



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

February 2013

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The Month of February

This is the month that a whole day is dedicated to love. In our sorrow, let us not forget that one emotion which, above all else, can comfort and console us.

Let us think of the things we love:

- Our child, whom we loved, still love, and always will love, here in our hearts as long as we live.
- Our families, hurting like us, lonely, needing each other, needing us.
- Our true friends, listening, trying to help, wanting to lighten our load, but not knowing how, not always understanding but there.
- Our memories, of wonderful times gone by, some that make us laugh, some that make us cry, but all part of the fabric of our lives and our love for each other.
- Our quiet times, to get away by ourselves and think, to read, to note again the world around us, to let peace enter.
- Our bereaved parent friends, who are there, who know, who understand when others do not.

Love makes the world go 'round and when our world comes to a sudden, grinding, heart-shattering stop, love is the glue that keeps us from falling off.

This month of February, I wish you love.

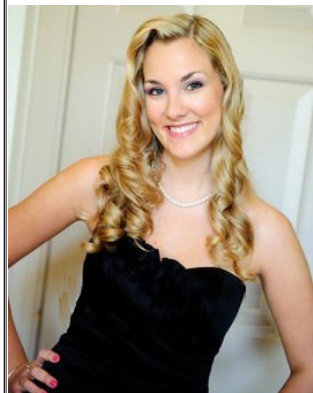
— Fran MacArthur, Southern MD

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Jed and June Erickson in memory of their daughter

Jenna Leigh Erickson

February 12, 1988 – February 5, 2011



Remembering your beautiful smile, your infectious laughter, your sense of humor, your intelligent blue eyes, your love of life.

We remember all of these and more...

Always & everywhere Jenna...

Love, Mommy & Dad

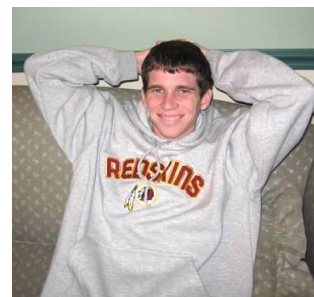
Joseph and Mary Redmiles in memory of their son

Thomas H. Redmiles

February 22, 1985 – March 14, 2011

Happy Birthday Tommy, your second birthday in heaven. Our broken hearts are still waiting for you to come home, it is so hard to believe you are gone from us. We miss you more every day, especially your smile and silliness. Thank you for the strength you have been sending us.

Until we meet again,
Mom, Dad, Colleen, Matt, Katie, Jon, Regan and Charlotte



Next Meeting: February 7, 2013

A Grief Journey and Keeping Their Memory Alive -- Mary Ellen Young, a bereaved parent, will share her personal experience, including how her family let others know what they needed and how they could be of help during such a devastating time, how they expressed their gratitude to them for their support and expressions of sympathy, and how they maintain those connections today, six years after their son's death. She will also describe her grief journey and the many ways her family celebrates and continues to keep Zachary's memory alive.

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 March newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by February 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
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Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

Butterfly Kisses

When my grief was new, I felt powerless to control it. As it softened, however, I mastered the “trick” of exposing myself to the full brunt of the pain, then cutting it off, as a way of proving to myself that I was “in charge” once more. To experience the pain and not succumb to it was a major victory – a signal that I would survive. Our daughter’s death had left her father and me devastated and overcome with feelings of emptiness and despair. She had taken her own life at age 36, after a year of severe clinical depression. For months afterward, I experienced actual physical pain – an awful “hole” in my chest, wrenching esophageal spasms, and a sudden “electric” jolt each time I realized that she was actually gone.

Like other bereaved parents, I relived events which had led to our daughter’s death, wanting desperately to rewrite the outcome. Night worries – circular thinking which accomplished nothing except sleep deprivation – ruled my quiet hours; so I made a conscious effort to interrupt the process with a small radio with an earphone jack. Trying to concentrate on boring talk shows seemed to work for me. At first, my radio completed several one-hour cycles before sleep finally, mercifully overtook me. Eventually, however, I became so conditioned (and tired!) that I nodded off almost at the touch of a switch. Chamber music sent me into an alpha state almost instantly, but the jolt I experienced when the tape was reversed soon drove me to compact discs. Reading grief books helped, but I couldn’t concentrate on lighter stuff. I developed a sudden interest in computers, and my new PC and I often spent endless hours in quiet conspiracy – until exhaustion sent me back to bed – and instant nirvana.

