



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

April 2013

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Those We Love

Those we love remain with us,
For love itself lives on,
And cherished memories never fade
Because a loved one's gone.

Those we love can never be
More than a thought apart,
For as long as there is memory,
They'll live on in the heart.

— *Written in memory of Melvin Shannon*

*As surely as day follows night, and Spring follows Winter, life does follow grief.
The memories that bring tears to your eyes will one day bring healing to your heart.*

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Louie and Judy Bolly in memory of her daughter
Wendy Jean Bolly
April 6, 1977 – October 11, 2002



"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

And Wen, you live with us always.

Rose Marie Carnes in memory of her son
Walter Maynard IV
January 2, 1965 – April 14, 2006

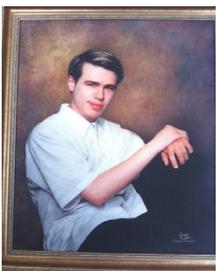


I will miss you always, but you will never leave me.

You remain in my heart and on my mind every day. I love you, my sweet, sweet boy.

Mom

Yoosef and Linda Khadem in memory of their son
William Khadem
October 24, 1984 – April 16, 2012



Thank you, precious William, for all the joy you brought to our lives; we were, and are, so blessed to have you.

Much love,
Mom, Dad, Seyed, Qiao, and Barb

David and Maryann Lombardo in memory of their son
David Lombardo
April 11, 1976 – April 9, 2011



In our hearts forever.



Next Meeting: April 4, 2013

Music and Grief -- Some bereaved parents find music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. Bereaved father, Paul Balasic, will discuss some of the ways music has helped him on his grief journey. He will discuss songs as a reflection of our feelings and emotions during the grief process. Feel free to bring CDs or jump drives with songs that you have found helpful.

Sharing groups – a key part of each Chapter meeting – will be held as usual for first-time attendees, and the newly and non-newly bereaved.

Calvary United Methodist Church
301 Rowe Boulevard
Annapolis, MD 21401

Meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month and are open to anyone grieving the death of a child. Come around to the back of the church—there is parking and an entrance directly into our meeting room.

We are a self-help support organization dedicated to assisting parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and siblings toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child. We provide information and education to extended family and friends. Our greatest strength as bereaved families is the unity we find in shared experiences which can lead us out of isolation, give us a place to “belong,” and offer us hope that together – we can make it.

WHAT TO EXPECT AT OUR CHAPTER MEETINGS

Our Chapter gathers one evening a month to address topics and offer support to those who are mourning the death of a child. Our meetings last for approximately 2 1/2 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 May newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by April 1.

Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

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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 (thbelt@comcast.net), 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



The Dream

I have been longing for your presence,
 But I am unable to feel you...
 And then came the dream
 There you are sitting in the chair, your blond hair and brilliant smile as clear as always
 The joy I feel upon seeing you is indescribable
 It is the joy I have been missing all these years
 All I could say was "I am so happy to see you"
 And you said, "But, Mom, I have always been here" as if confused by my joy at seeing you
 I asked if you remembered the accident, but you did not say another word and it did not matter
 It was those few words that matter the most and the meaning those words hold that are most important
 You are right, my dear, you have always been here.
 It is what I hold onto
 It is what I must remember,
 Emily has always been here!
 Sometimes I just need my dreams to remind me of that.

— Jane Schindler, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD
In memory of Emily Schindler

No Ordinary Spring

This is no ordinary spring at all.
 It dances on with unbecoming weather, now more like winter than December was, and then again as soft as early summer...
 This is no ordinary spring at all.
 It meets your heart with unexpected dangers now with the loneliest of memories, and then again with unforgotten laughter.
 This is no ordinary spring at all.
 This is like life itself, a changing season. Accept the wintertime of grief, and then reach for the hope of summer and of healing.



— Sascha Wagner

Such a Beautiful Day...Why Am I Crying?

This is a question that comes up every spring, particularly from the more newly bereaved. It is something we have always looked forward to, before tragedy hit. The cold, drab, bleak winter is finally over. Somehow, we thought that magical time would be the magic that would free us from our pain. Unfortunately, not so!

Perhaps it is because we see this beauty unfolding, and our children are not here to share it. The devastating knowledge is that the "magic" of spring didn't change our feelings. The fact the world seems to go on, just as if nothing has happened, when our world seems to have stopped; it seems impossible to comprehend. False expectations. What we tend to forget is that seasons change; where we are in our grief cycle is what controls our feelings.

