



NEW HOPE

FALL EDITION—NOVEMBER 2005

The HOPE Group's Annual Memorial Service
Wednesday, December 14, 2005

7:30 p.m.



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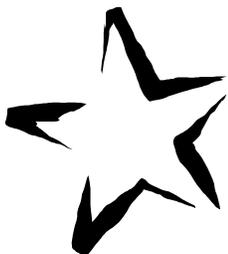
The service will be held in the Keating Conference Room, first floor, at Baldwin Park I, 12 Alfred Street, Woburn, Massachusetts. The service will include music, poem readings, and a candle lighting ceremony. All parents, grandparents, and/or friends are invited to attend the service. **Children who are old enough to understand the significance of this event are also invited.** Refreshments will be served.

Directions: From Route 93 (North or South) take exit 37 for Route 128/95 South. From Route 128/95 South take exit 35 for Route 38. Once in the rotary, follow signs for Route 38 North/Wilmington. Take a right at the first traffic light onto Alfred Street. Baldwin Park I will be on your left.

"THIS IS MY STORY"
By Bailey Magazzu

This is my story, nothing more than that. There is no moral dilemma, no surprise ending. Just a woman who needs to tell her story. Why? So many women experience the tragedy of losing a baby during pregnancy and can't talk about it or can't find someone willing to listen. The pain continues after the loss because family and friends don't know how to react. Pregnancy loss is such a taboo subject in our society and is easily dismissed. If you are someone who has had a miscarriage or stillbirth, my story is nothing you have not experienced emotionally. If you are a friend of someone who has lost a baby, please read this and perhaps learn to be a better friend. If you are a member of the medical community, I beg that you read this so that you will always be remembered for the empathetic treatment of your patients and not for your negligence.

I buried my son John, although he won't be alone. We buried him next to his sister Cristina, who I buried three years earlier. I was 23 weeks pregnant when I went to my doctor's office because I hadn't felt John move. He was such an active baby. I didn't have any answers when I left his office but was not convinced answers would have helped. I was devastated, I lost faith and was depressed. I was left with a postpartum body and nothing to show for it. I had floods of people calling with support in the first few days, then I heard very little from them. I was expected to show up in public with a smile on my face while my heart was breaking. I had been through this before. I lost Cristina three years earlier when I was 20 weeks pregnant. The doctor told us there was only a one percent chance of losing a baby in the second trimester. With these odds, who



would've thought it could happen twice? Was it because I ate junk food? Did I do too much or too little? Does God really not want me to have more children? I will always have guilt. Guilt that my body had failed again. Guilt that I put another angel in heaven. Guilt that I was nervous about having three children. Now I will forever have guilt because my five year old son has to understand about the death of his baby brother. He will never have that little brother to teach him how to ride his bike or share his room. My two year old daughter will only have baby dolls to play with instead of her brother. My children are the only reason I wake up and keep going. I felt like a zombie going through every day but I give myself credit for getting up and facing the daily tasks whether I can do them or not. I wonder where I would be if I didn't have these things to do everyday.

I was ready to deliver at one of the local hospitals with my OB/GYN the morning after we discovered no heart-beat. That night he called and told me that I couldn't deliver John with him because there could be complications that he was not equipped to handle. Apparently I had a placental previa (where the placenta covers the cervix) and a vaginal delivery would be impossible because I could hemorrhage. I had to go into Boston for an ultrasound with a specialist to determine exactly where my placenta was lying. I was dying inside. Here I was waking up another day knowing that my baby had died inside of me and putting on my maternity clothes like nothing had happened. I just wanted to get to the hospital to deliver him. Thankfully, the doctor determined my placenta did not completely cover my cervix and I could have a vaginal delivery which he scheduled for that night. I felt very comfortable at that hospital because it was the same place where I delivered Cristina three years earlier.

I delivered John at 12:32 pm the next day. My husband and I had already met with the social worker before his delivery. We knew every answer to her questions because we were asked the same ones years earlier. Yes, we wanted to hold the baby. Yes, we were going to bury him. And yes, we wanted to call the priest so he could baptize him. It was even the same priest who baptized Cristina. I had nothing to say to the priest. I wanted to ask why God could be so cruel to the same family. Hadn't we lost enough already?

I will always remember the nurses and doctors who helped me during both deliveries. They were wonderfully sympathetic. They held my hand as my husband and I cried. They helped us make the decision to see and hold our babies. The nurse took pictures of us holding John and of his beautiful hands and feet for the memory box they gave us. They explained everything they were doing. The doctor who helped us through the loss of Cristina found us in the hospital because she saw our name on the labor/delivery list at her remote office. I remember her words as I left her office the first time. She told me to get help. She knew that people did not know how to react to death, especially death of a baby and that I was probably going to be ostracized even by our closest family and friends. She suggested that I go to a support group. I was very thankful for that advice. I started going immediately to deal with Cristina's death. Those women have helped me throughout the years more than I could ever explain. Little did I know that I would need them again so soon.

