



# Bereaved Parents of the USA

## Anne Arundel County Chapter

February 2011

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### Love Always Remembers

May tender memories soften your grief,  
May fond recollections bring you relief,  
And may you find comfort and peace in the thought.

For time and space can never divide  
Or keep your loved one from your side.  
When memory paints in colors true  
The happy hours that belonged to you.

— Helen Steiner Rice

### I Will Love You...Always

As long as I can dream,  
As long as I can think,  
As long as I have a memory,  
I will love you...always.

As long as I have eyes to see,  
And ears to hear,  
And lips to speak,  
I will love you...always.



As long as I have a heart to feel,  
A soul stirring within me,  
An imagination to hold you,  
I will love you...always.

As long as there is time,  
As long as there is love,  
As long as I have a breath  
To speak your name,  
I will love you...always.

— Daniel Haughian  
TCF Newsletter, 1993

***As we release the Spirit...We hold onto the Love.  
May Love be what you remember most.***

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Donald and Charlotte Scott in memory of  
**Michelle Inez Scott**  
February 1, 1969 – May 1, 1987

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



In Loving Memory

We will always remember and hold close in  
our hearts those bright smiles, that special  
twinkle in your eyes, your quirkiness, and  
most of all, the absolute abundance of love  
that you spent your life giving to others.  
Four years...a lifetime ago, just yesterday.

Love you forever, Mis!

Dad, Mom, Lisa and all of your family



## Next Meeting: February 3, 2011

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.

Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

**Stages of Grief as portrayed by Music** – Some bereaved parents find that music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. A bereaved father will discuss the stages of grief and will illustrate songs that relate to these stages. Members are urged to bring CDs or cassette tapes with music they have found particularly meaningful and helpful as they deal with their grief. We will use these as part of the discussion in some of our sharing groups.

**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 March newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by February 1.  
Send an email to: [newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org](mailto:newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org).

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Hospitality: Carol Tomaszewski

Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic



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!

**Inclement weather on a meeting night? Our meeting is cancelled if Phase 1 of the Snow Emergency Plan is in effect that same day at 5:00 p.m.**

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

## Our Hero, Our Son

You lived your life fully and you made us so proud. You gave life your all and with determination, you experienced a variety of things. Sometimes, you discovered that you had a unique talent, a gift, grace. Other times, you toughed it through, held your head high and made the most of difficulties.

We gaze at old photos of you and remember many of these times. We were your audience, spectators but much more. Always close by, we were resting in your pocket, right next to your heart. We could feel the beating, sense your tension and we shared in your relief when a hard moment was ending and you had done your very best.

Our lives have meaning thanks to you. Now we're going on but we'll always reflect back to all of our times with you. We are so thankful for all of the time that we were given as your proud parents. And, while we never knew that you would leave our sight so soon, we will never forget you and will always give thanks for the tender love that you gave to us.

*Clare Harig-Blaine, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County  
In loving memory of her son, Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine*

### Shine Your Light

The cry of the city's like a siren's song  
Wailing over the rooftops the whole night long  
Saw a shooting star like a diamond in the sky  
Must be someone's soul passing by.

These are the streets  
Where you used to run.  
These are the days  
Where you became what you became.

These are the streets  
Where the story's told.  
The truth unfolds,  
Darkness settles in.

Shine your light down on me.  
Lift me up so I can see.  
Shine your light when you're gone.  
Give me the strength to carry on.

Didn't wanna be a hero,  
Just an everyday man.  
Tried to do the very best  
But, was living on borrowed time.

Out on the rim, over the line.  
Tempted fate, life was a game of chance.  
Didn't stick around to the very last dance.  
Sometimes you stumbled and took a hard fall.  
Then you lost your grip, fell down off of the wall.

Shine your light down on me  
Lift me up so I can see  
Shine your light when you're gone  
Give me the strength to carry on.

I thought I saw you walking by the side of the road.  
Maybe trying to find your way home.  
You're here but not here.  
You're gone but not gone.

Just hope you know when I get lost and you'll -  
Shine your light down on me.  
Lift me up so I can see.  
Shine your light when you're gone.  
Give me the strength to carry on.

— *Robbie Robertson*



### Childless

Suddenly, we are childless. The new and total silence in our lives is unbroken. The lack of surviving children is but one additional heartbreaking issue that initially deepens our devastation. However our children have died, the joy we knew in sharing their lives is forever gone. Many question the value of existence. These feelings may last for months, even years, as we move through bereavement. It is important to remember that these thoughts and feelings are normal.

