



Tampa Bay Chapter

P.O. Box 3226
Tampa, Florida
33601-3226

www.bpsatampabay.org

September 2006

*This month's newsletter lovingly sponsored by
the families of:*

*Caylee Marie Cepero
Captain Christopher G. Cash*

MEETING INFORMATION

Regular Monthly SUNDAY Meeting

Sunday, September 10, 6:30 to 8:30

(We will have short separate break out sessions for Fathers and Mothers)

St. Joseph's Hospital

Medical Arts Building, Auditorium

3001 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd.

(Note: Park in hospital garage or in small lot adjacent to circle drive next to MAB.)

Call Linda Delk at 813-661-0680

for directions or information.

Regular Monthly DAYTIME Meeting

Riverview/Gibson/Brandon areas

(held the second Friday each month)

Friday, September 8, 10:00 a.m. to noon

First United Methodist Church of Brandon

In the Office Building, Koinonia Room

120 North Knights Avenue, Brandon

Call Kathy Simone at 813-653-1717

for directions or information.

Regular Monthly BRADENTON Meeting

(held the third Monday each month)

Monday, September 18, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m.

Braden River Baptist Church, 5412 SR 64

I-75 to SR 64 (Exit 220)

Melissa Coxwell at 941-708-7052

Regular Monthly PLANT CITY Meeting

(held the fourth Thursday each month)

Thursday, September 28, 7:00 to 9:00 p.m.

South Florida Baptist Hospital

301 N. Alexander Street, Plant City

in the Community Conference Room

Call Sue Bowditch at 813-661-9334

for directions or information.

Upcoming Events

FACILITATOR TRAINING - September 14

We are having another class and sharing session for those interested in learning more about our Chapter and how things are done. Thursday, September 14, 7:00, Perkins on Fowler or call Beverley Hurley at 813-832-3175.

Angel of Hope "Crop for Hope"

Saturday, September 16th from 12 -3 pm

(See message on Page 2)

Wanted - CHAPTER PICNIC

Someone to **volunteer** to plan and organize a **SPRING PICNIC** for the chapter members. We would like to have a **balloon release** in memory of our children and a wonderful time of fun and sharing. If you are interested, please call Beverley Hurley at 832-3175!



Wanted - CANDLE LIGHT CEREMONY HELPERS

If you would like to help us with the candle light, please call Beverley Hurley at 813-832-3175!

**Remember
Grandparents
Day
Sunday,
September 10**



A Message To Bereaved Grandparents

I sat with a young bereaved mother who was pouring out her pain and utter desolation to me. She was angry and hurt that those around her couldn't understand what was wrong with her. After all, it had been eight months since her two year old son had died — she should be better by now. To her, they implied she was wallowing in her grief and not trying to "get over it." Between sobs she said, "Even my mother and father now seem to avoid me. They don't even mention his name, and they change the subject when I talk about Tommy. That hurts so much."

As I listened, I remembered how much I had wanted my parents' help when my son died, but they lived 600 miles from me. I also thought, "How would I be able to help my own grieving daughter today if I hadn't experienced my own child's death almost 13 years ago, and didn't KNOW what she was going through?" I could see how desperately this young mother needed her parents. I could also see how frustrated and helpless they must feel, how painful it must be for them. If only they knew how important they could be in helping their daughter how they, of all people, were needed by her, and how they had the opportunity to add a lasting element to their relationship with their child.

I wanted to tell them how very much she simply needed them to listen to her talk about her child and her pain. I wanted them to listen to her pour out her agony, without one word from them of how she should or should not feel.

The subject of death and grief is uncomfortable for all of us. We will accept anyone's discussion of happy things, but we shy away from talk of grief and death.

One of the reasons for this is that, in some way, it makes us aware of our own death and mortality. For those of us who are older it is even more true. We need to recognize how this unconscious fear might be one of the reasons we avoid discussing our own grandchild's death.

