



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

August 2013

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Changing Seasons

Summer is in full swing. The temperature is expected to reach 95 degrees today, with a heat index of 100 degrees. It's too hot to go outside, too hot to work in the garden, too hot for anything but swimming or air conditioning. When it is so hot, I can't think straight and I have the hardest time keeping my cool (if you'll excuse the pun). Doesn't it seem like your temper rises with the mercury? I don't like it, but I don't seem to have much control over it either.

Those of us who have experienced the death of a child and/or sibling might describe those early days of loss as 100 degree days, every one of them. The world is unbearable, intolerable, and each day it gets worse. In fact, the "summer" of that first year lasts for months and months. The air is thick and still. We wake in the middle of the night, sweating and gasping for air. We find ourselves stuck in a crowd and feel as though we might collapse from the weight of the world. But where do we find relief? Not in an air conditioned room, that's certain. Actually, relief come in bits and pieces – holding our family members close, talking to friends who know how to listen, learning to remember the good times again – these things start relieving the oppressive "heat" in our hearts.

As time goes by, with continued support from friends and family, opportunities to share our grief, and the ever-present love we feel for our children and siblings, we pass into a new phase of life. Do not let anyone underestimate the intensity of your early grief, but please, for the sake of your breaking heart and the love of your friends and family, be open to the changing seasons.

— Lisa Beall, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD (1999)
sister of William Carter, Jr.
Aunt of Brittany Tyler

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Barb Cannon in memory of her son
Bryan Ray Cannon
August 14, 1984 – August 11, 2011



One moment...you were here.
Laughing...joking...smiling...
growing...loving...living.
And then...one moment...silence...
heartbreak...loneliness...pain...
sadness...shock...tears...death.
One moment...God gave you to
us...to complete our family...
One moment...every moment...we
remember...we love...we smile...
we laugh...we live...we remember.
Until our moment comes

William and Jody Dale in memory of their son
Joshua William Sims Dale
August 30, 1980 – August 30, 2007

For a sixth year anniversary,
traditional gifts are sugar and iron.
In the sixth year after your death,
we hope for the same - sugar to
savor the sweetness of life and iron
for strength to handle each hurdle -
with a balance between those two
invariable opponents - while you and
God watch over.

Mom, Dad, Parry, Courtney, and Alex



Next Meeting: August 8, 2013

Signs from Our Children – After the death of a child many parents find unexpected and surprising signs from their children. Whether these messages present themselves through dreams, smells, finding letters or items left behind, we can find comfort in the hope that our children are still with us to guide us. This presentation will include examples of our speaker's own experiences as well as stories she has heard from other parents about these signs.

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 beginning at 7:30 p.m. 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.

Doors open at 7:15 p.m.

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.

Chapter Leader:	Terre Belt 410.721.1359 thbelt@comcast.net
Newsletter Team:	Terre Belt June Erickson Eryn Lowe
Treasurer:	Fran Palmer
Correspondence & Hospitality:	Rick & Carol Tomaszewski
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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 (thbelt@comcast.net), 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

Love Has Found a Home

Perhaps...love has found a home and it rests with us. Most of the time we can answer the who, when, how, what and where in regards to our child and their death. The "who" is your child and their name, age, gender and the unique qualities that make them so very special. The "who" is the splendid soul that is there while we are here.

The "how, what when and where" are found in the particulars of the circumstances that have seized your child. Whether their life ends by illness or accident, suicide, murder or miscarriage, or any other manner, the circumstances are not identical, but they are the same separation. They are the unique fingerprints of finality. All of us have fingerprints, but none of us have the same ones. Bereaved parents own the saddest of realities for now and forever. Separation and finality team up to devour your life and make you cry in the oddest of places, at the strangest of times. You know why even if the world is mystified.

