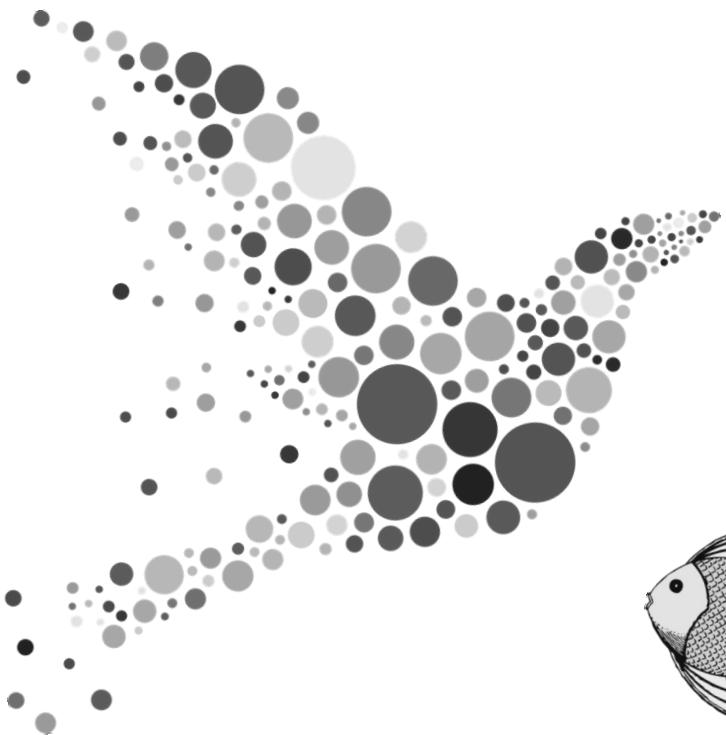




**SEP-OCT 2017**

# Bereaved Parents of the USAStL

**VOLUME 40 - NUMBER**



**Birds fly.**

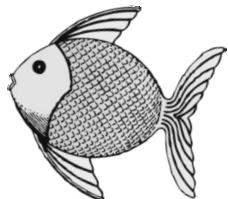


**Fish swim.**

**People feel.**

**Feeling is Healing**

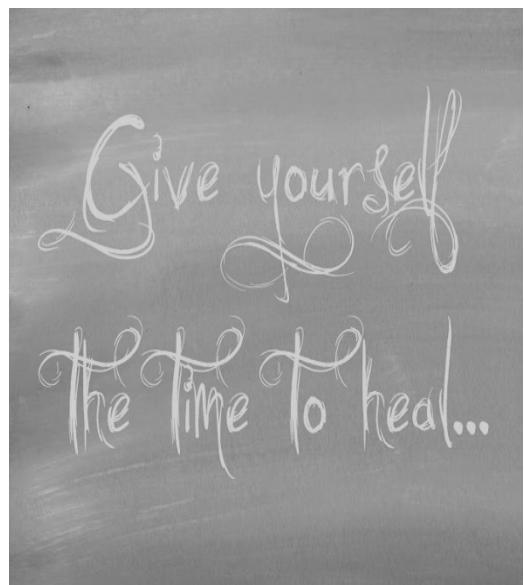
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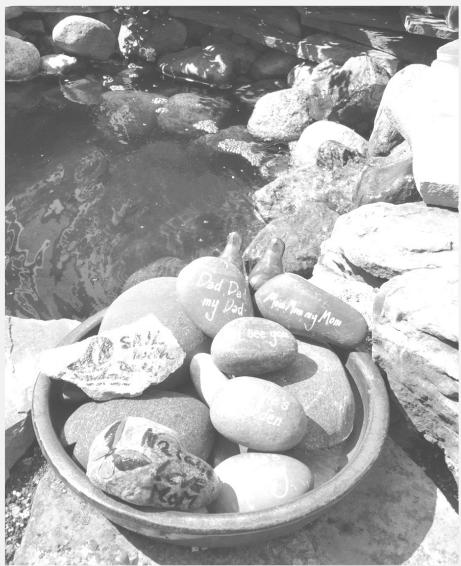
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# National Gathering Spotlight - D.C. - August 2017



## Memorable Moments National Conference 2017

Herndon, Virginia

Written by: Linda Frohning Natalie's mom

This year's theme was Reflect, Renew, Remember. Alongside the normal workshops were several interactive activities this year to renew the mind, body, and spirit. This included yoga, meditation, a Heart to Art painting project and rock painting. And some adventurous people even took airplane rides with speaker, Gareth Williams.

### Heart To Heart Art Mural Project

A group of talented artists helped our families paint a 3 piece mural which will be showcased again at next years Conference in Memphis. Parents lined up and one by one they picked up the brushes and painted a heartfelt small section, in memory of their child, to contribute to the overall landscape that was completed in three days. It is truly a glowing, shining memorable one of a kind masterpiece!

