



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

January 2013

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A New Year

A new year holds personal meaning for everyone. Usually, a lot of time is taken for some inner reflection. As the old year ends and a new year begins, most people set new goals with lots of enthusiasm and a true spirit of wanting to do better. There is an honest attempt to forget past failures and focus on the future with feelings of bright hope.

When grief has been part of your daily life, it is a real challenge to be hopeful for a brighter new year. How do you heal broken relationships? How do you make a more secure financial future when beginning the new year without a job? How do you set lofty goals when you are sinking in a sea of depression? How do you begin to fill the hole in your heart that has been left when your child died?

A new year does not end all past pain.

A new year does not make every wrong thing right.

A new year will not restore broken dreams.

But a new year is just that: new. It is the marking of an opportunity to begin again. It takes great courage to look for a miracle when your dreams have been shattered. Every person alive has a seed of hope planted within the heart that is ready to come alive if given a chance. Look at the new year, taking it one day at a time. With the breaking of each new dawn, claim one new promise of hope. When you do, your miracle will begin to happen!

Every new day has the potential to give you a miracle.

— Clara Hinton (from *SilentGrief.com*)

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Denise Crouse in memory of her son

Robert “Robby” Adam Ostrowski

January 30, 1995 – September 11, 2010



“I’ve learned that people will forget what you said,

people will forget what you did,

but people will never forget

how you made them feel.”

— Maya Angelou

Chuck, Marta and Mike Williams in memory of

Matthew Tyler Williams

May 9, 1986 – January 13, 2011



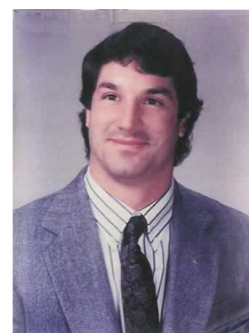
We will never forget you Matt. You were and continue to be the light of our lives. Half of each one of us is missing without you here with us. We will love you forever and cannot wait to hold you again one day. Forever in our hearts.

Leonard and Juliet Rothman in memory of their son

Daniel Maurice Rothman

January 20, 1971 – September 17, 1992

Our son Daniel wanted to dedicate his life to healing those who were struggling and in pain. We dedicate this newsletter in his memory, that it may bring solace and healing to us all. He would have liked that.



Next Meeting: January 3, 2013

Finding Hope in the New Year -- Beginning a new year without our deceased children with us physically can be very challenging. The January program will focus on looking ahead to the new year as we continue to learn how to deal with the loss of our children.

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 February newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by January 1.

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

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Do You Use Amazon.com?

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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 (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

A New Year

A time for looking ahead and not behind,
For faith and not despair,
A time for long great gulps of hopeful expectation.
Drink deeply, friend, so that, fortified with the promises it brings,
This new year will keep you near fresh springs of healing love,
Where you may come to weave old and loving memories with
New understanding and acceptance –
And find peace.

— Shirley Ottman, BP/USA, Denton, TX



They Say...

They say into every life a little rain must fall. Some of us get a trickle, others a deluge. In the end it's the shelter we build within that keeps us safe and dry. It's the way we put together what we've experienced and learned from our experiences that decides if we weather the storm or crumble into rubble.

— Alana Stewart

Facing the New Year When You Are Bereaved

When we are grieving, it is hard enough to live each day as it comes. It can be daunting to face a whole new year stretching out in front of us. We may be afraid of what the New Year might bring. We may worry whether or not we can handle any more challenges. Our current experience of emptiness and loneliness may make us reluctant to face a new year.

We might say to ourselves, "I used to be so busy. I used to feel so needed, so useful. Now it seems there's nothing but empty space and empty time." On-schedule delivery of another year might deliver more of the same. It's bad enough to wake in the morning not sure what we'll do with the day. Now, what will we do with a whole year?

Longing to recover the past can sometimes make us resistant to accepting the New Year. The past was where we were comfortable, where we felt safe, felt good. Grief burdens us today and we fear the New Year won't hold anything different for us. We pine for the person we miss and the precious past we shared. We think about how it was, and wish we were back there...

Approach of the New Year may mean different things for different mourners. Whether we welcome, dread or ignore New Year's probably depends on where we are in our grief process. The question is not whether, but how grief will show up, and how we'll work with it.

