



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Anne Arundel County Chapter

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My Thoughts for all of us....

Mother's Day and Father's Day are possibly the most difficult "Special Days" that we face as bereaved parents. Second only to our child's *angelversary* date. Most other holidays and special days have some other focus, like religion, patriotism, education and other people. But the only focus for Mother's Day and Father's Day is us, parents. So these days can become one of the mountains along our grief journey, which means we need to find a positive way to mourn on Mother's Day and Father's Day.

As for any Holiday or Special Day, remember...

1. Make a PLAN. Just having a plan helps you prepare and get through the day. Your plan should be something that you feel like doing. Maybe start a new tradition. It can be a very simple plan and can always change, even at the last minute.
2. The ANTICIPATION is often worse than the actual day. Your apprehension for the days and weeks ahead about how you will handle that Special Day can be harder than the actual Day.
3. Find a way to HONOR your child. You could do something with other family members like lighting a candle, telling stories, sharing a favorite meal, etc. Or try something private such as writing a letter to your child, or spending private time with your child's spirit.
4. Be compassionate with your SPOUSE and give each other permission to mourn differently.

This year, on Mother's Day and Father's Day, I hope you find ways to mourn that give you moments of peace shared with your child.

*Carol Tomaszewski, in memory of my son Dave
Chapter Leader, BPUSA, Anne Arundel County Chapter, MD*



Tria has been gone to her heavenly home since October 14, 1984...we can honestly say that we have survived this tragedy a long time ago. But that doesn't mean we don't miss her, we do and always will. Every month that passes there are dates that have meaning for our family. Tria has a beautiful niece Danielle who is an RN. She has a nephew Tony who is in the computer business world. Your sister Carla misses you and all the things you would have done together. Every holiday, your birthday & anniversary are celebrated with stories, balloons, tears & love. One day we will all be united in eternity until then keep watching over us...

You are always in our hearts. We miss you & love you. Mom, Dad & Carla

Tria Marie Castiglia
July 6, 1963 - October 14, 1984

Our Chapter Column

The Healing Light of Hope

I want to get away, but I can't. I am back in that hole with mirror- smooth, obsidian walls, where all attempts at freedom have proven futile.

I search and search and search for a way out of this cold, dark desolate prison. My fingers scan every inch of the wall I can reach, but it is of no use. My fingers are bloody from my infinite attempts. I will them to grasp on to even the slightest of ledges, but again, it is of no use: How can you hold what is not there? I collapse to the floor utterly spent.



I have exhausted every possible avenue of escape. There is no way out of my reality. I scream my throat raw and cry out in in desperation, pleading for release, "let me out! Please, please let me out!" I beg, but again, to no avail. I cannot escape my reality.

My vocal chords are shredded, as is my heart. Where can I go? The only release is in my mind. I have to deny my reality in order to bear it. Yes, that is what I must do. That is the only action I can take to relieve myself of my horrific existence. I will deny you. I will believe you were never born. For in that way, in only that way, can I survive the loss of you. Oh, what a terrible price to pay for sanity: to deny the existence of my reason for living. But what else can I do? I feel I have no choice.

There is another way, though, another means of escape. I have lost my reason for living, so then, why continue to live? That is a question I cannot answer. What I do know is that I cannot kill myself. For some reason, I cannot. It is a strange compulsion. Living without you is not something I want. No, it is definitely not something I want. But there is a force that seems to demand I not use death as a form of release.

Why if you are gone, do I have to continue to live? How can I exist without you? Why do I have to remain here in this deepest of black holes, accompanied by only blistering, blistering pain?

Somehow, somewhere I see the tiniest flicker. Let me look again. Is it true? Are my eyes deceiving me? Is that hope? In my unadulterated misery it is virtually impossible to recognize or acknowledge. Do I even want to acknowledge it? Am I so mired in grief that I don't want to accept that faint and virtually unrecognizable glimmer?

Where did it come from? What does it mean? Did you send it? If it is hope, it could have only come from you. I could not have come up with it on my own. It seems to beckon me, to pull at me. It lifts me from my fallen state on the floor. As I look it gets brighter, yet still so faint. It seems to tell me I must stay here... for you. It seems to tell me that you want me here. Not in the depths of despair, but here on this Earth. It seems to tell me that for your memory - for you to live on - I must live.

"There will be almost unrelenting pain, but there will also be happiness, true happiness" the flicker discloses.

