

### *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*

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

### *Special Thanks to:*

*R. W. Traynham Printing Company  
Winchester Hospital  
Martha Lang  
Sue Powers  
Loretta Ryan  
Donna McDonnell*

*And all of our HOPE members who helped make this service so special*

## *From Miracles to Memories...*

### *The Caring Never Ends*

### *We Remember*



## *The HOPE Group Memorial Service*

*December 13, 2006*

*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*

*As we light these five candles in honor of our precious babies, we light one for our grief, one for our courage, one for our memories, one for our love, and one for our hope.*

*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.*

Reading: "We Remember Them"

*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 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 Prayerbook*



*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.*

*A Rose*

*A rose once grew where all could see it.  
Sheltered beside a garden wall and as the days past,  
it spread its branches straight and tall.*

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

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

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

*Author unknown.*

*"The Rose"*

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*



*Layers*

*I peel away my dreams for you and throw them all away*

*I peel away my hopes for you - never to see that day*

*I peel away my happiness and cast it aside*

*I peel away my love for you, harbored deep inside*

*Once I'm done I look at what is left;*

*A battered, broken, and bruised heart, barely able to sustain*

*But if I look very closely, in my mind's eye I see:*

*A faint glimmer, a small spark...a bit of hope for me*

*Maybe it will happen, maybe just not now*

*Maybe someday, I'll become a Parent...somehow.*

*Loretta Ryan 11/25/02 in memory of Samantha Marie*

*Ten Years*

*Our happy life was right on schedule.*

*Jobs. Marriage. House. Baby.*

*Just weeks to go and everything's ready.*

*Room. Crib. Clothes. Diapers.*

*Then, in a split second, everything changes.*

*"No heartbeat. I'm so sorry. True knot in cord."*

*The despair is so deep, how do we go on?  
A moment. An hour. A day at a time.*

*Now, a decade later.  
The first year was just going through the motions, the routines.  
Will joy ever return?  
Then pregnancies. Terrifying. Triumphant.  
Times Two.  
Life finds a new normal.  
First Giggles. Steps. "I love you Mommy."  
Now the Kindergarten Bus.  
Such love and yes, joy.  
Yet, every first also reminds us what's been missed.  
Plus that twinge seeing families with three girls.  
But there's a difference between knowing life is short  
and experiencing a short life.  
The latter brings full-force clarity on the importance of  
Finding happiness. Appreciating moments. Living fully.*

*In memory of Molly Dawley  
Born still November 7, 1996*

*"Who You'd be Today"*

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*



### *Letters to John Kevin Purifory*

*Dearest John, I'll always remember your golden halo of hair and sweet, precious face.  
You are forever a part of my family and life. Miss you much. Aunt Patty*

*Baby John Kevin, We love and miss you and think about you everyday. You are al-  
ways in our hearts. Love, Auntie Elaine, Uncle George, Chelsie, and Madison.*

*Dear John, I wonder how you are doing. In my head when I am playing with my sis-  
ter Sophia and brother Anthony., I can just picture you being there. At the dinner  
table all the seats are filled except for one. In that seat you would be sitting next to  
me. I know you are always watching over everyone in this family. We all know you  
love us and we love you. I love you so much. Love, J.J., your older brother.*

*In memory of John Kevin Purifory, My promise to you: getting together like this helps  
your family and friends cope. Cope with not understanding why you and many other  
babies represented tonight didn't get to stay with us very long. Every opportunity I  
get I promise to participate in one way or another so that you are not forgotten and  
never will be! Love always and forever, Auntie Joan DiCato.*

*As the stars that shine above, my love shines for you, John Kevin. You are remem-  
bered when the snow flakes fall icy and cold upon my face. A sad reminder of your  
coming and gone; a glimpse of a love so soft and harsh but in the reality of the melting  
snow, come and gone. As the soft buds shower the empty trees. I am reminded of life  
anew. So soft and sweet, a baby's caress and smile. The soft sweet fragrance of our  
love for you, carried away on a pretty rainbow we paint just for you. With each sea-*

