

Annual Memorial

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 2022



samaritans

Program

1. Opening by Samantha Joseph, Chair of the Board of Directors

2. Opening song by Michele Kelly

3. Readings (in order)

- *Jane Quercia*
- *Donalda Hingston*
- *Suzy Barcelos Winchester*
- *Lynn Bennett*
- *Maria Sallese*
- *Shannon Woolley*
- *Carol Westerman*
- *Charles Haffey*
- *Ann Iandoli*

4. Words from Kathy Marchi, Chief Executive Officer & President

5. Candle lighting ceremony

- *Parent/Grandparent*
- *Child/Grandchild*
- *Sibling*
- *Cousin*
- *Aunt/Uncle*
- *Niece/Nephew*
- *Spouse*
- *Partner*
- *Friend*
- *Special Relationship*

6. Concluding song by Michele Kelly

Gail Cynthia Joseph

There are Stars

There are stars up above, so far away we only see their light long after the star itself is gone.

And so it is, with people that we love, their memories keep shining ever brightly though their time with us has past.

And the stars that light up the darkest night, these are the lights that guide us.

We remember.

By: Hannah Senesh

We Remember Them

Words by Sylvan Kamens, Rabbi Jack Riemer (additional words by Michele Kelly)

Music by Michele Kelly

At the rising and the setting of the sun
At the start of every new year and when that year is gone
As we reflect on life as it marches on
Oh, we remember them, Oh, we remember them.

In the chill of the Winter and in Spring's rebirth
In warmth of the summer's endless days
in the blowing of the leaves in the crisp November winds
Oh, we remember them,

For as long as we live, they, too, shall live
For now they are a part of everything we are
As we learn to live with a fragile, broken heart
Oh, we remember them. Oh, we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength
When we are lost and broken and sick at heart
When we search to find the answers to the mysteries of life
Oh, we remember them.

When we face decisions we need to make
When we have joys we yearn to share
And as we mark the time as days we live without
Oh, we remember them.

For as long as we live, they, too, shall live
For now they are a part of everything we are
As we learn how to live with a shattered, broken heart
Oh, we remember them, oh we remember them.

IN LOVING MEMORY
THOMAS A. ABBOTT, JR.
October 26, 1951 – January 10, 1987

To Tommy - My Brother, My Friend

I'm actually writing this on January 9th, the 8th anniversary of Mama's death and the day before the 35th anniversary of your death. I'm so sad to think both of you are gone but you've been gone 35 years. I can't believe all those years have gone by. I know Mama's up there with you – and in the end that's where she wanted to be. Most of us still have to wait to see you again – right now we can only remember.

Everything is different - the world and politics have changed. Two years of Covid has forever altered lives and some lives forever, and our family and friends dynamics have changed with births and other deaths, much too soon in some cases.

Some days it seems like yesterday when I got the horrific news. Other days I cannot believe that you've been gone for this long. You're not here in person but you are never far from my thoughts. Whenever anything momentous happens, good or bad, you are in my mind.

I try and forget why January 10th is important. Remembering the "why" only gives me pain. Instead I choose to remember your birthday, October 26th, which makes me smile. But both dates still give me pause and cause self-reflection, introspection on the "could haves, would haves and should haves". I miss you more on your birthday because it was a fun day to celebrate. January 10th is just a nothing day.

We're all keeping Mama's and your memory alive in our own ways. I have my favorite picture of you and Michael in front of my TV and I have pictures of Mama at home and on my visor in the car so I see her everyday too. Michael still puts out 2 extra chairs with pictures of you and Mama to watch the Red Sox and Patriots games.

I really miss you Tommy especially when we're doing something fun. I can't believe it has been 35 years since I've seen you, hugged you or heard your unmistakable laugh. I still have days where my hearing the unbearable news of your death is as clear as yesterday. Most days though, and thankfully, I just remember the good times. My loss, our loss, however, is always in the back of my mind.

***Continued**

Tommy, I really miss seeing you and those Paul Newman blue eyes. I miss smiling and laughing at and with you. But most of all, I miss talking with you and talking to your picture is a poor runner-up. Sometimes I tell you everything that is happening and sometimes I just smile and say "Hi, I love you" or "Hi, I miss you". Whatever I do, I think about you every day.

My life is very good but I still have sad moments and I occasionally still cry but most days I'm okay. I know you're out of that deep black hole and that the extraordinary pain you were in has stopped. I know you and all our relatives are looking down on those of us left behind. Please continue to provide guidance and pray for us.

