



Mommies Enduring Neonatal Death

Miscarriage, Stillbirth and Infant Loss Support

Volume 25, Issue 5

September/October 2020

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Other Holidays

Minor holidays... Halloween, St. Patrick's Day, Valentine's Day... Many times we think they will have less of an impact than the major holidays. Sometimes, though, the minor holidays can pack the hardest sucker punches. Those punches we generally do not expect at all. Friends and family may not even realize how hard they can be.

The thoughts may begin weeks before or realized the day of the holiday. What type of pumpkin would our children have picked? Would they be excited to wear green on St. Patrick's Day? What type of Valentine's Day box would we build together? Would they have loved fireworks or been afraid of them? What memories and traditions would we create at each holiday? What school activities around these holidays are we missing?

While these holidays may seem like quick snapshots compared to other holidays, they can create as much heartache or as much joy as the major holidays.

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November/December Topic

*Thanksgiving and Christmas Holidays
Deadline: September 30, 2020*

January/February Topic

*Give Yourself Grace
Deadline: November 30, 2020*

Stories, poems, thoughts, and/or feelings regarding these topics are welcome. Submissions must be received by the deadline to be considered for publication in the magazine. Unfortunately, there is not enough room to include all submissions. Choices will be left to the discretion of the editors. Please send any submissions to our Magazine Editor, Jennifer Harrison, at jennifer@mend.org. Any submission printed in our magazine will also be posted to our website indefinitely. Because our magazines are posted online, please understand your name will be attached to your submission when searched on the Internet.

Letters to the Editor should be sent to jennifer@mend.org. All letters submitted to the editor are subject to be published in future issues, both in the print version and online, unless a letter's author expressly requests it not be published.

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Birthday Tributes: M.E.N.D. publishes heavenly birthday tributes in the corresponding magazine. Tributes must be submitted via the online form at www.mend.org.

<u>Heavenly Birthday</u>	<u>Deadline</u>
January/February	November 30
March/April	January 31
May/June	March 31
July/August	May 31
September/October	July 31
November/December	September 30



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As a national organization, M.E.N.D. Leadership continues to monitor conditions in the United States relating to COVID-19. Since restrictions differ in each state, please follow your chapter on Facebook or connect with your Chapter Director for updates regarding support groups. For information on support groups, including The M.E.N.D. Nationwide Support Group that meets year-round, please see page 19.



Feature Article

Feature from our M.E.N.D. President and Founder, Rebekah Mitchell, Mommy to Jonathan and Baby Mitchell

Other Holidays

When we're grieving the death of a baby, we anticipate the "big holidays, like Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and certainly Mother's / Father's Day, to be very difficult. But what about the other festive days, such as the 4th of July, Halloween, Valentine's Day, etc.?

I remember well the first Independence Day after my Jonathan was stillborn - it fell just 10 days later. I was still recovering from a fresh C-section incision, so I couldn't get in the swimming pool at my parents' house with the rest of my family. I sat outside with them in the Texas heat, just watching everyone trying to have fun, despite the recent horrendous tragedy of Byron's and my baby dying.

After a cookout and homemade ice cream, we loaded up in a few cars and headed to a large open field to watch fireworks. Hundreds of people were out there, having the time of their lives. As I sat on the ground with the throngs of others waiting for the show to begin, I people-watched. There were lots of laughing and squealing children running amuck. I'll never forget the little girl performing cartwheels so close to me, I thought she might knock me in the head with her foot. That's when I wanted to stand up and scream, "Everyone just stop it! Don't you know my baby is dead? How can we all be out here like nothing bad in the world ever happens?!"

I wasn't expecting July 4th to be extra hard, nor was I prepared for the other minor holidays to knock me off my feet. No one told me. No one warned me. I just met those days head-on and dealt with whatever emotions erupted. Even the major holidays that I anticipated to be tough were much more challenging than I imagined. Sometimes, even after so many years, they still are, and I've learned that's very normal and okay. I've also learned that unless someone has experienced a loss like we have, they don't get it or don't understand the difficulty these special celebratory days can bring. And typically, we tend to keep those feelings to ourselves. I didn't tell one member of my family how torturous that 4th of July night in 1995 was for me, out there with all those happy people. And I often didn't own up to the gut-wrenching sorrow I was hiding on Easter, Valentine's Day, or even Memorial Day and Labor

Day, knowing one of my babies was missing, and not part of the family fun. The years have taught me to grant myself permission to feel however I feel. Mostly, I'm fine now on holidays, but sometimes that old, ugly, raw grief will rear its ugly head and sucker-punch me right back to 25 years ago, and that's okay.

As we have some big holidays coming up, prepare yourself to be sad, especially if this is your first year of grief. Start thinking now about what you will or won't do on those days. Will you hand out candy on Halloween? How will you feel when little ones ring your doorbell, all dressed up in cute little costumes? Will you keep your family traditions for Thanksgiving and Christmas? I know you won't really know how you'll feel until you're actually there and experiencing it, but it doesn't hurt to start making a mental plan now. Just know those days will be hard. Don't let anyone tell you how you should or should not feel - just go with whatever emotions hit, and don't think you need to apologize to anyone or be embarrassed. Whatever you feel is real and valid. And if you think no one knows your sorrow, rest assured the Lord does. The Bible tells us God knows what we're thinking and even knows what we're going to say before the words leave our mouths. He knows and understands our hurt. For me, I would not have made it all these years without His tender love and peace. Cry out to Him. Pour your wounded heart out to Him, and yield to His presence, comfort, joy and hope. The days may still be rough, but oh so much easier when we turn to Him.

O Lord, you have searched me and you know me.
 You know when I sit and when I rise;
 you perceive my thoughts from afar.
 You discern my going out and my lying down;
 you are familiar with all my ways.
 Before a word is on my tongue
 you know it completely, O Lord.
 You hem me in - behind and before;
 you have laid your hand upon me.
 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
 too lofty for me to attain."
 Psalm 139: 1-6

Birthday Tributes



Happy 21st Birthday, Ashley Renee!

Happy 21st birthday, sweet girl!

You are always in our hearts.

Remembering you today,

Loving and missing you forever.

Mama and Daddy; Laura and Logan; Katherine

Ashley Renee Dedear

October 29–November 1, 1999

Premature

Parents: Tim and Cindy Dedear

Siblings: Laura (surviving twin) and Logan; Katherine



Happy 4th Birthday, Jude!

Happy 4th birthday to our sweet Jude! I can't believe how quickly the years are passing by. Your big brother and baby sister are definitely keeping us busy. I so wish you were here to play with them, but I know you're exactly where you're supposed to be. I know we will all be together one day, but until then, keep watching over us. We love you so much!

Love,

Mom, Dad, Joey and June

Jude William Henrich

August 19, 2016

Genetic disorder

Parents: Joe and Jane Henrich

Siblings: Joey and June



Happy 1st Birthday, Caeli!

Happy birthday in heaven, my beautiful angel! Mommy and I miss you so much! You don't know how much I wish this would've been different. I would have given anything to have you with us, but those few hours I held you in my arms made up for all this year I had to live without you! I love you, daughter. See you in heaven.