### *"Take My Hand Precious Lord"*

*A musical selection sung by Rick Saunders*

*Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, Let me stand  
I'm tired, I am weak I am worn  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home  
When my way grows dear precious Lord linger near  
When my life is almost gone  
Hear my cry, Hear my call  
Hold my hand lest I fall  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home  
When the darkness appears and the night draws near  
And the day is past and gone  
At the river I stand  
Guide my feet, Hold my hand  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home  
Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, Let me stand  
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home*



*Submitted by Rick and Gretchen Saunders  
in memory of their twin sons, Kevin and Charlie*

### *For Those Few Weeks*

*For those few weeks, I had you to myself.  
And that seems too short a time to be changed so profoundly.  
In 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,  
and 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?  
You were just those few weeks, my little one. You darted in and out of my life  
too quickly. But it seems that's all the time you needed to make my life so  
much richer and give me a small glimpse of eternity.  
By Susan Erling.  
This poem was printed in the first HOPE service program in 1987.*

## To A Stillborn Sister

How do you love a person  
Who never got to be,  
Or try again to see a face  
You never got to see?

How do you mourn the death of one  
Who never got to live,  
When there's nothing to feel good about  
And nothing to forgive?

I love you, little sister.  
You're a person of the wind,  
Free to be the memory  
Of all that might have been.

I love you, little sister,  
My companion of the night,  
Wandering through my lonely hours,  
Beautiful and bright.

What does it mean to die before  
You ever can be born,  
To live the lovely night of life  
And never see the dawn?

Ah! My little sister,  
You lived like anyone!  
Life's a burst of joy and pain,  
And then, like yours, it's done.

I love you, little sister,  
Just as if you'd lived for years.  
No more, no less, I think of you,  
The angel of my tears.

Submitted in memory of Gianna Pazzia



### No Matter

No matter how long your unborn child  
nestled beneath your heart, its brief life  
was no less precious than one whose  
span is measured in years, and the pain  
of your loss is no less real.

Author Unknown

## A "Still" Father

Written by Richard Olson

Founder National Stillbirth Society

My child is gone

I hardly remember

Her coming

A moment in time

That was both

The longest

And shortest

Of my life.

Anticipation

Devastation

And now reclamation

Putting the pieces

Of my soul

In semblance of order.

Time to go on

Time to get on

With life

With love

With a hole

In my heart

But with joy

For that moment.

I am Camille's father

A blessed gift

Through whom I have learned

I can love deeply

That which I cannot hold

Except in my heart

Knowing I am forever

Her father.

Submitted in loving memory of

Julia Marie McDonnell,

a blessed gift indeed.

son and every beating of our heart, we know that somewhere and in some time we will know your love. For now we satisfy ourselves with finding you near and yet so far, as the twinkling star, so tiny and yet so bright in our hearts. Love, Aunt Sandra.

My dear John, I can't believe another season has passed and the leaves have all fallen from the trees. I know soon snow will come and also will your third anniversary. I miss you more and more as each day passes. I still can't figure out why my beautiful boy was only with me for such a short while. But this I do know for sure, death can not separate my love for you and it will only continue to grow. Love, Mommy.

Dear John, It's been a little while since you came and left so fast. I can still feel you in my arms as if it were yesterday. I remember calling you my little buddy and then we had to let the nurses take you. I knew right away that it wasn't fair and that we would probably never understand why this was happening. All I really knew then and still know now is that I love you and always will. Love, Dad.

## Native American Prayer

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 of 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.

In memory of Mark Edward Huebner

## I Think

I say, "I'm pregnant."

You say, "How wonderful, congratulations."

I think, "You don't understand, I'm afraid."

You think, "Good, soon she will be happy again."

I say, "I'm afraid it might all happen again."

You say, "Lightning won't strike twice, don't worry."

I think, "Why ever not."

You think, "She is just being paranoid,

the chances of it happening again are not very high."

I think, "How can you understand how vulnerable I feel?"

Since our baby died I have lost all naiveté

all belief in happy endings

all sense of trust in my body

I no longer believe that if I look after myself and the baby



that everything will be all right, after all that is what  
I did last time and look what happened.  
You can't fool me so easily again.

