23rd Annual Memorial Service

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 2020

Virtual Celebration

www.stvincents.org/SwimMemorial
Available starting at 9:00AM
St. Vincent’s SWIM Across the Sound gratefully remembers Miriam “Mim” Raubvogel, who sponsored the SWIM Memorial for many years in honor of her sister, Linda Waterman, and the Waterman Family.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to
The Williams family
The staff of Captain’s Cove
St. Vincent’s Choir
Soloist Tyler Cervini
Bagpiper David Curtis
Bagpiper P. Thomas Landry
and our colleagues from
St. Vincent’s Medical Center,
the Foundation and
Hartford HealthCare.

Hope has no finish line.
St. Vincent’s SWIM Across the Sound
23rd Annual Memorial Service

Sunday, August 30, 2020

♫ Minstrel Boy ♫
David Curtis, Pipe Major, Fairfield Gaelic Pipe Band

Welcome
Dianne Auger, President & CEO, St. Vincent’s Medical Center Foundation; Regional Vice President, Strategy and Regional Development, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

Invocation
Deacon Tim Bolton, MA, BCC, Manager, Pastoral Care, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

♩ Ave Maria ♩
Tyler Cervini, Soloist

Memories of You
Vincent DiBattista, SVP & Fairfield Region President, Hartford HealthCare

On the Death of the Beloved
Kristi Gafford, MPH, MBA, SVP of Operations, Cancer Institute, Hartford HealthCare

‘Tis a Fearful Thing
Mardele Lorenson, MSN, RN, Director, Oncology Services, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

One God
Peter Yu, MD, FACP, FASCO, Physician in Chief, Cancer Institute; SVP, Hartford HealthCare

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep
Christopher Iannuzzi, MD, Medical Director, Physician Services; Chair, Oncology, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

♩ Hallelujah ♩
Pius Osei-Bagyina, MD, Chief Medical Resident, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

On Grieving
Anthy Demestis, MD, FACS, Chair, Department of Surgery

Remember
Richard Zelkowitz, MD, Regional Medical Director, Breast Program, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

The Unfinished
Nicole Loiz, MSN, RN, NEA-BC, Director, Clinical Operations, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

A Reading from the Second Letter of Paul to the Corinthians
Linda J. Bishop, RN, MSN, Nurse Manager, 9S Med/Oncology Unit & 9N Med/Respiratory, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

Responsorial
Radiation Oncology: Lisa Malin-Baylor, BS, RT(T)(CT); Stacey Piotrowski, RN, BSN; Claire Cullen RT(T); Nicole Tommasino, RT(T);
Brittany Chitwood, RT(T); Alyssa Duclos, RT(T); Viviana Araya (RT)(T)

Ambulatory Infusion Center & Medical Oncology: Betsy Hlavac, RN, Clinical Nurse Leader; Melissa Morosko, RN; Emma Wittstein, RN, Clinical Operations Manager

SWIM Cancer Center: Vickie Ogden, LMSW, SWIM Resource Navigator; Lori Ratchelous, LMSW, Oncology Counselor

Joann Marini, Patient Experience Coordinator, HHC; Edna Borchetta, Mission Services & Community Outreach Specialist, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

♩ Mist Covered Mountains ♩
P. Thomas Landry, Bagpiper
St. Vincent’s SWIM Across the Sound
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Prayers For Those Who Mourn

From A.A. Milne: Dale Danowski, MBA, MSN, RN, Regional Vice President, Patient Care Services, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

From Washington Irving: Brooke Karlsen, MSN, BSN, RN, Regional Vice President, Operations, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

From the Jewish Tradition: Brigid Killelea, MD, MPH, FACS, Regional Director of Clinical Integration and Chief of Breast Surgery, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

From Helen Keller: Vickie Ogden, LMSW, SWIM Resource Navigator, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

From John Hosier: John Hosier, Food Service Aide, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

I Believe

Lyn McCarthy, Associate Director, Fund Development, Department of Philanthropy, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

Anthony A. Cernera, Director, Philanthropy, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

