



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

July 2011

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Summer Social

Please come join us for our July meeting – we’re having a “summer social” instead of our usual program, and we’re hoping to see both old and new friends as we get together to “break bread” and to enjoy each other’s company. We’re asking attendees to bring a dish to share – hors d’oeuvres, desserts, salads, hot dishes, whatever – and we’ll spend our meeting time this month getting to know each other and each other’s children in a less structured setting.

Sharing groups will be held for first-time, newly bereaved, and other attendees, but there will also be ample time for everyone to meet, greet and eat! Come and help us to make this Summer Social a success.

Yesterday

Yesterday, I heard your voice.
Today, that voice is still.
I yearn to hear it once again,
I guess I always will.
Yesterday, I touched your face
As you lay safe in bed.
If I could kiss you just once more
And stroke your precious head.
You touched my life so briefly,

And the magic lingers on.
It blesses me at twilight,
And it wakes me with the dawn.
If I live until forever,
‘Til my eyes no longer see,
My mind will e’er remember
What you were, and are, to me.

— *Marcia Dyke, from Food for the Soul*



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Charles and James Schindler in memory of their daughter

Emily Ann Schindler

July 27, 1985 – January 27, 2004

Happy 26th, Em! Missing and loving you always.
Dance, dance wherever you may be.
Love, Mom, Dad, Charlie and Claire

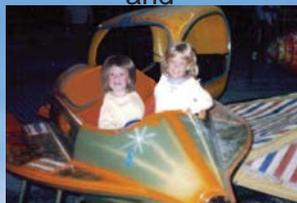


The Belt and Lowe families in memory of
and

their niece and cousin

Traci Jeanne Heincelman

October 6, 1980 – March 10, 2002



their daughter and sister

Cortney Michele Belt

August 26, 1979 – July 9, 1996

You were both incredible children and awesome young adults – who would you be today? We’ll never stop wondering, dreaming and wishing for days gone by – and we’ll never stop loving and missing you deeply.

Next Meeting: July 7, 2011

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.

Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

Summer Social and Sharing Groups -- Attendees are encouraged to bring a dish to share – hors d'oeuvres, a dessert, a hot dish, whatever – as this month's meeting will provide an opportunity for us to get to know each other in a less structured social setting. Sharing groups will still be held for first-time and newly bereaved attendees, but there will be time for everyone to meet, greet and eat! Please join us.

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 August newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by July 1.
Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

Chapter Leader: Terre Belt
410.721.1359
tbelt@nahbrc.com

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Kathy Ireland
Eryn Lowe

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Correspondence & 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!

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

You're Just a Thought Away

Distance takes us far apart
And darkens my today,
I have to keep remembering –
You're just a thought away.

When the world is too confusing,
And times are hard to bear,
I pull your precious meaning,
Your bright spirit, from the air.

And if I sometimes drift
Into a lonely state of mind,
I gather up the memories
Of the days now left behind.

And though you're not beside me,
I can tap into my heart
And draw upon the warmth and love
That now lives while we're apart.

And with the fond reflections
On the times when you were near,
I sense a little bit of what
It's like to have you here...

— Bruce B. Wilmer

Afterglow

I'd like the memory to be a happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways.

Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun.

Of happy memories that I leave when my life is done.

— Author Unknown

A New Perspective on July

It's almost time for fireworks
And the grand old 4th of July.
Muggy weather
Trips to the beach
The steaming of crabs
Emotional triggers everywhere.

July is a month that still fills me with dread
Transporting me to a place I don't want to be.
It takes me back to a dark July
Spent in the woods
Out of sight of our house
And anyone who could see.

Sobbing uncontrollably, body shaking
Guttural screams coming from deep in my soul
How could this be? How could this be?
My daughter, my friend, my firstborn
It can't be true – they say you are gone.
Please say it can't be true.

Fifteen July's – fifteen long years
I can still go back in the woods
To the crushing pain, the overwhelming sadness, the hole deep in my heart.
Or now I can go to the warm and sunny beach
Where we spent our last days
Or to our last words and loving embrace at the front door that night.

No longer in the constant grasp of intense PAIN and LOSS
LOVE and MEMORIES have loosened their grip
Softening the edges of pain and loss
And sustaining and nourishing my soul.
They help me remember the love we still share
And give me hope that it will always be there.

I don't yet believe
Time can heal all wounds
But I do believe
Love is eternal
I'll miss you forever
And perspectives do change with time.

*Terre Belt, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD
In memory of the 15th anniversary
of her daughter Courtney's death*

No Vacation

There is no vacation from your absence.

