



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

February 2011

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Love Always Remembers

May tender memories soften your grief,
May fond recollections bring you relief,
And may you find comfort and peace in the thought.

For time and space can never divide
Or keep your loved one from your side.
When memory paints in colors true
The happy hours that belonged to you.

— Helen Steiner Rice

I Will Love You...Always

As long as I can dream,
As long as I can think,
As long as I have a memory,
I will love you...always.

As long as I have eyes to see,
And ears to hear,
And lips to speak,
I will love you...always.



As long as I have a heart to feel,
A soul stirring within me,
An imagination to hold you,
I will love you...always.

As long as there is time,
As long as there is love,
As long as I have a breath
To speak your name,
I will love you...always.

— Daniel Haughian
TCF Newsletter, 1993

***As we release the Spirit...We hold onto the Love.
May Love be what you remember most.***

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Donald and Charlotte Scott in memory of
Michelle Inez Scott
February 1, 1969 – May 1, 1987

George and Kathy Ireland in memory of
Melissa Ireland Frainie
December 12, 1971 – February 12, 2007



In Loving Memory

We will always remember and hold close in our hearts those bright smiles, that special twinkle in your eyes, your quirkiness, and most of all, the absolute abundance of love that you spent your life giving to others. Four years...a lifetime ago, just yesterday. Love you forever, Mis!
Dad, Mom, Lisa and all of your family



Next Meeting: February 3, 2011

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

Stages of Grief as portrayed by Music – Some bereaved parents find that music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. A bereaved father will discuss the stages of grief and will illustrate songs that relate to these stages. 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.

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

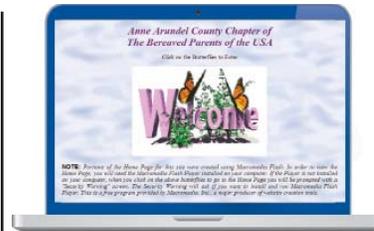
Our Chapter gathers one evening a month to address topics and offer support to those who are mourning the death of a child. Our meetings last for approximately 2 hours. Sometimes we schedule a 30-minute presentation at the beginning of our meeting. When the speaker or panel has concluded the presentation, 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.



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

Chapter Leader:	Terre Belt 410.721.1359 tbelt@nahbrc.com
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Correspondence:	Barbara Bessling
Treasurer:	Fran Palmer
Hospitality:	Carol Tomaszewski
Librarian:	Bob and Sandi Burash
Programs:	Paul Balasic



Would you like to sponsor the Chapter's newsletter or website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org) for one month in memory of your child? It's a wonderful way to honor your child's memory – to say his or her name for all the world to hear -- while providing financial support to the Chapter and its many activities offered to all those mourning the loss of a child. Newsletter sponsorship is \$75 and website sponsorship is \$25. Just send an email to Chapter Leader Terre Belt (tbelt@nahbrc.com), or call her at 410-721-1359, or sign up at a monthly meeting.

Say Their Names!!! And help the Chapter, too!

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.

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

Our Hero, Our Son

You lived your life fully and you made us so proud. You gave life your all and with determination, you experienced a variety of things. Sometimes, you discovered that you had a unique talent, a gift, grace. Other times, you toughed it through, held your head high and made the most of difficulties.

We gaze at old photos of you and remember many of these times. We were your audience, spectators but much more. Always close by, we were resting in your pocket, right next to your heart. We could feel the beating, sense your tension and we shared in your relief when a hard moment was ending and you had done your very best.

Our lives have meaning thanks to you. Now we're going on but we'll always reflect back to all of our times with you. We are so thankful for all of the time that we were given as your proud parents. And, while we never knew that you would leave our sight so soon, we will never forget you and will always give thanks for the tender love that you gave to us.

*Clare Harig-Blaine, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County
In loving memory of her son, Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine*

Shine Your Light

The cry of the city's like a siren's song
Wailing over the rooftops the whole night long
Saw a shooting star like a diamond in the sky
Must be someone's soul passing by.

These are the streets
Where you used to run.
These are the days
Where you became what you became.

These are the streets
Where the story's told.
The truth unfolds,
Darkness settles in.

Shine your light down on me.
Lift me up so I can see.
Shine your light when you're gone.
Give me the strength to carry on.