Grandparents who have not lost a child cannot know the depth of the grief their child is experiencing. We may have lost parents or spouses, but the intensity of parental grief is so much greater. We talk of how we felt when our parents or spouses died and say we know how it feels. We do NOT know how it feels if we ourselves have not lost a child. We are most helpful if we admit this to our child.

To be a helpful parent to a grieving parent, we should learn about what our child is experiencing. We can learn
(Continued on Page 4)

Chapter News

August Sharing Meetings Report

The Sunday evening meeting discussion centered around how do we tell people about our child; did they die; passed on; expired; is lost; is in heaven. This triggered a very lively dialogue among the members there.

Barbara Dietrich, Jamie's mom, Jeanne O'Neil, Clark's mom, and Linda and Serena Graves, Matt's mom and sister, provided refreshments in memory of their children and brother.

ANGEL OF HOPE UPDATE

www.angellofhopetampabay.org

We agreed to have a monthly committee meeting (unless a holiday weekend)! Please be a part of this important planning in memory of all of our children! Next meeting will be Thursday, September 21, mixed up with a **Bunco Party** at a members house to see if this would be a good fund raiser. If you are interested in attending, please call Beverley Hurley at 832-3175.



SPRING TEA - We have reserved a date for our 2007 Spring Tea so mark your calendars for Saturday, April 28, Comfort Inn, I-275 and Busch Blvd. Start inviting your friends to invite to be a guest at YOUR table and be sure they get the date on their calendar too!

Crop For Hope - Many are having a wonderful time scrap booking together or learning about scrap booking and helping to fund the Angel of Hope. More dates are being scheduled so check out the website for more information. The next Crop for Hope will be :



Saturday, September 16th from 12-3 pm.
Children's Board of Hillsborough County,
1002 East Palm Ave. , Tampa, FL
in Historic Ybor City (Palm Ave. & Nebraska)

I Hope to see you there!!

HOLIDAY BOUTIQUE - We are rapidly working on getting this scheduled so watch for news about this coming up soon!

Telephone Friends

Need to talk? Call one of our Telephone Friends. They're here to lend a knowing ear because they've been there. Don't hesitate to call, we understand.

Linda Delk (General Information)	(813) 661-0680
Theresa Farmer (Homicide)	(813) 994-0707
Traci Cooley (Drowning)	(813) 654-1381
Ron Ellington (Suicide/Grandparent)	(727) 410-2308
Serena Graves (Sibling Contact)	(727) 239-2471
Violeta "Cookie" Fernandez (Se Habla Espanol)	(813) 996-4281
Crisis Center	211

Bereaved Parents/USA National Office

Post Office Box 95, Park Forest, IL 60466

Phone: (708) 748-7866

www.bereavedparentsusa.org

Love Gifts

Rebeckah Mitchell

In loving memory of her daughter
Brendolyn Joyce Butterfly Baker
1/1/1948 to 11/9/1990

Love Gifts-A Thoughtful Way to Remember

Love Gifts are a beautiful and loving way to remember a loved one. Through Love Gifts, we are able to reach out to others with our brochures and newsletters as well as obtain books and other information for our library. We truly appreciate every Love Gift, donation and sponsorship. Our Chapter work is done by volunteers and these donations help us reach out in many ways, including the preparation and mailing of the newsletter.

Sponsor A Newsletter Page

Anyone can sponsor a page in this newsletter in memory of their child. The price for a full page is \$60 which includes one black and white scan of one photograph and your tribute to your child, which can include poems, stories or whatever you like. Your contribution supports the chapter and helps pay for the printing of the newsletter.

Additionally, sponsorship pages will be posted on our Website for one (1) year. Simply click on "How we remember."

To sponsor a newsletter page, contact Beverley Hurley at (813) 832-3175 (email address: bee.hurley@gte.net). Please note that sponsorship pages are **due by the 15th of the month BEFORE the publication month.**

Note: The Tampa Bay Chapter Steering Committee recently voted to increase the cost of the newsletter sponsorship to \$60 (only a five dollar increase), which we have not done in over ten years, due to ongoing increases of postage and printing costs. We also decided to limit monthly sponsorship pages to four (4) a month so as to limit our printing costs and still have room for articles and poems. So please get your sponsorships in early and by the 15th of the month BEFORE the publication month so you will not be disappointed if there is not room left for your page in memory of your child.

