

Forever in Our Hearts



*SHARE Atlanta
Memorial Celebration*



*"You are still here.
A beautiful promise!
Through the rain,
the hope still shines!"*

Crystal Shoemaker

Sunday, October 28, 2007
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)

“Inner Space”

from The Peace-Filled Journey CD by Amon Sherriff

Amon Sherriff

“Hope Still Shines”

by Crystal Shoemaker

In memory of Jacob Daniel, Amelia Grace and
Alisha Faith, Charles Jeffrey "CJ," & Isiah Thomas



*My Love For You
Still Shines*

Darkness envelops me,
The clouds are overhead,
The wind begins to moan
A drop falls down on the thirsty earth.

My skin is soaked and my body shivers,
My eyes are filled with the brine.
Pain envelops my soul-
Losing you cuts deep;
As I look into the sky, I see a hint of color.

Yes! There it is, a bit of blue and yellow-
A little more shows and then-
You are still here.
A beautiful promise!
Through the rain, the hope still shines!

Written in honor of our daughter, Hope Allison
SHARE Atlanta 2006

Robin Cash

In memory of Hope “Chappy” Cash

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

*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.
SHARE Atlanta 1991*

Eric and Shakina Williams

In memory of Courtney AuxVasse Williams

Lighting of Memorial Candle

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

Nikkia, Ondreauna, Kiauna, Imari Nelson

In memory of Tawain Nelson

My letter to Tawain: “It’s been a year and two months...”
I Will Remember

I love you very much and I wish and pray that you were here with us.
I can remember the first time I heard your heartbeat, I cried.
I can remember you kicking me inside and getting the hiccups, I was thrilled.
I can remember the first ultrasound with you, I was excited.
I can remember your daddy rubbing and talking to you all the time; telling all his friends,
"Yeah, I'm going to have a boy." He was full of joy.
I can remember all the wonderful time we shared in such a short moment.
I'm glad I got a chance to listen, watch, and feel you inside of me.
We will meet again, but until then, I'll remember what we shared within.
You love me and you remember I'm thinking and missing you everyday.
I love you more than the world itself.
Until we meet again, I will remember.
Love, Mommy
Nicole Nelson, written in 1992

“No Heartbeat”

by Roger Deane

In memory of Russell Joseph Deane

No Heartbeat Nothing else need be said We cannot find the heartbeat I am afraid your son is dead	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	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
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	I tell them I have a son Who died before he was born He was truly an inspiration Now we only can mourn	Now we know we aren't alone Two words have affected so many We all love our children Even when our arms are empty
Our child has died before his birth People have nothing to say To us it does not matter We love him anyway	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	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'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.* Roger, a SA dad, read his poem at our first memorial service in 1996 in memory of Russell—4.7.92.

“Tu vida” - “Your Life”

Nadie entiende lo unidos que somos,
simplemente por que no estás fisicamente.
Unas personas dicen que quizás estabas enfermo y
que esto fue lo mejor.
Otras personas dicen que eras debil,
y que solamente ibas a sufrir.
Otros dicen que no me preocupe,
que luego vendran otros.
Y a mi me gustaría gritarles que
No! No estabas enfermo, que No! No estabas débil, que
No! No ibas a sufrir, y que No! No serás tú el que venga.
Nadie entiende que simplemente tu vida fue así.
Y como prueba de tu existencia estamos tus
padres que siempre te recordaremos con amor y cariño.

No one understands how close we are,
even though you're not physically here.
Some people say that maybe you were sick and
that it was for the best.
Other people say that you were weak,
and that you would only have suffered.
Others tell me not to worry,
that there will be others.
And I just want to shout at them that,
No! You weren't sick! That No! You weren't weak!
That No! You wouldn't have suffered! And that
No! You won't be among those to come.
No one understands that this simply was your life.
And so as proof of your existence, we're here,
your parents who will always remember you with love.

“The Touch of an Angel”

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

Valerie Scholovich

In Memory of Kai, Tai and Sai Hoeye (Triplet Boys)

Rick & Lorelei Hoeye

In Memory of Kai, Tai and Sai Hoeye (Triplet Boys)

Hayden and Maria Elie

In memory of Rachel Elie

Please see the back page of the Quilt Flyer for the Elie's special message.

