

May, 2011

Sharing Parents is a Sacramento based non-profit organization devoted to supporting parents who have experienced the loss of a baby from the time of conception through early infancy.

Our Purpose is to provide a safe environment where grieving parents with similar experiences can come together and share their feelings about the loss and the love of their babies. Our meetings are also a place where parents express the love they have for their baby in their compassion for others, where they can give and receive emotional support by sharing common experiences and learn about the natural grief process while working through and resolving their loss.

We Offer a variety of meetings and support services that are designed to help parents throughout the different stages of their grief. There is never a fee to attend our meetings.

Our Meeting Place

Mercy Women's Center
 650 Howe Avenue, Ste #530
 Sacramento, CA 95825

**Our Mailing Address
 & Phone Number**

Sharing Parents
 P.O. Box 19538
 Sacramento, CA 95819-0538
 (916) 424-5150

Upcoming General Meetings

June 12th : Father's Day / Father's Group Discussion
 July 10th : Making Memories / Art Project
 August 14th : Guest Speaker

Subsequent Pregnancy Meetings

May 22nd : Subsequent Pregnancy
 June 26th : Subsequent Pregnancy
 July 24th : Subsequent Pregnancy
 August 28th : Subsequent Pregnancy

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2011 October Memorial

SAVE THE DATE

Sharing Parents of Sacramento
 25th Annual October Memorial

Sunday, October 9, 2011 - 3pm

*****Capitol Park*****

*****Please note the new location*****

15th & L St., Sacramento, CA 95814

Special Time of Reflection * Candle Ceremony * Butterfly Release

Message From The President

Dear Parents & Friends of Sharing Parents,

The seasons are slowly changing and time continues to roll by day after day. As Mother's & Father's Day come and go, I want to send you all a special hug. During these holidays, we, as bereaved parents, share the pain of reflecting on the parent role we have to our missing babies. If you find your heart aching, you are not alone. So with most sincere compassion from one parent that understands the pain to another, Happy Mother's & Father's Day!

I am proud to report that in the past several months the wonderful volunteers of Sharing Parents have put out extra effort to expand awareness of our support group and services to the community. We have contacted every Department Head for OB, NICU, Social Work, Chaplaincy, and Mental Health in the surrounding 30 local Sacramento hospitals. We have also delivered bags of brochures adorned with angel pins to 50 local funeral homes/cemeteries. It is our hope that this distribution of information and interaction with our volunteer parents will provide needed awareness to providers which will ultimately result in more hurting parents being aware and utilizing the services offered by Sharing Parents.

Additionally, we have had the opportunity to have a panel of parent volunteers provide a presentation for a Social Worker training seminar at the Child Abuse Prevention Council. So far, we have done 2 of the 4 trainings that they will conduct this year. At the presentation, our panel shares about grief in general, about the services of Sharing Parents and insight on how to support (and not support) grieving parents. The response from the social workers we are presenting to have been extremely positive. For some of them this is the first time they have encountered the discussion of baby/infant loss. For others the tears streaming down their face speak that they are all too familiar with the loss of a child. Several have shared how our presentation has given them insight with clients they are working with, while others have expressed how this info will help them be more empathetic on a personal level.

It is our hope that these community outreach efforts will not only result in bereaved parents learning about the services of Sharing Parents, but that they will be treated with informed kindness, gentleness and compassion in their fragile time of grief and pain.

Warmest Regards,

Kelly Joppa

2011 Sharing Parents Co-President

2011

Sharing Parents Volunteers

President

Kristie Avila & Kelly Joppa

Vice President

Meghann Hurt

Secretary

Joanna Hurtt

Treasurer

Daryle & Heidi Lozano

Short Term Grief Coordinator

Molly Lawrence

**Pregnancy Interruption
Coordinator**

Amy Bourke

Listening Line Coordinator

Molly Lawrence

Oct. Memorial Coordinator

Shannon Anderson
& Kristin Lunardi

Community Outreach

OPEN

Event/Fundraiser Coordinator

Heidi Lozano

Librarian

Rebecca Erickson

Newsletter Editor

Brion Maciel

Newsletter Assistant

Mia Omega

Webmaster

Ken Hisey

General Volunteers:

Jamie Bridges,
Saran & Nelson Canales,
Allison Clavel,
Lynne & Neil Genzel,
Meghann & Phillip Hurt,
Eric Joppa,
Deanna Lockhart,
Brion & Suzie Maciel,
Laura McHugh,
Michelle & Chris Peters,
Jennifer & Ryan Stiltz

Remembering Our Babies With Love

Anniversaries, birthdays and holidays are difficult times for us. We remember with love....

