

# A Journey Together

National Newsletter of the *Bereaved Parents* of the USA

VOLUME XIV NO. 2 Spring 2009 (April, May and June)



## A PRAYER FOR SPRING

By Janis Heel  
BP/USA Chapter Ocala, FL



Like Springtime, let me unfold and grow fresh and anew from this cocoon of grief that has been spun around me. Help me face the harsh reality of sunshine and renewed life as my bones still creak from the winter of my grief. Life has dared to go on around me and, as I recover from the insult of life's continuance, I readjust my focus to include healing and growth as possibility in my future. Give me strength to break out of the cocoon of my grief, but may I never forget it is the place where I grew my wings, becoming a new person because of my loss.

## SPRING: HOPE OR MORE PAIN

By Margaret Gerner  
BP/USA St. Louis, MO Chapter

Here it comes! Spring! Flowers blooming, weather warming, the cold of winter is behind us. We're coming up out of our pain. Right? Wrong!

My six year old son, Arthur, was killed by an automobile on Friday, May 28, 1971. The Easter before was the last time we were together as a complete family. For years after, spring and especially the Easter season, began again the realization that we were no longer a complete family and never would be again. Each year brought a new year of pain.

When the first spring came after Arthur was killed, I thought I would be better. Buds popped out and my sadness was deeper. Easter came and my pain was no less. The temperature rose but the coldness in my heart never left. Many more springs came and none of them brought the relief I prayed for. For me the hope and renewal that was supposed to be a part of spring was a lie.

Ironically though, the beginning of the resolution of my grief began in the spring of 1978. My grief, which by this time had become prolonged and distorted, created a number of other problems in my life. Among them was the deterioration of my marriage. We began seeing a marriage counselor. I couldn't believe it when he told me that it was not only acceptable but necessary to face Arthur's death and talk about the pain and emotions I had been encouraged to suppress all these years. Mine is a long story of struggle and determination, of steps and missteps and pain and sadness and loss. But it's also a long story of change and growth. The beginning of the resolution of my grief may have started then but it didn't all happen in spring. It took place over many seasons.

Various seasons are significant for all of us. The Christmas holidays may be significant for you. The middle of June may be significant for someone else. A colorful fall may be significant for another. But, for some reason, we are led to believe that spring will bring a lessening of our pain. This is not true.

Spring is simply a time of year. It's a date. It's a season. It's symbolic. But spring is not magic.

Yes, it holds promises, but those promises are only brought to fruition when we work at them.. Spring can be the impetus for change. The changes that take place in nature can cause us to do what we need to do to resolve our grief. The beauty of spring can be the factor that encourages us to find beauty in our lives again. Yes, we see growth and change and renewal all around us in spring. But it won't happen for us unless we make it happen.

In early grief, we hardly see spring come. We are so immersed in our pain and desolation that it is hard to see anything. Just as winter comes before spring, dark, painful grief work comes before we begin to see the light of comfortable life again. Don't expect to sidestep the healthy, albeit painful, normal and long process of grief. Don't endow a season with magic to make changes in you.

Hard, painful grief work is what will get you to the other side of your child's death, not a date on the calendar.

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## FROM THE- DESK OF THE EDITOR

This years long winter of coldness, snow, sleet and darkness has made this an especially hard time for those of us on the grief journey. Seeing the sun more, warmer weather and the promise of spring will, hopefully, cheer us. We now see the approach of Memorial Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Veterans Day, graduations, maybe even weddings and the end of the school year. We hope that some of the articles in this newsletter will help you in the months ahead.

One help on this journey is in meeting others who are on the same journey and talking with them. That opportunity, the opportunity to hear speakers give some guidance and to meet in workshops, can be met attending a Gathering. For information regarding the 2009 Gathering, see page 7 and our web site. You may also request a registration packet by following the directions on the Web and on page 7. The Committee has made every effort to keep costs as low as they can. The hotel has given a good discount and offered it for 3 days before and 3 days after the Gathering so this is a chance to tour NY before or after the Gathering, if you wish. Tour buses come to the hotel so you would not need to drive.

The planning committee would welcome any donations for the Gathering by Chapters or persons. Those may be sent to BP/USA L.I. Chapter, PO Box 94, Bayville, NY 11709-0094. Please clearly mark that this is a donation for the Gathering costs. The Committee would also welcome raffle gift donations, table favors, and butterfly boutique donations. For more information or to offer any of these things, please contact Olga Postiglione at the address above or Diana Roscigno at the address on page 7.