A Meditation

Paul Berard, MD, Oncologist, Medical Specialists of Fairfield

When Great Trees Fall

Frank Scifo, MD, FAAFP, Chair, SWIM Across the Sound; Regional Medical Director, Post-Acute Care, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

Remembrance of Loved Ones

Display of names of loved ones lost to cancer

A Step Along the Way

Bill Hoey, MAHCM, LCSW, Vice President, Mission Integration, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

♫Amazing Grace

St. Vincent’s Choir

Organist & Vocalist: Pius Osei-Bagyina, MD, Chief Medical Resident, St. Vincent’s Medical Center

Vocalists (L-R): Sheryl Hollyday, APRN, Palliative Care; Doris Amoateng, MD, Medical Resident; Dishita Pandya, MD, Medical Resident; Marit Planton, BSN, RN, Cardiology Navigator

Casting Ceremony

Edna Borchetta, Mission Services & Community Outreach Specialist, Fairfield Region, Hartford HealthCare

Scattering of Flowers

St. Vincent’s and Captain’s Cove Staff

♫Amazing Grace

David Curtis, Pipe Major, Fairfield Gaelic Pipe Band
Invocation
We hear from Paul’s First Letter to the Corinthians: “...Love Never Ends!”
Love gathers us together this morning and unites us as one community of faith.
Call to your heart that person or persons that brings you here this morning.... and let them love you right now.
Let us pray: Gracious God, we thank you for bringing us together to reflect upon and celebrate the lives of our loved ones right now. We call upon you, Jesus, to bring peace and consolation to all of us assembled here.
Be with us this morning, O Lord, as we listen to the readings and music and let them be our prayers rising up to you like burning incense.
And may the memories of our families and friends fill our hearts with gratitude and love. Amen.

On the Death of the Beloved
Though we need to weep your loss,
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts,
Where no storm or night or pain can reach you.
Let us not look for you only in memory, Where we would grow lonely without you.
You would want us to find you in presence, Beside us when beauty brightens, When kindness glows And music echoes eternal tones.
When orchids brighten the earth, Darkest winter has turned to spring; May this dark grief flower with hope In every heart that loves you.
by John O’Donohue

’Tis A Fearful Thing
’Tis a fearful thing
To love what death can touch.
A fearful thing to love, to hope, to dream, to be-
To be,
And oh, to lose.
A thing for fools, this,
And a holy thing,
A holy thing
’Tis a human thing, love,
A holy thing, to love
what death has touched.
by Yehuda HaLevi

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep
Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning’s hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.
by Mary Elizabeth Frye

Hallelujah
I’d heard there was a secret chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord
But you don’t really care for music, do you?
Well, it goes like this
The fourth, the fifth, the minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Well, maybe there’s a God above
But all I’ve ever learned from love Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew ya
And it’s not a cry that you hear at night It’s not somebody who’s seen the light It’s a cold and it’s a broken Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
by Leonard Cohen

One God
Millions of stars placed in the sky by one God,
Millions of men lift up their eyes to one God,
So many children calling to Him by many a different name,
One Father, loving each the same.
Many the ways all of us pray to one God,
Many the paths winding their way to one God.
Walk with me brother,
There are no strangers after his work is done,
For your God and my God are one.
by Dave Rotheray, Paul Heaton

On Grieving
Grieving allows us to heal, to remember with love rather than pain.
It is a sorting process.
One by one, you let go of things that are gone and you mourn for them.
One by one, you take hold of the things that have become a part of who you are and build again.
by Rachel Naomi Remen
Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more
hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann’d:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember
and be sad.
by Christina Rossetti

The Unfinished

We cannot judge a biography by its length,
Nor by the number of pages in it.
We must judge it
by the richness of its contents.
Sometimes those unfinished
are among the most poignant.
We cannot judge a song by its duration,
Nor by the number of its notes.
We must judge it by the way
it touches and lifts our souls.
Sometimes those unfinished
are among the most beautiful.
And when something
has enriched your life
And when its melody
lingers on in your heart
Is it unfinished?
Or is it endless?

2 Corinthians 4:17-18

For our light and momentary troubles
are achieving for us an eternal glory
that far outweighs them all.
So we fix our eyes
not on what is seen,
but on what is unseen,
since what is seen is temporary,
but what is unseen is eternal.