MAY

"Pedro" Adame
Faith Annalyse Alvarez
Taylor Reese Bacon
Payton Hadley Bazzocco
Kieran Black
Caleb Michael Brown
Emelia Bunrs
Baby Camarena
Grace Marie Canady
Michael Enrique Canales
Madeleine Joy Canimo
Annabelle Olivia Castablo
Jack Thomas Clauer
Johnathan Constantine
Benjamin Dirish
Franklin Dirish Jr.
Samantha Emery
Michael Esteada
Millie Rose Genzel
Timothy W. Gergen, Jr.
Klayton Javon Hooper
Baby Jensen
Kadance Lyric Kaplan-Samuels
Gavin Kalani Kawelo
Charlie Kingston
Baby Krebs
Bjorn Erik Law
Grace Lindeman
Paul Lintz
Sarah Lintz
Nicholas Lunardi
Wyatt Andrew Nowicki
Mark O'Brien Jr.
Baby Pethel
Matthew Provost
Santia Sargeant
Baby Boy Scacco
Maria Elizabeth Schubert
Joshua Zane Shunk
Ashley Grace Sisson
Babies Small
Sidney Marie Smith
Baby Smith
Rebecca Grace Spangler
Gavin Thomas Stamm
Baby Tan
Sophie Tye
Chek

JUNE

Brady Ryan Adam
Andrew Bond dos Reis
Mateo Marcos Bravo
Crystal Campbell
Matthew Cleaves
Baby Cromeenes
Josiah Nicolas Davidson
Hannah Noel Drews
Erin Leigh Fink
Jacob Fink
Baby Fisk
Jasmine Allan Ford
Isac Dailon Goldman
Jack Franklin Hisey
Julian Jackson
Hope Kelley
Kyla Knighton
Baby Latino
Baby Legrand
Baby Levy
Selma Livadic
Tessa Elizabeth Lockhart Ralston
Baby Lopez
'Puter Martinez-Gardner
Baby McCornell
Elijah Loren Meyer
Derrick Morgan
Ethan Michael Peters
Sara Lopez Rye
Justin Michael Sanders
Isaac Anthony Sheff
Baby Shields
Summer Olivia Sprenger
Noah Joshua Sung
Jacob Zaretsky

JULY

Baby Beck
Baby Binns
Thaddeus Lawrence Birdtail
Kaleb Julius Bracy
Baby Bracy
Tea Elyse Cepeda
Leah Grace Clavel
Brian Cleaves
Baby Davis
Kaleb Reyes Delacruz
Sarah Helen Delp
Jaden Christian Denham
Rachel Joyce Encinas
Michael Farquhar
John Silva Fialho IV
Olivia Fillion
Peanut Fong
Baby Fosco
Emma Margaret Guelker
Helena Grace Gundersen-Lehman
Christian Higa
Hayden Matthew Hope
Hunter Aaron Hope
Sarah Leigh Howitson
Shelby Jean Isola
Terrence Brophy Jett
John Zander Jones III
Audrey Elise Krater
Zachary Mikalos Kristianous
Valerie June Lozano Lozano
Zaia K'lea Marquez
Joslyn Isabel McBroom
Leo Davies Melbourne
Baby Peterson
Baby Boy Rouse
Baby Siino
Olivia Arabella Sillion
Baby Sperry
Maurice Adams Steptoe
Baby Szillinsky
Andrea Grace Teixeria
Jordan Vose
Presley Vose
Baby Westrup
Taylor Javon Lee Wilson

Names are entered through the sign-in sheet at all Sharing Parents meetings.

When Mother's Day Feels Empty

Written by Clara Hinton

There are no words to completely describe what a mother feels when her child has died. She feels lost, abandoned, afraid, lonely, forgotten, and most of all empty. The emptiness is like none other because it is an emptiness of the heart. When a child dies, part of a mother's heart also dies.

Mother's Day is a traditional holiday that has grown bigger and bigger throughout the years. We are bombarded with advertisements to take out mothers for a special dinner or buy Mother's Day flowers. For more than a month before Mother's Day, reminders are placed everywhere. It's impossible to pick up a newspaper, listen to the radio, or turn on the television without some kind of reminder of Mother's Day.

