



# A JOURNEY TOGETHER

## NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

VOLUME *VIII* NO. 4, FALL 2003  
(October, November & December)

### ARE 'HAPPY HOLIDAYS' A MYTH?

Margaret Gerner  
1996 BP/USA St. Louis Newsletter

We all have expectations and ideas of what the holidays should be but, in truth, the idea of "Happy Holidays" is a myth.

Actually, if you stop and think about it, many of your own past holidays, even holidays with your deceased child, weren't so happy.

There were times you didn't get that special something you hoped you would get. There might have been times you didn't have enough money for necessities, let alone decorations and gifts.

There were times when someone was sick. Maybe that happened the last year or two of your child's life. Maybe you were the one who was sick. Sickness makes holiday preparations difficult for everyone.

And, inevitably, there were times when Uncle Joe got drunk and caused a fight?

Another problem with the holidays is that we have unrealistic expectations of ourselves and others.

We think we should have the right gift for everyone, the family should be together, dinner should be perfect, everyone should have a good time and love, peace and joy should prevail. Life is rarely like that, is it? Then, to add to our unrealistic expectations, the media and advertisements

compound it all. In the movies, Santa arrives and all is well. Things are always perfect for the television family and everyone in the ads is smiling.

Another problem is that we look back to past holidays when we were children, when our families were young and to the good times with our child that are gone.

So, you see unrealistic expectations of what "should" be, the media hype that's all around us, and the sadness of what "used to be" but is no more, can make the holidays difficult under the best of circumstances.

You have no energy, everything you have to do is too much. You have no interest in anything. You feel like "the Grinch Who Stole Christmas." You can't concentrate. You can't remember what you are supposed to do or where you have put things. What you would like to do is to go to sleep now and wake up in January.

Then there is the pressure from those around you to have a happy holiday and self pressure not to spoil the holidays for others around you.

And, finally, you feel depressed, confused and out of control. Let me assure you that **THESE FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS ARE NORMAL AND UNDERSTANDABLE.**

But you can help yourself.

Know that no matter what you do it is still going to hurt, but you can lessen some of the fear and confusion. The secret is to prepare and plan ahead.

Share your ideas, feelings and thoughts about the holidays with other family members (even extended families) and ask them to share theirs with you. Work out a holiday plan together, hopefully one that will please all of you.

Know that, as a grieving parent, you have physical and emotional limitations. Evaluate your priorities and decide what you want to do and what you are capable of doing.

Share and delegate holiday tasks.

Remember that holidays often magnify feelings of loss of a child. Experiencing the sadness that comes is important and natural. Blocking such feelings is unhealthy.

If you have had one holiday without your child, people in your life might expect you to be "over it," but the experience of many bereaved parents is that, eventually, they enjoy the holidays again. Hold on to that hope.

Don't pretend that everything is just like it was, that nothing really happened. Don't pretend you don't hurt.

Don't pretend that everything is just like it was, that nothing really happened. Don't pretend you don't hurt. Don't make changes in everything. Don't just not observe the holiday at all.

Remember what those of us who have some holidays behind us have found: **THE ANTICIPATION OF THE DAY IS USUALLY MUCH WORSE THAN THE DAY ITSELF.**

**BEREAVED PARENTS OF  
THE USA**

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**SHARING**

We are pleased to be featuring several articles from members of BP/USA and other bereaved parents in this newsletter.

We have all found that being able to express our feelings and to share them with others who understand is very important. We hope that these articles are helpful to you and that, if you have written something, you will send it to us for consideration for a newsletter. Use the address in the box above this one. You may copy any article in your newsletters – please list the author and his or her chapter.



**FROM THE  
EDITOR**

The Board is preparing for a Board meeting in Charleston in Oct. with some planning for the Gathering. Read all about it on page 7 of this newsletter.

We are sorry to tell you that Gary Demeco, the husband of Pat Kinney's sister, died suddenly in Sept. Many of you may remember him from the Gatherings. He and Lynne were always there with Paul and Pat and were there with Pat this past Gathering to help her.

The bench to go in the park in Louisville, KY in memory of Paul Kinney has been ordered. The park has let us have it at cost and is paying the shipping as their memorial to Paul. It will not be here since it is built from teak wood and takes time. We will let you know when it is in place. Thanks to all who donated to this memorial.

