

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER
 BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.
 P.O. BOX 410350
 ST. LOUIS, MO 63141

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St. Louis Chapter Newsletter
Bereaved Parents USA

Holiday Candlelight Speech 2007

Volume 29

Number 1

Good Evening and welcome to parents, grandparents, siblings, aunts, uncles, and friends. I am privileged to stand before you tonight, as Joel's Mom, to share my story as we come together to remember our children and fill this room with the light of our love for them. "You're son is deceased." One short sentence, yet so difficult to comprehend. One short sentence that so dramatically alters every aspect of your being and sends you reeling with hurricane force down a path that no one wishes to travel.

I remember back to December 31, 1999. I remember all the hype about the New Year. A new century and a new beginning. The promise of only good things ahead. As I prepared for the New Year, I felt pretty confident. I felt my future was secure. Raising a child as I grew from a toddler to a young boy. Joel was now 23 years old, transitioning from adolescence into adulthood. Our relationship was stronger than ever. He was living on his own, had a good job, and was madly in love. His joy would light up a room when he spoke of his girlfriend. "She's the one I'm going to marry," he told me. My goal was to get him settled on home and family, and I was looking forward to having grandkids one day.

We were barely into this promising new century, when on February 25, 2000, all my dreams and hopes for the future came crashing down on me. I was employed as a Physical Therapist for the St. Louis County Special Services District, and had been part of a team presenting an in-service to the Early Childhood staff. As I left the house that morning the presentation was the only thing on my mind. I was standing before a podium, just as I am now, preparing to speak, when I was beckoned from the room. I was led upstairs to a small room where two police officers were waiting for me. "You're son is deceased" were the first words they spoke. As I sank into a chair in confusion I thought, "That's not possible, I just spoke to him last



night." They then informed me that he had died from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. I was convinced that they had the wrong person. Joel would not do something like that. He had no reason to do that. Joel had been a bright and curious little boy who drove others

crazy with his endless questions. His language was so advanced at 2 years old that people often described him as my "PR" man. He possessed a zest for life that I envied. How could this self-assured responsible young man end his life in this manner? I spent much of the following months in denial. As I walked around and around the block each day, I told myself *continued pg 2*

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Bereaved Parents of the USA Credo

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We come together as *Bereaved Parents of the USA* to provide a haven where all bereaved families can meet and share our long and arduous grief journeys. We attend monthly gatherings whenever we can and for as long as we believe necessary. We share our fears, confusions, anger, guilt, frustrations, emptiness and feelings of hopelessness so that hope can be found anew. As we accept, support, comfort and encourage each other, we demonstrate to each other that survival is possible. Together we celebrate the lives of our children, share the joys and triumphs as well as the love that will never fade. Together we learn how little it matters where we live, what our color or our affluence is or what faith we uphold as we confront the tragedies of our children's deaths. Together, strengthened by the bonds we forge at our gatherings, we offer what we have learned to each other and to every more recently bereaved family. We are the *Bereaved Parents of the USA. We welcome you.*



Readers:
 For correct text to 07 Candlelight speech please refer to March April 08 issue!



not me, it's not my Louis. So, I became involved with a group of mental health professionals and other survivors of suicide to form a response team that would visit with families in their homes after a loss to suicide has occurred. This team is known as the St. Louis Area Survivor's of Suicide Response Team or the SSRT. The goal of this team is to offer hope to families that they can survive this loss and let them know of resources that are available in the community.

I decided that to be a more effective helper I would need to go back to school, so I enrolled in the Professional Counseling program at Lindenwood University.

“Just as it takes a village to raise a child, so too does it take a village to help you heal when that child dies.”

My education also proved to be part of the healing process. As I studied about depression and suicide, specifically risk factors and warning signs, which we now refer to as “invitations” my “why” became “why not?” Joel's relationship with the girl of his dreams had ended. Loss and how that loss is perceived by the person at risk is the central theme of suicide. Depression is a disease and the Major Depressive Episode that followed the loss of Joel's relationship with his girlfriend had nothing to do with me or my ability as a parent.

On the night before he died, Joel shared many invitations with a friend. He put on his best clothes and said to her; “don't I look great,

I'm going out in style.” He also spoke of going away. When his friend expressed concern about him leaving his job and his home, he told her “where I'm going, it doesn't matter.” His friend was unable to understand that these were invitations, and he, most likely, wanted her to stop him. My passion has become to educate others about risk factors, invitations and suicide intervention through a program called Applied Suicide Intervention Skills Training or ASIST. I've had the opportunity in the last several months to travel across Missouri and present this workshop at various Universities. The most reward-

ing thing to come from these workshops is knowing that a wide variety of individuals are now better prepared to recognize and respond to invitations for suicide.

