



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

May 2013

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Thoughts on the Month of May

The spring flowers on your grave
Express the time of year.
It used to be a happy time –
Lots of happy days and cheer.

I still have all the Mother's Day cards
Made of construction paper and glue,
Verses written on a slant
That said, "Mom, I love you."

I'll make no birthday cake this May,
Nor see the graduation of your class.
The parades, ice cream social, and such
Are all a part of the past.

And though these weeks bring sadness,
When I remember them I have to smile.
May was really very special
And I'm glad we had it – for a while.

— Norma Herzog, TCF, Cincinnati, OH

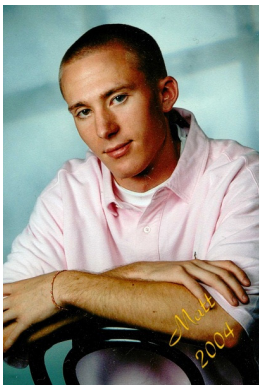
CHAPTER NOTE: In July and August, the church where we meet is unavailable to us on our normal meeting dates -- the first Thursday of each month. We have scheduled those meetings for the second Thursday in July (July 11) and the same in August (August 13). Please make a note of this change for our July and August Chapter meetings.

The printing and mailing of this newsletter have been donated by

Charles and Marta Williams in memory of their son

Matthew Tyler Williams

May 9, 1986 – January 13, 2011



Happy Birthday to our dear, sweet son. May 9th is your 27th birthday... we will be celebrating it with you... this side of Heaven. We miss you every day, Matty... you are forever in our hearts. We love you, Chuck, Marta and Mike.

Bart and Vickie Rankin in memory of their daughter

Samantha Rankin

November 19, 1988 - May 31, 2010

In loving memory of our dear, sweet Samantha. There is not a moment that goes by that we are not thinking of you. Love, Mommy, Daddy and Brandie



Next Meeting: May 2, 2013

Camps for Grieving Children and Teens – A bereaved mother who has been volunteering at camps for grieving children and teens will provide information about the camps to attendees. The Chesapeake Life Center at Hospice of the Chesapeake provides a weekend camp each Summer.

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 June newsletter due to the Newsletter Team by May 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
Librarian:	Bob and Sandi Burash
Programs:	Paul Balasic

Do You Use Amazon.com?

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

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

Thanks in advance for your help!



Would you like to sponsor the Chapter's newsletter or website (www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org) for one month in memory of your child? It's a wonderful way to honor your child's memory – to say his or her name for all the world to hear – while providing financial support to the Chapter and its many activities offered to all those mourning the loss of a child.

Newsletter sponsorship is \$75 and website sponsorship is \$25. Just send an email to Chapter Leader Terre Belt (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

A Mother is Forever

This Mother's Day will trouble you –
It can't be otherwise
Since your son and daughter, too,
Won't be there by your side.
They won't be there to bake a cake
Or bring you cards and flowers,
Nor can they walk into your home
To brighten lonely hours.
The memories you have of them
I know will make you smile,
And you'll remember all the joys
That made your lives worthwhile.
And so on Mother's Day this year
And in every other,
Remember they're connected still
By love to you, their mother.

— Shirley Ottman, BP/USA, North Texas Chapter



Mother

A peppermint carnation is what I'll wear
For Mother's Day this year...
A delicate flower and symbol of love
For you, my baby dear.
The red for living, the white for death,
The blend of pink for "always loved."
A fragrance of remembrance
Of your life, now up above.

I'll carry your memory on my lapel,
My treasure, first-born child.
You were a precious gift,
So small, and meek, and mild.
And when this special day is over
And the blossom has faded away,
I'll continue to wear the name "Mother,"
Your precious gift to me, always.

— Marilyn Van Winkle



A Mother's Day Note

Mother's Day is a day of heightened awareness of the death of your child. I like to linger over the older cards I've saved, the cards that were homemade creations. My son and my other children used the ideas that appealed to them, and wrote poetry, cartoons, or drawings that are most pleasant mementoes of their past and mine. Now is the time to plan another way to spend your time on that Sunday. Select a beautiful tree, plant a group of shrubs, or designate an area for a flower bed. Put your energy to work, and create a live garden in memory of your child. Or just put your good memories to work, and use the time to think about times you've shared with one another. Whatever you decide, acknowledge your true feelings: a mixture of sadness and joy, love, hurt, and hopefully a bit of peace – lots of interconnecting emotions. Let them flow freely around you. Identify them so that you can let the hurtful ones go. Wishing you a moment of peace on Mother's Day.

