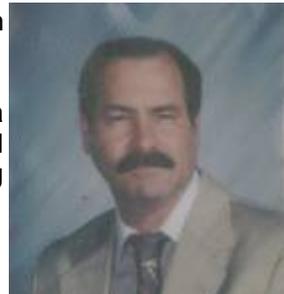
The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Gene and Marlen Maier in memory of their son
Eric Eugene Maier
8/8/61 – 7/5/84



Henrietta Conlin in memory of her son
Mark Stuart Conlin
8/5/52 – 7/17/09

The saddest day of my life was when my beloved, kind, thoughtful, helpful son Mark went to Heaven. We're all so devastated with the loss of such a special person, but glad the pain and suffering are over. Mark, keep watching over us, as all of us are watching over you. Lovingly and prayerfully,
Your Mom, Henrietta





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

Making Memorial Shirts for the Memory Walk — After a short discussion about the emotional value of making a memorial, you will create your Memory Walk shirt. Bring the shirt (t-shirt, button down, etc.) you wish to decorate and the picture you would like to have copied and ironed onto your shirt. Choose a picture close to the size (no larger than 8½ x 11) you would like to iron on; the sharper the photograph, the better the iron-on will come out. We will scan and create at least one photo for each person. (White or light-colored shirts work best; the fabric of the shirt should not be too stretchy, and it needs to accept a hot iron. We will have other supplies for you to use.) Join us in making memories and learning more about your children and ours.

Sharing groups – a key part of each Chapter meeting – will be held as usual for first-time attendees, and the newly and non-newly bereaved.

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

Do You Use Amazon.com?

If so, AND you enter through our Chapter’s website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org), the Chapter will earn a commission of five percent on your purchases. Using the link does not increase your cost, but it does earn the Chapter a commission from Amazon.

Go to the Chapter’s home page, click on the butterflies on the welcome page, and then scroll down the first page to the bottom, where there is an Amazon.com graphic that takes you to Amazon’s site. Entering Amazon’s site in this manner – through the Chapter’s website – ultimately credits the Chapter with the five percent commission on any purchases that follow.

Thanks in advance for your help!



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

REPRINT POLICY: Material in this newsletter of the Anne Arundel County Chapter/ BPUSA may be copied only: 1) if the article is copied in its entirety; 2) if the person writing the article is identified as noted in the newsletter; 3) if it is clearly stated that it was taken from the newsletter of the Anne Arundel County Chapter/ BPUSA; 4) if our website is cited in the credits. This material is to be used and given to help persons with the grieving process and may not be sold or become a part of something being sold for profit, unless first obtaining the permission of the author of the article and/or the current Editor or Chapter leader as noted in this newsletter.

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

Life Happens

LIFE is a journey
up and down and round and round
 LIFE is an adventure
something new at each turn
 LIFE is good
taken in perspective
 LIFE is a gift
more precious than we know
 LIFE is love
a lasting bond with special people
 LIFE goes on
one moment at a time
 LIFE is eternal
our angels are always with us



— Carol Tomaszewski, BP/USA
 Anne Arundel County, MD

In memory of my son Dave (9/4/74 - 2/6/01) who taught me what life is all about.

My Precious Child

Life without you isn't the same.
 Others seem to forget your name.
 The pain at times is so real,
 So intense.
 I wish I could always feel your presence.



You are my child,
 And will always be.
 Your light will shine
 If only through me.

Life goes on – although you are gone.
 Old friends are different – and new ones
 Help Mommy move on.
 I wish everyone could see –
 You that lives on in me.



You are my child,
 And will always be.
 Your light will shine
 If only through me.

— Kathy Evans

In memory of her son Sean

Back to School

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the display...back to school supplies! How could that be? We were just celebrating the 4th of July. I was so annoyed; pushy marketing, give us a break, you money grabbing merchants! Can't we enjoy one season before you push another one at us?

Later that day when I took time to think about it, I recognized what was actually happening. Who would have ever thought school supplies could be such a grief trigger?