Readers:
For correct text to

I am very proud of the work I do with Bereaved Parents and suicide intervention and aftercare. I do it not because Joel died, but because he lived and that life was so precious to me to have lived in mine. I do not want Joel's life to be defined by a single final act.

This month, I will receive a Master's Degree in Professional Counseling. My goals are to continue my work with suicide intervention and to aid other bereaved individuals in the healing process. I will continue to work with Bereaved Parents as the Advisory Counselor for the St. Louis and surrounding area groups, training new chapter facilitators, answering the phone line, and assisting with the Candlelight and National Gatherings.

07 Candlelight speech please refer to March April 08 issue!

This journey has been long and difficult, but I have not travelled it alone. Words, alone, cannot express my gratitude to family and friends who have walked beside me and given unending sup-

port, and, also, to Joel who lives on in my heart, who was my precious gift in life and, now, a continuous source of inspiration from beyond. I can truly say that the once shattered fragments of my life are now whole, and my life has meaning and purpose again.

I'd like to close with these words from Iris Bolton that I was able to draw strength from.

**I don't know why.
I'll never know why.
I don't have to know why.
I don't like it.
I don't have to like it.
What I do have to do is make a choice about my living.
What I do want to do is accept it and go on living.
The choice is mine.**

I can go on living, valuing every moment in a way I never did before, or I can be destroyed by it and, in turn, destroy others.

I thought I was immortal. That my family and my children were also. That tragedy happened only to others. But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.

So I am choosing to go on living, making the most of the time I have, valuing my family and friends in a way never possible before.

My strength and my inspiration comes from many of you. From your strength to go on in the face of such a meaningless tragedy and the courage to make a difference, either in helping others in this journey or in using your own experiences to promote special campaigns in hope that other parents do not have to suffer such a horrendous loss. As your child's name is called, light your candle with pride, knowing that you're here not because your children died, but because they lived, and their legacy continues to live on through you. Thank you ❄️

WINTER MEMORIES

—Jeremiah Sundown, Nashville, TN

The days are getting colder,
and the first snow's not too far off.
It used to be so pretty,
gently falling from aloft.
But the snow won't be as pretty,
as it gathers on the ground,
cause there'll be a snowman missing,
my son is not around.
The playing children's laughter,
used to be a special song,

but this year will be different,
without my son along.
The song has lost its music,
and it'll be just another day,
as I gaze down from my window,
and watch the children play.
But the snow will again be pretty,
in a far off distant time,
and we'll build snowmen together,
and we'll never look behind.
For now, I'll remain with memories,
but the melting snow will fade,
and he builds snowmen to
his heart's content,
cause he lives where it's made. ❄️

VALENTINE WISHES

—lovingly lifted from North Hollywood, CA

*I thought I heard your laugh today,
while watching children run and play.*

You chuckled in that special way, and then you were gone.

I thought I saw your gentle face, that look which time cannot erase.

Then it was gone without a trace, and then I was alone.

*I thought I heard your voice today,
and suddenly my world was gay.*

*I thought I heard you softly say,
“I love you, Mom, Happy Valentine's Day.”*

*Oh how
I wish... ❄️*

Meeting Times & Places

BP/USA St. Louis Chapter
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 Park Forest, IL 60466
 (708)748-7866
 www.bereavedparentsusa.org

ADDITIONAL MEETINGS

Parents of Murdered Children:

Meetings: 3rd Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.
 St Alexius Hospital
 3933 S Broadway
 Mata Weber (618) 972-0429
 Butch Hartmann (314) 487-8989

LIFE CRISIS CENTER (Survivors of Suicide)

2650 Olive Street,
 St. Louis, MO 63103 (314) 647-3100
 Meetings every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m.

P.A.L.S. (Parents affected by the loss of a child through suicide)

Meetings: 2nd Tuesday at 7:00 p.m.
 4th Saturday at 10:30 a.m.
 St Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)
 St. Louis, MO (314) 853-7925

BUSINESS MEETINGS

Upcoming Meetings of BP/ USA are:
 Jan ** & Feb ** at 9:00 am
 Creve Coeur Government Center
 300 N. New Ballas Road,
 Meeting Rm #1

We ask that a representative from each group be present to report on their individual groups, and to take back information received at the meeting.

