

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER  
BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.  
P.O. BOX 410350  
ST. LOUIS, MO 63141

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**July • August 2009**

## Bereaved Parents of the USA **Credo**

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We come together as BP/USA to provide a haven where all bereaved families can meet and share our grief journeys. We attend monthly gatherings whenever we can and for as long as we believe necessary. We share our fears, confusions, anger, guilt, frustrations, emptiness and feelings of hopelessness so that hope can be found anew. As we accept, support, comfort and encourage each other, we demonstrate to each other that survival is possible. Together we celebrate the lives of our children, share the joys and triumphs as well as the love that will never fade. Together we learn how little it matters where we live, what our color



or our affluence is or what faith we uphold as we confront the tragedies of our children's deaths. Together, strengthened by the bonds we forge at our gatherings, we offer what we have learned to each other and to every more recently bereaved family. We are the *Bereaved Parents of the USA*. We welcome you.

St. Louis Chapter Newsletter



For up-to-date  
information visit

**www.bpusastl.org**

**GFA is BPUSAStL's**  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Fund-raiser**

**Saturday,  
October 10, 2009**

**4 ways to participate**

 **Sponsor a Hole**  
in your child's name.

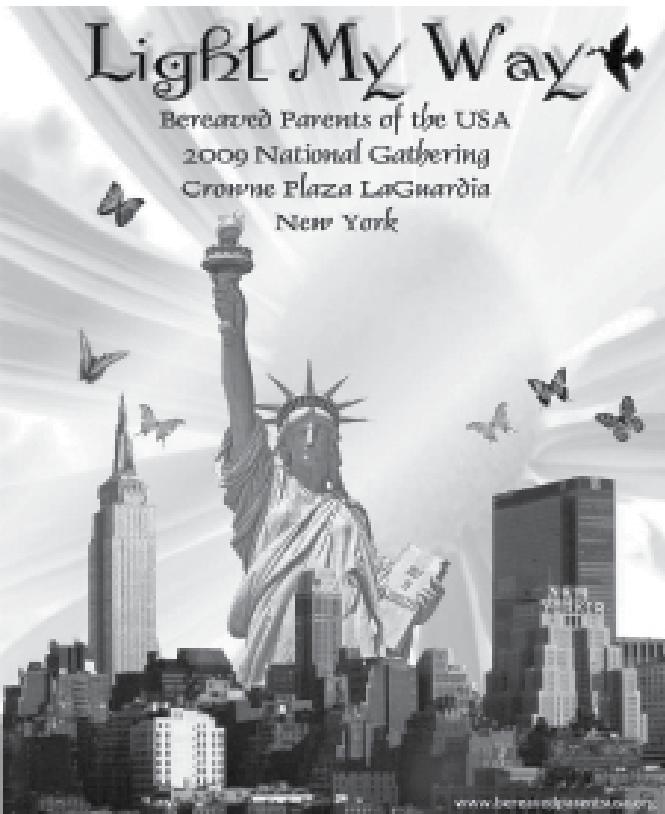
 **Join/form a team & golf!**

 **Volunteer 636-532-0033**

 **Attend  
dinner/ silent auction**

**GFA forms on page 2 & 3**

**INSIDE: JULY/AUGUST**



**Gathering 2009**  
**July 10-12, 2009**

[bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html](http://bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html)

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Volume 32

Number 4

# Margaret's Corner

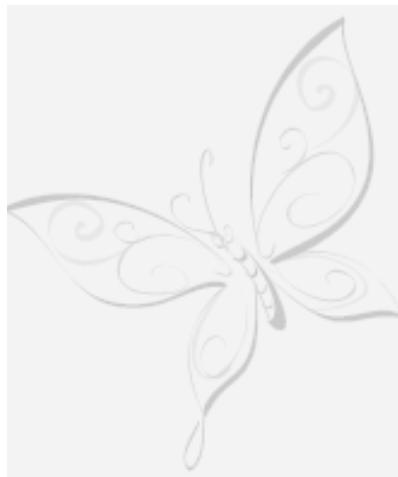
By Margaret Gerner, MSW

**P**eanuts, the cartoon character, is walking blissfully along when, all of a sudden, he takes a somersault. In the last box of the strip he says, "...and suddenly, you're reminded of a lost love." It's like that for many of us. I was having my hair cut at the beauty shop one morning when I heard a little boy behind me telling a tall tale about fighting Indians. Suddenly I was jolted with the memory of how my six year-old son, Arthur, used to tell about the Indians he killed in the back yard.

The best way  
I've found to deal  
with potholes of  
grief is just to let  
them happen . . .

