



caring & sharing news

Helping rebuild lives following the death of a child

Volume 15, No. 2

A Day with Alan Pedersen
Saturday, April 14, 2018
Wellington Community Center
9700 Wellington Road
Manassas, VA



Workshop Part 1: 3p.m.
Dinner: 5 p.m.
Workshop Part 2: 6 p.m.

For more information contact Jodi Norman at
bleachermom2000@aol.com or call 703-656-6999
RSVP by April 7, 2018

Alan Pedersen is an award-winning speaker, songwriter and recording artist. His inspirational message of hope and his music have resonated deeply with those facing a loss or adversity in their lives. Since the death of his 18-year-old daughter Ashley in 2001, Alan has traveled to more than 1,300 cities speaking and playing his original music. Alan is currently on the road with The Angels Across the USA Tour where he will speak and perform in over 100 U.S. cities in 2018.



Our workshop day will be a mixture of learning, laughing and feeling. Alan will share what he has learned on his own grief journey and from the thousands of other grievors who have shared their stories with him. The workshop will offer real tools and ideas to consider for those who are grieving and for those who work with the bereaved. Powerful music and a down to earth message are the hallmark of A Day with Alan Pedersen.

Session 1- "Everything You Never Wanted to Know About Grief"

Who imagined we would be walking this path, yet here we are. This workshop deals with the basics of grief and the multi-faceted changes we face mentally, emotionally, spiritually and physically as we take on the challenges of processing loss. The focus will be on fully understanding our loss, how to build our own unique support system and the importance of educating ourselves

Session 2 - "Does It Ever Get Any Better?"

Grief can leave behind a lot of unfinished emotional business. Some of us deal with guilt and regret, and other issues such as not having the opportunity to say goodbye. This first half of this workshop will focus on some of the common things that can make us feel stuck in our grief. The second half of the workshop will focus on things we can do and actions we can take which can bring healing and meaning into our lives.

Caring and Sharing Support Meetings:

2nd Sunday @ 3 p.m.
First United Presbyterian Church
14391 Minnieville Road
Dale City, VA

For more information contact:
Jodi Norman, Chapter Leader
703-656-6999 (cell)
bleachermom2000@aol.com

AMORe

(All Murdered Offspring Remembered)
3rd Wednesday @ 6 p.m.
3182 Golansky Blvd, Suite 101
Woodbridge, VA

For more info contact:
Beverly Ruane
540-628-4758 (h) or 703-395-9546 (c)
ruane.beverly@yahoo.com

2018 Programs

New for 2018 is adding guest speakers to some of our monthly Sunday meetings in addition to our yearly events. Below is a schedule for the year (subject to change):

- March 11 – “Anger and Grief” with Paul Balasic
- March 17 – “Tuesdays With Morrey”
- April 8 – Support Meeting (no special program)
- April 14 – A Day with Alan Pedersen Workshop
- April 21 – Garden Work Day
- April 28 – Art Therapy with Sue Ann Hastings
- May 13 – Mother’s Day (No Meeting)
- May 20 – Annual Picnic and Balloon Release at Locust Shade Park
- June 10 – “Heading for the Light: Striving for a Positive, Purposeful Life” with Valerie Larson
- July 8 – “True Colors” with Sue Cerrone
- August 3-5 – National Gathering in Memphis, TN
- August 12 – Program to Be Announced
- August 19 – Butterfly Release at Memorial Garden
- September 9 – Program to Be Announced
- September 22 – ComedySportz in Richmond
- October 14 – Program to Be Announced
- November 11 – Program to Be Announced
- December 2 – Service of Remembrance
- December 9 – Program to Be Announced

Additional Chapter Meeting

Anyone interested in attending BPUSA support meetings in Northern Virginia (Springfield, Annandale, Alexandria, South Arlington) please contact Emily Slough for more information at emilygps@verizon.net. Monthly meetings (probably pot-luck format) would start in June or July.

I am looking for submissions for a booklet to give to newly bereaved parents. If you would be willing to write about how BPUSA has helped you on your grief journey, it would be greatly appreciated. Please email submissions to bleachermom2000@aol.com.



