



## SAVE THE DATES

### SAVE THE DATE

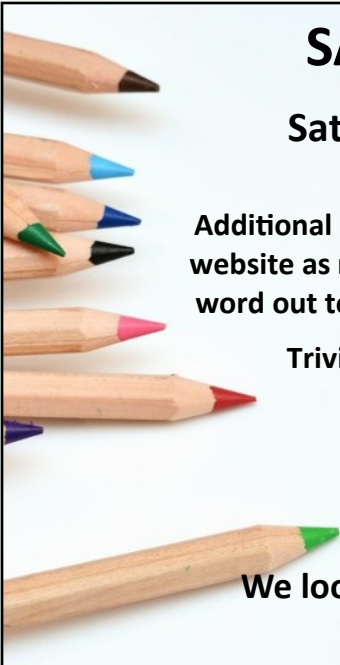
Saturday, May 20, 2023

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!!



Due to unforeseen circumstances, the trivia date is May 20 vs April 1. We are sorry for any inconvenience.

# TRIVIA

## NATIONAL GATHERING 2023



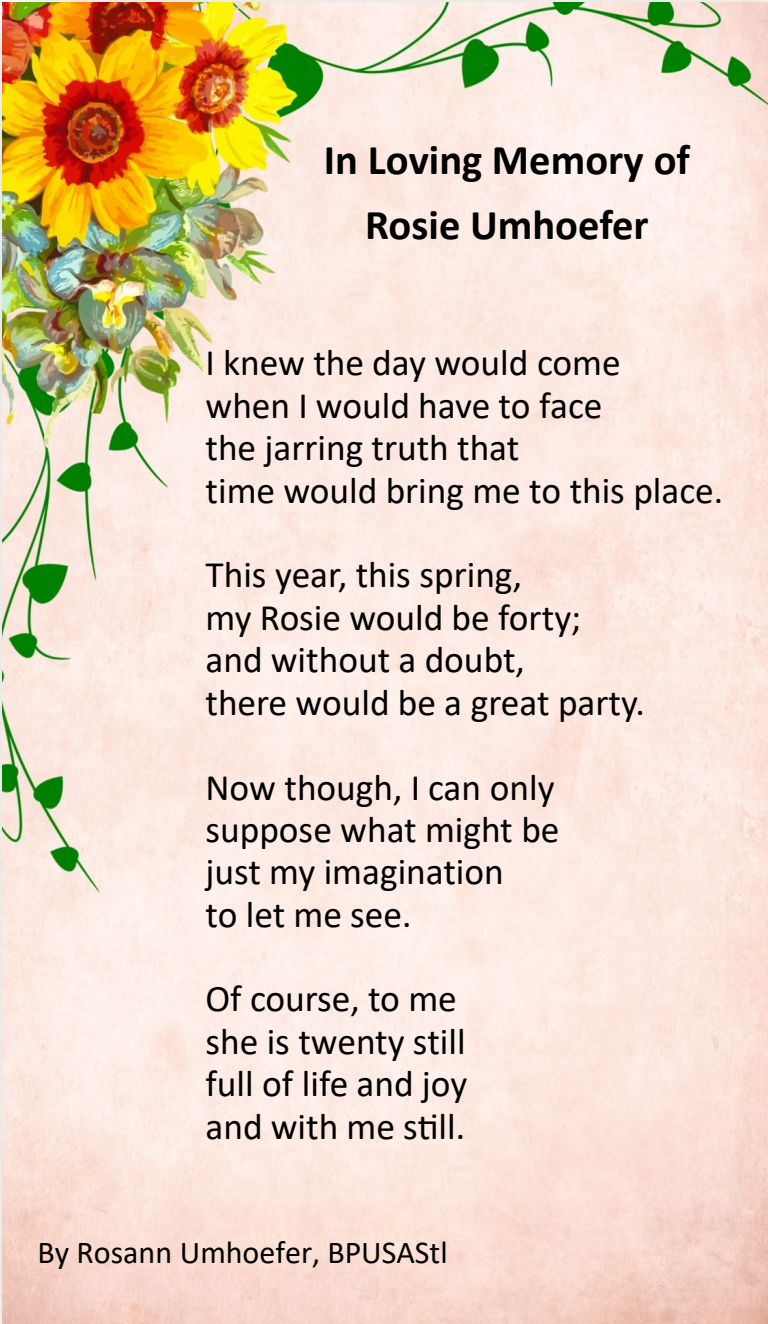
Bereaved Parents of the USA

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

[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)



INSIDE	PAGE
Love Gifts	2
Chasing After Closure	3
The Glance	4
Take My Grief	5
2023 BJC Local Events	6
Various Writings	7-8
<i>Grieving Parents Sharing Hope</i>	9
Dance Around His Name	11
Playing in the Shadows	12
Meeting Times / Locations	13
Phone Friends & Board Members	14-15



**In Loving Memory of  
Rosie Umhoefer**

I knew the day would come  
when I would have to face  
the jarring truth that  
time would bring me to this place.

