



# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

December 2011

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### Wintersun

There are those days in winter  
When your world is frozen into a vision of eternal ice,  
When earth and air are strangers to each other,  
When sound and color seem forever gone.

There are those days in winter  
When you feel like dying.  
When life itself surrenders you to anguish,  
To total mourning and to endless grief.

And then it happens – from the bitter sky,  
A timid sun strides to his silent battle  
Against the gray and hostile universe –  
It changes ice to roses, sky to song.

And then it happens that your heart recalls  
Some distant joy, a gladness from the past.  
A slender light at first, then larger, braver,  
Until your mind returns to hope and peace.

Let memories be beauty in your life,  
Like song and roses in the winter sun.

— Sascha Wagner



### Announcing the Chapter's Gift Giving

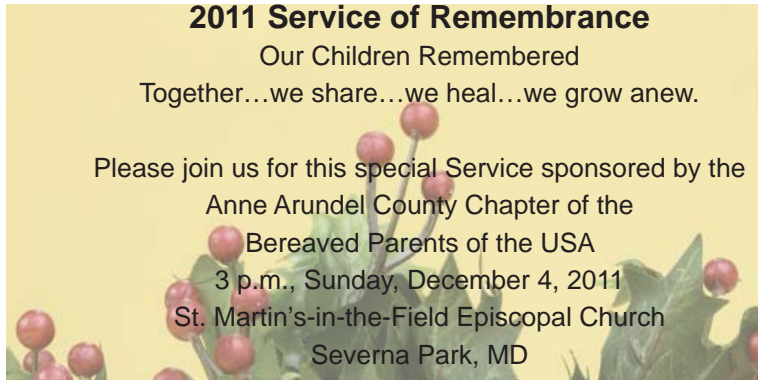
For many mourning the loss of a child, holidays are difficult days, and gift giving loses its luster. This year, consider buying a gift in memory of your child and bringing it to our monthly meeting in DECEMBER. We'll donate these "love gifts" to children in need through local charities. Doing good deeds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



### 2011 Service of Remembrance

Our Children Remembered  
Together...we share...we heal...we grow anew.

Please join us for this special Service sponsored by the  
Anne Arundel County Chapter of the  
Bereaved Parents of the USA  
3 p.m., Sunday, December 4, 2011  
St. Martin's-in-the-Field Episcopal Church  
Severna Park, MD



George and Kathy Ireland in memory of  
**Melissa Ireland Frainie**  
December 12, 1971 – February 12, 2007

It was a happy day you were born, and it is a happy day to celebrate and smile at the years of memories with you that we treasure in our hearts. You gave us smiles, laughs and times we just had to shake our heads. Happy 40th Birthday Missy!

Now, how can we not smile at this face...so very Missy!  
Love you and miss you! Mom, Dad & Lisa



## Next Meeting: December 1, 2011

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

Sharing groups – 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.



Submissions for the January newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by December 1.  
Send an email to: [newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](mailto:newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org).

Chapter Leader: Terre Belt  
410.721.1359  
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Kathy Ireland  
Eryn Lowe

Treasurer: Fran Palmer

Correspondence & Hospitality: Rick & 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 (and information about your purchase is not shared with the Chapter), but it does earn the Chapter a commission from Amazon. It's an easy way for you to support our Chapter's activities.

Go to the Chapter's home page, click on the butterflies on the welcome page, and then scroll down the first page to the bottom, where there is an Amazon.com graphic that takes you to Amazon's site. Entering Amazon's site in this manner – through the

Chapter's website – ultimately credits the Chapter with the five percent commission on any purchases that follow. Thanks in advance for your help!



Would you like to sponsor the Chapter's newsletter or website ([www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](http://www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org)) for one month in memory of your child? It's a wonderful way to honor your child's memory – to say his or her name for all the world to hear -- while providing financial support to the Chapter and its many activities offered to all those mourning the loss of a child.

