



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

August 2012

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Stepping Stones

Come, take my hand, the road is long. We must travel by stepping stones. No, you're not alone. I'll go with you. I know the road well, I've been there. Don't fear the darkness. I'll be with you. We must take one step at a time. But remember we may have to stop awhile. It is a long way to the other side and there are many obstacles.

We have many stones to cross. Some are bigger than others...shock, denial, and anger to start. Then come guilt, despair, and loneliness. It's a hard road to travel, but it must be done. It's the only way to reach the other side.

Come, slip your hand in mine. What? Oh, yes, it's strong. I've held so many hands like yours. Yes, mine was one time small and weak like yours. Once, you see, I had to take someone's hand in order to take the first step. Oops! You've stumbled. Go ahead and cry. Don't be ashamed, I understand. Let's wait here awhile and get your breath. When you're stronger we'll go on, one step at a time. There's no need to hurry.

Say, it's nice to hear you laugh. Yes, I agree, the memories you shared are good. Look, we're halfway there now; I can see the other side. It looks so warm and sunny. Oh, have you noticed? We're nearing the last stone and you're standing alone. And look, your hands, you've let go of mine, and we've reached the other side.

But wait. Look back. Someone is standing there. They are alone and want to cross the stepping stones. I better go; they need my help. What? Are you sure? Why, yes, I'll wait. You know the way - you've been there. Yes - I agree - it's your turn, my friend - to help someone else cross the stepping stones.

— *Barbara Williams*

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Bob and Sandi Burash in memory of their son

Paul John Burash

January 18, 1972 – August 8, 1992



How blessed we were when you were born -- you gave us joy and happy memories for 20 ½ years. August 8th, 1992 was the saddest day of our lives, but knowing that you continue to live within our hearts has kept us going through the years.

We love you, son.

William and Jody Dale in memory of their son

Joshua William Sims Dale

August 30, 1980 – August 30, 2007

"For everything there is a season- a time to plant; a time to pluck up what is planted." Five rings have wrapped trees since you left us. "...a time to weep, to laugh, to mourn, to dance...He has made everything beautiful in its time... man cannot find out what God has done from beginning to end."

You grow in our hearts forever.



Next Meeting: August 2, 2012

Program TBD – The program is currently undetermined, but sharing groups for first-time attendees, for the newly bereaved and for the non-newly bereaved will be held as usual.

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 September newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by August 1.

Send an email to: newsletter@aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org.

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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

Angel Moms

We have shared our tears and our sorrow,
We have given encouragement to each other,
Given hope for a brighter tomorrow,
... We share the title of grieving mother.

Some of us lost older daughters or sons,
Who we watched grow over the years,
Some have lost their babies before their lives begun,
But no matter the age, we cry the same tears.

We understand each other's pain,
The bond we share is very strong,
With each other there is no need to explain,
The path we walk is hard and long.

Our children brought us together,
They didn't want us on this journey alone,
They knew we needed each other,
To survive the pain of them being gone.

So take my hand my friend,
We may stumble and fall along the way,
But we'll get up and try again,
Because together we can make it day by day.

We can give each other hope,
We'll create a place where we belong,
Together we will find ways to cope,
Because we are Angel Moms and together we are strong!

— Judi Walker

A Prayer, A Cry

I read of an accident the other day.
Another young person had died and
gone away.
My heart beat faster and I started to cry.
Why do young people have to die?
The good die young, so the saying goes.
But what the family goes through, no one knows.
So when I read of an accident or hear an ambulance go by
I pray for the child, but it's for the family I cry.

— Janis Heil, TCF, Albany, NY



Thoughts on an Anniversary

It's true that he's always in the back of my mind
But he's not always on my mind.

When I think of him now, I remember him warmly.
I rarely cry any more out of hurt or anger.

But there are times when something can throw me right back to that
very day.
And the depth of my feelings of loss and pain
Once again equal the depth of my love for him.

And I cry and I hurt, but it reminds me all the more
That he will always be part of my life,
And that he's special enough to care about.

Time has healed me.
But time has not made me forget.



Energy Drain

It is surprising to me that much bereavement literature omits mention of the huge energy drain which comes with grief. If you are newly bereaved and have yet to realize that nearly all of your energy is required just to deal with these many emotions you are confronting, then let me assure you that this is the case. Don't expect yourself to complete projects within the same time frame as you were once able to, nor expect yourself to be able to dazzle customers or clients with pizzazz or gusto.