"How can that be?" I ask.

"It will be because you are thankful for the time we had together and our beautiful memories" It seems to say.

"Yes," I whisper looking through aching, tear - drenched eyes. "I am very happy and grateful for the all too-short time we had together. I would give anything for it to have been longer, but I am joyfully and eternally thankful for that time." Slowly I see that, without effort, I am rising from the hole.

Our Chapter Column (con't)

I know I will never be completely free. I know I can be dashed into that Hellish abyss at any moment, and often am, without warning. I know that many times - in those times - I will feel again there is no way out. If I can hold on though, just until I can see that precious tiny, little flicker of hope, that I will again, be at least somewhat free.

Never again will I deny William's existence. I will live on for his memory. I will do everything in my power to ensure that the world knows he lived. I will do everything in my power to ensure that the world knows he mattered and that he was very much loved.

If that hope is there for me, then I know it is there for you, as well. I pray that your eyes will be able to see, acknowledge and accept hope when it is offered to you. I pray this especially in the beginning when hope's light is almost imperceptible. I pray that soon your memories will bring you solace, in addition to the wretched pain. I pray that eventually the pain lessens to the point where the joy of your precious child's life exceeds the agony of their loss.

In William's name I pray for peace for all of us.

I thank my beloved William, for the incredible beauty he brought and brings to my life.

Most sincerely,

Linda Khadem, mother of my most cherished William.

BPUSA, Anne Arundel County Chapter



Our Chapter Column is where you will find articles....poems...lyrics...thoughts, submitted by our Chapter members, in memory of their loved ones. Creative writing and journaling are a therapeutic means for expressing your innermost thoughts and feelings, and providing self-healing. Some of us are prolific writers, some of us may write occasionally, and others may not be able to write a word. If you are doing any type of writing, I hope you will consider sharing your efforts with others in this forum. For as healing as it is for you to put your emotions into words, it is just as healing to others to see that someone has the same thoughts and emotions as them, especially at a time in our lives when we feel most alone and isolated because of our grief. It is often hard to believe that someone else could feel the intense depth of pain that comes with the loss of our child, and extremely comforting to know that we are not alone.

Please consider submitting something to be printed in this column to:

chapterleaderaacountynd@gmail.com, or mail to PO Box 6280, Annapolis, MD 21401.

No 'Mother' should 'Outlive' her 'Child',
That's not how things were meant to be...
They're supposed to 'Grow' and 'Marry',
And bring 'Grandchildren' to my knee...
Some things I just don't understand,
My 'Heart' has been 'Ripped Out'...
Is it wrong to feel so 'Angry',
I just want to 'Scream' and 'Shout'...
My throat feels like I've swallowed glass,
Such a 'Deep Ache' always there...
Life seems to go on in slow motion
But I'm just too numb to care...
My mind's finely tuned to special things,
Times we've spent together...
You'll always be my 'Treasured Child',
And stay in my heart 'Forever'....



Poem © Mary G - Love for All

I Love You

Source: www.pinterest.com/amyelizross/grievingnotes/

Mothers Who Have Lost a Child



"Mother's Day is a day of appreciation and respect. I can think of no mothers who deserve it more than those who have had to give a child back."

~ Erma Bombeck

Here are my Top 4 Tips on how to handle Mother's Day after losing a child

Grief is a dynamic process, what worked last year might not work this year and what works this year will change next. Leave yourself open to new ways of approaching where you are. Also, if you have a tough year, don't get attached to thinking, "that's how it going to be for the rest of my life!". Accept it as simply being a tough year and look to find ways to improve it.

There is no right or wrong way to do this. You are the only one who can determine what you need. You are as individual as the relationship you had with your loved one. Honor your uniqueness.

Know that it's not just 'the day' that makes it hard. Often it's the days leading up to and following it that weigh on us. The anticipation and the let down can be very exhausting. Set aside 10 minutes to check in with your self – How's your energy, your mood, your body, your emotional state?

Don't be afraid to feel like you're moving forward – We don't HAVE to stay stuck, we can choose happiness... If for no other reason than you, of all people, deserve it!

