



#### Recent tour addition for Gathering Attendees:



### Bereaved Parents of the USA

BETH FARGEY MEMORIAL TOUR

July 25, 2024

WASHINGTON, D.C.

## Beth Fargey Memorial Tour Registration

This tour was donated by Maryellen Fargey and her daughter Kathleen Fargey in memory of Beth Fargey.

Maryellen McTiernan Fargey, a native of Massachusetts, is a long-term resident of Dayton, Ohio. She is retired and spends much of her time assisting and tutoring refugees. Her daughter Kathleen Fargey lives in Washington, D.C., and works as a professional historian for the U.S. Army, having recently completed a 6-month special assignment to Arlington National Cemetery.

We are thankful for their generosity.

**Please register each attendee separately. This tour is only available to conference attendees.**

**Please be advised that we may ask you to sign a waiver before the tour.**

### INSIDE

### PAGE

Love Gift	2
Nurture Yourself – Alan Wolfelt	3
I Heard Your Voice in the Wind Today	4
Ripples In A Pond - by Lorna Korte	5
Potholes of Grief - Margaret Gerner	6
Child Loss is Against Nature...	7
Grief Is Like A Shipwreck	8
Grief Changes - Sibling Page	9
7 Tips For Coping with Summer Grief	10
Why Routines Help When Grieving	11-12
Meetings / Dial a Friend / Board Representation	13-15



# THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE GIFT



## **In Loving Memory of Rosie Umhoefer**

Our early June family vacation,  
wedged between Spring's delight  
and start of Summer heat.  
Excited, for sure, but some separation fright.

Will she see that I am gone?  
Not in my home bound space.  
Will she travel the memorized miles?  
Or just meet me in our forever place.

I feel her in the crispness  
of the early morning breeze.  
I hear her amazing laugh  
as it trickles through the trees.

I see her endearing smile  
in the sun's rays upon the lake.  
Her sweet voice calls to me  
"I'm here Mom, for goodness sake"

Poem by Rosann Umhoefer,  
Rosie's mom - BPUSASTl



## **NURTURE YOURSELF**

By Alan Wolfelt, Ph.D., "Understanding Your Grief", [www.griefdigest.org](http://www.griefdigest.org)

*"There is nothing in nature that can't be taken as a sign of both mortality and invigoration."....Gretel Ehrlich*

I remind you that the word "bereaved" which to our modern-day ears can sound like an old-fashioned term that only a funeral director might use, means "to be torn apart" and "to have special needs". So despite its obsolescence, the word is still accurate and useful. Perhaps your most important "special need" right now is to be compassionate with yourself. In fact, the word "compassion" means "with passion". Caring for and about yourself with passion is self-compassion.

This article is a gentle reminder to be kind to yourself as you journey through the wilderness of your grief. If you were embarking on a hike of many days through the rugged mountains of Colorado, would you dress scantily, carry little water, and push yourself until you dropped? Of course not. You would prepare carefully and proceed cautiously. You would take care of yourself because if you didn't, you could die. The consequences of not taking care of yourself in grief can be equally devastating.

Over many years of walking with people in grief, I have discovered that most of us are hard on ourselves when we are in mourning. We judge ourselves and we shame ourselves and we take care of ourselves last. But good self-care is essential to your survival. To practice good self-care doesn't mean you are feeling sorry for yourself. Or being self-indulgent; rather, it means you are creating conditions that allow you to integrate the death of someone loved into your heart and soul.

I believe that in nurturing ourselves, in allowing ourselves the time and loving attention we need to journey safely and deeply through grief, we find meaning in our continued living. We have all heard the scripture "Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted". To this I might add, "Blessed are those who learn self-compassion during times of grief, for they shall go on to discover continued meaning in life, living and loving".

Remember, self-care fortifies your long and challenging grief journey, a journey that leaves you profoundly affected and deeply changed. To be self-nurturing is to have the courage to pay attention to your needs. Above all, self-nurturing is about self-acceptance. When we recognize that self-care begins with ourselves, we no longer think of those around us as being totally responsible for our well-being. Health self-care forces us to mourn in ways that help us heal, and that is nurturing indeed.