Our board member, Mitch Dudnikov, is not well. He and Renee are their usual cheery selves but would welcome your thoughts and prayers, I am sure.

There is still time to send in nominations to the Board. Please send these to Pat Moser (PatLMoser@aol.com) or Cathy Bender at chthree3@aol.com.

Our Logo is now registered and belongs to BP/USA. Chapter Leaders and Editors: please be sure you are using our up to date Logo – it has a small “r” on it. If you need copies, contact Pat Moser. We are now in the process of registering our name – Bereaved Parents/USA. Those not members of BP/USA, please contact Pat to ask for permission to use the logo.

John Goodrich, in his “retirement”, is still our National contact and can still be reached as indicated at the column at the left and by e-mail at [director1@bereavedparentsusa.org](mailto:director1@bereavedparentsusa.org)

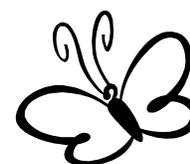
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Many of you know of the beautiful Christmas cards the Hinsdale Chapter offers each Christmas. Pages 9 and 10 have the information about these and an order blank.

Two last ideas: Many newly bereaved find the approaching holiday season something they do not look forward to. Even those of us who have been through a few holiday seasons since the death of our child, need to prepare for those days so there is as little pain as possible. For Thanksgiving, some say to go somewhere different from where you went with him/her. Others want to stay at family gatherings. One thing that will let people know you welcome talking about him or her on Thanksgiving is to ask each person to tell you one happy and/or funny thing they remember about your son or daughter. This makes them more comfortable with you and you may hear many things that will make you smile and remember good things.

For Christmas, try putting up his/her stocking and asking everyone to put favorite memories on a piece of paper and drop it in the stocking. Then you can open the “gifts” whenever you want and, again, read about your loved one and he or she can be a part of Christmas.

Just some ideas – we will all be thinking of each other that day knowing that we are on this journey together.



## LESSONS LEARNED

Tom Wyatt  
BP/USA St. Louis, MO Chapter

They'll come to the door in make-up  
and masks, "Trick or Treat",  
they will say;

I'll smile and give them candy, on  
this joyous, sorrowful day.

I'll celebrate this day with joy in my  
heart and a tear in my eye;

It is the day my Johnny was born  
and with joy and sorrow I'll cry.

I'll remember the first time I held  
him, my sweet baby boy;

I'll think about our four years to-  
gether with all of the love and joy.

I'll think about what was lost, the  
future that might have been;  
But then I'll remember what we had  
and I'll smile once again.

The sorrow I can't deny, the pain his  
death has brought;

But on this day I choose to remem-  
ber the lessons of love he taught.



A

## FORGIVING THANKSGIVING

Jim Hobbs  
BP/USA of North Texas  
From "Where Are All The  
Butterflies?"

Thanksgiving was always an easy holiday. Unlike Christmas, there was no pressure of giving just the *right* gift! Thanksgiving Day brought family gatherings and good food. Late on those afternoons, we would return home full from over-eating and satisfied that our family relationships were intact. It was also a day that reminded us of everything for which we were thankful.

We are supposed to be thankful for our health, our families, our comfortable life, etc. The death of a child changes our perceptions, however.

When the family now gathers around the Thanksgiving table, I now see a missing plate that no one else sees. When our nieces and nephews are laughing or crying, I hear a voice that no one else hears. When a family member recounts a story about something his or her child did last week, I wish for a story to tell. (Of course, when I say *no one else*, I exclude my wife and daughter. I'm sure that they see, hear and wish what I do, although probably at different times.)

We still have much to be thankful for, we bereaved parents, and we should remember that. But now Thanksgiving Day has an additional observance for us too, doesn't it. It is a day of forgiveness also. We must forgive others who cannot acknowledge the missing child, for whatever reasons. If family and friends cannot understand us, then we must try to understand them, especially on holidays. If we can exhibit tolerance, forgiveness and understanding on a day on which we offer thanks, we can climb another step on our ladder to recovery.

I hope you have a forgiving Thanksgiv-



The gift you give,  
the love you feel,  
the memory you cherish

These are the things  
by which your life  
endures and shines

Sascha  
From "The Sorrow and the Light"

## BEREAVED PARENTS CHRISTMAS

Richard Lepinsky, Victoria BC  
In Memory of his son Nathan  
10/25/75 – 5/22/91

T'was the night before Christmas,  
and all through the house, only I was stirring,  
we didn't have a mouse.  
This pile of Kleenex beside my chair,  
evidence the grief for my son, so hard to bear.

