

Bereaved Parents USA

September • October 2012



SEPTEMBER 29, 2012

BPUSAStl's Fundraiser:

Golfing for Angels

for more detail, contacts, etc

visit our website bpusastl.org

BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA
ST. LOUIS CHAPTER
hosts

A Candlelight
Memorial Service
In Memory of our Children

Sunday,
December 2, 2012
at 4:00 p.m.

Shaare Emeth Congregation
11645 Ladue Road
St. Louis, MO 63141

ARE YOU READY TO GIVE BACK?

Margaret Gerner, MSW

At the first meeting for St. Louis area bereaved parents nine people attended. Today there are five groups and two phone numbers for bereaved parents to call for help.

What happened in the thirty three years that grew the chapter to so many groups?

How did the newsletter subscriptions grow to exceed 500?

How did the Candlelight Ceremony attract close to one thousand every December?

How did the workshops and three National Gatherings take place in St. Louis?

Who helped the hundreds, and possibly thousands, go on to live comfortable lives again in the few years after their precious child died?

The answer is simple---PARENTS WHO ARE READY TO GIVE BACK! *continued page 2*

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Margaret's CORNER

Margaret Gerner, MSW

Ready To Give Back? ►

No organization can grow as the St. Louis Chapter has without the time, devotion, caring and effort of the various members of our chapter.

Over the years the role of our leaders has changed and evolved. At one time just a few people met together in someone's home and discussed issues pertinent to the present one or two groups.

One time someone came up with the idea that some type of observance of the holidays should take place. The Candlelight Ceremony was born.

Someone else suggested a one day workshop in the Spring. The March workshop was born.

As a member chapter of the

National Bereaved Parents of the USA we elected to hold a National Gathering in St. Louis three times.

None of this could have happened without parents who were ready to give back!

In the early months and years of our grief, we can only take. We need parents who are farther down on their grief journey to give of themselves so that the newly bereaved not only live, but survive and grow stronger as the result of the death of his/her son or daughter.

But there comes a time when we can and must give back. Our child's memory demands it.

Granted, many of us have life responsibilities that keeps us from doing just that, but few of us are so busy that we can't spare one night a month to share how we have survived

with a newly bereaved parent. Few of us are so busy that we can't bring a plate of cookies to the Candlelight Ceremony. At least one or two bereaved parents can spare a couple of hours readying the newsletter for mailing. Most of us can spare a few dollars from our tight budget to help fund the lunch at the Spring workshop.

Presently, our business meetings are held monthly. Less than a dozen parents attend. Most have been attending regularly for years. They are the same people who do all the work of the chapter. These meetings are held in a conference room at Barnes St. Peters Hospital on the second Saturday of the month at 9am. Every bereaved parent is welcome. Think about it! We need you!



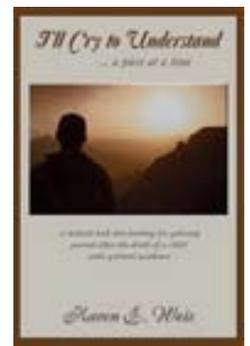
BOOK REVIEW

I'll Cry to Understand... a piece at a time

—Karen E. Weis (reviewed by Sandy Curran)

It has been 19 years since I lost my son, Michael. I have read many a book on grief. I did not think there were any words left to describe our grief, pain, and emotions, but Karen Weis found more. Her words hit home sooooo many times. Feelings, thoughts, and emotions were given a whole new validating description. She also manages to incorporate the feelings and emotions of family members and friends which is difficult to understand for a bereaved parent while we are in that early grief. If spirituality and the bible are a comfort to you, that is also strewn throughout the book. This book is a Must Read. ■

<http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/karenweis> baren246@hotmail.com



*You, your family & friends
are invited to attend*

Angel of Hope

Memorial Service

December 6, 2012

7:00 p.m.