People's reactions to my second loss has been wonderful and also somewhat painful. The cards and phone calls came immediately. Some friends sent food and flowers. After we buried John, everything seemed to stop.



My husband went back to work and I was left tending to everyday activities. There were no more daily phone calls to see how I was or if I needed help. There was this underlying assumption that if I needed help, I would ask for it. There were plenty of calls to see if I needed anything in general terms but no specific requests. I wanted to scream for someone to please come over and hold my hand while I cried or take my children for an ice cream so I could visit my babies' graves. I couldn't pick up the phone without crying, how was I expected to call for help? I was paralyzed. I wanted someone to call me and say they were coming over with coffee or make an excuse that they were in the neighborhood. I just didn't want to be ignored. After two weeks, I started to bring my son back to preschool, the same school he attended for two years. Those mothers ignored me, looked right at me and looked away; only two offered me condolences. They even ignored me as I stood next to them outside watching our kids play. I felt like screaming, "I'm still here!"

If I can offer words of advice, it is this. Please, don't ignore those of us who have lost so much. If you don't know what to say, at least say how sorry you are for our loss. A miscarriage, a stillborn or any pregnancy loss

has the same ending. We were expecting a beautiful baby as a part of our lives and we were left with nothing. We left the hospital without our babies and with a broken heart. Listen to us cry even when you don't want to. Ignore us when we say we don't need help. If you called everyday before the loss, keep calling. We need time to grieve and possibly space, but don't walk away. Physically the pain is so much that we can't even get out of bed. I, in particular, lost blood, I couldn't fit into my clothes. I was dizzy and terribly tired. Most of us are eating too much or not at all during our grief. Don't ask us what you can do, just do it. Don't offer words of mistaken comfort that make us feel worse such as "things happen for a reason" or "these things happen to people who can handle it". Listen to your mother's advice of thinking before speaking. Doctors, please call and see how we are doing. Don't ignore us because we are no longer pregnant. You are the only person who can provide some answers to our unending questions. Let your staff know what we have gone through. Most importantly, provide us with the comfort that you know we need in this uncomfortable situation. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be remembered for all the help you provided?

Bottom line is that life is difficult. We will all be struck with some tragedy in our lives whether it happens to us directly or someone close. We need to learn how to communicate with each other openly and show how we can help cope with the pain. We often don't know how to react to other's tragedy which ultimately means we sometimes ignore people we care about. Others may feel that they make us, for example, uncomfortable if they discuss our babies. Most people will never know the pain of taking down a nursery that has never been used, putting away maternity clothes after only wearing them for a short time or experiencing the first anniversary of a baby's death. The pain of losing a baby is unbearable and at times inconsolable. Those who have suffered the loss don't know how to deal with their own emotions. It is almost impossible to expect others to understand how we feel. One thing is for certain, we can grow from our pain to help others.

An unknown author who lost her own child once wrote: "And even though I cannot make it better, I can make it less lonely. I have learned the immense power of another hand holding tight to mine, of other eyes that moisten as they learn to accept the harsh truth and when life is beyond hard. I have learned a compassion that only comes with walking in those shoes. So now, when others hurt around me, I do not run from their pain in order to save myself discomfort. I see it, mourn it, and join them in theirs."

I have one friend who calls me every January, the month Cristina died, and offers her sympathy knowing how difficult that month must be for me. She will never know how much that one gesture means to me.

I met with the specialist a few weeks later to review John's autopsy and my blood reports. He found absolutely nothing. No genetic problems, no viruses, no placental problems, no answers. I had a perfect pregnancy, a perfect baby and no reason as to why he died. It didn't make any sense. Obviously something went wrong with my body. I lost two babies at the same gestational stage. The ironic part to this was that I left his office with the wrenching decision to my fertility. Do we try again or do we thank our blessings for the two children we have? After all, according to the doctors, there was no "medical" reason as to why I lost these babies. I wish I left the office with a "thank you for coming, but we recommend that you don't conceive again." At least the decision would be final. The fact is, if I attempt another pregnancy there is no test or ultrasound available that would determine the baby's outcome. Ultimately I would be tempting fate. Here I am, less than one percent of this happening twice, do we take that chance again knowing what can happen? I desperately want another baby, but at what cost? The decision affects so many, not just me; these are my babies that I am burying.

I end my story like so many others with uncertainty. I am not at a position in my life to make such a life changing decision as to try pregnancy again or not. I would hate to end my fertility on such tragedy but may not be able to face the pain of another possible loss. I still cry when I see a baby at the park or a pregnant woman when I go to the mall. I can't laugh yet at my husband's lousy jokes. I make very little attempt at small talk with family and friends because frankly, I just don't care right now. I know that it will take me a very long time to grieve over everything I have lost. Nevertheless, I am very thankful for my two wonderful children who make me smile every day. I am blessed with a husband who supports every decision I make even when I can't handle a family function and listens to my complaints of how I feel abandoned. I have immediate family who console me when I start to cry in public. I returned to my support group and praise every one of those women who listen to my boring daily activities that seem like such obstacles to me and allow me to cry when no one else will listen. I hope someday to regain faith in the God who has helped me through so much in my life but has also taken away so much. I know that one day we will have normalcy again in our lives, although I can't quite say I'll ever feel normal again.



