

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

March 2010

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A Prayer for Spring

Like Springtime, let me unfold and grow fresh and anew from this cocoon of grief that has been spun around me.

Help me face the harsh reality of sunshine and renewed life as my bones still creak from the winter of my grief.

Life has dared to go on around me and, as I recover from the insult of life's continuance, I adjust my focus to include healing and growth as possibility in my future.

Give me strength to break out of the cocoon of my grief, but may I never forget it is the place where I grew my wings, becoming a new person because of my loss.

— Janis Hiel, BP/USA Ocala. FL

March

March is a month of reflection and remembrance. Winter's days are numbered. Solitary flowers push upwards through snow-covered hills. My thoughts linger in the cold atmosphere; unsmiling eyes recognize signs of advancing spring months. I need the warmth of spring, but am reluctant to admit that need. I wander through depressing, barren fields moist with tears, unaware of the sun's touch on my back. Animals emerge, throwing off covers of twigs and branches that have protected them in these bitter cold days. Ground is broken under full moon's light to prepare soil for yet another planting. I realize that I must shed the heavy, lingering, depressing robes I wore in days past to experience the emergence of a newer, lighter, warmer time.

— Anita Morehead, TCF Mercer, NJ

March - The Month of In-Between

In between winter and in between spring, your death has left me feeling in between. In between this world and in between the next since you died. Nothing's the same. I no longer feel like I belong, yet I haven't wings for Heaven And I have no heart for earth.

So, I'm somewhere with March – I'm somewhere in between.

— Naomi Holzman, TCF Volusia/Flagler, FL



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Debi Wilson-Smith in memory of her son **Christopher John Smith** March 27, 1981 – June 30, 2000



To my Christopher—Everyday I say thank you for the time we had with your big heart, your quiet artistic times, your wild, crazy energetic times, our quiet talks, your insight, your questions, your ups, your downs, your hugs. I hold you in my heart and mind always. Mom

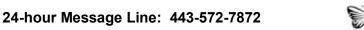
Robert and Susan Katz in memory of their son

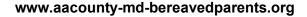
Matthew James Katz

March 13, 1982 – September 7, 2003

Happy Birthday, Matt!! Like the last photograph, your image remains unchanged by the years. Unlike that image, our love for you matures and grows even deeper. "Gone but not forgotten, although we are apart. Your spirit remains within us. Forever in our hearts."







Next Meeting: March 4, 2010

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

<u>Nothing Lasts Forever</u> — Father Godswill Agbagwa, from Holy Trinity Catholic Church, will offer attendees a message of hope. Join us as he shares his perspective for us to consider.

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.

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Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic

Jane Schindler

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

Inclement weather on a meeting night? Our meeting is cancelled if Phase 1 of the Snow Emergency Plan is in effect that same day at 5:00 p.m. Please check our Chapter's website or call our Message Line for cancellation information.

Library Update - You Can Help

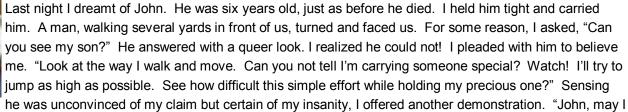
For many who come to our Chapter's meetings, the Library that is always available there is an excellent resource for learning how to cope with the death of a child. Very recently, Bob and Sandi Burash assumed responsibility for the Library, and they are in the process of developing an accurate inventory of the books in the

Library. If you have a book checked out, that is okay. Please keep it for as long as you feel it is necessary. However, please either call or email Bob and Sandi and provide them with the title and author of the book you are using, so that we can make sure it is part of our inventory. They can be contacted at 410-551-5774, or burash@verizon.com. Thanks for your help!



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Can You See My Son?



throw you into the air and then catch you?" He answered with an emphatic, "NO!" but I counted to three and up he went anyway. Returning to my arms with a big smile, we repeated the fun several more times. How could I toss fifty pounds of red-haired boy into the air and counterfeit a catch of such tender care? Still, this stranger would not believe. In desperation, one last idea came to me. I lifted John to a full standing position on my shoulders and while bracing him, asked that he grab a low branch of a tree overhanging the sidewalk. As his little hand caught the bough and shook the leaves back and forth, water from a recent rain cascaded down on all of us. Wide-eyed with incredulity, the stranger turned quickly and disappeared from the scene of the unexplained. As John leapt down into my arms, we were separated by the sound of running water from the bathroom. I sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. Spontaneously, they filled with tears. It was one of the few dreams of John in many months and I didn't' want it to end. Tears came again later in the day when the meaning of the dream suddenly became clear. I realized that even when awake, I carry him always, his little arms and legs wrapped around me, face nuzzling my neck. If you look closely, you will notice I walk with a slightly bent gait as if holding a special kind of weight, unable to leap and land lightly. Though a few close friends have the sight, most people look and see only me, not the burden of my loss, the heaviness of heart as I tightly hold the memory of my beloved. And, as in my dream, when I look into their eyes, I silently ask, "Can you see my son?"

