

Table of Contents

- [Dealing With The Holidays](#)
- [Just For Today](#)
- [To Remember](#)
- [For Elijah](#)
- [Birthday Tribute Of Gage](#)
- [A Parent's Prayer](#)
- [Whisper](#)
- [My Life](#)
- [Appropriate Expectations You Can Have For Yourself In Grief](#)
- [Whispering Angels](#)
- [Subsequent Births After Loss](#)
- [Second Annual Walk To Remember](#)
- [My First Christmas In Heaven](#)
- [Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels](#)
- [Tips For Handling The Holidays](#)
- [Memory Quilt Fundraiser](#)
- [Resources](#)



Dealing With The Holidays

Volume 3, Issue 6, November/December 1998

Dealing With The Holidays

Dealing With The Holidays

"Happy Thanksgiving!" "Merry Christmas!" Most likely these holiday greetings will not joyfully and sincerely flow from many of your lips during these next two months. Perhaps earlier this year you anticipated this holiday season with great excitement and anticipation of a new addition to your family. Now your dreams have been shattered and you could care less about being thankful during November and jubilant during December.

The holidays are extremely difficult for the bereaved. Many find themselves in a state of depression and apathy. The world seems to hustle and bustle with holiday cheer and you want them to stop as you scream to remind them that you lost your baby!

As we were planning our annual M.E.N.D. Christmas candlelight service last year, we were really stumped about what songs to choose. Obviously, it wouldn't be appropriate to sing Joy To The World or Away In A Manger. As I was sharing this dilemma with some musician friends of mine, one of them began singing Psalm 30:5 in which he had composed a melody: "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh up in the morning." That tune has stuck with me since last Christmas and is a constant reminder of God's mercy and grace. When I think back to the first year following Jonathan's stillbirth, I envision myself in a black hole not knowing how to get out. But today, even after three years, although the loss of Jonathan is still and always will be painful, I again have peace and joy.

As the holidays grow near and you face them with dread and deep sorrow, I encourage you to remind yourself of Psalm 30:5 and know that although these days are filled with tears, joy WILL come in the morning.

Rebekah Mitchell



Just For Today

What will I do, just for today
to try and make the pain go away?

Do I hold your picture and maybe cry?
Do I sit confused and wonder "why?"

Will I ever laugh and be happy again?
I think I will, but I don't know when.

Will days get better as they say?
Will the emptiness ever go away?

Memories that my heart contains;
these are all that remain
of the one I held so dear.
My child, you're no longer here.

I wait for the day
I'll see you again.
Pure love from the heart.
Oh! - but when?

My faith never leaves me.
I think I'll pray
for God's loving comfort
just for today.

Gail Fasolo
3-14-92



To Remember

To remember your baby, whether it's at Christmas or any other time of the year, here are some ideas that have been helpful to others.

Buy fresh flowers for your home to enjoy while remembering your baby.

Make a scrap book.

Plan a special meal and/or open house with family/friends to celebrate a special day (i.e. birth/death day, due date, anniversary date, etc.)

Buy a Birthstone Babies necklace, Mother's Ring, angel pin, or other appropriate jewelry.

Buy a special ornament for your Christmas tree.

Buy an age-appropriate gift for your baby and give it to charity in memory of your baby.

Create or buy a special frame for your baby's picture(s).

Create a photo album or collage.

Contribute to your local church, school, library, or favorite charity in your baby's name.

Donate a children's or pregnancy loss book to your local library.

Create a special place to keep or display your baby's things (i.e. blanket, outfit, hospital bracelets, other mementos, etc.) For example, a shadow box, small toy chest, a curio, etc.

Write poetry to or about your baby.

Visit the cemetery and take a poinsettia or other seasonal flower/plant.

Reach out to others who have lost a baby to share your experiences.

Buy a special reminder of your baby for your work space.

Buy a beautiful Christmas candle and light it each day through December.

Hang a stocking for your baby and put a flower in it Christmas morning.



 **For Elijah**

For Elijah...

Christmas is coming, a promise of hope, joy...I feel sad now but maybe quiet enough to write...to share some of the thoughts that have endured the storms of sadness, loss, anger, unbelief, confusion.

