



Hope and Healing

Newsletter of the Perinatal Bereavement Program of Good Samaritan Hospital

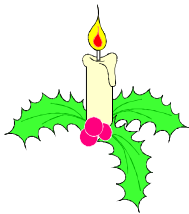
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CANDLELIGHT MEMORIAL SERVICE

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Hope and Healing Newsletter

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Sweet Child of My Life

by Penny Shirazi

It was only ten weeks until the scheduled delivery of my first son. I was counting down the days—ten more Saturdays! That sounded the best to me. We were almost there. In my mind, we already were. My

son's name would be Jacob Lev. I could see him at home with his three big sisters eagerly waiting turns to hold him. I could feel him close to my heart deliriously happy being nursed, and then after falling into a sweet slumber, I would gently lay him down inside his crib. How hard it would be to leave his side and tiptoe out. Just one longer, loving gaze at this most precious gift that G-d could give us. He was our creation. And along with his sisters, he was our future.

I was driving with my husband one gorgeous, sunny morning in April. Spring was

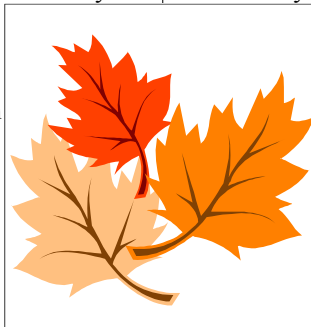
returning in earnest. Everything was blooming. The air was filled with the scent of freshly cut grass mixed with the fragrance of budding flowers. Color was exploding everywhere. It was perfect! I turned my face away from

the car window and looked at my husband. I had a smile on my face that would not quit. My husband laughed and asked "What? Why are you smiling?" I let

him in on my little secret. "I'm going to show him his first tree!" I said. "Yes," he replied. "Trying to hold back my tears, I continued, "And you're going to show him the sky!"

Three weeks later, just three Saturdays later, and after three faint kicks, my son would quietly slip away from me. No longer was my heart-beat linked with his. I lay in a

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Dear Zachary

by Suzanne DiMarzo

Zachary, it's been almost eight short/long years since you left us. Most times, I still can't believe that you are gone, that my beautiful, perfect baby is gone. As your birthday approaches, I start to get overwhelmed with emotion, thinking of what could have been, what should have been. I cry as I write this just thinking about you, yearning to touch you, see you, feel you. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you. My heart still breaks for you every day.

All the things I should have done those eight years ago, all those things I wished I would have done, like holding you in my arms as you slipped into the next world, taking pictures of you while you were alive, not just the terrible polaroids that the hospital took. I wish I would have taken pictures that would have showed the real you and just how precious and beautiful you were; this still haunts me. I wish I could have

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A Grandparent's Story

by Ethel Osborne ("Grammie")

How quickly our lives can change. All the thoughts and dreams we had for our daughter and her family changed so suddenly. While visiting our daughter Patty, her husband Fred, and our 19-month-old grandson, Matthew, on Labor Day weekend in 1998, our lives as parents and grandparents came crashing down within minutes. The child Patty was carrying and due to deliver in January 1999, we found out, was very sick and would not live.

We couldn't stop thinking about the news and wished it was all a bad nightmare. We didn't want our daughter and her family to experience such a tragic event. As parents we felt so helpless, as if there was nothing we could do for them. It's always been said that the hardest thing in life is to lose a child, and we were about to see Patty and Fred go through this.

The next few months were difficult. We were always wondering how Patty and the baby were doing, since the doctors said she might go into labor early. With every ring of the phone, we didn't know what to expect.

On December 23, 1998, Fred called. Patty was in the hospital. She was only 36 weeks pregnant, but her kidneys were starting to shut down and she was developing preeclampsia. Fred kept in close contact with us for the next couple of days. The day after Christmas, we packed and left for Syracuse.

At the hospital, Patty was very glad to see us. When she had pain, we all felt it for her. On December 27, the doctors decided it was time to induce her since her body was shutting

down. It wouldn't be long now that our little angel, Elizabeth Ann, would enter the world to be with us.

After Elizabeth was born at 11:49 p.m., Patty, Fred, Sam, and I all had the chance to hold her. She was so small, weighing only 3 pounds 13 ounces. She was beautiful, but very sick. She was born with Trisomy 13, a genetic disorder.

We all appreciated the precious three hours she was alive and here with us, as the doctors had said there was a good chance she would be stillborn. As Fred was holding her, we could see her color changing and that she was having a hard time breathing. For three hours we held, kissed, and hugged her, and then with one last sigh she was taken to be with all the other angels and family members that have gone before us. She was no longer in pain, and was now at peace. It was a very sad day. All the hopes and dreams we had would never happen. The first smile, the first tooth, the first day of school, dance recitals, all were gone.

Elizabeth is now in God's care and we will all get to see her again one day. Even though she is not physically with us, she is remembered every day. Each Christmas we get an angel ornament for her special tree, and we get something for the cemetery, so everyone can see how much a part of our lives Elizabeth is and that we will never forget her.

As for us, Elizabeth's Grammie and Poppie, we have angels in every room. I have a picture of her with me all the time. We also have a picture of her in our living room along with all of

our other grandchildren. She is our second granddaughter and we have seven grandsons. She is a very big part of our family in her very own special way. We attend the Walk to Remember every October and walk for Elizabeth as well as for all the other babies who have gone before us.

We will never forget our special angel. She is always in our hearts. We love and miss you Lizzie!

Grammie and Poppie Osborne (Ethel and Sam Osborne)

"We all appreciated the precious three hours Elizabeth Ann was alive and here with us."

(In honor of Elizabeth Ann Gooden, born on December 27, 1998, died on December 28, 1998.)

Sibling Memories

Elizabeth Ann Gooden

by Matt (Lizzie's big brother)

Elizabeth Ann Gooden was born on December 27, 1998, at 11:49 p.m. She lived for three short hours, but has always been such a special part of our family. Her big brother, Matthew, made a card in school this past Christmas for the holiday season. On the front of the card, he had two pictures. One was of a Christmas tree with an angel on the top, and the other was a picture of his heart. He then joined the angel and the heart together with arrows. This is what he wrote in the card:

Merry Christmas, I am here.
I will bring some Christmas cheer.
Please make me laugh, not cry.
Why?
Two days from now would be my sister's
birthday if she were here.

But she is watching me from her birth to this day,
in her own special way.
I miss her lots each and every day.
I wish she and I could play.
But for now I'll think of her here,
in my heart all through the year.

Love your big brother,
Matt (age 8)

(In honor of Elizabeth Ann Gooden, born on December 27, 1998, died on December 28, 1998.)