Chapter Library Books

If you have finished reading a BP/USA Library book, please, **please** return it to our library. There is no time limit for how long you can have a book, but the longer you borrow a book, the less opportunities other bereaved parents have to read it. We also gladly accept book donations.

Contact Dave or Kathy Simone at (813) 653-1717 or visit the Sunday monthly meeting to return a book, arrange a donation or inquire about an available title. A complete list of available books can be found at www.bpusatampabay.org.

Electronic Newsletter

The Newsletter is available electronically. To receive it by Email, send your name and email address to: www.bpusatampabay.org and indicate your desire to switch from regular "snail" mail to email. Email recipients will also receive additional news and information, while helping our chapter save costs. We very much appreciate your cooperation by helping us out this way!



Our Children . . . Remembered

*So long as we live, they too shall live ...
For they are a part of us as we remember them.*

September Birthdays

Brady, Mark A.
09/27/57 - 01/03/89
M - Margaret Brady
S - Margaret J. Bruner
B - Hayward L. "Bubba" Brady, Jr.
GP-Wallace & Josephine Bagley
and Wm. & Cinderalla Brady

Cash, Christopher
9/13/1977 - 8/23/2004
M-Rita & Thomas Zvada
P-Charles & Mika Cash
S-Colleen & M ?????
GP-Gustavo & Ida Arencibia

Castellano, Lina
9/15/1966 - 2/20/2004
P-Sam & Jean Castellano

Cepero, Caylee Marie
9/3/2000 - 3/8/2005
P-Dawn and Lee Cepero
B-Corbin
S-Kennedy
GP-Sandy Boehning

Daly, Cole
9/9/1983 - 12/17/2001
M-Katie Brock

Donnarumma, Sophia Marie
9/1/2000 - 12/23/2004
P-Benjamin & Diane
S-Olivia
GP-Pat & Ben Donnarumma and
Betty & Paul Scolamiero

Funk, Benjamin
9/9/1976 - 6/25/2001
P - Mr & Mrs Funk

Gould, Richard J.
9/26/1981 - 3/3/2001
M-Cindy Phelps-Wise
F-Ralph Gould
B-Ryan, Bryan & Mark
S-Karen

Gray, Jay
09/07/70 - 11/09/01
M - Dee Gray

Mendoza, Jennifer
9/26/1986 - 3/3/2005
F-Joey Mendoza

Knight, Matthew A.
9/1/1982 - 12/28/2001
P-Ron & Sandy Knight

Kushner, Jonathan
09/13/62 - 10/28/73
P - Lorraine & Gil Kushner
B-Andy & David

Lane, Jim
9/7/1966 - 1/2/2005
M-Carol Lane

Mart, Aaron Paul
09/24/96 - 09/11/99
P - Hank & Donna Mart
B - Daniel
GP-Betty & Trevor Harvey,
Michael & Iris Willsher,
Gene & Mim

Moore, Vanessa
9/3/1980-11/11/2005
M-Pat Moore

O'Berry, Michael Sean
09/13/94 - 12/15/97
P - Mike & Valerie O'Berry
B - Christopher O'Berry
GM - Linda Hoffman
A - Joyce Weil
U - Mike Kasrich

O'Malley, Robert Quinn
09/12/1994 - 09/15/1994
P - Elizabeth & Neil O'Malley
B - Michael & Brendon

O'Neil, Clark
9/1/1962 - 10/24/2004
P-Larry and Jeanne O'Neil
Sibs-Kevin & Renee
Kitty and Joseph

Jennifer & Rand
Peel, Matthew Shane
9/9/92 - 9/9/92
A - Beth Biggs U- Eddy Biggs
GM - Patricia Campbell

