



Hope and Healing

Newsletter of the Perinatal Bereavement Group of Good Samaritan Hospital

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Summer 2004

Mark Your Calendars

Walk To Remember 2004

Sunday, October 3, 2004

Candlelight Memorial Service

Sunday, December 12, 2004

Hope and Healing Newsletter

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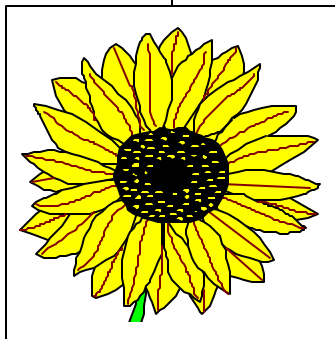
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For All Our Little Rosebuds

by Jennie Faith, Clare's Mommy

On March 5, 2002, the world that my husband, John, and I knew and trusted came crashing in. Our daughter Clare Paula Faith was born silent at 38 weeks gestation. I delivered her, we held her, we had a funeral. Somehow we made it through those first two weeks standing, barely at times. Thank God for denial, it was the defense mechanism that carried us through an incomprehensible period of time.



Then the flowers and food stopped coming. The mail returned to its normal self, minus the sympathy cards. The phones went silent. Life continued for everyone, except it didn't seem that it should without our beautiful baby girl. I returned to work. People were kind, but their concern seemed so insignifi-

cant to me, even though deep down I knew it was anything but that. I thought I would never be the same person I'd been, and I was right. Just not in the way I thought at the time.

In October 2002 I found out about a countrywide movement under way to provide parents of still-born children Certificates of Birth. It had hurt me so when I found out that Clare was not entitled to a birth certificate—that New Jersey recognized her death but there was no official recognition of her birth. As a mother of three children at the time, two of whom I had birth certificates for though all three were delivered the same way, the paradox was horrifying to me.

So John and I got involved.

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Daniel

by Mommy

It's been two months since I said hello and goodbye to you. Oh, what an experience this has been. This is not how things were supposed to turn out. I never knew one little person could change my life so profoundly. I miss you more than words can say. You are my first thought in the morning, my last at night and so many in between. I am sorry there was nothing that I could do to help you. Being a mother, that is so hard to accept. That is my job—to protect my children. I feel like I failed you.

I replay the entire experience from the moment the tech turned on the ultrasound right through leaving your tiny little coffin at the cemetery. How could this have happened? When did everything go so wrong? In some ways it is still so surreal to me, and in others reality has set in and I have to accept that I will never have you here with me. What I wouldn't do to bring you back and hold you.

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I Knew He Would Have Been a Redhead

by Kristy

It has been six months since we sent our angel up to Heaven. I love my little guy more than anything in the world.

I became pregnant in October 2001. We were overjoyed, as we had been trying for about a year. I made plans for our baby and could not wait to become a mother for the first time.

My two best friends were also pregnant within weeks of me. We were all going to have babies around the same time. I was so excited. We painted our baby's room a unisex periwinkle color and got all the furniture set up. I know I was rushing things, but I felt everything would be perfect.

When I went for my 20-week sonogram appointment, I was hoping to be far enough along so they could really see the vital organs and so I could find out the sex of the baby. The tech told me it was a boy! I was thrilled at the prospect of having a little man in my life. I knew he would be a redhead. My husband had such red hair when he was little that they called him "carrot-top."

The thought of this little boy filled my mind as I tried to make idle chit-chat with the tech. I told him he must love his job because it was such a "happy-type job" and he said "not always" and did not say anything else. In retrospect, I should have known something was wrong by the way he was acting, but I was still floored over knowing I was having a son and making plans about how I would tell my husband. I went on my merry way to meet my husband for a romantic dinner. I told him over dinner that he was about to have a son, and he cried.

One week later, on my 31st birthday, I received a phone call at work from my doctor. She said simply, "There is a lot of fluid on the baby's brain and you need to come in right away for a closer look." I knew that very instant, I can't explain how, but I knew I would never hold him in my arms.

I went through that night in a fog. The next day an amnio, then on to a high-tech diagnostic facility, back to the hospital, then to two perinatologists. All in all eight professionals looked at my baby on a tiny black and white screen, saying the words that would change the rest of my life. He has severe hydrocephalus, enlarged ventricles and a stunted cerebellum. He would be profoundly retarded and would have no quality of life.

There was no decision to be made. I loved him so much I could let him go without any hesitation. He was a perfect little soul in a damaged body. It was our job as his parents to send him up to Heaven.

I decided on a D&E. I could not go through labor and delivery. I wanted to be put under anesthesia. There was no facility locally that could do the procedure, so I had to drive to NYC. The first day we arrived at 7 a.m. There were protestors outside. The waiting room already had 50 people in it. In all my life I have never seen such a sad sight. Such young girls having second-trimester abortions is heartbreaking.

The place was like an assembly line and I resented that I had to be there with all these girls that did not want their babies. My husband was my rock and I will

never forget the deep love and respect he showed me during those darkest of days.

They called your name over the loudspeaker and about ten girls at a time went downstairs. You had to strip into a gown and put all your belongings in a hefty bag. Then you would wait for hours, in your gown, arm to arm with other terrified pregnant girls watching some morning talk show, but not paying attention.

My son was 20 weeks 3 days when we let him go, but he had so much fluid accumulation around his head, he was the size of a 24-week old.

Because of this I had to be dilated over a two-day period and then the procedure was performed on the third day.

The first night with the laminaria was not all that physically painful. The second night was very painful and I could not take any medication because I was to have anesthesia on day three. Day three I arrived at 7 a.m. Again I was in intense pain and went through the same drill: get called down with the ten other girls, hefty bag it and wait. I cannot explain how humiliating this was.

I will say that my doctor was a superior human being. He was kind and professional and I am very grateful that I crossed paths with him.

I was put under general anesthesia and then I woke up to hear young girls screaming in

"I knew that very instant, I can't explain how, but I knew I would never hold him in my arms."

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Two Times I Will Never Forget

by Angelo Narcise

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 am 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 his birth and given a spinal tap. I remember

feeling helpless at that time, 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 remember how he slept in my arms at the hospital, dreaming baby thoughts. I cried then, and I am crying now. I was hoping and praying then that nothing would go wrong, waiting.

I talked to him for a while as he was asleep 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

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

Dear Lisa

by Brooke DeGroat

There is a bridge of memories from here to heaven above, that keeps you very close to us it's called the bridge of love.

As time goes by without you and the days turn into years, they hold a million memories and a thousand tears.

To us you were so special, what else is there to say except we wish with all our hearts that you were here today. Happy special birthday in heaven.

Love,
Mom and Dad

(In memory of my daughter Lisa DeGroat.)

Keeping It Together

by Jennie Faith

For those of you who don't know us, we lost our precious daughter Clare Paula Faith on March 5, 2002, at 38 weeks. We then miscarried in August of last year, and in early December found out that we were fortunate enough to be pregnant again. For all of you who have been there, who are there, or who are anticipating a subsequent pregnancy, you know or can imagine all the heightened fears, scares and related anxieties.

In late January, my children were getting ready for school, I was getting ready for work. It was a "status quo" type day in our household. My eight-year-old had been complaining that "something" hurt, trying her third-grader best to get out of school for the day. I noticed she was walking around with a thermometer hanging out of her mouth. "Put that away," I shouted as we passed in the hall. Needless to say, about five minutes later, she ran into my room, two pieces of the

thermometer in her hands crying that her sister had bumped into her and it broke on their bedroom floor. Of course, it happened to be one of the last remaining mercury thermometers in circulation.

