



**SAVE** the  
Sunday Dates  
Dec 8th

Friday

Dec 6th

Blanchett Park, at 7pm

*St Charles'*

## Angel of Hope



BPUSA's  
Board of Directors hosts  
2014's National Gathering

# Hope *in the* Heartland

**Where:** St. Louis, MO

**When:** July 25-27, 2014

Start planning now!

Watch our web site for information.

If you are ready to volunteer  
with the Gathering,  
please email [bpusagather@gmail.com](mailto:bpusagather@gmail.com)  
and include "Volunteer" in the subject line.

Contact person: Jodi Norman,  
Vice President of BPUSA

703-910-6277

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

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# Holidays After Daughter's Death

—David Roberts,  
posted on *www.Open to Hope*.

**IN EARLY GRIEF** it is difficult to find any meaning in pain. After my daughter Jeannine's death in 2003, the pain I experienced in early grief was raw and something that I feared. If I had a choice, I would have avoided it at all costs. However, as I have learned, we need to work through pain in order to be able to find greater meaning in our lives.

**DURING THE HOLIDAYS**, our grief and pain tends to become more intensified. The stress of holiday shopping and get togethers is stressful enough. The stress of grief makes these holiday events more stressful. Early on, I just wanted to fast forward to January, and skip the holidays all together.

**IN THE NINTH YEAR** of my journey as a parent who has experienced the death of a child, the holidays still present unique challenges for me. Thanksgiving and Christmas will be forever associated with the period of Jeannine's illness where I knew in my head and my heart that she was going to die. My expect-

tation is that the pain of my early grief will continue to resurface during the holidays and will continue to until I cross over.

## SO WHAT IS DIFFERENT FOR ME NOW?

I have made a conscious choice to deal with my pain differently. During Thanksgiving dinner at my sister-



Early on,  
I just wanted to fast  
forward to January, and  
skip the holidays all  
together. In the ninth  
year of my journey...

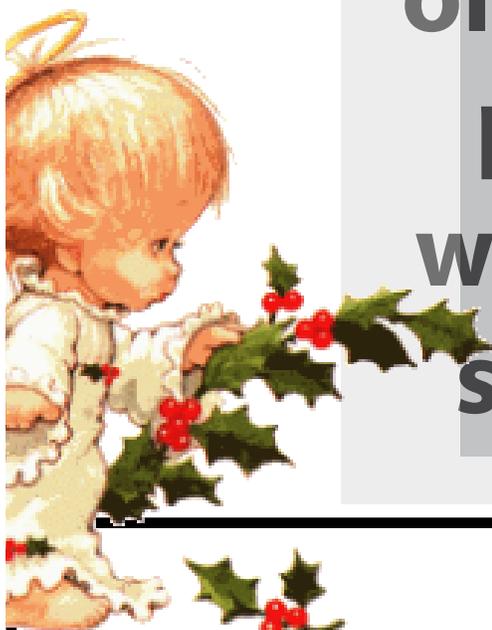
in law's this year, I was missing the physical presence of my daughter. After dinner, I decided to take a walk to clear my head. I went to my deceased mother's former apartment which was less than a mile away. As I got closer to her apartment, I consciously introduced into my thoughts some positive memories of the relationship that Jeannine and my mother had. I immediately began to feel a sense of peace again.

**SHORTLY THEREAFTER**, the sky was lined three wide with a hundred or more crows flying west to east above me. I have recently begun to embrace Native American teachings about the power of animal medicine and the lessons that they teach. From reading both Jaime Sams' *Medicine Cards* and Ted Andrews' *Animal Speaks*, I have discovered that crow medicine is about, among other things, sacred law as opposed to human law and that unexpected help with problems and obstacles is at hand to bring relief.

**AFTER JEANNINE DIED**, I realized that conventional wisdom or law was not going to help me adjust to my new reality. I needed to look at relationships as occurring beyond the physical realm and be attuned to what the universe and all it has to offer was trying to teach me. Once I was able to do this, I began to find a new level of fulfillment in my life, and looked at pain differently.

**IN THE NINTH YEAR** of my journey after Jeannine's death, I have discovered that allowing myself to be totally debilitated by pain is not going to improve the quality of the life that I am now destined to lead. I need to continue to evolve as a result of my experience with it.