Holidays are a time for family, and often it is difficult when you are missing your child. You are very aware that your baby should be with you. It should be his or her first Christmas. He should be taking the ornaments off the tree, she should be getting his or her picture with Santa, they should be with YOU. Your family should be together and you have a glaring, gaping hole, yet it appears you are the only one to feel this way.

Feelings of sadness are also complicated by anger if other family members do not remember your child. You get together at Thanksgiving and they don't understand why you don't just "get over it". You continuously run into other pregnant family members or friends with new babies who are preparing for or celebrating their children. You feel guilty for "bringing them down" yet how can you just go on as if it is business as usual?

I have heard from many, many moms who say they would just like to skip Christmas altogether. You may wish to simplify your holidays. Ask for help when you need it. If you aren't up for entertaining or being in big groups just say you are sorry you "can't make it" this year. Do as much or as little as you are able. As you know, once a child dies things will never be back to "normal". We have to make a new normal for ourselves; a life without our child. Why shouldn't this include our holiday celebrations as well?

Consider a few of the following suggestions to create a new normal: Include your baby in holiday cards by creating a special symbol of remembrance; Do something different on holiday mornings; Buy a special ornament; Light a candle in remembrance; Do an act of kindness or give a donation in memory of your child. Any decision you make will be the best decision for you.

Article in full text can be found at <http://www.pregnancylossribbons.com/facingtheholidays.htm>

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS by Darcie Sims, Ph.D.

Words; just words. Often spoken in an attempt to ease the pain of grieving the death of someone we love. But, instead of bringing relief, those words just seem to add to the hurt, the confusion, the anger, the grief. There are no words that will make it all right that someone we loved has died. But there are words that can soothe the hurt, ease the loneliness and add to the healing.

I don't think people are trying to hurt grievers. They just seem to engage their mouths before their brains. Or maybe what they were planning on saying sounded pretty good in their heads, but by the time those words of hope made the journey from their minds to their mouths, something happened. And those words came out, sending hurt instead of hope across the space between us.

What are you trying to say? Are you trying to fill the silence between us, show how much you care or how much you know? Do you think words will help when a heart is broken?

Why do we hide behind words, any words, when a hug or a simple touch on the arm would say so much more? Have we forgotten the power of presence? Do we fear silence because it might mean we have nothing to say?

Why must a moment between friends be filled with noise or empty platitudes or meaningless sounds of hollow comfort? Why can't two people simply be in the presence of each other, allowing that great strength to flow between them without any words to interrupt the message?

"You can have another baby." "You were so happy together. Be grateful for that." "At least he didn't suffer." "She was so young. You didn't really get to know her that well." AARRGGG! Words! Words! Words meant to help that only add to the hurt. Give me silence, please!

Not emptiness...silence. Not loneliness...silence. Don't not come, but come silently. Sit on my couch, hold my hand, share a cookie, hand me a tissue. Come, but leave your words of hollow hope behind. No words can speak more eloquently than the shared silence of presence. Come sit beside me. Hold me. Touch me. Be with me, but

leave the noise behind.

Are we afraid that silence will kill us? Are we afraid that we will say "the wrong thing"? (What is the right thing?) are we afraid that we will "remind" the bereaved of their loss? (Do you think we will ever forget it?)

"Time heals all things." "You'll be better tomorrow." "You can't stay sad the rest of your life." "Your loved one wouldn't want you to be so sad." If only I could think of something to say in return! But my mind as well as my body and should have gone numb. I am frozen and I can't think of anything to say. Sometimes I am so shocked that I cannot believe I heard what you said, or maybe you don't even realize what you said.

"Be happy she's healed now." "Why are you so sad?" "We have gathered here not to mourn the loss of...but rather celebrate his life." Words. Just words. You'd think they wouldn't hurt so much, but they do. Sometimes it really is better not to say anything. That doesn't mean don't do something...it means don't use words to fill up the space that sadness occupies. By all means, do something! Bring flowers, a casserole (not tuna, please), chocolate cookies, napkins, paper towels. Come help with the laundry, the childcare, the mail, the dusting. Drop off a ham, a turkey, a hug. Send a note, a lemon meringue pie, a donation to my loved one's favorite charity. Slip a note into my pocket, a card in my mailbox, a hand into my empty one.



Share a memory, a laugh, a moment. Tell me stories of the past; bring me pictures from your scrapbook. Speak of love, not sorrow. Remember the life, not just the death. Give me hope, not meaningless words.

Hug me, hold me, love me, leave me, but don't shower me with words that are meant to soothe, but sear instead. Your presence really is the healing touch. No words need to be spoken between friends and family when love is the weaver of the threads.

