



988 Mental Health Hotline

<https://www.npr.org/sections/health-shots/2022/07/15/1111316589/988-suicide-hotline-number>

People experiencing a mental health crisis have a new way to reach out for help in the U.S. Starting Saturday, they can simply call or text the numbers 9-8-8.

Modeled after 911, the new three-digit 988 Suicide & Crisis Lifeline is designed to be a memorable and quick number that connects people who are suicidal or in any other mental health crisis to a trained mental health professional.

"If you are willing to turn to someone in your moment of crisis, 988 will be there," said Xavier Becerra, the secretary of the federal Department of Health and Human Services, at a recent press briefing. "988 won't be a busy signal, and 988 won't put you on hold. You will get help."

The primary goal of the new number is to make it easier for people to call for help. Lawmakers and mental health advocates also see this launch as an opportunity to transform the mental health care system and make care easily accessible everywhere in the United States.

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Baue.com • 636-940-1000

Join us
for an evening of
Hope & Healing
with Dr. Alan Wolfelt

Community Seminar

Understanding Your Grief: Touchstones for Hope and Healing

Date: October 5, 2022

Time: 6:30 PM - 8:30 PM

Location: Bogey Hills Country Club
1120 Country Club Rd
St Charles, MO 63303

Register Online at **Baue.com**
or contact **636-240-2242**





IN MEMORY OF
AMY JENNESS OBERREITHER
1983 - 2001



Amy is

“...alive and well somewhere; the smallest sprout shows there is really is no death, and if ever there was it led forward life... All goes onward and outward...and nothing collapses, and to die is different from what anyone supposed and luckier.”

Walt Whitman

We love you, Amy, with
All our hearts.

Love,

Mom and Dad

Jeff and Persis Oberreither

**Thank you
for your
love gift**

Grief is like an earthquake
The first one hits you, and
the world falls apart.
Even after you put the
world together again,
there are aftershocks,
and you never really know
when those will come.

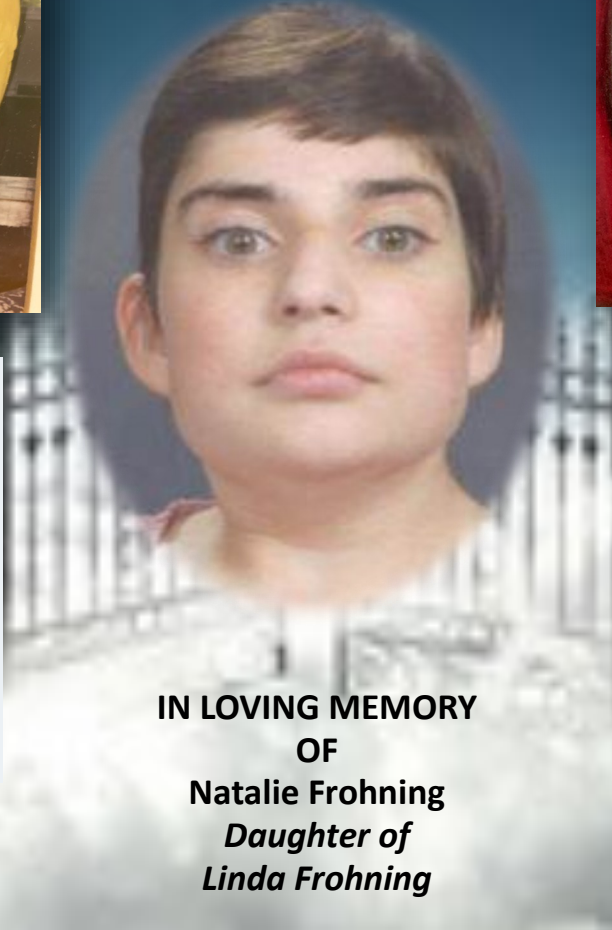
- Unknown -





Natalie with her Aunt Ellen & Uncle Jay. He was a produce manager and dressed up as a banana to surprise her. Natalie was so excited to meet a banana man. Jay is also an Angel in heaven.

Three Very Special Angels in Heaven



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
OF
Natalie Frohning
Daughter of
Linda Frohning



Natalie with Dad, Fred. Mom, Linda, caught him styling her hair while sitting in his lap and looking in the mirror, laughing about how beautiful he was making her look.

