

### NEW YEAR

The New Year comes when all the world is ready for changes,  
resolutions, great beginnings.

For us, to whom that stroke of midnight means a missing child remembered.

For us the New Year comes more like another darkness.

But let us not forget that this may be the year when love and hope and courage find each other somewhere in the darkness to lift their voices and speak.

Let there be light.

Written by Sascha Wagner of The Compassionate Friends

### A RIPPLE

We do not always realize the impact we may have on total strangers.

We may never know how many lives we have changed by a kind word or gesture.

We are like that of a pebble tossed into still waters.

Our "ripple" may travel a great distance.

### CLOSING REMARKS

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. Happy Holidays everyone!



Rindy Huebner

Founding Member of HOPE since 1980

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

### SPECIAL THANKS to:

R.W. Traynham Printing Company, Billerica, MA

Winchester Hospital & Sue Powers

Rindy Huebner

Martha Lang for the beautiful music

Christine Boudreau, Barbara Clarke, Michelle Kingdon

Kim Dawley, & Donna McDonnell

All HOPE members who helped make this service so special year after year

From Miracles to Memories...

The Caring Never Ends



We Remember

The HOPE Group

Annual Memorial Service

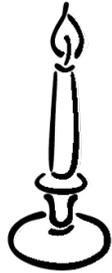
December 12, 2012

7:30 p.m.

## We Remember

## We Celebrate

...that their light may always shine



- \*Welcome and Opening Ceremony
- \*Poems and Readings
- \*Candle Lighting and Remembrance Service
- \*Reading "We Remember Them"
- \*Closing Remarks
- \*Refreshments and Conversation

Hope is the flower that rises from sorrow.  
The seed that sows peace which will blossom tomorrow.  
by Ginny Earle, A HOPE member

We light these five candles in honor of our precious babies.

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

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

The next candle represents our memories. Memories of life inside of us, of dreams we all shared of parenthood, and of new memories soon to be created.

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

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

The light of a flame has always been symbolic to the human world. The eternal flame stands for the remembrance of those gone before; the light of a candle has come to represent rebirth and renewal. These two meanings are incorporated into the light of these candles as we remember our babies. Let the light signify the ever present love and memory of our babies that will always live on in our hearts. At the same time, let it symbolize life without our beloved babies as we strive to walk on with others.

### WE REMEMBER THEM

At the rising of the sun and it's going down

We remember them

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter

We remember them

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring

We remember them

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer

We remember them

At the rustling of the leaves and the beauty of autumn

We remember them

At the beginning of the year and when it ends

We remember them

When we are weary and in need of strength

We remember them

When we are lost and sick at heart

We remember them

When we have joy we crave to share

We remember them

When we have decisions that are difficult to make

We remember them

When we have achievements that are based on theirs

We remember them

As long as we live

As we remember them



From the Gates of Prayer  
Reformed Judaism Prayerbook

Please extinguish all candles once the candle light ceremony is completed.  
Thank you.

*"HOPE" IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS*

*By Emily Dickinson*

*Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon in memory of their Kingdon babies*



*"Hope" is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul.  
And sings the tune without words  
And never stops at all  
And sweetest in the Gale is heard.  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird.  
That kept so many warm.  
I've heard it in the chilliest land,  
And on the strangest Sea,  
Yet, never, in Extremity  
It asked a crumb of Me*

*DEAR ALEXANDRA AND WILLIAM,  
We wanted you more than you will ever know,  
So we sent love to follow wherever you go.  
It's high as you wish it. It's quick as an elf.  
You'll never outgrow it...it stretches itself.  
So climb any mountain...climb up to the sky,  
Our love will find you. Our love can fly.  
Our love is so high, and so wide and so deep,  
It's always right there, even when you're asleep.  
Our promise to you is you're never alone.  
You are our angels, our darlings, our stars...  
and our love will find you, wherever you are.  
You are loved.*

*Submitted by Allyson and Eric Crews  
From Nancy Tillman's book:  
Wherever You Are My Love Will Find You*

*BITTERSWEET SIXTEEN*

*Submitted by Kim Dawley, in memory of her daughter, Molly*

*Such a special birthday  
Followed by a trip to the DMV  
To get that all important driver's permit.  
Those are the milestones her would-be classmates  
Are celebrating this year as I bear witness on Facebook.  
These are just the most recent in a long line of milestones missed.  
But the first steps, first words, kindergarten bus, and father-daughter dances  
Of her peers came before social media.  
So those losses weren't really felt until experienced by her younger siblings,  
A nagging shadow behind the happiness of those special moments.  
But I digress. There should be another driver in my house.  
A high school sophomore. Who perhaps would have a boyfriend?  
Next year it would be college tours.  
Then applications and acceptance letters. Prom. Graduation.  
Like the early years, the next milestones come fast & furious.  
Time flies when they're here, and when they're not.  
So, I will take in these missed moments as they happen.  
And be thankful for the time I have  
Before there is another driver in my house.  
Before college applications and acceptances.  
Before graduations and an empty nest.*