All interested in how our chapter operates are welcome. **Questions?**
 Call Sharon Krejci (636) 532-0033 or email at chaptercontact@bpusa.org

TROY, MO (First Wednesday, 7:00pm)

Super 8 Motel-28 Turnbull Trl, Troy, MO 63379
Facilitator: Cindy Morris (636) 462-9961 cmotweety@yahoo.com
 JAN 3rd *Holidays, bad as expected? Our children's things?*
 FEB 7th *Be bitter or get better?*

ST. PETERS (First Thursday, 7:30 P.M.)

Fire Fighters Union Hall-2334 McMenamy Road, 63376
Facilitators: Marcia Hoekel (636) 332-8097 .Thoekel@aol.com
 JAN 3rd TBA
 FEB 7th TBA

ST. PETERS SIBLING GROUP-same time and place as above

Facilitators: Stacy Magill (314) 809-5058
 Tracy Wallace (314) 650-7056

Jefferson County South (First Thursday, 7:00 P.M)

St Rose Catholic Church-Miller and Third Street, Desoto, MO
Facilitators: Ginny Kamp (636) 586-8559
 Debbie Larson (636) 931-3944

JAN 3rd *Did We Survive the Holidays? Surviving the New Year*
 FEB 7th *Bare Trees- Gray Skies, Winter & Bereavement*

SOUTH COUNTY (Second Thursday, 7:00 P.M.)

Holy Trinity Church-Union & Reevis Barracks Rd, 63125
Facilitator: Jane Nelson (314) 378-3147-southgroup@bpustl.org
 JAN 10th TBA
 FEB 14th TBA

WASHINGTON, MO (Third Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.)

Washington Ambulance Bldg-515 Washington Ave (behind Rothschilds)
Facilitator: Betty Werner (636)390-4422 starmom752@yahoo.com
 JAN 15th TBA
 FEB 19th TBA

NORTH COUNTY (Third Saturday, 9:30 A.M.)-Coldewell Banker

Gundaker Bldg (rear)-2402 North Hwy 67, 63033
 NOTE: Volunteer interpreter provided for hearing impaired 
Facilitator: Pat Ryan (314) 605-3949 northgroup@bpustl.org
 Jan 19th TBA
 Feb 15th TBA

ST. LOUIS CITY GROUP (First Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.)

Timothy Lutheran School (lower lever) 6704 Fyler, 63139
Facilitator: June Laschober (314) 647-1758-jlasch@sbcglobal.net
 Jan 8th *What helped the most to survive the holidays*
 Feb 5th *A song that reminds me of my child*

WEST COUNTY (Fourth Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.)

Shaare Emeth Congregation 11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue),63141
Facilitators: Judy Ruby (314) 994-1996-westgroup@bpustl.org
 Jan 22nd TBA
 Feb 26h TBA

ANew Year

—Mary Cleckley, BP/USA Member at Large

The new year offers opportunities for progress, reinvestment, understanding, forgiveness, growth and all things positive. Be kind to yourself and pick one of these resolutions. Better still, choose all!

- Take it** one day at a time.
- Forgive yourself** for whatever it is you feel you did wrong.
- Figure out** ways to resolve your anger so you can let go of it.
- Risk reinvestment** in life.
- Concentrate on** and value what you have left, as much as what you have lost.
- Let those** you value know how important they are to you.
- These are important steps forward.**
- Above all, be good to yourself!*



Submissions

(The cut off date for the March-April issue is Feb. 10th)

To include your child's photo send your donation/love gift & photo to:
 Jamie Ryan
 6309 Washington Ave
 St. Louis, MO 63130

(Please send a self addressed stamped envelope)
 Please make checks payable to BPUSA

To submit a poem or story email :
 Christine Bousman scottjchristinen@aol.com

Telephone Friends

Accident, Automobile:

Katie VerHagen.....(314) 576-5018
 Steve Welch.....(636) 561-2438

Accident, Non Vehicular:

Maureen & Chuck McDermott.....(636) 227-6931

Adult Sibling:

Mark VerHagen(314) 726-5300
 Traci Morlock(636) 332-1311

Drugs or Alcohol:

Patrick Dodd.....(314) 575-4178

Grandparent:

Margaret Gerner(636) 978-2368

Child with Disability:

Lois Brockmeyer(314) 843-8391

Illness, Short Term:

Jean & Art Taylor.....(314) 725-2412

Illinois Contact:

Linda Moffatt(618) 243-6558

Jefferson County Contact:

Michele Horrell.....(636) 931-6552

Murder:

Mata Weber(618) 972-0429
 Butch Hartmann(314) 487-8989

Only Child:

Mary Murphy.....(314) 822-7448

Suicide:

Sandy Curran(314) 647-2863

Single Parent:

Mary Murphy(314) 822-7448

BEREAVEMENT

& OUR

PRESIDENTS

—lovingly lifted from a BP newsletter

Many of you may have read all or parts of this list before but, as we approach the day for remembering our Presidents we too can remember how many of them had so much in common with us.