Although these early months and years seem endless and the anguish bottomless, we can slowly get better. Those of us who shared this experience know that with effort and slowly emerging resolve, we can make progress. Although many of us will remain childless, we have sought and embraced healing. Our lives may not be what we had planned, but living can still hold beauty, joy and peace.

Are we still parents? We who are without surviving children find our own parental identity suddenly questioned because we no longer practice parenting. Ultimately, however, we realize that we are forever parents. The memories of our children and the love that we shared with them live on, a part of us always. During early bereavement, memories can be extremely painful. In the years beyond bereavement, our memories, while bittersweet at times, are usually sources of comfort and even joy.

Memories. Do not be afraid to keep the memories of your child alive. It is possible to take moments of the past and make them a part of today and tomorrow. You may find it comforting to wear some article of clothing or a favorite piece of jewelry that your child once wore. You might choose bits and pieces that were a part of your child's life and make a collage or a quilt to hang in your home. Even a favorite toy on a shelf is a way to ensure that your child's memory is a tangible presence in your daily life.

— *BP/USA, Los Angeles*



## Love and Hope

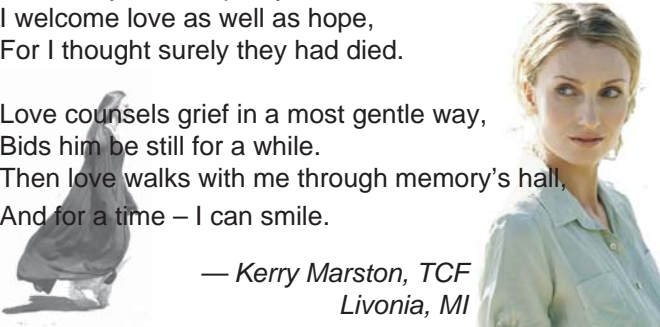
On a cold winter day, the sun went out,  
Grief walked in to stay.  
I turned away from the unwanted guest  
And bid him on his way.

Grief was merciless, he brought his friends,  
Loneliness, fear and despair.  
They walked these rooms, unceasingly,  
In the sober cloaks they wear.

Every so often now, love pays a call.  
She always has hope by her side.  
I welcome love as well as hope,  
For I thought surely they had died.

Love counsels grief in a most gentle way,  
Bids him be still for a while.  
Then love walks with me through memory's hall,  
And for a time – I can smile.

— Kerry Marston, TCF  
Livonia, MI



## Walking in the Shadow of My Child

Wherever I go,  
I walk with his shadow on my being.  
I am clothed in a coloration  
Not visible to the naked eye.  
It casts an unexpected influence  
On how I carry myself as  
I journey through life.  
It clouds my way of looking at things;  
Forces perspectives  
Which I didn't know were  
A part of my psyche.  
The shade of grayness through which  
I now view things absorbs some  
Of the radiances which I experience.  
Yet my shadow comes not from the valley of death,  
But from my child  
Being closer to the light.

— Ed Kuzela, TCF  
Atlanta, GA



## A Child Unborn

I knew within my heart  
That I would bear a boy.  
All the while I carried you  
I lived in a world filled with joy.

And when I was sick because of you,  
I'd think of the day you would live.  
That, within me, I was building a life,  
Some suffering for me wasn't much to give.

I dreamed of what you would look like,  
And what you would someday be.  
But most of all the things I wanted most,  
Was to hear you say "Mommy."

But you didn't reach the breath of life,  
And I find it hard to deal.  
People can't seem to understand  
That the child I lost was real.

I know it isn't true  
As I sit and grieve and mourn  
That you were "just" a miscarriage  
A child never born.

You were here and made a memory  
Before you were called on by the Lord.  
And I will always remember you  
As my son that I adored.

— Cindy Cummings, BP/USA  
CSRA Chapter



## Dove with a Broken Wing

While walking down a usual path  
to welcome in the spring,  
I chanced upon a graceful dove  
who had a broken wing.  
She looked so out of place to me,  
helpless on the ground;  
And as I moved to where she lay,  
I heard her mournful sound.  
My heart was burdened by the thought  
that I could do no good;  
She seemed to sense that I would help,  
if I only could.  
I gently held her to my breast  
as minutes turned to hours;  
And knew her life was slipping past  
as we sat among the flowers.

