



May - June 2013

## A Journey Together: Hinsdale Chapter - Bereaved Parents of the USA www.bpusahinsdale.org

### Bereaved Parents of the USA Mission:

We, as bereaved parents, help grieving parents and families rebuild their lives following the death of a child.

*Meetings are generally held the first Friday of every month. Doors open at 7:00 PM for greeting and fellowship.*

*Redeemer Lutheran Church, 139 East First Street, Hinsdale, Illinois*

*(One block east of Garfield Street & one block south of the railroad tracks)*

*Ruth Juergensen, Chapter Leader (815) 325-4132*

## Oreos

*by Keith Swett, Matt's dad*

The lake, the rivers, the woods all hold memories of time spent with Matt. Here we fished for perch while eating Oreos and coke for breakfast. By the bridge we switched to northern and later still muskie. We never reached 10,000 casts so we never caught a muskie but looking into the river we shared all of life's joy and mysteries. Those times come back walking down a hill to fish with Laura beneath the dam. Fishing is a good time to laugh and share without distractions.

Revisiting happiness reinforces that Matt hasn't left me. He simply waits for me to remember and rushes back into my life. Matt is always available. It is up to me to clear distractions.

Playing wrestlers basketball in the water, where breathing is optional and the ball makes you the target of attack transports me across the decades to when small opponents uses me for a climbing wall and the game went on until blue lipped and shivering we scavenged for lunch.

I left the north when Matt died. Fortunately the north didn't leave me. A tree falls and out of the crumbling decay a new forest grows. The cycle continues. The lake goes up and down as the river floods or recedes but the lake itself continues modifying, evolving. All

### UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS:

**Friday, May 3 - Monthly Chapter Meeting:** 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM - Intentions- Small group discussions and an opportunity to write and release your thoughts, feeling, should-haves etc. into our wishing fountain.

**Saturday, May 11 - Ladies Morning Coffee:** 10:00 AM - Panera Bread, 439 N. LaGrange Rd, LaGrange Park

**Friday, June 7 - Monthly Chapter Meeting:** 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM - Balloon Release - Release balloons in honor of your child. Balloons will be provided.

**Sunday, July 14 - Butterfly Release & Family Picnic**  
KLM Park, Hinsdale - South Pavilion @ 12:00 noon; PLEASE RSVP - See Invitation in this newsletter

**July 26 - July 28 - National BP/USA Gathering, Sacramento, California**

### Save the Date ~ Butterfly Picnic

Mark your calendars now for the Butterfly Picnic on **Sunday July 14 12:00 noon** at Katherine Legge Memorial Park (South Pavilion) in Hinsdale.

this happened before and will happen again. As long as there are fathers and children, fathers will pass on the joys of nature. Love so open and honest can never step into the same river twice because we change the river. I'd argue the river changes us and once we are in its grasp we never fully leave. 🌸

♥ ♥ ♥ Love Gifts ♥ ♥ ♥

A Love Gift is a donation to the chapter in memory of your child, grandchild or sibling. A financial contribution in any amount is appreciated. All Love Gifts are gratefully acknowledged in the newsletter accompanied by wording exactly as the donor submits. BP/USA is a national non-profit organization; therefore all donations to the chapter are tax deductible as allowed by law.

When mailing in a love gift, **please include your child's name, your address** and any other info you would like in your love gift message. Make your check payable to: **BP/USA Hinsdale** and **mail it to arrive by the 10<sup>th</sup>** of the month prior to the upcoming newsletter. The newsletter is published every other month. Mail your check to:

**BP/USA Hinsdale Chapter  
PO Box 703  
Hinsdale IL 60522**

It is also recommended that you email your love gift message to the newsletter editor, **celeste\_hardy@hotmail.com**.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ Love Gifts ♥ ♥ ♥

♥♥♥

*In loving memory of  
**Carole "Suzie" Pavett**  
June 3, 1953 until August 20, 2009*

Happy Birthday to my dear daughter. June 3rd would have been your birthday. I miss you so because you were not only my daughter, but my best friend. You were a caring and very special person.

Until we are together again.  
You are forever in  
my heart.

