
Rindy's HOPE

Helping Other Parents Endure

A bi-annual Publication for Pregnancy and Infant Loss

rindyshope.org

The Annual Hope Memorial Service

December 13, 2017

The HOPE Group Annual Memorial Service will be held on Wednesday, December 13, 2017 at 7:30 pm. The service will be held in the first floor conference room, 200 Unicorn Park Drive, Woburn, MA. For more information call Donna at 978-663-5477.

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 the event are also invited.* Refreshments will be served.

Directions: Take Route 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 Route 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.

We Remember We Celebrate that their Light May Always Shine

- Welcome and Opening Ceremony
- Candle Lighting and Remembrance Service
- We Remember Them reading
- Closing Remarks
- Refreshments

HOPE

Hope is the flower that rises from sorrow.

The seed that sows peace which will blossom tomorrow.

By Ginny Earle, a HOPE member



Opening Ceremony

We light these five candles in honor of our precious children and our beloved Rindy Huebner, founding member of HOPE.

The first candle represents our GRIEF. The pain of losing our babies, is at times, overwhelming. If we take each day slowly, moment by moment, we learn to handle the tough moments with grace. We are not alone in our grief. We have hope.

The second candle represents our COURAGE; courage to confront our sorrow and face each day as it comes. We light this candle to accept our new reality, to learn from our pain, and to move on with courage.

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

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

The last candle is for our beloved, RINDY Huebner. Rindy began the HOPE Group soon after losing her precious son, Mark Edward in 1979. We are so very grateful for the warmth, compassion, love, and support she has given so freely. Rindy inspires us to face each day with grace because of our friends at HOPE.

A Rose

Author Unknown

Submitted by Donna McDonnell, in memory of Rindy Huebner

A rose once grew where all could see it sheltered beside a garden wall
And as the days passed it spread its branches straight and tall
Then one day a beam of light showed through and it had spread wide
The rose bent gently toward the warmth then passed beyond to the other side
Now, you who deeply feel the loss, be comforted
The rose blooms where its beauty is even greater
Nurtured by God's own loving care



A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

Hope is the Thing with Feathers

By Emily Dickenson

Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon
In memory of their precious babies

Hope is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul and sings the tune without words and never stops at all. And sweetest in the gale is heard. And sore must be the storm that could abash the little bird that kept so many warm. I've heard it in the chilliest land And on the strangest seas Yet, never, in extremity it asked a crumb of me.

Light a Candle

Submitted by Christine Boudreau, a HOPE Member, In memory of her daughter, Dakota

Light a candle, see it glow, watch it dance, when you feel low,
think of me, think of light, I'll always be here day or night.
A candle flickers out of sight, but in your heart, I still burn bright.
Think not of sadness that I'm not near, think of gladness and joyous cheer.
I have not left. I am not gone. I'm here to stay my little one.
So when you light a candle and you see it glow and you watch it dance
In your heart you'll know that I would never leave you.
Even when you feel so blue I'm sitting up here with the Lord
and now watching over you.

Every Day

Submitted by Hope Member, Emily Lipsett
in memory of her daughter, Ida May

Every day, I think of you. I wonder what you'd be like now.

Every morning, I walk past the door to your room. I listen to the quiet and am reminded of its emptiness.

Every early commute, I glance at the seat behind me. I imagine there are two car seats instead of one.

Every drop off, I steer clear of the infant classroom. I avoid the friends you never got to make.

Every lazy afternoon, I feel unsettled instead of relaxed. I expect you to be there, demanding my attention.

Every play date, I smile to watch your brother laugh with other kids. I feel a flash of pain that you will never join them.

Every holiday or family party, I feel your absence most acutely. I realize we'll never get to watch you share in the celebration or open a gift.

Every milestone your brother reaches brings both joy and sorrow. I acknowledge each benchmark you'll never attain.

Every introduction to a new person causes a flash of stress. I struggle to answer the question: How many children do you have?

Every relevant conversation where you remain unmentioned I feel frustrated. I understand well-intentioned family and friends don't say anything for fear of upsetting me.

Every struggle and subsequent loss as we try to grow our family revives the pain of your death. I know we should be done with this phase of life.

Every December we relive the agony of the night you died and the morning you were born. I recognize we will never forget those moments.

