

# Rindy's HOPE

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss Support

<http://rindyshope.org>



## What a Beautiful Difference One Single Life Made!

It is with heavy and saddened hearts that we share the news that Clarinda "Rindy" (Norton) Huebner, founder of the HOPE Group, passed away on Tuesday afternoon, February 26, 2013. She was 66 years old. What a beautiful difference her single life made to all of us at HOPE! We will remember her gentleness, compassion, and love for all. We will never forget the difference she made in our lives. She is now with our heavenly angel babies holding them tight.

Rindy was born, raised and educated in Pittsfield, MA. She was the daughter of the late Dr. Stanley and Dayl Norton. After graduating from Pittsfield High School, Rindy went on to graduate from Forsyth Dental School. She worked as a Dental Hygienist for many years.

Rindy and her husband Dennis, 33 years ago, suffered the tragic stillborn loss of their son Mark. In her pain and anguish, Rindy realized that countless other families have gone and will go through the same pain. After the loss of her son, Rindy reached out to other parents who suffered such a loss and founded The HOPE Group, a peer support group for parents who have suffered the loss of a child through miscarriage, stillbirth, or neonatal death. Rindy and the other members of the HOPE Group wanted to help other parents endure those empty days and months because they know how hard they are. Rindy and others have experienced that heartbreaking day when they left the hospital without their baby in their arms. Rindy's single most important purpose was to help other parents grieve; as well as offer support during the anxious times of subsequent pregnancies. Through this group, Rindy has made contact with hundreds of couples through meetings, letters, and thousands of phone calls. It wasn't unusual for Rindy to receive a call from a hospital asking her to counsel a family. Rindy never forgot those she helped over the 33 years and always remembered the anniversary of a baby's passing with an annual care note. Rindy's compassion and empathy helped countless families get through the darkest times of their lives.

Rindy was very involved in the community of Burlington where she had many friends. She had a love of flowers and would spend hours working on her flower gardens at her home. She was also a longtime member of the Burlington Garden Club. She was a very active member of the United Church of Christ Congregational church serving on the Missions Committee. She was her daughter's biggest fan when she swam and played tennis competitively. Rindy relished the time spent with her dear family and friends, vacations in Maine and seeing her daughter marry and be honored in the Burlington Athletic Hall of Fame. She has left lasting footprints on the hearts of her family, friends, and those she comforted in the HOPE Group.

Rindy was the beloved wife of 44 years of Dennis A. Huebner. She was the loving mother of Karen Alissa Calandrelli & her husband Joe of Burlington and the late Mark Edward Huebner. She was the sister of Susan Kanak and her husband Jim of Wells, ME and Mary Dayl Norton-Geer and her husband Jon of Lowell. Rindy was also survived by many nieces, nephews, and friends.

The HOPE Group will continue in Rindy's memory; we have many members that will make sure of it. It was, and is, a beautiful legacy in honor of her son, Mark Edward Huebner.

From Rindy's Family



We want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your outpouring of support. You touched us through your cards, notes, emails, and your attendance at the visitation, memorial service and luncheon. We loved the flower arrangement for the visitation. We proudly wore the necklaces and pins during the service and we will always keep the candles you gave

us close by. Thank you Donna, on behalf of the group, for your inspiring words of remembrance during the service. Rindy was and is listening to everything!

The visitation and memorial service were perfect, thanks to each of you. Our church was the fullest it has ever been!

Rindy loved the Hope Group and each one of you. We are missing her dearly. We hope to see each and every one of you as time moves on. You will always be remembered as part of our family. Thank you for sharing your lives with Rindy. Please always keep Mark and Rindy in your thoughts and prayers.

Her legacy will live on forever through the HOPE Group.

Fondly, Dennis Huebner & Karen and Joe Calandrelli

## Nearly Thirty Years Ago

by Lisa Rubenstein Scholl

Nearly 30 years ago, in the darkest days of my life, I met a woman who said, "I understand, I've been there, too, let me help."

She never asked for anything – just offered me the place to cry and storm and yell about how unfair life is. She had unending kindness, was always available to meet for lunch, have some coffee or a phone call.

If I can survive, she said, you can too. Together, often with Joan and Janeen, we laughed tearfully about the awful things people say to you when you've lost a baby or shared our fears about subsequent pregnancies. But Rindy was always able to comfort me, to help me realize I wasn't alone under that dark cloud that I lived under, she understood and we were not alone.

And after our other children were born, alive and healthy, she always asked about them, too, and took pleasure in their accomplishments; after all, they now belonged to all of us who had once lived without hope.

And to Dennis and Karen, thank you for sharing this amazing woman with me.

With love, Lisa Rubenstein Scholl

## To My Dear Friend Rindy

by Janeen Sencabaugh

I can't imagine life without you. You have been a constant in my life for the past 29 years. I remember coming to that first HOPE group meeting soon after the loss of my daughter Rebekah Janeen in July 1984 with my husband David and meeting you for the first time and feeling your warmth and genuine care for others shining through. I am

so lucky to have been able to also have you as a dear friend outside of HOPE and will cherish each phone call and dinner out together. I will cherish the memories of our excursions with Karen, Dan and Jon to Salem visiting the tourist attractions and to my cottage in Maine which seems so long ago and then on to seeing our children get married and attending their weddings. I wanted more than anything for you to know the joy of your grandchildren, you deserved that more than anyone in the world.... I know you will be watching over them from above each and every day now and always. We met out of tragedy but formed a great friendship that will always mean so much to me. You are a true inspiration to all of us who are HOPE members....we remember our babies.....we get it.....because of you! So much thanks to Dennis and Karen for sharing their wife/mother selflessly with all of us. Love you so much.....Janeen

