

Rindy's HOPE

Helping Other Parents Endure

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss

rindyshope.org

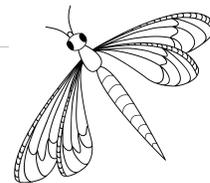
The Annual HOPE Memorial Service

The HOPE Group Annual Memorial Service will be held this year on Wednesday, December 11, 2013 at 7:30 p.m. The service will be held in the first floor conference room, 200 Unicorn Park Drive, 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: Take Rte. 93 to Exit 36 for Montvale Avenue, Stoneham/Woburn. Take the ramp towards Stoneham. Once on Montvale Avenue, turn left onto Maple Street just past the Rte. 93 entrance ramp. Mobil is on the corner to your right. Maple Street becomes Unicorn Park Drive. Building #200 is the second building on the left.

Holiday Survival



I am not good at holidays.

In the five years since my daughter passed I have yet to figure out what to do with them. Surely in that book I never received on how to react after you lose a child there is a chapter on the day and time in which holidays become tolerable.

The first year after we lost Hadley I expertly pretended each and every holiday did not exist. Christmas? *No clue what you are talking about.* Easter? *Was that last Sunday?* If I dug my head deeply under the covers I could stay in my sacred state of numbness. If I was forced into the world I vigorously protested, arms folded, facing the corner, blatantly ignoring greeting cards and family traditions.

Every year I know I must find a way to make it through and enjoy it somehow. My younger children are growing and I have to, I want to, like the holidays again. I am learning to appreciate moments and treasure emotions rather than full days and packed parties. As a family, we are redefining what the holidays are for us.

Thanksgiving is in one week and I'm not even dreading it because I've figured this one out. Somewhere between declining dinner party invites and making apple pie, I found my almost-happy place.

For Thanksgiving I am thankful **to** my daughter. I am thankful that I carried her and birthed her and for those sacred days she was here with us. And I am forever thankful for how she changed me. When she left the entire world dulled, but the things that matter sharpened.

My eyes are wide open to the gifts in my life because of her. Smiling kids and pink sunsets and days when getting out of bed is easier than it was the day before never go unnoticed. I could care less about a stained carpet or a traffic jam because, in a world where life is as fragile as I have been taught, they just don't matter.

I'm allowed to be bitter about not picking out a Thanksgiving dress in a 5T or even knowing if that is the size she would wear this year and a good cry in the shower is perfectly acceptable, but I'm also rallying to get better at this holiday business and Thanksgiving is the first one I've managed to make work.

I have a daughter to be thankful *to*, a new perspective to be thankful *for* and one more holiday I will have made it through because I never did get that holiday survival guide for the broken-hearted.

Article published in Still Standing Magazine online <http://stillstandingmag.com/2012/11/holiday-survival/>

Self-Care: Permission to Grieve



Recently, there have been quite a few posts in my Facebook news feed and in notes and messages from friends sharing stories of people trying to force them into some prescribed grieving period. Some have been told it's a year, some have been told six months. People say cruel, heartbreaking things like, "You should be over it by now" or "Don't you think this has gone on long enough?" or "You just have to let her go." Most all of these reactions have their root in the fact that they are uncomfortable with the whole situation. They want you to sweep it under the rug because it makes them feel sad, or weird, or whatever. But your grief is not about them.

All of those people are wrong. That's right. They are wrong. Period. I have to admit that I have been blessed to have the people I have in my life. No one has EVER told me that I should stop grieving my son. No one has ever asked me to stop talking about him. Near and far, friends and family—the people in my life have never tried to shoehorn me into their idea of an appropriate path for grief.

If you are in this position, I can't begin to understand how you feel. I can understand how I think I would feel, though, and it's not good.

What I hope that you will do, if you are hurting because someone has tried to force you out of your grief, is give yourself permission to grieve. If you've been stuffing it down to keep people from feeling uncomfortable, let it out. If you've been holding back because you are afraid of what you may find if you plumb the depths of your heart, let go.

