



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

June 2011

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The Gift – for Grieving Fathers on Father's Day

Here I sit and stare
Out the window of our home
On this Father's Day
Feeling so very alone.

Oh, how I wish
My child was still here
Bringing me a Father's Day gift
Even an ugly tie would be nice this year.

But my child has gone to Heaven
And is playing on streets of gold
Listening to heavenly stories
Of so many years ago.

And today I find myself thinking
About the meaning of a gift
For a gift is something given to you
That makes you smile, gives you a lift.

But many times we receive a gift
And then lose or misplace it one day
But we never forget the gift
For the memories remain tucked away.
I think I have concluded

On this Father's Day
That since a gift is yours once given
It can never be taken away.

And the most precious gift was given
To me, so many years ago
Was the day my child entered this world
And touched my life, my heart and soul.

So on this Father's Day
I thank the Lord for the most precious gift of mine
My child in Heaven...treasured times and memories
That will remain with me my entire lifetime.

For a gift is a gift
And my most precious gift remains in my heart
And just then...a rainbow appears out my window
Reminding me that my gift and Heaven are not so far apart.

— Laura, Heavenly Lights Memorial



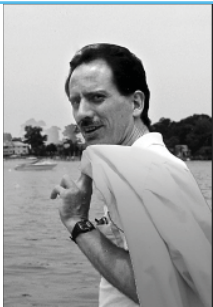
Remembering with love on this Father's Day...
The fathers of our children,
Our children who were fathers, and
Our children who will never be fathers.

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by

Dorothy and Donald Farley in memory of their son

Ronald Wesley Farley

September 15, 1955 – June 28, 2000



In Loving Memory

W. Edward and Phyllis Frazier-James in memory
of their daughter

Cindy Sue Walker

June 22, 1959 – June 21, 2010

A bud on earth to bloom in heaven. Life
has gone on without you but
I will never be the same.

Love, Mom



Next Meeting: June 2, 2011

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.

Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

A Father's Grief -- A panel of bereaved fathers will talk about the special challenges they face and the way they have learned to cope since their children died.

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

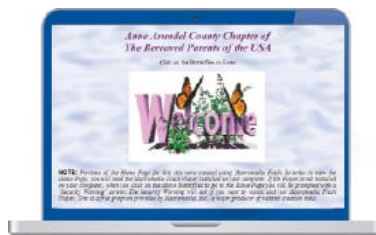
Our Chapter gathers one evening a month to address topics and offer support to those who are mourning the death of a child. Our meetings last for approximately 2 hours. Sometimes we schedule a 30-minute presentation at the beginning of our meeting. When the speaker or panel has concluded the presentation, 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 July newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by June 1.
Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

Chapter Leader:	Terre Belt 410.721.1359 tbelt@nahbrc.com
Newsletter Team:	Clare Harig-Blaine Kathy Ireland Eryn Lowe
Treasurer:	Fran Palmer
Correspondence & 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) 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), 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

Graduation Time

It's graduation time again. Your child would have been among those wearing the cap and gown, walking down the aisle to the ever stirring "Pomp and Circumstance." Now there will be a vacant spot in the line. Should you attend? Can you stand the pain? Will people think you're strange? As always, you must follow your heart. So, go if you'd like to, and don't hide your tears. It's quite all right to miss your own child while celebrating the achievements of others. Just remember that your own instincts are the most important ones; that no one else can make this decision for you, and that it doesn't really matter what other people think of you. It was your child who died. This is your pain, and you have the right to feel it and deal with it in your own way – and may a bit more healing take place in the doing.

— Peggy Gibson
Nashville, TN



From a Father to Other Fathers

Come, let me take your hand. For where you must walk, I, too, have walked. The road that we must walk is not one that we would choose to walk; it is a difficult road, full of many obstacles.

Yes, we are still fathers. We love and remember our sons and daughters who have died. Their death has left us with a hole in our heart, an ache in our stomach, a pain in our chest, and eyes that cannot see as they are filled with tears.