It simply takes too much energy just to dress in the morning, to make the simple decision to eat, to stifle tears in public, to keep your anger from inappropriately erupting. There is very little energy for anything else. Everything will take longer than you think, including grief recovery. You will, however, gradually rediscover yourself and build a new life. Your life will be a rich and full one where the memories of your child will no longer produce pain. In fact, those memories will enrich your life. And that's the truth!

Meanwhile, conserve your energy when and where you can, and allow yourself time to grieve. Those people who deny their grief simply delay the process. The quicker way to recovery is straight through the grief, not around it.

— Shirley Ottman, Denton, TX

How Many Children Do You Have?

Shortly after my son died, I realized that this question was going to be bothersome. Each time someone asked me about the number of children, I struggled with the answer. I soon decided I was not going to let this become a problem. I thought about how I felt about my choices of answer and chose the one that met my needs in the beginning. I had a surviving daughter, but I knew for me to say “one” would seem a denial on my part that my son had lived, and that wasn’t right for me. In the beginning, when I still needed to tell people that my son had died, I would tell in detail about his accident when the question about how many children came my way.



As the months passed and I had told the story enough times, I found that it wasn’t necessary to go into detail any more. My needs had changed, and I rethought my answer.

Now, when I am asked how many children I have, I answer, “I had two children.” The criteria I used in determining if I go any further is whether the person asking is going to be a continuing part of my life. If so, they need to know about my son, and I tell them. Otherwise, we will be constantly dancing around that fact. Better, I think, to have it out in the open. It then loses its ability to interfere with the relationship. If, on the other hand, the person asking is simply passing through my life, then I feel no need to go any further than, “I had two children.” Seldom does anyone catch the had instead of have, and pursue it. If they do, or if they ask follow-up questions about ages or professions, I tell them first that my 26-year-old son was killed in an accident. Then I tell them about my daughter who is alive and doing well. This gives them a choice. They can either acknowledge my son’s death and ask questions, or they can ignore that and ask about my daughter. I am comfortable either way. If they are embarrassed, I see that as their problem. Just to show you how different we all are, however, my husband feels comfortable answering, “We have one child.” That is what is right for him and is what he should say. You decide what is right for you – then say it. That way you defuse that powerful question and it loses its ability to traumatize. Don’t let it be a problem.

— Mary Cleckley, Lawrenceville, GA

Unwelcome Grief

I miss my life, before grief walked in, and made itself at home.

Grief is something I wish would go away and forget how he found his way here.

Who does he think he is, just showing up unexpected, taking control.

I want him to go away, never to return.

Grief is so powerful, it causes so many emotions.

Grief can silence you, but can make you want to scream.

Grief will bring you to your knees, but also make you want to run as far away as you can.

Reading a good devotional can bring you comfort, and going into the woods and yelling at trees can be as soothing.

Grief is so powerful.

I want it to go away, but I also need it to stay.

It makes me numb, but also makes me feel.

Grief is so confusing, but makes so much sense.

Grief can stay in my house.

Grief can be overpowering but can be contained.

Mature grief can be told when to go away and when it is needed.

Mature grief can be entwined in my life and lived with.

Grief. My life. Forever my enemy and my companion.

— Lee Ann Hutson, BP/USA, Montgomery County, IN



SIBLING PAGE

To My Brother

Wherever we look,
You are there.
You are the light
On the water.

You are the blossom
On the tree.
You are a thought,
And you are a feeling.
Wherever we are,
You are.

— Martha Dubinsky, TCF
Chappaqua, NY

As Time Passes

As time passes
And others forget
Day by day
I enter my lonely
Room of memories
And broken dreams
And I cry.

And each day
As I push forward
I move a step ahead
And then back
But still gaining
If even but a little.

— Mary Rapke, TCF, Grand Junction, CO



To Those Who Come After

I never knew my brother,
Yet I knew him well.

Through my mother's eyes
I've known him,
And I love him still.
I'll grow tall and strong like him,
Yet not like him at all.
He'll be my guardian angel,
And we'll go through life together, as one.
I have his clothes and his toys
And his photos,
I hold them dear to me.
But most of all,
I treasure the loving memories
My mother gave to me.

— Karen Hoyland, TCF, Brisbane, Australia

You're Just a Thought Away

Distance takes us far apart
And darkens my today,
I have to keep remembering –
You're just a thought away.