Mommy Adry

Happy 1st heavenly birthday, my sweetheart. I know you are rejoicing in the company of angels and Jesus. That warms my heart and gives me comfort until the day we meet again, my love. This time it will be forever. I love you so much.

Mommy B

Caeli Eleana Solano

September 16, 2019

Placenta abruption

Parents: Beatriz and Adriana



Happy 42nd Birthday, Elizabeth!

Happy birthday, baby girl. We are in a state of panic and the unknown. There are no birthday parties or get-togethers. Everyone is to stay at home. If we go out, we have to wear a mask and stay six feet away from others.

We miss you every day. I hope your day will be special in heaven. Sending you a big hug and kisses. Mama loves you very much. Alexis, Issac, Samuel, Leah and Xavier hear stories about you. They wish you "Happy Birthday," too. Love you bunches.

Elizabeth Nicole Garcia

Miscarried October 18, 1978

Parents: Paul and Jeannie Garcia

Siblings: Monica, Sylvia, Christina and Stephanie



Happy 1st Birthday, Giles!

Sweet Baby Giles, an entire year has passed, and we celebrate your 1st heavenly birthday. The sting of your passing has yet to subside. It hurts that our life looks so different without you here with us. We miss you daily and long to hold you and see you again.

We all had so many plans for your future. We will work hard to make your memory just as bright. We love you always and forever!

Mom and Dad

Mom-Mom and Pop-Pop Wilhite

Grandma Wanda Carlton-Jones

Granddad Gregory Jones Sr.

Aunt Kalea Jones

Uncle Ian Wilhite



Giles Jones

Stillborn September 12, 2019

Unknown cause

Parents: Gregory Jr. and Ava W. Jones

Happy 1st Birthday, Samuel!

Happy 1st heavenly birthday, sweet baby boy! Not a day goes by when we don't think of you. Your life meant so much more to us, more than words could say. Your life and death allowed us to see Christ in a way we never did before. Although we wish we could borrow you for a day, we know that someday we'll be together for eternity. Thank you for making us parents. Sending you lots of love, hugs and kisses on your birthday from Mommy, Daddy, and your furry sibling, Zoe.

Samuel Andres Barahona

October 6, 2019

Incompetent cervix

Parents: Ronald and Evie Barahona



Happy 13th Birthday, Brandon!

Happy 13th heavenly birthday, Brandon Isaiah. Hope you rejoice in heaven with your mother, Jennifer and celebrate your special day now that God called her home February 14, 2020. Our hearts are broken. Your brother will be okay. Just take extra care of my baby,

Love always, forever in our hearts!

Yaya, Papaw and Brother Ethan

Brandon Isaiah Alfaró

October 19, 2007–February 7, 2008

Spinal muscular atrophy (SMA)

Also remembering

Brandon's mother, Jennifer Alfaró

June 13, 1983–February 14, 2020

Grandparents: Tim and Diana Seynaeve

Brother: Ethan Alfaró

**Happy 4th Birthday, Arielle and Killian!**

We cannot believe our angels turn 4 this year! Time has flown so fast and yet so slow. We would have started preschool with both of you. We would/ should have a busy house right now. Sister misses you both so much; she still talks about you every chance she gets. We show baby brother your pictures and memory keepsakes often. We all miss you so much, but we know you are with us every day. You are missed and incredibly loved. We cannot wait to celebrate your birthday here on earth.

Sending you hugs and kisses and all our love,
Momma, Daddy, Sissy and Bubba

Arielle Everly Dupuy

October 30, 2016

Premature

Killian Michael Dupuy

November 2, 2016

Premature

Parents: Ryan and Karla Duouy

Siblings: Miabella and Bellamy

**Happy 3rd Birthday, Zachy!**

We miss and love you every day. We wish we were celebrating with you, but know you are celebrating in heaven. Your sisters wish you were here for your party, but will eat some of your cake for you. We are sending big hugs and love until we are able to hold you again.

Zachary James Law

October 1-17, 2017

Adeno Virus

Parents: Irwin and Carrie Law

Siblings: Scarlett and Lydia

**Happy 1st Birthday, Samuel!**

Samuel, you are my light, my guidance, my angel, my world. I love you so very much and miss you so much. I wish you were in my arms today, and running around on your 1st birthday, but I find comfort knowing you are in heaven where you are comfy, at peace, and very happy. I love you, baby boy, and I cannot wait to see you again. I miss your chubby cheeks. I miss feeding you, snuggling you, nurturing you. Just know you will always be my baby, and I will always be your mommy. You are missed. You are loved. You are perfect. You are here with us.

Love you forever,
Mommy



Samuel Schuyler Jamison

September 15-26, 2019

Meningitis

Mommy: Schuyler Jamison

Happy 6th Birthday, Andrew!

We know you're having a wonderful celebration in heaven today. You are deeply missed every day, but especially today. We think of you often, usually during life's quieter moments, and long to hold you in our arms again. Until that beautiful reunion, we will keep a home in our hearts just for you.

We love you always,
Mommy, Daddy, Leah, Hannah and Noah

Andrew Robert Bateman

October 7, 2014

Unknown cause

Parents: Tim and Laura Bateman

Siblings: Leah, Hannah and Noah

**Happy 7th Birthday, Keiran!**

Happy birthday to our sweet little love! Seven years feels so long to be without you in our arms, yet it brings us another year closer to holding you again in heaven. You are missed dearly, and you are loved truly and without end. Until we see you again, know that you are in our hearts and our thoughts every day! Always and always.

Keiran David Cobler

October 25–November 1, 2013

NEC

Also remembering

Fred and George Cobler

Miscarried March 3, 2017

Parents: Brian and Kristina Cobler

Sister: Karsyn



Happy 11th Birthday, Sereana!

Eleven!
Eleven!

There's a party in heaven!
Sereana, we're full into another decade
celebrating wonderful you.
I love you. Happy 11th birthday!
Love,
Your Mom

We Are Seven
BY W. WORDSWORTH

—A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

...And wondering looked at me.
Sweet Maid, how this may be.
"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;...

with love, Sereana,
Mom



Sereana Joy Ratulele
Stillborn September 9, 2009, at full term
Unknown cause
Parents: Semi and Laura Ratulele
Siblings: Noela Esiteri and Talei Jewel

Happy 3rd Birthday, Emma!

Happy 3rd birthday, our darling girl. We love and miss you more than words can express! Enjoy your day up there with your grandparents!

Emma Grace Myrow
September 18, 2017
Cord accident
Parents: Hayley and Keenan Myrow
Brother: Logan

**Happy 7th Birthday, Elijah!**

Happy birthday, sweet boy! I am missing you like crazy. Your sister will be starting Kindergarten soon, and I know if you were here, you would give her a pep talk and tell her to be brave! Ellie talks about you and tells anyone who will listen that you are her big brother. She loves you so much! Life has been hard, but I am forever grateful for you. I love you now, forever, and always, sweet baby.

