

# New HOPE

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss Support

<http://rindyshope.org>

*Unfortunately all of us at HOPE truly understand how hard the holidays can be to endure. Please know that you are not alone on this Mother's and Father's Day. Hopefully you will find comfort reading this newsletter and knowing that we are thinking of you. Please reach out to us if you need more support.*



## A Father's Day Letter To My Lil' Boy Jamison John by John Paul Riggio

It has been over a year since the absence of your physical presence with us. Your passing was the most difficult life changing event for your mother and me ever. It was only 38 amazing, yet short days prior that we were celebrating your healthy arrival and addition to our family. We had the most amazing five weeks with our 1<sup>st</sup> born Prince Jamison John, who was born on January 27<sup>th</sup> 2010 and was drastically taken from us the unforgettable morning of March 6<sup>th</sup> 2010.

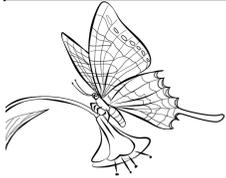
Your last day with us March 5<sup>th</sup> 2010 was spent smiling and enjoying time with your mommy and cousin. I can't believe I chose that night to go out when you were doing so well. I felt happy and secure for my family to be progressing so greatly. Then to kiss you good night not knowing you weren't going to wake up with us the following morning kills me. I thought it was ok to finally see my friends for the first time in a month. The guilt will never leave my soul. I know I would have never known how fate had chosen to take its course that ironic night but it did and will forever crush me. Both your Grandmothers are completely devastated as well and share our pain almost equally.

Since you have been gone from your Earthly form I feel you around me spiritually all the time, especially at certain points when I need healing and support. I feel you help me make the better choices when I am feeling angry or lost. Sometimes I notice you just saying, "Daddy I am right here the whole time." On occasion I imagine you watching us while we're missing you. I ask God to let me visit you when I sleep and for some reason I think we have been with each other every time I've asked that yet, I can't remember those dreams. I have woken up in tears a few nights knowing I had visions of you in my sleep but can never fully recall the dreams.

Your cousin Jayden talks about you all the time and Joseph asks about you when he sees your pictures. I am completely lost with out you my son, and I loose breaths speaking about you, or even thinking about you now at this very moment. You are my soul purpose to change my ways and I feel cheated out of my chance to prove to the world that I am a great person with a kind heart who can raise an amazing child in a decent family. You still are my little super hero helping daddy live, be strong, and to be there for your mommy even though you are not physically with us. Your birth was the most amazing event I have ever experienced and I remember the big smile you gave us when the doctor raised you up saying, "Congratulations on your 'Very' healthy Baby Boy." We are so proud of your birth my son!

Jamison, your spirit lives on, and your soul is with us every breathing second of our lives. We know you are in Heaven and were taken from us through God's hand, but remain in our hearts; paying us visits through signs of your mommy's favorite song, or the Blue Jays in our window, or the random times when your Date of Birth pops up on cars, trucks, highway signs or times of the day. We see your signs everywhere and want them to happen every moment they occur. I wish I had one more chance to kiss you again.

You are my beautiful little boy, I am so proud to be your Daddy. I hope I make you proud of me. We are proud to talk about you and let the world know how happy you made our family in your short stay on this planet. We will see you in Heaven together with all of our family and friends. Until then, please keep paying us visits and protecting us. You are one of the strongest soldiers in God's Army of Little Angels. I pray to you, I pray for you, and I pray that you pray for us as well. You truly are a Shooting Star my lil' boy, and you had the strength to change a whole town with your birth and passing. I will always love you Jamison. God Bless You Lil'Man, Love Daddy.



## A HOPE Personal Story

### Our Journey by Christine and Ernie Boudreau

Our journey started in October 2002 shortly after we got married. We always knew and talked about having a family and wanted to start right away. We never thought that it wouldn't happen right away for us. So month after month of trying with no success, we decided to seek help. My doctor referred me to Fertility Center of New England. We both underwent a variety of tests and after all the testing with no conclusive results, it was suggested by the doctor that because of our age we should try invitro fertilization. We had no idea how much this would take a toll on my mind & body. We went into it with full force and a positive attitude because we wanted this more than anything. As we went through all the motions, we never told any of our friends and family about our fertility journey. It just seemed easier to keep it to ourselves than to be constantly asked how things were going or where you are in your cycle etc. The first cycle took about two months from start to finish. Having to receive shots every day and going to the clinic three times a week to have blood drawn, plus we were at their mercy. We were ok with this because we were going to get pregnant and have a baby and that's all that really mattered to us. Oh... and I think Ernie actually took pleasure in giving me my shots. And let me tell you going through a cycle means you can never plan ahead, it runs your life. There's no vacations, no weddings, parties etc. But again it was worth all the pain and suffering because we were going to have a baby. And as luck would have it we got pregnant on our first cycle.

