



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

September 2009

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Sunday, September 13 is Grandparents Day – a special day set aside to honor grandparents for the enriching contribution they make to their children's and grandchildren's lives. I would imagine that just like Mother's Day and Father's Day for bereaved parents, Grandparents Day for bereaved grandparents is difficult and filled with a mix of emotions.

While grandparents' relationships with their grandchildren are as unique as the snowflakes that fall in winter, the bond between a grandchild and a grandparent can be incredibly powerful and everlasting. When that bond is changed -- not broken -- by the tragic death of a grandchild, grandparents suffer at least a triple whammy that dramatically and forever alters and affects their "golden years." Not only have they lost a precious grandchild, they have

also lost a daughter or son, as she or he will never be the same ever again. And the extended family that has lost a child has a huge and gaping hole in it that will take longer than their lifetimes to shrink in size.

The older a grandparent is, the more they seem to question the deaths of those so much younger than they – why did my grandchild have to die? Why couldn't it have been me? It makes no logical sense and does not follow the rules of the universe. Just like everyone else who loved the child who has died, grandparents have lots of unanswered questions.

But hopefully on Grandparents Day, the questions and the torment can be set aside and replaced with peaceful moments, quiet reflection, and lots and lots of memories of good times shared with family.

Our wish for all grandparents is that you enjoy your special day, and that you remember that your grandchildren -- living and deceased -- send you LOVE for all that you were, for all that you are, and for all that you will forever be to them. Happy Grandparents' Day.

— Terre Belt, BPUSA
Anne Arundel County, MD

I like to walk with my grandparents
Their steps are short like mine.
They don't say "hurry up,"
They always take their time.
Most people have to hurry.
They don't stop to see.
I'm glad that God made grandparents
Unrushed and young like me.

— Author Unknown



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Janice and Chris Kunkel in memory of their son

Jason T. Easter

January 30, 1973 – September 9, 1999

In memory of our loving, kind, and gentle son, a true friend to all who knew him. Ten years of grief cannot diminish the memory of your beautiful smile, twinkling eyes and heart of gold. The ending of your life was the beginning of a hole in our hearts that will never heal.

Two very meaningful Chapter activities will take place in October and December – the Memory Walk on Saturday, October 3, and the Service of Remembrance on Sunday, December 6. The announcement for the Walk is included with this newsletter and an invitation with all the details for the Service of Remembrance will be sent out in early October.

As you might imagine, much hard work behind the scenes is what makes these events special for all of us. If you would like to help with either of these activities, you can sign up at the next monthly Chapter meeting on Thursday, September 3. Or for the Memory Walk, contact Barbara Bessling at 410-761-9017 or by email at bebessling@aol.com. Or for the Service of Remembrance, contact Terre Belt at 410-721-1359 or by email at tbelt@nahbrc.com. Consider helping out!!

~ It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that you cannot sincerely try to help another without helping yourself ~

— Ralph Waldo Emerson



Next Meeting: September 3, 2009

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.
Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

Memorial Shirts for the Memory Walk — After a short discussion about the emotional value of making a memorial, you will create your Memory Walk shirt. Bring the shirt (t-shirt, button down, etc.) you wish to decorate and the picture that you would like to have copied and ironed onto your shirt. Choose a picture close to the size (no larger than 8½ x 11) you would like to iron on; the sharper the photograph, the better the iron-on will come out. White or light colored shirts work best. The fabric of the shirt should not be too stretchy and needs to accept a hot iron. We will have fabrics and other supplies for you to use. We will scan and create one photo for each person, and if time allows we will do others. Come join us in making memories and learning more about your children and ours.

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.

Chapter Leader: Terre Belt
410.721.1359
tbelt@nahbrc.com

Newsletter Team: Clare Harig-Blaine
Kathy Ireland
Eryn Lowe

Correspondence: Barbara Bessling

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Vacant

Programs: Paul Balasic
Jane Schindler



Telephone Friends: Sometimes we may have the need to talk to someone who can understand our pain. If you feel the need to talk, have questions to ask, or just had a difficult day, these people will welcome your call and are willing to listen to you.

Bob Bramhall 410.867.4956 Daughter (19), drunk driver; men's grief.

Marie Dyke Daughter (17), single parent, only child; car accident.

