



Bereaved Parents of the USA

Jan-Feb 2023

VOLUME 46 - NUMBER 1

**The hardest thing is not
talking to someone you
used to talk to everyday.**

facebook.com/
MissingLovedOne

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*Candlelight
Memorial Service
December 2022*
Speaker: Kim Wiese



Matthew Wiese

Welcome to the Bereaved parents Candle light Ceremony. I am sorry that any of us have to be here but thankful that we have each other as support through our grief journeys.

I wanted to begin with a quote that I read by Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy:

"It has been said that "time heals all wounds", I do not agree. The wounds remain. In time, the mind, protecting its sanity covers them with scar tissue and the pain lessens. But it is never gone."

As I will begin my tenth year without my son, I have to say that I agree with Rose.

Now I would love to share with you the story of my son...Matt.

Matthew Alan Wiese arrived to our family late in August of 1991. He was just perfect! Hitting the scales at 9lbs 14 ozs. He had a head of thick blonde hair topped with a cowlick, pudgy cheeks, alert blue eyes, rosy pink lips, chunky little legs with little square feet, dimpled hands with 10 tiny fingers, and his chin had an angel kiss on the left side of it. In the words of Gerald Massey, he was "a sweet new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen from Gods' own home to flower on earth." Yes, he was definitely our family gift. He was my third baby in four years. The new baby brother to his proud sisters Julie and Mary. What's in a name? All names have a special meaning and the name Matthew means gift of the Lord in Hebrew. It was most appropriate for our family.

Matthew was baptized in our faith and clothed with the light of Christ to share with the world. As I thought about this, I remembered another Matthew, one of the four Evangelists (share the light with the world) It made sense to have given him that name because in his own way, our Matthew was an Evangelist. Not in a shout it from the mountain top kind of way but in a very peaceful and loving lifestyle kind of way.

Matthew was always very quiet and shy and always very gentle and kind. Very often if I would be in a rant or rave about something Matthew, even as young as three years old would very calmly say "be nice mommy." I would literally have to stop and think, "Wow! This child is here to remind me about life."

He was a fun-loving little boy. He would drive his big wheel at a ferocious speed down the hill of our street until he would come to a skidding halt into the driveway. He would laugh as my mom had an expression of terror and tell me there was something terribly wrong with me for allowing my child to be so unsafe. But he knew in his 3-year-old mind that he had it under control and I knew he was close to the ground, He was having a blast.

Continued on Page 3

Matthew Wiese Continued from Page 2

He played baseball and soccer and excelled at both. He loved being outside. There were parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, swing sets. He sported a bowl type haircut with sun bleached hair. He never, absolutely never wore shoes, and always had a beautiful golden tan. He had a laugh that would bring joy to any room and a very contagious giggle. He was adored by the three ladies in his life which were his sisters and of course, his mommy, whom his sisters always said “was her favorite.” Of course, I never thought he did anything wrong! His sisters would say that I just never would see it! Low and behold in one of our family vacation videos, there he was giving one of his sisters a pinch on her arm at the beach! She couldn’t wait to point that out! I must say, I was surprised! We had a few nick names for Matt! Sometimes we called him Matty-Mo, and most of the time we called him Bud. It was because he was a little Buddy to all of us. But he was my “Bud of Paradise.” Even until the day of his accident, we called him Bud as much as we called him Matt.

In our family there were five grandchildren. They were literally born one year apart. Matthew was the fourth of the five. The order was Julie, Mary, Sean, Matthew and Caroline. They were cousins and friends; everything was done together. There were birthday parties with homemade designer cakes of specific requests thanks to Aunt Karen, presents for everyone even if it wasn’t your birthday, thanks to Grandma. They dyed Easter eggs on the Saturday before Easter and had Easter egg hunts on Easter Sunday, they would roll down the big hill in Grandpa and Grandma’s yard, coordinate Halloween costumes, and sang in the family band which was held in the basement of aunt Karen’s. Every holiday brought us together with homemade meals and entertainment by something Uncle John had to say. We had family vacations in the tropics. This was the life that surrounded Matthew. This was the love he knew and grew up with.

