

Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

August 2010 Copyright © 2010 All Rights Reserved

Tissues, Tears & Treasures

A circle of chairs and boxes of tissues,
A roomful of tears and emotional issues.
Frightening at first, I did not want to enter
Into this strange group, and be in the center.

What I soon learned, as we sat side by side, We were bound by the love of our children who died.

Each shattered heart,

Desperately seeking a moment of peace, From the pain and the weeping.

So many things different, and yet all the same, Hearts lost in a fog of loss and pain. Those who have journeyed, much further than me.

Reached out in comfort, listened quietly.

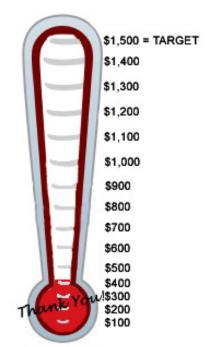
Each shattered heart spoke, and the tissues were passed,

We never avoid speaking of the past.

This circle of friends have found a bond,
And here I'm still known
As "Tony's Mom."
Slowly, I've found
I can reach out to others
Who are newly bereaved, fathers and mothers.
Strength I have found in this
Circle of chairs,
To grieve and to heal
And to show that we care.

— Diane Barta, TCF Portland. OR





Our Chapter is purchasing a teak bench in memory of our children. The bench will be located in Quiet Waters Park and its dedication will be the focal point of our 25th Anniversary Celebration and Memory Walk on October 2nd. Please consider donating to this effort.

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Billy and Jody Dale in memory of their son **Joshua William Sims Dale** 8/30/80 – 8/30/07

Love, your family



Three years of sunrises have cast their glow upon an earth without you in it. Your light remains each moment—among dew highlighting summer grass, glistening tides rushing ashore, across clouds cast brilliant orange, along illuminated treetops reaching the luminescent moon—continue to shine—we see you.

It has been 18 years since we have seen your smiling face and miss you so very much. We wonder what your life would be like now, if you had never left us? So many questions that will never be answered, but one thing we know is that your smiling face is still smiling at us. We love you Paul.

Bob and Sandi Burash in memory of their son **Paul John Burash** 1/18/72 – 8/8/92



Next Meeting: August 5, 2010

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

<u>Losing a Child to Drugs or Alcohol</u> – A panel of bereaved parents whose lives and losses were affected by drugs or alcohol will share their stories and offer insights into some of the unique issues associated with losing a child to drugs or alcohol.

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 <u>confidential</u>. 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

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

The Angel of Hope is a national monument dedicated to children who have passed at any age for any reason. There are approximately 100 Angel of Hope statues across the United States, and one is soon to be located in Eldersburg, Carroll County, MD. The J.O.S.H. (Joining Others Seeking Healing) Foundation is the driving force behind the first Angel of Hope statue and memorial garden to be erected in the state of Maryland. The JOSH Foundation is a non-profit organization dedicated to creating remembrance initiatives to help bring grieving parents, families, and individuals comfort and support. If you're interested in this initiative or would like to have your children honored or remembered through this project, call 410-549-0866 or send an email to j.o.s.h.foundation@comcast.net.

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.

In Loving Memory of Tracy

Tracy, my daughter, my only child, our time together flashes before me in the blink of an eye. You were so full of kindness, strength and beauty; your bright smile and gentle heart touched everyone you met. On that horrible day you left, I felt like I had died myself, my life was changed forever.

How is it possible that ten years have passed since you've been gone? I still miss you so much, and even now, find it hard to accept that I will never hold, kiss, touch, smile and laugh with you again. My longing to do these things is still so overwhelming at times, that it is hard to breathe. I often lay awake at night while the rest of the world is asleep, still searching for answers as to why you are no longer with me.

I feel so blessed to have had you in my life at all and I'll take you along with me, alive in my heart, until we meet again.

In loving memory of Tracy, our daughter, mother and niece. We miss you with all our heart and soul. Loving you always, forgetting you never.

