



# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

June 2013

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### A Father's Grief

I never believed I would see another season change with gladness.

I never believed I would see the world again without the haze of tears.

I never expected to actually laugh again.

I never felt my smile would return and feel natural on my face.

I never hoped my smile would return and feel natural on my face.

I never hoped for another day when I would not want to die.

I never envisioned a world that could again be bright and full of promise.

I believed that all that had passed from me the day he died and went away, never to return.

But I was wrong, and I know that in the fullness of your grieving, you, too, will come to understand that life goes on – that it can still have meaning – that even joy can touch your life once more.

— Don Hackett, TCF, Hingham, MA

**CHAPTER NOTE:** In July and August, the church where we meet is unavailable to us on our normal meeting dates -- the first Thursday of each month. Our July and August meetings will be held on the second Thursday in July (July 11) and on the second Thursday in August (August 13). Please make a note of this change for our July and August Chapter meetings.

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Edward and Phyllis James in memory of their daughter

**Cindy Sue Walker**

June 22, 1959 – June 21, 2010



I look at the river and I see you as  
a little girl crabbing with friends.  
I watch thunderstorms and I see  
you with me watching them, how  
you loved them. I hear Il Divo and I  
remember how you loved them last.

We miss you every day!

Keep the dimes coming.

Love, Mom

Robin Moczulski in memory of her son

**Cody Thomas Moczulski**

September 19, 1993 – June 13, 2010

My beautiful son, my joy, my life...

You were the light of my world  
The sun that beamed through the  
clouds

The joy that boomed through the  
silence

The arms that enveloped my soul  
secured

One day, we will be reunited

As we are forever linked.....



## Next Meeting: June 6, 2013

Alive Alone – Nancy Vollmer, who currently leads the Reston, VA, chapter of The Compassionate Friends, will speak to the group about the special issues confronting parents who have lost their only children.

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

Calvary United Methodist Church  
301 Rowe Boulevard  
Annapolis, MD 21401

Meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month beginning at 7:30 p.m. 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.

*Doors open at 7:15 p.m.*

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 July newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by June 1.

Send an email to: [newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](mailto:newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org).

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### Do You Use Amazon.com?

If so, AND you enter through our Chapter's website ([www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)), the Chapter will earn a commission of five percent on your purchases. Using the link does not increase your cost (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](http://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](mailto: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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Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

## Strength...The Grief of Fathers

In the early days of my grief,  
A tear would well up in my eyes,  
A lump would form in my throat,  
But you would not know.  
I would hide it,  
And I am strong.

In the middle days of my grief,  
I would look ahead and see that wall  
That I had attempted to go around  
As an ever-present reminder  
Of a wall yet unscaled.  
Yet I did not attempt to scale it  
For the strong will survive.  
And I am strong.

In the later days of my grief,  
I learned to climb over that wall step by step –  
Remembering, crying, grieving,  
And the tears flowed steadily  
As I painstakingly went over.  
The way was long, but I did make it,  
For I am strong.

Near the resolution of my grief,  
A tear will well up in my eyes,  
A lump will form in my throat,  
But I will let that tear fall –  
And you will see it.  
Through it you will see  
That I still hurt and I care,  
For I am strong.

— Terry Jago, TCF, Regina, Canada



If there ever comes a day when we  
can't be together, keep me in your  
heart. I'll stay there forever.

— Winnie the Pooh

## Grief and Vacation Time

Vacation time, like holidays, can be especially painful for bereaved parents. Caught up with normal demands of making a living or keeping a household going, we have less time to think than we do on vacations, especially the "take it easy" kind at a hideaway tucked away somewhere.

In the summers following Tricia's death, I found vacations could bring a special kind of pain. We avoided going to locales where we had vacationed with her at one time. I thought Williamsburg might be off my list forever since we had an especially happy holiday there with her and her younger sister. I tried it one summer three years later and found that she walked the cobbled streets with me. Now that nine years have elapsed and the searing pain has eased, maybe I can let the happy memories we shared in Williamsburg heighten the pleasure of another visit there.