Why the emptiness? Why the pain? Will it always be like this? Who or what will fill the emptiness? Soothe the pain? How? There's got to be more than this.

Who are you Elijah? What has your brief time with us meant? Who are you now? How will we know you when we see you again? Where are you? There's no place like home.

One thing I see a little more clearly now...what it meant for God to give up His son...not because He had to, but for our sake. Could it have been easy, even for Him? Did it feel like forever? I'm glad it wasn't forever. I'm glad He had the love to do it.

What do we do now? Your family, your grandparents, those who love you, who had hopes and dreams for you? Are they finished? Or are they completed...sooner than expected?

You can't be finished, Elijah...death was never meant to be. Love never ends. Life goes on. Death has been conquered. You are mighty now. Live on, Elija!

Remember us, who live less happily than you...with striving and earthly cares, with darkness as well as light. Remember us, and give to us some of your new found joy. Live on, Elijah!

Patience is needed now. It's so hard to wait until we meet again. What will you be doing, Elijah, until we meet again? What will we be doing? Will we be ready when we're to meet again?

Thank goodness for Elijah, for life that goes on, for love that never ends. Until we meet again, live on, Elijah!

With love,

Mom

*Written by Mary Lou Cary
In loving memory of
Elijah Cary*



🎂 Birthday Tribute of Gage

Birthday Tribute of Gage

Mom, Dad, thank you for giving me the gift of life.

Because of you I am...

Because of you I am a being with a soul to live throughout eternity.

I am loved by you, relatives and friends.

I am bypassing the sentence of original sin.

I am avoiding the physical and emotional pain of the world that you live in.

I will not have to endure sweat and toil to the end.

And lo, I am not really dead.

I am already with our King eternal - just as Tommy said!

Thank you for your prayers and plans

And forget me not - but weep no more

And focus not your love and energies on me

But on those who can benefit from your Godly care.

Now gain strength as one who loves the Lord

And run to love all children
Even those yet unborn.
For life in your world is but brief at best
And what really counts is our place of eternal rest.

I see your pain.
I sense your sorrow.
But not for me, I trust.
And don't concern yourself with what could have been,
But what will be
When we meet on that shore to spend eternity and more.

*By Robert Sprowls (Gage's Papa)
In memory of Gage Daniel Burlison,
Stillborn November 11, 1997*



A Parent's Prayer

A Parent's Prayer

So much anticipation...so much joy we had.
A new life to take care of. A precious gift from God.
But He had different plans, an immediate eternity for you.
A perfect way to serve Him; no pain or suffering on earth.

Our joy turned to sorrow, grief and despair.
For your parents are human, naturally selfish in our love.
For our little angel girl we would only get a glimpse of.

A precious little life that budded on this earth.
But will blossom in heaven and learn from God himself.
While we cannot teach you how to sing "Jesus Loves Me" now,
Your ancestors in heaven behold the gift of your life.

From the safety of your mother's womb,
Straight to your Father's arms you'll go.
We thought that we'd be taking care of you.
Instead, a guardian angel you are.

What a joyous day it will be to see your heavenly spirit shining.
We'll say, "Adrianna?" You'll answer, "Mommy and Daddy!"
Then this short stay on earth will all be forgotten.
We'll be together again, holding hands down the golden streets of heaven.

Thank you loving Father for answering this prayer.

Julianne Johnston

*In Loving Memory of Adrianna Haywood Johnston,
April 25, 1998, Bilateral Renal Agenesis
All our love, Terry, Julianne & Mackenzie.*



Whisper

Whisper

I whisper your names...to myself.

I whisper..."Happy birthday and I love you."

I whisper..."I am sorry...sorry to have never known you."

I whisper..."I still think of you."

I whisper..."Goodnight."

I whisper...."Take care of one another" and "Hope your angel ears can hear my whispers here on earth."

I whisper...because I am afraid that if I speak too loud, my heart will hear and break again...

So, I just whisper.