Matthew attended a small Catholic grade school, St. Lawrence the Martyr. It was there he formed a very tight bond with his classmates. He was a very popular kid. Although he was much more of a follower than a leader, he had quite a following of friendships of both boys and girls. He had impeccable manners and was willing to help with most anything according to his teachers. I often would receive compliments from other parents about Matt’s sweet disposition. One mom actually went out of her way to tell me she was thankful that Matt was in her daughter class because other children would make fun of her and Matt would stop them and tell them to leave her alone. I had to admit to that mother that he often has to keep me in line as well; so I couldn’t take credit for that!

Life sailed along pretty smoothly until Matt was about twelve years old and then he encountered an event that had a profound effect on him. We lived next door to a young man who suffered from mental illness. One afternoon I went to pick my daughters up from high school and Matt was only going to be home alone about 20 minutes. During that time our neighbor had put a lock on a table saw and attempted suicide by placing his neck on it.



Continued on Page 4

He apparently became afraid and wanted help so he came to our home. Needless to say, this was a horrific sight for a 12-year-old. He called me and asked me what he should do. I told him not to open the door and I called 911. The situation was taken care of and the young man did survive. My son suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder. This event was also horrific to the paramedics who intervened as we had 3 group follow up meetings set up by social workers to discuss the impact on everyone. Matt tried to downplay this ordeal but it became very obvious to me that this changed him. I couldn't go anywhere without him wanting to go with me or him calling me every 20 minutes to ask when I would be home. The end of that school year our school was closing due to an airport buyout so as Matt was entering 7th grade, he was going to have a change in schools and this was causing him anxiety. My easy going, laid back little boy that we all knew so well, was becoming withdrawn and quiet. I am a respiratory therapist at Mercy and I searched around for the best child psychiatrist that Mercy had and I was able to get Matt in to see him. Things got better for a while but the change in schools was a very challenging thing for Matt. He met some new friends but some of his best friendships changed and he was having a difficult time with the changes. We muddled through until high school and as Matt got into high school these episodes of being withdrawn and isolated continued to worsen and he just seemed to be lost. He agreed to go back to the psychiatrist and was diagnosed with a dual diagnosis of anxiety and depression. This rollercoaster ride continued off and on throughout most of his teens. This caused great anguish for our family because we all could see his immeasurable potentials. Here was this handsome, kind, gentle, intelligent, young man who could do just about anything if he would put his mind to it, and he just couldn't find it in himself, He was so fragile and fragmented. He had always wanted to be a firefighter from the time he was a little boy. All of us were trying to encourage him to find his direction in life. He had two admissions in CenterPoint throughout all of this and finally after the second admission he began to get his life in order. He went to St. Charles Community College and took some classes and then attended an EMT program. He passed his EMT license and was enrolled in a paramedic program while working at Mercy. He eventually wanted to attend the fire-fighters academy. As a mother we can only be as happy as our saddest child, and I spent a lot of time in that place, so I felt such relief to see him making positive progress. I just wanted to see him happy.

On a beautiful Tuesday in April of 2013, Matt decided to go fishing on his day off. That was the day that our lives changed forever. The entire afternoon I had an uneasy feeling. I couldn't put my finger on it. But when I got home from work and saw that his car was gone, the feeling intensified. My husband said he left at noon to go fishing. I tried to call him, but no answer. I tried text him, but no response. My stomach was aching! I just knew that something was wrong!



Continued on Page 5

It was after 6pm when two Missouri state troopers came to our home to tell us that Matt had been in a single fatal car accident on Highway D. He was coming home from Busch Conservation Area. He was 21 years old. I don't need to explain to anyone here what happened next. The lights went out in my world! I felt that God had forsaken me! WHY MY SON? I had never known such pain! It actually hurt to breathe! Of course, my daughters had their world shattered as well. We have taken baby steps, minutes, hours, days, months, and now years, to be able to embrace our memories with joy. To recognize the signs that Matt sends us and wrap ourselves in the comfort of those signs. We try to gather tools from the many resources on learning to live with grief. Because this is not something we are going to ever get over. We aren't supposed to get over something that completely shatters our world. But we can adjust those pieces and create a life that we can learn to live with. We can celebrate Matt in our own ways. One of the things I always do is light a candle at our table when we are all together to remember that the light of his love always lives in our lives and he will always be present.

