

*New Year*

*The New Year comes when all the world is ready for changes,  
resolutions...great beginnings.*

*For us, to whom that stroke of midnight  
means a missing child remembered,*

*For us the New Year comes more like another darkness.*

*But let us not forget that this may be the year  
when love and hope and courage find each other  
somewhere in the darkness*

*to lift their voices and speak...Let there be light.*

*Written by Sascha Wagner, The Compassionate Friends*

*A Ripple*

*We do not always realize the impact  
We may have on total strangers.*

*We may never know how many lives we have  
Changed by a kind word or gesture.*

*We are like that of a pebble tossed into still waters*

*Our "ripple" may travel a great distance.*

*Closing Remarks*

*Rindy Huebner*

*Founding Member of HOPE since 1980*



*Please join us for refreshments and conversation  
at the conclusion of the service.*

*Special Thanks to:*

*R. W. Traynham Printing Company,  
Winchester Hospital, Rindy Huebner,*

*Martha Lang, Sue Powers,*

*Christine Boudreau, Donna McDonnell*

*And all the HOPE members who helped make this service special*

*From Miracles to Memories...*

*The Caring Never Ends*

*We Remember*



*The HOPE Group  
Annual Memorial Service*

*December 10, 2008*

*7:30 p.m.*

*We Remember We Celebrate  
...that their light may always shine.*

- Welcome and Opening Ceremony
- Poems and Readings
- Candle Lighting and Remembrance Service
- Reading "We Remember Them"
- Closing Remarks
- Refreshments and Conversation



*Hope is the flower that rises from sorrow.  
The seed that sows peace which will blossom tomorrow.  
by Ginny Earle, A HOPE member*

*We light these five candles in honor of our precious babies.*

*The first candle represents our grief. The pain of losing our babies is intense; it reminds us of our depth of love we share for them.*

*The second candle represents our courage; courage to confront our sorrow, to comfort each other, and to live beyond our loss.*

*The next candle represents our memories; memories of life inside us, of dreams we all shared, and of new memories soon to be created.*

*This candle is the light of love. As we enter this holiday season, day by day, we cherish the special place in our hearts that will always be reserved for our baby. We thank you, our adored children, for the gift your life has brought to each of us.*

*The last candle is the light of HOPE. It reminds us of the love and the memories that are never ending and the friendships we have made in this group. May the glow of the flame be the source of hopefulness, now and forever.*

*the light of a candle has come to represent rebirth and renewal. These two meanings are incorporated in the light of these candles as we remember our babies. Let the light signify the ever present love and memory of our babies that will always live on in our hearts. At the same time, let it symbolize life without out beloved babies as we strive to walk on with others.*



*We Remember Them*

*At the rising of the sun and its going down*

*We remember them*

*At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter*

*We remember them*

*At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring*

*We remember them*

*At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer*

*We remember them*

*At the rustling of the leaves and the beauty of autumn*

*We remember them*

*At the beginning of the year and when it ends*

*We remember them*

*When we are weary and in need of strength*

*We remember them*

*When we are lost and sick at heart*

*We remember them*

*When we have joy we crave to share*

*We remember them*

*When we have decisions that are difficult to make*

*We remember them*

*When we have achievements that are based on theirs*

*We remember them*

*As long as we live,*

*They too will live*

*As we remember them*

*From: Gates of Prayer...Reformed Judaism Prayer book*

*Light One Candle*

*Light One candle, take my hand*

*Move closer to each other*

*All who want to smile again.*

*In this blessed time of year*

*With your sorrow and tears*

*Come together to remember and to light one candle.*

*The light is for strength to face*

*The pain welled up inside.*

*The light reminds us of shattered dreams*

*Not to be denied.*

*The light is for courage to beckon*

*Others to our side.*

*For every tear we've cried...*

*We light one candle.*

*We all know the reason*

*That we value so this flame.*

*It's a commitment to each other*

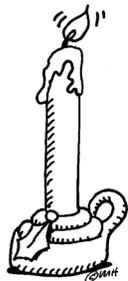
*To remember every name.*

*And a promise made that*

*In our hearts forever they'll remain.*

*Out of love we came to*

*Light one candle.*



*We now ask each family to approach the front table one at a time,*

*Light a candle in memory of your child and/or children,*

*Accept a flower,*

*And announce their names.*

*Please extinguish all candles once the candle lighting ceremony is completed. Thank you.*