Perrotti, Paul
9/5/1969 - 9/25/1995
F - Donald J. Perrotti

Schulman, Adam J.
6/7/1971-9/26/2004
M-Pat Shulman
B-Freddie Kelly, Jr. & Kenny

Stock, Jessica
9/21/1978-6/6/2004
M-Rose Stock

Will, Madison Kathleen "Madi"
9/2/1995 - 10/4/1995
P - Carl & Lisa Will
S - Megan & Rachel Will
B- Zachary & Seth Will

Williams, Travis Aaron
9/11/1979 - 4/19/2000
P - Bill & Linda Williams
GP - Loretta Ayers, Raymond
Ayers & Edna Williams

September Anniversaries

Carter, Cassandra D. "Casie"
2/22/1982 - 9/28/1999
P-Ted & Gayle Carter
B-Justin Carter
GP-Luna Carter

Cooley, Malena Rose
3/23/1998 - 9/4/2000
P - Scott & Traci Cooley
B - Nolan
S - Madelyn & Olivia

Harris, Eric
2/4/1984 - 9/12/2003
P-Mike & Pam Harris
B-Mark

Henry, Sumara Raquel
07/12/88 - 09/18/93
P - Louis & Cindy Henry
GP-James & Ruby Reese &
Bernice Henry

Horst, Trey
4/16/1974 - 9/8/2000
P - Art & Linda Horst
B-Todd & Thad
S-Trisha & Tammy

Mart, Aaron Paul
09/24/96 - 09/11/99
P - Hank & Donna Mart
B - Daniel
GP-Betty & Trevor Harvey,
Michael & Iris Willsher,
Gene & Mim

McMillion, James Christopher
7/26/1984 - 9/26/2003
GP-Ralph & Martha Hamilton

Metallo, Armando
5/3/1984 - 9/15/2005
P-Angelo & Luisa Metallo
S-Ana, Angelo, Luisa, & Joe
GP-Armando & Ana Metallo and
Graciela & Dorotheo Martinez

Mink-Miller, Deborha
3/26/1965 - 9/27/1991
M-Diane Mink

Nichols, Melissa
11/9/1982 - 9/4/2002
M-Terrera Nichols
F-Shannon Nichols
S-Brandy Nichols
B-Shannon Nichols, Jr.

O'Malley, Robert Quinn
09/12/1994 - 09/15/1994
P - Elizabeth & Neil O'Malley
B - Michael & Brendon

Peel, Lee Anna Campbell
8/5/1972 - 9/9/1992
M - Patricia Campbell
S - Beth Biggs
B - Eddy Biggs
GP - Estele & James Carleton

Peel, Matthew Shane
9/9/92 - 9/9/92
A - Beth Biggs U- Eddy Biggs
GM - Patricia Campbell

Perrotti, Paul
9/5/1969 - 9/25/1995
F - Donald J. Perrotti

Pippin, Shawn
10/16/1984 - 9/16/2002
M-Anita Pippin

Pispitos, Richard John
01/23/72 - 09/14/98
P - Catherine Webb & Philip
Finkelstein
S - Michelle Webb
GP-Anne & Owen Beglane

Roberts, J. Michael
5/31/1963 - 9/25/2002
M-Ann Roberts Mitchel
GP Merle H. Brunson

Russell, Karron Michelle
1/20/1967 - 9/12/2000
P - Ben & Sue Bowditch
Children - Brytani, Derak &
Melody
Sisters - Catherine, Roben &
Laurie
B-Bobby Jr. & Scott
GP-Cathren Dickerson and
Jimmy & Kay Senseney

Schulman, Adam J.
6/7/1971 - 9/26/2004
M-Pat Schulman
Freddie Kelly Jr. and Kenny
Schulman

Smith, Clay Daniel
10/24/1967 - 9/30/1996
P-Francia & Chuck Smith
B-Jed & Kyle

Thornton, Teresa E.
01/12/66 - 09/24/81
P - Ken & Mirta Thornton
S - Lisa Buckner
B - Nick Thornton