## Her Sweet Smile

By Nadia and Kevin Purifory

I still can't believe she is no longer here with us...I will always remember her sweet smile and how much she did for my family and I with our losses. It was always comforting to know she never forgot about our babies and we would always faithfully receive our cards on our anniversary. I loved our phone calls every couple months to catch up on what was going on in each others lives. Rindy always wanted to hear what each one of my kids were doing. Rindy was so special and gave so much of herself to all of us and took in all our pain to help us try to deal with our enormous losses. Sweet Rindy you will never be forgotten and I am sure you are with your dear Mark and all of our babies. I love you and you will be missed. Love, Nadia & Kevin

## It Gave Me Hope

by Maureen Kelly

Thank you Rindy for the past 10 years. If it wasn't for Rindy starting the Hope Group, I would of been totally lost after losing my Daughter Kaitlyn Alexandra April 8th 2003 (40 weeks/cord accident). I was able to share my true feelings with You and others who have been through the same situation. What helped the most was seeing that all your lives had moved on and time would heal...but not forget, it gave me HOPE... Miss you! Maureen Kelly

## I Can Still Remember the Day

by Jeana Catarino

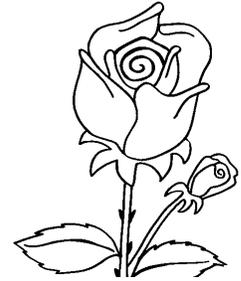
I can still remember the day we met at St. Theresa's Church sometime in the spring of 2008. It was Donna's "A Ripple in Time" meeting, and Anthony and I were the only couple to make it that evening. I remember reading about you, learning about you and Mark's legacy and The HOPE Group, and thinking..."She's a legend".

You truly have and always will be a legend to me, and I'm SO INCREDIBLY BLESSED to have known such an amazing angel on this earth. I've never met such a loving, selfless, strong, and compassionate woman. I aspire to be more like you every day.

I hope that you are rejoicing with Mark in heaven while you watch over Dennis, Karen, Joe and your beautiful grand babies on the way. I like to think you're holding them now before they make their grand entrance into the world; you know your granddaughters before anyone else and you get to instill your love in them from the very start.

Please kiss AJ and squeeze him tight for me. You've cared for angel Mom's and Dad's for so long now, and at last you get to be with all the angel babies to share your love with them, just like you did here on earth.

I will miss you forever and will be grateful to you for eternity, until we meet again.  
All my love, Jeana Caterino



## Good Bye, Rindy A HOPE Personal Story by Michelle Kingdon

A little more than 14 years ago an advertisement in my local newspaper grabbed my attention. It was a notice about a monthly support group for parents who had experienced a miscarriage or stillbirth. At the time I had already had two miscarriages and thought maybe this could be for me. I kept the clipping – I had never been one to seek out support from strangers, but, who knew? A few months later I suffered my third miscarriage and called the number for the support group.

I had no idea what to expect – an answering machine, maybe, or a recording confirming the date, time and place of the next meeting. Instead, I was greeted by a very warm, sympathetic, caring voice – Rindy's. Rindy wanted to know my story. She was actually willing to listen. No one had ever asked to hear my story. I didn't even realize I had a story. I felt almost ashamed; feeling so depressed and miserable over a miscarriage because a miscarriage wasn't really a baby, was it? I couldn't understand why I felt so sad. But Rindy understood. She listened to me and she validated their brief little lives. She assured me that I wasn't crazy and it was okay to grieve them; that I should grieve them. I attended the next HOPE Group meeting and have been attending them ever since. I would later learn from Rindy that she only placed an ad in the newspaper that one time.

I had eight more miscarriages – 10 total. My very first pregnancy was uneventful. Looking back, I can say I was blissfully ignorant. Complications from preeclampsia at the end of the pregnancy; however, required my son to be born via emergency c-section. He was (and is) perfect and healthy. All my miscarriages were subsequent pregnancies. Each loss occurred during the first trimester of pregnancy, between six and 11 weeks. Most of the time there was an early heartbeat then on my next doctor's visit it would be gone. For unexplained reasons the babies stopped growing. Only twice did the miscarriages expel naturally. I had eight D&Cs. The feeling became so natural to me that I once knew I was miscarrying before I confirmed I was pregnant.

I feared ultrasounds, doctors' appointments and telling people I was pregnant. It hurt so much having to tell people I had lost another baby. I wondered if God thought I was an unfit mother. I wondered what I was doing wrong – I was not in control of my own body and it was letting me down. Rindy and my HOPE friends were always there for me. They never told me to give up hope; they never called me crazy for continually trying to have the baby I so desperately wanted; they never told me to stop and be thankful for the son I had at home; and they never told me my house wasn't big enough for another child (something someone actually said to me). My HOPE family gave me shoulders to cry on, strength and encouragement. They kept me company in my darkest days and were there with hugs and laughter when I needed it most.

Five years after I made that initial phone call to Rindy, I gave birth to a beautiful, healthy baby girl – Hope Therese. I truly believe she would not be here today if it weren't for Rindy and my wonderful HOPE family. I will be forever reminded and grateful for my "Hope" Rindy gave me. I will miss you, my special friend. Thank you. I love you. Good bye.

## Seeing Light For the First Time by Jaime Riggio

You enter my life during a time that I closed my heart off to everything. I met you in April of 2010 one month after the loss of my son Jamison. I didn't know what to expect because I honestly went into hiding with my husband. I shut out everything and just about everyone, because I wasn't comfortable with the stares and whispers from the public "Oh she's

the one that lost her baby". Then the time came and I met you on a Wednesday night and seeing you was like seeing light for the first time in a month. You made it so I was Jamie again. You welcomed us with open arms and most of all no judgment.

I so clearly remember you going around the room and letting every person have a chance to share their story. You made sure that John Paul and I felt comfortable to speak and when we finally told our story, you sat there with complete acceptance on your face and heart. You were always patient and calm with total encouragement for people to get out the pain and sorrow they felt. Even though we just met you John Paul and I felt at ease with you and loved. I could honestly remember being in a such a fog for the longest time but you were always there for when I needed you. I don't think it dawned on me till 9 plus months later after meeting you, that I didn't know your story. The only reason why I didn't know is because you always let everyone else speak. And so I learned your story and felt if possible more respect for you. You made it so far in your journey without a scratch and you were still standing. You were the true meaning of living with Hope.

