



M.I.S.S.ing Angels

A Publication of the
MISS Foundation

A Sanctuary for Bereaved Families

Celebrating our Special Mothers and Fathers
Mother's/Father's Day Edition

May/June 2003
Volume 4, Issue 7

“Crying Mother”



High above the Schuylkill River, above Kelly Drive, is Laurel Hill cemetery.

On the hill is a monument of a woman holding two babies; it is known as Mother and

Twins.

The story behind the statue is that at this spot on the river, two young boys drowned in 1855. Two years later the young mother died, heart-broken.

Her husband, Henry Domoghowski Samuels, a

world class sculptor, created this silent monument to his wife and children, then he immediately left for Poland never to return.

To the people who are familiar with this area, the monument is known as the "Crying Mother," and here is one story why:

In the spring of 1985, amateur photographer, Amy Morgan, was taking photographs of the numerous cherry trees that are along this part of the river. She had in tow her 5-year-old son. As she was checking out a shot through her view finder, Amy heard a woman crying. A figure passed through her view finder very brief and very quickly. When she looked up in the direction where she thought she had seen the figure go, there was nothing there. Then she noticed her son dangerously close to the dangerous river. One slip and he would have been in the river's swift current.

Is the weeping Mother keeping watch over children in that particular area, Amy thinks so. . .

Inside this issue:

One Year Later	2
Celebrating Mothers	3
MISSing Angels Bill	6
Stillbirth Pamphlet	7
Kids Korner	8
Heartfelts	10
Baby's Breath	11
Children's Memorials	12
Donations	14
Announcements	18
AZ Peer Contact List	18
Letters to MISS	19
MISS Chapters	23

One Year Later...

By Michele Detillier

In Loving Memory of Celeste Elizabeth-Marie Detillier, born into heaven on March 9, 2002.

One year later... I still remember the Doctor's words, "I'm sorry" and the long dreadful hours of waiting for delivery. I still recall the silence of the delivery room and the nurse announcing, "It's a girl." I can still feel my heart leap with the words only to remember you were born still.

One year later... I can remember my first glance at our beautiful baby girl wrapped

snugly in the blue and pink hospital blanket. I can remember feeling so much love and yearning to pull you close to my breast...to protect you from the world and to bring you home.

One year later... I relive the hours your Daddy and me held you and told you stories of what your life would have been like...how so many people loved you already. I remember touching and stroking your face and admiring your features from head to toe. Your long fingers, your Daddy's lip, a nose like Reid and your brown hair.

Take Note:

- MISS Chapters across the country! See page 22 for chapter information
- See MISS Store order form on Page 21
- Our hearts go out to the families of these children for their recent losses
Page 15



Cont'd page 3

One Year Later

(continued)

One year later... I still wish you had opened your eyes, if only for an instant, so that I could know what color they were. Or so I could gently whisper, "I love you" while you looked at me. I still remember trying with all my will to get you to move or make a sound, hoping this was all a mistake.

One year later... I shudder to recall having to give you to the nurse and leaving the hospital empty-handed. I remember the anguish I felt of abandoning you in some cold room. I remember the torment of coming home to an empty crib, all the while dealing with the aches and pains of a long labor. I still remember thinking that I felt your kicks and your hiccups when I lay in bed at night.

One year later... I still ache to hold you in my arms. I long to rock you to sleep in the same chair I cradled your brothers. I still daydream about your looks, your personality, and your milestones. I still wonder what kind of baby you would have been and what kind of woman you would have become.

One year later... Reid still talks about you and Gavin knows you, too. They draw me pictures of you and hang them above our bed. Every day, your Daddy still carries a lock of your dark hair and picture in his pocket. And people are still performing good deeds in your name.

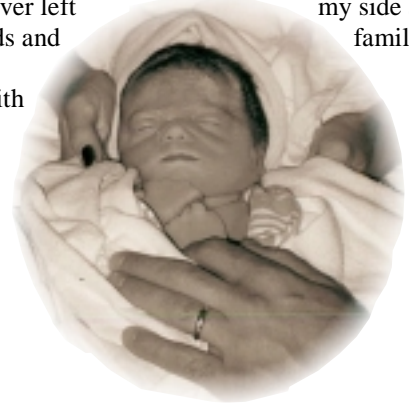
One year later... I still go to the cemetery to just stare at your

name and talk with you awhile. You are still the first thought of my morning and the last thought of my day. Every night, I still pray for my broken heart to be healed and for my world to seem right again.