If our loss was recent, sudden or unexpected, we will most likely still feel in shock. We may feel like we're living a bad dream or living another person's life and may be trying desperately to get back to our "old" life. The "New Year" matters little. We get up in the morning, put one foot in front of the other, breathe and tell our story of what happened. Writing and talking about different aspects of what happened over and over may help, until we find we don't need to tell the story in such detail anymore. Feeling a little numb or detached keeps us safe while we wake gradually to the reality that life and our world is not how we knew it or thought it would be.

Therese Rando, a noted grief therapist and author, describes grieving as a "learning process." Each minute lived with our loved one "taught" our brain how to operate and what to expect. Each new challenge, like doing the taxes, fixing things, and going into a new year, becomes a fresh occasion to "learn" that our loved one isn't here and discover what that means for us. New challenges continue, bringing fresh pain even well into the grieving process.

If we have courageously worked with our grief over time, we may look to this New Year with interest, and wonder what it will hold for us. We might even feel eager to throw open our door and welcome this New Year. The swelling around the wound of our loss has gone down some. We find comfort and joy in knowing we did all we could and that we had loved well. We were enriched by our love and now know deeper compassion for all who suffer. We recognize life is a gift to enjoy with whoever crosses our path. We want to go and do and see for both of us what we'd hoped to do together. We don't know details, have no assurance about what's coming, but we hope for good.

Even if we're scared and lonely and long for the past, we can still open the door a crack to this New Year. Here are some tips that may help face the upcoming New Year:

- We begin by getting needed rest. If we're still exhausted from caregiving or from acute grieving, we need to focus on physical recovery. We may need to talk with our doctor about how to rebuild ourselves physically.
- We also need to give ourselves mental rest. We can replace negative thoughts with positive affirmations about ourselves. We can soothe ourselves with music, prayer, uplifting literature, tears and laughter.
- We can notice any desires stirring within ourselves and find small practical ways to give ourselves new pleasure.
- We can get the support we need by attending a support group, by talking with friends and family who can listen to us and share our memories.
- We can seek spiritual support from a local minister, rabbi, priest, Imam.

Most important, we'll find courage to live into the future, into the New Year, by living in the present, one day at a time, doing the best we can to care for ourselves and others today.

— Maureen Kramlinger, VITAS Consultant and Writer





Thanks for the Little While

Thank you for life. For its good times and bad.
Thank you for love, even when I can't feel it.

Thank you for the love I used to share,
For the arms that held me tight.

Thank you for my family
In faraway places, in different times

Thank you for the songs we sang,
For the dreams we saved
For the smiles we shared

Thank you for the strength that eludes me just now
Thank you for the weakness that sends me to my knees
Thank you for the searching, the reaching, the hoping

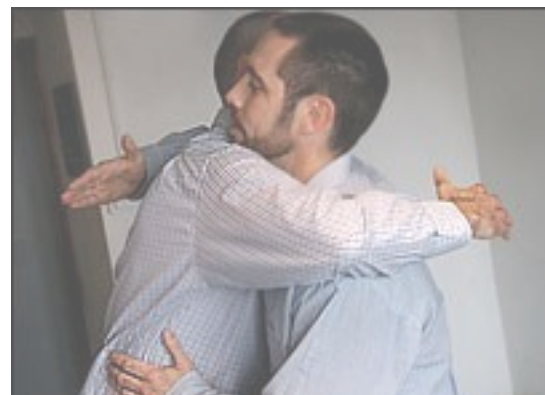
Thank you for the bonds of memory that hold me in place in this universe,
even when I don't believe in it anymore or forget what it is all about.

Thank you, most of all, for having been blessed with the love I have
known, even now when I fear I will forget it.

Thank you for memory and for filling it full measure for me. It wasn't nearly
long enough, but it will have to do. Thanks for the moments we danced.

Thanks for the little while.....

— Darcie Sims



Now I Know...

I never knew, when you lost your
child what you were going through
I wasn't there I stayed away.

I just deserted you.
I didn't know the words to say
I didn't know the things to do.
I think your pain so frightened me
I didn't know how to comfort you...
And then one day MY child died...
And you were the first one there,
You quietly stayed by my side, listened,
And held me as I cried.
You didn't leave, you didn't go
The lesson learned is...

Now I know.

— Author Unknown

A Time to Mourn, A Time to Comfort

The most touching experience I had in talking with a child about death happened on a jumbo jet
35,000 feet in the air. I noticed a little kid looking intently out the window of the emergency exit.
He stood there for about a half hour.