I look at my life now as "before and after" because I am a very different person "after." I have known for many years that life can change in a minute. But then it was my life. I loved Matt with all of my heart before and I still miss him every day, and I love him every day after. That will never change.

I would like to finish with a quote from Dr Elisabeth Kubler Ross, "The reality is that you will grieve forever. You will not 'get over' the loss of a loved one; you will learn to live with it. You will heal and you will rebuild yourself around the loss you have suffered. You will be whole again but you will never be the same. Nor should you be the same nor would you want to."



Special Thanks to...

Mike Francisco for the production of the slide presentation. To the BPUSA St. Louis Board and all our readers and volunteers who help make this cherished afternoon.

In Memory of our Children

We also appreciate the pastor and staff at The Summit Church for offering their time and facilities to this event.



Donnie's Tree



As I sit here tonight, I'm looking at HIS TREE. This marks 19 years of it being, in my mind, the center piece of our Christmas decorations. It is the first decoration to go up, and among the last to come down.

It came to be in 2004, the first year after Donnie's death. As much as my wife, Vicki, didn't want to do any decorating for Christmas, I thought we had to for Donnie's children, Sami, 6, and Austin, 4. You see we had always decorated a lot for the holidays, especially after the grand kids came along. A large tree in the foyer, one with a village and train underneath. One in the kitchen, the kid's tree, in the bathroom, bedroom, animated figures, the works.

But 2004 started something, that at first was really hard, Donnie's Tree! It started out a small 24-inch tree with a few "Special" ornaments exchanged with our new family of Bereaved Parents. They had tags on them with the names of their children who had died. Homemade or purchased with love by the parents, many with a picture on the tag. Every year packed away with care to use the next year, and remember stories told.

That simple little tree has grown over the years to be 7ft tall and barely enough branches to hold all of the "Special" ornaments. Some are showing their age, some have become separated from the tags, but still hung every year with love and respect.

My wife and I may not be sure of the names of the few separated ornaments, but we all believe that our Angels know as they gather each year to look at Donnie's tree, then are off to the next homes to look at other trees.

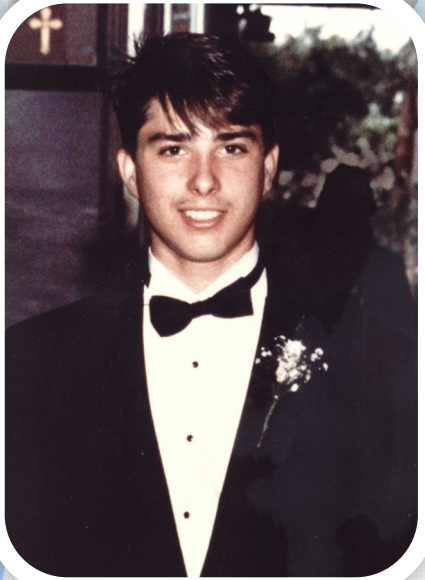
Last year as I sat looking at the tree, just thinking how many of our kids really know each other and what it must be like and what they were doing in heaven, when a movie came on the tv, *I Can Only Imagine*. Wow, did that hit hard! That emotional hit that you don't see coming!

To our BPUSA family, though we no longer attend monthly Meetings, know that your loved one's ornaments are brought into the light every year, hung up with love, shared with new friends, and for me are the center piece of our decorations!