4 John & Abigail Adams:

Susanna Adams, 1768-1770

Thomas & Martha Jefferson:

Jane Jefferson, 1774- 1775

Mary Jefferson, 1778-1804

Lucy Jefferson, 1780- 1781

Lucy Jefferson, 1782- 1785

Infant son, 2 1/2 weeks old

James & Elizabeth Monroe:

James Monroe, 1799-1800

John Quincy & Louisa C. Adams:

Louisa Adams, 1811- 1812

William Henry & Anna Harrison:

James Harrison, 1814- 1817

John & Letitia Tyler:

Anne Contesse Tyler, 1825

Zachary & Margaret Taylor:

Octavia P. Taylor, 1816-1820

Margaret Taylor, 1819- 1820

Franklin & Jane Pierce:

Franklin Pierce, 1836

Frank Robert Pierce, 1839-1843

Benjamin Pierce, 1841-1853

Abraham & Mary Lincoln:

Edward Lincoln, 1846 - 1850

William Lincoln, 1850- 1862

Thomas Lincoln, 1853- 1871

Rutherford & Lucy Hayes:

Joseph Hayes, 1861- 1863

George Crook Hayes, 1864-1866

Manning Hayes, 1873 - 1874

James & Lucretia Garfield:

Eliza A. Garfield, 1960-1863

Edward Garfield, 1874-1876

Chester & Ellen Arthur:

William Arthur, 1860-1863

William & Ida McKinley:

Katherine McKinley, 1871-1875

Ida McKinley, 1873 (4 mos.)

Calvin & Grace Coolidge:

Calvin Coolidge, Jr., 1908-1924

Franklin & Eleanor Roosevelt:

Franklin, Jr. 1909 (8 mos.)

Dwight & Mamie Eisenhower:

Doud Eisenhower, 1917-1921

John & Jackie Kennedy:

Patrick Kennedy -1963

Stillborn daughter 1953

George & Barbara Bush:

Robin Bush, 1949-1953 ❄️

This I Can Share

—Marilyn W. Heavlin Author and Bereaved Parent

I have not experienced the death of my only child, but some of you have.

I have not experienced a child dying by suicide, but some of you have.

I have not watched my child fight a terminal illness, but some of you have.

None of us would dare say, "I know just how you feel."

Even if our experiences are similar, no two situations are exactly alike.

But I can say,

I remember the pain when my child died.

I remember the feelings of insanity.

I remember the feelings of aloneness.

I remember wishing I could die.

I remember wanting to share something with my child, but he wasn't there.

So, my friend,

our experiences have parts in common.

And parts that are different!

So, why should we listen to each other?

Do we have anything to share?

Do you know what heartbreak feels like?

All of us do.

Do you know the numbness of grief?

All of us do.

Do you know what it's like to have empty arms?

All of us do.

So, let's learn what we can of our commonalities.

We love a child but our child left too soon.

This we can share with you! ❄️

Infant & Toddler Mommy and Daddy Page

I Come to See You Often

—Sarah Hartwell © Marlene Stratman

I Walk with Jesus everyday...never do I...Cry or Hurt...I laugh and play and sing a lot... and keep you...near in my heart. I sleep with Angels watching over me...there's only Love...up here... I'm never lonely or afraid... for Jesus is always near.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! I'm the first Ray of light...as the sun begins to rise. I'm the soft light...of the moonbeam...that shines...in the dark of night. I'm the twinkle of light that dances...from star to star.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! I'm the first beautiful blossom... that you see in the Spring. I'm the first warm raindrops... that April showers bring. I'm the summer breeze... that caresses your cheek.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! I'm the colorful leaves...that bring you beauty in the Fall... I'm the snowflakes... that gently kiss your face. I'm the pure white snow...that blankets your world.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! I'm in the warmth...of your tears... that flow when you weep. I'm the beautiful dreams... that come...while you sleep. I'm the smile...on every sweet baby's face.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! I'm in the smile of a passer by... I'm the little voice within. I'm the shimmer of dewdrops...in the

morning sun. Sometimes I ride on butterfly wings...or soar on the wings of eagles... Through...birds I Sing... you a Song... of forever Joy.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! My Grandpas and Grandmas are here with me...you know...They rock me and tell me... stories of old. They hold me tight...and they tell me...of your awesome love...and they show me...my awesome new home...up above.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! My life with you was so brief ...but the memories...I do keep. For even the briefest of memories... last forever and ever. I remember your gentle touch...and the kisses...upon my brow...I treasure these memories... as I know you to...cherish them so.