I was intrigued, and asked him, "Excuse me, what are you looking for?" While still looking out the
window, he answered, "I'm looking for my Grandpa. My Grandpa passed away, and my mother
told me Grandpa is now up above the clouds." I asked, "Have you seen your Grandpa?" He said,
"Nope." All this time, he never looked at me – just out the window.

Finally, I asked, "Have you seen anybody else?" All of a sudden, the kid turned to me, tears
welling up in his eyes, and said, "I'm not gonna see my Grandpa, am I?"

It was a very emotional moment. I said, "That's a very interesting question. Tell you what. I want you to close your eyes and tell
me about the best, most favorite story you can remember about your Grandpa."

Well, the kid began to tell me that every summer his grandfather would take him to the amusement park and go on the children's
roller coaster with him, and how much fun they had riding on that roller coaster together. The kid went on and on about his
grandfather.

When he was done, I said, "Okay. Now, open your eyes. Did you just see Grandpa?"

He smiled and said, "Yeah, I did." Then I told him that I had a daughter who died, but she is with me always – in my mind and in
my heart, not above the clouds.

— Dr. Ron Wolfson, from *A Time to Mourn, A Time to Comfort: A Guide to Jewish Bereavement*



Letter to Newly Bereaved Parents

"You will survive this. It might feel like you won't right now, but you will." Those were the words told to me by a lady at my son's viewing. I later learned that her 4-year-old son died about 9 years prior. You never would have known it. I asked her in the following weeks, "Are you happy? I mean really happy?" She knew what I meant. You feel like there will never be another happy day, another smile, another joy. She said, "Yes, I am. Of course there are days when I am not, but most of the time now, I am."

I hung onto those words with all my hope and strength. I knew that she had been heaven sent and that she would lead me to happiness again, or at the very least, to a day when I could smile at my other children, who so desperately needed me.

I am now over five years on this journey. I can say with a full heart that I am happy again. I have found joy again. This happened not by running away from my grief, but by falling into it. I had to fall into that deep darkness, just as Steven Curtis Chapman writes, "So deep and dark that I could barely breathe." I tried to escape it, but it just made it worse. So I succumbed. I learned fairly quickly that by succumbing to it, giving in, as horrible and frightening as it was to be in that pit, I was not there alone. There were many others there with me -- other family who had met J.T. when he passed from here to heaven, the many angels who hold us up when we feel like we just cannot take another breath, and, of course, God. God was there in that pit too. I didn't recognize it was him until much later, but now looking back, I know he was there holding my head above the muck.

I cannot explain it very well, but I keep trying because I really want other parents to understand this. It is only by truly BEING in your grief that you are able to rise above it. I found that each time I would feel that wave come over me, I would just let go and let it carry me wherever it may. Sooner and sooner, I was carried to the top of the pit, able to climb out and breathe again. We humans don't like to be "uncomfortable." We don't like to be in pain. Losing a child blows that all out of the water. There's nowhere else for us to go. We HAVE to be in the pain. Try not to run from it, escape it, numb it or postpone it. It will just come back again. You must deal with it.

I've learned so much since J.T. left, and I wanted to share it with you. I AM on the other side of that pain. I DID survive, and I DID make it. You can, too. Life will never be the same without your child here, but you CAN make a new life, a new normal, and truly function.

Be easy on yourself. Don't expect ANYTHING from yourself for at least a year. Do what you can for your other children, as much as you can give, but don't feel guilty about not being able to engage with them or stop their hurt. It just doesn't work that way. Their grieving is different than yours and they may need professional help down the road. I put both of my children into grief counseling -- one was fine and we stopped the counseling, the other one is still going and probably will for some time. You will know what and when to do that. The biggest thing is to not think it's your responsibility. You have a lot to deal with yourself.

Take all the help you can get right now. I had people offering to clean my bathrooms. Ordinarily, I would have said no. But, it made that person feel like they were helping me, and it was not the time for pride, so I took them up on their offer. Take the help. It makes others feel like they are doing something for you.

I want you to also know something very important. Our children do bring us signs that they are OK. Watch for them, but try to not obsess on them. Sometimes, grieving parents try to look too hard and then miss the obvious ones, like a butterfly landing on your shoulder, or pennies and feathers in random places in the house. You might hear "Mom" spoken in your child's voice, look around and no one is there. That really is him, and he wants you to know he's OK. They are not truly gone, as I have learned in depth since J.T. left. And they will not leave us. Right now, it is your child's job to see you through this, and he will. So take the signs and hold them in your heart. Know they are real. Don't second guess yourself. These gifts will get you through those tough nights when everyone leaves and goes back to their normal lives.