Twenty six years have passed since Arthur was killed, but that memory was like a knife through my heart. Every time I hear the song "Betty Davis Eyes" the same thing happens. My granddaughter, Emily, has been dead for 15 years but, when I hear it, in my mind's eye I can see her dancing to that song. It hurts. I call these experiences "potholes of grief." We can be years beyond our painful grief when, suddenly, something will remind us of him or her. A song on the radio, a place we hadn't been in years or something someone says will bring our loved one back so vividly to us. Occasionally, there are pleasant memories that bring us a feeling of warmth, but many times they hurt.

Fortunately the pain doesn't last long, although, for a time, it can seem like we're back to square one in our grief. The best way I've found to deal with potholes of grief is just to let them happen and try not to fight them. They are a sign that your loved one is still in your heart and, no matter how much time passes, you will always miss him or her. Pot holes are bumpy but shallow places in a normally smooth road. So it is with potholes of grief. They are bumpy painful places in our lives that come after we've resolved our grief. ■



# Meeting Times & Places

## ARNOLD-IMPERIAL

Please refer to our  
**South Co's Fenton Group**

## BOWLING GREEN

(3rd Thursday, 7-9 PM)  
Prairie Edge Garden Center,  
18011 Business 161 S.  
Bowling Green, MO 63334  
Fac: Cindy Morris (636)462-9961

## Bowling Green's SIBLING GROUP

(Meet time same as Bowling Green)  
Fac: Wendy Koch (573)822-6123

## TROY, MO Group

(2nd Tuesday, 7 PM)  
Ingersoll Chapel in Troy  
Fac: Cindy Morris (636)462-9961

## Troy's SIBLING GROUP

(Meets same time as Troy)

## ST. PETERS

(1st Thursday, 7:00 PM)  
Knights of Columbus Hall  
5701 Hwy N, Cottleville MO  
Fac: Marcia Hoekel (636)332-8097

## St. Peters' SIBLING GROUP

(Meets same time as St Peters)

## Tri-County Chapter

(2nd Thursday)  
First Baptist Church  
402 North Missouri St  
Potosi, MO 63664  
Fac: Brenda Wilson (573)438-4559

## JEFFERSON COUNTY, SOUTH

(1st Thursday, 7 PM)  
St Rose Catholic Church,  
Miller & 3rd St  
Desoto, MO  
Fac: Ginny Kamp (636)586-8559  
Co: Debbie Larson

## SOUTH COUNTY Fenton

(2nd & 4th Monday, 7 PM)  
Abiding Savior Lutheran Church  
4355 Butler Hill Rd.  
St. Louis, Mo 63128  
Fac: Kathy Myers (636)343-5262  
Co: Darla McGuire (636)671-0916

## WASHINGTON MO Group

(3rd Tues, 7 PM  
every other Month)  
First Baptist Church (use East door)  
11E. 14th St. Washington, MO Fac:  
Betty Werner (636)3904422

## NORTH COUNTY Group

(3rd Saturday, 9:30 AM)  
Coldwell Baker  
Gundaker Bldg (rear)  
2402 North Hwy 67  
Fac: Pat Ryan (314)605-3949

 Volunteer interpreter for  
hearing impaired, call ahead!

## WEST COUNTY Group

(4th Tues, 7 PM)  
Shaare Emeth Congregation,  
11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue)  
MO 63141  
Fac: Judy Ruby (314)994-1996



## Newsletter Submissions

Cut off date for Sept • Oct issue is Aug 20th  
Send your submission to:

Jamie Ryan  
6309 Washington Ave  
St. Louis, MO 63130

Include a self addressed stamped envelope, please make  
checks payable to BPUSA Thankyou!

**BPUSA St L Chapter's**  
**Business Meeting: July 11**  
**Facilitators Meet: Aug. 8**

Saturdays @ 9:00 AM  
Creve Coeur Gov. Center  
room #1  
300 N. New Ballas Road  
All interested in how  
our chapter operates are  
welcome.  
Questions?

Call: Sharon K.  
(636) 532-0033

## ADDITIONAL MEETINGS

### Parents of Murdered Children:

Meetings: 3<sup>rd</sup> Tues 7:30 p.m.  
St Alexius Hospital  
3933 S Broadway  
Mata Weber (618) 972-0429  
Butch Hartmann  
(314) 487-8989

### LIFE CRISIS CENTER:

(*Survivors of Suicide*)  
2650 Olive St,  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Meetings: Weds 7:00 p.m.  
(314) 647-3100

**P.A.L.S.** (*Parents affected by  
the loss of a child by suicide*)

Meetings: 2<sup>nd</sup> Tues 7:00 p.m.  
4th Sat at 10:30 a.m.  
St Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)  
St. Louis, MO  
(314) 853-7925

