



Hope and Healing

Newsletter of the Perinatal Bereavement Group of Good Samaritan Hospital

Volume 9, Issue 1

Fall 2003

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

WALK TO REMEMBER 2003

SUNDAY
OCTOBER 5, 2003
1:00 P.M.
(RAIN OR SHINE)

CANDLELIGHT MEMORIAL SERVICE

SUNDAY
DECEMBER 14, 2003
5:30 P.M.

Hope and Healing
Newsletter

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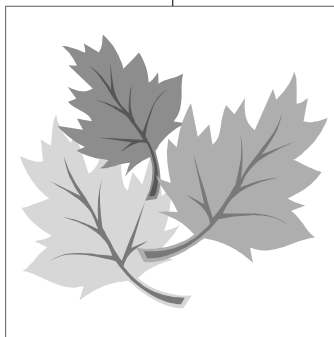
Our Sign From Angela

by Fran Leva

In spring 2001 Frank and I were shocked when we got the news that we were expecting a child in January (shocked only because we had a fertility-specialist appointment scheduled for the end of the month). We were thrilled beyond belief and wanted to shout from the rooftop, but after experiencing an eight-week miscarriage in August 2000 we decided to wait the "12 weeks."

The pregnancy was wonderful. I was feeling great, blood tests and sonograms were all normal, and our hopes and dreams of having a child were that much closer to reality.

At 28 weeks I had a routine doctor's appointment, and that was when our nightmare began. My doctor was unable to detect a heartbeat. A sonogram confirmed that our baby had died. We were shattered. How could this happen? It's not supposed to be this way.



On November 1, 2001 (after 21 hours of labor and 21 hours of hoping the doctors were wrong), I delivered a 1 lb. 14 oz. baby girl, Angela Anna. For hours as Angela laid next to us in her

bassinet all Frank and I could do was stare. We wanted to remember every little thing about her. We were so afraid to touch her, hold her or kiss her, and we didn't until Theresa, the next scheduled nurse, came to see us. She asked us if we had held Angela yet. When we told her that we hadn't and explained how frightened we were, she was kind and helpful. We were still in shock. Theresa

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Dear Grief of Mine

by Lenore Gunderson

I have just spent another long night watching the clock turn hour by hour, from night to another day. It has been long, endless months and I wanted to let you know that I am not afraid of you so much anymore. I am tired of your constant company and I am glad that you are beginning to get the message. I'm tired of carrying you around all the time; my back aches from your relentless grip.

I love it when I have a day free of your tiresome company, and thank God those days finally come! By now I have reluctantly accepted that in this life I will never have my precious daughter. You have constantly reminded me of that.

But I am thankful that I can now actually feel the sunshine on my face, instead of just knowing that it's there. I can finally be alone and comfortable, not scared. I am able to get lost in the love

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What Is Normal Now?

by Chantell McDonnell

NORMAL is trying to decide what to take to the cemetery for Christmas, birthdays, Valentine's day and Easter.

NORMAL is feeling like you know how to act and are more comfortable with a funeral than a wedding or a birthday party. Yet feeling a stab of pain in your heart when you smell the flowers, and see the casket and all the crying people.

NORMAL is feeling like you can't sit another minute without screaming, because you just don't like to sit through church anymore. And yet at the same time feeling like you have more faith in God than you ever had before.

NORMAL is having tears waiting behind every smile when you realize someone important is missing from all the important events in your family's life.

NORMAL is not sleeping very well because a thousand what ifs go through your mind constantly.

NORMAL is having the TV on the minute you walk into the house to have some noise, because the silence is deafening.

NORMAL is telling the story of your child's death as if it were an everyday common event, then gasping in horror at how awful it sounds. And yet realizing it has become part of normal conversation.

NORMAL is coming up with the difficult task of how to honor your child's memory and their birthdays each year, and surviving those days. And trying to find a balloon or flag that fits the occasion, "Happy Birthday"? Not really!

NORMAL is a new friendship with another bereaved parent,

and meeting for coffee and talking and crying together over your children. And worrying together over the surviving children.

NORMAL is being too tired to care if you paid the bills, cleaned the house, did the laundry, or grocery shopped.

NORMAL is wondering this time whether you are going to say you have two or three children, because you will never see this person again and you don't know if it's worth explaining that one of the children passed away. And yet when you say two children, to avoid the problem, you feel horrible as if you betrayed them.

NORMAL is hiding all the things that have become normal for you to feel, so that everyone around you will think you are NORMAL.

More Thoughts on What's Normal

by Angelo Narcise

NORMAL is tears rolling down my face when I kiss my children good night or good-bye while they are sleeping.

NORMAL is the heart-wrenching pain of watching my children play, and knowing that the others are missing.

NORMAL is the sad smile I get when someone says to me, You have a beautiful family.

NORMAL is a word that would describe any "family." Any family that has never lost a child!

NORMAL is a word that anyone in our situation would think, "What is normal?"

NORMAL is looking forward to our group, and knowing that someone is always there for us! Pam.

*For some life lasts a short while, but
the memories it holds last forever.*

—Laura Swenson

Her Name Is Emily

by Jack and Kathy Fisher

Her name is Emily, although it was nearly a year before we finally named her. It has been almost two years since we lost her. Actually that is not completely true; we didn't really lose her. She wasn't taken from us. We sent her away.

How could we have made such a choice? How could we deny her the greatest of all gifts—life? We did it because we loved her. We wanted to spare her what would likely have been a short and tormented life. We were lucky to have understand-

ing relatives and friends who

were supportive and caring. Unfortunately there are many couples who are not so lucky. There are many people who do not understand what it means to make this heartbreaking choice.

For those of us who participated in Pam's invaluable group, we learned that the only people who truly understand are those who have made the same choice. I am not a counselor, but there are a few pieces of advice I would like to offer those just beginning the grieving process:

1. For the fathers—you may think your wife is taking this too hard or that she is being overly sensitive to certain people's reactions. You are thinking too much. Just be supportive.

2. For the mothers—your husband will probably not grieve as long or as hard as you do. This is not a flaw, just human nature.
3. For both of you—don't let the turkeys get you down. If some people don't get it, that is their problem not yours.

(In honor of our daughter Emily.)

“The only people who truly understand are those who have made the same choice.”

For Linda

by Angelo Narcise

The other day I called my insurance broker to add a car to my policy. The person I've dealt with there had retired, so I had a new broker. She was very helpful, and I asked her name for future reference. Her name was Linda. I hesitated for a moment (feeling big-time anxiety) and then said, "That's my daughters name." She said it's a nice, simple name, easy to remember. I replied, "It's one I will never forget." She said, "You better not. You'll be in trouble if you forget."