When the world is too confusing,
And times are hard to bear,
I pull your precious meaning,
Your bright spirit, from the air.

And if I sometimes drift
Into a lonely state of mind,
I gather up the memories
Of the days now left behind.

And though you're not beside me,
I can tap into my heart
And draw upon the warmth and love
That now lives while we're apart.

And with the fond reflections
On the times when you were near,
I sense a little bit of what
It's like to have you here.

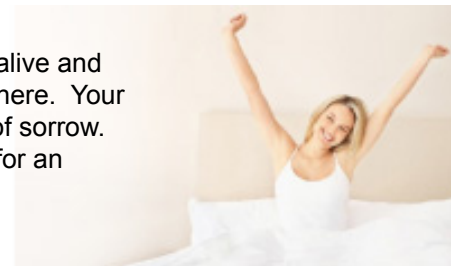
— Bruce Wilmer



One Day

One day, you wake up and realize that you must have survived, because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow. One day, one glorious day, you wake up and feel your skin tingle again, and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken...and IT IS A BEGINNING.

— Louise Wyse, Fort Worth, TX



Sixteen Here and Sixteen There...How can it be?

How can it be

That you've been there as long as you were here?
That it has been thousands of days since I held you in my arms?
That the sun still rises and the waves still roll in?

How can it be

That I can still hear the echo of your laugh after all these years?
That I can still see your beautiful smile and feel your warm embrace?
That I can still remember vividly so many very special moments between us?

How can it be

That I still wallow in my grief sometimes?
That the lump in my throat and the pain in my heart are as intense sometimes as they were in the early years – but only sometimes?
That your Memorial Garden is a mature and beautiful garden now, not the barren C-shaped plot of clay and sand that it used to be?

How can it be

That I feel more alone in my grief as the years go by?
That I still question my sanity because of the undiminished strength of my emotions?
That I'm forever wondering if I'll ever be truly at peace with your loss as my life's backdrop?

How can it be

That you'll forever be sweet sixteen?
That your closet and your room still look like you might return one day?
That your clothes and your favorite perfume are still being worn?

How can it be

That I was fortunate to be surrounded by the love and support of family and friends?
That so much of that support group is now with you or otherwise lost to me?
That I've found new friendships and have maintained old friendships that sustain me?

How can it be

That the circle of life has continued without you and the niece and nephew you'll never know come to visit often?
That I'm grateful for the gift they are, but I still lament what will never be?
That I selfishly and greedily long for more?

How can it be? HOW CAN IT BE? HOW CAN IT BE?

It can be

Because I was and am your mother
Because you were and are my daughter
Because you left this earth, our bond is unbroken and some dreams die hard.

It can be

Because I will love you forever and ever
Because you will always be a part of my life
Because I won't let go of the love

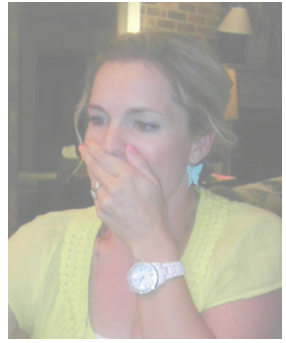
That's HOW IT CAN BE!



—Terre Belt, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD
In Loving Memory of Cortney on her 33rd birthday

The Big Surprise – I SURVIVED!

Prior to my son Cameron's death, I thought that if something happened to one of my children I would just die or perhaps go insane. I'd heard other people say similar things, so I knew that other parents felt the same way. Now that I think about it, none of those parents had ever experienced the death of a child. I suppose all we were really saying was that we felt so much love for our children that we couldn't imagine living without them.



On June 4, 1999, I received the call all parents hope they never receive. I was informed that my sixteen-year-old son Cameron had been in an accident and that I should come to the hospital. It was there that I was informed that Cameron hadn't survived the accident.

