



"To keep new lives living."

REFLECTIONS

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THIS IS HOW IT IS ...FROM A PARENT'S POINT OF VIEW

BY: DEBBIE GEMMILL ©2007

The day before Ty's birthday I found myself, as usual, thinking about him. The often-visited thoughts—what would he be like as an adult, how different our lives might have been had he lived, which roads would have been taken had this seven-month-old little boy grown up.

I considered the different path my life has taken as a direct result of my son's death. Would I have become a professional writer had his death not given purpose and meaning and voice to my writing? Would I have traveled to so many places and met so many people and spoken to so many groups about this thing called SIDS, if SIDS had remained one of those things that happens to other people's children? Would I have joined the Junior League instead of a support network for families whose babies had died suddenly and unexpectedly? Would my idea and definition of tragedy involve things so less tragic?

It's impossible to know how different life would have been; there is no parallel universe to which I can compare it. The questions have no answers except for a shrug of the soul that says "This is how it is, Deb."

The one question that tormented me for a long time—"why me?"—no longer shouts out. It has been replaced by its own quiet answer—"why not me?" As I fell asleep on the eve of my first son's 26th birthday, I felt an oddly comforting feeling, knowing—believing that I had done the best I could for my son while he was alive, and that I've tried hard in the past many years to do the best to honor his brief life.

At 5:15 on the morning of Ty's birthday, the phone rang. It was a call from our school district superintendent telling us that all schools in Escondido would be closed due to wildfires burning out of control. I could smell the smoke inside my house as I raced to the TV to turn on the news. I could hear strong winds

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SAVE THE DATE!



Contact the Guild Office at (714) 973-8417 for additional information. See flyer within



A Note From The President



On December 6th at 7 pm, parents of all ages and stages in their grief journey will gather at the Angel of Hope Monument located at El Toro Memorial Park. This will be the 6th such memorial service – the only one of its kind in Southern California. This ceremony is an opportunity for family, friends, and parents to honor their child. The service includes a keynote speaker, poems, music, and most importantly the chance to say your child's name aloud and place a flower at the base of the monument. Parents who have attended this memorial state that this act is the most powerful part of the ceremony as it validates the existence of our babies and the fact that our love for this child is never ending. Equally as touching is the chance to watch siblings of the baby share in the ritual of this service. The ceremony can be a way for parents to introduce the fact that a subsequent sibling did indeed have a brother or sister. The purchase of a brick inscribed with your loved one's name can make this ceremony even more personal. Many parents will place their memorial candle beside their child's brick at the end of the evening in remembrance. The glow of these candles reminds me that I am not alone in my grief journey and that my daughter, Kristy, continues to touch many lives. For more information on the Angel of Hope, please visit www.careandkindness.org/angelofhope.

Happy holidays!

Lisa Biakanja

Newsletter

The cost to print and mail the *Reflections* newsletter is steadily rising. Therefore, it is important that we have your latest contact information. If the address shown on your newsletter is not correct, please e-mail Barbara Estep at gisoc@compuall.net or call her at (714) 973-8417 with your current information.

Newsletter donations of \$20 covers the cost of printing and mailing quarterly newsletters. Mail your donations in today.

REFLECTIONS

P.O. Box 17432
Irvine, CA 92623-7432
Editor: Cory Morinishi

Reflections is a quarterly publication of the Guild for Infant Survival, Orange County—a non-profit organization. *Reflections* is committed to the collection and dissemination of accurate, up-to-date, scientific and lay information and the correction of misinformation related to SIDS. The Guild is dedicated to the support of families and friends suffering the death of an infant to SIDS.

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Newsletter Deadlines

If you would like to contribute an article or poem to an upcoming issue of *Reflections*, please contact: Cory Morinishi at (714) 952-1466 or e-mail him at sharmori@ca.rr.com. The next Newsletter deadline is 1/15/08. We encourage your participation!

THIS IS HOW IT IS ...FROM A PARENT'S POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from Page 1)

outside and when I opened the front door, smoke stung my eyes.

We've been through this before, I told myself as I considered what needed to be packed and put by the front door just in case. I ticked off my mental list: photo albums, the Important Papers folder, medications, cat supplies, the picture of Ty from my desk. As I watched the news coverage, the fires seemed to be growing faster than anyone could report, and it was becoming clear that the dire warnings we've been hearing for months, that this could be the worst fire season Southern California has ever had could very well be happening right now.