We also remind Chapter Chairs of the training sessions before the Gathering. For information on those, contact Beverley Hurley at [bee.hurley@gte.net](mailto:bee.hurley@gte.net) or by calling 813-832-3175.

Paul Kincs, a doctoral student at the University of South Dakota would still welcome information. If you are willing to participate in his research project about parents who have experienced miscarriage, stillbirth or death of a child, he has a brief questionnaire. For each questionnaire returned he will make a donation of \$1 and this money will be divided between BP/USA and TCF. This is not endorsed by BP/USA and your participation is entirely voluntary. If you wish to participate, go to [www.usd.edu/~pkincs](http://www.usd.edu/~pkincs), where you will find more information and the questionnaire.

Those of you who attended the 2008 Gathering in St. Louis and those who saw the publicity for it will remember the very beautiful logo, Seeds of Hope, that we had on all of our materials. We recognized the young woman, Sara Lee, who did the art work for us, at one of our meals. We were sorry to hear that recently Sara Lee's husband died suddenly. All of us at BP/USA join in expressing our sympathy to Sara. If you wish to write, her address is Sarah Lee, 8618 East Richview Road, Mt. Vernon, IL 62864.

## BOARD ELECTIONS

All Chapters will soon be receiving ballots for election of new National Board members. Please read this material carefully and return your vote. The nominees are Jill Theriault, Michigan; Lee Ann Hutson, Indiana; Toni Holohan, Western Arkansas and Donna Budd. We need to elect three persons.

## PETERSON AWARD

Nominations for this year's Roy & Juanita Peterson Award should be sent to Shirley Ottman at 208 Royal Oaks Place, Denton, TX 76210. This award is presented to recognize an outstanding member of BP/USA who has served both in a local chapter and in some way in the national BP/USA. The award is presented at the Gathering. The deadline for nominations is May 31, 2009.

## RE-POTTED PLANTS

Written by Connie Pike  
From the Tampa Bay BP/USA  
Chapter Newsletter

The past several months I have bemoaned the condition of our potted plants. “Look at them all; they’re dying,” I whined to my husband. He was the one with the green thumb, spending hours pulling weeds, tending to the flower beds, changing out the perennials with the seasons. But the condition of the potted plants was no pressing matter to him, no matter how many times I broached the subject. Finally, Bob said that WE should tackle this project together. I was not impressed. However, I accompanied him to the Home Depot and selected an assortment of new, large containers and huge bags of potting soil. “We should just throw them out,” I said. “They are practically dead anyway.” His response was that we were to be responsible caregivers of Mother Earth and leave our carbon footprint. Besides, they just needed some pruning, new soil, new homes and some love and care. I begrudgingly agreed but what about just composting?

As I began to attack each plant with my shears, cutting back all the dead leaves in preparation for re-potting, I became lost in thought of what the plants really represented. One year ago, our 21 year old son, a Junior at the University of South Florida, was leaving to go to San Francisco for a brief business trip before starting summer classes on May 15. He returned from his adventure and spent the weekend of Mother’s Day here with us in our Apollo Beach home. We had a great Mother’s Day. I made him do the shopping for me. We had a steak dinner. I requested extra hugs. He, his sister and two friends spent the night and stayed up late playing music upstairs. At 2 a.m., Taylor decided to go for a spin on his motorcycle. He loved to drive fast and

was just out for a spin around the block. Just a half mile from home, he “failed to navigate a curve” as the newspaper article penned it, hit a curb and was hurled from his bike into a railing. His friends heard the accident and woke up Bob and I. What followed was a 911 call and a rush to the scene. Taylor was already gone; a blunt trauma to the neck which severed his brain stem, aorta and heart. His helmet was cracked and of no protection for such an impact. We beat the paramedics and police to the scene. No parent should ever have to...

So, then there is the funeral to plan, followed by all these flowers and plants. THESE dying plants—they are all from his funeral. These plants were neglected. Grief is hard work. You get distracted. They were all dying, to be sure. So here we were at a cross-road—dump the dying plants or bring them back to life. Is there some symbolism here? What about my grief, my decisions of how to process it—continue living or die? These plants, my spirit, my life-force, my faith—they all have something in common.

