



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

October 2012

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Tissues, Tears, and Treasures

A circle of chairs
Boxes of tissues,
A roomful of tears
And emotional issues.

Those who have journeyed
Much further than me
Reached out in comfort,
Listened quietly.

Frightening at first,
I did not want to enter
Into the strange group
And be in the center.

What I soon learned,
As we sat side by side,
We were bound by the love
Of our children who died.

Each shattered heart,
Desperately seeking
A moment of peace,
From the pain and the weeping.

So many things different,
And yet all the same,
Hearts lost in a fog
Of loss and of pain.



Each shattered heart spoke
And the tissues were passed;
We never avoid
Speaking of the past.

This circle of friends
Have found a bond,
And here I'm still known
As "Tony's Mom."

Slowly I have found
I can reach out to others
Who are newly bereaved
Fathers and mothers.

Strength I have found in this
Circle of chairs,
To grieve and to heal,
And to show that we care.

— Diane Barat, TCF, Portland, OR

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Noel and Ann Castiglia in memory of their daughter

Tria Marie Castiglia

July 6, 1963 – October 14, 1984



Your spirit is always with us. We miss &
love you so much. Mom & Dad

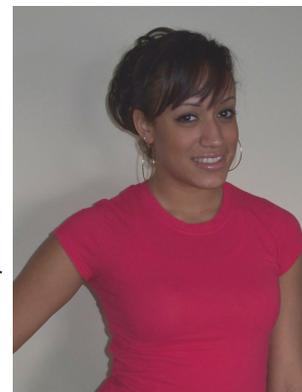


Kristin and Francisco Silva in memory of their daughter

Kelcey R. Silva

October 28, 1991 – June 16, 2011

We miss you so much sweet
daughter. Your radiance and
positivity in life infuse me still with the
will to go on without you. We have
new members of the family reminding
me of the inevitable cycle of life that
we are all part of. Although we don't
have you here physically, we feel your
spirit and know that you will always
be a part of us.



Next Meeting: October 4, 2012

Embrace the Angel, A Journey from Hurt to Hope -- Patricia DiMiceli, author of "Embrace the Angel," will take attendees on a journey from the depths of despair to the heights of heaven by sharing her life and her deceased daughter's life lessons. In the 31 years since her daughter's death, she has learned some pivotal lessons which have transformed her life and the lives of many others.

Sharing groups for first-time attendees, for the newly bereaved, and for the non-newly bereaved will be held as usual.

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

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Treasurer:	Fran Palmer
Correspondence & Hospitality:	Rick & Carol Tomaszewski
Librarian:	Bob and Sandi Burash
Programs:	Paul Balasic

Do You Use Amazon.com?

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

October Memories

October's here, the air is bright,
The leaves decked out in fancy dress,
The clouds in shapes of animals
Hang in the sky so blue.

This was our time of year, your favorite.
How many times did you come in,
Cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling,
Smelling of the leaves you jumped through
As a child and even after you grew up.

How many times did you say
"Just smell, just feel the air. I love it crisp, with
A hint of winter coming."

Our time, but now only my time.
Time to dream dreams that won't be.
Time to wish wishes that can't come true,
Time to remember and treasure
Each day we had together.

Time for October's memories.

— Arden Lansing, BP/USA, New Jersey



Trick or Treat

The night is dim
And the pumpkins grin
At children on the porch.

The door bell rings,
"Trick or Treat," they sing.
My heart burns like a torch.

The Dracula's face
And a princess in lace
Are peering in at me.

How I'd love to ask
"May I lift your mask?"
And hiding, there you'd be!

You'd get such a kick
From that silly trick,
But disguised you must stay.

In the wind that blows
My heart still knows
You're playing October charades.

— Kathie Slief, TCF, Tulsa, OK



Another Halloween

Sips of cider, pungent with brown sticks of cinnamon, foretell the swift approach of fall. Another autumn, when the winds of change return the memories of Halloweens long past – devils, bunnies, pirates, gypsies, cowboys, astronauts, bums and clowns – I made the costumes each fall for my two sons and also for my daughter.