The wind continued for 3 days, carrying the flames to destroy entire communities, causing the evacuation of a half million people in San Diego. The Witch Creek fire grew closer to us and we remained on evacuation alert for 3 days. As we traveled through our town searching for an open pharmacy to refill my medications, we saw people leaving town, their cars packed with their belongings, their trucks pulling trailers carrying horses and other animals. They wore masks, and expressions ranging from anxiety to confusion to that oddly calm look of having accepted the inevitable.

As the week went on, we learned of friends who had been forced to evacuate. My friend Kristi returned home 3 days later not knowing what to expect, and happily found her house intact. Many others in our community were not so lucky. Both John and I know co-workers whose homes were burned to the ground. And Vicky Fox, a teacher I worked with, and her husband did not escape in time. They perished in the fire as they were attempting to evacuate.

It was a frightening, surreal week. We are all attempting to return to some kind of routine but as we get back to work, get back to our normal life, I have heard and said the same thing a hundred times "we are so lucky." I am certain that those who have lost so much must be saying "why me? Why us?"

I don't know why. I don't know why our house was spared. I don't know why Vicky, a wonderful teacher, and her husband Chris, a Boy Scout leader and mentor to so many children, died. It's impossible to understand how one house remains intact, when all the houses around it are now just memories in the form of ashes.

I was sitting with my scrap booking friends a couple of days ago. Kristi, whose house was dangerously close to being destroyed, summed it up when she said "From now on, time will be divided for us....before the fire, after the fire."

I know about that. How often I have said *Before Tyler died*.....It is a permanent time marker for me. Our life when things were the way they were supposed to be. And then, when they weren't.

We are watching our community grieve for the loss of friends, homes, belongings, life as it was. We will watch, and hopefully help as the rebuilding begins, as we experience that 'new normal' that occurs following a tragic loss. We will listen to each other as we try to understand how things, horrible things, can happen to some people and not to others. Perhaps we will hear "Why Me?"perhaps we will hear "Why not me?"

My photo albums are back on the bookshelves. The important papers have been returned to the file cabinet. Most likely, as long as we live here, we will experience another firestorm, but for right now things feel pretty much back to normal. The unpredictable Santa Ana winds are gone for now. The air is getting easier to breathe. The cat has come out from under the bed.

Ty's picture is back on my desk.

Happy Birthday, my son.

A NEW HOLIDAY TO CELEBRATE HOPE

BY: DARCIE D. SIMS

Everything is still a mess! Life is topsy-turvey, and I am now officially tired of it being that way. Everything has either been changed, moved, misplaced, thrown away or just plain lost. I can't find anything, and I am not even sure I want to find whatever is left. The world cleaned house on me and somebody lost my way! Where am I and who am I now?!

I was just beginning to figure things out (for the umpteenth time) when the universe waved its arms and sent ripples cascading through my life again. As soon as I find whatever I am looking for, it moves or gets lost. Whenever I do find what I want, I have forgotten why I wanted it.

I tried being efficient once and decided to buy everyone's birthday and holiday gifts early. I mean, whenever I saw something that would be "just right" for someone on my gift list, I bought it and stashed it away ... someplace. When it came time to wrap it up and give it away, who could remember where it was hidden? Instead of spending the days before the holidays baking treats and singing songs, I was scouring the closets, the attic, the car trunk, and my mother's basement, in search of the gifts I had so carefully put away. What a mess!

I forgot how awful the holidays can be, and now it's time to be cheery again. Once I planned a wonderful holiday gathering and had everything done ahead of time. I mean everything. I had tried some new recipes and even handmade table decorations and place cards. (Martha S., watch out!) It was a sight to behold. I was so proud of myself. I had not left grief "win" and I was "moving on," "getting over it" and "reconciling my life." I had invited lots of people to help me celebrate the holiday season. And even though I wasn't quite sure I wanted to celebrate, I was ready!

I turned on the porch light, poured the punch, lit the candles and waited. And waited. And waited. I had done everything ... except mail the invitations. I guess I wasn't as "ready" to return to the Land of the Living as I thought.

It's hard to have a party with no guests. It's hard to want to live in the light if you don't have a flashlight or a light bulb. It's hard to know where you put the gifts if you can't remember what you bought or who you bought them for ... or if the person you bought them for isn't here anymore.

Now what do we do? When the universe flip flops and upside-down is right-side-up and happiness seems impossible and the sights and sounds of the holiday season – any season – only annoy and hurt, what do we do to survive?

