



THE MISCARRIAGE ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND



Welcome everybody to our Summer 2019 Newsletter

The newsletter is a space where we can share our stories of loss and find comfort in the knowledge that we are not alone in our grief.

I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to this issue, it is really great that you want to share your stories.

Deirdre Pierce-McDonnell
Chairperson – The Miscarriage Association of Ireland



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Committee Members:

June O'Toole, Mary Lawson, Angela Grace, Niamh Darcy, Lynn Cassidy, Maureen V Ward,
Laura O'Sullivan, Carol Conroy, Kirsty Esplin, Jennifer Duggan

Welcome

Welcome everyone to The Miscarriage Association of Ireland Newsletter.

Inside these pages you will find poems, stories, dates to remember, descriptions of events that have taken place in remembrance of all those precious little babies who are not in our arms, but always in our hearts.

The Miscarriage Association of Ireland is marking its 30th anniversary of helping to support women and their families through the pain and grief of losing a baby.

For 30 years The Miscarriage Association through the commitment of its volunteer committee and other volunteers has kept the support going. I am delighted to say the support provided has gone from strength to strength. This year a really moving Tree planting ceremony took place in Corkagh Park.

Support group meetings are now available in Cork, Dublin and Galway. A Miscarriage Remembrance walk has taken in place in Galway for the last two years.

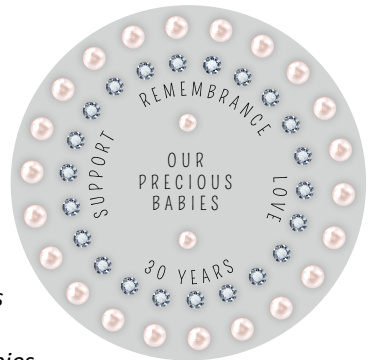
To mark the 30th Anniversary, we created this logo, designed in a circle to encase the words of support, remembrance and love for our precious babies.

It includes the traditional symbol for a 30 year anniversary, pearls, and the modern symbol – diamonds.

From speaking with many mums and dads over the years – it is always apparent that no matter whether your loss was recent or long ago, we never forget our precious babies. We will always want to talk about them, remember them, love them, and have them as part of our family tree.

Kind regards

Deirdre Pierce-McDonnell
Chairperson – The Miscarriage Association of Ireland



THE MISCARRIAGE ASSOCIATION'S GALWAY SERVICE - 11th NOVEMBER 2018

On November 11th 2018 the association held a remembrance service in Galway for the first time. Fr Seamus Devitt offered this beautiful mass which took place in Esker and was well attended, the congregation coming from all over the county.

The music throughout was kindly provided by the "Rise" Choir, who's vocals added something extra special to the occasion. The service included some poetic readings and a touching candle lighting ceremony, with each family bringing a candle representing their baby to the altar.



The service went very well and had a number of personal touches , families were able to take home a gift representing their baby. The book and "tree" of remembrance were available at the end of the service, where baby's names and thoughtful notes could be added and displayed.

Dawn O'Connor organised this wonderful service which was a fitting tribute to the memory of all babies lost through miscarriage , and in particular to her own baby daughter Aoife , born sleeping at 23 weeks just 7 week previously.

A special thank you to Dawn, Fr Seamus and to the Rise Choir.

Kirsty Esplin

CORKAGH PARK TREE PLANTING CEREMONY – SUNDAY 22nd APRIL 2018

On Sunday April 22nd 2018, we had a Tree Planting Ceremony in Corkagh Park. A special place where we can visit in solitude or with our families, where now a beautiful Cherry Blossom tree blossoms where we can reflect.

Our thanks to Cayman and the other park rangers, to whom we are very grateful, for helping us in the planting of this tree.

As the tree is the logo of the Miscarriage Association of Ireland, it seemed very appropriate that we now have our own MAI tree.

Our Head Speaker was John Ward (RIP) and he spoke of the important symbolism of the tree: "A tree is the supreme natural symbol of dynamic life and growth, seasonal death and regeneration. It is a symbol of our origins, our interconnectedness and of our interdependence. We are all one family - interconnected, bonded with each other and with nature. A tree reminds us of the life giving power of oxygen. A tree exchanges the carbon dioxide, which we breathe out, for oxygen, which we breathe in again.

A tree stands firmly beside us, its roots reaching down into the earth and its branches reaching up to the sky. It is a fitting symbol of our standing firm together and reaching out to those who need our support.

Together, we dedicate this tree to the memory of all the babies lost through miscarriage and to all those who grieve for their loss."

We had beautiful readings of specially written poems and reflections on the day from our Chairperson Deirdre, committee member Kate and also from actors Johnny Ward & Susie Power.

Atmospheric Music was suitably provided by singers Susan Ward and Katie Weir which were only heightened and complimented by the setting off of white doves in flight to the very appropriate finishing song of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow".

