

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER
 BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.
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November • December 2007



St. Louis Chapter Newsletter
Bereaved Parents USA
 November • December 2007

**SUDDEN
 ACCIDENTAL DEATH**

—Faye Harden

This article will touch on a few of the problems we encounter in traumatic grief experienced from the sudden accidental death of a child: shock, guilt, unfinished business, lack of closure, negative attitudes or obstacles to recover, and anger...I don't pretend to have any concrete answers for you, but hopefully, a few insights on how to cope with grief. We all grieve differently. What works for one may not work for another...We don't want to make judgments on which kind of grief is more difficult, but sudden death is recognized as one of the most difficult to recover from because of the tremendous shock involved... It will be longer, lonelier, and more hazardous to your lasting emotional stability than if you had been able to anticipate the loss and to communicate with your child before death...One of the large differences between sudden accidental death and death by long-term illness or anticipatory death is the shock involved. It is the primary factor...This shock affects the body as a major surgery would...Shock is marked by a lowering of blood pressure, coldness of skin, rapid heartbeat and an acute sense of terror... Therefore, you may experience immediate physical problems upon learning of the death of your child.

The physical problems we encounter would include excessive tiredness, headaches, stomach problems, and a strange heart activity...These may come at any time in our bereavement and often come and go...Emotional or psycho-logical shock is indeed of even larger significance. It is of unfathomable proportion... Initially there is alarm because in an instant our whole lives are changed; there is disbelief; the overwhelming reality is more than we can comprehend; we think there must be a mistake...Often we experience a numbness and later we go through this feeling of numbness again and it may last for weeks or months...When the numbness wears off we go into our intense grief experience... There are tears, depression, we relive the events surrounding the death over and over, and usually by this time the family and friends have gone back to their own lives and we are alone with this awful burden of grief...At this time the highly emotional experience may cause us to think we are mentally unstable; that we are losing our mind...Just remember that you are not alone – that others of us who have had our children die in this manner have felt the same things, but don't hesitate to seek professional help if you feel you need it or if you appear to be "stuck" in any of the .stages...With sudden death there is usually a feeling of guilt. It may be self-imposed or real. We remember punishments that were unresolved, arguments that were not reconciled

and there is always the question of could I have prevented it?...We ask ourselves the question "WHY" over and over... I know now that this question is often unanswerable, but we all ask anyway...In sudden death we have no chance for closure, no chance to say goodbye...This adds to the burden as we think of what we could have or should have done... We are hindered in accepting our child's death by negative attitudes that arise from our questions and our need to place blame...Learn to be patient with yourself, kind to yourself... Be realistic, you may have been hurt beyond your wildest dreams...Allow yourself to express whatever emotions you may feel...It may not be pleasant for those around you but it is necessary; we must work through our emotions – get them out....Continued on other side.....Continued..... There are many forms of denial, learn to recognize them and work through them. People release their emotions in different ways...Crying is helpful and necessary. Talking is of utmost importance. This is one of the primary functions of Bereaved Parents USA...We'll listen to one another where our friends are likely to hand us a drink or tranquilizer as they soon grow weary of listening to us, for we need to talk for months and sometimes years about our experience... Many of our feelings may frighten us, but know that they are normal, natural, and to be expected...Even thoughts that you are losing your mind is normal. We've all felt that way... Just remember you are NOT losing your mind. It only feels that way...The circumstances of sudden death cause loneliness. Few people can identify with us because our circumstances

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Bereaved Parents of the USA **Credo**

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We come together as **Bereaved Parents of the USA** to provide a haven where all bereaved families can meet and share our long and arduous 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.**



THANKSGIVING OF LIFE

—Marcia E. Alig, Mercer Area, NJ

Only a month after Daniel's death, Thanksgiving arrived, full of symbols of plentiful harvest and thankfulness, while we felt bereft of everything. We fled to Maryland. There, among the many around my sister's table, Daniel's empty place stood out less starkly than at home. Love and family pressed around to hold back despair and the loneliness. Though we could not feel the spirit of Thanksgiving, we did appreciate the support and caring of our family. We marveled that any positive feelings were able to emerge.



and their antics. Their damp noses and velvet ears helped us to feel something beyond the pain of Daniel's death. When they grew up, they forced us to interact with the community through

searching for their adoptive families. We also practiced letting go as each puppy left.

For us, holidays are again happy occasions for the same reason they were originally difficult. Holidays are days set aside for love, togetherness, sharing, and families. The death of a child turns those wonderful aspects of holidays into pain. What we discovered that Thanksgiving long ago is that even with the pain comes the beginning of healing from the love, togetherness, sharing, and families that holidays include.

