



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

March 2013

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Remember Me

To the living, I am gone
To the sorrowful, I will never return
To the angry, I was cheated
But to the happy, I am at peace
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard
So as you stand upon the shore
Gazing at the beautiful sea, remember me

As you look in awe at a mighty forest
And in its grand majesty, remember me

Remember me in your hearts, your thoughts,
and your memories of the Times we loved,
the times we cried, the battle we fought,
and the times we laughed.

For if you always think of me,
I will never have gone.

— Submitted in Memory of Zachary Dukes

A Prayer for Spring

Like Springtime, let me unfold and grow fresh and anew
From this cocoon of grief that has been spun around me.

Help me face the harsh reality of sunshine and renewed life
As my bones still creak from the winter of my grief.

Life has dared to go on around me, and as I recover from the insult of life's continuance,
I readjust my focus to including healing and growth as possibilities in my future.

Give me strength to break out of the cocoon of grief, but may I never forget it is
The place where I grew my wings, becoming a new person because of my loss.

— Janis Heil, BP/USA, Ocala, FL



The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Gary and Cindy Dukes in memory of their son

Zachary Lee Dukes

February 12, 1989 – March 31, 2010

Son, Brother, Grandson, Godson, Nephew, Friend



Next Meeting: March 7, 2013

Writing as a Healing Tool – Laurel Goodrick will help us to explore how to use writing as a healing tool to tell stories, express powerful and often conflicting feelings, and honor our loved ones. She will use easy-to-follow writing styles; no writing experience necessary. (Laurel Goodrick, MS, LCPC, CT, works with individuals and families as a Clinical Bereavement Counselor for Gilchrist Hospice Care in the central MD area. Helping people find their voices and express what is so personal and so profound is one of Laurel's passions. She had a previous career in communications and public relations in the arts and broadcasting fields.)

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 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 April newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by March 1.

Send an email to: 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), 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

Reflections on March

In March, it is as if the higher powers know we need to be shaken out of the lethargy of winter, awakened, prepared for growth.

Winter is again almost behind us although the hardwoods very stubbornly hold onto the last leaves of autumn. Is there a power of nature that knows that the trees, the plants, and we humans are still within our lethargy, fixed in modes of inactivity, semi-dormant, and like all sleepers, resentful of rough disturbance?

Is there knowledge that remembers the need for all things to bend, lest they break? "March comes in like a lion" and "leaves like a lamb." Perhaps we have a primordial need for the shake the month gives us each spring, and the ensuing lamb is only a resting lion, all work done for this period of renewal.

Suddenly the peaceful quiet winter days are much disturbed by violent wind gusting! Stark limbs are pushed to strive and snap back against a still gray sky. The hangers-on, the last dead leaves, are torn from their resting places, as if the stark trees are told there must be room for new growth! Neighbors complain as the wind moves all trash, seemingly deposits it where it knows it will be cleared. March is not a gentle month, but perhaps it is the most playful of all months, a very young month! March is as playful as an adolescent child, a big friendly puppy, an awkward kitten.

What message does an ancient tree receive when its limbs are flung against the sky, repeatedly exercised, threatened with severe harm, and small wounds cause the flow of healing juices? March roars in like a lion, but no great harm results. March rages like an upset mother, but we know she loves us. March is playful. March rests, and storms again in case we again sleep. March cleans the trees, moves the dead leaves, rearranges all the trash, and knows we will complain and clean it all again. It takes will, caring and health to complain. March laughs, and all of us who forgot how to laugh are reminded. Laughter is healthy. Playful is cheerful. Confusion awakens us. Storm threats alert us.

Every year March rages, rests, upsets, moves, surprises and repeats its lively repertoire; adolescent, out of sequence, full of surprise. Bare trees flail against the sky. The waters of the lake are roiled. New plants are rudely pushed about. Old ones are roughly awakened by the boisterous side of nature. March is the exuberant one of all the months. March ensures that, ready or not, we will greet the renewal of nature, new growth, new challenge. We are simply not allowed to hide in our comfortable "rut." March is the month that refuses to be ignored. We are thrown out of the comfort of the winter shell. March's message seems to be "Ready or not," it's time to be alive again.

