



REFLECTIONS

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Grief From Both Sides

...From a Parent's Point of View

By: Debbie Gemmill c1999

I've been working on a cross-stitch sampler for many years for my father-in-law. It's an overview of the town in which he grew up, went to school, graduated college. It's where he fell in love and made lifelong friends. There are pictures of a stone quarry, a church, a symbol of the town college. My stitches are slow and deliberate. I want this to look beautiful when I finally give it to him. The stories of his town, his growing up, are so detailed, so important. I want to present him with a piece of work that will represent what he has told me in his own words, which I can present to him in my own way.

I am not a master needlewoman. I came to the creative arts rather late in life, not at my grandmother's knee. I learned how to stitch long after the birth of my first child. Jennifer's birth sampler was finally completed and hung in her room soon after her third birthday. Tyler, our second child and the son we lost to SIDS, had a much smaller sampler and Jordan, the one others call our "subsequent child" had his sampler begun in the recovery room as I faced the fact that we had indeed, another child to love.

I look at Jordan's birth sampler now and I am amazed at how beautiful it looks. I'm surprised, because I remember making those stitches while just an hour after having surgery to deliver him. I recall that my hands were shaky from the anesthesia. I was also shaky from the job and the fear of having brought another child into the world, into our family. Into a family that was still reeling from the waves of grief.

Cross-stitch embroidery is a specific craft. The directions are clear. You start from one side, one half stitch at a time and then you make a return to complete the stitches. Left to right, then right to left. You must be careful to

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A Note From The

This is my last message as President of the Guild for Infant Survival, Orange County. I have prolonged the writing so much so that the newsletter is now late. Please forgive me. I just didn't quite know how to put into words how much the Guild has meant to me over the past 24 years. I have had the honor of meeting many parents and family members affected by the death of a baby to SIDS. Each of you has touched my life in a way that you may not realize. By supporting you, I too have been supported. You have given me the ability to honor my daughter, Kristy's life.

I have often said that this group, the Guild, is a club that selects its members. I'm sure you would agree that we certainly would never have chosen to join but I am so grateful that the Guild exists as a safe haven for those of us unfortunate enough to have fulfilled its membership requirements. We are an elite group of people that have been touched by a disastrous event. Many of you have chosen to become involved in the Guild in memory of your baby hoping that one day we will find a way to eradicate this syndrome. Without you and your efforts, our group would not be as successful and influential in the SIDS community as it is today. But more importantly, without mentors like you, other families affected by SIDS in the years to come won't have the immediate support of a mother or father that can look them in the eye and truly say, "I know how you feel." Do you remember how powerful those words were?

The new board (to be voted into office in September) will need many devoted parents to help serve the SIDS community and to train professionals. They will need new creative ideas for fundraisers to support research and they will require the tireless energy of new parents to help move our group into the next generation of SIDS parents. We have accomplished great things over the past 20 years and I am convinced that under the Guild's new leadership, GISOC will continue to make a positive impact on the SIDS community.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity of a lifetime. Fulfilling the role of President has been a wonderful experience. I have had the opportunity to represent the Guild at conferences throughout the

REFLECTIONS

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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 8/1/08. We encourage your participation!

Grief From Both Sides

...From a Parent's Point of View

(Continued From Page 1)

complete each stitch, otherwise the design is not complete. It's rhythmic, it follows a pattern. You can't really see the design until it's all done and sometimes not even until the entire design is outlined in a backstitch.

I am an impatient crafter; I want my project done quickly. I should have realized that cross-stitch was not the appropriate craft for me. It takes too much time, the holes are too tiny and sometimes you don't even realize you've made a mistake until you've gone so far it will take forever to fix. Pulling out those tiny stitches, one by one, did not bring me the relaxation I was hoping for. My friend Carolyn, my needlework teacher, just smiled at me as she watched me try to correct my errors and calmly said, "it just takes time."