— Anita Moorhead, Mercer, NJ

Mother's Day is Coming...Tips From Other Bereaved Parents

Acknowledge the pain. You loved deeply, you also grieve deeply.

If you plan to visit the cemetery that day, go early in the day, when you are normally more rested. If you have been holding on to your tears, a visit to the cemetery will help you to release them.

Change your routine from years past. If you've normally had family dinner at home, you might have a picnic, or perhaps go to a movie (one that is "up"), or maybe visit friends.

Try light yard work, planting flowers, watering the lawn. (I plant red flowers because my son loved red anything.)

If you have surviving children, allow them some time and space. They feel sadness for you, but they are also dealing with their own grief.

Remember, parents who have experienced the first year or two of "first's" agree that anticipation of the day is often worse than the actual day. Be kind to yourself.

— Lee Ann Kelso-Weller, TCF, North Oklahoma City, OK



1. Acknowledge the pain
2. Visit cemetery early
3. Change my routine
4. Try yard work
5. Give other children time
6. BE KIND TO MYSELF

Remembrances

We can't feel saddened over the loss of those we love without first remembering the joy of loving them. The real sadness would have been never having had them in our lives at all. Remembering is a journey the heart takes, back into a time that was, and our thoughts are the only tickets needed to ride. We who have truly loved are blessed. REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

— Flavia Weedon

Just Like You

The conversation turned to death and dying, a familiar subject for me but not for my friend. He looked me in the eye and said, "I would leave the country if one of my children had a terminal illness (like yours did). I couldn't bear to watch him die. I would go crazy! I'd lose it if one of my children died." With that he turned away from me and walked to a safer place. A place not so close to the living truth that children die.



"No, you wouldn't!" I said, my face flushed and the tears welling up. Did he have any idea of the emotions he had brought to the surface? No.

With his words he unconsciously made me feel that he knew he loved his children more than I loved mine. The fact that I was there... walking, talking, and not in an insane asylum was because in some way, I was different. But I'm not. And I envied him because there was a time, I remembered, when I had spoken some of the same words with conviction. I could never speak those words again from the security of a complete family and healthy children. I wanted to scream at him, "Don't you know that a part of me did die with my child? Can't you see the hole in my heart?"

But I didn't ..because I knew that he was lucky enough not to be able to understand. So I silently forgave him, as I softly whispered, "I used to be just like you."

— Deborah Wiseman, TCF, Nashville, TN

Making Progress

The day you died, my spirit sought
To turn away from life;
It could not face the pain
That pierced its being like a knife.

I wanted to go with you
Why should my life go on?
I found no earthly reason
To arise and greet the dawn.

I could not find a purpose.
How pointless it all seemed;
Reality seemed distant,
Was my life a bitter dream?

I seemed to be suspended
In a tiny piece of time;
Simply going through the motions
Like an actor or a mime.

Then, bit by bit, as I endured
Each never-ending day,
I learned to smile and laugh again
In a tenuous kind of way.

And now, although I miss you more
Than any words could tell,
No longer am I mired in
A brutal, needless hell.

I know I cannot escape
My sadness and my pain
But I need not give it power
To dominate again.

Once again I notice rainbows,
The stars adrift in space,
A flower's perfumed beauty,
And the sunshine on my face.

I need not search so desperately
To find some subtle meaning,
Some purpose in the hours enclosed
Between daybreak and evening.

I find delight recaptured
In hearing, touching, seeing;
Once more I've come to know
The peaceful joy of being.

— Peggy Kociscin
Albuquerque, NM Bereavement magazine

A Mirage

How long have you been standing there in the shadows,
So close to me that, if I reach out, I can touch your hand?

A surge of happiness envelopes me
Because you are in my presence again.

Now I see you sitting at a window with a cascade of moonbeams stroking your hair.
Your face is pale but a faint smile covers it.

I want to arise and approach you –
Reach out and touch you –
But I am transfixed in my chair and mesmerized by the aura that surrounds you.

One brief moment of majestic ecstasy is mine.

A lifetime, rolled into a millisecond.

Was it real; were you there –
Or but a mirage,
Only a dream to scold my selfish, aching heart for asking for too much?