I remembered the fun of shopping for new trapper keepers and markers and pens and pencils and calculators and folders with cartoon characters. It probably wasn't really all that much fun, but in my mind it was. I just wished I could go back to those days when school supplies were an important event on my family's calendar.



Today, when I saw the ads in the Sunday paper for school supplies, I felt sad, all over again. I realize that I can't go back to "before he died," that this is my new normal.

Then I decided to be proactive. I drove to the store and bought a bag of school supplies. I will donate them at a school where they are needed.

I feel a little better already!

— Donna Corrigan, BP/USA
 Hinsdale, IL

I Think of You

Anything flitting by, I think of you.
 Swallow-tailed butterflies, black and blue.
 Monarch brilliance, that must be you.

Tiny hummingbirds sipping nectar, seeking out
 Ruby hibiscus, bee balm, salvia, rubra
 Nature mirrors life, all filled with you.

When day's joy fades away, evaporates,
 The signs of paradise and you, do bring me back
 To years of joy, so meaningful and true.



— Clare Harig-Blaine, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD —
In memory of my son Galen (11/14/89—4/22/07)

Cherry

Shoes colored cherry - so cheery
 You shopped, you preened, my sweetie dear.
 Looked so good, smelling clean as Dial
 Self doubts and failings all reviled.

Looking back at those last moments
 I'll never forget your touch or scent.
 That night so like the others
 And yet to be the last for our little brother.



Nothing Can Fill the Gap

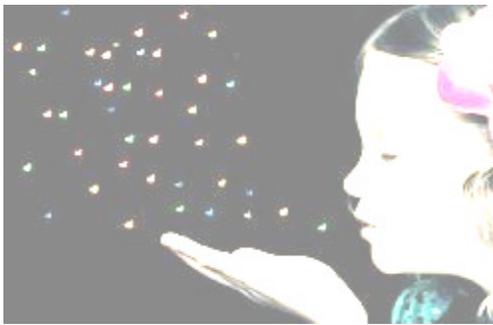
Nothing can fill the gap when we are away from those we love, and it would be wrong to try and find anything. We must simply hold out and win through. That sounds hard at first, but at the same time it is a great consolation, since leaving the gap unfilled preserves the bond between us. It is nonsense to say that God fills the gap; he does not fill it, but keeps it empty so that our communion with another may be kept alive, even at the cost of pain.

— *Deitrich Bonhoeffer*

Send Them Love

Last thing at night send them love,
And with the dawn more again,
For the bonds will never be broken,
And that love will remind you they still exist.

— *Alison Stormwolf*



Grief

The mask I wear fits so well and so those who
Meet me rarely know
That in my heart there dwells such pain that I
Often wonder, "Can I be sane?"
I struggle on through months and years and
Slowly acceptance replaces tears.
I vow to honor the life she led. Memories live on,
Though she is dead.
How can this be? Please tell me why
My daughter was the one to die?
I find no answer, no relief to soothe
This aspect of my grief.



— *Stephanie Hesse, TCF
Rockland County, NY*



Getting on with Life – What Does that Mean?

Of all the statements and spiritual platitudes quoted to me since my son Daniel's death, the phrase that I hear most frequently that makes me squirm the most: "You have got to get on with your life." Recently, I quit squirming long enough to ponder the meaning behind this phrase that is usually said to the bereaved in the form of a command. Exactly what does this phrase mean? What are people implying when they say it?

I was pregnant when Daniel died, and three months later I gave birth to a baby girl. Wasn't that getting on with my life? I nurtured my three children, took them to school, the park and birthday parties. Now wasn't that going on with my life? I even cooked dinner four times a week!

At first after Daniel's death, I would have liked to have had my life literally stopped, and been buried next to my son, but I kept existing. Like the plastic bag tossed about in the wind, I was fluttering, being carried by the events of life. Seasons came and went. In the spring, I planted marigolds and tomato vines. In the autumn, I jumped in fallen leaves with my children. I continued, and I am still continuing to live.