Just hold on to the fact that spring is a rebirth of what seems dead, as dead as you feel now. It is true, you will never stop missing your son or daughter; however, hold on to the belief that your spring will come again, too. When it does, it will be different. Just as the trees and flowers are not the same, you won't be either. But their beauty is still there, and as you start to come back to life again, you will find different joys in life.

We all run on a different calendar, so no timeframe can be put on your spring. Just know that your feelings are perfectly normal. It may seem that you are back at square one, but look back, remember what it was like in the beginning, and I think you will realize there has been progress, and there will be more.

— Mary Ehmman, Valley Forge, PA



Springtime

If there were a time I had to choose to say good-bye, it would most certainly not be in the spring.

No, spring is a time of new life and beginnings and sweetness; a time I remember with her as special – dyeing Easter eggs, dressing up. Spring would not have been a choice.

Neither could summer have been a choice. Summer was the season when she worshipped the sun and the ocean, when her lovely young body turned golden...No, summer would not have been a choice.

And fall? No, I think not. Fall is the time for reflection and personal growth, for preparation and beautiful colors. Fall would not have been the time to say good-bye.

Winter could certainly not be a choice. She loved to play in the snow, and was learning to ski. She was always excited over the holidays. She made winter fun in its oft-dreary state...No, winter could not have been a choice.

There is no season I could have chosen to say good-bye to her. I will remember her in all seasons. It was in the spring that I had to say good-bye, and I see her in every blossom. I hear her laughter in every sweet breeze. She will always be springtime...and I will remember.

— *Kerry Marston, TCF, Mesa County, CO*



Spring

In the first year after our loved one dies, we relive the events surrounding their death over and over, somehow thinking that, if we do this enough times, we may change the outcome. After the first year, we begin to realize that we are powerless to change the reality of our child's death.

Bereaved parents so often look at milestones as events that should mark our progress. The first holiday season, birthday, anniversary, Mother's Day, Father's Day, or vacations are such times. After the first year passes, many hope to have some magical peace descend on them. We assume we will feel better when we have survived these milestones...and so often it doesn't happen. Many times we are hit with the reality that the second birthday or anniversary may bring us to greater depths than the previous one. When our child has died, every year will always be marked by occasions that will bring back painful memories.

Our children will always be part of our lives. Some years will be more difficult than others, and this is beyond our control. Often our grief will be at its worst at a time we least expect it.

Perhaps we might try making our own milestones as times when we have made progress in our grief. We may want to think of the first time we woke in the morning and, for a few moments, our child's death was not the very first thing that came to mind – or the first time we were able to concentrate on a task at home or at work for even a few minutes. How about the first time we could laugh without feeling guilty, or enjoy pictures, videos, or a happy memory of our child? These are times that mark progress, and should be embraced. It is often impossible to see our own progress when we focus only on the dates that will always be difficult.

We have lived through another holiday season and most of the long, dark winter. It's time to think about Mother's Day, graduations, and Father's Day. For some, these days will be a bit easier than previous years, but for many they will be more painful than we could have imagined. Try to hold on to the small steps you may have taken since your child's death, and embrace your progress. If you are in the first year of your grief, remember all who have lived through the season and are there, waiting to walk with you.

Spring is a beautiful season that is about rebirth. It stands in sharp contrast to our children's deaths. As we live each of our personal grief journeys, our children will be reborn in our hearts, as we carry their memories within us. We can emerge as different people, reborn with new gifts to share, as we walk the road out of the valley of darkness. I hope we can all enjoy a bit of the beauty of the season, if only for a few moments.

— *Rick Mirabile, TCF, Hingham, MA*

Waiting for the Wake-Up Call



I'm waiting for the wake-up call that surely must come someday on this journey through grief. When will it get better?!! I'm waiting for the day when the memories are softer, the step a little lighter and when the sounds in my heart aren't always those of sadness. I'm waiting for the music to return, for the light to shine, for the magic to come back. I'm waiting for the pain to stop, the hurt to leave and for everything to go back to its original place. I want the picture to look the same as before, and I'm waiting until it does.

But while I'm waiting, I'm learning a lot. I know I have to make lists now in order to capture my chores and things I have to do. I gave up trying to remember and now just carry a notepad with me (with a pencil attached). I have set the clocks 10 minutes fast so I have a better chance of being on time, and I have stocked the car with maps of every place I need to be.

