



# Bereaved Parents of the USAStL

**JAN-FEB 2019**

**VOLUME 42 - NUMBER 1**



In the beginning of this grieving parent journey you struggle to get through a minute, an hour, and then a day. As your friends and family seem to be going on with life, we seem to be stuck. Stuck in that moment that changed us forever. We all know what kind of life our angel children want for us. But knowing, accepting, and accomplishing is a task that sometimes seems impossible. We don't know how but somehow

we survive the holidays, birthdays, and Angel dates. And then we have the guilt for surviving those days. And every other day. We feel guilty if we enjoy ourselves. We feel guilty if we smile. We feel guilty if we laugh. We fall into this gaping, black hole called grief. Sometimes it feels like we are invisible. Like we are not part of anything good. We still try to celebrate the important things in life. Holidays, birthdays, anniversaries, etc. We feel like we are just going through the motions. Finding no joy in these things anymore. We try to keep our traditions because we think we have to, for our angel children and the children and grandchildren that are still with us. You get up in the morning, go through your day, and go to bed. Get up the next morning and do it all over again. Feeling sad, empty, and alone. But... We force ourselves to get up! So even if some days we fake our way through and feel like this life is going on without us, just remember that we survived another day.



By Susie Higgins  
BPUSAStL

### Thank you to the Bronder Family for the wonderful trays of cookies.

From The Bonders: "Knowing You Ministries began in honor of our daughter Kylene who inspired us to open our eyes to those hurting hearts around us."

The Bonders also accept help in cookie donations, either bought or baked, packaging and delivering.

If you wish to receive cookies during the month of December in memory of your child, please let someone on the BPUSAStL Board know by October 2019. Or contact Deb Bonder with your address: [knowingyou@sbcglobal.net](mailto:knowingyou@sbcglobal.net)

**Kylene  
Bronder**  
Apr 1989 -  
Jun 2004



# Upcoming Events:

NATIONAL GATHERING 2019



**Bereaved Parents USA**  
August 2-4 ♥ St. Louis, Missouri

**The 2019 "SPIRIT OF LOVE"**

**NATIONAL GATHERING CONFERENCE**

**August 2-4, 2019**

**The Sheraton Clayton Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, MO**

## Creativity Through Grief



Session 1—Free to Attend

Happiness for Harper

Rock Painting

Presenter: Harper's Mom, Kelly Pillman

March 9, 2019 (Saturday)

BJC Hospital St. Peters, Room A/B  
12 pm—2 pm

Kelly will share Harper's story and what motivated her to start and share

**Happiness for Harper**

and, teach us how to create our own Rocks!

Must Register by February 15:

Send email to [bpusastl@gmail.com](mailto:bpusastl@gmail.com) with your name, phone number, and email address.

**For information about the rock painting, please contact Donna Arnold at 314.608.3655**

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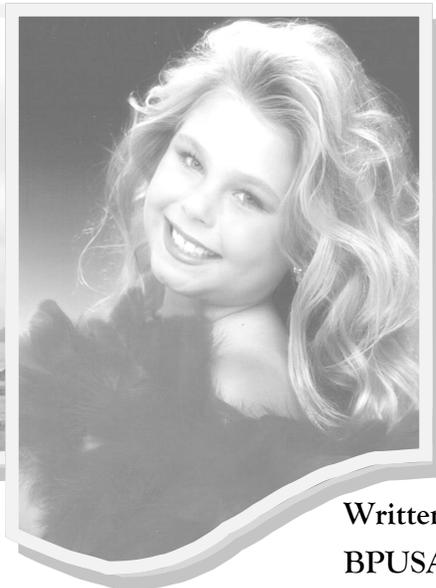
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"Look for the positive in each day,  
even if some days you have to look a little harder."