At first it is impossible to have thoughts of death and our child together in any conceivable fashion. It makes no sense to the new Moms and Dads who have been drafted into the army of the bereaved parent. It makes no sense to veterans. Perhaps angry or questioning logic fades as Love takes hold and lights our worlds. Would it be better to not hurt at all but not have had a child? There are some parents in this world that do not suffer since their son or daughter died, because they only know of the word love and not its meaning, form without substance. You hurt so much because you love so much. You are crazy with grief because you are crazy with love. The determined desire to go beyond simple survival, to travel beyond death's details, holds great power over death and depression. The bad news is – it isn't easy. The good news is – it can and has been done.

It is the "why" that remains elusive. The "why" that escapes practical evaluation resulting in concrete conclusions. The "why" that is sought for answers. The "why" that is often concealed in confusion that pretends to hide a non-existent solution. What answer? How can there be an answer to "why"? Normal thinking does not work. The way we used to do things does not work. Logic has been stripped from our evaluation processes. We are lost since there are no answers to "why" this happened. "It" happens to others. Why have we lost our immunity? Is it our fault? Could we have taken some other course of action? Inaction? Should we have made different plans? Thoughts float in and out of our mind, taunting our souls with unanswerable questions.

At some fork in the grief trail we travel, we can let go of the "why" issue. There is no drum roll to announce the arrival of Hope. Nor are there triumphant trumpets signaling the departure of the tortuous unanswerable "why." The saddest and most frustrating of questions is allowed to disintegrate and be replaced by a fuzzy, vague presence of Hope. Our awareness ability has detected its presence. One morning you wake and a whole minute goes by before you remember. Hope is not the shallow, cheery optimism that the bereaved wear for worldly consumption. It is the deepest and most glorious of productive inspirations that the Hope of eternity and reunion can bring. It is the Hope that all is not lost. It isn't easy to see through curtains of tears so often pulled tightly shut by overwhelming sadness. Hope and love can make eternal death disappear. There will still be hurt, it will still be intense, it will not fill every waking moment as time changes from enemy to ally. Our love for the child that is not here the way we want will always be with us and eventually replace all else. Our children fill our lives through others that are still here. They do it every day. We just have to keep looking for the place that love calls home.

— Pat O'Donnell, TCF, Livonia, MI



Feeling Wounded and Different

Say: My vulnerability will decrease as time passes.

Reliving each moment of the death in your mind can be very painful, and yet, it actually helps you to begin to deal with your loss. All of the feelings you are experiencing are common to those who grieve. There is no need to be ashamed of any of your feelings. Repressing your feelings can hurt you emotionally. Don't allow others to tell you how you should grieve.

It is not unusual when you first learn about the loss of your loved one to experience a very surrealistic moment. You feel there are "two parts" of yourself – one is reality: you continue to do things; and the other is detached: you watch things unfolding. Remember, this is a way for you to deal with the enormous pain of your loss.

By allowing yourself to feel different you are healing yourself.

— Joseph Robert Pfeiffer (from "A Different Season")

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 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 battles I fought and the times we laughed
 For if you always think of me
 I will never have gone.

— Author Unknown

How Long Will This Grief Last?

Say: I grieve now; placing it on hold
 will only create problems for me.

You may wonder, "Will this pain and hurt ever end? When will these intense feelings cease?" Placing a time frame on your recovery may set you up for disappointment, if you're not finished with your mourning once that time has arrived. Grief recovery takes time – anywhere from months to years. Although the intensity of your feelings will decrease over time, remember, your sadness will be transformed into a deeper understanding of your loss.

Your grief recovery is very different than anything you have experienced.

— Joseph Robert Pfeiffer (from "A Different Season")



The Clay Pot

Every morning a Water Bearer in India would place two large water pots on a rack that he would carry the two miles to the river. One of the pots was perfect, but the other had a crack. The Indian would fill both pots at the river and then walk back home. The first pot held the water well, but most of the water would leak out of the cracked pot.