You are a true inspiration and real hero in my life and husband's life. I will always remember you sitting at the first table by the door to welcome everyone as they came in. Once the meeting started you sat there with your legs crossed under the table and you would either being playing with a pen in both hands or ready to hand down a box of tissues for whoever would need it. I will miss your happiness, glow, love, strength, hope, acceptance and openness. But most of all I miss the lady that became my family over the last three years. You did honestly save our lives. I have a new hope that you are in heaven with your son Mark in your arms and surrounded by all our angel babies. I know your holding a new Hope group with our children but this time to watch and protect us from a far. I miss and love you Rindy. Thank You for everything.

## Rindy Was There by Lisa Murphy

I cannot put into words how grateful I am to have met Rindy. I will never forget the day I called Rindy and how sad and alone I felt. Rindy was there to listen and understood the sadness I felt and was very comforting and compassionate. Rindy and the women at HOPE helped me through the most difficult time of my life. I do not know what life would be like after my loss if I did not make that phone call to Rindy. The group saved me and truly gave me hope. Rindy was amazing! She was a special gift from god, an angel on earth. I am so glad to have known her. She meant so much to me and I will miss her. She will always hold a special place in my heart and I will never forget her. Lisa Murphy



## The Little Pieces of My Heart by Monica Pedruzzi

I lost my twins Luca and Silvia almost eight years ago. It was the most devastating experience of my life. I felt lost and alone. My heart was shattered in thousand pieces. At my first meeting I wasn't sure what to expect, would anyone really understand what I was going through? Just sitting there and talking freely about my grief made me realize that I wasn't alone. Rindy and the other moms helped me to collect the little pieces of my heart and slowly I had the strength of putting them together. My heart will never be whole again, I miss my twins every and each day. Rindy made it easier to live with my wound. What I loved the most about Rindy was how she would listen to a new parent. Never judging and always with a kind word. I like to think of her with her beloved son Mark and surrounded by all our angels and she will tell them about their moms and dads on the other side of the sky. Thank you Rindy for always being there when we needed it the most. Thanks for creating the HOPE Group. I'm proud to be part of this wonderful family. Luca and Silvia, I love you more than words can tell. You have a new angel with you, a very special one. I'm sure she will take care of you. Rindy, I miss you and you'll be forever in my heart. With love, Monica

## Happy 5th Birthday, Baby Boy A.J. by Jeana Caterino

I used to think five years was an eternity in those early days when I lost you...But at last, it's been five years without you. This date was inevitable, and I guess I should be grateful that I've made it this far since in the beginning I couldn't imagine making it through one minute without you.

I made it, I'm here, and I still miss you like crazy. I'll never forget, and I'll never stop thinking about you constantly and what your life would have been like. I think you'd be a smart and mischievous 5 year old that loves his Mama's cuddles, just like your little brother. You'd be a sweet, kind and thoughtful little boy full of spunk and personality, just like your little sister. Most importantly, you'd be "YOU", these traits I can only imagine, dream about and long to know.

I miss you, I love you, and I thank God for you. You were the beginning; you've made me a Mama in your birth, and you've made me a better person in your death. You've taught me so much about love and life, things that most people don't learn in a lifetime. A piece of my heart belongs to you, and a piece of my heart will forever ache for you. I used to think maybe someday it would get "easier" missing you, but I realize it doesn't ever get "easy", it just becomes different.

Different in the way that my heart has accepted your death, and different in the way that I'm better understanding "how" to be the Mom of the most beautiful Angel I have ever known. Happy 5<sup>th</sup> birthday baby boy, I love and miss you dearly. All my love, Mama

## A Great Gain for Our Little Lost

In Memory of Clarinda Huebner and Our Son Jamison John "JJ" Riggio  
By John-Paul Riggio

A Guardian of Guidance,  
Being Reunited through silence,  
Awaken and timeless  
They awaited her arrival to thank her in person,  
For saving our lives through cards written cursive.  
Just when we thought all our lives just worsen,  
She opened her heart and let the world in.  
Unselfish, selfless, dedicating to helping,  
Breathless for seconds  
Where's Hope directed?  
For the better,  
However her work is perfected!  
Care giving her best with Angelic Protection.  
Greatness reflecting Our Babies in Heaven,  
Directly an Image of Hope in a Blessing.



## Beautiful Garden

Submitted by Christine Boudreau

A beautiful garden now stands alone,  
missing the one who nurtured it  
But now she is gone,  
Her flowers still bloom, and the sun it still shines,  
But the rain is like tear drops, for the ones left behind,  
The weeds lay waiting to take the gardens beauty away,  
But the beautiful memories of its keeper are in our hearts to stay,  
she loved every flower even some that were weeds,  
So much love she would plant with each little seed,  
But just like her flowers she was part of Gods plan,  
So when it was her time he reached down his hand,  
He looked through the Garden searching for the best,  
That's when he found Rindy, it was her time to rest,  
It was hard for those who loved her, to just let her go,  
But God had a spot in his garden, that needed a gentle soul,  
So when you start missing Rindy, remember if you just wait,  
When God has a spot in his garden, She'll meet you at the gate.

## On the Day You Died

Submitted by Christine Boudreau

The world got colder on the day you died, everything around was drab and dull  
You brought such warmth to the world around, your soul was kind and rare and beautiful.  
My world just stopped on the day you died, I can't fathom HOPE Group without you here  
Why is it fate can bring bonds so deep, and then fate can make life disappear?

I'll always remember the day you died and that raw  
aching hole - you were gone  
I know time will dull the pain,  
it seems a betrayal to move on.  
I wasn't prepared for the day you died,  
your life slipped away much too soon  
And even as time lets me laugh once again,  
a piece of my heart went with you.