We bereaved parents all seem to go through a period of dormant life and growth as we struggle to assimilate our great losses. With the passage of time, there is then a period of renewal, of interest in life, and an ability to accept new growth, new tasks, and life's challenges, an awareness that we can leave some of our cold winter behind us.

Even in deep grief, we, too, seem to come out of our lethargy and be cheered by the renewal so apparent in spring. We hope that this year you will enjoy the gusting winds of March and be stirred and cheered by March's playful prelude to the coming spring.

— *Dayton Robinson, TCF, Tuscaloosa, AL*



Spring is Here...It's Here Again

It's here again! How well I remember that first Spring I faced, just a few short weeks after Leina's death. I didn't want to know that life went on. I didn't want to hear people sounding happy and looking forward to anything!

I have always thought of Spring as a happy time, a time of new life, sunshine, and good things. This year, with the wild winds and stormy days and the deluge of rain, I realized that Spring is not only a time of sunshine and blossoms, but also a very stormy, wet, tumultuous time. A time of struggle, when the earth that has rested during the cold months of Winter, searches for new life.

How true that is for us. Our children have died, and Winter has settled in our souls. We cannot imagine that we will ever feel the stirrings of life again, that we will be happy again. And find the blossoms of life in our hearts. The move toward new life is indeed a struggle, because our lives can never be what they were before our precious children died.

And so, with the earth, we struggle to find new meaning; and like the earth, we need warmth and moisture – the warmth of caring, understanding, and acceptance; and the moisture of our tears and emotions. We need to know that the path from Winter to Summer is difficult, and that we can and must struggle with it.

— *Ann Bardsley, TCF, Miami, FL*



Easter

Take time to grieve. Take time for the memories of other Easters. Take time to mourn what might have been. Indulge yourself in the beauty of an Easter lily. Don't be afraid if at first there seems to be more pain than comfort in the age-old words and the beautiful music of Easter. And never be ashamed of your tears. One day you, too, will say, "It is finished." To walk through grief isn't easy. When the shock and numbness have gone, we are left with reality, the reality that life includes pain and loss. Easter is a season of many feelings...a time of pain and loss. It is also a time of rebirth and of real personal growth. So, also, are the Seasons of Grief.

— TCF, Boise, ID



Remember Me Won't You?

Please remember me now that I am gone,
Remember the life I led.
Please if you must look back,
Look back on our times we shared.
Remember my smile, my laugh, but not my tears.
Let my smile brighten your soul,
Let the sound echo still ring in your ears.
Remember my life won't you?
And all the things I used to do.
When my Birthday comes, please celebrate it.
I want everyone I love there, reminiscing my spirit.
When Anniversaries and Holidays come up,
I want to see you join with everyone.
The way I liked it, seeing your smiling faces,
Everyone having fun.
Remember my life won't you?

— Charles Stannard

One of These Days

One of these days you will realize you got through the day without crying.
One of these days you will bite into a piece of fruit and actually taste the sweetness.
One of these days you will find yourself smiling.
One of these days you will recognize again that stranger in the mirror.
One of these days you will notice that the season has changed.
One of these days you will feel the sun on your face.
One of these days you will laugh out loud.
One of these days you will wake and not dread the day ahead.
One of these days you will speak their name and smile.
One of these days you will come to terms that for all your questions there are no answers.
One of these days, when you are ready,
You will know you'll be okay,
Not whole ever again,
But okay, one of these days....

— Mary Lizzi Carlstedt, Sandusky, OH

The Circle of Pain

As I sat in this circle of pain
It did not occur to me
That anyone here
Felt as bad as me

At first I was blind
To others' pain and grief
Because all that really mattered
Was my Jenna Leigh

But as time went by
I could truly see
There were others who suffer
Just as much as me

We all sit here with something in common
That leaves a void in our soul
And nothing or no one
Will ever fill that hole

— Jed Erickson, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD
Father of Jenna Leigh Erickson, 2/12/88 - 2/5/11



The Kite



A young man stood upon a hill,
And beckoned me to come...
I felt the need to join him there,
And found the man...My son.

He took my hand within his own,
A smile across his face,
He said, "I'm glad you made the climb
To join me in this place.

Now look with me across the sky
And tell me what you see,
And then you'll know the reason why
I called you here with me."

I turned to see an awesome sight
I'd never seen before.
The sky was full of pretty kites,
A million, maybe more.