*Happy Sweet 16, baby girl.*

*In memory of Molly.  
From Kim, Tom, Megan, and Caitlin*

*A MUSICAL SELECTION  
sung by Martha Lang*

I'M LEARNING by Jeana Catarino  
In memory of her son, Anthony John (A.J.)



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 18<sup>th</sup>, 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".

### LOVE IN EVERY TEAR

Submitted by Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota

If time could give me just one more day to spend with you  
I'd be the happiest I could ever be  
I'd hold you close to me again my sweet Dakota  
If you could come back to me for just a day  
it would be a day to remember, full of love and laughter  
You'd be able to look up at me with those beautiful eyes and see your Mummy  
Not many people get to feel what it's like to hold an Angel but I did.  
If the Heavens above could give you back for just one day  
my heart would feel a little lighter, my soul a little brighter  
If my stillborn angel could fly back to me  
Her Mummy's arms would be open wide to hold and kiss her little head  
and tell her how much she's not forgotten.

A MUSICAL SELECTION  
sung by Martha Lang



*JONATHAN'S GARDEN*

Submitted by Mia & Louie Moran

In memory of their son, Jonathan

There's a beautiful garden up in heaven where I know you must play

I visit it in my mind day after day

It's filled with the greenest of grass, butterflies and flowers

I sit and I dream of you there for hours and hours

In this lovely garden I see your beautiful smile

I love to just sit and watch you for awhile

You run, giggle, jump and try to touch the moon

With all the other angel babies that were taken too soon

I can see the wind blowing your hair

But you are so far away, I wish you were near

Your curious eyes opened so wide

As you ride down a big rainbow slide

I laugh to myself as I watch you run

Playing up in heaven looks like so much fun

Then I stop daydreaming and my thoughts become clear

I can't really see you because you're not really here

But for now this is all I can do, sit and imagine being up there with you

Other than memories of holding you in my arms for only a few hours

I picture your precious face when I see butterflies and summer flowers

Someday Baby Jon, we will be together again

But for now the few memories I have will have to last me until then.

*THE LIGHT OF LOVE* by John Hay

Submitted by Donna McDonnell in memory of her daughter, Julia Marie

Each shining light above us has its own peculiar grace; but every light of heaven is in my darling's face. For it is like the sunlight, so strong and pure and warm, that folds all good and happy things, and guards from gloom and harm. And it is like the moonlight, so holy and so calm; the rapt peace of a summer night, when soft winds die in balm. And it is like the starlight; for, love her as I may, she dwells still lofty and serene in mystery far away. Happy 14th Birthday my love! HUGS xoxo

*A MUSICAL SELECTION*

sung by Martha Lang

*FOOTPRINTS*

Submitted by Julie Richardson

In memory of Chase David and Kenley Blake

"These are my footprints, so perfect and so small.

These tiny footprints never touched the ground at all.

Not one tiny footprint, for now I have wings.

These tiny footprints were meant for other things.

You will hear my tiny footprints, in the patter of the rain.

Gentle drops like angel's tears, of joy and not from pain.

You will see my tiny footprints, in each butterfly's lazy dance.

I'll let you know I'm with you, if you just give me the chance.

You will see my tiny footprints, in the rustle of the leaves.

I will whisper names into the wind, and call each one that grieves.

Most of all, these tiny footprints, are found on Mommy and Daddy's hearts.

'Cause even though I'm gone now, we'll never truly part."

~Unknown

*NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY* by Robert Frost

Submitted by Christina and Todd Dennis

in memory of their son, Brayden

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay.



### JUST ONCE MORE

Submitted by Mia and Louie Moran  
in memory of their son, Jonathan.

