

# Emilia's Wings



"There is no footprint so small that it does not leave an imprint on this world."

## Website

[www.emilias-wings.org](http://www.emilias-wings.org)

Our website includes different materials which we hope will provide support on your journey through grief and healing. We offer a variety of resources including eBooks, list of supporting organizations, reading material, music selections, and more.

Be sure to check out our Forget-Me-Not page, an online memorial dedicated to the children that live on in our hearts.

## Facebook

[facebook.com/EmiliasWings/](https://facebook.com/EmiliasWings/)

Stay up-to-date on projects, special events, and programs by liking us on Facebook!

## Contact Us

[info@emilias-wings.org](mailto:info@emilias-wings.org)

You need not walk alone. Together we can make it! Feel free to reach out by email.



## September 2024 Newsletter

We welcome you all to Emilia's Wings. To all who are newly bereaved, we know how devastated you are. You are not alone in your grief. We have been in the depths of despair and we are here to help you with unconditional love and understanding. We hope this newsletter will help you while you navigate grief and provide additional resources on your journey. If you know someone who would find our resources helpful, please direct them to our website at [www.emilias-wings.org](http://www.emilias-wings.org) and to our **BLOOM** monthly meetings.

### *August in Review*

BLOOM met last month at NKC Public Library for our monthly gathering.

### *Looking Toward September*

Join us on September 5th at 7:00 pm for our September BLOOM Meeting. In preparation for Pregnancy and Infant Loss Month

## DATES & EVENTS

### BLOOM

September 5th @ 7:00 - 8:30 pm

Kansas City Northland Support Group - Meetings are held every first Thursday of each month.

### Lullaby of Hope Volunteer Day

September 21st in the afternoon

Join us for a day of giving back to the loss community while getting to deepen our relationships together outside our normal meeting hours. We will be assembling gift boxes that will be shipped to women who have experienced Pregnancy & Infant Loss.

Lullaby of Hope Headquarters  
Independence, MO 64055

<https://lullabyofhope.org/>

## OTHER

### Donations

-Donations can be sent & made payable to Emilia's Wings at:  
10637 N. Holmes St.  
Kansas City, MO 64155

and for our October meeting, we will be completing a small craft. All supplies will be provided. We hope you will join us!

As a heads up, our October meeting will not be held at North Kansas City Public Library, but instead at Charmel's house. More details will be discussed at our September meeting and shared again in next month's newsletter.

*"You cannot mourn unless you claim the story. Telling the story is a huge step in the healing, much more important than any of us realized."*

-Elizabeth Devita-Raeburn

Author of "Empty Room: Surviving the Loss of a Brother or Sister at Any Age"

### \*REMINDERS\*

Our Walk to Remember is next month on Saturday, October 5th at 2:00pm.

For additional details about both the walk and t-shirts, please visit the following links:



Walk to Remember - <https://www.emilias-wings.org/walk/>

T-Shirts - <https://www.emilias-wings.org/t-shirt-order/>

**\*\*TSHIRT ORDERS ARE DUE THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th!!! (OUR SEPTEMBER MEETING DATE) YOUR ORDER MUST BE PAID IN FULL BY THE 5th TO BE INCLUDED IN THE FINAL ORDER\*\***

**Community Volunteer Opportunity**  
Unveiling Hope: A Packing Party with a Purpose



*Lullaby of Hope Headquarters*  
Independence, MO 64055

Saturday September 21, 2024  
<https://lullabyofhope.org/>

In the quiet corners of grief, there exists a poignant camaraderie among those who have endured loss. For many women, the journey through miscarriage, stillbirth, or loss in the womb can be isolating and immensely painful. Yet, amidst this pain, there is a glimmer of light—a community known as Lullaby of Hope, dedicated to weaving threads of comfort and support through thoughtful gestures.

Lend your hands and hearts to assemble these precious gift boxes, each a testament to the power of community and compassion. Together, we can turn moments of sorrow into opportunities for healing and hope. Together, we can transform a packing party into an ultimate act of love and solidarity.

The agenda is simple yet powerful: assemble hundreds of Wonderfully Made Gift Boxes, each tailored with love and empathy. These boxes are more than mere packages; they are tokens of solidarity, carefully crafted to speak volumes of compassion to women traversing the depths of loss.