Sandy Platts 410.721.6457 Infant death.

Tia Stinnett 410.360.1341 Miscarriages and infant death.

Janet Tyler 410.969.7597 Daughter (5) and brother (33); car accident.



Submissions for the October newsletter
due to the Newsletter Team by September 1
newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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September Song

I wonder how many people think about what it's like for a parent not to have to pack a Snoopy lunch pail for their child ever again. September marks the re-entry of kids into the world of academia, but for some parents, it's the reminder that the excitement of the children that electrifies the air won't be the same in their home this year. So many hopes and dreams and memories are wrapped up in what occupies a major part of a child's life...school time. Summer cushions us from having to be painfully aware that our child won't be walking to school with the other kids or won't be trying out for the lead part in the school play or won't need new school clothes or won't fall in love with the girl he sits behind in math class.

Parents who never had the pleasure of "letting them go" to school for the first time know what they missed. They remember their own "first time" and would have liked to have made it really special and to have asked all the questions their own parents asked them when they arrived home from school. Hopes and dreams for this child's future will never be realized. I wonder if my neighbors remember that if my baby had lived, this is the year he would have started kindergarten. I wanted him to have a Snoopy lunch box just like the other kids.

— Author Unknown

Grandparents' Remembrance

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild, and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss. We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.



— Susan Mackey, TCF
Rutland, VT

Soul to Soul

Soul to soul,
heart to heart,
two locked together
never to part.
My daughter and I
forever will be,
through this life's journey,
and for all eternity.

~Her heart and soul can never be extinguished~

— Kathy Ireland, BPUSA
Anne Arundel County, MD
In Memory of Melissa Ireland Frainie



School Starts Again

School starts again! I look out the window and try to envision her as a senior in high school! Her friends have turned into such beauties—Kari would be tall and slender (almost skinny!) with her dad's dancing blue eyes and my dimples. She'd have a date for homecoming—maybe even the man she'd marry...like I had! Could she be so lucky? Then the tears start to roll and that big lump comes back to my throat...just when I thought I could handle it...school starts again...

— Debi Meylor, TCF
Sioux City, IA

Promises of Rainbows

I promise not to offer rainbows after storms or silver linings beyond the clouds. But, if you have tears of sorrow, I will share them. If you have words of anger, I will hear them. If you have moments of confusion, I will help you through them. Perhaps, your tears of sorrow today will water the seeds of tomorrow's garden of spiritual growth, of worthy priorities, of loving relationships, and genuine understanding and compassion. My sad friend, your weeping is not fruitless.



— Nancy Williams, TCF
New Jersey

Double Grief

The death of my grandchild
And the grief of my son
Pull on my heart strings
And I am undone.

In secret I mourn beyond relief
For I have been given a double grief
God, help me to deal with the pain and sorrow
Of living without the hope of tomorrow.

— *Andy Cipriano, TCF
Tallahassee, FL*



A Love Song

The mention of my child's name
May bring tears to my eyes.
But it never fails to bring
Music to my ears.

If you really are my friend
Please don't keep me
From hearing the beautiful music.

It soothes my broken heart
And fills my soul with love.

— *Nancy Williams, TCF
New Jersey*



Letter to Mom

Mom, please don't feel guilty
It was just my time to go.
I see you are still feeling sad,

And the tears just seem to flow.
We all come to earth for our lifetime,
And for some it's not many years.
I don't want you to keep crying,
You are shedding so many tears.
I haven't really left you
Even though it may seem so.
I have just gone to my heavenly home,
And I'm closer than you know.
Just believe that when you say my name
I'm standing next to you,
I know you long to see me,
But there's nothing I can do.
But I'll still send you messages
And hope you understand,
That when your time comes to "cross over,"
I'll be there to take your hand.

— *Joy Curnutt*

Autumn

In the fall
When amber leaves are shed,
Softly—silently
Like tears that wait to flow,
I watch and grieve.

My heart beats sadly
In the fall;
'Tis then I miss you
Most of all.