Easy for you to say, I remember thinking to myself. Her work was beautifully done, as exquisite on the underside as it was on the top of the fabric. I was embarrassed to have her see the underneath part of my sampler. Threads hung down, those forbidden knots were all over the place; it was a tangled, ugly mess. My impatience was definitely apparent and I knew that a truly good piece of needlework looks as nice from both sides, even if no one sees the underside. At least half the work, my friend said, is the part no one can see.

I did a lot of cross-stitching the weeks and months following Ty's death. When I couldn't decide what to do with the strange energy that comes with grief, when nothing felt quite right, I would pick up my latest project from my needlework basket and sit down with needle and hoop. I was forced to pay attention; experience had taught me that looking away from the pattern for very long would result in mistakes that would force me to start that part again.

Eventually, I would lose myself, even for a few moments, in my work. The up and down, in and out flow of the needle provided my mind with a rhythm that helped settle those angry, sad, impatient voices in my head. After time, I began to see the pattern take place. I could see how each tiny stitch was important to the finished work. I started to take more time to tuck in the hanging threads underneath and to untie the knots that my impatience had created. As I slowly completed each project, I came to understand that while it was wonderful to have finished, the real accomplishment was in the work it took to keep that needle moving.

I continue to work on my father-in-law's sampler. The work is slow and sometimes I wonder if I ever will complete it. I remind myself that each stitch means I am moving forward and that half the work in life, and in grief, is the part no one ever sees.

There are times
When you have been hurt so badly
That you become certain
That the pain will never pass.
But it does.....
sometimes because of your efforts
sometimes in spite of them

but always,
always it goes away.
So hold on, and know that
Tomorrow will come
And with each tomorrow
It will be better
~Sue Mitchell

Fast Food

“Fast food” is a part of our everyday life nowadays, and most of us have at some point partaken of it from a local establishment. We are all pretty busy and there are times when we eat on the run, in our car, at our desk or perhaps as we sit down somewhere, unwrap our meal and gobble it down.

I don't have anything against fast food; sometimes it meets the need, but I can't make a steady diet of it. I am definitely more partial to “gourmet food,” perhaps a repast of chicken cordon bleu, rice pilaf, a nice bottle of chardonnay, and maybe some soft music and candlelight with chocolate mousse for dessert. I don't get a steady diet of that either. Usually it is something in between – you know the “normal” stuff.

There are comparisons that can be made between the ways in which we feed our bodies and the way we nourish our feelings and emotions. Work with me here a little. . .

Usually our lives are “normal” stuff. We have our routines, our ups and downs. We don't need or look for any special types of support (or nourishment). We might have a few issues that we mull over with family, friends, or co-workers. Most of the time, we can figure out the solutions to our challenges based on past experience or conventional wisdom. The recipe is pretty commonplace. We appreciate constructive input but can independently decide what is the best course of action to follow. After all, this is just our normal, everyday life.

Although we might encounter some very opinionated people who have the absolute last word on everything, from the kind of gas to put in the car to the kind of shampoo to use, mostly everything is pretty well middle-of-the-road.” It doesn't matter if we get “fast food” or not.

But then there are the times that are unspeakable in the depths of the pain, sadness, grief and loneliness. The times that defy the usual recipe, the times that seek a deeper substance. Although we are not alone in our experience, as life's road is traveled by many, we are alone in the uniqueness of our experiences. It is this uniqueness that makes us so unsure, scared and which causes us to reach out for true nourishment. We look for what we need to soothe our open wounds. We search desperately for answers that will heal us and give meaning to our experiences. We need the gourmet food, the rich nourishment that feeds every part of our being.

Unfortunately, what we too often get is the “fast food.” The quick platitudes that are dished out a la carte. A little of this, a little of that, eat up, drink it down and be on your way. Or even worse, we get a “Happy Meal” thrown our way. Easy answers wrapped up in a pretty package and even a little entertainment to take your mind off your troubles. Just unwrap, swallow, toss the remains out and get on with it all. Life goes on, get over it, forget about it.

Is this intentional, cruel, or harshly meant? No, I don't think so. You see, for those who care about us, to see our pain is so difficult. They search for the easy, quick answers that will help, but there are no easy answers. Just like it takes time and attention to learn how to prepare gourmet food, it takes time, attention, and experience to possess the means to offer a hurting person true emotional nourishment.

