

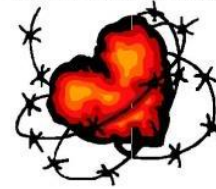
Utah Share
1410 E. 1400 N.
Layton, UT 84040

Place
Stamp
Here



Pregnancy & Infant Loss Support, Inc.

www.utahshare.org



Normal is having tears behind every smile when you realize someone important is missing from all the important events in your family's life. Normal for me is trying to decide what to take to the cemetery for birthdays, Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Years, Valentines day, July 4th and Easter. Normal is feeling like you know how to act and are more comfortable with a funeral than a wedding or birthday party....yet feeling a stab of pain in your heart when you smell the flowers and see the casket. Normal is feeling you can't sit another minute without getting up and screaming because you just don't like to sit through anything. Normal is not sleeping very well because a thousand what ifs and why didn't I? go through your head constantly. Normal is reliving that day continuously through your eyes and mind, holding your head to make it go away. Normal is having the t.v. on the minute I walk into the house, because the silencing is deafening. Normal is staring at every baby who looks like he is my baby's age. And then thinking of the age he would be now and not being able to imagine it. Then wondering why it is even important to imagine it, because it will never happen. Normal is every happy event in my life always being backed up with sadness lurking close behind, because of the hole in my heart. Normal is telling the story of your child's death as if it were an everyday, commonplace activity and then seeing the horror in someone's eyes at how awful it sounds and yet realizing it has become a part of my "normal". Normal is each year coming up with the difficult task of how to honor your child's memory and his birthday and survive these days, and trying to find the balloon or flag that fits the occasion. Happy birthday? Not really. Normal is my heart warming and yet sinking at the sight of something special my baby loved. Thinking how he would love it, but how he is not here to enjoy it. Normal is having some people afraid to mention my baby. Normal is making sure that others remember him. Normal is after the funeral is over everyone else goes on with their lives, but we continue to grieve our loss forever. Normal is not listening to people compare anything to this loss, unless they too have lost a child NOTHING, even if your child is in the remotest part of the Earth away from you - it doesn't compare. Losing a parent is horrible, but having to bury your own child is unnatural. Normal is taking pills, and trying not to cry all day, because I know my mental health depends on it. Normal is realizing I do cry everyday. Normal is disliking jokes about death or funerals, bodies being referred to as a "fetal demise or a product of conception", when you know they were once someone's loved one. Normal is being impatient with everything and everyone, but someone stricken with grief over the loss of your child. Normal is sitting at the computer crying, sharing how you feel with chat buddies who have also lost a child. Normal is feeling a common bond with friends on the computer in England, Australia, Canada, the Netherlands, and all over the USA, but yet never having met any of them face to face. Normal is a new friendship with another grieving mother, talking and crying together over our children and our new lives. Normal is not listening to people make excuses for God, "God may have done this because....." I love God. I know my baby is up in Heaven, but hearing people trying to think up excuses as to why healthy babies were taken from this Earth is not appreciated and makes no sense to this grieving mother. Normal is avoiding McDonalds and Burger King playgrounds because of small, happy children that break your heart when you see them. Normal is asking God why he took your child's life instead of yours and asking if there even is a God. Normal is knowing I will never get over this loss, in a day or a million years. And last of all, Normal is hiding all the things that have become "normal" for you to feel, so that everyone around you will think that you are "normal". This "normal" is torture.