Chanel Naveh Shirazi

I love my little brother alot.
Every Night before I go to Sleep I
Always Say in my head I wish that he can
visit me. I always see him in the Clouds.
I do not know if it is a symbol. my little
brothers name is Jacob. Now about
my little sister Tea, I been seeing Tea
with Jacob in the Clouds fool I don't
know who they are. One time
when I was playing outside I was
thinking about Jacob and I started
Singing a song about him. I love
Jacob, I love Tea So much.

And I miss them so
much!

P.s. I'm finding these white fluffy seeds and
think of you!

(Age 8, for brother Jacob Lev and sister Tea.)

These Things I Do Miss

by Penny Shirazi

These things I do miss, that never will be,
the sounds and the sights I never will see.
The cry of a babe that wakes up at night
turned into a smile when hailing first sight
of a bottle, a "binkie," a naked ripe breast.
To be cuddled so warmly while tending to nurse,
methodically rocking till laid down to rest.
The bobbling of a head whose eyes try to focus
only three hours past the last time he woke us.
The gumming, the drooling, the cutting of teeth,
the oohing and aahing when shown what's beneath.
The flailing and wailing and panic attack,
he's suddenly turned from his stomach to back.
Come hither! Come sprightly and pick me right up!"
"My diaper needs changing and I need cleaning up!"
He's now able to sit without tipping over,
can't stop or avoid all the licking from Rover.
A surprise: You're up on both hands and both knees.
Lunging and swaying and surprisingly pleased
to be moving at last on your own, aft and forward,
with clapping and kissing your own favorite rewards.
Now you're standing up tall with the help of the table
refusing to leave till your legs are more stable.
Try taking a step, that's it 1 ... 2 ... 3!
Now come a little closer, come here right to me!
You're brave ... now there are dangers!
Block the stairwells and doors,
and pick up the tiniest things off the floors.
You're babbling to strangers,
we'll change that all later.
Right now you're enjoying that French fried p'tater.
The weather's turned mild, to the playground we go
where what do you eye and what do you know?
Another 'lil playmate dressed in pink with long curls
Yes, you've just become smitten with lovely young girls.
A knee that's been scraped by a brush on
the ground
brings a soft gentle kiss and a blowing all
around.
From crib to a bed, from toddler to teen
just some of the pictures in my mind I
have seen/
of a son yet to be, of a baby called mine,
it was all forsaken, my dream lost to time.
A flower with roots entwined with my
heart
cut off much too soon, not given a start.
Its fragrance arising to the heavens above
just hints of the essence of a child whom
we love!



(Written in memory of Jacob Lev and Tea Shirazi)

Letters From the Heart



Hey Pam,

I am in San Luis Obispo, California, and one of the parents here lost a baby at 22 weeks. It was a very solemn reminder for me. I communicate with our Bella every day, but the image of the parents walking through what they were was disturbing. I just said a prayer and wished them peace.

“That room saved my life. It helped me to know the love I had and still have for the daughter we lost, and the daughter we found.”

The true beauty of the moment came when the people I was with turned to me and asked me how they could best help the parents right then. See, they knew I had experienced the loss three years ago and they just

wanted to say something to the parents that would take away their pain. We know that wasn't a possibility, don't we. I wish the loved ones closest to Julie and me had asked that question when we experienced our loss.

I guess the moment gave me yet another chance to remember the ones who walk this path with us. The ones who have yet to walk the path, but will one day. The ones who have experienced loss, but have not claimed their grief and lived it, embraced it, let it wash over them.

I am truly grateful for the time we spent in the little yellow cottage. I remember our first evening there, driving up to the building with Julie. Parking the car. Sitting in the car waiting. Waiting for nothing. Waiting for the seat to swallow me up so I

wouldn't have to go into a room full of strangers and bear my soul.

Someone, something, maybe Julie, maybe Bella, got me up and out of the car and walking toward the building, right into the arms of my buddy Angelo and his wife, Tania. It was the first of many hugs that I got from the people in that room—the first of many hugs that I would give.

That room saved my life. It saved my marriage. It gave me the opportunity to continue to know the love I had and still have for the daughter we lost, and the daughter we found. It gave me the courage to face this grief we had (and have) over our loss, WITH my wife and not APART FROM my wife.

And the space you created has given me the permission to continue on as a father, partner and friend. I didn't have to walk alone. I never could have done it then, and I would never want to do it alone now.

I love you,
Chris Brown



Dear Pam,

I just wanted to say thank you, again, all these years later, for all that the group did to help us deal with the loss of our baby Stephanie on October 4, 1998. I wished we lived closer, so I could walk the brick walkway and attend the ceremonies.

My girls were just 1 1/2 and 3 years old when they lost their sister. I am so very thankful for my older children, who made me

and Paul deal with the death of our daughter in a very real, innocent, sad yet beautiful way. Kids are very astute and we tend not to give them enough credit. To this day, Chrissy and Nicole ask me to tell them about Stephanie: Who do you think she would have looked like, ma? Can we look through her box (of mementos). Can we bring her something (at the cemetery). Why did she have to die. We miss her.

After Stephanie died, it took me a long time to even consider conceiving again. but that desire to have another child finally outweighed our fear of losing another baby, so we took the plunge. The perinatologist was sure at 7 weeks when she found a heart beat that we were in the clear, after all "lightning doesn't strike twice." Unfortunately, we suffered a miscarriage in 2000. Only you can imagine how crazy I went. I obtained all the path results, went for genetic counseling, and of course all of my colleagues assured me there was no reason that at 34 years old I couldn't successfully carry another baby to term. There was that desire again. Fear. Desire. Fear. Desire. HELP!

On April 1, 2002, our son Michael was born, happy, healthy and wonderful. It was a horribly scary pregnancy, but all worth it! Mike just recently started to understand that Stephanie was his sister, not Nicole's friend that died. It is so fascinating to be around children and their innocent, open minds. He has been asking me lately "When is Stephanie going to come down from heaven. Can we go and visit her? Why did Stephanie die? You're not going to die ma, are

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Aspirin May Ward Off Recurrent Miscarriage

According to Reuters Health (8/22/06), researchers report that for women who have had unexplained recurrent miscarriages, treatment with aspirin or another blood-thinner to prevent blood clots seems to improve the chances of delivering a live infant. The formation of blood clots, or thrombosis, is believed to be one possible cause of recurrent miscarriage, researchers say in the August 2006 issue of the medical journal *Fertility and Sterility*.