"He's in a better place." (I thought right next to me was a pretty good place.) "At least you have other children." (Yes, but I really loved that one, too.) "She's better off now...not in any pain." (She may be out of pain, but I'm not.) "Where's your faith? You should be happy for him." (My faith may help my heart feel better, but it's my arms that are empty and aching.) "God needed another flower in His garden." (What about MY garden!!) "You can have another baby." (Maybe, but no one can replace someone.) "You were so happy together. Be grateful for that." (I am grateful, but I want more!) "At least he didn't suffer." (Yes, that's true, but I am suffering now.) "She was so young. You didn't really get to know her that well." (Since when does age have anything to do with how much someone is loved?) "Time heals all things." (Time does nothing except pass. It is what you do with the time that might change things.) "You'll be better tomorrow." (Perhaps, but what about today?) "You can't stay sad the rest of your life." (Oh yes I can.) "Your loved one wouldn't want you to be so sad." (How do you know? I have told my loved ones that I expect at least three days of heavy grieving. After that, they can do whatever they wish. But I do want them to be sad...at least a little bit!) "Be happy she's healed now." (That may be true, but it is still my heart that is broken...my arms that are empty. What about me?) "Why are you so sad?" (Oh, I don't know...maybe it's because someone I loved has died.) "We have gathered here not to not mourn the loss of...but rather to celebrate his life." (The thought here is nice, but the timing seems a bit "off". I am not quite ready to celebrate. I think I need some grieving time, too.)

Words. Just words. Let them fall to the wayside when you hear words that do not quite touch the pain or hit the mark. Realize that someone is trying to reach you, soothe you, comfort you. So what if their choice of words falls short of the goal or even brings a moment or two of pain? At least someone cares enough to keep trying! And the sounds of silence are even worse than the words that come wrapped in good intentions and tied with a silly looking bow.

I'll take your comfort any way you can share it with me. But maybe the best words to say are simply, "I'm here and I don't have a clue as to how to help, but I'm here, and together we'll figure this thing out." Come. Bring your gifts of memories, your arms with chocolates, and your presence. Leave the words behind and just come. I'll hear what you mean, not what you say.

A LIFETIME OF WISDOM
By Christine and Ernie Boudreau



To our Daughter Dakota,

Dakota's short eight months in my womb has taught us a lifetime of wisdom even though there still remains a great part of our souls that wishes this "club" we are in didn't exist. We feel now we have come to accept our daughter's life and death and kind of found peace when we think of our memories this past year of grieving and missing our baby girl. It seems as though there is an amazing amount of gratitude that fills our hearts when we think of our daughter. It is time for us to thank Dakota Catherine Boudreau for who we are today. We have to thank her for what her short but very important life has taught us. We want to thank her for showing us how to love with our whole self; thank her for teaching us the true meaning of life, for showing us how truly important it is to give love and to be loved. Thank you Dakota for teaching us not to take anything for granted. Thank you for giving us the strength to share our feelings and not hold everything inside. This was hard sometimes but our strength came from you. Thank you for bring me even closer to your Daddy. Our marriage is even stronger than before. Thank you for bringing us closer to God and our Guardian Angels. We seem to pay attention more. Last but not least, thank you Dakota for giving us the strength to try and have another child. One year ago, you came too early and were not able to survive in my womb. One year ago our lives were changed forever. This we will never forget. We know that you, Dakota will be with us throughout this next pregnancy and you will be a part of your brother and a part of our lives forever.

Thank you Dakota. We love you and miss you everyday. Mommy and Daddy

A NURSE'S GIFT by Suzanne Donovan

Suzanne Donovan, a nurse at Central DuPage Hospital in Winfield, Illinois, has touched many lives. When Suzanne learns that a baby has died, she asks that the parents be assigned to her. She considers it an honor and privilege to share such a sacred time in their lives. Touched by her experiences she wrote the following poem.



I came to work today with a smile upon my face...
 I'd be there to help a Mom in time of need, just in case.
 But as I rounded the corner, my eyes fell to the floor...
 A white rose was on the door...a baby's breath was no more.
 My heart filled with sadness...
 I searched within my soul...
 Would I find words of comfort that could console?
 As I entered that room, I pulled a chair to the bed,
 Wondering if they would want me gone instead.
 I held her hand and sat so close...
 Please God, give me the strength to honor this littlest rose,
 I wanted to help, I cared so much.
 Could she ever know, just by my touch?
 I asked her what I could do to ease her pain...
 She said she wanted to hold her baby again.
 I left the room to get her little son.

These memories of a parent's love had only just begun.
 I left the room and cried in the hall,
 I only wanted to heal it all.
 I wrapped him in blankets, which had been made with love and placed a little bear in his hands.
 This was never what the parents had planned.
 And so little Cade was brought to the room,
 That little flower as tender as a bloom.
 Love filled the air, so intense and strong,
 This moment together would have to last lifelong.
 Had I made a difference today?
 Could they ever know how deeply I felt in a heartfelt way?
 A paper mache angel is on my shelf,
 A gift from this family which stands in and of itself.
 That moment in time is reflected so tender,
 As I stare at her face bent slightly in splendor.
 I loved and cared for such a short day...
 A white rose and a family that will never fade away.