They floated gently on the wind
Without a care or woe,
Too busy playing in the breeze
To know what lay below.

"The string on mine was short," he said;
"But longer still than some.
It matters not how long the string
That tells what we become.

Those kites are symbols of the time
That each man gets on earth.
The colors, beauty and design
Are all to show his worth."

Some of the kites were dull and gray
While others seemed to shine,
I heard my son say, "Look with me,
The one right there is mine."

And as I turned to catch a glimpse
I found a lovely view,
Its tail was long and copper bright.
Its cloth a brilliant blue.

It sailed the sky with style and ease,
With no desire to fall.
I looked around and felt it was
The brightest of them all.

He gently kissed me on the cheek,
And told me I must go,
But please remember what you've seen
When you are safe below.

You have to stand upon the hill,
To see what death can bring,
From where you stand upon the earth,
You only see the string.

— *Author Unknown*

Spring: Hope or More Pain?

Here it comes! Spring! Flowers blooming, weather warming, the cold of winter is behind us. We're coming up out of our pain, right? Wrong! My six-year-old son Arthur was killed by an automobile on Friday, May 28, 1971. The Easter before was the last time we were together as a complete family.

For years after, spring and especially the Easter season began the realization that we were no longer a complete family, and never would be again. Each year brought a new year of pain.

When the first spring came after Arthur was killed, I thought I would be better. Buds popped out and my sadness was deeper. Easter came, and my pain was no less. The temperature rose, but the coldness in my heart never left. Many more springs came – and none of them brought the relief I prayed for. For me, the hope and renewal that was supposed to be a part of spring was a lie.

Ironically, though, the beginning of the resolution of my grief began in the spring of 1978. My grief, which by this time had become prolonged and distorted, created a number of other problems in my life. Among them was the deterioration of my marriage. We began seeing a marriage counselor. I couldn't believe it when he told me that it was not only acceptable, but necessary to face Arthur's death and talk about the pain and emotions I had been encouraged to suppress all these years. Mine is a long story of struggle and determination, of steps and missteps, and pain and sadness and loss. But it is also a long story of change and growth.

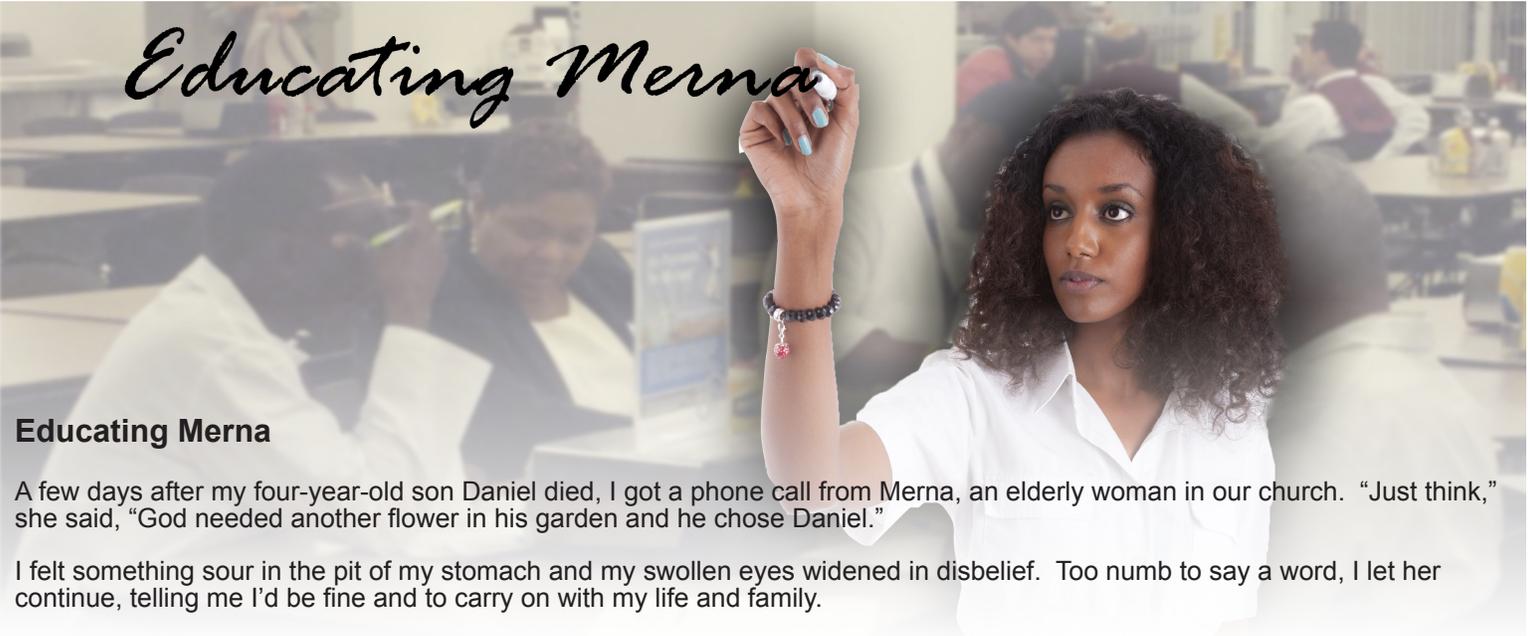
The beginning of the resolution of my grief may have started then, but it didn't happen in spring. It took place over many seasons. Various seasons are significant for all of us. The Christmas holidays may be significant for you. The middle of June for someone else. A colorful fall may be significant for another. But, for some reason, we are led to believe that spring will bring a lessening of our pain. This is not true. Spring is simply a time of year. It's a date. It's a season. It's symbolic.

