

*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.*

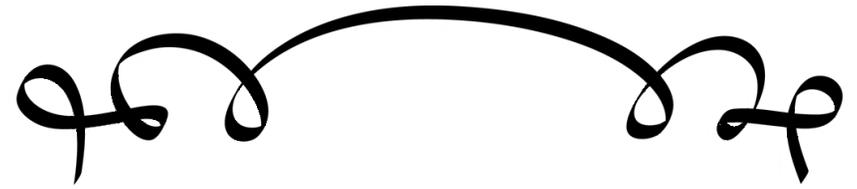
*Special Thanks to:*

*R. W. Traynham Printing Company,  
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*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 9, 2009*

*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*

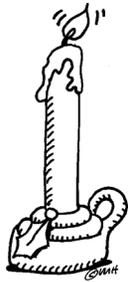
*As long as we live,  
They too will live  
As we remember them*

*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;*

REMEMBERING

by Elizabeth Dent

*Go ahead and mention my child.  
 The one that died, you know.  
 Don't worry about hurting me further.  
 The depth of my pain doesn't show.  
 Don't worry about making me cry.  
 I'm already crying inside.  
 Help me to heal by releasing  
 The tears that I try to hide.  
 I'm hurt when you just keep silent,  
 Pretending he didn't exist.  
 I'd rather you mention my child,  
 Knowing that he has been missed.  
 You asked me how I was doing.  
 I say "pretty good" or "fine".  
 But healing is something ongoing.  
 I feel it will take a lifetime.*



"The Rose"

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*

NATIVE AMERICAN PRAYER

*Submitted by Karen Huebner  
 In memory of her brother, Mark*

*I give you this one thought to keep  
 I am with you still; I do not sleep.  
 I am a thousand winds that blow,  
 I am the diamond glints in snow. I  
 I am the sunlight on ripened grain,  
 I am the gentle autumn rain.  
 When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
 I am the swift, uplifting rush  
 Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
 I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
 Do not think of me as gone  
 I am with you still, in each new dawn.*



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.*

*Dear Alexis Victoria,*

*When we hear your name whispered or spoken, when we see your name spelled out, we feel overwhelming joy and our hearts swell with love for you. One day we will be reunited and our family will be whole once more. Not a second goes by without the wonderful thought of you Alexis. We are so proud of the Saint that you have become. You are such an important member of our family.*

*We love you dearly and cherish you always.*

*Love, Mommy, Daddy, Joslyn, and Connor xoxoxoxo*

*"GODSPEED(Sweet Dreams)" By The Dixie Chicks  
 Submitted by Mia and Louie Moran  
 in memory of their son, Jonathan*



*Dragon tales and the "water is wide"  
 Pirate's sail and lost boys fly  
 Fish bite moonbeams every night  
 And I love you  
 Godspeed, little man*

*Sweet dreams, little man  
 Oh my love will fly to you each night on angels wings  
 Godspeed, Sweet dreams  
 The rocket racer's all tucked out  
 Superman's in pajamas on the couch  
 Goodnight moon, will find the mouse*

*LIFE GOES ON*

*Written by Tarna*

*Submitted by Donna McDonnell  
 In memory of her husband, Stephen  
 and their daughter, Julia Marie*

*The rain will fall, the snow will sparkle  
 The trees will blow and the birds will sing  
 Children will dance, flowers grow  
 Music will ring and tears will flow  
 Ice will melt and memories felt  
 Yesterday I was there, today I am not  
 The angels called upon me and led me far away  
 Tears will fall, hearts will break  
 But I am still there in your heart  
 I can still be felt*

*Close your eyes. Can you see me standing there?*

*Remember, life goes on.*

*One day we will meet but until then enjoy what you have got.*

*If you ever need me just close your eyes and I will be there.*

*Open your eyes and I will be gone*

*Now live your life and move on*

*Remember I am only sleeping*

*I will never be too far*

*I will be that star shining down on you.*

*Can you see it?*

*Tonight I say goodbye*

*Tonight I shed my last tear*

*I have to leave the angels are near*

*Fall with the rain*

*Sparkle with the snow*

*Blow with the trees*

*And sing with the birds*

*Dance with the children*

*And ring with the music*

*Enjoy yourself and be happy*

*Smile and cry, sing and dance*

*Laugh and be sad*

*Share moments and express feelings*

*Strengthen and weaken*

*Love and smile*

*You are still young*

*Your life is yours*

*Forever will I miss you*

*But now I've been laid to rest*

*The angel came, I got my wings*

*I can fly and I can sore*

*I can reach where I've never been before  
 Close your eyes, see I'm still standing there.*