So change your routine or surroundings this Thanksgiving, but do not try to flee from life. Life is the pathway to recovery. Allow yourself the reassurance of feeling life's healing power this holiday. **Happy Thanksgiving!** ■

Though we could not feel the spirit of Thanksgiving, we did appreciate the support and caring of our family.

Upon our return to New Jersey, we were greeted by a neighbor flushed with surprise and excitement. During our absence, Daniel's dog, Puffy, had given birth to three puppies... in her powder room! Our caring neighbor had served as midwife throughout the night of their birth, alternately crying for the loss of Daniel and laughing with the joy of new life.

That Thanksgiving, eleven years ago, held many special messages for us: messages of love, family, neighbors, and giving. Greatest of all was the message of life. Though we went away, we could not flee the holiday nor the pain of separation; we could not run from life.

It was waiting for us at my sister's. It was waiting for us upon our return. Yet, a long time passed before we could accept living again. Puffy's puppies, however, were the beginning. As they nibbled our fingers or wet the carpet, they caused us to care about them

“It isn't for the moment you are struck that you need courage, but for the long uphill climb back to sanity, faith and security.”

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Communication Form

Please indicate one:

I/We are bereaved *parent, grandparent, sibling, step-parent, friend, relative, professional, spouse*

Please circle one: *add, remove, keep* on the mailing list.

I would like to:

change address, add address, add name to telephone friends

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Child's name: _____ son/daughter

Birth date: _____ Death date: _____

Siblings: _____

Cause of Death: _____

Comments _____

Please mail form to: ATTN: Database/Newsletter
C/O: Bereaved Parents/USA
PO Box 410350
St. Louis, MO 63141

Candle lighting

—Karen Story, Montgomery, AL

*It's time again to light the candles,
and while we view the burning flames*

*We think of all our beloved children
And hear the calling of their names.*

*All who are here have suffered heartbreak,
we each have felt the crushing pain.*

*Our children dead, forever gone,
we can't forget them, so we came.*

*To grasp a hand, to lead a shoulder,
with helping friends we all can gain.*

*We feel support and understanding
and a hope that we can live again.*

*The candle lighting and remembrance
affirms for us this truth so plain;
our children will live on in our hearts,
and that love will always remain.*



New location '07

Candlelight Memorial Service 2007

Our children remembered,

December 4, 2007

 **7:30 PM**

Windsor Crossing Community Church

114 N. Eatherton Road
Chesterfield, MO 63005

www.windsorcrossing.org

The Holiday Candlelight Memorial is an annual event to honor and remember our children who have died. It is a service that includes music, poetry, words of hope and as our child's name is read, we light a candle in his/her memory. This year we will continue our tradition of a slide presentation. When your child's name is read, their picture will be displayed! Steve Welch, Advisory Board, has generously volunteered to oversee this project.

Directions to the Church: Hwy 40 west to Long Rd. Right on Chesterfield Airport Rd. Pass Spirit of St. Louis Airport. Make a left at the gas station. Pass Rombaugh's Pumpkin Farm and follow the road for approximately 2 miles. Make a left at the "Landings of Spirit Golf Club" and the Church is on the right. Park on the far side of the building as that is where check-in will occur. **For our parents coming across the river,** take Hwy 40 east to Chesterfield Airport Rd (1st exit after the bridge). Make a right at the gas station and follow the road for approximately 2 miles. Make a left at the "Landings of Spirit Golf Club" and the Church is on the right. Park on the far side of the building as that is where check-in will occur.

Send your child's picture today! On the back of the photo, print clearly:
Child's name (*This is how child's name appears on the slide*)
Birth date and Death/Angel date
Your name and telephone number
Be sure include a self addressed stamped envelope for photo's return!

Note: If you sent a picture last year, or for the 2006 National Gathering presentation, no need to send another. Your return response to the invitation that you are attending the candlelight will automatically include your child in the slide presentation. If we do not receive your response, your child's photo will not appear.

Send picture to: Mr. Steve Welch **or E-mail to:** welchafela@charter.net
123 Rue Grand Dr.
Lake St. Louis, MO 63367-2012

Photo Cutoff date: October 30, 2007.

We all grieve differently: BP/USA is founded on that fact. Participation in Candlelight can occur with or without providing a photo. There is a segment for name reading only. It is the goal of BPUSA to include everyone and make this a memorable event for all. ■

**Suggestion:
Invite your clergy
person along to
witness a room filled
with broken but hope
filled hearts!**

PANACHE

-Keith Swett, Hinsdale BP

*"Joy is public but pain is
always private.*

*We do not comprehend the
pain of another."*

Good friends commented that they wished that woman would get over her dead baby. They're not bad people. They certainly didn't realize they were offending my wife and me. After all, we had lost an adult son; and my wife rarely speaks Matt's name. I, on the other hand, tell humorous stories about Matt to reinforce Shakespeare's message almost daily.