Didn't wanna be a hero,
Just an everyday man.
Tried to do the very best
But, was living on borrowed time.

Out on the rim, over the line.
Tempted fate, life was a game of chance.
Didn't stick around to the very last dance.
Sometimes you stumbled and took a hard fall.
Then you lost your grip, fell down off of the wall.

Shine your light down on me
Lift me up so I can see
Shine your light when you're gone
Give me the strength to carry on.

I thought I saw you walking by the side of the road.
Maybe trying to find your way home.
You're here but not here.
You're gone but not gone.

Just hope you know when I get lost and you'll -
Shine your light down on me.
Lift me up so I can see.
Shine your light when you're gone.
Give me the strength to carry on.

— *Robbie Robertson*



Childless

Suddenly, we are childless. The new and total silence in our lives is unbroken. The lack of surviving children is but one additional heartbreaking issue that initially deepens our devastation. However our children have died, the joy we knew in sharing their lives is forever gone. Many question the value of existence. These feelings may last for months, even years, as we move through bereavement. It is important to remember that these thoughts and feelings are normal.

Although these early months and years seem endless and the anguish bottomless, we can slowly get better. Those of us who shared this experience know that with effort and slowly emerging resolve, we can make progress. Although many of us will remain childless, we have sought and embraced healing. Our lives may not be what we had planned, but living can still hold beauty, joy and peace.

Are we still parents? We who are without surviving children find our own parental identity suddenly questioned because we no longer practice parenting. Ultimately, however, we realize that we are forever parents. The memories of our children and the love that we shared with them live on, a part of us always. During early bereavement, memories can be extremely painful. In the years beyond bereavement, our memories, while bittersweet at times, are usually sources of comfort and even joy.

Memories. Do not be afraid to keep the memories of your child alive. It is possible to take moments of the past and make them a part of today and tomorrow. You may find it comforting to wear some article of clothing or a favorite piece of jewelry that your child once wore. You might choose bits and pieces that were a part of your child's life and make a collage or a quilt to hang in your home. Even a favorite toy on a shelf is a way to ensure that your child's memory is a tangible presence in your daily life.

— *BP/USA, Los Angeles*

Love and Hope

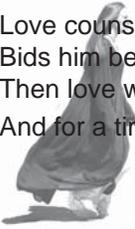
On a cold winter day, the sun went out,
Grief walked in to stay.
I turned away from the unwanted guest
And bid him on his way.

Grief was merciless, he brought his friends,
Loneliness, fear and despair.
They walked these rooms, unceasingly,
In the sober cloaks they wear.

Every so often now, love pays a call.
She always has hope by her side.
I welcome love as well as hope,
For I thought surely they had died.

Love counsels grief in a most gentle way,
Bids him be still for a while.
Then love walks with me through memory's hall,
And for a time – I can smile.

— Kerry Marston, TCF
Livonia, MI



Walking in the Shadow of My Child

Wherever I go,
I walk with his shadow on my being.
I am clothed in a coloration
Not visible to the naked eye.
It casts an unexpected influence
On how I carry myself as
I journey through life.
It clouds my way of looking at things;
Forces perspectives
Which I didn't know were
A part of my psyche.
The shade of grayness through which
I now view things absorbs some
Of the radiances which I experience.
Yet my shadow comes not from the valley of death,
But from my child
Being closer to the light.

— Ed Kuzela, TCF
Atlanta, GA



A Child Unborn

I knew within my heart
That I would bear a boy.
All the while I carried you
I lived in a world filled with joy.

And when I was sick because of you,
I'd think of the day you would live.
That, within me, I was building a life,
Some suffering for me wasn't much to give.

I dreamed of what you would look like,
And what you would someday be.
But most of all the things I wanted most,
Was to hear you say "Mommy."

But you didn't reach the breath of life,
And I find it hard to deal.
People can't seem to understand
That the child I lost was real.

I know it isn't true
As I sit and grieve and mourn
That you were "just" a miscarriage
A child never born.

You were here and made a memory
Before you were called on by the Lord.
And I will always remember you
As my son that I adored.

