

Sept / Oct 2026

VOLUME 49 - NUMBER 5

Chapter Newsletter



Friends, please bear with me as I become more familiar with a different database for the newsletters. The one I used for many years is retiring. Sometime we have new challenges that seem to come all at once.

Thank you
Marilyn Kister

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The Harder Part

It's mighty hard for Mother—I am busy through the day
And the tasks of every morning keep the gloomy thoughts away,
And I'm not forever meeting with a slipper or a gown
To remind me of our sorrow when I'm toiling in the town.
But with Mother it is different—there's no minute she is free
From the sight of things which tell her of the joy which used to be.
She is brave and she is faithful, and we say we're reconciled,
But your hearts are always heavy once you've lost a little child;
And a man can face his sorrow in a manly sort of way,
For his grief must quickly leave him when he's busy through the day;
But the mother's lot is harder—she must learn to sing and smile
Though she's living in the presence of her sorrow all the while.
Through the room where love once waited she must tip-toe day by day,
She must see through every window where the baby used to play,[Pg 63]
And there's not a thing she touches, nor a task she finds to do,
But it sets her heart to aching and begins the hurt anew.
Oh, a man can turn from sorrow, for his mind is occupied,
But the mother's lot is harder—grief is always at her side.

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Edgar Albert Guest

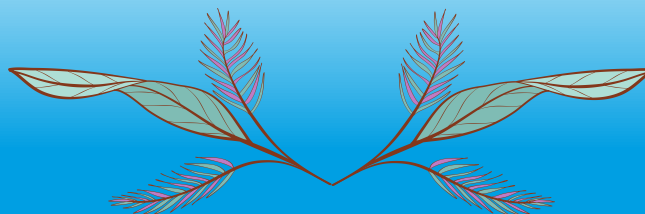
<https://allpoetry.com/The-Harder-Part>

Submitted by Darren's mom
Doris Young

**In Memory of
Darren Young
12.19.68**



Thank you for your love gift.



Things grieving parents do when no one is watching...

- ♥ We say their name out loud when we're alone.
- ♥ We talk to their photograph.
- ♥ We reread old texts just to see their words again.
- ♥ We watch old videos just to hear their voice.
- ♥ We hold onto something they touched because somehow it still feels like them.
- ♥ We notice the song. The number. The bird. The timing. The little things that make us stop and wonder.
- ♥ We have entire conversations with them in the car.
- ♥ We cry in places no one would ever expect.
- ♥ We imagine what they would say about something that happened today.
- ♥ We still buy things they would have loved—or at least stop and think about it.
- ♥ We smile at a memory and then suddenly ache because we can't make another one.

And sometimes, when no one is watching, we simply say...

"I miss you. I hope you know I'm still here. And I'm still carrying you with me."

Grief may become quieter to the outside world.

But love never does.

What is something you still do when no one is watching? ♥♥♥ See less



One of the things people don't always understand about grief is just how exhausting it can be mentally. You may not have done anything particularly strenuous all day, yet by the afternoon you feel as like your brain just ran a marathon. And sometimes the easiest things feel so complicated.

Someone sends you a text asking, "How are you doing?" You read it. You appreciate that they thought of you. You fully intend to answer. But somehow figuring out what to say feels like one more decision your brain doesn't have the energy to make. So you put the phone down and think, "I'll answer later."

Three days later...the text is still there.

Grief takes up an huge amount of mental space. Your mind is trying to understand something it still can't quite comprehend. You're remembering, worrying, adjusting, making decisions, handling paperwork, taking care of responsibilities and learning how to live in a world that feels so weird and unfamiliar.

Meanwhile, everyday life keeps asking things of you.

What do you want for dinner?

Did you pay that bill?

Can you make an appointment Tuesday?

Do you want to come over Saturday?

Where did you put your keys?

Before your loss, these things barely required thought. Now they can feel like somebody handed you a complicated exam you forgot to study for.

Here's the thing...I think this is why we sometimes withdraw without really meaning to.

It isn't necessarily that we don't want to talk or that we don't appreciate the people reaching out. Sometimes there just isn't enough mental energy left to have another conversation, make another decision or explain how we're feeling.

So if you've been forgetting things, it's just because your brain is carrying something incredibly heavy.