For the first years after Tricia's death, we found fast-paced vacations to be best at places we had never been before. The sheer stimulation of new experiences in new places with new people refreshed us and sent us home more ready to pick up our grief work. That is not to say when we did something or saw something that Tricia would have particularly enjoyed, we didn't mention her. We did, but it seemed less painful than at home. One caution: do allow enough time for sleep. Otherwise, an exhausted body will depress you.

Charles and I have found that an occasional separate vacation (or weekend) is helpful. This, too, is an opportunity to change our stride and to experience the world a little differently. One experiment with this may have stemmed from a re-evaluation of priorities. Life is too short to miss a trip associated with a special interest. A writer's workshop that might bore Charles is no longer off limits to me, any more than his going alone to a postal convention. When I go by myself, I take only my memories, not his and mine, and any response to them is different. I have often found this helps straighten out my thinking.

We've said it a hundred times: you have to find your own way, your own peace. Let vacation time be another try at that, but do give yourself a break in choosing the time and locale where that can be accomplished. Don't be afraid of change; it helps with your re-evaluation of life.

— Elizabeth Estes, TCF, Augusta, GA





## The Boys and Girls of Summer

The boys and girls of summer,  
No longer in our sight –  
Those sun-kissed happy faces  
Now fill our dreams at night.

Long years ago they played and swam  
Their laughter echoed along the lake.  
Fishing, camping and firelight talks,  
Youthful dreams of the life they'd make.

Those boys and girls of summer,  
Now swim on a distant shore.  
The memory of their faces,  
Bring summer's joy to the fore.

Boys and girls of another time,  
Now crowd the sands at the lake.  
Laughing, splashing, in sun and spray,  
Unaware of hearts that watch and ache.

— Arleen Simmonds



## A New Normal

I wanted my life to return to normal.  
Then I realized what I wanted was for my life  
To return to what it once was.  
A year ago I found hope one night  
When I heard my wife and my youngest son laughing in  
our bedroom.  
I thought my life was returning to normal.  
I played cards with our youngest son after supper,  
With much fun and laughter.  
After a few cartoons,  
He and my wife were off to bed.  
It was then that I realized  
My life was not returning  
To the normal that it was when Greg was alive,  
But changing to a new normal.  
I cannot return to what I once was,  
Because all of the parts are no longer there.  
I have the choice, consciously,  
And subconsciously  
To carry on with my life,  
Thus creating a new normal.  
Hope lies in accepting what you now have –  
Looking with joy, not sorrow,  
Looking ahead with optimism, not pessimism.

— Daryl Hutso, BP/USA

## Graduation Time, Once Again

Since Trina's death, we have tried to "stand tall" and attend the sweet sixteen parties, the graduations, the weddings of our nieces, nephews and friends' children, and to celebrate and take joy in the birth of our friends' grandchildren. We took heart in knowing that Trina would have been excited by all these events, because she loved all of these people. We gathered our strength from knowing that Trina would have wanted us to share in their happiness.

Yes, at times there was anxiety beforehand and we shed tears during the various ceremonies, but always we managed to "get through" and even enjoy ourselves.

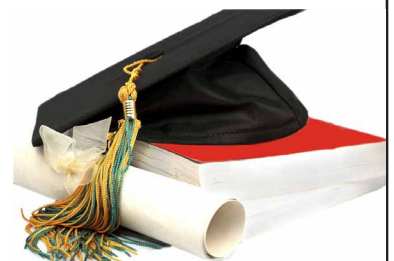
It's been almost four years since her death. Why then could we not attend the high school graduation of her class in June? Why were we so totally overwhelmed? Desperately, we tried to steel ourselves to make an appearance. But we could not. I was even a bit disappointed in myself until our younger daughter said, "Mom, some things hurt too much. Why should we give ourselves more pain?"

