



# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

October 2010

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**EIGHTH ANNUAL  
ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY CHAPTER  
BEREAVED PARENTS of the USA  
MEMORY WALK**  
8:30 a.m., Saturday, October 2, 2010  
Dogwood Pavilion at Quiet Waters Park  
600 Quiet Waters Park Road  
Annapolis, MD 21403  
Rain or Shine!



### Memory Walk of Love



They came with their hearts broken in pain  
We came to share our love again  
On the Memory Walk of love

They came with unanswered questions  
We came with a new life's direction  
On the Memory Walk of love

They came alone in melancholy  
We came with friends and family  
On the Memory Walk of love

They brought unbearable sadness  
Diminished by sharing moments of gladness  
On the Memory Walk of love

They came hoping for assurance  
We came tempered by a grievance  
On the Memory Walk of love

They came for a sense of renewal  
We brought the coping for a life cruel  
On the Memory Walk of love

Our eyes welled in the shadow of trees  
Looking at photos knowing the never "be's"  
On the Memory Walk of love

Holding hands together, sharing our love  
Singing our hearts to our children above  
On the Memory Walk of love

Leaving warmly together, despite all the tears  
Happy, this day, our children in heaven—ever near

— Bob Katz, BP/USA —  
In loving memory of Matthew Katz  
Anne Arundel County, MD



We did it! The teak bench will be dedicated during our October 2<sup>nd</sup> Memory Walk and 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration. THANK YOU to all!!!

Parking is free at Quiet Waters Park for those participating in the Chapter's Memory Walk. Indicate to the attendant at the entrance booth that you will be participating in the Walk. Once again we will be posting pictures of our children along the course of the Walk. If you are going to join us at the Walk and would like your child's picture posted, please send an email to [pjbस्पmd@gmail.com](mailto:pjbस्पmd@gmail.com). Attach a digital picture to the email or send a photo to PO Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280. If your child's photo was in the 2009 Service of Remembrance slide show, you don't need to submit an additional photo.

For more information or to help with the Walk, call Barbara Bessling at 410-761-9017, or email [BeBessling@aol.com](mailto:BeBessling@aol.com), or go to our website at [www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org).



The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by  
Ann and Noel Castiglia in memory of their daughter  
**Tria Marie Castiglia**  
7/6/63 – 10/14/84

It will be 26 years since we lost you. Your smile and warm spirit are still with us. This year a friend from your past called; he said, "She would light up the room when she walked in." We will always remember you this way...

Love Mom, Dad, Carla and our family



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

Signs from Our Children – Jayne Howard Feldman will speak to us on the many signs and signals from loved ones/ children in spirit. Jayne has been communing with angels since the age of 11, and she is the founder of Be An Angel Day. She is also author of Commune with Angels, Driving under the Influence of Angels, and Angels by My Side.

*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 confidential. During this time, the issues that are discussed—particularly for the newly bereaved—focus on the issues facing participants today.

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**Hospitality:** Carol Tomaszewski

**Librarian:** Bob and Sandi Burash

**Programs:** Paul Balasic

#### Do You Use Amazon.com?

If so, AND you enter through our Chapter’s website ([www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://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 5 percent commission on any purchases that follow.

Thanks in advance for your help!



Submissions for the November newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by October 1  
[newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](mailto:newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)

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

## My Dear Son

The saddest day of my life was when my beloved, kind, thoughtful, helpful son Mark went to Heaven. He was a joy to me and many others, and fun to be with. Mark had interesting hobbies and activities. He served his country in the USAF Blue Berets with honor in Vietnam. I'm proud of him and his accomplishments and love him so much.

Mark left behind a wonderful son, Derek Conlin, and a wonderful daughter-in-law, Mandy Conlin and relatives – the Koch, Feathers and Conlin families.

We're all so devastated with the loss of such a special person, but glad the pain and suffering are over.

Mark, keep watching over us as all of us are watching over you.