Mommy

Elijah Zane Bastian
Stillborn October 3, 2013
Unknown cause
Mommy: Lacey Bastian
Little sister: Ellie

**Happy 11th Birthday, Kaiya Dawn!**

Hi Kaiya, I miss you, and happy 11th birthday, Big Sis!!
Love you forever -Kaidyn

Love you, baby girl. Miss you daily. Happy heavenly birthday. Love you always -Mom

Kaiya Dawn Walker
October 23, 2009
Premature Rupture of the Membranes
Mommy: LaRhesa Johnson
Twin sister: Kaidyn Walker



Goodbyes are not forever
Goodbyes are not the end
It simply means,
"I'll miss you,
Until we meet again."
-Unknown



Easter

*Written by Alicia Ramirez
Mommy to Ezra Robert and Abbie Grace*

I have a white wooden Easter basket that sits in my closet.
I bought it in April of 2019, when I was trying to think of
creative ways to announce our first pregnancy!
I had it all planned, and it was going to be amazing!

The Thursday before Easter and our pregnancy reveal,
I heard those dreaded words:
“I’m so sorry, but there’s no heartbeat.”

I remember sitting in church that Easter, surrounded by
people who didn’t even know I was pregnant, let alone
carrying a baby who was already in heaven. Then a sweet
friend came up to me, gave me the biggest hug and
whispered, “Your baby is in heaven with Jesus this Easter!”
So for me I look at Easter,
and I picture my baby girl in the arms of Jesus!

New Name:

If you ask me how I’m doing
And “I’m fine” is my reply,
Please know that’s not the truth
For my child I’ve had to say goodbye.

It’s hard to put in words
The amount of pain I’ve felt,
My grief is charging onward
And my life will never be the same.

Some days are easy, others are hard
It’s a chaotic time
That leaves your world ajar.
A piece of me has gone to Heaven

Safely in God’s arms.
Even through the hurt and pain
I’ll forever be called a new name:
Mom

When I See Her



*Poem submitted by Abbey Holmberg
Mother to Hazel
Poem written by Julie Holmberg
Grandmother to Hazel
M.E.N.D.—MW Washington*

Hazel was born full term on February 10, and
passed away due to labor complications on
February 11. Abbey’s mom wrote this poem and
shared it so others “could better understand what
helps and what doesn’t help when a loved one is
going through loss.”



When I See Her

When you see her,
could you smile?
For she has been grieving
for a while.

When you see her,
please tell her she’s beautiful and strong,
and that you’ll be here for her,
no matter how long.

Please don’t tell her,
that she’ll be fine.
Or ask how are you,
unless you have time.

When you see her,
it might be hard to believe,
but she’s mother to an angel
and will always be.

And please, when you see her,
the last thing, don’t say,
is you’re young and have time
to have more children someday.

It’s okay to ask,
is there anything we can do
or anything you need?
But understand they’re consumed with,
who would she look like
and who would she be.

And know, when I see her,
to my beautiful surprise,
I see an angel
looking back at me
through her mother’s
hazel eyes.

- Julie Holmberg



Lia Day

Written by Brianne Mansfield

Mommy to Auralia (Lia) Noel

M.E.N.D.—*SW Missouri Assistant Director*

At one time, I used to think St. Patrick's Day was a ridiculous holiday. Beer and shamrocks and fully-grown adults threatening to pinch you if you fail to wear the obligatory green. It never made sense to celebrate a holiday that originated in and centered around a different country and culture that we had nothing to do with.

That all changed when I lost my firstborn in 2010 at 24 weeks. Auralia (Lia) Noel Mansfield was stillborn on November 16, after five days in a hospital bed praying things would change for the better. She was our dream, our beginning, yet we had to say goodbye before we had the chance to say hello.

My Lia was supposed to be due March 17, 2011 - St. Patrick's Day.

Her due date came, and my soul ached and my arms were empty. How could I tell the world how much she meant to me? Where would I find the words to express the depth of my love for her? She can't be forgotten; I wouldn't allow it. The world needed to know that she was here and she mattered. I refused to let her memory be lost in the everyday life that inevitably comes after such a heartbreak.

Somehow it felt natural and right to wear a green clover in her honor on that day. So simple, and elegant in a way. A plant that naturally grows with leaves in the perfect shapes of tiny hearts.

Ever since, it's been my tradition, every St. Patrick's Day, to dress in as many clovers as I can

and take photos. Looking back on the years after I lost my darling girl, those photos have shown my enduring love for my daughter, even as our family grew by three brothers and a sister.

March 17 is no longer a ridiculous holiday. It is a day the whole world unknowingly wears clovers in honor of my daughter. The people who walk by help remind me I am not alone, and my child is a part of my heart forever.

It's not St. Patrick's Day anymore.

It's LIA DAY.



Halloween

Written by Melissa Seifres

Mommy to Jaxson

M.E.N.D.—*Lynchburg, Virginia Chapter Director*

The life I had planned all changed when the doctor said, "I'm sorry; he has no heartbeat." Not having Jaxson at Halloween was just as hard for my husband and me, as was Christmas. My husband and I love Halloween. We love dressing up in matching costumes. I couldn't wait to add our

first child into the mix. It would give us so many options. We even knew who we wanted him to be for his first Halloween, Jax from SOA. As that following Halloween arrived, though, he was not here. We were just two parents with no baby to dress up and add to our group. We didn't get to walk the neighborhood with our 11-month-old. He didn't get the candy (that Mommy and Daddy would enjoy). And each year I pick out our family costumes knowing I am missing one of our main characters.

A Horrid Halloween

Written by DeAndrea Dare
Originally Published in Still Standing Magazine
on October 31, 2017

Never did we think that
a silly day full of
costumes and candy
would be a day
that would
send us into hiding.

The first year was full of expected and unexpected moments of grief. The tsunami waves would knock us over but somehow we would get up again.

Grief is sneaky, it cannot be fully predicted. We knew that Christmas was going to be hard. Even though it was still months away we were already dreading it.

We expected Thanksgiving to be difficult because, really, although there was still much to be thankful for, it was hard to be thankful for anything at all when our son had been stillborn eight months before.

What caught us off guard was Halloween.

Never did we think that a silly day full of costumes and candy would be a day that would send us into hiding.

A year before we dressed up as two silly, giddy hippies, and sat on our driveway with our long wigs, laughing about how the next year we would be the ones with a little one in a costume.

We were not going to find out the gender, so we had all kinds of possibilities for costumes for the baby. No matter what, we had no doubt our baby would be the cutest ever.

We had no idea what would happen. I look back now and wish we could somehow embrace that silly carefree, naive spirit again.

Fast forward a year and as our friends were planning costumes and Halloween party invitations were being received, we did not have the energy to do anything.

In fact, the more the candy appeared and the more the costumes were talked about, both of us began to dread Halloween knowing what it should have been, and now what it was not going to be.

The closer we were to Halloween, the more we felt as if we could not face the little kids at the front door. We knew we would not always be that way, but we also knew our limits of what we could handle.

The thought of hiding at home in the dark did not seem right. My husband was having oral surgery early

on the morning of November 1 an hour away from our home. So, we decided that instead of having a miserable night at home, we would go to a hotel near where he would have surgery.

I made a reservation. Halloween came.

We went by the cemetery and took a pumpkin balloon, and I wrote a note on a pumpkin and left it at his spot. It was a Pinterest home decor idea I had found, who knew I would convert it to a decoration at my son's grave...

We started the drive to the hotel and realized we needed to eat dinner. We chose a restaurant but to eat in the bar area to avoid kids in costumes eating there. We had a decent meal and a good conversation.

