
HANDPRINTS

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Handling The Holidays When Your Loved One Has Died

By Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D.

The holidays are coming and I'm not ready! I'm not sure I'll ever be ready! It's dark outside and it's cold. So we turn up the heat and turn on the lights, but the lights we turn on do not seem to pierce the emptiness of this winter season. As we set the dishes and count the silverware, we are acutely aware of the empty places at the family table. We try to find the holiday spirit, but when the family circle has been broken by death, the only things that sparkle this season may be tears.

The holiday season can be a time when the past and the present collide. We try to capture what we once had or blot out bad memories. We try to ignore the empty chair. We try to ignore the pain and emptiness in our soul.

While most of the world seems to be addressing holiday greeting cards and planning holiday menus, the bereaved are struggling with other concerns: *How long does grief last? Will the holidays always be this awful? What do we do with the empty place at the table? What is there to be thankful for this year?*

Maybe nothing seems quite right in your house or in your heart this season. Can you ever be happy again? Will the sights and sounds of the holiday season ever touch you again? Will there ever be *light* again?

We hold our breath and hope the holidays go quickly. We doubt we can endure too long. We sit in the dark, because we think we have forgotten the light.

We wish for some sign of hope in the season of icicles, some magical sign that will keep us going until the warmth of spring arrives. We turn on all the lights in an attempt to chase away the grief.

Maybe all you want this year is for January to quickly follow November. *TOO LATE!* It's the holidays and we're stuck! Green, red, bright, shiny or blue ... the holidays are here and what can we do?

We have expectations of the season, each other and ourselves. We have a mental picture of how things ought to be. But often those expectations are based more on fantasy than reality. And we measure success and happiness on how close we come to those

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Helping After Neonatal Death is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization that helps parents, their families, and their healthcare providers cope with the loss of a baby before, during, or after birth.

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expectations.

Handling the holidays is not a question of how to eliminate the pain and grief from our lives, but how we can learn to live with the hurt and grief rather than be consumed by it.

It's been a long time since I endured my first bereaved holiday season. But even now, my heart sometimes still echoes with emptiness as I roll out the cookie dough or hang his special ornament on the tree. I think that hurt will always be with me, but now I know it only as momentary. Not like the first year when grief washed over me in waves, each new wave hurling me deeper and deeper into despair.

And it's not like the second year's hurt when I found myself both surprised and angry that *it* hadn't gone away yet. I grew anxious about my sanity in the third year when my hands shook as I unwrapped the precious ornaments. When was I going to be better? When was the grief going to end? Was I doomed to suffer miserably at every holiday for the rest of my life?

The year the little satin balls wouldn't stay on the tree, I gave up. One year, several years after our son had died, we found ourselves stationed in the far north regions of the United States. We were a military family and we were snowbound in deep drifts of a severe holiday blizzard. My husband was away on assignment, so my 6-year-old daughter and I were alone for the holidays. I was deep in despair and decided to cancel Christmas. I just didn't have the energy or spirit to pretend any longer that everything was all right. *Nothing* was all right! Our son was dead. My husband was gone and we couldn't even get home. It was well below zero and the spirit of the holidays simply hadn't penetrated my grieving soul.

So, I did nothing to prepare for the holidays. My daughter was more confused than sad, but even she had little spirit. We didn't even get a tree. I didn't send cards and there were no spicy smells of cookies baking or twinkling lights at our house.

But by Christmas Eve, I knew that something was terribly wrong. Instead of feeling better because there was no holiday spirit in our house, it felt even worse! So, we bundled up against the cold and went foraging in the woods for a tree. It was so cold that we only lasted a few minutes and ended up at the tree lot on the corner late on Christmas Eve.

Do you know what kind of trees are left on Christmas Eve? We had our choice of three, and all three of them together did not make a decent tree! We adopted the best of the lot and dragged the poor thing home. We got out the lights and decorations and then I remembered why I had gotten married... men do lights! However, we

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Handling the Holidays *continued from page 1*

struggled and eventually, we had a tree, of sorts.

We sat in the dark and watched our little tree twinkle in the cold darkness. But as we watched, one of the little satin balls fell off the tree. Another one fell and then some of the tinsel slid off a branch. And then, some needles fell to the floor and then a small branch sagged and fell. As we watched, our tree slowly undecorated itself!