— Lovingly and prayerfully,  
Your Mom, Henrietta Conlin, BP/USA  
Anne Arundel County, MD

## Halloween

It is here, this day of merriment  
And children's pleasure.  
Gremlins and goblins  
And ghosties at the door  
Of your house.



And the other children  
Come to the door of your mind.  
Faces out of the past,  
Small ghosts with sweet, painted faces.  
They do not shout.

Those children  
Who no longer march laughing  
On cold Halloween night,  
They stand at the door of your mind –  
And you will let them in,  
So that you can give them  
The small gifts of your Halloween –  
A smile and a tear.

— Sascha, from "Wintersun"

## October's Memories

October's here, the air is bright,  
The leaves decked out in fancy dress,  
The clouds in shapes of animals  
Hang in the sky so blue.

This was our time of year,  
Your favorite.  
How many times did you come in,  
Cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling,  
Smelling of the leaves you jumped through  
As a child and even after you grew up.

How many times did you say  
"Just smell, just feel the air, I love it,  
Crisp, with a hint of winter coming."

Our time, but now only my time.  
Time to dream dreams that won't be.  
Time to wish wishes that can't come true,  
Time to remember and treasure each day  
We had together.  
Time for October's memories.

— Arden Lansing, TCF  
Northfield, NJ



## Grief

You don't get over it  
you just get through it  
You don't get by it  
because you can't get around it  
It doesn't "get better"  
it just gets different  
Every day...  
Grief puts on a new face.

— Author Unknown

## A Season of Many Feelings

Fall is a season of many feelings  
Autumn is here once again as it comes every year  
And with the leaves my falling tears.  
This time of year is the hardest of all  
My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall.  
Memories so vivid are seeming to fade.  
My time spent with you seems some other age.  
This season reminds me of grief and of pain.  
But yet teaches hope and of joy once again.  
For the trees are still living beneath their gray bark.  
And you my sweet child are alive in my heart!

— Cinda Schake, TCF  
Butler, PA



## Hope

Last month the first holiday catalog was deposited in my mailbox. “So early,” I thought, with tired resignation and more than a little resentment. The catalog unmistakably heralded the approach of the season of good cheer, and somehow I would have to get through it. It meant weeks of feeling like a despondent bystander as the world cloaked itself with bright trappings of love, joy, and good will toward men.

I was a bereaved parent, and I would spend yet another holiday caught up in the anguish of remembering...

With the catalog indifferently grasped in my hand, I sat down in the kitchen, my heart heavy. My thoughts drifted back to last year’s holiday, and I again saw my husband’s melancholy face as he plaintively asked if we could put up just a small tree. I agreed only because it seemed important to him. It would be the first time since the death of our daughter that holiday decorations would grace our home. I had felt no joy, no solace, when I looked at that tiny, glowing tree, but it was a huge relief not to feel the overwhelming pain I expected.

It had been the fourth holiday season without Tracey.

I sat in the kitchen, slowly turning the catalog’s pages. I was so lost in thought I scarcely saw what was in front of me. Last year the mailman had delivered greeting cards and best-wishes-for-the-season cards, as always. I had opened some with appreciation; others, the ones I knew that would ignore our heartache, I tore open almost savagely. I had mailed my own greeting cards to many of these same people, and as had become my custom, each card was sent in memory of our daughter. It was the only way to manage the pain of a task I once loved.

I found myself absently leafing through the last of the pages. Though absorbed in my reminiscences, I had carefully avoided looking at the many pages of toy offerings – I knew I would pay a painful emotional price if I lingered there. Children’s clothing had to be desperately rushed by as well (though my well-trained eye caught the words “girl’s size fourteen” and stopped, despite all I could do...oh, Tracey). Housewares were fairly safe though uninteresting, and these last pages depicted a wide variety of novelty items. A pair of butterfly earrings captured my attention, turning my thoughts immediately to one of my Compassionate Friends – a truly loving friend – who adored butterflies.

