



Going Forward to Normal

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"Do not boast about tomorrow, for you do not know what a day may bring forth" (Proverbs 27:1). Boy, have we all learned this scripture the hard way! For weeks or months we bragged about our babies who were on the way, only to eventually find ourselves in a pit of grief after being told our babies had died.

That verse was also a hard lesson for me to learn during my dark days of mourning. The day after Jonathan's stillbirth, I remember lying in my hospital bed with my "wheels spinning", making plans for my little family as my thoughts raced with ideas of ways I could pour myself into one project after another. Before I was discharged, we planned a trip to the beach with our then three-year-old, Byron, Jr. I also secretly decided to throw Byron, Sr. a surprise 30th birthday party a few weeks later, and I mentally re-decorated our house and yard. I think deep down I knew all these grandiose plans were made in an attempt to divert my mind from the horrendous heartache I was feeling. I thought if I got caught up in all these activities, I would not be forced to face my sorrow.

The phrase, "I just want to get back to normal" played over and over in my mind for weeks, and all I wanted to do was pick up the shattered pieces of our lives and put our family back together. A few days after Jonathan's funeral, in another attempt to get my mind off of my grief, I returned to my part-time job at my dad's lawn firm one Saturday afternoon. While I was working on some files in a back room by myself, one of the attorneys walked in and seemed very surprised to see me. He and his wife had also suffered a

stillbirth, so he was able to offer me some heartfelt advice. He told me, "Rebekah, I know how much you probably want to get back to normal, but remember, what was once normal in your life will never be normal again. You need to find a new normal and go *forward to normal*." Those words of wisdom made such an incredible impression on me, and the more I thought about it, I realized he was exactly right. My family and I could not go back to what we once were, because we were different now, and instead of going back, we had no choice but to move forward.

It took many months, perhaps more than a year, to accomplish moving forward to normal. We had to adjust to being a family of three again and accept that this was the way it was going to be for probably several years. We knew that my health would prevent me from getting pregnant again any time soon, so until or if we were ever blessed with another child, we would have to be content with our family the way it was.

The scripture I mentioned before is somewhat reiterated in Matthew 6:34: "Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own." It was very difficult to not live in the past and even harder to not count the days to the future; sometimes living for today can be extremely hard. I had to spend many hours with the Lord, asking Him to help me with the feat of finding my place in life again and seeking His will for our family. Our new normal now consists of the three of us deeply loving each other and not taking one day we have with each other for granted, because we know from experience that in an instant our lives could forever change. We will not ever forget our precious little Jonathan Daniel who has taught us so much about love, hope, compassion, and God's mercy and grace. We know the Lord has a plan for each of us, and we are committed to serve Him everyday of our lives as we press toward the goal of seeing Him and our Jonathan someday.

As we journey on to another new year and say goodbye to 2001, I encourage you to move forward down the path the Lord has prepared for you. Embrace this new year with excitement and anticipation of what God has in store for you. Let yesterday be a bittersweet memory, learning experience, and time of growth. Decide 2002 is going to be a year of victory and move forward to your new normal.

Rebekah Mitchell



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The Kindness of a Stranger

by Joanne Cacciatore

What wonderful weather we have had lately. So nice to see it finally cooling off! My family and I celebrated the reprieve from the heat by spending a glorious Sunday afternoon at the park followed by a meal at our favorite place, Mimi's Cafe. It is always interesting, to say the least, to watch the expression on people's faces as my husband and I walk in with four young children, diaper bag in tow, obvious looks of distress on our faces. They seated us in a booth (strategically placed in a corner) across from two elderly couples. Our lunch went as usual. Our baby, Joshua, now ten months old crawling from sibling to sibling, parent to parent; grabbing glasses of water, spilling food in synchronicity with an occasional yelp. Our two older boys, nine and ten, poking at each other and each other's food. Our six-year-old daughter admonishing the boys at every opportunity. Giving them step by step instructions on probable chores they'd be performing when we got home as punishment for their incessant torturing of each other in public. Attempting to maintain damage control, I concentrated on keeping voice levels down to a mild yell, oblivious to the existence of other human beings in the restaurant. After our meal was over, the older woman sitting across from us said, "What a beautiful family!" Startled that she wasn't annoyed by our presence, I said, "Thank you. We think they are beautiful too!" Noticing that Stevie Jo, our daughter, was the lone little girl of the family she said, "Too bad you only have one daughter. Are you going to try for another?"

Silence.

My husband immediately looked over at me, holding his breath, waiting for my reply. My children were silent, they too waiting for my reply. Well, here was my chance. My opportunity to brandish my openness and honesty about the death of our baby girl. I responded with summoned confidence, "We do have another daughter, but she is in Heaven."

Silence again.

She smiled and went back to her meal. The obvious discomfort we all felt did not surprise me. I have felt that discomfort many times in the more than three years since her death (as every bereaved parent can relate to). As the elderly couples left the restaurant, the woman who asked about our children approached our table. With kind, loving eyes she took my hand and said, "I am so very sorry about the death of your little girl. I can tell you are good parents and love her very much." I was speechless, tongue tied. I felt like the public feels when they do not know how to respond to the death of our child. "Thank you, I am sorry too," I replied sheepishly.

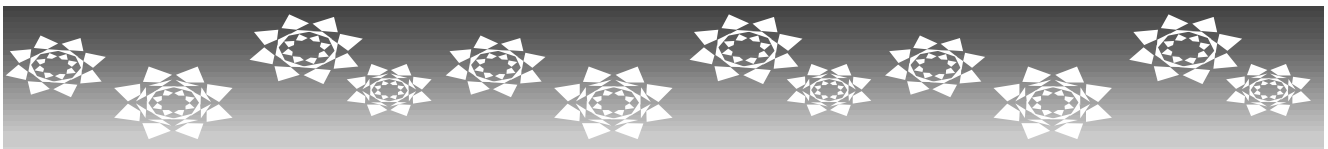
She smiled and walked away.

