



The Miscarriage Association

OF IRELAND

Carmichael Centre, North Brunswick Street, Dublin 7.

Telephone: 8735702/8725550

Registered Charity Number CHY9738



SUMMER  
2005

# NEWSLETTER

## Welcome

Welcome to our Spring/Summer Newsletter. As secretary of the MAI for the past three years I have now taken over the important job of composing the newsletter. I want to thank Maggie O'Neill and Mary Lawson for all their hard work and efforts over the past number of years. To any receiving the newsletter for the first time I hope the contents will give you some comfort, if sadly you have lost a baby through miscarriage. It may encourage you to share your story of loss in the newsletter or give you the courage to pick up the phone and call us. Talking to someone who understands will help you a lot.

**Karen Gilligan**

June 2005

## *Message From Our New Chairperson*

In accepting the position of Chairperson of the Miscarriage Association of Ireland, I consider myself both lucky and unlucky. I am lucky in that I have been with the Association for over a decade and have seen it grow to the healthy position it occupies today. I step into a role, which has been well shaped by my predecessor, Maggie O'Neill. I am not so lucky in that she has set such a high standard and is indeed a "hard act to follow". I am taking on a task, which I hope I can live up to.

I am filled with admiration for the devotion and dedication that Maggie has displayed throughout her many years as Chairperson. I am glad that she will still be around as Vice-Chairperson to offer moral support

and very welcome advice. I am sure I speak for all of the members, and especially the Committee, when I say a very big "Thank You" to Maggie.

The Miscarriage Association of Ireland exists because it is needed. The medical profession tells us that there are over 50 miscarriages every day in Ireland. Each one of these may affect many people, not just the mother. Yet only a handful of those who suffer a miscarriage ever contact the Association! We can only hope that this is by choice and not because they do not know about us.

As your Chairperson, I am here to serve you. I look to the future with excitement and anticipation. I believe that many of you have great ideas for

developing the Association and expanding the range of support services. I would love to hear your suggestions.

We are a voluntary committee who have come together because of shared experience and a common need. We are very much a team supporting each other. There is always plenty of work to be done and any offers of help would be greatly appreciated!

We will continue to seek opportunities to raise public awareness and reach out to those in need of support.

**Together we can make  
a difference.**

**June O'Toole**

10.6.2005

## Miscarriage Association of Ireland Committee

June O'Toole

Chairperson

Maggie O'Neill

Vice-Chairperson

Karen Gilligan

Secretary

Mary Lawson

Treasurer

Cathy Lynch

Committee Member

Angela Grace

Committee Member

Niamh Ryan

Committee Member

## Miscarriage and DES exposure

**DES** (stilboestrol) is a powerful synthetic oestrogen, which was prescribed to pregnant women during the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. Its use during pregnancy was for women with a history of miscarriage, threatened miscarriage, premature delivery and other problems in pregnancy. It subsequently emerged that it caused a number of health problems, especially for those daughters who were exposed to DES *in utero* (DES daughters).

These difficulties include structural abnormalities of the female reproductive tract that can result in miscarriage or premature delivery. It is ironic that the reason DES was prescribed (i.e. to prevent miscarriage) has actually caused an increased risk of miscarriage in the next generation of women.

Women who have a history of more than one miscarriage should consider the possibility that their mothers were prescribed DES (stilboestrol) when pregnant with them. DES daughters (and possible DES daughters) need specialist screening and advice that is available to them at the DES clinic at the National Maternity Hospital.

If you think you may be a DES daughter, you can get more information and advice from DES Action Ireland by phoning the Information Line at 01 – 6762873. You can also log onto [www.desaction.ie](http://www.desaction.ie) for the facts about DES exposure.

**Daphne Passmore**  
Information Officer  
DES Action Ireland

## Poetry Corner

We lost our four angels,  
Why we'll never know,  
But our time will come,  
When we too have to go.  
Forever together in Mam and Dad's  
hearts.

*Ann & Fran McManus*

### Baby Angel Jamie

Dear God,  
I'd like to pray,  
for our baby angel Jamie  
at this sad time.