— David Heimlich, BP/USA Springfield, IL

tuesdays with Morrie
on old man, a young man, and lifes greatest lesson

As long as we can love each other, and remember the feeling of love we had, we can die without ever really going away. All the love you created is still there. All the memories are still there. You live on – in the hearts of everyone you have touched and nurtured while you were here. Death ends a life, not a relationship.

- From Tuesdays with Morrie by Mitch Albom

Not Guilt, Regret

One of our basic responsibilities as parents is to keep our children safe from harm. So, when anything happens to them, we feel guilty about whether we could realistically have done anything or not. When the ultimate tragedy occurs, we are devastated. How could we let it happen? Why didn't we stop it? If we have compounded our guilt with any degree of human error of commission or omission, we are beyond devastation. Even words, whether of anger or left unspoken, haunt us. Guilt implies



intent. If we intended to harm our child, we can feel guilty about that. If we never intended harm to ever come to our child, the correct name for the emotion is regret. The crushing pain is still there, but regret is softer, gentler, less judgmental, and easier to forgive and to heal. It is also more accurate. If that name doesn't feel strong enough for our feelings, it will in time. Let it float there and try it now and then. Not guilt – we feel regret.



Three-Sided House

I am building a three-sided house. It is not a good design. With one side open to the weather, it will never offer complete shelter from life's cold winds. Four sides would be much better, but there is no foundation on one side, and so three walls are all I have left to work with.

I am building this place from the rubble of the house I used to own. It was a warm and solid place and was where I most wanted to be in the world. It had four good walls and would, I thought, withstand the most violent storm. It did not. A storm beyond my understanding tore my house apart and left the fragments lying on the ground around me.

For some time now I have wandered around the remnants of my life, searching for small reminders of how fine this place used to be. But these ruins do not portray the house that once stood there. No more than gravel in a river can describe the grandeur of the mountain from which the rock was scoured. These shattered pieces say nothing of the warmth that this site used to know.

And yet, it seems a sacrilege to think of building again. Is there not some law of reverence that dictates this land remain barren? No new structure can approach the beauty of the old one. Since that storm tore my house down I have held these broken sticks and stones around me, a shrine to the loss I have endured, excusing any need for me to meet the lesser storms that still must blow across my path.

But it seems to be the way with shrines, the monument itself impairs our vision of the souls we want to touch. We build to mark the events and lose the picture of how a life gave consequence to those events. So it is with my own sad memorial. I gather in the wreckage now as if to say that death is the defining moment of my child's existence. In this wretched state I will not forget that he died. But what of remembering how he lived? How hard it is to grasp the beauty of his life from this vantage point of misery. This shabby mound might reflect the condition of my heart, but it does no justice to the memory of my son.

And so I must rebuild. Not, as so many onlookers would suggest, because I need shelter once again. The storm now travels within me, and there is no shelter from that tempest behind doors or walls.

Who can show me how to build here now? There are no architects, no experts in designing three-sided houses. Why is it then so many people seem to have advice for me? "Move on" they say, quite convinced that another house can replace the one I lost. Do they not know how completely we are tied to the houses we build? No soul takes kindly to a change of residence and if I "move on" that part of me will stay behind. I grow weary of consultations based on murky insight, delivered with such confidence. I am told that time heals all, as if this rubble will reassemble by itself if I just bide my time. Some people will approach but stop and point and tell me I must add another wall. As if I had a choice.

I know my neighbors wish more than anything to see me safely housed again. But in truth, they are also troubled by the air of dereliction that this ruin brings down upon the street. If I would just rebuild, then they would not be confronted with reminders of nature's cruelty standing in plain view. With each new course of blocks, a quiet sigh of relief. Pressed to disguise the outward evidence of my troubles, I put up siding and install shutters before the framework is in place. Is this outside-in construction the most sensible way for me to build my house? I doubt it.