I Love You  
MOM  
Audrey Stolfa

♥♥♥

*In memory of  
**Patti Jacobi**  
mother of Susan Gabrielson*

Donna Corrigan

♥♥♥

*In loving memory of  
**Tommy John Adams**  
February 12, 1966 until November 4, 2001  
and  
**Martin K. Adams**  
December 11, 1960 until January 6, 2003*

Dear Mom/Dad and Family,  
In loving memory of the beautiful 35 and 42 years with  
you guys on Earth.  
Forever, Your Sons,  
Tommy John & Martin

Love Dad & Mom  
William & Marguerite Adams

♥♥♥


♥♥♥

*In loving memory of  
**Jeffrey Anderson**  
January 28, 1981 until May 25, 1998*

Jeffrey, we are approaching fifteen years since you passed away. Our love over this period of time has not waned in the slightest. We love you as much now as we did then. Hardly a day passes, without our talking about you, mentioning your name, or wishing you were still here with us.

Love Forever.  
Mom and Dad  
Irene & John Anderson

♥♥♥



Like us on Facebook:  
[www.facebook.com/BereavedParentsUsaHinsdaleILChapter](http://www.facebook.com/BereavedParentsUsaHinsdaleILChapter)

**Thank You**

Thank you to Anthony and Margery Longo for their donation of bereavement tapes to our Chapter. The Longos are original members from when the group was formed back in 1974. Their daughter Chris Marie died of a brain aneurysm when she was 18. 🙏



**Butterfly Release & Family Picnic**

Sunday July 14, 2013; 12:00 (noon)

Katherine Legge Memorial Park – South Pavilion  
60<sup>th</sup> and County Line Road, Hinsdale

Donations \$10.00 per adult or \$20.00 per couple and \$5.00 per child  
1 butterfly included with adult donations  
Extra butterflies \$10.00/butterfly

Beverages and Utensils will be provided by BPUSA

Please bring a dish to share:

A-H Bring a side dish to share (serving 12)

I-Z Bring a dessert to share (serving 12)

**Please RSVP with donation by June 22, 2013:**

**BP/USA Hinsdale Chapter**

**PO Box 703**

**Hinsdale, IL 60521**

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Name:

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Number of People:

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Amount Enclosed:

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*Our Children, Loved, Missed and Remembered - Anniversaries and birthdays are difficult for bereaved parents and families. In the days ahead, may we lovingly remember these children and send our prayers, love and support to their parents and families*