Every morning I awake I am a bereaved parent.

Every noon I feel the hole in my heart.

Every evening my arms are empty.

My life is busy now, but not quite full. My heart is mended, but not quite healed.

For the rest of my life, every moment will be lived without you.

There is no vacation from your absence.

— Kathy Boyette, TCF, MS Gulf Coast



There's a Hole in Me

There's a hole in me. You see, a part of me is missing. I keep looking for my son, and all I find are bits and pieces of him – something he wrote, a picture he took, a book he read, a tape he made, something he drew – but there is an emptiness in me that these bits and pieces cannot fill, that nothing will ever fill. I wander around, and sometimes without realizing I am doing it, I shake my head in disbelief, thinking it can't be true. But I know it is. My son is gone and he is not coming back. I will have to go to him and someday I will.



There's a hole in me and it hurts terribly, much worse than I ever imagined anything could hurt. I am angry – not at God or at my son for leaving me as some have suggested. I am not angry at anyone or anything in particular. I am just angry. I want to scream and strike out at something. Sometimes I feel as if I am going to explode and I expect to see pieces of me flying in all directions.

I want to fill this hole in me so that everything that is left within me will not spill out. I want someone else who loved him to hug me when I cry and tell me it will be all right, even though I think it will never be.

— *Johnie Maxwell, TCF*
Lake Jackson, TX

Not Guilt, Regret

One of our basic responsibilities as parents is to keep our children from harm. So, when anything happens to them, we feel guilty, whether we could realistically have done anything or not. When the ultimate tragedy occurs, we are devastated. How could we let it happen? Why didn't we stop it? If we have compounded our guilt with any degree of human error of commission or omission, we are beyond devastation.

Even words, either of anger or left unspoken, haunt us. Guilt implies intent. If we intended to harm our child, we can feel guilty of that. If we never intended harm to ever, ever come to our child, the correct name for our emotion is regret.

The crushing pain is still there, but regret is softer, gentler, less judgmental, and easier to forgive and to heal. It is also more accurate. If that name doesn't feel strong enough for our feelings, it will in time. Let it float there and try it now and then. Not guilt – we feel regret.

— *Kitty Sanders*
Nashville, TN

A Mother's Thoughts

YESTERDAY...

We dreamed of how our future would be.
Of times we'd share, my child and me.
Whether joy or pain, laughter or tears.
We'd stand together throughout the years.
A promise of what life should always be.
Of a child so dear, ever loving me.

TODAY...

My heart sobs with uncontrollable grief.
I search for answers, but find no relief.
The skies have darkened, no longer bright.
For my child is gone, forever from sight.
The dreams we shared can never be. They're left to
Linger in my memory.



TOMORROW...

My heart will push aside this cloud
That darkens my life like a heavy shroud.
Once again I'll see the dawning light
And know my child's love still burns bright.
I'll remember the moments we both shared.
I'll remember our love and how we cared.
I'll remember my child now lives in me
And his YESTERDAYS shall always be.

— *Carol Cichella, TCF*
Rockford, IL

SIBLING PAGE



Little Brother

Two simple words – yet for me they contain a lifetime of memories. His lifetime. He was four years younger, yet by the time he reached his last birthday, he was a foot taller, and he never let me forget it. I sit here and remember his reaction to the title “Little Brother.” He would straighten to his full height, look down at me and say, “Little? I’m not the little one.” Then we’d laugh. No matter how tall he grew, he was always little to me. I could never remember he was no longer four but fourteen.

I stood in the cemetery the day he would have turned 16 and tried to imagine what he might have been like as a young man. All I saw was my little brother playing baseball and football and wrestling; fishing in the pond behind our house; riding his dirt bike around town – each a memory of happy times together.

As the anniversary of his death approaches, I find myself remembering the last time I saw him, and I think of all the things I would have said if I had known it would be the last time. I never got the chance to say them, so I am saying them now: “I love you, little brother!”

You grew into a wonderful person. I’m glad I had the chance to know you and watch you grow from a bratty little brother into a man. I miss you, little brother. Every day, I see or do things I wish I could share with you. You will always be in my thoughts.

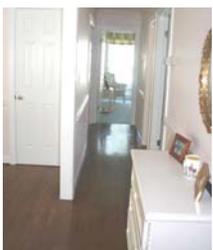
— Shannon Stiener, TCF
Lake/Porter County, IN

Real Grief

Real grief is not healed by time...if time does anything, it deepens our grief. The longer we live, the more fully we become aware of who she/he was for us, and the more intimately we experience what their love meant to us. Real, deep love is, as you know, very unobtrusive, seemingly easy and obvious, and so present that we take it for granted. Therefore, it is often only in retrospect – or better, in memory – that we fully realize its power and depth. Yes, indeed, love often makes itself visible in pain.