Now, I may be bereaved, but I am by no means a fool! As I ponder the meaning behind "getting on with your life," I am capable of knowing exactly what those who say this have in mind: "Forget about your dead child. Quit grieving. You make me uncomfortable." Getting on with life means don't acknowledge August 25th, Daniel's birthday, anymore. Forget how he slid down the snowy bank in the recycle bin, left sand in the van and ate gummy bears. Forget he had cancer, suffered and died at age four. Don't see the empty chair at the dinner table, don't cry, just live!

Some who are more religious would like to believe that a bereaved parent can claim, "My child is safe and happy in Heaven. Therefore, why should I yearn for him?" Perhaps, I pose a threat to certain types, because I let it be known I question God. I weep, I have been angry. I miss Daniel. Many old friends feel if they hang around me too long, I might convince them that a few of their illusions about life are just that, only illusions. As my cries of anguish are heard, there are those who can only think how to make me quiet. To stop my heartfelt sobs, they say quite sternly, "You must get on with life."

I am living. I do move on with life, with Daniel in my mind and in my heart. Although he is not physically here as I continue to live, I continue to love. To sever his memory totally from my life would be creating destruction and damage that would ruin me. To push Daniel out of my life and not be able to freely mention his name or write and speak about who he was on earth, would only bring more pain to my life. I'd shrivel up. Comfort for me comes in remembering with smiles how he drew with a blue marker on his sister's wall, ran outside naked, and picked green tomatoes. For the reality is: getting on with life means continuing to cherish Daniel.

— *Alice Wisler, from her book Rain Song*

SIBLING PAGE



Re-entering School after the Death of a Sibling

Going back to school after the death of your brother or sister is a hard thing to go through. At first, there are three groups of people to deal with: people who give you a lot of support, people who don't know what to say, and those who give you weird looks and stay away from you. This lasts for a little while.

After a short time, changes with each group occur. Those who didn't know what to say start to speak or begin to talk. The group who kept away stops ignoring you. The people who gave you a lot of support slowly return to their own affairs. After about a month and a half, everything goes back to normal and is over to everyone except you. This is very difficult and makes you feel all the more alone.

After a long while the shock for you goes away and it is then when you need the support from your friends, peers and teachers. This month is the first anniversary of the death of my brother. Most people will have forgotten and everything is right with the world.

But it is not! Certainly not to my mother and me.

— Jordan Ely, TCF
Albany/Delmar Chapter

Reminiscing

I thought about you today
As I bade farewell for school.
I thought about you today
When I heard a certain song.
I thought about you today
As the teacher passed the test.
I thought about you today
When the kids jumped in the leaves.
I thought about you today
As a stranger passed my way.
I thought about you today
When I got drenched in the rain.
I thought about you today
As I sat in church and prayed.
I thought about you today
When I embraced an old friend.
I thought about you today
As the day turned into night.
I will think of you again
When I close my eyes and dream....

— Lori Phillips, TCF
Scranton, PA



Grieving

Grieving is as natural as
Crying when you are hurt,
Sleeping when you are tired,
Eating when you are hungry,
Or sneezing when your nose itches.



It is Nature's way
Of healing
A broken heart.

— Doug Manning

Brother

Brother,
If only
For an instant
I can catch you
In my own eyes
And in my
Own smile.



For an instant
I feel the
Thickness of my hair
And wonder if
It isn't yours.

Study the
Curve of my ear lobe
And remember childhood
Whisper games
We would play
In church.

Brother,
If only
For an instant
I see you
In me,
I know you
Live on.

— Cynthia Dowd
Bereavement magazine, May 1990

Do You Remember Me?

I can't believe after all this time, I can't get over you,
I guess a love like ours is one of a kind, a love that is true.
It's been nine years since you left me to go to God and heaven's immensity.
Do you still remember me?

It's like a bad dream that plays over and over in my head,
Of things I wish I'd done or words I would've said.
There's not a day that goes by that I don't think of you.
Even after all this time -- what am I going to do?

Maybe this is the way moms are supposed to feel,
Perhaps our wounds are never intended to heal.
If I could ask one question why,
How is it God could need you more than me?