►continued from pg 13 to stumble along the way. I do not feel religion can be considered a cure all for our pain, but it has helped me. Many years ago, I also determined that after my children died, I had the choice of becoming bitter or better. I chose better. Anna Quindlan has stated, "Our lives are defined by those we have lost." My life has most definitely been defined by my three boys who have died. I have chosen to learn to become more caring because I recognize those who are grieving. I have chosen to make every day count because I realize life comes with no guarantees. I have chosen to never say goodbye to those I love without saying, "Remember, I love you!" ■

## Butterflies Make Me Happy



—Lynn Vines, South Bay, CA

Sometimes in our grief we truly believe we are going crazy. We hurt so bad we don't think we can manage to go on living without our precious child here with us. Part of the grieving process is learning how to do just that. Some parents need the reassurance that their child is okay. I think the human mind can only take so much pain and jumps at the chance to see signs from their children, reassuring themselves that they are okay.

The way I look at it, if you get comfort from a dream or a sign—enjoy it. You've suffered enough and believing in signs, butterflies, dreams, or whatever else gives you comfort and hurts no one else, is your right as a bereaved parent.

Are these signs real or just in my imagination? Can I prove they are messages from my son? Does it even need to be proven? No, I can't scientifically prove

it. But, I know that dreams, butterflies, signs and enjoyment in nature make me feel closer to Eric and therefore, I will continue to enjoy them. It hurts no one, I'm not obsessive about it and anyone who chooses to think I'm nuts for believing in such things, can think I'm nuts.

We've all heard how the butterfly is a symbol of rebirth. Whether it's our child moving from this world onto a higher plane or a bereaved parent emerging from the cocoon of grief into a world without our child here with us, butterflies are a comfort for many. When I'm missing my son and see a butterfly fluttering from flower to flower, I smile and feel better. When, I'm in a happy mood and see a butterfly, I enjoy the beauty of such a delicate creature. Taking the time to slow down and watch such a fragile creature going about its business is calming and I don't think anyone should discount the benefits from having a calming moment. About four months after Eric died, I had a dream about him. I woke myself up from tears of joy running down my face. I knew he was okay—what a relief that was. I still hurt terribly and miss him more than I thought I could endure, but I felt comforted by the dream. Some could say it was my subconscious trying to sort things out, but I choose to believe it was his way to trying to comfort me. Either way, it made me feel better.

Maybe it's because bereaved parents walk around in such a fog and function on automatic pilot that we are moving slow enough to notice the signs that are around us. Maybe dreams are one way for us to accept messages we need to hear and take into our hearts without logically trying to interpret them. Maybe faith is what we rely on when nothing else makes sense and we instinctively know we need something to hold on to. Whatever it is, just give me a second helping; I like feeling close to my son! ■

## FOURTH OF JULY

—Nancy Cassell

As our country celebrates Independence Day, we are reminded of a nation which stood strong through many a crisis; which refused to give up or in; and today stands tall and strong because of her convictions.

As Americans, we know the truth in the motto—"No gain without pain." Those of us who are not newly bereaved know that this motto also applies to our suffering for many of us have found a deeper appreciation of life through our tragic experience. Priorities have also been rearranged, for we have learned what things are most important.

It did not come easy, my friend, but with the courage and determination that being an American has taught us. So, my newly bereaved friends, stand tall and do not give up. You can claim your independence from grief, too.

## Fireworks

—Author unknown

You used to run around with a sparkler in your hand, pretending you were a minute man or a patriot drummer. It didn't matter; there was time for all.

You'd wrap a rag around your head and take your toy drum, and tromp around the yard.