I make menus and create shopping lists. I plan ahead, write down everything and then don't worry when I lose the list, get lost, or simply change my mind. I think most people thought I was always confused, so now I don't worry so much about not remembering. I'm taking advantage of being bereaved and learning to work with the lack of concentration, the forgetfulness, and the confusion. If it isn't written down, it doesn't exist and I've been much happier ever since!

If the weather and the seasons can't get it together, why should I try to coordinate an outfit? I'll just wear what's comfortable for the moment and worry less about what others think. Maybe they are as confused as I am. Maybe they're struggling, too. Maybe we should all just stop, look and listen...trying to remember to hold hands when crossing the street and practice hugging instead of hitting.

Maybe spring reflects nature's inability to make up its mind or maybe that hesitation to change is more of Mother Nature's mourning the passing of her winter season. Maybe it's hot one day and cold the next to keep us on our toes, to keep the blood flowing, the legs moving. Maybe shoveling snow one day and planting seeds the next is what we are supposed to be doing... maybe spring is the season of change and we should let go of the whys and work on the hows? Maybe pushing the plow is better than trying to pull it.

Maybe just relaxing into the craziness and letting the tides ebb and flow across the beach will work better than trying to direct the winds that change rides on. Perhaps letting the sun warm my winter-weary bones is a more productive activity than rearranging the closet, and maybe the good memories will come back if I let them.

Maybe spring is the reason for getting up...to simply see what is possible today. Maybe today is the day and if I'm in bed, I'll miss the beginning, and I'll still be lost. Maybe I'm already in the middle of change and maybe I will always be confused, lost and slightly off balance. But maybe that's okay, and I'll just have to figure out how instead of why. And when that happens, I know I won't be lost anymore! It really doesn't matter if it is Tuesday or Friday (unless one of those days is garbage day and then it does matter!).

Maybe I can let go of the timeframes and calendar pages that dictate my life and my emotions and let life simply flow. Perhaps you and I have already answered the wake-up call. Don't let a poor yesterday or an uncertain tomorrow use up today. I think this is it, and now is the time for being all I can be. Half of me is still in winter and dyeing eggs. All of me is still perhaps a bit off balance, but I am alive and that's a start! This wasn't the life I expected to live, but it is the one I've got.

If I'm lost, I'll explore wherever it is I am. If I'm late, I'll just apologize and enjoy the time I have left. If I'm out of place, out of style or out of sync, I'll just keep dancing to the tune I hear and let the rest of the world figure out their own melody.

— Darcie Sims

*Love is the only reality, and it is not a mere sentiment.
It is the ultimate truth that lies at the heart of creation.*

— Rabindranath Tagore

Seasons of Love

When violets dance on melted toes and daffodils spill free. When through the fields the ribbon flows with rainbow revelry...In spring, I love you.

As lilacs trail in purple mists and honeysuckles twine. When roses lay in wedded bliss upon the tangled vine...In summer, I love you.

When amber steals upon the land and paints the canvas red. And sunsets dip beyond the strand to kiss the pumpkin head...In autumn, I love you.

When diamonds sparkle on the bough of snow-kissed evergreen. And frozen moonlight casts the plow in portrait so serene...In winter, I love you.

But when robins cannot find the spring nor summer grow the rose. And autumn no more gold leaves fling toward faceless winter snows. I will love you...Still.

— Gail L. Roberson



We are the Childless Parents

I am the childless mother
Lost between loving and pain,
Lost to the promise of children,
Searching for answers in vain.

I am the childless mother
Caught between courage and fears,
Left without a bridge to the future,
Finding no sound for my tears.

I am the childless father
Lost between loving and pain,
Lost to the promise of children,
Searching for answers in vain.

We are the Childless Parents
Sharing the grief and the night,
Sharing the darkness together,
Waiting to walk in the light.

— Sascha

Grieving in Pairs

How many times have people said, “Well, thank god you have each other?” How many times have you felt “each other” to be entirely inadequate at meeting your need?

We hear of the rocky road parents may encounter in their marriage after the death of a child. We sometimes see in ourselves a touchiness or quickness to become irritated that wasn't there before. It always seems that my “bad” day is my wife's “good” day, or the day she wakes up crying was the day I had planned on playing tennis.

Or sometimes, even more difficult, we both have a bad day and find no help from the other in pulling things back together. How can one person hold up another when he is himself face down in the mud?

Every person grieves differently. This is a rule that even applies within a family. And the needs of every individual are different. While you may need to talk and talk and talk, your spouse may need some time alone to reflect inwardly.

