



REFLECTIONS

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Another Goodbye

...From a Parent's Point of View

By: Debbie Gemmill ©2008



My first experience with the death of a loved one, or even someone I knew, was when John's grandfather died shortly after we were married. I was 21. It was the first funeral I attended, my first experience with an open coffin, my introduction to the post-funeral party which I found terribly confusing. How could these people be eating and drinking and laughing and having a good time when this man had just died? I simply did not understand. I had been shielded from death and grief up until

hadn't any idea how to navigate. I felt sad for the survivors, but as I walked away I took very little with me.

A few years later I had my first real meeting with death and grief; one I could not walk away from. It showed up on a sunny spring afternoon while I was a room away from the nursery where my seven-month-old son was, I thought, peacefully napping. As they say, the rest is history. *My* history. The history of my life, which has since then been defined as "Before Tyler's death, and After Tyler's Death." It is a delineation that is written in permanent ink and has not, after 26 years, ever faded.

I almost immediately became involved with our local SIDS support group, the Guild for Infant Survival. My peer contact, Chris Elliott, was my lifeline...and that is no cliché. She listened to me as I questioned why life should go on, and then walked alongside of me as I remembered the reasons why. Knowing there was a group of people who had lost their children to SIDS and were still alive themselves was an undeniable proof that I could, and would survive what felt like an insurmountable challenge.

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A Note From The President

Hello my name is Rachel Strickland. I have been married for 11 years. I have a son who is nine and a daughter who is three. We look like the typical American family. People love to tell me how lucky I am to have one boy and one girl it's perfect. Little do they know! At least little do I tell them most of the time. We aren't perfect! We are a broken family chain that will never be perfect. This last Saturday I spent cleaning Hayden's garden. I was thinking about what I would say in my very first "Note from the President" letter. So many thoughts ran through my mind. You see my son Hayden's angel date was September 27, 2003. It's been five years since my worst nightmare began and yet I still wonder, why me? Why my family? I decided to get involved with the GISOC because I wanted to do something that would honor my son Hayden's memory. My goal in working with the GISOC is to find new ways to get SIDS families involved in support groups and fundraising. Having other SIDS parents to talk to or meet up with is the only thing that makes me feel normal. I hope that if there are any of you that have been thinking, "I want to get involved" or "I want to go to a support meeting" that you start making that time now. I have changed the support meetings to Sundays in hopes that more parents will be able to make it. You will also notice in this newsletter that we are planning a fundraiser night at Rubio's. I would love for any parent that can help pass out flyers at a location near them to e-mail the office and let us know. I would like to end this letter with a poem that someone gave me in a card:

The Littlest Angel

I'm only a small child, not much do
I know.
But God holds my hand as I look
down below.
I'm here with the Father in the
most wonderful place
Yet I can't feel much joy when I see
your sad face.

Your Heart has been broken, I can
see from up here
As you struggle along and you wipe
every tear.
If only I had words I could send
you today
That would tell you I'm home and
I'm really okay.

Heaven is so beautiful with sparkles
and white wings
And the angels are teaching me so
many things.
I'll grow and mature in this heavenly
land
While holding on tightly to the
Father's soft hand.

So don't grieve for me now but find
peace in your soul,
And know God has finally made your
little one whole.
And even if you can't seem to
understand "why",
Please know in your heart that our
love didn't die.

He tells me that just for a time we
must wait
And then I can meet you at Heaven's
front gate!
So for now, know I love you in my
own special way
And we will meet again on that
glorious day!

By Ferna Lary

I look forward to meeting new parents and am open to all fundraising ideas. gisoc@att.org

Rachel





First Candle Awards \$100,000 Research Grant to Save Babies’ Lives Project Works to Prevent Sudden, Unexpected Deaths in Infancy and Early Childhood

In response to ongoing concerns about our nation’s alarmingly high rates of infant mortality, First Candle today announced that a \$100,000 grant has been awarded to Dr. Henry Krous, Rady Children’s Hospital in San Diego, to support his world-renowned research into the prevention of sudden, unexpected deaths occurring in infancy and early childhood. Despite significant declines in infant mortality over the past decade, the United States continues to rank only 28th among developed nations at keeping our babies healthy and safe, and Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS) continues to be the leading cause of death for babies one month to one year of age. More than 4,500 babies die suddenly and unexpected in the U.S. each year.