It occurred to me then, that she had included herself in that statement. She was telling me she, too, still hurt. So many times this child has spared us more anguish by silently bearing the pain and going with us to all these events.

Then I recalled what I have heard time and time again from my friends at bereavement support group meetings: there is no right or wrong. Do what is best for you and your family. Do what you must to endure.

We bereaved parents learn that each moment is different, and so our reactions are different as well. What we are unable to do today, we may do tomorrow. I realize now that it is not a sign of weakness – but of strength – to accept our own limitations.

— Mary Sullivan, TCF, Central CT



## You Just Don't Know Until You've Been There

A few weeks after my daughter died, a friend called, which was actually a rare occasion after I lost my daughter. He apprehensively asked how I was. He then proceeded to tell me he'd been waiting for the call in the middle of the night where I'd turned to the bottle and was at rock bottom. He'd been waiting for me to come to him at the end of my rope.

I was never a huge drinker, so it's not like that was even a normal coping skill for me. He told me that's what he'd do. I tried to explain to him that it probably wasn't what he'd do.

I've had some dark moments since my daughter died. I've cried lots. I've barely gotten out of bed, but I haven't been drunk since she died.

Sometimes people tell me that if they were in my shoes they just wouldn't be able to go on or something along those lines. I understand that losing a child is the worst possible fear for most parents. I get that they think they wouldn't be able to go on, but they would. It makes me feel bad, like they think I'm not sad enough or freaking out enough.

Other times the opposite happens. I once got word that at a party I wasn't at, among people I actually barely knew, the conversation turned to me and why I wasn't over it. This was within a year of my daughter's death. They all gossiped about how I should be "moving on."

I don't use the word hate that much, but I hate that phrase. Moving on. My daughter died. I didn't get dumped by a boyfriend or lose a job.

I got a bit angry when I heard a report of their conversation, but now I realize, they just don't get it. You can't understand what it's like to lose a child until you've been here. I don't wish this on anyone, so I'm glad they're so clueless. I don't care how other people think I'm coping. All that matters is that I'm okay with how I'm coping, and I am.

I have had my moments. Just last month I was in some serious mental health trouble.

As sad and awful as this is, my daughter's life was beautiful. My daughter was beautiful. I cling to that.

While it's a natural reaction to try to put yourself in the other person's shoes when you hear about something, in this case, you can't even begin to.

No, I didn't have some late night crisis spinning out of control with a bottle of booze at my side, but yes, it's still three years later and I'm not moving on.

But you know what? I am still standing.

— Kristine



## My Memorial Day

May 29, 2001. My son Jay was killed on this date six years ago while out riding his motorcycle – that beautiful red, throaty beast, that he had had only two weeks. I worked hard at helping him find the right financing for his bike. But, we did it.

We are kind of an adventurous group and we all fell in love with the bike, except for Bobby, our three-year-old grandson. He liked it as long as it was parked and not growling at him.

It's been a long time since I have written about Jay. I have tried for years now to get through this tragedy and every time I think I've made it, the flashes of "fast forward" pictures start: the policemen at the door, my daughter-in-law coming to the door, the screams that wouldn't stop. Most of them mine. As we stood trying to listen, it hit us all at the same time. We were in a circle – arms automatically reached out to grab the person on either side. As quickly as we had grabbed, we let go – we needed to find our own space. Bobby stood at our feet not saying a word. I didn't know what to do with him. I held him, I hugged him, then I let go, still searching for my "space."

I found it in the bathroom. I ran for the bathroom, slammed the door, and screamed a scream I have only heard in the movies coming out of the jungle. A primal scream, a non-understanding mother who had just lost her child. Pain and then anger. Anger like never before. I wanted to hurt this man who had stupidly taken my son from us.

Six years have passed and I never thought I would live through the first year. How does it still hurt? Almost as severe as the first day, but not quite. I'm living, I laugh, and I truly enjoy my other children and my Bobby, who still lives with us. Someday he will know he saved my life.

