



The day the Lord created hope was probably the day he created Spring.
—Bern Williams

May • June 2011

A Monumental Journey of the Heart

Reston, VA's Sheraton

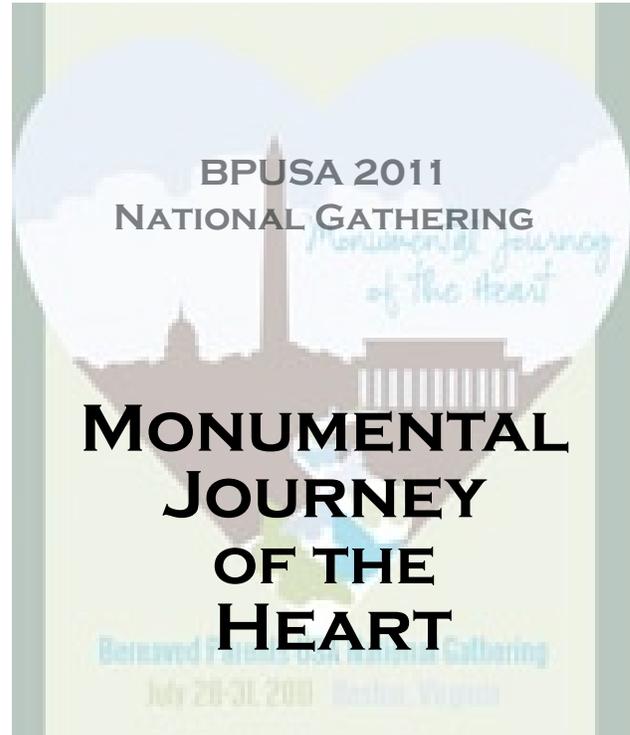
Where People Will Gather

—Mike Francisco, BPUSA StL

or new “members,” who need help to find your way out of the depths— something to hold on to and help bring back your voice. Bereaved Parents of the USA gives you support with a frequency you choose, once or twice or more times each month.

The annual Gathering, held this year at the Reston, VA Sheraton is another place where you can find answers to what’s been in the back of your mind and on the tips of your lips--what you really need to know. Jampacked into just a few days (July 29-31, 2011), you get information you can use. In a workshop, share with peer, true grit experts, like Mitch Carmody, Becky Greer, Drs. Gloria and Heidi Horsley, Dave Roberts, Darcie Sims, Rosemary Smith and Ron Villano, all bereaved parents who’ve “walked the walk” and “talk the talk.” Singers and songwriters Cindy Bullens and Alan Pedersen will share their music. The extensive Sibling Program includes

workshops, presenters, entertainment, activities and social time. Tell and receive experiences during the Friday and Saturday evening Sharing Sessions. Honor your child or sibling by participating in the Slideshow Presentation. Find your personal treasures in the Butterfly Boutique or Bookstore. Order a Picture-Button or use this opportunity to make keepsakes you may share (bring your child’s picture). The Hospitality Area social gathering spot is always available, or for more quiet moments, you may find peace in the Reflection Room. Local attractions include nearby Washington, DC, and Atlantic Ocean resorts are a few hour’s drive, but both are better enjoyed by



JULY 28-31, 2011

planning ahead. Take some time out of this year and follow the trails on “A Monumental Journey of the Heart,” Gathering 2011. ■

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Bereaved Parents USA National Gathering July 28-31, 2011 Reston, Virginia



"Monumental Journey of the Heart"

Sheraton Reston Hotel, Reston, Virginia / Washington DC
near Dulles International Airport.

**The Gathering will "kick-off" on Thursday evening,
July 28th the following events:**

- Concert by two time Grammy Nominee, singer-songwriter and bereaved parent, Cindy Bullens.
- Award winning documentary, "Space Between Breaths" will be presented by Rosemary Smith.
- During the Gathering, songs of love, loss, and healing will be provided by Alan Pederson.