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 pink tipped yellow roses represent the serenity we all hope to find, and the peace that healing can bring. Their delicate hue reminds us of preciousness 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, 2002

..Forever in Our Hearts

“Hope in Grief” & “Sailing”



Sailing This drawing is of Ethan sailing away on this magical sail boat. The sail is the sunshine and the mast is a tree. Its boughs are full of blossoming flowers surrounding our Ethan. There is a red bird, a tiny spider, and a dragonfly. They all are representations of Ethan. I find myself constantly looking around and asking if that bird is Ethan trying to say hello. Or, maybe, that spider or the dragonfly that landed next to me is my Ethan. I imagine that he is sailing everywhere around me.

**Allysa Luttrell**

In memory of Ethan Wolf Luttrell

Hope in Grief This drawing is about my strength, my sadness, my grief, and my hope. The mountain scape is me cloaked in black and mourning. It is also the strength needed to get me through my grief. The smaller mountains represent the obstacles and the ups and downs of the grieving process. They are the things I have gone through and still have to go through to heal. The tree is the family tree. The flowers are falling, but there is a sparkle of hope still present. The clouds are the storm of my pain and the rain is my tears. The storm is breaking up some but still there. The dragonfly is symbolic of my baby, Ethan, as well as peace. The shining sun gives the clouds their silver lining. Even though this time is hard something great will come from our tragic loss. When I look at this picture I feel hope. I feel comfort. The tree needs rain and sun to grow just as I do.

“The Waterbug Story”

Author: Unknown

Coretta Monroe

In memory of Gabriel Cadence Hunter

Adriianne Verbanac

In memory of Nathaniel Verbanac

Down below the surface of a quiet pond lived a little colony of water bugs. They were a happy colony, living far away from the sun. For many months they were very busy, scurrying over the soft mud on the bottom of the pond. They did notice that every once in a while one of their colony seemed to lose interest in going about with its friends. Clinging to the stem of a pond lily, it gradually moved out of sight and was seen no more.

"Look!" said one of the water bugs to another, "One of our colony is climbing up the lily stalk. Where do you think she's going?" Up, up, up it slowly went. Even as they watched, the water bug disappeared from sight. Its friends waited and waited but it didn't return.

"That's funny!" said one water bug to another. "Wasn't she happy here?" asked a second... "Where do you suppose she went?" wondered a third. No one had an answer. They were greatly puzzled.

Finally, one of the water bugs gathered its friends together. "I have an idea. The next one of us who climbs up the lily stalk must promise to come back and tell us where he or she went and why." "We promise" they said solemnly.

One spring day not long after the very water bug who had suggested the plan found himself climbing up the lily stalk. Up, up, up he went. Before he knew what was happening, he had broken through the surface of the water and fallen into the broad and free lily pad above.

When he awoke, he looked about with surprise. He couldn't believe what he saw. A startling change had come over his old body. His movement revealed four silver wings and a long tail. Even as he struggled, he felt an impulse to move his wings. The warmth of the sun soon dried the moisture from his new body. He moved his wings again and suddenly found himself above the water. He had become a dragonfly. Swooping and dipping in great curves, he flew through the air. He felt exhilarated in the new atmosphere.

By and by the new dragonfly landed happily on a lily pad to rest. Then it was that he chanced to look below to the bottom of the pond. Why, he was right above his old friends, the water bugs! There they were scurrying around, just as he had been doing some time before.

Then the dragonfly remembered the promise. Without thinking, the dragonfly darted down. Suddenly he hit the surface of the water and bounced away. Now that he was a dragonfly, he could no longer go into the water.

"I can't return!" he said in dismay. "At least I tried. But I can't keep my promise. Even if I could go back, not one of the water bugs would know me in my new body. I guess I'll just have to wait until they become dragonflies, too. Then they'll understand what has happened to me, and where I went."

And the dragonfly winged off happily into its wonderful new world of sun and air.

Dear God, please remember _____ who has left the pond we live in, and remember me.

“We Remember Them”
Responsorial Reading...

taken from Bittersweet...hellogoodbye
by Sister Jane Marie Lamb

Please join together...

In the rising of the sun and in its going down...

We remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter...

We remember them.

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring...

We remember them.

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer...

We remember them.

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn...

We remember them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends...

We remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength...

We remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share...

We remember them.

So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us, as ...

We remember them.