I am wishing you all peace this holiday season. ■



If  
you  
are new  
on this  
path,  
we are  
sorry.

## HOW CAN I TELL THEM?

—Mary N. Moore, TCF, Toms River, NJ

**H**ow can I tell them that the grief they feel today will fade with the merciful, steady march of time? They won't, nay, can't, believe-- as I did not when I was told.

Shall I say to them, "While memories never die, the sharp and bitter edges blur."? And there will come a time to them as it has come to me, when happy memories transcend the bad, and life again is good. I know so well the hurt they feel, and also know that each of us must find their own way out. No matter how deeply friends may care, it is a private struggle we must wage.

## The Christmas Box

—Richard Paul Evans

**S**o begins *The Christmas Box*, the touching story of a widow and the young family who moves in with her. Together they discover the first gift of Christmas and learn what Christmas is really all about. *The Christmas Box* is a Christmas story unlike any other.

Synopsis A Christmas classic for our times--the heartwarming story of the depth of a parent's love and the true meaning of Christmas--*The Christmas Box* is now available in a beautifully illustrated hardcover edition. Size A. Radio drive-time tour. ■

# JUST LET ME BE... SAD

—Maria Kubitz

**W**e live in a world where – if you have the means – pain and suffering are to be avoided at all costs. We are always looking for the next “quick fix” to alleviate discomfort with the least amount of effort required. In many cases, this means treating the symptoms while ignoring the root cause of the problem.

In the United States, we live in a society so uncomfortable with emotional pain that when someone dies, society expects the outward mourning period to end once the funeral is over. When the bereaved do not cooperate with these prescribed time tables, they are often accused of “wallowing” in their grief. They are indignantly told to “move on” and “get over it.”

Do these statements mean prolonged outward grief is a sign of weakness? Maybe self-pity? Perhaps it means they think the bereaved secretly enjoy the pain, and the attention it brings? For those of us who have lost someone dear to us, we know that it could not be further from the truth. If we could, we would give ANYTHING to not feel this pain.

...I would have gladly chosen to bury the overwhelming pain when my daughter died. Suppressing pain and emotions is what I had done my whole life...

The hidden meaning behind these statements is that our outward projection of sadness is an unwelcome reminder of all the negative emotions they’ve managed to stuff deep inside until the pain went away. I see it kind of like “out of sight, out of mind”.

I reluctantly – and resentfully – took on more pain than I could bear... I had no other choice.

So which is healthier? To bury the pain, only to have it lie dormant until some tragedy unearths it again – but this time stronger and more painful? Or to acknowledge that there is no quick fix to alleviate the overwhelming pain of losing someone you have built your life – and in some cases, your identity – around?

I would equate the first option to following the latest fad diet to lose weight quickly without exercising or changing your eating habits. Maybe you’ll pop some appetite suppressing pills and lose weight in the short term, but the chances of you keeping the weight off are slim, and the reality is that the next time you try to lose weight, it will likely be harder than the time before. The second option would mean facing the harsh reality that transforming your body to a stable, healthy weight requires permanently changing your eating habits and amount of regular exercise. It probably even requires you to readjust your expectations of what your ideal body should look like (sadly, most of us will never look like supermodels or pro athletes). In other words, the second option is **HARD WORK**, but it has the greatest likelihood of becoming a permanent reality.

But if I’m being honest here, I have to admit that given the opportunity, I would have gladly chosen to bury the overwhelming pain when my daughter died. Suppressing pain and emotions is what I had done my whole life until that point. The fact is that the pain of losing someone I loved **MORE** than my own life was too much to bury. I reluctantly – and resentfully – took on more pain than I could bear. I did so because I had no other choice.

For the first time in my life, I learned how to slowly take small steps with that unbearable load on my back. I learned that by sharing my *continued on 5* ►

▶ *from 4* story and my pain with others – whether it was support groups, counseling, or with other bereaved individuals – the load was reduced, even if it was only a very slight amount each time.

