This is the time of year when we reflect on our accomplishments and achievements as well as our disappointments and sorrows of the past twelve months. On Thanksgiving Day we are expected to give thanks to the Lord for all our blessings, followed by a few weeks of what is supposed to be a season of joy.

If this year has been a year of loss for you, then an attitude of gratefulness, festivity and tranquility may seem impossible. Experts tell us that the rates of depression and suicide reach an all-time high during the holidays, because people in severe grief feel as if they cannot endure hearing plans of family get-togethers or the mood of exhilaration from everyone around them. So how do you plan on getting through November and December without falling into the pool of statistics? How can you maintain a heart of thanksgiving when you truly feel as though you cannot think of one good fortune of the past year, your tinsel has turned to tears and your life seems far from content?

The Bible tells us in Nehemiah 8:10 "the joy of the Lord is your strength." This is a scripture that many of us have been able to quote since we were children, but we may not have paid much attention to its promise. Read the verse again and think about it. The JOY of the Lord is your STRENGTH! We all need strength to get through our personal storms, so according to scripture our endurance comes from the joy we receive from the Lord.

Another familiar passage in the Bible is Mark 4:35-41. Jesus and His disciples were in a boat on the Sea of Galilee. The Sea of Galilee is typically a quiet and serene lake, but on one side there are mountains with deep gorges that can act as funnels and can cause forceful winds to strike with amazing violence. Those on the water can one minute have a joyful time experiencing life’s beauty then suddenly, without warning, become victims of a torrential storm.

Does this sound like something you have recently experienced? One day you were happy and joyously expecting the birth of your baby, then the next day while at a routine doctor’s appointment, out of the blue you found yourself in the midst of an unpredicted storm.

When the waves came crashing down on the disciples’ boat, they panicked while Jesus slept soundly on a cushion in the stern of the boat. They awakened Him shouting, "Don’t You care if we drown?"

Do you feel like the disciples did? You’re in the middle of a deep black ocean, and vicious waves of grief continue to rage down on you. You feel as if Jesus is sleeping through it all, and you want to shake Him awake and scream, "Don’t You care that I am drowning in my sorrow?!"

When Jesus awakened He commanded peace over the storm, then with some irritation reprimanded the disciples by saying, "Why are you so afraid?" In other words, I think Jesus was frustrated with their apprehensiveness of not thinking He was in control and said, "Why are you worried and yelling? I’m here and I always have been!" That’s what Jesus wants us to remember today. He is not sleeping through our turmoil. He is here with us, ready and willing to calm whatever forcefully blows into our lives and give us peace. So as we embark on a new year and celebrate His birth this holiday season, let us not forget to give Him thanks for the joy and peace He provides.

Rebekah Mitchell

Originally printed in the  M.E.N.D. 
November/December 2001 newsletter
Had Mary known, just she alone,
when in her arms a baby lay
The pain and sorrow of His tomorrow,
sin in its ultimate display,
Would she have hidden Him and safely bidden Him
and quickly run for His life?
Or could she have faced with no attempt to replace
His inevitable appointment with strife?

What if she had known, through a vision been shown,
the fate of His downy soft head
Which her cheek brushed gently as He cooed so contently,
absent all feeling of dread
Of a day far too soon, the sun peaked at noon
when men filled with hatred and scorn
Would picture His skin and abruptly press in
a crown protruding with thorns?

Had Mary known all along the fate of the palm
she uncurled carefully with her thumb
The hideous sound that a hammer would pound
when to a nail His palm would succumb
Would her grasp have grown tight as she clutched with her
 might each tiny, searching finger
That would stretch out in pain, no relief to be gained
as the minutes ‘til death only lingered?

What if Mary had perceived the message received
in the swaddling clothes wrapped ‘round Him
That they only foretold a body grown cold
and the grave clothes that eventually bound Him?
And the clothes He’d wear from his body they’d tear,
each garment from the other
As they cast their lots no mercy is sought.
An eyewitness you’ll be, Dear Mother.

