

Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

December 2010

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We Think of You

(a liberal December adaptation of the Jewish prayer, "We Remember Them")

When the holiday assault begins and Christmas carols take over the air waves and holiday commercials flood the TV channels.

We think of you.

When the smell of wood-burning fireplaces fills the air and colorful lights and bright holiday displays adorn the homes and yards as far as the eye can see,

We think of you.

When fresh pine smells permeate the house and the time comes for baking those special cookies, wrapping presents and decorating the tree,

We think of you.

When the snow crunches under our feet and in our mind's eye we see a little blonde girl and her sister giggling down the hill in flying saucers and sipping hot chocolate steeped with tiny marshmallows,

We think of you.

When we lay down our heads on Christmas Eve and when we wake up on Christmas morning – without you there, **We think of you.**

When we set the decorated dinner table, count the place settings for the Christmas family dinner, and stare into the candle lit in your memory,

We think of you.

For heaven's sake -- when we go to bed and when we awaken – every day of the year,

We think of you.

We will hold you in our hearts through all of the days and nights, and all of the seasons of the year and of our lives, **And we will think of you.**

— Terre Belt BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD In loving memory of Cortney and Traci and all our children

Announcing the Chapter's Gift Giving

For many mourning the loss of a child, holidays are difficult days, and gift giving loses its luster. This year, consider buying a gift in memory of your child and bringing it to our monthly meeting in December. We'll donate these "love gifts" to children in need through local charities. Doing good deeds in memory of your child lets you stay connected to them while providing for children who have very little.



Wishing you a season filled with peaceful memories carried forever in your heart.



Together...we share...we heal...we grow anew.

Please join us for this special Service sponsored by the Anne Arundel County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA

3 p.m., Sunday, December 5, 2010



St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church Severna Park, MD





The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

The Ireland and Willingham families in memory of their daughter, sister and Aunt

Melissa Ireland Frainie

12/12/71 - 2/12/07

Missy, you showed the world how to live each day with courage and perseverance despite everything life threw at you. How could we choose to live our lives in any other way now? We love you and miss you more than words could ever express. Happy Birthday to our "Little Rocks."

- Love, Mom, Dad, Lisa and family

Next Meeting: December 2, 2010

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

Introducing Our Children – The focus of this evening will be on our deceased children, giving everyone the opportunity to tell others about who they were. There will not be a presenter; sharing groups will be the focus. For all who want to participate, bring a picture or memento of your child; each person will then show the picture or memento and introduce that child and describe what he or she was like.

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 <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

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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 January newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by December 1 newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

Do You Use Amazon.com?

If so, AND you enter through our Chapter's website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org), the Chapter will earn a commission of five percent on your purchases. Using the link does not increase your cost, but it does earn the Chapter a commission from Amazon.

Go to the Chapter's home page, click on the butterflies on the welcome page, and then scroll down the first page to the bottom, where there is an Amazon.com graphic that takes you to Amazon's site. Entering Amazon's site in this manner – through the Chapter's website – ultimately credits the Chapter with the five percent commission on any purchases that follow.

Thanks in advance for your help!

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Finding the Magic

Once again, it's that time of year. Will this year be different from the last seven? Will I find the magic again? Wait. Let me revise that question: Did I ever feel the magic?

As a bereaved parent, I have experienced only two holidays seasons. While I have physically lived through 49 holidays, emotionally, there have been only two types: the ones before and the ones after Jason's death.

The two categories are distinctly different.

If memory serves me correctly, which it doesn't always do, I spent the first 42 years focused on material issues. First as a child . . . What would I get? . . . What did I want? . . . What would make me the happiest child in the whole wide world? As I grew older and had my own little family, I spent the next 22 years asking myself what I

would get them. What did they want? What would make them love me more? How would I manage to pay for all of it? I always felt there was something missing . . . but I didn't really have the time or interest to find that missing something. Besides, why borrow trouble? Each year, by the time I realized that something was missing, the decorations were packed in their boxes and the kids had gone back to school. I could always find the magic next year.

In 1996, Jason died. Suddenly, my life ended its forward march, and everything I had ever regarded as important became nonsense. My heart was not simply broken—it was ripped into shreds, emptied of what had fueled it over the span of my life. I had no hope of waiting for it to heal and had to face the reality that only a total reconstruction would suffice. I would have to create a new heart . . . from scratch.