Gathering Cost:

Registration for the gathering costs \$35.00 per person, with a maximum of \$90.00 per family. Early registrations, postmarked or made online by June 1, 2011, will receive a \$5 discount; costs just \$30.00 per person, with a maximum of \$80.00 per family.

Meals are \$145.00 for adults and \$75.00 for children for all seven meals, which includes 3 breakfasts, 2 lunches, and 2 dinners.

Thursday evening prior to the concert and documentary, an optional dinner buffet will be available for \$17.00

For more information or to register, visit www.bereavedparentsusa.org



Remember
to
Save
the
Date



EASTER & PASSOVER

—Dave Ziv TCF Buckmonts, PA

For both holidays there is the religious aspect and how to deal with it. But, also for both holidays, there is “the children’s hour,” so to speak. For Easter there have always been the Easter Parade, Easter eggs, and the Easter bunny.

For Passover, there have been matzah, the Seder with the recitations of the Four Questions, and with the participation of the youngest child.

So, again, what do you do? Both Easter and Passover are holidays in which children are strongly involved. To see that empty chair at the table, to know that missing child is no longer with us, can be devastating, especially after the first or second anniversary of the death. As with the other holidays, Christmas, Chanukah, Thanksgiving, there are no pat answers, no magical formulas.

If you can, visit the cemetery. If you can, talk about your child during the holidays. At our house we have made a ritual to remember our son at the beginning of the Passover Seder. Please handle these holidays any way you can. Remember, there are no rules. Do it your way! ■

“I loved the boy with the utmost love of which my soul is capable; and he is taken from me—
yet in the agony of my spirit
in surrendering such a treasure
I feel a thousand times richer than if
I had never possessed it.” —William Wordsworth

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE HEART

—James Clark, TCF, Nashville, TN

“The holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves silent and apart; the secret anniversaries of the heart.” —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

With these words, the poet describes the universal human experience for the deeply-moving events that occur in our lives; for me, and I suspect for you, the words apply most often to the times of loss or sorrow or grief. Those days should be, and indeed shall be, secret and honored anniversaries of the heart - not to be abandoned nor dismissed as though they were just another day, which they can never be. But there are other days as well which are holy holidays - days which only we celebrate because they too are secret from or unrevealed to most. They are the days of firsts, the days of achievement, the days of graduation, the days of recognition, the days of laughter and joy, the days of hugs, and maybe even the days of happy tears.

Thankfully, they can be just as special as the others. None replaces another as no day in our lives replaces any other, but each takes its proper place in the whole cloth which is ours. For some, the fabric is tightly woven like canvas with the threads of myriad events crammed close together, while for others who live to be quite old... the threads are looser like burlap. But for each, our days are woven together - the weak with the strong, the bright and the dull, the beautiful and the painful - to make the tapestry of our existence. Just as every thread is important to the strength and usefulness and beauty of the cloth, so is every day, every secret anniversary of our hearts, important to the calendar of our lives. ■

Margaret's

CORNER *By* Margaret Gerner, MSW

SPRING: HOPE OR MORE PAIN

Emily & Arthur Gerner

**HERE IT COMES! Spring!**

Flowers blooming, weather warming, the cold of winter is behind us. We're coming up out of our pain. Right? Wrong!

My six-year-old son, Arthur, was killed by an automobile on Friday, May 28, 1971. The Easter before was the last time we were together as a complete family. For years after, spring, and especially the Easter season, began, again, the realization that we were no longer a complete family, and never would be again. Each year brought a new year of pain. When the first spring came after Arthur was killed, I thought I would be better. Buds popped out, and my sadness was deeper. Easter came, and my pain was no less. The temperature rose, but the coldness in my heart never left. Many more springs came—and none of them brought the relief I prayed for. For me, the hope and renewal that was supposed to be a

part of spring was a lie. Ironically though, the beginning of the resolution of my grief began in the spring of 1978.

My grief, which by this time had become prolonged and distorted, created a number of other problems in my life. Among them was the deterioration of my marriage. We began seeing a marriage counselor. I couldn't believe it when he told me that it was not only acceptable, but necessary, to face Arthur's death and talk about the pain and emotions I had been encouraged to suppress all these years.