Located at Blanchette Park,



St. Charles, MO

*as is customary,
bring a white rose and a candle.*

For further information contact:

National SHARE office

1-800-821-6819

Seasons of Grief and Healing: A Guide for Those Who Mourn

James Miller

This season cannot be all brightness and glow, however. You still feel sad at times. You get caught off-guard by sudden rushes of painful emotions. That's the nature of spring – gradual warming punctuated by brief stabs of chill. Yet as you let your feelings evolve in ways most fitting to you, you promote the natural unfolding of your grief, the natural unfolding of your life.



You can begin to direct more and more what is happening around you.

You can decide about the things you want to start doing again. You can experiment with things you've never tried before, realizing that something within you now is eager to try.

You can begin to turn your attention more to others offering what you have to give, welcoming what is there to receive. You have every reason to do both, and every right. ■

Golfing for Angels



In loving memory of our children

Saturday Sept. 29th 2012

Links at Dardenne

**7000 Brassel Drive
O'Fallon, MO 63368**

1:00 P.M. Shot Gun Start

4 Person Scramble

**Entry Fee \$320.00 per team
or \$80.00 per person**

(individual will be placed in a foursome)

Limited to the first 36 teams – First Place in 3 Flights

Tournament includes: golf, cart, supper and beverages, closest to pin on three par 3's, long drive men and women and attendance prizes.

The Bereaved Parents of the USA (BP/USA) is a National Organization designed to support parents and their families who are struggling to survive their grief after the death of a child. Most families feel a need, after they have endured this most devastating life crisis, to have some order restored to their lives. BP/USA provides an atmosphere where personal change, growth and a positive resolution of grief can occur. Your support of this event will allow us to continue to provide:

- 65 chapters throughout the United States
- 50,000 newsletters sent annually
- Self-funding /self supporting
- An all-volunteer organization
- local website - bpusastl.org
- Over 10,000 parents visit our website each month
- Weekly meetings conducted by volunteer facilitators
- Telephone hotline provided (314-878-0890)
- Holiday candlelight in Memory of our Children
- National Website - bereavedparentsusa.org

Optional Skins game, mulligans, and a 50/50 drawing

Call (314) 954-1810 For inquiries

Team Entry Form

Make checks payable to: BP USA Tax Id #43-1744852

Mail Checks and Team Entry Forms to: BP USA

Please have entries in by Sept 22nd PO Box 1115

St Peters Mo 63376

We will take late sign ups day of the tournament as space allows.

Player Name

Address

Phone

E-mail

1.	_____	_____	_____	_____
2.	_____	_____	_____	_____
3.	_____	_____	_____	_____
4.	_____	_____	_____	_____

BACK INTO THE WORLD

—Gerald Hunt TCF/White River Junction, VT

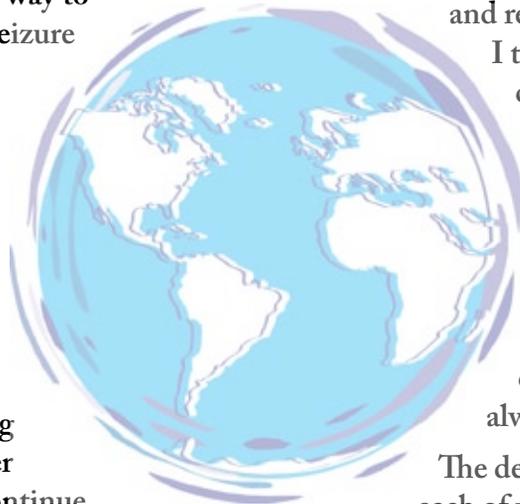
There would always come those moments when a bright red top found under the lilac, a snatch of tune, a small mitten at the back of a closet, a child's footprint in the soft earth of the back yard would cut into me, sweeping Teddy back with terrible force, and I would go down into the basement and sit on one of the sawhorses and give way to long shuddering sobs, until the seizure finally wore itself out and let me go again. And then I would wipe my face and climb back upstairs again, where the world – impossibly, capriciously – was going along exactly as it had before. Anton Myrer, *The Last Convertible*. Like the character in Anton Myrer's novel, all of us have had the experience of having to pull ourselves together in order to face the things that seem to continue in spite of our every wish for them to stop. I remember going back to work, sitting at my desk and staring blankly at the walls. The people I worked with struggled to say the right things, but they continued, also, to do the same things they always did. And I guess I wished or expected or wanted

something to be different, because my world had changed so drastically in the days I had been gone.