## Our Sweet Angel, Nicholas Murphy

by Lisa Murphy

Nicholas, Our sweet little angel, I cannot believe your six years old. A day does not go by that I do not think of you and how life would be for all of us to be together. You will never be forgotten and you will always be a part of me. We miss you everyday and love you so much. Please continue to look over your sister Leah. Until I can hold you in my arms again, sending you lots of hugs and kisses. Love, Mom, Dad, and Leah

## Our Family Chain

Submitted by Kristen Grein

In memory of Gordon and all the other HOPE angels

We little knew that morning  
that God would call your name.

In life we loved you dearly; In death we do the same.  
It broke our hearts to lose you, But you did not go alone,

For part of us went with you  
the day God called you home.

You left us beautiful memories, your love is still our guide  
And though we cannot see you,  
you are always by our side.

Our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same,  
But as God calls us one by one the chain will link again.

Author Unknown

## No Limits to Your Love

For AJ's Mama, Jeana Caterino, by Melissa MacDonald

"I told you once you can never fail in AJ...look to your left...and now your right...out to the ocean...down to the sand and tonight to the hue of a halo the moon creates...I love all of you...xoxo Missy"

Unlike most, you have learned to dance in the rain, smile through the pain and walk the fragile steps while your heart has been insane. Been pushed to break, but always bend, listen to the chatter of a hurting friend...even when your heart has yet to mend.

Your determination to keep his memory alive is forever a tribute to every mothers cry. While AJ watches and guides you from the sky, you have taught others how to hold an Angel of their own...reminding them with each salty tear, they are not alone that life was not lost but yet very near.

All you have to do is look at the heavens above, white like a morning dove...where there are no limits to your love.

## A Small Angel Named Aidan

By Vanessa Bellitti

God peaked through the clouds one day and saw two aching hearts. He knew their journey had been hard, He'd been there from the start. They were waiting for a blessing, a rainbow after the storm. They prayed so hard every day, but hope was getting torn. A small angel named Aidan stood by His side, watching God think as He smiled real wide. They are ready for a miracle..."Ah yes, a boy will do!" The angel tugged upon God's robe, then smiled and whispered "two". Aidan's twin brothers are due July, 2013

## To our Precious John, Angelina, & Sweet Pea

by Nadia and Kevin Purifory

Our love grows more each day and we miss you and wish you could be here with your siblings. Seeing your new sister Gabriella and knowing she was the twin of Sweet Pea makes us wonder all the more what you would have looked like, identical, we will never know. Our sweet babies you are always in our thoughts and the kids talk about you all the time. We send you many kisses to Heaven. Love, Mom, Dad, JJ, Sophia, Anthony, Carissa, Anthony, Gianna, and Gabriella



## Happy 7th Birthday to My Son in the Sky

by Kristen Grein in memory of her son, Gordon

When you were born it was love at first sight, I was left in the dark when you went to follow the light.

I never got to hear the sounds of your cry or see the flutter of lashes or the color of your eye.

I did get to hold you in a tight embrace cradling you close and kissing your face.

Then the time came when I had to let you go, my heart was filled with such sorrow.

Even though it has been seven years my eyes still shed many tears.

I continue to wonder how life would be if you were here living with me.

All that I have is a picture of you and a box of memories I continue to look through. Happy Birthday to my son in the sky please watch for your balloons as they go floating by!



## My Sister, My Angel by Meghan Kelly

She was a special baby, an active sign of our growing household. Although not yet born, we could all tell what a blessing she was to our family; a spark of new life that made our entire house glow. Her presence was a deep spell of happiness that put our family into a daze of unconditional bliss. Being six years old, I was mostly excited about having the title of “double big sister.” I happily listened to her heartbeat over the fetal Doppler, giggling and comparing the sound to that of an ape. Life seemed so simple and idyllic. It was not until we lost her that I realized what a large impact she would have on my life.

I can remember the worst day of my life. It was an average weekend in early April. If asked today, I could not tell you what the weather was like, or what kind of mood I was in, but I know that I was excited to hear about the latest results of my mom’s prenatal doctor’s visit. She was due to have my new baby brother or sister any day. I waited eagerly for good news at the door as she walked in with my father, but it was not until I saw her face that I knew something was wrong. Her eyes were red with the residue of sorrow. I could tell that she was crying earlier, but being an ingenuous six year old, I disregarded it. There was an eerie silence for the first thirty seconds or so after they came in. It was almost as if time had hit the pause button. My dad is an amusing man. He and I have the exact same sense of humor, so whatever he intends to be a joke always seems hilarious to me. It was almost as if I could not take him seriously; however, I will never forget what he said next. He told me that the baby was going to be like one of the angels on our decorated sun screen in the car. At first I was angry. I thought he was making a sick joke, but as those words sunk in, so did my sorrow. I slunk out of the kitchen trying to mask the heavy tears that filled my eyes.

The following days were even worse. I did have my superficial hopes, saying that maybe the baby’s heartbeat was just difficult to detect because technically, we could not know for sure until she was born. On the morning of April 8<sup>th</sup>, 2003, I woke up groggily on my worn out old couch to a silent house. The cold floor creaked below my tiny feet as I crept around searching for a trace of consciousness around my sleeping household. Soundless snowflakes floated gently down to the ground outside our living room window. I am not sure how long I waited for my dad to come home from the hospital, but when he did, he delivered a single photograph to me; a snapshot that depicted my beautiful new sister being cradled in her weeping mother’s arms. I have not seen that picture since the day it was taken, but it is still burned into my mind as if I saw it only hours ago. She was gone, and there was nothing we could do to bring her back.