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Many of us at HOPE have experienced the same compassion and warmth from the nurses who cared for us. So, from all of us at HOPE, we say thank you to Suzanne Donovan and the many other nurses who cried with us, who held our hands, and remembered how our universe was touched by our very special children.

IN MY DREAMS by Jackie Patterson

In my dreams, I see you going to school with your Barbie backpack and lunch box. How excited you would be to learn and play with your friends. You would wave goodbye to your Mom and Dad but you would not see the tears in their eyes as their little girl was starting down a new path in her life.

In my dreams, I see you playing hop scotch, jumping rope, riding your bike, having little tea parties with your dolls and dressing up in your Mommy's clothes. What fun you would have!

In my dreams, I see you playing at the beach with your brother, Matthew. You are playing tag with the waves and building sand castles. Your long curly hair would wave in the breeze as you would run and laugh with glee.

In my dreams, I see you dressed in a white organza ruffled dress, white socks with pretty lace, and white Mary Jane shoes. A crown of white daisies adorn your little head. It is your First Holy Communion day and how happy and proud your Mom and Dad are. You look like a little angel!

Finally, in my dreams you and I would sit by the window on a rainy day and watch the heavy rain hit the pavement and bounce back up again. These are called ballerinas. My children still call them ballerinas and now my four grandsons are doing the same.

My dear Julia, seven years have passed and I thank God I have my dreams. I will cherish you always.
Love, Gramma

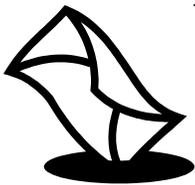
In memory of my granddaughter, Julia Marie McDonnell

MESSAGES OF LOVE

- ♥ **Dear Baby Hope** - We miss you and love you every day. Even though we never met you, we know that you are looking down on us from Heaven and that you helped God give us baby Brogan to love and to hold. We will never forget you and we will always love you, our little one. Hugs and kisses from your whole family - Mom, Dad, Aislin and Brogan
- ♥ **John Kevin**, As we see the leaves turning and starting to fall, it reminds us that another year has gone by without you. January 10th will be two years that you arrived and departed. You now have a new sister Sophia who someday will also know all about you. We love you more and more each day. Always in our hearts and minds, Love you, Mom, Dad, Joseph, and Sophia.
- ♥ **John Kevin**, Your brother and I see you every time we look in the mirror, hear you every time we speak, and feel you every time we breathe. Love, Dad and J.J.
- ♥ **John Kevin**, As a drop of dew in the morning light, my love for you always shines so bright. Love, Auntie Sandra.
- ♥ **John Kevin**, We love you so much and know you are always with us. Our little John, we send you all our love. You are missed more than words can ever express. Love, Mommy and your baby sister, Sophia.
- ♥ **John Kevin**, There are days when I need you most. It is hard knowing that I will not be seeing you for a very long time. I always tell your little sister about you. She always laughs when I say your name. I love you buddy, J.J.
- ♥ **Mark Edward Huebner**, Although we could never hold you in our arms, we will always hold you in our hearts. We love you. Mom, Dad, and your sister Karen Alissa.



- ♥ **To Silvia and Luca**, You are our first thought in the morning and our last in the evening. We love you, Mamma and Papa
- ♥ **Dakota**, Each day that passes, each month that passes, and each season that goes by we miss you each and every day. We love and miss you, Mom and Dad.
- ♥ **Jonathan**, You are in our hearts each and every day. We miss you so and always will. We love you. Mommy and Daddy.
- ♥ **Gianna**, Not a day goes by that we don't think of you. If love could have saved you, you would have lived for ever! We miss you. XOXO, Mommy, Daddy, Nicholas and Isabelle.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

- Any member not wishing to receive the newsletter mailing and/or remembrance card, please contact Rindy Huebner at 1-781-273-2624 or dhueb1028@aol.com
- Submission deadline for the Memorial Service program is Wednesday, November 23, 2005. Please send submissions to Rindy Huebner or Donna McDonnell.
- Planning for the Memorial Service will take place during the November 9th HOPE meeting. Anyone interested in contributing their ideas, please come to the meeting. All ideas are welcome.
- Please bring a new or gently used children's book to the HOPE Group Memorial Service on December 14th. These books will be donated to Cradles to Crayons, a non-profit group in Quincy, MA.
- Thanks to R.W. Traynham, Printing Company for the printing donation of our newsletters! Contact them at 258 Salem Road, Billerica, MA, or 1-978-667-5650 for all your printing needs.
- Thanks also to SIGN-A-RAMA of Burlington for printing our new HOPE Group banner. Contact them at 328 Cambridge Street, Burlington, MA or 1-781-273-3410.
- The North Shore Compassionate Friends group has a new website. The group can be found at <http://www.tcfnoshore-boston.org>
- A new support group has been added to our list. If you live in the Salem, MA area a prenatal loss group meets at the Salem Hospital/North Shore Medical Center on the second Tuesday of the month at 7:00 p.m. in the Dav- enport Building. Contact Mary Hull at 1-978-745-9000 at ext. 8691.

