Hello. my name is Janette Dougan. I have a 5 year old son Jacob. January of 2007 I found out I was pregnant with my second child. I was so excited. My only concern was if I was having a girl! either way i was so excited! I couldnôt wait for Jacob to have a brother or sister to play with and another child! My pregnancy was fine the first 3 months. Then at one sonogram, the tech said Iôm going to just take a few pics. Then she said Iôll be right back and left. I didnôt understand why? She came back with the doctor. He looked at the screen. Then told me that my baby may have clubbed feet. I had no idea what that was at the time. They sent me to Pittsburgh, where there are better sonograms, and doctors. I was so nervous.

The sonogram in Pittsburgh showed that my baby did have clubbed foot on her left foot. Her right foot was missing the tibia bone (which connects your ankle and leg) she wasnôt in any pain. they at that time asked if I wanted to do an amnio. I was so scared because I don't like needles. but I did it because they had explained that it would help make sure all the chromosomes were normal and whatnot. They also said that I had under 3 days to have an abortion as the baby is on the sono screen. I said absolutely not. I don't care what is wrong with this baby I will love him or her regardless. So I got the amino results back to find out that I was definitely having a girl and that she had extra genes on chromosome number 10. Which didnôt make up another chromosome but were enough to affect her and children born with this haven't lived past the age of three.

I had a difficult pregnancy. I was in and out of the hospital 8 times; Admitted twice for many different things. I was terrified of the actual birth, but I couldnôt wait to meet my little girl! I knew my daughter would be tiny. I knew she was breech. I knew that her feet weren't "normal" and I knew that one leg was going to be shorter then the other. So august 15th I went into labor. My contractions were far apart so I didnôt go to the hospital. The 16th I had a Drôs appt at 10 am. I was dilated 4cm. they sent me to the hospital. i was there until 7pm then they were short on beds and I hadnôt progressed more so I went home. Around 10pm I tried to go to sleep. Around 1am I was in so much pain I knew I had to go to the hospital. I called my mom who worked 3rd shift to come get me. I got in the shower (being that I knew I wouldnôt be able to shower for a day or two). That water was like pins and needles on my body. I laid down to find blood everywhere my mom still wasnôt home so I called 911.

Jacey Madison Dougan was born at 3:55am on August 17th 2007. She wasnôt breathing when born but was resuscitated and had a breathing tube for 24 hours. Then my lil girl was doing good enough to have it removed. She was gorgeous! Weighing 2lbs 14 oz. 17 inches long. She did very well (for her condition) in the NICU for 4 weeks, except her epiglottis flapped so she couldnôt take a bottle. So I had two options to take her home and basically starve her to death or have a g tube put in. so I had the g tube put in. so she was transferred to the childrenôs hospital in Pittsburgh pa. She had her g tube surgery October 4th 2007. The best memory I have of her. She had her head up. Her eyes open. Happiest little girl that day. The surgery took an hour longer then expected. The worst hour of my life! The doctors had a hard time getting the breathing tube in her. It took them a long time and they were pros at this so it should have been easy.

I then had another decision: if they took the breathing tube out, there was no way it could go back in. So we could take it out and "let nature take its course" or have a trach put in. I thought about it long and hard for 5 days. I decided that the first surgery was hard enough on both of us. After her g tube surgery, she never woke up. She never opened her eyes again. She was just

drugged asleep and was so swollen. Also, Iôm not a nurse. I don't know how to take care of a trach especially on a baby and I know its easy for infections....so on Saturday October 13th all of our friends and family came down and held her took pics. Just spent time with her. They took the breathing tube out at 5pm. She had a little trouble breathing at first but after 100% oxygen she had her stats up, everyone except me left around 10pm. Around 12am I took a shower and went to bed (in a parents room in the hospital 3 floors up from the NICU)...around 4am my phone rang and the nurse said I had to come to the NICU now. I put flip flops on grabbed my key and ran to the NICU. When I got there they had her all ready for me to hold.

I held Jacey. I hugged her I kissed her I sang to her. A minister came; baptized her, gave her a final prayer. She had pics taken. At 10 am she stopped breathing. My mom got there around noon. I held her until 3pm. I didnôt want to give her back. I didnôt want her to go to the morgue. I didnôt want her to be left alone, but she was just so blue and cold. It was hard to look at her. The nurse said she would hold her until the funeral home got there.

My father had passed away just 2 years previous, so I knew what to expect with the funeral planning. We went to the same funeral home. The funeral director was amazing. She did all of her services for free. I paid around $500. She was very understanding and extremely happy that I gave Jacey life and that I didnôt have an autopsy. (Which the doctors tried very hard to push.) I personally couldnôt see cutting up this little girl. Who at the time she passed had reached 4 pounds! Jaceyôs death is the hardest thing Iôve ever had to deal with. Although I knew she was sick I always denied that there was even a possibility she would die. I was not prepared at all. I don't think you can be.

Please excuse my medical terminology. Iôm 26 years old. I didnôt even know half of these medical problems or procedures until I had my daughter. Jacob, myself, and their father (we arenôt together anymore) were all tested our chromosomes are normal. The odds of this happening to any pregnant woman are 1 in a million. There is no explanation. The doctors say if I have another child its like lightning striking twice in the same place. Itôs rare, but could happen. Iôm sorry this is so long but I don't know how to shorten the story.

I am applying because although it has been almost two years, I have no savings for her gravestone. My father left me with a lot of debt. Iôm a single mom who works 40 hours and can still barely support my son and myself. My daughter deserves a gravestone. And I honestly have no idea when Iôll be able to afford one. Thank you for taking the time to read our story.

Janette Dougan