

# NEW HOPE

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss Support

<http://rindyshope.org>

## December 14, 2011 - The Annual HOPE Memorial Service

The HOPE Group Annual Memorial Service will be held this year on Wednesday, December 14, 2011 at 7:30 p.m. The service will be held in the Keating Conference Room, first floor, Baldwin Park I, 12 Alfred Street, 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: From Route 93 (North or South) take exit 37 for Route 128/95 South. From Route 128/95 South take exit 35 for Route 38. Once in the rotary, follow signs for Route 38 North/Wilmington. Take a right at the first traffic light onto Alfred Street. Baldwin Park I will be on your left. The Keating Conference Room is on the street side of the building.

## Six Tips to Cope with Grief During the Holidays by Erika Goyer



"The holidays can be an especially difficult time for parents who have lost their children. So many holiday routines and activities revolve around the gathering of family and friends. Yet, bereaved parents may not feel up for celebrating as usual or embracing holiday traditions that they have in the past. Instead of feeling a sense of loss over what the holidays were supposed to be, we can take this as an opportunity to recreate what they will be for our families from now on. The following are tips for enjoying your holidays in the face of grief:

### **Simplify**

- Don't expect to do everything you have in the past. Pick and choose what you're up for. This will give you the chance to think about which traditions hold real meaning for you and which you have simply observed because of old habits or other people's expectations.
- Communicate with your family and friends. They will understand if you need to "take a break" from past expectations. Let them know what your plans are and what you might need from them in return.

### **Honor Your Family**

- You most certainly had hopes and expectation for what the holidays would be like. And now things have changed. It is all right to acknowledge that loss.
- Many holiday traditions like gift giving hold special significance for parents and children. It can be hard to think of yourself as a parent when your child has died. Be sure to remember the many gifts you gave your little one while they were with you and the gifts they gave to you.

### **Make Room for Your Feelings**

- Slow down and allow yourself time to think about and remember your baby.
- Talk about your child. Let other people know how you want your child to be talked about and remembered by showing them with your words and actions.

### **Create New Traditions**

- Holidays mark special milestones in a family's life. Think about how you will remember the life of your child in your family's history and traditions.
- Change the focus of your celebration. Revisit why you celebrate a particular holiday and what its significance is in your life. This can give traditions and rituals a renewed depth of meaning.

## Be Generous with Others

- Do things that help you feel connected to the people you love. Spend time with the people you want to be with. Nurture those relationships.
- Give of your time, talents and skills. Sharing can lift spirits and ease burdens.

## Be Generous with Yourself

- Expect that you will feel sad sometimes. Or angry. Or alone. These are all appropriate feelings and are an acknowledgement of the intense love you hold for your child.
- Allow yourself to be happy. There is nothing selfish about celebrating or feeling joy. The capacity for joy is what connects us to each other. It's what the holidays are all about.

*Erika Goyer is the mother of three boys and a family support navigator with Hand to Hold. Her oldest son Carrick Michael was born at 27 weeks gestation and weighed 1 pound, 14 ounces. Carrick died soon after his birth due to complications of prematurity. Erika went on to have two more high-risk pregnancies and two healthy sons, one of whom has developmental delays.*

**Article found online at Hands to Hold** <http://handtohold.org/resources/helpful-articles/six-tips-to-cope-with-grief-during-the-holidays/>



## Changes in Life by Jamie Riggio

Dear Jamison,

You've changed me as a person several times, and every time has been for the best.

I changed the day I found out I was pregnant with you. I was no longer a selfish, care free kid. I was responsible for another human life, a life that I've created. I was overjoyed when I touch my stomach and would think of all the possibilities growing inside me. I was going to teach you about life ranging from how to talk and walk, down to how to be a wonderful caring loving soul for your future wife, children and friends. Most of all my greatest pride was to show you the purest love between a mother and child.

I changed the day you were born on January 27<sup>th</sup>, 2010. I was no longer just a daughter, sister, and girlfriend I was now a mother a mommy. My own well being wasn't the most important anymore. Every moment of everyday of my time was for you. You gave me a new purpose in life. I had a new sense of love for the family I created with your Daddy. I was planning on the rest of my life with you. Any decision that was made now was for your best interest from the type of food we would feed you up to what potential college would be best for you. Everything in my life was so clear.

