



# M.I.S.S.ing Angels ...

The M.I.S.S. Foundation

## A Sanctuary for Bereaved Families

November/December 2001

Volume 2, Issue 7

## My Very Own Peter Pan

by Heather Lewis

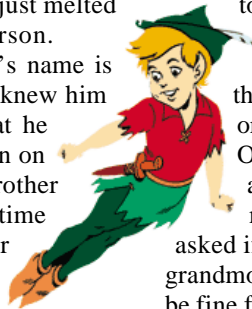
I would love to tell you about a wonderful little boy who for ever changed the lives of so many people. This little boy just melted your heart when you met him in person.

This wonderful little boy's name is Timothy James Lewis. Those that knew him called him TJ or by the name that he loved, "P. Pan." Timothy was born on June 24, 1990. He was younger brother to Rebecca (11 months old at the time of his birth) and became an older brother to Kenneth 18 months later. He was born in Phoenix.

I had a horrible pregnancy and Timothy wanted to enter this world early. Finally, on June 24th he was born. Everything seemed so perfect. Timothy weighed in at a healthy 8 lbs 5 oz and was 21.5 inches tall.

Everything seemed to be going great with our wonderful little boy until he developed a rash that would not heal. After many trips back and forth to doctors, specialists, and hospitals no one was able to figure out where the rash was coming from. We were told that he had eczema and would grow out of it. No creams or medicine helped relieve the pain or itching that Timothy went through. As he grew the rash became worse. We had him

tested and found that he was allergic to nearly everything that he had contact with. I was just told that he would always require a lot of time to care for him. In June of 1993, I found a small lump on Timothy's arm and went to the doctor who ordered a specialist to remove the lump. On June 4, 1993, he had minor surgery and they removed the small lump. The mass of tissue appeared to be benign. I asked if he'd be able to fly to Iowa to visit his grandmother and the doctors felt that he would be fine for the trip.



Our family flew in an airplane to Iowa (since we did not have any special pixie dust to help us fly). Since Timothy loved Peter Pan, he would tell everyone that he was P. Pan and that his mother was Tinkerbell, his daddy was Hook, his sister was Wendy and his brother was little Michael. He loved to hear the story and he loved to watch the movie Hook with Robin Williams even more.

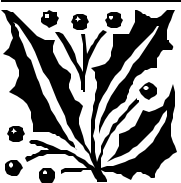
On the last day before we were to return home, our lives were changed forever. Timothy died on June 12, 1993 at the age of 2 years, 11 months and 12 days in Manchester, Iowa. I believe that Timothy was preparing

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## A Holiday Miracle: Cheyenne 4 by Joanne Cacciatore



This is the true story of a miracle. As the holidays approach, this story is an affirmation that our children's gifts continue to touch the world...

*The MISS Foundation wishes you a gentle holiday season.*

December 17, 1999

Dear Cheyenne,

I am writing this at nearly midnight. Lately, I

have been very sad. The deaths continue and I am helpless to stop it. All I do I cry. But tonight was different. I took Cameron, Ari, Stevie Jo, and Joshua to a Camp Paz Christmas Party. It was held at a church quite a distance from our house, but the kids really wanted to go and revisit the friends they made at camp. The evening was a wonderful time to reflect. I was an "attendee" this time, instead of my usual "coordinator" role. Thus, I had an opportunity to experience the celebration of re-

(Continued on page 4)

### Take Note:

- New MISS Chapters are forming now! See page 23 for Chapter information.
- Peer contact information available in every issue of our newsletter. See page 17.
- Kindness Project Ideas Abound! See pages 15 and 20

## Peter Pan *(continued)*



*(Continued*  
his

*from page 1)*  
family for his leaving, as he could only say a few words and those words would forever be in my heart.

There has never been an explanation of how or why he died. He is the oldest case of SIDS. I have searched for answers but run into empty holes. So after eight years, I have given up hope of ever knowing why.

I have the comfort of knowing that he is able to play with the lost boys and hook until his mother comes to be with him someone else is playing my role of Tinkerbell. Timothy will always be our little P. Pan, just as his headstone says.