As my mind still wanders over the one who pondered
each moment in that stable
If she had known what Scripture has shown,
would she have changed it if she were able?
I realize now as my knees drop to bow
 something of the God of Glory.

Had He told her these things, what Christ’s future would bring,
He would have told her the rest of the story—

“Yes, Dear One, who holds my Son,
lifting Him from a hard, wooden manger,
 He’ll be a man of sorrows, all grief to borrow,
from birth He’ll be in danger.
On a tree replete with sin’s defeat
He’ll soon die in your very own stead.
No earthly throne, He’ll die alone,
and thorns will crown His head.”

“Grieve only a while o’er the loss of My Child,
God incarnate in this baby boy.
The grave will soon see the captives set free
and your heartache will turn to joy!”
The angels restate, ‘ How long will You wait
to give Him all You’ve longed for?’
My patient reply, “First He must die …
His grave is the Open Door!”

“As life came from the womb, there’s life from the tomb.
My plan is being perfected.
There’s a place I prepare after sin I repair,
for My children, My heart’s own Elected …
Where all bow down at His feet, death in defeat,
and call Him the Lord of all lords!
Blessed choruses ring, ‘He’s the King of all kings!
His Word a double-edged sword!’

“For now, My child, but for a while,
cuddle Him all you can.
Gather hay from the loft, sing a lullaby soft,
‘Sleep, Baby, Blessed God-man.’
So much word must we do when time becomes due.
Rest for now, My Darling, don’t cry.
Stars, shine bright! Dance on His face tonight!
Look up, your redemption is nigh!”

He is God’s God, the Only One
through Whom men can be restored.
Dry your tears, incline your ears.
Your pain is not ignored.
Hail His Majesty, the Prince of Peace,
the Bright and Morning Star,
Bow each knee, and tongues proceed,
praise Him wherever you are!
My Christmas Prayer
Excerpts from a poem by Lynn Campbell Belinke

Dear Lord,

While other people’s Christmases are red-and-green, or white,
I think the color blue describes my holiday tonight.
While they can string, and shop, and cook with childish delight
I’m tense, I’m torn between two worlds, you could say I’m uptight.

For my own peace, I need a way to see the Savior’s touch;
My spirit longs to celebrate while in this worldly rush.
So, what I need now, Father, is a transformation bright
That I may think of Jesus when observing all in sight.

Let the candy be a shepherd’s crook that guides me day and night,
Let the peppermint be as hyssop, which washed believers white.
Let the red be Jesus’ blood to me, as He to the cross did yield
And let the stripes remind me, by His suffering I am healed.

And let me see in holly with its barbs and berries red,
The crown of thorns that Jesus wore, which pierced his sacred head.
And let the season’s evergreen tree which never seems to die
The crown of thorns that Jesus wore, which pierced his sacred head.

And let the lights of Christmas, which sparkle in the night
Remind me that He told us that He, then we, are light.
And on each tree and on each roof let every shining star,
Remind me that He told us that He, then we, are light.

And let the candy be a shepherd’s crook that guides me day and night,
Let the peppermint be as hyssop, which washed believers white.
Let the red be Jesus’ blood to me, as He to the cross did yield
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Lynn Campbell Belinke is one of the original founders of Stepping Stones, a Christian newsletter for couples facing infertility. For information e-mail step@bethany.org or visit www.bethany.org/step. Reprinted with permission.

MEND Support Group Meetings

Regular MEND meetings are held the 2nd Thursday of every month from 7:30 – 9:00 p.m.
Mommies AND daddies are both welcome at all of our meetings.

Matters of Faith Bible study will begin January 18 and will run weekly for six weeks every other Tuesday, 7:30-8:00 p.m., at the regular MEND meeting place. Contact Lisa Durham for more info: liscdurham@sbcglobal.net.