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! When your feeling all alone...or that no one understands...you can talk to me... through Jesus... and He will understand. And if...you really listen... And if you truly do believe...with all your heart...you will hear a whisper...coming from your heart!

"Mommy & Daddy... I'll Love you forever and ever!"

I Come to See You Often...I Pray You Know I'm There! One day we'll...be reunited...in God's heavenly home...but till then watch for me... and listen for the whispering...that live within your hearts. For inside your hearts...I long to stay...never will I depart...and each and every day... I'll send you lots love...from my heart. *With Our Love, Sarah & Aunt Mar* ❄️

BP/USA acknowledges donations made in the memory of

Thomas Lagemann (Nick)

—Michael & Rhonda Flynn, Paul & Bonnie Stone, James & Carol Jeans, Cathy Crowder, The Jay Herring Family, and Teresa & Edward Jackson

Due to generous donations like yours made in memory of a loved one and friend, we continue our mission. BP/USA reaches out to other parents who survive their children then we walk hand in hand in our journey.

BP/USA Funeral Bereavement Envelopes are available, for them please see our Bulletin Board on page 5.

Sibling Page

The House That Josh Built

—author unknown

My older brother by thirteen months, Josh, and I had always wanted a dog, but Dad's pat reply was wait until you are older. When our next door neighbors announced that their St Bernard was about to give birth to pup-

"...having him is like having a piece of Josh..."

pies fathered by the Emerson's roving black Great Dane, we were ecstatic! Since the pups were go-

ing to be free, and we were now twelve and thirteen, Dad surely could not refuse.

After much coaxing, Dad finally agreed, but there was one stipulation, we had to build a dog house for the pup. That would be no problem for two guys who had built bird houses in tech. School was out, and we began our task. We drew up the plans, pulled out all the scrap lumber from the garage and set about to build the house. Mr. Emerson gave us some leftover shingles for the roof. (I think he was feeling guilty about the escapades of his Great Dane.) We had the greatest time building that dog house together. Mom would even bring lunch out to us on occasion. On July 20th, Moby Dick came to live with us. He thought he had the coolest dog house in the neighborhood. What fun we

had that summer and fall. October 20th started out just as any other day. Josh and I had just come in from feeding Moby, and we were sitting down to breakfast. Suddenly, Josh fell from his chair. The resulting seizure lasted for what seemed like an eternity. All efforts to revive him failed. Josh died in Mom's arms. My whole world fell apart that day. Nothing was the same at our house after that. Moby became my best friend. He seemed to understand each time I crawled into his dog house to cry. He would lick my tears and nuzzle into my arms. During the next few months as people came to our home, Mom would take each one to the kitchen window and show them the house that Josh built for his dog. She never mentioned me. That was two and a half years ago. Moby has grown to the size of a small pony and is the only coal black St Bernard in the county. Having him is like having a piece of Josh living with me. Maybe someday Mom will remember what fun Josh and I had building the dog house together, but for now it will remain...

the house that Josh built. ❄️

To My Sister

By Laurie Dunham—dedicated to Melissa, 2/21/99

*To my sister who saw through it all, to my sister who wouldn't let me fall.
To my sister in heaven living a new life, to my sister not living in a world of strife.
To my sister, my earth, wind, and sky, to my sister fly hard, fly high.
To my sister who's my star shining bright,
to my sister good-bye and good-night.*

St. Louis Bulletin Board

CALENDAR

February 12

March • April 08' Newsletter submission cutoff

July 11-13

National Gathering

a time for parents, siblings and families to come together to experience *Seeds Of Hope* workshops, sharing sessions, and speaker presentations find new ways to cope in this devastating nightmare.

2008 Annual Gathering
Crown Plaza Hotel,
St. Louis, MO.

For more info:

email: 2008Gathering@bereavedparentsusa.org
visit: bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html

WWW Honor your Child

Be a...Web Sponsor for a \$20 donation to BPUSA/STL your child will be featured on our home page for 1 month. Includes a scrolling message above your child's picture (25 words or fewer).

