

## ▶ Monthly Newsletter

### Father's Grief

Volume 3, Issue 1, January/February 1998

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*Praying today that  
in the silent moments  
you will find peace  
in knowing God's  
promises are true.*

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### ▶ Fathers' Grief

"I'm so sorry!" "I'm so sorry!" I sobbed to Byron after Jonathan's death was confirmed. Between his own tears he asked me why I was apologizing to him. I felt as if I had failed him as a wife and as a mother to his children.

After Byron and I spent time alone with Jonathan, we wanted to share him with our family and friends who were waiting in an empty labor room down the hall. I was wheeled down there as Byron followed holding our tiny, lifeless bundle. One of my sisters says it is a sight she will never forget. I was very groggy during this sharing time, but I remember seeing Byron crying uncontrollably most of the night. In a drug-induced and shocked state, I tried to comfort Byron and tell him it was going to be okay.

Two days later my shock and pain-killers wore off a little and I found that the role of comforting was reversed. Byron rarely left my side for the next several days but seldom did we grieve together. It seemed as if when one of us was having a hard time, the other would be the emotionally strong one.

Before long, we were home and attempting to get our lives back together. It seemed to me that Byron was having an easier time adjusting to the loss of Jonathan than I was. At times, I found myself enraged that he could get back to normal so quickly and continue his day-to-day activities when I was at home grieving over our precious baby.

What I didn't know was that he was burying his grief. Although his heart was torn in two when we lost our little boy, he was afraid that we were also going to lose the blissful family we once were. He wondered if we would ever truly be happy again and if our marriage would ever be the same. Because of these anxieties he subconsciously convinced himself that he had to get our family back on track before he could mourn the death of his son. It wasn't until two years after Jonathan's death that we realized this (read [Byron's story](#)).

I am so thankful for my wonderful husband who has been my lifeline since the stillbirth of our baby. Except for the grace of God, I know I wouldn't have survived without Byron's love, compassion, and sensitivity.

If you feel your husband is not grieving "right" or "enough," I hope you will find this issue helpful as you read the hearts of some of our bereaved fathers. Encourage your spouse to read this issue as well, and hopefully, he will realize that it's okay to have fears, express his emotions, and outwardly grieve the loss of his child.

Rebekah Mitchell

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## **Men Do Cry**

**by Ken Falk**

I heard quite often "men don't cry"  
though no one ever told me why.  
So when I fell and skinned a knee,  
no one came by to comfort me.

And when some bully-boy at school  
would pull a prank so mean and cruel,  
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip,  
"It doesn't hurt," and bite my lip.

So as I grew to reasoned years,  
I learned to stifle any tears.  
Though "Be a big boy" it began,  
quite soon I learned to "Be a man."

And I could play that stoic role  
while storm and tempest wracked my  
soul.  
No pain or setback could there be  
could wrest one single tear from me.  
Then one long night I stood nearby



and helplessly watched my son die.  
And quickly found, to my surprise,  
that all that tearless talk was lies.

And still I cry, and have no shame.  
I cannot play that "big boy" game.  
And openly, without remorse,  
I let my sorrow takes its course.

So those of you who can't abide  
a man you've seen who's often cried,  
reach out to him with all your heart  
as one whose life's been torn apart.

For men DO cry when they can see  
their loss of immortality.  
And tears will come in endless  
streams  
when mindless fate destroys their  
dreams.

*Ken has been a member of the  
Northwest Connecticut Chapter of  
The Compassionate Friends*

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## A Father's Perspective

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### **David King**

I was a little nervous when my wife mentioned to me about writing a column for the newsletter from a father's perspective regarding infant loss. What could I tell you guys that you don't already know? I even asked my four year old son for help and got more than I bargained for. So, if you think these comments are kind of elementary, I can put part of the blame on my son.

My daughter Sarah was stillborn on June 22, 1995, just a few days before her due date. My wife, Lori, was so strong through the whole ordeal. She will never really understand how much I hurt for her during that time. Not that I wasn't hurting for our baby, but, at that time, my hurt was for her. I guess people feel differently about these types of situations, but as a father and a man, I felt helpless.