The first fall was difficult. I was still numb, still cushioned from reality, but the pain of Jason's death was beginning to seep in. Then it was Halloween, and the horror of what had happened was upon me. Thanksgiving came with Christmas on its tail, bringing an empty chair, an unbroken wishbone, and silence where laughter had once prevailed.

I was sure it could not get any worse, but life always surprises us. The holidays of 1997 and 1998 were devastating. The numbness that had protected me that first season was gone. Reality had arrived, and I could not escape it. I would never again see Jason walk through our front door with that grin that always made me nervous, tracking snow across my "freshly waxed for the holidays" floor. I was sure I would never again buy two of everything for Jason and his twin brother. I would never again enjoy the holidays . . . or life.



Years four through seven, we bought gifts for needy families, hung Jason's stocking right beside the rest of ours, illuminated special candles to include him in our celebrations, and smiled cheerfully at everyone who offered us their joy-filled "Merry Christmas." And as I spread my Christmas cheer and goodwill toward men, I had only one thought in my mind. It became my mantra: If I can just make it through December, I will be okay. I was no longer focused on the material side of the season. I was no longer focused on the season at all. I wanted it over.

And now, here I am, at year eight. My eighth season of joy, my eighth year of decking the halls, my eighth year of Jason's physical absence. You probably think I am going to tell you that this year will be no different from the last seven. You might even anticipate that I am going to tell you that it never gets better, that there is no such thing as healing, and that grieving parents will always be bitter and angry, especially during the times when families everywhere celebrate the season of giving. Wrong. But don't feel bad; this revelation has totally shocked me also.

(Continued from page 3)

A few days ago, I woke up and was amazed to see that it was snowing. Overnight, the world had gone from brown to pure glistening white. It was beautiful. Later that day, I heard someone in my home actually humming Christmas carols. How dare they! But . . . I was alone. It was me. That evening, I spent an hour printing up a beautiful green and red Christmas "wish list" with graphics! That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Suddenly, it hit me. And no matter how guilty I feel in



acknowledging it, I have to tell you: I am looking forward to the holidays. How can this be? Why is this happening?

Well, after much pondering, I think I know why. I think I spent 42 holidays looking through a lens that focused only on black and white, on the physical, on that which can be seen and physically felt. The lavishly wrapped gifts, excessive food, amount of money spent, and glittering (sometimes gaudy) lights on the tree. The next seven were spent looking through a lens that was distorted and scarred by grief. I focused on what was missing rather than on what was still here. I think I wanted it that way. But now, I feel I've learned how not only to endure—but to enjoy—a memory that can be defined only as bittersweet. I've come to appreciate that feeling emotional is really about feeling impassioned. And I think this year, as the songs start to play on the radio and the cards begin filling our mailbox, I will choose a different lens, a lens that captures what we cannot see or physically touch. A lens that goes beyond.

Not everything will change. I will still hang Jason's stocking beside ours, buy gifts for the needy, light candles in his memory, and all of the other things that have made the last seven years bearable. But this year, I hope to do these things with joy rather than with bitterness and sorrow. This year, I want to grasp the hand of a homeless mother, kiss the cheek of a newborn baby, and hold a sleeping kitten while it plays in its dreams. I want to watch Santa as he holds wiggly toddlers on his lap. I want to sing *Silent Night* on a snowy night in mid -December when it feels as if all the world is sleeping. I want to feel the Christmas that we cannot see.

This year, I want to remember who I really am. I want to enjoy the months ahead. Not because I need to or because someone says it's time to—but because—well, because I can. This year, I want to find the magic before it is time to put away the boxes. And I won't stop searching until I find it.

— Sandy Goodman, from We Need Not Walk Alone, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 2003

You were my light, my heart, my gift of love and joy, from the very highest source. So everyday, I vow to make a difference, share a smile, live, laugh and love. Now I live for us both, so all I do, I do to honor you.

— Author Unknown

Flames of Love

It's been so long since we felt your touch
And yet we yearn for you so much.
If only we could hold each hand
And bring you back, 'twould be so grand!
So now we light these flames for you
As symbols of our love, e'er true.
For though you're gone, we always find
That you are never far from mind.
And, though the flames are small and dim,
Our hearts are large, full to the brim.
These candles, lit, are meant to show
That we still miss and love you so!



