



E-Haven Newsletter from griefHaven

www.griefHaven.org

Where Hope Resides®

(310) 459-1789

E-Haven™ September 2009

A CHILD'S VOICE CELEBRATED IN SONG



Anna Huckabee Tull

"I want to find a way to honor my child that is unique, special, and will last forever." Here is your chance.

[To hear the songs, click on the links within this newsletter.](#)

This month's newsletter is about a special woman who has the gift of stringing together just the right words, in just the right order, for just the right reasons. She has an ability to read between the lines when we share the stories of our loved ones who have died. And she has the voice of an angel when she sings—with a heart so big and kind that you physically feel it when you listen to her. She has the gift of turning our loved ones' lives into a lyrical experience—a special way of honoring them and keeping their memory alive forever.

Her name is Anna Huckabee Tull, and she is a special kind of lyricist and composer. She writes the stories of those we love who have died and left us here to live life without them. And she does so through her gift of song. Yes, Anna creates one-of-a-kind songs just for you, beautifully telling the story of your lives with the one you loved and lost. As you listen, you find yourself transported to other places and times, drifting along on notes indelibly etched into your heart.

Among the many reasons to commission a song from this remarkable songwriter: an anniversary gift, a "just because" gift for someone you want to support, or to memorialize your child who has died. Of course, for many of us reading this, it is to honor our child.

Anna reaches into your heart and soul—to the deepest and most profound places where you live with your child. She gets to know you, your child, and the story of your lives together. What pours forth is worth more than all of the riches of this world—your song, as beautiful, moving, and poetic as anything you have ever heard. In fact, you are actually able to click on links within this newsletter and listen to each song yourself.

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the gifted, talented, and inspired Anna Huckabee Tull as she tells you her story . . . and about four songs she wrote for the Haws, Connor, Rabold, and Prince families. Then, when you are ready, sit back, turn up your volume, click on the links provided, and let yourself drift away, note by gorgeous note.

We hope many of you will allow Anna to create that special song for you. With each song she creates, she will give a very generous donation to *griefHaven*. But, then, that is Anna Huckabee Tull for you, as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside! In her own words she writes . . .

Anna's Story by Anna Huckabee Tull



I think I have the greatest job in the world. I get to sit across from people—people lost in profound, life-altering pain—and listen carefully to every word they say as they share their stories of life, loss, and memories. I get to take those stories and translate them into a different wavelength—a wavelength that, when they hear it, allows them to begin to heal, breathe from a deeper place, and start to know that even this most painful moment in their lives can eventually offer up some peace. And that "wavelength" is the wavelength of song.

Why this is so is beyond my capability to fully explain or understand, but I was born with an ability to translate intense emotions into the kind of *sound vibrations that heal*—vibrations



that take the unspeakable and give it a shape, a feel, and a direction in which the story is turned into lyrics, music, and melody. Combined together, they create much more than just a song—they create a gentle, yet powerful, way for families to honor their child’s life by turning their stories into music.

My connection to *griefHaven* runs deep. You see, I have been given the privilege of being connected to many grieving families who have reached out to me over the years to help them celebrate, remember, and, yes, grieve the loss

of a beloved child through song. As we initiate our work together, I always tell them about *griefHaven*, for it is exactly what it promises to be—a soft place to land in the face of disorienting trauma and a powerful “haven” where they are able to take into their own hands the experience of grieving and celebrating a child they have deeply loved and will continue to love for all of their days.

This month, *griefHaven* has honored me, and several of the families I have worked with, by choosing to highlight four songs, four families, and four stories. These are not just stories of loss, but of families rebuilding their lives from the ground floor up—daring to invite intimacy and rebirth where at first there was only emptiness and hopelessness. Each story is unique and amazing. I invite you to walk right into each one and, hopefully, find some of your own story inside. Here’s an overview of each story and how I created each song. After, you will hear the stories from the parents themselves, and we include a link to each song so you may listen to it yourself.

