



Bereaved Parents USA

St. Louis Chapter Newsletter

May - June 2016

VOLUME 39 - NUMBER 3

The St. Louis City Group, facilitated for 16 years by **Sandy Curran**, held their last meeting on March 16, 2016. Sandy wishes to focus on the Grief and Metaphysics Group on the topic: "After Death Communication".

Arlene Thomason stepped down from the role as Co-Facilitator at the West County Group to focus on family priorities.

Thank you to both **Sandy** and **Arlene** for their dedication to the Groups and to the Board of Directors.

Kim Wiese recently joined the Board and will assume the Co-Facilitator role for the West County Group. Welcome and thank you for volunteering.

Business meetings are held at 9am at BJC Hospital, St. Peters, MO. Information is on page 15 of this newsletter. Anyone is welcome to attend. Come out and join the discussions, share your ideas, ask questions. Contact Pat Dodd, Chapter Chair, if you wish to sit in on any sessions.

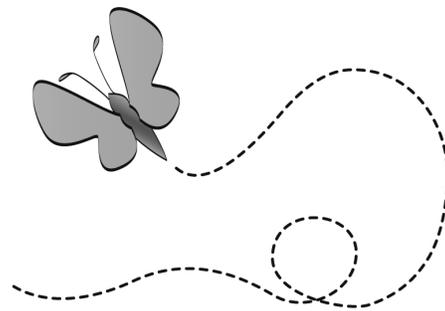


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Dandelions From Heaven

Mothers Day is coming...and I wanted to send you a sign...
Something you can tell others..."Is from an angel of mine".
So I searched the Heavens high and low for that perfect thing..
And low and behold I found it....and a smile I hope it will bring.

So when you look to the Heavens...and see the yellow stars in the sky...
Just think of me...your angel... in the Heavens way up high...
And just imagine those stars...are dandelions up above...
Yes! Dandelions are also in Heaven...,which you know how much I love.

So on this Mothers Day... when you awake and feel blue...
You will notice those yellow stars...are no longer in view...
So just look to the meadows and the dandelions you see....
Are the ones I've tossed down this Mothers Day from me!

And when you find a dandelion that has turned from yellow to white...
You're supposed to make a wish...and then blow with all your might.
For you will be blowing kisses... to me in Heaven above....
And I will be catching them and blowing them back...sent with all my love.

Please know that I am with you...on this Mothers Day...
And also in the days ahead...God and I will never stray...
We will be with you in the morning...when you wake and see the sun..
We will be with you when you say your prayers...when the day is done.

For God and I will never be...very far from your side...
For I can now be everywhere...and God will be your guide...
So...remember when you see dandelions...its your guarantee...
That I am always close to you....
For dandelions are free to roam.....now just like me.

I will always be with you Mom....
Happy Mothers Day
Love, Your Angel in Heaven.

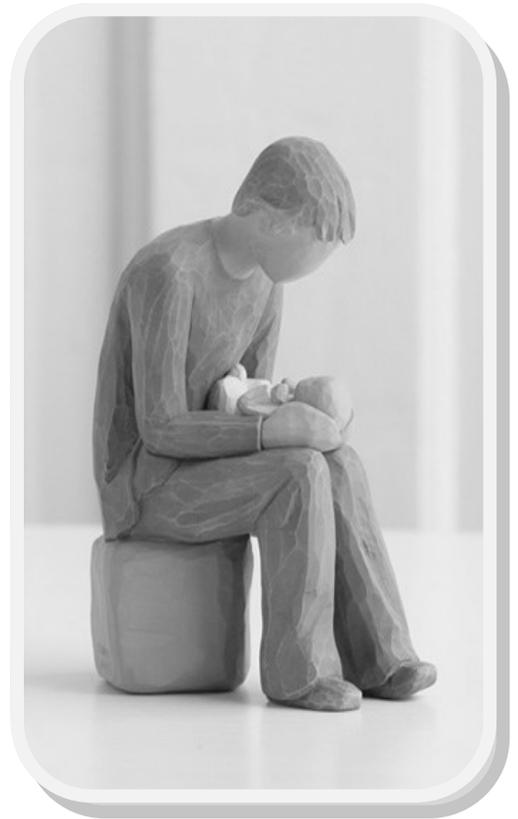
Copyright © May 2001 Written by :
Laura/Heavenly Lights Children's Memorial