I changed the day that you left me oh so quietly in the middle of the night. In a moment's notice I went from a happy new glowing mother to an angry confused woman. Oddly enough I was ready to take on the world; I was ready for a knock out drag out fight with anyone at anytime if it meant I'd have more time with you. I'd do anything to protect you and that's what I felt I was doing. You are my son and now I was making decisions for your best interest in a whole new way. Now I was deciding what you would wear during your services and where would be the best and safest place for your little resting soul. I was making decisions that no parent should be making for their children. And in this time I became a jaded person, I was seeing the world in a whole new way. I questioned everything, how could I ever love again if it just meant that I'd be hurt in the end. Why would you leave me, when I wanted you so badly? Then it dawned on me, I never stopped loving you, you never stopped loving me. I was still your mommy. I was still feeling you all around me, you were back where we both started our bond, and you were inside me again in my heart, mind and soul. You and I are forever linked as mother and son.

You changed me for the better. I was not angry because of you. I was not sad because of you and I was not jaded because you. I was all the opposite because of you. I was happy because of you, I was more protective because of you, and I was more loving and understanding because of you. It was you Jamison that gave me the most extraordinary gift of all, everything I thought I was going to show and teach you, you actually did for me. I now see I wasn't just here for you, but you were here for me as well. And because of this I was able to have your younger sister Melody and continue with our growing family. You are and always will be my strength and guider. I love you always Jamison John xoxoxo

# Sharing My Fears on Grief's Roller Coaster

## By Kristin Binder



I have spent countless nights lying awake listening to the even ebb and flow of my husband's breath beside me, just trying to pinpoint the exact moment when I first heard the *clack clack clack* of my car along the surface of the tracks. I like to think that I had no idea. I like to think that it was not until hearing the words, "something is very, very wrong with your baby," that my ticket onto this ride had been torn, and my fate had been sealed. Now, having spent over two years replaying every detail of my daughter's birth, and subsequent death, over in my mind, I have come to realize that even before I knew what was happening, I was already on the loading platform, waiting for my car to arrive.

I had gone in to be induced a week prior to my daughter's birth, and the induction, to everyone's surprise, hadn't worked. I left the hospital with empty arms, staring at the vacant car seat in the back of our SUV, and complained about the unfairness of having to go home without her. I can still see myself staring at that little seat, pregnant and disappointed, and at times just the thought of it renders me breathless, knowing how cruel a foreshadow it was of what was to come. "Just come back in another week," the doctor had assured me. "We will give you some more time to go into labor, and if that doesn't work, induce again." Seven days later, in my 42nd week of pregnancy, I packed up my hopes, tucking them neatly into my overnight bag, and headed for the hospital once again. "This isn't how it should be," I told my husband. "I'm not happy or sad. I feel nothing. We are about to go have our first child, I shouldn't feel nothing." He offered me a smile, and a warm hand against the back of my head, and proceeded to assure me that everything I was feeling was normal. "It's different this time," he told me. "Even if it takes a c-section, this time the baby is coming home."

Sometimes I replay that conversation. I think of it as the moment when the cold metal bar was lowered over my lap. I didn't know it at the time, of course, but fate had strapped me in. My car had been queued up in line. In less than twenty four hours, everything I had known about myself, and my life, would be gone with the diagnosis at birth of my daughter's leukemia.

Twenty eight days later, Peyton's entire lifetime, with a still empty car seat heckling me from the back of our Ford, my car rolled to the front of the line, the pulley chain was attached, and I began my unsteady journey along the tracks of the roller coaster they call grief. A ride that, up until recently, I wasn't even sure I had the strength to survive.

The night that Peyton died, and in the days that followed, I was a ghost, breaking outbursts of tears and guttural sobs, with aimless walks around my home, and up and down our short cul-de-sac street. The air clung to me with a closeness that would take me nearly a year more to shake, and everything around me felt foreign and surreal. In those days all I could do was wonder at how any of this could have happened. How I could have gone, in one month's time, from leaving home to birth my first child, to transforming into a lesser and traumatized version of my former self, left in a perpetual state of questioning over things that could never be understood. This phase of disbelief, I have since decided, was my trip up the lift hill, the roller coaster's initial ascent.