### Rock Painting

Another creative activity, perhaps for those who felt too challenged to paint on the art mural was rock painting. Many shapes, sizes and colors of rocks were brought in for families to paint a rock with a memorable message to their loved one. I already had a rock collection in Natalie's memory so I painted 2 rocks to add to my collection. It sits by the fountain and fishpond in my back yard. She passed away at a hospital in St. Louis and I collected rocks from the hospital when I visited the garden there. A friend painted these for me 5 years ago. So this activity was especially meaningful to me.

### Sharing Session: Ways to Honor the Memory of Our Child

This workshop was facilitated by 5 individuals, who felt they should be doing something to help others. There were countless outstanding things that these people were doing to achieve that purpose. One that really touched my heart was the Wedding Dress Project. Brides donate their wedding dresses and newborn infant dresses or little boy suits are constructed from them by talented seamstresses. They are then given to moms in hospitals whose babies are stillborn or who never leave the hospital. The babies are laid to rest in the outfits.

### Closing Ceremony: A Dove Release

The final ceremony was most touching with soft music being played by a folk group and was held outside around a small lake next to the hotel. Twenty-five doves were held in white whicker baskets and were released while soft music played and alongside many tears being shed. The birds flew off in unison and circled the pond and then they were gone in an instant.....just like our beautiful kids. The ceremony was solemn, respectful and will long be remembered by all who attended.

*Dove photo  
taken by Mike  
Francisco*



Heart to Art, LLC from Pennsylvania were on hand to assist with drawing and paint supplies. Pictured above, **Mike Francisco**, St. Peters Group Facilitator, painting the head of a horse in memory of their daughter, Jennifer, she loved horses.



## **National Gathering Spotlight ..... (continued)**

**Gareth Williams** founded Fly-Hope-Dream in his son Timmy's honor. He offers dream flights in an open cockpit biplane to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. During his presentation, Gareth shared **Five steps to Finding Hope in Child Loss .**

1. Decide what you love to do

*Consider what one thing would you do every day if money and time were object.*

2. Determine what you are good at

*Ask others for their input about you.*

3. Consider what moves you

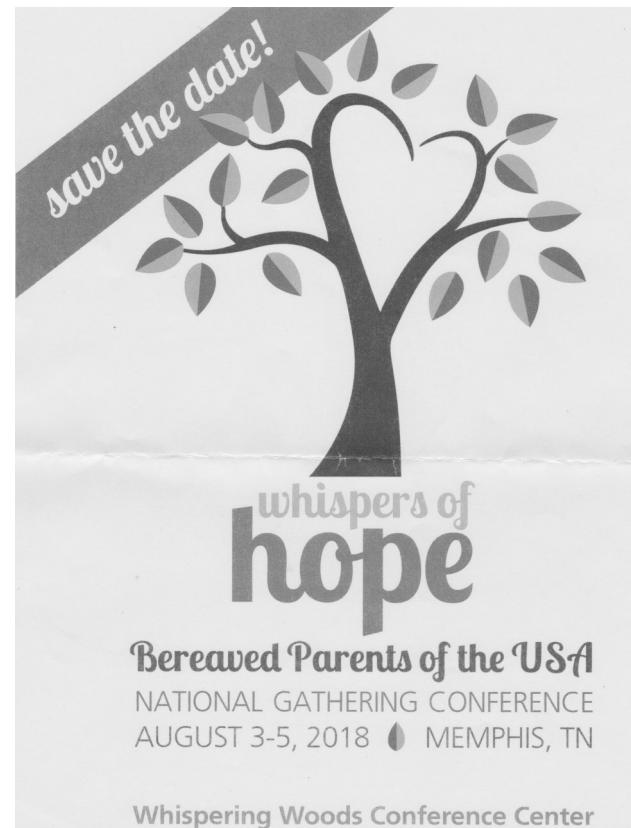
*What brings you to tears or makes you mad. Where can you make an impact?*

4. Create a Personal Mission Statement

*What, why, whom, purpose.*

5. Do Something!!!

*Create a legacy, use your skills.*



As a bereaved parent of three years, I didn't know what to expect from attending the recent national gathering in Washington, D.C. (Hearndon-Dulles, VA). I had been to various conferences and group meetings and had read books and experienced the passing of our son and son-in-law. During registration all of the first time attendees are given a special ribbon that indicates you are there for the first time; and I was greeted warmly by many families and participants. There is such a wide choice of workshops and all the subjects seemed to pertain to my personal situation. My difficulty was choosing which one to attend. The speeches were professional and caring, while at the same time being interactive with us. I met many parents who were recently bereaved, and for others it was twenty years or more. There seemed to be something for everyone. The subjects ranged from making "the transition" from grief to healing, journaling, music, and stress relief, ideas for projects that honor our children and psychological and spiritual growth. Each presenter also made themselves available for questions. I certainly will never forget the sharing of our stories and the tools I was given to help my grief. The friends I made during the gathering will continue to follow me on my journey of grief! A special thank you goes to my family who invited me to reflect and remember. And to the group from St. Peters who welcomed me in such a special way. I'll see you in next year, in Memphis!

Bruce's mom, Anne Bowen

Hilo, Hawaii

# 10 Secrets to Survival After the Death of a Child

I cannot tell you how many times I've heard..."I don't know how you do it." I would go crazy if I were you." "I couldn't survive losing my child," not to mention the comments many say quietly to themselves, secretly thankful it wasn't their child. Let's be honest. I know many of you suffering through grief have heard similar things and more. Hearing these words makes a grieving soul cringe with pain.

We didn't choose this life, yet what are we supposed to do when we come face-to-face with our worst nightmare?

No matter what your grief is let me tell you, you can survive. And no, it's not all sunshine and roses, it's a dark, lonely, road less taken. But believe it or not, it is possible to come out on the other side.

So how did I survive all these years? At the time, overcome with despair, loneliness and heartache, I honestly didn't think I would make it. Many times it felt like the end and I wished for the pain to cease. However, looking back eight years later, I am so grateful that I am able to clearly understand what led me to where I am today.

Those first years maintain a the time that has passed. A place that I will never forget. It's not been difficult. The heart is a tender place which can be punctured when we least expect it, causing our deepest emotions to seep out, leaving us yearning for the life that once was.



vivid presence in my mind, despite all where I used to dwell, so life-changing easy and at times is still exceptionally that holds our most precious feelings

Over the years, I have come to realize the magic potion that kept me moving forward. If it can help even one hurting heart out there, then it's worth it to share with all. Here are my ten secrets to survival after the death of my child.

- 1. First and foremost, initially the only thing you can do is to breathe.** Take deep breaths to ease your anxieties and calm the soul. Remember, one day at a time.
- 2. Secondly, I learned to have faith.** With time, we learn to be thankful for the time we had with our child.
- 3. Third, for me it was crucial to make connections with others who had lost a child, for they are the only ones who truly knew this horrific journey.** Connecting and meeting with those who have similar losses can be life changing.
- 4. It's so imperative that you honor your child's memory, birthday, simply that they are remembered.** It doesn't matter how, just honor your child. Yes, even this can be a tough one.
- 5. Find a new purpose in life.** Explore your dreams and passions in life. Doors may open, we may change our careers, experience new beginnings, possibilities and hope!

## *10 Secrets to Survival after the Death of A child....continued*

- 6. The next secret that impacted my grief was bringing joy to others.** Nothing is more fulfilling or rewarding than serving others. Whether it be in a small way or a big way, this can heal you in a way like nothing else. From feeding the homeless, to sending a short thank you card, to giving a smile to that one person who needed it most. By making a difference in the life of another human being, you can't help but notice that it will lift your spirits and give you a sense of worth, pride and healing from the inside out.
- 7. Share your Journey.** Reach out to others no matter how difficult. After feeling compelled to share my journey via my blog, memoir and other books, I began writing more and more which has made a remarkable transformation in me. I've made so many new friends and reached deep into the hearts of many that struggled with the same feelings of loss that I had. Learning from each other is priceless and planting seeds of hope for others is invaluable.
- 8. Slowdown in your life and count those blessings.** Take time to smell those fragrant roses, read a book, go for a walk, play a game, or admire a sunset.
- 9. Keep a journal.** Writing is an integral part of the grieving process for many. For me it started as simple words on sticky notes, thoughts that would rush into my mind that I didn't want to forget, which then progressed to a few sentences, scriptures, etc.
- 10. Reading and other distractions.** I read so many books such as "Heaven and the spiritual realm". I read "mindless" books that transport you to a whole new world and take you places you've never been. I craved, especially during those dreaded long nights, to go to a world that was not my reality.

My secrets are not yours. A few helpful tips from a mother whose heart has been shattered to pieces, but found new meaning, purpose, and valuable connections with others to create a new beginning and the ability to live the impossible life. My heart is a little bigger, my eyes are a little wider, my skin is a little thicker, my body is a little tougher, my mind is a little wiser, and my looks are a little older. But, I am still here. I am surviving. I WILL SURVIVE.

By: Daphne Greer

Lovingly borrowed from HOPELINE, Hope for bereaved, May 2017 Newsletter

*Due to the size, excerpts were highlighted from the original article. The entire article is located at this link:  
<http://hopeforbereaved.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/05/May-2017-HOPEline.pdf>*

### *The December 2017 BPUSASlL Candlelight Memorial Service*

**The location for the Candlelight Memorial Service is still undetermined. Formal invitations will be mailed in early October. As always, check the website for updates.**



# A message to Bereaved Grandparents

Sunday, Sep 10 - Grandparents Day

by Margaret H. Gerner, M.S.W. Bereaved Mother and Grandmother

I sat with a young bereaved mother who was pouring out her pain and utter desolation to me. She was angry and hurt that those around her couldn't understand what was wrong with her. After all, they said, it had been eight months since her two-year-old son had died—she should be better by now. To her, they implied she was wallowing in her grief and not trying to "get over it." Between sobs she said, "Even my mother and father now seem to avoid me. They don't even mention Tommy's name, and they change the subject when I talk about him. That hurts so much."



*Margaret's son, Arthur, died at age six, and her granddaughter, Emily, died at age three.*

As I listened, I remembered how much I had wanted my parents' help when my son died, though they lived 600 miles from me. I also thought, "How effective would I be in helping my own grieving daughter today if I hadn't lost my son 13 years ago and didn't fully KNOW what she was going through?" I saw how this young mother before me desperately needed her parents. I could also understand how frustrated and helpless those parents must feel—how painful it must be for them. If only they knew how important they could be in helping their daughter and how they, of all people, were needed by her. This was an opportunity for them to add a profound, lasting element to their relationship with their child.

I wanted to tell them how very much she simply needed them to listen to her talk about her child and her pain. I wanted them to listen to her pour out her agony without one word from them of how she should or should not feel. The subject of death and grief is uncomfortable for all of us. We will accept anyone's discussion of happy things, but we shy away from talk of grief and death. One of the reasons for this is that, in some way, it makes us aware of our own death and mortality. For those of us who are older, this is even more true. We need to recognize how this unconscious fear might be one of the reasons we avoid discussing our own grandchild's death.

Grandparents who have not lost a child cannot know the depth of grief their child is experiencing. We may have lost parents or spouses, but the intensity of parental grief is so much greater. We talk of how we felt when our parents or spouses died and say we know how it feels. We do NOT know how it feels if we ourselves have not lost a child. We are most helpful if we admit this to our child.

To be a helpful parent to our grieving child, we need to educate ourselves regarding what our child is actually experiencing. After all, when the children were growing up, we read **Baby and Child Care** by Benjamin Spock or Haim Ginott's book, **Between Parent and Child**. Why not now read educational books on grief and, specifically, about the death of a child? The top books that I recommend are, **The Bereaved Parent** by Harriet Schiff, **The Worst Loss** by Barbara Rosoff, and Earl Grollman's **Living When A Loved One Has Died**. We need to know what the symptoms of parental grief are so that we, ourselves, are reassured that our

Continued on next page

## **A Message to Bereaved Grandparents.....(continued)**

child is not emotionally disturbed, and so we know what we can do to be of support at this tragic time of our child's life.

We need to know there is no timetable for grief. We should be careful of our expectations of how our child "should be doing" at this time. In the early months of grief our bereaved children may appear to be doing well. Then, at four to six months they seem to "fall apart." It is reassuring to know that this is normal. In the early months our children do fairly well because they have not yet accepted the full reality of their child's death. It isn't until the parents integrate that reality that real grief begins. This is the most painful and the longest part of the grief process. Paradoxically, this is the time we may be expecting them to "get better," and when they get worse, we can't understand it, and we fear for their sanity.

Also, at this time others turn away from them because they can't understand, think they should be doing better, or are simply uncomfortable. This is the time our children need us the most. How desolate they must feel if the two people they could always rely on, Mom and Dad, are now not there for them in the way they need.

Grieving is not done on a consistently upward path. We may talk to our children on a good day and rejoice that they are finally improving, only to find they have taken several steps backward when we next see them. We need to realize that the normal process of grief is a constant ebb and flow of terrible and not so terrible days. Even though our bereaved children seem to revert to more painful grief. We must allow our children to grieve in their own way, according to their own personality. Some of our children are more verbal in expressing their emotions.

Others may keep it all inside of themselves until something causes it to come out in a torrent. We accepted their personality differences from the time they were little children. We must accept them now.

Some of us, for whatever reason, are not able to be of help to our children. Maybe we simply cannot face our children in their misery, especially when we, too, are grieving the loss of our grandchild. It may be more pain than we, ourselves, can take. Some of us cannot accept the fact that to grieve openly and with others is the "right" way to do it. For some of us, our own personalities will not allow us to express our emotions or tolerate such expression in others. As hard as it may be to admit, in these cases we can at least be helpful to our children by openly and honestly telling them that we cannot help. As cruel as this may seem, letting them know of our inability to help saves them from the repeated disappointment of our backing away from them when they come to us.

Our grieving children need us. When our children hurt, we hurt. It has been said that a grief shared is a grief halved. But, no! We cannot take half of our child's suffering, as much as we may like to do so. Yet having personally experienced not having my grief needs met by my parents when my own child died, I know that we, as grandparents, can surely make it a lot easier. Over the years of rearing our children, we suffer many times for them or because of them. Now we are being asked to do it again. It was not easy then, and it will not be easy now. But because we love our children, we can do it.



*In Loving Memory of*

**Jennifer Jo Esworthy**  
“JJ”  
**6/3/75 - 6/8/97**

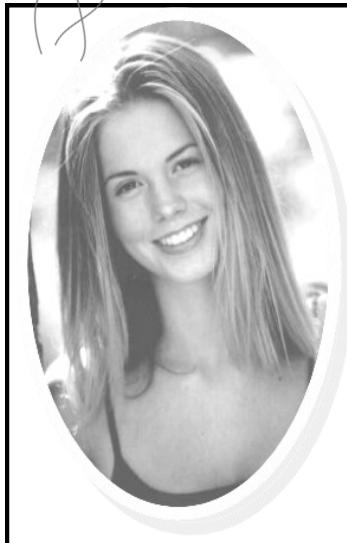
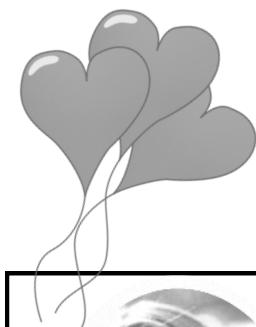
**Jaclyn Marie Esworthy**  
“Jackie”  
**12/24/78 - 6/8/97**

June 8, 2017  
Twenty Years Ago

Two special lives passed from our sight  
But never from our hearts.  
Lives as beautiful and brief as a rainbow  
Their spirit & legacy enduring forever.  
Remembering you is easy, we do that everyday:  
But missing you is a heartache that never goes away.

Love, Mom & Dad

**JJ and Jackie lost their lives because of a drunk driver.**



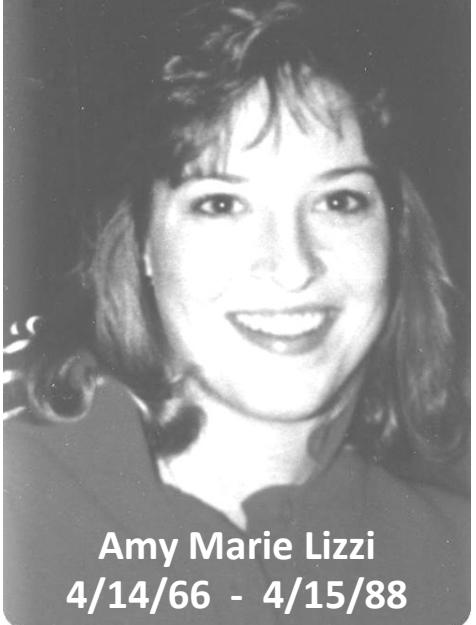
**“IN LOVING MEMORY OF**  
**AMY JENNESS OBERREITHER”**

**1/22/83 - 10/15/01**

**“SIDE BY SIDE, TOGETHER FOREVER.**  
**WE LOVE YOU WITH ALL OUR HEARTS.”**  
**LOVE, MOM AND DAD**

**JEFF & PERSIS OBERREITHER**

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF**



**\*\*\*Thank you for the anonymous matching donations  
from employees at AT&T and Duke Energy.\*\*\***

**Note:** Once the newsletter is sent to print, it can take as long as three weeks to make it to our mailboxes. If a love gift is made and your child(s) picture is missing, it will be posted in the next publication.

## Riding & Hiding in My Griefmobile

<http://modernloss.com/riding-and-hiding-in-my-griefmobile/>

By: Sarah Lyman Kravits

For years, I've noticed that modern Americans rarely display grief in public. Funerals I have attended mostly feature quiet sobbing, muffled sniffling, and the furtive sound of hands fumbling through purses in search of partially-used but viable tissues. I've often wondered how and when people let out their grief, and where they do it. Now I have at least one answer to that question.

My brother died at the age of 46, killed by a drunk driver early one Saturday morning in June of 2014. That summer I eulogized him at two different services — one halfway across the country where he had most recently lived, and one in Maryland at a church my family had attended since the early 1970s. At the first service, six days after his death, I didn't cry — maybe because I wanted to speak coherently, or because I only knew a handful of the hundreds of people who filled the church, or perhaps I was simply in shock. At the second, two months later, I knew nearly everyone in attendance. I fell apart before the service even began, when a devastated friend of my brother's hugged me in a back corner of the church, and then again on my cousin's shoulder as we sat in the pews listening to my husband sing the Donny Hathaway version of "For All We Know," his voice soaring through the rafters. During the reception and for the remainder of the night, my emotions felt physically distant, somehow separated from me.

The next morning the rest of my family headed north and home, but I was scheduled to give an educational workshop in Virginia, so I said goodbye to everyone and settled into my rental car — by myself. As soon as I hit Route 95 heading south, all self-control and propriety went out the window.

Cycles of gut-churning feelings would come over me, and I

## SIBLING CORNER



would burst into tears — really burst — like something alien took over my body and exploded through my face. I felt powerless to stop it. Plain old crying felt about as helpful as a Band-Aid on a compound fracture, so I yelled and screamed myself hoarse. I stopped at random gas stations throughout the 150-mile trip to ride out my sobbing. When I arrived in Charlottesville three hours later, I was spent, but calmer, and that's when I realized: People must be grieving in their cars. *Thank goodness for my rental—a clean, white, stubby four-door sedan—my temporary safe haven.*

In the year and a half since my brother's death, I've learned that it wasn't just my rental car that gave me permission to let things out. Any vehicle can be a Griefmobile. My grief comes on most intensely when I am alone, as I often am when driving in my blue Honda minivan after dropping a child off somewhere. Usually something triggers the surge of emotion, like a particular song (I believe my brother sends me messages through songs that pop up when my iTunes is set on shuffle). Or a car that looks like the one my brother drove, the same car he also died in. Sometimes I see that make, model, and color of car whole and driving along, with a whole-and-driving-along driver inside of it, and I have to let it out. I scream questions at the universe, God, other

## **Riding & Hiding in My Griefmobile.....(continued)**

people in cars around me, my brother, the driver who hit his car. "Why do you get to drive that car and my brother doesn't?" "Frank, where are you?" "How is this my life?"

No matter how intense my questions get, my Griefmobile comes to the rescue, with available music, clean tissues, and much-needed privacy. Though windows surround me, I feel safe and secluded—not much is visible through the tinted side windows, especially when the car is moving or I'm driving after dark. Even when I've got an older child in the front seat, I can take a moment without calling much attention to myself — I'll flip my hair over the right side of my face to provide a little shield.

It's not that I don't cry in front of my kids — I do. But sometimes, especially on a ten-minute drive to Shop-Rite, it feels easier to keep it under wraps.

I'm still not sure why I don't grieve much around other people; I don't seem to have much control over that choice, so I accept it. I am grateful for the on-demand safe space my Griefmobile offers. I keep a box of tissues between the front seats. And if I notice people at the steering wheel of their Griefmobiles, I might salute them, with an open palm that says, "I get you, I'm with you, I honor you." Drive safe.

**Sarah Lyman Kravits** blogs about coping with grief, cancer, and crisis at [www.lifewithoutjudgment.com](http://www.lifewithoutjudgment.com) and leads grief management workshops. As a board member and the Sibling Coordinator for the Bereaved Parents of the USA, she is working to increase support for bereaved siblings nationwide. Follow her on Twitter [@slymankravits](https://twitter.com/slymankravits) or on Facebook at [Life Without Judgment](https://www.facebook.com/lifewithoutjudgment).

*Sarah was also a guest speaker at the 2017 National Gathering.*

## **Wonderful World**



Jack Robinson's red robin

**Waterloo, England** On a sunny April day, Marie Robinson visited her son Jack's gravesite to mark the anniversary of his death. Jack had been just four years old when he'd died of an inoperable brain tumor in 2014. "I got to the cemetery and was feeling quite down," Marie told ITV. "I said, 'Come on, Jack. Show Mummy a sign that you are there.'"

She sat on the grass beside Jack's grave. Almost immediately, a red robin landed on her foot. Amazed, Marie snapped a photo of it with her phone. The bird flew away. But when Marie put out her hand, the robin came back and even sat on her fingertip. Marie caught the whole thing on video. "He

was very brazen," Marie said of the robin, "looking straight into the camera." It was just the sign Marie needed—a visit by her son Jack's favorite bird.

**My life was changed forever. How do I survive a broken heart?  
No.... You didn't leave me. Someone wake me up.**

This nightmare's never-ending. Our time cannot be done.

My mind refuses to believe I will never hear your laugh, see your smile, or feel your hug. Please explain the good in that. I knew how much you loved me when you were here on earth. Knowing I will never hear it again, that's the part that hurts.

In the beginning, those hours, days, and weeks. I walked around so broken and lost. It all seemed to blend together like a snowflake and the frost.

I prayed, I begged, I pleaded for one more hug from you. One more minute, one more day, one more "I Love You."

How can a heart keep beating, when a piece of it is gone? I no longer cared if I lived or died. Without you I couldn't go on.

My life had become such a blur, with "I'm sorrys" and "What can I dos. "Unless you can bring my son back to me, I had no use for you.

As I watched all our friends and family moving forward with their lives, I cried out to God so many nights, "How can I move forward when part of me has died?"

As life seemed to go on without me, I thought to myself, "This is it." The sad, the empty, the broken, this is the path I'm destined to live.

I had so many people tell me "You still have kids and grandsons who need you strong for them. But I couldn't see how this version of me could be good for anyone.

As the days turned into months, and the months became a year. I finally could hear my son say, "Mom, you've cried enough tears.

Please don't let the loss of me steal your happiness. I'm right there with you everyday. And you deserve the best."

I'm afraid these tears will continue to fall on birthdays and holidays.

Sometimes without warning or for no reason at all.

I promise that I will live my life in a way that makes you proud. I will smile when I think of you, and maybe laugh out loud.

I promise to always look for you in the butterflies, birds and sun. Because in my heart you will always be "Forever 21."

*By Susie Higgins, Missouri*



# How Long will the Pain Last?



"How long will the pain last?" a broken hearted mourner asked me.

"All the rest of your life," I have to answer truthfully.

We never quite forget. No matter how many years pass, we remember.

The loss of a loved one is like a major operation.

Part of us is removed, and we have a scar for the rest of our lives.

As years go by, we manage.

There are things to do, people to care for, tasks that call for full attention.

But the pain is still there, not far below the surface.

We see a face that looks familiar, hear a voice that echoes, see a photograph in someone's album, see a landscape that once we saw together, and it seems as though a knife were in the wound again.

But not so painfully and mixed with joy, too.

Because remembering a happy time is not all sorrow; it brings back happiness with it.

How long will the pain last? All the rest of your life.

But the thing to remember is that not only the pain will last, but the blessed memories as well.

Tears are proof of life. The more love, the more tears.

If this be true, then how could we ever ask that the pain cease altogether?