Men and women grieve so differently. About this time I was coming up and out of the fog and darkness, but my husband was going down.

It was nice to be able to sit and talk and even laugh together. It was not easy, but we were finding our way.

Dinner was finished. We paid the check.

It had been a successful avoidance of trick-or-treating. Or, so we thought.

Right as we reached the walkway to the door of the restaurant, a couple and their little boy dressed in a precious costume stepped in front of us.

The employees grabbed their candy baskets and began showering the child with enough candy for the next 18 years of his life. We were trapped, and we could not get out the door.

I'll never forget my husband grabbing my hand. He squeezed hard as the tears started to flow down my cheeks. We made it out the door with our heads down and sprinted for the car.

We got in and, to my surprise, both of us sobbed uncontrollably for the next 10 minutes. Once the tears stopped, we drove to the hotel. Checked in. Turned mindless TV on.

I wrote Max a letter on the computer. And then we fell asleep, relieved the day was over.

It was a horrid Halloween full of grief and sadness, dreams that did not turn out as planned and a messy life we were just trying to get through.

But, it was also more than that. I remember that night as a point in which we realized we were on this journey together.



Renewed Memories: Toby's 5th Birthday

*Written by Richard Vallejo
Daddy to Tobias John Vallejo*

On November 11, 2014, my wife greeted me at the door with a positive pregnancy test. It's a moment I shall never forget. The following eight months were a textbook pregnancy. Five years ago, we were in the hospital, expecting that little one. Baby showers, friends and family, many garage sales and shopping trips had ensured we were physically prepared for the baby boy or girl we would soon bring home. We weren't prepared for what would be the longest day of our lives.

At 4:36 AM on Thursday, July 16, 2015, our precious little Tobias John Vallejo, 10 pounds, 1 ounce was born. This was the moment we'd been waiting



for, but that moment did not include the expected cry of a newly born child. Instead, we heard the sounds of 12 people rushing into the room to tend to our little baby lamb. Not knowing what was wrong, I sneaked into the corner between the curtain

and the door and prayed fervently hoping to hear a cry. The doctors were tending to my wife who didn't know what was happening. I counted 17 people in the room. No infant cry was ever heard. As they wheeled Toby away to the NICU, we were completely unaware of the seriousness of the situation. We were in the best children's hospital in Ontario, at least we hoped we were. Eighteen hours after meeting our son, we said goodbye. My wife and I sat in complete silence all alone in a small room holding our first-born son. He was wearing the jammies we'd planned to bring him home in.

The days that followed were a blur. In fact, for many months Stacey and I lived our lives skipping hours at a time, sometimes days. The Bible tells us that God's strength is made perfect in our weakness, and I was emotionally weak. I was also spiritually weak. I forced myself to trust in Him. What good could possibly come of having lost our son?

On November 11, 2015, exactly one year after finding out we were expecting Toby, my wife greeted me at the door with a positive pregnancy test—a moment I shall never forget.

On Thursday, July 14, 2016, Ephram Judah Vallejo was born. May he be fruitful and praise His name. Ephram, a derivative of Ephraim (Jacob's grandson),

who was the second born but blessed with the first born's responsibility, was named in honor of Toby, his older brother.

Twenty months later on Sunday, March 18, 2018, Camille Toviah Vallejo was born. Because of the goodness of the Lord, I will choose to serve Him. She, too, is named in honor of her older brother, Toby.

Twenty months later, on Sunday, November 17, 2019, Asher Gabriel Vallejo was born. Happy the Lord is my strength. He is also named in honor of Toby, his eldest brother.

Five years ago today, our weakness abounded. We had no strength of our own, we had no happiness, we had no answers, for that day and hundreds after. The truth is that we would never have the strength to get over this. Who would ever be okay parting ways with their only son? It was here that we had to encourage ourselves in the Lord. Was it not God who promised us that all things would work together for good to them who love Him? Did I love God? Are His ways not higher than our ways, and are His thoughts higher than our thoughts? They are! O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! It was in this overwhelming thought I realized that God willingly departed with His only Son to save us all from our damning fate. He willingly offered His Son as a perfect sacrifice on the cross to pay for our sins so that I, as one who has been washed white by His crimson blood, would one day be able to see Toby again. What is a lifetime in the skew of eternity? As the peace of God flooded our souls, we were able to see a bigger plan at play. Through this trial we have been able to see the goodness of God in every aspect of our lives, compelling us to serve Him. Through this trial we have been able to have more compassion towards others and their difficulties in life. Through this trial we are learning to be happy because God is our strength.

Five years later, we still miss Toby. We see him in every single one of our kids. We think about him every day and imagine what he would be doing now had his life not unexpectedly ended. And yet, we do not remember him with the same confusion and sadness as we did before; we remember him by the meaning of his name. We remember him through the goodness and graciousness of the Lord. How efficient is God that He can turn a day of bad memories into a reminder of His grace and goodness in our lives! Through His power we are able to live fruitful lives for Him and we are able to praise His name.



Rainbow/Subsequent Babies

Subsequent Births

Celebrating our Rainbow Babies

Cherese and Atiba Henry,
of Houston, Texas,
joyfully announce the arrival of
Caleila and Caelan Henry,
born May 15, 2019.
The family lovingly remembers
Baby Henry #1,
Baby Henry #2, and
Baby Henry #3

Tara Bush and Tyson Anderson,
of Ozark, Missouri,
joyfully announce the arrival of
Isabelle Grace Anderson,
born July 13, 2020,
measuring 6 lbs, 14 oz.
The family lovingly remembers
Baby Bush I,
Baby Bush II,
Baby Bush III,
Baby Bush IV,
Baby Bush-Anderson V,
Baby Bush-Anderson VI, and
Lucas Grant Bush-Anderson

Richard and Stacy Heaton,
of Nixa, Missouri,
along with big brothers
Noah and Zion,
joyfully announce the arrival of
Joel Bryce Heaton,
born June 18, 2020,
measuring 9 lbs, 10 oz.
The family lovingly remembers
Amos,
miscarried April 9, 2019

Parenting After Loss

Favorite Books to Read to Your Baby Born After Loss

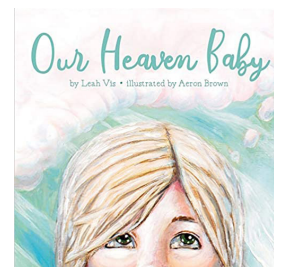
Posted by Valerie Meek | March 2nd, 2020

This is a list of books recommended by Valerie Meek with Pregnancy After Loss Support (PALS). For more details on each book, please visit <https://pregnancyafterlosssupport.org/favorite-books-baby-born-after-loss/> for the full article.