I looked at my children and began to cry. That woman will never know how much the compassion she extended to me that day touched my heart. Her warmth and empathy reaffirmed my hopes that one day, people will unite to support grieving parents, regardless of the age or cause of death of the child. That was her random act of kindness to me. A gift for which I will be eternally grateful.

Joann Cacciatore
Mothers in Sympathy Support (M.I.S.S.)
www.misschildren.org

Visit The Kindness Project: www.misschildren.org/kindness/index.html

© 1997, by Joanne Cacciatore from the book, *Dear Cheyenne*



We regret that we printed incorrect dates for our this issue's deadline in our last newsletter. The deadline should have read "November 30, 2001" instead of "December 31, 2001." If you had planned to submit an item for this issue, please send it in. We will work to fit all submissions into our March/April newsletter.

REMEMBERING

Go ahead and mention my child
The one that died, you know.
Don't worry about hurting me further.
The depth of my pain doesn't show.

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 it doesn't exist.
I'd rather you'd mention my child
Knowing that he has been missed.

You ask me how I'm doing
I say "Pretty good" or "Fine."
But healing is something on-going
I feel it will take a lifetime.

Elizabeth Dent

March/April Topic

Moving to a New Home After a Loss
Deadline – January 31, 2002

May/June Topic

Mother's Day and Father's Day
Deadline – March 31, 2002

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. Please see the back page of the newsletter for the appropriate address to send your submissions. Any submission printed in our newsletter will also be posted to our website indefinitely unless we receive notice in writing that you are only granting permission for your submission to appear in the printed version of the newsletter.

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M.E.N.D. Support Group Meetings

Join us in a time of sharing experiences.

Regular M.E.N.D. meetings

are held the
2nd Thursday of every month from
7:30 – 9:00 p.m.

**Mommies AND Daddies are both
welcome at all of our meetings.**

*Matters of Faith***Bible Study**

beginning 3rd Thurs. in Jan.
Please contact Jana Spigener
at (817) 468-9963 or
gaspigener@aol.com if interested.

Playgroup

*For families with children born prior
to or subsequent to a loss.*

Contact Pam Morren
at (972) 335-8202
ashtonsmom98@hotmail.com

Our Daddies Group

meets the 2nd Thursday of
March, June, September, and December
from 7:30 – 9:00 p.m.

**This is a special time for Daddies to get to-
gether and discuss concerns unique to them
as fathers. Our moms and dads meet to-
gether for introductions before dividing into
two groups for discussion.**

All support group meetings are held at:

**1159 Cottonwood Lane, Suite 150
Irving, Texas (Las Colinas) 75038**

(This is on the west side of MacArthur Boule-
vard, across the street from the Four Seasons
Resort. There is a Holiday Inn Express at the
entrance of Cottonwood Lane.)

For more information or directions,
Call (972) 459-2396.

Subsequent Pregnancy Group

meets the 4th Tuesday
of each month from
7:30 - 9:00 p.m.

*For families who are considering becoming preg-
nant or are currently pregnant after a loss.*

Subsequent Pregnancy Birth Class

*For families who are near their due date with their
subsequent pregnancy.*

This one-night childbirth refresher meets
once every three months and is con-
ducted by one of our M.E.N.D. moms,
Allyson Smith, R.N. For more informa-
tion contact Allyson at ssmith@dallas.net
or (972) 899-0405.

*(Bible studies and playgroups meet at various
locations around the Dallas/Fort Worth
Metroplex.)*

Birthday Tributes to Our Special Babies

*You left footprints on all of our hearts,
and we will never, ever be the same
Happy Birthday, Precious One*

Grandparents: Oma and Opa Hutto



*In memory of Eleonore Rose Hutto
Stillborn January 15, 1999
Cord Accident
Parents: Steven and Christine Hutto
Big brother: Steven, Jr.*

*Happy second birthday Lauren.
We miss you terribly
and will hold you in our hearts forever.
Love,
Mommy, Daddy, and your little sister Eve.*

*In loving memory of
Lauren Elizabeth Pearson
10/31/1999 - 12/8/1999*

*Prematurity -
TPN—Induced Colistasis*

Necrotizing Inter Colitis

Parents: Darrell and Lorraine Pearson

Little sister: Eve

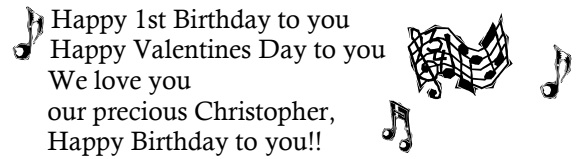


Happy 3rd Birthday Maya

We LOVE you and miss you everyday.

Love,
Mommy & Daddy,
little sister Erin,
And little brother Brandon

In loving memory of
Maya Denise Ates
stillborn 1/6/98 due to clot in umbilical cord
Parents: Tammie and Horace Ates
Siblings: Erin and Brandon

 Happy 1st Birthday to you
Happy Valentines Day to you
We love you
our precious Christopher,
Happy Birthday to you!!

Our hearts ache because we miss you so much.
However, your short life was a gift from God above
and has showered blessings on so many.

We are comforted by knowing that Jesus is
holding you tight until we are home with you!

Happy Birthday Christopher!

February 14, 2001

Love, Mommy, Daddy, and big sister Madeleine

*In loving memory of Christopher Williams
February 14, 2001*

*Short Ribbed Polydactyl Syndrome
Parents: Larry and Paige Williams
Big sister: Madeleine*



**In Loving Memory of
Christian Moehlman (12-5-96)
On his 5th Birthday**

We can't believe you would be such a big boy by now.
You and your little brother, Jonathan, have taught us so
much more about the joys of life than anyone else could have.
We miss you both so much. You are constantly in our
thoughts and prayers.