Every dinner time, I sit at the table and stare at your picture. I envision where you'd sit and what you'd say.

Every evening as I remove my jewelry, your name springs to mind. I see your initials on my necklace, a tiny tangible example of your presence in my life.

Every night, I pray for you. I am not sure what I hope for, but that you know you are loved. That you are with us, every second, every moment.

Every day.



Empty Arms

By HOPE Member, Colette O'Neill in memory of Baby O'Neill

Fear fills the air
As the day approaches I don't know how I'll react or how I'll fare
In my arms I know is where you should be
Holding you, Holding me
I often wonder who you'd be to your siblings older and younger
A brother, or sister maybe
I imagine your smile and laugh
On most days I can see it clearly. On others, it's like a blurred photograph
Please forgive me for what I couldn't do
It's a punishment everyday being here without you
To say I miss you
Is not nearly enough but grieving is all that's left for me to do

My Sweet Baby Annabelle

Submitted by Heather Rake In loving memory of her daughter, Annabelle Carolyn

You were my first. I couldn't wait to meet you. See your beautiful face
Sing songs, laugh, go shopping. Drive your father crazy
You were born too soon, premature but you were perfect in every way
With brown hair, blue eyes, and big feet. A mini me
I stared at you for a week, so happy
Sadly, you had to leave
Your dad and I were a mess our hearts ripped to shreds
Empty arms longing to hold you again. How could we go on without you?
I have, sort-of. A different version of myself
Angrier, sadder, sort-of broken
At times I laugh and sometimes I'm a little happy
But not a day goes by that I don't think of you, want you. Give up anything for you
My heart is still broken but I know that I have to go on And be strong for you and your dad
You will always be my first, My beautiful Annabelle

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang



Handprint

Submitted by Christine Boudreau, a HOPE Member
In memory of her daughter, Dakota

You were lying in my arms as I tried to say goodbye
"It might be for the best," they said, but I knew that was a lie.

I gazed at your little handprint given to us that day
You wouldn't feel pain again but I wanted you to stay.

You fought for every breath you took never letting go
Until one day God made you His leaving all of us below.

Although you couldn't walk or talk or even count to ten,
Your short life had more impact than a hundred million men.

A Different Child

Submitted by HOPE Member, Donna McDonnell
In loving memory of her daughter Julia and in honor of her son, Matthew

A different child
People notice there's a special glow around you.
You grow surrounded by love Never doubting that you are wanted;
Only look at the pride and joy in your Mother and Father's eyes.
And if sometimes between the smiles there's a trace of tears, one day you'll understand.
You'll understand there was once another child
a different child who was in their hopes and dreams.
That child will never outgrow the baby clothes, that child will never keep them up at night.
In fact, that child will never be any trouble at all.
Except sometimes in a silent moment
when Mother and Father miss them so much, that different child.
May hope and love wrap you warmly
and may you learn the lesson forever how infinitely precious
how infinitely fragile is this life on earth.
One day, as a young man or woman you may see another mother's tears
another father's silent grief then you, and you alone will understand and offer the greatest comfort. When all hope seems lost,
you will tell them with great compassion,
"I know how you feel. I'm only here because my parents tried again."

Dear Dakota

Submitted with love by Auntie Francine and Uncle Bill in memory of their niece, Dakota

The holidays are upon us again this year. This is the 14th year without you. How can that even be possible? I was recently listening to someone talk about time and how we create it to be more than it is. We put all of this emphasis on it and it is something that we use to countdown or measure, but in reality there is no such thing as time. It is an interesting concept and if that is true, there is no space between today and that horribly sad winter morning in February 2004. If there is no such thing as time, it is as if you left us yesterday and, when we are together again it will be as if no time has passed.

This past year, I have felt you around me a lot. I have received a lot more messages from you this year than in the past. I met a woman that connected with you. She told me about the "agreement" that you and your mom had before either of you were born. I believe that we all come into this world with a purpose. We need certain people along the way in order for us to achieve our purpose. You and your mom were connected in order for you to achieve your purpose.

