

Rindy's HOPE



Helping Other Parents Endure

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss

rindyshope.org

The Annual HOPE Memorial Service – December 14th

The HOPE Group Annual Memorial Service will be held this year on Wednesday, December 14, 2016 at 7:30 p.m. The service will be held in the first floor conference room, 200 Unicorn Park Drive, Woburn, Massachusetts.

The service will include music, 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: Take Rte. 93 to Exit 36 for Montvale Avenue, Stoneham/Woburn. Take the ramp towards Stoneham. Once on Montvale Avenue, turn left onto Maple Street just past the Rte. 93 entrance ramp. Mobil is on the corner to your right. Maple Street becomes Unicorn Park Drive. Building #200 is the second building on the left.

This Season's Newsletter and the Memorial Service Program

In an effort to not recreate the wheel, as a group, we have decided to combine this season's newsletter and memorial service program. We hope you find something within that hits home and provides some sort of comfort during this difficult holiday season. Take care of yourself as you celebrate with your families. At HOPE we wish you calm days filled with love. Please try to remember to bring your copy of the newsletter to the memorial service. We will print a few extras but will probably not have enough for everyone.

We Remember We Celebrate that their Light May Always Shine

- Welcome and Opening Ceremony
- 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

Opening Ceremony

We light these five candles in honor of our precious babies and our beloved Rindy Huebner, founding member of HOPE.

The first candle represents our grief. The pain of losing our children is, at times, overwhelming. If we take each day slowly, moment by moment, we learn to handle the bad moments with grace. We are not alone in our grief. We have HOPE.

The second candle represents our courage; courage to confront our sorrow and face each day as it comes. We light this candle to accept our new reality, to learn from our pain, and to change our lives for the better.

The next candle represents the light of love. As we enter this holiday season, we cherish the special place in our hearts that will always be reserved for our children. The light of love shines within us. Like the green grass that grows, we too will grow in honor of their memory.

The fourth candle is the light of HOPE. It reminds us that we are not alone in our grief. There are other families who have walked in our shoes and have felt the power that the HOPE Group brings. May the glow of HOPE shine on in all that we do as we remember our children tonight.

The last candle is for our beloved, Rindy Huebner. Rindy began the HOPE Group soon after losing her precious son, Mark Edward, in 1979. We are so very grateful for the warmth, compassion, love, and support she has given so freely. Rindy inspires us to face each day with grace and hope for a better tomorrow.

A Rose

Author Unknown

Submitted by Donna McDonnell, In memory of Rindy Huebner

A rose once grew where all could see it sheltered beside a garden wall
And as the days passed 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.

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang



Hope is the Thing with Feathers

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 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 seas
Yet, never, in extremity
It asked a crumb of me.

I Talk About Her, My Beautiful Daughter, Julia

In memory of Julia Marie McDonnell for her 18th Birthday

Submitted by Donna McDonnell

I talk about her, because grief doesn't need to be experienced silently, especially when the silence is fueled by stigma and shame.

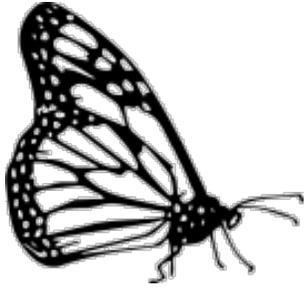
I talk about her, because frankly, acknowledging her is more important than the discomfort of acquaintances. As much as I never want to alienate people, she's as familiar to me now as the air that I am breathing. I talk about her, because it's my prerogative. In a culture of bravely making your own choices, no matter which direction others are going in, this is mine.

I talk about her, because it's one way I process and feel. Feelings demand to be felt, I'm learning, and the stuffing and pushing aside doesn't leave room for the wounds to heal.

I talk about her, not because I'm stuck or because I haven't moved on, but I talk about her because I am hers, and she is mine, and no passage of time will ever change that.

I talk about her, not because I'm constantly living in pain. I'm not anymore, but in my world, this is my normal, and I'd rather live honestly and out loud. Joy, love, happiness, and gratefulness are my everyday, but so are death, loss, heartache, and grief.

Even more so...I talk about her because I'm proud. I talk about her, because she deserves to be remembered. *I talk about her, because even though she's not physically with me, she's never far from my mind.* I talk about her, because she's part of me, a part that I could never ignore or disown. I talk about her because I love her still, and I always will. Forever. Nothing will ever change that.