Historically, there has been no consistency in how these deaths are investigated and no central repository for the data collected. As a result, research is challenging and parents are left with more unanswered questions than answers about why their baby died. Dr. Krous is the first in the field to collect and evaluate clinical, epidemiological and pathological data on babies and children that die without warning. According to Dr. Hannah Kinney, SIDS researcher at Harvard and Boston Children’s Hospital, Dr. Krous’ project is critical to not only her research, but to research projects worldwide, as they work to find causes and identify preventive strategies to save as many lives as possible.

“First Candle is proud to be able to continue our support of this

important project,” said Executive Director Deborah Boyd. “Dr. Krous is an integral part of the SIDS/SUCD community and gives hope and healing to families that have experienced the sudden death of their beloved baby.” In addition to collecting and evaluating data, Krous volunteers his services to families by providing a “second” professional opinion for those that are concerned or confused about the diagnosis they were given for their child’s death.

One family that has been touched and inspired by Dr. Krous’ work is Craig and Krissy Thomas. On November 30, 2007, the Thomas’ lost their first child, Cole Westley, to SIDS. In his memory, and to continue his legacy, Craig and Krissy established the Cole Westley Thomas Memorial Fund at First Candle.

In the short time since Cole’s death, the fund has generated nearly \$50,000. “We are pleased to contribute the funds raised in Cole’s memory to Dr. Krous’ project in San Diego. Without his work, important research into the brain stem as a potential cause of SIDS deaths would grind to a halt, as access to research samples would become severely restricted,” said Thomas.

In an effort to help researchers unravel the mysteries surrounding these deaths, the Thomas’ have designated the San Diego SIDS/SUCD Research Project as the beneficiary of Cole’s fund. In response, First Candle has generously offered to match that contribution with \$50,000, bringing the total award to \$100,000. “I am honored to receive this grant. It is an exceedingly generous gift that memorializes Cole Westley, the beloved son of Craig and Krissy Thomas, and provides much needed support to critical research into SIDS,” said Krous.



SCAREDY CAT

By Gary Logan, MSW
Bereavement Magazine

It’s that time again. The calendar and the store displays make it perfectly clear, prompting me to reach deep down inside, as I’ve faithfully done for so many years now; grab that package labeled “Christmas Cheer,” tear it open and shout, “Oh boy! It’s almost here!”

My inner child remembers how to do this, how to awaken excitedly each day to the realization that it’s now one day closer to Christmas, how to gleefully head out into the cold to search for that just-right gift for each special person, how to use mental magic to make the mailman come sooner, anxiously peeking out the window to see if it really worked, and wondering whom I’ll get a card from today.



But I still haven’t found time to dig out that old Christmas Cheer package yet. My guess is it’s probably in tatters this year, the ribbon just too darn knotted to undo. If I did succeed, something else might open and pop out at me the way the jack-in-the-box did that one year when I couldn’t get it closed back up.

(continued on page 5)



LIBRARY NOTES

Zunin, L.M. & Zunin, H.S. (1992). *The art of condolence: What to write, what to say, what to do at a time of loss.* San Francisco: Harper Paperbacks.

In seminars and workshops, one of the most often-heard concerns from would-be caregivers, friends of the bereaved, is, "I just never know what to say or do." Though now more than 15 years old, *The Art of Condolence* is still one of the very best books around to help these people learn how to help in ways that really are meaningful to grieving family members and friends.

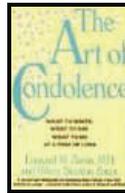
The Zunins provide a plethora of practical advice. They begin the book talking about the ancient art of condolence itself and why it is so important that we give the gift of presence to grieving people—whether through visits, written or spoken words, story sharing, or practical actions of helping. In our fast-paced world, these simple things are often overlooked.

Their section on writing to the bereaved is especially helpful and this is one of the few books that thoroughly addresses this issue. Receiving notes and letters of condolence is a welcome respite for bereaved people—not in place of personal visits and phone calls

Continued on column 2

but in addition to them. The advantage, of course, to written correspondence is that it can be cherished to be read over and over again. In the book, the Zunins provide seven essential points to consider when writing to the bereaved.

All in all, this book has stood the test of time. In large measure, its "staying power" might be in part because it is and continues to be one of the most practical books to help the friends of the bereaved to take better care of the folks they love.