The morning of June 22nd, Lori woke up and felt no movement from the baby. She rushed to the doctor while I began to get my then two year old son dressed and ready for the day. About 30 minutes after she left, the phone rang and it was the doctor's nurse. She told me that the doctor needed to talk with me. At that time, he got on the phone and, in a very nice but professional way, explained to me that he thought the baby had died and to come as quickly as I could to take Lori to the hospital.

I rushed my son, Brooks, to a friend's house and sped frantically to the doctor's office praying to God the whole way that this was a mistake. Then began the hardest and most emotional days of our lives as we had to deal with losing our baby. As certainly expected, Lori was in no shape physically or mentally to start dealing with certain things that had to be done. I made the burial arrangements, met with the funeral director, and made plans for the funeral service. We had a family plot that my mother provided located in the town where I grew up which is a little over an hour from Dallas. I made several trips back and forth trying to get everything just right and had a lot of time to think. I can tell you everything I did those days even down to what I had on.

Because little Sarah was so far along, we had a viewing at the funeral home for family and close friends. Lori was still bedridden at this time and was unable to attend. Family and friends attended the viewing and it was quite a sullen occasion as you can imagine. I remember after everyone left, I took a lot of pictures of Sarah. I so desperately wanted to give her something at that time so I took a photograph of Lori, Brooks, and myself out of my wallet, tucked it in her little hand, and closed the lid of the casket.

I think of Sarah every day and I still grieve for her. I am not a person that pours out my emotions on my wife or on anyone else for that matter, but I do have a dull ache in my stomach that I don't think will ever really go away. I think women are much better expressing their emotions and talking about things than men are. So, to the mothers out there, don't short change your husband if you don't think he is reacting appropriately to your baby's death. I think it's harder for some men to express themselves, but they still hurt.

Two years and seven months after Sarah's death, I have a wonderful wife, a bouncing-off-the-walls four year old son, and a gorgeous 15 month old daughter. Our family loves each other with all of our hearts and loves the little baby girl we will not be able to see for awhile. If you recently lost your baby, please know that you will make it through and survive this. You will always remember, but try to think about how excited you will be when you finally do get to meet your little one in heaven.

God bless your family!

*David King  
Daddy to Sarah Ann  
Stillborn June 22, 1995*

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## **Randy Barsanti**

It's been over a year now since we lost Joshua and Jeromy, our twin boys, who were stillborn with anencephaly. One of the difficulties in dealing with the loss is you have these preconceived ideas of your child's life. One thing you believe as a father is you'll do anything



in your power to protect your child and keep them from hurting. As a new father, full of pride, you are crushed when you find out that you cannot fix, do, or change anything to help your child.

When the realization sets in, you realize this is only the half of it. You find out that you have the same feelings about protecting your wife from harm. And, once again, you feel helpless. One thing I know for sure is this is a time you cannot get through alone. While you have to learn to deal with your own feelings, you will try to help your wife deal with it also. This is a time when family, friends, and neighbors can be the best support. I personally am fortunate enough to work near the cemetery where our boys are buried. I can take time at lunch to go and visit, and on Sundays, my wife and I go together. I also keep a picture of them on my desk at work.

There are many ways you can remember your loved ones. You can do things by yourself or together. I feel that it is important to communicate and understand that as males and females we express our feelings quite differently. But, as long as you can tell each other how you feel and what is needed from each other, you will both have a little easier time coping. If you need to be alone, don't be afraid to ask. But, also expect you will need to spend time together when she asks you to hold her and talk.

Together, you will get through it.

*Randy Barsanti  
Daddy to Joshua and Jeromy  
Stillborn November 21, 1996*

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## **Paul Böer**

I have a hole in my heart. The hole was opened in April, 1996 when I learned that my unborn son, Michael, was not normally developing. The hole widened two weeks later when Michael was diagnosed as suffering from Trisomy 18, a genetic anomaly that was described as "incompatible with life," and we were told to prepare for his birth and death.

A deep, dark valley appeared as we made simultaneous arrangements for Michael's delivery and funeral. Morticians and maternity nurses, priests and physicians, newborn blankets and caskets became the focus of our attention, and a chasm appeared.

