The HOPE Group

The Annual HOPE Memorial Service

The HOPE Group Annual Memorial Service will be held this year on Wednesday, December 10, 2014 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.

Wish You Were Here

By HOPE Member, Andrea Meyer

My daughter, Nina, died five weeks before she was due to be born. Each year, we gather to celebrate the life that could have been.

By the time I wake up, my husband Harlan has already written his letter. I can see it on his computer screen, but decide not to read it yet, not wanting to be influenced. I decide to write mine longhand and open a spiral notebook and start with the words, “Dear Nina.”

It’s April 25, the day when we lost Nina, our baby daughter, five weeks before she was due to be born, four years ago exactly.

Once we’ve completed our letters — my 6-year-old son Aidan writes one, too, this time—we buy balloons at the supermarket and head north to a quiet, pretty beach to let them go.

On the sand, we read our letters, one at a time. Harlan cries as he wonders aloud if Nina’s morning ritual would have included rubbing our cat’s tummy or eating cinnamon toast or watching squirrels in the yard. “I feel like I know what you would have been like, your personality, and that just makes me miss you more,” he says. When I’ve finished reading mine, Harlan says, “That was beautiful, baby,” and reaches over to squeeze my shoulder. Aidan proudly reads his birthday card: “Happy Birthday. I love you. From Aidan to Nina.” Only the words Aidan and Nina are spelled right.

We attach his card to the balloons and return the other two letters to their envelope, where they will join the
stack of those we’ve written in previous years, along with the condolence cards, the soft pajamas, the beads my friends had threaded onto string at my baby shower, the tiny cap and pink knit sweater, all bound snugly in a small satin box. Harlan hands the balloons carefully to Aidan, who struggles to hold onto them in the wind, and together we walk toward the water’s edge. Aidan smiles as he lets them go. We stand together, squinting upward as the light pink, dark pink, purple and green balloons— one for each year she’s been gone — float up into the air, getting smaller and smaller, until they’ve disappeared from view. Before we leave, Aidan builds a mound of sand. Harlan and I gather shells, sticks, stones, driftwood, even a crab’s claw, transforming the mountain of sand into a tribute to Nina that will remain after we’ve gone.

We didn’t consciously create a ritual to commemorate Nina. The first time we did it I was still bloated and achy from the pregnancy, delivery and my milk coming in. Harlan had wrapped the movie he was shooting (he’s a cinematographer) and was now home, watching me with worried eyes as I napped, cried and did my best to tend to our son. Harlan had been forced to get out into the world and function normally, but I still didn’t know how. All I knew was I couldn’t be in Cambridge, where we live, on my due date.

Some friends arranged for us to rent a cottage on the coast of Maine. On our due date, we wrote letters to Nina and, on our small private beach, read them aloud, along with a poem I’d found that felt relevant, and gathered a bouquet of wildflowers, which we placed on a boulder that would be surrounded by water when the tide came in. We knew that eventually they would be washed away and somehow that felt right.

The following year, this time on April 25, the anniversary of the day I had delivered Nina, we spent the weekend in another small town in Maine. Again, we wrote letters. This time we sang “Happy birthday,” as we set a cluster of balloons flying up into the grey sky.

Twice Nina’s birthday fell on a weekday when Harlan was unable to miss work, so we performed our ritual in beautiful spots in Cambridge, once in a park and once on the bank of the Charles River. But if we can, we leave our home and go to a peaceful place that reminds us of that first beach, where we went when the pain was still new, the wound still raw.

This year I am surprised by the depth of pain Nina’s absence still brings me. I thought it would eventually become more remote, but it seems to have deepened, in fact, perhaps because we decided not to try to have another child. In spite of all our very good reasons for deciding not to, I wonder if having another child was my only chance to truly heal.

“I so wish Aidan had a sister,” I wrote in my letter this year. “Would you be the kind of sister who would want to help him build things? Or would you be mischievous and knock down every marble tower? You would have been as beautiful as Aidan. We would have loved you as much as we love him, as inconceivable as that might be. To think of loving another person on the planet that much — how our lives would have expanded, how our hearts would have expanded, how our world would have been that much more beautiful. Instead we have a hole where you should be and sadness where there should be laughter and all that love and you, whoever you would have been now, whoever you would have grown to become, our daughter, Aidan’s sister, our beautiful little strawberry blond-haired girl. Wherever you are, sweet angel, know that we love you and miss you so much. More than anything, with a longing as deep as the earth’s core, we wish you were here with us.”