All was going smoothly well up until 31 ½ weeks and I remember that day like it was yesterday. As Ernie and I drove to Winchester Hospital we had made some phone calls to our family letting them know what was going on and was reassured that everything would be ok. We were told this happens all the time and that we would be safe once we got to the hospital. I remember Ernie saying that he wasn't ready for this, but are we ever?? Once we got there they sent us right up to Labor and Delivery. Everything seemed to be happening way too fast. They hooked me up to an ultrasound monitor and told me I was having contractions one to two minutes apart. I felt nothing; I didn't even believe them. Then they performed all sorts of tests to make sure it was amniotic fluid that I was leaking. Shortly thereafter it was confirmed that my water did indeed break. They gave me my first of two steroid injections to help Dakota's lungs mature in the event we had to deliver. Then they gave me magnesium to stop the contractions. For a brief moment we felt like we were out of the woods until they told us that we couldn't stay at Winchester Hospital because if I were to go into labor I couldn't deliver there. They did not have a NICU for babies less than 32 weeks. So the next thing I knew I was on my way to Beth Israel Hospital by emergency ambulance with Ernie in hot pursuit. When we arrived they performed a few more tests and then admitted me. I was told that I was going to be staying there for the duration of my pregnancy. We thought, "Ok I guess I should get comfortable because it looks like I'll be here for a few weeks". We figured no better place to be than in one of the best hospitals in Boston right? The nurses at BI were absolutely amazing and I instantly bonded with them and more importantly, they bonded with Dakota. We felt SAFE!

On Wednesday night February 25, 2004 around 9:00 pm, Ernie and I were relaxing watching American Idol and the nurse came in to perform another non stress test. Like many times before the nurse put the Doppler on my stomach. She moved it to the left a bit then moved it to right side but couldn't hear anything. So she then said to me that she was going to go get another wand because the one she had was not working. Ok I thought "no biggie" and then she comes in again with another Doppler wand. Again she put it where I told her Dakota usually lies but still we heard nothing. Now I am getting a little nervous and say to her "is everything ok, you are kind of freaking me out here". At this point Ernie hears the commotion and has woken up and ask what is going on. The nurse then says that she was going to go get the ultrasound machine. I thought, "sweet, now I get to see Dakota", which was always a joy for us. Ernie loved to see his Dakota on the ultra sound machine; that's why he never missed any of my appointments. As the nurse wheeled in the machine, a Doctor came in along with her. As this point I started to get a bit nervous, but NEVER thought I would be hearing the words that came out of the doctor's mouth in the upcoming moments. As he put the ultrasound machine on my belly, he placed it right over Dakotas's heart and what came next were words that I never want to hear again in my life, "I am sorry but there is no heart beat". I made him check a second and third time. He had to be wrong; this was not happening. I must be dreaming. The next thing I heard was Ernie screaming "NO" at the top of his lungs, punching the chair as hard as one could and then he just dropped to his knees. To hear that your daughter had just died and to see your husband who was my rock fall apart was more than any woman could handle at one time. We were no longer SAFE!!

Then round two of unthinkable news was delivered, the nurse came in and said to me that we were going down to labor and delivery to deliver Dakota. I thought, "What do you mean I have to deliver her, just take her out of me". The nurse explained to me it was safer to have a vaginal delivery than to do a C-section. So they gave me a shot of pitocin to help induce labor and the nurses began prepping me for labor. Meanwhile Ernie had to make the phone calls telling our families that Dakota had died. This is the phone call that you never imagine making or a call you ever want to receive. My heart breaks to this day because I don't know how Ernie actually did it. I can't imagine having to make those calls

especially to his Dad who had lost two of his own children ages three and four in a fire in 1971. The news of Dakota dying had an overwhelming impact on Ernie's Dad because he had to watch his own son go through the pain and suffering of his daughter dying as he did for his other two sons. Ernie's heart broke even more when he saw how hard this was affecting his Dad.

As the nurses wheeled me down to labor and delivery everything felt surreal. I had plans and this was not part of them. I wish my mother was here. I wish my mother was alive because she'd have the answer. Our children are not supposed to die before their parents. Our families started to arrive and it was lots of heart wrenching tears and hugs. No one could apprehend why this had happened or even knew what to say. Now that I think back I wish more people had said nothing. As I progressed in my labor our families had to leave the room. It was just Ernie, one nurse and me. It was extremely quiet; not like it should be in a normal delivery room. And again Ernie was right there beside me. He was the best coach ever. Even though we knew the outcome, I have to say we were troopers throughout the delivery. Knowing I had to go through what was supposed to be the joys of childbirth and knowing my Dakota wasn't going to be alive at the end is something that will live with me for the rest of my life. I can say what a lot of women can't, "I gave birth to an angel". On February 26, 2004 at 6:43 am with Ernie by my side I gave birth to my beautiful daughter Dakota Catherine Boudreau. At that moment our lives changed forever. We were in love, it didn't matter that she wasn't alive. We fell in love with her just the same!! After Ernie had cut the cord he and his mom helped the nurses clean her up and weigh her. Dakota was being treated as if she was a happy healthy live little girl. Ernie got her dressed and then we got to hold her, kiss her and through the tears tell her how much I loved her. I did with all my heart. I never loved anything or anyone as much as I loved my Dakota. But at the same time our hearts were in fact completely broken and thought to be unfixable.

We had a beautiful service for Dakota and laid her to rest like she deserved. Ernie carried her little casket from the hearse to her final resting place and then buried our little girl with his own two hands. She was an angel before she was born and she will always be our angel till the day we meet again. As the Priest said during her ceremony Dakota is "GOLDEN". She came into this world and left this world without sin; words I still hold on to today. The day we buried her it was 70 degrees out but cloudy and at the end of the services I released a balloon. As I let it go the sun came out as bright as can be and the balloon disappeared in an instant. At that moment I knew Dakota was in heaven.

As the weeks went by and people began to show up less and less, my family convinced us to go to a support group meeting. It wasn't my thing but I decided to go. My whole family ended up coming with Ernie and I and this was the beginning of my healing. As we sat though the meeting and listened to all the stories, I was in awe. I lost Dakota at 32 ½ weeks yet some of these couples went full term. As the days went by I looked forward to my meetings every month because it was a place where I could go and feel safe talking about Dakota and people actually wanted to listen. It was a place where I felt normal about how I was feeling and for people to justify that what I was feeling was completely normal.