Victa, April Melody
2/20/1976 - 9/17/1998
P-Ron & Suzie Giles

Our Apologies

*The following name was
omitted from the July
Anniversary list:*

Scott Gerard Vallee
7/4/1974-7/10/2004

P-Gerry & Louise Vallee
S-Kama
GP-Roy & Mabel Parsons
Wife-Jessica Vallee

*If we have omitted your child, misspelled
your child's name, or listed incorrect
dates, please accept our apologies
and call
Beverly Hurley at (813) 832-3175 to
correct the information. Call any of our
telephone friends if you are having a
hard time on these days. We truly
understand your pain; for we, too,
remember our own children.*

What the caterpillar calls the end of the world

The master calls a Butterfly

Richard Bach

(Continued from Page 1)

of that by reading the books on grief, especially *The Bereaved Parent* by Harriet Schiff. When the children were growing up we read *Baby and Child Care* by Benjamin Spock or Haim Ginott's *Between Parent and Child*. Why not now read Harriet Schiff's book or Earl Grollman's *Living When A Loved One Has Died*? We need to know what the symptoms of parental grief are so that we, ourselves, are reassured that our child is not emotionally disturbed.

We need to know there is no timetable for grief. We should be careful of our expectations of how our child "should be doing" at this time. In the early months of grief our bereaved children may appear to be doing well. Then, at four to six months they seem to "fall apart." It is reassuring to know that this is normal. In the early months our children do fairly well because they have not yet accepted the full reality of their child's death. It isn't until one faces that reality that real grief begins. This is the most painful and the longest part of the grief process. This is the time we are expecting them to "get better," and when they get worse we can't understand it, and we fear for their sanity. At this time others turn away from them because they can't understand. This is the time our children need us the most. How desolate they must feel if the two people they could always rely on now turn away from them.

Grandfathers are needed at this time more than ever. Fathers have always been the ones who could solve every problem for their children. They are the strength in the family, and the bereaved child needs to tap that strength now. Fathers used to provide the biggest, warmest lap for comforting. Now their arms can provide the safe harbour that most grieving children crave at times.

Grieving is not done on a consistently upward path. We may talk to our children on a good day and rejoice that they were finally improving, only to find they have taken several steps backward when we next see them. We need to realize that the normal process of grief is a constant ebb and flow of terrible and not so terrible days. Even though our bereaved children seem to revert to more painful grief at times, they are not going back to where they started. They do, however, need extra support and understanding on the bad days. We must allow our children to grieve in their own way, according to their own personality. Some of our children are more verbal in expressing their emotions. Others may keep it all inside of themselves until something causes it to come out in a torrent. We accepted their personality differences from the time they were little children. We must accept them now.

Some of us, for whatever reason, are not able to be of help to our children. Maybe we simply cannot face our children in their misery. It may be more pain than we, ourselves, can take. Some of us cannot accept the fact that to grieve openly and with others is the "right" way to do it. For some of us, our own personalities will not allow us to express our emotions or tolerate such expression in others. As hard as it may be to admit, we can at least be helpful to our children by being open and honest and telling them that we cannot help. As cruel as this may seem, letting them know of our inability to help saves them from the repeated disappointment of our backing away from them when they come to us.

Our grieving children need us. When our children hurt, we hurt. It has been said that a grief shared is a grief halved. No! We cannot take half of our child's suffering, as much as we would like to do so. But I can say from personal needs that were not met when my own child died, it can sure make it a lot easier. Over the years of rearing our children, we suffered many times for them or because of them. Now we are being asked to do it again. It was not easy then, and it will not be easy now. But because we love our children, we can do it.

*Margaret H. Gerner. M.S. W.
BP/USA St. Louis. MO*

Margaret Gerner is a bereaved parent whose son Arthur, died at the age of 6. She became a bereaved grandparent when her 3 year old granddaughter, Emily, died in 1982.

The First Empty Year Without You

It has been one year since you left us with only a note.
You begged us to let you go, "its better this way", you wrote.

The pain is more real now than when I heard from your wife,
She had found you in the shower, you had taken your life.

With each new day, I struggle to find a reason to live,
I can't stand not knowing, what more could I give?

Why did you choose to leave us this way?
What could we have done, what words could we say?