I also believe that self-nurturing is about celebration, about taking time to enjoy the moment, to find hidden treasures everywhere – in a child's smile, a beautiful sunrise, a flower in bloom, a friend's gentle touch. Grief teaches us the importance of living fully in the present, remembering our past, and embracing our future.

Walt Whitman wrote, "I celebrate myself". In caring for yourself "with passion", you are celebrating life as a human being who has been touched by grief and come to realize that the preciousness of life is a superb opportunity for celebration. 🌸



Loving lifted from the July/Aug/Sept 2018 Newsletter from:

**A JOURNEY TOGETHER: CHICAGOLAND CHAPTER BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA**



# **I Heard Your Voice In The Wind Today**

I heard your voice in the wind today  
and I turned to see your face;  
The warmth of the wind caressed me  
as I stood silently in place.

I felt your touch in the sun today  
as its warmth filled the sky;  
I closed my eyes for your embrace  
and my spirit soared high.

I saw your eyes in the window pane  
as I watched the falling rain;  
It seemed as each raindrop fell  
it quietly said your name.

I held you close in my heart today  
it made me feel complete;  
You may have died...but you are not gone  
you will always be a part of me.

As long as the sun shines...  
the wind blows...  
the rain falls...  
You will live on inside of me forever  
for that is all my heart knows.

Author Unknown

# RIPPLES IN A POND

A beautiful hummingbird flutters from here to there.

Almost nervously gathering sweet nectar from summertime flowers.

It is beautiful yet it appears almost desperate at the same time.

I understand it.

I feel it.

I am living it.

My thoughts are scattered like ripples on a pond.

I try to stop them from disappearing into the vastness that surrounds me.

But like the ripples they drift away.

Seemingly unable to stay for long.

I try to hold on to a thought, to a memory, but I can't.

They come and go like the rain that falls on the water.

Fading into an immense pool of sorrow.

My tears do the same.

There is an imprint in my mind of days gone by.

There is a stamp on my heart that belongs to my son.

Like the summer rain that is at times swift and strong. So are my emotions.

The time of his death is soon approaching leaving me weary of the pain.

One ripple after another the memories flow.

It starts small, it grows, it fades away.

My heart is the pebble being tossed in the water.

Sinking to the bottom yet leaving a ripple that goes on and on.

*Lorna Korte, Eric's mom*

**BPUSASTL**

In Loving  
Memory of  
Eric Korte  
5/1985 - 7/2015





## POTHOLES OF GRIEF

Peanuts, the cartoon character, is walking blissfully along, when all of a sudden, he takes a somersault. In the last box of the strip he says, "...and suddenly, you're reminded of a lost love." It's like that for many of us.

I was having my hair cut at the beauty shop one morning when I heard a little boy behind me telling a tall tale about fighting Indians. Suddenly I was jolted with the memory of how my son, Arthur, used to tell about the Indians he killed in the back yard. Many years have passed since Arthur was killed, but that memory was like a knife through my heart.

Every time I hear the song "Betty Davis Eyes" the same thing happens. My granddaughter, Emily has been dead for years but, when I hear it, in my mind's eye I can see her dancing to that song. It hurts.

I call these experiences "potholes of grief." We can be years beyond our painful grief when suddenly, something will remind us of him or her. A song on the radio, a place we hadn't been to in years, or something someone says will bring our loved one back so vividly to us.

Occasionally, these are pleasant memories and bring us a feeling of warmth, but many times they hurt. Fortunately, the pain doesn't last long, although for a time it can seem like we're back to square one in our grief.

The best way I've found to deal with potholes of grief is to just let them happen and try not to fight them. They are a sign that your love is still deeply in your heart, and no matter how much time passes, you will always miss him or her.

Potholes are bumpy, but shallow, places in a normally smooth road. So it is with potholes of grief. They are bumpy, painful places in our lives that come after

we've resolved our grief. Fortunately, they only come occasionally.

