

I Run for Kaia 5k Run/Walk

Thanh Kim Dickey

After not feeling much movement from our daughter, we went to the hospital where our worst nightmare was confirmed. At 39 weeks, our daughter, Kaia Alessia, no longer had a heartbeat. She was born still on November 7th, 2017. She was such a beautiful little girl who resembled her dad in many ways.

The "I Run for Kaia 5k Run/Walk" event held on November 4th, 2018 was a way for us to remember and honor Kaia's short but precious life. We are so thankful to the community, friends, and family who helped us in honoring Kaia's memory.

(The money raised by Thanh, her family, and her friends was donated directly to UNITE, Inc. so that they can continue their mission of providing resources for bereaved parents to help them survive the loss of their children. The total raised on that beautiful sunny day at the East Goshen Township Park was \$5,230.81. A list of participants and sponsors is shown on pages 10 and 11 of this newsletter. We are very grateful to Thanh for hosting this worthwhile event.)



If you or your organization would like to sponsor an edition of *UNITE Notes*, please contact us at 484-758-0002 or via email at administrator@unitegriefsupport.org.
Thank you for your support.

Professionally Speaking...

by Denise M. Paul MA, CT, CPLC

The Good Parts

Andy Grammer, the multi-platinum pop singer and songwriter inspires and empowers the world by communicating his truths through his music. His gold single, “Keep Your Head Up” is an example of the words of inspiration that he conveys to his fans. As a Perinatal Loss Grief Counselor, the song that resonates in my mind is entitled, “The Good Parts” which was released in 2017.

The Good Parts lyrics

*I'm sorry if I seem impatient
I'm not a fan of pleasantries
See, I get bored with the weather and what's in the news
The topics we all hide beneath
Could not care less about your day job
The gossip or ordinary stress
See, every relationship I've ever loved
It starts when someone says:*

*Show me where it hurts and give me something real
And lead me to the part of you that never really heals
And say the words that burn when they leave your mouth
Tell me your story, but don't leave the good parts out*

I have had the privilege of facilitating a UNITE, Inc. support group for the past 15 years, and over that time I have heard hundreds of parents voice their frustration about relating to family, co-workers, and friends following the loss of their baby.

We find that most people don't know what to say, so they often say the wrong things or they say nothing at all. My advice has always been to recognize that they mean well. Unfortunately, the loss of a baby is such a painful subject to talk about, and our society seems to keep it a secret.

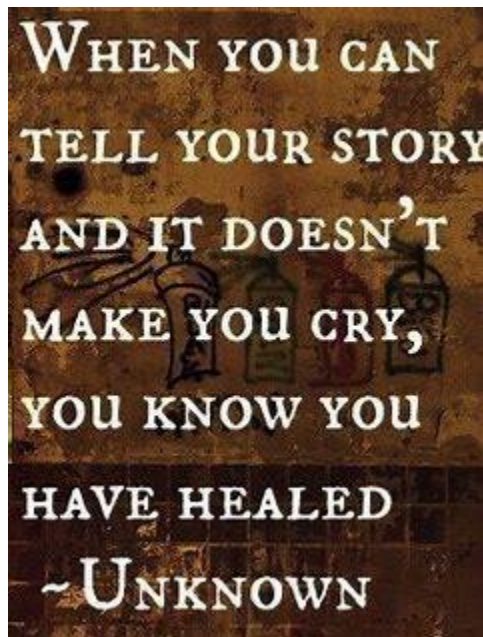
Don't you wish that someone would say the words of this song to you? Don't you wish that someone would want to hear about the things that are real and that hurt you? Don't you wish that the story of your baby's brief life was the “good part” of who you are? I'm certainly not saying that your loss was a good thing, but it was real and it is what makes you who you are today. The day that your baby died was the day that you became a different person, and most people don't know how to relate to the new you.

(Professionally Speaking...Cont'd)

Andy Grammer is suggesting that when you share that which is the deepest part of your soul, even if it is painful, a real loving and trusting relationship can be developed.

The death of your precious baby is often the most prominent thing on your mind and in your heart, which makes everything else that people talk about seem meaningless. The loss of your baby has forced you to put everything in perspective. The things that most people worry about seem trivial and you want to shout, "My baby died! Does anyone care?" I will venture to say that people do care, but they either don't know how to show it or they don't realize how profound this loss is to you because you are trying to hide your pain. If you don't want to be vulnerable by telling people that you want to talk about your baby, then they will think that it's best to avoid the subject. Friends and family will think that you are "over it" and it will become a cycle of them not asking and you not telling.