Newsletter sponsorship is \$75 and website sponsorship is \$25. Just send an email to Chapter Leader Terre Belt ([tbelt@nahbrc.com](mailto:tbelt@nahbrc.com)), or call her at 410-721-1359, or sign up at a monthly meeting. Say Their Names!!! And help the Chapter, too!

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

## Dreams

I love to dream about Michael. It makes me feel so good. I can see his face, hear his voice, and the dreams are always of him at different ages.

Dreams are so real; they make it hard to believe he's not still here. The only hard part about them is that I have to awaken from them.

PS – This is for all the parents who also have dreams about their children; for the dreams are a small gift to us.

— Margie O'Malley, BP/USA  
Anne Arundel County, MD  
*In loving memory of her son Michael O'Malley*



## Holiday Reflections

Christmas and Hanukkah are upon us once more. December is an emotionally laden month for most adults. We pause and ponder the meaning of "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men." We overflow with nostalgia for holidays past. We touch base with our beliefs, rituals, traditions and treasured memories. In passing on this heritage to our children, we are like conduits connecting past, present and future.



It is a bit of immortality, a sense of tradition flowing from generation to generation. It is this very essence of the holidays that stabs at the hearts of bereaved parents. Our children represent the future. We may wonder what is the point of tradition with so many pieces of the future dead. Each grieving parent must struggle to answer that question effectively in order to establish a framework for the holiday season. Since we cannot ignore it or make it go away, we can deal with the



situation by making specific plans with our families. We can assess priorities. We can make changes. We can decide which traditions to uphold and which to set aside this year. We can choose to acknowledge our grief and our children openly. We can think about some very special gifts.

To ourselves we can grant the gift of acceptance by realizing that our grief is a necessary healing process. To our families, we can extend the gift of empathy by remembering that they, too, hurt. To our missing children, we can bestow the gift of homage by determining to work through grief so that we may live life to the fullest.

— Candy McLaughlin  
Minneapolis, MN

## The Holidays Now

I was handed a package the other day.  
It was wrapped securely to be mailed away.  
Attached to the outside as plain as could be  
Was a simple note for all to see.



Please rush through the holiday season;  
Too painful to open for any reason.  
Contained within, find one broken heart –  
Fragile, broken, falling apart.

Tried to go shopping the other day;  
The hype of the season blew me away.

Sat down to write cards,  
That was insane.  
Couldn't find the list  
Or think of my name.

People say,  
"Come over, be of good cheer."  
"Celebrate the holidays,  
Prepare a New Year."

But my grief overwhelms me  
Like waves in the sea.  
Can they cope with my crying,  
An unsettled me?

I don't have any holiday cheer.  
Decorations, traditions, big family meal  
I can't do this year.  
Do you know how I feel?

Guilty and frustrated!  
I've let everyone down!  
Our holiday celebrations  
Used to be the best in town.

So just ship me away  
Address unknown.  
When my grief is better  
I might fly home.

— Mary J. Pinkava



### A Candle for Peter

This time is for remembering,  
To look within my heart  
And feel again the joy I knew  
When you were here with us.

Everyone's so busy now –  
I need this peaceful time,  
A time to simply think of you,  
To let those memories  
Of happiness and silliness,  
Of frustrations and fears,  
Of little family rituals  
And the sound of your laughter  
Come back to me.



And as I light the candle  
And as I say your name,  
I'm glad  
That even though the time was short,  
We were together.  
I am your mother,  
You are my son,  
And I'm thankful.

This ceremony is my gift  
To myself –  
A quiet time  
To hold you in my thoughts,  
To keep you part of my Christmas  
Every year.

— Diane Ambil, TCF  
Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada

### How Many Stockings Shall I Hang?

What a torment! Funny how you worry what your friends will think. For days I worried. And finally I hung three upon the fireplace wall and laid one gently on the mantel. But that was last year! And this year I shall hang all four above the fireplace. For this year the confusion of the mind has found new answers – with conviction! For it does not really matter whether my oldest daughter lives in Tucson, or my youngest son is dead – these are my Children – our family – and as long as we hang the Christmas stockings, we shall hang them all...with love.