Paula Stephens



And thoughts from other Mothers:

Give yourself permission and grace to NOT celebrate if it doesn't feel right. Mother's Day for a bereaved mother is not the time to bow to the expectations of others. ~Amy

Prior to the passing of my son I used to celebrate (brunch get together) with all the mom's in my family. After his passing (and now) I find alone time (take a walk/get a massage, etc) to reflect how my life is, as a mom, right here right now. Mother's Day has changed through the years for me. I am thankful to be at a place of gratitude now♡ ~Olivia

I'm choosing to keep it low key this year. It's only been three months since I lost my oldest daughter. I will do something low key with my youngest daughter. ..maybe a small meal out. Maybe I'll read sitting out in the sun and take a nice walk. ~Stephanie

Make time for grief. If I don't do this and just keep pushing it off. The grief will seek me out and make itself known with no warning and usually at the most inopportune times. It is ok to be....angry, happy, sad, frustrated, depressed, fatigued, passionate, etc. Grief takes so many different shapes and sizes. No two are the same. ~Jenna

Source: <http://griefbeach.com>



A Letter to My Living Children for Mother's Day

Written by Maria Kubitz

Dearest ones,

Mother's Day is quickly approaching. Each year, I've received beautiful hand drawn cards or beautiful crafts from you that I cherish and save. Your words of love and appreciation are an echo of the profound love and appreciation I feel for each of you. Not just on Mother's Day, but every day. And yet, you know Mother's Day will forever more be bittersweet for me, since your sister will never again be alongside you to wish me a happy Mother's Day.

It has been a very challenging road for all of us since the death of your only sister. You didn't just lose your only sister and a piece of your innocence that day, but you also lost the mother you once knew. After that horrible day, you had to witness a mother who was crushed by the weight of grief; a mother who still loved and took care of you, but was so often sad or tired or visibly overwhelmed.

I know that for a long time you tried to hide your own pain from me in an effort to not make mine worse. You tried to take care of me, as I often struggled to find the energy needed to take care of you. You helped out more. You followed the rules as best you could. You checked in on me as a parent checks in on their child. I appreciate all of it more than you know, but I'll always be sorry you found yourself in that difficult position. Seeing all my outward sadness since her death, it might appear to you that I think more about your sister than I do of you. It may even appear that I love your sister more than you. Nothing could be further from the truth...but I'm pretty sure you already know that. I think you understand that when all we have left of someone is our memories, we may choose to spend more time with our thoughts than before.

I also think you know just how much I am grateful for each and every day that I have to spend with you. I have tried very hard over these past few years to show that to you, and despite the pain – or perhaps because of the pain – we have grown a stronger, deeper bond of love and trust between us. We have all witnessed firsthand the fragility of life, and we are reminded that our relationships with each other – and those we love – are what matter most. That is a wonderful gift your sister bestowed upon us that I know will last our lifetimes.

So if I have tears in my eyes this Mother's Day, I hope you know it is just the overflowing love I feel for all of you – including your sister – leaking out of me. And while I wish with all my broken heart that she were here with you, it is all of you that help mend that heart each and every day with all the love you continue to give to me. I can only hope you will also feel my love for you each and every day of your lives.

Love, Mom

Source: www.opentohope.com/letter-living-children-mothers-day/

Life is a Simple Walk in the Woods-

I was always told that the 'first year' would be the hardest. I set my sights on surviving through the first anniversary of Ross' death, telling myself that it would all be downhill from there. If I could just keep going long enough to scale that summit! Everyone talked about that 'path of grief' being full of ups-and-downs, hills-and-valleys. "You can't go around it, you HAVE to go through it!" I was surprised to find that my path was occasionally littered with small remains of Ross' life – a Power Ranger, The Lion King, a box of Raisin Bran. It hurt when I stumbled upon them but I picked them up and cherished them, carrying them on my way.

I was also told that my husband and I would not walk the same path. We started out fine, trudging through the woods, holding hands, telling ourselves that we've been through sixteen years together, we'd be just fine. His path slowly led away from me, but seemed to run parallel for a time – I'd catch a glimpse of him in the woods every once-in-a-while. All of a sudden, his path would cross mine. I'd reach the top of a steep hill and he'd be standing there in my way! More than once, I've had to shove him into the weeds so that I could continue on my journey.

Well, then came that fateful First Anniversary. I scaled that mountain! I sat on the very top of that enormous peak, congratulating myself on a job well-done. My husband was nowhere to be seen, I sat there all alone with my pile of Mickey Mouse clothes, little metal cars, well-meaning friends. I had done it! It was incredibly hard work, insurmountable at times, but here I was still alive, without my child! Without my child! I felt my heart grow cold as I surveyed the path ahead -the rest of my life. The terrain was just as treacherous as the past twelvemonths! I guess I expected it to be sun-lit fields of flowers from then-on, after all, everyone said "just get through that first year"! I didn't know that I had to do this forever!