This is the first Christmas you won't be here. The house is quieter and emptier and so many tears. Pictures cover our walls more than before, but – not the agony we feel because you won't be here anymore.

We used to cheerfully fill your Christmas list, now we painfully stand by your grave in a frosty mist. How could it be – we were given this grief? Life just isn't the same – it's beyond belief.

Your clothes in your closet, your trophies on the wall, why do I feel you'll walk down the hall? Your new dress shoes wait by your closet door, in hopes maybe you'd wear them once more.

My thoughts think of Christmas last year – at Christmas Dinner, everyone was here. One of your last pictures we did take, now a most precious keepsake.

Beyond the presents, food and mistletoe, beyond the Christmas lights that twinkle low. The essence of Christmas is simple and neat. Being together, just together, is the treat.

But nevermore for us to be, together at Christmas around the tree. We remember and talk about you through our tears. We all want you to know – we wish you were here.





## BOOK REVIEWS

By Betty Ewart

We received A SILENT SORROW, Second Edition written by Ingrid Kohn and Perry-Lynn Moffitt with Isabelle Wilkins, MD. It was written for those losing a child during pregnancy. It offers good advise on the impact of the loss of a baby. Rabbi Grollman says of this book, "It's a valuable resource for those who work with the bereaved and a comforting companion to those grappling with their own sorrow." It has been revised and updated and would be of help to bereaved parents who have had an infant die. The publisher is Routledge,, 29 West 35th Street, NY, NY 10001.

A book I took on vacation is a novel by Anne D. LeClaire, ENTERING NORMAL. I read so many books and they are all moving and helpful in ways but are usually about the child who died and how the author has coped. This book explores the feelings of two women. One is a young single parent trying to escape her mother and boy friend and the other is her next door neighbor who had a child die several years before and has had a hard time trying to go on and her husband who won't allow the mention of the boy or talk about him.

The book gets its title from the fact that the young woman picks where she wants to live by using 3 tanks of gas and wherever she lands will be the new home for herself and her son. She runs out of gas as she enters a town named Normal and the sign says "Entering Normal". The obvious thought is the lives of both women is that they would like to have things normal again. I thought of how we assure bereaved parents that they are "normal" and realize the question if what is "normal". As the story continues they each

struggle to find how to cope when tragedy comes along. Ms. LeClaire remembers how she could not imagine how her sister went on when the sister's child died and this may be where she found her good insights into being a grieving parent. She says, "How can my sister go on, how can you go on when the unimaginable happens?"

Life does go on and the two women in the book come to realize they both are trying to *enter normal* again. I found I could not wait for the answers and stayed up late one night to finish it. Yes, this is a novel but a very realistic one. You might even recognize yourself in some of the thinking of the bereaved mother and father. This book is published by Ballantine Books and can be found in any bookstore.

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### MALACHI

Aprial Shoulders  
Gering, Nebraska

You're the bright star in the sky.  
You make me strong day by day,  
thoughts of you make me smile  
and everyday we pray

Your chubby cheeks  
and great big smile  
brightens up my day.

You're in my thoughts everyday.  
Thoughts of you make me cry  
but dad's here to make me proud.

Your sister and brother ask  
for you everyday.  
We tell them you're  
in heavens place.

You're our guardian angel to help us  
on our way.

Love you with all my heart!

Love Mom

(Aprial wrote and asked for our newsletters. She has been helped by what she has read and asked for this verse to be in the newsletter, hoping that she can help others. )

### JUST ANOTHER DAY

Caroline Bruker  
BP/USA, Augusta, GA

In Loving Memory of her sister  
Alison Bruker  
1983-2001

You ask why I'm the way I am.  
You ask me why I act the way I do.  
And you ask me if I am okay.

I wonder...

What if I never had to feel that  
pain, of when I had lost the one I  
loved the most?  
What if I never had to see that face,  
of my little sister in tears after  
she heard the news?  
What if I never had to taste that  
food of the after-party and thinking  
why did we have to lose?  
What if I never had to smell her  
clothes,  
just so I could try to remember  
what she smelled like?  
"What if?" seems to always be the  
question of the past,  
but I am in the present,  
living on in her memory,  
remembering all that she taught me  
and all that she lived for.  
"I am fine," I reply,  
just another day of grieving

### UPCOMING EVENTS

December 14, 2003 is National Children's Memorial Day. This is the day that we may remember our children by lighting a candle in our window at 7 p.m. This is also observed all over the world and, as each time zone changes, lights remembering our children goes on all around the world.