*by Lisa Davenport
In loving memory of Gabrielle Renee,
born and died March 29, 1993,
due to Encephalocele, Ring 13 Chromosome
and Faith Levell, born and died March 27, 1994,
due to two true knots in her cord.*



My Life

My Life

My life is but a
weaving between
my Lord and me.

I cannot choose the
colors; he works
steadily.

Often he weaves
sorrow and I, in
foolish pride,

Forget that he sees
the upper, and I
the lower side.

Not till the loom is
silent and the
bobbins cease to
fly,

Shall God unroll the
canvas and explain
the reason why

The dark threads
are as needful in the
weaver's skillful
hand

As the threads of gold
and silver in the
pattern he has
planned.

*This poem was taken from an article written
by Sr. Patricia M. McCormack, IHM, EdD
in the August/September 1998 Issue of
Today's Catholic Teacher.
It is reprinted with permission from
Ms. Mary Noschang, Editor.*



● **Appropriate Expectations You Can Have For Yourself In Grief**

*Appropriate Expectations You Can Have For Yourself In Grief
by Therese A. Rando*

Evaluate yourself on each one and see if you are maintaining realistic expectations for yourself.

You can expect that:

Your grief will take longer than most people think.

Your grief will take more energy than you would ever have imagined.

Your grief will involve many changes and be continually developing.

Your grief will show itself in all spheres of your life:
psychological, social and physical.

Your grief will depend upon how you perceive the loss.

You will grieve for many things, both symbolic and tangible, not just the death alone.

You will grieve for what you have lost already and for what you have lost for the future.

Your grief will entail mourning, not only for the actual person you lost but also for all the hopes, dreams, and unfulfilled expectations you held for and with that person, and for the needs that will go unmet because of the death.

Your grief will involve a wide variety of feelings and reactions, not solely those that are generally thought of as grief, such as depression and sadness.

The loss will resurrect old issues, feelings, and unresolved conflicts from the past.

You will have some identity confusion as a result of this major loss and the fact that you are experiencing reactions that may be quite different.

You may have a combination of anger and depression, such as irritability, frustration, annoyance, or intolerance.

You will feel some anger and guilt, or at least some manifestation of these emotions.

You may have a lack of self-concern.

You may experience grief spasms, acute upsurges of grief that occur suddenly with no warning.

You will have trouble thinking (memory organization and intellectual processing) and making decisions.

You may feel like you are going crazy.

You may be obsessed with the death and preoccupied with the deceased.

You may begin a search for meaning and may question your religion and/or philosophy of life.

You may find yourself acting socially in ways that are different from before.

You may find yourself having a number of physical reactions.

You may find that there are certain dates, events, and stimuli that bring upsurges in grief.

Society will have unrealistic expectations about your mourning and may respond inappropriately to you.

Certain experiences late in life may resurrect intense grief for you temporarily.

*Taken from Therese A. Rando, How To Go on Living When Someone You Love Dies.
New York: Bantam Books, 1991
pp 79-80.*



Whispering Angels

Whispering Angels

A flock of angels have touched our lives,
their shadows are cast on the day.
Some whisper softly, some touch us gently,
others show others the way.

Oh angels, we cry when we are alone,
tired from our quest to understand
Why you only whisper softly, only touch us gently,
and leave only prints in the sand.

But we are not alone in grief, are we?
We must look to the sky when it's fair.
To hear angels whisper softly, feel angels touch us gently
and find strength in their faith we must share.

And tomorrow will come, as sure as there's love,
so we wake to the gift of a day.
Knowing angels whisper softly, knowing angels touch us gently,
and believe they can show us, to, the way.

*Written by Laurretta Shokler
In loving memory of
her four babies lost to miscarriage,
April 1989, May 1990, January 1991, and September 1993*



Subsequent Births After Loss

Subsequent Births After Loss

Tony Jr. and Timothy Robert Rodriguez

Tony and Priscilla Rodriguez
of Dallas, Texas,

proudly announce
the birth of their twins,
Tony Jr. and Timothy Robert,
born March 31, 1998.
Tony Jr. weighed 3 lbs. 12 oz. and
Timothy weighed 3 lbs. 15 oz.
They lovingly remember
Baby Rodriguez,
miscarried April 10, 1997.