We must grieve because we dared to love, and it is through grief that we will recover. We may never have the life that we once had, but we can build another life. Our heart will heal, our pain will lessen, and we will be able to talk about our son or daughter without the tears. There will come a day when we dare to laugh again.



— Paul O. Kinney, BP/USA
Louisville, KY

Father's Day is Still a Time for Celebrating

A long time has passed since I've enjoyed a holiday – or for that matter, any special occasion.

With Father's Day coming up shortly, I've decided that this year I'm celebrating.

The kids used to love when special occasions came along. I can still remember Stef's eighth birthday, only three months before her death, and how proud she was when we told her she could invite her best friends over for a birthday party. She wore her prettiest blue trimmed party dress with the lace ruffles.

The games they played still stick in my mind. There was "pin the tail on the donkey" and then "Simon Says." I remember clothes flying everywhere in a contest to see which child could put on a complete set of clothes fastest over her party clothes. I remember the hot dogs, punch and cake, the party favors. I remember Stef's giggles.

The memories also wander back to the party our family threw for Stephen's fifth birthday, only three days before the accident which also claimed his life. I still have the picture in my mind of that goofy orange cap someone had given Steve. He loved it, but it was at least two sizes too small. When he tried to put it on, the bill of the cap was up and Stephen flashed us one of those impish grins that reminds you of Spanky and Our Gang.

As I'm writing this, the tears are flowing down my cheeks remembering the good times we had together.

A lot of things changed when the kids died. Christmas, Easter, birthdays all became days other people celebrated. But not us.

I've done a lot of thinking since then. I know Stef and Steven are in a better place than I could ever imagine and that every day is a holiday for them. In my mind, I think Stef and Stephen would be sad if they felt their Mom and Dad couldn't celebrate life anymore.

Pat and I now have another son, Christopher, plus we have our fourth child on the way. We're trying to rebuild our lives and I feel we have been blessed along the way. Of course Christopher is too young to understand Father's Day, but even without him here, I would still consider celebrating Father's Day.

I can still remember the Father's Day a couple of years before Stef and Stephen died. With their mom, they had searched all over for something special for me, finally deciding on a t-shirt that said "world's coolest dad." I still wear that now faded shirt occasionally, despite the many grass stains and grease marks.

When Father's Day arrives, I think I'm going to pull out that old t-shirt and wear it.

I'm going to lie down out in the grass, letting the warm breeze hit me. And I'm going to pretend I'm being caressed by Stef and Steve. I'm going to remember...and I'm going to celebrate!!!

— Wayne Loder, TCF
Lakes Area, MI





For Michael

This is a very difficult year for our family. Our son Michael was twenty years old when he was taken from us. And it's been twenty years that he's gone. I still can't believe it! Sometimes it just hits me for an instant and I'm devastated. The grief just washes over me, anew.

I'm sure there are a lot of people out there who feel like we do. And I only hope and pray that we can all continue to get through this, just as we have for all these many years. God bless our children.

— Margie O'Malley, Mike's loving mother
Haymarket, VA

In the Silence

In the silence you hear me,
In the silence I am here.
In the silence you can feel me,
In the silence it is clear....
That my spirit hasn't left you,
I am just a thought away,
You can see me in the shadows,
Anytime you look my way.
Look for me in the sunshine,
And in the stars at night.
In the wind, trees and flowers,
Everything that is in sight.
Talk to me, say my name,
Know that I'm still here,
In my death I have a new life,
And one day it will be clear.
So talk to me and look for me
In everything you do,
For I haven't gone so far away,
I'm really right next to you.

— Joy Curnutt



The Storms of Grief

I've often thought about how differently grief affects those left behind when someone has died. To me there are three groups of bereaved. There are those that lose someone they loved very much and are most affected. The middle group people are those that cared about the person and will miss them, but their death doesn't change their lives. The third group are sorry that the person has died, but are largely unaffected by their death.

Now envision those groups on a mountain. When my son died, I felt like I was on a mountaintop, alone with a storm raging around me. Thunder and lightning filled the sky, thick clouds enveloped me, and a cold hard rain fell upon me. Winds buffeted my body from every side. There was no shelter, no place to sit or lie down. Others who were suffering as much as I (my husband and daughters) were on their own mountaintop, and we could derive no comfort from each other. I stood there, sometimes railing against God, sometimes feeling as if my heart had been ripped out, sometimes just feeling an emptiness so deep, I feared I would drown in it. Days, weeks, months passed.