Of course I am happy about this pregnancy ....  
thrilled and of course I will look after myself and the baby  
(to the very best of my ability)  
but I realize now there are no guarantees.  
So no words of comfort or encouragement that you can say are enough for me.  
I feel that I have bought a lottery ticket,

and you are congratulating me on getting the first prize  
before the lottery is even drawn.  
I prefer the wait and see approach.  
I would appreciate it if you could try to understand how vulnerable I feel and support  
me with your love, concern, and prayers during this pregnancy.

Be with me when I feel like talking just as you have been with me during my grief.  
But don't offer me platitudes or statistics or comfort I've had enough of them.  
Instead offer me YOUR naiveté YOUR belief in happy endings.  
You never know some of your optimism might just rub off on me!"

Submitted by Christine Boudreau  
In memory of Dakota Catherine



### "Tears in Heaven"

A musical selection sung by Martha Lang

We have an angel in Heaven, who looks down on us everyday  
We have an angel in Heaven, but to us he is not far away.  
He'll always be near us, wherever we go,  
God only knows how we miss him so.  
We have an angel in Heaven, who hears every word we pray  
We look to our angel in Heaven till we're together some day

Submitted by Mia & Louie Moran in Memory of Jonathan

### The Miscarriage

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.

### "For Good"

A musical selection sung by Kristine and Jeff Buckridge  
in memory of their son, Nathan Christopher

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?  
But 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?  
But because I knew you: I have been changed for good.

Madeleine Rae,

I cannot believe it's been almost 7 months since that day we held your tiny body in our arms. I remember every precious ounce of you like it was yesterday and how much we wanted to hold onto you forever. We think and talk about you every day and keep your memory alive in every possible way. You touched so many lives little one, and I know you will continue to touch many more. Even though your time with us was short, you will remain in our lives and hearts forever. No one can take that away, ever. It's so hard thinking everyday of what we should be doing together, I often think about what your first smile would look like, what color your eyes would be, and what your tiny hand would feel like wrapped around my finger...we had so many hopes, dreams, and plans for you. This Holiday season is a tough one not having you here with us, while we should be about to celebrate your first Christmas, we are instead lighting candles and hanging ornaments on our tree in memory of you. We are thankful for the time we had with you, but so sad that we could not have more. We love and you miss you so much.

Love,  
Mom and Dad  
Jen and Dave Symmes

*I remember walking in the hospital room. I saw your mom and she was holding you in her arms. She looked so natural. Through her tears and the pained look on her face, she was beaming with pride as she looked at you. She introduced you to each of us. You were breathtaking. You were just how I pictured you would be. You were perfect. You had your mom's curly hair....*

*I wanted desperately to hold you. It felt so right when your mother handed you to me. I remember kissing you and holding you. By now, the sun was coming up. I remember standing in front of the hospital window with you and feeling the sun on my face. I thought how could this feel so wonderful? When there is nothing wonderful about any of this day. I remember feeling the warmth on my face and thinking,*

*"Maybe it was my mother telling me that she would take good care of you.*

*Maybe it was you, somehow trying to comfort me."*

*Maybe it was just the sun.*

*I remember feeling such peace at that moment and thinking that there was nothing peaceful about any of this.*

*The last few years have been sad without you. Your brother has brought incredible joy to our lives. I know somehow that a part of you lives on within him. Watching him grow and change has been incredible. But it also makes me realize how much we are missing out with you. We will never hear your first laugh or your first words. We will never see you take your first step.*

*Every day I try to find comfort in knowing that there is a reason for everything. Sometimes I think we will never understand the reason for any of this, until we are together again. For now, I need to take comfort knowing that you are around all of us and you are watching over your parents and your brother and of course your little sister that is on the way.*

*I love you and miss you every day.*

*Love,*

*Auntie Francine*

### *A Love Song*

*The mention of my child's name may bring tears to my eyes.*

*But it never fails to bring music to my ears.*

*If you really are my friend, please don't keep me from hearing the beautiful music.*

*It soothes my broken heart and fills my soul with love.*

*Nancy Williams, The Compassionate Friends, 1990*



*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.*

*Author unknown*



### *Our Treasures*

*We need not wallow in our memories or surrender to them,  
just as we don't gaze all of the time at a valuable present,  
but get it out from time to time, and for the rest of the time  
hide it away as a treasure that we know is there all the time.  
Treated this way, the past can give us lasting joy and inspiration.*

