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How to Help Siblings Grieve

Volume 4, Issue 1, January/February 1999

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How to Help Siblings Grieve

Shortly after hearing the heartwrenching news that my little Jonathan was dead, I was overcome with the horror of knowing we were going to have to tell Little Byron (then age 3 1/2) that his little brother died. We weren't sure how to explain this to him nor did we know if we should even let him see Jonathan. Thankfully, our pastor strongly advised us to let him see the baby and he wisely counseled us with, "after all, it is his brother."

I will never forget the day following Jonathan's stillbirth when someone brought Little Byron to my hospital room. We had Jonathan with us and Byron and I debated if we should have Jonathan in our arms when we told Little Byron or if we should put the baby in the isolet. We decided that if we were holding the baby when Little Byron came in that he would get too excited about his birth before we were able to break the news to him that the baby was not alive. So, we opted to put Jonathan in his little crib. When Little Byron came into the room, his Daddy and I were overcome with deep emotion and began sobbing uncontrollably. I finally was able to say, "our baby 'popped out' last night" (the term we had used throughout the pregnancy). His little face filled with delight then quickly changed to a look of confusion as his Daddy and I continued to sob. I wasn't sure what to tell him next so I told him that Jonathan was too little to live. We pointed to the isolet and told him Jonathan was in it and asked him if he wanted to hold his little brother. He chose not to hold him, but he did kiss his little head and we took pictures of them together.

A few weeks later I realized I was not being truthful with Little Byron about the cause of Jonathan's death. I didn't think he would comprehend what a "cord accident" meant so at the time, I really thought I was doing the right thing by telling him that Jonathan was just too little. But that just was not the truth - he wasn't too little. So, I began explaining to him about a water hose and how if you bend it, the water will not continue to flow and that's what happens to the cord if it gets bent. He understood this example quite well and I think it helped answer some questions that he hadn't known how to ask.

During our first year of grief, Little Byron saw his Daddy and me cry a lot. I read that it was better to let your surviving child(ren) see their parents grieve. The books suggested that if children are not included in the grieving process, they will not be able to fully understand what happened and can begin to blame themselves for the trouble and sadness in the home. Many times when Little Byron saw me crying he would ask if I was "crying

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about Jonathan again." I would tell him yes and ask him if it was okay. Sometimes he would say yes and try to comfort me with his little hugs and soft kisses and at other times he would say no and walk out of the room. I was deeply pained that my three year old had to deal with the harshness of death at such a tender age. But, now I'm glad that he knows the reality and finality of death and has an incredibly realistic view of life - and death - at seven years old.

This newsletter issue could not have come at a better time for our family. Although it's been 3 1/2 years since we lost Jonathan, Little Byron has recently realized a cruel reality. Since Jonathan's death, Little Byron has thought of Jonathan as a "baby". It never occurred to him until about four months ago that Jonathan would now be a "kid" with whom he could play. A few weeks ago, he literally cried himself to sleep because Jonathan wasn't here. It broke my heart to see him so upset and I felt helpless knowing there was nothing I could do to change his being an "only child". Never did I dream at the time of Jonathan's death that we would still have to deal with such raw emotions three years later. All I could do is pray for God's "peace that passes all understanding" over my seven year old and ask that someday the desire of our hearts would be met with the blessing of another baby.

If you have a child at home and you are not "sharing" your grief with him, I encourage you to do so. On occasion, you might want to ask your child what he thinks about the baby you lost; if he has any questions or wants to talk about it. And, I hope as you read this issue, you will gain insight on how to deal with your child as you read the stories of other families and their children in grief.

Rebekah Mitchell



Understanding Grief

Children are often the forgotten grievers within a family. They are experiencing many of the same emotions you are, so share thoughts and tears with them. Though it is a painful time, be sure they feel loved and included.

This excerpt is from
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Helping Siblings Grieve

Helping Siblings Grieve

● [Kim Neblett](#)

There is not really anything special that we did for our children, but we just let them tell us how they felt. We never leave Alexander's name unmentioned. If they feel like talking about their brother, we let them.

I know my oldest daughter was not happy that I was going to have another baby. She told me that she felt guilty after I lost Alexander. I told her not to feel that way because it was not her fault.