Mine is a long story of struggle and determination, of steps and missteps and pain and sadness and loss. But it's also a long story of change and growth. The beginning of the resolution of my grief may have started then, but it didn't all happen in spring. It took place over many seasons.

Various seasons are significant for

all of us. The Christmas holidays may be significant for you. The middle of June may be significant for someone else. A colorful fall may be significant for another. But, for some reason, we are led to believe that spring will bring a lessening of our pain.

This is not true. Spring is simply a time of year. It's a date. It's a season. It's symbolic. But, spring is not magic. Yes, it holds promises, but those promises are only brought to fruition when we work at them. Spring can be the impetus for change. The changes that take place in nature can cause us to do what we need to do to resolve our grief. The beauty of spring can be the factor that encourages us to find beauty in our lives again.

Yes, we see growth and change and renewal all around us in spring. But it won't happen for us unless we make it happen. In early grief, we hardly see spring come. We are so immersed in our pain and desolation that it is hard to see anything. Just as winter comes before spring, dark, painful grief work comes before we begin to see the light of comfortable life again. Don't expect to sidestep the healthy, albeit painful, normal, and long process of grief. Don't endow a season with magic to make changes in you. Hard, painful grief work is what will get you to the other side of your child's death, not a date on the calendar. ■ *Read other helpful articles by Margaret at bpustl.org/poems/articles*

BRIAN'S 6TH ANGEL DATE

GREG'S 2184TH DAY OF A NEW NORMAL

—Greg Klocke, BPUSA St Louis

The sound of your laugh echo's in the halls of my mind. I can close my eyes and see your face painted on the canvas of my memory.

Sometimes I lose my breath with feeling of your big bear hugs. I can remember the feeling of walking on air when you came into my life and made me a Dad. The times you would sit in my lap on the floor on Saturday mornings watching cartoons. I still can smell the fragrance of your curly blond hair. The pride I felt when you learned to talk and I taught you to say the Cubs are bums. The smile on your face challenged the sun itself when you caught your first fish. The next time I saw that smile was the day your daughter was born. You held her so carefully as though she was made of glass. Your quick temper was like lightning in a thunder storm but like a thunder storm it would pass just as quick. I drift back to that horrible day once in a while but all the wonderful memories you left wash those thoughts away like footprints on the beach. When I go to bed at night I thank the Lord that I was allowed to be your Dad. Until we meet again Brian I love you. ■

9 years Back Steps

I was busy today rushing around the office working on a project, when a new staff member saw your photo on my desk. She picked up the frame and gazed at your face. She raised her head and asked, “Is this your son?” I said, “Yes and I paused... I knew it was coming— I held my breath. She looked at me with the frame still in her hands and asked casually, “Where does he go to school?” Her face was innocent. Her eyes searched my face. Time stood still as my heart sank...

Because I knew I had to tell “the” story, and I wondered if I could say the truth without breaking down. Nine years and I still cry at the question. I knew I had to sum up in a brief moment the pain, the horror, the loneliness of living without you.

I guess sometimes I think I’m normal. I have pictures on my desk like everyone else ... I trick myself into thinking my life is moving on, when actually a large part of my life stopped— The day you were killed. Nine years... and still counting...

—Janice Lopez, Sacramento Valley BPUSA

St. Louis Bulletin Board

WWW Honor your Child Support BPUSA StL

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

- 1. Sponsor our webpage:** To sponsor the St. Louis Chapter website and place your child's picture on the Home page with information announcing the special day and link to your child's virtual memorial page.
- 2. Include your child in our Virtual Memorial:** To add your child's picture and a one page story in our Virtual Memorial in our Meet Our Children web are
- 3. Honor your child in our newsletter:** If you would like to have your child's picture in the next issue, please contact our newsletter editor [email] for further details.

Newsletter Submissions

Cut off date for
July August
June 15th

Send your submission to:

Newsletter
PO BOX 1115
St. Peters, MO 63376

If sending picture include
a self addressed
stamped envelope
and make checks payable to

BPUSA StL

Thankyou!