May 10<sup>th</sup> 2004 we met with the doctors to go over Dakota's autopsy results. The doctors tried very hard to explain everything but Dr. Grable summed it up perfectly by saying that Dakota was the "Perfect Storm". She had an e-coli infection throughout her body, double bubble in her stomach and an ectopic anus. He said this was a once in a lifetime situation, that these three things came together as one and her body couldn't handle it. That is what she died from. If she only had one of them she would have been ok, but the three of them together made "the perfect storm". I have to say I found comfort in that. My daughter was perfect and she sure as hell was a storm that turned our lives upside down like a tornado.

Jump forward seven years; a lot has happened. Ernie and I both went through our grieving together or so we thought. We both had different ways with dealing with our grief but we somehow managed to keep our head straight enough to go forward and have two more beautiful children. This whole chapter in our lives resulted in some ups and downs in our marriage that ended in a separation for almost two years. It was a long two years but through a lot of therapy, communication, and working on our personal grief together, I am happy to say that my husband is back and we are a family once again. We will always be missing that one person, our daughter Dakota Catherine. Today as a family we are in a great place and I have advice for other couples that are going through the loss of a child. If you think you are keeping your communication open, then open them even more. Make sure those lines of communication stay open and you both deal with the grief at your own pace. Ernie was and is my rock and he kept me grounded and sane. I never knew who his rock was which was the cause of some of our ups and downs.

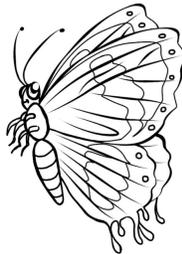
This is not a journey we would have asked to travel but it is one that the higher ups had planned for us. One thing I know is that I will never be that person I was before Dakota died because she has made me a better person. Mothers are supposed to teach their children but Dakota taught me that I am stronger than I ever could have imagined. She taught me to never to take the little things for granted and to fight for what you know and love. In losing Dakota, I gained friends that I would've never met in my life. The women of the Hope Group mean the world to me. You've helped us travel this journey that no one should have to travel. Ernie and I wouldn't be where we are today without the love and support of our HOPE family; and this we thank you for from the bottom of our hearts.

# Blackwater Woods

by Mary Oliver

Submitted by Andrea Meyer and Harlan Bosmajian  
in memory of their daughter, Nina Bosmajian

Look, the trees  
are turning  
their own bodies  
into pillars  
of light,  
are giving off the rich  
fragrance of cinnamon  
and fulfillment,  
the long tapers  
of cattails  
are bursting and floating away over  
the blue shoulders  
of the ponds,  
and every pond,  
no matter what its  
name is, is  
nameless now.  
Every year  
everything  
I have ever learned  
in my lifetime  
leads back to this: the fire:  
and the black river of loss  
whose other side  
is salvation,  
whose meaning  
none of us will ever know.  
To live in this world  
you must be able  
to do three things:  
to love what is mortal;  
to hold it  
against your bones knowing  
your own life depends on it;  
and, when the time comes to let it go,  
to let it go.



## Dear Mr. Hallmark

I am writing to you from heaven,  
and though it must appear  
A rather strange idea, I see everything from here.  
I just popped in to visit your stores to find a card  
A card of love for my mother as this day for her is hard.  
There must be some mistake I thought,  
every card you could imagine  
Except I could not find a card,  
from a child who lives in heaven.  
She is still a mother too, no matter where I reside.  
I had to leave, she understands,  
but oh the tears she's cried.

I thought that if I wrote you, that you would come to know  
That though I live in heaven now,  
I still love my mother so.  
She talks with me, and dreams with me;  
we still share laughter too,  
Memories our way of speaking now,  
would you see what you could do?  
My mother carries me in her heart,  
her tears she hides from sight.  
She writes poems to honor me,  
sometimes far into the night  
She plants flowers in my garden,  
there my living memory dwells  
She writes to other grieving parents,  
trying to ease their pain as well.  
So you see Mr. Hallmark, though I no longer live on earth  
I must find a way, to remind her of her wondrous worth  
She needs to be honored, and remembered too  
Just as the children of earth will do.  
Thank you Mr. Hallmark, I know you'll do your best  
I have done all I can do; to you I'll leave the rest.  
Find a way to tell her, how much she means to me  
Until I can do it for myself, when she joins me in eternity.

## All I Need to Hear

Author Unknown

You don't know how I feel;  
please don't tell me that you do  
There's just one way to know--have you lost a child too?  
"You'll have another child"--must I hear this every day?  
Can I get another mother, too, if mine should pass away?  
Don't say it was "God's will"--that's not the God I know.  
Would God, on purpose, break my heart,  
then watch as my tears flow?  
"You have an angel in heaven--a precious child above."  
But tell me, to whom here on earth shall I give this love?  
"Aren't you better yet?" Is that what I heard you say?  
No! A part of my heart aches  
and I'll always feel some pain.  
You think that silence is kind, but it hurts me even more.  
I want to talk about my child  
who has gone through death's door.  
Don't say these things to me, although you do mean well.  
They do not take my pain away;  
I must go through this hell.  
I will get better, slow but sure--and  
it helps to have you near.  
But a simple "I'm sorry you lost your child"  
is all I need to hear.