This year, this spring,  
my Rosie would be forty;  
and without a doubt,  
there would be a great party.

Now though, I can only  
suppose what might be  
just my imagination  
to let me see.

Of course, to me  
she is twenty still  
full of life and joy  
and with me still.

By Rosann Umhoefer, BPUSASTl



**In Loving Memory of  
Rosie Umhoefer**

*When someone  
you love  
becomes a  
memory,  
that memory  
becomes a  
treasure.*

**Thank you  
for your  
Love Gift**

# CHASING AFTER CLOSURE

I keep reading in the newspapers about survivors of tragedy or death seeking "closure." Yet no one really defines what closure Means, whether it is possible or how to get there. For many in our society, closure means leaving grief behind, a milestone usually expected within a matter of weeks or months.

Closure means being "normal," getting back to your old self, no longer crying or being affected by the death. It means "moving on with life" and leaving the past behind, even to the extent of forgetting it or ignoring it. For we who have experienced death, this kind of closure is not only impossible but indeed undesirable.

Closure, if one even chooses to use the term, is actually more a process than a defined moment. The initial part of closure is: Accepting the reality. At first, we keep hoping or wishing that it weren't true. We expect our loved ones to walk through the door. We wait for someone to tell us it was all a huge mistake. We just can't accept that this person has died, that we will never physically see them again on earth, that we will not hear their voices, feel their hugs, or get their input on a tough decision.

Usually it takes weeks or even months for the reality to finally sink in. We come to know, in both our heads and our hearts that our loved one has died and is not coming back. We still don't like it, but we accept it as true.

As the reality sinks in, we can more actively heal. We begin making decisions, and start to envision a life different from what we had planned before, a life in which we no longer expect our loved one to be there. We grow, struggle, cry and change. We form fresh goals. We face our Loneliness. We feel the pain and loss, but except for short periods of time, we are not crippled by it. We also make a shift in memory. Memories of our loved ones, rather than being painful as they were at first, sometimes make us smile or even laugh.

This healing phase takes a very long time, and involves a lot of back-and-forthing. We alternate between tears and joy, fears and confidence, despair and hope. We take two steps forward and one step back. We wonder whether we'll ever be truly happy again, and often doubt that we will.

Eventually we realize we are taking the past, with all its pain and pleasure, into a new tomorrow. We never forget, and in fact we carry our beloved with us; he or she is forever a cherished part of who we are. We are changed by the experience of having loved this person, by the knowledge of life's transience, and by grief itself. We become different and hopefully better, more compassionate, more appreciative, more tolerant people. We fully embrace life again, connecting, laughing and loving with a full heart.

Still, there is no point of "final closure," no point at which we can say, "Ah, now I have finally completed my grief." Or, "Yes, now I have healed." There is no point at which we will never cry again, although as time goes on the tears are bittersweet and less common. Healing is a lifelong process, one in which we often don't even realize we are healing until we look back and see how far we have come.

"Closure?" I don't think so. Acceptance-yes. Peace-yes. Hope-definitely. But putting a period behind the final sentence and closing the book on it? No! Life and love are much too complex for that. The story does not end; instead it awaits the next chapter.

by Amy Florian, Hoffman Estates, Illinois

[Bongoye Emily - Chasinf after Closure by Amy Florian I... | Facebook](#)



## THE GLANCE

The morning started out so positive. I was eager to start my day. The to-do list was waiting, I was ready, nothing could get in my way. And then it happened as it sometimes does causing tears to flow. Grief had made its presence known putting on quite a show. A glance at a picture was all it took. Just this once I let myself really look. It suddenly hit me that this is real. Death had come and my son it did steal. It took away what was most precious to me. At times I'm so confused wondering how this could be. He was so full of life up to the very end. And now he is gone and my heart will never mend. So today I will be tired, too tired to move along. The hope is that tomorrow I will again feel strong. One minute at a time that's how I will survive. Tomorrow brings anticipation that happiness will arrive.