— *Lily deLauder, TCF
Van Nuys, CA*

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

— *Winnie the Pooh*

Grandparent Grief

I am powerlessness. I am helplessness. I am frustration. I sit with her and I cry with her. She cries for her daughter and I cry for mine. I can't help her. I can't reach inside her and take her broken heart. I must watch her suffer day after day. I listen to her tell me over and over how she misses Emily, how she wants her back. I can't bring Emily back for her. I can't buy her an even better Emily than she had, like I could buy her an even better toy when she was a child. I can't kiss the hurt and make it go away. I can't even kiss a small part of it away. There's no band aid large enough to cover her bleeding heart.

There was a time I could listen to her talk about a fickle boyfriend and tell her it would be okay, and know in my heart that in two weeks she wouldn't even think of him. Can I tell her it'll be okay in two years when I know it will never be okay, that she will carry this pain of "what might have been" in her deepest heart for the rest of her life? I see this young woman, my child, who was once carefree and fun-loving and bubbling with life, slumped in a chair with her eyes full of agony. Where is my power now? Where is my mother's bag of tricks that will make it all better? Why can't I join her in the aloneness of her grief? As tight as my arms wrap around her, I can't reach that aloneness. What can I give her to make her better? A cold, wet cloth will ease the swelling of her crying eyes, but it won't stop the reason for her tears. What treat will bring joy back to her? What prize will bring that happy child smile back? Where are the magic words to give her comfort? What chapter in Dr. Spock tells me how to do this? He has told me everything else I've needed to know.

Where are the answers? *I should have them. I'm the mother.* I know that someday she'll find happiness again, that her life will have meaning again. I can hold out hope for her someday, but what about now? This minute? This hour? This day? I can give her my love and my prayers and my care and my concern. I could give her my life. But even that won't help.

— *Margaret H. Gerner*

SIBLING PAGE

Missing My Sister

One morning I found you in eternal sleep;
I tried to wake you as I began to weep,
But all my pleas you could not hear;
Oh if I could have only kept you near,
Away from the voices of those who went before,
Who beckoned you to come to that distant shore.

I find it so very hard to believe
That you have gone and I must grieve;
I call out your name -- you answer not,
And I look for you in every familiar spot.
Everything seems so strange and surreal,
I ask everyday is it a dream or real?

Where are the soft brown eyes of affection?
Where is the laughter and talk of childhood reflection?
Where is the loving care when I was sick or sad?
Where is the generous soul for which I was glad?
Where is the forgiving and understanding heart?
Where are the bonds that were there from the start?

I miss all the little ways you showed you cared,
For there were so many good moments we shared;
Looking back on my life's assorted scenes,
I realized you taught me what love truly means;
You were my trusted confidante and best friend,
On whose loving support I could always depend.

I look at your smiling face in all my photos;
Memories flood my mind as I touch the mementos
From the happy times you and I have had,
But now these bring tears and make me sad;
For the time together went by in a wink,
Life was not as long as we'd like to think.

Sometimes memories bring
comfort and make me smile,
But there are times when grief
takes over for a while;
Friends offer gentle words and
prayers to console,
And tell me what has happened to your loving soul;
Can it be true what they say of time healing grief?
Is it enough when they say death has given you relief?

Can we believe what others say of a better place,
Where our beloved ones rest in God's warm embrace?
I should be happy you're free of pain and sorrow,
And rejoice that you'll always have tomorrow.
How can I then be so heartbroken and selfishly cry,
Return to me from that peaceful place where you lie!

Now I look down at your name on a cold hard stone
That says little of the loving light you have shone;
It tells nothing of the wonderful person you were,
And only serves to remind me of the painful loss I endure;
But I know your kind soul wants no tears or pain,
Instead you'd want warm memories and love to remain.

Although I cry and stand grief-stricken by your grave,
I promise not to forget the loving memories you gave;
But still I miss you so very much my sister dear,
And your caring words I once again long to hear;
My heart's only solace is one day I will see you as before,
Beckoning me to come join you on that white distant shore.

— Belinda Stotler



My Thoughts of You

Another holiday without you,
Another wedding without you,
Another birthday without you,
Another graduation without you,
Another day without you.

I miss your goofy laugh,
I miss your temper tantrums,
I miss you bugging me for money,
But most of all, I miss you.

So I will remember
Our good and bad times,
And share them with others,
So that I can keep you,
Alive in my heart.

