



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

SEPTEMBER 2014

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Gone From My Sight by Henry Van Dyke

A ship at my side spreads her white sails to
the morning breeze
I am standing by the seashore.
and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength,
and I stand and watch
until at last she hangs like a peck of
white cloud
just where the sun and sky come down to
mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says, 'There she
goes!'

Gone where?

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as
large in mast,
hull and spar as she was when she left my
side.

And, she is just as able to bear her load of
living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.
And, just at the moment when someone
says, "There, she is gone,"
there are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices
ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she
comes!"

And that is dying...

Sponsorship of this newsletter has been made by the following families:

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



Dearest Christy,
Happy 28th birth-
day! We miss you eve-
ryday and carry you in
our hearts everywhere
we go! Life is not the same but we are trying
to keep going forward, keeping our family to-
gether and make you proud.
All our love,
Mom, Dad and Drew

Susan Taylor, friend of Cindy
Patterson in memory of Cindy's
daughter.

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson
June 28, 1987--September 19,
2006
*Please see page 2 for a poem
chosen by Cindy.*



Carol and Rick Tomaszewski
in memory of their son
David William Tomaszewski
September 4, 1974-February 6,
2001

Happy Birthday, David! You are
ever in our thoughts. After 14
years of watching from above,
we're sure you know how strong
our love for you remains.

We continue to remember the good times.
With love, Mom, Dad, sisters Beth and Lara... and
your gift to all of us, your son Joshua.



**SAVE THE DATE...for our 12th Annual
Memory Walk**

Saturday, October 4th, 2014. Details on page 5.

To All Parents

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson's mother selected this poem to honor Sarah.

To All Parents
by Edgar Guest *written for his son*

"I'll lend you for a while a child of mine," He said.
"For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when he's dead.

It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?

He'll bring his charms to gladden you, and should his stay be brief,
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief."

"I cannot promise he will stay; since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over in My search for teachers true
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have selected you.

Now will you give him all your love, not take the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I come to call to take him home again?"

"I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done!
And for the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief I run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay;

But should the angels call for him much sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."

We are the most unfortunate people
because we lost our children.
But we are also the most fortunate people
because we had them.
By Linda Khadem



I AM

By Dave Tomaszewski, 1974 – 2001

Borne of the air and sea
tell me what to be
or I will fly.
I am the seasons
for unknown reasons
and I do fly.
I am the stars
Jupiter and Mars
and still I fly.
I am the wind
everywhere I've been
I'll always fly.



My thoughts: We fortunately found Dave's poetry journals in the trunk of his car...hidden away. This poem pulls at my heartstrings, and we put the first and last lines on his headstone. Dave was born in Hawaii and loved the beach and outdoors...the air and sea. He had troubled teenage years, when this poem was written, and struggled to find his way in life. Now I feel him around me every season, shining through the stars, and with the gentle breeze or strong wind. And so he'll always fly, and I know he is always with me.
Carol Tomaszewski, Anne Arundel County Chapter BPUSA

Gone From my Sight (Poem on Page One): *Thoughts from Me*

This poem provides a beautiful, calm picture of a ship sailing into the horizon and being greeted on the other side of the voyage. Is dying really such a calm experience? Will we just float along and be greeted by those who have made the voyage before us? Is that how it was for our children?

If so, it was so different for me. I didn't get to say goodbye or be with my son as he left. He was just suddenly gone... ripped from my life. And it felt like I was battling a constant storm, which lasted for years. Nothing was easy anymore. Everything was a chore. Somehow days would go by and then it was years that had gone by. It was all a blur in the middle of the storms raging through my heart and soul.

Now years later, I have found peace within myself. Time has helped. Family has helped. Friends have helped. And other bereaved parents have helped. With this help, I look forward to the years ahead.

And I also believe that someday I will float into my son's arms.
-- Carol Tomaszewski, Anne Arundel County Chapter, BPUSA



Next Meeting: Thursday, September 4th at 7:30 p.m.

Pete Wilcox, psychotherapist and bereaved parent, will be coming to speak on coping with anger.

Calvary United Methodist Church • 301 Rowe Boulevard • Annapolis, MD 21401
Sharing groups, a key part of each Chapter meeting, will be held as desired for first-time attendees, and the newly and non-newly bereaved. **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 October newsletter are due to the Newsletter Team by September 10.
Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.



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Katie Redmiles
Treasurer: Fran Palmer
Correspondence &
Hospitality:
Rick & Carol Tomaszewski
Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash
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Do You Use Amazon.com?