At that moment, my eyes teared up and I controlled myself so I

wouldn't say anything more. I didn't want her to ask me questions. I just wanted someone to know that I have a daughter and not know she is not here. I wanted someone to believe that she exists. It felt good for a moment, then the sadness overwhelmed me. But for a minute my daughter existed in someone else's mind. That's all I wanted—not to have to explain the outcome to her. Just to leave with a nice thought of my little girl Linda.

May 30 was Linda's due date. M.A.C. was May 10, eleven months earlier. Tania and I still struggle with the loss of four

children in eleven months. You all know how we feel. I know how you feel. Please say a prayer for my children. And I will say a prayer for you and your children. I wish they were all here.

(Written in memory of Michael, Andrew, Christopher (M.A.C.) and Linda Narcise, by their dad.)

A Bereaved Mother's Permission List

by Lenore Gunderson

It has been almost a year since we lost our precious daughter and I am reflecting on this painful year. I also wanted to reflect on some things that only a bereaved mother would relate to.

1. **Give yourself permission to be overwhelmed by your other child or children.**

Just because you have lost one of your children doesn't mean that you have lost the right to have some of those "impossible days" when you yell and rant and, of course, cry.

2. **Give yourself permission to not aspire to be the next Carol Brady.** Remember girls, it was only a sitcom from our childhoods!

3. **Give yourself permission to be very disorganized,** as long as the kids are fed, the homework is done and the dogs are still alive! Pat yourself on the back once in a while.

4. **Give yourself permission to laugh.** Any chance to take a

laugh at any time is some time away from crying and feeling sad.

5. **Give yourself permission to cook a little crazy sometimes** — pancakes for dinner is ok. Turn it into an adventure instead of a catastrophe. Your children will still grow, thank God.

6. **Give yourself permission to avoid anyone that you know might cause you pain.** You know who they are. Your load is too heavy, even a feather can topple it.

7. **Give yourself permission to spend the holidays and "special days" exactly how you and your family wish.** In the end, you have to go to sleep with yourself those nights and you do need all the sleep you can get to face these days!

8. **Give yourself permission to feel envious of the people who are lucky enough to complete their families without a hitch.** God Bless them that their

only anguish was back pain and hemorrhoids.

9. **Give yourself permission to enjoy intimacy again in your life.** You may have lost your child, but you are still a woman who wants to be desired and thought about passionately.

10. **Give yourself permission to let the kids play with all their toys, even if it means play-doh in the cracks of your floor!** Just sit back and watch their faces while they play, and let your bruised heart surrender to some much-needed joy.

11. **Last but not least, give yourself permission to love yourself again.** You know you loved your baby from the moment you knew you conceived. You know you will never forget your child. Please don't forget yourself.

(Written by Lenore Gunderson in memory of Stephanie Lynn, stillborn February 7, 2002.)

A mother's love for her child is like nothing else in the world. It knows no law, no pity; it dares all things and crushes down remorselessly all that stands in its path.

—Agatha Christie

Letters From the Heart



Dear Pam,

I read the last newsletter, and I have to tell you that “After Emily” jumped right off the front page at me. I had a good cry while reading what that dad wrote. It was a very good article.

As far as “mending” vs. “healing” goes, let me add my two cents—to me there’s no difference. You break a bone, it mends/heals. You break a heart, same difference. That’s my two cents.

Love,
Chris



Dear Pam,

Well you did it again! This is our ninth year celebrating the holiday season without our son. I remember the beautiful ceremonies past. They were so moving, and our hearts were very sad with a pain that hurt so much it was hard to breathe. I have been to the past eight ceremonies and this one—the ninth one—was the most beautiful and moving I have ever experienced.

My eyes are open now and the pain has truly changed. I am not saying it does not hurt; I cry and I miss my son. But this year I learned something new. I celebrated with the group—his LIFE.

One little tiny boy lived for 36 weeks under my heart and made a huge impact in my world. He brought us to you and the group of friends I have met only because he lived and died. He has taught me to be a better mother, person and friend.

Tonight, I sat listening to the talent that has come from the loss of all of our children. The poetry, the music and the art that has been created since the loss of our children. I saw the room differently. I saw the circle of friendship become an energy swirl when more chairs were added to accommodate the overflow of people attending the ceremony. I heard sounds of love put to words and beautiful music that moved the room to tears.

I felt the heartache of every mother and the sadness of all the fathers as they shared their incredible prose and poetry. The love they have put to paper because hearts have been broken and arms are empty. I held my breath as we were told the story of a young couple that lost twins, adopted a baby and then gave birth to another almost at the same time, and so they were destined to have two babies at a time. Miracles do happen. I smelled the fresh new carpet mixed with burning candles as we lit our candles calling out the names that make up all of heaven and the warm light that filled the room.

I was reminded of a Christmas past when I saw a young lady — to my right — full with the promise of the future and remembered the gift I was given four days after Christmas seven years ago, my incredible son Michael. I was impressed with

the dads of the group who stood up to share their sadness and their willingness to understand a mother’s pain. They taught us that they too need some tender loving care and that their loss is just a big as ours.

I went outside to the trees lit in white lights and walked over to the 1993 tree that held only a few bows from seasons past. There I found the few bows on just one branch all wearing the same name. I reached up to add one more bow to that same branch whispering, “Here is another one for you, my love.”

I saw the treads of love sewn through our patchwork quilt hanging in the hallway, noticing the talents of arts and crafts and a reminder that life is just too short. I noticed the care that was taken in painting this year’s angel. I brought home my ninth angel to hang on our family tree.

I did not recognize many faces, most from my group have moved on and others have moved into the empty chairs. I remember thinking, one day my son will be old enough to sit next to me to celebrate the life of his brother.

The accomplishments of those who attended this candle-lighting are so huge. They are totally unaware of the gift their angel—their tiny baby—gave to them. As we all seek to ease the pains of loss, we have all found a talent hidden inside us—the gift our baby left as a thank-you for loving them so much.

Tonight’s ceremony has moved

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“I felt the heartache of every mother and the sadness of all the fathers as they shared their incredible prose and poetry.”

Pam's Page



*"A cut finger –
is numb before it bleeds . . .
it bleeds before it hurts . . .
it hurts until it begins to
heal . . .
it forms a scab and itches until
finally, the scab is gone and a
small scar is left where there
was once a wound. Grief is the
deepest wound you have ever
had. Like a cut finger it goes
through stages and leaves a
scar."*

—Quoted from the book, "Don't Take My Grief Away from Me," by Doug Manning.