We all grieve in different ways and for different periods of time. Right after Colin's death I was a mess for weeks: crying in the bathroom at work, or muting conference calls while the tears welled up. Then my emotions shut down, and I went numb. And then, a year later, the feelings burst the dam that my psyche had put up to keep me from hurting, and I actively allowed myself to grieve. I learned that it was okay to miss him, to remember, to dream of him, to imagine what life might be like if he were still alive, and that I could be sad, angry, or distraught. It was finally okay for me to hurt. This was hard for some people, and hard for me, because people had been remarking for months about how strong I was. I felt that strength was a perception that I had to live up to and kept the mask on to maintain the façade of strength. It was hard to finally take the mask off and allow myself to be vulnerable to the intensity of my grief. But I gave myself the permission. It allowed me to start to learn to live without Colin in a loving, meaningful way. It didn't, however, teach me that my grief needed to be erased.

I believe, for **any** death, grieving never ends. We learn to integrate the missing and the emptiness into our lives. We learn that the grief is wide as the love is deep. We learn to welcome the tingling in our nose and burning in our eyes as tears threaten to come, uninvited, even twenty years on. We learn that we carry them with us, everywhere, always, in our minds, our hearts, and for us mamas, even in our bodies.

I still grieve him today, three and a half years later. I have a friend who grieves her stillborn daughter 15 years later. I have friends who grieve early miscarriages decades later. Should we be done grieving? Should we stop missing our babies? There's only one-way to stop grieving: to stop loving. And that's never going to happen, so give yourself permission to grieve.

Article published in Still Standing Magazine online <http://stillstandingmag.com/2013/10/self-care-permission-grieve/>

Dear Mom

By Karen Huebner Calandrelli, Rindy's daughter



You are on my mind and in my heart all the time. I love when people tell me stories about you and remind me how you treated everyone with genuine kindness and compassion. You make me so proud. We are so lucky we had the special kind of mother-daughter relationship that we did. I couldn't have asked for a better best friend, mentor and role model. I already tell your granddaughters all about you and the kind of mother you were to me - the absolute best. I know Molly & Hope will love people like you did. I can see it in their smile. I know your "goodness" will get passed along to them. I strive to be a mother like you every day - our home is filled with love, hugs, and kisses and I know that makes you smile. You always taught me to enjoy the little things in life and to take the time to show someone your care.

Dad, Joe, Beacon, the girls and I have been taking care of each other. We feel a void and I know we always will but we also feel you with us. I recently found this poem and it is a perfect way to describe how I have been feeling. I know you are always with me and that you are always watching over our family.

Your Mother is always with you.

She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street.

She's the smell of certain foods you remember,
flowers you pick and perfume that she wore.

She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well.

She's your breath in the air on a cold winter's day.

She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep,
the colors of a rainbow.

She is Christmas morning.

Your Mother lives inside your laughter.

She's crystallized in every teardrop.

A mother shows every emotion
happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love,

hate, anger, helplessness, excitement, joy, sorrow

and all the while, hoping and praying you will only know the good feelings in life.

She's the place you came from, your first home,

and she's the map you follow with every step you take.

She's your first love; your first friend, even your first enemy,

but nothing on earth can separate you.

Not time, not space

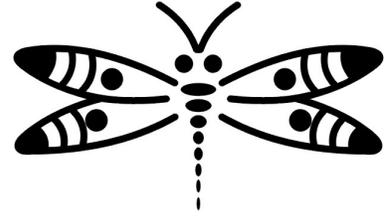
not even death.



Give Mark a hug from us and know you will never ever be forgotten. Your legacy will live on forever - through your family, the HOPE Group and your beautiful granddaughters.

We love you so much.

Karen Alissa



Dear Sweet AJ

By HOPE member, Jeana Catarino

I'm sitting here reflecting on the past 5 years, 5 months and 2 weeks without you (but who's counting??) and I'm baffled at where the time has gone...has it really been over 5 years?? It seems to have flown by in the blink of an eye, but somehow it seems like an eternity at the same time, and I'm trying to understand how that could be so...

So much has happened since you came and left this world so quickly...Mommy has changed and most of the time I think it's been for the better because my life has new meaning since you made me "Mama". I'm so honored and blessed to have you, even though your life was cut short so senselessly and without an ounce of warning. I'll live in peace, until the day I die, knowing that you died within the safety, warmth and comfort of my belly, and I held you until the very end...and I'll live with the knowledge, until the day I die, realizing the pure horror that you died within the safety, warmth and comfort of my belly without warning and there was NOTHING I could have done to save you.

I feel blessed, privileged and immensely happy that you are my son, my first-born beautiful baby boy; but I'm angry, sad and outraged that you never came home from the hospital...you needed to come home. Grief is a tricky thing...the moment you think you're "ok" seems to be the moment you realize that nothing about any of this will EVER be "ok". I can only quote a fellow Mom of an Angel, Lori Spray-Esteve, when she says, "grieving a child is like mothering a child, a lifelong journey".