— *Dave Ziv, Warrington, PA*



The Sounds of Silence

The sounds of silence are everywhere – it is the silent pain of the loss of our son, Andy. It is the silence of our home because one of our children is gone, and it is the silence of the sudden quiet that comes over people when we mention Andy.

We have become both better and worse in the six years since Andy died of cancer at the age of 22. We are better because we are able to get on with our lives and even enjoy ourselves occasionally. We have gotten worse because, as the years go by, we feel his loss more deeply.

We feel his loss every time we participate in a celebration marking some milestone of our friends and relatives or their children. We feel the loss because in any celebrations of our own, one person will always be absent and not there to celebrate with us or to enjoy his own milestones. The pain of his absence is always present at these events.

When Andy died, the pain of his loss was a sharp, acute screaming pain that tore a hole inside of us. Now, the pain is a silent, steady pain. The hole is now covered by a scar, but it is still there. It doesn't scream out loud anymore, but instead just remains as a steady, never-ending ache and sadness — a silent pain.

The silence of our home is a different kind of quiet. By now, if Andy had lived he probably would have been out on his own. We would have been empty nesters anyway. But when a home becomes empty because of the death of a child, it is a different kind of empty nest. Our daughter, Lesley, is married and out on her own, the way it should be. But Andy is gone for a different reason. The silence in our home that is empty is because one child is gone forever — we have to deal with the reality that phone calls come from only one child, not two; that only one child stops by for a visit, not two. There is a silence in our home that often seems to pervade every space. It is a sad silence, not the temporary quiet of a happy home.

And then, there is the silence of relatives and friends when we talk about Andy— not his death but the things he did while alive. It is as if Andy has become a forbidden topic because he died, as if his death wiped out the twenty-two years he did live. It occurs when a relative whispers that our son died when someone asks how old he is— like his life was a big secret. It occurs when people suddenly get a funny look on their faces and don't know what to say next when you mention something about Andy. It occurs when you get the feeling that people want to avoid you because you remind them of a horror that could happen to anyone. It is a silence that reminds you that your emotions and feelings are different from those of others, and that you will always have to live with the sound of silence resulting from your son's death.

— *Mel Winer, PA*

A Hundred Twenty, Less One

I arrive late and alone
This evening in June.
And the band strikes up
The time-honored tune.
Pomp and circumstance
Resounds through the room
But the uplifting notes
Displace none of my gloom

I slip into a seat
Far removed from the crowd.
As the grads file in
Deservedly proud
I pause for a moment.
My head is bowed
But to honor these students
Was something I'd vowed.

They had comforted me
In my hours of need
Since the death of my daughter
At the age of sixteen,
Halfway through
Their junior year
They had lost a friend
Whom they held dear.

They take their seats
A hundred twenty, less one.
I regain control
Though my heart weighs a ton.
Speeches begin.
They mention her name
Because they're less one.
They won't be the same.



The school is presented
A gift from the class—
Beautiful trees in her honor
Along with a plaque
Proclaiming affection
For a friend who is gone
That they, too, are sad.
They're a hundred twenty, less one.

My vision's an ocean
Of blurred red and white
As I try to focus
To see their delight
As they leave the stage
Diplomas in hand
Their parents rejoicing
Beginning to stand.

I cannot move
'Til it's over and done
Mortarboards flying -
A hundred twenty, less one.
I quickly slip out

The way that I came
Not wanting to dampen
Their dazzling flames.

My tears run unchecked.
I can't stop them now.
I've gotten through it
Though I'll never know how.
My one consolation
This moment in time -
She, too, has graduated,
But to heights sublime.

— Susan Presler, BP/USA, Western NY Chapter



Bits and Pieces of Grief

"I can only bite off chunks of grief in bits and pieces. How else would I manage to get out of bed?" As with a four-course dinner, we must take our grief in small bites. The totality of our loss, the shattering of our psyche and the horrific blow to our brains is just too much to absorb at one time. Shock is nature's cushion. When shock subsides, our reality is a physical pain, an ache from deep inside that radiates throughout our bodies. Once this subsides, we endure the emotional agony and the kick in the gut that comes unannounced.

This quotation is very profound for both the newly bereaved and those of us who are much farther down the road of grief. The loss of our child will be the single most defining factor in our lives. However, if we do our grief work and all that this entails, we will eventually arrive at something akin to a new normal. Life will never be the same. We will never be the same. But we carry our children forward with us in our hearts and minds, imagining all that could have been and accepting that these things are no longer meant to be.