If you enter Amazon through our Chapter's website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org), the Chapter will earn a commission of 5% on your purchases. Using the link does not increase your cost (and information about your purchase is not shared with the Chapter). It's an easy way to support our Chapter's activities. Go to the Chapter's home page, click on the butterflies on the welcome page, and 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 through the Chapter's website credits the Chapter with the 5% 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 Mary Redmiles (mary.redmiles@gmail.com) or call her at 410-721-6671, or sign up at a monthly meeting. Say Their Names!!! And help the Chapter, too!

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Save the Date: 12th Annual Memory Walk

The Anne Arundel County Chapter of the BPUSA will host the 12th annual Memory Walk on Saturday, October the 4th, 2014 at the Quiet Waters Park in Annapolis. This 2-mile walk is to remember our children who died too soon, but still live on in our hearts. We also use this event to raise money to help with various chapter projects and other events by getting sponsors for our walk. But you do not need sponsors, or even to walk, to participate, you can come just for the fellowship. There will be more information in the Sept. newsletter and on the website. If you would like to help with this event please email Barbara Bessling at aacountymemorywalk@gmail.com. Hope to see you there!



Connect With Us on Facebook

We are now on Facebook. It is a closed group where we can continue our discussions in private. Your other Facebook friends will not be able to see what you post there, and you will not be able to share postings by others. You have to join Facebook first before you can become a member. Please go to <https://www.facebook.com/groups/BPUSAAAC/> and ask to join. You will be approved within 24 hours. If you have any questions or problems, please contact June Erickson at JuneErickson@aol.com.



Support

Come and lean on me a bit
I know just how you feel...
I've felt your fear and loneliness
I know your pain is real.

For I have been where you are now
Walking that long, dark road.
Then someone came to comfort me and share my
heavy load

They helped me find new courage and hope when I
had none

They let me lean on them awhile
'til my battle was won.

So come and lean on me a bit
'Til your ordeal is through.

Then find someone who needs your help
and let them lean on you.

A Grieving Grandmother

By Lura Hewett

When my daughter, Linda, asked me to write about a grieving grandmother, I was a little taken back because everyone experiences grief in a different way. I thought about grief—and the words came to me---gigantic response to an involuntary feeling of a horrible reality. When we lose someone special, often we are in a whirlwind...it seems as if we are being thrust into the hurry of life while it seems the world about us should stand still.

When our youngest grandchild passed away, it just took our breaths. He was overcoming health obstacles, feeling so good because he had a job and people were complimenting him. It was the first time in our lives that we couldn't run to anyone in our family who needed us. My husband could not change the days of his chemo treatments; we were 400 miles away. We wanted to be there to give support and hugs to his parents and brother. We just wanted to talk about loving times, and share times when we could have been a little more understanding.

I was never able grieve as I wanted because of my husband. I didn't want him to know how badly I wanted to go. I knew he was hurting because he wanted to go, too. In spite of my attempts to hide them, he knew my feelings. We had always gone when anyone in either of our families needed us...now we could not go to comfort our family this one, most needed, time. We needed comfort from them, too.

I had been given the tape of his service, but have to admit I waited a day to listen; I just didn't know if I could bear watching it. To my surprise, it was so beautiful. Watching it felt so good to my soul. The theme was like his spirit, also beautiful. The minister talked about William as being so childlike in his loving ways—it fit in with a paper I wrote about him when he was about 4 years old.

He was talking to my mother about how his other great-grandmother had passed away and they put her in---he couldn't think of coffin—and then said “a heaven box.” I just gasped...what a beautiful name for a coffin!! In a few days he came, asking me for an envelope and a stamp, if I would address it to the Garden of Eden for his letter to her. I kind of said uh...he said, “Oh, I'm sure they will have a Post Office there.” I silently said a prayer as to how on earth do I handle this. Out of my mouth came the words, “why don't you ask God to deliver your thoughts to her—it will be much faster than by mail.” Oh, he thought that was a great idea and off he went. He had a beautiful spirit, very deep for a child of his age.

I do have to laugh at one time when I was cooking breakfast when Linda was visiting with the kids. It was a beach cottage, small space for cooking...I counted out bacon slices, fried them, got out the eggs, but there were no bacon slices draining. This happened again...what I didn't realize was that he was ducking under me and getting the slices when I turned my back. I was thinking I had lost my mind...I was so glad to find out I hadn't. We laughed about it later. It brings smiles to our faces now.

I never get in a seat that I have trouble buckling myself in without thinking of William. For years I have had trouble with this. William always took the time to buckle me. He always wanted his grandmother to be safe, even from a very early age.

I never am able look at any kind of greeting card, either choosing one for a friend or receiving one, without thinking of my sweet grandson. His mom told me he picked out cards for me by himself. They were always so precious; beautiful by design, with such beautiful wording.