There are Mother's Day banquets, Mother's Day baby dedications at church, and special family gatherings to honor mothers. All of this is wonderful except for the mother that is grieving the loss of her child. For the grieving mother, every reminder of Mother's Day is like another wound to the heart. The hole in her heart caused by grief grows larger and larger with each reminder, and the emptiness feels darker and colder than she ever imagined possible. What is a grieving mother to do when there are so many reminders of the precious child she has lost?

Mother's Day is the only holiday that specifically uses the word mother, so there is no real way of avoiding this day. A grieving mother can, however, prepare for Mother's Day well in advance so that she knows how to avoid placing additional pain in her life.

Remember that Mother's Day is not a holiday that has to be celebrated. If a grieving mother does not want to attend a banquet, or watch baby dedications at church, or see special family gatherings at restaurants, then she has the right to choose not to participate in these events without feeling guilty. Many mothers choose to stay home and do nothing special at all on Mother's Day, and that is fine. Grief follows no rules and there is no right or wrong way to grieve.

Explain to others that this day is painful. Giving yourself permission to grieve in your own way is very healing and helpful, especially during such a difficult day as Mother's Day.

Do what feels right for you. Maybe that means taking a mini trip away where nobody knows you. Maybe it is staying at home. Perhaps a walk in the woods or a walk along the sandy beach would help you during this empty time. Journal your thoughts. Release a balloon. Or, maybe you want to avoid Mother's Day altogether. You know what feels best for your heart, and giving yourself permission to do what is right for you can be the most healing thing of all.

Lastly, remind yourself often that you will not always feel this empty. With each passing day new hope will enter your empty heart until one day you will wake up to realize that the empty hole is beginning to fill with some joy. Mother's Day is only one day. With a little bit of preparation you can make it through, and you will have walked one more step in your journey of healing!

When Fatherhood is Snatched Away

Written by Clara Hinton

Ask any man what is going on in his life and he will immediately talk about two things: his job, and his children. Those are the two main identifiers in the life of a man. Men are less open to talking about the small, detailed items of everyday life that women love to talk about. But, they can talk forever about their jobs and their kids. Those are the things that make men tick!

When a child dies, fathers often grieve in ways that are worlds apart from the way mothers grieve. Mothers will openly cry bitter tears. They will seek out others to talk to about the heartache being felt. Mothers will often wear their emotions on the outside allowing others to see and hear their pain, hoping that there will be a circle of family and friends that will stay nearby to help during this awful time of loneliness.

Fathers, on the other hand, will often turn inward with their pain when fatherhood has been snatched away. Changes will occur that are subtler than with a grieving mother. Fathers will lose that enthusiasm they once had of their “bragging rights” of being a father. What greater accomplishment is there to a man than to be successful in his business, and more so to be successful in his role as a father? To have that role suddenly taken away is a blow to the heart of a father that is devastating and leaves lasting imprints of pain upon the heart of a father.

When a child dies, a father will often feel like he is a complete failure for not being able to prevent the unthinkable. He not only feels like he has failed his family, but most important of all, he feels as though he has failed his child that has been taken away by death.

When fatherhood is snatched away, changes occur in men that are often misunderstood. Men will often stop talking about the “father” part of their lives and act as though it never existed. Talking about lost dreams of days ahead with his child are too painful, and remembering times past of warm walks in the park, trips to the store, or drives in the car together are too hard to even think about. No more soccer games. No more coaching his son’s little league team. No more working long hours on the tedious details of his little girl’s dollhouse. When a child dies, a large part of a man’s identity is suddenly taken away and he is left wandering through a heavy fog not knowing who he is any more.

How can a father get through this loss of his identity as a father? He needs gentle and constant reminders that he will always be a father – even if his child is no longer physically here. That’s a hard concept to accept soon after the death of a child, but in time it begins to make more sense. Fatherhood can never be taken away! That is a title that will be worn by a father forevermore and he needs reassurance of that!

Fathers need space and time to readjust their thinking. Women are by nature more verbal, so it is often difficult for a man to explain his feelings to his wife or others when a child dies. Men can often work through this part of grief by building something in memory of his child – a garden, a memorial bench, a special display case in the home that holds photos, and other treasures of times spent together as a family, and especially as father and child. Lastly, remember that you are never alone in this walk! Every step taken is a step closer in this journey of grief to healing!

Announcements

A huge congratulations to parents Kristie, Ben and sisters Bianca, Sydney & Peyton on the safe arrival of their brother Kamren Davis Avila born 3.7.11 @ 1018 am weighing in @ 9lbs 8 oz & 21.5 inches long.