And if someone you care about is grieving and they haven't answered your message, maybe don't assume they don't want to hear from you. Send another one sometime without requiring anything in return.

Sometimes the kindest message is just, "I'm thinking about you. But you don't need to answer."

Trust me.

When someone is mentally exhausted from grief...those last six words can feel like a gift.

Gary Sturgis

Author of: 'SURVIVING GRIEF – 365 Days A Year'



Weekly Word of Hope

“Let go and grab my hand!”

“I can’t!”

“You *have* to!”

After a final glance downward, she simultaneously releases her grip on the ledge and frantically grabs the hand reaching down to her.

How many times have we watched a scene like this on a movie or TV show? Too many to count, right?

I was lying in bed, thinking about and praying for the parents who are connected to GPS Hope, when that picture came to my mind. I realized a mom who had been emailing me had just done this very thing in her grief journey. After six years, she finally realized that she had been hanging on to the sadness of her grief, thinking *that* is what was keeping her attached to her daughter and only child, who was no longer here.

She finally realized that she had to release that sadness to be able to move forward with the life God was still giving her to live.

Once she chose to let go, a door that looked like had been closing in her life was swung open, giving some very needed direction she had been praying about. We were both amazed to see something happen that only God could have done!

Continued on page 6

I can say it over and over again, but the following has to become your own revelation:

You are not betraying your child by moving forward with your life. It is *not* the pain of losing our child from this earth that keeps us connected to him or her. It is our love. It is the way we live our lives to honor them and keep their memory alive. It is knowing we still have a future with our child.

You can and you should learn how to live a life of meaning and purpose again, without being cloaked in sadness, not in spite of your child's death, but because of his or her life.

Some of you are not at the point where this makes any sense or seems even remotely possible. That's okay. At some point, and I pray it is sooner rather than later, the same revelation will hit you as it did this mom. You will be able to let go of the ledge of sadness, and grab ahold of the One who can pull you up out of that pit and give you a fulfilled life of meaning and purpose as you finish out your time here on earth.





Bereaved Parents of the USA

a day ago · 🌐

I'm jealous this time of year.

Not in a way I'm proud of.

And not because I don't want good things for your children.

I do.

But I see the first-day pictures.

The little ones holding signs on the front porch.

The teenagers heading into another school year.

The college dorm rooms and proud parents driving home without them.

The new apartments.

The first real jobs.

The pictures with captions about new beginnings.

And sometimes I have to look away.

Because your child is becoming.

Becoming a teenager.

A college student.

A teacher. A nurse. An engineer. A parent.

Becoming whoever they were going to become.

And mine stopped.

That is the part that hurts.

It isn't that I want what belongs to you.

I want what was supposed to belong to her.

More birthdays.

More beginnings.

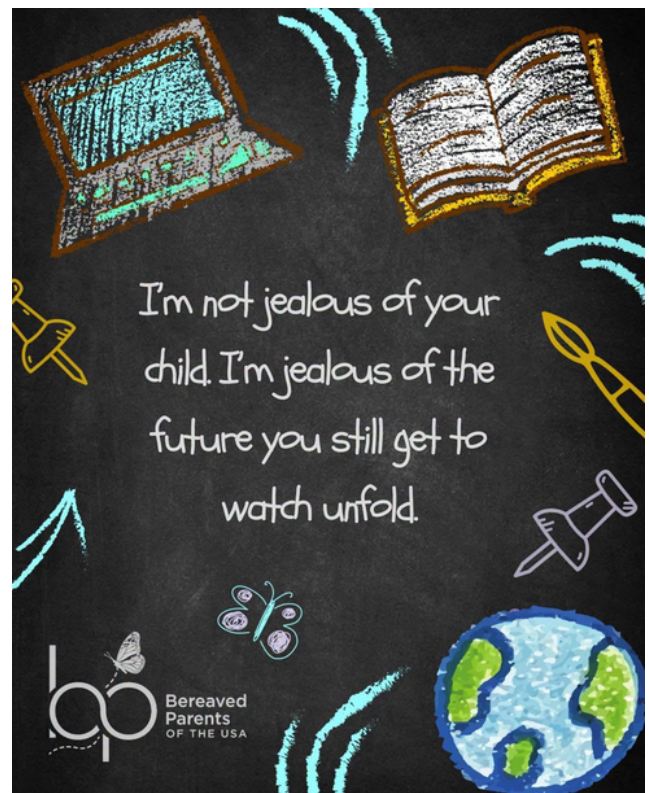
More versions of her I never got to meet.

