

NEW HOPE

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss Support

<http://rindyshope.org>

December 2012- The Annual HOPE Memorial Service

The HOPE Group Annual Memorial Service will be held this year on Wednesday, December 12, 2012 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.



I'm Learning A HOPE Personal Story by Jeana Catarino

I'm learning to cope with the idea that my first born son, Anthony John, lives in heaven amongst the angels. I'm at a place of acceptance these days, I think. He would have been five this March. It's crazy how time flies, but yet it seems to stand still. In the blink of an eye I could be brought back to that fateful day, March 18th, 2008. It truly was the first day of the rest of my life, as they say. As I welcomed my first born into the world, he laid still in my arms. He was quiet and at peace, looking just like the angel that he is. He had reddish hair, just like the tiny patch in his Daddy's beard...and I can remember we laughed about that as tears poured down our cheeks. He was beautiful, he was perfect, he is my son and I will never understand why he was taken from my arms, from his family that loved and yearned to watch him grow up...it will never be ok. That day a piece of me died, he took a giant part of my soul and my existence with him when he left this earth, but it's alright...it belongs to him and I know he's keeping it safe.

I'm learning.

I'm learning that this ache in my heart and empty feeling in my arms will never truly go away. But I'm also learning that my arms were meant to be filled with his younger sister and brother...he sent them to his Daddy and me to help make us less sad and to prove that life truly does go on. I often wonder, if it wasn't for A.J. would his siblings be here today? What would I do without them in my life? I can't begin to imagine...and because of this I strive every day to be a better Mom.

I'm beginning to learn that I will never forget, and he would never want me to.

This heartache will never be too far away, and that's ok, I've learned to live with it and quite frankly I'm not sure what I'd do without it. It reminds me that I'm human and this knowledge continues to humble me every day. It's become strangely comforting; I expect it and I'm not sure what I'd do without it after all these years. My fear of letting my children down humbles me as well. When I was pregnant with A.J., my very dear friend, Missy, said to me, "You can never fail in him". More recently she reminded me of this and said, "Well Mama, you have shown the world that you can't fail in him. He is looking down smiling and saying 'that's my Mommy...she did good!'" I cry every time I think of these beautiful words from my sweet friend, and I dare say...I think she's right. I have faith my son is smiling down from heaven and is proud of the things his Mama has done because of him. I could never have persevered without his strength, love and guidance; I owe so much to him.

I'm learning A.J. only stayed a short while, but he had a powerful mission and he succeeded in his quest.

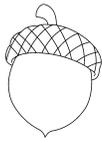
He's made me a better person, and I've learned to be thankful to him for this along with the countless other gifts he's left behind. He is my baby boy, and I am his Mama, and I am so proud of him. Not a day goes by that I don't think of my first born and the life that "should have been", and on particularly sad days he sends me a hummingbird...and I've learned it's his way of saying, "Mama, I'm right here, always...and I love you". And I smile because I know it's true...I have a piece of him that I carry everywhere, just as he has a piece of me.

I've learned.

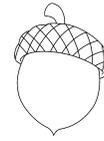
I've learned that, in the words of Lori Spray-Esteve, "Grieving a child is like mothering a child, a lifelong journey". I couldn't have put it any better myself. "It's a Mom of an angel thing, I wish we didn't understand".

"If there ever comes a day when we can't be together, keep me in your heart I'll stay there forever". Winnie the Pooh

With love to my baby boy and all my friends at HOPE, A.J.'s Mom, Jeana



The Question by Paul De Leon



My upbringing taught me things that happened during our lives were for a reason. Sometimes the reason was quite evident. While other times, when it mattered most, the reason seemed to be just out of sight, hidden, never to be found.

The *why* went unanswered when my parents divorced. The *why* remained unsolved when my, then twelve-year-old son, moved away to Colorado with his mother. The *why* that followed us into every day and night while our youngest son fought for his life in the NICU kept its distance from our understanding. I suppose when the doctor said that our daughter was no longer with us, I never paid much attention to the *why*.

