

Today I got the chance to remember my baby in the way that everyone should be able to.

In the splendor and magnificence of Exeter Cathedral, standing with others who knew the searing pain that losing a baby brings, declaring my baby through the symbolic ringing of a bell, openly weeping without fear of judgment or concern of appropriateness, sharing in heartache that breaks down the wall of taboo.

I was able to remember my baby in a way that was real, authentic and honest. No need to 'sensor' my feelings or grief.

What does that mean to me? It allowed me to reflect, process, function again. It doesn't hurt any less or suggest I now forget. It simply enables me to start to turn my pain into something beautiful.

To look forward with an assurance that my baby isn't a secret, that my baby does count, that my baby matters.

Thank you Saying Goodbye.

Esther x