We were close, for  
many months, and  
never thought it would  
end in tears.

One day Jamie's here  
The next day Jamie is gone.  
Without Jamie it's hard  
but we must be strong.

Although Jamie is gone, we will never  
part,  
for Jamie will always be in our hearts.

Dear God,  
Look after our angel.  
I know Jamie's safe with you,  
and I know when we die,  
you'll keep us safe too.

Dear God,  
Watch over Jamie  
our little angel in Heaven  
and watch over all his  
family and friends  
who love and miss him.

Lord here us!

Amen

*Love Louise Rafferty and  
Christopher 12.01.2005*

### Tear Drop

When tears are never far away  
Life may seem unfair  
Losing someone that you love  
It's very hard to bear.

Try to share your sorrow  
Take comfort from your friends  
Let your family hold you close –  
Their love never ends.

Life can never be the same  
Although you wish it could  
But just because it's different  
Doesn't mean it can't be good.

There's one thing to remember  
To help you through each day  
The memory of the love you shared  
Will never go away.

*Love – Louise Rafferty  
Baby Jamie died 12.01.2005*

### Mother, daughter . . .

A gift to you four days before  
Christmas.

I was born just a small lass.  
You loved me with all your heart.  
I felt your warmth even from the  
start.

Four weeks later death came and  
took you away.  
My heart aches even today.

Looking closely at faded photos.  
Listening intently at blemished tales.  
Hoping to grab a glimpse of you.  
My grasp slips and you are  
disfigured, imperfect.  
Memories are botched-up, slipshod,  
neglected.

Did you love me, Why did you leave?  
Why couldn't you stay, even for a  
day?  
Just to hold your smile in my mind's  
eye.

Christmas again, just shy of my  
thirty-seventh year,  
I checked it once and checked it a  
second and third time.  
Nervous, cautious, but blissful.  
Your sweet life I was nurturing.  
I knew you from inception.

Cycles continue, roles reversed.  
I am the mother and you the baby.  
A gift not sanctioned. An outcome  
parallel.

Your feet never to caress this earth.

Again, I see you in pictures.  
Ultrasound photos.  
Black and white glimmering with  
hope.

Torn from me before we could  
become acquainted.  
I brush my hand across my stomach,  
not your face.

Severed from my heart and soul.

Did you love me. Why did you  
leave?

Why couldn't you stay, even for a  
day?

Just to hold your smile in my mind's  
eye.

*Tara*

# Margaret's Story

## The Heartbreak of Miscarriage

FEBRUARY 2005

We got married in July 2003 and having lived together for over seven years, we felt ready to start our family. I have always had a history of irregular periods but when I came off the contraceptive pill in August 2003, I got my period every month (within 30 – 34 days). When by February 2004 when I still had not become pregnant, I visited my gynaecologist, who prescribed me Clomid. He said sometimes the body just needs revving up. I got my period on 20 February and took the course of Clomid for five days. I did a pregnancy test in March; the result was 'not pregnant'. I went back to my gynaecologist on 19 April as I had not had a period. He prescribed a course of Provera to get my period going again and then another course of Clomid. When he did a scan, he asked me had I noticed anything different – I had not. He said before taking the Provera to do a pregnancy test. That evening after going home, I did a pregnancy test, expecting the result to be negative. It was positive. I rang Damian to tell him, we could not believe it – our dream had come true.

From the moment I realised I was pregnant, I began to plan and prepare for our baby. We were so looking forward to being this baby's parents. I was even more careful about what I ate and looked after myself. The following Monday I had an appointment with my GP. She did another pregnancy test to confirm my pregnancy. The following week I made my appointments with the hospital for my scan and check up. On the 13 May Damian and I went to see our gynaecologist. He did a scan and said I was approximately six weeks and that it was a healthy pregnancy sac. Damian and I are very grateful for that joyous occasion of seeing the first scan. I did not feel any way unwell.