I sat on that peak for quite some time. I yelled at God for a while, as I was fairly close to Heaven at that point. I hugged all my son's treasures that I carried with me, his precious memory warmed my cold, cold heart, and I searched for any other movement in the valley below. In the distance, I could see other peaks along my path, some maybe as tall as where I sat. I also began to see tiny clearings where the sun was shining. As my tears slowed, I became aware of other paths winding through the landscape – hundreds of them – each belonging to a different parent. I carefully packed my treasures in my heart, neatly so that none would break, and started running down the hill, headlong into the second year of forever.

Peg Rousar-Thompson – In memory of Ross...



This year will be the 14th Father's Day without my son and each year the pain of that first year is still there but now there is a joy. I continue to receive gifts from Noah on Father's Day and every day. They are the gifts of memories, I see a weeping cherry and feel the pull to wrap my arms around it or when passing children in a kiddie pool I hear him urging me to get in. I now have two other boys that I can physically hold this Father's Day but I am a Father of three and always will be.



I Love you Noah, thank you for 17 Wonderful Father's Days.

By Glen Lord in memory of his son, Noah Thomas Emory Lord



Father's Day After a Child's Death

By David J. Roberts

I am one of many parents in our country whose life plan has been altered by a catastrophic event. My daughter, Jeannine Marie Roberts, was diagnosed with a rare and aggressive form of cancer in May of 2002, three weeks after giving birth to her daughter and my only grandchild, Brianna. Jeannine died at home, at the age of 18 on March 1, 2003, just 10 months after she was diagnosed. Jeannine never had the opportunity to be a mother to her daughter; cancer suddenly and unceremoniously entered the equation. The unconditional love that my wife Cheri and I showered our daughter with was simply not sufficient to ensure that she would outlive us.

During early grief, holidays were particularly difficult for me to manage. My memories of Jeannine became more frequent during the days leading up to the holidays, and as a result my pain became more intense. The holidays could never go by fast enough. Father's Day was in many ways my toughest holiday to endure.

In the beginning of my journey, Father's Day was associated with many raw and painful triggers. While I am blessed with two great sons, Jeannine was my only daughter, and Father's Day was a constant reminder of many experiences that we would no longer share. There would be no more father-daughter lunches, no more rock concerts and no more of her beautiful smile to brighten up my day. Father's Day was also a reminder of lost future dreams. I would never get the chance to walk Jeannine down the aisle at her wedding or share that ceremonial father-daughter dance at her reception. I would not have the opportunity to watch her have more children or grow as a mother and as a companion to her significant other. I could go on and on, but I think you get the picture.

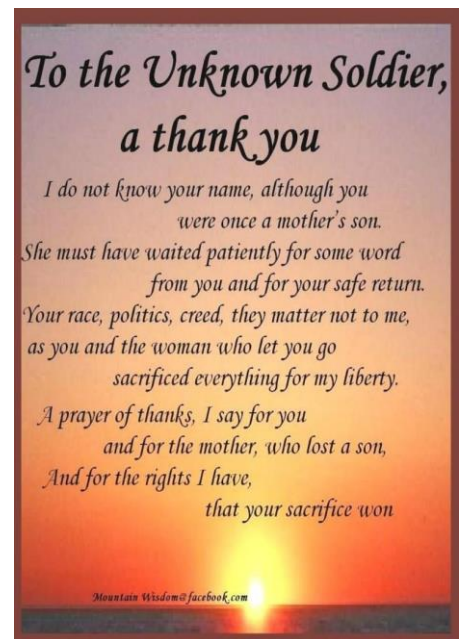
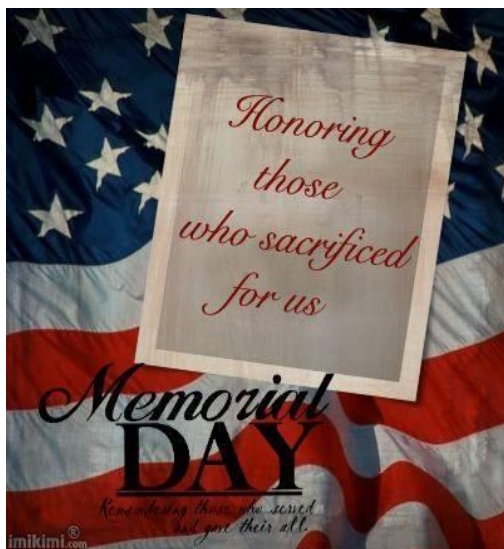
Father's Day was not bittersweet, it was just bitter.