“I could order these as a gift for her,” I thought, and the idea startled me. With the notable exception of the painful purchase of a toy last year for my beloved daughter, I had not sought out a gift for anyone since her death. As the thought took root and began to flourish, I felt my heart, so long frozen with grief, begin to warm.

Cautiously I pondered these emerging feelings. Was I ready for this? I was astonished to feel the ice encasing my heart begin to melt. Emboldened by the warm feelings of caring spreading through me, I looked more closely at the remaining pages of the catalog.

There! Another small item I was sure a second dear TCF friend would like. I found myself actually enjoying filling out the order form for both items.

Enjoying???? Did I really use that “word”?

Had the pain and uncompromising grief, always intensified at holiday time, abated somewhat? Was I truly feeling lighter, more able to cope? Did this mean, could it mean, that I might one day step back into the world when it donned its festive mantle?

I knew as I sat there I would always deeply love and ferociously miss my child...and I knew that grief would forever be a part of my life. Understanding that, might it still be possible to allow a small amount of holiday spirit to trickle into my life this year?

I think just for today I’ll hold onto that possibility, because today it seems I can imagine a less painful tomorrow. Today my heart contains a bit of warmth.

It feels good!



## SIBLING PAGE

### A Sibling's Reflections

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life really isn't always fair or predictable; that sometimes even my best stuff isn't good enough; and that from the day of her death, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor and to have a successful career and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss, I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all, I have been given the gift of time – time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with the priceless memories of my sister's life.

— Cathy Schanberger, BP/USA



### Don't Tell Me

Don't tell me that you understand,  
Don't tell me that you know,  
Don't tell me that I will survive,  
How I will surely grow.

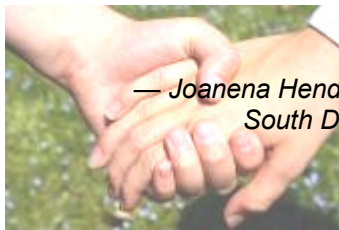
Don't tell me this is just a test,  
That I am only blessed,  
That I am chosen for this task,  
Apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers  
That can only come from me.  
Don't tell me how my grief will pass,  
That I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment  
Of the bond I must untie.  
Don't tell me how to suffer,  
Don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with selfishness,  
My pain is all I see,  
But I need you, I need your love,  
Unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,  
I need someone to share.  
Just hold my hand and let me cry,  
And say, "My friend, I care."



— Joanena Hendel, TCF  
South Dade, FL

### Alike

As I look in the mirror,  
I wonder if it's true,  
Is it true when people say,  
I look like you?

I know I have the pictures,  
And I have movies, too,  
But these do not help much,  
So do I look like you?

I never got to know you,  
I wonder if it's true,  
When my friends and family say,  
I look like you.

— Kelly Maxwell, TCF —  
Pikes Peak, CO



### On Your Birthday

I wrote the date this morning,  
Paused,  
And felt the room grow cold.

It always does

When I remember

All of it –

Down to the last petal

Tossed by winds

Above the upturned earth.

This time the child

Does not leave so easily.

It would have been your birthday.

Soon, I shall be

As old as you will ever be.

— Wanda Trawick, TCF  
Acme, PA



And if I go while you're still here... know that I live on, vibrating to a different measure, behind a thin veil you cannot see through. You will not see me, so you must have faith. I wait for the time when we soar together again, both aware of each other. Until then, live your life to its fullest and, when you need me, just whisper my name in your heart. I will be there.

— Emily Dickinson —



## Halloween

Halloween has always been a special holiday time. I regret that our son only had a one-time experience at this magical time of year. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his mask, how he said "thank you" without any coaxing.

Then I think of the parents whose child never had the opportunity, and I am grateful for that one time. It's hard watching all the other children trick-or-treating, and yet, there is something special about this season that comforts me. As I watch the trees around me, I am reminded that there is a beauty, even in their dying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breath-taking color scheme, and if you listen, a rustling in the air.