And slowly, there are changes...

One year later... I am starting to see a glimmer of light... the fog has lifted, and hope is on the horizon. I find myself evermore grateful that God has never left my side and neither have good friends and family.

One year later... my faith is deeper, my compassion is greater and I am finding myself smiling... just thinking that our baby girl is in heaven and she is touching the face of God.



"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away." -Unknown

A CONVERSATION

"It's time to go now." That voice. I had heard it before.

I opened my eyes, and saw Him: radiant, pulsing, beautiful. He had held me once when He led me to my mother, and told me that He had chosen her to teach me what it meant to love.

I was frightened then. "But the world looks so scary. And this love...it sounds so painful. I don't want to feel pain." But He had smiled-oh, that mysterious smile!-and said, "She will make you understand."

And then He had left me there, under her heart. It seemed so long ago. But He was right. Love was so wonderful-radiant, pulsing, beautiful-like Him. But why was He calling me now?

"Come," He said, reaching for my hand. But I shook my head. "I can't leave her. She needs me. She loves me. It will hurt her. It will hurt me." I remembered everything she had told me:

the games we would play, the dreams we would share. I wanted to be with her. I wanted to tell her that I loved her, too.

I think He understood how I felt. He had had a mother too. "Remember what it felt like when you were inside her?" He said, very gently. "You couldn't see her, but you could hear her heart, and everything inside it. You knew how much she loved you. You knew how much she wanted you. So even if it was very dark, you always had her light to keep you company." I nodded vigorously. Yes, yes. that was how it was.

I was very happy, growing under her heart. So much love. She had taught me well. "Well, now you will hear her heart again. But you won't be underneath it. You'll be inside it. You'll keep her company, with every breath and with every thought, and teach her what you learned about love.

You will show her that it doesn't matter what you look like, or where you stay-your love will shine into all the corners of her life, no matter how dark it gets." He was right. He was always right. But I

was so sad. I didn't want to go. "Can't I stay a little longer?" I begged. "We had so little time." "But you have the rest of eternity to love her. Just in different ways, my child, just in different ways."

And with the same gentleness that He had placed me in her womb, He led me away into the Light. I looked back at my body, so cold and still. I seemed so small. "How could so much of that love fit into that frail little shell?" I asked.

He smiled. "You are learning again. It cannot fit. Now you will love her with your soul. The soul she helped Me shape-the soul that she has taught to love."

I sighed. "I just wish I could've said goodbye." But He shook his head.

"You never will." And with a tiny flick of His hand, he led me into her heart, and slowly walked away.

Written by Dedet Reyes in honor of her son, Joshua Reyes

Dearest Mommy: In Celebration of all our Beautiful Mothers

Because I do believe, I really do:

Dearest Mommy,
When you wonder the meaning of life and love
Know that I am with you~

Close your eyes and feel me kissing you
In the gentle breeze across your cheek.
When you begin to doubt that you shall ever see me again
Quiet your mind and hear me
I am in the whisper of the heavens
Speaking of your love.

When you lose your identity
When you question who you are
Where you are going
Open your heart and see me
I am the twinkle in the stars
Smiling down upon you
Lighting the path for your journey.

When you awaken each morning
Not remembering your dreams
But feeling content and serene
Know that I was with you
Filling your night with thoughts of me.

When you linger in the remnant pain
Wholeness seeming so unfamiliar
Think of me and know that I am with you
Touching you through the shared tears of a gentle friend
Easing the pain.

As the sunrise illuminates the desert sky
In that breathtaking glory, awaken your spirit
Think of our time together, all too brief, but ever brilliant
When you were certain of your destiny
Know that God created that moment in time, just for us.

Dearest Mommy, I am with you always.

By Joanne Cacciatore (c) 1997, 2001, 2002. An excerpt from the book "Dear Cheyenne"
This may be reprinted only with the permission of MISS

A Father's Love: Stronger than Death

A father's love
Is like a shadow gently
Dancing
Around you
Protecting
Guiding

Not too close
He'll let you wander
Learn
Explore

But he's always close just in case

A father's love
Remains
Even if hidden through the years
Behind determined eyes and stoic smiles

Even if Death has come for his beloved child
And siphoned his world through
The aisles of a sanctuary and a frail casket,
ruby-red roses
A father's love
Like a shadow gentle dancing
Remains
Not too close, never touching
But ever-present~

Truly a Miracle: A Father's Story

By Ron Herzog

We thought it made sense to provide a little background on Makalie before you read her poem.