— Author Unknown



### A Terrible Blow

The loss of a loved one is often referred to as a "blow." That is exactly what it is, an emotional blow that affects the spirit the same way that a crushing blow on the head affects the body. For a while you are going to be dazed. None of your reactions will be as in normal life. In a way, this numbness is a merciful thing because it deadens the psychic pain while it lasts, but no one who has lost a loved one should expect to feel the same as always, or apologize for behavior that is temporarily erratic or different.

— Norman Vincent Peale

~ Grief is not a mental illness. It just feels that way sometimes. ~

— Ann Kaiser Stearns

# SIBLING PAGE

## We Light a Candle

We light a candle for you today;  
 So that your death may light our way.  
 You left your life behind too soon,  
 Now your light shines by the moon.  
 A star, an angel you were meant to be,  
 No longer able to stay with me.  
 God called you back but you left so much,  
 You'll never know the lives you've touched.  
 A child's life gone by too fast,  
 The memories left are built to last.  
 So as the candle's light shines through,  
 We'll remember those we once knew.

— *Sierra Valencia, TCF*



## First Holiday

We lit a candle today,  
 To fill the empty place  
 Where you should be  
 But are not...  
 I stood with my hands cupping the flame  
 And felt the heat...  
 The energy...  
 Empty space between the fire and flesh  
 Nothing visible – Nothing to see...  
 And yet I knew it was there –  
 The energy touched my skin.  
 And so it was with you today.  
 Nothing visible – nothing to see.  
 And yet I knew you were here.  
 Your energy touched my heart.

— *Sandy Goodman*

## To Those Who Don't Know

If you could imagine the loneliest moment in your entire life, remember exactly how your body felt in the moment, empty those feelings into an expanding pill and swallow it, then you could begin to imagine what it feels like to live through loss.

I have one hand in happiness, the memories we made together, and one hand in isolation, the world without my brother. I constantly push and pull in an attempt to firmly remember, yet triumphantly live, a positive life.

— *Scott Mastley, Canton, MI*

## Yesterday/Today

Yesterday I was angry  
 At you, at God, at me, at everyone.  
 Yesterday my heart was filled with grief,  
 Sadness, emptiness, confusion, denial.  
 Yesterday I broke down, gave up on life, me.

Today I have a new understanding,

A stronger faith,  
 A stronger heart,  
 A stronger soul.

Today I still miss you,  
 Need you, love you.  
 Today I smiled, laughed, and loved.

Yesterday my soul almost died.  
 Today your soul saved mine.

— *Tracey Gadbois, TCF  
 Fort Lauderdale, FL*



## *Our Children Remembered*

Cito Arán

Son of Sandra Arán

December 2, 1978 - July 11, 2000

David Sheridan Astle

Son of John and Jayne Astle

October 21, 1974 - December 6, 1997

Matthew Stephen Auer

Son of Carol and Steve Auer

December 11, 1982 - May 4, 2004

Nicholas Allen Bowling

Grandson of Jack and Audrey Bagby

December 27, 1979 - July 31, 1985

Christine Elaine Bramhall

Daughter of Robert and Patricia Bramhall

December 21, 1961 - May 9, 1981

Herbert John Buzby

Son of Gerlinda Coleman

December 31, 1961 - December 19, 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

Gary A. Camponovo

Son of Claire Redmon

October 21, 1964 - December 7, 2009

Joseph R. De Meo Jr.

Son of Rebecca and Joseph De Meo

May 25, 1966 - December 11, 1985

Gary Lee Downey Jr.