Some say that our greatest spiritual growth comes to us in our greatest pain. I believe that. As with these plants, our spirit and our faith can die or thrive. It is a choice. For the plants, do we dump them or do we nurture them? For me, now a bereaved parent, do I die away or do I nurture my spirit and thrive despite the tragedy and loss? I’m glad we chose to revive our plants. I learned a lot today even though I don’t like to get dirt in my fingernails.

In assessing the plants, I noted that there was a lot of dead growth. It needed to be pruned away. I’ve learned to prune away a lot of unnecessary activity this year in order to heal. I’ve spent more time in nature, walking outdoors instead of going to a gym, doing yoga instead of shopping, letting go of anything in my life not serving my healing. In so pruning, I allow new growth through my journaling, prayer, attending my

Bereaved Parents group, spending time with Bob and my daughter, Megan, fostering friendships with Taylor’s friends; even my work has become more meaningful.

Many of the plants had been deprived of water or were in a pile of putrid, sour soil from over watering and no drainage. I’ve learned this past year about “watering” my soul. The balance is necessary. With regard to tears, they are an important part of grief. The tears must fall, yet too many tears can cause a break down or a spiral into a deep depression. The soul loses vitality either way. There is a time to weep and mourn, but also a time to dance, as the Bible so aptly advises.

As I clipped away half or more of each plant, I was amazed at how resilient these plants really were. All this new growth was there, waiting underneath just to be nurtured. They were all root-bound from spending too much time in their “homes”. As we set them free into a bigger home and fresh soil, I could almost feel them beginning to breathe more deeply and settle into a healthier way of being. “And so can I,” I thought, “so can I!” My heart can grow bigger. My son’s death took a part of my heart away, but, if I do this grief thing well, I can become a better person for all the pain and suffering. My faith and my ability to love can grow.

Mother’s Day is approaching. We’ve planned a trip to the beach. May 14 is the first anniversary of Taylor’s death. We’ll light some candles and talk about good memories. Will I survive it? You bet, just like all those plants we repotted today.

EDITOR’S NOTE: This is good reading for Father’s Day too.





## BOOK REVIEWS By the Editor

**SURVIVING BILL IS A BOOK BY Mike Reynolds** about the death of his brother, Bill. Mike was 10 years old and Bill was 15. They had a close brother relationship. One day Bill hanged himself in the closet of their room. They had no sign of problems and it was a great shock and the family tried to shield Mike from the pain. However, as we would expect, Mike had so many questions and spent many years trying to understand what had happened. The book deals well with the importance of letting the siblings know about things and trying to help them understand even when it is hard for us to understand. When he and his family are finally able to talk together, it is a great relief for them all. Bill had been a surfer and Mike took up surfing and found himself feeling close to Bill when he was surfing. He also deals with how hard it is to form close relationships again when such a close one has been broken so suddenly. His final healing begins when he meets someone with a similar experience with whom he can talk. He ends by telling us that “The journey gets easier. Just stay open to the moments of healing that fill your life and forever push to get stronger than your previous self.” The book is published by iUniverse, Inc. , Lincoln, Nebraska. You can find out more about the book and about surviving suicide on [www.survivingbill.com](http://www.survivingbill.com).

**WHEN GOD & GRIEF MEET** by Lynn Eib was sent to us by the publisher, Tyndale House Publishers, Inc, in Carol Stream, Illinois. It is written by a cancer survivor and has been a popular book with some hospices. “The price of human caring is grief and loss. Whatever one’s present state of loss, Lynn provides the reader with an understanding of the grief process and how the application of an active faith can help one live through troubled times,” says Roy Smith, president of the Pennsylvania Counseling Services. The book deals with most of the areas we have all experienced in

our grief journey with a strong emphasis on scripture and with Bible passages related to the various areas of grief. For further information contact the printer at [katieanderson@tyndale.com](mailto:katieanderson@tyndale.com) or at 630-784-5426.