My daughter had not yet outgrown her love of Halloween the fall before she died. Though she was 25, she claimed the season as her own to execute a harmless prank on me, her mother – oh, maybe not for me alone, but rather planned to share the fun with all her friends. Well, she became a nun. Her habit, black and white, was quite authentic. Her face was scrubbed and saintly free of rouge or gloss. Instead of oxfords, on her feet she wore a pair of disco-demi-boots. Unlikely, yes, -- but black! She kept her normal stride (quite brisk and long) while walking through the halls to my office after class. She entered; but I, completely unaware of who she was, said, "May I help you?" Only when she laughed did I look again and recognize her cherub face.

Then I laughed, too, and laughing, told the story several times to others. One colleague laughed and added later, "Yes, I saw her, too, and said to my companion, can you believe the shoes that nun is wearing?" And so I'll bet that she'll be up to her old tricks again this Halloween. And I'll be listening. The roar of heavenly laughter makes for wonderful imagining.

— Shirley Ottman, TCF, Denton, TX





A Meditation on Crying

Last June I earned a Certificate of Crying. It was given out after a workshop at The Compassionate Friends national conference and reads: "Chris Morrison has completed the graduate course in Advanced Crying and has earned the right to cry whenever necessary with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto." The certificate, a welcome light touch after a serious talk, gave us permission to do what we had already been doing for quite some time.

Since my daughter died in March of 2000, I have been thinking a lot about crying. Growing up, I did my fair share of it. I cried at Saturday afternoon movies when the heroine died, when I read sad books like Anna Karenina, when one of our 13 cats was run over by a car, when someone called me "four eyes," and when I saw others crying, as my father did when Franklin Roosevelt died. On a scale of one to ten, I ranked about a seven on the weepy kid list. My father disapproved; he couldn't stand women who cried. Over the years my ample tears dwindled to a rivulet, and for the past 25, I can barely recall crying at all. I had come to think of crying as a forgotten talent until we lost our oldest daughter. I discovered my supply hadn't dried up at all, but was simply in hiding, waiting for this event to break the dam.

In one sense, I feel fortunate to have recovered the ability to cry. It gives me another way to jettison, or at least lessen, feelings that cause me pain. Journal writing is also a good release, but it takes time, discipline, and concentration. Crying doesn't require any invitation or effort. It just arrives on the doorstep, walks right in, and makes itself at home.

My certificate tells me when I can cry, but it doesn't say where. Finding the right place and time to cry is important for me. I cry best when I'm alone, driving along the beltway, reading poetry by Mary Oliver, or listening to Brach and Barber violin concertos. I cry before I go to sleep and when I wake up in the middle of the night; I cry walking through sparse woods lit by filtered sun in early autumn. Everyone seems to have their own special place for crying. Some are able to cry freely in a group; others need solitude.

Crying has benefits, too. For one thing, it generates a product. As Dr. Bob Baugher, the psychologist leading the workshop said, "The lacrimal glands at the corner of the eye seep down into the nose and you have to blow." I'm not too fond of that, but I do enjoy tasting the saline tears that trickle down to my mouth when I'm going strong. It brings relief, rather like the satisfaction of an animal licking its wounds to help it heal. Webster's dictionary says tears help to keep the eyes free of foreign particles, but forgets to mention they also help to cleanse the heart.

Dr. Baugher also suggested that we consider our tears a form of communication and assured us there is no such thing as crying too much. "Crying tells us to pay attention to the thousands of memories of the lost child stored in your brain," he explained. "Part of grief is reliving and re-experiencing those memories. That is the reason why it goes on forever. You feel better but you never get over it. You will always have brain cells that still hurt."

Now, a year after the conference, my husband and I are planning a trip to Connecticut. There we will inter a portion of Christy's ashes in the family cemetery to rest beside her beloved grandparents. As I reflect on the interment ceremony and what I will say, I recall Shakespeare's lines from Macbeth, "Give sorrow words," and I weep. Yes, give sorrow words but also give it showers of tears with which to wash away the gravel newly lodged in the heart.