July 9-11, 2004: The Annual Gathering will be in Charleston, SC. Information is found on page 7 of this newsletter and on our web.



## A SIBLINGS VIEW OF THE HOLIDAYS

Traci Morlock, a Bereaved Sibling  
BP/USA St. Louis Chapter

The worst time of the year for me is the holidays. I guess the worst part of the holidays is the changing of the seasons.

My brother, Sean, always loved Fall. For him it was a romantic time of the year. Sean's birthday is November 11, the height of Fall. So, the holiday season begins for me with the first leaf falling off the tree.

As Sean's birthday approaches, I find myself getting sadder and sadder. I never know how much I really miss him until I realize he's missed another birthday. As the other holidays grow nearer, I begin to dread them more.

The first year, no one wanted to have Christmas, but we felt we needed it for my daughter. Her birthday is Christmas Eve and she turned two that year. Doing Christmas for her makes it a little easier but, at the same time makes it that much more difficult.

Sean thought we needed holidays all year long. While helping my Mom put up Christmas decorations, I look at our family picture above the piano, the last of the five of us. I told my Mom that we would never be that happy again. I know that is a sad thing to say, but I know a part of me will always be missing.

Each year I feel a numbness set in over the holidays. The numbness begins around Sean's birthday and ends after the first of each year.

Sean's been gone almost four years (can it be that it's been that long?)

The year of Sean's death, my Mom didn't know what to do with the ornaments that Sean had collected over the years.

The Christmas before Sean died, my Mom purchased a miniature tree for the family room. Sean made fun of it. The next year, Mom purchased Sean his own miniature tree for the family room. Sean's tree is filled with all of his ornaments and his used guitar strings for tinsel.

Sean's tree goes up right after Thanksgiving and doesn't come down until after January 24th, the anniversary of his death. This tree has actually helped to make the holidays seem a little brighter.

A part of my brother is there in that tree. I was out shopping a few weeks ago and I bought an ornament that would go perfectly on Sean's tree. The ornament is the first one I have purchased for Sean since he died. Just buying that one ornament has actually made me look forward to the holidays.

I know the holidays will never be the same without our "Holiday Clown," but we will make new memories, laugh and cry at the old ones, and just survive this time of year.

I wish you a peaceful holiday season filled with precious moments and happy memories. I also hope that you can share a smile.

Peace,

Traci Morlock



Each of us has a  
self-regulating time clock inside.

Don't rush or push yourself  
or others.

Go at your own pace.

Darcie D. Sims  
"Footsteps Through the Valley"

## From THE CHRISTMAS BOX

By Richard Paul Evans

December 6, 1920

My Beloved One,

How I wish that I might say these things to your gentle face and that this box might be found empty. Even as the mother of our Lord found the tomb they placed him in empty. And in this there is hope, my love. Hope of embracing you again and holding you to my breast. And this because of the great gift of Christmas. Because He came. The first Christmas offering from a parent to His children, because He loved them and wanted them back. I understand that in ways I never understood before, as my love for you has not waned with time but has grown brighter with each Christmas season. How I look forward to that glorious day that I hold you again. I love you, my little angel.

Mother

We have used this before but, after the wonderful visit to the Angel Statue in St. Louis inspired by this book, it seemed good to repeat it again. This is the first letter written on Christmas by the mother to the child who died. This picture is of the statue in St. Louis after we all placed flowers.



## THOUGHTS OF SEAN

8/3/80 – 9/3/00

By Jan Sprague Chaffin  
BP/USA San Luis Obispo, CA

This month marks the third anniversary of the death of our handsome son, Sean. He died at the age of 20, falling at Bishop's Peak. How have I made it these last three years? I look back on the turmoil and ocean-wide range of emotions we have all gone through. I feel I have been in every book on grief, I have defined every stage and all the in-between stages, from disbelief, to anger, to acceptance, to not accepting this to forgiveness. I think back to the days of crying, then the days of not crying, the gentle messages from friends who reassured us that they would survive, the projects we worked on in Sean's memory and continue to do so. We take our burden one step at a time and look to grieving parents for support and advice, we find the journey is long from over, will never be over nor will we ever get over. Perhaps this is our mission in life – to understand compassion, to know how to receive it and give it.