By reducing the load over months and then years, it became easier to carry. I have since come to understand that the load will never fully go away, but I have learned how to balance it with the rest of my life. And as time goes on, the balance will become easier still. That is not to say that occasionally, the load won't suddenly feel nearly as heavy as it did when my grief was new. And when it does, I'll remember how to go back to taking small, careful steps until it feels lighter again.

To all those who cringe in discomfort when they see me experiencing outward emotional pain, I say this: just let me be sad. My intention is not to make you feel uncomfortable. I don't expect – or want – you to follow in my footsteps. But I do expect you to respect the path I have been forced to take on my journey through life. I truly hope you never have to carry this load yourself.

■ *A Response to the Stigma of Grief, posted 8/15, 2013, <http://www.opentohope.com/>*

# Another Day

—John Plourde 2009

I wake each morning to face another day, the tears on my pillow have now dried.

Each morning is just another painful way, of remembering you and the day you died.

The mirror shows a face that looks so old, my eyes are soar and red from the tears I cried.

There are times when the pain of your death feels so cold, I cannot escape this terrible grief, no matter where I hide.

My beautiful daughter, I miss you more than words can say, I cannot get that horrible day out of my mind, although I have tried.

The phone call, the terrible news and visions are always in the way.

Grief shows no mercy and takes me on a terrible never-ending ride.

My mask protects and helps me through each challenge I face, I promise you this; my endless love for you will never fade away.

Tonight, as I rest my head on my pillow, I pray you are in a peaceful place, I say a prayer and feel thankful that when I wake, I can remember you another day. ■



Sorrow makes us all children again—  
destroys all differences of intellect.  
The wisest know nothing. ■

—Ralph Waldo Emerson



# St Louis Bulletin Board



*If you've returned your  
Newsletter renewal...*  
**(A HUGE) Thank You!**

## *Honor your Child &* Support **BPUSAStL**

The St. Louis Chapter of BPUSA offers three ways to honor your child while supporting the good works of **BPUSAStL**.

♥ **Tribute of the Month:** Make a \$20.00 donation and your child's picture will grace our Homepage and have a link to your child's virtual memorial.

♥ **Virtual Memorial:** Simply join a group and your child's picture will be added to "Meet Our Children." In addition, make a \$10.00 donation to submit a one page story that links to your child's picture.

♥ **Love Gift:** For a donation your child's picture will appear on the Love Gifts page.

For any of above, insure that your child's picture and angel dates are in **BPUSAStL** database. If not, mail one to our PO Box or **EMAIL:** bpusastl@gmail.com. ■

Part of BPUSA StL's commitment to you is to be 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 their writings only for your reflection. Sometimes observing nature or establishing routines signal solace to the writer. Often they turn to religion or spirituality for comfort and guidance.

**BPUSAStL** shares these insights not only for your contemplation but also to acknowledge our community's many and rich sources for strength and hope. ■

### Newsletter Submissions

**Cut off date for**  
January February  
**December 28<sup>th</sup>**

Send your submission to:

Newsletter  
PO BOX 1115  
St. Peters, MO 63376  
bpusastl@gmail.com

If sending picture include a self addressed stamped envelope

and make checks payable to **BPUSAStL** Thankyou! ■

# Children of BPUSA *StL's* Board Members & Facilitators

Joe DeMarco  
son of  
Teresa DeMarco



Arthur  
&  
Emily Gerner  
son & grandchild of  
Margaret Gerner



Mickey Hale  
son of  
Jacque Glaser



Shandra Robertson  
daughter of  
Belinda Mitchell



Michael A. Maixner  
son of  
Bob Maixner



Jennifer Francisco  
daughter of  
Jeanne & Mike  
Francisco



Donnie Lagemann  
son of  
Bill & Vicki  
Lagemann



Jeff Ryan  
son of Pat Ryan



Brett Alan Blanton  
son of Barb Blanton



Joel Fehrmann  
son of  
Linda Fehrmann



Michael Yackly  
son of  
Victoria Kellison



Daniel Kohler  
son of  
Arlene Thomason



Jeffrey Morris  
son of Cindy Morris



Leah Eisenberg  
daughter of  
Jamie Ryan



Ryan Arnold  
son of  
Donna Arnold



Brian Ruby  
son of Judy Ruby



Michael & Kristen  
Curran  
son &  
daughter in-law  
of Sandy Curran





**Saturday, March 23, 2013**

**8:30—9:00 am**

Welcome, mingling, coffee,  
and seating

**Starts: 9:00 a.m.**

**Ends: 4:30 p.m.**

***Cost: \$30/person  
Includes lunch***

**Location:**

**Machinist Hall  
12365 St Charles Rock Rd  
Bridgeton, MO 63044**

**Contacts:**

Linda Fehrmann 314.853.7925  
Cindy Morris 314.954.1810

***Pre-registration  
required***

## Grief Workshop 2013

### Workshop Topics:

- ◆ Men's Panel Discussion
- ◆ Women's Panel Discussion
- ◆ Alcohol/Drug Related Deaths
- ◆ Quieting the Mind
- ◆ Communicating With Your Child
- ◆ Pets and Grief
- ◆ Grief and the Dysfunctional Family

**WORKSHOPS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

***Pre-registration due by  
March 15, 2013  
Cost \$30/person  
Includes lunch***

***Please bring a framed picture of  
your child(ren) for display.***

Name:

Address:

City/State/Zip:

Phone #:

Email Address:

**MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE AND MAIL TO:**

**BPUSA/STLOUIS CHAPTER, P.O. BOX 1115, ST. PETERS, MO 63376  
WITH COMPLETED REGISTRATION . . . . . BY MARCH 15, 2013.**

*I Feel as Though*

## I'm Alive Alone

### *Grief of a*

# SINGLE PARENT

**If**

you were to ask me what it's like being a single parent, by reason of the death of my husband at a very young age, and the mother of an only child, who was instantly killed, I'll take a deep breath

and try to hold back the tears. I will try not to reveal the heartache that is constantly a part of me. I am so thankful, for friends and their caring, but often I feel as though I'm alive alone.

My son, Doug, was thirty-nine years old but still my child. We had a great mother-son relationship, but it ended so abruptly. My memories of him will never fade. I cherish them in my heart. Time will heal the deep wound, but when a loved one dies, we lose a part of our very selves.

When I realize I have no descendants, no grandchildren, to cuddle and sing lullabies to, and be able to watch run and play, and to take pride in their accomplishments, it tears at my heart. However, I realize also, that I was blessed beyond measure when God loaned us our son. In spite of the grief I am going through because of Doug's death I am glad he lived and I had the privilege of being his mother. The joys he brought into my life can never be taken away from me. You see, he was my most treasured possession on this earth!

His hugs aren't mine anymore and I can't cook his favorite meals or look into his smiling face. The tools that he used over many years in his hobby of restoring old cars hang idle. He loved music and his guitar is a special keepsake.

My daily need as I awaken each morning is to ask the Lord for strength and courage for the day, and

to help me to be a source of comfort for someone else. I don't ever want to be a victim of selfpity and I desire to be able to reach out to others, and offer compassion. I feel I have begun to learn the true meaning of compassion, your pain in my heart.

A task remains for me— to reflect on those qualities in Doug's life that I want to emulate. He had a gentle spirit, a caring attitude, a great love for people, a zest for life, and most of all, he gave of himself.



If I take time God will mend my broken heart. He must first have all the pieces. He knows me better than I know myself. Hopefully I'll be a better person as I journey through life, knowing that He is in control. I can look to Him for guidance at

any time. MY prayer is that I can be used by Him to comfort others. We all need each other, and if my smile brightens someone else's day, perhaps I can help by sharing their burden. My life will then continue to have greater meaning.

We need to look for life's little sparkles even in the midst of life's most crippling sorrows. Pain is inevitable, but joy is optional. I want to choose to be joyful. "A merry heart does good, like medicine." ■

# BOOKS TO HELP US

## *COPE with* Holidays

### Angel Kisses

by Sandra Kuck (Illustrator) *The Beauty of Sandra Kuck*, April 18, 2000

Reviewer: Patricia Mueller from Missouri, USA

**I** think this is truly wonderful, but I love everything Sandra Kuck does, she has so much beauty to share with the world and I have met her several times and she is as beautiful in person as the beauty she creates. I think I found her work at the time in my life I needed to stop and smell the roses and I continue to enjoy everything she is connected to. ■