On the 19 May I had a little spotting. The following night, I was in the shower and got a sharp pain on the right side of my lower abdomen. I got out of the shower and went to bed. The pain went almost immediately. The following day I rang my GP. She was not on duty but another doctor said 'to call in because pink spotting could be a sign of a threat'. The following morning I went to the doctor. He was relieved to hear that I had had a scan with my gynaecologist because he feared it may be an ectopic pregnancy. The following day was my 27th birthday. I had very pink discharge. I felt very sleepy all afternoon. I saw my own GP the following day. She arranged an appointment for me in the Early Pregnancy Clinic on the following morning (Tuesday) at 8.30 am. Damian wanted to come with me but

I said I would be OK. I really thought I was going up just to be reassured that everything was OK but it was not to be. I had read in the Bounty book that my GP had given me that when the uterus is pulling down that you can sometimes have spotting and pain, I thought that was me. The midwife, Edel, did a scan. She could not find a heartbeat so she did an internal scan, still no heartbeat. I will never forget her words 'Margaret, I'm very sorry but I don't have very good news for you'. I recall vividly the pain on what I was hearing, a deep aching and helpless pain. She asked me to come back for a rescan in one week and to return sooner if the pain or bleeding increased. I don't actually remember much of the journey home. When I got home Damian was there to meet me, we just held each other. Why us? We would be good parents, how could this happen? All our hopes and expectations for the future were dashed. Damian had to return to work, I went to bed and tried to block out what was happening to me and our baby. That week was very difficult for us, knowing that the news was not good. On the Friday, I began to get pain and had dark bleeding. I rang the hospital, the nurse I spoke with said to come up immediately. We went up and I had another internal scan, the pregnancy sac was still there so we would still have to wait until the following Tuesday for a rescan. The following day, Saturday, in the afternoon, I developed heavier bleeding and had a lot of pain. By now, I had no control over what I was expelling from my body. Damian rang the hospital and the nurse he spoke with said to come up and to try and keep anything we could, by then our baby, I felt was flushed away. In the car on the way to the hospital, I felt as though I was having mild contractions. When I got to the hospital the doctor did another scan. I had miscarried, there were still some remnants left in my womb, the doctor did an internal examination. It was a very warm day and with the loss of blood and pain, I felt as though I would faint. I wanted to go home with Damian but because we live about 25 miles from the hospital the doctor was concerned, should anything happen to me at home; I would be safer in hospital. While I was at the toilet the doctor convinced Damian to have me stay in hospital that night. I was brought in to a ward where all the little cots were positioned near the beds. A nurse rolled these out on to the corridor, I suppose so that I would not have to look at them. I was put on a drip, given an injection to relieve the pain and given two tablets to expel the rest of what was in my womb, otherwise, I would have had to have a D and C (dilation and curettage). Damian stayed with me until I started to drift

off to sleep. The nurses were wonderful, so caring and compassionate. I was the only one in the ward until about 6 o'clock in the morning, when another lady came in. That night as I lay in bed I felt a certain sense of peace. The not knowing what the outcome would be from the previous Tuesday had been very hard for us. The following morning I had another internal scan which showed that I had completely miscarried – I did not need to have a D and C. Damian brought me home around 11 am. Leaving the hospital, I was given a booklet on Miscarriage, it was in that booklet that I got the contact for the MAI. When we arrived home I showered and dressed slowly, as if in a daze. I spent most of the day crying. I went back to work the following day. My work colleagues had not suspected anything because I had said I had a tummy bug. It was difficult to concentrate on work; tears welled up and broke through frequently. My boss (whom I had told) suggested that I go see a counsellor through work and told me to take all the time I needed. I began seeing a counsellor, Johanna, on 14 June and saw her for five sessions. I found her excellent but I felt we had got as far as we were going to. Life went on but inside my heart was broken. I wrote to my gynaecologist to tell him I had miscarried as I was not up to ringing to cancel the appointment. He replied extending his sympathies to both Damian and I. Mary Lawson at the MAI was wonderful. I spoke to her a few times during the week that I was at home waiting for the rescan. I cancelled my scan and check up appointments on 1 June, that was hard but the lady at the hospital that I spoke with on the phone was very sympathetic and understood when my voice went and I could not say anymore.

