



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

JUNE 2015

COPYRIGHT © 2015 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Dear Mr. Hallmark...One More Time

Hello there Mr. Hallmark man,
I wrote to you in May
To ask that words of love be shared
With my mom on Mother's Day.
Just as there is no card for Mom
To let her know I care,
There is no card for my dad, too,
And I have so much to share.
It's very hard for my loving dad
To know that I'm okay.
To protect me was his job, he feels,
So he thinks he failed some way.
Although I had to leave this world,
While still considered young,
There is no way he ever failed—
There's no more he could have done.
My dad he tends to question
Those things he cannot see.
I always send him little signs
To say, "Hey, Dad, it's me!"
I hear him crying in the car,
The shower hides his tears.
He feels he has to be so strong
For those he holds so dear.
My dad he often gets so mad
At what became of me.
He wants so much to understand,

He says, "How could this be?"
I somehow need to let him know,
Though impossible it seems—
For him to live and laugh again
Will fulfill so many dreams.
The card I need to send right now
To a dad as great as mine,
Will thank him for the love he gave
Throughout my brief lifetime.
He's still the one that I call Dad,
Our bond's forever strong,
'Cuz even though he can't see me,
Our love lives on and on.
Please help me find a way
To tell my dad that when
It comes his time to leave the earth
I'll be waiting there for him.
And also, Mr. Hallmark man,
Please help him to believe,
That nothing will ever change the fact
That my dad he'll always be.

~ Author Unknown

*Sunday, June 21st
is Father's Day*



Dark Days—Hope From a Grieving Father

By Kelly Farley

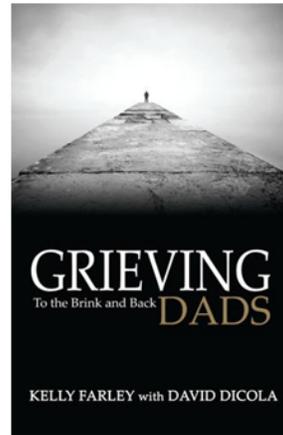
I was driving in to work today and thinking how far I have come since the early days of my grief. I started thinking about how something as simple as a good song gets me singing (not pretty, but to me I sound good) along with the radio. I now have goals and dreams that I look forward to pursuing. I also started to think about some of the rough days I had early in my grief. The only goals I had on those days were to survive and to get out of bed to make it to work. There was no singing along to the radio on the way to the office, only tears. Every time I start to beat myself up for not being “further” along in life, I try to stop myself and remember some of those early days.

One particular day really stands out to me. It started out with the normal dread of waking up and getting out of bed. I had one of those moments of bliss between sleeping and reality. The moment that you thought you had the worst nightmare of your life and the reality that you were living that nightmare. The day progressed with the mental struggles I often fought. But this day I didn't have the strength to fight it, so I surrendered to it. I was am on my hands and knees and had been gaging/throwing up from the stress every time I tried to eat. Throwing up from the stress! I didn't even realize that was possible. I was crying but there were no tears, only convulsive type spasms that resemble bawling, but again there were no tears. Only extreme sadness, fear, despair, depression, emptiness, guilt, devastation and anger. I am sure I am missing a bunch of other emotions that I was feeling that day.

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

I remember that it was a wintery afternoon and there I was on my hands and knees not knowing if I was going to survive. "Survive" is a word I asked myself a lot during the early days of the journey. "Am I going to survive this?" The reason I asked it was because I could feel myself dying and I really wasn't sure I was going to survive. I asked my counselor, wife, family and friends. I needed confirmation that I was going to survive. And even when they said yes, I returned with "Are you sure? Because it doesn't feel like I am going to." I think some people around me started to ask the same question.



One friend of mine responded to an email I sent him. "Hey buddy, I am getting worried about you. This is the first time I have had concerns, I don't want you hurting yourself, and you need to go to the doctor for help." I never got to the point of thinking about ending the pain, but I can see how people get to that point. My friend was right, I needed to see a counselor.

When I was sitting with my counselor telling my story, I was fine (ok not fine, but better because I had an opportunity to tell my story and cry), but when I was on my own it would start to build up until my next appointment. I needed her with me to help tame conversations I was having with myself regarding the survival of this nightmare. Unfortunately, my insurance only covered one visit per week.