Life is such a precious gift, one only God can give.
How could we believe that you really didn't want to live.

We loved you so very much and wanted you here.
We could not understand all of your pain and your fear.

Now, tears fill my eyes now almost all of the time.
Your taking your life was such a terrible crime!

As this pain filled year passes, we go to your resting place.
We stand there praying that we may just see your face.

If only we could go back and change that day last year.
We would give anything in this World to have you here.

Why did you leave us this way, couldn't we just have one more day?
We would hold you longer and love you more than words could say.

I hope that you know that my love for you is as strong as ever.
I will hold you in my heart and forget you never.

*Dedicated to my son, Eric Paul Haynal, who left this Earth, September 13,
2005, your loving Mother, Nancy Anne Doherty*

A Decade Is A Long Time

Written in Loving Memory of Cortney Michele

A decade. A measure of time that actually has a name...a name because 10 years is a lot of years; a name because it signifies the passage of a lot of time. Married couples mark the milestone with special celebrations and special gifts. Children celebrate with great energy their entry into double digits.

It makes me wonder --what about bereaved parents? What are we to do with this milestone? How are we to mark the passing of 10 years since our beloved child died?

Because I haven't found any written guidelines on the subject, I've decided to just give in to the experience. I figure I'm going to cross the 10-year marker on my grief journey whether I like it or not, so I may as well just open my eyes and my heart and see and feel whatever there is to be seen and felt. Just like every other part of this journey, there's no way around the dips in the road – I just have to walk through them.

So, for one bereaved mom at the 10-year mark, here's what my experience with this special milestone is stirring in me.

- I find myself reflecting on the past 10 years...reflecting on those first minutes in the late afternoon of July 9, on the first hours, on the first days. Reflecting on all the painful firsts, all of the new realizations. All of the memories that I have struggled to suppress since that horrible day...all of the memories that are once again invading my mind and are transporting me to a place I don't want to be. I find that some of the memories are incredibly vivid and crisp and overwhelmingly painful; others are vague and shapeless and leave me numb again. I find myself reliving the grief experience year by year by year, and thinking about all of the lessons learned.
- This milestone, and the corresponding self-reflection it brings, has re-enforced for me the realization that I'm in a far different place 10 years later, that I have changed and grown, that I am not standing still, that I am not stuck in the mud of deep, incapacitating grief. Some would call this movement progress – I would concur begrudgingly, but I would prefer to call it movement in an uncertain direction. But, I do find comfort in having moved. No longer is my daughter's death front and center 24/7. It's now something less than that. In that, I find comfort.
- Thinking about the past 10 years has made me realize that I have finally acknowledged and succumbed to (I can't yet say "accepted") the fact that Cortney's death left a gaping hole in my heart and in my life that will never ever be filled in the way it was before July 9, 1996. I have integrated that fact into the fabric of my life and I have accommodated it. The edges around the hole aren't as raw and sensitive as they once were, and the hole has been filled in with new and joyful experiences, so it is not as large as it once was. But still, the hole remains, and I have acknowledged and succumbed to my new normal. I have learned to live with the hole, just as amputees learn to live without their limbs. Through the really good times and through the really bad times, and through everything in between, I know that the sense of loss is never very far away and that it will forever color the lens through which I look at life. Sometimes the lens is very dark; other times it is as clear as glass. But it is always there.
- I am so glad that after 10 years I have finally and gratefully realized that the love between my daughter and me could never die and will never even fade. The mother-daughter bond we shared is a forever bond. As Vincent Van Gogh said, "Love is something eternal; the aspect may change, but not the essence." I know now that I love my daughter as I always have, and as I always will, and I know that's a love Cortney and I share.
- I'm filling with a sense of dread as the "black anniversary" – particularly this special milestone – draws near. I am resisting making a plan. I just want to sleep deeply through the week before and the week after. I know I will survive it. I also know that I will hate it.
- I'm feeling sorry for my daughter and for me and for everyone who loved her. I'm feeling sorry for all that we have missed these past 10 years – and for all that we will miss in the next 10. I'm granting myself permission to wallow in these feelings for the time that I need, because that's what I need (lesson learned on the grief journey – don't be afraid or embarrassed to just surrender sometimes).
- I'm wanting to share this milestone with those who loved my daughter, because I know they feel her loss, too, but I lack the strength to reach out – the possible judgment by just one person is too much to risk, because no, I am NOT over "it" yet. But, I would like to shout from the roof tops – does anyone else remember that is has been 10 years since the day the music died at the Belt's?