Sporadic Autonomic Dysregulation and Death Associated with Excessive Serotonin Autoinhibition

Enrica Audero, ¹ Elisabetta Coppi, ² Boris Mtinar, ² Tiziana Rossetti, ¹ Antonio Caprioli, ³ Mumna Al Banchaabouchi, ¹ Renato Corradetti, ² Cornelius Gross ¹

Sudden infant death syndrome is the leading cause of death in the

Continued on column 3

postneonatal period in developed countries. Postmortem studies show alterations in serotonin neurons in the brainstem of such infants. However, the mechanism by which altered serotonin homeostasis might cause sudden death is unknown. We investigated the consequences of altering the autoinhibitory capacity of serotonin neurons with the reversible overexpression of serotonin 1A autoreceptors in transgenic mice. Overexpressing mice exhibited sporadic bradycardia and hypothermia that occurred during a limited developmental period and frequently progressed to death. Moreover, overexpressing mice failed to activate autonomic target organs in response to environmental challenges. These findings show that excessive serotonin autoinhibition is a risk factor for catastrophic autonomic dysregulation and provide a mechanism for a role of altered serotonin homeostasis in sudden infant death syndrome.

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Newsletter

If you would like to contribute an article or poem to an upcoming issue of *Reflections*, please contact: Lisa Biakanja at (714) 960-9897 or e-mail her at lbiakanja@yahoo.com. The next Newsletter deadline is 1/1/09. We encourage your participation!

Basements

January is depressing. It's a month of bitter cold, gloomy days and leftovers. It's a month of used Christmas bows (surely we should save them for next year) and things that don't fit. (Either they didn't fit before the holidays or they don't fit now!) January is also a month with too many days in it.

January is a let down from the hustle and bustle of the holiday season. It is a month to "get through." January is a month to survive.

I've decided to spend January in my basement. After all, basements are often dark and gloomy (suits my mood), in need of organization (describes my life perfectly) and could use a good cleaning (similar to shaking the cobwebs out of my brain).

Therefore, I would like to have Hallmark declare January "Basement Month" and come out with a suitable card to help me celebrate my hibernation. That's where I am going to spend the icy, snowy month of January. I have all sorts of plans. I can tackle the still-packed boxes from our move last summer. I can arrange and re-arrange to my heart's content without annoying the rest of the family who dwell upstairs and who think that "everything looks fine, Mom." (They, however, think

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REFLECTIONS

P.O. Box 17432
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Editor: Lisa Biakanja

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.

**Rise up slowly, Angel,
I cannot let you go.
Just drift softly
'midst the faces,
In sorrow now bent low.**

**Rise up slowly, Angel,
Do not leave me here, alone,
Where the warmth of
mortal essence
Lies replaced by
cold, hard stone.**

**Speak to me in breezes,
Whispered through
the drying leaves,
And caress my brow
with raindrops
Filtered by the
sheltering trees.**

**Rise up slowly, Angel,
For I cannot hear the song
Which calls you
through the shadows
Into the light beyond.**

**Wrap me in a downy cape
Of sunshine, warm with love,
And kiss a tear-stained
loved-one's face
With moonlight from above.**

**Then, wait for me at sunset,
Beside the lily pond,
And guide me safely homeward
To your world,
which lies beyond.**

**Just spread your arms
to take me
In reunion's sweet embrace,
And we shall soar, together,
To a different time and place.**

Diane Robertson

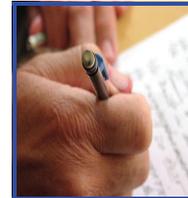


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This year, I haven't awakened to anything but dread-tinged numbness since that first holiday display caught my eye. I think I'll just send money this year. Can't imagine what I'd say in a card, or being able to stomach the sap in the ones that will come. Mom always taught me to stand up to bullies, but this one's real big and I'm feeling kinda' like a scaredy cat right now.

I need to consider the wisdom that lies in realizing that there are points in the grief journey when my foremost need is to be allowed to indulge in the inner experience of the loss, rather than always being focused on moving along or becoming fully functional once again.

Dear Survivor: A Letter to
You



From Eleanora
"Betsy" Ross * Iowa
City, Iowa

It is said that death is a part of life: that it is the other side of birth. I believe that death can also give meaning to life, a meaning that may escape you now while your grief is fresh and raw, but which may someday bring a special quality of peace to your spirit. As terrible as your loss seems now, you will survive it even though that may seem unbelievable right now. Once that happens, you will have touched upon a new and incredible inner strength.

