

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

May 2010

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Since You're Gone

Since you're gone

Everything seems so much more important

And so much more insignificant.

Everything has so much more meaning

Yet nothing makes any sense.

People seem so much more vulnerable

Yet I've never seen them so strong.

My heart feels so much emptier

Yet it has grown by leaps and bounds.

Words escape me

Yet I cherish every one.

My memories seem to fade

Yet they intensify in color and clarity.

Tears burn greater and deeper

Yet I long for their precious pain.

Life seems less worth living

Yet its blessings shine all the more brightly.

This pain is a gift

Yet it is a burden.

These memories are a joy

Yet they stab at my heart.

Time manages to somehow ease the pain Yet brings me further away from you.

The future seems daunting

Yet promising.

My mission here on Earth seems suddenly two-fold Yet I do not want this awesome responsibility.

I am at the mercy of the universe

Yet yearn to take control.

My world has been thrown into a dizzying spin

Yet has come all the more into focus.

I long to be with you

Yet I know I must be patient.

I appreciate you more

Yet you are gone.

I love you more than ever

But cannot tell you.

I miss you more than I thought possible

And yet you shall never return.

Julie Strongson, TCF

Making the decision to have a child is momentous. It is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body.

— Elizabeth Stone

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Ken Smith in memory of his neice **Tracy Ann Fotino**

May 14, 1971 - August 25, 2000

In memory of my beautiful daughter Tracy —
Sad are the hearts that love you, sad are the tears that fall; but living our lives without you, is the saddest part of all.
Happy birthday my Angel.
Loving you always, forgetting you never....

Mom, Zaylie, Fred and your "favorite" Uncle

24-hour Message Line: 443-572-7872

Kathy and Don Barrett in memory of their son **Donald Gordon Barrett** May 14, 1976 – May 3, 2002

Dearest Donnie,

Just as your birth brought us immeasurable joy, your death brings us depth of sorrow that can only be endured because of Almighty God's eternal life-giving promises. And just as you always wisely had a Plan B, our Plan B is now to keep trusting God's wonderful Word until we meet at His feet with you.



With Everlasting Love, Mom and Dad



Next Meeting: May 6, 2010

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

<u>Hidden Holidays</u> -- Vacations, family picnics and the Fourth of July – all bring special and sometimes unanticipated challenges for bereaved parents. Listen to how others have tried to prepare for and deal with those special days, especially during their early years of bereavement.

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



Bereaved Parents of the USA 2010 National Gathering

Little Rock, AR July 9 – 11, 2010

To register for the Gathering or for more

information, go to

www.bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html



2010 TCF National Conference

Arlington, VA
July 2 – 4, 2010
sister for the Gathering or

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

www.compassionatefriends.org

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Graduation Day

Graduation Day: A day cherished by the graduate and his or her parents; one of the long-awaited "rites of passage" to the new status called "adulthood."

Laughter is heard among the students; tears of joy and nostalgia from the parents. The teachers heave sighs of relief and feel a mixture of accomplishment with just a tinge of sadness for the days of laughter and childhood attachments that must be left behind.

Awards are given.
Gifts are received.
Future plans are discussed.
New goals are dreamed.

There are hurdles to climb.

Disappointments are intermingled with successes. All of these things are a part of life for those fortunate enough to have survived the dangers and pitfalls of this complicated society in which we live.

There was no prom night at our house. There were no awards ceremonies to attend. There was no graduation gift to buy. There was no college to choose.

There was no future to plan...Jimmy doesn't live here anymore. His home now is a neatly trimmed patch of grass with bright-colored flowers; a tombstone inscribed with love; a small space carefully tended and watched over lovingly by someone who finds it most difficult to cope, to accept, to go on, or to find joy or peace in anything.

Tears are a way of life now, and spare time is filled with emptiness.

There is sorrow now for a cheerful young boy who will soon be forgotten by all but a few.

Broken dreams.
Unanswered prayers.
Disbelief.
Loss of faith.

And maybe years of endurance of a situation so unacceptable, so intolerable, that from the inner depths, a scream is stifled. With one word my entire being cries out, "WHY?"

— Ann Ianni Bereavement Magazine



Memorial Day

For each grave
Where a soldier lies at his rest

For each prayer
That is said today
Out of love

For each sigh of remembering Someone who died

Let us also give thoughts to The mothers and fathers The brothers and sisters The friends and lovers Whom death left behind.

— Sascha



They're Hard

Mother's Day and Father's Day are two very difficult days to get through when you are a bereaved parent. For some of us, our only child has died; for the rest of us, our remaining children seem to remind us of the one we no longer have.