In the beginning, I had to have someone come sit with me at night. I called them my "mommy sitters." I was terrified to have the house quiet. I would have panic attacks, and I never had them before. I had plenty of them those first few months. Don't think you are being "weak" or not dealing with things if you have to have someone come over to talk with you, or just watch the kids while you have a meltdown. It is part of this wilderness we are in now. There are no rights and there are no wrongs. Don't judge yourself thinking you should be done by now, or why this again? It just is.

I wanted to say a couple of things about siblings. I received so much advice on what to do and what not to do with my children as far as "letting them see you cry" or "keeping them from the pain." I learned some very important things. First, you do need to let them see you cry initially. I found, though, that after the first month, they kept trying to comfort me and wanted to take away my grief. Definitely not something a child should have to do. So I spent more time at the cemetery without them. It's a great place to scream, yell, beat the ground, throw things, etc., but not have the kids see it. I don't want to say to hide your grief from them, because they know more than we think they do. But I did have to limit it. Your children might be different. You will know what is best -- go with your instincts and forget what everyone else says.

Whether we wanted it or not, we are on this road. There are many of us on this road and we hold onto each other with all our strength. We are all at different stages of this journey. There are many who feel they are helping by sharing their story with you, but you may find it just brings you down. It's OK to limit that kind of support. They mean well, but sometimes it would leave me more depressed than when I came in! Do what you feel is right.

You are loved. You are loved by many in your community, by your child, by God. You did not do anything to deserve this -- it is not a punishment. I know this for a fact. There is meaning in this, even though you cannot find it right now, know it is there. You may find that meaning one day, or you may not. But it has nothing to do with judgment, condemnation, past sins, etc. I hope you know that. You are loved, and you are never alone. In the depth of the pain, I know you will feel that hand reach down to you, those arms holding you, just like I did. Hang onto that love, and know that it is real.

My family and I are praying for you, with all our hearts.

— Sarina Baptista



A Cortney Moment – Sometimes Organic & Sometimes (Wo)Man-made

If you're a bereaved parent, you know what I'm talking about...except that for you it might be a Katie, Traci, Ricky, Scott or Tria Moment.

For me, Cortney Moments are those many instances when I am momentarily (I always hope!) overcome with tears and I feel that painful lump in my throat as I try to suppress my emotions related to the death of my daughter. Those Cortney Moments are not only overpowering, but they happen when I least expect them. They come out of nowhere. Walking down the grocery aisle and seeing Rice Krispie squares 16 years after her death can still bring me to my knees on a bad day. But now, I label the event as a Cortney Moment; I allow myself to do what I need to do (so long as it doesn't include falling to the floor in a puddle of tears); and I proceed.

Other times, I feel compelled to "bring on" a Cortney Moment. I find myself being driven by an unknown force to read something that I know will make me cry, yet I read it anyway...and it makes me cry. Or, I'll listen to a song that connects me to my day of tragedy, and I don't touch the radio dial. It seems that I'm into torturing myself, but when I feel the need to "bring on" a Cortney Moment, a vivid memory of one of the people who passed through our house after our daughter's death comes back to me. This woman was teaching me that crying, for which I was profusely apologizing, was not only OK – it was actually necessary. She told me that I should think of my body as a large vial – and that the vial would slowly (or quickly) fill up with tears and grief, and when they reached the top of the vial, they would overflow...and that I should let that happen; I shouldn't suppress it. Just sometimes...I feel like I need to put that last bit of liquid in the vial to make it overflow – giving me a release and allowing me to once again cordon off my grief and go about my day. I call those times when the grief is released in a stream of tears triggered by something I did, Cortney Moments. And I proceed.

Cortney Moments sometimes make me question and doubt the progress I know I've made on my grief journey because they are so powerful. But I know this is progress because they are Cortney Moments and they do not consume my whole being every day. I embrace them and I proceed. Those on the "outside" (non-bereaved parents) might not call that progress after 16 years, but those new to our grief certainly would. It will happen for you, too. Hang in there.