John Ward (RIP) spoke of how we had all come together in Corkagh Park to dedicate this cherry tree to the memory of all the babies lost through miscarriage. He said "A miscarried child, unknown to the world and yet known so intimately, can be a heartbreaking and life changing experience for a mother. It can be a time of great suffering, both mental and physical and a time of extreme emotional stress. The ongoing help and support of her family, friends and groups like The Miscarriage Association of Ireland is such a necessary and important thing for her wellbeing and the wellbeing of her family. We are here today to acknowledge and remember all those affected by miscarriage".



Maureen V. Ward

Readings that were done on the day are as follows:**Love Came****by Kate**

*Love came when you came,
Like the first bud on that tree.
A sense of inner peace and calm
At this new life growing inside me.
Joy came when you came,
One bright and sunny day.
When the air was fresh with hope
Like an early bloom in May.*

*Peace came when you came,
Our hearts felt full and free.
It brought us to another place
Where we couldn't wait to be.*

*Beauty came when you came,
It opened up our eyes,
To all the wonder in the world
And the treasures in our lives.*

*Happiness came when you came,
Like deep roots from that tree,
It anchored us in carefree times
And gently set us free.*

*Hope came when you came,
We left worries far behind,
And looked forward to a future
When our love would be entwined.
Then pain came and you were gone,
Like lightening from the blue,
Left a gaping hole within our hearts
Splitting them in two.*

*Darkness came when you were gone,
The light sucked from our days.
Left a shadow hanging over us
In so very many ways.*

*Anger came when you were gone,
It brought tears and screams and pain.
An emptiness so deep and dark
Would we ever feel again ?.*

*Grief came when you were gone,
And took over in our lives.
It stayed and squeezed until it drained
Every last tear from our eyes.
Then with that came a healing,
A sense that you were back
Taking up that space you'd left
So deep within our heart.
Now we are much stronger,
you walk with us each day.*

*And you have made us better
in a very special way.*

*Like a falling leaf from our family tree,
That space there, will always be.
But we know as time moves on
This is your presence we just can't see.*

*You are right there with us,
And there you will remain.
Love came, then left and we were lost,
Then love came back again.*

continued.....

Readings that were done on the day are as follows:

**Dove
by Deirdre**

*The Dove, a symbol of motherhood: From the beginning we had a sense of higher love,
Of care and devotion for our babies raised above, their passing leaving us shattered, our love denied.
They were our favourite hello, our hardest goodbye. May the Dove, a symbol of motherhood,
Bring us inner peace of the deepest kind*

The Seed by Johnny Ward

*I am a Being, a Noun, a Something inside you,
I am natural but miraculous, to many I am new.
I am the reason for speech, mostly happy, mostly true.
I'm the tree that's always there but they say I never grew...*

*I'm the Ears, always listening to the planning of the tale,
The illustrator of your words, our adventures never fail.
I'm the Bump, the little Lump, that Thing that Thumps inside your chest,
That guilty pleasure in your treasure, the noise that never lets you rest.*

*But...You are my home, You own the zone,
(Those precious memories I can keep),
My happy, isolated resting place, the nest where I still sleep.
But when You Sleep, I am the Keep who's in your dreams and in your mind.
"The false awakening" - But always taking you for a chance to see the signs
That I'm in the kitchen, in the garden, giving you that extra layer
Through the darkness, through the fall time when rock bottom is right up there.*

*When you climb that uphill battle, when your company is pretend,
When their comments pierce like daggers, "Sure, you can always try again!"...*

*Well... there's a Seed that keeps you going,
A Boost, an Urge that you can't see,
It helps you wake up on those wintry days:
This little seed is me...*

*I am a Barbara, a Brian, a Beat that beats inside you,
I am natural but miraculous, to many I am new.
I am the reason for speech, mostly happy mostly true,
I'm the tree that's always there - but they say I never grew...*



CORK MISCARRIAGE SUPPORT MEETINGS – THIRD TUESDAY OF THE MONTH

The first meeting of the Cork Miscarriage Support Group took place on Tuesday 17th July 2018. Meetings are now held every month on the third Tuesday of the month. Meetings take place in the SMA Centre in Wilton Cork from 8pm to 9:30pm approximately. These meetings offer both men and women who have suffered a miscarriage a safe place to share their experience and speak about their babies without fear of judgement. Everyone who attends these meetings has themselves experienced the loss of a baby and truly understand the emotional rollercoaster that follows. Meetings don't offer medical advice or counselling but rather the support of peers who "get it", who understand and can give comfort to each other.

For more information on the Cork Miscarriage Support Group or Meetings please contact Jennifer on 0873656887, through the Facebook Page Cork Miscarriage Support Page or via email at corkpregnancyloss@gmail.com.