I do wish I would have let them see their brother because the pictures I have are not clear and they ask a lot of questions about him like what he looked like and how big he was.

My children will never forget their brother. When asked how many children I have, they say five, one angel in heaven. Kids are smarter than we think.

*Kim Neblett
from Ft. Riley, Kansas
In Loving Memory of
Alexander Neblett,
Dec. 2, 1996*

● [Ellen Gallonio](#)

I have a great family and many, many friends. They have helped in the process. It is amazing the outpouring that you receive at a time like this.

I received many gifts, plants, flowers, and fruit baskets from family, friends and my children's classmates. Most of all my labor room nurse sent me a beautiful plant and it's growing daily. I think of Andrew every time I look at it.

What struck me the most was my children's pediatrician who took time out of his busy schedule to come to the service. He had never met Andrew because he was transported out of state, but he called several times during the week to see how Andrew was doing.

Another person who touched my life was the principal of my children's school who came to visit me a few days after Andrew died. She bought my other children ice cream and roses for me.

When my children had their routine physical, my pediatrician did take a few extra minutes and talked with them. He explained that it's okay to talk about Andrew and that they did, in fact, have

a brother and they should remember him, ect.

We do look at Andrew's picture and talk about what it would have been like or what he would be doing today.

*Ellen Gallonio
from Johnston, Rhode Island
In Loving Memory of
Andrew Gallonio,
who died May 22, 1998*

● **Lynne Böer**

Many people, good friends as well as people who were merely acquaintances, aided our children in different ways when we faced the possibility of losing Michael and then when we actually did lose him.

First and foremost, my parents made all the difference in the world for our children as all of us dealt with the devastation of learning about Michael's disease and the probable outcome and finally, his death. They gave our children the day to day stability they needed while my husband and I took time to grieve for Michael.

As many of you may already know from previous newsletters, we found out that our son, Michael, had Trisomy 18 when I was 19 weeks pregnant. It is almost always fatal. I carried him another 10 weeks before he died and was born still. My parents took care of our children's, as well as our, basic daily needs while Paul and I coped with the reality of what we faced.

Others helped make this time better for our children by taking them to do normal everyday things that they would be doing if we weren't faced with this heart-wrenching time. They invited them to come over and play with friends. They took them to and from school. They helped them to have fun and to know that all of what they knew as normal was not changed forever. They treated them as normal kids. They allowed them to talk about their brother without criticism. One person gave them a children's book about when a mom loses a baby. All of this made such a difference in how all of us came through this tragedy.

As far as what Paul and I did for our children...we talked to them about Michael and allowed them to ask questions and talk about him any time. We allowed them to be at the hospital when it was time for Michael to be born. When they asked to see him, we let them. During the weeks of waiting and wondering how it would all turn out, we took them to pick out a toy, a blanket and an outfit for him. They both drew a picture to put in his coffin so he could have something from them to "take with him." At his funeral, they were able to "send a balloon to him in heaven." For months afterward, we would go to the cemetery and allow them to write messages to Michael on balloons and then let them go.

We continue to remember and speak of Michael. He was and always will be a member of this family...a son, a brother, a grandson, a nephew. As a family, we remember his life with us especially on the anniversary of his death (his "birthday"), on his due date and at Christmas time with the kids lovinly making cards and gifts for him.

Lynne Böer

*from Houston, Texas
In Loving Memory of
Michael Joseph,
Stillborn July 17, 1996*

● **Tammy Moehlman**

At 20 weeks gestation, we learned through a routine sonogram our fourth child had already gone to Heaven. I never dreamed we would find out that day that you were no longer with us.

How would we tell our children when we didn't even understand it ourselves? That night we gathered them together and told them the sad news. We told them how we would be going to the hospital in the morning to have the baby. They wanted to know how we knew the baby was dead. We explained how our heart has to beat in order to live and that the doctor couldn't find a heartbeat.

Andrew (our middle child - age six) asked the most questions and the toughest questions. I've always heard that age six is the hardest age to deal with death. Andrew said, "But, Mommy and Daddy, you know God can make the baby's heart start beating again." (What faith!) I told him I knew he could and I would make the doctor double check and make positively sure before I let him do anything. I also silently hoped and prayed God would perform a miracle.