Bill Lagemann, BPUSASTL



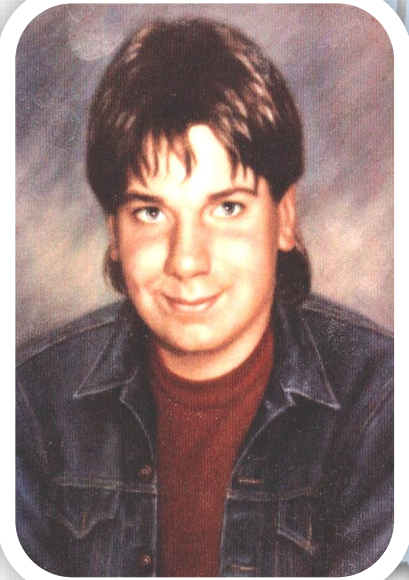
**In loving memory of
Donnie Lagemann**



**Robert Andrew
Angelbeck "Robbie"**



**Daniel Mark
Kohler**

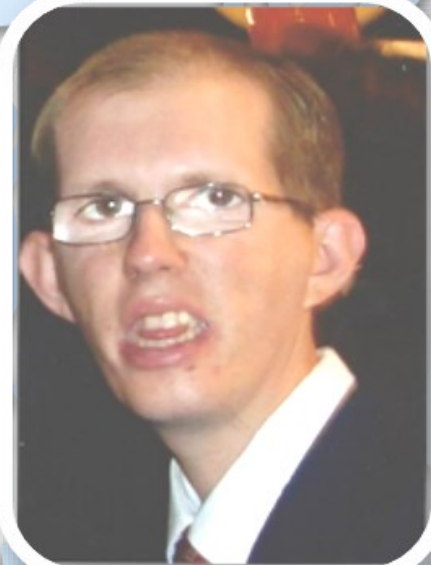


Timothy Roorda

**Thank you for
your love gifts**



Amy Marie Lizzi



**Kenneth
Michael
Lederich**

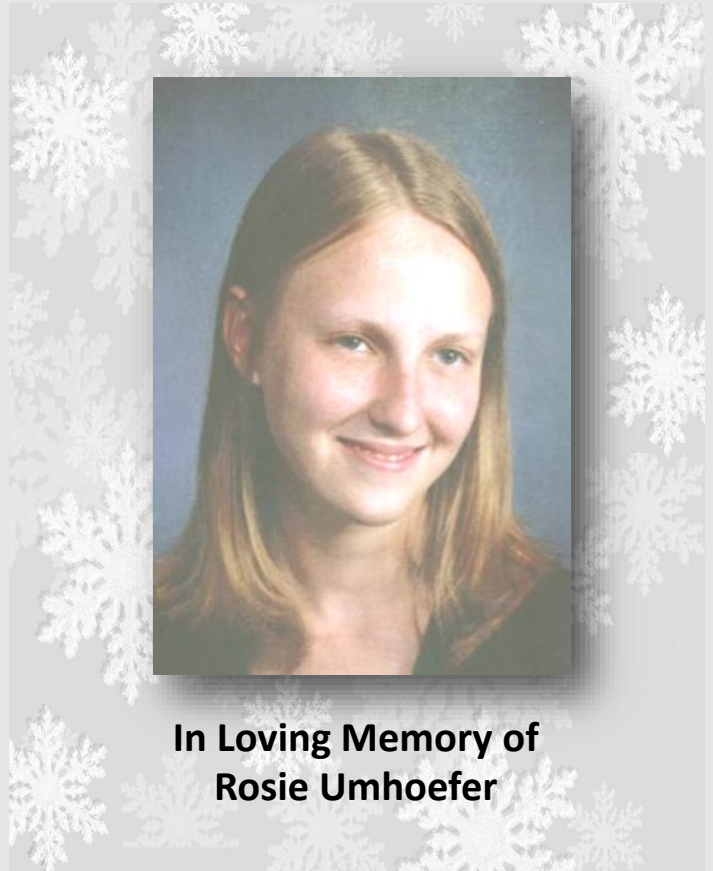
*Here we go
another New Year,
it should be exciting,
I guess my dear.*

*It's that time
to make a fresh start,
but for grieving parents
it's a blow to the heart.*

*Who cares about diets
or exercises too
when all I want
is to see you.*

*Yet, I see your face
and it's smiling at me,
so I won't disappoint you.
I'll strive to be the best I can be.*

*I don't want you to gaze down
on me and be sad,
I just want you to be happy
and think of us together and be glad.*



**In Loving Memory of
Rosie Umhoefer**

*Written by Rosie's mom Rosann Umhoefer
BPUSAStL*

*Thank
you!*



SAVE THE DATE

Saturday, April 01, 2023

Additional information will be posted on the website as registration nears. Please get the word out to your family and friends, as well.

Trivia is our annual fundraiser.

Knights of Columbus
5701 Hwy N
Cottleville, MO 63304

We look forward to seeing you!!

TRIVIA

Julie's 10 Year Angelversary

February 2023



Julie Bardle
Daughter of
Marilyn Kister



Julie, it's been 10 years since we saw your smile and heard your voice. We miss your hugs and your head on our shoulders.