Grieving is as natural as sleeping when you are tired and eating when you are hungry. It is nature's way of healing a broken heart. That is what grandparents, families and friends learned at a meeting in May 2003. Families discovered ways of assisting their loved ones in the grieving process and had a forum to discuss their individual grief and grief responses. This meeting was one of the most meaningful and compelling meetings of my career. I felt that all those who attended the meeting left empowered and got it, the example comparing grief to a freshly cut wound was clearly understood.

The following is a shortened version of a letter written by a grandmother. This letter best describes the heart of "our" meeting as well as the undeniable breakthroughs family members made through the

power of sharing and listening. Hopefully, reading this grandmother's story, you will gain insight into how your loved ones perceive your journey.

"The loss of our grandson is as fresh today as when he died one and a half years ago. I am beginning to realize the loss will always be with us, as his grandparents, though the pain doesn't cut as deeply as it did. Days after his birth and death, I didn't see how the pain would ever ease up, even though caring people said it would. We had never experienced anything like this. We were making all the usual mistakes by trying so desperately to make the pain better for my daughter and son-in-law, and, in fact, we only added to the pain, though we didn't mean to do so.

At a grandparent, family and friends meeting I poured out my grief and learned that even though we wanted our daughter to be happy again, to be her old self, that was impossible. We also learned that our daughter was normal for that time in her life and even though it had been a while since her son died, I knew she was still hurting badly. It did not help that we were saying all the wrong things like, "Pour yourself into your work, it will help"; "Life goes on"; "You will have other children one day." Heaven help me, if only I could take those words back. Our daughter heard these phrases at her workplace and from many well-meaning people, but like them, we thought these words would help. Trust me, they didn't then and don't now. They only hurt more.

I've learned that the only words of comfort to be shared are, "I'm so sorry for your loss," along with a loving, warm hug. Let them know you are there for them. I wanted my daughter to be back to her normal self; I feared that she would never be the same. The best advice that helped this grandma was given to me when I was told that my daughter would never be the same because she was a new mom who had lost her son and had to deal with her pain every day. But she was still the sweet person I'd always known. I took these words to heart, "Your pain is that of a double-edged sword, it's cutting you both ways with the loss of your grandson and the pain of your daughter."

The double-edged sword... how powerful these words are! They explain the depth of our pain. Giving up our grandson and watching, day by day, the pain that our daughter was living with was an experience we had never had before. The helpless feeling of not being able to say or do anything that really eased her pain was killing us. Our daughter and son-in-law attend the monthly support meetings where they are able to talk and receive the love and support we

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"I felt that all those who attended the meeting left empowered and got it, the example comparing grief to a freshly cut wound was clearly understood."

Miss Foundation Viewpoint on the Laci Peterson Case

by Unknown Author

As feminist groups across America publicly denounce the double homicide charges in the Laci and Connor Peterson deaths, the MISS Foundation supports this action by law enforcement.

Presumably, Laci's unborn son was stillborn as a result of the murder: a child she'd already named "Connor."

Yet the ongoing debate about abortion is interfering with public perception about whether or not Scott Peterson, if found guilty, should be punished for the murder of his unborn child.

It has become appallingly apparent

that the politics of abortion are further perpetuating the chronic disregard for women and their families experiencing the tragedy of stillbirth. Feminist groups, which often oppose both laws to protect pregnant women against violent acts and laws that recognize stillbirth as a national tragedy, are not liberating women but, rather, they are oppressing an entire group of women. "As self-identified, pro-choice groups, these feminists should be protecting women, truly supporting them, even if their choice was to have their baby and to consider their baby their child at any point during their pregnancy," said MISS Founder Joanne Cacciatore-Garard.

Board member and author Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross agrees. "It is so simple," she says. "Society must stop the non-

sense of politics and understand that Laci's family is grieving two deaths. If he is found to be guilty, then both crimes should be prosecuted."

Part of the ongoing dilemma for stillbirth is in its lack of recognition. All states recognize stillbirth as a death, whether due to naturally occurring causes or unnatural causes such as domestic violence, by issuing a certificate or report of death in order to mandate final disposition. Yet, few states recognize the event as a birth, despite the fact that women must go through the same processes to deliver a baby who has died in-utero as a live birth.

Arizona was the first state to change its law and issue a certificate of birth for a stillborn infant. In 1999 Cacciatore-Garard began to lobby for the change in its law. "How dare we tell women, 'Here's your death certificate, Ma'am, as a constant reminder of your body's failure. But this is all you get.' Birth is a mystical experience that cannot be denied. It's a physiological process. Women enduring stillbirth should receive birth certificates because they gave birth and because it is time for our society to stop hiding these women and their dead babies like family secrets in a dark closet," said Cacciatore-Garard. Her daughter, Cheyenne, was the first stillborn infant in the United States to receive a birth certificate.

Since Arizona's law changed, the MISS Foundation has spearheaded the change in seven other states. "Some on the far right and far left want to

turn this into an abortion debate, but it's not. We've really lost all our logic here in this national debate. Our consciousness is suffering. If this is really about a woman's right to choose, then let her choose, said Cacciatore-Garard. This law may make it easier in some states to prosecute crimes against women and their unborn child.

The MISS Foundation does not take a position on abortion. "We are neither pro-choice nor anti-abortion," says Cacciatore-Garard. "However, we are pro-women and we are anti-violence. What happened to Laci Peterson and her son, Connor, is a horrendous, unthinkable crime and feminists should forge a united front to ensure that the perpetrator is prosecuted for both crimes. That is the right thing to do."

MISS is a nonprofit, volunteer based organization committed to providing emergency support to families in crisis after the death of their infant or young child from any cause. We are here to help families cope with the resultant feelings of overwhelming grief and loss. For more information contact www.missfoundation.org and www.elisabethkublerross.com.

"Part of the ongoing dilemma for stillbirth is in its lack of recognition."

Karl

by Julie Natale

Where are you? Where are you?
Like only a worried mother can
call.

There you are in my past memories of a horrible
birth.

And there you are again in my present hopes of
what was to be.

And yet again you are there in my future thoughts.
Riding on a bike yet never falling off, or driving a
car for the first time and never causing me worry.
You are always safe in my thoughts.

For you are the child of my broken spirit that must
go on.

(In memory of Karl Pierce, stillborn February 22, 2002.)