HOPE'S LITTLE MIRACLES...Our new arrivals

- Hilary and Steven Schultz welcomed their daughter, Julianne Katherine to their family on April 18, 2005
- Karen and Steve Cassidy welcomed their son, Joseph Truman to their family on April 12, 2005
- Christine and Ernie Boudreau welcomed their son, Mason John to their family on June 21, 2005
- Tracey and Marc Marano welcomed their son, Michael James to their family on July 5, 2005
- Corinne and Joe Rogers welcomed their son, Brogan Ogden to their family on July 18, 2005
- Tracy and Mike O'Sullivan welcomed their daughter, Kiersten Ashley to their family on July 20, 2005
- Lynne and Frank Barberian welcomed their daughter, Sarah Lynne to their family on August 8, 2005
- Glenn and Kim Vogler welcomed their son, Jason Christopher to their family on September 30, 2005



Congratulations to all the families for their newest little miracles!

*MEMORIAL DONATIONS**Thank you very much!*

- Loretta and Dan Ryan in memory of Samantha
- Ann and Brian Power in memory of Susan
- Corrine and Joe Rogers in memory of baby Hope
- Elsie and Buster Sieben in memory of Jonathan and David

*PARENT TO PARENT HOTLINE*

Please feel free to reach out to another member if you are having a bad day or just need to talk. Many of us have walked in your shoes at one time or another and have felt the same way as you are feeling now.



| | |
|------------|---|
| Burlington | Rindy Huebner 1-781-273-2624 dhueb1028@aol.com |
| Tewksbury | Loretta Ryan 1-978-640-6860 macnmad@comcast.net |
| Billerica | Donna McDonnell 1-978-663-5477 mcd92@msn.com |
| Haverhill | Alyssa Adams 1-978-521-2469 |
| Hopkinton | Jim Kennedy 1-508-435-5457 |
| Winchester | Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 kgkingdon@yahoo.com |
| Winchester | Barbara Clarke 1-781-369-1750 |

LOCAL AREA SUPPORT GROUPS

HOPE Group, Baldwin Park I in Woburn, MA., meets 2nd Wednesday of the month, 7:30 p.m. Contact Rindy Huebner at 1-781-273-2624.

A Ripple in Time, St. Theresa's Parish Hall, Room Six, Boston Road, Billerica, MA., meets 1st Monday of the month, 7:00 p.m. Contact Donna McDonnell at 1-978-663-5477.

Medford M.I.S.S. Group, Contact Lynne Barberian at 1-781-488-3546.

Lowell General Hospital, Hospital Chapel, Lowell, MA., meets 3rd Tuesday of each month, 6:30 p.m. Contact Linda Jezak at 1-978-937-6324.

SHARE at Holy Family Hospital, Clemmins Suite, Methuen, MA., meets 1st Wednesday of each month, 6:30 p.m. Contact Sue Uzdavanis at 1-978-687-0151.

LOSS at Beverly Hospital, New Kuders Conference Room, Beverly, MA., meets 4th Tuesday of the month, 7:00 p.m. Call 1-978-922-3000 ext. 2200.

SHARE at Elliot Hospital, Conference Room A, Manchester, N.H., meets 3rd Wednesday of the month, 7:00 p.m. Contact Brenda Smith at 1-603-663-3396.

Good Samaritan Medical Center, Board Room Six, Brockton, MA., meets 3rd Tuesday of the month. Contact Trish McClain at 1-508-427-3897.

HOPE at South Shore Hospital, Weymouth, MA., Pregnancy Loss Group meets 1st Wednesday of the month at 7:00 p.m.; Pregnancy After a Loss Group meets the 2nd Wednesday of the month at 7:00 p.m.; and a six week closed group meets in a time limited format. Call 1-781-340-4177 for more information.

Metrowest Medical Center, Framingham, MA., meets in a time limited format. Call Mindy Shuster at 1-508-383-1000

SIDS at Children's Hospital, Seagan 7 Conference Room, Boston, MA., meets 1st Tuesday of the month, 7:30 p.m. Call 1-800-641-7437.

Salem Hospital/North Shore Medical Center, Prenatal Loss Support Group, Davenport Building, Salem, MA, meets 2nd Tuesday of the month, 7:00 p.m. Contact Mary Hull at 1-978-745-9000 at ext. 8691.

The Compassionate Friends, North Shore, Aldersgate United Methodist Church, 235 Park Street (Route 62), North Reading, MA, meets the 1st Monday of the month at 7:30 p.m. More information found online at <http://www.tcfnorthshore-boston.org>

PREGNANCY LOSS SUPPORT ON THE WEB

- ♥ The HOPE Group - <http://mysite.verizon.net/vzeo7bfz/index.html>
- ♥ A Ripple in Time Support Group, Billerica, MA - <http://mysite.verizon.net/vzeo7bfz/arippleintime>
- ♥ The M.I.S.S. Foundation - <http://www.MISSFoundation.org>
- ♥ The Compassionate Friends - <http://compassionatefriends.org> <http://www.tcfnoshore-boston.org>
- ♥ SHARE Pregnancy and Infant Loss Center, Inc. - <http://www.nationalshareoffice.com>
- ♥ SPALS, Subsequent Pregnancy After a Loss Support - <http://www.spals.com>
- ♥ Resolve, The National Infertility Association - <http://www.resolve.org/main/national/index.jsp?name=home>
- ♥ Resolve of the Bay State - <http://www.resolveofthebaystate.org>