I begged her to forgive me  
for the things I could not do;  
And promised her that "If I could,  
I'd give my wings to you."  
I glanced above and found her friends  
that circled in the skies;  
Then noticed that my wounded dove  
had closed her gentle eyes.  
One cannot change the way of things,  
I thought as I made her grave;  
Nor is a single moment yours  
to stop the clock and save.  
Then as I walked away from her,  
I heard an angel sing;  
And knew someday I'd meet again  
my dove with the broken wing.

— Larry Wood  
TCF, Edmond, OK



# SIBLING PAGE



## Sibling Grief

People think we are fine, you know.  
They say, "Oh, siblings heal so fast."  
But they don't know the empty feelings,  
Or our longing for the past.

People think we are fine, you know.  
"Look how they've resumed their lives," they say.  
But, they don't know of our troubled hearts,  
Or the loneliness from day to day.

People think we are fine, you know.  
"See how they are getting over it?" they surmise.  
But, they don't know that we have  
Learned to laugh and smile,  
Only to complete  
Our broken heart's disguise.

— Mary Matthews, TCF  
Fort Lauderdale, FL

## Is This a Dream?

My brother, Sean, died seven years ago. Over the year leading up to this anniversary I have often thought, is this a dream? If it is a dream, I wish I'd wake up.

One night a couple of months ago, I had a dream within a dream. The dream was the strangest I've ever had. It was about the day Sean died. I remembered every moment of that awful day. I woke up from this dream crying to find Sean sitting next to my bed. He was shaking me awake and asking me what was wrong. I told Sean I had a horrible dream. I told him every detail of my dream. He laughed at me and gave me a hug. Then Sean said to me, "How can I be dead? I'm right here with you!" Then we both started laughing. I woke from that dream laughing with Sean. I felt so good. Then I realized that I had dreamed the last part. When I realized that, I was so angry.

Even after seven years, the pain, the anger, and the hoping are still there. Even though the pain and anger don't come as often for me, it is still there and I know it's okay. Just like I know that I'm not crazy or dumb for holding on to the hope. I do realize that Sean is gone and the only place I will see him for a long time is in my dreams. I know that he loved me and always will and that he is with me every day. All I can do is welcome him into my dreams.

— Traci Morlock, BP/USA  
St. Louis, MO

## Random Reflections

It's been a year now  
And the books say I should be  
Getting back to "normal."

But I still can't pass your picture  
On the bookcase without  
Touching your face.

I still wake up in the night  
Sometimes and can almost  
Hear you voice in the quiet.

I still run to the window when the  
Dogs bark at night with the hope  
In the back of my mind that somehow  
You've wandered into the yard.

I still whisper your name into the wind  
When I walk down our lane in the still  
Of evening and strain to hear an answer.

When I'm troubled and upset  
I still talk to you like  
I always did and  
Imagine the advice you'd give me.

I still stop on our country road  
Sometimes and turn off the car engine  
And lights and wait and hope that  
I can see or hear you.

It's been a year now and the  
Memories are still so vivid  
That I can almost touch them.

It's been a year now and I know  
With all my heart that your  
Presence will never fade in my mind.

— Tammy Walmann, TCF  
Miami County, KS



**To Our Surviving Children**

And you were with us when the darkness came  
You stood and grieved and kept yourself alive  
WE THANK YOU NOW

We have not always honored who you are  
And often did not tend your hidden sorrows  
FORGIVE US NOW

Because you love us well enough to wait  
Until we could return to you and know  
With joy and hope and love – you are tomorrow  
WE CELEBRATE YOUR LIFE

— TCF, Northern Virginia Chapter

**When You See a Butterfly**

When you see a butterfly  
Think of me.

When you see a shadow  
Don't be afraid.  
When you see a light,  
Think of good things.  
But when you see a butterfly  
Think of me.

When you see a cloud,  
Don't be afraid to try and grab it.  
When you see a raindrop,  
Open your mouth and let it fall in.  
When you see a hand touch you,  
Don't jump away.

When you get all tingly,  
Let the feeling last.  
When you feel loved,  
Cherish it forever.  
But when you see a butterfly,  
Think of me.

When you feel like no one is there,  
Make sure you know I am.  
When you feel like I am gone forever,  
Make sure you feel like I am there.  
When you think you have grieved too much,  
I know there is always another tear,  
Think of me.

For you know I am always with you,  
In every way, shape and form.  
I am always there to protect you,  
Even through dangerous storms.  
Know that I am right behind you,  
In whatever fate decides to put you through.