Among those who wish to see my house rise again, there are real heroes, too. People who are not daunted by the wreckage. It is not a pleasant role for them to play because the dust clings to those who come to see me and it will not wash off when they go home. They understand that fourth wall is gone forever, and they make no pretense otherwise. They are willing to remember with me how fine this house used to be. And they will help me with the boulders as I struggle to nudge them back in place. Above all they know how difficult this task is and no suggestion comes from them about how far along I ought to be.

As I look out at the job that lies before me, the will to carry this project is slow to come. I toiled to build that first house and yet I know that this one will be so much harder to erect. My materials will be what now lies broken at my feet. I must somehow fit those pieces back together. And through it all the question looms, nagging me to quit: "What use are three-sided houses anyway?"

The only answer I can find is that they are more use than mounds of rock and ash. I know that even when this place is built, it will be imperfect. In time my house will stand among its neighbors, no longer looking lost and ragged. And in fair weather I will look up at that open side more in appreciation of the beauty it once held than in bitterness over what I have lost. But when the clouds roll in, that missing wall will leave me open to the rain. Floors and walls will sway and creak in the wind. In the end the best my will and effort can deliver will just make plain how crucial that fourth wall is to make this house complete.

But if it can possibly make sense to you, that is the reason why I must build. I must restore my life because only in that setting can the glory of what I might have had be visible. I must build this flawed, three-sided house because it allows me to see how grand was the original when it stood here. His life was such a shining testament to character and courage, if I am to honor his memory I must live by his example.



SIBLING PAGE



Coping with the Grief of Older Siblings

Everyone grieves differently. A sibling's response is determined by his or her relationship to the child who died, and his or her place in the family.

The most difficult thing for surviving siblings is the foundation of the family is shaken. Everything has changed overnight, and that leaves them feeling insecure.

The death of a sibling can be a mid-life crisis for kids. Suddenly they are aware of their own mortality. That may cause them to become over-protective. They also may over-react to illnesses.

They will rarely talk about their feelings because they are afraid it will hurt their parents more. The reality here is that the parents are at the bottom of the list of people they will talk to. But that doesn't mean they aren't talking to someone.

School often becomes a terrible problem. Grades drop because they cannot function any better than we do as parents.

At some point in the grief process, over-achieving can also become a way of dealing with the pain.

Conflicts may intensify between remaining siblings.

Sometimes there is nothing you can do for your kids but allow them to hurt. At the same time, it is hard to let this grief be your child's problem.

Surviving siblings may feel they have to make up for the child who is gone.

Kids may think, "It should have been me. You wouldn't hurt quite as much if it had been me."

There is likely to be some distancing for awhile. There is also fear that if you pull away, you'll never be close again – but that usually doesn't happen.

You have to develop memories of things that happened after the child died, and you have to develop new traditions. But that can take years.

The loss surfaces for young people at every milestone in their lives: significant birthdays, graduations, weddings, parenthood, etc.

The child who is suddenly the only child may have to cope with other kids' siblings' envy, on top of everything else. He seems to experience more anger and pain than other bereaved siblings do.

It is difficult for kids when the parent's energy is wrapped up in the dead child. Inside, they are screaming, "Look at me. I'm still alive."

The reality of death is that there is always remorse about things done or left undone.

Siblings can benefit from this painful experience. They may gain a different perspective on life, value it more highly, and adopt new priorities. They can learn things that strengthen them, and they may tend to be more compassionate and sensitive than most young people.

— The above are notes from a workshop at a national conference. Karol Wendt, Milwaukee, WI, who led the workshop, was a freshman in college when her brother died.

A Brother Speaks

It has been three years now since I received the news and was so amazingly stunned that my sister had been killed. I still relive that moment from time to time, although much less frequently now. Every now and then I think, "I've got to tell Teri that" and then I'll catch myself and relive the anxiety that accompanies her loss. My loss, actually. I was counting on Teri's good memory and fun-loving spirit to keep my spirits up in old age. Now I'll have to do it by myself – or maybe my brother will help. I cannot look death in the eye and call it by its name. I choose to believe in the continuation of the spirit and believe that in love and in family, we will be together again.