"Oh Mommy!" my little girl cried. "Are we that sad that we killed the tree?" I knew we had reached the bottom of despair. Had our grief so permeated our house, our lives that even a Christmas tree could not survive? Our son's death was more than enough, had we lost love and hope, too?

I threw that tree out that night, leaving a trail of shedding needles in the carpet and all along the snow bank. We went to bed and prayed for spring.

But spring didn't come the next morning and I knew we could not let everything die. So, in the middle of that Christmas Day, now so many years past, we returned to that bare, stick of a tree, now frozen in the snow bank. And carefully, we hung the bare branches with popcorn strings and tinsel. I'm sure we were a strange sight that afternoon, but with a mixture of tears and snowflakes, we began to let the hurt out and make room for healing to begin.

With each kernel strung, we found ourselves remembering, some memories came with pain. Others began to grow within us, warming heart-places we thought had frozen long ago. By the time we finished, we were exhausted. Memories take a lot of work! We had a tree, although it was not the one we were expecting (but then, who expects a loved one to die?) But we had one, decorated with tears and memories, sadness and remembered laughter.

We kept a tiny twig from that frozen tree, to remind us of what we almost lost. I tried to cancel Christmas! I tried to toss out love because it sometimes hurts. That was the year we chose to let Christmas come back. And that was the year we learned that life can become good and whole and complete once again. Not when we try to fill up the empty spaces left by loved ones no longer within hug's reach, but when we realize that love creates new spaces in

Handling the Holidays continued on page 4

WHAT'S NEW @ HAND

A huge heart felt thank you to all the people that worked so hard to make this years Service Of Rembrance a very special day for all of us. The sound and music was beautiful, the words shared and printed were touching, the child care was a well run, wonderful opportunity for the children to share in the memories of their siblings, and the food was delicious. The children's balloon release summed it up so well, it left us all with tears in our eyes and a smile on our face, this was truly a service to remember.

In Angels' Arms

*Little baby, my sweet little baby
How we all miss you so.
You came here for a purpose
A purpose we don't know.*

*Could it be that Jesus sent you here
To remind us of his love?
Could it be that you were just born
With a destiny "short-fated" from
above?*

*But now you sleep in angel's arms
As Grandma tucks you in.
Just remember, dear sweet Alex,
That our hearts you surely did win.*

By Rebecca Anne Littell

Hardest of Life's Toil

*For those that have given Birth
directly back to the awaiting arms
of a caring Mother Earth,
theirs is the hardest of Life's toil.*

*To momentarily kiss and hold
where in all tenderness unfolds
as they place their newborn
into depths of darkening soil.*

*For it is in these
very tender moments
that we all are taught
to forever defend
every precious Child
who is, will be, or even,
for a brief moment,
has ever been.*

By Steven A. Reinfurt

Handling the Holidays *continued from page 3*

the heart and expands the spirit and deepens the joy of simply being alive

When we learned to let the hurt out, there was room for hope and love to return. Now we don't have to wait for joy to return for we know it lives within us, where Christmas is *every day*.

Let this collection of thoughts guide you as you navigate the twists and turns of your grief journey through the holidays. May you find hope and peace within its pages and ways to remember the *life* of your loved one, not just the death.

Whatever holiday this is for you, may love be what you remember the most! ❖

Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., GMS, CGC, CHT is a bereaved parent, a grief management specialist, a nationally certified grief counselor, a certified pastoral bereavement specialist and a licensed psychotherapist and hypnotherapist. She is the author of *Why Are the Casseroles Always Tuna?*, *Footsteps Through the Valley*, *Touchstones*, *If I Could Just See Hope*, *Finding Your Way Through Grief* and *The Other Side of Grief*. She co-authored *A Place For Me: A Healing Journey for Grieving Kids* with her daughter, Alicia Sims Franklin. She also co-authored *Holiday Help: A Guide for Hope and Healing* and wrote and produced the *Holiday Help* video as well as authored numerous chapters in professional and textbooks. She is featured in the award-winning video series "Good Grief" produced by Iowa Public Television and has been featured in several other videos as well.

She is an internationally recognized speaker and was Coping Editor for *Bereavement* magazine for 12 years. She served on the national board of directors for The Compassionate Friends, the national board of directors for the Association of Death Education and Counseling and the board of trustees for the National Catholic Ministry to the Bereaved. She co-chaired the 1991 and 1996 World Gathering on Bereavement and is senior advisor for the 2001 World Gathering.