One day the cracked pot could stand its imperfection no longer. In its shame, it apologized to the Water Bearer for not being perfect. The Water Bearer told the pot that he was aware of its imperfection. He added, "Have you noticed that I always carry you on the left? And along the left side of the path, there are beautiful flowers that I pick to brighten my home. You see, when I realized that you were cracked, I planted flower seeds along the left side of the path, so each day as I carry you home, you water the flowers."



We are like the cracked pot; our hearts have been broken by our grief. Our tears have leaked out. Yet beauty can come when, because of our grief, we are able to reach out and help others who are also experiencing the grief of the loss of a child.

— Pastor Douglas Dowling



Daily Message

In a dark time, the eye begins to see...
 Theodore Roethke

When one walks into darkness, at first it is hard to see anything. Then the eyes adapt to this loss of light and, bit by bit, we begin to see – probably to see things we'd have passed over quickly had we walked by them in full light.

Something like that happens with suffering. Not that we would have chosen it. Not that we like it at all. But after a while, against our will, against our better judgment, we realize that we have acquired some wisdom through all this pain. Our sense of what is important is heightened. We're not so easily disturbed

by petty things. We may make different uses of our time. Perhaps we re-evaluate the demands we make of ourselves and drop some from the list. It was quite a revelation to me to realize in the wake of my daughter's death that I didn't have to take responsibility for the social ease of any situation in which I found myself. There are worse things than awkward silences.

We will probably find, among other things, that we are drawn to those who are experiencing fresh grief. We, more than most, can stand with them, so that in their dark time, they will begin to see.

We who have dwelt in the darkness begin to see.

— Martha Whitmore Hickman (from "Healing After Loss")

SIBLING PAGE

As I Sit in Heaven

As I sit in heaven
And watch you every day
I try to let you know with signs
I never went away
I hear you when you're laughing
And watch you as you sleep
I even place my arms around you
To calm you as you weep
I see you wish the days away
Begging to have me home
So I try to send you signs
So you know you are not alone
Don't feel guilty that you have
Life that was denied to me
Heaven is truly beautiful
Just you wait and see
So live your life, laugh again
Enjoy yourself, be free
Then I know with every breath you take
You'll be taking one for me

— Author Unknown
Submitted by Lara Tomaszewski,
in memory of her brother David Tomaszewski

Twin Rainbows

Yesterday I saw a glorious sight, a true vision of nature. I saw a double rainbow. The first rainbow, closest to the earth, was very bright, colors clearly defined. The second rainbow, the one closer to heaven, was misty and loosely formed.

My dear brother, I thought of you. You represented the second rainbow. You were sent down to show me your presence, to show your closeness to me. I was told in a dream that you are never far away from me.

My life has changed. I have had to redefine and challenge myself – to make strong my weakness, because you always “took up the slack” for me. You always did for me what I could not do for myself.

This past year, one of our friends finally let go of his sorrow. He was able to talk and hug me, without breaking down or weeping over the memories of us. It has been difficult for our friends and family to separate you and me. They still say our names together. They have commented: “Where you see one, you'll soon see the other.”

It has been hard for me to help all of these folks to heal; to let them know that they can still love me. I am the same person, but without you. At times, it has seemed an overwhelming task, but I can only try and be the friend that you taught me to be. Then, maybe they'll see you are still here. All that you are – your spirit, love and friendship – live through me. Love from your sister.

— Merla Rae Martin, Swinomish, WA



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 'til 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.

— Donna Montville, TCF, Gardner, MA

She's Here, But Not

She's here – but she's there
She's with us – but she's not
She's right around the bend
But then she's gone again
She's far away – but so near,
It's like she's gone – but here again.

— Stacy Sharp, TCF, Defiance, OH

Bread Crumbs – Finding Our Way Back

Bread crumbs are all we have.

They are what is left behind after the death of our child. They are our memories and our mementos.

A bread crumb is the little answering machine cassette tape that says, "Hi, it's me. Leave a message at the beep." We may be the only people with a cassette tape in our safe deposit box. It's not much, a few quick words, but it's his voice – a small crumb from the original.