I was swallowed by the abyss on Tuesday, July 16, 1996 when Michael finally died. Lynne was 29 weeks pregnant, and there was no movement. A rush to the doctor, a fetal monitor, and a sonogram brought the cold reality to light. Michael was gone, and all anyone could say was "I'm sorry." Sorry? Was that it? Was that Michael's epitaph?

The next day, night, and day passed as if a dream. Numbly I watched my wife struggle for twenty two hours to deliver a lifeless child. Silently, but angrily, I accused God of not caring, of not being there. How could He treat us this way? How could He treat Lynne this way? What good could come from Michael's death? Why create a child only to take him before he really lived?

But we were surrounded by love: our family who never left our side, our physician who never left the hospital, and our nurse who stayed with us throughout the ordeal. This love, this

commitment, was the presence of God, and helped to soften my anger. But it was my wife's courage and strength, and her overwhelming love for Michael, that finally brought me back to my senses.

Michael's delivery was quiet, almost anticlimactic. We were alone except for our doctor and nurse. At 12:16 p.m., July 17, 1996, Michael was delivered. After twenty two hours of labor, after twelve weeks of grief, heartache, and worry, Michael quietly slipped through the birth canal. Twelve inches long, weighing one pound five ounces, his frail body marked by his disease and untimely delivery, Michael was beautiful to us. We held him, we loved him, we said good-bye to him for several hours, and then we handed him over to the morticians.

Michael's funeral was beautiful, the singing of my cousins inspirational, but my heart had melted and I was hollow inside. The priest's words rung true intellectually, but deep down, in my heart of hearts, they were swallowed by darkness. I felt as if I were going into the tomb with Michael. How could life ever return to normal? How could life ever be the same? The truth is it cannot, and it has not.

For months afterward, I would go through the motions of life. Professionally, I continued to do my job and meet my obligations. I maintained friendships and acquaintances. I tried very hard to be strong and even for Lynne and my other children. But at every meeting, every conversation, while my lips spoke about daily events and social niceties, my heart would cry out "But don't you know my son is dead?!"

Eventually, the rhythms of life have resumed an almost normal pace. I am now not "consumed" by grief. Yet, the hole in my heart remains. Its dimension and darkness vary. Most times, it takes form in a low, dull ache; a forever sense of incompleteness; but some times, especially when some important milestone is reached by my other children, the hole suddenly expands and swallows me in grief and sadness. It is at these times that I mourn Michael again, or more accurately, continue my mourning for him, and I think of the "could have beens" and ask the "whys."

At these times, I remind myself of the good news. The good news is that Michael is alive. I know this for a fact, just as I know the pain and sorrow in my heart. Michael lives. Michael's life was too grand and glorious to be held by an imperfect and all too human womb or a broken and bruised little body. Rather, Michael now lives in the womb of God where there are no tears, no sorrow, no pain, only infinite love and light. And there, rather than earthly lullabies, Michael will gently rock to the music of heaven. Rather than learning to walk and run, he will soar with angels. And we know that Michael will learn to speak only the language of love for he enjoys forever the sight of his Lord's gentle, loving face.

There surrounded by the love of heaven, Michael is made whole and strong. And someday, when Lynne, Paul, Maggie, and I, indeed all of us, make our journey to heaven, Michael will be there to greet us - to show us the way home and to acknowledge the greatness of the Lord. Michael has gone ahead of us. He is our family's pioneer. And while my heart is filled with sorrow, at its core there is also deep joy. Michael is home, he is safe, he is loved. Michael is part of me -indeed he is as much a part of me as my arm or leg, and he is as close to me as my very breath. But when I am missing my son, Michael...when I am feeling him distant and far away...it is the love of my family and friends that brings comfort. There shining in the radiance of their loving faces, I see the radiance and glory of Michael...and I remember...and I know...the hole narrows...and I find peace.



*Paul Böer, Sr.  
Daddy to Michael Joseph  
Stillborn July 17, 1996*

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## **Byron Mitchell**

As many of you may already know from Rebekah's writings, our second son, Jonathan, was stillborn due to a cord accident on June 24, 1995, almost two and a half years ago. It has been a difficult time of understandable disbelief, heart-breaking grief, and soul-searching accompanied by the continued process of learning to deal with the reality of losing a child. It is from a father's perspective that I want to write in this issue.