*“In Memory of our Little P. Pan.”*

November 7, 1997  
**How Do I Say Good-Bye?**

To my precious baby girl, Taylor Louise,

As we watched you grow, felt you kick, and listened to your little heart pounding in the safety of mommy’s womb, you filled our lives with such happiness and anticipation...We had so much love to give you and such big plans for your future.

We held you close in our arms that morning and kissed your tender face hundreds of times in the short time we had with you. We will hold those memories in our hearts forever. You were such a beautiful little girl. Your little round face and your tiny button nose, your soft wavy brown hair and delicate fingers. You resembled your big sister so much. While I write this the

weight on my chest is almost unbearable and I especially sad that I will never hear your funny little laugh, see your pretty smile or watch you grow into a pretty little girl... I don’t understand why you were taken so suddenly. I will probably spend the rest of my life wondering why this happened to our family.

Taylor, my precious baby girl, it is so hard to say goodbye when I didn’t even get a chance to say hello. I will always love you and you will be in our hearts forever. We miss you so very much. Someday we will be together again and I will hold you in my arms. And maybe then, I could hear your funny little laugh and see your pretty smile.

I love you, Daddy

In Memory of Taylor Louise St. Laurent

## The Subsequent Pregnancy

*by Anna Kennedy*

Subsequent pregnancy, woo! I did not even know what Joanne meant by that for the longest time. I wondered, “subsequent to what?” Holy-schmoly did I find out! It means subsequent to the loss of your child. It means the pregnancy that really freaks you out! I discovered the reality of the subsequent pregnancy shortly after I found out I was pregnant after Jared’s death.

We are allowed to freak out. We have reason to be paranoid; we have license. We know all too intimately what could go wrong. My son, Jared, died at six weeks of age, so my pregnancy was not considered to be high risk. I thought it was. My son’s death was attributed to SIDS but that did not stop my near paralyzing fear of stillbirth. Even the thought of loosing this one, another one, could be incapacitating at times. I was racked with fear. So where do I put my excitement, my anticipation, my love for another beautiful child in my life? Do I let myself get attached? (As if I had a choice in the matter.) Because there was no known cause of my son’s death, I questioned absolutely everything: was my breast milk safe? Was it something I

ate? Should I breast feed a new baby? Did I not eat something I should have? Did I use a toxic chemical while cleaning or painting or something? What would be safe this time? What did I do? My head was swirling with questions I had not thought of for three years. All those little monkeys were back and suffocating me. At times I found it hard to breathe myself – “Oh no!” I thought, “The baby’s not getting enough oxygen!” PANIC! FEAR! PANIC!

So I spent most of my subsequent pregnancy reclining on the love seat, sitting directly in front of the television eating iron fortified snacks and drinking plenty of water. And still I worried. All those what-ifs hanging around like flying monkeys just waiting for the opportunity to dive bomb me with doubt and fear. I tried to focus on the excitement and joy, but they were always there, those little monkeys. And I worried. I worried about how much worry was safe for my new baby. Was I making her sick? Was I stressing her out? We, as parents, worry. We cannot help it. It is our job. As bereaved parents we stress, we panic, we hyperventilate, etc. . . . Yet, somehow,

we get through it. Even if we get through it caught somewhere between fear and excitement. We hold our breath, cross our fingers, and say a little prayer and we get through it. And if we are lucky during this we will have moments of clear joy over our new arrivals. We will have un-clouded happiness for our new little ones - if just for a moment.



*Anna Kennedy is a wonderful and compassionate new facilitator of the subsequent pregnancy group. If you’d like more information or to sign up, contact Anna at 602.439.9025. Co-facilitating the group is Margaret Abarr, Tyler’s mom, who can also be contacted at 623.872.8082. I recommend all women who are pregnant after experiencing their child’s death attend a support group for the subsequent. It really does help relieve some of the overwhelming stress and fear. **Babies are a welcome accessory at this group!***

# Our MISS Foundation “Community”

by Tammy Haimovitz

That word ‘community’ means many things according to Webster’s Dictionary:

1. a. A group of people living in the same locality and under the same government.  
b. The district or locality in which such a group lives.
2. a. A group of people having common interests: *the scientific community; the international business community.*  
b. A group viewed as forming a distinct segment of society: *the gay community; the community of color.*
3. a. Similarity or identity: *a community of interests.*  
b. Sharing, participation, and fellowshipship.