Sean, you are always on our minds. I see your smile in your brother's laugh, I see your strong shoulders in the outline of your father's; I see your tan face on every surfer I look at. I feel your presence strongly and still reach out to hold your hand... once so that you, a little boy, would not be frightened and now, as your mother, so I won't be afraid of what I don't know. I think loving thoughts of you, Sean, and I read and reread this poem by Kahil Gibran:

“When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.  
When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart and you shall see,  
That in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.”

With Love never-ending, Mom.

## PLEASE DON'T

Pam Clapp, BP/USA Springfield, IL

Please don't ask me how I'm doing unless you really want me to answer you truthfully. I can see how uncomfortable it makes you feel if I tell the truth, so just tell me you are thinking about me and leave it at that.

Please don't tell me she's in a better place and isn't sick or suffering anymore. My head knows she's at home in heaven, but my heart is broken and hurting and my grief is still too fresh. So, please don't tell me how I should feel.

Please don't tell me I'm so lucky to still have other children. I thank God every day for my children but there is still an emptiness left by her that can't ever be filled. Each child has their own part of my heart and now a piece of mine is changed forever. I am lucky to have other children, but was blessed by her also.

Please don't tell me how worse my loss could have been – she might have had a terrible accident or have suffered much more. The fact is she is my child and now she is no longer with me here and that is tragic enough for me. So please don't tell me how worse it could be.

Please don't tell me it's been a year and it's time to pick up the pieces and got on with my life. My life is forever changed and I'm still learning how to work through my grief everyday. It's a painful struggle and hard enough without being rushed through the process.

I will come to terms and learn how to readjust my life in a new way without her here physically, but forever in my heart, so don't put a time limit on my grief or minimize my loss

## FORGIVE ME, MY DAUGHTER

(Especially for Grandparents)

SIDS Survival Guide

I want you to be the little girl,  
who tore her many-layered  
petticoats on the parallel bars  
or in school and once even  
chipped a tooth.

I want you, too, to be the child with  
bloody knees who had matching  
holes in her new leotards.

Or maybe the one who fell from a  
swing and needed a half dozen  
stitches beneath her eye.

Oh, I could hold you then  
there was magic in my kisses that  
stemmed the pain and a doctor  
nearby for more tangible aid.

But what do I do now, now that you  
are a woman and your sorrows  
are commensurate with your age?

I stand immobile as your wan face  
leans over the broken turf  
where your infant son, your only  
child, will soon be interred.

I clench my fists, knowing there  
is no solace any longer in my  
arms for agony of this magnitude.

You are deaf, too, to my murmur-  
ings; you hear only the echoes of  
his laughter and his cries.

Of course,  
I am here when you need me.

But I can only pretend I am a  
strong and wise grandmother,  
when in truth,

I remain a mother, heart-broken  
twice.



## **LET THEIR LIGHT SHINE**

**The Lowcountry, South Carolina Chapter of Bereaved Parents of the USA  
Cordially invites all bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings to**

**Historical Charleston, South Carolina**

**For the 9th Annual Bereaved Parents of the USA Gathering**

**July 9-11, 2004**

**Clarion Hotel-Charleston Airport**

**7401 Northwoods Blvd.**

**Charleston, SC 29406**

**Phone 843-572-2200**

**(Free Airport Shuttle)**

**Registration \$15 per person**

**Hotel \$82.88 inclusive for up to 4 persons in room**

**Total Meal Price \$69.83**

**Includes: Breakfast on Fri., Sat. & Sun. and Lunch and Dinner on Fri. and Sat.**

**We hope that you will plan to join us for a weekend that includes:  
Speakers, Workshops, Sharing Sessions, Hospitality Room, Meditation Room,  
Book Store, Butterfly Boutique, Picture Presentation and renewing  
old friendships and making new ones**