*Our sincere sympathy to the
The Stevenson Family on the
death of Claire Ann's Mom
and Graham's Grandma, Susie Pugh on
February 8, 2018 at the age of 90.*



Check out our Chapter Website <http://www.bpusanova.com>

Also, please check your email and Facebook for Chapter Announcements. The easiest way to get the word out about Chapter happenings is via the internet. If we do not have an email address for you, please email bleachermom2000@aol.com with your email address.



Save The Date!!
Saturday, Sept. 22nd
ComedySportz
8906-H W Broad Street
Richmond, VA



Workshop with Sue Anne Hastings

Saturday, April 28, 2018
12:30 p.m.

Valerie Larson's Home
6900 Cole Timothy Court
Manassas, VA

Bring a photo of your child printed on plain white paper. You can also bring magazines.

RSVP to Valerie by April 20th
rlarson900@verizon.net or call her at 703-217-7994

Annual Chapter Picnic, Balloon Release, And Memory Walk

Sunday, May 20, 2018
2:00 p.m.

Locust Shade Park



RSVP by May 10th to Jodi at
bleachermom2000@aol.com



whispers of
hope

Bereaved Parents of the USA

NATIONAL GATHERING CONFERENCE
AUGUST 3-5, 2018 MEMPHIS, TN



Mitch Carmody



Pam Vredevelt



Stephane Gerson



Ann Irr Dagle

IMPORTANT: With our website and publishing our newsletter on the website, your child's name, birthdate and death date may be on the website. If you have any objection to your child's name and information being on the website please let Jodi know as soon as possible at bleachermom2000@aol.com.

walk towards
hope and
healing

Fundraiser for
Memory Walk at
BPUSA National
Gathering

Go to the following link to set up your fundraising page:
<https://www.classy.org/campaign/walk-towards-hope-and-healing/c162565>

Click on "Become a Fundraiser" and then "Join a Team": Northern Virginia Chapter.

Set your goal and personalize your page with your story and your child's picture.

Picture needs to be in jpg format to add to the page.

You do not have to attend the Gathering to participate in the fundraising for National BPUSA.

Our chapter's goal is to raise \$1,000.

Any questions in setting up your personal website, contact Jodi at bleachermom2000@aol.com or call 703-656-6999.

Help Needed to Update Website

Our website has a "We Remember Our Children" section and we need your help to update this page. Please write a bio for your child and submit a photo or a collage of photos. We would like to have all the children of our chapter included on this page. Please send submissions to Jodi at bleachermom2000@aol.com.

Hello Everyone!

It's that time of the year again! Spring is just around the corner. I know I'm ready for warm sunny days with flowers blooming and green trees. With the coming of Spring there, also, comes garden fun!



Each year to make sure the Memorial Garden for all of our children is always beautiful, we all need to work, prepare, and maintain it so all can enjoy. There is trimming to be done, weeds to be pulled, flowers to plant, and mulching to do. Although there are not many weeds at this time there will be soon. What weeds we do have now need to be pulled and some plants deadheaded before we put down the mulch.

To maintain the garden takes a lot of work. It's very difficult for one or two people to do it; especially, when those one or two people, also, have other responsibilities. Jodi and I get up there to work as often as we can but we both live about an hour away. Anyone that can help; especially if you live closer, would be greatly appreciated. I've been told, "I don't know anything about gardening." You don't have to. There will always be someone there to help when it comes to planting and weeding to show you what needs to be done. After that, you will be able to do things just fine. Spreading the mulch is a time-consuming job. The more people we have when we do it the faster it will be completed. I've already heard from one person that wants to help. Anyone that can help, please contact me or Jodi. Also, when new plants are planted, they need frequent watering to establish them. When the weather gets hot, we need to water 2-3 times a week or more if extra dry and hot so things don't dry up. We will have hoses hooked up to the faucet. The water source is well water. When you come to help you will be shown where the water is if you don't know.

We will be setting up work days to accomplish what needs to be done and you will be contacted by email, text, phone, and/or mail to inform you of the dates. Any time you can give is welcomed. Bring hand tools, clippers, knee pads, long rakes, buckets, and gloves.

