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Mother's Day/Father's Day

Volume 3, Issue 3, May/June 1998

• **What Makes A Woman A Mother And A Man A Father?**

What Makes a Woman a Mother and a Man a Father?

Mother's Day and Father's Day. What do these days mean? Who do they commemorate? Some would answer, "those who have living children who bring them breakfast in bed and honor them with gifts."

What makes a woman a mother and a man a father? Many might respond, "hours of labor for the woman while the man patiently paces the floor to then be rewarded with a screaming bundle of joy that they raise for the next 18 years."

While this answer is not wrong or inaccurate, what about the couple who lovingly conceived a much wanted child then miscarried the baby early in pregnancy, suffered a stillbirth, or lost their baby shortly after birth? Has this man and woman earned the title of "parents?" Should they be acknowledged on these two Sundays? Absolutely! However, most of the time they are not. Bereaved parents often feel very isolated on these holidays and privately wish these days would have never been created. I have noticed that despite all the attention given to the mothers by their living children, there are some sensitive people who do recognize the pain someone may be enduring due to the loss of a parent. However, very little recognition, if any at all, is given to bereaved parents on these days. There are many parents who choose to forget these days all together and some who don't ever bother getting out of bed.

I challenge and encourage you to celebrate these days with pride! Whether you have any living children or not, you are indeed a parent and deserve to be honored. Make these days special and filled with memories of your baby. Talk with one another about the memories of your pregnancy, take flowers to the cemetery, even give your spouse a gift in honor of the life you created. Above all, rejoice for this is the day that the Lord has made!

Rebekah Mitchell



• **Remembering You On Mother's Day**

No little hugs or kisses
to wake me up on this morn.
No special card or roses sent my way.
Bittersweet feelings, at least a thousand tears;
Quietly, I celebrated you this day.

I am not like the others,
Though I still wear the name.
I cannot hold you in my arms,
But I love you just the same.

I knelt beside your resting place,
Though I knew you were not there.
I prayed to God in Heaven:
A peace I found in knowing,
sweet child, you're in His care.

To see a mother with her baby-
How my heart breaks in two;
But never would I trade this pain
If it meant there had no been you.

At times I feel I cannot go on-
Living this life without you.
Yet hidden behind my deepest grief
There is joy unexplainably true.

For my daughter, you will always be a blessing from above.
Your brief existence has bestowed on me a name I cherish dear.
And although this day is not what I imagined it to be,
I will treasure it because of you-
MY FIRST MOTHER'S DAY.

*Written by Jana Spigener
In loving remembrance of
Mercedes Ruth Spigener
Stillborn at 39 weeks
September 21, 1995*



● **Mother's Day Will Never Be The Same After The Loss Of A Child**

Mother's Day Will Never Be The Same After The Loss Of A Child

● **Jamie Gibbs**

May 1997, it's another Mother's Day. As I crawl out of the bed I have been confined to since February 1997, I wonder what May 1998 will hold. You see at this point I'm four months

pregnant in my sixth pregnancy since 1994.

This was my fourth Mother's Day. All of my babies were in Heaven. But was I really a mother...did I have the right to celebrate this day? I didn't wake each morning to change diapers and feed a baby. I had never been awakened in the night to the cries of a child. I never wiped a tear away. So was I really a mother?

Often when people talk about biological mothers versus adoptive mothers, you hear the phrase "Giving birth doesn't make you a mother." SO WHAT DID THAT MAKE ME?

I remember all those other Mother's Days going out to "celebrate" (if you can call it that). Seeing all those happy families brought so much pain. Seeing all those kids with their moms. I had no kids with me. My husband and I just looked like a couple going out for dinner. I wanted to put a sign on my back that said "I'm a mother...my babies are in Heaven." I NEEDED people to know that I was a mom.

But no one knew. No one could see the pain that a simple day of celebration could bring me or many, many other women.