— DeAnn Kouse, TCF
Louisville, KY

Grief Is Not An Enemy

At my brother's funeral, a lady said, "You seem to be doing so well." "No, I am doing quite poorly, thank you," I responded. She did not give up, and said, "Well, you don't seem to be upset." I did not want to get into any discussion, but I had acted as if nothing had happened as long as I could, and I reacted. "If I were doing well with my grief, I would be over in the corner curled up in a fetal position crying, not standing here acting as though no one had died."

We are doing well with our grief when we are grieving. Somehow we have it backwards. We think people are doing well when they aren't crying. Grief is a process of walking through painful periods toward learning to cope again. We do not walk this path without pain and tears. When we are in the most pain, we are making the most progress. When the pain is less, we are coasting and resting for the next steps. People need to grieve. Grief is not an enemy to be avoided; it is a healing path to be walked.

— Doug Manning
From The Gift of Significance



Losing a Piece of Me

Imagine someone has opened your chest with clawed hands, grabbed your heart in a crushing grip and torn it from your body. But you do not die. You remain alive, in agony. Agony that will continue for days, weeks, months and years. This is what it feels like when your child dies. This is how I felt when my son Dale died, age two years and one day.

To hold the limp body of my precious child in my arms and feel the emptiness was pain that defies words. I sat cradling my beautiful child, knowing that I would never again see his smile, hear his laugh or feel his hand clinging to mine. I would never again hold his warm body close and breathe in the scent of his hair. I would never know the person he would have grown up to be.

I walked from the room knowing that I had seen and held my child for the last time ever. I wondered why I still lived, and how I was supposed to keep going. I wanted to die; I wasn't suicidal - it's just that the only way to end my pain was death, and I ached to hold him in my arms again. Never again will I feel 'whole.' My whole future is flavored by the loss of my son. A part of me went with him, and a gaping hole exists that his warm presence once filled.

I asked questions that no one could answer: Why did he die? Why not me instead? Death has struck close to me once - what if it happens again? What do I do now? How will I manage? Why am I still here? I rode an emotional roller coaster. One moment I felt I was managing well - the next I was curled up in a corner pleading with God to take me, right now. I went for long periods where I did well and thought, "Okay, I've accepted it." Then out of the blue, it hit me anew - "He's dead. God, he's really dead." And I began a new round of grieving. Gradually, I found that the lows weren't quite as low as the previous ones, and that I rose from them quicker. Then just when I thought I was cruising on a level piece of track, it dropped out from under me yet again.

I did this over and over and over, but living with it gradually became easier, and I even found that I could live a 'normal' life again, although it was a new normality. I will never forget Dale. He will live forever in my heart and in my memories. Death makes him no less a part of our family. Living with the fact that my child has died does not mean forgetting. It means knowing and accepting that he is gone, but still holding close those precious memories. It means that my love for him does not change, but that I don't allow my grief for his death to overrule my life forever. It's about remembering that Dale would not expect nor want me to spend the rest of my life in misery. My new normality is not necessarily an unhappy one.

Dale's life and death are part of what makes me who I am. It has had an immense impact on the way I look at life, and although I wish he was still here, I know that I have grown from my experience. Dale's official date of death is the 2nd of January, 1995, the day he was taken off life support, but I tend to think of the real date of his death as the 31st of December, 1994, the day he drowned. Even though his heart had been started again, he was gone.

As I write this, it's the 30th of December, 1998; Dale's 6th birthday. I wonder what he would look like now, and imagine him playing with his brothers, even as I sit here writing about his death. We tend to celebrate his birthday rather than his death day. To us it's more important that he was born than that he died. We choose to celebrate his life, not his death. It means more to us that he was here than that he left. Remember? Always. Love? Eternally. Forget? Never.

— Tammie Thompson



Just for a Moment

Just for a moment
We held in our hand
A gift so precious, so rare.

Just for a moment
We beheld with our eyes
The face so lovely, so fair.

Just for a moment
Her sensitive touch;

Just for a moment
Her lyrical songs;
Just for a moment
She really was here
With us, where she belongs.

Just for a moment
We heard with our ears
Her laughter thrilling the air.
The echoes are lingering
still;
They always will.

Now, just for a moment
She lives in our hearts
Cherished with tenderest care.