For I may be gone,  
But I am around.  
So when you see a butterfly,  
Know I am always there.

— Brytani Russell  
Tampa, FL

Don't try to destroy a beautiful part of your life because remembering it hurts. As children of today and tomorrow, we are also children of yesterday. The past still travels with us and what it has been, makes us what we are.

— Rabbi Earl A. Grollman



### Navaho Lullaby

The earth is your mother,  
She holds you.  
The sky is your father,  
He protects you...  
We are together always.  
We are together always.  
There was never a time  
When this  
Was not so.

### The Cord

We are connected  
My son and I, by  
An invisible cord  
Not seen by any eye.

It's not like the cord  
That connects us 'til birth,  
This cord can't be seen  
By anyone on earth.

This cord does its work  
Right from the start,  
It binds us together  
Attached to my heart.

I know that it is there  
Though no one else can see,  
The invisible cord  
From my child to me.

The strength of this cord  
Is hard to describe,  
It can't be destroyed  
It can hold any weight.

And though you are gone  
Though you're not here with me,  
The cord is still there  
But, no one else can see.

It pulls at my heart  
I am bruised...I am sore,  
But this cord is my lifeline  
As never before.

I am thankful that God  
Connects us this way,  
A mother and a child  
Death can't take it away!

— Karen Winkfein, BP/USA  
CSRA Chapter

### Excerpt from the book To Bless the Space between Us

When you lose someone you love,  
Your life becomes strange,  
The ground beneath you gets fragile,  
Your thoughts make your eyes unsure;  
And some dead echo drags your voice down  
Where words have no confidence.

Your heart has grown heavy with loss;  
And though this loss has wounded others too,  
No one knows what has been taken from you  
When the silence of absence deepens.  
Flickers of guilt kindle regret  
For all that was left unsaid or undone.

There are days when you wake up happy;  
Again inside the fullness of life,  
Until the moment breaks  
And you are thrown back  
Onto the black tide of loss.

Days when you have your heart back,  
You are able to function well  
Until in the middle of work or encounter,  
Suddenly with no warning  
You are ambushed by grief.

It becomes hard to trust yourself.  
All you can depend on now is that  
Sorrow will remain faithful to itself.  
More than you, it knows its way  
And will find the right time  
To pull and pull the rope of grief  
Until that coiled hill of tears  
Has reduced to its last drop.

Gradually, you will learn acquaintance  
With the invisible form of your departed;  
And when the work of grief is done,  
The wound of loss will heal  
And you will have learned  
To wean your eyes  
From that gap in the air  
And be able to enter the hearth  
In your soul where your loved one  
Has awaited your return  
All the time.

— John O'Donohue



## *Our Children Remembered*

Bethany Anne Balasic  
Daughter of Paul and Claudia Balasic  
February 13, 1981 - April 5, 1996

Michael Allen Barker  
Son of Diane and Seth Barker  
January 18, 1990 - February 10, 1999

Susan Lawrence Barr  
Daughter of Bryant and Missy Lawrence  
July 14, 1961 - February 16, 1991

Alex Blake  
Son of Bob and Veronica Blake  
February 1, 1982 - September 25, 2004

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

Elizabeth Caitlyn Carr  
Daughter of Sandy and Bill Carr  
July 13, 1989 - February 24, 2003

Owen F. Carr IV  
Son of Peggy Carr  
June 29, 1978 - February 18, 2003

Chrystal Marie Clifford  
Marilyn Mabe's son's fiancé  
July 16, 1978 - February 17, 2001

Ronald Joel Copas  
Son of Anne Copas  
August 22, 2001 - February 11, 2004

Ashlea Marie Cranston  
Daughter of Thomas and Mary Cranston  
July 4, 1985 - February 24, 1986

Kevin Michael Crine  
Son of John and Jean Crine  
January 30, 1974 - February 8, 2006

Robert Michael Davidson  
Son of Donna and Kevin Davidson  
August 17, 1981 - February 21, 2004

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

Thomas Barnard Doyle  
Son of Timothy and Kathleen Doyle  
February 19, 1999 - February 2, 2007

Tyler A. Dudley  
Son of Julie Cremen  
December 29, 2000 - February 23, 2001

Zachary Jay Forman  
Son of Marge Forman  
February 11, 1977 - April 10, 2005

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

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

Christopher Joseph Galdi  
Son of Kathy Galdi  
November 14, 1985 - February 20, 2003