— Chris Morrison, TCF, Arlington, VA (from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, the national magazine of *The Compassionate Friends*)

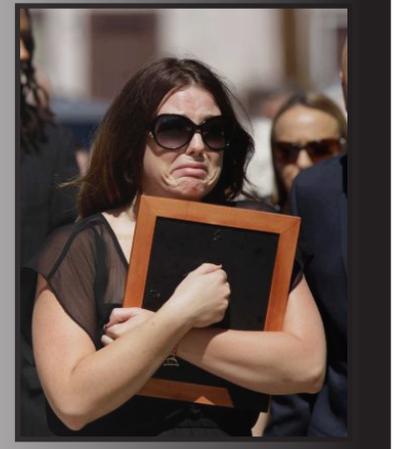
Move On?

To "move on" is to put something behind and forget about it...and never look back.

To "go on" is to forever carry it forward with you...and never forget.

We will never move on...

We simply go on.



SIBLING PAGE

Q. My parents are always pressuring me to go to the cemetery, but I don't want to go. What can I do?

A. It sounds like going to the cemetery brings comfort to your parents. They may believe that this would bring comfort to you, too. It's very difficult when those we love grieve differently than we do. Family members go through many things together and are similar in many ways. When family members differ on fundamental issues or approach emotionally laden situations differently, this can cause distress or conflict. It may be helpful for you to explain to your parents why you don't want to go to the gravesite: "It's too difficult for me when you start crying," "It's not comforting to me," "I remember my [brother/sister] and visit them in other places," "I want to remember them the way they were." But most important, let your parents know that just because you don't go to the cemetery does not mean that you don't love your brother or sister, or that you've forgotten them or want to forget them, but that you will always love them and they will always be a part of you. Just gently remind your mom and dad that everyone grieves differently. Tell them that you will continue to show your love and respect for your brother or sister in ways other than visiting the cemetery.

— Mary A. Paulson, *We Need Not Walk Alone*, the national magazine of *The Compassionate Friends*

Is It Better?

Three years have passed
The holidays come and go
The new year approaches
Once again to start anew

I ponder about the time
Is it any better?
Am I healing?
How can I answer?

Truthfully I cannot
Better? I do not know
How can it really be better?
It's different in many ways

The wound is still raw
Never fully healing
Yet not openly weeping
But always a reminder of loss

The intensity has changed
Like an unknown texture
Against the skin and mind
Irritating yet bearable

The quantity varies with time
Some moments always there
Others underneath the surface
Waiting for a jolt to resurface

Time has changed it
The grief, the loss, the heartbreak
Always there, always to be
Yet somehow different with time

Surviving each moment
Living a part of my life
That stopped in time
Yet moves forward every day

Better? I do not know
Different? In many ways
Bearable? Is there a choice?
For his life lives on with me.

— E. A. Gay



Grief is Lonely

When my sister died two years ago, everyone knew about it and talked about it. Everyone was in shock...but now, two years later, the anniversary of her death came and went without even a card in the mail. No one at work remembered the day. No one called to say, "I'm thinking about you." No one asked, "How are you feeling?" My family has stayed in close contact, and we talk about Susan all the time. But when it comes to grieving over Susan, everyone grieves alone. No one knows how I feel about my little sister and how it hurts me so deeply to know she is not here. Everything else in life can be shared with someone else, but not grieving. No one can fully understand the pain because each person's pain is different. When the pain is the greatest, the loneliness is the greatest, too. I never thought I could feel such pain and still survive. I am alone in my grief. There is no one here with me. Susan was born when I was almost 11. She completed suicide when she was 16. The baby of the family, the youngest of four. Our hearts are broken forever.

— Cherie Sagadiong, TCF, Southern Maryland

Tear Soup...

The object of grieving is not to get over the loss or recover from the loss, but to get through the loss. Over the years you will look back and discover that this grief keeps teaching you new things about life. Your understanding of life will keep getting deeper.

— Pat Schwiebert and Chuck Delkyen, *Tear Soup*

The Moment



The moment that you left us,
Our hearts were split in two;
One side was filled with memories,
The other side died with you.
We often lay awake at night,
When the world is fast asleep.
And take a walk down memory lane
With tears upon our cheeks.
Remembering you is easy,
We do it every day;
But missing you is a heartache,
That never goes away.
We hold you tightly within our hearts
And there you will remain;
You see, life has gone on without you,
But will never be the same.