Our only son Jason died a few weeks before Mother's Day last year. I remember dreading that holiday and wondering how I would survive all the reminders that I no longer had a child, was no longer a Mother. I dreaded finding any cards in my mailbox, but I dreaded not finding any even more. That would be proof that I was no longer a Mother.

When I picked up the mail, there was, indeed, a card from my mother-in-law. My first reaction was anger and hurt: "How could she be so cruel? How could she remind me of my loss this way?" When I finally calmed down and was able to read the card, I found a wonderful, warm message of love and concern. Mom realized how difficult that day would be and wanted to help in her special way. She pointed out that once I had become a Mother, it could never be taken away. Motherhood was in the heart, and it was there to stay.

I still feel a little sad and nostalgic on Mother's Day, but I know that what has happened can never be undone. Jason lived and made me a Mother as surely as he died. I am still a Mother and will be in my heart forever.

Being a Mom - Then and Now

Oh, how I long for the mom I was "before" As imperfect as I was.

For Then, I was a mom who loved getting lost in a novel and grooving to music **But Now,** I read grief books and get lost in thoughts of yesterday and a song can bring me to my knees

For Then, I was a mom who worried and fretted about all the little things

But Now, the little things are seldom even on my radar, as they just don't matter anymore

For Then, I was a mom who sometimes traveled a little too fast when I was behind the wheel, as there were places I just had to be and things I just had to do

But Now, nothing seems that important

For Then, I was a mom who enjoyed family outings because the whole family was always there and the food was wildly delicious and plentiful

But Now, the silence at family gatherings is deafening, the empty chairs shout out to us, and no one feels like eating

For Then, I was a mom who used to daydream about my kids and what we were going to do on the weekend **But Now**, I am a mom who has to choose carefully when I can think about my daughter, as there's always a risk that I might "lose it" at an inappropriate time

For Then, I was a mom who dreamed about the future and who planned for tomorrow with eager anticipation **But Now**, I'm a mom who marks moments in time by noting whether it was "before" or "after" my daughter's death, and I worry more about what lies ahead

For Then, I was a mom who couldn't imagine the tragedy of losing a child, even when it happened to others around me **But Now**, I am a mom who is living the tragedy and one who must go to a cemetery plot to visit with my daughter

For Then, I was a mom who loved my kids, but who knew I could get that hug when they got home that night if we just didn't have time in the morning

But Now, I'm a mom who feels love even more deeply than "before" and hugs and "I love you" just can't wait

For Then, I was a mom who believed that being a good mom was going to be one of life's biggest challenges **But Now**, I'm a mom who knows that being a mom is the easy part.

The hard part is that there is a...**Then....and Now.** I am learning to accept and embrace the differences.

— Terre Belt, BP/USA Anne Arundel County, MD



It Will Get Better

In one way or another we are all in the same canoe of life. You can bob and weave, but you can't forever dodge the pain and grief of mourning. Some day however the sun will shine again. The day will seem brighter and your life will go on - even if it'll never be quite the same.

— Edward Creagan, M.D. Dec. 29, 2009 Mayo Clinic Newsletter

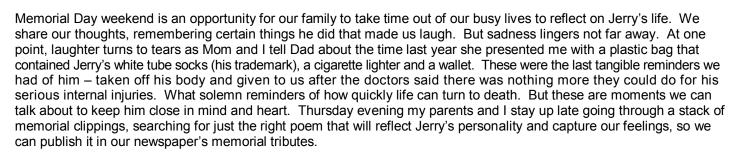
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A Time to Remember

Memorial Day is for memories. It's a day set aside to remember all of our loved ones who have died, not only the servicemen who have given their lives for our country. As a teenager, I recall putting flowers on my grandfather's grave; it was something I felt I had to do that took a few minutes of my holiday. Now, placing flowers on a grave on Memorial Day is something I want to do. The significance of the day has changed since those earlier years, because now it's my brother who is buried.

Jerry's death at age 21 in a truck accident in 1984 was unexpected and shocking. I have never felt such grief before – grief so strong that even as time tries to heal the pain, the scars remain. That's why Memorial Day for me is no longer what it is for so many people – little

more than a long weekend, a day off from work, and the beginning of the swimming and boating season. The day now holds special meaning. While at other times of the year I get teary-eyed when a picture or a person brings back thoughts of Jerry, today my emotions are especially sensitive.