A bread crumb is his favorite shirt that I still can't part with, so I wear it for good luck on special days. A bread crumb is the last Father's Day card he wrote in his own hand before he went off to college.

Thanks for everything, Dad, especially the money. My years at home were better than words can say and I never took anything for granted. I've had the best childhood anyone could have. Thank you for the ideas and opportunities I grew up with. I love you. Mark
I call these things crumbs because they are a disappointing piece of the real thing, but treasured because they are all we have.

I also think there is a second way of looking at this. Bread crumbs are a part of children's stories symbolizing signposts along the way to help lead us out of the forest – to find our way back to the land of the living, at least if the birds don't eat them.

I like to think that the return from grief is like finding our own way out of the forest. The way is marked by great changes or signposts if we will only follow the bread crumbs. I think of them as gifts left behind by our children. They change us and they lead us out of the forest – but at a very different place than we first went in. Here are three I have found. Maybe you will find others.

Crumb One

We pick up a new sense of what is important and what is not. We suffer fools, superficial cocktail parties, and convenience friends poorly. We seem to develop an immediate impatience for the meaningless and the trivial. On the other hand, we pick up an incredible sensitivity to the world around us that we did not have before. We watch the news differently. We value people more than things. We live more in the moment and less in the future because we know that sometimes "tomorrow doesn't come."

Crumb Two

We find our real self on the road back. After the loss of a child and a period of emptiness, we do eventually come back. But we come back differently – and I believe better – than the person that entered that awful forest. With our new understanding of priorities, we listen again to "that still small voice" that we silenced in the race to climb the career ladder or have the "perfect life" or do what our parents or teachers thought we "should" do. We find new courage to be the person we really are.

We begin living from the inside out instead of the other way around – from a sense of what is important, not what is expected. From a life of "what's in it for me?" to "how can I help you?" We discover new and compassionate friends, and sometimes drift away from old ones. We go from a thousand name rolodex of contacts to a handful of people we love.

We often also find our spiritual center and an inner peace. We become unafraid to die, at the same time we are beginning to live again.

Crumb Three

We pick up one more gift that I have noticed. We seem to get anointed with an ability to help someone else. You know what I mean. We didn't want it. We didn't ask for it. But we got it anyway. It's almost like a giant invisible radar screen gets mounted on our head and we now pick up vibrations from other people in need. And we find that we really can help. People seek us out. People who don't know what to say when a child dies call us and ask: "Could you please go over?" We know we can and will, if only to listen.

I am reminded of the story of a little boy who arrived home late from school. "Where have you been?" his mother asked. "I was helping Timmy, who broke his bike," the child answered. "But, Honey," the mother said. "You don't even know how to fix a bike." "I know, Mom," came the reply, "but I was just helping him cry."

Sometimes we can just help someone else cry, and that is enough. Unlike most other people, we can walk directly up to a bereaved parent or sibling, look them in the eye, and say, "I know how you feel." That is what the Compassionate Friends is all about. And in helping another person, we help ourselves heal, too.

So, what do we do with these new gifts or bread crumbs left along the way for us? New priorities. A new sense of self. And the ability to help someone else.

These are definitely good things. They did not come from the death of our child. Nothing good comes from the death of a child. As Rabbi Harold Kushner said, "There is no silver lining." But there is change. These changes come after the death, when we recognize that we can't change what happened, but we can change what we do about it.

One day our surviving son, Rick, put his arms around us in a family hug and said, "Okay, Mom and Dad, now that we are a family of three instead of four, we each have to live our lives one-third better." That, more than any other moment in our grief, marked our turning point.

My wife has a recurring dream. She is in Heaven many years from now and she greets our son. "Okay, Mom," Mark says, "So tell me everything you did after I died?" On that day she will be proud to answer, "I lived the rest of my life one-third better in your name."