*The light of a flame has always been symbolic to the human world.  
The eternal flame stands for the remembrance of those gone before;*

*GIVE ME YOUR TEARDROPS*

*Give others your laughter, your heartiest song,  
But think of me sometimes when hours are long.*

*Tell others your joys, your happiest schemes,  
But share with me sometimes your tiniest dreams.*

*Give me your teardrops, for didn't you know,  
Since the beginning of time it has always been so.*

*The sweetest of smiles a person can make,  
Is the one that so carefully covers an ache.*

*TODAY IS FOR REMEMBERING* By W.W. Roberts

*Today is for remembering*

*The day begins like any other day.*

*The busy-ness of people all around me*

*Going about the tasks of their day,*

*Will never know the pain and heartache*

*This day marks for me.*

*I have survived a difficult year.*

*I have endured more pain and heartache*

*Than I ever thought possible,*

*And I have survived.*

*And I miss you...*

*It may just be another day*

*To everyone else,*

*But today I remember you.*

*A ROSE* Author unknown

*A rose once grew where all could see it.*

*Sheltered beside a garden wall and as the days past,  
it spread its branches straight and tall.*

*Then one day a beam of light showed through  
and it had spread wide.*

*The rose bent gently toward the warmth,  
then passed beyond to the other side.*

*Now, you who deeply feel the loss, be comforted.  
The rose blooms where its beauty is even greater  
nurtured by God's own loving care.*

*"The Rose"*

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*

*LITTLE ONE* By Annmarie

*Submitted by Dennis, Rindy and Karen Huebner  
in memory of their son and brother, Mark Edward Huebner  
When I found out about you,*



*The world seemed to be a better place  
Joy, love, happiness, confidence, hope,  
Looking forward to the things to come,  
Full of it, of a miracle.*

*Elated by it, in seventh heaven,  
A wish come true,  
At last.*

*I dreamt of you for such a long time.  
You were on my mind, I wanted to share it  
With the people close to me.*

*Told them as soon as I could -  
Joy, love, happiness, confidence, hope.  
The unexpected, the fear, the hope  
Over, before it could start.*

*Hurt, pain, tears, uncertainty,  
The operation, the end.*

*No more plans, no future for you.  
Cry and be comforted.*

*The immense pain.*

*Waiting for the time to take the edge off it.  
Carefully looking out for the future -  
The sun slowly outshines the shadow.*

*Hope for a future, which you still will be a part of,  
New joy, new love, new happiness, new confidence,  
New hope.*

*DAKOTA CATHERINE BOUDREAU  
February 26, 2004*

*Up above, in a place we've yet to explore.*

*Is where our daughter is forevermore  
She joins the others who shouldn't die  
And this is where the children fly...*

*They fly so high with wings of gold  
Or so our nightly dreams have told  
So beautiful, we could not deny...*

*The place where the children fly...  
They're chosen not by race or creed  
Just by the Lord's Almighty need*

*To show us, He can sanctify  
A place for where the children fly...  
And the pain it runs extremely deep*

*We find it tough,, not to weep  
For our little daughter, who did die  
Just to go where the children fly...*

*Parent's grieve and families mourn  
From the, the children, they are torn  
To go with angels who are on high*



*the family. We love and miss you always!!!! Love JJ, Sophia, Anthony, Carissa and Baby on the way...*

*My Dear John, As your birthday approaches I feel that increased sense of sadness. This year for me is much harder. This is the year that you would be getting ready for Kindergarten and playing maybe Soccer or Karate. This is the year I dreamed about the moment I knew I was pregnant with you. I envisioned my child with their backpack on all dressed up smiling, waving goodbye as they enter school. All these dreams are washed away... My life will never be the same without you no matter how many more children I have...I will never feel complete..I am not the same.. JJ is wonderful with your siblings but I dream about how much fun he would be having with you now. Sophia is getting older now and doesn't understand why you can't play with her and wonders where are you? Anthony touches your photos and plays with all your cars at the headstone but doesn't understand yet. Carissa resembles you the most. She has the same color hair and features. I still dream all the time wondering what you would look like now and what you would like to do. I waited so long to have you and enjoyed every kick and hiccup inside of me. Now I will have to wait again, but I know when we will meet I will hold and kiss you forever and we will never be separated again. Love your Mom*