Alex Haws — SONG CREATED “FLY”

Aimee, an incredible mother who, along with her husband Brian, spent three years sleeping in hospital rooms to make sure a parent was always there with their son, Alex, every night. Aimee called me one day to say that Alex had very little time left. She wanted a song for Alex’s memorial service, but she also wondered, “Might it be possible for you to write this song in time for Alex to hear it himself?” I wanted to fulfill that huge request and hoped that, if I did the interview immediately and listened very closely with my heart to what was said in-between the lines, I would be able to create a song that would bring Alex comfort as he approached the end of his life. I am happy to say that I was able to complete and record that song, entitled *Fly*, in an MP3 format that Aimee was able to play for Alex on her computer.

I wept composing Alex’s song, *Fly*, but I also felt an incredible sense of “upliftment.” Two days after I sent the MP3, Aimee and Brian received the actual CD. Aimee opened the door to the delivery man, held her finished CD in one hand, and, by Alex’s bedside, held his hand in her other hand. She looked him in the eye, told him it was okay, and right then and there, with his parent’s song to him safely in her hands, Alex left this world behind.

Sarah Connor — SONG CREATED “SARAH’S SONG”

John and Bonnie Connor called me for an entirely different

reason—to have me compose a song for the renewal of their wedding vows. In the course of the song interview, I learned about their daughter, Sarah, who had died on the day she was born. They spoke of what a turning point that was in their shared lives. I did compose the anniversary song that they asked for; however, in the aftermath of finishing that song, another song just “came through.” It was *Sarah’s Song*, and it came through as if Sarah were singing it to her parents, offering loving reassurance to them and her two sisters, Lily and Jasmine, who John and Bonnie had subsequently adopted. John and Bonnie were astonished! I think it’s safe to say that *Sarah’s Song* opened up a new place in their lives and hearts for celebration and healing and made the renewal of their wedding vows even sweeter.

Esther Anaïs Rabold — SONG CREATED “THE BLESSING”

Jennifer Rabold came to me after the painful loss of her unborn child. The experience had left her with a profound sense of loss, eroded her confidence in her ability to create a family, and eaten away at the intimacy she had relied upon and shared with her husband, Dan. She was deeply shaken, felt overwhelmed and alone with her feelings, and was struggling in her attempts to move forward and begin thinking again about inviting yet another new life into the family. The song I created for her seven years ago became known throughout the United States and other countries, providing powerful support and a watershed of tears of relief and release for countless other women who have similarly suffered alone, inside themselves, with the loss of a child they have never met, yet have deeply known and loved.

Wyatt Prince — SONG CREATED “FOREVER GROWING”

Last, there is the Prince family, a family who continues to inspire me! They lost their own little prince when he was four months old. As I seem to have inexplicably been able to do in so many instances, after talking with the Princes, I felt as if I could sense or hear the message Wyatt wanted his family to hear. As they faced the ten-year anniversary of Wyatt’s death, I sat down and wrote *Forever Growing*, a beautiful message from Wyatt to his family.

All four families have stepped forward to share their stories and songs with you because they know the lives of their children—brief but breathtakingly beautiful—have touched and changed forever not only their lives, but the lives of others, stretching their views of the world and opening them anew to all things possible.

The journeys I have taken with these four families have changed and humbled me, causing me to laugh and cry with them. And the roads we walked together to bring these songs to life are, and shall remain, a part of me always.



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To receive *Song of the Month*, a free downloadable song-and-story email each month, visit CustomCraftedSongs.com.

Fly (Alex's Song)

[To hear "Fly," click on
[Alex's Song](#)]

Some people live many years upon this earth
And others like you my boy stay shorter
But after your time is through, there is more in store for you
For love is the key that will hold us together, after you

Fly up to the sky where you can soar above this town
Fly up to the sky where you can always look down
On the house where you lived and the people who love you here
Where we'll stand on the ground and we'll whisper our love to the air
up there
Where you'll fly, where you'll play
Where we'll remember every day

Some people are strong inside, but I've known none as strong
as you
You've taught me that strong inside is something I could become too
And all of those long, long nights, where you let me lay by you
Have filled me with love inside, of a kind I never knew
Till I loved you, so take that love and

Fly up to the sky where you can soar above this town
Fly up to the sky where you can always look down
On the house where you lived and the people who love you here
Where we'll stand on the ground and we'll whisper our love to the
air up there
Where you'll fly, where you'll play
Where we'll remember your sweetness and your strength