Margaret H. Gerner, MSW


Someone asked me about you today  
It's been so long since anyone has done that  
It felt so good to talk about you  
to share my memories of you  
to simply say your name out loud

She asked me if I minded talking about  
what happened to you  
or would it be too painful to speak of it  
I told her I think of it every day  
and speaking about it helps me to release  
the tormented thoughts whirling around in my head

She said she never realized the pain  
would last this long  
She apologized for not asking sooner  
I told her, "Thanks for asking"  
I don't know if it was curiosity  
or concern that made her ask  
But told her, "Please do it again sometime - soon"



~ Barbara Taylor Hudson



***Child loss is against nature.  
A parent is supposed to die before  
their child, not the other way around.  
It's no surprise then,  
that the emotions surrounding  
this nightmare are gnawing,  
heavy, raw, and messy.  
We're stuck in some strange  
twilight zone where we miss  
the little life we knew and  
the life that we never got to know.***

*Amy Peterson  
Still Mothers*



# Grief Is Like A Shipwreck

As for grief, you'll find it comes in waves.

When the ship is first wrecked, you're drowning, with wreckage all around you.

Everything floating around you reminds you of the beauty and the magnificence of the ship that was, and is no more. And all you can do is float. You find some piece of the wreckage and you hang on for a while.

Maybe it's some physical thing. Maybe it's a happy memory or a photograph. Maybe it's a person who's also floating. For a while, all you can do is float just to stay alive.

And sometimes you're not even sure you want to do that.

In the beginning, the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart and don't even give you time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float. After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart.

When they come, they still crash all over you and wipe you out. But in between, you can breathe, you can function. You never know what's going to trigger the grief.

It might be a song, a picture, a street intersection, the smell of a cup of coffee. It can be just about anything, and the wave comes crashing.

Here's the thing...in between the waves, there's still life.

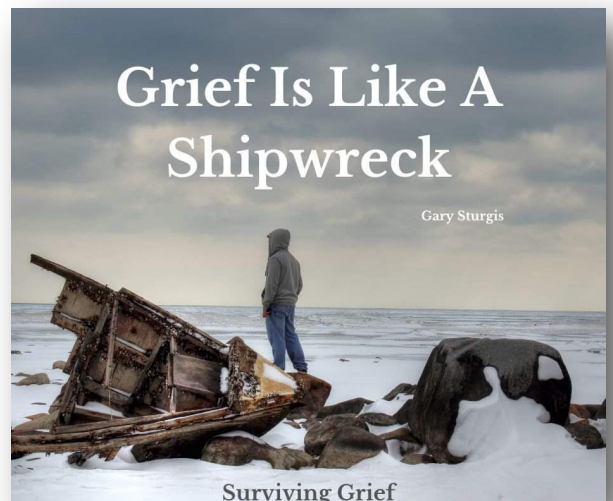
Somewhere down the line, and it's different for everybody, you find that the waves are only 80 feet tall. Or 50 feet tall. And while they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming. An anniversary, a birthday, or any special occasion.

You can see it coming, for the most part, and prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will, again, come out the other side. Soaking wet, sputtering, still hanging on to some tiny piece of the wreckage, but you'll come out.

The waves never stop coming, and somehow you don't really want them to. But you learn that you'll survive them.

And other waves will come...and you'll survive them too.

Gary Sturgis - "Surviving Grief" - Author of many grief books





# GRIEF CHANGES

Sibling Page

Today, June 21, is ten years since the day my brother died.

This makes no sense to me. But neither does his death make sense at all.

I know that the human brain attempts to make sense out of everything, tries to either decipher a logic within or impose a logic without. I know that human beings find comfort in constructs of all kinds. Even saying "ten years since the day my brother died" brings to mind the fact that the measurement of time itself is a human construct, born of natural cycles but with a system of units and numbers layered on.