I'm visiting Emerson Hospital tomorrow, the place where you were born. Mommy has met countless people since your death, people that I'm so grateful and blessed to know...and in the midst of these people I've been honored to connect with 2 amazing Moms of Angels...I know you dance with Chase, Kenley and Dakota in heaven, and I know that you know Julie and Christine...I am certain that you sent them to me as well.

Mama, Julie and Christine started The ACDK Hope Foundation in memory of you all...it's your legacy and it's our blessing to be able to carry your names on in this world in your physical absence....as Julie so often says, "we can't give them birthday parties, so we give to others in their memory instead".

I'm speaking at Emerson tomorrow to discuss "infant death" to the many staff members there...and I just can't believe it's happening. How did I become the "expert" here?? How is it that I know so much about the subject? Why do people turn to me when a baby dies??? It's because of YOU, my sweet boy, because I held your sleeping and still body in my arms merely 5 years, 5 months and 2 weeks ago...and you've changed me forever.

As honored as I feel tonight while considering all the things I'll share about you tomorrow, I'm also overcome with great sadness...all I ever wanted to do was have a healthy, happy baby boy that I would carry proudly out of the hospital...all I ever wanted was to see YOUR dreams come true. My hopes and dreams were to mother you here on this earth and I never fathomed that I'd be an "expert" on your death. I hoped to compare your life, as it unfolded, to my visions I saw the moment I "knew" of you....but instead I carried a memory box in my aching arms, because that's what you were now...a memory.

The moment I came to expect you, I watched your entire life unfold...I heard your cries, I heard the beautiful way you said my name. I felt your arms around my neck and your soft, wet kisses on my cheek. I saw your first steps and the way I'd mend your bumps and bruises when you surely fell. I saw your first birthday and

every one after that...I saw all of your greatest accomplishments. I watched you proudly step on the bus as you went to kindergarten, the pride and uncertainty in your eyes, but I knew you'd be brave... just like your Mama. I watched your first touchdown on the football field, and the glisten in Papa's eye cheering "that's my grandson!"

I saw the hours we'd spend on your elementary school science project, and I saw your eyes beam with pride as you presented your creation to the class. I saw you on stage in your first dance recital, much to your Daddy's dismay...tap dancing. Because as your great Papa, and boxing champ would say, fighting is about the footwork, best learned on the dance floor. I envisioned the time when you'd tell me about the captivating girl that stole your heart, your first love, and how I'd hold and comfort you to help mend your precious heart when she broke it. I saw you proudly accept your diploma at high school graduation and your acceptance to the college of your choice....I felt my own sense of accomplishment as your Mom, provider, cheerleader and educator in your moments of excellence. I saw the pride and satisfaction in your face when you got your "dream job" and the very moment when you bought your family Chinese food, following in your Gigi's family tradition. :)

I saw the many disappointments that would befall you in life...because most certainly there's just no way around it...and I hoped and prayed that I'd equipped you with enough courage, passion, strength and integrity to overcome even the most bleak obstacles, my love, and surely you'd rise above it all. I saw you become engaged to the girl of your dreams, and I blissfully celebrated with you on your wedding day as I enjoyed our "mother/son" dance, a moment I'll continue to long for and dream about for eternity...I watched your entire life unfold, until the day I died BEFORE you....because that's the natural order of things. I was ecstatic and incredibly blessed to carry you for 36 weeks...I danced with you and was elated at how music moved you...so I played you music all the time and laughed thinking you would surely play the drums...because percussion was your favorite. I dreamed of you and loved every moment WITH you until the dismal day that I learned of your death. In the safety, warmth and comfort of my belly...knowing there was NOTHING I could have done to save you.

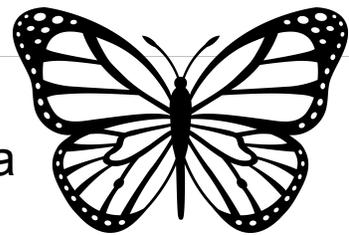
Today you are a memory, one that I will cherish and love forever, but your legacy lives on in The ACDK Hope Foundation, along with the beautiful angels Chase, Dakota and Kenley.