The middle group of people stood on the side of the mountain (close friends and relatives). They also were caught in the storm, but they had some shelter and each other. They wanted to comfort me, but the path upward was winding and rocky and I could find no path down to them.

The last group of people was at the bottom of the mountain in the valley. There, the sun was shining and the breeze was gentle. They could see the storm I was caught in, but could do nothing to help me.

Sometimes the storm would subside and I could see something besides dismal gray and I had respite from the wind and rain. But this would be followed by another raging storm. Back and forth, I never knew what to expect.

Eventually the sky would clear and I was able to find a path to those that cared and could offer me hugs and a shoulder to cry on. The storm was still there, but there was also shelter and I wasn't alone.

It has been 12 years since Todd died and I have been able to come completely down off that desolate mountaintop and live in the valley of the sunshine. Sometimes I stay there quite awhile. Sometimes I climb that mountain and experience that same emptiness and sadness.

We all know that this kind of storm may brew on those special days – birthdays, holidays, family events. We are also blind-sided by those times that just take our breath away...being in a place they loved, hearing their music, smells, movies, ballgames, seeing their friends. We really have no control over these unexpected, sudden storms.

I have learned to give into them and let the tears fall. I can live with these storms and accept them as part of my life because my child lived and I loved him with all my heart. I cannot change the fact that my child has died and I will not change my love.

— Barb Seth, Madison, WI

SIBLING PAGE

On Sibling Grief – From a Grieving Sibling

I am a surviving sibling. Fifteen months ago I was not even familiar with the term...now I am one. How am I doing? What are the guidelines to measure my progress? Why can't I remember when I was told of my brother's death...or the days following the accident for that matter? Did I go crazy? Was it yesterday, or was it over a year ago? Did I laugh just today when I never thought I would laugh again? What is this peaceful feeling that I feel from time to time? Is it healing?

Lee, 29, was my little brother. I remember trying to alternately protect or tease him, make him laugh or make him cry. He was like having a real live baby doll to play with since I was 10 years older than he. (Our Mother said he was the cleanest little boy in the neighborhood. I guess having 3 older sisters is the reason for that.)

How can I explain the pain I felt on learning of his accident? I wanted to go to him right away to see that he was OK, but our cousin Judy said that wasn't possible. I guess that was when I was told that he was dead...but I don't remember that. I only remember screaming.

When was it that I began to heal? Probably at the same time that I thought I was going totally, certifiably crazy! Then, someone told me about The Compassionate Friends and what they did. I wondered if they could help me, but doubted that they could. After all, how could they understand how much I hurt at having lost my precious baby brother or how close we had always been and how he always helped me. Why should they even care about me? But, you know what...they did help. I am alive today and working toward a fruitful life. I will never

be the same as I was before June 18, 1992, but I truly believe I have become a better person.

While Lee's life taught me so much, his death taught me some invaluable lessons. I have learned to become more aware of life and my own mortality and am more attuned to others' needs. I no longer take anything for granted. I miss him terribly, but take solace in the belief that he is happy in his new world and that one day we will be reunited.

Sibling grief takes a tremendous amount of time and work. Sometimes just thinking of my brother, looking at his picture, or hearing his favorite song, "God Bless America," reduces me to a teary mess. Sometimes these same things make me smile. But I am surviving and have developed a new perspective on life. I am closer to and cherish my family more than ever and realize how very important they are. I am dedicated to helping other surviving siblings work through their grief and pray daily for peace, not only for myself and my family, but for everyone making this journey through grief.

One thing I have found to be most helpful during the past fifteen months of grief work has been to talk about and be honest about my feelings.