So yes, sometimes I'm jealous.

Not of your child.

Of the future you still get to watch unfold.

— Izzy Roe



[#bereavedparentsoftheusa](#) [#grievingparents](#) [#grievingparent](#) [#izzyroe](#) See less



Sara Ruble

17h · 🧑



As I was driving to our newly refurbished (almost completed!) Angel of Hope Children's Memorial in Stow, Ohio, I happened to look down at my total mileage numbers, it read 32074. To most anyone else that would be meaningless, right?

For me... it was a sign in the making from Scott! He was born on March 20,1975. 32075! I was soo close to the Angel and wondered IF the odometer would change as I got to the cemetery.

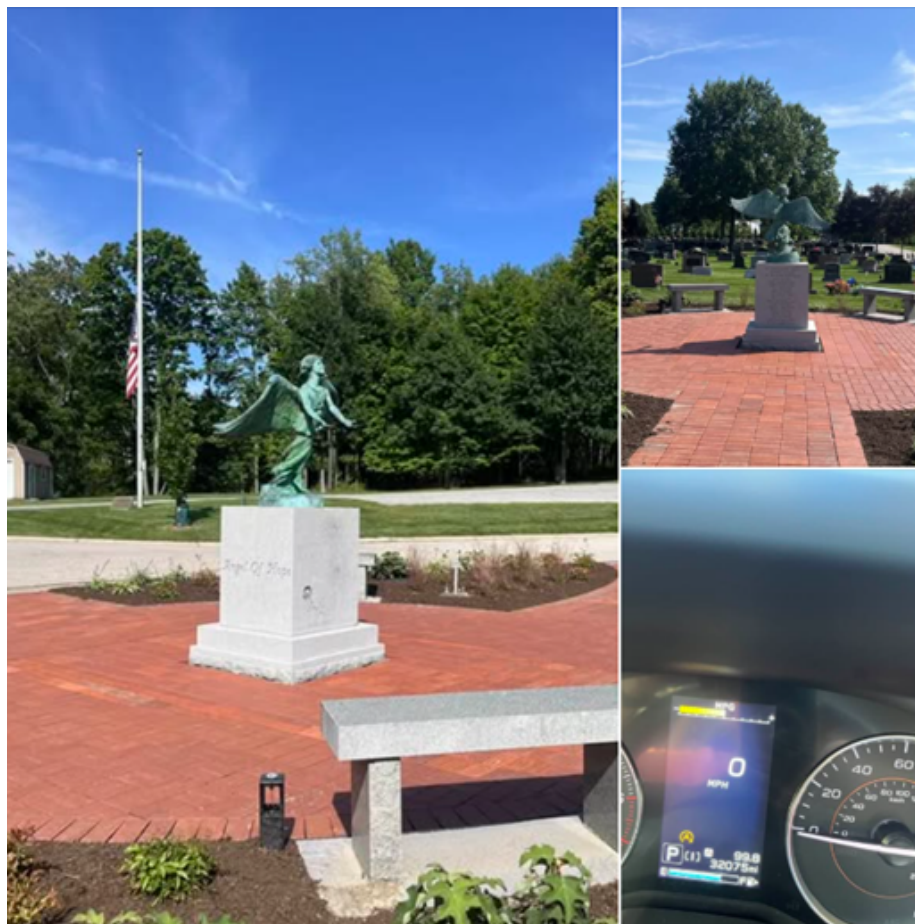
For those of you who don't know my story of this memorial, Scott's first words whispered to me...6 years after he passed were "Build the Children's Memorial." I ignored the message... never imagining it could be him.

Three weeks later, the exact same message came to me again. I realized it had to be from Scott! ❤️ And we built the memorial!

Then today these numbers come...as I pulled into the cemetery! Yep... 32075!

☀️That took breath away Scott!! Thank you!

This Love is truly forever! ☀️❤️☀️ See less



Scott's mom Sara facilitated many workshops at Bereaved Parents Gatherings.



One of the most reassuring things I learned after Peyton died was that grief doesn't just break your heart.

It changes your brain.