But, spring is not magic. Yes, it hold promises, but those promises are only brought to fruition when we work at them. Spring can be the impetus for change. The changes that take place in early grief, we hardly see spring come. We are so immersed in our pain and desolation that it is hard to see anything. Just as winter comes before spring, dark painful grief work comes before we begin to see the light of comfortable life again.

Don't expect to sidestep the healthy, albeit painful, normal and long process of grief.

Don't endow a season with magic to make changes in you. Hard grief work is what will get you to the other side of your child's death, not a date on the calendar.

— *Margaret Gerner, St. Louis, MO*



Educating Merna

Educating Merna

A few days after my four-year-old son Daniel died, I got a phone call from Merna, an elderly woman in our church. “Just think,” she said, “God needed another flower in his garden and he chose Daniel.”

I felt something sour in the pit of my stomach and my swollen eyes widened in disbelief. Too numb to say a word, I let her continue, telling me I’d be fine and to carry on with my life and family.

By the time I got off the phone, anger had risen within me.

“God needed another flower!” a fellow bereaved mother spat out when I conveyed my conversation with Merna. “Did you let this woman know how blasphemous that sounds? As though God is greedy and takes. That is not the nature of God.”

Little did I realize at that critical time during the early months of my bereavement journey that part of being bereaved is having to deal with those who want to console but are basically clueless. I’ve had to learn that I need to guide them in knowing what is appropriate and what is not. I’ve had to help those who want to comfort me understand just how to go about doing it. It’s like having a broken leg and being called in to teach the doctor how to fix it. Isn’t he supposed to know what to do? Likewise, aren’t others supposed to know how to soothe the bereaved person’s wounds and what to say and what not to say?

Occasionally a newly bereaved parent, spouse or sibling may encounter a person who knows that saying, “I’m so sorry” is really about all that can be said. There is no magic formula of words that make the pain of grief go away.

But people still try. It seems that everyone has an answer to our pain. “Don’t dwell on the death. Don’t think about it,” many will say. However, when they are faced with the agony of loss, suddenly their advice does not work, not even for them. I’ve even heard psychologists and grief counselors say that the advice they’d once given was immensely lacking and did not work when they suffered their own loss.

My friend Jan’s father died a few months ago. She has already planned not to attend church this Father’s Day, her first one without her dad. I tell her this is understandable. Her mother and siblings don’t agree with me. “Daddy would want you to go to church on Father’s Day,” they insist. Jan feels it will be too painful to go to church on this day without him. Finally she tells her family, “I’ll decide what to do when I wake up that morning.”

Grief is unique, as unique as the relationship we held with the loved one who has died. My middle-aged friend, Kathi, says people look at her funny when she breaks down in tears over the death of her aunt. “She was more than an aunt,” explains Kathi. “She was a mother to me.”

