

Bereaved Parents Wish List

Compiled by Diane Collins, TCF, Bay Area

1. I wish my baby hadn't died. I wish I had him back.

2. I wish you wouldn't be afraid to speak my baby's name. My baby lived and was very important to me. I need to hear that he was important to you also.

3. If I cry and get emotional when you talk about my baby, I wish you knew it isn't because you have hurt me. My baby's death is the cause of my tears. You have talked about my baby, and you have allowed me to share my grief. I thank you for both.

4. Being a bereaved parent is not contagious, so I wish you wouldn't shy away from me. I need you now more than ever.

5. I need diversions, so I do want to hear about you; but I also want you to hear about me. I might be sad and I might cry, but I wish you would let me talk about my baby, my favorite topic of the day.

6. I know you think of and pray for me often. I also know that my baby's death pains you too. I wish you would let me know those things through a phone call, a card or note, or a real big hug.

7. I wish you wouldn't expect my grief to be over in six months. These first months are traumatic for me, but I wish you could understand that my grief will never be over. I will suffer the death of my baby until the day I die.

8. I am working very hard on my recovery, but I wish you could understand that I will never fully recover. I will always miss my baby, and I will always grieve that he is dead.

9. I wish you wouldn't expect me "not to think about it" or to "be happy." Neither will happen for a very long time, so don't frustrate yourself.

10. I don't want to have a "pity party," but I do wish you would let me grieve. I must hurt before I can heal.

11. I wish you understood how my life has shattered. I know it is miserable for you to be around me when I am feeling miserable. Please be as patient with me as I am with you.

12. When I say, "I'm doing okay," I wish you could understand that I don't "feel" okay and that I struggle daily.

13. I wish you knew that all of the grief reactions I'm having are very normal. Depression, anger, frustration, hopelessness, and overwhelming sadness are all to be expected. So, please excuse me when I'm quiet and withdrawn or irritable and cranky.



14. Your advise to "take one day at a time" is excellent advice. However, a day is too much and too fast for me right now. I wish you could understand that I'm doing good to handle an hour at a time.

15. Please excuse me if I seem rude, certainly it is not my intent. Sometimes the world around me goes too fast and I need to get off. When I walk away, I wish you would let me find a quiet place to spend time alone.

16. I wish you understood that grief changes people. When my baby died, a big part of me died with him. I am not the same person I was before my baby died, and will never be that person again.

17. I wish very much that you could understand-understand my loss and my grief, my silence and my tears, my void and my pain. BUT, I pray that you will never understand

My Grief is Real

From the moment of conception, she's a baby. If she lives to be 80 or dies at 22 weeks in the womb, she was a person, who was really loved and who will be truly missed. Unfortunately for you, you didn't have the honor of meeting her, but those of us who did should not be expected to get over the loss the way a person gets over the flu.

My baby, like every person on this planet, was unique and irreplaceable. I am fully aware that I can try to have another baby. While it's kind of you to try to help, telling me I can have another baby is not productive. Think of it this way: if someone loses a 2 year old, would you tell that child's mother "You can have another child"? The age of my baby does not dictate how much grief I am allowed to feel over her loss.

There are going to be times when I am sad and depressed. It's OK for me to cry. It's OK if I don't feel like laughing, or even smiling. Let me be depressed. Let me cry. Let me be sad for weeks or months or however long I need to be. Don't you get it? My baby DIED! I'm sorry, but I can't help it if my grief makes you uncomfortable. I have bigger problems to contend with than to try to ease your discomfort.

Have some decorum, some sensitivity, some decency. Remember that I'm a woman in pain, a mother who lost her child. I know it's hard to know what to say or do. But please don't pretend like nothing happened. Something HUGE happened and we all know it. I would like to be treated with the compassion and dignity you would give any person in grief.

The baby was real. My grief is real.

From the heart of a bereaved Mother... This is now what "normal" is...