Because I laugh, people don't see the void in my life. You see I realize that there will never, never be any new stories. Never is beyond my comprehension; I realize that I won't tell new stories today, not tomorrow, not the day after. Then my comprehension stops.

So how much does it hurt? It hurts as much as the first day but not as often. It hurts so much that I forget whom I am talking to at a wrestling tournament. People think I'm senile, but Matt wrestled here and I'm seeing matches that are ten years old.

It is January, a couple of days after Matt's death or maybe four years and a couple of days. But time is suspended and I'm lost.

Theo has no idea how much he reminds me of Matt. Most days I could watch him forever. The way he runs, and works, and laughs take me back to '97. Both Theo and Matt refuse to grow up. They'll be 12 forever.

I usually ignore physical pain, refusing to be sensible and therefore limited. Sometimes the shoulder or hip wins and for several days nothing moves. I crawl down inside myself and wait for it to be better.

Most days I laugh at life and taunt the pain that would be my master. Some days pain wins. If I don't seem to be myself maybe I'm not with you at all. I'm sledding at the lake park, climbing trees, singing at the library, watching Grease. I'll be back soon. I just need to visit Matt awhile. ■

Submissions

(The cut off date for the Jan-Feb issue is Dec. 10th)

To include your child's photo send your donation/love gift & photo to:

Jamie Ryan
6309 Washington Ave
St. Louis, MO 63130

(Please send a self addressed stamped envelope)

Please make checks payable to BPUSA

To submit a poem or story email:
Christine Bousman scottjchristinen@aol.com

Telephone Friends

Accident, Automobile:

Katie VerHagen.....(314) 576-5018
Steve Welch.....(636) 561-2438

Accident, Non Vehicular:

Maureen & Chuck McDermott.....(636) 227-6931

Adult Sibling:

Mark VerHagen(314) 726-5300
Traci Morlock(636) 332-1311

Cancer:

Dan & Mary Ann Smith(636) 942-9115

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:

Linda Moffatt(618) 243-6558

Jefferson County Contact:

Michele Horrell.....(636) 931-6552

Murder:

Mata Weber(618) 972-0429
Butch Hartmann.....(314) 487-8989

Only Child:

Mary Murphy.....(314) 822-7448

Suicide:

Sandy Curran(314) 647-2863

Single Parent:

Mary Murphy(314) 822-7448

Little Sheep with a Broken Leg

—Verna Smith, Ft Worth, TX

Our son John never outgrew the loving spirit of Christmas. He always was awestruck by Christmas trees and Nativity scenes. He was always so happy to go and look at other people's Christmas trees. When he was older he would go to all his friend's houses and see how they had decorated, then he would come home and tell me about them. I miss that, his describing his friends' Christmas trees. He would sit for hours and look at our family tree and our Nativity.

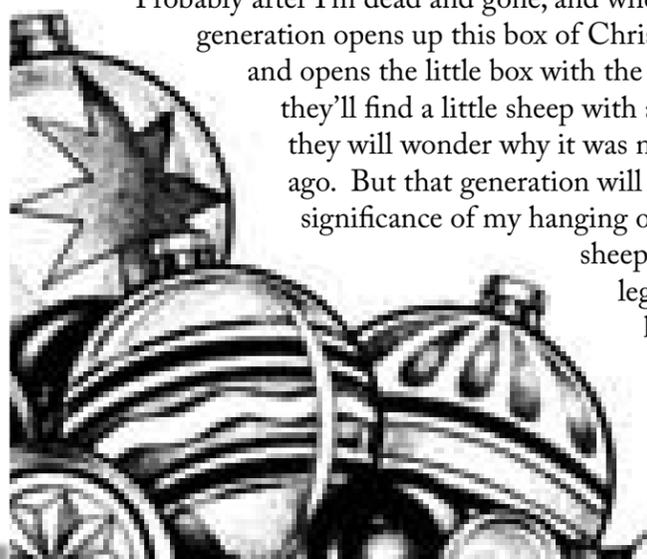
I remember when he was small, he would arrange and rearrange the figurines of our Nativity daily, until it was packed away for the next Christmas, and he continued to do this every year, including his 16th

year—his last. One year when he was about six, during one of his rearrangements, he accidentally broke a leg off one of the little sheep figurines, and he sat on the floor and cried because he had hurt one of Jesus' animals. But when we packed the Nativity away for the year, he insisted we not throw away the little sheep with the broken leg. So each year after that, there it would be, a lopsided little sheep peering

down at baby Jesus. But John would have it no other way.

