



Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

April 2010

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Promise of Spring

Seasonal changes are difficult for many bereaved parents. This is often most true as winter yields to spring. The land seems to throb with life once more as young buds emerge and robins return from their sojourn in the south. Lilacs bloom and the breeze carries their fragrance. Woodland animals begin to lose the leanness of winter hunting or quiet hibernation.

The day is longer and filled with renewing vitality to match its length. It is as if a cold hand has loosed its bitter grip and the earth is reborn.

It is this quality of resurrection that seems so bitter. For as we struggle in the darkness of loss, all around us is the vigorous rush of life breaking forth in colors and song. But our children do not come forth. They dwell in the land of death and the netherworld nightmares of our anguish.

But I believe we can see as well the promise inherent in spring's unfolding glory and grasp the continuity its return affirms. Last fall we saw an acorn, but this year we see the tender shoot of an infant tree. From gnarled, dead looking stumps, the cut back rose sends tendrils of green to drink the sun.

In each full cycle of our planet around its sun, we encounter irrefutable testament to renewal. In this we can sense the defeat of death. This is the time of year, when twilight surrenders to darkness, to stand outside and feel the rays of countless stars, smell the scents granted by the new earth, hear the chorus of night creatures and sense the rebirth that has no end.

Stand silently then, beneath the constancy of the night sky and upon this rejuvenating earth and sense our children, constant and growing, too, yet beyond our sight. Life continues. There are no endings. There are only beginnings. That is the promise of Spring.

— Don Hackett, TCF
S. Shore



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by
Michelle and Joe Esterling in memory of their son



Joseph A. Esterling Jr.
June 7, 1967 – April 27, 1990

Clare and Steve Blaine in memory of their son



Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
November 14, 1989 – April 22, 2007




Next Meeting: April 1, 2010

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

How Men and Women Grieve Differently – or Do They? We all grieve and express our grief differently, and sometimes these differences introduce new stresses into a couple's relationship. Understanding these differences (and similarities) can be helpful. There will be a presentation dealing with some of the underlying factors that influence how one grieves and expresses that grief. And, in addition to the First-Timers and the Newly Bereaved Sharing Groups, there will be a separate sharing group for men and another one for women.

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: Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic
Jane Schindler



Bereaved Parents of the USA 2010 National Gathering

Little Rock, AR
July 9 – 11, 2010

To register for the Gathering or for more information, go to

www.bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html



2010 TCF National Conference

Arlington, VA
July 2 – 4, 2010

To register for the Gathering or for more information, go to

www.compassionatefriends.org



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

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BPUSA/AA County Chapter
P.O. Box 6280
Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

Joey



Twenty years – how can that be? Wasn't it yesterday – a knock at the door – that black hole with no light nor insight – waking up from a nightmare but realizing it wasn't a dream – so long ago, but then again not....

It wasn't until my first BP/USA meeting did I realize that even though my body was broken and forever changed, I was still blessed.

I met parents that had lost their babies only hours old, and parents that lost their only child, and parents that lost all of their children.

You see, I had two remaining sons, who years later would bless me with six grandchildren. They all know about their Uncle Joe – they ask questions and visit his grave site, and one is even named Joey III.

So, yes, there is an occasional tear from a song or a smile when a butterfly passes by, but I am a happy person as I approach 20 years from losing MY JOEY.

— Michelle Esterling, BP/USA
Anne Arundel County, MD

With thoughts of love in memory of Joey Esterling

Easter and Passover

This is the month for celebrating Easter and Passover, family holidays and family gatherings. Again, as bereaved parents, especially if we are newly bereaved parents, we pause and must make a decision as to how and if we are going to proceed as we have in former years, before the death of our children. For both holidays, there is the “children’s hour” so to speak. For Easter, there have always been the Easter parade, Easter eggs, and the Easter bunny. For Passover, there have been matzoh, the Seder with the recitation of the Four Questions, and the participation of the youngest child.