So what is the answer? Well, definitely not to stop at the first encounter, to decide to “eat” at the

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Fast Food

first place we come to. That might not be the place we are looking for, the place that will give us what we need. We have to search for the right place. We have to find the person or persons who know how to be true nourishers of the hurting. They are there, willing to help, willing to companion another. They have learned what is needed as their lives too have been nourished differently.

You see, if we accept just a diet of “fast food” and “Happy Meals,” we are missing so much. And if we walk through this world undernourished, not receiving anything of real substance, then we are truly losing more than we can imagine. There is more.

In the pain that shatters the normalcy of our lives, lies the potential to heal. In the healing, lies the possibility for tremendous growth. With the growth, we will begin to savor the richness of what life has to offer. And in the experience of richness, lies the nourishment that begins the creation of more of the gifts that life has to offer. And in the gifts we learn to possess, lie the seeds of nourishment, which we

Riding the Waves

By Ramona Lyddon
Chester, CA

Reprinted from Bereavement Magazine, 8133 Telegraph Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80920-7169

I feel as if I have been body surfing in the ocean, cruising at the top of the wave, enjoying the ride – then suddenly, being body-slammed into the sand. Unable to move, the waves rush over me, pounding and crashing onto me. Occasionally, the tide recedes, and I lay breathless on the wet, sandy shore.

I cannot move. I wiggle my toes, squint, open my eyes and see the rest of the shoreline. While my view is obscured by my tears, the salty sea, my straggly hair and my prone position, there is some daylight. Just as I prepare to roll over and maybe get to my knees, the waves of grief lap at my toes and suddenly crash upon me once more. Unable to withstand the power of the waves, I fall to the beach once again.

Finally, the tide recedes again, but I still cannot move. I am bone tired from my past efforts. I am aware of noise around me. I can hear the chirping birds, and the warm sun. The laughter of children beckons me to once again open my eyes. Helping hands are touching me, encouraging me to rise up. Gentle hands soothe me with their light touch. Warm hugs embrace me. It feels good, for a while ... until the voices drift on down shore, leaving me alone with the setting sun.

I marvel at the beauty and thank God for His presence. It becomes dark again. The wind blows in, bringing dark clouds and a chill to the air. I shiver, and the sense of calm and peace is not so reassuring. The tide is at my ankles, and my toes sink into the sand. I can do this. I can stand up against this set of waves – maybe. Or, maybe it's easier to lie down and let them roll over me.

Better yet, I wade out further, a little deeper, challenging the waves of grief. And then – surprise – I lie down and float. The waves roll under me, crashing harmlessly on the shore. As I float, I look up at the rising moon. The waves lull me to sleep in the moonlight. Maybe, just maybe, I will rest well.

Maybe, I can ride these waves. Maybe a new, sunny day is coming.

Spring Luncheon Fundraiser 2008

On April 27, 2008, with the generous sponsorship of The Canyon Hills Women's Club, The Guild For Infant Survival held its annual fundraiser at The Summit House in Fullerton. The room was filled with beautiful baskets for all occasions. Some of this year's items included the romantic Laguna Beach getaway, tickets to local sporting events, certificates to local restaurant favorites, and unique opportunities such as private cooking lessons. The room's décor was exquisite with gorgeous floral centerpieces and favors for all in attendance. Guests enjoyed appetizers from the Melting Pot while filling raffle bags and shopping the boutique vendors nearby. With the passionate speech given by GISOC Vice President, Rachel Strickland, guests were brought to tears with the true meaning of the event.

On June 9th, 2008, GISOC Executive Director Barbara Estep, and Vice President Rachel Strickland, were awarded a check from the Canyon Hill's Women's Club by representatives Cathy Madsen and Debbie Haughin, for the amount of \$10,000. Through our collaborative efforts, these funds raised from the luncheon will continue to support our group with our commitment to supporting Orange County SIDS families and research projects around the world!

As always, thank you to everyone who helped this year's event to be a success. Your participation, attendance and efforts continue to make a difference with our organization's goals.

