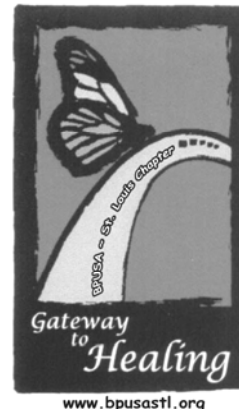


ST. LOUIS CHAPTER
BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.
P.O. BOX 410350
ST. LOUIS, MO 63141

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ST. LOUIS, MO
PERMIT #3659



Bereaved Parents USA

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

POSTMASTER: Dated Material
Contained within ... please do not delay

September ~ October 2005

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 5

SEPTEMBER ~ OCTOBER 2005

St. Louis Chapter Newsletter

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.



BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

St. Louis Chapter
P.O. Box 410350
St. Louis, MO 63141
(314) 878-0890

www.bpusastl.org

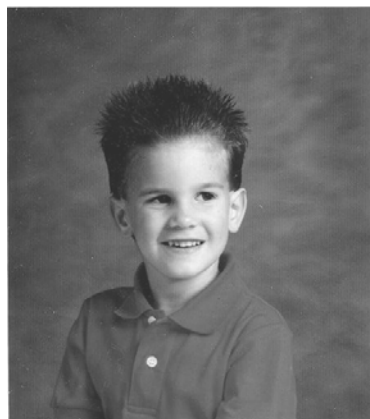
INSIDE

- It Just Goes To Show You 2
- Words of Comfort & Hope 5
- What Does "BP" Mean 11
- The Colors Of Autumn 11
- After All These Years 12
- One Of These Days 12
- Cemetery Visits 12
- Anger As An Accessory 13
- Shared Thoughts On Setting
Your Own Pace 14
- For Grandparents 14
- A Sibling Speaks 15
- The Room Across The Hall 15

It Just Goes To Show You

By: Tom Wyatt
BPUSA – St. Louis, MO
Written: June 6, 2005

Back in the '70s the late comedian Gilda Radner played a character by the name of Roseann Roseanna Danna on the television show "Saturday Night Live". Roseann Roseanna Danna would give a commentary that never ended with the same thought that it began with but at the end she'd tie it all together with..."It just goes to show you...it's always something". That's so true where grief work is concerned. I've been at this since March 5, 1991 when my son Johnny was killed. I've written a lot of poem's and articles about grief work and surviving the loss of a child. I've counseled quite a few folks and lent my shoulder to a lot more. I know the ins and outs, the ups and downs (how's that for stringing a couple of clichés?) and I know just how tough it is to pick up and keep going on. But we do it and if we keep at it we make positive progress. But my grief is unpredictable and show's no mercy when it steps out of the shadows and announces that it's come for a visit.



Johnny Wyatt
10/31/ 86 ~ 03/05/1991

I've moved way down the road since that March afternoon fourteen years ago. Not every step has been forward but even when I would regress, I'd catch myself and move forward again. I'm a happy guy for the most part with the only caveat being the obvious one. Somewhere along the line I quit thinking in terms of, "I'm having a great time but it would be better if Johnny were here", heck, that's a given. Along the way there were the usual bumps and u-turns and some of them were the *First's* as I call them. The first (pick a holiday), the first birthday, the first family vacation and so on were bad, but to be honest, I found the second's a lot worse because they drove home the permanence of his being dead. Some one who isn't in our position might be confused by that statement because they don't get it at first and thank God that they don't.

When I went to my wife's school's open house in 1992 I watched the kindergarteners because that's the class that Johnny would have been in. I could see him in my minds

eye. I looked at each kid and thought about who would have been that friend that he went all of the way through school with? Would one of the little girls be his first crush? It was hard. When my son Blake was a senior back in '02-'03 we had a great time at his high school. My wife, Ruth has taught in this district for 25 years and we are very active parents. There's a huge sense of pride to be a part of this district. Blake was very popular with almost everyone in his class. At the football games he led the senior cheers and was voted "most spirited". Heck, we watched him having fun more than we watched the football games. He was a varsity wrestler and I loved to sit there in the stands and cheer him on. I

felt such joy as he walked across that stage and received his diploma. It was a great year.

This past year would have been Johnny's senior year. It really wasn't a conscious effort on my part but I didn't go to one football game, wrestling meet or any other

high school function. It just always seemed that there was something else to do, but when the graduation announcement from a friend's son came in the mail it hit me like an Ali right to the chin and I crumbled. I felt so damn cheated. The anger that I thought that I'd dealt with came rushing back in spades. I was lost and I wasn't prepared for it. If this were 13 years ago I'd really be in trouble because this is definitely a case of thank God I know now what I didn't know then. I know that if I don't try and control this grief by shoving it down inside of myself that I'll be okay. I know that if I let it out in constructive ways and stop being destructive I'll be okay. I'll try to not sit down with a half of a gallon of Blue Bunny. I'll cry when I need to and I'll find a way to let the anger out that doesn't make it tough on the ones around me. I'll let it all go and I know that I will survive this if I want to. Hopefully besides just surviving I'll learn something from this too because after 14 years even though I know that the pain can resurface at anytime I had let myself be lulled into a false sense of security. I'd like to say with great conviction in my voice that I'll never let this happen to me again but as Roseann Roseanna Danna was fond of saying..."It just goes to show you...it's always something." May we all find peace, Shalom.