*It follows us around like  
 An unwanted shadow.  
 It is cunning.  
 It doesn't strike like it used to.  
 But it strikes like a ghost;  
 Hidden, unseen, unpredictable. It lies just below the surface;  
 Following us everywhere we go.  
 It never leaves us.  
 It does not hit like it used to;  
 Putting us in the fetal position.  
 But it is unrelenting  
 Gnawing at our heart and soul;  
 Eating at us slowly, but surely.  
 It shadows our very lives.  
 It never leaves us alone.  
 It constantly reminds us of our forever loss.  
 It is a softer grief;  
 But it never ever goes away.*



*THE PROPHET*

*Written by Kahlil Gibran  
 Submitted by Joe and Corinne Rogers  
 In memory of Conleigh Rose Sullivan*

*Your children are not your children.  
 They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.  
 They come through you but not from you.  
 And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.  
 You can give them your love but not your thoughts.  
 For they have their own thoughts.  
 You can house their bodies but not their souls,  
 For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,  
 which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.  
 You can strive to be like them but seek not to make them like you.  
 For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.  
 You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent  
 forth.  
 The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite  
 and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.  
 Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;  
 for even as He loves the arrow that flies,  
 so He loves also the bow that is stable.*

*"Seeking to forget makes exile all the longer;  
 the secret of redemption lies in remembrance."  
 By Richard von Weizsaecker*

*And I love you  
 Godspeed, little man  
 Sweet dreams, little man  
 Oh my love will fly to you each night on angels wings  
 Godspeed, Sweet dreams  
 God bless mommy and match box cars  
 God bless dad and thanks for the stars  
 God hears "Amen," wherever we are  
 And I love you  
 Godspeed, little man  
 Sweet dreams, little man  
 Oh my love will fly to you each night on angels wings  
 Godspeed, Godspeed, Godspeed  
 Sweet dreams*



*"Tears in Heaven"*

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*

*A PRECIOUS BABY BOY*

*Submitted by Betty DeBenedetto  
 in memory of her grandson, A.J. Caterino*

*"Fate or Good fortune, coincidence or God's plan."  
 Mommy and Daddy would have this sacred miracle at hand.  
 A precious baby boy so beautiful and sweet.  
 They could hardly wait to kiss his sweet Angel cheeks!*

*He was so perfect in every way.  
 So peaceful, so beautiful our Angel A.J.  
 I did get to hold you so close to my heart  
 How very sad, so soon, we had to part  
 Your Angel face I will never forget  
 God's plan for us I will always regret  
 His plan was to take you for some unknown reason  
 But I see you growing with every season  
 With every silent prayer I say for you  
 I know it comes back to me times two  
 You're in my heart each and every day  
 My Love for you will NEVER fade.*

*God bless you sweet baby Angel AJ  
 Love & Kisses Always & Forever  
 Gramme XXXXOOOO*

*"It seems a lifetime..."  
 To my sweet baby boy, AJ*

*IT SEEMS A LIFETIME*

*Submitted by Jeana and Anthony Caterino  
In memory of their son, A.J.*

*It seems a lifetime since you were sent from above,  
I can still feel the immense joy Daddy and I felt.  
We were overcome with love and pride for you,  
Instantly, we saw your lifetime to come.  
You would be Mommy and Daddy's greatest journey,  
You were our finest feat.  
You were the most sacred answer to our love,  
Our first born, you were our legacy.  
We would show you all the love and joy in the world,  
We would help guide you through the unjust.  
You would stand firmly in your beliefs,  
You would be strong, courageous and blessed.  
But God dealt us a different fate,  
One for which we could never prepare.  
You were born quietly on a cold March day,  
And Daddy and I snuggled you warmly in our arms.  
You were so serene and angelic,  
You were so handsome and pure,  
You were sleeping so peacefully, our angel,  
This is just how I will remember you, forevermore.  
For you, I would move mountains,  
Just to have another day.  
To hold my sweet baby boy, AJ,  
And bring you home, where you would stay.  
It seems a lifetime since I held you last,  
Though it's only been 21 short months.  
May God hold you warmly in His arms,  
Until we meet again...*

*With all our love, hugs and kisses from here to eternity,  
Mama, Daddy, and your beautiful baby sister, Angelina  
We miss you so much, AJ, please watch over us and keep us safe.*