YOUR COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

by Steven L. Channing

I can tell by that look friend, that you need to talk,
So come take my hand and let's go for a walk.
See, I'm not like the others - I won't shy away,
Because I want to hear what you've got to say.

Your child has died and you need to be heard,
But they don't want to hear a single word.
They tell you your child's "with God", so be strong.
They say all the "right" things that somehow seem wrong.

They're just hurting for you and trying to say,
They'd give anything to help take your pain away.
But they're struggling with feelings they can't understand
So forgive them for not offering a helping hand.

I'll walk in your shoes for more than a mile.
I'll wait while you cry and be glad if you smile.
I won't criticize you or judge you or scorn,
I'll just stay and listen 'til your night turns to morn.

Yes, the journey is hard and unbearably long,
And I know that you think that you're not quite that strong.
So just take my hand 'cause I've got time to spare,
And I know how it hurts, friend, for I have been there.

See, I owe a debt you can help me repay
For not long ago, I was helped the same way.
As I stumbled and fell thru a world so unreal,
So believe when I say that I know how you feel.

I don't look for praise or financial gain
And I'm sure not the kind who gets joy out of pain.
I'm just a strong shoulder who'll be here 'til the end-
I'll be your Compassionate Friend.

Does SIDS happen in a Developing Country such as Indonesia?

Toke Hoppenbrouwers

Emeritus Clinical Professor of Pediatrics, Keck School of Medicine
University of Southern California.

With one exception, SIDS has not been studied in developing countries. The exception is rural Brazil, where a team carefully followed 2,000 births and reported that the rate of presumed SIDS was comparable to that in many Western countries.^{1,2}

Why isn't SIDS studied in developing countries? The answer rests on two related assumptions: first, infant mortality in these countries is so high that, if SIDS were to occur, it would be concealed by deaths from other causes. Second, health professionals and doctors in those countries would not recognize SIDS, and the infrastructure to diagnose SIDS, such as autopsies and death scene investigations, would simply not be available.

I have always wanted to study births and infant death ceremonies in Indonesia once I terminated my long career focusing on SIDS. I started SIDS research in 1972, at LA County/USC Medical Center and the Keck School of Medicine. At that time, we were delivering 15,000-20,000 babies and the Federal Government wanted us to get involved in SIDS research. Initially, I headed a large, collaborative, government funded SIDS study, together with the renowned Dr. Joan Hodgman from USC, and Drs. Ronald Harper, Barry Sterman and Dennis McGinty from UCLA. Some of our subjects were subsequent siblings born to members of the Orange County Guild for Infant Survival. I still remember meeting Chris Elliott for the first time at her home; it was not long after the death from SIDS of her own baby.

Throughout the eighties and nineties, I had frequently traveled in Indonesia as a tourist. In one area of Indonesia on the island of Sulawesi, in Toraja, I had learned that babies who die before they have teeth are buried in a special way. It reminds me of the ritual in the United States of planting a tree for each baby that died from SIDS. In Toraja, a slit is made in a large tree trunk; the baby is wrapped in clothes and put in the trunk ... "*so that the innocent, pure soul of the baby can through the living tree, ascend to heaven directly.*" It's an old custom thought not to be in use anymore, but during one of my recent research visits, an elderly priest of the indigenous religion, To'mina Tato Deno, brought us to a tree in the forest where in 2002 he had buried a baby.

Preparing for this research that consisted mostly of interviews and observations, I found myself immediately pulled back into SIDS research. The enigma of SIDS was not letting me go on to other topics. I made a U-turn. Ultimately USC gave permission to do four studies, the Zumburgh Foundation helped financially with one study and the Indonesian Government gave me a one-year research visa. I have now visited five times, staying each time about five weeks to collect data.