Lorna Korte Eric's mom  
BPUSASTl



In Loving Memory of  
Eric Korte  
May 1985 - July 2015



## Take My Grief

Do you want my grief,  
Please for a moment,  
Take it please,  
Hold it next to your heart,  
Feel it burn and tear you apart,  
Please I beg of you,  
Ease my mind,  
Give me sleep for just one night,  
Get the flashbacks, The heart stopping pangs,  
The helplessness from losing my way,  
Can you feel my grief,  
Hold it close,  
It will bring you to your knees,  
Your soul will yell, it will scream,  
Can you hear it bellow while it takes your peace,  
Your body aches, your mind stands still,  
You live in the past, where things were real,  
Help me friend,  
I ask of you,  
Take this grief,  
For a day or two,  
Just long enough, so I can clear my head,  
So I can pretend my child's not dead.

Written By: Charla Norman



# 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

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### 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 

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### 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

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

BJC   
Hospice

## A BUTTERFLY



Painting by former volunteer Carol Peltier

The butterfly is a symbol of hope, the symbol of new life and the symbol of those who are bereaved.

Before it becomes a butterfly though, it must spend time in a cocoon.

We have to grieve, hurt, be angry, and struggle to free ourselves from the cocoon of grief.

And one day we do emerge -a beautiful butterfly.

A stronger person.

A more compassionate person.

A more understanding person.

—Author Unknown

Loving lifted from HOPELine Newsletter—September 2022



## The Moment that you Left Me

The moment that you left me  
My heart split in two  
One side filled with memories  
The other side died with you.

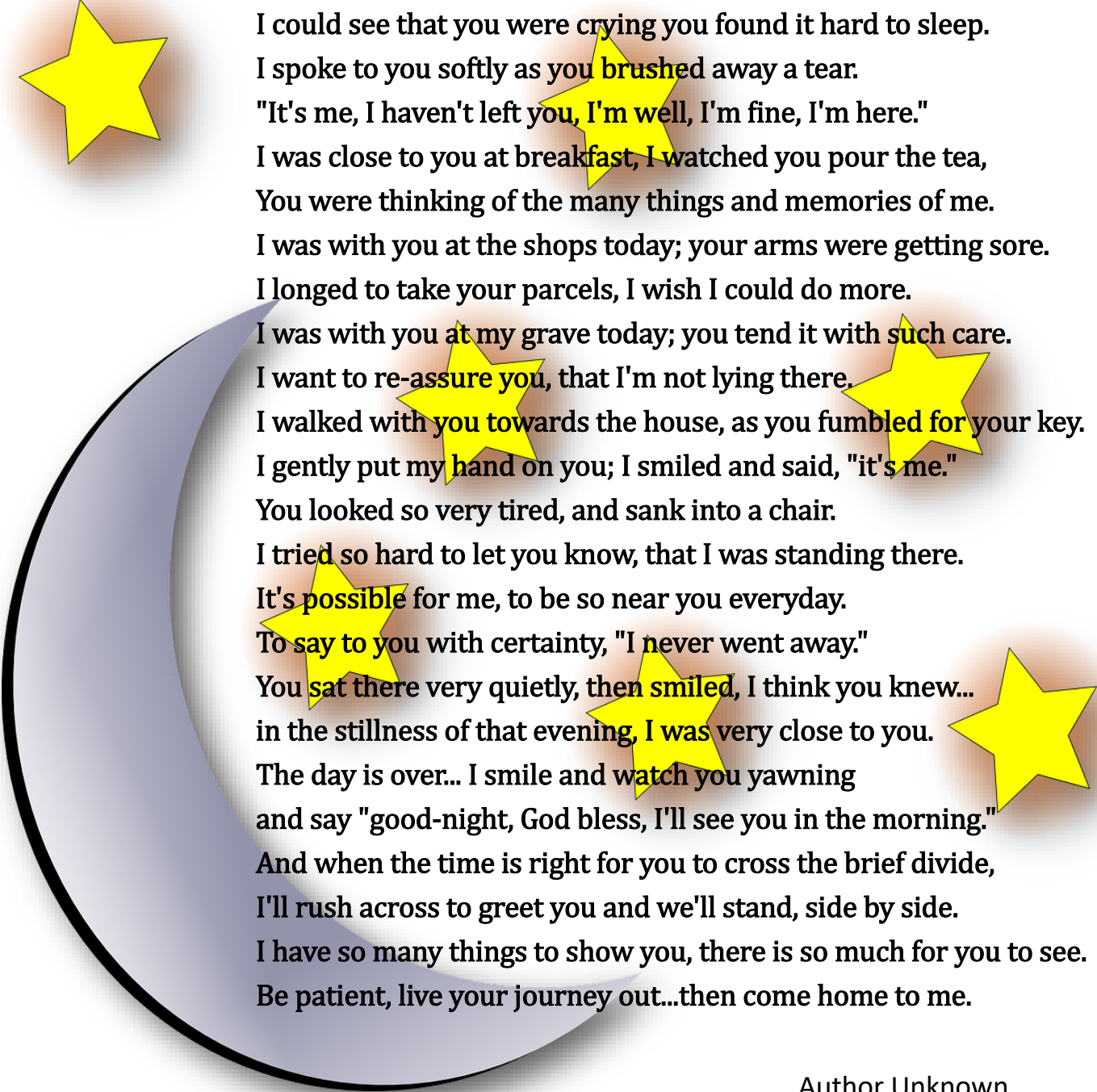
I often lay awake at night  
When the world is fast asleep  
and take a walk down memory lane  
With tears upon my cheek.