This Mother's Day I will have a baby with me as my husband and I celebrate. On October 15, 1997, our son was born healthy and happy. But with the joy of the day there will be some sadness. I will be missing Brian, Matthew, Rita, Baby1, and Baby3. I do know that they will be smiling down on us as they celebrate in Heaven.

by Jamie Gibbs

In loving memory of

Brian (10/9/94-10/9/94),

Matthew (8/8/95-8/8/95)

Rita (4/25/96-4/26/96),

Baby1, miscarried 3/31/94, and

Baby3, miscarried 12/5/94.

*Our miracle, Christopher James,
was born 10/15/97.*

● **[Kris Vallone](#)**

I am ashamed as I look back on Mother's Day of 1997. I didn't even take the time to sit down and unwrap my present from my children. I abused that day and used it as though it were mine to mistreat.

As company was walking out the door, I hurriedly opened a bird feeder given to me by my living son and my yet unborn daughter. I thought it was a nice gift. Actually, I was more impressed that my husband had wrapped the gift.

In the months that followed, I eagerly watched the many species of birds swoop down for a meal. I began to recognize particular birds and their eating patterns, while at the same time, I was learning my baby's habits, her patterns, her personality. The sights and cheerful chirping sounds of life all a flutter right outside my window mirrored life on my side of the window. I was happy and light in spirit.

My daughter was born still on October 1, 1997. I returned home after a three day absence to find

the bird feeder unfilled, deserted, and void of life. Again, mirroring my heart and what was left of my beaten soul. The bird feeder stayed empty. I wasn't interested in watching life take place in front of me when my life as I knew it was gone. Thoughts of birds teeming with life and chirping cheerfully made me angry. Now I was angry at the birds. This realization convinced me that I must face life. Not only did I need to face life, but I needed to contribute to it. I began feeding the birds again. I wasn't looking forward to seeing the birds flit about and sing happy refrain, but I am gratified I did for it has enriched my life, not unlike my expectation for this Mother's Day.

This Mother's Day, I will be getting another bird feeder. We are also donating a bird feeder to the nursing home that takes care of Mia's Great-Grandma, and countless other mothers who must be remembered on this special day.

Mother's Day will never be the same for me in that my Mia will never scribble her name in crayon on a homemade card. Mother's Day will never be the same in that I will now use it wisely, treat it with respect, and be grateful for each year that I am able to enjoy it.

I am looking forward to this Mother's Day through tear-filled eyes. I will cry for my Mia and I will also thank my Mia for this lesson, one of many, that she has taught me. I realize now that Mother's Day is a lucky, wonderful gift dispensed randomly - an endowment to be held in our hearts and minds as special and as unique as our precious children.

*Kris Vallone
In loving memory of
Mia Karlett Vallone
Stillborn October 1, 1997*



 **Untitled Poem**

Untitled Poem

It must be very difficult
To be a man in grief,
Since "men don't cry" and "men are strong"
No tears can bring relief.

It must be very difficult
To stand up to the test
And field the calls and visitors
So she can get some rest.

They always ask if she's all right
And what she's going through.
But seldom take his hand and ask,
"My friend, but how are you?"

He hears her crying in the night

And thinks his heart will break.
He dries her tears and comforts her,
but "stays strong" for her sake.

It must be very difficult
To start each day anew
And try to be so very brave--
He lost his baby too.

Author Unknown



• **Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels**

Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels

• **Olivia Grace Wayne**

My beloved Olivia Grace,

Hello, my darling. It's mommy. How are you, sweetheart? Is the Lord taking good care of you? Are all your needs being met? Are you happy, safe and warm? Every day I ask the Lord to fill every moment of your existence with love, joy, peace, beauty, and goodness. Not a day goes by that I don't wonder how you are, what you're doing and what life is like for you. Not a day goes by that I don't wish with all my heart that you were still here with Daddy and me. Not a day goes by that I don't wonder about the beautiful life we would have had if you had been able to stay with us.