I remember seeing my friends again. And they were kind and brought food or said they were sorry, or they hugged me and maybe cried with me. But they were still the same friends, eating the same foods and reading the same books; and I guess I thought they would change, for certainly I had changed since I had last seen them.

And the news on TV and the time of year and the color of the sky and everything else must surely change, but it didn't and it doesn't, and the world "impossibly, capriciously" continues just as it always has.

The death of a child has probably changed each of us more than any single other event in our lives. And the world seems cruel sometimes to not allow us the time to adjust and catch up. But no amount of hoping will stop the goings on around us. Slowly, strongly and eventually, we must make the effort, on our own, to catch up. ■



Golden Nuggets of Hope

golden nuggets of hope



2013 National Gathering for the Bereaved Parents of the USA
Sacramento, California
July 25 - 28, 2013

Hosted by the
Sacramento-Placer County Chapter of the
Bereaved Parents of the USA

The2013Gathering@gmail.com

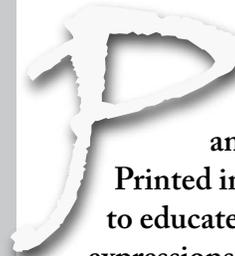
St Louis Bulletin Board

Newsletter's

Renewal Notice coming soon.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

- **Golf Tournament**
September 29, 2012 at Links at Dardenne
- **Candlelight**
December 2, 2012 at Sharre Emeth
- **Workshop -**
March 23, 2013 at The Machinists Hall
- **2013 National Gathering**
July 25-26, 2013 Sacramento, California



Part of BPUSA StL's commitment to you is to be 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 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.

BPUSAStL shares these insights not only for your contemplation but also to acknowledge our community's many and rich sources for strength and hope. ■

Honor your Child & Support **BPUSAStL**

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

Tribute of the Month: Make a \$20.00 donation and your child's picture will grace our Homepage and have a link to your child's virtual memorial.

Virtual Memorial: Simply join a group and your child's picture will be added to "Meet Our Children." In addition, make a \$10.00 donation to submit a one page story that links to your child's picture.

Love Gift: For a donation your child's picture will appear on the Love Gifts page.

For any of above, insure that your child's picture and angel dates are in **BPUSAStL** database. If not, mail one to our PO Box or **EMAIL:** bpustl@gmail.com. ■

Newsletter Submissions

Cut off date for
Sept Oct
October 20th

Send your submission to:

Newsletter
PO BOX 1115
St. Peters, MO 63376
bpustl@gmail.com

If sending picture include a self addressed stamped envelope

and make checks payable to
BPUSAStL Thankyou!

Children of BPUSA *StL's* Board Members & Facilitators

Joe DiMarco
son of
Teresa DiMarco



Arthur
&
Emily Gerner
son & grandchild of
Margaret Gerner



Michael A. Maixner
son of
Bob Maixner



Jennifer Francisco
daughter of
Jeanne & Mike
Francisco



Donnie Lagemann
son of
Bill & Vicki
Lagemann



Jeff Ryan
son of Pat Ryan



Brett Alan Blanton
son of Barb Blanton



Joel Fehrmann
son of
Linda Fehrmann



Michael Yackly
son of
Victoria Kellison



Daniel Kohler
son of
Arlene Thomason



Jeffrey Morris
son of Cindy Morris



Leah Eisenberg
daughter of
Jamie Ryan



Ryan Arnold
son of
Donna Arnold



Brian Ruby
son of Judy Ruby



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



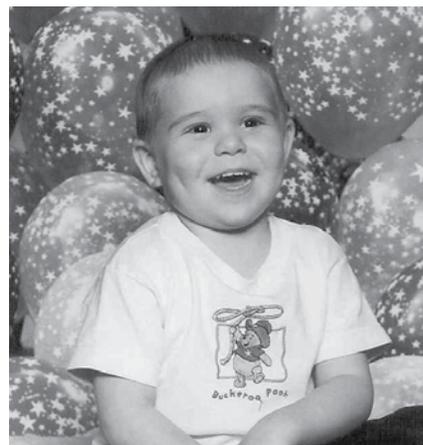
In Memory of
Brian Turnbough
 December 2, 1979— October 30, 2002
*You have been loved and missed
 everyday for 10 years*
 —Paulette Turnbough