As I mentioned earlier, I sometimes have a tendency to judge myself for not being the guy I was 10 years ago before the loss of my first child. However, when I look back at some of those dark days, I realize I have come a long way from those days and that it's ok to have easy/relaxing/enjoyable days and that the most important thing is the fact I feel happiness and peace in my life. Those two things are not easy to come by and I need reminders of those days to realize that it's ok to just sit back and enjoy the simple things in life.

I decided to share my thoughts and this story today because I want you to realize that no matter where you are in this journey, there is hope. There are brighter days ahead if you put in the hard work of allowing the grief process to run its course instead of fighting it. Learn to surrender and be vulnerable.

Kelly Farley's book: "Grieving Dads: To the Brink and Back" is available at Amazon.com - <http://www.amazon.com/Grieving-Dads-To-Brink-Back/dp/0985205180>. Also you can visit , his website is at <http://grievingdads.com/>

A Father is Forever

A Father is a Father regardless of the child's age,
whether the child is present or not.
Simply by loving that child,
a man becomes a father forever more.

Next Meeting: Thursday, June 4, 2015 at 7:30 p.m.

Susan Coale will be our speaker to discuss loss through substance abuse. She is a clinical specialist with Chesapeake Life Center.

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 May newsletter are due to the Newsletter Team by June 15th.
Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

Chapter Leader: Carol Tomaszewski, chapter-leaderaacounty.md@gmail.com
Newsletter Team:
June Erickson, Linda Khadem, Katie Redmiles
Treasurer: Fran Palmer
Correspondence & Hospitality: Tawny Stitely
Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash
Programs: Mary Redmiles mary.redmiles@gmail.com

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!

REPRINT POLICY: Material in this newsletter of the Anne Arundel County Chapter/ BPUSA may be copied only: 1) if the article is copied in its entirety; 2) if the person writing the article is identified as noted in the newsletter; 3) if it is clearly stated that it was taken from the newsletter of the Anne Arundel County Chapter/ BPUSA; 4) if our website is cited in the credits. This material is to be used and given to help persons with the grieving process and may not be sold or become a part of something being sold for profit, unless first obtaining the permission of the author of the article and/or the current Editor or Chapter leader as noted in this newsletter.

For Siblings: Graduation – A Time to Remember

I was driving down the road the other day, thinking of how the retail market makes any event an opportunity for revenue. Graduation seems to fall into that category, with cards and gifts for every graduate. This time of year reminds me that my graduation from high school was a bittersweet time.

