



St. Louis Chapter Newsletter
Bereaved Parents USA



MARCH - APRIL 2015



**Pre-registration due
 April 1, 2015**

**VOLUME 38
 NUMBER 1**

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**Cost \$30 / person
 Includes lunch**

Additional Information on
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LaGuardia Hotel Tavern Talk

By Mike Francisco, President BPUSA



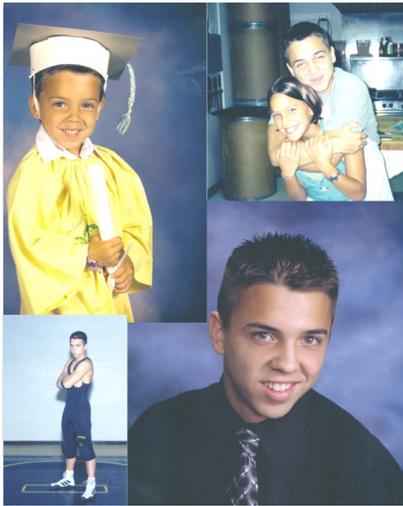
We all have a common hurt. That's why we're at this Gathering. It's my first. The lengthy day's focus of our listening to presentations and asking bold questions about the loss of our children is almost finished. We're at the Hotel Tavern-Restaurant to rest and learn about one another before tomorrow's early start. The five of us, all from Missouri, are in deep discussion. It's near midnight. She says she went to a high school we've never heard of. I say, "try me." She continues, "It's in a small town in Maryland." I perk up--this is getting interesting. "Gambrills" she says. Then I say, "Arundel High--Go Wildcats!" Not quite believing what she's hearing, I add, "I went there, too." She discusses her dad, a civil servant, who moved her and the family from Montgomery County, just outside of Washington, DC to Crofton, near Fort Meade in Maryland. Teens from the two towns, many military brats, like me, went to Arundel. We talk candidly about our kids that have passed-on and why we're here. We return to our rooms waiting for our early morning wake-up calls. Today, six-years later, "Jamie, this one's for you, "Go Wild-cats!"

Post-Script: Jamie Ryan was Leah's Mom, and for eight years, she worked diligently and daily on her grief of losing Leah. Editing the newsletter was a significant part of Jamie's personal grief work—it was a way she could honor Leah's memory and was a way she could give back/contribute to the BP community. Since 2009, I've worked with Jamie, a Saint Louis board member and our Saint Louis newsletter editor. She attended our annual national Gatherings, from New York to Sacramento and places in-between. She sought the appropriate articles and, obtained reader acclaim across the USA from parents whose families we're helping to rebuild after suffering the loss of a child. Jamie passed away on January 20, 2015. She will certainly be with us in spirit at all of our future Gatherings.

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YOUR NEWSLETTER WILL HAVE A NEW LOOK. WE HAVE A NEW EDITOR AND DIFFERENT SOFTWARE. MUCH OF THE INFORMATION IN THIS EDITION WAS SLATED FOR THE JANUARY - FEBRUARY PUBLICATION THAT JAMIE WAS WORKING ON PRIOR TO HER DEATH.



CANDLELIGHT MEMORIAL SERVICE 2014

**Terre & Mandy Rosciglione,
J.P.'s Mom & Sister, gave us a
look at JP's life.**



Good Evening,

My name is Terre and this is my beautiful daughter Mandy.

On June 14, 1984, I was blessed with a beautiful bouncing (literally) baby boy who we chose to call JP. He liked that name a lot as I found out he would correct all of his teachers who even attempted to call him John. As a toddler, we quickly discovered he was going to become quite the entertainer and possessed the uncanny "gift of gab". He spoke at a very early age and continued for the next 20 years, many times when silence might have been the better option. He would talk, sing, dance, or whatever performance was necessary, an attribute that would prove to be beneficial at a young age and even more in his later years. He was asked to be the Valedictorian at his pre-school graduation. What better opportunity for "the entertainer". I remember him walking to the podium and so proudly crawling

up on a chair in order to reach the microphone. There he stood in his gown with spiked hair under the cap wishing his friends good luck and knowing how they would all rule the world just like the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. I know those other ten or twelve "spiked hair boys" in the audience were listening with great pride. Yes, he too was a trend setter. By graduation every boy in the four-year old class had that jelled spike hairdo that looked like a fresh clean carpet.