*LOVE By Czelsaw Milosz*

*submitted in memory of Julia Marie McDonnell*

*Love means to learn to look at yourself  
The way one looks at distant things*

*For you are only one thing among many.  
And whoever sees that way heals his heart,*

*Without knowing it, from various ills  
A bird and a tree say to him: Friend.*

*Then he wants to use himself and things  
So that they stand in the glow of ripeness.*

*It doesn't matter whether he knows what he serves;  
Who serves best doesn't always understand.*

*My precious baby girl, Julia Marie McDonnell, was born still ten years ago on December 3, 1998. I never learned the reasons why. Since then my life has changed considerably and I have learned a lot. Although my journey through grief was painful, I was comforted knowing that I was not alone. The HOPE Group has become my saving grace; a safe place to share my tears and stand with others feeling the same way. I have made many friends along the way; life-long friends. I have been blessed by their friendship. So this evening I'd like to thank each and every one of you. Because of you I've been able to look past myself, walk through this journey of grief, and focus on helping others accept the things of which there is no explanation. I treasure you, I treasure HOPE, and I treasure the memories of our precious babies. Love always, Donna*

nearer the sun. Blue against blue.  
For now and forever."  
For Nathan Christopher Buckridge, Our precious angel,  
for now and forever. Love, Mommy, Daddy and Theo

#### LETTERS TO JOHN KEVIN PURIFORY

Dear John, As the years have passed our thoughts of you have stayed strong through the smiles and love of your brothers and sisters. As they grow we know you are watching over them and helping them to achieve their goals. Your heart beats in all of our hearts and we will always treasure you. Love Auntie Elaine, Uncle George, Chelsie and Madison

Dear Little John, Strange, it seems that I have come to enjoy these annual memorials. Why, when it involves such loss!? I can only hope to provide an answer. This is a special time when we can celebrate the brief period you spent with us. Since you are my nephew, I can comfortably talk with others as to how incredibly painful your loss was, and they will understand. I can describe in detail your birth, the bravery of your parents and older brother on that cold January night. With tears I may confess that as we awaited your birth, I silently prayed, "Please God, may this baby breathe"; hoping for a miracle. Thanks to your family who never fail to include you in any special occasion and for all those involved with this beautiful service, we can all gather and share our love for you and all of these other beautiful babies and families. Love to you always, Aunt Marisa, Uncle Carmine, Michael and Christina

John Kevin, It will be Five years my son since I last laid eyes on you, and yet I see you every day; all the time and spend my every waking moment with you. I know and feel inside of me that you want to live and so we, your family live for you and with you. The love that created you is the love that we feel for you. It will carry us onward until someday, once again we will meet up with you. Daddy

Soon you would be Five years old. It seems like yesterday I was holding you in my arms. Since you were born, Mom and Dad have had three kids. They are all growing up to be excellent children. I can tell already that Sophia will be very smart because of how well she views things. She loves going to Nursery School and Dance. Your brother Anthony reminds me of how you would act. He likes to play all of the time and loves to spend endless hours running with joy after everyone in the house. although Carissa is young, I can already see her fun personality coming out. She loves Mom and dad very much, but always wants to be playing with her brothers and sister. All of the kids have something special in them and it is that they all have another older brother looking after them. If we were to put all the kids together, they would resemble you. John, no matter the time, place or situation, I always think of you everyday. Whenever I see any of the kids playing, I see you right there playing with them. Although you are not here physically, I believe that you are always with us because you are my first brother and you are part of



Because of this is where the children fly...  
Our daughter, such a precious baby girl  
Her presence short but brought us joy  
We just can't seem to justify  
That she joins them there...  
Where the children fly...