— Sunday Lee Stanton, TCF
Wyoming Valley Chapter, PA



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 of 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



Finding Meaning in Our Grief

After the death of a child, when we are in the depths of grief, it is hard to believe we will ever be happy again. We are overwhelmed by what used to be the simplest of tasks, yet we still have to function. Life continues on never missing a beat. There is no magic wand and there are no

magical words for surviving grief. As we each find our own way, we must be patient and gentle with ourselves.

Grief can focus us inward. It is only when we start to look outside of ourselves that the healing can begin. In trying to accept my daughter Kristen's death, I realized loving always brings the potential for suffering. But what other choice is there? Not to love or to have someone to love is to me a greater suffering. We must not allow the love we have for our deceased child to keep us from the love we have for our spouse, surviving children, and other loved ones. We must instead, allow our love for them to carry us forward. Through them we can begin a new life.

In order to cope with suffering, which is a natural part of life, we each need to search out that which is personally meaningful. This is the greatest challenge after our child has died, but until we do, we will not be free from the pain. What helped me after Kristen's death was connecting with other bereaved parents. I didn't care what their degrees were. I knew that they knew what I was going through and seeing how they rebuilt their lives gave me hope to do the same. This is another reason why The Compassionate Friends, Parents of Murdered Children, Survivors of Suicide, Help After Neonatal Death (HAND), and Sudden Infant Death (SIDS) organizations help on an ongoing basis. We can all learn from and be there for each other as we repair our shattered dreams.

— Carol Kearns



We are the Childless Parents

I am the childless mother
Lost between loving and pain
Lost to the promise of children
Searching for answers in vain.

I am the childless mother
Caught between courage and fears
Left without a bridge to the future
Finding no sound for my tears.

I am the childless father
Caught between courage and fears
Left without a bridge to the future
Finding no sound for my tears.

I am the childless father
Lost between loving and pain
Lost is the promise of children
Searching for answers in vain.

WE ARE THE CHILDLESS PARENTS
Sharing the grief and the night
Sharing the darkness together
Waiting to walk in the light.

— Sascha

PANACHÉ -- April 20, 2011

The Egyptians thought that saying a loved one's name aloud ensured immortality. Whether we build any pyramids or not, that concept is important. None of us remembers a dead child. The child whose stories we share is alive. The moment we capture is immortal. The joy we create pushes back the darkness and ushers in the light.

I've only met Donny through his parents, but I know all about how he loved fishing. More than that, I know when Bill takes his grandson fishing there are three fishermen, not two. No matter where Donny is or what he is doing, Bill can spend time with Donny by fishing or telling Donny's fishing stories.

I know Bethany and Paul played guitar together. Now strumming that old acoustic guitar and singing to bereaved parents invites Bethany into the room. A whole new group of people meet Bethany, share her delight, laugh with her joy, and learn to love her.

I write and Matt sits on my shoulder offering suggestions. Then when I read to a group of bereaved parents, they meet Matt. His laugh echoes in mine. His wisdom is borrowed again and again. His optimism is shared. His passion continues to grow.

John Donne wrote that we should never ask, "for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee." No man is an island. We are all part of the group.

Our children exist now. I can both see Matt learning to walk and walking down the aisle with his bride. I can bathe in Matt's smile, snuggle tightly against his chest, feel the heat pouring off of him. His laugh echoes endlessly across time and space.

Our children are not dead. Their bodies are gone, but their essence never leaves us. They live and laugh and love through us.

By embracing life, we promise that life is worth the pain, the struggle, the fear. By choosing to celebrate our children, we return to the living ourselves. In an effort to keep our children alive, we capture all that is holy about life.

So Paul and Bill, it is almost time. The gathering approaches and the kids draw near. It is time to meet new friends, embrace new kids, share our lives. I can see Matt waving us down. "There's always room for one more. Come on! Come on! There is more to see."

— Keith Swett



Guilt: The Bereaved Parent's Unwelcome Visitor

In my twenty-five years of trauma counseling, I can't remember ever counseling a bereaved parent who didn't, at one stage or another, experience guilt. No matter the age or cause of their child's death, the "could haves, should haves and wish I would haves" seemed to creep in.