I Will Be There

By Emily Dickinson

And if I go, while you're still here...know that I live on,
Vibrating to a different measure
Behind a thin veil you cannot see through.
You will not see me, so you must have faith.
I wait for the time when we can soar together again,
both aware of each other.
Until then, live your life to the fullest and when you need me,
Just whisper my name in your heart,
I will be there.

Dear Dakota,

As we enter the thirteenth holiday season without you, it still amazes me that I can remember that day as if it was yesterday. The phone call in the middle of the night from your dad telling me you were gone; The thirty-minute ride into Boston that felt like it took hours; the sound of your mother's cry still rings in my head. The worst day of our lives brought us such perfection. I remember holding you in my arms as the sun rose and thinking how perfect you were. I remember feeling so much peace as I looked down at you in my arms. It just didn't make sense. It was the darkest day of our lives, yet there was peace as I held you. There was nothing that made sense about that day. Nothing could have prepared us for that day. Nothing could prepare us for all that followed.

Although we only had a few hours with you, that brief time with you has changed who I am. You have given me so much. You taught me more in those few hours than I could have learned in a lifetime. You showed me what is important. You taught me patience and forgiveness. You taught me what unconditional love is. I still will never completely understand why you were taken from us, but I do believe that there is a reason for everything that happens. We may not like the reason. The reason may devastate us, but I understand it has to happen.

You gave us Mason and Madisyn. They bring us such joy. For that I thank you. I often wonder would you look like Mason or Madisyn. Would you have her spunk or his sweetness? Would you be entering your teen years and giving your mom a hard time? I know she would give anything for the grief of having a teenage daughter right now. But you aren't here. As each year passes and each milestone goes by, I ask when does it get easier? It doesn't. It just becomes the new normal. You would almost be a teenager. That doesn't even seem right. To me you are still that precious beautiful baby that I held on that sunny February morning. Time stands still.

I thank you for all that you have given me, but I would give it all back for just another moment with you. I love you and miss you every day.

Love Auntie Francine and Uncle Bill

I Thought of You Today

In memory of Cameron Jose Ramos & Submitted by Vanessa Ramos

I thought of you today, but that is nothing new. I thought about you yesterday and days before that too.
I think of you in silence, I often speak your name. All I have are memories and your picture in a frame.
Your memory is a keepsake from which I'll never part.
God has you in His arms, I have you in my heart.

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

Ida

Submitted by Andrew Lipsett in memory of his daughter, Ida

Our daughter died the day before she was born. Her room is still ready for her: empty clothes in the closet; a still rocking chair; the faint smell of new paint in the air, kept from dissipating by the closed door. Space that will never be filled. Stories we'll never tell. A sentence that will never end, because it never started.

We scattered her ashes in the park. She would have loved it here, is what we told ourselves. I carved her initials into the wood of the bridge we laid her next to. Today they're covered in snow, but they're still the only part of her that takes up space. There are trails there I'd never walked before; now I have, and I wonder if I'd have found them walking with her. I wonder, and wonder, and wonder, because that's all that's left of her – that, and the ash under the snow near the bridge.

It's unhealthy to want great accomplishments for your child. You want them to be happy, healthy, kind. Curious. You don't want them to be cruel, or arrogant, or sad. Mileage may vary on the rest. As I got used to the idea of being the father to a daughter, I started to draw out some specifics. We were already sure she'd be fiercely independent; her brother is easy-going to the point of amazement, and she was scheduled to rebel. Secretly, I loved that about this version of her: a girl and a woman who would refuse to bow to what the world around her said she should do. It's funny how what we want from our children as people often conflicts with what we want from them as parents – obedience is something we crave in transitory moments at the dinner table or as we get ready to leave the house, but what a horrible lifelong trait it can be. I was already preparing myself to endure the resistance so she could grow up in a world without restraint. I saw in

this version of her a fighter: a person who would attack injustice with dignity, confidence and determination, but without moderation. This is how I came to fall in love with the name Ida.