Find the people in your life that are willing to say, "Show me where it hurts and give me something real, and lead me to the part of you that never really heals...tell me your story, but don't leave the good parts out." Those are the people who will support you on your grief journey.



The Brothers I'll Never Get To Meet

*Written by Jess Fisher
Eric and Joshua's Baby Sister*



My Brothers' Grave, Fall 2013

It is weird to miss someone you have never met. I can say with certainty, however, it is possible. I grew up in a household of four. my Mom, Dad, and sister, Abigail. Well, five if you count my dog, Coco. Before my sister and me, however, I had two twin brothers on this Earth for just shy of a month. I am named after them; Joshua and Eric, Jessica Erin. On occasion, I do get emotional thinking about them, which even I find odd, considering I never met them. While I do not mourn the loss of my brothers like my parents do, and can never fully understand what they went through, I feel sadness for them. To think about the amount of hurt they endured is painful to fathom.

From a very young age, I was told about my brothers. Unlike my parents, there are days that go by that I don't think about them every day. Some can argue they haven't had as huge an impact on my life, if any. Frankly, however, I find this false and feel the complete opposite. Throughout my childhood, I have visited their grave countless holidays and birthdays. I've hosted a March of Dimes team, donating all the money to the Premies and have walked in many walks in memory of them. On many occasions, I sneak into my mom's memory box and rummage through pictures and articles of theirs, from the short time they were on this Earth. I often wonder what my life would be like if they were here. How these life events, such as the cemetery, would be traded in for possible baseball games and family vacations. I wonder what kind of older brothers they would be. What paths in life would they have taken? Would my sister and I even be here?

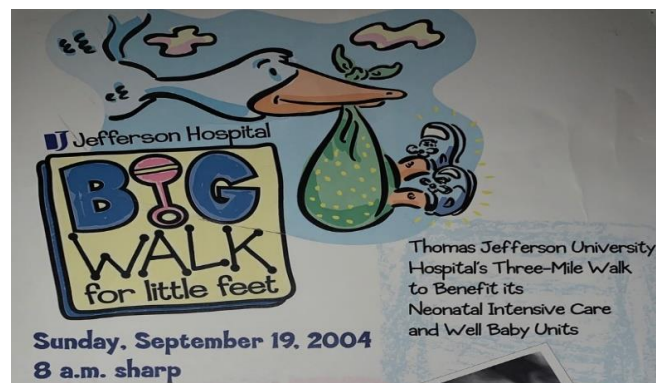
(The Brothers I'll Never Get To Meet.... Cont'd)



March of Dimes Walk 2017

I am a firm believer in everything happens for a reason. No, there is no reason why my brothers had to be taken so soon. There is no reason why some babies get to survive and some sadly do not. However, that being said, I truly believe God had a plan for my family. In a letter my father wrote me when I was just a year old, he mentions how big of a role I played in getting him through the loss he experienced, just a year before I came into the world. “You brought your mom and me happiness for the first time in a really long time.” I remember my mom telling me she thought she would never be okay again and then I came along. So many emotions fill me when I think about how I aided my parents in their healing process. I like to think my sister and I are the good that came out of all their pain. No, my parents will not ever fully heal from the loss of my brothers, but we have a family unit that makes everything worth living for.

I want people to know it is very possible to have feelings towards someone who you have never met. Some people may feel this more than others. For example, in a way, I feel like I have a stronger connection to my brothers than my younger sister does, for no particular reason. Don't let anyone ever discredit these feelings; they are valid. I can honestly say I have the best guardian angels. I know I am never dealing with anything alone. Even though I never physically met them, they will always be my brothers. When people ask how many siblings I have, I say three, not just one; one on Earth, and two forever in my heart



Big Walk for Little Feet 2004



21st Birthday

Eric and Joshua would have been turning 21 years old this July 12th. When thinking back to that day in 1998, I remember how scared we were. Our babies were going to be born much too early, and we didn't know what to expect. For twenty-three days, Eric and Joshua fought really hard to stay with us. Some days were good days while others were bad. We were on a roller coaster ride that none of us wanted to be on.