You've reached out your hand to me and let me look deep in
your eyes
You loved each one of us three enough to last a whole lifetime
And if it's time to set you free, then may you go in peace
But know always that we love you, to infinity, so now

Fly up to the sky where you can soar above this town
Fly up to the sky where you can always look down
On the house where you lived and the people who love you here
Where we'll stand on the ground and we'll whisper our love to the
air up there
Where you'll fly, where you'll play
Where we'll remember the
words you used to say:

*I will be all right.
I will be okay
I am all right
I am okay
No more pain
Today*



Alexander Michael Haws

November 14, 2002 - October 24, 2007

Our son, Alex, fought hepatoblastoma, a liver cancer, for three years before we were told that it was terminal and he would not survive. During those three years, Alex went into remission three times, and each time his cancer returned. Alex fought harder than I have ever seen anyone fight. He would not let cancer keep him down. He took his bad days as well as his good. He always had a smile on his face and a "kick -butt" attitude. If he didn't like something, he was quick to tell you.

In 2007, about a month before Alex passed away, we were faced with having to plan his funeral. I wondered, "How does a parent plan a funeral for their four-year-old son?" But we did. It was a difficult process, to say the least. I was only 26 years old at the time and had been to very few funerals, let alone a child's. One thing I wanted as part of making Alex's funeral special was to play a song that would paint a picture of who Alex was in his life. Yet, finding that song became a daunting task. All of the songs I could find sounded as if they were more for older people who had lived full lives and died, not for a very young child. The more I looked, the more frustrated I became.

Around 3:00 A.M. one morning when I was up with Alex, I happened upon Anna Huckabee Tull's website. I sent her an email requesting information on commissioning a song, and she emailed me back the very next day asking about our son. Anna seemed to understand that I needed something that captured the essence of our little boy. In fact, she seemed to be the only one at that point who understood. So one afternoon we sat on the phone for about two hours talking about Alex, our family, and what we had all been through.

Over the next few weeks, Anna worked incredibly hard on *Fly*. When I heard Alex's song for the first time, I could not stop crying because it WAS Alex's song in every way. Anna captured Alex's essence perfectly and made him come alive for all eternity. The MP3 of the finished song arrived in one of Alex's last days before he passed. Alex got to hear it, and I watched him while he listened to it. As soon as I started to play *Fly*, he rolled over, faced the music of that beautiful song, and did not roll back over until it was over.

Fly is not just a funeral song dedicated to our little boy's life—it is much, much more. *Fly* is also a memory that we can listen to anytime we want. Alex's song tells of his life, as well as how he is flying above and watching down upon us every day. Alex is my angel in the sky, and Anna will be forever my angel on earth. She gave our family something that we so badly needed at just the right time. I will be forever thankful to her. Every day I miss Alex immensely, but I find comfort in listening to *Fly* and thinking of our beautiful little boy in heaven.



Alexander Michael Haws

Sarah's Song

[To hear "Sarah's Song," click on [Sarah's Song](#)]

Jasmine, Jasmine grows in my garden and
Wisdom, wisdom grows in her heart, she is
Sturdy, she's a beauty,
And she knows me



Lily, Lily grows in my garden and
Sensitivity grows in her heart, she is
Quiet, she is quiet
And that's how I find her

Grow with me,
Grow with me
And grow with her
My sisters

Daddy, Daddy, you helped till this garden
You watered the soil with tears long ago
And I know what it means to be held by
you,
Daddy, I know

Know me
I know you know me
I know you know me as your daughter
My father

Mommy, Mommy, our garden's a story and
Mommy, Mommy, you sing life for me
In all of the days that came after
I ride on the tail of your laughter
Today and all ever after
In this garden
In our garden
Look what's growing
Look what life is showing
Light from above
Light from your love
In our garden, in our garden, in our garden



Sarah Connor

October 6, 1994

 In October 1994, life was very good for us. We owned a business that was eight years old and growing, we had just taken our two nephews and niece to Disney World, and, best of all, Bonnie was five months pregnant.