— Cindy Cummings, BP/USA
CSRA Chapter



Dove with a Broken Wing

While walking down a usual path
to welcome in the spring,
I chanced upon a graceful dove
who had a broken wing.
She looked so out of place to me,
helpless on the ground;
And as I moved to where she lay,
I heard her mournful sound.
My heart was burdened by the thought
that I could do no good;
She seemed to sense that I would help,
if I only could.
I gently held her to my breast
as minutes turned to hours;
And knew her life was slipping past
as we sat among the flowers.

I begged her to forgive me
for the things I could not do;
And promised her that "If I could,
I'd give my wings to you."
I glanced above and found her friends
that circled in the skies;
Then noticed that my wounded dove
had closed her gentle eyes.
One cannot change the way of things,
I thought as I made her grave;
Nor is a single moment yours
to stop the clock and save.
Then as I walked away from her,
I heard an angel sing;
And knew someday I'd meet again
my dove with the broken wing.

— Larry Wood
TCF, Edmond, OK



SIBLING PAGE



Sibling Grief

People think we are fine, you know.
They say, "Oh, siblings heal so fast."
But they don't know the empty feelings,
Or our longing for the past.

People think we are fine, you know.
"Look how they've resumed their lives," they say.
But, they don't know of our troubled hearts,
Or the loneliness from day to day.

People think we are fine, you know.
"See how they are getting over it?" they surmise.
But, they don't know that we have
Learned to laugh and smile,
Only to complete
Our broken heart's disguise.

— *Mary Matthews, TCF*
Fort Lauderdale, FL

Is This a Dream?

My brother, Sean, died seven years ago. Over the year leading up to this anniversary I have often thought, is this a dream? If it is a dream, I wish I'd wake up.

One night a couple of months ago, I had a dream within a dream. The dream was the strangest I've ever had. It was about the day Sean died. I remembered every moment of that awful day. I woke up from this dream crying to find Sean sitting next to my bed. He was shaking me awake and asking me what was wrong. I told Sean I had a horrible dream. I told him every detail of my dream. He laughed at me and gave me a hug. Then Sean said to me, "How can I be dead? I'm right here with you!" Then we both started laughing. I woke from that dream laughing with Sean. I felt so good. Then I realized that I had dreamed the last part. When I realized that, I was so angry.

Even after seven years, the pain, the anger, and the hoping are still there. Even though the pain and anger don't come as often for me, it is still there and I know it's okay. Just like I know that I'm not crazy or dumb for holding on to the hope. I do realize that Sean is gone and the only place I will see him for a long time is in my dreams. I know that he loved me and always will and that he is with me every day. All I can do is welcome him into my dreams.

— *Traci Morlock, BP/USA*
St. Louis, MO

Random Reflections

It's been a year now
And the books say I should be
Getting back to "normal."

But I still can't pass your picture
On the bookcase without
Touching your face.

I still wake up in the night
Sometimes and can almost
Hear you voice in the quiet.

I still run to the window when the
Dogs bark at night with the hope
In the back of my mind that somehow
You've wandered into the yard.

I still whisper your name into the wind
When I walk down our lane in the still
Of evening and strain to hear an answer.

When I'm troubled and upset
I still talk to you like
I always did and
Imagine the advice you'd give me.

I still stop on our country road
Sometimes and turn off the car engine
And lights and wait and hope that
I can see or hear you.

It's been a year now and the
Memories are still so vivid
That I can almost touch them.

It's been a year now and I know
With all my heart that your
Presence will never fade in my mind.

— *Tammy Walmann, TCF*
Miami County, KS



To Our Surviving Children

And you were with us when the darkness came
 You stood and grieved and kept yourself alive
WE THANK YOU NOW

We have not always honored who you are
 And often did not tend your hidden sorrows
FORGIVE US NOW

Because you love us well enough to wait
 Until we could return to you and know
 With joy and hope and love – you are tomorrow
WE CELEBRATE YOUR LIFE

— TCF, Northern Virginia Chapter



When You See a Butterfly

When you see a butterfly
 Think of me.

When you see a shadow
 Don't be afraid.

When you see a light,
 Think of good things.
 But when you see a butterfly
 Think of me.

When you see a cloud,
 Don't be afraid to try and grab it.
 When you see a raindrop,
 Open your mouth and let it fall in.
 When you see a hand touch you,
 Don't jump away.

When you get all tingly,
 Let the feeling last.
 When you feel loved,
 Cherish it forever.
 But when you see a butterfly,
 Think of me.