Judy asked the other day if there is a timeframe of sorts for our grieving. I believe there is. Unfortunately, it is not the same for everyone. Mine seems to be a long process, and I'm sure I'm the reason why. I keep hanging on to him. I don't want to let him go. I hope I'm not keeping him from anything. We are our own gauge for healing, for letting go, for living after having lost part of our body. Take help where you can get it. Sometimes the words a friend is saying are just for you and will have no meaning for anyone else. That person may not realize they have given you your boost for the day. Become a listener.

Grieving is cleansing. It washes away a little of the pain each time we allow it. Every person in my family has basically told me "it's time, get over it." My first thought of course is a quick pop to the mouth, and then disbelief that this person could be so cold. This was my daughter. I know she did not mean to hurt me. She wanted me to see her and my granddaughters, her brothers and their children, my husband – they needed me and wanted me. My granddaughter has suffered the most at the loss of her grandmother. She keeps saying that she wants my other Granny back. I tell her, "She's gone, she no longer exists. There is another person in her place and she loves you, too." It's just all different. So different.

I welcome the gift God gave me of Jay's death on Memorial Day. We will never forget the day. I include him among the many who went out and have not yet returned. The door is open waiting for him. Jay was never in the military, but he respected the men and women who kept America safe. He did his job at home. He was a good father, a tremendous husband, a best friend to his siblings, and to his mother he was everything.

God bless America and all of the young men and women who have fought and will continue to fight to keep us free.

— Joyce Wright



# SIBLING PAGE



## It's a Family Affair

When a child dies, grief is a family affair.  
It hits mom, dad and sibling with equal despair.

Mom cries and cannot get out of bed.  
Dad holds in emotions and leaves much unsaid.  
Sisters and brothers simply cannot understand,  
Why death came and dealt this kind of hand.

No one acts as they should and nothing is the same.  
The family wants to draw together but seems to share only pain.  
Someone must be responsible when a child dies.  
Each family member thinks in some way it's them, and cries.

But no one is responsible for things we cannot control,  
So reach out to each other and keep the family whole.  
Don't let the difference in how you each grieve  
Change the love in your family or its belief.

Be strong when you can and weak when you must, and  
love each other with kindness and trust.

So keep the family with love and you will all survive.  
For we who have been there and made it through together  
Can say that holding on to each other makes love last forever.

— Jackie Rosen, TCF, South Broward, FL



## Do I Have To?

Mom, do I have to stop loving my brother because he's not here?  
Will I forget about him because he's not near?  
I remember all the things we did together,  
Even though we were very young.  
I laugh and feel warm each time I think of a particularly funny one.  
Sometimes I get so angry that he's no longer here to share,  
But I know he knows it's only because of how much I still care.

I miss him so, even though at times we don't agree.  
Just knowing he was there made things feel safe for me.  
He always felt he had to be my strong, protective big brother.  
And that's a bond we'll always share forever with each other.

He tried to protect me even when he, too, was just scared.  
No, I won't stop loving that big brother of mine.  
Not now, not ever, not till the end of time.  
He will always be a part of what makes me be me.  
And that's part of our love that will live eternally.

— Jackie Rosen, TCF, Broward, FL

## Remember Me

Remember me in quiet days  
When raindrops whisper on your pane,  
But in your memories have not grief,  
Let just the joy we knew remain.

Remember me when evening stars  
Look down on you with steadfast eyes.  
And when your thoughts turn to me  
Know that I would not have you cry;  
But live for me and laugh for me –  
When you are happy, so am I.

Remember an old joke we shared,  
Remember me when Spring walks  
Think of me when you are glad,  
And while you live, I shall not die.

— Lyn Bryant, TCF, Baytown, TX





## The Promise

Your birth brought me starshine,  
the moon and the sun;  
my wishes, dreams gathered  
'round my little one.

...  
My life became sacred,  
full of promise and light,  
all wrapped in the girl-child  
who brought love at first sight.

The years of your living  
filled with laughter and tears,  
excitement, adventure,  
some boredom, some fears,  
but ended too quickly,  
ahead of its time.  
The loss so horrendous,  
such heartbreak was mine.