Today, I do not dread Father's Day like I did early in my grief, nor do I experience the raw emotion associated with it. I believe that one of the things that has helped is my realization that Jeannine is still my daughter and that I can still have a relationship with her. That relationship has been strengthened in part by the signs that she has given me of her presence. The most emphatic sign that I received from Jeannine was during Father's Day in 2009. I was doing some work on the computer when my wife Cheri told me that there was a double rainbow outside. She believed it was Jeannine's Father's Day gift to me. I did as well, because I had been thinking about Jeannine earlier that day. Plus, I have learned that the signs we receive are usually a product of what is happening with us in the present moment.

What has also helped soften the pain of Father's Day is the conscious decision I made to embody the best qualities of Jeannine in my own daily life. Doing this has allowed her essence to become a part of everything I do and every holiday that I celebrate, thus softening the pain that her physical absence can bring. Maintaining a relationship with Jeannine by embodying the best of who she was has also allowed me to stay connected to her. Because of my change in perspective about life and death, Father's Day (as well as other holidays), no longer brings me to my knees.

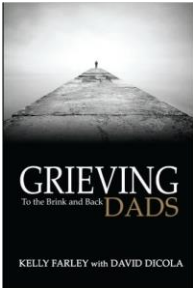
Here are some other suggestions for activities that can be helpful for fathers to stay connected and to honor the legacies of their deceased child on Father's Day.

- Plan a family gathering to share stories and memories of your loved one. Our loved ones come alive through the stories that we share.
- Write a special prayer about your loved one and say it to yourself or out loud. Also, if you choose, create your own special ceremony or ritual. On Jeannine's anniversary date this year I wrote a prayer for her using Native American influences, burned incense and played music. During my ceremony, I gave Jeannine permission to grow outside of our relationship so that she could share her wisdom with others who are struggling with life's challenges. I felt empowered and at peace during and after my ceremony.
- Plant a tree or start a garden. In our backyard, we have a mommy's garden that my wife Cheri designed to honor Jeannine as our daughter and also as mother to her daughter (our granddaughter.)
- Volunteer at a local organization that had meaning for both you and your loved one. I am a volunteer for Hospice and Palliative Care, Inc. in New Hartford, New York. Jeannine had Hospice Services during the last 10 days of her life. They provided amazingly compassionate care to Jeannine and to our entire family.
- Release biodegradable balloons or sky lanterns that contain messages from you, family and friends to your loved one. You can do this alone or in the presence of others.
- Find some old magazines and invite family and friends to make a collage of pictures and words that remind you of your loved one.
- Light a special candle.
- Make a donation to a favorite charity or cause in memory of your loved one. The amount does not matter – even a small amount towards a meaningful cause can be a wonderful gift.
- Perform a random act of kindness for somebody. The act can be as simple as holding a door open, or letting a car in front of you in traffic. The warm feeling that you get from doing this may put a smile on your face and give you a brief respite from your emotional pain.



[Grieving Dads: To the Brink and Back](#)

by Kelly Farley with David Dicola

[Review by Jean Johnson](#)

Many men struggle a great deal when it comes to dealing with unbearable grief. They are usually not aware of the countless emotions that will crop up, or mental distress and physical pains, which come after the death of their child.

The genuine candid stories contained in this book were carefully selected to represent some of these issues that men face. They can be raw and even gut wrenching, yet they address the unspoken needs of a man's grief, by learning how other men dealt with their losses and unspoken feelings. This book gives hope to men, that they are not alone on this path of sorrow.

[GRIEVING DADS PROJECT](#)

On his website, grievingdadsproject.com, Kelly Farley shares [his story](#) and [his thoughts](#). This project is designed to reach out to all bereaved dads and to provide a conduit to share their stories. One of his goals is to bring awareness to the impacts that child loss has on fathers and to let society know that it's okay for a father to grieve the loss of a child. A father shouldn't have to hide his pain or feel ashamed to show his emotions.

Kelly's blogs are about real grief, emotions, and feelings. At the close of each posting, he invites others to respond and share their thoughts. To follow Kelly's blogs and receive email notices when they're posted, visit www.grievingdadsproject.com.