When you feel like no one is there,
 Make sure you know I am.
 When you feel like I am gone forever,
 Make sure you feel like I am there.
 When you think you have grieved too much,
 I know there is always another tear,
 Think of me.

For you know I am always with you,
 In every way, shape and form.
 I am always there to protect you,
 Even through dangerous storms.
 Know that I am right behind you,
 In whatever fate decides to put you through.

For I may be gone,
 But I am around.
 So when you see a butterfly,
 Know I am always there.

— Brytani Russell
 Tampa, FL

Don't try to destroy a beautiful part of your life because remembering it hurts. As children of today and tomorrow, we are also children of yesterday. The past still travels with us and what it has been, makes us what we are.

— Rabbi Earl A. Grollman

Navaho Lullaby

The earth is your mother,
She holds you.
The sky is your father,
He protects you...
We are together always.
We are together always.
There was never a time
When this
Was not so.

The Cord

We are connected
My son and I, by
An invisible cord
Not seen by any eye.

It's not like the cord
That connects us 'til birth,
This cord can't be seen
By anyone on earth.

This cord does its work
Right from the start,
It binds us together
Attached to my heart.

I know that it is there
Though no one else can see,
The invisible cord
From my child to me.

The strength of this cord
Is hard to describe,
It can't be destroyed
It can hold any weight.

And though you are gone
Though you're not here with me,
The cord is still there
But, no one else can see.

It pulls at my heart
I am bruised...I am sore,
But this cord is my lifeline
As never before.

I am thankful that God
Connects us this way,
A mother and a child
Death can't take it away!

— Karen Winkfein, BP/USA
CSRA Chapter

Excerpt from the book To Bless the Space between Us

When you lose someone you love,
Your life becomes strange,
The ground beneath you gets fragile,
Your thoughts make your eyes unsure;
And some dead echo drags your voice down
Where words have no confidence.

Your heart has grown heavy with loss;
And though this loss has wounded others too,
No one knows what has been taken from you
When the silence of absence deepens.
Flickers of guilt kindle regret
For all that was left unsaid or undone.

There are days when you wake up happy;
Again inside the fullness of life,
Until the moment breaks
And you are thrown back
Onto the black tide of loss.

Days when you have your heart back,
You are able to function well
Until in the middle of work or encounter,
Suddenly with no warning
You are ambushed by grief.

It becomes hard to trust yourself.
All you can depend on now is that
Sorrow will remain faithful to itself.
More than you, it knows its way
And will find the right time
To pull and pull the rope of grief
Until that coiled hill of tears
Has reduced to its last drop.

Gradually, you will learn acquaintance
With the invisible form of your departed;
And when the work of grief is done,
The wound of loss will heal
And you will have learned
To wean your eyes
From that gap in the air
And be able to enter the hearth
In your soul where your loved one
Has awaited your return
All the time.

— John O'Donohue



Our Children Remembered

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our Children Remembered

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

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

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

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

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

Edward Harold McGrath II
Son of Edward H. McGrath Sr.
Son of Brenda McGrath
February 21, 1976 - November 29, 2009

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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:

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino
Carol Fritz in memory of her daughter Katie Fritz



Grief – The Act of Love

"I had a child who died." How simple these words are, yet how painful they are to say. The death of a child is the harshest blow life has to offer; it destroys our trust in the world at the most basic level. Grief is our total response to the death of a child; our body, mind, emotions and spirit all react to the loss. While many of us wish to stop the intense grief work we are doing, we find it impossible for many reasons.

First, grief is an act of love, not a lack of strength or faith. The more we loved our child, the greater will be our grief. The more integrated our lives were with the life of our child, the more we will miss his or her very presence. The intensity of our grief is often representative of the intensity of our love.

Second, grief is a necessary process that we must go through in order to maintain our wholeness and sanity. If we do not grieve, we will not heal. One of the earliest and hardest lessons we bereaved parents learn is that men and women grieve differently – women, in general, grieve more openly than do men, and women, on the whole, are more comfortable verbally expressing their feelings of loss. While segments of our culture dictate that it is more 'manly' not to cry, we know this is not trite. In fact, it has recently been found that tears of sadness contain an enzyme which inhibits the concentration of gastric acids; therefore, crying during times of stress will actually decrease the incidence of gastric ulcers many of us develop as a result of our loss.