Join us for a day of giving back to the loss community while getting to deepen our relationships together outside our normal meeting hours.

Please reach out to Samantha Gabriel with any questions or if you plan to attend that afternoon. Our group plans are to meet for lunch at a nearby restaurant, prior to heading over to Lullaby of Hope to pack the boxes. We would love to have as many people who are able to join us for this fun community give back event!

*We extend our most sincere sympathy to those who have recently lost a child.*

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Please know that we are thinking of you and share in your hurt and sorrow

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### *This September we Remember...*

**Baby Waldschmidt** - September 1991  
**Alex** - September 1997  
**Baby Rose** - September 2004  
**Baby Gordon** - September 2005  
**William** - September 2023  
**Tatum** - September 2023  
**Aspen** - September 2023  
**Emily** - September 2, 1992  
**Nicholas William** - September 7, 2000  
**Baby Hill #4** - September 8, 2017  
**Baby Hill #5** - September 8, 2017  
**Madeline Marie** - September 12, 2003  
**Baby Adams** - September 14, 1994  
**Stephen Carroll** - September 14, 1994  
**Samantha** - September 15, 1992  
**Kyle Phillip Bowen** - September 16, 1992  
**Abigail** - September 21, 2001  
**Ella Marie** - September 24, 2013  
**Albert Olen** - September 26, 2003  
**Jacob Ryan** - September 27, 1999  
**Baby Latham** - September 28, 2019  
**Kira** - September 30, 2012

*To have your baby's name added to our remembrance list, please fill out the [Forget-Me-Not submission form](#) on our website. This form can be found on our [Forget-Me-Not page](#).*

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### *The Ordinary Life - by Joy Morning*

I have a good life. I am blessed with a good husband, two sons, and a precious little girl I am raising as my daughter. I have a nice house, two cars in running condition and enough things to make me comfortable. I even have a bird and a family dog! I have an ordinary life.



I do the ordinary things of any ordinary wife and mother. I do the dishes, wash the clothes, do the marketing. I hunt high and low for bargains. I take the kids to church with my husband every week, and for midweek services. I shoo the kids out the door when schoolwork and chores are done for the day, and I give them the ordinary warnings. "Don't talk to strangers," "Be careful when you cross the street," and "Don't go out of the boundaries." I have an ordinary life.

Most people who know me now think I am just like them, and perhaps in some ways I am. But in so many other ways, I know I am not. Most of my friends now did not know my other son. You know, the one that died? You know, the one that makes me "not so ordinary?" You know the one that no one mentions anymore? Only a very few people are privileged to see the hole that exists in my heart. Only the few people who can respect the pain that is still there and always will be. To all the others, I have an ordinary life.

I can remember a time when my life did not have the appearance of "ordinariness". Eight years ago, we bought a crib and picked out wallpaper, and decided that we would use rocking horses and bears for a theme. Just a few months later, we welcomed Joey into our arms and lives. Everything was perfect in our ordinary life.

Only three months after we welcomed Joey into our lives, we had to say goodbye. We were forced to adjust to a new "ordinary," one without our little boy, and our lives were anything but ordinary. Our family was in chaos, our hearts in broken pieces. A little over seven years ago, we could never again imagine living an "ordinary life". Anyone who knew me back then, and who knows me now can tell you that losing my son has changed me irrevocably. I am not the same person I was before my son came and left. None of us are, we are all changed. And yet, the majority of the world continues to see our "ordinary lives" from the outside. They see the shell, they don't see what is inside.

There are times that I sense that they cannot see my grief any longer. Somehow, if it showed even now, I could be convinced that they would also see the love I still have for that little boy. But then again, I also cherish being able to remember him without tears, and even with a smile. I can laugh again. I can do the things that an ordinary mom does with her children, with the ones I have here now. I can relish life, and have real joy. There is never a moment in which I forget that I still miss and love a child I can't hold. I could never forget. There are many times, often the most joyous ones, in which tears and laughter are intermixed... tears for the boy who is missing, and laughter for the ones I still have. I am glad for my "not so ordinary" ordinary life.