As you can imagine, it was a very bad time for us back then but hard at it might seem, we do have some happy memories of our short time together. I remember my husband, Jeff, telling me that watching Eric being born was incredible. Even though we were scared to death over what was to come, he still marveled at the fact that he was the father of two little boys. Eric used to do these little leg stretches to let us know that he was awake. Joshua would hold onto our pinky fingers and smile (it wasn't gas, he truly was smiling). I remember how exciting it was when they opened their eyes for the very first time. They had such pretty blue eyes. Eric would sleep with his arm over his forehead just like my father-in-law always did. Who knew that sleep habits were inherited? Our best memory is when I was able to hold Eric skin-to-skin, something they call kangarooing, for a whole 20 minutes. Of course, that was the only day that we left our cameras home so we have no pictures of the two of us together. Eric and Joshua each had their own little personalities, and thankfully, we were able to get to know our babies during their short little lives.

It's been 21 years since we saw our little boys. At times it feels like a lifetime ago, while at

other times it seems like just yesterday. Over the years, I often wondered what they would be like. What sports would they be into? In which school subjects would they excel? Would they have the same friends? Would they be best buds? Unfortunately, I can only imagine what they would be like. Eric would have been into soccer because he was the fast one. Joshua would have been the center of his basketball team because he was the tall one. I think they would both have been star baseball players. We won't even talk about football. Besides, for the fact that they would be too small for football, it's much too dangerous of a sport and no child of mine would ever play football. They would both have done well in school but I think Eric would have been the more scholarly of the two. Eric would have played the piano (he had such long fingers as a baby) and Joshua would have been playing the drums (much to the dismay of our neighbors). And, finally, I think they would have been best buds. They would be each other's best friends....at least until they become teenagers and started fighting over the same girl. Most importantly, they would both be very protective of their baby sisters, Jessica and Abigail. I'm sure that would cause some problems because Jessica would think they are being too overprotective of her and too critical of the boys she is dating. But, I would hope all four of my kiddies would love each other and be able to face anything (both good and bad) that came their way.

At this point, they are turning 21 and would be going into their senior year of college. Even though they are twins, I like to think that we raised them to be independent of each other. While they would be attending different universities, and chose different career paths,

(21st Birthday... Cont'd)

they would still remain best friends. It might be a tough summer for everyone since they would be home after their spring semester studying abroad and they would have to get used to living under mom and dad's roof again. We all know how that turns out...them pushing to be adults and us fighting to keep them our babies. This is also the summer they would start looking at Grad Schools (Joshua for his MBA) and Law Schools (Eric to become a Lawyer). At this point, even though I think they are too young to settle for one girl and no girls would be good enough for my babies, maybe they would be with their high school or college sweethearts. The important thing is, with guidance from Jeff and me, they are becoming happy well-adjusted adults, of which we would be extremely proud... and all would be good in the world.

That was then, and this is now. Unfortunately, things don't always work out as we imagine. When July 12th arrives, our family will visit Joshua and Eric's grave, eat cupcakes,

release some balloons, and cry and hold each other. There might be one change this year... maybe we'll have a drink or two in their honor. Afterall, this year they would have turned 21 and of legal age to drink alcohol. I imagine Jeff and me taking them out for their first "legal" drink at a local watering hole. Notice I emphasize the word "legal" since we all know, after being away at college for three years, and living in the frat house, I am not that naïve to think this would have been their first alcoholic drink. We will then spend the day doing something fun (as we have done every year on their birthday). We do it because it's fun and we know the boys would love it. We do it to celebrate Eric and Joshua's birthday...two little boys who changed our lives completely.

HAPPY 21st BIRTHDAY, GUYS!!!
WE LOVE YOU AND MISS YOU!!!

Mommy, Daddy, Jessica, and Abigail
XOXO

Theresa Fisher
Mommy to Eric Joseph and Joshua Ian,
7-12-98 to 8-4-98



Grieving a Miscarriage

Written by Emma Mellon, Ph.D.

Encore Submittal from UNITE Notes, September 1989

Mourning a miscarriage is a particularly elusive task. I had my share of grieving. Both my parents are dead, and my son Zachary died in utero at 37 weeks. While each grieving was different, in each case I had a focus, the support of family and friends, a history, and memories to refer to. With my miscarriage, at seven weeks, all the normal markers of mourning were missing. But my grief was incredibly intense. As a grieving mother, I wanted to recognize this pregnancy and mourn my loss. As a psychologist, I wanted to offer help to other women who have grieved their miscarriages in silence and confusion.