I kept my promise the next morning. The doctor brought in the sonogram machine and checked and rechecked. Sadly, there was still not heartbeat.

We had a memorial service at the gravesite with our family and closest friends. The only thing we had bought for the baby so far was some pacifiers our daughter Kaitlyn (age four years), had picked out for him. I let her decide if she wanted to bury them with the baby or keep them for her dolls. It's very hard to convince a four year old that the baby would no longer need them. She decided to keep them. Andrew wanted to put one of his stuffed animals in with Christian until he found out he couldn't just go dig it up after a couple of days.

Explaining to a child how someone can be in Heaven, but we are about to bury them, is not easy. We explained to them that our bodies are like a baseball glove and our souls are like our hands. When the body dies, the soul comes out and goes to Heaven. Just like when the hand comes out of the glove, the glove can no longer move or do anything without the hand. We also used a glove while explaining this to help them grasp it.

Joshua (our oldest child-then 10) was quiet and reserved. I had a very close friend that sensed this and talked with him. He said he was mostly hurt for mom and dad because we were so sad. She reassured him she was always there to talk to him if he needed it.

We planted a tree in the front yard a couple of days later. Sadly, we think it died during this dry summer despite all of our extra watering. The hospital gave me a Christmas ornament in Christian's memory. We also bought the grandparents ornaments.

How excited we were when I got pregnant again. I found out only one day before Christian's due date. I believed this meant everything would be okay.

I still remember vividly the doctor sadly nodding his head everything wasn't okay when I was 16

weeks pregnant. We had just done a sonogram one and a half weeks ago. I can remember so well Jonathan moving his little hand. The next day, back to the hospital we went.

I felt like we were living it all over again. The children didn't ask many questions this time. We had the same kind of memorial and buried Jonathan right next to his brother.

About two weeks later, we planted a tree in Jonathan's memory. This tree is doing well. About the same time Andrew, our six year old, began praying "Thank you, God, for Christian and Jonathan." How could he pray this? I thought. I was still mad at God. How could I thank Him for babies I didn't have. It wasn't for several months before I understood and could also pray that prayer. I do thank you, God, for Jonathan and Christian and Joshua and Andrew and Kaitlyn, for teaching us so much about life and God's greatest blessings. My children still thank God every night for their two sweet brothers in Heaven.

We are now trying to adopt. We never found out why either baby died despite all the test the doctors knew to do. We believe there sometimes is not an earthly answer. Sometimes things happen for spiritual reasons.

Tammy Moehlman
In Loving Memory of
Christian Moehlman (12/5/96)
and Jonathan Moehlman (7/16/97)



 **Wake Up**

Wake Up...

Get back to normal, start doing things again.

Don't obsess.

Don't mention it so often in front of the children.

WAKE UP PEOPLE!!!!

You go through this and then go back to "normal?"

Just what is normal?

Start doing what?

I cook, clean, pay bills, go to school functions, run to baseball games, run errands, bathe the kids, read bedtime stories, and tuck them in.

Just what else would you like me to do?

Don't obsess?

Oh, Lord no. Just put it out of your mind that for six months you carried a child knowing it would not live, labored for four days, then buried her on her due date.

Go thru all this, but don't obsess, it may make others uncomfortable.

Don't mention it in front of the children?

What am I supposed to do? Pretend they never had a sister?

Make them feel it isn't good to feel for her?

Make myself feel distant so that it isn't apparent to them my pain at her loss?

I am trying to find what is "normal."

I am doing lots of things.

You're just not here to see because you're afraid I'll mention her.

I'm not obsessing. I let her memory come and go as it pleases.

If that is obsessing then I will obsess forever.

Her brother and sister were part of her short life; they felt her kicks, heard her heartbeat, and knew as we did she wouldn't be ours to keep.

How do I not talk of her to them? They loved her, too.