www.heavenlylights.homestead.com



MISSING HER

I gaze upon her photos at her smiles and long blond hair.
I chuckle for a moment as my mind is transferred there
to playing games with cousins, photo sessions of surprise.
I captured her amazement at my Santa Claus disguise.
But only for these moments do I dwell into our past
as turmoil overtakes those memories that we amassed.
I'm missing how we made up games and played them many times.
I'm missing how I heard her laughter with my silly rhymes.
I'm missing how we played "Buffy" and "Tickles" at age two.
I'm missing all the crazy little things we used to do.
The Father-Daughter dances and the camping trips allowed
essential opportunities for us to laugh out loud.
They won't be soon forgotten, but abilities to stare
into their positivities are nonexistent there.
I'm missing all she told me and what mattered to her most.
I'm missing all the times we swam together coast to coast.
I'm missing all the swimming and the joy when she would dive
with knowing how she trusted me to catch her at age five.
I'm missing all the waterparks including C. B. Smith
and how the days would fly no matter who we went there with.
I'm missing how her playhouse always had my extra room.
I'm missing how she gazed in wonder at a springtime bloom.
I'm missing all the dancing and the jokes we always shared
and how she made me happy everytime that I was there.
I'm missing all my daughter's sounds, no matter when nor where.
I'm missing how she greeted me with ever-changing hair.
Remembering our noises that we made while eating food -
each spoonful was annoying and to others, maybe rude.
But it was harmless pleasures with a father and his girl,
and we'd escape quite often to that perfect private world.
I miss how Kellie looked at me with true love and respect,
and growing closer everyday; thrilled every time we met.
I miss the color of those eyes; the same green tint as mine.
I shared with her so many things, and thought we had more time.
I now share many memories of all the fun we had
and revel in the honor that I got to be her dad.
But then it all came to an end. She left so suddenly.
She left me here so lonely now, forever I will be.
It's not supposed to be this way. I'm not supposed to cry.
I'm not supposed to see my daughter pass before I die.
I'm not supposed to feel my heart ripped wildly from my chest,
or hear from family and friends it's just another test.
How can it be a God that loves allows us so much pain?
How can it be we're made to suffer time and time again?
It doesn't seem to matter, God. I tried to figure out
Your reasoning to take her still. What was that all about?
I cry my heart out, night and day. You took her just past dawn.
Without a word of warning, God, my baby girl was gone.
What's to learn from all of this? I haven't yet a clue.
I just know for all those concerned, the closure's well past due.
To lay it all before me, it just makes no sense at all.
And that's why I'm still heartsick here, continuing to fall.



POEM BY: Cary Gregory
Wentzville, MO BPA



DAYBREAK

A Couples' Grief Retreat

A grief retreat for couples who have experienced the death of a child.

What

A one day retreat for couples who have lost a son or daughter. Daybreak provides an opportunity for couples to reconnect and communicate with each other, gain a great understanding of different grieving styles, and find a community of others who have experienced a similar tragedy. Couples can also learn new coping tools and remember and honor their children together.



"This retreat was a complete blessing." - Clara J.

When

June 18, 2016

Where

Community Commons
St. Peters, MO



Cost

No charge for participants due to generous community donations.

"This type of communication, learning and sharing is a great help. I was relieved to discover other men going through the same thing as me." - John K.

For information or to register, call 314-953-1676 or email griefsupport@bjc.org

bjchospice.org

BJC Hospice

Magellan HEALTH

Friends of Wings

HC2371316



Mother-Daughter Connection Lead to Angel of Hope Garden

In January, I took a hiking trip with 40 people on a bus to old and historic cities in Florida, such as St. Augustine and Jacksonville. Each day we hiked 8 to 10 miles and visited historical sites that included old fortresses, historical buildings, churches, cemeteries, and learned about brave people who formed our nations heritage.

On a sunny morning our bus rolled into Amelia Island, Fla. and our bus driver announced that we would be dropped off on Historical Main Street, but that we were taking a detour because the street was too narrow for our bus to travel down.

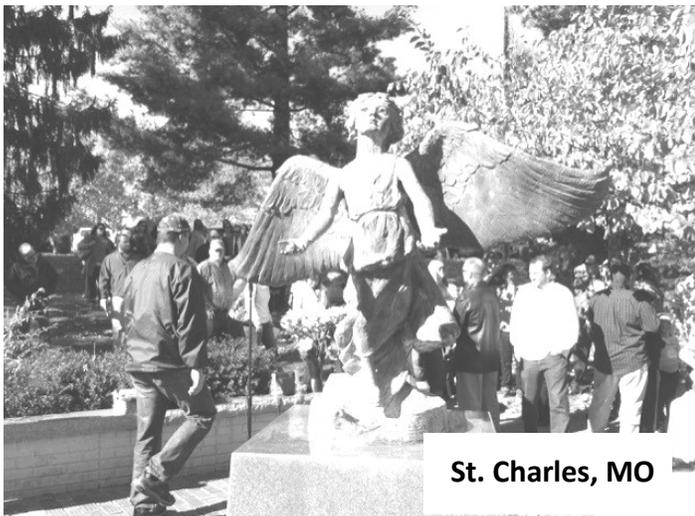
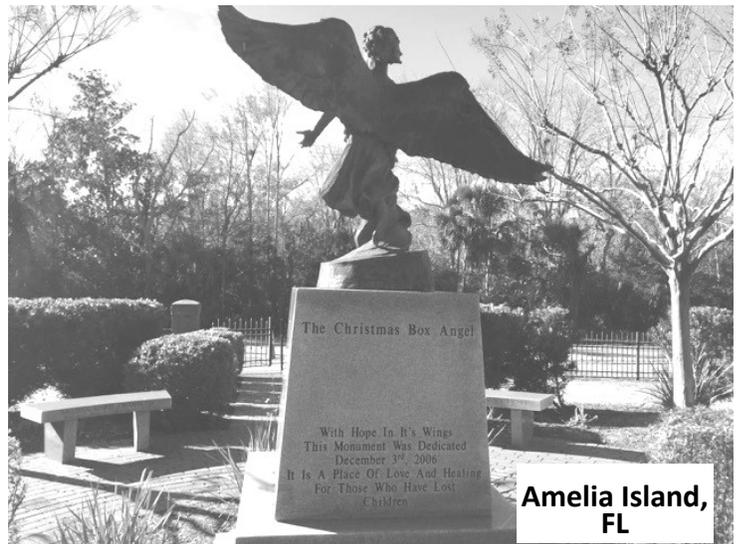
We traveled by St. Peters Church built in the 1700's. It had a cemetery behind it and to my shocking surprise, a Garden of Hope Angel, glowing stately and elegantly in the morning sunshine. I was not expecting to see this on the trip and it brought tears to my eyes. I could not stop crying and the people on the bus must have thought I was absolutely crazy.