For then, the memory of love would go with it.

The pain of grief is the price we pay for love.

*(Author Unknown)*

*Lovingly borrowed from TCF, April 2017 Newsletter*

## A Walk in the FOG (Face of Grief)

As you know... exercise is important for offsetting health issues and depression. Instead of just sitting and talking about our journeys in grief, we will walk and share / or walk and pray. The meeting place will be **October 20, 2017, Creve Coeur Park (sailboat cove) main pavilion**. This is open to anyone experiencing any type of grief / struggles that need to be talked out or prayed about.

Hope to see you at one or all .... Blessings!

Deb Bronder, *Knowing You Ministries*, in honor of Kylene (1989 - 2004) [knowingyou@sbcglobal.net](mailto:knowingyou@sbcglobal.net)

# TELEPHONE FRIENDS

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**email: pat@dawson-dodd.com**

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ACCIDENT, NON- VEHICULAR	Bill Lagemann	573-242-3632
ADULT SIBLING	Mark VerHagen	314-726-5300
DRUGS/ ALCOHOL	Patrick Dodd	314-575-4178
GRANDPARENTS	Margaret Gerner	636-978-2368
CHILD WITH DISABILITY	Lois Brockmeyer	314-843-8391
ILLNESS, SHORT TERM	Jean & Art Taylor	314-725-2412
JEFFERSON CITY	Sandy Brungardt	314-954-2410
MURDER	Butch Hartmann	314-487-8989
ONLY CHILD / SINGLE PARENT	Mary Murphy	314-822-7448
SUICIDE	Linda Fehrman	314-853-7325