Congratulations Ryan & Jennifer! We just wanted to let everyone know that Jennifer gave birth to Jacob Perry Stiltz on 3/21 at 5:19 am. He was born at 20.5" long weighing in at 7lb 15oz. Both the baby and Jennifer are doing wonderful!

Local Grief Seminar Opportunity:

The ABC's of Grief – Walking with a Grieving Person
Saturday, June 18, 9:30 a.m. – 1:00 p.m.
HERITAGE OAKS MEMORIAL CHAPEL & EVENT CENTER
6920 Destiny Drive, Rocklin, CA 95677

Co-Sponsored by the Sacramento/South Placer County Chapter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA. Featuring Alan Pedersen, Speaker and Song Writer, ministering to the bereaved & teaching grief support providers across the nation for over 7 years.

You will want to attend this informative and creative workshop! Alan combines music with his teaching to present a complete and touching workshop. You will leave with tools to help the bereaved as well as methods to deal with a loss you may personally be dealing with.

Registration: \$25 per person, \$35 per couple
\$20 per person in a group of 3 or more from your organization

RSVPs: **916-791-CARE (2273)** or **RonHarder@HeritageOaksMC.com**

March for Babies

On April 30th, we participated in March of Dimes' annual March for Babies at the California State Capitol. The goal of March of Dimes is to help moms have full-term pregnancies and to research the problems that threaten the health of babies. Almost 7000 people showed up to march, of which more than 50 were from Sharing Parents. Participating in the walk gave us an opportunity to honor our own babies, while helping March of Dimes fund research to help prevent premature birth and infant loss. Thank you to everyone who participated in this very special event, and we look forward to doing it again next year!



BUNKO UPDATE

Sharing Parents 2nd Annual Bunko Event was another success!!!
Sharing Parents brought in **\$1157!!! YAHOO!!!!**

I want to take this time to thank everyone involved for all your help, from inviting players to donating gift baskets!!

Sincerely,
Joanna
Bunko Coordinator

Remembering Emma Margaret

By Rebecca Erickson

Every person's way of remembering and honoring a dead baby is unique. The meaning we associate with actions and things comes from within the grieving person. Therefore, there can be no "right" or "wrong" way to celebrate our babies or memorialize our losses. I was especially struck by this last summer, as the 5th anniversary of my stillborn daughter's death neared. I like to spend Emma Margaret's anniversary day on a beach in Bodega Bay, CA, where I feel especially close to her. This past year we were on sabbatical camping on the Pacific Coast. Although we spent a lot of time on beaches, on her actual anniversary date, we stayed with my cousin in Seattle—a wonderful treat but not exactly what I associate with Emma. In the weeks leading up to this anniversary, I felt anxious about finding the "perfect" way to honor Emma. Otherwise I felt I would be failing her. But the truth is I remember Emma ALWAYS. She is a part of me, and we are inseparable. As a recent Sharing Parents General Meeting participant so eloquently wrote to his stillborn daughter, "Even though I never met you physically, you are a part of my soul, so I know you completely." In this way, no matter what I choose to do on Emma's anniversary day, I must trust that it is the perfect thing.

I associate Emma with a private beach in Bodega Bay for many reasons. I associate the ocean with family since I've attended family reunions on the Pacific coast throughout my life. For several years around the time of Emma's loss, we had extended family reunions at Bodega Bay. The year I was eight months pregnant with Emma, my paternal grandfather, parents, and siblings flew into Sacramento. We celebrated Emma's eagerly anticipated arrival with a baby shower. As I drove my family to Bodega Bay, I felt a lengthy tightening of my uterus which eventually went away. I could have turned the car around, but I didn't. I remember opening the window to smell the eucalyptus trees that line the road into Bodega. Although Emma died a few weeks later due to a hypercoiled umbilical cord, I still wonder if I had done something different that day, if I had gone to Labor and Delivery, would Emma be alive today. Beyond the family aspect, there is something powerfully maternal about the ocean for me. I believe the creation of life began in the ocean. Watching and listening to the breaking of waves reminds me of the power of nature and my smallness in comparison. Waves appear to be random, and the degree to which they alter the shoreline can vary so dramatically. Tiny grains of sand are rolled over; cliffs are swept away. When I think of how the moon's gravitational pull affects the ocean tides, I am reminded of both the vastness and interconnectedness of our world. The sound I hear at the beach must be similar to the sounds Emma experienced swimming in the amniotic fluid of my womb. Since seawater has a strikingly similar composition as amniotic fluid, the ocean spray that moistens my lips and face must be similar to what Emma tasted and experienced. Being at the coast reminds me of the greatness of the universe and the oneness of us all.