After calming down, I explained to them there are Angel of Hope Gardens throughout the country and their intent is to provide a restful retreat where parents can connect with their deceased child. I also shared that ceremonies are held in memory of these children and that parents can purchase a brick in memory of their child to be inscribed and placed in the garden.

I felt my daughter's spirit tugging at me that morning and I knew that she had a mission for me that was meant to take me back to the Angel of Hope Garden.

So, I excused myself and went off on my own that day. My first inquiry was at the Visitor's Center, the ladies were lovely, but knew nothing about the Angel of Hope Garden. My second stop was at a bookstore and when one of the first books I saw was 60 Minutes to Heaven, Natalie's spirit guided me to talk to the cashier. She also knew nothing, but recommended "The Coffee Shop" restaurant for a good lunch, so I proceeded up the street getting closer to the Angel of Hope Garden.

I sat on a couch by the front window, deep into thought for about a half hour, when Natalie's spirit was tugging at me to start a conversation with the two teenage girls sitting across from me. Stating that they were locals, I eventually asked them about the church and Angel of Hope Garden. They had seen the angel statue but were unsure what it represented.



Natalie's Stone



Continued on next page

I showed them a picture of the Angel of Hope Garden in the St. Louis area on my cell phone, and they flipped a few more pictures to the one of Natalie's brick that says "A Rett Syndrome Angel". They both responded with "Oh yea, we know all about that disease, it is very rare and mostly only in girls". They then shared that their small town of only 10,000 people has a girl, named Sarah with the disease and that they do community service and have worked with her mom, Ingrid on the annual fundraiser. I felt a total out of body experience to be hearing this from these girls. Rarely do you meet someone who knows about RS and never ever teenage girls in a small town. I hugged the girls and cried once again, telling the girls that Natalie's spirit had connected us that day and that it was leading me up to the garden.

So I followed her spirit up the hill and visited the Angel of Hope Garden, which once again was an emotional experience. Somehow, I felt peacefulness and that her spirit wanted me to do something, but I had yet not made the connection.

I headed back down the hill, thinking about the connection with the teenage girls and anticipating the bus ride back to the hotel, feeling extremely, emotionally exhausted. But Natalie's spirit now was guiding me into an antique shop. I said to her, "Natalie, what do you want me to see in here, maybe a baby?" Natalie was a special needs child and absolutely loved babies. Sure enough inside, I met baby Wyatt and his parents from Niceville, Fla. Baby Wyatt was such a joy and just smiled and laughed and made me feel so good. I knew that Natalie wanted me to smile and be happy that day rather than crying and being sad. After I left, I regretted not taking a picture of baby Wyatt.

Only two blocks from the bus, but Natalie's spirit was still working on me and led me into a gift shop. Immediately inside, I saw a wooden block picture of St. Peters Church, where the Angel of Hope Garden is located. So I picked it up to purchase and expressed to the cashiers that I thought there was an angel in their shop that my deceased daughter wants me to have. Sure enough there was an angel called "The Comfort Angel" who came with this message, "Hold your angel and say a prayer, for no burden is too large to share. Keep her close within your palm to bring you comfort, peace and calm. In times of sorrow, stress and strife, she'll guide you on the road of life; so whether near or far from home, your angel brings comfort, and you are never alone."

Within a block from the bus, the thought of a delicious ice cream cone pulled me once again into "The Coffee Shop" restaurant where I had met the teenage girls and there was baby Wyatt and his parents. So I sat with them and we all had dessert. I was able to take a picture of baby Wyatt, which I think Natalie wanted me to have and to depart that day with a smiling face. I see my precious Natalie in every baby's smile and laugh.