In those first days, I didn't know what to expect from one moment to the next. I was like a pawn, moving at the whim of a force much greater than myself. Everything, I realized, was out of my control, and struggle as I might against the metal bar that held me into the car, I couldn't break free. Nothing I did could take back what had happened to Peyton. I was scared, and in a fog, and too tired to think beyond the next minute. In an effort to not face this new reality, I slept. And slept. And slept. At this point I believed that sleeping could bring her back. I believed that if I just slept long enough, eventually I would wake to find that this had all been a bad dream. I told myself that I must have dreamed her. I told myself that Peyton hadn't been born with cancer. That she hadn't died. I told myself whatever I needed to hear, but it made no difference, my car continued to climb towards the unknown.

I begged the operator to let me off this damn ride. I screamed at the air about how unfair it was. I tried bargaining, telling Him what a good person I would be if He would just stop the car, but He did not. Instead the *clack clack clack* against the tracks intensified, and gravity threw a suffocating pressure over my whole being.

Of all the points on grief's roller coaster, I think that initial ascent may be the cruelest. It was a slow, drawn out, uncomfortable phase, and all the while I felt uneasy in knowing that the higher my sense of disbelief rose up the tracks of the lift hill, and the more I tried bargaining or reasoning my way out of it, the farther I would have to fall. What came next was the first drop, and with it, the darkness.

Rounding the top of the lift hill, I plummeted to depths that I had never known existed in this world, at speeds that overwhelmed my heart, and at times, my sanity. I screamed into the wind, but was choked silent by the g-force of the free

fall. My surroundings became a blur while the permanence of my situation grew more and more clear. The *clack clack clack* was deafening. It left me disoriented, and unable to think. Hurling towards the ground, I thought for sure my car would be derailed and crash into the concrete below. I lost hope in any belief that I would ever again see the sky, and instead just held onto the bar, closed my eyes, and awaited an impact that never came.

In the two years since first stepping off the platform and onto this ride, the trip has been neither steady nor reliable. There have been moments that tricked me into believing that my ride might be coming to an end, or that I have already passed the worst of it. In these moments I take a deep breath, knowing that around any curve I may be met with another twist, turn, or barrel roll like those that have revealed themselves along these tracks: eight long months of trying to conceive, only to learn that scarring from my c-section had rendered me infertile; meeting with genetic counselors who had no information or answers about our daughter's cancer; our first failed round of IVF; birth announcements from friends as the nursery in our home remained stagnant and empty; a complicated and high risk pregnancy after loss. And though I hate being on this ride, it is a fear of breaking down on the tracks along the way, that has scared me the most.

As a child, news stories about stalled roller coasters horrified me, and that worry translated into my grieving process. I worried about where I might be when my car gets stuck: right side up, up-side down, in the midst of a sideways turn. I worried that this loss would leave me contorted in such a way that I might never again be able to touch the ground, or to right myself. Never so much as on the roller coaster of grief, have I felt more clarity about how little is actually within my control, and so, with no other choice, I hold fast to the bar, and I pray. I pray that when this car stops, it will be in a place of joy. I pray that the *clack clack clack* will eventually fade off into the distance, muffled by laughter, and conversation, and the lively cries of the two babies I now carry inside of me. I pray that I will look back at where I have been, and how far I have come, and I will feel grateful.

I started blogging about my ride along grief's roller coaster in May of 2009. It was Mother's Day, my first Mother's Day, and rather than spending it as I had imagined, with my child in my arms, I had spent it clutching the grass and the earth at her grave. I was eight months into grieving Peyton, and I couldn't get the images of what I had seen her go through out of my mind. I spent days, then weeks, and eventually months without a night of restful sleep as the guilt and anguish of not being able to save her tore at me with an unrelenting *clack, clack, clack*.

I filled those restless nights reading books in those early months. Books from well meaning friends and relatives

that I felt didn't apply to my situation or my loss. These books told me to be grateful that my child was with Jesus, or that it was okay to walk away from the pain of her. I found no comfort in their pages, no understanding in their words. I felt like they were putting out a dolled up version of what it was to lose a child, one full of rainbows and butterflies, one that didn't make people uncomfortable, and it angered me. I wanted the world to know, to really know, what losing a baby could do to a person, how it could take a grown woman so sure of herself, and make her afraid of everything: the dark, God, the future.