— Terre Belt, BP/USA, Anne Arundel County, MD

When I Was There

When I was there with you and lived my life as your son/daughter, I knew you loved me with all your heart, I felt it from day one. I never once regretted having chosen you for my mom and although our time together was short, please don't stay sad. You see, when I was with you I learned so very much and I took with me to my other life all my memories of your love. I share it with the other kids I've met since I've arrived, we all have memories of those special times. Please never doubt that we're alive, we are busy helping others and giving of your time. I see sometimes when you think of me you are sad that I am gone, but remember that I'm still with you, you just can't see me tag along. I go with you on your travels and yes, that's me in your dreams at night, I still look the same just maybe a little more handsome/beautiful in this light. Here, there is no sadness, Mom, only joy, love and peace. Here is where I'll wait, until you can come and live with me. In my world now, there is no rush, things just happen day by day, so take your time and enjoy life, have a little fun, it really is okay and when you make your journey to this place where we're all one, remember, I'll be waiting and I'll always be your son/daughter.

SIBLING PAGE

A New Chapter after

A chapter in your life has ended;
A new chapter is to begin.
Do not suppress your grief –
There is no detour around grief
Tomorrow must be created – rebuild your life.

— Anonymous

Why?

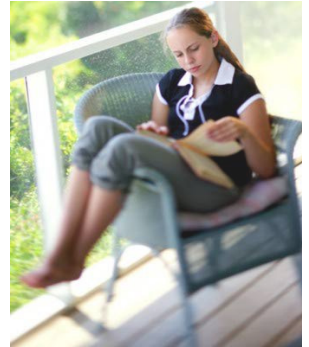
That's what we ask.
The truth is
We may never
Be able to know
For sure why.
But we do know
That there is no single
"should have done"
Or "could have done"
Or "did" or "didn't do"
That would have
Changed that why

All that love could do was done.

— TCF, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Becoming an Only Child

I found the realization of being an only child difficult. One day I had a sister and the next day I still had a sister, but she was a memory. I found it very difficult when people's brothers and sisters came to fetch them from school, or took them out for coffee, and I still do. I miss Nat a great deal and do not go through the day without thinking about her. I have just been overseas with my best friend, Kate, and had a wonderful time.



I now sit in my upstairs room surrounded by photos and memories – good memories. I miss her, and I will always love and cherish her. I now spend a lot of time with my friends. I have a great circle of friends and go out a lot, trying to live life to the fullest. After Nat died, I had to grow up a lot to be able to survive. I have become a lot more sensitive and emotional. I still have days when I can't stop crying and am unable to do much, but I think both me and my parents have come a long way.

Natalie looked exquisite on the evening of her Matric dance. She wore a stunning black satin and lace dress that she had designed herself. Her blond hair shone around her angelic face like a gold halo. Her green eyes glistened like emeralds. She even realized herself how beautiful she looked. I will never forget the last time I saw my beloved sister Natalie. She drove off in a black stretch limousine. She was standing up, through the sun roof, with a glass of champagne in one hand, and the world in the other.

— Kirsten Ruhnke, BP/USA, St. Louis, MO

To My Sister

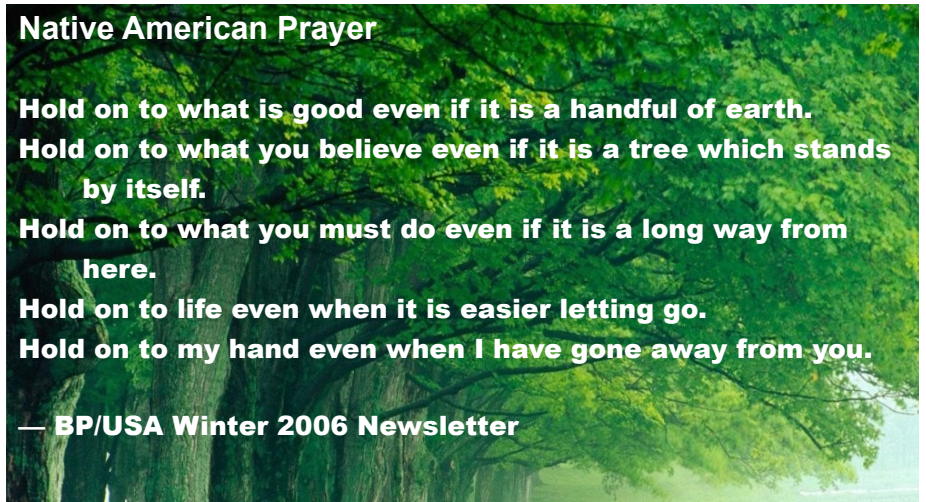
To my sister who saw through it all,
To my sister who wouldn't let me fall.
To my sister in heaven living a new life,
To my sister not living in a world of strife.
To my sister, my earth, wind, and sky,
To my sister fly hard, fly high.
To my sister who's my star shining bright,
To my sister good-bye and good-night.