Four months after Emma died, I couldn't face the typical Thanksgiving so we escaped to Monterey. On Asilomar Beach, I found myself searching for a reason for Emma's death. I stood on a rock jutting out over the ocean in the late afternoon. With tears streaming down my face, I entrusted a few strands of her soft dark hair to the wind and the ocean. I demanded of God, "Why did You do this to me?" As I walked along the beach to return to my husband and son playing in the sand, a glorious orange and red sunset took over the sky, and I found the tiniest whole sand dollar I have ever seen. Three quarters of an inch in diameter, I knew the sand dollar was my answer. Despite its perfect shape, if you look very, very close, you can see tiny fractures on the top and one side is worn just enough that you can see some skeletal structure. I've always loved searching for whole sand dollars on the beach. It is always a thrill to find a sand dollar that has survived the ocean surf and made it to the shore, intact without being trampled on,

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Remembering Emma Margaret (continued)

crushed, or chipped by rocks. By a twist of fate, it has escaped being turned into sand. When one of the normal sized sand dollars that my son and I found broke, I was reminded of “The Legend of the Sand Dollar.” We saved the “dove” from inside the broken sand dollar, and each year that we celebrate Emma’s presence in our lives, I add another dove to the top of the box which holds her remains.

Emma Margaret was cremated. For now, I need to have her remains with me no matter where I may live or be in the future. I need be able to hold and caress the wooden box my brother lovingly made to hold her ashes. I need to see her tooth bud among the bone fragments and ashes of that incredibly small plastic bag. Someday, toward the end of my life, I intend to return Emma to the ocean. I remember learning about diffusion in Biology class. I was told that if you put a drop of blue dye in the ocean, the molecules from the dye would eventually spread evenly throughout the ocean and could be found in any drop of water. This idea still amazes and intrigues me. When I finally do release Emma’s ashes, I like to think that she will be diffused throughout the oceans. When I think of the water cycle with evaporation and condensation, I wonder if Emma’s remains can be everywhere—in the air, clouds, atmosphere—becoming one with the universe again. I imagine her as a piece, not just of me, but a piece of all.

Emma’s first anniversary was especially complicated as a few days earlier I had back surgery for a herniated disk which plagued me throughout my pregnancy with Emma. I am so fortunate to have an extremely supportive mother who came to help during and after my back surgery. She was there for me during all three of my children’s births. She lovingly bathed and dressed Emma and also accompanied us to “Emma’s Beach” before my surgery. Armed with candles and one of Freeport Bakery’s “Itty Bitty Birthday Cakes,” I wasn’t sure what we would actually do on the beach, but I trusted in myself. After an impromptu ceremony, it felt natural for me to pick up a piece of drift wood and write her name in the wet sand. I took pictures as the waves overtook her name and swept it into the water just as quickly as it seemed her life was swept away in my womb.

After the surgery and on the actual anniversary day, I created an alter with Emma’s ashes, teddy bear, blanket, and homecoming dress—the homecoming dress that came home without her. Emma wore the dress and left a drop of her blood. The stain on her dress is a huge comfort to me. It is one more part of her I can cherish. It is proof that she existed. Despite my surgery, I rode the short distance to the Sharing Parents bench in McKinley Park and we celebrated Emma there. It was so important for me to mark this important event. I needed others to understand how important Emma’s life was to me and what an important part of our family she is. I did this by sending handmade cards to family members. The front of the card had the picture of her name in the sand. The inside included a message on the ebb and flow of life.

On subsequent anniversaries the Itty Bitty Birthday cake gave way to other Freeport Bakery cakes but candles (off of the cake) still seem to be an important part of my remembering her. Sometimes things didn’t go exactly how I envisioned them—just as my pregnancy with Emma ending in stillbirth at thirty seven and a half weeks didn’t happen as planned. One year I tried tossing the dried rose petals from Emma’s Memorial Service into the ocean expecting them to be swept away like the grains of sand which held the imprint of her name. Instead the rose petals churned in the waves, swirling in turmoil, coming back to shore just like the grief of which I wanted to free myself. I desperately wanted to return to my previous self, to be in control and to have things turn out as they should. But I was powerless to control the waves, just as I was powerless to fix Emma’s outcome, just as I was powerless to be “over” my grief. I now know I will never be over the loss of Emma. Sometimes I still have difficulty believing the fact that my daughter is dead. She is dead. Emma IS dead. I sometimes look at her picture and seem freshly struck (or more appropriately, broadsided) that this really did happen. It was real. Emma was real. She IS real.