I wanted to tell my story, and to honor Peyton's, with truthfulness and full disclosure, regardless of how I thought my words might make me look. Honesty was important to me, and it was something I felt was lacking in the books that I had been given. I had spent eight long months riding the roller coaster alone, being told in books that my reaction and inability to just *move on* was outside of the norm, and that sense that I was the only person to feel the way I did, or react the way I had, was terrifying.

In writing about my pain, I also found unexpected beauty, in the form of connections with other bloggers in the loss community. Just as readers dealing with loss could identify with my words, writers of other blogs offered the same validation for me. Sometimes I look beside me, and see someone who is more familiar with this terrain than I am, someone who has been riding these tracks even longer than I have, pulling into the unloading platform. As I watch their lap bar being released, and see them step off into a bright future, I feel a sense of hope that I, too, will one day reach that place. Not a place where we ever forget, but a place where we once again find joy, and peace.

And then there are the other times. Times when someone fresh in loss takes a seat in the car beside me, and I watch the weight of the lap bar come down and secure them into place. It is at these times that through my posts I show them that I understand because I have been there, and I let them know that, though I cannot predict how or when, we too will get our turn at the unloading platform.

We, too, will survive this ride.

*Kristin Binder writes about life, love, and loss from her home in the northwest hills of Connecticut. In 2008, she gave birth to her first child, a daughter named Peyton Elizabeth, who was born with a very rare form of infant leukemia. Though Peyton fought with the heart of a prize fighter, the battle was too great, and 28 days later she left this world from the comfort of her mother's arms. Article found online at Exhale <http://www.exhalezine.com/magazine/past-issues/winter-issuse-2011/sharing-my-fears-on-griefs-roller-coaster-by-kristin-binder/>*

# After the Loss: A Dad's Perspective on What Helps ...and What Doesn't

## By Robert Goyer

When our baby Carrick was born at 27 weeks gestational age and passed away a day-and-a half later, I was devastated. Erika and I spent the next many weeks keeping our heads above water with work and the house—we didn't have any other kids to care for at the time—and we spent the rest of our time in bed, holding each other and crying a lot. Even after I was "better," for many months I'd be doing something completely unrelated to our loss and it would hit me, and I'd lose it, breaking down into gut wrenching sobbing without warning. Anyone who thinks dads don't mourn hasn't been there.

Dads desperately need support, though my experience was that not much gets directly offered. Maybe that's because many men are uncomfortable dealing with such deep and powerful feelings, and maybe it's because many of the men out there who have suffered a loss have yet to come to terms with it, which breaks my heart.

A lot of the support I got was reflected support, things intended for Erika but that touched me and helped me, too. We received a number of letters and notes from women who had lost a baby and who wanted us to know that they knew just what we were going through. We sat in bed, read those letters aloud and cried. It helped. In my experience, there were things that helped me go through the process and things that did not.

**Give permission for sadness.** In many societies men are expected to be tough, to overcome heartache through their inner strength and toughness of character. This is not how it works. Dads need to feel as though it's okay for them to grieve. The truth is, there's no such thing as toughing it out. You either grieve or you put off grieving. There's no middle ground. I was (and am) lucky to have a spouse and a few good friends who got that from the get go.

**It doesn't help to focus on "trying again."** Several people, including one of the nurses in the NICU told me, after my baby had died in my arms, that we were young and could try again. It was not what I wanted to hear. Carrick was not a generic baby who could be replaced by another baby. He was Carrick, and he was gone. Accept that and respect that.

**Job Assistance is real help.** It didn't make sense to me, but after we lost Carrick, most of the rest of the world went on as though nothing had happened. This, unfortunately, included my job. At the time I worked with my dad, and even though my loss meant a greatly

increased burden for him for a couple of weeks, he shouldered it without a word. He couldn't talk about our baby; 20 years later, he still can't. Helping me with work helped him help me. How much people can help depends a lot on one's job situation. But you might be surprised at how much people want to do what they can.

**Listening is crucial.** After Carrick's death, I needed to talk, to let people know what I'd gone through, to let them know that I was hurting, that I was crushed inside. A few of my friends gave me that chance to talk, even though, never having gone through it themselves, they really didn't know what I was going through. It helped anyway.

**Focus on the good.** It might be hard to believe for those who have never been through it, but even after losing your baby, you still want to talk about the good things, the joy of finding out about the pregnancy, the expectations, the planning, the ultrasound pictures. Even the experience of holding the baby, for those who are lucky enough to have had that experience, as I was. Remembering the good, taking pictures, keeping mementos all help focus on the good, even if it did last far too short a time.

## Guilt is a Four-Letter Word

There's a line in a Tori Amos song, "I have enough guilt to start my own religion." I've heard the song, *Crucify*, many times but never heard that line until last week. I hate guilt. It's a useless emotion that only serves to make us feel bad about our choices. Why can't we be gentler with ourselves?

I feel guilt over what I did or didn't do that may have hurt my babies. Alex and Amelia never gave me signs that they weren't well. I was diligent about listening to my body, even calling the nurse when I felt nervous that I wasn't showing yet with Alex. Of course, I received the "all women are different and this is your first pregnancy so don't worry" line. I knew something was wrong, but didn't want to be perceived as "hysterical." A couple of weeks later, the ultrasound confirmed the worst. I know there was nothing I could have done.

Amelia died under very similar circumstances. We discovered at 10 weeks that she had died at 7. As with Alex, there was never any bleeding, and I felt helpless. I wondered why my body was killing my babies. I demanded testing and answers.

Even with blood thinning treatment, nothing could have saved David. He had a chromosome abnormality. I actually felt relieved that something happened to him that was completely out of my hands. Having a healthy son the following year confirmed my suspicion that the blood thinning treatment was the answer. I was angry at my doctor for not testing me for that after Alex died. I had to

let that go.

I never suspected Elizabeth wouldn't make it. I was doing the same treatment. After we found out she had died, I thought back over everything I had done or didn't do. I tortured myself with wondering. Was it the peppermint tea I drank to alleviate the nausea? I had used sunscreen with deet once. Was it that? Did that kill my baby? How can so many babies die for no reason?

Gabe left me naturally at barely 6 weeks, and I know he was not well. I never got to see him on an ultrasound and will never know what happened to him. Even though he was with me for such a short time, the memory of the day we lost him haunts me.

I had bleeding with Madeline. Because I had lost Gabe after bleeding, I was convinced the same thing was happening. I was beyond terrified. I went to the bathroom constantly to check. I would pull over to the side of the road while I was driving so I could check. My doctor thought I had a hemorrhage, and a week later she suspected we had lost a twin. I chose not to believe that - it was too much. I asked if I should be on bed rest, and my doctor said there was no evidence that would help. I went with my doctor's orders and went back to my life, knowing that I would go insane with anxiety if I laid around all day. I also had a two year old who needed me. Should I have insisted on bed rest? Could I have saved her? She is who I feel the most guilt for.

I went to an expert before conceiving Rebecca so I could learn what else could be done. I took a different medication that made me impossibly tired and nauseous. I had the stomach flu for a couple of days with her and insisted my doctor give me an ultrasound so I could see if she was okay. Once we learned she had a chromosome problem, I assumed it was due to my eggs being too old. One more thing to feel guilty about.

I know rationally I had no control over what happened, that I did everything in my power to keep my babies alive, but that doesn't always offer solace. I think there will always be a small part of me that wonders what I could have, or should have, done differently.

*Blog Post by Cynthia, the blog author, found online at My Yellow Brick Road has Potholes*  
<http://myyellowbrickroadhaspotholes.blogspot.com/>



## How Many Children Do You Have?

This is such a simple, polite question. Before 2005, the answer to this question was so easy. "No, I don't have any children."

After Jake was born and died, the question became so complicated and difficult. A new neighbor moved in shortly after Jake passed away. She was pregnant and friendly. She asked very innocently, "Do you have any children?" I quickly replied "no." As I walked away my answer felt all wrong. I did have a child. Why had I not answered yes?

I then proceeded to stay up all night until I felt like it was a decent hour to knock on her door. The sun finally came up and I marched over to her house. I explained that last night I told her that I did not have any children and that was not true. I had a son. His name was Jake. He had lived. He was our child.

When I was pregnant with the twins people would ask, "are these your first?". I would answer, "no." And, then I would hope they would change the subject or walk away. However, usually they would continue and ask, "how old is your other child?". I had practiced my answer to this question so many times that I could get through it without crying (usually). My answer, "Our first son was 14 weeks premature. He lived for 2 weeks. We never got to take him home. These will be our 2nd and 3rd children."