After panicking and crawling around their room on my hands and knees looking for glass and/or mercury, I made several phone calls: pediatrician (who told me he was more concerned about the kids cutting their foot on a piece of glass than he was about the mercury, since there was still mercury in the tip of the thermometer), poison control (after Internet researching the horrendous things mercury can do to an unborn fetus—their advice was to dispose of the area rugs in the room and throw out all the stuffed animals or anything else that had been on the floor just in case the mercury rolled onto one of them), my OB (who told me not to worry), and various other people for advice.

At one point, I crumpled onto the kids' bedroom floor and was reduced to a sobbing mess, convinced that something bad was going to happen to this baby or one or both of my living children. (They wound up being an hour late for school, after crying themselves out over the prospect of me throwing away their rugs and stuffed animals.)

I have never overreacted to any situation like I did that morning. Upon a later, thorough examination of the thermometer pieces, the mercury was plainly visible in the tip and stem; most likely, none even got out. A rational person would have been able to see this from the beginning. That morning, I could not. At one of Pam's Moving On groups, I relayed the story. One of the fathers from our group sent me the following the next day. I was overwhelmed by his thoughts and wanted to share them with all of you.

The Story About the Thermometer

by Angelo Narcise

The glass is the protection.
Like the protection you give to your family.
The extent of what you do to keep everyone safe in your family.

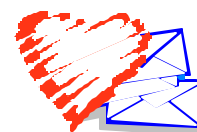
The mercury represents the lives of your family safe inside the protected glass.
When the glass broke and the mercury scattered into pieces across the floor,
Your reaction was to panic because you saw your lives scattered all over.

No more protection, vulnerable to things that are not safe and out of your control.
Things are not the way they should be now; hope and fear combined into one.
Trying to collect the mercury was the symbol of putting your family back in that protected glass.
Keeping everyone safe, again.

Crying over it represents that this is not the way you wanted your life to turn out.
But now you have to learn to live with it.
The glass is broken, the mercury has scattered and it is where it is.

We just have to be there when it's time to find it or it finds us, and put all the pieces back together.
The way it was before. When that time comes
everything will come together, just like the mercury.
Someday it will all come together again.
And the tears and the pain will be no more.

Letters From the Heart



Dear Pam,

The Walk was really nice this year. The music was great, and the pinwheels and pins were so cute. It was a really happy afternoon for me and Sarah. I caught up with old friends, and Sarah ran around with all the other "brothers and sisters." Lots of smiles!

side of grief. Those first weeks and months are so full of despair—it's hard to think clearly, let alone hope for better days.

It's true that the pain dulls a bit with time, but after so much pain you develop a tolerance. Sadly, when the scars finally take shape, we are changed people. Living with these scars has been really hard. They've disfigured a once-beautiful young woman. The people closest to me in the "life before" lament about how pretty I once was. (I had a heart of gold and was outgoing and optimistic.) The people closest to me in this "new life" have had to look past the scars and see the woman that's left. I am still capable of loving, but my heart's not as golden. I'm more of an introvert, and the glass isn't always "half full."

glad those days are over, and the really dark moments are fewer and farther between. I remember reading "back then" that the sun would eventually start to shine. I couldn't believe it. I had to go through all of the numbness, grief and anger to be able to appreciate the warmth of those first rays of light.

Thanks for always being available for all of us, Pam.

With love,
Mary



“It feels so much better to be standing on the ‘other side of grief.’”

It feels so much better to be standing on the "other side of grief." It's been three years since Hannah died, and it's been a long journey for us. In a way it seems like those dark first months were a lifetime ago, and in another way it seems like they were just weeks ago. I never would have thought back then that I'd ever reach this other

I know my journey's not over, but I've made it through the darkest, loneliest parts. I'm so

Emma Elizabeth and Anna Margaret

by MeMa

Our own twinkling stars way up in the sky,
Our own glistening snowflakes on the mountainside,
Why couldn't we have them, God, will we ever know why?

We saw them so briefly, so silent asleep,
From their conception, we loved them so deep,
Why couldn't we have them, God, for us to keep?

Did you need twin angels to add to your flock,
Our precious little girls with soft curly locks,
Oh, how we'll miss them, but we'll forget them not.

(Written in loving memory of Anna and Emma Corsette, 11/7/03, twin granddaughters of Carolann Coriano.)

Pam's Page



On October 15, about two weeks after the Walk to Remember, I received a call from a woman named Shirley. She was requesting information on obtaining a brick after seeing an article on the Walk and the memorial walkway. When I asked if the brick was for her, she shared the story of her son Rashann with me for almost two hours. Her son was stillborn 17 years ago, but she spoke with such emotion and feeling you would have thought he died that day.

Shirley never did order the brick; we actually forgot about it. Instead I invited her to attend a support group meeting and sent her a packet of information that included old newsletters and information on stillbirth. She certainly got a lot more than she expected! Yes, she attended that meeting and still attends when "we" need her the most. Many of you may have met Shirley at a meeting or may remember her from the candle-lighting program.

Today is Rashann's 18th birthday. Is it a coincidence that I chose this day to write Pam's Page and share Shirley's story? Unexpectedly, I received the following e-mail from Shirley today. Another coincidence? I don't think so!

"Hi Pam, it's May 15, 2004, and it's the 18th birthday of Rashaan. I went to the group meeting place last night, only to find out it was closed. I mistakenly thought the 14th was the third week, probably because it was Rashaan's anniver-

sary. But I was fine. I've gained and healed more in the past six months than I have in the past 18 years.

If others get nothing else from my story, I hope they get my point—that my pain and struggle doesn't have to be theirs. Because they know where you are, Pam, and they have a place and people who'll listen, respond and understand.

Last Sunday, Mother's Day, I stood as usual when the pastor asked all mothers to stand, and I tried to get my friend Deborah to stand (14 years for her). She wouldn't, so I just reached over and hugged her. Then the pastor did something different. Instead of asking for the oldest and youngest mother to come forward, he asked for mothers of children in the military. Then he asked all mothers who lost a child to stand. I gulped. Deborah looked at me, put her hand out and we walked together to the altar, later to be joined by LaShon (from the candle-lighting ceremony). The three of us stood, holding on to each other, giving each other support. They handed us each a flower and a scroll with a scripture and a poem on motherhood. It was beautiful. More healing. Again the timing is unbelievable.

As always, thanks for listening, caring and being there.

*With blessings,
Shirley D. Jackson*

Shirley speaks of healing 18 years after her loss, but her wish for all who read her letter is: Don't wait 18 years to heal. You are in charge of how people react to your loss and your feelings.

In another newsletter article, "For All Our Little Rosebuds," Jennie Faith says "Since day one, my mantra has been that none of my children would amount to only sorrow, an 'event' to be ignored. As a mother, that concept is completely unacceptable to me!" Jennie believes that her daughter Clare's life is a thing of beauty and that she has the power to do great things through her parents, even though she is not physically with them.

Jennie and John didn't wait 18 years; they went to Washington! They went to help ensure that legislation would be passed allowing states to issue Certificates of Birth Resulting in Stillbirth. In January of this year, the full House passed the bill, and recently the state of New Jersey began issuing these certificates.

What can you do to process and heal? Healing doesn't mean forgetting, what helps you heal and keeps you going, is REMEMBERING...

Our lives are woven by the weavers of time, in a pattern we cannot see.

The tapestry of life is unfolding just the way it was meant to be.

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.

"Shirley's son was stillborn 17 years ago, but she spoke with such emotion and feeling you would have thought he died that day."

Dear Adeline

by Lynn Dalton

Written to my nurse, Adeline, in honor of the birth/death of Harrison Michael and Ethan Louis Dalton, February 9, 2003.

This letter is long overdue. My days right now seem long and my nights endless since losing Harrison and Ethan.