We Remember Them

(A Responsorial)

At the rising of the sun and at its going
down,
Response: We remember them.
At the blowing of the wind and in the chill
of winter,
Response: We remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the
rebirth of spring,
Response: We remember them.
At the blueness of the skies and in the
warmth of summer,
Response: We remember them.
At the rustling of the leaves and in the
beauty of autumn,
Response: We remember them.
At the beginning of the year and when it
ends,
Response: We remember them.
As long as we live, they too will live,
for they are now a part of us as,
Response: We remember them.
When we are weary and in need of strength,
Response: We remember them.
When we are lost and sick at heart,
Response: We remember them.
When we have joy we crave to share,
Response: We remember them.
When we have achievements that are
based on theirs,
Response: We remember them.
For as long as we live, they too will live;
for they are now a part of us as,
Response: We remember them.

by Sylvan Kaemans and Rabbi Jack Riemer

I Believe

I believe for ev’ry drop of rain that falls
a flower grows.
I believe that somewhere in the darkest
night a candle glows.
I believe for ev’ry one who goes astray,
someone will come to show the way.
I believe, I believe
I believe above the storm
the smallest prayer will still be heard.
I believe that someone in the great
somewhere, hears ev’ry word,
or touch a leaf,
or see the sky
Then I know why,
I believe.

by Dwayne Chin-Quee, Michael Franti, Jacob
Hemphill, David Bell

A Meditation

Sadness gives depth.
Happiness gives height.
Sadness gives roots.
Happiness gives branches.
Happiness is like a tree
going into the sky,
and sadness is like the roots
going down into the womb of the earth.
Both are needed,
and the higher a tree goes,
the deeper it goes, simultaneously.
The bigger the tree,
the bigger will be its roots.
In fact, it is always in proportion.
That’s its balance.

by Osho
### When Great Trees Fall

When great trees fall,  
rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down  
in tall grasses,  
and even elephants  
lumber after safety.  

When great trees fall  
in forests,  
small things recoil into silence,  
their senses  
eroded beyond fear.  

When great souls die,  
the air around us becomes  
light, rare, sterile.  
We breathe, briefly.  
Our eyes, briefly,  
see with  
a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,  
examines,  
gnaws on kind words  
unsaid,  
promised walks  
ever taken.  

Great souls die and  
our reality, bound to  
them, takes leave of us.  
Our souls,  
dependent upon their  
nurture,  
now shrink, wizened.  
Our minds, formed  
and informed by their  
radiance,  
fall away.  
We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance  
of dark, cold  
caves.  

And when great souls die,  
after a period peace blooms,  
slowly and always  
irregularly. Spaces fill  
with a kind of  
soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, restored, never  
to be the same, whisper to us.  
They existed. They existed.  
We can be. Be and be  
better. For they existed.  

by Maya Angelou

### A Step Along the Way

It helps, now and then,  
to step back and take a long view.  
The kingdom is not only beyond our efforts,  
it is even beyond our vision.  
We accomplish in our lifetime  
only a tiny fraction of the  
magnificent enterprise  
that is God’s work.  

Nothing we do is complete,  
which is a way of saying  
that the Kingdom always lies beyond us.  
No statement says all that could be said.  
No prayer fully expresses our faith.  
No confession brings perfection.  
No pastoral visit brings wholeness.  
No program accomplishes  
the Church’s mission.  
No set of goals and objectives  
includes everything.  

This is what we are about.  
We plant the seeds that one day will grow.  
We water seeds already planted,  
knowing that they hold future promise.  
We lay foundations  
that will need further development.  
We provide yeast that produces  
far beyond our capabilities.  
We cannot do everything,  
and there is a sense of liberation  
in realizing that.  

This enables us to do something,  
and to do it very well.  
It may be incomplete,  
but it is a beginning,  
a step along the way,  
an opportunity for the Lord’s grace  
to enter and do the rest.  