Now that I've reached and am about to go past the 10-year marker, what next? Here's what I see between years 10 and 20. Time will tell.

- I expect that I will still miss my daughter beyond words. I know that I'll still love my daughter, and that I'll continue to ponder what would have been, if only there had never been a July 9, 1996. I'll bring my daughter and my memories of her with me. I'll find new ways to remember her, and I'll smile more than I'll cry at those memories. I'll live in a way that would make my daughter proud.
- I'll still be Cortney's mom and she'll still be my girl.
- I'll continue to work on how to give and receive spiritual hugs, especially as I replay images of the physical hugs I was lucky enough to get from my daughter in the 80s and early 90s. I'll see if I can replicate their warmth and love.
- I'll search for and will find more "memory nuggets" like the one I have of my last embrace with my daughter. They sustain me.
- I'll be more open to good times; perhaps I'll even go looking for some – I can almost hear my daughter singing the line in the song: "Life may not be the party we hoped for...but while we are here, we might as well dance." I know what she would want me to do. I will try to honor her wishes during the next decade without her.
- My belief will be strengthened in the concept articulated by many, including Emily Dickinson, when she wrote: "And if I go while you're still here...know that I live on, vibrating to a different measure, behind a thin veil you cannot see through. You will not see me, so you must have faith. I wait for the time when we soar together again, both aware of each other. Until then, live your life to its fullest and, when you need me, just whisper my name in your heart. I will be there."

I love my Cortney Michele. I wish this milestone were just a dream. A decade is a long time.

Captain Christopher G. Cash



9-13-1977 - 6-23-2004

*To My Friend, Confidant, My Son,
I once heard "it's not the years in a life,
but the life in the years." You worked so
hard in your short life to accomplish
your dreams. You Did It!*



*Happy Birthday,
Love Ma*



Caylee Marie Cepero

9/3/2000-3/8/2006

Another year has come and gone, without you by my side
On the 3rd, 6 years old you'd be, my tears I cannot hide

I think about you everyday, the time we shared and spent
On Angel's wings, my love to you and kisses always sent.

One day I know, my time to go, my eternity so grand
Until then, with me your handprint on my heart and your
heart inside my hand.

www.cayleecepero.memory-of.com



Mommy and Caylee with flowers
drawn by Caylee



Butterfly
drawn by Caylee



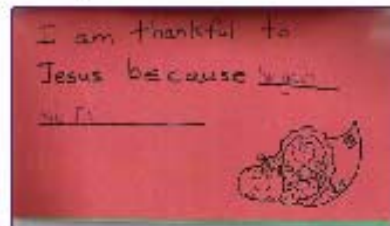
Caylee's Heart from School -
the meaning behind the
Caylee's Heart Foundation



Caylee Memorial



Going Fishing



Thankful to Jesus because
he gave me T.V.

www.cayleeshope.com

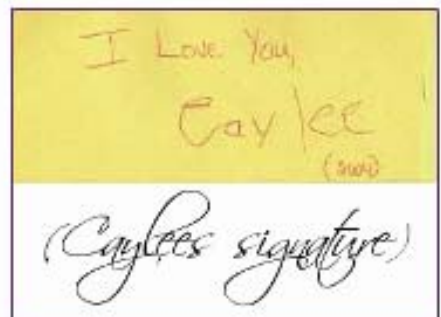
www.cayleesheart.org

Don't think of her as forever gone, her journey's just begun
life holds so many facets and this earth is only one.

Just think of her new home, with no sorrow, pain or tears,
a place of warmth and comfort, where there are no weeks,
months or years.