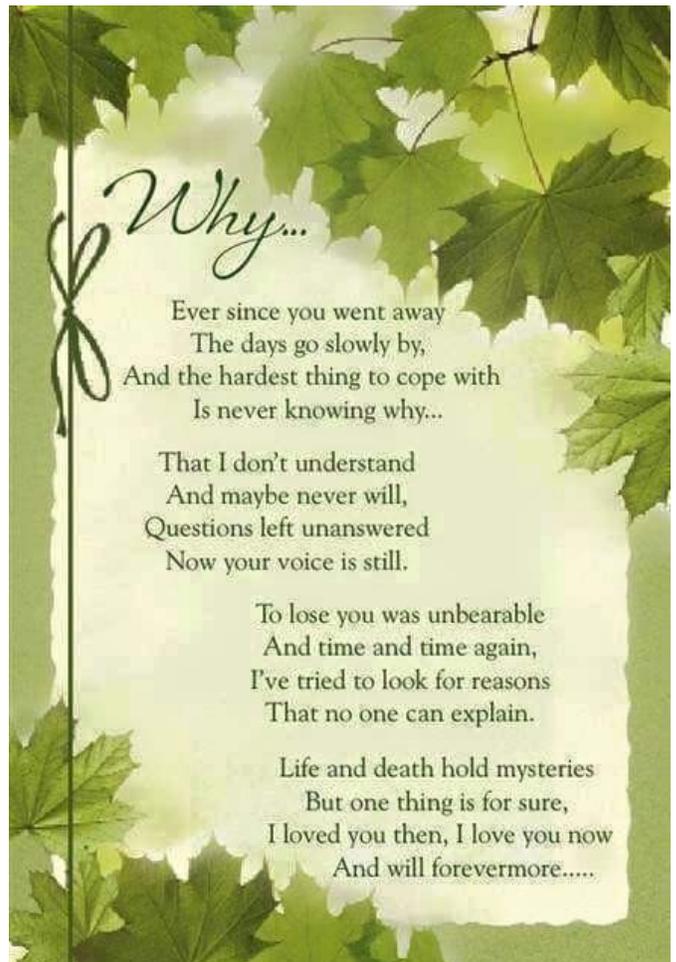
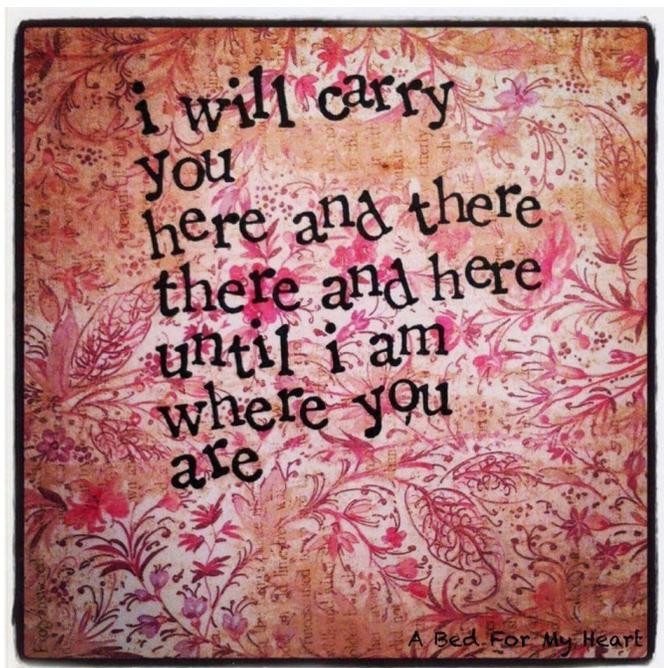
Really, it was the first time I had “surpassed my older brother, David, in anything significant. I turned the age that he was when he died, 18, in the beginning of my senior year of high school. That year was difficult for me, as I felt that I was getting to move past where he had been cut short. Graduation Day was no exception. I was happy to be getting out of high school, and looking forward to that coming August when I would go to college. But why was I getting to do these things, and not David? What made me so special that I got to stay here and experience these things? I still am not quite sure of the answer to those questions.

Graduation from high school was really just the first of many events which I have gotten to experience that David never will. College graduation, my wedding, and the birth of my two children are examples. And for me, each event has been a bit bittersweet.

The good news is this: that while time does make it easier to bear day-to-day activities without your sibling, each major event in your life presents itself as a new opportunity to remember your brother, or sister, as well.

For me, figuring this out was a huge relief, as it meant that my fear of forgetting David was not something I needed to worry about anymore. His memory is just as alive for me today, 15 ½ years later, as it was when I took that walk across the stage to accept my high school diploma.

~ Amy Baker Ferry, TFC, Longwood, FL



Unleash the Silence: Compassion for Surviving Siblings

Written by Judy Lipson

Losing my beloved sisters Jane and Margie impacted my life in ways I did not comprehend until years later. Their passing shaped the person I am today. With hard work, support, guidance, and the cheering of many, I re-discovered Judy after 30 years.

The topic I choose to unleash, although extremely sensitive, needs to be heard. When a family experiences the death of a child/sibling, the entire family suffers a tremendous absence. Losing a sibling instills an immeasurable void. Very often, surviving siblings face an arduous burden of taking care of our parents and are not allowed the liberty of grieving ourselves.

I endured an immense loss. Sibling bonds provide an exclusive connection with a code unspoken. A sibling may know you better than you know yourself. They share a family history. Often you can be brutally honest and even fight with a sibling one minute, then laugh the next.

The path of grief charts a unique road to each individual. Walls come up in order to protect ourselves and the ones we love the most. Lines of communication become fractured. My parents and I never talked about my sisters because it was too painful for them. This resulted in many lost memories of Jane and Margie, a source of upset and distress for me. Memories are the core for me as I honor my sisters and keep them in my heart.

Jane's life was cut tragically short at age 22. Margie and I composed words about Jane that our young rabbi included in his eulogy. He seemed to comprehend the importance of the sibling relationship.

Often times, surviving siblings do not seem important in the mourning process. Two incidents surrounding Margie's passing illustrate this. The first presented itself in another rabbi's eulogy. The rabbi made no reference to the sibling relationships, no mention of how much Margie meant to me. He totally missed the mark about siblings.

The second incident I remember vividly. After the funeral, as I waited for the babysitter to bring my young daughters, I felt utterly alone. One of my parents' friends, the only one who seemed to realize I appeared to be missing, found me and asked how I was. What a deep hollow void inside.