Survive? No, no, the world says we must learn to live again, but how do you do that when everything has changed and nothing fits, belongs or feels right. My clothes don't fit anymore. I can't find my shoes and I can't find HOPE anywhere.

I think I left it some place or maybe it was stolen from me. That's it! Somebody stole my hope! Now tell me how to survive, let alone live without hope! Tell me that and maybe I'll listen.

Ways to Find Hope and Survive

Brush your teeth ... every morning. No matter what else happens, do that, and you are on your way to "recovery." Of course, if you don't want to recover, you still should brush your teeth. Just keeping a routine is a way to counteract the craziness. It is a "responsible adult" thing to do and is a start. Just do it. Your dentist, your mother and everyone you encounter will be glad you did.

Take out the trash. Just get it out of the house. Someday you can try getting it out on the right day.

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A NEW HOLIDAY TO CELEBRATE HOPE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

Eat – whatever you want. Skip the “ought's” and “should's” right now and concentrate on the comfort foods. You can't eat this way forever, but you might as well take advantage of your grief and treat yourself. If you find you can't eat “a thing,” send it to me, and I'll help. We'll diet together next month.

Buy a gift for yourself. Wrap it, but don't hide it! Just when you think you are going “off the deep end,” open it up and enjoy.

While you are buying a gift for yourself, buy one for your loved one as well. Wrap it up and give it away to someone who might not otherwise have a gift. When you pass on the love you shared together, it can never die.

Breathe. In and out. In and out. It's that simple and that hard. Some days just breathing is all you can manage. Other days it's a bit easier so relax and enjoy those moments when you can remember your loved one's life instead of focusing only on the death.

Put something that reminds you of your loved one in your pocket and every time you need a hug, just pat your pocket and recall the loving connection between you. I carry a rock with me always, to remind me of the steadiness, security, and sturdiness of his love. I've carved the word HOPE on that rock so I won't forget what hope is all about.

Hope isn't a place or a thing. Hope isn't the absence of pain or sadness or sorrow. Hope is possibility. Hope is the memory of love given and received.

Surviving really isn't too hard. Living can be. No matter how crazy the world is or how out of “sync” you feel, don't lose the treasure of your loved one's presence in your life. You don't have to say goodbye. You don't stop loving someone just because he died.

In addition to carrying a rock in my pocket, I've decided to create a new holiday for the bereaved. Since we can't remember what day it is or how we are supposed to behave, we'll just celebrate everything all at once. You'll get one card a year and just keep opening it on whatever days are appropriate for you. I love you and want to send my thoughts and hugs, but with all the changes always occurring in my life, I just may serve watermelon in December and frost the cookies bunny pink in October. Whatever. I'm trying and that's what counts! Hang in there. It gets better, honest. I just can't remember when.

GRIEF

By: Darcie Sims

Grief is the price we pay for love.

We did not lose our children;

They died, taking with them

Our hopes and dreams for the future –

But never taking away their love.

Though death comes, Love will never go away.

Hold it tight, the love our children gave us.

Hold it tight through the storms of grief,

And bring it with you into today.

Love never goes away.

Surviving the Holidays

By: Richard B. Gilbert

My grandmother was like royalty to us. She had the stature of the “Queen Mum” and led us all with her regal presence. When word came from her doctor that he wanted to see her right away, we were all in a stunned silence.

Bad news? As it turned out, Gram had a mild heart irritation, requiring medication and a diet change. The doctor advised her to eat a banana a day. When Gram came out of the doctor’s office she announced: “The doctor said I should have a banana split every day. Let’s go to the ice-cream stand.” So, off we went.

Grief is a lot like that. Sometimes it’s choosing banana splits, but more often it is facing each moment, each detour, each stretching of our sanity and awareness, each feeling (even feelings stripped raw to a level of pain never experienced before), by giving them meaning, value and purpose.

We certainly don’t need (and shouldn’t embrace) people telling us what to do and when to be “over this.” Instead, we embrace those who are willing to walk alongside, to listen a lot, to speak when we ask, and – as we struggle to find some measure of meaning and hope – to struggle with us and for us.

Holidays and special days like Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Christmas, New Year’s, birthdays, seasonal days and anniversaries share common threads. They remind us of the way things were, and, at least for now, that may result in more pain with reminders of loss rather than lovely memories. There is pressure to choose what to do (if anything) with these holidays; there is increased fatigue and sadness; and there is the sense that we are slipping deeper into the hold of loss.