You have both been through the worst experience of your life. And, while at times you can face “recovery” as a team, sometimes you must develop the patience to be able to wait out certain needs—alone or with someone else. Realize that no matter how it shows, your partner hurts, too.

— Gerry Hunt, TCF, River Junction, VT



SIBLING PAGE

For a Moment

I thought I saw you today.
He looked just like you.
For a moment I pray
But no....
As he turned around
It wasn't you I found.
He had the same build,
He had the same hair.
I hope no one noticed,
When I looked over his way,
The tears I cried, the confusion I felt
While I continued to stand there and stare.



— Judy Prather, Atlanta, GA

Borrowed Hope

Lend me your hope for awhile.
I seem to have mislaid mine.



Lost and hopeless feelings accompany me daily.
Pain and confusion are my companions.
I know not where to turn.
Looking ahead to future times
Does not bring forth image of renewed hope.
I see mirthless time, pain-filled days,
And more tragedy.

Lend me your hope for awhile.
I seem to have mislaid mine.

Hold my hand and hug me,
Listen to all my ramblings.
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.
Recovery seems so far distant,
The road to healing a long and lonely one.

Stand by me. Offer me your presence,
Your ears and your love.
Acknowledge my pain. It is so real.
And ever present.
I am overwhelmed with sad and conflicting thoughts.

Lend me your hope for awhile.
A time will come
When I will heal and I will lend
My renewed hope to others.

— Eloise Cole

Always Remember

As we grow up, some things can change,
But my love for you will always remain.
In my heart you'll stay my whole life through.
My love for my brother still remains true.
My brother, a father, a son and a friend.
I'll think of you, brother,
Till our paths meet again.
So go with God, He'll take care of you,
And always remember, my brother....



— Chris Steele, Marietta, GA

Reflections

With the death of my sister
came some painful realiza-
tions – that life isn't fair or
predictable; that sometimes
even my best isn't good



enough, and that from the day of her death, the happy events
in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some
valuable Lessons and Precious Gifts. As a result of my sister's
death – I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater com-
passion for those who hurt.

I have learned to be a survivor – to have a successful career
and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss. I
have been gifted with good friends and special people to help
me through the rough times. But most of all – I have been
given the gift of time – time to heal and time to replace painful
memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.

— Cathy Schanberger

Our Children Remembered

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

Jeff Baldwin
Son of Aurelia Ferraro
April 27, 1967 - April 29, 1991

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

Paul Shane Brough
Son of Theresa and Steve Bleemke
May 18, 1982 - April 4, 2003

Faith Campbell
Daughter of John and Cathi Campbell
April 5, 1994 - April 5, 1994

William Frederick Carter Jr.
Son of Dot Carter
Brother of Janet Tyler and Lisa Beall
April 24, 1959 - August 16, 1992

Joseph Fredrick Errichiello Jr.
Son of Susan and Joe Errichiello
April 6, 1979 - May 29, 2004

Joseph A. Esterling Jr.
Son of Joe and Michelle Esterling
June 7, 1967 - April 27, 1990

Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
Son of Clare and Stephen Blaine
November 14, 1989 - April 22, 2007

Brian Michael Hendricks
Son of Jeannine Hendricks
March 4, 1991 - April 22, 2012

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

David A. Lombardo
Son of David D. and Maryann Lombardo
April 11, 1976 - April 9, 2011

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

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

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

Solymar Rodriguez Torres
Daughter of José Rodriguez and Vanya Torres
August 27, 1993 - April 13, 2007

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

Joseph (Joey) Scott Sudo
Son of Joe and Suzanne Sudo
December 3, 1999 - April 23, 2012

Albert Wallace Whitby, Jr.
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.
Brother of Susan Lovett
April 25, 1951 - June 2, 1981

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

*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 recently:

David and Maryann Lombardo in memory of David Lombardo
Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino



Just for Today

Just for today I will try to live through the next 24 hours
And not expect to get over my child's death,
But instead learn to live with it, just one day at a time.

Just for today, I will remember my child's life, not his death,
And bask in the comfort of all those treasured days
And moments we shared.

Just for today I will forgive all the family and friends
Who didn't help or comfort me the way I needed them to.
They truly did not know how.

Just for today, I will smile no matter how much I hurt on the inside,
For maybe if I smile a little,
My heart will soften and I will begin to heal.

Just for today I will reach out to comfort a relative or friend of
my child,
For they are hurting, too,
And perhaps we can help each other.

