



The Miscarriage Association

OF IRELAND

Carmichael Centre, North Brunswick Street, Dublin 7.

Telephone: 8735702/8725550

Registered Charity Number CHY9738



NEWSLETTER

Welcome

We extend a big welcome to you all to our Summer Newsletter.

We wish to thank all those all those who contributed to this newsletter and we appreciate that you have shared your experiences and thoughts with us all. We have no doubt that those reading this newsletter will gain a great insight from your stories and poetry and help people feel less isolated in their grief.

Following the loss of a baby through miscarriage, people may have bad days, not-so-bad ones and some good ones. Please do remember that whenever you would like to talk that telephone support is available to you throughout the year. Just phone Carmichael Centre where you will be given the names and numbers of two volunteers and a time which will be suitable to call. If we are not available, please leave a message and we will contact you as soon as possible.

Please keep your articles for the newsletter coming in to us. It can be very healing to share your experience, story or poem with others and can be very helpful to those reading the newsletter.

Maggie O'Neill & Mary Lawson

July 2004

Service of Remembrance

– Sunday 7th November, 2004

Our Annual Service of Remembrance takes place on Sunday 7th November 2004 in St. Theresa's Church, Donore Avenue, SCR, Dublin, 8 at 3p.m. Parents, family members and friends are all welcome at this Service regardless of how long it is since the loss of the baby.

Fiona's Story

I discovered I was pregnant for the second time on my very first Mother's Day. It was unplanned and unwanted, and when the blue line appeared in the window on the pregnancy test, I burst into tears. All on my own in the bathroom, while my husband and our eight-month-old baby daughter plotted an inaugural Mother's Day treat in the kitchen. She had been born two months premature and our shared life so far had been tough. She was still in newborn baby clothes, still on antibiotics and I was still breastfeeding. I was exhausted. The last thing I needed was another pregnancy and another baby.

I dried my tears and went into the kitchen. As soon as I hear the words, "Happy Mother's Day", addressed to me for the very first time, I was off again. In between sobs, I told him I was pregnant. He was as shocked and dismayed as I was. When we'd all calmed down, he said he felt that we were being cheated out of our time with an only child. I just wondered how I'd cope with another baby and I lay awake all that night worrying about it, just me and my unwanted baby.

When did he become wanted? Over the next few days and weeks, while he grew inside me, he somehow found his way into our hearts. Two children under 18 months started to seem less daunting – even, just possibly, an occasion of joy. We guessed he might be a boy – no reason, just a hunch – and we wondered how he'd get along with his tiny big, sister. We told friends and family who slagged us for being nymphomaniacs, who rejoiced with us in anticipation of the chaos ahead. They all told me to take it easy and some advised me to give up breastfeeding. I couldn't do the first and I didn't want to do the second.

Miscarriage Association of Ireland Committee

Maggie O'Neill
Chairperson

Karen Gilligan
Secretary

Mary Lawson
Treasurer

June O'Toole
Committee Member

Cathy Lynch
Committee Member

Angela Grace
Committee Member

At the hospital, they performed an early dating scan – the breastfeeding had knocked my menstrual cycle off its calendar and I'd no idea when I'd conceived. An early dating scan is conducted internally, and is a horrible and invasive procedure – but in the middle of it all, while my dignity was suspended, there he suddenly was on the screen. And there was his tiny heart, beating like a little piston in his barely formed chest. It was a strong and regular beat. And when I saw it, just as I had done when I'd first heard my daughter's heart, I closed my eyes and made a simple prayer: let it still be beating long after my own has stopped.

But it didn't. A week later, going to bed on a Saturday night, something felt wrong. I honestly can't explain what. I wasn't in pain. I had no discharge, but somehow, I knew. The last thing I said to my husband before we went to sleep was "Something's wrong with the baby". The following morning I saw that I had bled a little in the night and I knew my baby had died.

At the hospital, though, they weren't so sure. Lots of women bleed slightly in pregnancy, they told me; there really wasn't any reason to fear the worst. Hope surged in my miserable body as they wheeled me to the top floor for another scan. Same drill as before. Only this time, the faces of the technicians told me the result was different. They asked me if I wanted to see him and I said I did. There he was, a tiny thing, a perfect little body lying on his side. And no piston, no heartbeat. "I'm so sorry," the obstetrician said, "Your baby has died." He had lived for just ten weeks, which isn't very long. But it was a lifetime.