This is the fifth Christmas since Johnny's death. I know when I open up the Nativity set there will be a little sheep with a broken leg, and it will be placed in its rightful place, right beside the baby Jesus in the manger. And it will bring bittersweet memories of Christmas past. And I will cry just as I have done for five years, but that's okay. I'll just let the memories and the tears flow, because that little broken figurine is just one of many little memories and one can't just run from these memories. We have to let them happen. It may be painful but it is healthy.

Probably after I'm dead and gone, and when the next generation opens up this box of Christmas decorations and opens the little box with the Nativity set, they'll find a little sheep with a broken leg. And they will wonder why it was not discarded long ago. But that generation will never know the significance of my hanging on to a little plaster sheep with a broken leg. They will never know how much it meant to a young child years ago and how much it has meant to me, that child's mother. ■



Bereaved Parents USA

...the fifth Christmas since...

THEY THINK I'M FINE & OVER IT...

They think I'm fine and over it, accepted that you died.

But I live life with all this pain and countless tears I've cried.

I am forced to live with endless pain that others can't accept.

They think I'm fine and over it or that I'll soon forget.

I want to scream from rooftops or silently just cry.

I never will be over it, my God, my child died!

It makes no sense to argue, my energy is low.

So when they think I'm over it, I simply tell them No.

I've become what they have wanted, a turtle in it's shell.

Just keep my thought within myself and never, ever tell.

I mask my life to others, to myself as well. For living every day on Earth, is surely more like Hell.

—in loving memory of Joey,
Lyndie Sorenson
©August 2007

Infant & Toddler Page

IT BEGINS WITH HALLOWEEN...

By Kim Brundt, St Louis, MO

The holidays can be a nightmare in the making for parents who have buried their baby. After all, most holidays are geared toward children. Children that are no longer here with us and we may not have other living children to carry on the celebration with or be unable to emotionally do so if there are other children.

The period most dreaded begins with Halloween and runs through the New Year. I remember wishing that I could go to sleep on October 30th and not wake up until January 3rd or 4th. Realistically, we all know that this is not a possibility. So, what can a hurting parent do to survive these days that can bring us so much pain? To begin with be gentle with yourself, your spouse, significant other, and any surviving children. Talk to each other. Find out what each is feeling before making any decisions as to what you will or will not do.

If surviving children are too young to really know what's going on, they probably will not miss out if you decide not to put up a tree. Even older children may need to downplay the first holidays after losing a baby sister or brother and are uncomfortable telling their already hurting parents. Once you and your immediate family decide what is right, you then tell the extended family what has been decided. Do not allow others to

pressure you into doing something that is not comfortable for you or your loved ones!

I know from experience and from speaking with many other hurting moms and dads that often our anticipation of the holiday is worse than the actual day itself. This is especially true if you have given the days ahead a lot of thought and have decided on a plan of what you would like to try and do.

There are many ways to include your baby into your holiday plans. Some ideas I have used and heard of are:

Buying and decorating a balled Christmas tree. The tree can later be planted in honor of your baby.

- **Ordering** special flowers to place in a special spot in your house or they can be carried with you to other houses as you go.
- **Decorating** your baby's grave, visiting the grave before or after the days activities.
- **Donating** gifts that you would have bought for you child to a needy child.
- **Lighting** a candle or placing an ornament to honor your baby on a tree.
- **Attending** a special service dedicated to the honor of our children, such as the Candlelight.

The ideas are endless and very personal. It is important to look into your own heart and to do what brings you and yours the peace you need. If you are not sure if something is right try it out, if it is not what you expected, then next year try something else.

I know if I look hard enough in my heart I usually will find what I need to do for my boys, Jonathan and Jacob. I will light a candle this year as I do every year in honor and celebration of all our children. I will say a special prayer for you and as always my wish for you is peace, hope, and love in the days ahead. ■

...holidays can be a nightmare in the making for parents who have buried their baby.

Bereaved Parents USA

SiblingPage

A SIBLINGS VIEW OF THE HOLIDAYS

By Traci Morlock—St Louis

The worst time of the year for me is the holidays. I guess the worst part of the holidays is the changing of the seasons. My brother, Sean, always loved Fall. For him it was a romantic time of the year. Sean's birthday is November 11, the height of the Fall. So, the holiday season begins for me with the first leaf falling off the tree.

As Sean's birthday approaches, I find myself getting sadder and sadder. I never know how much I really miss him until I realize he's missed another birthday. As the other holidays grow nearer, I begin to dread them more.

The first year, no one wanted to have Christmas, but we felt we needed it for my daughter. Her birthday is Christmas Eve and she turned two that year. Doing Christmas for her makes it a little easier, but at the same time makes it that much more difficult.