Our most important role as a parent is to protect our child. We feel we have failed in this most fundamental of all roles when our child dies. Our nurturing instinct turns against us in the form of guilt. There must have been something we could have done. None of us want to believe that we are that impotent as parents. I have even had clients with grown children who have not lived in their home in years make comments like, "I should have told him he was drinking too much;" or "I should have encouraged her to go more regularly to the doctors;" or "he always drove fast and I never said anything. I should have."



When my daughter Kristen was pulled out to sea by a wave and drowned, her father John and his wife drove for several hours to the beach cabin where we had been staying. They hoped beyond hope that by the time they'd arrive, the Coast Guard would have found her and the nightmare would end. When I answered the door, the look on my face told them the worst. Nearly the first words from John were, "Carol, I hope to God you're not feeling guilty." I was in such shock; I had no idea what he meant. However, it wasn't long before the shock wore off and the guilt crept in. Kristen was his flesh and blood as much as mine. If I hadn't heard those words I would have felt doubly guilty. Whenever I'd begin to spiral into guilt, I would remember his words. They became the greatest gift he could have given me.

In its extreme, guilt can grab hold and never let go, creating despondency that side tracks the grief process. In fact, we may feel so guilty that we believe we deserve whatever pain we have. Our goal in guilt is to learn to forgive ourselves. This is extremely difficult if we believe we were such bad parents that we deserve the pain.

Accidents happen. They especially happen to active vital children no matter what age.

It is extremely important to address guilt when the death is by suicide. When someone chooses to kill himself, we know his pain was intense and his hope so diminished. How could we not have known? Surely we could have done something to stop them? How could we have been a good parent and not prevented this? We must remind ourselves that if we could have prevented it, we would have. This is much easier said than done. If our guilt persists, we may need professional counseling by a therapist experienced with grief issues.

— Carol Kearns

An Ocean of Grief

I cautiously watch the water as it moves along the shore creeping closer to the sand around my feet.
Beyond the crashing waves, where the water is deepest green, the ocean mirrors the depths of my grief.

My grief is like the ocean, sorrow coming in like waves, sometimes gentle like a ripple on the sea.
Other times it just engulfs me with crushing waves of sadness and undertows of despair pull down on me.

Some days I wade out in it, splashing memories with my feet, recalling days of sunshine on my face.
Stepping through the foamy edges never venturing out so far that larger waves can threaten their embrace.

Then when I least expect it, this freak of nature soaks me in reality so painful that I fall.
The sorrow and the anger that I've fought with day to day surge through me in a tidal free-for-all.

One day when I'm much stronger and my grief is not so new, I'll swim just like I used to do before.
I'll take pleasure in the memories, and tread water in those places we can't share together.

— Ferna Lary Mills

Our Children Remembered

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

William P. Anthony Jr.
Son of Bill and Linda Anthony
June 1, 1965 - January 2, 1999

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

Deneen Leigh Bagby-Lins
Daughter of Jack and Audrey Bagby
June 21, 1957 - August 6, 1987

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

Travis Brandon Beyerle
Son of Maren O. Sheidy
April 17, 1981 - June 23, 1995

Jasmin Ann Brisson
Daughter of Pat and Paul Brisson
August 27, 1979 - June 8, 2010

Steven Allan Brown
Brother of Nancy McCamish
June 24, 1961 - June 17, 2007

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

Maranda Machele Callender
Daughter of Dean and Christina Callender
November 11, 1988 - June 2, 2006

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

Pamela Grace Clair
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair
June 3, 1954 - May 15, 1984

Joseph William Cranston
Son of Thomas and Mary Cranston
June 11, 1971 - June 11, 1971

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

Jack Turner Dumont
Son of Jill and Dave Dumont
June 26, 2003 - June 26, 2003

Dayden Alexander Dunn
Son of Ryan Dunn and Amanda Guinn
Grandson of Beverley and Wayne Dunn
Grandnephew of Mary and Ron Miscavich
September 12, 2006 - June 1, 2008

Joseph A. Esterling Jr.
Son of Joe and Michelle Esterling
June 7, 1967 - April 27, 1990

Ronald Wesley Farley
Son of Dorothy and Donald Farley
September 15, 1955 - June 28, 2000

Christina Ann Fisher
Daughter of Rick and Carol Wilson
December 17, 1985 - June 30, 2001

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

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

Sara Elizabeth Hohne
Daughter of Donald and Karen Hohne
January 2, 1980 - June 13, 2003

Colin David Humphrey
Son of Robert and Julie Humphrey
August 23, 1998 - June 16, 2001

Allison Carol Jimenez
Daughter of Carol and Russell Fritz
June 29, 1973 - August 2, 2005

Scott Andrew Katsikas
Son of Linda Snead
June 9, 1980 - August 13, 2004

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

Adalbert Peter Kopec III
Son of Sue and Dal Kopec
Brother of Kelly Kramer
July 10, 1968 - June 21, 2008

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

Nicholas Paul Liberatore
Son of Larry and Pat Liberatore
September 27, 1980 - June 9, 1997

Michelle Anna Markey
Daughter of Shirley and Rick Markey
Sister of Robert Markey
June 19, 1992 - June 9, 2004

Christopher "Chris" Logan McFeely
Son of Samantha and Darell Sistek
Brother of Taylor Sistek
June 27, 1987 - January 15, 2005

Brian Richard Melcher
Brother of Cheryl Lewis
August 30, 1960 - June 14, 2002

Kenneth Lee Merson
Son of Dottie Merson
September 1, 1960 - June 5, 2007

Benjamin James Miller
Son of Laura and Curtis Miller
June 2, 2003 - June 6, 2003

Michael Wesley Miller Jr.
Son of Michael Miller Sr.
November 11, 1981 - June 19, 1985

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

Our Children Remembered

Julia Lyn Moore
Daughter of Dorothy Becker
August 22, 1973 - June 19, 2002

Gavin Alder Moore
Son of Karen Fedor and Jerry Moore
June 11, 2004 - June 11, 2004

Robert Antonio Morgan Jr.
Son of Paul and Kathy Waters
April 23, 1984 - June 21, 2003

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson
Daughter of Cindy Patterson
June 28, 1987 - September 19, 2006

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

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

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

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

Michael Clark Schwink
Son of Patricia and Glenn Schwink
August 27, 1985 - June 14, 2009

Karen Ann Scully
Daughter of Ann Boteler
June 30, 1970 - November 14, 2004

Scott Christopher Shaffer
Son of Barbara Shaffer
March 17, 1967 - June 5, 2004

Jeffrey Steven Simpson
Son of Stephen and Linda Maszgay
June 3, 1972 - June 21, 2002

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

Patrick F. Smith
Son of Fran and Len Smith
February 20, 1978 - June 23, 2000

Laura Ann Smith
Daughter of Lois and Joel Smith
July 30, 1985 - June 7, 2003

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

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

Deon J. Summers
Son of John E. Summers
June 5, 1989 - September 2, 2003

Heather Brooke Tepper
Daughter of Michelle Tepper
June 11, 1986 - April 3, 2005

Michael Shane Wheeler
Son of Lita L. Ciaccio
June 22, 1976 - January 11, 1997

Albert Wallace Whitby, Jr.
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.
April 25, 1951 - June 2, 1981

Sean Amaro Wilcox
Son of Anne and DeWitt Wilcox
June 25, 2003 - June 25, 2003

Wayne Wilson Jr.
Son of Needra Gorman
November 22, 1968 - June 24, 2003

*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:

Diane Citron in memory of Sean Michael Citron

Linda East in memory of Zachary Laurence Luceti

Kathy Franklin in memory of Tanager Ru Ricci

W. Edward and Phyllis Frazier-James in memory of Cindy Sue Walker

Gene and Marlen Maier in memory of Eric Eugene Maier

Bart and Vickie Rankin in memory of Samantha Rankin

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

CHAPTER COOKBOOK

Our Chapter is going to publish a cookbook, filled with memories, love, and favorite family recipes. This is not going to be your typical cookbook. Instead, it will be a celebration of the love we shared with our children. Send us your favorite family recipes, memories of special times, and possibly a picture, and be sure to include your name and your child's name.

What follows are two examples of the kinds of cookbook entries we are looking for:

EXAMPLE ONE

GRANDMA'S CREAMY MINTS

Servings: Yield about 80 pieces

Prep Time;

Cook Time:

Difficulty:

Ingredients

- 1 Box confectioner's sugar
- ½ stick butter or margarine
- 3 T boiling water
- ¼ tsp peppermint oil
- Few drops of food coloring



Combine ingredients, cream well with your hands until smooth. Make small balls, dipping each into granulated sugar. Press into mold and pop out. Let air dry for about 24 hours. Can be stored for several weeks.

It's now become a tradition in our family to make mints for all the special occasions. Grandma started this tradition years ago. She made mints for many of her Grandchildren's weddings, including Dave's. The recipe and molds have been passed down to our daughter Lara, and the tradition continues.

**In memory of Dave Tomaszewski, 1974-2001, and
Grandma Martha Baumgartel, 1909 - 1989**

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

Ingredients

- ¼ c shortening
- 2 lbs beef chuck or round, cut into 1-in cubes
- 1 c sliced onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 ½ c water
- 2 T flour
- ¼ c water
- ¼ c catsup
- 1 T brown sugar
- 2 T Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp salt
- 2 tsp paprika
- ½ tsp dry mustard
- Hot cooked noodles

Melt shortening in large skillet. Add beef, onion and garlic; cook and stir until meat is brown and onion is tender. Stir in catsup, Worcestershire sauce, sugar, salt, paprika, mustard, cayenne and 1 ½ cups water. Cover; simmer 2 to 2 ½ hours. Blend flour and ¼ cup water; stir gradually into meat mixture. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil and stir 1 minute. Serve over noodles.

Hungarian Goulash was one of Dave's favorite recipes. Whenever we had it, the table would be set with plates, but Dave would go to the cupboard and get a serving bowl to use for himself. Today we often laugh about his favorite bowl, and still use it on special occasions.... and always when we have goulash.

**Submitted by Rick & Carol Tomaszewski,
in memory of David W Tomaszewski, 1974 - 2001**

EXAMPLE TWO



Send YOUR submissions no later than August 1, and sooner is better. Expected publication date is October 1, 2011, and the cost will be \$10 each. If you wish, you can use the form that follows to submit your cookbook entry:

MY MEMORY COOKBOOK SUBMISSION

Please provide the following information. Include a picture if you want. Mail to: Memory Cookbook, c/o BP/USA AA County Chapter, P.O. Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401-0280, or email: memorycookbook@gmail.com

YOUR NAME: _____

CONTACT INFORMATION: _____
(How we can get in touch with you if we have questions)

IN MEMORY OF: _____

RECIPE TITLE: _____

INGREDIENTS:

RECIPE DIRECTIONS:

MEMORIES, STORY, whatever you would like to add:

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

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

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.

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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NEXT MEETING June 2, 2011



Time sensitive

Must be delivered by JUNE 1, 2011

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

A Father's Grief

Thursday, June 2, 2011

A panel of bereaved fathers will talk about the special challenges they face and the way they have learned to cope since their children died.

Summer Social & Sharing Groups

Thursday, July 7, 2011

Attendees are encouraged to bring a dish to share — hors d'oeuvres, a dessert, a hot dish, whatever — as this month's meeting will provide an opportunity for us to get to know each other in a less structured social setting. Sharing groups will still be held for first-time and newly bereaved attendees, but there will be time for everyone to meet, greet and eat!! Please join us.

National Conference of The Compassionate Friends

July 15-17, 2011

Minneapolis, MN

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 or 708-748-7866

Hospice of the Chesapeake

www.hospicechesapeake.org or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center

www.mdcrimevictims.org or 410-234-9885

Suicide Support Group

410-647-2550; meets the first Tuesday of each month in Severna Park, MD

MIS Support Group (miscarriage, infant death or stillbirth)

443-481-6114; meets the first Monday of each month in Edgewater, MD

Grief Recovery After a Substance Passing (GRASP)

www.grasphelp.com or 843-705-2217

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 or **443.566.0193**.