Many tell us that time heals our wounds. But then I turn to the words of fellow bereaved parent, Henry Nouwen, and wonder if this is only another myth we’ve created. Nouwen writes: “Real grief is not healed by time...If time does anything, it deepens our grief. The longer we live, the more fully we become aware of who he/she was for us, and the more intimately we experience what their love meant to us. Real, deep love is, as you know, very unobtrusive, seemingly easy and obvious, and so present that we take it for granted. Therefore, it is often only in retrospect – or better, in memory – that we can fully realize its power and depth. Yes, indeed, love often makes itself visible in pain.”

I’ve lost contact with Merna over these five years. But since then I have had plenty of her types enter my life. One changed the subject when I told her about losing Daniel. Being the stubborn person I am, I gently brought the conversation back to him. I liked this woman, a co-worker of my husband’s, and was certain she could do better about handling my grief than changing the topic to her pet dog. I continued to talk about Daniel and how it is without him. She was touched by the things I do in his memory. By the end of our talk, she was asking questions about what he had been like. There were tears in her eyes. I felt I had given her permission to show her empathetic side.

Yes, I’m all for educating the Mernas of our society. I even hope that someone, somewhere has been educating her. Perhaps she’ll call one day and ask how I am. And when the topic comes to Daniel, maybe she will let me talk about how much I miss living without my blond-haired, blue-eyed son. I can always hope.

SIBLING PAGE

Dear Mommy and Daddy

Twenty-four years ago you both became parents and a family.

Although Zach's not here with us today,
we will always celebrate the life he had,
and the Memories he left behind.

Today you two should remind yourselves that you
are the greatest and strongest parents ever.

Never ever forget that!
Love, Amber

— Amber Dukes, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD
Sister of Zachary Dukes

Touches

A slight breeze brushes your face

A tune whispers in your ear.

A faint tap on the shoulder makes you look.

Could these be the soft touches of our
Brothers and sisters who are no longer with us?

— Marsha Stevens, TCF, Bellevue, WA

*Memories grow more meaningful with every passing year –
More precious and more beautiful,
More treasured and more dear.*

— Helen Steiner Rice

Don't Think I Do Not Grieve

Don't think I do not feel
Because you see no tears.
A river rages deep inside
Of grief, and loss, and fears.

Just because I do not cry now,
Don't think my heart's not broken.
I keep inside
The misery of words not to be spoken.

Sometimes I smile, or crack a joke,
So you won't see the pain,
Or notice how my hands will shake,
Or how I've gone insane.

Each time I chance to think of her,
My heart is ripped asunder.
The loss I feel is mine alone.
You will not see my thunder.

— Brenda Pentpent

I'm Missing You

I'm missing you –
All day, every day.
On a bright summer morning, or
When the moon is full.
In the golden days of fall,
As the storm clouds build and it's snowing,
When the willows begin to turn green –
You are always with me,
In my mind and in my heart.
My Brother, My Good Friend,
I'm missing you.

— Kris Cunningham, TCF, Moro, IL

Just for a Day

I wish you were here with me. I cannot wait to see
you again.

You went away without a warning. I long for you to
teach me something new, like you used to do.
If I could have you back for just a day, I would tell you all of my thoughts and
dreams. I miss you so and I hope you know that I will never forget you. You're
someone very special to me.

— Regina Williams for her brother Tim



The greatest gift we can give to those who have left us, is to live fully in their place.

Our Children Remembered

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

Melanie Suzanne Berkow
Daughter of Sandra Winans
January 2, 1956 - March 23, 2012

Richard Allen Bessling
Son of Robert and Barbara Bessling
March 18, 1982 - March 15, 1995

Linda Lou Boyce
Daughter of Cora Boyce
March 29, 1967 - November 30, 2004

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

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

Zachary Lee Dukes
Son of Cindy Dukes
February 12, 1989 - March 31, 2010

Manuel Junior Esparza
Son of Dianna McKinnon
March 20, 1987 - February 14, 2012

Cynthia Lynn Ferguson
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair
September 4, 1952 - March 28, 2010

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

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

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

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

Kole William Hoffman
Son of Erin and Jim McKinney McDonald
December 23, 2007 - March 7, 2010