I say this every year but this is how I like to think of you - on a cloud, smiling peacefully (but with a twinkle in your eye) with sunshine on your shoulder and behind you. That helps me live with this tremendous loss and to accept what I could not change - losing you.

Tommy, just know that I love you and I will always love you.

Your sister Jane

Submitted by Jane Quercia

**In Loving Memory of
Edward J. Hingston, III
July 30, 1973 – March 15, 2001**

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm Free
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard him call.
I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that place at the end of the day.
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss –
Ah yes, these things we all will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I've savored much –
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts when you think of me.
God wanted me now, he set me Free.

- Author Unknown

Submitted by Donalda Hingston

**In Loving Memory of
Michael E. Winchester
February 21, 1978 – July 6, 2014**

**"If I Should Fall Behind"
By Bruce Springsteen**

**We said we'd walk together baby come what may
That come the twilight should we lose our way
If as we're walking a hand should slip free
I'll wait for you
And should I fall behind
Wait for me**

**We swore we'd travel darlin' side by side
We'd help each other stay in stride
But each lover's steps fall so differently
But I'll wait for you
And if I should fall behind
Wait for me**

**Now everyone dreams of a love lasting and true
But you and I know what this world can do
So let's make our steps clear that the other may see
And I'll wait for you
If I should fall behind
Wait for me**

**Now there's a beautiful river in the valley ahead
There 'neath the oak's bough soon we will be wed
Should we lose each other in the shadow of the evening trees
I'll wait for you
And should I fall behind
Wait for me
Darlin' I'll wait for you
Should I fall behind
Wait for me**

Submitted by

Suzy Barcelos Winchester, Nancy Winchester, Richard Winchester, Colleen Winchester, Conor McDonough

In Loving Memory of Edmond Caldwell

"I feel like you're a solid and I'm a liquid. I don't know what that means but it feels right, & each has its place and its virtues, and sometimes they are found together, even closely adjacent, in nature. Like rocks in streams. I will try to be patient even though I am the stream and you are the rock. "

In previous years I've read words I wrote to Edmond, or words he admired by other authors. This year I wanted to read words which he wrote. He was an author, a talented one. The best way I can describe him is with his own words. We wrote back and forth for weeks before meeting in person; the above quote is from some of our early correspondence. Even his texts were prose. After years have passed, it can be easy to forget how he made me feel, how well he understood me, and how deeply in love we were. Then, on occasion, I reach back and read something like this, and am reminded of the gift that I lost.

**In Memory of my son,
Mario R. Miller
January 27, 1993 – February 25, 2019**

**"I don't think of all the misery, but of the beauty that still remains."
- Anne Frank**

I often hang my hat on a quote. It's the peg I choose and use to refresh my mindset for the day.

I go for those that whisper hope and grant me courage to start each day anew.

Such is this.

It's been almost three years since my son, my only child, took his life.

The years embedded, but the overflow months, no longer a reflex, require counting on my fingers.

"I don't think of all the misery, but of the beauty that still remains."

Grieving the loss of his physical presence, the hopes and dreams I carried for him present and future, that part has been a difficult climb. But I take the zig-zag trail now instead of the steepest route.

There I can catch my breath.

Along that gentler trail, he walks by my side. The tenderness of his heart resides in mine and his smile somehow shines brighter than before, radiating warmth and lighting my way.

Not simply deep desires, these things are palpable.

"I don't think of all the misery, but of the beauty that still remains."

Longing remains . . . how could it not? But it's not all misery.

I do my best to avoid background noise and see deeper beauty in the quiet of simple things. Mostly Nature.

Mother Nature continues to be both Teacher and Healer.

So strongly my son resides within, maybe he brings that clarity. I see for the two of us now.

Perhaps it is my job, as his Mom, to always see and show him the beauty he somehow lost sight of.

The beauty that still remains.

The ties that bind . . . perhaps we show that beauty to each other now.

Happy Birthday, Mario
XOXO
M☺m

Submitted by Maria Sallesse

**In Loving Memory of
Jack Martin Crumbley**

To W.P.