— Martha Murphy and Ken Smith, in loving memory of Tracy Ann Fotino, BP/USA Anne Arundel County, MD



Dawn at the Shore

The sand

The waves

The ocean

The mist

The sky

All running together

No beginning

No end

Emptiness to infinity

Yet the promise of a new day

Since you've been gone This is the view from my soul

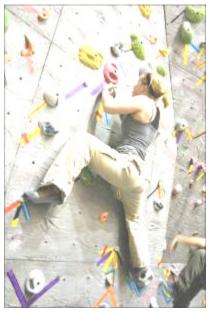


The Boardwalk

The beach
The boardwalk
The lights
The crowds
The excitement
The rides
The Kite Loft
How you loved it
You were 7 or 8
That year we lost you
On the boardwalk
The terror
The fear of your being gone
It was unbearable

It happened again

— Paul Balasic, in loving memory of Bethany Anne Balasic, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD



Toeholds

If you are out there, and haven't been able to attend a meeting – or even if you have, but find yourself "yo-yoing" – you have to know that this is the way the road to recovery is. Would that it were a road that angled straight up, but it isn't. The road is full of hills and valleys, and you are first up and then down, thinking for a day or two that you have this thing under control only to find yourself down in the valley again the next day. What you can't see when you are in the middle of all of this is that each time you slip back, you don't slip all the way back to the bottom of the hole. Each time you climb out, you make yourself some toeholds that enable you to give yourself a boost. You eventually learn that there are some things you can do to help yourself. These toeholds help you to inch your way to the top again. Also, they stop your slide so that you don't have to go to the bottom of that hole each time.

We make progress in such small amounts that it is difficult sometimes for us to realize that we are progressing. Try not to judge your progress from day to day, week to week or even month to month. I find that it is better for me to judge my progress from year to year. That way I can better remember how I was at handling a particular event last year as compared to how I handled that event this year. I can see my progress, and I am again encouraged to know that I am moving ahead. I'm thankful for my toeholds.

If Only They Knew

If only they knew that when I speak of him, I am not being morbid, I am not denying his death. I am proclaiming his life. I am learning to live with his absence. For 26 years he was a part of my life, born, nurtured, molded and loved; this cannot be put aside to please those who are uncomfortable with my grief.

If only they know that when I sit quietly, apparently content with my own company, I am not self-indulgently unhappy, dwelling on things which cannot be changed; I am with him, I am seeing his face, hearing his voice, remembering his laughter, recalling his excitement and joy in life. Please allow me this time with him as I do not begrudge you your time with your children.

If only they knew that when I sometimes weep quietly, it's not in self pity for what I have lost; I weep for what he has lost, for the life he loved, for the music which filled his very being...for the poetry which moved him to tears, for the beauty about him that daily fed his soul, for the exhilaration and excitement of flying the skies, of searching for his God in the vast space of the universe. For all that he loved and lost, I cry.

If only they knew the feeling of deep grief, the emptiness, the dull pain, the endlessness of death, if only they understood the insanity of the platitudes so freely spoken: "time heals...you'll get over it...It was for the best...God takes only the best," and realized that these are more an insult than a comfort, that the warm and compassionate touch of another means so much more.

If only they knew that we will not find true peace and tranquility until we try to stand in the shoes of others. If only they knew that we will not be understood until we learn to understand compassionately, and we will not be heard until we learn to listen with hearts as well as minds.



— Jan McNess, TCF Victoria, Australia

My Child Has Died

Forgive me, my friend
If I don't seem there,
If I seem a little distant
Or you think I don't care...

My child has died. It's hard to explain My down and out days, When I don't respond Or I seem in a daze...



My child has died. I seem to be happy When I suddenly cry, The emotion overpowers me Hard as I try...

My child has died. So forgive me, my friend When I can't seem to give, I'm doing all I can Just to get up and live...

Gretchen Warren, TCF
 Sokmo County, CA

Strength

In the early days of my grief,
A tear would well up in my eyes,
A lump would form in my throat,
But you would not know it – I would hide it.
For the strong do not cry –
And I am strong.