Mommy, Julie and Christine are so proud of you, Chase, Dakota and Kenley...I often say that you've achieved more in your short time on this earth than most people strive to achieve in a lifetime. Your legacy will live on forever as we continue to help bereaved families just beginning their tumultuous journey of grief...and we will smile in reflection of how far we've come, while loving and keeping your legacy alive in our families and in the world. We'll be hard at work providing grieving families the encouragement and resources they need, as we say: "It's NOT ok that this happened, but you will smile again and life somehow moves forward...you'll never forget and your life will be different now, as the Mom and Dad of an angel. In time you'll find your own path, please be patient with yourself, and we are here when you need us".

I hope to make you proud baby...

Dear John Kevin, Angelina, and Sweet Pea

By HOPE Member, Nadia Purifory



Our sweet babies, we think of you so much. Still, when I say your names my eyes fill up and I can feel that pain that emptiness inside. I can't see how that will ever go away. How I wish I could give you all this love I have for you. I can't believe in January it will be 10 years since we last held you and saw your beautiful face. It is amazing to me to see your siblings pray for you every night, they never forget. The kids, especially the older ones have so many questions. The three of you will never be forgotten.

Love, Mommy, Daddy, JJ, Sophia, Anthony, Carissa, Gianna, Nadia and Gabriella



The Day Before

By HOPE Member, Christina Dennis

Two years ago today I woke up in labor. Scheduled to be induced later the same day I remember thinking to myself, 'of course'. I was not in a lot of pain but by the time we were on our way to the hospital, the contractions were coming at regular intervals. I remember my husband and I glancing at each other as I breathe through the contractions; my husband's face filled with anxious excitement and concern for my pain. We smiled a lot. I waddled up to labor and delivery like it was a movie replaying this time just for me. Less than an hour would go by before we were told our son had passed away, the beginning of our unanticipated journey.

I still feel the pain of the next morning some times. Our son's tiny body lying still in the bassinet next to our hospital bed, the horror of waking up to realize it was not just the most awful nightmare imaginable, it was our new reality. I remember feeling like my body was being turned inside out, like pushing on the rind of an orange wedge to reveal the pulp. My soul trying to escape.

The days that followed were filled with hallowed gifts from friends, flowers, cards expressing sympathy, solemn visits, a quiet house. This child, Brayden, being our first child, we knew nothing else. Still, we knew it was all terribly wrong. A gift we were given and display among our private things is a picture taken of the sunrise the morning of Brayden's birth. A gesture of love and one of the few given in commemoration of our son's birth, our sister in law gave it to us, telling us her friend has a picture of the sunrise the day each of her children was born. I look at it from time to time and think how easily the sunrise can be mistaken for the sunset. Sunrise, sunset, just like the song; you would be two years old tomorrow.

Seventeen months and one week after the birth of our first child, the birth of our second child, Niko. Everything was so profoundly different. We cherished the sound of his heart beating, the sound of his first cry, the warmth of his tiny body laying in the bassinet beside our hospital bed; but it was not without flickers of anger and longing. This time, we received flowers of congratulations, cards welcoming our new joy, toys, blankets; what you would expect after the birth of a child; a happy, noisy house.

There is not a day that goes by that I don't think about Brayden. I miss terribly what I'll never have, both of my children to hold at one time. Since Brayden was born I have imagined what life would be like with him. At times this has brought me to the point of what felt like madness. The intensity of losing a life that only you and those most intimate with you considered a life at all is a layer to this grief that is all its own. The lingering fears of losing another child, losing all our children; I have to remind myself that I am not morbid or crazy. I am realistic. We live in a reality uncloaked by pain and trauma. A reality we knew nothing about the day before I went into labor. A reality nobody wants to own but one we were forced to acknowledge by a horrendous twist of fate. Sometimes I need help with remembering this. Sometimes I get caught up in blaming myself. Sometimes I sit with wrenching aches at what might have been done to save our son; that no medical intervention could resuscitate him. Two years have gone by like this: with inexpressible sadness, wondrous joy, and many tears.

You are a light that always shines, Brayden, a love that knows no bounds.



Self-Care: Saying No

You're allowed to say, "No." Yes, it's true. You have the right to say no to any request that you don't feel you can or should comply with. This is true of everyone. But for the folks like us, who've suffered losses or infertility, we have to remind ourselves that we have the right to say no, especially when we're not ready for something.

Not ready to go to a baby shower yet? Say, "No." Not ready to dive right back into life like nothing has happened? Say, "No." Not ready to face a group of friends for an evening out? Say, "No."