This woman told me that you and your mom had an agreement and neither of you realized how difficult it would be. Your purpose was so big, and as a result you had to leave us in order to achieve it. I think of all the lives that you have guided your mom to help with A.C.D.K. I think of the sacrifice that had to be made in order for the healing of other families to happen. You are so pure and divine, and as difficult as it is, you had to leave us to have the most effect on the world. Your impact has and

will continue to be huge. You have allowed your mom to help so many other families. I know that your mom finds peace in helping others, but would give everything to have you with her. As difficult as it is to be without you, it helps to know that you have and will continue to do so much good in the world. you have left a legacy that some people can't do by living 100 years.

I look at Mason and Madisyn and see how different they are. I wonder what would you have been like? Would you have the spunk and fire of your sister or the soft and quiet personality of your brother. I think you would be a little of both. I know that as their older sister, you watch over them every day.

I miss you and love you every day. You are an angel that brightens my life and saddens my heart.

My Baby In Heaven

Submitted by Christine Boudreau, a HOPE Member
In memory of her daughter, Dakota

My baby's in heaven but that's okay. There she'll be safe every second of every single day.
She'll never ever scream or ever have a scary dream.
She'll be surrounded by love and that's all my baby needs.
She'll never hurt, never cry and never have to say goodbye.
And baby, I promise you that the day that I die
I will come up to meet you and I will never leave your side.



I Will Be There

By Emily Dickinson

And if I go while you're still here...know that I live on.
Vibrating to a different measure behind a thin veil you can not see through.
You will not see me so you must have faith.
I wait for the time when we can soar together again both aware of each other.
Until then, live your life to the fullest and when you need me just whisper my name in your heart.
I will be there.

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

You Would Have Been Ten

By Melissa MacDonald
In memory of A.J. Caterino

You would have been 10, 10 years old.
Ten fingers, Ten toes, Ten years of woes.
You would have been 10,
10 years old,
10 years of missing.
10 years of wondering.
10 years of wishing.
Wishing for ten seconds, ten minutes, Hidden lessons?
Ten hours, Ten days, Moments we felt you louder?
Ten years of Missed milestones, Ten years of Missed firsts, missed lasts.
Ten years of so much hurt.
But 10 reasons to find all the signs...You've left us behind.
Ten shooting stars...Ten rainbows...Ten AJ's hidden in playing cards..
Ten reminders...Ten cold chills ...Ten tiny orbs...Ten moments we stand still
Ten 3-18-08 in license plates...Ten blooming roses...
Ten laughs of your siblings and you on a secret date.
It was an imperfect 10 years...
But each one was never in vain...We sing your name, Everyday for all to know
The little boy With ten fingers And ten toes.



Grief is Just Love

Author Unknown & submitted by HOPE Member, Donna McDonnell in memory of her daughter, Julia

Grief I've learned, is really just love.
It's all the love you want to give but cannot.
All of that unspent love gathers up in the corners of your eyes,
the lump in your throat, and in that hollow part of your chest.
Grief is just love with no place to go.

Natalie's Place

Submitted by HOPE Member, Lynne Parker in memory of her daughter, Natalie

There's a place in Canada that feels like home and at first that didn't make much sense because we had never been there before. We didn't even know a single person there.

It's a place that we were destined to stumble upon. It wasn't just a coincidence because it pulled us out of our deepest grief. It gave us hope when we needed it most.

It's a place that we felt compelled to return to even with a dozen other destinations on our list because sometimes life gets too busy to feel her. Sometimes we need a reminder that she existed.

It's a place where we feel at peace at an old Farmhouse high up on a hill. Because the trees are tall, the air is crisp, and the moon is bright Natalie surrounds us.

It's a place where we can daydream that Abigail chases chickens around the farm with her little sister because we can almost see Natalie trailing just behind her. For a fleeting moment everything is as it should be.

It's a place that is so special we can't wait to return again next summer because it is there where we feel Natalie's presence the most. Where we feel like a family of four.

There's a place in Canada that is so perfect we will spread Natalie's ashes there. Because it is innocent, beautiful, and free just the way she will forever remain.

Remember Me

Submitted by HOPE Member, Karen Calandrelli

In honor of my beautiful mother, Rindy Huebner and my brother, Mark Edward Huebner
Her compassion, devotion, and kind spirit will live with us forever.