It was a conceit of sorts. My wife took convincing; it is after all an old lady name, and with the middle name May – a certainty, named for her grandmothers – it sounded a little too country for a suburban Massachusetts kid. But there was too much power in it for me to leave it alone. She was named for rebels. Ida B. Wells. Ida Tarbell. Unquiet, disobedient women who saw the wrongs of power and lay siege with sharp mind and pen. I wanted to tell her about them, and so many others – men and women both who refused to be quiet. What she would do mattered less to me than how I wanted her to do it, unbowed, unafraid. Stronger than any man, any force or any society who tried to keep her down. Whatever she did, I wanted her to make some noise.

But she'll never make a sound. She'll never cry, never laugh, never rage or scream or learn to speak or sing. She'll never prove me wrong. She'll never become all the things I never expected her to be. And there's nothing for me to fight now but the wind; there's no reason here, no plot, no cruel workings. Just the worst luck and a pain that sucks air out of me. This injustice can't be fought with the written word, it can only be chronicled and shared and shouted with it. I can use it to say only that I loved her, and I wish I'd known her.

Dexter's Lament

Submitted in memory of Dexter Young
by his father and HOPE Member Eric Young
based on the *Lament of the Rohirrim* by J.R.R. Tolkien

Where now the nurse and doctor? Where is the cry that was coming?
Where is the crib and the bottle, and the new milk running?
Where is the hand on the cradle, and the mother humming?
Where is the cake and the candle, and the sound o'feet drumming?
Where is the spark and the fire, and the young mind cunning?
Where is the spring and the fullness, and the young heart thrumming?
They have passed like rain on the mountain, like wind in the meadow
The days have gone down in to the West, into shadow
Who shall gather the shards of the whole heart breaking,
Or behold the growing years that were his for the taking?

The Days will Always be Brighter

By Tiffanie DeBartolo

The days will always be brighter because he existed. The nights will always be darker because he's gone. And no matter what anybody says about grief, and about time healing all wounds, the truth is, there are certain sorrows that never fade away until the heart stops beating and the last breath is taken.

Do You Remember Me?

Submitted by HOPE Member, Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota

I can't believe after all this time, I can't get over you. I guess a love like ours is one of a kind, a love that is true
It's been almost 13 years since you left me to go to God and heaven. Do you still remember me?

It's like a bad dream that plays over and over in my head. Of things I wish I'd done or words I would have said.
There's not a day that goes by that I don't think of you. Even after all this time, what am I going to do?

Maybe this is the way mommies are supposed to feel, perhaps our wounds are never intended to heal.
If I could ask but one question why, How is it is God could need you more than I?

Do you have any children? That is a question people often ask,
Sometimes it is hard to answer, and I am quite taken aback.

The answer is always "yes", but as you can see they are not all with me.
God chose to take one early, so my first, angel she will forever be.

Do you have any children? This question I can answer with pride.
My first born, Dakota is beautiful and happy because in heaven is where she resides.
I have 2 on earth that are by my side.

Dakota's life began very difficult. God did not want her to suffer.
So he called her home to Heaven, but I will Always be her Mother.

Do you have any children? The question that stops my heart.
Is always answered with a smile because we have a bond that will never part.

To the stranger on the street or to family and friends, I am not the person I used to be because my first born gained her wings too early.



A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

Grief is Just Love

Author Unknown

Grief I've learned, is really just love. It's all the love you want to give but cannot. All of that unspent love gathers up in the corners of your eyes, the lump in your throat, and in that hollow part of your chest. Grief is just love with no place to go.

Remember Me

Submitted by HOPE Member Karen Calandrelli
In honor of my beautiful mother, Rindy Huebner and my brother Mark Edward.
Her compassion, devotion, and kind spirit will live with us forever.

To the living, I am gone.
To the sorrowful, I will never return.
To the angry, I was cheated.
But to the happy, I am at peace,
and to the faithful, I have never left.
I cannot speak, but I can listen.
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore,
gazing at a beautiful sea - remember me.
Remember me in your heart,
in your thoughts,
and the memories of the times we shared,
for if you always think of me,
I will never have gone.



Could You Please Just Listen?

By Debbie Genmill

Submitted by Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota

My baby has died. Please don't tell me you know how I feel. You don't, you can't.
I hope you never do. Don't tell me that she is with God and she should be happy. How can I be happy when everytime I go to her nursery all I see is empty crib and toys that will never be played with? How can I be happy when my arms ache to hold her?

Please don't tell me God needed another angel it's hard for me to understand why God would take away this little one who was so loved. Maybe I will understand later. But for right now... let God find another angel. Please, please don't tell me I'll have another child. Maybe I will... but my daughter was not a puppy that ran away...she can't be replaced.