There are many constructs applied to the process of grieving. Some are within religious or spiritual traditions, others within cultural practice, and still more from philosophy, from the sciences, from the arts, or even within a specific family or community. But when I look for my own experience in any construct I've ever known, I cannot find it. There are two facts about my grieving the loss of my brother -- it is unique to me, and it changes. Grief changes. And it often changes unpredictably, non-linearly, and without a discernible pattern. Perhaps the changes are in response to how I am changing as the days go by, or in response to outside events and shifts, or both. Either way, change is the only constant. Every emotion is represented, and often an emotion shows up when I expect the opposite.

I listened to [an episode of the Hidden Brain podcast](#) today, narrated by Shankar Vedantam, and featuring sociologist Corey Keyes. Dr. Keyes said something that, as I heard it, lit up in neon in my brain: "...emotions were meant to be very time-limited. They weren't meant to endure. Emotions are...like that windsock out there on the landing strip that planes come to land. They are moving gently with every change in the wind, telling us at any moment what is going on and what we might do to adjust or manage in that moment. And then they go away, allowing the next emotion, the next so-called breeze to come and blow the windsock."



Somehow this was exactly what I thinking about grief, and exactly what I needed to hear today. So when you are grieving, and an emotion comes up, let it tell you what is going on, and allow yourself to examine what you might need to do in that moment, whatever helps you manage the emotion. And know that the emotion will change. You may not know how, or when, or why, but it will change. Show up to each emotion and to yourself with kindness, and maybe even acceptance, and see where it takes you.

Miss you, love you, Frank.

Bereaved Sibling, Sarah Kravits—[www.lifewithoutjudgment.com/blog/archive/2024/06](http://www.lifewithoutjudgment.com/blog/archive/2024/06)

## 7 TIPS FOR COPING WITH GRIEF IN THE SUMMER

*By Cheri Milton, MST, Hospice Counselor*

Summer in southern Wisconsin gives us so much to love: beautiful flowers, picnics, swimming, fishing, camping, baseball, festivals and many other warm-weather pleasures. But if you've recently lost someone you love, everything you used to enjoy about summer may be different.

Grief can be more intense in the summertime. Very often, bereaved people—including kids—find it hard to cope with sadness at a time when everyone else is out there having fun. Especially in the first year following a loss, people think, "The Fourth of July doesn't matter, the flowers don't matter. Everyone's celebrating but I feel like a downer. Summer doesn't matter because the person I love isn't here."

Some bereaved people tell me that in Wisconsin the nice seasons make grief harder, because they think they should feel happy in summer—but can't enjoy things that were fun in the past. They'll say, "Winter's easier because it matches the mood I'm in."

### **Here are some tips to help anyone who is struggling with grief in summer:**

1. Know that for most people, grief is a common reaction to loss, and it does pass with time. The second year may be easier, and people usually begin to enjoy again the activities that were special to them before their loss.
2. Try the things you enjoyed previously in summer and see if they're a good fit—or are still too painful. If you once liked to kayak or play cards or go out for a fish fry in the summer, give it a go. You may be surprised to find that it's comforting.
3. Go outside, if possible. A dose of sunshine and vitamin D helps people cope with stress.
4. Try doing your favorite activities in a new way that honors or remembers the person who died. Be intentional and purposeful. If you loved fishing with your dad who has passed away, plan a fishing trip in his memory this summer.
5. Try new summer activities and create new traditions—if you are ready.
6. When a child is grieving, they may feel guilty about enjoying summer break; remind them it's OK to have fun and enjoy life after a death. It can also be helpful to stick to a routine so there's less unstructured time in their day, and do things that bring happy memories to mind, such as making their loved one's favorite meal.
7. Find others who share your experience. Many churches, hospices and other health care agencies offer free grief support groups that may help.



# WHY ROUTINES HELP WHEN YOU'RE GRIEVING

Think of your favorite comfort food, the coziest blanket you own, or the pleasure of consuming a warm cup of hot chocolate before bed. All these things make you feel better, right? They're like big, squeezie hugs (as Libby would say) because they are familiar. And it's this familiarity that makes routines so amazing. They're like a comforting, dependable embrace during times of grief.