But what does that word *really* mean to us? We are a community within the MISS Foundation, the few who have life experiences that draw them together. We as parents, grandparents, and siblings that have lost our loved ones have received the help we needed to get through those life tragedies, we need to extend to many people who are not in our local community but within our nation. Just as our group draws on one another for strength, we as a community, a ‘nation’ draw on one another for strength and support.

This article was initially intended as a thank you to our local businesses and to our MISS community for your support of the 1<sup>st</sup> Annual Children’s Memorial Golf Tournament. We wanted to encourage you to patronize these great places that so graciously contributed to the MISS Foundation. But as the events of the past few weeks within our nation unfolded, this message extends not just as our local area but our community ‘nation’ and all the people and organizations who contributed and will keep on contributing to these efforts.

A week ago, I visited New York City. My first thought was, “I don’t want to see it!” There were people alive in those structures and planes. But I did see it, and my first nervous reaction was “unspeakable.” It was worse that the me-

dia could portray. Being at ‘ground zero’ in the financial district of downtown New York City was the same except now instead of great beauty it was complete devastation. Those images of complete ruin are with me for a lifetime.

Once again in my lifetime, I experienced those horrible feelings of loss. There in my throat was the unbelievable sinking feeling of my heart. This time though, the loss is not just mine, but an entire nation.

Before taking on this endeavor of the golf tournament, I did not truly recognize the importance of businesses and their contributions. I cannot express the gratitude for all the contributions and commitments to our organization and the tournament. So, I would like to say thank you to those who donated their money, their time, and their gifts. We do well to remember to thank the community businesses for their generosity for without them we could have not done what we did. Also, remember those helping our nation. We have come together to help families in crisis. That is what community is all about.

## Our Sponsors:

Glendale Active 20/30 Club  
Schaller Anderson Healthcare  
Sam’s Club  
CheckMate  
Corporate Cleaning  
Southwestern Litho, Inc.  
Desert Sky Chevron  
Thunderbird Ranch Chevron  
Prevent Pool Alarm  
Jack Nicklaus

## Special Donations “In Memory Of...”:

Hailey Faith Haimovitz  
by Larry and Tammy Haimovitz

Tristan Andrew Castellanos  
by Andy, Robin, Jordyn, and  
Torrin Castellanos  
and by Grandma Castellanos

Claire Patricia Nibali  
By Jim, Alex, and Tish Nibali

Aaron Lee Farrier by Swim CSI

Dixie Alexandra Lindsey  
by Gerae’ Lindsey

Camille Rayana Olsen by Richard Olsen

Rene Samaniego  
by Dan Ylleana, Stephanie,

and Sam Hughes

## Thanks to the Volunteers:

Wendy Wilderman  
Malia Moeschl remembering “J.D.”  
Tim and Nicole Dougherty remembering Gunnar,  
River, and Dakotah  
Robert Dalager  
Cindi Nannetti  
Michelle Gothan  
Deanna Gale  
Pam Binder  
Gregg Carder  
Carl Busch  
Dr. Nelson Butler

## Retailers

Target  
Sam’s Club  
Lowe’s  
Toy’s R Us  
WalMart  
Amazon.com  
Circuit City  
Nevada Bob’s  
Earnhardt’s Chrysler

## Businesses

AIM Computers  
Karsten Ping  
Hendsley & Co  
Pioneer Laughlin  
Harrah’s Laughlin  
Ramada Express  
Pointe South Mountain  
Phoenix Sun’s Athletic Club

## Restaurants:

TGI Friday’s  
Houlihan’s  
Enchilada’s  
Chili’s  
Mimi’s Café  
Timberlodge Steakhouse  
Copeland’s  
El Paso BBQ  
Bucca di Beppo  
Carraba’s Italian Grill  
Macaroni Grill  
On the Border  
Steamer’s  
Rock Bottom  
Charleston’s  
Hard Rock Café  
Atlo’s Bistro  
Tuchettis  
Ztegas  
Claim Jumper  
Hunter Steakhouse  
Cork & Clever  
Melting Pot