Suddenly, I couldn't concentrate. I'd forget why I walked into a room. I'd read the same paragraph three times without remembering a single word.

I thought something was wrong with me.

There wasn't.

Researchers have found that overwhelming loss changes the way different parts of the brain work. The amygdala—our brain's alarm system—becomes more sensitive, always scanning for danger. At the same time, the prefrontal cortex, the part responsible for concentration, planning, and decision-making, doesn't function as efficiently under extreme stress.

That's why you may struggle to focus, forget simple things, or feel mentally exhausted.

The hippocampus, which helps organize memories and place them in time, can also be affected. That's one reason a smell, a song, or a certain date can make it feel as though your loved one died yesterday instead of years ago. Your brain isn't simply remembering the event—it can momentarily experience it as if it's happening again.

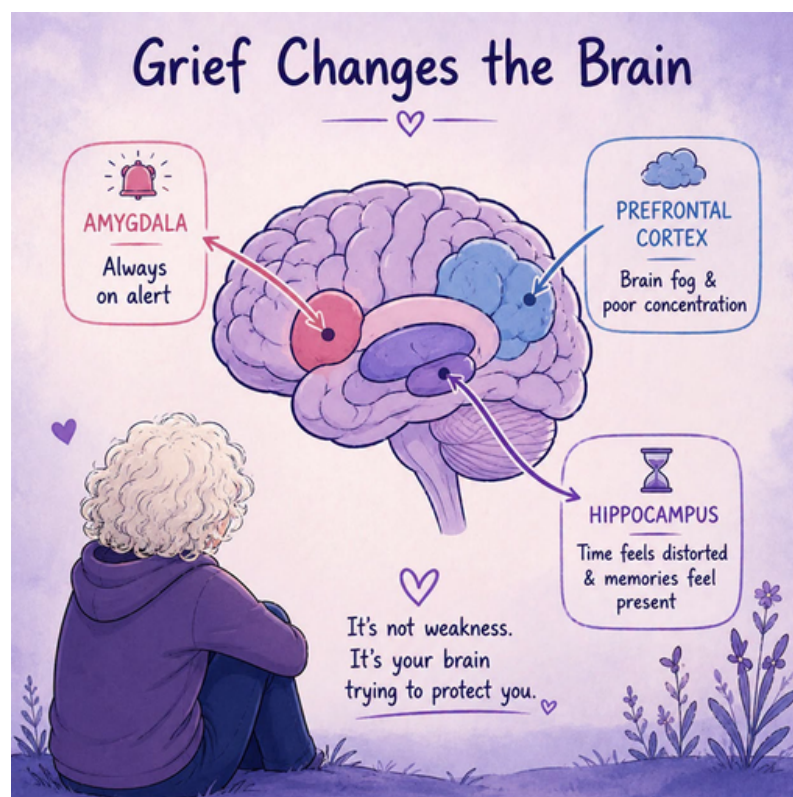
Learning this didn't lessen my grief.

But it did lessen my fear.

I wasn't losing my mind.

My brain was doing exactly what brains do after traumatic loss.

Understanding that gave me permission to stop fighting myself and start showing myself the same compassion I would have offered anyone else. [See less](#)





Bereaved Parents of the USA

July 27 · 🌐

Love Has a Language of Its Own

I have learned that love has a language of its own.

It doesn't need perfect words.

It says,

"Tell me about your son."

"I remember her birthday."

"I know today is different."

"I'm here."

Maybe that is why
grief brings us together.

Because love recognizes love...
and somehow,

hearts that have been broken
know exactly
how to hold another.

That's Where Healing Hearts Meet.

We hope you will join us next time.

~ Izzy 💜



Glass Balloon

I've been carrying this glass balloon around with me for a while now.

So fragile and yet so heavy.

I'm terrified to let it go. In case it breaks, smashes.
And I have nothing left.

I can't deflate it.

But it's weighing me down
and the longer I hold it,
the sooner I feel like I'll buckle under the weight of it.

And how do I explain to others that I am carrying something so delicate yet so substantial? How do I ask them to help me carry this thing that they cannot see?

Perhaps I'm not supposed to let it go.

Perhaps I'm supposed to tie it to my heart and carry it around forever. And it will remain as heavy and as fragile as it has always been, but I will get used to carrying it.