*Author Unknown*

# ANGUISH REIGNS

So thankful you were God's creation...thankful for your kindness, too.  
I'm glad I shared appreciation for the love I found in you.  
I keep your artwork and your trophies. All remind me how you cared.  
I try to focus on the mem'ries and the laughter we once shared.  
I think of other special places we had promised we would go.  
But thoughts of joy are ever-fleeting. Sadness overwhelms me so.  
A future filled with special moments somehow wasn't meant for me,  
because you found your way to Heaven. Joy in that I vaguely see.  
Our destinies were not concerning. Heaven was our stepping stone.  
What most concerned me were OUR futures here to guide 'til fully grown.  
My broken heart will weep forever while the rest will slowly fade.  
My pain will fill all my tomorrows, glimpsing promises we made.  
Will memories be soon forgotten? No, but they don't mask the pain  
which feeds off overwhelming sorrow like a cold November rain.  
If I could dwell on my tomorrows, filled with positivity,  
I wouldn't miss you for an instant since you're watching over me.  
But facing future years without you here to make new memories,  
I'm at a loss. Why should I bother when distress is all I see?  
Depression isn't opted for, nor glorified in some strange way.  
It's all that's left to feel when hurting from the love I miss each day.  
Some people claim my heart is healing. They may base that on my smile.  
But just like when this poem started, memories last just awhile.  
They fade away like morning's shadows, then lie dormant deep inside.  
They're touched upon in times of torment, breaking through the other side.  
Attempts to linger through the sorrow fail before they can begin.  
As they return to find their future, anguish starts its reign again.



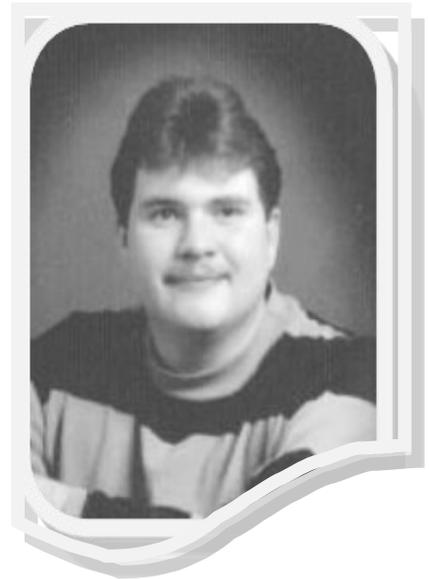
**Kellie Gregory**

**1986 - 2011**

Written By: Cary Gregory  
BPUSAStL



**BRETT ALAN BLANTON**  
07/15/1973 - 08/31/2000



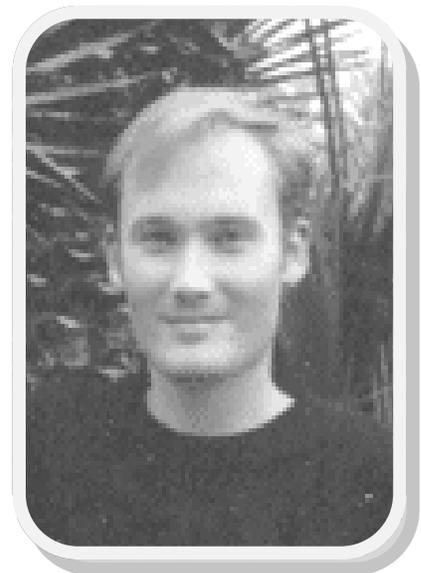
# LOVE GIFTS



Thank you for the matching  
donation from at AT&T  
In loving memory,  
**JASON MATHIS**  
10/17/1995 - 09/10/2015



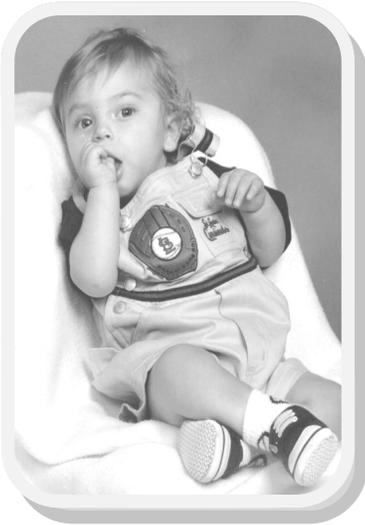
**DUSTIN PHILLIP  
TERWILLIGER**  
Dec 1969 - Oct 2001



**DANIEL MARK  
KOHLER**  
May 1971 - May 2005

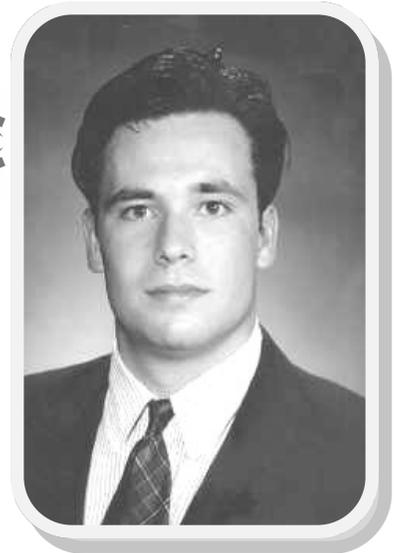


**CHRISTIAN THOMAS  
ALLEN**  
Apr 1997 - Mar 2006



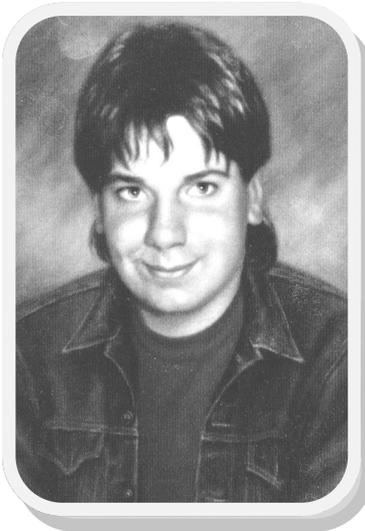
**WILLIAM RAYMOND  
BOUSMAN**  
Jun 2001 - Jul 2002

**QUIANNA CRYSTAL  
CLAY**  
May 1978 - Aug 2003



**ANDREW BRYAN  
KREJCI**  
Oct 1973 - Sep 1997

**TIMOTHY ROORDA**  
Mar 1971 - Jun 1989



# LOVE GIFTS



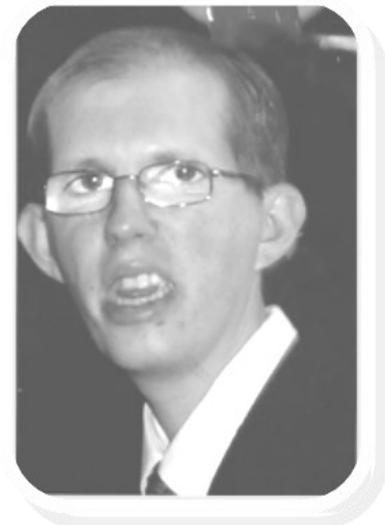
**BRIAN RUBY**  
Oct 1984 - Feb 1992



**NATALIE ANN  
FROHNING**  
Oct 1987 - Jun 2012



**JULIE ANN  
BARDLE**  
Jun 1980 - Feb 2013  
Boeing Matching



**KENNETH MICHAEL  
LEDERICH**  
Nov 1982 - Apr 2014



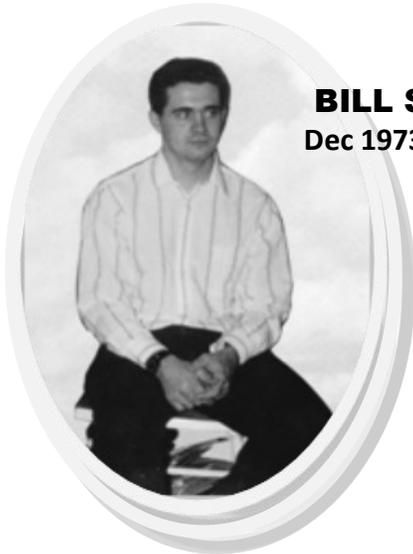


**JEFFREY JOSEPH  
LLOYD**  
Feb 1977 — Mar 1994

**GERALD ANTHONY  
"TONY"  
ARNOLD**  
Dec 1965 - Oct 1986



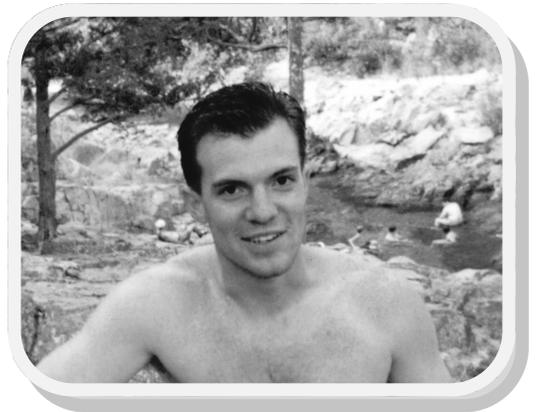
**DAVID STEINER**  
Jul 1977 - Apr 2012



**BILL STEINER**  
Dec 1973 - Jul 1995



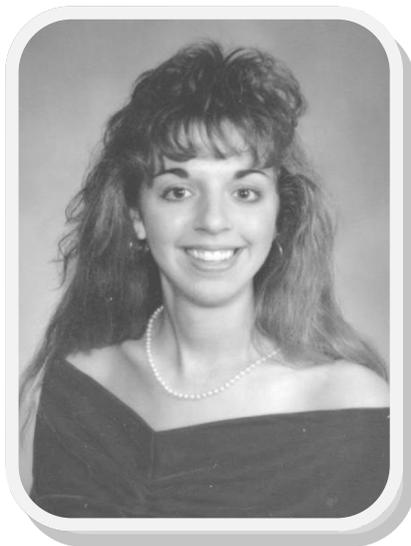
**JEFFREY RYAN**  
Oct 1974 - Jul 1999



**AMY MARIE LIZZI**  
1966 - 1988



**SHARON RENE'  
PRZYBYSKI**  
Oct 1969 - Jul 1990



**ISAIAH "IKE"  
HARRISON**  
Dec 1982 - Nov 2006

**JAMES KEVIN FOLEY**

Feb 1971 - June 1991



**JENNIFER SUSAN**

**DRYDEN**

Dec 1967 - Sep 1994



**NATALIE GAYLE**

**MEHLMAN**

May 1978 - Mar 1999



**LOVE GIFTS**



**ROSIE UMHOEFER**

4/24/1983 - 7/03/2003



Another year begins  
a time to renew.  
But that can be hard  
when you're feeling so blue.

It's hard to be positive,  
to face another year  
without that person  
that you hold so dear.

Despite my sorrow  
I know she is near.  
In her own sweet way  
she offers sweet cheer.

I heard on a show  
from someone who knows,  
our kids like to give us  
a shove  
from above.

So no matter where you are  
in your journey of grief,  
believing they are with us  
gives us much needed relief.

Written by Rosann Umhoefer, BPUSAtL



# Candlelight 2018

—Marilyn Kister

Hi, my name is Marilyn Kister, and I am Julie Ann Bardle's mom.

Prior to February 2013, I didn't know any of you in this auditorium, except for family that are here today. Yet so many of you I now call...family. **Unfortunately**, we have the same thing in common. But, **fortunately**, I found you during the weakest moments of my life. And it's because of you that I can stand here today and tell you about my Julie.

When I started attending BPA, many of you shared that we will remember each other's children's names but often not the names of the parents. This is so true. In fact, Donna Arnold recently ran across a man with whom she shared the loss of her son Ryan. This gentleman told her his good friend had lost a daughter a few years back. Donna asked her name and he said Julie Bardle. The first thing Donna said was "I know Julie." But then said; "I mean, I know her mom." Donna, today you will know a little bit more about Julie.

Julie was born June 26, 1980... a perfect little girl, the baby of my two daughters, four years apart. She was the normal 7.9 ½ lbs and 20 inches long. Six months later she was diagnosed with a heart

murmur. I remember driving home in tears thinking that our perfect baby might have a heart problem. She was closely monitored and it became an annual event...Julie's visits at Cardinal Glennon Children's Hospital. I became hot and faint one year when the nurse had to resort to taking blood from the top of Julie's hand because she couldn't find a suitable vein in her arm. She didn't want me to leave the room saying, "no mom", so I promised her a Barbie doll on the way home if she would be brave without me. I ran to the ladies room, removed my turtle neck from under my sweat shirt, and went out the bathroom door to find everything was white. I felt the wall behind me and shimmied to the floor and sat until I could compose myself. I'm sure all of us have felt our child's pain and if we could, we'd change places with them. And yes, Julie got to select a Barbie soon afterward.

We gave Julie various nicknames. June Bug, Jules, and I answered her phone calls with "Jubuggy Jubug". In her toddler years, some mornings we'd often have to search for Julie, because rather than staying in bed, she might be sleeping in the floor at the foot of our bed. One morning



**Julie Ann Bardle**

**Jun 1980 - Feb 2013**

she was asleep under the kitchen table. And the scariest morning was when she was not visible and all the doors were locked. We found her asleep under her own bed.

Julie preferred the indoors, watching Disney Movies, TV sitcoms, cartoons and more cartoons and playing with Barbie dolls. She didn't sleep well at night and the TV in her room would be on at various times. She was still playing with dolls at the age of 13, but of course she would not admit that to anyone. I still have many of her Holiday Barbie's at my house I'm unable to part with yet. She and I attended the annual "Disney on Ice" performances.

*Candlelight from page 8...*

One year we were sitting in the very front row at the "Barbie Ice Capades" and she was one of several children selected to sit in the boat prop that circled the ice a few times. Imagine her excitement! We declared at a later event that we'll be little old ladies and still attending Disney on Ice together. I only wish!!!

Julie never learned to ride a bike, she was given opportunities, but she never had the desire to learn and didn't miss it as she aged. She was a Girl Scout for a couple of years and liked to talk. At the YMCA she talked to other students instead of listening to the swim coach, so I was impatient and dropped her. We never made it back and she never learned to swim.

She was a child at heart. I always say the people that keep a youthful heart never get gray hair. Julie would not have grayed. Birthdays and Christmas were her favorites. Months before each Julie started planning. And that included giving us her gift list. Later after her passing and her room was dissembled, we saw that she had kept just about every gift she'd ever received. She loved butterflies so naturally we are now drawn to butterfly things. Hence, the butterfly window clings you received on your way in today.

Julie also loved My Little Pony, Care Bears, She-Ra, Rainbow Bright, Teddy Ruxpin, anything Garfield, those "intrepid toddlers" known as Rugrats, and did I say Barbie's? I could go on for hours naming every toy and movie she loved.

Julie was a hugger. I miss her hugs, second to missing her. She always looked way younger than her age. She and I could walk arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand, waist-to-waist, which we frequently did,

What have I learned about grief? That we have to work at it! We have to talk ourselves out of bed and tell the brain to tell the feet to move. And then we still might fall. But that is okay.

and not think anything of it. She always looked like my little girl. Julie was a gentle soul, always a good child and adult. She was very forgiving and she loved everyone.

During those many cardiology appointments, Julie was also usually at the "lower percentile" of height, but they didn't seem to be too concerned about that yet. At the age of ten she was still not

showing signs of growth for her age. I discounted it by saying, her dad was slow to grow and now he's six-foot two. But at the age of eleven, I knew I was not the expert and agreed to their recommendation to see an endocrinologist....a specialist in hormones. He rattled off something about Turner Syndrome. We didn't have Google in the early 90's. Today Mayo Clinic defines Turner Syndrome as "*a condition that affects only females, results in one of the X chromosomes (sex chromosomes) missing or partially missing. Turner syndrome can cause a variety of medical and developmental problems, including short height, failure of the ovaries to develop and heart defects.*" We met many females over the years through the Turner Syndrome Society, and not all have heart issues. But Julie experienced aortic stenosis...narrowing of the heart valve. At age fifteen she had an angioplasty to stretch the valve. Julie didn't want to sleep during this procedure, so they agreed to let her watch. What a brave girl! We were told that the next procedure would be a full blown valve replacement.

As mentioned above, short stature is another characteristic of Turner Syndrome, with an expected height of 4'8". Julie

## Candlelight from page 9

achieved 5'2 ½. That ½" was very important to her. That was with the help of four years of growth hormone therapy at \$50,000/year, thanks to health insurance.

Some Turner Syndrome girls experience developmental problems. School was tough for Julie as well, middle through high school. But she could memorize the words from various scenes of her favorite movies. What's the fun about math and science anyway! Her junior year we agreed to enroll



her at the Lewis & Clark Technical School in St. Charles, MO, thinking perhaps she would benefit from a program that would teach her life job skills.

Her first program was in *Retail and Business*. As part of that curriculum, she job shadowed at a local grocery store and was an assistant at a day care for special needs children. Julie loved children but her hormone issue would not have allowed her to conceive later in life.

Julie's senior year she wanted to try the *Health Occupations* program. For the remainder of her life, Julie took that health class seriously. She washed her hands so often they were red and

chapped. After ordering food at restaurants, Julie would visit the ladies room, thoroughly wash her hands, and would not touch a thing except for her food. She'd return to the table with her hands near her chest like paws. But she ate more often with her fingers than her utensils. We would tease her that when she married we'd have finger food on the menu, you know, things like mashed potatoes. But Julie was not to be married. She enjoyed her time at this school and became close friends with many students. Two remained friends, one a very close friend. Julie thought friends were for life and when that didn't always happen she was greatly disappointed. I'd explain to her that some friends are for a season, that it was okay. But she didn't want to see it that way.

It took Julie five years to earn her associates degree at the community college. But as a full time student, she was covered under our insurance, which she needed. When written essays were required, she would pace behind me as I typed what she said on the computer. I would give her ideas and tell her to say it in her own words. Julie always needed a little help through school, mostly to help her stay focused. At about age 21 she decided to work on getting a driver's license. We hired Sears Driving School and she passed the

road test on the third try. If she had not, the DMV required a professional driving school before she could test again. We told her she had to pass, no other choice, and she did.

In 2008 at the age of 28, the "numbers" were aligned and Julie received a tissue valve. The surgery was not without complications, but two weeks later she went home. We went on with life. Another surgery was inevitable because tissue valves have a lifespan of about 15-20 years. We counted on their being "new and better technology" before she'd need the next replacement. When asked some of the basic questions at doctor appointments such as: "do you drink, do you smoke", due to her health issues and medications and all of us knowing that would be bad for her, Julie would answer, "No, and if that didn't kill me my parents would". She asked if she could stay awake for this surgery. Not this time. Did I say she was a brave girl?

Julie seemed to be afflicted with additional health issues after the first valve surgery, acid reflux and headaches. But she had a commendable work ethic. She didn't want to make her boss mad by taking sick time. And she didn't want management to know the extent of her illnesses. Some days it was difficult completing her work day. Therefore, I've learned

*Candlelight from page 10...*

to have little compassion for healthy people that can't make it to a job. She held a few different jobs, her last in the laundry room at St. Luke's Surrey Place, the skilled nursing facility. She loved all of her "patients" and had pictures of herself and each one individually. She'd often call and ask me to pray for one of her ladies or men when they took turns being ill.

In January 2013, we were shocked to learn during cardiac catheterization that the tissue valve had calcified. Julie was immediately put on leave from work to take it easy for a week while the surgeon was on vacation. She used this time to talk with friends and relatives. She scheduled lunch with her grandpa and various friends. I'm so glad I took time from work that Monday to meet her at one of her favorite restaurants...Lewis & Clark in St. Charles. It would be at least two weeks post surgery before she'd see most people again. On January 30, 2013, five years after the first procedure, at the age of 32, Julie was admitted for a mechanical valve. She seemed relaxed to me. But the night before surgery, she talked with her dad in length, giving him instructions of what to do if she didn't make it. I was the last to see her in the back before they wheeled her in for the procedure. I said I'll

see you in a few hours. Due to numerous complications, it became a 28-hour surgery and during the week she received over 200 units of blood. She was coherent the day after surgery, as she would slightly nod her head to answer questions. Her sister and I camped at St. Luke's Hospital 24/7 because prior to surgery, I'd assured Julie that even if she woke and didn't see us, know that we were there, somewhere. She was not alone. But the next six days she was kept sedated as her organs took turns shutting down. Over 400 people attended her wake. One of her cardiologists visited and sent flowers. The following week Surrey Place hosted a memorial. Many of Julie's "patients" cried over her loss.

What have I learned about grief? That we have to work at it! We have to talk ourselves out of bed and tell the brain to tell the feet to move. And then we still might fall. But that is okay. For the first year I read every book and article I could find about grief. How did people do this thing? Sure, it was tough losing my grandparents and my stepdad and other relatives, but losing my own child...how did I live with that nightmare. I didn't care if I woke the next day. I hoped I **wouldn't** wake the next day. I read in some of those books that other parents said the same thing. At least I

learned I was having normal thoughts and feelings. I once told my husband, Julie's stepdad, that I wanted to walk to the end of the Earth and just fall off. He said that concerned him. I knew what to do. I called another bereaved mom I'd met through BPA and told her the same thing because I knew she would understand. And she did! That would be my friend Arlene.

Last year I heard a synopsis that I will briefly summarize from the book *Mama Mockingbird*, by author Sauni Wood. **"When one of her sons dies Mama Mockingbird is so grief-stricken that she loses her song, and must go in search of a way to get it back."** Mama Mockingbird first asked other birds if they knew how she could get her song back. These birds didn't know; they'd never lost a child. Mama Mockingbird flew further and asked the same question and found no answers. Still further away from home she happened upon a Hawk. Mr. Hawk, my child died, I lost my song. Do you know I can get it back? Mr. Hawk could relate, as he too, had lost a child. He told Mama Mockingbird what he noticed was every day the sun came up and the sun went down.





*Candlelight from page 11....*

The sun came up and the sun went down. Day-after-day, night-after-night, the same thing happened.

My friends, somewhere in those days and nights we find ourselves learning to smile at something, we start to laugh again, and a bit of our “song” returns. We learn it’s ok to wake up in the morning because we still have a life to live and our child wants it that way. I encourage you to honor your son or daughter the best you can, in big or in small ways. We have to work at getting some of our song back.

Two weeks ago my daughter Janet gave birth to her first child. Julie became an aunt for the first time. She would have SO loved being an aunt. Her niece’s name is Brandilyn Julie Ann. She will learn everything there is to know about her special aunt. I know Julie is very excited and I feel she was watching over this baby during the nine months in the womb and will continue to watch over her throughout her life. I look forward to the times Julie will visit Brandilyn in ways that only the very young can see and us adults usually cannot. To my daughter Janet, also here today, when Brandilyn appears to be listening or watching or reaching for something you cannot see, know that Julie came to visit. Let them play.



**Thank you** to everyone that helped make the 2018 BPUSAStL Candlelight a success. Donna Arnold does a superb job coordinating the event. Volunteers assist with music, song, slideshow, greeting, speaking, candle lighting, name reading, and refreshments. And we thank everyone for attending.

**We couldn't have done it without YOU!**



# TELEPHONE FRIENDS

**BPUSA ST. LOUIS INTERIM CHAPTER CHAIR:  
Mike Francisco Phone / Text 636.947.9403  
email: mikejeanf@hotmail.com**

Accident, Automobile	Theresa DeMarco	636-544-3478
Accident, Non- Vehicular	Bill Lagemann	573-242-3632
Adult Sibling	Samantha Schaefer	636-293-1099
Drugs/ Alcohol	Mary Ann Lemons	314-330-7586
Grandparents	TBD	
Child with Disability	Linda Frohning	314-541-3419
Illness, Short Term	Marilyn Kister	636-634-6019
Jefferson City	Sandy Brungardt	314-954-2410
Murder	Butch Hartmann	314-487-8989
Only Child / Single Parent	Donna Arnold	314-608-3655
Suicide	Linda Fehrmann	314-853-7325

## OUR COMMITMENT



Part of **BPUSASTL's** commitment to you is that we are 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 our writings only for your reflection. Sometimes serving nature or establishing routines signal solace to the writer. Often they turn to religion or spirituality for comfort and guidance.

**BPUSASTL** share 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 our next issue is  
February 15, 2019**

**Send your submissions to:**

**Newsletter**

**PO Box 1115**

**St. Peters, MO 63376**

**bpusastl@gmail.com or to :**

**snowwhite6591@gmail.com**

**If sending payment make checks  
payable to **BPUSASTL**.**

**Six issues per year. \$30 *Thank you!!***

As always, for up-to-date information  
on **BPUSASTL** events visit  
[www.bpusastl.org](http://www.bpusastl.org)



**Please ensure we have  
your correct**

**mailing address.**

**Otherwise, newsletters**

**are returned as**

**undeliverable.**

**Thank you in Advance!**

# MEETING TIMES & PLACES

Our doors are open for you.



<u>BUSINESS / FACILITATORS MEETINGS</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIME</u>
<b>ALL MEMBERS ARE WELCOME!</b>	BJC Hospital St. Peters	<b>Jan 12, 2019</b>	
<b>CONTACT: Mike Francisco</b>	10 Hospital Drive	<b>Mar 09, 2019</b>	9:00 AM
<b>636.947.9403</b>	Room A/B		
	St. Peter, MO 63376		

<b>GROUP MEETINGS</b>	<b>MEETING LOCATION</b>	<b>FACILITATOR(S)</b>	<b>DAY</b>	<b>TIME</b>
St. Peters / St. Charles, MO	Knights of Columbus Hall 5701 Hwy N St. Charles, MO 63304	Mike & Jeanne Francisco 636.947.9403	1st Thursday	7:00pm
St. Peters / St. Charles, MO—Siblings Facilitator	Same as above	Samantha Schaefer 636.293.1099	Same as above	7:00pm
West County, MO	Shaare Emeth 11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue) St. Louis, MO 63141	Jacque Glaeser 636.394.3122 jlynn63021@yahoo.com Co-Facilitator: Kim Wiese 314.956.3047	4th Tuesday	7:00pm

<u>Representation in Lieu of Meetings</u>	<u>Contact</u>	<u>Phone</u>
<b>Bowling Green</b>	<b>Bill &amp; Vicki Lagemann</b>	<b>573.242.3632</b>
<b>Tri-County</b>	<b>Brenda Wilson</b>	<b>573.438.4559</b>
<b>Troy, MO</b>	<b>Cindy Morris</b>	<b>314.954.1810</b>
<b>OPEN ARMS Parents Left Behind</b>	<b>Kathy Dunn</b> <b>(kathydunn333@yahoo.com)</b>	<b>314.807.5798</b>