In the middle days of my grief, I would look ahead and see that wall That I had attempted to go around, As an ever-present reminder of a wall not yet scaled. Yet I did not attempt to scale it. For the strong will survive — And I am strong.

In the later days of my grief, I learned to climb over that wall step by step, Remembering, crying, grieving.
And the tears flowed steadily as I painstakingly went. The way was long, but I did make it — For I am strong.

Near the resolution of my grief, A tear will well up in my eyes, A lump will form in my throat, But I will let that tear fall And you will see it. Through it, you will see that I still hurt And I care — For I am strong.

> — Terry Jago, TCF Regina, Canada

SIBLING PAGE



Dealing with Grief: A Sibling Viewpoint

Two things happened to me on January 11, 1992. I lost my brother to death, and I lost my parents to grief. My dad, the one who seemed to always have the answer to my questions, the "rock" in the family, the one whose job was to fix everything, completely lost it. The fear, anger and shock in his eyes when told that my brother had died are engraved into my memory. He fell limp in the arms of my mother and me in the emergency room at UCLA Medical Center. This was the first time I had ever seen my parents lose control. At that moment our roles switched. "I'll take them," I said to the nurse as she handed me a bag labeled "EDLER." It was the personal

belongings of my brother. I quietly took them and placed them in my car. For the next three months, I seemed to make many of the decisions. I was not a courageous leader rising up to the occasion. I was the least common denominator. My parents, although they tried, could not help me. They were trying to deal with the tremendous grief themselves.

For this reason, I put off dealing with Mark's death for many months. I cried and felt sad, but never addressed the issue. My friends were concerned and asked how I was doing. But no one, unless you have been there, really wants to hear the true answers. Mark was the only other person in the world who was a combination of my Mom and Dad.

My friends could not relate nor would I want them to. I would never wish this upon anyone. But this left me alone to deal with it and I chose to put it off. After three months, I met a gentleman at a family retreat with a group of which my dad was a part. Kevin had lost his brother to suicide about 9 months earlier. He was farther along in his "coping" than I was. I could talk to him about Mark, mention Mark's name and share stories without making the whole room uncomfortable about the subject. I saw someone who was dealing with it and it gave me hope. There is a certain vocabulary that you learn after going through this that no book, no story, and no amount of explanation can do justice. I didn't talk about certain things with my friends because I didn't have the time or energy to explain (or try to explain) the many feelings I was having. Kevin understood. He had the vocabulary.

This was the first step to healing.

I came to grips with the reality of my new life – different than the one before, but there was no going back. At this point, I went on autopilot. I remember many events of the three years following the death. My girlfriend and I broke up. My parents changed houses. I went through the many firsts but just kept moving forward. I was not depressed however. My lows were not very low. But my highs were not very high.

I became involved in the Compassionate Friends Sibling Division of our local chapter in the third year. I did it half out of responsibility to my parents and half out of the knowledge that if I was running the meeting, then I was in control of how much sharing I needed to put into it. Kind of a control thing. To my surprise the meetings have become so beneficial to my healing that I am surprised at myself. By sharing with others, I feel that I help them and in turn myself. Many feelings, thoughts or emotions that I may have thought were just mine, I have found are universal with others. After three years I began to come "out of the valley."

I can only say that by looking back. Hindsight has allowed me to see my steps of healing. I stepped into the role of being strong for our family because I felt that was best. Many others I have talked to mention a similar reaction. Your parents are barely able to deal with their own grief. The last thing you want to do is bring more pain on them, so, you don't share with your parents.

Last July at the Compassionate Friends conference, many parents walked up to me and asked, "How do I know if my son (daughter) is dealing with this? I am concerned since they do not tell my anything."

"You don't know," I answered, "and neither do I. But, unless you see something obviously dangerous, they are dealing with it in their own way at their own speed and you may not be a part of their grieving."

I now have a different outlook on life. It is precious. I feel that in my new life I am closer to my parents. Each one of us has to live our lives 1/3 better in Mark's memory. I value my friends and time more. I can handle stress much better. Just think of the alternative. I have become a better person by helping others. I like the new person I have become.