On October 5, Bonnie felt some cramping, so we went to the hospital. The emergency doctor said we needed to go to the labor and delivery floor and that our ob-gyn would meet us there. We were scared and worried. After the doctors conferred, they told us that Bonnie's body was acting as if it were ready to give birth, and one option was to stop the process by putting her on complete bed rest for the duration of her pregnancy. The hope was that doing so would result in Bonnie giving birth at around 36 weeks. Yet, even though we heard those words of hope, we simply did not see that same hope in our doctor's eyes.

Bonnie stayed in the hospital that night, and early the next morning the hospital asked John to return immediately. The baby we had already begun calling Sarah was going to be born. What happened next continues to be a blur, but Sarah was born and was simply too little to survive. Her death was a shock and a totally unexpected event in our lives! We had spent so long trying to get pregnant and wanted children so desperately that this brought us to our knees. It was not only the worst thing that ever happened to us, but Sarah, of course, also lost her life.

Sarah's death changed us in so many ways. Over the next ten years we adopted two beautiful daughters, Jasmine and Lily, became hospice chaplains, and were ready to celebrate our twentieth wedding anniversary and renew our vows. To honor our love and our life's journey together, we decided to commission a song from Anna Huckabee Tull. We wanted the song to be about our entire journey over the last 20 years, which included Sarah. Anna worked hard on our song, and then something surprising happened.

As Anna personally delivered our anniversary song, *Anam Cara*, she also said she had a surprise for us—something amazing that had happened. Anna told us that, once she had completed our song and set down her guitar, she felt a strong pull to pick up the guitar again. When she did, a new song emerged fully and effortlessly written! It was a song written to each of us as if it were coming from Sarah. We were simply astounded!

Sarah's Song tells the story of her relationship with each one of us—Jasmine, Lily, Dad, and Mom. It was so perfect and divine that our anniversary song paled in comparison. *Sarah's Song* is our evidence and assurance that, although she is not here in a physical form with us, she lives with us day-to-day and has a personal connection with each one in her family. As we renewed our vows, we also felt Sarah's presence in a far deeper way than we ever would have without this precious gift of *Sarah's Song*.



Lily, Bonnie, Jasmine & John Connor

The Blessing (Esther's Song)

[To hear "The Blessing," click on
[The Blessing](#)]

I lost you alone
There was almost no one to carry you home
Just me and the floor
And the closed bathroom door
I was blinking and breathing
Not quite believing
Throat like a stone
I lost you alone

And my body was tired
Tired from turning away
Tired from everything every day
So I never heard your heart start beating
I never felt the oceans of feeling
I never cried
Never opened my eyes for so long
Till you were already gone

Can you see me now?
I am down on my knees with my
Fingers down deep in the ground
And I plant these daphnes in the name of
my love
And I'll go forth believing the blessing
you're leaving
Will be more than enough

I am not alone
I am not alone
I will turn to my love and soften my heart
I will let one thing finish so another can start
And I will watch you rise and bloom each
year
I will not forget; you will find me here
In the arms of life
Saying thank you, I love you, and good-bye

Can you see me now?
I am down on my knees with my
Fingers down deep in the ground
And I plant these daphnes in the name of
my love
And I'll go forth believing the lesson
you're leaving
Will be more than
enough

You teach me of love
You teach me of love
Blood of my blood
You teach me of love



Esther Anaïs Rabold

November 3, 2002

I cried for her first before I realized I had lost her. I was in church on the Day of the Dead, and my minister was speaking about how we cannot fully embrace life if we do not also accept death. I didn't know then that the baby inside me had already died, but somehow I did know, in that knowing that can't express itself in words or even in consciousness. For the last time for a while to come, I wept. And later that day, I began to feel the pains.

Our lives were busy. My husband, Dan, and I were working full-time jobs and raising our one-year-old son, Jackson, who was in his first year of day-care. Jackson seemed to be bringing home every virus under the sun and sharing them with me. My body was

tired, my relationship with Dan was growing cold, and I didn't feel present in any aspect of my life, including my pregnancy. By the time I lost the baby, I was suffering from as yet undiagnosed pneumonia and pleurisy.