**Alyssa Dabrowski - 22**  
May 20, 1979 - Feb 03, 2002  
Car Accident - Hit & Run  
Allen & Rosemary Dabrowski

**Amanda Coughlin - 10**  
May 11, 1991 - Mar 15, 2002  
Cathy Coughlin

**Anna Nylec -**  
May 04, 1998 - May 04, 1998  
Anencephaly and Prematurity  
Jena Nylec

**Athena Marie Myers - 11 Months**  
Jun 03, 2001 - May 27, 2002  
Car Accident  
Polly Myers

**Cameron L. Chana - 22**  
Apr 02, 1987 - May 30, 2009  
Bus Accident  
Lori & Rob Chana

**Cole Exner - 22**  
Jun 09, 1983 - May 21, 2006  
Automobile Accident  
Scott & Janie Exner

**Diane Nylec -**  
May 04, 1998 - May 04, 1998  
Prematurity  
Jena Nylec

**Elizabeth Nelson - 23**  
Jul 27, 1980 - May 31, 2004  
Car Accident  
Tom & Kathy Nelson

**Eric Byrne - 44**  
Sep 04, 1960 - May 09, 2005  
Pulmonary Embolism  
Eleanor & Joe Byrne

**Eric J. Munzenmay - 12**  
May 07, 1969 - Jun 28, 1981  
Pneumonia  
Eric & Lillian Munzenmay

**Ian McDonald-Shumaker - 17**  
Feb 06, 1989 - May 11, 2006  
Suicide  
Stacia McDonald-Shumaker

**Jeffrey Anderson - 17**  
Jan 28, 1981 - May 25, 1998  
Asphyxiation  
John & Irene Anderson

**Jeffrey Scott Caccavari - 34**  
Jan 16, 1967 - May 10, 2001  
Unknown  
Dominic & Karen Caccavari

**Joanna Nylec -**  
May 04, 1998 - May 04, 1998  
Prematurity  
Jena Nylec

**Joshua Burkett - 27**  
Sep 14, 1982 - May 04, 2010  
Car Accident  
Dan Burkett

**Kate Pranno - 24**  
May 19, 1977 - Feb 22, 2002  
Liver Failure from Drugs & Alcohol  
Suzi Scott

**Katie Satkamp - 7**  
Jul 12, 1974 - May 12, 1982  
School Bus Accident  
Ronda & Steve Satkamp

**Kelly Ann Meicrotto - 23**  
May 25, 1980 - Sep 01, 2003  
Lenore Robinson

**Ken Putnam - 28**  
May 11, 1967 - May 23, 1995  
Auto Accident  
Karen Putnam

**Lily Claire Domagala - 16 Months**  
May 11, 2002 - Sep 12, 2003  
Heart & Lung Defects  
Lisa Domagala

**Lt Adam Philip Kass - 25**  
May 29, 1977 - Jun 25, 2002  
Motorcycle Accident on Military Duty  
Cindy & Dave Kass

**Mark Thomas Fornek - 6**  
May 16, 1992 - Aug 04, 1998  
Floodwater Drowning  
Greg & Wendy Fornek

**Melissa Juergensen - 19**  
Feb 24, 1989 - May 03, 2008  
Auto Accident  
Ruth Juergensen

**Melissa Juergensen - 19**  
Feb 24, 1989 - May 03, 2008  
Auto Accident  
Sarah Brewer

**Melissa Renee Wolfram - 30**  
May 18, 1971 - Apr 26, 2002  
Pulmonary Embolism  
Earl & E. Renee Bailey

**Michael Knorps - 51**  
Aug 17, 1957 - May 30, 2009  
Mary Ann Knorps

**Nadia Chowdhury - 20**  
May 14, 1983 - Feb 21, 2004  
Hit & Killed by Drunk Driver  
Nasrin & Shamsul Chowdhury

*Our Children continued on next page*

*Our Children, Loved, Missed and Remembered (continued) - Anniversaries and birthdays are difficult for bereaved parents and families. In the days ahead, may we lovingly remember these children and send our prayers, love and support to their parents and families*

