



A JOURNEY TOGETHER

NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA

VOLUME X NO. 3 Summer 2005
(July, August, September)

SUMMERTIME

By Sascha Wagner

It sounds so easy. A soft, warm word – time to run barefoot, time to leave windows open at night. Summertime. Somehow it seems, doesn't it, that it's especially meant for children. Children on beaches, children on swings, children in large pools, children in tiny tubs.

We who do not have all of our children with us may feel the summertime in two ways. One is to remember shared events and adventures = there are so many. Long rides in a hot car; a nap in the back seat. The famous question, "Are we there yet?" Everything from a heat rash to ice cream cones and sand castles.

For us, another way to feel summertime is the special emptiness brought about by children who are no longer on this earth. They used to trot along on hikes in the hills. They used to gather wood for an evening fire. Now summer brings us again the melancholy awareness of their absence. Have you ever walked out some unfamiliar path, surprised about not having been there with the children? Even when there's nothing to remember, we are reminded of the children's absence.

We have been diminished by death. Some of us may still have living children. Other parents have no children left. They have lost an only child, perhaps. Or all of their children died. And here we are, grateful for the warmth of summer mornings aware of the ripe beauty of nature,

trying to deal with our children's absence with all the grace of which we are capable. Often we do not want to burden others with our grief. Or we may be convinced that others don't wish to share our distress. We have learned, after all, that the world around us is not always able to understand how we feel.

Besides, we were taught to be brave. Many of us will do everything we can to appear "normal" after our loss. But we were also taught to be honest. And, when you feel the hurt, when you seem almost to be lost in the shadows of this golden summertime, don't hide your sorrow. The grief of your spirit can perhaps be kept a secret on the outside. Yet, your deepest feelings, unexpressed, can burn into your existence with harmful force.

You can be both brave and honest. You know that it's brave to share grief, be it old grief or new grief. And revealing that sorrow is also honest. Of course, nothing can wipe away much of your pain. But sharing grief is helpful. You will know that after you have expressed the painful sorrow you once kept hidden and you find yourself, finally, smiling at the memories and the blessing of past summer times.

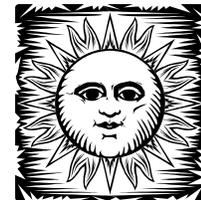
Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without words
And never stops at all.

Emily Dickinson

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Hope is like the sun,
which as we journey toward it
casts the shadow of our burden
behind us.
Remember that it is our choice,
and ours alone.
to turn even a nightmare
into a positive experience.

Elisabeth Kubler-Ross



Sometimes the light goes out,
but is blown again into flame
by an encounter with another
human being.

Each of us owes the deepest
thanks to
those who have rekindled this
inner light.

Albert Schweitzer

**BEREAVED PARENTS OF
THE USA**

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DON'T FORGET

There is still time to arrange to attend the Gathering in Las Vegas, July 15-17. If you live near or in the area, it is not necessary to stay at the hotel to attend. There are excellent speakers and workshop leaders who will be there and a bookstore and boutique. This is a chance to meet with other bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings and share ideas and stories. For information, contact Cathy Bender at 702-655-5538 or Pat Moser at 352-854-1275 or visit our web site for at www.bereavedparentsusa.org.

“The Road to Hope”



**FROM
THE
EDITOR**

Summer is here with vacations, picnics, etc. which bring memories of past times and the need to plan for the present. As we continue to miss our loved ones, we also continue to remember the good times we had with them and make new memories with those around us now.

If you are not a person who watches “Dr. Phil” you may not have heard of a recent TV show he had where he talked with a father who was mourning his son and feeling great guilt that he might not have done all he could have for the son when he was alive. Dr. Phil wisely told the man that he couldn’t begin to know how he felt because he had not had a child die, but he felt he could say several things to the father and, I think, to all of us. He pointed out that we all make choices and that he was sure he had done the best he felt he could at the time for his son. He told the father that he faced an important choice now. He said, “Is this going to be something where you choose to suffer in a horrible pain the rest of your life or are you going to choose to create meaning to the suffering.” This show along with other transcripts is available at www.drphil.com.

Siblings: There is a new website for Siblings from the Centering Corporation, designed for bereaved teens to share stories, journal entries and other information that you write. It is on an anonymous environment. You can access it at www.fireinmyheart.com.

If you are looking for some reading material for the summer days, there are several books that were sent to us this past quarter that are reviewed on pages 4 & 5. Take time for yourself this summer to find your choice as to how to create new meaning from your suffering.