So, again, what to do? Both Easter and Passover are holidays in which children are strongly involved. To see that empty chair at the table, to know that the missing child is no longer with us can be devastating, especially after the first or second anniversary of the death. As with other holidays, Christmas, Chanukah, Thanksgiving, there are no pat answers, no magic formulas. If you can talk, talk about your child during the holidays. At our home, we have made it a ritual to remember our son at the beginning of the Passover Seder. Please handle these holidays any way you can. There are no rules. DO IT YOUR WAY.



— Dave Ziv, TCF
Bucksmont Chapter, PA

Easter Thought

One more winter overcome,
One more darkness turned to light.

Winter is the price for spring.
Struggle is the price for life.

Even in sorrow,
Remember to prepare your heart
For celebration –
Next spring perhaps.
Or the spring after that...

— Sascha
From Wintersun

Believe

Believe.
Crocuses poke their heads through
The crusty snow
To let us know the long, bleak winter
Is ending and
Spring will come again.

So, too, the long, bleak winter of
Your aching, breaking heart will end
And spring will come again one day.

Be patient – but believe it –
Your spring will come again.

— Betty Stevens, BP/USA
Baltimore, MD



Spring Lament

April is here and spring is in the air.
For me it's bittersweet,
And I cannot seem to care.
My heart is heavy, the memories of pain,
Suffering and loss bring me down.
I've lost a special flower
From my family bouquet.
I need to see her, touch her,
And talk with her again.
I can't believe she's gone away.
Someday I'll be able to dwell on happy times
And memories from her past.
But, for now, her loss holds me fast.

— Arlene Alesky



Dancer

It was just like that icy water
we scooped with tarnished tin cups
from a tumbling stream
three Septembers ago,
splashed abruptly across my face.

I've avoided girls your age,
but yesterday
they were there,
with no warning,
floating on that stage
in the middle of the mall.

I hear the swish of your dress.
I watch stage lights glitter
off the sparkles in your hair.
I shoulder your gym bag
cocooning those soft ballet shoes
sweet with your familiar sweat.

The 30-something woman next to me,
right arm full of packages,
left arm full of a squirming 2-year-old
cannot understand, I'm sure,
why a 50-something salt-and-pepper haired man
would weep
while teenage girls in chiffon
move like mourning doves
a wing's breath above peaceful water
at first light
in a Montana mountain valley.

A final note, a bow, applause –
my eyes catch hers.
And I can scarcely believe
that through my tears,
I smile.

I don't remember when I smiled last.
But I think that now
I am less terrified,
to remember and smile
at the same time.

— Aaron Espy

Port Orchard, WA

From "We Need Not Walk Alone"



Remembering

Spring is not far away – there is a smell of growing things about.
The snow looks somehow even more perishable now. Spring is
not far away – and memories move to another place.

- Remembering: a squeaky swing in the garden, going back and forth, back and forth...
- Remembering: a bicycle taken out for its first ride
- Remembering: incredibly wet boots, cold hands, kissing-fresh face...

So many things remembered
How many lost?

Not one, not one.
The heart remembers always.

Spring is not far away.

— Author Unknown



The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.

— Henri Nouwen





SIBLING PAGE


To My Brother

Wherever we look, you are there.
 You are the light on the water.
 You are the blossom on the tree.
 You are a thought and you are a feeling.
 Wherever we are. You are.

— *Martha Dubinsky, TCF*
Rockland, NY

To My Sister

You touched us all, you loved us all.
 Forever giving, forever caring, forever forgiving.
 Never wanting in return.
 Blessed are those who shared your life.
 Rich are those who carry your memories.
 Please rest now, your chores we will finish,
 'Til we meet again....

— *Cindy Keltz*
Arlington Heights, IL

Angel

I saw you, while I was sleeping last night.
 I was a little baby, and you were holding me in your arms.
 You whispered in my ear that you would always take care of me.
 You kept that promise.
 You held me when I broke my leg.
 You stayed with me when I was sick at the hospital.
 You held my hand when I had to cross the street.
 You always used your goofy grin to cheer me up when I was sad.
 You carried me on your back that night in the mountains.