I'm looking forward to working with you so our garden can be as beautiful as always! I've been told in the past that those that visit the gardens at the monastery think ours is the most beautiful. Let's all get together to make this a peaceful beautiful place all can enjoy. Thank you in advance.

Beverly

ruane.beverly@yahoo.com

703-395-9546



There are dozens of tasks that go into running our chapter and our special events. If you feel you are now in a place in your grief journey where you can help and give back to the chapter in any little way, we would love your help. Most of us find that when we reach a point of giving back to those who come after us, we gain far more than we give.

I could really use volunteers to plan our special events (Picnic/Balloon Release, Butterfly Release and Service of Remembrance). Other areas of need are in Fundraising, Publicity, Outreach, and helping at the Memorial Garden.

If you would like to volunteer to help our chapter, please contact Jodi at bleachermom2000@aol.com or 703-656-6999.

Garden Work Day

Saturday, April 21

At 10:00 a.m.

BPUSA Memorial Garden

On the grounds of

Benedictine Sisters of Virginia Monastery

9535 Linton Hall Rd.

Bristow, VA 20136

Bring your garden tools and garden gloves and come help clean up the Memorial Garden. Come ready to pull weeds, trim the bushes, plant new flowers and spread mulch! Lots of work to do to make our garden beautiful!

Contact Bev Ruane if you have any questions:

ruane.beverly@yahoo.com or 703-395-9546

Gardening Through Grief

Still Standing Magazine

My childhood is blessed with memories of apple orchards, picking blackberries, raking autumn leaves and snowmen. And yes, of gardening, of being a reluctant helper in my parents' soggy vegetable plot. When I started a family, I knew I wanted my children to feel compassion and connected to living things. I'd been working in a city for a great many years, yet in gently showing them the flora and fauna of our planet something quickly became apparent — to touch nature's extraordinary power was to be drawn back into its grace.

Twenty years went by and, much to everyone's surprise, I changed careers and began to farm. One day, as my son Alex planted seedlings he looked at me and said, "You haven't bought a fruit farm, mum, you've bought a life, it's going to be your new life." Peaceful, happy moments spent with my children gardening and growing food with our bare hands.

And then the unimaginable happened: Alex was murdered.

With his death, my life was forever changed. That new life he had imaged for me, had helped plan with me; it now seemed to me impossible. Future dreams were an absurdity in the face of such devastation. So, deep was my pain that the world fell into a greyscale and nature lost its colors. No scents, no hues, no birdsong. I was impervious to its energy; nothing could penetrate my grief.

The months passed and I remained in the dark, desolate pit of grief. Breathing exhausted me; living was hell.

But nature waits for no man, least of all a woman who has to farm. The seasons continued to pass and forced me to accompany them as best I could. It did not matter that I had to drag myself outside, the fact is I did.

And this is what I learned — that nature heals.

By being in nature, by immersing myself in it, by touching it, smelling it, working with it, I let myself become a part of it. It wasn't the physical activity of gardening that made the difference, though I don't doubt that endorphins released by exertion do lift the mood. Scientific research shows that gardening lowers stress levels.¹ It also reduces inflammation — a precursor to heart disease, depression and diabetes. And soil bacteria really do boost our immune system.

It was far more than that, though. As I helped my young trees and vegetables grow, so I was growing me. If I cried and screamed, there was no one to take offence or pass judgement. Instead, the earth and rustling of the young branches soothed me, the rain washed my face, the cricket and cicada song touched my soul. What helped me cope with the horror and destruction of Alex's death was nature itself.

I learned that I could not hasten nature's pace any more than I could bring back my dead son. In being forced to accept patience, I also re-learned the acceptance of the cycle of life and death.

I learned to face my own son's death.

As the months turned into a year, then two and three, I became a part of the very nature I was nurturing. I gained a deep appreciation for simplicity and began to yearn for the peacefulness of the garden and olive grove. Gardening was my therapy. When the sadness overwhelmed me, it was here, among the trees and vegetables that I felt grounded. In tending to the plants, I was tending to my grief. Colors began to filter back into my life. The incalculable sorrow stayed but I could now look up at the sky and smile when the bee-eaters flew by. Spring's flowering with its bold statement of life and renewal ceased to hurt me as it had done in the first two years and instead I sensed a deep gratefulness that nature had held me close and helped nurture my healing.