For as long as we live,
For as long as we love,
She will always be there.

— Philip Jones
Calgary, Canada

Our Children Remembered

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

Joseph Benjamin Antonelli
Son of Carole Antonelli
November 6, 1961 - September 9, 2003

Elizabeth Sinton Archard
Daughter of Barbara Hale
September 25, 1964 - August 27, 1978

Patrick John Bennett Jr.
Son of Patrick and Deborah Bennett
September 27, 1975 - April 15, 1999

Jamie Bessling
Son of Judy and Ed Bessling
October 23, 1974 - September 23, 2002

Alex Blake
Son of Bob and Veronica Blake
February 1, 1982 - September 25, 2004

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

Preston Leon Bromley
Son of Sandy and Leon Bromley
March 30, 1982 - September 2, 2003

Scott Eric Caplan
Son of Nancy Caplan
September 20, 1986 - January 6, 2006

Mary Kathleen Carmody
Daughter of Mary Carmody
August 24, 1958 - September 17, 1998

O. Steven Cooper
Cousin of Frances Palmer
Nephew of Thomas and Ethel Cleary
July 5, 1954 - September 26, 1998

Ryan Christopher Copeland
Son of Meg Holthaus
September 4, 1981 - June 27, 2004

David Michael Cutter
Son of Jim and Anne Marie Cutter
September 16, 2002 - January 2, 2003

Alexandra "Allie" Ann Denevan
Daughter of Gregory J. Denevan
September 18, 1985 - August 21, 2002

Alexandra DiLego
Daughter of Tom and Mary Sue DiLego
September 20, 1999 - September 20, 1999

Andrew Thomas DiLego
Son of Tom and Mary Sue DiLego
September 20, 1999 - September 20, 1999

Dayden Alexander Dunn
Son of Ryan Dunn and Amanda Guinn
Grandson of Beverley and Wayne Dunn
Grandnephew of Mary and Ron Miscavich
September 12, 2006 - June 1, 2008

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

Ronald Wesley Farley
Son of Dorothy and Donald Farley
September 15, 1955 - June 28, 2000

David Jonathan Frame
Son of Carol Brothers
April 12, 1967 - September 11, 2001

Lauryn Beth Grapski
Daughter of Kathleen Grapski
September 17, 1980 - November 17, 2000

Sarah McSweeney Gray
Daughter of Kathy and Bob Gray
November 12, 1983 - September 21, 2003

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

McKayla Raeanne Hall
Daughter of Tammey Decker
July 22, 2000 - September 20, 2003

Eric Paul Haynal
Son of Nancy Doherty
March 7, 1969 - September 13, 2005

Daniel Embert Hinton Jr.
Son of Dan and Pam Hinton
September 23, 1970 - March 7, 2003

Damian Antwan Johnson
Son of Joycelyn Jones
September 21, 1986 - December 10, 2005

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

Mark Edward Keefe
Son of Debra and Mark Keefe
September 13, 1974 - January 8, 1991

Brice Charles Kelley
Son of Hannah and Chris Kelley
September 24, 2002 - May 31, 2004

Kevin Murray Kerr
Son of Debra and Richard Kerr
January 19, 1980 - September 4, 2001

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

Kenneth Lee Merson
Son of Dottie Merson
September 1, 1960 - June 5, 2007

Our Children Remembered

William A. Miller
Son of Mary J. Miller
Brother of Marlene Miller
September 1, 1964 - January 18, 2004

Richard "Todd" Mohr
Son of Jeannie and Ron Anderson
January 12, 1974 - September 25, 2007

Chad William Muehlhauser
Son of Paula and Bill Muehlhauser
October 3, 1983 - September 16, 1992

Eric Richard Munz
Son of Barbara and Richard Munz
September 21, 1963 - August 14, 2002

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

Michael Patrick Patterson
Son of Sylvia Simmons
September 6, 1965 - December 18, 2006

Patrick Michael Patterson
Son of Sylvia Simmons
September 6, 1965 - September 8, 1965

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

Jayla Monet Powell
Daughter of Dorie Powell
Granddaughter of Doris Powell
September 26, 1998 - October 22, 2005