I believe there is a message in Fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of seasons, that our children now know far more beauty than we can even imagine. Like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in the spring, our children are not gone. They live!

— Nancy Cassell  
Monmouth County, NJ

## We Walked Together

We walked together, you and I  
A mother and her daughter.  
We had hopes and dreams for tomorrow.  
But tomorrow didn't come.  
We walked together, you and I,  
We talked, we laughed, we loved,  
We shared so many happy times  
And for that, I thank the Lord above.  
We walked together, you and I,  
But only for a short time.  
For all too soon it ended  
Leaving pieces of broken heart behind  
And even though I miss you,  
More than words can ever say,  
I thank God that I got to walk with you  
Every precious moment of every day...  
Love, Mom



— In loving memory of Kimberly Barrett, BP/USA  
Prince William, VA

## Just a Thought...A Clean House

Since my daughter died almost three years ago, my house is not as clean as it once was. I used to clean constantly; even the baseboards were dusted on a regular basis. When Malena died, I just did not have the energy to do as much housework, so I did what I could and hoped that no one would notice the baseboards. I also realize that my surviving children did not care how clean the house was, but they really seemed to enjoy that mommy spent more time with them, reading, talking, snuggling and playing.

Before Malena died, I felt that a clean house and dinner on the table were what made me a good mom. After she died, I wished for more time to read and play with her. I changed my priorities very quickly. The house will be clean when the children go to college or get married. I will never live in a Martha Stewart or Better Homes and Gardens house. A few weeks ago I was cleaning the house because guests were coming that night. I cleaned the common areas of the house, only what the guests would see, the rest would be hidden behind a closed door and a hope that no one would notice that I haven't dusted or mopped for awhile. As I cleaned, I realized that this house is now a reflection of my life.

My life fell apart when Malena died; I have worked to put it back together. The end result is a life that seems "normal" on the outside to the casual observer, but if you look real close, the hurt and pain are still there. What the world sees is a person who has triumphed over the death of her child, because they only glance. Those who look closely, in the cracks and crevices where the dust settles, see that there is forever a changed person, who will never be complete again until she is reunited with her child.

— Traci Cooley, BP/USA  
Tampa, FL



## The Bedroom Dilemma

There are many dilemmas affecting the life of a bereaved parent, but one that seems to cause one of the greatest amounts of stress and hand wringing is what we do with our children's (or sibling's or grandchild's) bedroom. My daughter Nina's room was her sanctuary—a very messy one at that. Much to my chagrin, the more clutter surrounding her, the better! However, as a teenager, that is where she could be found most often; lying on her daybed chatting on the phone with her friends, homework and soda cans scattered around her, clothes and shoes thrown every which way. Laughter emanated from her bedroom, my daughter's intermingled with her friends' shrieks of delight. Many evenings I sat on her bed as she told me of her adventures as a freshman at Park High, her latest crush, and regaled me with her tales of a day in the life of a typical 15-year-old girl. Much of my memories are to be found in that room, and the realization I would never have those experiences again with Nina were almost unbearable. Therefore, what I would do with her bedroom now that she was no longer here was of utmost importance to me.



Over the 12 plus years since Nina left this plane, and I have been a part of TCF sharing groups, I have heard various ways others have dealt with this issue. Interestingly, what seems to come into play again and again is what friends and family thought should be done with the child's room. More often than not, their school of thought is that we should empty it completely, give away their possessions, and change it into an office or guest bedroom just as quickly as possible. They believe keeping things as is are only constant reminders of our children's absence. In reality, we are thinking of them 24/7 anyway. Truly, they mean well and are only trying to find ways to help us. However, in the early stages of our grief most of us are not capable of making such an important decision, which is one that should be made only by us.