I will learn how to hold it on the difficult days, rather than letting it hold me.

I will learn how to let it lift me up rather than letting it weigh me down.

I will learn how to explain it to others rather than shouldering the weight in silence.

And as time goes on, maybe...
Just maybe...

I will figure out
how to let it fly.

Becky Hemsley



Lightness within Darker Days: Creating Routines

Written by Susan Reynolds

It's that time of year again when weather changes, light changes, and layers come out to keep us warm. It's that time of year again when traditions and aromas of childhood and warmth fill the stores and environments we occupy.

Maybe this time, the past traditions and changes don't fit our outlook of life woven with loss or grief. Our pockets may be laden with heavy loss. Another change? What can we do for ourselves as autumn shifts from the sunny days of summer to the shadowing and hibernating days of fall and winter?

In loss, one often has "rolled with the punches" long enough. One has held a stiff upper lip and smiled with uttered condolences when all one wanted to do was scream like the costumed children that will soon be at your doorstep (and not the good kind of screaming with joy).

Routine in loss can help to lessen the blows of change. Old routines may not foot the bill but adding a different rhythm may. Below are a few suggestions. I sought refuge through the winter with the following. See if any strike a cord with you or if you can find a way to tweak the ideas to create a "temporary routine" in this transitory time. Your personal space, where you take yourself and what you place around yourself is a powerful tool in transition and healing.

Start the day with artificial sunlight. Phillips' go Lite is compact for travel and 15 minutes of exposure while checking emails or eating breakfast will cast potential doldrums away and help with body clock for the evening's sleep.

Add some Chai tea or aromatic tea to create a soothing sense of home or comfort. Buy yourself a new mug with a daily affirmation or a new pattern that attracts you.

Light a candle in your personal space as a daily ritual. Essential oils are also an easy and economical aromatic tool to peak your performance or calm you down. You may discover your senses have changed as well.

Hang crystals in the windows to catch daily sun. They create unbridled movement and unexpected play when you may not "feel" playful. Mobiles hanging from the ceiling can provide the same with a gentle breeze from a heating register or overhead fan.

Volunteer with children or take classes with people you do not know. Why? No expectations! You can tell your story if you want, but a fresh page requires nothing but you showing up in the form you are now. Children and toddlers are a physical and mental refresher.

At bedtime, a new cozy robe, slippers, bedside journal and book. These are something someone can gift to you as well. A simple routine of warm milk and honey or chamomile tea and biscuit may nurture the evening and can be an empowering new routine.