Please don't tell me it could be worse. HOW?

Just Those Few Weeks by Susan Erlin

Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon in memory of their babies

For those few weeks I had you to myself and that seems too short of time to be changed so profoundly.
For those few weeks I came to know you and to love you.
You came to trust me with your life. Oh, what a life I had planned for you!
Just those few weeks when I lost you, I lost a lifetime of hopes, plans, dreams, aspirations. A slice of my future simply vanished overnight.
Just those few weeks. It wasn't enough time to convince others how special and important you were.
How odd, a truly unique person has recently died and no one is mourning the passing. Just a mere few weeks
And no normal person would cry all night over a tiny unfinished baby Or get depressed and withdraw day after endless day
No one would, so why am I?

Native American Prayer

In memory of Rindy Huebner, Submitted by Donna McDonnell

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 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.

Dads Hurt Too

Author Unknown

People don't always see the tears a dad cries, his heart is broken too when his child dies.
He tries to hold it together and be strong, even though his world's gone wrong.
He holds his wife as her tears fall, comforts her through it all.
He goes through his day doing what he's supposed to do, but a piece of his heart has been ripped away too.
So when he's alone he lets out his pain, and his tears come like falling rain.
His world has crashed in around him, and a world that was once bright has gone dim.
He feels he has to be strong for others, but Dads hurt too, not just the Mothers.
He searches for answers but none are to be found, he hides behind a mask when he is feeling down.
He smiles through his tears, he struggles and holds in his fears.
But what you see on the outside is not always real, men don't always show how they really feel.
So I'd like to ask a favor of you.
The next time you see a mother hurting over the loss of her child,
Please remember...a Dad hurts too.

Because of You

By J Melia

Submitted by Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota

Because of you I appreciate the sunset more than before.
Because of you I stop to look up at the moon and wish upon a star,
Because of you I look forward to hearing the birds sing in the morning
And thank God for their beautiful songs
Because of you I am more understanding of others and accept people for who they are
Because of you material things do not matter
Because of you I have a broken heart but I thank God for sending you to me
For there is no stronger love than I hold for you
Until we meet again

Treasured

In memory of Dexter Young

By his father and HOPE Member Eric Young

With Dexter's passing, I've been confronted with this truth: we eventually lose everything we hold dear. When we're young, it may just be a broken toy or a pet, but as we go on, we lose something as simple as time, or something as complex as our sanity. We lose our jobs, our dear friends, grandparents, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, children, and, eventually, ourselves. Some of these I have experienced, and made my peace with them. But Dexter's loss was so jarring, so *wrong*. I began to question the universe, question God, His plan, His desire for my good, His very existence. I've asked the greatest and hardest question: "Why? Why do You take until there is nothing left?"

In answer, I've come to understand that maybe God is teaching me that all I need is Him. That when I become Ozymandias, and all the things I built and all the people I loved have gone to dust, the only thing left is God. It's right there in Matthew 6: *Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moths nor rust destroys and thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.*

But so often I find my heart in this world - I love my family and friends. I love Dexter. And so I grieve. I try to learn to cope in a world that is suddenly all wrong, to survive in a land I once knew but now is foreign, trying to tolerate the silence where there should be laughter.

Maybe the sharpness of the loss dulls, and I'll look back and see the good, a little bit of how Dexter changed and enriched me. And maybe not, maybe Dexter will leave a wound that can never be healed, and the hurt will just be washed beneath the waves of time. But whatever happens, whatever I endure, maybe, just maybe, when everything and everyone is gone, and I have nothing left, I will realize God is good, and that my treasures have not been destroyed, but laid up in heaven after all.

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

A Symbol of Hope - Author unknown

Submitted with love by Karen Calandrelli

In loving memory of her mom and brother, Rindy & Mark Edward Huebner

A butterfly lights beside us like a sunbeam and for a brief moment its glory and beauty belong to our world
But then it flies again and though we wish it could have stayed...We feel lucky to have seen it.