Knowing simple things like when you're going to wake up in the morning, what you're going to eat, and that you're going to take a walk each Thursday with a friend after work can make a HUGE difference when you're on your grief journey. Grieving is mentally exhausting. Sometimes, you just need to give your brain a chance to "catch its breath." Routines say, "Hey brain, let's not focus on everything right now, let's just get through our morning routine."

Routines can also keep us healthy. I know, the last thing we grieving souls want to focus on is diet and exercise. But I swear, tiny routines regarding health can make a massive difference in your mood. Like I said earlier, I am not asking you to dive headfirst into a rigorous workout routine or to finally go keto. Doing minor activities throughout the week and ensuring you get balanced nutrition can make a large difference.



## *ROUTINES HELP YOU STAY CONNECTED*

Even for an introvert like me, who tends to go into my cave when I'm wounded, finding ways to stay connected is crucial, and routines can help with that as well. Grief can be isolating and lonely, but scheduling time with people to engage in real-life human conversation can be very beneficial for reducing the loneliness felt in grief.

Extroverts, on the other hand, may find that they want to slow their roll socially and be with fewer, closer friends while grieving.

The best thing about routines is that they are all about YOU. Whether you're a jog-every-morning person (I am so jealous) or a stay-at-home-and-read person (raises hand), your routine should be tailored to what you enjoy, what you will stick with, and what can help you move forward.

**continued on page 12**



## continued from page 11

Creating a routine is completely personal, and you can start with small things that you do in the morning, afternoon, and evening. Whether it's getting up and making your bed, hydrating, doing a five-minute stretch, or having your favorite breakfast before the rest of your family wakes up, it's all about making the routine yours. Don't hesitate to write it down or even use a printable checklist to track your actions.

Creating a routine brings you a sense of normalcy, a bit of predictability, and a whole lot of resilience. Whether you are just starting to create a new routine or trying to maintain one you've started, remember to be gentle with yourself. After all, it's all about moving forward, one tiny step at a time.

Brooke Carlock can be found at [brookecarlock.org](https://brookecarlock.org). She is the personality behind the YouTube channel *Grief Sucks with Brooke Carlock*, the host of the *Mourning Coffee Podcast*, and the author of the book *Grief Sucks (But Your Life Doesn't Have To)*. Brooke is also scheduled to present a workshop at the 2024 BPUSA Conference in Herndon, Virginia.

[carlockbrooke@gmail.com](mailto:carlockbrooke@gmail.com)

Used with permission from Brook Carlock



To the living, I am gone,  
To the sorrowful, I will never return,  
To the angry, I was cheated,  
But to the happy, I am at peace,  
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen.  
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.  
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful  
sea,  
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity,  
Remember me.

Remember me in your heart:  
Your thoughts, and your memories,  
Of the times we loved,  
The times we cried,  
The times we fought,  
The times we laughed.  
For if you always think Of me, I will never have gone."

Margaret Mead...

# MEETING TIMES & PLACES

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



<u>BUSINESS / FACILITATORS MEETINGS</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIME</u>
<b>ALL MEMBERS ARE WELCOME!</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>CONTACT: Mike &amp; Jeanne Francisco</b> <b>636.233.8490</b>			

GROUP MEETINGS	MEETING LOCATION	FACILITATOR(S)	DAY	TIME
BPUSASTl—St. Peters / St. Charles, MO	Knights of Columbus Hall 5701 Hwy N Cottleville, MO 63304	Mike & Jeanne Francisco 636.233.8490	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
Wright City Group	Scenic Regional Library 60 Wildcat Drive Wright City, MO 63390	Anne Marie Salyer 972.740.9702 Marilyn Kister 636.634.6019	3rd Saturday	1-3 pm
Troy Group	Dept. of Health Conference Rm #5 Health Dept. Drive Troy, MO 63379	Cindy Morris 314.954.1810	1st Wednesday	7-9 pm