Son of Pat and Gary Downey

October 30, 1980 - December 24, 2005

Tyler A. Dudley

Son of Julie Cremen

December 29, 2000 - February 23, 2001

Rebecca Lynn Faires

Daughter of Georgia Nelsen

March 16, 1985 - December 18, 2003

Christina Ann Fisher

Daughter of Rick and Carol Wilson

December 17, 1985 - June 30, 2001

Melissa Ireland Frainie

Daughter of Kathy and George Ireland

December 12, 1971 - February 12, 2007

Brian Christopher Gray

Son of Mary Gray

Grandson of Peggy Campbell

July 26, 1987 - December 10, 2007

Phillip Wayne Gray Jr.

Son of Joan Gray

July 8, 1970 - December 22, 1986

Michael Thompson Heany

Son of Frank and Jean Heany

February 7, 1973 - December 23, 2004

Mallory Heffernan

Daughter of Dianne and Edmund Heffernan

December 19, 1985 - April 18, 2003

Kole William Hoffman

Son of Erin and Jim McKinney McDonald

December 23, 2007 - March 7, 2010

Kurt Willard Johnson

Son of Willard and Marian Johnson

December 9, 1963 - August 11, 2003

Damian Antwan Johnson

Son of Joycelyn Jones

September 21, 1986 - December 10, 2005

Gary Wayne Keats

Son of Delores Shuey

December 3, 1964 - March 8, 2004

Michael Robert Legér

Son of Daryl and Elizabeth Legér

July 11, 1986 - December 29, 2000

Joseph A. Miller

Son of Mary J. Miller

Brother of Marlene Miller

December 13, 1956 - May 12, 1977

## Our Children Remembered

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

David M Murnane  
Son of Jennifer Murnane  
March 7, 1987 - December 9, 2008

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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*This is for all the caterpillars that never became butterflies.  
All the butterflies that never caught the wind in their wings.  
And all the hearts that had hopes and dreams of a  
wondrous flight together.*

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:

**DONATIONS:**

A decorative background featuring several butterflies in various colors (orange, purple, blue, yellow) scattered across the page, primarily behind the list of donations.

Barry & Elizabeth Aiken in memory of Jon Russell Aiken and James William Aiken  
Phil & Madeline Ammon in memory of Christopher Thomas Ammon  
Douglas & Shirley Baer in memory of Douglas L. Baer III  
John & Terre Belt in memory of Courtney Belt & Traci Heincelman  
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Don & Karen Coulson in memory of Craig Steven Nelson  
John & Mary Linda DeMichiei in memory of John Mario DeMicheie, Jr.  
Alain & Mary Louise de Sarran in memory of Elizabeth de Sarran  
Dave & Jill Dumort in memory of Jack Dumont  
Marie Dyke in memory of Michelle Marie Dyke  
Alli & Holly Enders in memory of Christine Kelly Enders  
Joseph & Susan Errichiello in memory of Joseph F. Errichiello  
Aurelia Ferraro in memory of Jeff Baldwin  
Roman David Ferrer in memory of R. Daniel Ferrer  
Carol Fritz in memory of Katie Fritz  
Karen F. Gale in memory of Thomas Richard Short  
Jerry & Pam Haley in memory of Brian Jeffrey Haley  
Betty Hodges in memory of Charles Marshall Hodges  
Leroy & Jeanne Jones in memory of Brian Keith Jones, Jeremy Scott Jones, and Roger Wallace Johnson  
Robert & Susan Katz in memory of Matthew James Katz  
Judith Krouse in memory of Bryan Adam Krouse  
John & Judy Leese in memory of Karen Leese Stevens  
David & Maryann Lombardo in memory of David Lombardo  
Don & Kathleen McGlew in memory of Jennifer L. Hamilton  
Donald & Norma Melcher and Cheryl Lewis in memory of Brian Richard Melcher  
Rosemary Mild in memory of Miriam Luby Wolfe  
Sharon Poe in memory of John Christopher Poe  
Robert & Linda Rasmussen in memory of Steven Craig Rasmussen  
Suzzette Reid in memory of Kenneth "Chuckie" Jones  
Bobbi Remines in memory of Joseph William Remines and Romana Alice Hale  
Joanna Salgado in memory of Kelly Shultz  
Lydin Sanders in memory of Andre Marc Sanders  
Tom & Joyce Schall in memory of Jeffrey Schall  
Benjamin & Sharon Skarzynski in memory of Jason Edward Skarzynski  
Dolores Spirt-Rayment in memory of Gary David Spirt  
Lewis & Peggy Strader in memory of Christopher Lewis Strader  
Lorraine Tarr in memory of Russell Joseph Tarr  
Chuck & Marta Williams in memory of Matthew Tyler Williams  
Jimmy & Mary Ellen Young in memory of Zachary Daniel Robertson