I have managed to find a serenity and a purpose in my life, yet the thrill of living is not the peaks, the sadness is not the valleys. Life now is "steady as you go." My compassion for others is almost automatic now, my understanding of the macro perspective of life is deeper and wider than ever before. I acknowledge that there is much to be learned on this journey. But it is painful education.

— Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF, Katy, TX

SIBLING PAGE



My First Five Years as an Only Child

I've been without my brother for five years. I guess the hard part is over now. Sometimes I think I've aged thirty years in the past five. In a strange way, these past five years have been the best and worst years of my life. I've accomplished the many things of a typical young adult: learning to drive, graduating from high school, going to college, and starting a career. Every one of my accomplishments has been clouded by the fact that my brother, George, is not here to share each milestone and is not achieving any more milestones for himself. He was cheated of so many things. He will never graduate, get married, have children or travel. He will never grow old, and I will never have a brother to grow old with. I will never have nieces and nephews. The sibling relationship, usually the longest relationship of

one's life, has been cut short for us. In these past five years, although I've learned to accept that he's not coming back, the difficult part is dealing with it -- day by day.

My relationship with George ended just as we had started to become friends. The childish fights and annoyances of having a big brother were changing to real conversations and to having an occasional ally. I'm angry about all of the things that will never be. And I guess I always will be. Five years heals a lot of wounds, but the hurt will always be there, no matter how many years pass. In these past five years, I've been forced into a new outlook on life. I've felt lonely and alone. I now realize that I will never be the same person as before. That person is locked away and gone forever.

Maybe I'm a better person now because of what I've been through. Five years ago, I never thought I'd survive, but I'm still here, dealing with it every day. I don't know what the next five years will bring, but at least I've made it this far.

— Kristin Steiner, TCF, Winnepeg Chapter

Coping with the Grief of Older Siblings

According to a workshop led by a family therapist and bereaved sibling in Milwaukee, WI, the following are helpful points on the topic of grief and older siblings:

Everyone grieves differently. A sibling's response is determined by his or her relationship to the child who died and his or her place in the family.

The most difficult thing for siblings is that the foundation of the family is shaken. Everything has changed overnight and that leaves them feeling insecure.

The death of a sibling is a mid-life crisis for kids. Suddenly they are aware of their own mortality. That may cause them to become over-protective. They may also over-react to illnesses.

They will rarely talk about their feelings because they're afraid it will hurt their parents more. The reality here is that parents are at the bottom of the list of people they will talk to, but that doesn't mean they aren't talking to someone.

School becomes a terrible problem and grades drop because they can't function any better than we do as parents.

At some point in the grief process, over-achieving can also become a way of dealing with pain.

Conflicts intensify between remaining siblings.

Sometimes there is nothing you can do for your kids but allow them to hurt. At the same time, it is hard to let the grief be the child's problem.

They feel they have to make up for the child who's gone.

Kids will think, "It should have been me. You wouldn't hurt quite as much if it were me."

There is likely to be some distancing for awhile. There is also fear that if you pull away, you'll never be close again, but that usually doesn't happen.

You have to develop memories of things that happened after the child died, and you have to develop new traditions, but that takes years.

The loss surfaces for young people at every milestone in their lives — significant birthdays, graduations, weddings, parenthood, etc.

It's difficult for kids when the parent's energy is wrapped up in the dead child. Inside they are screaming, "Look at me. I'm still alive."

The reality of death is that there is always remorse about things done or left undone.

Siblings can benefit from this painful experience. They may gain a different perspective on life, value it more highly, and adopt new priorities. They learn things that strengthen them and they tend to be more compassionate and sensitive than other young people.

Our Children Remembered

Jordan Edward Ambrozewicz
Son of Steven and Beverly Ambrozewicz
May 27, 1993 - May 10, 1995

Dora Baldwin
Daughter of Aurelia Ferraro
December 11, 1964 - May 2, 2012

Donald Gordon Barrett
Son of Kathy and Don Barrett
May 14, 1976 - May 3, 2002

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

Pamela Grace Clair
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair
June 3, 1954 - May 15, 1984