— Henri Nouwen



The Room Just Down the Hall

There’s a room just down the hall,
Where there’s never a sound at all,
There are posters on the wall
In the room just down the hall,
And love is all that lives here,
In the place that you called home.

On the bed where you dreamed your dreams,
You were what you wanted to be – a fireman and a cowboy,
Shootin’ straight and riding tall.
And I remember what you wanted to be,
When you grew up – just like me!
And the world was just like heaven
In the room just down the hall.

Now sometimes late at night,
By the flickering candlelight,
I find simple comfort, just lying on your bed.
I finally fall to sleep, with your picture next to me...
And again my tears find freedom,
On the pillow where you laid your head.
Lying there in the night, I know it will be all right;
I always feel you close, I often hear you call,
From the place you now call “home”
In the room you call your own.
Heaven again lies waiting,
In the room just down the hall.

— Jeremiah Sundown, TCF, Nashville, TN



Grief and the Creative Process

Many of us after the death of our child find words are inadequate when trying to describe our feelings. To say we feel devastated, empty, hollow, hopeless, helpless or desperate still may not get to the core of what we're experiencing. That said, I know several of you were non-poets before the death of your child, yet found words flowing from your heart after. These poems have allowed you to creatively or by analogy describe your experience. They have not only helped you to heal, but they have helped others to understand. To reach beyond words, whether we are trying to explain to someone what we're feeling or to help ourselves heal by tapping into the depth of our grief, the creative process can be the answer.

Others, who have not been able to heal through poetry, have reached beyond words into other creative ways. Many, like me, have turned to painting as a way to reach these depths. The paintings can be as personal as a journal, never to be seen by anyone but the painter. One father I counseled who had never painted before tried this medium. Often, painting over and over on the same canvas, he would just splash on color. At other times he tried to be more specific. It didn't matter. Afterwards, he would often write in his journal.

If painting or poetry is not for you, there are many ways to be creative when grieving that can console us. A mother, whose thirteen-year-old daughter died in a biking accident, made a necklace out of her daughter's favorite colors and calls it her "Barbara" necklace. She gets great comfort, feeling closer to her daughter, when wearing it. Another mother, whose ten-month-old baby died, with the help of a quilter, made a beautiful wall hanging out of some of her baby daughter's clothes. A friend of mine whose son committed suicide, found a harmonica in his son's room and now has taught himself to play. He feels an intimacy with his son when playing that soothes him. Another parent plays his son's guitar and feels like he has his arms around his son when cradling it. A mother, whose toddler died, embroidered her son's name on several pillowcases. This has helped her to feel closeness to him when she rests her cheek on the pillow. Use your own creativity to find the right expression for you.

— Carol Kearns

Choose Life

"It will never be the same. Never." As a bereaved parent, you have often heard or said these words to express grief's profound feelings of sorrow and disorientation. Your life has suddenly taken an unexpected course that appears both uncharted and endless. Bewildered, you vainly search for pathways back to your former life, until you confront the reality that there is no way back. Your child is dead forever.

It is then that you may say, "Never the same." This is the aspect of grief that Simon Stephens calls "The Valley of the Shadow." It is that very long time between the death of your child and your reinvestment in life. Between it is not supposed to be a permanent resting place. Although some people do take up residence in the valley, it is a transition from the death of your child to life with renewed purpose.

The key to this transition is you. You must choose between life and the valley. You, and only you, can decide. And you must make that decision again and again, each day. Giving in to the hopelessness of the valley is tempting. Choosing to move on toward life requires a great deal of work. You must struggle with the pain of grief in order to resolve it. It is a daily struggle full of tears, anger, guilt and self-doubt, but it is the only alternative to surrendering yourself to the valley.

Little by little you choose to move on. Little by little you progress toward the other side of the valley. It takes a very long time, far longer than your friends or relatives suspected. Far longer than you had believed – even prayed – that it would be. When one day you find yourself able to do more than choose merely to live, but also how to live, you will know that you are leaving the valley of the shadow. There will still be more work to do, more struggle and choosing. The valley, however, stretches behind rather than in front of you.

When you have resolved your grief by reinvesting in life, you will be able to realize that nothing is ever "the same." Life is change. We would not have it be otherwise, for that is The Valley of the Shadow. Change has the promise of beginning and the excitement of discovery.