We had a friend's wedding on the 4th June and I was asked 'would you like to have children?' I took a deep breath and said 'yes, we would but we will have to leave it to God because we have no control over it'. I wasn't telling a lie but at the same time I wasn't ready to talk to people. I couldn't talk to anyone except Damian and the MAI telephone support about losing our baby until 30 June when I told a close friend. As time went on, I felt more comfortable telling friends. They were all shocked and had suspected nothing at all. I had covered up well.

I went back to see my gynaecologist on the 16 July. It was the first time being back since we had had the scan at six weeks for the baby we lost. He was great, so understanding. I spent most of the time crying but it felt good just to talk and get it out. It was hurting like hell. I really appreciated his sensitivity.

Friday, 23 July, I decided that I was going to do the mini marathon for the MAI. I contacted Cathy Lynch to arrange the t-shirts and sponsorship forms. It was the first of many conversations with Cathy. Talking with Cathy and the other MAI telephone support people, people who understood my experience was a great way of relieving the pain.

I went back to see my gynaecologist on 27 August as it was 13 weeks since I lost our baby and still had not had a period. He prescribed Provera to try and get my cycle started again. I took the Provera from 28 August – 3 September and had a withdrawal bleed on 6 September. I took another course of Clomid. I didn't feel as though it was a proper period I got, as it was brought on by Provera.

I did the mini marathon on the 19 September with 3 other ladies (Ghertie, Mairead and Veronica). It meant a lot to me to do the marathon for the MAI. I felt good after doing it but by the end of the week I felt very low again. A number of people close to us had babies around that time. I knew that it was going to be difficult for me and had thought a lot about it but was quite surprised at how upset I was. It seemed like everyone could have babies except me. Then on the Saturday morning, my sister rang me to tell me that she was (17 weeks) pregnant. It hit me so hard and I tried to be strong and not cry on the phone to her because this was their moment, their happiness. Even as my heart was broken, I felt that I would break in to pieces too.

Damian and I planted a Laburnum tree in memory of our baby. We can see it from our kitchen window. The Laburnum tree flowers in May/June so that will be around the anniversary of when we lost our baby.

I went to the Annual Service of Remembrance in November. Two of my sisters came with me. Even though I found the day emotionally and physically draining, I was very glad I went. It made me realise that I am not alone in my sadness. The MAI gave me a Newbridge snowflake, which I will treasure forever. It took pride of place on our Christmas tree.

I got a period naturally on 1 December (26 ? weeks since I had lost our little one). I took another course of Clomid and got a period on 31 December, I have taken another course of Clomid.

Some people say to me to try to stop thinking about it – they don't and can't understand – it is impossible to not think about it. Unless you are parents or a couple who have experienced miscarriage, you really would not fully understand the feelings, the confusion, the stress and the emptiness. Others' reactions to our miscarriage hurt us, though it wasn't their intention, some tried to minimise our loss by saying 'You can have another one'. People say I'm young and we have plenty of time, while true, it is no consolation for our loss. Having another child will never replace the baby we lost.

Being at home for Christmas and the New Year would have been hard so we decided to go away for the holidays to Damian's family in England. Once the New Year arrived, I began to dread January 6th – our baby's due date. We arrived home on 3rd January and I went back to work on the 4th. I took the 6th and 7th off work as I would not have been able to focus on anything. Damian was very sick with the 'flu so as it happened he was off work on the 6th January, it was nice to have him with me. Both our families and some friends rang that day, I was quite emotional. Mary Lawson rang and that meant so much. It touched us deeply in a way that eased our loneliness. We also received a card a few days later from the MAI, which meant so much.

I often think of something June O'Toole said to me, she said 'You can have a bit of a cold or 'flu, but you cannot be a bit pregnant, you either are or are not'.