In The Springtime of Your Grief

Spring has fragile beginnings; a tiny shoot of green that emerges from the cold earth, a hint of pastel against the brownish grass, a bud that awakens with the morning sun. Sometimes

spring comes so quietly we almost miss it, but once it begins, it is impossible to ignore the daily growth and change. The morning sun brings sounds that were not there before. The breeze carries warmth that invites us to venture outside of ourselves. A promise is released with the budding and blossoming surrounding us. Hope emerges for the beginning of a new season; change is in the air.

What we experience in the springtime of the year is what we can experience in the springtime of our grief. There begins to be a growing radiance. The radiance is not just around us; it is within us. A gradual warming of the heart silences the chill of intense pain. The natural unfolding of the grief process moves gently to remind us that we will survive. Life is changing and growth emerges through the changes. The song of our hearts that seemed off key begins to experience a harmonious blend of the past and the present. The songs of the birds invite us to join them in a celebration of a new life. In the springtime of our grief, there can be a new song for us to sing. It will be a song we composed through the heartache of loss.

Optimism for a better day may awaken us one morning. Hearing laughter and discovering it is coming from within ourselves gives us promise for today. Dreams and hopes for a better tomorrow shine brightly with the morning sun. Surviving the winter of our grief with the openness to embrace change is a decision to embrace loss and integrate its impact into the fabric of our lives. It can be a willingness to explore new possibilities that create a different landscape to behold. We can make a decision that we will begin to appreciate what we still have, not just focus on what is missing.

We will know when we have made that decision. Something buds; something opens. The harshness of winter is softened with new life and new growth. It is not something we can force; it is something that unfolds when the time is right. The springtime of grief arrives with no dramatic entrance, no flashing lights. The stillness of the beauty unfolds and captures our attention. It is happening around us, but it is also happening in us.

If spring has already crossed the path of your personal journey of grief, rejoice! But, if the chill of winter remains in your heart, be encouraged; spring is on its way. Look for it, expect it and it will be yours to experience around you and in you!

— Judi Fischer, Cleveland Ohio Bereaved Parents of the USA Newsletter (Volume IX No.2, Spring 2004)

"Someone asked me an interesting question yesterday," Morrie said.

"What was the question?" I asked.

"If I worried about being forgotten after I died?"

"Well, do you?"

"I don't think I will be. I've got so many people who have been involved

with me in close, intimate ways.

And love is how you stay alive, even after you're gone."

— From Tuesdays with Morrie by Mitch Albom

Country Cemetery

In a quiet country cemetery, Where the gentle breezes blow, Lies my daughter I love so dearly, She died three years ago.

Her resting place I visit, Placing flowers there with care, Can anyone know my heartache When I turn to leave them there?

Though her smile is gone forever, And her hands I cannot touch, Still I have so many memories Of the daughter I love so much.

~ Let your heart see what your eyes cannot ~

— Author Unknown

— Author Unknown



The Gift of Remembering

On a warm Thursday afternoon several years ago, an 82-year-old woman, whom we'll call Mrs. Sullivan asked me to help her walk up a steep hill. Our destination was the gravesite of her great-grandson, James. His parents



had requested that I officiate at the outdoor service. As we slowly made our way, Mrs. Sullivan shared a story, which she said she'd not previously told.

"Sixty years ago, Pastor," she began, "I also had a baby that died just after being born. The hospital staff members caring for me immediately took my child away. They said it would be best for me not to see, hold, or even know the sex of the baby. I begged them, but they refused. They said, "Rest up for a few months, and then try again. Soon you'll forget about this child."

"But I haven't forgotten," continued Mrs. Sullivan. "I named my baby Matthew because in my heart he's a boy, and in all these years not one day has passed without me thinking about him."

As a hospital chaplain for the past 14 years, many people who have suffered the death of a child have told me stories similar to the one Mrs. Sullivan shared. Well-intentioned family members, friends, and professionals have often given the message to them that they should not spend too much time in grief. Such statements as "this is for the best;" "Your child is better off now," "You two are young so you can have other children;""Thank God you have other children;""Be thankful that your child lived for a few hours (or day, months, years); and "This is God's will" – discount or minimize a family's loss.