Regarding the loss of our Jonathan, I internalized my grief early on because that is how I tend to deal with deep things. I stayed so busy with my business and other commitments that burying my feelings was the natural way for me to deal with it all. Even so, there were many times that it would just hit me while at my office or driving my car. I would dwell on Jonathan and become quietly emotional and tears would well up in my eyes - but others rarely knew what I was going through.

I think that most men probably grieve in this way, holding our feelings inside and being somewhat uncomfortable when situations arise that make us deal with what we're keeping in. Such was the case a few months ago when Rebekah's twin sister and her husband gave birth to their new baby girl. I really didn't have much trouble with their pregnancy other than not talking about it much, but once it was time to deliver, it became increasingly uncomfortable for me. And especially once they came home from the hospital, the whole newborn atmosphere in their home was difficult to be a part of and one which I tended to stay away from for at least a few weeks.

I did not anticipate my feelings regarding their new baby and was somewhat broadsided by the whole event. My sister-in-law and brother-in-law knew and understood about my difficulty during that time, but I am now over that hurdle and no longer uncomfortable around my beautiful little niece, Mia.

In a different way, I believe that fathers also grieve over the realization that family life will never again be the same. I know that I felt this way. For me, it was truly troubling that we would never and could never get back to normal. But as Rebekah says, we now go "forward to normal" because there is no going back. And to be honest, I want to see life in its true colors, not one of fantasy or idyllic thinking for God never promised a life of pain-free utopian living.

In James 1:12, it reads "Blessed is the man who perseveres under trial because when he has stood the test, he will receive the crown of life that God has promised to those who love Him." And because of the assurance of His love, we can all rest in knowing that God understands our grief as fathers and mothers and gives us the strength and peace to endure this most difficult time in our lives.

*Byron Mitchell, D.D.S.  
Daddy to Jonathan Daniel  
Stillborn June 24, 1995*

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## Dad's Night

To help everyone prepare for the holidays, we decided to have a special Dad's Night for the December meeting. On Thursday, December 11, the dads had their first group meeting while the ladies held their regular session as normal.

This meeting was the first time the dads gathered together to discuss different issues that were important to them. I know that after our daughter, Sarah, died, sometimes I had thoughts that I was not comfortable discussing with friends or family and thought this type of group setting might benefit some people.

We had eight men that attended our first meeting and I think everyone got something out of it. The response at the end of the meeting was great. We had not planned on having another Dad's Night until June (for Father's Day), but the guys said that they got so much out of the meeting that twice a year was definitely not enough.

So, our next one will be in March at the same time and place as the regular group meeting. That will be held on Thursday, March 12 at 7:30 p.m. I hope you can join us.

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## Subsequent Births After Loss

- Jamie and Joe Gibbs of Garland, TX proudly announce the birth of their son,

*Christopher James,*  
born October 15, 1997 at 9:09 a.m.  
He weighed 7 pounds, 15 ounces and was  
20 1/2 inches long.

They lovingly remember their other  
precious babies,

*Brian,* born/died 10/9/94,  
*Matthew,* born/died 8/8/95,  
*Rita,* born/died 4/26/96,  
and *Baby 1* and *Baby 3*  
miscarried 3/31/94 and 12/5/94.

- Susan and Christopher David Macauley of Folsom, PA announce the birth of their daughter,

*Kelsie Lynn,*  
born April 1, 1995  
while remembering their son,  
*Christopher David,*  
stillborn May 11, 1994.



Kelsie weighed 7 pounds, 14 ounces and measured 20 inches long.

They are also expecting another baby April 29, 1998.

- DaLana and Randy Barsanti of North Richland Hills, TX remember with love their twins, *Joshua* and *Jeromy*, stillborn November 21, 1996, while welcoming

*Taylor Wesley*,  
born Wednesday, December 17, 1997.

Taylor was 20 inches long and weighed 6 pounds, 12 1/2 ounces.

