



# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

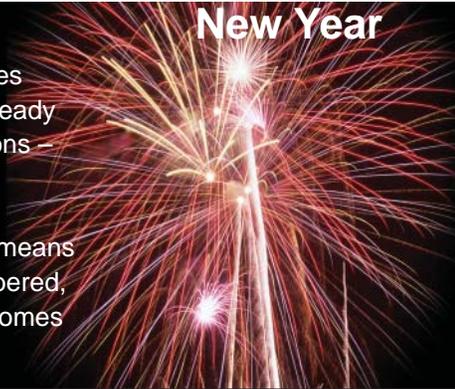
January 2011

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### Go gently into the New Year

#### New Year

The New Year comes  
When all the world is ready  
For changes, resolutions –  
Great beginnings.  
For us, to whom  
That stroke of midnight means  
A missing child remembered,  
For us, the New Year comes



More like another darkness.  
But let us not forget  
That this year may be the year  
When love and hope and courage  
Find each other somewhere  
In the darkness  
To lift their voices and speak:  
Let there be light.

— Sascha Wagner

#### New Year's Wish

I wish you gentle days and quiet nights.  
I wish you memories to keep you strong.  
I wish you time to smile...and time for song.  
  
And then I wish you friends to give you love,  
When you are hurt and lost and life is blind...  
I wish you friends and love and peace of mind.

— Sascha Wagner

#### For the New Year

Where there is pain,  
Let there be softening.  
Where there is bitterness,  
Let there be acceptance.  
Where there is silence,  
Let there be communication.  
Where there is loneliness,  
Let there be friendships.  
Where there is despair,  
Let there be hope.

— Ruth Eiseman, TCF  
Louisville, KY

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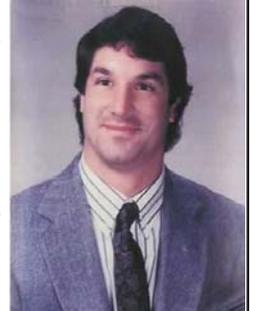
Janice and Chris Kunkel in memory of their son  
**Jason T. Easter**  
January 30, 1973 – September 9, 1999



The spirit of Jason's love will live in our  
hearts forever...  
From your loving family

Juliet and Leonard Rothman in memory of their son  
**Daniel Maurice Rothman**  
January 20, 1971 – September 17, 1992

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



## Next Meeting: January 6, 2011

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

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

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

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Programs:	Paul Balasic

### Do You Use Amazon.com?

If so, AND you enter through our Chapter's website ([www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://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!

**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

## The Basement Month

January is depressing. It's a month of bitter cold, gloomy days and leftovers. It's a month of used Christmas bows (surely we should save them for next year...) and things that don't fit (either they didn't fit before the holidays, or they don't fit now!). January is also a month with too many days in it.

January is a let down from the hustle and bustle of The Holidays. It is a month "to get through." January is a month to SURVIVE.



I've decided to spend January in my basement. After all, basements are often dark and gloomy (suits my mood), in need of organization (describes my life perfectly) and could use a good cleaning (similar to shaking the cobwebs out of my brain).



Therefore, I would like to have Hallmark declare January as BASEMENT month and come out with a suitable card to help me celebrate my hibernation. That's where I am going to spend the icy, snowy Missouri month of January. I have all sorts of plans...I can tackle the still-packed boxes from our move last summer. I can arrange and re-arrange to my heart's content without annoying the family who dwells upstairs, and who think that "everything looks fine, Mom." (They, however, would think that K-Mart on Exchange Day looks fine, too.)

I can sift through boxes of unknown treasures, sorting and tossing. I can count my blessings in the soft, dim darkness of a basement lit with a single light bulb and no one will see the tears that I hid so well during The Holidays. I can come up one blessing short and gasp in the pain (always there, but not often brought out to light any more), and then let it dissipate in the far reaches of the basement.

I think I will organize the basement according to the seasons: Spring, with the flower pots, fertilizer, garden seeds, and bicycles; Summer, with the lawn mower, garden hoses and rubber rafts; Fall will have the rakes and the Halloween decorations. And Winter...Winter will have the snow shovels, snow boots, sleds, ice skates, skis (and crutches) – all stored neatly, side by side.

The Holiday decorations will be stored halfway between Fall and Winter because of the GREAT DEBATE in our house about WHEN is the proper time to put up The Decorations. This debate is topped only by the one about WHEN to take them down. So far, the earliest we have discarded The Holidays is Christmas afternoon, and Easter wins as the latest.