I would trade it all in a second.

Panache

There is a Native American saying, "We are meant to enter this world in tears, surrounded by laughter. We should live so that we leave laughing, surrounded by tears." I wish I'd written that. Profoundly simple and clearly expressed, the elder reminds us to live this life.

Too often people forget to laugh, to love, to enjoy the moment. Like Hemmingway we concentrate on when and how we'll leave. Living—not leaving—is important.

At the Fox River Mall Matt saw a cheap plane being flown in the aisle. He was entranced. I discouraged his buying the plane, but his mother wisely decided buying the plane would be a cheap lesson. He bought the plane, and I took him up to the football field to fly it. It soared effortlessly on the wind floating towards the far end zone. We chased after it laughing. The second flight ended in a crash. The plane was gone. Seeing a teachable moment, I asked Matt what he had learned. He said with profound simplicity, "I should have bought two."

One of us learned a lesson. Whenever life isn't going my way I try to remember, "I should have bought two." Matt loved that plane. He worked hard to pay for it. He persisted in the face of discouragement. Just when life seemed perfect, his dreams crashed around him. But he didn't cry about what should have been. He didn't protest the injustice, railing at an unfair and disinterested God. He didn't beg for another plane.

He celebrated life and hopes and dreams. He laughed both in joy and through discouragement. He left this world laughing surrounded by tears.

Left behind, it is easy to get stuck in tears, crying over what was and what will never be. Tears are necessary, but that baby stops crying and starts living. Living he laughs at himself, at life, at his own dreams. Matt was right. We should have bought two.

- Keith Sweet, BP/USA



On Grieving...Let Life Be Renewed

As I write, I await the airport van and the beginning of a year of living oversees. It is the realization of a lifelong dream, and I know how fortunate I am.

The feeling of being fortunate is as much about the fact that I want the dream again as it is about having it happen, however. For many years after Philip's death, now seven and a half years ago, life became something to be endured. The energy for dreams, much less working to achieve them, was zero. Unfortunately, you know this road well also.

I write about this renewal of life because it means so much to me, and because I did not expect it.

It is startling (and gratifying) to find my old enthusiasm for life ratcheted up several notches, and the energy for work surfacing again. In other words, I am living with some of myself that had been submerged all these years since Philip died. It is good to have that back, however tempered. I never thought it would return. When I mentioned my experience to another bereaved parent, she said, "I must

admit that I have experienced similar feelings of renewed energy for life. In the process of the daily activities of our lives and the continuous interaction with people, we are moving on, and so, to hear your renewed interest in life is understood, and I rejoice."

It isn't that the renewed investment in life is as it was before our children died. It is tempered, more thoughtful, restrained in some ways. I can't believe anyone could face the horrible trauma we all have and not see life through different eyes. But what's important is that the aching pain of the first few years can indeed give way to a desire to live and a true interest in life. I had given up on having my former enthusiasm and vitality back, but it returned on its own. I am as surprised as anyone else. If you are feeling renewed and more alive, perhaps you'll share your feelings with another bereaved parent. It is the holding out of hope that enables many of us to keep going through the darkest days of those early years.

— Kitty Reeve, TCF Reprinted from WNNWA Summer 2002

Nine Years or Nine Hundred

Sometimes it seems that nobody understands the pain of losing your child.

"Well," they say, "It's been nine years, shouldn't you be over it by now?

My parents died (or my cousin or my dog) and I did my grieving and got over it," they say.

Nine years –
It seems like only yesterday
And I remember the horror:
The police knocking at the door in the middle of the night
Making funeral arrangements for my son

Asking his best friends – boys who were just yesterday playing ball and laughing with him – to be his pallbearers.

That awful empty feeling in the pit of my stomach when the limousine from the funeral home drove up to our house.

Seeing his casket poised above the freshly-dug grave Being pulled away from the graveside when the eternity of services was done

Waking up every morning for weeks and for a blessed split second thinking everything was right with the world and the reality crashing in that he is dead.