• **Clayton Andrew Barnett**

DeAnne and Lee Barnett
and son, Kyle,
of Woodstock, Georgia
celebrate the birth of a new baby,
Clayton Andrew,
born on April 24, 1998.
He weighed 7 lbs., 7 oz.
and measured 20" long.
They remember with love
Cole Avry,
stillborn april 13, 1997.



• **Second Annual Walk To Remember**

Second Annual Walk To Remember

Our Walk to Remember was a great success! The Lord gave us an absolutely beautiful day. We had more than 165 people commemorating over 50 little babies. We were blessed with touching poetry, sentimental music, a stirring inspirational message delivered by Pastor J. Don George of Calvary Temple in Irving, Texas, and we concluded with an awesome balloon release.

Along with other poignant points, Pastor George reminded us that God doesn't always will things, but allows them. And we can choose to either "go through grief or grow through grief."

The balloon release was perhaps the highlight of the event. Every person received one balloon per baby they were representing. Each was given a blue balloon for a boy, a pink balloon for a girl and a white balloon for babies lost early in pregnancy with unknown sex. DaLana Barsanti led us in Jesus Loves Me and then the balloons were released. The brightly shining sun beautifully reflected from the hundreds of balloons as they flew to Heaven; each representing a precious baby. The balloons seemed to fly forever into the cloudless sky. None wanted to moment to end as we stood there silently watching the balloons disappear into the heavens.

If you were unable to attend this year, we encourage you to make plans to come next year. In all probability, we will host the Walk the second Saturday in October every year. So mark your calendars now and plan to join us in 1999!



• My First Christmas In Heaven

My First Christmas In Heaven

Author Unknown

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below
with tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular! Please wipe away that tear,
for I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear,
but the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here.
I have no words to tell you the joy their voices bring,
for it is beyond description to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me. I see the pain inside your heart,
but I am now so far away. We really aren't apart.
So be happy for me, loved ones. You know I hold you dear.
Be glad I spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I send you each a special gift from my heavenly home above.
I send you each a memory of my undying love.
After all, "Love" is the gift more precious than gold.
It was always most importat in the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other, as my Father said to do,
for I can't count the blessings or love he has for you.

So, have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear.
Remember, I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

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priced at \$5.00 each, contact
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<http://www.accnorwalk.com/~mom2nich/>
or P.O. Box 534, Huron, OH 44839



• Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels

Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels

● *Katherine Jeanne Glynn*

Katherine,

I remember when your father and I decided to have another baby. We were in the car. It was a beautiful day. I did not want to be pregnant, but I did want a baby. We had very little money. All three of us were living in a one bedroom apartment, and our future did not look much different. We did not care. We were ready.

It took about five months to get pregnant with you. (After four month of trying), I talked to my friend, Kelley, about it. She said four monts was not that long. Soon after that , I was late for my period. "Could this be it?," I thought.

That day at the grocery store, I picked up a test. I remember when I saw the positive sign. I filled with that warm mother feeling. I loved you instantly. Your brother wanted to know what I was doing. I told him that it was a test to see if I had a baby growing inside me. I told him we did. You would not believe the look on his face. For once, he was speechless. Billy just hugged me. He was so excitd. He loved you instantly, too.

I called your Daddy. He was so excited he could hardly speak. I let Billy call your grandmother with the news and I told Aunt Bonnie, Paw Paw and Maw. Your Dad called his family. Everyone was so excited. Your great uncle, Gerry, was already shopping for you.

I could not fit into my jeans the very next day. So, I bought some denim stretch pants. That spring, I was the most beautiful I have ever been. People just shook their heads at me and said, "you just glow."

Every time I took communion, Father Gerry knelt down on one knee and blessed you. Our family blessing came up that spring, too. I knelt at the rail and when Father Gerry put his hand on my head, I felt an extra pressure. I knew it was the hand of God. The pressure stayed there even after Father Gerry lifted his hand. I thought that was odd that God would give me such a blessing. Now, I know why.