— Robert F. Gloor Tuscaloosa, AL

Chanukah Is Here

Chanukah is here. I see the candles glow Red, pink and blue.

But you're not here to See their pretty shadows.

I shop for gifts
And this year again,
Once more
I won't be in a quandary
Over what to buy.

I give you my love, My precious son, For that is eternal.

And once again, It will have to do.

Ginette Kravet, TCF
 Central Jersey, NJ



SIBLING PAGE



The Moment that You Left Me

The moment that you left me, my heart was split in two; one side was filled with memories; the other side died with you. I often lay awake at night when the world is fast asleep; and take a walk down memory lane with tears upon my cheek. Remembering you is easy, I do it everyday; but missing you is a heartache that never goes away. I hold you tightly within my heart and there you will remain; you see life has gone on without you, but will never be the same.

— Author Unknown

Memories grow more meaningful with every passing year –
More precious and more beautiful,
More treasured and more dear.

- Helen Steiner Rice

It's Almost Christmas Again

It's almost Christmas again
There won't be much cheer
Because you are not here
I know how much you loved Christmas
And all the holiday cheer
But, Scottie, since you've been gone
There's not cheer, just tears

I miss you like crazy
And wish you were here
Playing Santa always made you happy
Christmas will never be the same
Without you near
But I know in my heart
Christmas in Heaven for you is very near
Scottie, you have a very
Merry Christmas in Heaven
Which I know you will

You bring joy to all our family and friends
Who will spend Christmas
In Heaven with you this year
It only hurts, Scottie, when I breathe
But I know I'll spend many Christmases
With you again in Heaven

Until we meet again
I love you and
Miss you very much, Scottie
Merry Christmas to my big brother.



— Michelle Fowler, BP/USA CSRA Chapter

To All Siblings

Be guided by the reality that there is no right or wrong way to celebrate the holidays after your sibling has died. Do what you need to do to get yourself through the holidays. We grieve differently than our parents do. Yes, we need to respect their grief, but we need to remember ours. Our siblings would want us to laugh and sing with the Christmas carols, but we just may not be ready yet. Guilt? Oh, yes, we will feel that this holiday season. But we may also celebrate their lives in our own special way.

Whatever you choose to do, do what's good for you. Everyone is at a different stage in their grief. The holidays make the reality of loss even harder. I hope this holiday season you can find peace and love in memories. Please know you are not alone. Peace to all.

— Vera, Sara's sister

~ Sometimes when one person is missing, the whole world seems so empty. ~



Our Angels' Prayers

It's Christmas in Heaven The Angels are there,

With halos adorning Their beautiful hair.

They're singing "Hosanna," To honor our King, Angelic voices in tune To the flutter of wings.

There is one choir of Angels, Their voices are young, Swaying to the music As each song is sung.

Some giggling and laughing, During each hymn they sing, As they spy the newest Again checking his wings. He smiles at these Cherubs, Their voices so loud, Hoping their vibrations, Penetrate the clouds.

He knows these children Are trying to send, A message of hope To "Compassionate Friends."

When their song is over, Each will bow their head, To pray for their parents, Who think they are dead.

Their prayer never changes, It's always the same, "God grant each of them peace, At the sound of our names.

And Lord, make them realize, Through the mist of their tears, That we are happy with You No more heartaches or fears. Let them know we're alive In heaven above, Please unburden their hearts, To receive our love."

Their prayer now ended, He kisses each head, His love a warm blanket, On each pillowy head.

As He turns on their stars, He glances down at the earth, To see if we parents Are celebrating His birth.

He wants us to love Him, To know that He cares, His love is the answer To our Angels' Prayers.

For with Him in Heaven God hopes we'll all be, Carol with her Katie, Michelle and Marie.

> — Marie Dyke, BP/USA Anne Arundel County, MD

(written for Carol Fritz on the occasion of her first Christmas without her daughter Katie; however, it is a message for all of us)

Make the Horror Your Friend

Kurtz says, "You must make the horror your friend." The death of a child is all the horror a parent can deal with, but how can the horror be your friend? How can all that pain, fear, and anger become our friend? Well, it is hard, but fighting the horror destroys you; and forgetting is not an option, so that leaves learning to live with the horror, making it your friend.

First, love is stronger than death and those we love never leave us. At first love is behind our child and pain is in front. With time, love moves to the front. Memories which used to hurt now bring quiet smiles, gentle laughter, hope for a reunion. The pain is there, but it comes after rather than in front of our child. Our child almost shields us from the pain.