Our daddies group meets the 2nd Thursday of March, June, September, and December from 7:30 – 9:00 p.m.
This is a special time for daddies to get together and discuss concerns unique to them as fathers. Our moms and daddies meet together for introductions before dividing into two groups for discussion.

All support group meetings are held at:
1159 Cottonwood Lane, Suite 150
Irving, Texas (Las Colinas) 75038
(This is on the west side of MacArthur Boulevard, across the street from the Four Seasons Resort. There is a Holiday Inn Express at the entrance of Cottonwood Lane.)
For more information or directions, call (972) 459-2396.

January/February Topic
Grief Can’t Be Rushed
Deadline—December 10, 2004

March/April Topic
Seeking Professional Help
Deadline – January 31, 2005

Stories, poems, thoughts, and/or feelings regarding these topics are welcomed. Submissions must be received by the deadline to be considered for publication in the newsletter. Unfortunately, there is not enough room to include all submissions. Choices will be left to the discretion of the editors. Please see the back page of the newsletter for the appropriate address to send your submissions. Any submission printed in our newsletter will also be posted to our website indefinitely unless we receive notice in writing that you are only granting permission for your submission to appear in the printed version of the newsletter.

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Subsequent pregnancy group meets the 4th Tuesday of each month from 7:30 - 9:00 p.m.
For families who are considering becoming pregnant after a loss. Led by Christine Oxendine (bearpals@charter.net).

Subsequent pregnancy birth class For families who are near their due date with their subsequent pregnancy.
This one-night childbirth refresher meets once every three months and is conducted by one of our M.E.N.D. moms, Allyson Smith, R.N. The group requires a minimum of three participants to meet. For more information contact Allyson at ssmith@dallas.net or (972) 899-0405.

Stories, poems, thoughts, and/or feelings regarding these topics are welcomed. Submissions must be received by the deadline to be considered for publication in the newsletter. Unfortunately, there is not enough room to include all submissions. Choices will be left to the discretion of the editors. Please see the back page of the newsletter for the appropriate address to send your submissions. Any submission printed in our newsletter will also be posted to our website indefinitely unless we receive notice in writing that you are only granting permission for your submission to appear in the printed version of the newsletter.

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**Sweet Caleb,**

I can’t believe you left us a year ago. Some days it feels like an eternity since I held your tiny fingers. Other days, the memories are so clear that I’m sure I can feel your soft lips as I kissed you goodbye. There is so much that we’ve learned in this year about our strength, our faith and ourselves. Yet there’s so much left to know. I often wonder what color your eyes were and about the timber of your voice. Would you look like your Daddy? Would you have my temperament? What would your first word have been, and what would we have done to celebrate your first year of life? But now as your birthday draws near, I wonder if I’ve done all I can to be sure you know how very much we long for you, how much we miss you and how much we love you. Your Daddy and I anxiously await until we are reunited some day in heaven…meet us at the gates.

Happy 1st heavenly birthday, honey.

We love you,

Mommy and Daddy

---

**Dearest Allison,**

Nanna can’t believe it has been almost four years since I held your tiny, perfect body in my arms. Your beautiful black hair and blue eyes just shined! Nanna made a garden spot for you under a beautiful pecan tree. I have a bench and a statue of a little girl reading to a squirrel. Lots of times I sit on the bench and I thank God for sending you into our lives.

Since you were born you have a baby sister named Megan. She, too had dark hair and blue eyes. If you’d have been born at the same time I’m convinced you’d be twins. She is very special, too. She is a little over two years old, but I assure you when she gets old enough Mommy and Daddy will make sure she knows all about you. Nanna is also proud to announce you’re gonna have a baby brother soon. Nanna and Pop Joe are so proud of each one of you. We are proud of your mommy and daddy, too!

Just always know, Allison, when you are looking down on me from heaven that I’ll always love you, and I will be in heaven with my little angel girl some day.

Happy Birthday!