Butterfly

by Julie Natale

Abutterfly flits from flower to flower
seeking life-giving nectar.
A butterfly does not start life in the same
manner it leaves life.

Caterpillar
Chrysalis
Butterfly

So vulnerable to all around it.

My chrysalis never had the chance to unleash a
butterfly.

If you were fortunate to see your butterfly soar, it is
always only for a short time. Whether it be a mo-
ment or a lifetime, it never seems to be enough.

(In memory of Karl Pierce, stillborn February 22, 2002.)

When Somebody Loves You

by Julie Natale

I was inspired by Pam to write my feelings. It is the first anniversary of our son's death. This is a little something for my son. It has been adapted from a song that has touched my heart. I love you Karl!

When somebody loves you everything is beautiful.

Through the summer and the fall we had each other. That was all, just he and I together, like it was meant to be.

When I was sad he was there to dry my tears, and when I was happy so was he.

When I was lonely he was there to comfort me and I knew that he loved me.

Every hour spent together lives within my heart.

Yet now he is gone.

As the months go by, I am alone.

When somebody loved me everything was beautiful.

When he loved me.

(For my son, Karl Pierce, stillborn February 22, 2002.)

Always Know Children of Our Love

by Larry Brocchini

Alas, our loving tri-angels,
Kindred spirits frolicking divinely upon a heavenly playground
Cherished and loved you shall always be, as from the first day

As love songs (tap) reverberated (tap) across (tap) a well-stretched maternal drum
Keenly we anticipated our face-to-face introductions
Cautiously and enthusiastically preparing for the future's multiple possibilities

Kindless, an unknown and unseen evil intervened
Altering a family's plan
Corporally, that is, but powerless against our ever-enduring spiritual devotion

Children, sweet children, fly high together blithely upon the soft winds
Avowedly, your spirit saturates our lives, our whole being
Keep us in sight, as we do you, until together as a family we shall live fully and completely

Always know children of our enduring love,
and always fly high!

(Written in memory of Andrew, Kyle and Chloe, September 9, 1998)



My Children in Heaven on Father's Day

by Angelo Narcise

Today I have waited for just the feel of your touch
Tiny fingertips holding while I kissed you so much

Today I have waited for you to sit on my lap
While we sat in church singing,
While I thanked God just for that

Today I have waited just to hold you so close
On Father's Day proudly, while I sat there to boast

Today I have waited for the sun to shine bright
In your eyes with a sparkle that could light up the night

Today I have waited for our dreams to come true,
Four ever-young angels,
Daddy's dreaming with you.

(Dedicated to my four children in heaven: Michael, Andrew, Christopher and Linda. I miss you so much. Love, Daddy)

The Old Life

by Lenore Gunderson

Dear Fellow Parents,

Over this last agonizing year since I lost my daughter, I have been inspired and touched by so many of you in our meetings and by the two newsletters I received. Just recently, I have begun to feel like writing and expressing myself once again. It has been a very long road. Sometimes this past year has felt like many years, and sometimes it's felt like weeks or even days. This journey that is grief is the most bewildering thing. It is so unpredictable. One of the mothers in my group wrote something beautiful that inspired me to write this poem.

The old life
That I knew
I dream about quite often.
My third child's first birthday...

I am confronted
With my life
As it painfully is
And I reach within my soul
For what was once me

Do I remember being carefree?
And was tragedy someone else's story?
And could I ever have believed
That I would never get to bring my third child home?

My answer is no, not in a million years.
In my old life
Flowers were a luxury for a special dinner, a holiday, a celebration.
Flowers are what my daughter
Should have picked impulsively as a toddler
Drawn with crayons as a preschooler
Smelled and enjoyed as a teenager
And appreciated as a woman

Just as I once did in my old life.

(In memory of my daughter, Stephanie Lynn Gunderson, stillborn at 36 weeks on February 7, 2002.)

The Two Times I Will Never Forget

Saturday morning, April 12, 3:30 a.m. I woke up filled with anxiety. I paced the house with great anticipation and frustration, remembering the events on that day nine years ago when I paced the floors of St. Agnes Hospital waiting for my first child to be born. My first child, who is now my oldest son. I am remembering him today because it is his birthday and his birth was one of the proudest, happiest days of my life. I'm also remembering the events leading up to his birth. My wife had 30 hours of labor, then my son was delivered through an emergency c-section. He was placed on antibiotics immediately after birth and given a spinal tap. I remember feeling helpless, at someone else's mercy. But I was so proud of my first child, and I am proud of everything he has become.

I went to my son's room very early on his birthday, and lay next to him. He was breathing as softly as he did the day he was born. I remembered how he slept

in my arms at the hospital, dreaming baby thoughts. I cried then, and I'm crying now. I was hoping and praying then that nothing would go wrong, waiting.

I talked to him for a while as he slept in his bed. I told him of all the things I remembered thinking then. How we would always be best friends and play ball together, and I would be this great daddy, his special pal. I was proud of my wife for having survived what seemed to be the hardest struggle in life: delivering a baby.

I wanted this day to be as special as the day he was born. He may never know how much love I gave to him on that day. How much I cared for this little baby's existence and do now as well.

I am also remembering him today because I have lived through the other side of what could have been on that day. I know all too well how different

it could have been. I realize how fortunate I am today. There is a thin line between life and death, and at that moment who really knows what's going to happen. And how in just seconds everything can change and be a different memory for the rest of your life.

I have learned so much about life—from the children I have here on earth, and from the children I have there in heaven!

And I have learned this as well: Love is not something you ever have to lose, although it may be something you always search to find. Remember no matter where you have to search to find it, it will always find you as well. Just because you cannot see doesn't mean it has to go away.

I hope you find this too.

“There is a thin line between life and death, and at that moment who really knows what’s going to happen.”

Our Dearest Patrick

by Debbie Wright

It is so hard to believe that it has been four years without you. We remember so clearly when every day was simply unbearable. There are so many things that we wonder about: what you would look like, what your personality would be like, what we would be like as parents of a four-year-old. There are so many questions that will never be answered. The pain continues now as we wonder about these things, and are not able to hug you tight, kiss you goodnight. We love you and miss you, Patrick. We know you are with us and are always watching over us.

Love You,
Mommy & Daddy

(Written in honor of Patrick Wright, stillborn October 17, 1999.)

Book Reviews

by Lynn Dalton

“When a Baby Dies: A Handbook for Healing and Helping”

By Rana K. Limbo and Sara Rich Wheeler
Second Printing, 1987, Resolve Through Sharing,
La Crosse Lutheran Hospital/
Gunderson Clinic, Ltd.

