

I found out I was pregnant just before Thanksgiving 2005 I was excited yet scared since i had just suffered a miscarriage. All through my pregnancy everything was fine I felt wonderful. On a hot summer morning I started to feel pains in my stomach so I had my sister take me to the hospital to be checked out. When the doctor went to look for Cadence's heartbeat she could not find it, they kept finding mine but told me not to worry everything was going to be ok. They finally brought in an ultrasound machine, and did an ultrasound. There was no heartbeat. I was 36 weeks pregnant. They kept me in the hospital and got me sat up for my c section to deliver my daughter. Cadence was born on July 6 2006 She was tiny at 3 lbs 5 oz. I held her for 13 hours after she was born. The last time I saw her was when the funeral director came to take her away I was devastated to have to let her go. I returned home a few days later and was surrounded by all her stuff that I had collected over the past few months; it was hard to have to pack all her stuff away. When I should be having my baby at home and caring for her using the stuff we bought for her, not having to pack it away.

Cadence is buried in a cemetery right next to a few other babies; all she has is a metal steak in the ground with a plate that has her name on it. All I have longed for over the past 3 years is to get her a headstone. It means more to me than anything; words can't describe how much better I would feel knowing she has something to permanently mark her spot.

I know have a one year old son, and times are tough with having to provide for him. I have been trying to save up for a headstone, but at the rate I'm going it will take 20 years.

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