Life is never the same. Life is change.
Choose life!

— From the newsletter "Memory Album," Southwestern WY



The Good Old Summertime?

The good old summertime has arrived. The time when we usually plan vacations, family reunions, picnics, etc. There are many activities going on, such as ballgames, golf, swimming, though for some of us, a float trip on an Ozark stream is more enticing. Vacation Bible schools and ice cream socials are held at churches. We usually adopt a more casual lifestyle, cook outdoors, and free ourselves of rigid schedules. Whatever our interests may be, this is the time for family togetherness. When our family is still in tact, it can be a wonderful time...if not, it can be a very painful time.



If this is the first summer following the death of your child, you may not have much inclination or energy for the usual activities, although many parents find that doing something physically demanding helps release the tension and anger associated with grief. Some have found a measure of healing and peace working in their yard or garden, or planting a flower garden in memory of their child. Others may feel obligated to attend family activities, and then they find that it does help to get involved.

If you don't feel able to get out and get involved in your usual activities, don't be concerned. Just do what you feel like you can do now.

Most of us think going away on a vacation or short trip somewhere will help us get away from the painful reminders of our child's death, and though it may be less painful than it was at home, we soon learn that we take our memories and emotions with us wherever we go. However, a vacation can be an incentive for doing something relaxing and enjoyable, though most of us feel guilty if we enjoy ourselves very soon after our child has died.

When we made vacation plans for the summer following our son's death in February, I was a little apprehensive. We were going to visit our daughter, who had recently moved to Michigan, and invited our daughter-in-law (our son's widow) and her daughters, ages three and five, to accompany us on the vacation. From there, all of our group traveled upstate to stay a few days at a lake resort. Our little granddaughters kept the trip upbeat and lively, and we were able to enjoy ourselves for the first time that summer. It was helpful for all of us, even though there were several intense emotional moments. Now we realize that everyone in our family was still grieving, each in their own way, and it would have been helpful to have allowed each one some private time to rest every day.

As newly bereaved parents, we are like pioneers, charting our way through an unknown area to our new destination. We've been told that it is peaceful there, but we can't feel that peace until we arrive. Those who have already made the trip report that life is different, yet good, in that new place. But we find that difficult to believe, because we are still traveling that long, rugged trail, and the end is not yet in sight. "Don't be afraid," we are told, "we made it, and you will make it, too. Just take your time, and you will find your way." Those who have made the journey encourage us to believe that we'll make it through the wilderness of grief and find peace.

As one who has found peace at the end of the journey, I'm thankful to those who encouraged me during those dark days when I could not see the way. Their loving support, and my faith, gave me hope that life could be good and meaningful again, and now it truly is.



If you are still struggling along, unable to see a future without pain and confusion, please reach out to those of us who have been there. We are here to take your hand and help you find the way to healing. Be kind to yourself and others, and take time to relax and remember. Your child would want you to try to find some ways to enjoy life once again, without feeling guilty again. This summer you may find the road to renewed hope and recovery.

— Lenora Sanders (reprinted from the July/August 2002 TCF Atlanta newsletter)

Nehru and the Rose

Actor Glenn Ford tells this story: The Indian statesman Nehru gave Ford a rose and said, "Keep this rose and look at it for a long time." When the two men met again a year later, Nehru asked whether Ford had kept the rose and looked at it. Glenn Ford said, "Yes, I have." "And what did you think?" asked Nehru. The actor answered, "I kept seeing the rose even after it faded and lost its petals. I kept seeing the rose."

Nehru nodded and said, "That is the secret of love. If you love something, you will see its beauty. Even if it fades and goes away, you will always see its beauty."



Our Children Remembered

Note from the Editor: We sincerely apologize in advance to anyone whose child was born or whose child died in the month of July, and whose names are missing from this month's listing. We have experienced database/computer problems and we are unable to create a current listing for this month; instead, we are using the July 2010 listing, and surely there will be some children missed. Please send an email to tbelt@nahbrc.com if your child's name is missing and we'll include it in the August issue of this newsletter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michael J. Dickens Jr.
Son of Marla and Michael Dickens Sr.
July 7, 1968 - March 29, 1996

Brian Edward Durner
Son of Lynn and Bill Durner
Brother of Jamie Durner
March 24, 1983 - July 8, 2005