Families have so many hopes and dreams for their unborn child that when they lose a child, life is turned upside down. Whether you’ve lost a pregnancy or a newborn baby, “When a Baby Dies: A Handbook for Healing and Helping” offers insight and guidance into the world of bereavement and what those around you and in your community can offer in your time of grief.

The writing is easy to understand, and there are check-off lists to use as a guide to help you get the most from both your hospital care and your community. As a list-maker and follower myself, I found that the book provided me with something visible to use; I reviewed the lists often as I moved through the grieving process. This helped me to see how well I was progressing with my grief. At times there was no progression, but just seeing how far I had come made the journey of a newly grieving parent easier to tolerate.

According to the authors Limbo and Wheeler, “Grief cannot be compared, measured or quantified. Parents do not mourn for a

child according to how long they knew him or her. The death of a baby is mourned, quite simply, because parents have lost their future. They have lost their hopes and dreams for that child and their life with him/her.”

On a scale of one to five hearts, I would rate this book four hearts. Its easy- to-read style and check-off lists are user-friendly. Although the book is from 1987, the information offered on healing and helping is timeless for a family in mourning.

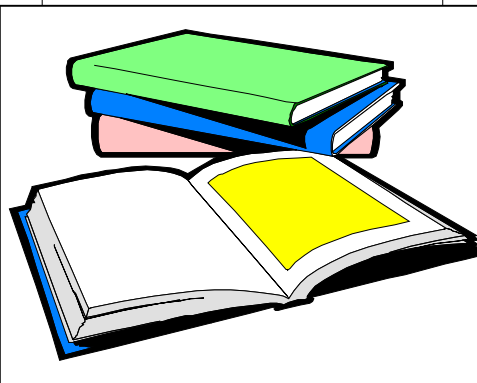
building blocks to understanding your own grief. The stories, short in length, are moving and vary in topic from miscarriage to stillbirth to pre-term labor. Loss is the common thread. Those readers who have experienced a loss are likely to find many things in common with the women who have chosen to share their grief within the pages of this book.

Also included are practical applications on how to deal with your loss, including problems that can arise over time. Discussions on developing coping skills and what can benefit those going through the grieving process are the focus of the last part of this book.

The authors’ firsthand experience with pregnancy loss is evident. Friedman and Gradstein have extensive experience working with couples that have experienced loss, and they lend a sympathetic ear to what is practical in dealing with such situations.

The resource section in the back of the book offers numerous names and addresses for those who still have unanswered questions. It’s something we can all use as a guide to help carry our momentum forward in grieving our lost child(ren).

On a scale of one to five hearts, this one is a keeper: five hearts. I especially relate to the other women’s stories and find many similarities when comparing their losses to mine. Consider adding this to your own library. I did and refer to it often, especially when my recent loss seems to be tugging at my heart.



“Surviving Pregnancy Loss: A Complete Sourcebook for Women and Their Families”

By Rochelle Friedman, M.D., and Bonnie Gradstein, M.P.H,
Citadel Press Book, Published by Carol Publishing Group, 1996

Loss, grief and anger are what all of us contend with when suffering through a pregnancy loss. These are typical reactions to something that, as a grieving parent, can leave you feeling helpless.

This book contains descriptions of reactions to pregnancy loss. It uses other women’s stories as

“Loss, grief and anger are what all of us contend with when suffering through a pregnancy loss.”

What are the words you do not yet have? What do you need to say? For it is not difference which immobilizes us but silence, and there are so many silences to be broken.

—Audre Lorde

Pam's Page

(Continued from page 6)

couldn't give. That hurt to think as her parents we couldn't give her what she needed. But, it's true, we couldn't. The old saying that you don't know how a person feels unless you walk in their shoes is so true. How could we know how she felt? I had never lost a child, and unless you have, you have no idea of the pain that is there.

We are thankful to have our daughter close to us. This gives us time to talk. In the beginning it wasn't easy; I was afraid of causing her more pain by bringing up his memory at all. One day she was telling me how upset she was that her co-workers never asked how she was feeling or doing. They acted like nothing had ever happened, that she never had a child. She felt like they didn't care. I told her that perhaps they were like me. No one wanted to make her sad or make her pain worse. Ever so softly, she said to me, "Mom, it hurts more when you don't say anything." My daughter taught me the greatest lesson in dealing with the loss of our

grandson. Talk about him. Let your son or daughter talk about their baby all they want to and as often as they feel the need. This and time are the only true factors that eventually ease the pain of loss.

The first year without the baby was the hardest; we watched our daughter face every holiday without her child, and we felt the emptiness. She would see other expectant mothers and feel sad. She was glad for them, but sad it wasn't to be for her. She would see little ones at the age her son would have been and say, "I miss him so much, Mom." Don't we wish there were some words that really could make the pain easier? There are none. Time, they say, will make the pain easier. We ask, "How much time?" That isn't easy to answer. It's different for each person. Take the time to grieve for your child or grandchild and take one day at a time. If your daughter or daughter-in-law asks, "Am I a Mom even though I didn't get to keep my baby?", reassure her, of course you are a Mom. When people ask me how many grandchildren I have, I

say, Six, three granddaughters and three grandsons. One grandson is our angel in Heaven.

Losing my grandson changed my life as well. He taught my family that loving one another is more important than anything. Funny, we thought we knew that, but we really didn't.

A grateful, enlightened grandmother

When the Angels Call

by Edgar A. Guest

I'll lend you for a little while,
a child of mine He said.
For you to love while she lives,
and mourn when she is dead.
It may be six or seven years,
or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call her back,
take care of her for me?

She'll bring her charms to gladden you,
and shall her stay be brief,
You'll have her lovely memories
as solace for your grief.
I cannot promise she will stay,
as all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught down there
I want this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over
in my search for teachers true,

And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes,
I have selected you.
Now will you give her all your love,
not think the labor vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call
to take her back again.

I fancied that I heard them say,
Dear Lord, thy will be done.
For all the joy this child shall bring,
the risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shower her with tenderness
and love her while we may,
And for the happiness we've known,
forever grateful stay.

And should the angels call for her
much sooner than we planned.
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes,
And try to understand.



Poem

by Unknown Author

If my love could have saved you,
you would not have died.
If tears could bring you back,
you would be here at my side.
But looking back with tenderness,
along the path you trod,
I treasure the time I had with you,
and leave the rest to God.

