



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

July 2012

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Please join us at the July 5th meeting, when we will be having an Angel Food Tasting, inspired by the success of our "Angel Food and Special Memories Cookbook." If you can, bring a dish that was a favorite of your loved one, and share your Angel's favorite food with us. Or try a new recipe from our Cookbook. Instead of a speaker, we will spend extra time enjoying the refreshments and sharing our memories.

At the end of the meeting, we will send floating candles across the water outside our meeting room in memory of our children. This Japanese tradition symbolizes the releasing of the spirit of departed loved ones, while holding onto memories and their love. Please join us...as we remember them.

— *The Core Group*

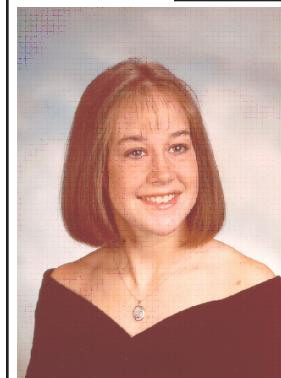
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Gene and Marlen Maier in memory of their son

Eric Eugene Maier

August 8, 1961 – July 5, 1984



The Belt and Lowe families in memory of their daughter, sister, niece and cousin

Traci Jeanne Heincelman

October 6, 1980 – March 10, 2002

Cortney Michele Belt

August 26, 1979 – July 9, 1996

Loving and missing you every day of the year forever and ever!



Next Meeting: July 5, 2012

Angel Food Tasting & Floating Candle Release -- Instead of a speaker this month, we will spend extra time enjoying refreshments and sharing our memories. If you can, bring a dish that was a favorite of your loved one and share your Angel's favorite food with us. We're hoping to see both old and new friends as we get together to "break bread" and to enjoy each other's company. Sharing groups will also be held as usual for those interested, and we will send floating candles across the water after the meeting.

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.

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If so, AND you enter through our Chapter's website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org), the Chapter will earn a commission of five percent on your purchases. Using the link does not increase your cost (and information about your purchase is not shared with the Chapter), but it does earn the Chapter a commission from Amazon. It's an easy way for you to support our Chapter's activities.

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!



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@nahbcc.org), 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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And the Rockets' Red Glare

I watched the spectacular burst of colors. It was always such a treat. The starburst, the swirly ones, the straight ones, making their noisy, hissing, banging trajectories into the nighttime sky.

Throughout these exciting displays, tears rolled down my face. Inconceivable that I am here to enjoy all this, and you, my beautiful Cheryl, are not.

Then new thoughts rolled through my mind. Perhaps you are viewing these fireworks and many more from a higher vantage point, where the colors and designs shine more vividly. Perhaps you are seeing and understanding things that I can neither see nor understand. Perhaps your world is filled with rainbows and flowers and butterflies, rabbits and other beautiful animals that roam free. Perhaps you are surrounded by love, music, beauty, and unbounded joy.

Perhaps, my love, I can only hope.

— Carol Silverman, TCF, Elkins Park, PA

Summertime

It sounds so easy. A soft, warm word. Time to run barefoot, time to leave windows open at night. Summertime. Somehow it seems, doesn't it, that it's especially meant for children. Children on beaches, children on swings, children in large pools, children in tiny tubs.

We who do not have all of our children with us may feel the summertime in two ways. One is to remember shared events and adventures – there are so many. Long rides in a hot car; a nap in the back seat. The famous question, "Are we there yet?" Everything from a heat rash to ice cream cones and sand castles.

For us, another way to feel summertime is the special emptiness brought about by children who are no longer on this earth. They used to trot along on hikes in the hills. They used to gather wood for an evening fire. Now summer brings us again the melancholy awareness of their absence. Have you ever walked out some unfamiliar path, surprised about not having been there with the children? Even when there's nothing to remember, we are reminded of the children's absence.

We have been diminished by death. Some of us may still have living children. Other parents have no children left. They have lost an only child, perhaps. Or all of their children died. And here we are, grateful for the warmth of summer mornings, aware of the ripe beauty of nature, trying to deal with our children's absence with all the grace of which we are capable. Often we do not want to burden others with our grief. Or we may be convinced that others don't wish to share our distress. We have learned, after all, that the world around us is not always able to understand how we feel.