With our loved ones gone, once we change something, there is no going back. To clear away her things and depersonalize her room felt to me as if I was somehow removing her from my life. What I learned from seasoned bereaved parents was that what are perceived as painful memories of their absence, while in early grief, will, in time, become cherished memories we will want to hold onto. When the numbing brain fog lifts, we will more clearly begin to realize that, and only then make more rational decisions that are right for our situation.

I decided to leave Nina's room as it was, mostly from advice I received at a TCF meeting. I told myself that I would know when I was ready to tackle that decision. This is not always possible for everyone—maybe they had previously crowded conditions and needed that room for someone else or a variety of other reasons. What we need to remember again is that handling something like this is so personal; what feels right for one person may be entirely wrong for another. I think the key thing to remember is that if we are able to take our time, that we try not to make a snap decision. We had no control over the fact that our child died; this might be something that we can make a choice about when we are ready and able to do so.

In my case, I waited for seven years before redoing Nina's room. I tried to do it at one and a half years and then again at five years, and found that I just could not. When I finally did it at seven years, I took my time and spent many weeks sifting through her life. I cried a ton of tears, but at that stage I spent the majority of time smiling and laughing. I found things she wrote, what I call 'buried treasures,' that in the early stages would have set me back weeks because of its emotional impact, but years later brought me peace, and a deep personal understanding of Nina's thoughts that rekindled our close relationship.

I acknowledge that most people do not wait seven years to undertake the bedroom project; however, that is what worked for me. I made her room into a guest room that still included her daybed and many of her personal belongings. At that later stage, it became my private place where I would wrap myself in her handmade afghan, lie on her bed, look at the glow-in-the-dark stars on her ceiling (that are still there today), and I felt close to my daughter. The point here is that seven months or seven years, we must try not to let someone else force the issue, as well meaning as they may be, with something as important as what to do with our child's room. Everyone has different timetables. Only we will know what and when it is right for us.

— Cathy L. Seehuetter, TCF  
St. Paul, MN



## Remember Me

To the living, I am gone.  
 To the sorrowful, I will never return.  
 To the angry, I was cheated.  
 But to the happy, I am at peace.  
 I cannot speak, but I can listen.  
 I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.  
 So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful sea –  
 As you look upon a flower and smile at its simplicity –  
 Remember me.  
 Remember me in your heart,  
 Your thoughts, and your memories.  
 Of the times we loved,  
 The times we cried,  
 The times we fought,  
 The times we laughed.  
 For if you always think of me, I will never have gone.

— Author Unknown

## Wish

I wish you gentle days  
 And quiet nights.  
 I wish you memories  
 To keep you strong.

I wish you time to smile  
 And time for song.

And then I wish you friends  
 To give you love,  
 When you are hurt and lost  
 And life is blind.

I wish you friends and love  
 And peace of mind.

— Sascha Wagner

## What if God were the Sun?

When you love someone, you learn to count on that love always being there. Sometimes we don't appreciate the fact that it won't always be there. When a person dies, they're no longer with us to touch and hold. So, the gift of grief is God's way of dealing with the love we have for the person who has died. Many people think grief is a bad thing, but it isn't. Grief is a way to explore the depth of our feelings and emotions for a person who won't be in our lives in the way that we're used to having them. Think of grief as a placeholder for love, a reminder to us all that we're capable of feeling such a strong emotion.

Grief is the other side of love.

— John Edward  
 From his book "What if God were the Sun?"

## Our Children Remembered

Dakota Kelly Alder  
 Son of Denise and Robert Alder  
 October 20, 1990 - November 11, 2009

James "Jamie" William Henry Alexander  
 Son of Dave and Sue Alexander  
 Nephew of Jeanne Angier  
 October 12, 1970 - October 26, 1998

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

Ian Andrew Baggett Jr.  
 Son of Debbie and Scott Brengle  
 October 18, 1983 - October 27, 2007

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

Joseph Phillip Baressi IV  
 Son of Sandy and Joseph Baressi  
 October 26, 2002 - October 28, 2002