Nanna and Pop Joe

---

**Dearest Andrew,**

On November 11, 2000, God called you home, and it’s your fourth birthday in heaven. By now you’ve probably seen your Grandma Jack. She’s been in heaven since December 30, 2003, and she’s going to celebrate with you today. I love you very much, my son, and someday I’ll be there with you. Mommy thinks of you every day. I look at your picture and I wonder how big you might be and what color eyes and hair you may have. Remember, Andrew—I will always love you. There is an empty space in my heart that cannot be filled. You have that space in my heart forever and ever.

I wish you the best birthday, Andrew. Say hi to Mama for me.

Love, hugs, and kisses,

Mommy

Andrew Joseph Jack, stillborn 11/11/00, heart attack during labor

Mom: Patty Jack

---

**In loving memory of Jameson**

Joy to our family
Adorable
Much wanted
Eight days old
Son
Oodles of love
Newborn baby

Happy 3rd birthday, little man!

We love and miss you so much!

Love,

Mommy, Daddy, Julianna, Jared and Janelle

Jameson Cole Ripple
December 14-22, 2001
Skeletal Dysplasia (Compomelic Dwarfism)

Parents: Dawn and Kevin Ripple

Siblings: Julianna, Jared and Janelle

---

**Tributes to Our Special Babies**

**MERRY CHRISTMAS, MATTHEW!**

This is your second Christmas with Jesus in heaven. Back in the sweet arms of our Lord. We miss you terribly and love you so much! We think of you every day! Love you forever!

Love,

Mommy, Daddy, Thomas and Michelle

---

Matthew Joel Mifflin
Stillborn June 6, 2003
True Knot in Umbilical Cord
Parents: Dennis and Janet Mifflin
Siblings: Thomas and Michelle

---

**In memory of Caleb Scott Fann,**

December 1, 2003
11:12 a.m. to 5:15 p.m.

Infection from premature rupture of membranes

Parents: Jonathan and Heather Fann
Siblings: Baby August

---

**In memory of Allison Paige Bausch,**

November 1 - November 10, 2000, prematurity

Parents: Brian and Tonya Bausch

Little sister: Megan

Grandparents: Vickie and Joe Hime

---

**In loving memory of Jameson**
Happy 3rd Birthday Catherine Mary

Another year has come and gone...
Three years have passed since our precious baby girl was born
Oh, how I wonder what you would be doing now...

Imagine what our lives would be like if you were here on earth with us
Catherine, you are cherished and adored by Mommy and Daddy
You are part of us and we love you completely

So many feelings, emotions and imagined dreams we experience
As another year passes with our hearts so full of love
We wish our angel a happy 3rd birthday in heaven

Love,
Mommy, Daddy
and your little brother Alex

In Loving Memory of Catherine Mary Martin
Stillborn December 15, 2001
Trisomy 18
Beloved child of Nancy and Glenn Martin
Brother: Alex

Michelle and Gary McHone, along with little brother Ryan and little sister Eryn lovingly remember the birthday of their daughter, Kassandra Voulis, stillborn 11/11/92, cord accident.

We miss you sweet girl!

Hello, Goodbye

By Michelle McHone
In Memory of My Baby Girl Kassandra
Born and Died 11/11/92

Tiny girl with big blue eyes
Your passing caught us by surprise
I felt you move, and kick and fight
Yet you never saw the light
Into silence you came from me
My tears so fast I couldn’t see
They tried to wake you, yet could not
The fight was over, fully fought
I held your tiny body close
Checked your fingers, eyes and toes
You were still, my heart was full
My tiny baby, stillborn girl
Dark hair, soft skin and mommy’s hands
I touched your fingers, felt the strands
Of silky hair atop your head
I could not believe that you were dead
Yet, we bonded, me and you
Inside my body nine months you grew
Your toys lay silent, bed was cold
This year you would be 12 years old
Not one day has passed without a thought
Of who you’d be, or how I fought
To keep you in my heart each day
And not forget to think and pray
Or thank the Lord for the son I have
And husband who’s the greatest dad.
I miss my girl, I think we’d play
With makeup, dress up and with clay
I think of Barbies, dolls and toys
And even how you’d flirt with boys
If only I could see your smile

It would make the pain seem quite worthwhile
You have a brother, six, is he
a baby sister, one, is she
“Big Sister” is who you would be
to these sweet blond babes who call me mom
and want to know where they came from
“Heaven” I’ll say
to them one day....