Sad memories monopolized my thoughts for a long time, while the ones I yearned for were elusive. It seemed that I must choose between reliving excruciating pain and suppressing all thoughts of my child. It was an untenable choice, for we had been close, a vital part of one another’s lives. How I missed the warmth of her voice, her smile, and her touch. I was afraid I might forget them.

Then one day several months ago, a young Compassionate Friend and I were discussing her joy in her new daughter, her delight in their blossoming relationship. We spoke of the endearing ways of little children, and suddenly I remembered the “Butterfly Kisses” of Rhonda’s childhood. It was a memory that really mattered. I smiled as I told her about those kisses.

Rhonda had been a delightful child. Our friends had often remarked on how “busy” she was, for she could lose herself in the pleasure of a game, a toy or a book for hours on end; and she had little patience for long periods of idleness. Cuddling was often accomplished “on the run” or in those moments of blissful fatigue at naptime or bedtime. One particular loving ritual captivated her, however. She would climb onto my lap and be very, very still so that we could exchange “Butterfly Kisses.” Butterfly Kisses are fleeting and delicate. They require concentration and deftness, for they are accomplished by brushing the lashes of one eye against the other’s cheek – and if you are very small, this takes considerable practice. At first, Rhonda pressed her tiny face tightly against mine and blinked both eyes vigorously; but she soon mastered the moves and was able to flutter her lashes lightly against my cheek. What an accomplishment! I reveled in the quiet joy of those moments.

Here, finally, was a heartwarming image I could summon at will, a vision of complete peace which could rescue me when thoughts of Rhonda’s death threatened my serenity or my sleep. It became my security blanket, for when I comforted myself with this lovely memory, other precious, happy ones appeared.

I send you Butterfly Kisses, my wonderful daughter, and I will forever feel yours on my cheek.

— Joyce Andrews

Hope

Hope is a rare gift that, if we are lucky, comes to us with the power to heal our lives. I’ve come to know that the deepest sense of hope often springs from the hardest lessons in life.

It is in the darkest skies that the stars are best seen – perhaps it is divine irony that within the darkest moments we are capable of revealing the GREATEST LIGHT, demonstrating what is best with humanity.

— Richard Paul Evans (from *Timepiece*)

From Transcending Loss



Grief may well be one of the most surprising journeys you’ve ever been on. You could be surprised at the intensity of your pain. You are likely surprised by some people’s reactions to your pain. It’s possibly surprising that grief is a lifelong adaptation to loss. And you may find surprise in the places that grief can take you, places of growth, love, and compassion.

Try to be open to the unexpected.



Sometimes

Sometimes I am asked
Why it has been so long
Why my grief continues
When will I be strong?

It makes me question
The path I am on
Should I be different?
Should my grief be gone?

Sometimes I wish
Those others could see
The pain of grief
The hurt within me

But to understand
Means to have the same
So I stay true to myself
And I try not to blame...

— Tanya Lord, *The Grief ToolBox*

Out of the Ashes

Our hearts feel lost
When someone dies
Out of the ashes
We must rise

To face each day
And seek out light
And somehow find
The will to fight

Each day we face,
Each fight we win
Gives us the hope
We'll rise again

To walk a path
That few have known
To face our fears
Sometimes alone

And yet each day
You'll hear our cries
"Out of these ashes
I shall rise!"

— KP

The Cruel Club

Last night, my best friend's son died. She has a large, loving family and they were with her at the hospital. But she has turned to me for her main support, because she knows I understand what lay ahead for her. Unfortunately, she has joined a club of which I have been a member for nearly 30 years. It is a cruel club I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. It is the club of mothers who have lost a child.

I stayed up most of the night after leaving the hospital, thinking about the son I lost and about what I would say to my friend. She has been my support through the years. She has seen me go on vacations, go to parties, laugh, and have fun. Now she will realize that I was really a big fake since that awful day in 1981.

She will never be the same person, because there will be a hole in her heart and part of her mind will shut down forever. In the beginning days and months she will think of her child constantly. She will be driving and pull over because she will have no idea where she is going. She will be in the grocery store and have to abandon her cart and leave, because some food will remind her of him. She will have no idea why some people will ignore her, or stop talking when she enters a room.

Most people are scared of death, and the death of a child is the worst thing that can happen. Others just don't know what to say to you. We are creatures of habit. We have been taught that the natural order of life is for the parent to die before the children. Friends will always ask you, "How are you?" and you will look at them strangely. You may answer "fine," while you are really thinking, "How do you think I am after being hit by a train?"