## Our Sky by Sheryl McMahon

We live, we breathe under the same sky  
Watch the flowers grow with the same awe and wonder

Their petals, reminders of those  
 who sit above the same clouds  
 Our tears, falling like petals  
 once the flowers have done their bidding  
 We gaze at the same sky in the same moments  
 Shed our tears in the same breath  
 As we share in this special day  
 The same sky still above us  
 The flowers blooming at our feet  
 Let there be comfort in the knowledge  
 That our children dance together among the same stars  
 As the night sets on a day we were all sharing  
 United as Babylost Mama's and friends  
 who share the tears

Poem found online at  
<http://internationalbabylostmothersday.blogspot.com/>

## Hugs

by Karen Huebner Calandrelli

in memory of her brother, Mark Edward Huebner

There's something in a simple hug  
 that always warms the heart;  
 It welcomes us back home  
 and makes it easier to part.  
 A hug's a way to share the joy  
 and sad times we go through,  
 or just a way for friends to say  
 they like you 'cause you're you.



Hugs are meant for anyone for whom we really care,  
 from your grandma to your neighbor, or a cuddly teddy  
 bear.

A hug is an amazing thing - It's just the perfect way  
 to show the love we're feeling but can't find the words to  
 say.

it's funny how a little hug makes everyone feel good;  
 In every place and language, it's always understood.

And hugs don't need new equipment,  
 special batteries or parts,  
 Just open your arms and open up your hearts.

I love you Mark.

I hope this poem shows you how special hugs are to  
 people.

I am only able to dream of hugging my brother.

## Garden of Stone

by Mia Moran

in Memory of her son, Jonathan

I wiped away the snow and laid down a single rose.  
 Thinking of what might have been,  
 a pain only the bereaved knows.  
 Another tear falls in a garden of stone.

He could have been president, a ballplayer  
 or won a Nobel prize.  
 But it'll never come to be,  
 and we'll never look into his eyes.  
 They said it was routine,  
 Don't worry, we do it every day.  
 But something wen oh so wrong,  
 now they don't know what to say.  
 Another tear falls in a garden of stone.  
 We watched the doctors and nurses,  
 and they said that he was gone.  
 A life snuffed out too early, never to see the dawn.  
 Another tear falls in the garden of stone.  
 Another day passes and we're all alone.  
 The world gets older but he's still newborn.  
 Our beautiful son, our hearts are torn.  
 He'll never ride a two wheeler, or take a bus to school.  
 All we have are our shattered dreams,  
 we've lost our precious jewel.  
 Never play in little league, never steal a first kiss,  
 We think of all those things he's going to miss.  
 Never go to college, never walk down the aisle,  
 Never know the joys of parenthood,  
 we miss his all the while.  
 Another tear falls in the garden of stone.

## To Gordon On Your 5th Birthday by Kristen Grein

in Memory of her son

Twinkle, twinkle little star  
 how I wonder what you are.  
 The brightest star could it be  
 you shining down on me?

Is that your face see in the moon?  
 But the image fades way too soon.

When the darkness comes and there's no more light

Is that your way of saying good night?

The rain drops that fall from the sky,  
 are those the tear drops from your eye?

The breeze I sometimes feel on my skin  
 is that your presence that comes from within?

When the limbs on the trees start to sway  
 is that your spirit heading my way?

What about when the ocean turns still,  
 are you showing me a piece of good will?

But then the tide changes and the ocean becomes rough  
 is that when you feel you've had enough?

Sometimes when the sky is so blue  
 is that my sadness that's come from losing you?

Every morning when I awake  
 I pray the Lord why your soul did he take.

The only answer I know for sure  
 is that here on earth you are no more.  
 But that doesn't mean any less I care  
 for you are with me everywhere.

# The Voice in My Heart

by Janie Cook



Can you hear me now? Can you hear me now?

This repeated question brings a smile, a chuckle and the image of someone wandering about searching for a cell phone connection – trying desperately, first one place and then another, to get the lines of communication open. We laugh, but in a serious way this also describes the desperate need bereaved parents have in the panic of losing a child.

The professionals call this the need for a “continuing bond”. And they claim that if we do not figure out a way to connect, then grief will be an even more difficult wound to heal. This makes perfect sense to me. From the moment I heard that our son had died my mind and heart began a frantic clamor for a way to connect to him. It was entirely impossible to bear that he was gone from us. There had to be a way. There had to be a path. There had to be something that could penetrate this new and awful distance.

Slowly, as my panic subsided and the grief journey began in all its intense depth, I slowly learned to pay attention and to listen for his voice in my heart. At first, it seemed like learning a new language. My daughter tells me that in her experience of learning new languages there is a time in that process that feels like “no man’s land” – neither the native tongue nor the new language are effective. The would-be-speaker is caught somewhere between the two. Struggling to communicate with Matt seemed like that. I thought I had to learn something entirely new and felt lost as to how to do that. And yet, I knew in my very being that he wasn’t completely gone from me. Maybe there was a “language” we had had that I had just forgotten.

So, I began to try to remember. It was so easy to recall that warm sense of motherhood from the moment I knew I was pregnant. I immediately and eagerly related to this new life growing inside me. I was physically wrapped around him, nurturing him, caring for him, carrying him and bringing him into this life to be with us. I began to realize that that experience does not dissipate at birth. Instead, it creates an ongoing connection that has an invisible strength. True, we grow less aware of it once we have the visible and the tangible to delight in. But, it began to feel possible for me to reach back and rediscover the comfort and trust of that first communication we had. After he was born and as he grew, I didn’t think much about it any more because I had the touching, the busy-ness of life and all the holding I had been so anxiously awaiting. But when I was hit with the initial shock and horror of loss, I was blinded by the pervasive, physical emptiness. The grasping for what I’d depended upon was all I could do at first. But then, with time, amazing grace and a persistent effort to heal, I remembered that I knew another way.