I can no longer eat asparagus without thinking of him because the last meal he had at our house, he just kept wanting more and more. I'm pretty sure he ended up with the last piece. It was so funny. We all got a good laugh about it.

Little things you might say, but to me they are big things...things you think about almost every-day...seat belts, greeting cards, bacon, asparagus...they still bring tears to my eyes because these are just him...no one will ever do them for me the way he did!!

Oh, it hurt to think he was gone from us. I still hurt, but I've always had the feeling that God gives and He takes. None of us ever know when God will call us. I just have to feel that he is no longer in any kind of pain. I want him to know I am still loving him and thinking of him. I have my teary moments, but I've learned to swallow, look up to Heaven and see him (and his Grandpa Bill) having a great time, and that one day I will be joining them.

No, there will never be another one like him. That tears my heart up, but then I think of the beautiful memories we have. I just have to thank God for letting us have him, even if only for a short while.

September is National Grandparents Month.

Sunday, September 7th is National Grandparents Day.

In Memory

Those we Love remain with us,
for Love itself lives on.

Cherished memories never fade,
because a loved one is gone.

Those we Love can never be,
more than a thought apart.

For as long as there is a memory,
they'll live on in our heart.

~Author Unknown



What Happened to My Want To?

By Doug Manning

As I left for a speaking engagement, the office manager told me she had invited a couple to meet me for dinner in the city where I was to speak. The wife had called to order books and had said that her fourteen-year-old son had accidentally hanged himself. The manager said to me, "She keeps saying she doesn't want to go on. I told her all of the reasons for going on, but it didn't help, so I suggested they drive 100 miles to meet you for dinner."

The couple and I talked for an hour or so before dinner, and the mother kept saying she didn't want to go on. When someone makes those kinds of statements, the first thing we think and fear is that this person may die of suicide. When I asked her about that she immediately assured me that she would not do such a thing to her family, and then she said, "But I just don't want to go on." When our "wants tos" are gone, all we can do is just function.

This was the topic of conversation all through dinner, and when we got back to the room her husband began giving her all the reasons she had for going on. He loved her and needed her. She had another child to think about. Her parents needed her and she would be devastated if she were not there. She suddenly broke through that chain of conversation and almost shouted, "I know all of that. I know I must go on. I know I will go on. The problem is, I DON'T WANT TO."

Suddenly it all made sense. What she was trying to get someone to understand was not that she was a possible suicide, but that she had also lost her "want to." She wanted to want to do the things she did. Once she washed the dishes because she felt like she was taking care of her family, now it was just a chore. Once, she prepared meals with a feeling of love and giving: now she had no feelings at all. She was going to do the same jobs and give the same effort, but she wanted the same feeling to be there.

Sometimes the depression of grief exemplifies itself, not on in dark and foreboding floom, but also in lack of feelings. We can feel empty and detached. It is almost as if we were outside of our own bodies watching as we perform tasks and go about the day. We are emotionally flat. Even our voices come out with no tenor or expression. This means we have lost our "want to."

This can be much harder on a woman than a man because women tend to share love and emotion and even the humdrum daily task of life. This is why they want the man to notice and appreciate what they do. It is also why a little help from the man is very important. This means he, too, is sharing love and emotion. When the feelings are not there, they are missed and often the person feels lost in their own home.

As we talked, I was able to help her discover why she had no feelings and that such an experience was normal. I then told her three things that I believe to be true.

I told her that some of the feelings would return. They will come gradually over time. She would not wake up one morning and feel all giddy and joyous. I could not promise that all of these feelings would return. We are never the same after such a loss as this. There will always be days