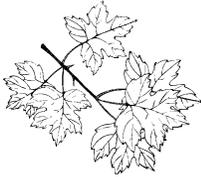
Over time my answer became so automatic that I would just rattle it off. Until the night that our 4th child, Sawyer, did not wake up. He was six weeks old. For example, at the playground the twins were playing. These days I try not to speak to other mothers and caretakers at the playground. The common conversation topic is about children – which makes perfect sense.

My twins love babies. They saw a baby girl playing with her grandmother. They ran over to her. I ran after them. The grandmother watched how excited the twins were to see the baby. She simply and politely asked, "how many children do you have?" Luckily, the twins made such a fuss over her granddaughter that I could pretend that I did not hear the question.

The grandmother persisted. She joked with the twins “you should ask your mother for a baby.” My twins replied, “we already have a baby – his name is Sawyer.” In fact, the twins have even gone so far as to decide that Sawyer will be a spider for Halloween. I couldn’t respond to the grandmother. So, I once again pretended that I did not hear what was being said.

One day I will have another answer to this question. Today is not that day.

*Blog Post found online at Unspoken Grief <http://unspokengrief.com/how-many-children-do-you-have/>*



## Grief, Loss, and the Small Child by Jacki Christopher

While loss is a normal part of life, it is not a normal part of a child’s life. Many young children may only be able to superficially understand what death means. To their minds it seems impossible that a friend, family member or pet is not coming back. But that doesn’t mean we don’t deal with it. Think about how you and your other adult friends talk about death. Do you avoid frank discussions about dying, death, and the afterlife? Do you use euphemisms? Are you afraid to talk with people who have recently experienced a loss? It isn’t until we have to deal with the topic of death and children that we realize our own inadequacy or reluctance to confront it. But this can be a prime opportunity.

If a child has lost a pet, the event provides an easier segue to dealing with human death. The child understands that the creature was alive and present and then not. They may have experienced that over the period of time following the death, the animal did not come back. With time, they understand the permanence of death.

But if the young child has never lost a pet, human death may be a hard concept to grasp. It requires a lot of explanation and communication. This may be a challenge for the adult, since, as a culture, we are often reluctant to discuss death and dying in an authentic and transparent way. We have euphemisms and descriptors, but we are reluctant to delve into it. Maybe we fear that in naming death, we make it real. But unfortunately not naming death doesn’t make it any less real, just more confusing, especially for young people.

This is actually a time to force yourself, as the adult, to take on the task of discussing death and dying in real terms. Children will often ask what happens to people after they die. You may be pressed to decide what you yourself believe and affirm about the afterlife. If there has been a death, you don’t have to exclude children from the grieving and mourning process for fear they won’t understand, or because you think they need to be protected from it. Children may not be able to express their emotions in the same way adults do, but they can be brought into the process and ceremony around death. Many children are curious about death and dying anyways. Allowing them to be a part of the process helps to answer their questions and assuage fears.

Kids may express grief in ways that seem strange to us as adults. But we have to remember that our expressions of grief are culturally conditioned. Children are more likely to do what feels natural to them, than to be guided by U.S. cultural norms around grief and loss. In other cultures it is very common to continue celebrating the dead after the loss. Serving favorite foods, listening to music, looking at pictures, telling stories, or planning other activities that help to remember the one who has died can be healing experiences for both adults and children. These experiences help children to talk about their continuing emotions around the death and the person who has died and helps teach them healthy dialogue around these natural, but painful life events.

You won’t walk through a death perfectly—especially if you are trying to manage your own emotions. It’s important not to neglect your own grief experience in an attempt to alleviate the suffering of others. This is a common ‘mom’ response, but we all must grieve. Setting aside your grief and mourning only delays the inevitable emotions you will experience, possibly leading to maladaptive behaviors later on. It’s okay and even natural for your children to see you cry and go through the stages of grief and loss. It also helps them to see your human and that’s not such a bad thing.