1. Perfectly Imperfect Family, written by Amie Lands and illustrated by Natia Gogiasvili
2. Happy Tears & Rainbow Babies, written by Natasha Carlow and illustrated by Keevyn Mohammed and Kyle Stephen
3. Someone Came Before You, written by Pat Schwiebert and illustrated by Taylor Bills
4. A Rainbow Baby Story: The Rainbow After the Storm, written by Crystal Falk and Kim Roman
5. Patiently Waiting for Hope, written by Arnold Henry and illustrated by Valeria Leonova
6. Our Little Rainbow, written by Sabrina M. Crawford and illustrated by Mark Nino V. Balita
7. These Precious Little People, written by Frankie Bruner and illustrated by Gillian Gamble
8. To My Rainbow Baby with Love, written by Tamekia McCauley and illustrated by Serineh Eliasian
9. You are My Rainbow, written by Mary Kovacs and illustrated by Kayla Phan

Book Review

Our Heaven Baby
Written by Leah Vis



Reviewed by Ashley Sudheimer,
Mommy to Emleigh, Donovan and Nicolas
M.E.N.D. – SW Missouri Assistant Director

This book was written from the perspective of 5-year-old Abel. It takes you through the thought process of a child, from the joy of hearing he's getting a new baby brother, to the sadness of learning his brother is in heaven and finally imagining heaven.

I do appreciate that it was specifically stated "baby died" and not just "baby went to Heaven" because so often people shy away from the word "died" as it is so final.

The book is easy to read and understand for kids of all ages and would be good for any type of pregnancy and infant loss as it is not specific to gestation, just about loss in general. The artwork in this book is vivid and eye-catching. A very heartwarming book about such a heavy and heartbreaking subject.

This book is available through Amazon. Make sure to select M.E.N.D. as your charity of choice through Amazon Smile so M.E.N.D. will benefit through your everyday shopping!



Las Días Festivos

Artículo de Presidente y Fundadora,
Rebekah Mitchell,
Mamá de Jonathan Daniel y bebé Mitchell

Cuando estamos lamentando por la muerte de un bebé, anticipamos que las "grandes días festivos", como el Día de Gracias, Navidad, Pascua y, ciertamente, el Día de la Madre / Padre, serán muy difíciles. Pero ¿qué pasa con los otros días festivos, como el cuatro de Julio, Halloween, San Valentín, etc.?

Recuerdo bien el primer Día de la Independencia después de que mi Jonathan nació sin vida, cayó solo 10 días después. Todavía me estaba recuperando de una nueva incisión de cesárea, por lo que no podía entrar a la piscina de la casa de mis padres con el resto de mi familia. Me senté afuera con ellos en el calor de Texas, simplemente viendo a todos tratando de divertirse, a pesar de la reciente y horrenda tragedia de la muerte de nuestro bebé. Después de una comida al aire libre y un helado casero, nos subimos en los autos y nos dirigimos a un gran campo abierto para ver los fuegos artificiales. Cientos de personas estaban allí, pasando el mejor momento de sus vidas. Mientras me sentaba en el suelo con la multitud de otros esperando que comenzara el espectáculo, observe a la gente. Hubo muchas risas y chillidos de niños corriendo. Nunca olvidaré a la niña que hacía volteretas tan cerca de mí que pensé que me podría golpear en la cabeza con el pie. Fue entonces cuando quise ponerme de pie y gritar: "¡¡Todo el mundo, basta !! ¿No sabes que mi bebé está muerto? ¡¿Cómo podemos estar todos aquí afuera como si nada malo en el mundo hubiera pasado ?! "

No esperaba que el cuatro de Julio sería tan difícil, ni estaba preparada para las otras días festivos más pequeñas que me fueran afectar tanto. Nadie me dijo. Nadie me advirtió. Simplemente afrente esos días de frente y lidié con cualquier emoción que estallara. Incluso los días de grandes celebraciones que anticipé que serían difíciles fueron mucho más desafiantes de lo que imaginaba. A veces, incluso después de tantos años, todavía lo son, y he aprendido que eso es muy normal y está bien. También aprendí que, a menos que alguien haya pasado una pérdida como la nuestra, no lo entiende o no comprende la dificultad que pueden traer estos días especiales de celebración. Y por lo general, tendemos a

guardarnos esos sentimientos para nosotros. No le dije a ninguno de los miembros de mi familia que la noche del cuatro de julio del año 1995 fue tortuoso para mí estar allí con todas aquellas personas felices. Y a menudo no admitía el dolor desgarrador que estaba escondiendo en Pascua, el Día de San Valentín o incluso el Día de los Caídos y el Día del Trabajo, sabiendo que uno de mis bebés había desaparecido y no era parte de la diversión familiar. Los años me han enseñado a concederme permiso para sentir como me siento. En general, estoy bien ahora en los días festivos, pero a veces ese viejo, feo y crudo dolor asoma su fea cabeza y me da un puñetazo que me da vuelta a hace 25 años, y eso está bien.

Ya que se acercan unas grandes días festivos y celebraciones, prepárese para estar triste, especialmente si este es su primer año de dolor. Empiece a pensar ahora en lo que hará o no hará en esos días. ¿Repartirás dulces en Halloween? ¿Cómo se sentirá cuando los pequeños toquen el timbre, todos vestidos con lindos disfraces? ¿Mantendrá sus tradiciones familiares para el Día de Gracias y Navidad? Sé que no sabrá realmente cómo se sentirá hasta que esté realmente allí y lo sienta, pero no está de más comenzar a hacer un plan mental ahora. Y sepa que esos días serán difíciles. No deje que nadie le diga cómo debe o no debe sentirse; simplemente siga las emociones que te golpeen y no crea que necesita disculparse con nadie o sentirse avergonzada. Todo lo que sientes es real y válido. Y si cree que nadie conoce su dolor, tenga la seguridad de que el Señor sí. La Biblia nos dice que Dios sabe lo que estamos pensando e incluso sabe lo que vamos a decir antes de que las palabras salgan de nuestra boca. Él conoce y comprende nuestro dolor. Para mí, no lo hubiera logrado en todos estos años sin Su tierno amor y paz. Clama a Él. Derrama tu corazón herido ante Él y entrégate a Su presencia, consuelo, gozo y esperanza. Los días pueden ser todavía duros, pero mucho más fáciles cuando nos volvemos a Él.

"Oh Señor, me has examinado y me conoces. Sabes cuando me siento y cuando me levanto; percibes mis pensamientos desde lejos. Percibes mi salida y mi acostado; estás familiarizado con todos mis caminos. Antes que una palabra esté en mi lengua, lo sabes completamente, oh Señor. Me rodeas por detrás y por delante; has puesto tu mano sobre mí. Ese conocimiento es demasiado maravilloso para mí, demasiado elevado para que yo lo alcance."

Salmo 139: 1-6

Missing Trick-Or-Treaters

Written by Kaila Mugford

Originally Published in Still Standing Magazine
on October 31, 2018

October has always been my favorite for all the obvious reasons - changing colors, crunchy leaves...pumpkin spice lattes. It's the month I got married and the month I was born. It's almost always been filled with happiness.

October last year I felt on top of the world with the announcement of our 4th pregnancy on my 30th birthday. "I have a favorite gift," I'd written, "but I have to wait until June to open it."

I'd crocheted little pumpkins for each member of our family. Two big orange pumpkins for mommy and daddy, one blue for our firstborn who died in 2012, a pink for our 4-year-old rainbow baby girl, another blue for our 2-year-old boy, and a tiny yellow to represent the newest addition to our pumpkin patch.

I was just SO excited to have three babies to chase. Little did I know.

That the following year, not one, but two would be missing.