Normal is having tears waiting behind every smile when you realize someone important is missing from all the important events in your family's life.

Normal for me is trying to decide what to take to the cemetery for Birthdays Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Years, Valentine's Day, July 4th and Easter.

Normal is feeling like you know how to act and are more comfortable with a funeral than a wedding or birthday party...yet feeling a stab of pain in your heart when you smell the flowers and see the casket.

Normal is feeling like you can't sit another minute without getting up and screaming, because you just don't like to sit through anything.

Normal is not sleeping very well because a thousand what if's & why didn't I's go through your head constantly.

Normal is reliving that day continuously through your eyes and mind, holding your head to make it go away.

Normal is having the TV on the minute I walk into the house to have noise, because the silence is deafening.

Normal is staring at every baby who looks like he is my baby's age. And then thinking of the age they would be now and not being able to imagine it. Then wondering why it is even important to imagine it, because it will never happen.

Normal is every happy event in my life always being backed up with sadness lurking close behind, because of the hole in my heart.

Normal is telling the story of your child's death as if it were an everyday, commonplace activity, and then seeing the horror in someone's eyes at how awful it sounds. And yet realizing it has become a part of my "normal".

Normal is each year coming up with the difficult task of how to honor your child's memory and their birthday and survive these days. And trying to find the balloon or flag that fit's the occasion. Happy Birthday? Not really.

Normal is my heart warming and yet sinking at the sight of something special my baby loved. Thinking how he would love it, but how he is not here to enjoy it.

Normal is having some people afraid to mention my babies.

Normal is making sure that others remember them.



Normal is after the funeral is over everyone else goes on with their lives, but we continue to grieve our loss forever.

Normal is weeks, months, and years after the initial shock, the grieving gets worse sometimes, not better.

Normal is not listening to people compare anything in their life to this loss, unless they too have lost a child. NOTHING. Even if your child is in the remotest part of the earth away from you - it doesn't compare. Losing a parent is horrible, but having to bury your own child is unnatural.

Normal is taking pills, and trying not to cry all day, because I know my mental health depends on it.

Normal is realizing I do cry everyday.

Normal is disliking jokes about death or funerals, bodies being referred to as cadavers, when you know they were once someone's loved one.

Normal is being impatient with everything and everyone, but someone stricken with grief over the loss of your child.

Normal is sitting at the computer crying, sharing how you feel with chat buddies who have also lost a child.

Normal is feeling a common bond with friends on the computer in England, Australia, Canada, the Netherlands and all over the USA, but yet never having met any of them face to face.

Normal is a new friendship with another grieving mother, talking and crying together over our children and our new lives.

Normal is not listening to people make excuses for God. "God may have done this because..." I love God, I know that my baby is in heaven, but hearing people trying to think up excuses as to why healthy babies were taken from this earth is not appreciated and makes absolutely no sense to this grieving mother.

Normal is being too tired to care if you paid the bills, cleaned the house, did laundry or if there is any food.

Normal is wondering this time whether you are going to say you have two children or one, because you will never see this person again and it is not worth explaining that my baby is in heaven. And yet when you say you have 1 child to avoid that problem, you feel horrible as if you have betrayed your baby.

Normal is avoiding McDonald's and Burger King playgrounds because of small, happy children that break your heart when you see them.



Normal is asking God why he took your child's life instead of yours and asking if there even is a God.

Normal is knowing I will never get over this loss, in a day or a million years.

And last of all, Normal is hiding all the things that have become "normal" for you to feel, so that everyone around you will think that you are "normal".

author unknown

I wish for you...

Comfort on difficult days

Smiles when sadness intrudes

Rainbows to follow the clouds

Laughter to kiss your lips

Sunsets to warm your heart

Gentle hugs when spirits sag

Friendships to brighten your being

Beauty for your eyes to see

Confidence for when you doubt

Faith so that you can believe

Courage to know yourself

Patience to accept the trust

And love to complete your life.