

Forever in Our Hearts



SHARE Atlanta Memorial Celebration



1984

2004



*“Engraved on our hearts
Your love always to abide
We walk without you
Yet you are always at our side”*

Julie Franklin

Sunday, October 23, 2005
SHARE Atlanta's Angel Garden
A Special Garden to Grieve, Hope, and Heal
Babyland at Arlington Memorial Park
Atlanta, Georgia
Please sign our guest book ...

The Love Stays...

“Breath of Light” (Prelude)

Amon Sherriff

“Inner Space”

from The Peace-Filled Journey CD by Amon Sherriff

“Happy Birthday Caleb by Your Mommy”

Julie Franklin

In memory of Caleb Andrew Franklin

<i>Beautiful Boy, Gentle Son</i>		
Fierce Independent, Loving one	Engraved on our hearts	Come in our dreams
	Your love always to abide	Let us hug you and kiss you
Anticipation Excitement	We walk without you	Gone from our lives
Wonder and Joy	Yet you are always at our side	Now we so dearly miss you
We wanted to know you		
Our sweet baby boy	Hold my hand	With love from our family
	Kiss my cheek	More than one could comprehend
Determined to meet us	My gentle strong son	Happy Birthday Sweet Angel Caleb
You arrived earlier than planned	Let me feel your presence until day is done	Our Little Man Son and Friend
Inspiring to others		
A loss hard to understand		

Welcome

SHARE Atlanta welcomes each of you. We hope that this special service, in memory of all of our babies, brings you hope, peace and continued healing. As we share together we know that the love we feel for our children will be *forever in our hearts*.

“His Candle”

by Julie Branch

In memory of Justin Paul Branch

Emily Keen

Big Sister of Elijah Thomas, Autumn Bray, Frances Grace,
Sarah Elizabeth, Samuel Brown and Jeremiah Davis Keen

*I light his candle
to acknowledge his life.
And I say his name
and that I miss him.
I wonder if it's celebration enough
for what he means to me.*

*..So I light his candle
with peace, joy, sadness and love
Content with the knowledge...
that he is with me always
because he is in my heart.*

Lighting of Memorial Candle

*In loving memory of all the precious children
whose short lives touched the hearts of their
parents and friends.*

Cammie and Isaac Ritter

Subsequent siblings of Dorothy Ellen Ritter

“SHARE Atlanta” Siblings..

Two special stories were shared in our fall newsletter, and we are honored to have the children from these stories light our memorial candle today. Emily's touching, award winning essay about her six brothers and sisters expressed how our babies can bring love and a deeper appreciation for life to each of us. The Ritter family's story made clear how the love of their first born baby, Dorothy Ellen, will be forever in their family. SHARE Atlanta is blessed to have families that have continue to support us through the years. They bring to us the hope that healing does happen, that families can find meaning in their special baby's presence, and that our pathways of the future do hold positive experiences. We are best able to heal when we understand that our special children will never be forgotten and always loved. All of our children are our blessings.

“No Heartbeat”

by Roger Deane
In memory of Russell Joseph Deane

Todd and Melina Smith
In memory of Amelia Claire Smith

Roger’s poem tells our collective story. It expresses the reality of what we have faced and embraces the intense love that we carry for our child.
This love is essential for our healing.

“Rachel’s Poem”

Rachel Deane
Younger sister of Russell Joseph Deane

“The Touch of an Angel”

Valerie Scholovich
In memory of Megan Elizabeth and Kathryn Ann Scholovich

*May all who stand before you bask in the warmth of your knowing face
As they share a special moment of peace and love
With precious little ones that time has not left behind
And forget for the while sad spirits and heavy hearts
But instead feel the rustle of your wings and hear the whispers of the babies
So soft ... so near ... like feathers falling from the sky
Letting your warmth surround them in a wave of newfound hope
As gentle as the breeze ... as sure as the sunrise.*

Roses of Honor

Eric and Shakina Williams
Courtney’s Grandmother Lorna Harris
In memory of Courtney A. Williams