Reflecting on my day that night, I suddenly realized that my mission was to write an article about the Angel of Hope Gardens and to raise awareness about them.

In the three years since Natalie's passing, I have visited three Angel of Hope Gardens: the 1st where I live in the St. Louis area, the 2nd in my hometown of Olney, Il., discovered after my sister-in-laws mothers funeral, and now the 3rd on Amelia Island, Fla. And last but not least; my mother's middle name is AMELIA, another mother-daughter connection on Amelia Island, Fla. Mothers love their babies forever, no matter where they are, on earth or in heaven.



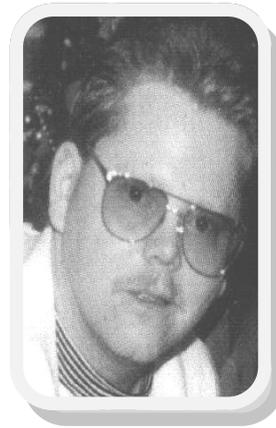
Linda Frohning, St. Louis BPA

I LOVE YOU!

LOVE GIFTS

John C. Long IV
1963-1992

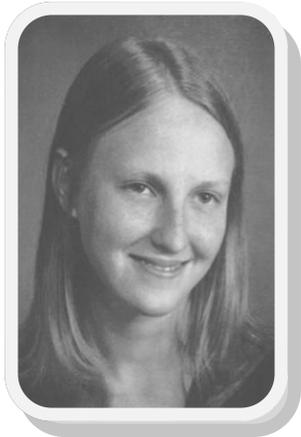
Miss and love
you SO much.
Never
forgotten.
Always, Mom



I
LOVE
YOU
FOREVER

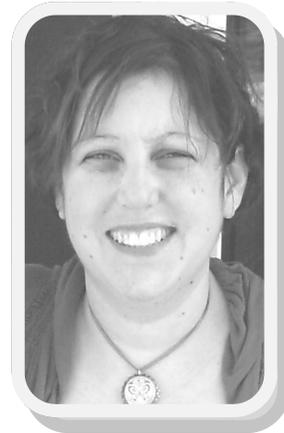
Rosie Umhoefer

Another
birthday,
another
year.
We feel your
presence,
but wish
you were
here!



Thank you for the
anonymous donation
from Duke Energy's
matching
foundation.

Julie Bardle
1980-2013



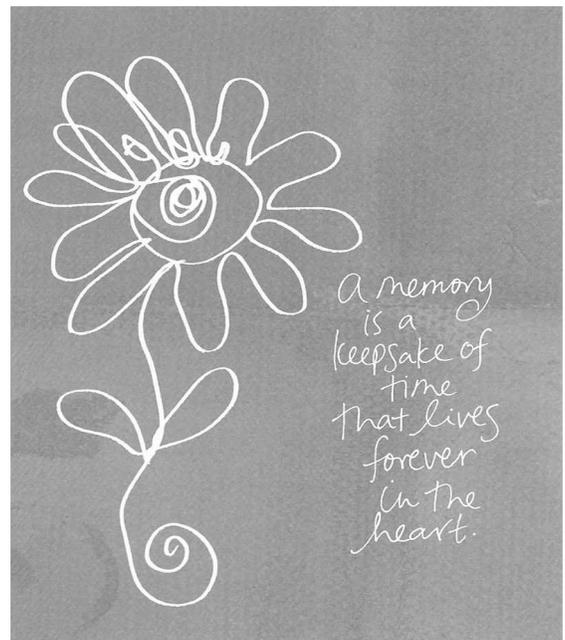
We miss
you, Julie!
Everyone
you
touched
with your
loving
heart.

Baue Funeral Home & Memorial - Complimentary Event - Balloon Release

Held every year in June this event helps transition into the new season of Spring and Summer with a symbolic remembrance of a lost loved one.

Each program includes the reading of names, educational information about the grief process, a beautiful balloon release and keepsake gift.

Check Baue's website soon for the Saturday event: <https://www.baue.com/community-events/>



In Child Loss, There Is No “Fake It Till You Make It”

January 21, 2013 by [Kristin Binder](#)

<http://stillstandingmag.com/2013/01/in-child-loss-there-is-no-fake-it-till-you-make-it/>

It's my birthday. I'm 33. To be honest, I'm a bit of an old 33.

Crow's feet outline my eyes. My forehead is wrinkled and my skin is somewhat pale. I'm out of shape and tired a lot. More than I should be at 33. I wear my heart on my sleeve, in both a good and bad way, and there is this ever-present, mostly low-lying aura of anxiety that surrounds me on autopilot—like remembering to breathe or beat my heart.

I am a bereaved mother.

I try to recall what I was like before my daughter Peyton died of cancer. I can barely remember, even though those memories should still be fairly fresh—her death came mere months before my 29th birthday.

