

Center for Infant and Child Loss
c/o Any Baby Can of San Antonio
217 Howard Street
San Antonio, Texas 78212

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Contact Us

Center for Infant and Child Loss
c/o Any Baby Can of San Antonio, Inc.
217 Howard Street
San Antonio, Texas 78212

Phone: 210/227-0530
Texas Only : 800/524-3755
Fax: 210/227-0812

Email: kratcliff@anybabycansa.org

Website: www.anybabycansa.org

We thank you for your support...

Jon's 5K Run/Stroll Supporters



If you wish to be removed
from our mailing list,
please contact the Center.

Newsletter

Do you have a poem or article that you would
like to see included in our newsletter?
Please send by mail, fax or email.

If you are hurting, we are here...

SEPTMEBER 2011



CENTER FOR
INFANT & CHILD LOSS
A PROGRAM OF ANY BABY CAN

Baby Prints

Save the Date...

**20th Annual Candlelight
Memorial Service**
November 12, 2011

*The human heart feels things the eyes
cannot see,
and knows what the mind
cannot understand.*

- Robert Vallett



The Center for Infant and Child Loss
is a program of



They whom we love and lose
are no longer where they were before.
They are now...
wherever we are.



Be like the bird that pausing in her flight a while,
on boughs too slight,
feels them give way beneath her—and yet sings,
knowing that she has wings.

Victor Hugo

Time Will Ease The Hurt

The sadness of the present days
is locked and set in time,
and moving to the future
is a slow and painful climb.

But all the feelings that are now,
so vivid and so real
can't hold their fresh intensity
as time begins to heal.

No wound so deep will ever go
entirely away;
yet every hurt becomes
a little less from day to day.

Nothing can erase the painful
imprints on your mind;
but there are softer memories
that time will let you find.

Though your heart won't let the sadness
simply slide away,
the echoes will diminish
even though the memories stay.

-Bruce B. Wilmer

Dream

*I am drawn quietly to his grave to check on him
Just as I'd have been drawn quietly to his crib.
I trim the grass around his marker
And dream of trimming his soft brown hair,
I place some flowers by his name
And dream of his smelling them in my yard
I hold his memory in my heart
As I dream of holding him in my arms.
I go quietly to visit Elijah's grave
As I used to go quietly to check on him napping.
I tenderly wipe dirt and grass off his marker,
As I would tenderly wipe his face, after he'd eaten.
I linger there at the cemetery to be near him,
As I would linger...rocking him, long after he's fallen
asleep. I buy things to take him...where he now rests,
As I bought things to give him, his smile was my reward.
I drive away slowly with tears in my eyes,
As I cry for him in silence, as each day passes by.
I hold him now warmly in my heart,
Till the day comes that he can run into my open arms.*

Written by "Lijah's Gram (Janice Fisher)



The **Center's Memorial Collage** was designed to offer a place
for families wishing to share a photograph of their little angel with
others. These beautiful faces represent a life cut short
but certainly not forgotten.

If you would like to have your
child's picture added to our
Center Memorial Collage
please call 227-0530.

*The Center Memorial will be viewed at Any Baby Can and will be
displayed at the
Annual Candlelight Service in November*



The Tree

I am a tree
Bending my trunk to the ground
Bending...
Stretching me.
Tearing fibers of my being
But I do not break.

My trunk stands bent
But not broken
Leaves fall
Branches and twigs...
Pieces of my life are shed
Stripping me of purpose
Of identity.

But my source
My trunk
The connection to life...
My roots
Survives

One day the wind will ease
And my trunk
Will begin to unbend
I will grow again
New leaves will bud
Flowers will bloom
Fruit will grow and mature
And I will not just survive
But live!



*Sadness flies
away on the
wings of time.*

Jean de La Fontaine



Siblings On Earth and In Heaven

I had prayed for just one,
My first born child was a son.
The chances were slim,
A miracle I called him.
He brought me such joy,
A beautiful little boy.
He taught me such love;
Angels cam for him from above.
My mind, body and sole in pain
Can I possibly live again?
I found faith in his memory,
And began my new journey.
I prayed for another,
My second born a daughter.
He had improved my chances,
My little girl sings and dances.
Big brother will guide and protect,
Only he truly knows what will happen next.

A lullaby sung to her at night
Taught her of her brother in flight.
I believe she has the right to know,
He is a guardian angel that allows us to grow.
In the spring we plant flowers,
That flourish with his rain showers.
Brother is bowling she is told,
When the thunder is loud and bold.
She is taught of this boy,
Not in sadness but in joy.
She learns of his existence,
As well as his distance.
Someone once told me I was wrong,
My daughter has proven to be strong.
It was my duty as their mother,
Listen to her speak of her brother.
She wants him to come down from above,
I explain they are together through love.
She wants to fly like her big brother,
I explain someday we will all fly together.
Noticing a balloon flying high in the sky,
This child tells others not to cry.
She explains the balloon has not gone away,
Children in heaven will now play.
My children are sister and brother;
We all know and love one another.

Dianna Russell



RESOURCE CORNER

Resources that may help you with your
grief journey...

Websites

www.silentgrief.com www.aplacetoremember.com
www.myforeverchild.com www.lossofachild.org

If you are hurting...we are here.

Please contact us if you and/or your family would like
to participate in counseling services. Our grief
counseling services are offered at no cost .

Contact Katherine Ratcliff, Director
Center for Infant and Child Loss
227-0530

20th Candlelight Memorial

*It has been 20 years since that first candle was lit in
memory of a beloved child at Any Baby Can's Annual
Memorial Service. Families and friends gathered to
remember their children that have left too soon.*

*On November 12th we will gather once again to light
our candles and take pause to reflect and remember...*