Michelle Marie Dyke
Daughter of Marie Dyke
May 19, 1975 - November 10, 1992

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

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

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

Matthew Gordon Haines
Son of Gordon and Peggy Haines
May 3, 1977 - July 4, 1996

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

Brian Keith Jones
Son of Leroy and Jeanne Jones
May 22, 1974 - May 22, 1974

Kenneth "Chuckie" Jones
Son of Suzzelle Reid
July 13, 1976 - May 26, 2010

Jerry Mason Jr.
Son of Mary and Jerry Mason
May 6, 1968 - March 23, 2005

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

Daniel "Dan" Michael Milord
Son of Mike Milord
July 15, 1982 - May 5, 2004

Sydney Elaine Patronik
Daughter of Holly and Michael Patronik
March 26, 2002 - May 11, 2002

Samantha Ann Rankin
Daughter of Vickie and Bart Rankin
November 19, 1988 - May 31, 2010

Wendy Dawn Saunders
Daughter of Ronald and Aljuana Saunders
May 20, 1972 - May 14, 1998

James Benjamin Scheff
Son of James and Gail Scheff
May 9, 1979 - June 1, 2012

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

Brandon Michael Sisler
Son of Laura Sisler
May 7, 1993 - October 15, 2011

Abigail Helen "Abbey" Skuletich
Daughter of John and Glenda Skuletich
March 9, 1984 - May 12, 1992

Tori Danielle Stitely
Daughter of Tawny and Kevin Stitely
May 21, 1985 - November 26, 2012

Christopher Lewis Strader
Son of Lewis and Peggy Strader
May 27, 1979 - June 21, 1997

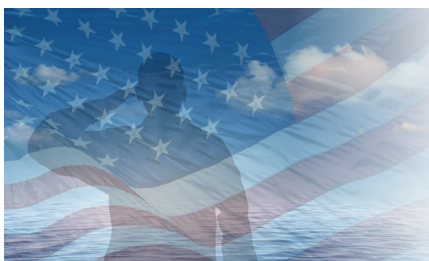
Tenoch Bennett Sweeney
Son of Richard Sweeney
March 30, 2011 - May 21, 2011

Russell "Rusty" Joseph Tarr
Son of Lorraine A. Tarr
December 22, 1963 - May 12, 1994

John Leroy Waters, Jr.
Son of Stella and Roy Waters
September 19, 1970 - May 23, 2000

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



We remember our fallen service men and women and their families who mourn them.

Memorial Day – Monday, May 27, 2013

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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

Louie and Judith Bolly in memory of Wendy Bolly
Gary and Cindy Dukes in memory of Zachary Dukes
Kathleen Franklin in memory of Tanager Ru Ricci

Kenneth Smith in memory of Tracy Fotino
Chuck and Marta Williams in memory of Matthew Williams



CHAPTER NOTES

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

Please join us – "It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that you cannot sincerely try to help another without helping yourself." (*Ralph Waldo Emerson*)



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.

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P.O. Box 6280

Annapolis, MD 21401-0280

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NEXT MEETING: May 2, 2013



Time sensitive
Must be delivered by April 26, 2013

UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

Camps for Grieving Children and Teens

Thursday, May 2, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

A bereaved mother who has been volunteering at camps for grieving children and teens will provide information about the camps to attendees. The Chesapeake Life Center at Hospice of the Chesapeake provides a weekend camp each Summer.

Program TBD

Thursday, June 6, 2013

Calvary United Methodist Church, Annapolis, MD

The Compassionate Friends National Conference

July 5 -- 7, 2013

Boston, MA

www.compassionatefriends.org

Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering

July 26 -- 28, 2013

Sacramento, CA

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

RESOURCES:

Hospice of the Chesapeake

www.hospicechesapeake.org or 410-987-2003

Maryland Crime Victims' Resource Center

www.mdcrimevictims.org or 410-234-9885

Suicide Support Group

410-647-2550; meets the first Tuesday of each month in Severna Park, MD

MIS Support Group (miscarriage, infant death or stillbirth)

443-481-6114; meets the first Monday of each month in Edgewater, MD

Grief Recovery After a Substance Passing (GRASP)

www.grasphelp.com or 843-705-2217

The Compassionate Friends of Prince George's County

Meetings are on the second Thursday of each month at 7 p.m., United Parish of Bowie, 2515 Mitchellville Road, Bowie, MD

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

North County Government Center

Reston District Police Station

12000 Bowman Towne Drive

Reston, VA

Second Saturday of each month; 2pm - 4pm

We appreciate feedback on our Chapter meetings. If you have suggestions for future topics of discussion, please contact our Program coordinator: Paul Balasic at pjbस्पmd@gmail.com or **443.566.0193**.