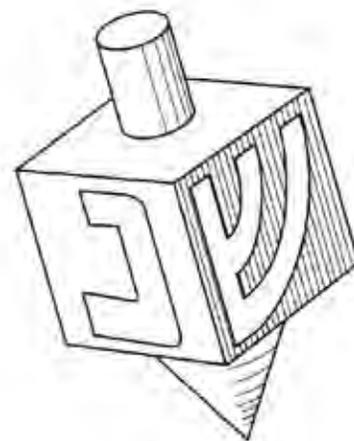
### Holiday Hope

*Remembering Loved Ones During Special Times of the Year*

by The Editors of Fairview Press (Editor)

**O**ver a dozen experts—therapists, clergy, counselors—have written short essays filled with practical tips and proven techniques for handling grief.

Synopsis “Holiday Hope” is a compilation of advice, stories, poems, activities, and even music for coping with grief during the holidays and other special times of the year, including anniversaries and birthdays. Over a dozen experts—therapists, clergy, counselors—have written short essays filled with practical tips and proven techniques for handling personal loss. ■



# Sibling Page

## ONE

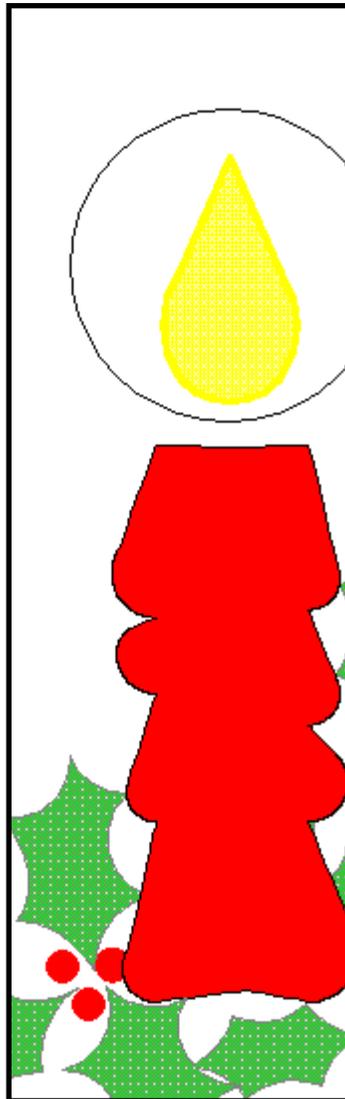
—Michele Mallory



**I**t was only one second, one thought, one decision, one action in a lifetime of seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions. It was so fast, so permanent, so irreversible, so hopeless.

This moment, this thought, this decision, this action do not define him, do not honor him, do not immortalize him. It is the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that define him, that honor him, that immortalize him. I remember my brother in all of the other seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that preceded this one. I remember him coming home from the hospital, lip synching in the basement, falling out of the tree, biking across campus, coming home from school, from boot camp, from war... I remember him hiking, and skiing, and running, and laughing, and crying. I remember how safe I always felt when he was around. I knew he would take care, protect, defend.

I don't remember exactly when my brother became an amazing human being, I just looked at him one day and knew he was. I knew that nothing would make him change his mind about me. He was without judgment, without prejudice, without pre-



conception. I knew my brother because we talked and he listened. I respected my brother most for his humanity, for being so sensitive, so vulnerable, so honest. I loved my brother for sharing the load when it was too hard for someone he loved to carry alone.

I knew my brother because he left so much of him in me. I trusted and respected my brother's decisions in the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, I have to trust and respect this one decision the same. I honor my brother by honoring myself. I do not dwell in that one moment, instead I celebrate and cherish all of the others. In that second, one thought, one decision, one action, I found the strength he had given me and I will not let him down. I will not let that one moment be the only one. ■

# TELEPHONE FRIENDS

## BPUSA

Linda Fehrmann (314) 853-7925

### ACCIDENT, AUTOMOBILE:

Katie VerHagen .....(314) 576-5018

### ACCIDENT, NON VEHICULAR:

Bill Lagemann .....(573) 242-3632

### ADULT SIBLING:

Mark VerHagen..... (314) 726-5300

### 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:

Barb Blanton.....(314)-303-8973

### JEFFERSON COUNTY CONTACT:

Sandy Brungardt ..... (314) 954-2410

### MURDER:

Mata Weber .....(618) 972-0429

Butch Hartmann ..... (314) 487-8989

### ONLY CHILD:

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

### SUICIDE:

Sandy Curran ..... (314) 518-2302

### SINGLE PARENT:

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

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# Hope *in the* Heartland

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and include "Volunteer" in the subject line.