My reading of the literature on miscarriage confirmed my experience on several points. The initial grief following a miscarriage is as intense as the grief following a stillbirth or neonatal death. I don't think I could have ever understood this without experiencing it, and I found that the people in my life who love me were simply not able to grasp it. Though the duration was shorter, I felt the same desperate sadness, emptiness, waves of panic, and somatic symptoms that I experienced after my son's death. My rage frightened me at times, and once again I faced my vulnerability and lack of control. My grief brought with it subtle and deep feelings of guilt; I knew I hadn't done anything to cause the pregnancy to end, but I began to feel that there was something very wrong with me, some terrible flaw that I had managed to keep hidden until now.

The grief of miscarriage is colored by the early timing of loss. A miscarriage is defined as termination of gestation before the 20th week, a particularly narcissistic stage of the pregnancy. Here, the distinction between woman and fetus is harder to define both psychologically and physically. There is little "otherness". When a woman says at this point that she is pregnant, she is pregnant. Something is vitally different about her. I found it difficult to mourn a life that was still so completely identified with me. Consequently, my grief was wordless, confused, unfocused, and extremely

private. I knew something earth shattering had happened, but I was lost when I tried to describe it to myself or to anyone else. The nurse called the egg and the lining of the uterus the "material". That made me cringe. Calling my pregnancy "it" didn't seem right, but I worried that people would think me crazed if I intuited the sex or named my pregnancy. I experienced more distortion of my body image and more anger at my body after my miscarriage than I did after my son was stillborn; I believe this was another aspect of the intense identification of a mother with her pregnancy in an early miscarriage.

Recovery from the grief of a miscarriage is made more difficult because there are no established rituals to mourn this kind of early loss. I left the hospital after the D&E with no fragment of this brief life. I had nothing to bury and no ceremony to verbalize my love, hopes, and grief. I had marked my son's uterine life and death with a memorial service, and my grieving for him had been facilitated by the memory of that public statement. And looking back over my life, I realize that I have celebrated publicly and privately many events far less significant than this pregnancy. Yet, without some culturally sanctioned ritual, it has been very difficult to publicly recognize my pregnancy and loss. It seemed that technology has made the very earliest moments of pregnancy recognizable and appreciable, yet we have not initiated the human technology that supports such awareness. As I write this article, I am planning a ritual to be celebrated among my friends that will mark the life and death of my brief pregnancy.

My miscarriage has taught me how very secret and difficult this kind of mourning is. Yet, to deny that grief is to deny the presence, however brief, of new life.



Grief has no timeline

The Blue Night

Leah Mele-Bazaz

You were scared of the doctor, the midwife and
the social worker
Who tried to soothe you
You admitted to your husband
How scared you were to hold the baby
But he was brave and still made sure you would
hold her.

You thought the delivery would be the worst
part
But you didn't feel anything from the epidural

When you held her she was beautiful
Wouldn't know she was dead
From the rosiness in her lips
Or the gentleness in her resting eyes.

You didn't think your daughter would haunt you
Memories turning blue, like her soft baby skin
Keeping you up at night.

You cursed God because you never got to see
Your baby open her eyes
Praising you
Thanking you for carrying her for the seven
months
Of your perfect pregnancy.

Until you found out at the doctor's
On that March afternoon
That her little heart stopped beating

Stop.

The vessel of life you once were
Now you had death inside you
And you almost would die too.

You felt like someone was fooling you
You went to the best hospital for your visits
You were so young, almost too young to be a
mother

Now you're too young to be a bereaved mother.

You thought you'd be grateful you lived
But you'd only regret that she didn't
You would have done anything, even if it mean
giving your life up for hers.

Work didn't fix anything
Everyone seemed to rely on it
The busy schedule wouldn't cure your mind
It only made it worse.

Now sick with grief
The days became long
Unbearable.

Mother's Day passed.
And you wished you had her with you.

You're still a mother
You tell yourself
You do anything you can
Finding ways to tell someone about your
pregnancy
A pregnancy that still happened
A pregnancy that resulted in the delivery
Of a beautiful baby girl.

And although she's not alive to grow
Forever small, forever a baby
She's still your daughter.

And because you're a mother now
You'll take care of her
Nurture her memory
And you'll find a way to always carry her with
you.