People will tell you that it will get better with time. It does get better, because you soon realize you have two choices: to go crazy, or to try to function. Because after a few months, society forgets and expects you to get back to normal. So you will start living again, and then a holiday or his birthday will come around, or God forbid someone else's child will die, and the wound will open up and the flood of tears will come again.

Because you're a member of the Cruel Club. And you can never leave.

— Charlene Wexler



New Normal

They tell me I must learn to live a new normal
But I'm not sure that I know how
There is nothing about my life that is normal
Not yesterday...not now.
Each morning I wake crying
Feeling totally down and blue
Is this the new normal they're talking?
Is this my lifetime New?
I try to go on living
I try to hide the pain
This new normal is not working
How can they say these things?
I miss my baby more each day

With every single breath
There is nothing normal about this pain
Or the memories of his death
A new normal I can understand
It does make sense to me
But learning to live a new normal
Cannot be done so easily
Please tell me how to do this thing
Place a new normal in my life
I need to learn how right now
So I can be a good mother and wife
I will take each day as it comes
One day at a time
And when my new normal finds me
I pray I will be fine

— Renee Hogan BlytheSee

Experiences of Grief

Our experiences during this long hard grief “journey” may be unique to you or they may be the same as other bereaved parents. Just know that it really doesn’t matter because we all grieve in our own way. There really is no “right” way to grieve. These are eight experiences of grief described on the Healing Heart website:

GUILT: Many people are tortured by “if only’s,” and “what if’s.” “If only I had called;” “If only we hadn’t let him/her take the car that night;” or “If only I had taken time to listen and visit.” We tend to blame ourselves for something we did or didn’t do that may have contributed to the death, or for things that we wish we had done for our loved one. Feelings of guilt are normal, though often not realistic. It is best not to push down the guilt. Talk about it until you can let it go. Hopefully, in time, you will realize that you did the best you could under the circumstances. None of us are perfect. The past is behind us. All we can do with guilt is to learn from it for the other people in our lives. When the death is by suicide, it is especially important to remember we can’t control the behavior of another person.

ANGER: Anger may be directed at ourselves; others (including family members, spouse, doctors, nurses, person who caused accident); the person who died; God; or we may experience a general irritability. We may feel angry toward people who push us to accept our loss too soon, or who pretend that nothing happened. Anger is normal. Pushing down anger is harmful and may cause things like ulcers, high blood pressure, or depression. Unacknowledged anger may be directed at innocent people and unrelated events. It will come out one way or another. It is often difficult to admit being angry. Erroneously we may think, “Nice people don’t get angry.” It is important to recognize our anger. It is helpful to find ways to express our anger, such as screaming in a private place, walking, swimming, aerobic classes, keeping a journal, tennis, golf — even installing a punching bag in our home. Talking about our anger also helps us to define, understand, and learn how to handle it. To suppress anger can lead to deeper than normal depression and bitterness. It is important to acknowledge our anger and to take steps to handle it.

LONELINESS: After the initial help, relatives’ and friends’ lives return to normal and we are often left to deal with our grief alone. Co-workers, friends, neighbors and sometimes even family may avoid us or change the subject. Some friends withdraw, because they are hurting, and do not know how to help us. We often become isolated in our grief. The widowed often say, “I not only lost my spouse, but my friends as well.” In reality, few people are able to help or to understand. Support groups can be helpful. Some aspects of grief cannot be totally shared, even in the same family. It is difficult for husbands and wives to help each other. As Harriett Schiff, author of *THE BEREAVED PARENT*, states: “It is difficult to lean on someone who is already doubled over in pain.” Especially at first when we are hurting so much, we realize that we are not much fun for others to be around. When others have all their loved ones alive, it makes us feel even lonelier. We may feel intense loneliness due to the absence of our loved one, because we are unable to share thoughts and feelings, to touch, to be understood. We feel empty without our loved one.

DESPAIR: “How can I go on?” You may come to the point where the agony seems intolerable. You can’t bear it - you think that you won’t be able to survive. Your hopes and dreams are dashed. It may seem as if there would be little difference if you lived or died. You may have suicidal thoughts. Feelings of desperation, despondency, pessimism and loss of all hope seem to surround you. If you are a smoker you may smoke more than ever due to nervousness, or to an attitude that you don’t care if you ever take care of yourself again. Sometimes it is blackest before the burden of grief begins to lift. Talk to someone who has made it through grief.

SADNESS: We miss our loved one and feel deprived of his/her presence. We may feel unhappy, inconsolable, distressed, sorrowful, dejected and heartbroken. These feelings seem to pervade our life.