Thank you
for your
love gifts



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
AMY MARIE LIZZI

From: Mom & Twin Sister Beth



ROSIE IS FOREVER 20

in my minds eye,
with soft golden hair, brightest of smiles
and eyes as blue as the sky.

Soft hands, slender fingers,
slight of frame, for sure,
an infectious laugh that in your heart endured.

No make-up needed,
her beauty God-given.
She was a force of nature and
made everyday worth her living.

But, alas, I worry,
I have aged of course.
Will she recognize me
as I reach heaven's shore?

I started aging
the day she died.
For her, time stood still
For me, age amplified.

I stopped wearing my contacts,
too much crying going on there.
Didn't really care how I looked,
so I stopped dying my hair.

No desire to exercise,
or really go anywhere.
What if it's a bad dream
and she shows up here.

I'm not the same person I was back then.
I've learned to live the best I can.
I can't live in the past or jump ahead,
but now live with a sense of grateful abandon.

So when my days here are done,
and I tread the heavenly path alone;
hopefully Rosie will recognize me
and say "My little mommy, you are home".



**IN LOVING
MEMORY OF
Rosie Umhoefer**

Forever

*Rosann Umhoefer, Rosie's Mom
BPUSAStL, 2022*



Mike & Jeanne Francisco received the Chapter Leader Award

This award is to honor a local chapter leader who has demonstrated outstanding leadership to their local chapter.

The Francisco's co-chair the BPUSASTL chapter and also facilitate the St. Peters monthly meetings.



Marilyn Kister received the Humble Servant Award

This award is to honor a local chapter member who is not in a designated leadership position but has demonstrated a deep commitment to the local chapter and its members.

In Marilyn's case, this is mostly a commitment to National. The conference was held in STL for three years.

Marilyn also publishes the BPUSASTL newsletters.



BPUSASTL sponsored a photo op at the conference. These locals were "framed."
(Left: Chrissy Baumhoff, Rosann Umhoefer. Right: Mary Ann Behm)





<https://www.emilyshope.foundation/angelas-blog/you-are-not-alone>



Angela Kennecke

Award-winning investigative reporter and broadcast journalist, Angela Kennecke, has spent three decades keeping people informed on the evening news. Following the death of her daughter Emily, she took her story nationwide and started a charity called "Emily's Hope." She writes a blog, hosts a podcast on grief, and believes that when tragedy strikes, the only thing we can control is our response. Angela has turned heartbreak into action.

Emily's Hope is dedicated to removing the stigma of substance use disorder through awareness, education, and prevention; and removing financial barriers for treatment and recovery.

[ABOUT US](#) [OUR IMPACT](#) [FAMILY RESOURCES](#) [BLOG & PODCAST](#)



AWARENESS

Angela Kennecke is turning her heartbreak into action by traveling the country to bring Emily's story to communities, conferences and schools. She incorporates information on addiction as a disease of the brain, as well as the tragic toll the opioid epidemic is taking on the United States, in order to increase awareness, promote prevention and end stigma.

We had the honor of having Angela Kennecke as one of the Keynote Speakers at the BPUSA National Annual Gathering Conference this past weekend in St Louis. She just wrote a beautiful blog about her experience. See pages 7 & 8 of this newsletter.

You Are Not Alone



“We bereaved are not alone. We belong to the largest company in all the world — the company of those who have known suffering.” — Helen Keller

“How Love Showed Up” was the title of my talk to a group of grieving parents in St. Louis last weekend. They actually have conferences for bereaved parents, which I know seems morbid, and I was apprehensive about how I would be able to handle so much grief in one room. It was obvious within moments of arriving that my preconceived ideas about what would happen that weekend were utterly wrong.

We were asked to stand up and form a circle on the first night. Newly grieving parents, who had lost a child within two years, were in the middle of the circle, surrounded by those who had lost children within five years, like me, then ten, then 20 or more. “We are here to support you. We are here to support each other,” an organizer said. People broke away from the circle, but they didn’t immediately disperse. Those who had attended previous conferences reunited, and others introduced themselves to the newbies. There was something in the air I had never experienced with any group of people before—complete acceptance and an utter lack of judgment.