When we are grieving, holidays and special days are much like the summoning Gram experienced with her doctor. They take what used to be our pattern for coping, the points of meaning and hope where we can “hang the hats” (and ornaments) of our feelings for at least a moment of peace and quiet. These especially difficult times can take anything that hints of sanity and good order and leave us feeling as if we are spinning aimlessly and hopelessly out of control.

It takes work to begin to grab a new pathway the way we would like things to be. The rituals and traditions often seem to be complicating factors rather than gifts. Holidays and special days often present decisions, tasks and expectations that we feel too weak to tackle. When we are exhausted, why would we want to take on more work? Holidays can be gifts, they can be glimpses of peace, and they can be the chance to select new rituals, new customs, new ways to remember less and less about a death and more and more about a life.

Planning, organizing, and living in chaos are how most of us spend the holidays, which can either put us “over the top” or drive us deeper into the valley of despair. Still, we have the privilege of choosing what will or will not be part of our grief journeys. In your own time frame, you can decide which of the holiday customs you want to hold onto, what you want to set aside (at least for this year) and what new territory you want to explore.

Holidays usually include some expression of giving and receiving ... cards, cookies, homemade fudge, gifts, greetings, visits. Healing can come when we risk giving. Don’t try to buy your way to healing, but give something special as a remembrance. Be open to the deeper gifts and meanings of these special days. There could be a rare jewel in there somewhere and a glimpse of some new door that will lead you out of the valley of your loss.

Seek guidance. Shop wisely. Rest often. Spend cautiously. Think healthy thoughts. Commit to your need for healing and take the time to reach your chosen goals. Most of all, commit to survival. You will move closer to healing and hope, to remembering and living.

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

Donations have been made in loving memory by those who loved them:

In Memory Of Maria Gaalswijk

Tina Barnini

Annie and Edward McHugh

William and Neeltje Briggs

Jay and Cynthia Meyers

Diane and Michael Sadowski

Gary and James Leggett

John Khairallah

Paul Heller

Adrianus and Lamberdina Ooms

Eva Oskam

Pete and Liz Gaalswijk

Julie Salatino

UCONN-CO-OP

William and Margo Ruther

James and Ann Cotter

In Memory Of Ryan Joseph Jahn

Keith and Renae Boyum

Roger and Mary Free

Elise and William Crader

Jonathan and Tricia Chinn

Tracy Conway

Michelle Schmitt

Russell and Virginia Dalton

Diane Hrstich

In Memory Of Parker Robinson

Jeffrey and Karen Robinson

In Memory Of All Babies

Sandra Walden

Blasé and Gretchen Pignotti

David and Tchi McCallum

In Memory Of Ashley Gutilla

D.C. McKee

In Memory Of "Scotty"

Scott Francis Hogan

John & Becky Hogan

In Memory Of Kaulin Willet

Philip and Melissa Griffin

In Memory of Nicole Newfield's

friend who lost a Baby

Paul and Patricia Mickelsen

In Memory Of Tyler Susag

Cory and Danette Susag

Alysia and RJ Hughes

In Memory Of Hayden Strickland

Michelle and Scott Van Horne

Ernest and Marilyn Tintorer

In Memory of Jacob Tyler

"Baby Jake" Williams and

In Honor Of Rob Davis' 50th Birthday

Steve and Mary Williams and Family

**Thank you to
United Way Donors**

Gail Cady

Dam Vitarcelli

Nancy LaRuffa

Q. Liu

Community Outreach

On August 17, 2007 I had the honor of speaking at a TIP (Trauma Intervention Prevention) training at the Orange County Fire Authority in Tustin. This training is for volunteers preparing to go into trauma situations such as the death of a child due to Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. I started my time out with a slide show of my son Hayden that passed away in 2003. I thought I could make it through the video, but had to excuse myself from the room until the video was over. I wanted the people in training to see that my son Hayden is a real person and when they go out to these types of calls they need to remember that this child is a part of a family and our family's tree will forever be changed. After the video I started telling my story about how the night of September 27th when my husband screamed my name; our lives would be forever changed. I told them about the interviews with the police and detectives at my home and at the hospital. The never-ending wait to hear the news about whether he made it or not, even though deep down inside I already knew the answer.