Jennifer Duggan

THE MISCARRIAGE ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE – 11th NOVEMBER 2018

This year marked the 30th anniversary of the Miscarriage Association of Ireland. We used the theme "Diamond's And Pearl's" to represent our precious babies and also to mark 30 years of supporting families through their loss.

Father David Corrigan led the service through prayer and had a genuine understanding for everybody's grief. Jim Ryan did an outstanding job narrating the service and welcoming everybody. Angela Grace worked around the clock to make this service the successful occasion it was. Margaret Wolfe was narrating the service in sign language. Barbara Galvin provided the most uplifting music throughout the service.

The main highlight of the service was the candlelight meditation. This gave every parent an opportunity to light a candle in memory of their babies. On returning to their seats every parent received a special candle light holder as a gift.

After the service ended every parent/family member had an opportunity to mingle with other families or speak with members of our committee over a cup of coffee and snacks. This time also gave parents the opportunity to enter their baby's names in our book of remembrance.

Whether parents lost their babies recently or a long time ago, we hope the service brought comfort and will continue to do so for years to come.

Laura O'Sullivan



NATIONAL MATERNITY BEREAVEMENT FORUM – 2nd MARCH 2019

On the 2nd of March 2019 the HSE held a forum on National Maternity Bereavement Standards in UCC in Cork. A major focus of this forum was on the improvement of the support services available to women and families who experience the loss of a baby.

These standards now set out, on a national level, what care women and their families can expect when they experience pregnancy loss. There will now be a specialised bereavement team in all maternity hospitals/units who have been specifically trained in bereavement care. As of the end of March 2019 all 19 Maternity Units have a bereavement midwife. These teams and midwives will in turn be supported by the wider hospital staff. These new standards also acknowledge and realise the impact pregnancy loss has on staff members and the importance of supporting such staff. In line with this it is hoped that all staff throughout the hospital will have appropriate bereavement training.

Among some of the findings from the expert group, which included representatives from obstetrics, midwifery, psychiatry, paediatric, chaplaincy and parents who had experienced the loss of a baby, were:

Bereavement Care should be sensitive and there should be a continuity of care. Clear options and choices should be given and there should be some form of follow up. There should be privacy and dignity in the hospital for those who get the devastating news they've lost their baby. Hospital staff need to also be supported and a culture of compassion needs to be fostered. Self-care for staff needs to be encouraged as if staff aren't supported it can be very difficult for them in turn to support grieving parents.

The expert group also found that when staff at the hospital are giving bad news to women and couples the language used is vitally important. It needs to be very clear and accurate but also needs to be sensitive and sympathetic.

There is now also a new website which launched in April 2019, www.pregnancyandinfantloss.ie. This website provides information and provides links to support services available. It also offers the latest research on baby loss while promoting the emotional well-being of grieving parents. The website is aimed at both parents and healthcare professionals alike.

This forum and the implementation of the standards is a compilation of a lot of hard work over the last 2 to 3 years. It is a very positive step and a big move forward in the right direction when it comes to supporting grieving women, men, couples and their families. There seems to have been a realisation that what is "routine" and "normal" for the clinicians is anything but for grieving parents.

More information on the National Standards for Bereavement Care can be found on www.hse.ie. The new information website launched in April 2019 is www.pregnancyandinfantloss.ie.

Jennifer Duggan

COOMBE SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE – 28th APRIL 2019

On Sunday 28th of April I attended the Coombe Annual Service of Remembrance in Our Lady of Dolorus Church, Dolphins Barn.

The service was very well attended. From the very beginning of the service there was a very uplifting atmosphere. The service began with the book of remembrance, a candle and a basket of flowers being placed on the altar to symbolize all the babies that have been lost.

The beautiful music and selection of readings and prayers were both inspiring and comforting. They gave a strong message of hope and understanding while acknowledging the enormity of loss and devastation in losing a baby.

Each family was invited to light a candle in the procession of light to place on the altar in memory of their child. There were beautiful pieces of music played at this time. Each family were given the gift of a plant to bring home.

After the service there were light refreshments served to all who attended.

Well done to the staff and all involved from Coombe Hospital for a beautiful service.

Carol Conroy

Media

Cork 98FM and Red RM – October – Jennifer Duggan

Ray D'Arcy Show – November – Jennifer Duggan

Radio interview for Galway Bay FM with Keith Finnegan – Fri 2nd November 2018 – Angela Grace

Radio interview for Newstalk – Tuesday 28th May 2019 - Jennifer Duggan



WE NEED YOUR HELP!

Dear reader

The Miscarriage Association of Ireland is run completely by volunteers. All of our core functions are performed by women and men who themselves have experienced miscarriage. As an organisation we try to reach out to as many people affected by miscarriage as possible all over Ireland. As you will see from our newsletter, we are very active and work very hard to support you our readers.

However, it is often difficult for our small committee to do everything we want to do. Therefore, we really need more help.

Have you experienced miscarriage and are now in a position to help out?

Some of the core areas that we need volunteers are:

Telephone support – would you be able to talk to others who have experienced miscarriage and offer them support? It is for 2 hours a day, Mon-Fri for one month per quarter.

Support group meetings – would you be able to help out at our support group meetings in Dublin, Cork or Galway? These are once a month or once a quarter depending on the location.

Service of Remembrance – would you be able to help organise our Annual service of remembrance or attend one of the many hospital or parish based services around the country on behalf of the Miscarriage Association?

Media – would you be able to talk on behalf of the Miscarriage Association for newspapers, TV or radio?

Can you help out with our website, facebook page, newsletter, membership database, mailboxes?

Our committee would help and support you in any of the activities and can provide guidelines for all of these activities.

Even if you do not feel confident to take on specific tasks right now, there are lots of ways you can get involved. Why not contact us by email: info@miscarriage.ie or phone our chairperson Deirdre on **087 923 9217**

Anything you can do to help would be very much appreciated.

Angela Grace

YOUR STORIES

My Story of Baby Loss

We had discovered our baby had stopped growing, perhaps two weeks previously, the previous Thursday afternoon. I was at home with my toddler when I realised there was something wrong. That Sunday morning we went into the hospital. I was to have an ERPC. I was terrified about what would happen to my tiny microscopic baby. I didn't want her to be chopped up and put on a slide or to be damaged by whatever instrument was going to be used to clean out my womb where she had lived for such a short time. I was horrified by the thought of it and devastated that my baby had died and my body hadn't noticed. I took a book with me and this is how I made my way through that day.

I fasted since midnight. I held my tummy so my baby could feel me. I packed a bag. I got my clothes ready. I had a shower. I got dressed. My husband dressed our toddler. We got into the car. We drove into town. We parked in the hospital. We sat in a room. Margaret would look after us. She took my blood pressure, temperature and clipped the thing that measures oxygen. The doctor admitted us. I had a cannula put in and bloods taken. I signed the consent form. I changed my clothes. My husband flushed out the cannula. He helped me put on the gown and took my necklace. Margaret and a porter rolled me out of the room. I saw a cross on the wall opposite. We stopped under the sign for the foetal assessment unit. My husband held my hand. Margaret put her hand on my shoulder. We turned left past the postnatal ward. We waited for the lift. I was rolled into the lift. I said to my husband the last time we were here we were waiting for our son to be born. We got out of the lift and I saw a sign for the paediatric ward. I told Margaret my son had been admitted there after he was born. We went down the corridor past the lab. We stopped outside the theatre.

The porter opened the door. We went in. I was crying. We saw the obstetrician. I had to say goodbye to my husband. He had to wait. The obstetrician and Margaret took me to a ward to talk. I listened as she told me what would happen to my baby. I told her I knew my baby was small but I did not want her left in a lab or on a slide. I managed to speak, to explain myself and we decided to keep her in saline and collect her on Wednesday like a real dead body. I'll get to take her home to bury with my Grandad.

I was rolled out of the room. I was rolled into theatre. A nurse introduced herself. Another nurse explained she would attach fluids to the cannula. It wasn't working. I told them it may have been flushed out too late (it was blocked). An anaesthetist came in. He seemed inappropriately cheery. I told him I was feeling really shit. It was like he didn't know why I was there. My teeth were chattering. I was really afraid. The anaesthetist said he'd give me something to relax me. I don't remember going to sleep.

I woke up. It was like I was having a weird nightmare. I would see the shape of the ceiling tiles. I knew there was someone there. I asked her name. I could see a clock. My husband was there. I could feel my hands. He held my hand. I asked the nurse's name again. I couldn't focus on anything. I was afraid. I could see the clock it was 11:30. The room kept moving. I began to see the room. I saw the nurse and my husband. I drank the water. I asked him to hold the glass. He tried to give me the cup to hold. She gave me water. I asked for more. I was very thirsty. I told them. I saw the clock. The room kept moving. I closed one eye and I could see in focus. My husband gave me more water. A nurse came to bring me back to the ward. I cannot remember the journey back downstairs.

continued....

My husband went for food. I listened to the Calm app. I closed my eyes and listened. I rested. I texted people. The nurse helped me go to the loo. I drank water and ate ice. I cried for my dead baby. She wasn't in me anymore. I wrote in my book.