“You Never Knew”

by Polly Keen

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

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

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

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

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

Mind, Body, Heart, and Soul

Elise Beltrami
In memory of Grace Marie Beltrami

Elijah Thomas	July 4, 1992
Autumn Bray	October 31, 1992
Frances Grace	May 6, 1994
Sarah Elizabeth	August 14, 1994
Samuel Brown	September 22, 1996
Jeremiah Davis	February 20, 1997

*-Polly Keen, SHARE Atlanta '00
Joe and Polly have two living children
Emily, 16, and Joseph, 10.*



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.

*Written by Diane Campbell for SA in 1996
In memory of Hope and Faith*



One More Tear

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.

"We Remember"

by Jennifer Greer

In memory of Jesse David,
Jamie Caroline, and Jacob Evan

Ed and Pat Elie

In memory of the Elie Babies
In memory of Rachel Elie their granddaughter

*In the garden of our lives, you bloomed.
In the night sky of our dreams, you shone.
In the music of our hearts, you are loved.
We remember you always.
-SHARE Atlanta 2005-*

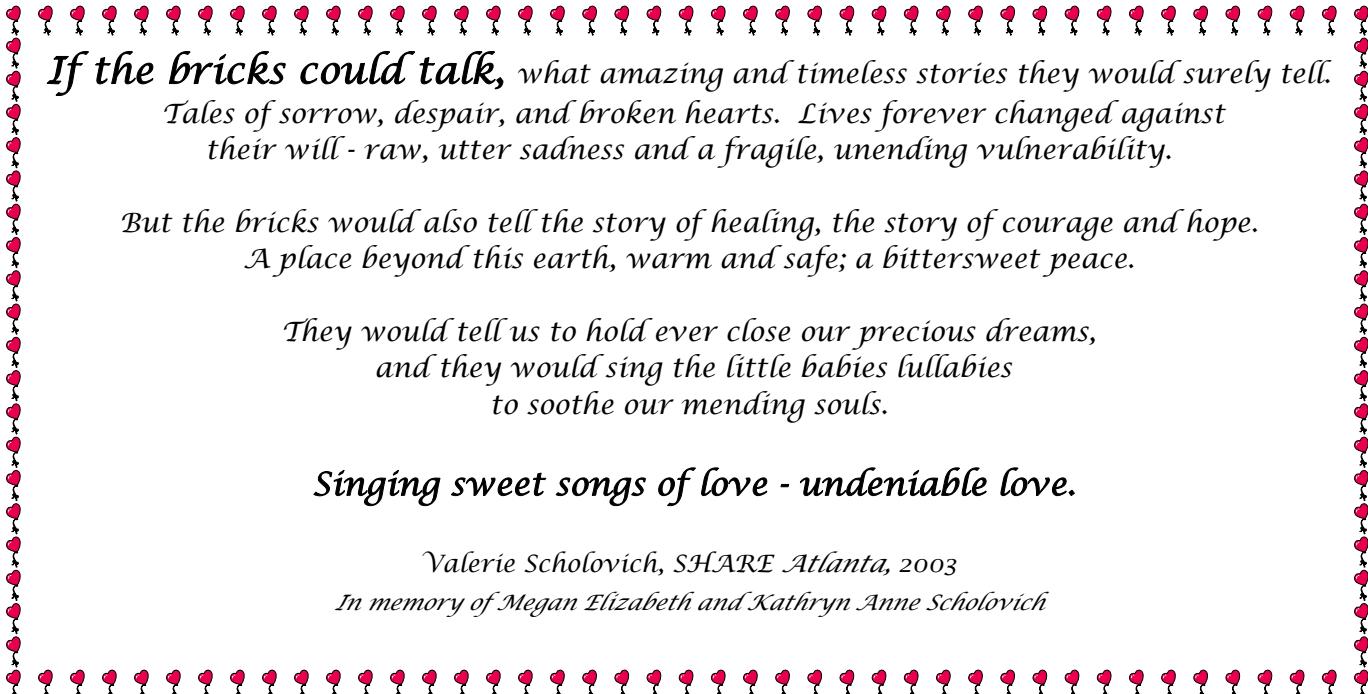
Forever Loved...

"If the Bricks Could Talk"

by Valerie Scholovich

Devon and Nikhol Jackson

In memory of Jaden Alexandria Jackson



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

Balloon Release &
Bubbles

Please join Devon and Nikhol by
blowing bubbles as our balloons
are released.