That we would be grieving the loss of our fertility when it was discovered we were both carriers for a lethal disease.

That we would watch the world keep turning when ours had stopped. Again.

My family went to a pumpkin farm the other day. "Take a picture, Mommy!!" I heard over and over as my two raced back and forth between the Charlie Brown cutouts, trying every combination.

I laughed as they played. I snapped picture after picture, wanting to soak it all in.

And then I stopped. Looking through the photos, I couldn't help but notice the contrast of two empty faces on either side of my two living babies.

We should have a 6-month-old, a NICU graduate. Tiny, but strong.

Living.

We should have had three children to dress this year in costumes.

Our kids chose to be the Incredibles for Halloween. Our sweet 5-year-old dressed as Violet, our spunky 3-year-old as Dash...

And as we go trick-or-treating door-to-door, no one will know that our Baby Jack-Jack is missing.



Last year I dreamed about what this year would look like. I had this picture in my mind of the beautiful, crazy life we would be living as a family raising our three rainbow babies.

I never imagined the grief it would bring.

I never thought there would be another empty chair going into the holidays.

I never imagined that instead of using all our stored baby gear we would be giving it away.

I didn't consider our kids would learn so much about death at 4 and 2 years old.

I honestly never thought we would enter another season of "first Halloween/Thanksgiving/Christmas without you," ever again.

The grief that comes with losing two children will never leave us. It will never fade.

Those cardboard cutouts will, unfortunately, always be empty.

About the Author

My name is Kaila Mugford, wife to Jamey and momma to 4 sweet babies: Samuel, Mira, Edward, and Gabriel. My motherhood journey began and ended with grief, as Samuel and Gabriel were both given fatal prenatal diagnosis at their 20 week ultrasounds. We decided to carry to term and both died within hours of birth in my arms. Mira and Edward bring us joy every single day and we are grateful to be raising them this side of Heaven while at the same time grieving the loss of their brothers. I blog about our journey of joy and grief at kailamugford.blogspot.com.

Article retrieved from Still Standing Magazine on August 9, 2020 at <https://stillstandingmag.com/2018/10/31/missing-trick-or-treaters/>.

In Loving Memory

Thank YOU for your support

Elizabeth and Clara Alley

Given by parents Rachael and Kevan Alley

Dennis Gerald Brewer, Sr.

June 21, 1930 – April 28, 2020

Grandfather to

Jonathan Daniel Mitchell

Stillborn June 24, 1995

Baby Mitchell

Miscarried December 2001

Father of Rebekah Mitchell, President/
Founder

Given by the MEND Leadership Team

Y.L. Bridges

January 16 – June 4, 2008

Unknown cause

Given by mommy Yanisha Bridges

Cade Cashion

Stillborn June 5, 2019

Hydrops and fetal anemia

Given by parents Holly and Andrew Cashion

Abigail Grace Crump

July 1, 2003

Trisomy 18

Given by parents Gerald and Jaimie Crump
and little sisters Cami and Karli

Riley and Parker Davis

November 14, 2006

Premature

Given by parents Rob and Cheryl Davis
and siblings Annalise and Owen

Ashley Dedear

October 29 – November 1, 1999

Parents Cindy and Tim Dedear

Siblings: Laura (Ashley's twin) and Katherine
Given by Melene Dedear

Paxton Clay Eigsti

July 24, 2018

Anencephaly

Given by parents Rita and Clay Eigsti
and siblings Spencer and Hoyt

Paislee Ann Frette

April 4-5, 2012

Wolf-Hirschhorn Syndrome

Parents: Brent and Courtney Frette

Little sister: Colbie

Given by

Grandparents James and LuAnn Junkin

Elliot Gerriets

March 18, 2010

Given by Faith Gerriets

Beckham Gray

Given by Shelby Weuve

Benjamin Tyler

Given by Mark Greer

Serenity Harrison

Miscarried December 3, 2009

Given by parents Curtis and Jennifer Harrison
and siblings Levi, Ziva and Evie

Barron Lehr

Given by Mommy Sandra Lehr

Chase Austin Miller

April 21, 2011

Incompetent cervix

Baby "Blueberry" Miller

Miscarried May 4, 2015

Given by parents Greg and Stefanie Miller
and sisters Cora, Hazel and Violet

Jonathan Daniel Mitchell

Stillborn June 24, 1995

Cord accident

Baby Mitchell

Miscarried December 2001

Gifts given by
Parents Byron and Rebekah Mitchell
Grandmother Marnie Mitchell

Thank you to those who recently held a Facebook fundraising campaign or donated to M.E.N.D. through one of these. We are so thankful for our family and friends who show love and support during activities like these or other areas such as sharing about M.E.N.D., assisting at events, or simply and most importantly, praying for us.

Abigail Marie Papendick

March 3-4, 2017

Incompetent cervix

Baby "Darth" Papendick

Miscarried September 6, 2018

Baby "Nugget" Papendick

Miscarried December 27, 2019

Parents: Becky Johnston and Brian Papendick
Given by Renee Thornburgh

Adalie Grace Potts

Given by Anonymous

Hazel Rose

Given by Sabrina Merry

Gabriel Roman Ruiz

April 20 – June 7, 2020

Given by Jose Menorca

Oliver Scott

Miscarried September 29, 2017

Given by parents Jesika and Patrick Scott

Mindy and Maggie Smith

Stillborn November 4, 1997

TTTS and Polyhydramnios

Given by parents Scott and Karla Smith
and siblings Travis and Julia

Bart and Wendy Wright

Given by Canary Labs

Adrian Joseph "AJ" Zuckerman

Stillborn March 30, 2007

Cord accident

Given by parents Al and Amber Zuckerman
and brothers Eli and Alex

Gifts of Support:

Christ Church Assembly of God, Fort Worth, TX
Second Baptist Church, Springfield, MO
Lance Loken
Carol and James Schutt

M.E.N.D. gratefully acknowledges these 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 this magazine and other services to bereaved parents free of charge. For more information on how you can support M.E.N.D., please see the "About M.E.N.D." section in the back of this magazine.

"A Horrid Halloween" continued from page 9

We may not grieve the same. We may not express ourselves the same. We may not understand each other completely.

But we were in it together.

And, in the midst of the fact that we were hiding out, we found the strength in each other that was always there, yet we had just somehow missed it.

Grief is hard. Relationships are hard. Halloween is silly.

This year we will dress up our two subsequent children. We will hit the streets with the others. We will take pictures, laugh and have a good time.

But, at some point, he will squeeze my hand and we will both remember the little boy who should be leading the way. The one giving his sisters a hard time. The one dashing to the front doors to ring the doorbell first.

He's always on our mind. He's always in our heart.

And, he is leading the way, just in a totally different way than we ever imagined. The journey is winding and long but the Horrid Halloween has turned again into a Happy Halloween.

I hope the same for you, if not this year, in the years to come.

About the Author

DeAndrea Dare is a wife, mother of three beautiful children, and the Founder and Executive Director of A Memory Grows, a 501(c)(3) based in Fort Worth, Texas that provides retreats and events for parents who are grieving the death of their child.

Article retrieved from Still Standing Magazine at <https://stillstandingmag.com/2017/10/31/a-horrid-halloween/> on August 9, 2020.