In Memory of
Ryan Arnold
 October 2, 1978 – November 3, 2004
Happy Birthday in Heaven!
I love & miss you so much!
love, mom
 —Donna Arnold



In Memory of
Amy Jenness Oberreither
 January 22, 1983— October 15, 2001
We will love you forever!
All our love forever, Mom & Dad
 —Jeff & Persis Oberreither



In Memory of
Ryan John Gerlemann
 We will love you forever!
 Mom, Dad, Erica & Sarah
 —Leroy & Penny Gerlemann

HALLOWEEN'S PAST & PRESENT

—Cathy Seebuetter, TCF, St Paul, MN

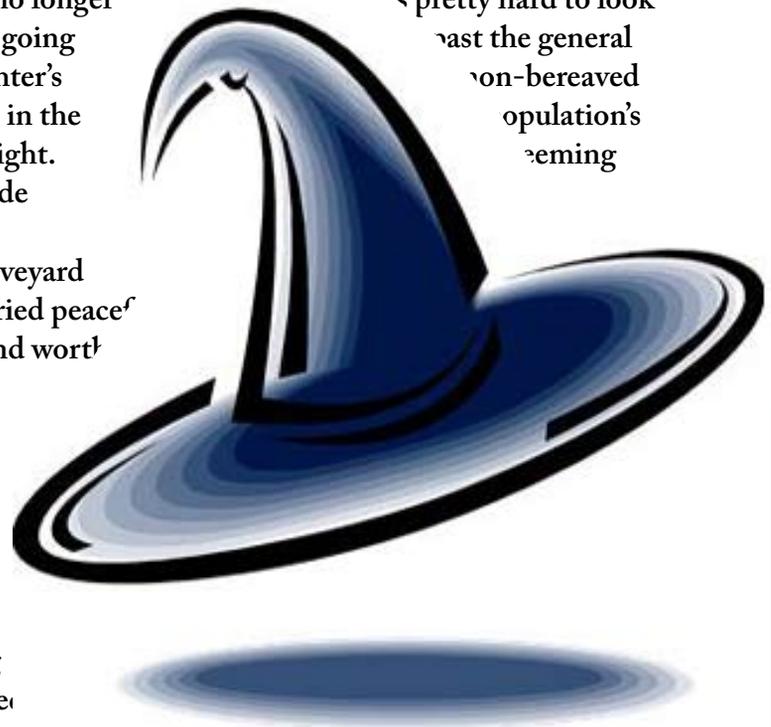
On the evening I type this, the nip in the October air is a reminder that the major holidays are just around the corner. Halloween decorations have been in the stores since July and Christmas décor even as early as August. For those of us who are bereaved parents, siblings and/or grandparents this means the sooner they are “in our face” the longer we have the constant reminders that we will be facing the holidays without our child. Whether it is your first Halloween following your child’s death or years down the road, such as in my situation, the holiday season stirs the emotions bringing varying levels of sadness, anxiety and sometimes even anger. With Halloween, there is the sorrow of no longer having to find that perfect costume or witnessing the delight in your child’s eyes when you found just the right one.