Egos were checked at the door. There were no pretenses, and no one was aloof. We have all experienced the worst emotional pain possible, and everyone immediately understood that there was a common thread in that pain. My fellow conference-goers were friendly and kind. Every one of them was *doing* something with their grief, even if that something was attending this conference to learn ways to heal from others.

I met Peggy, who had lost one child at nine months. Her little girl had suffocated at daycare. Then years later, she lost her son to suicide. Peggy has now written two books on the subject of child loss. Brenda lost her adult son to mental health and addiction issues, and Fentanyl was involved. She was already a social worker, but following his death, she became a grief counselor to help others.

I met Diane, who has Ph.D. behind her name. She lost one of her twin babies hours after his birth. Loss propelled her family in an entirely new direction. She and her husband spent two years sailing around the world with their other two young children. She told me if she hadn’t sunk to the depths of despair, she never would have had the courage to give up her comfortable life to take such a risk. However, that adventure changed their lives.

Another woman named Beth lost her son in a car crash at age 19. She held a sound bath at the conference, using Tibetan singing bowls and crystal bowls and a host of other sound makers that she drove all the way from Colorado. Beth handed out a poem she wrote to all the parents, rolled like a scroll and tied with a purple ribbon.

Continued on page 8

You Are Not Alone, *continued from page 7*

We all spent the weekend wearing pins with photos of our lost children. It struck me that the last time I wore a pin with Emily's face was for gymnastics and cheerleading meets. Back then, I could never have imagined that I'd be wearing her face on my chest due to her untimely death. The pins gave us all a chance to ask another attendee about the child they loved so deeply. I learned about the boy who had overcome autism when his life was cut short by a heart attack. I learned about a little girl who had died at age four. I met other mothers who lost their children to fentanyl poisoning too. The room was filled with the best listeners I have ever met. Then our children's names were read out loud during a candle lighting ceremony. The one thing we all had in common—none of us ever want our child to be forgotten.

My talk about "How Love Showed Up" was well-received. I shared my own crisis of faith after Emily's death, along with how so many others had lifted me up in prayer and action. I told them about the people who had come beside me and joined the mission of Emily's Hope. And I revealed how Emily's high school art teacher had presented me with paintings that he had fished out of the trash because she had thrown them away, and he held onto them for several years and gave them to me after she died. That is love showing up in the best way possible.

As if on cue, I had a message from a woman Emily had worked for at a pottery painting business after I got off stage. She had just found a bowl that Emily painted in 2015. She wondered if I'd like to have it. I certainly would, I told her. Love keeps showing up. I told the group that "hope" is a verb, and I see the action in hope every single day. If we can "be the container" for life, even in the face of loss, together we can continue to move forward and know that we are not alone.

Faith, Hope & Courage
Angela

P.S. I recorded podcasts with some of the amazing women I met at the conference, including those mentioned in this blog! Watch for those on Grieving Out Loud soon!





Yes, I still have days where I just want to go back to bed and ignore life! What do I do when those days hit? Well, for me personally, first, I cry. Tears have always come easily to me (even before Becca died), which has been both a curse and a blessing.

After I have had a good cry, I want to climb back into bed even more, because as we all know, that can be very draining. But deep down, I also want to get past the roadblock that makes me feel overwhelmed and ready to give up.

One time when that happened to me, I found myself writing. I actually wrote an email to someone, dumping out all of my woes and frustrations, which did three things.

1. It let me see that the things I am upset about really are valid (or not...).
2. It got it out of my system, keeping me from holding on to it. When I hold on to things like this, I
 - a. start seeing myself as a victim and having a martyr mentality (which no one around me appreciates, for good reason).
 - b. am affected physically, and my body starts to shut down. The longer I hold on to it, the longer it takes me to recover.

3. As I wrote, I found myself giving myself a different way of looking at it, and possible solutions to get around some of these frustrations.

After I reread the page-and-a-half that I had written to my friend, I canceled the email instead of sending it! Why? Because she really didn't need to have me dump on her like that, and I felt better so I didn't feel like it needed to be sent.

Sometimes a small thing, like writing out something specific, will help us feel like we can keep going, even if it is for just for the rest of the day we are in. Those of us who have been there get it.

If all you can do is take things one day, one hour, one minute, or one breath at a time, then take that breath and keep going. You can make it!