The next day you were gone.

Every night I see you in my dreams,
 And I know you are keeping your promise.

You are still my guardian angel
 And I am still your baby sister.

I love you.

— *Patricia Kelley*
Richmond, VA

Family Reunion

On the day she was born, he kissed her on the nose saying "ha ha." Later calling her Hane, and in adolescent years a resonant Hanus. When they were small fry, I kept an eye on two heads; they were always side by side. And so they grew together – him protecting, her directing--- his adventures far-flung and wild, while she stood back to observe, critique, and report on his numerous indiscretions.

And she became all that he would never be, for no teacher would ever praise his tidy, timely work, nor any herd of loyal followers call out his name.

While she talked on the phone, slept over, and was student of the year in her grade, he read his books and thought his thoughts and pondered how the world we live in might be changed.

With Aaron's death, Hannah slammed her door – the echo of her cry, "But I hadn't even seen him today!" the only evidence that there had been a different life before.

Calling up a compensatory brother, she flew on without a backward glance while we, who lost our son to death lost him again in angry, sullen eyes.

For never did we hear her speak his name, and if perchance we did, the conversation died.

Still, beside the box of cards sent us by many friends, she kept his rocks in her room on the floor, and she would watch the film of them as kids, soon stepping into the uniform he once wore. And I could see through my own anger and my pain that yes, she missed her brother, though still she did not speak his name.

While we learned how to live with loss and how to be the who we had become, we had to let her find her own way through, trusting that love would lead her home.

Now she has returned, bearing the gift of her brother's name as she remarks on something he might like – a butterfly that gently lights, then floats airily away.

Using just a single page, she wove a story from their book; a treasure my heart stored word by precious word. Now freed from bonds of formality, Aaron breathes; and we, who lost our son to death and our daughter to silence, are now blessed to have both our children living under one roof again.

— *Frankie Wilford*
From "Stages"

Forever Remembered

Because of you, I love a little more.
Because of you, I take time
To give an extra kiss good-bye.
Because of you, I have a new favorite song.
Because of you, there may be dust on the window sill,
And I don't care.

Because of you, I live today,
Before I worry about tomorrow.
Because of you, I don't give up quite as fast.
Because of you, I still believe in rainbows.
Because of you, now I can help and listen more.
Because of you, today, I am me.

— Eileen Wernsman,
Loving Arms Newsletter



Memory

Memory can tell us only what we were,
in company with those we loved.
It cannot help us to find
what each of us must now become.
Yet, no one is really alone;
those who live no more echo still
within our thoughts and words,
and what they did
is part of what we have become.



— From *Gates of Prayer*



The Path

My world lay shattered around me. Gone were the flowers and the sun. The path ahead looked dark and threatening. I heard a voice saying, "You have to travel this path alone."

"I don't want to go down that path. I can't," I protested. "I liked the old path."

"The choice is yours," said the voice, "but you may never go back to the old path. You may stay here at the crossroads where anger and pain will keep you company and wither your spirit. Or, you may run off into the surrounding woods and pretend you are going somewhere, but you will become disoriented and lost. The only peace is to be found at the end of the path ahead."

"If you have the courage to set forth upon the new path and keep struggling through the storms, you will discover depths in yourself that you never knew existed. If you reach out you will find those who have already traveled this difficult way and are there to support and guide you. Though it seems impossible now, your path will become beautiful again, as will your spirit. You will emerge from the desolation a stronger, wiser, and more compassionate person. Then you, too, can turn and extend your hand to those who are still on the way."

I made a choice. I picked up the remains of my life – my aching heart and wounded spirit, my broken dreams and disbelief – and wrapped them carefully in my blanket of grief. Holding them closely to me, I walked steadfastly ahead into the storm with faith in the promise of peace on the other side.