Dr. Mordechai Dolitzky from Sheba Medical Center in Israel and colleagues compared the effect of preventing blood clots with aspirin or enoxaparin—a form of heparin—in 104 pregnant women with a history of unexplained recurrent miscarriages. The live birth rate was over 81 percent in both groups. The researchers say this exceeds the expected live birth rate of 40 to 60 percent among women with recurrent miscarriages.

Five women in each group had preterm deliveries, and neonatal complications were somewhat more common in the aspirin group. "Both treatment regimens were associated with a good pregnancy outcome in terms of live births and late pregnancy complications," Dr. Dolitzky and his colleagues concluded.

"In view of the minimal risks of enoxaparin and aspirin to the mother and fetus," they recommend that "either form of treatment should be considered in women after three or more pregnancy losses."

Zachary

ABC News website/Health, Feb. 15, 2006—Leaving the hospital recently, Kristen and Larry Kahn seemed happy as they pushed a double stroller that carried their twin sons, Zachary and Jason. The Kahns may look like any other proud new parents, but what they've been through in the past year is more than most parents can imagine.

For 10 days in January and February, the "Nightline" team spent 24 hours a day inside the neonatal intensive care unit—the NICU—at Morgan Stanley Children's Hospital of New York-Presbyterian in New York. "Nightline" documented the emotional trauma of families whose smallest members hover between life and death in their first weeks of life, and the decisions doctors and nurses must make every day in an effort to save them.

The Kahns, who conceived through a fertility treatment, have been through the NICU experience twice. About a year ago, Kristen delivered her baby boy, Jacob, prematurely. He died five days later.

"He was just barely a pound," said Larry.

To help parents cope with the death of a baby, the nursing staff fills a satin-lined "memory box" with mementos of the baby; the box might include the child's handprints and footprints, birth certificate, clothes and photos.

"In high school, you would get the essay question all the time of, if your house was burning and you could rescue only one

thing ..." Larry said. "I think this would probably be it for me."

Wendy Cambrea, a NICU nurse, knows the importance of these memory boxes. "A lot of times the parents don't want them right away. We save them here for them, and a lot of times, a year or so later, they'll want them because they have nothing else to remember the baby by," she said.

The Kahns credit the memory box with helping them hold on to the memory of their son, and to heal.

"It took us so long to have a baby. We just wanted to spend every second with him," Kristen said.

Zachary and Jason, now just over three weeks old, were born five weeks prematurely. Luckily, they are both healthy, although Zachary needed to briefly revisit the NICU because he had difficulty breathing. Fortunately, he pulled through and was discharged with a clean bill of health.

"Nightline" documented the emotional trauma of families whose smallest members hover between life and death."

The Hardest Choice Is Letting Go

I've been okay since 1999. Better than okay. Wonderful. That's when my daughter was born, and two years later her sister. My girls are loving, good-natured, beautiful—an endless source of delight. So when I saw Pam Magi at a t-ball game and she asked me to write an article about my story, I said "sure." Pam had

helped me through those dark days years ago, but that was all behind me now. Of course I could write an article. I've really moved on. I would love to help others I told her, let them know that time really does heal all wounds.

A week past and I hadn't written anything. Then two. I thought about writing, but something always came up. It was almost a month, so I finally forced myself to sit at my computer. I went back to those memories, and that's when it happened.

The four embryos. Hearing the doctor's say "failure" to my husband. The choices to make. The reduction. The images of two beating hearts no longer beating. The loss of desire to continue the pregnancy with twins. Then the miscarriage. My arms aching painfully to hold my children. The images were a barrage of blows that took my breath away. It was all still there. Every single image, conversation, shred of pain had been there all the time; for nine long years, hiding so still in total darkness where I

kept it all contained. Right away I knew I couldn't write the article, couldn't possibly even think about those things again. I was not a success story. I could not tell other women how they will get over it and move on with their lives. I was a coward who had forced a huge part of my life into hiding.

Last week I had a wonderful vacation with my husband and two girls, but when I got home there was a message from Pam reminding me about the article. So I willed myself to think about it.

I cannot tell you why I chose to reduce the pregnancy, but I do remember the long very frightening list of medical problems the doctor gave me if I continued with quadruplets and the high chance of miscarrying all four. I cannot tell you why I chose to reduce to two, but I remember telling my husband that I did not want to single out one to be all alone in heaven. I cannot tell you how long the feeling of loss lasted, but I do remember my four babies coming to me almost every night for a very long time to comfort me. I cannot tell you these things because I cannot think of these things. It is too hard.

But I do want to say, that's okay. The memories of my four lost children are tucked away—not in some dark lonely place, but in my heart where they will stay forever. And angels that they are, they have allowed me to become a happy, loving mother to my two daughters.

So if I can pass on anything, it

is that you don't have to erase the memories. They are your experiences and they are part of you. And even the most horrible ones will find their way home, to a place where you can live in peace.

Allison (1996)

"The memories of my four lost children are tucked away in my heart where they will stay forever."

The Lost and Lonely Road

by Lauren Shpigler

How do I face another day?
Along this lost and lonely road
How do I face another day?
While his body's growing cold
So much colder day by day
There are no words that can describe
The feelings building up inside
My heart's been ripped right out of my chest
Is it still beating; can you feel a pulse?
I feel my body breathing
Although I wonder how
How do I face another day?
Without a little boy to hold
How do I face another day?
Knowing he'll never get to grow old
Pushing his memory to the back of my mind
What kind of mother forgets her child?
Recently he doesn't seem real to me
Can some rational person explain this please?
Will I ever get the answers that I am seeking?
Is there a way to put my mind at ease?
I wonder what the child sees
Do souls in heaven even have eyes?
Maybe not I'm starting to think
Because tears in heaven no one cries
I have no choice but to face tomorrow
There are three other children who need a mother
The hole in my stomach, my heart full of sorrow
A void that can never be filled

As I walk down this lost and lonely road
The numbness, the tingling, does it ever ease up?
Can people really just disappear?
When they die I know they do
But what about the walking dead?
I feel invisible
Is it all in my head?
So is this normal or is this not?
Do other people wonder how soon the body will rot?
To think of a child as a pile of bones
Takes me back to that lost and lonely road
So again I ask, "How do I face another day?"
Sometimes the visions that I see
These visions make my body jerk
Sometimes the visions that I see
These visions they make my mind work
Why is it so hard for me to remember?
The fun days we had this past December
As each New Year approaches
I wonder how I will react
How will I face another day?
And keep this family intact
I will do whatever needs to be done
My obligations I will fulfill
But I fear that forever more
My heart, although it is beating
Will remain forever still
As my legs take me down the path
Of that lost and lonely road

(Written by Lauren Shpigler in memory of her son Sammy who died January 1, 2006, at age 3 1/2.)