The trips to the midwife, Marty, were uneventful. Everything was on target and fine. Your due date was the 21st of November, the day after my birthday. I could tell early on that you were smaller than Billy. Marty kept assuring me that you were normal size. Your heartbeat was strong.

It was not until late that summer that I started having dreams and uneasy feelings. Your father, too. We were suddenly very uptight about having a baby although we wanted you so badly. Your dad got vey concerned about Billy and how he would handle your arrival. I did not like how you did not move very much. You did not respond to the sunlight the way Billy had. I just kept thinking you're a different baby than Billy. However, I did not like it. Your daddy carried on about having a girl and I kept telling him that your were a boy so that he would not be disappointed. I had a dream that angels came to me and decided to tell me something. They opened a refrigerator with all these test tube in it and said the baby's name is Dr. Dolittle. I woke up crying. I woke up your father and told him we would never have a little girl. I sobbed for hours and wondered why having a boy bothered me so much. I like boys.

I went on with my days. Summer started to wind down. We began to prepare for your arrival. Daddy repainted your brother's crib white. We shopped for sheets. Daddy wanted Winnie the

Poooh ones for you. I went and looked at fabric with your grandmother, but we never bought anything. We just looked. The baby shower date kept getting pushed back, but we still had plenty of time. People were beginning to ask us what we needed.

I still did not think you moved enough. The state fair started up and your grandmother came into town to see us and go to the fair. Though the fair was always a much-anticipated event, we did not have any fun except for your brother.

Tuesday, we went to the midwife. Your grandmother heard your heart beat and you were in a good position. That night, I woke your father up and told him that I was worried about you. Nobody understood my fears. Mom left Saturday. I went up to church and attended a quiet day that the Daughters of the King had planned for months. That afternoon, I was outside and for the first time in months, you just bounced up and down inside me. I was so surprised and excited. I stood in the hallway and told everyone how strong you had moved and that I was not worried any more.

However, by that evening, I was. I remember sitting in Denny's trying to listen to your Aunt Bonnie, but just thinking that you had not moved again. I think now that was the moment you died. You saw God and got excited.

That night, I told your dad I thought we had a girl. Sunday, I cried all night. Monday morning, I called the midwife. She said not to worry, that she got telephone calls like this all the time. I convinced myself that I felt you move. The rest of that week, I was sleepless. I prayed constantly. I started false labor. I told your great grandmother and grandmother that if I ended up with a healthy baby, I would faint dead away.

The following Tuesday, we went for the scheduled appointment with the midwife. I told your daddy that half of me thought everything was fine and that I was just being silly. The other half of me, though, was planning a funeral. When we got there and I stepped on the scale, I had lost weight. I had had no appetite that whole week. It was then that I just let the tiniest bit of reality sink in. Your daddy had no clue. I still get numb just remembering that moment. I laid down and Marty could not find a heart beat. I called your Aunt Bonnie. She thought we were going to the hospital to have a baby. I told her no, that we couldn't find a heart beat. On the way, I wrote down the names of people for your daddy to call. At one point, I looked up at the buildings speeding past and thought of you. I started to go crazy. So, I stopped right there and told myself that maybe it would be all right. It was not.

At the hospital, they could not find a heart beat either. They brought in a sonogram machine and the doctor arrived. He looked at you for just a second and said, "there is no easy way to say this, but baby is no longer with us." I just looked at him and said, "It's o.k. I knew something was wrong."

You left me on a quiet day in the sunshine, listening to the wind in the grass. We had you for 35 weeks. The rest of the story is not about you. It is about how we are trying to live without you. This, so far, has been impossible. Daddy and I have not lived a day since you died. We are still dying, but someday, we will live again, with you in our hearts, always.

I love you, baby, and will love you forever.

Your mommy,

Robin Glynn

*In loving Memory of
Katherine Jeanne Glynn,
Stillborn October 15, 1997,
Cause Unknown*

● *Shelby Rosa Nelson*

Dear Shelby,

Not too much longer and you will be one year old in our hearts. One year since you entered this life to only stay for awhile and then leave us. Your 36 hours of life touched Mom and Dad in a way that will never be duplicated. You taught us so much, Shelby.