— Sharron Cordaro
Riverside, CA



Finding Spring Again

It is the end of February, which means we are nearing the end of what has often been a brutal winter. While gazing at the mountains of snow piled high in my front yard and the foot-long icicles hanging from my roof, it is hard to imagine that spring will ever come. We have endured bitter cold winds that have chilled us to the bone and treacherous roads that we have cautiously traveled. The days have been long and dark and often free of sunlight. No matter how long you have been a native of the Upper Midwest, I know we all will be glad when it comes to an end.

However, as I described these thoughts about winter, I felt as if I was describing the days of my early grief. At that point, I did not believe that a day would ever come when I would thaw from the chill that had overtaken my body and mind. The bleakness of my existence during those early months after Nina died is almost frightening to remember; it is so difficult to even conceive of that much pain. I was anesthetized from some of its cruelty by the protective blanket of numbness that blessedly shielded me from the gale force of such overpowering sorrow. How could I ever feel spring in my heart again?

Spring had always been my favorite season. The air had a certain freshness to it that I would drink in. Simply put, it always made me feel happy and light of heart. Spring was our reward for surviving the freezing winter months that preceded it. It brought a smile to my face and a bounce to my step.

However, it was the spring of the year where my heart was irretrievably broken. It was during this exquisite season of warm, lilac-scented breezes and sun-kissed mornings where my sweet daughter Nina's life would end.

I wondered if my thoughts about spring would ever be the same. Rather than anticipate with gladness the coming of spring, I dreaded it with the knowledge that it contained the anniversary of her death. The smell of the air and the look to the sky that I once found exhilarating now brought me back to my darkest day. I know that anyone who has lost a loved one to death, no matter the season, understands.

Will spring come again to your life? In the almost six years since Nina died, has it come to mine? Looking back at my description of the winter of "my early grief," I know that I have come a long way from that time of desolation. I have found, especially after the first two years, that with each subsequent spring, I have rediscovered some of the pleasure I used to feel. I have learned that just because I have found things to feel joyful about again, it doesn't mean I am dishonoring my daughter's memory. I now take her along with me in my mind and my heart. I try to retrieve memories of the dandelion bouquets she so carefully gathered and presented to me, the rides to the park in the Radio Flyer, our talks while sunning on the deck, and, of course, shopping for spring clothes! Her favorite pastime! I will always feel tenseness, apprehension and sadness as May 11th draws near, but I no longer hold it against spring.

It is a slow, difficult journey, this grief pathway we travel. It is as treacherous as the roads we maneuvered following the winter storms, never knowing when we will hit an icy patch on the road and be thrown into a tailspin. Yet, we must travel it if we are to find any measure of peace and healing.

Please be patient with yourself as you are working hard to survive this winter in your heart. Trust that spring, though a much different one than the one we knew before our beloved child died, will come again.

— Cathy Seehuetter, TCF
St. Paul, MN



To Sink or Swim....

....are not the only alternatives in life. Many survive just by floating. There were many times after my son died that I felt as though I was

sinking below the waves of grief. I was just too exhausted to try and swim to the other side of that lake of pain. It was at those times that I just simply floated.

By floating, it may have taken me longer to reach the shore than it would have if I had tried to swim. But the shore seemed just so far away that I wouldn't have made it by swimming anyway. By just floating along with the current, however, I did not sink – and the other side is getting closer all the time.

— Verna Smith, TCF
Fort Worth, TX

Somewhere

Somewhere between the opposites of death and life is a place of odd and profound comprehension. Grief places us between yesterday and tomorrow, between what was and what is yet to be. We are caught, unable to move in either direction, unable to make sense of the paradox. There is no other choice but to wait and allow what will happen to happen. No amount of resistance or fight changes the unyielding fact of death. No amount of logic explains its ambiguities.

In time, a pinpoint of light flickers and waves to us. We chase it because we know that the waiting is over. Nothing will ever be explained in the way we first wanted it to be – death still won't make sense to the person we once were. Instead we acquire a new context for the old facts – one that holds the contradictions in a precarious but meaningful balance.