Until you welcome us into your arms,

We love you, Mommy and Daddy

Mike and Tammy Moehlman,

Your Big Brothers, Joshua and Andrew,

Your Big Sister Kaitlyn & Your Baby Sister Madison,

and remembering your little brother Jonathan,
stillborn 7/16/97 due to antiphospholipid antibody syndrome



*Remembering Christian Moehlman,
stillborn December 5, 1996,
due to antiphospholipid antibody syn-*



Our precious son,

You were such a wonderful gift to your mommy and daddy! How thrilled we were to learn that we were going to have a baby. The six short months of the pregnancy were so precious to us. How we prayed for you, and how excited we were to find out that we would be having a baby boy, a blond-haired, blue-eyed precious baby boy. Cade Randal Crenshaw. What a strong name for such a strong little boy.

We were both so scared the morning of February 21, 2001. You decided that Mom and Dad were not going to be the only ones with February birthdays. Although you were barely two pounds, every ounce of it was filled with strength and courage.

The first time we got to touch you and see your eyes will be forever engraved in our hearts and minds. You were three days old and they finally took you off of minimal stimulation. We spoke your name and you turned your tiny head and looked at us through such beautiful blue eyes.

You were only with us for twelve days altogether, yet you left memories that will last for a lifetime. How we love you and miss you each and every day. Although our hearts break a little more each day, our lives are all the better for having known you.

We thank the Lord for the few days that we were allowed to have with you. We will cherish the times you held onto our finger with your tiny little hand. We will hold dear the many hours we spent watching over you in the NICU. We hold dear the pictures that we were able to take of you and with you. They will forever be among our most prized possessions. Although we can't hold you right now, we will see you again, and we will hold you for eternity. Although we wish we could have had more time with you on earth, our lives are richer for having known you at all.

Precious Cade, we will always love and never forget you!
Happy 1st Birthday!!
All our love,
Mommy and Daddy

*In Memory of Cade Randal Crenshaw
February 21, 2001 – March 3, 2001
Severe brain hemorrhage, stomach infection
Parents: Bruce and Krista Crenshaw*



To Our Little Man:

We miss you and think of you everyday. Hunter told me today that he wants you to come play with him, and of course, that is what we all wish. On this your 2th Birthday, we send hugs, kisses and tears.

Until we meet again...

Mommy, Daddy, Hunter and Lauren

*In Loving Memory of Jared Mathew Slough
February 12, 1998 - March 20, 1998
Heart defect and failure*

*Parents: Scott Slough and Jo Ellen Mathews
Twin Brother Hunter and Little Sister Lauren*



New Bible Study

Matters of Faith, a Bible-centered discussion and support group, is set to begin the third Thursday in January. This study is for anyone who has experienced a loss at any stage. Participants will take a Biblical look at various topics as related to infant loss and grief and discuss these topics with others who've experienced loss. Some topics will include: What does the Bible say about grief, anger, depression? Why does it feel like God has abandoned me? Will I see my baby again? What is there to hope in? How can I be joyful after a loss? How do I experience peace? Meetings will be held at the regular M.E.N.D. meeting place from 7-9 p.m.

If you're interested in this study, gather your Bible, notepad and pen, and contact Jana Spigener at (817) 468-9963 or GASpigener@aol.com.

Grief Materials

Birth and Life

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

Centering Corporation

PO Box 4600
Omaha, NE 68104
(402) 553-1200

Wintergreen Press

3630 Eileen St.
Maple Plain, MN 55359
(612) 476-1303
www.Wintergreenpress.com

Perinatal Loss

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

ICEA Bookmarks

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

Subsequent Births

Carmen Holt and Earl Miskelley,
along with brothers Cody, Caleb and Canaan

of Fultondale, Alabama,
joyfully announce the birth of
Carsen Deanna Holt-Miskelley,
born October 15, 2001,
8 lbs., 2 oz.

The Holt family lovingly remembers
Christian Holt-Miskelley,
stillborn July 18, 2000.

Peter and Margie Hoag

of Forest Grove, Oregon,
are happy to announce the safe arrival of

Kinley Renee,
born November 1, 2001, at 5:33 p.m.
She weighed 7 lbs., 5 oz.,
and was 20 inches long.

The Hoags lovingly remember
Jack,
stillborn July 26, 2000,
due to a cord accident.

Jim and Kristine (Kahanek) Kjolhede,
along with big brother Jared

of Coppell, Texas,
proudly announce the birth of
Savannah Grace,

born October 25, 2001, at 5:22 p.m.
Savannah weighed 7 lbs.
The Kjolhede family lovingly remembers
Katherine Elizabeth,
stillborn May 10, 1999,
due to unknown cause.

Darrell & Lorraine Pearson

of Mansfield, Texas,
joyfully announce the birth of
Eve Alexandra
on February 7, 2001, at 10:33 a.m.
She weighed 7 lbs., 2 oz.,
and was 19 ½ inches long.

The Pearsons lovingly remember
Lauren Elizabeth,
October 31, 1999 - December 8, 1999,
due to prematurity -
TPN - Induced Colistasis
Nectrotizing Inter Colitis



The Waterfall

By April Whiddon Matthews

"I sat staring at my newborn twins, tears flooding my tired eyes. How perfect they were, these two tiny angels I'd just given flight to. They lay bundled in warm yellow blankets, tucked safely in my aching arms. Their eyes closed, their soft red hair brilliant against pale skin, their tiny fingers relaxed. I almost expected them to let out a wail of contradiction at any moment. 'What plans I have made for you, my daughter and my son,' I spoke in my mind. My voice was gone, hiding somewhere as to not betray my agony. Then I sighed. 'What plans I had made for you,' I corrected myself. I had planned for them to have the best of everything. In all of my power, they would never want for anything. I had promised them life . . . My twins were born into this world too soon. Too little to live. Too precious to die. I had already failed as a mother . . .