Lisa Davenport

In Loving Memory of

Gabrielle Renee,

Born and Died 3/29/93

Due to Encephalocele, Ring 13 Chromosome

and Faith Levell,

Born and Died 3/27/94

Due to Two True Knots in Cord



Grief

God, It's so hard to trust
When I've been hurt so bad,
My wound is raw and deep,
I feel crushed and sad.
I have a hollow in my chest
And nothing fits its shape,
Except my child--but she is gone.
When I cry they stand agape.
Those who haven't been there
Expect the impossible from me.
They don't know I'm still hurting
From wounds they cannot see.
They want to keep me busy
To occupy my mind.
Oh, how I want to hold her
But I've been left behind.
Grieving has no schedule,
No pattern or set pace.
Everyone's grief is different
But it's written on each face.
The smile covers the ache
That throbs within the chest.

We see through a veil of sadness,
From grief there is no rest.
Tears on my pillow, crying in dreams,
Became our familiar friend.
We're on a journey of healing,
May we hear "well done" in the end.

by Elizabeth Dent
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Cyndy Estep,
Precious Children Remembered,
Voices of Longing, Voices of Hope, Vol III



📌 Caring For Surviving Children

Caring For Surviving Children

These guidelines have been gathered from bereaved parents, surviving children and the writings of professional caregivers.

Your child has feelings and symptoms of grief similar to those of an adult. He may also seem outwardly confused and defensive about death.

A surviving child is reacting to the loss of his sibling AND to the changed behavior of his parents and others. Reassure him that the depth of a parent's grief does not lessen the love felt for him.

Be aware of your child's level of understanding or misunderstanding: A child of two or younger has the concept of "here" and "not here;" a child of 3-5 years sees death as temporary; at 6-10 years, a child understands the reality of death and is curious about biological aspects of death and details of burial; from 11 on, a child conceives of death in a manner similar to that of an adult.

Explain truthfully to your children, on a level they can understand, what caused the death of a sibling. Answer all questions simply, directly, giving answers to build on later, not ones that will have to be unlearned. Even a child of 2 or 3 can understand "his body could not work anymore." The more a child understands, the less fearful he will be.

Avoid euphemisms; they are easily misunderstood by children. Do NOT mix religious and medical causes. He was not taken because God wanted him in heaven. He died because his body could not work anymore. His body was buried in the ground. You may believe his spirit or all the things that made him special are with God.

Do not be afraid to show emotion with your surviving children--a controlled silence from parents is much more difficult for children to cope with than open distress. It will also confirm the feelings he has.

By your example in facing your own grief, show your children it is okay to cry, to be sad, to be angry, to laugh, to use that child's belongings or to forget at times. Do NOT isolate your child

physically OR emotionally.

Your child's silence does NOT mean there are no feelings or questions: the moment may not be right. Talk openly with him or read a book with him--it may encourage him to open up. Listen carefully to what he says, as well as what he does not say. It may be easier for your child to talk to a person outside the family. It is often easier for children to "mourn at a distance"--show little emotion at a sibling's death but show tremendous empathy for characters in a book or overreact to a broken shoelace or lost toy.

Children, like adults, may temporarily regress emotionally and developmentally--tantrums, dependency, loss of manual skills, impaired learning ability, aggressive behavior. BE PATIENT AND LOVING, NOT PUNISHING. They may need more touching and holding.

Younger children may at first make jokes or continue normal play as a distraction; this is normal.

Give your child alternatives for using his grief positively--drawing, writing letters, poetry, stories, diary, hammering, tennis, caring for plants.

Allow your child (even the very young) to participate in family rituals if he'd like: visiting the cemetery, making arrangements for the grave, contributing to a memorial fund. Use HIS ideas of showing his love and his grief at anniversaries or special days.

Your child will continue to need information on his sibling's death at each new stage of growth. Be open to his questions. Respect his privacy.

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 **Lord Help Me**

Lord Help Me
by Cyndy Estep

It's coming again
The sadness, despair
Why is he gone?
It just isn't fair!
My Lord, you must help me
To live day to day
I know you're beside me
You must show me the way
The way to find peace
To accept what's been done

The clouds are still there
Lord, show me the sun.
Take the darkness away
Make it bright in my life
Take the confusion from me
Take the pain and the strife.
I've tried to live right,
Live pleasing to You.
Let Your love shine through me
In all that I do.
I know you understand
When my mind wants to fight
Do things You disapprove of
And to stay out of sight.
But I can't let that happen
I must live for Your love
And one day I will see him
And You in heaven above.