**BEYOND TEARS: LIVING AFTER LOSING A CHILD** is a book put together by Ellen Mitchell which weaves together the stories of nine mothers. The TCF of Manhasset, NY sent us a copy of this. They sent copies to commemorate their twentieth year of service to their community. This was a very generous act by the Chapter and the book is a very useful one. It deals with the many areas of the grief journey, weaving the comments from each of the nine mothers together with suggestions and ideas. The first part of the book is especially helpful in dealing with support groups. They suggest that there are many support groups that are available and advise people to find one that helps them. They point out that only in such a support group of other grieving parents, grandparents and siblings can a person really be understood. Several of them had the experience of having a counselor advise them not to go to a support group because they can be depressing! As one mother says, where else can you say that you went to the cemetery and laid down on the grave or talked to the child and not have people feel you are seriously troubled. As they say, only another bereaved parent can understand, support and assure you that you are not insane—just grieving. They also point out how important it is to see persons who have survived and can smile again and have hope. The end of the book says, “We are nine mothers who carried our children within our bodies for nine months prior to their births and nurtured them into young adulthood. As we move ahead with our lives, we will continue to carry our children very much within ourselves until such time as we are with them again...That is what mothers do.” The book is published by St. Martin’s Press in New York City. You may contact them at [www.stmartins.com](http://www.stmartins.com) or you may contact TCF of Manhasset, 333 Searingtown Rd., Manhasset, NY 11030.

Bethany House Publishers sent us a book, **RAIN SONG** by Alice J. Wisler. It is a novel and is about the struggle of a young woman with the death of her mother who later is found to have been pregnant so the death of an infant too. It is a novel and would make light reading but it is also a book dealing with the issues in the journey through grief. For more information contact [Noelle.buss@bethanyhouse.com](mailto:Noelle.buss@bethanyhouse.com).

The NY Times bestseller book, **THE SHACK** by Wm. Paul Young is also a novel but very good reading. It deals with a father’s struggle to deal with the loss of his daughter - his guilt and his anger. It is a very theologically oriented book with a very profound dealing with relationships with God—Father (known as Papa), Son and Holy Spirit. It would be a hard book to read early in ones grief . However, when we are able to concentrate and deal with these matters, it could be a very helpful book. Everyone one talks to who has read it found it to be a book that is hard to put down. You may get this book in any bookstore. It is published by Windblown Media in Newbury Park, CA—805-498-2484. You may also read about it at [www.theshackbook.com](http://www.theshackbook.com).

NOTE: These are reviews and not necessarily an endorsement of the book or material by BP/USA.

### *Survivors of Service Men and Women:*

TAPS (Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors) is a very helpful organization and they publish a magazine that has articles written by bereaved parents and counselors. For information, contact TAPS at 800-959-8277.

Congratulations to the TCF of Los Angeles, CA on 25 years of service to bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. This group was a BP chapter at one time and we have kept in touch over the years. Mort Schrag, from the chapter, has presented workshops for us at our Gatherings many times and will be with us again this year.

## A MOTHER'S DAY WISH FROM HEAVEN

By Jody Seilheimer  
From "Heartfelt Words" by Jody  
In memory of her son Cody

Dear Mr. Hallmark,

I am writing to you from heaven and though it must appear a rather strange idea, I see everything from here.

I just popped in to visit your stores to find a card, a card of love for my mother as this day for her is hard. There must be some mistake, I thought. I saw every card you could imagine except I could not find a card from a child who lives in heaven.

She is still a mother too, no matter where I reside. I had to leave, she understands, but oh the tears she's cried. I thought that, if I wrote you, you would come to know that, though I live in heaven now, I still love my mother so.

She talks with me and dreams with me; we still share laughter too; memories are our way of speaking now. Would you see what you could do? My mother carries me in her heart; her tears she hides from sight. She writes poems to honor me, sometimes far into the night. She plants flowers in my garden; there my living memory dwells. She writes to other grieving parents, trying to ease their pain as well.

So, you see, Mr. Hallmark, though I no longer live on earth, I must find a way to remind her of her wondrous worth. She needs to be honored and remembered too, just as the children on earth will do.

Thank you, Mr. Hallmark. I know you'll do your best. I have done all I can do; to you I'll leave the rest. Find a way to tell her how much she means to me until I can do it for myself when she joins me in eternity.

## I AM A MAN!!

By J. J. Jim Brown  
Grief Relief Magazine, 1987

I hunt, fish, drive a fast car, play football, basketball and baseball. I am tough!! I went to war. I am the toughest two-legged mammal alive. I am a MAN!

While our son was still in the hospital, I cried alone so my wife wouldn't see me. At home, I cried alone in the shower, in the back yard, anywhere but in front of my wife. I had to be a rock. After our son died, I helped support my wife in the best way I knew how. I was a rock for her to lean on. I was invincible. The rock caused more trouble than good. Soon we were not talking or getting along with each other and I didn't understand why. My wife became angry. She told me, "You act like you don't love JJ" (because I didn't appear to be grieving).