Some of their questions were about what not to say, how to talk to the children that are left in the family if any, and what they could do that would be most helpful to the family. I told them the two things to never say are: "I understand what you're going through" and "At least he/she was only two months old". Anyone who has had a child knows the moment you hold a baby in your arms you are in love! Hayden left behind a brother named Hunter who was 4 ½ when Hayden died. Hunter didn't understand how Hayden could just be gone. Why did Hunter go to sleep and never get to see Hayden again? Could it happen to him? And when was Jesus going to give Hayden back? It's a hard life issue to be already going through at 4. I reassured Hunter as often as I could that he would be OK and that in our case we would try for another baby. Hunter couldn't wait to have another brother or sister so I guess in some way I had another baby to help Hunter heal. The thing I needed a lot of help with was the final arrangements. I had no idea how to plan a funeral. I myself was lucky enough to have a mother in law that does TIP in Riverside County, so she got the paperwork in order for me and we just had to sign. I was excited to share with the group the research Dr. Hannah Kinney is working on with the brainstem serotonin defects in SIDS infants. I'm crossing my fingers on this one. I ended my session telling the group that parents will make it. I am living proof that life does go on and it doesn't get easier you just have a tougher skin then you used to have. I have a subsequent child named Hope who is now a 2 ½ year old ball of energy that doesn't stop talking and that's OK. I left the group with a brochure Jordy Jahn put together for Hospitals. It gives up to date information to parents about SIDS, what it is, where they can get support, and about the Angel of Hope. I liked to think that I touched even one person in that group, because it only takes one person to make all the difference in the world.

Rachel Strickland
SIDS Parent/Vice President

New Year's Resolutions

- ◆ I will try not to expect so much understanding from others who have not walked the same path.
- ◆ I will be kind to myself in health, appearance, and take time to be alone.
- ◆ I will remember that I owe it to myself to try to enjoy life.
- ◆ I will be considerate of my spouse, children, and parents.
- ◆ They, too, are coping and deserve my help.
- ◆ I resolve in memory of my child to do something to help someone else.

For I know, that in doing this, my child will live on through me.

27th Annual California SIDS Conference

By: Rachel Strickland GISOC Vice-President

The 27th Annual California SIDS Program Fall Conference was held on October 26th, 2007 in San Francisco. This year's theme was "On the threshold of discovery". The conference was attended by me and GISOC Executive Director Jennifer Case.

The morning started out with the introductions and memorial dedication and moved on to the keynote speaker, Dr. Hannah Kinney. The presentation on her intensive research was extremely informative and hopeful. Dr. Kinney was able to take medical terminology and explain it to the entire room in a way that everyone could understand. The GISOC was proud to honor Dr. Kinney with a check for her further research. Dr. Kinney informed us that the grant was timed perfectly as a special microscope is needed for further research and the grant would make the purchase possible.

After the informative presentation by Dr. Kinney, the conference moved on to a presentation from Former Senator Jackie Speier on learning to survive and thrive. Just before lunch, there was a Q&A session with four esteemed doctors in the field of study including Dr. Kinney and Dr. Henry Krous. The day was an astounding success and I was personally impressed with the amount of information and compassion that was alive in the room. I believe that the conference was a success for all and I look forward to the research findings at next year's conference.

Listen, Gentle People, and Hear My Truest Needs

By: **Jacqueline L. Rogers** from I want to Help but I don't Know How

I hear you stumbling for words.

Relax.

There are no words. I hear you remembering a funny story about my loved one, and looking embarrassed because you are laughing. Share with me. Let me laugh. It gives me something to hold on to in the middle of the night when I feel only pain.

Be your happy self and let me be me. On days when I can laugh, I will. On the days I can speak of my loved one, I need you to share my memories. You don't have to give me answers for I will learn to live without them. You don't have to pretend my loved one never existed thinking I will forget if you do.

Let me speak his name. And you speak it too. He is always there, that one I love so deeply – always part of who I am. If you take that from me, I will be less than who I am.

YOUR GIFT IS APPRECIATED

This Gift Is In Memory Of:

This Gift Is In Honor Of:

Acknowledge To: _____

Address: _____

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Address: _____

Please print. Make checks payable to:
 Guild for Infant Survival (GIS)
 P.O. Box 17432, Irvine, CA 92623-7432

Billiards For Babies Fundraiser Rowing Financial Success!

On October 20, 2007, The Guild for Infant Survival held its 9th Annual Billiards for Babies billiards tournament and dinner auction at Danny K's Billiards and Sports Bar. Nearly 150 people attended this year's event and everyone had a fun time. A billiards participant said, "Tonight was a blast!"