## Golf Clubs

Trilogy Golf Club  
Wigwam  
Gallery Golf Club

# An Angel Named Jared

Dear MISS Foundation,

Today I received one of the nicest gifts ever. I was at Mimi's Cafe at 75th Avenue & Bell having my baby shower. Our server came to us at the end of our celebration and handed us a card. Someone had pick up our bill in loving memory of their son, Jared Michael. If you know who this lovely person is could you just relay my message. Let them know that they truly blessed us and that their son is very lucky to have such a loving family. I will keep this card forever and tell my daughter that Jared Michael is an angel we met on October 20, 2001.

Sincerely, Ann A.

## Cheyenne 4 (continued)

(Continued from page 1)

membrance. We sang songs and viewed a slide presentation of camp. During the candle lighting, I broke down. I was so emotional that I had to leave the auditorium and walk to the back of the room. Tears were pouring down my face, mascara blinding my eyes. Thoughts of, "I can't deal with everyone's deaths anymore," taunted me. I was silently asking for a sign-for strength to continue this work, when your sister, Stevie Jo, came to the back of the room to check on me.

"Are you okay, Mommy?" she asked. "Yes," I said, "I am just missing your sister."

Knowing I just needed some time alone, she went back to her seat. With my head down and my heart heavy, I agonized over your death. I wondered why such horrible things happened to such good families. I struggled because it had been so long since I'd felt your presence.

When I lifted my head to wipe my eyes, a miracle occurred. I had asked for a sign, and there it was. Right in front of me there was a large display shelf with locking glass hanging on the back wall of the auditorium. On the shelf was a large wooden sign:



Actual sign from that night

### "Cheyenne 4"

I couldn't believe my eyes! I began to laugh hysterically. It was such an obvious, literal 'sign!'

When the ceremony ended, I stood staring at the sign. I showed everyone who passed the sign; certainly they would

never understand the magnanimity of it but still, I had to share it. I asked people if they knew how the sign got there, or what it was used for, but no one knew. It didn't really matter. I was there at

that very moment for a reason. I accepted this moment for what it meant to me. I realized that your little life, though ever so brief, and the lives of so many other children who have died, are touching thousands of people. While the pain will always be there, I still hold you in my heart for your love and your gifts are far bigger than the pain now.

That was my gift of December 17th. And I realized that we are truly doing the work of our children's spirits. We will never forget them. They walk each day with us. They inspire us. They move us. And they are with us. Today, tomorrow, and always...

### "Always Near"

Although you cannot see me,  
I am always near your side,  
my wings are open to protect you,  
to help you when you need a loving guide.

I hear you call out to me  
as if I were a million miles away,  
I stand always by your side  
~each and every day.

You shouldn't dwell  
on what could have been,  
or what you should have done,  
I am safe in heaven now ~  
with my Father and his son.

I know your heart is broken,  
and sometimes the pain  
is hard to bear,  
but remember to go to our Father ~  
give him your burdens  
and your cares.

He loves you mommy  
just the same way that you love me,  
He wants to give you peace in life ~  
He wants to set you free.

I come to you late at night,  
and I kiss you and I hold your hand,  
I want so badly for you to know I'm safe ~  
I hope you understand.

You've come so far on your journey  
that God has set you on ~  
He will lead you on your way,  
He hears all of your requests ~  
and honors them each time that you pray.

So remember Mommy I'm never far away,  
I'm up here in Heaven ~  
I just went out to play.

I'm with you always and forever,  
I'll never leave you alone,  
And when you come to heaven ~  
I'll be there with the Father to bring you  
Safely Home.

By Jodie Smith in Loving Memory of  
Our Sweet Angel "Justin Andrew Smith"  
11-8-89 to 3-12-90

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# A Peace, or Two, of Our Hearts

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A lot has been going on in the business of the MISS Foundation. On September 1, 2001, **Carl and Heidi Brashears** hosted their annual yard sale to benefit MISS.