Where Kassandra runs and plays
Christmas in Heaven
written by Samantha Iliff,
in memory of Logan David,
December 2000

The miracle of birth is such a joy
Especially on Christmas day
We gather new to honor Jesus
As we pray to God and say
Thank you God for all Your gifts
Thank you for Your love
Thank you for the trees and lakes
And the beautiful sky above
The Christmas lights are burning bright
As people gather to sing
Silent night is my favorite song
And I love to hear the bells ring
Thank you for the animals
And thank you for Your Son
Thank you for my family
And thank you God, for my son
My son is up in heaven with you
He sings with the angels above
Please give him a short note from me
Tell him Dad and I send our love
I had a dream the other day
About being in heaven with You
You held my baby lovingly
And said, “You can hold him, too.”
“He’s here with Me,” You said out loud
He’ll never cry or feel pain
He’s always here upon My knee
He helps Me send down the rain.”
We laughed and played, my son and I
We shared a song, or two
We decked the heavenly halls with cheer
His daddy held him, too.

Christmas in heaven, without a doubt
Is a glorious sight to see
The most perfect Christmas imaginable
With my Lord, my son, and me.

Happy 1st Birthday to our sweet Marissa Joy!
It’s been a year now since Jesus took you home to heaven. We think of you and miss you every day. Stephen, Season and Ethan like to color pictures for you. They make up songs for you and about you all the time. In those times I really miss you, wishing you were here to sing, dance, and color with them. Summer vacation, trips to the park or zoo and holidays remind us all of your “firsts” we have missed.
But, we know that God’s plans are perfect and that you are eternally safe in the arms of Jesus. There is no greater peace than that knowledge. We will always treasure the memory of you. Looking forward to the day when we will hold you in heaven.
With all our love,
Mommy, Daddy, Stephen, Season, and Ethan

Dearest Marissa Joy,
You have touched the hearts of many. What a privilege it has been getting to know you and to be praying for you and trusting God for his plan for your life. Even though God chose your life to be short here on earth you have taught us all so much about life and how precious it truly is. We’re sad we won’t be able to see or touch you or witness your many “firsts” in your life, but knowing you are now safe in the arms of Jesus gives us the hope that someday we will see you and be together for all eternity.
There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven; A time to be born and a time to die… Ecclesiastes 3:1-2
From your loving church family at Amazing Grace

Marissa Joy Jordan
November 26, 2003
Skeletal Dysplasia
(Thanatophoric Dwarfism)
Parents: Sean and Sarah Jordan
Siblings: Stephen, Season, and Ethan, and sibling due in February 2005
Remembering Baby Jordan, miscarried October 1999

Tributes ... continued
“Unto us a child is born. Unto us a Son is given.” Every time I heard that scripture passage (which was quite often!), anger and bitterness gripped at my heart. “That’s great,” I would think, “but what about me?” My child had died. My son was taken. Of course, I knew I should be celebrating the birth of Jesus, for if there had been no Jesus – no birth in the manger, no perfectly lived life, no sacrifice on the cross - I would have no hope of a joyful reunion with my son. And yet, I had lost my joy.

Christmas is a difficult time for grieving families everywhere. Before last year, I never understood why there are so many suicides during the holiday season. How could anyone be depressed during such a wonderful time of year? I was naïve. I believed that family gatherings, Christmas carols, gift giving and getting, tree decorating and fires in the fireplace were enough to lift anyone’s spirits. Oh, to be that naïve again!

