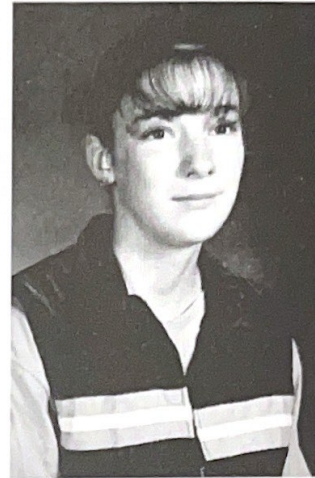


**THE SADS FOUNDATION PRESENTS**

Tenth Annual

**No Ball At All**

The first and only clue came in August 2000, five months before our teenage daughter Kellie passed away. Kellie had asked me to fix her a bagel with cream cheese and chocolate milk, her favorite breakfast, before heading down the hall into the bathroom. Then I heard a sound like someone pushing the back of the toilet hard, and I called to her. She didn't answer, but walked out of the bathroom with her eyes huge and blank, her face white, and in a cold sweat. I sat her down on the couch, and after a few moments she recovered and began to talk again, but had absolutely no memory of whatever had happened. We took her to the doctor, who had no idea what had happened to Kellie. But now I know we could have lost her then.



**Kellie Larivee**

Kellie was an active and easygoing eighth grader. She enjoyed playing basketball and was excited about high school. Her friends say she had a knack for cheering people up. Kellie could turn a frown into a smile. She loved movies—I think the popcorn was her favorite part.

The morning Kellie died, I was again fixing breakfast in the kitchen. It was strange, because Kellie didn't usually sleep this late. We had plans to meet relatives that morning and go shopping at the Ingleside Mall in Holyoke. At age 13, it was one of Kellie's favorite spots. I went to the foot of the stairs, and called. I called her name again as I entered her room. She looked like she was sleeping so peacefully with her head resting on her arm. I leaped to her bed, and when I touched her arm, I knew she was gone.

Two months later, the doctors still could not tell us what had happened to Kellie. But I couldn't accept that. It felt as though she had been kidnapped in the middle of the night—stolen from us right out of her bed.

With a lot of persistence, we had our family tested, and both my husband Edward and other daughter Jessica (now age 22 and doing well on beta-blockers) have Long QT Syndrome. Our third child, Justin does not. I am sure Kellie suffered a syncope episode that first August morning, and nobody recognized it as a loud warning sign.

I tell my story because I really worry about other children with fainting spells, who's doctors and parents have no idea of the dangers threatening them. If even some of these children could get treatment, then lives could be saved. The work the SADS Foundation does to educate parents and doctors is important for the same reason.

Thank you for supporting the SADS Foundation,  
Denise Larivee