JP was a typical boy. He played many sports, soccer, baseball, basketball and even swimming. He was a bit better than the average at soccer, too short for basketball but pretty good despite his height. He was a switch hitter in baseball and actually a really good swimmer. His swimming career didn't last long and he just could not wear that required Speedo as he got older.

When he was six, finally got the audience he had been waiting for, his sister Mandy. He was thrilled. Someone new to entertain, and the singing and talking escalated with his new attentive "Guiney Pig". From the beginning, he was a wonderful helper and took on the role of her forever mentor and protector. Sometimes he was a little disappointed in my decisions for his sister. For instance, on their first Halloween, he was quite perturbed as he stood in his WWF Ultimate Warrior costume repeating over and over "I can't believe the Ultimate Warrior's little sister is a ballerina"!!!

And, OH the WWF. It played a big role in his early years. Every night would end with a wrestling match with his Dad, which was never complete until he had won, and then that request of "five more minutes" of reading or talking in his room until either myself or his Dad would have to crawl out of the room on all fours before we were missed.

Terre & Mandy Rosciglione, J.P.'s Mom & Sister, gave us a look at JP's life...continued

It was during this time he also showed his softer side as well. He wasn't partial with his friendships. The girls were just as much fun. We lived in a one court neighborhood so the closest person to befriend was our neighbor Maria. They were actually a perfect match for each other. Maria was a sporty girl. She would play soccer and even wrestle but made sure to negotiate her own activities. So I was not so surprised to hear him report to me he had been playing "Pretty, pretty princess", won and got to "wear the crown". Even at this age, he was a semi-metro man which would later become even more evident. He also seemed to associate any person in uniform with the Schwans man. It must have had something to do with his love of food which he would say, "Must include at least three items in order to qualify as a feast".

In the next year or so JP would find himself the man of our new home, a role he filled with great dignity at such a young age. Always the protector and optimist with a sunshine smile that every happy home needed. This was also a time he finally found the courage to ride his bike. You see, he had had several crashes when he was younger which made him lose interest but once he started we could never get him off. He would ride that bike every moment he could. That mode of transportation got him

and his sister everywhere. We lived very close to his Dad and both his grandparents which made it easy to get to all the places he loved quickly.

As a young man, JP continued his interest in the WWF world as well as the real wrestling world. It became a passion for him in high school. He was a smaller person so I was forever the parent of the 103 pounder and then the 112 pounder in his junior and senior years. His conference did not have many light weight wrestlers on the freshman and JV squads so his matches were few and far between. He made the varsity squad at 112 his junior and senior years which opened up much more opportunity for him to actually wrestle. He was fairly successful during his junior year but did not meet his goal of making the "State Championship bus". Senior year was going to be his time. Then early in the season, he broke his arm at practice and was sidelined for six weeks. Even with his injury, he continued to run and attend practices and in January came back with a fury going undefeated until his final match.

After graduating, JP chose Maryville University for his college in hopes of attaining a degree in, no surprise, Communication. He worked at the family bakery while attending Maryville. The perfect scenario for him, getting paid to be

with the people he loved. He was there for the first year of college and then decided to use his talents and venture into the field of sales working for T-Mobile and then AT&T. Since he was very independent, it was not until after his accident, I found out how successful he really was in his part time career. His new past times were very typical for a young man of 19. He loved the Cardinals, the Indianapolis Colts, playing any kind of poker, working out with his Dad at the gym and being the obnoxious jokester whenever and wherever possible.

Then came the nightmare on a rainy Friday in February. JP was doing his usual class time and then off to work in the evening. On Thursday, he had intentionally missed a dental appointment as it seemed more important to visit his family at the Bakery. I remember yelling at him about his responsibility to cancel his appointments and insisted he make it a point to call the next morning to explain and reschedule.