For me, though I once lost the capacity to see the point to life, gardening became a life-saver. In seeing plants grow I discerned hope within my heart. The miracle of watching seedlings push through the soil helped me to understand that I too could change from a closed, deeply hurting mother into something unforeseen and different. It didn't matter if my tears mixed with the soil as I dug, I kept digging. My response to being outdoors was initially indiscernible and yet, as time passed, whether it was physical work or lying with eyes half-closed under the trees, I began to sense a connection to the Earth I'd never felt before.

The therapeutic benefits were not felt by me alone. My surviving children gained much from being in nature and gardening following their brother's homicide. Nature's restorative power seeped into our hearts and gave us permission to smile again. As a family, we were able to grieve together whilst doing something as beautiful and therapeutic as planting and growing food.

I believe Alex would be proud of what we have achieved. He was right about the farm being a new life for me. It is.



Reflections on March

by Dayton Robinson, Tuscaloosa, AL

March is a month of renewal. The dormant trees begin to stir, the birds optimistically sing of spring; the winds, sometimes violent, wake us up; perhaps we need a “shake” out of our winter lethargy; an awakening.

There is that urge to plant, to nourish, to grow a tree or a flower. There is the primordial urge to feel your hand digging in the warming earth. Perhaps we plant because we know that someone will see the results, as we have enjoyed the results of others’ work. It could be called a debt of renewal, a repayment for that which we have enjoyed. As we nourish small seedlings, we visualize the end results. That tree may die, as our children did. That tree may flourish beautifully, or it may meet ultimate disaster, but if that tree does well, it could be a source of great pleasure and of beauty for many coming years. We can believe that a seedling will be a glorious tree enjoyed by many. It’s a nice dream.



“To all things there is a season” and as life goes by, we simply cannot afford to miss the season, the renewals, the chances for new growth. Regardless of our grief and regrets, life goes on, and we must try not to miss a season. Life simply will be, whether we participate or not. Someone will benefit from constructive growth, if we can find the energy to make the effort.

Severe grief, for a time, reduces our interest and our ability to participate fully in life. With a low energy level and little initiative and with our hopes for the future severely damaged, it requires great effort for the bereaved to learn to again enjoy the small things that make up most of our lives. Our hopes for the future are so damaged that there is little incentive to work today for the future. The things that exist today comprise the basics of our future. We run a risk and a danger of missing the good things that are to be, because we do not have the wish to participate in the things that are today.

Although we need a time of some withdrawal, some time to ponder the unanswered questions, some time to heal, we also need to be aware of the lives that are passing. Regardless of our grief, life simply goes on, and there is much good that we risk losing if we stay too long in a state of suspense of the present and a sad review of the past.

A part of learning to “accept the unacceptable” is to learn to make the effort to sort out the good memories and take them with us into a future that will be happy again.

There comes a time when the harsh winter of our damaging grief will give way to some awakening, a time when we, like nature, can shake off some of the lethargy and see and feel the renewals life offers. Our choice is to remember that we could not control the advent of disaster. We can only control our response. Our choice is now only in the way in which we respond to the necessity to pick up the threads of our life and go on.

We owe it to ourselves to make a positive effort. We can hope that those buffeting winds of March can help us awaken to the renewals of spring and put the “winter of our disaster” in its place, now a part of our ongoing lives.

The only people who think there's a time limit for grief, have never lost a piece of their heart.

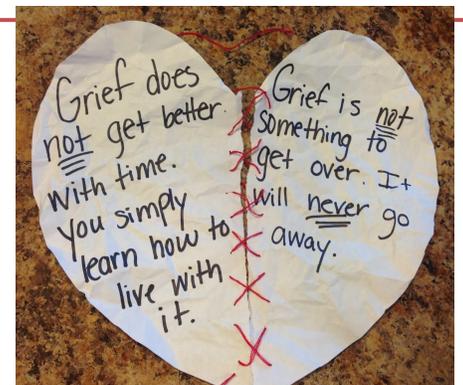


♥
Take all the time you need.