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Remembering Emma Margaret (continued)

I will never feel like the same person I was before I lost Emma. My life has changed as a result of Emma's death. Although I certainly didn't want it to happen and would never choose to lose her, I do believe it has given a depth to my life that I wouldn't have otherwise. I would much prefer to hold her in my arms, experience her laughing and crying, and hear her argue with her older brother. Although I still want the experience of her first day of kindergarten and helping her learn to read, I must cherish the short time I did have with her. As my grief and perspective on Emma's loss evolve, so does the way I choose to symbolize Emma on her anniversaries.

So how did I end up spending Emma's 5th anniversary--the anniversary of her death that occurred in the middle of our summer travels. I've always been drawn to natural items to symbolize my love for Emma. While on hikes in the weeks leading up to her anniversary, my eyes were drawn to heart shaped rocks along the trail. The heart shape is not really commonly found in nature. Often heart shaped rocks have had shards removed and pieces chipped away. I loaded my pockets with any of these specially shaped rocks that I found. Then at beach, I came across what I will call drift wood "rocks"—drift wood so smoothed by the ocean and sand that at first I thought they were rocks as they were so heavy with water. I was reminded of an art project we do in Short Term Grief where each participant writes a word on a rock and leaves it for the next Short Term Grief participants. I was obsessed with finding driftwood rocks that I could engrave for my Sharing Parents friends. While collecting these "stones," I found a tiny drift wood "ring" that might have fit Emma's finger and one that fits my finger. These rings were knots from a branch that had been once been connected but were separated in the water. I made a shrine for Emma using these precious products of nature at my cousin's house.

On the sixth year after Emma's birth and death, we will continue our camping trip from last summer. As of now, we are not certain exactly where we will be or how we will celebrate Emma, BUT THAT IS OKAY. I still feel a little anxiety, but deep down inside, I know it will be okay. Emma is with me—in my heart, in my soul, and inside me forever.

Short Term Grief

The Short Term Grief session is a series of 4 weekly meetings for parents with a recent loss (within a year).

There is a specific topic to discuss each week and to receive the most benefit from this session you are strongly encouraged to attend all 4 meetings. This is a safe place to share your grief with people who have experienced a similar loss. It is also a time when our small groups may bond and find the support they gain during the session is accompanied by newly found friendships. Couples are encouraged to attend.

- Meeting location and times will be determined prior to the start of each session.
- Sessions are offered three times a year.
- There must be a minimum of 3 couples/individuals to run a session.
 - A session is considered "full" with 8 couples/individuals.
 - All sessions are led by Sharing Parents volunteers.
- Please call (916) 424-5150 or email sharingparents@yahoo.com if you would like to sign up for and attend a session. Pre-registration is required.

Session 1

Sundays Feb. 27, Mar. 6, Mar. 13, Mar. 20

Session 2

Thursdays July 7, July 14, July 21, July 28

Session 3

Sundays Oct. 30, Nov. 6, Nov. 13, Nov. 20

Love Gifts

To honor your child's memory, send a "Love Gift" to Sharing Parents. A Love Gift is a monetary donation given in honor of someone or as a memorial to a baby, relative or friend. Not only will you be memorializing your baby but you will be helping Sharing Parents, which survives on donations and fundraisers. If you would like to donate a Love Gift to us, please fill out the form below. The deadline for inclusion in the next newsletter is July 20, 2010.

Dear Baby,

I love you! I'm working on letting you go now. I was so happy to know that I was pregnant with you, that now I am trying my hardest to pick up the pieces of my broken heart. I know with my entire being that my purpose in this life is to be a mother. When I found out I was miscarrying you I saw this graceful, beautiful white bird. I felt it was a symbol of your spirit up to God. Please tell God that I'm ready for you to come back as a baby my body can keep. Jeremy and I will be here waiting for you.

Love, Cherie

In memory of Jack Thomas Clauer,
born still on May 11, 2001.

From,
Rosemary Clauer

We welcome your Love Gifts in support of Sharing Parents. A Love Gift is a monetary donation made to honor your child's memory. Please make checks payable to **Sharing Parents of Sacramento**.

(Donations to Sharing Parents are tax deductible.)

Enclose your check, attach any special message to this form and mail to:

Sharing Parents
P.O. Box 19538
Sacramento, CA 95819-0538

In Loving Memory of:

Date of Birth:

Date of Death/Loss:

Donor Name:

Address: