

Forever Angels



Hello Everyone,

Maybe this finds you planting or thinking of planting your garden. In so many ways, there is no better place to be. The colours, textures, and shades of green always leave me impressed with Mother Nature's capabilities. One of the best things about gardening is that even if things don't grow as we would have hoped, there is enough success to entice us back again next year to try once again. If you are not a gardener by choice or circumstances (you might live in an apartment with no balcony....), a local park or arboretum is waiting for your visit to offer you solace, comfort and peace.

One of the garden's best gifts, I feel, is that it provides Hope: for next year, for next month, for next week. Hope for peace, for connection, for solace. In a garden so much seems to be worthwhile and it can be easier to breath. In addition, the path seems a little clearer, a little less bumpy and welcoming.

May you find Hope in the garden as well. If not your own, then perhaps a friend's or one within your community.

*Thinking of you,
Lynda*

Loss of Twins at Different Times.....

My husband and I were going in for what we thought was an orientation of just one baby. Twins run on my side of the family, it was my generation who was supposed to have them. When we found out I was scared to death. I freaked out and started crying while talking to my dad, who was crying because he was so happy. After the initial shock we were excited.

We are both in the Marines. The pregnancy was very stressful. I always had something to complain about and work just was not making things any easier. Every doctor's check-up I was told no extra precautions were needed and that I could fly up to 36 weeks. I listened. My unit went on 6 different flying trips. Despite my feeling nauseous in flight on the first trip, I went on every trip.

About once a month, sometimes more, our building was cleaned using chemicals suck as windex, pine sol, bleach and so on. When I was about 5 months or so, I had to take my turn cleaning. We cleaned for about 8 and half hours followed by our last trip out of town and back.

The same week, I went in for a checkup and complained of an [urinary tract] infection. I told the doctor I had douched although I had not ever done that before. He said since the symptoms I was complaining about were not present, they were not going to do an exam. However, if you research it [urinary tract] online, the douche can hide the symptoms or make them worse, and it states on several articles that a exam is precautionary.

On May 27, 2008 my husband and I enjoyed dinner out. On our way back I had a lot of pain. I did not know I was having contractions because I complained since about month 3 of cramping and the doctors kept telling me it was normal. So I figured this pain I was having was further "normal cramping." I went to bed, well attempted to, and didn't sleep. When I managed to dose off for a bit I woke up in tears at 2 am. I woke my husband and he rushed me to the hospital.

At the hospital the nurse told me to urinate in a cup. When I did I noticed I was bleeding. They set me up in a room and told me I was fully dilated. I started freaking out so badly, they had to give me oxygen. They kept checking my waters. They wanted to try and hold them from breaking as long as possible. Finally my waters broke and I was prepped for an emergency c-section. My twins were delivered at 0451 and 0452 at 24 weeks and 6 days. The delivering doctor told me I went into labor because of the infection I had complained about the previous week. Other doctors told me this all could have been prevented had my infection just been treated.

My beloved Abigail Michelle and my beautiful Haydn Michael were 3-month preemies. They were born on May 28, 2008.

Abigail passed away - May 30, 2008 Haydn passed away - July 5, 2008

Mommy (Kendra) and Daddy will always love you! And we surely do miss you! Your future siblings will know you!

Questions and Suggestions.....

Ques: [Lynda's Note: The Fact Sheet this woman is referring to is Pregnancy After Loss] Thank you for this article. I lost twins a year ago and I am pregnant again. Everyone seems frustrated that I am not "over" the loss of the twins. I was hoping desperately for another twin pregnancy and have had a difficult time accepting the singleton. Thank you for putting into words how my loss feels. I feel a little less crazy, a little less guilty for feeling the way I do. Thank you again.

Sugg: Please accept my sincere condolences on the loss of your precious babies. Nothing about losing a child is easy, in any shape or form. I can certainly understand your wish to have twins again. Those wishes are completely normal. While the folks around us may feel it is the "right" thing to do to encourage us to think to the future and take joy in the upcoming birth of a new baby, they don't understand that the past can still have an enormous and deep-rooted hold on us. I have no doubt that once you see your baby and hold him or her in your loving arms, your heart will feel a little lighter. The pain will not all go away because you have still suffered an enormous loss but when loving little arms wrap themselves around your neck and a wet kiss is planted on your cheek, this new Little One will help you heal. May your pregnancy progress well and your delivery be very special.

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**Ques:** When does it get better? When do you no longer feel as though your heart has been ripped out of your body when you're raising a twinless twin? Every day, I look into my son's eyes, every birthday, holiday and milestone I'm reminded, and the pain is as fresh as it was 4-1/2 years ago.

**Sugg:** Hello there, I am so sorry for your loss and for your pain. There is nothing that could prepare a parent for the loss of a child and of course you have the added challenge of a reminder that there should have been two. To a degree, the pain is always there to rear its ugly head when we least expect it, a beautiful sunset, an anniversary, a meaningful piece of music, your other child(ren). What does happen is that the sorrow lessens and goes somewhere within our hearts so that we can continue on to laugh again, move forward, live, even when we would like to forget or deny. I hope this will not offend you but please consider that you have a living son. It is not his fault that his co-twin died and he should not pay even a small price for surviving. Sometimes we can get so caught up in what we have lost, we do not fully appreciate what we have. He needs, wants and deserves all of you in spite of the tragedy your family suffered. Your son's eyes do contain the tragedy of your loss but they also contain hope for the future. I would suggest that perhaps you are more likely seeing your own reflection and the sorrow you feel. Please consider joining a bereaved parents' group, or having one-on-one counseling to help you deal with your loss. You may find solace in being with others whom have suffered the loss of a precious child and learning what has worked for them in moving forward. Even if you went for a little while, you may find it helpful. You have a right to

grieve, be angry, feel the pain over the loss of a much-wanted child and your son deserves loving, caring, involved parents. These are two different things. I enclose every best wish. Remember to be gentle with yourself.

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**On the Web.....**

Heather, who lost one of her 6-year-old triplet sons to cancer about 3 years ago, writes a blog about her grief and coping with her loss. She wrote recently about grief, sharing some thoughts about how everybody grieves differently.

Here's the link to her blog post of March 13, 2009,  
<http://faithfulfroggers.blogspot.com/2009/03/living-with-grief.html> called "Living with Grief".

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That which we learn with joy we never forget.      Aristotle