The Mirror

by Tara Fishler

When I look at your brothers' eyes, I wonder what your eyes would look like.
When I look at their faces, I try to imagine your face.
When I hear them laugh, I long to hear you laugh.
When I see them smile, I think, perhaps you would share their sweet grin.
Then I remember that it would have been so difficult, for you and everyone else.
Sometimes I regret not giving you a chance.
I try to comfort myself by saying we spared you pain,
But we also took away your chance for laughter and joy, and ours as well.
I try not to compare you and your brothers,
But I find they are the only mirror I have to what you might have been.
I hope that one day I will see you,
(I can't say again, because I never have.)
On that day and all the days going forward,
You will be happy and I will know the choice was okay.

(In Memory of Collier Bradley, Yalon Shalom, May 22 to September 14, 2005.)

Too Many Angels

Song by Jackson Browne

There's an angel on a ribbon
Hanging from the armoire door

I want this darkness gone
Your sweet face appears

There's a Cupid with his feet crossed
On the bird cage by the door

These apparitions coming one by one
But there's no end in sight

There's a baby angel drummer
His eyes are open wide

Only the dead of night
And too many angels

And two more tiny cherubs
On the mantle side by side

Too many angels
Have seen me crying

Too many angels
Have seen me crying

Too many angels
Have heard you lying

Too many angels
Have heard you lying

Too many angels
Bring the morning on

There are photographs of children
All in their silver frames

Voices sing of day
I want to step out in the morning sun

On the window sills and tabletops
Lit by candle flames

Through the flood of tears
I want to greet the dawn

And upon their angel faces
Life's expectations climb

Cast away these fears
Forget about the things we could have done

Where the moment has preserved them
From the ravages of time

Bring the morning on
Voices sing of day

Too many angels
Have seen me crying

I want to watch the children as they run
the broken years

Too many angels
Have heard you lying

I want this darkness gone
Your sweet face appears

Bring the morning on
Voices sing of day

These apparitions coming one by one
But there's no end in sight

I want to step out in the morning sun
Through the flood of tears

Only the dead of night
And too many angels

(Song lyrics submitted by Marc Silverstein in memory of his son, Daniel Silverstein, January 7, 2005.)

My Son

I went to see my son today
He's not here, he's far away
He was taken from me far too soon
So up to heaven I sent a balloon

A message on it I did write
Before watching it soar upward into the night
I hope this message reaches my little guy
And doesn't keep flying right on by

The message I wrote came from my heart
But now it's too late to make a fresh start
I always assumed there would be a new day
A new day for laughing, hugging and play

But those new days, they are no more
What can I do? I unlock his door
As I step into his room, you know what I see
I see a room that will remain quiet for eternity

Never again will we hear his sweet voice
The one that we heard as he played with his toys
There is a special smell as I step inside
That smell reminds me of him and tears flow from
my eyes

Overwhelming sadness fills me as I lay in his bed
Where never again on this pillow will he rest his
sweet head
He's so happy in heaven people do say
Then call me selfish because I want him back here
today

He was happy here with his mom and his dad
He was happy for the three and a half years that he
had
With a broken heart I am forced to say goodbye
When I speak to him I gaze up toward the sky

I'm hoping to catch a glimpse of him
Although the chances of that are extremely slim
Have faith they tell me, Sammy is well
But that was taken from me the day that he fell

I sit here and ponder questions unanswered
Why was he taken from earth and to heaven
transferred
He had so much to accomplish, so much to do
Like learning to read and tying his shoe

The opportunities for Sammy were endless you see
Never did I realize just how wrong I could be
I am thankful though for the time that we had
I try not to blame God—I try not to be mad

The reason God took Sammy home
Is a reason that will never be known
Hope is all I have to cling to today
Now that my faith in God has gone away

REST IN PEACE now my sweet little Sammy
Know in my heart you will always be with me

Mommy

When Life and Death Coincide: Celebrate/Mourn

by Pam Magi

After being pregnant with two babies, it is heart-wrenching, mind-boggling and incomprehensible for families to be faced with the loss of one of them. The time surrounding the birth/death of the twins is likely to be one of crisis, confusion, conflict and chaos.

The last few months I have been assisting two families with the loss of a twin; one family found out at 27 weeks gestation that their daughter had died in utero; the other family was informed that one of their twin daughters has trisomy 18 with severe heart defects.

“It is common for parents to be pre-occupied with the baby who died as they struggle with the conflicting emotions of joy and grief.”

We are very aware that parents of babies who die experience grief. However, when a baby who is part of a multiple gestation dies and the other baby survives, parents are faced with a very unusual, daunting, and difficult task: grieving and celebrating at the same time. The death of a twin during pregnancy or around birth gives rise to conflict and confusion of thoughts and feelings that can impede mourning and disturb the bereaved parents' care of a surviving twin. Every effort needs to be made to give the parents/siblings/family members the opportunity to say "Hello" and "Goodbye."

It is very common for parents (especially the mother) to be preoccupied with the baby who died as they struggle with the difficult and conflicting emotions of joy and grief. One of the

moments that I am assisting always refers to the babies as "THEM"; the other mom refers to the babies as "THE GIRLS." In their minds the surviving twin will always be thought of as "THEM" or "THE GIRLS." The surviving twin is a constant reminder of the loss. Imagine looking in the backseat of the car and seeing one carseat when there should be two, christening one baby instead of two?

Nurses are the key care provider and source of support to bereaved families. It is in the nurse's power to make a difference in the grief process through their reactions, actions and sensitivity of care. It is essential for parents to have the opportunity to spend as much time as possible with the twin who has died. The nurse can facilitate this process by suggesting a family member or nurse spend time with the living baby so the parents have the opportunity to concentrate on the baby who died.

Unfortunately, it is very common for healthcare professionals, family and friends to be of the mindset: "Well at least they have one baby." The fear of people forgetting the twin who has died is very intense. Nurses/healthcare providers can enlighten family and friends about this fear, and through example, prevent this from occurring.

The healthcare provider can: refer to the deceased twin by name, mention him/her as much as possible, take pictures of the babies together, ask to see pictures if already taken, give each baby a gold baby ring, suggest that the parents combine a memorial service with a christening

service, or during a christening or religious ritual light a candle for the baby who died and make sure that the clergy refers to the baby who died by name. Healthcare providers can also encourage parents to talk about their hopes and dreams, and gently encourage family and friends to always acknowledge the twin who has died.

Holidays, anniversaries and the birthday are heightened times of anguish and stress. A little memento, such as a charm with the baby's name on it, an angel ornament, wind chimes, a rose bush, plant or flowers are examples of ways to acknowledge and remember.

