



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

April 2012

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Spring is Coming

If you are newly bereaved and looking toward your “first” spring, you may be surprised by some of the feelings you may experience during the next few weeks. We hear so much about the beauty of spring – the new life and the feelings of renewal that are supposed to accompany this lovely time of year. During my “first” year, I expected that spring would cheer me up, and make me feel lots better. How surprised and frustrated I was when, on one of those truly magnificent spring days as life seems to burst forth everywhere, I was “in the pits.”

When a friend said to me, “Doesn’t a day like this really lift your spirits and make you feel better?” I had to reply honestly that I was having a really bad day – and that the sense of loss and emptiness was greatly intensified.

Gradually, I began to realize that my expectations for spring were unrealistically high. I had looked forward to spring with the wrong kind of hope. When we are newly bereaved, we are constantly looking for something to take away the pain and make our lives all right again. Unfortunately, there is no magical event or moment when this takes place. It does happen, but only with time and the grief work which we all must do before we can be healed.

The coming of spring cannot make everything okay again. What it can do, however, is remind us that regardless of what happens in our lives, nature’s process will continue, and that can offer us hope.

I am looking forward to spring this year. I welcome the sun’s warmth, the return of birds from their winter in the south, and forsythia, the daffodils and the greening of the world. Know that someday you will once again welcome spring. Be gentle and patient with yourself and with nature. Don’t expect too much. Be ready to let a little of the hope that spring can offer into your heart.

— Evelyn Billings, TCF, Springfield, MA



Our Monthly Meeting on Thursday, April 5, will be held in Room 203 at Calvary United Methodist Church, instead of the social hall where we normally meet.

Same church, different room. Please join us.

See page 2 for more meeting details.



The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

David and Maryann Lombardo in memory of their son

David A. Lombardo

April 11, 1976 – April 9, 2011

In our hearts forever

Mom, Dad, Michelle, John, Katherine and Lauren

Next Meeting: April 5, 2012

No Program – A meeting will be held as usual on April 5. However, sharing groups – a key part of each Chapter meeting – will be the focus. There will be sharing groups 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. We will meet in Room 203 of the church on April 5, instead of where we normally meet in the social hall.

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 May newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by April 1.
Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

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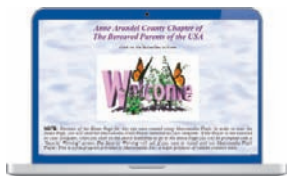
Librarian: Bob and Sandi Burash

Programs: Paul Balasic

Do You Use Amazon.com?

If so, AND you enter through our Chapter's website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org), the Chapter will earn a commission of five percent on your purchases. Using the link does not increase your cost (and information about your purchase is not shared with the Chapter), but it does earn the Chapter a commission from Amazon. It's an easy way for you to support our Chapter's activities.

Go to the Chapter's home page, click on the butterflies on the welcome page, and then scroll down the first page to the bottom, where there is an Amazon.com graphic that takes you to Amazon's site. Entering Amazon's site in this manner – through the Chapter's website – ultimately credits the Chapter with the five percent commission on any purchases that follow. Thanks in advance for your help!



Would you like to sponsor the Chapter's newsletter or website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org) 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



Remember Me

To the living, I am gone
To the sorrowful, I will never return
To the angry, I was cheated
But to the happy, I am at peace
And to the faithful, I have never left
I cannot speak, but I can listen
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard

So as you stand upon the shore
Gazing at the beautiful sea, remember me

As you look in awe at a mighty forest
And in its grand majesty, remember me

Remember me in your hearts,
In your thoughts, and the memories of the
Times we loved, the times we cried,
The battle we fought and the times we laughed

For if you always think of me,
I will never have gone.

— Author Unknown
Submitted in loving memory
by the family of Zachary Lee Dukes

Joe's Easter Basket

As I got out my Easter decorations, it took me back to happier years, when my kids were small, and the Easter bunny was still “real.” Joe was the youngest of our four children, and when he died, I felt as though it was time to put the Easter baskets away. I asked my other kids if they minded if we skipped the baskets from now on. They agreed that they were too “old” for the Easter Bunny, but it was impossible for me to put away Joe’s. When I got Joe’s basket out the first year after his death, it still had a few jelly beans, etc. in it and a small surprise for me.



The year before, Joe had seen commercials on television for a new spiral-handled toothbrush. He bugged the daylights out of me to buy him one. I was very stubborn, telling him they weren’t worth the money. I used the excuse that he was a “big kid” and should be using an adult-sized toothbrush. The battle went on each time he was with me at the store, or he saw the commercial on television. It was fun to ruffle his feathers and heckle him, he took it so well.

For Easter that year, I bought him a spiral-handled toothbrush. I remember buying it at the store and laughing to myself about how Joe would react when he found this silly toothbrush hidden in his basket, and how he would say, “I knew I would win.” And he did.

My “surprise” was in the bottom of his basket. I found the box from that crazy toothbrush. I cried, then I had to laugh remembering the fun I had picking on him. I wondered to myself why he hadn’t thrown the box away. Why was it tucked down under the grass? It was as if he wanted me to find it and to have just one more chuckle over that silly toothbrush!

Yes, his toothbrush is still in the bathroom, as I reminded myself – my other kids have moved out, and yet their toothbrushes remain – so why not Joe’s? Everybody wonders what to do with the Christmas stocking; my dilemma was what to do with the Easter basket. As I looked at the basket, I decided then and there to use it. I now use it to decorate my kitchen table. I also use it to take snacks along to a gathering. A nice seasonal touch and a small quiet reminder of my wonderful son.

— Janet Keller, TCF, South Dade, FL



Easter

Easter bunnies, brand new clothes, egg hunts, candy, and baskets – the start of Spring. How exciting is this time of the year; a new beginning, everything so fresh and so invigorating. But unfortunately, only painful and sorrowful memories are here for those of us who are bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. Gone is the laughter, the excitement in a special child’s eyes; the feeling of a whole new aspect in life.

Spring is here and the world appears ready to bloom again with new life, new hope, and new wonders. How can we view life in this way when part of ourselves is now gone, forever lost to us? How can our lives continue to go on when one of us is missing, no longer able to share in this newness of life? It seems so unfair! And yet, out of our “darkness” comes the first signs of hope, a “bud” of survival, a moment of laughter, or a memory of a happier time.

The Easter season usually represents rebirth; let this be a season of the “birth” of your finding your way back to life again, of finding the ability to heal, and of being able to resolve your grief so that hope and comfort are once again in our lives. Let this time of the year show you that you can make it through this deepest, most difficult and sorrowful time of your lives.

— Chris Gilbert, TCF, Tampa, FL



Ten Years without Our Baby (4/5/96 to 4/5/06)

It seems like a long time
It seems like yesterday

Nothing has changed
Everything has changed

The memories are painful
The memories are sweet

We see your smile and sparkling eyes
We can't remember your sweet voice or touch

The road has been rough
The road has been long
The road has had many twists and turns

The hills are steep
The valleys are deep
The detours were many

We haven't moved at all
Yet we are far along

The pain of missing you is terrible
The pain of missing you is finally bearable
It is our burden which we embrace

Sometimes we can't stop thinking about you
Sometimes we can't start

We cry when we think of you
We smile when we think of you

Sometimes it makes us crazy
Sometimes it makes us very crazy

We missed you then
We miss you now
We'll miss you always

We loved you then
We love you now
We'll love you always

It's been a long journey
But we can now think of you
And breathe
And smile

You were a gift

You still are

XOXOXOXO

— Paul & Claudia Balasic, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County
In loving memory of Bethany Anne

I am a Man!!

I hunt, fish, drive a fast car, play football, basketball and baseball. I am tough!! I went to war. I am the toughest two-legged mammal alive. I am a MAN!

While our son was still in the hospital, I cried alone so my wife wouldn't see me. At home, I cried alone in the shower, in the back yard, anywhere but in front of my wife. I had to be a rock. After our son died, I helped support my wife in the best way I knew how. I was a rock for her to lean on. I was invincible. The rock caused more trouble than good. Soon we were not talking or getting along with each other and I didn't understand why. My wife became angry. She told me, "You act like you don't love JJ" (because I didn't appear to be grieving).

The rock became mush. I then realized what I had done. I had played MAN instead of just being a father and a husband. You see, a mother doesn't need a rock with no emotions. She needed me to show her I did indeed love our son and that I was hurting after his death and that I did cry. My wife comforted me that night after we talked. I cried; she cried. We both needed it. I found out that it was good for me to cry and let my wife help me. I am a MAN. I am a grieving man who now does not mind crying in front of anyone. I cry for myself and for my son.



SIBLING PAGE



A Tragedy that Will Last Forever

On June 8, 1989, my life changed drastically. I was extremely excited that morning since I was getting my driver's license later in the day. Upon arriving at school, my brother Neil and I went our separate ways. Neil turned back and said, "Good luck! Don't mess up!" Those words will remain with me for as long as I live. They were the last words my brother said to me.

I left school early to get my driver's license. On the way home, my mother told me that Neil was sent home from school with a headache and chills. When we arrived at home, Neil was sleeping. My mother left for her law study group. Later, while I was on the phone, I heard a tremendous crash. I raced to my brother's room to find him having convulsions and in a coma.

I rushed Neil to the hospital, where he was diagnosed with meningitis, a disease in which the membrane around the brain swells. On June 10, my brother was pronounced brain dead. The doctors told us we would have to make a decision as to whether or not to keep him on life support. Previously, Neil told us that if he were ever on life support, he would want us to turn off the machine. On June 11, the life support systems were disconnected and my brother was officially pronounced dead.

At first I blamed myself for my brother's death, and for months, I was in a horrible state of depression. The questions "What if I...?" and "If I could have..." went through my mind over and

over again. I felt that if one of us had to die, it should have been me. I would have changed places with him in a heartbeat.

Finally I realized there was nothing I could have done, and my life had to go on. But everything was different and I changed. I saw life through different eyes and judged people and things differently. I work harder now and I take life more seriously. You could say I try to do enough for both of us – to do everything my brother is no longer able to or never did. I feel as if Neil is still here, watching over me. I try to accomplish things that would make him proud of me.

I have grown up a lot. I joined the sibling group of The Compassionate Friends, where I am able to talk to others who understand what I am going through. No matter what people say, they cannot understand unless they have gone through it. I have also started a bereavement group at my school to help others talk about their feelings regarding the loss of a parent, sibling or friend. Now when someone loses a loved one, he or she can come to me and know that I am willing to listen. I understand. It makes me feel great knowing that I can share my experience and help others overcome a tragic loss and want to go on with their lives.

The hurt never goes away. The sharp memory of my brother will never fade. I will never forget the love, the frustration, and even the arguments we had. No one can ever take his place in my heart. When Neil died, a part of me died, too.

— Madelyn Heilweil, TCF, Stamford, CT

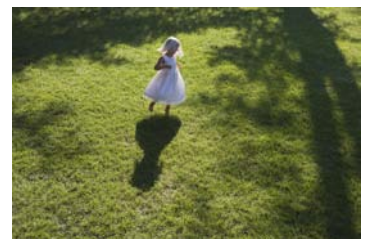
Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together, big sister, little brother. I took care of you until you were old enough to care for yourself. Though you didn't say it, I knew you loved me. We played in the sunlight, you and I. Remember the games of "Mother, May I?" and "Hide and seek"? Sure we had our fights, as all siblings do. But through it all, we never lost our love for each other. Now that you're gone, I'll never see you again except in the memories of those sunny days.

You will forever be sixteen, far too young to die. You had your whole life to live. I'll always grieve, but I must go on.

Still, without you, I play alone in the shadow.

— Cheryl Larson, TCF, Pikes Peak, CO



Life is Hard...and Not Always Fair

Life doesn't always work the way we'd like. If we had our way, it would be easier, consistently fair, and more fun. There would be no pain and suffering, we wouldn't have to work, and we wouldn't have to die. We'd be happy all the time. Unfortunately, we don't get our way. We get reality instead.

— Hal Urban (from *Life's Greatest Lessons*)

Grief Lesson

We found that our circle of friends shifted...we were surprised and disappointed that people we thought were good friends became distant, uneasy, and seemed unable to help us. Others who were casual acquaintances became suddenly close, sustainers of life for us. Grief changes the rules, and sometimes rearranges the combinations.

— *Martha Whitmore Hickman*

Thoughts

I have many memories
Of years gone by –
Some make me laugh,
Some make me cry.

I smile when I think of my children,
All the happy times of the past.
I cry when I realize that these good times
Were short-lived and didn't last.

The joy of a new life,
So full of promise and hope;
The trials of parenthood
Which many times made me cope.



A future so bright,
So fresh, so clean
Is now in the past
To go forever unseen.

From the beauty of your birth
Through the trying teen years,
Some of these were good,
And some gave me tears.

We were close then –
We will never be apart –
For deep down inside,
You'll always be in my heart.

— *Phyllis Gralewski*



A Solitary Journey

Grief is a solitary journey. No one but you knows how great the hurt is. No one but you can know 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*

Grief is Such an Education

Little did I know when my two eldest children, twenty-one-year-old Denis and nineteen-year-old Peggy, were killed in the same car accident how I would cope and survive after such a double tragedy. Would it be possible to have a meaningful life again? Could my husband and I and our remaining daughter bounce back and be a functioning family again? Could our tiny family group of three find happiness somewhere or would there always be this excruciating pain? Would we ever smile again? Could we fit back into the world again?

As a bereaved mother, I remembered the joy of giving birth to Denis, a beautiful ten pound, one ounce son; my first child, first grandchild on both sides of the family and named after both father and grandfather. An easy baby to take care of, he brought such delight to our parents, siblings and to my husband and me. When Peggy was born eighteen months later, I didn't think we could have a better baby, but she brought a bubbling personality and a special glow to our family, even when she taught Denis how to climb out of his crib. We were blessed with these two cheerful, healthy, loving children. I can remember that ecstatic joy as if it were yesterday. Who could look at them and ever imagine they both would die so young, only juniors in college?

I kept thinking of all the things we had done together, all the school projects, trips to the library, music lessons, sports teams, vacations and holiday celebrations. I felt cheated and robbed. I never got to see what they would do with all the knowledge and life experiences they had accumulated in their short lives. I missed their companionship, their day-to-day chatter, their adult conversations, and their fun-loving personalities. The house became eerily quiet, the phone not ringing off the hook, no laughter or teasing, no begging for something they really wanted, no playing loud music, two empty seats at the table. There would be no college graduations, graduate school plans, engagements, weddings or grandchildren from Peggy and Denis. That was a lot to absorb!

(Continued on next page)



Where does one begin? How do I put my life back together again? What will motivate me to get up in the morning? How will I go on living when every fiber of my body rejects the idea? How will I deal with the excruciating pain, the kind that goes right down to your toes and feels like a vise is squeezing your heart? I felt like every breath of energy had been sucked out of me. The tears flowed like a river with no end. Their faces haunted me continually, whether it was in the middle of the night, at dawn's first light, or all during the endless day.



In those early days of grief all I wanted to know was how do I survive? To learn, I ran to the public library and haunted bookstores searching their shelves for words that would soothe my pain. I read every line of heartfelt prose and poetry written by all those bereaved persons before me. Story after story touched my heart and gave me guidelines for surviving, wisdom beyond my years.

Reading was my first step to recovery in those dark beginning days, pulling me out of the depths of despair and filling me with positive thoughts to get through the painful moment. From all of those books, crammed with those inspiring words, I discovered how to make it through the next five minutes, an hour, and eventually a whole day.

There is so much to learn. I was a beginner, in pre-kindergarten for the bereaved. I had no idea there were so many lessons for the grieving. How grateful I was that some folks took the time to write down what they learned and passed it on to me through the books they wrote. How lucky I was to discover that section of the library where these life-giving books were just waiting for me.

I discovered that books make a wonderful gift to ourselves, to someone we know who is hurting or to those who wish to help or understand grieving hearts. We can invite books to talk to us when we want their company and we can close their covers when we don't. They don't put us on timetables and they make no demands. They can bring much comfort and an occasional smile. Trying their suggestions, especially ones we never dreamed of, saving good ideas for use on tough days and getting our feelings validated are giant beginning steps in our healing. Books last long after the flowers have withered, the sympathy cards have been packed away, and the trays of food have been eaten. They can bring a moment's peace to an aching heart, can reach out and embrace a lonely soul, and can inspire music in a sorrowful spirit.

I learned to tell my friends and my family what I needed to survive because they didn't automatically know. I learned to do what gave me peace of mind, not what others told me to do (especially those who had never lost a loved one). I learned to find activities that I could handle and to surround myself with the people who made me feel comfortable. I learned that we sadly lose some old friends, but happily find some new ones who let us grieve our own way. I discovered that we do many things differently, making new memories and traditions.

I learned to thank God for the good days and to ask for help on the rough ones. I learned to keep communication lines open with my spouse and to respect his different way of grieving, avoiding the pains of loneliness and isolation. I learned that children grieve differently, too.

I learned to count my blessings and to think positive thoughts. I learned that it's all right to be angry with God, that He is always there to listen to how we really feel. He walks with us and sometimes even carries us. I learned that He did not take my children, but lovingly received them. I discovered that I would become a new person, never to be the same again, weaving a new family tapestry.

I learned that it was a real soul-searching time as I questioned everything I valued. I found that my priorities would be different, some things becoming much more important and others so trivial as to be forgotten or ignored.