"The doctor came in to take my angels away. My contempt for her welled up inside my heart. She was to have been their savior. Did she do everything she could to save my babies? But that thought dwindled away as I realized everything I could have done differently. I admit my faith in Our Father wavered a bit. The usual questions (Why me?) and the usual accusations (How could You let this happen?). But that feeling, too, fell away as I realized everything I would do differently the next time, if in fact there was a next time:

I would not take that tiny sip of wine at dinner.

I would not get upset at my husband for petty little things.

I would not insist that I was able to lift that box out of the closet.

Maybe next time I wouldn't even get out of bed.

Maybe next time I wouldn't make any promises, because now I know we control nothing in this world.

"One day I'll be able to move on from this moment. One day I'll be able to think about my darling twins and not cry, only smile in fond memory of the way they made me feel when they were still with me. One day I'll be okay. But right now I need to cry and mourn the children Ty and Jenny will never become."

I finished reading the words I had written only weeks before, and I placed my hand over my heart, half-expecting to feel its jagged edge cutting into my flesh. The biting winter wind whipped around me as I stood on the beach bundled up against the brutal cold, my hiking boot-clad feet sinking slowly into the muddy sand. I pulled my oversized forest green parka tighter around my shivering body and crushed the tattered paper deep into my pocket as I stared out at the angry black waves crashing into one another. The thunderous roar of the Pacific Ocean echoed in my ears. The alarming blast of a foghorn jarred me out of my thoughts, and I glanced around me, wondering if I was still alone. Heavy-hearted, but thankful for the solitude, I trudged my way over to a gathering of dead logs, petrified by the salt of the ocean. My feet were unsteady in the charcoal colored sand, and my ankles wobbled and throbbed from the effort. I settled down into one of the crevices of the tree trunk that was empty of sea water and watched apathetically as the broken body of a once beautiful seagull washed up on the grimy shore. Behind me, a mountain of boulders and stones reached to the cliff that overlooked the beach. I remember thinking that if those rocks were to fall, I would be buried beneath them and no one could find me. The thought was not an unwelcome one.

The sky was dark and brooding, ready to send a rainstorm and disastrous winds at any moment, as the late afternoon sun was absent, busy warming another part of the earth. The tide was rising higher and faster, the longer I sat on my log. Doom was pending. The beach would soon be flooded, and the trees and rocks littered around me would be washed out to sea. How I longed to go with them. I watched as the gray sea foam swirled around my feet, and the icy spray of the waves showered me, urging me along. Sighing miserably, I stood and made my way back to the trail that would lead me home. The home that held nothing for me.

My husband was a good man, but he did not, could not, understand my pain. He was mourning the promise of our future as parents; I was mourning the two blessed lives that had grown and moved inside me. Vividly, I remembered their fluttering kicks that jarred me awake at night. Vividly, I remembered the patter of their heartbeats echoing around the examining room. Vividly, I remembered them . . .

As I started up the twisting, overgrown trail, a shadow appeared in front of me, and I stepped back, alarmed. I thought I was the only one who braved the beach during a Northwestern Winter.

"Honey, it's me," my husband said, stepping into full view.

Instantly I was relieved, but at the same time I felt guilty. William had expressed time and again his wishes that I not come to the beach alone. I had betrayed that plea everyday for three weeks. The cold, gray, desolate beach was the only place I could go where the atmosphere matched my emotions. It felt right to be in the midst of such sorrow and abandonment.

"I wish you would've let me come with you," he said, reaching out to brush my wind-whipped hair away from my face.

"You were napping. I hated to disturb you," I lied. In truth, I had purposefully sneaked out of the house hoping that when he awoke, my husband would think I had holed myself up in the nursery again. He seldom bothered me there.

"I know you come here everyday," he told me. "I've been right behind you, but you were too lost in your thoughts to notice."

I stared at him. He had been with me all this time, and I hadn't known? How could that be?

"In fact, you've overlooked a lot." My husband took my hand and led me back to the beach where the tide had already engulfed my log. We stood back and watched the waves grow stronger as they raged toward us. He continued on, "I know you come here because it's dark and gloomy and angry. Just like you are. You want to stay in your grief forever because you feel guilty for going into labor early. You haven't stopped to realize that none of this was your fault. You haven't stopped your tears long enough to think that maybe our son and daughter were so special that Heaven kept them for the angels. They were too pure for this world we live in."

I blinked back tears as what he was saying to me slowly sunk in. But he wasn't finished. "Have you stopped to think that you will be reunited with them one day? That they are waiting for us in Heaven?"

Then William took me by the shoulders and spun me around to face the cliff I had always known was behind me. But what I saw that day took my breath away. A cascade of bubbling white water spilled over the top of the cliff and rained down the side, dancing over jutting rocks and gliding beautifully into a tiny stream that emptied into the ocean. It was a curtain of hope on this somber beach, and I wondered how I could have missed seeing it before. "Not everyone can see the waterfall, April. It takes someone who loves you unconditionally to turn you around and say 'Look! There is some beauty left in this world.'"

I gazed up at my strong, loving husband and realized for the first time since I said goodbye to my twins that I was crying happy tears. I wound my arms around his neck and whispered, "Thank you."

*"In Loving Memory of my Precious Angels, William Ty and Jenny Pearl Matthews,
born and died January 2, 1996.
You are my sunshine!"*

The Waterfall, by April Whiddon Matthews, has been reprinted by permission and first appeared in the Spring, 1997 issue of *Hannah to Hannah*, the newsletter of Hannah's Prayer, PO Box 168, Hanford, CA 93232-0168. www.hannah.org.



Music Resources

The following music has been helpful to others during their time of grief.