**Robbie Funston - 18**  
May 30, 1990 - Jun 22, 2008  
Accidental Drowning  
Ric Funston

**Ryan A. Minor - 30**  
May 04, 1980 - Jun 19, 2010  
Overdose  
Betsy Minor

**Todd J. Smith - 23**  
May 12, 1983 - Apr 26, 2007  
Cancer  
Marie Smith

**Anthony Neri - 21**  
Jul 03, 1973 - Jun 24, 1995  
Accidental Drug Overdose  
Diane Neri

**Carole "Suzie" Pavett - 56**  
Jun 03, 1953 - Aug 20, 2009  
Heart Attack  
Audrey Stolfa

**Daniel Stoothoff - 34**  
Jun 03, 1970 - Dec 07, 2004  
Car Crash  
Sally Stoothoff

**Eric Fitzpatrick Bucholz - 19**  
Jun 26, 1974 - Dec 24, 1993  
Electrocution  
Sue Bucholz

**Jill Kathleen Ebert - 6**  
Jun 24, 1984 - Sep 03, 1990  
Brain Tumor  
Michael P Ebert

**Robert Conway - 15**  
May 12, 1975 - Oct 22, 1990  
Hit by Van while Bike Riding  
Rose Conway

**Shawn Lighty - 37**  
May 05, 1972 - May 23, 2007  
Accidental Drug Overdose  
Jan Lighty

**William Kavanaugh - 3**  
May 24, 1992 - Jul 04, 1995  
Hit by a Van  
Maribeth Kavanaugh

**Branden Martinez - 6 Weeks**  
Jun 26, 2011 - Aug 08, 2011  
Infection  
Kyle Martinez & Missy Babyar

**Challing Eugene Albert LeBlanc - 4**  
Apr 11, 1997 - Jun 02, 2001  
Boating Accident  
Liz & Stephen LeBlanc

**Elizabeth Anne Barrett - 15 1/2**  
Dec 29, 1976 - Jun 29, 1992  
Hit by Van  
Kay & Phil Barrett



**Jimmy Lekas - 18**  
Sep 10, 1969 - Jun 14, 1988  
Cancer  
Stephanie Lekas

**Robert Joseph Gentilini, Jr. - 25**  
Mar 20, 1964 - May 18, 1989  
Brain Infection  
Bob & Mary Gentilini

**Stevie Brow - 8**  
Dec 13, 1964 - May 18, 1973  
Gunshot  
Roberta Brow



**Eric - 22**  
Jun 28, 1970 - Feb 08, 1993  
Sue and Lou Robisch

**Jason Matthew Bill - 13**  
Aug 17, 1981 - Jun 14, 1995  
Water Sport Accident  
Nancy Stein

**Joseph Ross - 23**  
Jun 09, 1985 - Feb 05, 2009  
Asthma  
Pat Ross

*Our Children continued on next page*

*Our Children, Loved, Missed and Remembered (continued) - Anniversaries and birthdays are difficult for bereaved parents and families. In the days ahead, may we lovingly remember these children and send our prayers, love and support to their parents and families*



**Mark Susong - 21**  
Jun 05, 1990 - Feb 10, 2012  
Drug Overdose  
Jill Susong

**Matthew Davis - 33**  
Dec 28, 1976 - Jun 10, 2010  
Unknown  
Gloria Smolek

**Nicholas Martino-Krueger - 10**  
Jun 23, 1995 - Apr 15, 2006  
Hit by Train  
Jim Krueger & Rose Martino-Krueger

**Noah James Farley -**  
Jun 07, 2006 - Jun 08, 2006  
Prenatal Decision Due to Severe Fetal  
Anomalies  
Kelly Farley

**Noah Michael Cichorski - 2 1/2**  
Jun 24, 2001 - Dec 16, 2003  
Head Injury (Cause Unknown)  
Jeannine Cichorski

**Paul Anthony Schneider - 17**  
Jun 18, 1965 - Apr 11, 1983  
Paul & Dolly Schneider

**Paul Moore - 10**  
Nov 04, 1982 - Jun 08, 1994  
Drunk Driver  
Don & Julie Moore



**Russel Witek - 14**  
Jun 16, 1994 - Mar 29, 2009  
Leukemia/Brain Tumor  
Dan & Helen Dennett

**William E. Barth - 20 1/2**  
Sep 23, 1965 - Jun 05, 1986  
Suicide  
Karen Barth

***From your editor...***

When we first started coming to Bereaved Parent meetings we must have been just 3 months new in our grief and everything was about us and our story and the tragedy of our son's death. We could not see past our own pain and grief. I remember Angelo & Linda greeting us at the door and listening to our story that was still so raw. I remember Jack who kindly remarked how precious the clay bowl Brandon made in art class must be to us when we brought it to share at a meeting. Then as we attended more meetings our eyes and ears started opening up to others' stories and we started to see how we are not alone and that we share this commonality of pain and tragedy. Then at some point we wanted to do more to help the chapter and started attending steering committee meetings. Helping strangely brought a sense of normalcy to lives which had been thrown into chaos. I helped with the database and then started doing the newsletter after a couple years. It is something I have enjoyed that is done in memory of all our children. I think of our children - yours and mine - as I see their names on the Our Children and Love Gift pages and as I read the poems and stories that bereaved moms, dads, siblings and grandparents have written. Working and raising children I never really found time to volunteer much but I want to say that being a volunteer for BP Hinsdale Chapter has been a blessing. Volunteering has been sort of a bonus, if you can call it that. May this newsletter be dedicated to the volunteers, past, present & FUTURE, who make Bereaved Parents Chapters possible.

Thank you to all BP/USA volunteers for your hours of hard-work and dedication in memory of our children!

*Celeste*

## "A Journey Together: Hinsdale Chapter BP/USA"

The Hinsdale Chapter newsletter is compiled by volunteers, in loving memory of our children. Please send **address changes** to Sally Yarberrry at [psyrbrry@sbcglobal.net](mailto:psyrbrry@sbcglobal.net).