Andrea Meyer’s writing has appeared in such publications as the Boston Globe, the Village Voice, Elle, Glamour and The Huffington Post. Article found online at Modern Loss http://modernloss.com/wish-you-were-here/

A HOPE Personal Story
By HOPE Founder, Rindy Huebner

Rindy Huebner, founding member of HOPE, wrote this article for the 2004 New HOPE newsletter. It is her HOPE Personal Story. This November 10, 2014, was Rindy and Dennis Huebner’s son, Mark Edward’s, 35th birthday. We’d like to honor Mark in this newsletter because his death brought Rindy
to us all. We’d like to repost this article and send all of our members this message from Rindy: “Our group has helped heal my heart. As I celebrate Mark’s birthday and HOPE’s anniversary, I think of all our members...too many over the years. I send you hugs, love, and peace.”

Happy Birthday Mark and Happy Anniversary HOPE. Unbelievably, it will be twenty-five years this November 10, 2004 that our precious son, Mark Edward Huebner, was born still. A few months later, with the help of Winchester Hospital Social Services, Pam Bureau and I formed the HOPE Group.

A few years before Mark was born, my husband and I tried unsuccessfully to have a baby. Tests for infertility were few, but there seemed to be no reason why I couldn’t conceive. Soon I suffered an ectopic pregnancy and we decided to look into adoption.

Three months later I found I was pregnant again. I had an uneventful and happy pregnancy. The time flew by but during an ultrasound at 40 weeks, our balloon was burst with the words “no fetal heartbeat”. I delivered Mark vaginally but never saw him. I will always remember one nurse coming to my room and telling me that I had a perfectly formed, beautiful son. I never saw my baby so I cherish those words. We insisted on a service and the only memory I have of Mark is the small white casket covered with yellow roses.

My doctor said that all the tests were negative so the conclusion was a “cord accident”. We did decide to stay with the same doctor, as he was very supportive. I knew he would treat any subsequent pregnancy at high risk. The next two months were a fog. I barely got out of bed. I was fortunate to have supportive friends and family but I needed to talk to someone who shared my feelings. I attended a HOPE Group meeting on the South Shore and realized the need for a group in our area. So with much help and support our HOPE Group started. Many people ask me why I still stay with the group. It is an act of love for my son; love I could never physically give Mark. I hope that the pain of others can be eased through the support of parents who have survived the loss of a baby.

Mark will always be in our hearts. We remember him as the first son, grandson, nephew, and brother in our family. His sister, our precious Karen Alissa, was born less than a year later. I attended many meetings during that stressful nine months and my HOPE friends supported me all the way. Although we have our beautiful daughter here, not a day goes by that I don’t remember my son in some way. I cherish every friend I have met through HOPE. I wish none of us had to lose a baby to become a member but our bond is strong and forever. The HOPE Group is one positive ripple in my life that came from Mark’s death.

Whether 25 days or 25 years have passed, the pain remains. It becomes less intense but the emptiness in your heart remains. I hope you can find positive ways to fill your “heartache emptiness”. Our group has helped heal my heart. As I celebrate Mark’s birthday and HOPE’s anniversary, I think of all our members...too many over the years. I send you hugs, love, and peace.

A Symbol of Hope
Author unknown
Submitted with love by Karen Calandrelli
In loving memory of my mom and my brother
Rindy & Mark Edward Huebner

A butterfly lights beside us like a sunbeam
And for a brief moment
It’s glory and beauty belong to our world
But then it flies again
And though we wish it could have stayed,
We feel lucky to have seen it.
Grieving is hard work. It is exhausting, both mentally and physically. People who are depressed and grieving often have a hard time getting out of bed in the morning, and find themselves going back to bed, or at least to the couch, early in the evening.

When you do sleep, it can be restless and hard to catch quality sleep, meaning you wake up just as exhausted as you were the night before.

One of the hardest things to do when grieving is to devote enough time to the work of grief. And it is work. Many employers only grant a few days off for grieving a family member, something that is woefully inadequate. But it can be hard holding down a full time job and work through your grief as well.