— Laurie Dunham

Native American Prayer

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

— BP/USA Winter 2006 Newsletter



Our Children Remembered

William P. Anthony Jr.
Son of Bill and Linda Anthony
June 1, 1965 - January 2, 1999

Melanie Suzanne Berkow
Daughter of Sandra Winans
January 2, 1956 - March 23, 2012

Emily Ann Blazejewski
Daughter of Lee Ann and Doug Blazejewski
January 27, 1997 - January 2, 2004

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

Emily Christina Davidson
Daughter of Fran Smith
July 24, 1972 - January 13, 2011

Jason T. Easter
Son of Janice and Chris Kunkel
January 30, 1973 - September 9, 1999

Theresa Karen Gardner
Daughter of Joan F. Gardner
July 28, 1962 - January 7, 1994

Jennifer Lynn Hamilton
Daughter of Kathleen and Donald McGlew
May 2, 1980 - January 7, 1999

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

Sarah Anne McMahon
Daughter of Deborah and Daniel McMahon
January 24, 1995 - July 13, 2012

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

Robert Adam "Robby" Ostrowski
Son of Denise Crouse
January 30, 1995 - September 11, 2010

Nicholas Grant Poe
Son of Karen and Michael Willey
November 9, 1982 - January 23, 2002

Kevin Eric Reichardt
Son of Carol and Karl Reichardt
January 20, 1975 - January 26, 1995

Joseph William Remines
Son of Bobbi Remines
November 16, 1980 - January 3, 1994

Daniel Maurice Rothman
Son of Juliet and Leonard Rothman
January 20, 1971 - September 17, 1992

Thomas Jeffrey Schall
Son of Tom and Joyce Schall
January 16, 1963 - January 7, 2002

Emily Ann Schindler
Daughter of Charles and Jane Schindler
July 27, 1985 - January 27, 2004

Kelly Ann Schultz
Daughter of Jim and Pat Schultz
July 19, 1964 - January 1, 1996

Gregory Robert Sears
Son of Rob and Marilyn Sears
December 11, 1975 - January 6, 2012

Daniel John Sohovich
Son of Vera Sohovich
January 26, 1988 - June 9, 2011

Derrick Antonio Stevens
Son of Ernest and Lillian Stevens
June 6, 1982 - July 22, 2004

Michael Shane Wheeler
Son of Lita L. Ciaccio
June 22, 1976 - January 11, 1997

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

Carole Anne Wilford
Sister of Aljuana Saunders
January 7, 1944 - May 4, 1998

Matthew Tyler Williams
Son of Marta and Chuck Williams
May 9, 1986 - January 13, 2011

*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:

Bob and Sandi Burash in memory of Paul Burash

Fran Palmer in memory of Scott Palmer

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino

Peggy Smeltzer in memory of Mark Edward Smeltzer and Robert Rey

Gordon and Virginia Schmier in memory of their son David Schmier

Charles and Manta Williams in memory of Matthew Williams

CHAPTER NOTES

The Annual Service of Remembrance was Beautiful

Many, many thanks to Ann Castiglia for once again leading the effort to sponsor our 28th Annual Service of Remembrance. From the music to the readings to the lighting of the candles to the program – everything was touching, heart-felt and meaningful. Thanks, too, to Barbara Bessling, Fran Palmer, Noel Castiglia, Jim and Pat Schultz, Bob and Sandi Burash, Paul Balasic, Cathy Campbell, June Erickson and Eryn Lowe – all of whom made special contributions that made the Service – and the feast afterward -- special for all of us.



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*)



*Wishing you a
peaceful New Year*



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: January 3, 2013



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by December 26, 2012

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Finding Hope in the New Year

Thursday, January 3, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

Beginning a new year without our deceased children with us physically can be very challenging. The January program will focus on looking ahead to the new year as we continue to learn how to deal with the loss of our children.

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.

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**.