SPECIALIZED MEETINGS	MEETING LOCATIONS Please contact facilitators to verify meeting dates/times.	FACILITATOR(S) / CONTACT(S)	DAY	TIME
SOUL: (Surviving Overdose and Understanding Loss)	Concordia Lutheran Church 505 S. Kirkwood Rd. Kirkwood, MO 63122 Or via Zoom (holiday weekends and church conflicts) <b>*Be sure to contact MaryAnn before attending</b>	MaryAnn Lemonds 314.282.7453 (landline) 314.330.7586 (cell) SurvivingOUL@gmail.com	Sundays <b>*To confirm dates, contact MaryAnn before attending</b>	5pm
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 63301	Kristen Ernst: Call to confirm meeting location and time at 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

# TELEPHONE FRIENDS

## BPUSA ST. LOUIS CHAPTER CO-CHAIRS:

**Mike & Jeanne Francisco**

**636.233.8490**

Accident, Auto	Theresa DeMarco	636.544.3478
Adult Sibling	Samantha Schaefer	636.293.1099
Drugs/ Alcohol	MaryAnn Lemonds	314.330.7586
Child with Disability	Linda Frohning	314.721.5517
Illness	Marilyn Kister	636.634.6019
Jefferson City	Sandy Brungardt	314.954.2410
Only Child /Single Parent	Donna Arnold	314.608.3655

As always, for up-to-date  
information  
on BPUSASTL events, visit  
[www.bpusastl.org](http://www.bpusastl.org)

### Representation in Lieu of Meetings

Tri-County, MO	Brenda Wilson 573.438.4559
OPEN ARMS (Parents Left Behind)	Kathy Dunn - 314.807.5798 <a href="mailto:kathydunn333@yahoo.com">kathydunn333@yahoo.com</a>
West County Group (formerly held in Ladue, MO)	Jacque Glaeser 636.236.5103 <a href="mailto:jlynn63021@yahoo.com">jlynn63021@yahoo.com</a>

### Newsletter Submissions

Cut-off date for our next issue is

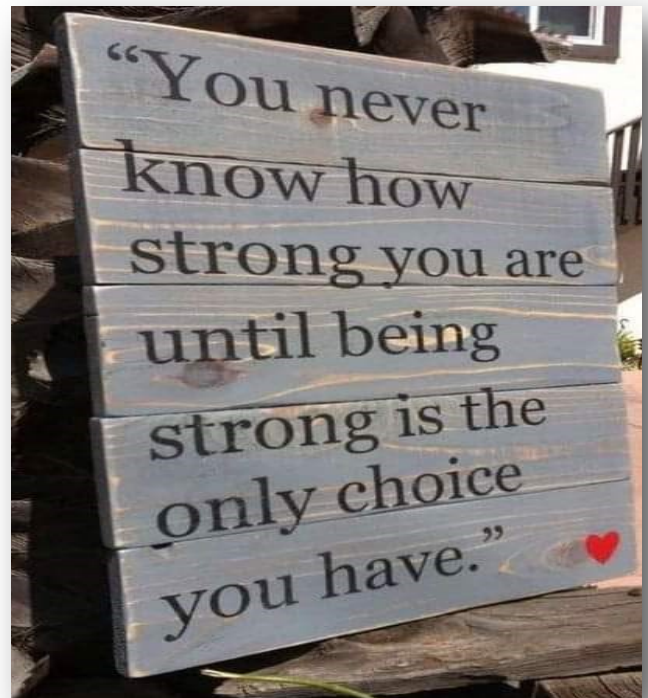
**August 15, 2024**

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.