The next few days are a bit of a blur. Lots of advice, loads of literature, lots of reassurance. Not my fault. Nothing to do with the breastfeeding. Nature's way of dealing with its mistakes. Nobody said anything about my not wanting him in the first place, because by then, I think everyone understood that I wanted him more than anything else in the world. And I still do.

Three days after the scan, I returned to the hospital for a procedure called an Evacuation and Removal of Conception Product. That's what my baby had become. The staff were as sensitive as people who deal with a dozen of these a day can be, but there was a brutality about the whole business, the language, the lack of emotion. All my charts stated that I'd had an "involuntary abortion", a description which seemed to me another kick in my aching abdomen. When I came around from the operation, a wonderful nurse took my hand and asked me how I was. "Okay," I muttered through fading anaesthetic, "not much pain." "No", she repeated, changing the emphasis on her words: "How ARE you?" More tears, more pain.

And more questions. Why me? Was it something I'd done? Something I hadn't done? And would it happen again?

And in between the questions, life went on. I minded my baby, kept my house, wrote my jokes. In this newspaper, I didn't miss a column. Those who hadn't known about the

baby never knew about the miscarriage – in the six years since it happened, this is the first time I've ever mentioned it in public. Well you don't, do you? And yet, experts estimate that as many as one in four pregnancies ends in miscarriage. It is as common as brown-eyed babies, and yet miscarriage remains a taboo subject, a harbinger of awkward silences. You can't be seen to grieve too much, because then you might undermine the pain of parents who've lost children who were born and breathed. It was only ten weeks, after all. Not even a belt notch. Other women don't talk about it, so you too hide it away. Hardly a life, hardly a death.

But the grief is real, the bereavement is real and the tears were real. And the guilt – God, the guilt. Was it because we didn't want him enough in the beginning? Was it because our good news seemed like such bad news at the time? Was it the breastfeeding? All you can do is grieve and research. The first helps the heart, the second assuages the guilt. It was nothing we did or didn't do; it could happen to anyone and it does happen to one in three women. We were just unlucky, the research said. But we weren't. We have our health, our lives and three perfect children. It was our tiny, nameless baby who was unlucky.

And life still goes on. Five months after my miscarriage, I was pregnant again. I didn't tell anyone until I was so obviously pregnant that people didn't need to be told. At the hospital, they gave out to me for not coming to them sooner, but I had my reasons. And now I have a big, strapping son who I wouldn't have if I hadn't lost a baby. You can tie yourself up in knots with logic like that, but sometimes it helps. We planted a rose bush in memory of our baby who had no name and no grave, and when we moved back to Dublin, we took it with us and planted it in front of the kitchen window. I'm practical enough to know that the perfect white roses it produces all year round while every other plant in the garden struggles for survival are purely coincidental, but I'm pleased that it thrives.

But it's a rose bush, not a baby. And when I see my three perfect children play around it, I know there should be four of them, that once there were. There are whole days that pass now without me thinking about him, but they aren't many. Most days, I think about who he might have been, this little person who we never met, who we never named, whose gender we never knew. And I remember his heartbeat on a screen, a little piston that stopped short, and it still makes me cry. Because however briefly, I was his mother.

We wish to thank Fiona Looney and the Sunday Tribune for their kind permission to reprint this article.

Harry's Story

Due Date – 24th May 2004

Lost to us – 1st December 2003

My name is Karen and my husband's name is John. We have two children Jack and Harry. Jack is four years old on the 9th February 2004 and Harry, well, Harry is watching down on his/her big brother as I write this story. I call it Harry's Story.

Well, it's not just Harry's story, it's his Dad, his BIG brother and me, his Mom's story too.

Four years ago Jack was born at 6.23 a.m. I felt the hospital care was sub-standard. Jack ended up in Special Care and I ended up on a ward with 3 other mothers and their babies. I didn't get to see Jack until that afternoon at 1.00 p.m.

After more sub-standard care, Jack and I finally left the hospital **eight** days after he was born. Jack was not an easy baby. The pressure to be the **perfect** mom was too much and I decided I would be better back at work.

I was back at work for about 3 months when it hit me, *I missed my son. My god, I loved him. I was in love with him. Why did I not see this when I was at home with him? Other moms did?* I have since discovered that I was suffering from post-natal depression and all my feelings were very normal. I decided at that point to quit work full-time and stay at home with Jack.