-Unknown

*Remembering the
babies who have
touched our hearts...*

*Nora Emeltne Hamblin
November 3, 2009*

*Ruth Aramburo
November 2, 2009*

*Macee Mae Bassett
November 7, 2009*

Bella Gardner

*Ida Claire Carter
November 10, 2009*

*Benley Kat Johnson
November 15, 2009*

*Ryker Gerald Reese
November 20, 2009*

*Tyler Moore
December 4, 2009*

*Alec Jean Wheeler
December 6, 2009*

*Cattlyn Faye Hawkins
November 21, 2009-
December 7, 2009*

Utah Share

January/February 2010



Support Meetings

.....
Davis Hospital, classroom 2
Thursday, January 7
Dealing with the New Year

Mckay Dee Hospital, classroom 2
Wednesday, January 20
Remembering Your Baby

Davis Hospital, classroom 2
Thursday, February 4
Subsequent Choices

Mckay Dee Hospital, classroom 2
Wednesday, February 17
Making Memories

Davis Hospital, classroom 2
Thursday, March 4

Mckay Dee Hospital, classroom 2
March 17

.....
*If you wish, please feel free to bring a
memento of your baby to share.
(Pictures, a stuffed animal
footprints, poems, etc.)
More information about support
meetings is available at
www.utahshare.org*

*Remembering the
babies who have
touched our hearts...*

Indie Iris Draayer

*Kooper Potter
December 12, 2009*

*Candon Jeffrey Frink
December 19, 2009*

*Nicolai Shuey
December 21, 2009*

*Bella Ukena
December 23, 2009*

*Joseph Justin Antunes
December 23, 2009*

Don't Forget...

There are
some shirts
and
sweatshirts
from the



Walk to Remember that need to
be picked up.

Please call Missy at 801-
593-0534.



Birthdays In Memory of



*Levi Jackson
February 7, 2009*

*Happy 1st Birthday to our little
angel Levi. We miss you so much and
think about you every day. We know
you will be celebrating with Savanna.
It seems like just yesterday we were
holding both of you in our arms.
We love you!
Love, Mommy and Daddy*



*Happy 5th Birthday
Kelsie Carolyn Plescia!
February 15, 2004-
March 13, 2005
We love and miss you
every day!
love, Nana*

AUTUMN

January 23, 2008

*Happy Birthday Dear Little One.
It has been 2 years now
Since we saw your little face.
I know you're in a very safe place.
I have come to a peace.
But not yet an understanding.
You my little angel above.
Fill my heart with love.
Whatever things I fail to do,
I never fail to think of you.
I love you!
Hugs and kisses.
Happy Birthday AUTUMN
love,
Mom*



*Happy Birthday
Kelsie Carolyn
Plescia!
February 15, 2004
I can't believe you are
already five!
We miss you and think
of you every day!
Love, Mommy and
Shealyn*



*Happy First Birthday to our
beautiful baby boy!
Jackson Edward Lucas
January 27, 2009*

*We miss and love you so much!!
You are always in our hearts.
We can't wait to be with you again
someday!!*

*Love, Mommy, Daddy, Brother
Shawn, Sister Sarah, Aunts, Uncles,
Cousins, Grandparents!
We all love you very much!!
Happy Birthday!*



**The March/April newsletter deadline will be
February 15. Please email any articles, poems, or
announcements by this date to:
newsletter@utahshare.org Thanks!**

*Brynley JaNell
Nearly a year has come and gone
Since Brynley came then left.
And though we mourn because she's gone,
She's a glimpse of Heaven's best.
The seventh day of the first month.
The year: 2009:
She was born to us but without life
To hold for a short time.
Brynley JaNell is Heaven's gift
And our family's guiding light
To help us navigate back home
To earn our family's eternal right.
We love you and Miss you, Brynley.
-Mom, Dad, Tyler, Justin, Jaron, Kinsey, and
Rylee*



Safe Arrivals

Angel Everhett Tucker Poulson and his surviving twin sister

Naomi would like to announce the safe arrival of their little brothers

**Noah Joel Poulson
and Hyrum Wade Poulson**

Born Thanksgiving, November 26, 2009

3 lbs. 2 oz.

3 lbs. 14 oz.

What more could we be thankful for?

Raquel and Garn Sever had a healthy baby boy on
October 28, 2009.

Brody Johnson Sever

was watched over by his big brother Preston John
Sever in heaven before he came to us.

Lucas Caldwell

February 28, 2009

7 lbs. 14 oz.

18 inches

Son of Doug and Marie, little brother to angel

"Pain is only bearable if we know
it will end, not if
we deny it exists."

Viktor Frankl



My Poem for Olivia

She was supposed to be here
now,
So cuddly, warm and sweet.
You planned for months, and
felt her move
And loved her more each
day.

This baby girl, you hadn't
met,
Filled you up with pride.
WE couldn't wait to meet her
too,
And look into her eyes.

Then, with no notice,
She was taken from this
place.
I heard the phone, got a
lump in my throat,
And knew nothing would be the same.

Tears rolled freely down my cheeks,
As I listened to the news.
My heart just ached, and I wondered what
Your hearts must be going through.

Olivia Marie,
The name just seemed to fit,
The precious girl who couldn't stay,
Though we wished so much she could.

She must be special to have left,
Such a mark on us.
And what a day it will be
When we meet her face to face.

She will always be your daughter,
Our granddaughter, niece, and cousin.
We'll just have to wait a while
To see Livy's perfect smile.

-Aunt Mandy Caldwell

Written in memory of Olivia Caldwell
born still on May 1, 2009



Donations in Memory of

Thank you to Aurora Beattie for the beautiful gowns, blankets, the Ziploc bags, plastic spoons, and paper towels. Donated in memory of

Spencer Aragunde Beattie

We love and miss you! Love, Mommy, Daddy, Katie, and Beth

Donation of memory boxes and postage in loving
memory of

Abby Price

by Mom and Dad

Thank you to Danielle Jensen
for cutting vinyl lettering for
us for our December craft.

Donation in loving memory of

Tyson Chavez

by Mom and Dad

A big thank you to all the women from the Kimball Ward Relief Society in Kaysville for their hard work and support. They had over 50 women turnout to help cut and sew blankets to donate to Share for a service project! Thank you to Sally Dalton for organizing the project. The blankets were all so beautiful! Thank you ladies, you are truly appreciated.



"Difficult times have helped me to understand better than before, how infinitely rich and beautiful life is in every way, and that so many things that one goes worrying about are of no importance whatsoever."

-Isak Dinesen

New Year's Resolutions for Bereaved Parents

By Nancy A. Mower

I Resolve...

- That I will grieve as much and for as long as I feel like grieving, and that I will not let others put a time table on my grief.
- That I will grieve in whatever way I feel like grieving, and I will ignore those who try to tell me what I should or should not be feeling and how I should or should not be behaving.
- That I will cry whenever and wherever I feel like crying, and that I will not hold back my tears just because someone else feels I should be "brave" or "getting better" or "healing by now."
- That I will talk about my child as often as I want to, and that I will not let others turn me off just because they can't deal with their own feelings.
- That I will not expect family and friends to know how I feel, understanding that one who has not lost a child cannot possibly know how it feels.
- That I will not blame myself for my child's death, and I will constantly remind myself that I did the best job of parenting I could possible have done.
- That I will not be afraid or ashamed to seek professional help if necessary.
- That I will commune with my child at least once a day in whatever way feels comfortable and natural to me, and that I won't feel compelled to explain this communion to others or to justify or even discuss it with them.
- That I will try to eat, sleep, and exercise every day in order to give my body the strength it will need to help me cope with my grief.
- To know that I am not losing my mind, and I will remind myself that loss of memory, feelings of disorientation, lack of energy and a sense of vulnerability are all normal parts of the grief process.
- To know that I will heal, even though it will take a long time.
- To let myself heal and not to feel guilty about feeling better.
- To remind myself that when I find myself slipping back into the old moods of despair and depression, I will tell myself that "slipping backward" is also a normal part to the grief process, and these moods, too, will pass.
- To try to be happy about something each day, knowing that at first, I may have to force myself to think cheerful thoughts.
- That I will reach out at times and try to help someone else, knowing that helping others will help me to get over my depression.
- That I will opt for life, knowing that is what my child would want me to do.



Reprinted from the Share-Quincy, IL newsletter, Winter 2003 issue