(These two poems were submitted by Lynn Dalton in memory of her twin boys, Harrison Michael and Ethan Louis, who lived for two hours on February 9, 2003.)

Forever Young

by Bob Dylan, recorded by Rod Stewart

May the good Lord be with you down every road you roam
And may sunshine and happiness surround you when you're far from home.

And may you grow to be proud, dignified and true
And do unto others as you'd have done to you.
And in my heart you'll always stay forever young. Forever young . . .

May good fortune be with you
May your guiding light be strong
Build a stairway to heaven with a prince or a vagabond.

And may you never love in vain.
And in my heart you will remain forever young. Forever young . . .

And when you finally fly away
I'll be hoping that I served you well

For all the wisdom of a lifetime no one can ever tell.
But whatever road you choose, I'm right behind you, win or lose.
Forever young, forever young.

(Submitted by Angelo Narcise in memory of his triplet sons, Michael, Andrew and Christopher (M.A.C.), November 28, 2001.)

On This Day November, 28, 2001

On This Day,
We Said Goodbye,
Our Angels Answered Heavens Cry,
A Sudden Twist, an Unlucky Faith,
Our Lord He Opened Up Heaven's Gate,
Our Babies All,
We Have Grown and Known,
Have Left This Earth,
In Heaven to Roam,
Alone They Roam,
There Not, You See,
Together in Heaven,
Forever They'll Be,
Our Lord Has Taken,
My Beautiful Three

With all my love,
Daddy

(In memory of our baby triplet boys, Michael, Andrew, and Christopher, affectionately known as M.A.C.).

*“On This Day” Like Them, Lord
November 2, 2002*

You took my little hand Lord,
From this life I left on Earth,
And “On This Day” like them, Lord
I know how much they hurt,

They held me close,
You let them know,
And then you set me free,
At peace, I’m here in Heaven,
This place you told to me,

Together, you said in heaven,
Is where they would always be,
And heaven is the place you spoke of,
Here, my three brothers would find me,
And I know my time was short Lord,
In Heaven, we’re so far apart,
So far from mommy and daddy,
And what’s left of their broken heart,

So Lord, tell them I will wait here,
Until another day,
I’m waiting here in heaven,
And that, Mac & me are okay,
And they’ll know that I’m their Angel,
The only one of us,
Their daughter that’s watching over them,
And you now, hold all they trust,

So until we are all together,
To remember me, forever,
And in Gods’ Heaven,
Now wait,
The four of us!

With all my love,
Your forever loving husband and broken-hearted daddy

(Dedicated to my loving wife, Tania, and our so much missed daughter, Linda, and our beloved sons Michael, Andrew, and Christopher (M.A.C.). Rest in heaven young angels.)

Letters From the Heart

(Continued from page 5)

me more than any other. Heaven was kissed by earth tonight, and all is right with the world.

Peace and love,
Gale



Hi Pam!

I read the letter in the last newsletter regarding healing. Though I understand what the author was saying, I really believe that you do heal in time—but with a lot of scar tissue. You need to allow yourself to heal and let the wound close. Nothing can change the past, so you must be kind to yourself and let the healing process take place. It's ok to do that. It has worked for Chris and me. Though we still hurt and grieve at times, we have allowed ourselves to laugh and smile again. There is no need to beat ourselves up forever.

Miss you,
Jill



Dear Pam,

I opened the latest newsletter, and just had to write in response to the letter you printed from Cindy Romaine. Would you please pass this letter on to her.

Dear Cindy,

I read your letter tonight and had to write. I haven't been

actively involved in the group since the early '90s. I've had three losses, the most devastating by far was my second. It was a fetal demise at 25 weeks.

Because of circumstances, we never knew the sex of the baby or had anything tangible to hold for memories other than an early sonogram picture and the beautiful brick that Pam put on the walkway. Because we needed a concrete face to grieve we decided to name the baby Daniel, because we'd always thought the baby would be a boy. I went on to have four healthy children (three boys, one girl), and the grief just became a part of my life. It surfaces at odd times—not always on the anniversary (November 28, 1988)—each time just as powerful and overwhelming as when it first happened. But the grief would be brief, and I'd let the tears come and feel the peace that came afterward.

The children talk about Daniel from time to time, even though he died before any of them were born. For them he's just the older brother they never met. And I was okay with the way things went until this past spring.

My children are friends with a lovely girl next door who is the same age Daniel would be now. Oddly, she also lost an older sibling to miscarriage. Sara spends a lot of time with our family, and over the years we've joked that she's the fifth Sawitsky child. The problem started for me last spring during eighth-grade confirmation time at our church. A basket was passed around with the names of all the confirmation candidates, and each family was

asked to pick a slip from the basket and to keep the name of the candidate in their prayers each night. The name we drew was Daniel. It was somehow comforting and ironic that I would pick this name because our own Daniel would have been confirmed at this time.

Sara asked me to be her sponsor for the confirmation. The ceremony was lovely, but I spent the whole time on the verge of tears. Tears of pride for this beautiful young woman who is such a part of our family, but also tears of sorrow over all that we'd lost.

For the first time in more than 14 years it began to bother me that we never knew the sex of the baby. Why it should matter after all this time is beyond me. It wouldn't change the depth of the loss or how we've grieved. But it matters.

I watch my daughter Emily growing and wonder what a sister would have looked like. Emily is dark haired and dark eyed, very different from her much lighter brothers. If we had another daughter, would she be fair or dark? Would she be artistic and musical like her sister? Would they be close friends growing up? All those what ifs.

So I wish I could offer some advice about what to do with all these feelings that we both

(Continued on page 22)

“There is a kindred spirit who understands your loss and pain.”

What Makes a Mother

by Unknown Author

I thought of you and closed my eyes
 And prayed to God today,
 I asked what makes a mother
 And I know I heard him say.
 A mother has a baby
 This we know is true,
 But God can you be a mother
 When your baby is not with you?
 "Yes you can," He replied
 With confidence in his voice,
 I give many women babies
 When they leave is not their choice.
 Some I send for a lifetime
 Others for a day,
 And some I send to fill your womb
 But there's no need to stay.
 I just don't understand this God
 I want my baby here,
 He took a breath and cleared his throat
 And then I saw a tear.
 I wish I could show you
 What your child is doing today,
 If you could see your child smile
 With other children and say.
 "We've gone from earth to learn our lessons
 Of life and love and fear,
 My mommy loved me oh so much
 I've got to come straight here.