THE BROKEN HEART

By Betty R. Ewart, BP/USA
Greenbrier Valley WV Chapter

Many of you have read *A BROKEN HEART STILL BEATS* by Anne McCracken and Mary Semel which contains many articles written by bereaved parents and is helpful in realizing that others have suffered the death of a child. I have become aware of just what the meaning of this book title is recently.

When our Ruthie was born, my heart swelled with pride and joy. I was almost 39 and had not expected to become a mother. For 17 years, she continued to wrap herself around my heart. Then at 17 years of age, we suffered the tragedy of her death from a sudden asthma attack. As many others have said, I felt as though my heart was torn out.

As the years have gone on, I have traveled through the grief with the help of family, friends and BP/USA members. However, about 10 years ago we discovered that my heart had indeed suffered and I began to be treated for that. This past year, it worsened and it was necessary to insert a pace maker and do some repair work to the heart. I now tick away steadily with the mechanical help and am going through another adjustment. The broken heart does indeed still beat!

It has been just 17 years since Ruthie died. It seems to me that those 17 years have been spent repairing the damage done when the heart took such a blow. One’s mind may accept and work through grief but one’s body continues to feel the pain. The heart can still beat even though it needs assistance – an example of the fact that we never “get over it”.



THINGS I HAVE LEARNED

By Crystal Nelson, a Sibling
Read at the St. Louis Chapter of
BP/USA Candlelight Remembrance

I learned to condense the story of what happened to my brother down to about 30 seconds.

I learned how to call work and ask for a few weeks off.

I learned how to go about arranging a funeral. My parents included my sisters and me in every decision.

I learned not to wear heels when you will be at the funeral home for hours on end.

This was a lot to learn at 18, but the most important thing I learned was months after Tommy's death. I learned that everyone grieves differently. My grief was not the same as my parents or sisters. It was my own.

Everyone here has learned something as a result of their loss. We attend this candlelight every year not only to listen to words of hope and light memorial candles, but to share what we have learned from our losses.

Learning that will help us shine light into the darkness so we may begin to heal.

A GRANDFATHER'S GRIEF

If you are a golf fan, you may have been aware of the story behind this year's Augusta National Golf Club tournament.

Jack Nicklaus had a grandson who, even at 17 months, would run to his grandfather whenever he came in the room. Little did the Nicklaus clan know that this young man would have a short life. He drowned at the family home in North Palm Beach FL. Nicklaus worries about his son and daughter in law even as he

he struggles with his own grief. He says he feels ill because he has to watch his children suffer.

Jack Nicklaus sat down at the press conference at Augusta and talked, not as a 6 time winner of the Masters, but as a 65 year old grandfather. He talked about life getting better but about the toll this has taken on him and his family. As one reads the reporters' accounts of this, one realizes that this helped many understand, not only the pain of the loss of a child but the pain of the loss of a grandchild and the helplessness one feels in wanting to help one's own children. Perhaps those grandparents of you who get this newsletter can relate to this!



WE ARE SEVEN By William Wordsworth

....A Simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie.
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

And two are gone to sea,

"You say that two at Conway dwell;
And two are gone to sea;
Yet ye are seven! ..I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may
be seen."
The Little Maid replied,
Twelve steps or more from my
mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white
with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then." said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! We are seven?"

"But they are dead, those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
Twas throwing words away for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."



BOOK REVIEWS

CONQUERING ADVERSITY by Christopher Novak is a book about how to manage any adversity and tough times. He presents 6 strategies with help for two groups. One group is a business with a sudden change or crisis and the other group is grieving people. Mr. Novak suffered the sudden death of his wife and unborn child in an accident. He shows how these same coping strategies used in business help with the journey through personal grief. As he points out, adversity doesn't wait until we are ready nor does it come with a plan in mind for dealing with it. He reminds us that "You are stronger than you know, more resilient than you realize, more capable than you can imagine." The book is published by Cornerstone Leadership Institute. Contact them at PO Box 764087, Dallas TX 75376 or at 888-789-5323

WHEN DEATH COMES A KNOCKING' by Vanessa Johnson is a self-help, inspirational book about loss and grief. Along with other family deaths and the death of her boyfriend, Vanessa's sister and mother died and then, as she says, the unthinkable, her infant son dies. She talks about various stages of the grieving process and includes poetry and biblical quotes for inspiration. She also includes Biblical references, web sites and groups that are of help to the grieving. The publisher of the book is Book Haven Publishing, PO Box 9, Ama, Louisiana 70031.