— *Author Unknown*

Not an Easy Word

Hope is not an easy word for griever
But we, more than most others,
Need to understand
What hope can mean for us.

Hope means finding the strength
To live with grief.

Hope means nurturing with grace
The joy of remembrance.

Hope means embracing
With tenderness and pride
Our own life
And the gifts left to us
By those we have lost.

— *Sascha (from Wintersun)*



Practical Advice

Bill O'Hanlon says: While we are hurting, it isn't easy to envision in concrete and specific ways the achievements of a satisfying, happy life. Such vision, however, is imperative for making the new life possible. Write a letter from your further self (try 5, 10 or 20 years). Describe where you are, what you are doing, and what you have gone through to get there. Tell yourself the crucial things you realized or did to get there. Give yourself some sage and compassionate advice from the future.

Janice Harris Lord says: A great fear is forgetting some things we don't want to forget. Many parents find it helpful to write down a half dozen or so wonderful memories. Get them out and read them often. [This is especially important for parents of children who died after a protracted period of substance abuse. The horrible memories from those terrible months or years need to be supplanted by the happier memories from better times.] You can save other memories, too, such as clothing and personal items. Use these, along with your writings, from time to time, to cherish the memory. Remind yourself of the good times when you find yourself walking in the valley of grief.

Janice Harris Lord also says: Use the "Happy 3" memory rule – Pick out three of your favorite memories involving your child. If feelings of sadness pop up at inappropriate times, think about these three memories. They will push the sad thoughts away (at least for the moment) and bring a smile to your face. It won't always work, but it's worth a try.

— *From A Journey Together,*
The national newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA

Then...Now

Grief seemed too small and insignificant a word to describe what was happening inside of me. How could such a little word convey the massive pain that weighed me down and made each breath an effort? The pressure inside my chest that constricted my heart was real pain – not an emotion, but a physical agony that seemed almost to consume me. I could think of nothing else.

I used to look around me at people still living and breathing and smiling, and I was amazed. Couldn't they see that life was over? How could they walk around oblivious to the pain that was eating me alive? They didn't see the endless darkness that stretched out ahead of me as far as I could see – the black emptiness that sapped my strength and was making me wonder why I should bother with the rest of my life.

I seemed to go on for a long time in that dark tunnel, sometimes lighting it, but more often letting myself be carried further and further down. Most of the time I just felt numb. I began to wonder if I were still alive.

One day, to my surprise, I realized I had smiled (at a bird, or a flower, or a child laughing). No, I thought, it can't be. How can I smile without my child? And my guilt would drive me back into that dark pit again.

Then one busy day at lunch, I realized I hadn't thought about the emptiness all morning. The dull ache was always the first thought in my mind upon awakening – but not today. When I stopped to think about it, I realized there had been other days and times when I lived through a few hours without the pain.

One afternoon, I actually laughed out loud at a funny story my neighbor told me. I was coming back to life. The pain went away more and more often, and for longer periods of time. When the emptiness did return, it was sharp, but not so intense as before; not so all-consuming.

I continued to live and grow and love. My life came slowly back to me. My feelings and hopes and dreams came back. My laughter and enthusiasm returned. Slowly but surely, I became a whole person again.

I have since had moments of great happiness that were not muted by my grief for Terry. And I've had sad and painful times that were not caused or intensified by Terry's death. In fact, perhaps they were made a little easier to bear because of those scars that left a roughened spot on my heart.

If I had a wish to give the world, it would be that no one would ever have to suffer that kind of loss. Of course, I can't give that gift. All I can offer is the sure and certain knowledge that the despair you feel now will be eased; the pain will become bearable; the emptiness will be filled; and you will begin to live again. If you take one hour and one day at a time – not trying to think too far ahead – the minutes become bearable, and then the hours and days, too.

I'll never forget my son. I'll never forget how much I loved him and how much he meant to me. I'm not sorry he was born. I'm not sorry I had two wonderful years with him while he was growing and learning. I am sorry that my time with him was much too short, but I'm thankful for the time we did have. I smile when I remember his face and the way he tilted his head and grinned at me.