Many parents find Halloween a particularly hard one to get through. In the past, I always thought of it as innocuous enough; there were the costume parties with bobbing for apple, children excitedly dashing door-to-door trick-or-treating, pumpkin carving, and the occasional harmless prank. However, after my daughter Nina died, I became acutely aware of things that I never gave a second thought to in the past. For instance, my

former neighbor made her whole front yard into a graveyard scene, complete with fake headstones that said R.I.P. with scary or silly epitaphs as well as hideous ghosts coming out of the earth with bony bloody fingers. Before Nina died, I too found the cemetery “creepy”, but now I look at it differently, even with a sort of reverence, and no longer have a problem going out to my daughter’s grave-site, even in the middle of the night. I find the solitude of the historic countryside graveyard where she is buried peacefully and dignified and worthy of respect, and I was hurt by what I felt was apparent ridicule and disdain for the final resting place of our loved ones’ physical bodies to the point of tears and anger. Moreover, some of the masks and costumes portrayed faces of death in a way that I found highly offensive, especially since I knew many who lost their children to some of the means depicted. I took it personally and didn’t appreciate what I perceived as a mockery of death.

Though I still don’t pretend to understand the allure of the above-mentioned Halloween depictions, they aren’t as painful to me as they were the first few years after Nina died. During the early grief years, we become very hypersensitive to our surroundings and more keenly conscious of anything related to death. It

is pretty hard to look past the general non-bereaved population’s seeming



about something we take so personally. Though we wish there was more empathy and understanding, we also know all too well that they cannot truly sympathize unless they also have walked in our shoes. It is easy to forget that we too, before our children’s deaths, may have shown *continued page 13* ▶

Infant & Toddler

Page

WHEN A BABY IS EXPECTED

—Linda Moffatt

Have you ever seen that commercial with the little girl and the Ria Bits crackers? The announcer is trying to get her to say whether Ria Bits are the same as regular Ritz crackers or different. The little girl tries various explanations. First, she tells him how they're alike. "So they're the same?" he asks. "No, silly," she answers, "one's little and one's big." "So, they're different," he says. She rolls her eyes. Finally, in hstrafon, she says, "Don't you get it?" What is obvious to her - but difficult to explain - is that they're the same, but different.

The shock/disbelief/horror/anger is the ' same. The void is the same. The ache and the longing and the despair hurt just as much, for just as long. The difference is nobody believes any of that.

When Nicholas was diagnosed (shortly after birth) with a heart defect, he was given only a short time to live. We wanted to bring him home from the hospital, and we were met with some resistance from the family and friends. Many thought that bringing Nicholas home was a terrible idea. "Oh, my, you'll get attached to him, and it will be much harder on you when he dies," was the common thread of their thoughts on the matter.

I don't know how they thought we had avoided attachment to this

point - he was our child, he looked just like our other children, he was our son? (Can you envision a world where people have to be talked into taking their new baby home? "Don't worry, Dear, you'll like him once you get him home and get attached to him.")

People honestly seem to think you can carry a child through pregnancy (to whatever stage the pregnancy ends), give birth to your child, hold him or her, and have no feelings toward or about your child or yourselves as parents unless the child is alive and healthy.

When a baby is expected, we are told by everyone, including the media that the birth of a baby is the most blessed of all life's events, that this new person, who is different from all persons ever born, will change our lives forever.

And yet when this most blessed and unique person dies, everybody acts like it's nothing. "Oh well, better luck next time. "It's better he died before you got to know him." "You'll have more babies." These are some of the things that make grieving for an infant child complicated - difficult. There is no permission given to even feel bad, because you can't have feelings for someone you don't know."

So parents who lose a baby will generally try to hide their feelings of grief from others for fear of ridicule,

disapproval or stern lectures about how lucky they are to have other children or the ability to have new (obviously improved) babies.

On a tragedy scale, losing a baby ranks pretty low. For people who will still say that it is "harder" to lose an older child, I say that these are people who are not currently pregnant or have an infant, and that they have forgotten. They've forgotten the excitement, anxiety, fear and - ultimately - the miracle of birth. Let them hold their own newborn in their arms again, and they will remember.



Do I wish Nicholas had died at birth instead of living six weeks?

Of course not, it

simply defies logic to think that any parent would want less time with their child instead of more.

People will say that grief over the death of an infant is nothing more than the loss of hopes and dreams of the future. That is certainly a part of it as it is for any bereaved parent (The fact that my brother lived 49 years doesn't stop my mother from wishing to see him with his grandchildren). But we also miss that unique individual who was our first-born or second child, or only daughter or whatever.