Unresolved grief due to lack of adequate bonding can create troubled and strained relationships. With gentle support, kindness, encouragement and acknowledgement of the twin who died, we have the power to facilitate healthy grieving for parents and their families.

(Written by Pam Magi as a teaching tool for the OB nursing staff at GSH..)

Letters From the Heart

(Continued from page 5)
you. You have to take care of me." I'm not sure how well I'm answering his questions, but I continue to try.

I look forward to your Hope and Healing newsletter. I read it with tears in my eyes and of course hope in my heart.

If any good has come out of the death of our daughter, it is that my husband, my children and I are much more compassionate and interested in the losses that those around us suffer. We try to remember anniversaries and birthdays of those who have died, because I know how very much it means to me when folks remember my angel, Stephanie.

Participating in the perinatal bereavement group back in 1998 has given me tremendous insight into the strength people gather from sharing and meeting folks with similar sadness in their lives. Besides the help in healing it offered my family when Stephanie died, I now recommend group help to many of my patients and their families for a multitude of maladies.

Gina Tartaglia, M.D.
(Stephanie's mom. 10/4/98)



Hi Pam!

It's Sunday morning and I just got finished reading the newsletter. Thank you for sharing!

It just made me think about all Dave and I have been through in the past and also how lucky we are to have two beautiful, healthy gifts from God right

now. I realize how they are definitely gifts and not just a "natural" part of life.

Debbie



Dear Pam,

I woke this morning feeling so cold and empty, even though the house is as noisy as always. I left for work early to go to the cemetery. Today it's 10 years since we lost the twins. I thought after this much time at least the pain would stop. I always feel that I am in a good place now and can talk about it without getting hysterical, but every year on this date I feel as though I did 10 years ago.

At the cemetery this morning I sat for about 30 minutes and just reflected and cried and cried. I'm at work right now writing this, and calm has come over me. I miss Daniel and Nicole so much and would give anything to be having their 10th birthday party today. I am sad and just want to go home and sit, but then I think and I say to myself it's okay to feel this way. They are my children. They may not have been here with us long, but they are mine and if I want to cry it's okay even though so much time has passed.

Later today I plan to go to the hospital and sit by the brick we purchased also.

Again as I've said so many times, thanks just for being here for me and so many others.

Jill Lennon



Dear Pam,

Thank you so much for thinking of Rio and me. Even though four years have passed, I still relive those days over and over again. Sometimes it's as if I'm watching a movie, and other times it's like I'm there again, and it hurts terribly. My guess is that it will be this way for the rest of my life.

I wanted to share a few things

that happened recently. Rick and I went fishing. I'd bought a new chair a few months back and Rick brought it with him. I took it out of its wrapper and set it up. When I was standing behind it I looked down and in embroidered letters it said "Rio."

Cool, huh. The other thing happened when I came back to work. I have this calendar that says cute things and has funny pictures of dogs, cats and other animals. Well the saying for April 3 was "I'll be right here if you need me!" That one blew my mind. Rio is around me all the time and at just the right moments he reminds me of that.

Love,
CaraSue



Dear Pam,

I came across the last newsletter this evening, read it and had a good cry, in particular over Angelo's letter to all of us and Cara Sue's letter to Rio. I realized on this second Friday of the month just how much I miss all of you, just how much I wish we had our

(Continued on page 13)

"Rio is around me all the time and at just the right moments he reminds me of that."

Letters From the Heart

(Continued from page 12)

just how much I wish we had our third Fridays of the month back—not every month, never wishing we were back in that "place" again, just longing to see your faces, feel your hugs, just to be together with you all in that dark room in that mustard house, to feel our children so strongly again.

Four years ago we were thrust into a place where none of us wished to be, a place we would never choose to go again. But I think what we have all learned from this is that we have no real choices about the big stuff in our lives. I think that's what makes you all so special to me.

Not only do we all share a common bond of eternal grief, but we share the belief that our children's lives are a beautiful thing to be celebrated through us and through our actions.

I know I fall down quite a bit, I'm not as "good" as I can be. I feel I ride the slippery slope of selfishness, bitterness, bad temperament all too often. I don't feel I try as hard as I am able to honor Clare's life. It's when I realize my own personal shortcomings that I miss you all the most. I don't know how else to say it, but I feel that we collectively make me a better person. I miss you all. I don't miss the gut-wrenching pain, the sleepless nights laying awake sobbing, but I do miss you.

I will never associate any of you with the horror of that time in my life, but I associate you with the beauty that resulted.

Together I think we learned how fragile and precious life is. We all may have said we understood this before we lost our children, but until such an unspeakable event happens, I don't think that fragility is truly comprehensible.

There's a song titled "For Good" (see below) from the musical "Wicked" that made me think of all of you when I heard it the first time. I think you'll all understand just how strong the sentiments in the song are. My kids love the CD, and every time I listen to it I cry when this song comes on.

Missing all our little ones tonight and always.

With much love,
Jennie

For Good

*I've heard it said
That people come into our lives
for a reason
Bringing something we must
learn
And we are led to those who help
us most to grow
If we help them in return.
Well, I don't know if I believe
that's true
But I know I'm who I am today
Because I knew you...*

*Like a comet pulled from orbit
As it passes a sun
Like a stream that meets a
boulder
Halfway through the wood
Who can say if I've been
changed for the better?
But because I knew you
I have been changed for good...*



Dear Pam,

Life is continuing somehow. The kids seem to be a little better; still a lot of talking about Sammy which we encourage 110% but it is so sad to see how much of their innocence has been lost because of this tragedy. I have sketchbooks for them to draw in when they are feeling sad or bad about Sammy. I just got Danny a composition book so he can start writing letters or stories also. I know that writing the poems seems to help me as useless as they are. If I do not write, then the words just seem to haunt me in a way; the words won't leave my head until I write them down.

The poem entitled "Sammy" is the one I read at his funeral. I feel so trapped and helpless. I don't know how I will ever get through this, and I am well aware that the full impact has not hit me yet.

I will talk to you soon Pam; thank you for all you do for us.

Lauren



Dear Pam,

Today is May 10. I am praying for my sister-in-law who at 6 a.m. made her trip to the hospital to undergo an operation to remove the cancer from her breast.

Sadly, several years ago she lost her younger brother to cancer at the age of 28. She is scared, and we understand those feelings.

(Continued on page 14)

"I long to be in that dark room in that mustard house, to feel our children so strongly again."

Letters From the Heart

(Continued from page 13)

Without hesitation Tania and I are there to support her and her family without any feelings for the neglect we received when we lost our triplet sons and needed the same support. Tania and I spoke about those feelings and how we would not let the past dictate the future, we would be there for whatever she and her family needed.