GFA is
September 24,
2011



Corrections

Please notify
us of
ommissions
or
mistakes!

*Part of **BPUSA StLs** commitment is to be a space where our parents and families can communicate. Printed in your newsletter 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. **BPUSA StL** shares these insights not only for your contemplation but also to acknowledge our community's many, rich sources for strength and hope. ■*

JUST FOR TODAY

JUST FOR TODAY I will try to live through the next 24 hours and not expect to get over my child's death, but instead learn to live with it, just one day at a time.

JUST FOR TODAY I will remember my child's life, not his death, and bask in the comfort of all those treasured days and moments we shared.

JUST FOR TODAY I will forgive all the family and friends who didn't help or comfort me the way I needed them to. They truly did not know how.

JUST FOR TODAY I will smile no matter how much I hurt on the inside, for maybe if I smile a little of my heart will soften and I will begin to heal.

JUST FOR TODAY I will free myself from my selfinflicted burden of guilt, for deep in my heart I know if there was anything in this world I could have done to save my child from death, I would have done it.

JUST FOR TODAY I will honor my child's memory by doing something with another child, be it my own, or someone else's, because I know that would make my child proud.

JUST FOR TODAY I will offer my hand in friendship to another bereaved parent, for I do know how they feel.

JUST FOR TODAY I will allow myself to be happy and enjoy myself; for I know that I am not deserting him by living on.

JUST FOR TODAY I will remember that even death cannot take away the special love we shared and JUST FOR TODAY I will accept that I did not die when my child did; my life did go on; and I am the only one who can make life worthwhile once more. ■

—Author Unknown

Children of BPUSASTL'S Board Members & Facilitators

Michael A. Maixner
son of
Bob Maixner



Michael Yakley
son of Victoria Kellison

Jennifer Francisco
daughter of
Jeanne & Mike
Francisco



Brian Klocke
son of Greg Klocke

Donnie Lagemann
son of Bill & Vicki
Lagemann



Jeffrey Morris
son of Cindy Morris

Jeff Ryan
son of Pat Ryan



Leah Eisenberg
daughter of Jamie Ryan

Brett Alan Blanton
son of Barb Blanton



Ryan Arnold
son of Donna Arnold

Joel Fehrmann
son of
Linda Fehrmann



Brian Ruby
son of Judy Ruby



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



Daniel Kohler
son of
Arlene Thompson



In Memory of

Raymond Reis

January 8, 1991— November 21, 2007

Love Mom

—Cathy Reis



In Memory of

Nicholas Aaron Aitken

Love Mom

—Tamara Aitken



In Memory of

Aaron Cole Lehmann

January 1, 1996— November 9, 2010

Always in our hearts

Dad, Ms. Courtney & Brody

What Is A Love Gift? A love gift is a **TAX DEDUCTABLE** donation made in your child's memory to **BPUSAStL**

We are a self-supporting organization that runs entirely with a volunteer staff. For that reason, fundraising efforts and tax deductible donations like Love Gifts, Golfing for Angels, Web Sponsorship, Web Memorials, and other events pay all of our expenses.

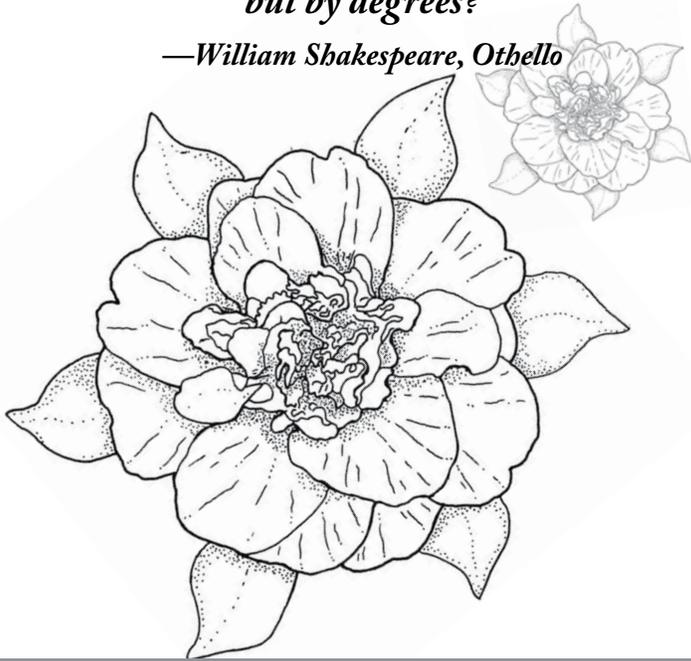
If you 'd like to have your child's photo printed and do not have a picture on file, please send a photo along with a self addressed stamped envelope to:

BPUSAStL, Lovegift, PO BOX 1115
St. Louis, MO 63376

Make checks payable to **BPUSAStL**.

*What wound did ever heal
but by degrees?*

—William Shakespeare, *Othello*



*In
three
words
I can
sum up
everything I
have learned
about life,
it goes on.*

—Robert Frost, whose life
“went on” amidst the death of
four of his six children

SPRING IS COMING

—Evelyn Billings, TCF Springfield, MA

If you are newly bereaved and looking toward your “first” spring, you may be surprised by some of the feelings you may experience during the next few weeks. We hear so much about the beauty of spring – the new life and the feelings of renewal that are supposed to accompany this lovely time of year. During my “first” year, I expected that spring would cheer me up, and make me feel lots better. How surprised and frustrated I was when, on one of those truly magnificent spring days as life seems to burst forth everywhere, I was “in the pits.” When a friend said to me, “Doesn’t a day like this really

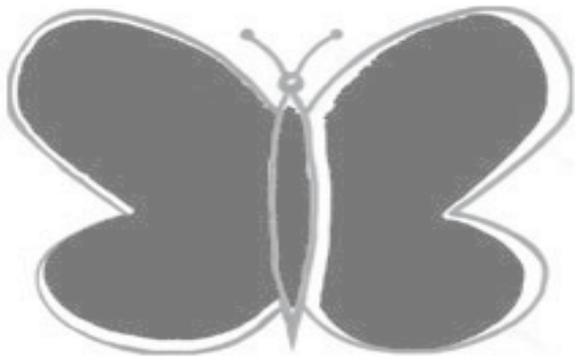
lift your spirits and make you feel better?” I had to reply honestly that I was having a really bad day --that the sense of loss and emptiness was greatly intensified.

Gradually, I began to realize that my expectations for spring were unrealistically high. I had looked forward to spring with the wrong kind of hope. When we are newly bereaved, we are constantly looking for something to take away the pain and make our lives all right again. Unfortunately, there is no magical event or moment when this takes place. It does happen, but only with time and the grief work which we all must do before we can be

healed.

The coming of spring cannot make everything okay again. What it can do, however, is remind us that regardless of what happens in our lives, nature’s process will continue, and that can offer us hope.

I am looking forward to spring this year. I welcome the sun’s warmth, the return of the birds from their winter in the south, and forsythia, the daffodils and the greening of the world. Know that someday you will once again welcome spring. Be gentle and patient with yourself and with nature. Don’t expect too much. Be ready to let a little of the hope that spring can offer into your heart. ■



Newly Bereaved...

—Patty Fallon, TCF Central Oregon

PICTURES I set them out, I put them away... I get them out and start to go through them filled with wonder that the daughter pictured there is no longer going to call or walk in the door or send a card filled with love and humor-cards that brightened my day, made me laugh and always prompted me to call her and give her a big hug when she walked in the door.

PICTURES I get them out. I run my hand over her face, lingering on her lips, remembering “kissy face mom.” And suddenly, overcome with grief, I pull that picture to me and kiss her and tell her how much I love her and how very much I miss her... and then I look again, and see her eyes— eyes that sparkled and twinkled with mischief though at times filled with deep reflection.