I thank you for what you have done for me. You taught me how to deal with the pain of losing a child, how to put more trust in God and how to love unconditionally.

These are only a few things you did for us. Dad and I had to choose to give you back to the good Lord. That was the hardest lesson of life we had to face. He gave you to us and allowed us to share nine beautiful months with you. Not only did we get to enjoy you while you were inside Mom but He allowed us a short period to say hello and good-bye.

I did not think I would be able to tell God thanks for the blessings we received from you. I was too mad at Him to think like that. But today, as we approach your first birthday, I can thank our Lord for you and the joy you brought to each and every one of us, your loving family.

This was not the way it was supposed to be. You and I had a wonderful pregnancy with no flaws. You were strong, healthy and beautiful. Thank you for fighting so hard to stay with us.

But my little Angel, you have a better home where you are now. Dad and I could not ask that you stay here knowing you would suffer in this world of strife. We dug for all the strength we had and released you back.

What joys you have had already with Granny Rosa, Grandpa Nelson, and all your other wonderful ancestors. You watch over your brothers, Chad and Jess. You are with us in our hearts, our minds and the deepest part of our souls. You are forever a part of Dad and me and we will never forget you or what you brought to us. Be content my little Shelby. Knowing you are at peace is my only solace.

You are and always will be our Special Angel, our first born (girl). I know you will carry Dad and me through this difficult holiday season. We can't be anything else but grateful for you. That will be our gift this year. Receiving the peace within that will always remind us that God is good and He will carry us through, if only we allow Him to.

Happy first birthday, Happy Thanksgiving and Merry Christmas, Shelby Rosa Nelson.

With all our love,
Mama and Daddy

Leshia & Brian Nelson

*From Burley, Idaho
In Memory of Our
First Born Daughter, Shelby Rosa Nelson,
November 13 - November 16, 1997
Birth Asphyxia and Central Nervous System
Damage Due to Shoulder Dystocia*

● *Joshua and Jeremy Barsanti*

Dear Joshua and Jeromy,

I cannot believe that two years have passed since your Daddy and I said good-bye to you. I keep thinking that one day I will wake up and I won't hurt any more. I try so hard to comprehend that you are in a better place. My head tells me that you are safe in the arms of Jesus, but my heart says that you belong in the arms of your Mommy.

Not a day goes by that I don't think of you. Your precious faces are forever in my memory. I can still remember how it felt to touch your delicate skin and silky hair. I remember the horrible pain I felt when I had to give you back to the nurses at the hospital. I wanted to hold you forever and never let go.

I envision what you would look like and what cute things you would be doing. I have imagined how happy I would have been seeing your first steps, hearing your first words. When I see a child that looks to be about two, I can only wonder what my life would be like with twin two year old boys. I find myself shying away from persons who have a child around your age. It hurts so much to see them laugh and play with their children when all I can do is stare at your pictures. I find myself being envious of parents who will never have to know the pain of losing a child, not that I wish this pain on anyone.

Boys, I will never know the joy of your smile and the warmth of your laughter. This is a dose of reality that is often more than I can bear, but somehow I manage to make it through the days. I have heard it said. "What doesn't kill you will only make you stronger." I guess in a way my pain has made me a stronger person. For nearly two years I have listened to people tell me that something good will come from losing you. It is difficult to believe that any good could come from such heartache, yet I cling to that hope.

I can honestly say that since you have been gone, I do not take life for granted. Losing you both has made me treasure all that I have. I know that I must be strong and dependable for your little brother, Taylor Wesley. Therefore, I carry on.

I want to thank you for the memories. Though few, they are so precious to me. Till we met in Heaven, I hold you in my heart!

Love, Mom

P.S. Your Daddy loves you very much and wants you to know he can't wait for the day that we can all be together.

