



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

March 2011

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March Winds

He raced against the wind as if his very life depended on it.
Eyes bright, cheeks glowing from the still almost chilly March wind,
Throwing me a smile now and then to make sure I was watching.
I was, and when I caught a smile, I applauded.
His efforts so great for one small boy.
I don't remember now if his kite flew.
Sometimes in spite of heroic efforts, they don't....
But I remember the day, the nip in the air, his cheeks glowing,
His fresh clean smell, my afternoon of playing catch with his smile.

I remember every year when March winds begin to blow.
Even if he had not died long after the age of flying kites,
I would still remember.
Maybe if he were still here, teaching his own small boy the
delicate art of flying kites and catching his own smiles,
It wouldn't hurt so when March winds begin to blow.

— Faye Harden, from *Songs from the Edge*

Spring

Seasonal changes are difficult for many bereaved parents. This is often most true as winter yields to spring. The land seems to throb with life once more as young buds emerge and robins return from their sojourn in the south. Lilacs bloom and the breeze carries their fragrance. Woodland animals begin to lose the leanness of winter hunting or quiet hibernation.

The day is longer and filled with renewing vitality to match its length. It is as if a cold hand has loosed its bitter grip and the earth is reborn.

It is this quality of resurrection that seems so bitter. For as we struggle in the darkness of loss, all around us is the vigorous rush of life breaking forth in colors and song. But our children do not come forth. They dwell in the land of death and the netherworld nightmares of our anguish.

But I believe we can see as well the promise inherent in spring's unfolding glory and grasp the continuity its return affirms. Last fall we saw an acorn, but this year we see the tender shoot of an infant tree. From gnarled, dead looking stumps, the cut back rose sends tendrils of green to drink the sun.

In each full cycle of our planet around its sun, we encounter irrefutable testament to renewal. In this we can sense the defeat of death. This is the time of year, when twilight surrenders to darkness, to stand outside and feel the rays of countless stars, smell the scents granted by the new earth, hear the chorus of night creatures and sense the rebirth that has no end.

Stand silently then, beneath the constancy of the night sky and upon this rejuvenating earth and sense our children, constant and growing too, yet beyond our sight. Life continues. There are no endings. There are only beginnings. That is the promise of Spring.

— Don Hackett, TCF, S. Shore

The printing and mailing of this newsletter has been donated by
Rachael Hand in memory of her son
Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega
August 28, 1964 - February 18, 2005

Love has no boundaries. It passes through, and from beyond that veil, a veil which separates us
only for a moment, by just ONE breath, and will unite us again.

By just ONE breath.

Eternally.



Next Meeting: March 3, 2011

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.

Meeting begins at 7:30 p.m.

Losing a Child to Drugs or Alcohol -- 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.

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 April newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by March 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!

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

March

Crocuses reach for the light above, winds sigh around my windowpanes, cedar wax wings journey to the north and stop to gorge on berries in our holly trees. Forsythia blooms yellow, bright and bold against the graying afternoons. All these are harbingers of spring.

Oh, that this spring will bring to me and you a sweet comfort in new life, new hope, new peace, new joy, new strength to meet our challenges, new thankfulness for all that is and all that's yet to be, and new delight in memories of what once was—of who once was and calm surrender to a love that never dies.

— Shirley Ottman, BP/USA, Denton, TX



(From the book) A Time to Decide, a Time to Heal

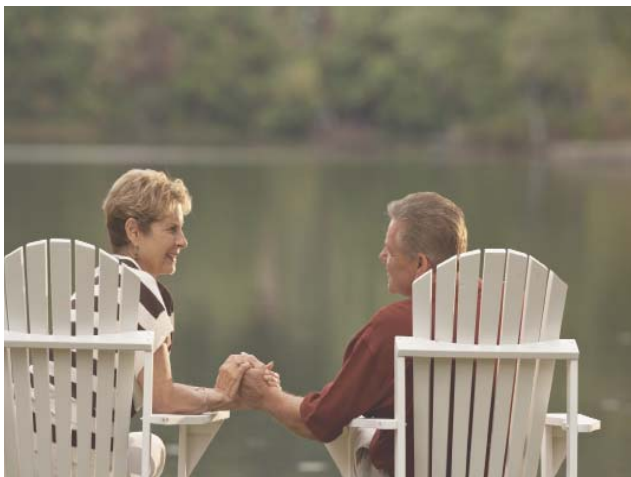
For a short time I had
Your body in my body;
I carried
Your belly in my belly.
And now, though I have
Your heart in my heart
and feel
Your soul in my soul,
I will never again have
Your hand in my hand.
I miss your life in my life.

— Joanna, for Sarah Rose

Hold On

Hold on to what is good even if it is
A handful of earth.
Hold on to what you believe even if it is
A tree that stands by itself.
Hold on to what you must do even if it is
A long way from here.
Hold to life even when it is
Easier letting go.
Hold on to my hand even when I have
Gone away from you.

— Nancy Wood, from "Many Winters"



A Friend Who Cares

When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives means the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friends who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.

— Henry Nouwen

Jessie's Piece

The world's a jigsaw, once I thought,
 With each of us a piece to fit,
 A predetermined Grand Design
 And each of us a part of it.
 I thought that God must surely have
 A blueprint of His final goal,
 And all who come into this life
 Are meant to play some fated role.

But when my little Jessie died,
 It seemed to me but sheer caprice.
 Where fits a child in God's design
 Who never lived to add her piece?

How often did I walk alone
 To still the anguish in my heart,
 To ask why God would make a plan
 In which my child had no part.

One day, upon a village square,
 I happened by a tiny shop.
 What random step had led me there?
 What in the window made me stop?

It was a quilt, a crazy quilt,
 Each piece a brightly-colored patch,
 A joyful, glowing work of art
 From scraps you'd think would never match.

I looked upon the quilt in awe
 To think a thing so oddly fine
 Was stitched from fragments never made
 To fit to anyone's design.

I wondered then if God might wish
 That in this way His world be built,
 Each life a motley-colored scrap,
 And He the weaver of the quilt.

If such be true, I realize,
 My child's life, though short it be,
 Is yet a joyful, shining patch
 In God's eternal tapestry.

I looked upon the quilt and saw
 A patch that seemed but sheer caprice,
 So whimsical it made me smile.
 I knew it was my Jessie's piece.

— Robert Brault (from the website *Healing Hearts*)

Bereaved Birthdays

Birthdays are a time for celebration
 Not a time for tears
 But what happens when the birthdays
 No longer mark the years
 A birthday marks a moment
 A spirit enters earthly life
 To share its special love and joy
 And learn from earthly strife
 Before a spirit comes to us
 It knows when and how it must depart
 It chose its path carefully
 We are honored from the start
 The sadness we now feel
 On such a joyous day
 Is longing for our loved one's touch
 It's natural to feel this way
 For even though the birthdays
 No longer mark a spirit's stay
 Love continues on forever
 To touch us every day
 I hug my precious memories
 Close to my heart
 And honor my beloved spirit child
 Who chose me from the start



— From the TCF Camden Chapter newsletter



A Lesson in Grammar

If you are like me...

I don't want anybody to quibble
 with me about whether my son's
 birthday is or was November
 20th, because:

- a) it is,
- b) it was, and
- c) it always will be.

And, as to whether I have or had two children, because:

- a) I do,
- b) I did, and
- c) I always will have.

— Mary Cleckley, BP/USA
 Atlanta, GA

SIBLING PAGE

Anniversaries

And the two dates will closely loom
 Like stellar fixtures in the sky...
 And there's a sense of dread and gloom
 While longing wells until I cry...
 For March, a funeral too soon,
 And one more birthday missed in June.
 As they approach, I'll tear and weep
 'Cause my heart remembers that it's incomplete.
 Once they pass, the pain will fade
 But my brother's love will always stay.



— Jon Leano, TCF,
 Rockland County, NY

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Yesterday, you were here and I took it for granted
 that you would always be here. Telling you I loved
 you and was proud of you seemed unimportant.
 There would be time for that when we were older – when
 we fought less and talked more.



Today, I know that time will never come, and I will never have the chance
 to say these things face-to-face. So I write them and think them and hope
 you know I mean them now and have always felt them.

Tomorrow, each day the pain and regrets of things left unsaid get easier
 to deal with. I have begun to realize that you knew how I felt because you
 felt the same way. And as tomorrows turn into yesterdays, I will find peace
 in that knowledge. Someday, somewhere, we will meet again and I will
 have my chance then.

— TCF, Northern OKC

An Unbreakable Bond

From the same roots
 Nourished by the same soil
 We grew, side by side.
 One a little older, the other a little taller;
 Such different blossoms,
 Different, yet strangely the same.



We grew, our lives entwined,
 Held together by shared experiences,
 Common joys and sorrows,
 Whispered secrets known to us alone.
 Through that bond of love,
 We shared strength.

We grew, our different paths parting us,
 An ocean between.
 Yet slender tendrils of love still reached out
 One to another
 They touched and they formed a bond once more,
 An unbreakable bond like steel,
 Through which strength and love flowed once
 more.

Then, too soon, the bond tightened,
 As I was drawn to her side.
 Entwined once more, I held her
 And watched helplessly,
 As she withered and died.

I am alone.

Yet that bond of love,
 That bond between sisters
 Is eternal.
 Even death cannot sever it,
 Because my sister still lives
 In heaven and in my heart.

— Sharon Gray, for her sister Jenny



Parents, Lost in the Storm Together

Peter and I had our share of friction in our 24 years of marriage before Allie died. I thought he should communicate more; he thought I was too critical. I thought he was too laid back about money; he thought I was neurotic. I wanted to talk before making love; he could skip the talking. We disagreed about the children, too. He thought I was too soft; I was sure he was too tough. But by May 1991, with Hilary set to enter her senior year of college and Allie his senior year of high school, we had smoothed the rough edges of our marriage and the future looked bright.

Then tragedy struck. Although oblivion seemed infinitely preferable to suffering Allie's loss, I knew I had to hold on to life and sanity for Hilary's sake, and I wanted Peter to hang on with me. I was terrified that he would succumb to despair. We knew immediately that it was impossible to console each other. Allie is an inconsolable loss. The best we could do was stick together and try not to cause each other any more pain.

Seven years later, we feel grounded again, but life is very different. The future is a thing of the past, as writer Peter DeVries puts it. We live from day to day, bearing our burden of grief, finding solace when and where we can. We talk about Allie a lot – sharing memories, fantasies of how things might have been, and the terrible longing. There are other parents who understand what it is to lose a child. Only Peter knows what it is to lose Allie. Peter understands that I have lost my zest for life, and feel like I'm going through empty motions. It's impossible to live wholeheartedly with a heart that is broken.

We are kinder and gentler to each other and argue less. My expectations are lower. I used to think that Peter could make me happy if he would just adjust a little here and there. Now, I know that unless he can figure out a way to get Allie back, happiness is out of the question, so why should I bug him? I look back on what I now know as the best time in my life, and regret that I wasted any of it being angry. I can hardly recall what seemed so important. When you have lost what you value most, very little seems worth fighting about.

— Mary Semel from *A Broken Heart Still Beats*

A Part of Me

You were not just my brother,
But you were my friend as well.
You were supposed to be here always
Or till the world came to an end.
I know that we argued and seemed to disagree,
But I could always count on you to be there for me.
You may be gone from this world I see,
But you will always be a part of me.

— D. Montville, TCF
Portland, OR





My Son, Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega

Keeping you in my heart every day, every breath, every tear, every loving memory:

Your resounding laughter, eyes that teased and flashed with such intensity and brightness, your quest for knowledge, your devotion for the Crucified Christ and His loving Mercy, and most especially, your hugs, which always took my breath away, and the precious, "I love you, Mommy!" which still tugs at my heart.

— Rachael Hand, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County
In memory of her son

Dream

I am drawn quietly to her grave to check on her, just as I'd have been drawn quietly to her crib.
I trim the grass around her marker, and dream of trimming bangs from her forehead.
I place flowers in her vase, and dream of placing ribbons in her hair.
I hold her memory dear to my heart, and dream of holding her in my arms.

— Barbara Daniels, TCF
Southern Oregon



Our Meetings

Make no mistake, we do not meet just to cry our own tears and tell the story of pain. We come together to learn how to bring new meaning and life from the ashes of our lives and to help others do the same – and not just the inferior, crippled life that you might expect, considering the trauma from which we are recovering, but good life – filled with deeper meaning and greater ability to love – precisely because of the pain that has been transformed.

— TCF, Inland Empire, CA

Adjusted

"It's been several years since your son died," they say,
"Surely you must have adjusted by now."

Yes, I'm adjusted...

To feeling pain
And sadness and grief
And guilt and loss.

Adjusted to hurting and unexpected tears.
Adjusted to seeing people made uncomfortable
Upon hearing me say, "My son died."
Adjusted to losing my best friend because
I'm not always "up."
Adjusted to people acting as if grief is contagious
And TCF meetings are "morbid."

Adjusted? Oh yes, to many things...

Knowing I won't hear his voice,
But listening for it still;
Knowing I won't see him drive his Toronado,
But staring at every one I see.

Adjusted to feeling empty on his birthday
And wishing for just one more time with him.

Adjusted – as life goes on –

To realizing I cannot expect everyone I meet
To wear a bandage...
Just because I'm still bleeding.

— Shirley Blakely Curle
TCF, Central Arizona

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:

Noel and Ann Castiglia in memory of Tria Castiglia
 Donald and Dorothy Farley in memory of Ronald Wesley Farley
 Rachael Hand in memory of Adrian Bernard Andrew Ortega
 Charles and Jane Schindler in memory of Emily Schindler
 George and Cathy Schindler in memory of Emily Schindler
 Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino
 Karen and Michael Willey in memory of Nick Poe

There Was a Time

There was a time...

My world was whole, my heart happy and carefree. Laughter came quickly and easily. Joy filled my life. The world was a beautiful place. I felt blessed.

But times change...

My world fell apart. My heart ached – nay, it broke. Laughter was replaced by unending tears, and pain replaced the joy. Anger, guilt and depression controlled my life. The world was an ugly place. I felt defeated and alone.

But times continue to change...

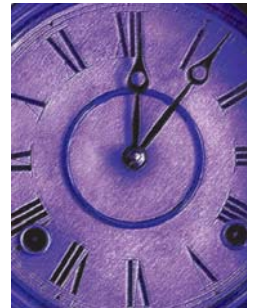
My world will never be the same – nor will yours, dear friend. But even broken hearts can mend, if we allow it. The flow of unending tears can subside. Anger, guilt and depression can one day be put to rest.

Joy and laughter can and should be ours again, for we have suffered enough heartaches to last a thousand lifetimes. My world has changed, as has my life.

There is a lingering longing for the child who is gone, but I have discovered anew the beauty of memories, the beauty of hugs, the beauty of loving and understanding "compassionate friends."

I am blessed!

— *Betty Stevens, BP/USA*
Baltimore, MD



Remembrance

You can shed tears that she is gone.

Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back,

Or you can open your eyes and see all she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,

Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday

Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone,

Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,

Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what she'd want:

Smile. Open Your Eyes. Love and Go On.

— *In memory of Kimberley Darlene Clark*

Chapter News and Upcoming Events

Our Chapter's Core Group met on February 8 to attend to the financial and administrative affairs of the Chapter, and to plan future monthly programs and Chapter events. The few Chapter members who attended the Core Group meeting have attended countless Core Group meetings over many years, and we all agreed that the Chapter and our members would greatly benefit if we could add some new faces to the Core Group...to brainstorm ideas about how to help our members, about programs that will serve a useful purpose, about how to continue to provide services in tough financial times, and on and on. We know that some of you have much to offer and that you may be at a point in your grief journey where you are able to help..."it is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that you cannot sincerely try to help another without helping yourself." (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

The next meeting of the Core Group is May 10, 2011 from 7:15 p.m. – 9:15 p.m. at Calvary Methodist Church. Please join us – if you have new ideas or can lend a hand, WE WANT YOU!!!! Help us to help others...as we have been helped.

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

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NEXT MEETING March 3, 2011



UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

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.

Hidden Connections with Our Children

Thursday, April 7, 2011

Bereaved parents will talk about the many different signs that appear in our daily lives that help us to feel connected with our deceased children as we travel on our grief journey.

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 for more information.

National Conference of The Compassionate Friends

July 15 – 17

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

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.