Thank you for the signs we receive. You always know when we need them the most and that you watch over us.

We love you tons & tons.

Mom



Sister Janet



This particular year it had rained prior to my visiting her grave on her earth birthday. This rain puddle is shaped like a heart. A few days later I noticed what looks like an outline of an angel (faint white) with the heart in the chest. Julie passed from heart surgery difficulties.

Thank you to the Bronder Family for the wonderful trays of cookies.

From The Bronders: "Knowing You Ministries began in honor of our daughter Kylene who inspired us to open our eyes to those hurting hearts around us."

The Bronders also accept help in cookie donations, either bought or baked, packaging and delivering.

If you wish to receive cookies during the month of December 2023 in memory of your child, please let someone on the BPUSASTL Board know. Or contact Deb Bronder with your address: knowingyou@sbcglobal.net



Kylene Bronder

And a huge shout out to members of the Missouri Volleyball Academy (MOVA). I opened my door to about a dozen kind faces and a box of cookies.

Deb Bronder said: There are about 10-13 teams every year that participate; by baking, packaging and delivering a route. It is awesome to see God work in the lives of young girls and now a boys team by blessing them in the experience.



Thank you to Deb Y. for taking the time to make these little guys for you this year. (600+). She is such a blessing giving of her talents each year to make the adorable package ornaments to go along with your cookie gift.

I pray that they would be a reminder to you that someone is remembering the journey you are on.

Contact information:

314-296-0300

(please leave a voice message)

knowingyou@sbcglobal.net

If you are feeling lost in your journey, or just needing someone to talk or cry with.....We would love the opportunity to get to know you, and your child.

(As couples, or individuals). Our desire is to give value to those we cross paths with.

Please notify us for any of the following

- * if you wish to be removed.
- *if you have a family to add
- *if you would like to be a part of reaching out in comfort to others
- *if you are moving (please check to see if we deliver in your new area)

Knowing You Ministries began in honor of our daughter KYLENE who inspired us to open our eyes to hurting hearts around us.



Support That Surrounds

2023 BJC Hospice Community Grief Support Programs

SUPPORT GROUPS

MONTHLY GRIEF GROUP FOR SPOUSE OR PARTNER LOSS

First Tuesday of each month, St. Peters, MO

GRIEF GROUP FOR CHILD LOSS

Eight weeks on Tuesday evenings, beginning in mid-April

ART THERAPY GROUP FOR PARENT LOSS

Eight weeks beginning in January, Richmond Heights, MO

GRIEF EVENTS

Living With Grief

A Bereavement Discussion Panel
January 19, Maryland Heights, MO

Memorial Service

Held in October



LOSS OF CHILD

Weavings is a retreat for mothers who have lost a child that is held at the Pallottine Renewal Center in Florissant, MO.

March 24-26

November 3-5

Weavings 

SUPPORT FOR GRIEVING KIDS AND TEENS

Stepping Stones is a camp for kids ages 6-15 who have lost a friend or family member.

August 11-13, Camp Wyman in Eureka, MO

Stepping 
Stones

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO REGISTER FOR ANY OF THESE EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT BJC HOSPICE AT GRIEFSUPPORT@BJC.ORG OR [314.953.1676](tel:314.953.1676).

BJC 
Hospice

Caroline's Angel

Letter written to a mama this Christmas to honor her daughter Caroline's angel, red head in the front/center of the below photo:

*"Mary, good morning. Not sure if I want to fess up to this or not, but I dusted my piano yesterday and that's where your Caroline angel sits. When I picked it up it had the most beautiful pattern underneath it from where the dust did not permeate because of her bottom pattern. **Even when no longer with us they leave the most beautiful patterns and imprints in our lives**".*

Pat Ryan, BPUSASTl



Ryan's Story



Thanks for coming out tonight and letting us tell you the story of our son Ryan. Ryan was definitely one of a kind. Ryan was a special person to all of us. A son, a brother, grandson, cousin, a nephew and a friend to so many. He was a lot of things to a lot of people. He was the third of five boys. His favorite number was 8. He was born on June 8th and passed away on July 8th. That was Ryan's way. When he set his mind to something that was it and he made the number 8 special to us.