Next, the worst has already happened. Life holds no horrors; death can even be seen as welcome. Without fear, we are free to enjoy both the present and the past, as we hope for the future. Wait, you think I'm crazy. What could be worse than the loss we've already had? We survived. We will survive the next horror which comes to us.

With time our children return to us. They bring strength and love. They help us through tough times. They change our lives. I would never say life is better, but it can still be rich, full, vital. We meet new friends, build a new family, introduce our children, bask in their reflection.

Last, the price of birth is death. All who are born die. When we accept death, we are freed to celebrate life. The quality of life is not measured in years. Life is love. Love transcends time and place. I know we will meet again and again and yet again.

The horror opened my eyes, made me search for answers, helped me grow. The horror may never be my friend. We won't sit down to coffee, but I don't need to run and hide. I know more about both Matt and myself. I guess that makes the horror an acquaintance, yeah an acquaintance. I can live with that.

When We Remember

When the snow falls, and silence drifts in white across the earth, we remember their joy, the glad cries that broke the hush of fresh winter.

When the family gathers, caught in wonderment around the Thanksgiving table or the holiday tree, we remember their excitement, the anticipation that was impossible to contain.

When the sun sets, and Christmas lights sparkle and shine to challenge the night, we remember their tired but glowing faces, alight in a thrill of happiness that made our day.

When we remember, we feel afresh that brightness, that energy and we smile...and we cry.

For what was, for what can never be.

In our remembering, we are the vessels of yesterday, the bearers of the light, the victims of the dark.

And in our remembering, we are parents, hurting, healing, gathering our strength and our passion to live

once more, to destroy an endless night with the sun and starlit joys of the past, forging our memories into the promise of a new and different dawn, a re-investment in life itself, even without our child.

For we have loved, love still, and have been loved in turn.

Our memories tell us, our intellect compels us, ultimately, to answer our child's love with our own unending love, showing through the quality and commitment of our own lives that both loves have enriched us beyond measure.

May the holidays, for all their sorrow and all their pain, help each of us to build anew our lives, using our joys from the past to create a new day, where sorrow, though never gone, no longer governs our every waking hour.



— Don Hackett, TCF South Shore Chapter, Hingham, MA



Candles in the Night

A heart broken by the death of a child can never be healed. As parents, we try every way that can be thought of to cope with the loss, but the void will always be there. At first that emptiness seems to take your breath away and most times we wish it would.

This becomes different with the passage of time. It never goes away, but at some point we learn to live with it, and in fact this horrible feeling becomes a lifeline of sorts. One of our biggest fears is to forget our children. Forget how they looked or how their voices sounded. The smiles and

tears that blur together to make a child. This emptiness in effect becomes a constant yearning to remember our children.

Our hearts force us to find ways to fill that void to maintain our role as parents. Some are as simple as visiting the cemetery and some are as complex as changing our entire lives, dedicated to the memory of our child. In between are the many rituals we create or borrow from others to honor the memories and to keep our child's name alive.

Lighting a candle and saying a child's name keeps their memory burning bright. It means we are struggling to cope with this unwanted role of bereaved parent in the only positive manner we can. We will most certainly shed tears every time and we will still miss our child, but we are doing something that allows the world to hear our child's name and for that one moment the candle means so much more than anyone else could understand.

For a fleeting second, that is our universe and every memory we have comes flooding back to us as we see the flame through tears, distorting it into something magical. It's the only gift we can give our children. This is as close as we can get to our child now. A tiny, flickering flame that can warm the heart and it's nice to think that perhaps they can see it also. It's a beacon, our light in the window, our shining star in the darkness. It's an opening of our hearts and a way to share our grief.

We gather to honor the memories of our children and to share this bond of lighting a candle for the children all over the world. We miss them so much.