The evening began with an Italian buffet dinner. After the delicious meal, the Billiards For Babies tournament began. Those interested in the ladies and gentleman's billiards tournament adjourned to the billiard tables to compete for the night's competition prizes. The highlight of the evening was the lively bidding on elegant gift baskets and other items such as: sports event tickets, and getaway packages to Laguna Beach, Palm Springs, Temecula, and other great destinations. The wine selection this year was fabulous, and the "Shop Till You Drop" gift basket, filled with assorted gift cards to various top name stores, attracted so many bids that it seemed to command the night.

Many attendees stuffed the raffle boxes for a chance to win great overnight stays, restaurant gift cards, tickets to fun activities and much more. The famous "Mystery Envelope" segment of the event sold out in just ten minutes. For ten dollars, the buyer was guaranteed a gift item valued at least double the original value.

Also, this year's event included a new item, an Estate Raffle. This was a chance to win a three night stay at a fabulous residence in the Paso Robles wine country. The estate, which could house ten or more people, presented an amazing opportunity for a family reunion or a getaway with friends. The 100 pre-event ticket sales had sold out very quickly. And the winner was...Nick Altieri from Fullerton! Congratulations!

The evening proved to be a huge financial success for the Guild. The income from this event has now enabled our organization to continue its vital services to the Orange County community and also to provide monetary support for critical SIDS research projects.

A big thank-you to everyone for their help and support to allow this year's Billiards for Babies to be a huge success!

Appeal

In retrospect, it is incomprehensible to me that the telephone on my desk at work did not somehow ring differently that day. After all, it was to be a life-changing call. Not to put too fine a point on it, but the life I had always known was going to cease the instant I received that fateful call.

“He’s stopped breathing”, the sitter’s husband sobbed into the phone. “They’re working on him. Just come.”

I do not remember much of the mad dash to the hospital. I do not remember who actually told me the news. I only remember the words, “We did everything we could, but....”

My 13 week old son Cory was dead. They suspected (and it was ultimately confirmed as) sudden infant death syndrome. I was to learn in subsequent days my son had succumbed to what is to this day, the leading cause of death in children between the ages of one month and one year--SIDS.

Twenty-two years later, medical research has come a very long way in determining risk factors and seems to be tantalizingly close to discovering what causes apparently healthy infants to die suddenly, without warning in their sleep. However, as research continues, the Guild for Infant Survival, Orange County (GISOC) continues its’ efforts to provide emotional support to grieving parents who have lost babies to SIDS. The Guild was there for me all those years ago and still endeavors to provide ongoing assistance to SIDS families throughout Orange County and beyond. The primary mission for the GISOC is peer contact: Having one SIDS parent talk to newly bereaved SIDS parents--Someone who has walked through the fire and made it to the other side.

Through the years, the number of SIDS deaths has diminished thankfully, but much work remains to be done. There are still families to support and research to fund. The Guild relies on contributions from the public for its working capital. Please consider making a contribution to support the on-going efforts of the Guild for Infant Survival. We still have work to do and we need your help.

Thank you,
Nancy Amodt Eckert

.....

Please make check payable to GISOC and mail to: GISOC, P.O. Box 17432, Irvine, CA 92623-7432

Name _____

Address _____



2008 MEETING CALENDAR

Parent Support Meetings– All meetings are from 7:00—8:30 PM.

* Please RSVP to the parent host prior to the meeting

January 8, 2008
(Tuesday)

Home of Rachel Strickland
2828 East Puritan Place
Anaheim, CA 92806
RSVP to (714) 630-0400

March 11, 2008
(Tuesday)

Home of Chris and Nancy Eckert
26501 Valpariso, Mission Viejo
RSVP to (949) 768-1863

May 14, 2008
(Wednesday)

Home of Lisa Biakanja
20732 Alicante Lane
Huntington Beach, CA 92646
RSVP to (714) 960-9897

July 8, 2008
(Tuesday)

Home of Rachel Strickland
2828 East Puritan Place
Anaheim, CA 92806
RSVP to (714) 630-0400

Business Meetings– Business meetings are held at the home of Lisa Biakanja located at 20732 Alicante Lane, Huntington Beach, (714) 960-9897. Meetings begin at 7:00 PM. If you would like to have an item added to the agenda, please contact Lisa at (714) 960-9897 or lbiakanja@yahoo.com.

February 20, 2008

May 21, 2008

August 20, 2008



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