Create a...Web Memorial at the "Meet Our Children" section. The cost is a \$25 donation. Your child's name will appear below your group as a link to their page.

Interested, contact: **Barb Blanton** at our website or **barb_blanton@yahoo.com**. With your donation, specify whether you want to *sponsor* or to add to the *web memorial*.

We are sorry for incorrect dates, spellings, omissions or listed information. Please accept our apologies & inform us!



BP/USA-STL

HUGS

to all who donated time & skill

to Candlelight 2007

NOTICE: BP/USA Funeral Bereavement Envelopes

—remember BP/USA as a charitable organization to donate "in memory of."
To have bereavement envelopes available at the funeral parlor, contact Sharon Krejci at 636-532-0033.

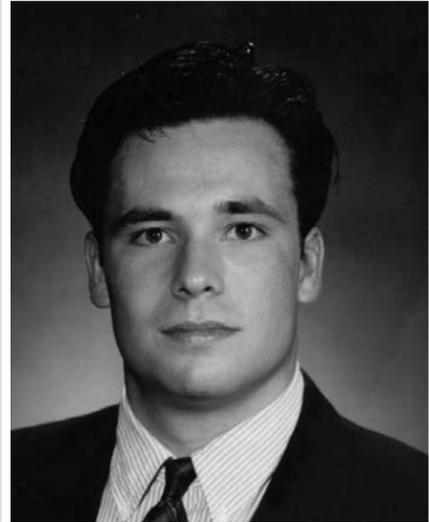
After 10 years... always something new about Andrew

6

—Sharon Krejci

On September 11, 1997, my son, Andrew Bryan Krejci died in an auto accident. I had the pleasure of having dinner with his best friends on September 11, 2007, where again I heard new stories about their high school and college escapades, some things I just can't share.

During the dinner, Andrew's two best friends each told me in detail how he makes a significant difference in their lives for which they will be forever grateful. They said that watching Andrew live his life was an inspiration for them and they continue to follow Andrew's perspective on life. Rarely, do grown men tell you such inner most secrets, but both had tears in their eyes and were speaking from their hearts. I am so thankful that they shared these stories about my son.



Andrew Bryan Krejci

October 19, 1973– September 11, 1997



On October 19, 2007, we celebrated Andrew's Life and what would have been his 34th Birthday. During the event, I found out that when Andrew died, my neighbors had a small tree planted in Chesterfield Central Park. (I don't remember much from those early years and certainly did not remember the tree or know that Chesterfield had a park!) They located the tree, took a picture and gave it to me. After 10 years, the tree is huge and there is a beautiful bronze marker that says, "In Memory of Andrew Krejci". The next

Saturday, we had a picnic at the park with our family. *It was wonderful!!!!*

I know Andrew as a giving person, who reached out to many people. I decided to follow in his footsteps and ask the invitees of his celebration...

Not to bring gifts, but if they were so inclined they could donate to BP/USA, in Memory of Andrew.

I know Andrew would approve, because it was his nature to reach out to others to help. BP/USA reached out to his family when he died. I believe he would agree the donations collected from the party

will continue to allow BP/USA to reach out to other bereaved parents and siblings.

After 10 years, we still miss and love Andrew very much!! It is comforting to know that he continues to live in the hearts of others and his Memory is still alive!!!

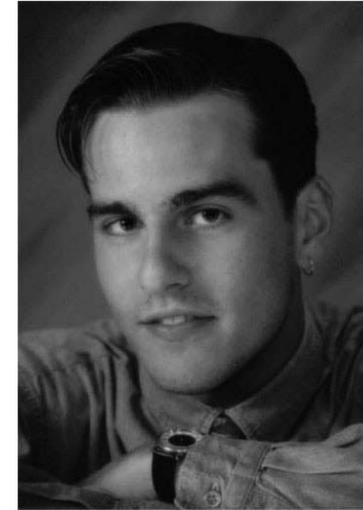
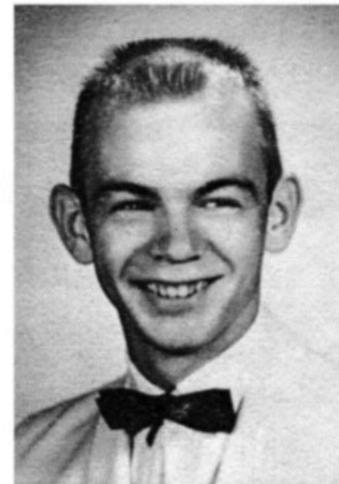
“BP/USA reached out to his family when he died. I believe he would agree the donations collected from the party will continue to allow BP/USA to reach out...”