“Time was just so short while they were here with me, but I tried to absorb everything about them so I wouldn't forget.”

It's been five weeks now, and I think of you often and wanted you to know that. Funny, for someone I had never met before, you play such an important part in all our lives, since you cared for the three of us during our short stay at the Medical Center.

There are so many things I want to thank you for. You cared for me shortly after the births of my boys up until my discharge 12 hours later. Things seemed so hectic during that time. I wish time could have stood still so I could have grasped what was to be. I was in total denial. I was going to lose my babies. They were to be my world, after dealing with infertility for more years that I'd ever like to admit. Years went by before my first pregnancy in June 2001, which ended in miscarriage. Yet I continued. My desire was so strong to enrich the life of a child. If only I would have known that motherhood would be within my reach, but for just a short time. If I would have only known then what I know now.

I chose not to have the NICU intervene. At 22 weeks, 3 days, I knew as a nurse that my babies' potential for longterm viability was questionable. So I chose instead to protect them. I guess it was just motherly instinct on my part. I learned quickly how to become a mommy, in the very short amount of time we were able to spend together, me and my boys. I knew that I didn't want them to experience pain throughout their short time with me. So I held them tight and whispered all the things new mommies say and do with their newborn children. I cherished the hours I had with them, examining them like there was to be a school quiz later on. I wanted to take in everything about them. All in all, they couldn't have been more perfect in my eyes. They were my babies, and I had finally become a mother.

I was trying to fit the mold of becoming a mommy into the few hours I had with them. We were a family for two hours, until their deaths. The best gift my boys could have given me. I would never be able to let them know enough times how much I truly loved them. Time was just so short while they were here with me, but I tried to absorb everything about them so I wouldn't forget. That is my fear now, that I'll forget—forget their smell, how they looked, comparing one to the other, the size of their toes, the weight of them in my arms...

The best gift other than knowing them for those few hours, for me, was the gift of Baptism and the love you were able to give to my children when I wasn't able to do it myself. The loving care you took with them before and after their deaths. The way you

brought them to me with their blankets warmed up so they would feel warm to my touch. The 20 or so digital pictures you took for me so I would remember. And the remembrance boxes, and how carefully and with love you assembled them when I turned over my babies to you for the last time. How can I ever thank you enough for making sure that my boys were taken care of, in life and in death. It's truly a gift for which I will be forever thankful.

So, I'm not sure how to demonstrate my thanks, other than to include a picture of Harrison, Ethan and myself. Please put it in a very special place, and know that this picture represents the good work you do. You showed me that when you came to me after my boys' deaths and acknowledged their existence. You cried with me. You let me know that I did become a mother, and you told me to never let anyone take that gift from me ever, even though the boys are not here on Earth anymore. I promised myself I wouldn't. I won't let my children's short lives be in vain.

With heartfelt love,

Lynn Dalton
Harrison & Ethan too!

A Different Child

by Pandora MacMillian

People notice
There's a special glow around you.

You grow
Surrounded by love,
Never doubting you are wanted.
Only look at the pride and joy
In your mother and father's eyes.

And if sometimes
Between the smiles
There's a trace of tears,
One day you'll understand.

You'll understand
There was once another child,
A different child,
Who was in their hopes and dreams.

That child will never outgrow the baby clothes,
That child will never keep them up at night.
In fact, that child will never be any trouble at all.

Except sometimes, in a silent moment,
When mother and father miss
That different child so much.

May hope and love wrap you warmly
And may you learn the lesson forever
How infinitely precious,
How infinitely fragile,
Is this life on earth.

One day, as a young man or woman,
You may see another mother's tears
Another father's silent grief
Then you, and you alone,
Will understand
And offer the greatest comfort.

When all hope seems lost,
You will tell them
With great compassion,
"I know how you feel.
I'm only here
Because my mother tried again."

The Children in Our Heart

by Denise and Ed Gaynor

Precious, tiny, sweet little ones
You will always be to us
So perfect, sweet and innocent
Just as you were meant to be.

We dreamed of you and your lives
And all it would be
We waited and longed for you to come
And join our family.

We never had the chance to play,
To laugh, to rock, to wiggle.
We long to hold you, touch you now
And listen to all of you giggle.

I'll always be your mother
He'll always be your dad
You will always be our children,
The children that we had.

But now you're gone ... yet you're all here
We'll sense you everywhere
You are our sorrow and our joy
There's love in every tear.

Just know our love goes deep and strong
We'll forget you never.
The children we had, but never had,
And yet will have forever.

(Dedicated to Nicholas, 4/22/98, 21.5 weeks holoprosencephaly; miscarriage, 8/98; ectopic, 12/98; Lauren Nicole, 7/17/01, our miracle; and triplets, 1/23/04, delivered 20 weeks, PTL/Infection.)

Little Dan

by Dad

I'm sorry I couldn't talk to you
 I'm sorry that you had to leave so soon
 There are so many things I would have liked to show you
 You would have tipped the balance in the wrestling matches on the carpet
 Your brother and sister could use a little help
 Sunday mornings I bring home munchkins after midnight
 Kate and Sean like the chocolate ones so you have to be quick
 There is no better mom than your mom
 I have never met anyone so unselfish and beautiful
 It seems to come naturally to her
 We act like we don't like the splashing, but bath time is fun
 We root for Notre Dame, the Giants and the Devils
 You have to march around when you hear the Marine Corps Hymn
 We play "guess who I'm describing" on long car trips
 Our dog is lazy, but he gets excited when you pay attention to him
 Christmas morning we open one gift at a time so everyone can see
 You get to be what you want on Halloween
 Birthday cakes are homemade—you get to pick the design
 You are only allowed to jump on the blue couch and your bed
 Summer vacations are fun
 We will think of you during all these times
 Go back to where it is perfect Daniel, because your family and the world are not
 Too many things can go wrong
 Good does not always win—things do not always turn out okay
 The doctors said you were sick, but mom and I thought you were just beautiful
 Go back to where you are perfect
 Our love will come to you, and one day so will we.

Dad

(In Loving Memory of Daniel Corey Lyman, March 3, 2004.)

There's an Elephant in the Room

by Terry Kittering

It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it.
 Yet we squeeze by with, "How are you?" and "I'm fine,"
 And a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.
 We talk about the weather.
 We talk about work.
 We talk about everything else—except the elephant in the room.
 There's an elephant in the room.
 We all know it is there.
 We are thinking about the elephant as we talk.
 It is constantly on our minds.
 For you see, it is a very big elephant.
 But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.
 Oh, please, say her name.
 Oh, please, say "Barbara" again.
 Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.
 For if we talk about her death,
 Perhaps we can talk about her life.
 Can I say "Barbara" and not have you look away?
 For if I cannot, you are leaving me
 Alone ... in a room ...
 With an elephant.

First Acknowledgment

by Angelo Narcise

The following three acknowledgments were made at the Candlelighting Ceremony

I'd like to commend the efforts of those who make these ceremonies so special and a safe place to share our thoughts and feelings: Pam and Eileen and Good Sam Hospital. Thank you seems like such a small thing to say for all you do. Nevertheless, thank you.

I suppose like anyone who wants to remember someone they loved who past away—those happy times, joyous mo-

ments and fond memories they've shared in their lives—I, too, want to remember that time and share it with others. But what I have to remember and share are the times that most people choose not to speak about or have forgotten altogether. Except for at a place like this.

My memories are of our four children in heaven that I never held hands with while walking in a park, or played hide-and-seek with in our backyard. My memories are of birthdays that our triplets Michael, Andrew and Christopher, and then their

sister Linda, will never celebrate alive—but are days we will never forget to celebrate here as a family. These will be the times I will miss them as time goes on. I know I can always visit them in my heart, and I can see those days that should have been. These will be my fond memories of my four children in heaven.