- Kena and Reggie Johnson of Benbrook, TX welcome their daughter,

*Lauren Shaye*,  
born December 23, 1997  
while remembering with love  
*Jordan Leigh*,  
November 11-15, 1996

Lauren weighed 7 pounds, 9 ounces and was 21 inches long

- Nancy Pauline and David Siembida of Depew, NY welcome

*Patrick David*,  
born July 22, 1997 at 10:52 p.m.  
while remembering  
*Angel Pauline*,  
stillborn June 5, 1996 due to a cord accident.

Patrick weighed 8 pounds, 7 ounces and was 21 1/4 inches long.

*If you have had a subsequent birth after loss that you would like us to announce, please [send us the appropriate information.](#)*

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It began more than six months ago during a moment of love and passion, a moment shared between husband and wife. The miracle so long awaited so long hoped for, so long prayed for that it was almost given up.

For almost two months the miracle would go unnoticed and unknown. Then the glorious news would come. The long awaited blessing was finally here. Rejoicing would take place as the miracle grew. Unknown was the fact that something was already amiss.

The next four months would be wonderful filled with excitement, curiosity and anticipation. Lives and personalities began to change, both preparing for the new miracle's arrival. Time would be spent talking of the miracle and planning for its greatly awaited arrival.

The news would come, the grand news, yes, grand news though it would not be recognized. Our own selfishness would prevent its recognition and prevent us from seeing its splendor. For the miracle would prove to be special, so special that its presence could only last a short while.

The miracle would prove to be like a sunset, a sunset so beautiful that it can only come from God, the ones that we often wish would not end simply because their magnificence is so comforting to us. It is often only God who realizes these special sunsets must end in order that the sun may again rise tomorrow.

*By Darrell Oliveaux  
In Loving Memory Of  
July Sunset Oliveaux  
Stillborn July 3, 1997*

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## **The Most Perfect Life**

**by Byron Allred**

The thought of a new child  
it seems so great,  
though nine months away  
you can hardly wait.

The weeks go by slow  
they seem so long,  
you just hope and you pray  
your child is healthy and strong.

A visit to the doctor  
and they give you bad news  
they inform you of your child  
that you probably will lose.

Happy times turn sad  
as you anticipate this birth,  
as you dream of the day



your child enters this earth.

You think of his eyes,  
the color of his hair,  
it seems so wrong  
it doesn't seem fair.

Prayers from a loved one,  
encouragement from a friend,  
but all that you can think of  
your son's life soon will end.

Nine months with your child  
the Lord lets you share,  
your love and your prayers  
to let him know that you care.

From the mother to the Lord  
this child will go,  
straight into Heaven  
what a comfort to know.

Once in Heaven  
he will be in God's arms,  
safe and secure  
where no one can harm.

This child so perfect  
he'll be just like new  
Heaven is eternal,  
he'll be waiting for you.

The years will be tough,  
the tears hard to fight,  
but when you're greeted  
by your child  
you'll know the Lord does  
what's right.

When your heart hurts so bad  
both husband and wife,  
think of all of your children  
which one has  
"The Most Perfect Life."

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## **To Our Little Angels Joshua and Jeromy**

You'll never know how many lives

you have touched in a short time.  
Your mom and dad love you very much!  
Mom so proudly displayed her due date button  
and dad painted your room and put furniture together.  
We wanted you home with us so badly,  
but God needed two special angels of his own.  
We gave you special names  
to get you to the front of the line.  
So, take off through those gates and  
we'll see you after some time.

*Randy Barsanti  
In Loving Memory Of  
Joshua and Jeromy,  
Stillborn November 21, 1996*

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## **One Special Rose (Remembering Mia)**

One precious tiny rose  
Sent to bloom in the garden of our hearts;  
To us she was the most beautiful baby girl,  
Born so delicate yet so still.  
With grace she touched our lives,  
Though with us only for a moment.  
And the sharpest thorn could not produce a pain  
so great as not having her here to hold.  
Yet always she will be held dear;  
For a seed of love was planted  
On the day she came to be--  
One so strong that neither time nor season  
can take away.  
In God's presence she now blossoms--  
Our Mia, our special rose.  
But her sweet fragrance is etched forever in our minds;  
And ever more she will be a rosebud  
in the garden of our hearts.