We Love You and Miss You!

—Mom, Dad, Elliott, Laurie, Andrew & Gracie

AN ANNIVERSARY~ A BIRTHDAY~ ANY DAY IS A GOOD DAY TO THINK OF YOU.

Our
son...

Sean Christian Anderson
11/11/1974 ~ 1/24/1994Charles Burnell Caruthers
"Charlie Boy"
2/28/1948 ~ 6/30/1974

& our
sibs...

Mark Stanley Welch
9/8/1948 ~ 2/15/2004William Davis Caruthers
5/9/1944 ~ 2/21/2007

~always remembering,
CAROL & STEVE WELCH

11

Love Gifts

Donations Received

In Memory of
Wendy Winkler
— Mr & Mrs Winkler



In Memory of
Brian Trunko
— Christy Trunko



In Memory of
Lindsay Dodd
November 15, 1981–June 23, 2003
—Patrick Dodd
— Kathleen Dodd



In Memory of
Jason & Josh Forness
— Eileen Hay, Grandmother



In Memory of
Seth Charlson
Love Mom & Dad
—Nancy & Alan Charlson



In Memory of
Harrison Struttmann
—Terrill & Michel Struttmann



In Memory of
Leah Ryan Eisenberg
December 31, 1984—May 23, 2006
Happy Christmas, Hanukkah, 23rd Birthday & all that to our Lebe
—Jamie Ryan



In Memory Of
Jennifer Ameli Daugherty
You remain in our hearts forever
Love Mom, Dad, Michael, Gail, Shannon, Timothy & Leah
—James & Jeannette Daugherty



In Memory of
Katie Sue Ann Fisher
We love and miss you so much,
Grandma & Grandpa
—The Du Bois



In Memory of
Jacob Coppedge
July 7, 1983–July 11, 2006
Jacob, we will love you always and forever baby!
Jeff, Joushua, Jessica, Daisy, Tessab, Stella,
your mother, Sharon Haefner & your father, Bill Coppedge
—Sharon Haefner



In Memory of
Cornelius Jones
— Virginia Jones

Thank you to our
Anonymous Donors



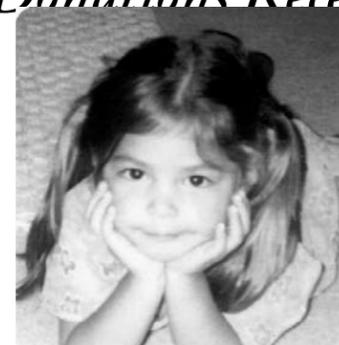
In Memory of
Arran Ragon
We will love you forever,
Mom, Dad, Kavin, Keith, Wendy, Carissa, Tyler, Kaleb & Ragon
—Bill & Kaye Ragon



In Memory of
Kate Reinhart
December 22, 1976–February 4, 1998
Happy Birthday & Merry Christmas Kate! Love, Mom, Dad, Hannah & Becky
—The Reinharts



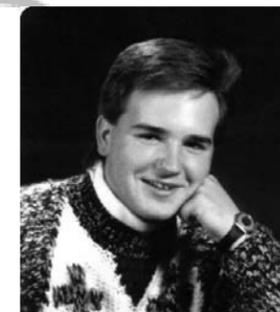
In Memory of
John C. Long IV
November 10, 1963– April 25, 1992
If love could have saved you, you would have lived forever. Happy Birthday. Again you will be missed for the Holidays.
Love always, Mom & Bill
—Shirley & Bill Baumann



In Memory of
Alecia Juana Perales
November 16, 1996–December 19, 1999
Happy 11th Birthday from your loving family. Grandpa & Grandma
—Richard & Marguerite Maness



In Memory of
Jorge Tumialan
August 11, 1975— October 19, 2001
We love & miss you Mami & Papi
—Luis Tumialan



In Memory of
Michael Meier
—Nat & Melinda Flordimundo

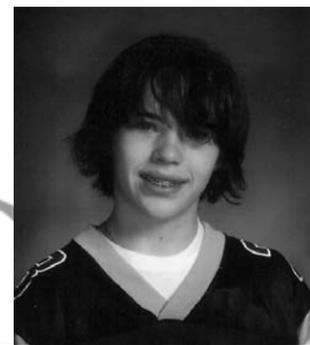


In Memory of
Michael Wellen
—The Wellen Family



In Memory of
Amy Jennifer Blumberg
—Sue & Ken Blumberg

In Memory of
Rick Konrad
—Robert & Barbara Callanan



In Memory of
Daniel Menaugh
—Karen Menaugh, mom
—Kathy & Matthew Hietter
—Dotty French (Friend)
—Elaine K Ulrness (grandmother)

What Is A Love Gift?