(In honor of our children in heaven and what life should have been.)

Second Acknowledgment

by Angelo Narcise

The last two years have been challenging for my family. We have tested the depths of our friendship and devotion. We have tested the strength of our love. We have tested our respect and the unity within our marriage. We have grabbed hold of each other many times and pulled ourselves back from a free-fall into the depths of sadness and heartaching pain. Those who offered love, help and guidance—your comfort was always welcome. You will always be remembered as those friends ... along the way.

Before we came here I found I could hide no longer behind the tears and pain. We needed someone to care and help in the healing, and then like two guiding lights in our journey, a new door began to open slowly. A friendship began with another couple under the hardest of times and circumstances. For

this couple lived through the same tragedy, they walked in the same path of grieving, and we followed. They led us to those special people who listened from the inside, and then another door began to open. That was the beginning of the healing.

While we await the birth of our next child in the coming months, I offer this: There is a balance of life that sets us on this journey. In my life on this earth I have three children, and one on the way, all of whom I can't stand to be without. And in heaven, watching over our family, we have four angels, all of whom I can't wait to be with.

Once again my wife, Tania, and I are here together, to live through the test of our love and faith. To remember, with honor and love, the babies who are not here with us. And to cherish with great joy the ones that are.

And as for me, I can see the light of a new day and I can live life in a different way.

After all this time, two years later, from that room at the support group, to the Walk to Remember, to this beautiful Candlelighting Ceremony in honor of all our babies—these are still the only places I can walk into comfortably, not know anyone, and by the time I leave know in my heart I will never feel like a stranger, to anyone.

Third Acknowledgment

by Angelo Narcise

To Those Friends ... Along the Way

And on another day,
And if a child is to be born,
And after all of this,
That has been said and done,

And after all of this time we have waited,
And much time has passed,
And we look back on these days,
So far away from now,

May these everlasting memories we search through,
Of our deepest thoughts from all of our reflections,
From these times that we have all come to remember each other by,

Let it be those times that remind us always of
Who we were,
What we've become, and now
Who we are supposed to be,

And most of all how much we have all meant,
And the good friends we have all come to be,
To one another ... along the way,

And all from this big family of angels,
We have all shared together, in Heaven,

And so may God bless you all,
In every footstep that you take,
From every angel that we make,

And always remember,
Beauty is not found ... just in life, all alone.

(Written in loving memory of our four angels: Michael, Andrew, Christopher (November 28, 2001) and Linda (November 2, 2002). Forever your loving Daddy.)

Just One Day in My New Life

by Unknown Author

Some people have come to the misunderstanding that all I do is sit around crying and wringing my hands, unable to function through the grief for my child. I'm about to try to set the facts straight for myself and other grieving parents.

We DO go on with our lives. Are you ready to hear how a typically "normal" day goes for us? Take a deep breath and start reading out loud. We get up in the morning, go through our daily bathroom routine, decide what to wear for the day, fix and eat breakfast, go to work, choose where and what to eat for lunch, come home, do household chores, decide what to have for dinner, play with the kids/pets, make and keep appointments for the doctor/dentist, help kids with homework, read the paper, watch TV, walk the dog, go visit relatives/friends/neighbors, run errands, go shopping for groceries, read e-mails, surf the net, write to friends, talk on the phone, eat a night-time snack, take a shower, go to bed and try to go to sleep.

What? Did you say that sounds like a typically "normal" day in YOUR life? It does? Imagine that. Well, guess what folks? We are just like you. Our day is pretty much the same as yours. The only thing is, in everything we do, in everything we think about, we always carry with us the underlying feeling of sadness. We can be happy, even laugh at jokes or funny movies. But that happiness will never be joy again, because something is missing. If we had lost an

arm or leg, not a single person would tell us to get over it and get on with our lives or expect us to get back to normal. Why not? Because our loss would be a visible one for the whole world to see. Yes, we could use crutches or prosthetics, but we would never again be completely back the way we were before. And THAT would be acceptable.

But let our loss be that of a child, and everything is different. Our sadness isn't on display as a missing limb would be. We look normal so therefore we are expected to act normal. If we have to grieve, it must be under the cover of darkness, lest we be told, "Enough of this self-pity! It's time to get back to normal now! You've grieved long enough!" When you say those things to us, you are telling us, "Your child no longer matters. Your feelings no longer matter." You are telling us to forget our child. We could not forget our children any more than we could forget we were missing an arm or a leg. Some days are more difficult for us than others. Holidays, birthdays and anniversaries really hurt. But we also can't forget the days that might have been, the grandchildren that will never be.

When we see a child the same age as ours would have been, we wonder, "What would our child have looked like at that age?" When we catch a glimpse of a slender blond girl and our hearts catch in our throats because for a split second we think, "There she is!" and just as quickly the flash of joy is replaced by sadness when we realize, "It isn't her." Our minds that were but a couple of seconds ago remembering our

shopping list, now remember our loss.

This remembering isn't something we consciously make ourselves do. We don't want to hurt like this anymore than you want us to hurt. We try to go about our daily lives as best we can. When thoughts of our child sneak in unexpectedly, it hurts. When we see reminders of our loss, we hurt. When we hear platitudes to get over it and get on with our lives, we hurt. For the rest of our lives, we will live and we will hurt. There's no getting around grief. Ignore it long enough and it comes back doubled.

Well, as you can see, we do get on with our lives and they're pretty much the same as yours. Only, in our lives something is gone. In your lives something isn't. Aren't you the lucky ones? We think so. You see, we used to be you. We envy you more than you could ever imagine. We now have the knowledge learned only by the tragic loss of a beloved child: "Ignorance is bliss." What I wouldn't give to be ignorant again.

A Letter to My Granddaughter

by Mama

Dearest Lucia Rose,

It's been thirteen months since your birth. I never thought there would be anything out of the ordinary with your birth, but I was wrong.

We had been eagerly anticipating your birth—we even had a little girl baby shower. Lots of pink, all sorts of gifts proclaiming you to be a “princess,” which you surely would have been. We already had two grandsons in the family, so a little girl would have certainly been spoiled. At the end of January, your Mom went for her weekly checkup and found that she had started to dilate. It wouldn't be long now until your arrival! At the following weekly checkup the doctor couldn't find your heartbeat. What terror your mom must have felt. She was there alone and frantically called her father, your Grandpa. I was out and about when he found me. We all rushed to be there—Grandpa, me, Aunt Diane and Uncle Danny. Your mother showed more strength than any of us as she labored to deliver her stillborn baby.

You were a beautiful little girl, Lucia Rose. Our entire family spent time with you. We all held you. At first I thought the nurses were crazy when they said they would dress you and we could all hold you. But they were right. To hold you and touch you helped make you a real member of our family. I know that anyone who doesn't have that opportunity really misses something.

After the funeral, life went on. It was the hardest thing I ever had to deal with. Not only did

I lose my darling granddaughter but I watched my daughter go through agony. There was absolutely nothing I could do to help her, other than “being there,” which isn't enough for a mother during a time like this. Each month got a little easier. The memory of that night is still there and always will be, but it isn't as vivid.

We have had all of the “first” holidays without you. Grandpa and I really goofed on Mother's Day last year. We didn't want to upset your Mom so we didn't talk about you. We later found out that that was the worst thing we could have done. No one wants to forget you. You are always with us, and Grandpa and I wear our angel pins so that you know we are thinking of you, especially on special occasions. I want you to know that you will not be forgotten. It's hard to explain, but as each day goes by you have become dearer to our hearts.