Healing After An Abortion

Healing After An Abortion

Although M.E.N.D.'s main focus is reaching out to families who have lost a baby to miscarriage, stillbirth or infant death, we know there are many families on our mailing list who are suffering the heartbreaking aftermath of an abortion.

January 22 marks to 26th anniversary of Roe V. Wade which is the case that legalized abortion. In light of this anniversary, January is known as "Sanctity of Human Life Month." We wanted to offer those of you who need comfort and healing some helpful resources which are listed below.

BOOKS:

In 1995, Norma McCorvey, a.k.a. Jane Roe, gave her life to the Lord and is now a born-again Christian. She founded the Dallas-based ministry, "Roe No More Ministries." Her book, *Won By Love*, offers insight and help to the tragedy of abortion.

To Spare The Innocent, A Mother' Story was written by Lori Rigdon in memory of her sister's baby that was aborted. This is a small booklet that is free of charge. To obtain a copy, call Lisa Simmons (972) 267-2882.

INTERNET:

<http://www.prolife.com>
<http://www.nrlc.org>

ORGANIZATIONS:

National Right to Life
(202) 626-8800
Ask for Olivia Gans, #132.

National Life Center
1-800-848-LOVE

Roe No More Ministries
(972) 414-9104



My Precious Child

My Precious Child

My precious child, I thought of you today as most days I often do.

I wondered how life would be, had I not had the right to choose.

I think of telling you stories and kissing you goodnight.

I dream of waking to see your face in the early morning light.

I would love to hear your voice as you kneel down to pray.

Oh, what I would give to turn back to hands of time;

I would take back your life and make it part of mine.

But things can't be undone, so for now we are apart,

But baby please know you are cherished in my heart.

I ask you to forgive me and I pray that you will know,

That I love you with all my heart and from the depths of my soul.

Heaven must be a little brighter and I praise the Lord above,

Cause I know you're in His care and wrapped in his precious love.

I'll meet you there someday, and in Heaven I'll rejoice;

Because there you'll be my child, not just my CHOICE!

Lori Rigdon

In My Heart

In my heart there lives a child, one who's never breathed...
I never knew the pain I'd feel, for the child I'd never see.
I imagine his face, the color of his eyes, were they brown or blue?
His hair would shine like the sun and his heart would shine, too.
He never got the chance to know what life would have in store,
because I chose to end his life before he was ever born.
Something that seemed so easy, will haunt me every day...
for the child I gave life to, whose life I took away.
The Lord in his mercy, forgave me for being weak,
He now holds my child, and promises someday we'll meet.
I long for His promise of that place we'll never part,
but for now, I'll cherish the child I have only known in my heart.

Lori Rigdon

*October "Walk" Was Very Memorable*

On October 10, 1998, my precious daughter, Emmaline, and I had the privilege of attending M.E.N.D.'s annual "Walk to Remember." I had been wanting to attend a "Walk" ever since I lost my firstborn child, Olivia Grace, in May of 1995, but something always prevented me from going. But this year, I decided I was going to make every effort to attend. The "Walk" was everything I hoped it would be, and it was especially meaningful to have my sweet Emmaline with me to participate in honoring her siblings. There were about 150+ people there, which was comforting because I was among so many others who intimately knew the unbearable pain that has so often made me feel isolated from the rest of the worlds. I felt like I could relax because I was understood, even without saying a word. In every person's eyes, I could see my own anguish and emptiness mirrored there, and yet I could also see the deep compassion and sensitivity that tragedy seems to create. But, it wasn't hard for me to see other's pain (like it used to be) because I have learned to embrace my own pain as a part of my soul. I know the kind of incredible courage and strength it requires to survive this worst of all possible sorrows in the world. I believe that every parent who survives the loss of their beloved child is a hero.

Rebekah Mitchell planned a wonderful ceremony. She and the M.E.N.D staff made beautiful angel ornaments for each parent with their baby's name and birth date on it. We all took our ornaments with us as we walked through a lovely park. We then gathered at the place where M.E.N.D. had planted a tree in memory of all the babies who have died. A couple of bereaved moms sang some touching songs (my favorite was "A Visitor From Heaven"), others read touching poems and Rebekah's pastor gave an inspiring message. Then we did something that

was deeply moving. Each baby's name was read out loud (it was like music to my ears to hear my precious babies' names uttered out loud) and each family brought their baby's ornament and hung it on the tree. I wept, as did most of the others, as I hung the ornaments for my three beloved babies, Olivia Grace, Baby Wayne and Angel. I gazed with wonder at the ethereal sight of those beautiful, delicate little angels as they swayed gently in the breeze, almost as if their wings were propelling them toward heaven. They were a perfect representation of all the precious babies who have flown away to their heavenly homes.