Though well-intentioned, these and many other phrases tend to make the expressions of grief more difficult. Some even imply that it is wrong to grieve. But grief is not wrong. We have been given the ability to grieve so that we may sustain life's many sorrows. Grieving is essential to the healing process. A major part of healthy grief after a child dies is being able to share stories. Most parents who have experienced the death of a child love talking about them — when they are invited to do so. After extending this invitation, remember a key to our support is to listen in silence.

If we must talk, ask parents their feelings, thoughts, or needs and acknowledge their great loss in short phrases of condolence such as "I'm sorry," and "You will remain in my prayers and thoughts." Let them set the agenda for the conversation. Then listen in silence.

— Reverend Al Miles Honolulu, HI

Grief

Grief is the price we pay for love.

We did not lose our children;
They died, taking with them
Our hopes and dreams for the future –
But never taking away their love.

Though death comes, Love will never go away.

Hold it tight, the love our children gave us.

Hold it tight through the storms of grief,

And bring it with you into today.

Love never goes away.

— Darcie Sims The Compassionate Friends of Los Angeles February 2007

About Feeling Guilty

Do you blame yourself?
Are you strangled by the burden
Of things you did not do
And things you should have
done,
As if these were the things
That killed him?
What can you do
With this relentless torment?

Dear Griever,
Take time to remember
That grief makes all of us
Look for escape routes
Where there can be no escape

Death is not in your hands.

Grief makes you look for reasons, Where often there are no reasons, Blame is not the answer.

Hold to your heart now With the tenderness

Your love deserves.

— Sascha Wagner From her book Wintersun



Not an Easy Word

Hope is not an easy word for grievers but we, more than most others, need to understand what hope can mean for us.

Hope means finding the strength to live with grief.

Hope means nurturing with grace the joy of remembrance.

Hope means embracing
with tenderness and pride
our own life
and the gifts left to us
by those we have lost.

—Sascha Wagner From her book Wintersun

Message

When the child you have cherished is taken,

When the light of that promise is gone,

When the faith which sustained you, is shaken

And your days stumble painfully on,

When the sorrows of loss are unending

And your God seems forever away,

Find the message your lost one keeps sending:

Words of loving and thanking and mending...

Let your child shape the peace of your day.

-Sascha Wagner



Love Never Goes Away

"Why does it hurt so much? Why is the grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren't so crushing." All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous "ouches" can compare with the hurt we now feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying a child.

Yet, most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have. So...we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely we can't live like THIS forever!

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few commonly recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable... some day.

TIME...the longest word in our grief. We used to measure TIME by the steps of our child...the first word, first tooth, first date, first car...now we don't have that measure any more. All we have is TIME, and it only seems to make the hurt worse.

So what do we do? Give ourselves TIME...to hurt, to grieve, to cry. TIME to choke, to scream. TIME to be "crazy" and TIME to remember. Be nice to yourself! Don't measure your progress through grief against anyone else's. Be your own timekeeper. Don't push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and then moments... but don't expect them to go away. We will always hurt. You don't get over grief...it only becomes tolerable and livable.

Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost – try thinking of how much you had. Try letting good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn't lose our child...HE/SHE DIED. We didn't lose the love that flowed between us...it still flows, but differently now.

Does it help to know that if we didn't love so very much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I'm very glad I loved. Don't let death cast ugly shadows, but rather warm memories of loving times you shared. Even though death comes, LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY.

Our Children Remembered

James William Aikin Son of Earle Cleek Grandson of Elizabeth and Barry Aikin June 5, 1982 - March 18, 2008

Hope Barber

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

Jessie "Jay" W. Barnett IV Son of Virginia Barnett March 13, 1988 - June 15, 2005

Richard Allen Bessling Son of Robert and Barbara Bessling March 18, 1982 - March 15, 1995

Linda Lou Boyce
Daughter of Cori Boyce
Sister of Lisa Schell
March 29, 1967 - November 30, 2004

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

Adam Nathaniel Buck Son of Mitzie Levandoski June 5, 1985 - March 5, 2009

David Ronnie Cain III Son of Ginny and Donald Bussink March 17, 1983 - January 31, 2003

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

Emilia Morgan Claytor Daughter of Ruthi and Ken Claytor March 6, 2007 - March 6, 2007

David Michael Copeland Son of Jay and Lois Copeland March 27, 1978 - January 30, 2000

Michael J. Dickens Jr. Son of Marla and Michael Dickens Sr. July 7, 1968 - March 29, 1996