**With you a part of me hath passed away;
For in the peopled forest of my mind
A tree made leafless by this wintry wind
Shall never don again its green array.
Chapel and fireside, country road and bay,
Have something of their friendliness resigned;
Another, if I would, I could not find,
And I am grown much older in a day
But yet I treasure in my memory
Your gift of charity, and young heart's ease,
And the dear honor of your amity;
For these once mine, my life is rich with these.
And I scarce know which part may greater be,
What I keep of you, or you rob from me.**

-George Santayana

**In Loving Memory of
Mark E. Cowart
September 1, 1956 - April 9, 2017**

**We want to believe
The world is understandable
That life is fair
That things make sense
We want to believe
That if we're careful enough
Work hard enough,
Try hard enough,
We and those we love
Will be safe from anything bad.
It's one of the biggest questions
Humans wrestle with-
Why things sometimes aren't fair.
But even though we don't always have a neat answer to why things happen,
we do have each other....and we have our faith.
Just a simple kind of faith
That somehow, someday,
Suffering will end,
Good will be rewarded,
Love will endure,
Pain will be forgotten,
Light will scatter darkness,
And our spirits will go on**

In Loving Memory of Ann Haffey Quinn

Daughters

I am the daughter who looks most like her---we have the same square jawline and thin ankles, and when we smile, we smile broadly, making our faces look full though we are both small women. In some respects, all of her children act like her; my mother is a woman who knows her own mind, a woman who chooses her words carefully.

My mother's flair for telling stories derives from a long line of Irish storytellers; she makes our family history sound like a fairy tale. So many stories, like the night her father, Cornelius Moynihan, hooked her sled to his giant Airedale and jogged beside them as the sled whisked her through Battery Park under a starry sky.

When she told us stories or read to us when we were young, her voice made the words seem so real I thought I could actually feel the water rising above Tigerlily's chin and hear the banshee shrieking in the night wind. My mother knew how to enter into the perfect present tense of a child's imagination and she still does.

She practices the art of home remedy for many things---brandy soothes a teething baby's gums, geraniums repel bugs, and baking soda removes red wine from linen. The scent of starch on linen evokes the sound of Coppelia or Swan Lake for me; my mother listened to ballett, turned up high when she ironed---tablecloths, my father's shirts, the dresses that she sewed for us.

When you're one of a large family of children, you don't remember many moments of being alone with a parent. But I do remember the year that I was ten, the year I briefly lost my hearing because of a mastoid infection and couldn't eat; I remember her fingers and the damp facecloth on my hot forehead and closed eyelids.

After you've outgrown a home where someone told you stories that you believed, where your holiday dress was handmade for you, where all of your fevers were quelled, you come to understand that your life began as one of the lucky ones.

The Open Gate: Four Deerfield Poets, p 70. Deerfield Academy Press, February, 2000.

Submitted by Charles Haffey

In Loving Memory of
Bianca Isabella Taylor

Speak Their Name

*Someone I love has gone away
And life is not the same
The greatest gift that you can give
Is just to speak their name*

*I need to hear the stories
And the tales of days gone past
I need for you to understand
These memories must last*

*We cannot make more memories
Since they're no longer here
So when you speak of them to me
It's music to my ear*

-kp © 2013



Silent Memorial

MY LOVING SISTER:
Maureen Ann Kelly
Oct 28, 1958 – Sept 7, 2003

My Dear Sister, Maureen,

My guardian angel, my guide, my love, my spirit, my hope, my best friend, and always my sister forever. You are still with me all the time. I say those words all the time and cannot change them.

Well it is that time of year again when I write you a letter to read to the people in my life who understand and get what I have gone through. Losing you changed my life for the better and for the worse. I hated losing you, my loving sister, but you have made me live life differently & realize what is important - TODAY. You guide & love me every day as my angel. As you know I always wanted to be just like you as a mother, a wife, a friend and as a loving caring woman, you inspired me!

It has been 18 years. Each year is another year without you, but still fresh in my mind. Continue keeping Samaritans in my life. What a year! When I wrote this letter last year we were waiting for the vaccine for COVID and thought at that time it was close to a "light at the end of tunnel" and it would be gone, well it isn't. It just seems....just don't have an exact word to say....unbelievable (overwhelming, aggravating, tiring, strange, just is). A lot of stress for people. Know Samaritans probably had to support many people this year, very overwhelming year! As you see our world is still through the pandemic and it is taking a toll on people. We are all still trying to stay well & positive and actually spend more time with just "family".

Samaritans did have their 5K in September virtually. We ended up still doing our own 5K walk like we did in 2019. Robert, your son, and beautiful wife Gabbie had the family and some special friends at their house in Brentwood, NH a few weeks after the official Samaritan's 5K and we did our own nice walk in their neighborhood. It was supposed to be a cold and rainy morning & the sun came out and it was warm. It was like you knew! It was wonderful to have our family together! An amazing day!