I Run for Kaia 5k Run/Walk

Runners and Walkers



Lynette Calvest
Annie Lind
Chris Armstrong
Riley Armstrong
Geneva Blaha
Max Lind
Rosette Gillan
Thon Lim
Susan DeBenedittis
Jason Smith
Holly Smith
Anthony R Blaha
Katie Blaha
Benjamin Farahamand
Marcie Brozyna
Dan Rosenthal
Jess Grieshober
Drew Grieshober
AJ Grieshober
Darcy Mossholder
Denise Pomilio
Dara Ward
Michael Richard
Sara Pfender
Maryanne Anastasio
John Anastasio
Divine Santos-Pen
Donna Wirt
Heather Zwickert
Gina Picchi
Joseph Richards

Ed Smith
Tinamarie Smith
Jeffrey Baskwill
Yigal Yaron
Kaleb Egelkamp
Rachel McGowan
Brandon Druch
Kaitlin Nevins
Con Kim
Vandavy Sen
Kimberly Hak
Jasmine Ros
Lackana Yi
Laura Dimm
Kyle Keyes
Huyen Dinh
Duc Tran
Katie Bickel
Harry Bickel
Karen Koepke
Dave Koepke
Yvonne Blaha
Anthony Blaha
Alexander Blaha
Kathy Summers
Annie Chan
Allie Chan
Amy Ngov
Lucy Hear
Kimberly Ngov
Lois Grieshober

Kym Jenzano
John Jenzano
Christina Baker
Matt Baker
Charlie Baker
Kelly Muth
linna lam
Austyn lam
Linda Lam
Jane McDivitt
Kathy Kircher
Phuong Ngo
Ann Dickey
David Dickey
Conya Eberhart
Barbara Psioda
Lincoln Psioda
Harrison Psioda
Clara Monaghan
Heather Dickey
Ron Pasceri
James Guthrie
Sarah Smolka
Patrick Smolka
Martha Anderson
Bill Anderson
Adrian Kim-Napoles
Thai Kim
Talia Lam
Hoa Kim
Steven Lam



I Run for Kaia 5k Run/Walk Donations

Suvi V
Steven Lam
Thai Kim
Henry & Debby Cox
Carrie Johnson
Miriam McDivitt
Ivy Han
Ron Pasceri
Jaclyn Burke
Liz Facenda
Gabrielle Gabrielle
Ronald Pasceri
Clara Monaghan
Ann Dickey
Phuong Ngo
Susan Clayton
Kelly Muth on behalf of Austyn Lam
Linda Lam
Christina Baker
Lois Grieshober
Annie Chan
Kathy Summers
John McLaughlin
Phuong Ngo on behalf of Susy Ngo
Phuong Ngo on behalf of Henry Ong
Phuong on behalf of Shin & Viet
Stephen Lieb
Tu Pham
Laura Dimm on behalf of The Keyes
Con Kim
Kaitlin Nevins
Brandon Druch

Bozena Malesa
John, Jen, and Olivia Guthrie
Divine Santos-Pen
Maryanne Anastasio
Sim Tran
Tara, Kevin & The Furkids
Kat & Mark Achtemeier
Carol Connor Willingham
Dan Rosenthal
Greg Wilson
Anthony & Katie
Jessica Jessica
Benjamin Farahamand on behalf of Rumi Oliver
Claire Leonard
Jason Smith
Alex George
Jean Parks & Art Grand
Hau, Vo, & Carter Pham
Xuan Nguyen
Chris & Sherita Meyer
Peggy McGee-Pasceri
Rosette Gillan
Michael & Deborah Biondolillo
Stephen Foley
Erica Sanchez & Bauer
Zach, Kristi, & Livingston Griffith
Laura Griffith
Bernadette Driscoll
Mary & Rob McDivitt
Steve & Nora Griffith
Annalie Korengel
Maureen Gregory

Winter/Summer 2019 Donations

We Are So Grateful for Donations Given Throughout the Year

Donations

Carol Shefrin in memory of Alice & Beatrice Hauck

Albert M. Moore

Cathy Plaisted

Mariarose Maria in memory of Emma Helgenberg

Mariarose Maria in memory of Sarah Adele Nicholas

Karen A. Szczepanski

Dana Murano

Jessica Anderson

Cindi Callaghan

Marie Simpers in memory of all UNITE parents' losses

Marie Simpers is memory of Katie And Jessica Simpers

Paris Margaritis – Thank you for all the help you have provided us through the years. Paris and Nicole

Eric Woolf

Tami Leather

Donna Kupniewski & Janet Filer – In memory of Joshua & Eric Fisher

Kelin Spina

Linda Nuccitelli - In memory of David and in honor of my Mom and Dad

Mamie W. Purnell – In memory of Musa Waheed Purnell

Jeffrey Bakely & Gail Bober – In memory of Eve Bober Bakely

Walk to Remember Donations in Memory of Elita DeAngelis:

Stephane Boyer & Amanda Nivault

Judy & Bruce Brand

Rev. Martin A. Denes & Ms. Emily Denes

Sherry & Pat Darby

Ann DeAngelis

Juhyung Lee

Grants

Your Cause

Pfizer

United Way

The Benevity Community Impact Fund

James Doherty Family Charitable Fund – In memory of Thomas Reid Doherty and his dad



News

New Mailing Address and Phone Number

Please note our new mailing address:
P.O. Box 298, Oxford, PA 19363

New Phone Number

Please note our new phone number:
484-758-0002

Walk to Remember – Save the Date

The 2019 9th Annual Walk to Remember will be held at Ridley Creek State Park on Saturday, October 5th. The Invitation and Sponsorship form can be found on page 14 and 15 of this newsletter.

Safe Arrivals

We would love to hear about your safe arrival so we all can celebrate in your joy. So we can put it in the newsletter, please send information on your new bundle of joy to administrator@unitegriefsupport.org.

Home Page Info

www.unitegriefsupport.org

Virtual Butterflies: The donation cost for placing one of these virtual items on the page is \$25 and will be in memory of your baby. You may donate through PayPal by clicking on the Buy Now icon. Note: On the PayPal page, where it states, “Instructions to the Merchant,” type in your baby’s name, etc.

Newsletter Submissions

Please send your original poetry, short stories, articles, and letters to *UNITE Notes*. The beautiful writings that we receive from UNITE’s bereaved parents are what make our newsletter so special. If you have written poems, articles, etc. that you would like to share with other parents, please send them soon. Note that the newsletter is now being uploaded to the

UNITE website which allows all who are searching for comfort and support due to the loss of their child(ren) to see your written story.

Acknowledgments

If anyone has not received an acknowledgment for their donation, please contact the administrator@unitegriefsupport.org, or call the UNITE line at 484-758-0002. Please leave your name, phone number, and the best time to return your call.

AmazonSmile Foundation

The Foundation runs a program in which Amazon donates 0.5% of the purchase price of eligible products to charitable organizations. To shop go to smile.amazon.com from your web browser on your computer or mobile device and choose UNITE, Inc. Products will be marked “Eligible for AmazonSmile donation” on their product detail pages. You may also go to our web page: www.unitegriefsupport.org and click on the icon/banner, which will bring you to smile.amazon.com. You should bookmark this page so that you go directly to your Amazon Account and start shopping. Purchase of digital content, such as Kindle e-books or MP3’s, is not included.

Fundraisers Wanted

We are looking for some fresh ideas in fund raising! Do you have an idea to share? We’d love to hear about it. Please contact UNITE at administrator@unitegriefsupport.org.





You are invited to UNITE's 9th Annual Walk to Remember

When:

Saturday, October 5, 2019
12:00 PM to 3:00 PM
(Rain or Shine)

Where:

Ridley Creek State Park, Picnic Site #17

<http://www.dcnr.state.pa.us/stateparks/findapark/ridleycreek/index.htm>

What:

The "Walk to Remember" is an opportunity for the UNITE community to join together to remember our children and raise funds for UNITE. **Please bring your own picnic lunch.** Drinks and soft pretzels will be provided. **Lunch will begin at 12:00 PM and the walk will begin promptly at 1:30 PM.** The walk will be no farther than 1 mile (you can turn around at any time) or you are welcome to remain at the pavilion during the walk.

Fundraising:

There is no registration fee for this walk and fundraising is not required. However, if you would like, you can ask your friends and family to sponsor you (or even sponsor yourself!). Your fundraising efforts will allow UNITE to continue supporting bereaved parents in our community. A sponsor form is available from your group facilitator or by contacting fundraising@unitegriefsupport.org. Additional sponsor forms will be available the day of the event.

Please RSVP:

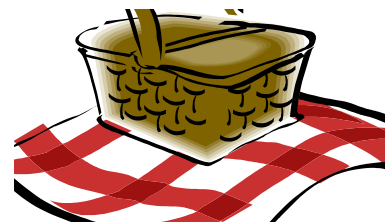
RSVP to 1-484-758-0002 or fundraising@unitegriefsupport.org by October 1, 2019. Family and friends are welcome to attend! For more information, please call or email.