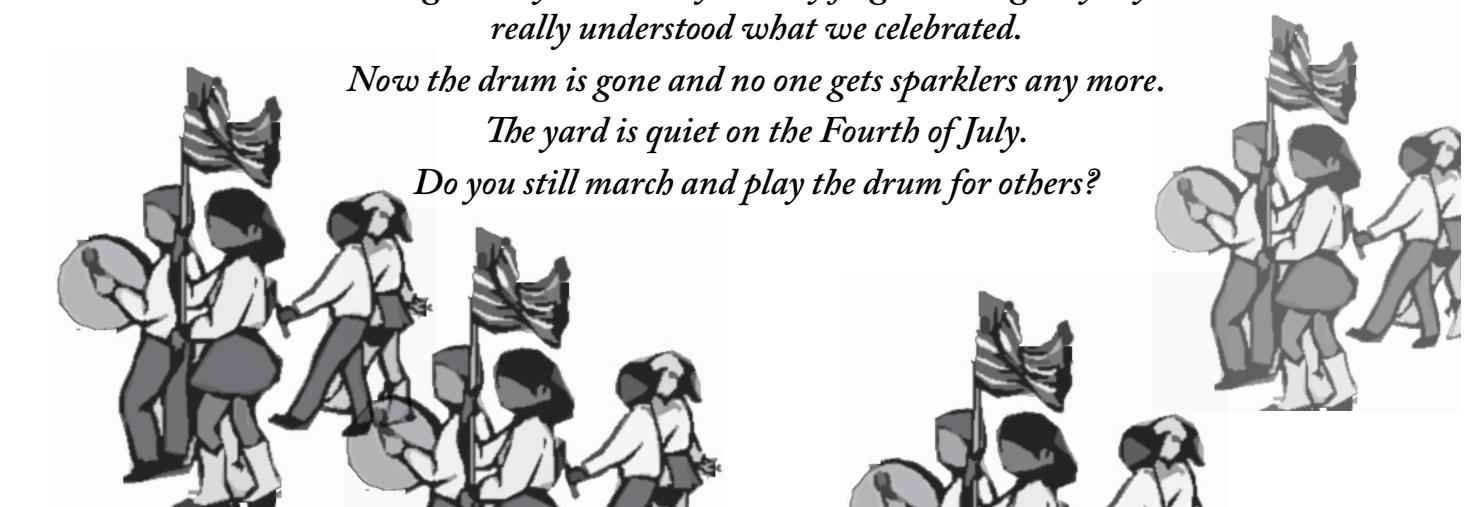
Whatever you were on those wonderful nights, you loved it!

And we watched and laughed as you waved your tiny flag, thinking maybe you were the one who really understood what we celebrated.

Now the drum is gone and no one gets sparklers any more.

The yard is quiet on the Fourth of July.

Do you still march and play the drum for others?



# THAT FIRST SUMMER VACATION

*-Diana Hammock, Central Coast, CA*



**S**ummer time is here, and with it you may be planning vacation. If you have recently suffered the death of your child, that first vacation can be very difficult. I would like to share with you our experience the first time we took a vacation after our son Paul died. I have included some suggestions to help you through your first vacation, and to help you plan around your grief.

Our son, Paul, died in 1979 from leukemia. He had been ill for eight years. The last couple of years were very hard for us and we were not able to go on any vacations because of his illness. In August of 1980 we decided to go on a big trip to Hawaii like we had always wanted to do. We made our plans and we felt at the time that our grief was far enough along that we could enjoy ourselves. It was a very difficult vacation for our whole family. Each of us seemed unable to have a good time. We talked a lot about Paul. He was everywhere, in our thoughts and minds. We all know how much he would have loved the beauty of Hawaii, the ocean with its beautiful waves just right for surfing, and all of the sea life we saw when we went diving. It was hard to have a good time, and I soon realized we were all having problems coping with Paul's absence.

As I look back and remember our vacation some six years later, I know that even though we did not have a great time, our vacation did serve a purpose in our grief. We were together as a family in strange surroundings and we were grieving. We started working very hard on our grief during that vacation, and I know now it was a good vacation. If any of you are planning a vacation, here are some suggestions that may help.

Be gentle to yourself. Don't expect too much on your first vacation. Remember, as bereaved parents the first time we do anything without our kids is tough, whether it be going to the movies, shopping, or on a vacation.

Plan to do some grief work, because you will planned or not. Give yourself time enough on the trip so that if you have a bad day you can just do what you feel like doing. Know that your child will be on your mind day and night just as he or she is at home. Our grief goes with us.

Plan a vacation that is restful. You need all the rest you can get at this time. Plan to do something your child would have loved to do, but did not get a chance to. Do this in his or her memory.

If you plan to visit relatives for the first time since your child's death, remember they mean well even if they seem insensitive in their remarks. They have not lost a child and cannot see through your eyes.

If you have other children, remember them. They are also having a hard time coping on this vacation. Plan some activities especially for them.

Be especially careful to communicate with your spouse. Plan a vacation suitable for both of your needs. Remember you are both grieving for the same child but we all grieve differently and in our own way.

If you have been maintaining your child's gravesite and feel guilty leaving it unattended, let a family member or friend see to it while you are away. You need not feel guilty, and it could fill a need for one of your family members or friends, allowing them to help.

You will have a memorable vacation even though it will be difficult. You will look back on it as I have done and see it as another growing experience as you find your way through grief work of a bereaved family. I hope all of your vacations are nice this summer. Enjoy them for our kids.