When I was born, my identity was caught in a deadlock between the names Kaitlyn and Meghan. Fortunately, my mother finally got to use both of the names. “Kaitlyn Alexandra Kelly” is the name that is engraved on my sister’s headstone, accompanied by fond words of her remembrance. Her funeral was a solemn event, stone faced adults scuffling in and out, avoiding, yet revolving around a tiny pink casket. I was wearing a little purple dress, one that I had sported previously at the first grade Valentine’s Day father daughter dance. People I had never seen before consoled me for my loss. It was as if life had been in slow motion. On our way to bury her, my family got to ride in a funeral limousine, an experience that really ruined my conception of why people got so excited about limos. We buried her wearing a pair of pink fluffy bunny pajamas that my mom and I had picked out before she was born, next to my cousin who had previously passed away. At the conclusion of the procession, we released balloons with final farewell messages on them. The group of us huddled together as a human shield against the torrential wind. To this day, every time we visit the cemetery, no matter what the weather, the wind never fails to blow us away.

Following her ninth birthday, I was proud to be able to be confirmed into the Catholic Church under the name of Kaitlyn. There is not a single day that goes by where I do not think about my sister. Several years ago I received rosary beads made of her dried funeral flowers. I believe that the death of Kaitlyn has not only brought me closer in faith to God, but also it has shaped me in everything I do. Because of her, I know that life is valuable. Time will continue to go on, and we cannot waste it, because the only instance where time will stop for us is when we die. I am sentimental to fond memories of the past, and continue to enjoy the present being the best I can be. I was given the gift of life, and I am one of the few very lucky people to know I have a guardian angel watching over me. My sister.

## Healing Mother’s Day by Carly Marie Dudley



“A Mother is not defined by the number of children you see, but by the love that she holds in her heart.” – Franchesca Cox I’m not sure that I have ever read truer words. Oh how I wish all of humanity could read Franchesca’s quote. There is so much unrest surrounding Mother’s Day in our community. The day has been bashed and twisted into a commercial money-making mess by card companies and retail outlets around the world. To the person who has not suffered the loss of their baby or own mother or even struggled to conceive, they might be oblivious as to why this particular day on the calendar can be the most painful of days for so many women around the world. The same goes for all the Dads around out there who suffer in silence on Father’s Day each year. I put a question out on my Facebook page last week. I asked

everyone how Mother's Day makes them feel. My heart broke reading everyone's thoughts about the day, a day that is supposed to bring recognition and joy to us.

Anna Jarvis officially founded the traditional Mother's Day to honor her own mother Ann who experienced the death of seven of her children. This day was created in honor of a bereaved mother! So I think it is time to take our day back to its roots. I believe we can do this by using our voices in a peaceful, loving way. To receive love, you must give love.

If you know someone who has suffered the death of their baby through any type a loss I plead with you this Mother's Day to send your love to that person. Write down Franchesca's quote on a blank card. in a text message, on your friend's Facebook wall, whatever you like and let them know that you recognize them as a mother. If you are involved in a church or a community that will be honoring Mother's on Mother's Day, speak to the person in charge of the event. Ask them to share Franchesca's quote and speak about the true meaning of Mother's Day. Speak about the women that suffer the death of their babies through miscarriage, infant loss, and child loss. Include those women who are yearning to conceive a child and those who cannot. This day needs to be healed. We want Mother's Day to be a day of recognition. We want it to be a day of healing. A day for us to remember that it is our love for our children, the ones we miss, the ones we have and the ones we yearn for that make us mothers.

If you are would like to join our movement on healing Mother's Day check out International Bereaved Mother's Day. (There is also a day for Dads too!) It's a day that we hold each year where we use our voices in a loving way to spread the true meaning of Mother's Day. It is our greatest hope that sometime in the near future there will be no need to hold a separate day and all mothers will be once again recognized and included.

As always I wish you all love, blessings and most of all recognition. Article found online at <http://stillstandingmag.com/2013/04/healing-mothers-day/> Find more information about Carly Marie from her website <http://carlymarieprojectheal.com> and the International Bereaved Mother's Day at <http://carlymarieprojectheal.com/2012/05/international-bereaved-mothers-day.html>

## Let's Fix This Problem by Clara Hinton

We are always seeking faster, newer, better ways to fix a problem. Rewards are given at the workplace for coming up with solutions to completing tasks in a more efficient, timely manner. Unfortunately, there are no incentives or rewards for finding faster, quicker ways of dealing with grief. There are no "fix it" solutions to the hard, laborious

process of grief, especially the grief associated with child loss.

This idea of "let's fix it" becomes a big problem area for couples grieving the loss of their child. Men, just because of the differences they have from women's thinking, want to be the fix it persons. That is not a bad thing, but it is a very misunderstood thing in the grieving process. Women place burdens on men to grieve in the same way as they do, without even realizing that they are asking for unrealistic expectations to be met.

In grief, it is impossible to find that creative, fast fix solution. When a heart is broken from the void left by child loss, there is no quick fix. All of the brainstorming in the world cannot find a fast and easy solution to fix a broken, grieving heart. It takes a long time and many painful, faltering steps to travel the road we call grief. And even then, there will never be the complete resolution to grief that a man seeks to find.

Because men tend to cry less and seem to find physical activity a means of dealing with their grief, they will often try different ways to "fix" the problem of grief by finding a special project to complete. A man might draw up very detailed plans for an addition to his home for a workshop. The time and attention spent on the planning of this one activity are his ways of working through the grief that is lingering heavy in his heart.

A woman is far more prone to find herself a support system to help her in her special hours of need. She doesn't necessarily want a quick fix to the pain. A woman wants help getting through the pain, and will seek the aid of others to come sit by her side during her lonely hours. The differences in grieving are not a curse, but are rather to be honored and respected. Because a father grieves the loss of his son in a more private way than his wife, does not mean that he is grieving wrong. Quite the contrary. He is hard at work trying to move forward in his personal walk with grief.