Season Of Many Feelings

Fall is a season of many feelings

Autumn is here once again as it comes every year
and with the leaves my falling tears.

This time of year is the hardest of all

My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall.
Memories once so vivid are seeming to fade,
my time spent with you seems some another age.
This season reminds me of grief and of pain,
but yet teaches of hope and of joy once again.

For the trees are still living beneath their gray bark,
and you my sweet child are alive in my heart!

By: Cinda Schake
TCF – Butler, PA



Sibling Page

A Sibling Speaks

By: Julie Peterson
TCF – Pawtucket, RI

What happens to the children when a brother or sister dies? In some ways, it is a very different experience from that which parents go through, while in other ways very much the same. Part of the reason for the difference is that the child who died has a unique relationship with each family member. Part of the reason for the similarity is that all have suffered a loss.

One of the strongest feelings I have encountered in my conversations with other siblings is that the children are much more likely to want to return to Normalcy. They want to return to school fairly quickly and go out with friends. They want their parents to stop crying, not because they don't care but because they do care and want to see the hurt stop. Just because a child wants to go to a movie doesn't mean she isn't grieving. I think a part of what is going on here is that children are much less exposed to socially "appropriate" behavior after someone has died and may do things that do not fit into an "appropriate" role.

Another strong feeling I see is that of Guilt. As MUCH as parents know about their children, there are some things they will never know. A child's private thoughts or an exchange between children may never come to the parent's attention. The source of a child's guilt is frequently the results of an argument, a hastily shouted "drop dead" or a similar, fleeting thought. These come back to haunt children as though that statement had something to do with the death.

There are a few more concerns that may develop. One is how to take over for the dead child. What I mean are things like the household chores that were always done by (him or her) but now have to be done by someone else. Related to this is a child who always shared a particular activity simply because the sibling did it too. After the death of a child, the child may feel compelled to continue the activity because to give it up would take away a reminder of the sibling.



Another concern is that whatever happened to that brother or sister may happen to the child, too. This is particularly acute if the sibling who died

was older. As the child approaches the age what the sibling died, a feeling of anxiety may develop. Many children realize this fear to be so they find themselves wandering if they will "survive" their 16th birthday. It is a terrifying time that conflicts with the joy normally associated with birthdays.

Putting these differences aside, children do share some of their parent's feelings. One is the loneliness – the looking for comfort, the feeling that no one else knows what they are going through. Also, the unanswerable questions – "If I could have..." and "What If..?" may shadow the past and dim the future.

The Room Across The Hall



By: Melissa Broadway
TCF – Atlanta, GA

The room across the hall is dark and empty now.
All of the things that once filled it have been removed somehow.
The clothes that were once in the closet have all been given away.
The occupant won't be needing them, for he died in the month of May.

The room across the hall was filled with a young man's things:
Guns, and knives, and video games, and rocks from many springs.
All of these have been locked away inside a small square chest.
Just like the room's occupant, they have been laid to rest.

The room across the hall arouses feelings such as pain.
The fact that it is empty can make tears fall like rain.
I cry because the occupant was very much like me.
The occupant was my brother, whom now I cannot see.



The room across the hall belonged to a normal boy.
He could bring your heartache and lots of sorrow, but he could also bring you joy.
He was not another Socrates, for he wasn't quite that clever.
But the memories he left me will be with me forever.

Shared Thoughts On Setting Your Own Pace For Grieving

By: Marie Hofmockel
TCF - Valley Forge

When we are in our early stages of grief, it can be a relief to see the summer's flurry of activities end. Picnics, family vacations, gathering with happy children that once were such special times, can bring additional agony after the loss of a child or sibling. Watching other families who have not lost one of its members, can cause us to fantasize, what could have been for us.

When we feel so all encompassed with grief, it is hard to imagine that we can one day enjoy life again. Our life seems so irrevocably changed. When we first begin our journey of grief, and pain permeates every part of our being, the road appears so dark and endless. We so desperately need someone to appreciate what we are experiencing and to understand we have been immobilized by our loss. It is normal for those around us, who have not experienced such a loss to want us to "snap back" to our old self. What they cannot appreciate is that all of our reactions are normal. Our fast paced society does not allow us proper time for grieving. It is healthy to cry, and talk about the deceased. It isn't time that heals, it is the grief work. And we can only have a healthy, healing grief process when we move at our own pace. Some need to spend more time than others on particular aspects of grief. The age of the deceased, the relationship you had with them, the cause of death and a long list of circumstances can create varying intensity of pain in different areas of grief. Each person in grief has to make their own path. We all hurt to the depth of our capacity, but each path to recovery is unique. It is very helpful to have someone who is non-judgmental with whom we can express our

concerns. Putting our thoughts into words can bring healing.

It takes all the strength we can muster up to get our lives back together again. In our early stages of grief we cannot fathom ever leading a full life, laughing, being productive, or being a functional human being again. It is normal to feel our life is over. As we progress in our grief, and much healing has taken place, it is also normal for the Intensity of our emotions to lessen, even though our grief may be a lifelong process. We learn to live without our loved one being physically among us. That does not mean our loved one is not with us in memory. The memories will always be a part of our being. We will always be the same to each other. Our love does not diminish as our grieving progresses, we remember the good times and put away the thoughts of "I wish I had", or "I should have". The pain softens and our memories are our most prized possession.