The newsletter is published on the Hinsdale Chapter website at: <http://www.bpusahinsdale.org/>

## It's no longer horrible

by Rob Anderson, Brendon's dad

<http://fromheartbreaktohealing.weebly.com/index.html>

Spring had come much earlier this year. Not the date, that wasn't possible, but the weather. The temperatures in March were what they normally got in late May or early June. It was great. The long yawn was over. Flowers were pushing through, bushes were budding and the grass was getting green on both sides of the fence. Fat momma robins were all around and the rabbits looked surprised at the vast expanse of their dinner table. John's yard was ready to be opened. That's gardening talk for raking, fertilizing, edging, cutting back ornamental grasses, setting up the birdbath and hosing the deck and patio. Once he finished those, he searched for reasons to be outside. If he could speak robin, he'd offer to find worms. Spring was like the opening page of a great story. The plot changing every day. Stimulating characters all around. Spring vitalized his soul. It made John feel good.

He decided to play a joke on his daughter-in-law, Anne. He'd buried his son, Robert, 14 years ago when Robert was 21. Anne didn't know John when his son died. She'd never met Robert. John had lovingly tended the grave from day one of his burial. Just like the lawn, it needed things done now that spring had arrived. It too needed to be opened. Anne was sitting on the couch next to his wife.

His wife asked, "Have you got plans for today? I figure you'll want to get outside." She was right, he did.

"Yea, I think I'm going to open Robert's grave," John said nonchalantly. He looked at Anne and didn't flinch.

She whipped her head around, eyes wide in fear and disgust. "You're going to do what?"

"Open Robert's grave. Ya' know, pull weeds and stuff like that. I need to edge and put down mulch, just like I do when I open the yard. I need to open his grave." He smiled.

"You jerk," Anne laughed. "That creeped me out."

Off and on for fourteen years he'd visited his grave. Birthday, death day, holidays and sometimes just any old day. It was no longer tear streaming horrible, but never something anticipated with any kind of a good feeling. It was what it was. The hole which held his

son's body. Just like he'd done every spring since Robert was buried, he put the flat bladed shovel for edging, the weed popper for just that, and a pair of gardening gloves in his trunk. The car was Robert's car; still in good shape because John didn't use it very often. When he wanted to spend time with Robert, he drove faraway roads, usually at night. It made him feel better.

A stop at the hardware store for a bag of mulch and he was on his way. His destination was Maple Hill Cemetery;  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile north of route 28 off of route 15; directly across from the Kiper River. It was a pretty setting to put people in the ground. Not that they cared, but families did. Right hand turn, up the slope, veer left at the fork, down fifty yards on the left about half way across the field. His headstone was flat, so if someone came searching, it might take a while. Robert had been shot in the head, his body set on fire. At his funeral they had a closed casket.

The grave of George Armstrong and his wife, Emma, was on Robert's right. The only reason he knew that was because he passed them getting to Robert. Their family did a good job with caretaking their grave. There was no one on his left. Some kind of drainage area. He didn't keep track of who else was around. It's said that people were buried with their feet facing west, head facing east. In Christianity, placing the body facing east will allow the dead to see the second coming of Jesus. That meant Robert's head was at the top of his marker. John consciously avoided stepping on his headstone. Always did. Just didn't seem right.

The day was crisp with temperatures in the low 50s. A sprinkling of clouds and a light breeze. True spring had arrived. He had on jeans, an untucked flannel shirt, work boots and a baseball cap he bought in Florida last year that said, "Smile," inside a sun. Like most days, the cemetery was empty. A vast array of headstones lay in the field in a graph like system. There's even organization in death. Some were well tended, others not. Who knows why. Perhaps there was no one left to do the detail work. Or, no one who cared. No judgment. Visiting a cemetery works for some and is incomprehensible to others.

Cemeteries can be disturbing. A representation of all that is gone, never to return. A body in decay. But still we keep the bodies. We either bury or cremate. We just can't seem to let them go. The city provided the basic service of cutting the grass and trimming around the vertical headstones, but if

*It's no longer horrible (continued)*

someone wanted a finer touch, it was up to them. Over the years John had maintained Robert's grave in various ways. For the first seven years, he'd fertilized every spring. Robert's was the greenest grass around. "Looking for Robert are you. Look for glowing green grass. He's under that." One year he fertilized so much and it rained so often the city couldn't mow, so his grass grew a foot tall. When they could mow, they mowed around Robert's grave. He brought his weed wacker and took care of it. Another year he tried to fertilize a heart into the grass. He used too much and killed it. He reseeded. They never said anything. Over the past few years, John focused on the immediate area around the grave and had stopped fertilizing. He no longer needed that as part of his healing.