I will have to have another category in my basement, however. It will be the Fifth Season...the season of Miscellaneous. That's where I'll stash everything that doesn't fit anyplace else – somewhat like my grief, which seems to pop up at the most inconvenient times. I wish I could compartmentalize it, organize it, so I wouldn't be caught off guard. I wish I could put it away for a time – storing it in the recesses of my basement – knowing where it is when I need it. But grief doesn't work that way (my basement probably won't work that way either!). Grief is there, always. You don't "get over it." You can't hide from it. You can't put it aside until it's convenient. In fact, the more you try to avoid it, the more it catches you. It's a bit like that mysterious gift you once got from some distant relative. The more you try to forget it, the more it stays. Grief is in all the seasons of your life.

But grief doesn't have to be a burden all the time. Like the things you have stored in the basement, it can be sifted through, reorganized and dealt with. It doesn't have to be just stashed in the darkest corner of your heart. Part of grief is learning to live without the person who made your life so incredibly wonderful. But the other side of grief is remembering how wonderful life can be and getting busy with not just surviving, but LIVING!

The snowflakes are still just as lovely and mysterious. The spring flowers will bloom again, with their sweet message of Life. Summer will bring more warm evenings and fireflies to chase and Fall will turn its leaves one more time. Winter will come again and another January will be celebrated in the basement...not because it is the only place we can find solace and comfort, but because the sifting and sorting and reorganizing are an important part of our process. Your life with your loved one was filled with moments of laughter. Remember those moments, enjoy them again and again. Don't store them in the basement of your heart.



So, won't you join me this month as I make good on my one New Year's resolution? I resolve to keep my basement clean, organized and usable. It will NOT become a repository for cast-offs and the no-longer-useful in my life. It will be what it really is: a part of my house, my home, my life.

I will be in the basement this month, not escaping the snow (I LOVE that!), but getting ready to heal.

LET THE JOY YOUR LOVED ONE'S LIFE BROUGHT TO YOU BEGIN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE HURT AND PAIN OF DEATH. The memories will always hurt, but there also will always be LOVE, and you cannot discard, bury or lose the love you shared. January, the BASEMENT MONTH.

—Hugs and Hope,  
Darcie Sims



### Panache Special

I'm re-reading a great book, "The Broken Heart Still Beats." Through essays and excerpts, poems and movie reviews, letters and dialogue, the book explores the lives of bereaved

parents. Because I believe success can be copied, I consume the thoughts of others facing my situation seeking answers to my never-ending questions.

It quickly becomes obvious that grief changes but never ends. Many feel that the relationship with our child also never ends. We grieve, but part of grief is exploring our continuing relationship with our child.

I do some things because Matt can't do them, like hustling Broadway tickets on Times Square. I do some things to honor

Matt, like offering scholarships in his name. I talk to Matt about my life, my problems, my hopes and dreams.

Through others I meet a Matt I only vaguely know; like the comic salesman with multiple accents, the loving husband trying to please, the student teacher wise beyond his years.

I re-read a letter Matt wrote nominating me for the George Martin Hall Of Fame in 1997. Matt died in 2003. Today his letter, more precious than gold, is a love letter calling across the years reminding me both who we were and what he expects me to be.

I enjoy time spent with Matt. I hope to some day dwell with him again. But today, "I have promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep." (Robert Frost)

—Keith Swett

It isn't the moment in which you are stuck that you need courage, but for the long uphill climb back to sanity and faith and security.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh



### My Angel, Our Angels

I saw you in my dreams last night and your dad dreamed of you last week. We want so badly to be with you and yet, we are left with dreams, household reminders and our many memories of you.

When I talk to others at our Bereaved Parents meetings, they recount their encounters with their children who are gone but still alive in the hearts and minds of those who love them. Sightings, conversations, hearing music, finding small gifts, other sensations – all are reminders that our loved ones are never far.

Ann K. Finkbeiner writes in "After the Death of a Child," about a mother's wish. "For many, many years, I used to say, after he died, 'If I could just hug him one more time.' That was constantly on my mind...."

"My sister-in-law was visiting from Chicago, and we finally turned in about 2 a.m. And I went upstairs, and I was sitting on the side of the bed – I was not asleep – and all of a sudden, I saw my son in front of me. And I stood up and he came into my arms and I hugged him."

Our bond with our child never breaks. We will never fully understand it, but we know that the bond is more powerful than any others that are established. This explains why we have such an urge to find evidence of our bond with our child who is gone. We will never stop searching for opportunities to experience and renew this bond.