Sean thought we needed holidays all year long. While helping my Mom put up Christmas decorations, I looked at our family picture above the piano, the last of the five of us. I told my Mom that we would never be that happy again. I know that is a sad thing to say,



but I know a part of me will always be missing. Each year I feel a numbness set in over the holidays. The numbness begins around Sean's birthday and ends after the first of each year. The year of Sean's death, my Mom didn't know what to do with the ornaments that Sean had collected over the years.

The Christmas before Sean died, my Mom purchased a miniature tree for the family room. Sean made fun of it. The next year, Mom purchased Sean his own miniature tree for the family room. Sean's tree is filled with all of his ornaments and his used guitar strings for tinsel. Sean's tree goes up right after Thanksgiving and doesn't come down until after January 24th, the anniversary of his death. This tree has actually helped to make the holidays seem a little brighter.

A part of my brother is there in that tree. I was out shopping a few weeks ago and I bought an ornament that would go perfectly on Sean's tree. The ornament is the first one I have purchased for Sean since he died. Just buying that one ornament has actually made me look forward to the holidays.

I know the holidays will never be the same without our "Holiday Clown", but we will make new memories, laugh and cry at the old ones, and just survive this time of year.

I wish you a peaceful holiday season filled with precious moments and happy memories. I also hope that you can share a smile.

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The first year, no one wanted to have Christmas ...

ALL THE DREAD AND FEAR WAS FOR NOTHING

By Margaret H Gerner, St Louis BPUSA

We begin dreading the holidays shortly after our child dies. A birthday or anniversary coming us soon scares us, but not like the anticipation of Thanksgiving, Christmas, or Chanukah does.

We expend mountains of energy dreading and fearing these special times. We either "awfulize" about how we're going to feel—painting dreadful mental pictures of searing, unbearable pain, hysterical reactions, or just plain fainting away. Or, we absolutely refuse to allow our minds to even touch on thoughts of the days. Either way, the dread and fear can overwhelm us.

Let me make some suggestions. **First**, know that it is perfectly normal to be afraid of what we think might happen. Our reaction to our child's death is so unlike anything we ever expected, that we are sure that the holidays are going to be even worse. Let me assure you. Just as your grief reactions are normal, so is your fear.

Secondly, remember that by the time "the day" arrives, you have completed most of the hard work of the holidays. It's in the doing of holiday tasks that the pain lies, so by the time the day arrives, the real work is over.

Thirdly, know that the day is only twenty-four hours long. You'll get through it like you get through any other day—some harder, some easier.

Lastly, take charge of your fear. Tell yourself that it's okay to have any emotion you want about the holidays. Make concrete plans for your behavior. Give yourself permission to cry or scream, or yes, even faint if you feel like it. Make contingent plans that you can put into practice if you actually become distraught. But I'll just bet you won't.

I'll never forget the first Christmas after my granddaughter, Emily, died. I expected the worst and prepared for it. I was going to lean into the pain. I set out a new box of Kleenex for the crying. I told my son and his family that I didn't know what time I'd be at their house to open presents, or if I would even show up. I arranged with a bereaved friend that we would call the other if the pain got too great.

You know what happened? Nothing! I didn't feel the need to cry. I went to my son's house in the early afternoon. And I didn't call my bereaved friend. All the dread and fear was for nothing. The work of preparing for the day was already over. The day was simply a day like any other in my grief. And I had taken control of the day by preparing for whatever my behavior turned out to be. Many holidays have passed since my son and my granddaughter died. Some have been easy to go through, and some haven't. But I've found that I got through them a lot easier than I expected. So will you. ■

Books Reviewed



Can't Wait to Get to Heaven

by Fannie Flagg (author of, "Fried Green Tomatoes")

Elnor Schimfissle is a widowed, long time, beloved resident of Elmwood, Missouri. She has a dotting niece who watches over her and she has warned Elnor not to get up on any ladders anymore. Elnor decides she really needs to pick some figs for preserves and she does what she is not suppose to do. She climbs the ladder and is

stung by wasps and then falls off the ladder. Elnor is pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital. Since it is a small town, news travels fast and her death is announced over the local radio station. Her obituary is written and flowers are ordered. Two hours later, Elnor comes back to life!

The effect that this experience has on her, her friends, and loved ones makes this book—thought provoking. **It is filled with humor, entertainment, spirituality, and metaphysical implications.** Elnor discusses where she was and who she saw during the two hours she was dead. A must read for Bereaved Parents even though it is fiction. I could not put the book down between laughing and crying. ■ —review by Sandy Curran

CALENDAR

October 30, 2007

Cutoff for child's photo submission for Candlelight.

December 4

Candlelight Service '07

December 10

Jan • Feb '08' Newsletter submission cutoff date

Angel of Hope Ceremony

December 6, 2007

July 11-13

National Gathering '08

BP/USA St. Louis

offers many ways to remember your child as you reach out to other bereaved families.