My husband came back. We ate ice cream. I went to the loo & Margaret came with me. I changed the pad. It wasn't as bad as I expected. I went back to bed. Margaret brought me tea and toast. I buttered the toast and put on the marmalade. I ate the toast and drank the tea. I held my husband's hand. We talked about names. He went to get me something to eat. I frightened an intern when he asked me how I was feeling. I told him my baby's dead! I feel like shit! He eventually left when I told him I was physically fine. He said he was going to check something. I told him I was hungry.

I rang my husband. I didn't want to be alone if that doctor came back. I rang him again and texted him. He arrived back with a banana for me. I ate the banana. We chatted more. I went to the loo. Margaret took off the drip. I washed my hands. I got back into bed. I read a bit. My husband told me about the people he'd met (he's a nurse). Yvonne brought me a salad and tea. She used to live nears us when we lived in town. Her little dog died last week. I said I was sorry.

My husband went for petrol. I rested and texted friends who had been in touch. We waited for Fr. Gerard. Margaret brought us a remembrance book to write our baby into. I wrote, "you were taken out of me today and your big brother will never get to show you how to have 'drinkies' or kiss your head or tickle your little feet. We will always tell him about you and he will always know you existed. We love you so much".

My baby is dead she's gone. I can't feel her anymore. I got dressed. Fr Gerard arrived to say a prayer for our baby. He called her our child. We got a prayer said over us too. The laying on of hands on the head while someone prays over you is so incredibly strong. Margaret checked my temp, bp and oxygen. She took out the cannulas. The doc on duty discharged us. She was incredibly nervous and so unsure. We left the hospital. I didn't feel the need to run this time. I saw the door to the postnatal ward where mothers held their babies and turned left to leave.

We walked out the door. The birds were singing and the sun was shining this made me smile.

We sat in the car. I got out of the car. I walked into the kitchen. My son ran at me shouting "Mammy Mammy". I picked him up and he wanted to feed. He made me smile. We sat down in the sitting room. Five minutes later he was trying to open the pizza box to put it in the oven. I fed him while we watched Fireman Sam. We had pizza. We changed his nappy and put on his pjs.

I didn't sleep that night. My stomach was so empty. The change from being pregnant to not was sudden. It's been a year. We called our baby Fran and we had a funeral for her. The state would not make a record of her existence. Our state refuses to acknowledge the grief we feel. We were not allowed to take bereavement leave. The only record of her life is on the records in the cemetery and we paid over €100 to make sure she was named. My baby would not be buried in secret. She is part of our family.

continued.....

Miscarriage is an illness, nothing more in the eyes of our state. This compounded the anger I felt a year ago. I've learned to live with my grief and understand that of my husband's too. It has been a very difficult year. But I am surprised tonight as I typed out the words that I wrote last year. Words that I have only just read again for the second time. I can deal with my emotions now. The grief is no longer in charge of me.

Last weekend I bought a box. Into it I put a little cardigan and hat that I had knitted for her due date, some candles, the cards that people sent us, the certificate naming our baby giving to us by the hospital and a jar with white stones and shells that we had collected on the beach. We have nothing of her, no picture, no hand print, no lock of hair. She is a memory...

Mairéad

POETRY CORNER

"It wasn't meant to be"

Although I never met you, I knew you for three days,
I dreamt of all the things we'd do, How you'd have your own little ways,
I got far too excited, Maybe some would say foolishly,
But thinking one day we'd be united, We'd be a family, finally.
It was decided however, Not by me or by your Mum,
That this was not to be, Your day would never come.
Your existence came as a surprise, Your departure the very same,
You'll always be part of our lives, Oh...and Jamie was your name.

Brian Murphy

There is no grave, There is no burial, There is no funeral, There is no sympathy,
No one sees the hidden pain, the anguish and heartbreak you had to endure,
To birth on a toilet, searing pain through the womb, the contractions, the pushing, even though it
was a tiny life, it was still birthed but nothing to show for it after the pain of childbirth, no child only
the empty aching of the womb.

Vikki Cullen

SAD FAREWELL

We remember and acknowledge all those babies who have been lost to us, with whom for a time, however short, we had the privilege of sharing a very special relationship.

'I had a misscarriage on the 22nd of April 2019 even though didnt get to hold u. I will love u baby forever'. Rose Broderick

On May 4th 2016 I had a miscarriage. It was the most devastating experience of my life and my life changed forever on that day. Here are a few poems I have written at different stages over the last 3 years.

Lost Miracle

Ecstatic, sheer delight engulfed my being
Positive test, I beamed expectant anticipation
Process of life planted, blossoming within
Happiness oozed from my veins
Pure joy danced in my sparkling blue eyes
as I basked in wonder and awe
amazed at nature's miracle, my miracle
Alone in joy.....Alone in sorrow

Panic, terror, fear
Spring ended abruptly but Summer never dawned
I begged you to stay yet
darkness like Winter descended
plunged into sadness and utter despair
Life expelled, extinguished before it began
Pain of labour yet no reward
Goodbye before hello, born to soon
Gone, your soul took flight - Emptiness
the current was to strong, I could not stop the flow
Powerless, I lost you in the crimson tide
Sorry I could not save you.