Angel Unaware
Words and music by
Shari Buie and Tamara Miller
HeartSong 96
826 Royal Birkdale Dr.
Garland, TX 75044



Home Free
Words and music by Wayne Watson
Watson's *Home Free* CD can be found at most Christian bookstores.

Together We Can Heal
A beautiful collection of music for bereaved families. Call or write:
Source Music
P.O. Box 1543
Colorado Springs, CO 80901
719-442-0152/ 800-338-4312 (orders)
<http://www.sourcemusic.com>
<http://www.sourcemusic.com/heal>
(This URL takes you directly to the recording.)

Thought You'd Be Here
Words and music by Wes King
From his CD *A Room Full of Stories*, available for purchase at most Christian bookstores.

I'll Meet You in the Morning
By Karen Ritchey
<http://www.members.cnx.net/kritchey/>
e-mail: kritchey@cnx.net

With Hope
By Steven Curtis Chapman
From his CD *Diving In*, available for purchase at most Christian bookstores.

Goodbye for Now
Words by Kathy Troccoli, music by Scott Brasher and Kathy Troccoli
From Troccoli's CD *Corner of Eden*, available for purchase at most Christian bookstores.

Glory Baby
Written by Nathan and Christy Nockels
Found on Watermark's *All Things New* CD, can be purchased at Christian bookstores.

Empty Arms
Words and music by Teri Curp
From her CD *Look Ahead*
Teri Curp Ministries
1413 NE Grand Avenue
Lee's Summit, MO 64086
816-246-8374
tcsings@swbell.net
www.tericurp.com

Organizations and Internet Support

Pregnancy Loss & Grief Support

Angel Babies – Forever Loved

<http://www.welcome.to/Angels4ever.com>

Antiphospholipid Syndrome

<http://hometown.aol.com/AmAmail/Anti.html>

Bereaved Families of Ontario

<http://www.inforamp.net/~bfo/>

CHERUBS-The Association of

Congenital Diaphragmatic Hernia

Research, Advocacy, and Support

e-mail: cherubs@gloryroad.net

www.cherubs-cdh.org

P.O. Box 1150

Creedmoor, NC 27522

919-693-8158

Children and Grief

<http://www.bcm.tmc.edu/civitas/>

Footprints Ministry

13611 Merton Woods Ln.,

Charlotte, NC 28273-9008

GriefNet

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

H.A.N.D.

(Houston's Aid in Neonatal Death)

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

Helping After Neonatal Death (HAND)

P.O. Box 341, Los Gatos, CA 95031-0341

408-447-6283

Santa Clara County: 408-732-3228

Alameda and Contra Costa

Counties: 800-963-7070

Central Valley: 209-823-5503

<http://www.h-a-n-d.org>

e-mail: info@h-a-n-d.org

Hygeia

<http://www.hygeia.org>

Infanlos

e-mail: majordomo@taex001.tamu.edu

Type "Subscribe Infanlos"

Visit the Infanlos Family Website and

www.geocities.com/infanloss

M.E.N.D.

(Mommies Enduring Neonatal Death)

P.O. Box 1007

Coppell, TX 75019

972-459-2396/ 1-888-M.E.N.D.

<http://www.mend.org>

Mending Broken Hearts

www.libbys.org/mbh/mbh.htm

MIDS

Miscarriage, Infant Death & Stillbirth

16 Crescent Dr.

Parsippany, NJ 07054

e-mail: MIDS@nac.net

M.I.S.S.

Mothers in Sympathy and Support

Joanne Cacciatore (voice) 602-979-1000

(fax) 602-979-1001

Julie White (voice) 602-584-0805

<http://www.misschildren.org>

Morning Light Ministries

c/o St. Mary Star of the Sea Church

11 Peter Street South

Mississauga, Ont. L5H 2G1

905-278-2058

<http://rogers.com/morninglightministry>

general inquiries: morninglightministry@rogers.com

bereaved parents: morninglightministryparent@rogers.com

24 hour voice mailbox telephone: 416-969-0545

For bereaved Catholic parents who have experienced the death of their baby through ectopic pregnancy, miscarriage, stillbirth or early infant death, including up to one year old.

Nathaniel's Friends

P.O. Box 2372

Frazier Park, CA 93225

<http://NathanielsFriends.com>

bayonne@bigvalley.net

Precious Children Remembered

P.O.Box 534

Huron, OH 44839

<http://www.acnworwalk.com/~mom2nich/>

PCR – Chat Room

Monday 10 p.m. Eastern

Contact Shanna at Ladyinno@aol.com or

HostiVHShanna@aol.com for info.

Pregnancy/Infant Loss Center

1415 East Wayzata Blvd. #30

Wayzata, MN 55391

612-472-9372

Pregnancy Loss Newsgroup

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

S.A.N.D.S.

<http://www.sandswa.org.au>

<http://www.sandsvic.org.au/>

SHARE

St. Joseph Health Center

300 First Capitol Dr.

St. Charles, MO 63301-2893

314-947-6164

S.O.F.T. (Support Organization for

Trisomy 18, 13 & Related Disorders)

c/o Barb Van Herreweghe

2982 S. Union St.

Rochester, NY 14624

716-594-4621

800-716-SOFT (7638)

e-mail: barbssoft@aol.com

<http://www.trisomy.org/>

SPALS (Subsequent Pregnancy Afer Loss)

<http://www.inforamp.net/bfo/spals/>

Tom Golden's Crisis, Grief & Healing

<http://www.webhealing.com/>

UNITE, Inc. (Perinatal grief support)

7600 Central Avenue

Philadelphia, PA 19111-2499

215-728-3777

Zoom

<http://www.premier.net/~zoom/>

Continuing a Pregnancy After Adverse

Prenatal Diagnosis

Abiding Hearts

P.O. Box 5245

Bozeman, MT 59717

e-mail: hearts@imt.net

Anencephaly Support Foundation

<http://www.asfhelp.com/>

Abundance of the Heart

c/o Mark & Tonya Bayonne

P.O. Box 2372

Frazier Park, CA 93225

<http://www.abundanceoftheheart.org/>



Infertility

Hannah's Prayer

Providing Christian Support for Fertility Challenges. Online newsletter available.