Jack continued to be a difficult child and it was only 6 weeks before his third birthday that he finally began to sleep a little better at night.

My niece was born in June 2003 at 36 weeks. Her Mam attended the same hospital I did and got the same sub-standard level of care that I had received 3 years earlier. As I visited her in Special Care, I suddenly realised that I wanted another baby. I wanted to be pregnant again. After swearing never to put ourselves through the hospital experience and the 2 years of very little sleep, here was my husband and I talking about having another baby. Were we mad? No, we just wanted to be parents all over again.

So it began, I came off birth control and we said if it happens – great, if it

doesn't well no problem.. Who were we kidding? We **really wanted** a baby and each month's period brought about a disappointment that we hadn't quite anticipated.

Somewhere between August and October **IT** happened and on October 8th 2003 I did **3 pregnancy tests**. I just had a feeling!!! I was right. I was pregnant. Joy, elation, terror, joy, elation, terror – all these feelings but more than anything joy.

However, on that same day, 8th October, 2004, the day of great joy, the bottom fell out of our world. We got bad news about a car accident claim which was decided against us. This caused major financial difficulties for us.

But the baby, the baby, the baby – I repeated this to myself over and over. This is the silver lining. So what if we lose everything, we are having a baby.

As the week progressed, I got more and more stressed. *Calm down*, I told myself; *stress isn't good for the baby*. The weeks went by and my **bump** started to become very visible. Neighbours started to notice so on Halloween night we went public. We were like two giddy school children. Everyone was delighted for us.

My bump kept growing and so did my joy at this amazing miracle in a time of such great stress. *I could cope, we could cope I told my husband – we would be ok. We had to think of the children – the children!!!!* I loved how that sounded. Jack was going to make a brilliant big brother. We told him that Santa was looking for a baby brother or sister for him and we hoped to have a picture of his brother or sister in time for Christmas. A week or two before my first hospital appointment, I was feeling **not right**. Don't ask me to explain it – I can't. I was tired, listless, depressed, lethargic. couldn't care less kind of attitude. *Hormones – friends advised. Normal pregnancy side effects* -My mother said. But I knew, I just knew it wasn't right. I hadn't felt like this with Jack.

So I made an appointment to see my

local doctor. I couldn't ignore my instincts any longer. I was right. She couldn't locate a heartbeat. I was 14 weeks pregnant. I had had a scan on Jack at 14 weeks and I knew what she could not tell me, the baby was dead.

She sent me home with no answers – not her fault. She tried querying my dates but I knew. She said – *wait until you are in the hospital, they will do a more extensive check.*

Monday 24th November, I attended my first visit to a new hospital. I wouldn't go back to where I had Jack – no way. I don't remember much of the visit to the new hospital before or after the doctor in the clinic said **I can't see any baby**. My God, did he even think before he spoke? I saw a black blob on the screen but no baby. I felt cold. I felt sick. I thought – I am going to throw up on this stupid doctor.

The doctor was talking again. *We will send you for an internal scan in a week or so. A week or so – why wait?* I knew there was no baby, he knew there was no baby, why wait? I will go mad I told him. *He said there is 50/50 chance that the dates are wrong and that we might see a change in the scan next week.* I just kept thinking – I would go insane. It was my worst nightmare come true. I was going home with my baby, knowing that my baby was dead inside me and that I had to carry on for another week.

The bleeding began on **Wednesday 26th November** and the pain began later that night. My God, I thought I would die. I cried constantly. Jack started to get frightened. *What's wrong with your tummy, Mammy?* He kept asking. John kept him away from me as much as possible and I really don't remember much more of that week.

Monday 1st December 2003, we arrived at the hospital at 9.30 a.m. for the internal and it confirmed what I already knew. The baby was not only dead, but gone, re-absorbed into the sac. I can still feel the coldness I felt that day when Catherine the nurse said – *your little baby is gone, I am so sorry.*

Finally, someone said it OUT LOUD. I wasn't insane – my baby was gone. John looked as if he would collapse. He had held onto the 50/50 chance all week, trying to be positive. It drove me mad. We argued but he said we had to believe, our baby deserved to be believed in. He said that if we thought good positive thoughts that we could help the baby, let him/her know that they were loved so much and that we were here for them. What a guy! He never gave up hope. I love him so much for that and still he never gives up hope.