NO WORDS by Renee Kimberling is a book written by Ms. Kimberling but is the story of Janet and Tom Rosko as they told it to her. Their loss is the one we all feared and experienced but it happens more than once. They had two children die before birth and then two children who each died at 21 years of age just five years apart. Just months after the

death of Jill, Janet's mother died too. So grief closed in on them. The chapters of the book are written in two sections, the feelings and thoughts of the mother, Janet, and of the father, Tom. This is a good comparison of the different aspects of grief of the two and how they grieved together. The author tells us that she has learned much from Janet and Tom, especially that "Grief becomes enmeshed in the fabric of our very souls and does not wear away over time, rather we absorb it into our redefined self." This book is published by Milo House Press. You may contact Renee Kimberling at 5381 W. 1450 N., Wheatfield, IN 46392; phone is 219-987-5438.

PREVAILING WINDS by Hadley Hoover is a novel. Because of this, my first inclination was that this was not a book to review for this newsletter. However, I read it and am glad I did. It is the story of a woman, Laurel McPherson, who is grieving for her husband but coming to realize that she has harbored a grief over the death of their child for 30 years. Her husband did not want to talk about it and, as the book progresses, she realizes that had a profound affect on their other children and on them. She goes for a visit with a friend who introduces her to a man whose wife has died. He helps her to come to realize that she must face the grief over the child's death and encourages her to go to a support group for help. The parts about the affect this has had on her children and their confrontations as well as the growing relationship with this new man have many insights that will seem familiar to many bereaved parents. Laurel even returns home to find out that her parents (the grandparents) have attended a support group for years because they knew the need to talk and were concerned about Laurel's inability to face her grief. Her new friend is a builder of bridges and, hence the title *Prevailing Winds*, since, in building bridges one must take into consideration the winds that will blow around the bridge. She comes to realize that people too must

deal with prevailing winds or they will bend or break in the process. Hadley Hoover does a good job of expressing the feelings that bereaved parents have. The book is published by iUniverse, Inc., 2921 Pine Lake Rd., Suite 100, Lincoln, NE 68512. TCF is the support group referred to in the book but Hadley has since become aware of the work of BP/USA and, if you visit her website, www.hadleyhoover.com and click on *Prevailing Winds*, you will see our web site listed.

THIS IS A GOOD DAY TO LIVE by Janine Carter is a detailed account of the death of her daughter, Amber, from cancer. It is written from the diaries of three people, Janine, Amber, and her sister, Bridgett and their feelings and poetry written by Amber and Janine. The writer of the Preface, Roslyn Strohl, suggests a "prayer of acceptance: This is a good day to live. This is a good day to die. This is a good day." Janine's book will be available at the Gathering Bookstore. She is a member of the San Luis Obispo Chapter of BP/USA. The book is published by Amberlight Publishing, c/o Janine Carter, PO Box 238, Grover Beach, CA 93483.

HELPING GRIEVING PEOPLE WHEN TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH, A Handbook for Care Providers by J. Shep Jeffreys is a book for professional counselors and leaders of support groups but parts would also be helpful for bereaved parents, family members, friends and others. I am still reading parts since it is a book that one can not skim through. There is much of help in the book for those who work with bereaved parents as well as the family and friends and the parents themselves. The death of his son Steven Daniel Jeffreys in 1975 at age 8, as he says, changed the life of him and his family forever and redirected his life's work to the understanding of the grief response. He worked with

(Continues on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

Kubler Ross, quotes Dennis Klass, adviser to the St. Louis Chapter and our National Board, and lists BP/USA in his suggested referral groups. The Introduction and the 4th Chapter “The Grief of Parents: An Upside-Down World” which touches on the grief of grandparents and siblings also are worth everyone’s reading. Shep Jeffreys will be presenting a workshop at the Gathering based on chapter 4 and a sharing session for fathers. His book will be for sale at the Bookstore at the Gathering. The book is published by Brunner-Routledge, 270 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.



WHEN IS IT OK?

By Terri Kelly – Sean’s mom
Orange County Chapter BP/USA

A recently bereaved parent said to me the other night, “I laughed today and felt guilty.” His son was needlessly murdered just a short six months ago because the cash register his son was responsible for held no more than \$20.00

I didn’t know quite how to answer him. My son was murdered just over two years ago and I still occasionally feel guilt when I revel in the joy of being in love, or the beautiful sunset, or laugh with new friends, or chuckle at one of the myriad jokes my son’s friends and I tell about him.

Because I laugh and joke and tease about what my son may or may not be doing now, others are sometimes appalled at what they perceive as my lack of respect for those no longer with us. I long ago stopped trying to explain that it is not a lack of respect

for my son or anyone else. It is rather a stubborn refusal to become defined by death. And an acknowledgement that my son would be making the same irreverent jokes about me. Laughter is healthy. Humor is therapy. They are simply another coping mechanism.