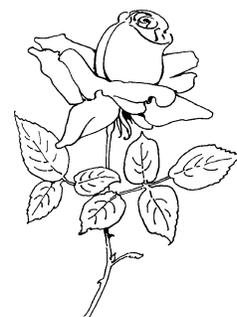
How can a man "fix it"? Actually, the grief from the death of a child is a non-fixable item. But, the grief can be worked through to a healing point in living. By finding an activity such as creating and planning a special flower garden, he can be involved in daily physical action that will move him forward in the process of healing. Each and every hour a man spends working on his special project, is an hour spent acknowledging and working through his grief. When women understand more completely the male way to grieve the loss of a child, the couple can make room for independent grieving when necessary, knowing that healing is going to be the end result. By understanding a man's tendency to want to "fix it", a wife can honor and respect her husband's way of dealing with his personal journey of grief from losing the child that was so loved by them both. Article found online at [http://www.silentgrief.com/articles/index.cgi?view\\_records=1&Category=For+Fathers&ID=39](http://www.silentgrief.com/articles/index.cgi?view_records=1&Category=For+Fathers&ID=39)

## Announcements

- Special thanks to **RW Traynham Printing** for donating their printing services for this newsletter. Please contact them for your printing needs @ 1-978-667-5650.
- **NEW MEETING LOCATION!!!!** The May meeting and all future meetings will take place in a new meeting location: 200 Acorn 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 corner). Maple Street becomes Unicorn Park Drive, #200 is on the 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.
- Let's celebrate Rindy's birthday by sending cards to the family. It'll be a great way to show Karen and Dennis that we haven't forgotten her. Please send cards for May 27th c/o Dennis Huebner, 5 Liberty Avenue, Burlington, MA 01803
- The Compassionate Friends is having their annual conference in Boston, MA on July 5 - 7, 2013. Registration is now open. Visit <http://www.compassionatefriends.org>
- The Children's Memorial at the Edgartown Lighthouse is having a memorial service on September 15, 2013. Visit <http://www.childrenslighthousememorial.org> to learn more.

## Welcome HOPE Miracles - Congratulations!!!

- **William and Sunday**, twin boys, born to Jennifer and Sunday Reth on July 2, 2012
- **Gabriella Melanie**, daughter, born to Nadia and Kevin Purifory on December 31, 2012
- **Monroe Blake**, daughter, born to Julie Richardson and Billy Paige, February 21, 2013
- **Niko Joaquin**, son, born to Christina and Todd Dennis on April 5, 2013



## Parent to Parent Hotline

Please feel free to reach out to another member if you are having a bad day or just need to talk. Many of us have walked in your shoes at one time or another and have felt the same way as you are feeling now.

Billerica	Donna McDonnell 1-978-663-5477 <a href="mailto:donnamcd@me.com">donnamcd@me.com</a>
Winchester	Michelle Kingdon 1-781-756-0517 <a href="mailto:kgkingdon@yahoo.com">kgkingdon@yahoo.com</a>
Winchester	Barbara Clarke 1-781-369-1750 <a href="mailto:BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com">BarbaraEClarke@hotmail.com</a>
Tewksbury	Christine Boudreau 1-978-851-0411 <a href="mailto:kiffy66@verizon.net">kiffy66@verizon.net</a>
Burlington	Dominic Pazzia, Jr. (Bilingual member) 1-781-316-1570 <a href="mailto:domandjacki@rcn.com">domandjacki@rcn.com</a>

## Memorial Donations - Thank you!

- The A.C.D.K. Foundation in memory of their children Anthony John (A.J.) Catarino, Dakota Catherine Boudreau, Chase David Richardson, Kenley Blake Richardson, and all babies not with us
- The Geer, Kanak, Calandrelli, and Huebner families in memory of Mark Edward Huebner
- Paul and Cary Sullivan in memory of Katelyn
- Ellen and John Zakrzewski in memory of Joseph Martin
- Michelle and Bill Heafey in memory of John William
- Mallery and Gene Spirko in memory of Mara Victoria
- D Allain/ E Feuer in memory of Davey's 25th anniversary

## Local Area Support Groups

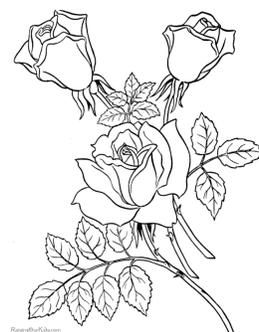
- HOPE Group, [www.rindyshope.org](http://www.rindyshope.org), Baldwin Park I in Woburn, MA., meets 2nd Wednesday of the month, 7:30 p.m. Contact Donna McDonnell 1-978-663-5477.
- The Children's Room, 1210 Mass Avenue, Arlington, MA., Email [info@childrensroom.org](mailto:info@childrensroom.org) or call 1-786-641-0012.
- Lowell General Hospital, Lowell, MA., meets 3rd Tuesday of each month, 6:30 p.m. Contact Terry Casey or Michelle Ratty at 1-978-937-6324 or email [michelle.ratty@lowellgeneral.org](mailto:michelle.ratty@lowellgeneral.org) or [theresa.casey@lowellgeneral.org](mailto:theresa.casey@lowellgeneral.org)
- The Compassionate Friends, North Shore, 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>

## OUR BABIES REMEMBERED - A Loving Memorial in Print

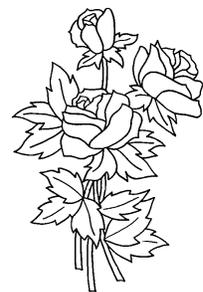
To be added to the following list of Our Babies Remembered and to receive a remembrance card on your baby's birthday, please complete this form and return it to Donna McDonnell, c/o The HOPE Group, 14 Blossom Drive, Billerica, MA 01821. Previously submitted forms will automatically be included.