She was a sensitive, intuitive young woman who possessed wisdom and insight much beyond her years. She “left us” when she was only 24.

PICTURES At times I hate them. They show me what I don’t have. They bring back memories of a time when Jody was healthy and happy. A time when life with her was a joy. I am not yet to a place in my grief healing where I can remember those times very well.

I’m still filled with memories of her illness, pain, and death, and I’m still at the place that I want all of those horrible memories to be a bad dream—a dream that I will wake from, hearing Jody’s voice calling me to come outside so that we can take

some... **PICTURES.** ■

MEN DO CRY

*I heard quite often “men don’t cry”
Though no one ever told me why.
So when i fell and skinned a knee
No one came by to comfort me.*

*And when some bully boy at school
Would pull a prank so mean and cruel,
I’d quickly learned to turn and quip,
“It doesn’t hurt and bite my lip”*

*So as i grew to reasoned years
I learned to stifle any tears.
Though “be a big boy” it began
Quite soon i learned to “be a man”.*

*And i could play that stoic role
While storm and tempest wracked my soul.
No pain or set back could there be
Could wrest one single tear from me.
Then one long night i stood nearby
And helplessly watched my son die.
And quickly found to my surprise,
That all that tearless talk was lies.*

*And still i cry, and have no shame.
I cannot play that “big boy” game.
And openly without remorse,
I let my sorrow take its course.*

*So those of you who can’t abide
A man you’ve seen who’s often cried,
Reach out to him with all your heart
As one who life’s been torn apart .*

*For men do cry when they can see
Their loss of immortality.
And tears will come in endless streams
When mindless fate destroys their dreams. ■*

CONNOR BRICE

—Connor Brice, Jan 25, 2011

Every single one of us has that one person who we always want at our side. Whether it be a girlfriend, boyfriend or even a best friend; there may even be more than one. The fact is we all have that one person who manages to keep a smile on our faces day in and day out all because of the smile on theirs. They have an indescribable magic to them, a type of magic that can create much more than glass slippers or a pumpkin carriage. This is the type of the magic that possesses the one of a kind ability to take us from the lowest sanction of self destruction and raise us up to a paradise only outdone by heaven itself. These heroes of our everyday lives always have always had a genuine desire to pick up the phone just to check in on us. The survival of our better well beings, which we are constantly rebuilding, lies completely in their hands.

The magic in their souls is some that a fairy godmother can only dream about. Though we are completely aware that their presence is what we rely on most in lives, have we ever taken just one second to think

I can still remember clear as day the dreadful sounds and sights of my parents crumbling to the ground as they realized their teenage son would never walk through the front door of our small town home again.

about what would happen if we were forced to live without them?

There certainly are times that we as people take the time to look at who we really are and what is important to us. We give thanks for what we have been so blessed with once a year at our Thanksgiving table, but is that really enough? Is one day out of the year all that our loved ones deserve? What about that one special person; Is one day of the year enough to be thankful for them? The answer comes quite naturally when we find ourselves left here without them.

One of the most difficult things to live through is waking up one morning without the person we love

Sibling Page

more than anything. The experience is made much worse if the loss is what made us realize what they really meant to us. From firsthand experience, I personally know this to be more than accurate. No older than ten years old I had began idolizing someone whom had more personality in one strand of hair on his head than most have in their entire body. He was an incredible person whom I am honored to call a brother. Unfortunately the unforgettable times that Ryan and I were having on a daily basis, came to a screeching halt late one summer night. Faster than I could possibly imagine my life turned around never to return to normalcy again. I can still remember clear as day the dreadful sounds and sights of my parents crumbling to the ground as they realized their teenage son would never walk through the front door of our small town home again. A car accident had brutally taken my brother away from me. From there the good times I had shared with my brother traumatically made a change into fading memories. Slowly reality began to set into my mind, and as I was looking at a life without a brother I had the privilege of knowing so well over ten years, nothing ever seemed to make sense. I quickly realized no one can prepare for this kind of loss. I never realized how much Ryan really did mean to me. He was the special person I relied on most, it just took me sitting through his funeral to realize it. Before I knew it I had lived a week without him, then a month and slowly but surely came the one year anniversary. The next thing I knew I was on day 2,753 without the brother who made me the person I am today.