SOURCE for Grieving Dads book and project :

H HOPE
HEALING
& HELP
GRIEF MINISTRIES

Weekly featured pre-recorded interviews with individuals who have survived the loss of a loved one or other type of life loss, as well as those who provide grief care to their community. Programs are approximately 20 minutes in length, perfect for your commute or morning walk! Available 24/7 at hopehealinghelp.com.

BOOK SUGGESTIONS AND REVIEWS1) Rachel's Cry: A Journey Through Grief -- Richard A Dew, M.D.

Rachel's Cry evolved from Dew's working through the stages of grief following the death of his son. The poetry offers a moving view into the heart and soul of parents' grief following the loss of a child.

2) Swallowed by a Snake – The Gift of the Masculine Side of Healing – Thomas R Holden

Helps readers move through the pain of loss and into a place of healing and transformation. This book helps readers discover: ways to heal; how the genders differ in their healing; greater understanding between partners; examples of successful and uniqueness; and, ways to understand grief.

3) When a Man Faces Grief – 12 Practical Ideas to Help You Heal from Loss – Thomas R Golden and James E Miller

A Man You Know is Grieving – 12 Ideas for Helping Him Heal from Loss - James E Miller and Thomas R Golden This is a double book: read the first half if you're a man who's grieving. Read the other side if a man you care about is grieving. More likely you'll read both sides and learn all the more. The masculine style of grief is different. Written by two experienced male professionals.

4) Losing Jonathan - Robert and Linda Waxler

When Bob and Linda Waxler received a phone call warning them their beloved and accomplished son Jonathan was taking heroin, they began a journey that took them through the detox hospitals and halfway houses of America. But the second call a year later, from the medical examiner informing them that Jonathan had died, plunged them into the deep darkness—a long, lonely journey into the center of themselves. Their task was to survive in a world that would never again be the same, and they did survive and even triumph, incorporating Jonathan into their lives not as a lost son, but as a living spirit who is with them in a new way.

5) A Grace Disguised – How the Soul Grows through Loss - Gerald L. Sittser.

Loss came suddenly for Gerald Sittser. In an instant, a tragic accident claimed three generations of his family: his mother, his wife, and his young daughter. This book plumbs the depths of our sorrows, whether due to illness, divorce, or the loss of someone we love. The circumstances are not import; what we do with those circumstances is.

6) Beautiful Boy- A Father's Journey Through His Son's Addiction - David Sheff

What happened to my beautiful boy? To our family? These are the wrenching questions that haunted David Sheff throughout his son's addiction. Before Nic Sheff became addicted to crystal meth, he was a charming boy, joyous and funny, a varsity athlete and honor student. After meth, he lied, stole and lived on the streets.

David Sheff shares his tumultuous journey of worry and stress as he dealt with Nic's addiction. It's a book others who have dealt with addiction can identify with and appreciate. Sheff is fiercely candid as he shares his emotional rollercoaster of loving a child who seems beyond help.

Our Children Remembered -- May

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 11, 1984

Robert "Bo" William DePaola
Son of Jill and John DePaola
March 22, 1995 - May 23, 2015

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
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

Michael Warren "Mikey" Hugel, Jr.
Son of Theresa Sheehan
May 22, 1986 - May 18, 2016

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

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

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

Katherine Sarah Morris
Daughter of Marguerite Morris
March 11, 1990 - May 6, 2012

Shane Aaron Morris II
Son of Michelle and Shane Morris
June 16, 1992 - May 10, 2015

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

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 Stitely
May 21, 1985 - November 26, 2012

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

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

Matthew Tyler Williams
son of Marta and Chuck Williams
May 8, 1986 - January 13, 2011

Our Children Remembered -- June

James William Aikin
Grandson of Elizabeth and Barry Aikin
June 5, 1982 - March 18, 2008

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

Johnny Sivert Brungot
Son of Christine and George Brungot
June 28, 1990 - June 29, 2011

Pamela Grace Clair
Daughter of Doris and Charles Clair
June 3, 1954 - May 11, 1984

Olivia Rachel Constants
Daughter of Stephen and Dorothy Constants
July 28, 1996 - June 23, 2011