When your cousin Megan was born, from the very beginning she smiled while she slept. Her mom said she was dreaming of you. At Christmas we all shed a tear that you weren't there with us but we all remembered you in some special way. Grandpa gave me a “snowbaby” which he thought looked like you and Megan playing. Aunt Diane gave me another one of four snowbabies, one for each of my grandchildren—Matthew, Michael, Megan and you. I gave your mom a little something from you.

Dear Lucia, you will be in our hearts always. I will always

treasure the hour that our family spent with you and miss you. I look forward to seeing you again someday.

Lovingly,

Mama

My Missing Piece

by Anonymous

Sixty-two years I have been searching for my missing piece.
At 21 they told me it was for the best
I tried so hard to believe.
At 21 I cried and they told me I should pull myself together
I tried so hard to believe
I tried so hard to stop.
At 21 they told me there would be other children
I tried so hard to see it their way.
At 21 alone I went on as if nothing had happened
At 26 there were more children.
They said, "See, everything is wonderful"
I said yes, and it was, but my piece was still missing.
Secretly, I thought I must be a bad mother
I should be happier.
And so life went on
A creeping sadness I couldn't shake.
Sixty-two years I waited for someone to ask and say "how hard for you"
Someone said it and the missing piece has been found, reborn.
My baby, my child, my dreams
You were my first step into believing in the future
You my child, my missing piece.
So many years I was isolated from you and myself
Now my pain is clean.
I still don't know WHY but I know I have a right to grieve and
remember and acknowledge what you mean and meant to me.
Strange, now at 83 I truly feel like I can go on.

(Written anonymously by an 83-year-old woman in treatment for complicated grief reaction 62 years after the death of her baby.)



Dear Parents

by Christy Kennealy

I did not die young
I lived my span of life
Within your body
And within your love.
There are so many
Who have lived long lives
And who have not been loved as I was.
If you would honor me
Then speak my name
And number me among your family.
If you would honor me
Then strive to live in love
For in that love, I live.
Never, ever doubt
That we will meet again.
Until that happy day,
I will grow with God
And wait for you.

(In memory of my son, Sean Thomas McLoughlin, April 26-29, 2002.)

She Will Always Be Remembered

by Annette O'Connell

January 25, 2004, was the second anniversary of the worst day of my life.

Many of my friends and family tell me that I should "get past it" or "forget about it," but how do you do that? How do you get past or forget the death of your unborn child? What type of parent would I be if I just forgot? Instead of being judged, I should be applauded for

remembering. Isn't that what unconditional love is all about? Isn't that what being a parent is all about?

I found out I was pregnant on Christmas Eve 2001.

What a wonderful Christmas present. Brianna was to be our first child. In nine short weeks, Gary and I had put all of our hopes and dreams into

this little being growing inside me. Fate taunted us, and our dream was never to be lived. After a terrifying week of tests and sonograms, we were told that there was no more heartbeat and that our baby was dead. A dream would be all that I had left of the child I wanted so badly for so many years.

Brianna was the one chance that I had to see a piece of myself in someone else; being adopted myself somehow made this loss harder for me to bear.

The days that followed were long. It was hard work trying to put on a strong face so that no one could see my grief. I was told it was "meant to be" and that "something must have been wrong with the baby." I couldn't help but wonder if something

was wrong with me; for as much as everyone told me to move on and as hard as I tried to do that, I just couldn't.

My friends and family actually thought I was doing well. I should have been nominated for the Academy Award that year. They thought I had moved on until four months later when my best friend suffered the same horrific loss. Suddenly all the emotions I had suppressed were brought to the surface and I began to realize just how significant this was. Not the loss, but the burial of my feelings. I was trying so hard to make everyone else happy that I forgot to grieve. Now I was grieving not just for my baby but for my friends and their baby. I wanted so badly to help my friend but I knew all too well that nothing I could say or do would bring her baby back and that is all she wanted. Together, we struggled to pick up the pieces of our shattered lives. We went to support group meetings and offered each other support. These losses made our friendship stronger than it ever was. Maybe, I thought, that is why this happened. Maybe it was all meant to forge a friendship that nothing could ever come between.

Gary and I continued our quest to have a baby, but it seemed that the odds were against us. A year later and we still were not pregnant. I was so jealous and resentful of every pregnant woman I saw. I was also judgmental of other parents. My friend, thankfully, adopted a beautiful baby boy. Suddenly I wasn't jealous anymore. I knew that she and her husband would truly appreciate the wonderful gift they were given.

Finally, in April 2003, I found out I was pregnant. I was afraid to be happy because there were no guarantees that this pregnancy would go full term. I knew just how fragile life was and I wasn't going to allow myself to suffer that pain again. My husband didn't understand my indifference. Wasn't this what I had wanted for so long? Of course it was. But I was afraid of the same terrible outcome. And I was afraid that if I allowed myself to be happy it would negate the feelings that I have for Brianna.

The first two trimesters went smoothly. By the end of my second trimester I finally began to let my emotions go and be truly happy. Surely, neither God nor fate would take my baby from me at this point. During my third trimester I was diagnosed with gestational diabetes and had to check my blood up to ten times per day as well as inject myself with insulin.

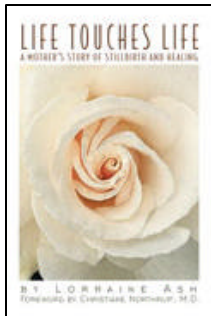
Finally, on December 8, 2003, my son was born. Brendan weighed in at 9 lbs 2 1/2 oz. and was healthy. He was the most beautiful creature Gary and I had ever seen.

I tell my son every single night that he has a big sister in Heaven. I tell him that she is our own guardian angel who will protect and guide us. And every night I tell Brianna that we love her and I thank her for sending us Brendan. I know that Gary and I will never forget the loss we suffered. This year's anniversary will be a little easier, though, because I believe a part of Brianna is right here in my arms. And I know that we will all always remember her.

"Where it was dark, now there's light. Where there was pain, now there's joy. Where there was weakness, I found my strength ... all in the eyes of a boy."

- Celine Dion

Book Review



Life Touches Life: A Mother's Story of Stillbirth and Healing
By Lorraine Ash

Stillbirth has been with humanity since the beginning. Worldwide, 4 million babies are stillborn every year. One of the earliest known expressions of this kind of grief was found in the tomb of Egyptian Pharaoh Tutankhamen, buried with the mummies of his two unborn children.

Millennia have passed since the days of King Tut, yet stillbirth remains enshrouded in silence and mystery. Few doctors research it. Few people, even today, understand or acknowledge parents' grief. Stillbirth just goes on. Right now in the United States, one in

every 200 wanted, and often perfect, pregnancies end in stillbirth.

Lorraine Ash's did in 1999, the year her daughter and only child, Victoria Helen, died in utero on the day that should have been her birthday. Victoria succumbed to a Strep infection that almost killed her mother too. During the difficult and life-transforming months and years that followed, Ash wrote the book she longed for but could not find. *Life Touches Life* is a roadmap from pain and chaos to understanding and acceptance. Drawing on great thinkers, personal loves, and the wisdom in everyday events, Ash explains how she made it through this difficult emotional terrain and how her experiences led to richer ways of seeing, being and loving.

In the book, Ash describes delivering Victoria's body, her own struggle to live, the question of God and eternity, abandonment by friends, the search for inner peace, the tyranny of the holidays, and the wondrous land of love and grief to which she was delivered years after the trauma.

Life Touches Life is for every mother and father of a stillborn child, and anyone who wants to understand and love them. It is a book for anyone who suffers great loss of any kind and emerges onto a new life landscape suddenly and inexplicably.

The book provides an overview of the status of stillbirth in the United States and the world, and also offers a list of resources that reflect a new and growing perinatal loss movement here and abroad. *Life Touches Life* is available from NewSage Press (\$13.95, paperback, ISBN # 0-939165-50-3).