I don't know if I neglected such a crucial question at such a crucial time out of habit or rather because I knew the really important things in life – the things that mattered – the things that shifted everything you had trusted in and believed – would not have a reason attached to them.

As I sat in the hospital room, some nineteen-months ago, a much more daunting and fearful question was emerging on the horizon of who I was. This question would not only demand an immediate answer, but also would demand immediate action on my part – on my crying wife's part. Why was not on my mind.

That question was one word. **How?**

I remember posting to Facebook hours after we delivered our stillborn daughter. I wrote that I didn't particularly care 'why it happened' but rather, 'how will I get through this?' How do I make my wife smile again? How do I explain it to my kids? How do I keep my faith in God? How can I even live without the little girl that I never met?

The clichés were thick and frequent early on. If I heard one more person tell me that the way I was feeling was normal and expected — I felt I was going to snap. Others chimed in that in time, the pain wouldn't be as frequent or intense. I snarled at them. Then life continued.

The one consistent thing about losing a loved one is that life still continues. Time ticks away. A minute becomes an hour, which becomes a day and before I knew it, I was standing at a gravesite that used to be a large lump of loose dirt – now neatly framed and decorated with green grass.

So how did I get my wife to smile again? How did I explain it to my children? How did I keep faith in God? I simply took the next step. I wish I had some 3-step equation that would satisfy the longing that the 'why' and 'how' questions long for, but I don't. There is no diagram or manual. Much like the decision I made to love my wife for the rest of my life, I chose also to not stop living in the aftermath of my daughter's passing.

Making decisions based on your feelings will be as consistent as a roller-coaster. There is no predetermined speed at how you must grieve but you must grieve. You must lean into the grief. Take one more step. One more step gets you one step closer to knowing how you keep going.

Some say that time heals all wounds; I prefer to believe that the distance between the days of our loss and where I am today isn't simply covered with time, but rather grace — a grace that I wouldn't have known had I not taken one more step.

Article reprinted with Author's Permission. Found online at *Still Standing Online Magazine: Embracing Life After Loss & Infertility* <http://stillstandingmag.com/2012/10/the-question/>

Today Is For You by Franchesca Cox

Over time I didn't find as much comfort spilling all the details about our loss with every stranger, and every person I happened to talk to.

Over time I realized her story, our journey with her... those words... they are gifts that God gave us to share.

And not just anyone can handle such love and such grief in a single story. I envy them, but I pity them too.

Over time it became clear that life would never ever be the same. Life would become sweet again. Sweeter, actually, than ever before – but it would be different.

Over time I began to talk about her less and less in real life. I ache to use her beautiful name. Call her from her room, whisper her name as we play hide and seek. Bring her up in conversation with other mommies, to spill some amazing or silly thing she did.

Over time I have found peace with our loss. Not to be confused with being 'okay', but peace. Peace is like a song that helps you to sleep at night. And like a wave that overcomes you, when you know you should be far from this place of bittersweet serenity.

Over time I have let a lot of things go. Hurtful comments, mindless accusations, and words that were spoken in haste rather than in thought. Over time they just weren't worth the space in my heart.

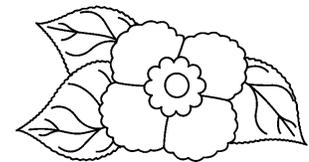
Over time I've kept a lot of her stories, and the last few moments close to my heart.

Over time I have learned that it's okay to smile again. Live again. Breathe again.

But in all the lessons time has brought me, being her mother has never changed.

And as her mother, I'll speak her name today.

Today is for you, my sweet Jenna.



Article reprinted with author's permission. Article found online at Small Bird Studios <http://smallbirdstudios.com/2012/10/15/today-is-for-you/>

Coping with Holiday Grief by L.B. Schultz

At holiday time, many people are dealing with loss and are often caught in a dilemma between the need to grieve and the pressure to get into the spirit of the season. Holidays or not, it is important for the bereaved to find ways to take care of themselves. The following guidelines may be helpful:

PLAN AHEAD as to where and how you will spend your time during the holidays. Let yourself scale back on activities if you want to. Redefine your holiday expectations. This can be a transition year to begin new traditions and let others go.

SELECT A CANDLE in your loved one's favorite color and scent. Place it in a special area of your home and light it at a significant time throughout the holidays, signifying the light of the love that lives on in your heart.

GIVE YOURSELF PERMISSION to express your feelings. If you feel an urge to cry, let the tears flow. Tears are healing. Scientists have found that certain brain chemicals in our tears are natural pain relievers.

Shakespeare once said, “**GIVE SORROW WORDS...** Write an “un-sent letter” to your loved one. expressing what you are honestly feeling toward him or her at this moment. After you compose the letter, you may decide to place it in a book, album or drawer in your home, leave it at a memorial site, throw it away, or even burn it and let the ashes rise symbolically.

When you are especially missing your loved one, **CALL FAMILY MEMBERS** or dear friends and share your feelings. If they knew him or her, consider asking them to share some memories of times they shared with your loved one.

If you live within driving distance of the cemetery, **DECORATE THE MEMORIAL SITE** with a holiday theme. This could include flowers, garlands, ribbons, bows, evergreen-branches, packages, pinecones or a miniature Christmas tree. Decorating the site yourself can be helpful in remembering and celebrating your loved one's life during the holidays, and may free you to cherish the present holiday with your remaining family.

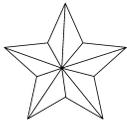
PLAY MUSIC that is comforting and meaningful to you. Take a few moments to close your eyes and feel the music within the center of your being.

GIVE MONEY you would have spent for gifts for your absent loved one to a charity in your family member's name. Consider donating money to the public library to buy a particular book. Have the book dedicated to your loved one's memory. Buy a present for a child who would not otherwise have a gift during the holiday season.

READ A BOOK or article on grief. Some suggestions are: [Don't Take My Grief Away From Me](#) by Doug Manning; [The Comfort Book For Those Who Mourn](#) compiled by Anna Trimiew; and [A Grief Observed](#) by C. S. Lewis.

REMEMBER THE REALITY that the anticipation of the holidays without your family member is often harder than the actual holidays themselves.

Adapted from “Ten Ways to Cope with Holiday Grief” By L. B. Schultz, Carmel, Indiana. Reprinted with permission from Bereavement Magazine 5125 North Union Blvd., Suite #4, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80918-2056. Found online at http://www.suttervnaandhospice.org/support/support_holidaygrief.html



HOPE Members Run the 2013 Boston Marathon for the Boston Children's Hospital Miles for Miracles Team

Jo-An Gardner, Declan's Mom

For more information or donate to the cause visit <http://www.milesformiracles.org/boston/jo-angardner>

I am participating in this fundraiser because I want to give back to the families who like us, have needed the help of Children's Hospital and their brilliant team of doctors who have been so great to our family and have answered every call and question with compassion and caring for our feelings. I'm running for the research teams who make amazing discoveries to help change the lives of children but most of all, to honor the memory of my son Declan who I miss and ache for everyday. Our personal story and connection to Children's Hospital is, I know, one of many but like other families our lives have been changed forever.

Being a part of the Miles for Miracles Team and participating in the 2013 Boston Marathon is such an honor. It is just one more amazing way to give back and help make a difference in the life of a child in memory of my son. Declan has given me a new purpose and I am determined to always make him proud of his Mama. So, with the support and encouragement of my family and friends, a lot of hard work, and my angel in my heart, I will make it to the finish line. I hope I will see all of you there! With love, Jo-An Gardner

P.J. Heffernan, Lyla May's Dad

For more information or donate to the cause visit <http://www.milesformiracles.org/boston/PJHeffernan>

I am running the 2013 Boston Marathon as part of the Boston Children's Hospital 'Miles for Miracles' team in honor of my sweet daughter Lyla May Heffernan. Lyla was born on April 19th, 2012, and became an angel on August 7th, 2012. Children's Hospital's scientific research program is one of the most prestigious and active of any pediatric hospital in the world, and is currently researching SIDS cause and prevention. I am fundraising for this event because I strongly believe that amazing discoveries will be made through Children's Hospital that will change the lives of many children and their parents. Won't you consider donating today?

"My Friend, My Sister, My Better Half"

By Melissa MacDonald

*For Jeana, Julie and Christine
co-founders of the ACDK Hope Foundation*

My friend...my sister...my better half

You came to me with a hindrance;
you were robbed of life's beginning
And for the first time I, one who is amazing with words,
one who prides herself on the wisdom I've lived
One who has an objective answer to the world

Was speechless...

I wanted to tell you something profound
Mend the broken through verbs, nouns and adjectives
Let the characters roll off my tongue
and be like magic fairy dust and fix you
But I couldn't!

This was bigger than just WORDS
I had no vocabulary
I failed to tell you all I wanted to tell you
So pen and paper it is

This is what I know...

All I have to say
My friend...my sister...my better half

Do it for your babies, for they learn as we do

Do it for your family,
for they are the root to our foundation

Do it for your friends, for they will never forget,
even when you think they have

Do it for strangers,
whom haven't yet learned how to hold their own Angels

Do it for you,
for God has trusted you enough
to carry hope on this earth

And Do it for the little Angel.
The little Angel who dreamt big
Smiled bright...Loved hard
And most importantly loved you FIRST!!!

They never left
They are still there
They still smile They still love
And they still remember who it is within your core.

My friend...my sister...my better half

I look in your eyes and see torture, ache, worry,
uncertainty and hopelessness.
I feel the tears roll down your face
Kissing you and tasting the salt from your cheek.

You questioned how did it get this bad?
Why can't it be better?
How do I make it that way?
How do I repair this?

My friend...my sister...my better half

I cannot give you the light at the end of the tunnel...
But I can give you a match to create your own light

I cannot take away your pain...
But I can ease the hurt with my soft hands...

I cannot heal your wounds...
But I can offer you a bandage for your cuts...

I cannot cradle your fall...
But I can lend you a hand to help you back up...

I cannot give you a new BEGINNING...
But I can walk next to you out of this ENDING.

My friend...my sister...my better half.

To our Little Prince Colin by Kellie and Chris Jenke

We miss you more and more everyday.
Thank you for being our Guardian Angel,
and watching over your little sister.

"The world may never notice
if a rosebud doesn't bloom
or even pause to wonder if the petals fall too soon
but every life that ever forms
or ever comes to be
touches the world
in some small way for all eternity
the little one we longed for
was swiftly here and gone
but the love that was then planted
is a light that still shines on
and though our arms are empty
our hearts know what to do
every beating of our heart says
We will remember you! "

With all our LOVE,
Mommy, Daddy, Wrigley, Lilly, & Kacie





In Memory of Our Son, Brayden

A HOPE Personal Story by Christina and Todd Dennis

I first met you in a dream. Your dark curly hair was such a prominent feature of your appearance; your patience, your companionship, such a prominent memory for me. We walked hand in hand in my dream. Then, I woke up and found out that you were on your way; the baby, the miracle I was convinced we would never be blessed with. Daddy and I were over the moon. A page had turned and a new chapter in our lives had begun. Your birth, our future as a family, was as sure as the rising sun. You would be the first everything; our first child, the first grandchild. There are welcomed pregnancies, but you, Brayden, were welcomed with so much excitement, anticipation, and hope it was beyond my short sighted expectations. You were always loved. You will always be loved.

I worried for you though as expectant mothers are prone to do. I worried if you would be okay. I worried that my prior health troubles would affect you but the doctors reassured us time and again. You would be healthy. You would be just fine. As weeks and months all piled together, your heartbeat always present, your growth steady and strong, we knew the doctors must be right. You were okay and we knew you would be okay. Still, you were mostly our secret until my belly began to show. Your movements, so subtle at first, you seemed to only share with Daddy and I. You weren't a performer I'd say. There would be plenty of time to watch your every move soon enough I thought. I was wrong.

I wanted you to come early. I wanted you to come a week before your due date. That day came and went and I figured you would arrive on time. You had been in position for so long. I was convinced that you were ready and Daddy and I were prepared. In those final weeks before you arrived my days were filled with tasks in preparation for you. We would rest too though and often listen to music. Your movements told me you liked soft music, you liked repetitious sound. We listened to one song all the time. I thought of it as your favorite song of all the music Daddy and I would play to you. At the end, you would move so gently in my belly. I couldn't wait to see if you'd remember it after you were born. It always made me cry though. It still does.

On October 25th, a week after your due date, my labor started. Daddy and I were excited, and scared, and ready, so ready to see your face. I had never seen your face in all my dreams of you. I remember looking around the delivery room and at the warming table and saying, 'In a matter of hours, our baby will be right there.' The thought of you being outside my body and able to be seen by everyone overwhelmed me with happiness. You were coming.

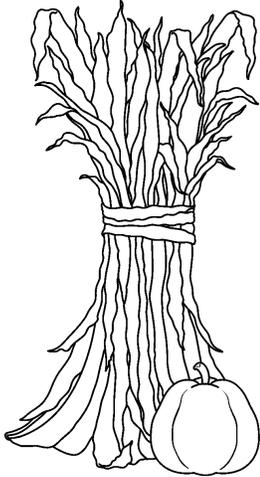
I was blind though. I was so blind that even after three nurses could not find your heartbeat I was still unfazed. I was still so assured. Two doctors came in with an ultrasound machine, the room filled up with nurses. It was all routine, right? Daddy and I held hands and looked at you on the monitor. You were so much bigger than I thought you would be. The ultrasound wand circled again and again until finally I said, 'What are you looking for?' That's when the earth swallowed us whole. That's when life shifted. They were looking for your heartbeat. It should be right here, she said. I'm so sorry, she said. The page turned again.

Your hair was dark and full of little curls. Your skin was the softest sensation my fingers ever knew. You, my sweet boy, will be forever sleeping. We, my sweet boy, will be forever missing you.

Is it so different for anyone to accept that their child has died? Is it any easier to take if you never had a chance to look in their eyes, or share years with them? No. I don't believe it is; but we, any of us, can only know our own reality. We never took our child home. Our child's eyes will always be closed. Still, we knew our son more intimately than anyone, as parents of young children are apt to. We struggle with feeling his loss in our everyday lives because he is supposed to be here. I have struggled with not knowing where he is and if he's being taken care of. How many parents wouldn't want to know if their child is in good hands when they cannot be with them? I have obsessed about whether he is warm enough and well fed. I have obsessed about not being able to hold him; to see his hands one more time. Most of all, I have been so angry that we had just a few short hours to kiss him, cradle him, sing to him, smell him; that we were forced to hold on to every tiny detail we could to sustain us for a whole lifetime.

I must remind myself though. We are fortunate. Brayden will always be our son. His feet will never grow any bigger, his fingers can never be bundled enough to get warm but for a brief and extraordinary time he was here with us every day. His heart beat every day. We loved him and took care of him as best we could throughout his short life. We did what we thought to be best for him in his death. We will always be his parents. We will always have a mind to do what we can for him, if only in his memory, for ourselves and, in hope, that he can somehow feel our love for him, and know that he can never be forgotten, as long as we live. You are a light that always shines, Brayden, a love that knows no bounds.

Our Sweet Baby Boy, Declan by Jo-An Gardner



Our sweet baby boy Declan
Mommy's arms ache to hold you,
Daddy's heart will never heal.
But, how lucky we were to kiss and hug you
if only for a little while.

Your beautiful face we will always remember, your little fingers and toes.
Now you're an angel in heaven even more beautiful than I can imagine.

Our sweet baby Declan, we will miss you every day. Please watch over
us and remember we will be together again someday.

Love, Mama & Daddy

Lessons from Losing a Child by Dr. Claire McCarthy

Today is my dead son's birthday. He died a long time ago--sixteen years ago. He was born with a severe brain malformation that left him very disabled, with lots of seizures and other health problems. He died a few days after his first birthday.

I miss him, but not in the raw, longing way I used to. That passed years ago, as I came to peace with the fact that living was very hard for him and would only have gotten harder. He lived the lifetime he was meant to live. He is healed now in ways he could never be healed on earth.

My grief now is different. It's in my marrow, in my bones, surfacing at sometimes unexpected moments, in ways that are often out of my control. There is a part of me that will always be gone--that's what happens when you lose a child. It has always seemed to me that my loss should be visible, like a scar across my face, because I am forever different. I am and always will be the mother of a child who died.

Even more than that, Aidan's death has left me with a deep, uncomfortable understanding of our vulnerability, of how all and everyone that we hold dear can be taken from us in an instant. Nothing is guaranteed; the world doesn't work that way. It never has.

Living with that knowledge fills me with panic on a regular basis--especially in the fall, the season of Aidan's birth and death. Flashes of something terrible happening to one of my other children, or my husband, grip me and nearly shatter me without warning. It is all I can do sometimes to pull myself together and keep moving forward.

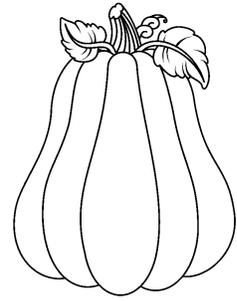
But over the years, living with the knowledge of our vulnerability has also taught me to be deeply grateful for each and every day, for each and every moment with those I love. I am unaccountably blessed--by the privilege of being Aidan's mother, by my other five children, by my wonderful husband, my family, my friends, my colleagues and my patients. As much as I am panicked by the possibility of losing someone again, I am overwhelmed and humbled by what I've been given.

That is how I will honor my son today. As we do our remembrance at the cemetery, letting balloons go and watching them wind their way to Heaven, I will hold my loved ones close. And I will hold Aidan in my heart and thank him--for helping me understand that my life, and everything in it, is a gift.

Article found online http://www.boston.com/lifestyle/health/mdmama/2012/10/lessons_from_losing_a_child.html October 17, 2012

HOPE Donations - THANK YOU!

- ◆ Susan and Ed Valente in memory of Rachel Nicole and Danielle Julia
- ◆ Karen and Joe Calandrelli in memory of Mark Edward Huebner
- ◆ Charlotte Baker in memory of Gregg
- ◆ Maureen and Kevin Kelly in memory of Kaitlyn



Announcements

◆ Tell us what you think of this quote. It's our new closing and will be read after all HOPE meetings in the future. "As we part ways, we are heartened by our renewed friendships, knowing that we are not alone in our struggles, our community at HOPE once again allowing us to be with those who truly understand. And until we are together again, we know we can find the strength we need in ourselves and each other."

◆ Many thanks go out to Jenny Leonard for organizing the HOPE Group's lending library. She has organized the library and is getting ready to obtain a new rolling cart bookcase (hopefully) so that our members can easily access a book they need for support. Please give Jenny thanks when you see her.

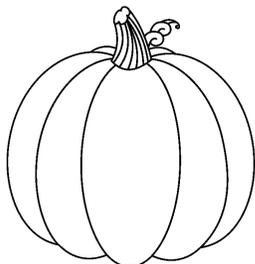
◆ At HOPE, we have created a QR code and have placed it on the back side of this newsletter for quick access to the HOPE Group website. Check it out and let us know what you think!

◆ The HOPE Group is continuing to build upon its email list. If you would like to receive these alerts, please send us your address. Check your spam and/or junk email folders if the messages aren't reaching you. Please email Donna at webmaster@rindyshope.org for more information.

◆ From HOPE members Jeana, Julie, and Christine: "We're so excited to report that the 2nd Annual ACDK Hope Foundation Fundraiser held on October 13th, 2012 was an incredible success. Aside from the financial success we achieved, we also succeeded in raising awareness. Infant loss is not so taboo when you stand amid a room full of people that have been affected by such a tragedy. Of course, the annual event is incredibly bittersweet for us because we'd much rather be planning our children's birthday parties...A.J. would have been 5 this year, Chase and Kenley would have been 7 and Dakota would have been 9 years old. We're proud and honored to celebrate our children's life and legacy while we pursue our mission. Because of our kind and generous supporters, we are able to carry on in our mission of providing emotional and financial support to bereaved families that experience the loss of a child. As long as there is ACDK then our children's legacy will continue to live on. We will continue to strive to provide the resources that we would have wanted, and the support that we received through our friends at HOPE. Judging by the inundation of emails and Facebook love, our audience continues to grow daily throughout different referral and media sources so we must be doing something right. We invite you to check us out, if you haven't done so already at <http://theacdkhopefoundation.com>"

New HOPE Arrivals

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



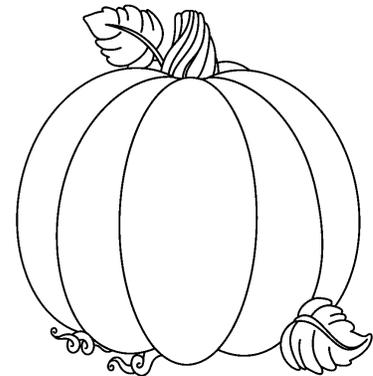
A daughter, **Kacie**, on September 21, 2012 to Kellie and Chris Jenke

OUR BABIES REMEMBERED - A Loving Memorial in Print

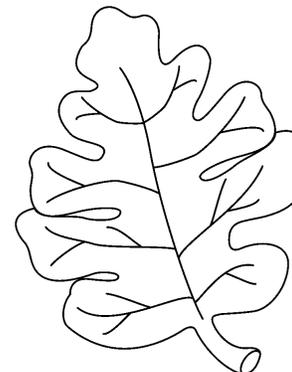
To be added to the following list of Our Babies Remembered and to receive a remembrance card on your baby's birthday, please complete this form and return it to Rindy Huebner, c/o The HOPE Group, Five Liberty Avenue, Burlington, MA, 01803. Previously submitted forms will automatically be included.

Name _____ Phone _____
 Address _____
 Baby's name and date of birth _____
 Date of death if different _____ Stillbirth _____ Miscarriage _____ Infant _____
 Death _____ Other children and birth dates _____
 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
- 10/05/10 Elliott Mae, daughter of Ken and Jenny Leonard; Stillborn
- 10/05/02 Griffin, son of Derilyn and Tim Byrne
- 10/07/01 Baby Kingdon, baby of Michelle and Ken Kingdon; Miscarriage
- 10/10/05 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
- 10/26/11 Brayden Dennis, son of Todd and Christina Dennis; Stillborn
- 10/27/89 Abigail, daughter of John and Debbie Goempel; Stillborn
- 10/28/___ Dominique Rose, daughter of Kathy Diaz
- 10/29/96 Christopher, son of Louise and Joe Chiarenza; Stillborn
- 10/29/03 Abraham 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
01/05/89 Eric Michael, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Potters Syndrome
01/07/93 Benjamin Layn, son of Ann and Bill Saulnier; Premature Birth
01/08/93 Margaret Irene, daughter of John and Cristina Kerekes; Stillborn
01/09/96 Mark Devoe, son of Marie Geraci; Infant Death



01/10/80 Meridyth, daughter of Anne Marie and George Crook; Infant Death
 01/10/02 Cristina 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 Parany
 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
 Tewksbury
 Burlington
 Winchester
 Boston

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 Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 kgkingdon@yahoo.com
 Barbara Clarke 1-617-413-2626 BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com

Local Area Support Groups

- HOPE Group, 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 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