Now,

it is as if I breathe Matt . . . in and out.

His words are the wind blowing in the trees he loved,

the bird songs he could whistle so perfectly,

the infinite colors of wildflowers

and the brilliance of butterflies darting in and out of sight.

Our conversations are different, but

I feel him with me

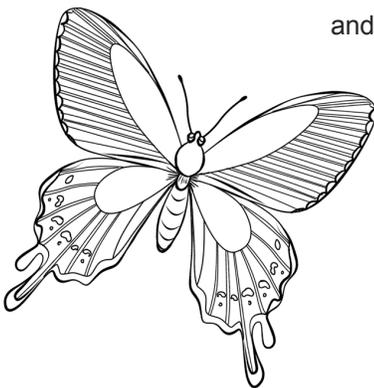
and “know” what he is urging me

to do, to be, to enjoy.

It is a stunning thing

to let the “outer covering” fall away

and relish the radiance of his constant presence.



Article found online - Grief Digest Magazine  
<http://griefdigestmagazine.com/2011/03/the-voice-in-my-heart/>

# A Mother's Bond by Clara Hinton

article found online at <http://www.silentgrief.com>

People always seem to direct their comments more to the mother than to the father when a child dies. That is partly due, I am sure, to the fact that a mother's bond with her child is two-fold. There is the emotional bond, as well as the physical bond of love. Very early in a pregnancy, most women are acutely aware of the physical changes occurring within their body. Aside from the obvious changes of cessation of menstruation, breast tenderness and swelling, and extreme fatigue, there are other physical changes that occur. Nausea, backaches, headaches, and a constant urge to empty the bladder all serve as reminders that the body is rapidly changing to accommodate the growing baby.

As these physical changes take place, there is a strong awareness of new life within the body. This awareness of life prompts constant thinking about the coming baby, and the anticipated day of arrival becomes a very real thing. A mother forms a bond of love to her unborn child that is so strong it is difficult for her to explain in words. A baby growing within and being nurtured by his mother is a precious thought, and bonds of love form that are deep rooted and everlasting.

When a child dies, whether very early as in miscarriage, or later in life, a mother suffers a double blow to the heart. She grieves the emotional bond of love that was formed, and a mother also grieves the physical bond of love that began as soon as she recognized the physical changes taking place within her own body. "The mother's arms may ache from wanting to hold her child so badly." Many mothers will talk constantly about their aching arms when a child dies. This is a very real sensation that is felt when the mother is no longer able to enjoy the physical bond she once had with her baby. When a child dies, in a very real sense, part of a mother dies and there is physical pain associated with the loss.

Because a mother suffers both a physical and an emotional loss when her child dies, the grieving process for a mother seems more obvious to others than with a father. There might be more physical ailments such as headaches, body aches, backaches, and unexplained nausea. Depression can become very apparent. A mother might cry openly for long periods of time. All of this is quite normal in the beginning stages of grief.

Losing a baby is not easy! When a mother loses her baby, she suffers a double grief. It takes time to accept what has happened. Following the acceptance of the reality of death, it takes time to adjust to the loss of the child. A mother will often suffer both physical and emotional pain simultaneously, making her grief a bit more complicated.

Be assured that in time you will move beyond this stage of double grief. Gradually, the physical symptoms of loss will begin to disappear. With each new day, you will move forward to a place of a calmer grief where you will begin to see beauty, purpose, and hope in the days ahead.

# Feeling Alone on Father's Day by Clara Hinton

article found online at <http://www.silentgrief.com>

When we use the name father, several thoughts automatically come to mind. Strong. Protector. Problem solver. Guardian. Wise. Open arms. Tender. Loving. Forgiving. Always there. A father takes great pride in living up to these expectations. In fact, you can watch most any father's posture change to reflect the characteristics of being the strong one, the leader, and the fixer of problems for his children. When a child dies, a father's world is turned upside down. Losing a child is something that nobody can fix – not even a father. There is a sense of failure and guilt that washes over a father time and time again. He no longer feels like he is the glue that holds the family together. A father experiences many different emotions when his child dies, but he is very seldom able to verbally express those emotions.

Men grieve quite differently than women. This is a fact that we now acknowledge, yet in society we tend to question a father in grief if he does not openly talk about his loss and pain. Verbalization of emotions is a difficult thing to do for most men, especially for a father that has lost his child.

When Father's Day approaches, there are many feelings of loss and failure that are experienced. Pictures of fathers interacting with their happy, healthy children are found everywhere – in stores, on television, in magazines, and in the newspaper. Most churches give special lessons dedicated to fathers, but very little recognition is ever given to the father that has gone through child loss. By planning ahead for the difficult emotions of Father's Day a father can cope much better. Plan a project such as planting a flower garden in memory of your child. Build a memorial bench and stencil your child's name on it. Write a letter to your child expressing your thoughts, then release the letter with a balloon.

Above all else, remember that you will always be a father! Be especially kind to yourself as you prepare for the array of emotions you will experience on Father's Day. As you work through these feelings of loss, you are taking steps forward towards healing in this difficult journey we call grief!

# Messages of Love

**Dear Mark,**

Your sister Karen married Joe, the love of her life, on March 26, 2011. It was a beautiful wedding. They honored you with a special donation to HOPE. You were remembered that day in the hearts of all our family and friends. We Love You.