To My Dearest Family

Unknown author

Submitted by Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota

Some things I'd like to say; First of all to let you know that I have arrived okay.
I'm writing this from heaven. Here I dwell with God above. Here there are no more tears of sadness. Here is just eternal love.
Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight. Remember that I'm with you every morning, noon, and night.
That day I had to leave you when my life on Earth was through. God picked me up and hugged me and he said, "I welcome you
It's good to have you back again, You were missed while you were gone. As for you dearest family, they will be here later on."
God gave me a list of things that he wished for me to do and foremost of the list was to watch and care for you.
When walking in your footsteps only half a step behind.
And how I am content that my life was worthwhile.
Knowing as I passed along the way, I made someone smile. When you think of my life on Earth.
And when it's time for you to go...from that body to be free Remember you're not going ... you're coming here to Me
I love you forever as well
Your little angel

You Remain My Precious Dream

In Memory of Chase and Kenley Richardson by their mother and HOPE Member, Julie Paige

I dreamed a little dream, Once upon a time. I dreamed we'd be together one day, Sweet baby of mine.
Sadly that dream was not meant to be and its difficult to know,
That now you won't be coming to me. You were not strong enough to thrive and grow.
But I know you are in heaven now and that's a very good place to be.
And I know that when I get there, I'll recognize you, and you'll know me.
We'll get to share the love we would have shared here on earth.
And then we'll know without a doubt what all this waiting was worth.

The Miscarriage – Author Unknown

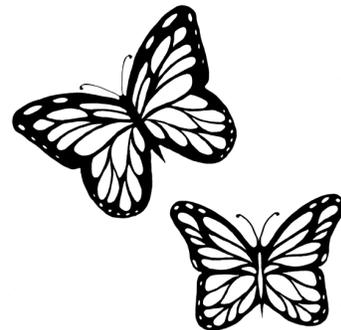
There has been a death in the family. No eulogy, no coffin, no funeral, no black. And yet, there has been a death in the family. No undertaker, no hearse, no cemetery, no grave. And yet, there has, most assuredly, been a death in the family. No belly, no fullness, no lifetime, no baby. There has been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

In Western Lands Beneath the Sun by J.R.R. Tolkien

Submitted by Brynna Ledyard in memory of her daughter, Mario

In western lands beneath the Sun the flowers may rise in Spring,
the trees may bud, the waters run, the merry finches sing.
Or there maybe 'tis cloudless night and swaying beeches bear
the Elven-stars as jewels white amid their branching hair.

Though here at journey's end I lie in darkness buried deep,
beyond all towers strong and high, beyond all mountains steep,
above all shadows rides the Sun and Stars for ever dwell:
I will not say the Day is done, nor bid the Stars farewell.



Dexter

By Louis Tardiff (Dexter's maternal grandfather)

We never got to know you, Tho we really wished we could
Sometimes it's hard to find through our sorrow, something good.
Our faith tells us truly Little Dexter is ok, safely living in God's house, He just has led the way.
When this grief came upon us all we could do was cry
We never got to say 'Hello' Before we said 'Goodbye'.
This precious little boy Still cherished and so loved
Is soaring with the angels In paradise above.

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

Little Snowdrop

Author Unknown

In memory of Jonathan Moran, by his parents and HOPE Members, Mia and Louie Moran

The world may never notice if a Snowdrop doesn't bloom, or even pause to wonder if the petals fall too soon.
But every life that ever forms, or ever comes to be, touches the world in some small way for all eternity.
The little one we long for was swiftly here and gone. But the love that was then planted Is a light that still shines on.

And though our arms are empty, Our hearts know what to do.
Every beating of our hearts says that we love you.

Candle Lighting Ceremony - 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 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 one candle in memory of your child. Accept a flower and announce their name.

The light of a flame has always been symbolic to the human world. The eternal flame stands for the remembrance of those gone before; 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 our 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 our beloved babies as we strive to walk on with others.

We Remember Them

From the Gates of Prayer
Reformed Judaism Prayerbook



At the rising of the sun and it's 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
We remember them

Please extinguish all candles. Thank you.

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.

A New Year's Wish from Rindy

I wish you gentle days and quiet nights. I wish you memories to keep you strong. I wish you time to smile and time for a song. And then I wish you family and friends to give you love, when you are hurt and lost and life seems blind. I wish you family and friends and love and peace in your heart and mind.

Special Thanks:

R. W. Traynham Printing Company, Billerica, MA
Christine Boudreau, Michelle Kingdon, & Kim Dawley
Winchester Hospital Center for Healthy Living
Martha Lang for her beautiful music
and all HOPE members who help make this service so special year after year.