To the living I am gone
To the sorrowful I will never return
To the angry I was cheated
But to the happy I am at peace
And to the faithful I have never left
I cannot speak but I can listen
I cannot be seen but I can be heard
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful sea, remember me
Remember me in your heart, in your thoughts and the memories of the times we shared
For if you always think of me I will never have gone

Just Those Few Weeks

By Susan Erlin

Submitted by Michelle and Ken Kingdon in memory of their babies

For those few weeks I had you to myself and that seems too short of time to be changed so profoundly. For those few weeks I came to know you and to love you. You came to trust me with your life. Oh what a life I had planned for you! Just those few weeks when I love you I lost a lifetime of hopes, plans, dreams, and aspirations. A slice of my future simply vanished overnight. Just those few weeks it wasn't enough time to convince others how special and important you were. How odd, a truly unique person has recently died and no one is mourning the passing. Just a mere few weeks. And no normal person would cry all night over a tiny unfinished baby or get depressed and withdraw day after endless day. No one would, so why am I?

Native American Prayer

Submitted in loving memory of Rindy Huebner
By HOPE Member, Donna McDonnell

I give you this one thought to keep, I am with you still I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the diamond glints in snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn rain. When you awaken in the mornings hush, I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft stars that shine at night. Do not think of me as gone, I am with you still in each new dawn.

A Symbol of Hope

Author Unknown

Submitted with love by Karen Calandrelli
In memory of her mom and brother, Rindy and Marker Edward Huebner

A butterfly lights beside us like a sunbeam And for a brief moment its 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.

A Musical Selection by Martha Lang

The Miscarriage

Author Unknown

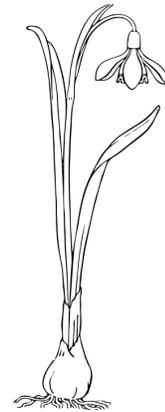
There has been a death in the family.
No eulogy, no coffin, no funeral, no black
And yet, there has been a death in the family.
No undertaker, no hearse, no cemetery, no grave.
And yet, there has, most assuredly, been a death in the family.
No belly, no fullness, no lifetime, no baby.
There has been a death in the family.

Little Snowdrop

Author Unknown

Submitted in memory of Jonathan Moran by HOPE Members Mia and Louie Moran

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



To My Sister Dakota

Submitted by Madisyn Boudreau in memory of her sister, Dakota

I miss you so much. I wish you were here today. I bet you would love dance (like me). It's been 13 years since you've been gone. You are almost 14 right now. Hope heaven is good to you (It better be). I think of you and wonder what it would be like to have a sister. We just went to Disney, You would have had so much fun with us. Mom started a foundation in memory of you. So many people come out to support ACDK every year. People may think it is sad but it helps so many people. It is like a birthday party for you, only you are not there. I know you are watching it all. Every year on your real birthday we send balloons to you with messages on them. I hope you get them all. I miss you and think of you all the time. Love, Madisyn

We Talk About Them

By Scribbles and Crumb and Submitted by Karen Calandrelli
in loving memory of her mom and brother, Rindy and Mark Edward Huebner

We talk about them, not because we're stuck or because we haven't moved on,

but we talk about them because we are theirs, and they are ours, and no passage of time will ever change that.

A Butterfly

Author Unknown

As a butterfly graces our lives with one moment's fragile beauty,
so too has your baby's presence blessed you,
and those that surround you with their short life and unique spirit.
May you find peace and joy with each butterfly that passes,
knowing that your baby lives on in the hearts of all they touched.
The butterfly symbol of one who flies free,
who has no more sorrow, or pain or disease,
Reminds us that love,
even when we're apart,
doesn't leave us alone,
but lives on in our hearts.

Light One Candle - Candle Lighting Ceremony

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

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

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

We Remember Them

From the Gates of Prayer
Reformed Judaism Prayerbook

At the rising of the sun and it's going down
We remember them
At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter
We remember them
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring
We remember them
At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer
We remember them
At the rustling of the leaves and beauty of autumn
We remember them
At the beginning of the year and when it ends
We remember them
When we are weary and in need of strength
We remember them
When we are lost and sick at heart
We remember them
When we have joy we crave to share



We remember them
When we have decisions that are difficult to make
We remember them
When we have achievements that are based on theirs
We remember them
As long as we live
We remember them

Please extinguish all candles. Thank you.