Laura Diehl
March 2, 2002





This age-friendly pocket park that rests along Historic Main Street will be the perfect place for visitors to gather, rest, play a game of chess, eat lunch and enjoy the beautiful scenery. This park has been adopted for development and care by [The Bev Roy Hope Foundation](#), a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization whose mission, duty and purpose is to provide a Memory Café for those living with mild to moderate cognitive impairment. A Memory Café is a wonderfully welcoming place for individuals with Alzheimer's or any type of dementia or other brain disorder. It is a safe and comfortable space where caregivers and their loved ones can socialize, listen to music, play games, and enjoy other appropriate activities.

“The **Forget Me Not Park** located at 150 S. Main Street, St. Charles, MO, may initially appear as a serene butterfly park. It opened in 2021 to honor those who have passed or are living with dementia”.

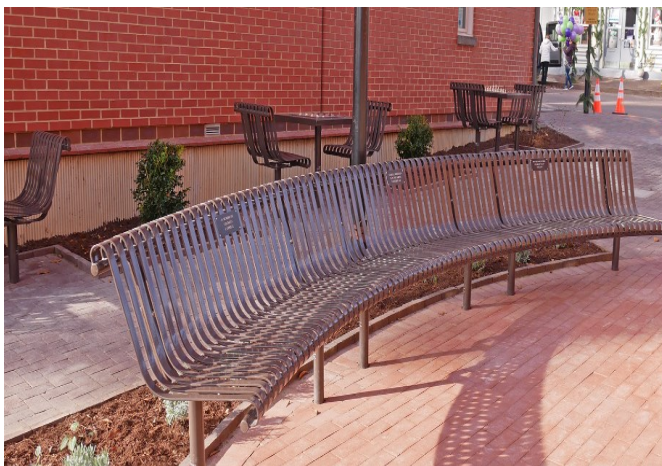
People can gather, rest, play chess, eat lunch, enjoy the scenery, and more at Forget Me Not Park.

Did you Know? The Bev Roy Hope Foundation was successful in establishing the City of St. Charles as an Age/Dementia friendly city, one of only two cities within the State of Missouri with this designation.

The City of St. Charles are calling it a pocket park, and it rests along Historic Main



<https://www.stcharlesparks.com/park/forget-me-not-park/>



GIFTS

It was sitting there on the ledge proudly showing off his colors. This beautiful bird, a Cardinal in fact. Not a rare occurrence to be sure, but special to me all the same.

There was a penny on my path glittering in the sun. Just one penny that caught my eye brought a silent thank you to my lips.

I found a feather floating in the air, I smiled as I caught it in my hand. Gently caressing its softness almost lovingly. A smile crosses my face.

There is a large bird soaring overhead. It is so graceful, so peaceful, so free. I gaze at it in wonderment. A tear falls from my eyes as I take in its beauty. I wonder what it would be like to soar through the air with such abandonment.

All these things and more are so precious to me. Precious because I noticed them, I really saw them. I feel connected to them because I do not believe they are random. I think they are just for me to see. A reminder that my son is always near me. Have these things always been there? Of course they have, but now I really see them. Now I see and feel everything so much more than I did. I no longer skip through life without a thought as I used to. I can't afford to miss a single thing. In my heart I know that this cardinal, that coin, even the feather floating from the sky are gifts from him to me and I cherish them.

Lorna Korte, Eric's Mom, BPUSASTL, 2022



In Loving Memory of

Eric Korte


May 1985 - July 2015



Included in the BPUSA Conference opening ceremony

Written by: Lionel Richie

Sung by: Kenny Rogers

A decorative border of musical notation, including treble clefs, notes, and rests, frames the entire page.

I wanted you for life
you and me
in the wind
I never thought there come a time
that our story would end

It's hard to understand
but I guess I'll have to try
it's not easy
to say goodbye

Goodbye

For all the joy we shared
all that time we had to spend
now if I had one wish
I'd want forever back again
to look into your eyes
and hold you when you cry
it's not easy
to say goodbye.....

I can remember all those great times we had
There were so many memories, some good
some bad
yes and through it all
those memories will last
forever



There's peace in where you are
may be all I need to know
and if I listen to my heart
I'll hear your laughter once more
and so I got to say
I'm just glad you came my way
it's not easy to say
goodbye.....