## Christmas Memories

When snowflakes dance on winter winds  
And colored lights shine Christmas cheer,  
When children's laughter fills the air  
And families gather from far and near,  
I try to celebrate with them  
And not let my hurting show.  
But the empty space within my heart  
At this season seems to grow,  
Till oftentimes it fills the days  
And many nighttimes, too,  
With aching thoughts and memories  
Of Christmases I spent with you.

Yes, memories do hurt, it's true,  
But I have this feeling, too:  
I'm so glad I hold these memories,  
For with them I hold a part of you.  
So, for now, I'll wipe away the tears  
And join with loved ones dear  
To celebrate this Christmas time,  
For I know that in my heart you are here.

— Arden Lansing, TCF  
Monmouth County, NJ

## A Solitary Journey

Grief is a solitary journey. No one but you  
knows the gaping hole left in your life when  
someone you know has died.

And no one but you can mourn the silence that  
was once filled with laughter and song.

It is the nature of love and death to touch every person in a totally  
unique way.

Comfort comes from knowing that people have made the same  
journey.

And solace comes from understanding how others have learned to  
sing again.

— Helen Steiner Rice



## Life is a Simple Walk in the Woods

I was told the “first year” would be the hardest. I set my sights on surviving through the first anniversary of Ross’ death, telling myself that it would be all downhill from there. If I could just keep going long enough to scale the summit!

Everyone talked about that “path of grief” being full of ups and downs, hills and valleys. “You can’t go around it; you HAVE to go through it!” I was surprised to find that my path was occasionally littered with small remains of Ross’ life – a Power Ranger, the Lion King, a box of Raisin Bran. It hurt when I stumbled upon them, but I picked them up and cherished them, carrying them on my way.

I was also told that my husband and I would not walk the same path. We started out fine, trudging through the woods, holding hands, telling ourselves that we’d spent 16 years together, we’d be just fine. His path slowly led away from mine, but seemed to run parallel for a time. I’d catch a glimpse of him in the woods every once in a while.

Then came that fateful First Anniversary. I scaled that mountain! I sat on top of the enormous peak, congratulating myself on a job well done. I sat there all alone with my pile of Mickey Mouse clothes, little cars, and well meaning friends. I had done it! It was incredibly hard work, insurmountable at times, but here I was – still alive, without my child!

Without my child. I felt my heart grow cold as I surveyed the path ahead: the rest of my life. The terrain was just as treacherous as the past 12 months! I guess I expected it to be sunlit fields of flowers from then on. After all, everyone had said, “Just get through that first year.” I didn’t know I had to do this forever!

I sat on that peak for quite some time. I yelled at God for awhile, I hugged all my son’s treasures that I’d carried with me (his precious memory warming my cold heart), and I searched for any other movement in the valley below. In the distance, I could see other peaks along my path, some perhaps as tall as the one upon which I sat. I also began to see a tiny clearing where the sun was shining. As my tears slowed, I noticed other paths winding through the landscape – hundreds of them – each belonging to a different parent.

I carefully packed my treasures in my heart, storing them with care so that none would break, and started running downhill, headlong into the second year of forever.