Submitted with love, Ernie, Christine, Mason, and Madisyn Boudreau

#### SHOES

I am wearing a pair of shoes.  
They are ugly shoes.  
Uncomfortable shoes.  
I hate my shoes.  
Each day I wear them, and each day I wish I had another pair.  
Some days my shoes hurt so bad that I do not think I can take another step. Yet, I continue to wear them.  
I get funny looks wearing these shoes. They are looks of sympathy.  
I can tell in other's eyes that they are glad they are my shoes and not theirs. They never talk about my shoes.  
To learn how awful my shoes are might make them uncomfortable.  
To truly understand these shoes you must walk in them.  
But, once you put them on, you can never take them off.  
I now realize that I am not the only one who wears these shoes.  
There are many pairs in this world.  
Some women are like me and ache daily as they try to walk in them.  
Some have learned how to walk in them so that they don't hurt quite so much.  
Some have worn the shoes so long that days will go by before they think about how much they hurt.  
No woman deserves to wear these shoes.  
Yet, because of these shoes I am a stronger woman.  
These shoes have given me the strength to face anything.  
They have made me who I am.  
I will forever walk in the shoes of a woman who has lost a child.



#### "Tears in Heaven"

A musical selection sung by Martha Lang

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN by Kris Smith  
We've filled our hearts full of holiday cheer  
and shopped for presents for loved ones this year.  
The house is dressed up with garland and lights  
that sparkle and shine through the holiday nights.  
But even with all of this holiday bliss  
there's someone we lost that we terribly miss.  
And as this Christmas Day draws near



we wish with all of our hearts she was here.  
 She's living her life way up past the stars,  
 somewhere past Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars.  
 She's spending her Christmas in Heaven you see  
 and last night as I slept, a dream came to me.  
 I was looking in her eyes and holding her tight  
 and realized that someday, when the time is right  
 I'll love her forever, in Heaven that is,  
 though in my heart she already lives.  
 She's left many gifts for us deep down inside  
 that we find everyday with our eyes open wide.  
 Each one is unique and wrapped brightly in love,  
 they shine from our hearts as she shines from above.  
 A special angel now hangs from our tree  
 for we are no longer a family of three.  
 And since we can't give her earthly gifts  
 we're asking God: "Please give her a kiss."  
 Submitted by Ruth & Chris Honor in Loving Memory of Baby T Honor



*THE MISCARRIAGE* Author Unknown

There has been a death in the family.  
 No eulogy, no coffin, no funeral, no black.  
 And yet, there has been a death in the family.  
 No undertaker, no hearse, no cemetery, no grave.  
 And yet, there has, most assuredly, been a death in the family.  
 No belly, no fullness, no lifetime, no baby.  
 There has been a death in the family.

*ANGEL BLESSING*

"Angels around us,  
 angels beside us,  
 angels within us.  
 Angels are watching over you  
 when times are good or stressed.  
 Their wings wrap gently around you,  
 whispering you are loved and blessed."



"For Good"

A musical selection sung by Martha Lang and Kristine Buckridge

Would your hair be just like Madisyn's; curly and long? Would you be tall, like Mason? Would you be a happy all the time or would you be a trying little girl. Either way, we would love you. We would want you.

I know it is said that everyone has their purpose. I believe that is especially true for you. I think that your purpose was so important and so powerful that you didn't need to be here long to achieve it. I believe you made us stronger than we ever thought we could be. You taught us what it is to love unconditionally. You taught us how important those close to us are. You taught us how much we need each other. You taught us sadness, anger, love and joy. You let us know that it is ok to feel all of these emotions and many more.

When your Mommy and Daddy first came to HOPE group, we all made new friends. These friends all felt the same grief that we did. I remember, there our friends outside of the group, just didn't know what to do for all of us, especially for your parents. They all wanted to help, but just didn't know what to do or what to say. This past fall we did the "Walk to Remember" in memory of you. We have done it the last few years and sadly, the crowd gets bigger every year. This year, Mason and I were walking back from the playground and as I walked toward everyone in our group, I realized our groups of friends had crossed boundaries. The friends that had tried to comfort your Mommy and Daddy five years ago were now sharing the same grief. At that moment, I was saddened and comforted at the same time. I realized that all of the angels that were around us were connected. I was sad to think that some of our friends' families were experiencing the same grief as we did, but then I thought of you and Jack Thomas getting in the same kind of mischief that his mom and your dad probably got into when they were younger and it made me smile a little. As sad as it is, there is a comfort knowing that we are all somehow connected. And that you are always watching over us.