Then a moment comes. Ever so quietly. Our inner conflicts are dispersed throughout a new tapestry of acceptance. We have been slain by the dragon, and we have slain it in turn. All other dangers now seem puny in comparison.

— Stephanie Ericsson
From Companion through the Darkness

The Death of the Young

People ask: "Why do children or young people die, when they have lived so little?" How do you know that they have lived so little? This crude measure of yours is time, but life is not measured in time.



This is just the same as to say, "Why is this saying, this poem, this picture, this piece of music so short, why was it broken off and not drawn out to the size of the longest speech or piece of music, the largest picture?"

As the measure of length is inapplicable to the meaning (or greatness) of productions of wisdom or poetry, so – even more evidently – it is inapplicable to life. How do you know what inner growth this soul accomplished in its short span, and what influence it had upon others?



— Tolstoy

Awkward Silence

I wish that someone would say his name.
I know my feelings they're trying to spare,
And so we go through the charade, the game.

Of dancing around the ghost that is there,
Trying to avoid evoking a tear.
Or stirring emotions too painful to bear.

That he be forgotten is what I fear,
That no one will even his presence miss,
As if there were no trace that he was here.

By referring to him, my purpose is,
Not to stir pity or keep things the same
But my heart will simply break if his
Memory will die like a flickering flame.
I wish someone would say his name.

— Richard Drew

Correction: In the February issue of this newsletter, a piece entitled "One Small Star" was included; the author was incorrectly identified; the author is the Scottish-Australian singer-composer Eric Bogle. We're sorry for the mistake.

Our Children Remembered

Jalen H. Alleyne
Son of Jewel and Derrick Alleyne
April 21, 2007 - May 21, 2007

Bethany Anne Balasic
Daughter of Paul and Claudia Balasic
February 13, 1981 - April 5, 1996

Jeff Baldwin
Son of Aurelia Ferraro
April 27, 1967 - April 26, 1991

Hope Barber
Daughter of Douglass and Vonda Barber
March 11, 2003 - April 25, 2003

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

Travis Brandon Beyerle
Son of Maren O. Sheidy
April 17, 1981 - June 23, 1995

Alexandra Elizabeth Bolander
Daughter of Tom and Susan Bolander
April 1, 1996 - April 1, 1996

Wendy Jean Bolly
Daughter of Judith and Louie Bolly
April 6, 1977 - October 11, 2002

Paul Shane Brough
Son of Theresa and Steve Bleemke
May 18, 1982 - April 4, 2003

Faith Campbell
Daughter of John and Cathi Campbell
April 5, 1994 - April 5, 1994

John Christopher Campbell
Son of Kathy and Jeff Campbell
April 18, 1981 - October 9, 2002

William Frederick Carter Jr.
Son of Dot Carter
April 24, 1959 - August 16, 1992

John Scott Droege
Son of Teri Droege
April 30, 1984 - April 5, 2002

Isaac Paul Elliott
Son of Debbie and Paul Elliott
August 24, 1979 - April 27, 2003

Joseph Fredrick Errichiello Jr.
Son of Susan and Joe Errichiello
April 6, 1979 - May 29, 2004

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

Sherri Leigh Fant
Daughter of Vern Pierce
January 24, 1958 - April 1, 2003

Andrea Faith Fiscus
Daughter of Debby and Kenny Fiscus
April 27, 1982 - October 9, 1993

Donald Richard Forbes III
Son of Janet Lynn Hall
Brother of Carrie Forbes-Reitzel
August 3, 1975 - April 12, 2002

Zachary Jay Forman
Son of Marge Forman
February 11, 1977 - April 10, 2005

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

Christopher George Gilmour
Son of Carole and Paul Gilmour
October 17, 1997 - April 2, 2003

Christopher David Gipson
Son of Cynthia Gipson
April 3, 1987 - July 3, 2008

Andrew Thomas Gwaltney
Son of Hope Dorman
October 1, 1987 - April 6, 2004

Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
Son of Clare and Stephen Blaine
November 14, 1989 - April 22, 2007