— Peg Rosar-Thompson  
Babylon, NY



### My Son is Not Gone...He is Everywhere

I see him in a silvery snowflake  
And in a warm drop of rain.  
I see him in a blade of grass  
And the movement of the leaves.

I see him on a snow-covered mountain  
And in the sparkling stream.  
I hear him in the laughter of little children.

I see him in a soft furry kitten  
And in a playful puppy.  
I see him in a summer sunset  
And on a crisp winter morning.

I see him in a happy smile  
And a friendly hello.  
I see him in the blue sky  
And the full moon at night.

I see him in a shiny new jeep  
And in a beat-up pickup truck.  
I hear him in a pretty song  
And the whistling of the wind.

I see him in his sisters' tears  
And in his dad's sad eyes and gray hair.  
I see him in his little boy's face  
And I feel him in my heart, forever.

My son is not gone  
He is everywhere.

— Lillian Poulsen, BP/USA  
*A Journey Together, Winter 1996*

### Like a Song

Like a song that remains in the heart when the music is playing no more,  
Like a fragrance that stays in the air where a flower has blossomed before,  
Like a star that continues to glow long after the breaking of dawn,  
The ones we have loved remain with us still,  
And the beautiful memories go on.

— Gibson cards  
Cleveland, OH

### Panache – November 5, 2009

While I was working out the other day, the pastor asked how I was doing with Matt's death. Raised in a German family who would say they were fine if their arm was falling off, I was of course fine. But the question raised some interesting thoughts. If you mean am I eating, sleeping, exercising more normally, I am. If you mean do I cry less and laugh more, I do. If you are asking if I've reached closure, the answer is another story.



Several years ago, I was teasing the quarterback that he should try softball. The girls could help his throwing motion. In response, he tossed me a pass. As the ball sped towards me, I raised my right hand to catch the pass. Bam, the ball hit me in the face. I'd forgotten that my right arm was frozen.