I tell myself I was happier then, but maybe that's just what I've taught myself to think. Maybe my “before” image in my mind has become this sort of idealized image of my former self—like when someone dies, and despite the fact that they, like all of us, were severely flawed, their family can only recall the good parts of their personalities at their funeral:

“Oh Bob was always such a charmer.”

“Oh Bob sure knew how to make everyone laugh.”

“Never met a person who could grill a meaner steak than Bob.”

Only I remember it like:

“Before Peyton I would smile and laugh all the time.”

“Before Peyton I was fit and active, healthy and full of energy.”

“Before Peyton I was successful.”

“Before Peyton I had patience.”

“Before Peyton I was a newlywed with a perfect marriage. I was happy. The world was my oyster.”

The problem with both of these scenarios is that no matter how you want to remember the person—there is no bringing them back. My former self might as well lay down next to good ol' Bob and his mean steaks.

Ricki Lake did a show this week about child loss with an “expert” guest who told a bereaved mother who had lost her child just five months prior that it was time to move on to the fifth stage of grief—acceptance. His advice for getting there? “Fake it till you make it.”

Really? The best way to get over the loss of your child is to “fake it till you make it?”

Does that platitudinous line of crap make you want to puke? Yeah, me too.

I, like many of you I imagine, was floored by this “expert's” comments because not only were they callous, guilt-inducing, and simply untrue, they gave a false sense of hope to the poor bereaved parents on the panel that grief is something that can be rushed through or gotten over. It can't. Grieving is a process. It is hard work. It takes time.

Look, I'm no therapist or doctor. The fanciest degree I have is a Bachelors from a small liberal arts college, and I certainly don't have my own TV show, but I can promise you that whether you lost your child last week, or sixty years ago, you will never get over it.

Got that?

YOU WILL NEVER GET OVER LOSING YOUR CHILD.

Continued on next page

You will move forward. You will find joy again. You will learn to love life, and to laugh, but you will never be who you were before your loss, and you will never un-lose your child. That is a reality worth grieving over. There simply is no faking it until you make it. I've spent over four years living with my daughter's loss.

I'm happy most days. My life, for the most part, is joy filled. But my reality also is that all of the joys and pains and ups and downs of these last four years have been experienced with this sort of undercurrent of grief pushing me along for the ride. Sometimes the grief is like a tidal wave, unforgiving and knocking me over out of nowhere. Most days, it just sort of ripples beneath the surface—keeping me from ever feeling completely balanced. Every decision, big or small, is somehow colored by the experience of losing my first child to cancer.

I fear more because of her.

I love more because of her.

Everything from how to parent my rainbow babies, to the choices my husband and I make in our careers, is influenced by having lost Peyton. In this way, she will always very much be a part of our family.

Why am I telling you this?

I guess because I want to validate your experience. Despite the psychobabble you will hear on this show or that show, despite what your friends and experts whose children are all living tell you that you should or should not feel after the death of your child—your grief, your feelings, your timeline of healing—all of it is a completely normal response to an abnormally horrific type of loss. If your therapist or grief counselor doesn't agree with this, find another one.

The sooner we (and society with all of its so-called "experts") accept our loss as a permanent and ever-present fiber in the cloth of our being, the better we can adapt to our new normal and move toward healing.

True healing for a bereaved parent does not come in moving on, faking it till we make it, or leaving the pain and grief of losing our child in some dark, taboo place, never to be discussed again.

True healing for a bereaved parent comes in honoring and holding tight to the love we feel for the child we have lost, even though that love will always hurt to some degree, and allowing that love to light the way in our quest to find hope once again.

About Kristin Binder

Kristin Binder is a proud momma to two-year-old boy/girl twins that she refers to here as "The Snowflakes," or "Bubba and Squeaks," and her first daughter, Peyton Elizabeth, who passed as an infant in 2008 to complications of leukemia.



*those we love
don't go away
they walk
beside us
every day
unseen, unheard
but always near
still loved,
still missed
and very dear.*

simply designing



Dear Newly Bereaved Parent

<https://abedformyheart.com/dear-newly-bereaved-parent/> Angela Miller - *A Bed for My Heart* February 1, 2016