But from the beginning,  
one thought rose so clear:  
never would your death erase  
the years that you were here.

I would not be defeated  
or diminished by your death;  
I would hang on, learn to conquer,  
if it took my every breath.

For if your death destroyed my life,  
made both our lives a waste,  
'twould deny your life's meaning  
and all the love you gave.  
vowed that years of sadness  
would change, with work and grace,  
to years of happiness, even joy,  
in which you'd have a place.

Memories of you, like shining stars  
in the patterns of my soul,  
are beacons flashing light and love,  
and with them I am whole.

In your honor, I live my life,  
now living it for two.  
Through all my life, you too will live.  
You lived, you live, you do.

— Genesse Bourdeau Gentry for her daughter Lori Ann

## How Long?

How long does it take to put yourself back together? That's one of the questions in the early days of bereavement. There's no one answer that's always right. It's not  $64 + 36 = 100$ . It all depends: maybe the sun is shining, maybe a flower blooms, maybe something is funny and you laugh, maybe the storm ends with a rainbow. But there are also days when none of those cheering things happen.

Do you really have to be 100 percent every day? Be reasonable with yourself. You knew your child would stumble, now and then, when he learned to walk. Figure that you have to do the same as you try to learn to walk without him.

Just take one step at a time. It will help you to walk through one hour at a time and one day at a time.

As the days go by, perhaps into the thousands, you'll realize you have some energy. Your act has some semblance of shape. Not the way it used to be, but better than it has been. Some things seem to get done. This is surprising and pleasant.

Remember, there will be down days when nothing goes right, nothing gets finished. If you do demand of yourself some daily success, a small list of mindless jobs for those days might be useful. Mine includes pulling weeds, washing floors or windows, polishing silver or copper pans. You probably have some good ideas to add. The point is to be reasonable. Set one goal. One weed pulled, one pot polished, that's an accomplishment.

You don't need to meet someone else's standards.

— Joan Schmidt



## Anger

Sometimes it's hard to recognize that anger is part of our grief. Maybe we're angry at the doctors and nurses for not making our loved one well. Or for not alleviating the suffering. Or for not doing a better job of keeping us informed.

Maybe we're angry at the loved one – for not trying hard enough to get well, or for not taking better care of himself or herself. Or just for leaving us. Maybe we're angry with ourselves. Or angry with God.

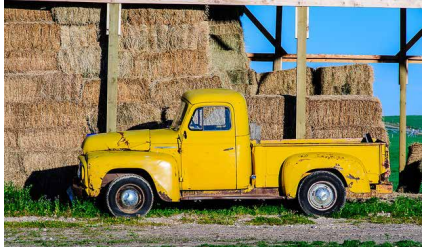
Even when we don't hold a particular person – or God – responsible for the death of our loved one, we're angry. Our life has been disrupted. We have been deprived of something – even if it's only peace – that we wanted.

As with other aspects of grief, we need to recognize anger and express it. We may need to be careful with relatives and friends. But we don't need to worry about God – we can let it fly.

My anger is legitimate, and will burn away sooner if I acknowledge and express it.

— Elizabeth Watson





## Old Yellow Truck

Several weeks ago I sold my old, rusty yellow pickup truck. I placed an ad in the Baltimore Sun paper; it read: For sale – '78 Toyota pickup truck, 119K miles, auto, as is, \$450. Call.

Someone called, paid me \$400 and drove away with it all in the same day. I should have been happy to get rid of it, but instead I ended up feeling depressed.

If I could have advertised, the truck in our TCF newsletter, the ad would have read: For sale (regretfully) '78 Toyota pickup truck, used by a college student when he was home for the weekends and semester breaks. Provided safe transportation through a snowstorm on his last New Year's Eve. Four speaker Craig stereo radio (brand name the same as the college driver's name) with rock music stations selected. Ash tray clean except for old bank receipts from his accounts. Truck used by father to haul things while thinking about his son. Price: \$\$Priceless, don't call.