— *Beckie, 1997*



The First Day of School

My heart ached for any parent whose child would have started school today. I looked around at the mothers and fathers TOO eager to drop their kids off, and I wondered if somewhere near a parent was crying because their child was not attending.

It has taken me many years to overcome the sadness of the first day of school. I never thought the overwhelming pain would ease. The "what-ifs" still linger in my mind, but I can fade them out with happy thoughts of the day.

I am still aware that today Nadine would be skipping off to her grade one classroom and I can't help wondering which teacher she would have had. But, my heart does not ache for me as it did most other Septembers...today I ache for the parent who has just begun their journey; the parent experiencing the first day of school without their child.

— *Shannon Stevens
Powell River, British Columbia*

Thoughts from a Parent Who Lost an Older Child

Perhaps I had my child longer than you had yours, but 38 years does not seem long. Perhaps there are more memories to hold in my heart, but I know yours are just as dear to you as mine are to me, even if your memories are of only one or two days. Your dreams for your child are gone. So are mine. Never did I imagine that I would have to deal with my child's death instead of having to deal with mine. In 38 years, there was time to give me a legacy of three grandchildren. This is a very special blessing and one that I do not take for granted. My mission is to sustain the relationship with my three granddaughters who now live 3,000 miles away from me.

My child died from a terminal illness that is not one of the "acceptable" diseases. My child died of alcohol and drug addiction. The tools for remission of this disease are placed in the hands of the person who has the disease. Even with the help of four treatment centers, the recovery was not to be. One day at a time, my recovery is taking place. The pain, after two and a half years, has gone to a place where it can be tolerated.

My story and my age may be different from yours, but the bottom line is the same: my child has gone to a place where I cannot go, and I miss him so much. The pain of grief is still there, but I am living one day at a time, enriched because my son came through my body into my life.

— *Helen Godwin, TCF
Orange Park, FL*

For Bereaved Grandparents

I am powerlessness. I am helplessness. I am frustration.

I sit with her and I cry with her.

She cries for her daughter and I cry for mine.

I can't help her.

I can't reach inside her and take her broken heart.

I must watch her suffer day after day.

I listen to her tell me over and over how she misses Emily, how she wants her back.

I can't bring Emily back for her.

I can't buy her an even better Emily than she had, like I could buy her an even better toy when she was a child.

I can't kiss the hurt and make it go away.

I can't even kiss a small part of it away.

There's no band aid large enough to cover her bleeding heart.

There was a time I could listen to her talk about a fickle boyfriend and tell her it would be okay, and know in my heart that in two weeks she wouldn't even think of him.

Can I tell her it'll be okay in two years when I know it will never be okay, that she will carry this pain of "what might have been" in her deepest heart for the rest of her life?

I see this young woman, my child, who was once carefree and fun-loving and bubbling with life, slumped in a chair with her eyes full of agony.

Where is my power now?

Where is my mother's bag of tricks that will make it all better?

Why can't I join her in the aloneness of her grief?

As tight as my arms wrap around her,

I can't reach her aloneness.

What can I give her to make her better?

A cold, wet cloth will ease the swelling of her crying eyes, but it won't stop the reason for her tears.

What treat will bring joy back to her?

What prize will bring that happy child back?

Where are the magic words to give her comfort?

What chapter in Dr. Spock tells me how to do this?

He has told me everything else I've needed to know.

Where are the answers?

I should have them.

I'm the mother.

I know that someday she'll find happiness again, that her life will have meaning again.

I can hold out hope for her someday, but what about now? This minute? This hour? This day?

I can give her my love and my prayers and my care and my concern.

I could give her my life.

But even that won't help.



— Margaret Gerner
An excerpt from her book, *For Bereaved Grandparents*

Irreplaceable

It is strangely reassuring – this suggestion that the pain of the empty space will always be with us. Because while we do want to feel better, we do not want --ever-- to forget.

We will, of course, find new places to put the affection and love and time that we used to pour out to the one we lost. Not to do that would be to face inward, refuse to be vulnerable – a poor memorial, a poor stewardship of the life left to us.