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 the HOPE Group? \_\_\_\_\_

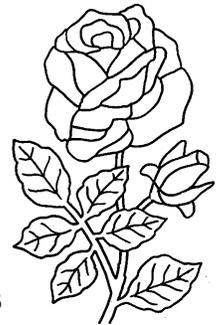
- 03/04/93 Joseph Michael, son of Pat Urick-Zegas and Jeff Zegas; Potter's Syndrome
- 03/05/98 Baby Hylan, baby of Lise Knakkegaard and Stephen Hylan; Miscarriage
- 03/06/88 Tabatha Karen, daughter of Charlene and Philippe Michaud; Heart Defect Died 4/26/88
- 03/06/98 Caroline Therese, daughter of Ron and Mary Beth Arigo; Prematurity
- 03/08/93 Joshua Michael, son of Michael and Barbara RigordaEva; Failed C-Section
- 03/10/05 Eve Valentine, daughter of Patricia and Richard Elliott; Stillborn
- 03/11/93 Sabina Hueniken, daughter of Henrike and Bill Huntress; Stillborn
- 03/15/05 Alexandra and William, twins of Allyson and Eric Crews; Stillborn
- 03/15/11 Ava Mae, daughter of Sarah Keller; Stillborn
- 03/16/95 Joseph, son of Patti and John Bohling; Stillborn
- 03/16/09 Braedon John, son of Jennifer and Chris Stover; Stillborn, cord accident
- 03/18/08 Anthony John "A.J.", son of Jeana and Anthony Caterino; Stillborn
- 03/20/86 Jeffrey, son of Roz Past and Mark O'Brien; Stillborn
- 03/21/71 Gregg Edward, son of Charlotte Baker
- 03/22/00 Rachel, daughter of Lynne and Frank Barberian; Stillborn
- 03/26/92 John Michael, son of Mary Jean and Charles Lucas; Infant Death 09/03/92 Neo-Natal Depression
- 03/27/07 Nicholas, son of Lisa and Michael Murphy; Infant Death 03/31/07
- 03/29/79 Helen, daughter of Janet and Jim Wander; Encephalic
- 03/30/12 Angel Love, daughter of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Miscarriage
- 03/31/05 John, son of Bailey and John Paul Magazzu; Stillborn
- 04/06/59 Patrick, son of Jackie and Don Patterson; Stillborn
- 04/08/03 Kaitlyn Alexandra, daughter of Maureen and Kevin Kelly; Stillborn
- 04/11/01 John William, son of Michelle and Bill Heafey; Stillborn
- 04/18/89 Joseph Matthew, son of Linda and Pat Santerelli; Stillborn
- 04/19/12 Lyla May, daughter of P.J. and Michelle Heffernan; Infant Death 08/07/12, SIDS
- 04/22/88 Davison Elias (Davey), son of Elizabeth Feuer and David Allain; Prematurity
- 04/23/99 Baby Barstow, child of Deborah and David Barstow; Miscarriage
- 04/23/07 Baby Murphy, child of Poppy Hiser and Tim Folland; Stillborn
- 04/24/06 Baby Boudreau, daughter of Christine and Ernie Boudreau; Miscarriage
- 04/25/10 Nina Bosmajian, daughter of Andrea Meyer and Harlan Bosmajian; Stillbirth
- 04/28/00 Katrina Joanne, daughter of Mark and Martha Tubinis; E-coli infection
- 04/29/07 MeeLa and Emeel, twin daughter and son of Jackie and Eric D'Silva
- 04/30/06 Mary Alice, twin daughter of Will and Amanda Rogers; Infant death 05/01/06
- 04/30/06 Gloria Mary, twin daughter of Will and Amanda Rogers; Infant death 05/05/06
- 05/02/84 Christine Marie, daughter of Michael and Karen Conrad; Trisomy 18 Died 5/12/84
- 05/04/88 Michael, son of Maureen and Frank Blake; Stillborn
- 05/06/78 Brian Jason, son of Art and Pam Bureau; Birth Defects Died 5/7/78
- 05/09/93 Timothy Paul, son of Janice and Tim Coburn; Stillborn
- 05/12/96 Henry Russell, son of Dayle Ballentine and Larry Kotlikoff; Cord Accident
- 05/13/05 Nina Lee and Natalya Lee, twin daughters of Leanne Carbone; Prematurity