"This is the most hauntingly beautiful, honest and inspiring story of loss, grief, and transformation I've ever read. I read it in one sitting. It will give you hope, and ultimately, is a celebration of life with all its pain, poignancy and mystery."

—Christiane Northrup, M.D., author, The Wisdom of Menopause

"Grief is not a problem to be cured. It is simply a statement that you have loved someone." ~ Barbara Baumgardner ~



We are not made rich by what is in our pockets but by what is in our hearts.

Rashaan Andrew Bailey

What Rashaan Means to Me!

by Mom

Rashaan was many years of anticipation,
Anticipation of the joy, hope and happiness of motherhood,
Someone that I could love, nurse, raise and educate.
I waited and yearned to expose him to the world.
I wanted to teach him all that I knew,
Show him all that I've seen,
And watch him take the world by himself.

But after years of tests with negative results,
Doctor after doctor, test after test,
Surgery and biopsies, the doctors told me to consider adoption.

Then on January 25, 1986, the miracle of a lifetime happened—the gift of life.
Rashaan was growing inside me.
God gave me and blessed me with the privilege of being Rashaan's mother.

For the many months I carried him with exuberant joy and pride anxiously awaiting
his arrival, the days seemed to go by quickly.
His little flutters and kicks I welcomed with a smile,
And any uncomfortableness I just took in stride.

Because he was my dream, my future, my whole world was revolving around him.
Then on May 15, 1986, God stepped in, and Rashaan was born.
The boy that the whole family had been waiting for, due to two generations of girls.
But for some reason God only knows, Rashaan lived, and then he died.

I miss you, my son, very very much.
Your body is gone, but never your soul or memory.
The little time your daddy and I had with you will always be a very special, emotional
experience.
The rest of the world may not have gotten to know you, but we did.
You were beautiful.
You will forever remain our "Little Angel."

I don't want to say good-bye to you Rashaan, so I'll say:

Our joys will be greater
Our love will be deeper
Our life will be fuller
Because we both loved you
And shared your short life together.

Lovingly,
Mom

Healing After Loss

by Martha Whitmore Hickman

This is an excerpt from a book called "Healing After Loss: Daily Meditations for Working Through Grief," written by Martha Whitmore Hickman. It was submitted by Chris Brown.

Recovery is not a process we can will, but consists of experiencing many small deaths, the passing of significant anniversaries, until our identity is solid and natural in the pronoun "I."

Do you remember how it was those first weeks and months after your loved one died? The first time you went to the grocery store? The first time you changed the furnace filter? The first time you went to the movies? Nothing was too insignificant to note. And, of course, the milestones like birthdays and Christmas shouted their warning weeks ahead of time.

And then, perhaps after months, perhaps after years, you feel like a whole person again. The hurt is still there, but it has become part of your inner self. You no longer feel as though part of your own being has been torn away and that everything bumps against that open wound.

I knew a significant change had occurred in me when upon being asked, "How many children do you have?" I said, "I have three sons," and didn't need to add, "I had a daughter who died." That was still integral to me, but I didn't need to say it every time.

I will trust this process to unfold in its own time.

I Knew He Would Have Been a Redhead

(Continued from page 2)

the recovery room. Then you had to walk to the recovery area and eat some crackers and ginger ale and put your clothes back on and get out so the next wave of recovering women could take your place. I was never so happy in my whole life as when I left that place.

Once I left, I allowed myself to let my emotions out. I had somehow cut off all my emotions the day I got that phone call at work. I cried for two days. Then, to add insult to injury, my milk came in and I cried for two more days.

Of course when I started to talk to people they would tell me how young I was and at least I could get pregnant, blah blah blah. I know that is just ignorance, but it is hard nonetheless.

I have spent these past six months trying to keep my sanity. All my tests came back genetically fine. There was no reason this should have happened. My baby was just the statistic that it happened to. I found comfort that if at least it had to happen to me, it took the statistical chance away from it happening to my friends or their babies. It is such a relief to see their healthy babies and very devastating for me at the same time. I am healing, but this will be something that is with me forever.

I am angry this happened, especially so late into my pregnancy. I am angry that there is no reason that it should have happened. I am told that I am not at increased odds for this to happen again, but I am angry that I will be forever robbed of a joyful pregnancy.

I am angry that I went a whole week thinking I had a perfectly healthy baby boy. And I am angry that no one understands me unless they have been through the same thing. It is so hard to find people who have walked in our shoes. It is such an awful bond to share with someone, but I find comfort in knowing there are others out there.

I am trying hard to be optimistic about the future. My husband and I both believe that our little boy's spirit will come back to us in a better body next time. I dream of that day.

I am grateful for prenatal testing. As hard as this all is, I am grateful I had the knowledge to make my decision. I am grateful that I had doctors who did not miss the signs on the sonogram. I am grateful to know that I am capable of being a selfless and brave human being.

I am grateful to my family and friends who supported us as best as they could. I am grateful that I live in a country where I have a choice about what to do with my body. I am grateful that I am so lucky to have found my soul mate in my husband. And, again, I am grateful to all of you who have shared your personal stories and have given me insight and strength.

Most of all, I am privileged to have had that "little dude" in my belly for 20 weeks and 3 days. In that short period of time, he taught me more about life, love and myself than I could have learned in a lifetime.

(Written in tribute to all the AHC moms and dads who bared their souls on the website.)

In Loving Memory . . . From . . .

Elizabeth Marie Ruther.....	Theresa & Stephen Ruther
Love Sammut.....	Elena & Al Sammut
Emily Lauren Giorgio.....	Jill & Chris Giorgio & Betty & Charlie Craft (Grandma & Grandpa)
Andrew & John Doyle.....	Tania & Angelo Narcise
Caroline Duffy.....	Carla & Dan Duffy
Nicolaus Cian Kiernan.....	Lee Shanley & Kevin Kiernan
Michael, Andrew, Christopher & Linda Narcise.....	Tania & Angelo Narcise
Ethan & Harrison Dalton.....	Lynn Dalton
Ashley Marie Nicosia.....	Karen Nicosia
Melissa Rowan.....	Diane Rowan
Angelica Jean - Louise Ferrante.....	MaryAnn & Ron Ferrante
Desiree Walsh.....	Irene & Ed Walsh
Samantha Stone.....	Patricia & Howard Stone
Arianna Jade McDonnell.....	Carmen Rivera, Melanio & Frances Cuebas, Lisa Reeve, Michele & James Carron, James Squillini, Lynn Wedges, Jean & Huw Powell, Kathleen Porter, Kathryn & John Blackwell, Elizabeth Bella
Baby Giardella.....	Rita & Joseph Giardella
Sean Thomas McLoughlin.....	Kathy & Tom McLoughlin
Taylor Covert.....	Elise & Dennis Covert
Kyle James Greene.....	Robin & Bruce Greene
Mark Travis.....	Susan & Jim Travis
Emily Lauren Giorgio.....	Jill & Chris Giorgio
Joseph Walter Behr.....	Kelley & Walter Behr
Sam "S.J." Jr Latkovic.....	Gale & Sam Latkovic
Moira, Rebecca, Faith & Babies Brennan.....	Frank Parrino, Christine Metcalf, Carol Maggi, Diane Serrano, Erin Cosgrove, Gail Jakubowski, Steve Hadden, Judy Brechbiel, Ellen Freda, Bonnie Wild, Leigh & Debra Barnes, Jacki Fox, Debbie & Pete Brennan, Helene Wilner, Patti Phelan, Pat Salcedo, Olga Kuhta, Maddalena Harper, Avis Collier, Jennifer DiVincenzo, Margaret Castellano, Elizabeth Mannocchi
Joseph Karinsky.....	Lucy & Peter Wayne, Jennifer & Steven Raiola, Fallsburg School Related Personnel, Elena & Al Sammut
Alex Kunis.....	Beth & Darin Kunis
Angela Anna Leva.....	Nonna Castellaneta
Lucia Rose Wogisch-Fasano.....	Gail Wogisch
Alex Kunis.....	Carolyn (Mimi) Keidel
Samantha Tuck.....	Adrienne & Nick Tuck
Elizabeth Marie Ruther.....	NICU Staff of Good Samaritan Hospital
Anthony Cucci.....	Wendy Cucci
Babies Altman.....	Joyce & Billy Altman
Stephanie Lynn Gunderson.....	Lenore Gunderson
Arianna Jade McDonnell.....	Carmen Rivera (Grandma)
Mildred Hedin.....	Lisa & Carl Gustafson
Emma Catherine Hogan.....	Mary, John & Doug Rentko, Maureen & Roger Stacey, Chris & Kimberly Hogan
Sean Thomas McLoughlin.....	Celia & John Wilkin (Grandma & Grandpa)
Elizabeth Marie Ruther.....	Elizabeth's wonderful family
"The Little Ones" who died too soon.....	Pauline, Deanna, Robert & Maureen Nardella
All babies whose life ended too soon.....	Mothers Group of Monroe