I find comfort in knowing that you are always around us. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think of you. I miss you and love you always. Love, Auntie Francine and Uncle Bill

*"BLUE AGAINST BLUE* by Marjolein Bastin

"This heavenly blue butterfly  
 will fly high in the sky,  
 higher and higher.  
 The sunlight will touch the blue  
 on its wings until it seems to disappear.  
 We think it is gone,  
 because the blue of the butterfly  
 is the exact same blue of the sky.  
 We think it is gone,  
 because our eyes are too weak to see—  
 and it is difficult to believe what we cannot see.  
 But the blue butterfly is not gone.  
 It is still flying, higher and higher,





you are never alone,  
 I know you are with the guiding angels  
 in you peaceful home.  
 I will come with you someday  
 only now is not my time,  
 Then we will be together again  
 again you will be mine.

*A LETTER BY SANDRA DRIER*

I believe sad songs are written when life plays itself out. Recently, a co-worker and his wife were anticipating the arrival of their first baby. It happened that my co-worker was planning a visit to his wife that very day, where she was waiting for the baby to turn itself around. And, so, no delivery was imminent just yet. Being that I am an aunt of a still-born baby and being that it is so easy to put one's foot in mouth when speaking, I put my head down and simply said, I'll say a prayer that all goes well. My co-worker assured me, almost in a 'bemused way', 'oh, she'll be alright.

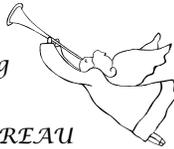
My thoughts took me back to 5 years ago this January which then encouraged me to write these words. My sister and her husband were anticipating the arrival of their first child, when the unspeakable happened. All of you in this room know the feelings which transpired with so sad a tale to tell.

I wish for all new parents to know that the gift of their newborn child is just that, a gift - something to be cherished, something that can be so fragile and that sometimes does not end in happy surprises. It has taught me a new way of thinking also - that an 'instruction booklet' should be given when one gets pregnant - yet, as all new parents and families think, 'oh, it'll never be one of us.

And, so, the babies we honor and recognize tonight give us some solace in knowing that they too can be remembered for all we wished for them.

"Turn, Turn, Turn"

A musical selection sung by Martha Lang



*A LETTER TO DAKOTA CATHERINE BOUDREAU*

Dear Dakota, Four Birthdays, Five Easters, Five Thanksgivings, Five Christmases. When will I stop counting the events that you are not here for? Ever? Never? When do I stop measuring the events that we have had without you? When do I stop wondering what it would be like if you were here? When do I stop wondering what you would have been like? Looked like? Sounded like? Ever? Never?

You would be almost five years old. You would be a little person. I look at Mason and Madisyn and they have such distinct personalities. What would you have been like? You would have your own thoughts and ideas.

Gianna, Angel baby girl, you are in our hearts and minds and missed in our arms. How could so much time have passed by and still feel like the day you left. Thank you for giving us the strength to continue on and have two more babies. Your big brother and sister miss you and your little brother and sister only wish they could have known you. We love you baby girl!! You are forever in our hearts and will always be here with us in memory. Merry Christmas! Please continue to watch down on us, blow the wind in our face and be the brightest star in the sky. We love you today, tomorrow and yesterday!! Mommy, Daddy, Nicholas, Isabelle, Luke and Ava

In loving memory of our angel, A.J. Daddy and Mommy love and miss you so very much. Please watch over us and our family and keep us safe and healthy. Please give us strength to get through the days when we miss you the most, baby boy. Mostly, please watch over your little sister in Mommy's belly, she especially needs you. We love you for eternity, little man. Until we meet again, we will see you in our dreams. Love, Mommy and Daddy

*ANOTHER SEASON AND THE YELLOW BUTTERFLY*  
 By Mia Moran In Memory of her son, Jonathan Moran



July 19, 2005, as you all know my life was forever changed. It's hard to believe that three years have gone by since Jonathan's death.

As I look back now, I don't even know how I survived. I didn't think it was possible to live another day, another week, another month and another year, but I have. My grief journey continues to this day, such hard work, every day. For those parents who have lost a child, you all know too well how difficult this journey is. Along the way, I felt as though I were stuck, unable to move forward and, of course, not wanting to. By moving forward, I felt that I would be leaving Jonathan behind, accepting life without him. I have moved on but in a different way. I will always have a broken heart, my life is not filled with joy, nor do I look forward to the future. It's too hard to look beyond today so we live just one day at a time.