I was fortunate to find a brilliant collaborator, Dr. Stanislaus Sandarupa, who teaches at Hasanuddin University in Makassar, the capital of Sulawesi. Dr. Sandarupa received his Ph.D. in Anthropology from the University of Chicago and hails from Toraja. In the United States, a number of previous collaborators and friends have joined me in this research, including Dr. Joan Hodgman, who at the age of 86 still continues to use her considerable brain power to think about SIDS, and Dr. Thomas Keens, well-known to everybody in the SIDS community. He has been on our team since I headed the collaborative home infant monitoring evaluation (CHIME) in Los Angeles. Also, Dr. Michael Neuman, presently chairing the Biomedical Engineering Department at Michigan Technological University, who was on the National Steering Committee of CHIME, and Dr. Michael Khoo who chairs the Biomedical Engineering Department at USC. I feel grateful for their generous intellectual and other support, in particular their enthusiasm. I also thank the Orange County Guild for Infant Survival for the generous donation of \$2,000 for this collaborative research project.

What are some of the study questions and their significance?

Question # 1: Does SIDS exist in Indonesia? The answer to this question has been difficult to establish scientifically. At best, we can speak of presumptive SIDS since autopsies and other tests are not performed. Doctors I have talked to have not seen SIDS. One doctor while still in training, ten years ago, had one premature baby die in a teaching hospital in Djakarta that he thought might have been a SIDS.

Most women in rural Indonesia, especially in the more remote villages still deliver at home alone, or with the assistance of *dukuns* (traditional midwives). I have talked with many. Neither mothers nor dukuns have encountered SIDS. When asked the question, "What illness do you fear most for your baby?" They answer: "*Mata*

Does SIDS happen in a Developing Country such as Indonesia?

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Tinggi,” a fever induced seizure, according to the medical profession, and, according to many mothers, evil spirits that whisk the baby away. They mention *mata tinggi* as a reason to always sleep with the baby at night.

Question # 2: How many babies are born and how many under one year of age die and how? Births are not routinely registered, although rural health clinics (*puskesmas*), including well-baby clinics (*posyandas*) keep some records, and churches do the same. To get a better handle on infant births and infant deaths we have collected reproductive histories from every mother in two Torajan villages, remote and very remote. That data has yet to be analyzed.

Contemporary midwives know about infant deaths but these are always attributed to prematurity, diarrheal disease, pneumonia or other known illnesses. Last month, I talked with an Irish midwife who had worked for twenty years in Papua, Indonesia and had never come across a SIDS case. She ought to know. I am fairly confident, however, that infant mortality under one year of age is not rampant in Toraja and the assumption it is high and would conceal SIDS is almost certainly false. From talking with many people, I suspect that SIDS is rare in Indonesia, if it exists at all. But this is not a scientific conclusion. It is, however, in line with the low rate of SIDS in Asian babies in the United States and in Asia itself, for instance, in Hong Kong and Japan.

Question # 3. What are the modifiable SIDS risk factors in rural Toraja? We have presented the results of a survey of 250 mothers at the Western Pediatric Meeting in Carmel and an article is about to be submitted. The answer is: Modifiable SIDS risk factors are favorable for infants in Toraja. Mothers do not smoke; virtually always place their babies on their back; breastfeed their babies up to a year and a half to two years. They almost always sleep together with their babies on a hard kapok mattress on the floor. Many mothers sleep on their side, pulling up their legs, an effective antidote to rolling over on the baby. Other individuals, siblings for instance (sometimes husbands or grandmothers), are in bed as well. When asked whether they are afraid of crushing the baby, a significant percentage of mothers says yes, and some admit that they fear that the husband or other children will inadvertently harm the baby. That’s why they cradle their babies in bed.

Question # 4, What does the heart rate of babies look like while they sleep at night? A team of students from Michigan Technological University sent me into the field with a nifty, battery-driven heart rate monitor that worked very well. The results of this study are now being analyzed at USC.

Why is this research important? These are pioneering studies that address significant questions and examine assumptions. Imagine that the SIDS rate is indeed low in Asian Indonesia, as it is in Japan. Is this due to child rearing practices, genes or both? This research will provide justification for unraveling this issue further. What about the role of bed sharing, a practice discouraged in the West but of great concern for many parents?