Mom, Dad, Karen and Joe

**Dear Madeleine,**

Happy 5<sup>th</sup> Birthday! I cannot believe that I am saying those words. Sometimes it seems like just yesterday I held you in my arms and other times it feels like it has been forever. I often wonder what kind of little girl you would be, would you be caring and empathetic like your brother Caden, or maybe an adventurer and full of energy like your brother Liam? I hope you know how much you are loved and how much we think about you. You will always be a part of our family and we are always carrying a piece around of you in our hearts. We love you always and forever.

Love, Mom, Dad, Caden and Liam



**Dear Kaitlyn,**

It has been 8 years since I held you. You would be making your First Holy Communion this year. Your sisters would adore you just like they do Nolan. Meg would be your second mother and Alana a play mate. I love you and miss you. We are lucky to have a Guardian Angel.

Love, Mom, Dad, Meg, Alan and Nolan XXXXOOOO

**To our Sweet John,**

We know you are watching over all of us and especially for your baby sister soon to arrive. We love you so much and miss you more and more as each day goes by. We remember how beautiful you were and think of you all the more as we start to see the beautiful flowers and warm spring days.

Love you Mom, Dad, J J, Sophia, Anthony, Carissa and Gianna xoxo

**To my beautiful daughter Julia Marie,**

It's been over twelve years since I last held you in my arms. Time just seems to fly but I am reminded of your beauty every day. The spring buds and flowers blooming this season remind me that life continues regardless of our hurdles. Please know that Matt and I continue to do well. He is my shining light and reminds me how lucky I am to be a mother. Mother's Day is not complete without remembering you. Your spirit grounds me and allows me to celebrate each day with joy. I miss and love you to pieces! Please give Daddy a big kiss and squeeze from me. I miss him too. xo

Love you up to the moon and back!  
Mom



## Welcome HOPE Miracles - Congratulations!!!

- **Sydney Alexis** was adopted on November 8, 2010 by the proud parents Ruth and Chris Honor
- **Shinavi Wadhwa** was born on December 12, 2010 to the proud parents Renu and Sanjeev Wadhwa
- **Reagan Grace** was born on March 15, 2011 to the proud parents Karen and Steve Cassidy
- **Nadia Anita** was born on March 29, 2011 to the proud parents Kevin and Nadia Purifory

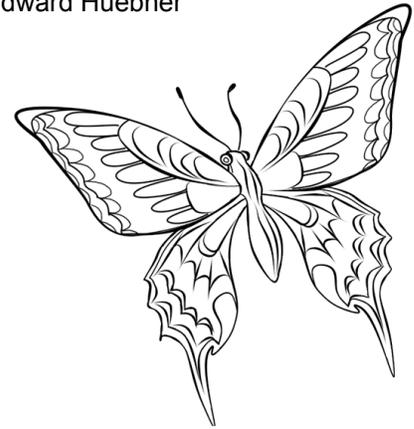
## Parent to Parent Hotline

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; <a href="mailto:dhueb1028@aol.com">dhueb1028@aol.com</a>
Billerica	Donna McDonnell 1-978-376-1559 <a href="mailto:donnamcd@me.com">donnamcd@me.com</a>
Burlington	Dominic Pazzia, Jr. (Bilingual member) 1-781-316-1570 <a href="mailto:domandjacki@rcn.com">domandjacki@rcn.com</a>
Winchester	Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 <a href="mailto:kgkingdon@yahoo.com">kgkingdon@yahoo.com</a>
Winchester	Barbara Clarke 1-781-369-1750 <a href="mailto:BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com">BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com</a>

## Memorial Donations - Thank you!

- Karen and Joe Calandrelli in celebration of their marriage, in memory of Mark Edward Huebner
- Maureen and Kevin Kelly in memory of Kaitlyn Alexandra
- Daniel and Dyan Sierra in memory of their daughter, Isabel
- Susan and Jim Kanak in memory of their nephew, Mark Edward Huebner
- The Gutmann Family in memory of Baby Girl Savas' 18th Birthday
- Anne, Chuck, and Jason Savas in memory of Alexis' 18th Birthday
- Gene, Mallary, and Justin Spirko in memory of Mara Victoria
- Carey and Paul Sullivan in memory of their daughter, Katelyn



## Local Area Support Groups

- HOPE Group, [www.rindyshope.org](http://www.rindyshope.org), Baldwin Park I in Woburn, MA., meets 2nd Wednesday of the month, 7:30 p.m. Contact Rindy Huebner at 1-781-273-2624.
- The Children's Room, 1210 Mass Avenue, Arlington, MA., Email [info@childrensroom.org](mailto:info@childrensroom.org) or call 1-786-641-0012.
- 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>
- Newton Wellesley Hospital, Newton, MA For Support group meetings include: Childbirth Loss Support Groups for families who have suffered the death of a child before birth, at birth or shortly after birth. The groups, led by a licensed social worker, offer comfort and reassurance for both individuals and couples. For more information call 617-243-6221. Contact, Susan Zucker, LICSW

# 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 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? \_\_\_\_\_