OUR BABIES REMEMBERED

To be added to the following list of Our Babies Remembered and to receive a remembrance card on your baby's birthday, please complete this form and return it to Rindy Huebner, c/o The HOPE Group, Five Liberty Avenue, Burlington, MA, 01803. Previously submitted forms will automatically be included.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

Baby's name and date of birth _____

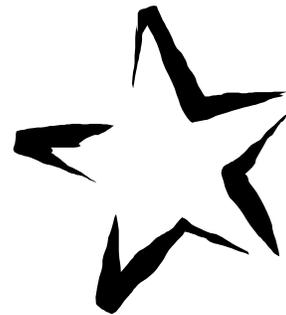
Date of death if different _____ Stillbirth _____ Miscarriage _____ Infant Death _____

Other children and birthdates _____

How did you learn about the HOPE Group? _____

October

- 10/01/82 Jeffrey Andrew, son of Nancy and Steve Thornley; Stillborn
- 10/03/83 Benjamin and Daniel, twin sons of Joan Goodman and Aaron Boxer; Stillborn and Premature Birth
- 10/03/95 Abbey, daughter of Chris and Diane Yebba; Miscarriage
- 10/05/02 Griffin, son of Derilyn and Tim Byrne
- 10/07/01 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage
- 10/09/87 John Joseph, son of Kathy and Jim Sheridan; Stillborn
- 10/12/84 Jeffrey, son of Valerie and Jim Collins; Stillborn
- 10/12/84 David, son of Buster and Elsie Sieben; Stillborn
- 10/13/87 Eric Paul, son of Linda and Paul Giancola; Premature Birth
- 10/15/95 Sabrina Marie, daughter of Fernando and Marie Franco; Stillborn
- 10/20/87 Camie Marie, daughter of Sandra and Paul Laroche; Stillborn
- 10/23/97 Cassandra Marie, daughter of Antonella and Sal Agliata; Stillborn
- 10/24/98 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage
- 10/25/82 Valerie, daughter of Jack and Linda Ferrante; Stillborn
- 10/26/89 Peter and Paul, sons of Tom and Patti Gerety; Stillborn
- 10/27/89 Abigail, daughter of John and Debbie Goempel; Stillborn
- 10/28/93 Dominique Rose, daughter of Kathy Diaz



10/29/96 Christopher, son of Louise and Joe Chiarenza; Stillborn
 10/30/75 Emily Kate, daughter of Pat and Ellsworth Rice; Died 11/03/75
 10/30/99 Tory and Trevor, twin sons of Heather and Tony LaFreniere; Incompetent Cervix

November

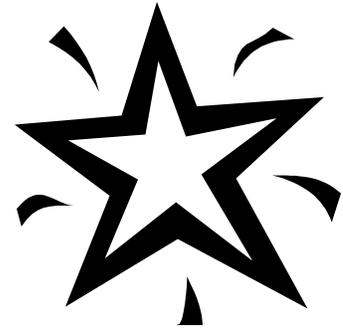
11/06/91 James Boyle, son of Marie and James Fischer; Premature Birth
 11/07/96 Molly, daughter of Kim and Tom Dawley; True Knot in Cord
 11/10/79 Mark Edward, son of Rindy and Dennis Huebner; Stillborn
 11/13/92 Baby Girl Savas, daughter of Chuck and Anne Savas; Stillborn
 11/15/83 Elizabeth Alice, daughter of Kay and John Dreher; Died 7/02/84, Post Surgery Infection
 11/15/93 Isabel Marie, daughter of Dyan Sierra; Heart Defect
 11/20/95 Chandler James, son of Eileen and Roddy Perron; Stillborn
 11/21/89 Richard John, son of Richard and Diane Todisco; Stillborn
 11/21/90 Mark, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Died 11/29/90 Premature Birth
 11/27/92 Matthew Alan, son of Mark and Betty Whittaker; Potter's Syndrome