HELPLESSNESS: “What am I going to do?” We feel helpless about our feelings --- our grief. It seems as if we are unable to help ourselves to cope, or to get better. We do not seem to be capable of aiding other family members. We may feel self-pity. Although we realize that we had no control over what happened, we feel a sense of powerlessness at not being able to prevent it.

ENVY: You may feel jealous of people who still have their loved ones to enjoy. With a child’s death, dreams for their future are gone. This pertains to college, job, wedding, or grandchildren - things you would have shared together. When a spouse dies, you envy others watching their children and grandchildren grow up and enjoying retirement together.

FRUSTRATION: Many frustrations are a part of our grief. “Why am I feeling so upset for so long?” We become disappointed with ourselves that we are not coping as well as we think we should. So many impulses, thoughts, feelings and actions that had become habits are stopped in mid-course. We are left with these unfulfilled emotions, desires and thoughts buzzing about in our heads or sitting in our stomachs.



What Now?

If you are reading this because your child died, I'm very sorry. If you are anything like me, you ask yourself regularly, "What now?"

When my son, Wilem, died in 1994, my world turned

upside down. Simple, daily routines became baffling and overwhelming. All the color went out of life. I had trouble sleeping. I had trouble eating. I had trouble leaving the house.

I cried all the time at sad things, at happy things, at nothing. People tried to help, but they didn't know how. They didn't know what to say, and some of the things they did say made me feel worse. I started feeling different, isolated, and hopeless. I didn't want to live and I didn't want to die. I just wanted the pain to stop.

But it didn't stop, not for a long time. Day after day, I asked, "Now what?" Over time, I found some answers to this question. Here are some things I did to get through life one day at a time, until I could live again:

1. Stay sober. This might be the most important thing I did. The death of a child leaves you particularly vulnerable to becoming dependent on alcohol, prescription drugs, and other mind-altering substances. This makes things worse, not better. Grieving means feeling the grief. If you numb yourself, you only postpone the feelings. Also, drinking can lead to isolation. I needed other people to help me heal, and other people, like my surviving child, needed me. If you are having trouble getting sober or staying sober, get help.

2. Tell yourself you're not crazy; you're just out of your mind. Burying your child doesn't make sense. Our children are supposed to outlive us. Trying to make sense can make you feel crazy, and perhaps some people actually do go crazy. It's awfully hard to comprehend what has happened to our children and our lives. When our minds can't supply an answer that makes sense, we don't stop searching. So we have to "go out of our minds" to find an answer. I went outside of my mind in search of better minds. I investigated spiritual matters, grieving processes, and I went to a therapist. All of these helped. I also talked to a lot of other bereaved parents. I don't feel like I'm out of my mind anymore.

3. Remind yourself that you don't have to go to social events, or if you do, you can always leave early, and you don't owe anyone an explanation. This is particularly good information during the holidays, and around family events like birthdays and anniversaries. I had a hard time being in groups of people, especially when a good time was supposed to be had by all. Often, when I declined an invitation, or tried to leave a gathering early, people wanted an explanation, as if the death of my child wasn't a self-evident excuse. Some of your friends and family may want you at a gathering because they think it's good for you to get out. That's for you to decide, not them.

4. Find a support group, or don't. Everyone grieves in his or her own way. There is no correct way to grieve, but there are things that help. Support groups can be uncomfortable, even painful, before they help you feel better, and it's up to you to decide how far you can go. If you are a group person, find a

support group. I went to The Compassionate Friends where I met other people whose children had died. I got real information about the grieving process, and a place to talk about how I felt where no one judged me or tried to change the way I felt. There are a number of other support groups for bereaved parents, as well. If you don't see yourself as a group person, you don't have to put yourself through it. However, I do recommend that you find someone to talk to. Holding on to the pain can affect your health and make things worse.

5. Pain isn't always your enemy, and pleasure isn't always your friend. Sometimes, there is no choice but to hurt. And any search for pleasure just postpones the pain. I came across a Turkish saying I like: Share the pain, it halves the pain. Share the joy, it doubles the joy.