Contact person: Jodi Norman, VP  
703-910-6277

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



## THE LIGHT

—Anita Stout

A certain young man  
died today  
and all that knew him  
wept, while all of those  
less fortunate,  
their hurried paces kept.

I felt despair as  
the sun rose high  
and birds sang melodies  
sweet, while he still in  
the spring of life,  
was laid beneath  
our feet.

At first an anger racked  
my heart,  
despondent heartache,  
grief, to think that one  
so loved as he  
should visit all too brief.

Then from heaven came  
the light  
that set my soul at peace.

It said,  
“he walks with God  
tonight with joy  
to never cease.”



## MY SON

My son, a perfect little boy  
of five years and three months,  
had ended his earthly life.

You can never  
sympathize with me;  
you can never know  
how much of me  
such a young child  
can take away.

A few weeks ago  
I accounted myself a very rich man,  
and now the poorest of all. ■

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

## BOOK REVIEW

# WAVE

Sonali Deraniyagal, Alfred A. Knopf, 2013

**M**s. Deraniyagal is a survivor of the Sri Lanka Tsunami. The only survivor in her family. The great wave claimed her husband, their two small sons, and her parents. She spends no time preparing her reader with what we know is coming, but rather, hits us on page one, unprepared, much as she and her family vacationing in a beach front hotel were hit with the onslaught of the mighty Indian Ocean.

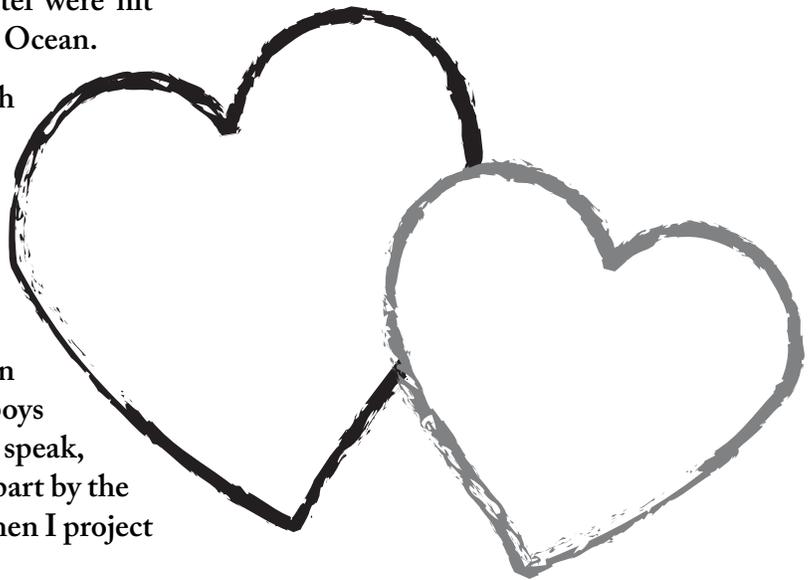
In the ensuing six years we journey with her as she progresses through the grief, constantly looking back at the happy life so violently wrenched from her grip. Our author tells us about her life before, in remembrances, that are as hard to read, as all bereaved parents will understand, as they must have been to write. She tries to imagine what her boys would be doing today. “When the girls speak, my heart listens in fear of being blown apart by the knowledge of what would have been. When I project

on my own what the boys would be doing now, my thoughts can be as nebulous as I want them to be. Not so with the girls’ chatter, no fog to veil what they say.”

She rails at life continuing: “And everywhere, on bare ground and between cracks in the floors [where the hotel had stood], tiny pink and white flowers that flourish along the seashore forced their way up. Minimal, or graveyard flowers, they are all. I resented this renewal. How dare you heal.”