It doesn't seem possible that it has already been two years since you flew away to your heavenly home. Oh, how I've missed you, my sweet baby girl. No matter how much time elapses, I will love you forever with a profound and unceasing love. For you are intricately entwined in my heart, where you abide in a cherished, beautiful place. Even though you are now in the presence of angels, your extraordinary spirit still lives in me. You are an integral part of me, and I am so proud of that. You have given me many wonderful gifts, the greatest of which is a legacy of love and empathy for those who are in pain. You taught me how to weep and mourn with those who mourn. Because of you and in honor of you, I have dedicated myself to helping lighten the load of grief for others. Thank you for giving me this gift, Olivia honey.

Although my grief over losing you has mercifully softened in these past two years, my eyes still weep rivers of sadness. My arms still ache unquestionably to hold you. My hands still plead to caress your beautiful face and my fingers still long to feel your tiny hands curled around them. My lips still burn to kiss your lovely brow and your sweet little nose. My chest still throbs painfully with the yearning for you. My heart still groans with emptiness and loneliness for you. My mind still overflows with a thousand thoughts of you. And my soul still cries out for you. I believe this will always be so...

But this year, honey, I have the privilege and joy of introducing you to your beautiful little sister,

Emmaline Victoria. She is a miraculous gift from God!! She looks quite different from you, but I can see the lovely resemblance between you. I have already begun to tell her about you, and I look forward to her growing up knowing all about her big sister. I know you would have been a wonderful sister to little Emmie, and it breaks my heart that the two of you can't be together here on earth. In the meantime, I take comfort in knowing that one day, Daddy and I will be together in heaven with all of our beloved children--Olivia Grace, Baby Wayne and Emmaline. What a day of rejoicing that will be! Until then, my love, keep the home fires burning for me...
Eternally yours,

*Mommy,
Jeanette Wayne
Gonzales, TX
Written for her second birthday
in loving memory of
Olivia Grace,
Stillborn May 11, 1995*

● **Malcolm Trayvon Bell-Yeldell**

In memory of my son, Malcolm Trayvon Bell-Yeldell, May 17, 1996 to May 17, 1996.

Jacqueline Bell

● **Jonathan Daniel Mitchell**

It's unfathomable that Jonathan left my womb three years ago on June 24, 1995. At times it seems like only yesterday I could feel him growing, developing and expanding my tummy. Sometimes I have to remind myself that his existence isn't a dream...the joy of this life then the horror of his death really happened.

Every time I am in the presence of a toddler, I wonder with sadness what my little one would look like, what he would be exploring and even how exhausted I would be trying to keep up with him. My thoughts then drift to Heaven as I imagine him in his white robe running and playing with a huge smile and explosive laugh like his big brother.

Technically, Jonathan's birthday shouldn't be until the first of September, but his untimely death brings his birthday in June so I probably wouldn't be quite yet organizing his third birthday party, but I know the plans would be swimming in my head. Maybe this year I would have had a clown entertain the kids, or possibly rent a pony, or perhaps he would have been a Barney fan and I would have hired a purple dinosaur. Sorrowfully, these ideas will never be a reality for Jonathan's birthday parties. Instead, we will remember him at an old cemetery as we place flowers and a toy on his grave.

With excitement I anticipate our reunion with our son on the other side of Heaven's gates and I cling to Revelation 21:4 which brings comfort telling us that "He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away." So until that awaited day, I love and miss you my baby boy and know, little Jonathan, just as your name means, you are indeed my precious gift from God. Happy Birthday!

Love,
Mom, Dad and big brother,

*Rebekah & Byron Mitchell
and Byron Jr.
In Loving Memory of
Jonathan Daniel,
Stillborn June 24, 1995*

● ***Sarah Ann King***

Happy 3rd Birthday, Sarah!

We love and miss you!