Everyone was given a balloon for the babies they had lost. There were pink balloons for girls, blue for boys and white for babies whose gender was unknown. It broke my heart that I was holding three balloons instead of three babies. We sang "Jesus Loves Me," which was led by all the little siblings of the babies who had died. Then all at the same time, we let our balloons soar up into the sky. That was an awesome sight, and I was overcome by tears again. They were bittersweet tears; bitter because it was reminiscent of the agony I felt when I was forced to let go of my babies when they died, and sweet because it was like I was releasing a tangible message of love to my three precious babies up in heaven. I wanted so badly for them to be aware of what their Mommy was doing in their honor, so I asked God to tell them how deeply I love and cherish and miss them.

*Jeanette Wayne
In loving memory
of Olivia Grace,
Baby Wayne and Angel*



Remembering

*Remembering
By Elizabeth Dent*

Go ahead and mention my child,
The one that died, you know.
Don't worry about making me cry.
I'm already crying inside.
Help me to heal by releasing
The tears that I try to hide.
I'm hurt when you just keep silent,
Pretending that he didn't exist.
I'd rather you mention my child,
Knowing that he has been missed.
You asked me how I was doing.
I say "pretty good" or "fine."
But healing is something ongoing.
I feel it will take a lifetime.

*This poem appeared in
Ann Landers' column in
The Daily Oklahoman,*

*an Oklahoma City, OK newspaper,
on Saturday, December 12, 1998.*



☛ **Because God is Faithful**

Because God is Faithful

Because God is faithful...
My tomorrows are safe in His hands.
Because I love Him...
My yesterdays he'll work out for good.
But today...
Ah, today...
I must walk with Him hand in hand!

*Author Unknown
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Precious Children Remembered,
Voices of Longing, Voices of Hope, Vol.III*



☛ **Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels**

Birthday Tributes To Our Special Angels

☛ ***Morgan Marie Mills***

Happy Birthday Morgan!

Dearest Morgan,

We will always remember
holding you in our arms,
admiring your dark hair,
searching your hands and feet.
You looked so tiny, so fragile, so precious.

Two years have passed, but your memory will never fade.
We can't help but wonder, what would you look like today?
Are you walking?
How many teeth do you have?
What kind of personality do you have?
Are you short and stocky like your brothers or are you tall and slender like your sister?

I know we should remember
where you are and how it is.
The arms that hold you now
aren't ours but they are His.

He has more love in his heart
than ours could ever give.
You have no pain, no sorrow,
More joy in heaven, where you live.
One day, we will see you face to face.
But, until then, your memory lives on within our hearts.

As we see the sparkle in the Christmas light
and the flicker of the candle.
We can see the sparkle in your eyes
and feel the flame of love burning within our hearts.

We love you forever & always,
Mommy & Daddy

*Written for the parents by grandparents,
Jeff & Joetta Johnson
In Loving Memory Of Their Granddaughter,
Morgan Marie Mills,
Stillborn December 20, 1996
Due to Anencephaly*

• *Casey Taylor Cox*

We did not get to keep you
But still, we knew you

No stroller trips to the park
Only childrens stories in the dark

Never a birthday party for you
In fact, only a day we had with you

Your legs were long, your cheeks so sweet
You would have made our lives complete

I had plans to show you the way
Holding your tiny hand, on my knee you would play

To your Mother you would be, her very own princess
Painted nails, earrings and necklaces

So many things we wanted to do
Showing you off and loving you

But that was our dream, and this is God's plan
Please know we love you, as we struggle to understand

*By Jay Cox
In Loving Memory Of Casey Taylor Cox
Delivered into God's hands February 20, 1998*

● *Katherine Angelina Grubb*

For Our Katie Angel

When we found out we were pregnant, our hearts just doubled in size.
We wondered "Who will she look like?" and "What color are her eyes?"