Please join in this year for the Remembering Together Holiday Ornament Swap!

The holidays can be a pretty rough time when you have suffered the loss of a child, regardless of when your loss(es) occurred, or what stage of grief you are experiencing...

Originally created by a mother who experienced the loss of her baby due to pre-term labor, the Remembering Together Holiday Ornament Swap is intended for the parents and families of children lost to miscarriage, stillbirth, perinatal, and neonatal death. When you register to participate in the Swap, you are assigned to make a homemade holiday ornament for a fellow baby-loss parent/family; in turn, another bereaved parent/family creates an ornament for your baby(ies). It is a really beautiful way to honor & remember the children we are missing during holidays. The Swap usually has over 250 families who participate nation- & world-wide.

To find out more, visit the blog at rememberingtogetherswap.blogspot.com, or look for Remembering Together Holiday Swaps on Facebook. You can also email directly for a link to register at rememberingswaps@gmail.com. Registration for the 2016 Swap will be open this year from November 1st to November 13th. A peaceful holiday season to all!

HOPE Donations

- Ann Powers in memory of her daughter, Susan Powers
- Cheryl and Jack Blaisdell in memory of their grandsons, Luke and Jack Garagliano
- UCC Church of Burlington in memory of their friend, Rindy Huebner
- The A.C.D.K. HOPE Foundation in memory of their children, Anthony Caterino, Chase Richardson, Dakota Boudreau, and Kenley Richardson

Announcements

- A tremendous THANK YOU to HOPE member, Michelle Kingdon! She has been organizing and writing the OBR cards each month. You touch the hearts of our members with your words of remembrance, warmth, and love. Rindy would be so proud!
- We'd also like to thank HOPE member, Christine Boudreau. THANK YOU so very much for helping with the newsletter this month. You've chosen a few articles worth reading! Thanks for bringing peace and comfort to our members.
- And last but not least a HUGE thank you goes to our local printer, R.W. Traynham Printing in Billerica, MA for donating their printing services for the newsletter and memorial service program. You touch the hearts of many with your generosity.

Parent to Parent Hotline

Please contact us with any questions/concerns or if you are just having a bad day. We are here to help.

Billerica	Donna McDonnell 1-978-376-1559 donnamcd@me.com
Tewksbury	Christine Boudreau 1 -978-851-0411 kiffy66@verizon.net
Burlington	Dominic Pazzia, Jr. (bilingual) 1-781-316-1570 domandjacki@rcn.com
Winchester	Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 kgkingdon@yahoo.com
Boston	Barbara Clarke 1-617-413-2626 BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com

Local Area Support Groups

- 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>
- 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.
- 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.

Our Babies Remembered – A Loving Memorial in Print

To be added to the following list of Our Babies Remembered and to receive a remembrance card on your baby's anniversary, please complete this form and return it to Donna McDonnell, c/o the HOPE Group, 14 Blossom Drive, Billerica, MA 01821. 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 HOPE? _____

10/01/82 Jeffrey Andrew, son of Nancy and Steve Thornley; Stillborn
10/01/07 Baby Neff, baby of Tanya Neff; Infant Death 3/12/07
10/02/14 Nathan-Celeste, son of Daphne Jochnick; 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
10/05/10 Elliott Mae, daughter of Ken and Jenny Leonard; Stillborn
10/05/02 Griffin, son of Derilyn and Tim Byrne
10/07/01 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage
10/08/14 Maria Sandra, daughter of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Stillborn
10/10/05 Gianna and Sofia, twin daughters of James and Monique Antonelli; preterm labor
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
10/13/13 Baby Boy Higgins, son of Danielle Sheehan; Miscarriage
10/13/14 John "L.J.", son of Tania Baez and grandson of Delia Martin; Stillborn
10/15/95 Sabrina Marie, daughter of Fernando and Marie Franco; Stillborn
10/15/08 Baby Rose, child of Barbara Rose; Miscarriage
10/16/08 Baby Boy, son of Corinne and Joe Rogers; Miscarriage
10/16/13 Isaac Anthony, son of Amy and Steve Pardo; Miscarriage
10/20/12 Baby Higgins, son of Danielle Sheehan; Miscarriage
10/21/05 Connor Xzavior, son of Jessica and Robert Amato; Stillborn, incompetent cervix
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
10/26/11 Brayden, son of Todd and Christina Dennis; Stillborn
10/27/89 Abigail, daughter of John and Debbie Goempel; Stillborn
10/28 Dominique Rose, daughter of Kathy Diaz
10/29/96 Christopher, son of Louise and Joe Chiarenza; Stillborn
10/29/03 Abraham Batholomew, son of Patricia and Richard Elliott
10/30/75 Emily Kate, daughter of Pat and Ellsworth Rice; Died 11/03/75
10/30/99 Tory and Trevor, twin daughter and son of Heather and Tony LaFreniere; Incompetent cervix
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