A lady doctor came in to talk to us about our options and where we went from here. They were amazing. They talked about our baby, our precious little baby. No one was condescending. No one was short with us. They took their time explaining what could happen now and how it might affect me physically.

I decided on a D & C and was admitted to the day ward. Again, the sensitivity shown to us both was incredible. I cried. John cried. No one told us to get a grip.

I went down to theatre at 3.00 p.m.

and the theatre nurse held me as I walked and cried. I nearly collapsed before we got to theatre. I started to shake from the shock. They got me an extra blanket. They held my hand. They stroked my head. Even the anaesthetist was human and asked me if I was ok. *I said no but that I would be OK when it was all over.* He smiled, held my hand and said *yes, you will be ok.*

I came to in the recovery and was brought back to the ward. John was waiting. My God, he looked so scared. I apparently told him, quite loudly, how much I loved him, much to the amusement of the nursing staff. I blame the general anaesthetic!!

We went home after a lovely cup of tea from a very kind tea lady. Jack was waiting with a big hug for me. *How was work Mammy?* – he asked. I nearly broke down again – I had told him that I had gone into work early that morning and that Daddy had to go to give me a lift.

Nine weeks have come and gone. Where did the time go? Where did Harry go? John and I decided on Harry as the baby's name because we don't know if it was a boy or a girl. I am finding it harder

now to cope than I did in the earlier weeks and I am more prone to crying over silly little things now.

Jack has just come up to me now at the computer and asked *what you doing? I am telling a story* – I reply. *Who is the story about?* – he asks. *It is about our family* – I reply.

One day, I will tell him about Harry and that the very joy of being pregnant with Harry, gave his Mum and Dad the courage to go on when they were faced with losing everything.

I will bring him out to Glasnevin Cemetery and sit with him quietly to remember Harry.

I will show him Harry's page in the Book of Remembrance so that he will know that our family will always be **plus 1, plus Harry.**

Our Family

Karen 21st June 1970

John 19th January 1971

Jack 9th February 2000

Harry 24th May 2004

Poetry Corner

Alanna 7.11.03

Ten little fingers,
Ten little toes
My beautiful daughter Alanna,
More perfect than a rose.

O sweet little angel,
I love you so much,
And how my body aches,
Just to feel your tender touch.

For twenty-two weeks we were together,
Twenty-two precious weeks,
If I had one wish Alanna,
I'd wish that I could have you for keeps.

My darling little baby,
Never ever leave me,
for every day that we're apart
You're always with me in my heart.

Sweet dreams Alanna
Love always
Mammy XX

Lorraine Gavin

Our 2nd baby Jamie Frances

Though I only carried you for a short while
I already loved you.

I dreamt what you would look like and whether you would
be a boy or a girl.

We jumped for joy your Daddy and me when we found out I
was pregnant.

Excitement shot through my body wondering what you were
going to be.

We also told your big sister Aishling about you.

Sadly little Angel you were not to be; you slipped from me
very quickly and left us all
shocked.

I will never forget the time I carried you and the happiness I
felt inside.

We will remember you always especially your due date 3
June 2004. We decided to call you Jamie Frances.

Sadly missed by your Mammy and Daddy (Antoinette and
Michael Treacy) and big sister Aishling. xxx

Opinion Page

Articles are very welcome for our Opinion Page. This page is used for people to state their opinions regarding miscarriage. This could mean:

- Treatment in hospital
- Aftercare
- Infertility problems
- Future pregnancies

News that you wish to share with us about your miscarriage.

Though people may wish to talk about their worries and concerns on this page, we would also welcome any positive experiences you have had. You may wish to remain anonymous in the newsletter but your name and address should be submitted to the Miscarriage Association of Ireland along with your letter.

Opinion Letter to Doctor

Dear Doctor,

I wish to thank you for the care you gave me during my pregnancy. The compassion you showed me at the loss of my baby son John, I will never ever forget.

It meant so much that as my consultant you seemed to be there every step of the way. One night when I was bleeding and I rang you in the middle of the night you reassured me and listened to what I had to say. From the second I found out I was pregnant, I loved my baby. The sense of protection I had for the baby is phenomenal. I had so many hopes and dreams for my baby. The first scan of five weeks I could see the heartbeat and I was so happy to see the circle of life. You did my scan at eleven weeks. When I questioned the dates you did not judge me. You told me my baby was waving at me. You could clearly see how well the baby was developing. The following week, I had another scan. I was bleeding again. The baby was bigger in a week. The doctor reassured me my baby was ok. Some women bleed in pregnancy I was told.