During the next few days I was asked to make decisions at the worst time in my life and I made them with the help of my two surviving children and the man who is now my husband. I realized that these were the last things I would do for my son. I existed in a funny place. I was aware of picking out clothes for Cameron. It was strange because I hadn't picked out Cameron's clothes for him in several years. We picked out a casket for Cameron. How weird that felt. It didn't seem real, yet on some level I knew it was very real. I just couldn't believe what had happened, yet I knew it wasn't a nightmare. We planned the funeral. It was held at the high school gym where Cameron had played basketball and attended the homecoming and prom. We picked out songs for his funeral. His sister said we should play "Time of Your Life" by Greenday because she remembered her brother going through the house singing that song. We went to the visitation. I was not prepared to see my son in a casket. So many people came. It was comforting to know that so many people loved Cameron. The air in the gym was heavy with sadness. It was so painful, yet at the same time I felt numb. My daughter and I both spoke at Cameron's funeral. After all, we knew him better than any minister did. That night we went back to the cemetery by ourselves. As I looked at his grave, I still couldn't believe he was dead. How could I live without Cameron? This was not how it was supposed to go. Children are supposed to bury their parents. My heart felt big and heavy and it hurt. Prior to Cameron's death I didn't realize your heart could physically hurt from mental and emotional pain. My heart was broken and the pain was mental as well as physical. I lived through the funeral because I had to attend to the task of burying Cameron, but I figured I would die soon. After all, that's what I'd always heard people say. THE BIG SURPRISE – I SURVIVED! Several months later I was standing in my kitchen when it felt as if my heart was being squeezed. I thought, "so I'm going to die in my kitchen." I waited, but I didn't die. I survived. Perhaps I just wanted to die to escape the pain. Time has passed and I have learned to live with the pain caused by the death of my child. I have learned that the heart can withstand far more pain than I would ever have thought possible and still keep beating. I have learned to love Cameron as much in death as I loved him in life. He is still my son and I am still his mom.

About four years after Cameron's death, I was at the cemetery cleaning around his grave when a lady I knew came over and started talking. We visited a little bit and then she said, "I'd just die if something happened to one of my children or grandchildren." I responded by saying, "only people who have never experienced the death of their child say that." As I stood there watching her walk away, I thought, "I used to be one of those people."

Brother

I can't remember what the last words I said to you must have been. Isolating the one factor that caused me to leave is clouded. I guess growing pains between siblings just became pain that never went away until it grew bigger than we were. It doesn't even matter what the specifics were because the only thing I will never wrap my mind around is the fact that you are gone and you were my baby brother.

The night it happened I went to back to school night and smiled at expectant parents, eagerly awaiting the dawn of a new school year. I shook hands and discussed goals and curriculum objectives completely unaware that in 24 hours my world would implode as it already had for our mom, dad, brother, and sister. A busy time of year, I had not attended to the cell and home phone messages and emails from a friend I'd grown up with. Finally, at around 10 o'clock that night, I reached her and she realized that what she had to tell me I had not yet heard. While my parents and siblings grieved their loss of you for one day, I was oblivious as I stood in my classroom; you departed this earth in an ironic coincidental accident on your birthday. My friend's words stay in my ears like a cow chewing cud; it's the way things are that it comes back. I expect them to become more tolerant to hear and less surprising, but they never are. They grip me in paralyzed fear, unremittingly and I hear and know what I will never believe or understand. My mind plays tricks on my auditory senses and there are times I swear I actually hear them, "Your brother was in an accident. Pause... He didn't make it."

I've heard at the end your life flashes before your eyes. As she repeated herself to make sure I had heard her, despite my insistence it wasn't true, I revisited conversations that had led me to this point. ...there will always be a time to go back, we'd be reunited as a family many years in the future for the loss of a grandparent, or even in the more distant future for the inevitable loss of a parent. How could it be that the one person who I thought I'd have all the time in the world to repair a relationship with was gone? With his blond hair and blue eyes, he truly had the face of an angel. As kids, he was first pick on my team when he and I would gang up against our sister and brother. As rivalry goes, the sides would change, but when the stakes were high in the backyard amidst the sticky summer heat, I'd dissuade him from teaming with the others. It had to be the oldest sister and the oldest brother. As favorites go, he was mine, and now all the time in the world would never be enough.

For the first time in ten years, in the middle of the night I dialed my home number, expecting this to have been a mistake. The sound of my mom's voice on the end of the phone in one tired, ragged, emotionally toiled and spent, "Hello" confirmed that my brother was gone.