SHARE Atlanta Members,
Family, and Friends...
In memory of all our babies

"Shadow of the Crow"

CD by Amon Sherriff

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 the SHARE Atlanta Volunteer who is standing by our guest book.*

Our guests and members are important to us.

**Together* we create special memories.*

October is Pregnancy and Infant Loss Awareness Month.

In the fall, SA holds our Angel Garden Memorial Service, our Women's Candlelighting, and begins our participation in the Festival of Trees. SA's "Walk to Remember" combines with our March of Dime's fundraising drive for WalkAmerica. We have won "Top Family Team Downtown" for 3 years. For the second year, we attended the MODS' National Volunteer Conference because we are one of the Top Five Family Teams in the nation! Our sweetest reward is to have happy families because of everyone's efforts. All year long, we "Walk to Remember" as we work to "plant our feet firmly" in hopes of healing. At first our steps are wobbly, but as we learn to cope, they become more sure. Families come to understand that the *love* they feel for their baby grows as they reach out to others. And...



The love stays...forever in their hearts.

October Loss Awareness Information - <http://www.shareatlanta.org/special.htm>

SHARE Atlanta's "Outreach for Healing" Programs - <http://www.shareatlanta.org/outreachmenu.htm>



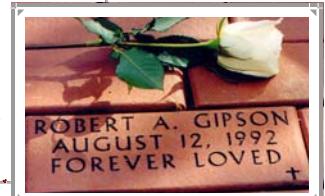
A Special Garden to Grieve, Hope, and Heal

*In memory of all children whose brief presence
touched our hearts forever.*

Memorial Pathway Bricks—\$25.00

Keepsake Memorial Bricks—\$20.00

- * Orders received by: 2/1, 5/1, 8/1, 11/1
- * Details & ordering form: <http://www.shareatlanta.org/angelmenu.htm>
- * You will be notified when the bricks are placed in the garden.



"Thank yous" We thank Maureen David and Arlington Memorial Park. A special thank you goes to Amon, my friend, for his fourth year with us. He has become an important person for our memorial service. We thank all of our SA volunteers who work year round to fulfill our mission, and those members who participated today. Together, we continue our outreach to those who experience a pregnancy or newborn loss. Marcia McGinnis, President & Co-founder of SHARE Atlanta

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 500 parents.

Walk America: April 2008. SA walks Downtown, but you may walk anywhere and/or on a Personal Family Team. We can combine your funds with SA's Team. When SA raises enough funds, we are blessed to have one of the 10 TENTS on the grounds. Then, we can carry *our message* to families during the annual walk.