The heart rate studies in Indonesia are a first and focus on the development of the circadian rhythm of heart rate. We are comparing the data with those obtained in CHIME to establish the age of the drop in heart rate during the night in Asian and Caucasian babies, at low and increased risk for SIDS.

If, by any chance, you have followed Oprah’s discussions with Eckhart Tolle, whose book: *A New Earth, Awakening to Your Life’s Purpose*, she has endorsed, you probably recognize some of his advice. Tolle writes: “At the height of creative activity fueled by enthusiasm, there will be enormous intensity and energy behind what you do . . . With enthusiasm, you will find that you don’t have to do it all by yourself. In fact, there is nothing of significance that you *can* do by yourself. “ I have talked with many parents whose babies’ loss to SIDS has given their lives, ultimately, purpose. In their individual ways, they are helping other parents, and by raising funds, searching for the cause of death.

I have found myself with a tremendous amount of enthusiasm for this research. *Older is bolder*. Thank you for your donation and support—the latter I trace back to the seventies. If the answers to our recent questions are informative and promising, we hope other basic scientists will have reason to join us in the search for the cause of SIDS in the developing world.

¹ Geib LT and Nunez ML. The incidence of sudden death syndrome in a cohort of Infants J. de Peditria (Rio J) 2006; 82:21-26.

² Bergman AB. Studying sudden infant death syndrome in a developing country. J de Peditria 2006; 82:4-5.

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

Charitable Contribution Campaigns

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

In Memory Of Hayden Strickland

James and Kristi Haske
Daddy, Mommy, Hunter and Hope

In Memory Of Bailey Downs

Mom's Club of La Habra

In Memory Of Jameson Daniel Pasteria

Geri Johnson

In Memory Of Richard Reed Hogan

Charles M. MacDonald
Ted Hogan
Chester and Marcie Brown
Mary Hogan
Lou Ann Frederick

Thank you to all who support the Guild through work place campaigns. We cannot reach out to help others without your help. A sincere thank you to:

Michelle Phillips
Lisa Billings
Douglas Hand
Jennifer L. St John
Gail P. Cady
Pamela J. Vitarelli
Nancy J. La Ruffa
Christina Flores
Elaine Nelson
Sara Nyberg
Kim Young
Q, Liu

GRANT CORNER

We deeply appreciate a grant from the C.J. Foundation for S.I.D.S. in

CARS 4 CAUSES

Our thank you to an Anonymous Donor

SPRING FUNDRAISER DONATIONS

Mark Gow, M.D. and Brenda N. Gow
Steve and Penny Kalb
Amy and David Henebry

COMMUNITY OUTREACH

A special thank you to Jordy Jahn for taking her precious free time to address parents and prospective parents at our local Babies R Us in Irvine, CA. The presentation addressed all aspects of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome and Jordy was available to answer questions.

I Want To Cry

By: Sasha

Just sometime, let me cry.
Do not demand that constant
Smile from me.
I know you are uneasy
With my tears.
I need to cry.
Please, do not go away.

I promise you
That I will smile again.
Tomorrow I will be
as light as air.
But hold me now
And let my sorrow be.
Just for today,
This moment, let me cry.

Lessons Of Love and

The California Sudden Infant Death Syndrome Program invites you to join us on October 23-24, 2008 for Lessons of Love and Hope, the 28th Annual California SIDS Program Fall Conference. This year's events and agenda have been planned in collaboration with the Southern California Regional SIDS Council and the California Department of Public Health, Maternal, Child and Adolescent Health Program. The conference venue will take place at the California Endowment Center located at 1000 North Alameda Street, Los Angeles, California 90012. A block of hotel rooms have been reserved at the Los Angeles Marriott Downtown located at 333 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California 90071, just minutes away from the Center.

Pre-Conference Events ~ Thursday October 23, 2008

Peer Contact Training ~ This session is designed for SIDS parents, grandparents, family members, childcare providers and foster parents who would like to reach out to newly bereaved families. We ask that interested individuals have experienced their loss at least one year before this training. Attendees will be taught how to effectively share themselves and their experiences to support grieving families through telephone calls, home visits and written correspondence. A handbook and an array of SIDS resources will be provided. The site for the day-long training is the California Endowment Center.