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:

James Alexander in memory of William Henry Alexander Don and Kathy Barrett in memory of Donald Gordon Barrett Sonya Bell in memory of Lacy (Danny) Carlton McDaniel Edward and Judith Bessling in memory of Jamie Bessling Douglas Blazejewski in memory of Emily Ann Blazejewski Carol Boslet in memory of C. Ryan Boslet Cora Boyce in memory of John Roomsburg Cora Boyce in memory of Linda Lou Boyce Robert and Sandi Burash in memory of Paul Burash Noel and Ann Castiglia in memory of Tria Marie Castiglia Frances Cease in memory of Richard C. Watts Ned and Gerlinda Coleman in memory of Herbert John Buzby Don and Karen Coulson in memory of Craig Steven Nelson Stephen and Cyndia Earp in memory of Devin Hall John and Mary DeMichiei in memory of John Mario DeMichiei Aurelia Ferraro in memory of Jeff Baldwin Melanie Freeburger in memory of Daniel "Danny" Freeburger Norman and Rhonda French in memory of Brandon Robert French Carol Fritz in memory of Katie Fritz

Jerry and Pam Haley in memory of Brian Jeffrey Haley

John and Betty Hodges in memory of Charles "Chip" Hodges

Kathy Ireland in memory of Melissa Ireland Frainie

Robert and Susan Katz in memory of Matthew James Katz

Leroy and Jeanne Jones in memory of Brian Keith Jones, Jeremy Scott Jones, and Roger Wallace Johnson

Katharine Lawrence in memory of Susan Lawrence Barr
Eugene and Marlen Maier in memory of Eric Eugene Maier
Don and Kathleen McGlew in memory of Jennifer Hamilton
Donald and Norma Jean Melcher in memory of Brian Melcher
Larry and Rosemary Mild in memory of Miriam Luby Wolfe
Mona Mohr in memory of Richard Todd Mohr
Paula Muehlhauser in memory of Chad William Muehlhauser
John and Viola Mulloy in memory of Ryan John Mulloy
Fran Palmer in memory of Scott Palmer and O. Steven Cooper

Sharon Poe in memory of John Christopher Poe
Bart and Vickie Rankin in memory of Samantha Rankin

(Continued from page 8)

Robert and Linda Rasmussen in memory of Steven Craig Rasmussen Bobbi Remines in memory of Joseph William Remines and Romana Alice Hale Leonard and Juliet Rothman in memory of Daniel Maurice Rothman James and Lydia Sanders in memory of Andre Marc Sanders Kathleen Savage in memory of Robert Matthew White Thomas and Joyce Schall in memory of Thomas Jeffrey Schall Glenn and Patricia Schwink in memory of Michael Clark Schwink Benjamin and Sharon Skarzynski in memory of Jason Edward Skarzynski John and Glenda Skuletich in memory of Abbey Skuletich Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino Linda Snead in memory of Scott Andrew Katsikas Dee Spirt-Rayment in memory of Gary David Spirt Lewis and Peggy Strader in memory of Christopher Lewis Strader Mark and Cheryl Sylce in memory of Jennifer Marie and Steven Joseph Garvey Lorraine Tarr in memory of Russell Joseph (Rusty) Tarr Vanya Torres in memory of Solymar Rodriguez Torres Janet and Danny Tyler in memory of Brittany Nicole Tyler and Fred Carter Marie Van Dyke in memory of Michelle Marie Van Dyke Donald and Delores Waltman in memory of Taylor Amanda Waltman Jim and Mary Ellen Young in memory of Zachary Daniel Robertson

When the time comes for lighting festive candles, let them remind you not only of what you lost, but also what you had.

- Sascha



Holidays in Heaven

The Holiday Season is just not the same, A smile is missing when saying one name. For parents who've lost a daughter or son, Nothing can bring back the delightful fun,

Of watching them talk, laugh or just run.

The memories are all that we do have now,

We do go on...only God knows how.

A New Year comes as midnight arrives,

Our Angels still a big part of our lives.

If only we could trade the presents we receive,

For one more day with those whom we grieve!

But nothing can bring back our beloved child,

They are together in a much better place,
Watching us cry...touching our face!
Although we miss them on Holidays to share,
Be assured their loving presence fills the air,
At home, in church, at New York's Times Square!
So celebrating the Holidays is now hard to do,
But always remember they are thinking of you, too.
Wishing you happiness and showing their love,
Not on this Earth, but from Heaven above!

The one that laughed, cried, and often smiled.