Makalie had a very rare chromosome disorder called Trisomy 18. That just means that Makalie had an extra 18th chromosome. Babies with Downs Syndrome have an extra 21st chromosome. We learned that Makalie had this disorder at five-months gestation, and the specialist that confirmed this disorder, advised us to terminate the pregnancy. He advised that our baby would be severely mentally retarded and basically a vegetable, if she lived at all. We were told that 90% of babies with Trisomy 18 don't make it to term or are still-born.

We came home the evening after learning Makalie's fate and searched for information on Trisomy 18 on the internet to learn that these babies had so many disorders and defects that it just added to the horror of learning about Makalie's fate. Regardless, it took Tracy and I only about 24-hours to agree that we were going to have this baby.

We named her Makalie Jane at 5 ½ months gestation because we weren't sure if we would ever see her alive, and wanted to call her by name in Tracy's tummy.

We were lifted up in prayer for the next four months in anticipation of the big day.

I remember walking into the hospital at 6:45 a.m. on April 3 and realizing this day would change our lives forever. When we walked in the hospital that morning, I remember wondering if we would walk out with her, and

the thought of leaving the hospital without Makalie was unthinkable.

We prayed to God to give us one hour with Makalie. We wanted to hold her and show her how much we loved her.

This is a picture of her. It is awesome.



We feel so blessed that God would give Makalie to us.

Makalie didn't have all of the defects that we were told. We then had to deal with the fact that of the 10% of Trisomy 18 babies that are born alive, 90% of those babies go home to Jesus within the first year.

We got to enjoy Makalie for almost nine glorious months. She was an amazing little girl. Makalie far exceeded our expectations in terms of interaction with our family and her happy demeanor. She wasn't anything like what the doctors or internet had indicated. She was a precious little baby that brought an incredible amount of joy to our family. Her brothers could not walk through the room without stopping and kissing her. I joke with Tracy that

she got more kisses than any nine month old baby ever had.

Everyday with Makalie was special for our family.

Makalie was beating all odds. She was thriving and developing beyond expectations. She was healthy, happy, and very aware of her surroundings and particularly aware of the people in her life. Even the specialists believed that she was doing well and would continue to do so.

Her very unexpected passing on December 28th 2002 was a shock to all of us.

Tracy and I want you to keep in mind that this story is a celebration of Makalie's life. It may tug at your heart strings, but remember that we got Makalies so much longer than what we had expected. We have some incredibly cute pictures and a motion video of our little girl.

We could not take Makalie into many public places because she was medically fragile, and we couldn't afford for her to get a virus of some sort. This story is our way of sharing our little Miracle from God, with you. We are convinced that she was brought to this world to glorify our Lord.

*Ron, Tracy, Cody, and Cardale Herzog
Makalie's loving family.*

For Beautiful Little Makalie

*Your life has touched my heart in so many ways.
That is why it is so hard to let you go.
Your sweet little smile has not only
made me laugh,
but it has reminded me of the blessings
God bestows.*

*Your tiny little fingers that I've held so many
times, remind me of how God holds everything in
his hands...every life....every heart.....every soul.*

Your precious feet and baby toes remind me

*To always walk in God's ways,
No matter how hard the winds of life blow.
Your beautiful deep blue eyes remind me to seek
God and to watch for his miracles
that always show.*

*Makalie, you are one of God's precious and in-
credible miracles,
Like a little angel sent from heaven to bless our
lives, and you have.
In our hearts, your life will glow.*

*Written by: Holly Beech- 13 years old cousin
to Makalie Jane Herzog.*

You ...

By Dan Butler

*All my life I had never known
Love so pure until I brought you home.
It was the brightest day that I have been shown
And I know I would never have to be alone.*

*We lived and laughed and I watched you grow
I never seen such a miracle.
I thanked my stars and the heavens above
I thanked My God for sending me your love.*

*Then the sun set down on a beautiful day
And quicker than you came you flew away.*

*I wish I could follow you to where you have flown
But I'll wait down here till its time to go home.*

*It's hard You know just to carry on
These days and nights they seem so long.
The only thing that is my saving grace
Is knowing that someday I'll see your face.*

*So for the rest of my life your memory
Will have to be enough to carry me.
And I'll live my life the best I can
Until I find you in my arms again.*

In loving memory of Mya Nicolosi