Mallory Heffernan
Daughter of Dianne and Edmund Heffernan
December 19, 1985 - April 18, 2003

Paul Alan Hillier
Son of Judy Clark
April 14, 1969 - November 26, 2008

Alison Marie Hylan
Daughter of Jan and Leo Hylan
April 24, 1986 - January 9, 2005

Chrystal Lynn Isaacs
Daughter of Tish and Darrel Isaacs
April 12, 1984 - February 1, 2003

Lilith "Lily" Sappho Kelm
Daughter of Kathy Kelm
April 4, 1973 - April 6, 1973

Steven J. Landis
Son of Edwin and Susan Landis
April 4, 1968 - October 10, 1991

Aaron Corban Lawson
Son of Loretta Lawson-Munsey and Matthew
Munsey
July 8, 1978 - April 21, 2007

Our Children Remembered

Zachary Laurence Luceti
Son of Linda Huey East
April 20, 1978 - July 4, 2003

Walter H. Maynard IV
Son of Rose Marie Carnes and Walter Maynard III
January 2, 1965 - April 14, 2006

Ryan Andrew Mcanulty
Son of Bernadette Galvin
April 12, 2007 - April 12, 2007

Matthew David Miles
Son of David and Donna Miles
March 24, 2000 - April 7, 2000

Robert Antonio Morgan Jr.
Son of Paul and Kathy Waters
April 23, 1984 - June 21, 2003

Melanie Carol Murphy
Daughter of Fred and Phyllis Murphy
April 21, 1966 - October 17, 1985

Craig Steven Nelson
Son of Karen Coulson
April 2, 1974 - January 31, 1995

Jonathan Michael Noon
Son of John Noon
February 3, 1982 - April 18, 2004

Elizabeth Dee Oates
Daughter of Judy Geiser
July 3, 1959 - April 19, 2009

Glynn Allen Owens
Son of Michael Owens
October 21, 1973 - April 2, 2003

Lee Ann Platts
Daughter of Sandy and Jeff Platts
April 21, 1999 - April 21, 1999

Solymer Rodriguez Torres
Daughter of José Rodriguez and Vanya Torres
August 27, 1993 - April 13, 2007

Dennis Richard Rohrback
Son of Dennis and Joan Rohrback
April 8, 1964 - July 3, 1988

Anthony John Schaefer
Son of LuAnn Schaefer
July 13, 1979 - April 7, 2003

David Michael Schell Jr.
Son of Betty and Joseph Jones
April 7, 1981 - March 20, 2005

Matthew Jason Temple
Son of Jim and Karen Temple
October 6, 1987 - April 23, 1995

Heather Brooke Tepper
Daughter of Michelle Tepper
Granddaughter of LaVern Gipprich
June 11, 1986 - April 3, 2005

Gregory Adam Thorowgood
Son of Margie Strong and Kenneth W. Wenk
July 24, 1975 - April 7, 2004

Albert Wallace "Wally" Whitby Jr.
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.
April 25, 1951 - June 2, 1981

Alisa Joy Withers
Daughter of Jan Withers
July 7, 1976 - April 16, 1992

Austin Wolfe
Son of Bonnie and James Wolfe
April 3, 1999 - April 6, 1999

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:

Cathy and Don Barrett in memory of their son Donald "Donnie" Gordon Barrett

Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino

Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

NEXT MEETING April 1, 2010



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

How Men and Women Grieve Differently—or Do They?

Thursday, April 1, 2010

We all grieve and express our grief differently, and sometimes these differences introduce new stresses into a couple's relationship. Understanding these differences (and similarities) can be helpful. There will be a presentation dealing with some of the underlying factors that influence how one grieves and expresses that grief. And, in addition to the First-Timers and the Newly Bereaved Sharing Groups, there will be a sharing group for men and another for women.

Program TBD

Thursday, May 6, 2010

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.