It's OK. And you don't even have to give a reason. People always seem to think that they have to explain themselves if they're declining an offer, any offer. But we don't have to. We don't owe anyone anything. I've thought about why I explained "No" to people back when the grief was the strongest. I think I was afraid that people would come to their own conclusions, and I wanted my motivation, or lack thereof to be clear, and to be my interpretation, not theirs. I didn't want people to assume I was depressed if I wasn't. I didn't want them to assume I was too fragile to handle an event or task if I was just in a lousy mood. I wanted ownership of what people thought of me.

Through months of grief counseling, I discovered that something that my father once said to me rang honest and true: "What other people think of you is none of your business." I always thought that was a platitude, but it's really the truth. It isn't any of our business, unless they choose to share it with us. And if a person thinks badly of your "No" response to their request or invitation, it's up to her to share it with you. If she doesn't, let it go. Make your statement, do what's best for you, and move on.

Part of why I was inspired to write about this was thinking ahead to our impending holidays and all that goes with them. Family get-togethers, gift giving, meal making, and cookie baking can all seem overwhelming at a time when grief can be at its worst because of the firsts, or it rears its ugly head again with a loss that gets further away with every year. If it's your job to bake the cookies, say "No." If it's your job to host Christmas dinner, say "No." You will worry that things won't be the same. And things aren't the same, and, frankly, will never be the same as they were before your loss.

It's OK for things to be different. I didn't want any part of preparation for Christmas the year after Colin died. I didn't care about our usual Christmas Eve celebration. I didn't want to bake cookies, and I didn't want to help execute in the way that I did previously. I knew that everyone was disappointed, but I just couldn't do it. Just showing up for something was going to be hard enough, singing in the choir that evening was going to be hard enough—I didn't need anymore challenges that year.

You know what? Christmas Eve still happened without my efforts. My mom found the strength to do what she needed to do, and my sister-in-law, Marcie, stepped up and got food ordered and prepped. She even came over early and helped my mom as I had in years past. I just showed up and did my best to keep it together. Everyone understood.

My experiences with saying no after losing Colin have empowered me to do it more often in my everyday life (my husband might disagree, but I swear, dear, I say no more often than you think!). Taking care of myself has become a priority, finally. It's too bad that I had to lose a son to learn to take care of myself, but any opportunity to improve helps me to better cope with the loss.

Article published in Still Standing Magazine online <http://stillstandingmag.com/2013/11/self-care-saying>



HOPE Donations



Thank you so very, very, much for remembering *Rindy Huebner*. We miss her terribly and are touched by your generosity! Your donation will allow the HOPE Group to continue helping families in need.

Nadine & Orlando Spano	The Curtin Family	Phyllis Bates
The Paganettis	The Sferrinos	Marilyn & Walt Binck
Jonathan & Ann Walker	Anne Savas	Sandra Turchi
Bill Brehm & Beverly Short	Paul & Rosemary Vena	David Bayer & Alice Fitzgerald
Susan Frew	Susan Maciolek	The Astone Family
The Monagan Family	David & Julie Graham	The Killilea Family
Karen & Richard Butler	Susan & Paul Torzilli	Angela & Tony Guerra
Thelma Tibbitts	Burlington Montessori, Inc.	The Indingaró Family
The Hamparians	Linda & Pete Venza	The Smith Family

Laurie Sullivan	David & Tamar Hamparian	The Goldbergs
Daniel & Vivian Coughlin	Rhonda Russell	John & Sherry Fitzpatrick
Edward & Clare McSweeney	Keri Byrne	Ron & Jan Tirone
Elaine & John Worsham	Dennis & Linda Gagne	Memorial School
The Gerbrands	The Chandlers	The Kissners
Joe & Beth Calandrelli	Shirley Rose	Sandy & Bob Hepp
The Shannons	The Kilmartins	Ron & Jean Plumb
The Knox Family	Jean Bastos	Dick Tutunjian
Britt Olwine	The Simon Family	Diane Huebner
Robert & Orise Desautels	Lori Masi	Richard & Carol Huebner
Howard & Charlotte Blaney	Kevin Scanlon & Lorna Grant	Sally Nisenon
Berj & Marjorie Zamanian	Erin Guanci	Al & Charlotte Huebner
Lindsey Suffredini	Janis Tucci	Michael & Sarah Garagliano
Maynard & Kathy Suffredini	Chuck & June Carelis	Steve & Nicole Palumbo
Pamela Bureau	Jeff & Kristine Buckridge	Josh & Sarah Alimi
The Woodbury Family	The Reynolds	Robert Eskin & Joan Shea
Brian & Kathleen Hanley	Jan Perkins	Ginny Bucknam
Armen & Esther Chakmakjian	Cos & Rhody Nardella	The Weymouth Club
Susan & Jim Kanak	Wolfgang & Susan Bach	Miriam Malkasian
The Murray Family	Kevin and Maureen Kelly	David and Judy Norton
John and Susan McDonald	Cheryl Lattinville	Geer Family
Patricia Kelly		