Tania and I are still learning after all this time that in order "to love" again you must be willing to accept and forgive so the healing process can take place and you can overcome your own pain.

I feel that my sister-in-law will be in good hands today, because:

She doesn't know it but this morning I said a prayer for our Angels to watch over her and I know they will,

She doesn't know it but Tania went to mass early this morning to pray to God for her and her future recovery, and I know God will be there with her,

She doesn't know it but today Our Angels will be by their Aunt's side to watch over her while she sleeps and undergoes surgery and let her see their beauty and all that we missed in their memory,

She doesn't remember what today is, but I know it and I will never forget it.

Today is the day our triplet sons, our three little babies, were supposed to be born. Today our dream was supposed to be real and life perfect, but today they are helping her by being by her side in her time of need. I be-

lieve that was part of God's plan, and for that I am grateful. Our Angels have played a part in her life so she may live for another day to be with her family. I miss them but I am grateful for the thought that they are with her and keeping her safe. I am at peace with that thought.

Thank you for all that you taught me. I am always grateful.

Love,
Sonny



Pam,

I am finally done with infertility and losses and sooooo happy to say that. God, it's been a long decade!

Brooke Christine was born on 4/14 at 6:05 p.m. weighing 4 lb. 6 oz. Julia Francine was born on 4/14 at 6:34 p.m. weighing 4 lb. 10 oz. They are doing great and we came home on Easter Sunday—all of us.

On another note. When we lost Nicholas on 4/22/98 someone had given us a basket of bulb flowers that I planted that fall. They have never ever bloomed.

On Monday of this week, two of the tulips finally bloomed. Both pink. Can you believe how our Angels watch out for us!!!

Love,
Denise



Dear Pam,

I have an interesting situation to share with you. You have probably become acquainted over the years with others in the same boat as me. The tradition in Judaism, whether you're reform, conservative or orthodox, is to remember a person by his date of passing—never his birth date. This is called his Yartzheit. The person's name is called out in synagogue, you say a mourner's prayer, you light a 24-hour candle, and perhaps other rituals depending on your affiliation. The twist is, Jews around the world remember death anniversaries using the same calendar (the Hebrew calendar) as we remember the holidays. The Hebrew calendar unlike the Gregorian calendar is lunar based and has a cycle that allows for a leap month. You see where I'm going with this? Jacob's Yartzheit will always be constant—it will be the 5th day of the month Iyar, always. However, if you correspond that date to the Gregorian calendar, it appears to float.

Jacob passed away on May 14 (Mother's Day), but this year his Hebrew date of death corresponds with May 3. I have an interesting predicament. According to the Hebrew calendar, I felt Jacob kick his last on this day last year, the 5th of Iyar, but this is 11 days prior to when I will again be saying, "today is when I felt Jacob kick his last." I could be visiting the hospital four times instead of two. Two c-section dates instead of one. I will be saying "This is the day I first saw Jacob," "this is the day we buried him." Then 11 days later I'll be saying it all over again.

That kind of leaves me with the entire month of May one huge anniversary—from Jacob's pass-

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Letters From the Heart

(Continued from page 14)

ing and burial through Tea's due date. Little gloomy. Good thing it's spring, the weather shall be delightful, the birds shall be singing and we shall be cloaked in the wonderful colors of the season. I will seek out what is beautiful and pleasant and I shall uncover goodness. I will strive for wisdom and understanding and I shall be left in

wonder. That is what makes life so wonderful! The mystery of life is the beauty!

Penny



Hi Pam,

I hope you are well. It's been a very long time! Sorry

we've been flying under the radar for the last number of months. It's been tense with the genetic sequencing in search of the mutations that caused Olivia's EB. Then, in February, I discovered that I was pregnant (wow!) and we still hadn't located the mutations. We were looking at possibly having to fly to England for a fetal skin biopsy, which couldn't be done until 18 weeks—a dreadful prospect.

However, they finally found the mutations, in the least likely gene. No sooner had they found the mutations, than I underwent two CVS procedures. It was a difficult few weeks, but we got the good news that we have a healthy baby boy on the way—Olivia's baby brother. He's a carrier, just like us, but he'll be unaffected.

We are blissful, after such a long time of hoping and pray-

ing. Please pass the good news on to our dear friends in the group, and to Eileen!

Blessings to you and to all our friends there.

Karen Katz



Hi Pam,

Remember me? I love getting the newsletter. It is very cleansing reading it.

Hope you are doing well.

Suzanne DiMarzo



“The entire month of May is like one huge anniversary—from Jacob's passing through Tea's due date.”

God Talks To Me

by Ernie Fletcher (Larry's dad)

My 14-year-old son died today, and God talked to me.

As I flew down the road to the hospital, to stop from breaking down I prayed: God help my son. He's okay. He's okay. I repeated over and over in my head. And a voice echoed in my mind. He is okay. I am with him. I prayed, Let us be on time, let us say goodbye. And the voice said, He is fine. I am with him. When I arrived at the hospital they were doing CPR. I begged: Don't take my son. He is only a baby. And the voice said: It's okay. I am

holding his hand, and his heart beat on its own. The doctors told us he would not live. And the voice said: It's okay. I am here. I kissed my son goodbye as his heart rate slowed, and laid my hand on his chest. God if we're going to have a miracle, make it now, if not take him home. And the voice said, I am here. Take my hand. I whispered in my son's ear. God is here. Take his hand. And my son died.

Today I found more faith in God than I ever remember having. As I knelt in my shower, I begged God. I told him my

son's life was too high a price for my salvation. And the voice said: Your son was not the price. Mine was.

God talks to me...and it hurts.



Announcements



Holiday Memorial Candle-light Program

Sunday, December 10, 2006; information will be mailed. If you would like to participate, or have ideas pertaining to the program, call Pam.

Multiple Miscarriage Study

Research on men's psychological and emotional experiences following their partner's multiple miscarriages (three or more) is currently being conducted by a Fordham University doctoral candidate. Although research exists on the effects of miscarriage, none focuses specifically on men's experiences with multiple miscarriages. This study will add insight on men's perspective during and after multiple miscarriages.

If you have suffered at least three miscarriages, do not have any living children, and are interested in participating, contact tenenbaum@fordham.edu. Both men and women will be asked to take part, and each couple will receive \$100 (if selected for the survey) after they have completed their participation. All information will be kept confidential.

New Group Formed

For families who have experienced multiple losses. Call for information: 845-368-5297.