**For further information, contact:**

**Dolly Criswell, Chairperson**

**1717 Oak Point Road**

**Charleston, SC 29412**

**Phone: 843-762-4022**

**By e-mail: [BP2004Gathering@aol.com](mailto:BP2004Gathering@aol.com)**



**LET THEIR LIGHT SHINE**

**SEE YOU IN CHARLESTON!**

**Note:**

**The Chapter would welcome handmade items for sale in the Boutique.**

**Any books must be sold through the Bookstore with a 40% discount to BP/USA required on all books.**

## UNTIL THAT MONDAY IN MAY

Kathy & Don Barrett  
Springfield, VA

Once upon a time we were blissfully content, happy. Once upon a time we were unaware, ignorant, without personal knowledge of the full devastation that the death of a child can bring to parents. We did not know that there was a pain so deep and awful that one could experience it and still breathe, could endure it and still live. Until that Monday last May when our dear son and only child drowned, we did not know these things. And now that we do, we are forever changed, never to be the same again. Only our personal relationship with God, through His Son, Jesus, was and is our true foundation and life-sustaining power. But still we are saddened beyond human measure, and that sorrow will not leave us while we are on this earth. We will, we are told, get “less worse,” but we will never really get “better.” We will somehow learn ways to cope, to accommodate this terrible wound. What I think really happens is that we learn how to protect and cover, in public, our bruised and broken hearts so that it shows less. We may even, in time, learn how to do this camouflaging of our pain in the inner privacy of daily living. But I don’t know that yet. Not yet.

What I do know is that when we first stumbled numbly into a group of parents in Reston, Virginia last June who had lost their only children, we felt the dawning of the possibility of decent useful survival – much like one suffering a terrible illness is offered a medicine or medical procedure that might, just might help. The medicine in this case was the monthly caring camaraderie of other parents who walked and talked and lived, all the while carrying their own deep wound and life hanging sorrow. They showed us there was a place where we could

Remember our children,, love our children in open, concrete ways, still value and honor them and their lives and celebrate the inestimable part they played in our lives just by being our children! They showed us these children are not to be forgotten, “gotten over,” or relegated to a private, reserved time or place. This group is a true community of parents, bereaved yes, but parents still, who are joined together by common love and a common heartache, by the shared experience of having to live the rest of our lives without the most precious part of our lives, our sons and daughters.

This event changed all of our futures and our ability to deal with our futures in the way we had hoped and dreamed. In this gathering each month, we didn’t have to speak, we didn’t have to laugh, we didn’t have to cry, although all of these things were equally accepted and welcomed. We could just BE. Be what we felt, when we felt it, without criticism, condemnation or even correction. Our great sadness did not, indeed could not, make this group uncomfortable. They knew, they understood, for they had been in that very spot themselves. They may be further up the road than we were, but, nevertheless, they were there, standing in their own “new” spot, experiencing and enduring life without their children. Their own ongoing survival walk helped us, helps us still in a real life-giving way, and for the rest of our lives we will be grateful for “our” Reston group. As our precious Donnie’s anniversary day, burial day, birthday, and Mother’s Day arrive this May in this Spring season that he loved so much, these now wrenchingly sad, thought-provoking, memory-laden days, we are thankful to God for His provision of “our” Reston family.



The Barretts wrote to thank us for information we sent and asked if we might run this in our Newsletter. The Reston group is the group that sponsors the Conference every other year at the Labor Day weekend. It is for those who have lost an only child or all children. Many of you heard Kay Bevington at the Gathering and this is an outgrowth of her Alive Alone groups.

### WHAT DID YOUR CHILD LEAVE YOU?

Linda Worth, TCF of  
Bremerton, Western Australia

I recently attended a workshop called “living with Loss.” One exercise was to write an “ethical will” that is an accounting of the intangibles a loved one has left behind. I’d like to share what I believe my infant son left me. He proved to me that life truly is fragile, and I will handle it now more carefully.

My children yet to come will benefit from my having had and lost Michael. He taught me that not all problems in life are monumental and that I must remember to put things in perspective. He allowed me to reassess my spiritual beliefs. I need to do this from time to time in my life, and that is all right because there is a loving, caring God and He is with me no matter what.

He showed me that each individual, in some way, leaves a mark in this world or moves someone just so, regardless of how long his life is, or how short. He gave me a reason and a need to help other people. He reminded me to show – and tell – the people I love how I feel about them as often and as openly as I can!



This is a general holiday greeting card with special meaning for Bereaved Parents, Siblings, and Grandparents as well as those who support them.

The front of the card depicts a snowy winter scene with snowflakes and drifts framing a cobble-stone path that meanders away from the viewer. A fence and gate with butterflies worked into their design lead up to the path.

Shown here in black and white, the design is embossed and debossed entirely in white. The only color in the picture is the medium sage green butterflies that enhance the fence.