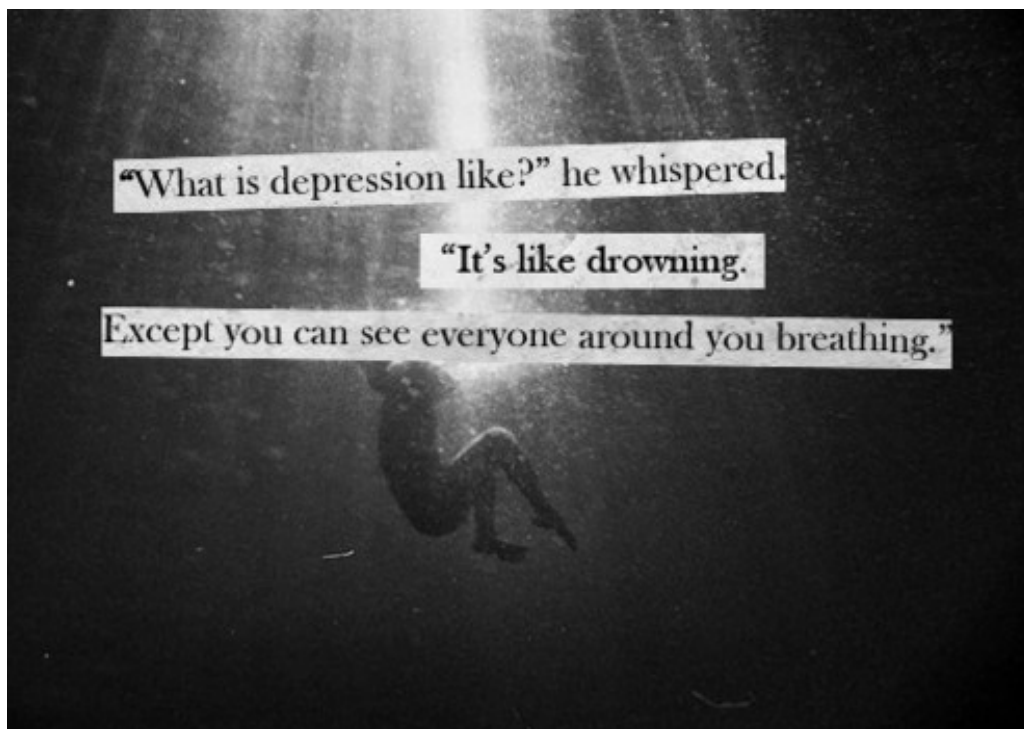
when the flatness returns and the pain overwhelms, but gradually there will be joy in the task of living.

I told her the feelings would return much more quickly if she could stop fighting herself because they were not there. Grief can cause what I call the “feel bad because you feel bad syndrome.” We start examining our feelings and decide we ought not to feel some of the things we feel, or that we should have some feelings that seem to be missing. It is easy to conclude that there must be some feelings that seem to be missing. It is early to conclude that there must be something wrong with us or we would not feel the way we do. If we are not careful, we can expend all of our energies fighting ourselves and have little energy left for walking through the grief journey.

The third thing I tried to share was, until the feelings return it is a process of putting one foot in front of the other. It is drudgery, but we must function without feelings until they return. The key may be accepting the lack of feelings as a normal part of grief and not something lacking in us. We can feel a great deal of guilt over this lack of feeling, as if we should feel good about taking care of the family, and if we don’t, it means we do not love. I have a friend named John Claypool whose thirteen-year-old daughter died of leukemia. John is a minister. The first sermon he delivered after her death was based on the Psalm that said, “We shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint.” He told his congregation that all he could do was walk. He could not run, but that it was all right to just walk.

When our “want tos” are gone, all we can do is just function. We cannot have an explosion of joy about anything nor feel wonderfully loving when we care for others. Until the feelings return, it is one foot in front of the other, and that is enough. It really is enough.

The problem is, “I don’t want to.”



Our Children Remembered

Jon Russell Aikin
Grandson of Elizabeth and Barry Aikin
September 4, 1983 - November 19, 2001

Mariah Nicole Albee
Daughter of Valerie and Richard Albee
November 27, 1982 - September 7, 2012

Traci Lynn Boone
Daughter of Bonita Boone-Adamecz
September 17, 1964 - August 17, 1986

Jacquelyn D. Connolley
Daughter of Pat Donoho
October 3, 1969 - September 13, 1986

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

Dayden Alexander Dunn
Grandson of Beverley and Wayne Dunn
September 12, 2006 - June 1, 2008

Jason T. Easter
Son of Janice and Chris Kunkel
January 30, 1973 - September 9, 1999

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

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

Jeffrey Andrew Grimm
Son of John and Linda Grimm
November 25, 1973 - September 28, 1989

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

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

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

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

Robert Adam "Robby" Ostrowski
Son of Denise Crouse
January 30, 1995 - September 11, 2010

Scott Thomas Palmer
Son of Frances Palmer
Grandson of Ethel Cleary
August 3, 1983 - September 1, 1996

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

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

Steen Craig Rasmussen
Son of Robert and Linda Rasmussen
July 15, 1961 - September 24, 1997

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

Nathaneal Paul Rohan
Son of Andi Zolt
October 2, 1983 - September 14, 2013

James Ryan Rohrbaugh
Son of Doug and Donna Rohrbaugh
August 30, 1983 - September 5, 1983

Daniel Maurice Rothman
Son of Juliet and Leonard Rothman
January 20, 1971 - September 17, 1992