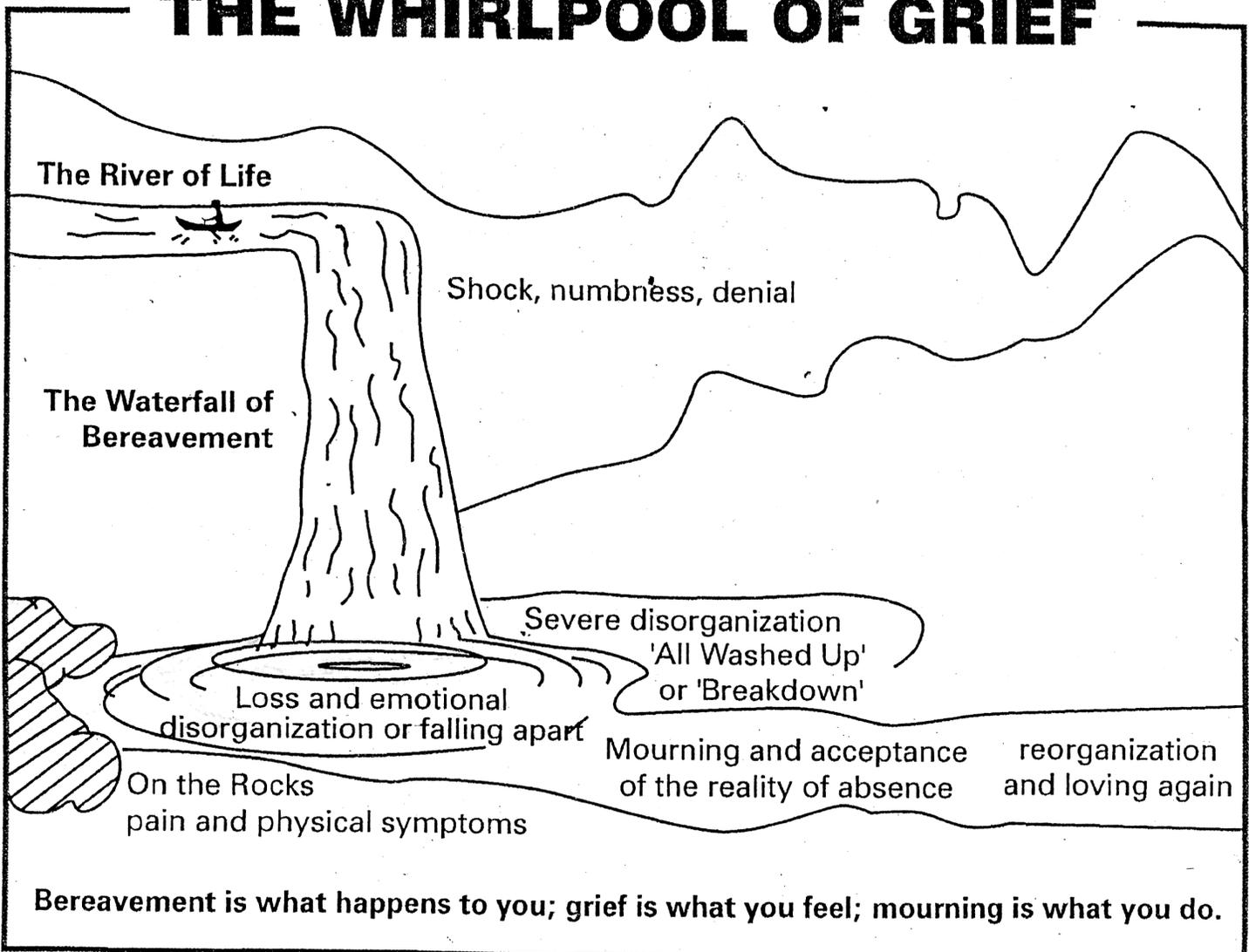
This will likely be the hardest thing you'll ever do. *Survive* this. And eventually, maybe even thrive again. At times it will feel virtually impossible. You'll wonder how a human being can survive such pain. You'll learn you know how to defy the impossible. You did it from the moment your child's heart stopped, and yours kept beating. You do it with every breath and step you take. You're doing it now. And now. And now. Your fingernails will become bloodied from clawing your way from the depths of despair. Your spirit will grow weary from fighting to survive. Your eyes will cry more tears than you ever thought possible. Your arms will ache an ache for which there aren't words. For a *lifetime*. Your heart will break into a million tiny pieces. You'll wonder how it will ever mend again. But with every morsel of unspeakable pain, there is love. An abundance of love. A love so strong, so powerful, it will buoy you. You will not drown. Others will say things that are intended to be helpful, but aren't. Take what is, leave what isn't. Still, you'll meet others along the journey who will get it without ever saying a word. Kind souls who will breathe you back to life again. Let them. Years down the road you'll tire of hearing the same advice and clichés, over and over again. Advice you don't want or need. Everyone will try to tell you how to best "fix" your broken heart. The trouble is, you don't need fixing. There is no fix for this. Eventually you'll learn how to carry the weight of this pain. At times it will crush you. At other times you'll learn how to shoulder the burden with newfound grit and grace. Either way, you'll learn how to bend with the weight of it. It will not break you. Not entirely. And even if you don't believe in hope— not even a little— hope will light the way for you. At times you won't realize your path is lit. The darkness feels all consuming when you're in it. But know the light is there. Surrounding you now. And now. And now. Know you're being guided, by all of us who have survived this impossible hell. You may not hear us, or see us, but we are with you. Beside you. Hand in hand, heart to heart. Always. Just like your child still is. Above all else, know that no one can save you but yourself. You are the heroine/hero of this sad story. You are the one who gets to decide how, and if, you'll survive this. You are the one who will figure out a way to survive the sleepless nights, and the endless days. You are the one who will decide if and when you'll find a purpose again that means something to you. You are the one who will choose how you'll live with the pain. You are the one who will decide what you'll cling to, what will make your life worth living again. You, and only you, get to decide how you'll survive. No one else can do this for you. People will speak of "closure," of "moving on," of "getting over it," of grief coming to an end. Smile kindly, and know, anyone who says these things hasn't lived this thing called grief. To lose a child is to lose the very heart and soul of *you*. It is overwhelmingly disorienting. It takes a long, long time to find yourself again. It takes a long time to grow new life around the chasm of such grave loss. It takes a long time to grow beauty from ashes. There will always be a hole in your heart, the size and shape of your child. Your child is absolutely irreplaceable. Nothing will fill the void your child left. But your heart will grow bigger— beautifully bigger— around the empty space your child left behind. The love and pain you carry for your precious child will be woven into every thread of your being. It will fuel you to do things you never dreamed you could do. Eventually, you'll figure out how to live for both of you. It will be beautiful, and it will be hard. But, the love you two share will carry you through. You will spread this love everywhere you go. Eventually, you'll be able to see again. Eventually, you'll find your way again. Eventually, you'll realize— you *survived*.