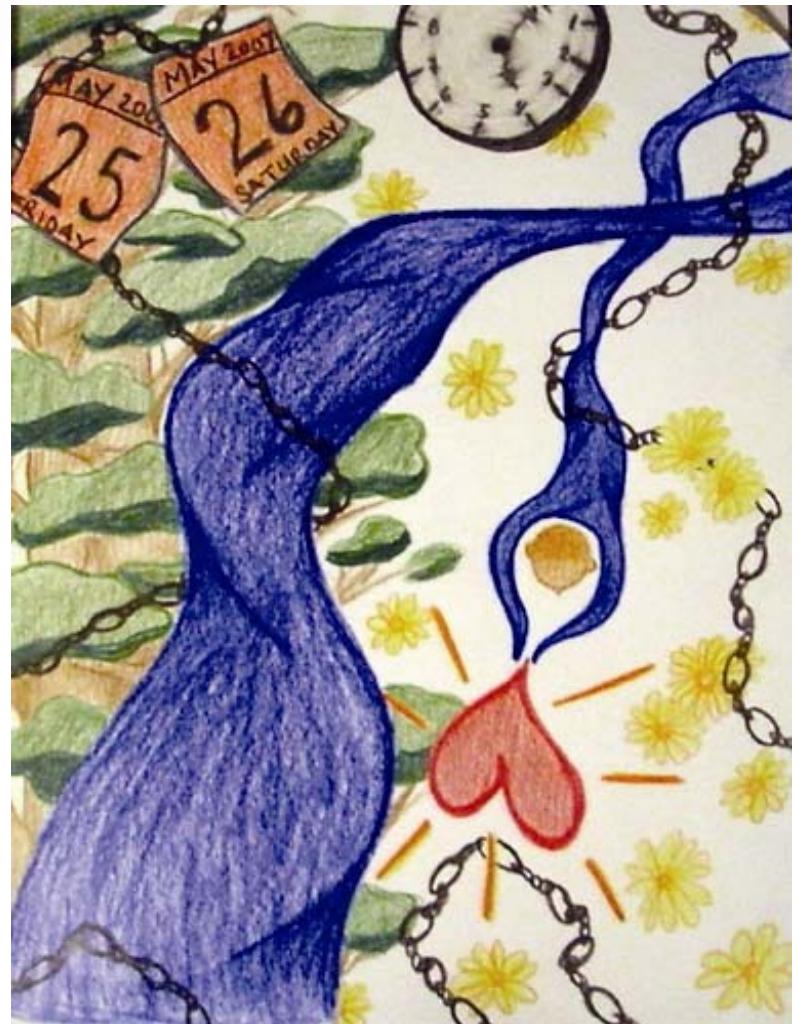
Healing

Allysa Luttrell



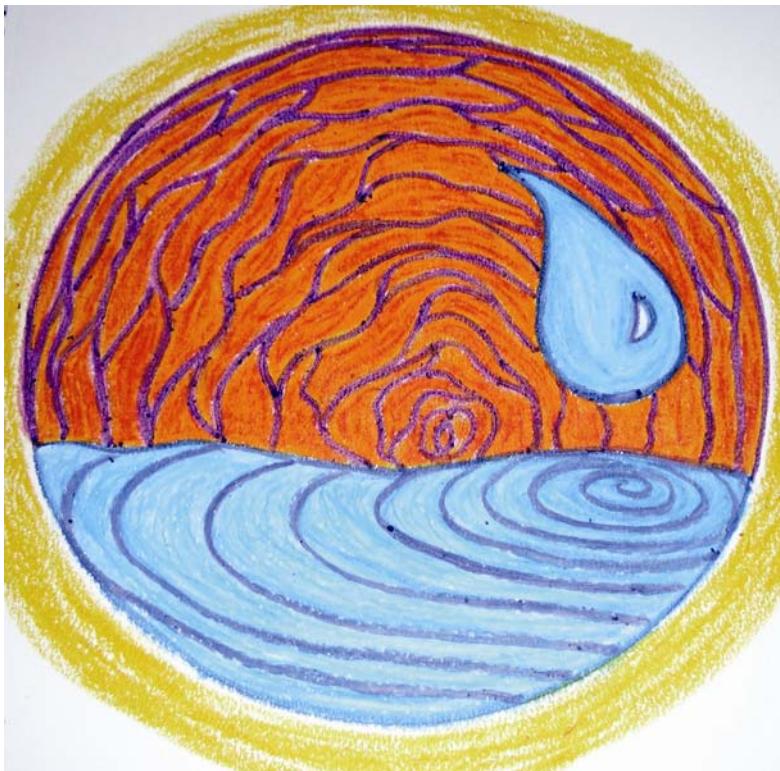
My Love For You Still Shines

This is me holding Ethan who is shining like the sun. After we left the hospital, I really wanted to hold him forever. In this drawing, I get to do that.



That Day

This was done one month after Ethan's death. I drew a river that is also his umbilical cord. He is bringing us his heart. The 2 calendar days represent the 2 days this happened. They have become one day to me. On the 25th, I was being sent to the hospital, and they were going to induce me. The morning of the 26th he was born dead. The clock is blurred just as time seemed to me. Time was a big blur. I was moving so quickly through my labor. My labor was 3.5 hours from 0cm dilated to birth. The chain from the clock is how time brought and twisted this all together. The tree and flowers in the background are symbols of the growth that started after his death.



One More Tear

I cried and cried after losing Ethan. One more tear is, yet another, added to the many I cried. The background is the chaoticness of my emotions that are blooming into a flower.



Sailing

This drawing is of Ethan sailing away on this magical sail boat. The sail is the sunshine and the mast is a tree. Its boughs are full of blossoming flowers surrounding our Ethan. There is a red bird, a tiny spider, and a dragonfly. They all are representations of Ethan. I find myself constantly looking around and asking if that bird is Ethan trying to say hello. Or, maybe, that spider or the dragonfly that landed next to me is my Ethan. I imagine that he is sailing everywhere around me.

These are a sampling of the many loving prints that Allysa Luttrell drew in memory of their son, Ethan Wolf. Ethan was born still on May 26, 2007.