I suspect most bereaved parents divide their lives into those two distinct stages of time: before and after the death. What we do in State Two we do in our child's name.

And because we do it, the world after our child died in some small way is changed forever. And when the world in some small way is changed forever, then our child's life continues to make a difference.

And when our child's life continues to make a difference, he or she is never entirely gone.

O Thou Beloved

O thou beloved maidservant of God, although the loss of a son is indeed heart-breaking and beyond the limits of human endurance, yet one who knoweth and understandeth is assured that the son hath not been lost but, rather, hath stepped from this world into another, and she will find him in the divine realm. That reunion shall be for eternity, while in this world separation is inevitable and bringeth with it a burning grief.

Praise be unto God that thou hast faith, art turning thy face toward the everlasting Kingdom and believest in the existence of a heavenly world. Therefore be thou not disconsolate, do not languish, do not sigh, neither wail nor weep; for agitation and mourning deeply affect his soul in the divine realm.

That beloved child addresseth thee from the hidden world: 'O thou kind Mother, thank divine Providence that I have been freed from a small and gloomy cage and, like the birds of the meadows, have soared to the divine world—a world which is spacious, illumined, and ever gay and jubilant. Therefore, lament not, O Mother, and be not grieved; I am not of the lost, nor have I been obliterated and destroyed. I have shaken off the mortal form and have raised my banner in this spiritual world. Following this separation is everlasting companionship. Thou shalt find me in the heaven of the Lord, immersed in an ocean of light.'

— Submitted by Phyllis Sinex; this letter was written by Abdu'l- Bahá, the son of Bahá'u'lláh, the prophet/founder of the Bahá'í Faith and was read at the memorial for the victims of the Sandy Hook shootings



As the Tide Recedes

It has been two years since our son Nathan died, and I am often amazed at how much our family has changed during that time. I think of our grieving process as being a lot like a stroll along the beach at high tide. In the beginning, when our loss was fresh and new, the waves of pain were unbearably intense, coming at us without pause. They seemed to hit us everywhere at once – in the face, in the stomach, in our hearts – knocking us down to the ground.

The grief and anger we felt swelled up over our heads: we were drowning in emotions, we could not understand. And we began to wonder if we would ever be able to breathe normally again. "How can life go on," we asked, "when it hurts so much?"

But time passed and the tide receded. The water had dropped to the level of our knees. The waves seemed to strike with less frequency, and when they did hit, their power was diminished. And yet, we sensed that we were still not free. Sometimes, when we least expected it, a huge wall of grief seemed to rise up out of nowhere pounding us with the memories. We stumbled but did not fall.

One day, we looked up and discovered that we were walking only on wet sand. We had been battered by the waves, but still we stood erect. And we recognized that our loss had given us an enduring strength.

Scattered on the shore before us were numerous beautiful treasures that had previously been hidden by the deep water.

These treasures, which sparkled like jewels in the sand, were all of our priceless memories of our child that we had submerged in our pain. Now it was possible to gather up our thoughts of the happy times and hold them close to our hearts.

Today, we walk through the shallow, lapping waves with a new confidence, leaving our wet footprints in the sand. Following behind us, however, there is another set of footprints, invisible prints which are quickly washed away by the swirling water.

These are the steps which our child will never take.

The past, like the salt of the sea, clings to our skin. We know that the tide will return – with anniversaries, birthdays, holidays and special family occasions – but the grief will never be as powerful or as strong. We have learned to live like the flotsam which floats on the surface of the water. Ride gently with the waves, let the grief carry you forward, so that you will be ready to stand strong and upright when once again your feet touch solid ground.