He was my first-born son, and he'll always live in my heart. I keep the memory of him alive and safe inside me. The memory is mine forever. The tears will pass.

— *Kathe McDaniel, TCF, Ambler, PA*



True Friends

Most of us have experienced the friends that have turned away from our pain, rushed our grief or tried to impose their own thoughts onto us. It is a true friend who sits with us, listens and doesn't need to understand. These are the friends that we keep close.

— *The Grief Journey*

Our Children Remembered

James "Jamie" William Henry Alexander
Son of Dave and Sue Alexander
October 12, 1970 - October 26, 1998

Wendy Jean Bolly
Daughter of Judith and Louie Bolly
April 6, 1977 - October 11, 2002

Christopher Ryan Boslet
Grandson of Carol N. Boslet
October 23, 1985 - February 20, 2003

Hannah Lindley Campbell
Daughter of John and Cathi Campbell
October 10, 1992 - October 10, 1992

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

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

Tyree S. Dukes
Son of Ellavee and Lamont Dukes
October 14, 2008 - July 4, 2012

Brian Patrick Elero
Son of Beverly and Bernie Elero
December 3, 1980 - October 29, 2001

Christine Kelly Enders
Daughter of Holly and Alli Enders
September 26, 1986 - October 15, 2008

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

Romana Alice Hale
Sister of Bobbi Remines
October 8, 1948 - November 5, 1976

Brian Jeffrey Haley
Son of Jerry and Pam Haley
October 26, 1973 - March 4, 1990

Traci Jeanne Heincelman
Daughter of Ed and Jeanne Heincelman
Niece of Terre and John Belt
Cousin of Eryn Belt Lowe
October 6, 1980 - March 10, 2002

Charles "Chip" Marshall Hodges
Son of Betty and John Hodges
October 24, 1954 - March 14, 2005

Richard Arland Jackson
Son of Margaret Jackson
February 9, 1990 - October 22, 2010

William Mirza Khaden
Son of Yoosef and Linda Khaden
October 24, 1984 - April 6, 2012

Temple Sidney Leager
Daughter of Tom and Betsy Leager
October 3, 1991 - October 3, 1991

Raymond Wilson Leager
Son of Tom and Betsy Leager
October 3, 1991 - October 3, 1991

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

Kevin Michael Morris
Son of Gayle and David Morris
October 7, 1982 - March 30, 2007

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

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

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

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

Zachary Daniel Robertson
Son of Mary Ellen and Jim Young
March 3, 1978 - October 26, 2006

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

Kelcey R Silva
Daughter of Francisco Martins Silva
Daughter of Kristen Silva
October 28, 1991 - June 16, 2011

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

Brandon Michael Sisler
Son of Laura Sisler
May 7, 1993 - October 15, 2011

Adam Christopher Sutton
Son of Janet Sutton
February 1, 2009 - October 1, 2009

Brittany Nicole Tyler
Daughter of Janet and Dan Tyler
Granddaughter of Dot Carter
October 12, 1986 - August 23, 1992

Richard C. Watts
Son of Tom and Fran Cease
December 28, 1966 - October 28, 1998

Samuel Mark Williams
Son of Mark and Randy Williams
October 25, 2000 - October 25, 2000

Grant Alan Williams
Son of Mark and Randy Williams
October 25, 2000 - October 25, 2000

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

Bob and Sandi Burash in memory of Paul Burash
Noel and Ann Castiglia in memory of Tria Castiglia
Alli and Holly Enders in memory of Christy Enders
Carol Fritz in memory of Katie Fritz
Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino



TENTH ANNUAL

ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY CHAPTER Bereaved Parents of the USA

Memory Walk

Saturday, October 6, 2012 • 8:30 a.m.
Dogwood Pavilion at Quiet Waters Park
600 Quiet Waters Park Road
Annapolis, MD 21403



Rain or Shine!

On Saturday, October 6, the Anne Arundel County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA is sponsoring the tenth annual Memory Walk...to remember all of our children who died too soon, but who still walk in our hearts and in the hearts of family and friends.

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

Please come join us to remember.