Grief work also helps us to complete unfinished business with our child and close the past relationship that we had. We will never 'get over' the loss of our child, nor would we ever really want to. We are who we are partly because of our relationship to that child. Our lives will always be influenced by our son or daughter, but most of us will eventually learn to live a meaningful life, despite our tragedy. Our child will always be with us in spirit and in love and we often feel a need to hold on to tangible items, such as toys or clothes, to maintain that feeling of closeness. But, intense grief work allows us to let go of the relationship we had and create a new relationship with our child. Our remembrances, love and feelings of oneness with our child can never be destroyed. I cannot see or touch my Philip, but I vividly remember him. I have completed his earthly mothering, but I still have an intense mother-child relationship with my son.

Grief over the death of a child is the hardest work that most of us will ever do. While we all wish for the pain to stop, we need to remember that we grieve intensely because we loved intensely. It is unrealistic to expect the grief to ever totally go away, because the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love and is nothing for which we should be ashamed.



— Elaine Grier, Philip's Mom
TCF, Queensland, Australia



His Picture

Here I sit, alone again; at 5 a.m.
Looking at his picture...
I left work early yesterday;
Everyone just nodded their heads,
So I could come home and look at his picture.
He had such a beautiful smile
For a sixteen-year-old,
I love to look at his picture.
Sometimes when I'm happy,
He seems to grin, a sneaky little smirk,
So I look at his picture.

When the tears flow down my cheeks,
And the pain starts again in my chest,
I look at his picture.
I know what he'd say, if pictures could talk,
He'd be disappointed in me.
But I'm glad he doesn't have to feel
The way that I do, the way things turned out to be.
I love him, and miss him, and wish him well.
And I just go on, looking at his picture.

— Louis Craig
Richmond, VA

WE'RE STARTING A CHAPTER PROJECT—A COOKBOOK *filled with memories, love and favorite recipes*

Our Chapter is planning a special project. Through the efforts of several of our members and participation by many of you, we intend to publish a cookbook...a cookbook filled with favorite recipes shared with your loved ones, memories of your children and family, and photographs.

A member of our Chapter has volunteered to help with the publishing, but we still need to have a cover designed and a name for our cookbook. Please send us your suggestions and ideas.

And, please start thinking about what recipes and memories you would like to submit. We would like each of you to provide:

- A paragraph or two of memories focused on your child's favorite foods or shared family meals,

- A picture, and
- One (or two) recipes

This project is being organized by **Carol Tomaszewski, 410-519-8448, Kathy Ireland, 410-745-2361, and Sandi Burash, 410-551-5774.**

You can send your submissions to the Chapter's mailing address (on page 2 of this newsletter).

Or, you can email your submission to **memorycookbook@gmail.com.**

We hope you will participate – this is going to be a very special cookbook!!!



Bereaved Parents of the USA -- National Gathering

Monumental Journey of the Heart

July 29-31, 2011
Sheraton Reston Hotel
Reston, VA

Deadline for submission of workshop applications is March 15, 2011.

Confirmed speakers include Darcie Sims, Rosemary Smith, Mitch Carmody, Drs. Gloria and Heidi Horsley, Ron Villano, Dave Roberts, and Becky Greer

There will also be a Thursday night "Kick Off" Program and a Sibling Program; meal packages are \$149 for seven meals.

Registration information will be available shortly.

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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NEXT MEETING February 3, 2011



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Stages of Grief as portrayed by Music

Thursday, February 3, 2011

Some bereaved parents find that music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. A bereaved father will discuss the stages of grief and will illustrate songs that relate to these stages.

Losing a Child to Drugs or Alcohol

Thursday, March 3, 2011

Two bereaved mothers whose lives and losses were affected by drugs or alcohol will share their stories and offer insights into some of the unique issues associated with losing a child to drugs or alcohol.

Different Ways of Grieving. Different Ways of Healing (the Sixth Annual Emily Schindler Memorial Lecture)

Wednesday, March 16, 2011

8:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.; The Meeting House, Columbia, MD
Visit www.phri.com for more information.

National Gathering – Bereaved Parents of the USA

July 29-31, 2011

Sheraton Reston Hotel
Reston, VA

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 pjbस्पmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193.