Kimberly Judith Gardner  
Daughter of Joan F. Gardner  
February 6, 1968 - August 16, 1992

Steven Joseph Garvey  
Son of Mark and Cheryl Sylce  
January 21, 1985 - February 1, 1985

Robert Joseph Griffith III  
Son of Johnna Griffith  
February 17, 1978 - July 11, 2009

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

Kelly Lynn Hopkins  
Daughter of Denise Morin  
August 24, 1974 - February 11, 2009

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

Sandrine J. Ingulia  
Daughter of Michele Ingulia  
January 17, 1965 - February 14, 2003

Chrystal Lynn Isaacs  
Daughter of Tish and Darrel Isaacs  
April 12, 1984 - February 1, 2003

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



## *Our Children Remembered*

Charles William Kelm  
Son of Kathy Kelm  
July 17, 1974 - February 26, 1995

Megan Kennedy  
Daughter of Chris and Steve Bacon  
July 8, 1974 - February 25, 2008

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

Samuel Charles Mabeus  
Son of Mary and Jim Mabeus  
July 17, 2006 - February 29, 2008

Ethan Matthew MacPherson  
Son of Kim and Scott MacPherson  
January 22, 1994 - February 13, 1995

Edward Harold McGrath II  
Son of Edward H. McGrath Sr.  
Son of Brenda McGrath  
February 21, 1976 - November 29, 2009

Jolene Dawn McKenna  
Daughter of Charlene Kvech  
February 8, 1967 - November 22, 1971

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

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

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

Jonathan Michael Noon  
Son of John Noon  
February 3, 1982 - April 18, 2004

John David "JD" Openshaw  
Son of David and Lily Openshaw  
November 9, 1994 - February 21, 1997

Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega  
Son of Rachael Hand  
August 28, 1964 - February 17, 2005

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

Mackenzie Jean Payne  
Daughter of Karyn and Eric Payne  
February 2, 2003 - February 2, 2003

Jackson Platts  
Son of Sandy and Jeff Platts  
February 7, 1998 - February 10, 1998

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

Zachary James Rich  
Son of Peter and Tracy Rich  
February 25, 1999 - February 11, 2001

Christopher J. Rogers  
Son of Louise G. Rogers  
February 21, 1990 - November 4, 2003

David C. Schmier  
Son of Gordon and Virginia Schmier  
June 26, 1964 - February 10, 1992

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

William Henry Stevens  
Son of Peg and Lou Stevens  
February 26, 1965 - November 28, 2003

David William Tomaszewski  
Son of Richard and Carol Tomaszewski  
September 4, 1974 - February 6, 2001

Timothy Allen Umbel  
Son of Richard and Mary Ann Umbel  
Brother of Christina and Dawn Umbel  
February 16, 1982 - September 15, 2002

Anthony Gerald Villella  
Son of Judy Villella  
July 3, 1987 - February 10, 2007

Justin James Watts  
Son of Jan and Jim Watts  
February 15, 1985 - January 14, 2006

Evyn Bryce Wygal  
Son of Pam and Bill Wygal  
February 15, 1991 - February 24, 1994

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:

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino  
Carol Fritz in memory of her daughter Katie Fritz



### Grief – The Act of Love

"I had a child who died." How simple these words are, yet how painful they are to say. The death of a child is the harshest blow life has to offer; it destroys our trust in the world at the most basic level. Grief is our total response to the death of a child; our body, mind, emotions and spirit all react to the loss. While many of us wish to stop the intense grief work we are doing, we find it impossible for many reasons.

First, grief is an act of love, not a lack of strength or faith. The more we loved our child, the greater will be our grief. The more integrated our lives were with the life of our child, the more we will miss his or her very presence. The intensity of our grief is often representative of the intensity of our love.

Second, grief is a necessary process that we must go through in order to maintain our wholeness and sanity. If we do not grieve, we will not heal. One of the earliest and hardest lessons we bereaved parents learn is that men and women grieve differently – women, in general, grieve more openly than do men, and women, on the whole, are more comfortable verbally expressing their feelings of loss. While segments of our culture dictate that it is more 'manly' not to cry, we know this is not trite. In fact, it has recently been found that tears of sadness contain an enzyme which inhibits the concentration of gastric acids; therefore, crying during times of stress will actually decrease the incidence of gastric ulcers many of us develop as a result of our loss.