*Our joys will be greater, our love will be deeper,  
and our lives will be fuller, because we shared their moment.*

*In memory of Alexandra Emily Crews, William Thomas Crews, and Leyton Richter*

### *Remembering Baby T. Honor*

*Some days the pain is so intense I can't see through my tears  
Thought I'd be better now; it's already been a year  
Months go by and my heart still aches, but time keeps moving on  
Time no longer feels the same; it's different since you're gone*

*Instead of looking forward to the days that lie ahead  
I now count how many months it's been, since you have been dead  
One week, six months, all came and went without you here with me  
This is the way things are, not the way I hope they'd be*

*I look forward to the day when I see your beautiful face  
I'll hold you for all eternity, in that most wonderful place  
I know that you are waiting for me with your arms open wide  
I'll run to you and scoop you up and give you a piggyback ride*

*All the wonderful times we'll have; I can hardly wait  
To get the chance to hear you say "Mommy" is going to be so great  
Please wait patiently for me and watch over us with love  
Someday soon, I'll be with you, in our heavenly home above*

*Time moves much more slowly now, this life one day will be through  
This measure of time we call "life" is no measure of my love for you.*

*All our love,  
Mommy and Daddy  
Ruth and Chris Honor*

*Dear Parent:*

*In search of that beating heart which is no longer there, I hear the deafening silence on the monitor. I would like to run away and not face all of this but I know you need me and what I must do. I can help you through this time. Please don't be offended by my tears. Although I have known you only a short while, I feel your loss. I may not know the right words to say but I hope my compassion will come through. Please let me help, I know how much this baby meant to you.*

*Compassionately, your labor room nurse*

*Author unknown*



*"The Wind Beneath My Wings"  
A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*

*My Sweet Dakota,*

*It has been almost 3 years since you left our lives. There is not a day that goes by that we don't think of you, mention your name or look at your picture. It has been a long road, and a lot has happen since you left our earth. Mommy and Daddy had your little brother Mason and in three months we will have a sister for you to also look after. People are so excited for us that we are having a girl. We have heard so many times, "You're so lucky that you will have a boy and girl. What a perfect family. Now your family is complete." What people don't realize is that our family will never be complete. We could have a dozen of each and our family wouldn't be complete. I know that most people do not understand and are just trying to be nice, but there will always be an empty spot in our family photos. All we can do is fill that spot with your teddy bear. The one that has the recording of your heart beat in it.*

*Dakota losing you has taught me a lot. I am not the same person I was before I lost you. The person I am today is because of you. I have to thank you for what your very short, but important life taught me. I have learned to live life to the fullest and not to take anything for granted. I have learned to love with my whole self. I have learned to open my self to others. I know that the strength I have today is the strength I got from you. Now when I think of you I can smile and thank you for everything you have taught me.*

*When I joined the Hope Group I remember how raw my emotions were. I remember hearing, "You will never forget, but it will get easier", and I thought, these people are crazy, it will never get easier. Now almost 3 years later, I haven't forgotten you and there are more easier times now than harder ones. The Hope Group has helped me through one of the most difficult times of my lives and I thank them for that. Others may have forgotten you, but I know that every month when I come here, the memory of you lives on. Just as it will live on in my heart forever. I love you.*

*Dakota, May you always walk in sunshine.*

*Love, Mommy*

### *I Wish for You*

*Comfort on difficult days  
Smiles when sadness intrudes  
Rainbows to follow the clouds  
Laughter to kiss your lips  
Sunsets to warm your heart  
Gentle hugs when spirits sag  
Friendships to brighten your being  
Beauty for your eyes to see  
Confidence for when you doubt  
Faith so that you can believe  
Courage to know yourself  
Patience to accept the truth  
And love to complete your life.  
Brenda Hager Huntington*



### *"Sunshine on My Shoulders"*

*A musical selection sung by Martha Lang*

*Submitted by Barbara Clarke in memory of her daughter Elizabeth*

*Dear Dakota,*

*There are times when losing you still seems so unreal to me. I cannot believe that this is the third Christmas that we will be celebrating without you. I still remember that February morning almost three years ago just like it was yesterday. I remember when I got the call that you were gone. All of our lives changed forever in that one split second.*