The Day When You Were Gone

Written by Angielou Tinasas

Mommy to Felix Domic "Igggy" Tinasas Gomez

M.E.N.D.—Dallas/Fort Worth

I came in a silent room with a broken heart
There I saw you in your crib not breathing
So painful, feels like I'm being torn apart
I then carried you, hope your heart is still beating

I cried and cried until all my tears are gone
Still can't believe that my little baby's life is done
How can this happen, feels so withdrawn
I'm in shock, thinking of the possibility until dawn

That day is still vivid, and so painful to recall
My life is shattered and my world had gotten small
Feels like my happiness and dream has been robbed away
I don't know what to do, that day was full of dismay

Two months has gone by so fast, but still I'm broken deep inside
Still can't completely comprehend this sad reality
But for now all this hurt and pain, I will try to hide
To help your innocent soul fly high, so peacefully

I love you so much, my precious little "Igggy"
Mommy is still broken and misses you so dearly
Please comfort and hug me when I'm crying
Until we'll be together again, kissing and hugging.

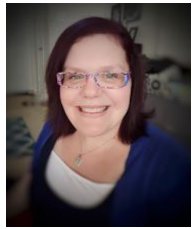


M.E.N.D. CHAPTER UPDATES

Greater Houston Area

M.E.N.D.–Greater Houston Area hopes you all are holding on during this time of uncertainty. We are thankful for technology so we can meet through Zoom for our support groups and utilize our Facebook group for extra support until we are able to meet again in person.

We wish we were able to host our Walk to Remember this year in person, but we are excited to be joining all of the chapters throughout the nation to provide a live stream virtual Walk to Remember on October 3. We look forward to when we can meet in person again and know we are praying for you all.



Stormy

Lynchburg, Virginia

M.E.N.D.–Lynchburg continues to establish and grow our chapter in the area. We are currently seeking a location to hold our support groups once some of the restrictions are lifted. In the meantime, please visit M.E.N.D. on Facebook for other Zoom support groups. We also were blessed with some amazing items donated to us to help us support families. We now have a direct phone number, (434) 221-2357, so families, hospitals, and others can reach us during a time of need.

We are also in need of assistants to help with our chapter. If you are interested, please email me at Melissa@mend.org. Until we can meet in person I pray for each of you, and please contact me through email or Facebook in the meantime.



Melissa

Bryan/College Station, Texas

Even through this pandemic and the strange times we are in, M.E.N.D.–Bryan/College Station has continued to connect to newly grieving moms. Whether we have mailed them a comfort bag, met via Zoom, or connected through social media, it has been wonderful to still be able to connect! For more information about M.E.N.D.–Bryan/College Station, please email me at jennie@mend.org. I look forward to meeting in person again for support groups.



Jennie

Tulsa, Oklahoma

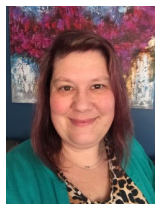
We have missed meeting in person but are so thankful for technology that allows us to support each other by holding support groups on Zoom. Don't forget you can reach out to us on Facebook or email cat@mend.org any time. You can follow our M.E.N.D.–Tulsa Facebook page for updates and Zoom links for our chapter, and visit www.mend.org for links to all our support groups, as well as information to join us for our Virtual Walk to Remember happening on October 3!



Cat

MidMichigan

M.E.N.D.–MidMichigan is looking forward to participating in the nationwide Virtual Walk To Remember on Saturday, October 3. We would love to have you and your friends and family participate as well. Please keep an eye on Facebook for more details!



Karen

Men of M.E.N.D.

Men of M.E.N.D. continues to hold monthly virtual support groups at 8:00 PM Central via Zoom on the third Monday of each month. We continue to see new dads join our Facebook group and support groups, and we are happy to offer them support.



Russell

Denver, Colorado

M.E.N.D.–Denver continues to hold support groups virtually the second Tuesday of each month. We are still actively looking for a new place to meet when we return to our in-person support groups.



Kimberly

San Antonio, Texas

M.E.N.D.–San Antonio is praying through this pandemic and hoping we are touching families from a distance. We are excited to join the virtual Walk to Remember on October 3, and bring this wonderful event to families all over the world celebrating our babies.



Katie

Online Support

The Nationwide Online Support group has been working on ways to continue to engage our moms who don't have face-to-face chapters near them. We have created a Facebook Group to remain connected and support each other between support groups. The next Nationwide Online support groups will be September 17 and October 15. Please complete the Online Information form found on the M.E.N.D. website to receive the meeting link. Hope to see you there.



LaRhessa

Columbus, Ohio

M.E.N.D.–Columbus, Ohio continues to connect with families in the Columbus area. We were so excited about participating in the NILMDTS (Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep) Virtual Walk in Ohio. The Walk took place on Sunday, August 30th, 2020, commemorating the lives of our precious babies, as we remembered them as a community.



We graciously extend an invitation for you to join our virtual support group. Our support group information is posted on our Facebook page and we welcome you to a safe place to share your story with us. Season changes and holidays are fast approaching, so we are praying for a gentle and peaceful time for you. You are NOT alone! We are here to help and willing to comfort and encourage you.

As our chapter grows, we continue to seek dedicated assistants to help us serve grieving families. If you are interested in serving as an assistant, donating, or volunteering, please contact me at latrina@mend.org. Our prayers are with you and your families. God bless and keep you!

LaTrina

Palm Beach, Florida

In these uncertain times, as we're faced with the craziness 2020 has brought us, our thoughts and prayers are with each person mourning the loss of a baby also. M.E.N.D.–Palm Beach continues to serve our Palm Beach County families via phone, email, messages, and through social media as well as through our virtual support groups through Zoom. May our families and their loved one stay safe in these trying times and we hope to see you soon!



Jessica

NW Washington

We continue to meet via Zoom and are glad to see you and welcome new faces to our online support groups. We look forward to participating in the live streaming Walk to Remember in October and hope you'll be able to join us online as we honor all babies in heaven.



Stacy

Southwest Missouri

As M.E.N.D.–Southwest Missouri's Chapter Director, I recently prepared my first ONLINE presentation for nurses at a local hospital. While I was working on my presentation, I re-lived all the memories I had from losing Grace and Rose. Let's just say I still cry and had a hard time working on it! I am so thankful for my M.E.N.D. family that has helped me fill in the gap these past 13 years. All the people at support groups and ceremonies who listened to our story helped me process words spoken to us at the time of our loss, as well as my own thoughts and feelings surrounding our losses. I am still processing so much! While painful on my end, I hope sharing my story and the story of others with nurses will provide them with the compassion needed to care for future families who will have similar stories to ours. Thank you to those of you who have shared your stories and your babies' memory with me. I am so honored to be your friend. Would you please join a Zoom support group if you are having trouble navigating your own grief? We are here for you.



Although our chapter will not be having an in-person October event, I am looking forward to joining the Virtual Walk to Remember in Dallas on October 3, 2020. Please look for your invitation in the mail! I plan on attending the event to represent our SW Missouri babies. Even though we are apart, we will still remember our babies together.