It takes a lot of mountain climbing to reach the valley in grief. It can not be rushed, no one can do it for us.

I hope all the brilliant colors of fall can form a rainbow for you, and give you hope.



Grief...ts...

By: Grandma Rappi
My tribute to Justin
From Friends & Families of Murder
Victims Newsletter

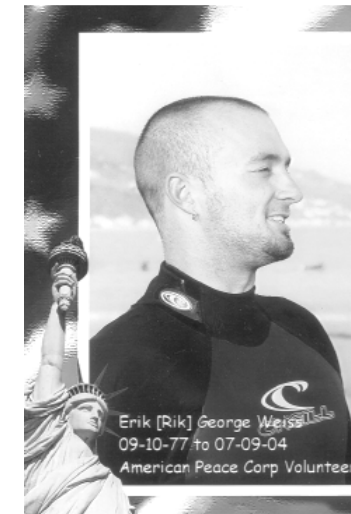
You used to come to our home to stay; I loved to watch you run and play. Then you'd hide from me and I'd call out in fear and a little voice'd whisper,
"Grandma, I'm right here."

We'd go to the park or school, side by side - you played on the carousel, swing or slide. Sometimes you'd disappear and I'd call, "Justin, dear," and a little voice'd whisper,
"Grandma, I'm right here."

Off we'd go and maybe sing, "This Little Light Of Mine" or the "Achy Breaky" thing. And stop by Circle K for your thumb sucking ring. You'd hide behind the candy rack and I'd call, "Justin, dear" and a little voice'd whisper,
"Grandma, I'm right here."

We'd go on home for a bite to eat - peanut butter or hot dogs to you was a treat. Then we'd go out and play 'till we couldn't see, then come in the house to watch TV. You'd crawl on my lap; I'd whisper in your ear and a little voice'd whisper,
"Grandma, I'm right here."

I know you don't want me to be sad or shed a tear, but what I'd give once more to hear that little voice whisper,
"Grandma, I'm right here."



Erik (Rik) Weiss
09/10/1977 - 07/09/2004



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

CANCER:

Dan & Mary Ann Smith (636) 942-9115

GRANDPARENT:

Margaret Gerner (636) 978-2368

HANDICAPPED CHILD:

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

OLDER PARENTS:

Bobbie Lantz (314) 576-0978

ONLY CHILD:

Mary Murphy (314) 822-7448
Linda Long (636) 946-7292

SUICIDE:

Sandy Curran (314) 647-2863

SINGLE PARENT:

Mary Murphy (314) 822-7448
Linda Long (636) 946-7292

Beautiful young man your life so brief, but so much it was you gave.
Bereaved Parents USA **Bereaved Parents USA**
Your strength has inspired so many hearts that now are forever changed.

Special Notice

The cut off date for the Nov-Dec issue of the newsletter will be Oct 10th.

If you would like to have your child's



BP/USA

National Gathering 2006

**Gateway to Healing
Journey of the Heart
June 23-25, 2006**

St. Louis is honored once again to host the BP/USA National Gathering in 2006. Many of you may wonder what is a National Gathering? It is a weekend in which parents whose children have died come from all over the country to St. Louis to honor their child. It is a safe place to bring your grief, your tears, your smiles and laughter. You will be surrounded by people who truly understand your pain. It is an opportunity for you to reach out to another parent whose child(ren) has died.

We Need Your Help!!!

We need everyone's help to make the Gathering in 2006 the very best for all parents. Please consider volunteering for one or two of the following areas:

- Fund Raising
- Hospitality
- Programs
- Registration
- Butterfly Boutique.

A sponsorship program is meaningful way to remember our precious children, brothers/sisters and grandchildren. You can be a part of this outreach to other parents and siblings as they journey through the darkness of grief by sponsoring a gift, in memory of your child to all the parents at the Gathering. Your gift would be given at a selected mealtime in memory of your child. Here are some ideas of the items that are still precious to the parents that came to the 2003 Gathering:

- Tote Bags in Memory of Harrison Struttman
- Journals in Memory of Erin Ewing
- Butterfly Bags in Memory of Jennifer Jones
- Angel Wings in Memory of Laurie Bostedo
- Forget-me-Not seed in Memory of Jeff Ryan
- The Christmas Box Book in Memory of Christopher Lammert
- Table Decorations in Memory of Brian Ruby

If you have ideas for programs, speakers, songs, readings or wanting to volunteer or if you have any questions please don't hesitate contacting me at skrejci@swbell.net or call me at 636-532-0033.

With Love and Memories of our Children,
Sharon Krejci
2006 Chairman

Infant/Toddler Page

Anger As An Accessory

*By: Jeanne Cacciatore
SIDS Alliance Regional Executive Director for
Arizona.*

*Reprinted from Arizona State SIDS Newsletter
July/August 1998.*

The throat begins to tighten. The eyes begin to burn and fill with tears as you inhale deeply in an attempt to overcome the newly inflicted wound. Someone has just attempted to ease your pain with a casual comment about what they believe was "meant to be" and you are withholding your reaction to counter the remark.

I remember the feeling early in my grief years. Oh, the first few time I handled it very well. I believe it was surprise that allowed me to be so hospitable to those besieging me with platitudes. It took time to digest their comments.

By the time I did, they were long gone. But as time passed, I found the anger and bitterness intensifying. With each passing remark, I got closer and closer to reacting. Until one day it happened. I exploded with anger at one individual who paid the price for dozens of hurtful clichés. I walked away from the incident feeling cleansed—like I had purged myself of a flesh-eating disease. I was certain after that the word "mercy" was no longer part of my vocabulary. I was on a mission to educate them all.

Anger was one of the most difficult emotions to overcome after Cheyenne's death. I wore my anger like an accessory. I was prepared to do verbal battle at any time. I tried to explain why the clichés hurt and how I wanted to be supported through this grief. A few people listened and respected my wishes. Most chose not to respond. That is when I decided to proactively determine who the "real" friends were. What I discovered was that strangers became friends, and some friends became strangers. My anger accumulated quickly when some of my former "friends" chose to ignore me, placate me, and whisper behind my back. I knew if I didn't do something with this anger, it would adversely affect my journey through grief.

So, I separated myself from those who disregarded my request for empathy and support. I surrounded myself with other grieving families or friends who did not change the subject or leave the room when I wanted to discuss my daughter's death. I spoke honestly to my family about my needs and my anger. I explained that although they may not understand some of my feelings, I needed their respect. Finally, I discovered what types of physical outlets were helpful for me during periods of debilitating anger such as walking, writing, visiting the cemetery, swimming, or hiking. I would always do these activities alone so I could really concentrate on my feelings of anger. Instead of repressing or denying them, I would acknowledge the

feelings and validate them. I would say to myself, "I have a right to be angry. My child died." I have earned this anger.

I don't know at what point during this journey that the feelings of heightened anger began to subside. I didn't notice when it happened, although I am sure it was quite gradual. But I became aware of the newly acquired patience the other day. A friend of ours was over having dinner. This is a person who was not in our lives in 1994, when our daughter died. However, it is not possible to know the Cacciatore family without also knowing about Cheyenne. Thus, this person knew about our baby girl. During dinner my husband, Paul said, "I have changed so much since my daughter died."

Our friend responded with surprising horror in his voice, "You had a daughter that died!?" Paul and I looked at each other in astonishment, knowing he was aware of Cheyenne's death. "Yes, of course" I said "remember we told you about our baby". Feeling a bit confused he replied, "Oh! I knew about her but I thought you meant you had a real child—Like a five-or a ten-year old that died."

Being the more outspoken of the two, Paul looked at me, waiting to see which plate I was going to hit him with. Much to his surprise, I just smiled and calmly said, "Well, I wish I would have had her for five or ten years!" We went back to our meal, without a hint of annoyance or spite. I didn't think about the incident again until he left. I then realized that Paul was not the only one surprised by my lack of reaction. I surprised myself. Clearly, my more tolerant attitude did not come overnight, but I am glad to see it nonetheless. I am happy to say I have removed my coat of arms and put down my sword. The art of true wisdom is knowing what to overlook. One more of the many gifts our child had left for us.



***“To Speak Not
Of Him Tends
To Deny His
Existence. To
Speak Freely
Of Him Tends
To Affirm His
Life.”***

*By: Iris Bolton
TCF – Atlanta, GA*

After All These Years

By: Mary Lizzi Carlstedt
Sandusky, Ohio
Previous member of BPUSA – St. Louis, MO

Life seemed perfect for Amy. She was living in sunny California and loving it. She had a full time interesting job with great people, went to night school to get her degree, was happy, blossoming and that summer of 1988 would be planning her wedding.

Amy was 22 years and 1 day old that April 15th when she died of Viral Myocarditis. When they first told us we had never ever heard of it, even had trouble pronouncing it. Now seventeen years later there is a 5K run, "Abby's Run For The Heart", to raise money for research. All the doctors I talked to back then told me this would happen some day, but seventeen years ago they just shook their heads and said it was so rare. Abby's Run is in honor of a little 5 year old Abby Glaser who also died of Viral Myocarditis, just like Amy. So this October 16th I will travel to Leewood, Kansas to participate in Abby's Run For The Heart, but I'll be walking for Amy too, to honor her along with my family and some very special friends.

Our world as we knew it changed forever but through the years we have kept Amy always close in our hearts. We talk of her, refer to her and often tell stories of her only now we smile more.

Amy had and has a family that loves her. A sister Beth who was not only her identical twin but her best friend. Amy knew she was loved, she knew we were proud of her; she knew we missed her and she missed us back.

Beth's children Hailey Marie and Joshua never met their aunt Amy but they do know her, love her and like all of us will keep her in our hearts and lives always till we meet again...



One Of These Days

By: Mary Lizzi Carlstedt
Sandusky, Ohio
Previous member of BPUSA – St. Louis, MO

One of these days you will realize you got through the day without crying.

One of these days you will bite into a piece of fruit and actually taste the sweetness.

One of these days you will find yourself smiling.

One of these days you will recognize again that stranger in the mirror.

One of these days you will notice that the season has changed.

One of these days you will feel the sun on your face.

One of these days you will laugh out loud.

One of these days you will wake and not dread the day ahead.

One of these days you will speak their name and smile.

One of these days you will come to terms that for all your questions there are no answers.

One of these days, when you are ready, you will know you'll be okay, not whole ever again, but okay, one of these days...



Amy Marie Lizzi

Cemetery Visits

Thanks to Mary Cleckley
Atlanta, Georgia

Are you one of those people who have a need to go to the cemetery often? The non-bereaved frown on that, as a rule. Many people feel there is something morbid about those visits, that you are obsessed.

Unless you know the pain of losing someone you love better than yourself, you cannot understand that need. Some people need to visit every day, others go now and then, and still some never go back once the funeral is over.

There are no rules. If it makes people uncomfortable when you make your cemetery visits, go alone. Don't feel like you need to get anybody's permission or approval. Call a friend who won't judge you by the number of miles you travel to and from.

It is important that you know that how often you go to the cemetery has absolutely nothing to do with the length and depth of your expression of your grief. It is important to know that you have the right to do whatever comforts you. It may not seem right to your sister, your brother-in-law or your friends, but that's their problem.

If you try to please everybody by the things you do and say, you'll find you are not taking care of your needs and there are no more important ones right now.

You won't always require visits this often, and when you no longer feel this urge to go so often, don't feel guilty. It just means you are getting better. Accept it as that and move forward with your life when you are able. For right now, do what makes you feel better.

Words of comfort and hope from the BP/USA 2005 National Gathering held in Las Vegas

EDITORS NOTE: Below are a couple of testimonials from parents who attended the National Gathering held this year in Las Vegas. If you have never attended a National Gathering, we hope to see you next year in St. Louis.

Greetings from St. Louis, MO

Once again I am amazed at the coming together of wounded souls in a "safe" place to heal and speak our children's names. To me the Gathering is a place of rest and renewal. No matter where you are in your grief, we come and share our children as we learn together, we cry together and yes we even laugh together. As a "veteran" griever (Sean has been gone for 11 plus years now) I view the Gathering with different eyes. I am there to share my son and I believe to support others. And every time, I reach out to support someone else, I am supported. It seems that there is always a hidden wounded place in me, that is uncovered and made better. It's funny how that works! I saw many new families attending their first Gathering. They arrive with no hope and by the end of the weekend; they left with a glimmer of hope. I also saw my "annual friends". They are my BP/USA friends that I email all year and see once a year at the Gathering. Those annual hugs are wonderful. We hug harder, because the hug has to last a whole year. I am so thankful that I live in a time that I can share my journey through grief and maybe even help someone else along the road. Thanks BP/USA - You held my hand and gave me hope, when hope seemed a stranger to me.

Peace -

Carol Welch

p.s. Ya all come to St. Louis next year at the **"Gateway to Healing where The Journey of the Heart Continues"**.



"Leaving Las Vegas"

Sitting in the hot, overcrowded airport, it hit me; I was leaving Las Vegas a winner! Sure, I had only won \$.50 at the slot machine but what I had really received couldn't be measured in dollars and cents.

My heart and head were brimming with love, with hope, with encouragement, and with gratitude. Spending 3 days with other bereaved parents had been overwhelming and exhausting; listening to other's stories; laughing and crying together, renewing old acquaintances... once again it reminded me of the wonderful bond we have. I'm always amazed, when hurting people come together to support each other; brought together by their shared losses, they strengthen each other! "The Road to Hope" as the gathering was called, was anything but lonely--- all along the journey are other bereaved parents to reach out a hand, to offer comfort, to guide, to lift you up!

My head was certainly overflowing with information but more importantly; my heart was filled with thanks for all I had gained this weekend. The joy of seeing hundreds of other bereaved parents together, laughing and crying, and holding their candles up higher, assures me, we are doing the right thing!

Donna Corrigan

PS and I look forward to St Louis in '06, it only gets better.



Mark Your Calendars!!!

BPUSA Holiday Candlelight
Our Children Remembered...

Tuesday, December 6, 2005 – 7:30 p.m.

Shaare Emeth (Ladue Road/Ballas

Music, Poetry & Slide Presentation
In Memory Of Our Children

BP/USA HOLIDAY CANDLELIGHT 2005 OUR CHILDREN REMEMBERED...

December 6, 2005

Shaare Emeth (Ballas & Ladue Rd)

PLEASE SEND PICTURE TODAY

The Holiday Candlelight Memorial is an annual event to honor and remember our children who have died. It is a service that includes music, poetry, words of hope and as our child's name are read, we light a candle in his/her memory. **This year we will continue our tradition of a slide presentation.** When your child's name is read, a picture of your child will be displayed. Steve Welch, Advisory Board, has generously volunteered to oversee this project.

We need your help to insure your child is included. As soon as possible, please send Steve the picture of your child that you would like displayed. Even if you are unsure you are attending the night of Candlelight (Tuesday, Dec. 6, 2005), please send your child's picture, so that we may keep on it file for future candlelight services.

- **The photo displayed on the slide will only be as good as the photo you send. If the photo is a quality color copy or a quality reproduction, there should not be a problem.**
- **Please indicate on the back of the photo:**
 - a) **Print the name of your child (How you would want name written under the picture of your child on the slide)**
 - b) **Birth date and Death/Angel date**
 - c) **Your name and telephone number**
- **Send a self addressed stamped envelope so the picture may be returned to you.**
- **If you have recently sent your child's photo to Sabra Penrod, Editor of the newsletter, we will use that picture to scan, unless otherwise directed by you.**
- **If you sent a picture last year, you do not have to send another. Your return response to the invitation that you are attending the candlelight will automatically include your child in the slide presentation.**

Send picture to: **Mr. Steve Welch**

123 Rue Grand Dr.

Lake St. Louis, Mo. 63367-2012

Or E-mail your picture to: welchafela@charter.net

Please have the photograph to Steve no later than October 30, 2005

Participation in the slide presentation is not mandatory. Our organization is founded on the premise that we all grieve differently. If you choose not to provide a photo for the presentation, there will be a segment for name reading only. It is the goal of BPUSA to include everyone and make this a memorable event for all.