The temptation is there to put it off, to throw yourself back into your life and avoid the uncomfortable feelings that grief brings. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross was one of the first researchers to take a serious look at grief, and she described it as a five-stage process. However, grief isn’t a linear process, and we can find ourselves repeating stages, moving from one to the next, and back again, as our circumstances allow.

Kubler-Ross described the first stage as denial and isolation. This can be asking for second opinions (or third, or fourth) from medical staff. It can be the way I felt disconnected from myself during the first few days after my boys died. It was as if it was happening to someone else. Pretending this isn’t really happening can be a way to shield you from painful emotions. It can be the way you simply don’t want to go out, don’t want to see others, don’t want to have to explain where your baby has gone.

The second stage is anger. This can be directed inward, at yourself, or outward at others. You can even feel angry at your baby. You might be angry at the doctor for making a mistake, even if no mistakes were made. You might be angry at yourself for not recognizing ‘signs’ your baby was in distress, even if those signs were all in your head. You can be angry at your partner too, for not grieving in the same way you are, or for not being supportive enough of your concerns. You can be angry at other pregnant women, for having healthy babies even though they don’t deserve them.

The third stage is called bargaining. This is where we try to take our loss and regain control over our world. We might make promises to ourselves or to God that this time will be different. “If I have a healthy baby, I promise I will…” This can often be done to hide guilty feelings about things that happened in your last pregnancy. If you’ve felt guilty over the loss of your baby, it can be hard to let those feelings of guilt go. Forgiving yourself is an important step to feeling better.

The fourth stage, and for many of us the one that has the longest impact, is depression. Depression is more than sadness. It hurts. This is where you can’t get out of bed, where you get little pleasure out of life. There is nothing that can be said or done to cheer you up. Depression has been described as a black dog that follows you around, as a cloud, or a filter that leaves the whole world grey.

The final stage is acceptance. Acceptance is not the same thing as happiness. It is the point where you have incorporated the death of your baby into your life. Where it becomes a part of you and who you are. Thinking about your baby will still be sad, but not painful in the same way as it was during the earlier stages.

New pain can bring up old grief. A friend once told me about how he couldn’t cope when his dog died. It left him with a deep and mystifying depression. As a minister, he was used to being the one to hold it together at funerals, to be the one who could step in and take charge, but here he was, almost paralyzed for months by the death of a dog, who admittedly had been sick for some time. Finally, his wife helped him realize the obvious. He wasn’t just grieving his dog, but all the other friends who had died. He hadn’t allowed himself to grieve before because he was busy.
keeping busy. When his dog died, no one looked to him for answers, no one expected him to perform the
funeral or to help wrap up the estate. He was free to grieve, and so he did. And it hurt.

Keep working on your grief. It can and will come back to you when you least expect it. Work with a grief
counselor (you can ask your doctor for a recommendation). Devote the time you need to doing `grief work'.
You'll still see reoccurrences of grief throughout your life. We all do. It is part of the cycle of our lives. But
postponing the hard work of grief will only make things harder later on.

Article found online at Still Standing Magazine http://stillstandingmag.com/2014/11/kubler-ross-five-stages-
grief/

5 Ways To Reframe Pregnancy Loss
by Dr. Jessica Zucker

There is no one “right” way to feel after experiencing pregnancy loss. The trauma continuum is vast and
varied. Every woman comes to this loss with different maternal hopes, reproductive histories, pregnancy
fantasies, relationships with their bodies, interpersonal support, psychological and spiritual resources and
mental health landscapes. However, in my clinical practice — I’m a psychologist who specializes in
reproductive and maternal mental health — I have witnessed an overriding shame-laden thread that invariably
weaves through the stories I am privileged to hear. Why are women blaming themselves for something over
which they have zero control? My hunch is that the pain of wanting something so badly and not knowing if it
can be attained, or having no control over something so elusive as fetal development, is too terrifying to sit
with. So we scurry around, desperate for definitive answers and when there are none, blame ends up settling
in.