GRIEF RESETS THE
CLOCK OF LIFE TO
before & after.

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THE SEASONS OF GRIEF: WINTER TO SPRING

By Kristen Lamb



There are daffodils in the yard.

How did spring sneak in so stealthily? I'm not ready. Winter fit my mood, my grief. Now there are flowers in the yard and a garden to tend. Things are growing. Life marches forward, even when we aren't ready. Spring reminds me of this.

When grief hits it's like a winter of the soul. Parts of us freeze in time. Not dead, but dormant. Pain blankets our emotional landscape like a fresh snow. It smothers greenery and muffles sound. Parts of us peek out, foraging to survive. It's a state of emotional survival. Oddly, at some point, there is comfort in not having to grow, expand, or reach for the sun.

The expectations of myself were few in that season. But now there are flowers in the yard...

I don't feel ready, but it's time to step into the sun. I'm not fully healed. Actually, I'm not certain that's possible. But it's been long enough and life is moving forward. My kids are growing older, friends need me...I need me. It's time to plan for the future again, not just survive the day. Within me are gifts and talents to share and give back to the world. By stepping back out into the sun I'll be able fulfill my mission, purpose, and dreams.

Love means wanting the best for each other. Whether it's your child, parent, grandparents, sibling, husband, or wife, we seek to lift up our beloved and give them happiness. That's simply the nature of true, healthy, love. If something were to happen to you, wouldn't you want your loved ones to live a life of fulfillment and joy? Our lost loved ones want that for us too. They want us to be happy and even find new love. We honor them by rejoining life and growing again.

Life is a cycle. It doesn't reach a set point and stop, even when something horrible happens. New days dawn and seasons pass, both on the calendar and in our soul. As they do, healing continues, but in a new way, one that includes personal growth and respecting the wishes our loved ones had for us.

Looking out at the bright day and daffodils I know it's time to accept spring. My winter of grief served its purpose. Stepping outside I lift my face to the sun and feel both warmth and tears.

GRIEF IN SPRING?

By John Pete



If spring makes you feel better and to feel new hope, that is a good, positive and nurturing thing. But it may not be true for everyone, and no one should feel they have to hide their true feelings. It is perfectly normal to experience new heightened grief and/or grief-related anxiety in spring, just as it is in other seasons of the year. Although warmer, sunnier months can be nurturing and inspire new hopefulness, grief does not suddenly go away just because seasons change.

Spring generally brings a sudden flurry of change and things begin to move faster all around us. There is rebirth and renewal in nature as flowers and trees bloom and everything turns green again, and people quickly begin to flock to their favorite warm-weather activities. Try to take time to sit down make some plans that can nurture you and help you cope with your losses and grief.

A helpful way to respond to one's anxiousness about spring and summer is to remind yourself that YOU are in control and that the warmer months offer unique opportunities for nurturing activities such as travel, planting gardens, nature walks, photography, family gatherings, star-gazing, and many other things.

And if it helps, take comfort in the belief that your precious loved ones are with you wherever you are and whatever you are doing.

Music Helps With Grieving One Song At A Time

Still Standing Magazine

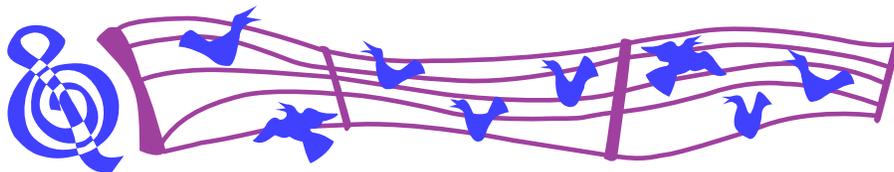
It was a week after I had laid my sweet boy to rest. There I sat in the parking lot of a local antique flea market with tears streaming down my face. The sound of my tears drumming on my lap seemed so loud, but in the background, was a melody, a song that struck a chord with me. Although it wasn't my first time to hear it, that was the first time I understood it. Music has always been my soft place to land, and there it was again.