—Clare Harig-Blaine, BP/USA

Anne Arundel County, MD

In loving memory of her son, Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine

**Bereaved parents are like ducks:  
Above the surface...  
Looking composed and unruffled;  
Below the surface...paddling like crazy!**



# SIBLING PAGE

## A Sibling Dies

It is January 1st. My heart twinkles once again because the holidays are over. How can a season of light bring so much dark? Thirty years ago, on Christmas morning, my brother died in our home by suicide in a very violent manner. He was 23; my other brother was 24; and I was 19. Our family of five was irretrievably shattered.

Don, my brother who died, was so much a part of us. He brought us so much joy in his living and then so much pain in his dying. Who am I to grieve him still? The memories well up every December like a deep dark night unbidden. Anger, sadness, rejection, guilt become my Christmas ornaments. "Give me back my family – give me back my Christmas, you creep. Give me back your laughter," I want to shout at him. Who am I to miss him? Who am I to rage when he was the one in the grips of a pain so untenable that he could not speak of it, but only act upon it? Who am I to cry?

Well, I'm entitled. I'm a survivor after all. One doesn't get there on a water slide, if you know what I mean.

When Christmas rolls around, I do my dance with grief once again. Some years it's a waltz; other years a tango. It doesn't seem to matter if it's two, twenty or thirty years since my brother died, I get out my dancing shoes. I don't go looking for pain like some wacky masochist. It finds me. Some years I announce – around November 25th, "I'm over this." I act accordingly. I shop for Christmas cards and don't go near my dancing shoes. It doesn't matter. They find me.

It's not like I didn't have therapy. I've had dance therapy, art therapy, regular therapy, travel therapy, friendship therapy, biofeedback/hypnosis therapy, cream puff therapy, swimming therapy, forgiveness therapy, spiritual community therapy, law school therapy...Law School therapy? The fun had to end somewhere.

Seriously, losing a sibling is heart wrenching and no laughing matter. It took me ten or fifteen years to truly laugh again, let alone make light of myself. That just happened this year. No doubt, because I am writing of it, rather than speaking of it, which I rarely do. It feels safer to write. Other than to therapists, I've spoken of his death to three people in thirty years. Who could understand, I felt, and why diminish his being or expose myself? I adored my brother Don – he made me laugh like a monkey. I adore both of my brothers; as a child, they were my world. Not very healthy perhaps, but it worked for me. Home life was chaotic and quite frightening because my father was more than a little nuts. My mother's energy was spent containing his insanity and keeping our bodies and souls together. She was part steel, part angora.

We never spoke of Don after his death. The community ostracized us; my father took a trip down devil's lane, and my mother mourned my brother until the day she died. I'm sad to say that we never had Don's picture in our home again, because the pain was too severe. It seems we could not get past it. We went to our separate corners and quietly mourned. It was different years ago; so much remained hidden. Self-healing groups were non-existent, shrinks were stigmas, and the Catholic Church unforgiving.

I couldn't save him. I was the last person he talked with on Christmas Eve. For months, I barely spoke and relived the shock daily. I ate a lot. Death by mashed potatoes. That was sure to bring him back. I retreated into a private world for several years where if I wasn't dead, I'd sure like to be. This is grief. And it does soften over time. It softens like water softens rock, in its flowing, gentle, rushing, mysterious way. It softens like a sweet whisper of a memory that lulls you to sleep, knowing that love knits the bones of despair together, tighter, stronger, more curious, more delicious than ever before. Knowing that the fires of your being burn the dross of despair. Knowing that the chamber of the heart is strong beyond measure and can take it and transform the pain into joy.

Joy for having known this person, for a day or ten years or two months. Joy for having the courage to be. For knowing yourself in many garments. For taking a risk to love anyone again: a neighbor, a friend, a cat, a love, a stranger, yourself. The broken heart opens and mends itself. In the middle of the night, when no one is there, but many are listening, joy seeps into me. After all, I'm entitled. I'm a survivor.

**The First Year**

The first year  
Some said it was the hardest  
Others have said wait for year two  
Do I have a choice?



The first year  
I have completely lost it  
I don't know where it went  
Can I get it back?

The first year  
The pain, the anger, the despair  
That never ending feeling of loss  
Will it ever end?

The first year  
Holidays and birthdays bring tears  
Memories are too painful to recall  
Why did this happen?

The first year  
Thank God it's gone, never coming back  
Nothing will ever be the same  
Can I please wake up now?