Formerly the Director of the American Grief Academy, Darcie is now president and co-founder of GRIEF, Inc. a grief consulting and training business in Louisville, Kentucky. She is a Diplomate in the American Psychotherapy Association, a Certified Diplomate in Clinical Hypnotherapy and is listed in *Who's Who in America*, *The World Who's Who of Women* and the *International Who's Who of Professional and Business Women*.

A Holiday Prayer

Thank you for life. For its good times and bad.
Thank you for love, even when I can't feel it.
Thank you for the love I used to share,
For the arms that held me tight.

Thank you for my family,
In faraway places, in different times.

Thank you for the songs we sang.
For the dreams we saved.
For the smiles we shared.

Thank you for the strength that eludes me just now.
Thank you for the weakness that sends me to my knees.
Thank you for the searching, the reaching, the hoping.

Thank for the bonds of memory that hold me in place,
Even when I don't believe in it anymore,
Or forget what it is all about.

Thank you, most of all, for having been blessed with the love I have known,
Even now when I fear I will forget it.

By Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D.

Brian

*You are the roots of trees that go deep into the earth.
 You are the ebb and flow of the ocean,
 The universe, the seasons of life – birth, death, rebirth.
 You are the sweet smell of wildflowers dancing in the wind.
 You are the laughter of a child splashing joy into our eyes.
 You are a river that winds through our hearts with tears of love.
 You are the peaceful calm after a rainstorm.
 You are a double rainbow.
 You are a herd of deer grazing in a meadow.
 You are a wise old woman who tells us that each month is sacred.
 Each moment is a gift.
 This moment we will treasure, for even in the sadness,
 You have touched our souls.
 You are pure, radiant love that lives on and on, forever.*

By Paulette Forest

From My Heart

Editor's Column

The True Gift

The cooling weather and nearing holidays used to strike fear in my heart. The usual mix of emotions including dread, sadness and anticipation made me edgy and uncomfortable. I wondered when my emotions would overwhelm me. Would I be driving my car, shopping in a store, or with friends and family? It was coming, but I knew that I could not predict, or control, when the flood would come.

Years ago, it was two days before Christmas when I received the devastating diagnosis of my seemingly healthy 3 month-old daughter, Rachel. The neurologist said, point blank, "She has a terminal illness that has no cure. It is genetic so don't have any more children." My world crumbled! Christmas that year was like an out-of-body experience. I remember numbly opening gifts and showing my daughter the cute little keepsakes she received for her first Christmas; keepsakes that she would not keep.

The following year, I had the rare opportunity to cherish one more Christmas with Rachel. She was by then, a miracle survivor, but I knew we didn't have much more time together. We made some bittersweet memories that Christmas. She left us a few months later in March when the earth was waking up from winter and my life, as I knew it, died.

I've endured, survived and eventually begun to enjoy the holidays since then. How do I do it? I try to keep from overcommitting myself with activities and events. I leave myself time for some private grieving and do something special for Rachel. Does it still hurt? Yes, but I am no longer consumed by the grief over what I've lost. The flashes of "how it should be" are brief, and I am able to focus on how it really is. Most of all, I've learned that the memories and the love I have are the true gift, and no one can take that away.

So readers, I want you to know that you are not alone during this time of year. You are in my heart.

By Darla Harmon ❖

A Poem to Ronnie

*Ronald the little boy
with such a big name.*

*The smallest but the strongest,
everything will be ok.*

*We held you in our arms
for twenty-five days.*

*We were told
we will take you home in May
but you got sick, so fast one day.*

*Not anything will ever be the same
we love you and miss you
more each day.*

By Silvia Rose

Our Baby Lauren

*Our precious little girl, Lauren
Born one early December morning*

*You grew in me for eight full months
But only allowed to live in our world for a short moment in time
Which will always be a lifetime for us
We will never forget you
You will always be in our hearts*

*Your big brother loves you lots
He wishes you were here to play with him
May you watch over him to make sure he is always safe*

*We love you more than any words can describe
May God watch over our little angel until we meet again...*