## When Sorrow Walked With Me

*—Marilyn Heavilin, author of "Roses in December"*



"Marilyn, come quick, Jimmy is gone!" My husband's voice had wakened me with a jolt. Jimmy, gone? Impossible! I hurried into my seven-week-old son's room, certain I had not heard Glen correctly. But Glen was right. Jimmy had died in the night of what we would now call SIDS. Although this horrible event occurred over thirty-six years ago, I can still picture it very clearly in my mind.

Just eighteen months after Jimmy's death, our identical twin sons, Nathan and Ethan were born, Christmas morning, 1965! However, our joy was short lived, as Ethan died just ten days later of pneumonia while he was still in the hospital. In a very short eighteen months, I had given birth to three children and buried two of them, and I was only 28 years old.

My grief and my sorrow were buried with my boys as no one explained to me that it was necessary to grieve. No one told me a subsequent child would not remove my pain. No one told me our two older children, Matt and Mellyn, would be touched by our loss even though they were only five and three at the time of Jimmy's death. And no one told Glen or me that we would grieve differently. Also, none of us dared consider the thought that it could happen again. However, grief visited us once again in 1983 when our precious Nathan at 17 was killed by a drunken driver. This time I was older and unfortunately more experienced than most. I decided I was going to take charge and tell people what I needed from each of them.

First, I needed to talk, sometimes incessantly, telling my story over and over. Some, I suppose,

# Infant & Toddler Page

think it is not good for us to repeat the story of our child's life and of his death, but I have found the retelling of my story brought healing to my mind and my soul. As I heard myself telling the same story over and over, it became real. The truth of my sons' deaths settled into my mind and into my very being. As the truth became a part of me, so did the desire to make their lives and their deaths count. As people listened and gave me time to talk, they gave significance to my pain; they gave significance to our loss; they gave significance to my boys.

Unfortunately, we, as bereaved parents, will not find many friends who are willing to listen over and over to the same story. That's why we have support groups whether they be on-line or in person. This holiday season I have been the guest speaker at several memorial candle lighting programs. Most of the audiences have been too large to allow each person to speak their child's name from the microphone. So in the middle of my talk, I just stop and suggest that each person in the audience turn to someone they do not know and say the name of the person they have come to remember. Oh my... what a wonderful moment! I can walk up to someone in the audience and say, "I came to remember Nathan, Jimmy, and Ethan." And then I watch and listen as the person to whom I am speaking usually takes time to wipe away their tears, swallows hard, and then speaks the name of

their child. In that moment we have given significance to each other's loss. It is a magical moment.

As people listened and gave me time to talk, they gave significance to my pain; they gave significance to our loss; they gave significance to my boys.

Many people ask me, "How have you had the strength to go on after losing not one, but three, of your children?" I would be remiss if I did not acknowledge I believe my Christian faith has played a major part in my desire to go on. However, my faith has also caused me *continued on pg 14* ►

# Why We Attend A Support Group

*From the Cape Cod, MA newsletter*

- ④ **Because** we never want the world to forget the name of our loved one.
- ④ **Because** when we reach out to help someone else, we also help ourselves.
- ④ **Because** someone was there for us when we needed it most. *The best way to say, "thank you" is to pass it on by being there for others.*
- ④ **Because** here we have found better friends and closer bonds than we ever thought possible.
- ④ **Because** here we can cry and not even know someone's last name or what they do for a living and it doesn't matter.
- ④ **Because** few people are qualified to say to a newly bereaved member, "**I know how you feel.**"
- ④ **Because** we, too, need to talk, to remember, to share. *We may be further along than many here, but we never forget.*
- ④ **Because** our presence might help newly bereaved understand that they can survive and live a happy and productive life—*one that is different than our life before, but more compassionate and dedicated to offering help to those in need.*



## Telephone Friends

### Accident, Automobile:

Katie VerHagen ..... (314) 576-5018  
Steve Welch ..... (636) 561-2438

### Accident, Non Vehicular:

Maureen & Chuck McDermott ..... (636) 227-6931

### Adult Sibling:

Mark VerHagen ..... (314) 726-5300  
Traci Morlock ..... (636) 332-1311

### Drugs or Alcohol:

Patrick Dodd ..... (314) 575-4178

### Grandparent:

Margaret Gerner ..... (636) 978-2368

### Child with Disability:

Lois Brockmeyer ..... (314) 843-8391

### Illness, Short Term:

Jean & Art Taylor ..... (314) 725-2412

### Illinois Contact:

Linda Moffatt ..... (618) 243-6558

### Jefferson County Contact:

Sandy Brungardt ..... (314) 954-2410

### Murder:

Mata Weber ..... (618) 972-0429  
Butch Hartmann ..... (314) 487-8989

### Only Child:

Mary Murphy ..... (314) 822-7448

### Suicide:

Sandy Curran ..... (314) 647-2863

### Single Parent:

Mary Murphy ..... (314) 822-7448

*When you're down and troubled and you  
need a helping hand ...*

*Close your eyes and think of me  
and soon I will be there ...*

*—Carole King*

# St. Louis Bulletin Board

## WWW *Honor your Child*

**Be a...Web Sponsor** for a \$20 donation to BPUSA/StL your child will be featured on our home page for 1 month. Includes a scrolling message and your child's picture (25 words or fewer).