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

Matthew James Katz
Son of Bob and Sue Katz
March 13, 1982 - September 7, 2003

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

Jerry Mason Jr.
Son of Mary and Jerry Mason
May 6, 1968 - March 23, 2005

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

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

David M Murnane
Son of Jennifer Murnane
March 7, 1987 - December 9, 2008

Michael Dwayne Nokes
Son of Ellen Foxwell
November 9, 1963 - March 15, 1988

Brian James Para
Son of Joan Para
February 19, 1970 - March 19, 1991

Sydney Elaine Patronik
Daughter of Holly and Michael Patronik
March 26, 2002 - May 11, 2002

Thomas H Redmiles
Son of Mary and Joe Redmiles
February 22, 1985 - March 14, 2011

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

Erin Michelle Shannon
Daughter of Karen Shannon
November 21, 1979 - March 18, 2009

Mark Edward Smeltzer
Son of Peggy Smeltzer
December 11, 1969 - March 15, 1997

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

Joseph Claude Smith
Son of Gary and Desirae Smith
March 14, 2005 - July 11, 2006

Jacob Stephen Sutton
Son of Janet Sutton
February 9, 2009 - March 1, 2009

Tenoch Bennett Sweeney
Son of Richard Sweeney
March 30, 2011 - May 21, 2011

*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:

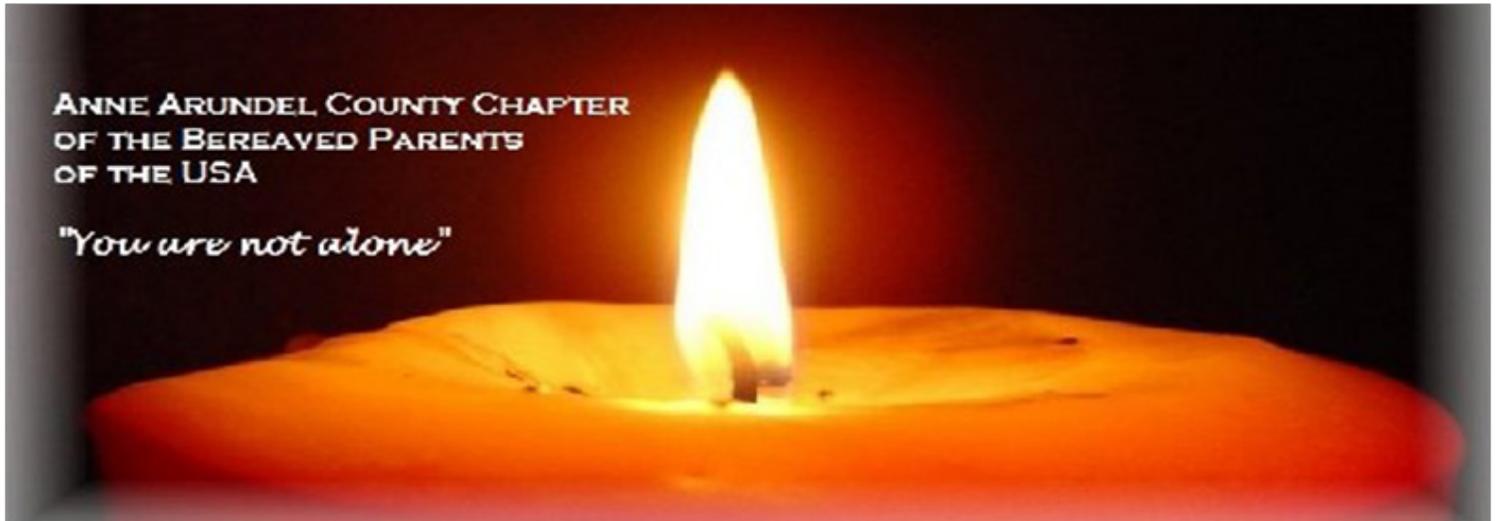
George and Catherine Schindler in memory of Emily Schindler

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino



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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Annapolis, MD 21401-0280
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NEXT MEETING: March 7, 2013



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by March 1, 2013

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Writing as a Healing Tool

Thursday, March 7, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

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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. A bereaved father will relate his experiences with music in his grief journey and talk about the role he believes music can play in the grief process. Members are urged to bring CDs or cassette tapes with music they have found particularly meaningful and helpful as they deal with their grief. We will use these as part of the discussion in some of our sharing groups.

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**.