Our parents, sister, and brother all said goodbye to you and saw your face as you slept peacefully - I heard you were beautiful - but I'd never see you again. You were cremated the next morning as I worked in the garden, alone, to be close to heaven and earth from which you had come. There was nothing to say that weekend, but I kept my thoughts within. I thought about moments in my past where I had chided myself to remember every last detail to not forget the sweetest experiences as long as I lived. With my children, especially, I can remember attempting to memorize their powdery infant scent so delicious it should have been bottled, the unevenness in the sounds of their newfound voices as they gurgled and cooed in response to my encouraging words, and savoring the safety of cradling their soft, chick-feather-haired heads in the crevice of my knees as they slept trustingly in my lap. These precious moments are snippets, engrained, but not as vibrant as I had hoped for after the passage of school projects, swim practices, lost teeth left for the tooth fairy, math facts, and spilled milk. Strangely enough, I'd never known or planned in hindsight, but the last time I'd seen you would forever stay far more vivid than those priceless snapshots with my children. If I would have known that last day on the street would really be the last, I would have stayed longer, ignoring the impending streetlights forcing the stretching sunlight hours faster toward evening. I would have said more and let the words I have now to say come spilling out, gushing from the cavern of my throat as if a dam had broken behind the weight of my prideful, stubborn tongue.

Sometimes, I think that there must have been a way that the universe knew, which is why so oddly enough that mundane meeting on the street is a memory that has effortlessly remained with such precision. I couldn't recognize your face when I'd passed that day, but your perfect teeth and brilliant smile gave you away. What we said to each other escapes me - and always has- but I remember the worn softness of your plaid button-down shirt, the silkiness of your long hair, and my surprise at how you'd become so much taller than me in the years since you'd become a man and I'd become a mother. We hugged for a long time and to this day, I never forgot the comfort of your body next to mine, spanning over a lost friendship, but my brother just the same.

In the week after your death, I was amazed at our sister's ability to be the rock our parents needed to keep going. Her strength in the face of this unimaginable sadness was what I knew I could never do. Imagining how difficult it must have been for my younger sister to restructure a family life back in our parents' home amidst her own grief still leaves me speechless. Weeks and months afterward, I rebuilt a relationship with our parents and observed as they learned to live without you for the first time since they had given birth to you. I introduced my children to their grandparents and found normalcy in this abnormal position where I often was left to wonder how the world continued to turn without you in it. Over a year later, I renewed my relationship with our sister, whom I had always underestimated, and our brother, whom I had never taken the time to really know. The three of us relearned how to be siblings, as an incomplete team this time without you.

During our daily conversations, our sister and I are there for each other in a way that I never was for you. In unspoken terms, I've seen her fluidity in managing tragedy and she knows my deeply hidden guilt rooted in my core, from losing the last years of your life. Occasionally, after a few glasses of wine, conversations with our brother drift to sadness about missing you and his usual stoic attitude is softened and we reminisce.

The night I heard you had died, I looked into my son's eyes with new sight and saw you in him for the first time. Staring at him, I could see the boy with blue eyes returning my gaze through the innocent chocolate eyes before me. I had inadvertently ignored that you were there all along, blindness, or just never stopping to take notice. In the years since, I am reminded by commonalities between the two of you that exist in his mannerisms and skills and I take it in in silent thoughts to myself that I see what you must be looking down on as your own traits carried forward in the same genes, different boy. You are there on Christmas Day as we open gifts. I watch the awe in our niece and nephews' faces, some of them you'll never know - your namesakes, while they unwrap colorful packages; I watch enough for both of us and love enough for both of us. I'm glad they will never know the sorrow that brought me to them. I catch your spirit in any beautiful moment and my eyes well behind sunglasses - driving along the autumn sunlit mountainside where we shared so many good times, although it's bittersweet to be there now; you're in the melody of a song on the radio you sang in the backseat of the car on ski trips, that's merely a whisper behind the singer; you're in the look on our sister's face when she fights tears as she says she christens her son, your nephew, as your namesake. Does anyone else recognize the lump in her throat? I do. You're in the chatter between my children calling you 'uncle', although I never let them know you, but you are part of them.

Each summer, as I approach the anniversary of your death, I find myself alone in front of a dancing ocean, two-stepping out before me as far as I can see on the horizon, and of course my thoughts adrift, think of you. Grief is like that water. Its immensity and change cannot be contained in anything I have tried to force it into. The tide rolls in and it's the sadness that washes over me time and again, lapping the edge relentlessly when I think there cannot be any more tears to be shed. It falls out to sea and brings relief, heartache replaced by joy, before a storm stirs the darkened fury within the depths and brings it inevitably crashing back to shore. Why did we have to grow up so fast and leave the security of own fence line where I wasn't there to protect you? Before I know it, I am back at the water's edge, another year has passed, me - a small individual soul at the mercy of a vastness that I will never understand or comprehend, yet we have persevered. Five years after your death, it's a different team, but I am home.