*Article found online at <http://itsmybabyblog.com/2011/07/11/grief-loss-and-the-small-child-by-jacki-christopher/>*

# HOPE Donations - THANK YOU!

- ◆Elizabeth Feuer and D. Allain in memory of their son, **Davey Allen**
- ◆Mary and Jamie Lyman in memory of their daughter, **Emily**
- ◆Susan and Ed Valenti in memory of their twin daughters, **Rachel Nicole and Danielle Julia**
- ◆Maria and Fernando Franco in memory of their daughter **Sabrina Marie**

## Messages of Love

◆**To our Precious Boy:** There is not a moment that you are not thought of in all we do all day. How we wish that you could be running and playing and laughing with your brothers and sisters. The kids all pray to you every night and continually ask all the “why” questions. It is so hard to explain to them when we still struggle with “why” this had to happen. Our love grows for you as each day passes and we know someday we will hug and kiss you forever. We love you Baby John. Love Mommy, Daddy, J.J., Sophia, Anthony, Carissa, Gianna and Nadia Purifory



◆**To Mark Edward Huebner:** Although “you were born silent into this world, your little life has spoken volumes” (quoted from carlymarieprojectheal.com). Mark, your mother, Rindy Huebner, is a remarkable woman. Her commitment to your memory and to the HOPE Group is nothing short of amazing. Each day she touches the life of a grieving family through her kind words and actions. As we approach November 10th, we’d like to thank Rindy for loving you, for sharing her love each day with all of the HOPE families, and for making your life speak volumes about love and the power of healing. We love you Rindy!!

## Announcements

◆The HOPE Group now has it’s own QR code. Don’t know what a QR code is? Well, a QR code is a Quick Response Code that is made up of black and white symbols on a white background. These symbols can be found in magazines, newspapers, or on store front windows. They can be read using a Smartphone Application QR code Reader. These codes can connect you to a website, an email message, a You Tube video, or purchasing information for several products. At HOPE, we have created a QR code and have placed it on the back side of this newsletter for quick access to the HOPE Group website. Check it out and let us know what you think!

◆The HOPE Group is continuing to build upon it’s email list. Periodically throughout the month we post information on the website that is relevant and important to our members. If you are on the email list, you will receive alerts when we post something new. So, if you would like to receive these alerts, please send us your address. You can email Donna at [webmaster@rindyshope.org](mailto:webmaster@rindyshope.org).

## New HOPE Arrivals

The HOPE Group recently welcomed these new babies to world! We were blessed by their safe arrivals. Congratulations everyone!

- ◆A daughter, **Melody Hope**, on May 30, 2011 to HOPE members Jamie and John Paul Riggio
- ◆A son, **Angelo John**, on September 13, 2011 to HOPE members Jeana and Anthony Caterino
- ◆A daughter, **Chloe Jane**, on October 8, 2011 to HOPE members Jenny and Ken Leonard

# OUR BABIES REMEMBERED - A Loving Memorial in Print

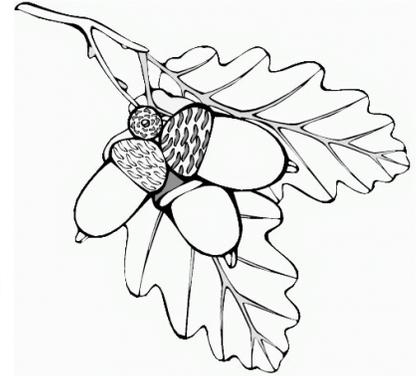
To be added to the following list of Our Babies Remembered and to receive a remembrance card on your baby's birthday, please complete this form and return it to Rindy Huebner, c/o The HOPE Group, Five Liberty Avenue, Burlington, MA, 01803. Previously submitted forms will automatically be included.