Read the entire Candlelight speech on the BPUSATl website, as space in this newsletter is limited to accommodate it in it's entirety.

**Hotel group rates available until
July 2, 2015..
subject to availability.**

Website or by phone: 860-627-5311



Bereaved Parents of the USA
2015 NATIONAL GATHERING
HARTFORD, CT • JULY 24 - 26

The Promise

Betty Stevens - TCF, Baltimore, MD

Cold winds blow across the frozen pond.
Snow lies deep upon the fields.
But the change has begun.
Daylight hours increase slowly.
With each passing day later sunsets are more apparent.
Winter is ending.
For bereaved parents
The change is awfully slow.
The progress is not always apparent
But the promise is the same.
Winter will end.
Spring will return.

Letter from Heaven

To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say.
But first of all, to let you know, that I arrived okay.
I'm writing this from Heaven. Here I dwell with God above.
Here, there's no more tears of sadness; Here is just eternal love.

Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight.
Remember that I am with you every morning, noon and night.
That day I had to leave you when my life on Earth was through.
God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you.

It's good to have you back again, you were missed while you were gone.

As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on.
I need you here badly, you're part of my plan.
There's so much that we have to do, to help our mortal man."

God gave me a list of things that he wished for me to do.
And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you.
And when you lie in bed at night the day's chores put to flight,
God and I are closest to you...in the middle of the night.

When you think of my life on Earth, and all those loving years,
Because you are only human, they are bound to bring you to tears.
But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain.
Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain.

I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned.
If I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand.
But one thing is for certain, though my life on Earth is o'er.
I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before.

There are many rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb;
But together we can do it by taking one day at a time.
It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too;
That as you give unto the world, the world will give to you.

If you can help somebody who's in sorrow and pain;
Then you can say to God at night...."My day was not in vain."
And now I am contented....that my life was worthwhile.
Knowing as I passed along the way I made somebody smile.

So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low;
Just lend a hand to pick him up, as on your way you go.
When you're walking down the street and you've got me on your
mind;
I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind.

And when it's time for you to go....from that body to be free;
Remember you're not going...you're coming here to me.

—Author Unknown

*A co-worker shared this with me when I lost my
daughter Julie in 2013
Marilyn Kister, St. Charles, MO*

Born Still: A Misunderstood Grief ***By Kathy Evans, NJ MISS Facilitator***

I find myself writing this, maybe because I hurt, maybe because I feel the need to educate others, maybe because I just have to.

I have belonged to TCF for about a year and a half now. I am just two years bereaved. My son died when I was full term with him. In my search for help to assist me through my own grief I have tried to help others understand what it is that we who have lost a baby - a child - at birth feels. Sometimes it is very difficult to explain because he never lived outside my womb. But because he was vibrantly alive inside of me for nine months, I grew to know him as he developed.

Sometimes I think back and try to remember the happy memories of my time with Sean. He loved Fettuccine Alfredo, but it had to have broccoli or shrimp in it. I think about the kind of music he liked. I think about sometimes drove me nuts! because of those days, and have joy. I have joy because I my son, because I mothered



how he hiccupped so often - it Oh, how I miss those days. But through this intense pain, I also had my son at all, because I loved him.

When I was first bereaved, I with their children and you didn't get to know him." I also how wrong they are. No have with your child - the should never have to bury our

looked at people who had "time" thought to myself, "Well, at least know now how wrong I was, and matter what amount of time you pain we feel is the same. We children.

I have pain because he died, because I had only ten minutes with him outside my womb, because I never saw his eyes open, never saw his smile, never heard him make a sound. That silence I heard in the delivery room was deafening. I have pain because he lay in a morgue for days waiting to be buried. I have the pain of seeing my son in his coffin, seeing that coffin closed, having a funeral, putting him in the ground, saying goodbye. Pain because I now must visit him at a cemetery. I grieve his loss terribly. I feel that crater burned into my heart, I feel the emptiness that will never be filled. I feel the loss of my future, my life.