John began edging the grass around the headstone and talking to Robert. "How are you sweetheart? We love you and miss you. I'm still looking for work. Your brother's doing fine at the bank. Your three month old nephew, Jeffrey, is doing great. You'd certainly be loving him up. Mom's knees are bothering her again. Too many long hours at the store. Come visit sometime okay." And then silence while he worked. He'd had many dreams involving Robert; 99% good, but he rarely saw Robert's face. Maybe because of the fire, but who really knows why dreams are dreamt. His maintenance of the grave was akin to preserving the memory of their son and taking care of his home. He's still Robert's father and wanted to father him in any way he could. If pulling weeds and spreading mulch was the best he could do, he did that. As he took care of the earth where Robert was buried, he took care of him and took care of himself as well. Just his body was there. John took his life wherever he went. Years ago John understood that death did not take all of his son. Robert lived in many powerful and wonderful ways, but a top of the mountain life would never be John's again. That was his sad reality. That hurt, but it was accepted.

He dug a shallow trench around the stone and laid in fresh mulch. Tan, cypress mulch. He liked the color and smell. Kind of like grave cologne. Eight years ago he took out the cement planter he'd placed there soon after the headstone went in. The planter was getting too heavy for him to lug back and forth from home. In its place he planted day lilies. They come back every year and need little help. They're bright yellow and lively. A

happy flower. They make it a good looking grave if there can be such a thing. They'd pushed up about six inches. Just the greenery so far. More mulch went on and arranged. He tamped down the ½ brick he kept there for tying a balloon on Robert's birthday. The anniversary of his birth was never a horrible day for John. Sad, but not horribly sad. After all, that was the anniversary of the start of all the good stuff that is, not was, Robert. For many years he collected heart shaped rocks as a symbol of his love for Robert. At the top of his headstone, pushed into the earth was a good one; 5" at the wide part. A symbol of, "We love you."

He looked at the headstone, focusing on "459." Those numbers came to John years ago. If you look on the telephone, the numbers 4, 5, and 9, correspond to the letters, I, L and Y which correspond to the words, I Love You. Whenever John and Robert were with Robert's friends and John got ready to leave, they'd turn to each other and say, "459 Dad." And, "459 Son." It was good. It made him happy thinking of those days.

He heard movement and looked up. Three adults and three kids were scattered about, eyes to the ground, searching for a headstone. It reminded him of his other son's beagle, Rex, and how he worked when he was outside. Nose to the ground, sniffing and searching; oblivious. The kids looked to be 9-10 years old. Kids are great, so "out there" and uninhibited. They came over, one walking through the day lilies. John said nothing. The adults kept a comfortable distance, probably thinking they'd be disrupting a sad time by engaging in conversation. He always liked to talk to fellow visitors. He liked to learn about their loved one and talk about Robert.

One boy asked, "Who's this," as he pointed at the headstone?

"That's my son, who are you visiting?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, his voice slow and quiet. Older than his years.

One of the girls asked, "We're looking for Molly Stewart. Do you know where she's buried?"

"No I don't. Her name isn't familiar. How long ago did she die?"

An adult came close, but not too close. "She died about nine years ago when she was five." Still

*Continued on next page*



*It's no longer horrible (continued)*

nothing came to him.

"There's a child's cemetery near the front. She might be there."

"Thanks." She turned to leave.

The kids were sprinting from stone to stone, searching feverishly. They were "beagling" the area. One called out to no one, "There sure are a lot of dead people here."

John laughed. One of the adults, a mom/grandma/aunt turned to him with a fearful expression that said, "I'm sorry. I'm sure she meant no offense."

He thought, "Isn't she cute and correct. Lots of dead people for sure."

He went back to opening Robert's grave. When he finished, he did his usual, which had become John's tradition when leaving. He kissed his fingers and touched the ground in front of the headstone. "I love you Robert, come visit." A sigh and he turned to leave. At the top of the small rise in the hill, stood the adults and kids, gathered around a grave. And then it dawned on him. He knew Molly. He remembered when she'd died. Molly was a little girl of five who died of a heart attack. It was in the papers. Some problem the parents knew nothing about. Very sudden, very sad. Her family's blast to the gut; the smash to their heart. Total devastation. Little Molly dead. Such a final word, dead.