But for now you may be a mixture of thoughts and feelings. Despair, longing, anger, guilt, frustration, questions and even understanding, tumble over each other, striving for but not quite reaching comprehensible sense and shape. You seek relief—you need to heal. It is a journey, and you must work on it.

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Holiday Memorial

A wreath is a traditional part of the holidays in most homes. For this ceremony, place five candles around a simple wreath. The wreath may be placed on any table or fireplace mantel. As you light each candle this year, you may create a new ritual which will become a lasting tradition. We hope this memorial will help you honor your loved one.

As we light these five candles in honor of you, we light one for our grief, one for our courage, one for our memories, one for our love, and one for our hope.



This candle represents our grief. The pain of losing you is intense. It reminds us of the depth of our love for you.

This candle represents our courage—to confront our sorrow, to comfort each other, and to change our lives.

This candle is in your memory—the times we laughed, the times we cried, the times we were angry with each other, the silly things you did, and the caring and joy you gave us.

This candle is the light of love. As we enter this holiday season, day by day we cherish the special place in our hearts that will always be reserved for you. We thank you for the gift your living brought to each of us.

And this candle is the light of hope. It reminds us of love and memories of you that are ours forever. May the glow of the flame be our source of hopefulness now and forever. We love you.



ANGRY?

Try a little Garage Sale therapy:
Buy a box of garage sale china.
Go into the backyard whenever you have to,
And SMASH a few pieces.
It's wonderful!

Darcie Sims from *Footsteps Through the Valley*

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that Kmart on Exchange Day looks fine, too.)

I can sift through boxes of unknown treasures, sorting and tossing. I can count my blessings in the soft darkness of a basement lit with a single light bulb, and no one will see the tears that I hid so well during the holidays. I can come up one blessing short and gasp in the pain (always there, but not often brought out to light anymore), and then let it dissipate in the far reaches of the basement's gloom.

I think I will organize the basement according to the season: Spring, with the flower pots, fertilizer, garden seeds and bicycles. Summer, with the lawn mower, garden hoses and rubber rafts. Fall will have the rakes and the Halloween decorations. And Winter. Winter will have the snow shovels, snow boots, sleds, ice skates, skis (and crutches) - all stored neatly, side-by-side.

The holiday decorations will be stored halfway between Fall and Winter because of the great debate in our house about when is the proper time to put up the decorations. This debate is topped only by the one about when to take them down. So far, the earliest we have discarded the holiday decorations is Christmas afternoon, and Easter wins as the latest.

I will need to have another category in my basement, however. It will be the Fifth season...the season of miscellaneous. That's where I'll stash everything that doesn't fit anywhere else—somewhat like my grief, which seems to pop up at the most inconvenient times.

I wish I could compartmentalize it, organize it, so I wouldn't be caught off guard. I wish I could put it away for a time—store it in the recesses of my basement—knowing where it is when I need it, but grief doesn't work that way. My basement probably won't work that way either!

Grief is there, always. You don't

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I sure wanted to believe that, but grief had knocked me to my knees. I was living a nice, quiet little existence in a nice, quiet little beach town where my days were filled with caring for my two little ones, my garden, a writing class. I stuck pretty close to home; I was afraid to drive on the freeway, and even ordering pizza on the phone required practice and a deep cleansing breath. How I was going to survive the death of my child?

That question gave way, by its very weight, to “how can I get through today?” to “what can I do to help?”

I found that I had some things to offer. I could type, I could write press releases, I could put together information packets. Eventually I found I could offer an ear and a shoulder to other parents. I discovered that my written words could reach out to families and help. I wrote some articles, I wrote some books, I showed other bereaved people that they had something to say, and hopefully gave them the tools to listen to the voice in their heart. My work with the Guild created some of the most meaningful friendships I have had as an adult, and my son’s death has taken me places I would never have imagined.

I have seen the number of SIDS deaths decline dramatically. I have had the life experience of hearing SIDS, once a taboo subject only hinted at, openly discussed at baby showers. I have witnessed transformations of overly-crowded baby cribs and safer sleepwear. I am waiting to see “Tummy Time” in the newest dictionary revisions. It’s been quite an interesting journey, not just as a SIDS mom, but as a writer and observer.