Parking is free at Quiet Waters Park for those participating in the Chapter's Memory Walk. Indicate to the attendant at the entrance booth that you will be participating in the Walk. Once again we will be posting pictures of our children along the course of the Walk. **If you are going to join us at the Walk and would like your child's picture posted, please send an email to pjbspmd@gmail.com. Attach a digital picture to the email or send a photo to PO Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280. If your child's photo was in the 2011 Service of Remembrance slide show, you don't need to submit an additional photo.**

Picture Buttons: Have a button made for the Walk using a picture of your loved one. Bring the picture to the October meeting or to the Walk. Note the size of the photo(s) you will need to bring:

This is the size of the
photo buttons to be offered.

Please bring a photo
to fit this size.

One photo per button.

For more information or to help with the Walk, call Barbara Bessling at 410-761-9017, or email BeBessling@aol.com, or go to our website at www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

**The Anne Arundel County Chapter of
the Bereaved Parents of the USA**

**Tenth Annual Memory Walk
Quiet Waters Park, Annapolis, MD**

October 6, 2012

8:30 a.m. Rain or Shine

REGISTRATION & WAIVER FORM

**A separate Registration & Waiver Form must be completed and signed
by each person participating in the Memory Walk**

I Am Walking In Memory Of

Name _____

Street Address _____

City, State Zip Code _____

Telephone _____ **Email Address** _____

Pledge Amount* _____ **Please make checks payable to: BP/USA – AA County*

The Anne Arundel County Chapter of The Bereaved Parents of the USA, states that no goods or services were provided in exchange for your contribution. Your contribution is tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law. The Anne Arundel County Chapter of The Bereaved Parents of the USA, is a 501(c)3 tax-exempt not-for-profit organization. Our employer identification number is 36-4081249.

A pledge is not required to participate in the Walk. If you cannot participate in the walk, but would like someone to walk in your child's memory, please print out and fill in this form and send it along with your pledge to:
BPUSA/AA County, P.O. Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

If you have any questions about this event, please send an email to: bebessling@aol.com
or go to our website at www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

LIABILITY WAIVER MUST BE SIGNED BEFORE PARTICIPATING IN MEMORY WALK

WAIVER AND RELEASE: I recognize that participation in the Anne Arundel County Chapter Memory Walk may involve certain hazards. I understand that I should not participate unless medically able. I assume all risks associated with involvement in this activity, including but not limited to falls, contact with participants, the effects of weather, including high heat and humidity, the conditions of the track and/or road, traffic on the course, and all risks being known and appreciated by me. Having read this waiver or release, knowing these facts and in consideration of my acceptance into this Memory Walk, I, for myself and anyone entitled to act on my behalf, waive and release the Anne Arundel County Chapter of The Bereaved Parents of the USA, and all sponsors and hosts, and their representatives and successors from all claims or liabilities of any kind arising from involvement in this activity.

Signature (Parent or Guardian if under 18): _____ Date: _____

Bereaved Parents of the USA
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PAID
Permit No. 922
Capitol Heights, MD

NEXT MEETING: October 4, 2012



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by September 30, 2012

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Embrace the Angel. A Journey from Hurt to Hope
Thursday, October 4, 2012
Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Patricia DiMiceli, author of "Embrace the Angel," will take attendees on a journey from the depths of despair to the heights of heaven by sharing her life and her deceased daughter's life lessons. In the 31 years since her daughter's death, she has learned some pivotal lessons which have transformed her life and the lives of many others. Sharing groups for first-time attendees, for the newly bereaved, and for the non-newly bereaved will be held as usual.

Holidays and Special Days
Thursday, October 4, 2012
Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Special days and holidays, particularly those in November, December, and January can be very challenging for bereaved parents. Come and listen to other bereaved parents, who will offer suggestions for preparing for dealing with the holidays and other special days.

Anne Arundel County Chapter's Annual Memory Walk
Saturday, October 6, 2012
Quiet Waters Park, Annapolis, MD

Anne Arundel County Chapter's Annual Service of Remembrance
Sunday, December 2, 2012
St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church, Severna Park, MD

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 pjbspmd@gmail.com or **443.566.0193**.