Printed on high-quality paper, the actual size of the card is 4-1/2" x 6" and comes in packages of 20 cards with white envelopes.

The message printed on the front of the card:

*In Memory of Our Children*

The message printed on the inside of the card:

*Wishing you  
a season filled with gentle memories  
carried forever in your heart.*

The acknowledgement printed on the back of the card:

Proceeds from the sale of this card benefit  
Bereaved Parents of the USA/Hinsdale Chapter  
(a nationwide support group of bereaved parents  
siblings and grandparents)  
P.O Box 703, Hinsdale, Illinois 60522-0703

## 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Design Holiday Card 2003 Order Form

Quantity		Total
_____Pkgs. Holiday Cards (20 per package)	\$12.00	\$ _____
Note: 10% discount for orders of 10 or more packages	Discount	-\$ _____
Note: 15% discount for orders of 15 or more packages Paid for with a check from a non-profit group	Discount	-\$ _____
Postage and Handling: \$4.50 for the first package .50 each additional package	Postage	\$ _____

Note: We can not ship cards without correct postage  
Take only one discount

Make Check payable to: Bereaved Parents of the USA

Charge my order to: Visa or MC (circle one) Acct# \_\_\_\_\_

Name on card \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Send order to: bereaved Parents of the USA, PO Box 703, Hinsdale, IL 60522-0703

Ships Cards To:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

For more information: TX: 630-920-1201

E-Mail [SILKS6@aol.com](mailto:SILKS6@aol.com)

**BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA  
MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS**

<b>Kathy &amp; Don Barrett</b>	<b>In loving memory of her son, Donnie Barrett</b>
<b>Anna Holton</b>	<b>In loving memory of her son, John William Holton</b>
<b>Mitchell &amp; Renee Dudnikov</b>	<b>In loving memory of their son, Marc Dudnikov</b>
<b>Patricia &amp; Erwin Burton</b>	<b>In loving memory of their son, Thomas Burton</b>
<b>Phyllis Lynch</b>	<b>In loving memory of her son, Lee Lynch</b>
<b>Mary and John Cleckley</b>	<b>In loving memory of Paul Kinney</b>
<b>Bob &amp; Shirley Ottman</b>	<b>In loving memory of Paul Kinney</b>
<b>BP/USA Greenbrier County Chapter</b>	<b>In loving memory of their children and Paul Kinney</b>
<b>BP/USA Marion County Chapter</b>	<b>In loving memory of their children and Paul Kinney</b>
<b>BP/USA Central Texas Chapter</b>	<b>In loving memory of their children</b>
<b>David &amp; Beverly Hurley</b>	<b>In loving memory of their daughter, Debbie</b>

If we missed listing a donation, we apologize. We try to be careful but might make a mistake or the donation may have come in after the newsletter went to press. If you will notify the Treasurer of your gift and the memorial, we will be sure it is acknowledged in the next Newsletter. Thank you.

Our Treasurer is Dave Hurley and he may be reached at 3805 West San Juan Street, Tampa, Florida 33629-7819, by phone at 813-831-2588 or by e-mail at david.Hurley@gte.net.

Since BP/USA is a qualified charitable 501(c) (3) organization, your donation may be tax deductible. The work of BP/USA is carried on entirely by contributions. All the leaders, National and local, are volunteers. Donations go directly to help chapters, help in the sending of the Newsletter and in keeping costs of the Gathering as low as possible. You may designate your donation to any of these areas or to the general work of the BP/USA. If there is no designation, the money will be used for general operating funds. Please always designate carefully how you wish a memorial listed. We thank our chapters, individual members and other friends for their generous support of BP/USA and its work.

**A NEW YEAR**

**Shirley C. Ottman  
North Texas BP/USA**

— a time for looking ahead  
and not behind, a time for faith  
and not despair, a time for long  
great gulps of hopeful expectation.  
Drink deeply, friend, so that, fortified  
with the promises it brings,  
this new year will keep you  
near fresh springs of healing love,  
where you may come to weave  
old and loving memories with  
new understandings and acceptance —  
and find peace.

It is plain that we exist  
for our fellow man —  
in the first place for those  
upon whose smiles and welfare  
our happiness depends,  
and next for all those unknown to us,  
to whose destinies  
we are bound by the tie of sympathy.

Albert Einstein