A Ripple

We do not always realize the impact we may have on total strangers. We may never know how many lives we have changed by a kind word or gesture. We are like that of a pebble tossed into still waters. Our Ripple may travel a great distance.

A New Year's Wish from Rindy

I wish you gentle days and quiet nights. I wish you memories to keep you strong. I wish you time to smile and time for a song. And then I wish your family and friends to give you love when you are hurt and lost and life seems blind. I wish you family and friends and love and peace in your heart and mind.

An Act of Love for My Son

A HOPE Personal Story by HOPE Founder, Rindy Huebner

This story was First published in 2004. Rindy and Pam Bureau co-founded HOPE 38 years ago

Happy Birthday Mark and Happy Anniversary HOPE. Unbelievably, it will be twenty five years this November 10th 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.
Rindy



Special Thanks

- ❖ Gilda and Bill Traynham with RW Traynham Printing Company, Billerica MA for their printing donation of this newsletter/program
- ❖ Christine Boudreau, Michelle Kingdon, & Julie Richardson for always going above and beyond for HOPE
- ❖ Martha Lang for her beautiful music
- ❖ Lynne and Craig Parker for the candles for this service
- ❖ Winchester Hospital Center for Healthy Living

Closing Remarks

Please join us in the foyer for light refreshments.

Parent to Parent Hotline

Please contact us if you need more support in between meetings. We are always available.

- ❖ Donna McDonnell, HOPE Facilitator 978-376-1669 or donnamcd@me.com
- ❖ Christine Boudreau, HOPE Member 978-851-0411 or kiffy66@verizon.net
- ❖ Michelle Kingdon, HOPE Member 781-756-0517 or kgkingdon@yahoo.com
- ❖ Julie Richardson, HOPE Member 781-888-6034 or chaseandkenley@comcast.net

Local Support Groups

- ❖ The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, North Shore, Aldersgate United Methodist Church, 235 Park Street, North Reading, MA meets the first Monday of the month at 7:30 pm. More information found online at <http://www.fcfnorthshore-boston.org>
- ❖ SHARE at Holy Family Hospital, Clemmins Suite, Methuen MA meets first WEDnesday of each month at 6:30 pm. Contact Sue Uzdavanis at 978-687-0151.
- ❖ LOSS at Beverly Hospital, New Kuders Conference Room, Beverly, MA meets the fourth Tuesday of the month at 7:00 pm. Call 978-922-300 at ext. 2200 for more information.
- ❖ HOPE at South Shore Hospital, Weymouth, MA. Pregnancy loss group meets first Wednesday of the month at 7:00 pm. Pregnancy after a loss group meets the second Wednesday of the month at 7:00 pm. A six week closed group meets in a limited time format. Call 781-340-4177 for more information.

Our Babies Remembered - A Loving OBR Memorial in Print

To be added to the following list and to receive a yearly remembrance card please complete this form and return it to Donna McDonnell, HOPE Facilitator, % the HOPE Group, 14 Blossom Drive, Billerica, MA 01821. Forms can be mailed or submitted electronically at rindyshope.org (Previously submitted forms will be automatically included.)

Parents name(s) _____
Address _____
Child's name _____
Loss Date & Reason for Loss _____
How did you find us? _____

10/01/82	Jeffrey Andrew, son of Nancy and Steve Thornley; Stillborn
10/01/07	Baby Neff, baby of Tanya Neff; Infant death 3/13/07
10/02/14	Nathan-Celeste, son of Daphne Jochnick; Stillborn
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 Kenn 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

10/08/14 Maria Sandra, daughter of Nadia and Kevin Purifory; Stillborn

10/09/17 Josephine Linda, daughter of Lauren MacKenzie-Stead; Stillborn

10/10/05 Gianna and Sofia, twin daughters of James and Monique Antonelli; Premature birth

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

10/13/14 John "L.J.", son of Tania Baez and grandson of Delia Martin;
Stillborn

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 Abigail, daughter of John and Debbie Goempel; Stillborn