*Jana M. Spigener  
Written In Memory Of  
Mia Karlet Vallone  
Stillborn 10/1/97  
Parvo Virus B19*

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## **List of Pregnancy Loss/Grief Materials**

### **Birth and Life**

141 Commercial St. NE  
Salem, OR 97301  
503-371-4445

### **Centering Corporation**

1531 N. Saddle Creek Rd.  
Omaha, NE 68104  
402-553-1200

### **Compassion Book Service**

216 Via Monte  
Walnut Creek, CA 94598  
510-933-0830

### **ICEA Bookmarks**

P.O.Box 20048  
Minneapolis, MN 55420  
800-624-4934

### **Perinatal Loss**

2116 N.E. 18th Ave.  
Portland, OR 97212  
503-284-7426

### **Wintergreen Press**

3630 Eileen St.  
Maple Plain, MN 55359  
612-476-1303

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## **List of National Organizations**

### **A.M.E.N.D.**

(Aiding a Mother & father Experiencing Neonatal Death)  
4324 Berrywick Terrace  
St. Louis, MO 63128  
314-291-0892

### **CLIMB**

(Center for Loss In Multiple Birth)  
P.O. Box 1064  
Palmer, AK 99645

907-746-6123

**Hannah's Prayer**

(Providing Christian Support for Fertility Challenges)

P.O. Box 5016

Auburn, CA 95604-5016

916-444-4253

**M.I.S.S.**

Mothers In Sympathy and Support

Joanne Cacciatore, 602-979-1000 (voice), 602-979-1001 (fax)

Julie White 602-584-0805 (voice)

**Pen-Parents, Inc.**

P.O. Box 8738

Reno, NV 89507-8738

702-826-7332

**Precious Children remembered**

P.O.Box 534

Huron, OH 44839

**Pregnancy/Infant Loss Center**

1415 East Wayzata Blvd, #30

Wayzata, MN 55391

612-473-9372

**Resolve Through Sharing**

LaCrosse-Lutheran Hospital

1910 South Avenue

LaCrosse, WI 54601

608-785-0530

**SHARE**

St. Joseph Health Center

300 First Capitol Dr.

St. Charles, MO 63301-2893

314-947-6164

**SIDS Network**

9 Gonch Farm Rd.

Ledyard, CT 06339

800-560-1454

**The Compassionate Friends**

P.O. Box 3696

Oak Brook, IL 60522

708-990-0010

**Twinless Twins**

11220 St. Joe Rd.

Ft. Wayne, IN 46835-9737



219-627-5414

**UNITE, Inc.**  
(Perinatal grief support)  
7600 Central Avenue  
Philadelphia, PA 19111-2499  
215-728-3777

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## **Internet Support**

### **Bereaved Families of Ontario**

- <http://www.inforamp.net/~bfo/>
- <http://www.cmhcsys.com/guide/grief.htm>

### **Bereavement Resources**

- <http://asa.ugl.lib.umich.edu/chdocs/support/bereave.html>
- <http://www.funeral.net/info/brvres.html>
- <http://www.grievewell.com>

### **Bereavement Support**

- <http://ube.ubalt.edu/www/bereavement/>

### **Children and Grief**

- <http://www.grannyg.bc.ca/ckidbook/grief.html>
- <http://www.cmhc.com/factsfam/grief.htm>
- [http://www.bcm.tmc.edu/civitas/families/death\\_pr.html](http://www.bcm.tmc.edu/civitas/families/death_pr.html)

### **Grief Counseling Center**

- <http://www.hsc.edu/admin/counsel/coping.html>

### **GriefNet**

- <http://rivendell.org/index.html>

### **H.A.N.D.**

- <http://www.hern.org/~hand/>

### **Hannah's Prayer**

- <http://www.hannah.org>

## **Hygeia**

- <http://www.connix.com/~hygeia/>
- <http://www.hygeia.org/index11.htm>

## **Infertility**

- <http://www.pinelandpress.com/toc.html>
- <http://www.finchcms.edu/clinic/beerwww.html>
- <http://www.inciid.org/>
- <http://www.resolve.org/>