Dan was sympathetic, but he didn't seem to want to talk about it. I left phone messages when I knew they weren't home for the two colleagues from work who knew I was expecting. I didn't want to talk about it. And yet I desperately needed to talk about it, to understand why, to be able to cry, and to feel. But it's difficult to talk to people about a miscarriage, since they often don't recognize it as a "baby" and thus don't give credence to the grief and pain a parent is feeling. In the weeks that followed, I searched for information on the Internet and in the library, trying to find out why I had lost her, whether or not what I was feeling was normal, and how I could heal from this. I found some medical information which answered some questions, but almost no information about the emotional or psychological response to miscarriage. I talked to my mother, who had also lost a baby years ago. I sought therapy on my own, and I filled a journal with my confusion, anger, shame, feelings of inadequacy, and, finally, my sorrow. That is when I decided I needed to create a ceremony that honored our baby's soul, and that is when I sought the creative and loving talent of Anne Huckabee Tull.

I knew Anna from my years of living in Boston, and I knew she wrote commissioned songs. I had always wanted to commission a song one day—perhaps for my son or my husband—but I realized that now the song I needed was for our baby girl. I needed some way to allow her spirit to live on in the world. I also decided to plant some flowers for her in my garden—something perennial that would bloom each year at the time when she would have been born. I chose daphnes, a shrub with delicate pink flowers that bloom in June.

Before meeting Anna for our interview, I sat in a little coffee shop writing in my journal. I needed to write not *about* our baby but *to* our baby. Here's a little of what I wrote:

I haven't forgotten you, my little lost baby who left too soon, too soon to get to know you, too soon for you to know I could have been a wonderful mother to you. I have a heart so full of love, but my heart has been clouded this year, not open like you



Jennifer, Jake, Jackson & Dan Rabold

needed. My body was weak, my chest full of germs and grief, my heart heavy. The house was not ready for you; my house, this body, was not ready for you. My arms were not open and waiting, but full of papers to grade and books to read, little boy's hands to hold and diapers to change. My hands were too full, my head too full, my life too busy to get to know you. You were there, growing inside me, but I barely knew, barely recognized you or remembered you were there. I hadn't even begun to plan for you, too busy with my own plans. I didn't talk to you, too busy talking to other people, trying to help my little boy talk, my little boy who still needed too much of me to give anymore to another baby. You invited me to lie down, but I ignored you, refused to rest, to pause, to stop, to listen. I never cried until I knew you were leaving—until you decided you were not welcome, that we weren't ready, that our house was too cold, our hands too full. I am ready now, and so is your father. Our hands are not so full, our hearts are open and unencumbered by grief and misunderstandings, our house is full of light, my body is strong, and my little boy is able to speak his words. Why do I need to remember you—you who were not, you who will always be just a possibility? Because I lost a part of me, blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, soul of my soul . . .

Many of the lyrics of the song Anna composed for us came right from that journal entry and our interview, and the song is indeed a song to a little soul gone too soon. The song is quiet, haunting, and yet powerfully beautiful and personal. The week after I met with Anna, Dan and I went to a weekend retreat sponsored by the Catholic Church called Marriage Encounter, a program intended to deepen the marital relationship through improved communication. We attended, even though we weren't Catholic, because we felt it would help us at such a difficult time in our lives. We were both dealing with this loss so differently. It was during that retreat that we had so many important discussions, one of which was about the miscarriage. I read Dan that last journal entry, and when I looked up, he was crying. Dan told me that he hadn't wanted to think of it as a baby—that he didn't want to think we had lost our baby, but when he heard the words I had written, he saw it from a different perspective. Dan shared, "I can't handle losing a baby. I didn't want to lose our baby." And we cried and

But it's difficult to talk to people about a miscarriage, since they often don't recognize it as a baby . . .

held each other. I was able to tell him all of the things I wanted to tell him when I felt so alone and how much I needed him during that time, and he apologized for denying his own feelings and not being there for me. Dan also shared with me that his mother had a miscarriage and the family always talked about baby Michael as if he had been born and lived, like any other member of the family. We decided we should name our baby, too. He suggested Esther to honor the sister his mother lost, and I selected Anaïs, after a French author who is most famous for her diaries in which she recorded her own experience losing a baby over 60 years ago. That moment erased all the hurt and resentment of the previous months.