6. Write. Get a notebook and start a journal. Write every day. Don't read what you write, just keep writing. Write to everyone who sent you a condolence card and thank them. Go into online chat rooms and write to other people who are grieving. Write poems, especially if you are not a poet. I'm not a poet, but here's a poem I wrote:

THE WEIGHT

*A big load
for such a little boy
you carried us all to your grave.
Strange place to come on your birthday.
I bring a balloon and flowers
I polish your marker
try to wipe off the years
the sun flashes dull on the aging bronze
--no vacancy, no vacancy.
My heart is so full
my world so empty
I dangle
in the hollow space between.*

7. Do something mundane in your child's name, and don't tell anybody. We are all familiar with public displays such as planting trees and creating foundations in the names of our children. These are important acknowledgments of their lives. You can't plant a tree every day. But you do think of your child every day. You don't have to make a public statement to honor your child. Most of your grief is private and mundane.

Sometimes it's hard to get out of bed and go to work. But you can do it in your child's name. It's easy to get angry when someone tries to squeeze into your lane in traffic. I'll often let someone in while saying out loud, "Willie, that one's for you." Live your life in your child's name. But don't tell anyone.

These seven suggestions came to me over time, and they worked for me over time. They are a compilation of experience shared freely with me by other people, who, in their grief, found compassion. And in their compassion they found it useful, sometimes necessary, to pass on what they had learned. I hope these tips help you, and if they do, that you find someone to whom you can pass them on.

— Carl Yorke, from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends

SIBLING PAGE

My Grief Rights: Ten Healing Rights for Grieving Children

Someone you love has died. You are probably having many hurtful and scary thoughts and feelings right now. Together those thoughts and feelings are called grief, which is a normal (though really difficult) thing everyone goes through after someone they love has died.

The following ten rights will help you understand your grief and eventually help you to feel better about life again. Use the ideas that make sense to you. Post this list on your refrigerator or on your bedroom door or wall. Re-reading it often will help you stay on track as you move toward healing from your loss. You might also ask the grown-ups in your life to read this list so they will remember to help you in the best way they can.

1. I have the right to have my own unique feelings about the death. I may feel mad, sad or lonely. I may feel scared or relieved. I may feel numb or sometimes not anything at all. No one will feel exactly like I do.
2. I have the right to talk about my grief whenever I feel like talking. When I need to talk, I will find someone who will listen to me and love me. When I don't want to talk about it, that's okay, too.
3. I have the right to show my feelings of grief in my own way. When they are hurting, some kids like to play so they'll feel better for awhile. I can play or laugh, too. I might also get mad and scream. This does not mean I am bad, it just means I have scary feelings that I need help with.
4. I have the right to need other people to help me with my grief, especially grown-ups who care about me. Mostly I need them to pay attention to what I am feeling and saying and to love me no matter what.
5. I have the right to get upset about normal, everyday problems. I might feel grumpy and have trouble getting along with others sometimes.
6. I have the right to have "grief-bursts." Grief-bursts are sudden, unexpected feelings of sadness that just hit me sometimes even long after the death. These feelings can be very strong and even scary. When this happens, I might feel afraid to be alone.
7. I have the right to use my beliefs about my God to help me deal with my feelings of grief. Praying might make me feel better and somehow closer to the person who died.
8. I have the right to try to figure out why the person I loved died. But it's okay if I don't find an answer. "Why" questions about life and death are the hardest questions in the world.
9. I have the right to think and talk about my memories of the person who died. Sometimes those memories will be happy and sometimes they might be sad. Either way, these memories help me keep alive my love for the person who died.
10. I have the right to move forward and feel my grief and, over time, to heal. I'll go on to live a happy life, but the life and death of the person who died will always be a part of me. I'll always miss this special person.

— Dr. Alan D. Wolfelt, Fort Collins, CO



When you are new to grief, you learn there's no second-guessing it. It will have its way with you.
Don't be fooled by the statistics you've read:
grief has no timetables.

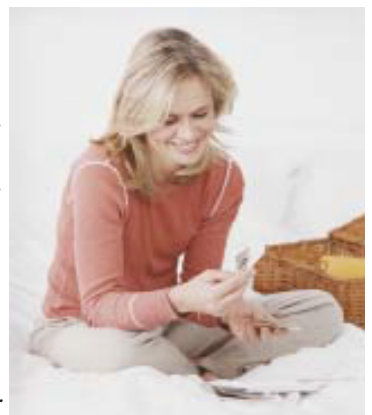
— Helen Hayes

When you can accept the fact that
Life is just not fair and still
Proceed in life without being filled
With a sense of injustice,
Then you have achieved no small accomplishment.

Memories

Life can never stay the same
No matter how we try
Our hands can never stop
The clock of life from ticking by
But love remains, unchanging
In the care of sorrowing hearts
For as the love of life is stilled
The love of memory starts.