For nearly 10 years I have had the honor and privilege of being a parent representative on the California State SIDS Advisory Council. During that time I have had the opportunity to work alongside of remarkable people—professionals and parents who have made a big difference in the public’s awareness of SIDS. I recently resigned from the council. Such a difficult decision...I struggled with the feelings that I was somehow letting Tyler down. My SIDS work could not replace Tyler; I knew that years ago. But the truth is it has given me many opportunities to make meaning out of his life and his death, and in ways only known to my heart, has helped keep me as his mother long after his death. It has been a way to give back to a group of people who quite literally saved me from what might have been a very different path.

I am passing the torch to another parent who can take it and run with the same kind of hope that I have felt—the hope that you are making a difference, and that your child’s life and death has mattered. It has made a huge difference in the quality of my life to attempt to be part of the solution. I hope you will consider that as you travel your road through life following the death of a child. There are so many ways to help, and as long as babies die suddenly and unexpectedly, we have work to do. Don’t underestimate your power. No one will ever care as much about this as you do.

Lots of people in my life have died since that first funeral I attended. Mothers, fathers, good friends, and last week my sister’s 50 year old husband, Jeff. I am no more an expert on grief than I was on that sunny spring day when my son slipped away so quietly. But one thing has changed. I do understand about the party afterwards. It’s all about celebrating life. It’s about remembering and honoring, of course, but it’s also about being thankful that life goes on. Thank goodness.

Happy Birthday, my son.

Tyler Dean Gemmill

October 22, 1981—May 25, 1982



Continued from Page 6

“get over IT”, you can’t hide from IT. You can’t put IT aside until it’s convenient. In fact, the more you try to avoid IT, the more IT catches you. It’s a bit like that mysterious gift you once got from some distant relative. The more you try to forget it, the more it stays. Grief is in all the seasons of your life.

But grief doesn’t have to be a burden all the time. Like the things you have stored in the basement, it can be sifted through, reorganized and dealt with. It doesn’t have to be stored in the darkest corner of your heart.

Part of grief is learning to live without the person who made your life so incredibly wonderful. But the other side of grief is remembering how wonderful life can be and getting busy not just surviving, but living!

The snowflakes are still just as lovely and mysterious. The Spring flowers will bloom again, with their sweet message of LIFE. Summer will bring more warm evenings and fireflies to chase, and Fall with turn its leaves one more time.

Winter will come again and another January will be celebrated in the basement...not because it is the only place we can find solace and comfort, but because the sifting and sorting and reorganizing are an important part of our process.

Your life with your loved one was filled with moments of laughter. Remember those moments, enjoy them again and again. Don’t just store them in the basement of your heart.

Continued on column 2

So, join me this month as I make good my one New Year’s resolution. I resolve to keep my basement clean, organized and usable. It will NOT become a repository for castoffs and the no longer-useful in my life. It will be what it really is: a part of my house, my home, my life.

I will be in the basement this month, not escaping the snow (I love that!), but getting ready to heal.

The memories will always hurt, but there also will always be love, and you cannot discard, bury or lose the love you shared.

Let the joy of your loved one’s life begin to take the place of the hurt and pain of their death.

Reprinted from Grief, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky, Article from *Why Are Casseroles Always Tuna?* by Darcie D. Sims



Remembrance Brick Order

Bricks surrounding the base of the angel may be purchased for \$100.00 or more. Each brick includes up to 3 lines of engraving with as many as 20 characters, alpha or numeric, per line. Spaces, dashes, etc., count as a character. Your lines will automatically be spaced and centered by the engraver. Brick orders will be processed on a regular basis.



Row #1: _____

Row #2: _____

Row #3: _____

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

E-Mail _____

Please make checks payable to:
GISOC
Angel of Hope Fund

Send to:
GISOC
Angel of Hope Fund
P.O. Box 17432
Irvine, CA 92623-7432



What is the American Lung Association doing about SIDS?

The American Lung Association strongly recommends against smoking, especially during pregnancy, as it is a risk factor for SIDS. Also, secondhand smoke exposure increases the risk. Visit <http://www.lungusa.org> to get help quitting, including information on how to sign up for an American Lung Association Freedom From Smoking® Clinic in your area or for our online clinic, which is free of charge at <http://www.ffsonline.org>.