2016 GATHERING

Early Registration postmarked or completed online BY JUNE 1st is \$50 per person, \$135.00 maximum per family. After June 1st, the registration fee is \$70.00 per person, \$190.00 maximum per family (3 or more). Please register as EARLY as possible for planning purposes.



THE WHIRLPOOL OF GRIEF



BALLOON RELEASE TESTIMONY: Terre's balloon, in honor of her son J.P., was released in St. Peters, MO at the April 7 BPA meeting. A few days later it was found in Pinckneyville, IL. "I was contacted via email by a gentleman named Brian. He said he found the balloon and would be happy to return it if I wanted. I told him his email was enough for me and he could keep it for luck!"

Terre Rosciglione



Death of a Sibling : Issues for the Grieving Child

By Robin Fiorelli

<http://www.bereavement-poems-articles.com/articles/sibling/100-death-of-a-sibling.php>

When a sibling dies, the surviving child reacts both to the loss of his or her sibling and to the change in behavior and grief process of his or her parents. A sibling's grief response may be longer or shorter than the parents', and the sibling may have a different understanding of the death. Siblings often are asked numerous questions about their brother or sister's death by their peers and other adults. This can feel overwhelming to a child.

An ill child often receives more attention from parents than a well sibling. The surviving child often believes he or she will get more attention from the parents after the death of the sibling, and then he or she is disappointed when those expectations are not met. The surviving child also may grapple with identity and role issues after the loss. "Am I still a little brother?" "Who's going to take out the garbage now?"

Grieving parents sometimes are overprotective of the remaining siblings, concerned that they may die or become ill as well. Other parents place expectations or unreasonable demands on the remaining siblings to take on the responsibilities and roles or to have the attributes of the deceased sibling.

It is important that parents avoid being either overprotective or overpermissive with a grieving sibling—despite the temptation. Care should be taken not to make comparisons between the deceased child and the siblings, as it may lead to the surviving children feeling inadequate. Care also should be taken not to assign inappropriate responsibilities to a child that the deceased sibling used to have—especially responsibilities that are not developmentally appropriate.

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

**BPUSA ST. LOUIS CHAPTER CHAIR:
Pat Dodd Phone 314-575-4178**

ACCIDENT, AUTOMOBILE	Katie VerHagen	314-576-5018
ACCIDENT, NON-VEHICULAR	Bill Lagemann	573-242-3632
ADULT SIBLING	Mark VerHagen	314-726-5300
DRUGS/ ALCOHOL	Patrick Dodd	314-575-4178
GRAND-PARENTS	Margaret Gerner	636-978-2368
CHILD WITH DISABILITY	Lois Brockmeyer	314-843-8391
ILLNESS, SHORT TERM	Jean & Art Taylor	314-725-2412
JEFFERSON CTY CONTACT	Sandy Brungardt	314-954-2410
MURDER	Mata Weber Butch Hartmann	618-972-0429 314-487-8989
ONLY CHILD / SINGLE PARENT	Mary Murphy	(314) 822-7448
SUICIDE	Sandy Curran	(314) 518-2302

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 June 18, 2016

Send your submissions to:

Newsletter

PO Box 1115

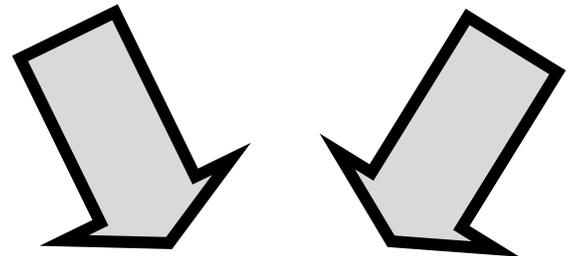
St. Peters, MO 63376

bpusastl@gmail.com

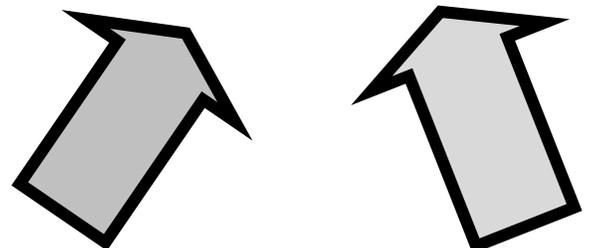
If sending payment make checks payable to BPUSASTL.