— Catherine Turner



Our Children Remembered

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

Susan Lawrence Barr
Daughter of Bryant and Missy Lawrence
July 14, 1961 - February 16, 1991

Christopher Ryan Boslet
Grandson of Carol N. Boslet
October 23, 1985 - February 20, 2003

Amber Marie Calistro
Daughter of Patti and John DiMiceli
February 28, 1976 - October 30, 1980

Chrystal Marie Clifford
Marilyn Mabe's son's fiancé
July 16, 1978 - February 17, 2001

John Mario DeMichiei Jr.
Son of John and Linda DeMichiei
February 24, 1979 - October 23, 2008

Zachary Lee Dukes
Son of Cindy Dukes
February 12, 1989 - March 31, 2010

Jenna Leigh Erickson
Daughter of Jed and June Erickson
February 12, 1988 - February 5, 2011

Manuel Junior Esparza
Son of Dianna McKinnon
March 20, 1987 - February 14, 2012

Melissa Ireland Frainie
Daughter of George and Kathy Ireland
December 12, 1971 - February 12, 2007

Katie Fritz
Daughter of Carol Fritz
October 29, 1977 - February 27, 1993

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

Carolyn A Griffin
Daughter of Rick and Jan Griffin
February 15, 1983 - June 1, 2011

Richard Arland Jackson
Son of Margaret Jackson
February 9, 1990 - October 22, 2010

Timothy Jarrett Mabe
Son of Marilyn Mabe
October 29, 1977 - February 18, 2001

Jolene Dawn McKenna
Daughter of Charlene Kvech
February 8, 1967 - November 22, 1971

Graham Kendall Miller
Son of Ken and Abby Miller
February 3, 1981 - May 4, 1999

John David "JD" Openshaw
Son of David and Lily Openshaw
November 9, 1994 - February 21, 1997

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

Brian James Para
Son of Joan Para
February 19, 1970 - March 19, 1991

Marco Pena
Nephew of Dianna McKinnon
November 28, 1989 - February 14, 2012

Thomas H. Redmiles
Son of Mary and Joe Redmiles
February 22, 1985 - March 14, 2011

Tanager Rú Ricci
Son of Kathy Franklin
October 19, 1977 - February 16, 2004

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

Michelle Inez Scott
Daughter of Charlotte and Donald Scott
February 1, 1969 - May 1, 1987

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

Adam Christopher Sutton
Son of Janet Sutton
February 1, 2009 - October 1, 2009

Jacob Stephen Sutton
Son of Janet Sutton
February 1, 2009 - March 1, 2009

Jason William Tarr
Son of Lorraine A. Tarr
July 8, 1969 - February 20, 2012

David William Tomaszewski
Son of Richard and Carol Tomaszewski
September 4, 1974 - February 6, 2001

Timothy Allen Umbel
Son of Richard and Mary Ann Umbel
February 16, 1982 - September 15, 2002

Eryn Bryce Wygal
Son of Pam and Bill Wygal
February 15, 1991 - February 24, 1994

*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:

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

Louie & Judith Bolly in memory of Wendy Jean Bolly

Jed & June Erickson in memory of Jenna Erickson

Yoosef Khadem-Djahaghi in memory of William Khadem

Carol Fritz in memory of Katie Fritz

Joe & Mary Redmiles in memory of Thomas Redmiles

Charles & Jane Schindler in memory of Emily Schindler

Donald & Charlotte Scott in memory of Michelle Scott

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

Michael & Karen Willey in memory of Nicholas Poe

CHAPTER NOTES

Core Group Meeting in February

There will be a meeting of our Chapter's "Core Group" on Tuesday, February 12, 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)



As we release the Spirit...we hold onto the Love.

May Love be what you remember most.

Happy Valentine's Day



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: February 7, 2013



Time sensitive

Must be delivered by February 1, 2013

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

A Grief Journey and Keeping Their Memory Alive

Thursday, February 7, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Mary Ellen Young, a bereaved parent, will share her personal experience, including how her family let others know what they needed and how they could be of help during such a devastating time, how they expressed their gratitude to them for their support and expressions of sympathy, and how they maintain those connections today, six years after their son's death. She will also describe her grief journey and the many ways her family celebrates and continues to keep Zachary's memory alive.

Using Writing as a Healing Tool

Thursday, March 7, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Laurel Goodrick of Gilchrist Hospice will discuss how writing can be healing and will show members different types of writing that may work for them. She will share guidelines for creating a comfortable and safe writing environment and will provide handouts for those interested.

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 pjbbspmd@gmail.com or **443.566.0193**.