Our hearts just skipped a beat when we heard yours for the first time.
We cherished every moment with you, and let our lives spin on that dime.

then that awful day came, when told us of the news.
Our baby girl was going to die, but wall we could do was refuse.

That day was just the beginning of terrible gut wrenching pain.
"How could this be happening?" was the only thing left on our brain.

We did it all the way we were told, but it all seemed to be in vain.
This had to be a nightmare, but we couldn't possible complain.

For the gifts that we were about to receive were priceless in their worth.
An we'd do it all again, Dear One, just to be part of your birth.

We watched your sister unconditionally love and felt what God must feel.
For how can you give back one life and then make your broken heart heal?

You were a beautiful addition to our family and we are all bound together.
But when you died, we were torn apart and now those pieces are gone forever.

Make no mistake little one, we know you're in a better place.
And our hearts will love you forever until the day God grants us that grace.

But now we are left without you and we try to carry on.
For all we can do is keep trying to live and hope for another dawn.

All of our hearts' love,
Mommy, Daddy & Jourdy

*Cindy, Bubba and Jourdan Grubb of Kenner, LA
In Loving Memory of
Katherine Angelena "Katie,"
stillborn February 26, 1998*



To My Brother

Martha Dunbinsky, NY

Wherever we look,
You are there,
You are the light
On the water.
You are the blossom
On the tree.
You are a thought
And you are a feeling.
Wherever you are,
You are.

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Precious Children Remembered,
Voices of Longing, Voices of Hope, Vol.III*



Our Family

We are three in our family.
We are four in our family.
Three and four-at the same time.

Our invisible child
that we carry with us
without anyone seeing it...

Only when you know our invisible child
you know
our family.

Written by Inger Marie Aase

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Voices of Longing, Voices of Hope Vol.II*



Another Teardrop Falls
by Nick Missos

The baby clothes you never wore
All packed up in a box.
Your Christmas gift from NaNa,
A carousel that rocks.
A photograph with Nicholas
Hanging in the hall.
A close friend calls to say hello,
Another teardrop falls.
A junk mail ad for baby food
Or maybe Toys 'R Us.
The double stroller never used
That Mom just bought for us.
The Kevin we never saw grow up,
Holidays you never saw.
We think of how it might have been,
Another teardrop falls.

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Dear God

Thank you for the life you let me carry.
Thank you for answering our prayers, not as we might have wished, but as
was best for our daughter.
Thank you for not letting her suffer, or feel pain.
Thank you for loving her even more than we could, and doing what was
best, although not understood.
Thank you for our church family who love us and helped us through our
pain and loss.
Thank you for our healthy children, for giving us their lives to share.
Thank you for your loving care.
Lord, help us through these days, and months, and years to come.
Remind us when we are down, your will was done.
Keep us in your steady way, watch us every single day.
Help us when we start to sway, remind us that you're with us all the way.
Bless us with love and hope, give us what we need to cope.

Thank you, Lord, for all you do, and thank you for our baby, too.

*Lisa Davenport
In Loving Memory of
Gabrielle Renee,
Born and Died 3/29/93
Due to Encephalocele, Ring 13 Chromosome
and Faith Levell,
Born and Died 3/27/94
Due to Two True Knots in Cord*



● 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

Subsequent Births After Loss

● ***Jacob Zachary Mills***

Jack and Julie Mills,
along with siblings,
Ashley and Clayton,
proudly announce
the birth of
Jacob Zachary,
born January 13, 1998.
Jacob weighed 7lbs. 12 oz.
and measured 19 1/2".
The Mills remember with love
Morgan Marie Mills,
stillborn December 20, 1996
due to anencephaly.

● ***Robert Joseph Kowalski***

Sheri & Robert Kowalski
of Dallas, Texas
joyfully welcome

Robert Joseph.

He was born October 19, 1998
at 7:55 am, weighing in at 8 lbs. 14 oz.
and measuring 21 1/2" in length.

They lovingly remember
William Joseph,
stillborn August 12, 1997
due to placental abruption and premature
labor resulting from a fibroid tumor.