He was his own person with his own place in our family. When we speak of -the death of a child, age has no place in the discussion of grief. Don't you get it? ■

Sibling Page

Please Don't Discount

SIBLING GRIEF

-Jane Machado, TCF, Tulane, CA

I have come to think of sibling grief as Discount Grief." Why? Because siblings appear to be an emotional bargain in most people's eyes. People worry so much about the bereaved parents that they invest very little attention in the grieving sibling. My personal "favorite" comforting line said to siblings is, "You be sure and take care of your parents." I wanted to know who was supposed to take care of me-I knew I couldn't.

The grief of a sibling may differ from that of a parent, but it ought not to be discounted. People need to realize that while it is obviously painful for parents to lose a child, it is also painful for the sibling, who has not only lost a sister or brother, but an irreplaceable friend.

While dealing with this double loss, he or she must confront yet another factor: The loss of a brother or sister is frequently the surviving sibling's first experience with the death of any young person. Young people feel they will live forever. A strong dose of mortality in the form of a sibling death is very hard to take.

The feelings of the sibling are also often discounted when decisions are being made on things ranging from funeral plans to flower selections. Parents need to listen to surviving siblings who usually know a lot about the taste and preferences of the deceased. Drawing on the knowledge that surviving siblings have about supposedly trivial things -such as favorite clothes or music can serve two purposes when planning a funeral or memorial service. First, their input helps ensure that the deceased receives the type of service he or she would have liked. Second, their inclusion in the planning lets them know they are still an important part of the family. I realize that people are unaware that they are discounting sibling grief But then, that's why I'm writing this-so people will know. ■



To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

-Thomas Campbell



Telephone Friends

BPUSA StL :

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:

Barb Blanton (314)-303-8973

Jefferson County Contact:

Sandy Brungardt (314) 954-2410

Murder:

Mata Weber (618) 972-0429

Butch Hartmann (314) 487-8989

Only Child:

Mary Murphy (314) 822-7448

Suicide:

Sandy Curran (314) 518-2302

Single Parent:

Mary Murphy (314) 822-7448

ANOTHER SEASON
WITHOUT YOU

—John Plourde 2008

*The "first" day of fall has now past,
the pain of your death will forever last.*

*I think of you as I look into the clear,
cool sky, as I think of you,
again, I begin to cry.*

*As I walk along and feel
the autumn in the air,
I miss seeing the autumn sun
glistening in your hair.*

*Your beautiful smile
as gentle as an autumn leaf
are now only memories
in my life of grief.*

*Oh, how I wish
I could hold you once more,
I pray for the day
you meet me at heaven's door.*

*My deep love for you
will never fade away,
no matter how long
on this earth I have to stay.*

*The day you died at the age of eleven,
I knew that you had
the prettiest angel wings in heaven.*

*Each day since your death
is a challenge to survive,
missing you more and more
each day I am alive.*

*My darling daughter Danielle Marie,
I promise you this,*

*On my entrance into heaven,
you will be the first one I kiss.*

Your Loving Daddy. ■



THE ART OF GIVING

—Wilfred A. Peterson, from “The Art of Living”

We give of ourselves when we give gifts of the heart:

Love, kindness, joy, understanding, sympathy, tolerance, forgiveness.

We give of ourselves when we give gifts of the mind:

Ideas, dreams, purposes, ideals, principles, plans, projects, poetry.

We give of ourselves when we give gifts of the spirit:

Prayer, vision, beauty, aspiration, peace, faith.

We give of ourselves when we give the gift of words:

Encouragement, inspiration, guidance.

Emerson said it well:

“Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts.

The only true gift is a portion of thyself.” ■



HALLOWEEN'S PAST & PRESENT *from page 9* ▶

the same indifference. I believe that we would like to think that we wouldn't have been so callous because we now personally know how much this hurts those affected; however, before we lost our “innocence”, truth be told, we probably didn't give any of it much thought. That being said, oftentimes it is still easier said than done.