*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.*



Announcements



BOOK REVIEW

The book "Life Touches Life," written by Lorraine Ash, is reviewed in this issue. Lorraine and her husband Bill delivered their daughter, Victoria Helen, at Hackensack Hospital in New Jersey, in 1999. Some of you may recall that Lorraine read an excerpt from her book at last year's Walk to Remember. I urge you to read the book review and then the book! Lorraine writes, "To heal myself and let other parents know it is possible to survive and go on to live a full life after the death of a child ... I processed my experience with pen and with words." She also says, "All my adult life I had searched for spiritual meaning, studied metaphysics, listened to priests, medicine men, etc., but very shortly after Victoria died I realized that the greatest teacher is life itself. I was a changed person with a new definition of self." Visit Lorraine's website: www.lorraineash.com.

GOOD SAM RECEIVES GRANT TO EXPAND PERINATAL BEREAVEMENT SERVICES

Suffern, NY (April 12, 2004) - The Alfred E. Smith Memorial Foundation has awarded a \$10,000 grant to Good Samaritan Hospital in Suffern, NY, to establish a mentoring program designed to expand the reach and services of the hospital's renowned Perinatal Bereavement Support Program. The \$10,000 grant represents the first installment of a three-year commitment by the Foundation.

NEW GROUP FORMED

In April, Pam started a group for parents who experienced the loss of an older baby or toddler. We need a name! Any ideas, let us know.

STILLBIRTH RESEARCH INITIATIVE

Every year in America over 26,000 babies are born still. The number of fetal deaths of 20 weeks or greater gestation is equivalent to the total number of infant deaths in the U.S.

Identified causes for the deaths of these babies include a range of viral and bacterial infections, genetic defects, maternal health issues, and cord accidents. Together, these causes account for less than half of all stillbirths. The remainder is officially categorized as "unexplained," and little funding has been available to further identify the causes of stillbirths.

Last fall, the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) announced a research initiative specific to the scope and causes of stillbirths. The objective is to create a network of investigators who will develop research diagnostic protocols that will work in varied populations. Approximately \$3 million was committed for the year 2003, which is a good start. The research is expected to continue for five years.

WALKWAY BRICKS

Commemorative bricks are available for \$50. Please call for information and an order form.

REMEMBRANCE QUILT

Ongoing project; please call for information.

BORROWED BOOKS

Please return borrowed books when you are finished.

MISSING ANGELS BILL

Mothers who deliver a stillborn child are not issued a "Certificate of Birth" of any kind for their children, however state law mandates that parents must bury a baby who is delivered at 20 weeks gestation or more. In New Jersey, Senator Tom Kean Jr. sponsored a bill to give parents who experienced a stillborn a certificate of birth. Our very own Jennie and John Faith, parents of Clare Paula, testified in Trenton on behalf of all parents who delivered a stillborn baby. As a result the "Missing Angels Bill" was passed in New Jersey. So far New York State has not passed the bill, but they are working on it. For further information, go to www.missfoundation.org.

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.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

2004 WALK TO REMEMBER

Sunday, October 3, 2004

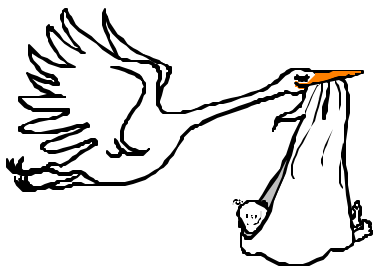
If anyone would like to speak, read, sing, play music, etc., let Pam or Eileen know by the beginning of September.

2004 HOLIDAY CANDLELIGHT PROGRAM

Sunday, December 12, 2004

If you would like to participate in this program, let Pam or Eileen know by the beginning of November.

Safe Arrivals



Joseph Donald
Lauren Colby & Joseph
Alexander

Kimberly Rose
Kelly & Walter Behr

Julianna Rose
Deana & Pete Brown

Brianna Nicole
Doreen & Washburn Campbell

Franz Martin
Doris & Franz Christerer

Zoe Francesca
Celeste & Ari Cohen

Anderson Brice
Sybil & David Cooper

James Lorenzo
Elise & Dennis Covert

Hunter Patrick
Lynn Dalton

Landon
Janice & Larry deFerrari

Jesse Daniel
Suzanne & David DiMarzo

Megan Grace
Colleen & Joe Doyle

Samantha Marie
Alisa & Rob Ferrara

Sophia Noel
Michelle & Augie Gemignani

Gena Joan
Rita & Joe Giardella

Jake Armstrong
Amy & Kevin Gradley

Alexis Nicole
Lenore & Bill Gunderson

Kieran Krishnan
Ayesha & Brian Hamilton

Joseph Francis
Trisha & Joe Hunt

Leah Harriet
Christine & Jeff Kay

Madelyn Louise
Rita & Scott Kimmel

Olivia Zoe
Barbara & Bob Lackey

Grace Ann
Fran & Frank Leva

Angelina Nicole
Sherri & Ron Miller

Gabriella Faith
Tania & Angelo Narcise

Thomas Anthony
Karen & Chris Nicosia

Brendan
Annette & Gary O'Connell

Victor Anthony
Kristen & Andres Perez

Anthony Jerard (AJ)
Tara & Angelo Ribeiro

Amber Michelle
Maria & Ed Steiper

August Terrier ("Gus")
Heidi & Jack von Maur

Aidan Jasper
MaryAnn & George Wood

Kevin Anthony
Annette & Tom Zoda

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

The Hand of an Angel

by CaraSue Doriguzzi

I held the hand of an angel
when they brought you to
me

I held the hand of an angel
with my family all around

I held the hand of an angel
and looked into your eyes

I held the hand of an angel
and kissed your lovely face

I held the hand of an angel
my beautiful little son Rio

I held the hand of an angel
to say a sad hello and goodbye

I held the hand of an angel
so briefly in mine

Now I hold the hand of an angel
always in my heart.

(In loving memory of my son Rio, delivered stillborn on April 3, 2002.)