December

12/01/91 Kimberly Beth, daughter of Bob and Jackie Moreau; Premature Birth
 12/02/91 Michael Joseph, son of Jane and John Terranova, Stillborn
 12/03/98 Julia Marie, daughter of Donna and Stephen McDonnell; Stillborn
 12/04/92 Baby boy, son of Susan and Tim Lindblad; Stillborn
 12/04/93 Joseph Michael, son of Jeff and Lisa Bullion; Prematurity
 12/06/82 Joseph, son of John and Ellen Zakrzewski; Stillborn
 12/07/85 Nicole Leslie, daughter of Linda and Leslie Wood; Stillborn
 12/07/96 Joseph Edward, son of Ed and Julie LaLumiere; Stillbirth
 12/09/91 Corey, son of Kim and Kenny Gregorio; Stillborn
 12/09/95 Ann Margaret, daughter of Evie and Paul McDermott; Stillborn
 12/09/03 Ashley Morgan, daughter of Tracy and Michael O'Sullivan; Stillborn
 12/11/91 Gina Theresa, daughter of Robin and Phil Giacoppo; Died 12/12/91
 12/11/82 Mara Victoria, daughter of Mallary and Gene Spirko; Stillborn
 12/13/00 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage
 12/15/03 Jack Patton, son of Karen and Steven Cassidy; Stillborn
 12/20/91 Baby Hope, infant of Ceferino and Maria Ruiz; Miscarriage
 12/21/85 Max, son of Susan and Lee Danielson; Died in utero 12/15/85
 12/23/89 Helen Marie, daughter of Rita DiSorbo; Anencephaly
 12/25/89 Melissa Nicole, daughter of Beth and John Mangano; Died 12/26/89, Group B Strep
 12/25/93 Richard Philip and Philip Richard, Twin sons of Rich and Kerri Nugent
 12/26/92 Nathan Daniel, son of Karen Morrison and Charles Abbott; Stillborn
 12/26/02 Baby M.J., baby of Kelly and Eric Mansfield; Miscarriage
 12/28/81 Katelyn Maura, daughter of Carey Sullivan, Premature Birth, Incompetent Cervix
 12/28/94 Victoria Brian Piazza, daughter of Barrie and Tommy Piazza; Stillborn
 12/30/91 Wayne Alan, son of Karen and Ron Soly; Stillborn
 12/30/01 Alec Daniel, son of Stacy Roberts; Infant Death
 12/31/90 Sam, son of Donna and Stephen Harrington; Infant Death

January

01/04 Babies Schultz, children of Hilary and Steve Schultz; Miscarriages 01/04 and 05/04



01/01/00 Maia Edwina; daughter of Susan and Leo Helmer; Stillborn

01/04/95 Rachel Nicole and Danielle Julia, twin daughters of Susan and Ed Valenti; Premature Birth, twin to twin transfusion

01/05/88 Eric Michael, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Potters Syndrome

01/07/93 Benjamin Layn, son of Ann and Bill Saulnier; Premature Birth

01/07/03 Liam Joseph, son of Margaret and Gerry Dempsey; Infant Death 03/13/03

01/08/93 Margaret Irene, daughter of John and Cristina Kerekes; Stillborn

01/09/96 Mark Devoe, son of Marie Geraci; Infant Death

01/10/80 Meridyth, daughter of Anne Marie and George Crook; Infant Death

01/10/02 Cristina Magazzu, daughter of Bailey and J.P. Magazzu; Due Date 5/30/02, Premature Birth

01/10/04 John Kevin, son of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Stillbirth

01/16/94 Baby Silva, daughter of Christine and Tony Silva; Miscarriage

01/17/97 George Jr., son of Diane Regas

01/18/04 Nathan Glenn and Benjamin Mark, twin sons of Glenn and Kim Vogler; Premature Birth

01/18/96 Matthew John, son of David and Victoria Gauvin; Vasia Previa, C-Section performed too late

01/24/96 Grace Elizabeth, daughter of Denise and Frank Muggia; Stillborn

01/24/81 Thomas Redmond, son of Kathleen and John Guarini; Infant Death 02/81

01/25/92 Stephen Daniel, son of Laura and Jeff Paranay

01/28/95 Timothy Michael, son of Renee and Tim McGuire; Premature Birth

01/29/96 Christopher James, son of Patty and Jim Griffin; Heart Disease

February

02/01/85 Andrea, daughter of Regina and Al Giglio; Died 08/23/85, Heart Defect

02/03/92 Gregory Joseph, son of Eileen and Mark Catizone; Fetal/Maternal Bleed

02/04/04 Daniel, son of Kymne Hehman; Trisomy 13, Died 02/19/04

02/13/92 Margaret Rose (Meggie), daughter of Priscilla and Lin Goodwin; Died 01/14/92 of Group B Strep, Neonatal Pneumonia and Sepsis

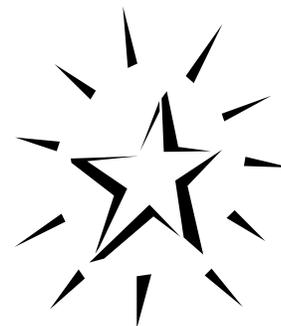
02/18/93 Daniel Robert, son of Len and Gloria Carlson; Polycystic Kidney Disease (Potter's Syndrome)

02/22/98 Angel, daughter of Joe-Ann and Tommy Palermo; Incompetent Cervix

02/23/94 Lemiel Gonzales-Ortiz, son of Amara Ortiz-Gonzales

02/26/04 Dakota Catherine, daughter of Christine and Ernie Boudreau; Stillborn, E-Coli Infection

02/27/94 Scott Davis Williams, son of Marie and Chris Williams; Stillborn



*The HOPE Group
c/o Rindy Huebner
Five Liberty Avenue
Burlington, MA 01803*