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? \_\_\_\_\_

- 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
- 10/03/83 Benjamin and Daniel, twin sons of Joan Goodman and Aaron Boxer; Stillborn and Premature Birth
- 10/03/95 Abbey, daughter of Chris and Diane Yebba; Miscarriage
- 10/05/02 Griffin, son of Derilyn and Tim Byrne
- 10/07/01 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage
- 10/10/05 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
- 10/15/95 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
- 10/21/05 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
- 10/27/89 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 Bartholomew, 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 Dennie 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  
12/03/98 Julia Marie, daughter of Donna and Stephen McDonnell; Stillborn  
12/04/92 Baby boy, son of Susan and Tim Lindblad; Stillborn  
12/04/93 Joseph Michael, son of Jeff and Lisa Bullion; Prematurity  
12/06/82 Joseph, son of John and Ellen Zakrzewski; Stillborn  
12/07/85 Nicole Leslie, daughter of Linda and Leslie Wood; Stillborn  
12/07/96 Joseph Edward, son of Ed and Julie LaLumiere; Stillbirth  
12/09/95 Ann Margaret, daughter of Evie and Paul McDermott; Stillborn  
12/09/03 Ashley Morgan, daughter of Tracy and Michael O'Sullivan; Stillborn  
12/11/91 Gina Theresa, daughter of Robin and Phil Giacoppo; Died 12/12/91  
12/11/82 Mara Victoria, daughter of Mallary and Gene Spirko; Stillborn  
12/13/00 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage  
12/15/03 Jack Patton, son of Karen and Steven Cassidy; Stillborn  
12/20/05 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 Alexis Victoria Heffernan 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  
12/25/08 Alexis Victoria, daughter of Amy and Gary Heffernan; Infant Death  
12/26/92 Nathan Daniel, son of Karen Morrison and Charles Abbott; Stillborn  
12/26/02 Baby M.J., baby of Kelly and Eric Mansfield; Miscarriage  
12/28/81 Katelyn Maura, daughter of Carey Sullivan, Premature Birth, Incompetent Cervix  
12/28/94 Victoria Brian Piazza, daughter of Barrie and Tommy Piazza; Stillborn  
12/30/91 Wayne Alan, son of Karen and Ron Soly; Stillborn  
12/30/01 Alec Daniel, son of Stacy Roberts; Infant Death  
12/31/90 Sam, son of Donna and Stephen Harrington; Infant Death  
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  
01/05/88 Eric Michael, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Potters Syndrome  
01/07/93 Benjamin Layn, son of Ann and Bill Saulnier; Premature Birth  
01/08/93 Margaret Irene, daughter of John and Cristina Kerekes; Stillborn  
01/09/96 Mark Devoe, son of Marie Geraci; Infant Death  
01/10/80 Meridyth, daughter of Anne Marie and George Crook; Infant Death



01/10/02 Cristina Magazzu, daughter of Bailey and J.P. Magazzu; Due Date 5/30/02, Premature Birth  
 01/10/04 John Kevin, son of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Stillbirth  
 01/16/94 Baby Silva, daughter of Christine and Tony Silva; Miscarriage  
 01/17/97 George Jr., son of Diane Regas  
 01/18/04 Nathan Glenn and Benjamin Mark, twin sons of Glenn and Kim Vogler; Premature Birth  
 01/18/96 Matthew John, son of David and Victoria Gauvin; Vasia Previa, C-Section performed too late  
 01/23/10 Jamison John, son of Jamie and John Paul Riggio; Infant Death 3/6/10  
 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 02/81  
 01/25/92 Stephen Daniel, son of Laura and Jeff Paranay  
 01/27/10 Jamison John Riggio, son of Jamie and John Paul Riggio; Infant death 3/6/10  
 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, son of Barbara Rose; Stillborn  
 02/13/92 Margaret Rose (Meggie), daughter of Priscilla and Lin Goodwin; Died 01/14/92 of Group B Strep, Neonatal Pneumonia and Sepsis  
 02/18/93 Daniel Robert, son of Len and Gloria Carlson; Polycystic Kidney Disease (Potter's Syndrome)  
 02/22/98 Angel, daughter of Joe-Ann and Tommy Palermo; Incompetent Cervix  
 02/23/94 Lemiel Gonzales-Ortiz, son of Amara Ortiz-Gonzales  
 02/24/11 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  
 02/27/94 Scott Davis Williams, son of Marie and Chris Williams; Stillborn

## 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  
 Billerica  
 Burlington  
 Winchester  
 Winchester

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 Donna McDonnell 1-978-376-1559 [donnamcd@me.com](mailto:donnamcd@me.com)  
 Dominic Pazzia, Jr. 1-781-316-1570 [domandjacki@rcn.com](mailto:domandjacki@rcn.com)  
 Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 [kgkingdon@yahoo.com](mailto:kgkingdon@yahoo.com)  
 Barbara Clarke 1-781-369-1750 [BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com](mailto:BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com)

## 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 Childbirth Loss Support Groups for families who have suffered the death of a child before birth, at birth or shortly after birth. These meetings provide information, education, resources and the support necessary to heal from the grief experience. 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

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



“The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart.” Helen Keller