I feel so lucky to have a mom
 Who had so much love for me,
 I learned my lesson very quickly
 My mommy set me free.
 I miss my mommy oh so much
 But I visit her each day,
 When she goes to sleep
 On her pillow's where I lay.
 I stroke her hair and kiss her cheek
 And whisper in her ear,
 "Mommy don't be sad today
 I'm your baby and I'm here."
 So you see my dear sweet one
 Your children are okay,
 Your babies are here in my home
 And this is where they'll stay.
 They'll wait for you with me
 Until your lesson is through,
 And on the day that you come home
 They'll be at the gates for you.
 So now you see what makes a mother
 It's the feeling in your heart,
 It's the love you had so much of
 Right from the very start.
 Though some on earth may not realize you
 are a mother
 Until their time is done,
 They'll be up here with me one day
 And know you're the best one.

(Submitted by Celeste Cohen in memory of Baby Cohen June 26, 2001.)

***Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about
 things that matter.***

—Martin Luther King, Jr.



Announcements



Walk to Remember

Date: Sunday, October 6, 2003
(rain or shine)
Time: 1:00 p.m.
Place: Meet at Suffern's Municipal Parking Lot (Chestnut Street). We will leave from the parking lot at 1:30 p.m. and walk to the hospital, where there will be a brief ceremony followed by refreshments in the hospital auditorium.

Candlelight Memorial Program

Mark your calendar: Sunday, December 14, 2003, at 5:30 p.m. Please check out The Compassionate Friends website: www.compassionatefriends.com for information on a worldwide candle lighting.

Donate Through the United Way

You may make a donation to the Good Samaritan Hospital Perinatal Bereavement Program via the United Way. GSH's code for the United Way direct donation is: **GSH Perinatal Bereavement Program 036001**. Several of our parents designate a certain amount each pay period; the donation is sent directly to our program.

Shrine to the Unborn

A shrine has been erected at St. Anthony's Church in Nanuet, New York, in the Shrine at the Church. Families who have lost a baby may have their child's name inscribed in the book of Life.

Articles for the Newsletter

Keep them coming. Without your stories, poems, book reviews, thoughts and feelings, there would be no newsletter! Think about what you would like to read in the newsletter and then write something like that. If possible, please e-mail your article to Pam at: aommagi@aol.com. Articles will be forwarded for editing and proofreading.

Remembrance Quilt

The quilt is hanging in the lobby of Good Samaritan Hospital. It looks "beautiful," and many people stop to admire it and look at each and every square. The quilt is an ongoing project; it is not too late to make a square. You don't have to have knowledge of quilting or sewing, and there is no limit to the amount of squares per family. Provide a 9" x 9" cotton square and leave a half-inch border on all four sides for seam allowance. Be creative: Use fabric paint, stamps, stencils, embroidery or cross-stitch; embellish with buttons, ribbon, lace or trims, applique, photo transfer. Perhaps your baby's name has a special meaning (for example, the name Melissa means honey bee); perhaps the baby's father is a firefighter (use firetruck material). Or maybe you might want a flower or a zodiac sign for the month your baby was born in. For questions, call Diane Rowan at 914-273-3648.

Borrowed Books

PLEASE return borrowed books when you are finished. If anyone has bereavement-related books they would like to donate to our lending library, kindly send or give them to Pam.

Walkway Bricks

Commemorative bricks are available for \$50. Please make checks payable to: GSH Perinatal Bereavement Program. Each brick has space for a maximum of three lines (13 to 15 characters per line, including punctuation and spaces). You may use the & symbol and a heart symbol. Bricks may be ordered throughout the year, but will be laid only twice a year. Call Pam at 914-368-5297 with the information or questions.

March of Dimes Bereavement Kits

The MOD compiled a Bereavement Kit for parents who have experienced pregnancy or infant loss. The kit contains a booklet discussing the emotional issues of loss, advice for family and friends, considerations for a subsequent pregnancy and a list of resources. If interested call MOD at 888-MODIMES, then press option 1 for the Resource Center.

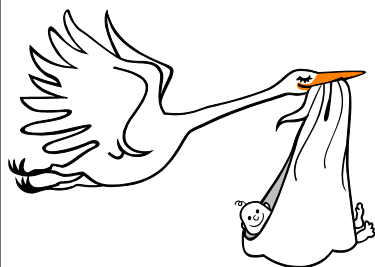
Children and Grief

Grief is not a monster to hide from. That is the principle at Hearts & Crafts in Suffern, New York. Hearts & Crafts was founded in 1994 by Laura Hudson, a registered art therapist, and Charlie Lochner, a family counselor, to provide support to children and families of the community who have experienced loss through: death, divorce, abuse or catastrophic illness.

Hearts & Craft is located at:
House of Hope
3 Church Rd.
Suffern, NY
845-357-0023

(Continued on page 23)

Safe Arrivals



Emily Rose
Wendy & Anthony Cucci

Ilani
Marco & Gina Denzer

Evan William
Stephanie & Tom Field

Olivia Ana Maria
Kathy & Jack Fisher

Charles Patrick
Susan & Rob Gaffney

Connor James
Robin & Bruce Greene

Daniel Shannon
Maureen & Vlad Horrego

Wyatt
Bea & Bruce Mattaway

Griffin
Kristy & Chris McCarthy

Liam Andrew
Lisa & Andrew Murphy

Christopher James
Chris & Joan O’Gorman

Amanda Hope
Elizabeth & Neil Pittman

Charles
Margaret & Charles Quinn

Cameron Robert
Patty & Howard Stone

Connor Timothy
Debbie & Ryan Wright

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...

Moira, Rebecca, & Faith Brennan	Donna & Tom McDine
Lucia Rose Fasano.....	Denise & Gary Wogisch (“Mama & Papa”), Susan & Robert Wogisch, The Wells Family, Barbara Fragasso, Barbara & Duke Connor
John Greco.....	Dianne & Kevin Moore
Ashley Marie Nicosia	Karen (Mommy)
Clare Paula Faith.....	Kathleen Faith
Faith Brennan.....	Lorraine & John Rossi (Grandma & Grandpa)
Arianna Jade McDonnell	Chantell (Mommy)
Sean Thomas McLoughlin	Kathy & Tom (Mommy & Daddy)
Andrew Peter & John Michael Doyle	The Narcise family
Angela Anna Leva.....	Mommy (Fran)
Michael, Andrew & Christopher (M.A.C.) Narcise.....	Mary & Rick Radatovich
Moira, Rebecca & Faith Brennan.....	Olga & Kenneth Christianson
Anthony Cucci	Wendy & Anthony Cucci
Christina Long	Mommy & Auntie
S.J. – Mommy	Gale Latkovic
In honor of Thomas Donovan.....	Patty & Hank Altman
Nicole Bitts	Mommy Daddy (Linda & Peter)
Angelica Jean-Louise Ferrante.....	Mommy, Daddy & Lindsey
Angela Anna Leva	Grandma
Patrick Ryan Wright.....	Mommy & Daddy (Deb & Ryan) & Grandma Geraldine Wright
Angelica Jean-Louise Ferrante.....	Mommy, Daddy & Lindsey