Ed and Pat Elie
In memory of the Elie Babies

The white roses represent the innocence of our special babies and the innocence we have lost. They are the raw, new grief and the nearness of Heaven as we take the initial steps down grief’s path. The lavender roses represent the serenity we all hope to find, and the peace that healing can bring. Their delicate, silver hue reminds us of “the silver lining” of our children’s lives - the love, the joy, and the bittersweet memories of a too-brief life and its eternal imprint on each of our hearts. Jennifer Greer

..Forever in Our Hearts

“The Sitting Time”

by Joe Digman

Laura O’Brien
In memory of Emma Margaret O’Brien

“My Precious Jonathan”

Karen Verner
In memory of Jonathan William Verner

“I am a Mother...but in a different way.”

Kenya Beyah
In memory of Zari Beyah

“You Never Knew”

Polly Keen
In memory of Elijah Thomas, Autumn Bray, Frances Grace, Sarah Elizabeth,
Samuel Brown and Jeremiah Davis Keen

Litany Ceremony

"Remembered in Peace"

"Cosmic Mirror"

from The Peace-Filled Journey

Our angel mementos are SHARE Atlanta's gift to each of you as we remember, together, how precious our children are to us. If your baby's name is not on our litany, please know there is an angel for you after our ceremony.

Amon Sherriff

"If the Bricks Could Talk"

by Valerie Scholovich

Devon and Nikhol Jackson

In loving memory of Jaden Alexandria Jackson

Balloon Release and Bubbles

"Shadow of the Crow"

CD by Amon Sherriff

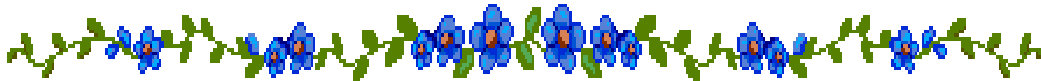
Please join Devon and Nikhol and family by blowing bubbles as our balloons are released. Afterwards, there are cookies that some of our members have brought to share - as we visit together.

Our Program's Participants

In memory of all our babies

Amon Sherriff

We wish you hope, peace, and healing.



Before or after the service: SHARE Atlanta volunteers are here for you if you wish support.

Please sign our guest book...If you wish for your baby's name to be called, and it is not on our litany, please tell Karen Verner who is standing by our guest book.

Our guests and members are important to us.

Together we create special memories.

"Thank you" We thank Maureen David, Rick Edwards, and Arlington Memorial Park. A special thank you to Amon, my friend, who joined us today. We thank all of our SHARE Atlanta volunteers who work year round to fulfill our mission, and those members who participated today. Together, we continue our outreach and support to those who experienced a pregnancy or newborn loss. Marcia McGinnis, President and Co-founder of SHARE Atlanta (www.shareatlanta.org)

SHARE Atlanta's Choices for the bereaved, their family, and friends:

- support groups: for men and/or women and a women's group
- www.shareatlanta.org (over 300 pages- stories, pictures, links...)
- newsletter (parent entries, events, issues, etc.)
- SHARE Atlanta angel garden with memorial brick pathway
- candlelighting and memorial programs (online, too)
- booklets & brochures for grief support and coping
- subsequent pregnancy support: a group for those who are pregnant again
- inservice programs
- Outreach for Healing Programs in memory of your baby: "Walk to Remember" with March of Dime's WalkAmerica ~ Foster Care Shelter Donations ~ Festival of Tree's Tree ~ 4Bs~Blankets of Love -see website for details of each
- Pregnancy and Newborn Loss Awareness Pins, Bracelets, and Advocacy Brochure (available at this service)

SHARE Atlanta is ...

- for families who have had ectopic, miscarriage, stillbirth and newborn loss.
- a volunteer, mutual-help group
- a nonprofit organization since '84.
- nondenominational; no fees.
- funded by tax deductible donations.
- annually supports over 400 parents.

SHARE Atlanta
770.928.9603
www.shareatlanta.org

“Forever in Our Hearts” Readings...