— Author Anonymous

Our Children Remembered

Douglas Lee Baer III
Grandson of Shirley Baer
August 21, 1983 - November 14, 2006

Cortney Michele Belt
Daughter of Terre and John Belt
Sister of Eryn Belt
August 26, 1979 - July 9, 1996

Traci Lynn Boone
Daughter of Bonita Boone-Adamecz
September 17, 1964 - August 17, 1986

Paul John Burash
Son of Robert and Sandra Burash
January 18, 1972 - August 8, 1992

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

Joshua "Josh" William Sims Dale
Son of Jody and Bill Dale
August 30, 1980 - August 30, 2007

Barbara Jean Fennessey
Daughter of Ray and Kay Fennessey
August 30, 1960 - August 4, 1989

Tracy Ann Fotino
Daughter of Martha Murphy
Niece of Kenneth Smith
May 14, 1971 - August 25, 2000

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

Andrew Thomas "Drew" Gawthrop
Son of Brenda Gawthrop
May 25, 1990 - August 12, 2002

Michael James Hayes
Son of Belinda Hawkins
August 16, 1975 - November 22, 2008

Kurt Willard Johnson
Son of Willard and Marian Johnson
December 9, 1963 - August 11, 2003

Roger Wallace Johnson
Son of Walter and Shirley Johnson
Brother of Leroy and Jeanne Jones
July 10, 1947 - August 23, 1986

Jeremy Scott Jones
Son of Leroy and Jeanne Jones
Grandson of Walter and Shirley Johnson
August 4, 1976 - August 21, 1986

Eric Eugene Maier
Son of Gene and Marlen Maier
August 8, 1961 - July 5, 1984

Brian Richard Melcher
Son of Norma and Donald Melcher
Brother of Cheryl Lewis
August 30, 1960 - June 14, 2002

Ryan John Mulloy
Son of John and Suzanne Mulloy
August 19, 1975 - August 12, 1993

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

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

Scott Thomas Palmer
Son of Frances Palmer
August 3, 1983 - September 1, 1996

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

James Ryan Rohrbaugh
Son of Doug and Donna Rohrbaugh
August 30, 1983 - September 5, 1983

Brittany Nicole Tyler
Daughter of Janet and Dan Tyler
Granddaughter of Dot Carter
October 12, 1986 - August 23, 1992

Daniel Alfred Whitby
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.
Brother of Susan Lovett
January 10, 1959 - August 15, 1974

*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 & Terre Belt in memory of Cortney Belt and Traci Heincelman

George & Cathy Schindler in memory of Emily Schindler

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

Jeffrey Wilkins & Martha Friar in memory of Tria Castiglia (and in honor of Ann Castiglia)

Chapter Note

There will be a meeting of our Chapter's "Core Group" on Tuesday, August 14, at 7:15 p.m. at Calvary United Methodist Church. Our room assignment is listed on the board in the foyer entrance to the church on the night of the meeting. All are welcome – it is the Core Group that keeps the Chapter running, so we talk about monthly meeting programs, our Memory Walk and Service of Remembrance plans, our financial position, our website and newsletter....and much more.

Please join us – "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*)

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

Anne Arundel County Chapter

P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org

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NEXT MEETING: August 2, 2012



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by July 27, 2012

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Program TBD

Thursday, August 2, 2012

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

The program is currently undetermined, but sharing groups for first-time attendees, for the newly bereaved and for the non-newly bereaved will be held as usual.

Monthly Program

Thursday, September 6, 2012

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Patricia DiMiceli, author of "Embrace the Angel," will take attendees on a journey from the depths of despair to the heights of heaven by sharing her life and her deceased daughter's lessons. Sharing groups for first-time attendees, for the newly bereaved and for the non-newly bereaved will be held as usual.

Anne Arundel County Chapter's Annual Memory Walk

Saturday, October 7, 2012

Quiet Waters Park, Annapolis, MD

Anne Arundel County Chapter's Annual Service of Remembrance

Sunday, December 2, 2012

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

RESOURCES:

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

The Compassionate Friends, Reston Satellite Group (for no surviving children)

North County Government Center

Reston District Police Station

12000 Bowman Towne Drive

Reston, VA

Second Saturday of each month; 2pm - 4pm

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**.