*I WONDER*

*To my son Gordon on his fourth birthday  
Submitted by Kristen Grein*

*I wonder what you are doing today,  
but I don't know because you weren't here to stay.  
Instead you were sent to live high up above,  
in the heavens with all of my love.*

*Today will you celebrate in your own special place?  
Will there be a smile on your angelic face?*

*Can you hear my voice when I sing you our song?  
Do you know you're at a place that you do not belong?*



*tree ripped out of the ground. It leaves a big, empty gaping hole. But gradually, over time, ferns, flowers and little trees start growing, filling the hole. Your death left a hole in all of our hearts that will always be there. Although, Mason and Madisyn are the flowers that have started to fill that hole, it will never be the same. It is still a gaping hole. It just now has beautiful flowers covering it, but the hole is still there.*

*Wonder surrounds every part of you.*

*I wonder what you would look like.*

*I wonder what you would sound like.*

*I wonder what a five year old (almost 6 year old) Dakota would be like.*

*I continue to wonder*

*And yet I will never have the answers.*

*I wonder about your laugh.*

*Your smile.*

*Your eyes.*

*Your voice.*

*Each year that passes, I try to make sense of why this happened. Each year, I realize that the answer will never be clear. One thing that I know is that you have taught me perspective. I have learned to "not sweat the small stuff". I have learned that after holding a still baby in your arms, nothing else matters. I try not to get frustrated while sitting in traffic. I try to be more understanding. I try to have patience when others don't. I try to not only hear what others are saying, but listen to them as well. I am learning what has meaning. I am learning what is important. I am learning that your mission on earth was significant. You were meant to teach us invaluable lessons. In order to do that, you had to teach us the hardest lesson of all. Sacrifice. You had to sacrifice your life with us, in order to teach us about love and kindness. Patience and understanding.*

*I still remember standing in front of the hospital window on that February morning. I was holding you in my arms. I remember how hot the sun felt on my face. It was such a sad moment, but yet there was something so comforting about standing there with you in my arms, looking out the hospital window. Although we spent so little time together, I feel that you are a strong presence and influence in my life. You make me want to be a better person. I miss you and I love you. Not a day goes by that I do not think of you.*

*Love, Auntie Francine & Uncle Bill*

*SOFTER*

*Written by Lana Golembemski  
Submitted by Donna McDonnell  
in memory of Julia Marie McDonnell*



*The grief lies quietly  
Beneath the surface of our souls*

Dear John,  
It has been almost six year since you left us. those six years have gone by much faster than it sounds. many of us wonder what sports or activities you would have been involved with at this age. we all think about you everyday and wish that you could be with us. we all love you and miss you.

Love JJ, Sophia, Anthony, Carissa, Gianna

Dear Nicholas,

Mommy and Daddy miss you everyday! We hope that you are safe and happy. Please continue to look over your sister Leah, she will know that she has a very special angel looking over her. We all love you very much and wish you were here.

Hugs and kisses angel. Mommy, Daddy, & Leah



“Turn, Turn, Turn”

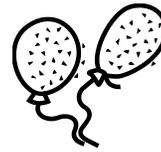
A musical selection sung by Martha Lang

HELLO, GOODBYE

Submitted by Christine Boudreau  
In memory of her daughter, Dakota

Where is the navigator of your destiny?  
Where is the dealer of this hand?  
Who can explain life and it's brevity?  
'Cause there is nothing here  
That I can understand.  
You and I have barely met  
And I just don't want to let go of you yet.  
Dakota, hello, goodbye  
I'll see you on the other side.  
Dakota, sweet child of mine  
I'll see you on the other side.  
And so I hold your tiny hand in mine  
For the very hardest thing I've ever had to face  
Heaven calls for you  
Before it calls for me.  
When you get there, save me a place  
A place where I can share your smile  
And I can hold you for more than just awhile

Dear Dakota,  
I recently read an article written by a woman that lost her child. She said that she was once told that the death of a child is like having a huge



Can you see the balloons that were sent up to you?  
Do you know you are loved by the things that I do?  
Will you be looking down as I sit at your grave?  
Do you know I'm pretending when I try to act brave?  
Today should be a day full of laughter and joy.  
Instead I am grieving for my little boy.  
I wonder if I will ever find relief,  
or is their no end to all of my grief.  
But for today up in the skies you will soar,  
on this day that you should be turning four.  
And at your grave nestled next to the bay  
I will love you and miss you on your birthday.