Music can work in unexplainable ways. Songs can trigger a memory or two. There is usually an epic story associated with the song. In music, you can celebrate. When you are confused, there is always a song that pops up on the radio or your playlist that provides clarity. In sadness, music can heal. It is bizarre to think how one song can do and say so much to so many different people. Every chapter in our lives has its own soundtrack. Life with grief is a unique chapter. The songs that help us get through it are as unique as the journey. Just as we take the journey one step at a time, music helps us grieve one song at a time.

There is no individual genre of music that speaks only to grief. There have been many times that it isn't even a song about loss or death that moves me and reminds me of Wyatt. I remember when "Fight Song" by Rachel Platten came out. The song instantly captivated me. It isn't about loss. It is about believing in yourself and realizing that who you are is enough. The overall message is truly about never giving up on yourself. The more that I listened to it, the more it became an anthem for me. I was lost. I was drowning. Fear of failing again consumed me. I was pregnant with Wyatt's younger brother when the song first came out. I didn't know how I was going to make it through another pregnancy. Was I enough?

I was preparing for our second Wyatt's Day. We don't call it his birthday or anniversary. Neither of those ideas has ever sat well with his dad and me. I went out to the cemetery a couple of days before his day to put out new flowers, toys, and decorations. After I cleaned up his area and changed everything out, I sang to him, as I always do. His song is "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" by Yip Harburg. I have always loved that song, and it seems fitting for him. Surely, he is just on the other side of rainbow watching everything. When our visit ended, I got in my car. The song that was playing was "Tears in Heaven" by Eric Clapton. Ironically enough, I didn't cry; I sat there smiling and just thinking about him. A calm had come over me.

Anytime I need a reset button on this grief journey, I have my go-to songs. These songs center and refocus me. The first song I heard following his death that provided a bizarre clarity to me was "Blessings" by Laura Story. It was difficult to see any good coming from something so tragic. I still cry every time I hear the song. It isn't because I'm sad, but rather, because of what Wyatt has given to me.



"If I had a flower for every time I thought of you, I could walk in my garden forever."



- Alfred Lord Tennyson

Signs of You

Claire Ann Stevenson

I see signs of your presence every day,
Signs can come in so many ways,
Your body is gone but you are still here,
In many ways you make this clear.

Pennies and quarters and small shiny dimes,
Coins that I often randomly find,
Dragonflies, butterflies, and lovely rainbows,
Feathers and songs that play on the radio.

Numbers on clocks, license plates, and different receipts,
Or your name on buildings, businesses, or streets,
Birds with symbolic meaning such as peacocks and swans,
Or cardinals or hummingbirds seen on my lawn.

Phantom doorbell rings during the night,
Occasional dream visits of love and light,
Tingles all across the top of my head,
Let me know that you are not dead.

Thoughts that I have that I know are not mine,
You are with me all of the time,
Your loving presence is eternal and true,
And I will always and forever love you.

I would like to thank Claire Ann and Sam Stevenson for the wonderful program on "Signs from our Loved Ones" presented at our February meeting.

I'll be your legacy
I'll be your voice
You live on in me
So I've made the choice
To honor your life
By living again
I love you
I miss you
I'll see you again



Written by Alan Pedersen
Copyright 2013 Grief and Beyond

To be honest with you, I don't have the words to make you feel better, but I do have the *arms* to give you a hug, *ears* to listen to whatever you want to talk about, and I have a *heart*; a heart that's aching to see you smile again.

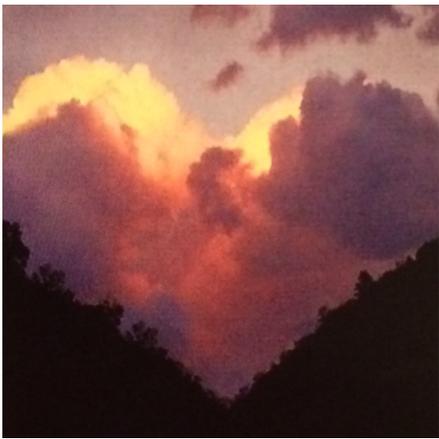
Time changes nothing.