So why just ten days later when I was thirteen weeks pregnant did everything change? I stayed in hospital over night and did not bleed all night. All night I prayed to God to let my baby be alright. I talked to my baby and told the baby how much I loved my little one. The next day you did my scan. "I asked where is the heartbeat gone? Why is my baby not moving?" And I will never forget how sad you looked the compassion you showed me. "SORRY LOVE THERE IS NO HEARTBEAT OR LIFE. I'M SO SORRY." I would not believe you and challenged you. "YOU HAVE IT WRONG. MY BABY IS JUST SLEEPING; LOOK THE BABY'S BACK IS TURNED TO US." I did not want to believe my precious baby was gone. You gave me time to grieve. You did not rush me in for a D and C and for that I am so grateful. Just because my baby had died the sense of protection and love did not go away. In fact the bond was as strong as ever.

I am hoping that this part of my experience will open the eyes of any member of staff who does not understand that the loss of a baby is indescribable. All the medical books in the world cannot describe what a mother goes through. This description is not intended to gain pity or sympathy. I

don't want it. No one can bring my baby back. However, hopefully my experience will help other mothers to get compassion and care. In future for any mother who loses her baby, I hope she is treated on a medical and emotional level properly. If every mother gets to hold her baby, where ever medically possible and be allowed to give her precious baby a dignified burial I will gain some comfort.

On October 2nd the feast of the Guardian Angels, I gave birth to my child. In medical terms it is called a miscarriage. The violent stomach pains I felt were the very same as contractions. As I was pushing my baby out (this felt the exact same way as me giving birth to my other two children) the doctor was more interested in trying to get IV drips into my veins. When my baby was born I went to touch HIM AND I WANTED TO HOLD HIM TO MY HEART. He was dead but was still my precious baby. There were so many things to tell him and I wanted to say goodbye. The nurse pushed away my hands and he was placed on a table well out of my reach. No one explained to me why this was done. I realise the staff have a job to do but it takes two seconds to acknowledge a mother's loss and why couldn't I hold my baby. None of the staff expressed any compassion at my loss. All night I cried for my baby. I asked where he was and they told me he was in a jar of preservatives. The staff took care of me medically excellently but none of them recognised my huge loss. The doctor on duty shrugged his shoulders and said "These things happen". If only they had the same compassion as you. My baby spent the whole night in a jar of preservatives, medically he was a thirteen week old foetus, the doctor on duty referred to him as a product of conception but he was my precious baby son. The fact the he had died did not stop the bond I had with him. I loved him and wanted to say goodbye and spend every precious second with him I could.

Every mother, when ever medically possible should have the right to hold her baby. Every mother should have the right to have compassion showed to her in her loss. No one should have pushed my hands away because he was still my baby. That night I was so weak, I did not speak up and say what I wanted. I did not realise that was my right. I should have been allowed to hold my precious baby son to my heart when he was born.

The nurses washed the blood off my legs. They checked my blood pressure. They filled a hot water bottle, they gave me the necessary injections and they told me it was all normal. They did the best they could and I realise they probably see this day in day out. However it was not one single bit normal to me. I was so angry at my body for rejecting my child. My body pushed my baby out twenty seven weeks too early and no one can tell me why. My first son was thirteen days late ironically due on October 2nd. My daughter was six days late. Why was my second son twenty seven weeks too early.

Luckily my story had a happy ending. The staff the next day recognised my loss. The staff nurse on duty the day before when I was told my baby was dead also came in with me for the scan the next day. Even then I wanted to check the scan myself. The doctor told me lie down. The staff nurse stuck up for me and I got to see the scan. I wanted to make sure there was no twin there. Then I was told I would still need a D and C. I was petrified of the anaesthetic. I had never had one before. I will never forget one doctor. She helped me overcome my fear. She was very compassionate. The lovely staff nurse pushed me down to theatre. The theatre staff were fantastic. When I woke after my D and C, you checked to see was I alright. This meant so much you were there to share my joy at seeing my baby at the eleven week scan, there to tell me the sad news my baby had died and finally you did the D and C.