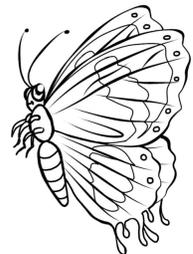
- 03/04/93 Joseph Michael, son of Pat Urick-Zegas and Jeff Zegas; Potter's Syndrome
- 03/05/98 Baby Hylan, baby of Lise Knakkegaard and Stephen Hylan; Miscarriage
- 03/06/88 Tabatha Karen, daughter of Charlene and Philippe Michaud; Heart Defect Died 4/26/88
- 03/06/98 Caroline Therese, daughter of Ron and Mary Beth Arigo; Prematurity
- 03/08/93 Joshua Michael, son of Michael and Barbara RigordaEva; Failed C-Section
- 03/10/05 Eve Valentine, daughter of Patricia and Richard Elliott; Stillborn
- 07/12/07 Baby Neff, baby of Tanya and Ron Neff; Miscarriage
- 03/11/93 Sabina Hueniken, daughter of Henrike and Bill Huntress; Stillborn
- 03/15/05 Alexandra and William, twins of Allyson and Eric Crews; Stillborn
- 03/16/95 Joseph, son of Patti and John Bohling; Stillborn
- 03/16/09 Braedon John, son of Jennifer and Chris Stover; Stillborn, cord accident
- 03/18/08 Anthony John "A.J.", son of Jeana and Anthony Caterino; Stillborn
- 03/20/86 Jeffrey, son of Roz Past and Mark O'Brien; Stillborn
- 03/21/71 Gregg Edward, son of Charlotte Baker
- 03/22/00 Rachel, daughter of Lynne and Frank Barberian; Stillborn
- 03/26/92 John Michael, son of Mary Jean and Charles Lucas; Infant Death 09/03/92 Neo-Natal Depression
- 03/27/07 Nicholas, son of Lisa and Michael Murphy; Infant Death 03/31/07
- 03/29/79 Helen, daughter of Janet and Jim Wander; Encephalic
- 03/29/00 Robert Taddeo Tiezzi, son of Laurie and Rob Tiezzi; Stillborn
- 03/31/05 John, son of Bailey and John Paul Magazzu; Stillborn
- 04/06/59 Patrick, son of Jackie and Don Patterson; Stillborn
- 04/08/03 Kaitlyn Alexandra, daughter of Maureen and Kevin Kelly; Stillborn
- 04/10/87 Charles Christopher, son of Jerri and Charles Snell, Died 4/14/87
- 04/11/01 John William, son of Michelle and Bill Heafey; Stillborn
- 04/18/89 Joseph Matthew, son of Linda and Pat Santerelli; Stillborn
- 04/22/88 Davison Elias (Davey), son of Elizabeth Feuer and David Allain; Prematurity
- 04/23/99 Baby Barstow, child of Deborah and David Barstow; Miscarriage
- 04/23/07 Baby Murphy, child of Poppy Hiser and Tim Folland; Stillborn
- 04/24/06 Baby Boudreau, daughter of Christine and Ernie Boudreau; Miscarriage
- 04/25/10 Nina Bosmajian, daughter of Andrea Meyer and Harlan Bosmajian; Stillbirth
- 04/28/00 Katrina Joanne, daughter of Mark and Martha Tubinis; E-coli infection
- 04/29/07 MeeLa and Emeel, twin daughter and son of Jackie and Eric D'Silva
- 04/30/06 Mary Alice, twin daughter of Will and Amanda Rogers; Infant death 05/01/06
- 04/30/06 Gloria Mary, twin daughter of Will and Amanda Rogers; Infant death 05/05/06
- 05/02/84 Christine Marie, daughter of Michael and Karen Conrad; Trisomy 18 Died 5/12/84
- 05/04/88 Michael, son of Maureen and Frank Blake; Stillborn
- 05/06/78 Brian Jason, son of Art and Pam Bureau; Birth Defects Died 5/7/78
- 05/09/93 Timothy Paul, son of Janice and Tim Coburn; Stillborn
- 05/12/96 Henry Russell, son of Dayle Ballentine and Larry Kotlikoff; Cord Accident