It will be clear, if you are a veteran on this journey, that Ms. Deraniyagal has not yet reached a place of inner peace. But we marvel at how far she has come and hope she finds it. ■

*Borrowed from “A Journey Together” Volume XVIII No. 3  
Summer National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the  
USA [www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org).*



We can endure much more than we think we can; all human experience testifies to that. All we need to do is learn not to be afraid of pain. Grit your teeth and let it hurt. Don't deny it, don't be overwhelmed by it. It will not last forever. One day, the pain will be gone and you will still be there. ■

—Harold Kushner, *When All You've Ever Wanted Isn't Enough*

# MEETING Times & Places

## BOWLING GREEN Group

(3rd Thursday, 7-9 PM)  
Prairie Edge Garden Center,  
18011 Business 161 S.  
Bowling Green, MO 63334  
**Fac:** Bill & Vicki Lagemann  
(573)242-3632

## Bowling Green's Sibling GROUP

(Meet time same as Bowling Green)  
**Fac:** Wendy Koch (573)822-6123

## ST. PETERS /St. Charles Group

(7:00 PM)  
Knights of Columbus Hall  
5701 Hwy N, Cottleville MO  
**Fac:** Mike & Jeanne Francisco  
(636) 947-9403

## TROY, MO Group

(2nd Tuesday, 7 PM)  
Ingersoll Chapel in Troy  
211 Boone Street  
Troy, MO 63379  
**Fac:** Cindy Morris (636)462-9961



## BPUSA StL

### BUSINESS • FACILITATORS MEETING

Saturday @ 9:00 AM

## BJC Hospital - St. Peters

10 Hospital Drive

Room A/B

St. Peters, MO 63376

All are welcome!

**Call: Linda Fehrmann**

(314) 853-7925)

## Tri-County Chapter

(2nd Thursday)  
First Baptist Church  
402 North Missouri St  
Potosi, MO 63664  
**Fac:** Brenda Wilson  
(573)438-4559

## JEFFERSON COUNTY Group

(1st Thursday, 7 PM)  
St Rose Catholic Church,  
Miller & 3rd St  
Desoto, MO  
**Fac:** Ginny Kamp  
(636)586-8559

## WEST COUNTY Group

(4th Tuesday, 7 PM)  
Shaare Emeth Congregation,  
11645 Ladue (Ballas & Ladue)  
St. Louis MO 63141  
**Facs:** Jacque Glaser  
jlynn63021@yahoo.com  
**Co FAC:** Arlene Thomason  
314) 401-2510

## CITY Group

**NEW**

(2nd Tues. of month, 7:00pm)  
St Mary's High School  
(Cafeteria)  
4701 South Grand  
St. Louis, Mo. 63111  
**FAC:** Belinda Mitchell  
(314) 306-7318  
**Co FAC** Sandy Curran  
(314)518-2302



## ADDITIONAL MEETINGS

### Parents of Murdered Children:

Meetings: 3<sup>rd</sup> Tues 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 St,  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Meetings: Weds 7:00 p.m.  
(314) 647-3100

### P.A.I.S. (Parents affected by the loss of a child by suicide)

4<sup>th</sup> Sat at 10:30 a.m.  
St Lukes Hospital (141 & 40)  
St. Louis, MO  
\*Linda Ferhmann  
(314) 853-7925

### SURVIVORS OF SUICIDE

Baue Funeral Home  
620 Jefferson Street  
St. Charles, Mo 63301  
1st & 3rd Monday  
\*LF (314) 853-7925

### GRASP: (Grief Relief After Substance Passing)

Sundays at 700pm  
Harris House  
8327 Broadway 63111  
MaryAnn Lemonds  
(314) 330-7586  
malemonds@gmail.com

### Open Arms\* Parents Left Behind

4355 Butler Hill Rd  
**Fac:** Kathy Myers  
(636)343-5262

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER  
BEREAVED PARENTS U.S.A.  
P.O. Box 1115  
St. Peters, MO 63376

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**November December • 2013**

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## *Bereaved Parents of the USA* **Credo**

**W**e 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 BP/USA to provide a haven where all bereaved families can meet and share our 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. ■



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