For instance in your child's name a tax-deductible donation will sponsor a newsletter or a month on our web site. Another web related way is to create a web memorial at www.bpusastl.org.

Purchasing and individualizing a cookbook is an option as is remembering BP/USA as a charitable organization.

You, your family & friends are invited

Angel of Hope Memorial Service

December 6, 2007

7:00 p.m.

Located at Blanchette Park,

St. Charles, MO.

Take Highway 70 West to North 5th Street;
make a left on Randolph to Blanchette Park.

*It is customary to bring a
white rose and a candle.*

For further information contact: National SHARE office

St. Joseph Health Center

1-800-821-6819

or visit,

http://www.bpusastl.org/nAngel_of_Hope.htm

NO GIFTS PLEASE...PLEASE!

Recently, I was invited to a 90th birthday party and a 40th wedding anniversary. The invitations said, "No gifts please". How many times have we been invited to such events and everyone ignores "No gifts Please"? Now my dilemma... I needed a gift, but what special gift can I give my friends to honor their celebration?

An array of items went through my head, such as a gift card to a favorite restaurant, bookstore etc. But those items were not special and meaningful enough for me. I weighed buying the usual, a gag gift or bottle of wine. But they were not the answer either.

I did find an answer! This is what I did. I bought cards and inside, I wrote, "In celebration of your 40th wedding anniversary/90th Birthday, we donated money to our favorite charity, **Bereaved Parents of the USA**, in your

name. Your celebration gives us the opportunity to reach out to parents whose children have died." The next day, I sent a check to BP/USA (PO Box 410350, St. Louis, MO, 63141) letting them know what the donation was for and where to send an acknowledgement letter to the Birthday and Wedding Anniversary recipients.

The thank you notes from the different celebrants revealed that it was appreciated. They too were happy to touch parents whose children have died. They also said that they knew our gift was truly from our hearts and they would cherish it always.

Sometimes as we get older, it really isn't about the gifts; it is about sharing with family and friends. Gifts that reach out and help others are always appreciated. Please remember BP/USA when invited to a celebration and you have to find that **Special Gift for that very Special person!!!**

are practically unique. This uniqueness isolates us...Another of our severe problems is often anger, which might be better described as rage...It can be focused anger, focused on individuals who were responsible for the death of our child...Medical personnel who we feel did not do the right things to save our child, at God for letting this happen to our child, even anger at people around us whose lives are happy and whose children are healthy now that ours are not...You may feel anger at your child for dying and leaving you with such a burden of grief...Anger is normal. It is a natural emotional reaction turned inward...Depression can lead to thoughts of suicide. Get help if it lasts too long...Anger gives us tremendous energy andthat energy can be used...It can be focused on healthy outlets, such as a social action...We can take up a cause, work for stricter law enforcement against drunk drivers or gun control issues, for instance...Use that energy positively. It will give you a sense of accomplishment and renewed self-esteem...Bereaved parents are in grave danger of drug and alcohol abuse, for these are tools which temporarily give relief usually...Drugs and

alcohol are merely means of putting off the grief process...Grief work will have to be done eventually and our literature tells us it is worse when put off or delayed...With the death of a child, we as parents experience the ultimate failure...We are supposed to be invincible where our children are concerned and now wehave failed to keep our child alive!..Suddenly our entire belief system is shattered...The suddenness of the death has robbed us of our confidence in ourselves. We have low self-esteem...We suffer from lack of motivation due to our severe fatigue...We have nothing left to believe in, not even God for some...We are totally insecure...We are placed in the position of continuing to deteriorate or to begin to rebuild our lives by rebuilding our beliefs, our self confidence and our self-esteem...The choice is yours. Choose to live. Your child would want you to not only just live but continue to grow and love...

Love Gifts

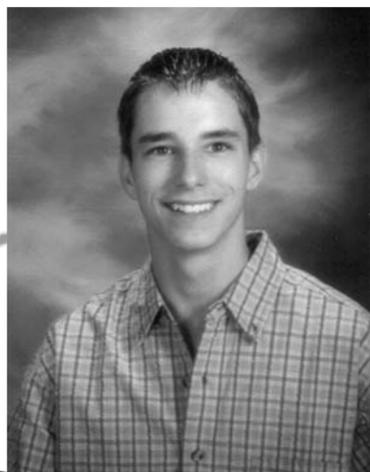
Donations Received



**In Memory of
Tammy Brunner**
December 5, 1969– August 24, 2006
*Your life is forever cherished
in our hearts.*
Love, Mom & Blair
—Donna Watts



**In Memory of
Daniel Mark Kohler**
May 14, 1971—May 23, 2005
*We will always love you
Mom, Buddy, Ray, Angie*
—Arlene & Buddy Thomason



