

I was 39 and 1/2 weeks pregnant and I was working and I didn't feel my baby move at all that day. My mom came and got me from work and we went to the hospital and 20 minutes later they told me my baby didn't have a heartbeat. My doctor was out of town so I had to be delivered by the on call doctor and he told me that no one was allowed in the room so I got transferred to another hospital, had my little girl the next day at 10:18 pm. We didn't have any money at all at the time so some of the nurses called a local store where they sold blessing clothes for children. Jolene's donated a dress to my family so we could bury her in a blessing dress. After I lost my daughter my mom lost her job because they wouldn't let her even take the day off, the day I was going to deliver my little girl so they let her go. It was so hard for me to even imagine I had carried my daughter for nine months and she was already gone. With my mom not able to find a job I am the only one working part time we cannot afford a headstone. I have a son and I live with my mom, two brothers and my niece. Every time I think I might be able to start saving for my little girl's headstone something happens. It has been almost a year since I have lost my little Angel and I have only been down there twice because I feel so guilty that I can't give her a proper burial. We went to this place and they made a little plastic tiny card holder type thing for my daughter for 25 dollars. That is all my family can afford.

Monica