Why did God give me this precious gift
a gift I'd longed for, prayed for, fought for
a gift I'd thought I'd never get the chance to carry
Why give it then cruelly snatch it back??
many haunting questions left unanswered

Empty shattered dream, flushed away

Stolen brutally from the cocoon of my womb
Betrayed by my body
Why did I reject and abandon you?
I was supposed to protect you, keep you safe
I failed to nourish you to existence
I failed to protect you
I failed to give breath to your soul
I let you die. Did I kill you??

Death before birth ,invisible death
unknown territory, nothing visible to mourn
Traumatic assault, helplessness, anger, frustration
your spirit existed briefly within me
yet its entwined and connected still
that cord will never be cut, forever attached, forever
connected

Invisible to the world but real to me
You did exist, I felt the joy in your presence
now drowning in the floods of my endless tears
trying to keep afloat, trying to bandage my brokenness
trying to soothe, soak what's seeping from my gaping
open wounds
no pill to ease this tremendous throbbing pain
my heart exploded with grief and sadness
I wanted you so much, I loved you so much
Instantly my life changed forever, dramatically.

Estranged from God and man
Abandoned, overwhelmed by desperate loneliness
functioning in mechanical mode of despair and grief
withdrawn in self protection from senseless comments
or refusal to acknowledge this cruel fate at all
defending feelings, as if love can be measured by weeks
of gestation
my feelings invalidated, minimized, misunderstood
compounding my sorrow
hurt hurled on top of hurt and anguish
smothered in thick layers of guilt, shame and blame
was I punished for been greedy, had I not enough
is what I have not enough? Am I not allowed more?
What's wrong with wanting to love and nurture??
Did you not feel loved or wanted??
Why did my body reject you??
Why did you abandon me??

Battered, bruised, deep scars begging to heal
Begging for another chance of creation
Begging to feel and hold new life again
My heart's desire and longing, something inside so
strong
Maternal instinct, hardwired to procreate
Denied, my body redundant before its time
Robbed of any glimpse of hope and healing
No willingness to assist my recovery
Encompassed with anxiety and fear a permanent knot
resides in the pit of my stomach
Stabbing pain penetrates crippling me, pushed deeper
with each realisation that my chance, my hope is gone
Tired, exhausted, weary, struggling to comprehend.

continued.....

Lost Miracle *continued*

Your loss has re-routed the direction of my life
no map to guide me through this onslaught
Dreams destroyed as I navigate through dense fog
Deprived, dejected, deflated that the spark is
extinguished never to be ignited again - Distraught

Bewildered, in disbelief the decision is not mine
Soul destroying that I have no choice
Betrayed by my body, by life, by love, cheated
Another cruel blow adds to and intensifies my grief
Leaves me torn, confused, crushed, Alone.
Pain etched on my face, my eyes dance and sparkle no
more
My spirit broken, no colourful rainbow child for me
Blessed by love and that my body has housed and
given life to three beautiful babes
The ultimate gift of love
Now my heart is anchored to this horrible loss
With relentless waves of excruciating emotional pain
as I reflect on what might have been
and live with the nightmare reality of what is
Empty arms, broken hearted dreams die hard.

Dear little angel, may your presence guide me daily,
give me warmth when the sun shines on my face,
give me strength when the waves crash and knock me
down
comfort me and hide my tears when the rain falls
sorry i could not give you life.....but always love
Fly free my Feileacain Saor,
My Lost Miracle.

*The next one was written around what would have
been my lost miracles first birthday.*

Here In Me

Wow a whole year without you
Almost 10 weeks within me,
then you were gone
After you left, I lived through every week of that
pregnancy
as if you were still there,
I felt those stages, my heart ached to feel your growth
My heart still aches for you
I love and wanted you so much....
but you're not here.

You lived in me and through me
You died in me and through me
so how can anyone else feel or comprehend that
pain of loss and grief...
because you're not here.

Why did you come and leave so soon?
I never got to hold you
to touch, to feel, to smell you
those unique newborn baby moments
I longed for this....
but you're not here.

For the weeks you were present
my joy was immense
when you left my life was a mess
I felt such deep sorrow, loss and regret

Regret of all the things we'll never get to do....
because you're not here.

Last December should have been your first
Christmas
we should have experienced the magic, joy,
amazement and wonder
that only a new baby can bring....
but you were not here.

Spring should have been the joy of new life
blossoming,
nurturing in perfect beauty
Your miniature green Irish Jersey
worn with pride for your first Paddy's Day....
but you were not here.

Easter - Ah still too young for chocolate
I'm sure someone would have sneaked you a taste...
but you were not here.