—S. Euliss, TCF, Vancouver, WA

**Back Steps**

I was busy today rushing around the office working on a project, when a new staff member saw your photo on my desk. She picked up the frame and gazed at your face. She raised her head and asked, "Is this your son?" I said, "Yes," and I paused...I knew it was coming – I held my breath. She looked at me with the frame still in her hands and asked casually, "Where does he go to school?" Her face was innocent. Her eyes searched my face. Time stood still as my heart sank....

Because I knew I had to tell "the" story, and I wondered if I could say the truth without breaking down. Nine years and I still cry at the question. I knew I had to sum up in a brief moment the pain, the horror, the loneliness of living without you.

I guess sometimes I think I'm normal. I have pictures on my desk like everyone else...I trick myself into thinking my life is moving on, when actually a large part of my life stopped – the day you were killed. Nine years...and still counting....

—Janice Lopez, BP/USA  
Sacramento Valley, CA

**All Night, All Day**

All night, all day, an angel is watchin' over me.  
All night, all day, an angel is watchin' over me.

Now I lay me down to sleep, an angel's watchin' over me.  
Pray the Lord my soul to keep, my angel is watchin' over me.

**A TIME TO MOURN**

I am lost in grief, numb with shock,  
Filled with disbelief and at times, rage, besieged by an army of rebellious emotions,  
My instinct is to retreat.

I want to hide under a blanket and sleep, awakening only to your smiling face.  
But the nightmare is real,  
And you are not coming back.

I am a worry to my family  
And a stranger to our friends,  
Adrift in a sea of despair  
And marooned in an unwelcome reality.

Please don't rush my grief  
Or tell me to move on with my life.  
I need time.  
My loss must be processed;  
My pain must be healed.

Please be gentle and kind.  
Offer a hot meal – not advice!

—Jill Englar





### I Can Tell

I can tell by that look friend, that we need to talk.  
So come take my hand and let's go for a walk.

See I'm not like the others -I won't shy away.  
Because I want to hear what you've got to say.

Your child has died and you need to be heard.  
But they don't want to hear a single word.

They say your child's with God, so be strong.  
They say all the "right" things that somehow seem wrong.

I'll walk in your shoes for more than a mile.  
I'll wait while you cry and be glad if you smile.

I won't criticize you or judge you or scorn.  
I'll just stay and listen 'til night turns to morn.

Yes, the journey is hard and unbearably long.  
And I know that you think that you're not quite that strong.

So just take my hand 'cause I've got time to spare.  
And I know how it hurts, friend, for I have been there.

See, I owe a debt you can help me repay.  
For not so long ago, I was helped the same way.

And I stumbled and fell through a world so unreal.  
So believe when I say that I know how you feel.

I don't look for praise or financial gain.  
And I'm sure not the kind who gets joy out of pain.

I'm just a strong shoulder who'll be here 'til the end.  
I'll be your Compassionate Friend !!!

—Steven Channing

### I'm Still Here

Mother, please don't mourn for me;  
I'm still here, though you don't see.  
I'm right by your side each night and day  
And within your heart, I long to stay.

My body is gone but I'm always near  
I'm everything you feel, see or hear.  
My spirit is free, but I'll never depart,  
As long as you keep me alive in your heart.

I'll never wander out of your sight.  
I'm the brightest star on a summer night.  
I'll never be beyond your reach.  
I'm the warm, moist sand when you're at the beach.

I'm the colorful leaves when fall comes around  
And the pure, white snow that blankets the ground.  
I'm the beautiful flowers of which you are so fond.  
The clear, cool water in a quiet pond.

I'm the first bright blossom you'll see in the spring;  
The first warm raindrop that April will bring.  
I'm the first ray of light when the sun starts to shine,  
And you'll see that the face in the moon is mine.

I'll whisper to you through the leaves on the trees,  
And you'll feel my presence in the soft summer breeze.

I'm the hot, salty tears that flow when you weep  
And the beautiful dreams that come while you sleep.  
I'm the smile you see on a baby's face.

Just look for me, Mommy, I'm every place!

—Author Unknown



### Angel Wings

Today I stumbled once again  
And was lifted up by an unseen hand.

What comfort and joy this knowledge brings.  
I've been brushed by an angel's wings.  
So, I'll trust in my angel and wait to hear  
The whisper of wings, hovering so near.