Needless to say, we were really hot.

**Karen Wondra** and **Angelique Watson** came to help out and put their sweat into it (is that an understatement ladies?) and **Kelly Moon, Blake Cash's** grandmother, saved the day by donating soda and water. Whew, it was a hot one! But we raised \$300 for the foundation and had some great conversation in between customers! **Dr. Victor Shamas** is helping us with a new research project that many of you will soon find out about! Dr. Shamas is one of our keynote speakers for the **MISS Foundation's 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Conference**, "The Culture of Grief: When a Child Dies," being held May 23-25, 2002. He is from the University of Arizona in Tucson. And speaking of Tucson, **Anne Rumps**, our new Tucson coordinator is very close to organizing a Tucson MISS group. Her daughter, Paige, wrote a beautiful article about Gabriel, her brother who died in 1995. Those who attended the conference were fortunate enough to see Paige get an award for her article. On September 8<sup>th</sup>, we held our **1<sup>st</sup> Annual Children's Memorial Golf Tournament**. The Chairs, **Tammy Haimovitz** with the help of **Andy Castellanos** and **Jim Nibali** worked very hard and we raised nearly \$12,000.00! It was an unbelievable turnout for our first year boasting more than 150 players! Not a single person left the tournament without a prize! **Cindi Nannetti** and **Joanne Cacciatore** had a great time driving around in the golf cart (rumor has it that Cindi nearly hit a Lexus in the parking lot but we won't tell **Randy Force** about that) and photographing players. Arizona Cardinals, **Kwamie Lassiter** and **Marcus Bell**, were playing so well that people were wondering if they were pro-golf athletes. Meanwhile, **Gregg Carder**,

who traveled all the way from Missouri to play, felt the urge to tease one of our members because she confused "mulligans" as "bennigans..." Thanks Gregg. The story will live for years but so will the one about your ball in the canal. On the same day, **Richard Olsen**, MISS Facilitator, testified in Washington, D.C. before the **National Academy of Sciences** on child death in America. MISS submitted a manuscript with the assistance of **Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross** called, "*The Power of Compassion: A New Attitude in Healthcare.*" At **Elisabeth's** urging, we have decided to publish it for the professional and medical community. She believes it's the best we've done yet! **Jim McClure** is still busy helping to raise all kinds of family services donations. Jim has proven his business mind! **Pam Binder** has been non-stop in her volunteer efforts for us. In fact, she attended our **facilitator training** on September 22 and became certified through our program. ASU Psychology majors **Tracey Givens** and **Bonnie Brown** also got involved and will be volunteering in our children's program! It is so good to see the community come together! **Jami Garrison, Jim Nibali**, and the **Kennedy's** are forging great programs for our youth. The groups are coming along well and we are even putting together **Grief Support Packets** for the children in New York and Washington D.C. who were affected by the terrorist attacks of 9-11. **Jana Vorhis of California** MISS came up with this great outreach idea and when we put it forward to our members, everyone pulled together to help. Community involvement is the focus of the Kindness Project something the **Grayson's** have taken with them from Arizona to Idaho. On September 15<sup>th</sup>, **Peter and Nancy** dedicated "**Joel's Gate**," to the Idaho Botanical Children's Garden. Joel, who would have been two years old on August 27<sup>th</sup>, is still an inspiration to Peter and Nancy. On the 27<sup>th</sup> of September, the **British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC)** was in Phoenix to film a four-part documentary involving **MISS Foundation** volunteers, **Linda and Bruce Schmidt**. The documentary