Remembering you is easy  
I do it everyday  
But missing you is a heartache  
That never goes away.

I hold you tightly within my heart  
And there you will remain  
As my life goes on without you  
But will never be the same.

-Doug Craven  
lessonslearnedinlifeinc.©





I stood by your bed last night; I came to have a peek.  
I could see that you were crying you found it hard to sleep.  
I spoke to you softly as you brushed away a tear.  
"It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well, I'm fine, I'm here."  
I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,  
You were thinking of the many things and memories of me.  
I was with you at the shops today; your arms were getting sore.  
I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more.  
I was with you at my grave today; you tend it with such care.  
I want to re-assure you, that I'm not lying there.  
I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.  
I gently put my hand on you; I smiled and said, "it's me."  
You looked so very tired, and sank into a chair.  
I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there.  
It's possible for me, to be so near you everyday.  
To say to you with certainty, "I never went away."  
You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew...  
in the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.  
The day is over... I smile and watch you yawning  
and say "good-night, God bless, I'll see you in the morning."  
And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,  
I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.  
I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.  
Be patient, live your journey out...then come home to me.

Author Unknown







## Weekly Word of Hope, Laura Diehl

**GPS Hope is hosting a grief cruise. Refer to their website for details.**

<https://www.gpshope.org>

I love when we have a campsite with the Hope Mobile along water. Each year we seem to have the blessing of having a few sites here and there on either a lake or a river.

I remember one specific time that I was walking on a path along one of those rivers. Sometimes the path would move away from the water, and I couldn't see it at all. Eventually I could see some of the river through the trees. I might lose sight of it again for a while, and then suddenly a full view in all of the river's beauty would open up to me. The entire path was like that. I never knew as I walked along if I was going to be able to see only a little of it, none of it, or the full beauty of it.

That is a lot like our hope, especially those first few months and years. We can't see any hope at all, of ever getting past the darkness and being able to live without our child. Then we might get a quick glimmer of hope. We lose it again. Then something happens and we feel full of hope, and then it goes away as quickly as it came.

That river was always there, whether I could see it or not. And hope is always there, whether you can feel it or not, because the Seed of Hope lives inside you.

It takes a while in the natural for a seed to break open, work its way through the soil to be seen and keep growing.

I am confident that the Seed of Hope inside of you is breaking open and is working its way through the dark soil of your heart, on its way to break through and continue growing where you can feel and see it.

Just keep going, one day, one hour, one breath at a time if that is where you are. And lean on our hope, until yours is strong enough to lean on.



**October 1-8, 2023  
7 Night  
Eastern Caribbean**

<https://www.gpshope.org>

SHIP: ROYAL CARIBBEAN  
WONDER OF THE SEAS  
DEPARTS: Port Canaveral, FL

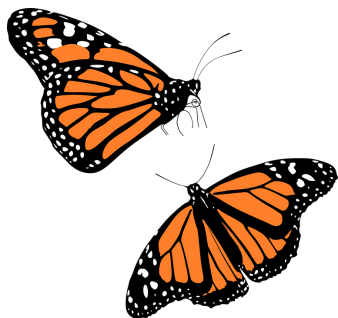




As long as I can, I will look  
at this world for both of us.  
As long as I can, I will laugh  
with the birds, I will sing  
with the flowers, I will pray  
to the stars,  
for the both of us.  
As long as I can I will  
remember how many things on  
this earth were your joy.  
And I will live as well as you  
want me to live, as long as I  
can.



