

1 Little Footprints

How very softly
you tiptoed into my world.
Almost silently,
only a minute you stayed.

But what an imprint
your footsteps have left
upon my heart.

2 To a Baby Who was Never Born

Stevenson
A life inside me, a love so strong.
He dies inside, but the love lives on.
It broke my heart for him to go.
I love him, I need him like he'll never know.
I never held him, or heard him cry.,
And I wasn't ready to say goodbye.
I never dressed him in tiny clothes,
Or saw him smile as I tickled his toes.
I cry for him in the night.
It hurts so much,
And no one can make it right.

him so love
I held her but never could see any

3 To Be With You Again

We think of you in silence,
And often speak your name.
But all that's left to answer
Is your picture in a frame.

If we could have one lifetime wish,
One dream that would come true,
We would pray to God with all our hearts
For yesterday and you.

If tears could build a stairway
And heartaches make a lane,
We would walk our way to Heaven
To be with you again

4

Do not stand by my grave and weep -
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on the snow.
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you wake in the morning's hush,
I am the swift, upflinging rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.
Do not stand by my grave and weep.
I am not there.
I do not sleep.

5

We cannot judge a biography by its length,
by the number of pages in it;
we must judge by the richness of the contents.....
Sometimes the 'unfinisheds' are among
the most beautiful symphonies.

6

Butterflies may only be with us for a little while.
But the memory of their beauty lives on forever.

7

The life of one we love is never lost.
It's influence goes on
through all the lives it ever touched.

8 **Just Once** Barbara Daniels

Just once, I wish I could have spent a late hour
rocking you in my arms.
Just once, I wish I could have gently lain you in your crib.
I wish I could have changed a diaper,
 chosen an outfit for the day,
 given you a bath,
 soothed your skin with oil..... Just once,
I wish I could have heard you cry out in loneliness for me;
Spent time alone with you,
Just the two of us;
Strolled proudly through the shopping mall . . .
 Just once,
I wish I could have heard the words
"What a beautiful healthy baby girl!"
Just once.

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9 **Lament For a Child** (Gennet M. Emery)

Some thought the pain was less
Because I never saw you;
But oh, I did!
My heart and mind wove textured skin,
Caressed your cheeks, touched finespun hair,
And smelled sweet breath

Although you dwelt within my womb
In darkness, secret and unseen,
I knew your presence there
A living part of my own flesh
Whose heart was linked to mine

And then you left
Too soon to bear the earth's weighted air
And so I silent mourn
My tears as inward as your life
And yet you truly lived
As real as if my arms had felt your weight
And sensed your body's warmth
Close pressed to mine

So now I raise a stone within my soul
To mark your place,
Your name engraved by acid tears;
Still carry you in memory's womb
And feel grief's weight in empty arms.

So tender were the days you lived with me,
Reluctant do I set you free.
Yet can I sense a tempered joy
To think you whole, complete,
Newborn to breathe a fresher air
In worlds more real than those I know.

We wait together, oh my child,
For one day I will reach and find
Your hand within my own
And feeling that embrace,
Your kiss upon my cheek
So move from dream into reality
And know a different motherhood at last.

10

In a baby castle
 just beyond my eye
My baby plays with angel toys
 that money cannot buy.
Who am I to wish him back
 into a world of strife?
No. Play on, my baby.
You have eternal life.
At night when all is silent
 and sleep forsakes my eyes,
 I'll hear his tiny footsteps
 come running to my side;
 his little hands caress me
 so tenderly and sweet.
I'll breathe a prayer and close my eyes
 and embrace him in my sleep.
Now I have a treasure
 that rates above all other:
I have known true glory;
I am still a mother.

11 **For a Child Born Dead**

What ceremony can we fit
You into now? If you had come
Out of a warm and noisy room
To this, there'd be an opposite
For us to know you by. We could
Imagine your lively mood

And then look at the other side,
The mood drawn out of you, the breath
Defeated by the power of death.
But we have never seen you stride
Ambitiously the world we know.
You could not come and yet you go.

But there is nothing now to mar
Your clear refusal of our world.
Nor in our memories can we mould
You or distort your character.
Then all our consolation is
That grief can be as pure as this.

Goodnight my dear loved ones.
It was not meant to be.
I am now to live my life
In a land you cannot see.

The land's very beautiful
All the sunshine and no rain
Where everybody's healthy
And no-one can feel pain.

You see Heaven, like earth, needs children
To laugh and sing and play;
To be loved by all around them
Bringing joy to every day.

So now you know I'm happy,
Growing up like you want me to.
Please mention my name with a smile
And I'll send my love to you.

Remember I'll always be near you,
For your child I'll always remain.
So live your life knowing I care
And I'll be waiting when we meet again.

13 **All Those Months** Margery Cordukes

Your little heart beating so strongly
 All those months is silent.
Your little arms and legs
 Moving so vigorously are still.

Milk fading like tears from your mother's breasts
 Will never nourish you.
 Your eyes will never sparkle;
Your little voice forever silent.

Your mother dreams of holding you in her arms,
 Timidly kissing your soft, smooth cheek,
 Caressing your tiny fingers
And whispers your name with tears.

She dreams of holding you
 Of watching you smile and grow.
Her love is always with you
 Though you will never know.

* Ray for reading.

14

An Angel Kiss

An angel descended to the earth
And shed her silvery wings,
For she had much to accomplish here
Spreading kindness and love, among so many things.

God carefully chose this angel
And gave us His very best;
For many tender years
We've been so richly blessed.

But she wasn't ours for keeps;
Her time with us on loan.
For heaven's the place that she deserves
And heaven has called her home.

A band of angels have now returned
Her shimmering wings of flight;
They'll lead her high above the clouds
Where she'll rest tonight.

When you see a shooting star
Flashing through the sky,
Recognize the angel
As she remembers how to fly.

And if the wind caresses your face
As her presence you dearly miss,
Know that her love for you lives on
Through the breeze that you received.