Summer days, enjoying the sunshine and beach
I should have been trying to stop you eat sand
or running after you constantly as you crawled to
explore
getting sticky and destroyed trying to eat your first
ice-cream...
but you were not here.

continued.....

Here In Me *continued*

Halloween I missed my little pumpkin
 trying to keep you away from all the trick n treat
 goodies....
 but you were not here.

School christmas bizzare
 Dara went to see Santa on his own
 Your older brother and sister to cool for that now
 You should have been with him
 sitting laughing on Santa s knee
 or screaming your head off
 out of fear of this scary creature
 in the big red suit with long curly white beard.....
 but you were not here.

Today should have been around your first birthday
 it was your due date
 but the others arrived late so who knows??
 It s the date I'll celebrate your birthday
 a big one today....
 but you were not here.

I'made you a birthday cake anyway
 Dara wanted to tie some to a string on a balloon
 and send it to heaven....
 because you're not here.

It may seem strange and sad
 some may even think I'm mad
 making a birthday cake for someone who is not here.
 Though the world will forget, minimize, invalidate
 or refuse to acknowledge your existence
 I promise you I will always remember...
 even though...you are not here.

I try to imagine what you would look like
 when I see other children your age my heart beats with
 delight
 and envy at their beauty and cuteness
 I feel sad I'll never have those magic moments
 all the memories that will never be....
 because you're not here.

Be grateful they say
 Your blessed you've three beautiful children
 I know I'm blessed, I am and will be
 forever grateful for my wonderful children
 I've kissed their tiny toes, wiped away their tears
 been vomited on, peed on

spend many sleepless nights cradling them
 they make me smile and laugh
 they can reduce me to tears
 they can challenge and frustrate me
 they make my heart beat with joy
 and sometimes break with annoyance
 my children are my world
 my reason for living, my purpose
 I wanted to experience all that with you too...
 but you are not here.....
 having them although a joy and blessing
 does not ease or erase the burden of your loss.
 They are here I adore every fibre of their being....
 but you're not here.
 You lived in me and through me
 You died in me and through me
 so how can anyone else feel or
 comprehend that pain of loss and grief
 We were connected, we had a strong bond
 the bond of mother and child can never be broken
 I felt the joy in your being
 You were mine
 no more or less than my 3 beauties
 Forever mine you will be....
 but your not here.

I will always remember and love you
 I will honour your memory as long as I live
 I will count you in my family
 You left a huge void that nothing else can fill...
 but you're not here.

Your not here in physical form
 I'll miss all those precious, magic moments and
 memories
 we should have shared
 though you're not here...
You are always here
 Always present in my thought, my dreams
 Forever in my heart, no one can take you from there
 Forever present....always near, always with me...
 You are here, here with me, here in me.

*The next one I wrote only last week. Three years on
 I'm still baffled and upset by the complete lack of
 understanding surrounding miscarriage. I almost feel
 like I should be apologising for my feelings my loss.*

continued.....

Sorry For My Loss

A clump of cells, a foetus
Is that all you were?
Not real, you weren't seen
You were not heard
I never got to hold you
Nothing tangible
Should that make it easier?

What did I lose
A clump of cells, a foetus?

I lost a lifetime of hopes and dreams
I lost sleepless nights
I lost cuddles and smiles
I lost every Birthday celebration
Christmas, every occasion

I lost a first day at school
I lost all the firsts
I lost happy days, sad days
Did I ? A clump of cells, a foetus, were you real?

All life begins as a tiny cell
All life inspires hopes and dreams
A life that beats
The beat that beats inside,
Definitely real.

If life begins how does it end?
Through death, unimagined loss, heartache
Death, loss, brings grief....Does it?

Yet I have to apologise for my loss,
my sadness, my grief
Were you not real?
No experiences, no memories
How could I be sad,
what right have I to grieve?
I lost my clump of cells, my foetus?
My developing child...You were REAL.

I lost a lifetime of hopes and dreams,
I lost a lifetime of potential joys and sorrows,
No tomorrows....
I lost a lifetime of magical moments
Developing, growing, heartbeat, ALIVE - REAL.

You lived in me
You died in me
Is that not loss?

Loss is not comparable, its complex, complicated,
Loss cannot be measured by gestation or age,
but by love invested,
Loss stole the future I anticipated.

Why should I apologise for my feelings?
Why should I apologise for my emotions?,
for that special bond of love we shared,
Momentarily, tough broken, lost, forever embedded in
my being.