Directions:

The main entrance to Ridley Creek State Park is Sandy Flash Drive South at Gradyville Road. From main entrance, pass by the Park Office and follow directional signs to picnic area #17.

For GPS, use the following address:
351 Gradyville Road
Newtown Square, PA 19073.

Or find detailed directions at:
<http://www.friendsofrcsp.org/Directions2Ridley.pdf>



Support me as I participate in the 2019
UNITE, Inc. 9th Annual Walk to Remember



Participant's Name: _____

☒ **Yes!** I will make a contribution to help UNITE, Inc.

☐ **\$250 Donation** (\$250+) \$250 Donation

☐ **\$100 Donation** (\$100+) \$100 Donation

☐ **\$50 Donation** (\$50+) \$50 Donation

☐ **\$25 Donation** (\$25+) \$25 Donation

\$_____ Other

Please Make Your Checks Payable to: UNITE, Inc.

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State/Province_____

Zip/Postal Code _____

Country_____

Donor Phone_____

Email _____

Thank You So Much For Your Contribution!

Mail this form and your check to:

UNITE, Inc.

P.O.Box 298

Oxford, PA 19363

or Deliver the form to the person you are sponsoring with your check.

Support Groups

For information about the group nearest you, please contact UNITE, Inc. at 484-758-0002 (leave a message on the tape), write to UNITE Inc. at P.O. Box 298, Oxford, PA 19363, or email administrator@unitegriefsupport.org. New members must contact the group coordinator before attending their first meeting. UNITE, Inc. does not discriminate on the basis of gender, age, marital status, religious belief, race, sexual orientation or economic status.

Pennsylvania

UNITE, Delaware County Memorial Hospital (Drexel Hill)

Meets 2nd Wednesday, 7:00pm-8:30pm

Facilitators:

Kathy Macagnone kmac356@comcast.net

610-212-5849

Debbie Rafferty broomallraffs@aol.com

610-246-9179

Michelle DePrince michelle.deprince@comcast.net

484-432-6439

UNITE, Holy Redeemer Hospital (Huntingdon Valley)

Meets 3rd Thursday, 7:00pm-9:00pm

Facilitators:

Denise Paul denisepaul22@comcast.net

215-260-0389

Liz Steward mommyofangels3@msn.com

215-368-4038

UNITE, Jennersville Regional Hospital (Chester County)

Meets 1st Tuesday, 7:30pm-9:00pm

Facilitator:

Karen Powers fundraising@unitegriefsupport.org

484-620-9267

UNITE, Lankenau Hospital (Wynnewood)

Meets 3rd Tuesday, 7:30pm-9:00pm

Facilitator:

Paris Margaritis pmargari@yahoo.com

484-680-6531

UNITE, Riddle Memorial Hospital (Media, Delaware County)

Meets 1st Thursday, 7:00pm-8:30pm

Facilitator:

Carol Kealey carolkealey@hotmail.com

610-220-9551

Regina Fazio regwalker@gmail.com

UNITE's services include:

- Support Group meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.
- Hospital In-service Programs and community education.
- Conferences for bereaved parents, professionals and the community.
- Literature and newsletter.
- UNITE group development assistance and training programs for group facilitators and support counselors.
- Referral assistance

Sheila McCabe mccabes_02@mlhs.org

610-742-3650

UNITE, Pennsylvania Hospital

Meets 1st Tuesday, 6:30pm-8:00pm

Facilitator:

Michelle Ferrant michelleferrant@comcast.net

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UNITE, University of Pennsylvania Medical Center

Meets 3rd Tuesday, 7:00pm-8:30pm

Facilitators:

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215-300-7151

Vicki Kroesche vkroesche@yahoo.com

UNITE, Paoli

(Paoli Pointe Medical Center, next to hospital)

Meets 2nd Monday, 7:00pm-8:30pm

Facilitators:

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New Jersey

UNITE, Penn Medicine Princeton Medical Center

Meets 1st Monday, 7:00pm-9:00pm

Facilitators:

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UNITE, Virtua at Voorhees

Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7:00pm-9:00pm

Facilitator:

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Submissions: We welcome your original poetry and articles. Your contributions are important to UNITE's work of reaching out to bereaved parents. We reserve the right to edit and select from submissions. Please send all submissions to:

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