What about me? I always felt I had to be the cheerleader and bring light to everyone, crushing my own hurt, sorrow and pain. My parents lost not only one but two daughters. No one seemed to pay attention to my heartache and my feelings. I put myself on an incredibly busy path without time to think. I acted the part I thought I needed to play for everyone else. My identity disappeared.

Who am I now without my siblings? Being the sole survivor and now an only child instilled an intense pressure and a role foreign to me. Being the middle of three girls, I often felt pushed aside from my two sisters. Always in the background, now I had to take center stage and be there for my parents.

I tried so hard to be the daughter for three and should have remained true to my core, Judy the shy, introverted, middle sister. When my sisters died, all that vanished. There was no roadmap to guide me on where to go or who to be. I had no one to share or understood what missing and being without my siblings meant.

As we take steps to navigate our lives that are forever changed, and continue to change, I have learned several lessons. The first being when I lowered the walls and allowed myself to feel I opened the door and wonderful people came into my life. Another lesson extremely hard to comprehend by taking care of me selfish does not come into play, a new uncharted territory. I have to be me not filling a space for two lost sisters.

I do not know what the future holds, but now I have the tools to be stronger and have my sisters to carry me along. We cannot go back. We did the best at that time. It is complicated, challenging and emotional. Bottom line, love prevails.

“a poem for my brother - I will see you in my dreams”

- by Debi Burdman-Deutsch:

I often think of how
 you loved spending time with us.
 You were all about family,
 and the friends you considered as same.
 The conversations that you started
 so often controversial, ... sometimes inane.
 Just another loveable way you teased us.

I will remember you in my dreams.

Your flair for the comedic and dramatic,
 always there, ... truly automatic.
 You left us here, with this fond farewell,
 Leaving behind memories of your laughter,
 your kindness and your generosity.

I will think of you in my dreams.

I wish I could hold your hand again,
 and tell you once more that I love you.
 I wish I could have taken away your pain,
 And still have you here.

I will hold you in my dreams.

It seems just a moment since you left;
 my brother, my friend.
 I wish I'd had the chance,
 To take one last glance,
 at your face filled with love.
 Rest in peace, baby brother,
 I hope you no longer suffer.

I will see you in my dreams.**Connect With Us on Facebook**

We are 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.



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

Sherry Crouch Burford
Daughter of Jerry and Lorraine Crouch
June 4. 1954 - August 21. 2014

Pamela Grace Clair
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair
June 3. 1954 - May 11. 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

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

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

Thomas James Geoghegan
Son of Maureen Geoghegan
November 13. 1969 - June 30. 2013

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

James Arthur Leese
Son of Judith and John Leese
July 27. 1960 - June 25. 2013

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

Krystal Brooke Pearce
Daughter of Douglas Pearce
June 1. 1995 - October 3. 2013

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 Francisco
Martins Silva
Daughter of Kristen 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 Smith
February 20. 1978 - June 23.
2000

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:

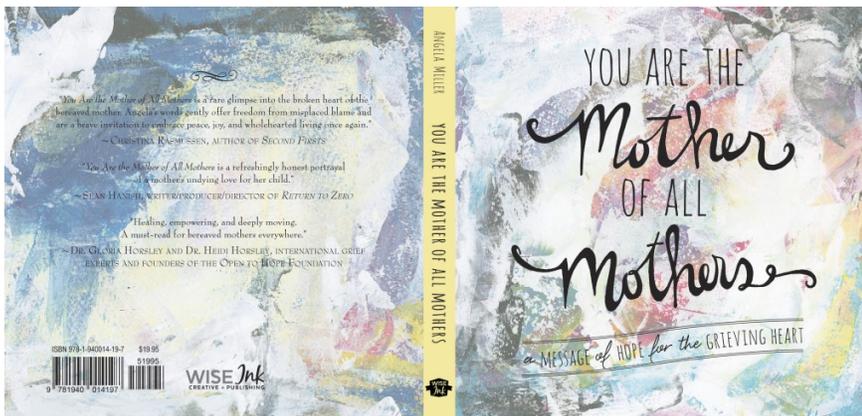
Kenneth Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Fotino

Book Review

"You Are the Mother of All Mothers"