No Heartbeat

**No Heartbeat
Nothing else need be said
We cannot find the heartbeat
I am afraid your son is dead**

**Two words that changed our lives forever
Nothing will be the same
Two words that brought us closer together
We hope we won't go insane**

**Our child has died before his birth
People have nothing to say
To us it does not matter
We love him anyway**

**Now we go on with our lives
Strangers ask me everyday
How many children do you have
I don't quite know what to say**

**I tell them I have a son
Who died before he was born
He was truly an inspiration
Now we only can mourn**

**Don't be so sad they say
You are still so very young
It was meant to be, they say
You can always have another one**

**How stupid you are in your world
No understanding for my pain
My child was alive and we loved him
Nothing will ever be the same**

**Now we know we aren't alone
Two words have affected so many
We all love our children
Even when our arms are empty**

**We cannot find the heartbeat
We cannot find the rhythm
Our child has died and left us
We will hold him again in heaven**

**Roger Deane, SHARE Atlanta
*In memory of Russell Joseph Deane
April 7, 1992***

Rachel, 12, and Robert, 10, are Russell's younger siblings.

Rachel's Poem

**I see him not
For he is gone**

**He lost his life
Before I met him**

**I never knew him
I never kissed him
I never saw his eyes sparkle
Because they were born closed**

**No tears ever emerged
No thoughts were ever passed his head
No joy ever found its way to him**

**The only life he knew
Was short and dark
He only lived for a few months
In the dark**

**But I love him
And I always will**

**He is my brother
My Russell**

**Rachel Deane, 2004
*In memory of Russell Joseph Deane***

The Sitting Time

by Joe Digman

*Don't listen to the foolish unbelievers who say forget.
Take up your armful of roses and remember them,
the flower and the fragrance.
When you go home to do your sitting in the corner by the clock,
and sip your rose thorn tea,
It will warm your face and fingers and burn the bottom of your belly.
But as her gone-ness piles in white, crystal drifts,
It will be the blossom of her moment, the warmth on your belly,
the tiny fingers unfolding, the new face you've always known,
That has changed you.
Take her moment, and hold it, as every Mother does.
She will be your daughter.
And when the sitting time is done,
you will find that bitter grief
could never poison the sweetness of her time.*

Laura O'Brien

In memory of Emma Margaret O'Brien

My Precious Jonathan,

*At first the tears fell like a relentless storm as the thunder crashed in my soul
I fought day after day to make it through the rain to once again become whole
Each second a battle within me as I survived only from one heartbeat to the next
The thought of living the rest of my life without you seemed impossible to me at best
At times I merely existed, a shell of the person I was before you were gone*

*Months and months went by and the storm became more of a slow and steady rain
My heart ached for you every waking moment and with each breath I took,
My mind constantly filled with thoughts of what you would be doing now
I longed for the joy of hearing you laugh and seeing you smile for the first time
I still could not comprehend why our time together seemed but just a moment*

*The months turned into a year and the rain had become just a light sprinkle
The clouds had begun to lift and the sun slowly peeked through
Shining at times just enough to make me able to laugh again
Inside I still missed you each day, but I smiled more and cried less
as my journey carried me one step at a time, closer to peace and happiness*

*One year has now become over three and the rainbow has come out after the rain
It's colors are bright and beautiful just like the colors you brought to my life
From the tears has bloomed a garden of friends I would never have known without you
I have found an inner strength I didn't even know existed until you came along
Your brief presence in my life has given me more than I ever dreamed possible*

*I know that you are always with me, a part of me, just as I am a part of you
When I tell others about you now, I know they can see you there in my eyes
Any tears shed now are happy ones knowing that someday we'll be reunited in paradise
My angel, I thank God each day for giving me the gift of being your Mother
Having you helped make me the person I am today, because of you I am forever changed.*

All My Love, Mommy

Karen Verner. SHARE Atlanta '04

I am a Mother, but in a very different way.