Ryan Corr
Son of Pam Corr
March 2, 2003 - June 4, 2011

Jack Turner Dumont
Son of Jill and Dave Dumont
June 26, 2003 - June 26, 2003

Alice Engleman
Daughter of Elizabeth Engleman
November 20, 1997 - June 21, 2011

Joseph A. Esterling Jr.
Son of Joe and Michelle Esterling
June 7, 1967 - April 27, 1990

Thomas James Geoghegan
Son of Maureen Geoghegan
November 13, 1969 - June 30, 2013

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

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

Bryan Adam Krouse
Son of James and Judy Krouse
March 11, 1965 - June 29, 2007

James Arthur Leese
Son of Judith and John Leese
July 27, 1960 - June 25, 2013

Deana Jean Marie Lenz
Daughter of Patricia and James Lenz
June 5, 2009 - June 6, 2009

Nicholas Paul Liberatore
Son of Larry and Pat Liberatore
September 27, 1980 - June 9, 1997

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

Cody Thomas Moczulski
Son of Robin Moczulski
September 19, 1993 - June 13, 2010

Shane Aaron Morris II
Son of Michelle and Shane Morris
June 16, 1992 - May 10, 2015

Shannon Marie Nuth
Daughter of Patty and Joe Nuth
June 25, 1991 - June 20, 2016

Kevin Alan O'Brien
Son of Lorrie and Keith O'Brien
December 24, 1986 - June 29, 2012

Sarah Elizabeth Patterson
Daughter of Cindy Patterson
June 28, 1987 - September 19, 2006

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

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

Kelsey R Silva
Daughter of Kristen Silva
Daughter of Francisco Martins Silva
October 28, 1991 - June 16, 2011

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

Christopher John Smith
Son of Debi Wilson-Smith
March 27, 1981 - June 30, 2000

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

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

Our Children Remembered -- June

Cindy Sue Walker
Daughter of Edward and Phyllis Frazier-James
June 22, 1959 - June 21, 2010

Albert Wallace Whitby, Jr.
Son of Rita and Albert Whitby Sr.
Brother of Susan Lovett
April 25, 1951 - June 2, 1981

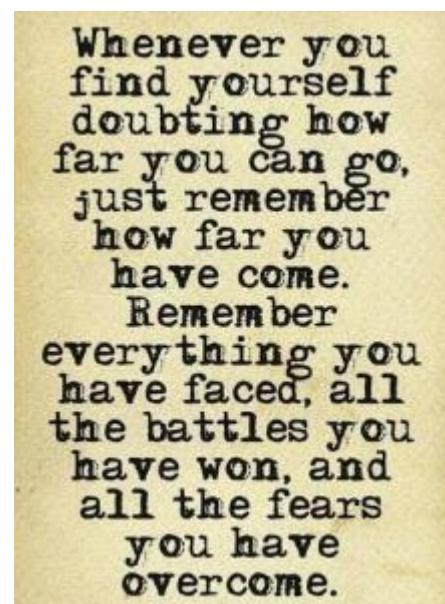
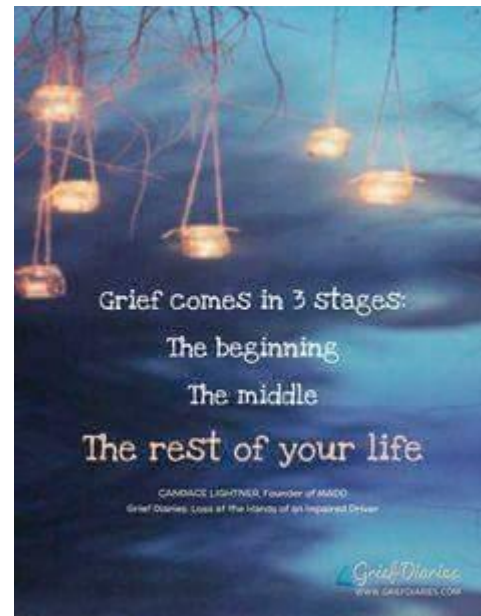
When tomorrow starts without me
and I am not here to see...
If the sun should rise and find your
eyes filled with tears for me.

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today...
While thinking many things
we didn't get to say.

I know how much you loved me,
as much as I love you...
And each time you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.

So when tomorrow starts without
me,
don't think we're far apart...
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.

~Author Unknown



VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Our Chapter needs a volunteer, or two, to be our Newsletter Publisher.

Please seriously consider taking on this invaluable effort. The Newsletter is a very important resource to all our Chapter families, as it provides a forum for honoring our children, finding learning and solace in poems and articles, and providing Chapter information.