*DaLana & Randy Barsanti, and son, Taylor
In Loving Memory of
Joshua and Jeromy Barsanti*

*Stillborn November 21, 1996
Anencephaly*

• **Jordan Leigh Johnson**

Jordan,

How could it be possible that your 2nd birthday is already here? It seems like just yesterday we were anxiously preparing for your arrival! Little did we know that you would only be able to stay for such a short time. We cherish the days we had with you. You touched our hearts and changed our lives forever!

Happy Birthday Sweetheart!
We love you !

Mommy, Daddy and little sister, Lauren

*Kena & Reggie Johnson
and little sister, Lauren
In Loving Memory of
Jordan Leigh Johnson,
November 11-15, 1996
Charge Syndrome*

• **Baby Girl Sagar**

We mourn your death with much grief but await the day when our souls will be united again. We cry to see you. We smile to feel you in our hearts.

*Marilyn & Gary Sagar and siblings, Gavin & Ashley
In Loving Memory of
Baby Girl Sagar
Stillborn November 15, 1997
Placenta Abruption*



• **Tips For Handling The Holidays**

Tips For Handling The Holidays

1. Decide what you can handle comfortably and let family and friends know.

Can I handle the responsibility of the family dinner, etc. or shall I ask someone else to do it?
Do I want to talk about my loved one or not?
Shall I stay here for the holidays or go to a completely different environment?

2. Make some changes if they feel comfortable for you.

Open presents Christmas Eve instead of Christmas morning. Vary the timing of Channukah gift

giving.

Have dinner at a different time or place.

3. Re-examine your priorities: greeting cards, holiday baking, decorating, putting up a tree, family dinner, etc.

Do I really enjoy this?

Is this a talk that can be shared?

4. Consider doing something special for someone else.

Donate a gift in the memory of your loved one.

Donate money you would have spent on your loved one as a gift to charity.

Adopt a needy family for the holidays.

Invite a guest (foreign student, senior citizen) to share festivities.

5. Recognize your loved one's presence in the family.

Burn a special candle to quietly include your loved one.

Hang a stocking for your loved one in which people can put notes with their thoughts or feelings.

Look at photographs.

6. If you decide to do holiday shopping, make a list ahead of time and keep it handy for a good day, or shop through a catalog.

7. Observe the holidays in ways which are comfortable to you.

There is not right or wrong way of handling holidays.

Once you've decided how to observe the time, let others know.

8. Try to get enough rest -- holidays can be emotionally and physically draining.

9. Allow yourself to express your feelings.

Holidays often magnify feelings of loss. It is natural to feel sadness.

Share concerns, apprehensions, feelings with a friend. The need for support is often greater during holidays.

10. Keep in mind that the experience of many bereaved persons is that they do come to enjoy the holidays again. There will be other holiday seasons to celebrate.

11. Don't be afraid to have fun.

Laughter and joy are not disrespectful. Give yourself and your family members permission to celebrate and take pleasure in the holidays.

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Grace Happens



Memory Quilt Fund-Raiser

Memory Quilt Fund-Raiser

We need your help! In an effort to help support M.E.N.D. financially, M.E.N.D. will be creating a MEMORY QUILT representing our babies. The quilt will be displayed at M.E.N.D. events throughout the year. If you are interested in creating a "square" for our quilt representing your baby(s), you will need to submit an 8 1/2' x 8 1/2' square, preferably made of 100% cotton material.

You can create a traditional quilt square, or you can simply design a square representing your baby(s) by stenciling, drawing with fabric markers, etc. Other suggestions include adding your baby's name(s), family name, special sayings or Bible verses, etc.

PLEASE MAKE SURE YOUR SQUARE CONTAINS THE EXACT DIMENSIONS. Remember that 1/2" on each side will be used to bind the quilt, so please do not create your design in the outer 1/2 inch on each side. It will be covered up.

M.E.N.D. strives to continue to provide the newsletter and other services at no cost. As the number of families M.E.N.D. reaches continues to rise, the costs to provide these services continue to go up.

How can you help? We are requesting that for each square you submit, a contribution of \$10.00 be made to help M.E.N.D. continue to help others. Your baby will be remembered forever by being a part of our first quilt, and your tax-deductible contribution will further M.E.N.D.'s cause.