<b>SPECIALIZED MEETINGS</b>	<b>MEETING LOCATION</b>	<b>FACILITATOR(S) / CONTACT</b>	<b>DAY</b>	<b>TIME</b>
<b>GRASP: Grief Relief After Substance Passing</b>	Concordia Lutheran Church 505 S. Kirkwood Road Kirkwood, MO 63122	Mary Ann Lemonds 314.330.7586 grasp.stl@gmail.com	Sundays	5:00 pm
<b>Life Crisis Center Survivors of Suicide</b>	9355 Olive Blvd. St. Louis, MO 63132	314.647.3100	Wednesdays	7:00 pm
<b>PALS: Parents affected by the loss of a child to suicide</b>	St. Luke's Hospital (Hwy 141 & 40) St. Louis, MO 63017	Linda Fehrmann 314.853.7925	4th Saturday	10:30 am
<b>Parents of Murdered Children</b>	St. Alexius Hospital 3933 S. Broadway St. Louis, MO 63118	Butch Hartmann 314.487.8989	3rd Tuesday	7:30 pm
<b>Survivors of Suicide</b>	Baue Funeral Home-Comm Cntr 608 Jefferson Street St. Charles, MO 63301	Linda Fehrmann 314.853.7925	1st & 3rd Monday	6:30 pm

# Children of BPUSASTL's

## Active Board Members, Facilitators



**Emily Gerner**



**Arthur Gerner**

**Son & Granddaughter of  
Margaret Gerner  
Founder of BPUSASTL**

**Ryan Arnold**



**Son of  
Donna Arnold  
Candlelight Coordinator**

**Joseph DeMarco**



**Son of  
Theresa DeMarco  
Treasurer**

**Shamus Digney**



**Son of  
Chuck Digney**

**Jennifer Francisco**



**Daughter of  
Jeanne & Mike  
Francisco  
St. Peters Group  
Facilitators**

**Natalie Frohning**



**Daughter of  
Linda Frohning**

**Mickey Hale**



**Son of  
Jacque Glaeser  
W. County Group  
Facilitator &  
Secretary**

**Kellie Gregory**



**Daughter of  
Cary Gregory**

**Julie Bardle**



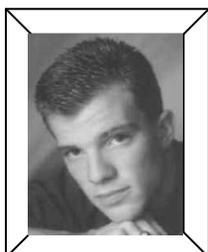
**Daughter of  
Marilyn Kister  
Newsletter  
Editor**

**Donnie Lagemann**



**Son of Bill &  
Vicki Lagemann**

**Jeff Ryan**



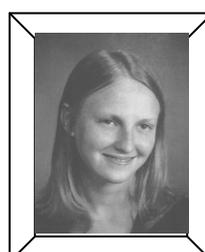
**Son of Pat Ryan**

**Danny Brauch**



**Brother of  
Samantha  
Schaefer  
St. Peters Group**

**Rosie Umhoefer**



**Daughter of  
Rosann Umhoefer**

**Matthew Wiese**



**Son of Kim Wiese  
W. County Group  
Co-Facilitator**

**If you wish to make a love donation - IN ANY AMOUNT - We will include a picture of your child(ren)  
(See page 4-7 of this publication)**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ NAME OF CHILD(REN) \_\_\_\_\_

BIRTH DATE(S) \_\_\_\_\_ ANGEL DATE(S) \_\_\_\_\_

I WOULD LIKE A LOVE GIFT DEDICATED TO MY CHILD(REN) IN THE MONTH OF: \_\_\_\_\_

I WOULD LIKE TO DONATE \$ \_\_\_\_\_ IN LOVING MEMORY OF \_\_\_\_\_

**ST. LOUIS CHAPTER  
BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.  
P.O. Box 1115  
St. Peters, MO 63376**

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ST. LOUIS, MO  
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**JAN-FEB 2019**

*If you have moved, please notify us of your new address  
so you will continue to receive this publication!*

*WELCOME*

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren. We come together as Bereaved Parents of the USA to provide a safe space where grieving families can connect, share our stories, and learn to rebuild our lives. We attend meetings whenever we can and for as long as we find helpful. We share our fears, confusion, anger, guilt, frustrations, emptiness, and feelings of hopelessness, knowing these emotions will be met with compassion and understanding. As we support, comfort and encourage one another, we offer hope and healing. As we confront the deaths of our loved ones, our shared grief brings us to a common ground that transcends differences, building mutual understanding across the boundaries of culture, race, faith, values, abilities, and lifestyle. Together we celebrate the lives of our children, siblings, and grandchildren, sharing the joys and the heartbreaks as well as the love that will never fade. Together, strengthened by the bonds we create, we offer what we have learned from one another to every bereaved family, no matter how recent or long ago the death.

We are the Bereaved Parents of the USA.  
We welcome you