Lydia Suzanne Barr  
 Daughter of Cyndi Barr  
 October 15, 1996 - October 18, 1996

Jamie Bessling  
 Son of Judy and Ed Bessling  
 October 23, 1974 - September 23, 2002

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

Eric Reynolds Burns  
 Son of Beth Burns  
 October 20, 2000 - November 7, 2002

Hannah Lindley Campbell  
 Daughter of John and Cathi Campbell  
 October 10, 1992 - October 10, 1992

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

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

Tria Marie Castiglia  
 Daughter of Noel and Ann Castiglia  
 Sister of Carla Castiglia  
 July 6, 1963 - October 14, 1984



## Our Children Remembered

Raymmy Day  
 Son of Donna Day  
 Grandson of Ruby Russell  
 Nephew of Patricia Brightwell  
 November 11, 1968 - October 22, 2005

John Mario DeMichiei Jr.  
 Son of John and Linda DeMichiei  
 February 24, 1979 - October 23, 2008

Vincent Mark DiBerardinis  
 Son of Laura and Mark DiBerardinis  
 October 16, 1996 - June 14, 2002

Gary Lee Downey Jr.  
 Son of Pat and Gary Downey  
 Brother of Melissa Barnhart  
 October 30, 1980 - December 24, 2005

Bryan Clinton-Duvall Edwards Jr.  
 Son of Jenny Bush  
 October 28, 1988 - September 16, 2007

Christine Kelly Enders  
 9/26/86 – 10/15/08  
 Daughter of Alli and Holly Enders

Andrew George Eser  
 Son of Karl and Linda Eser  
 August 12, 1982 - October 10, 2000

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

Lisa Michelle Foster  
 Daughter of Audrey E. Foster  
 October 17, 1979 - October 11, 2003

Daniel Paul "Danny" Freeburger  
 Son of Melanie Freeburger  
 June 4, 1959 - October 20, 2007

Brandon Robert French  
 Son of Rhonda and Norman French  
 October 8, 1983 - July 29, 2006

Katie Fritz  
 Daughter of Carol Fritz  
 October 29, 1977 - February 27, 1993

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

Jennifer Marie Garvey  
 Daughter of Mark and Cheryl Sylce  
 November 4, 1983 - October 18, 1999

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

Krey Jermaine Green  
 Son of Brenda Diggs  
 July 31, 1984 - October 27, 2007

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

Romana Alice Hale  
 Sister of Bobbi Remines  
 October 8, 1948 - November 5, 1976

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

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

Eric William Herzberg  
 Son of Gina Barnhurst  
 June 7, 1986 - October 21, 2006

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

Ty'Lik De'Shawn Jenkins  
 Son of Tonya Lyons  
 July 28, 1999 - October 16, 2001

Mark Charles Knepper  
 Son of Pat and Joe Knepper  
 June 28, 1968 - October 17, 1988

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

Raymond Wilson Leager  
 Son of Tom and Betsy Leager  
 October 3, 1991 - October 3, 1991

Temple Sidney Leager  
 Daughter of Tom and Betsy Leager  
 October 3, 1991 - October 3, 1991

Andrea Jean Loatman  
 Daughter of Janet and John Hewitt  
 January 12, 1980 - October 5, 1999

Timothy Jarrett Mabe  
 Son of Marilyn Mabe  
 October 29, 1977 - February 18, 2001

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

Julia Milesky  
 Daughter of Stanley Milesky  
 October 26, 1986 - November 22, 2003

Calvin Russell Miller  
 Laura and Curtis Miller  
 October 11, 2003 – October 11, 2003

Kyle Brenner Millman  
 Son of Susan Millman  
 October 27, 1976 – June 10, 1989

John Carl Moreland  
 Son of Debbie and Fred Moreland  
 November 7, 1981 - October 28, 2007

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

Chad William Muehlhauser  
 Son of Paula and Bill Muehlhauser  
 October 3, 1983 - September 16, 1992