Whether it has happened to you or someone you love, here are five ways we can revolutionize how we think
about pregnancy loss and its aftermath, with the aim of unraveling the thread of shame:

1. Try To Let Go of Self-Blame. I have heard countless stories of pregnancy loss and a subsequent rush
toward self-blame. Here’s a sampling of ruminating what-if’s: What if I miscarried because I don’t deserve to
experience the mystery of motherhood … exercised too much … am too old, too young … wasn’t sure if I
wanted a child … had a sip of wine … stopped believing in God when I was a kid … had too much sex while
pregnant? What if I miscarried because I so desperately wanted to be a mother — maybe I wanted it too
much? What if I was too obsessive … too invested … too aloof … too attached?

All of these thought patterns underscore how steadfast the mind/heart can be in trying to make sense of the
dizzying despair that can accompany pregnancy loss. It might be difficult to resist chasing every line of
thinking, every possible pregnancy indulgence, every behavioral regret, every everything. But, here’s the thing:
self-blame spirals into shame in a millisecond. As researcher Brené Brown has aptly said, “Shame is lethal.
And I think we are swimming in it deep. Here’s the bottom line with shame. The less you talk about it, the more
you got it. Shame needs three things to grow exponentially in our lives: secrecy, silence, and judgment.” Can
we disband self-judgment and rest in the unknown?

2. Forfeit Control. There is an illusion that by pinpointing a reason why this happened, a solution can be
harnessed for next time. Why? Because we prefer to act than to feel, to strive rather than to be, and to
problem “solve” as opposed to wading through psychological discomfort. But, do we really have control over
our fertility? Over something as minuscule as chromosomes? Reproductive technologies often provide further
confusion over what we can control. But even when technologies assist women in getting pregnant, the health
and development of a fetus is out of everyone’s hands. The American Congress of Obstetricians
Gynecologists reports that 10-25% of pregnancies end in miscarriage — a glaring statistic that further serves
to inform us that no matter how driven, accomplished or psychologically sturdy we are, we can’t necessarily
escape the unfortunate numerical facts.

3. Honor Uniqueness. Even if your sister, best friend, colleague or neighbor had a miscarriage too, trauma
reverberates, hibernates and maybe even evaporates differently for everyone. Rather than comparing and contrasting stories and possibly projecting our own experience elsewhere, we might simply ask how a woman who has miscarried is feeling and inquire about what her emotional temperature is at any given moment. Checking in again, even months after the trauma, might be the very thing she was yearning for. Every day is different and grief knows no timeline. It might be tempting to compare, by minimizing or magnifying, the pain of a loss at six weeks versus 20 weeks, but why go there? Loss is excruciating, no matter how far along we are in days/weeks/months. “Well, at least you were only six weeks. You can always try again in a few months,” doesn’t necessarily help assuage the sadness, the numbness or the fear of the future.

4. Lean Into the Trauma. Despite how counterintuitive it seems, leaning into trauma might be the very antidote to drowning in it. Most people are poised to eschew trauma at any cost rather than excavate it, with the determined hope that avoiding/denying will magically whisk away dark experiences. In Dr. Mark Epstein’s New York Times article “The Trauma of Being Alive,” he writes: “In resisting trauma and in defending ourselves from feeling its full impact, we deprive ourselves of its truth. The reflexive rush to normal is counterproductive. In the attempt to fit in, to be normal, the traumatized person (and this is most of us) feels estranged.” We benefit from disbanding the notion that mourning is avoidable and has a finite end point.

5. Acknowledge the Courage. The courage it takes to try to conceive again after trauma is noteworthy. I’m in awe over the millions of women who experience pregnancy loss and muster the physical and psychological wherewithal to enter into the unknown yet again. I am equally amazed by the courage it takes to declare that one is opting not to wade back into potentially painful or potentially joyful waters. It takes a certain kind of self-understanding to know when to stop, to understand our limits and to honor them.

Dr. Jessica Zucker is a Los Angeles-based clinical psychologist specializing in women’s reproductive and maternal mental health. With a background in international public health and an advanced degree from Harvard University, Dr. Zucker writes about the motherhood continuum for Medium, The Huffington Post, and Every Mother Counts.