We may never see the end results,  
but that is the difference between  
the master builder and the worker.  
We are workers,  
not master builders;  
ministers,  
not messiahs.  
We are prophets of a future  
not our own.  

by Archbishop Oscar Romero

### Amazing Grace

Amazing grace,  
How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost,  
but now I am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.  

’Twas grace that taught  
my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did  
that grace appear  
The hour  
I first believed.
Upon the loss of a loved one, family and friends have expressed their love and respect by making a memorial donation to the SWIM Across the Sound Fund through St. Vincent’s Medical Center Foundation.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE FOLLOWING:

Leonard S. Ahern
Robert Allen
Ron Allen
Kristin Appelberg
Annie Arcidiacono
Sebastiana Arcidiacono
Amy Avellino
Herman E. Bailer
Renee Bailer
Karen Barbarie
William H. Bedell
George M. Bekech
Florence Benard
Pamela A. Bennett
Albert Berarducci
Paul Bereza
Leah Berkowitz
Karen H. Blakely
Herbert A. Bodington
Bonitatibus Family
Richard Bowes
Estela M. Brewer
James F. Bucci
Cara Linehan Buckwell
John Caiola
Patricia D. Capozzi
Michael M. Cappiello
Antonio Cardinale
Joanne N. Carlson
Anthony Carlucci
Elizabeth Carter
Elaine Cassalia
Palmina Cervero
Dawn Chapman
Gilbert Chin
Chuck Cilio
Gale P. Cilio
Margaret Corcoran
Jose F. Coste, MD
John Coughlin
John M. Cribbins
Jacqueline Cummings
John Cummings
Gregory J. D’Agostino
Agnes C. Dalton
Sharon A. De Vellis
Maria M. DeFelice
Sharon DeVellis
Rocchina DiManno
Kathleen A. Donlan
Mary Downey
Martha B. Enright
Frances Esposito
Nicholas Faustine
Peter M. Faustine
Gabriel Fine
Ruth Fine
Joan Fitzgerald
Joy M. Fitzpatrick
Terrence Fitzpatrick
Hilary Flora
Eileen Fox
David Galemba
Roberta Garbarini
Pat Gianuzzi
Mollie D. Grasso
Eugene E. Haba
Maureen Halpin
Beth Hare
Stephen P. Harris
Ann Hawie
Maureen Herrmann
Kathy Hewitt
John Hoerres
David Hogarth
LueQueen Holden
Harold Hough
John A. Jeronimo
Catherine Ivanko
Gilbert R. Jackson
Jennifer June
Sam June
Vincent F. Kaesmann
Stanley Kaplin
John Keefe
Frank Kennedy
Patricia A. Kennedy
George Kermode
Lester Klimaszewski
Robert Kopasz
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Susan Lanzaro
Beatrice M. Lattanzi
Alfred Lenoci
Wayne Lindquist
Laura Linehan
Dan Long
Frieda Lopatin
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Benvenuta Mazzola
Kenneth McCoy
Michael McPadden
Barbara Methot
Patricia V. Metzger
Joan Meyer
Robert Michel
Dolores Micinilio
Harriet Miller
Carlo Minasi
James W. Mitchell
Ralph J. Money
Sharon Moore
Michael Morena
Ralph Morena
Pilar Munday
Joseph Murtha
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Irene C. Nerkowski
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Karen Oronato
Jack Packard
Mary Paglinco
Joan Papa
Joseph R. Papa
Joseph P. Patria
Marilyn Phillips
Gail Pieger
Robert Pieger
Anita Pierini
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Ian Potts
John Poynor
John A. Pyrch
Lori Quaranta
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Jean Strobel
M. A. Sule
Mary B. Sullivan
Austin J. Taylor
Helen Tomac
Tranzilo Family
Carol Treat
Betty Anne Ulrich
Charles Van Stine
Glen Varza
Kathryn Ventricelli
Edward E. Walsh
Alice Warren
Florence Weinger
Ed Welch
West and Rhodes
Janet E. Wojna
Barbara Yaworski
Beatrice G. Young
Ruth S. Zavaglia

IN REMEMBRANCE:

SWIM MEMORIALS July 1, 2019 – June 30, 2020

Hope has no finish line.