Memorial Day itself is a time to leaf through scrapbooks and read the hundreds of sympathy cards we received, remembering the outpouring of love and support we got and realizing that our mourning is far from over. Sunday, as we put our flowers on Jerry's grave and a group of relatives gather around as I read two poems in memory of him and our other deceased loved ones, I feel a strong sense of family. These people understand how I feel. It is OK to cry. And as strangers drive by in cars and line the roads of the cemetery to pay their own respects, I feel I am not alone. We all share something. That's what Memorial Day is all about.

— Dawn Morville, TCF

For My Brother



You are free from your demons that haunted your mind

You are free from your pain - so brutal, unkind. The human is selfish, and while you are free I still cry out loud, "Please come back to me."

Death, it may end your life on this Earth And yet it begins a new kind of birth.

The memories we keep and hold to us dear Help us with grief, though things are unclear.

We will talk in my dreams, you will laugh & I cry The comfort you speak, "This isn't goodbye." Closing my eyes, tears stream down my face I still see your smile; I still see your face. Your love for the Earth – its creatures of life Will not be forgotten forever in time.

The music you made poured out from your soul A musical genius, left them screaming for more.

The persons whose lives you touched with your smile...
The creatures who loved you throughout the long miles...
There is much to be learned from an old soul like you
Selflessness, kindness...in your eyes of deep blue.

Your heart made of gold, your smile that is warm Will remain in my mind, though grief stricken and torn. My tears they will fall and they are not discreet. Goodbye, my dear brother, until we next meet.

— Michelle Hatchett, TCF Gwinnett Chapter, GA

Forever Thirteen

How can you be forever thirteen?
We had so much more to share
Your sweet sixteen, your first broken heart
Picking the prom dress you would wear
No boxes tied with pretty bows
No cake or balloons to buy

Just flowers to pick and lay at your grave And a million tears to cry.

How can you be forever thirteen?
We had so much more to share
Your driver's test, your wedding dress
Pinning your veil and fixing your hair
No candles glow atop a cake
No smiles and giggles of friends

Just flowers to pick and lay at your grave And a heart that will never mend.

How can you be forever thirteen?
We had so much more to share
Your first new home, a baby of your own
Being a grandma in a rocking chair
No card or gifts to get in the mail
No Happy Birthday to be sung

Just flowers to pick and lay at your grave And sorrow forever begun.

- Amy Osier, TCF





And When...

And when we have remembered everything,

We grow afraid of what we may forget.

A face, a voice, a smile?

No need to fear forgetting,

Because the heart remembers always.

— Author Unknown

The Need for Safety

As you begin to help someone else, your story begins to be clearer. For the families that are new to grief, in the very early times, the thing that I say to most people is if you nail me down as to what would people need in grief, the first thing they need is safety. People need safe people and places where they can grieve. There will be some people that will feel safe to you. There are others that won't. And I cannot explain that. Sometimes, as a part of the grieving, we meet new people and have new friends. Some former friendships may go away. Sometimes it brings up some of people's own issues. They go, thank God, it wasn't me. It didn't happen to me. And also there are people out there who have, are dealing with unresolved grief themselves, and if they grieve your grief then they can't grieve their own and they just can't do it. So they have to distance themselves from you and your grief.

— An excerpt from an interview with Doug Manning Author of <u>The Gift of Significance</u>

A Hug and a Kiss from Me

You carried me inside of you, for oh! so many a day,
And now that I am gone, I have some

things to say.

I'm with you as you wake, and all throughout the night.

I wish that I could talk to you, reach out and hold you tight.

Now that I'm in Heaven, I have no pain or fear. I visit friends and family. Do you feel me near?

We share in all you say and do, so please remember this. Close your eyes and think of me, and I'll give you an Angel's kiss.

Please don't be too sad, for I am happy here. Even though when I think of you, I, too, shed a tear.

But always think about the day that we will meet again. Practice your hugs and smiles, until I see you then.

I'll ask God to send a special blessing, of this I have no doubt. For we who come here before our moms have some special clout.

And on this year's Mother's Day that is so soon to be. You'll feel a warmth from Heaven...a hug and kiss from me.

— Dan Bryl, TCF Lawrenceville, GA

Soul to Soul

Soul to soul,
Heart to heart,
Two locked together
Never to part.
A mother and child
Forever will be,
Through this life's journey,
And for all eternity.

— Kathy Ireland, BP/USA Anne Arundel County, MD In loving memory of her daughter Melissa and all of our children who send their Moms, Grandmothers and Aunts love, hugs and sweet Mother's Day wishes from heaven

Healing Tears

This year on Mother's Day, I'll shed my tears,

But let them be as a soft summer's rain.