### Create a...Web Memorial

at the "Meet Our Children" section. The cost is a \$25 donation. Your child's name will appear below your group as a link to their page.

**Interested,** contact: Barb Blanton at our website or [barb.blanton@yahoo.com](mailto:barb.blanton@yahoo.com). With your donation, specify whether you want to sponsor or to add to the web memorial.

### 2nd Annual BPUSA StL's



## Golfing for Angels New Date!!!!

Saturday, Oct. 10, 2009

GFA Forms on page 6 & 7

As always for more information see our web page!

## All Aboard!

Newsletter is going green & digital! Please send Sharon, [skrejci@swbell.net](mailto:skrejci@swbell.net) your email address.

**BPUSA StL's commitment is to provide space in our newsletter for our parents and families to communicate. Printed in your newsletter are private expressions of writers. We offer the writings for your reflection. Sometimes observing nature or establishing routines signal solace to the writer. Often writers turn to religion or spirituality for comfort and guidance.**

**BPUSA StL shares these insights not only for your contemplation but also to acknowledge our community's many, rich sources for strength and hope.**

*"I know we did not get a choice in our child's death.  
But remember we do have a choice in how we respond to their death."*

*—author unknown*

# Golfing for Angels

*In loving memory of our children*

Saturday Oct 10th 2009



## The Golf Club at Wentzville

9 Pro Shop Drive Wentzville Mo 63385

12 P.M. Shot Gun Start

4 Person Scramble

Entry Fee \$ 360.00 per team

or \$ 90.00 per person

(individual will be placed in a foursome)

Limited to the first 36 teams – First Place in 3 Flights

Tournament includes: golf, cart, supper and beverages, closest to pin on three par 3's, long drive men and women and attendance prizes.

## \$ 20,000.00 Hole-in-One

Optional Skins game, mulligans, and a 50/50 drawing

Call (314) 574-3733 For inquiries

## Team Entry Form

Make checks payable to: BP USA Tax Id #43-1744852

Mail Checks and Team Entry Forms to: BP USA

Please have entries in by Oct 3rd  
We will take late sign ups day of the tournament as space allows.

PO Box 410350  
St. Louis Mo 63141

Player Name

Address

Phone

E-mail

1. _____	_____	_____	_____
2. _____	_____	_____	_____
3. _____	_____	_____	_____
4. _____	_____	_____	_____

# Sibling Page

## A TRAGEDY THAT WILL LAST FOREVER

—Madelyn Heilweil, Stamford, CT

On June 8, 1989, my life changed drastically. I was extremely excited that morning since I was getting my driver's license later in the day. Upon arriving at school, my brother Neil and I went our separate ways. Neil turned back and said, "Good Luck! Don't mess up!" Those words will remain with me for as long as I live. They were the last words my brother said to me. I left school early to get my driver's license. On the way home, my mother told me that Neil was sent home from school with a headache and chills. When we arrived at home, Neil was sleeping. My mother left for her law study group. Later, while I was on the phone, I heard a tremendous crash. I raced to my brother's room to find him having convulsions and in a coma. I rushed Neil to the hospital, where he was diagnosed with meningitis, a disease in which the membrane around the brain swells.

On June 10th my brother was pronounced brain dead. The doctors told us we would have to make a decision as to whether or not to keep him on life support. Previously, Neil told us that if he were ever on life support, he would want us to turn off the machine. On June 11th the life support systems were disconnected and my brother was officially pronounced dead. At first I blamed myself for my brother's death, and for months I was in a horrible state of depression. The questions "What if I...?" and "If I could have..." went through my mind over and over again. I felt that if one of us had to die, it should have been me. I would have changed places with him in a heartbeat. Finally I realized that there was nothing I could have done, and my life had to go on. **But everything was different and I changed.**

- ◎ I saw life through different eyes and judged people and things differently.
- ◎ I work harder now and I take life more seriously. You could say I try to do enough for both of us– to do everything my brother is no longer able to or never did. I feel as if Neil is still here, watching over me.
- ◎ I try to accomplish things that would make him proud of me.
- ◎ I have grown up a lot.
- ◎ I joined the sibling group, where I am able to talk to others who understand what I am going through. No matter what people say, they cannot understand unless they have gone through it.
- ◎ I have also started a bereavement group at my school to help others talk about their feelings regarding the loss of a parent, sibling or friend. Now when someone loses a loved one, he or she can come to me and know that I am willing to listen. I understand.