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our Children Remembered

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Joseph Claude Smith
Son of Gary and Desirae Smith
March 19, 2005 - July 11, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*This is for all the caterpillars that never became butterflies.
All the butterflies that never caught the wind in their wings.
And all the hearts that had hopes and dreams of a
wondrous flight together.*

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:

DONATIONS:

John and Terre Belt in memory of Cortney Belt and Traci Heincelman

Robert and Barbara Bessling in memory of Ricky Bessling

William and Jody Dale in memory of Joshua Dale

Willard and Marian Johnson in memory of Kurt W. Johnson

Kenneth A. Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

CHAPTER COOKBOOK

Our Chapter is going to publish a cookbook, filled with memories, love, and favorite family recipes. This is not going to be your typical cookbook. Instead, it will be a celebration of the love we shared with our children. Send us your favorite family recipes, memories of special times, and possibly a picture, and be sure to include your name and your child's name.

What follows are two examples of the kinds of cookbook entries we are looking for:

EXAMPLE ONE

GRANDMA'S CREAMY MINTS

Servings: Yield about 80 pieces

Prep Time:

Cook Time:

Difficulty:

Ingredients

- 1 Box confectioner's sugar
- ½ stick butter or margarine
- 3 T boiling water
- ¼ tsp peppermint oil
- Few drops of food coloring

Combine ingredients, cream well with your hands until smooth. Make small balls, dipping each into granulated sugar. Press into mold and pop out. Let air dry for about 24 hours. Can be stored for several weeks.

It's now become a tradition in our family to make mints for all the special occasions. Grandma started this tradition years ago. She made mints for many of her Grandchildren's weddings, including Dave's. The recipe and molds have been passed down to our daughter Lara, and the tradition continues.

In memory of Dave Tomaszewski, 1974-2001, and
Grandma Martha Baumgartel, 1909 - 1989



HUNGARIAN GOULASH

Ingredients

- ¼ c shortening
- 2 lbs beef chuck or round, cut into 1-in cubes
- 1 c sliced onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 ½ c water
- 2 T flour
- ¼ c water
- ¼ c catsup
- 1 T brown sugar
- 2 T Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp salt
- 2 tsp paprika
- ½ tsp dry mustard
- Hot cooked noodles

Melt shortening in large skillet. Add beef, onion and garlic; cook and stir until meat is brown and onion is tender. Stir in catsup, Worcestershire sauce, sugar, salt, paprika, mustard, cayenne and 1 ½ cups water. Cover; simmer 2 to 2 ½ hours. Blend flour and ¼ cup water; stir gradually into meat mixture. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil and stir 1 minute. Serve over noodles.

Hungarian Goulash was one of Dave's favorite recipes. Whenever we had it, the table would be set with plates, but Dave would go to the cupboard and get a serving bowl to use for himself. Today we often laugh about his favorite bowl, and still use it on special occasions.... and always when we have goulash.

Submitted by Rick & Carol Tomaszewski,
in memory of David W Tomaszewski, 1974 - 2001

EXAMPLE TWO



Send your submissions no later than August 1, and sooner is better. If you wish, you can use the form that follows to submit your cookbook entry. Expected publication date is October 1, 2011, and the cost will be \$10 each.

Advance orders for our cookbook may be placed at the time of submission and payment will be requested later.

MY MEMORY COOKBOOK SUBMISSION

Please provide the following information. Include a picture if you want. Pictures will be printed in black and white. Mail to: Memory Cookbook, c/o BP/USA AA County Chapter, P.O. Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280, or email: memorycookbook@gmail.com

YOUR NAME: _____

CONTACT INFORMATION: _____

(How we can get in touch with you if we have questions)

IN MEMORY OF: _____

RECIPE TITLE: _____

INGREDIENTS:

RECIPE DIRECTIONS:

MEMORIES, STORY, whatever you would like to add:

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

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

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.

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

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 July 7, 2011



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by JULY 1, 2011

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Summer Social and Sharing Groups

Thursday, July 7, 2011

Attendees are encouraged to bring a dish to share – hors d'oeuvres, a dessert, a hot dish, whatever – as this month's meeting will provide an opportunity for us to get to know each other in a less structured social setting. Sharing groups will still be held for first-time and newly bereaved attendees, but there will be time for everyone to meet, greet and eat! Please join us.

Program To Be Determined

Thursday, August 4, 2011

National Conference of The Compassionate Friends

July 15-17, 2011

Minneapolis, MN

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

The Compassionate Friends of Prince George's County

Meetings are on the second Thursday of each month at 7 p.m., United Parish of Bowie, 2515 Mitchellville Road, Bowie, MD

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**.