Written by Angela Miller

Angela is the founder of the award-winning online community ABedForMyHeart.com, writer at the Open to Hope Foundation and Still Standing Magazine, proud mama of three and devoted kickboxer. Angela writes candidly about child loss and grief without sugar coating the reality of life after loss. Her writing and her book have been featured in Forbes, Psychology Today, MPR, BlogTalk Radio, Open to Hope Radio, and Writerly. Visit Angela Miller's website at: <http://abedformyheart.com/>



Book Review by June

Erickson, Jenna's Mommy

Surfing the net a few weeks ago, I found this little book that is only sold online and decided to order it from Angela Miller's website. I was intrigued by the title at first because Mother's Day was approaching and I was having a particularly hard time this year. It's a small illustrated book, and I read the entire thing in a matter of minutes never thinking it

would impact me as it did. When I finished I was in tears. So that Saturday, the day before Mothers Day, I took this book with me to my regular monthly TCF meeting in Reston, Virginia for Parents With No Surviving Children, and read the entire book aloud to my group. It was a very emotional reading for me as well as many of the other members. We all know that as bereaved parents we carry around so many useless negative feelings of failure, shame, guilt and/or regrets, no matter how our child died. The shoulda, coulda wouldas can keep you up at night, and drive you crazy during the day. As good parents we always knew it was our obligation to protect our children. So no matter how they died, how old they were, or how far away they lived, even though we know 'logically' there was absolutely nothing more we could have done to save them, we still struggle with these feelings from time-to-time. That's why I gave copies of this book to several newly bereaved parents, and still have one for me to read when I'm having a particularly hard day. I am donating a copy to our library in hopes you will read this little book and be as moved by it as I was. Sometimes the smallest things can be a great comfort and give you some hope for the future as a 'warrior mama'. *(Excerpt below used with written permission from Angela Miller)*

I have to tell you this.

You didn't fail. Not even a little.

You are not a horrible mother.

You didn't choose this. You didn't want this to happen. You didn't do anything wrong. It just happened. To you. Despite your begging, pleading, praying, hoping against all hope it would not. Even though everything within you was screaming no, no, no, no, no.

Continued on next page

God didn't do this to punish you, smite you, or to teach you a lesson. That is not God's way. You could not have prevented this if you tried harder, prayed harder, or were a "better" person. Nor if you ate better, loved harder, yoga-ed more, did x, y, or z to the nth degree—fill in the blank with any other lie your mind devises. You could not have prevented this even if you could have predicted the future like no one can.

No, there is nothing more you could have done. You did everything you possibly could have. And you are the best mother there is because you would have done absolutely anything to keep your child alive. To breathe your last breath instead. To choose the pain all over again just to spend one more minute together. That is the ultimate kind of love. You are the ultimate kind of mother.

So wash your hands of any naysayers, betrayers, or those who sprinted in the other direction when you needed them most. Wash your hands of the people who may have falsely judged you, ostracized you, or stigmatized you because of what happened to you. Wash your hands of anyone who has made you feel less than by questioning everything you did or didn't do. Anyone whose words or looks have implied this was somehow your fault.

This was not your fault. This will never be your fault, no matter how many different ways someone tries to tell you it was.

Especially if that someone happens to be you. Sometimes it's not what others are saying that keeps you shackled in shame. Sometimes you adopt others' misguided opinions and assumptions. Sometimes it's your own inner voice that shoves you into the darkest corner of despair, like an abuser, telling you over and over and over again you failed as a mother. Convincing you if only this and what if that, it never would have happened. Saying you coulda, shoulda done this or that so your child would not have died.

That is a lie of the sickest kind. Do not believe it, not even for a second. Do not let it sink into your bones. Do not let it smother that beautiful, beautiful light of yours.

Instead, breathe in this truth with every part of yourself: You are the best damn mother in the entire world.

No one else could do what you do. No one else could ever mother your child as well as you can, as well as you are. No one else could let your child's love and light shine through the way you do. No one else could mother your dead child as bravely. No one else could carry this unrelenting burden as courageously. It is the heaviest, most torturous burden there is.

There is no one, no one, no one who could ever, ever replace you. No one. You were chosen to be your child's mother. Yes—chosen. And no one could parent your child better in life or in death than you do. You have within you a sacred strength.

You are the mother of all mothers.

So breathe, mama, keep breathing. Believe, mama, keep believing. Fight, mama, keep fighting for this truth to uproot the lies in your heart—you didn't fail. Not even a little.