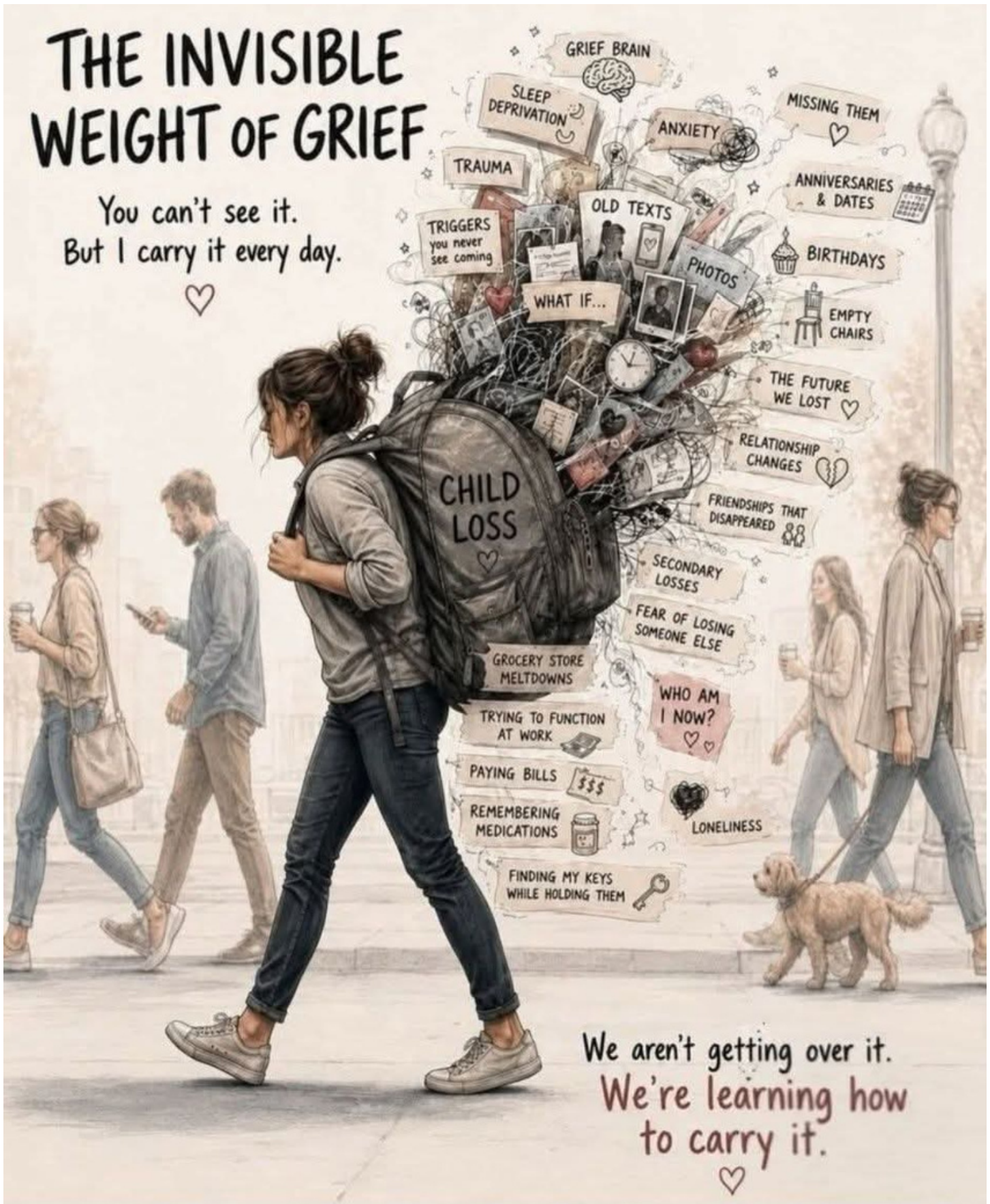
Remember your dormant resiliency. Nutrition for yourself can be found in a new routine. This is a time of storing for spring's green growth and your own new buds.

What can you imagine? Just add an ingredient. Looking forward to the sprouts!

Lovingly lifted from BPUSA Northern Virginia
Chapter Sep/Oct 2025 Newsletter

THE INVISIBLE WEIGHT OF GRIEF

You can't see it.
But I carry it every day.



We aren't getting over it.
We're learning how
to carry it.



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

Newsletter Submissions

Cut-off date for our next issue is

October 15, 2026

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.

As always, for up-to-date
information
on BPUSASTL events, visit
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
kathydunn333@yahoo.com

Nobody tells you
how strange it is
to watch the world
keep getting older
without your child.

People around you change.
Families grow.
New pictures replace old ones.

And then one day you realize
you have been carrying the
same last photograph of
your child for years.

Everyone else kept aging.

They didn't.

— IZZY ROE —

OUR COMMITMENT

Part of **BPUSASTL's** commitment to you is that we are the space where our parents and families communicate. Printed in your newsletter are articles to educate and ones that are private expressions of writers. We offer our writings only for your reflection, sometime serving nature or establishing routines signal solace to the writer. Often they turn to religion or spirituality for comfort and guidance.

BPUSASTL share these insights not only for your contemplation but also to acknowledge our community's many and rich sources for strength and hope.

**Children of BPUSAStL's
Board Representation**



Julie Bardle
*Daughter of
Marilyn Kister
Newsletter
Editor*



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



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



Jeffrey Morris
*Son of
Cindy Morris
Troy Group
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J. P. Rosciglione
*Son of Terre
Rosciglione
Trivia
Coordinator*



Patrick Salyer
*Son of Anne
Marie and Steve
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**Rosie
Umhoefer**
*Daughter of
Rosann
Umhoefer*



**Matthew
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*Son of Kim
Wiese*

Arthur Gerner / Emily Gerner
*Son & Granddaughter of
Deceased Margaret Gerner
Founder of BPUSAStL*



**Children of BPUSAStL's
Special Events**



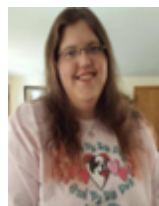
**J. P.
Rosciglione**
*Son of Terre
Rosciglione
Trivia
Coordinator*