Well, it is a new year and hopefully it will be a better year for us. I am fearful about becoming pregnant again. The pain of loss is too intense and I am afraid of another unhappy ending. I presume these fears are expected and

understandable. Damian was heartbroken too. He felt as though he had to stay strong for me. Damian will work through this in a different way; I think most men prefer to do it that way. I don't know if you are familiar with the image of a man sitting on a rock with his head bowed and held by his hands? It symbolises the way the male generally deals with problems .... alone and in silence until they are

ready to open up.

The loss of a child hurts – terribly and deeply. Now 9 months later, tears still well up in my eyes whenever I'm reminded of the child we lost.

**Margaret Dunlea**

## Call for help with a study of infantile death and pregnancy loss in Ireland

I am carrying out a study of infantile death and pregnancy loss in Ireland. The main focus of my work is on the significant changes that have occurred in the past few decades in responses (personal and institutional) to the death of infants. These changes are reflected in practices and ways of memorialising loss, but they are not “recorded” anywhere and the only way I can have a better insight in them is through talking directly to people. Every story is valuable for my research and I hope that a properly conducted study will allow for an informed interpretation of current practices.

I would be interested in talking to people who unfortunately experienced directly (in their family) and/or indirectly (in their work or activities) pregnancy loss and infantile death. What I am looking for are opinions and stories on how things are now and how things changed in the last few decades when a pregnancy fails (early or late during pregnancy), and when a baby is stillborn or dies soon after birth. For this reason I am interested in talking with people who lost a baby both in recent time or in the past. I'd like people to contact me (by phone, e-mail or letter) and eventually arrange a meeting to have a chat, which could take from 30 minutes to a couple of hours depending on the time at deposition of the person who contacts me. All conversations will be strictly confidential.

I thank you very much.

**Chiara Garattini**

PhD IRCHSS Scholar

Anthropology Department,

Education House, North Campus

National University of Ireland – Maynooth

Co. Kildare

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## THE MOMENT

I sat there. Sat and inhaled the moment. It was an unexpected revelation. I never thought a profound important moment would happen on a bench by the pond with ducks quacking all around me, but it did. It just all fell into place, made sense, finally I understood.

I have lost four babies. It always seems a strange word lost. Perhaps it sums up the feelings of guilt and wondering what you did wrong. I lost them, me, no one else. I can still taste and feel that loss and sorrow. A dull pain will always occupy a corner of my heart.

What has this got to do with the

bench and the ducks I hear you say. You see I never thought I would be sitting on a park bench at eleven o'clock on a Tuesday morning. I lived in a frantic world where every minute was gobbled by stress and guilt. A treadmill that I thought I could not get off. That treadmill stopped when I miscarried. It ground to a halt when I was pregnant with our little girl and spent nine months in bed. It afforded me time to really reach deep down and discover what life I wanted for our family and me.

As I sat there I realised after years of analysing why did this happen, that our babies gave us such a gift. They gave me that moment on the bench listening to the wind rustle through the early autumn leaves. They gave

me the opportunity to step outside the box and be the mother that I always wanted to be. They gave me the courage to change my life. That moment was the closing of one chapter and the beginning of another. I still have bad days, don't get me wrong. But I have peace now and know the warmth of contentment.

Thank you my beautiful unborn babies. Thank you for the courage and wisdom you have given me. Your time was short but you will be forever imprinted on my soul.

**Sheena Flynn**

# Opinion Page

Articles are very welcome for our Opinion Page. This page is used for people to state their opinions regarding miscarriage. This could mean:

- Treatment in hospital
- Aftercare
- Infertility problems
- Future pregnancies

News that you wish to share with us about your miscarriage.

Though people may wish to talk about their worries and concerns on this page, we would also welcome any positive experiences you have had. You may wish to remain anonymous in the newsletter but your name and address should be submitted to the Miscarriage Association of Ireland along with your letter.

## *Letter to Minister for Health & Children*

**A letter written by Lorraine Gavin, who wrote to the Minister for Health and Children, who like many finds it extremely distressing that babies lost through late miscarriage are not recognised by our State. If you have strong feelings on this matter we would appreciate if you could forward us on your letters.**

Dear Minister,

It has taken me one year to find the strength to write this letter.