Just for today I will free myself from my self-inflicted burden of guilt,
For deep in my heart I know that if there was anything in this world
I could have done to save my child from death, I would have
done it.

Just for today I will honor my child's memory
By doing something with another child
Because I know that would make my own child proud.

Just for today I will offer my hand in friendship to another
bereaved parent, for I do know how they feel.

Just for today when my heart feels like breaking,
I will stop and remember that grief is the price we pay for loving
And the only reason I hurt is because I had the privilege of
loving so much.

Just for today I will not compare myself with others.
I am fortunate to be who I am
And to have had my child for as long as I did.

Just for today I will allow myself to be happy, for I know
That I am not deserting him by living on.

Just for today I will accept that I did not die when my child did,
My life did go on,
And I am the only one who can make that life worthwhile once more.

— Vicki Tushingham

The Law of the Highway

When my dad would drop us off at school, he would call to us as we ran from the car, "Learn something." He would use the same entreaty whether we were going to a downtown museum or on a visit to New York City. My ten-year-old sister once went to a friend's house for a pajama party. "Learn something," Dad called as she headed for the door. "What could I possibly learn at a pajama party?" my sister queried. "Who snores," he answered.

Learn something became so entirely associated with him that it is the epithet on his grave marker. Our son Brad, I hope, was greeted at the Pearly Gates by his grandfather. Upon seeing him, I truly believe that Dad looked down from Heaven and called out to me, "Learn something."

The grief journey is peppered with way stations. At each stop we sigh, cry and say good-bye, but we always learn something. We learn something about life and about ourselves. Sometimes the lessons are simple (putting your fist through a wall fixes nothing and leaves other problems in its wake); and sometimes the lessons are more profound (just when your spouse is the most in need of your support, you are the least capable of providing it). These pull-offs along the Grief Highway are often magnificent vistas with penetrating views down into the abyss of our souls. We stop at these overlooks because we are unable to advance without stopping. Whatever lessons are waiting for us at each station must be experienced. We have no choice. Inner peace cannot be achieved without these stops. It is the law on this highway.

If you are just starting this trek, these pull-offs are many. You may feel you've just started moving, just started getting some control of this grief when you are forced to stop at yet another overlook. Progress is painfully slow. But, progress you will, eventually traveling days, weeks, and months between stops.

Now when I see a sign, "Overlook Ahead," I simply pull in and try to learn something from whatever has upset my equilibrium. To do otherwise is futile. Besides, Dad would expect no less from me.

— Richard Berman, BP/USA, Baltimore, MD



Note from the Editor: This page is dedicated to our Chapter's volunteers. While the text below comes from a variety of sources, the excerpts made me think of the work our dedicated volunteers do...the strong bonds that have been formed within our Chapter...and the rewards that have been received through the giving.

Our Children

I like to think they are encircling us, sunlight in the hair, starlight in their eyes, holding hands in love. The older ones nurturing the younger, helping them grow. I like to think they are One – as we are One – a family of love.

— Gloria Grant, TCF, Miami, FL

Grief is a great teacher when it sends us back to serve and bless the living. We learn how to counsel and comfort and those who, like ourselves, are bowed with sorrow. We learn when to keep silent in their presence, and to speak when a word will assure them of our love and concern.

— From Gates of Prayer

Grief is Like a Bucket of Water

You can start out with a full bucket, but when you find it too heavy to carry, you can bump it a little so that some spills, and you can carry it a little farther. As you continue, you bump it again, so that it becomes lighter to carry for the longer distance. You must do the same with grief. To keep the burden from becoming intolerable, you must “bump the bucket” a little and let a little of your grief spill out from time to time so that you can continue.

How true is this? I am ever so grateful to my fellow bereaved parents for encouraging me to “bump the bucket” occasionally. If your burden seems to be getting too heavy for you, it might be time for you to join us at a meeting. I think some of us tend to try to carry that full bucket too long and too far. Remember that we are here if you need to “bump the bucket.”

— From the TCF Cape Fear Chapter

I slept and dreamt that life was joy.
I awoke and saw life was service
I acted and behold, service was joy.