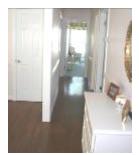
Fumbling my way, somehow, through the days and nights.

Yes, my friends, it's been nine years
And still it hurts to say his name
To think what he might have been doing with his life
To realize what a waste of a young life it was.
So, please, don't expect me to be "over it" or "okay."
Not in nine years
Or in ninety
Or in nine hundred.

— Barbara Koontz Clarihew

The Room Just Down the Hall

There's a room just down the hall, Where there's never a sound at all, But once these walls knew laughter, And music from the radio.
There's posters on the wall, In the room just down the hall, And love is all that lives here, In the place that you called home.



On the bed where you dreamed your dreams, You were what you wanted to be — A fireman and a cowboy, Shootin' straight and riding tall; And I remember what you wanted to be When you grew up — just like me! And the world was just like heaven In the room just down the hall.

Now sometimes late at night
By the flickering candlelight,
I find simple comfort
Just lying on your bed.
I finally fall to sleep,
With your picture next to me,
And again my tears find freedom
On the pillow where you laid your head.

Lying there in the night
I know it'll be all right;
I always feel you close,
I often hear you call,
From the place you now call "home,"
In the room you call your own.
Heaven again lies waiting,
In the room just down the hall.

— Jeremiah Sundown, TCF Nashville, TN

Bewilderment

Get the coffee ready
Empty the dishwasher
Feed the cats, the dog, the turtle
Make the beds
But not his bed.



Check the calendar
Make the shopping list
Think about what to make for dinner
Eight hours from now.
But not his dinner.

Water the plants
Answer the phone
Glance at the paper, gather the scattered socks,
The forgotten toys.
But not his toys.

Get in the car
Take one child to karate
Pick up another at piano, buy some stamps
Drawn to the cemetery
To kneel at his grave.

Buy the groceries Unload the car Pull some weeds Recycle the junk mail Wonder why I'm not screaming

> — Paula Lucore, BP/USA Springfield, IL

Wolf Woman

My son died. My sun died.

I was stricken with the deepest pain a soul can feel and survive. I wanted to die. I prayed for death to find me. I often thought of finding death.

My spirit saved my physical body,

By becoming a wolf, a wolf running and running;

Howling and running,

In the most remote wilderness imaginable.

While I sat zombified at my kitchen table,

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months.

I did nothing, barely sleeping, barely eating, just melting away in my tears.

My spirit ran through the densely wooded mountain of isolation.

It moved with lightning speed, seldom slowing,

Stopping only to howl. Pausing only to cry.

There was no sun.

Only darkness and rocky terrain.

Aromatic trees of pine penetrated the air,

Heavy amid the misty fog.

Sharp, pointed rocks attempted to sabotage my footing, To no avail. My four-legged speed was not hindered, But flowed naturally atop these jagged surfaces And felt no pain except in my heart. The internal wounds forced howls of hurt that even Saddened the owls and woods creatures.

All dipped into my pool of sorrow, And took a share to ease my morrow.

Thousands of miles were traveled Millions of tears released Into the rivers, streams and air. The wolf woman had to return, From this journey. My soul is again contained, But altered. I will never be the same.

— Catherine Jenkins Foehrkolb



Horses in Heaven

I hope they have horses in Heaven,
And saddles and bridles and trails.
I hope they have puppies and kittens,
And baseballs and hammers and nails.
I hope they eat ice cream in Heaven,
And pizza and fish sticks and fries.
I hope there is green grass and sunshine,
And crickets and bright butterflies.

I hope children are children in Heaven, Hope they laugh and they sing and they run. For my daughter is somewhere in Heaven, Barefoot and looking for fun.

> — Tony W. Cartledge, TCF Raleigh, NC

No Man

I did something today that no man should have to do.

I weeded around your grave.

The sun was starting to set.

I could hear the crickets in the trees.

I could feel the coolness of the autumn on the evening breeze.