By Belinda Spallas

Restful

*Be restful my son, and go with God.
Your battles are over, now is your reward.
Be happy and play now as never before.
And think of us kindly forever more.
Be peaceful my boy, and soothe your pain.
Grow in wisdom and grace as you couldn't here.
Life's cruel injustice can't touch you now.
And know that we'll miss your smile.
Be tranquil my son and take your time.
There's nothing left to prove.
Your battle is over, your race is run,
And God will care for you.*

By John Mote

Terilyn Carol

*You're the desire
of a Grandma's heart.
You came and went so soon.
that I hadn't time
to reach up to the stars,
and give to you, the moon.*

*I held you but once,
and you were gone...
My sweetest little girl.
There wasn't time to read a poem,
or set one tiny curl.*

*I will not stop, nor can I,
my Grandma's love for you.
You travel now to heaven's gate
where guardian angels for you wait;
And someday there will I also be;
To hold and rock you tenderly.*

By Judy Frion

Dear HAND,

Thank you for giving me a place to write and tell my story. The death of a loved one is always very painful. The death of an eagerly awaited baby is devastating to all. The death not only affects the parents it also affects every family member. I know, I am a grandmother, but I have no baby to hold. I have two adult daughters that were pregnant and expecting the birth of their babies within three months of each other. These were to be my first grandchildren. My oldest daughter was due first. We waiting and counted the days until the baby would be born. Eight and a half months into her pregnancy she found out the baby had died. We were all devastated. I did not know how to tell her sister the awful news. I was so afraid that she would be so stressed, that she too might lose the baby she was carrying. After several weeks of tears and the feeling of tremendous loss of a baby we had all loved sight unseen, I wrote the following poem to say good-bye to this child, my first grandson.

I am a Grandmother aren't I?

I hugged your mother and screamed with joy,
When she said she was pregnant with a little boy.

A grandmother I am going to be?
I can't wait to hear your laughter and cries of glee.

Who will you look like, will it be me?
Will you have my smile as I bounce you on my knee?

Will your eyes be like your Daddy's as blue as the sky?
I just know you are going to be a cutie pie.

I watched as your Mommy's tummy grew and grew.
A grandson soon I will hold, I can't wait to meet you.

I felt you kick, move and even hiccup?
I can't wait for the day when a grandson I will pick up.

Your Mommy and Daddy told me the news and we cried.
The life we held so precious for eight and a half months had died.

I was there when your Mommy delivered you as tears filled our eyes.
I knew better as I prayed, "Please God let me hear your cries."

I held an angel, a perfect little boy, only to know,
I was a grandson I would never see grow.

I am a grandmother aren't I?
A hug and kiss I did give you and cried.

I am a grandmother aren't I?
I held you, my grandson and said good-bye.

I know my heart will ache less someday.
Goodbye dear grandson, you are in my prayers each and every day.

This beautiful child was born still in April of this year. His parents named him Beauregard, because that was what we all called him in his mother's womb. As his father says, "It just makes us smile when we hear his name." My youngest daughter has since given us another beautiful grandson to hold and love, but my first grandson will always hold a special place in my heart.

Thank you for being there for all who have lost a child. Writing this poem has helped me to heal.
Sincerely, Donna Ariola

Birth

*I am empty now, where he once lived.
Where once I held life, hope, dreams...
Now I hold nothing.
I was turned inside out, my uterus scrubbed of all life...
That bold light that dwelled within me
Extinguished in one long exaggerated...
Push!*

By Lynn Smith

Journey

*I lived awhile like one who dwells
Always in that dark world apart
Where loneliness and pain rule all
And memories can pierce the heart.*

*It is an awesome place, and vast;
Anger and guilt are mountains there
I've climbed and struggled on through seas
Of tears, regrets, loss and despair.*

*Although I thought I came alone,
Love followed ever there, I learned.
Time, too, became my friend until
Hope, faith and at last – joy returned.*

*The world of grief had much to teach
In recompense for what I lost.
I value all those lessons, but
You must not ask how high their cost.*

*I've come away from that dark world,
I rarely visit any more and leave at will;
But when I go, I do try not to lock the door.*

*By Mary Helms,
The Compassionate Friends
Morris, NJ*

*Deafening Silence*

*The deafening silence begins again.
I start to tremble.
I want to run, to hide,
but there is no place to go.
This silence follows me.*

*My own heartbeat sounds like
ten thousand drums.
Each beat crashes in my brain.
I close my eyes...
but I still see emptiness.*