## **In Loving Memory**

- <http://home.earthlink.net/~jimncarol/ilm.htm>

## **Miscarriage**

- <http://pw2.netcom.com/~jcaccia/miss.html>

## **M.I.S.S.**

- <http://www.netcom.com/~jcaccia/miss.html>

## **Parents Place (Pregnancy Loss BB)**

- <http://www.parentsplace.com:8000/dialog/get/pregloss.html>

## **Pen-Parents, Inc.**

- <http://www.sierra-computers.com/~pparents/>

## **Precious Children Remembered**

- <http://www.accnorwalk.com/~mom2nich/>

## **Pregnancy Complications Support**

- <http://www.mediconsult.com/noframes/pregnancy/support>

## **Pregnancy Loss Newsgroup**

- <http://web.co.nz/~katef/sspl/>

## **S.A.N.D.S.**

- <http://hedgehog.highway1.com.au/~lawtbn/sandshome.html>
- <http://www.sandsvic.org.au/>



## Self Help Sourcebook

- <http://www.cmhc.com/selfhelp>

## SIDS Network

- <http://sidsnet@sids-network.org>
- <http://sidsnet@sids-network.org/pil.htm>

## SPALS(Subsequent Pregnancy After Loss)

- [http://www.inforamp.net/~bfo/spals\\_info.html#subs](http://www.inforamp.net/~bfo/spals_info.html#subs)

## Tender Hearts (Multiple Birth Loss)

- <http://www.inreach.com/triplets/misc.html>

## The Compassionate Friends

- <http://pages.prodigy.com/CA/lycq97a/lycq97tcf.html>

## Tom Golden's Crisis, Grief & Healing

- <http://www.dgsys.com/~tgolden/1grief.html>

## UCC Death of a Child

Christian training program

- <http://www.ucc.org/caring/child.htm>

## Webster Death/Dying Resources

- <http://www.katsden.com/death/index.html>

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## Poem

### Author Unknown

O precious, tiny, sweet little one  
You will always be to me  
So perfect, pure, and innocent  
Just as you were meant to be.

We dreamed of you and  
of your life  
And all that it would be.  
We waited and longed  
for you to come

And join our family.

We never had the chance to play  
To laugh, to rock, to wiggle.  
We long to hold you,  
touch you now  
And listen to you giggle.

I'll always be your father,  
She'll always be your mom.  
You will always be our child  
The child we had.

But now you're gone...  
but yet you're here.  
We'll sense you everywhere.  
You are our sorrow and our joy.  
There's love in every tear.

Just know our love goes  
deep and strong.  
We'll forget you never--  
The child we had,  
And will have forever.

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## Precious in God's Eyes

by Gail Fasolo

The lily only lasts a day  
but God creates it anyway.  
All that work to make a flower  
then it's gone, it had its hour.

Even though your baby died,  
he is still precious in God's eyes.  
Your child came and made his mark  
he changed your life and touched your heart.

Upon his death, to heaven he soared.  
Here for a moment, now with the Lord.

*by Gail Fasolo*  
7-95

*(Written in memory of  
Dylan Markulakis, stillborn)*

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## Birthday Tributes to Our Special Angels

I always imagined having a little girl that I would have that special relationship with the way my mother and I do. On December 27, 1996, that all changed when the doctor told us you had a rare chromosome disorder that would take you and your precious life from us. Ten days later, on January 7th, I gave birth to your tiny beautiful body. You came and went in an instant.

Your dad and I named you Amanda, which was always my favorite name since I was a little girl. You've changed our lives forever. There isn't a day that goes by we don't think about you and wonder what you would look like now or whose personality you would have.

I know that God had a better place for you with Him, but I still struggle with why He chose to take you so soon. The only time I'm sure I'll understand is when my time comes to meet with you and our Creator again.

I'm so thankful we at least had nine months where we could feel you kicking and growing inside of me. You let us know any life is so precious and to live each day to its fullest. Before you were ever born, I once heard that every time you see 11:11 on the clock (and we see it often!), it means you have an angel watching over you. Even if it's a myth, your dad and I still high-five each other. It always brings a smile to our face and gives us a connection to hold onto. We are so lucky to have our angel watching over us.

We love you and miss you.  
Happy 1st birthday Amanda!