When I lost Zari the first feeling I felt was numb. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what I was supposed to do. I felt numb and empty. The only decision I can recall making, is the decision to contact SHARE Atlanta. One of the first lessons I learned from them was that there was no wrong or right way to grieve. The only thing I needed to do was remember that I am a Mother. I also learned that I, too, would come to realize how I would celebrate Zari's life.

For months while carrying Zari, I had thought about how different my next birthday would be. How this birthday would be marked as my first year of being a mother. I looked forward to how that day would leave me feeling. *Well everything was different now.*

The day had come, but how would I mark it? *I am a Mother, but in a very different way.* Then the thought came to me in the dark of the night. "Go to the paint store, pick up everything you need," and it will come. I didn't ask any questions. (Even though I had been on an emotional roller coaster lately, I new that "thought" to be Spirit speaking to me.)

I set up the easel, put the paint out, and sat and stared. I had never picked up a paintbrush a day in my life. I had no idea what I was doing. Day came and night fell; with me sitting and staring. While doing so, I begin to see it. First I painted blue because it represented the sadness I felt. Then green because it represented the new life that I had experienced. And then, red because it represented the anger I felt. I stared longer. Then I saw the brightness of the Creator's energy represented by bright orange and yellow and I painted. Then amazingly I saw beautiful precious Babies going towards the Energy. The more I stared the more Babies appeared. Everywhere I saw one appear; I painted.

I call this piece *Ascension*—the journey of our babies. *In celebration of Zari~10.24.03.* Kenya Beyah

You Never Knew

**You made an impression on my mind,
Although I never saw your face.**

**Elijah Thomas July 4, 1992
Autumn Bray October 31, 1992**

**You made a mark upon my body,
Still my arms held your empty place.**

**Frances Grace May 6, 1994
Sarah Elizabeth August 14, 1994**

**You have a hold onto my heart,
But our dreams did not come true.**

**Samuel Brown September 22, 1996
Jeremiah Davis February 20, 1997**

**You have a place within my soul,
Forever, I will love you.**

**-Polly Keen, SHARE Atlanta '00
Joe and Polly have two living children
Emily, 15, and Joseph, 8.**

Mind, Body, Heart, and Soul



Remembered in Peace

Litany Ceremony

The vessel placed before us symbolizes our hearts. When we conceived and when we lost our babies our hearts were flooded with emotions. Emotions of joy, happiness and wonderful dreams when we conceived. Then emotions of grief, anger and extreme sadness when our sweet baby died.

The water inside symbolizes the tears we each have cried. Some alone and some on the shoulders of our loved ones and friends. Our shared tears have become one tear for the many parents who suffer similar losses each day. The tears we shed gradually lead us to wisdom, strength, compassion and endurance.

One of God's creations, the rose, with its thorns and lovely colors and fragrance, is a symbol of beauty and pain. Today our rose petals symbolize the sweetness of our babies. The white petals are our babies so soft and pure who are here with us today in our hearts. The pink petals are the love we have for our babies, and the yellow rose petals are for the growing peace that we wish to find as we heal. They also reflect the friendships that we have found in SHARE Atlanta that have helped us to heal.

*During the litany, as you come to receive your angel memento, let's join together in sharing the path toward peace as we place some rose petals in our vessel by the SHARE Atlanta Memorial Candle knowing that our special babies will be ..
...forever in our hearts..*

Forever Loved...

If the bricks could talk, what amazing and timeless stories they would surely tell.

Tales of sorrow, despair, and broken hearts. Lives forever changed against their will - raw, utter sadness and a fragile, unending vulnerability.

But the bricks would also tell the story of healing, the story of courage and hope. A place beyond this earth, warm and safe; a bittersweet peace.

*They would tell us to hold ever close our precious dreams,
and they would sing the little babies lullabies
to soothe our mending souls.*

Singing sweet songs of love - undeniable love.

Valerie Scholovich, SHARE Atlanta, 2003

In memory of Megan Elizabeth and Kathryn Anne Scholovich