On November 4th 2003, when I was five months pregnant I was given the devastating news that the child I was carrying had died. Two days later, I was admitted into the Rotunda Hospital and my labour was induced. I went through twenty long painful hours of labour before my daughter Alanna was born, on November 7th 2003.

Alanna was a perfect beautiful baby girl who looked just like her big sister. She had everything, fingers, toes, eyes, ears even little eyebrows. Alanna was exactly as you would expect to see a newborn baby, the only difference was she was smaller. I held Alanna, I kissed and loved her. I cried a million tears over my beautiful daughter.

Six days later my baby was baptised and I was able to take her home to be buried. I wrote my letters to her. I picked out a little teddy to place in her coffin. We had a beautiful service in the chapel in the Rotunda Hospital. I wrapped my daughter in a blanket, kissed her goodbye and placed her in her little white coffin. I can honestly say that a part of me died too. I will never be the person I used to be.

Minister, my child lived inside me for twenty-two

weeks. She died. I gave birth to her. She was born. But, in the eyes of the State she never existed.

I am sure if my labour had not been induced I would have held onto Alanna for another two weeks at least. Then she would be recognised by the State.

Surely as a child who has been born, she should have the right to be recognised. I believe any mother who has to deliver a child should have the right to register that child's birth. I also believe it should be the child's right. I have very little of Alanna. I have footprints, handprints, photos, her wristband and a piece of her umbilical cord.

I grieve for the memories I will never have. Surely, a piece of paper with her name and date of birth is not too much to ask for. What is it to anyone else? To me it would be priceless. I'm sure I speak for every mother who has gone through this nightmare. A friend of mine lost a baby when she was twenty-six weeks pregnant. Although her baby had died at eighteen weeks she was entitled to a stillbirth certificate. My daughter was definitely alive at nineteen and a half weeks as I had a scan then. Alanna lived longer than my friend's baby, yet in the eyes of the State she never existed.

How can you baptise someone who never existed? How can you bury someone who never existed? How can you hold that person? How can you give birth to that person if she never existed? She did exist.

My child and every other child who is born should be entitled to have their birth registered.

We are constantly hearing about the rights of the unborn. Why does my child and every other child who has died before twenty-four weeks gestation not have any rights? The law needs to change. If this cannot

happen, a new law needs to be introduced to allow parents, like myself to register our children.

Babies are now surviving below twenty-four weeks of pregnancy, another reason why the law must change.

In America, a baby born silent at twenty weeks of pregnancy is classed as stillbirth.

If I had carried Alanna for twenty-four weeks, regardless of when she actually died, or if she had weighed 500 grams or more I could have registered her birth.

To recognise a baby just because of their age or weight is very wrong. Babies are all equal and they should not be categorised. A baby who has been born silent before twenty-four weeks should have the same

rights as a baby born silent after twenty-four weeks of pregnancy.

My little girl never got to take her first breath. I will never get to see her first smile, her first steps, first day at school. Surely, as a mother who has lost her child, I should at least be able to register her birth. It would be the only thing I would ever be able to do for Alanna.

Thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

I would greatly appreciate an acknowledgement of my letter.

Sincerely  
**Lorraine Gavin**

## The Alternative Mini Marathon – 6 June 2005

The first ever Mini Marathon – a 10k walk from Malahide to Portmarnock took place on the same day and at the same time as the official Mini Marathon.

The day was perfect and the enthusiasm was high as we set out. We walked along the seafront, on to the beach, as far as Portmarnock and back again. A great way to keep fit and raise much needed funds. We later enjoyed a leisurely meal in Oscar Taylors in great company.

A Big Thank You to all - Well Done.

**June O'Toole**

## Sad Farewells

Baby

Jamie

Lost 12.01.2005.

Son of Louise Rafferty and Christopher.

Baby Alanna Gavin McGirl

Lost 07.11.2003.

Daughter of Loraine Gavin.

Love you always.

Mammy, Daddy, Dara and Stephen.

## Anniversaries

As well as welcome babies and sad farewells, we also include an anniversary section, so if you wish to include your baby's name, please forward them to me and I will keep them on file and include them in the next newsletter.