To My Beautiful Dakota
By HOPE Member, Christine Boudreau

Today should have been your 10th birthday. I wonder what we would have been doing today had you not died. Probably talking girl talk at length but who knows? I think that’s one of the toughest parts of losing a baby during pregnancy or shortly afterwards, you never know who you’re grieving for. So when I think of you, there’s….a blank, a sad black hole in my heart, nothing for my mind to latch onto for solace or comfort. I do have two memories actually. There’s the way my body looked when you were nestled safely inside it, and the image of you on the ultrasound screen…. Frozen, No heartbeat, just floating, inside my body and outside of my life.

We always try to make it a fun day, the anniversary of the day you were meant to be born. Those first few years were very raw although I had so many different significant days, each day though the years were different emotions and stages of grief each day the same, but each moment different.

There was the day I found out you’d died; I was 8 months through my pregnancy. Then there was the day you left my body, at the hospital and your ‘birth’ day. The day you were never born. That day I got to hold you, to look into your little face and make that connection between the baby I’d felt moving inside me and the little person whose life would unfold before me.

I am still trying to get a handle on what you would have been like, what you would have looked like and that breaks my heart in a way that’s really hard to explain. It’s a very strange grief, grieving for someone you never really knew. I have no memories of our times together, no images of your smile or your smell or all the precious details you keep locked tightly in your heart after someone has gone.
For a while there, I thought I’d reached ‘closure’. What an absurd word that is. As if grief was a door that opens for a time and then shuts. The intensity may subside but so many things remain and morph into less extreme but still achingly potent emotions. Like dust settling. It’s no longer flying around in the air but it’s still there, lightly coating your life.

I was so busy in the years after I lost you. Busy blaming, myself for not being able to keep you alive, Busy trying to get pregnant again, to fill the space in my life and my body where you were meant to be, Busy welcoming two more children who I love with all my heart, Busy watching all of my children grow and growing with them, Busy growing away from you. Because even though I went through that intense period of grief is one I was relieved to leave behind, it was also a way to be close to you in the only way that was left for us, as mother and daughter who never got to meet.

Shifting from that dark dark place and coming back into the light felt like a betrayal. You know, as I’ve watched many other parents grapple with the pain of losing their children; I’ve felt so calm in my relationship with you – if I can call it that. While they continue to ride the rawness of the rollercoaster, I’ve been able to contemplate how far I am from that place. Although I must confess to feeling a flash of envy when they are able to burst into tears and cry for their children. Because I haven’t cried for you for a long time and sometimes I want to. Sometimes I feel like I can’t get to you; that you’re locked too deeply inside me.

These parents have certainly caused a shift in me. Our relationships were built on a shared understanding of loss and some very intense, unexpectedly funny conversations about our losses. There’s nobody else who understands like them and we all know that all of our babies are hanging out together somewhere in heaven, which makes me smile.

I’ve certainly come to a place of understanding about why you weren’t born. A very wise woman once told me to stop blaming myself, stop making it about me because it’s not. It was about you and your journey, short as it was. That’s why I never got to take you home or tell you I loved you except in my head and through my tears after you’d gone. I understand that had you been born, your younger brother and sister may not have been. I may have gone on to have other children but it wouldn’t have been them. That makes some small sense to me, gives me some small solace.

But I always find myself unexpectedly melancholy at this time of year. We celebrate you on this day the same way we do every year, with balloons with messages on them, but this year on what would have been your 10th birthday we will plant a tree for you in your garden. Your brother and sister although never got to meet you they miss you very much. You are and forever will be there big sister.

So happy birthday little girl. I feel particularly close to you this year, particularly connected. I hope you are somewhere hanging out with all of the other baby angel and your discussing who is your favorite member of One Direction (I think it would be Harry or maybe I’m projecting) and rolling your eyes at your embarrassing parents. You will forever be my first born, my first love and my angel forever.