Celebration of Hope and Remembrance ~ Sponsored by Isabella's Giraffe Club, this event will take place at the Los Angeles Marriott Downtown Grand Ballroom on Thursday evening. Angela Amoroso Skinner and her husband Drew, in honor of their daughter Isabella, welcome you to a Celebration of Hope and Remembrance to wish you peace and healing. A memorial service from 6-7 pm will include a heartfelt memorial slide presentation which is open to anyone who would like to honor an infant. Photos can be emailed to www.Adragonfly916@san.rr.com or mailed with a return self-addressed envelope to Isabella's Giraffe Club 9920 Scripps Lake Drive, Suite 104, San Diego, CA 92131. Following the service, you are invited to join your friends and family from 7-8pm to share your thoughts and feelings. The Marriott is located at 333 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, CA 90071.

Welcome Reception ~ Maureen Chavez, SIDS parent, Riverside County is hosting this complimentary event which is open to SIDS parents, family members, friends, relatives, professionals and para-professionals. Meet, mingle and munch on refreshments as you network with others and get acquainted with the California SIDS Community. The reception will immediately follow the memorial service and be held at the Marriott Hotel. For further details contact Maureen Chavez at 951-880-7453 or via email at Maureen.chavez@rcc.edu.

Conference Highlights Friday October 24, 2008 8:00 am to 5:00 pm

We are honored to have as our keynote speaker on Friday, October 24th, a world renowned SIDS researcher, Ronald M. Harper, Ph.D., Professor of Neurosciences, Brain Research Institute, UCLA. Over the past three decades, he has performed truly pioneering work on the development of cardiorespiratory control in infants, and demonstrated how abnormalities in development may

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Lessons Of Love and Hope

contribute to or relate to SIDS. His research achievements have explained interrelationships between neural control of breathing, heart rate and other life support functions. It is the failure to integrate these neural control networks which may result in SIDS.

Besides the latest in SIDS research, we have lots of other lessons of love and hope in store for you. SIDS parents will share how they coped with the loss of their infant and the lessons they learned as they traveled the journey of healing. Researchers and medical experts will answer inquiries and address issues surrounding SIDS and other sudden unexpected infant deaths. Debbie Gemmill, a SIDS parent, will teach parents and family members in an afternoon workshop how to cope with grief through writing. A panel of experts will present a workshop for professionals and para-professionals focusing on the challenges, obstacles and issues surrounding the accurate diagnosis of SIDS. Drew and Angela Skinner, SIDS parents, will use their musical and artistic talents to share how their daughter Isabella's death brought deeper meaning to their lives as they conclude the day with an enlightening, empowering and uplifting story of love and hope.

Hotel Reservations

A block of rooms have been reserved at the Los Angeles Marriott Downtown located at 333 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California 90071. The hotel is less than 2 miles from the California Endowment Center, site of the conference. A special room rate has been confirmed at \$110 single/double occupancy exclusive of applicable state/local taxes. Call the Marriott Central Reservations toll free number at 1-800-228-9290. Specify the California SIDS Conference when making your reservation. Reservations can also be made online at www.losangelesmarriottdowntown.com. Additional travel/hotel information including parking, local airports, shuttle service and map/directions will be posted on our website in the near future.

Conference Details and Registration

Complete conference registration details and fee schedule will be emailed to you in the coming weeks and posted on the California SIDS Program website. Continuing education units (CEUs) will be offered for RNs. The conference agenda, speakers, objectives, contact hours and payment of fees will also be available on the website. For more information please contact:

California SIDS Program
11344 Coloma Road, Suite 560
Gold River, CA 95670
800-369-SIDS (7437) 916-851-SIDS (7437)
info@californiasids.com www.californiasids.com

Join us on October 23-24, 2008 for
Lessons of Love and Hope.

Watch for complete registration information in the coming weeks or visit the California SIDS Program website at www.californiasids.com
Make your plans now to attend!



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**

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.

September 10, 2008



**GUILD FOR INFANT SURVIVAL, ORANGE COUNTY
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