It has been 18 months since my son died and yet it is still difficult to part with certain things – even things that did not belong to him. This is a problem which we're all faced with. What to keep? What to let go? The practical side of us says these things are no longer needed so we should get rid of them. The heart says my son or daughter owned these things or used these things; they bring back memories so we should keep them.

There is not a right or wrong answer as to what we keep or what we let go. I reassure myself by noting that these memories of my son didn't leave with that old yellow truck, but will remain locked in my heart forever.

— Gary, TCF, PA-MD Line

## By Choosing to Confront Grief, We Can Overcome Our Loss

My old friend Grief is back. He comes to visit me once in awhile just to remind me that I am still a broken man. Surely there has been much healing since my son died six years ago, and surely I have adjusted to a world without him by now. But the truth is, we never completely heal, and we never totally adjust to the loss of a major love.

Such is the nature of loss that no matter how much time has passed, and no matter how much life has been experienced, the heart of the bereaved will never be the same. It is as though a part of us also dies with the person we lose through death, or other forms of permanent separation. We will be all right, but we will never be the same.



And so my old friend Grief drops in to say hello. Sometimes he enters through the door of my memory. I'll hear a certain song, smell a certain fragrance, or I'll look at a certain picture, and I'll remember how it used to be. Sometimes it brings a smile to my face, and sometimes a tear.

Some may say that such remembering is not healthy, that we ought not to dwell on thoughts that make us sad. Yet, the opposite is true. Grief revisited is grief acknowledged, and grief confronted is grief resolved.

But if grief is resolved, why do we still feel a sense of loss come anniversaries and holidays, and even when we least expect it? It is because healing does not mean forgetting, and because moving on with life does not mean that we don't take a part of our lost loved one with us.

Of course, the intensity of the pain decreases over time if we allow grief to visit us from time to time. But if the intensity remains, or if our life is still dysfunctional years after our loss, we may be stuck and in need of professional help to get unstuck.

Sometimes my old friend Grief sneaks up on me. I'll feel an unexplained but profound sadness that clings to me for days. Then I'll recognize the grief and cry a little, and then I can go on. It's as though the ones we loved and lost are determined not to be forgotten.

My old friend Grief doesn't get in the way of my living. He just wants to come along and chat sometimes. In fact, Grief has taught me a few things about living that I would not have learned on my own. Old Grief has taught me over the years that if I try to deny the reality of a major loss in my life, I end up having to deny life altogether. He has taught me that although the pain of loss is great, I must confront it and experience it fully or risk emotional paralysis.

Old Grief has taught me that I can survive great losses, and that although my world is very different after a major loss, it is still my world and I must live in it. He has taught me that when I am pruned by the losses that come, when I let go I can flourish again in season and bring forth the good fruit that comes, not in spite of my loss, but because of it.

My old friend Grief has taught me that the loss of a loved one does not mean the loss of love, for love is stronger than separation and longer than the permanence of death.

My old friend Grief may leave me for awhile, but he'll be back again to remind me to confront my new reality, and to gain through loss and pain.

— Adolfo Quezada, Tucson, AZ

## Our Children Remembered

James William Aikin  
Grandson of Elizabeth and Barry Aikin  
June 5, 1982 - March 18, 2008

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

Johnny Sivert Brungot  
son of Christine and George Brungot  
June 28, 1990 - June 29, 2011

Pamela Grace Clair  
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair  
June 3, 1954 - May 15, 1984

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

Ryan Corr  
Son of Pam Corr  
March 2, 2003 - June 4, 2011

Jack Turner Dumont  
Son of Jill and Dave Dumont  
June 26, 2003 - June 26, 2003

Alice Engleman  
Daughter of Elizabeth Engleman  
November 20, 1997 - June 21, 2011

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

Carolyn A Griffin  
Daughter of Rick and Jan Griffin  
February 15, 1983 - June 1, 2011