P.O. Box 168, Hanford, CA 93232-0168

775-852-9202, <http://www.hannah.org/>

INCIID

<http://www.inciid.org/>

Infertility

<http://www.fertilethoughts.net>

Journey to Jordan

A ministry for families dealing with infertility and adoption. Publishes a newsletter for a small fee.

4511 E. Gatewood Rd.

Phoenix, AZ 85024-6938

Reproductive Medicine Program

<http://repro-med.net>

Resolve

<http://www.resolve.org/>

Stepping Stones

Offers Christian hope, encouragement, and support to infertile couples. Publishes a bi-monthly newsletter.

c/o Bethany Christian Services

901 Eastern Avenue NE

P.O. Box 294

Grand Rapids, MI 49501-0294

<http://www.bethany.org/step/>

Multiple Loss

CLIMB (Center for Loss in Multiple Birth)

e-mail: climb@pobox.alaska.net

www.climb-support.org

Limbo-L List,

Loss in Multiple Birth Outreach

For parents who have lost one or more children in a multiple birth situation.

Contact Terry Callaghan at

Terry45@hotmail.com

<http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/Lake/5142>

The Twin to Twin Transfusion Syndrome

Foundation

411 Longbeach Parkway

Bay Village, OH 44140 440-899-8887

<http://www.tttfoundation.org>

Twinless Twins

11220 St. Joe Rd.

Ft. Wayne, IN 46835-9737

219-627-5414

SIDS

SIDS Network

P.O. Box 270, Ledyard, CT 06339

800-560-1454

<http://sids-network.org>

e-mail: sidsnet@sids-network.org

Cot Life Society

<http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/Trail/5955>

North Texas SIDS Alliance

1401 Airport Freeway, Suite 118

Bedford, Texas 76021

metro (817)267-7955

toll free in Texas only (800)650-SIDS

<http://www.northtexassids.org>

e-mail: info@northtexassids.org

Spanish

Fundacion Esperanza

www.geocities.com/Heartland/Bluffs/7102/

e-mail: carlarh@ivillage.com

Helpful Reading ...***A Deeper Shade of Grace***

by Bernadette Keaggy.
Sparrow Press, Nashville, TN, 1993.

A Silent Sorrow

by Ingrid Kohn.
Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10103, 1992

Empty Arms: Emotional Support for Those Who Have Suffered a Miscarriage Stillbirth, or Tubal Pregnancy

by Pam Vredevelt.
Multnomah Press, Sisters, OR, 1984

Empty Cradle, Broken Heart – Surviving the Death of Your Baby

by Deborah L. David, PhD.
Fulcrum Publishing, 350 Indiana St., Golden, CO 80401, 1991

Free to Grieve

by Maureen Rank.
Bethany House Publishers
6820 Auto Club Rd.
Minneapolis, MN 55438

Heaven's Not a Crying Place

by Joey O'Connor.
To order, visit his website at
<http://www.joeyo.com/>
or e-mail joey@joeyo.com

I'll Hold You in Heaven

by Jack Haford.
Regal Books
Ventura, CA

Letters to Gabriel

by Karen Garver Santorum,
wife of Senator Rick Santorum
To order, call 800-935-2222.

Loss and Grief Recovery Help Caring for Children with Disabilities, Chronic or Terminal Illness

by Joyce Ashton with Dennis Ashton.
Baywood Publishing

I Can't Find A Heartbeat: Hope and Help for Those Who Have Lost an Unborn Child

By Melissa Sexson Hanson
Review and Herald

Morning Light – Miscarriage, Stillbirth and Early Infant Death from a Catholic Perspective

by Bernadette Zambri.
To order, call 905-278-2058 (in Canada).

Silent Grief

by Clara Hinton.
Published by New Leaf Press

The Christmas Box and Time Piece

by Richard Paul Evans.
Simon and Schuster, Rockefeller Center, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, 1995-1996

The Rocking Horse Is Lonely – and Other Stories of Fathers' Grief

by James D. Nelson, Editor.
Pregnancy and Infant Loss Center,
1421 E. Wayzata Blvd., Suite 30,
Wayzata, MN 55391, 1994

36 Hours with an Angel

by Lindsay Roberts.
Richard and Lindsay Roberts Ministries,
P.O. Box 2187, Tulsa, OK 74171

Grieving the Child I Never Knew: A devotional companion for comfort in the loss of your unborn or newly born child

By Kathie Winnenberg
Zondervan Publishing House

When God Doesn't Make Sense

by Dr. James Dobson.
Published by Tyndale House Publishers,
Wheaton, IL, 1993

When Hello Means Goodbye

By Paul Schweibert, M.D., P., and Kirb.
Perinatal Loss, 2116 NE 18th Ave.,
Portland, OR 97212, 1986

When Pregnancy Fails: Families Coping with Miscarriage, Stillbirth and Infant Death

By Susan Borg and Judith Lasker.
Bantam Press, 1989

SIDS ...***The SIDS Survival Guide***

by Joani Nelson Horchler and
Robin Rice Morris.
To order, call 301-773-9691.

Subsequent Pregnancy ...***Still to Be Born***

by Paul Schweibert, M.D.
Perinatal Loss, 2116 NE 18th Ave.,
Portland, OR 97212, 1986

Pregnancy After a Loss – A Guide to Pregnancy After a Miscarriage, Stillbirth, or Infant Death

by Carol Cirulli Lanham.
Berkley Books, a Division of Penguin Putnam, Inc., 375 Hudson St., New York, NY. To order directly, call toll-free 1-877-853-3595.