Ryan was born on June 8th 2004, in Ormond Beach, FL. He had a lot of dark hair and the biggest brown eyes. My mother in law stayed with us for a little bit back then, she used to say, 'Those big brown eyes just melt my heart every time he wakes me up, in the middle of the night.' We moved back to St. Louis when he was about 3 years old, but he was always so proud of being born in Florida. In fact, when someone would ask him where he was from, even though he lived here most of his life, he'd always answer, "I'm from Florida."

He was always so into sports. His favorite teams were always different than ours, his favorite hockey team was the San Jose Sharks. Don't ask us why, we don't really know, when you'd ask him why, he'd always say 'Because they're the best'. His favorite baseball team was the Royals, and his football team was always the Carolina Panthers. He really enjoyed all the back and forth this created, whether at home, or at a Blues game or a Card's game, he always represented his teams.

Ryan's Story continued on page 13

He attended St. Cletus catholic school, through the 8th grade. Once he started kindergarten there, that's when his love for sports started and really blossomed too. While attending Cletus he played CYC soccer, basketball and baseball. He traded soccer for football in the 3rd grade and played for the St. Charles Titans through the 7th grade. He always amazed us with the stuff he knew about sports. Team stats, player stats, everything about all the sports. He made so many life-long friends at St. Cletus. After Cletus he attended St. Charles West High School, where he made so many more friends too. A real testament about his character. Ryan was a kind soul. He was also funny, thoughtful and a huge animal lover too. He was our dog, Shaw's favorite brother. Ryan always walked him, bathed him, and also spent a lot of time just playing with him too. He truly is missed by more than just us.

He also loved his family too. We would do Sunday night dinners and his older brothers, Matt and Spencer would come over all of the boys would hangout. They just enjoyed being around each other. Ryan also loved fishing with his brothers and getting to hangout just one on one with each of them. His favorite holiday was Halloween, one of his friends helped him get a job at the Spirit Halloween store, he loved that job! He would bring stuff home for his mom and brothers.

In Ryan's Junior year at St. Charles West, he started getting some headaches, then they seemed to get a little more frequent, so in April of 2021 we got him into the doctor's for the headaches. There they checked him out and prescribed him some migraine medicine. They told us if this one doesn't work, we've got 4 or 5 other ones we can try, sometimes it takes more than 2 or 3 tries to get them. The first one didn't seem to work so we got the next one to try. This one seemed to be much better. He had missed some school prior to starting the newer medicine, but once on that he started doing much better and even started having full days at school again, and finished the school year with better attendance.

Then on June 8th we celebrated his 17th birthday with all of us being there and his Aunt Rosie and cousin Alexis and his papa. Ryan was so happy that day. He had mom make him his dinner of choice that night and she made him his favorite double chocolate cake. Then on June 10th his Baka, or Grandma, passed away. That 17th birthday was his last one with us.

The last week of June, right after we laid his BAKA to rest he started getting some headaches again, we called to get another appointment to get in to try the next migraine medicine. The Wednesday before he went to the hospital he and his younger brothers, Bobby and Chase were all out helping their papa with yard work. They always enjoyed helping him with yard work knowing that he pays well and then also treated them all to lunch. The next day after that though he was having a bad headache, to the point of not even being able to keep any food or drink down. I was out of town for work, when I got home, he and I spoke about going to the Urgent Care in the morning as they were closed then. He said he didn't want to go, that he'd be fine until the Dr. could get him in. I was concerned that he might get dehydrated with throwing up and not being able to keep fluids down. I had him come downstairs and try to eat some chicken noodle soup and drink some Gatorade. A little while later he just threw it back up too. I told him we were going to the urgent care in the morning. He was tired and wanted to go to bed. I followed him up the stairs and he went to bed and so did I.

The next morning, that was Friday, July 2nd, I went to wake him up he was cold to the touch but moving, but wouldn't help me get his pants or shoes on. I thought this was just his way of protesting going to the urgent care, then soon realized he couldn't walk down the stairs on his own or even really stand up. I got him into the car and we went to the urgent care.

