

He had started the construction (I kid you not) the day after I told him we were pregnant; remodeling our bathroom (complete with a new tub for bathing our growing baby in). He was so excited and I was a ball of emotions.

I soon found myself thankful for the loud, intermitted sound of my husband's power tools, as I lay a level below (in the basement) numb, on in the bathroom floor.

I'd wait for the sound of a hammer or drill to drown out my sobs. I was losing our baby and there was nothing I could do to save her.

The doctors told me there wasn't anything I could have done to cause or prevent this but in my desperation I got online and researched EVERYTHING under the sun:.....possible causes, medications/ supplements I was on, activities I'd done... I wanted to know what went wrong and in my heart there was still a faint glimmer of hope. ...Maybe other women who had gone through similar situations and experienced a miracle, despite what the doctors said, the ultrasound showed, and all the bleeding. I'd read stories of what other women went through and the miraculous outcomes were far and few between.

I couldn't hold myself up and breathing was a challenge.

I'd still be on that cold, tiled floor if I hadn't stumbled upon Saying Goodbye.

In reading her story, Zoe's words wrapped around my soul like a much-needed hug that no one had been able to give me. Like a helping hand.

It was as if Zoe and her 5 sweet babies reached out to lift me up off the floor. In sharing her pain, Zoe and Saying Goodbye brought me a sense of comfort. I wasn't alone; I didn't need to be ashamed or embarrassed about what I was going through. When I couldn't articulate my thoughts or feelings I'd show my husband (Drew) Saying Goodbye quotes.

Even through his own pain, Drew tried to be so supportive and strong for me, but there was nothing he could say to make me feel better. Not even my parents had words... these are the two people who not only love me the most but they unfortunately know pain all too well after the tragic loss of a young daughter and going through a miscarriage of their own...surely they would know what to say...but when my dad saw me, he just held me and whispered, "there is nothing I can say." And he was right, I didn't need words, there were no words, only hugs.

I'll never forget my dad's hug, or the hours and hours I spent in my husband's arms. But no hug pacified me the way Zoe's story grasped my soul. Saying Goodbye provided a flicker of light at the end of the long, dark tunnel I'd been walking through. Saying Goodbye became a way for me to celebrate by baby's short, sweet life.

Too often women have miscarriages, stillbirths or lose an infant and they hold their pain inside so others don't feel uncomfortable. It's not a positive topic and people don't know what to say. Some downplay the situation like it's no big deal: "After all I was only 10 weeks along" and "miscarriages are very common at this stage of pregnancy. " It killed me when people would say things like "it will happen when it's meant to be" or "at least you know you can get pregnant, right?" WRONG! "...but I knew people meant well it was just uncomfortable for them.... and me, I was beyond uncomfortable.

I thought I reached the most awkward moment of my entire life when I was filling out paper work in the doctor's office.... I came to a question I'd never been asked before. I paused, looked up and the doctor and asked for permission to call my husband. I called Drew for help like I'd done so many times... and as if I were asking for the answer to a test question or which exit to take to get off the freeway... I asked him "which box do I check? ...Cremation, burial or hospital

disposal.” As awful as it sounds we chose for the hospital to “take care of the remains,” at the time we were told it’s “what most people do.” To this day I still don’t know if we made the right decision but I couldn’t fathom holding my baby for the first time in a box, vase or jar. The discomfort I felt that day was quickly trumped after my D & C when the whole world moved on and I was expected to go to work and carry on with my life as if nothing happened.

When you lose a loved one there is a funeral with friends and family to sit and reminisce with. Who would have gone to my baby’s funeral? Who did I have to reflect on fond times and laugh through my tears with? No one, but to be fair, I certainly didn’t want anyone around me, especially at the D & C. I wanted to be alone yet at the same time I was angry at the world for moving on and not honoring my baby. After all my baby was a granddaughter and a niece and if someone wasn’t there for her death what makes them think they deserve to be there for the birth and joy of my next child?

I was quick to realize the way I was thinking and acting wasn’t honoring her. She wouldn’t want me upset, or angry... if she were here she’d be making someone laugh or smile...but she’s not so I will spend the rest of my life honoring hers’ when I smile or try to comfort others.... The same way Zoe continues to honor her babies through Saying Goodbye. But my dear baby girl, it’s so hard without you....

A friend once described love to me and compared it to the ocean: deep, endless and breathtaking. I thought to myself...Ironic, that’s the only thing I can compare my pain to. Most days I try to keep my head above water and remember there is beauty in pain but treading water gets tiring and the waves, although constant, sometimes rush in (seemingly out of nowhere), swallow me and throw me against the shore.

I felt empty when my husband finished the bathroom, and I have yet to actually use and enjoy that bathtub. My heart sinks when I pass those tiny little unworn clothes hanging on oversized hangers in the closet. The images of my ultrasounds are burned into my memory and still keep me up some nights.

I write this less than a month from my due date, while trying not to drown. . These past 8 months have been anything but easy. Even in moments of joy and celebration I’m quickly reminded of “how things should be;” birthdays, holidays, mother’s/ father’s day and would-be milestones are the hardest. I try to hold back tears and swallow that awful lump in the back of my throat so no one will notice and feel “uncomfortable.” I don’t know if I’m ready to go through a pregnancy again, and maybe I’ll never feel ready. Another loss or let down is surely a possibility. I know it will be stressful, worrisome and positively worthwhile. Because of Saying Goodbye I know my baby’s short life wasn’t in vain. Because of Saying Goodbye I know how to bring others comfort through this pain.

I share our story with you not for pity or sympathy but in hopes to bring you comfort or encouragement if you are struggling with loss, pregnancy, trying to get pregnant or even if you don’t struggle...I hope our baby’s short little life “hugs you.” I hope she is remembered as more than just a painful memory. I hope you see beauty when you look at the ocean.

Sincerely,

Brittany