One of the Chaplaincy staff came in to see me that afternoon. She recognised my loss and was very compassionate. I told her all I wanted was to see my baby. Then he was brought to me. Then I got to hold him in the palm of my hand and tell him how much I loved him and wanted him. I got to share all the hopes and dreams I had for him. He was a perfectly formed baby. He had ten fingers, ten toes, a tiny mouth and nose. Precious tiny hands and feet, eyes and ears and you clearly could tell he was a boy. As I rocked his tiny body in the palm of my hand I could not understand why this precious baby that was so loved and wanted could not have stayed. The chaplain did a blessing service for my son. This meant so much to me that my precious son was blessed. The chaplain was my voice that day and because she was there I got to hold my son.

It means so much to me that I got those precious moments with my son. Another staff member came in with a cup of tea and she was brilliant. She came right over and admired my precious son. She counted his toes with me. It means so much that she cared and understood. Another nurse did not rush me when it was time to put my son in to the little box and put the lid on. She organised my backing then made necessary phone calls to arrange picking up my other two children. I was very grateful to all the staff who clearly understood my loss. Every kind word, smile and hand on my arm I can clearly remember. The dignity my son got in the end means so much to me. You my consultant were even around to discharge me too.

Another chaplain was so fantastic. He came to see me and admired my son that day too. The next day I got to spend more time with my son in the chapel. I placed a single yellow rose in the box, leaves and a letter from me and his Dad. I told him how much he was loved and wanted, how much I would miss him and again I got to touch my precious

little baby boy. Even though I knew he had died the bond was as strong as ever. I looked at him again and thought he was so precious and perfect.

Then I covered him up and put the lid on the box knowing this would be final. One of the chaplains looked after my daughter so that I could have those final moments with my son. Another arranged the burial. This support was essential. I would not have been able to do that. He then drove me to the grave yard. I was holding on so tightly to the box with my son inside. The chaplain said prayers and I noticed the grave digger had his head bowed and said "I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS". I saw my two year old beautiful daughter smiling at me. I was thinking one day you will know you had a little brother. My first son was at school. I would have loved him to be there but it was heartbreaking for me and I did not want him to see his little brother being buried. Then I did the hardest thing in my whole life. I placed my son in the ground. I did not want to let go of him but I did and I said goodbye. The chaplain was brilliant and he really gave me the compassion I needed. Though it was so hard to hold him and bury him, doing these things is helping me with my loss. I, his mother, who gave him life also was the one to lay him to rest.

Now my heart is breaking into a million pieces. My arms ache to hold him in my arms again. My tummy feels so empty now. My clothes all fit me again.. I miss that tiny bump. The bond I had when I was pregnant is still so strong even though my son is in heaven. I have two beautiful children who are so loved and I am so grateful to God for them. However they cannot replace him either. Sometime I lay awake for hours wondering why? It had to have been something I did. As his mother I blame myself. My body was supposed to nurture my son and carry him for forty weeks. Instead his heart stopped beating and then my body violently expelled my precious baby twenty seven weeks too early. He was a perfect baby. The placenta was perfect. So why did my precious son die? The only peace I have is that I got to name my little miracle. I got to hold him in the palm of my hand. He was told how much he was wanted and loved.

The support from the chaplaincy staff is ongoing. They are fantastic. The Miscarriage Association in Dublin are brilliant. You were brilliant to me and I will never forget the care you gave me. I thank all the other staff. This is my experience and I wanted the staff to know what helped and what did not. My son is a little angel in heaven and I know he is looking out for all of us now.

For any mother who loses her baby I wish the mother all the care and compassion in the world. The mother's loss is huge and I understand. I am going to try and set up a support group locally when I am strong enough. Any doctor or member of staff who think a miscarriage is "just one of those things" I hope after reading this realise how painful and emotional this is. Please allow a mother to hold her baby where ever possible and whenever she wants to. It is indescribable how much I love my son and miss him.

His Dad was heartbroken too. His Dad and other fathers who lose their child, also feel a tremendous loss and need care and compassion and consideration during this time.

Sad Farewells

Baby Alanna
Gavin-McGill

Born an Angel 7.11.03

Love always, Mammy, Daddy

Emma & Dara XXXX

Baby Jamie Frances Treacy

Sadly missed by your Mammy and Daddy (Antoinette and Michael Treacy) and big sister Aishling.

Baby Jenny Due 21st February 2004 Love from Mum and Dad, John and Cathy Lynch and brothers Sean, Conor and Liarn.

Joining sisters Katie, Marie and Joanne in heaven.

To our Baby, sadly lost on 3rd December 2003 – due date 21st June 2004.