The rock became mush. I then realized what I had done. I had played MAN instead of just being a father and a husband. You see, a mother doesn't need a rock with no emotions. She needed me to show her I did indeed love our son and that I was hurting after his death and that I did cry. My wife comforted me that night after we talked. I cried; she cried. We both needed it. I found out that it was good for me to cry and let my wife help me. I am a MAN. I am a grieving man who now does not mind crying in front of anyone. I cry for myself and for our son.

President Coolidge  
About the death of his  
16 year old son

"When he went,  
the power and glory  
of a three year old  
presidency went with  
him..."

## MEMORIAL AND VETERANS DAYS

By Betty Ewart, Editor

Perhaps this year, more than some past years, we will be aware of Memorial Day and Veterans Day. Not a day goes by that we don't hear about the death of one of our courageous men and women in the armed forces in Iraq or Afghanistan.

Are you old enough to remember the Gold Star Mothers? Or to remember the Blue Stars in windows during the Second World War. If a family had a son or daughter in the service, they hung a flag with a blue star in the window. If the person died, the flag was exchanged for one with a Gold Star and the mother was called a Gold Star Mother. Over 250,000 died so that means that many mothers were mourning! A staggering thought, isn't it? Some families even had more than one die—one family even had 5 sons killed.

There are many mothers and fathers—and grandparents and siblings too—today who bear the same burden and travel the same grief journey. BP/USA offers its help and consolation to these persons too.

Although we did not have any star to put in our window or special emblem to wear, our children are remembered in many ways—gardens, memorials, scholarships, research projects etc. We certainly remember our children on Memorial Day too. Just as the loved ones of those killed in wars go to their graves and to monuments in their honor and trace their names and remember them, we go to our cemeteries and leave flowers and remember, with love, our child, grandchild or sibling. Their example to us is a source of comfort and their memory stays with us forever.



## A HUNDRED-TWENTY, LESS ONE

By Susan Presler, 1995  
BP/USA Western NY Chapter

I arrive late and alone  
This evening in June.  
And the band strikes up  
The time-honored tune.  
Pomp and circumstance  
Resounds through the room  
But the uplifting notes  
Displace none of my gloom

I slip into a seat  
Far removed from the crowd.  
As the grads file in  
Deservedly proud  
I pause for a moment.  
My head is bowed  
But to honor these students  
Was something I'd vowed.

They had comforted me  
In my hours of need  
Since the death of my daughter  
At the age of sixteen,  
Halfway through  
Their junior year  
They had lost a friend  
Whom they held dear.

They take their seats  
A hundred-twenty, less one.  
I regain control  
Though my heart weighs a ton.  
Speeches begin.  
They mention her name  
Because they're less one.  
They won't be the same.

The school is presented  
A gift from the class—  
Beautiful trees in her honor  
Along with a plaque  
Proclaiming affection  
For a friend who is gone  
That they, too, are sad.  
They're a hundred-twenty, less one.

My vision's an ocean  
Of blurred red and white  
As I try to focus  
To see their delight  
As they leave the stage  
Diplomas in hand  
Their parents rejoicing  
Beginning to stand.

I cannot move  
'til it's over and done  
Mortarboards flying -  
A hundred-twenty, less one.  
I quickly slip out  
The way that I came  
Not wanting to dampen  
Their dazzling flames.

My tears run unchecked.  
I can't stop them now.  
I've gotten through it  
Though I'll never know how.  
My one consolation  
This moment in time -  
She, too, has graduated,  
But to heights sublime.

### VETERAN'S DAY

Adapted from an  
Article by Mary Cleckley  
BP/USA Member

Are you newly bereaved? Have you been to one of our meetings? Did you see and meet parents there who are three years, five years or more into their grief? Did you find that discouraging because you saw their presence as a sign that there is no hope to be better? Well, look again!

Take the time to talk to these veterans one-on-one. Find out why most of them are really there. Many can and will tell you honestly that they are not there for themselves any longer. They come for you, those of you who are fresh in your grief.

This is the time that veterans who have been through wars are saluted and that includes those of us who have been through our own personal wars after the death of a child. Bless all of you who continue to come to meetings and by doing so help others to know that, though you are not "all over it", you're better.