On this 10th Halloween without Nina, I pretty much ignore all the ghoulishness surrounding this time of year. If I do find I am having difficulty, I try very hard to focus on positive and precious memories of Halloween's past, such as her belated birthday/Halloween party where our basement became a makeshift haunted house where giggling blindfolded costumed witches and princesses plunged their hands into bowls full of peeled grape “eyeballs” and wet macaroni “brains” to the shrieks of “Yuck!”, or the photo taken of Nina on her last Halloween. No longer of trick-or-treat age, she stayed home to pass out the candy and carve an awesome Jack-O-Lantern that she is pictured proudly along side, with her ever-present smile and that wonderful twinkle in her brown eyes. Or the photos I have of her in her costumes over the years from Care Bear to Punk Rocker. Because of my photographs and precious memories, I also realize

that I was one of the “lucky” ones in that regard.

There are those whose children died before they ever had the opportunity to create memories, there is the sorrow that they were never able to experience even one holiday with that child, yet alone several, and that saddens me very much.

For those with a missing trick-or-treater this

Halloween or the

conspicuous

empty chair at

Thanksgiving

dinner this year,

the first ones are

the most difficult.

Though I find they

are easier to bear as time

goes on, you never really forget the absence from the family holiday gatherings of one loved so much, nor do you want to forget, really. Please try to remember that this roller-coaster grief ride each year brings different feelings. It is important that you just allow those feelings and let them happen, Try not to be waylaid by other's expectations of you. Trust your instincts and go with them. Truly, only you know what you can or cannot handle.

With gentle thoughts ■



LIFE'S TAPESTRY

—Salty Miglioccio. TCF. Babylon, AT

It's said a splendid tapestry depicts Life's "grand design."
Immense in its complexity, the threads all intertwine...
to form a pattern illustrating with explicit weave
the reason why our children die, and why we're left to grieve.

I've heard it called the "Master Plan,"
and there are those who say each thread's the story of a life,
from birth to dying day— no death occurs that is not planned;
some greater purpose served.

And some draw comfort from belief that fate cannot be swerved.
If destiny holds all the cards then nothing would be changed,
we would not alter tragedy— for death was prearranged.
I do not know if I believe that fate decreed the day
my life lost its illusions— enchantment came to stay.

But I do know the path I'm on is one that's far less clear...
I stumble through this dad mess praying light will reappear.
Yet in my soul her light lives on;
my love for her remains with innocence she
healed my heart & broke thru my life's chains.

My daughter showed me how to trust, her needs taught me to fight,
she planted seeds of caring about others and their plight.

If the tapestry depicts the life of all who walk the earth.
The master weaver added my child's thread, and knew her worth.
Her life, her death, my agony— are pushing me to find the reason
for her years with me, and why I'm left behind.

I understand my path will stay in darkness 'til I see
the means by which I'll utilize the gifts she gave to me.
If I can find a way to share the caring I now feel
It will honor her dear memory, and help my heart to heal. ■

Meeting Times and 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 & Jeanne 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
211 Boone Street
Troy, MO 63379
Fac: Cindy Morris (636)462-9961

BPUSA StL

BUSINESS • FACILITATORS

MEETING
September 14rd & October 11th,
Always a Saturday @ 9:00 AM

BJC Hospital - St. Peters
10 Hospital Drive
Room A/B
St. Peters, MO 63376

All are welcome!

Call: 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

CRESTWOOD Group

(2nd Tues. of month, 7:00pm)
Chads Coalition Building
(Formerly Montgomery Bank)
180 Crestwood Plaza.
(9200 Watson Rd.)
St. Louis, Mo. 63126
FAC: Sandy Curran
(314)518-2302
skc4pets@gmail.com

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)

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 Street
St. Charles, Mo 63301
1st & 3rd Monday
*LF (314) 853-7925

GRASP: (Grief Relief After Substance Passing)

Sundays at 700pm
Harris House
8327 Broadway 63111
MaryAnn Lemonds
(314) 330-7586
malemonds@gmail.com

Open Arms* Parents Left Behind

4355 Butler Hill Rd
Fac: Kathy Myers
(636)343-5262

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER
BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.
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St. Peters, MO 63376

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September • October 2012

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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 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. ■