— Rabindranath Tagore

Our Children

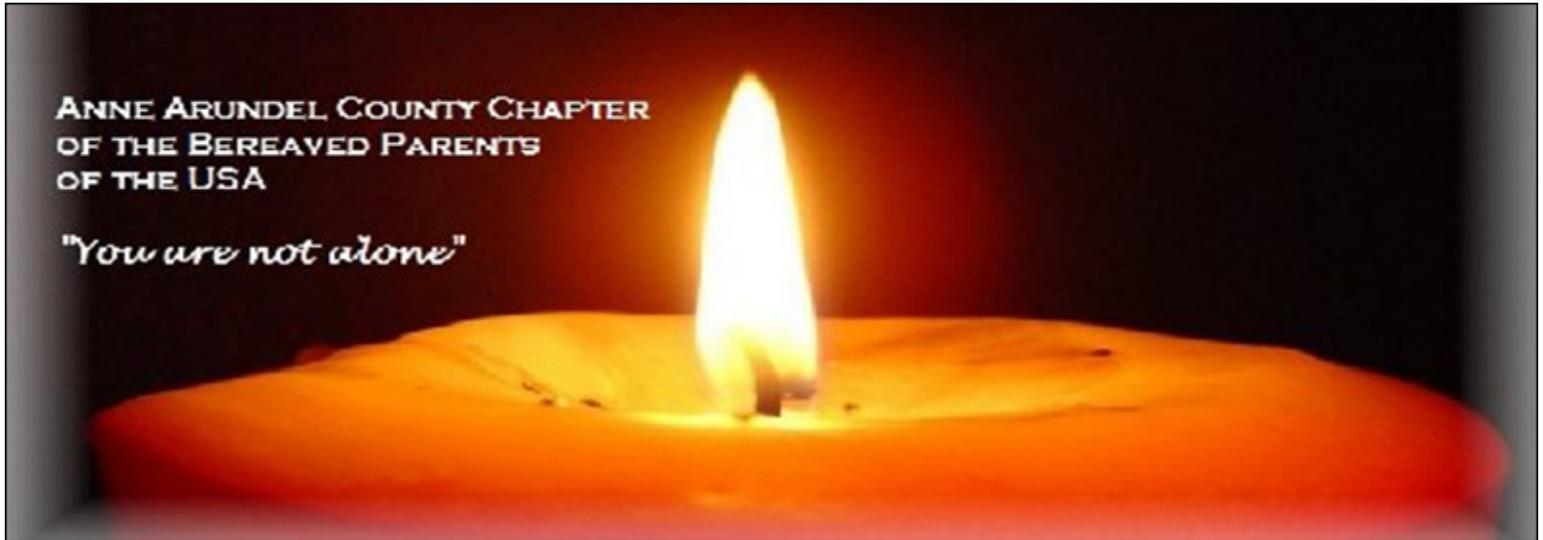
Our children brought us together,
They didn't want us on this journey alone,
They knew we needed each other,
To survive the pain of them being gone.

— Judi Walker

*We learn to rise above our own grief by reaching out
and lessening the grief of others.*

CHAPTER NOTES

We are now on Facebook!



A Facebook page has now been set up for our Chapter. Members can join our group at <https://www.facebook.com/#!/groups/BPUSAAAC/>. Everyone must be a member of Facebook to join this group. We are a CLOSED group for privacy purposes, so nothing posted on our group's wall will go into your regular NEWS FEED to your regular FB friends - only other members of our group will be able to see what you posted there.

When you get to our page, you must request to JOIN the group and approval will be sent when the page is checked each day. Then you will have full access to read all postings, and post your own comments or pictures for other members to read and respond to 24/7. Like our meetings, please do not share postings outside of this group. AGAIN, this is a CLOSED group. If anyone has a question, suggestion, problem or just needs someone to walk them through the Facebook process, please contact June Erickson at 410-451-8637 or email juneErickson@aol.com.

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P.O. Box 6280
Annapolis, MD 21401-0280
www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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NEXT MEETING: April 4, 2013



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by March 29, 2013

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Music and Grief

Thursday, April 4, 2013
Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Some bereaved parents find music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. Bereaved father, Paul Balasic, will discuss some of the ways music has helped him on his grief journey. He will discuss songs as a reflection of our feelings and emotions during the grief process. Feel free to bring CDs or jump drives with songs that you have found helpful.

Camps for Grieving Children and Teens

Thursday, May 2, 2013
Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

A bereaved mother who has been volunteering at camps for grieving children and teens will provide information about the camps to the Group. The Chesapeake Life Center at Hospice of the Chesapeake provides a weekend camp each Summer.

The Compassionate Friends National Conference

July 5 -- 7, 2013
Boston, MA

Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering

July 26 -- 28, 2013
Sacramento, 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 pjbspmd@gmail.com or **443.566.0193**.