Sascha—From Wintersun

Lovingly lifted from BPUSA Springfield, IL—May 2022



## Just Because

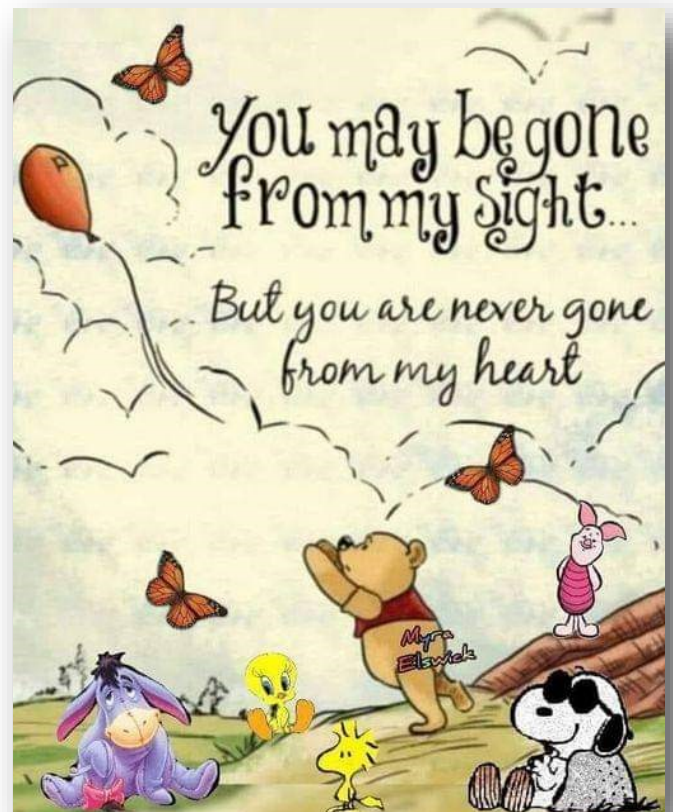
Just because you cannot see me,  
does not mean I am not there.  
Just because I am in heaven,  
does not mean I do not care.

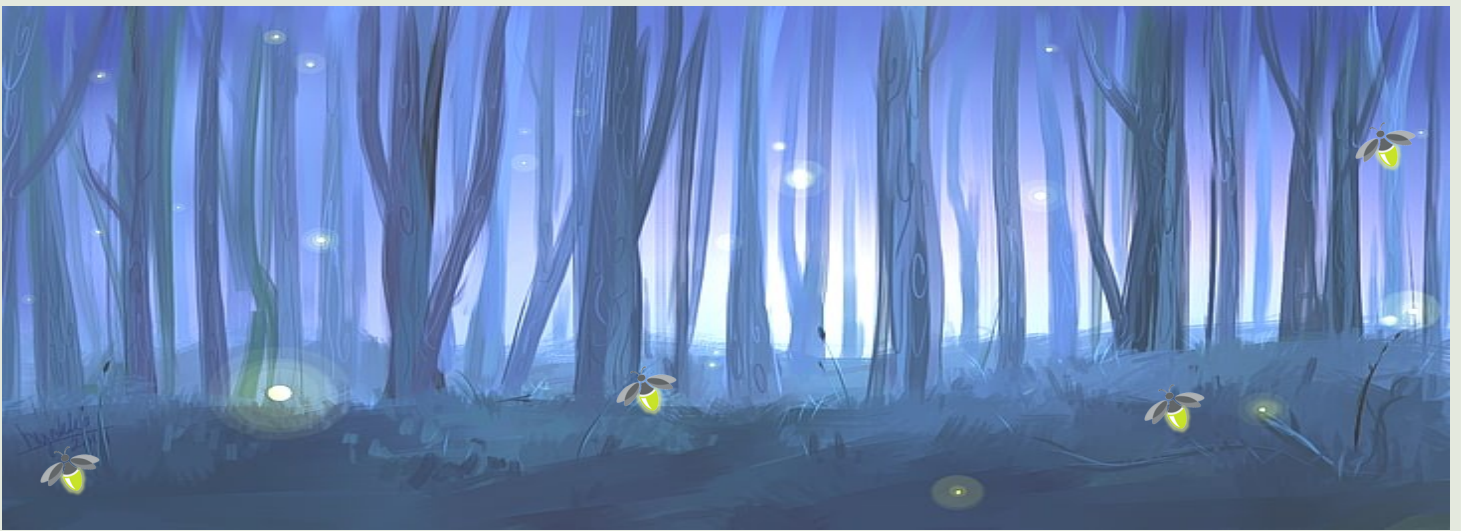
 I often see you crying,  
you often say my name,  
I want to hold you tight,  
I want to ease your pain. 