It makes me feel great knowing that I can share my experience and help others overcome a tragic loss and want to go on with their lives. The hurt never goes away. The sharp memory of my brother will never fade. I will never forget the love, the frustration, and even the arguments we had. No one can ever take his place in my heart. **When Neil died, a part of me died too.**



## A FABLE

—Jeanette Isley, Maryland BPUSA

**T**here once lived a family who felt that they had been specially blessed by God. They had health, they felt secure in their love of God, and their love for each other. On the mantel of their fireplace, stood a vase. It was a strong, sturdy vase—attractive but not extravagant. It had been a wedding gift and, to them, it symbolized their family. It had withstood the buffets and ordeal of life. The scars and chips could be detected only on very close scrutiny.

The day the oldest son in the family died, the vase was found on the mantel, shattered into many pieces. No one bothered to gather up the pieces. It was left for some time in its broken condition on the mantel.

After some time had passed, thought was given to putting the vase back together. Little enthusiasm was generated, but, eventually, the task was begun. The family worked together, each adding a piece or a suggestion about getting it mended. Each one of the family members got discouraged and, more than once, some one of them was heard to say, "It can't be done."

Finally, after many months, the vase was back in its normal place on the mantel. To the casual observer, it looked strong and sturdy, and no one would guess it was less than perfect. But, on closer examination, it obviously had been shattered and put back together, and, on turning it around, one could see that one large piece was permanently missing. It had never been found and served to remind the family that, although their hearts could mend and heal, their lives would never be the same. ■

## AIDS— THE UNSPOKEN DEATH

—Donna Sullivan, Atlanta, GA

Your child is dead. They say, "What happened?" You answer "accident, suicide, cancer, murder"—but could you say "AIDS"? Some parents' children are taken in an instant. Other parents watch theirs die a little each day. AIDS is the word standing out on our TV screens and in our newspapers. AIDS— is a word that labels its victims.

I lost my son when he was thirty-one. I watched him change from a vibrant, young, successful man into someone so confused and weak that he aged into someone so confused and weak that he aged before my eyes. This was not a segment of 20/20 or 60 Minutes; this was my son dying—and asking, "Mom, can you let me go?"

AIDS victims should not be labeled, nor should this disease carry any stigma or shame. My grief over Brad's death, still so very painful, would eat at me like a cancer if I could not be honest about his death. For me, that acknowledgment was the first step in the long flight of steps that I had to take to be able to accept his death. ■

8

love gifts, donations received



**In Memory of**  
**Joshua Denverd Kerrick**

December 26, 1980– May 3, 1993

*We will love and miss you till the day  
after forever. You will always be our  
everything, til we meet again,  
Mom & Dad*

—The Kerrals



**In Memory of**  
**Michael Curran & Kristen Curran**

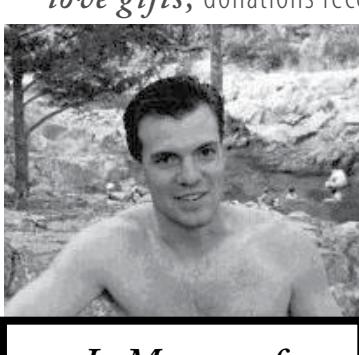
—Sandra & Robert Curran



**In Memory of**  
**Kristin Blaha**

*Love, your sister &  
brother-in-law*

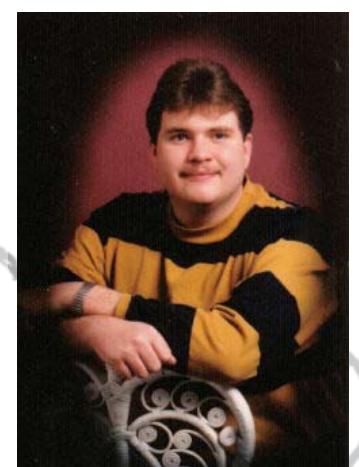
—Jackie & Mark Blaha



**In Memory of**  
**Jeff Ryan**

*October 3, 1973  
much love from  
your family*

—Pat Ryan



**In Memory of**  
**Brett Alan Blanton**

*July 15, 1973 ~ August 31, 2000*

*Love Mom & Dad*

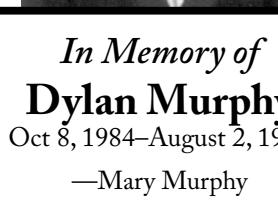
—Barb & Ron Blanton



**In Memory of**  
**William Bousman**

*Love Mom & Dad*

—Scott & Christine  
Bousman



**In Memory of**  
**Dylan Murphy**

*Oct 8, 1984–August 2, 1991*

—Mary Murphy

### What Is A Love Gift?

It is a donation made in your child's memory to BP/USA. We are self-supporting organization. Our St Louis Chapter runs entirely with volunteer staffers. For that reason fund raising efforts and donations like "Love Gifts" and "Golfing for Angels" pay all our expenses.