In reality, it’s terribly painful when it seems the whole world is celebrating while you are mourning. Countless times I found myself standing in the mall and wanting to scream, “What is wrong with you people? Don’t you understand that my son just died?” My world had stopped, and no one seemed to notice. They all went about their business – shopping, eating, decorating, singing – as if nothing had happened. How dare they?

Christmas day finally came, and I could scarcely believe what happened. I lived through it. I even smiled some and laughed a little. I cried a little, too. My husband and I spent the day at my parents’ house and we lit a small candle in David’s memory. There were some difficult moments, but not nearly as many as I thought there would be.

And now that Christmas is coming again, I can’t help but look back on the last couple of years. At Christmastime 2002 I was hoping and praying that it would be our last Christmas without a baby to hold. I imagined all the cute pictures we would take the next year and the adorable Christmas outfits our baby would wear. During Christmas 2003 I stayed in “survival” mode as I mourned the death of our son, David. Again, I hoped and prayed (even harder) that the next Christmas would find me with a baby in my arms. So here we are, Christmas 2004. I’m not pregnant. There is no new baby. I still struggle with that anger and bitterness that I felt a year ago, but my sorrow has overcome most of my anger; I’m fighting bitterness with faith.

“Unto us a child is born. Unto us a Son is given.” This year, those words aren’t quite so painful. I will focus on their true meaning. I will remember the baby Jesus. And little by little, I will find my joy.

By Melissa Stephens, in memory of David Atkins Stephens, October 23, 2003, Omphalocele
Matters of Faith Bible Study will begin in January running six weeks:

Jan 18: Intro/Foundation of Faith  
Feb 1: My Baby & Heaven/Grief  
Feb 15: Guilt, Fear, Glimpse of Hope/Anger, Jealousy, Resentment  
March 1: God’s Will/Prayer  
March 15: Obedience/Peace  
March 29: Rejoice/Remember

Will meet for six weeks every other Tuesday, 7:00-8:30 p.m. at regular M.E.N.D. meeting location.  
Contact Lisa Durham for more info:  lisadurham@sbcglobal.net
**Subsequent Births**

**Brian and Jean Mueller,**
along with siblings Ashley and Mark
of Richardson, Texas,
proudly announce the arrival of
Kristen Claire
on October 1, 2004.
She weighed 6 lb., 11 oz.,
and measured 19 ¾ inches long.
The Mueller family lovingly remembers
Matthew James,
died at birth August 16, 1998,
due to premature labor.

**Dave and Shannon Steinberger**
of Rockwall, Texas,
joyfully welcome
Harrison Dane,
He weighed 6 lb., 6 oz.
The Steinbergers remember with love
Hayden,
stillborn December 23, 2002,
due to placental abruption,
and two angels,
miscarried July 2, 2003,
and September 12, 2003.

**Menaca and Bhaskar Padakandla,**
along with big brother Aakash
and big sister Rumya
of Carrollton, Texas,
joyfully announce the arrival of
Seth Abhishek,
born September 20, 2004,
weighing 4 lb., 13 oz.,
and measuring 17 inches long.
The Padakandla family lovingly remembers
Amar,
June 28, 2001,
multiple congenital heart defects.

**Lori and Aaron DeLaTorre,**
along with siblings Alex and Adyson
of Irving, Texas,
gratefully announce the arrival of
Kolt,
born October 27, 2004,
weighing 6 lb., 9 oz.
The DeLaTorre family
lovingly remembers
Kane Christopher,
stillborn August 6, 2003,
due to a cord accident.

**Eric and Cheryl Fritsch,**
along with siblings Jerod and Joley
of Denton, Texas,
excitedly announce the arrival of
Jadyn Mark,
He weighed 9 lb., 8 oz.,
and was 20 inches long.
The Fritsch family lovingly remembers
Jacob Andrew,
stillborn March 21, 2002,
due to a cord accident.