Besides, we were taught to be brave. Many of us will do everything we can to appear "normal" after our loss. But we were also taught to be honest. And, when you feel the hurt, when you seem almost to be lost in the shadows of this golden summertime, don't hide your sorrow. The grief of your spirit can perhaps be kept a secret on the outside. Yet, your deepest feelings, unexpressed, can burn into your existence with harmful force.

You can be both brave and honest. You know that it's brave to share grief, be it old grief or new grief. And revealing that sorrow is also honest. Of course, nothing can wipe away much of your pain. But sharing grief is helpful. You will know that after you have expressed the painful sorrow you once kept hidden and you find yourself, finally, smiling at the memories and the blessing of past summer times.

— Sascha Wagner





Please Ask

Someone asked me about you today.
It's been so long since anyone has done
that.

It felt so good to talk about you...

To share my memories of you
To simply say your name out loud.

She asked me if I minded talking about what happened to you,
Or would it be too painful to speak of it?

I told her I think of it every day, and
Speaking about it helps me to release the tormented thoughts
Whirling around in my head.

She said she never realized the pain would last this long,
She apologized for not asking sooner.

I told her, "Thanks for asking."

I don't know if it was curiosity or concern that made her ask,
But I told her, "Please do it again sometime soon."

— Barbara Taylor Hudson, Cincinnati, OH

WHAT IS LEFT?



When a child dies, you ask, among other questions, what is left? A beautiful, sensitive, intelligent child has died. What can be left after such a crushing blow? Others will point out that you have a spouse, other children or grandchildren, perhaps relatives or friends who are left.

You read books on bereavement, scarcely remembering what you have read; you attend meetings, talk with others who have suffered a loss like yours. If you are fortunate, you have one or two friends who, while they cannot fully understand, are there to love and listen. Perhaps there is a therapist who guides you in your search for an answer. But, for a long while everything you read or hear has little meaning and certainly cannot provide the answer to your question.

Or can it? Does all that you have read and heard and experienced finally come together and answer the question of what is left? For me it does. The answer was thirteen months in coming, but how clear it comes now. I am left. That's it! I am left and I have been left with the love of my child. It is a new love; it is different, more intense; it is understanding; it need not be reciprocated; there are no strings attached.

I love this love of my child. It warms and comforts me. It is a wonderful love, but I cannot keep it. It is too precious to keep to myself. I am left with the love to spare and love to share. It will never run out. My child will always be with me to replenish it. I have found my answer. I am left to share my child's love with you.

— Betty Stevens, BP/USA, Baltimore, MD

Skinned Knees and Mended Hearts

On Wednesday, I was leaving one of the schools where I work. I was crossing the parking lot to my car and I tripped. There was no ice, no barriers in the road. I just tripped over my own two feet and went flying. My knees broke my fall.



In the instant I hit the pavement, the pain was intense. I will admit that quite a few four letter words were uttered under my breath. I inhaled deeply, gathered my bag (some of its contents spilling out onto the road), and hobbled the 20 more yards to my car.

I pulled up my pant legs to assess the damage. Both knees were skinned. I had errands to run so I started the car, thinking I'd stop at a drugstore for band aids if needed. Interestingly, the incident took the first 10 layers of skin off my knees but the bleeding was slight. By the time I reached my next destination, I could slide my trouser legs over my knees without fear of destroying the material with blood stains.

I avoided the emergency room. The event didn't even warrant a trip to the Minute Clinic. Probably the biggest damage was done to my pride. I moved on, slowly, but that sting in my knees has been a constant reminder this week.

Over the last few years, I have found many metaphors for that process by which we deal with tragedy, suffering, and loss. I guess I've found another one to add to the collection.

Like grief, the initial impact of those skinned knees was a shock to the system. The pain was intense. A flood of different emotions (pain, embarrassment, anger, pity) engulfed my system all at the same time. I took some immediate action to staunch the bleeding (thank goodness for those extra napkins in my glove compartment) and trudged forward. For the next few days, every time I moved, I felt the sting of the raw skin. Even though I could feel it, the pain was invisible to everyone else. I cloaked the evidence in pants and tights. Unless I called their attention to my injury, nobody really knew it was there.

After a few days, the pain has subsided. The skin is scabbing over and the healing process has begun. I still have to be careful, though. I won't be shaving the hair on my knees for a little while. (Thank goodness it's not bathing suit season!) If I bump my knees against a chair, a wall, or the bed, the pain rears its head again. I'm reminded that I'm still healing.

Even well-meaning friends and family can trigger the pain. The other night, we were sitting on the couch and my husband absent mindedly placed his hand on my knee. What was intended as an act of comfort or endearment caused me to flinch and back away. He immediately apologized, saying that he had forgotten about my "war injury." It's true. Sometimes even those close to us forget how painful grief can be. Without visible wounds, the pain only rears its head when triggered. And those triggers can come out of left field. We are left defenseless, even for a short time.

Time heals all wounds, whether skinned knees or mended hearts. What remains is a scar: an eternal reminder that while we were broken, we can find peace. The memories, good and bad, remain in that place, protected by a new layer of skin. Often, that scarred skin is darker, tougher. It's not impermeable but it arms us as we face the days ahead.

— Rachel Reynolds

SIBLING PAGE



Healing

Healing is not an event
It is not a destination
It is a process
A journey that takes many turns
Until one day you look
Back and see
How far you have come
How much you understand
How much you have healed
You never forget
Or are the same
But you do find joy by
Continuing to always
Walk forward
Toward hope.

— Author Unknown

Live One Day at a Time

Memories –
Tender, loving, bittersweet.
They can never be taken from you.
Nothing can detract from the joy and the beauty you and your loved one shared.
Your love for the person and his or her love for you
Cannot be altered by time or circumstance.
The memories are yours to keep.
Yesterday has ended,
Though you store it in the treasure-house of the past.
And tomorrow?
How can you face its awesome problems and challenges?
It is as far beyond your mastery as your ability to control yesterday.
Journey one day at a time.
Don't try to solve all the problems of your life at once.
Each day's survival is a triumph.

— Rabbi Earl Grollman (*from "Living When a Loved One Has Died"*)



Where Does the Sister Come in?

My brother was killed. He was murdered for no reason at all. My pain is so sharp, so close. But THEY think I shouldn't be suffering as much.

As much as his wife, who grieves for her love and her future.
As much as his son, who will never know his daddy.
As much as his parents, who have lost their only son, their first born, their child.



I have lost my closest friend; the man I admired most in my world; the person I spent most of my free time with, just for his company; the person I played Yahtzee with until 2 a.m., knowing I'd beat him soon; the boy I grew up with and followed around constantly; the love that only a brother and sister can know; the respect he had for me; the talks and the personal jokes.

I have lost my brother.
It hurts just as much.

— Bridgette Huard, TCF

Do you ever feel guilty for enjoying a wonderful moment? Remember that you're still on this planet to live and to grow. When you savor life, you honor your loved one. Learning to live -- in spite of pain, in spite of loss -- is a tribute to the love that your dear one imparts to you.

— *From Transcending Loss: Understanding the Lifelong Impact of Grief*



A Parent's Heartache

A grieving parent is someone who will never forget their child, no matter how painful memories are.
 A grieving parent is someone who yearns to be with their child but cannot conceive leaving their living ones.
 A grieving parent is someone who has part of a heart, as the rest has gone with their child.
 A grieving parent is someone who begs for relief from the memories which plague them and then feels guilty when they get it.

A grieving parent is someone who pretends to be happy and enjoying life when they are really dying inside.
 A grieving parent is someone who can cry or laugh at the drop of a hat whenever they remember their beloved child.
 A grieving parent is someone who feels as if they have just lost their child yesterday no matter how much time has passed.
 A grieving parent is someone who fears for their remaining family, because they cannot bear to have any more losses.
 A grieving parent is someone who sits by their child's memorial and feels a knife stabbing their heart.
 A grieving parent is someone who wants to help others who have lost a loved one because somehow others' loss is theirs all over again.

— Author Unknown

Be Gentle with Yourself

Be gentle with yourself and know that grief can affect you mentally, spiritually and physically in ways that may surprise you.

Broken hearts will mend in time, if you let God, family and friends comfort and guide you to better days. Healing takes time and there is no one size fits all way to healing.