It is a donation made in your child's memory to *Bereaved Parents of the USA*. **BP/USA** is self-supporting; our St Louis Chapter runs entirely with volunteer staffers. All expenses are paid through fund raising efforts and by your donations such as "Love Gifts." If you send in a donation/ love gift and would like to have your child's picture on this page, include a picture along with a self addressed stamped envelope to: Jamie Ryan, 6309 Washington Ave, St Louis, MO 63130. —Thank you!



In Memory of Paul Najee Daniels
→ Proud Grandparents
—Walter & Gladys Daniels



In Memory of Natalie Gayle Mehlman



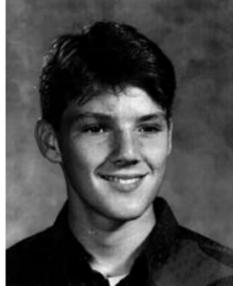
In Memory of Lynn Dust
—Arlene Weidinger



In Memory of Rebecca Lynn Toebben
—Sharon Abbott



In Memory of Daniel Karch
→ Mom
—Sandy & James Kennedy



In Memory of Zachary Nesthus Sharp
—Betty



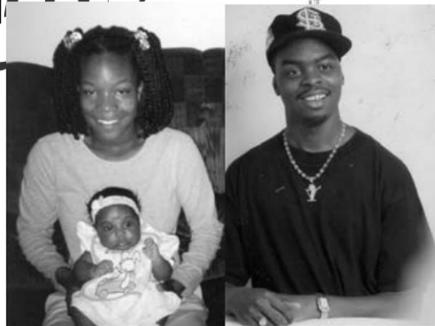
In Memory of Matthew Quigley
—Judith & Robert Quigley



In Memory of Jeffrey Deutsch
—Sharon Deutsch

In Memory of Tommy Radosh
—Brenda Radosh

In Honor of BP/USA-Stl
—Dan Hendricks
—Trudie Taylor



In Memory of Elisha Cannon & Antonio Bozeman
—Felecia Bozeman



In Memory of Timothy Mark Jenkins
→ Mom & Dad
—Tim & Diane Jenkins



In Memory of Carol Temple Gray
—Synobi Gray



In Memory of Tammy Brunner
December 5, 1969– August 24, 2006
—Donna Watts

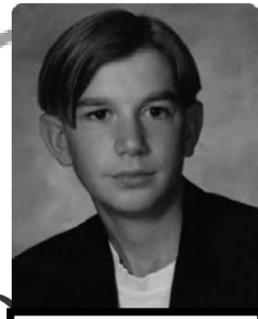


In Memory of Christopher Michael Meyer
—Stephen & Darlene Meyer

Remembering Andrew Bryan Krejci
—Dr. Kent & Susie Snowden



In Memory of Jessica Pollock
—Richard & Nancy Pollock



In Memory of Jeffrey Joseph Lloyd
→ Mom & Dad
—Lloyd



In Memory of Erin Marie Ewing
→ Mom
—Jean Ewing



In Memory of Thomas Lupardus
—Barb Moyer



Remembering Clay Lamarque
—Gloria Lamarque



In Memory of Natalie Louise Astorino
—Salvatore & Barbara Astorino



In Memory of Kristin Blaha
—Jacqueline Blaha

In Memory of Michael Garrison
—Millard & Christine Garrison

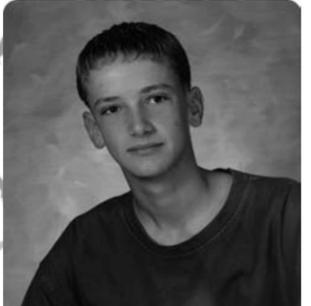


In Memory of Adam M. & Christine Roney
—Marlene Roney

In Memory of Daniel M. Kohler
May 14, 1971—May 23, 2005
—Delaner & Arlene Thomason



In Memory of Sharon Rene Przybylski
—Joseph Przybylski



In Memory of Ryan William Gardner
—Don & Shirley Gardner



In Memory of Teddy Spiro
—Shelley Spiro



In Memory of Raymond M. Gettner
—Vernelle Gettner