Within days after Molly's funeral, her gravesite filled with stuffed animals and flowers. A hanging basket on a shepherd's hook. On his next visit to Robert's a week later, he walked over. So much love and sorrow. So much sadness in a helpless way. What could anyone do but leave stuff that represented how much they cared about Molly and her grieving family. He knelt, kissed his fingers and touched the ground in front of her headstone.

In the months that followed he never saw anyone visit Molly. Perhaps they came when he wasn't there, but he didn't think so. The stuffed animals remained, covered in splattered mud. Flowers had blown a few feet away, now lifeless and crunchy. The hanging basket never watered; choked and dead. Grass had begun to grow across

Molly's headstone. Devastation visits in many ways. Coming to her grave, coming to visit the hole that swallowed sweet Molly must have been too much. He got that. He wished them well.

He thought about the day they buried Robert. John never saw Robert lowered into the ground. He didn't remember it being presented as an option. Some find it too final, too "all over" when they see their child go into the earth, so they leave before it happens. Others do it as a form of a final goodbye. Sometimes a shovel is passed around and anyone who wants to throws dirt on the casket. The dirt of, "See ya' later. This is all I can do. I'm dying here." Robert's casket stayed on the device that took it out of the hearse. Metal with rollers, it perched above the hole like a fishing lure ready to drop in a lake. On his next visit a few days later, there was just dirt. The hole was full. Full of Robert and full of ugly.

John shook himself free of that time. A memory that visits, but never stays for long. John doesn't run from his sadness. He embraces it for what it is, his love for Robert. The joy is greater these days because John's done his work and is now thankful for his healing. He's a grateful father, but it doesn't get any easier visiting the cemetery. It's become tolerable. It's an accepted destination. It's no longer horrible. After all, it's Robert. 🌸



## Believe

by Betty Stevens  
BP/USA Baltimore, MD

Believe.  
Crocuses poke their heads through the crusty snow  
to let us know the long, bleak winter  
is ending and spring will come again.

So, too, the long, bleak winter of your aching,  
breaking heart will end  
and Spring will come again one day.

Be patient -- but believe it -  
Your spring will come again.

## Red Roses on Mother's Day

from *I walked A Mile with Sorrow* by Mary S. Cleckley  
Centering Corporation 2006

Do people still wear white roses on Mother's Day to signify their mother is no longer alive? They did when I was a child, and because my mother died when I was very young, for many years I associated only white roses with Mother's Day. I would search our garden for the perfect rose to wear to church that day; anything less than perfect simply wouldn't do. It wasn't until I became a mother that red roses were once more the color and the flower of the day. My son and daughter wore theirs with pride, and Mother's Day became a happy one again for me.

Since my son died, I have found a necessary part of my observance of Mother's Day includes a visit to the cemetery. Now, I take him red roses. My recollections of his kind and gentle nature, his sensitivity, his humor, his smile that could and did light up a room are all tucked away safely in my bank of good memories and are very much a part of me now.

No, white roses would never do, for there's too much about him that lives on, you see. ❀❀

## Parents

by Richard A. Dew, M.D. from *Rachel's Cry A Journey Through Grief*, Tennessee Valley Publishing 1996

Problems, dilemmas,  
Flat tires, dead lights,  
Father, the fixer,  
Making things right.

Scraped knees, hurt feelings,  
A painful ordeal,  
Nurturing mother,  
Helping things heal.

When Death comes calling,  
What will they do  
To cope with disaster  
And get themselves through

The Hell of their lives  
Going up in smoke,  
And the healer is sick  
And the fixer is broke?

## For Dad on His Day

from *I walked A Mile with Sorrow* by Mary S. Cleckley  
Centering Corporation 2006

Much is written about Mother's Day, but what about Father's Day? His pain may not be as obvious as that of others in the family, but it's there nonetheless. He often feels he should shield his pain not only from his family, but from the world as well. He's sometimes caught in the old "big boys don't cry" routine that has been taught him. Society asks him how his wife is doing, not how he's doing, sending him the message that his job is to be brave, stoic, and strong, but certainly not weak.

Well, he may be cautious about how he displays his grief, but never doubt for a moment that it's there. He needs a pat and a hug, but most of all, he needs your love and understanding that this is one of the most difficult things he's ever faced.