Another Baby? Maybe ...***Thirty Questions on Pregnancy After Loss***

by Sherokee Ilse and Maribeth Wildre Doerr.
Contact Centering Corporation
www.centering.org
402-553-1200

Trying Again--A Guide to Pregnancy After Miscarriage, Stillbirth, and Infant Loss

by Ann Douglas and John R. Sussman, M.D.
Taylor Publishing, 2000.
<http://www.having-a-baby.com/tryingagain.htm>

For Children ...***Let's Talk About Heaven***

by Debby Anderson.
Chariot Books, David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, IL, 1991

Molly's Rosebush

by Janice Cohn, D.S.W.
Albert Whitman & Company, Morton Grove, IL 1994

Mommy, Please Don't Cry – Tender Words for Broken Hearts

by Linda DeYmaz.
Multnomah Publisher, Bend, OR
Contact www.multnomahbooks.com

Someone I Love Died

by Christine Harder Tangvald.
Chariot Books, David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, IL, 1988

The Cherry Blossom Tree – A Grandfather Talks About Life & Death

by Jan Godfrey.
Augsburg Fortress, 426 S. Fifth St., Box 1209, Minneapolis, MN 55440, 1996

In Loving Memory



John Robert Haley
September 9 - 11, 2000
Cord Accident/Rupture
Given by parents,
John and Dawn Haley

Garrett Anthony Mayer
October 12 - December 18, 1999
Tetralogy of Fallot
Parents, April and Tony Mayer
Given by Julia and Joe Darling

Faith Elizabeth Durham
Stillborn September 25, 1999
Triploidy
Given by parents, Leighton and
Lisa Durham
and little brother, Leighton IV

Baby Duffin
Miscarried April 8, 1999

Jack Wade Duffin
Stillborn May 29, 2000
Unknown Cause
Given by parents,
Phillip and Leanne Duffin
and little sister Lindsey

Joseph Charles Libby
Stillborn May 26, 1999
Cord Accident
Given by parents,
Wim and Sharlene Libby
and siblings Will, John,
and Mary Grace

M.E.N.D.
gratefully acknowledges these gifts of
love given in memory of a baby, rela-
tive, friend, or given by someone just
wanting to help. These donations help
us to continue M.E.N.D.'s mission by
providing this newsletter and other
services to bereaved parents free of
charge. Please refer to the back page of
this newsletter for more information
regarding where to send your donations
and what information to include.

Thank you so much!

Jonathan Daniel Mitchell
Stillborn June 24, 1995
Cord accident
Parents, Rebekah and Byron Mitchell
Big brother, Byron, Jr.
Given by grandparents, Dennis and Sue Brewer

Jonathan Daniel Mitchell
Stillborn June 24, 1995
Cord accident
Parents, Rebekah and Byron Mitchell
Big brother, Byron, Jr.
Given by grandparents, Lyle and Marnie Mitchell

Sarah Ann King
Stillborn June 22, 1995
Unknown Cause
Parents, David and Lori King
Siblings, Brooks, Kaylee, and Brady
Given by Michelle Lindle

Sarah Ann King
Stillborn June 22, 1995
Unknown Cause
Parents, David and Lori King
Siblings, Brooks, Kaylee, and Brady
Given by Wendy Welch

Sarah Ann King
Stillborn June 22, 1995
Unknown Cause
Parents, David and Lori King
Siblings, Brooks, Kaylee, and Brady
Given by Trisha Dubey

Sarah Ann King
Stillborn June 22, 1995
Unknown Cause
Parents, David and Lori King
Siblings, Brooks, Kaylee, and Brady
Given by cousins, Jeff, Marian, Weston,
and Haley Hunt

Sarah Ann King
Stillborn June 22, 1995
Unknown Cause
Parents, David and Lori King
Siblings, Brooks, Kaylee, and Brady
Given by Kristen Hawk

Sarah Ann King
Stillborn June 22, 1995
Unknown Cause
Parents, David and Lori King
Siblings, Brooks, Kaylee, and Brady
Given by Kay West

Timothy "Schuyler" Morren
September 28 - December 23, 1998
SIDS
Given by parents, Tim and Pam Morren
and little sisters, Ashton and Alexa

Timothy "Schuyler" Morren
September 28 - December 23, 1998
SIDS
Parents, Tim and Pam Morren
Little sisters, Ashton and Alexa
Given by Doug and Cindy Edwards

Eleonore Rose Hutto
Stillborn January 15, 1999
Cord Accident
Parents, Christine and Steven Hutto
Big brother, Steven, Jr.
Given by grandparents,
Eleonore and Earl Hutto

Carson Brock Bailey
Stillborn January 17, 2001
Cord Accident
Baby Bailey
Miscarried July 2001
Given by parents, Kevin and Kelly Bailey

Michael Garabedian, Jr.
Stillborn February 2, 1998
Villamentous Cord Insertion
Adam Michael Garabedian
Stillborn July 25, 2001
Cord Accident
Parents, Mike and Cindy Garabedian
Siblings, Victoria and Elizabeth
Given by Garabedian Homes

Ogle Twins
Miscarried at two and three months gestation
Gregory Dwain Ogle
Stillborn October 19, 2000
Premature Rupture of Membrane
Nathan John Ogle
July 2 - 5, 2001
Prematurity
Given by mom, Jennifer Ogle

To my very special babies:
We love you and miss you.
You are constantly in our thoughts and prayers,
not only during the holidays,
but all year round.
We cannot wait to be with you.
We love you so very much.
Love, hugs and kisses to all of you.
Love always,
Mommy, Daddy, and Cali.
In loving memory of the Ogle Twins,
Gregory Dwain Ogle,
and Nathan John Ogle

“Though the mountains be shaken and the hills be removed, yet my unfailing love for you will not be shaken nor my covenant of peace be removed,” says the Lord who has compassion on you.” - Isaiah 54:10



Editor's Corner

By now you've all seen images of concrete mountains being shaken, steel-supported hills being completely removed from the New York City skyline in a shocking and horrible way. We'll all remember September 11, 2001 – where we were when we first heard about the terrorist attacks, how we spent our day, how we realized that things had changed forever.