*I still feel...
the emptiness.
I search my soul for refuge,
and I only find confusion.
Confusion screaming at me,
falling down around me in silence.*

*There is no place to run.
I can not hide from this reality.
I can not deny the pain in my heart.
The emptiness pulls me, draws me into
this deafening silence.*

By Patti Fochi

The Promise is Gone

*The promise is gone just like the fluttery feelings in my tummy.
You are not here and I am empty; both my womb and my soul.
My eyes sting with tears and see no hope of drying.
I miss you in a deep and painful way
and my empty arms long to hold you.
I weep, I mourn and sometimes
I disbelieve that you were ever here,
But my heart remembers you
and I know my memory of you will never leave me.*

Darla Harmon ©2000

Angel in a box

Once there was an angel in a box.
 As she lay in her isolette,
 she was frightened by the bright lights and bustle around her.
 She felt cramped and each time she tried to stretch her wings,
 she was given a shot, a test was run,
 or a new tube was added to restrain her.
 While she was in the box,
 people around her spoke lovingly and handled her with great care.
 Although there were some good times during her stay,
 she longed to be free.
 One day all of her restraints were removed
 and two wonderful and familiar people held her.
 They talked to her gently and cried softly as they rocked her.
 It was the most warm and comforting thing the angel had ever felt.
 Little by little her wings began to expand and unfold.
 She felt safe and bathed in their love.
 Joy filled her heart until she had enough courage to fly.
 She fluttered above the weeping couple and briefly felt sad,
 but then with one graceful swoop
 she was no longer an angel in a box.

By Darla Harmon ©2002

Sarah Elizabeth Carnefix

So small, so precious
 only a short time to have,
 but a lifetime to love

To hold, cherish
 The first child
 Never to be forgotten

She was:
 Planning, Hope and Anticipation

A living, beautiful baby
 A beautiful girl
 God's creation
 Given, only for a short time

But now with her Creator
 (And someday again with her parents)

More may come, but none will replace
 the love felt for Sarah -
 Alive forever in the hearts
 of those who loved her.

By Liz Myers

Brianna - Why?

Oh Brianna, I miss you so.
 Why did you have to say goodbye
 before hello?
 Daddy and I, we love you so.
 Why did you have to go?
 There were so many dreams
 I had for you.
 Now I will never even see you grow.
 I miss you my baby.
 Why did you have to go?

By Gina Glenn

*I remember.*

The day I was told we were pregnant with you.
 The first ultrasound.
 Your first movements.
 The overwhelming happiness.
 The hospital stays.
 Your birth, the news from the doctor.
 The tears running down your Daddy's face.
 My first touch, and the warmth of your skin.
 Saying goodbye.
 I will always remember!

By Carmen Banuelos



HAND SUPPORT GROUP MEETINGS

Pregnancy and Infant Loss

Central Valley:

The first, third and fifth Sunday of the month. 7-9 pm.

Fremont:

The first and third Wednesday of the month. 7-9 pm

Pleasanton:

The second Thursday of each month. 7-8:30 pm

Santa Clara:

The first and third Thursday of the month. 7:30-9 pm.

Subsequent Pregnancy

Fremont:

The second Saturday of each month. 1:30-3:30 pm.

Santa Clara:

The second Thursday of each month. 7:30-9:30pm.

Subsequent Pregnancy Support Groups are available on an "as needed" basis. Please contact HAND for specific information on a group in your area.

For more information on any of the support groups, please call (408) 995-6102 or if you are calling outside the 408 area code, call toll-free (888) 908-HAND (4263)

Kara's Seventh Annual Candlelight

Service will be held this year on December 5th, 2002 at the Unity Church, 3391 Middlefield Rd, Palo Alto. At this beautiful interfaith service ceremony, the lives of deceased family and friends are honored. www.kara-grief.org

Parent to Parent

What do you want to say to grieving parents during the holiday season?

