

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER
 BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.
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St. Louis Chapter Newsletter

Bereaved Parents **USA**
 January February • 2014



January February • 2014

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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. ❤️



—Amy Harper

Good Evening. I have been writing this speech in my head for months now, but sitting down to put words on paper became a nearly insurmountable task. The questions I have mulled over repeatedly have been, “How can I clearly and concisely tell this story in less than 30 minutes when it is about 18 years plus that encompassed my child’s life? How can I possibly relay it in a way that gives justice to the person, the young woman she had become, before she was tragically, unexpectedly, unbearably taken from her family, friends, colleagues, acquaintances, ME!?!?”

Maika and I lived alone together from a few months after her fifth birthday until she left for college; as a result, we spent uncountable hours together. We knew each other well enough to have entire conversations with just our eyes and facial expressions. We took care of each other, laughed and cried together, in many ways grew up together, and we were charter members of what is often referred to as a ‘mutual admiration society’. We loved each other unconditionally; we loved each other even on the inevitable occasions when we didn’t much like each other- and those times were always brief. Our mother-daughter love was never shattered by anger, annoyance, pet peeves, teenage angst, parental need for control, nothing. I have survived these past thirteen, nearly fourteen years, for many reasons, but in large part because I remind myself daily how much I loved and continue to love her, how much she loved me, and the assurance we both knew it.

Maika Simone was born on Friday, July 24, 1981 at 8:34 P.M. delivered by emergency, Cesarean Sec-

Maika Simone was born on Friday, July 24, 1981 at 8:34 P.M.

**2013's
 Candlelight
 Speech**



tion. I count that day as one of the most important, special, wonderful days of my life. I had always wanted to be a mother, and now, I finally was.

Once home, she was easy to care for. Of course, I was as ex-

hausted as any new mother, with feeding on demand and sleepless nights, but she was sleeping at least four to six hours a night sooner than I expected, so I wasn't a zombie for too long. I was a stay-at-home mom for the first eight months of her life, and I treasured every second. I looked forward to motherhood and wanted to have a family of two or three children. As it turns out, Maika was an only child.

Maika gave me some scares from an early age. A few moments alone would give her enough time to climb bookshelves, ride her 80 pound German Shepherd down the basement stairs as though he were a horse, or take a toothbrush and far too much toothpaste to brush poor, unsuspecting Banda's *continued on 2* ▶

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Candlelight teeth.

Maika loved people. In her mind, strangers were only people she had not spoken with, yet. She wanted to meet, talk to, and befriend as many people as she could from a very young age. One Sunday morning, when she was just two, we were on a road trip east to visit my family; we stopped for breakfast at a Bob Evans in Indiana. It was packed, but we were too hungry and tired to find another place to eat, so we decided to wait. While waiting for our name to be called, a very large, tall, thirty-something, tattooed motorcyclist who brought to mind the image of old movies about Hell's Angels, entered the lobby with a few of his friends; he was wearing much-too-short cut-off jeans and a cut-off t-shirt displaying his ample midriff. Everyone in the crowded lobby either stared at him or averted their eyes; all looked uncomfortable. It was quite an intimidating looking group. Maika had already been talking to anyone who'd listen, so it was no surprise when she walked up to this particular man, but I was thinking at the time I wish she hadn't! My mind was racing for ideas about how to discreetly intervene when she tugged on his shorts! Now, I was on the verge of feeling mortified! He looked down, but his expression was unreadable. Maika said, "Mister, you are the most beautiful man I have ever seen!" I could hear customers snicker and see others' mouths drop open. I remained frozen myself. The "Beautiful Man" smiled, stooped down, asked Maika her name, and the next 15 minutes or so, told her about as many of his

tattoos as he could, including the dancing ones. These two provided entertainment for patrons until our name was called. They waved and said, "Goodbye" to each other, by name, as we were led to our table and again as we passed the "Beautiful Man's" table when we left. I attribute the lion (for her birth sign of Leo) tattoo she secretly and sneakily got before her 18th birthday to the "Beautiful Man's" influence to this day!

In September of 1984 our family moved to Saudi Arabia for two years. I was still quite shy back then, but Maika was not. We lived in an apartment on the McDonnell Douglas compound on King Khalid Air Force Base in Khamis Mushayt, near the Yemeni boarder. While it took me months to meet and get to know people, it took Maika a day. We would walk

to the recreation center, and she would talk to children and adults she knew by name, and she could tell you which complex they lived in, what the dad did for a living, how many children they had, if any, where they were from, and what hobbies they had! This was by the end of our first full week! By the end of our second week there, after enrolling in preschool, hanging out by the pool, and going to the playground, she earned the nickname "Rona Barrett" after a well-known Hollywood gossip columnist. She knew everything going on at that

compound and was always willing to share her information.

Those two years in the Middle East were incredible for us. We had the opportunity to travel to countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa. By age five, she had been to Germany, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Hong Kong,, Thailand, Kenya, the Seychelles...Maika never met a stranger, even as a child. Differences in languages, culture, environment,

cuisine, housing, were never a barrier for her. She initiated conversations with anyone and could charm the most difficult curmudgeon. She would hold lengthy conversations with old and

young regardless of whether they spoke English or not. I would ask later what she and the other person had talked about. With delight in her voice she would say, "Everything!" When I questioned if they understood each other she would respond, "Of course! We WERE talking to each other, so we HAD to UNDERSTAND each other!"

Maika loved school, and she excelled socially, musically, athletically, and academically. She usually made friends easily, and was perplexed by the rare child encountered who did not *continued on 3* ▶

**MEETING Times & Places****BOWLING GREEN****Group**

(3rd Thursday, 7-9 PM)

Prairie Edge Garden Center,
18011 Business 161 S.
Bowling Green, MO 63334
Fac: Bill & Vicki Lagemann
(573)242-3632

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

ST. PETERS /St. Charles**Group**

(7:00 PM)

Knights of Columbus Hall
5701 Hwy N, Cottleville MO
Fac: Mike & Jeanne Francisco
(636) 947-9403

TROY, MO Group

(2nd Tuesday, 7 PM)

Ingersoll Chapel in Troy
211 Boone Street
Troy, MO 63379
Fac: Cindy Morris (636)462-9961

Parents of Murdered Children:
Meetings: 3rd Tues 7:30 p.m.

St Alexis 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

BPUSA StL**BUSINESS • FACILITATORS MEETING****Saturdays @ 9:00 AM**

BJC Hospital - St. Peters
10 Hospital Drive
Room A/B

St. Peters, MO 63376

All are welcome!

Call: Linda Fehrmann
(314) 853-7925

Tri-County Chapter

(2nd Thursday)

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

JEFFERSON COUNTY**Group**

(1st Thursday, 7 PM)

St Rose Catholic Church,
Miller & 3rd St
Desoto, MO
Fac: Ginny Kamp
(636)586-8559

P.A.L.S. *(Parents affected by the loss of a child by suicide)*
4th Sat at 10:30 a.m.
St Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)
St. Louis, MO
*Linda Ferhmann
(314) 853-7925

Survivors of Suicide

Baue Funeral Home
620 Jefferson Street
St. Charles, Mo 63301
1st & 3rd Monday
*LF (314) 853-7925

WEST COUNTY Group

(4th Tuesday, 7 PM)

Shaare Emeth Congregation,
11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue)
St. Louis MO 63141
Facs: Jacque Glaser
jlynn63021@yahoo.com
Co FAC: Arlene Thomason
314) 401-2510

CITY Group NEW

(2nd Tues. of month, 7:00pm)

St Mary's High School
(Cafeteria)
4701 South Grand
St. Louis, Mo. 63111
FAC: Belinda Mitchell
(314) 306-7318
Co FAC Sandy Curran
(314)518-2302



GRASP: *(Grief Relief After Substance Passing)*

Sundays at 700pm

Harris House
8327 Broadway 63111
MaryAnn Lemonds
(314) 330-7586
malemonds@gmail.com

Open Arms* Parents Left Behind

4355 Butler Hill Rd
Fac: Kathy Myers
(636)343-5262

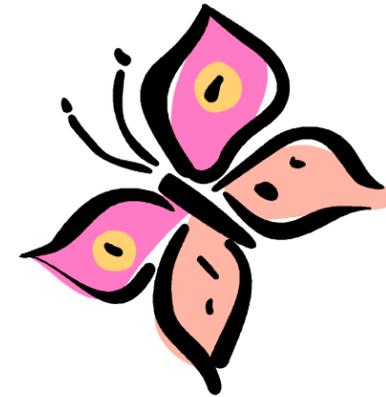
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Jason Michael Sears	Sears, Katherine
Kevin Sobol.....	Sobol, Lawrence
Sunny Zangara	Zangara, Sandra

Candlelight ▶ accept her invitation of friendship. After putting forth what she thought was enough time and effort to no avail, she would dismiss them with a “their loss” statement and attitude, and move on without another thought. She loved her friends dearly; each was important to her in some way, and of course she had her “bests”. Nora, Liz, Mike, and they and their families are still important people in my life.



Maika began taking Suzuki violin lessons when she was in second grade. She also took flute lessons for a few years, and although she wasn't much on practice, she enjoyed playing songs she wanted to learn, and allowed me to teach her, on the piano! She had a repertoire of about 8-10 songs she could play on the piano, some as advanced as a student in the 6th year of study; however, she would only learn the songs she chose. On the other hand, she would practice on her violin for hours. When she was in the fourth grade, she auditioned for the CASA String Orchestra (later to be named the St. Louis Symphony String Orchestra) and was a second violinist in it for five years. She was also in the McCluer North Orchestra. She loved playing in the orchestras, in a quartet formed by another CASA string orchestra member, at the weddings of family and friends, with me as her piano accompanist, and just

for herself. She also loved going to competitions, and treasured her awards.

So much in life made Maika happy, but high on that list was athletics. She began taking group ice skating lessons at North County Recreation Complex when she was five years old. At age nine, she joined the North Stars Precision Ice Skating Team. When she was ten, she began taking private lessons, so our lives centered around ice skating. I can still picture her excitement the moment she landed her first axle in the annual spring ice show at the North County rink; Maika's involvement in ice skating meant rising before the sun, driving to Brentwood, St. Charles, and near and far

West County for lessons, practices, shows, competitions, and tests. It meant traveling to other cities and states for competitions, and lots of expense. Every minute and every dime was worth it, because she loved it, and she did well. She advanced to Pre-Silver Ice Dancer and Novice Ladies' Free- and she was able to work part-time at the North County Ice Rink teaching beginners while she was still in high school.

Basketball and Track were also high on the hierarchy of sports Maika loved! She played forward on her high school team starting with junior varsity as a freshman and working her way onto the varsity team by the end of sophomore year. In track, her favorite event was Ladies' 100 High Hurdles, and

she proudly came in third place in the conference her first two years in this event.

Maika was as competitive academically as she was athletically, but she was always willing to help her peers whenever she could. I will never forget one boy she used to complain about whom I'd nicknamed, Eddie Haskell. She did not care for this guy at all. One evening, there was a knock on the door, and Maika asked me to get the door while she finished dressing. I asked her who she expecting, and when she said, “Eddie Haskell”, I was surprised. I asked her why he was here. She said, “I'm going to help him study for a history test. He's close to failing the class, and he needs this grade to graduate.” I told her that I was surprised she would help him study considering she didn't really care for him too much. With indignation she responded, “Mom! Just because I don't like him doesn't mean I want to see him fail!” That response truly impressed me, and I think about it often because I heard similar stories from her classmates and teachers at Middlebury, and I'm proud to know that was the type of person she was (even though I can't claim to be the same way!)

While in high school, she was inducted into the National Honor Society, Math Honor Society, and Spanish Honor Society. She participated in numerous school clubs and organizations including Dare Role Model and Teenage Health Consultants. Maika participated in the Community Learning Program while in high school giving her the opportunity to host the T.V. Show “Kids *continued on 4* ▶

Candlelight

World” on the Flo-
rissant Access Channel and to
work with forensic pathologists at
the St. Louis Police Department
Forensic Crime Lab. She was ac-
cepted into three of the four col-
leges to which she applied, and as
to the one that did not accept her,
she again said, “Their Loss”, as she
tossed the letter of non-acceptance
into the trash.

Maika matriculated at Middlebury
College in Middlebury, Vermont,
one of the small colleges designat-
ed as a “Little Ivy”, on a scholarship
she won from Bank of America.
She loved being at Middlebury.
She was thriving there academical-

I couldn't
think, move,
function, speak,
hear, eat unless
someone
guided me.

ly and socially. She became instant
friends with Tiffany, Inniko, and
Anisa. They felt instantly drawn to
each other, and rarely did staff or
students see one without at least
another of this foursome. Tiffany
had just won a scholarship to study
opera in Florence, Italy; Inniko,
a choreography major who had
already danced at the Metropoli-

tan Opera House, had earned an
internship for the summer at the
Met; Anisa was preparing for the
Olympic Trials in swimming, and
Maika had just earned a spot in the
Bio-Medical Research Program at
Harvard. Each of these amazing
young women had their eyes on the
future. They were young, talented,
beautiful, intelligent, motivated,
confident, and determined. There
was no doubt they would have each
reached their goals and would have
been constructive members of so-
ciety.

We lost them all on a sunny, Sun-
day morning as they returned to
campus after spending a weekend
visiting Tiffany's older sister in
Montreal. The accident occurred
in St. Sebastian, Canada, just 90
minutes from campus. This is a trip
the girls had made together sev-
eral weekends without incident.
On this tragic morning, they hit
black ice, hydroplaned, and landed
in a cement culvert. One inch to
the left, and they could have trav-
eled over a mile, during which time
the car would have had the chance
to slow to a halt without ever hit-
ting so much as a bush. One inch
to the right, and they would have
hit a house, but would not have had
as much of an impact as they had
hitting the culvert, possibly giving
them a chance of survival. Three
of the girls, including Maika, died
instantly. Tiffany passed the next
day.

I was a graduate student at the
time; since Maika had taken her
computer to college, I was using
a computer at my friend Sharon's
to write my graduate paper. I left

home early Sunday morning to
go to Sharon's house. I did not get
back home until late Sunday night.
I returned to a message telling me
to call an officer with the Royal Ca-
nadian Mounted Police. He asked
me if I had been contacted by the
St Louis County Police regarding
my daughter. He initially did not
want to give me the horrible news,
but I had already entered panic
mode. He finally told me about the
accident, but I did not initially un-
derstand he was telling me about
fatalities. I remember repeatedly
asking for the name and location
of the hospital. Once he made it
clear Maika had been killed in the
accident, I became completely hys-
terical. I wanted to call my mother,
but I couldn't remember her num-
ber; although, it had been the same
number since I was seven years
old. I managed to push the redial
button, and reached Sharon. In
my hysteria, I was able to find my
telephone book, and had dialed my
mother's number. I remember be-
ing on the floor on my hands and
knees screaming and crying inco-
herently into the phone. Sharon
arrived at my house in less than ten
minutes, and I remember think-
ing how that couldn't be possible.
She didn't live too far away, but
definitely more than ten minutes
away.

I spent the better part of the re-
mainder of that year being led
through tasks from the mundane
to the most important by family
members and friends. I couldn't
think, move, function, speak, hear,
eat unless someone guided me. Not
only couldn't I initiate or complete

continued on 5

THE UNIQUE NATURE OF SIBLING LOSS

Posted on February 18,
2011 by Tabitha Jayne

I can still remember
the call that told me my
younger brother was
dead. It was from my
grandmother. Funnily
enough, I'd been
contemplating that
my grandparents were
getting old and that I
needed to prepare myself
for their deaths. I never
expected that I would
receive a call from them
to tell me that my brother
had crashed his car into
a lamp post on the way
home from a concert and
was killed immediately.
He was 17; I was 22.

The death of a sibling is
strange. Everyone asks
how your parents are, but
everyone seems to forget
about you. It's as if you
are not important. Your
role is there to provide
support to everyone
else. Somehow it didn't
surprise me when I went
looking for information
on the internet and
found that siblings were
known as the “forgotten
mourners.”

The relationship between

siblings is unique. There
is no one else in the world
that you have such a love-
hate relationship with. I
know that I would curse
my brother harshly but
if anyone else did, then I
would attack them for it.
Siblings have a right that
no one else has. It means
that you can show your
worst to them and know
that they will still forgive
you afterwards and speak
to you like nothing was
wrong.

Some people attribute
this gift to parents too.
Yet it is different. As a
sibling, you are allowed
to know hidden activities,
beliefs, attitudes and
dreams that are never
shared with parents. As
your sibling grows older,
this perspective can be
transferred to partners
but siblings seem to share
the most information.

When you lose a sibling,
you also lose your identity.
Your sibling has always
been part of your life.
They have helped define
who you are and your role
within the family. It leads
you to question who you
are and what your life

Sibling Page

purpose is.

If you are younger like
myself, you also lose
the chance to develop
a relationship based on
friendship with someone
who has known you your
whole life. I know that
my relationship with my
brother was changing
as he died. Although he
was my younger brother,
his wisdom at times
made him appear to be
my older brother. I was
grateful for someone
who was looking out for
me. And I was so angry
that this had been taken
away from me. I was also
angry that I would never
see him get married, have
children or grow old so I
could tease him about
how ugly he was getting.

Your sibling is also
your peer, so it leads
you to question your
own mortality. It also
leads you to question
why them and not me.
In my attempt to make
sense of this question, I
moved into the realm of
helping others affected
by loss transform grief,
find peace and feel
more positive about the

future. It was my way of
justifying my brother's
death.

It's now been over 8 years
since my brother died,
and I am at peace with it.
It's ok that I'll never fight
with him again or hug
and make up. It's ok that
I'll never know what man
he would have grown
into. I still think about
him every day and I talk
to him a lot. I've created
a new relationship with
him that continues on
after death. After all, he
is my brother and always
will be. Not even death
can take that away from
me.



*Tabitha Jayne 2011, posted
in Death of a Sibling (tagged
signs \connections. Bookmark
the permalink.*

TELEPHONE FRIENDS**BPUSA**

Linda Fehrmann (314) 853-7925

ACCIDENT, AUTOMOBILE:

Katie VerHagen(314) 576-5018

ACCIDENT, NON VEHICULAR:

Bill Lagemann(573) 242-3632

ADULT SIBLING:

Mark VerHagen..... (314) 726-5300

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:

Barb Blanton.....(314)-303-8973

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) 518-2302

SINGLE PARENT:

Mary Murphy(314) 822-7448

BPUSA's
Board of Directors hosts
2014's National Gathering

Hope *in the* Heartland

Where: St. Louis, MO

When: July 25-27, 2014

Start planning now!

Watch our web site for information.

If you are ready to volunteer
with the Gathering,
please email bpusagather@gmail.com
and include "Volunteer" in the subject line.

Contact person: Jodi Norman, VP
703-910-6277
bpusagather@gmail.com



Candlelight the most mundane tasks, I didn't want to. I didn't care. When Maika died, I died with her. All of me died except my physical body, and when it didn't, all I could think about was why not? I didn't want to live without my Maika. It was so unfair for me to still be alive and for her to be gone. I hated every bit of my existence. The pain was unbearable; I was angry, hurt, disappointed, distraught, anquished, ashamed...I could fill pages with descriptions of the horror I felt.

My family and friends predicted I would not survive the year. I do not know what kept me from committing suicide. I vacillated between wondering if I didn't because I was too brave or too cowardly. All I could focus on was the negative. People would tell me what a good mother I was, but all I could see was that I was such an inadequate mother that I couldn't keep my precious baby alive.

Here I am, thirteen years later. How did I make it? I attribute my survival to the support of family and friends, my involvement with Bereaved Parents of the USA, and Maika. She loved her life. She woke up each morning looking forward to the day and what she could do in it. How could I dishonor her by taking my own life/?

Continuing to live out my life had to become a conscious choice. Each day I managed to live through gave me the a bit more strength to make one day more. I prayed the prayer of St. Francis of Assissi many times a day for years and continue to do so now many times each week. I was comforted by the memory of Maika having chosen St. Francis as her Saint for her Confirmation Project. I talk to Maika daily. I try to spend more time thinking about the joy of the eighteen years we had together rather than the time we didn't and won't have. I celebrate her life, honor her death, and live my life knowing she would not want me to do otherwise. It is not easy, but it is also not impossible. There are times I still throw myself "Pity Parties". I hibernate for a weekend not leaving the house, answering the phone or the door, and I scream, cry, moan, yell, curse the universe...but I surface Monday with a determination to not only survive, but to truly enjoy life.

Will life ever be the same? No. Absolutely nothing

can fill the void. My very being has been permanently scarred. I cling to my memories. I watch her videotapes, I look at photos. I recall conversations, trips, games, and travels. I will remember her strength and beauty and bravery. I will remember the day she called from college to tell me she had just been offered a job to be a nude model for the art department, and that it was the best job on campus. She wanted to know how I would feel about her taking the job. I asked her to think about the fact that she was on a small campus of only 2200 students, some of whom would be in her classes, live in her dorm, and see her all over campus. I told her if she could live with that, I could; after all, she was an adult living halfway across the country. Anyway, I would never see any of them. Well, now I own half of those pictures; they are hanging in my home, and each time I look at them, I am reminded of her self-confidence and pride. I know I will never see her as an accomplished, working adult. I know we will never have our treasured "Mother/Daughter" times again. I will never see her as a wife or mother, and I will never have grandchildren of my own.

All of these are hard to bear because I would give my own life to see her for one day. But I am not alone. I have the love and support of family, and friends, and the unmatched understanding of the Bereaved Parents of the USA. Knowing this gives me the courage to continue living my own life. I no longer fixate on a reason to live. I just live. My hope is that all of you suffering this same loss are able to embrace the courage needed to continue living your lives as well. ♥

As always for
up to date information on other BPUSASTL
events visit: www.bpusastl.org

Newsletter Error!

THERE IS NOT A
3/23/2013 GRIEF
WORKSHOP!!!



Honor your Child & Support BPUSASTL

The St. Louis Chapter of BPUSA offers three ways to honor your child while supporting the good works of BPUSASTL.

♥ **Tribute of the Month:** Make a \$20.00 donation and your child's picture will grace our Homepage and have a link to your child's virtual memorial.

♥ **Virtual Memorial:** Simply join a group and your child's picture will be added to "Meet Our Children." In addition, make a \$10.00 donation to submit a one page story that links to your child's picture.

♥ **Love Gift:** For a donation your child's picture will appear on the Love Gifts page.

For any of above, insure that your child's picture and angel dates are in BPUSASTL database. If not, mail one to our PO Box or **EMAIL:** bpusastl@gmail.com. ■

Part of BPUSA StL's commitment to you is to be the space where our parents and families communicate.

Printed in your newsletter are articles to educate and ones that are private expressions of writers.

We offer their writings only for your reflection. Sometimes observing nature or establishing routines signal solace to the writer. Often they turn to religion or spirituality for comfort and guidance.

BPUSASTL shares these insights not only for your contemplation but also to acknowledge our community's many and rich sources for strength and hope. ♥

Newsletter Submissions

Cut off date for
March April

February 28th

Send your submission to:

Newsletter
PO BOX 1115
St. Peters, MO 63376
bpusastl@gmail.com

If sending picture include a self addressed stamped envelope

and make checks payable to
BPUSASTL Thankyou! ■

How do you bear it all?

The cry came from a mother whose son had died only weeks before. We were in a circle looking at her, looking around, looking away. Tears in our hearts, in our eyes. How do we bear it? I don't know, but the circle helps. ■

~Eva Lager, TCF, West Australia

GRIEF IS LIKE...

Grief is like a ball of string, you start at one end and wind.

Then the ball slips through your fingers and rolls across the floor. Some of your work is undone but not all. You pick it up and start over again, but you never have to begin again at the end of the string. The ball never completely unwinds. You've made some progress. ■

— Author Unknown

THE HOLIDAY OF LOVE

—Art Rogers, Hinsdale IL Chapter of BP/USA

Valentine's Day is a day of remembering our loved ones with small gifts and great feelings. When your child was living, did you often remember him/her on Valentine's Day with a card or a balloon, perhaps a gift of candy or something special that was wanted? So, why stop that tradition?

Remember your child with love on this special day;

- ☉ a single rose left at a grave
- ☉ a special holiday balloon to float around the house, reminding you each time you look
- ☉ a special photo in a nice frame to sit on the mantle.

These are ideas in an article from an old Bereavement Magazine. It seems like a pretty good idea too! What a better way to celebrate the Holiday of Love than by enjoying fond memories of your child.

- ☉ try making his/her favorite dinner and treating the family
- ☉ use special photos scattered around to talk about some fun facts about him/ her
- ☉ It's important to show the others in the family how much they are also loved so don't forget some small Valentine's gifts for them too!

Just because our hearts are broken, we don't need to ignore "The Holiday of Love." ♥



In Memory of
Bill Steiner
—Cathy & Mike Evans



In Memory of
TerraNova Ritchie-Halford
—Deborah Ritchie & Carl Halford



In Memory of
William Bousman
—Scott & Christine Bousman



In Memory of
Joseph Madden Meyer
—lauren Meyer



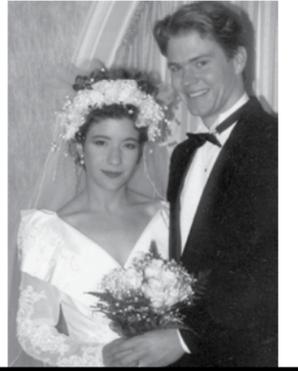
In Memory of
Charles Alonzo Brown Jr
—Vickky Brown



In Memory of
Matthew Knoerle
—Dianne Bierman



In Memory of
Christian Thomas Allen
—Ed Allen



In Memory of
Kristin & Micheal Curran
—Sandy Curran



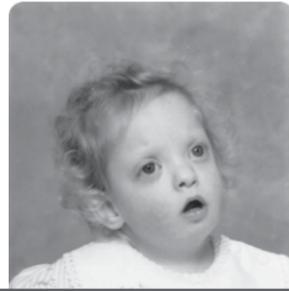
In Memory of
Timothy Michael Roorda
—Ray & Linda Roorda



In Memory of
David Steiner
—Cathy & Mike Evans



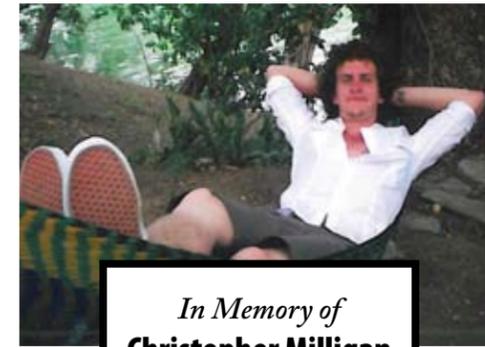
In Memory of
Natalie Ann Frohning
—Linda Frohning



In Memory of
Natalie Louise Astorino
—Sal & Barb Astorino



In Memory of
Leah Ryan Eisenberg
—Jamie Ryan & David Whiteman



In Memory of
Christopher Milligan
—Chris & Cheryl Milligan



In Memory of
Alicia Marie Brauer
—Audrey Brauer



In Memory of
Dylan Murphy
—Mary Murphy



In Memory of
Jason Richard Pappert
—Janet Pappert



In Memory of
Isaiah "Ike" Harrison
Dec 25, 1982– Nov 11, 2006
We miss you so much
Dad, Mom & Sis
—The Harrisons



In Memory of
James Kevin Foley
—Mary and James Foley



In Memory of
Jill Elizabeth Scott
—Joan & Jim Scott



In Memory of
Robyn Lynn Handel
—Larry & Linda Handel



In Memory of
John Patrick Crimson
—Helen Crimson



In Memory of
Lindsay Dodd
—Patrick Dodd



In Memory of
Kevin Sobol
—Lawrence Sobol



In Memory of
Jason Michael Sears
—Katherine Sears



In Memory of
Brandon Lee Bruns
—Debbie O'Leary



In Memory of
Brian Ruby
—Scott & Judy Ruby



In Memory of
Jennifer Ann Eschmann
—Sylvia & Robert Eschmann



In Memory of
Amy Marie Lizzi
—Mary Carlstedt



In Memory of
Jayson Logsdon
—Laura Logsdon



In Memory of
Andrew Bryan Krejci
—Sharon & Wayne Krejci



In Memory of
Trisha Ann Blue
—Frank Blue



In Memory Of
Jennifer Ameli Daugherty
—James & Jeannette Daugherty



In Memory of
Sharon Rene Przybylski
—Joseph Przybylski



In Memory of
Tony Arnold
—Jean Arnold

Children of BPUSA StL's Board Members & Facilitators

Joe DeMarco
son of
Teresa DeMarco



Arthur
&
Emily Gerner
son & grandchild of
Margaret Gerner



Mickey Glaeser
son of
Jacque Glaeser



Shandra Robertson
daughter of
Belinda Mitche



Michael A. Maixner
son of
Bob Maixner



Jennifer Francisco
daughter of
Jeanne & Mike
Francisco



Donnie Lagemann
son of
Bill & Vicki
Lagemann



Jeff Ryan
son of Pat Ryan



Brett Alan Blanton
son of Barb Blanton



Joel Fehrmann
son of
Linda Fehrmann



Michael Yackly
son of
Victoria Kellison



Daniel Kohler
son of
Arlene Thomason



Jeffrey Morris
son of Cindy Morris



Leah Eisenberg
daughter of
Jamie Ryan



Ryan Arnold
son of
Donna Arnold



Brian Ruby
son of Judy Ruby



Michael & Kristen
Curran
son &
daughter in-law
of Sandy Curran