Emilio Juan Honesto  
Son of Alexandra Honesto  
June 29, 2010 - March 26, 2011

Scott Andrew Katsikas  
Son of Linda Snead  
June 9, 1980 - August 13, 2004

Bryan Adam Krouse  
Son of James and Judy Krouse  
March 11, 1965 - June 29, 2007

Deana Jean Marie Lenz  
Daughter of Patricia and James Lenz  
June 5, 2009 - June 6, 2009

Nicholas Paul Liberatore  
Son of Larry and Pat Liberatore  
September 27, 1980 - June 9, 1997

Brian Richard Melcher  
Son of Norma and Donald Melcher  
Brother of Cheryl Lewis  
August 30, 1960 - June 14, 2002

Cody Thomas Moczulski  
Son of Robin Moczulski  
September 19, 1993 - June 13, 2010

Kevin Alan O'Brien  
Son of Lorrie and Keith O'Brien  
December 24, 1986 - June 29, 2012

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson  
Daughter of Cindy Patterson  
June 28, 1987 - September 19, 2006

James Benjamin Scheff  
Son of James and Gail Scheff  
May 9, 1979 - June 1, 2012

David C. Schmier  
Son of Gordon and Virginia Schmier  
June 26, 1964 - February 10, 1992

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

Christopher John Smith  
Son of Debi Wilson-Smith  
March 27, 1981 - June 30, 2000

Patrick F. Smith  
Son of Fran and Len Smith  
February 20, 1978 - June 23, 2000

Daniel Sohovich II  
Son of Vera Sohovich  
January 26, 1988 - June 9, 2011

Christopher Lewis Strader  
Son of Lewis and Peggy Strader  
May 27, 1979 - June 21, 1997

Cindy Sue Walker  
Daughter of Edward and Phyllis Frazier-James  
June 22, 1959 - June 21, 2010

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

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

*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:

Donald and Barbara Cannon in memory of Bryan Cannon  
Edward and Phyllis James in memory of Cindy Sue Walker  
Bart and Vickie Rankin in memory of Samantha Rankin  
Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino  
Kevin and Tawny Stitely in memory of Tori Stitely

## CHAPTER NOTES

Our annual “Angel Food Tasting” event will be the focus for July’s meeting, instead of our usual program. We’re hoping to see both old and new friends as we get together to “break bread” and enjoy each other’s company. Please bring one of your child’s favorite dishes to share - hors d’oeuvres, desserts, salads, hot dishes, whatever - and we’ll spend our meeting time in July (JULY 11) getting to know each other and each other’s children in a less structured setting. Sharing groups will also be held as usual.

We will also offer a “scrapbooking session” during the meeting. If you want to create a page in memory of your child, bring copies of pictures of your child.

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### 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](mailto:juneErickson@aol.com).

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## Remembering with love on this Father’s Day

The fathers of our children,  
Our children who were fathers, and  
Our children who will never be fathers.





# Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

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

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*NEXT MEETING: June 6, 2013*



## Time sensitive

**Must be delivered by June 3, 2013**

### UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

#### Alive Alone

7:30 p.m. (Doors open at 7:15 p.m.)

Thursday, June 6, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Nancy Vollmer, who currently leads the Reston, VA, chapter of The Compassionate Friends, will speak to the group about the special issues confronting parents who have lost their only child.

#### Angel Food Tasting

7:30 p.m. (Doors open at 7:15 p.m.)

Thursday, July 11, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Instead of a speaker this month, we will spend extra time enjoying refreshments and sharing 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. We will also have a scrapbooking session - bring photocopies of your child.

#### The Compassionate Friends National Conference

July 5 - 7, 2013

Boston, MA

[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

#### Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering

July 26 - 28, 2013

Sacramento, CA

[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

### RESOURCES:

#### **Hospice of the Chesapeake**

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

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

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

#### **Suicide Support Group**

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

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

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

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

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

#### **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](mailto:pjbspmd@gmail.com) or **443.566.0193**.