11/08/05 Eamon Robert, son of Jill and Robbie O'Brien; Stillborn

11/10/79 Mark Edward, son of Rindy and Dennis Huebner; Stillborn

11/13/92 Alexis 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 Daniel and 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

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

12/02/15 Natalie Caroline, daughter of Craig and Lynne Parker; Stillborn

12/03/98 Julia Marie, daughter of Donna and the late 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

12/04/13 Caroline Anne, daughter of Caitlin and John O'Brien; Stillborn

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; 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 Mallery and Gene Spirko; Stillborn

12/13/00 Baby Kingdon, Baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage

12/13/15 Ida May, daughter of Emily and Andrew Lipsett; Stillborn

12/15/03 Jack Patton, son of Karen and Steven Cassidy; Stillborn

12/20/05 Christopher and Noelle, twins of Daniel and Wendy Ward; Incompetent cervix

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

12/21/06 Sean Michael, son of Jennifer and Chris Stover; Miscarriage

12/23/89 Helen Marie, daughter of Rita DiSorbo; Anencephaly

12/25/08 Alexia Victoria, daughter of Amy and Gary Heffernan; Infant death

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, 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

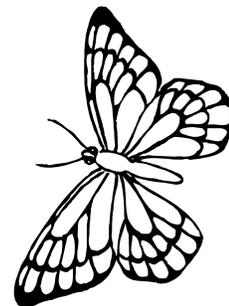
01/04 Babies Schultz, children of Hilary and Steve Schultz; Miscarriages 01/04 and 05/04

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

01/02/09 Charles Alan, son of Lindsay Perrin; Stillborn

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

01/05/89 Eric Michael, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Potters Syndrome



01/07/93 Benjamin Layn, son of Ann and Bill Saulnier; Premature Birth
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, daughter of Bailey and J.P. Magazzu; Premature birth/Due Date 05/30/02
01/10/04 John Kevin, son of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Stillborn
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
01/23/10 Jamison John, son of Jamie and John Paul Riggio; Infant death 03/06/10
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
01/25/92 Stephen Daniel, son of Laura and Jeff Parany
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
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
02/03/11 Mason Rose (Meggie), daughter of Priscilla and Lin Goodwin; Died 01/14/92,
Group B Strep, Neonatal Pneumonia and Sepsis
02/18/93 Daniel Robert, son of Len and Gloria Carlson; Polycystic Kidney Disease (Potter's Syndrome)
02/20/14 Babies Antczak, twin babies of Amy and Christophe Antczak; Miscarriage
02/22/98 Angel, daughter of Joe-Ann and Tommy Palermo, Incompetent cervix
02/23/94 Lemiel Gonzales-Ortiz, son of Amara Ortiz-Gonzales
02/24/15 Cameron Jacob, son of Vanessa and Tony Ramos; Stillborn
02/24/11 Max Reth, son of Jennifer and Sunday Reth; Stillborn
02/26/04 Dakota Catherine, daughter of Christine and Ernie Boudreau; Stillborn/E Coli Infection
02/26/06 Chase David and Kenley Blake, twin son and daughter of Julie and David Richardson; Infant Death/Incompetent cervix
02/26/13 Rindy Huebner, beloved friend and founder of the HOPE Group
02/26/14 Luna Isabella, daughter of Coral and Alfonso Domenech; Infant Death
02/27/94 Scott Davis, son of Marie and Chris Williams; Stillborn
02/27/13 Kaylee Goncalves, daughter of Ivan and Neusa Timas; Stillborn



SeasHELLs remind us that every passing life leaves something beautiful behind.

*The HOPE Group
c/o McDonnell
14 Blossom Drive
Billerica, MA 01821*