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

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



Please ensure we have your correct mailing address. Otherwise, newsletters are returned as undeliverable. Thank you in Advance!



Children of BPUSAS^tL's

Active Board Members & Facilitators

Arthur Gerner

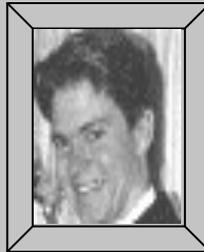


Son & Granddaughter of
Margaret Gerner
Founder of BPUSAS^tL

Emily Gerner



Michael Curran



Son and Daughter-in-law
of Sandy Curran

Kristen Curran



Joseph DeMarco



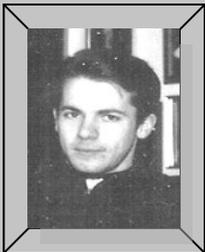
Son of
Theresa DeMarco

Lindsay Marie Dodd



Daughter of
Pat Dodd

Joel Fehrmann



Son of
Linda Fehrmann

Jennifer Francisco



Daughter of
Jeanne & Mike
Francisco

Natalie Frohning



Daughter of
Linda Frohning

Mickey Hale



Son of
Jacque Glaeser

Julie Bardle



Daughter of
Marilyn Kister

Donnie Lagemann



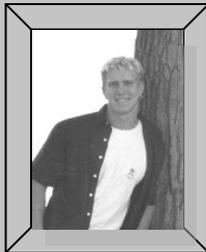
Son of Bill &
Vicki Lagemann

Meredith Littlejohn



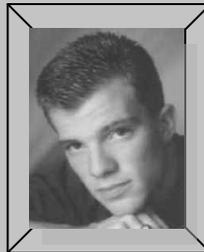
Daughter of
Stefanie London &
Steve Littlejohn

Jeffrey Morris



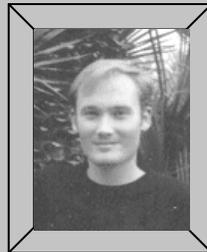
Son of
Cindy Morris

Jeff Ryan



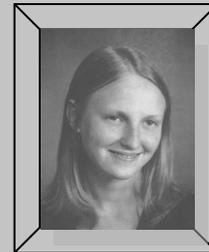
Son of
Pat Ryan

Daniel Kohler



Son of
Arlene Thomason

Rosie Umhoefer



Daughter of
Roseann Umhoefer

Matthew Wiese



Son of
Kim Wiese

Honor your child & support BPUSAS^tL

- **Love Gift:** For any donation your child's picture will appear on the Love Gifts page of this newsletter.
- **Tribute of the Month:**
Make a \$20 donation and your child's picture will grace our Website 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.
For any of the above, make sure that your child's picture and angel date is in **BPUSAS^tL** database. If not, mail one to PO Box 1115, St. Peters, MO 63376 or EMAIL: bpusastl@gmail.com Check the link to see if your child is there.

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

St. Peters - St. Charles **GROUP**
(1st Thursday, 7:00PM)
Knights of Columbus Hall
5701 Hwy N, St. Charles, MO
(Cottleville), MO 63304
Fac: Mike & Jeanne Francisco
(636) 947-9403

**OPEN ARMS Parents Left
Behind**
4355 Butler Hill Road
Fac: Kathy Dunn
kathydunn333@yahoo.com
(314) 807-5798

**Grief & Metaphysics Support
Group** 1st Thursday of the
month...sharing all aspects of
After Death Communication.
Sandy Curran, 314-518-2302

**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

BUSINESS
FACILITATORS
MEETINGS @ 9:00AM
May 14, 2016
July 9, 2016
September 10, 2016
BJC Hospital St. Peters
10 Hospital Drive
Room A/B
St. Peters, MO 63376

**ALL ARE
WELCOME!**
Contact:
Pat Dodd
314-575-4178

St. Louis City **GROUP**
Meetings are cancelled.

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

Additional Meetings
www.bpusastl.org

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

Troy, MO **GROUP**
Meetings temporarily
canceled. Please call:
Cindy Morris
(314) 954-1810

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: Kim Wiese
(314)956-3047

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

**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

NON-PROFIT ORG
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
ST. LOUIS, MO
PERMIT # 3659

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED
POSTMASTER: Dated Material
Contained within...please do not delay!

MAY-JUN 2016

*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!