## Our Children Remembered

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leah Madison Fosdal  
Daughter of Shannon and Jonathan Fosdal  
January 27, 2009 - November 25, 2009

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stephen William Kilian  
Son of Billy and Aimée Kilian  
Grandson of Jay and Debbie Kilian  
Nephew of Cortney and Wade Kilian  
January 15, 2004 - March 18, 2006

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

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

## *Our Children Remembered*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Alfred Whitby  
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.  
January 10, 1959 - August 15, 1974

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

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

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

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:

Stephen and Claire Blaine in memory of Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine  
 Denise Crouse in memory of Robby Ostrowski  
 Michael Milord  
 Joanna Salgado in memory of Kelly Schultz  
 Gordan and Virginia Schmier in memory of David C. Schmier  
 Peggy Smeltzer in memory of Mark Edward Smeltzer and Robert Rey  
 Rita Whitby in memory of Albert Wallace Whitby, Jr., David William Whitby and Daniel Alfred Whitby

*A sincere and heartfelt thank you to everyone who contributed to a most beautiful Service of Remembrance. Your efforts were very much appreciated by all who attended. From the music to the readings to the inspirational message of hope, it was an incredibly wonderful way to honor the memories of our children and to usher in the holiday season with them at our side.*

*A very special thank you to Ann Castiglia, Janice Kunkel and Janet Tyler for leading the effort on our behalf – and thanks to all of the others who spent countless hours to bring us this Service.*



### **You Live On**

You live on in your older sister's smile,  
 Your younger brother's humor,  
 And in the way your baby sister squeezes out of  
 her car seat,  
 As I look for a place to pull over on the highway.

You live on in the heart of your dad  
 And in the heart of me, your mom.  
 You live on when we eat only the inside of egg rolls,  
 Pancakes swimming in syrup,  
 Soggy bowls of cereal,  
 And when we pick croutons out of a salad.

You live on when we choose not to make mountains out of mole hills,  
 To give to charities,  
 To whisper "I love you,"  
 To find beauty in the dusty toad in the garden.

You live on, my child, here on earth everyday,  
 And we anticipate when we will live again with you in eternity.

—Alice J. Wisler, TCF  
 Raleigh, NC

Sometimes healing needs no words, but happens one small moment at a time around the edges – like stars on a spring night, each one bringing its small gift of light and hope, enough to bear us home across the twilight. —Lois Bressell

## WE'RE STARTING A CHAPTER PROJECT—A COOKBOOK

*filled with memories, love and favorite recipes*

Our Chapter is planning a special project for the New Year. 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.

As with other non-profit organizations that publish cookbooks, our cookbook will be offered for sale to Chapter members and others. We are just now gathering information on publishers, so details about timelines and cost are currently unavailable.

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

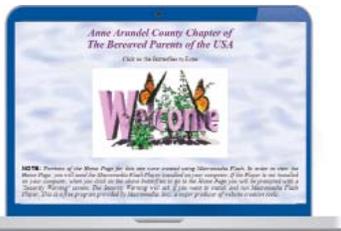
This project is being organized by **Carol Tomaszewski, 410-519-8448, Kathy Ireland, 410-745-2361, and Sandi Burash, 410-551-5774.**

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**; the Gmail log-in is as follows:

Username: memorycookbook  
 Password: cookbook  
 Security Question: bpusa

We will have more information in future newsletters. We hope you will participate – this is going to be a very special cookbook!!!



Would you like to sponsor the Chapter's newsletter or website

([www.aacounty-md-bereaved-parents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereaved-parents.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@nahbr.com](mailto:tbelt@nahbr.com)), or call her at 410-721-1359, or sign up at a monthly meeting.

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

# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

[www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)

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*NEXT MEETING January 6, 2011*



## UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

### **Happy New Year, or Is It?**

**Thursday, January 6, 2011**

Beginning a new year without our deceased children with us physically can be very challenging. The January program will focus on looking ahead to the new year, as we continue to deal with the loss of our children. Sharing groups will be held for first-time attendees, the newly bereaved, and the non-newly bereaved.

### **Using Music in Dealing with Grief**

**Thursday, February 3, 2011**

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

### **2011 Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering**

**July 29-31, 2011**

Sheraton Reston Hotel, Reston, Virginia

## RESOURCES:

### **Bereaved Parents of the USA**

[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org) or 708-748-7866

### **Hospice of the Chesapeake**

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

### **Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center**

[www.mdcrimevictims.org](http://www.mdcrimevictims.org) or 410-234-9885

### **Suicide Support Group**

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

### **MIS Support Group (miscarriage, infant death or stillbirth)**

443-481-6114; meets the first Monday of each month in Edgewater, MD

### **Grief Recovery After a Substance Passing (GRASP)**

[www.grasphelp.com](http://www.grasphelp.com) or 843-705-2217

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at [pjbस्पmd@gmail.com](mailto:pjbस्पmd@gmail.com) or **443.566.0193**.