Cheryl and Jack Blaisdell in memory of their grandsons, *Luke and Jack Garagliano*



HOPE Miracles



We are all so blessed that more HOPE Miracles have been born healthy. Please join us in celebrating with these families:

Molly Claire and Hope Charlotte, twin daughters of Karen and Joe Calandrelli and grand daughters of Rindy and Dennis Huebner, were born on May 21, 2013

Gracie, daughter of Michelle and PJ Heffernan, was born in May 2013

Elijah James, son of John Paul and Jaime Riggio, was born on August 13, 2013

Deryk Hugh, son of Amanda and Russell Bashford, was born on September 21, 2013

Lucy Jane, daughter of Lindsay Perron, was born on November 28, 2012

Announcements

- **NEW meeting location** for those who haven't come to meetings lately: 200 Unicorn Park Drive, First Floor Conference Room, Woburn, MA. **Directions from the North:** Take Rte. 93 S to Exit 36 for Montvale Avenue, Stoneham/Woburn. Keep left and take the ramp towards Stoneham. Turn left onto Montvale Avenue and then turn left again onto Maple Street (Mobil is on the right). Maple Street becomes Unicorn Park Drive, #200 is the second building on left. **Directions from the South:** Take Rte. 93 N to Exit 36 for Montvale Avenue, Stoneham/Woburn. Turn right onto Montvale Avenue. Take the 1st left onto Maple Street (Mobil is on the corner). Maple Street becomes Unicorn Park Drive, #200 is on the left. As always,

the meetings begin at 7:30 pm on the second Wednesday of every month.

- Thank you to our HOPE members for writing the OBR cards each month. You touch the hearts of our members with your words of remembrance, warmth, and love. Rindy would be so proud!
- A HUGE thank you goes to our local printer, R.W. Traynham Printing in Billerica, MA for donating their printing services for the newsletter and memorial service program. You touch the hearts of many with your generosity.

Parent to Parent Hotline

Please contact us with any questions/concerns or if you are just having a bad day. We are here to help.

Billerica Donna McDonnell 1-978-376-1559 donnamcd@me.com
Tewksbury Christine Boudreau 1-978-851-0411 kiffy66@verizon.net
Burlington Dominic Pazzia, Jr. (bilingual) 1-781-316-1570 domandjacki@rcn.com
Winchester Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 kgkingdon@yahoo.com
Boston Barbara Clarke 1-617-413-2626 BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com

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 anniversary, please complete this form and return it to Donna McDonnell, c/o the HOPE Group, 14 Blossom Drive, Billerica, MA 01821. 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 HOPE? _____

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, 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 Batholomew, 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 Dennis 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 the late 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; Stillborn

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 Alexia Victoria, 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

12/26/92 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, 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, daughter of Bailey and J.P. Magazzu; Premature birth/Due Date 05/30/02

01/10/04 John Kevin, son of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Stillborn

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 03/06/10

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



01/25/92 Stephen Daniel, son of Laura and Jeff Paranay

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 (Meggie), daughter of Priscilla and Lin Goodwin; Died 01/14/92, 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

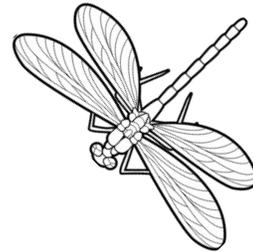
02/24/11 Max Reth, son of Jennifer and Sunday Reth; Stillborn

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, son of Marie and Chris Williams; Stillborn

02/27/13 Kaylee Goncalves, daughter of Ivan and Neusa Timas; Stillborn



Local Area Support Groups

- 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.tcfnoshore-boston.org>
- 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.
- 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.

*The HOPE Group
c/o McDonnell
14 Blossom Drive
Billerica, MA 01821*