The same coolness I can feel creeping into my heart.

As I bent to kiss your stone good-bye.

It was warm.

Once again, you have told me your love still lives. Just in a different place.

— Daryl Hutson, BP/USA Montgomery County, IN

Our Children Remembered

Karlee Marie Andrews Daughter of Brian Andrews November 15, 1992 - August 11, 2007

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

Douglas Lee Baer III Grandson of Shirley Baer August 21, 1983 - November 14, 2006

Deneen Leigh Bagby-Lins Daughter of Jack and Audrey Bagby June 21, 1957 - August 6, 1987

Cortney Michele Belt Daughter of Terre and John Belt Sister of Eryn Belt Niece of Ed and Jeanne Heincelman August 26, 1979 - July 9, 1996

Morgan Jane Elizabeth Beverly Daughter of Kimberly and Wayne Beverly August 17, 1992 - January 25, 2009

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

Paul John Burash Son of Robert and Sandra Burash January 18, 1972 - August 8, 1992

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

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

Mark Stuart Conlin Son of Henrietta and Frederick Conlin August 5, 1952 - July 17, 2009

Ronald Joel Copas Son of Anne Copas August 22, 2001 - February 11, 2004

Brenda Leeann Costello Daughter of Tana and David Duley August 29, 1983 - May 28, 2002

Joshua "Josh" William Sims Dale Son of Jody and Bill Dale August 30, 1980 - August 30, 2007

Robert Michael Davidson Son of Donna and Kevin Davidson August 17, 1981 - February 21, 2004

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

Kathleen "Tink" Yvette Denevan Daughter of Gregory J. Denevan August 10, 1970 - May 13, 1971

Isaac Paul Elliott Son of Debbie and Paul Elliott August 24, 1979 - April 27, 2003 Andrew George Eser Son of Karl and Linda Eser August 12, 1982 - October 10, 2000

Barbara Jean Fennessey Daughter of Ray and Kay Fennessey August 30, 1960 - August 4, 1989

R. Daniel Ferrer Son of Anna Ferrer Severn May 25, 1972 - August 26, 1986

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

Tracy Ann Fotino
Daughter of Martha Murphy
Niece of Kenneth Smith
May 14, 1971 - August 25, 2000

Craig Robert Galyon Son of Susan Galyon-Pyle August 23, 1979 - October 11, 2001

Kimberly Judith Gardner Daughter of Joan F. Gardner February 6, 1968 - August 16, 1992

Andrew Thomas "Drew" Gawthrop Son of Brenda Gawthrop May 25, 1990 - August 12, 2002

Michael G. Hartline Son of Kathleen Hartline August 27, 1975 - August 16, 2001

Michael James Hayes Son of Belinda Hawkins August 16, 1975 - November 22, 2008

Kelly Lynn Hopkins Daughter of Denise Morin August 24, 1974 - February 11, 2009

Colin David Humphrey Son of Robert and Julie Humphrey August 23, 1998 - June 16, 2001

Allison Carol Jimenez Daughter of Carol and Russell Fritz June 29, 1973 - August 2, 2005

Kurt Willard Johnson Son of Willard and Marian Johnson December 9, 1963 - August 11, 2003

Roger Wallace Johnson Son of Walter and Shirley Johnson Brother of Jeanne Jones July 10, 1947 - August 23, 1986

Doray Delente Jones Son of Margie Johnson November 13, 1985 - August 20, 2004

Jeremy Scott Jones Son of LeRoy and Jeanne Jones Grandson of Walter and Shirley Johnson August 4, 1976 - August 21, 1986

Our Children Remembered

Scott Andrew Katsikas Son of Linda Snead June 9, 1980 - August 13, 2004

Chloe Victoria Kimbrell Daughter of Stephanie and Ben Kimbrell August 18, 2004 - November 7, 2004

Stephen Aaron Luck Son of Paul and Charlette Koehler August 2, 1966 - May 27, 1985