10/28 Dominique Rose, daughter of Kathy Diaz

10/29/96 Christopher, son of Louise and Joe Chiarenza; Stillborn

10/29/03 Abraham Bartholomew, son of Patricia and Richard Elliott

10/29/13 Nora Austin, daughter of Meg and Dave Cushing; Stillborn, cord accident

10/30/75 Emily Kate, daughter of Pat and Ellsworth Rice; Died 11/03/75

10/30/99 Tory and Trevor, twin daughter and son of Heather and Tony LaFreniere;
Incompetent cervix

11/06/91 James Boyle, son of Marie and James Fischer;
Premature Birth

11/07/96 Molly, daughter of Kim and Tom Dawley; True Knot in Cord

11/08/05 Eamon Robert, son of Jill and Robbie O'Brien; Stillborn

11/10/79 Mark Edward, son of Rindy and Dennis Huebner; Stillborn

11/13/92 Alexis Savas, daughter of Chuck and Anne Savas; Stillborn

11/15/83 Elizabeth Alice, daughter of Kay and John Dreher; Died 7/02/84, Post Surgery
Infection

11/15/93 Isabel Marie, daughter of Daniel and Dyan Sierra; Heart Defect

11/20/95 Chandler James, son of Eileen and Roddy Perron; Stillborn

11/21/89 Richard John, son of Richard and Diane Todisco; Stillborn

11/21/90 Mark, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Died 11/29/90 Premature Birth

11/27/92 Matthew Alan, son of Mark and Betty Whittaker; Potter's Syndrome

12/01/91 Kimberly Beth, daughter of Bob and Jackie Moreau; Premature Birth

12/02/91 Michael Joseph, son of Jane and John Terranova; Stillborn

12/02/15 Natalie Caroline, daughter of Craig and Lynne Parker; 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
 12/13/15 Ida May, daughter of Emily and Andrew Lipsett; Stillborn
 12/15/03 Jack Patton, son of Karen and Steven Cassidy; Stillborn
 12/20/05 Christopher and Noelle, twins of Daniel and Wendy Ward; Incompetent cervix
 12/20/91 Baby Hope, infant of Ceferino and Maria Ruiz; Miscarriage
 12/21/85 Max, son of Susan and Lee Danielson; Died in utero 12/15/85
 12/21/06 Sean Michael, son of Jennifer and Chris Stover; Miscarriage
 12/23/89 Helen Marie, daughter of Rita DiSorbo; Anencephaly
 12/25/08 Alexia Victoria, daughter of Amy and Gary Heffernan; Infant death
 12/25/89 Melissa Nicole, daughter of Beth and John Mangano; Died 12/26/89 Group B Strep
 12/25/93 Richard Philip and Philip Richard, twin sons of Rich and Kerri Nugent
 12/26/92 Nathan Daniel, son of Karen Morrison and Charles Abbott; Stillborn
 12/26/02 Baby M.J., baby of Kelly and Eric Mansfield; Miscarriage
 12/28/81 Katelyn Maura, daughter of Carey Sullivan; Premature birth/Incompetent cervix
 12/28/94 Victoria Brian, daughter of Barrie and Tommy Piazza; Stillborn
 12/30/91 Wayne Alan, son of Karen and Ron Soly; Stillborn
 12/30/01 Alec Daniel, son of Stacy Roberts; Infant death
 12/31/90 Sam, son of Donna and Stephen Harrington; Infant death
 01/04 Babies Schultz, children of Hilary and Steve Schultz; Miscarriages 01/04 and 05/04
 01/01/00 Maia Edwina, daughter of Susan and Leo Helmer; Stillborn
 01/02/09 Charles Alan, son of Lindsay Perrin; Stillborn
 01/04/95 Rachel Nicole and Danielle Julia, twin daughters of Susan and Ed Valenti; Premature Birth, twin to twin transfusion.
 01/05/89 Eric Michael, son of Mark and Barbara Hussey; Potters Syndrome 12
 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 Parany

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
02/24/15 Cameron Jacob, son of Vanessa and Tony Ramos; Stillborn
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
02/26/14 Luna Isabella, daughter of Coral and Alfonso Domenech; Infant Death
02/27/94 Scott Davis, son of Marie and Chris Williams; Stillborn
02/27/13 Kaylee Goncalves, daughter of Ivan and Neusa Timas; Stillborn



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