— Janet Lyet Gassman, TCF, Colorado Springs, CO

Our Children Remembered

Gregory Gerard Anderson, Jr.
Son of Greg Anderson
October 19, 1987 - August 23, 2012

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

Mary Kathleen Carmody
Daughter of Mary Carmody
August 24, 1958 - September 17, 1998

William Frederick Carter Jr.
Son of Dorothy Carter
Brother of Janet Tyler and Lisa Beall
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

Lahna Lynn Gordon
Daughter of Tiffany Gordon
July 3, 2007 - August 30, 2007

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

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

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

Joshua Aaron Prosper
Son of Terre Prosper
August 30, 1986 - December 16, 2011

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

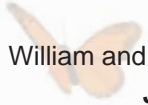
Brittany Nicole Tyler
Daughter of Janet and Dan Tyler
Granddaughter of Dorothy Carter
October 12, 1986 - August 23, 1992


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

Andrew Wilcox
Son of Peter and Margaret Wilcox
August 30, 1985 - August 30, 1985

*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 recently:

 William and Jody Dale in memory of
Joshua Dale

 Kenneth Smith in memory of
Tracy Fotino

CHAPTER NOTES

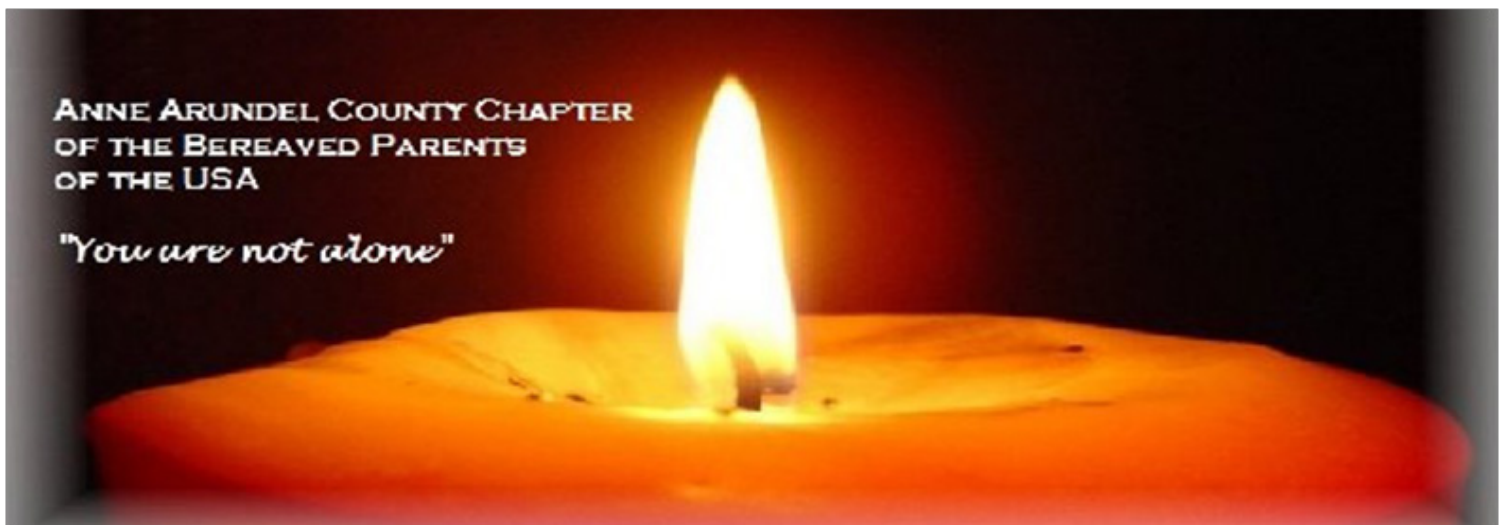
BP Library

The AA County Chapter of BP has a library, and it is available at our monthly meetings. You are encouraged to check out books and return them when you have finished reading them. We have had books checked out of our library which have not been returned. Please look through your collection of books and see if you have any. If the book was useful to you, it may be useful to others. If you cannot attend a monthly meeting, you can mail the books to 7704 Buckingham Nursery Ct, Severn, Md. 21144, or contact Bob or Sandi Burash at 410.551.5774 to make other arrangements. Thank you.