It's easy for me,  
for I know heaven is real,  
If you knew the truth,  
how much better would you feel.

One day we will meet again,  
but only when the time is right,  
when you step out of the darkness,  
I will be standing in the light.

Poem By John F Connor ©





**Dance** around his name.

Like little butterflies floating around a flower.

Barely touching it, afraid to harm it.

Dance around his memories.

Like fireflies in the night sky.

Flittering here and there showing their light.

Dance around his absence.

Like a falling star from the heavens.

Never to be seen again as it fades into nothing.

Dance around his death.

Like a dew drop sitting on a leaf until it is gone.

Dance around my pain.

Dance around my sorrow.

Dance around my life if you wish.

Or you could help me live in this new world I find myself in.

You could smile when I say his name, listen when I speak of him.

Maybe you could share something about him with me, maybe not.

If all you do is acknowledge his life, his importance, his existence.

Then you have done enough.

I will then know that you realize that he is still a part of my life.

Death does not take that away.

He is with me always, not as before but with me all the same.

I love him in death as much as I loved him in life.

Love is the connection. Love is strength. Love is forever.

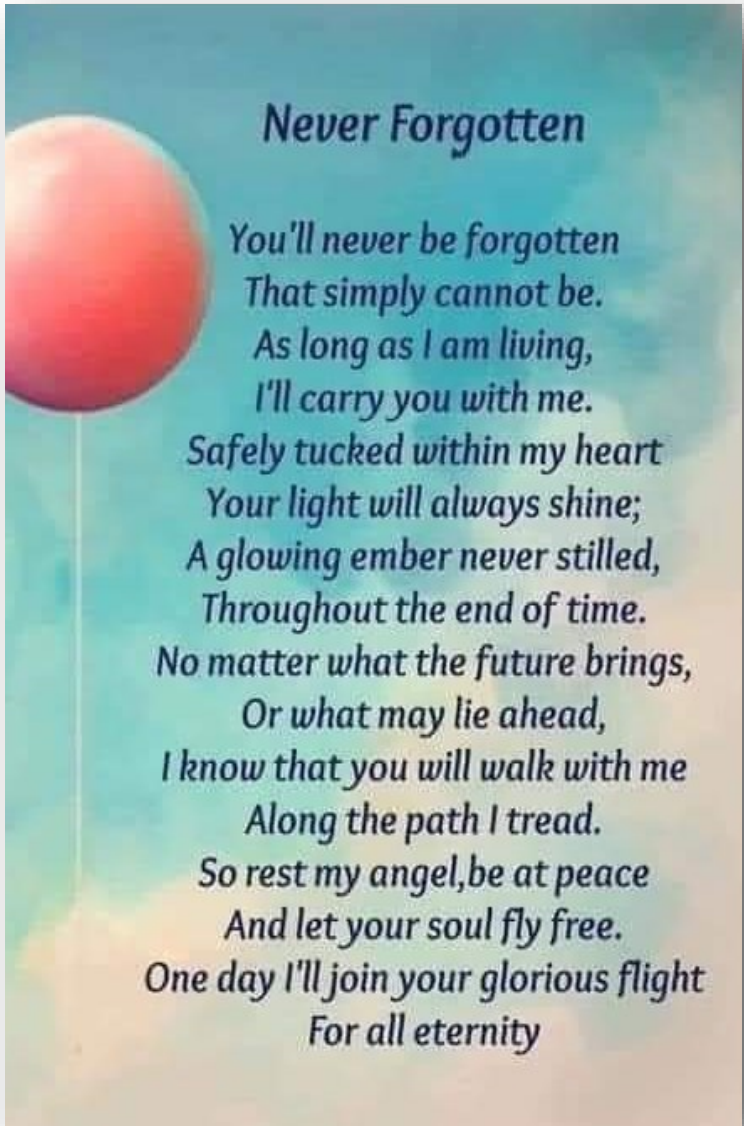
Lorna Korte  
Eric's mom



**In Loving Memory of**

**Eric Korte**

**May 1985 - July 2015**



## Never Forgotten

You'll never be forgotten  
That simply cannot be.  
As long as I am living,  
I'll carry you with me.  
Safely tucked within my heart  
Your light will always shine;  
A glowing ember never stilled,  
Throughout the end of time.  
No matter what the future brings,  
Or what may lie ahead,  
I know that you will walk with me  
Along the path I tread.  
So rest my angel, be at peace  
And let your soul fly free.  
One day I'll join your glorious flight  
For all eternity

# Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together big sister, little brother. I took care of you until you were old enough to care for yourself. Though you didn't say it, I knew you loved me. We played in the sunlight, you and I. Remember the games of "mother may I" and "hide and seek?" Sure we had our fights as all siblings do. But through it all we never lost our love for each other. Now you're gone. I'll never see you again, except in the memories of those sunny days. You will forever be sixteen. Far too young to die. You had your whole life to live. I'll always grieve, but I must go on. Still, without you, I play alone in the shadows.

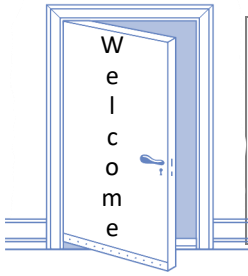
Cheryl Larson, Pikes Peak