05/14/91 David Louis, son of David and Pat Rizza; Stillborn  
05/15/06 Jacob, son of Sarah and Jason Cluggish; Stillborn  
05/16/93 Samantha Amanda, daughter of Christine and Tony Silva; Stillborn  
05/17/99 Elizabeth Clarke Capeci, daughter of Barbara Clarke and John Capeci; Infant Death due to CMV, died 6/4/99  
05/19/10 Mia Rose, daughter of Barbara Rose; Miscarriage  
05/20/92 Patrick Charles, son of Sheila and Charles Greathead; Placenta Abruption  
05/20/98 Kymberly Elaine, daughter of Kathy and Brian Fuller; Stillborn  
05/21/91 Matthew Eric, son of Alyssa Adams and Eric Kryzynski; Stillborn  
05/22/97 Meredith, daughter of Craig and Ann Mercier; Stillborn  
05/23/95 Charles Patric Koucky, son of Bill and Fran Koucky; E-coli Infection  
05/23/06 Madeleine Rae, daughter of Jennifer and David Symmes; Stillborn  
05/25/99 Kiersten Bente Hylan, daughter of Lise Knakkegaard and Stephen Hylan; Prematurity  
05/30/58 Robert and David, twin sons of Jackie and Don Patterson; Prematurity, Died 6/1/58 and 6/2/58 respectively  
06/08/86 Michael Andrew, son of Judi and John Casey; Prematurity Died 12/30/86  
06/10/93 Victoria Rose, daughter of Claudia and Brad Stearns; Miscarriage  
06/13/01 Katherine, daughter of Sherrie and Michael Morey  
06/13/05 Gordon David, son of Kristen and David Grein; Stillborn  
06/15/89 Emily Anne, daughter of Mary and James Lyman; Stillborn  
06/17/99 Matthew David, son of Risa and Albert Sablone; Infant Death, incompetent cervix  
06/22/98 Princess Herre Taylor, daughter of Carol Herre and David Taylor; Premature Birth  
06/23/99 Baby Bullion, baby of Lisa Bullion and Jeffrey; Miscarriage  
06/24/95 Baby Kryzynski, baby of Shannon and Keith Kryzynski  
06/27/06 Jack Andrew, son of Kristine and Neal McCuish; Infant Death 06/28/06, cord accident  
07/01/12 Rafael and Rosaura Freire, twins of Norma Mendoza; Stillborn  
07/01/05 Gianna Darlene, daughter of Jackie and Dominic Pazzia; Stillborn  
07/02/87 Robin, son of Julie and George McHugh; Stillborn  
07/02/88 Katie, daughter of Frank and Carol Ann Morse and triplet sister of Angela and Christina Morse; Infant Death Prematurity  
07/02/89 Julie Anne, daughter of Jim and Cindy Kane; Diaphragmatic Hernia  
07/04/91 Hannah Niles, daughter of Katrina and Rodney Niles; Stillborn  
07/05/79 Adalyn Grace, daughter of Kasandra Nowalk; Stillborn  
07/06/11 Andrew Tyler, son of Chad and Chrystal Klaahsen; Neonatal death  
07/06/88 Angela and Christina, daughters of Frank and Carol Ann Morse and triplet sisters of Katie Morse  
07/07/00 Kamimarie Williams, daughter of Judith Irene Belliveau; Infant Death  
07/07/03 Grace Ann, daughter of Sherrie and Michael Morey  
07/08/94 Caroline Rachel, daughter of Claudia and Brad Stearns; Trisomy 18  
07/08/95 Victoria Rose, daughter of Karen and Jim Hovsepian; Stillborn  
07/08/06 Nathan Christopher, son of Kristine and Jeff Buckridge; Died 07/12/06 from a glycogen storage disease  
07/09/83 Alison Doris Marie, daughter of Linda and Paul Giancola; Stillborn  
07/12/05 Baby T, baby of Ruth and Chris Honor; Miscarriage  
07/12/12 Donovyn Hugh, son of Amanda and Russell Bashford  
07/16/83 Melissa and Emily, twin daughters of Lisa Rubinstein and Joe Scholl; Stillborn  
07/16/11 Colin Shayne, son of Kellie and Chris Jenke; Born Still  
07/16/88 Emily Patricia, daughter of Sandra and Paul Laroche; Stillborn  
07/18/89 Grace, daughter of Charlene and Rick Williams; Stillborn  
07/19/05 Jonathan, son of Mia and Louie Moran; Hospital negligence  
07/20/95 Courtney Elizabeth, daughter of Kerry and Mark Ferreira; Premature  
07/21/85 Jeffrey Vincent, son of Diane and Charlie Stefanelli; Died 11/19/85 Complications after Heart Surgery  
07/23/92 Joshua David, son of David and Beth Puleo; Stillborn



07/25/05 Silvia and Luca, twins of Monica and Ivan Pedruzzi; Premature  
 07/27/90 Stephen James, son of Richard and Elizabeth Sawicki; Placenta Separation  
 07/28/84 Rebekah Janeen, daughter of David and Janeen Sencabaugh; Stillborn  
 08/02/10 James Patrick and Sandy Rose, twins of Janet Thompson; Neonatal Death  
 08/05/82 Susan, daughter of Ann and Brian Power; Encephalic  
 08/08/97 Amanda Marie, daughter of Carla and Stephen Muse; Stillborn  
 08/13/02 Marc Vincent, son of Tracey and Marc Marano; Stillborn, true knot in cord  
 08/11/09 Conleigh Rose, daughter of Glen and Kristen Sullivan; Died 08/15/09 from delivery complications  
 08/25/05 Baby Rooney, baby of Beth and Mickey Rooney; Miscarriage, Due Date 3/25/05  
 08/26/94 Samantha Marie, daughter of Dan and Loretta Ryan; Stillborn  
 08/27/82 Infant of Carey and Paul Sullivan; Miscarriage  
 08/28/82 Sara Beth, daughter of Fran and Frank Downing; Infant Death 9/21/82  
 08/29/99 Allan Thomas, son of Joe-Ann and Tommy Palermo; Miscarriage  
 08/30/11 Declan Arthur, son of Jo-An and Al Gardner; Infant Death 09/02/11  
 09/01/01 Casey and Dean, twin sons of Laurie and Larry Sweeney; Prematurity, cerclage attempt  
 09/02/82 Justin, son of Nancy and Gary Saffer; Stillborn  
 09/02/96 Emilee Anne, daughter of Debbie and David Seed; Died 9/20/96  
 09/06/80 Jonathan, son of Buster and Elsie Sieben; Died 9/7/80  
 09/11/04 Mackenzie, daughter of Krista & John Condon; Trisomy 13, died 09/24/04  
 09/11/01 Lucia Francesca Bastable, daughter of Gina Carme; Stillborn  
 09/11/10 Luke Blais and Jack Michael (09/13/10), twin sons of Sarah and Mike Garagliano; Infant Death  
 09/15/93 Jonathan Wesley, son of Courtney and Lori Heron; Stillborn  
 09/16/12 Iniya Somnath, child of Sunitha Somnath; Stillborn  
 09/19/84 Lowell, son of Charlie and Delores Salerno; Infant Death  
 09/19/94 Shoshana Rae, daughter of Mona and Ron Tye; Stillborn  
 09/21/92 Daniel Owen, son of Daniel and Ann Marie Wright; Stillborn  
 09/22/98 Angeline Kanokporn Lamothe, daughter of Kanokporn and David Lamothe; Stillborn  
 09/24/93 Kevin Michael Jr., son of Brenda Berube and Kevin McDonough; Potter's Syndrome  
 09/25/94 Jeffrey Joseph, son of Maryanne and Billy Daniel; Stillborn  
 09/27/93 Laura Elizabeth, daughter of Billy and Mary Ann Salvucci; Stillborn  
 09/27/93 Stephanie Faith, daughter of Debi Austin and Steve Post; Heart Defects Died 10/5/93  
 09/27/01 Olivia and Nicholas, twins of Lisa and Rick Bowman



The HOPE Group  
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 Billerica, MA 01821