is scheduled for release in March of 2002. We met with producers at the cemetery where **Skyler Schmidt** is buried next to his aunt, **Brenda**, who died when she was a young girl. While it was an emotional day for us all, we believe that many will be touched by this groundbreaking documentary. Yes, we've had a busy few weeks...and we are getting much busier; a sign that we are indeed, doing good and necessary work. Each person is so important- every role critical- **Margaret Abarr**, our secretary who sends faithful memorials. **Anna Kennedy** who is working with Margaret to coordinate our subsequent pregnancy support group. **Jami Garrison, Jim Nibali, Heather Farrier, Alisa Detwiler**, and **Nicole Dougherty** our web-team who work tirelessly at keeping up with all our changes and events. **Tammy Haimovitz** who is working on getting grants and securing funding. **Richard Olsen** for his tenacity and wisdom. **Kym Smith, Donna Howell**, and **Janine Armstrong** for our **MISSing Angels Quilt Outreach**- you have no idea the look on people's faces when they see the quilt! **Juliegh Fullerton**, our memory board creator. **Lee Ann Morlan** for being available to Phoenix Children's Hospital and the east valley- how many families have you sat and cried with, Lee Ann? **Rusty Chepeus** who donates more to us in time and money than I could begin to keep track of. **Alicia Cunningham** who works with our Spanish speaking families, helps us with our translation, along with **Carla Hoffman of Fundacion Esperanza**, and provides a consistent service that we have long sought after. Our *countless* list of **volunteers, moderators, and facilitators**- I hope you sit back in a quiet place tonight and look up at the stars and realize that you are making a difference in the world we live in. Together, we have left our mark, one that will remain on society eternally. We humbly thank you, respect you, and appreciate you.

*Thank you, for we could not accomplish our MISSION without you.*

# Newborn Screening Option

Newborn screening is not standard across our country. While most of the disorders screened are rare by themselves, altogether the incidence of the disorders detected through expanded newborn screening is 1 out of every 1,500 babies. These disorders can cause severe disabilities, and in the worst cases, lead to sudden death. There is information to suggest that 3 -5% of sudden deaths may actually be due to metabolic disorders.

Now the good news: Parents can order a \$25 test to have their newborn screened for virtually all known metabolic disorders. You can obtain a free screening kit (you send \$25 when you send the blood to be tested) by contacting one of the following laboratories:

Baylor Medical Center  
1-800-4-BAYLOR (1-800-488-9567)  
www.baylorhealth.com/  
newbornscreening

NeoGen Screening  
1-800-892-1288  
www.neogenscreening.com

NewScreen  
1-800-747-3319  
www.newscreentest.com

NOTE: This is relatively new in the medical community and your doctor may not be aware of this screening but please ask your doctor about this option.

# Unsung Heroes

*This new column, "Unsung Heroes," will be featured in each MISSING Angels Newsletter.*

*If you'd like us to consider your "hero," please write us your story and email it in a word document to:  
info@misschildren.org.*

Nominated by Lee Ann Morlan, this month's Unsung Hero is **Sunland Funeral Home**. They have gone above and beyond business as usual, recognizing that burying a child is the unthinkable. They treat families with such kindness and compassion that they feel unable to charge for the funeral of a baby. Not only

does this help alleviate the significant financial burdens after a child's death, but it helps the family feel that the community shares in the injustice of the tragedy.

Thank you **Sunland Funeral Home** for your heroism!

## Three

It's such a small number.  
But so much growing up done in that small amount of time.

You would be putting away your baby toys and your baby ways.  
And starting to emerge from that maternal cocoon.

I would start to see that light of recognition in your eyes.  
Just beginning to grasp the undefinable;  
pain, sadness, time and love.  
Especially love.

You would know how love feels deep inside and  
what "I love you" truly means.

Your imagination would begin to take wing.  
Making up names for all your stuffed animals.  
Building real bridges in far-off lands with names  
only you can remember.

And I sure do miss banishing those monsters from under your bed.  
Oh my precious son, how I wish I could know you at three.

It's such a small number.  
But for us, a lifetime.

*Written by Margaret Abarr in Memory of Tyler David Abarr*



A million times we

thought of you.  
A million times we cried.  
If love alone could have saved  
you,  
You never would have died.

In life we loved you dearly,  
in death we love you still.  
In our hearts you hold a place  
no one else can ever fill.

It broke our hearts to lose you,  
but you didn't go alone.  
For a part of us went with you  
the day God took you home.

*Submitted in Loving Memory of  
Collin James Watson  
Happy 2nd Birthday, Sugar!  
We Love You  
Mommy and Daddy*