— Dan Bryl, TCF Lawrenceville, GA (in memory of his daughter Jessica)

Our Children Remembered

Cito Arán Son of Sandra Arán December 2, 1978 - July 11, 2000

David Sheridan Astle Son of John & Jayne Astle October 21, 1974 - December 6, 1997

Matthew Stephen Auer Son of Carol & Steve Auer December 11, 1982 - May 4, 2004

Nicholas Allen Bowling Grandson of Jack & Audrey Bagby December 27, 1979 - July 31, 1985

Christine Elaine Bramhall
Daughter of Robert & Patricia Bramhall
December 21, 1961 - May 9, 1981

Herbert John Buzby Son of Gerlinda & Clark Coleman December 31, 1961 - December 19, 2003

Russell Joseph Calo Jr. Son of Denise & Russell Calo Grandson of Virginia Potts Nephew of Karen Brown March 15, 1983 - December 30, 2006

Gary A. Camponovo Son of Claire Redmon October 21, 1964 - December 7, 2009

Gary Lee Downey Jr.
Son of Pat & Gary Downey
October 30, 1980 - December 24, 2005

Tyler A. Dudley Son of Julie Cremen December 29, 2000 - February 23, 2001 Rebecca Lynn Faires Daughter of Georgia Nelsen March 16, 1985 - December 18, 2003

Christina Ann Fisher
Daughter of Rick & Carol Wilson
December 17, 1985 - June 30, 2001

Melissa Ireland Frainie
Daughter of Kathy & George Ireland
December 12, 1971 - February 12, 2007

Brian Christopher Gray Son of Mary Gray Grandson of Peggy Campbell July 26, 1987 - December 10, 2007 Phillip Wayne Gray Jr. Son of Joan Gray July 8, 1970 - December 22, 1986

Michael Thompson Heany Son of Frank & Jean Heany February 7, 1973 - December 23, 2004

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

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

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

Gary Wayne Keats Son of Delores Shuey December 3, 1964 - March 8, 2004

Michael Robert Legér Son of Daryl & Elizabeth Legér July 11, 1986 - December 29, 2000

Joseph A. Miller Son of Mary J. Miller Brother of Marlene Miller December 13, 1956 - May 12, 1977

Stephanie Victoria Mimless Daughter of Paul & Jackie Mimless March 20, 1985 - December 3, 2008

Kim Jonathan Nixon Son of Stephen & Carolyn Tew December 5, 1957 - December 16, 1984

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

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

Rebekah Anna Raftovich Daughter of Robert & Elizabeth Raftovich December 24, 2002 - June 25, 2009

Our Children Remembered

Phillip "PJ" Bernard Riek Jr. Son of Pamela & Tracy Peterson December 29, 1989 - January 17, 2000

Aaron Sebastian Royer Son of Diane & Robert Royer December 21, 1982 - July 5, 2001

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

Timothy A. Scaggs Son of Bette & Tim Scaggs December 29, 1996 - March 23, 2005

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

Donald "Donny" Lee Seyfferth Jr. Son of Jody Seyfferth December 16, 1977 - May 8, 2000

Victoria Shimonkevitz Granddaughter of Jim & Margaret Williford December 9, 1993 - December 12, 1993

Jason Edward Skarzynski Son of Benjamin & Sharon Skarzynski December 19, 1977 - December 14, 1995

Mark Edward Smeltzer Son of Peggy Smeltzer December 11, 1969 - March 15, 1997

Russell "Rusty" Joseph Tarr Son of Lorraine A. Tarr December 22, 1963 - May 12, 1994

Marie Rose Trehey
Daughter of Greg & Chere Trehey
December 21, 2000 - December 21, 2000

Austen Lee Tulley Son of Brandy & Nick Tulley December 25, 2008 - May 26, 2009

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

Richard C. Watts Son of Tom & Fran Cease December 28, 1966 - October 28, 1998

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

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280 Annapolis, MD 21401-0280 www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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NEXT MEETING January 6, 2011



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UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Introducing Our Children

Thursday, December 2, 2010

The focus will be on our deceased children, giving everyone the opportunity to tell others about who they were. There will not be a presenter; sharing groups will be the focus. For all who want to participate, bring a picture or memento of your child; each person will then show the picture or memento and introduce the child and describe what he or she was like. Sharing groups will be held for first-time attendees, the newly bereaved, and the non-newly bereaved.

Service of Remembrance

Sunday, December 5, 2010 @ 3 p.m. St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church Severna Park, MD

Worldwide Candle Lighting

Sunday, December 12, 2010 @ 7 p.m. Sponsored by the Compassionate Friends (www.compassionatefriends.org)

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 our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at pjbspmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193.