Express the hurt and pain. You might think it's better to hide it or avoid it by staying busy and distracted, but eventually those emotions will come out and demand you to pay attention.

Know that it is not only OK to cry, but you should because the tears you shed express the love for the one you lost, and eventually you will wash away some of the sadness and pain.

When someone asks if they can help, say YES. Saying yes will help your immediate needs. Know that your friends and family want to help, but they don't often know how unless you say yes.

Don't push people away; let them cry with you, and offer comfort. In time this will help the healing process. Give yourself time to walk through the grieving process and know there is not one certain way to grieve; everyone is different just like the snowflakes falling from the sky.

Grieving is a place no one else knows until they are there, so give yourself permission to take your time. Expect different stages in your grief -- you may feel mad, sad, numb, anger, fear, regret and eventually acceptance and hope.

Know that your loss is not a punishment from God or any spiritual test. Death is part of life and God shares the pain and hurt you feel. Often your spiritual faith will lead you to better days.

— Author Unknown

Life is eternal, and love is immortal,
 And death is only a horizon,
 And a horizon is nothing save
 The limits of our sight.

— Rossiter Worthington Raymond

My Child Was Real!

When a child dies, there are a lot of very painful situations that arise. One of these situations that a mother struggles with is knowing how to acknowledge to others that her child was real.

Quite often, in church, at work, or in everyday conversation, the question about the number of children you have will come up. If you have lost an only child, this can especially become a very uncomfortable question. When someone asks how many children you have, and you've miscarried your only child, what do you say? Most mothers want to answer, "I have one child," but they feel somewhat unaccepted when saying this. They feel they owe an explanation attached to the answer because not everybody accepts the fact that a child who is no longer with us on this earth qualifies a woman to still be called a mother. They don't see the child as real.



If your child died as a toddler, or as an older child, what do you say when asked how many children you have? You still feel like you are a mother to the child. There is no question that your child indeed lived and was very much a part of your life. Yet, others make an attempt to discourage any talk about your son or daughter that has died because the very thought makes them very uncomfortable. It is much easier for friends and family to avoid the entire topic.

This is a very painful situation, to say the least. And, it is so deserving of our attention. Many mothers carry extra pain in their hearts because others have not given them the opportunity to include their child in everyday events and conversations.

The best means of validation that your child was real is to talk about your child to others. When asked a question such as how many children you have, always include the deceased child. Your child was real, even if your child's heart beat for only a few moments, and it is very healing to you as the mother to make sure others understand your need to validate the life of your child.

Holidays are an especially difficult and lonely time for mothers when others overlook their deceased child. Christmas arrives and often there is no mention of the child. Easter, vacation time, and even the child's birthday pass, and others do not say a word about the child who is now missing. This causes great pain and anguish to a mother's already breaking heart.

It is often up to a mother to keep her child's memory alive for others. Include your deceased child in holidays, especially in the traditional family holidays. It's healing to buy an ornament for your child and place it on the Christmas tree. It is most appropriate when giving thanks at Thanksgiving to read a special poem in memory of your child who has passed on.

Many mothers have felt the need to invite guests to their home on the date of their child's birthday. They find great comfort in sharing warm stories about the life of their special child.

Many mothers who have miscarried find it particularly healing to wear a special ring or bracelet in memory of their baby. This gives an opportunity to open conversation about the child.

Most mothers like to talk about their child, and they should be encouraged to do so. By sharing with others, a mother also has the opportunity to validate that her child was real. That is often the most healing aspect of all in child loss. When others help to acknowledge the life of a child, a mother's heart no longer feels so alone in grief as she is able to keep her child's memory alive.

— Clara Hinton

The Storm

And once the storm is over you won't remember how you made it through, how you managed to survive. You won't even be sure, in fact, whether the storm is really over. But one thing is certain. When you come out of the storm you won't be the same person who walked in. That's what this storm's all about.

— Haruki Murakami

If you have occasional spells of despondency and self-pity; if once in awhile you begin to feel sorry for yourself, don't despair. The sun has a sinking spell every night, but it rises again the next morning.

— Richard C. Hertz, TCF, Lexington, KY

How to Grieve: 5 MYTHS That Hurt

Grief is a natural response to loss, and it can unfold in many ways. Unfortunately, well-intentioned onlookers -- dubbed "grief police" by grief expert Robert Neimeyer, professor of psychology at the University of Memphis -- often say things that mistakenly imply to the bereaved that there's a "right" way to grieve.