Lovingly lifted from BPUSA Springfield, IL—May 2022



# MEETING TIMES & PLACES

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



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

<b>GROUP MEETINGS</b>	<b>MEETING LOCATION</b> Some are currently on pause pending COVID restrictions	<b>FACILITATOR(S)</b>	<b>DAY</b>	<b>TIME</b>
BPUSASTl—St. Peters / St. Charles, MO	Knights of Columbus Hall 5701 Hwy N Cottleville, MO 63304	Mike & Jeanne Francisco 636.947.9403	1st Thursday - <b>Please contact facilitators for meeting status</b>	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	<b>Please contact Jacque for meeting status</b>	Jacque Glaeser 636.236.5103 jlynn63021@yahoo.com	This meeting is on pause. <b>Please contact Jacque for meeting status</b>	

<b>SPECIALIZED MEETINGS</b>	<b>MEETING LOCATIONS</b> Please contact facilitators to verify meeting dates/times.	<b>FACILITATOR(S) / CONTACT(S)</b>	<b>DAY</b>	<b>TIME</b>
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
Healing After Suicide Loss	Baue Funeral Home 608 Jefferson St. Charles, MO 633041	Kristen Ernst: Call to confirm meeting location and time 636.328.0878	1st & 3rd Monday	6:00 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 use this link to register: <a href="https://virtual-bereaved-sibling-chapter-meeting.mailchimpsites.com/">https://virtual-bereaved-sibling-chapter-meeting.mailchimpsites.com/</a>	Katie Alger 845.443.0614	Last Thursday of the month	7:00 pm CST
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# 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](http://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

**April 15, 2023**

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

Newsletter  
PO Box 1115  
St. Peters, MO 63376

or to :

[snowwhite6591@gmail.com](mailto: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.

*Each day within me I  
fight a silent battle of  
surviving yet another  
day without you.*

*Narin Grewal*

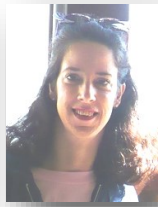
# Children of BPUSASTL's Board Representation



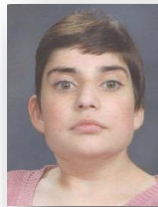
**Julie Bardle**  
Daughter of  
Marilyn Kister  
Newsletter  
Editor



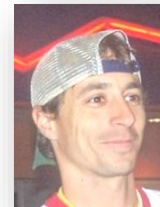
**Joseph DeMarco**  
Son of  
Theresa DeMarco  
Treasurer



**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



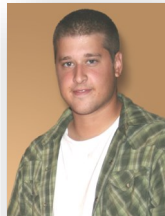
**J. P. Rosciglione**  
Son of Terre  
Rosciglione  
Trivia  
Coordinator



**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

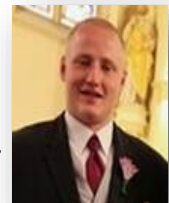


**J. P. Rosciglione**  
Son of Terre  
Rosciglione  
Trivia  
Coordinator



**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 2 of this newsletter)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