Thousands of advocates have joined with the American Lung Association to tell Congress that more needs to be done to fight SIDS. Join us to win the battle against lung disease by visiting <http://lungaction.org>.

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And so, *CRY*.

The pain is real, but the tears are healing. Often we must struggle through an emotion to find the relief beyond.

And so, *TALK*.

Talk to each other about your loss and pain. Don't hide or deny real feelings. Tell others that you need them. The more you deny something or address it in silence, the more destructive power it can claim over you.

And so, *SEARCH*.

Over and over, you will ask

"Why?" It is a question you must ask. Though you may never find an answer, realize that it is still important to wrestle with the "why" question for a time. Eventually, you will be content to give up the search. When you can willingly let go of the need to question "why?", it will lose its hold over you, but it will take time.

And so, *SPEAK*.

Speak as often and freely of your loved one as you need to. He or she will always be a part of you. Not to speak of the deceased denies his or her existence. To speak of the deceased

affirms his or her life. Believe that in time, the pain of loss fades and is replaced by precious memories to be shared.

And so, *GRIEVE*.

This time of sorrow can be used to draw a family together—or pull it apart. You may be one who needs to feel and express guilt so that eventually you will gain a more balanced view of your actual degree of responsibility. You may need to give yourself permission to feel and express anger even though you think it is inappropriate.

And so, *GROW*.

We know we cannot control all that

Continued on Page



I want to help the fight against SIDS

Tax-deductible donation: \$_____ (Please make checks payable to GISOC)

Please use my gift in support of (check one):

- Area of greatest need
- Support to families and education to professionals and general public
- Research only

If you would like a card sent to confirm receipt, please complete the information below. Send acknowledgement to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

This contribution is donated in memory of: _____

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

Charitable Contribution Campaigns

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

- In Memory Of Justin David Stall**
In loving memory, David, Linda & Traci
- In Memory Of Sarah Ashley Robbins**
Margaret & Iain H. McCormick
- In Memory Of Hayden Strickland**
Megan, Kameron & Kaytrin Haske

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

Michelle Phillips
Anonymous

GRANT CORNER

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

Death is a challenge. It tells us not to waste time . . . It tells us to tell each other right now that we love each other.

Leo Buscaglia

Continued from Page 9

happens to us, but we can control how we choose to respond. We can choose to be destroyed by an experience or we can choose to overcome and survive it. When we choose to grieve constructively and creatively, we come to value life with a new awareness.

*And so, **BECOME.***

Become the most you can become. Enter into a new dimension of self-identity and self-dependence so you come to love others more fully and unconditionally. In letting go of love, we give it freedom to return to us. Become all that your loved one's death has freed you to become.

*And so, **ACCEPT.***

Accept that in some strange way, his or her death may enable you to reach out with a new understanding, offering a new dimension of love to others.

I believe in a loving God who is with us, offering strength, guidance, and solace as we struggle with our anguish. I believe that as we regain balance and meaning in our shattered lives, we can come to see that death can indeed bring a new meaning to life. This is my prayer for all of us.

Promise

aware of their changing 'til one day we see a rainbow and know it was meant for us.

The colors of life change as we go through grief. We begin black and white, then gray settles over us, seeping into our pores, surrounding us, smothering us for a long period of time, then slowly the colors change. We may not even be



2008/2009 MEETING CALENDAR

Parent Support Meetings– All meetings are from 6:00—7:30 PM
Dinner will not be served;
no children please in deference to newly grieving parents

* Please RSVP to the parent host prior to the meeting

November 9, 2008
(Sunday)

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

No December Meeting

January 11, 2009
(Sunday)

Home of Jordy Jahn
26702 Las Tunas Dr.
Mission Viejo, CA 92692
RSVP to (949) 347-8583

February 15, 2009
(Sunday)

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 Rachel Strickland located at 2828 East Puritan Place in Anaheim (714) 630-0400. Meetings begin at 7:00 PM. If you would like to have an item added to the agenda, please contact Rachel at the number referenced or email her at shawnrachelhuntr@aol.com.

January 18, 2009



WE NEED YOUR HELP

Stamp

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**GUILD FOR INFANT SURVIVAL,
ORANGE COUNTY
P.O. BOX 17432
IRVINE, CA 92623-7432**

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