## BEREAVEMENT CONFERENCES

By Brenda Hobbs  
BP/USA N. Texas Chapter  
From "Where are all the Butterflies?"

Every time I have been fortunate enough to attend a bereaved parents' and siblings' conference, sometimes called gatherings, I have come away feeling better. The emotions evoked there are very intense and exhausting, but also very therapeutic. There are countless reasons for the comfort I've found.

First of all, we need not grieve alone. We've all learned that at our monthly meetings and it's a great help. At the conferences, however, that togetherness is magnified.

It's an overwhelming feeling to be in a room with 50 to 100 other people who have lost children, grandchildren, brothers or sisters. Their stories differ, their circumstances differ, the ages of the deceased vary from birth through adulthood, the ages of the bereaved vary from young siblings through young, middle-aged and older adults. But the pain is the same.

There is no way to measure the different kinds or degrees of pain—all pain seems unbearable. You learn that all of these people understand such pain, understand what you say and how you feel. You immediately feel as if you know these people well. The bonds are real, deep and firm.

Another thing that I've noticed at these gatherings is that money means nothing. I've never been asked what I do for a living, or what kind of car I drive. It just doesn't matter how much money anyone has or doesn't have.

What does matter is that we all know the pain a child's or grandchild's or brother's or sister's death has brought. We're all here to help each other. To stand among these hundreds and to share the abundant love gathered there in one place is a very healing experience.

## BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

CSRA Chapter of BP/USA  
Art Dorfman  
Bill & Florence Wolfel  
Rodney Carlson  
Loyola Garcia

In loving memory of their children  
In loving memory of his son, Eric  
In loving memory of Sandra Lynn  
In loving memory of his son Troy  
In loving memory of her son Daniel Gerard

If we missed listing a donation, we apologize. If you will notify the Treasurer, David Hurley, at 3805 West San Juan Street, Tampa, Florida 33629-7819, by phone at 813-831-2588 or by email at david.hurley@gte.net of your gift and the memorial, we will be sure it is acknowledged in the next Newsletter. 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 start new chapters. There is no charge to found a chapter and each new chapter is given a group of books to help them start a library. The money is also used to print and send copies of our brochures. This quarterly newsletter costs about \$5.25 per year for each one mailed. Donations are always welcome towards that cost. We also welcome donations to help with the costs of our Annual National Gathering as well as to maintain a web site ([www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)). You may designate a donation to any of these areas by designating it with your donation or to the general work of the BP/USA by giving an undesignated gift. Please always note 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.



### 2009 GATHERING

Theme: LIGHT MY WAY

Dates: July 10-12, 2009

July 9 is the Leaders Workshop Day

Hotel: Crowne Plaza LaGuardia Airport: \$133.88 per night (includes tax).

This price is offered for 3 days before and 3 after the Gathering also.

Up to four persons may stay in the room. A Shuttle to and from the airport and tour bus connections at the hotel are available.

You should make your own reservations by calling the hotel at 1-888-233-9527. Be sure to mention that you are attending the BP/USA Gathering in order to get the discounted rates. The deadline for getting those rates is June 16.

Meals: The complete meal plan is \$161.00 for Fri. through Sun. morning. Separate meals are available.

Even if you cannot attend, you can be a part of the Gathering by having your loved one's picture in the Candlelight Memorial Program or by decorating a heart to be displayed there.

More information about the Gathering along with a list of Speakers and Workshops is available on our website, [www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org) or by contacting Diana Roscigno at (516-233-4838).

### OTHER UPCOMING EVENTS:

May 16: Anne Arundel County Chapter Annual Conference of Hope and Healing. This starts at 7:30 a.m. and ends with a closing ceremony at 4 p.m. For information contact Debi Wilson Smith at 410-757-8280 or at [debiws@verizon.net](mailto:debiws@verizon.net).

Aug. 7-9: Annual Conference of TCF in Portland, OR. For information visit [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org).

Aug 20-23: Annual POMC (Parents of Murdered Children) Conference in Cincinnati, OH. For information contact Sherry Nolan or Bev Warnock at 513-721-5683 or visit [www.pomc.org](http://www.pomc.org)

May 22-25: TAPS (Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors) Annual National Military Survivor Seminar in Washington, D.C. For information contact T.A.P.S. at 800-959-8277 or visit [www.TAPS.org](http://www.TAPS.org).