**Lloyd and Tricia Henry**
of McPherson, Kansas,
joyfully announce the arrival of
Joseph Edward,
born September 6, 2004,
weighing 7 lb., 11 oz.,
and measuring 18.75 inches long.
The Henrys lovingly remember
Patricia Grace (Gracie),
October 23, 2003,
extreme prematurity.

**To Sean and Sarah, For Marissa Joy**
Written by Elizabeth Ward, reprinted with permission

The beauty of a little child  
The faithfulness of God  
Both are precious blessings  
We’re undeserving of.

But God, He gives good gifts to us  
If only for a time  
Marissa Joy, a wished-for child,  
A gift of the Divine.

Now she cuddles Heaven’s breast  
Her Creator holds her close,  
Wrapped up in a Greater Love  
Jesus, Lord of hosts.

He says, “You’re home, my servant child,  
For your job there is done.  
Your days spent there were but a mist  
But I numbered every one.

“You reflected your Creator,  
Made precious every breath -  
Through dark hair and two tiny hands,  
The Master’s plan expressed …

“Marissa Joy Jordan  
November 26, 2003  
Skeletal Dysplasia  
(Thanatophoric Dwarfism)  
Parents: Sean and Sarah Jordan  
Siblings: Stephen, Season, and Ethan,  
and sibling due in February 2005  
Remembering Baby Jordan,  
miscarried October 1999.
gratefully acknowledges these gifts of love given in memory of a baby, relative, friend, or given by someone just wanting to help. These donations help us to continue M.E.N.D.'s mission by providing this newsletter and other services to bereaved parents free of charge. Please refer to the back page of this newsletter for more information regarding where to send your donations and what information to include.

Thank you so much!
Riley Marshall Sharpless  
Stillborn September 3, 2001  
Placental Abruption  
Given by parents  
Ken and Lisa Sharpless  
and big brothers Reid, Tyler,  
and Cameron  

Joseph Charles Libby  
Stillborn May 26, 1999  
Cord Accident  
Given by parents  
Wim and Sharlene Libby  
and siblings Will, John, and Mary Grace  

Allison Paige Bausch  
November 1 - November 10, 2000  
Prematurity  
Parents, Brian and Tonya Bausch  
Little sister, Megan  
Given by grandparents  
Vickie and Joe Hime  

Garrett Anthony Mayer  
October 12 - December 18, 1999  
Tetralogy of Fallot  
Parents, April and Tony Mayer  
Little sister, Samantha  
Given by Sharon and David Schwans  

James "Jack" Henvey  
July 4, 2001  
Tetralogy of Fallot  

Baby Henvey  
Misdicated October, 2003  
Parents, Renee and Chris Henvey  
Given by Southwest Furniture Company  

Gabriela Faith Gregory  
Stillbirth January 24, 2002  
Anomaly of Umbilical Cord  
Given by parents  
Chris and Monica Gregory  

Catherine Mary Martin  
Stillbirth December 15, 2001  

Baby Martin I  
Misdicated June 14, 2002  

Baby Martin II  
Misdicated September, 2002  
Blighted Ovum  
Given by parents  
Glenn and Nancy Martin  
and little brother Alexander Lee  

Lauren Paige Grimes  
Stillborn March 6, 1999  

Baby Angel Grimes  
Miscarried January 25, 2001  
Given by parents John and Paula Grimes  
asister Rileigh  

Baby Jordan Tschoepe  
Misdicated August 11, 1999  

Spencer Charles Tschoepe  
Stillborn July 24, 2000  
Unknown Cause  
Given by parents  
Mandy and Ernie Tschoepe  
and little sisters Clara and Kathleen  

Kyle Charles Walton  
November 19, 1998  
Group B Strep  
Parents, Kristen and Jason Walton  
Siblings, Jessica, Laura, and Joshua  
Given by Moxie Pest Control  

In Loving Memory … continued  

**MEND Fundraisers**  
As a non-profit organization, **MEND** is funded solely by private donations and fundraisers. Any assistance you can give us by participating in any or all of these fundraisers is greatly appreciated.  