Grief work also helps us to complete unfinished business with our child and close the past relationship that we had. We will never 'get over' the loss of our child, nor would we ever really want to. We are who we are partly because of our relationship to that child. Our lives will always be influenced by our son or daughter, but most of us will eventually learn to live a meaningful life, despite our tragedy. Our child will always be with us in spirit and in love and we often feel a need to hold on to tangible items, such as toys or clothes, to maintain that feeling of closeness. But, intense grief work allows us to let go of the relationship we had and create a new relationship with our child. Our remembrances, love and feelings of oneness with our child can never be destroyed. I cannot see or touch my Philip, but I vividly remember him. I have completed his earthly mothering, but I still have an intense mother-child relationship with my son.

Grief over the death of a child is the hardest work that most of us will ever do. While we all wish for the pain to stop, we need to remember that we grieve intensely because we loved intensely. It is unrealistic to expect the grief to ever totally go away, because the love we have for our child will never go away. Our grief is an act of love and is nothing for which we should be ashamed.



— Elaine Grier, Philip's Mom  
TCF, Queensland, Australia



### His Picture

Here I sit, alone again; at 5 a.m.  
Looking at his picture...  
I left work early yesterday;  
Everyone just nodded their heads,  
So I could come home and look at his picture.  
He had such a beautiful smile  
For a sixteen-year-old,  
I love to look at his picture.  
Sometimes when I'm happy,  
He seems to grin, a sneaky little smirk,  
So I look at his picture.

When the tears flow down my cheeks,  
And the pain starts again in my chest,  
I look at his picture.  
I know what he'd say, if pictures could talk,  
He'd be disappointed in me.  
But I'm glad he doesn't have to feel  
The way that I do, the way things turned out to be.  
I love him, and miss him, and wish him well.  
And I just go on, looking at his picture.

— Louis Craig  
Richmond, VA

## WE'RE STARTING A CHAPTER PROJECT—A COOKBOOK *filled with memories, love and favorite recipes*

Our Chapter is planning a special project. Through the efforts of several of our members and participation by many of you, we intend to publish a cookbook...a cookbook filled with favorite recipes shared with your loved ones, memories of your children and family, and photographs.

A member of our Chapter has volunteered to help with the publishing, but we still need to have a cover designed and a name for our cookbook. Please send us your suggestions and ideas.

And, please start thinking about what recipes and memories you would like to submit. We would like each of you to provide:

- A paragraph or two of memories focused on your child's favorite foods or shared family meals,

- A picture, and
- One (or two) recipes

This project is being organized by **Carol Tomaszewski, 410-519-8448, Kathy Ireland, 410-745-2361, and Sandi Burash, 410-551-5774.**

You can send your submissions to the Chapter's mailing address (on page 2 of this newsletter).

Or, you can email your submission to **memorycookbook@gmail.com.**

We hope you will participate – this is going to be a very special cookbook!!!



## Bereaved Parents of the USA -- National Gathering

### Monumental Journey of the Heart

July 29-31, 2011  
Sheraton Reston Hotel  
Reston, VA

Deadline for submission of workshop applications is March 15, 2011.

Confirmed speakers include Darcie Sims, Rosemary Smith, Mitch Carmody, Drs. Gloria and Heidi Horsley, Ron Villano, Dave Roberts, and Becky Greer

There will also be a Thursday night "Kick Off" Program and a Sibling Program; meal packages are \$149 for seven meals.

Registration information will be available shortly.



# 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 February 3, 2011*



### UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

#### Stages of Grief as portrayed by Music

**Thursday, February 3, 2011**

Some bereaved parents find that music can be helpful in dealing with their grief. A bereaved father will discuss the stages of grief and will illustrate songs that relate to these stages.

#### Losing a Child to Drugs or Alcohol

**Thursday, March 3, 2011**

Two bereaved mothers whose lives and losses were affected by drugs or alcohol will share their stories and offer insights into some of the unique issues associated with losing a child to drugs or alcohol.

#### Different Ways of Grieving. Different Ways of Healing (the Sixth Annual Emily Schindler Memorial Lecture)

**Wednesday, March 16, 2011**

8:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.; The Meeting House, Columbia, MD  
Visit [www.phri.com](http://www.phri.com) for more information.

#### National Gathering – Bereaved Parents of the USA

**July 29-31, 2011**

Sheraton Reston Hotel  
Reston, VA

### 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 [pjbस्पmd@gmail.com](mailto:pjbस्पmd@gmail.com) or 443.566.0193.