Rachel

Chicagoland

M.E.N.D.–Chicagoland is thankful for technology and the ability to continue to meet via Zoom for our monthly support groups. We have

loved teaming up with M.E.N.D.–MidMichigan for these support groups and have been blessed by the fellowship of our MidMichigan new friends. We look forward to being together in person as soon as it is safely possible.



Sara

About 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 support groups, this magazine, and our website at www.mend.org. For inquiries, subscription requests, deletions, and submissions to the magazine, contact us at:

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Donations make the printing and distribution of this magazine possible. Your tax-deductible contributions are greatly appreciated and should be sent to the address listed above. 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).

M.E.N.D. is a member of
First Candle/SIDS Alliance
International Stillbirth Alliance
Pregnancy Loss and Infant Death Alliance



international
stillbirth alliance



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M.E.N.D. Support Groups in the Dallas/Fort Worth Metroplex

Mommies AND Daddies are both welcome at all M.E.N.D. support groups. Unless otherwise noted, all support groups are held at: 800 W. Airport Freeway Irving, TX 75062 (building with black windows, located off 183, between MacArthur and O'Connor). Support groups are held in the building's board room on the first floor. For more information, call (972) 506-9000.

M.E.N.D. chapter support groups are held the 2nd Thursday of every month from 7:30 - 9:00 PM

Daddies group meets the 2nd Thursday of March, June, Sept. and Dec., from 7:30 - 9:00 PM
Moms and dads meet together for introductions before dividing into two groups for discussion.

Parenting Groups:

Subsequent pregnancy group
meets the 4th Tuesday
from 7:30 - 9:00 PM
Led by Marisa Perry: marisa@mend.org
For families who are considering
becoming pregnant or are currently
pregnant after a loss.

Parenting After Loss groups are for families
raising living children after a loss.

Parenting After Loss Playgroup
(children welcome)
Currently it meets in Irving at the play
area inside Irving Bible Church, but will
eventually meet in various locations
For more details, contact:
Corley Rinaldi at Corley@mend.org.

M.E.N.D.

Chapter Information

M.E.N.D.–NW Washington

Meets the 2nd Monday at 6:30 PM
The Oak Table Cafe'
3290 NW Mt. Vintage Way
Silverdale, Washington 98383
Director: Stacy McGhee
stacym@mend.org, (360) 662-6161

M.E.N.D.–SW Missouri

Meets the 1st Thursday at 7:00 PM
Project H.O.P.E.
1419 S. Enterprise Ave
Springfield, Missouri 65804
Director: Rachel Dell
rachel@mend.org, (417) 770-0600

M.E.N.D.–Bryan/College Station

Meets the 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 PM
Hawthorne Suites
1010 University Drive East
College Station, Texas 77840
Director: Jennie Drude
jennie@mend.org, (402) 704-6363

M.E.N.D.–Tulsa, Oklahoma

Meets the 3rd Tuesday at 7:00 PM
Canyon Crossing
1651 E Old North Rd.
Sand Springs, Oklahoma 74063
Director: Cat Markham
cat@mend.org, (918) 694-4325 (HEAL)

M.E.N.D.–Columbus, Ohio

Meets on the 2nd Monday, at 6:30 PM
Paul Mitchell-The School of Columbus
3000 Morse Road
(Upstairs Conference Room)
Columbus, Ohio 43231
Director: LaTrina Bray
latrina@mend.org (614) 530-5128

M.E.N.D.–Chicagoland, Illinois

Meets the 1st Tuesday at 7:00 PM
St Peter Lutheran Church
202 E Schaumburg Road
Schaumburg, Illinois 60194
Director: Sara Hintz
saraann@mend.org, (630) 267-9134

M.E.N.D.–Palm Beach, Florida

Meets the 2nd Thursday at 7:00 PM
Embark Lake Worth
3927 Hadjes Dr
Lake Worth, FL 33467
(close to Turnpike and Lake Worth Rd)
Director: Jessica Gaddie
Jessica@mend.org, (561) 843-3509

M.E.N.D.–MidMichigan

Meets the 1st Tuesday, at 7:00 PM
Ashman Plaza
713 Ashman Street
Midland, Michigan 48640
Director: Karen Kilbourn
karen@mend.org, (989) 577-5755

M.E.N.D.–Denver

Meets the 2nd Tuesday at 7:00 PM
Journey Church
9009 Clydesdale Rd.
Castle Rock, Colorado 80108
Director: Kimberly Adams
kimberly@mend.org, (720) 593-0166

M.E.N.D.–San Antonio, Texas

Meets the 4th Monday, at 7:00 PM
8620 N New Braunfels Ave
San Antonio, Texas 78217
Director: Katie McClelland
katie@mend.org

M.E.N.D.–Lynchburg, Virginia

Coming Soon!
Director: Melissa Scifres
melissa@mend.org (434) 221-2357

M.E.N.D.–Greater Houston Area

Greater Houston Area Main Chapter:
Meets the 3rd Thursday at 7:30 PM
Lone Star College,
3200 College Park Dr, Room A228,
The Woodlands, Texas 77384
Greater Houston Area Director:
Stormy Mitchell
stormym@mend.org, (405) 529-6363

Satellites in Greater Houston Chapter:

Katy, Texas:
Meets the 2nd Thursday at 7:00 PM
Katy Community Fellowship
24102 Kingsland Blvd
Katy, Texas 77494
Katy Director:

Kessi Wilhite, kessi@mend.org

Kingwood Area, Texas:
Meets the 2nd Thursday at 6:30 PM
6450 Kings Parkway
Kingwood, Texas 77346
At Rosemont Assisted Living,
2nd Floor Community Room
Kingwood Director:
Nikisha Perry, nikisha@mend.org

Subsequent pregnancy group

Meets every other month
on the 3rd Thursday at 7:30 PM,
led by Stormy Mitchell
(stormym@mend.org)

Daddies group

Meets quarterly
on the 3rd Thursday at 7:30 PM,
led by Greg Miller
(stefaniem@mend.org)

Online Support

M.E.N.D.–Online Support Group
Held the 3rd Thursday at 9:00 PM (CST)
to join, contact
Director: LaRhesa Johnson
LaRhesa@mend.org

Men of M.E.N.D.

Held the 3rd Monday at 8:00 PM (CST)
to join, contact,
Director: Russell Gaddie
Russell@mend.org
Facebook Group:
www.facebook.com/groups/MENofMEND

Please follow your chapter on
Facebook or connect with your local
Director for updates when in-person
support groups will resume.



The Garden of Hope is a place of peace and solace where families can come for a quiet time of reflection, prayer, or even to celebrate the life of their loved one.

The Garden of Hope was established by M.E.N.D. in 2016, and is located on property of Calvary Church in Irving, Texas.



You can remember your loved one by purchasing a brick in the Garden of Hope. Brick purchases can be made at <https://www.mend.org/garden-of-hope>. Bricks purchased by August 15, 2020, will be installed prior to the Walk to Remember in October 2020.

M.E.N.D. Mommies Enduring Neonatal Death
PO Box 631566, Irving, TX 75063
USA
(972) 506-9000
Return Service Requested

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PAID
DALLAS, TEXAS
PERMIT NO. 57



Please visit www.mend.org for more information about our
M.E.N.D. Virtual Walk to Remember