## Newsletter Submissions

**Cut-off date for our next issue is**  
**Oct 15, 2017**

**Send your submissions to:**

**Newsletter**

**PO Box 1115**

**St. Peters, MO 63376**

**bpusastl@gmail.com or to :**

**snowwhite6591@gmail.com**

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payable to BPUSAStL.**

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www.bpusastl.org**

## OUR COMMITMENT

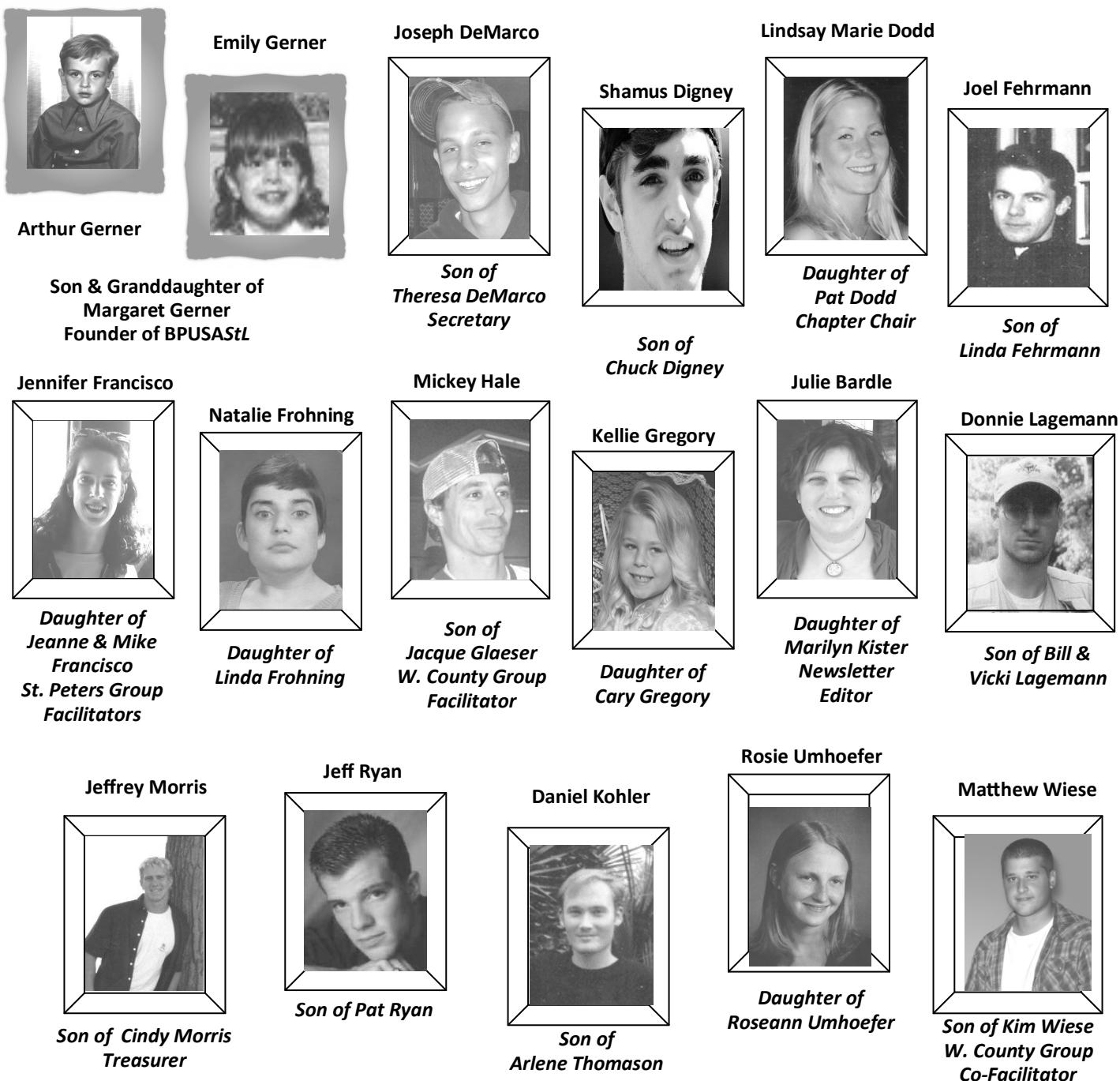


Part of BPUSAStL's commitment to you is that we are the space where our parents and families communicate. Printed in your newsletter are articles to educate and ones that are private expressions of writers. We offer our writings only for your reflection. Sometimes serving nature or establishing routines 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.

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

# Children of BPUSASTL's Active Board Members & Facilitators



**I WISH TO MAKE A LOVE DONATION (Page 9 of this publication)**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ NAME OF CHILD(REN) \_\_\_\_\_

BIRTH DATE(S) \_\_\_\_\_ ANGEL DATE(S) \_\_\_\_\_ SON \_\_\_\_\_ DAUGHTER \_\_\_\_\_

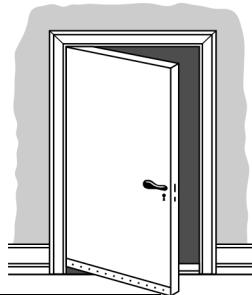
I WOULD LIKE A LOVE GIFT DEDICATED TO MY CHILD(REN) IN THE MONTH OF: \_\_\_\_\_

I WOULD LIKE TO DONATE \$ \_\_\_\_\_ IN LOVING MEMORY OF \_\_\_\_\_

# MEETING TIMES & PLACES

Our doors are open for you.

<u>BUSINESS / FACILITATORS MEETINGS</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIME</u>
<b>ALL MEMBERS ARE WELCOME!</b>	BJC Hospital St. Peters 10 Hospital Drive Room A/B St. Peter, MO 63376		
<b>CONTACT: PAT DODD</b> <b>314.575.4178</b>		<b>October 14, 2017</b>	<b>9:00 AM</b>



<u>GROUP MEETINGS</u>	<u>MEETING LOCATION</u>	<u>FACILITATOR(S)</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>TIME</u>
St. Peters / St. Charles, MO	Knights of Columbus Hall 5701 Hwy N St. Charles, MO 63304	Mike & Jeanne Francisco 636.947.9403	1st Thursday	7:00pm
West County, MO	Shaare Emeth 11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue) St. Louis, MO 63141	Jacque Glaeser 636.394.3122 jlynn63021@yahoo.com Co-Facilitator: Kim Wiese 314.956.3047	4th Tuesday	7:00pm

<u>MEETINGS ARE DISCONTINUED</u>	<u>CONTACT INFORMATION</u>	<u>PHONE</u>
<b>Bowling Green</b>	<b>Bill &amp; Vicki Lageman</b>	<b>573.242.3632</b>
<b>Tri-County</b>	<b>Brenda Wilson</b>	<b>573.438.4559</b>
<b>Troy, MO</b>	<b>Cindy Morris</b>	<b>314.954.1810</b>

<u>SPECIALIZED MEETINGS</u>	<u>MEETING LOCATION</u>	<u>FACILITATOR(S) / CONTACT</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>TIME</u>
<b>OPEN ARMS Parents Left Behind</b>	Meetings are discontinued.	Kathy Dunn kathydunn333@yahoo.com 314.807.5798	N/A	N/A
<b>GRASP: Grief Relief After Substance Passing</b>	Concordia Lutheran Church 505 S. Kirkwood Road Kirkwood, MO 63122	Mary Ann Lemonds 314.330.7586 grasp.stl@gmail.com	Sundays	5:00 pm
<b>Life Crisis Center Survivors of Suicide</b>	9355 Olive Blvd. St. Louis, MO 63132	314.647.3100	Wednesdays	7:00 pm
<b>PALS: Parents affected by the loss of a child to suicide</b>	St. Lukes Hospital (Hwy 141 & 40) St. Louis, MO 63017	Linda Fehrman 314.853.7925	4th Saturday	10:30 am
<b>Parents of Murdered Children</b>	St. Alexius Hospital 3933 S. Broadway St. Louis, MO 63118	Butch Hartmann 314.487.8989	3rd Tuesday	7:30 pm
<b>Survivors of Suicide</b>	Baue Funeral Home Community Center 608 Jefferson Street St. Charles, MO 63301	Linda Fehrman 314.853.7925	1st & 3rd Monday	6:30 pm

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

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## **SEP-OCT 2017**

### *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!

*If you have moved, please notify us of your new address so you will continue to receive this publication!*