MEETING TIMES & PLACES

*****Call for meeting status*****



BUSINESS / FACILITATORS MEETINGS	LOCATION	DATE	TIME
ALL MEMBERS ARE WELCOME! CONTACT: Mike & Jeanne Francisco 636.947.9403	BJC Hospital St. Peters Medical Center Bldg. 1 St. Peters, MO 63376	Contact Mike & Jeanne. Meeting dates vary depending upon unforeseen events.	9:00 AM

GROUP MEETINGS	MEETING LOCATION Some are currently on pause pending COVID restrictions	FACILITATOR(S)	DAY	TIME
St. Peters / St. Charles, MO	Knights of Columbus Hall 5701 Hwy N Cottleville, MO 63304	Mike & Jeanne Francisco 636.947.9403	1st Thursday - Please contact facilitators for meeting status	7:00 pm
St. Peters / St. Charles, MO—Siblings Facilitator	Same as above	Samantha Schaefer 636.293.1099	Same as above	7:00 pm
BPUSASTL West County Group St. Louis, MO	Shaare Emeth 11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue) St. Louis, MO 63141 Library -	Jacque Glaeser 636.236.5103 jlynn63021@yahoo.com	Fourth Tuesday, members will be emailed reminders. Please contact facilitators for meeting status	7:00 pm
SPECIALIZED MEETINGS	MEETING LOCATIONS All may be on pause pending COVID restrictions—phone facilitators	FACILITATOR(S) / CONTACT(S)	DAY	TIME
SOUL: (Surviving Overdose and Understanding Loss)	Please call for meeting times/location/and or zoom	MaryAnn Lemonds 314.282.7453 (landline) 314.330.7586 (cell) survivingOUL@gmail.com	Please call for meeting times/location/and or zoom	
Life Crisis Center Survivors of Suicide	9355 Olive Blvd. St. Louis, MO 63132	314.647.3100	Wednesdays	7:00 pm
PALS: Parents affected by the loss of a child to suicide	St. Luke’s Hospital (Hwy 141 & 64/40) St. Louis, MO 63017	Linda Fehrmann Currently meeting online 314.853.7925 lindafehrmann36@gmail.com	4th Saturday	10:30 am
Survivors of Suicide	Provident Behavioral Health	Linda Fehrmann, Call to confirm meetings 314.853.7925	1st & 3rd Monday	6:30 pm
Trees of Righteousness Grief Support Group—Any loss	Christian Hospital in the main lobby conference room—Please call Johnnie for correct location, dates and times	Johnnie Coleman 314.740.3602	3rd Tuesday	6:00 pm to approx. 7:30 pm
BPUSA Virtual Bereaved Sibling Chapter — Ages 18+	Please email bpvirtualsiblingchapter@gmail.com for the zoom link.	Katie Alger 845.443.0614	Last Thursday of the month	7:00 pm

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

BPUSA ST. LOUIS CHAPTER CO-CHAIRS:

Mike & Jeanne Francisco

Landline: 636-947-9403

Accident, Auto	Theresa DeMarco	636.544.3478
Accident, Non-Vehicular	Bill Lagemann	573.242.3632
Adult Sibling	Samantha Schaefer	636.293.1099
Drugs/ Alcohol	MaryAnn Lemonds	314.330.7586
Grandparents	TBD	
Child with Disability	Linda Frohning	314.721.5517
Illness	Marilyn Kister	636.634.6019
Jefferson City	Sandy Brungardt	314.954.2410
Murder	TBD	
Only Child /Single Parent	Donna Arnold	314.608.3655
Suicide	Linda Fehrmann	314.853.7325

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

Representation in Lieu of Meetings

Franklin County, MO	Bill & Vicki Lagemann	573.242.3632
	Cindy Morris	314.954.1810
Tri-County, MO	Brenda Wilson	573.438.4559
OPEN ARMS (Parents Left Behind)	Kathy Dunn <i>kathydunn333@yahoo.com</i>	314.807.5798

Newsletter Submissions

Cut-off date for our next issue is

October 15, 2022

Send your submissions (poems, articles, love gifts) to:

Newsletter
PO Box 1115
St. Peters, MO 63376

or to :

snowwhite6591@gmail.com

Your writings may help someone.