But our ability to love and care is not limited to some finite number, so that taking on a new love means replacing an old one. Time does not expand, but love does – as with a parent who has three children, and then has another.

Who was once loved and cherished is not replaceable.

— *From Healing After Loss, August 4, 2010*



Life is a Simple Walk in the Woods

I was told the “first year” would be the hardest. I set my sights on surviving through the first anniversary of Ross’ death, telling myself that it would all be downhill from there. If I could just keep going long enough to scale that summit!

Everyone talked about that “path of grief” being full of ups and downs, hills and valleys. “You can’t go around it; you HAVE to go through it!” I was surprised to find that my path was occasionally littered with small remains of Ross’ life – a power ranger, the Lion King, a box of Raisin Bran. It hurt when I stumbled upon them, but I picked them up and cherished them, carrying them on my way.

I was also told that my husband and I would not walk the same path. We started out fine, trudging through the woods, holding hands, telling ourselves that we’d spent six years together, we’d be just fine. His path slowly led away from mine, but seemed to run parallel for a time. I’d catch a glimpse of him in the woods every once in a while.

Then came that fateful First Anniversary. I scaled that mountain! I sat on top of the enormous peak, congratulating myself on a job well done. I sat there all alone with my pile of Mickey Mouse clothes, little cars, and well-meaning friends. I had done it! It was incredibly hard work, insurmountable at times, but here I was – still alive, without my child!

Without my child. I felt my heart grow cold as I surveyed the path ahead: the rest of my life. The terrain was just as treacherous as the past 12 months! I guess I expected it to be sunlit fields of flowers from then on. After all, everyone had said, “Just get through that first year.” I didn’t know I had to do this forever!

I sat on that peak for quite some time. I yelled at God for a while, I hugged all my son’s treasures that I’d carried with me (his precious memory warming my cold heart), and I searched for any other movement in the valley below. In the distance, I could see other peaks along my path, some perhaps as tall as the one upon which I sat. I also began to see a tiny clearing where the sun was shining. As my tears slowed, I noticed other paths winding through the landscape – hundreds of them – each belonging to a different parent.

I carefully packed my treasures in my heart, storing them with care so that none would break, and started running downhill, headlong into the second year of forever.

— *Peg Rosar-Thompson*
Babylon, NY

Our Children Remembered

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

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

Elizabeth Sinton Archard
Daughter of Barbara Hale
September 25, 1964 - August 27, 1978

Patrick John Bennett Jr.
Son of Patrick and Deborah Bennett
September 27, 1975 - April 15, 1999

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

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

Traci Lynn Boone
Daughter of Bonita Boone-Adamecz
September 17, 1964 - August 17, 1986

Preston Leon Bromley
Son of Sandy and Leon Bromley
March 30, 1982 - September 2, 2003

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

Mary Kathleen Carmody
Daughter of Mary Carmody
August 24, 1958 - September 17, 1998

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

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

Alexandra "Allie" Ann Denevan
Daughter of Gregory J. Denevan
September 18, 1985 - August 21, 2002

Alexandra DiLego
Daughter of Tom and Mary Sue DiLego
September 20, 1999 - September 20, 1999

Andrew Thomas DiLego
Son of Tom and Mary Sue DiLego
September 20, 1999 - September 20, 1999

Dayden Alexander Dunn
Son of Ryan Dunn and Amanda Guinn
Grandson of Beverley and Wayne Dunn
Grandnephew of Mary and Ron Miscavich
September 12, 2006 - June 1, 2008

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

Bryan Clinton-Duvall Edwards Jr.
Son of Jenny Bush
October 28, 1988 - September 16, 2007

Ronald Wesley Farley
Son of Dorothy and Donald Farley
September 15, 1955 - June 28, 2000

Cynthia Lynn Ferguson
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair
September 4, 1952 - March 28, 2010

David Jonathan Frame
Son of Carol Brothers
April 12, 1967 - September 11, 2001

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

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

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

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

Eric Paul Haynal
Son of Nancy Doherty
March 7, 1969 - September 13, 2005

Daniel Embert Hinton Jr.
Son of Dan and Pam Hinton
September 23, 1970 - March 7, 2003