For whatever it's worth, I see you. I hear your guttural sobs. I feel your ache deep inside my bones. And it doesn't make me uncomfortable to put my fingers as a makeshift Band-Aid over the gaping hole in your heart until the scabs come, if and when they do.

It takes invincible strength to mother a child you can no longer hold, see, touch, or hear. You are a super-hero mama. I see you fall down and get up, fall down and get up, over and over again. I notice the grit and guts it takes to pry yourself out of bed every single day and force your bloodied feet to stand up and keep walking. I see you walking this path of life you've been given, where every breath and step apart from your child is a physical, emotional, and spiritual battleground. A fight for your own survival. A fight to quiet the insidious lies.

But the truth is, you haven't failed at all. In fact, it's quite the opposite.

You are the mother of all mothers.

Truly, the most inspiring, courageous, loving mother there is—a warrior mama through and through.

For even in death, you lovingly mother your precious child still.

Visit Angela Miller's website at <http://abedformyheart.com/>

Chapter Notes: Upcoming Meetings & Announcements

June Chapter Meeting – Thursday, June 4, 2015

7:00 p.m. at Calvary United Methodist Church, 301, Rowe Blvd., Annapolis, MD

Susan Coale will be our speaker to discuss loss through substance abuse. She is a clinical specialist with Chesapeake Life Center.

Newsletter Submissions – by June 10, 2015

If anyone has a story to tell, a poem to share, a bereavement book they read, an upcoming grief conference, a photo they took of an event, or an article they thought was particularly helpful in their grief journey, please pass them on to others through our Newsletter. These personal submissions will make the newsletter more interesting for everyone. NOTE: All submissions should be made by the 10th of each month for the following month's newsletter. That includes those sponsoring the newsletter in memory of their child. Sponsorship submissions should include a photo, poem/saying, parents' name, child's full name, birthday and angel date. Please email all of these directly to JuneErickson@aol.com.

Remembrance/Memorial Service Planning Committee – June 20, 2015

1 p.m. - The Remembrance Service in December is the largest attended annual event of our Chapter. Ann Castaglia has chaired the memorial service for 40 years, and this coming year June Erickson will be organizing the service for the first time. Please come to a meeting at June's house on Saturday, June 20th if you can participate, or call her at 410-451-8637.

July Chapter Meeting – Thursday, July 2, 2015

7:00 p.m. at Calvary United Methodist Church, 301, Rowe Blvd., Annapolis, MD

Summer Gathering! Please come join us in a more relaxing setting. There will not be a speaker for the July Meeting, sharing groups only.

The Compassionate Friends National Conference – July 10 - 12, 2015

The 38th TCF National Conference, "Hope Shines Bright ... Deep in the Heart", is the theme of next year's event. The 2015 Conference will be held at the Hyatt Regency Downtown Dallas. Visit their website at --->

http://www.compassionatefriends.org/News_Events/Conferences/National_Conferences.aspx



Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering - July 24 - 26, 2015

Sheraton Hartford Hotel at Bradley Airport, Hartford, Connecticut.

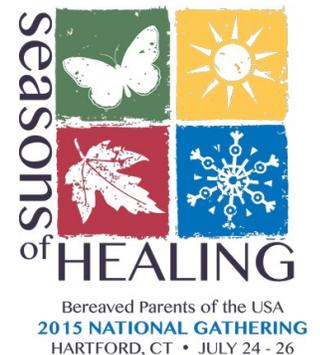
Core Group Meeting – Tuesday, August 11, 2015

7:00 p.m. at Calvary United Methodist Church, 301 Rowe Blvd., Annapolis, MD.

Please come join us. Enter through the front of the church and find room number on electronic board.

In Loving Memory Conference – April 7 to April 10, 2016

This four-day conference is for bereaved parents who have lost their only child or all their children. Glen and Linda Nielsen have organized these 'Now Childless' conferences for 12 years. Due to previous health problems, they had to quit planning these for the last few years, but they are ready to start again. Their tax exempt status has been reinstated and the first conference in 14 years will be held at the Hyatt Fairfax Hotel in Fairfax, VA. Mark your calendars now as this is the **ONLY GATHERING** that focuses **ENTIRELY** on the needs of parents who have no surviving children. Kay Bevington, from Alive Alone will be participating, as will many other speakers and workshops to be announced. Visit the Conference website at www.InLovingMemoryOrganization.org



*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.*



www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org