Well, about a year after Jonathan's death, I noticed that I was paying special attention to each season, seeing and appreciating the beauty of each one. This was something that I had not done before. It was as if I was seeing through different eyes, eyes that were filled with much pain, eyes that still cried so many tears, eyes that longed to see my son again. Yet, I could see the beauty that each new season would bring.

The summer months are very difficult, I find myself feeling so sad, crying more, as the anniversary month approaches, another year. I just want to

see my son again, and then it happens. I will go to the cemetery to water the flowers that we have planted for Jonathan or sometimes just walking by a garden and the Yellow Butterfly flies past me, as if to let me know Jonathan is okay. I see the Yellow Butterfly all the time now and I smile.

Yes, another Season and The Yellow Butterfly, my reminders that my son is always with me, always in my Heart. He is free, free to Soar, free to fly, like the Yellow Butterfly.

Please stop and take a few moments out of your day today to remember our little boy who should be celebrating his Third Birthday and think about how he has touched your life even though he is not here with us.

*THE BABY WITH THE BLUE WINGS* by Kristen Grein  
in memory of her son Gordon

Every night before I close my eyes,  
I think about my little boy who flies.  
Soon Gordon would be turning three  
and I still don't know why he was taken from me.  
Was he meant to be better and do special things?  
Is he that baby with the blue wings?  
When I think about my life and how it could be  
I close my eyes so I am able to see,  
my perfect little family two girls and two boys  
sisters and brothers sharing their toys;  
a wonderful life full of happiness and joy  
but something is missing, my precious little boy.  
Sometimes the sorrow is too much to bear  
and from my eye comes a lone little tear.  
The tear is for the little boy who I miss  
the one I will never get to hug or to kiss.  
Instead of being here where I can hold him tight  
he is somewhere in the sky taking his flight.  
His wings are spread wide so beautiful and blue,  
watching over me and watching over you.  
It does give me peace to know he is near.  
I feel him around me and his spirit is so dear.  
As his wings are spread open and wide  
he will forever be by my side.  
So my son Gordon for now I will say bye,  
so you can go on with your journey and continue to fly.  
Happy Birthday! I love you!!



"Wind Beneath my Wings"

A musical selection sung by Martha Lang

*TO THE CHILD IN MY HEART*

Submitted in memory of Jonathan Moran

O precious tiny sweet little one you will always be to me,  
So perfect pure and innocent just as you were meant to be.  
We dreamed of you and of all your life and all that it would be,  
We waited and longed for you to come and join our family.  
We never had the chance to play, to laugh to rock to wiggle,  
We long to hold you, touch you now and listen to your giggle.  
I will always be your mother, he'll always be your dad,  
You will always be our child, the child that we had.  
But now your gone....but yet you're here, we sense you everywhere,  
You are our sorrow and our joy, there's love in every tear.  
Just know our love goes deep and strong, we'll forget you never.  
The child we had, but never had and yet we'll have forever.

*MY LITTLE ANGEL*

Submitted in memory of Dakota Catherine Boudreau

I felt your presence there inside of me,  
nestled soft and warm;  
Sweet scent of baby's breath,  
precious words left unadorned.  
I saw your tiny heartbeat,  
then I knew that you were fine;  
A perfect baby we created,  
one that would be mine.  
Then that tragic day it came  
there was nothing I could do,  
Only wait and hope  
for the precious life of you.  
Yes in the beginning  
your daddy was afraid;  
Only he would love you unconditional  
and never run away.  
He loved you more this I do know,  
as he cried for you that day,  
When the doctor said that you were gone,  
daddy wanted you to stay.  
He would have held you close to him,  
and see your perfect form,  
A gift of daddy's love,  
would have kept you safe and warm.  
Only now you are an angel over me  
beautiful and bare,  
My heart would hurt if you cried for me  
and mommy was not there.  
Still we are together in my heart and memories,  
You are still a part of my memory.  
Rest gentle now 'sweet baby' there is no pain