05/14/91 David Louis, son of David and Pat Rizza; Stillborn  
05/15/06 Jacob, son of Sarah and Jason Cluggish; Stillborn  
05/16/93 Samantha Amanda, daughter of Christine and Tony Silva; Stillborn  
05/17/99 Elizabeth Clarke Capeci, daughter of Barbara Clarke and John Capeci; Infant Death due to CMV, died 6/4/99  
05/19/10 Mia Rose, daughter of Barbara Rose; Miscarriage  
05/20/92 Patrick Charles, son of Sheila and Charles Greathead; Placenta Abruption  
05/20/98 Kymberly Elaine, daughter of Kathy and Brian Fuller; Stillborn  
05/21/91 Matthew Eric, son of Alyssa Adams and Eric Kryzynski; Stillborn  
05/22/97 Meredith, daughter of Craig and Ann Mercier; Stillborn  
05/23/95 Charles Patric Koucky, son of Bill and Fran Koucky; E-coli Infection  
05/23/06 Madeleine Rae, daughter of Jennifer and David Symmes; Stillborn  
05/25/99 Kiersten Bente Hylan, daughter of Lise Knakkegaard and Stephen Hylan; Prematurity  
05/30/58 Robert and David, twin sons of Jackie and Don Patterson; Prematurity, Died 6/1/58 and 6/2/58 respectively  
06/08/86 Michael Andrew, son of Judi and John Casey; Prematurity Died 12/30/86  
06/10/93 Victoria Rose, daughter of Claudia and Brad Stearns; Miscarriage  
06/13/01 Katherine, daughter of Sherrie and Michael Morey  
06/13/05 Gordon David, son of Kristen and David Grein; Stillborn  
06/15/89 Emily Anne, daughter of Mary and James Lyman; Stillborn  
06/17/99 Matthew David, son of Risa and Albert Sablone; Infant Death, incompetent cervix  
06/22/98 Princess Herre Taylor, daughter of Carol Herre and David Taylor; Premature Birth  
06/23/99 Baby Bullion, baby of Lisa Bullion and Jeffrey; Miscarriage  
06/24/95 Baby Kryzynski, baby of Shannon and Keith Kryzynski  
06/27/06 Jack Andrew, son of Kristine and Neal McCuish; Infant Death 06/28/06, cord accident  
07/01/05 Gianna Darlene, daughter of Jackie and Dominic Pazzia; Stillborn  
07/02/87 Robin, son of Julie and George McHugh; Stillborn  
07/02/88 Katie, daughter of Frank and Carol Ann Morse and triplet sister of Angela and Christina Morse; Infant Death Prematurity  
07/02/89 Julie Anne, daughter of Jim and Cindy Kane; Diaphragmatic Hernia  
07/04/91 Hannah Niles, daughter of Katrina and Rodney Niles; Stillborn  
07/05/79 Adalyn Grace, daughter of Kasandra Nowalk; Stillborn  
07/06/88 Angela and Christina, daughters of Frank and Carol Ann Morse and triplet sisters of Katie Morse  
07/07/00 Kamimarie Williams, daughter of Judith Irene Belliveau; Infant Death  
07/07/03 Grace Ann, daughter of Sherrie and Michael Morey  
07/08/94 Caroline Rachel, daughter of Claudia and Brad Stearns; Trisomy 18  
07/08/95 Victoria Rose, daughter of Karen and Jim Hovsepian; Stillborn  
07/08/06 Nathan Christopher, son of Kristine and Jeff Buckridge; Died 07/12/06 from a glycogen storage disease  
07/09/83 Alison Doris Marie, daughter of Linda and Paul Giancola; Stillborn  
07/12/90 Erika Marie, daughter of Deborah and Joseph Rando; Stillborn  
07/12/05 Baby T, baby of Ruth and Chris Honor; Miscarriage  
07/16/83 Melissa and Emily, twin daughters of Lisa Rubinstein and Joe Scholl; Stillborn  
07/16/88 Emily Patricia, daughter of Sandra and Paul Laroche; Stillborn  
07/18/91 Baby Lowder; infant of Sandra and Jim Lowder; Miscarriage  
07/18/89 Grace, daughter of Charlene and Rick Williams; Stillborn  
07/19/05 Jonathan, son of Mia and Louie Moran; Hospital negligence  
07/20/95 Courtney Elizabeth, daughter of Kerry and Mark Ferreira; Premature  
07/21/85 Jeffrey Vincent, son of Diane and Charlie Stefanelli; Died 11/19/85 Complications after Heart Surgery  
07/23/92 Joshua David, son of David and Beth Puleo; Stillborn  
07/25/05 Silvia and Luca, twins of Monica and Ivan Pedruzzi; Premature  
07/27/90 Stephen James, son of Richard and Elizabeth Sawicki; Placenta Separation



07/28/84 Rebekah Janeen, daughter of David and Janeen Sencabaugh; Stillborn  
 08/05/82 Susan, daughter of Ann and Brian Power; Encephalic  
 08/08/97 Amanda Marie, daughter of Carla and Stephen Muse; Stillborn  
 08/13/02 Marc Vincent, son of Tracey and Marc Marano; Stillborn, true knot in cord  
 08/12/09 Conleigh Rose, daughter of Glen and Kristen Sullivan; Died 08/15/09 from delivery complications  
 08/25/05 Baby Rooney, baby of Beth and Mickey Rooney; Miscarriage, Due Date 3/25/05  
 08/26/94 Samantha Marie, daughter of Dan and Loretta Ryan; Stillborn  
 08/27/82 Infant of Carey and Paul Sullivan; Miscarriage  
 08/28/82 Sara Beth, daughter of Fran and Frank Downing; Infant Death 9/21/82  
 08/28/88 Michael Evan and Jeffrey Leeds, twin sons of Dwight and Donna Smith; Hyaline Membrane Disease, died 8/29/88  
 08/29/99 Allan Thomas, son of Joe-Ann and Tommy Palermo; Miscarriage  
 08/31/94 Andrew Joseph, son of Maria and Scott Capelo-Fine  
 09/01/01 Casey and Dean, twin sons of Laurie and Larry Sweeney; Prematurity, cerclage attempt  
 09/02/82 Justin, son of Nancy and Gary Saffer; Stillborn  
 09/02/96 Emilee Anne, daughter of Debbie and David Seed; Died 9/20/96  
 09/06/80 Jonathan, son of Buster and Elsie Sieben; Died 9/7/80  
 09/11/04 Mackenzie, daughter of Krista & John Condon; Trisomy 13, died 09/24/04  
 09/11/01 Lucia Francesca Bastable, daughter of Gina Carme; Stillborn  
 09/15/93 Jonathan Wesley, son of Courtney and Lori Heron; Stillborn  
 09/19/84 Lowell, son of Charlie and Delores Salerno; Infant Death  
 09/19/94 Shoshana Rae, daughter of Mona and Ron Tye; Stillborn  
 09/21/92 Daniel Owen, son of Daniel and Ann Marie Wright; Stillborn  
 09/22/98 Angeline Kanokporn Lamothe, daughter of Kanokporn and David Lamothe; Stillborn  
 09/24/93 Kevin Michael Jr., son of Brenda Berube and Kevin McDonough; Potter's Syndrome  
 09/25/94 Jeffrey Joseph, son of Maryanne and Billy Daniel; Stillborn  
 09/27/93 Laura Elizabeth, daughter of Billy and Mary Ann Salvucci; Stillborn  
 09/27/93 Stephanie Faith, daughter of Debi Austin and Steve Post; Heart Defects Died 10/5/93  
 09/27/01 Olivia and Nicholas, twins of Lisa and Rick Bowman



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

"Every day I choose healing. I have learned that it is okay to heal. My girls are honored more in my healing than my brokenness." by Rachel Crawford