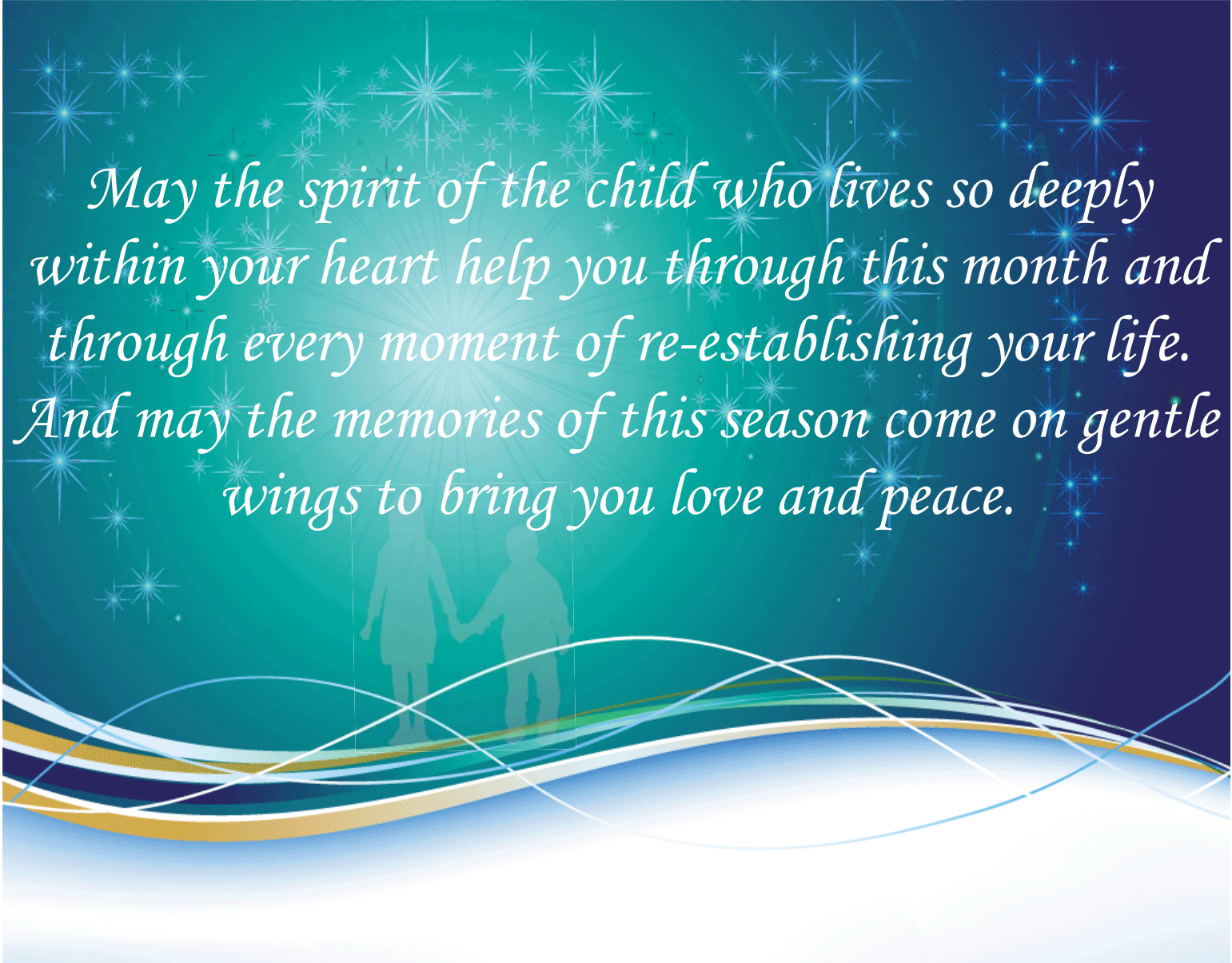
Now, I'm not crazy. If I'd been filling out forms in the doctor's office, I would have included a frozen right shoulder, but my actual reaction was to use the arm which wasn't there anymore.

That's where I am with Matt. I still get the urge to call and talk wrestling. I start to write him a note describing class. When we beat L-C, I had to share the night with him. When Laura passed her nursing test, I couldn't wait to share. Matt is very much a part of my daily life. I'm not crazy. The only hugs I get are from my memory, but Matt will always be a part of me. Buddhists understand. We all share multiple planes and although Matt's body is gone, we are joined at many overlapping levels. Frost said, "The grave is lovely, dark, and deep, but I have miles to go before I sleep, miles to go before I sleep." Someday we will share all planes.

Today, I'm better.

— Keith Swett  
Seymour, WI





*May the spirit of the child who lives so deeply within your heart help you through this month and through every moment of re-establishing your life. And may the memories of this season come on gentle wings to bring you love and peace.*

# 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)

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*NEXT MEETING: December 1, 2011*



### Time sensitive

**Must be delivered by NOVEMBER 28, 2011**

#### UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

##### Introducing Our Children

**Thursday, December 2, 2011**

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

##### Happy New Year, or Is It?

**Thursday, January 5, 2012**

Beginning a new year without our deceased children with us physically can be very challenging. The January program will focus on looking ahead to the new year, as we continue to deal with the loss of our children.

##### Service of Remembrance

**Sunday, December 4, 2011 @ 3 p.m.**

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

##### Worldwide Candle Lighting

**Sunday, December 11, 2011 @ 7 p.m.**

Sponsored by the Compassionate Friends  
([www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org))

#### 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

##### **The Compassionate Friends of Prince George's County**

Meetings are on the second Thursday of each month at 7 p.m.,  
United Parish of Bowie, 2515 Mitchellville Road, Bowie, MD

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at [pjbस्पmd@gmail.com](mailto:pjbस्पmd@gmail.com) or 443.566.0193.