Some days I cannot stop crying – not necessarily on birthdays that no longer are or death days that loom. I have no idea why. Some days I can’t cry – even on those non-birthdays or horrid anniversaries. There is simply no rhyme or reason to it, just as there is no rhyme or reason to why we have to outlive our children.

When is it all right to cry? Whenever we feel like it.

When is it all right to smile and laugh? Whenever we feel like it.

When is it all right to feel guilty because we cry or laugh – never!

We cry because we hurt, because we are human, because we love and miss our children. If we break out crying in the middle of a grocery store because we see a special on his favorite cereal – so what? I don’t know about others, but I am long past caring what strangers think.

We laugh because we can sometimes see through the dark clouds and remember our children’s laughter. We laugh when we remember the silly things they used to do. We laugh because we can hear their voices saying, “MOMMM, you’re embarrassing me again.” We laugh because our children taught us how and because they would never forgive us if we stopped laughing and enjoying life.

I miss my son terribly. I will always miss my son terribly. I would gladly trade my life for his, if I had that choice. When I laugh, it does not mean I miss him less than others miss their children. When I smile at simple joys like thunderstorms, it

does not mean I am “in denial” about my son’s death. When I cry, it does not mean I am no longer coping.

Never be afraid to express your emotions. Never feel guilt over finding humor or joy. After all, losing a child means never again having to say you’re sorry for anything you do.

From THE DIARY OF

By Mary Harris
BP/USA, Thomson, GA

In Loving Memory of My Son
Michael (Mike) Winfrey
3/10/67 – 4/23/03

I thought of you with love today
But that was nothing new.
I thought about you yesterday,
And days before that too.

I think of you in silence,
I often speak your name.
Now all I have are memories
And your pictures in a frame.

Your memory my keepsake
With which I never part.
God has you in His keeping,
I have you in my heart.

Love to my sweet son,
I love you,

Your Mom

ANNE FRANK

The best remedy for those who are afraid, lonely or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere where they can be quite alone with the heaven, nature and God. Because only then does one feel that all is as it should be and that God wishes to see people happy amidst the simple beauty of nature.

As long as this exists, and it certainly will, I know that there will always be comfort for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances may be.

RIDING THE ROLLER COASTER OF EMOTIONS

By Michael Domingo, McHenry, TX
Reprinted by permission from Bereavement Publishing, Inc., Jan./Feb, 2004 (888-604-4673)

The gate opens and I board the ride. The bar clicks as I pull it over my head and fasten the seatbelt. I look between the seats in front of me and see the track climbing to the first drop. Nausea starts to set in as the cart starts moving.

I have always enjoyed roller coasters, but I knew I was in trouble the first time I rode the Batman Roller Coaster at Six Flags over Texas. The Joker was Batman's nemesis and the ride was in. It is unique in that the seats are hanging from the cart and you are thrust through a series of corkscrew spins. For those of you who are visual, imagine being a lone sock in a dryer and you would have the same effect.

We charged down the track and then climbed upwards entering the first of the corkscrew spins. I dug my fingernails into the padded seat as I felt my stomach falling. I was ill-prepared for the gravitational pull of my insides being glued to the seat. Fear overcame me. I doubted whether I could make it through the next few minutes without throwing up or blacking out. I closed my eyes and waited anxiously for the ride to end. I did not even notice the cart slowing down because my stomach was still moving. With my hands on the walls, I went through the exit tunnel and collapsed on the nearest bench. The world was still spinning but I wasn't. It felt as though I was tumbling in all directions waiting to regain my balance. I am a visual person and this is how I would also describe my perspective after the death of my loved one.

The corkscrew twists represent the waves of grief that would throw me off balance. I would come out of one spin o

spin only to be thrown again with the next memory, anniversary, etc. Life was moving, but I wasn't. However, with time comes experience and it helped to change my perspective.

A year passed. Once again I was standing in front of the Batman Ride at Six Flags. I had ridden everything else but this one still haunted me. As we hurtled through the series of twists, I felt the familiar rush of nausea but this time my eyes were open. I could see the approaching turns and brace myself for their effect. I could see the expressions of others in the cart and realized I wasn't the only one about to be sick. Exiting the ride, I headed for that same bench again. As I looked at the other people sitting on the bench, I recognized the pale and grimaced faces.

Support groups represent those people sitting on the bench with us. They understand the emotional and physical effects of being hurled in all directions while grieving. Having heard the stages of grief as defined by Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, support group participants can relate to the dramatic shifts between these stages. Sharing our experiences helps us to maintain our balance and regain our sense of direction. Support groups can also give us a new perspective.