Thinking of you, today and always. I love you to the Moon and back! MOM XOXOXOXO

To our Little Prince Colin
By HOPE Member, Kellie Jenke

I can hear those echoes in the wind at night
Calling me back in time
Back to you
In a place far away
Where the water meets the sky
The thought of it makes me smile
You are my tomorrow
I will see you again, whoa
This is not where it ends  
I will carry you with me, oh  
'Til I see you again  
Sometimes I feel my heart is breaking  
But I stay strong and I hold on cause I know  
I will see you again, whoa  
This is not where it ends  
I will carry you with me  

Our love for you grows more and more everyday.  
XoXo - Mommie, Daddie & Kacie

Thank You for Being There for Us  
By HOPE Members, Nadia and Kevin Purifory

As most of the Hope Group knows we just lost our precious Maria on October 7th, 2014. I was going in for my last final check up, NST and ultrasound. While I was waiting to be called I didn’t feel any movement and I texted my husband and he tried to reassure me that maybe Maria was just sleeping. We were due to come in for induction on Oct 10th. From that moment on I started begging God, “Please not again”. I heard the same dreadful words as I lay there by myself, “I am sorry no heartbeat”. Kevin was in NJ (where he is stationed and lives M-F). I didn’t want to call him and tell him knowing he had at least a 7-hour drive. The pain is so intense that it feels like my whole insides are like a million pieces of shattered glass.

This time it is very different, I had 6 live births and knew exactly what to expect…to hear my babies loud cries right away and to nurse my babies right away like I always do; the pain and sorrow of holding another one of my children lifeless on my chest and me not being able to do anything at all to save her. The loss of Maria has opened up all of the old wounds that never really went anywhere from John in 2004. It has been so heartbreaking seeing all 7 of my children suffering about Maria’s death. I keep hearing from everyone you must think how lucky you are to have 7 beautiful children whom I am grateful for but that doesn’t replace Maria.

I love you so much John, Angelina, Sweet Pea and Maria. I wish this were a nightmare. Maria was wanted and loved very much those 39 weeks. Her siblings prayed every night for her and took turns touching my belly. They continue to pray for their four siblings every night. I hope I can feel the presence of my babies around us. Love Mom, Dad, JJ, Sophia, Anthony, Carissa, Gianna, Gabriella, and Nadia

DADDIES GRIEVE TOO  
Author Unknown

It must be so hard on you to be a Dad who grieves,  
When real men don’t cry or become upset,  
Only women do, you are told to believe.  
Your dreams are gone,  
Your future has changed,  
Your wife is just not the same,  
You hold your head as high as you can  
And play your part of the game.  
Your heart just tells you differently,  
It aches and hurts you so.  
When will someone give you permission  
To let your emotions show?  
They ask you how your wife is,  
Ignoring the fact you hurt, too.  
You answer the question but always wonder
When they will ask about you.
Keep the memory alive of the child you love,
and your love will always shine through
and maybe one day this world will know
that Daddies always grieve too.

HOPE Donations

Ann Powers in memory of her daughter, Susan
Maureen and Kevin Kelly in memory of their daughter Kaitlyn
Ann Powers in memory of Rindy Huebner
Cheryl and Jack Blaisdell in memory of their grandsons, Luke and Jack Garagliano

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

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.

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 Thomley; 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
10/13/13 Baby Boy Higgins, son of Danielle Sheehan; Miscarriage
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
10/16/13 Isaac Anthony, son of Amy and Steve Pardo; Miscarriage
10/20/12 Baby Higgins, son of Danielle Sheehan; 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 Abagail, 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 Tony 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
11/13/83  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
11/21/93  Isabel Marie, daughter of Daniel and Dyan Sierra; Heart Defect
11/20/91  Kimberly Beth, daughter of Bob and Jackie Moreau; Premature Birth
11/20/95  Chandler James, son of Eileen and Roddy Perron; Stillborn
11/21/90  Mark, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Died 11/29/90 Premature Birth
11/21/93  Isabel Marie, daughter of Daniel and Dyan Sierra; Heart Defect
11/20/91  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
12/04/13  Caroline Anne, daughter of Caitlin and John O’Brien; Stillborn
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
12/21/96  Mike, son of Susan and Lee Danielson; Died in utero 12/15/85
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 Valent; Premature Birth, twin to twin transfusion.
01/05/89  Eric Michael, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Potter’s 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)
02/20/14  Babies Antczak, twin babies of Amy and Christophe Antczak; Miscarriage
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
02/26/13  Rindy Huebner, beloved friend and founder of the HOPE Group
02/27/94  Scott Davis, son of Marie and Chris Williams; Stillborn
02/27/13  Kaylee Goncalves, daughter of Ivan and Neusa Timas; Stillborn