Baby Joe Malone, 19.04.2002. Miss you, love you. You are with us always. Mam, Dad, Emma, Charley and Amy.

## Welcome Babies

Welcome to our beautiful baby daughter Amy, born on 29.12.04. A little sister for Emma, Charley and Baby Joe – the most precious Christmas present ever.

Baby Stephen Gavin-McGill arrived 9th September 2004. Sent from Heaven by our little angel Alanna, a beautiful birthday present for Emma. Love Mammy, Daddy, Emma and Dara.

Baby Andrew Patrick Grace to Angela and Michael Grace 25-2-2005.

## Castlebar Family Centre, Castlebar

**Saturday 21st May 2005**

Mary and Maggie were guest speakers at a training day for professionals at the family centre in Castlebar. The one-day workshop was entitled "Working With Families Bereaved by Miscarriage and Stillbirth". The other guest speaker was Dr. Helen Greally, a clinical psychologist. The day was well attended and very successful and the Miscarriage Association has had very positive feedback from the day. We would like to thank Fiona Thomas and all involved in the day for our warm welcome and kind donation.

## Kind Donation

To "Exuberant Mum".

We wish to acknowledge your generous donation of €200. Congratulations on the birth of your beautiful little son.

**Mary Lawson**

Treasurer

01.02.2005.

# Evening Herald Women's' Mini-Marathon



**6th June 2005**

On behalf of the committee I would like to say a sincere thank you to all those who took part in the mini-marathon and raised much needed and much appreciated money for our association. For those of you who didn't quite make it this year, maybe you could consider walking, running or crawling for us in June 2006.

**Cathy Lynch**

## One for the Diary

### Fun Pub Quiz

Friday 14th October  
Lower Deck, Portobello  
8.30 pm

Bring along a team - the more the merrier!!!

Please let us have your stories, poetry, articles, coming events, sad farewell, welcome babies, anniversaries and anything you feel will help those who read our newsletter. Please mark all envelopes "Newsletter". Please include name address and a contact phone number. Your name does not have to be included in the article if you wish to remain anonymous. We reserve the right to amend or abridge any contribution if we deem it necessary to do so.

## Service of Remembrance

This year's service will be held in St. Theresa's Church, Donore Avenue, Dublin 8 on Sunday 13th November 2005. This service always gives parents and their families the opportunity to remember their lost babies whether it be recent or many years ago. Everyone's life has become so busy lately that it feels so good to be able to stop for a short and quiet time.

## Fundraising

If you are interested in fundraising for our association, i.e. coffee morning, pub quiz etc., we would be very grateful. You can contact us with your ideas.

## Iron Man Challenge

At the time of going to print a brave group of people are preparing to take part in a gruelling Iron Man Challenge on behalf of the Association. It takes place on Sunday 26th June and consists of cycling from Carrandulla to Croagh Patrick (52 miles), climbing to the summit and descending before returning to Carrandulla again by bike. The Committee wish you the very best of luck and we really do appreciate your efforts.

## Support Group Meetings

Our support group meetings, which are held in Buswells Hotel, Molesworth Street, Dublin 2, give people an opportunity to come and share, or to hear other peoples' ways of coping with the loss of their babies through miscarriage. We take our summer break from meetings for July and August so our first meeting back will be held on Thursday 1st September and every first Thursday of the month thereafter. Our book of remembrance will be at our September and December meetings. You may wish to come and enter your baby's name.

## Membership Renewal

Your membership may be due for renewal. If so, please fill in the enclosed form and return it to us. Our annual membership is €15. We would also ask members not to send cash to us via the post for donations or Membership Renewal - cheque or Postal Orders please.

**Closing date for contributions to the next Newsletter – 1st October 2005**

**PLEASE NOTE:** Our newsletter is circulated to members, hospitals and other interested parties and is available on the Internet courtesy of the Coombe Women's Hospital. The opinions in this newsletter are those of the contributors and are not necessarily those of the Miscarriage Association of Ireland.