No one ever believes the worst could possibly happen to them. Everyday people take for granted the people they know and love, but what only a select few unfortunate souls can understand is, the worst could very simply happen faster than anyone could imagine. While some change can be for the best, change can also turn the world upside down for any amount of people. Tragedies like this have been occurring since the beginning of time and yet some people refuse to believe they could be the next subject of fate's twisted plans of destruction. Some pep-

CONTINUED ON 12 ▶

Those memories are being transformed, unmistakable, into messages of hope.

SIBLINGS FROM 11 ▶

le are just too stubborn, however others are simply afraid. They have heard the tragic stories of car accidents, murders and war, but are too afraid to face facts. It's the horrifying fear that comes with these stories that can make any person block their mind out of any possibilities of such drastic change.

Just because our minds have the ability to convince us that the worst will never come, does not make it true. Unfortunately death and tragedy is something everyone will experience, but when we do reach that point in our lives we have to realize that this time is not about us; this time is about the ones who have passed away. We need to be strong and let them go, a task easier said than done but vitally important. They have accomplished the task which they have been sent to earth to complete and their time has come to enjoy eternal bliss. It may be difficult but we need to be happy for them. And even though the pain we feel through a loss of a loved one will never completely pass, it will lessen. Life does move on after death, and it is what we learn from our tragedies that define us.

Nothing of which we remember will ever be the same, and it will seem that our world has been turned upside down. There may be moments where we find that moving forward is an impossibility. It is those times in which our cherished memories become everything. For memories allow spirits to remain alive. Not just of the ones whom have deceased, but also the spirits that live in every single one of our hearts. Memories are what keep our spirits alive to witness life-fulfilling joy as we patiently wait for the next 2,753 days to pass. ■



Telephone Friends

BPUSAStL :

Linda Ferhmann(314) 878-0890

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:

BPUSAStL is looking for a volunteer

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

When are you ready to live again? There is no list of events or anniversaries to check off. In fact, you are likely to begin living again before you realize you are doing it. You may catch yourself laughing. You may pick up a book for recreational reading again. You may start playing lighter, happier music. When you do make these steps toward living again, you are likely to feel guilty at first. "What right have I," you may ask yourself, "to be happy when my child is dead?"



And yet something inside feels as though you are being nudged in this positive direction. You may even have the sense that this nudge is from your child, or at least a feeling that your child approves of it. ■

Horchler, J. N. and R.R. Morris. *The SIDS Survival Guide: Information and Comfort for Grieving Family and Friends and Professionals Who Seek to Help Them.* Hyattsville, MD: SIDS Educational Services, 1994, p 158.

YOUR HEAVEN

—Teylor Reese

*Your hands,
Soft and young
Like innocence in a baby.*

*Day to Day,
without you, is unbearable
And painful.*

*Heaven may be great,
My selfishness
Keeps you here on earth.*

*Hands and Heaven,
make me think
Are you happier there?*

*You hold my hand,
And say to me,
"Be strong, you'll see me again."*

Father's Day Reflection: *Simply Listen*

What about dealing with a father's grief? Many men, unlike women, feel uncomfortable discussing the death of their children. It is too deep and too emotional. Dad is the culturally recognized "Protector" and "Stronghold" of the family. It is his duty to remain strong and unyielding. Even if his heart is breaking, he may have difficulty expressing it openly. Do not push him to verbalize his feelings, but rather, encourage him by simply listening when he does choose to talk. If you attempt to comfort him while he is grieving, he may feel guilty for making you bear the burden of the "Protector" and quickly clean up his tears and move on to busy work. Remember that just listening can be an effective way to support a grieving father. ■ *From the TCF/Central Iowa Chapter —no author noted*

A Bereaved Mother

—Zel Hester, TCF/ Atlanta GA

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who stands at a grave wondering how she is going to live the rest of her life without this child.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who thinks she will spend the rest of her life with horrendous feeling inside.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who learns she can think again of happy moments instead of the horror that surrounds the child's death.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who has to learn how to live all over again.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who has to start new traditions in her family because the old ones no longer work.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who wishes they would take Mother's Day out of the calendar.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who only has the past left of her child.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who has to learn to accept the loss of her beloved child and uses what she has learned to help others.