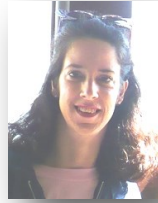
## Children of BPUSAS<sup>t</sup>L's Board Representation



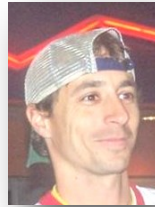
**Julie Bardle**  
*Daughter of  
Marilyn Kister  
Newsletter  
Editor & Wright  
City Group  
Facilitator*



**Joseph DeMarco**  
*Son of  
Theresa DeMarco  
Treasurer*



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



**Mickey Hale**  
*Son of  
Jacque Glaeser  
Secretary*



**Jeffrey Morris**  
*Son of  
Cindy Morris  
Troy Group  
Facilitator*



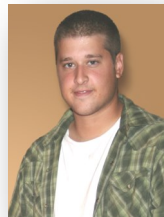
**J. P. Rosciglione**  
*Son of Terre  
Rosciglione  
Trivia  
Coordinator*



**Patrick Salyer**  
*Son of Anne Marie  
and Steve Salyer &  
Wright City Group  
Facilitator*



**Rosie Umhoefer**  
*Daughter of  
Rosann Umhoefer*



**Matthew Wiese**  
*Son of Kim Wiese*

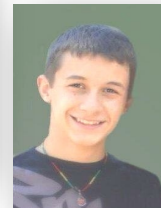


**Arthur Gerner / Emily Gerner**  
*Son & Granddaughter of  
Deceased Margaret Gerner  
Founder of BPUSAS<sup>t</sup>L*

## Children of BPUSAS<sup>t</sup>L'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 of this newsletter)**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

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

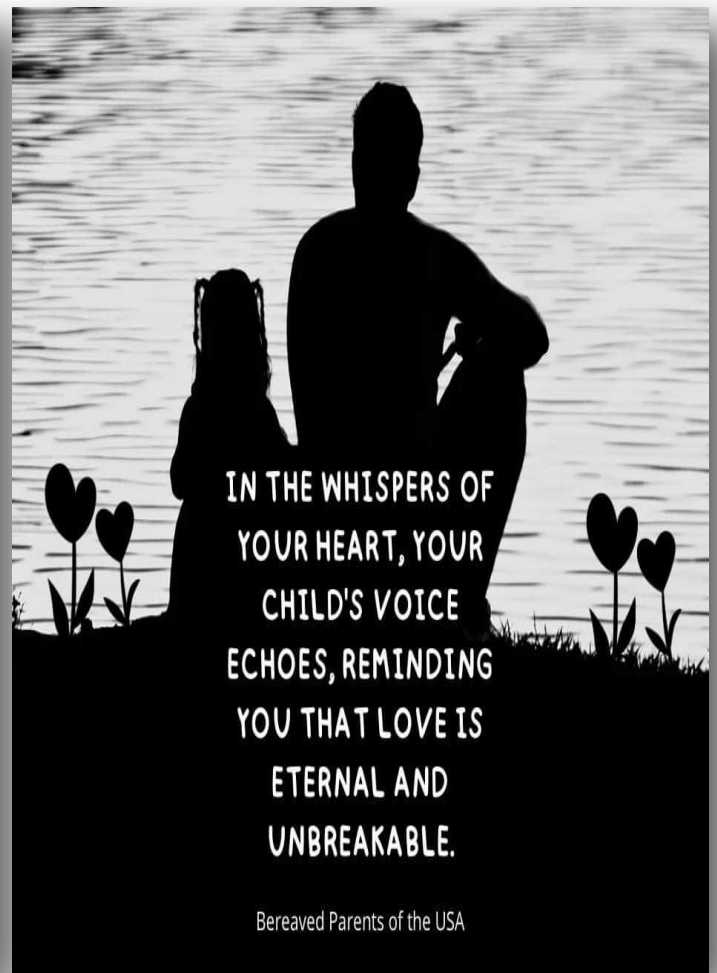
I WOULD LIKE A LOVE GIFT DEDICATED TO MY CHILD(REN) IN  
THE MONTH OF: \_\_\_\_\_

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

**MAIL TO: Bereaved Parents of the USA-St. Louis,  
P. O. BOX 1115, ST. PETERS, MO 63376**

I have not heard your  
voice in years,  
but my heart has  
conversations  
with you every day.

jm



## 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