

From Baby (Cookie Monster) Robert mother Heather Rae Fisher:

I would like to tell you about my precious little boy, Robert Brian. The day I found out I was pregnant I was scared; I was only 19 years old and knew I was going to be a single mother. My family was very supportive and helped me with anything I needed. My pregnancy was a fairly easy one, I only got sick a couple of times and that was about it. Everyday that passed I became more and more excited, I couldn't wait to finally meet my beautiful little boy. I always wanted to have a boy if I ever had a baby. When I did find out that it was going to be a boy I decided to name him Robert after my best friend who passed away the year before. I was a kitchen manager at Beef O' Brady's and didn't make much money so I went to craft stores and bought materials to create a sea life theme for his bedroom - it came out really great and everyone loved it. When I was 9 months pregnant I went to my pre-natal check-up (2 weeks before Robert's due date) and they had a really hard time trying to find his heartbeat, they found it three times but it was very faint. They sent me downstairs to have an emergency ultrasound and then I waited for four hours in agony not knowing what was going on with my baby, no one would tell me anything. But the doctor eventually called me back into the office and told me that she was very sorry and that the cord had wrapped itself around his neck, by the time they realized what had happened it was already too late. They sent me next door to the hospital to be induced and wait for him to come; the cord had wrapped itself around his neck twice. I can't describe how it feels to be in labor for 20 hours knowing my son wasn't coming home with me and that I was going to have to say goodbye before I could even say hello, knowing that I was never going to see him take his first steps or hear his first words. I was lucky enough to be able to spend a little time with him alone and tell him how much I love him until they finally had to take him away. Not a day goes by that I don't think about Robert or wish that everything went differently and he would be here right now, but God has his reasons for everything he does. I go to the cemetery to visit him as much as possible, to sit with him, tell him how much I miss him and that he is with me everyday. He only has a plastic marker, and I now getting him a headstone would be the only physical thing I could ever give him, and for almost two years I have been wanting to get him one so badly and I can't express enough how thankful I am for the help you have given me, now my little boy can finally have what he truly deserves.

Robert will always be "Our Little Cookie Monster"