So, think of her as living, in the hearts of those she touched.,
for nothing loved is ever lost, and she is loved so much.

HAPPY 6TH BIRTHDAY! WE LOVE YOU!



Our Credo

We are the parents whose children have died. We are the grandparents who have buried grandchildren. We are the siblings whose brothers and sisters no longer walk with us through life. We come together as Bereaved Parents of the USA to provide a haven where all bereaved families can meet and share our long and arduous grief journeys.

We attend monthly gatherings whenever we can and for as long as we believe necessary. We share our tears, confusion, anger, guilt, frustrations, emptiness, and feelings of hopelessness so that hope can be found anew. As we accept, support, comfort and encourage each other, we demonstrate to each other that survival is possible.



Together we celebrate the lives of our children, share the joys and triumphs as well as the love that will never fade. Together we learn how little it matters where we live, our color, our affluence, or what faith we uphold as we confront the tragedies of our children's deaths. Together, strengthened by the bonds we forge at our gatherings, we offer what we have learned to each other and to every more recently bereaved family.

We are the Bereaved Parents of the USA.
We Welcome You.

Older Grief

It's about sudden tears swept in by a strand of music.
It's about haunting echoes of pain on anniversaries.
It's about feeling his presence for an instant one day while dusting the room,
It's about early pictures that invite me to hold him in my arms again.
It's about memories blown on wisps of wood smoke and sea scents.

Older grief is about aching in gentler ways, rarer longing, less engulfing fire.
Older grief is about searing pain wrought into tenderness.

Anonymous

Lovingly lifted from "Children of the Dome" by Rosemary Smith



The Bereaved Parents of the USA
P.O. Box 156
Gibsonton, FL 33534

September 2006

POSTMASTER - Dated Material

Please do not delay.

Support When I Needed It

Yesterday, I attended the funeral of an old friend, a thirty-eight-year-old husband and father of two small children. He was a good man.

Today, I feel somewhat that way that I felt soon after our son, Jesse, died—a sharpening of the senses and emotions that now, I realize, have dulled somewhat these last three years. At this moment that I am writing, I am close to where you are if you are newly bereaved; and now I am again reminded of how real and strong your pain is to you. Because of this harsh reminder, I realize how far I have come in this journey through grief.

It is good news to me and might be helpful to you to know that your pain will dull with time and work. Our bereaved parents' support group supplied me with the knowledge of how to work through the grief recovery process and gave me the support to do it.

If your pain seems to be consuming you and it has become difficult to find a friend who wants to listen to your grief, it may be the time to attend a support group gathering. Our group acts much like a sponge that can and will absorb the pain. Not all the pain goes away at once, of course; but losing a little pain at a time certainly helps.

Jim Hobbs, BP/USA, Texas

Lovingly lifted from "Where Are All The Butterflies"

Everyone Needs a Secret Place!

Do you have a secret place? I only recently realized how often I go to my secret place and how important it is to have my own secret place to remember my daughter.

When my daughter Debbie first died, I did not have a secret place. My grief was 24/7 and exposed for the whole world to see. There was no secret to my grief!

Now further along my grief path I know I can decide to go to my secret place where and when I choose. Sometimes on purpose; sometimes when I least expect it!

Perhaps it is at an Airport people watching and remembering our times traveling back and forth during her illness.

Possibly it is at a shopping mall looking at clothes that Debbie would have loved to have and wear.

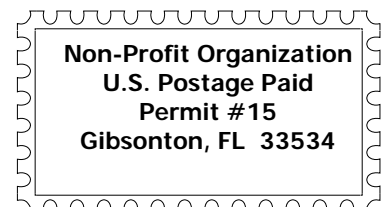
Perhaps it is watching my Grandchildren playing and remembering when Debbie was that age and had so much fun too.

Maybe it is at a Cocktail party where no one even knows I had a daughter that died.

I love my secret place where I can go to remember my daughter and others have no idea just how far away I am!

Shhh! It is my secret!!

By Beverley Hurley, BP/USA Tampa Bay



**If you no longer wish to receive a newsletter
or have a new address, please let us know!**