Death changes everything.
Time changes nothing....
I still miss the sound of your voice,
the wisdom in your advice,
the stories of your life,
and just being in your presence.
So no, time changes nothing.
I miss you as much today
as I did the day
you died.



www.GriefDiaries.com

-MWS



Grief Changes Us

Linda Harkness, Kristin's Mom

"Grief changes us. The pain sculpts us into someone who . . . Understands more deeply. Hurts more quickly. Cries more easily. Hopes more desperately. Loves more openly."

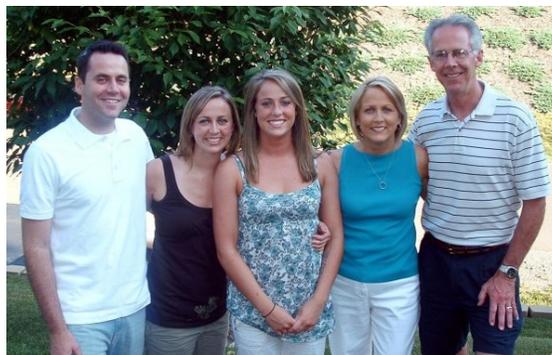
February 22, 2018 . . . 10 years ago now since our beautiful 18-year-old Kristin made the biggest mistake of her life, resulting in the end of her life and forever changing the lives of Tom, Jessica, Eric and me forever. While most who know us find it hard to believe that 10 years have passed since that tragic day, it goes beyond that as we have had to face 11 birthdays without her, 10 Christmas mornings and Thanksgiving days, the marriage of her brother Eric (to Lauren) and her cousin Erin (to Tim), the births of a nephew, Camden (2 years), a niece, Reese (8 months), two cousins, plus the weddings of four of her closest friends, and two more this year alone which we will attend. The holidays and occasions continue, just as life goes on, but one chair will forever remain empty . . .

People are quick to say, "You know that Kristin is still with you," but only those who have lost a child, while understanding and believing this may be true, continue to mourn the loss of never again in this lifetime hearing their voice, seeing their smile, feeling their touch, even smelling their scent.

Tom, Jessica, Eric and I accomplished what I thought might be impossible 10 years ago . . . we survived. For the most part, one would never know to look at us that we continue to grieve silently. Life just isn't, and never will be, the same without Kristin and her laughter in our lives. She was the girl with the most beautiful smile, the biggest and brightest blue eyes, a very heavy appetite, the quickest wit that would brighten any day, and a gentle, loving, compassionate heart who often took it upon herself to extend a hand to those in need of a friend or a kind word. When she died, a piece of our own hearts died along with her, but with time, we have found many reasons to smile as we have made new memories. The pain of that empty chair remains, but has softened.

10 years = 120 months = 520 weeks = 3,650 days . . . Seems like a lifetime, but other times, like it was just yesterday. I last spoke with her 10 years and 7 hours ago. I reminded her to make good choices when she went out with friends that night, to be careful, and that I loved her as big as the sky. She told me not to worry because she would be careful and that she loved me back as big as the sky . . . and more. If only . . .