Love always,  
Mom & Dad

*Diane & Steve Galleger  
In Loving Memory Of  
Amanda Morgan  
Stillborn January 7, 1996  
Trisomy 18*

*If you would like to have us include  
your birthday tribute to your special  
angel, please [send it to us](#).*

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## In Loving Memory...

### ***Jonathan Daniel Mitchell***

Stillborn June 24, 1995  
Cord Accident

### *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

Parents, Rebekah and Byron Mitchell and big brother, Byron, Jr.

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

**Mia Karlet Vallone**

Stillborn October 1, 1997  
Parvo Virus B19

Donation given by parents, Kris and Bob Vallone and big brother, Nicholas

Donation given by Jeff, Michele, Rachel, and Sarah Rothschild

Donation given by Beth Poulos

Donation given by grandparents, Sandy and Zane Koeger

Donation given by Janet, Morris, Jared, and Matthew Hinton

Donation given by Marla and Rodney Christensen

**William Joseph Kowalski**

Stillborn August 12, 1997  
Placenta Abruption

Donation in memory of William by his parents, Sheri and Robert Kowalski

**Michelle Elizabeth Keating**

Born/died July 2, 1997  
Anencephaly

Donation in memory of Michelle by her parents, Bonnie and Shawn Keating

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!**



**Rowan Hale Moore**

October 9-10, 1996  
Fetal Surgery/CDH

Donation in memory of  
Rowan by his parents, Eileen  
and Chris Moore

**David Daniel Neese**

April 2, 1993 - June 17, 1996  
Astacytoma Brain Tumor

Donation in memory of David  
by his parents, Sarah and Dan  
Neese and big sister, Shelby

**Michael Joseph Böer**

Stillborn July 17, 1996  
Trisomy 18

Parents, Lynne and Paul Böer  
and brother, Paul, Jr. and  
sister, Maggie.

Donation in memory of  
Michael by grandparents, Jo  
and Dennis Askew

Donation in memory of  
Michael by Sarah, Dan, and  
Shelby Neese

**Sarah Ann King**

Stillborn June 22, 1995  
Cord Accident

Parents, Lori and David King,  
brother Brooks, and sister,  
Kaleigh

Donation in memory of Sarah  
by Susan Boren, R.N.

**Brian Joseph Gibbs**

Born/died 10/9/94

**Matthew Brian Gibbs**

Born/died 8/8/94

**Rita Elizabeth Gibbs**

4/25-4/26/96

**Baby Gibbs 1**

Miscarried 3/31/94

**Baby Gibbs 3**

Miscarried 12/5/94

Donation given by parents,  
Jamie and Joe Gibbs and little  
brother, Christopher

**Kelly Lynne Turner**

September 22-September 23, 1997  
Infantile Polycystic Kidney Disease

Donation in memory of Kelly  
by her parents, Cheryl and  
John Turner and brother,  
Matthew

**Jonathan Andrew Basner**

October 18, 1997

Donation in memory of  
Jonathan by his parents, Amy  
and Tim Basner and sister,  
Rebecca

**Baby Friz 1**

Miscarried October 1989

**Baby Friz 2**

Miscarried September 1990

Donation given by parents,  
Jody and Max Friz and  
siblings, Jared, Davis, and  
Jordan

**Erin Ruth Hennes**

Stillborn October 13, 1997

**Noah Alan Hennes**

Born/died October 13, 1997

Mother, Michele Hennes

Donation given in memory of  
Erin and Noah by Jenni Reling

**Gift of Love**

Given by Dr. and Mrs. Jeff Montgomery

## **Future Newsletter Topics/Submission Deadlines**

### **March/April Topic**

Miscarriage/Ectopic Pregnancy  
Deadline - January 15, 1997

### **May/June Topic**

Mother's Day/Father's Day  
Deadline - March 15, 1998

*Stories, poems, thoughts and/or feelings regarding these topics are welcomed. Submissions must be received by the deadline to be considered for publication in the newsletter. Unfortunately, there is not enough room to include all submissions. Choices will be left to the discretion of the editors. Refer to the page entitled [Subscriptions](#) for the appropriate address to send your submission.*

This page was last updated February 8, 1998.

For Questions or Comments, e-mail [Rebekah Mitchell](#).  
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