Damian Antwan Johnson
Son of Joycelyn Jones
September 21, 1986 - December 10, 2005

Matthew James Katz
Son of Bob and Sue Katz
March 13, 1982 - September 7, 2003

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

Brice Charles Kelley
Son of Hannah and Chris Kelley
September 24, 2002 - May 31, 2004

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

Nicholas Paul Liberatore
Son of Larry and Pat Liberatore
September 27, 1980 - June 9, 1997

Kenneth Lee Merson
Son of Dottie Merson
September 1, 1960 - June 5, 2007

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

Our Children Remembered

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

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

Eric Richard Munz
Son of Barbara and Richard Munz
September 21, 1963 - August 14, 2002

Scott Thomas Palmer
Son of Frances Palmer
Grandson of Thomas and Ethel Cleary
August 3, 1983 - September 1, 1996

Michael Patrick Patterson
Son of Sylvia Simmons
September 6, 1965 - December 18, 2006

Patrick Michael Patterson
Son of Sylvia Simmons
September 6, 1965 - September 8, 1965

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson
Daughter of Cindy Patterson
June 28, 1987 - September 19, 2006

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

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

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

James Ryan Rohrbaugh
Son of Doug and Donna Rohrbaugh
August 30, 1983 - September 5, 1983

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

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

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

Deonte Joseph Simms
Grandson of Deborah Simms
October 1, 1981 - September 9, 2001

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

Heather M. Spindler
Daughter of Rich Suess and Becky Spindler
Sister of Amber Faul
August 7, 1985 - September 3, 2006

Deon J. Summers
Son of John E. Summers
June 5, 1989 - September 2, 2003

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

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

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

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

Renetra "Nee" Lotrice Wallace-Connor
Daughter of Pamela Davis
Daughter of Vernon Wallace
December 22, 1972 - September 22, 2006

John Leroy Waters Jr.
Son of Stella and Roy Waters
September 19, 1970 - May 23, 2000

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

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

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

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

Miriam Luby Wolfe
Daughter of Larry and Rosemary Mild
September 26, 1968 - December 21, 1988

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

Ashley Jayné Younger
Daughter of Stephanie Younger
October 12, 1990 - September 28, 2008

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 tbelt@nahbr.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:

John and Terre Belt in memory of Cortney Belt and Traci Heincelman
 Judith Clark in memory of Paul Hillier
 Henrietta Conlin in memory of Mark Stuart Conlin
 William and Jody Dale in memory of Joshua Dale
 Gary and Beverly Dunn in memory of Dayden Alexander Dunn
 Alli and Holly Enders in memory of Christine Kelly Enders
 George and Elaine Heinlein in memory of Kevin Michael Glynn
 James and Lydia Sanders in memory of Andre Marc Sanders
 Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino
 Mark and Randy Williams in memory of Grant Alan and Samuel Mark Williams



Bereaved
Parents USA

Memory
walk

PLEASE JOIN US ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, TO REMEMBER OUR CHILDREN
 DURING THE CHAPTER'S 8TH ANNUAL MEMORY WALK + THE ANNE ARUNDEL
 COUNTY CHAPTER OF BPUSA'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

And, remember, we'll be making "memorial shirts" for the Walk at our
 September 2nd Chapter meeting.

Check out the first two pages of this newsletter for more detail.

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 September 2, 2010



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Making T-Shirts for the October 2nd Memory Walk **Thursday, September 2, 2010**

After a short discussion about the emotional value of making a memorial, attendees will create Memory Walk shirts. You bring the shirt (t-shirt, button down, etc.) you wish to decorate and the picture that you would like to have copied and ironed onto your shirt, and the Chapter will provide the supplies. Come join us in making memories and learning more about your children and ours.

Sharing groups – a key part of each Chapter meeting – will be held as usual for first-time attendees, and the newly and non-newly bereaved.

Signs From Our Children **Thursday, October 7, 2010**

Chapter members will briefly explore the topic of “signs” from our children and will share personal experiences that have brought them comfort.

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 our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at pjbspmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193.