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



Danny Brauch
*Brother of
Samantha
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**Valene
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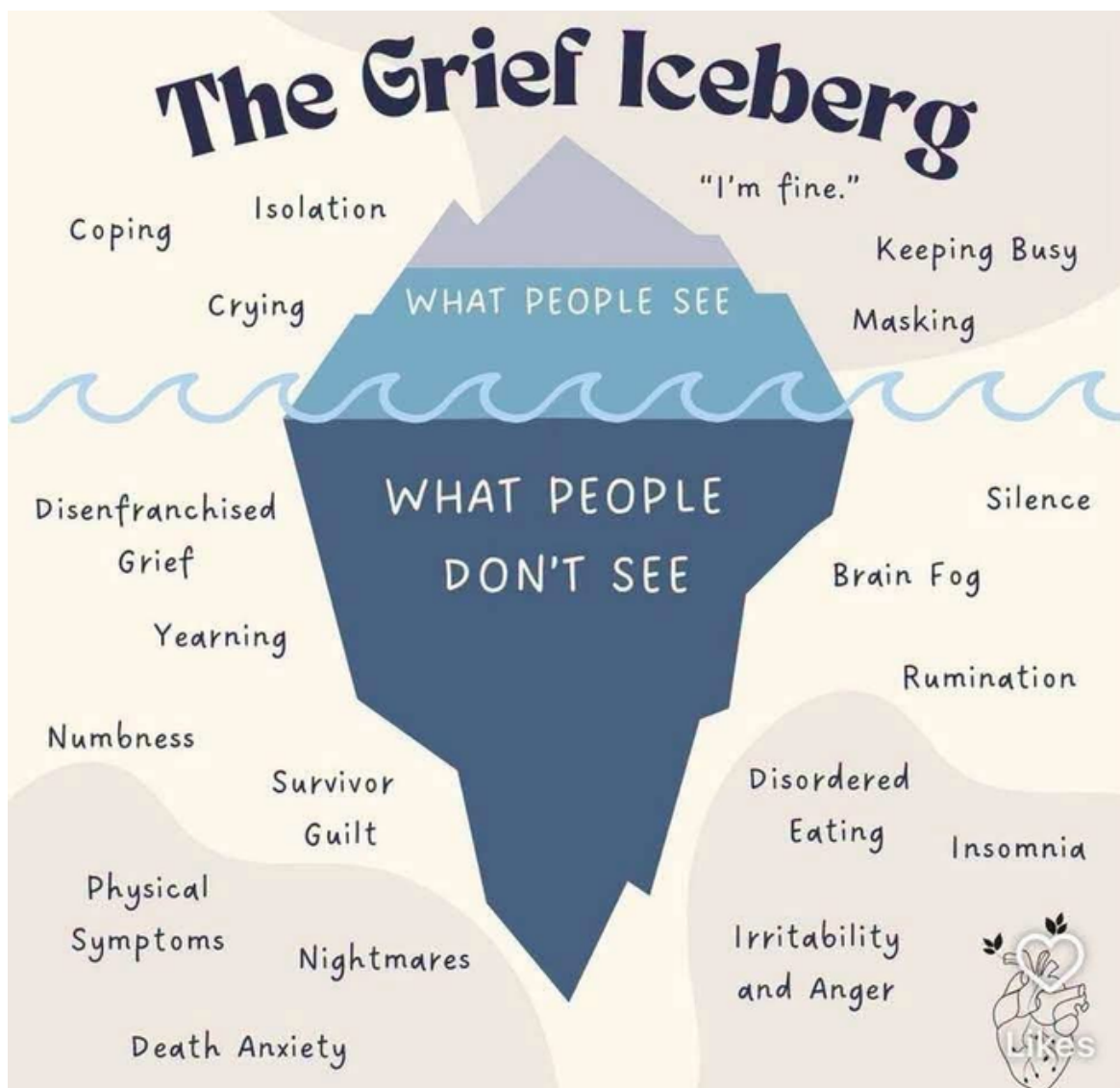
**If you wish to make a love donation - IN ANY AMOUNT -
We will include a picture of your child(ren).
(See page 2 of this newsletter)**

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**



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