If you'd like to have your child's photo printed and BP/USA StL doesn't have a picture on file please send a photo along with a self addressed stamped envelope to: Jamie Ryan, 6309 Washington Ave, St Louis, MO 63130

—Thank you!

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## The Cord

We are connected,  
My child and I,  
by an invisible cord  
not seen by the eye.

It's not like the cord  
That connects us 'til birth  
This cord can't been seen  
By any on Earth.

This cord does it's work  
Right from the start.  
It binds us together  
Attached to my heart.

I know that it's there  
Though no one can see  
The invisible cord  
From my child to me.

The strength of this cord  
Is hard to describe.  
It can't be destroyed  
It can't be denied.

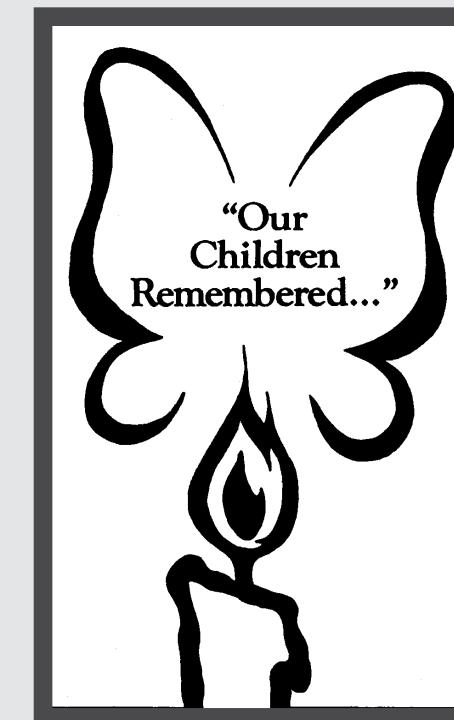
It's stronger than any cord  
Man could create  
It withstands the test  
Can hold any weight.

And though you are gone,  
Though you're not here with me,  
The cord is still there  
But no one can see.

It pulls at my heart  
I am bruised... I am sore,  
But this cord is my lifeline  
As never before.

I am thankful that God  
Connects us this way  
A mother and child  
Death can't take it away!

*-Terri Apostolakas*



**Featuring Harpist  
Amy Camie**

## Save the Date Candlelight

December 1, 2009  
**Shaare Emeth**  
Congregation

11645 Ladue  
(Ballas & Ladue)  
St Louis, MO 63141

# Golfing for Angels

*In loving memory of our children*

Saturday Oct 10th 2009



**The Goff Club at Wentzville**  
9 Pro Shop Drive Wentzville Mo 63385

*The Bereaved Parents of the USA (BP/USA) is a National Organization designed to support parents and their families who are struggling to survive their grief after the death of a child. Most families feel a need, after they have endured this most devastating life crisis, to have some order restored to their lives. BP/USA provides an atmosphere where personal change, growth and a positive resolution of grief can occur. Your support of this event will allow us to continue to provide:*

- Gold Sponsorship - \$ 1200.00**  
*Includes four golfers ,recognition on the banner and on all dining tables*
- Silver Sponsorship - \$ 1000.00**  
*Includes four golfers ,recognition on the banner and on all refreshment golf carts.*
- Bronze Sponsorship - \$ 800.00**  
*Includes two golfers ,recognition on the banner and three hole sponsor signs.*
- \$ 20000.00 hole in one sponsor \$ 400.00**  
*Includes ,recognition on the banner and large 24x36 sign at \$ 20,000.00 hole.*
- I am unable to participate, but would like to make a donation of: \$ \_\_\_\_\_**
- I would like \_\_\_\_\_ # dinners only @ \$20 each**
- I would like to donate goods/services.**  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

- Yes, I would like to sponsor a hole at \$75.00**  
*we can put your child's picture or your company information on your sign. All we need is a photo , your business card, or company logo.-*



**In loving Memory of  
Jessica**



*You get a 18x24 sign in full color.  
Email your photos or logos to gklocke@att.net*

*Your sign to read: \_\_\_\_\_*

*Make checks payable to BP USA and send to:  
Tax Id #43-1744852  
BP USA  
PO Box 410350  
St. Louis Mo 63141*

*For information or donation pick up call:  
314-574-3733 or 636-441-1876*