Michael Edward Shannon
Son of Karen Shannon
September 10, 1965 - August 13, 2013

Thomas "Tommy" Richard Short

Son of Karen Short
September 25, 1997 - October 16, 1997

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

Owen Robert Sinex
Son of Phyllis and Bob Sinex
September 2, 1993 - December 20, 2012

David William Tomaszewski
Son of Richard and Carol Tomaszewski
September 4, 1974 - February 6, 2001

Timothy Allen Umbel
Son of Richard and Mary Ann Umbel
February 16, 1982 - September 15, 2002

Robert Matthew White
Son of Kathleen Savage
September 20, 1972 - November 13, 1993

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

Miriam Luby Wolfe
Daughter of Larry and Rosemary Mild
September 26, 1968 - December 21, 1988

Ashley Jayné Younger
Daughter of Stephanie Younger
October 12, 1990 - September 28, 2008

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

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

Donations may be made to offset the costs of our local Chapter's events and communications. We gratefully acknowledge the following donations made recently:

Kenneth Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Fotino

Chapter Notes

Chapter Leader Position

We are still looking for a Chapter Leader. If anyone with good organizational skills is interested in helping out with the Chapter Leader position, please contact the Core Group.

Chapter Notes: Upcoming Meetings & Announcements

September Meeting

7:15 p.m. @ Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD - Thursday, September 4, 2014. Peter Wilcox, psychotherapist and bereaved parent, will be coming to speak that evening.

October Meeting

7:15 p.m. @ Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD - Thursday, October 2, 2014. Margaret Jackson, bereaved Mom of Richard, will come to speak about her son and her foundation, RJ Smiles, Inc. She and her family created the foundation to honor Richard and to give back to the community. You can learn more at rjsmiles.org.

Chapter's September Core Group Meeting

The Core Group will meet on September 16th at 7 p.m. at Calvary United Methodist Church. Please park in the front of the church and check the bulletin board in the foyer for the specific room number. We will be discussing specifics for the upcoming conference and are in need of volunteers. This is a great way to honor your loved one and we hope to see you there.



An Affirmation For Those Who Have Lost

I believe there is no denying it: it hurts to lose.
It hurts to lose a cherished relationship with another,
or a significant part of one's own self.
It can hurt to lose that which has united one with the past,
or that which has beckoned into the future.
It is painful to feel diminished or abandoned,
to be left behind or left alone.
Yet I believe there is more to losing than just the hurt and the pain.
For there are other experiences that loss can call forth.
I believe that courage often appears,
however quietly it is expressed,
However easily it goes unnoticed by others;
the courage to be strong enough to surrender,
the fortitude to be firm enough to be flexible,
the bravery to go where one has not gone before.
I believe a time of loss can be a time of learning unlike any other,
and that it can teach some of life's most valuable lessons:
In the act of losing, there is something to be found.
In the act of letting go
there is something to be grasped.
In the act of saying "goodbye,"
there is a "hello" to be heard.
For I believe living with loss is about beginnings as well as endings.
And grieving is a matter of life more than death.

And growing is a matter of mind and heart and soul

more than of body.

And loving is a matter of eternity more than of time.

Finally, I believe in the promising paradoxes of loss:

In the midst of darkness, there can come a great Light.

At the bottom of despair, there can appear a great Hope.

And deep within loneliness,
there can dwell a great Love.

I believe these things because others have shown the way-

others who have lost and then grown through their losing.

others who have suffered and then found new meaning.

So I know I am not alone:

I am accompanied, day after night,
night after day.

James E. Miller. *"What Will Help Me?"* Willowgreen Publishing, Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1995



Chapter Notes: Angel Gowns

Thanks to all who came to sew Angel Gowns at our last meeting. June has begun making deliveries to the AAMC NICU so if you finished gowns, contact June to pick them up. Anyone that wants another wedding dress to work on, there are plenty so just ask. Special thanks to Bev Marple DiMenna, Beverly Friedeman Keller, and Diana Sherman Blasi who worked together with our members on the gowns. We've also started making no-sew tutus with the tulle from the gowns. The tutus will cheer up sick children in hospitals.



Don't think of him as gone away
his journey's just begun
life holds so many facets
this Earth is only one.

Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the fears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days or years.

think how he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.

and think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched...
for nothing loved is ever lost
and he was loved so much.

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

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NEXT MEETING: September 4, 2014

Time Sensitive
Must be delivered by September 1, 2014

Upcoming Meetings & Events:

September Meeting

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The Compassionate Friends National Conference

Chicago, IL • July 11 – 13, 2014

BP/USA 2014 National Gathering

**Sheraton Clayton Plaza • St. Louis, MO • July 25
– 27, 2014**

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