We are now on Facebook!

A Facebook page has now been set up for our Chapter. Members can join our group at <https://www.facebook.com/#!/groups/BPUSAAAC/>. Everyone must be a member of Facebook to join this group. We are a CLOSED group for privacy purposes, so nothing posted on our group's wall will go into your regular NEWS FEED to your regular FB friends - only other members of our group will be able to see what you posted there.

When you get to our page, you must request to JOIN the group and approval will be sent when the page is checked each day. Then you will have full access to read all postings, and post your own comments or pictures for other members to read and respond to 24/7. Like our meetings, please do not share postings outside of this group. AGAIN, this is a CLOSED group. If anyone has a question, suggestion, problem or just needs someone to walk them through the Facebook process, please contact June Erickson at 410-451-8637 or email juneErickson@aol.com.





Noel and Ann Castiglia have been an integral part of our Anne Arundel County Chapter of Bereaved Parents since the Chapter's creation, of which they were a part, in 1985.

On Saturday, July 25, 2013, they were the proud recipients of the Roy and Juanita Peterson Award, given by the Bereaved Parents of the United States national organization, for their many years of service to the bereaved community throughout Maryland.

The Roy and Juanita Peterson Award recognizes and honors BP/USA members who have exemplified truly dedicated service to our organization, usually at both the national and local levels.

The persons so honored are volunteers who have given extraordinary amounts of time and energy to assisting newly bereaved families in our common grief journey as well as helping with the work crucial to the operation of BP/USA.

There's no question in the minds of the many, many bereaved parents Noel and Ann have helped that they are so very deserving of this Award. Below are some pictures of the Castiglia's and some excerpts from their Award presentation:



"Their commitment to helping the bereaved is what you see first, but it's when you see inside their hearts that the forever bond forms. You know immediately that these two people want to help you -- that they are genuinely concerned about you -- and somehow they are able to communicate that to everyone who walks through our meeting room door." Their caring becomes a lifeline for those who are struggling.



"They are pillars of strength and they could hold up a mountain together." They are direct and they are able to talk honestly about the new reality a bereaved parent faces without adding to the stress and anxiety and fear that the parent already feels.

They are always there for the bereaved, for the Chapter, for the community at large. And, they don't just attend – they volunteer and deliver on the tough tasks...re-creating our Chapter's database, delivering more than 20 Services of Remembrance, taking "booth duty" at local events to raise awareness about our Chapter, helping a military base near us by teaching them how to support bereaved parents, driving across the Bay Bridge month after month to help start a Chapter on the Eastern Shore – even though only two or three attendees came each month... 28 years worth of giving acts.



The Castiglia's are incredible mentors – they are among the greatest teachers. As one member said, "They are an inspiration to those who have had the privilege of knowing them."

"They are an amazing couple and the bereaved community in Maryland – from Baltimore to Fort Meade to Annapolis to the Eastern Shore – is so very blessed to have had the Castiglia's for the past 28 years. We are all sorry for the tragedy that resulted in their dedicated service, but Tria must be very, very proud of the legacy that your love for her and her love for you has left.



**CONGRATULATIONS – AND THANK YOU, ANN AND NOEL
WE LOVE YOU.**



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 8, 2013



Time sensitive

Must be delivered by August 6, 2013

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Signs from Our Children

7:30 p.m. (Doors open at 7:15 p.m.)

Thursday, August 8, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

After the death of a child many parents find unexpected and surprising signs from their children. Whether these messages present themselves through dreams, smells, finding letters or items left behind we can find comfort in the hope that our children are still with us to guide us. This presentation will include examples of our speaker's own experiences as well as stories she has heard from other parents about these signs.

Program TBD

7:30 p.m. (Doors open at 7:15 p.m.)

Thursday, September 5, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Annual Memory Walk

Saturday, October 5, 2013

Quiet Waters Park, Annapolis, 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 pjbspmd@gmail.com or **443.566.0193**.