And so in June, Dan, Jackson, and I memorialized Esther Anaïs together by planting the daphnes in our garden and playing her song, *The Blessing*. Just a few months later, I found out I was pregnant with my second son, Jake, who has brought light and joy to our lives. My sons and I have extended the garden in which the daphnes grow and turned it into a fairy garden which now also contains the ashes of our beloved golden retriever. It's a place where we honor Esther Anaïs and watch our love grow. It's a place where our baby's memory lives on—where our love lives on.

The song has also taken on a life of its own. I've sent it to my mother, to both of my sisters who also lost babies, to friends and friends of friends, and to their mothers and sisters. Also so meaningful to me are the emails Anna forwards to me where my story and *The Blessing* touch women I've never met—women who now know that they aren't alone. And so, Esther Anaïs Rabold is our blessing, reminding us that we are never alone.



SUSAN ELIZABETH
DESIGNS

By Susan Whitmore, Founder & President



Since starting *griefHaven.org* and *The Erika Whitmore Godwin Foundation* in 2003, I have also been designing and making jewelry. Doing so has been therapeutic for me, but primarily it has been a consistent source of revenue to *griefHaven*, since all of the proceeds I make from the sale of each piece go directly into the *griefHaven* account. Several high-end boutiques in Southern California sell my pieces, including in Pacific Palisades and Santa Monica. Since each store keeps 50% of whatever a piece of my jewelry sells for, I started thinking, "Why don't I just sell these pieces on the *griefHaven.org* website so that 100% of what is made goes straight to *griefHaven* instead of just 50%?" And that is exactly what I've decided to do. My jewelry has been purchased by buyers for television shows and movies and has also adorned women like you who are very happy with their purchases. So I want you to be a part of this venture, too.

Offering my designs online is a win-win situation for everyone. You get a unique, beautiful designer piece of jewelry AND you help us support thousands of parents, siblings, and families everywhere who desperately need the

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Forever Growing (Wyatt's Song)

[To hear "Forever Growing," click on
[Forever Growing](#)]

Sissy, from across all time and space
I am with you every single day
Feel my hand wrapped around your finger, strong and warm
And feel the never-ending beat of my heart inside your heart
Through every precious moment, every hurdle, every storm

And let my love fill you to overflowing
Wherever on life's road you may be going
In the circle of life, all the love for me you brought alive
Will return to you, from me, and keep on growing
Like balloons on a wind forever blowing
Because of you, our love is forever growing

And Papa, it is from you I gained my strength
For all the times I fought the battle to fullest length
It was the deepest honor of all my hard-won days
To be your little warrior, to be your little twinkling star
You and me, each shared moment, for always

So Papa let my love fill you to overflowing
Through all your days and all your ways of deepest knowing
In the circle of life, all the love for me you brought alive
Will return to you, from me, and keep on growing
Like balloons on a wind forever blowing
Because of you, our love is forever growing

And let us, none of us forget
All those beside us on our journey
as we went
Through this passage where we
learned just how big love can get
And how each day is a precious,
precious gift

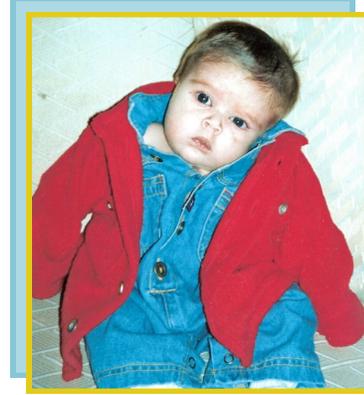
Mama, oh mama, how can I say
How your love kept me alive every
single day
How the bond that we shared is
forever-ever there
That I hear you and I feel you and I love you and still need you
Yes, I hear you and I feel you every day

So Mama let my love fill you to overflowing
For all the ways that our love just keeps on showing
In the circle of life, all the love for me you brought alive
Will return to you, from me, and just keep on growing
Like balloons on a wind forever blowing
Pushing up through the trees to keep on going
Because of you, Mama, because of you, I am
Forever growing



Wyatt Johnathan Darrin Prince

November 13, 1997 - April 11, 1998



Wyatt was five months old when we lost him to a congenital heart defect. While his time with us was short, our love for him will last a lifetime. When we found that there was someone that was able and willing to write, sing, and produce a song about our son, we jumped at the chance to immortalize him and our memories of him in music. Music is the one medium that can truly inspire great emotion, draw forth memories, and take you to a place and time when things were different. We have often associated songs with Wyatt's time with us. We have a whole list of "Wyatt's Songs," so the chance to have one that was truly *his* was something we could not pass up.