I'd like to be pregnant just once more. I'd like to see a plus sign on a pregnancy test and do a dance of joy on the bathroom floor. I'd like to tell my husband, "we did it," and see the joy on his face. I'd like to walk with my secret in those early months, a proud grin on my face, inexplicable to those who do not know. Just once more, I would like to be more animal than human, connected to all living mothers in fur or in skin. Just once more, I'd like to fold tiny clothes, change tiny diapers. I'd like to help my son hold this new baby for the first time. I'd like to see my husband sway an infant in his arms. I'd like to fill the house with baby things: blankets and toys, a swing and a bassinet. I'd like to feel the relief of getting a child to sleep, finally, and the tension of checking for breath throughout the night. Just once more, I'd like to host the visitors, the well wishers, the gift bringers. I'd like to hold my newest child up proudly for viewing. I'd like to see my mother cry at the miracle of this new life. I'd like to hand the baby to my husband so that I could cuddle with my son. I'd like to tell him about the time he was as small and needy as his new sibling, and how we tended to him as gently. Just once more, I'd like to let love multiply.

### THESE SHOES

Submitted by Norma Mendoza in memory of her twins, Rafael and Rosaura

I wear a pair of shoes. They are ugly shoes, uncomfortable shoes. I hate my shoes. Each day I wear them and each day I wish I had another pair. Some days my shoes hurt so bad that I do not think I can take another step. Yet, I continue to wear them. I get funny looks wearing these shoes. They are looks of sympathy. I can tell in others eyes that they are glad they are my shoes and not theirs. They never talk about my shoes. To learn how awful my shoes are might make them uncomfortable. To truly understand these shoes you must walk in them. But, once you put them on, you can never take them off. I now realize I am not the only one who wears these shoes. There are many pairs in this world. Some women are like me and ache daily as they try and walk in them. Some have learned how to walk in them so they don't hurt quite as much. Some have worn the shoes so long that days will go by before they think about how much they hurt. No woman deserves to wear these shoes. They have made me who I am. I will forever walk in the shoes of a woman who has lost a child.

### JUST THOSE FEW WEEKS

by Susan Erlin  
Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon for their Kingdon babies



For those few weeks I had you to myself  
And that seems too short of time  
To be changed so profoundly.

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

### THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Submitted by Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota.  
Dear Friend, today you broke my heart, in a place that was unbroken.  
You did it with your thoughtless words that should not have been spoken.

You know that I am grieving, that my pain is deep and real.  
Your hurtful words pierced like a knife. How do you think I feel?  
You may not suffer from my loss or share this lonely grief,  
But I'm mourning my baby, who's life was much too brief.  
I'm sure you don't know how I feel, I don't expect you to.  
Don't ask me to get over it....That's something I can't do.  
Without grief, there's no healing. It's a journey I must make.  
It's not the path that I would choose, but one I'm forced to take.  
No matter how you choose to see what I am going through,  
I need compassion and support....I'd do the same for you.

## DEAR DAKOTA

It was not that long ago that Uncle Bill and I were standing in line to pay our respects to the parents of an angel. As we waited in line, I listened to everyone talking and speculating how the parents were doing. It brought me back to when we had to say goodbye to you and how helpless those around us must have felt. As we stood in line, tears just ran down my face as the pain of that time came rushing back to me. I ached at what those parents were going through. I ached at what we all still go through every day without you. It has been almost nine years. That still does not seem real to me. You are still that beautiful angel that I held in my arms on that February morning. It still is so surreal to me at times. I look at how big Mason and Madisyn are and can only imagine what you would look like. Act like. Sound like. I will never know. The one thing that I know for sure is that your life had so much meaning to me. To all of us. Without you I may not have learned what is really important in life. You have taught me patience and forgiveness. You have taught me what is truly important and what I should not waste my time on. It amazes me how some people spend their lives searching for the answers and it took an angel in my arms to show me. I was recently asked who has influenced my life. One of my responses, was "My niece Dakota". When I said it, I was somewhat surprised, but not really. Your brief time with us in this world has taught me so much about myself and about life. I know I say it often, but you taught me to be a better person. You have taught me to want for more. You have taught me that I am more. That we are all more. When we lost you, just like other families that lose an angel too soon, I spent a lot of time, needing to make sense of it all. I tried to rationalize it. There is no rationalization. Over the years, I have learned to look at all problems, challenges and difficulties in my life as opportunities. Losing you was an opportunity for me to help find myself. To make myself a better person. I didn't want losing you to be in vain. I needed there to be a reason. You opened my eyes to the things that are really important. I needed to create a purpose for your short powerful life. For me, your purpose was to help me have better insight. To teach me to slow down. To teach me what is important. To teach me I don't and never will have all of the answers and that is ok. I need to be grateful for the process of being in the moment and knowing that there is a higher purpose for all of us. We just need to slow down and listen to what the universe is telling us. I will never stop missing you or loving you and I will never stop being grateful for the impact you have had on my life... you are one of the greatest influences in my life and I love and thank you for that.