You probably felt a lot of love this past weekend since your children & grandchildren went to visit Fred, your brother, and his family in their new home in Austin TX. He said to me "what a weekend, heart felt Maureen's presence".

***Continued**

You still have so much love pouring through others in our life! You always had that in your and now your children are just like you! Love having them in my life - feel lucky!

Two great successes in my family: Nicholas, my son, just graduated from Cal Poly Tech, CA with a degree in Mechanical Engineering & Monica, my daughter, is in her last year of High School and already accepted into two great colleges. As you know Monica has had her struggles and is growing up as an amazing young woman who will succeed!

Know you are watching over us and you are with our loved ones that are with you in heaven. Please continue to always be there to listen to me.

**I love you & miss you Maureen,
Your sister, Christine**

Jan'2022

Submitted by Christine Trischitta

**In Loving Memory of
Al Burgey
March 15, 1960 – November 15, 2016**

**It'S Okay.
It's Okay to miss them.
It's okay to say their name.
It's okay to cry.
It's okay to laugh.
It's okay to breathe deeply.
It's okay to smile when you think of them.
It's okay to function.
It's okay to have days where you can't function.
It's okay to be angry.
It's okay to be thankful.
It's okay to love again.
It's okay to remember.
It's okay to hope.
It's okay to be honest.
It's okay to trust again.
IT'S OKAY**

In Loving Memory of Julio Rodriguez

One More Light

Should've stayed, were there signs, I ignored?
Can I help you, not to hurt, anymore?
We saw brilliance, when the world, was asleep
There are things that we can have, but can't keep
If they say
Who cares if one more light goes out?
In a sky of a million stars
It flickers, flickers
Who cares when someone's time runs out?
If a moment is all we are
We're quicker, quicker
Who cares if one more light goes out?
Well I do
The reminders pull the floor from your feet
In the kitchen, one more chair than you need oh
And you're angry, and you should be, it's not fair
Just 'cause you can't see it, doesn't mean it, isn't there
If they say
Who cares if one more light goes out?
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Well I do

Submitted by Evelyn Gonzalez

In Loving Memory of
Robert Burns Wardwell, III
August 16, 1961 – October 7, 1992

Mystic Soul

How many days have gone by
since I have seen your face
I thought that I'd seen you
the last of you
But some things time
can never erase

CHORUS

At Christmas,
in the mystic soul
The rivers of my life run home
And all the love
that we have known
Is once again reborn, and then
All the love that we can hold
Is carried on the morning wind

The sun awakens a northern day
a peaceful time in eternity
And my love and I
are still apart
But (S)He's never ever
away from me

CHORUS

Brothers and sisters
and lovers I see
In a dance of rhythm and grace
And mothers and fathers
And others I know
Were one family
someplace, long ago

Now the moon is sailing
a raven sky
A beacon of light
on a midnight sea
She's sending a message
to this open heart
"Remember the truth
and let it be"

CHORUS

Yes, all the love
that we can hold
Is carried on
the morning wind

- Wheeler & Carol

*Love,
Mama*

A close-up photograph of numerous purple flowers, likely lilacs, filling the entire frame. The petals are in various stages of bloom, creating a dense and textured appearance. The lighting is soft, highlighting the delicate structure of the flowers.

Book of Remembrance

*For as long as we live, they too shall live
For they are now a part of us, as we remember them.*



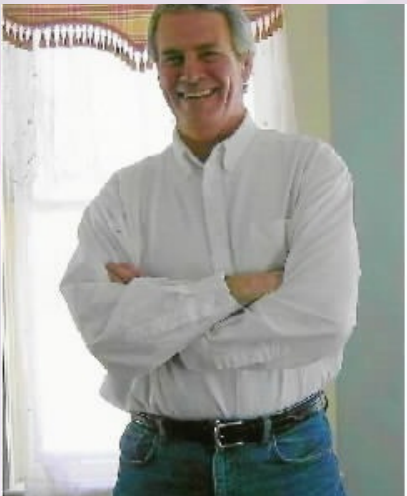
Tommy Abbott



John A. Griffin, Jr.