Brian Edward Durner Son of Lynn and Bill Durner Brother of Jamie Durner March 24, 1983 - July 8, 2005

Rebecca Lynn Faires
Daughter of Georgia Nelsen
March 16, 1985 - December 18, 2003

Brian Jeffrey Haley Son of Jerry and Pam Haley October 26, 1973 - March 4, 1990

James Michael Hall Son of Pat and George Hall November 4, 1965 - March 28, 1992

Sidney Mark Hardesty Jr. Son of Dawn Watkinson March 10, 1979 - May 17, 2003

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

Traci Jeanne Heincelman
Daughter of Ed and Jeanne Heincelman
Brother of Marc Heincelman
Niece of Terre and John Belt
Cousin of Eryn Belt Lowe
October 6, 1980 - March 10, 2002

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

Charles "Chip" Marshall Hodges Son of Betty and John Hodges October 24, 1954 - March 14, 2005

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

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

Stephen William Kilian Son of Billy and Aimée Kilian Grandson of Jay and Debbie Kilian Grandson of Andre and Anne Denault January 15, 2004 - March 18, 2006

Darin Michael Kilton Son of Gil and Twanda Kilton March 21, 1974 - June 5, 1985

Bryan Adam Krouse Son of James and Judy Krouse March 11, 1965 - June 29, 2007

Richard McKinney Jr. Son of Richard and Ellen McKinney March 6, 1975 - February 19, 1998

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

Our Children Remembered

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

Edwin Brandon Molina Jr. Son of Carole and Edwin Molina July 6, 2005 - March 3, 2007

Kevin Michael Morris Son of Gayle and David Morris October 7, 1982 - March 30, 2007

Jennifer Margaret Neafsey Daughter of Beth Neafsey March 20, 1969 - February 25, 1984

Michael Dwayne Nokes Son of Ellen Foxwell November 9, 1963 - March 15, 1988

Brian James Para Son of Joan Para February 19, 1970 - March 19, 1991

Sydney Elaine Patronik Daughter of Holly and Michael Patronik March 26, 2002 - May 11, 2002

Michael Alfred Persetic Son of Joan Persetic March 26, 1968 - July 2, 1986

Zachary Daniel Robertson Son of Mary Ellen and Jim Young March 3, 1978 - October 26, 2006

Daniel Keith Rogers Son of Thomas and Lauri Rogers June 16, 1981 - March 18, 2000

Philip Francisco Saff Son of Jeff and Teri Saff March 12, 2001 - March 16, 2001

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

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

Scott Christopher Shaffer Son of Barbara Shaffer March 17, 1967 - June 5, 2004 Erin Michelle Shannon Daughter of Karen Shannon November 21, 1979 - March 18, 2009

Ryan Michael Sheahy Son of Deborah Sheahy May 4, 1977 - March 16, 2001

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

Christopher John Smith Son of Debi Wilson-Smith March 27, 1981 - June 30, 2000

Misty Dawn Smith Daughter of Anne and DeWitt Wilcox March 15, 1976 - January 12, 1997

Erin Leigh Sullivan
Daughter of Shani and Edward Sullivan
March 31, 2006 - June 25, 2009

Darin Lacey Valerio Son of Gerry and Sharie Valerio July 26, 1967 - March 18, 1991

John Kirkpatrick Wallace Son of Catherine and James Wallace March 3, 1953 - July 14, 1971

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@sdalex.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:

Clare and Steve Blaine in memory of their son Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine Michelle and Joe Esterling in memory of their son Joseph A. Esterling Jr. Kathy and George Ireland in memory of their daughter Melissa Ireland Frainie Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino Carol and Rick Tomaszewski in memory of their son David William Tomaszewski Debi Wilson-Smith in memory of her son Christopher John Smith

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 March 4, 2010



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Nothing Lasts Forever

Thursday, March 4, 2010

Father Godswill Agbagwa, from Holy Trinity Catholic Church, will offer attendees a message of hope. Join us as he shares his perspective for us to consider.

Program TBD

Thursday, April 1, 2010

RESOURCES

The Meaning of Life: Lessons Learned from the Suicidal Patient

Friday, March 19, 2010

The Meeting House, Columbia, Md. Register at the door for the 5th Annual Emily Schindler Memorial Lecture.

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 pjbspmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193, or Jane Schindler at cwschind@cablespeed.com.