A rain that nourishes the earth.

Tears that heal and cleanse my hurting heart.

— Author Unknown

When a House is not a Home

Have you had trouble feeling at home in your house since your child died? Many people can't face that place and those memories. As a result, they spend the years ahead running. They don't know



what they are searching for, but for something that will blot out the memories they once valued. Yet, those memories refuse to go down without a fight and they keep on popping up at the most inopportune moments. Maybe when you're driving, for instance, or trying to carry on a conversation with a new acquaintance with whom you really don't want to share your experience.

Some people choose to move in an effort to leave old memories and pain behind. They haven't yet learned that what you have in your heart and your head are carried with you no matter where you go. It's like you're crawling and grief is riding a bicycle and it gets there ahead of you. Strange how grief seems to know your destination.

When grief is fresh, you're not going to be happy no matter where you go. Better than running or moving, this is a good time to use your time wisely. Learn how to live with your loss, and that includes allowing your house to become your haven again, friendly, familiar and warm, full of memories that one day you will again find comforting.

It happened to me and it can happen for you. Soon, I hope.

— Mary Cleckley, BP/USA Lawrenceville, GA

Mother's Day Thoughts



That first Mother's Day after Raymond died was a dark day. I had not only lost my son, but in losing him I was no longer a mother. The telephone didn't ring; I felt very much alone. I let the tears fall and fell asleep lying on Raymond's bed.

While I was sleeping, a neighbor came by with a small pot of miniature white mums with a note attached. "Now everyone in heaven knows what a great Mom you are." That simple message lifted me, and I was able to smile.

Now, I don't think I'm a great Mom, but a pretty good Mom I am — and I always will be Raymond's Mom, no matter what! Rather simplistic, you say? Yes, but sometimes we need to think in simplistic terms to experience the joy hidden within the sorrow.

— Joanne Azre, TCF West Suburban Cleveland



My Cover-Up Mask

I wake in the morning with tears in my eyes. I have to face another day without my child. I prepare to go to work and put on my "cover-up mask" as I go out to face the world. I get my work done and even chat and sometimes smile at my co-workers. And they say, "My, how well she seems to be handling her loss." If they only knew what I am suffering under my "cover-up mask." My work day is over, and I go home and remove my "cover-up mask," and the tears come again. I go to bed, as the darkness of night envelopes me and sleep eludes me, the tears come again. I have gotten through another day without my child. I have learned I must take one day at a time for the rest of my life, since it will never be the same again.

— Joan Watson, TCF Salisbury, MD

Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened. – Dr. Seuss

I love this quote and I will try my best everyday to live this, although some days it is challenging. Some days it takes great effort.

Every day I wake up anew and tell myself today I am going to rejoice; I am going to celebrate that I had 23 wonderful years with my daughter, and when I feel the sadness and the despondency of her loss start to overtake me, I try to remember none of us here is guaranteed any amount of time on this earth so I am going to try and live this quote and not feel sorrow that I only had 23 years with my daughter.

I will feel, rather, blessed and thankful that I did have 23 magnificent years with my daughter and I will always keep those years in my heart.

At least for today, I am going to rejoice in the memories, the beautiful wonderful memories, of my child, the beautiful amazing memories of my heart.

— Louise Lagerman, Open to Hope website, April 2010

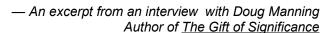
Don't Take My Grief Away From Me

Grief is not the enemy to be avoided, it is a process that we walk through or walk into. I don't think we ever get through it. And that the best thing to do with grief is grieve. That's how you do it instead of thinking, giving yourself a new way to think, and therefore, then you'll feel different. Somehow I discovered that you can't just change the way you feel by changing the way you think.

So we heal ourselves by actually going through the grief and feeling it and moving through it. Expressing it, sharing it, and finding ways to deal with all the feelings that come. And I'm finding that, like I say, I don't know that there's a time when you don't need some support.

I treat and walk with a lady whose daughter was murdered five, six, seven years ago. Everyone thinks why are you still seeing her? Well, I'm still seeing her because to all the rest of the world she's healed. I'm the only place she can come in and say, you know, it still hurts.

Why walk with her? Well, I'm not ahead of her saying, I'm going to help you out or I'm going to fix you. And I'm not behind her saying, you poor thing. I'm just walking by her side. Working with the 9/11 families and it's very much what society thinks – it's been long enough – why aren't they over this? We don't understand why they still need support. People don't get that it's a long journey and we do need support.