Thank You Eileen

Eileen Fioramonti has assisted with the Perinatal Bereavement Program for more than six years. She has helped many families through very difficult times and has been a wonderful support and friend to me. Due to personal issues, she will no longer assist in the same way, but she promises to remain an integral part of the program. I know we all wish her well and thank her for her many years of love and support.

Donate Through the United Way

You may make a donation to the GSH Perinatal Bereavement Program via the United Way. GSH'S code for the United Way direct donation is: GSH Perinatal Bereavement Program 036001.



Borrowed Books/Donate Books

Please return borrowed books when you are finished. If you have books that you no longer need and wish to donate to our lending library, bring them to a meeting/the Walk/or call the office.

Stop Unwanted Mail

If you are getting "baby" junk mail and wish to get off the list, write to: Mailing Preference Service, P.O. Box 9008, Farmingdale, NY 11735. For telephone solicitation removal, write to: Mailing Preference Service, Phone Preference, P.O. Box 9014, Farmingdale, NY 11735. This will not stop every call or mailing, but it will catch the bulk. It may take several weeks to take effect.

Remembrance Quilt/Need More Squares for Another

This is an ongoing project; call for information: 845-368-5297.

Walkway Bricks

Commemorative bricks are available for \$50. Please call: 845-368-5297 for information and order forms; orders need to be placed no later than **June 1, 2007**.

Safe Arrivals

Eleanor Jewell
Bridgette & Brian Altman

Tyler Jeffrey
Val & Jeff Bitzer

Christian James
Bethany & Nick Caviello

Evander Michael
Eraina & Terry Collazo

Nicholas Robert
Sandy & Vinnie Crapanzano

Jack Ray
Melanie & Buddy Damiani

Carlee Lu
Lee & Stephen DeNigris

Anthony Salvatore
Susan & Lou Dilapi

Julia & Brooke
Denise & Ed Gaynor

Adam Nicholas
Mary & Aldo Guerino

Peter Francis
Seth & Franny Hales

Ava Krishnan
Ayesha & Brian Hamilton

Peyton Elizabeth
Mark & Erin Idsal

Jason Maxwell & Zachary Allan
Kristin & Larry Kahn

Kordelia Marie
Jackie & Dave Keane

Sierra Nancy Marie
Inge & Jack Koepp

Bryce Edward
Julie & Brian Manning

Taylor Madison
Melinda & Bill Nicolas

Jason Michael
Amy & Todd Mondelli

Matthew Aaron
Renee & Bruce Rabinowitz

Benjamin Stephen
Marissa & Jeremy Reed

Aiden Lee
Heidi & Marc Silverstein

Odin Cooper
Micki & Terrence Smith

Nathan Christopher
Kara & Chris Smith

Andrew Edward
Joanne & Chris Vella

Alyssa Anneliesa
Pam & Ken Weinstein

Please note that all of the above parents have experienced a previous loss prior to the birth of these new babies.

In Loving Memory... From...

Daniel John & "All Our Babies".....Mary & Rick Radatovich (Mom & Dad)
 Mark Nicholas.....Theresa & Frank Brantly (Mom & Dad)
 April Rose Denigris.....Tara & Joe Airo, Vicki & Scott Meier, Pam & Sam Scavera Jr.,
 Rose Marie & Americo Tiso, Minnie Jo Horwich (Grandma), Cousin Dennis Morse, Filomena &
 Nancy Denigris, Bette & Walter Pope, Wynema Haigler, Maryellen & Robert Doremus
 Emily.....Kathy Fisher (Mom) & Her Moms Group
 George (Jake) Sichler.....Marion & George Sichler (Grandma & Grandpa)
 Juliana Elise Falce.....Annmarie Wisnieski, Enzo & Raffaella Denaroso, Clara & Dominick
 Sciangula, Douglas Craig, Angela Cuce, Jain Freire, Mary & Joseph Baldassarre
 Michaela Noelle Slocum.....Angelina Butera & Annette Dwyer
 Arianna Jade McDonnell.....Verizon Wireless Volunteer Foundation
 Stephanie.....Gina & Paul Tartaglia (Mom & Dad)
 Angelica Jean-Louise.....Mary Ann & Ron Ferrante (Mom & Dad)
 Sean Thomas McLoughlin.....Kathy & Tom McLoughlin (Mom & Dad), Celia & John Wilkin
 (Grandma & Grandpa)
 Daniel.....Heidi & Marc Silverstien
 Collier Bradley.....Tara & Stephen Fishler (Mom & Dad)
 Otto.....Heidi Vonmaur (Mom)
 Michael John.....Amy Mondelli (Mom & Dad)
 Ashley Marie.....Karen & Chris Nicosia (Mom & Dad)
 Jake.....Marion & George Sichler (Grandma & Grandpa)
 Tea, Jacob Lev & Baby Shirazi.....Penny & Mehran Shirazi (Mom & Dad)
 Nicole.....Linda & Pete Bitts (Mom & Dad)

*A donation to: **The Good Samaritan Bereavement Group** has been made in the above babies' names. If you wish to make a donation, please contact Pam Magi for more information.*

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to: Marie & Lamarre Beauvais on the loss of Elijah ♥ Lisa & Tullio Bruno on the loss of Babies Bruno ♥ Chris & Jeff Buckridge on the loss of Nathan Christopher ♥ Rosa & Carlos Cardona on the loss of Carlos Abraham ♥ Aida & George Castillo on the loss of Joshua Collins ♥ Dawn & James Ciallela on the loss of Jake Richard ♥ Dolores & Bill Cook on the loss of Kristine Mary ♥ Melanie & Buddy Damiani on the loss of Ava Marie ♥ Lee & Stephen DeNigris on the loss of April Rose and Babies DeNigris ♥ Colleen & Joe Doyle on the loss of Babies Doyle ♥ Michelle & Joe Doyle on the loss of Catherine (Cate) Margaret ♥ Melanie & David Finnegan on the loss of Tucker Staines ♥ Maryanne & Sean Fitzpatrick on the loss of Dylan Matthew ♥ Dana & Rob Hamilton on the loss of Baby Hamilton ♥ Christine & Robert Hudson on the loss of Robert Paul & Babies Hudson ♥ Joanne & Jeffrey Jerome on the loss of Jef-

frey Vincent ♥ Jen & David Karatz on the loss of Baby Karatz ♥ Michelle & Damon Knee on the loss of Evangeline Clara ♥ Gwen Lamson & Ernest Lindsey on the loss of Vanessa ♥ Kathy & Jim Leiz on the loss of Sophia Amorette ♥ Stacey & Kevin Barriolo on the loss of Madison & Hannah ♥ Denise & John Maher on the loss of Kelly & Dylan ♥ Mary & PJ Mazzucca on the loss of Matthew Jude ♥ Margaret & Sylvester Mendoza on the loss of Baby Mendoza ♥ Suzanne & Craig Newton on the loss of Craig Jr. (CJ) ♥ Marte & Robert Pellegrino on the loss of Michael Gregory ♥ Della & Rocco Regina on the loss of Daniella Marie ♥ Dawn & Marty Remo on the loss of Kaylee Marie ♥ Nereyda & Anthony Reyes on the loss of Faith Angelica ♥ Theresa & Stephen Ruther on the loss of Baby Boys Ruther ♥ Karen & Jamie Ryan on the loss of Baby Mackenzie & James C. Ryan ♥ Janice Moore & Michael