Consider these all-too-common grief myths:

MYTH 1: It's possible to cry too much.

Everyone grieves differently. There's no single correct way to express the pain, sorrow, yearning, and other aspects of the transition of adjusting to the death of a loved one. Intense responses are sometimes seen as "losing control," when in fact they're simply how that person is actively (and productively) processing the loss.

MYTH 2: If you don't cry now, it'll be worse later.

Some people never cry. Tears or outward expressions of anguish simply aren't everyone's grieving style, says psychologist Neimeyer. This doesn't mean they're grieving less intensely than a visibly shaken individual, or that they loved the person who died any less. Nor does a lack of obvious emotion mean the griever has an emotional block or problem or will face a longer, more difficult adjustment to the loss.

MYTH 3: Grief is something you "get over."

Most people never stop grieving a death; they learn to live with it. Grief is a response, not a straight line with an endpoint. Many psychologists bristle at words such as "acceptance" or "resolution" or "healed" as a final stage of grief. The real stages of grief involve tasks of processing and adjustment that one returns to all through life.

MYTH 4: Time heals slowly but steadily.

Time is the commodity through which a grieving person sorts through the effects and meaning of a loss. But that process isn't a steady fade-out, like a photograph left in the sun. Grief is a chaotic roller coaster -- a mix of ups, downs, steady straight lines, and the occasional slam. Periods of intense sadness and pain can flare and fade for years or decades.

MYTH 5: Grieving should end after a set amount of time.

Ignore oft-quoted rules of thumb that purport to predict how long certain types of grief should last. A downside to six-week or eight-week bereavement groups, says Sherry E. Showalter, a psychotherapist specializing in grief and the author of *Healing Heartaches: Stories of Loss and Life*, is that at the end of the sessions, people mistakenly expect to be "better" (or their friends expect this). "Everyone tells me the same story: 'I failed Grief 101,' because they still feel pain," Showalter says. "We grieve for a lifetime, because we're forever working to incorporate the death into our own tapestry of life."

Learning how to grieve is ultimately part instinct, part stumbling along, part slogging along -- a bit like learning how to live.

Letter to Mom

Mom, please don't feel guilty
It was just my time to go.
I see you are still feeling sad,
And the tears just seem to flow.

We all come to earth for our lifetime,
And for some it's not many years.
I don't want you to keep crying,
You are shedding so many tears.

I haven't really left you,
Even though it may seem so.
I have just gone to my heavenly home,
And I'm closer to you than you know.

Just believe that when you say my name
I'm standing next to you,
I know you long to see me,
But there's nothing I can do.

But I'll still send you messages
And hope you understand,
That when your time comes to "cross over,"
I'll be there to take your hand.

— Joy Curnutt



Our Children Remembered

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

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

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

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

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

Olivia Rachel Constants
Daughter of Stephen and Dorothy Constants
July 28, 1996 - June 23, 2011

O. Steven Cooper
Cousin of Frances Palmer
July 5, 1954 - September 26, 1998

Emily Christina Davidson
Daughter of Fran Smith
July 24, 1972 - January 13, 2011

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

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

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

Kerry Elizabeth Hambleton
Daughter of Bob and Ellen Hambleton
September 14, 1983 - July 26, 2011

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

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

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

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

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

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 14, 2005 - July 11, 2006

Karen Leese Stevens
Daughter of Judith and John Leese

July 19, 1962 - November 17, 2009

Jason William Tarr
Son of Lorraine A. Tarr
July 8, 1969 - February 20, 2012

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

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

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

Sienna Blue Water Zertuche
Daughter of Karen Samaras
September 5, 1976 - July 31, 2008

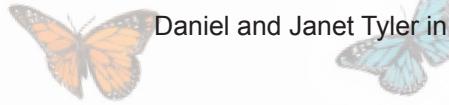
*This is for all the caterpillars that never became butterflies.
All the butterflies that never caught the wind in their wings.
And all the hearts that had hopes and dreams of a
wondrous flight together.*

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:

Bobbi Remines in memory of Joseph Remines and Romana Hale

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

Daniel and Janet Tyler in memory of Brittany Tyler and Fred Carter



Angel Food and Special Memories Our Memory Cookbook

Our memory cookbook was a wonderful project, thanks to many of you. Thank you so much for contributing your recipes and very special memories. It was a blessing for us to work with your photos and special memories of your loved ones.