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to: Stacey & Albert Alborano on the loss of Madison Elizabeth ♥ Susan & Anthony Armenio on the loss of Justin Anthony ♥ Lorraine & Bill Ash on the loss of Victoria ♥ Helena & Vinnie Biele on the loss of Baby Biele ♥ Carolyn & Tom Breuer on the loss of Baby Breuer ♥ Dahlia & Charles Blades on the loss of Ayanna Helena ♥ Lunise Brizard & James Cantave on the loss of Philip ♥ Eleanor & Carmine Catalano on the loss of Nicholas Carmine ♥ Jennifer & Steven Cermak on the loss of Amanda Rose ♥ Doris & Franz Christerer on the loss of Francesca Victoria ♥ Kristin & Christopher Corsette on the loss of Emma Elizabeth & Anna Margaret ♥ Ann Marie & Patrick Coyne on the loss of Brigid Mary ♥ Melissa & Paul Crowe on the loss of Cooper James ♥ Janice & Larry deFerrari on the loss of Drew ♥ Joyce & Frank DiLeo on the loss of Jacqueline ♥ Denise & Ed Gaynor on the loss of Triplets Gaynor ♥ James & Maureen Giaccio on the loss of Baby Giaccio ♥ Prachi & Kedar

Gokhale on the loss of Siddharth ♥ Amy & Kevin Gradley on the loss of George ♥ Dana & Gabe Grippi on the loss of Brendan Joseph ♥ Jolanta & Erick Haughn on the loss of Erick John ♥ Maria & Jason Hilliard on the loss of Gianna ♥ Marian & Michael Hoffman on the loss of Baby Houseal Hoffman ♥ Kimberly & Chris Hogan on the loss of Emma Catherine ♥ Maureen & Joe Hughes on the loss of Liam ♥ Margaret & John Hurley on the loss of John William ♥ Shirley D. Jackson on the loss of Rashaan Andrew Bailey ♥ Lauren & Robert Jaffe on the loss of Hayden Grace ♥ Michelle & Joseph Kelley on the loss of Dillon Patrick ♥ Inga & Jack Koeppel on the loss of Baby Koeppel ♥ Leah & Jonathan Kroeber on the loss of Baby Kroeber ♥ Angela & Jean-Richard LeBlanc on the loss of Babies LeBlanc ♥ Bengique & Eve Louis on the loss of Luchana ♥ Kelley & Jeremy Lowery on the loss of Jacob Ryan ♥ Kerri & Brian Lyman on the loss of Daniel ♥ Kim & Robert Marich on the loss Zachary Thomas ♥ Danielle

& Mike Matovic on the loss of Anna Elizabeth ♥ Wendy & Majid Moghadam on the loss of Baby Moghadam ♥ Kimberly & Geoffrey Myles on the loss of Emily Emanuel and Baby Myles ♥ Annette & Gary O'Connell on the loss of Brianna ♥ Janice & Fernando Ramirez on loss of Baby Ramirez ♥ Mary Jane & Michael Rowan on the loss of Lauren Elizabeth ♥ Theresa & Stephen Ruther on the loss of Baby Ruther & Elizabeth Marie ♥ Sandra & John Schiff on the loss of Garrison Max, Justin Michael, Max, & Sydney ♥ Audrey & Eric Smith on the loss of Kieran Keller ♥ Debbie & David Smith on the loss of Baby Smith ♥ Beth & Matt Sniffin on the loss of Babies Sniffin ♥ Susan & Rob Stauffer on the loss of Babies Stauffer ♥ Maria & Ed Steiper on the loss of Dillon Cameron ♥ Jamie & Ralph Terminello on the loss of Baby Terminello ♥ Xenia Ray & Chris Trout on the loss of James Paul ♥ Shelly & Joe Vehoff on the loss of Connor ♥ Susan & Daniel Winton on the loss of Christopher Daniel ♥

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.

Two Times I Will Never Forget

(Continued from page 3)
 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.

Forever your loving Daddy,
 Angelo Narcise

(Written for my son Angelo on his ninth birthday, in memory of his brothers Michael, Andrew and Christopher, and his sister Linda.)

In Loving Memory of Rio

by Meredith Alfieri

We loved you so much and still do,
 but now that you're gone it doesn't seem true.

Yes, but there's one thing for sure,
 it's that we will always miss you...

And will be by your mother's side
 for all that she's been through.

(Written by Meredith Alfieri (10 years old) in memory of her cousin Mario (Rio) Peter Doriguzzi and for her Aunt Cara Sue.)

Daniel

(Continued from page 1)

I look at your picture and see Kate's beautiful little mouth and Sean's sturdy little build. I imagine you with your sister and brother all the time.

What a crazy place this would have been! Kate would have been all over you like the little mother she is. She was so excited for you to be here. She even had the baby tub out and practiced with her dolls. I can't even imagine the trouble you would have gotten into with Sean. He would have loved another little boy to play with. Daddy really would have been in trouble keeping up with you two.

I have such an empty place in my heart, especially when we are all together. I want you here with us so badly. We visit you often at the cemetery. Kate and Sean bring your name up on a daily basis. Sean even sleeps with "Danny" bear. You will never be forgotten. I pray that you know just how very loved you are. Your short little life has changed me more than anyone will ever know. I believe you have made me a stronger, more understanding person. If someone had told me I would go through this and survive, I would never have believed them.

You are my special little angel Danny. You will forever be a part of me. Watch over Kate and Sean. Take care of Daddy, especially when he is at work. Whatever life has in store for us, you will always have a very special place in this family.

Love you always,
Mommy

(In loving Memory of Daniel Corey Lyman, March 3, 2004.)

For All Our Little Rosebuds

(Continued from page 1)

We testified at both the Senate and Assembly's Health and Human Services Committee hearings regarding our own personal experience and on behalf of all stillbirth parents in the state. We wrote countless letters, made numerous phone calls, and met some outstanding people in the process. In January of this year, the full House passed the bill, and recently the state of New Jersey began issuing Certificates of Birth Resulting in Stillbirth.

What a feeling it is to know that partially because of our Clare, parents who unfortunately will suffer this tragedy in our state in the future will not have to endure the added insult of being told that their baby is not entitled to a birth certificate.

I have also gotten more involved in my church. Last September I joined the parish's Bereavement Ministry. We are in the process of starting a new ministry within our parish for parents who have lost babies either through miscarriage, stillbirth or infant death. I am attending an 8-week program sponsored by the Archdiocese of Newark to become a certified bereavement facilitator.

I firmly believe that our children's lives have meaning. Unfortunately, the meaning is left up to us to define. In my case, I wouldn't have done either of these things had Clare not been here. Her little life had such a big impact on mine, and made me realize that I'd been given gifts, most of which were—or still are—unknown to me. But at least I was able to acknowledge through the tragedy a few of them that were previously hidden. All because of a beautiful 6 pound 11 ounce little girl, my daughter Clare.

Since day one, my mantra has been that none of my children would amount to only sorrow, an "event" to be ignored. As a mother that concept is completely unacceptable to me. How many times people try to get us to turn away from our children: "don't talk about it," "don't think about it." Why? Because talking and thinking about our children's lives has the ability to make us sad. Is it tempting to try to forget, to pretend it didn't happen? Of course it is. But every time we confront our tragedies, our broken hearts get yet another small stitch. Do I think there will ever be enough stitches? Probably not. I cry, I will always cry. Her death and birth will always be a sad event for my family and friends. But that doesn't mean her life has to be. And there is a difference, regardless of what society would have us believe.

After we finished testifying in front of the Senate Health and Human Services Committee, one of the chairmen said to us, "Please know that your daughter Clare's life had meaning. She got you to come here and testify about something you feel very strongly about, something most people will never do in their lifetime." The most profound moment of the whole experience was that he acknowledged her life and used her name.

I found a quote a while back from James M. Barrie: "God gave us memories that we may have roses in December."

(This was written in memory of, and with



Happy Birthday
Christopher
April 4, 1989 - April 6, 1989
We miss you.



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

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