Why should I apologise for my loss?
because you will never understand,
A future I assumed I'd see,
Hopes, dreams, laughter, joy,
Tears, cuts, grazes, adventures,
Music, sport, art
Sunshine, rain....everything
in an instant, Gone.
I won't deny my feelings, emotions to help you feel more
comfortable

I'm sorry for my loss.
A life that will only get to Be, and live through me...but...
I'm sorry for my loss
A love that captured my heart and wounded my
soul...but...
I'm sorry for my loss

The loss was hard enough,
Dumbfounded by reactions of those around me,
Love causes pain...yet...
Love is necessary to heal pain...but...
How will my pain heal?, I carry the hurt alone.
I'm sorry for my loss

Blessed with my amazing 3 children,
They began the same as you...we all did
A clump of cells, a foetus,
I look at them now and I see what I've lost...

I've lost a beautiful child
Unknown talents, unknown looks, unknown personality,
I wonder how it could have been,
I see what I lost
I lost a potentially beautiful child,
I'm sorry for my loss,

I'm sorry for my loss.

Helena Murray

TELEPHONE SUPPORT, EMAIL SUPPORT, SUPPORT GROUP MEETINGS

Please remember we offer support to those who have experienced miscarriage and their families. You are welcome to contact us by email: info@miscarriage.ie where your email will be read and replied to with sympathy and understanding.

TELEPHONE SUPPORT is also available, for those who would like to chat to someone who has had the experience of miscarriage. Please check our website: www.miscarriage.ie/telephonesupport.html to obtain the number of the person on call. If we are not able to take your call, please leave a message and we will contact you as soon as possible.

We hold **SUPPORT GROUP MEETINGS** in Dublin, Cork and Galway. Both women and their partners who have experienced miscarriage are very welcome to attend. You will be in a safe place to talk about the loss of your baby in the company of others who have had a similar experience.

Dublin - Buswell's Hotel, Molesworth Street, Dublin 2 at 8.00 - 9.30p.m. on the first Thursday of each month

Cork - SMA Centre in Wilton, every month on the third Tuesday of the month from 8pm to 9:30pm

Galway - check out Miscarriage Galway Support Group on facebook for next meeting.

We have our Book of Remembrance at the meetings in September, December, March and June for those who might like to make an entry in the Book.

OUR NEXT NEWSLETTER / YOUR IDEAS

Please let us have your stories, poetry, articles, coming events, sad farewells, welcome babies, anniversaries and anything you feel will help those who read our newsletter. Please forward them to us at newsletter@miscarriage.ie or by post to Carmichael Centre, North Brunswick Street, Dublin 7 and marked "Newsletter" and include name and contact details. Your name does not have to be included in the article if you wish to remain anonymous.

Closing date for entries for next newsletter is 30th September 2019.

JUST A NOTE:

Sometimes, for whatever reason it is not always possible to publish or acknowledge everybody's correspondence. This does not mean it is not important so please keep forwarding your items of news for sharing.



OUR NEWSLETTER

Our newsletter is circulated to members, hospitals and other interested parties and is available on the internet. The opinions in this newsletter are those of the contributors and are not necessarily those of the Miscarriage Association of Ireland.

Angela Grace

MEMBERSHIP

The Miscarriage Association of Ireland is a registered charity, set up by a small group of women and men who had personal experience of miscarriage. We give our time and our services voluntarily. The annual membership fee is €15. All monies raised go directly to the charity and enables the Association to help those affected by the loss of a baby following miscarriage by offering help and support through our:

1. Telephone helpline
2. Email support service
3. Monthly support meetings
4. Placement of memorial stones in different locations around the country
5. Annual service of remembrance
6. Distribution of information books and leaflets
7. Website and Facebook page



OUR AIMS

Our hope and aims are to provide support, help and information and to attempt to improve services for women, couples, and their families who have had experience of miscarriage.

To become a member:

You can become a member by filling out the membership form on the website and paying via credit card or PayPal, or by filling out the membership form and sending it with your details and a cheque, postal order, or bank draft for €15 to:

The Treasurer, Miscarriage Association of Ireland, Carmichael Centre, North Brunswick Street, Dublin 7.

You will be placed on our mailing list, receive our newsletter when published, and you will be kept updated on any major events which are being held.

To make a donation / Set up a direct debit

Some people like to make a donation in memory of a baby they have loved and lost and others like to celebrate the eventual birth of a much wanted baby following a previous miscarriage. Sometimes friends, family and colleagues club together or hold a charity event or fundraiser to make a donation to the Miscarriage Association of Ireland. You can make a donation via the website using a credit card or PayPal. If you would like to set up a direct debit please email info@miscarriage.ie for the Miscarriage Association of Ireland's bank details.

However you would like to help, your support is always welcome and very much appreciated.

Thank You

The Miscarriage Association of Ireland



Carmichael Centre, North Brunswick Street, Dublin 7

Telephone: 01-8735702 • Fax: 01-8735737

www.miscarriage.ie • Email: info@miscarriage.ie

www.facebook.com/miscarriage.ie



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