Al Burgey



Jack Martin Crumbley



Edmond Caldwell



Sofia Tegsell



Mark E. Cowart



Gail Cynthia Joseph



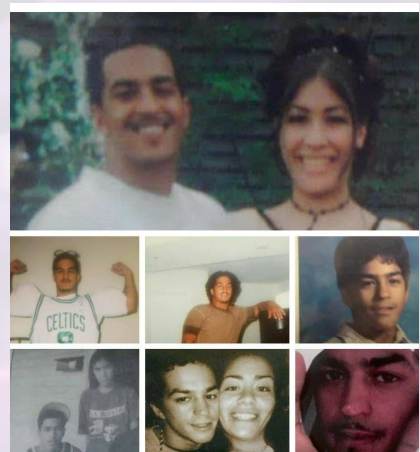
Maureen Kelly



Brian Hapenny



Jeffrey Kelly



Julio Gonzalez



Dorothy O'Leary



Edward Joel Ciampa



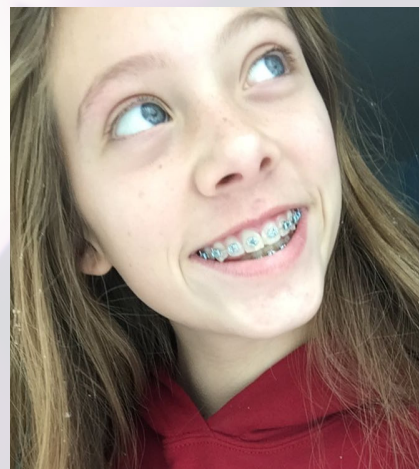
Brock Curtis



Thomas Lazinski



Michael Edward Winchester



Zoe Jade Wolfus



Mario Miller



Peter Nordstrom



Evan George Rea



Catherine Anne Burke



Carey Marin Davis



Timmi Foley



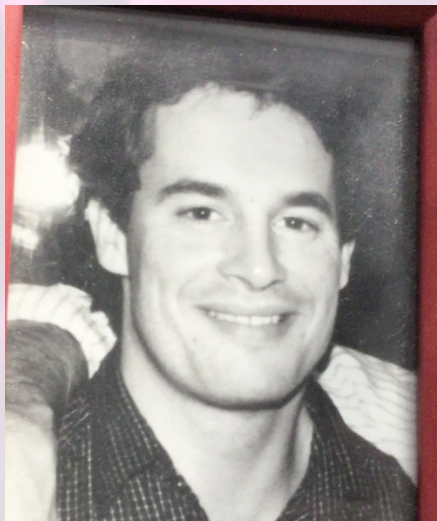
Bianca Isabella Taylor



Stephen Herndon Moody




Ryan Lahiff



Robert Burns Wardwell III

Alan Burgey
Alfred W. Brown
Ann Haffey Quinn
Bianca Isabella Taylor
Bonnie J. Hutchinson
Brian Hapenney
Brock Curtis
Carey Marin Davis
Clifford Gallo
Diane Fiest
Donivan Reis
Dorothy O'Leary
Edgard Joel Ciampa
Edmond Caldwell
Edward J. Hingston, III
Elisabeth Rice
Eric Christo
Evan George Rea
Gail Cynthia Joseph
Jack Martin Crumbley
James Williams
Jeff Lambray
Jeff Simmons
Jeffery Kelly
John A. Griffin, Jr.
John Alexander Quinones

John Mahoney
John McLaughlin
Julie Elizabeth Siegel
Julio Rodriguez
Lucas Tecumseh Klapper Riley
Mario Miller
Mark E. Cowart
Michael Clark
Michael E. Winchester
Michael Mahoney
Pam Lavendier
Peter Nordstrom
Philip Harol
Robert Burns Wardwell, III
Ryan Connolly
Ryan Lahiff
Sofia Tegsell
Stephen Albert Kass, Jr.
Stephen Herndon Moody
Thomas Lazinski
Timmi Foley
Toby Gutwill
Tommy Abbott
Tommy Quinn
Zoe Jade Wolfus

The background of the entire image is a close-up, macro shot of numerous flowers in shades of purple and pink. The petals are detailed, showing veins and soft textures. Some flowers are in sharp focus, while others are blurred in the foreground and background, creating a sense of depth. The overall color palette is a range of purples, from deep violet to light lavender, with some bright pink highlights.

Please know you're not alone

We're here to be of support to you however we might be able.
Visit www.samaritanshope.org for information on Grief Support Services programs.

Don't hesitate to reach out with any questions or for help connecting with resources: safeplace@samaritanshope.org