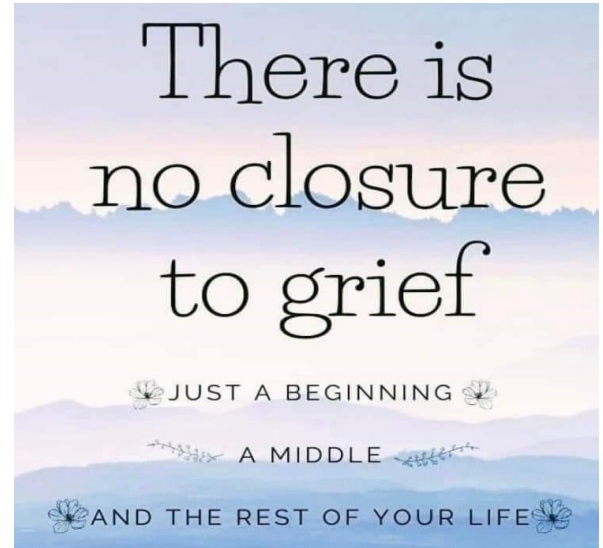


OUR COMMITMENT



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, sometime 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.



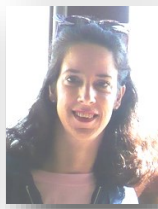
Children of BPUSASTL's Board Representation



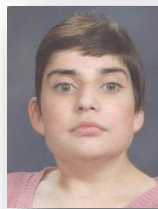
Julie Bardle
Daughter of
Marilyn Kister
Newsletter
Editor



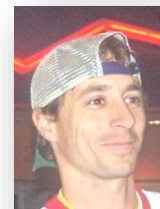
Joseph DeMarco
Son of
Theresa DeMarco
Treasurer



Jennifer Francisco
Daughter of Jeanne
& Mike
Francisco
St. Peters Group
Facilitators
& Co-Chairs



Natalie Frohning
Daughter of
Linda Frohning



Mickey Hale
Son of
Jacque Glaeser
W. County Group
Facilitator &
Secretary



J. P. Rosciglione
Son of Terre
Rosciglione
Trivia
Coordinator



Patrick Salyer
Son of Anne Marie
and Steve Salyer



Rosie Umhoefer
Daughter of
Rosann Umhoefer



Matthew Wiese
Son of Kim Wiese



Arthur Gerner / Emily Gerner
Son & Granddaughter of
Margaret Gerner
Founder of BPUSASTL

Children of BPUSASTL's Special Events



J. P. Rosciglione
Son of Terre
Rosciglione
Trivia
Coordinator



Aaron Cole
"Aaron's Ms.
Courtney"
Trivia Coordinator

Danny Brauch
Brother of
Samantha
Schaefer
St. Peters Group
Sibling Facilitator



If you wish to make a love donation - IN ANY AMOUNT - We will include a picture of your child(ren) (See page 2-4 of this newsletter)

NAME _____

PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____ NAME OF CHILD(REN)

BIRTH DATE(S) _____

ANGEL DATE(S) _____

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

I WOULD LIKE TO DONATE IN LOVING MEMORY OF _____

Anyone can show up when you're happy.
But the ones who stay
by your side when
your heart falls apart,
they are your
true friends.

-Brigitte Nicole





FOREVER IN MY HEART
JULY 20th - 23rd 2023
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WELCOME

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren. We come together as Bereaved Parents of the USA to provide a safe space where grieving families can connect, share our stories, and learn to rebuild our lives. We attend meetings whenever we can and for as long as we find helpful. We share our fears, confusion, anger, guilt, frustrations, emptiness, and feelings of hopelessness, knowing these emotions will be met with compassion and understanding. As we support, comfort and encourage one another, we offer hope and healing. As we confront the deaths of our loved ones, our shared grief brings us to a common ground that transcends differences, building mutual understanding across the boundaries of culture, race, faith, values, abilities, and lifestyle. Together we celebrate the lives of our children, siblings, and grandchildren, sharing the joys and the heartbreaks as well as the love that will never fade. Together, strengthened by the bonds we create, we offer what we have learned from one another to every bereaved family, no matter how recent or long ago the death.

We are the Bereaved Parents of the USA.

We welcome you