Once we got there he couldn't get inside even with my help, so they got him a wheelchair. They got him inside and started checking him out, but no IV fluids. They all left the room and came back in about 5-6 mins later and said they didn't know what was wrong with him but thought he needed the ER instead of the urgent care, and they had already called EMS to take him to Barnes. I called my wife at work and she met us there. We all arrived about the same time, they got him inside and started some IV fluids and running a lot of tests on him. They started thinking he might have a virus or an infection in his blood stream, then they started saying maybe it was Spinal Meningitis. They started numbing a spot on his back so they could pull some spinal fluids out to run some tests on that too. After several minutes of it numbing up, they came in and said they wanted to do a CT scan first with his history of headaches. They took him out for that, brought him back a short while later and said he had a large mass in his head that was pushing down on his brain and causing the brain stem to push down and plug the hole that allows your brain fluid to do down through your spine and this created a lot of excess fluid around the brain. They called it Hydrocephalus. They also told us they contacted Children's and that they were on the way to pick him up and transport him there.

After just a few minutes of them bringing Ryan back into us, he started to seize. They then had to intubate him and try to stabilize him to be transported to Children's. We tried to follow them close behind and just couldn't due to the way they went in and out of traffic.

When we finally got to Children's they had already started by placing a drain in his head on the left side to try and remove some of the fluid and release some of the pressure in his head.

We met with the team of doctors there, and they told us they weren't too sure how bad off he was, or might be. They kept telling us with a 17 year old's brain they just don't know, they're capable of a lot of things that older brains may not be and they tend to be more resilient. The next plan of action was to get him stable enough to get a complete MRI done on him to see more than what a CT scan shows. They said that they also wanted to do a surgery on him and try to remove the mass that was in his head, but needed the MRI first. The brain surgeon came in and told us he would prefer to wait until the Tuesday or Wednesday after the 4th of July holiday, so that he could have his team of choice assisting him and not just whoever the hospital could throw together. However, the next morning, they got him into an MRI and came back with terrible news. They said he had had several strokes over the last few hours or even the last day or so and all 7 functioning parts of the brain had irreparable damage and they would just have to wait and see if he showed any signs of improvement here. Over the next few days it was all gloom and doom, there was no improvement and things went even worse. We all had our final moments with Ryan and were by his side when he passed away peacefully at 9:48 pm on July 8th 2021.

Ryan's parents shared his story at the St. Charles 2022 Angel of Hope Candlelight Ceremony



SAY THEIR NAMES

By Olin's Father, BP/USA St. Louis Chapter,
<http://www.bpusastl.org/nArticles.html>

The time of concern is over. No longer are we asked how we're doing. Never are the names of our children mentioned to us. A curtain descends. The moment has passed. Lives slip from frequent recall. There are exceptions - close and compassionate friends, sensitive and loving family.

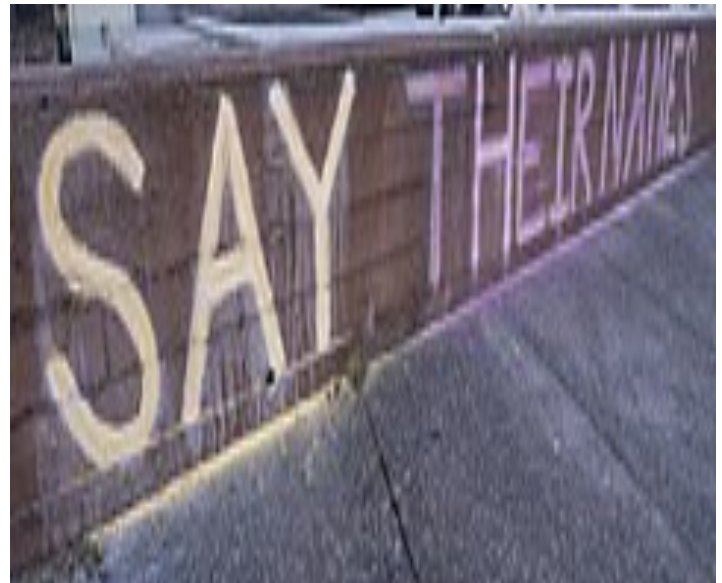
For most, the drama is over. The spotlight is off. Applause is silent. But for us the play will never end. The effects on us are timeless. Say THEIR NAMES to us.