The process of creating a song for Wyatt was something that we will never forget. It was a beautiful, moving, creative, and meaningful experience. Imagine sitting with someone who is actually writing a song about your child from everything you have shared with her. That is how it was working with Anna Huckabee Tull, who is such an easygoing and caring person. It was obvious that Anna deeply cared for us, our journey, and Wyatt. We spent a lot of time working with her, reviewing the lyrics, and hearing the music. But to be honest, Anna hit just the right "chord" in her first attempt. The process was fascinating and wondrous for us.

Once the lyrics and music were completed and everyone was happy, Anna and her team went into the studio to record the song. The fact that talented musicians were gathered in a place for the purpose of singing about our love for Wyatt was beyond description. Then came the MP3 of *Forever Growing*. We all gathered around the computer with anticipation and excitement and listened with our hearts. There was not a dry eye anywhere. Part of the true magic of the song is that it is sung from Wyatt to us!

As the years have ticked onward and we have continued to move forward in our lives, we have always included Wyatt in everything, as he will always be a part of our family. And it is such a blessing to listen to *Forever Growing* whenever we are down, lost, or just need a burst of hope! We also use the song at special occasions to help us feel closer to Wyatt and remember our time together. *Forever Growing* is a constant reminder that life can be so short and that it is very precious, so we should not waste time on petty problems or concerns.

Wyatt's time here was short, but his presence in our family was impactful beyond the love we have for him. We have committed to being a closer family than we were before, to treating

each day with care and respect, and to helping others whenever we can. Wyatt's song helps us recharge those feelings and commitments. The end result of *Forever Growing* is that we have our own, private song that will last forever.

As we reflect on the time that has passed since Wyatt was here with us, one truth rings loudest: we as a family have used and continue to use the lessons we learned from Wyatt. During his time with us, he fought as hard as he could to live. In fact, his name means "little warrior." So during those dark hours after his passing, we fought on. In times when people did not understand our pain, we fought on. As his memory began to fade for others, we fought on to preserve it in ourselves. On his anniversary every year we gather in celebration of his birth and his memory. We write special messages on balloons and send them up to him while playing his song. We came to the realization that Wyatt now lives in us, and we carry him within everywhere we go and make him a part of everything we do. It is comforting to know that there is a presence around us that loves us and protects us.

One piece of wisdom we have learned and would like to share with those who have been thrust on this journey of losing a child is to "follow your heart." Don't worry about what others say. Do what you need to do to remember your child. Others' acceptance is not important. Your doing what you need to do to be whole is what truly matters. So if you have a balloon launch and only half the family shows up, that's okay. You're there, and your child knows it—THAT is all that is important. We all carry our child's flame in our hearts, so do what you can to let your child's flame burn brightly for all the world to see. And remember that each day with those you love is a gift.



John, Doreen, Lexi & Wyatt Prince



A song lives forever, as do Angels!
The Prince Family

(Susan Elizabeth Designs - continued from page 6)

griefHaven resources we offer.

There were times in the past years where the only money in the *griefHaven* account was that which came from this jewelry. So it is fitting to now offer the jewelry on the very website that benefits from its sale. Anyone who wants to own a *Susan Elizabeth Design* may do so right from our website.



And remember—the holidays are coming, so keep in mind that giving a *Susan Elizabeth Design* will not only make a great gift, but will also result in a donation to our very meaningful and needed *griefHaven* cause.



Here is the link to see my designs.

[Susan Elizabeth Designs](http://SusanElizabethDesigns.com)

Questions? Write to Jewelry@griefHaven.org

When you buy one of my designs, you get a beautifully unique piece that is carefully handcrafted with love and care. I make sure that each piece of jewelry is precisely crafted with attention to every detail. I know you will be elated! Hundreds of satisfied customers attest to that. Although the photos cannot do justice to the beauty and sparkle of each piece, rest assured—you will love your piece and

receive loads of compliments when you wear it.

Please purchase my designs for yourself and others, and tell everyone you know to visit our store often, as I add new pieces regularly. I always include jewelry in a variety of price ranges as well.