*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: Lisa & Damian Beltrandi on the loss of Babies Beltrandi ♥ Carolyn & Thomas Breuer on the loss of Chaya Rachel ♥ Julie & Chris Brown on the loss of Isabella Rose ♥ Eileen Bill Cooney on the loss of Thomas ♥ Lynn Dalton on the loss of Harrison Michael & Ethan Louis ♥ Nancy & Robert Donnelly on the loss of Babies Donnelly ♥ Gi Gi & Andy Fried on the loss of Baby Fried ♥ Nicole & Dan Greenberg on the loss of Justin Daniel ♥ Sue & Julian Kaczor

on the loss of Aleksandra & Halina ♥ Debbie & Chris LaGrasta on the loss of Babies LaGrasta ♥ Shalane & Garth Lawrence on the loss of Joshua Garth and Babies Lawrence ♥ Nancy & Carlton Levine on the loss of Joshua ♥ Suzanne & Kevin Losito on the loss of Babies Losito ♥ Heidi & Jack von Maur on the loss of Otto ♥ Rene & Peter Morengo on the loss of Peter Daniel & Luke Matthew ♥ Tania & Angelo Narcise on the loss of Linda Marie ♥ Valentia & Guillermo Ramirez on the loss of Crystal ♥ Rosie Jones &

Julius Sellers on the loss of Julius Jr. ♥ Audrey & Eric Smith on the loss of Kieran Keller ♥ Peggy & Jose Sosa on the loss of Sarah Marie ♥ Adrienne & Nick Tuck on the loss of Samantha ♥ Gail Wogisch & Giacomo Fasano on the loss Lucia Rose ♥ Mary Ann & George Wood on the loss of Jacqueline ♥

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.

Letters From the Heart

(Continued from page 18)

thought were so long gone. Maybe grief continues in waves and stages. I've talked to Pam about what you mention about losing the connection with Richie and Danielle. I have yet to go to a Walk to Remember or holiday memorial service (although over the years I have come so close). Now are you ready for the foolish part? We never had a memorial service or funeral for Daniel. Partly because we had nothing to bury and partly because we were so devastated at the time that it never occurred to us we could have a service. (It was long before we met Pam).

Here is my greatest fear—all I have left of Daniel is my grief. If I went to one of those ceremonies would there be clo-

sure? Would the grief finally be gone for good? Then would I have nothing left of Daniel at all? Or maybe I'm afraid of letting all those emotions loose again. They're such raw feelings, and it's taken me so long to get here. I don't know if I'm strong enough to go through it all again.

I wish I knew the answers. My heart aches with not knowing. I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help. But find some comfort in

knowing there is a kindred spirit who understands your loss and pain. Maybe one day when we least expect it, we will both find the peace that we lost so long ago.

Sincerely,
Dawn Sawitsky



I still miss those I loved who are no longer with me, but I find I am grateful for having loved them. The gratitude has finally conquered the loss.

—Rita Mae Brown

Dear Grief of Mine

(Continued from page 1)

around me now. I am beginning to live for what I have to live for today and not for what I may or may not have in my days ahead.

I guess that I also know that I'll never really be totally rid of you, Grief, but for now I am thankful that you're not always the first thing I see in the mirror each morning. I am amazed at how you can still take my breath away at a moment's notice, at times when I don't even feel you there.

One more thing, Grief, I know that I can never be what I was before, but I like to feel a little bit of the old me sometimes in a song on the radio or a memory of my "old life." I need to know that some small part of that woman survived. Somewhere, in some other place, there are shreds of what I once was, before she left me for you.

*(In honor of Stephanie Lynn, stillborn
February 7, 2002.)*

Our Sign From Angela

(Continued from page 1)

was wonderful, she gave us the only moments we would ever have with our daughter, and for that we will always be grateful.

We learned from our conversations with Theresa that she lived near us, and every time I would go shopping I always hoped to run into her. I would often mention to Pam that I hoped one day I would be able to tell Theresa just how much she had done for us. Months went by, and Theresa was always in the back of my mind. On October 31, 2002 (one year from when I entered the hospital), Frank and I went away for the night. When we returned home the next day we resumed our daily routine. As I sorted through our workload on our fax machine, I couldn't believe what I saw. (I work for a title insurance company; and in our spare time Frank and I perform survey inspections

for a number of title companies in the area.) Dated November 1, 2002, was a request for a survey inspection for Theresa's home. Our angel, knowing how much we wanted to speak to Theresa, brought us to her— exactly one year to the day.

Frank and I couldn't wait to go. With a plant and card in hand, we went the next day. To our disappointment, she wasn't home, but we did speak to her husband. As it turns out, she remembered us and called. We were then able to thank her for helping us obtain the only memories we have of our daughter, and to let her know how much we appreciate her.

On a most difficult day we were given a wonderful sign, and we know that our daughter will always be with us and will forever be in our hearts.

Most of the important things in the world have been accomplished by people who kept on trying when there seemed to be no hope at all.

—Dale Carnegie

Announcements

(Continued from page 20)

Grandparents/ Family/ Friends Support

Let Pam know if there are grandparents, family and friends interested in a support meeting. This group has been very powerful and meaningful, and will meet when needed.

We Are On The Web!

You can now get information about the Perinatal Bereavement Group on the Web. Go to Good Samaritan Hospital's website: www.goodsamhosp.org. Click on Health and Wellness Programs and then Bereavement. You can also download copies of

back issues of *Hope and Healing* newsletter. So, go take a look, and let us know what you think. FYI: the logo of mother/father/baby was designed by one of our dads, Ed Walsh, in memory of his daughter, Desiree.



Good Samaritan Hospital
255 Lafayette Avenue
Suffern, New York 10901
Attn: Pam Magi - Labor & Delivery

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

- Yes, I want to continue to receive this newsletter.
- No, I do not want to receive this newsletter, but keep me informed of your special events.
- Please remove my name from **ALL** of your mailing lists.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Comments: _____

I have a relative/friend who should receive this newsletter. Please place the following name on your mailing list.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____