On the stage of our lives they have been both lead and supporting actors and actresses. Do not tiptoe around one of the greatest events of our lives. Love does not die. Their names are written on our minds. YOU feel they are dead...we feel they are of the dead and still they live. They ghost walk our soul, beckoning in future welcome.

YOU say they WERE our children. We say they ARE. Say their names to us and say their names again. It hurts to bury their memory in silence. What they were in flesh is no longer with us. What they are in spirit stirs within us always. They are of our past, but they are part of our now. They are our hope for the future.

You say not to remind us. How little you understand we CANNOT forget. We would not...if we could. We understand you, but feel pain in being forced to do so. We forgive you, because you cannot know. And we would forgive you anyway.

We accept how you see us, but understand that you see us not at all. We strive not to judge you, for yesterday we were like you. We love you, will make no expectations toward you. But we wish you could understand that we dwell both in flesh and in spirit. The mystery is that you do too, but know it not.



We do not ask you to walk this road. The ascent is steep and the burden heavy. We walk it not by choice. We would rather walk with them in flesh, looking not to spirit roads beyond. We are what we have to be.

Say THEIR NAMES for they are alive in us. They and we will meet again, though in many ways we've never been parted. They and their lives play light songs in our minds, sunrise and sunsets on our dreams. They are real and shadow, were and are.

Say THEIR NAMES to us and say THEIR NAMES again. They are our children and we love them as we always did. Say THEIR NAMES! 🙏

*I miss your love.
I miss your hugs.
I miss being happy.
I am told that, in time,
"the sun will come out tomorrow".
But I know that, without you,
it will never shine as bright again.*

www.whereismystupidrainbow.com

Lovingly lifted from A Journey Together: Chicagoland Chapter—BPUSA
January-February-March 2018 Newsletter
www.bpusachicagoland.org

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
BPUSASTl—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	Meeting suspended, please contact facilitator for additional information.	
SPECIALIZED MEETINGS	MEETING LOCATIONS Please contact facilitators to verify meeting dates/times.	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
Provident Counseling	2388 Schuetz Road, Suite A10 Maryland Heights, MO 63146	Megan Bax, 314.802.2651	1st & 3rd Wednesdays	
Survivors of Suicide	Provident Behavioral Health	Kristen Ernst: Call to confirm meeting location and time 636.328.0878	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	TBD	
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	TBD	

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

Representation in Lieu of Meetings

Franklin County, MO	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

February 15, 2023

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.

"SOMETHING HAPPENS WHEN WE EXPERIENCE LOSS, THE CLOCK STARTS OVER."



Christina Rasmussen

secondfirsts.com

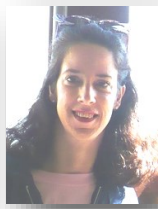
Children of BPUSASTL's Board Representation



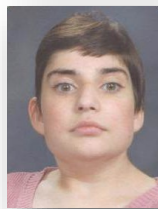
Julie Bardle
Daughter of
Marilyn Kister
Newsletter
Editor



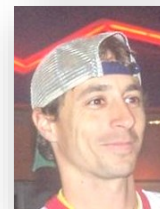
Joseph DeMarco
Son of
Theresa DeMarco
Treasurer



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



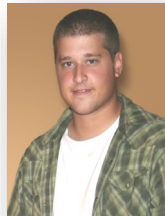
J. P. Rosciglione
Son of Terre
Rosciglione
Trivia
Coordinator



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

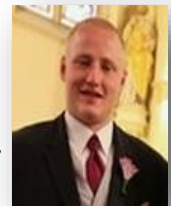


J. P. Rosciglione
Son of Terre
Rosciglione
Trivia
Coordinator



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 pages 7-9 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 _____

note to self

- ♥ You are doing the best you can
- ♥ It is okay to ask for help
- ♥ You are worthy and enough
- ♥ It is okay to be not okay
- ♥ Your boundaries are important
- ♥ You are capable of amazing things
- ♥ Your feelings are valid
- ♥ It is okay if you are a work in progress
- ♥ It is okay to allow yourself to heal

Save The Date

NATIONAL GATHERING 2023



Bereaved Parents of the USA

July 21-23 ♥ Hilton Washington Dulles Hotel ♥ Herndon, VA

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

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