You will always be remembered by your Mam and Dad.

Inez and David Lawlor xxx

Anniversaries

Baby
Joe Malone

Flown from this earth straight to the arms of the angels on 19th April 2002.

We miss you and love you always.

Mammy, Daddy and your two sisters
Emma and Charley xxxx

Welcome Babies

Baby
Katie Ann Burke, a
welcome Daughter born on
16th January 2004 to Nicky
and Ann Burke, a little sister for
Stephen aged 7 1/2 and Reece
age 19 months.

Baby Noah, a very precious son
born to Ciaran Scolard and
Grainne Murphy 2nd March
2004 a baby brother for Theo
and our Angel Baby Sky.

Elva Mary O'Neill arrived on
August 14th weighing 6lbs. 3
ozs. A welcome daughter for
Monica O'Connor and Eddie
O'Neill and a cherished sister
for Edward, Dara, Oisín, Emmet
and Oran. Our heartfelt thanks
to wonderful midwife, Dolores
Staunton.

Baby Alex Chadwick born 3rd
March 2004

A very welcome son to Cecil &
Fiona Chadwick and a new baby
brother for Ben.

We would like to welcome our
beautiful son, Tadg, born 27th
August 2004.

Love Mum, Dad (Janice and
Tony McGrath) and Sean xxx

Monthly Meetings – Change of Venue

Our monthly Support Group Meetings will take place in Buswell's Hotel, Molesworth Street, Dublin 2 on the first Thursday of the month with effect from September 2004.

Dates of Meetings are as follows:

- 2nd September 2004
- 7th October 2004
- 4th November 2004
- 2nd December 2004
- 4th January 2005
- 3rd February 2005
- 1st March 2005
- 7th April 2005
- 5th May 2005
- 2nd June 2005

Lucan Service

The Lucan Annual Service of Remembrance took place in St. Mary's Church on Sunday 18th April, 2004. Fr. Joe Coyne, Marie Peelo and Joy Moore invited Karen and myself to attend and I gave the homily, speaking of the unexpected pregnancy and loss of a baby since the last service. The Lucan Folk Group added so much feeling to the Service it took my breath away. Marie's choice of readings and prayers were perfect and all who attended dedicated precious time to their lost babies. It was such a privilege to be involved.

Cathy Lynch

FUND-RAISING

Pins

The main part of our logo is a tree which symbolises the family tree. The falling leaf reminds us of the very precious missing members of our families. Our logo is now available in the form of a gold lapel pin. They are available at a cost of €3 each or €3.50 including postage and packing.

Blessings

Our Remembrance Blessings are available by post or at our monthly support group meetings in Dublin. Relatives

or friends often wish to give the bereaved parents a gift following the loss of their baby. These little Blessings will be treasured always. We request a donation of €1 per Blessing.

Renewal of Membership

If your membership is due for renewal, please fill in the enclosed membership form and return it to us. If you would consider becoming a member, we would be very grateful, as we are a totally voluntary organisation. Our annual subscription is €15.

Please let us have your stories, poetry, articles, coming events, sad farewell, welcome babies, anniversaries and anything you feel will help those who read our newsletter. Please mark all envelopes "Newsletter". Please include name address and a contact phone number. Your name does not have to be included in the article if you wish to remain anonymous. We reserve the right to amend or abridge any contribution if we deem it necessary to do so.

Annual General Meeting

Our Annual General Meeting took place on 25th May 2004 in Buswell's Hotel, Molesworth Street, Dublin, 2 at 8 p.m.

We thank all those members who attended for their continued support.

The Committee for the coming year is listed on the first page of the newsletter.

We would particularly like to welcome Angela Grace to our Committee. We know that her caring and commitment will be of great benefit to the Association and all who come in contact with her.

Diary Date

Sunday 7th November 2004: 3p.m. Service of Remembrance, St Theresa's Church, Donore Avenue, Dublin, 8.

Mini-Marathon 2004



A big thank you to everyone who ran for us in this year's Mini-Marathon – our Treasurer really enjoys seeing those grunts turn into punts!!

Cathy

Closing date for contributions to the next Newsletter – 1st September 2004

PLEASE NOTE: Our newsletter is circulated to members, hospitals and other interested parties and is available on the Internet courtesy of the Coombe Women's Hospital. The opinions in this newsletter are those of the contributors and are not necessarily those of the Miscarriage Association of Ireland.