Schimmel on the loss of Michael Ryan ♥ Miriam & Samuel Schwartz on the loss of Naomi ♥ Kate O'Neill & Tim Self on the loss of Harper Berry ♥ Penny & Mehran Shirazi on the loss of Baby Shirazi ♥ Britt & Slobodan Sikiric on the loss of Babies Sikiric ♥ Lee & Michael Slocum on the loss of Michaela Noelle ♥ Audra & Tom Spinella on the loss of James Thomas ♥ Susan & Rob Stauffer on the loss of Baby Boy "Munchkin" ♥ Quatia & Joseph Stevens on the loss of Babies Stevens ♥ Clara & Howard Thomas on the loss of Dylan ♥ Philomena & Vincent Tullino on the loss of Vincent Anthony ♥ Jeanette & Joe Turcsanyi on the loss of Kailey Rose ♥ Nicolette & Alex Vallone on the loss of Ava Loren ♥ Kirsten & Chris Vickery on the loss of Baby Girl Vickery ♥

Hearts are broken. Dreams are shattered. Arms ache with emptiness when a precious child has died. Please accept our heartfelt expression of caring and sympathy at this time of sorrow.

Dear Zachary

(Continued from page 1)

a do-over. I would do anything to relive those days, even having the pain of losing you again, just to do things differently. I should have insisted they bring you to me or me to you so I could have held you and mothered you the way a mother who loves her precious one should.

Everyone sees your mother as a mother of two boys. They don't see me as a mother of three, the three I should have. I look so "normal" on the outside. I die

each and every day on the inside. The pain and heartache of not having you with me is almost too much to bear. I don't know how I am going to go through the rest of my life with this pain. I just know I have to. I hope and pray that one day I will see you. I still picture you as a baby and not as an eight-year-old boy. I hope if I do see you, that's how you will be, my baby, just the way you looked when I last saw you.

I love you, baby. My heart will never be the same. The tears

will never stop. The yearning is constant. My beautiful baby boy, I miss you and will love you and search for you until the day I die and, hopefully, all of my questions will be answered and my heart will be whole again.

Your mom

(In memory of Zachary DiMarzo, 5/3/98 to 5/4/98.)

Sweet Child of My Life

(Continued from page 1)

hospital bed for six hours, waiting alone with my husband for strangers to take our baby.

We left the hospital a few days later. I waited alone at the entrance of the Morgan Stanley Children's Hospital for my husband to fetch the car. It felt like an eternity. Vehicle after

vehicle pulled up. Balloons and flower deliveries of congratulations streaming past me one way. New mothers going home with their babies streaming past me the other. Here I was, standing alone, with hands light and empty and a heart full and heavy.

I left the hospital with a terrible pain of guilt. I could still feel the warmth of his brow against my lips and the softness of his lips against my fingers. How could we leave him in the hands of disinterested strangers, swaddled in a sheet of blue plastic? We needed to bring him "home." It was a quiet ride. We stopped along the way home at the cemetery where my parents had a family plot. I stayed by the car. My husband got out to walk the area. He had been so quiet the whole time. He got to the end of the plot and looked back at all the headstones. He swiped the glasses off his face, charged back at me, covering his eyes with his hands, broken in tears, crying "It's not supposed to be like this! You shouldn't have to bury a child!" I held him and could only cry

back "I know, I know you don't want to do this! I don't want to do this either."

We ended up the next day buying our own husband and wife cemetery plot closer to our home, where our temple has land set aside. It's comforting to feel that people whom you know surround you. These familial names will be something of surrogate guardians in our absence. Jacob's small and beautiful body will rest in my site until I join him in my own time. My husband will be on one side; my father already resides on the other.

We visited the funeral parlor that same day to sign papers and make plans to have Jacob's body retrieved from the city. The setting was comfortable and calm. The funeral director shook our hands and offered his condolences on the death of our "son." My mind hung on that phrase—my "son." This was so surreal. The first person to utter the words "your son" and it's his funeral director! The first time I see his name, it's in raised brass letters above a silver plaque reading "Jacob Lev Shirazi" and it's his headstone!

The day of the burial was sublime. Blue, sunny skies, very warm, birds singing in the trees by the pond. Why was I approaching a tent in a cemetery on this day? Why were the seats of honor this time there for my husband and me? We sat on the chairs quietly until they brought the small white coffin out from the hearse and laid it before us. My husband and I broke down into sobs. He bent over his lap with his hand clasping the bridge of his nose. I, with a soaked tissue, futilely was trying to catch the tears as they poured down my cheeks with one hand while trying to comfort my hus-

band with the other.

Everyone was in tears. Those to the side of us, behind us, the clergymen, even the funeral director. How this person, my son, so small in body, but so large in essence, could leave such an enormous impact on all our lives, both relation and stranger!

There came a small silence near the end of the ceremony. I took advantage of it and said aloud, "Jacob, I told your father a few weeks ago that I was going to show you your first tree, and he was going to show you the sky. I never imagined it might be here at your grave. So look up Jacob, this is your first tree, and this is the sky." About that time a cool breeze that seemed to continue until the end of the service stroked our faces. My husband and I were very comforted—my son had found the sky, and the sky had found us.

Sweet child of my life! The heavens and all the solar systems they contain are not too large for me. I will find you again!

Sweet child of my dreams! The length of all eternity and the space of all infinity are no match for how much I love you, my son, my Jacob!

Love, Mommy

(Written in memory and honor of Jacob Lev, stillborn May 14, 2005.)

***"The heavens
and all the
solar systems they
contain are not
too large for me. I
will find you
again!"***



Good Samaritan Hospital
255 Lafayette Avenue
Suffern, New York 10901
Attn: Pam Magi, RN
Perinatal Bereavement Coordinator

Please let us know whether or not you want to continue to receive this newsletter.

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- Please remove my name from **ALL** of your mailing lists.

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Address: _____

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Comments: _____

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