We also want to let everyone know that page 50 is blank, so you could add a recipe, or personalize that page. We know that some of you were not able to participate, for one of those many reasons that are relevant to bereaved parents, and are totally understood by us all. If so, you may want to consider using page 50 for your loved one.

Thank you for supporting the sales of the cookbook. We had 300 copies printed, and have sold out already. We never thought that sales would be so successful.

It is possible to run a second printing, so we are trying to determine if there is enough interest to do this.

We know that many of you came back to buy more after friends and family saw the cookbook. And perhaps there are others who thought about buying a cookbook and just never got around to it. So please let us know if any of you think you would like to buy some cookbooks.

Send the following information: Name, Address, Phone, email address, and Number of cookbooks ordered.

Send NO MONEY now. We will be in touch with you to let you know if we are doing a second printing, determine final orders, and when cookbooks will be available.

Send this information by email to: memorycookbook@gmail.com

Or by snail mail to: BP/USA, Anne Arundel County Chapter

PO Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

Or call Carol 410-519-8448, or Sandi 410-551-5774.

Again, thanks so much for your participation and support for our memory cookbook.

— Carol Tomaszewski, Sandi Burash, and Kathy Ireland

**PHONE FRIENDS – Need someone to talk with who really understands what you're going through?
Call one of us – we're more than willing to listen.**

Debi Wilson-Smith at 410-757-8280

Barbara Bessling at 410-761-9017

Noel Castiglia at 410-757-5129

Announcements



Christine Denhup, Doctoral Nursing Student at Seton Hall University, is conducting a parental bereavement study. The aim is to describe the experiences of parental bereavement. The study is open to mothers and fathers who have experienced the death of a child, 18 years or younger, due to cancer at least one year ago. If you are interested in helping Ms. Denhup, please contact her via email (Christine.denhup@student.shu.edu) or phone (203-257-6202).



**Camp Nabi and Phoenix Rising
Bringing Grieving Children and Teens Together
August 10 – 12
Arlington Echo Outdoor Education Center**

A weekend camp for children and teens grieving the death of a loved one...last summer we celebrated our 20th anniversary helping children learn about grief and share their stories by participating in facilitated groups, as well as fun camp activities. In the words of a 13-year-old, "I learned that grief is a heavy burden, but it can get lighter, and eventually you learn to cope." Please call the Life Center at 410-987-2129 to request a camper application or if you are interested in volunteering.



The Life Center at Hospice of the Chesapeake offers a Child Loss Group that is held the first Saturday of each month from 10 a.m. to Noon at 445 Defense Highway, Annapolis, MD 21401.

This group seeks to provide gentle social and emotional support to parents grieving the death of a child, regardless of age or circumstance.

This Drop-in Support group is offered to Non-Hospice families for \$10.00/session. Hospice of the Chesapeake families may attend at no charge for up to 13 months after the death of their loved one.

Please call 410-987-2129 to pre-register or to learn more about the group.

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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Capitol Heights, MD

NEXT MEETING: July 5, 2012



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by June 30, 2012

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Angel Food Tasting

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD
Thursday, July 5, 2012

Instead of a speaker this month, we will spend extra time enjoying refreshments and sharing our memories. If you can, bring a dish that was a favorite of your loved one and share your Angel's favorite food with us. We're hoping to see both old and new friends as we get together to "break bread" and to enjoy each other's company. Sharing groups will also be held as usual for those interested and we will send floating candles across the water in memory of our children at the end of the meeting.

Program TBD

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD
Thursday, August 2, 2012

Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering

June 29 – July 1, 2012
Tampa, FL

The Compassionate Friends National Conference

July 20 – 22, 2012
Costa Mesa, CA

RESOURCES:

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

The Compassionate Friends, Reston Satellite Group

(for no surviving children)

North County Government Center
Reston District Police Station
12000 Bowman Towne Drive
Reston, VA
Second Saturday of each month; 2pm - 4pm

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