**In Memory of
Arron Ragon**
Happy 22nd Birthday
We will love you forever,
Mom, Dad, Kevin, Keith, Wendy,
Carissa, Tyler, Kaleb & Ragon
—Bill & Kaye Ragon



**In Memory of
Sean Christian Anderson**
November 11, 1974 ~ January 24, 1994
*“Out on the ocean sailing away,
I can hardly wait,
To see you to come of age,
But I guess we’ll both,
Just have to be patient,
Yes it’s a long way to go,
But in the meantime,
Before you cross the street,*

*Take my hand,
Life is just what happens to you,
While you’re busy making other plans,
Beautiful, Beautiful, beautiful,
Beautiful Boy,
Darling, Darling,
Darling ~ Sean”*
(lyric excerpt from “Beautiful Boy”
by John Lennon)

*Remembering our darling Sean
on his 33rd Birthday.*
Love, Mom, Dad,
Chris, Paul, Traci, Chelsea & Seanie
—Carol Welch

Love Gifts

Donations Received



Don Patrick Pool Richard Wayne Pool
January 29 1956—May 24, 2003 November 29 1964—July 7, 1985

*“If Tears Could Build a Stairway, and Memories a Lane,
I’d Walk Right Up to Heaven and,
Bring You Both Home Again.”*

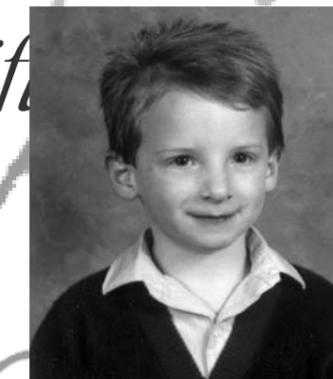
Love, Mom
—Alberta Lyons.



**In Memory of
Brian Ruby**
*& the love and inspiration he left
with those whose lives he touched.*
—Mary Linderer

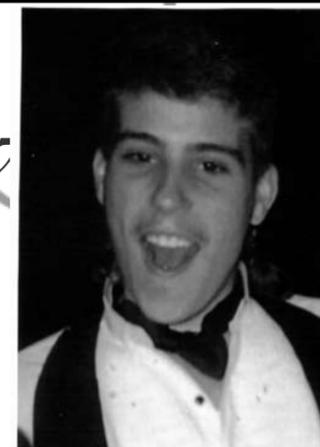


**In Memory of
JD Chastain**
December 19, 1990– October 30, 2006
*My precious son,
His smile is gone forever
and his hand I can not touch
but I still have so many memories
of the one I love so much.
His memory is my keepsake with which
I’ll never part. God has him in
His keeping, I have him in my heart.
We love & miss you so much,*
Mommy
—Billie Houghton



**In Memory of
Dylan Thomas
Murphy–Thornton**
October 8, 1984–August 2, 1991

**In Memory of
Mr. Frank Calvert**
—Tom & Pat Castro
Wayne & Sharon Krejci



**In Memory of
Ronald P. Owensby**
November 8, 1974– September 15, 1997
*Happy 33rd Birthday
In Heaven*
*If we were granted just one wish
It would be to have you back again*
Love Mom & Dad
—R. & D. Owensby



**In Memory of
Richard Meyer**
Grandpa of
William Bousman
—Friends at BP/USA StL

**In Memory of
James David Stulce**
1979– August 14, 2007
—The Besch Family

**In Celebration of
Sharon Olson’s Retirement**
—Sharon & Wayne Krejci

What Is A Love Gift?

A “Love Gift” is a donation made in your child’s memory to *Bereaved Parents of the USA*. BP/USA is self-supporting and our St Louis Chapter runs entirely with volunteer staffers. Our expenses are paid through fund raising efforts and by your donations such as “Love Gifts.”

If you send in a donation/ love gift and would like to have your child’s picture on this page, include a picture along with a self addressed stamped envelope to: Jamie Ryan
6309 Washington Ave, St Louis, MO 63130. —Thank you!

St. Louis Bulletin Board

BPUSA St. Louis is thankful
this month
& every month for our
Money Guru,
Timothy's mom,
Michelle Horrell,
who donates
her accounting skills to
BP/USA STL.



CORRECTIONS: Last issue was graciously sponsored by Jacqui's mom, Janice Schindler. We'd like to correct Jacqueline's birth month as we printed. She came into this world September 20th (9/20/77) and not October.

Have extra time? Talent to spare?
Tired of crying?
Candlelight needs you! Interested?
Call Sharon Krejki
636-532-0033
We won't stop your tears but we can sure can use your talents!

Dear Reader,
We are sorry for any incorrect dates, spellings, omissions or listed information. Please accept our apologies and inform us! Review and use the "Communication Form" on page 14, to correct and update your info. Thanks!