It's really okay to do what feels right for you. Often there are pressures from family and friends to attend all festivities. It is okay to let your loved ones know what you need to do for the holidays this year and what you need from them. – Becca

I would say do whatever feels OK for YOU. Don't dwell on what everyone else wants. We lost our daughter on Christmas day. The first Christmas after that we didn't celebrate AT ALL we didn't go anywhere, we didn't see anyone. While I felt badly for our families, I felt more strongly that I couldn't do Christmas that year. The next year I did it but on a lesser scale than before losing Natalee. It is hard enough what we all have to go through. The best advice is to take care of you and your broken heart until you feel strong enough to face the holiday's, or any situation. It takes time...but if you give yourself the TLC you need, you will get the strength eventually to get through. – Anne

Your grief is felt by all of us who have lost a child. You are not alone. I feel your pain as if it were my own. The Holiday Season can be a most difficult time because it is a time to celebrate life with our families. When a life is missing, there is a void in our hearts that longs to have our children back with us. Every year, I add a special angel ornament to my tree in honor of my babies. This allows me to continue to include them year after year in what has become a huge part of our Holiday tradition. Although bittersweet, they adorn our tree and serve as a reminder that they remain an important part of our lives. – Kimberli

Would you like to answer questions for the "Parent to Parent" Column?

Please contact Darla at handprints@handonline.org or (888) 908-HAND ❖

Book Review:

A Decembered Grief by Harold Ivan Smith

Living with loss while others are celebrating. A spiritual path to enduring the holidays while grieving a significant loss in your life or helping someone you care about, that is hurting - get through the holidays.

Sometimes the only way through it – is through it. page 50

My husband, Peter and I are facing our third set of holidays without our precious son, Joel. Our grief is year round and becomes intensified at the holidays. As a bereaved mother and caregiver to families when a child has died, I appreciate the simple format in this comforting little book. It offers real advice that is helpful, healthy and inspiring in dealing with loss of any kind. Mr. Harold Smith becomes a friend, lending a shoulder of truth to rely on and a hand of hope to the reader.

A Decembered Grief is a gentle and understanding guide to help transform the holiday seasons into a time of grace and healing. A life changing loss is a long term process of learning to live with grief, having support during the holidays is a true blessing. For those with fresh or long term grief, caregivers, caring family and friends - I highly recommend this easy to read guidebook.

Please give me a loving heart that tries to understand how other people feel. W. Beckett page 20

Independent review by: Nancy Grayson - Boise, Idaho ❖

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 Raymond & Rosario Woo Isabelle Chinn Woo

In Memory of...

HAND would like to thank the following businesses that generously gave donations to support our Service of Remembrance: Jim's Music of Fremont, Safeway of Saratoga, SaveMart of Manteca, McDonalds of Modesto, Big Boy's of Manteca, Raleys of Manteca, Martha's Pastries of Menlo Park, Party Warehouse of Tracy, WalMart of Manteca, Palmdale Estates of Fremont, Ben Franklin's of Manteca, Costco of San Ramon, Business Costco of Hayward.

Please accept our warmest thanks to everyone who have made donations to HAND.

RESOURCES

HAND of the Peninsula
 Post Office Box 3693
 Redwood City, CA 94064
 (650) 692-6655 crisis line
 (650) 367-6993 business office
Provides services to the San Mateo and Santa Cruz County areas.

Community Hospice, Inc.
 601 McHenry Avenue
 Modesto, CA 95350-5443
 (209) 577-0615
Provides support groups including "HUG" Hanging Up Grief - Childrens Support Group for ages 5-12.

Be sure to visit the Resource pages @ handonline.org for other grief-related support groups in Northern California.



Subsequent Babies

Tiana Patrice Oliver
 August 13, 2002
 Kim & Joe Oliver

Bryce August Montgomery
 August 29, 2002
 Natalie & Gregg Montgomery

Jack Cummings Matty
 October 5, 2002
 Rick & Nicole Matty

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



Handprints is a quarterly newsletter for bereaved parents. Contributions or donations made in memory of your special baby are always welcome and support HAND's mission to help grieving families.

2002 Worldwide Candle Lighting - in Memory of All Children will be held on Sunday, December 8. The The Compassionate Friend's 2002 Worldwide Candle Lighting is held every year on the second Sunday in December, at 7 pm in every time zone. Bereaved Parents are encouraged to light a candle in memory of their child at 7 pm. As candles burn down in one time zone, they are lighted in the next, creating a 24-hour wave of light that encircles the globe!

Newsletter Subscription Form

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In Loving Memory of: _____

Donations made in memory of a baby will be acknowledged in the newsletter.

- Check if this is a renewal.
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HAND provides newly bereaved parents with this newsletter *free* for two years.

If you would like to subscribe, your donation is tax deductible. Please mail this form and your subscription/donation of \$20 or more to the address below:

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