I miss and love you Kristin, Mom
Linda Harkness, Northern Virginia Chapter





We Remember Our Loved Ones

Who have Birthdays and Death Dates in March and April

Emily Andrews	8/02/97 ~ 3/14/16	Henry Lewis III	2/16/74 ~ 4/15/02
Pouneh Bahri	10/25/88 ~ 3/04/14	Erika (Brummett) Lott	4/6/77 ~ 11/05/13
Bryan Christopher Bingel	1/08/80 ~ 3/04/08	Kyle Ludeman	4/12/93 ~ 8/27/13
Matthew Bingel	4/23/87 ~ 4/23/87	Derek Meffert	4/21/95 ~ 8/15/10
Christopher Wesley Blok	3/21/80 ~ 2/25/09	Ella Miller	4/27/02 ~ 7/23/10
Danielle Mae Burmeister	3/26/11 ~ 3/26/11	Christina Morgan	7/30/80 ~ 3/13/02
Autumn Marie Coffie	4/16/88 ~ 12/29/14	Shelby Nicholson	4/22/92 ~ 1/07/09
Sarah Beth Cole	8/06/80 ~ 4/23/11	Matthew Allan Ruane	9/07/83 ~ 4/29/02
Jason Michael Colson	3/09/84 ~ 10/01/08	Lionel Andres Salvador	3/30/13 ~ 3/30/13
Christina Lynn Curtis	3/01/74 ~ 12/25/07	Jacqueline Simoes	11/05/66 ~ 3/15/06
Forrest Grant Dotson	8/25/79 ~ 4/19/17	Karl Dewan Smith	11/20/83 ~ 4/25/04
Bryan Eastes	8/18/80 ~ 4/18/17	Kevin Michael Stanphill	3/12/80 ~ 5/09/09
Antonio Ford-Flores	2/25/89 ~ 4/15/10	Graham Stevenson	3/30/85 ~ 9/22/07
Jacob Thomas Fulton	4/15/03 ~ 1/11/15	Beckett Josef TePaske	4/04/12 ~ 5/12/15
Raven Gileau	6/23/90 ~ 4/23/10	Bill Thompson	9/14/51 ~ 4/19/17
Ahmad Givon Glenn	3/06/83 ~ 12/04/06	Linda Thompson Plewes	7/16/51 ~ 3/21/02
Dwayne Eddie Gonsorcik	5/26/74 ~ 4/26/13	Neale Thompson	4/07/71 ~ 4/09/93
Justin Green	3/28/94 ~ 3/28/94	Austin Trenum	3/26/93 ~ 9/27/10
Kourtney Michelle Hale	5/29/80 ~ 3/14/10	Anthony Joseph Turchiano	8/04/79 ~ 4/29/17
Kristin Marie Harkness	3/19/89 ~ 2/22/08	Ruben Chavira Urbina	4/22/02 ~ 9/15/17
Cody Darrin Johnson	9/11/02 ~ 3/06/09	Brian Floyd Weakley	1/20/80 ~ 4/19/07
Kashif Johnson	3/15/87 ~ 5/01/07	Kyle Robert Wilson	5/25/82 ~ 4/16/07
Leslie Ann Kramer	4/20/71 ~ 12/17/06	Baby Woods	3/15/16 ~ 3/15/16
Kwadwo Amoako Kusi	3/20/06 ~ 7/26/08	Noah Woods	4/19/16 ~ 4/19/16
Robert Andrew Larson	3/14/94 ~ 6/30/10	Neil York	4/29/93 ~ 4/25/15
Glen Irvin Leonard II	4/13/71 ~ 12/07/09		

We apologize if there are any mistakes in the "We Remember Our Loved One" section. If we spelled any names incorrectly, have any dates incorrect or your loved one's name is not listed and has a birthday or death date during the months of March and April, please provide us with your loved one's information so they can be included correctly in future newsletters.

Bereaved Parents of the USA

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren.

We come together as Bereaved Parents of the USA to provide a safe space where grieving families can connect, share our stories, and learn to rebuild our lives.

We attend meetings whenever we can and for as long as we find helpful. We share our fears, confusion, anger, guilt, frustrations, emptiness, and feelings of hopelessness, knowing these emotions will be met with compassion and understanding. As we support, comfort and encourage one another, we offer hope and healing. As we confront the deaths of our loved ones, our shared grief brings us to a common ground that transcends differences, building mutual understanding across the boundaries of culture, race, faith, values, abilities, and lifestyle.

Together we celebrate the lives of our children, siblings, and grandchildren, sharing the joys and the heartbreaks as well as the love that will never fade. Together, strengthened by the bonds we create, we offer what we have learned from one another to every bereaved family, no matter how recent or long ago the death.

We are the Bereaved Parents of the USA. We welcome you.

Chapter Contact Information

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Bereaved Parents of the USA
www.bereavedparentsusa.org

Someone Cares About You

If you are receiving this newsletter and have never attended one of our meetings, it is because someone who cares about you feels that our newsletter may help you on your journey through grief. We're sorry for the reason you are receiving this newsletter but invite you to attend our monthly meetings. We cannot take away your pain but we can offer friendship and support.



Attention: If you do not wish to continue to receive this newsletter or be on our mailing list, please let us know by mailing back the address label from this newsletter, by emailing bleachermom2000@aol.com or calling Jodi at 703-656-6999.

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