You see, I feel what you feel. Our experience may be different, some may have had their children for a longer or shorter time than I did, but our pain is all the same. Losing a child is a life-altering experience. Things will never be the same - I will never be the same, and I don't want to!



In Memory of
Alicia Marie Brauer
10/06/84 - 6/16/12



In Memory of
Isaiah "Ike" Harrison
12/25/82 - 11/11/06



In Memory of
Andrew Bryan Krejci
10/19/73 - 09/11/97



In Memory of
Jill Elizabeth Scott
01/26/81 - 07/28/86



In Memory of
Brian Ruby
10/01/84 - 02/11/92



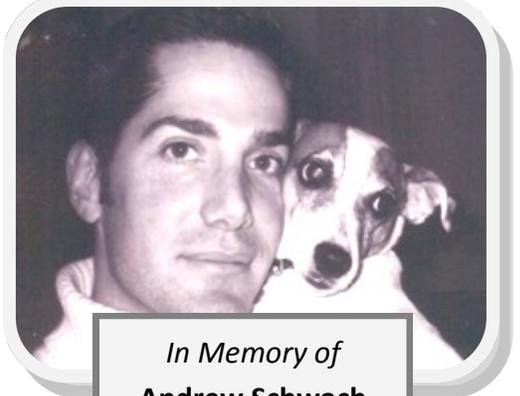
In Memory of
Christian Thomas Allen
03/02/85 - 09/27/06



In Memory of
David Steiner
07/18/77 - 04/22/12



In Memory of
Bill Steiner
12/03/73 - 07/22/95



In Memory of
Andrew Schwach
12/11/69 - 12/13/05

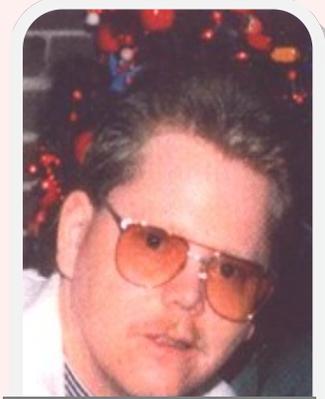


In Memory of
Gerald Anthony Arnold
12/22/65 - 10/22/86



In Memory of
Natalie Louise Astorino
06/12/91 - 04/09/95





In Memory of
Matthew Ryan Knoerle
09/20/83 - 03/10/02

In Memory of
Jason Richard Pappert
10/17/84 - 06/21/10

In Memory of
Natalie Gayle Mehlman
05/06/78 - 03/02/99

In Memory of
John C. Long IV
11/10/63 - 04/15/92

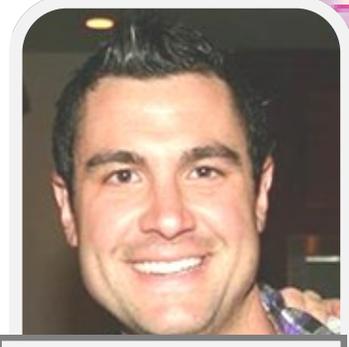


In Memory of
Jennifer Ann Eschmann
07/01/85 - 07/01/85

In Memory of
Sean Valentine
11/16/97 - 03/31/86

In Memory of
Joseph DeMarco
04/16/89 - 12/05/08

In Memory of
William Raymond Bousman
06/18/01 - 07/27/02



In Memory of
Michael Scheve
08/24/80 - 08/27/2011

In Memory of
Natalie Ann Frohning
10/17/87 - 06/20/12

In Memory of
Sunny Zangara
02/15/62 - 09/29/85

In Memory of
Lindsay Marie Dodd
11/15/81 - 06/23/03

LOVE GIFTS





In Memory of
Jeffrey Joseph Lloyd
02/27/77 - 03/20/94



In Memory of
Sean Leach
09/03/75 - 02/03/94



In Memory of
Brandon Lee Brun
03/14/85 - 08/24/07



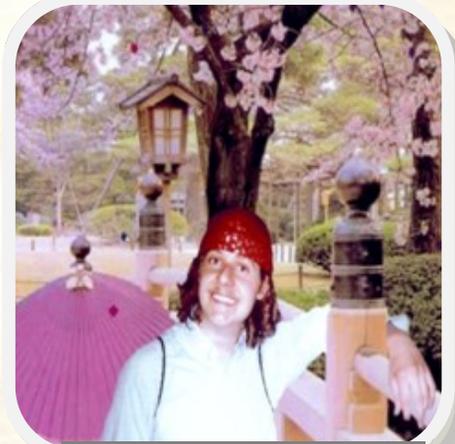
In Memory of
Timothy Michael Rorda
03/05/71 - 06/09/89



In Memory of
Kenneth Michael Lederich
11/07/82 - 04/28/14



In Memory of
Steven Robert Brown
08/20/71 - 09/04/2000

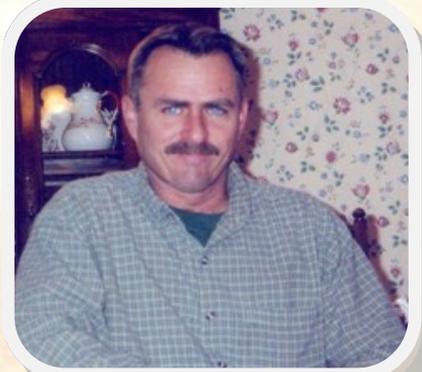


In Memory of
Tony Craig LaChance
09/30/90 - 06/02/08



In Memory of
Madden Joseph Meyer
01/05/05 - 10/01/05

LOVE GIFTS

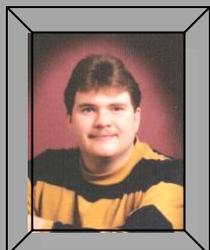


In Memory of
Kevin John Austin
06/15/60 - 09/07/04

Children of BPUSASTL's

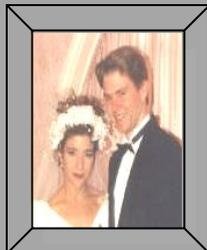
Active Board Members & Facilitators

**Brett Alan
Blanton**



Son of Barb Blanton

**Michael &
Kristen Curran**



*Son and
Daughter-in-law
of Sandy Curran*

**Joseph
DeMarco**



*Son of Theresa
DeMarco*

Joel Fehrmann



*Son of Linda
Fehrmann*

Natalie Frohning



*Daughter of Linda
Frohning*

Arthur Gerner



Emily Gerner



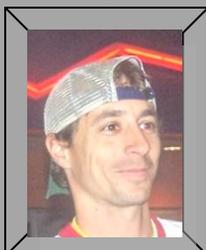
**Son
&
Granddaughter
of
Margaret Gerner
Founder of BPAUSA**

Jennifer Francisco



*Daughter of
Jeanne & Mike
Francisco*

Mickey Hale



*Son of Jacque
Glaeser*

Julie Bardle



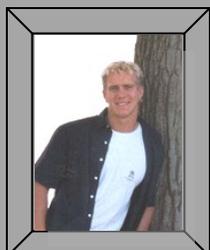
*Daughter of
Marilyn Kister*

Donnie Lagemann



*Son of Bill & Vicki
Lagemann*

Jeffrey Morris



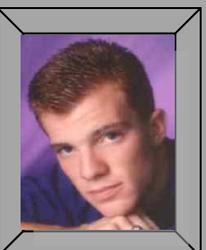
*Son of Cindy
Morris*

Leah Eisenberg



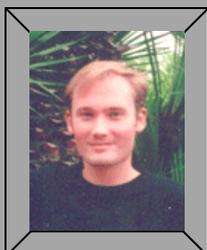
*Daughter of
Jamie Ryan*

Jeff Ryan



Son of Pat Ryan

Daniel Kohler



*Son of Arlene
Thomason*

Rosie Umhoefer



*Daughter of
Roseann Umhoefer*

Honor *your child* & support **BPUSASTL**

- **Tribute of the Month:**
Make a \$20 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 donation to submit a one-page story that links to your child's picture.
- **Love Gift:** For any donation your child's picture will appear on the Love Gifts page.

For any of the above, make sure that your child's picture and angel date is in **BPUSASTL** database. If not, mail one to PO Box or EMAIL: bpusastl@gmail.com



Saturday, April 11, 2015

8:30—9:00 am

Welcome, mingling, coffee,
and seating

Starts: 9:00 a.m.

Ends: 4:00 p.m.

*Cost: \$30/person
Includes lunch*

Location:

Machinist Hall
12365 St Charles Rock Rd
Bridgeton, MO 63044

Contacts:

Linda Fehrmann 314.853.7925

*Registration
required*

Grief Workshop 2015

Workshop Topics:

- ◆ Men's panel discussion
- ◆ Women's panel discussion
- ◆ Surviving siblings panel discussion
- ◆ Tear soup
- ◆ Pets and grief
- ◆ Signs from our children
- ◆ Alcohol, drugs and suicide
- ◆ The non-respectable deaths
- ◆ Quieting the mind/yoga

WORKSHOPS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE

*Pre-registration due by
April 1, 2015*

*Cost \$30/person
Includes lunch*

*Please bring a framed picture of
your child(ren) for display.*

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone #: _____

Email Address: _____

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE AND MAIL TO:

**BPUSA/STLOUIS CHAPTER, P.O. BOX 1115, ST. PETERS, MO 63376
WITH COMPLETED REGISTRATION BY APRIL 1, 2015.**

Sibling Page

Helping Siblings Embrace Their Memories

When a sibling dies, the surviving children must go through the long, arduous process of realizing and acknowledging that their brother or sister is gone forever. The permanence of death is difficult for everyone, even adults to accept.

Thank Goodness for memories. Remembering the child who died is an appropriate way for the siblings to continue that precious relationship. Encourage her to talk about her memories, both good and bad. Show her ways to capture her memories, such as creating a scrapbook or writing a poem. On special occasions like birthdays and holidays, help her remember what it was like to celebrate with her brother or sister. Remembering the past makes hope for the future possible.



“Helping Bereaved Siblings Heal,” Dr. Alan D. Wolfelt

A Caring Adult’s Role

How adults respond when someone loved dies has a major effect on the way children react to the death. Sometimes, adults don’t want to talk about the death because they want to spare children from some of the pain and sadness. For the same well-intentioned but misguided reason, adults hide their own feelings of grief from children.

What bereaved siblings really need is for adults to be open and honest with them about death. They need to see that grief is as natural a part of life as loving. Children need adults to confirm that it’s all right to be sad and to cry, and that the hurt they feel now won’t last forever.

When ignored, bereaved siblings may suffer more from feeling isolated than from the actual death itself. Worse yet, they may feel all alone in their grief.

“Helping Bereaved Siblings Heal,” Dr. Alan D. Wolfelt

*We need to have
the world bear
witness to the
pain of losing a
sibling, and we
need to carry the
memory of that
connection well
beyond the
bounds of time.*

- Suzanne Phillips, PsyD
“Do We Recognize the Grief of
Losing a Sibling?”
www.pbs.org

There's an elephant in the room. It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it. Yet we squeeze by with, "How are you?" and, "I'm fine," and a thousand other forms of trivial chatter. We talk about the weather; we talk about work; we talk about everything else —except the elephant in the room. There's an elephant in the room. We all know it is there. We are thinking about the elephants as we talk together. It is constantly on our minds. For, you see, it is a very big elephant. It has hurt us all, but we do not talk about the elephant in the room. Oh, please, say her name. Oh, please, say "Barbara" again. Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room. For if we talk about her death, perhaps we can talk about her life. Can I say, "Barbara" to you and not have you look away? For if I cannot, then you are leaving me alone in a room—with an elephant.

~ Terry Kettering

<http://www.recover-from-grief.com/poems-for-bereavement.html>

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM



"When a child dies, it's as if a giant nerve between you is severed. But with time, little by little, it'll grow skin and not be as painful."

G. Richard Smith, M.D., founder of the Psychiatric Research Institute at the University of Arkansas



Alike But Unalike, By: Dennis Klass, St. Louis, MO

"We are all alike, at the same time we are unalike. Our stories are different, our solutions are different, our ways of handling grief are different; but we are all alike in that we all hurt to the depths of our capacity to hurt, we experience many of the grief symptoms alike, and we are alike in our need for help. While we cannot give each other definite answers or take away each other's pain, we can help each other by simply being there and listening to each other."

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

BPUSA ST. LOUIS CHAPTER CHAIR:

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

Newsletter Submissions

Cut-off date for our next issue is

April 16 (day after tax day)

Send your submissions to:

Newsletter

PO Box 1115

St. Peters, MO 63376

bpsuastl@gmail.com

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

Six issues per year.

Thank you!!

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.



As always, for up-to-date
information on **BPUSAStL**
events visit
www.bpusastl.org



MEETING TIMES & PLACES

Our doors are open for you.

Bowling Green **GROUP**
(3rd Thursday, 7-9:00PM)
Super 8 Motel
1216 E. Champ Clark Dr.
Bowling Green, MO 63334
Fac: Bill & Vicki Lagemann
(573) 242-3632
Bowling Green's Sibling
(time same as Bowling
Green)
Fac: Wendy Koch
(573) 822-6123



BUSINESS
FACILITATORS
MEETINGS @ 9:00AM
March 14, 2015
BJC Hospital St. Peters
10 Hospital Drive
Room A/B
St. Peters, MO 63376
**ALL ARE
WELCOME!**
Contact:
Linda Fehrmann
(314) 853-7925

Tri-County **CHAPTER**
**Meetings temporarily
canceled. Please call:**
Brenda Wilson
(573)438-4559

Troy, MO **GROUP**
**Meetings temporarily
canceled. Please call:**
Cindy Morris
(636)462-9961

St. Peters - St. Charles **GROUP**
(1st Thursday, 7:00PM)
Knights of Columbus Hall
5701 Hwy N, St. Charles, MO
(Cottleville) 63304
Fac: Mike & Jeanne Francisco
(636) 947-9403
Sibling Group
(time same as St. Peters-St. Charles
Fac: Julie Garland (314) 496-9197

St. Louis City **GROUP**
(3rd Wednesday, 7:00PM)
Fifth Spiritualist Church
(lower level)
6026 S. Kingshighway (Lisette
and Kingshighway)
St. Louis, MO 63110
Fac: Sandy Curran
(314)518-2302

West County **GROUP**
(4th Tuesday, 7:00PM)
Shaare Emeth Congregation
11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue)
St. Louis, MO 63141
Fac: Jacque Glaser
(636)394-3122
jlynn63021@yahoo.com
CoFac: Arlene Thomason
(314)401-2510

www.bpusastl.org

OPEN ARMS* Parents Left Behind
4355 Butler Hill Road
Fac: Kathy Dunn (636) 343-5262

ADDITIONAL MEETINGS

Grief & Metaphysics Support
Group Fifth Spiritualist Church, for
more information contact Sandy
Curran, 314-518-2302
skc4pets@gmail.com

Life Crisis Center
(Survivors of Suicide)
Wednesdays at 7:00pm
9355 Olive Blvd.
St. Louis, MO 63132
(314) 647-3100

Survivors of Suicide
1st & 3rd Mondays at
6:30pm
Baue Funeral Home's
Community Center
608 Jefferson Street
St. Charles, MO 63301
Linda Fehrmann
(314) 853-7925

**GRASP: Grief Relief After
Substance Passing**
Sundays at 7:00PM
Harris House
8327 Broadway, 63111
MaryAnn Lemonds
(314) 330-7586
malemonds@gmail.com

Parents of Murdered Children
Meetings: 3rd Tues 7:30PM
St. Alexius Hospital
3933 S. Broadway
St. Louis, MO 63118
Mata Weber: 618.972.0429
Butch Hartmann (314) 487-8989

**PALS: Parents affected by
the loss of a child to Suicide**
4th Sat. at 10:30AM
St. Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)
St. Louis, MO 63017
Linda Fehrmann
(314) 853-7925

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

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MARCH - APRIL 2015

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so you will continue to receive this publication!*

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!