Our Children Remembered

Jordan Edward Ambrozewicz Son of Steven and Beverly Ambrozewicz May 27, 1993 - May 10, 1995

Veronica "Ronnie" Anne Arata Daughter of Rick Arata June 12, 1968 - May 25, 2000

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

Heath Brad Balick Son of Beth and Larry Balick October 20, 1984 - May 8, 2009

Donald "Donnie" Gordon Barrett Son of Kathy and Don Barrett May 14, 1976 - May 3, 2002

George Alfred Bold IV Son of Brenda and George Bold May 23, 1969 - May 17, 2005

Christopher Lewis Borngesser Son of Diane Borngesser December 21, 1961 - May 28, 2001

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

Stanley Eugene Bright Sister of Keya Belt May 23, 1972 - November 26, 1996

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

Darius JoVan Brown Son of Victoria and Robert Brown February 1, 1992 - May 30, 2004

Michael Eugene Burke Son of Joyce Pasquella May 15, 1965 - May 6, 2007

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

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

Michelle Marie Dyke Daughter of Marie Dyke May 19, 1975 - November 10, 1992

Joseph Fredrick Errichiello Jr. Son of Susan and Joe Errichiello April 6, 1979 - May 29, 2004 R. Daniel Ferrer Son of Anna Ferrer Severn May 25, 1972 - August 26, 1986

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

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

John Joseph Goetz Sr. Son of John and Mary Goetz May 6, 1958 - July 21, 1996

Matthew Gordon Haines Son of Gordon and Peggy Haines May 3, 1977 - July 4, 1996

Devin Hall Son of Cyndia Hall November 10, 1985 - May 17, 1990

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

Thomas "Tommy" Michael Howard Son of Thomas and Donna Howard May 27, 1984 - February 10, 2000

Brian Keith Jones Son of LeRoy and Jeanne Jones Grandson of Walter and Shirley Johnson May 22, 1974 - May 22, 1974

Traykia Melisa Jones Daughter of Rochelle Kennedy February 19, 1988 - May 11, 2004

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

Scott E. Klima Brother of Kristy Klima-Flower July 20, 1984 - May 19, 2007

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

Kyle Patrick McDonough Son of Judy McDonough February 25, 1982 - May 15, 2005

Graham Kendall Miller Son of Ken and Abby Miller February 3, 1981 - May 4, 1999

Our Children Remembered

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

Daniel "Dan" Michael Milord Son of Mike Milord July 15, 1982 - May 5, 2004

Emily Marie Parker Daughter of Valerie Nowak and Brian Parker May 9, 2002 - July 18, 2002

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

Wendy Dawn Saunders
Daughter of Ronald and Aljuana Saunders
May 20, 1972 - May 14, 1998

Stanley "Jerry" Schisler Son of Stan and Pam Schisler May 31, 1980 - May 9, 2001

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

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

Rachel Beth Showacre Daughter of Daynie Showacre May 7, 1980 - October 30, 2002

Donna Jean Shrodes Daughter of Lydia Shrodes February 5, 1974 - May 23, 2002

Christopher Lewis Strader Son of Lewis and Peggy Strader May 27, 1979 - June 21, 1997

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

Austen Lee Tulley Son of Brandy and Nick Tulley December 25, 2008 - May 26, 2009 John Leroy Waters Jr. Son of Stella and Roy Waters September 19, 1970 - May 23, 2000

Carole Anne Wilford Sister of Aljuana Saunders January 7, 1944 - May 4, 1998

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:

Marian and Willard Johnson in memory of their son Kurt Willard Johnson Sue and Bob Katz in memory of their son Matthew James Katz Lily and David Openshaw in memory of their son John David "JD" Openshaw Ken Smith in memory of his niece Tracy Ann Fotino

Bereaved Parents of the USA Anne Arundel County Chapter

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

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

NEXT MEETING May 6, 2010



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Hidden Holidays

Thursday, May 6, 2010

Vacations, family picnics and the Fourth of July – all bring special and sometimes unanticipated challenges for bereaved parents. Listen to how others have tried to prepare for and deal with those special days, especially during their early years of bereavement.

The Grief Cycle

Thursday, June 3, 2010

Hearing from other bereaved parents about what to expect as you travel on your grief journey can be helpful in understanding all that you are feeling and experiencing in your new world. While the speakers will offer no guidebook for bereaved parents, they will share their many years of experiences after they suffered the loss of their children.

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 pibspmd@gmail.com or 443.566.0193.