Remember, your creativity is limitless!! Please submit your squared by January 15, 1999. Send your square directly to M.E.N.D. If you are planning to submit a square, it would help to let Rebekah know ahead of time, though it doesn't need to be submitted until January.

If you have questions about the quilt-making project, please contact [Jana Spigener](#) via email or call (817) 468-9963.


HAPPY QUILTING!

Thanks for your support!

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.



In Loving Memory

Jonathan Daniel Mitchell

Stillborn June 24, 1995
Cord Accident

Donation in memory of
Jonathan by his parents,
Rebekah and Byron Mitchell
Sr. and big brother, Byron, Jr.

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

Donation in memory of
Jonathan by Aunt Janice and
Uncle Brad Mitchell and
cousins, Christina, Matthew,
and Amanda.

Michael Joseph Böer

Stillborn July 17, 1996
Trisomy 18

Given by parents Lynne &
Paul Böer and siblings, Paul,
Jr., and Maggie.

Timothy "Schuyler" Morren

September 28 - December 23, 1997

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!

SIDS

Donation in memory of
Timothy by parents Pam and
Tim Morren.

Donation in memory of
Timothy by Nikki Simonini.

Donation in memory of
Timothy by grandparents,
Polly and Larry Morren.

Donation in memory of
Timothy by grandparents,
Sunbeam and Neil Carpenter.

Elizabeth Gentry

August 24, 1996

Cystic Hygroma and Anasarca

Chris Gentry

Miscarried May 10, 1997

Given by parents, Shary and
John Gentry and little sister,
Alison.

July Sunset Oliveaux

Stillborn July 3, 1997

Severe Fetal Hydronephrosis

Given by parents, Jamie and
Darrell Oliveaux.

Given by Aunt Ashly and
Uncle Robert Torian and
cousins, Clinton and Brandon.

Given by grandparents, Judy
and Stan Fredrick.

Amanda Morgan Galleger

Stillborn January 7, 1997

Trisomy 18

Given by parents, Diane and
Steve Galleger and little sister,
Sydney.

Mercedes Ruth Spigener

Stillborn September 21, 1995

Intramembranous Insertion of

Umbilical Cord.

Twin Blossoms Spigener

Miscarried July 1996 and August 1996

Bicornuate Uterus.

Given by parents, Jana and
Grant Spigener and little
brother, Wyatt.

Given by grandparents, Inez
and Harry Bomar.

Given by Leann and Chris
Sellers.

Shelby Rosa Nelson

November 13-16, 1997

Birth Asphyxia and Central Nervous
System

Damage Due to Shoulder Dystocia

Given by parents, Leshia and
Brian Nelson and brothers,
Chad and Jess.

Austin Jeremiah Davis

Stillborn September 16, 1997

Unknown Cause

Given by parents,
Dana and Tracy Davis and big
sister, Ashley.

Mathew Roland Starnes

March 5 - June 3, 1994

Parent Julie Bales. Given by
Aunt Angela and Uncle Rick
Pope.

William Joseph Kowalski

Stillborn August 12, 1997

Given by parents, Sheri and
Robert Kowalski.

Jordan Leigh Johnson

November 11-15, 1996

CHARGE Syndrome

Given by parents, Kena and
Reggie Johnson and little

sister, Lauren.

Sarah Ann King

Stillborn June 22, 1995

Given by parents, Lori and
David King and siblings,
Brooks and Kaylee.

Baby Girl Sagar

Stillborn November 15, 1997

Placenta Abruption

Given by parents, Marilyn and
Gary Sagar and siblings,
Gavin and Ashley.

Elizabeth Mae Ling

April 12, 1998

Given by parents, Feng Ling
and Lan Bin.

Tristen Wayne Livermore

Stillborn May 5, 1998

Cord Accident

Given by parents, Cindy and
Rodney Livermore.

Hallie Anne Fantine

Stillborn September 22, 1997

Cord Accident

Given by parents, Laurie and
Richard Fantine.



Please review the M.E.N.D.
[Reprint Policy](#) and [Disclaimer](#).

Mommies Enduring Neonatal Death (M.E.N.D.)
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