Love,
*Mome, Dad, Brooks, and Kaylee.
Lori & David King,
big brother, Brooks,
and little sister, Kaylee.
In Loving Memory of
Sarah Ann King,
Stillborn June 22, 1995.*

● ***Troy Austin Szaroleta***

There's a special angel in Heaven
that is a part of me.
It is not where I wanted him
but where God wanted him to be.
He was here but just a moment
like a nighttime shooting star.
And although he is in Heaven
he isn't very far.
He touched the hearts of many
like only an angel can do.
I would've held him every minute
if the end I only knew.
So I send this special message
to the Heaven up above.
Please take care of my angel
and send him all my love.

Author Unknown

You will live within our hearts forever. We love you and miss you so much.

Mommy, Daddy, and Bryan

*In Loving Memory of our son,
Troy Austin Szaroleta,
on his first birthday,
April 30, 1998.*

● ***Aaron Phil Gradel and Angel Gradel***

Happy Birthday to Aaron Philip Gradel,
stillborn June 16, 1990
and Angel Gradel, miscarried May 14, 1993.

We love and miss you!
*Mom, Dad and big sister,
Denise, Phil and Ashley Gradel*



● **Resources**

Resources published in the printed version of this newsletter can be accessed online directly from M.E.N.D.'s resource pages. To access the resource pages (at any time), navigate to the following URL:

URL: http://www.mend.org/resources_internet.asp

In the M.E.N.D. resource listing, you will find resources which include internet web sites, national organizations, and family bereavement pages.



● **Subsequent Births After Loss**

● ***Andrea & Lonnie Moyer***

Andrea & Lonnie Moyer
of Lothian, Maryland
are the proud parents of
Shannon Nicole,
born February 22, 1998
at 12:51 a.m.
Shannon weighed 8 lbs. 6 oz.
They lovingly remember their son,
Garth Allen, miscarried 2/14/97.

● ***Darcy Dalgard & Bill Flick and big sister, Kendyll***

It is with a joyous heart that we
announce the birth of our daughter,
Payton Dale.
She was induced three weeks early due
to loss of amniotic fluid.
She entered our world on
October 29, 1997 at 2:32 a.m.
and weighed 6 lbs. 12 oz.

and measured 20 inches long.
It is also at this time we lovingly
remember her twin brothers,
Adam John and Jacob Thomas,
stillborn at 36 weeks on July 6, 1996.
They are never far from our thoughts.

● ***Brenda & Jim McGeachy***

Brenda & Jim McGeachy
of Fort Worth, Texas
announce the arrival of
Evan James McGeachy,
born January 24, 1998
at 11:54 p.m.
He weighed 7 lbs. 4 oz. and
was 20 1/4 inches long.
They lovingly remember their daughter,
Madison Elaine,
stillborn January 18, 1996
due to cord accident and
Morgan,
miscarried February 5, 1997.

● ***Kathryn & William Padilla***

Kathryn & William Padilla
of Highland Village, Texas
remember with love their
two babies lost respectively to
miscarriage and ectopic pregnancy
on September 19, 1996 and
April 8, 1997.
It is with great joy that they
announce the safe arrival of
their daughter,
LeeAnne Marie,
born February 22, 1998.
She weighed 4 lbs. 15 oz.
and measured 17 inches long.

● ***Carmen & David Bremer***

Carmen & David Bremer
of Columbus Grove, Ohio
announce the birth of their son,
Aaron David,
born January 24, 1998
while remembering their son,
baby boy Bremer,
stillborn December 14, 1996.

Aaron weighed 7 lbs. 15 oz.
and measured 19 1/2 inches long.

● **Lisa & Albert Smith**

Lisa & Albert Smith
of DeSoto, Texas
welcome their daughter,
Haley Renae Smith,
born Wednesday, March 11, 1998
at 9:56 a.m.

Haley was 17 3/4" long and
weighed 5 lbs. 12 oz.

They remember with love their son,
Tyler Nigel,
stillborn July 13, 1996.

"We will always love and miss him."