● ***Ashton Taylor Morren***

Pam & Tim Morren
of Dallas, Texas
welcome with love

Ashton Taylor,

born November 8, 1998.
Ashton weighed 9 lbs. 4 oz.
and was 21 1/2" long.

They remember with love
their son,
Timothy "Schuyler" II,
September 28 - December 23, 1997,
who died due to SIDS.

● ***Alexander John Fantine***

Laurie & Richard Fantine
of Carrollton, Texas
announce with love
the birth of their son,

Alexander John.

Alexander was born
Tuesday, November 24, 1998 at 3:07 pm,
weighing 8 lbs.
and measuring 21 3/4" long.

With much love, they remember
their daughter,
Hallie Anne,
stillborn September 22, 1997,
who died due to cord accident.

● ***Amy Grace Fucarino***

Lynda & George Fucarino
of Mesa, Arizona
announce the birth of
their daughter,

Amy Grace.

born July 15, 1998.

She weighed 5 lbs. 6 oz.

and measured 17" long.

The Fucarino's lovingly remember

Sue, 10/24/87-12/9/91 (murdered)

Zephaniey, 5/28/91 (miscarried)

Isaac, 12/14/92-12/15/92 (disintegrated liver)

Jonah, 7/14/95 (miscarried)

and Lynn, 11/18/95 (miscarried).

● ***Jonathan Garrett Fuller***
& Jordan Shelby Fuller

Robbi & Gerald Fuller

lost Nathan Gerald Fuller, July 4, 1993

due to a hemangioma on his liver.

Jonathan Garret

was born

September 3, 1994.

He weighed 8 lbs. 9 oz. and was 20 1/2".

Jordan Shelby

was born

July 22, 1998,

weighing 8 lbs. 8 oz.

and measuring 19 1/2".



● **In Loving Memory**

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.

Michael Joseph Böer

Stillborn July 17, 1996

Trisomy 18

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!

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

Given by grandparents, Joe &
Dennis Askew.

Luke Jeffrey Lloyd Barnes
Trevor Donald Lloyd Barnes

Stillborn July 4, 1998

Donation in memory of Luke
and Trevor by mother, Sherrie
Jensen.

Morgan Marie Mills

Stillborn December 20, 1996

Anencephaly

Given by parents, Julie & Jack
Mills and siblings, Ashley,
Clayton & Jacob.

Sarah Ann King

Stillborn June 22, 1995

Unknown Cause

Parents, Lori & David King.
Given by Deborah Houser.

Amanda Morgan Galleger

Stillborn January 7, 1997

Trisomy 18

Given by parents, Diane and
Steve Galleger and 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.

Parents, Jana and Grant
Spigener. Given by
grandparents, Sheryln & Barry
Spigener and Aunt Jamie Lyn
Spigener.

Gift of Love

Given by Richard Widener.

Olivia Grace Wayne

Stillborn May 11, 1995.

Baby Wayne

Miscarried April 20, 1996.

Angel Wayne

Miscarried July 23, 1998.

Given by parents,
Jeaneete & Richard Wayne
and sister, Emmaline.

Cecelia Nicole Callaghan

Died November 9, 1995

Delivered December 27, 1995

(Couldn't deliver because of surviving
twin)

Placental Infarction

Given by parents, Terry &
Brian Callaghan and twin
sister, Maeve.

Lillie Ilene Rhoades

September 10, 1997

Incompetent Cervix

Given by parents, Glynis &
Richard Rhoades and siblings,
Meghan & Conner.

Jordan Leigh Johnson

November 11-15, 1996

CHARGE Syndrome

Parents, Kena & Reggie
Johnson. Given by Lynda
Gilley and Laurie Rollins.

Joshua & Jeromy Barsanti

Stillborn November 21, 1996

Anencephaly

Parents, DaLana & Randy
Barsanti. Given by
grandparents, Tina & Ray
Barsanti.

Gift of Love

Women's Ministries of First Assembly of

God. Fort Myers, Florida.

Michael Garabedian, Jr.

Stillborn February 2, 1998

Cord Accident/Villamentous Cord
Insertion

Given by parents, Cindy &
Mike Garabedian and sister,
Victoria.

Amanda Morgan Galleger

Stillborn January 7, 1997

Trisomy 18

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



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

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