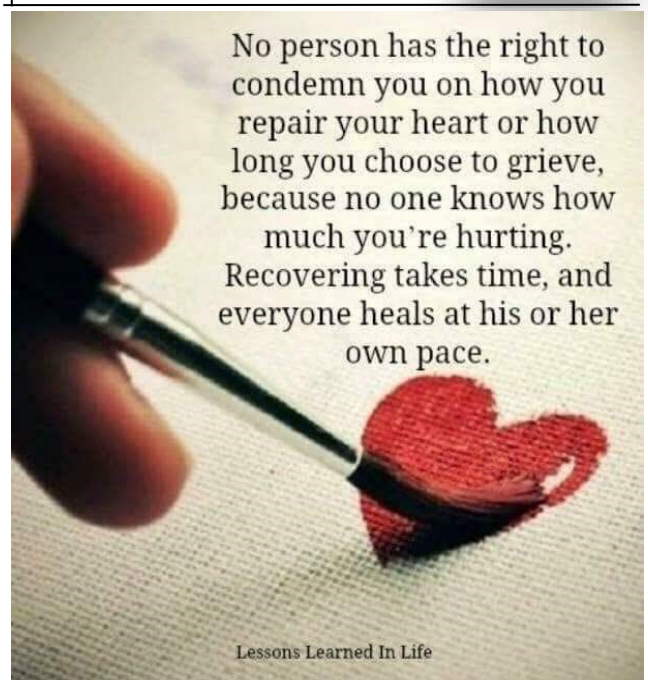
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ NAME OF CHILD(REN)

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 \_\_\_\_\_



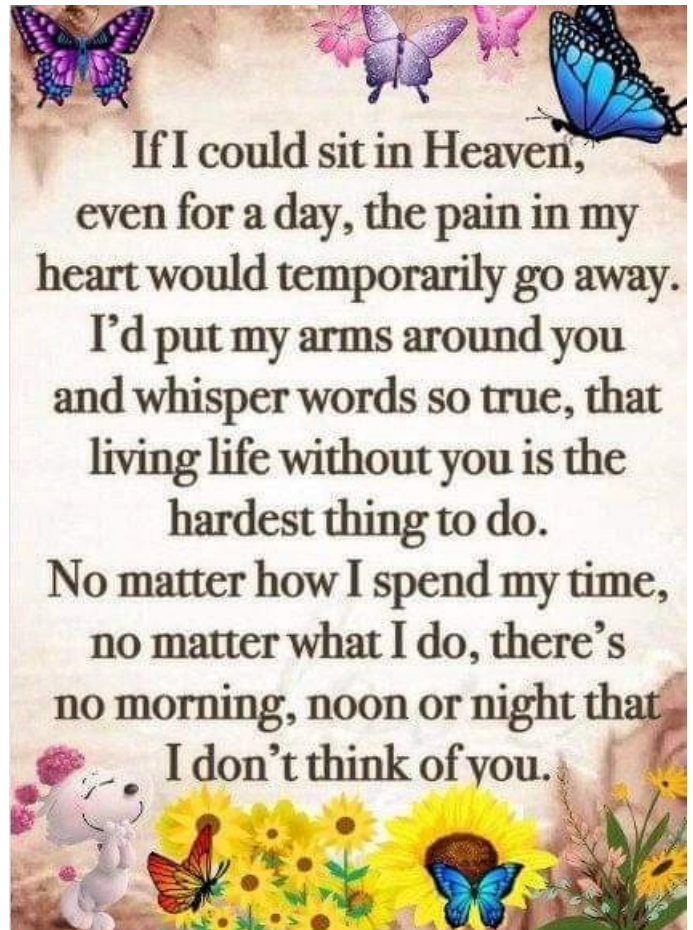
GRIEF IS NOT A PROCESS.

*There is no endpoint.*

It's not  
something I'll  
be "done"  
with...

It's something  
I'm learning to  
live with.

[www.facebook.com/Missinglovedone](http://www.facebook.com/Missinglovedone)



If I could sit in Heaven,  
even for a day, the pain in my  
heart would temporarily go away.  
I'd put my arms around you  
and whisper words so true, that  
living life without you is the  
hardest thing to do.  
No matter how I spend my time,  
no matter what I do, there's  
no morning, noon or night that  
I don't think of you.

## 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