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

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

David John Rose
Son of Carol Rose McAuliffe
October 21, 1969 - September 1, 1988

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

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 8, 2001

Jami Leigh Smith
Daughter of Deannie and Gerry Smith
October 19, 1977 - September 30, 1987

Heather M. Spindler
Daughter of Rich Suess and Becky Spindler
Sister of Amber Faul
August 7, 1985 - September 3, 2006

Roderick "Rod" William Stallings
Son of Robin Stallings
February 7, 1967 - September 14, 1996

Deon J. Summers
Son of John E. Summers
June 5, 1989 - September 2, 2003

Shonto Taylor
Grandson of Stephen and Carolyn Tew
September 7, 1979 - November 7, 1994

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

Ralph L. Tongue
Son of Mary Jackson
September 22, 1985 - November 9, 2008

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

Renetra "Nee" Lotrice Wallace-Connor
Daughter of Pamela Davis
Daughter of Vernon Wallace
December 22, 1972 - September 22, 2006

John Leroy Waters Jr.
Son of Stella and Roy Waters
September 19, 1970 - May 23, 2000

Kevin Michael Wengert
Son of Debbie and David Wengert
October 2, 1987 - September 3, 2005

Faith Jordan Williams
Daughter of Nicole Hawkins
September 26, 1998 - January 11, 1999

Hope Marie Williams
Daughter of Nicole Hawkins
September 26, 1998 - October 6, 1998

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

Eryn Noel Wright
Daughter of Vincent and JoAnn Wright
September 24, 1982 - July 5, 2001

Our Children Remembered

Note: If your child's name appears in the printed version of our newsletter but does not appear in this online version, it is because we have not received explicit permission from you to list it online. If you would like your child's name to also appear in future online editions of the newsletter, please send an email to dralex@sdaalex.com

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

Jody and Bill Dale in memory of their son Joshua "Josh" William Sims Dale
Janice and Chris Kunkel in memory of their son Jason T. Easter
Lily Openshaw in memory of her son John David "JD" Openshaw
Barbara Quillen in memory of her daughter Deborah Ann Jackson
Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino

It Will Be Better

It will be better. Strange sounding words to be saying to newly bereaved parents, aren't they? "Surely she lies. Either that or she didn't love her child as much as I loved mine," you think. Even so, you are probably hoping I'm a truthful person and that you can believe those strange sounding words, because you need to believe.

Well, I'm not lying. I am a truthful person and you can believe those words. You will note I did not say you were going to "get over" your grief. I said, "It will be better." It takes a lot of time to learn to live with your loss more comfortably, but you will, for the pain does soften after you've allowed it in and have dealt with it in an emotionally healthy way. Given the proper time and support, we do get scar tissue over those raw and bleeding wounds. Granted, the scar tissue gets knocked off every now and then, but it doesn't bleed as much or as long as time goes by.

Those of us who are surviving, and who loved our children as much as you loved yours, are able to enjoy the happiness that is left in this new life we've created. It's missing someone we loved better than ourselves and we don't like it as well as the old one, but it's sure better than the pain of fresh grief. You are going to survive and go on to better days. It will be better. Take it as a promise and believe it!

— Mary Cleckley, BPUSA

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

NEXT MEETING September 3, 2009



RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED
DATED MATERIAL

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Memorial Shirts for the Memory Walk

Thursday, September 3, 7:30p.m.

The program will consist of a short discussion about the emotional value of making a memorial, followed by instructions and the creation of your special Memory Walk shirt. Please bring the shirt (t-shirt, button down, etc.) you wish to decorate and the picture that you would like to have copied and ironed onto your shirt. *Additional details* for making the Memory Walk shirts can be found on *Page 2*. Come join us in making memories and learning more about your children and ours.

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.

Making it Through the Holidays and Special Days

Thursday, October 1, 7:30 p.m.

The holidays, particularly those in November and December, can be very difficult for bereaved parents. A panel of chapter members will discuss these issues and offer suggestions on preparing for and dealing with holidays and other significant and special days (i.e., the child's birthday or death date).

RESOURCES

Bereaved Parents of the USA

www.bereavedparentsusa.org or 708-748-7866

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

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact one of our Program coordinators:

Paul Balasic at pjbस्पmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193, or Jane Schindler at cwschind@cablespeed.com.