● **Sandy Abramson & Eric Bauer**

Sandy Abramson & Eric Bauer
of Freehold, New Jersey
proudly announce with love
the birth of their daughter,
Lauren Nicole,
born Monday, January 5, 1998
at 11:38 a.m.

while lovingly remembering
their precious son,
Adam Benjamin,
stillborn October 13, 1996.

Lauren Nicole
weighed 6 lbs. 7 oz. and
measured 18 3/4" long.

● **Kristin & Mark Jenkins**

David Allen Jenkins,
born November 27, 1997,
was placed with
Kristin & Mark Jenkins
of Arlington, Texas
January 15, 1998.

They lovingly remember
their daughters,
Hannah and Sarah,
stillborn April 14, 1997.



• Untitled By Lisa Davenport

Untitled by Lisa Davenport

The shoe box holds reminders and mementoes
The seashell saying baby's first Christmas,
The prayer from a nurse who became our friend
And shed tears for you and us even before the end.
The pamphlets the hospital gave us on grief
Sympathy cards from friends
The obituary stating your name
And saying you really existed.
The funeral home bill and precious record book friends signed
The bulletin from church letting us know they cared
The silver photo album your grandmother bought
To hold the pictures of
Your breathless form in mine and daddy's arms
The bear that was on your spray from aunts, uncles, and granny
These are all we have to remember you by
These and the pain that is etched into every strand of our being.

*Lisa Davenport
In loving memory of
Gabrielle Renee and Faith Levell Davenport*



• In Loving Memory

In Loving Memory

[Austin Jeremiah Davis](#)

Stillborn September 16, 1997

Donation in memory of Austin
by his parents, Dana and
Tracy Davis and big sister,
Ashley.

[Jonathan Daniel Mitchell](#)

Stillborn June 24, 1995

Cord Accident

Donation in memory of
Jonathan by his parents,

Grateful Acknowledgement

M.E.N.D. gratefully acknowledges gifts of love given in memory of a baby, relative, friend or given by someone just wanting to help. These donations help us to continue M.E.N.D's mission by providing our newsletter, web-site, and other services to bereaved parents free of charge. Please refer to the page entitled [Contributions](#) for more information on where to send your donations and what information to include. Thank you so much!

Rebekah and Byron Mitchell
and brother, Byron, Jr.

Donation in memory of
Jonathan by his grandparents,
Sue and Dennis Brewer.

Christian Moehlman

Stillborn December 5, 1996

Jonathan Moehlman

Stillborn July 16, 1997.

Donation in memory of
Christian and Jonathan by
parents Tammy & Mike
Moehlman and siblings,
Joshua, Andrew, and Kaitlyn.

Baby Friz 1

Miscarried October 1989

Baby Friz 2

Miscarried September 1990

Given by parents Jody & Max
Friz and siblings Jared, Davis,
and Jordan.

Olivia Grace Wayne

Stillborn May 11, 1995

Baby Wayne

Miscarried April 20, 1996

Given by parents Jeanette &
Richard and little sister,
Emmaline.

Baby Boy Bremer

Stillborn December 14, 1996

Cord Accident

Donation in memory of Baby
Boy Bremer by parents
Carmen & David Bremer and
siblings Anna, Jacob, and
Aaron.

Michael Joseph Böer

Stillborn July 17, 1996

Trisomy 18

Given by parents Lynne &
Paul Böer and siblings, Paul,

Jr., and Maggie.

Emily Ann Pampeyan

April 26-April 30, 1997

Cord Accident

Given by parents Julie &
Craig Pampeyan

Adam Benjamin Bauer

Stillborn October 13, 1996

Cord Accident

Given by parents Sandy
Abramson & Eric Bauer and
little sister, Lauren

Gabrielle Renee Davenport

Born and died March 29, 1993

Encephalocele, Ring 13 Chromosome

Faith Levell Davenport

Two true knots in her umbilical cord

*Both are loved, cherished,
remembered, and missed.*

Given by parents Lisa &
Hershel Davenport and
siblings, Tray, Angela, and
Hope