Happy Father's Day, Dad. ❀❀

## BP/USA Hinsdale Chapter

**Bereaved Parents of the USA** is a self-help support group which is run entirely by volunteers who are also bereaved parents. The volunteers are a little further down the road in their grief and can give back to the chapter by helping with the many jobs it takes to keep the chapter running.

HINSDALE BP/USA STEERING COMMITTEE		
<b>Chapter Leader</b>	Ruth Juergensen	(815) 325-4132
<b>Program Coordinator</b>	Eleanor Byrne	(708) 485-6160
<b>Database Administrator</b>	Sally Yarberry	(708) 560-0393
<b>Hospitality</b>	Sally Yarberry	(708) 560-0393
<b>Treasurer</b>	Ruth Juergensen	(815) 325-4132
<b>Newsletter Editor</b>	Celeste Hardy	(630) 963-0096
<b>Members at Large</b>	Donna Corrigan	(630) 279-6148
	Rose Martino-Krueger	(847) 208-5620
	Jerry Schulman	(630) 205-4552

# Golden Nuggets of Hope



2013 National Gathering for the  
Bereaved Parents of the USA  
Sacramento, California  
July 25 - 28, 2013

Hosted by the  
Sacramento-Placer County Chapter of the  
Bereaved Parents of the USA

[The2013Gathering@Gmail.com](mailto:The2013Gathering@Gmail.com)

♥ Mark your calendar ♥

♥ Save the date ♥

♥ Start planning now ♥

Spend time with friends and family as we celebrate our Angels gone too soon and find NUGGETS OF HOPE for the grief journey. You'll hear inspirational speakers and be given the opportunity to attend informative workshops that will give you tools to help you navigate the journey of grief. The famous Lions Gate Chef is planning a fabulous and affordable menu for us to enjoy as we relax together during meals.

Many people who attend the annual Gatherings feel like they are on vacation with their Angels.

They plan their yearly vacation around the Gathering and look forward to it all year long.

The 2013 Gathering has a great committee that is already working very hard to ensure that you have an experience you won't soon forget.

♥ Mark your calendar ♥

♥ Save the date ♥

♥ Start planning now ♥

The Lions Gate Hotel & Conference Center has given us a special room rate of \$89 per night, which includes free breakfast and free shuttle service to and from the airport. They have extended this rate for up to 3 days before and 3 days after the Gathering. ([www.lionsgatehotel.com](http://www.lionsgatehotel.com))

If you decide to take advantage of this price and extend your stay here in the heart of Gold Country, you may want to visit some of the wonderful attractions that draw folks to Northern California, such as:  
Lake Tahoe, Lake Shasta, San Francisco, Yosemite National Park, Napa Valley and Calistoga Wine Country, the fabulous Redwoods, Six Flags, Sacramento Zoo, Thunder Valley Casino, the State Capital, the popular Train & Aeronautical Museums, Old town Folsom, Coloma (where gold was discovered), Sutter's Fort, white water rafting, and so much more...  
[www.VisitCalifornia.com](http://www.VisitCalifornia.com)

**CALENDAR OF EVENTS**

**May**

May 3	Monthly Meeting: 7:30 PM - Intentions: Small group discussions and an opportunity to write and release your thoughts, feelings, should-haves etc. into our wishing fountain.
May 11	Ladies Morning Coffee: 10:00 AM Panera Bread, La Grange Park

**June**

June 7	Monthly Meeting: 7:30 PM - Balloon Release; Release balloons in honor of your child
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**July**

July 14	<b>Butterfly Release &amp; Family Picnic:</b> 12:00 Noon - Katherine Legge Memorial Park, Hinsdale. <b>PLEASE RSVP</b>
July 26 - 28	July 26 - July 28 - National BP/USA Gathering, Sacramento, California



**Memorial Day**

*from WINTERSUN by sascha  
(L.A.R.G.O. Inc. 1996)*

For each grave  
where a soldier lies  
at this rest

For each prayer  
that is said today  
out of love

For each sign  
of remembering  
someone who died

let us also give thought to  
the mothers and fathers  
the brothers and sisters  
the friends and the lovers  
whom death left behind.

**BP/USA Hinsdale on the Web:**  
<http://www.bpusahinsdale.org/>

Bereaved Parents of the USA  
Hinsdale Chapter  
P.O. Box 703  
Hinsdale, IL 60522-0703



May - June 2013