It's true – life will never be the same again. Our innocence is stripped away, and there will always be a twinge of fear in the back of our minds as we look up to the sky or even cross it ourselves.

As I thought about all of this recently, it took me back to a time when I heard the words that would forever change the meaning of “normal life” for me: “We can't find a heartbeat.”

You see, I've been in this place before. I know what it's like to have something affect me so deeply that I'll never see life the same again. As most Americans, and even people all over the world, are discovering, sometimes things happen that change your perspective for the rest of your life. Certainly, the tragedies in New York, Washington, D.C., and Pennsylvania qualify as life-changing events for thousands of people. Many of us have also experienced a change of perspective in less publicized yet no less painful ways. In my case, it came with the loss of a child. As a result, I was changed.

But, as we learn to view life through scarred eyes, we must remember that we can't let these events define us. Yes, they influence so many decisions and reactions we make every day. They do shape us, but they don't make us. I think about my stillborn son every day, prompted by grocery store clerks who flirt with my daughter (“Do you have any more children,” they ask), a glimpse of baby blue at the park, even watching my older sons play together. However, my period of mourning is over. My mountains shook, my hills were completely uprooted, but life went on, and it became good again.

How? How can we move ahead when there's so much to move through?

The answer is to view ourselves as so much more than the sum of our experiences. There is a part of us that is eternal, created in God's image. We have a covenant of peace with a Lord who has compassion on us. We are the recipients of unfailing love. No matter what the circumstances, we have a promise that it will all work out in the end.

Yes, I will probably think twice before flying cross-country again. I mourn now for the thousands who are suffering today at the hands of evil unspeakable. And I still miss my baby boy, sometimes so much that I ache. But I know that this is not what I am about. I know that, though the pain in my life affects me, it doesn't infect me. I will overcome, because I belong to One who has overcome the world (John 16:33).

And as I work through this latest perspective-changer, I try to see more than pain when I look up to an empty hole in the sky that once held a man-made mountain. “I lift my eyes up to the hills – where does my help come from? My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.” (Psalm 121:1).

What He made in you cannot be destroyed.

May God bless and comfort you all.

Sharlene Libby

M.E.N.D. Fundraisers

As a non-profit organization MEND is funded solely by private donations and fundraisers. Any assistance you can give us by participating in any or all of these fundraisers is greatly appreciated.

M.E.N.D. member Amy Allred is a **Creative Memories** consultant. Amy donates to M.E.N.D. 20 percent of all sales made by M.E.N.D. members. If you would like to place an order, her phone number is (972) 272-7249, and her e-mail address is theallreds@juno.com.

Kroger grocery stores donate a percentage of all purchases of those shoppers who have and use a Kroger Share Card. To obtain your Share Card, contact Rebekah via one of the ways listed on the last page of this newsletter, and let her know how many you need. This program is valid in Texas, but residents of other states may need to check with store managers to see if they participate.

Tom Thumb also has a program in Texas that can benefit M.E.N.D. If you have a Tom Thumb Reward Card, please ask your Tom Thumb cashier to link your card with M.E.N.D. Our number is **6265**. If you are already linked to another organization, they will split a donation of one percent of your purchases between the organizations. It only takes about five minutes to get a Reward Card, and it can also be used at Rاندalls and Simon David stores.

Kathryn Padilla, a M.E.N.D. member, is an independent **Mary Kay** consultant who is donating ten percent of all sales to M.E.N.D. if they are made by M.E.N.D. members. Members also get ten percent off their first online order. You can shop online at www.mymk.com/kpadilla1.

Kim Robinson, a **Pampered Chef** kitchen consultant and M.E.N.D. family member, is donating 10-15 percent of sales to M.E.N.D. members back to our organization. You can browse products at www.pamperedchef.com, then e-mail Kim at kimr@cheerful.com to place an order.

Stamps.com offers a \$10-\$20 referral program. If you would like to purchase stamps from home and receive a free postage scale, visit www.stamps.com, and use referral code C-4FTJ-TWR. Stamps.com will give the incentive money to M.E.N.D. in the form of free postage.

The Weaver's Thread is a book of poetry by Angelique Cooper-McGlotten honoring the five babies she lost. A percentage of the sale of this book will go to M.E.N.D. For more information, visit <http://www.eofl.net>.

Carol Martin of Flower Mound, Texas, is the owner of a business called **For Brittany**. She makes beautiful mommy bracelets that come in a variety of styles and/or you can design your own. You can see all of her bracelets on her web site at www.forbrittany.com. For every sale from M.E.N.D. families, she will donate 10% back to us, but you must remember to tell her you are from M.E.N.D.

M.E.N.D. is a Christian nonprofit corporation whose purpose is to reach out to those who have lost a child to miscarriage, stillbirth or infant death and offer a way to share experiences and information through monthly meetings, this newsletter, and our web site.

For inquiries, subscription requests, deletions, and submissions to the newsletter, contact us at
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1-888-695-M.E.N.D.
Fax (972) 459-2396
E-Mail: Rebekah@mend.org,
Sharlene@mend.org

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Your tax-deductible contributions are greatly appreciated and should be sent to:

M.E.N.D.
P.O. Box 1007
Coppell, TX 75019.

If your gift is made in memory of a baby, please include that baby's name (if named), date of birth and/or date of death, the parents' names, and the name of the benefactor. You may also include the cause of death (if known).

Visit our web site at:
<http://www.mend.org>

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