With Love and Memories of our Children,
Louann Wicker
Candlelight Chairperson



BP?

What Does "BP" Mean?

*By: Sue Grant Regensburg, Germany
Lovingly lifted from Bereavement Magazine
Nov/Dec 2001*

"Pass this on to other BP's if you can," it said in the letter that accompanied the library books.

That puzzled me. From the context, it was clear that the writer was not referring to **Blue Peter** or even **British Petroleum**, but it took me a while to work out that the letters stood for "**Bereaved Parents**," let alone remember that I am one, too.

Before long, I was finding **BP's** everywhere. I thought about the **Bleak Picture** of my son dying of cancer, then the **Black Period** following his death in January, 1999. I remembered how early grief often seemed to be a **Bottomless Pit** and the mere idea of getting up in the morning **Bordered on Pointless**.

Bereavement Pain came and went. Friends only trying to soothe and help sometimes inadvertently chose the wrong words, causing my **Blood Pressure** to soar.

Watching their sons and daughters graduate happily from a university was enough to bring my feelings to the **Boiling Point**, and make me feel guilty at the same time. Even the **Beautiful Photographs** of my son served as a constant reminder that there would be no more **Birthdays Parties** for him. His younger brother and sister would never enjoy his **Brotherly Pat** on the back again, and his father had lost a **Brilliant Partner** in solving computer problems.

But the **Balance of Payments** situation dictated that I do a little work at least. Much to my surprise, I discovered that I could in fact apply some **Brain Power** to other matters and that concentration improves with practice. Sure, there are still plenty of **Bad Patches**, but when that happens, I have learned to simply **Back Peddle** until I can sense a **Better Phase** 'round the corner.

Working my way through all those paperbacks on loss and grief in the library is not a guarantee that I will **By-Pass** the pain of the **Bereavement Package**, but there is always something to comfort and make me realize

that I still have a lot of spiritual **Buddy Pals** out there.

I think I know what **BP** means now. And it seems to me that the **Best Plan** for **Bereaved Persons** is to be kind to ourselves, and whenever that **Blocked Pipe** feeling threatens to reach the **Breaking Point**, we must just **Be Patient** and wait until the **Bout of Pain** gives way to a **Brighter Period**.

Bereavement Magazine Editor's Note: We might also want to remember that Bereavement Publishing is here to help, too!

www.bereavementmag.com

The Colors Of Autumn

*By: Barbara April
TCF – Louisville, KY*

Scarlet leaves
Golden mums
Orange pumpkins
A blue mom and dad
Watching a yellow school bus
Pulling away without that special little one.

*We had no choice
about becoming
bereaved parents.
We do have choices
about what we do
with the rest of our
lives!*



Online Talk Radio: Voice America and The Compassionate Friends Presents:

Healing The Grieving Heart

...is a series of 13 one-hour computer online talk radio programs hosted by Dr. Gloria Horsley, a professional advisor for The Compassionate Friends/USA and a bereaved parent. These 13 programs have been dedicated to The Compassionate Friends and have focused exclusively on topics related to the death of a child. Each program in the series features well-known experts in the area of grief. To locate past programs go to the following website and enter the word "grief" in the search box:

www.health.voiceamerica.com

Archived programs titles include:

- A Child Dies: What to Expect and How Long Does It Take.
- Grief In The Workplace
- What Bereaved Families Can Expect as Time Goes On.
- Where Does Sadness End And Depression Begin?
- Surviving the Death of a child by Homicide.
- Why is it When I Am Up She Is Down?
- How Can I Help Them? Adolescents Grieve Too
- Suicide Changes Hearts
- Grandparents Dealing With Grief.

EDITORS NOTE: The founder of our BPUSA St. Louis Chapter - Margaret Gerner will be a guest speaker on this program in September.

EDITORS NOTE: The St. Louis BPUSA Website has a new look.

Add A Memorial On The BPUSA Website

www.bpusastl.org

There are two ways to honor your child.

1. Web Sponsor – The web sponsor makes a \$20 donation to BPUSA-St. Louis and your child's picture is displayed on the home page of the BPUSA-STL website for 1 month. You can also write the scrolling message above your child's picture (25 words or less). To be a sponsor is on a first come first serve basis.
2. Web Memorial - is at the "Meet Our Children" sections of the website. The cost is a one-time \$25 donation. Your child's name will be added below the group name you would like to be associated with. If you click on the child's name, then it will bring you to their web page where your child's picture and story (optional and one page limit) will be presented.

Please contact Sabra Penrod (through the website or email saboost@centurytel.net) to have your child added to our website. When sending in your donation, please specify that you want to be a web sponsor or to add your child to the web memorial.

Taste of Heaven II 2nd Edition

We invite parents from across the country to include your Child (ren) , their favorite recipe and your thoughts on grief in the cookbook

One of the missions of BP/USA is to help educate others in understanding what happens to parents when their child dies and how to assist us in our healing process to survive our child's death. This summer, the St. Louis Chapter of the BP/USA will be compiling the 2nd edition of **Taste of Heaven cookbook**. We invite parents from all over the country to be a part of the cookbook. As many of you know, the cookbook is a collection of our children's favorite recipes with excerpts/quotes from you about what people can do to help a bereaved parent through their grief process. Each child will have a page with their name, recipe and a quote/writing/poem from you as to what you want the world to know about how they can help a parent whose child has died. We anticipate the cookbooks to be ready early in 2006.

Please view a **sample page** of the cookbook on our website www.bpusastl.org – click Taste of Heaven- click sample page. Categories include: Appetizers, Soups & Salads, Breads & Rolls, Vegetables & Side Dishes, Main Dishes, Desserts, Cookies & Candy

To include your child(ren) in the 2nd edition, please provide the following information:

- 1) Name of your Child (how you want it to appear in the cookbook)
- 2) Birth date & Death date
- 3) Their favorite recipe (send 1 or more recipes//thoughts on grief for each recipe)
- 4) Your quote/words of wisdom/poem (no copyright infringement- include author of the text so credit may be given)
- 5) Your name, phone number, e-mail (for questions or duplications)
- 6) No more than 200 words per page

Send Information no later than October 15, 2005

E-mail information to skrejci@swbell.net If you do not receive a response from me mail to:

Sharon Krejci
16772 Baxter Pointe Ct.
Chesterfield, Mo. 63005
636-532-0033

BP/USA reserve the right to select and revise recipes/quotes to ensure it fits on the page.

BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

St. Louis Chapter
P.O. Box 410350
St. Louis, MO 63141
(314) 878-0890

St. Louis Chapter Newsletter
EDITOR - SABRA PENROD
(636) 463-1580

newslettereditor@bpusastl.org

BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

National Headquarters
P.O. Box 95

Park Forest, IL 60466
(708)748-7866

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

ADDITIONAL MEETINGS`

THIRD TUESDAY:

Parents/Murdered Children 7:30 p.m.

American Cancer Society Bldg.

3830 Washington Ave (Central West End)

Mata Weber (618) 972-0429

Butch Hartmann (314) 487-8989

LIFE CRISIS CENTER (Survivors of Suicide)

1423 S. Big Bend

St. Louis, MO 63117 (314) 647-3100

Meetings every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m.

P.A.L.S. (Parents Affected by Loss of a child from suicide)

St. Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)

St. Louis, MO 63117

Meetings – Second Tuesday at 7:00 p.m. & the 4th Saturday at 10:30 a.m. (314) 853-7925

BUSINESS MEETINGS

The following is a list of future Business Meetings of Bereaved Parents of the USA:

Saturday **Sep 10, 2005**
Nov 12, 2005

All business meetings start at 9:00 a.m. at the Creve Coeur Government Center, 300 N. New Ballas Road, (Meeting Room #1), located just north of Temple Shaare Emeth. We ask that two representatives from each group try to be present to report on their individual groups, and to take back information received at the meeting, to the group meetings. Anyone interested in the business of running our chapter is welcome to attend. Any questions, Call Carol Welch (636) 561-2438 or email at welchafela@charter.net

ST. PETERS/ST. CHARLES COUNTY (FIRST THURSDAY, 7:30 P.M.)

Knights of Columbus Hall

2334 McMenamy Road

Facilitators: Norm Wasser (314) 429-6526 norm1955@sbcglobal.net
Dave & Marcia Hoekel (636) 332-8097 Thoekel@aol.com

SEP 1 – Sources Of Support & Understanding

OCT 7 – Dreams And Unusual Happenings

NOV4 – Coping with Holidays & Other special days

SIBLINGS/FRIENDS ST. PETERS/ST. CHARLES COUNTY (FIRST THURSDAY, 7:30 P.M.)

Meetings are at the same time and location as the St. Charles/St. Peters meeting

Facilitator: Sarah Ryan (314) 605-3949 siblinggroup@bpusastl.org

SEP 1 – To be Announced

OCT 7 – To be Announced

NOV 4 – To be Announced

SOUTH COUNTY (SECOND THURSDAY, 7:00 P.M.) Please note new time

Holy Trinity Church

Union & Reevis Barracks Road at I-55

Facilitator: Jane Nelson 1-866-859-8182 southgroup@bpusastl.org

SEP 8 – First School Days

OCT 13 – What Would My Child Be Doing Now

NOV 10 – My Child's likes and Dislikes

WASHINGTON, MO (THIRD TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.)

Washington Ambulance Building

515 Washington Ave. (behind Rothschilds)

Contact: Karen Flagg (636) 583-2467 washingtongroup@bpusastl.org

SEP 20 – Why Me/Why My Child

OCT 18 – Get To Know My Child/Scrapbook Page

NOV 15 – Surviving The Holidays

NORTH COUNTY (THIRD SATURDAY, 9:30 A.M.) PLEASE NOTE NEW TIME

Gundaker Building

2402 North Hwy 67 (rear of building)

Facilitator: Pat Ryan (314) 831-2625 spryan@gundaker.com

NOTE: Volunteer interpreter provided for the deaf or hearing impaired

SEP 17 – To be Announced

OCT 15 – To be Announced

NOV 19 – To be Announced

ST. LOUIS CITY GROUP (FOURTH TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.)

Timothy Lutheran School (Lower Level)

6704 Fyler (corner of Ivanhoe and Fyler)

Facilitator: Sandy Curran (314) 647-2863 rscurran@mail.com

SEP 27 – If I didn't have.....It would be hard to.....

OCT 24 – My biggest regret with my child

NOV 27 – Facing the Holidays

WEST COUNTY (FOURTH TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M. Please note the new day & time)

Congregation Shaare Emeth

11645 Ladue Rd. (corner of Ballas & Ladue).

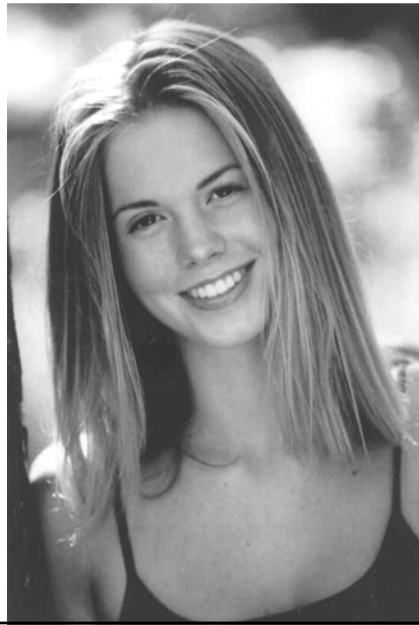
Facilitators: Judy Ruby (314) 994-1996 therubys@earthlink.net

Jeannette Daugherty (636) 225-2417

SEP 27 – Picture Night

OCT 25 – The day my child died

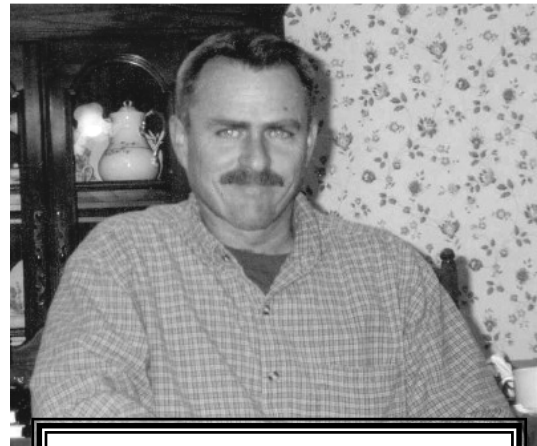
NOV 22 – Getting through the Holidays



In Memory Of
Amy Jenness Obereither
 01/22/1983 ~ 10/15/2001
 All of our love forever and ever. We miss you so much!
 Love, Mom and Dad
 from: Jeff & Persis Oberreither

Love Gifts

(Donations Received)



In Memory Of
Kevin J. Austin
 06/15/1960 ~ 09/07/2004
 Loved Missed and Remembered
 Mom, Bob & Family
 from: Barb & Bob Callanan

Grief is a journey,
 I never wanted to take.
 Bereaved Parents are friends,
 I never wanted to make.
 Kevin is dead, words I never wanted to hear.
 A broken heart is a pain
 I never wanted to bear.

Barb Callanan



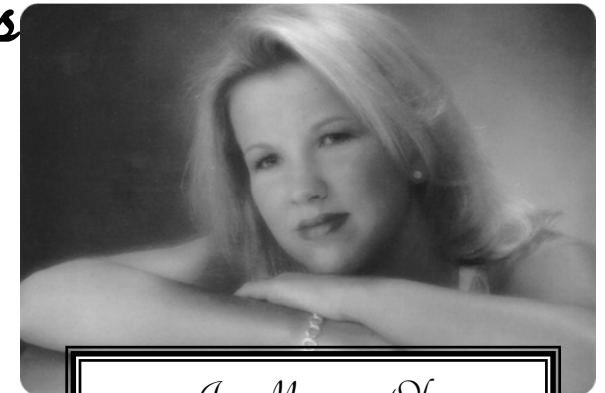
In Memory Of
Thea Marie Williams
 02/27/1982 ~ 10/16/2000
 You are our Angel that watches over us.
 Love – Mom, Dad, Michelle & Makayla
 from: Kathy Williams

Love Gifts

(Donations Received)



In Memory Of
Jeff Ryan
 10/03/1974 ~ 07/24/1999
 from: Pat Ryan & Family



In Memory Of
Erin Marie Ewing
 10/31/1980 ~ 11/01/2000
 Happy 25th Birth
 Our Love Always
 Mom & Chuck
 from: Jean Ewing



In Memory Of
Christine Lynn Knaus Kristof
 from: Barbara Knaus



In Memory Of
Christopher Mark Flier-Byrne
 03/11/1967 ~ 02/14/2002
 We think of you so often you just naturally are in our prayers
 Love Mom & Dad
 from: Ruthann Kaufmann Byrne



In Memory Of
Donnie Joe Lagemann
 1974 ~ 2004

“When I am alone in the half-light of the canyon, all existence seems to fade to a being with my soul and memories and the sounds of the Big Blackfoot River and a four-count rhythm and the hope that a fish will rise.”

You will forever be in our hearts
 We love you
 Dad & Mom
 By: Bill & Vicki Lagemann

What Is A Love Gift?

A “Love Gift” is a donation made in your child’s memory. Bereaved Parents of the USA is a totally self-supporting and our chapter runs entirely by volunteers. Our expenses are paid totally by our own fund raising efforts and by your donations “Love Gifts.” If you send in a donation/ love gift and would like to have your child’s picture on this page, please send a picture with a self addressed stamped envelope to Sabra Penrod, 26218 Bubbling Brook Dr., Foristell, MO 63348. Thank You