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

## Our Children Remembered

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

Connor S. "Jag" Persons  
Son of Deirdre Persons  
June 19, 1990 - October 16, 2002

John Christopher Poe  
Son of Sharon and Ben Poe  
October 12, 1967 - September 24, 2001

Jayla Monet Powell  
Daughter of Dorie Powell  
Granddaughter of Doris Powell  
September 26, 1998 - October 22, 2005

Robert William Rey II  
Friend of Peggy Smeltzer  
September 14, 1965 - October 2, 2003

Tanager Rú Ricci  
Son of Kathy Franklin  
October 19, 1977 - February 16, 2004

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

David John Rose  
Son of Carol Rose McAuliffe  
October 21, 1969 - September 1, 1988

Thomas "Tommy" Richard Short  
Son of Karen Short  
September 25, 1997 - October 16, 1997

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

Deonte Joseph Simms  
Grandson of Deborah Simms  
October 1, 1981 - September 9, 2001

Jami Leigh Smith  
Daughter of Deannie and Gerry Smith  
October 19, 1977 - September 30, 1987

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

Marshall Maurice Tullier  
Son of Martin and Kathryn Tullier  
October 29, 1986 - November 10, 1986

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

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

Kevin Michael Wengert  
Son of Debbie and David Wengert  
October 2, 1987 - September 3, 2005

Grant Alan Williams  
Son of Mark and Randy Williams  
October 25, 2000 - October 25, 2000

Hope Marie Williams  
Daughter of Nicole Hawkins  
September 26, 1998 - October 6, 1998

Samuel Mark Williams  
Son of Mark and Randy Williams  
October 25, 2000 - October 25, 2000

Ashley Jayné Younger  
Daughter of Stephanie Younger  
October 12, 1990 - September 28, 2008

*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 [tbelt@nahbrc.com](mailto:tbelt@nahbrc.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:

Barry and Elizabeth Aiken in memory of their grandsons Jon Russell and James William Aiken

Stephen Blaine and Clare Harig-Blaine in memory of their son Galen Andrew Blaine

Robert Bramhall in memory of his daughter Christine Elaine Bramhall

Bob and Sandi Burash in memory of their son Paul John Burash

Rose Marie Carnes in memory of her son Walter Maynard IV

Chris and Janice Kunkel in memory of their son Jason Easter

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

George and Cathy Schindler in memory of Emily Schindler

Mary Studham in memory of Melissa Ireland Frainie, Brandon French, Eric Herzberg, Kenneth Merson, and Nikolai MacDaniel Spice

James and Margaret Williford in memory of their granddaughter Victoria

# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

[www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)

### RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

*NEXT MEETING October 7, 2010*



#### UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

##### Signs from our Children

**Thursday, October 7, 2010**

Jayne Howard Feldman will speak on the many signs and signals from loved ones/children in spirit. Jayne has been communing with angels since the age of 11. She is author of Commune with Angels, Driving under the Influence of Angels, and Angels by My Side.

##### Getting through the Holidays

**Thursday, November 4, 2010**

The holidays, particularly those in November and December, can be very challenging for bereaved parents. Come and listen to other bereaved parents, who will offer suggestions for preparing for and dealing with holidays and other special days.

##### Service of Remembrance

**Sunday, December 5, 2010**

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

##### National Candle Light Vigil

3:30 p.m., Sunday, October 24, 2010

Sean T. Connaughton Plaza, Prince William, VA  
In memory of those lost to drug and alcohol related incidents and those suffering from the disease of addiction; sponsored by the Narcotics Overdose Prevention and Education Task Force.

#### RESOURCES

Bereaved Parents of the USA

[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org) or 708-748-7866

Hospice of the Chesapeake

[www.hospicechesapeake.org](http://www.hospicechesapeake.org) or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center

[www.mdcrimevictims.org](http://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](http://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](mailto:pjbspmd@gmail.com) or 443.566.0193.