### Kroger grocery stores  
donate a percentage of all purchases of those shoppers who have and use a Kroger Share Card back to **MEND**. To obtain your Share Card, contact Rebekah via one of the ways listed on the last page of this newsletter and let her know how many you need. This program is valid in Texas, but residents of other states may need to check with store managers to see if they participate.  

**Tom Thumb** also has a program in Texas that can benefit **MEND**. If you have a Tom Thumb Reward Card, please ask your Tom Thumb cashier to link your card with **MEND**. Our number is 6265. If you are already linked to another organization, they will split a donation of one percent of your purchases between the organizations. It only takes about five minutes to get a Reward Card, and it can also be used at Randalls and Simon David stores.  

**Stamps.com** offers a $10-$20 referral program. If you would like to purchase stamps from home and receive a free postage scale, visit www.stamps.com, and use referral code C-4FTJ-TWR. Stamps.com will give the incentive money to **MEND** in the form of free postage.  

Shannon Outen, a **MEND** member and co-owner of **Paper Patch**, represents several lines of business stationary, specializing in customized holiday/Christmas cards at a discounted price. Shannon will donate 10 percent of her profits to **MEND** from each Christmas card order. Contact Shannon at (817) 557-4733 or email outencs@aol.com to receive a current catalogue.  

Christine Oxendine is now a representative of **Avon**. She has offered to give to **MEND**. 10 percent of any orders placed by **MEND** members. To receive a catalogue, contact Christine at 940-381-6617 home or 682-365-7448 cell, or e-mail bearpals@charter.net.  

**Glenn Martin** is looking for **MEND** families willing to grant space for small gumball machines in order to raise funds for **MEND**. If you have a retail business or connections to a high traffic location, like a restaurant, and are willing to place a gumball machine in your location, Glenn will place, stock, and service the equipment and give **MEND** 35 percent of the proceeds. His business has most of its route in the Grapevine and Southlake areas and could travel further into the Dallas/Fort Worth metroplex for a high traffic location. Glenn can be contacted at (817) 874-5366 or glmartin@attg.net.  

**MEND** can now earn funds through **i.think inc.**, an online marketing research firm. You can help by signing up as a survey panel member and designating us as the recipient of your fee. Every time you complete a survey **MEND** will be automatically credited. Go to the website at http://www.ithink-inc.com and choose “Sign up to become an i.think inc. panel member” Fill out the sign-up survey. Under the “Funds for Charity” section, select **MEND** from the list of names. Once you have completed the sign-up survey, including a valid email address, you’ll be contacted with an Internet address and password for specific surveys for you to take part in. At the end of the survey, press the “Submit” button, and **MEND** will be automatically credited as the recipient of all money you have earned.
**M.E.N.D.**

is a Christian nonprofit corporation whose purpose is to reach out to those who have lost a child to miscarriage, stillbirth or infant death and offer a way to share experiences and information through monthly meetings, this newsletter, and our web site.

For inquiries, subscription requests, deletions, and submissions to the newsletter, contact us at M.E.N.D.
P.O. Box 1007
Coppell, TX 75019  
Phone and Fax: (972) 506-9000  
(Please call before faxing)  

E-Mail: Rebekah@mend.org  
Sharlene@mend.org

Donations make the printing and distribution of this newsletter possible. Your tax-deductible contributions are greatly appreciated and should be sent to:

**M.E.N.D.**
P.O. Box 1007
Coppell, TX 75019.

If your gift is made in memory of a baby, please include that baby’s name (if named), date of birth and/or date of death, the parents’ names, and the name of the benefactor. You may also include the cause of death (if known).

Visit our web site at:  
[http://www.mend.org](http://www.mend.org)

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P.O. Box 1007, Coppell, TX 75019  
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(972) 506-9000  
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“... that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God” (2 Corinthians 1:4)