I recently returned to Six Flags and yet again faced my foe. As the cart spun through the usual twist, I drew strength from the friends around me. We would yell triumphantly as we passed each turn. Although a bit wobbly, I walked away without stopping at the bench. As I think about the roller coaster today, I am reminded of a quote from the movie "Parenthood" which says, "It is interesting that a ride could make me so frightened, so scared, so sick, so excited and so thrilled all together!" Yes, my attitude towards the Batman Roller Coaster has changed and so has my perspective on grief.

It has been five years since the death of my

of my loved one. The waves of grief still sneak up from time to time, but they no longer throw me into a tail-spin. Acceptance is often perceived as accepting the loss, but I disagree. I believe that acceptance means accepting the life we are living because of our loss. I have made many good friends through the grief support groups and we've ridden the roller coaster of grief together.

WHAT WOULD HE TELL ME ABOUT HIS FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL?

By Linda Moffatt, St. Louis, MO

Oh, I didn't think it was going to bother me this much. I've been saying for weeks that I couldn't wait till school started to get Scott and Shirley out of my hair. (They couldn't wait to get me out of theirs, either.)

So, here it is, the eve of the first day of school and I'm thinking, "What would tomorrow be like if Nicholas were here?" His turn finally comes to stand outside with backpack and new shoes, waiting for the big yellow school bus. Or would he have wanted Mom to take him his first day of kindergarten? What would he come home and tell me about his first day of school.

And, what about the kids-his class? Will I forever look at these kids (and their parents) and wonder "What if?" They don't even know that they're missing a classmate. Here it's been almost six years and I feel compelled to hang around the school and grab every kindergarten parent I see and say, "I would have had a child in the class." I surprise myself because I don't usually have those urges anymore.

But this is harder than I thought it would be. Another milestone of life-the first day of school-that Nicholas (and I) missed. The thing is, nobody will think of this. It's not a birthday or Mother's Day or Christmas. It goes by unnoticed except by a mother with kids too excited to sleep tonight-one starting fifth grade, one starting second, and one.....

BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Renee Dudnikov	In loving memory of her husband, Mitchell Dudnikov, and their son, Marc
Rosemary Ravella Central Arkansas Chapter of BP/USA Hinsdale Chapter of BP/USA	In loving memory of her son Arthur Ravella, III In loving memory of their children For preparation of the National Chapter Handbook, in loving memory of their children
Mary Murphy Robert & Barbara Callanan Charlotte a Carvalho Mary Schroer David & Bev Hurley	In loving memory of her son Dylan Thomas Murphy Thornton In loving memory of their son Kevin Austin A donation through the website toward our work A donation through the website toward our work Postage & supplies in loving memory of their daughter, Debbie Bray
CWA Local 3176 (through Pete Moser)	Toward the Gathering in loving memory of Joey Starling, Pat and Pete's son
Doug Haynes Harold Rogers Wright Engineers (through Dennis Berlien) Ron & Sandy Berlien Lowcountry SC Chapter of BP/USA Greenbrier Valley WV Chapter of BP/USA North Texas Chapter of BP/USA Marion County FL Chapter of BP/USA David & Veronica Douglas Mr. & Mrs. Fredrick Howard	In loving memory of Joey Starling In loving memory of Joey Starling In loving memory of his niece, Mandy Bender In loving memory of their granddaughter, Mandy Bender Toward the Gathering, in loving memory of their children Toward the Gathering, in loving memory of their children Toward the Gathering, in loving memory of their children Toward the Gathering, in loving memory of their children In loving memory of their daughter, Emily Anne Douglas In loving memory of Willie & Reginald Fletcher

If we missed listing a donation, we apologize. 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 financed entirely by contributions. All the leaders, national and local, are volunteers. Donations go directly to help chapters, to help in the sending of the Newsletter and to keep 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 or gift listed. We thank our chapters, individual members and other friends for their generous support of BP/USA and its work.

Little did I know that after wanting and planning you for so long, my hopes and dreams would be shattered within 24 hours! I had such a precious, perfect gift. I did not want to give it back. Yes, we had a choice; we made the best choice we thought possible. The choice was life changing. The choice was selfless; the choice can not be reversed. The choice made me meet so many people that I can be forever grateful for meeting. The choice gave me a different outlook on life. The choice changed me forever. I have you to thank for that choice. I never thought my life would change as deeply as it has by this choice. I cannot thank you, my sweet, adorable perfect angel. For you, I am forever changed for the better. What a gift I couldn't have imagined that you gave to me. Thank you, my perfect angel.

By Mommy, Cathy Bender
In loving memory of Mandy Lee Bender 4/21/95 – 5/31/95