“For Good”

A musical selection sung by Kristine and Jeff Buckridge  
In memory of their son, Theo

I've heard it said that people come into our lives for a reason  
Bringing something we must learn  
And we are led to those who help us most to grow  
If we let them and we help them in return.  
Well, I don't know if I believe that's true  
But I know I'm who I am today because I knew you.

Like a comet pulled from orbit as it passes a sun,  
Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood,  
Who can say if I've been changed for the better?  
Because I knew you I have been changed for good

It well may be that we will never meet again  
In this lifetime so let me say before we part  
So much of me is made of what I learned from you  
You'll be with me like a handprint on my heart.  
And now whatever way our stories end  
I know you have re-written mine by being my friend.

Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea  
Like a seed dropped by a sky bird in a distant wood  
Who can say if I've been changed for the better?  
I do believe I have been changed for the better.  
Because I knew you, I have been changed for good.

JONATHAN'S GARDEN  
Submitted by Mia and Louie Moran  
In memory of their son, Jonathan



There's a beautiful garden up in heaven where I know you must play  
I visit it in my mind day after day

*It's filled with the greenest of grass, butterflies and flowers  
 I sit and I dream of you there for hours and hours  
 In this lovely garden I see your beautiful smile  
 I love to just sit and watch you for awhile  
 You run, giggle, jump and try to touch the moon  
 With all the other angel babies that were taken too soon  
 I can see the wind blowing your hair  
 But you are so far away, I wish you were near  
 Your curious eyes opened so wide  
 As you ride down a big rainbow slide  
 I laugh to myself as I watch you run  
 Playing up in heaven looks like so much fun  
 Then I stop daydreaming and my thoughts become clear  
 I can't really see you because your not really here  
 But for now this is all I can do, sit and imagine being up there with you  
 Other then memories of holding you in my arms for only a few hours  
 I picture your precious face when I see butterflies and summer flowers  
 Someday Baby Jon, we will be together again  
 But for now the few memories I have will have to last me until then*

*THE MISCARRIAGE Author Unknown  
 Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon  
 In memory of the Kingdon Babies*

*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.*

*"Wind Beneath my Wings"*

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*



*HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS  
 Written by Emily Dickinson  
 Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon in memory of their babies*

*Hope is the thing with feathers  
 That perches in the soul  
 And sings the tune without the words  
 And never stops at all  
 And sweetest in the Gale is heard  
 And sore must be the storm  
 That could abash the little bird  
 That kept so many warm*



*I've heard it in the chilliest land  
 And on the strangest Sea  
 Yet, never, in Extremity,  
 It asked a crumb of Me.*

*My sweet John,  
 I can't believe the year is almost over and soon in January would have  
 been your 6th birthday. I remember very clearly when your brother JJ  
 was 6 and watching how he loved to play with his Gi Joes, cars and  
 trucks. I watch Anthony playing and imagine the fun he could be having  
 with an older brother, a little playmate just as Sophia has with Carissa  
 and Gianna.  
 I do find comfort in coming to the Hope memorial every year even  
 though it is usually a night filled with many tears. This is the one night  
 during the Holiday season where I can spend this time thinking of  
 just you and honoring you. I know it is you who gives me my strength  
 everyday at home or at work. It is because of you that I have become a  
 better person and I am truly thankful for what I have.  
 I love you Mom*

*Dear John,  
 I love and miss you more than ever this year, especially being away from  
 the family for the holidays. The thought of you is keeping me going in all  
 I have to do. We pray for you and I feel you in our lives every day my  
 dear son. You are one of the boys always.  
 Love Dad*

*Tonight as we gather as a group to remember our little ones, and as I  
 loop upon familiar faces, I am reminded once more of our cherished little  
 ones and how it would be if they were with us at this festive time of the  
 year. Yet, that is only a dream, and as dreams do, they last for such a  
 short time and leave us with lingering thoughts and emotions.*

*I didn't know you, John Kevin. I couldn't have known you. But I know  
 you in my heart, my dear nephew. You were there with us for the very  
 shortest of time yet you left such an impression on us all.*

*Funny but I know and do feel that you share in family fun. I believe you  
 are there for celebrations, the birthdays, family gatherings, and times of  
 sadness too. You have that special way of bringing comfort to those  
 much bigger than yourself.*

*As the seasons and years pass, we grow older. A time which only brings  
 us closer to someday joining you and other loved ones. I thank you for  
 paving that way for me, knowing that you live on far longer than we  
 ever will, here on earth.*

*Love, Auntie Sandra*