○A Bereaved Mother is someone who can again learn to smile, to look forward to the future and get excited again because her Compassionate Friends were there when she needed them. ■

We Walked Together

*We walked together, you and I
a mother and her daughter.*

We had hopes and dreams for tomorrow.

But tomorrow didn't come.

We walked together, you and I,

We talked, we laughed, we loved,

we shared so many happy times

And for that, I thank the Lord above.

We walked together, you and I,

but only for a short time.

For all too soon it ended

leaving pieces of broken heart behind.

And even though I miss you,

more than words can ever say,

I thank God that I got to walk with you

every precious moment of every day.

■

—In loving memory of Kimberly Barrett, Prince William, VA

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

(1st Thursday, 7:00 PM)

Knights of Columbus Hall
5701 Hwy N, Cottleville MO

Fac: Mike & Jean Francisco
(636) 947-9403

St. Peters' SIBLING GROUP

Fac: Nikki Boswell
nichole.boswell@gmail.com

(Meets same time as St Peters)

TROY, MO Group

(2nd Tuesday, 7 PM)

Ingersoll Chapel in Troy

Fac: Cindy Morris (636)462-9961

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

WEST COUNTY Group

(4th Tuesday, 7 PM)

Shaare Emeth Congregation,
11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue)
St. Louis MO 63141

Facs: Judy Ruby (314)994-1996
Arlene Thomason (314) 401-2510

NORTH COUNTY Group

(3rd Saturday, 9:30 AM)

Coldwell Banker
Gundaker Bldg (rear)
2402 North Hwy 67
Florissant, MO

Fac: Pat Ryan (314)605-3949

Volunteer interpreter for
 *hearing impaired, call ahead!*

CRESTWOOD Group

(2nd Tuesday of the month, 7:00PM)

Chads Coalition Building
(Formerly Montgomery Bank)
180 Crestwood Plaza.

(9200 Watson Rd.) *New Meeting*
St. Louis, Mo. 63126

FAC: Sandy Curran (314)518-2302
skc4pets@gmail.com

SO. COUNTY Fenton Group

(2nd & 4th Monday, 7 PM)

Abiding Savior Lutheran Church
4355 Butler Hill Rd.
St. Louis, Mo 63128

Fac: Kathy Myers (636)343-5262
Co: Darla McGuire (636)671-0916

So County Sibling Group

Fac: Stephanie Dunn

A WARM, WELCOME TO NEWCOMERS

We understand how difficult it is to attend your first meeting. Feelings can be overwhelming; we have all experienced them and know how important it is to take that first step.

Our stories may be different, but we are alike in that we all hurt deeply. We cannot take your pain away, but we can offer friendship and support. Bring a friend or relative to lean on if you wish. ■

BPUSA StL Chapter's

Business • Facilitators

Meetings: May 14th & June 11th
Saturday @ 9:00 AM

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

St. Peters, MO 63376

All interested in how our chapter operates are welcomed! **Questions?**

Call: Cindy Morris
(636) 462-9961

ADDITIONAL MEETINGS

Parents of Murdered Children:

Meetings: 3rd Tues 7:30 p.m.

St Alexius Hospital
3933 S Broadway
Mata Weber (618) 972-0429
Butch Hartmann
(314) 487-8989

LIFE CRISIS CENTER:

(Survivors of Suicide)

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

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

Meetings:

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 St, St Charles,
Mo 63301
Meets: 1st & 3rd Monday
Linda Ferhmann
(314) 853-7925

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

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May • June 2011

If you have moved, please notify us of your new address 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.