Again, our newsletter is folded and mailed by:
Jeannette Daugherty, Marilyn Davis,
Dianne Carlile and Judy & Scott Ruby. Thanks.

WWW Honor your Child

Be a...Web Sponsor.

Make a \$20 donation to BPUSA/STL and your child's picture will be displayed on our home page for 1 month. You can also write the scrolling message above your child's picture (25 words or fewer). Sponsorship is on a first come first serve basis.



Create a...Web Memorial at the "Meet Our Children" section. The cost is a one-time \$25 donation. Your child's name will appear below your group. Their name will be the link to their web page containing their picture and an optional one page story.

Interested? Contact: **Barb Blanton** through our website or email barb_blanton@yahoo.com. When sending in your donation, please specify whether you want to be a *web sponsor* or to add your child to the *web memorial*.

Meeting Times & Places

BP/USA St. Louis Chapter
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St. Louis, MO 63141
(314) 878-0890

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National Headquarters
P.O. Box 95
Park Forest, IL 60466
(708)748-7866
www.bereavedparentsusa.org

ADDITIONAL MEETINGS

Parents of Murdered Children:

Meetings: 3rd Tuesday at 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 Street,
St. Louis, MO 63103 (314) 647-3100
Meetings every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m.

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

Meetings: 2nd Tuesday at 7:00 p.m.
4th Saturday at 10:30 a.m.
St Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)
St. Louis, MO (314) 853-7925

BUSINESS MEETINGS

Upcoming Meetings of BP/ USA are:
Nov. 10 & Dec 8
at 9:00 am
Creve Coeur Government Center
300 N. New Ballas Road,
Meeting Rm #1

We ask that a representative from each group be present to report on their individual groups, and to take back information received at the meeting.

All interested in how our chapter operates are welcome. **Questions?**
Call Sharon Krejki 1 636-532-0033 or email at chaptercontact@bpusa.org

TROY, MO (First Wednesday, 7:00pm)

Super 8 Motel-28 Turnbull Trl, Troy, MO 63379
Facilitator: Cindy Morris (636) 462-9961 cmotweety@yahoo.com
JAN 3rd ...holidays, bad expected?/ what to do with our childrens things? FEB 7th Be bitter or get better?

ST. PETERS (First Thursday, 7:30 P.M.)

Fire Fighters Union Hall-2334 McMenamy Road, 63376
Facilitators: Marcia Hoekel (636) 332-8097.....Thoekel@aol.com
Nov 1st Coping with the holidays DEC. 6th Pot luck & gift night

ST. PETERS SIBLING GROUP-same time and place as above

Facilitators: Stacy Magill (314) 809-5058
Tracy Wallace (314) 650-7056

New Meeting

Jefferson County South (First Thursday, 7:00 P.M)

St Rose Catholic Church-Miller and Third Street, Desoto, MO
Facilitators: Ginny Kamp (636) 586-8559 Kamp_DW@hotmail.com
Debbie Larson (636) 931-3944
Nov 1st Dec. 6th open discussion

SOUTH COUNTY (Second Thursday, 7:00 P.M.)

Holy Trinity Church-Union & Reevis Barracks Rd, 63125
Facilitator: Jane Nelson (314) 378-3147-southgroup@bpustl.org
Nov. 8th TBA Dec. 13th TBA

WASHINGTON, MO (Third Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.)

Washington Ambulance Bldg-515 Washington Ave (behind Rothschilds)
Facilitator: Karen Flagg (636) 583-2467 washingtongroup@bpustl.org
Nov 20th Holiday, How Can We Manage To Make It Through?
Dec 7th a Friday Rose and Candle Memorial

NORTH COUNTY (Third Saturday, 9:30 A.M.)-Coldwell

Banker Gundaker Bldg (rear)-2402 North Hwy 67, 63033
NOTE: Volunteer interpreter provided for hearing impaired
Facilitator: Pat Ryan (314) 605-3949-northgroup@bpustl.org
NOV 17th Can we count our blessings?
DEC 15th Ba Hum bug! Who are we? Scrooge or Saint?

ST. LOUIS CITY GROUP (First Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.)

Timothy Lutheran School (lower lever) 6704 Fyler, 63139
Facilitator: June Laschober (314) 647-1758-jlasc@sbcbglobal.net
Co Facilitator: Sandy Curran (314) 647-2863-citygroup@bpustl.org
NOV 27th Facing the holidays. DEC 25th No Meeting

WEST COUNTY (Fourth Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.)

Shaare Emeth Congregation 11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue),63141
Facilitators:Judy Ruby (314) 994-1996-westgroup@bpustl.org
NOV 27th Getting Through the Holidays
DEC 18th Reflections on Candlelight/Looking Ahead-a New Year