

Saturday, March 1st, I recieved a box in the mail. The Honored Babies book. I knew it was on the way because of Paula's messages at the Honored Babies website.

I felt rather afraid of getting it. Lauren's and my story is in it you know. I wasn't sure I would even be able to open the box. Then I saw it on my kitchen counter when I returned home from work.

Home from work, after hugging and talking with a mom about her beautiful little daughter born still at 21 weeks. Home from work, after picking up cradle pictures taken of a 35 week little boy who was also born still, planning to see his Mom the following Monday to give her his pictures and just talk.

Only days before recieving in the mail a drawing of my little girl, Lauren, who was born still at 37 weeks, 8 years ago.

Some days things just pile up.
Not too sure of how much more I can take.

I arrive home and see the box on my kitchen counter. I quickly look away and go to the closet to hang up my coat. Then to the bedroom to change out of my uniform. Back to the kitchen. I look at the box, sure enough it is the book. Honestly, I couldn't open the box quickly enough once I saw the mailing label. Ahhh, in my hands at last. At last. The cover is beautiful, made me smile right away. On the back cover, real, real, little angels. I smile to see them too.

The past few days I have spent every spare moment reading the book. I read mine and Lauren's story first actually critiquing the way I wrote it. Thinking of how I can explain to family and friends, who will also have copies of the book once I am able to give them out, why my sentences sound so short and choppy. The story was so hard to write. So painful, hurt so badly, I had to force the words out, like every breath I have taken since she died.

I have gone on to read every last story. Oh, they make me cry and they make me smile. Such brave moms. Making a difference, not just in their own lives but in ever life that this book touches.

I want to see this book everywhere. In every book store, in every supermarket, every library, every church, every where books can be found. My best friend told me recently that this is the kind of book that will be passed from hand to hand through the ages. I know this is true. I know even more that it is absolutely necessary. It doesn't just tell the stories, it tells the truth about grief and the feelings that come with having our babies die. It isn't easy reading just as it wasn't easy writing. It is the most beautiful truth I have ever read.

Thank-you Paula, thank-you, for sharing your love of Kadin. Thank-you for sharing your pain, so finally there is a place, a source where people can learn the truth and hopefully get a glean of understanding of what life is life after our baby dies.

Vicki
Lauren's mom