I found that memories of my children would bring joy to my heart, enriching my life and empowering me to do things in their honor, keeping their memories very much alive. I learned that even though Peggy and Denis died, the relationship lives on because love never dies.

Reading kept my sanity and inspired me to try things which had helped others. I was grateful for anything that eased my pain or made my heart feel a moment of joy.

Trial and error was the only way I found what worked for me. Whatever helped, whether it was walking the dog, listening to comforting music or having tea with a friend, I'd write it down on a list to remember to do on a tough day. When you're grieving, it takes ten times the amount of energy to get through a day, so I learned quickly to carefully pick and choose the things I could handle on a daily basis.

So you see, there is much to learn when we are grieving. I lovingly refer to it as "Grief 101," the required beginner course for all of us bereaved to learn the basics. As the years go by, we might find different needs, feelings, circumstances and relationships to address. Then we are definitely ready for the graduate level course "Grief 301."

We never really stop learning! And the secret to feeling better and "going out to the head of the class" is to share what we have learned with others, reaching out to the newly bereaved and all those who wish to understand our pain. Happy studies.

— Elaine E. Stillwell (from *Grief Digest*, Centering Corporation)

Our Children Remembered

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

Jeff Baldwin
Son of Aurelia Ferraro
April 27, 1967 - April 26, 1991

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

Paul Shane Brough
Son of Theresa and Steve Bleemke
May 18, 1982 - April 4, 2003

Faith Campbell
Daughter of John and Cathi Campbell
April 5, 1994 - April 5, 1994

William Frederick Carter Jr.
Son of Dot Carter
April 24, 1959 - August 16, 1992

Joseph Fredrick Errichiello Jr.
Son of Susan and Joe Errichiello
April 6, 1979 - May 29, 2004

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

Galen Andrew Harig-Blaine
Son of Clare and Stephen Blaine
November 14, 1989 - April 22, 2007

David A Lombardo
Son of David D. and Maryann Lombardo
April 11, 1976 - April 9, 2011

Zachary Laurence Luceti
Son of Linda Huey East
April 20, 1978 - July 4, 2003

Walter H. Maynard IV
Son of Rose Marie Carnes and Walter Maynard III
January 2, 1965 - April 14, 2006

Craig Steven Nelson
Son of Karen Coulson
April 2, 1974 - January 31, 1995

Solymar Rodriguez Torres
Daughter of José Rodriguez and Vanya Torres
August 27, 1993 - April 13, 2007

Dennis Richard Rohrback
Son of Dennis and Joan Rohrback
April 8, 1964 - July 3, 1988

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

Alisa Joy Withers
Daughter of Jan Withers
July 7, 1976 - April 16, 1992

Maraki Yemane
Daughter of Patrizia Giorgio and Menelik Yemane
April 1, 2006 - November 21, 2010

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

Donations may be made to offset the costs of our local Chapter's events and communications. We gratefully acknowledge the following donations made in the last month:

John and Terre Belt in memory of Cortney Belt and Traci Heincelman

Gary and Cindy Dukes in memory of Zachary Dukes

Dave and Maryann Lombardo in memory of David Lombardo

Robin Moczulski in memory of Cody Moczulski

Bart and Vickie Rankin in memory of Samantha Rankin

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino



BP/USA 2012 National Gathering
Hosted by the Tampa Bay Chapter

“Voyage to Strength on Sunny Shores”

Join Us in Florida, the “Sunshine State”

June 29 - July 1, 2012

For more information, contact:

Linda Delk 813-661-0680 or

Gina Casal 813-495-7539

BPUSAGather@gmail.com

PHONE FRIENDS – Need someone to talk with who really understands what you’re going through?
Call one of us – we’re more than willing to listen.

Debi Wilson-Smith at 410-757-8280

Barbara Bessling at 410-761-9017

Noel Castiglia at 410-757-5129

Bereaved Parents of the USA
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NEXT MEETING: April 5, 2012



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by March 29, 2012

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

No Program
Thursday, April 5, 2012

A meeting will be held as usual on April 5. However, sharing groups – a key part of each Chapter meeting – will be the focus. There will be sharing groups for first-time attendees, and the newly and non-newly bereaved.

An Overview of Available Anne Arundel County Resources for the Bereaved
Thursday, May 3, 2012

Darlene Goatley, a hospice social worker, will share with attendees the resources that are available in our county to support us in our grief work.

Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering
June 29 - July 1, 2012
Tampa, FL

The Compassionate Friends National Conference
July 20 - 22, 2012
Costa Mesa, CA

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**.