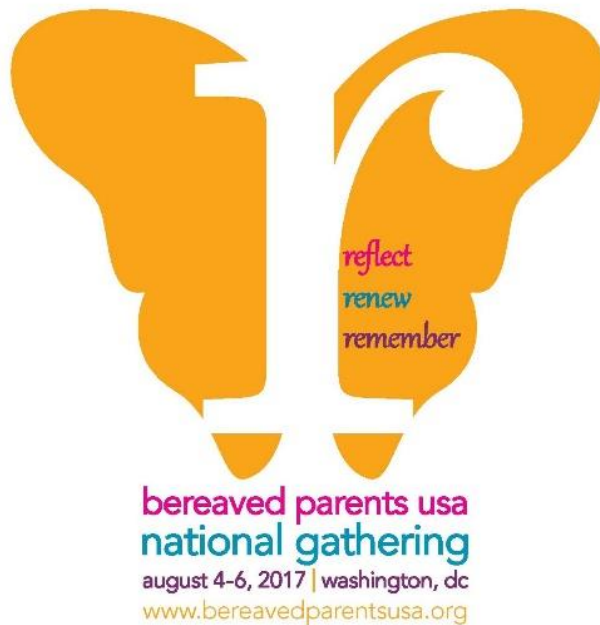
In the future, we will have opportunities to volunteer to help with Community Outreach, our Memory Walk, and annual Service of Remembrance.

Giving of yourself is always healing, and being instrumental in providing resources to other Bereaved Parents can only be a positive step in your journey as you extend a helping hand to so many others. If you feel you would like to do something, but don't know what you can possibly do, please talk to me. We can work together to find an opportunity that fits you.

Contact me if you have questions or will volunteer in any capacity. Thank you.

Carol Tomaszewski, 410-519-8448, chapterleaderaacountymd@gmail.com

2017 National Gathering



Join us in Washington DC August 4th-6th for the 2017 Bereaved Parents of the USA National Gathering.

Bereaved Parents of the USA sponsors an annual national gathering for bereaved parents, siblings and grandparents. The gathering features workshops, sharing sessions, speakers, a bookstore, butterfly boutique and, most important, an opportunity to meet other parents and families facing life after the death of a child. More so than at a chapter meeting, here a parent is likely to meet another parent who has experienced the same – perhaps unusual – death circumstance as him or herself. For those who don't attend chapter meetings, an annual gathering is a golden resource.

<https://bereavedparentsusa.org/gathering-home/>

Hilton Washington Dulles Airport
13869 Park Center Road, Herndon, VA 20171
(703) 478-2900 | <http://www.dulleshilton.com>

CHAPTER MEETING SUMMARY: Calvary United Methodist Church • 301 Rowe Boulevard • Annapolis, MD 21401. Sharing groups, a key part of each Chapter meeting, will be held as desired for first-time attendees, and the newly and non-newly bereaved. Meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month beginning at 7:30 p.m. (Doors open at 7:00) 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.

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 2-3 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.

MAY 4 Monthly Meeting: Kathy Grapski of Alive Alone will come to talk about the loss of an only child or all of your children.

JUNE 1 Monthly Meeting: Susan Coale, from Chesapeake Life Center, will be coming to talk about loss by substance abuse.

JULY 6 Monthly Meeting: Annual Chapter Gathering – Plan to come early and bring a favorite dish, perhaps your child’s favorite, to share an informal meal with other bereaved parents. Doors open at 6:30 for dinner. The regular meeting will begin at 7:30.

CHAPTER CORE GROUP MEETING: May 23, 7:00 – 9:00. Planning and administrative quarterly meeting.

OUR WEBSITE: www.aacounty-md-bereavedparents.org Visit our website for information about our Chapter, Our Children, the Newsletter, upcoming events, and many other resources.

FACEBOOK: Join our private, members only, Chapter forum. In Facebook, search for “Anne Arundel County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA”. Our moderator will respond to requests to be included as a friend.

PRIVACY POLICY: Our Chapter is cognizant of privacy concerns related to our children. We ask that each family provide written consent to include your child’s name, photo, birth date and death date in our newsletter, on our website and other published listings of Our Children, such as for the Service of Remembrance. If you don’t see your child’s name included in our publications, and would like them to be included, please contact me.

Carol Tomaszewski, 410-519-8448, email chapterleaderaacountymd@gmail.com, use subject: Privacy