Love, Auntie Francine and Uncle Bill

In Memory of Sloane Elanjian, May 30, 2012 - October 9, 2012

## MOTHER OF A STILL BORN

Submitted by Christine Boudreau in memory of her daughter, Dakota

Although my child's spirit was not in her body when she was born

My beautiful child still was born

Still was born into a loving family

Still was born into the hearts of many

Still was born into the kingdom of God

Don't shed any tears for me, her mother, unless they are tears of joy,

I am happy

My gain completely outweighs any loss I am feeling

I have gained a beautiful daughter named Dakota

Whose spirit is alive and well

Any loss I have is that of hopes, dreams, and expectations of this world

All of which are of my mind and are not tangible

Unlike the very real daughter I have in heaven, my first child

Someone told me that God operates in the present,

not the past or future and what is real is in the present

When I feel my empty womb I do not think about what could have been on earth

but of what is already in heaven

The time we will be apart will be like the blink of an eye

compared to the eternity we will spend together in heaven

and eventually on the "new earth" again

So when you think of me or Dakota, rejoice! We are rejoicing

Dakota will never know hurt or sorrow or sin

Her purpose on earth was completed while still in my womb

I do not feel like my child's life was stolen from me by disease or by sickness

I do not feel like my hopes and dreams are shattered

but that they are fulfilled, just in a different way

My hopes and dreams for the future are held in our eternity together

Her life is complete, God says, "It is finished".

## FOR GOOD

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

I've heard it said that people come into our lives for a reason  
Bringing something we must learn  
And we are led to those who help us most to grow  
If we let them and we help them in return  
Well, I don't know if I believe that's true  
But I know I'm who I am today because of you.  
Like a comet pulled from orbit as it passes a sun  
Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood  
Who can say if I've been changed for the better?  
Because I knew you I have been changed for good.  
It well may be that we will never meet again  
In this lifetime so let me say before we part  
So much of me is made of what I learned from you  
You'll be with me like a handprint on my heart  
And now whatever way our stories end  
I know you have rewritten mine by being my friend  
Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea  
Like a seed dropped by a sky bird in a distant wood  
Who can say if I've been changed for the better  
Because I knew you, I have been changed for good.

## LIGHT ONE CANDLE

Light one candle, take my hand,  
move closer to each other, all who want to smile again.  
In this blessed time of year, with your sorrow and tears  
Come together to remember and light one candle.  
The light is for strength to face the pain welled up inside.  
The light reminds us of shattered dreams not to be denied.  
The light is for courage to beckon others to our side.  
For every tear we've cried, we light one candle.  
We all know the reason that we value so this flame.  
It's a commitment to each other to remember every name.  
And a promise made that in our hearts forever they'll remain.  
Out of love we came, to light one candle.



We now ask each family to approach the front table one at a time, light a candle in  
memory of your child or children. Accept a flower and announce their names.

## HOPE

Hope is an image of goals planted firmly in your mind.  
When looking at life before you, hope lines the paths you find.  
Hope is a well of courage nestled deep within your heart.  
When faltering in fear and doubt, hope pushes you to start.  
Hope is an urge to keep going, for limbs too tired and weak.  
When apathy stills all desire, hope sparks the fuel you seek.  
Hope is a promise of patience, as you wait for distress to wane.  
When all you can do is nothing, hope pulls you through the pain.  
Hope is a spirit that lifts you should heaviness pull at your soul.  
When torn apart by losses, hope mends to keep you whole.

Submitted by Karen Calandrelli

in honor of her mom Rindy Huebner for her daily courage  
and in memory of her brother Mark Edward Huebner



## THE HOPE GROUP

Walking into the first meeting unsure of what to expect  
Finding a safe place to share and cry, a safe place to reflect  
Everyone's story is different but the outcome still the same  
Meeting others who understand, we were truly glad we came  
For some the journey has been quite long, for others fairly new  
Feelings of heartbreak, sadness and struggle known by me and you  
On the second Wednesday we come together and remember  
Readings, songs, candle lighting at the service in December  
We grieve the loss of our children who we sorely miss and love  
Hoping they are safe and sound, watching over us from above  
A kind gesture, a smile, a thought or advice on ways to cope  
As we continue to find strength from our friends here at HOPE

Submitted by Sarah and Mike Garagliano

in memory of their twin boys, Luke Blais & Jack Michael

A MUSICAL SELECTION sung by Martha Lang