Eric Eugene Maier Son of Gene and Marlen Maier August 8, 1961 - July 5, 1984

Demrick Paul "Rick" Mayes Son of Rosemary and Steve Poppish August 11, 1961 - October 11, 2008

James Allen McGrady Son of David and Shirley McGrady January 15, 1968 - August 10, 1987

Michele Noble McKinley Daughter of Louisa and Sheldon Noble August 25, 1956 - January 29, 2005

Brian Richard Melcher Son of Norma and Donald Melcher Brother of Cheryl Lewis August 30, 1960 - June 14, 2002

Julia Lyn Moore Daughter of Dorothy Becker August 22, 1973 - June 19, 2002

Ryan John Mulloy Son of John and Suzanne Mulloy August 19, 1975 - August 12, 1993

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

Michael Henry O'Malley Son of Margie and John O'Malley August 25, 1971 - December 7, 1991

Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega Son of Rachael Hand August 28, 1964 - February 17, 2005

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

Arthur Gordon Phillips Son of Cheryl Alderdice August 24, 1983 - November 26, 1999 Solymar Rodriguez Torres Daughter of José Rodriguez and Vanya Torres August 27, 1993 - April 13, 2007

Page 10

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

Justin Michael Romberger Son of Karen and Steven Facemire July 29, 1985 - August 12, 2006

Gary Lee Ryon Jr. Son of Betty Ryon August 24, 1989 - December 1, 2002

Donald "Donnie" L. Severe Jr. Son of Chuck and Issy Mattis August 23, 1956 - December 13, 1984

Michael Leeman Smith Son of Pat Coja August 9, 1962 - August 7, 2008

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

Luther "Scamp" Stowe II Son of Agnes and Luther Stowe August 27, 1963 - November 12, 2001

Tyler Hill Stubbs Daughter of Geri Thompson August 6, 1978 - November 11, 2003

Scott Talbott Son of Deb and Stan Talbott July 19, 1989 - August 3, 2003

Michelle Marie Tewey Daughter of Michael and Marie Tewey August 26, 1980 - November 15, 1998

Brittany Nicole Tyler Daughter of Janet and Dan Tyler October 12, 1986 - August 23, 1992

Daniel "Danny" Alfred Whitby Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr. January 10, 1959 - August 15, 1974

Andrew Wilcox Son of Peter and Margaret Wilcox August 30, 1985 - August 30, 1985

Roy James "Jay" Wyrick Son of Patricia Wyrick

August 8, 1962 - January 10, 2002

Ron Zseltvay Jr. Son of Ron and Jeanie Zseltvay August 24, 1979 - November 16, 1999

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:

Ann and Noel Castiglia in memory of Tria Castiglia
Thelma Crine in memory of Kevin Michael Crine
Dorothy and Donald Farley in memory of Ronald Wesley Farley
Melanie Freeburger in memory of Danny Freeburger
Lisa Grant

Barbara Hale

Jeanne and Ed Heincelman in memory of their daughter Traci Jeanne Heincelman and niece Cortney Michele Belt Susan Katz in memory of Roberto Trapasso
Gil and Twanda Kilton in memory of their son Darin Michael Kilton
Eugene and Marlen Maier in memory of their son Eric Eugene Maier
Jane and Charles Schindler in memory of their daughter
Emily Ann Schindler

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Ann Fotino
David and Geraldine Thompson in memory of Tyler Stubbs
Pat Wyrick in memory of Roy James (Jay) Wyrick

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 August 5, 2010



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Losing a Child to Drugs or Alcohol Thursday, August 5, 2010

A panel of bereaved parents whose lives and losses were affected by drugs or alcohol will share their stories and offer insights into some of the unique issues associated with losing a child to drugs or alcohol.

<u>Making T-Shirts for the October 2 Memory Walk</u> Thursday, September 2, 2010

After a short discussion about the emotional value of making a memorial, attendees will create Memory Walk shirts. You 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, and the Chapter will provide the supplies. 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.

RESOURCES

Bereaved Parents of the USA <u>www.bereavedparentsusa.org</u> 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 our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at pibspmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193.